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!

Edited by Jim Larkin,

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JUNE 3rd, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.

old croney, trying to chill your blood, told of the fate of some nebulous person in the parish or townland who had sold themselves to the devil for money or the gratification of some desire; some of you have smiled in a superior way, and, with the marks of the higher education cult all over you, have said only some ignorant peasant would believe such fairy stories. My friends, there is no fairy story about the Shipping Federation. The devil himself is a decent chap in comparison to the soulless creatures who organised and who control that industrial octopus—the men who carry out the functions of that Black Hand organisation. For remember this, the Inquisition in its worst days was a benevolent institution compared with his hydra-headed monster, this foul growth in the body politic, which acts like a cancer on the human system. To those who go down to the sea in ships it is unnecessary to explain the malevolent influences of this outcome of the present competitive

To those of you who sit at home, try to think of what it means to take the "Bolwar out across the Bay." Think of the men-not on the bridge alone-those who sport the brass rail around the forecastle head. Think of him, one of God's creatures, down below, with brains halfburned out of him; with the open furnace before him, the eyes blood-shot with the heat, the light of flames dancing around him, and a hard-case engineer cursing him and shouting to the already half-crazy creature-" Shake her up." There is a saying, "Hell has no terrors for a woman scorned.". What terrors, then, has hell for a creature with the heart scorched out of him—the soul burned up within him? Do you, then, blame him that sometimes he forgets himself when ashore? Boys, I have known men in the stokehold of a tramp who were the whitest men who ever broke bread. What I have said of the shovel engineer applies in a different degree to his chum on the sailor's side. I have also known personally, men magnates in the shipping world-men with an income of £5,000 a month, moral lepers; men whose very breath breathed death; men who lived solely for the gratification of their foul desires, and who thought the earth a footstool made for them, and the children of men but flowers they might crush under their foul feet But as all firemen and sailors are not men, so it is true that all the shipping magnates are not such as I have depicted; but it is true that the type of man who controls and directs the octopus of the shipping world, the Shipping Federation, are such as I have depicted : a leprous crew! The earth would be well rid of them; they have not a soul to be saved, and they have so managed to control the law that their bodies are to be saved from Kicking yet a little while longer.

FANAGAN'S Properties

54 AUNGIER STREET DUBLIN

Enchished have the Self-Reserved.

Coding Bearing Couldness and Sensor Principles.

Youth of Ireland.

Youth of Ireland! youth of Ireland,
On your onward march to-day,
For the freedom of your Sireland
Homage to the "Old Guard" pay;
To the men who march'd before you
Over danger's deadly trail,
They who struggled to restore you,
To the freedom of the Gael.

With their father's faith unshaken,
Lisp'd beside their mother's knee,
Went they forth men to awaken,
And their country to set free;
Tho' the hopes their hearts were rearing
Led them to the rebel's doom,
Tho' the tyrants' bands were bearing
Heroes to their living tomb.

When the road to freedom leading
Lay thro' danger, toil, and care,
Arms they sought, too proud for pleading,
Scorning slav'ry's lot to share;
From their actions—proud, unbending,
You may duty's highway trace,
And like them till death defending,
Guard the honour of your race.

When their ranks were rent and broken,
And in gloom their flag went down,
Not a coward word was spoken
To avert the martyr's crown.
Tho' they fail'd to cross oppression,
Tho' they fail'd their than in the same,
Still they nobly met repression
With the courage of the brave.

If to-day your hopes be brighter,
Youth of Ireland, than were theirs,
If your task to-day be lighter,
'Twas their struggle made you heirs
To the wealth of joy and gladness,
Which your country yet may see,
When thro' slav'rys gloom and sadness
Gleam the sunbeams of the free.

Nobler tale of men undaunted
Never yet by man was told,
Tho' unsung their deeds are chanted
In the heart throbs of the bold;
And tho' Saxon law makes treason
Of the love we bear their name,
Yet in Liberty's bless'd season
We shall proudly rear their fame.

Then forget not, youth of Ireland,
That you yet may have to do
For the children of your Sireland,
As these brave men done for you;
Then like them be brave, be steady,
And for Ireland guard the way,
And when God's right hand is ready,
Be you heroes in the fray.

"Ui Breasail,"

COCKNEYS FROM GALWAY, &c.

In the words of the official organ of, and guide to Ui Bressail:—

"The idea before those who are organising it is to show what our country can do, and is doing, in industry and agriculture, and also in the way of technical instruction, to promote a better and happier condition of life in this country, and we believe that this exhibition is our grand opportunity to demonstrate the ideas of the Women's National Health Association of the Women's National Health the object of its measures is to units in working for the common good of the whole country. To that out they are asking properly all orects and they are asking and help them so make this Show the representative thing it ought to be—they are the story which is being density that the short which is being density and the story which is being density that all the story which is being density that the short which is being density that the short which is being density that the story which is the story density that the story which is the story which is the story density that the story which is the story

and develop technical instruction—to raise, beautify and happify home life, and to make Ireland a veritable. "Isle of the Blest," here and now. And is not this work worth the doing? To hold out the hand of fellowship to all who are working for the country, to show in fact, what Love can do.

We are holding up the ideal life for all to see and ponder.

We are standing on our own feet, appealing to no great names for patronage or support, but the support we do ask for is the help and co-operation of all our countrymen and our countrywomen in this work, and I feel sure that when they understand our aims and desires they will give it us in no stinted measure."

Now, let us see how they have fried to "make Ireland an Isle of the Bleat." The Central Hall is crowded with exhibits belonging to the various manufacturers and shopkeepers, all of which we have seen a thousand times before. Prominent amongst them we noticed Johnston, Mooney & O'Brien's, and our old friend, Varian. The stalls themselves, while well arranged, show us nothing that cannot be seen every day in the shop windows. What we would like to be show is, not the finished articles turned out by the various factories, but the places where, and conditions under which, they are made; the wages paid to the men and women who make them, and the house or both where they live. This would be far more instructive and useful.

Supposing we pause and look at Johnston, Mooney & O'Brien's stand. What do we see? A few loaves and some flour, that is all. What we don't see is the men being dismissed for becoming trade unionists, or their wives and children being driven to vice and crime, through starvation and hardship, by the virtuous slave drivers who are the managers, directors, and shareholders of this and numerous other similar concerns. We need no organised exhibition to show us what things are made. We do need one that will show the conditions under which the workers work and live. We will return to this another time.

The gallery overhead in the Central Hall is given over to the Industrial Schools. What are Industrial Schools for? We will quote again :- "These schools are intended to train their inmates to habits of order, self-control and industry; to teach them that labour is the duty prescribed for all those in their station of life, and that to live in idleness is a crime, so long as they have mental or bodily powers to work for their support. The character and capabilities of each child are supposed to be studied by managers, in order to cultivate the special qualities of each, and so utilise them for the individual, as well as for the public good. Hitherto sufficient care has not been taken in Ireland to develop the special talents of the children of the poor for skilled industries. To remedy. this want industrial schools have been established, and the children of the destitute classes, who are hovering on the brink of crime, have been sciected in order to prevent them from developing into the criminal class to offer this object it should be remembered that the primary aim of the system on which the sobject errors and of the system on which the sobject errors and of the system on which the sobject errors and of the system on which the sobject errors to add by the State is to release and allerent the first of the second of the the subspice enter into each employments or communications as will notifiate the especialistic to be supported to the boards which bigg them to the

knowledge of industrial school life and could tell a tale that would make you see the working exhibits in a different light.

However, to proceed. The first thing I visited, after leaving the Central Hall, was the Goat Show, where I was informed by an attendant. "Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen won first prize." I said I thought she deserved it. It occurred to me afterwards that it must have been her gost that won it.

Further on I saw two kittens in a basket, with collecting boxes in front of them, on which was written—"Please give pury a penny for milk." I wonder what the police would do to the unemployed if they exhibited their hungry children, with the request "Please give Tommy a penny to buy bread," and yet it seems to me children are more important than cats, even when the latter he

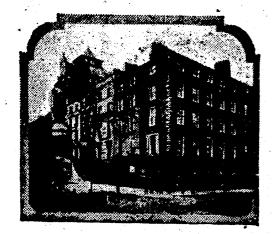
Painted ever-" Kommic Page open I walked i rounded by cou stalls and contain apun tweeds. T the carts talking who was knitti back in English least 80 years of 67. Half a doze what I suppose A dies or sit one of them can cray of Fry's which she was to her in Gaelic. destand any Iwis spoke again. the I wish dawn toffee, then?" I

was this the comic pageant. "No," said she, "it's right in there. It's a ripping show. Awfully jolly, you know Oh! you should buy some candy for the gurls." I passed out through smother door and discovered that I had just been in "Galway Fair Green." It was a great idea to put it along with the comic pageant, and seeing that it is included in the guide-book, under the heading of amusements together with the elevens and circuses, my mistake might easily be pardoned.

Out in the grounds the people were spending their pennies for rides on the hobby-horses and other mild excitement. The mountain slide seemed to be a great favourite of the hobbys with the fancy socks and strawihats.

I had not time to visit the food section, but intend doing so next time, as the following extract from the "Official Guide" interests me greatly:—

"Fastir Bodown - The chief item in the family budget of all but the wealthy classes is unquestionably the food scrapt's With the working classes the main feroblem of life is how to proture feed to the best advantage, consisting with the carnings of the family. To side it the solution of this problem, typical diseases have been drawn up, abouting, finally how a family of five may be not on all carned diturned 12s. Od. per week, and scrooling the disease wall-to-do family may be not on a carned to see well-to-do family may be not on a carned to see well-to-do family may be not on a carned to see well-to-do family may be not on the carned to see well-to-do family may be not on the problem with the about made in the medical with the section with the section of conting allows for contage and ertisant possessed with the given.



The above represents the Spacious Premises of

Hopkins & Hopkins Jewelllers, DUBLIN,

Who employ 50 skilled men in the Manufacture of Gold, Gems, Jewellery, Medals, &c., &c.

THEY ARE REALLY MANUFACTURERS.

We made Badges for the Irish Transport Workers' Union, Corporation Workmen's Trade Union, and many others.

Calendar for Next Week.

JUNE 1911,

Sunday 4—Death of Lord Edward Fitz-

gerald, 1798.

Monday 5—Battle of New Ross, 1798.
Rout of the English at Benburb, 1646.
Tuesday 6—Theodore O'Hara died, 1867.
Wednesday 7—The infamous Act of Union passed by the "Irish" House of Commons, 1800.
Thursday 8—Father Coigley executed 1798

Thursday 8—Father Coigley executed 1798
Friday 9—Rattle of Arklow; death of
Father Michael Murphy.

Saturday 10—" Irish Tribune" newspaper started, 1848.

From week to week we shall present to our readers those events in our history which go to perpetuate the memory of those who distinguished themselves in the struggle against oppression in his country.

It will also be our duty to record some disreputable events which have not redounded to the credit of those who took part in their accomplishment. Such incidents as the passing of the damnable Act of Union by the so-called IRISH House of Commons in 1800 will naturally excite the ire and indignation of every honest Irishman who believes in the destiny of our country to be a Free and Untrammelled Nation.

How did they pass the Union?

By perjury and fraud,

By slaves who sold their land for gold

As Judas sold his God!

Think of this during the week, comrades, and find out a suitable place in our National life for the Dunravens, the Barrymores, the Clanrickards, and the other Anglo-Norman spawn who are now anxious to "come over to us."

Dublin Trades and Labour Council.

The Council have arranged to hold a banquet in the Dolphin Hotel, Lesex Street (date to be fixed later; tickets 5s.), to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of the Council, and further, to extend the hospitality of the organised trades of the City and County of Dublin to the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia. With reference to said invitation extended to Mr. Andrew Fisher, formerly working miner and comrade of Kier Hardie, M.P., in the Ayrshire Coalfield, Scotland, Mr. William O'Brien, acting secretary, in the absence of Mr. John Simmons, who, we regret to say, is still unable to transact business, received the following letter from Mr. Sheppard, private secretary to Mr. Fisher :-

"Commonwealth of Australia, Prime Minister, Hotel Cecil, 26th May, 1911.

William O'Brien, Esq., Capel Street, Dublin.

Dear Sir—I am instructed by the Prime Minister to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the End inst., and to say that he is much obliged for your kind invitation. He regrets, however, that he unable to say at present whether he will be able to visit Dublin, but if he can do so you will be advised.—Yours faithfully,

W. Sheppard, Secretary,

I am requested to announce that those who require tickets must write Mr. Wm. O'Brien, acting secretary, Trades Hall, Capel Street.

Sweating in the Brewery Trade.

I am given to understand that some of the readers of THE IRISH WORKER drink porter and beer(terrible. I can see some of ye, my boys, gallevanting around the town in the near future with a prebosis like a certain alleged Labour Candidate, but, my friends, if you do drink beer and porter, and, of course, no publican will give it to you for love—(try Molloy, of Talbot Place, the friend of the Dockers)—you must have Money. Why not see to it that the poor wage-slaves engaged in brewing the liquid and distributing it. get at least an existence. Oh, you say Guinness's men are not treated badly. Well, I am not referring to Guinness's at present; perhaps if some of you worked there you would find there is a fly in the ointment-of that more anon. I am referring to other Dublin Breweries-not by name this week-for even a sinner should get a chance for repentance, and an opportunity to mend his life. But listen to this bare recital of facts-no padding, no exaggerations—no taking away or adding to. This is the actual wage paid by one of the richest breweries in the country:-Vat house, 17s. for 63 hours, 3d. per hour overtime; storehouse, 17s. for 63 hours, 3d. per hour overtime; 84 hours for 19s. 10d. on night work. Sunday, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., for 2s. 8d., constantly working in water, subject to chills; if one falls sick no pay. Cask Cleaning Department—12 hours per day, less 1½ hours for meals what they want meal hours for I fail to understand) these men are piece workers, average wages 16s. per week. Kieve Stage men, 16s. per week, and for working an additional 12 hours they get 2s., or 18s. per week of 75 hours. Racking Vaults, 63 hours per week, salary 16s. per week. Carters' quay work, 16s. a week with a back Is. This back money is paid at Christmas if you are a good boy and eat dirt, metaphorically speaking, you get the back 1s.—10s. per quarter for boots and clothes once a year.

Town men, that is, delivering on Town orders, same wages except an allowance of cask money, which sometimes amounts to 1s. in the week, out of which the charge hand takes 9d., that is three-fourths. Some of the men live in the Company's houses, for which they are charged, we must admit, a reasonable rent; that is to say, these men are treated worse than slaves, an average wage of 16s. 6d. for men physically fit for anything, intelligent men to talk to.

The above facts concern one brewery. Next week we give facts concerning another.

Now I want to ask the Directors and Shareholders of that rich Company, what of these men? Do you think any man can exist in Dublin on 16s. per week, never mind live. Ask yourselves the question—how do these peeple live? Put yourselves in their places, even in imagination, 16s. per week. Why some of you spend more on cigars in a day.

Bravo, Rathfarnham!!

Although practically without organisation, and in this sense helpless, the workers of this district have done well. under the circumstances at the Poor Law Elections. The outgoing Gnardians were Messrs. P. Walker, publican; and John Landy, master baker, both of whom. have represented the district for some years on the South Dublin Board of Guardians and Rural District Council. A. rival candidate in the person of Mr. Wm. Custis, publican, turned up at this: election, the new aspirant having previously sat for the Whitechurch division of the same Union. Now, we are not interested in Walker

or Custis; it is for Mr. John Landy we have a particular regard. This gentleman, doing a good business and evidently prosperous in worldly affairs, is one of the quartette of bakers who, under the leadership of Mr. John Mooney, J.P., -and prospective Knight, or the Lord knows. what-have been making war on the only genuine society of Operative Bakers in Dublin-men who have been fighting hard for an existence, and who have sacrificed more than any other trade for the benefit of their fellow-workers. The man who will cheerfully pay from 5s. to-6s. per week out of a not too generous. wage in order to uphold the principles of trade unionism is not to be ignored. Mr. Landy has been taught a lesson which should be of service to him in future. He succeeded in getting to the bettom of the poll with 70 votes! So much for the company into which Mr. Landy has fallen.

All honour to the people of Rathfarnham for their action in dealing a telling blow for the rights of Labour. Mr. Landy will now have an opportunity of reflection on the error of his ways.

The Winch.

THE DOCKER'S ORCHESTRA.

It's not the pipe of an organ clear
The engines play to an engineer;
It's not the carol of song-birds gay
Her cordage sings at the break o' day,
When a clipper's course is fairly laid
Along the track of the roarin' trade.

But first a grunt and a snaky hiss
Of steam-pipes leakin'; an oily kiss;
A rusty rattle of iron gear,
Or a new hydraulic, lifting clear;
A grip, a strain, or a patent clinch—
And that's the song of the workin' Winch.
Oh, it's cargo out and it's cargo in;

Oh, it's cargo out and it's cargo in;
A port to leave, and a port to win—
So grab yer baskets and hook her slings,
Hustle the dunnage, you ugly things,
'Way from the hatches and let 'er go,
"Stand from under there! Under, be-low!"

Rudder-und-thudder! Thud-er-errud!
Cuss yer body, yer bones an' blood;
Stiffen yer feelings, flatten yer soul;
Get to the bushels down in a hole.
No use to falter, weaken or flinch—
This is the call of the workin' Winch.

Up with the hardware, down with the bales, Under the gunwhale, over the rails. Tally-clerk, tally-clerk, where have y'been? "Jambing my thumb in the old machine!" Then tie it up with a bit of string, An' lower away like anything!

Now what's the matter below, be-low? "Only a cask on a pore cove's toe!" Then cut off his blucher quickly. Oh, 'Orspital-bound for a month or so; Send him right up in a canvas sling. And heave away there like—anything!

Now what's the matter below, be-low? Why are the stevedores tremblin' so? "Only the brains of a workin' man Bashed like a blessed old salmon can?" Cover his face from the light of day! Send for a stretcher and Heave away!

Heave away for a year and a day; Stick to your doghooks, and heave away! For spans o' bridges an' trunks o' boots; And casks o' taller and slop-made suits, And crates and coffins to lift and haul, The Winch will tackle them one and all.

Rattle it out and rattle it in—
The wharves are filled with her rowdy 'din,
For no canary or silver eye
A-liftin' their little sweet songs on high,
Linnet or nightingale, lark or finch,
Is this unmusical, coarse ship's Winch.

She earns her bread, and she must be fed Though fifty stevedores fall down dead. For the ships must come an'they must go—So, out of the hatchway down below! Steady them slings! Now, heave away.

Stick to yer hoist! Don't fail, nor flinch,
And feed the eternal Winch, Winch, Winch!
—E. J. Brady.

"An injury to One is the concern of All."

——THE——

Irish Worker AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE. Edited by JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price One Pomny—and may be had of any newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 10 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421.

Dublin, Saturday, 3rd June, 1911.

Our Editor has been "honoured" by an invitation from the Mountjoy Ward Branch of the United Irish League to take part in a debate, initiated by a Mr. E. A. Aston, on the "State Insurance Bill." This Mr. Aston is what is known as a Protestant Home Ruler. I don't know whether he is a member of the Mutual Admiration Society—known as the Young Ireland branch of the United Irish League or not; but, from what I can gather, he is a fit and proper person to belong thereto.

I don't know what heinious crime I have committed that I should be favoured with such an invitation. I must examine my conscience. I know I have done three months and fourteen days for having stolen some £64 of the Cork Dock Labourers' mo nev-or, at least, a County Dublin Jury said so-also Mr. W. E. Stewart, another shining light of the Mountjoy Ward United Irish League, and his friend, Sherlock, said ditto. Well, friend Byrne, I prefer Mountjoy Jail and association with the inmates therein for a period of ten years in preference to associating with a gang of moral assassins such as compose the clique who run the Mountjoy Ward-slum landlords, publicans, mai gazine merchants, non-union employers, and place-hunters. No, sir; Jim Barkin is a bit particular in the company he keeps.

Our comrade, Greene, P.L.G., has also been honoured with an invitation from Scully, late Chairman South Dublin Union—the man who successfully managed the Distress Committee, and who continues to buy bread made by Scabs. This creature has the audacity to beg a Trade Union Secretary to vote for him. I wonder is there anything in this job? Scully does not waste money for nothing. This circular and the copy of resolutions cost £ s. d. Greene, my boy, you must keep your weather eye open for such fellows.

The following is the circular received from Scully:—

"DOLPHIN'S BARN, 31st May, 1911.

Dear Mr. Greene—Will you kindly permit me to say that it is my intention to seek re-election to the position of Chairman of the S. D. Union Board for the ensuing 12 months.

My record of attendance, as the published list will show, has been a full one, in which I have devoted a very large amount of time and attention in dealing with all matters connected with the business of the Board, comprising the outlay and management thereof, during the past 3 years. This can be amply testified by those Guardians who have been Members of the Board during that time, and who have had the honour of being re-elected

Should you consider me worthy of your support and influence, I shall esteem it a special favour if you will attend at the Board-room on Saturday next, the 3rd of June, and record your vote in my favour.

Yours very faithfully,

for another term of office.

JOHN SOULLY.

P.S.—I herewith enclose Copy of Resolutions, which were unanimously passed on Wednesday, the 24th inst. (being the last meeting of the Board)."

To Alderman Dr. Mowalter, P.L.G.—We are waiting to read of your resignation. We know you are a man of few words; ha! ha! But with all your faults I believe you mean well, and at least you have some knowledge of how to govern a city. Whisper! when are we to expect the usual letter? Life is deadly dull. Even the nuts are cracked.

Will Jamesy Fox, Councillor, P.L.G., election agent [who said O'Dea!] ward heeler, &c., tell us how much the bhoys in the Corporation service collected for him? Jamesy, it's a quare hole you could not get out of.

"They say the Corporation Labour Bureau" (Hinnessy says "that Bureau is a French word for jobbery!" I am a bad French scholar, Hinnessy; the only French I know anything about is French beans), rules are—last man in, first on the permanent staff. Anyhow, a man who has been in the Corporation service 30 years has no right to be looking for a job sweeping. He ought to be an alderman at least.

We have to congratulate ourselves on the glorious victories achieved by the men put forward by the organised Labour Bodies in Dublin. If ever there was a justification for a Labour Paper, surely the results justify themselves. No more coming in second for Labour, for in a straight fight with the organised forces of reaction and the liquor interest, Labour met them and not only overthrew them. but if one analyses the results we find this fact, in two cases the Labour Candidate actually tops the poll, coming hundreds of votes ahead of the nearest successful Reactionary Candidate. We have come to the parting of the ways, readers! On which side are you taking your stand; for he who is not with us is against us!

Below we give the actual results:-

SOUTH DOCK (4 seats).

T. GREENE (Labour) 70;
CORNELIUS KENNEDY (Publican) 48;
JAMES BYRNE (U.I.L.; Publican)... 42;
J. P. Murphy (402).

TRINITY (4 seats).

CATHERINE MOONEY

MARTHA J. WILLIAMS ... 636
LORCAN O'TOOLE (Labour) ... 597
WILLIAM TIERNEY (Independent) 582
Myles Lawlor, U.I.L. (265).

WOOD QUAY (4 seats)

THOMAS LAWLOR (Labour) ... 827
FRANCIS COLE (U.I.L.) ... 663
J. BYRNE (U.I.L.) ... 550
FRANCIS MARTIN (U.I.L.) ... 471
N. Hoare (461), Elizabeth Dowling (347), James
Byrne (205).

MANSION HOUSE (4 seats).

THOMAS CORRY ... 337
R; J. O'CARROLL (Labour ... 252
J. RAYMOND ... 242
JOHN BAIRD ... 238
Ald. Thomas Kelly (157), Augustine Bonham (104),
Helena Moloney (85).

Poor Law Elections.

SOUTH DOCK WARD.

A GREAT LABOUR MEETING.
On Sunday last a meeting, the like of

which for its dimensions and enthusiasm had never before been seen in the South Dock Ward, was held in Albert Place, for the double purpose of forwarding the candidature of Thomas Greene, Secretary No. 1 Branch of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, for the Poor Law representation of the ward and of protesting against the police intimidation at the Misery Hill meeting the previous Sunday. The result of the elections our readers already know, and the fact that Thomas Greene was returned by a thumping majority and the largest number of individual votes were cast for a Labour man, or any who stood against—even nominally against—the rotten borough system that has for years prevailed in South Dock, fully justified the action of those who were responsible for Greene's candidature, and had raised once more the flag of Labour in the district. No longer can the reproaches be flung at South Dock that it is the most misrepresented ward in the City of Dublin. Things are not yet nearly as they should be, but a start has to be made, and the first round es ended completely in favour of the workers, who form such a large percentage of the residents of that hitherto benighted ward.

The meeting was widely advertised, and more widely spoken of; and the interest displayed was borne witness to by the huge crowd which accompanied the bands and procession, and the almost equally large crowd which awaited the arrival of the moving platform.

The chair was taken by Thomas Foran, who, in a few words, explained the object of the meeting. He expressed his unwillingness to stand between those assembled and the speakers who were there to propose and support the resolution, which would be put before the meeting, which resolution he called upon Mr. Thomas

resolution he called upon Mr. Thomas Sheridan to propose.

Mr. Sheridan, who was very warmly received, said that for long had the flag of Labour in South Dock Ward lain in the dust, and reminded his hearers that his was the first hand of recent years to attempt to raise it. He was not successful, but the fault was not his; and on the shoulders of those who had allowed themselves to be led on by false pretences, rested the blame. He had not been successful, but this time they were out to win, and they were going to give evidence of the power of the working classes to

win, and they were going to give evidence of the power of the working classes to look after themselves and their interests; and their determination to cast off the shackles of ward bossism that had bound them so long by placing his old friend, Tom Greene, at the head of the poll (applause. He had great pleasure in moving the following resolution:—

"That this mass meeting of citizens of

Dublin enters its emphatic protest against the action of the police in interfering with, and attempting to intimidate, the meeting held at Misery Hill on Sunday last, 21st inst., for the purpose of exposing the corruption rampart in the Legislature and the administrative bodies in this country, claiming as we do the right to criticise peer or peasant, king or knight, we of the common people, to mark our sense of dissatisfaction and condemnation, determine to return the Labour candidate at the Poor Law Elections at the top of the

The resolution was seconded by the representative of the Ringsend Battle-makers, who, in a few words, said a good deal of the character of the opposition to Greene, and of the action of the police on the previous Sunday.

Mr. Michael Barry was then allowed to speak. He was accorded a decent reception, but he hardly rose to the occasion. He was there merely as a United Irish Leaguer, and as such he seemed prepared to sink all other opinions he might hold—even to his views on temperance, which are all right—to forward the interests of the candidates selected by what he called the South Dock Ward Branch of the United Irish League. The crowd were amused with him, and no one took him

Jim Larkin then spoke to the resolution at considerable length. He replied to the criticisms advanced by Barry, and freely gave his opinion of the publicans. What opinions Larkin held he owned freely and was not ashamed of. He was a Socialist, and prayed for the day when they would all be Socialists. Under Socialism, he said, there would be no poverty and m necessity to see that the children found in the streets would be properly baptisedbecause with society properly organised no children would be born in the streets, and there would be no homeless and m paupers (cheers). He reiterated the opinions he had before expressed. Force and tyranny might kill the mortal body, but no force could kill the soul. The

had died had gained the than ever it had . The name of the conjure with. When beheaded Robert treet they did more principles and to ared place in the histhan if Emmet had for years (applause). would venture to met to-day was not a early death than he he had lived for a with others, and he of O'Neill Crowley, Cracken.

put the resolution. with a loud chorus of in then called for a every man in the p. "Good business," a walk over, boys." that he was right!

ah Trades Union gress.

Annual Congress of of Ireland of ins day pext. A number ins are to be discussed, progress" will be the Congress. The list that interest is well Irish trade unionists. to be held on Tuesis to be addressed by tes. The social side being looked after by committee. On Mon-, they have arranged Corrib. On Tuesday blic meeting, a smokbe held, whilst the has placed their boats delegates during the Congress.

T. P. DALY.

D.M.P. and the Authorities. Guide to Cork Excursion.

Castle Barracks, Dublin.

DEAR SIR-As I am now a free man and can again state my mind, on Tuesday last, owing to a trivial report, and not having summons cases, I was compelled to resign the Police for the above offence and being a Roman Catholic. The conduct of John Ross is a disgrace, and he and Dick Whittaker have respectable men, and especially R.C.'s, driven mad to perjure themselves and commit crime. I am now on my way to America, thanks to God, and will never again have to account why I have not five cases a month. Oh, amazing goodness. How the Dublin public are treated is awful. You have 850 R.C. constables in the D.M.P. How they keep their religion is impossible to know. Make use of this at your next meeting how Irishmen are treated. It is high time to speak out-bribery and corruption. The law is a sham.

On Monday last a man by the name of Eddlestein, a Jew, was tried before the Recorder for a grave offence of assaulting a little girl named Fitzpatrick of No. 1 Curzon street, and after the jury finding him guilty of the offence, the Recorder asked the foreman would he let him out on probation, and when the foreman said not the Recorder put him back, and when the court was cleared on the following evening let the Jewman out on the quiet. Oh, smrzing goodness, is this the man that the Dublin R.C.'s have to look for protection. God may send us Home Rule soon and sudden. That Recorder is a -- to the City of Dublin and R.C.'s. These are facts which I trust you will make known to the public at your next meeting, and show up Orange John Ross and Dick Whittaker, who has R.C. Police ruined. And the Recorder is a --- to the position he holds. May God bless your brave struggle against tyranny, as I for one know what it is .- I am, sir, yours respectfully,

> JOHN WAIRE, Ex-Constable 180B.

The Editor expresses regret that, owing to lack of space, many matters of importance have been crushed out this week. Arrangements have been made to increase size of paper at an early date. Next week look out for special report of Trades Congress in Galway.

ERY REWARDED.



gentleman named hief engineer of the ook his daughter and ing to a friend for a By some means or which they were capwho had been across orth Wall, and were for help, and seeight was a person der help. Amongst and son. The father, ine out of hospital, this man, knowing the bleeding would ith his life at stake, his two comrades to igth. They arrived ildren and the man, a punt from the

of the heroic action.

The sequel is that the owner of the yacht up to now never even condescended to thank the men who saved his property. The man who was rescued had the temerity to insult these men, whose photos we publish, by offering them 25, 6d. The parents of the two children, who Mr. Moppet had taken for a sail, have not thought it worth while to ask the names of the men who saved their children's lives; and the man "Yallow Byrne"he with the pipe in his mouth, as shown in photo-lies in hospital, and may never recover, owing to his exertion, which has brought on, I regret to say, the hemorrhage, from which he was recovering. Such: is a day in a docker's life! But what have the Royal Humane Society to say? What have trustees of the Carnegie Hero Fund to say? What action is Captain M'Combe going to take in the matter?

Michael Nugent, Garrett Kelly, and the two Byrnes, father and son, we lift off our hats to you and thank God we can still produce men like you around the Dublin Quays:-

"Greater love hat no man than this. that to lay down his life for another."

Trains will leave Kingsbridge Station, sharp at 8 o'clock in the morning, returning from Cork at 8 p.m. Upon arriving in Cork, proceed across King Street from Station, to St. Patrick's Church, where Rev. Father O'Leary, whose letter appears below, has arranged for a short Mass from 12 to 12.30. After Mass, procession will form up, and, headed by the O'Connell Prize Band, champions of all Ireland, followed by Coal Porters of Dublin, Dan O'Connell body-guard, headed by the lrish Transport and General Workers' Union Band, will proceed along King Street, down Patrick Street, into the Grand Parade. At the foot of the Martyrs' Memorial Jim Larkin will deliver a short address on the "Oneness of Labour," and extend the greetings of the Dublin workers to our fellow-workers in Cork. At the close of the meeting friends will disperse for meals. A list of hotels and refreshment rooms appears on this page. After dinner those who intend to take advantage of the trip by steamer to Queenstown and around the Harbour, will proceed to Patrick's Bridge, south side of the river, where they will and the steamer, "Albert," especially chartered for the occasion (tickets for return journey 1s.,) leaving landing stage a 2.30 p.m., returning to same point at 7 p.m.. On the passage, which will occupy some five hours, with an interval for tea at Queenstown or Crosshaven, the passengers will have the opportunity of not only seeing some of the beauty spots, but also a unique sight, the wrecked Cunardor "Ivernia," one of the largest sceamers in the world. To those who desire to visit Blarney Castle, upon showing their excursion ticl et at Western Road Station of the Cork and Muskerry Railway, they will get reduced fares, including admission into Blarney Castle. There are many other points of interest and historical beauty spots to visit, and don't forget to visit Shandon Church, and hear

"The beils of Shandon, That sound so grand on The pleasant waters Of the River Lee."

But don't forget the trains return to Dublin at 8 p.m., therefore you must be at the station at least a quarter of an hour before 8 o'clock. Take notice, the organisers accept no responsibility for any hitch in the arrangements. We sell you a ticket which will give the bearer the right to travel to Cork and back. All other arrangements are subject to alterations. We have a guarantee from the Company that they carry us to Cork between the hours of 8 a m and 12 p.m., and back to Dublin herween the hours of p.m. and 12 midnight.

We have arranged for Four Special Tram Cars to leave O'Connell Bridge at 7 30 on morning of Excursion and meeting trains on arrival at midnight to convey passengers back to O'Connell Bridge.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Don't forget. Leave Kingsbridge at. 8 a.m. Arrrive Cork 12 noon. Mass at St. Patrick's 12 to 12.30. Procession at 12.30 to Martyr's Memorial. Grand Parade mass meeting 1 o'clock. Short address by Jim Larkin, 1 to 1.30. Disperse for dinner, 1.30. Steamer from St. Patrick's Bridge (for Queenstown and around harbour) at 2.30. Fare 1s. Return to landing-stage, Cork, 7 p.m. Others leave every half hour. Western Road Station, Cork and Muskerry Railway, for Blarney Castle. Others may visit Shandon church and other points of interest, but all must return to Station at 7.45 p m. Trains leave at 8 prompt, and those who desire tickets must apply at once to 9 James's Street, 17 High Street, and 10 Beresford Place:

Be in time! Be in time! Be in time! "St. Patrick's, Cork, "31st May.

"DEAR MR. LARKIN,-I was very glad to hear from you. Thank you very much for sending me the first number of THE TRISH WORKER. I need scarcely say that i wish it every success, and hope it will be the means of elevating and improving the condition of the working men in Dublin and throughout the countyy. I shall be very pleased to meet you on Sunday. We have every Sunday here at St. Patrick's a short Mass, commencing at 12 o'clock. There will be plenty of room and a welcome for your Dublin men. The Mass will be over at 12.30, or a few minutes later.

Hoping you will have a good day for the excursion, and wishing you every success.-Yours faithfully,

P. O'LEARY, C.C. Now, boys, one word of advice. The reputation and dignity of the Dublin workers is in your hands, either to uphold it, or on the other hand, to disgrace yourselves and the noble city you belong to. I.do not want to preach to you, yet L beseech you, take no strong drink for this one day in the year—be an example and a light date others. The committees of Branches will wear

rosettes and act as marshals. All members of the Union must wear their Badges. All during the day act as though you were one family. Forget not our motto:-

"Each for all, and all for each."

Hoping you will enjoy yourselves, and that you bring the woman of the house, and above all the coming men and women of this nation, with you. And this one first excursion will be the forerunner of many others. Your well wisher and fellow-worker.

JIM LARKIN.

Cork, the capital of Munster and the third city in importance and population in Ireland, is one of the most ancient and historic cities in the United Kingdom. Founded in the seventh century by St Finn Barre, whose name is still preserved in the name of the churches of both Catholic and l'rotestant denominations, as well as of numerous streets, &c., the city feel into the hands of the Danes some 200 years later. A strong colony of these hardy Vikings settled in the immediate neighbourhood, and quickly became absorbed in and tused with the native population. In former days, Cork seems to have possessed considerable independence and many privileges, such as making their own laws and coining their own money. By various charters, successive Kings of England, from Henry 11. to Charles II, granted additional privileges to the city and its citizens. Under one of these charters the entire freehold of the city was vested in the citizens, through its representatives, at a yearly rent of fourscore marks, which rent was remitted by a subsequent charter, and it was decreed that in place of the fourscore marks, twenty pounds of wax was to be paid by the citizens, into His Majesty's Exchequer in Dublin, at the feast of Easter of each year. If the governing body of those bygone days had conserved the freehold lands thus granted by the Crown, Cork would now be in the unique position of not only being a city without rates, but, in addition, the citizens would probably possess a free supply of gas, water and electric light. However, generation after generation of civic representatives of the long past disposed, bit by bit, of their rights, until at the present day only an infinitesimal part of these ancient charter lands remain in the possession of the citizens. Within the past few years some of these lands reverted to the Corporation on the expiration of lesses granted as far back as the fifteenth century, and these lands the Corporation have recently sold to the occupying tenants under the provisions of the Irish Land

Under another of the old charters, a curious custom arose, which is kept up to the present day. By this charter jurisdiction over the Harbour of Cork, and over the waters for some distance outside, to certain limits defined in the charter, was granted to the Mayor, Sheriffs and commonalty of Cork, and in the assertion of this jurisdiction the Lord Mayor of Cork, for the time being, proceeds once in every three years in solemn state down the River Lee and out in the Harbour until the steamer arrives at the boundary line set out in the charter, and there, in assertion of his rights over all the waters thence shorewards, casts into the sea a gilded dart or spear with the City Arms emblazoned on the shaft. The student will note that this ancient custom bears a striking resemblance to the annual casting of a ring into the Adriatic by the Doge of Venice as a symbol of the wedding of that city into the sea.

But apart from its ancient history, Cork at the present day is of interest, to the tourist for its local attractions and on account of the i leal situation it presents as headquarters for a series of short trips in a vicinity which for beauty and diversity of

scenery cannot be surpassed.

A visit to Universit, College, which is adjacent to the Mardyke, will well repay the stranger, who will delight in the beautifully kept gardens and plant houses, the building itself, in its severe Tudor siyls, and the large and interesting museum. The Conlege stands on the site on which St. Finn Barre, some 1200 years ago, founded his monastic school. and it may be noted that under the recent University legislation for Ireland the College now forms on; of the constituent colleges of the new Univer-

Other places of interest in the city are St. Finn Barre's Cathedral, built in the French Early Pointed Style. This cathedral is built on the site on which, tradition has it, stood the church in which the poet Spenser, was married, in the year 15 4, to a sady hailing from the county of Cork, not from the city, a fact which probably inspired the following lines written by him about that period, and addressed to the ladies of the City of Cork :

Tell me, ye merchant daughters, did ye see So favre a creature in your town before? Her goodlie eyes, like sapphyres shining bright, Her forehead, ivory white, Her lips, like cherries, charming men to byte.

The Court House is an imposing building, standing in Great George's Street, and was entirely destroyed by fire in 1891, the outbreak taking place at a time when the judges of assize were actually sitting. The Crawford Municipal Technical Institute is situated on the site of the old Custom House, and has a picture gallery and art museum, as well as a fine display of beautifully executed Irish lace. Most visitors to Cork have heard of the famous Bells of Shandon, and will visit the church to which they belong-namely, St. Ann's, Shandon, which possesses, in addition to its peal of bells, the reculiarity of having two sides of its square steeple tower constructed of red stone and the other two of white The church dates from the year 1723, and of its bells Francis Sylvester Mahony, better known under which ply for hire in the city, and drive through his nom-de-plume of "Father Prout," has written that fine lyric, "The Bells of Shandon."

A trip down the river and around the famous harbour of Cork in one of the excursion steamers plying to and fro cannot fail to be of interest to the tourist, who will see the finest and most strongly fortified harbour in the United Kingdom, and one which ranks amongst the three or four finest in the world, as in its waters the entire British navy could find safe anchorage. Cork Harbour is the only harbour in the United Kingdom or America into which the recently built Cunard levisthans, the Mauretania and Lusitania, can enter, swing, and leave again at all stages of tide, and in all kinds of weather. The liners belonging to the various companies in Transatlantic traffic enter the harbour or lie just outside on Sunday, Thursday and Saturday mornings of the week awaiting mails and passengers, and it is possible for small parties of tourists to obtain permission from the local agents of the different companies to accompany the ourgoing tender and inspect the ship while the mails are being transferred. Yachts, motor launches, &c., can be obtained on hire, and nothing more delightful can be imagined than a run in a launch down the river and across the harbour to Queenstown, a distance of some nine miles by water. Our little craft passes first between the deep water quays which line the city portion of the river, passing here a cross-channel steamer busy with its preparations for its sailing, or there a fine four-masted modern sailing ship discharging grain, which she has

brought from the western hemisphere. passed the quays and got clear of the city, we steam past the Marina walk on the right, while to the left rise the well-wooded slopes of Montenotte, studded here and there with luxurious suburban residences half hidden by foliage, the whole vista recalling to the traveller reminiscences of the Bosphorus.

The next landmark is Blackrock Custle, jutting boldly forth into the waters of the river, once the scene of many civic festivities, next a guiding lighthouse for ships navigating the river after dark, and now the headquarters of one of the numerous city boat c.u's. Traversing Lough Mahon, as the broad expanse of the river at this spot is called, the thriving little town of Passage comes into view, with its dockyards, bustling with life and activity, and the passing tourist will note that "Father Prout" should not be taken seriously when he speaks of this little prosperous town as follows:-

> The town of Passage Is both large and spacious And situated Upon the "say"; 'Tis "nate" and "uscent' And quite adjacent To come from Cork On a summer's day,

Mud cabins swarm in This place so charmin', With sailors' garments Hung out to dry; And each about is Snug and commodious With pigs melodious In their straw-built stye.

It's there the turf is And lots of murphies Dead sprats and herrings And oveter shells: Nor any lack, U Of good tobucco-Tho' what is smuggled By sur excels.

Our craft next turns into the sunlit waters of Monkstown Bay, on which is situated the seaside resort of Monkstown, the headquarters of the Royal Munster Yacht Club, and the eye will be caught by the numerous graceful craft riding at their moorings, or stretching their white wings in preparation for the races which are held here twice a week or oftener during the sailing season, while high on the hill, overlooking the bay, stands the old Elizabethan walls of Monkstown Castle, now used as the club house of the Monkstown Golf Club. Leaving Monkstown Bay, we see Haulbowline Island on our right, with its well-equipped Government dockyards, its isolated powder magazines, and all the appliances and munitions of war, which would con stitute Cork Harbour such an important naval base in time of war. A short run from here brings us in full view of the picturesque township of Queenstown, ascending in terraces, tier above tier, from the water sedge to the summit of Spy Hill, where tne eye will be caught by the flagstaff of Admiralty Liouse, from which thes the flag of the admiral in command of the Irish station. Other noticeable points of interest are the magnificent cut stone cathedrai, the club house and promenade quay of the Loyal Cork 1 acht Ciub, the oldest yacht ciub in the world, founded 1720, the next senior being the koyai Yacht Squadron, founded some ninety-two years later. There is also a fine promenade quay, and if the tourist times his visit for a Thursday in the summer time, he may sent himself on the promenade and listen for an hour or two to the strains of an excellent military band, until the sun sinks below the western hills, the electric lights of the town and the coloured lamps of the band quay glow out, and, viewed from the sea, Queenstown presents the appearance of some gigantic jewelled disdem resting softly on the waters of the Cove of

Another delightful trip awaits the tourist who has made Cork his headquarters, should he visit the farfamed Blarney Castle, with its historic stone set high in the battlements, the tradition being that whoever kisses this stone obtains forthwith what is kie wn as " the gift of the gab," or, as the poet has

There is a stone there, whoever kisses ('n, he never misses to grow eloquent; 'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber, Or become a Member of Parliament.

A clever spouter, he'll sure turn out. An out-an-outer, to be let alone; Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him, Sure he's a pingrim from the Blarney Stone,

Blarney Castle itself dates from about 1450, and was built by Cormac McCarthy, which fact is recorded on the Blarney Stone. The famous stone is set in the outer parapet of the western side of the keep, about 120 feet from the ground, and, though the process of administering a chaste sainte to its cold surface has been rendered somewhat less difficult of recent years, still the tout requires a certain amount of nerve and againty to persorm; whether the results are proportionate, only those who have

kissed the stone can say. The waits of the Castle (which, by the way, underwent a siege from Cromwell) are extraordinary thick, but the interior arrangements do not suggest that the standard of domestic comfort was set very high in those far-off days. A charming view of the surrounding country can be obtained from the top of the keep, and the modern mansion, which adjoins the Castle, is the residence of the present owner, Sir George Cotthurst. The village of Blarney is distant from Cora about seven miles, and can be reached by steam tram in about forty minutes, or, pleasanter still, the tourist can charter one of the many excellent specimens of the Irish jaunting car, most charming country to the Castle, returning by another road, the Lee Road, which affords an excellent view of the city as you approach from the westward. There are many other day trips to be taken in the vicinity of the city, amongst others, to Crosshaven, a sheltered watering place pleasantly situated in an estuary near the mouth of the harbour, and possessing an excellent hotel; while a short walk brings one to the cliffs facing the broad Atlantic, where many sandy nooks eminently suitable for bathing purposes will be found. Crosshayen in reached by train in about fifty minutes. Youghal, another watering place which may be reached by train under the hour, is noted for its excellent sea bathing and magnificent stretch of sands! It possesses several good hotels, and is famous as the place where Sir Walter Haleigh planted the first potatoes in Ireland. Sir Walter Raleigh resided in Youghal for some time, and was mayor in that town in 1588-9. It was, doubtless, at his residence, Myrtle t-rove, which still stands, that the historic episode took place of an agitated domestic drenching Sir Walter with water on finding him blowing clouds of tobacco smoke in his garden

Printed for the Proprietor at the City Printing Works, 13 Stafford Street, and published by him at 10 Beresford Place, in the City of Dublin.

Strolling into the bar-parlour of an outof-the-way pub. in the suburbs of a northern seaport, the writer found himself in the company of an assembly of more or less bibulous worthies, and the conversation was "Culture." It seems they had all at once conceived the idea that they had a lot to learn, and a lot to tell. and at this particular moment were discussing the desirability of forming a debating club to that end. The person who seemed to have started the idea was a broken-down schoolmaster, a very encyclopædia of knowledge, who would impart all sorts of information, from fishing to finance, if there was a prospective free drink around. And the cause of it all was a woman. The hotel, I may mention, was presided over by an attractive female, Mrs. Jellikins, petite, polite, and pretty, and withal on the safe side of forty. I was not long in seeing that she was the attraction that had brought the company of would-be Socrates together. Every time she brought an order into the barparlour she was the conysure of all eyes. But old Pascoe the dominie, would always start some flowery dissertation on the earth's crust, or the fundamental principle that governs the laws of nations, and the young bloods felt that their senseless small talk was only injuring themselves in the widow's eyes, and would desist. For Mrs. Jellikins had over and over again ventured the premise that Mr. Pascoe was such an intelligent gentleman, don't you know, and added such a distinctly recherche tone to the "Blue Anchor," that they all took it that he who would rule high in her graces would need to be a man of parts.

I shall, too, describe the company: First, then, there was Mr. Pascoe, as they called him to his face. They called him old Pascoe when he was absent. A lean, lanky man of about fifty, with the word boozer written large on his large nose. Then there was a marine engineer out of a ship, who could beat Pascoe on things foreign, but whose knowledge of those things seldom dealt on more than he had viewed around the docks of the ports he had touched at. A sprightly young shaver who came into the room soon after I discovered it, was about 22, and was what one might call dead nuts on the widow. As I never heard his name, but always met him there in all weathers wearing leggings, "Leggings" 1 dubbed him. He rode a bicycle, and his conversation was mostly on bicycles. What he didn't know of them was not worth hearing. Then there was a local butcher. who always undertook to be the last man out at closing-time, when he would reiterate Mrs. Jellikin's "Time, gents, please," in a manner as saying, "How would I do for a landlord?"

On this evening these worthies, with a few less assertive brethren, were discussing the best means of bringing out what was in them, as the dominie put it. I he outshot of it was that they decided on a literary and debating club. The title in full was to be "The Blue Anchor Literary and Debating Society," and was toasted in mixed drinks at Mrs. Jellikin's expense. By the way, the how and why the inn got its title is interesting. When the widow's spouse was in the flesh, and some years before he and she had met. he had earned his livelihood by fishing the adjacent river. Saving some few pounds, he sold out his gear and invested in the house that formerly occupied the tavern's site. But in selling his fishing-hoats and tackle, he had overlooked an old rusty anchor that lay in an outbuilding, also a pot of blue paint. Applying the paint to the anchor, he had fixed it up in his garden as a souvenir of his earlier days. Becoming ambitious, he had had his place transformed into the tavern, and looking about for a title, his eyes fell on the anchor, and he looked no further. And to this day the old blue anchor hangs by a stout bracket over the door. However, to the club. The title settled on, the next item was the election of officers. Mr. Pascoe was declared by a show of hands President. Leggings elected himself Treasurer. Mr. Fat, the butcher, Secretary, and the others all enrolled as members.

A member desiring liquid refreshment at this moment rang the bell, which brought the widow into the room

And here old Pascoe came on the scene again. In a polite word or two he begged Mrs. Jellikins to become an honorary member of the club. The very fact of having such an entertaining, gracious, and need I say, charming person on our books must, nay, cannot help but incite the members to put their whole efforts into the task of broadening their own and incidentally their fellow-men's intellect through sojourning in the realms of thought and fancy, in the company of the leading lights of past and present times. "The Blue Anchor" shall be the centre from which shall radiate erudition and learning to all corners of the earth. Pos-

terity will revere, as it now does this humble attempt to raise the intellectual and moral status of the rising youth, and so on. The widow smiled and could only say thanks, but the wearer of the buckskins would have a speech.

"Really, gentlemen," began the embarassed Mrs. Jellikins, "I can't, I can't, I can't find," and then Pascoe improved his position in the widow's graces, and sent a scowl over the face of the Leggings by rising to make on behalf of our charming hostess the necessary few remarks.

Speaking on behalf of Mrs. Jellikins, he could say (a smile from the widow) that the pleasure it gives her (another smile) to associate in such a laudable object (still smiling) with, ahem—and then the wretched reprobate who had ordered a drink, broke in with: "I say, missus, aint yer going to bring that bottle of stout in?" This was the widow's cue, and she took it and slipped out, whilst Pascoe, conscious of the fact that a grand opportunity to display his oratorical powers had been nipped in the bud, with some remark about some belly perishers not knowing when to use discretion, subsided into his seat.

Conversation soon became general again, and in the midst of a debate on the right spelling of the word ankylostonious (the miners' disease), I was drawn in. "This gentleman here," observed Mr.-Pascoe, "is evidently able to give us some information on this point.", I had to admit my ignorance. Pascoe was talking of betting on his spelling, I was to judge. A newspaper was bought containing the vexed word. Pascoe was right. We all imbibed, and after a few more words had been debated I retired to the street, followed by Pascoe, who would persist in shaking hands. "I knew I was right," he said as we parted. "I sat up all night last night learning that word off by heart." Some weeks later I had occasion to pass "The Blue Anchor," and entered the barparlour. It was deserted, save for the presence of old Pascoe. Behind the bar sat Mrs. Jellikins.

"Well," I asked the dominie, "how is The Blue Anchor Literary and Debating Society getting on?"

"Defunct, sir, defunct, sir, decidedly non est, as the French would say.' "Dear me," I returned, "after such

an auspicious opening I should have

"Don't mention it, sir, pray don't. It was beer them beggars wanted, not

"I don't see any of them round here now," I vouchsafed.

He broke the silence with, "No, sir, and you wont," he replied. "You see, it's like this: Mrs. Jellikins is getting married next week to a chap old enough to be her father, and the company have all scuttled to their old haunts. An engaged woman is no attraction to young bloods, and they never did like the beer the widow sells."

"But yourself," I said, "do you like it

better than others?"

"I don't," he said, "but the slate will tell the story," and he pointed to a wellchalked slate that could be seen through the doorway, hanging behind the bar. He was about to recite to me his tale of a misspent life, but I pleaded previous engagements, and leaving him the price of a drink as I went through the bar, I tipped my hat to the smiling widow and left.

RIGHT BOWER.

The People to their Land.

O, high rock looking heavenward O, valley green and fair. Sea cliffs that seem to gird and guard Our island once so dear; In vain your beauty now ye spread, For we are numbered with the dead; A robber band has seized the land And we are exiles here-A robber band has seized the land. And we are exiles here.

The moonlight glides along the shore And silvers all the sands, It gleams on halls and castles hoar, Built by our fathers' hands; But from the scene its beauty fades: The light dies out along the glades; A robber band has seized the land. And we are exiles here.

The ploughman ploughs, the sower sows, The reaper reaps the ear; The woodman to the forest goes Before the day grows clear; But of our toil no fruit we see, The harvest's not for you and me-A robber band has seized the land, And we are exiles here.

The cattle in the sun may lie; The fox by night may roam; The lark may sing all day on high, Between its heaven and home. But we have no place here; to die Is the one right we need not buy; Then high to heaven our vows be given:-We'll have our land or die.

-EDWARD CARPENTERS.

Irish Trades Union Congress.

We quote a few of the most important resolutions to be submitted to the forthcoming Trades Congress in Galway:-

FEEDING OF NECESSITOUS SCHOOL CHILDREN.

"That this Irish Trades Congress, realising that there are attending the elementary schools of Ireland many thousands of children who are insufficiently fed, and thus incapable of fully benefitting by the education offered them, and further realising that it is the duty of society to use all its best resources on behalf of its weakest members, amongst whom such children may be included, hereby demands the extension to Ireland (with whatever special provisions are found necessary) of the Act empowering local authorities to make provision for the feeding of necessitous school children; that the Parliamentary Committee be instructed to take steps to give effect to this resolution.'

To be moved by Mr. John Simmons (Dublin Trades Council), and seconded by Mr. Henry Rochford.

PAYMENT OF MEMBERS. "That this Congress, representing the workers of Ireland, reiterate the unanimous demand made year after year by the Congress and all other representative bodies, in favour of the payment of Members of Parliament and their Election expenses; and we enter our protest against the suggestion that Ireland should be excluded from the provisions of the Bill about to be introduced to effect these

democratic reforms." "That this Congress reiterates our claim for a thorough solution of the Housing Question in the towns and cities of Ireland, as the present condition of affairs leaves the tenants at the mercy of unscrupulous and rack-renting landlords, and the time has arrived when the Legislature should intervene in the matter by the introduction of a full measure for the tenants' protection; that copies of this resolution be sent to the Chief Secretary and the chairmen of the various

SHOPS BILL.

"That this Congress, representing the working-class opinion of Ireland, hereby welcomes the Shops Bill as at first introduced to Parliament, which provided for the application of Sunday closing to Hairdressing Establishments, and also herewith expresses its opinion that no settlement of the Shop Hours questions can prove satisfactory in Ireland which leaves out this most pressing demand of the workers engaged in the Hairdressing

To be moved by Mr. John Simmons (Dublin Trades Council), and seconded by Mr. Henry Rochford.

"That the Parliamentary Committee be, and they are hereby instructed to formulate a scheme whereby a properly federated and controlled Labour Party may be maintained in Ireland.'

To be moved by Mr. Thomas Murphy (Carpet Planners of the City of Dublin).

"That this Congress calls on all members of Trades Unions and Trades Clubs to insist on having all beverages supplied to them served from home-made bottles which bear the trade-mark R, K, B, or

FREDING OF CHILDREN.

"That we call upon the Government to extend the Feeding of Children Act to Ireland, and that in our opinion the Act should be amended so as to include all necessitous children, irrespective of their attendance at school."

To be moved by Mr. Wm. Walker, J.P. (Belfast Trades and Labour Council). LABOUR REPRESENTATION.

"That this Congress of Irish Trades Unionists heartily recommends to the Trades Unions of this country an immediate affiliation with the Labour Party to promote independent labour repre entation in Ireland"

VACCINATION ACT. "That this Congress is of opinion that the law in regard to the question of Vaccination should be the same in Ireland as it is in England; that the Conscience Clause should be or ought to be as essen-

man.' To be moved by Mr. W. Walker, J.P. (Belfast Trades and Labour Council). KILKENNY WOODWORKERS' DISPUTE.

tial to an Irishman as it is to an English-

"That this Congress condemns the action of the management of the Kilkenny Woodworkers, Kilkenny, in importing blacklegs from across channel and the continent to fill the places of the cabinetmakers who have been forced from their employment as a result of their fight for Trade Unionism, also the vindictive action of the management in depriving the Piper's Band of Killensy & dient club rooms and pipes and thams solely because their sympathy and right the sten who were fighting for their rights."

To be moved by Mr. Hugh Gilmore (National Amal. Furnishing Trades' Association).

"That owing to the firm of Messrs. I. S. Varian & Co., Talbot Street, Dublin, refusing to arbitrate their grievances with their employes after a protracted struggle -it being the employers' intention to break the workers' organisation and so establish free and boy labour-we call upon the organised workers of Ireland to use all the influence in their power to aid the United Society of Brushmakers, by refusing to use all brushes made by Messrs. Varian, and call upon their public representatives on the different boards and councils throughout Ireland to get all tenders for brushes, or contractors supplying brushes made under unfair conditions by Messrs. Varian, rejected."

The Tree of Dissipation.

sin of drunkenness expels reason, drowns memory, diminishes strength, distempers the body, defaces beauty, corrupts the blood, inflames the liver, weakens the brain, turns men into walking hospitals, causes internal, external, and incurable wounds, is a witch to the senses, a devil to the soul, a thief to the pocket, the beggar's companion, a wife's woe, and children's sorrow, makes man become a beast and self-murderer, who drinks to others good health, and robs himself of his own! root of all evil is DRUNKENNESS!!!

Scottish Labour Items.

The following has been lifted from the "Forward," Glasgow, the Scottish labour

THE MINERS.—The Miners' Federation of Great Britain have issued a circular regretting that several districts object to the compulsory washing clause of the Mines Bill, and asking miners to support the passage of the clause in its entirety.

The Cambrian dispute, which began September, has been settled at a meeting of the South Wales Conciliation Board on Monday, subject to the terms being accepted by the men. The strike has been a severe one, and has cost the South Wales Miners £120,000, and since January the Miners' Federation of Great Britain have contributed £3,000 weekly to assist the strikers. It was during this dispute that the Tonypandy riots took place, to quell which the Liberal Party sent down the military and a detachment of Metropolitan police. D. A. Thomas, the Welsh Carlow, and an ex-Liberal M.P., is chairman of the Cambrian Combine.

GLASGOW DOCK LABOURERS.—Jim Larkin has been in Glasgow during the past week organising the dock labourers, and has succeeded in forming a new organisation entitled "The Scottish Union of Dock Labourers." Mr. Walter W. Ferguson has been appointed secretary pro tem.

Wages Increased.—The Falkirk branch of the Associated Patternmakers of Scotland have been granted an increase of 1s. per week, which makes the weekly wage 36s. The increase dates from 15th May. and is by way of a compromise, as the men had asked for an advance of 2s. weekly some time ago; which sum had been refused by the employers.

The Operative Slaters of Greenock have also been granted an increase of ½d. per hour, which brings their wages up to the Glasgow rate of 9d. per hour.

LABOUR UNIFICATION. - Apropos the

amalgamation of the Labour Party, Trades Union Congress, and General Federation of Trade Unions, Mr. John Hill, General Secretary, Boilermakers' Society, in his monthly report, says:—"There should be one grand national organisation, called the Labour Congress. The congress to be a federation of trade unions, trade and Socialist societies. It would watch over all legislation affecting labour, organise and maintain in Parliament a political Labour party, and establish a fund for mutual assistance and support. There would be an annual congress during the first week in September, delegates to congress to be accredited members of an affiliated body, and the basis of representation that each affiliated body should appoint one delegate for every 2,000 members or fraction thereof. Each affiliated body should pay an affiliation fee of £3 per 1,000 members, and 20s. for each delegate attending the congress." The Executive Committee endorse the above proposals.

[Une wonders when the Irish Labour Movement will become unified. Speed the day !- ED.]

Labour Representation.

The following are the Rules and Constitution of the City and County of Dublin Labour Representation Committee whose work in the city and county will be pushed forward with vigour immediately:

ORGANISATION.—The Labour Representative Committee shall consist of three delegates from the Dublin Trades Council and delegates from trade and labour societies affiliated with the Dublin Trades Council in the following proportion:-One delegate for 100 members, or less; 2 delegates, 100 to 500 members; 3 delegates, over 500 members.

FINANCES-The finances of the Committee shall be raised by a fee of 15s, per quarter from the Dublin Trades Council and $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per member per quarter from all societies affiliated to the L.R.C., payable in advance, on the 31st March, 30th June, 30th September, and 31st December. Societies in arrear are not eligible to be represented at the annual or quarterly meetings. The Committee shall have power to make a special appeal for funds. POBJECT.—The object of the Committee

is to unite the forces of Labour in order to secure the election of Independent Labour Representatives to Parliament and on Local Governing Bodies.

ACCEPTANCE OF CONSTITUTION.—Candidates and members must accept this constitution; agree to abide by the decisions of the Committee in carrying out the aims of this constitution; appear before their constituencies under the title of Labour Candidates only; abstain strictly from identifying themselves with or promoting the interests of any party not eligible for affliation; and they must not oppose any candidate recognised by the Committee.

NOMINATION OF CANDIDATES. - The method of working shall be, that affiliated societies shall be entitled to send in a suitable nominee for the position of Candidate to a General Meeting of the Committee. The Committee shall have power if it thinks it advisable to run a candidate of its own if no candidate is nominated by an affiliated society.

Executive Committee.—The Executive shall consist of Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Treasurer and Secretary, and Ten Members and shall be elected by ballot at the annual general meeting. Two members of one trade cannot serve on the Executive. This restriction does not apply to officers. They shall meet not less than once a month to transact the business of the Committee, and are empowered to call a General or Executive Meeting whenever necessary. They shall report to the affiliated organisation concerned, any Labour Member, Candidate, or Chief Official who opposes a Candidate of the Committee, or who acts contrary to the spirit of this Constitution.

TREASURER.—The Treasurer shall lodge the subscriptions from affiliated societies in the bank to the credit of the L. R. C. He shall not pay away any money without the sanction of the Executive. He shall give the security of an approved guarantee society in the sum of £10.

SECRETARY.—The Secretary shall be under the direction of the Executive, and shall conduct correspondence and keep all minutes, records and accounts as re-

Auditors .- Two Auditors shall be elected annually, who shall audit and certify the correctness of the accounts and balance sheets.

Annual Meetings.—The Annual General Meeting shall be held in April each year. Notice of resolutions and all amendments to the Constitution shall be sent to the Secretary by the 20th February, and shall be forwarded forthwith to all affiliated societies. Notice of amendments and nominations for Executive and Officers shall be sent to the Secretary, by March 15th, and shall be printed on the Agenda.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS .- Quarterly Meetings shall be held in the months of January, July and October, to receive the Reports of the Executive and to promote the interests of the L. R. C.

ALTERATION OF RULES .- These Rules shall only be altered by a two-thirds majority at the Annual General Meeting.

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