

"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 Finlay Larkin.



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

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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th, 1913.

ONE PENNY.]

### Workers the World Over.

The British Trades Congress at Manchester—representing four-and-a-half millions of organised workers with no uncertain voice—condemned not alone the brutality of the police in the recent police-manufactured riots of Dublin, but also denounced the criminal conspiracy between the representatives of the Crown in Ireland and the Dublin employers as manifested by the arrest of the men's leaders and the illegal detention of Jim Larkin, President of the Parliamentary Committee of the Irish Trades Congress, the head and leader of the organisation marked out for destruction by the sweating employers of Dublin.

The representatives kindly sent by Congress to Dublin have religiously refrained from referring to the matter in dispute, and although they can justify such impartiality by the orders they have received, still I cannot help but think that the Men who cheered my utterances in Manchester would have no hesitation here in stepping into the firing line of that gallant little Union on whose ranks the employers had so treacherously directed the full force of their powerful batteries. After all it is but natural that workmen and their representatives should sympathise with and assist their own class in such difficulties as confront us here to-day, and I may be forgiven if I express disappointment with the conduct of our friends in this respect. In other directions, however, they have done excellent work and deserve well of the people of Dublin. The meeting on Sunday last in O'Connell street was orderly not because it was addressed by members of the British Trades Congress and by Labour M.P.'s from England, but because there were no drunken police present to bludgeon and kick inoffensive citizens. The presence of our English visitors has had a salutary effect by restraining the outrageous conduct of the uniformed hooligans. The people in O'Connell st. on Sunday were as they are always in Dublin, sober, orderly and courteous. Yet I am creditably informed that it is the intention of the authorities to let the police loose again when they get the next excuse for doing so—and this time they are not to hit out indiscriminately—only those wearing the Red Hand badge are to be brained.

The love of fair play and the utter detestation of coercion and cowardice manifested by the British Trades Congress at Manchester, was re-echoed by the British public in Trafalgar Square, on Sunday last—while my friends in Dublin were holding their re-union in O'Connell Street: as I stood at the base of the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square and gazed out upon the surging crowds gathered within the spacious area surrounding the monument, I thought of the scene enacted in O'Connell Street on Sunday previous, when my Leader, disguised, stood there at the foot of the Nelson monument, a prisoner, helpless, while the police bludgeoned and battered people equally as helpless as he. A life and drum band playing God Save Ireland followed by an immense crowd of enthusiastic people recalled my wandering thoughts; this was followed by another crowd equally as large, bearing at its head the effigy of a Dublin policeman having in its hand a lantern upon which was inscribed the familiar words and warning "move on!" A brass band came next, as the multitudes poured into the square. The meeting called by our good friends of the London Trades Council, the British Socialist Party, the Labour Party and the Independent Labour Party was evidently going to be a huge success, and its protest against the Dublin police murders must have effect.

Amongst the many speakers were the following:—Messrs. J. E. Williams, B.S.P.; Fred Knee, Trades Council; T. Richardson, M.P., Labour Party; Alderman Davin, I.L.P.; A. Chetham, C.S.L.; ex-Inspector John Syme, John Stokes, Trades Council; Ben Tillet, Dockers; Dr. Marion Phillips, Women's Labour League; J. R. Penford, W. C. Anderson, I.L.P.; Jas. MacDonald, Trades Council; Rev. N. E. Egerton Swan, C.S.L.; Shaw D. Smoed, M. Leahy, N.U.R.; J. Watson, A.S.E.; Mrs. Charlaye, Tailor-esses; Ernest Bevan, Dockers; J. J. Terrett, Loveday, N.U.R.; Councillor W. Partridge, Dublin Trades Council, &c., &c., and the speeches delivered were unlike many of those listened to in O'Connell street on the same day—they were suitable to the occasion.

Through the courtesy of our English friends and the kindness of the Dublin Trades Council I was privileged to speak at this magnificent demonstration in London, and my explanation of the origin of the Dublin dispute was listened to with attention. My appeal to the British public

to boycott the produce of such manufacturers as Jacobs and others who had joined with Murphy in his unchristian effort to crush the only labour organisation the employers have found themselves unable to defeat in an industrial struggle was enthusiastically responded to, and at the conclusion of the meeting money was showered upon the platforms by those in the crowd, who realised that the sines of war are absolutely essential to success in the great struggle.

The representatives of the London Trades Council and the local branch of the Railway Servants' Society kindly undertook to collect the money so generously subscribed and to forward it to Dublin. That evening in company with my kind friends I visited Hyde Park, and was amused to find that the numerous orators for which this park is famous were, without exception, discussing the Dublin dispute and condemning the action of the authorities. That night I returned to Dublin, and on Monday morning I lay down to enjoy the only sleep I partook of since the Friday night previous—such is the life of the leaders who follow the tireless Jim! Before turning from the brief review of my flying visit to London I wish to express my grateful acknowledgments of the great kindness I received at the hands of Mr. Knee, of the London Trades Council, and his colleagues who vied with each other in making my short stay as pleasant as possible and who assured me of their anxiety to assist in whatever way possible towards making our struggle a success.

Thus with renewed vigour I return to the fight, only to find that the employers are playing once more the old conference trick—that of talking, talking, talking—while the funds of a union are being uselessly expended and the men engaged in the struggle weakened into submission. In the meantime the Government evidently undertakes to keep Jim out of the way while the flock is being ravished in the absence of the shepherd. Such is the situation. But the manhood of the movement must assert itself. Our fearless and invincible leader is not to be set aside by Murphy in the lying Liberal Government. No conference can settle the present difficulties unless Jim Larkin is a member of that conference. No one has a better knowledge of the entire situation; no one is better qualified to discuss the points at issue. If the employers are not to dictate to the men what union they must join, then the employers are not to decide who the representatives of the workers are to be. We are fighting for a great principle made holy by the blood of martyrs; we are fighting for liberty and justice. In the Courts we are charged with violation of the law by those who not only trampled upon the law, but violated the commandments of the Most High by the unjustifiable slaughter of innocent people. The shareholders of the Tramway Company against whose unjust conduct we are striving—sitting on the Bench as a Magistrate censures us for our conduct. And we are blamed for bringing the law into contempt. Which of us is calculated to bring the law into contempt, we who exercise our legal legitimate rights, or the police who perjure themselves; and the Magistrate who has shares in a company and gives a decision in case arising out of a dispute, in which as a shareholder he must be deeply interested and more deeply prejudiced. Then we are told that Larkin's sympathetic strikes must be condemned. I never knew Larkin to advocate sympathetic strikes, but I do know Larkin to refuse to work with black-legs, which is a natural and an entirely different thing to do. But then, talking of sympathetic strikes—what of sympathetic lock-outs, such as the present unholy compact entered into by the Dublin employers with Murphy—are they not to be condemned? My friends, we are able to win this struggle with the assistance of the organised workers the world over, of whose sympathy and support we are

assured. Jacob's biscuits will moulder in their boxes in the British Isles this week. The other local manufacturers will find their produce held up in every port and in every city, town and village in England, Scotland and Wales before this fight terminates. Our position becomes stronger as time advances. We look with confidence to the future and to the finish, but

to our leader, whose genius and tact has so far led us triumphantly, we turn affectionately in his present helpless position; we reiterate in him our undying confidence and express our determination to stand by him to the last, and to our opponents who would seduce us from our allegiance, we say—

Never while old Ireland's mountains lift their forehead to the sky—  
Never while her smiling valleys 'neath the bending Heavens lie!  
Never while her sparkling rivers to the broad Atlantic trend  
Shall we then renege our Leader—shall we then betray our friend,  
By God's help and with God's blessing we're with Larkin to the end!  
WILLIAM PATRICK PARTRIDGE.



### HIS MAJESTY IN BLUE.

A PANEGYRIC. By "Oscar."

Ye stalwart servants of the mighty Law,  
Ye whom I hold in reverence and awe,  
Come listen while I sound upon my lyre  
A theme that raiseth other people's ire.  
For I—and I'm no plebian of course—  
Have ever been a champion of the "Force,"  
While "Robust Robert" in his suit of blue  
Deserves some meed of praise from me  
and you.

I take a melancholy sort of pride  
Along our thoroughfares to see him stride;  
To watch those pond'rous footsteps fall in  
line,  
Of which each fifteen yards take thirty-  
nine;  
To hear his regulation footwear crash  
Upon the pavement that you'd think should  
smash  
Beneath his elephantine hob-nailed hoof,  
Of strength and might so eloquent a proof.

At night, forlorn, he trudges on his beat  
Incessantly along O'Connell street,  
With not a living soul to keep in tow  
Except the pigeons on the G.P.O.;  
And oftentime you'll hear him sing his  
song,  
Not boisterously, perhaps, not over strong—  
A muffled chorus deep down in his throat  
That tells the story of a famous goat.

His bravery is what I most admire  
To speak of which I never, never tire;  
I've seen him in a riot and, my word!  
These rowdy people certainly were  
stirred,  
For he can deal as well with grown-up men  
As those ragged urchins under ten—  
For when a man begins to chance  
To get at the feet of a policeman?

In Parnell street you'll meet him—dark or  
dark,  
Or round by Stonebatter towards the Park.  
In Corporation street his fearsome thud  
Affrighteth the small boys playing in the mud;  
He scares the idler with his lousy fist  
Who's quite forgot the D.M.P. mist.  
On, on he strides with measured beat and  
grim—  
No power in the land can equal him.

Don't Forget

Your Tobacco and "Irish Worker" can be had at

O'HARA'S,  
Tobacconist, Newsagent  
and Chandler,

74 BRIDE STREET  
(Corner of Wood St., convenient to Jacobs)

### CAUTION.

The Pillar House

81a HENRY ST., DUBLIN,

—IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE—

Bargains by Post.

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

Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repair  
A SPECIALITY.

### DUBLIN RIOTS.

GLASGOW TRADES COUNCIL AND  
POLICE ATTACK.

"That the Council protests against what appears to be on the face of it a most lawless and unwarranted attack upon the peaceable citizens at Dublin on Sunday, August 31st, and at St. Austell, Cornwall, on Monday, September 1st, by the police, and calls upon the Chief Secretary for Ireland and the Home Secretary for Great Britain immediately to institute a Committee of Inquiry into the conduct of the police at these places, and desires that such Committee shall include representatives of the Trades Union movement."

This resolution was moved at Glasgow Trades Council meeting by Mr. R. Charlton, the president.

Mr. Charles Ross seconded.  
The resolution was passed by a large majority.

It was agreed that copies be sent to the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Labour party, and members of Parliament.

### A.O.H. (Irish-American Alliance):

ST. FINBARR (CORK) DIVISION.  
At the usual weekly meeting of the Cork Division the following resolutions were ordered to be forwarded to the Press:—

"That we, the Cork Division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians (Irish-American Alliance) protest in the strongest possible manner against the savage and cruel use made by the British Government in Ireland of the Dublin and Royal Irish Constabulary to prevent the freedom of speech of the people of Ireland. That we also protest against the extreme brutality and savagery displayed by the hired assassins of the British Government in their murderous assaults upon the citizens of Dublin on Sunday, Aug. 31, 1913."

"That we further urge upon all Irish Nationalists the importance of adopting means to effectively defend themselves whenever attacked by our savage rulers."

"That we beg to inform the people of Cork, and the people of Middleton in particular, that the Board of Erin has no connection with our historic Order."

"That we protest against the Corporation employing any policeman as temporary rate collector, and beg to inform them that there are plenty of citizens available besides the ex-baton-men."

### Leicester No. 2 Branch.

At the monthly meeting of Leicester No. 2 Branch of the National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives, representing 3,861 members, it was unanimously resolved:—

"That we show our contempt and disgust at the brutal attack of the police in Dublin on innocent men, women and children, and ask that a speedy and open inquiry shall be held, and the persons responsible for such conduct shall be punished and dismissed the service, and hereby express its deepest sympathy with the victims of such outrageous conduct."

Kenna Brothers,  
Provision Market,

58 Lower Sheriff Street,  
Best Quality Goods.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH.



WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

Last week we drew attention to the high-handed tyrannical action of Messrs Jacobs towards their male and female workers. When the lock-out took place Jacobs had very little idea as to the number of organised women workers they employed, and great was their surprise to find that their unjust dismissal of three girls for wearing their trades union badge meant the locking-out of 30 women workers; but such was the case, and since then Jacobs have been persecuting large numbers of these locked-out women workers with post cards, Well, Jacobs may serve their clerks' time and save the money they are wasting over postage stamps (they will probably require all their half-pennies soon), because the workers have made up their minds, and their war-cry is "Badges up and no surrender."

Numerous letters from all parts of the United Kingdom in reference to Jacobs' treatment of the women workers have been sent to the Secretary of the Women Workers' Union, and I repeat one to show the sympathy that is extended to the locked out women workers.

"DEAR MADAM,—Many thanks for your letter of the 8th in reply to my card I wrote to ask you if the report was true with reference to the lock out of women and girls of Jacobs & Co., because I read a notice issued by that firm stating their reasons for dismissing their men, whilst they made no mention of the women workers. I shall boycott the firm as long as the women are out of work, and am enclosing you P.O. for 5s. for the women's locked-out fund.—Yours sincerely,

A.M.B." This letter breathes the spirit of determination of all the correspondence received concerning the brutal lock-out caused by Jacobs & Co.

Although there are 370 locked-out women and girls belonging to Jacobs' firm there are unfortunately some unprincipled women slaves who are acting as scabs for Jacobs. Among the number are CLARE FRISKY and NANNIE BYRNE, both living in Dean Swift's square and employed in the packing department. I am given to understand that these scabs stated they would die if their names appeared in the "Irish Worker." Jacobs and their scabs will doubtless wish they were not only dead, but dead and buried before this fight for freedom is finished.

As vindictive lock-outs seem to be the fashion at the present time, Cooper, Manager of Patterson's Match Factory, also took a notion that he would like to be fashionable. We are told that it is an expensive luxury to follow all fashions, and we promise Cooper faithfully that this lock-out is going to be the most expensive luxury he has indulged in for a very long time.

Within the last week this kind gentleman manager has held two meetings for his employees. I am given to understand that the workers were prevented from leaving the factory premises, and had to attend the meeting. Of course, this kind of thing is not coercion. Oh, dear, no, it is only Labour agitators who must be accused of coercion and illegal meetings. Sweating employers who use their power to coerce workers do all this in the interest of the workers. As Cooper told the sweating slaves in his employment when holding his coercion meetings, "they could all be like a large, happy family," and then he went on to tell them to start a Union of their own. Cooper received his answer there and then, and the answer he was given then is the answer he will be given for all time. The workers have a right to join what Union they like, and that right they are going to exercise in spite of all coercion, in spite of the employers' conspiracy—aye, and in spite of starvation and death.

Patterson's and their "Friendly Match" will receive short shrift if they persist in their present campaign against Irish girls. So long as women workers were content with drudgery, sweating, bad conditions, and ill treatment they were tolerated by the slave-drivers; but now that they know there is something better in life than semi-starvation, ending by the workhouse and the grave, and that that something can only be obtained through combination and organisation, they are to be persecuted and locked-out by the overbearing sweaters.

We are given to understand, and are greatly pleased to hear it, that the "Savoy Cafe," Grafton Street, is closing down. No more chocolate, therefore, less sweating for Irish girls, and less chocolate for Irish consumption. The Abbotsford Hotel, H-rcourt Street, is supplying the Scab Manager, M. Murty, with coal.

HARRISON'S, WESTMORELAND STREET AND HENRY STREET. Are doing their share to help the Tramway Scabs and William Martin Murphy to injure the Organised Workers. This firm cooks the meat for the scabs, and it is sent out in motor carts belonging to Chambers, of O'Connell Street, to the different tram depots. We would like to know if Johnny Brown, the Scotch Manager of Harrison's, pays his women workers overtime or going this work. This is the firm that also supplied soups, &c., to the Tramway men who attended the meeting at the Antient Concert Rooms.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION. (Head Office—Liberty Hall) Entrance Fee - 6d. and 3d. Contributions - rd. & 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.

Don't forget Sunday Evening Socials. Small Admittance.

Irish Dancing Wednesday and Friday Evenings.

All communications for this column to be addressed to—

"D.I." 1st Beresford place

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

The Irish Worker. EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, Sept. 13th, 1913.

The Law that Larkin Gets.

The "Polis" Court farce which was being played this week, with Jim Larkin as central figure, would put Ananias to blush, and almost drive the printers who set up Murphy's "Daily Aboliar" out on strike. Jim had the dubious pleasure of being very much in the close company of an assorted collection of "polis" narks since "Bloody Sunday."

There is little doubt but he must have felt that the limit had been reached when he was confronted by the bulbous-nosed beak on the Bench. This wart-hog endeavoured at the start of the scrap to lay down limitations for the hardy pair of legal punchers who were doing the honours for Jim by stating that he would shout "foul" should an attempt be made to aim a legal blow or kick at the pot-bellied narks. Hanna, K.C., responded with a beautiful bit of sparring, which effectually winded the beak. He asserted his positive right to kick, but or bite any nark who entered the swearing enclosure. The solicitude of the beak was accounted for when the dead mass of "polis" ignorance was pushed into the arena and left defenceless before the merciless Hanna. The holy name of God was invoked to witness truth emanating from the facial cavity of each nark in turn. A head nark, whose sibilant accent proclaimed that he came out of that "land of promise" which had the honour of producing Pierce Nagle, Wm. Martin Murphy, Beelzebub, and the North Cork Militia, seemed to raise Hanna's dander. The innocence of this super-cop was quite aboriginal, and would, undoubtedly deceive were it not for the sad fact that the hirsute tassels that protruded from his ear-holes betrayed him. The simple tale he told of "Bloody Sunday" had rather a fishy odour. "He marched his min up agin the mob, which foolishly fell agin the min's bateau and hurt themselves." Narks of varied rank and smell followed the well worn track into the swearing enclosure; each told of the woe endured at the hands of the Sackville street Sunday serenaders. At various intervals, the sullen-eyed beak grunted protests at the shrewd trusts of Jim's legal champions. His thirst at length having become positively unmanageable, or else his hard bitten inside raised in revolt at the "olla podrida" of nark's yarns he was being forced to swallow, he declared the scrap closed for the day. An application for Jim's admission to bail was promptly scouted. The next day witnessed a repetition of the previous scene. On Wednesday Mr. Handel Booth, M.P., entered the box and deposed to being an eye-witness to the programme. In his opinion the defenceless people were hemmed in like rats in a trap between lines of charging narks with drawn batons. This English iron-master's evidence was almost too much for the bloated beak, who eyed him surreptitiously from beneath sullen and lowering brows. A photographer followed suit and declared that the people showed no hostility towards the narks' brigade. The fore-gone conclusion of Jim's return for trial on the charges of treason, sedition, rioting and leading to robbery came as a matter of course. Bail being refused, Jim was hustled back to Mountjoy 'midst the exclamations of the humble people fervently out-poured on the heads of the narks and the reptile Liberal Government. The besotted intelligence of the force was well to the fore during the legal tango, and it is in keeping with the general tactics of our skulking masters that they push the ill-paid and over-zealous bludgeon men into the legal balking ring to stand the racket. It is up to us to drag the skulkers out into the light of day. Ross of Bladensburg, Dougherty, the ex-caron, and Aberdeen, of the weak-knee, are the persons responsible for the programme on "Bloody Sunday." The citizens of Dublin, who have no right in their own thoroughfares, and who are forced to pay 8d. in the £ to maintain a horde of porter-shifting narks for the purpose of cracking their skulls, are presently hurting shuddering curses on the inanimate Force which obeys the Castle bureaucrats. Mere curses will, however, prove unavailing—a united demand must be made for the recall of Aberdeen, and the dismissal of ex-parson Dougherty, and Ross of Bladensburg.

We hear that the Committee of the Dublin Printers are in grave doubts as to where the lock-out referred to by Thom's Chapel exists. We will tell them in the area from which W. M. Murphy

has sent them the letter, the contents of which they forgot to inform the trade. To our friends in Thom's and other Labour men in the trade we desire to return our thanks for their kind expressions. Meantime, the Committee need not trouble themselves. The Transport Union seek no support from scabs. We have discovered that some scoundrel personated Mr. Moore, the News-agent of Stonebatter, to whom we referred last week. Mr. Moore is one of the most loyal supporters of the men's cause, and we are exceedingly sorry that anything we wrote has occasioned him inconvenience. Collins, of Aungier street, and Gibney, of Mountjoy street, advise us that they have not touched the Murphyite rags since the dispute.

THE CAPITALISTS AND THE SCOURGE OF GOD.

A BOAST AND A WARNING.

The "Trusts" in Dublin. At a meeting of the Dublin Trust-owners held in the Chamber of Commerce to applaud Mr. William Murphy for his efforts to impose the rule of the Trusts on Ireland, Mr. Murphy delivered a speech in which he spoke of the impregnable position of the pampered capitalist in his struggle with Labour and of the insolence of the working man, in his squalor and hunger, attempting a vain defence against the attacks of Capital.

Mr. Murphy pretends that he is a good Catholic. How does his language fit in with the laws of the Church? His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. said: Mindful of the teachings of our Divine Saviour to the human race, We have uttered to the Catholic world some words of peace and love in the Ecological "Rerum Novarum," setting forth a sound basis (as all desire), on which to raise an equal order of things where by the old disputes between masters and workmen being ended, lasting peace may follow for human society.

Mr. Murphy flouts the teaching of the father of the Christian world. He spurns the appeal of the Pope for "an equal order of things." The workman must remain under Mr. Murphy's heel. In struggling against Mr. Murphy, the workman is only knocking his head against the golden wall that surrounds the great Trust magnate. The workman has no freedom and no choice. He must accept Mr. Murphy's terms or starve. The situation is a desperate one, and Mr. Murphy is candid enough to picture it in all its desperate reality. The capitalist is pampered with rich food and wines. He enjoys every luxury that is forbidden by the sixth and seventh commandments—and by the fifth. The workman's lot is a dry crust, and if the capitalist is minded to crush him, he may not have even that. The capitalist has his mansion with gilded walls, and soft carpets, with light and air—and green fields, and trees and flowers to gladden his eyes. The lot of the workman is to inhabit an unsanitary foul-smelling slum, sharing a room with another family or two, until the rickety tenement house falls, and closes their misery in death.

We thank Mr. Murphy for his picture of the capitalists' mansion and his meals and his golden wall—and for his companion picture of the cold, hungry, ill-clad working man, for whom there is— Nothing better than death, Nothing worse than life.

He reminds the workman that his lot is starvation. May the workman in turn remind him of what it all becomes him to forget? There is one thing that the millionaire, with all his ill-made gold, cannot escape. The hand of God is powerful to reach him and to scatter his riches.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, Yet they grind exceeding small. God so ordains that wealth cannot continue to accumulate from generation to generation. Look at the families of the great millionaires. There is no heir, or, if there is, he is generally an idiot or a cripple, or both. Bodily and mental disease seem the consequence of riches. The paralytic, the crippled, the consumptive, the mentally deficient are, when there is an heir at all, the legacies of inordinate wealth. Dying without issue, with none of their name or race to perpetuate the evil, their gold is scattered millions more. Often does the self-made millionaire himself see his family cut off, and his gold is to him then only as the miser's hoard. That is the way of Providence "to raise an equal order," where vain man seeks to disturb society with inequality and disorder.

The Jews of old had many portraits to warn them of the great evil they contemplated. The modern Shylocks boast that they feel secure as did the Sanhedrin in the support of the law, of the weak Governor, of the swords of the soldiers, and of the corruption and violence their gold can buy. If they will but open their eyes to the light they will see many signs that there is one vengeance they cannot escape—the Scourge of God.

Meantime, an inordinate and arrogant capitalist may cause untold evil. There is no gaudier Mr. Murphy's great wealth. He is the Tramway King of Dublin and of Cork, and would be the Tramway King of Ireland only for the sound sense of the people of Belfast. He barely escaped being the Electric Light King of the Capital, and is on the road to be the Electric Light King of Kingstown and other Irish towns as he is of some English towns. He is the representative in this country of the evil system of Trusts that has ruined so many homes across the Atlantic. His arrogant parade of his wealth at the Chamber of Commerce meeting and his picture of the workman, hapless like a crushed worm, shows

that he is as dangerous a type of the Trust magnate as any that the great Republic of the West is now painfully driving out.

The remedy is in the workman's own hands. He is not the helpless worm under the Trust heel that Mr. Murphy figures, and if Mr. Murphy's protecting wall of gold is, as he boasts, without warmth and without heart, the democracy of this great land will find a way to teach him that the precious metal has other qualities, too, and that the honest workman can beat it so fine that a puff of wind may blow it all away.

THE RED HAND.

With measured step and slow they walked, those men and women. Twice have they gone the same route, to pay their last respects to the men who died for them. Some of the mourners bear marks of the battle, if it could be so called, for it was the hired Cossacks of Dublin Castle had done these men to death—hired by Murphy who writes to the English papers to say that he is not hindered from motoring round Dublin every day. Such is justice in Ireland. Such is liberal friendship. The people are murdered and their leaders imprisoned, while at the very name of police the crowd run for their lives and the one man who has sworn he will break the will of the workers motors round and calls on Lord Aberdeen to consult with him how best to defeat the wishes of the people. Surely Don Juan de Acquilla was not very wrong when he asked "did Christ ever die for such a people."

But, oh, it is only the spirit of Christ that obtains. They have shown that it needed not tyranny to make them orderly, and the thousands which marched on the scene of the batoning seemed like the workers' resurrection. From the graves of their dead comrades the spirit of the workers has risen in a glorious resurrection to spread the light of Democracy throughout the land despite all that the Neros of the Castle can do to suppress it. At the bidding of Englishmen they allowed us on Sunday what they refused at the request of Irishmen. And this is the Government that is to give us freedom (?) Workers of Ireland! Citizens of Ireland! Look you not to others for what you must do. It is you that always fought the battles in '98, '48, '67. The workers and not the half aristocrats were in the fight, and what did you get—batons, and perhaps defeat. But not yet have they conquered you.

The tyrants have pretended a friendship they did not feel. Liberal in name, they have only been liberal in hangings and batonings. They were liberal when they hanged our countrymen in Manchester as they are liberal when they imprison one of their kinsmen now. Will you heed one lesson. Those who speak from the politician platform tell you that you must not embarrass the Liberals because you may endanger your chance to Home Rule. You must lie down to be battered; you must allow yourselves to be swatted; you must see your children go hungry to school and your wife in rags, while your employers roll in their motor cars.

They tell you you are endangering the prosperity of the country. Brothers, millions of money is lying idle in the banks while our kinsmen fly across the sea for the wherewithal to exist. What good is prosperity to the country if it means an increase in motor cars, money in the banks and an increase of sweated labour in the work-shops? We only seek a just share of the profits of our work. If our work enables our employers to buy motor cars, it should enable us to buy proper food for our children and provide decent homes to house them. We are not out to ruin employment, but we are out to get our just share of its profits.

The mongrel who refuses to join in the fight for our weals is a traitor to his country and to his class. We cannot have a happy country without a contented people, and we cannot have a contented people while the workers are underpaid and the money lying idle or buying motor cars, whoever refuses to help his brother worker in his fight for a decent wage is therefore a foe to his country, and should be treated as were the informers and the land-grabbers.

The badge of the worker is the bloody Red Hand. It has bled again during the past few weeks, but the blood has reseed us to the need of stopping our wounds. What matters to us whether we die as a result of a microbes bite or of a baton blow, but we must take precautions against both.

The Red Hand is the badge of the worker who is fighting for freedom. Under its command let us rally, and none can stay our onward march.

T.B. Na Fianna Éireann Irish National Boy Scouts DUBLIN DISTRICT COUNCIL.

Fianna Display, Fianna Aeridheacht, Fianna Pageant, By the Students of St. Enda's Will be held at Croydon Park, Fairview, On Sunday, Sept. 14th, 1913.

Tickets - Threepence Commencing at 3-30 p.m. Please Support Our Advertisers.

Open Letter to Jim Larkin from "The Irish Worker." Was Murphy Larkin?

DEAR JIM, Your performance at the Imperial Hotel on Sunday last was magnificent and not likely to be soon forgotten; but your impersonation of William Martin Murphy as president of the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, on the following day will surely live in history. Your denunciation of "Larkin" and "Larkinism" was fine; it could not have been better done by Murphy himself. It was well you began in that way, otherwise you never could have got home the fine thrusts you made afterwards without arousing suspicion as to your identity.

Even as it was, when you told the meeting that "the employers of Dublin had bred Larkinism by the neglect of their men," many of those present rubbed their eyes and wondrously asked themselves: Where were they? and I feared for a moment they would see through your disguise. However, they looked more at ease when you assured them that employers had nothing to fear from Trades Unionism—the good old-fashioned kind—which enabled them "in 99 cases out of 100" to starve the workers into submission, and how difficult it was for Larkin to get the workers to understand this. How you must have in-

variably chuckled on hearing that august assembly applauded what was really the case for the Transport and General Workers' Union and the newer Trades Unionism. Surely no worker after the testimony of this highly enlightened body can have any further doubt about the efficacy of the newer Trades Unionism and the utility of the old.

If the employers who attended that meeting have any sense of humour left they will give up talking about their superior intelligence, when they learn how badly they have been had. But who could have believed, however, that they could not realise that they were being duped, even when, as "a last parting shot" you told them to "go and examine their conscience as to how they were treating their workers." They were too dense. I rather think their much vaunted intelligence must be a negligible quantity, as those who attended that meeting don't know yet what to think of your speech.

One of the members was overheard remarking to another at the conclusion of the meeting:—"Was Murphy really in earnest, or was he larkin'?" Yours admirably, (RED HAND) DANIEL O'BRIEN

RANDOM NOTES.

By IRELAND'S EYE. Owing to the industrial unrest in the city and Larkin being in jail, many farmers in the County are showing a certain amount of bravado as to what they will do with their men if they remain members or join the Transport Union. A note shall be taken of these farming men and they shall be dealt with accordingly.

The following letter has been sent to the members of the County Dublin farmers' Association, viz:—"Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, Head Offices—Liberty Hall, Beresford Place, Dublin, 8th Sept., 1913.

"Mr. Reid, Secretary Farmers' Association, Bachelor's Walk. "DEAR SIR,—As many members of your Association evidently taking advantage of the present industrial disputes in the city, have disregarded the agreement arrived at between your Association and the above Union, I, on behalf of the Union, must request that the said agreement be observed.

"MICHAEL MULLEN, District Delegate. A very good picture of the labour meeting, which took place in O'Connell street on Sunday last, appeared in the "Freeman's Journal" of Monday, and at which many M.P.'s from the other side spoke. P. J. O'Neill, Esq., J.P., is given as having addressed the assembled multitude from a platform erected at the Parnell Monument. If P. J. O'Neill was there what a remarkable thing. If he was not there it just shows what reliance can be placed on anything appearing in the daily newspapers issued in the City of Dublin.

That some trouble at present exists on the farm of this opponent—a poor recompense for fighting the cause of the workers on the previous Sunday, as shown in the "Freeman" picture. That in the Town of Swords a certain "Savage" will insist on selling lying and obnoxious newspapers; but, as the abode of this "Savage" is frequented by R.I.C. men and some of the newly-appointed J.P.'s of the district, one need expect nothing better. However, workmen of Swords and the surrounding districts, give this particular spot a wide berth.

When looking at that vast body of men who were assembled in O'Connell street on last Sunday—orderly, sober, respectable, and well conducted—not a single note of discord amongst that vast throng, my mind went back to the previous Sunday, when, at the very same spot and at the very same hour, the police, those bloodthirsty villains, ruthlessly charged men, women, and children, and for what? Nothing, except to satisfy the rage of the Castle authorities because Larkin had escaped them, and had fulfilled his promise to appear in O'Connell street at a given time.

But fortunately an English M.P., who is a large employer, was looking on, and has placed on record his detestation of the action of the police on this occasion. I wish a few English M.P.'s were looking on at the cowardly and raffish conduct of the police when murdering poor Nolan and Byrne, whose funeral processions was a proof to a great many employers in the city that they are up against a rock in their endeavour to smash Larkin's Trade Union.

That some of the factors about Smithfield are getting very brave since Larkin went to goal. But, please God, Larkin will soon be out. A certain Hoyer, of Bolton street, would have it that his men should deliver oats in an affected area (Hunter, Ormond Quay), and when his men refused he took off his coat himself. Hoyer is a wise and a sadder man. He was soon down at Liberty Hall asking pardon. Now, why do men like Hoyer place themselves in such a humiliating position? If Hunter's have trouble with their men, why should Hoyer act the scab?

One day this week I dropped into the Police Courts to see how the case of trying Larkin was going. Well, up to that the remains of some of the respect for some policemen remained, but on hearing the amount of swearing that went on there, by inspectors, sergeants, and the common Bobby, my respect vanished. I have often heard it stated in the part of the country I come from that police would swear a lie through an iron pot; but after hearing them swearing in the Police Court on last Tuesday, I have come to the conclusion that they would swear a hole through a British man-of-war. And these are the men we are supposed to love, honour, and obey!

British Seafarers' Union. 212, B oomiela, 5th September, 1913. DEAR SIR,—At our weekly branch meeting held last evening, Mr. Joseph M'Kernan in the chair, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, and I was desired to forward it to you—

"This meeting desires to express its deep sympathy with those who have been bereaved and injured as a result of the brutal conduct of the police at Dublin, and calls upon the Government to immediately institute a committee of inquiry on which there shall be representatives of the Labour movement, so that the rights of free speech and public meeting be preserved, and such unwarrantable conduct exposed." Yours faithfully, E. SHINWELL, Sec. SHINWELL The Secretary, Irish Transport Workers' Union, Beresford Place, Dublin.

To the Editor of the "Irish Worker." Dublin, 9th Sept., '13. DEAR SIR,—Pending the inquiry into the conduct of the Dublin Police, and while they are, in public opinion, on remand (with officialdom as the bailies), charged with wilful murder and most offences of physical brutality, is it not possible that a body against whom those charges are alleged might also be practitioners of a mental type quite in consonance with the animal nature of which they have shown themselves so liberally endowed? And, therefore, in common justice, until the promised "inquiry" is held, should not the many persons convicted during the recent troubles, at the instigation of and on the evidence of the police, be released until the conduct of the latter is thoroughly investigated? Otherwise what guarantee has the law-abiding worker of immunity from conviction on the evidence of a "Force" whose standard of morality is no greater than the standard of education and intelligence which proclaims that 15 yards contain only 39 feet—I am, dear Sir, yours truly, SPECTEMUR AGENDO.

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NOTICE.

Voters' Lists.

ROTUNDA WARD. A night sitting will be held on Tuesday night next, between the hours of 7 and 9 o'clock, and every claimant who has received notice should not fail to attend.

Votes! Votes! Votes!

All persons who have received objections in the NORTH DOCK or MOUNTJOY WARDS are requested to call at Liberty Hall, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 10 p.m. No time to claim your vote.

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., 10 SOUTH WILLIAM STREET. 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.

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Support the Trades Unionist and secure a good fire. Not affected by the present crisis in the Coal Trade.

THE BOOT AND SHOE Co-Operative Society NO. 6 CORNMARKE, DUBLIN.

Fellow Citizens—We the members of the Boot and Shoe Trade Union in this city, have opened the above establishment for the manufacture and repairing of Boots and Shoes, with the object of improving our status as a Trade Union, and also to provide work for our members who are out of employment. Now, Citizens, we, as Trade Unionists, earnestly solicit your Support. The Way to Support Us is by having your footwear made or repaired with us, and in return for your support we guarantee the fullest satisfaction possible. Hand-Sewn Work a Speciality. All Work done under Trade Union Conditions.

Merchants' Quay Ward Notes.

"Liberty Boy" did not escape the batons of the uniformed ruffians that made inoffensive citizens the victims of their savagery on Sunday week; hence the non-appearance of the Notes in last week's issue.

May I ask the residents of the Ward in what city in the world, even in Russia, the home of Cossack brutality, could it happen or be permitted that neither age nor sex would escape the murderous attack of the drunken, infuriated thugs whose unnatural, unmanly, and bloodthirsty acts have aroused the indignation of the civilized world.

Have we lost our manhood? Is chivalry a byword, or can we repel the charge of cowardice against the men of the capital of our country that allowed even the decencies of life to be outraged by the scoundrels for whose upkeep we are heavily taxed to preserve the peace? Neither the babe, the delicate mother, nor the hoary head of the grandaunt escaped the blow of their truncheons. Even the objects of piety in the humble homes of the poor bear marks of their bigotry and ferocity.

And then we have the bungs of the Merchants' Quay Ward promoting testimonials to ex-members of this precious force.

Wobbling Woodcock, White, Clowry, Byrne, Vaughan, "Deadhead," and other bungs that are so anxious to show their gratitude to a member of a police force disgraced before the world.

Will "Wobbling" Woodcock attend the inquiry that is to be held regarding the conduct of the police on Sunday week and state how many bottles of whiskey were supplied by him to members of the force on that day?

"Liberty Boy" will be able to throw some light on this matter. During the police riots a window in the "Glas Pot" was smashed.

"Deadhead" has had the window repaired by a handy man. What have the trades unionists that frequent this drunksy to say for themselves?

Why support the mean wonderscript that runs the show? Where were all the "patriots" during the time the police were batoning the workers?

Have we had any protest by the "picturesque bromberg," Billy Field, M.P.? What has Billy to say regarding the indifference of the so-called Irish Party as to whether free speech or the right of combination were denied to the working classes of the city?

Why leave it to English M.P.'s to assert that right for the people of the capital of Ireland?

But Billy should remember that the reign of humbug is nearly at an end, and that a General Election will teach him and some of his colleagues a lesson they will not forget for a long time.

The gang of slum publicans, war-healers, wasters, ex-policemen, and porter sharks that compose the Merchants' Quay Branch of the U.I.L. have displayed great discretion in remaining silent regarding the police outrages.

They know that if they denounced the conduct of the police, the workers of the ward would see through their hypocrisy, and the police would be offended.

But what cowardice their inaction reveals?

The "light-weight" champion was in a hospitable mood on Monday night week. He entertained several members of the police for some hours, after their hard task of batoning some of his neighbours in the Dolphin's barn district.

The "Graball" of Guinness's brewery have not profited by my advice, and curbed their viciousness.

Tom Maloney not satisfied with grabbing a job on sports day, happens to be "chucker-out" in the Queen's, Saper in the Royal, and cadger round the Abbey Theatre.

The next graball is Joe Hanway, who works the lime-light in the "Gaiety" and "Royal," and I heard that he recently helped a bricklayer from 7 till 11 at night, for a shilling and his beer.

Tom Derkin is another of the greedy gang who works at night in the "Royal." This "Dandy Dick" should remember he is under a liberty boy's observation.

But a more extraordinary and grasping individual that any of these, has lately come under my notice. His name is Paddy Smith, he works in Gibbey's of O'Connell street, and lives in 38 Meath street, where the Murphys, who have their son and brother scabbing on the trams reside.

I shall deal with Paddy next week. LIBERTY BOY.

Please support our Advertisers.

Wexford Notes.

Law and order in Wexford. On Wednesday last, before the "decent fellow," as our new Resident Magistrate is called, a case was brought by Connolly, the scab, against two members of the Transport Union, named Callaghan and Lacy, for assault. Connolly himself swore that no assault took place, but that they were going to assault him when he knocked the two of them down, and as he actually confessed in Court to Mr. Healy, solicitor for Callaghan and Lacy, that he was a trained scrapper, we can well believe him. Hickey Head and Jim Roche would not say he was a boxer, but then of course imagination is medicine for a fool.

Callaghan and Lacy had a cross-summons against him for assault, and it was clearly proved in court that Lacy's head was very badly cut, and that Connolly kicked him on the ground, but it did not matter, "they were not scabs," and therefore not entitled to justice.

Result—Callaghan and Lacy bound to the peace. Connolly praised for his straightforward evidence from a prejudiced bench of interested capitalists.

It is not a bit of wonder that Mr. Healy said that it was plain to be seen that there was no use in bringing a case to that court. The moment a working-man enters the witness box he is asked, "Eh are you a member of the Transport Union?"

"Spread-the Light was up on Wednesday also, and got a character from the pealers as being one of the worst characters in town, and a common nuisance. Sorely, a very nice description of a man in public life. He was charged by Mr. Patrick Gaban, of Allen street, as being a source of continual annoyance to him and his sisters by knocking at the wall at night, kicking in the door, and using the most filthy language. In the face of all this the magistrates, although pretending to be very indignant over the matter, simply bound him to the peace for twelve months, himself in £20, and two sureties of £10 each.

The fight for the Franchise starts here on Friday next, and the Mollies are fighting with one another as to whether they should appear to uphold the objections they have made against working-men having votes. They are beginning to realise that they have gone a little too far already.

A letter appeared in last week's edition of the "Free Press" (probably written in Wickham's Drunkenery) condemning the action of the Transport Union in the recent stopping of the "Masia Reid." Might we suggest to the non-deplume to try and get the facts of the case before he starts writing about it. He winds up his anonymous epistle by asking the employers in Wexford to wage war on the Transport Union as in Dublin. "Let them try. The Transport Union is ready."

At a meeting of St. Patrick's Club on Tuesday night last, the following resolution was proposed by Patrick Clancy, T.C., seconded by Richard Corish, T.C., and passed in silence—

"That we tender our sincere sympathy to the relatives of our late Brothers Nolan and Byrne, who were so brutally murdered by the police in Dublin."

Prendergast, the anti-suffragist, was in great glee over Jim Larkin being arrested. He was seen to call in everybody that passed during the day of the arrest and told them about the matter, we wonder could he define the crime that Jim is arrested for, we can see him: do nothing only trying to lift the poor out of the misery which Prendergast and his class, would keep them in.

We noticed by the papers that the Wexford Corporation have protested against the action of the Cunard company withdrawing their services from Queenstown, they called a special meeting on Monday last, for the purpose of appointing delegates to go to Dublin in connection with the matter, when only six tarred up.

We have not noticed yet that the Harbour board have taken any action in the matter, but then of course, when they cannot look after the interests of their own harbour we could not expect them to look after Queenstown.

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PEMBROKE NOTES.

Mary of the Curling Knott wants "Mr. Nix to meet her in reference to her remark, 'Larkin should be shot' Mary, you have said so much about Larkin and others that you probably forget how you made use of the expression in Park view when in company with two ladies who reside in the Cottages. Joggle your memory, Mary. You'll find I'm right.

Mary, you say that I should practise what I preach, and "be a man." Well, let me tell you I have always worn the trousers (not disinfected either). There is a poor, unfortunate individual who resides in the same establishment, and wears he "a man" HA would wear the trousers, and not you.

Regarding statements which have been made in reference to you in those notes, your own friends have supplied them. They came from the "Gossipers' Club," in which I hear you will shortly be appointed as a paid servant.

You cannot deny that you have canvassed for members, and that you were the cause of at least one home having been broken up.

Mary, you have probably heard of the lady of notoriety known as Biddy Moriarty. I have heard many stories regarding her arguments. Mary, someone has whispered to me that you could give her a ton. No, Mary your little GAME won't come off. Now blow.

"Towser" Monks, the Suck and Scab, was not pleased with our reference. Well, "Towser" you are doing the work of two scabs. When you are using the pepper caster again for the Tram Co., be generous: Don't forget the Scallion-eater and his family. Oh, boys, "Twister," what a "suck" you are!

"Gummy" Allen is another of the scabs, and the "flower" of the rotten lot. "Gummy," what do you think of the horses boxes and cheap grant?

Skinny Joe Murtagh is filling in on the grub supplied by Murphy to the scabs, and is taking lessons nightly in baton-wielding in the Scabs' Home, and when the strike is over will again present himself at the depot in the Park for examination. I hope he will be broad enough next time, and a good riddance.

The daughters of some of the scabs are also taking lessons in the art of "courting" from the members of the "Chamber of Horrors" on duty at the Tram sheds. BEWARE!!

Fitzgerald, No. 1 of the seven who was kicked out of the force in connection with the Irishtown police scandal, is now scabbing on the Donnybrook line. What depths William "Murder" Murphy has descended to in his endeavour to "starve out" decent men?

A visit has been made by the police to the residences of the old men who received such cruel treatment at their hands on Saturday, August 30th. Big Fen was most sympathetic in his remarks. He was very sorry, etc., etc. A policeman would not hit an old man like you with a baton. It was the Ringed-people who knocked you down and kicked you.

Ben, there is a day of reckoning to come, when you and those associated with you in drink, debauchery, and murderous conduct, can not make lying excuses.

Ben, before you go you ought to pay for the shirts which you were supposed to purchase, but which you said you would take as a present, in lieu of issuing a summons, also the few shillings which you borrowed, and when asked to pay them, you said that you saved the persons who lent you the money, many a shilling, by not summoning them. Ben, pay up, you mean cur.

During the past week or so I have noticed many people who were present at the recent meeting held in support of the tramway men and who promised not to travel on the trams until the strike was settled.

"Jay-Jay" walks as far as Erne street and then enters a car and gets out at Abbey street.

"Scall About" is another who makes a practice of coming home on the second car from the market.

The above are two prominent hypocrites, who ought to enjoy the "boycott" that has been put on "Heyorth-o'-Tay" and the Bung who visits the Scab Barber.

Dardas, another "good thing," also travels by the trams. Dick, remember you will have to account for this in a little while.

Othens, I notice, when coming from the city alight near the Powerhouse and then walk to Ringend. Now those who act in this manner are worse scabs than the driver or conductor, and I will give their names should they do it again.

Overheard in a local pub-house—Enter General Boddred Jemmy on the lovin' honour tack.

"Are ye there, Mr. Crow? Mr. Crow, busy reading the 'Irish Worker,' does not reply. The General, getting excited, roars, 'Do ye hear, me, Mr. Crow?'"

"No," said the Jackdaw, looking up. "I am bothered, Jimmy." "Well," said the General, "if I had the twopence I wouldn't trouble you; but every Crow can crow on its own nest."

Exit the General.

We hear that "Jerry the Tramp" has gone on the beer. Is he getting it free on this occasion as he did before when he opened a beck in a certain public-house on Haddington road in his name for Backett's workmen, and after receiving money for drink he got for them he stuck them and the publican also.

We hear that—Whelan, teacher of drawing, employed at the Pembroke Technical Schools, on Tuesday gave a lecture on "Larkinism." He told the people that Larkin should be kicked out of Dublin. We wonder if this public servant has any orders from the Technical Committee to give such lectures. [Workers, remember January is coming.]

Leverett & Frye, Sandymount, are supplying the scabs in the Powerhouse with provisions, which are taken away in the D.U.T. sandcart. All trade unionists of the district should take note of such houses.

Jailbirds who are helping the Tramway Company:—M Cormack, "Waxes," six months and three months for wife-beating.

Fitzgerald, ex Constable D.M.P., dismissed from the force for seduction. Joseph Nolan, convicted of stealing brass and imprisoned in the beginning of the present year, and was never to be re-employed.

William Dunne, convicted of forgery in Dockrell's employment; practising for conductor. Nix.

CROYDON PARK CAPTURED.

It has now been publicly announced that Na Fianna Eirann (Irish National Boy Scouts) shall invade and hold the newly acquired territory of the I.T.W.U., Croydon Park, Fairview, on Sunday next, the 14th instant. The invasion, however, will be a "peaceful one," and will celebrate the fourth annual Fianna Festival. It is understood that admission may be gained by every citizen (except a member of the armed forces of the English occupation) on payment of threepence. A military display of camp life, first aid, semaphore signalling, and a march past will be part of this interesting event. The programme will also include a historical pageant of the "Fianna of Finn" by the students of St. Eada's College and an open-air concert. All the best Irish-Ireland talent will appear as usual, and in addition the Fianna have secured first-rate artistes who have not appeared on any other platform this season. We would like to point out to our readers that the National Boy Scouts' Organisation is doing splendid work in training our boys both in mind and physique, and is worthy of your support.

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THE DUBLIN CORPORATION MEETING.

A VISITOR'S VIEWS. Perhaps the most significant words spoken at the City Council meeting on Monday last were not reported in any of the newspapers. The omission was probably deliberate, because the words spoken by Councillor Murray in reference to Dr. M'Walter's proposal to provide legal assistance to secure justice for those citizens who were attacked by the police were a frank confession of the alliance between the police and the capitalists.

Councillor Murray wanted to know "why the Corporation should take sides in this dispute. If they as a Corporation were to provide legal aid for the injured workers on the one side why should they not also provide legal aid for the employers and the police on the other side?"

You stated the position exactly, Councillor Murray! The working class on the one side, the capitalists and the police on the other. Keep on saying it, Councillor, and you will earn the gratitude of future generations of toilers.

On a first visit to the Dublin Corporation what struck me was the "impartiality" of some of the leading Aldermen and Councillors. All those who are known as consistent enemies of the working class movement seemed anxious to emphasize their impartiality. Ireland, Cogan, Nugent, and several others (I don't know whether they are Councillors or Aldermen, so they will forgive me for not giving them the correct title which public men in this country are insistent upon) all claimed the virtue of impartiality—they take no side in the disputes at present raging. They are equally fond of Larkin as of Murphy. But "a God-is-good-and-the-devil-is-not-bad" attitude won't do in this struggle, gentlemen.

Experience has taught the working class that the men who claim to be impartial must be classed with the enemy.

Citizens of Dublin, you ought to be proud of your Lord Mayor. He's a daisy! To see him conduct a debate is an education in itself. "Talkin'" Sherlock, I understand, is his name. Sir, I humbly suggest your name to new Home Rule Parliament as Speaker of the House of Commons. I said SPEAKER! It would add to the gaiety of nations and the delight of the reporters to have you in the Speaker's Chair interpreting the speeches of each M.P. to the House as you did on Monday for the Corporation. Councillor Cogan, I am sure, was very thankful to you for spending two minutes of your valuable time in explaining what Cogan's five minutes' speech was all about. T.J.

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THE RAILWAY SUPPLY ASSOCIATION. To the Editor "Irish Worker."

198 Ladbroke Grove, London, W., Sept. 7th, 1913.

DEAR SIR,—I am enclosing for your information a copy of a notice we are exhibiting at our stores a copy of which has been sent to the affiliated Co-operative Stores, with a request to take similar action.—With every good wish for your success in the good fight, yours fraternally, For the Railway Supply Association, W. H. HAWKINS, General Secretary.

"NOTICE. Owing to the lock-out of their employees, and the refusal of the firm of the right of their workers to organize in the Trade Union of their choice, it has been decided to discontinue the sale of all goods manufactured by the firm of W. & R. Jacobs & Co., Ltd., Dublin, until the satisfactory termination of the dispute."

G.S. & W.R. Inchicore Works Employees, ALLIED TRADES' AND LABOUR COMMITTEE.

A special meeting of the above took place on Friday evening last, and a resolution pledging support to the tram men in the demand for better conditions, and asserting the right of every worker to join the trades union of his own choice without any interference from an employer, and endorsing the universal demand for an immediate enquiry into the conduct of the police on Saturday and Sunday, 3rd and 3rd August, was passed unanimously.

Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants PORTOBELLO BRANCH, No. 421; 28; High Street, Portobello, 8th September, 1913.

To the Editor "Irish Worker." DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by the members of this branch to convey to you their heartfelt sympathy and regret to the members and friends who lost their dear ones in the brutal attack by the Dublin police, trusting you will convey this message to them in their sad bereavement.

I am, Yours faithfully, CHARLES STRELING, Secretary.

Dublin Paviors' Society. To the Editor "Irish Worker." Trades Hall, Capel street, 3rd Sept., 1913.

At a special meeting of the above society, held on Tuesday, 2nd September, the President, A. Carberry in the chair. After a long discussion it was resolved to expel the paviors who continued work on the tramway system during the present dispute with non-union labourers. The paviors in question, who had only joined the society five weeks ago, demanded a guarantee of strike pay before they would cease work. Four paviors who were in the employment of Messrs. M'Comick in their yard at City quay struck work on Monday in sympathy with the men who were locked out.

D.U.T. Company Scabs—M. Crowley, P. Crowley, P. Weir, J. Weir, T. Kennedy, P. Kennedy, T. Campbell, J. Sheridan, J. Smith.

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Workers! Support the Old Reliable Post Warehouse. NOLAN'S Little Mary Street. The Olden Best Warehouse. Dublin.

GREAT MEETING IN BERESFORD PLACE.

ADDRESS BY KEIR HARDIE.

On Wednesday evening last a great demonstration, under the auspices of the Dublin Trades Council, was held in the Custom House Square, Beresford Place.

Mr. Thomas M'Partlin, President of the Council, presided, and in a brief address referred to the present crisis in the city of Dublin, and said in their action this week the employers were making the biggest mistake of their life. During the past few months they had been trying to drive a wedge between the skilled and unskilled workers of Dublin, but they failed, and failed miserably. They now thought to take one section and beat it, but the workers were all going to fight together. The skilled trades recognised that they could not stand together without the unskilled. That day they had laid one of their brothers to rest, and they were all sorry for the one, though they might never have met him. They felt the same sorrow as if he was living in the same house with themselves. That was why they were not so lighthearted as they might be. One was knocked down whom they might say was only in his youth—murdered on the streets of that city, but they must recollect that sacrifices would have to be made before they could be successful (applause). He called on Councillor O'Carroll to speak.

Councillor O'Carroll said it was hardly necessary at that hour of the day to remind them that that was a Transport Union Workers' fight. They would all now see that it was a fight for Irish organised Labour. If their minds went back to disputes in the various sections of their own trades they could see that they were treated to the very same methods that the Irish Transport Workers had been treated. During the progress of that dispute the employers of Dublin had given an object lesson to the working classes of that city. Though they had their lines of demarcation in the various industries, they recognised their cause was a common one, and if they succeeded in any measure in keeping the workers in check it would be due to their being organised into one solid body. The employers in the Building Federation in the city decided to link up with every other employer remotely connected with the trade. He then appealed to all who might not be members of a trade union to join at once, to attend their meetings, and conform to all the rules (applause).

The Chairman then introduced Mr. Keir Hardie, who received a tremendous ovation. Mr. Keir-Hardie said—Mr. Chairman and friends, I will do my best to respond to the invitation of the Chairman to address this vast gathering, but there are two reasons which may make it difficult. The first one is the size of the meeting itself. I am not so young as I used to be and my voice doesn't carry as it once did. But if the flesh is weak the spirit is willing (hear, hear), and I'll do my best. The second reason is this—that I have already delivered a speech this afternoon, and no Labour man believes in working double time (applause and laughter). I was tremendously impressed and heartened by the great demonstration on the streets and the universal display of public sympathy, as we conveyed to their last resting place the remains of our respected comrade James Nolan, and I'll ask you, good friends, to show your respect for his memory and your sympathy with his grief-stricken, heart-broken wife and children by standing uncovered for a few seconds. [Here the crowd uncovered for a few seconds.] Continuing, he said—I thank you, my friends. James Nolan is no longer with us in the body, but those of you who know a little of astronomy are aware that the light that comes from the stars takes a long time to reach earth. There is one star which can be seen in the firmament, and from the time the light leaves that star until it reaches your eye four thousand years elapse, and if by some great freak of nature could be extinguished four thousand years after it ceased to burn you would still be seeing its light. The American poet, Longfellow, took advantage of that fact to pen some beautiful moral. It was—

"When any good man dies, For years beyond our ken, The light he leaves behind him lies Across the paths of men." (Applause.) James Nolan has gone from our midst, but his influence remains and his martyrdom will inspire thousands of young men to follow in the path along which he trod (hear, hear). I see Jim Larkin's case has again been remanded until Monday. As the case is sub judice, it would be a breach of the law of the land to make any comments upon it; but I want to permit myself this one remark—that according to the evidence submitted thus far by the police witnesses there would not be sufficient justification at all for sending a man to gaol upon it, and it is a matter in which every citizen of Dublin, and of Ireland, for that matter, should have this interest—that the law courts of the land should not be brought into disrepute and reduced to ridicule by having such serious charges brought against a responsible Labour leader upon such flimsy evidence. I want to tell you a story. I am a Scotchman; but that is not the story (laughter). Scotchmen have no sense of humour, but you, being Irishmen, will see the point at once. I was told in America that there were old women were having tea

together one afternoon, and in the course of the talk one of them made reference to somebody's jubilee, and the other said, "What does a jubilee mean?" "I have often heard about a jubilee, but I don't know what the word means." "Well," said the old coloured lady who had used it, "it is like this. When you have been 25 years married that is your silver, and when you are fifty years married that is your golden wedding, and when your old man dies that is your jubilee (laughter)." Now, my friends, it is quite clear there was some confusion in the mind of the old lady about the meaning of words, and I tell you frankly that this same fact has more to do with the weakness of the labour movement than all the other causes put together. We get disputing and discussing about words, the meaning of which we don't always clearly understand. In the past, for example, there has been division between what is called skilled labour and unskilled labour. There is no such thing as unskilled labour (hear, hear). The very phrase is a contradiction in terms. I remember 39 years ago I was on strike in the coalpits in Scotland, and I wanted to leave the pits, and I thought that lumping pig iron at the Broomielaw mines in Glasgow was an unskilled job which I could do. I went there and got the job loading and unloading pig iron, and I found that my fingers suffered so much that I was glad to "chuck" it up before the day was out. Whether timber running or corn loading or any other form of work at the docks, whether working at the gasworks, whether carrying a hod up a building or making a railway, it is all skilled labour (hear, hear). And if you want to prove that invite the House of Lords to try their hands at the job (laughter). Well, now my friends the point I am coming to is this. The lesson that is being learned is that, whether labour is more skilled or less skilled it is labour, and every section of the working class have an interest in standing up for every other section when disputes are on (applause), and one of the things that gladden an old man's heart in coming to the city of Dublin on this mission is to see the way all grades of workers are standing one by the other (applause). The shop assistants are coming in. The clerks all over England, at least, are coming into the labour movement, they who used to stand aside as a kind of superior creation who would not stand beside the dockers and dirty cattle of that kind. But their landlord has been after them raising rents the same as yours. The price of food has been going up. They realise that after all though they do draw better than you that the struggle to live is just as hard for them as for the lowest paid worker amongst you (hear, hear) and the women are coming in. Friends very likely you don't know all that that means to this great movement of ours. So long as your women folk stood outside the labour movement were disorganised with no rights of citizenship, they were bound to be a drag keeping the whole movement down: You of course know by experience that when you have a large mass of unorganised and poorly paid labour in your midst that it drags down the whole of labour and us, to poverty. Why is Larkin so much feared by the employing classes in Dublin? I shall tell you. It is because he has got down to the foundation (applause) and the whole superstructure rises with the foundation, yes and the employers know it and William Martin Murphy knows it (hisses). It is all very well for him and for Jacob's to express their sympathy with the working classes and to say "oh yes, some employes don't treat their workmen fairly and don't give them sufficient pay. That is all very well but the one man and the one movement which has shown how to get better pay for the down trodden is Jim Larkin and his policy (applause). My friends they say they don't like Larkin's methods, very likely not. When you go down to a dentist with a bad tooth his methods are not very agreeable but you get the tooth out and then comes relief. Jim Larkin's methods are not those of the rose leaf or the kid gloves. He is a man with more heart than head as any good man the world has ever seen has been. He doesn't sit down and calculate and weigh up chances. He sees a wrong to be righted and by God Jim Larkin is going to do it (applause). Talk about the brutality of coercing people to join the union. Why my friends there was more brutality shown on the streets of Dublin by the armed forces of law and order (a voice "disorder") in one short hour on Saturday last, than has been shown by the Irish Transport Union workers in the two years of their existence. Talk about coercion! Have you read in the "Evening Telegraph" this evening, the reports of the investigation which your city commissioners are making into the conduct of the police. It was not simply that they bludgeoned people down on the streets, but they entered the homes of the people. There is one case given there which made my blood run cold when I read it. Some policemen forced themselves into a house where a mother, only a few days confined was in bed, with her seven days' old baby and these brutes in human form, assaulted the poor mother, dragged her out of bed and left the baby with a black eye. Men and women of Dublin where are your William Martin Murphys and your Quaker Jacob's to read of these things and by their silence condone them, whilst at the same time playing the pharisaical hypocrites part of denouncing Jim Larkin for fighting to have poverty swept from your midst. An attempt has been made by the Jacob's and the Martin Murphys to get a general lock-out proclaimed of all who are connected with the Transport Workers' Union, but I don't think such a thing

is possible. There must be employers of labour in Dublin, who are ashamed of the conditions of the working classes in the city. They don't perhaps like to pay higher wages, but if they are men of any experience at all, they know that in the end high wages and short hours pay the employer as well as the workman. When men are degraded and demoralised, by long hours of toil, low wages, and homes in those awful streets of yours, their physique is weakened, their spirit is broken and their self-respect reduced. If on the other hand men feel they are getting a reasonable wage, working a short working day and able to command a decent home where the wife and kiddies are well clad and well fed, the self-respect of the man and his increased strength enables him to give more work and better work than he did under the old conditions. Every enlightened employer of labour knows that to be the case and if my voice either through the press or otherwise, could reach the more enlightened section of the employers of labour in your great city, I would respectfully appeal to them not to allow themselves to be dragged at the heels of Martin Murphyism with all the poverty and moral and physical degradation which the continuation of the present system entails. Better a thousand times to take side with Jim Larkin in fighting for a cleaner city and a healthier and a happier race of people than try to break down the most potent agency for elevating the working classes which Ireland has yet produced. At the same time, my friends, it is just possible that a lock-out may take place. If that should unfortunately turn out to be the case, I am sure that in the present state of the working classes in Dublin every section of organised labour will stand by the locked-out men (applause) until they get back to work victorious. The employers say they don't like the Transport Workers' Union. Very likely they have no reason to love it; but that is not the point. You want the Transport Workers' Union. You have proved its advantages, and, therefore, you are not going to allow the employers to say what kind of trade union they will allow you to join. I'll tell you the kind of union they would like. A mothers' meeting sort of business, where all would meet and tell tales and blackball their neighbours, and never think of showing an ounce of courage. Men and women of Ireland, that is not the way you have been reared. Ireland is on the point of securing her rights as a nation. How has that been won? Was it by sitting down and waiting for good things to be given to you by your enemy? No; by organising, by going to prison by thousands, and your farmers being evicted. The rights of Ireland are being won as a result of the courage and devotion of the sons and daughters of Ireland for hundreds of years gone past. Wherever they have gone, to America, to Canada, or Australia, I have found that devotion by the names of the exiled Irish people. I heard them tell while tears of emotion filled their eyes of how they loved the "old country," how sorry they were to leave it, and how they piled their curses on the system of landlordism that had driven them forth from their much-loved green isle, Erin. The power of landlordism has been broken. Absentee landlordism has been wiped out, and now a new power for evil has grown up in our midst—the power of Capitalism. Here you have one man in Dublin owning your tramways, with shares in all kinds of public works, and that man is to you what the landlords of old were to your fathers. He has power over you. He said cynically the other day, at the Chamber of Commerce, that he would starve you into submission. My friends, most of us have served too long an apprenticeship to privation to be very much afraid of it. I remember in the old days, in the coal pits of Scotland, we could live six weeks on the smell of our oil flasks, and I expect you are pretty much in the same condition in Dublin. There is going to be no starvation in Dublin; but the Trade Union movement in Ireland will stand by you, and I believe, though I have no power to speak with authority, the Trade Union movement of Great Britain will stand by you. I know this, that the action of the movement with which I am most prominently identified in past years—the Socialist movement—will stand by you firmly. The point I am coming to is the fight your fathers had to fight to down Capitalism. (Applause.) I think I would not be doing my duty to you if I failed to say that you must not allow yourself to be scared by hearing people say that Socialism is the enemy of the working class. There are tens of thousands in Ireland, as there are in England and Scotland and Wales, who still believe that. They read it in their daily paper, they hear it from their politicians, and I regret to say they often hear it from the pulpit, where the Gospel of Jesus is supposed to be preached; but I who stand before you am, like many of my colleagues, a firm believer in the Christian religion, and I say to you, whether you remain Catholic or Protestant, it matters not to me. You are my comrades and members of my own class—[applause]—and I say to you that we never could have God's Kingdom upon earth until Socialism settles the working class question. [Applause.] Now, my friends, I have come amongst you not seeking anything from you. I am not here asking you money. I am not a politician asking your vote. Your applause, whilst it is gratifying, means nothing to me. I have been cheered to-night and I have been hooted on the morrow by the same people, but thirty years ago working in the pits I came to this conclusion that my class would never win freedom until it was strong enough to bring freedom for itself. I

have said to the working classes of Great Britain—Don't trust the party politicians, whether they call themselves Liberal or Tory; they are two names for the same thing. When there is a strike on there are no Liberals or Tories. They are all employers of Labour. When there is a strike on there is no political difference of opinion in regard to the workers. You then have to stand together as workers. When the time comes that the working class has learned to vote as solidly as you have learned to strike the day of Labour's emancipation is at hand. Meantime, men and women of Dublin, we are on the eve of what may turn out to be a grave crisis. If this lockout takes place you are not going to win by shouting but by loyally standing together as comrades and friends in a common cause [applause]. The battle is worth fighting. The battle is winning. The battle, whether lost or won, will mark a new departure in the industrial history of the Irish nation, and for all time coming friends, all classes and creeds of Irishmen will forget their religious differences which is not a concern of anyone but the individual himself, and will remember that they are Irishmen and Irishwomen, part and parcel of the great international working class movement which in every country under the sun is fighting its way upwards, a new power to battle against war, to battle against militarism, to battle against dreadnoughts, and fighting equally for the coming of the time which one day must come when the different races of the world will remember that first of all they are human beings, and instead of combatting and fighting one with the other they will co-operate together for the promotion of the common good [applause]. The only joy of my life is the joy of fighting for a great cause. I can never hope to see or benefit from the good things we are fighting for, but here are you, young men and women, beginning life. Surely, you are not content that things should remain as things have been, and even though, like James Nolan, you fall by the way, ere victory has come you will go hence with this consolation that as a result of your effort the children who are to come after you will have more for their inheritance than it has been yours to enjoy [applause]. Messrs. Nat Rimmer (N.U.R.) and P. T. Daly having spoken, the meeting, after giving hearty cheers for Jim Larkin and the labour movement, dispersed.

Correspondence

National Union of Life Assurance Agents. Durham and Northumberland Council. 54 Atherton street, Durham. September 5th, 1913. DEAR SIR—At the meeting of the above Council, held yesterday, it was unanimously decided that I be instructed to forward you the following protest:—"That this meeting of Assurance Agents protests against the brutal treatment meted out to the workers of Dublin, and regards it as a violation of the right of public meeting, and calls upon the Government to make a searching investigation into the actions of the police." I remain, on behalf of the above Council, yours fraternally, J. V. BIRKETT, Sec.

National Union of Railwaymen.

BROADSTONE BRANCH. The following resolution was passed at a meeting of the above:—Resolved—"That we, the members of the National Union of Railwaymen, Broadstone Branch, in meeting assembled, do and hereby enter our emphatic protest against the action of the Government in counselling such an outrageous onslaught on indefensible and defenceless people in the streets of Dublin on Sunday, 31st August, by the police; that we realise that it is no Larkin-Murphy fight, but an industrial "class" warfare between Capital and Labour; and hence, both morally and financially, we hereby agree to support the noble efforts of the tramwaymen now on strike and Labour generally in upholding the right of free speech and the right to live."

And be it further resolved—"That we do and hereby tender to the widow, relatives, and friends of the late James Nolan our sincerest and deepest sympathy with them in their sad bereavement, regretting that such a noble life with others have still to be sacrificed on the altar of time in this, the twentieth century, in defence of our national rights; and that, as a mark of respect, this meeting do now stand adjourned." Passed unanimously, all members standing uncovered.

The Amalgamated Society of Lithographic Printers.

To Mr. William O'Brien, Dublin Trades Council. DEAR SIR,—I am instructed to forward to you the undersigned resolution which was adopted at a special meeting of our branch on Monday evening last. Respectfully yours, T. J. LYNAM, Branch Secretary. Resolution:—"That this body of organised Trade Unionists in meeting assembled, hereby send their sympathy and fraternal greetings to the Tramway and other workers in Dublin who are rightly struggling for better conditions and wish them success in their efforts." "This meeting further protests most strongly against the brutality of the police on Sunday last, when over 400 people were injured, and calls upon the civic authorities of Dublin and the State Secretary for Ireland to hold a searching enquiry into the matter immediately."

Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

The following resolution was passed at a meeting of the Tyne Amalgamated Society of Engineers:—"That we, the members of the Tyne District Committee of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, express our strongest disapproval and condemnation of the action of the authorities in Dublin in having instructed the R.I.C. and Metropolitan Police-Force to break up an otherwise peaceful and orderly meeting and that we further express our bitter indignation and utter contempt for those officers who so ruthlessly and brutally murdered two, and bludgeoned many more of the class to which they themselves belong, and that we further extol the utterance of the Lord Mayor that he must "Saddle the right horse," and urge that he insist upon having an enquiry into the matter. Further, we congratulate the Irish Transport Workers upon the brave fight for Trade Unionism, and wish them success. We further extend our sympathy to the relations of our fellow workers who lost their lives."

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