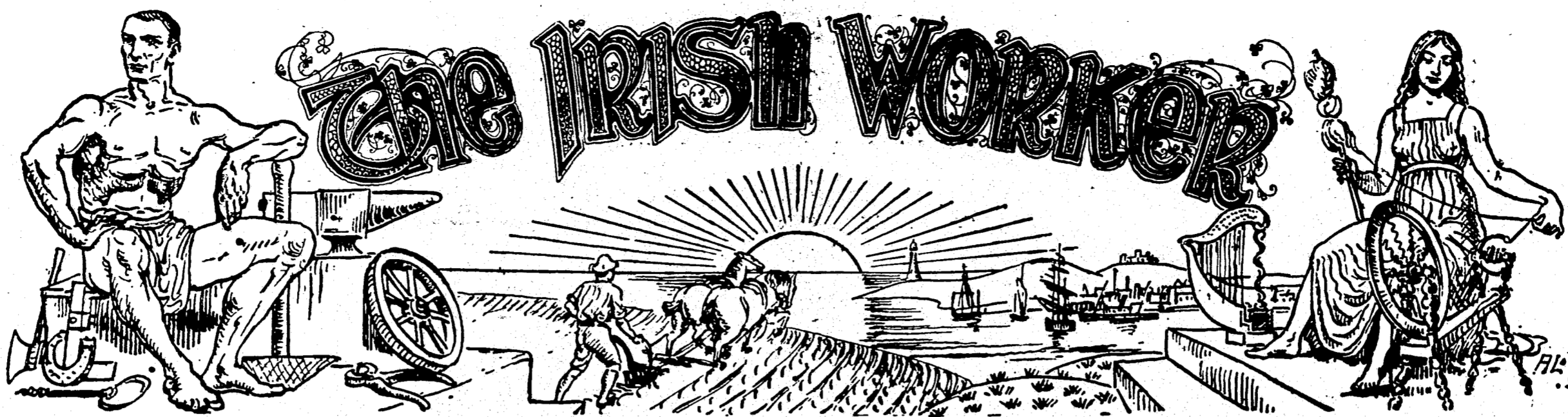


Who is it, speaks of
defeat?
I tell you a cause
like ours;
Is greater than defeat
can know—
It is the power of
powers.
As surely as the earth
rolls round
As surely as the
glorious sun
Brings the great world
moon wave,
Must our Cause be
won!



"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 Finian Lalor.

Registered at G.P.O. Transmissible through the post in United Kingdom
at newspaper rate, and to Canada and Newfoundland at magazine rate of postage.

Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 40.—Vol. II.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22nd, 1913.

ONE PENNY.]

The Quest for Reform.

Some Further Remarks on Ideals and Actions

By EUCHAN.

As I make my bed, so must I lie on it, I suppose.

By the same token, as I criticise, so must I prepare to be criticised, and my readers will think I am beginning to get my share of it. Well, if my critics are enjoying themselves, that is quite sufficient to make me happy.

Under the heading of "Education, Violence, and Reform!" two long critical letters were published last week about my article on the Suffrage question.

I enjoyed the letters very much. They were both good and they were both clever; but, perhaps, I should not so praise them, because it may be mistaken for mere flattery and a sly attempt to disarm any further criticism on the writer's part.

My critics and myself are quite agreed that the inclusion of women to the Parliamentary franchise would be a desirable reform. We differ, however, as to the means which should be adopted in obtaining that reform, desirable though it be.

In my first article I described a conversation between myself and a non-militant Suffragist named Agnes. Both my critics at once jump to the assistance of Agnes, one of them even adopting her name, and each of them says, just as she did, "that an educated public opinion will have more weight with a Government than mere violence."

What I held then I hold still—"that an educated public opinion PLUS VIOLENCE is required to make a PARTY GOVERNMENT act."

Both correspondents overlook the fact, which I laid considerable stress on in my article, that it is not mere Government reformers have to fight but that it is "party Government." Both correspondents, as I say, overlook that fact, and it is just because they do so that we find them signing their letters "Non-Militant" and "Constitutional." If they choose to look at the effects that party Government has had upon the political life of Great Britain they would realize that they could neither be constitutional nor non-militant in their quest for Electoral Reform.

If Government was understood to be a system under which every class of the community had equality of right and opportunity, as it ought to be, then women would be automatically admitted to a share in its constitution. As it is, however, Government is run wholly and simply in the interests of a party—whichever party happens to be top-dog at the moment.

Under such a system of party Government the interests of the particular

party in power are considered long before any question of the public good or welfare is thought of. The party in power does not ask if such and such a measure would be beneficial to any section of the community, but it wants to know how such a measure would influence the elections.

"Non-Militant Agnes" says in her letter that "Euchan" must have a bad, a very bad, opinion of his sex, for he says that a dog-whip has more educative value than a philosophic treatise."

I don't know that I can admit having a very bad opinion of my sex, but I have an exceedingly bad opinion of the average party politician. No matter what ideals a politician may have in private life, no matter what his personal views may be, he must sacrifice them at the bidding of the party whips and become merely a cog in the party machine; or if he won't do that, he must, like George Lansbury, get out.

The particular educational value of the dog-whip in the case I mentioned was sufficient to bring home to the minds of the Liberal Party Government that they could not afford to treat the demands of the women as lightly as they would wish. A philosophic treatise may get a private member to pledge himself, but it will take a dog-whip or worse to make a Political Party, especially one in power, to realise that they dare not stand in the way of reform however much they may fear the consequences at the elections of a quantity of new and unknown voters exercising the franchise.

One of my correspondents laughs at historical precedent. Well, I, personally, do not take much stock of the past, yet at the same time we find that the quest for reform of any kind has never been remarkable for its peacefulness.

When the children of Israel were seeking freedom drastic militant methods were adopted on their behalf, even to the killing of the first-born. I do not suggest that the women should seek the blood of young Asquith or even of Lord Haddo, but as they are out for the freedom of their sex they are justified in utilising drastic methods in order to break the bonds of their slavery.

Party Government has no conscience. Why then should appeal be made to a thing that does not exist? It is a waste of time, and that is just what constitutional suffragists are doing. You cannot play upon a Party Government's conscience, but you can play upon its fear, and that is what the Militants are doing.

More power to them say I, and their quest for reform will the more speedily have a successful issue.

I, for one, been writing up bogus interviews and bogus letters until I am sick of them?"

"Oh, so have I," said Pink, nothing daunted, "but this is something different. I have a great idea for a nice little heartrending sketch about a starving child that's bound to make people sit up. 'What is it?' asked Buff and Green together.

"Suppose," said Pink, meditatively, "we each describe in graphic terms how we came across a kid starving."

"What good would that be?" asked Green. "You know blessed well that there are kids starving in Dublin all the year round—there's nothing remarkable about that."

"Ah, can't you listen till I'm finished," broke out Pink impatiently.

"Yes, give him a chance," said Buff.

"Suppose," went on Pink, "we pictured this kid slowly sinking down with exhaustion in some doorway, and then suppose also that when a crowd had gathered and a good Samaritan in the shape of a passer-by had succeeded in bringing the kid back to consciousness the kid should slowly say as he opened his eyes, 'Where am I? I'm starving. My daddy's on strike. Wouldn't that be good 'copy'—eh?"

"That's worth another drink," said Buff as he rang the bell for the barman. "Would you add anything else?"

"I think I'd leave it at that," remarked Green. "The story is quite good enough as it is, and it is just one of those little delicate pieces of fiction that would be ruined with an elaboration of detail."

"That's so," said Buff. "If you give too many details they will probably contradict one another, and, although the public are willing enough to be gilded when it comes to a strike, they are not altogether fools, and they might cotton to the description."

"I don't know," answered Pink. "The people who read the paper I'm on should be well used to concocted 'facts' by this, and I think the story would stand a lot of writing."

"As for that," said Green, "the readers of our paper are just as much accustomed to believing the things that are not as your readers; but, at the same time, there's a skilful limit to be put even on a cracked-up tale, and this is a case in point."

"Oh, well, you can have it your own way, but I'm going to conclude my article by saying that I gave the kid sixpence," said Pink.

The other two scribes laughed rudely. "See here," said Green. "If you do that, you'll put the tin helmet on it sure enough. You know quite well that nobody will believe you ever gave away a tanner in your life. You'll spoil the whole show if you add that!"

"Maybe I will," said Pink. "In any case I'll risk it."

The whole three of them then went off to write up their "copy," which duly appeared one evening last week under the heading, "My Daddy's on Strike."

As Green said, the alleged gift of a tanner from Pink gave the whole case away. That is how I am able to give this authentic account to the "Worker" of the "Three Lie" trick.

MAC.

"EUCHAN" AND IRELAND.

A Challenge to a Verbal Combat.

"Tis man aspires
To link his present with his country's past,
And live anew in knowledge of his sires."

—EERGUSON.

Are you ready, "Euchan?" On guard, then!

I asked "Euchan" some questions. He did not answer them. He says they were not worth answering. He stated "Ireland's past is past," and that "Ireland can never again be the glorious nation she was." I asked him what reasons he held for making such an assertion. But though probably reasons are, with "Euchan," as plentiful as blackberries, he will not give us one; the question is "not worth answering." The question will be answered for him. Surely "Euchan" did not think my brief letter was a criticism of his article. I therein asked for a fuller meaning of some astonishing announcements concerning the National faith of all Irishmen. "Euchan" should have READ my letter. Here are now my opinions on the various points raised by "Euchan":—

(a) "That the present age is purely commercial." God forbid! This age has seen the re-kindling of many nations; this age has witnessed in many lands the stirring of the dry bones of the toilers. Bohemia, which regarded more fondly her language and her literature than her linen and her glass. Finland and the Balkan States are all heaving in the throes of a National Revival. Nationalists are being hurried into gaol in Egypt for preaching Egypt for the Egyptians; and Hindu and Mussulman, in India, are chanting Bande Bataram; in our own dear country Fleming, O'Growney and Rooney, among many have proclaimed that "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment." Life is stirring everywhere; democratic States are appearing everywhere—even in China—but still the fountain remains unpure the people still cling to the mire. In my opinion this is far from being a "purely commercial age," but is the age rather of an excitedly, awakening democracy. Ireland never was, never will be the slave of Commercialism. Her glens and valleys will never be furnace-burned like the Vale of Dura. In the past "Euchan," Commercialism was far from her shores; in the present, she, in her language, national and dramatic revival, has turned her back upon Mammon.

"Euchan" tells us that (b) "Home Rule will bring Eire into commercial line with our neighbours." Evidently he thinks, too, Home Rule is the final settlement.

Don't you think, "Euchan," the people have something to say to that? Ireland's soul is not symbolised by the buzz of Jacob's machinery, nor are her energies confined between the four walls of Irwin's paper mills (although Irwin once issued a Municipal election leaflet in Irish. Ireland's nearest neighbour is England. In language, industrialism or ultimate ideal Ireland will never be linked with her. Ireland will look for better things than an Old Age Pension, State Insurance Act, or Meals for Neccessitous Children. Gaelic Ireland will have no room but a grave space for the persecutor and the oppressor. Our work will be, not to link our country with commercial England, but to make her feed as large a number of people as possible: making every sod productive, every tree a defence, and every son and daughter of our mother happy. "Euchan" further says (c) that "the battle of the future will be with Labour and Capital." Here again "Euchan" suggests that Home Rule is our final political settlement with England. Not so, "Euchan"—not so. And to supplement this "Euchan" adds that the Labour movement is the only rebel movement in Ireland, and "Euchan" is going to arm his rebels with votes. Good man, "Euchan" but don't you think the revolution will be a tame one? But they'll have intelligence, too, says "Euchan." Aye, so had "O'F" and so had Richardson. Intelligence sometimes has its price and can be used against the very power it was expected to aid. Give me the men who simply do what's good, who'd hesitate to give the reason why; devotion to sacred principle is greater than acquired wisdoms. "Euchan" ask me if votes intelligently given are not more effective than pikes? I believe they are useless without power to resist their nullification. The votes of our Volunteers were useless when they handed up their arms; the votes of the French National assembly would have been choked in their blood were not behind them the people with arms in their hands. Ireland's future battle will be, "Euchan," the continuance of the fight that has gone on since the thievish Normans came to Ireland with their English civilisation. We are out to overthrow England's language, her political government of our country, good and bad; her degrading social system; her lauded legal code which are blossoms on the tree which springs, not from the centre of the

Dublin Corporation, nor from the Halls of Westminster, but which has its roots in the heart of the English race.

Now, "Euchan," place between the alphabetical points which constitutes the analysis of your first article these phrases, which I suppose, as you say, are not worth answering: "Ireland's past is past"; "Ireland can never be again the glorious Nation she was?" What are we to infer? Come, "Euchan," be honest as well as logical, add to this, "The Labour Movement is now the only Rebel Movement in Ireland." And what are we to think? Why, what else but that all our love for, and inspiration in Ireland's past is vanity, and that the glory of Ireland's future is framed in the Labour Party's pamphlet. You prate of logic, and you say that in your article you dealt with the Commercial Present and not with the Romantic Past. But you tell us, "Euchan," that Ireland's past—our past—is past, and thereby deal with our country's history in a way which we resent and which we challenge. You say that you dealt with the Commercial Present, and you add that "Ireland will never again be the glorious Nation she was." Does this phrase not deal with Ireland's future? Ay, in a way that we resent and that we challenge. Past indeed! I tell you that where one ten years ago thought of Ireland's past, hundreds now are studying it. "Beidh tracht agus iomradh ar mo gniomhaibh fos," said Ireland's incomparable hero, and it is so. Sunday last the athletes of ten counties met in hurling and football to provide funds to erect a visible sign that a great Gael, whose life is now part of Ireland's past, is not forgotten. Now "Euchan" of the logic and the intelligence, I challenge you to debate with me that "this is purely in Ireland a commercial age"; "that Home Rule will link Ireland with her commercial neighbours"; "that Ireland's past is past" and "that she can never be the glorious Nation she was." You have already the advantages of intelligence and a logical mind; I will add to these: You can choose your own place—where you are most at home for preference—select your audience from the Transport Union Workers to whom, I presume, you are well known—I will not ask one of my friends to attend the debate—choose your own chairman—Jim if you wish—and behold, it shall be made manifest to-morrow (Sunday) week, the 2nd ulto, or that day week, or afterwards when you will, that the Faith of the Gael is even more potent than the prophecies of "Euchan."

With regard to the failure of "Euchan" to understand my reference to Bobbie, the "greatest of Scots, and the herald of democracy," which he attributes to his density or my rhetoric, I fear "Euchan's" failure is due to density and ignorance. If "Euchan" be a Scotsman his statement that Bobbie "was, perhaps, the greatest of Scots" proclaims him ignorant of the history of his sires. It was not Burns of whom it was written, "Fortissimus heros Scotorum." The statement that he was the "herald of democracy," I leave to "Euchan" himself. His statements about Ireland, manifest—if he be an Irishman—how ignorant an Irishman he is; but if "Euchan" be of the English breed, he is naturally trying to speak profoundly of things about which he knows next to nothing.

CEANGAL.

The delivery of Ireland is not in the Labour Manifesto, good and salutary as it may be, but in the strength, beauty, nobility and imagination of the Gaelic ideal. I am one of those who has entered into the labour of our fathers; one of those who declare—by the fame of our forefathers; by the murder of Red Hugh; by the anguished sighs of the Geraldine; by the blood-dripping wounds of Wolfe Tone; by the noble blood of Emmet; by the death-wasted bodies of the famine, that we will enter into our inheritance or we will fall one by one. Amen.

S. O. CATHASAIGH.

"Euchan" will reply to this next week.]

Please support our
Advertisers.

SIMPSON & WALLACE, The Workingman's MEAT PROVIDERS,

Give the Best Value in Beef, Mutton and Lamb.

North Apartments—57, 130 and 113 Great Britain St.; 5 Wexford St.; 4 Commercial Buildings, Phibsboro'; 26 Nth. Strand; 23 B. Lion St.; and 15 Francis St.

CAUTION.

The Pillar House,

31a HENRY ST., DUBLIN,

—IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE—

BARGAINS BY POST.

We do cater for the Working Man.

No fancy prices; honest value only.

Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs

A SPECIALITY.

Correspondence.

Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

168 North Strand,

15th February, 1913.

DEAR SIR,—In the interest of home industry, I have been directed by the above society to respectfully ask if you will be kind enough to publish the enclosure in your next issue? I may add, we have the permission of the Maryborough Town Commissioners for the publication of the letter in question, and we trust that the R.D.C.'s and the U.D.C.'s throughout the country will adopt similar methods and insert the home manufacture clause in all contract bonds. If this were done it would go a long way to solve the unemployed question in Ireland.

Thanking you in anticipation for this favour, yours truly,

JAMES P. DELANEY,
District Delegate.

(Copy)

Town Hall, Maryborough,

Town Commissioners,

Maryborough, 5th February, 1913.

To Mr. J. P. Delaney,

District Delegate,

Amalgamated Society Carpenters and Joiners, Dublin.

DEAR SIR,—I placed your letter before the meeting of the Maryborough Town Commissioners on Monday, 3rd February, 1913. They were sorry they could do nothing in the matter as suggested by you, as the clause relating to all the doors, etc., to be of Irish manufacture was not embodied in the specifications. They approve of your action in this matter to try and keep all the work possible at home.

In future they will see that such a binding clause is put in all their specifications.

I may remark that in two additional houses which are going to be built that particular clause you refer to is inserted—that all doors and carpentry work must be made in Ireland. The Commissioners are with you in this matter, and as far as they can they will see that this will be done in all future contracts.—Faithfully yours,

JOHN P. MULHALL,
Town Clerk.

Liberty Hall.

DON'T MISS THIS SUNDAY
AFTERNOON

LECTURE AND CONCERT

Doors open at 3 o'clock p.m., close 3.30 p.m.
Small charge for admission.

BUTTER.

Farmers' Pure Butter,

11d. and 1s. per lb.

Creamery 1s. 2d. and 1s. 3d. per lb.

Branded Irish Heeds 3s. per lb.

Patk. J. Whelan,
82 QUEEN STREET.

THE PRESSMEN.

Journalistic "While-You-Waits."

"Ambition and passion and power
Came out of the North and the West,
Every year, every day, every hour,
Into Fleet Street to fashion their best.
They would write what is noble and wise,
They must live by a traffic in lies."

—JOHN DAVIDSON.

It might have been in Mooney's or it might not.

In any case it was in a pub—a Dublin pub—and whether the three journalistic "st eels" gathered in the snug there had ever had any ambition to write what is "noble and wise," they were certainly living now by a "traffic in lies."

The whole three of them—Messrs. Buff, Green, and Pink—looked worried. They had been told off by their respective editors to write up something spicy about the strike for the 6.30 edition, and it was now after two and they hadn't a word written.

"Good Lord," said Buff, "What's to be done?"

Green looked hopelessly into his empty tankard. "I don't know," said he, "there's very little to go on is there?"

"That's the cursed thing about it," answered Pink. "I've been down the

docks all morning, and so far as I can gather all the justice is with the men. The City of Dublin Company is in the wrong, and there's no getting out of that."

"Oh, damn it," said Green, "We must get out of it. You know perfectly well we must not say anything in favour of the men."

"I wish to heaven," remarked Buff, dolefully, "that I had broken my neck before I took to writing."

"I wish you had," said Green savagely, "but that won't get us out of the hole. Have you anything to suggest?"

"I have it," broke out Pink, gleefully, almost upsetting his porter.

"Have what?" asked the other two.

"An idea!" "Suppose," said he, "we give up the quest for something real and write pure fiction!"

"Great Scot," remarked Green, "Have not we been doing that all week—haven't

WOMEN WORKERS.

Starvation Wages of Waitresses.

Are you aware that many—indeed most of the girls who wait on us in cafes and restaurants are abominably over-worked and underpaid?

If not, you ought to be, for such is the fact. And the customers who keep the cafes going are countenancing sweating of a particularly despicable type if they do not bring pressure to bear on the people responsible.

You may rest assured; if it is any comfort to you, that the rise in prices of food in cafes and restaurants during the last few years has not been due to the arrogant demand for more money on the part of those who serve and wait. Nor need you fear that your food will cost you more if you agitate to improve the lot of the helpless girls.

During the last few weeks I have made very careful inquiries as to labour conditions in cafes in a large city, and I find that they are in many instances abominable.

The cafe waitress suffers in silence because she fears that if she complained there would be nothing for her but the cold street.

So if you ask the girl who brings your coffee or chop whether she is content, ten to one she will reply in the affirmative.

A REPRESENTATIVE CASE.

The waitress is not only ground down in money, but in spirit. She is very careful to whom she confides the secrets of her full heart and empty pocket. Nevertheless I have been able to gain the confidence of a few comparatively reckless spirits, and herewith I set their stories down, nothing extenuating.

The first waitress who unbosomed her woes works at a large and highly popular restaurant, which is the resort of comfortable middle-class people who affect music with their meals. It belongs to a well-known catering company, which regularly pays an exceedingly high dividend.

"I begin work at eight o'clock in the morning and finish at eight at night, except Saturday, when we finish at half-past ten, and I get 7s. 6d. a week. Well, that's what it's supposed to be; but 1s. 6d. is stopped for dinner—we get tea and bread and butter free—and 6d. for laundry—a clean apron every day—and 2d. for breakages. If we break anything the value is stopped as well.

"We get a bonus of 6d. in the pound on what we sell, and so a smart girl can make about 13s. or 14s. a week clear. That's barely enough to live and dress on. There's 8s. I pay for lodging and 1s. tram fares, and I have to dress smartly.

Some little time ago a cafe was opened by a gentleman of pious principles, but scant knowledge of the cost of living. On the opening day he presented each of the waitresses with a small Bible, and adorned the walls of their room with texts, such as "Don't curse your kind" and "Love your fellow worker."

After two days nearly a dozen of the girls went to him and told him they could not work under his conditions, and left in a body.

Unfortunately, I find that he had no difficulty in replacing them. Apparently there never is any difficulty in getting young women to slave ten, twelve, and fourteen hours a day for seven shillings a week.

WANT OF ORGANIZATION.

The cafe girls will not organise. They go on in the hope either of becoming a manageress or a supervisor of other slaves or of getting married.

If they had the spirit to unite there is little doubt that they could force their employers to concede decent hours and wages. The catering trade is highly profitable. I am told that one firm pays 50 per cent. dividend, so that the lucky person who has put a mere £100 into the concern gets annually more than the girl who puts twelve or fourteen hours a day into it.

Better wages can be paid. There are cafes, some fine and fashionable; some that are content to be called coffee houses or cocoa rooms, where the girls are neither overworked nor underpaid.

One quite unpretentious firm which controls a large number of cafes that cater for the very poor clerk class actually pays its waitresses 15s. clear a week for an eight hours' day, and finds them each a new black dress once a year.

Another cafe pays the girls 12s. a week and a small bonus on their turnover, and the hours are eight a day.

It was one of the surprises of my investigations to find that some of the least pretentious firms and companies pay the highest wages and work their girls the fewest hours. But such is undoubtedly the case.

It is to their credit that the proprietors of these cafes do not take advantage of the feminine fear of organisation, just as the contrary conduct is to the discredit of those affluent firms that are making huge profits out of the women whose work is an essential or success—"Sunday Chronicle."

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION.

(Head Office—Liberty Hall.) Entrance Fee - 6d. Contributions - 2d. per week. Join now. Call in at the above Office any day between 10 a.m. and 10 p.m. All classes of workers are eligible to join this Union.

This week, the weekly Social will be held on Saturday evening. Small Entrance Fee. All friends are welcome.

Grand All-Night Dance will be held in Liberty Hall, on St. Patrick's Night. Tickets now on sale.

Choir practice will be, as usual, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, at 8 p.m. Irish Dancing on Friday evening, at 8 p.m.

All communications for this column to be addressed to—

"D.L." 18 Beresford place.

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

THE Irish Worker.

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price one penny—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, 18 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 2s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, Feb. 22nd, 1913

THE STRIKE.

THREE weeks have elapsed since the men in the City of Dublin Company's employ decided that the time had arrived to compel the City of Dublin Company to carry out the undertaking entered into by their General Manager, Mr. Edward Watson, in July, 1911. Every day and every hour since the men withdrew their Labour the hired mercenaries of the Company have been continuously propagating the unscrupulous Press which they control—every foul and lying statement calculated to injure the men's claims for justice. We challenged the Editors of the Daily and Evening Press of this city to substantiate the statements recorded in their columns anent the strike. We challenged any public man in Dublin to defend the employers' attitude in this crisis. We challenged these unscrupulous creatures, the editors of the Dublin Press, to produce any person or persons who could corroborate their hired libellers' reports: We challenged them to produce any man, woman, or child who saw the reporter who wrote that pathetic lie, my "Daddy's on strike." We challenged them to satisfy two councillors of this city, a woman and a man, who everybody recognises to be upright, honest administrators, and who are concerned with the welfare of this great city. Neither of these councillors are of the working class, one an independent, fearless lady, interested in the social betterment of the people, and the other an employer, who is also interested in the uplifting of the masses. If these editors are averse to allowing these two councillors to test the genuineness of their reports made by their own slaves, the hired reporters, then let them name any two clergymen in this city. Let them produce the child whose daddy's on strike and fainted for food, and who received 6d. from a philanthropic reporter, because this alleged reporter's heart bled for the child's sufferings. Oh, ye hypocrites! Oh, ye whitened sepulchres! Oh, ye blaephemous hounds, ye scum of the industrial hell's broth, in which you stew! You sell your talent for a miserable thirty pieces of silver; you lie about men; you try to injure women and children whom you have never seen—women, children, and men of your own class, men who produce food, clothing, and shelter for you; and because the rich, idle class control the Press with whose production you are connected, like unto cogs in a machine, you sell your dirty souls to the editors and owners of this Press, and concoct lying, foul, libellous statements about men, the lachet of whose shoe ye are unworthy to lick, never mind undo, and then when ye have done the dirty work of the owners of these subsidised papers, for some paltry offence you are fired—no longer useful as a tool to your unscrupulous slavemasters. Ye have then to come to the class ye lied about to help and sustain ye. Oh, ye Irish Pressmen. Ye are a disgrace to your profession which should be an upright and honourable one, the very name of which you have dragged in the mire, and the odour of which strikes in the nostrils of men. One day ye are writing as Nationalist or an alleged Nationalist paper; the next writing as Unionists in a Unionist's paper, but at all times and under all circumstances, no matter what the political colour of the paper of which you are wage slaves, decrying the efforts of the class to which ye belong—professional men forsooth! professional tools, hucksters, hypocrites and liars, is the right term. The wages of your hypocrisy would be insult to a bona fide labourer. You have neither respect from your masters nor respect from those who read your lucubrations. You held a conference in this city some time ago. There was weeping and howling from your spokesmen, or as one of the less worthy of you suggested, ye should form a Trades Union. Yes, dig up Annias and make secretary, for ye are worthy of him and he of you. Trades Unionist, of what type: would the Trades Unionists be who would associate with such vermin as ye, at least the scab who goes in on a strike is generally starving with hunger, but ye on full stomachs, overfull at times and in employment, sell your conscience and your ability for certain silver coins. Of course ye were born to act the Judas, and death is the only hope for you. We wonder what the men who preceded ye think of ye—the men who, through the written word, relit the spark of life in the nation throughout the early years of the century. What do Mitchel, Lalor, Doheny, O'Rielly, and all the

Made by Trade Union Bakers. EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD. SWEETEST AND BEST, THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKERIES

other heroes of the pen think of their successors? What, we repeat, do they think? They gave life to a nation because they were willing to give their own lives for her sake, but ye, vipers, are prepared to destroy life, and so, too, will ye be destroyed; and inasmuch as they, the persons of the Written Word, still live, and are loved and cherished, so, too, ye will die, be cursed, and forgotten. The destroyer never succeeds, so your work is fated to meet with failure. It is the constructors who never fail; they must always succeed, and we of the working class, groping blindly may be, but still making an effort, will succeed, because we are engaged in a holy and necessary struggle—the re-establishment of proper relationship between men and men; and the puny efforts of our traducers and opponents may, delay, but cannot stop our onward march to Freedom. What hath the poet written?—

"The moving finger writes, and, having writ, Moves on; nor all the piety nor wit Shall lure it back to cancel half a line, Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it,"

So, too, the lie you wrote, ye paid blacklegs of the press will be remembered of ye and the men ye lied about will not forget. We only pause to make this comment, not that any word written by ye would concern us or make us halt for a moment. We are well seasoned to your cannonading of lying. Your batteries have opened on us without hurt. We have withstood your sharp-shooting and received no wound. Your attacks but spur us onward. So even as you love us keep lying about us, for if ye wrote one word to our commendation we would have to examine our conscience. When ye praise us we stand condemned of being false to our principles and the cause we are fighting for; when ye condemn us smile and push further on the advance. Good e'en, gentlemen of the cowardly, lying, unscrupulous Dublin Press; ye are worthy of your masters.

Will Wm. Martin Murphy or Muldoon, M.P., explain for us this problem—If 12/6 strike pay means starvation for the strikers' families after being out one week on strike, that is to say, that men who, according to hired tools of these two creatures, Muldoon, M.P., and Murphy, ex-M.P., were getting 30s. per week constant for doing nothing; or as the "Herald" and "Telegraph" printed it, "doing a clean, easy job for 30s per week." If then these men were only out a week and received, as admitted, 12s. 6d. strike pay (of course they received more than that) were starving, what condition must the hundreds of men who work for Wm. Martin Murphy be in who never received 12s. 6d. a week in their lives for working over 60 hours a week? What condition must the labourers in the "Freeman" office be in whose wages average about 13s. per week. What condition must Maguire, Alderman, Slaves' director of the "Telegraph" be in who work for Maguire, the sweater, in the carriage works of the Dublin South Eastern Railway Co. Men who have worked for Maguire, Alderman, director of the "Freeman" and "Telegraph" for 28 years, are receiving the munificent wage of 15s. per week for 56 hours work; J. E. Maguire, good christian alderman; notionalist alderman, Home Ruler, director of the "Freeman" and "Telegraph," thinks 15s. per week too much after 28 years' service. And our readers will please remember that there are thousands of married men with large families in this city who never received more than 13s. per week. At the present time the following firms have men working for less than 15s.—Wm. Martin Murphy, Independent and Herald, Clerly's, Dublin Trams, Pearson, Keenan, Bewley and Drapers, Jacobs, Ushers, Midland Railway, Dublin and South Eastern Railway, Great Southern and Western Railway, McNeill's, Taylor's, Gallagher's, Darkers, City of Dublin Glovers, North Wall; Porter's, North Wall; M Loughlin's, North City Mills, Glasnevin Cemeteries. We could go on, and remember, oh readers, some of these firm's pay as much as 12s. 9d. per week. Next week we give a supplementary list, Starvation on 12. 6d. strike pay after being a week on strike.

What about the thousands who never went on strike, who never received more than 12s. per week for working all the hours God sends. Yes, there is starvation—chronic starvation—in this city, due to the unscrupulous sweating employers like Murphy, of the "Herald"; Maguire, of the "Telegraph." They have raised a cry about starvation. Yes; but better to starve fighting for a principle than to starve working as slaves. Will our readers send us alms as they know of men receiving less than 12 a week?

We tender to Jem Byrne, a good member of the Kingstown Branch of the Transport Union, our heartiest sympathy in the great bereavement which has befallen him through the death, by accidental burning, of his daughter. The members of the branch have, by resolution, already extended their condolence to their afflicted fellow-member.

BELFAST NOTES.

At a full meeting of the Executive Committee of the Textile Section of the Women Workers' Union held at 50 York street, Belfast, on Tuesday, 18th inst., the following resolution was unanimously passed:—

Resolved—"That, in view of the continual increase in the price of all articles, the present rate of wages in the spinning mills can only be considered as sweating wages; that we cannot continue to wait any longer for the rumoured increase of spinners' wages; and that we, therefore, notify the Master Spinners' Association that unless an increase is granted on the first pay day in March we shall withdraw the labour of our members."

It is hoped that the struggle may be averted. Every preparation is being made by the Irish Textile Workers' Union, our Belfast Branch, and a great spirit of determination exists amongst the members.

[TELEGRAM.]

"Irish Worker, Beresford Place, Dublin. "In the face of the ultimatum of the Textile Workers' Union, the master spinners have granted increase of one shilling weekly all round."

"CONNOLLY."

INDEPENDENT LABOUR PARTY OF IRELAND,

Antient Concert Buildings, Brunswick St. Workingmen and women! Attend Meeting on to-morrow, Sunday, at 8 p.m. Special speakers for this meeting. Admission free. Questions and discussion invited.

IRISH-IRELAND CONCERT.

Important Notice. Owing to structural alterations in Workmen's Club Hall, 41 York street, which are not yet complete, the Concert announced in last week's "Irish Worker" to be held there on Sunday next, 23rd, has been postponed. The Concert will be held instead in Gaelic League Hall, 25 Parnell Square, on Sunday week, March 2nd. Those who have purchased tickets for Concert will please note change. Further particulars of Concert next week.

"BILL'S BEANO."

We have received the following cutting from a correspondent:—

A recent advertisement in a Belfast newspaper requested the services of "An Experienced Twister." As the "ad" did not specify which particular line of business the "Twister" was required for, I can well imagine there was a phenomenal number of applications for the post. There is no shortage of "twisters" at the present day.

We are further informed that Bill Richardson has got this job—an easy first. This was rendered the more easy as the Lord Mayor was confined to bed at the time.

Other applicants may now save stamps.

THE LATE MR JOHN RYAN.

The funeral of the late Mr. John Ryan took place from SS. Michael and John's Church on yesterday. The large and representative attendance of Trades and Labour bodies, in addition to the general public, testified in a striking manner the esteem in which the deceased gentleman was held by all who knew him. Mr. Ryan was President of No. 2 Branch Amalgamated Society of Painters, and also represented that body on the Dublin Trades Council. He was in addition President of the Ancient Order of Buzzers (Trades' Hall) and a member of the House Committee of the United Trades' and Labour Institute.

The chief mourners were:—Mrs. Ryan (mother), Miss Julia Ryan and Miss Bridget Ryan (sisters), Mr. Patrick Ryan (brother), Mrs. Treacy, Mrs. Lena Treacy, Denis Treacy, James Treacy, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett.

Dublin Trades Council—Christopher Timmins, President; John Farren, Treasurer; John Simmons, Secretary. Ancient Order of Buzzers (Trades' Hall)—John M'Namara, President, and John Brennan, Secretary.

Dublin United Trades' and Labour Institute—Charles Murphy, Chairman; James O'Brien, Secretary, and the following members:—Patrick Maher, John Cuddy, Stephen Treacy, Joseph Byrne (sen.), Joseph Byrne (jun.), James Tatterton, James Farren, James Lyons, Robert Killeen, James Nugent, Henry Durrant, John Irwin, Donald Kearney, W. Brown, Denis Callaghan, James Callaghan, Michael Corwell, Jeremiah Brophy, Thomas Kirwan, E. Daly, C. Nolan, Michl. Sweeney, Thos. M'Sweeney, Robert Ward, C. Hayden, John O'Neill.

A. S. Housepainters No. 1 and 2 Branches—Denis Treacy and James Black, secretaries; R. Burke and John Mac-Namara, treasurers; M. Smith, President, and the following members—Pak. O'Neill and Denis O'Neill, W. Corrigan, James Regan, William Smith, Thomas Brophy, Sam Boylan.

Metropolitan Housepainters—John Scully, President; E. M'Cabe, secretary; Daniel Redmond, James O'Neill, James Brett.

Plasterers' Society—Thomas Irwin, secretary. Wreaths were sent by the following:—Floral Cross from his family and Miss Lena Treacy, United Trades and Labour Institute, Antient Order of Buzzers.

Biographies in Brief.

No 7.—WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQUIRE.

Born in the County of Limerick during "dark and evil days," he was a man of many modes and aliases innumerable. In early life he shook the dust of his native townland from his feet and marched on the Pale with flying colours (all colours, except red, which typifies Socialism). He did not become a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, although had he done so he would have been proud of it. This seemingly out-of-place remark is solely made to demonstrate his faultless magnanimity.

Having duly installed himself in the district of Ballybough, he evinced a decided leaning towards municipal politics. He launched forth as a Social Reformer and created quite a sensation by his violent onslaught on the Glasnevin Dead Meat Trust.

Consequent on his ability for composing "private" speeches, he was offered partnership with Mr. Rosenbaum, of Westminster fame, but being a Sinn Feiner he rejected the proposal.

During his masquerade as the friend of Labour he had a rather stormy time. He was railed at from all sides and was subjected to much vigorous criticism. Eventually he was compelled to have recourse to the law courts to vindicate his integrity. But, alas! he only succeeded in vindicating his solicitor's competency to manufacture a bill of costs, the realisability of which has since remained a matter for good-humoured speculation.

His next big venture was to contest the representation of the North Dock Ward. Here he made a gallant stand against the enemy and defeated his opponent by

the unprecedented majority of five million votes. On the night of his election bonfires were lighted in Talbot street and a gorgeous carnival was held in the Verdon Bar (unlicensed portion), the proceeds being devoted to the "Herald" Boot Fund Advertising Agency.

It must be said of the late Councillor Richardson that he was the champion of all that was good and virtuous. He never belonged to a club of any description. He was a strenuous temperance agitator and was known as the "Saloon Smasher." He had an absolute aversion to gambling, and it is incorrect to state that he invented the American card game of "Pit."

At an advanced age prosperity came upon him, and he paid for the dress suit which he wore at the North Dock Election. It is also rumoured that he paid the arrears of Insurance contributions for one of his window-cleaning employees.

Immediately after his death a remarkable thing happened. He was subjected to a vote of censure by the Dublin Corporation for permitting his remains to be interred within the walls of Glasnevin Cemetery. This closed the career of the great, pious, and immortal Billy, Bill, Will, Willie, or William Richardson.

His burial place is adorned by a huge slab (not the Coroner's) whereon it is stated that

"On earth he never shirked the stress and strife, And so this stone was placed here by his wife, Lest he should try to scramble back to life."

PEMBROKE NOTES.

The mention of the Irishtown Police Scandal in the "Irish Worker" has caused a flutter in the Township.

That there were seven of the "beauties" fined £5 each and the other dismissed will not be sufficient punishment for the crime.

That most of the "fines" were borrowed from many of the local publicans, and that it will never be repaid is a well-known fact.

That it will serve them right if they never get it.

That what was known as the "Home of Beautiful Policemen" has been turned into the "Chamber of Horrors," and that the victim is still in the "immediate vicinity."

That the "Merry Widow" Milkmaid from Ringsend is on the look out for another number. Since her "best boy" was dismissed the Half Gallon is no longer required, and that he was the most unfaithful "boy" she ever met.

That "fuffy" Luke will have to find some other place than the Barracks to play cards, and give information since his "friends" have been removed.

That he has been "Gasping for Breath" ever since he heard of the transfer, and that he has been missed from going his rounds.

That the "wobbling" Sergeant is paying great attention to the Publichouses. He visited no less than seven on Saturday night along with one of the "brave members of the D.M.P." who stood looking at a worker drowning in the Liffey.

That the new-comers are all "fine big men," and should a young lady pass they are not afraid to give a "Humbbuggin" sort of a smile," which in years gone bye got many a man put into gaol.

That if the majority of the police were "confined to barracks" there would be less crime committed.

That the "Local Mutual Admiration Society" are going to paint the town red within the next few weeks.

That a new electric bell has been fitted to a certain house in Sandymount, the knocker on the hall door being worn out.

That "Skull" is preparing a great speech for the next meeting. A few more "tailors" consumed, extra.

That "Johnny" is delighted, has another 2d. of stout, and declares that he will "second" the speech when it is spoke.

That the local "Spin Shayners" may look out for squalls.

That hayporth-o'-tay and some more of the twisters have got notice to quit.

That it is high time for the local workers to be represented on the Council.

That the Members of the Transport Workers' Union and other societies who reside in the Township should take steps and be prepared to have some of their men put forward at the next election.

That many of the "Twelve Apostles" require a very long rest, and they should have it after January 1914.

That an effort is about to be made to increase the salary of the chief of the Electric Department by £150 per annum, while labouring men are compelled to work for less than £1 per week.

That the "Phonograph" was much annoyed over the result of a recent election.

That "Bill of the £10 Character" had a long interview with the "Phono" on Saturday.

That he had a "close shave" in not being knocked down by a passing motor car.

That "Bill" and the "Phonograph" are about to revive the "Searchlight" probably to throw more "light" on coming events, which are shortly to be made known.

NATIONAL UNION OF MASTERS AND MATES

(Registered Trade Union No. 1524.) The National Union of Masters and Mates was formally inaugurated at a meeting of captains and officers held at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, in March, 1912.

The primary objects for which the Union of Masters and Mates is preparing to "fight," if necessary, are as follows:—

- 1. A higher rate of wages for masters and mates of all grades and in all classes of ships.
2. Overtime for all Saturday afternoon and Sunday work, public holidays, and any time over 8 hours a day in port and 10 at sea.
3. Three watches in all deep water ships; this is quite distinct from three watch keeping officers, often keeping double watches.
4. Better accommodation, where necessary, and separate properly placed berths for all officers.
5. To guard against unreasonable dismissal.
6. Total abolition of tallying, excepting mail, specie, and special cargo.
7. A specified amount of leave on full pay.
8. To take such steps regarding load lines, Asiatic, when not British subjects, and foreign crews; life-saving appliances; the discipline of all on board, from captain to ship's boy, as shall be from time to time found expedient for the safety and welfare of all afloat.
9. Insurance and other benefits as the funds will permit under the direction of the aforementioned Committee of Master Mariners.

Public opinion is with the officers. A great mass of trade unionists is ready to back the quarter-deck forward movement. Now is your opportunity. Embrace it.

Mr. A. M. Deavin, Secretary, at our Head Office, 110 Fenchurch street, E.C., will be pleased to supply enrolment forms or any other particulars required. The subscription is £1 annually, which, if preferred, can be paid in four quarterly instalments of 5s. each.

[All captains and mates certificated should write to Secretary Deavin, 110 Fenchurch street, London, E.C., and let the quarter deck labourers understand if they don't join the Union voluntarily they will be made join.—Ed.]

CURTIS, Trade Union Shop. LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTER, BOOKBINDER AND STATIONER, 12 VINTAGE LANE, DUBLIN. High-Class Work. Moderate Prices. Telephone 3402.

ADDRESS TO LABOUR LEADERS.

(Continued.)

By STANDISH O'GRADY.

I say perfectly feasible, because, though I may be charged with tiresome reiteration, I would press upon your notice the astonishing—the incredible productivity of well-directed labour. So great is it that even children and old people and "unemployables," the very cripples and the blind may, without working a degree too hard or an hour too long, create wealth in vast masses, that is things necessary or desirable for all the rational purposes of human life. "Unemployables" are only persons out of whom Capitalism does not expect to make gain. Yet an "unemployable" old woman might very well care for six children, or manage 100 poultry, or knit 200 pairs of stockings in a year. No one is unemployable except the dead. And even they—Don't the dead preach?

Once you buy the land, and the people know that it is their very own, and going to be used for great popular purposes, they will go out in numbers on Saturdays and Sundays, and surely will take off their coats while there, and, in obedience to instruction and direction, do a vast amount of cheerful volunteered work. The work done so, and the expenditure of money saved so, are obviously incalculable; all depending on the people's spirit and loyalty, and the numbers crowding thither for week ends during the Spring months. If you can kindle the imagination of the people all will go well; if not—well, it is hard to make a fire out of wet sticks. However, the sticks are not, in my opinion, wet at all but very dry and inflammable if you only bring and apply the fire.

Let us consider the probable expenses of making a start. The cost of a holding of 100 acres—that is of the price of the tenant's good will—would be from £1,000 to £1,500—say £1,250. Land is dearer according to proximity to a railway.

I mention 100 acres that you may see how things might work out. Of course you might buy one of 70 acres or 120, or you might not buy but rent.

For the equipment of the estate let us put down £2,750; total, £4,000. It looks a large sum for working people, but, really, if you can only get the people to understand and sympathise, a far larger sum than this would be nothing to them; such is the mighty power of numbers. Is it not for their pennies and sixpences that the adulterators of food make such great and base profits.

I suggest that you, their known and trusted leaders, should get your own people first, those who are already strongly combined in the Unions, to agree in support of the movement and undertake to answer a whip for that purpose, one which would represent at least the purchase money, £1,250.

I assume, for I write somewhat in the dark here, that there are in and round Dublin some 50,000 persons, men and women, lads and girls, who are in Unions, and would respond to such an appeal if it is made by their own executives. A whip of 6d. or of 3d. paid in two successive weeks, would bring in £1,250, the approximate price of the land, leaving £2,750 to be supplied by the general public and the unorganised working classes through appointed collectors and also at public meetings where the nature and meaning of the movement would be explained. I am myself a wretched public speaker and dislike public exposure; but, if you think I might be of some service, would make an attempt or two to express the faith that is in me.

If the people show that they are in real earnest, and moving out in this matter on their own initiative, and relying upon themselves, I am convinced that a very great and growing assistance will be forthcoming from the classes. Great causes—and surely this is a very great cause—are never left without material support. I have just learned that one of our religious minorities send out yearly near £50,000 for "the conversion of the heathen." The more impersonal and disinterested you can keep this movement the more will material aids and helps and assistances flow towards it, presents and gifts of many kinds, even lands or money to buy lands. You see I am only applying a great and universal principle when I say:—"Don't charge those summer guests. Give out freely everything that the estate is able to produce," and it can produce a great deal.

Also the classes are already very uneasy in their minds about the condition of the Dublin poor. Their consciences are continually pricking them on the subject.

I put in a strong plea for rapid action, even at the cost of possible mistakes. During these spring weeks which are passing, one after another appearing and disappearing, we ought to be preparing the ground. We should be planting and sowing peas, beans, all manner of vegetables, sweet peas, too, and flowers for the brightening of tables, making preparation for the coming of the summer and autumn campers. We should have early potatoes and late potatoes. From ten tilled acres in the first year we might expect 80 tons of potatoes. Might not a thousand lads and men coming out from Dublin a fine weekend, Saturday afternoon and Sunday, and putting themselves under direction, negotiate rather successfully a great many acres, you supplying the hired horses and ploughs, tents, rude sleeping accommodation and simple fare? I should like to be in the camp that Saturday night listening to the music and the singing and the merry voices.

Of course, you will have no objection to Sunday activities. For this is sport,

play, amusement; not servile labour. Then, I assume that, from the moment of purchase, there will be a considerable number of men permanently attached, taken from the unemployed of Dublin, and growing stronger, bolder, and happier every day, as well as more skilful and understanding.

Now, for the quickest-growing vegetables we would have wait; but that grand and quieter indispensable necessary milk could be provided for offhand. The children, at all events, will need milk from the moment of their arrival. You can buy milk cows at once; the children themselves will mind, care, and milk them always under instruction and direction. The ownership of her own cow would be a great reward to hold out for good behaviour to an ambitious little girl. They would soon grow fond of their cows, love them, and make them pets. Don't we see every day little girls entrusted with the care of homunculuses, that is, of men and women on a small scale?

A good milk cow costing £15 will give 50 pints of milk a day, and the cows will flourish on the rich and juicy herbage yielded everywhere by this fertile County of ours. Assuming, then, that the children will require an average of a pint a day, you would need ten cows at least for the children. Add ten more supplying for the grown-ups on the estate, for visitors and the campers when they come. The cost of the cows would be some £300, but they would be producing milk from the day of arrival. Indeed I would advise spending £1,000 straight off upon cows.

Then fields should be prepared and sown with oats and wheat, the week-end voluntary activity of young Dublin coming along to help, so that in the autumn the magazines should be full with an abundance of wheat, oats and potatoes, all your own, without the intervention and assistance of any gentleman of exploiting propensities.

You will see more and more clearly from day to day and month to month that while it is awfully hard to make money, and for working men and women impossible, it is very easy to create wealth, easy and also delightful. After a little of this kind of life your young people will despise football and wonder at the days when they went in their thousands and tens of thousands to see a ball kicked, and had to pay, too, for the privilege of witnessing that grand spectacle. For this is an eternal truth, that the Power which made us has made us to delight in labour, that is, in creative productive formative activities and of a thousand different kinds, each according to some natural bent given to him from or even before his birth.

I expect that many of the campers will be anxious to settle permanently on the Estate and lead a rural life, and that you will then be able to accommodate and maintain them and supply them with appropriate occupations.

I only regard that estate of 100 acres as a nucleus, continually growing and expanding. When the people understand what is forward and feel how good it is to have land of their own and feel in every fibre the thrill of freedom and the glow of good nature and kindly human relations you will experience no lack of funds. The 100 acres will soon grow to 1,000 and the 1,000 to 10,000.

Observe, too, that you might use the 100 acres as a starting point from which to annex, even this spring, many adjoining fields hired in conacre on the eleven months' system from the neighbouring graziers. The young men coming out week end, perhaps, in thousands, will not find enough to do on our small Estate; so you might hire those fields in conacre and let young Dublin expend its activities on those fields, with the result of thousands of tons of corn, potatoes, and food for the cattle.

For the direction of those agricultural activities I can think of no one better than Mr. Wibberley, now an organizer of the I.A.O.S. He seems to understand agriculture better than anyone else in Ireland. He is an enthusiast on the subject, too, and I am sure, with the consent of the I.A.O.S., could be got to supervise and direct. If unable to act himself, he could nominate a substitute on whom you could rely. For, of course, you must have a competent director of agriculture; competent directors, too, in all the departments of industry. But, at the beginning, agriculture is a thing of chief importance and the most pressing.

Personally I should like the first Camp to be pitched up Saggart way. Why? Well, the land here is very rich. Then the place is near the western Wicklow highlands, Kippure Shee Finn, Mullagh Clevaun, where the campers might spend delightful days mountaineering. They could bring tents with them from the Camp or sleep in the heather.

Also in this neighbourhood are extensive turf bogs now hardly gashed. There is one on the side of Ballinulta above Lacken, south-west of Blessington. The significance of this will be recognised if you remember that the Estate must, so far as possible, be self-sustaining. If you can cut, dry, and bring home turf there will be no coal bill. Now a few hundred merry lads and lasses camping for a couple of nights on the bog side will dig, turn over and stook a year's supply of fuel, which the children in their ox carts and donkey carts will bring home.

Also I look to see you taking in great tracts of this treeless western half of the great County, ring-fencing it and planting it. Armed with dynamite cartridges for the making of beds for the saplings one man to-day can do as much as twenty men used to do having only spades for their digging instruments.

All this in due time. I want you to keep it in mind as a vista of progressive

action, a great outlet, one of many, for the abounding activities of young Dublin, escaped if but for a fortnight from the yoke of wage slavery, full of life, energy, fire, and striking out towards the doing of great things.

What might not 500 children do well fed, well housed, breathing pure air, provided with the instruments and materials of production under kindly discipline and well guided and instructed? Give the boys tools and materials with a carpenter to govern the carpentry class, and they will make rough, sound, bedsteads, chairs, stools, tables, &c., in this ensuing April and May, enough for perhaps thousands of the campers when they arrive.

In the production of useful and necessary things, and in almost every direction there is no difficulty at all. Only believe that there is no difficulty, and there is none. All the wise saws and

prudential maxims of our sordid civilisation don't apply here where nothing, nothing whatsoever, is done for profit. The old wisdom goes and the new comes, or rather craft and cunning go and wisdom comes. Now wisdom has much to do with the heart and not much with the head.

The campers will need tents, and tents are expensive even to hire, and I know from experience, dear and also bad. Get the canvas and ropes for the children, and they will make the tents and marquees, and the carpentry class turn out the tent pegs and the mallets. Next year you may be weaving your own canvas.

In a great many departments of industry active intelligent boys and girls are nearly as good as men and women. Perhaps better, being teachable, adaptable, and more willing to do as they are bid. There ought to be vast magazines

of wealth in the hands, hearts, and brains of those children. I imagine you starting with 500 or 1,000 of them on the Estate.

The Campers should, I think, this year at all events, bring their own tea and coffee and meat, or do without these things, which, after all, are only luxuries. Whatever the Estate produces in abundance should be free to all. When you get to glass houses—the glass made on the Estate—there will be no shortage of tomatoes, grapes, and whatever is grown under glass. A few old men, assisted by a few children, will produce them by the ton; all in good time.

Meantime, luxuries and scarce things for honoured elders and honoured invited guests like the Archbishops of Dublin, University professors, and the great Captains of industry, people accustomed to faring well, and who would think it a little odd as guests to be set down to quite plain, if wholesome, fare.

To Enjoy Your Meals
AND
STILL HAVE MONEY TO SPARE,
CALL TO
MURPHY'S, 6 Church Street,
North Wall,
The Workers' House; where you will get all Provisions at Lowest Prices.

Trades Unionism Attacked.
A meeting of the Supplies Committee of the Municipal Council was held on Thursday, 20th inst., Alderman Keegan presiding. At the outset Councillor Thomas Lawlor drew attention to a note on the agenda stating that the Finance Committee had removed him from the Supplies Committee and appointed Councillor Gallagher in his place. He (Councillor Lawlor) maintained that this was wholly illegal, he having been appointed at the first meeting of the Finance Committee, which was at the statutory meeting for that purpose, and a change could not now be made. Mr. Flood (Town-clerk's representative) advised the chairman that Councillor Lawlor's contention was correct, and that he remained a member of the committee. On consideration of the Farriering tenders Councillor Lorean O'Toole moved that the contract be given to the old contractors, Messrs. Richardson, who employed Trade Union labour, and who had given satisfaction. His tender was equally as low on almost all the items as Mr. Kelly's, who did not employ recognised trade unionists. Councillor Murty O'Beirne moved that a contract be given to Mr. Kelly. The whole opposition to Mr. Kelly getting the contract was due to the fact that he employed members of the Amalgamated Society of Farriers, and the members of the Labour Party, it was well known, were prejudiced against all amalgamated societies. If Mr. Kelly was to be disqualified because of that fact, he (Councillor O'Beirne) would agree if it was decided that all contractors employing members of amalgamated societies would be ruled out.

Councillor Lawlor said that the objection to Mr. Kelly was that he did not carry on his employment under conditions recognised as fair by the Dublin Operative Farriers' Society, a trade union which had existed in the city for close on a hundred years, and had maintained a high standard of wages and working conditions for its members. The Labour Party was opposed to Mr. Kelly's employees being recognised as trade unionists, because they infringed on the local rules established by this old society, and not because they were members of an amalgamated society. It would be a very inconsistent action for him to take up, because he was an official of an amalgamated society himself.

Councillor O'Beirne—I knew it. Councillor Lawlor—Of course you knew it, and in your anxiety to score against a member of the Labour Party you lost your head, and made a point against your own case.

Continuing, Councillor Lawlor said that these men who sought to be recognised as Trade Unionists formed a branch of the Amalgamated Society of Farriers in opposition to the old established Dublin Operative Farriers. They applied for admission to the Irish Trades Congress, and although the representatives of Amalgamated Societies predominated in that body, their application was unanimously refused, when it was found on investigation that they had worked contrary to the Trade Union conditions which the members of the old society established. That showed conclusively that no prejudice existed against these men as members of an amalgamated society. If they wished to be Trades Unionists the old society was open to them.

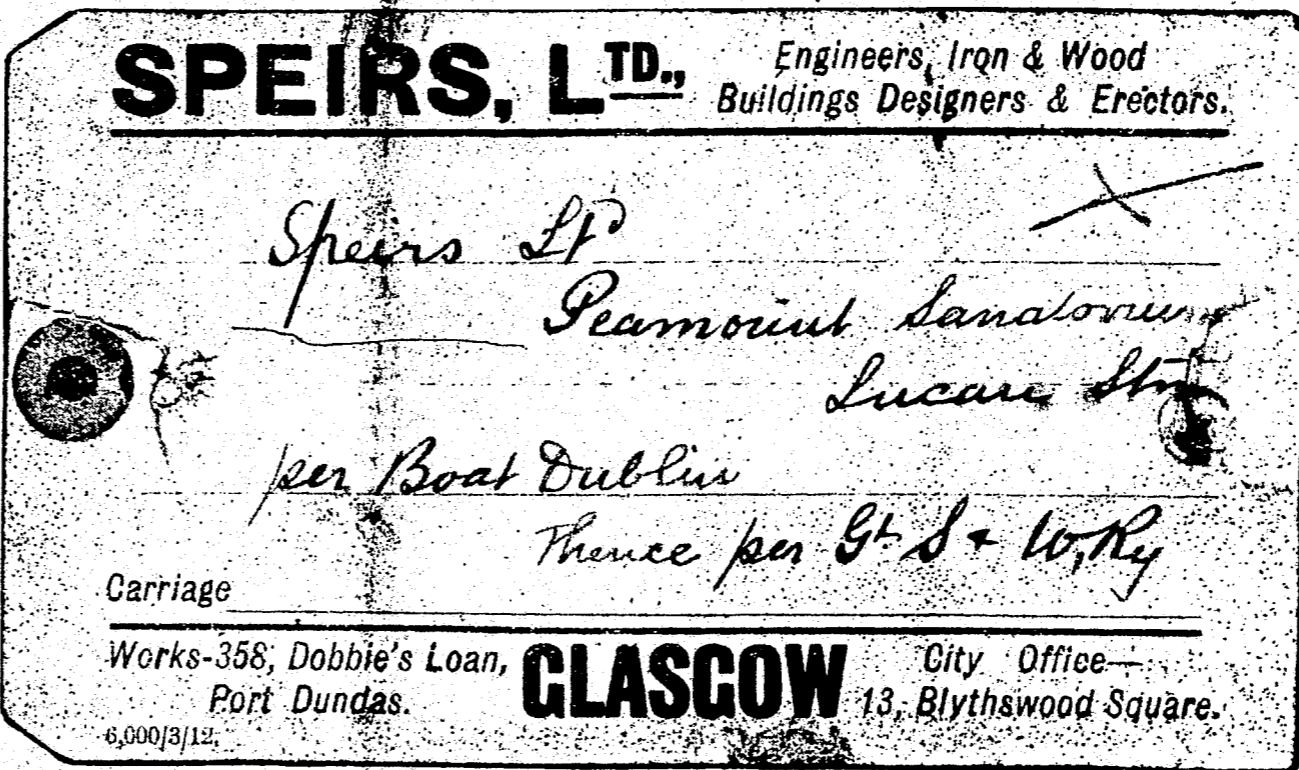
A division was then taken, when there voted—
For Trade Union Labour—Councillors Brohoon, North Dock; O'Toole, Trinity; Lawlor, Wood Quay; Bradshaw, Clontarf; and Beattie, South City—5.
Against Trade Union Labour—Alderman Keegan, Glasnevin; Councillors O'Beirne, South Dock; Begg, Inn's Quay, and Peter O'Reilly, Wood Quay—4.

On next Sunday evening, at 3 o'clock, Mr. Walter Halls, of the Amalgamated Railway Servants' Society, will deliver a lecture in the Emmet Hall, Inchicore, on "CO-OPERATION." The members of the Inchicore Co-operative Stores would be well advised to attend this lecture, which will be open to the general public. A small charge will be made for the purpose of defraying expenses, and children will not be admitted.

Following the lecture, there will be a meeting of the local Labour Representation Committee, and it is important that all members should attend.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE,
Councillor, Kilmalnamh Ward.

IRISH INDUSTRIES ?
And the Practical Aid Given to Them by the Countess of Aberdeen.



The above is a facsimile of quite an unsolicited testimonial to "Her Excellencies" love of Irish Industry which the wind has blown into our office during the week. It should prove of great interest just now.

CORK HILL NOTES

The following are the members of the new Housing Committee:—Alderman Corrigan, Keegan, Sir Joseph Downes, J.P.; Thomas Kelly, Doyle, Delahunt, Gerald O'Reilly; Councillor Nugent, Clancy, Ireland, J. Murray, Vaughan, Briscoe, Partridge, James, J.P.; Byrne, Miss Harrison, O'Beirne, Cosgrove, and Peter O'Reilly. So anyone requiring a house is invited to leave their measure at once.

The Labour Party's effort to have this Committee meet at 8 p.m. so as to make it possible for the workmen of Dublin to become representatives of their class was once more defeated by our friends—the enemy.

The Right Hon. Lorcan Saturnus Sherlock was present at a Committee meeting of the whole House on Monday last, and gave renewed indications of his undoubted recovery.

It is a pity the Lord Mayor should continue to misuse his position as such, and while professing to hold the balance equally between all parties, should still make use of his privilege of "saying the last word" for the purpose of knitting an opponent.

No one objects to the Right Hon. Lorcan Saturnus Sherlock expressing his peculiar opinions on any subject before the House as a member of the House; but these opinions ought not to be expressed at a time when they cannot be disputed—that is, at the closing of a debate.

Of course, "Lorcan" is a man of letters. I heard of the granting of such degrees being described by a learned professor as similar to "the sticking of a label to the back of a pig." A pig, by the way, is an animal of "litters," and like the the Right Hon., he turns up his nose at everyone he meets. Lorcan in the "chair" often reminded me of the homely animal by the adding of a single letter to whose name we would more fittingly describe his Lordship when he forgets himself.

However, we can only hope for the best. There will be a grand review on Monday next, when the Lord Mayor shall be duly installed and Scully receives the chain of office as head hangman—"the man that gives you the drop." I have heard and read of virtue receiving its reward; but they have a different way in the Dublin Corporation.

There is at present a plague of sanitary sub-officers affecting the members of the Public Health Committee, and cards and candidates would appear to come from all quarters. We can only grin and bear it.

The special committee formed to investigate the building of the new car at the Municipal workshop, Stanley-street, will meet on next Friday evening. Might I suggest that the car in question be requisitioned to drive the committee through the city, thus affording them practical proof of its capabilities to carry anything.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

Inchicore Items.

Sir William Goulding's efforts to favour non-Catholic candidates for clerkship by abolishing the competitive examination system has roused the ire of many shareholders and others. There was a strange silence prevailing in the present disturbed quarters when I exposed the unfair treatment meted out to Catholic workmen by the officials of this Company at their works in Inchicore, and was summarily dismissed for my protest.

Has the workman no claim that he should be thus silently sacrificed, while an attempt to enforce somewhat similar injustices on the clerical staff should be so vigorously opposed. If Catholic rights are to be maintained or defended successfully there must be no distinction as to persons, and the men who are now clamouring about the clerks should assist my demand for an impartial investigation.

Sir William has many apostles in the Inchicore Works. And it would seem as if a conspiracy existed for the purpose of ousting Catholics in positions of authority there. In the process of con-

LAST WEEK ! LAST WEEK ! !

Absolute Final Sweep-Out of all remaining Winter Drapery Goods at BELTON & CO'S Warehouses. For this the last week, we have made further big reductions. No winter goods will be kept over—all must go. No reasonable offer refused. Soiled, damaged or out of fashion goods practically given away. We are the cheapest people in the trade.

BELTON & Co., Drapers, 48 and 49 THOMAS STREET, 35 & 36 GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET,

MERCY!
You don't have to ask for it when wearing our Blucher Boots.
It is our aim to give you something solid that will stand the Hard Wear and to satisfy you in every way.
When we cannot do it we will go out of business.
Army Bluchers, with Sprigged or Nailed Soles, 5/-
Our Whole-Back Hand-Pegged Bluchers with Plain or Nailed Soles, 6/-
FOR MEN WHO WORK,
BARCLAY & COOK,
Boot Manufacturers,
104 & 105 TALBOT STREET;
5 STH. GREAT GEORGE'S STREET,
DUBLIN.

COUGH CURE

The New Scientific Remedy for the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and all Chest and Lung Troubles. Acts like Magic. Price 6d. & 1/- Per Bottle. Breaks up the Cough immediately.

DOMINICK A. DOLAN, M.P.S.I.
Wholesale & Retail Chemist,
58 BOLTON STREET, DUBLIN.

EVERY WORKINGMAN SHOULD JOIN
St. Brigid's Christian Burial Society, RINGSEND.
Large Divide at Christmas. Mortality Benefits. Meets every Sunday, 11 till 1 o'clock.
One Penny per Week. Estd. 52 Years

Workers! Support the Old Reliable Boot Warehouse.



NOLAN'S, Little Mary Street

The Oldest Boot Warehouse in Dublin. Irish-Made Bluchers a Speciality.

TELEPHONES 1266 AND 507.

PAT KAVANAGH,

PROVISIONS,
Beef, Mutton and Pork.
GOOD QUALITY. FAIR PRICES

74 to 78 Coombe; 37 Wexford Street;
71 and 72 New Street; 4 Dean Street,
DUBLIN.

For the Best Possible Value obtainable in Winter Boots.

DAVY GARRICK,

(The Leading Star Boot Stores.)
61a & 62 Talbot St., and 22 Ellis's Quay
DUBLIN.

Men's Boots at 3/11, 4/6, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11 to 10/6.
Ladies' Boots at 2/11, 3/6, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11 to 8/11.
Ladies' Shoes at 1/6, 1/11, 2/6, 2/11, 3/11 to 6/11.
Boys' School Boots at 1/11, 2/6, 2/11, 3/6, 3/11 to 5/11.
Girls' School Boots at 1/11, 2/6, 2/11, 3/6, 3/11 to 4/11.
Children's Boots at 10d. 1/-, 1/3, 1/6, 1/9 to 2/11.
Children's Carpet Slippers, from 4d. a pair.
Women's Carpet Slippers, from 5d. a pair. Men's Slippers in great variety.

We do repairs and we do them right. Best Materials and Workmanship Only. Very Moderate Charges.
Our Stock for Value and Variety is absolutely unrivalled.

Workers! Support the Only Picture House in Dublin Owned by an Irishman.

THE IRISH CINEMA

Capo Street (next to Trades Hall),
Now Open Daily 2.30 to 10.30.

PRICES, 3d., 4d., 6d.
Change of Program—Monday, Thursday and Sunday.

Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes, AT CONWAY'S,

31 Exchequer Street and 10a Aungier St.
[Opposite Jacob's Branch I.T.U.]
Established 1894.
Good Value and Courtesy our motto.

HORAN & SONS,

95 & 96 Gt. Brunswick St.,
58 Upper Grand Canal Street,
6 South Lotts Road, Beggar's Bush,
AND
1, 2 & 3 Seaforth Avenue, Sandymount,
Give Best Value ever offered.

Quality, Full Weight, and Defy Competition.

Don't Forget **LARKIN'S**
LITTLE SHOP FOR GOOD VALUE
in Chandlery, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, &c.,
36 WEXFORD ST., DUBLIN.
—IRISH GOODS A SPECIALITY.—

Glasgow's Municipal Forest.

Municipal Farming—Daily Produce—
Holidays for Slum Children.

Glasgow Corporation is about to inaugurate an afforestation scheme at Ardgill Estate, between Loch Long and Lochgoil, which when fully developed, will be a source of great revenue to the citizens of Glasgow. It is probably the first undertaking of its kind in Great Britain, and the Convener of the Committee in charge of the scheme is a Socialist, Bailie James Alston.

Interviewed by a "Forward" representative, Bailie Alston explained that the Corporation had sanctioned the afforestation of 1,200 acres at Ardgill. 200 acres would be planted before April of this year, so that the scheme would get a good start right off. At the present time the grazing land of Ardgill brought them 9d. per acre, whereas on the estimates of the Royal Scottish Agricultural experts afforestation would give them a clear profit of 6s. per acre, once they began to reap their crops. To begin with, a staff of four would be permanently engaged for the work, and these would be helped by temporary workers from now till April. Once 4,500 acres are planted there will be work for a staff of over 60 men all the year round. In the planting season this number will be increased considerably.

It will cost £40,000 to plant trees on the 1,500 acres at Ardgill suitable for afforestation, and these are estimated to be worth £1,500,000 in from 50 to 80 years' time. The money for the scheme will be taken from the Common Good, and its use for afforestation may be regarded as a good investment for Glasgow. Incidentally, Bailie Alston mentioned that in taking up afforestation, Glasgow was but following in the footsteps of the German Municipalities and the German State, which obtained from their forests a revenue of 18 million pounds yearly. 400,000 men found work in Germany's nationalised or municipalised forests, and all were paid a living wage.

Bailie Alston thinks it possible that Ardgill in the near future will become the great pleasure and health-seeking resort of Glasgow's poor as well as a source of income. "It would be an ideal playground for Glasgow citizens," were his words. Already shelters for the convenience of trippers have and are being erected, while it is intended to provide places where picnic parties can cook their meals on fires, the wood for which will be taken from the municipal forest.

SLUM CHILDREN.

In pursuit of this policy the Bailie has tabled a motion asking the Town Council to charter a steamer for the whole of the school vacation in summer for the free conveyance of slum children and their mothers from the Broomielaw to Lochgoilhead. Part of this scheme includes free meals at Ardgill. To give such a holiday to 35,000 slum children and their mothers would, Bailie Alston estimates, cost the Corporation £2,500, an expenditure as justifiable and more so than the two or three thousand pounds spent annually by the Corporation in feasting wealthy visitors and citizens, or that incurred in the recent plebiscite on licensing. This money is taken from the Common Good, and the poor people have as much right to it as the rich. "In all my experience," said Bailie Alston, "the Corporation has never yet entertained the poor. It now has a chance to do so by giving them a day's holiday at Ardgill."

But Bailie Alston has other uses for Ardgill which will commend themselves to people of foresight. Once Ardgill is properly planted, he thinks it would be an ideal place for Glasgow citizens seeking to rid themselves of the consumption scourge. Cottages could also be built for the housing of consumptive convalescents seeking better health. "All this is done in Germany, and why not in Glasgow?"

MUNICIPAL FARMING.

At Ardgill the Corporation already has a dairy farm second to none in Scotland for equipment, which promises in the near future to supply the daily necessities of the inhabitants of Lochgoilhead. Cattle and sheep are also reared on the estate by the Corporation, which has quite a reputable trade in live stock. There is also good shooting and fishing on the estate, at present leased to a private person. The former might be dispensed with by a humane Corporation, while the fishing, it is suggested, should be preserved for the use of Glasgow citizens. Five men employed by the Corporation are at present thinning tree plantings at Ardgill and using the wood thus obtained for making stob fencing. The refuse is made into firewood, and finds a ready market in Glasgow. A sawmill is about to be erected on the estate, in which the municipally grown wood will be prepared for the market and home use, as the traders say. A nursery covering 7 or 8 acres is also in prospect, and here the young trees will be grown from seed. These manifold activities require men. They in turn require housing. The building of these cottages will be a practical experiment in cottage housing. In preparation for this development workshops have been erected, and from these nearly all the work connected with the estate will be conducted. Thus, bit by bit, has evolved a village that one day will grow, it is hoped, into a town such as William Morris might have planned and loved. Given enthusiastic support and sympathetic management, Ardgill should one day become the model of what a town, based on love and friendship, ought to be.—P. J. D. in "Glasgow Forward."

"STUFFING" AND ALL ABOUT IT.

"Put on more 'stuffs,' bould VAUGHAN cried,
"For I'll be sorely pressed."
But MACCAFFREY answered from the "snug":
"Sure HAND is doin' his best."
—Old song brought up to date.

The following is a copy of "statement" I forwarded to the Town Clerk in connection with the "stuffing" of the Register, under date October 9th, 1912.

The statement was acknowledged as having been received, and would receive his "best attention," but since then nothing has been done in the matter.

"To Henry Campbell, Esq.,
Town Clerk,
City Hall, Dublin.

I have been making inquiries anent the registration of voters in different wards of the city, and I have come across some very glaring cases of misrepresentation, some of which I beg to bring under your notice as Returning Officer for the City of Dublin and as the official responsible for the compilation of the Register.

In Merchant's Quay Ward the following names appear in this year's Long List for 18, 19, 20 Newmarket-street, without being officially objected to or otherwise:—

- William Reid, back parlour (19).
 - Michael Geraghty, front drawingroom (19).
 - Thomas Mockler, top front (19).
 - John Doyle, top back (19).
 - Francis Kavanagh, back drawing-room, left 20.
 - Joseph Fagan, shop and parlour, left (20).
 - Joseph Haycocks, front drawing-room, right (20).
 - John Hughes, back drawingroom, right (20).
 - Michael Quinn, front drawingroom, left (20).
 - Ellen Bushell, front parlour (19).
 - Christina O'Toole, back drawingroom (19).
- The only tenants living in 19 and 20 Newmarket street, are—
Ellen Bushell, front and back parlours (19).
Christina O'Toole, top back (19).
Michael Geraghty, top front (19).
Joseph Fagan, shop and parlour 20.
John Hughes, one front and the back room (20).
Joseph Haycocks, front room (20).

The other names returned on Long List are bogus ones. They do not live nor have they ever lived in 19 or 20 Newmarket street. No 18 Newmarket street is a stable.

The houses 19 and 20 Newmarket street are only two-storey houses, though they are returned on this year's Long List as three-storey houses.

Mrs. Mary J. Murray, of 130 Cork street, is landlady (lady?) of the houses 19 and 20 Newmarket street. Her son, Mr. John Murray, of same address, who, I understand, acts as her agent, met on Thursday, 3rd October, and told me in the presence of a witness that they had returned the proper tenants on the Requisition Form, but it was McCaffrey, the United Irish League agent for Mr. Vaughan, T.C., who put on the bogus ones. This McCaffrey is, I understand, Mr. Matthew McCaffrey, United Irish League Registration Agent, of 133 Francis street.

I interviewed Mrs. Murray at her address, 130 Cork street, the following day, Friday, with reference to the bogus tenants returned for her houses in Newmarket street. She declared to me in presence of a witness that a gentleman called for the Requisition Forms, as he often did other years; that she gave him the names of the bona-fide tenants, and that he took the Requisition Form with him. This statement, she declared, she was prepared to prove in the courts. She did not give me the gentleman's name, nor did I ask her, as I had obtained that information the previous day from her agent.

I beg also to bring under your notice the following names which are returned for 99 and 100, The Coombe—

- No. 99, Francis Mara, drawingroom, back.
 - No. 99, Thomas O'Brien, front drawingroom.
 - No. 99, Peter Stapleton, drawing-room, second floor.
 - No. 99, Francis Clarke, top front room.
 - No. 99, John Keenan, top back room.
 - Isabella O'Brien is the only tenant living in 99, the Coombe.
- The other names are bogus ones.
No. 100, Joseph Nolan, front drawingroom.
No. 100, Thomas Travers, back drawingroom.
No. 100, John Nolan, top front.
No. 100, John Fulham, top back.
Joseph Kennedy is the only tenant living in No. 100, the Coombe.

In Fumbally's Lane, No. 2, Charles Freeman appears on the Long List as inhabitant householder for house and yard. I have been informed by the tenant living in No. 2a, Fumbally's Lane, that Charles Freeman has left the premises (No. 2 Fumbally's Lane) for over nine months.

In No. 52, New-street, Michael Boyce appearing on Long List as inhabitant householder, front room, right, 3rd floor, is dead for over twelve months; and John Banks appearing on Long List as inhabitant householder, 2nd floor, back room, left, is a bogus one. I beg also to bring under your notice that the house, No. 52, is licensed premises.

Those are but a few of the bogus returns made for the Merchant's Quay Ward. I beg to apply to you as the official responsible for the Register of

the City of Dublin to take the initiative in bringing this statement before the proper authorities.

MICHAEL MULLEN.

A Few Words on Poets, Proverbs, AND "The Dignity (?) of Labour"

I think there is a lot more in proverbs than meets the eye at first glance. Some few are worth a little examination. I have noticed that the people who wrote the proverbs we generally use always recommended the "strenuous life" for somebody else, but took very good care to give it a wide miss themselves.

In this connection poets are not above suspicion either. In "Locksley Hall" Tennyson wrote—

"Men, my brothers, men, the workers,
Ever reaping something new;
That which they have done,
But earnest of the things that
they shall do."

This reads all right until you realize that the man who wrote that NEVER DID A USEFUL THING IN HIS LIFE. In common with other nineteenth century writers he vigorously incited others to labour. He generally wrote his incitements in his garden before luncheon, while the horny-handed sons of toil were enjoying the "Dignity of Labour" at, say, 5d. per hour in broiling sunshine or in a grimy factory.

Longfellow wrote "The Village Blacksmith (more "Dignity of Labour")":—
"His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what'er he can,
(Probably he was a blackleg.)

It fairly puzzles me where the dignity is in toiling to make some other man wealthy.

Ferguson's "Forging of the Anchor" is another example. Surprising how these nice old gentlemen usually became enthusiastic about "honest hard work" (for other people) after a leisurely ten o'clock breakfast, when, with white waistcoat, gold chain, gold-rimmed glasses, and nice, silvery, benevolent whiskers, carefully groomed, they took a placid survey of mankind hard at work from China to Peru.

I expect shares were firm and dividends generous when these poems were produced. Now for a few examples of the proverbs which provide a little mild amusement for my spare moments.

"Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

This also reads all right till you come to examine it closely; then you find it is a bit ambiguous, as the writers didn't specify which man (employer or workman) is made "healthy, wealthy, and wise" by early rising.

I opine it is the good, kind, employer who benefits by the early rising of the worker.

"Better to wear out than rust out."
Yet I fancy the man who wrote this preferred to rust out (at somebody else's expense).

Another—
"A used key is always bright."
This is a most incidious incitement to work yourself to death. A comparison is here implied between a key and a man, yet the analogy is false, as there is nothing in common between a key and man to justify the comparison. It is not a matter for wonder that the working classes believe they are doing a noble thing when they work "hard." For ages their brains have been drugged with all this tully piffle about the "Dignity of Labour."

There can be no dignity in toiling to make rich a lazy and selfish body of parasites. They give the worker a bare subsistence wage, just sufficient to induce him to keep out of the workhouse ("An Englishman's Home") a bit longer, till he is rheumatic, stiff, and unemployable. Then they push him out, and seize his children, fresh grist for the Mill of Industrial Slavery.

W. J. KAVANAGH,
Liverpool.

If You Have Not the Ready Money Convenient, there is an Irish Establishment which supplies goods on Easy Payment System. IT IS THE DUBLIN WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION, LTD., 19 SOUTH WILLIAM ST.

Office Hours—10.30 to 5.30 each day Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings 7 to 9. Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30
Manager—Ald. T. Kelly.

PROVISIONS!

For the Best Quality at the Lowest Prices in town GO TO

KAVANAGH'S
188 Nth. King Street, 41 Sandymount and 8 Blackhall Place.

James Larkin, Plain and Fancy Baker, 72 MEATH STREET, DUBLIN.
Pain Wholesome and Bacteriologically Pure THE WORKER'S BAKER.
ASK FOR LARKIN'S LOAF.

Established 1881.
For Reliable Provisions!
LEIGH'S, of Bishop St.

BOOTS FOR THE WORKERS

Men's Hand-Pegged Bluchers, (4s. 4d.; as sold elsewhere, 5s.
Men's Box Calf and Chrome, Stitched and Sewed, 6s. 11d.; worth 8s. 11d.
Women's Box-Calf and Glass Kid Boots, 4s. 11d.; worth 6s. 6d.

The Best Range of Children's Boots in Dublin.

78 TALBOT STREET.

TWINEM BROTHERS' MINERAL WATERS

The Workingman's Beverage.
TWINEM BROTHERS' Dolphin Sauce,
The Workingman's Relish.

Factory—66 S.O. Road, and 31 Lower Clanbrassil Street. PHONE 2658.

Irish Workers!

Show the sincerity of your principles by ASKING FOR

GALLAGHER'S Mineral Waters.

The only firm in the world using Irish Trade-Mark Bottles, made by your brother workers at Ringsend.

Factory—BRIDGEFOOT ST.
Telephone 2513.

COAL.

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

.. ORDER FROM ..

P. O'CARROLL'S BLACK LION

INCHICORE

FANAGAN'S Funeral Establishment

54 AUNGHER STREET, DUBLIN.
Established more than Half-a-Century.
Coffins, Hearses, Ombones, and every Funeral Requisite.
Trades Union and Irish-Ireland House.
Punctuality and Economy Guaranteed.
Telephone No. 12.

You Can't Afford to Look Old!

Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer

Keeps your Hair from getting Grey.
Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland.
LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS
19 North Earl Street and 28 Henry Street, Dublin.

N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco Store,

89 BUNSHIRE STREET
(OPPOSITE JACOB'S)
FOR IRISH EGGS AND PLOU!

Support RUSSELL'S,

THE FAMILY BAKERS,
TRADE UNION EMPLOYERS,
RATHMINES BAKERY

T. P. ROCHE,

The Workers' Hairdresser!
84 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN.

An Up-to-Date Establishment. (Trade Union Labour only employed. Cleanliness, Comfort, Assistance used. Success to the Workers' Cause.)

BECKER BROS.

FINEST, PUREST AND CHEAPEST TEAS.

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

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

Go to MURRAY'S

Sheriff Street,
FOR GOOD VALUE IN PROVISIONS AND GROCERIES.

—WEAR—
Michael's 3/8 Hats
77 TALBOT STREET.
Overcoats, 21/-, worth 27/6

Printed for the Proprietor at the City Printing Works, 13 Stafford Street, and published by him at 18 Beresford Place, in the City of Dublin.
[This Journal is exclusively set up by hand labour and printed on Irish paper.]