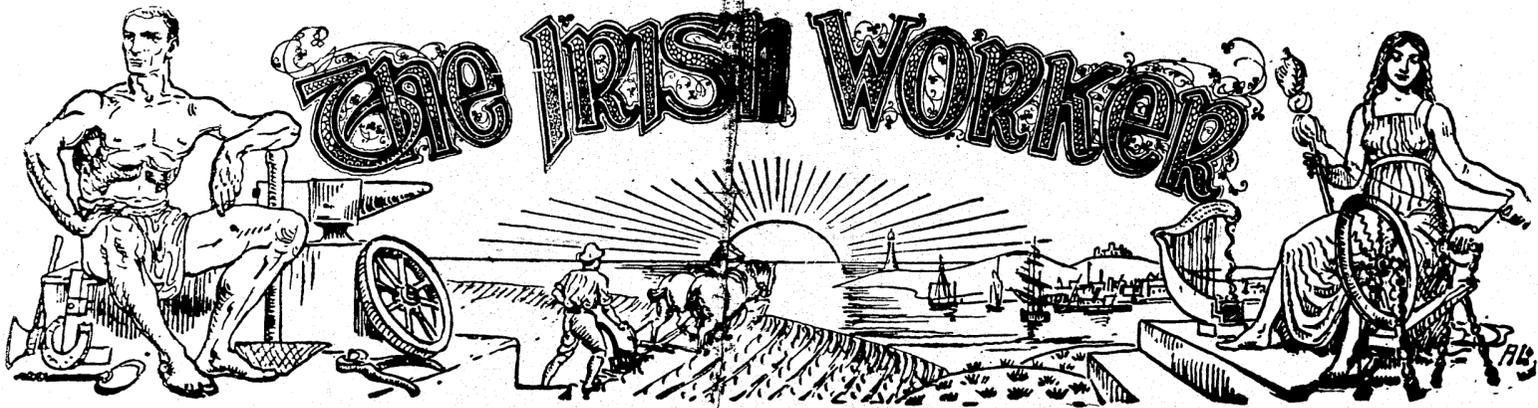


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

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 powers.

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.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21st, 1914

1

ONE PENNY.]

The Apotheosis of "Jimmy" Sexton.

A Word on "The Riot Act."
The Liverpool critics have fairly tumbled over one another in their extravagant eulogies on Mr. James Sexton's play, "The Riot Act." I cannot find it in my heart to blame them, for local dramatists are passing few in number, and a Liverpoolian playwright is somewhat of a rara avis: so rare, indeed, that it is apt, in the enthusiasm of the moment, to be taken for a swan, when, perchance, it may be only the homeliest goose that ever quacked. "The Riot Act" is by no means a good play; judged from the point of stage technique it is grotesque, it is wordy and diffuse; and if as is alleged, Mr. Sexton has taken his characters from real life, it can also be said that in nearly every instance he has contrived to knock out every iota of vraisemblance in the process. Mr. Sexton, we know, earns his bread and butter together with the usual extras, as Secretary to the Dockers' Union. He, therefore, ought to be perfectly familiar with the characteristics of the dock labourer; he has had, at least, plenty of opportunities of studying that horny-handed son of toil.

Still, I am afraid that Mr. James Sexton has held a distorted mirror up to Nature in his depiction of the dockers. He shows us one named King. He is a young man, and his companions look nothing more or less than the sweepings of gaols and the scourgings of the gutters. They are crass in their ignorance; they have neither manners nor intelligence to recommend them; they are unkempt, un-washed brutes, apparently of the lower criminal class; men with whom one would hesitate to rub shoulders. There is Duckfield, of the Vehicle Workers' Union, and Duckfield is an ungainly lout, whose brain is an aching void, and whose tediously reiterated reference to "the general body" makes the wearied spectator yearn to jab him in the mid-riff with the cotton hook which the aforementioned King flounders about so frequently. If the members of the Union are such hopeless hooligans as Mr. Sexton, presumably out of the fulness of his long experience, represents them to be, I can only say that he has my profoundest sympathy. They must indeed be a trying set of men to work amongst.

Whether the dockers will precisely appreciate the farcically repellent picture Mr. James Sexton has drawn of them I should not care to say. Possibly they will bitterly object to it, and dub it as gross caricature, calculated to hold them and their class up to ridicule, and reflect discredit upon it. They will probably be incensed against their paid Secretary, and even go as far as to say that they, in their humble way, are, on the whole, quite as respectable as he is; they may tell him that amongst the dockers are found some hard-working thrifty men, wholesome in mind and cleanly in habits. In fact it would not greatly surprise me were they to read their smug little Secretary a rather sharp lesson upon the folly of writing those things which are better left unwritten, and gently but firmly draw his attention to the old adage that "it is an ill-bred bird which fouls its own nest."

There is in "The Riot Act" one hero. It is James Cunliffe, the general secretary of the Quayside Workers' Union. The local reporters hint that in James Cunliffe the playwright has outlined his own admirable qualities. Certainly James Cunliffe is a very noble creature—undaunted as a lion, and would think as little of plugging a recalcitrant labour agitator with a bullet as you and I would think of evading our taxes. I could have put up with James better had it not been for his terrible gift of the gab. It was appalling; he rattled off a tedious unconvincing speech on the slightest provocation. Never before have I heard a man take more time to say so little. He did not get killed either, until the fall of the curtain, when, in his romantic impulsive manner—couldn't you fancy Mr. James Sexton doing the same thing?—he ran into the street after the Riot Act had been read to request the strikers to disperse, and got abruptly jerked in amongst the angels over bright and fair by means of a soldier's bullet. They brought his corpse in on a stretcher. I was rather glad to see it; I knew he

could not fire off any more of his prolix diatribes.

It must be said that the Repertory audience was most enthusiastic on Monday evening. To me the funniest item of the whole evening was Mr. James Sexton himself. He was funnier even than his comic Lord Mayor in "The Riot Act" or his ludicrously puerile magistrates. There was Mr. Sexton, in a white shirt front, a black tie, and a dinner jacket, floating about the stalls, absolute beatitude written large upon his expressive features, receiving the congratulations of his friends. He fairly sailed buoyantly along on an atmosphere of intense self-appreciation. And when the curtain descended upon the final scene, and Mr. Sexton stepped on to the stage to acknowledge the plaudits of the audience, his supremest apotheosis was reached. Mr. Sexton read a letter received from Mr. George Bernard Shaw, to whom he had submitted "The Riot Act" for perusal. That saturnine joker, who takes a malicious delight in pulling the legs of other people, sent the play back as soon as he could, lest he should be tempted to annex the soul-stirring and brilliant plot. And, having read this interesting missive, our local Galsworthy-Barker-Shaw rolled into one modestly withdrew from our enraptured gaze.

The Repertory Company made the most out of Mr. Sexton's play. Mr. Lawrence Hannay was strangely forgetful on Monday evening, and we heard almost as much of the prompter as we did of that gifted artist. Miss Sara Allgood—qu'allait elle faire dans cette galere?—was sadly out of place in the sketchy part of an ambiguous typist with erotic designs upon the lofty-souled James Cunliffe. It was not Miss Allgood's fault—she is an artist to her finger tips—but one cannot make bricks without straw. This character is introduced in the most amateurish manner by the author, evidently with the idea of providing his play with a cheap melodramatic interest. Mr. Wilfrid E. Shine was genuinely humorous as a son of toil with no opinions of his own, and Mr. George Dewhurst was convincing as an irresistible agitator. I thought Mr. Lawrence Anderson a trifle too violent in the part of King, and all the art of Mr. Pennington-Gush could not prevent his role of "Lord Mayor" from being preposterously absurd.—From the "Porcupine."

GEORGE SINCLAIR.

MURPHY'S PATRIOTISM.

William Murder Murphy referred to what he called "the destruction of Irish Industries as the highest form of Patriotism," when he was describing the efforts of those who merely sought to secure humane conditions of employment. Bill's idea of patriotism is a factory full of human beings all working to build up the sweater's profits. And these factories make more than profits—they produce misery, ruin health, and in some cases, unfortunately not rare, they turn out the finished corpse. And Murder Murphy is amazed because these beings, born on equal terms with himself, are not content to be converted into mere profit producing implements. Murphy may make up his mind that the time has come when all men must be treated as men. He has failed to smash up the Irish Transport Workers' Union. With the assistance of myriads of friends that the wealthy always command, he has exhausted the funds of that Union and severely taxed its strength, but the most he has achieved is to deprive a few mortals of food, and if that knowledge gives him any consolation he is welcome to it. But the Union itself has weathered the storm and is breasting the waves as bravely as ever. Jim Larkin is in England for the benefit of Jacobs, Patterson, and the other firms that insist on victimising their employees. Jim takes a heap of beating, and he becomes really dangerous when he is regarded as dead. Besides, the opposition to Larkin mainly rested on lies and base misrepresentations which time will remove. Murphy has had his day—the future is Larkin's.

W. P. P.

NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

Any Agent not receiving their proper supply of this paper, please communicate with Head Office, Liberty Hall, Beresford Place.

Volunteers and Workers.

"I wish to say I am more than ever convinced that the way I have been taking is the only true way to deal with the 'Government,' to right the wrongs of working men, and to achieve liberty for my country."—Mitchel in Newgate Gaol.

James McGowan, standing proudly 'neath the fluttering banners—I suppose they will have fluttering banners—of the new Irish Volunteers, complains because the workers are beginning to dribble into public places, beginning to examine the different banners of political parties; beginning to study the symbols thereon and ask their meaning; beginning to ponder these things in their hearts if these things mean to them bread and life.

The cries and bitter interjections of hunger and disease and pain must always fall discordantly on ears closed to all sounds but honey'd words from Leaders dressed well and fed well by those who follow them in efforts that are bound to leave the workers' last state equally as bad as their first.

Does James McGowan mean to plead for a development of silent cowardice when the time has come to speak? Does he think that the stick which beats the workers now, will, in the hand of a Nationalist prophet, blossom and bear almonds like the rod of Aaron?

I am chided for using the name of Mitchel. I quote Mitchel because I am a Republican in principle. I am a Republican because he denounced tyranny everywhere he found it, in the English Parliament, in the Irish Convention; because he stood for the Irish worker against the English Lord and the Irish aristocrat, because the present-day ranting extreme Nationalists conjure with his sacred name they ignore, I believe they deliberately ignore, the fact that he stood for, and fought for, the class they elect to despise and pass by.

James McGowan condemns the writer's criticisms because they may be calculated to upset the fraternal feelings of Volunteers recruited from various political societies, but he makes it clear he does not mean the "unity" so jealously guarded by the "Parliamentary humbugs."

Well, Mr. McGowan knows, I'm sure, there are humbugs that are not gilded with Parliamentary glamour, and well he ought to know that the pretence of one is equal to the pretence of the other. He suggests there must be something wrong because I venture to criticise the Volunteers. There certainly is something wrong in the implied suggestion that we should receive all activities with acclamation, cum laude, that are heralded with the shrill bugle note of Nationality.

Is not this Unity, which seems like a king, to be hedged with a penetrable divinity, another name for placid hypocrisy? How can there be any affinity of thought, any unity of action between a Republican and a member of the Board of Erin?

How can there be any semi-mutual understanding between a man starving, because he exercises a right that should be common to all men, and an individual who denies him this right? Have not greater men than those who prance the National Stage of Ireland now, tried and failed to unite all Irishmen in a common bond? Davis tried and failed; so did Mitchel, and even O'Connell displayed at his meetings, in his breast ribbons of orange and green. The Gaelic League was to bring about this blessed consummation, and so was the Sign Fein movement, and where all these failed we are asked to believe the Volunteer movement will succeed! There can be no unity amongst men save the unity engendered by a common heritage of pain, oppression and wage-slavery.

Picture the embrace of him who in an oath of allegiance bows lowly obedience to an English king with the Separatist whose vision stretches to the grave of Wolfe Tone!

It has come to a nice pass when Nationalists declare that sweet is bitter and bitter is sweet. Well for you, Wolfe Tone, that you are in your shroud and safe!

James McGowan makes the point of declaring that national freedom surrounds social and intellectual emancipation. This statement would certainly be sublime if it were not ridiculous. He further alleges that had the workers always fought for their own interests they would never have recourse to the baptism of fire from the souls of such

men as Tone, Lalor, Mitchel, and Kickham. For whom were they fighting in '88 '89, '88, and '67? Will he answer us that? And were such men as Mitchel and Tone decorated with ribbons and stars and a' that? We toilers will welcome the help of all men who realise, as Mitchel realised, that "the life of one labourer is worth the life of one nobleman: no more nor no less."

This correspondent tells us that the Volunteers are "not modelled on the lines of the Volunteers of '82." Has he read the official organ of the society, which teems with details regarding the formation, official government, apparel, and principles of the glorious soldiers of '82? Has he read the article contributed to the "Evening Herald" of blessed memory, by Arthur Griffith, holding up for the worship of Dublin's workers the kinemacoloured defenders of the privileged classes? Has he noticed the appeals in "Irish Freedom" to all Irishmen to follow in the steps of the men whom the aristocracy subsidised to repel the spread of Republicanism from France to Ireland? Maybe when he has read all these he will allow that there may be some justification for assuming that the inspiration of '82 is being used to make unfortunate men struggle to perpetuate the things they ought to destroy.

He says they are animated with a spirit identical with the spirit of '48 and '67. Does he think his readers are devoid of the rudiments of common sense, Fancy John McNeill or Laurence Kettle claiming kinship with the Fenians!

Picture the most Christian members of the Board of Erin tearing up the Pastorals that denounce Fenianism! My critic reminds me "that Irishmen in general differ, not as to the end to be attained, but only in regard to the means to be used." Surely he ought to consider before he makes such a statement as this. Is it not clear that Irishmen differ very widely as to the end to be obtained and the means to be used, and that on these points there can be no apparent or actual union?

There is a wide difference between Home Rule, a Republic, or a Co-operative Commonwealth. There was a wide difference even between the opinions of Mitchel and those of Thomas Davis. There is an essential or unbridgeable difference between Physical Force, Constitutionalism, Arrangement by Agreement, and Devolution.

Personally, I hold the workers are beside themselves with foolishness to support any movement that does not stand to make the workers supreme, for these are the people, and without them there can be no life nor power.

The time is passing, and soon all workers shall realise that it is good to die for one's friend, but foolish to die for one's enemy.

This correspondent also ventures the statement that the presence of Tom Kelly, P. Macken, and P. H. Pearse in the Volunteer movement makes assurance doubly sure for the worker.

There seems to be a little of Browning's theory that "God's in His heaven, and all's well with the world" in that statement. It provokes a smile to think of every wearer of the Red Hand being received into the Volunteer movement in the name of Pearse, Macken, and Kelly!

How is it that while Honest Tom Kelly held a high position on the Sinn Fein Executive the official organ slashed unmercifully at the workers in the throes of an industrial struggle?

Pearse is worse than all. When the workers of Dublin were waging a life and death struggle to preserve some of the "liberties" which ought to be common to all Irishmen, this leader of democratic opinion consistently used the trams on every possible occasion, though the controller of the Dublin tramway system was the man who declared the workers could submit or starve.

No, sir, we have certainly made progress sufficient to be mentally independent on questions such as these, and beg leave to be allowed the common liberty we have been advised to practise, namely, to think for ourselves.

It is true that the British Government spilled the blood of the Dublin workers; it is equally true that the Irish mercantile Shylocks of Dublin created the conditions that gave the Government their sweet opportunity.

I have nothing to say regarding the observations made of myself. I challenge the officials of the Volunteers to tell us what they stand for. Is it for Home Rule? Is it for "the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland"? Is it for a politically-free oligarchy? Is it for an Independent Irish Republic?

I challenge them to explain the meaning of "the liberties and rights common to all Irishmen." I challenge them to tell us if it be prudent to excitedly discuss the colours and distinctions of Volunteer uniforms, to beg for money to gratify their craving for pomp and show, while in Dublin alone twenty thousand families are wriggling together like worms in a putrid mass in horrible one-room tenements.

The preservation of one life is rather to be chosen than the decking of a thousand men in uniforms of green or scarlet and gold.

Not in the shouts of the deluded wage-slave Volunteers, but in the hunger-cry of the nation's poor is heard the voice of Ireland.

SEAN O'CATHASAIGH.

Right Remains Right through all Time.

When, despite the intrigues of Have-lock Wilson, M.P., and the machinations of James Sexton, Jim Larkin emerged triumphantly from the City of Dublin struggle, and succeeded in raising the wages and improving the conditions of employees irrespective of their membership of the Union founded and led forward by him, thousands flocked into its ranks, and many sweating employers, bowing to the inevitable, tardily conceded the small measure of justice demanded, and the future seemed bright and promising.

But the Vulture of Dартry Hall ruffed its plumage, and, spreading its broad wings, sprang, not to meet the dawn, but to shut its warm rays out from the shivering creatures upon whom it was fed and fattened.

William Martin Murphy, the son of a non-union stonemason who has become a millionaire by appropriating the unpaid earned wages of the thousands who toiled and died, and are yet toiling and flying, so that his banking accounts may continue to rise, saw that his liberty to plunder was about to be curtailed, and this fact was distinctly emphasised by the enrolment of the Tramwaymen within the ranks of the Irish Transport Workers' Union. Consequently the Vulture swooped down upon its "enemy," determined to rend asunder the power that threatened to rob it of its prey. Two hundred Tramway employees were instantly dismissed because they dared to join the trade union which in their opinion was the most beneficent for them to join, and as a protest against the unjustifiable interference with the liberties and rights of the worker the remainder of the employees who were members of the Union gave notice and withdrew their labour. The screams of the vulture brought others of its kind to its assistance, and soon thousands were involved in the struggle of Right against Might.

The right of the tramwaymen to join the trade union of their choice was sustained by the unanimous voice of the Labour Movement of Great Britain and Ireland, and the effort of the Irish Transport Workers' Union to maintain that right was enthusiastically applauded and generously supported. Twenty-seven weeks have passed. The fight for right is still being waged; and many who originally cheered the banner of liberty stand no longer beneath its folds. These twenty-seven weeks have not altered in the least the conditions and circumstances from which the dispute originated. The cowards who slunk from the fight when the vultures used their talons now seek to decry the men who held the fort when they fled and who battled fearlessly with the foe. But they shall not be thus permitted to hide cowardice and treachery by this mean device. All honour to the men and women in the trenches, their fight has been justified, the right they struggle to sustain has been proclaimed and proven by the written voice of Great Britain and Ireland. What was right twenty-seven or eight weeks ago cannot be wrong to day,

CAUTION.

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We do cater for the Workingman,
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A SPECIALITY.

Even if friends have fallen away and foes increase, the battle is still the same and the forces combined to crush them are clearly set out as follows:—

1. The combined Employers of Dublin, who are aided in their effort to crush this Union by the combined employers of Great Britain.
2. The Executive of the Liberal Government in Ireland by whose commands the soldiery went to blackleg and scab, and the police to assault, to arrest, and to baton to death.
3. The Magistrates on the Bench who, on the perjured evidence of the police, have crammed the Dublin jails with innocent men, women, and children.
4. The putrid Press, whose lying columns viciously misrepresented the situation and falsely accused the men and their leaders.
5. The misinformed public whose minds were poisoned and prejudiced through the agency of the Press.
6. Some misguided Priests who forgot their office and disgraced their garb by supporting the unjust employers in their efforts to torture the poor, and by falsely accusing the generous workers of England of proselytising intentions when they but offered to feed the children whom the employers sought to starve.
7. The ex-Bailiff Nugent and the Ancient Order of Hibernians, of which Joe Devlin, M.P., is head and founder in Ireland, who are unceasing in their activities on the side of the Union-smashing employers.
8. John E. Redmond and the members of the Nationalist Party, prominent amongst whom are some of the very employers who locked out their men.
9. The Builders' Labourers' Trades Union of Dublin, whose officials retreated when supplies were being cut off, and who have by the agreement signed with the enemy since joined in attempting to smash the above Union.
10. The False Leaders in the Labour Movement and some officials of Trade Societies who by their private and public acts have aided the Union-smashing employers.
11. The Free Labour Organisations of the Federation in England and of Richardson, Greene, and others in Dublin, whose members are employed to accomplish the destruction of the I.T. and G.W.U. (including Dublin and Belfast).

And thus deserted, assaulted, maligned, and betrayed, over 9,000 men and close on 1,400 women are still in the trenches; still fighting with their flags still flying. They are defending the cause of Trade Unionism the world over. Had their defence been properly supported in the first instance the builders of London would never have dared to lock out their work people, and thousands of English workmen, their wives and children, would have been saved the hardships they are now enduring. Will you assist in this fight for freedom and against Murphyism, which means tyranny and sweating? Every shilling subscribed to this fund is a bullet for the fight, every pound a shell; so pass on the ammunition, and all may yet be well. If the fight has become too fierce for you to face it is still in your power to aid those who dared the danger and conducted the defence when you withdrew. Give that assistance generously and freely; but, above all, do not stand for right no matter who opposes or derides.

Swears and Neighbourhood.

been weeping and gnashing... Some of the would-be aristocrats... They are only at the com-

House into a police barrack, as free... Lordie Lynch and his sons, John Carton... 'The Buster', 'Bandy' McKenna, carter, and his sons,

In Cusack's of Abbeybell we have the "Scout" Walsh, "Mutton" O'Hara... Pat Kealey, and Tony McGlue. We shall continue the list new week.

As an instance of the impartiality of police-made law in Swords, we find that the case of "Pussy" Morris, Andrew Wilson, and Philip Reid, reported by the Union delegates to the sergeant, is not up to the present, at any rate, being taken up by him.

ROUND TOWNS.

CORK NOTES.

O'Brien v. Devlin.

O'Brien wanted to ask the Unionists to come to an agreement, and refused to accept the Union Jack Home Rule as a final settlement. Joe said it should pass without the alteration of a comma, and that it was "the one instrument under heaven that will unite England and Ireland together for all time."

Queenstown's Reward!

The Queenstown flunkies are noted for their crawling to every Castle tom cat, and they have at last got their reward by the English Government destroying their trade by removing the mails.

The Sw-e-p-o-r Brush.

The B.O.E. have cleared the decks in the Corporation. No one but themselves have a place on a single Committee, with the result that they have some lovely specimens of specialising geniuses on the various Committees.

St. Devlin's Day

The B.O.E. have started well by capturing the St. Patrick's Day Committee. The chairman, a cooper named Eager, was up to his name in his anxiety to praise the B.O.E. and made a lovely speech about them, but forget to say that they sent scabs to Dublin for the strikers, Carlisle, a B.O.E. brave, who boasted he was in the Order thirty years, admitted there was a distinction between the B.O.E. and the A.O.H., but forgot to say what it was.

The B.O.E. and the A.O.H.

I hope Eager will tell the Committee on Sunday that the greatly lauded B.O.E. sent scabs to deprive his fellow-beings in Dublin of their jobs, and the American Order sent money to Ireland to keep their locked-out members who were being scabbed on by the B.O.E.

the number of girls destroyed by the English soldiers in our city within the past 12 months; and the fact that the Army which it wants its readers to join is the most immoral army in the world.

Clondalkin Notes.

At a weekly meeting of the South Dublin Rural District Council, on February, 17th inst., the reports of the rent collectors came up for consideration, and the usual orders were made in the cases of all tenants in arrears, viz., summons them before the local bench of magistrates in whichever district they reside, and to get the usual eviction orders, with the crow-bar brigade to the fore; and yet those philanthropists who were gassing in the library a couple of weeks about the building of new cottages for the labourers were present in full force, and their names are George Farren, Snowball Hanlon, and J. J. Sanatorian-Lawlor.

Snowball and Farren are what you call silent councillors—that is, they cannot talk at Council meetings afraid they might show the public how illiterate they are, although, to give George Farren his due, he performs many kind acts of charity to the poor of the district, and does not shout it from the housetops like the others, the Canon included, who told the congregation he gave a woman a lot of bread.

I hear that "Rajah" Halloran was very angry when he read the report in the "Worker," every hole and corner in the dockyard was availed of to discuss the situation created by the revelations of last week. I understand that he decided to call a special meeting for Tuesday night. "Rajah" was like a caged lion I believe when someone asked him why he did not say his prayers. "Rajah," I would advise you not to mind about other people's parents in future.

There was a private conference of the principal and unprincipled farmers held in Hart's snug lately. The conversation was on the Notes in the "Worker." It was unanimously agreed that it was the Cobbler who was the responsible party, and they would not mind only he would not let the dead rest. The next item of debate was as to how to stop the Notes, and they decided to shoot the Cobbler. Tod, the moon-faced one of broad acres, was appointed High Executioner, as he is very good at poaching and a masterpiece at a hayloft remember Crumlin; also present Bert Dowd, indirectly responsible for a woman's death at the Greenhills, that an innocent man is doing six months for. Snowball Hanlon, responsible for the lock-out and many other things that we will tell the people at a future date; White Pat (Swanky), of Gaelic League and foot-and-mouth fame, and late of the clerical staff at Boland's bakery, who is locking for a girl with money, as the parental resources are very slender. There were a few more, but with them we have no census bill.

To Thomas Joley Healy we have something to say. Who buried your father and mother? Perhaps "Crack-of-the-Whip" from Deansrath could tell us better known as "Thomas of the High Gear"; and, then, you never told him you were getting married and he never spoke to you since. That was gratitude on your part; but what could we expect from the like of you? And when your father cast you forth with the parental shilling (there was not much more in the coffers at the time) and for what?—you had to run away and join the army; and when you came home with the lot, who financed you? Was it Fairbairn, Ltd., of Christchurch

place? Who paid for the shoes of Mary Jones' ass that used to draw the quarter and half-barrels of porter that you used to get on tick in Hart's and Furlong's? You had not very many scab motor car lorries then, Tommy. My friends look at the spectre who is trying to defy Larkin, the one and only true friend of the labourer. I hope "Babs" won't see this, Tommy, or her opinion of you might alter from the loving to the despising stage. Ring off, Tommy, but put 2d. in the slot, as you are very forgetful. Oh, no, we are not insinuating anything, but it's a family failing, like the wooden leg in another family closely related to yours by the bonds of matrimony.

As we are finishing our Notes we notice that Dowds scab thresher has moved into Red Pat Hart's haggard. Make no mistake this is Hart's of the town, publican, carrier for Kynoch's, Ltd., who pays his men 18s. a week, and 2 pints per day. We are gazing with the aid of a pair of binoculars and lo and behold what do we see? Bert Dowd himself, two scabs from Saggart, Twopenny Hammer Hynes, Jinks Smith who are supposed to be Union men and Red Pat himself. They have adjourned—to Hart's bungery for dinner as it is raining heavily and there will be no thrashing to day as we look at our timepiece the hour is 11.55. All our Notes from this village (are as the Clerk of the Crown says) is the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help our God. We defy contradiction and our readers know it, "Aye, that's the rub."

EYEOPENER.

Queenstown Notes.

My Notes in last week's "Worker" have caused consternation amongst the brothers of the A.O.H. here. On Sunday last groups of them could be seen around the clean literature barrow (moryah) reading copies of the "Worker," which they bought in Cork on Saturday night, discussing with each other as to how your correspondent got all the information about the rowdy meeting. Let me tell the wondering hoodlums Tallow-faced Lenehan, Jack Kelleher, Mickey Olden, Yankee Cotter, and Soccer Quealy, U.D.C., that I got my information through the wife of a highly placed member of the society, who would not dream of keeping secrets from his wife, and the poor lady is quiet right in repeating them, especially as little items of news like that is interesting to her customers.

It was time people knew that there was more than one Emergencyman's son amongst the dirty gang. One of my scouts has just informed me that wholesale resignations are about to take place from the ranks as a result of these Notes. Already Brothers Teeman and Towers along with others who are afraid their Freemason masters will find them out.

By the way, I understand it was Brother Busang that got the money box. What price canteen bacon, now? Brother Teeman will please note I will return to this question at a future date as I have not yet fulfilled my promise of complete exposure.

STELLA MARIS.

Pembroke Notes.

What is the Vigilance Committee of Pembroke doing? Literature of the most filthy kind is being sold, and no effort is made to stop the sale. I was in Sandymount recently, and was surprised to see respectable (?) newsgents having the posters of some of the most foul newspapers exposed outside their establishments.

One of the lodges of the A.O.H. have their headquarters not very far from this establishment. I know for a fact that members purchase their papers there.

After all it is not surprising to find that the sale of such newspapers is encouraged when one finds that those who are members of the lodge are contributors to at least one of them.

In this week's issue of a newspaper (misnamed) I am informed that one of the leading lights of Lodge 732 takes up some of its space in endeavouring to besmirch the character of respectable residents. The person I refer to is known as "Always in Trouble," alias Snowball. This crawling creature has developed a mania for seagulls. He has procured a rifle and goes down early on a Sunday morning to the Pigeon House, in the hope that he may be successful in securing a brace before dinner time. Nothing will satisfy him but "seagulls and green peas" for dinner on Sundays. I wonder if he has procured the licence. Who said "seagulls"?

From the latest reports published of Lodge 132 we see that they are about to revive the "Barbers' Club," which became famous in song and story some time ago, and whose headquarters were situated on the Irlstown road. I am informed by a member of the inner circle that "The Girl from the Park" was not at all pleased with the idea of allowing the "Meeting Place for Gossipers" to die such an ignominious death and has brought pressure to bear on the "Crawthumpers" Association to establish an L. A. in the district, in the

hope that "Herself" may be able to capture it in the "no far distant date."

My advice to all ladies, young and old, is to give this latest dodge a wide berth, as all Transport Workers and friends are giving to the premises at present occupied by the "Silent Barber." Start clear.

Ladies, keep away from the A.O.H. You have been told often enough that it was from the ranks of this body that most of the creatures were drawn that kept your fathers and brothers walking the streets of Dublin for over six months.

A rumour is going round that circulars were sent from Dublin to all branches in the country advising the presidents of the different lodges to send all the idle members to Dublin to replace those who went on strike. This is the kind of Order that you are asked to join. Beware, else it be too late.

From the columns of the last issue of the "Worker" I was delighted to find that an effort is to be made to establish a factory on co-operative lines in Dublin. Not before it is time. I am sure there are several places in and around the Pembroke district that would be found suitable.

It is also about time that a co-operative stores was started in the Pembroke Township. What a grand opening there would be for such a scheme! Surely there would be no difficulty in finding a sufficient number of enterprising residents to come together and talk the matter over, with a view to opening a branch. I would be glad to have the views of the readers of the Pembroke Notes on the matter. Will you make one to join?

Nix.

Feeding of School Children.

WHAT BRADFORD HAS DONE.

The following letter was read at the last meeting of the Dublin Trades Council—

Bradford Trades and Labour Council, January 15th, 1914.

Dear Mr. McPartlin—I am venturing as President of the Bradford Trades Council, to make some suggestions to your Council on the question of the Dublin school children.

As you may be aware, in this city, when a strike takes place, the children are free from any suffering because of our system of feeding under the Act for Feeding Necessitous School Children. Immediately men are locked out or thrown out of work the Education Committee feeds their children. This is not a temporary arrangement, but goes on all the year round. Moreover, the necessary medical attention and treatment that school children require from time to time is undertaken by the Education Authority, the parents being freed from expense in the matter.

One of our chief objects with regard to our children is to see that they are kept in physically good condition, so we have established an Open Air School and a Health Centre, where the youngsters get the best of treatment and are quickly restored to health if ailing. It is all so cheap when properly organised that it seems a pity not to spread the good news abroad. Now, my proposal to your Council is that you should take the initiative in agitating for the Feeding of Necessitous School Children Act and the Medical Inspection Act applying to Ireland. In the meantime, some attempt might be made to either induce your City Council to do something or take the bull by the horns, and get the trade unions to establish a Health Centre for your school children.

Personally, as I am an Irishman who has taken a keen interest in this work for the children during the past twenty years, I am prepared to come over to Dublin, if given the opportunity, and state what may be done and how to set about it. Moreover, I believe I can induce some people on this side of the water to find some money to start the experiment if Dublin workers are prepared to give it a trial. My apology for troubling you is that I feel I ought to do something for the children of my own people as well as for those of English people; and it needs doing. It would need local help to do it effectively, and I know no one to appeal to more confidently than the Dublin trade unionists.

Miss M'Millan, who has done so much for children in this country, would be pleased to give whatever assistance she could. Her address is 127 George Lane, Lewisham, London, S.E.

If your members care to hear what we have done and what you could do, I shall be pleased to put my services at your disposal free.—I am, yours fraternally, MICHAEL CONWAY, President Bradford Trades Council.

Dublin United Trades Council.

AGENDA. Deputation to Lord Mayor—Messrs. Simons and Kenny. The Police "Inquiry"—Mr. O'Brien. Report of L. G. B. re Housing—Mr. Grogan. Nominations of Officers, Committee, &c. The Corporation Supplies' Committee and Contracts—Mr. J. Farren.

NOTICE. All contributors, without exception, are requested to note that all literary matter intended for the "Irish Worker" must be sent direct to the Editor, Liberty Hall, and not to the printer.

All matter must reach office by Wednesday morning at latest. EDITOR.

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Royal Meath, Deserted Publin and Scabs.

The following cutting from a Dublin paper has been the cause of a correspondent sending me a most interesting letter upon the state of the Co. Meath, and some of the personages who have figured in the depopulation of that once royal county—

"DEPOPULATED MEATH.
INTERESTING DETAILS IN LICENSING CASE

(From Our Correspondent.)
Dublin, Saturday.

"Interesting details, illustrating the depopulated state of the Co. Meath, were given at the Trim Quarter Sessions yesterday during the hearing of an application by Mr. John Field, Kilcock, for a new six day licence in respect of premises in the village of Coole, Co. Meath.

Sergeant P. Brady, R.I.C., Summerhill, said there was a chapel, a school and one house occupied by a herd in Coole. The premises were in a bye-road leading to a bog. Summerhill village was three miles distant and there were two publichouses there. Kilcock was four miles distant, and there were seven publichouses there. The premises were three miles from the police barracks, and were situate beside the chapel. The population of ten townlands in the vicinity was 301. The length of his police district was seven miles, and it comprised 71 townlands and he had four men at present in his barracks to do duty over two villages.

Mr. O. J. Shannon, J.P., who said he lived near the premises, opposed the granting of the licence. The premises were only forty yards from the chapel. Rev. D. Hanagan, P.P., Summerhill, said there were no other houses in the vicinity. It might be called a desert. The licence would serve no purpose except the evil purpose of alluring young men from the neighbourhood.

The application was refused. As the correspondent in question shows a most intimate knowledge of that whereof he speaks, I take the opportunity to give publicity to his letter, as I know he cannot expect such publicity from any other paper.

"Dear Mr. Connolly,—I enclose you a cutting from a Dublin paper of a recent date. It points out the state of the Co. Meath. I lived and walked every one of the roads in it, and I want to draw your attention to this and recent happenings in Dublin. Meath, as you know, was cleared of its people to make room for the bullock and the hunting gentry. You may remember a case that was tried in the Dublin courts this summer just past. A 'gentleman' from outside Kells had to pay his 'housekeeper' the sum of £485 and costs as a parting gift after his fifteen years in his 'service.' His name is H. Dye, and he is a large landowner in Meath, and one of these men who will not allow a labourer's cottage to be built on his ranches. He owns land in the vicinity of Carlingstown, and a few years ago 150 police were camped there to prevent the landless men from driving the cattle off the land that in former times was theirs.

In another place, a few miles away from Kells, is another beautiful desert called Balrath, owned by a man called Nicholson. Three hundred families were driven with the bayonet and baton from their homes 40 years ago by the present chap's father. In Slane, nine miles away, there is a castle on the banks of the Boyne, owned by the Marquis of Conyngham, and 17,000 acres of land, all under grass; and even the County Council cannot get an acre of land for a cottage in that district. In the pages of 'Our Old Nobility,' by Howard Evans, the rising of the Conynghams is given. About eight years ago the old lord died, and his widow married a district inspector of the R.I.C. then stationed in Slane. He—Cameron is his name—of course left the 'polis,' and lived like a lord in Slane Castle, until the son of the old lord came of age; then the young lord kicked Cameron out, and the marchioness gave the sum of £450 pension (yearly) to Cameron to keep away from Slane. So we will suppose he is still living 'like a lord' somewhere. Added to this a special man, an ex-gamekeeper named Robinson, was told off, at about 25 bob per week, to watch over the young Camerons when out with their nurse and governess to take the air. So, you see, it takes some cash in Slane to keep this lot on the go. In Oil-castle, about 10 miles from Kells, you have the same order of things—the

bare fields and the crowded hovels in the small towns. Navan is celebrated for its chronic poverty, vice, and 'religious people.' A friend who knew Oldcastle forty years ago told me that the present Mr. Naper's mother had cleared out the Roman Catholics wholesale so as to have Protestant children in the schools. Well, I was in Oldcastle a short time ago and I saw a bodyguard of six R.C. clergymen on splendid horses riding 'hell for leather' across the country with the son of the woman who cleared the poor Catholics out of the country, and in every town in Co. Meath a branch of Davitt's U.I.L., but in terror of the clergy. They lie quiet in their dens, and D. Sheehy is now playing with the Meath labourers about getting them a rise from 10 bob to 12 bob per week. James Larkin is charged with causing the death of Harten, the 'free' labourer from Carlinstown, Kells, Co. Meath; but you will see that the people who aid and abet the landlord class, the grazing system, and the clerical hunting graziers—it is at the door of these men the crime should be laid.

R. F. J.

If such ideas as these are spreading in Meath, Mr. David Sheehy may well fear the coming of Home Rule. He will find it somewhat difficult to keep on fooling the labourers when he is no longer able to shelter the farmers behind the green flag of his patriotic orations. When the farmers and graziers of Royal Meath are asked why they do not pay a decent wage to their labourers and cannot dodge the question by denouncing the questioner as an "enemy of Home Rule," as is done nowadays, it will be a cold day for all the tribe of Sheehy and those who, like them, have so long used the National Question to hide the oppression of Irish Workers by Irish sweaters.

Roll on the Day!

I hope that we have seen the last of the controversy over the nationality of the scabs who helped to defeat the Dublin fighters. Not much good can come out of that sort of thing. It was not any particular notion was in the matter; it was a false system of organisation and false principles of action. Organised wrongly and wrongly taught, Irishmen are as apt to scab in such a struggle as were Englishmen; properly organised and properly led, Englishmen are as little apt to scab as Irishmen. It is all a matter of organisation and teaching.

The Irish Transport and General Workers' Union has from its inception held strictly to the idea of the working class; it has been organised in the interests of that class; it has taught nothing can excuse treachery in that class; and as a means of emancipating that class, it has aimed at building up an organisation in which all can join and in which all can co-operate for the common advancement. It has taught that wherever technical reasons prevent any body of workers from actually enrolling under the banner or in the ranks of the Transport Union the latter must be prepared to accept the spirit for the deed and fight as valiantly for such brothers as for itself.

On the other hand we find the English unions organising their English and Irish members into hundreds of different unions, each with different executives, and each executive with a treasury to safeguard and a balance to increase, and, as a consequence, with hosts of material interests helping to create a spirit of jealousy and conflict; dividing and disrupting the working class by uniting and solidifying it.

Between Irishmen and Englishmen so organised there is little difference. Dublin was a brilliant and glorious exception, principally because, we believe, of the teachings and example of the Transport Union; but Ireland, outside of Dublin, had not much to boast of in its loyalty to principle in this great crisis. Sligo stood firm; so did a small corner of Belfast; but tainted goods of all descriptions were carried wholesale and retail by the members of every branch of a Cross-Channel Union in Ireland and by those who were not members at all.

Yes, brothers, it is unwise to dispute about racial responsibility for scabbing. It was the old system of trade union that was at fault—the old system and the old ideas. Centre your attacks upon them; uprear the banner of Industrial Unionism, and work steadily towards its revolution. If the outcome of our Dublin martyrdom teaches us that, then we have neither suffered nor fought in vain.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

Correspondence.

B.O.E. METHODS.

ANOTHER EXPOSURE.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."
Clan-na-Gael Division Hall,
A.O.H. (I.A.A.),
17 Parliament street, Dublin,
16th February, 1914.

Dear Sir,—My attention has been drawn to the fact that some prominent officials of an English insurance society, which is better known as the Board of Erin (so called Hibernians), have been circulating reports amongst the more credulous of its members and the general public that that society had received large sums of money on behalf of the locked-out workers in Dublin from the A.O.H. in America. If that be so, what organisation received the money, as it has not been acknowledged through the Press? Further, as the only appeal issued to the A.O.H. in America on behalf of their locked-out members in Dublin was that sent out by the parent body of the A.O.H. in Ireland—better known as the Irish-American Alliance—it is quite evident that if the money was received by the insurance society's officials and not spent on the locked-out members of the B.O.E. (and there are a good many of them affected), a misapplication of the funds has taken place, and it is up to these men to see where the money did go. The facts are, however, that not a single dollar came from the A.O.H. in America (as apart from the very few factionist B.O.E. divisions in that continent) to the B.O.E. in Dublin. The response to the appeal by the Irish-American Alliance was spontaneous and generous, and the members for whom it was intended received every penny of the money so subscribed by the divisions of the A.O.H. in America. Statements such as above circulated by B.O.E. emissaries, in the face of that society's hostile attitude towards the workers during the Labour war, only goes to prove its officials' arrogance and mendacious deceit yet once again.—Yours truly,

JOHN J. SCOLLAN,
National Director, A.O.H. (I.A.A.).

To the Editor "Irish Worker."
Loynes, 10th February, 1914.

Sir,—I do hope that the lesson of the late Dublin Lock-out will not be lost on the workers of the country. It taught us fairly as words could talk that wealth and monetary interest unites much more strongly than religion or politics divides. Instance all religious persuasions and all political parties united to crush our workers. A cynic would say that it spelt Mammon first, religion and politics bad seconds. Let us think and learn.—Yours truly,

ADAM NEWMAN.

Nationality in Cork Technical Institute.

At the last meeting of the Committee the following discussion took place on a letter received from Lieut-Col Alexander, asking were soldiers accepted for instruction at the Technical Institute:—

Sir Edward Fitzgerald said he did not see why there should be any objection to soldiers coming to the schools for instruction. He suggested that they answer the question in the affirmative.

Mr. Crosbie said that so far as there were vacancies in the school, these men were entitled to get them.

Mr. Ellis did not see any objection to the soldiers coming along, if there were vacancies.

Mr. Daly said there was no grievance whatever they came in uniform or not. He was in favour of having the soldiers come for instruction to the school.

Alderman Kelleher—We don't object at all—we are all part and parcel of the British Empire now.

It was then unanimously agreed to answer the question in the affirmative.

Nationalists! Students! do you agree with the sentiments expressed above? May soldiers, with your permission, attend classes, and receive instruction to enable them to oust citizens and students of this Institute from positions on the Railways, in the Post Office, and other public service departments.

If soldiers are allowed to attend classes, they will also attend the social functions (dances, etc.) of the Institute—join the Students' Union! Will you allow them to do so? You can prevent them if you will, as the technical students did in Limerick!

So Saoradh Dia Cille o'n nGlasraoicair.

Subscriptions Received by Transport Union.

We give this week a twelfth 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 all the sums received directly in Liberty Hall are acknowledged in the "Irish Worker."

Nov. 4th.—N.U.R. Fylands Branch, per Mr. S. Welby, £1 12s.; Liam O'Fectina, Creaghag, Belfast, 15s.; A.S.E. The Cottage Lynalls Lane, Coventry, per A.D.F. Folehill, 5s. 6d.; Operative Bakers and Confectioners of Scotland Insurance Society, per Peter MacDonald, Treasurer, £32 16s. 3d.

Nov. 5th.—Card Collection, per John Hopkins, Stockport, £3 7s.; Card Collection, per Mrs. Dudley Edwards, Dublin, 15s. 6d.; Five sympathisers, Holcombe Brook, per R. Hillton, 10s.; Collected at Hornsey Branch N.U.C. per Frederick J. Brannon, 5s.; Warrington Branch Braziars and Sheet Metal Workers, per James Powell, Sec. 10s.; Stereotypers and Electrotypers Assistants' Society, per B. H. Middleton, Sec. £1 10s.; C.B. Postmen Liverpool, per J. Holland, 8s.; Members of One and All Adults School, Wallthamstow, per H. Lerpiniere, 7s. 6d.; Five Branch N.U.G.W. & C.L. Tannery Workers per A. Brown, Sec. 7s.; From One Liberal and Two Socialists, Hastings, 5s.; Knightsbridge Branch N.A.U.S.A.W. & C. per the Secretary, 4s.; Collection at Star Motor Works, Wolverhampton, per W. A. Shingler, 16s.; J.E. Daily Herald League, 2s.; Sailors and Firemen S.S. Blackwater, per P. Nolan, 9s. 6d.; Children's copers collected by Connie and Gladys, Hellifield, 2s. 6d.; I.N. D.S. Birkenhead, per John A. Kenny, £1; Workingmen's Club and Institute, the Tilbury Dock, per A. Brennan, £2 10s.; R. Porter, Birmingham, 2s.; Penman Family, Wishaw, Scotland, 6s.; Collection, Colvor Derbyshire per E. J. Howell, £1; J. J. Kelly Dublin, per J. J. Casey, £1.

Nov. 6th.—Waterside Workers of Melbourne per Commonwealth Bank, £150; The Clarion Newspaper Co., Ltd., per Mr. Wilkinson, £35 1s.; Willesden Working Men's Club and Institute, per A. J. Taylor, Sec. 10s.; E. Dorset, Barnet, Herts, 1s.; H. Wilson and pals, Grimsby, £1; Mr. Arthur Ackland, per George W. Russell, £10 Thornbury Tram Depot, Bradford, per Ned Shaw, Winterburn, Morgan and Cross, £2; H.W.S., Retford, 2s.; A.S.L.F. & F. Hull, 1 and 2 Branch, per G. E. Baker and G. Taylor, Secs. £1 4s. 6d.; N.A.U.S.A.W. & C., Putney Branch, per R. G. Curtis, 3s. 3d.; Dr. P. Quinn (Iampden Club, London, N. W. £1; Rosendale Union of Boot, Shoe and Slipper Operatives, per Albert Taylor; Sec. £19 4s.; Dublin Silk Weavers' Society per Mr. Mallin £1; Miss Mabel Benson, 6 Livoli Place Ilkley, 1s. 6d.

Nov. 7th.—Dublin Branch Royal Liver Friendly Society, Insurance Agents Union, per John Hanon Hon Sec. £10. I.T. & G.W.U. Branch No. 21, Cork per D. Carey, £2. D.W.R. & G.W.U. Collection in Tilbury District per G. Baldrey, £5; Cigar Pox Makers, and Papperts' Trades Union, Hackney, London, per C. J. Greenslade, Sec. £3; Prosperity Lodge, Burnley Miners' Association, per James Alfred Sampson, £4 16s. 6d.; 5th Shields Branch, N.S. & E.U., per Chas. Bellem, £1 4s. 2d.; J. Kerr, Govan, Glasgow, 10s.; Glazebrook Branch, N.U.R., per J. Taylor, 16s.; W.T.H.M.S., 5s.; Stockport District of Felt Hatters & Trimmers Societies, 5th sub., per John Bennet, Sec. £2 9s.; "Bread Servers," Dub in 2s. 6d.; A Friend, per Adolphus Shields, 10s.

Nov. 10th.—Michael Davitt Bch, U.I.L., Coventry, per E. Fogarty, Hon. Sec. £2; C. E. Whitehead, Manchester, 10s.; H. & S. Federated Chapel, Attercliffe, Sheffield, per H. Coyner 10s.; R. T. Brady, Salford, Manchester, £1 18s.; Southwark Branch D.W.R. & G.W.U. Union, per R. Sharp, 16s. 8d.; Whitechapel Case Makers per E. Hammond per F. Dolny, Dublin, 6s. 6d.; W. Turner, N.U.R., Church St-e-ton Shropshire, 1s. 6d.; J. Moors, Crosse 12, Southport, 5s.; E. J. How-ll Colnor, Derby, 5s.; £1 4s. 8d.; C. S. Manchester, 1s.; F. H. C. Kelling The Brambles, Weckford Essex, 1s.; Penman Family, Wishaw, Scotland, 5s. 6d.

Received by the Dublin United Trades Council:

Am Soc. Engineers, E.C. per Mr. R. Young £250. £200; D.W.R. & G.W.U. Cardiff, per J. Donovan £11 4s.; D.W.R. & G.W.U., Bristol per H. G. Geater £17 15s. 9d.; Amusements Com Trades Hall, Dublin, per Mr. O'Brien £11 5s.; Postal Telegraph Clerks Assoc., London, £15 4s. 6d.; Braziars and Sheet Metal Workers Liverpool £15; Dublin Bakers, per Mr. J. Barry, £15 3s.; £5 4s.; D.W.R. & G.W.U., Bristol, per H. G. Geater, £19 14s. 5d.; Hyde Rd. Car Works, Manchester Corporation, £6 10s. 6d.; Sunderland 1 Trades and Labour Council, £5; D.W.R. & G.W.U., Cardiff, £8 U.K. Tobaccoists Soc. £8; Collected by the Daily Herald, £5 17s., £7 4s. 6d., £6 17s. 4d., Bakers and Confectioners, Manchester, £8 6s. 9d., £8 6s. 9d., £8 6s. 9d.; D.W.G. & G.W.U., Avonmouth, £5 10s.; Elec. Trades Un., Dublin, £7 10s. Lane & Ches. Firemen's Assoc. Wigan, per H. Ashcroft, £5 4s.; Carpenters' Soc. No. 2 £3 13s. 3d., £4 9s. 9d.; D.W.R. & G.W.U., Bristol, £4 17 9d., £3 18s. 9d.; R. Baldwin, Openshaw, £4 17s.; Tram and Vehicle Wks., Sheffield, No. 2, £3 10s. 4d.; C. K. Fley, Ironwood, Battersea, £4; Braziars and Sheet Metal Workers, Manchester £3 4s. 4s.; Hyde Road Car Works, Manchester Corporation, per T. Fleming, £4 8s. 4d., £3 6s.; R. Baldwin, Openshaw, £4 15s.; N.U.R., Birmingham, £3 3s.; Indus Wkrs., Gt. Britain, E.C. £3; S.L.P., Glasgow, £3; B.S.P. Leazes, Fk. Rd., Newcastle, per A. White, £3 5s. 4s. 10s.; Letchworth Trades Co., per T. Carne, £4; Employees (Smith and Wellstood) Bonnybridge, £3 14s.; Ben Tillet's Meeting (Dockers, Cardiff), £1 10s. 3d.; Jane Lohab, Surey, £3; Erith D.H.L. & B. S.P., per R. E. Ward, £4 12s. 6d.; H. Battye, Huddersfield, £4 11s.; N.U.R., Newcastle, No. 1, per T. R. Beaty, £3 15s. 6d.; Trades and Labour Co., Letchworth, £4 10s.; Trades and Labour Co., Earlestown, per A. Turner, £4 15s.; Poplar Trades Co. £3 12s. 11d.; J. Flynn, Bomb Shop Bristol, £3; N.U.R., New Cross, No. 1, £3 14s.; Tram and Vehicle Workers, Sheffield, No. 2, £3; B.S.P. N.W. castle, £3 5s.; U. Ship Stewards, Cooks, &c., J. Clarke, £3 5s.; Portsmouth, per Telegram, £4 1s.; Hyde and Denton Trades Co., per R. Medern, £4; Erith D.H.L. & B. S.P., £4 13s.; N.U.R., Gateshead, per J. Sleigh, £4; Colliery Firemen's Assoc. Wigan £3; U.I.L., Joseph Biggar Bch. Gateshead, Stonemasons, Manchester, £4 3s. 3d.; Southampton Trades Co., per W. Kenward, £3; G. Murray, Camp Road, Leeds, £3.

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