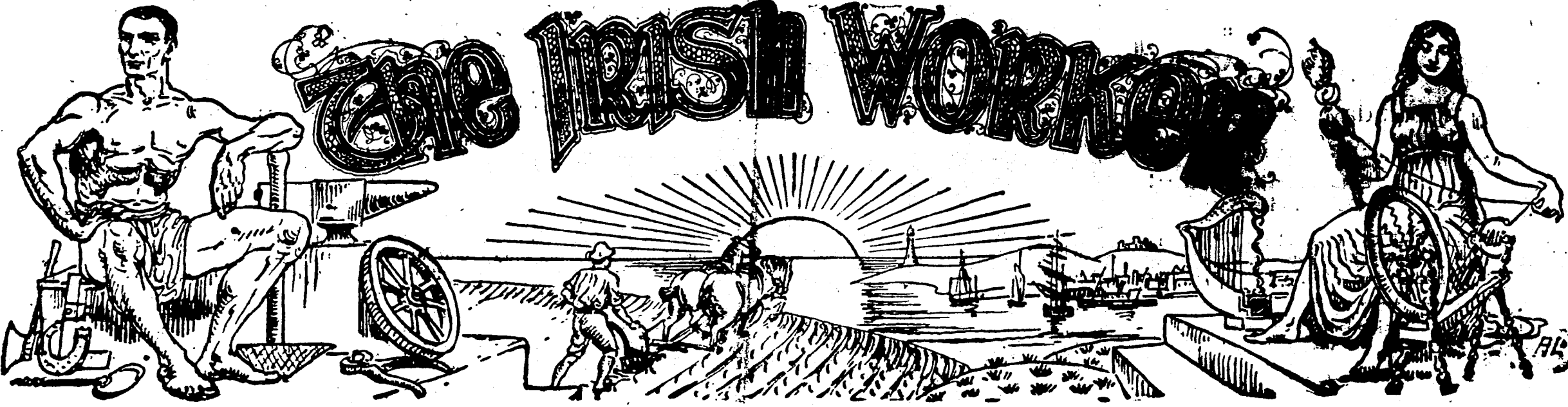


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Fintan Lalor.



Who is it speaks of defeat?
I tell you a cause like ours;
Is greater than defeat can know—
It is the power of power.
As surely as the earth rolls round
As surely as the glorious sun
Brings the great world moon wave
Must our Cause be won!

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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

No. 32—Vol. III.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20th, 1913

ONE PENNY.

The Light from the Fiery Cross.

Yes, let all sceptre-stricken nations lie,
But live thou that they die;
Let their flags fade as flowers that storm can mar,
But thine be like the star;
Let England's, if it loat not for men free,
Fall and forget the sea;
Let France—, if it shadow a hateful head
Drop as a leaf drops dead!

So sang Swinburne to Italy in his generous youth. That is the spirit of the tune many of our fellow-countrymen will sing shortly, when the Fiery Cross has flashed a more searching light upon various dark places. Let us be thankful for that Fiery Cross. Ireland has shone out grim but noble during the past few months.

The moments of stress and redemption that come rarely to a people have been hers. The sturdy stand of the workers has stung all the latent courage and heroism in the land to life. Thirty thousand Transport men prefer their personal freedom and honour to their jobs, a Member of Parliament speaks out bravely in the face of the silence of the rest of the Westminster herd, in the teeth of that persistent and shameless campaign of lying slander, unscrupulous misrepresentation, and hysterical hubbub directed against those who dare to hold that people who work for their living should be ranked higher than chattels, literary men like Geo. Russell and Yeates fearlessly espouse a cause clearly against their personal interest—these are as splendid and as noble deeds as Mitchell's shout of defiance from the Green street dock or Emmet's march to doom.

Look on the other side. Nothing but the iron heel, the heart of stone, not one generous action, not one decent aspiration from the whole miserable pack.

The most saddening feature of the sickening business is the way the high traditions of Catholicism and Nationality have been besmirched by unimaginable reactionaries.

Religion and patriotism will yet pay a heavy price for the crimes that are being sanctioned in their names. Moral cowardice claims a stern and terrible debt, in the end subtle Anarchism is being bred in Dublin an anarchism having little in common with the splendid dreams of a Kropotkin or a Tolstoy. The masters and the middle classes spread it day by day. Their souls are sunk in their tills. Do you want to find honour and devotion to an ideal you have to go among the people. Cynical and strangely bereft of human feeling is the man or woman whose heart did not go out to the Transport Workers' and Women Workers' Unions, as with heads and spirits high they proudly swept cheering past Mountjoy Prison, hands of their imprisoned comrades waving proudly back, and the bile of the batoners of women and children growing blacker.

The spirit of the workers shall never be killed. Never again shall the economic question they have forced upon the general attention be shirked either in Dublin or Belfast. The evil has been exposed. Slowly and painfully we blunder towards a remedy.

Yet there are some who will not read the signs of the times. No wild hypothesis, no low lie, no vile insinuation is too incredible to be believed. The saintly Mr. Murphy has gathered up the remains of the Decalogue to preserve them in that holy of holies, the Carlisle Buildings. A sinister plot is afoot to destroy Irish industries and open hell's gate. Judgment Day approaches.

Only by listening to the theological discourses of the Hibernians may we hope to be included amongst the sheep. Thus the meander platitudes fed foy. Others, again, grow uneasy over the fate of the Nation and the obscuring of the lines of National demarcation because English workers stand gallantly up against wrong done by Irishmen to Irishmen. So they would have us believe, but it is all the most pathetic collection of inexactitudes that ever befuddled a great but over-imaginative race.

And you—you Nationalist who gaze confused and bewildered upon this battle of the inimical brothers, the rebels who fight against the strangling of the life of a Nation, the rebels who fight against the slow daily starvation of a class so large as to be almost the Nation—what are you going to do? Turn your gaze away from the present conflict to the struggles and tendencies in the modern Labour world. When you watch the actions and life

struggles of the workers you will understand the position far better than if you had read all the volumes from which hired critics of Labour and Socialism draw their dishonest and garbled quotations, though it is preferable to read the books than to be kept awake by the quotations. You will have a firmer grasp upon reality, a more far-sighted conception of your ideal, a saner view of the difficulties facing you. Everywhere you will find deep and bitter discontent, a firm conviction that existing social conditions are a disgrace to civilisation, neither necessary or unavoidable with the development of science and industry have reached.

Read the workers' Press in America, France, or England, only thus will you learn to respect the hopes and ideals of the workers, the sacrifices they make to carry them into practice, the ultimate goal they work towards, the forces against them, the evils they attack. Read the denunciations hurled against them in the hostile Press:—

"The workers and their leaders—above all their leaders—are so many devils unloosed over the face of the earth and held in check by us saints—quite conscious of our scanty!"

Everywhere you will find the workers are faced with one urgent question in spite of differences of National history and economic circumstances, in spite of difference of language, customs and religion:—What they shall eat and why they have so remarkably little to eat. Everywhere they lack food, clothing, shelter and knowledge. Everywhere they begin to ask why they should not take them.

"A modern shibboleth" our onlooker may snort.

The enlightened spirit of the age tramping upon the corns of the just capitalists are useful in escaping ugly facts. That onlooker will not snort long. Everywhere he will see the class war waged in veritable battles—not perhaps so lurid as ordinary warfare but more unequal, as terrible. The state of affairs we see now in Dublin has been paralleled in other countries.

In England, a few years ago, Liverpool was the scene of a strike that certainly puts Dublin in the shade. London, recently, was threatened with starvation by a dock strike which settled temporarily, broke out with renewed fury, lasting ten weeks in which 30,000 workers were starved into "submission."

The Railway and Miners strike are fresh in our memories. In France it is the same story, transport, railway, postal strikes.

In no land despite her mighty efforts at social reform, is the Socialist Party stronger than in Germany, marshalled in powerful trade-unions and commanding 4,000,000 voters. Where, in short, do we not find this battle, this Labour movement growing in strength and power? But those words that ruffle dove-cots, that alarm the just.

Socialism, Marxian and Reformist, Syndicalism, Co-operation, Anarchism, these are only the labels to the various ideas that are seething in the brains of the workers; ideas one-sided, contradictory, for ever changing and developing towards one coherent whole, each containing its own element of truth, each strained to breaking point, all penetrating deeply into modern life and literature—a greater unity growing gradually between them than would appear at first sight or than is apparent in the ideas of those who oppose them.

Kropotkin has put the case in a few decisive words.

"In our civilised societies we are rich, why are the many poor? Why this painful drudgery for the masses? Why even to the best-paid workman this uncertainty for the morrow, in the midst of all the wealth inherited from the past and in spite of the powerful means of production, which could ensure comfort to all, in return for a few hours of toil?"

"The Socialists have said it and repeated it unwearingly. Daily they reiterate it, demonstrating it by arguments drawn from all the sciences. It is because all that is necessary for production, the land, the mines, the highways, machinery, food, shelter, education, knowledge, all have been seized by the few in the course of that long story of robbery, enforced migration, and wars, of ignorance and oppression which has been the life of the human race before it learned to subdue the forces of Nature. It is because, having reduced the masses to a point at which

Up with the Union Flag!

Now for the onslaught the Transport Union's rising,
We stand in united like brave Irishmen;
All that we seek for is fair play and justice,
And fair play we'll seek for again and again.

CHORUS—

Up with each union flag, down with each scabby vag,
Shun and avoid him on either tram or street;
Grasp every union hand, shoulder to shoulder stand,
Stand up every union man and as fond brothers meet.

Think on old Ireland, your dear native sireland
Where hundreds of united men for their country have died;
Be staunch and be true men, your wrong undo men,
Let the spirit of united men be greeted with pride.

CHORUS—Up with each union flag, &c.

A Brave hand is stretched forth, to greet the oppressed one,
Grasp it still tighter with a heart brave and true;
Fear not the tyrant's brawl, heed not the traitor's call,
Shun his deceitful trap or else you will rue.

CHORUS—Up with each union flag, &c.

Don't be a scabby knave, sooner fill the silent grave,
Prefer truth and honour engraved o'er your head;
For the love of good Saint Patrick stand in and be united,
Don't be a traitor and be cursed when you are dead.

CHORUS—Up with each union flag, &c.

EMMET, THE RED HANDED.

they have not the means of subsistence for a month or even for a week in advance, the few can allow the many to work, only on the condition of themselves receiving the lion's share.

"It is because these few prevent the remainder of men from producing the things they need and force them to produce, not the necessities of life for all, but whatever offers the greatest profits to the monopolists. In this is the substance of all Socialism."

*The Conquest of Bread, page 3.

Yes, in that is the substance of all Socialism, the unflinching criticism of the present system, the assumption that it is an intolerable evil which must pass and to this: The common ownership and control by the people of the wealth they produce together with all the means for the production, distribution and exchange of that wealth for the benefit of all.

There is the terrible cry that rises from the blood and anguish and sufferings of men and women and children, there is the vision of their deliverance. Points of detail may be criticised, particular points of application are to-day being threshed out, but every one who studies the case with care will see that in the ideas classed loosely as Socialist a large measure of truth is to be found, that they give an admirable weapon to the Labour movement; a unique and defiant outlook, a firm belief in the final victory of the worker.

And what are the questions that will arise in the mind of the Nationalist as he watches and listens to this huge human struggle?

He will not, I think, venture to defend the present conditions of life. He may, or he may not, pin his faith to any particular solution of the problem. In Ireland, be-

sides the fight between class and class, there is the war between Imperialism and Nationalism—as deadly foes as Capitalism and Democracy.

But it is safe to say, he will be driven back to examine his principles, to make a reasoned outlook take the place of a vague sentiment. He will no longer believe, perhaps, that Mr. Griffith's English cobbler grows rich upon the spoils of Ireland; that every English democrat hates the Irish people with a well-concealed hatred; that one English worker would be one penny the poorer if Ireland sank below the sea to-morrow. But his antagonism to English Government in Ireland will not lessen.

Why should it? He, into whose soul the magic of Ireland has entered, who knows and loves the beautiful tongue of Ireland; who strives to guard the rich treasures the Irish genius at its highest has given to mankind, surely he will not cease to curse one banquet of horror because he sees another more terrible. Nay, nay, ye rebels, who are afraid of words, more deeply will he understand the iniquity of modern commercialism, how it robs the nations of their strength, their ideals, their beauty. He will see the blight that is falling upon the Empires, how they create hostile forces within themselves to their eventual destruction. In James Connolly's words he will see the expression of all that is true and great in his own creed: "I am opposed to the oppression of nation over nation, of class over class, of sex over sex."

"Good," he will say, "is the light from the Fiery Cross and sacred is the cause of the workers among all the good causes that disturb the tranquility of fools!"

GRANUAILE.

(DESMOND RYAN)

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SOLICIT YOUR ORDERS FOR ALL CLASSES OF PRINTING.

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Remember 13 Stafford Street. No other address ends us.

Trade Society Cards Printed on the Shortest Notice. Irish Materials a Speciality.

**Dowzard :
The Hector of the Quays.**

"That's Hector; that, that! Look you, that; there's a fellow! O brave Hector! Look how he looks! There's a countenance! Is it not a brave man?"—Shakespeare.

Shakespeare has wisely said, "some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

But, unique in the annals of the Port of Dublin, the great Dowzard stands as one who was born great, who has achieved greatness, and who has had greatness thrust upon him.

Thousands, I'm sure, are anxious to lay a loving tribute of admiration at his colossal feet. Dowzard's latest deed, performed to save the Empire, was to proudly assure the Port and Docks Board that the Trojan peelers under his wing would be pleased to play the part of scoundrels—that is, they were willing to scab on their work-fellows.

Inspector Dowzard is a great scholastic theologian; the great Dun Scotus must have been his ancestor, though Dowzard's name is not considered Irish, yet what's in a name? Dowzard holds advanced and interesting ideas about theology. He argues, very curiously sometimes, that spiritual development is indicated in man by the breath of an Orange Sash. He holds, too, that the Lillies of the Field, mentioned in Scripture, must have been Orange Lillies, for is it not apparent that those who delight in these flowers usually neither toil nor spin, but yoke others to do it for them.

It has been said to me recently that Dowzard should never have secured the position he now holds—Inspector of the Quay Police.

In justice to the amiable officer, allow me to place before your readers some eminent and peculiar qualities which justified his elevation to his present illustrious rank.

First—Having a good pension and possessing house property, he didn't want the job.

Secondly,—He is a bigoted ass.

Thirdly,—He is an ignorant clown.

Fourthly,—He is an Orangeman.

Some years ago, after pretending friendship and devotion, he and his clique, because his Rector manfully declined to submerge his personality in the chaplaincy of a d—d Orange Lodge, endeavoured by every mean method to make things too hot for him.

The parishioners one time started a benefit society, with a salaried secretary to take charge.

Dowzard, like the mean clown he is, couldn't resist going for the job; he succeeded.

A year went by. The general meeting assembled just before Christmas. The Reverend Chairman got up, mentioned the amount of the "divide" and there announced that were it not for the help of outside members, Dowzard would have had the accounts of the society in a chaotic state. The chairman told the meeting that Dowzard was an incapable secretary, and he asked Dowzard to publicly acknowledge the help he received from other members.

Dowzard complied and loudly confessed to his incapacity. Notwithstanding he was again supported by Donaldson and Glazier, the blackleg foreman of the G.S. & W.R., whose vision prefers the filled-up railway waggon to the Rising Sun, and in the selection Dowzard actually asked, the Chairman could he vote for himself, which he actually did!

There are many attached to St. Barnabas' Society who can attest the truth of what I here say, and yet we hesitate to don the "Red Cap" and make an effort to keep in his proper place every incompetent clown, whether his sash be Green or Orange.

There are clever men in our country starving, while ignorant and bigoted incompetent clowns by the practice of bigotry and meek docility to those in power, can flourish like noxious weeds in an ill-kept garden.

SEAN O'CATHARAIGH.

CAUTION.

The Pillar House,
31a HENRY ST., DUBLIN,
—IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE—
Bargains by Post.

We do cater for the Workingman,
No fancy prices; honest value only.

Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs
A SPECIALITY.

Mark Twain on French Revolution.

"The ever memorable and blessed revolution, which swept a thousand years of villany away in one swift tidal wave of blood—one; a settlement of that hoary debt in the proportion of half a drop of blood for each hoghead of it that had been pressed by slow tortures out of that people in the weary stretch of ten centuries of wroog and shame and misery, the like of which was not to be meted but in hell. There were two reigns of terror, if we would but remember it and consider it: the one wrought murder in hot passion, the other in heartless, cold blood; the one lasted mere months, the other lasted a thousand years; the one inflicted death on ten thousand persons, the other upon a hundred millions; but our shudders are all for the horrors of the minor terror, so to speak, whereas, what is the horror of swift death by the axe compared with lifelong death from hunger, cold, insult, cruelty and heartbreak? What is swift death by lightning compared with death by slow fire at the stake? A city cemetery could contain the coffins filled by that brief terror, which we have all been so diligently taught to shiver at and mourn over, but all France could hardly contain the coffins filled by that older and real terror which none of us has been taught to see in its vastness or pity as it deserves."

It Comes Close Home.

The wages of prostitution are stitched into your button-holes, and into your blouse, pasted into your matchboxes and your boxes of plis, stuffed in your mattress, mixed with the paint on your walls, and stuck between the joints of your water-pipes. The very glaze on your basin and teacups has in it the lead poison that you offer to the decent working woman as the reward of honest labour, whilst the procuress is offering chicken and champagne. Flog other people till you are black in the face, and they are red in the back; you will not cheat the recording angel into putting down your debts to the wrong account. When these souteuners take a house for their purposes and offer rents which are high because the neighbourhood is a favorable one for the white slave traffic, do they find any difficulty in getting one? And does anyone propose to flog the landlord?—Bernard Shaw.

SMALL PROFIT STORE
FOR
MEN'S BOOTS.

Real Hand-Pegged Bluchers, nailed and un-nailed ... 4/11
Worth 6/6.

Real Chrome, Box Calf & Glacé Kid Boots; thoroughly damp 6/11
Worth 8/11. [Good]

Small Profit Store, 78 Talbot St.

T. P. ROCHE,
The Workers' Hairdresser,
34 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN.

An Up-to-date Establishment. Trade Union Labour only employed. Cleanliness, Comfort, Satisfaction usual. Success to the Workers' Cause.

N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco Store,
89 AUNGIER STREET
(Opposite Jacob's)
FOR IRISH PLUG & ROLL.

"Daily Herald"
On Sale every morning 9.30,
Liberty Hall,

Women and RELIEF ANNOUNCEMENT.

J. HANNAN, 175 Nth. Strand Road.

Agent for Lucania, Ariel and Fleet Cycles.

All Accessories kept in stock. Repairs a Speciality by Skilled Mechanics.

For First-Class Provisions AT MODERATE PRICES.

T. CORCORAN, Capital T House, 27 North Strand Road.

The Workers' Cycle!

Kelly Special and Ariels. 2/- WEEKLY. No Deposit

J. J. KELLY & CO. (Kelly for Bikes), 2 LR. ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN.

PAT KAVANAGH, Provisions, Beef, Mutton and Pork. GOOD QUALITY. FAIR PRICES.

74 to 78 Coombe; 37 Wexford Street; 71 and 72 New Street; 1 Dean Street, DUBLIN.

Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes, AT CONWAY'S, 31 Exchange Street and 10a Aungier St.

FANAGAN'S FUNERAL ESTABLISHMENT, 54 AUNGIER STREET, DUBLIN.

COAL For best qualities of House Coals delivered in large or small quantities, at City Prices.

P. O'CARROLL, BLACK LION, INCHICORE.

BECKER Bros. FINEST, PUREST AND CHEAPEST

TEAS. PRICES—2/5, 2/2, 2/-, 1/10, 1/8, 1/6, 1/4 and 1/2.

8 South Great George's Street, AND 17 North Earl Street, DUBLIN.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! But no danger from stones or clinkers by purchasing your COALS FROM ANDREW S. CLARKIN, 7 TARA STREET.

Support the Trades Unionist and secure a good fire.

Not affected by the present crisis in the Coal Trade.

Subscriptions Received by Lock-out Fund. Transport Union.

We give this week a sixth list of the subscriptions to the Lock-out Fund received in the Transport Workers' Office, and from week to week we will continue to give a list until the sums received directly in Liberty Hall are acknowledged in the "Irish Worker."

DUBLIN LOCK-OUT.

At a meeting held in 170 North street, Belfast (late Co-Op. Hall), on Sunday evening, Nov. 30, 1913, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Correspondence.

THE DIVISION OF LABOUR.

To the Editor "Irish Worker." Reoengas, Valencia Island, Co. Kerry.

The counterbalancing fact which cheers me up is that whether they know it or not, and whether they like it or not, these latter are bound to be converted by the irresistible pressure of facts and march of events.

To illustrate this a "yarn" of the American navy of thirty years ago is "pat."

A midshipman was one day ordered by the first lieutenant to take a boat ashore and fetch sand for scrubbing decks.

Our friends above alluded to loudly "protest" against the progress towards a co-operative commonwealth, but they "have got to go for sand," and what is more they are doing it daily.

St. Patrick's Temperance Band and Reed Band, Ringsend.

A NOTE FROM CANADA. 24 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, Nov. 11, 1913.

MY DEAR COMRADE,—I take this opportunity of writing you, and hope to hear of your bearing up and keeping the old fire aglow under such terrible and trying conditions as you must be suffering for taking your stand on behalf of the working slaves.

It's a great pity that Irishmen allow their religious "beliefs" to interfere in economic questions.

Now, comrade, I hope by the time you receive this note you will be at liberty to do or die for the great and only movement that is moving forward—Socialism.

British Seafarers' Union. 28 Terminus terrace, Southampton, 10th December, 1913.

DEAR SIR,—The following resolution was unanimously carried at a meeting of the Executive Council of the above Union, and I was instructed to forward you a copy:—

This Executive Council of the B.S.U. expresses their sympathy with the workers of Dublin in their prolonged struggle, and congratulates the members of the B.S.U. at Belfast upon their refusal to take part in the transport of tainted goods.

"HONEST TOM KELLY."

The reptile Press has announced that Alderman Tom Kelly has changed his mind with regard to the Irish Transport Union.

In the public life of our city, the name of Tom Kelly stands out as one of the few who never feared to fight the gang or to fight his corner.

Larkin stands for virile nationality. He has broken the back of the sectarianism which Nugent so assiduously organised, and which threatened to throttle all that was good and pure in the national life of our city.

As to the help from England, we would not have needed it if the people of Ireland realised their duty of feeding the Dublin locked-out army.

Appeals to their "magnificent manhood," their high sense of patriotism, and the memory of the "martyred dead" will be issued broadcast, and the failure of the workers to return men of the type of Gerald Begg, the scab provider, light-weight champion Scully, Little Tich Alfie Byrne, milk and water Doyle, flunkie Farrell, etc., will be set down as a crime against the nation.

The workers will not, however, be deceived by fulsome flattery poured forth from tainted sources.

Labour now has an opportunity to assert its dignity and its power.

Every vacant seat should be contested and the men who directly or indirectly opposed the march of progress should be driven from public life.

In the notes published in your last issue the claims of Shortall, who locked out his men after pocketing a cheque for £1,500 from the Pembroke Commissioners, who now threaten him with legal proceedings, were dealt with.

Not less than twelve members of this interesting family have been placed on the list of voters, and with in a stone's throw of Councillor Shortall's residence, the Monks, Coyle and Shortalls.

Councillor Alfie Byrne essays the Aldermanship of the North Dock. He has nominally "cut" his guide councillor, and friend, Bill Richardson, who taught him many of the tricks of which Bill is a past master.

Figkey Farrell is lying low, and waiting developments. Little Loran whose very life depends on his re-election for Mountjoy Ward, is practising the difficult feat of attempting to sit on the two stools.

The light-weight champion Scully has marshalled the camp followers in Merchant's Quay with the usual flourish of trumpets the war cry being "elect Scully" and Ireland is saved.

The same Scully whose gyrations on the Distress Committee, South Dublin Union and Corporation have evoked such condemnation from all men interested in the purity of civic administration.

There are several aspirants for civic honours already in the field. The League branches, mainly composed of office-seekers and wardheelers, have unfurled the "green flag," and in the name of "Holy Ireland" and the heaven-sent leaders of the so-called Irish Parliamentary Party they ask the workers to return their nominees at the head of the poll.

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Labour now has an opportunity to assert its dignity and its power. Every vacant seat should be contested and the men who directly or indirectly opposed the march of progress should be driven from public life.

Success at the polls would mean now and for all time the destruction of Murphy and his gang of tyranny and graft. The tramways would be acquired, the control of the "bludgeon police" (who are now the masters, not the servants) obtained, good housing accommodation provided, slums abolished, and other crying reforms carried out.

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Since then one of his sponsors and chief supporters closely allied to Paddy Shortall by family ties has come

cutting from the "Evening Telegraph" of 14th inst., and will give a good illustration of the average ward heeler and politician actively engaged in Municipal contests:—

"Patrick Coyle, 8 Graham's court and West Park, Glasnevin, for having sold milk on November 5th in Richmond avenue which was found to be adulterated with 57.4 per cent. of added water and to have a deficiency of 40 per cent. of natural fat was fined £10. It was stated that there had been five previous convictions."

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The light-weight champion Scully has marshalled the camp followers in Merchant's Quay with the usual flourish of trumpets the war cry being "elect Scully" and Ireland is saved.

The same Scully whose gyrations on the Distress Committee, South Dublin Union and Corporation have evoked such condemnation from all men interested in the purity of civic administration.

There are several aspirants for civic honours already in the field. The League branches, mainly composed of office-seekers and wardheelers, have unfurled the "green flag," and in the name of "Holy Ireland" and the heaven-sent leaders of the so-called Irish Parliamentary Party they ask the workers to return their nominees at the head of the poll.

Appeals to their "magnificent manhood," their high sense of patriotism, and the memory of the "martyred dead" will be issued broadcast, and the failure of the workers to return men of the type of Gerald Begg, the scab provider, light-weight champion Scully, Little Tich Alfie Byrne, milk and water Doyle, flunkie Farrell, etc., will be set down as a crime against the nation.

Labour now has an opportunity to assert its dignity and its power. Every vacant seat should be contested and the men who directly or indirectly opposed the march of progress should be driven from public life.

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CHRISTMAS.

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