

Who is it speaks of defeat? I tell you a cause that 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.

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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

How England Sacrificed Belgium.

By JAMES CONNOLLY.

It has often been remarked in Irish Nationalist circles that according to the current cant of the Parliamentary Party the interests of Ireland can always be best served out of Ireland. Scarcely it is on "the floor of the House" of Commons that Ireland must be fought for, sometimes it is on the platform in the United States, sometimes it is in election contests in England, and now it is on the battlefields of the Continent. It is always outside of Ireland that blows must be struck for Ireland, if we are to believe the official "leaders of the Irish Race."

It must surely be on some such principle of action that England is fighting for the neutrality of Belgium. According to all the British jingo Press, and still more according to the organs of the Irish Home Rule Imperialists, or Imperialist Home Rulers, Great Britain has entered into this war solely because of her burning zeal for the neutrality of Belgium. Only because of the danger to Belgian neutrality was the mighty heart of England moved to action, and only because she saw this precious thing in danger did England at last reluctantly draw the sword and enter the lists against the Germans. And here in Ireland we are tearfully appealed to, to consider the awesome spectacle of the conversion of England to ways of justice and chivalry, and so considering to rush to her aid and side by side with her army battle for the neutrality of Belgium.

But when we look around us all that we see tends to arouse the suspicion that England has simply made a catspaw of Belgium, has deliberately tempted Belgium from her neutrality, and having committed that brave little kingdom to the fight has cold-bloodedly left her towns, cities and territories to be defended by her own unaided efforts. Whilst howling long and loudly against the violation of the neutrality of Belgium England never sent as much as a corporal's guard to help to prevent it. Whilst the Belgian soldiers were pouring out their life-blood in torrents in an effort to stem the forces of the invader, whilst the harvest in Belgian fields was trodden under foot, Belgian industries destroyed and the population of Belgium driven from home and country, the armies of England were kept carefully out of Belgium, and that country left to stew in its own juice.

England and France cried out to the world that they were modern paladins of chivalry risking their all to save Belgium whilst all the time they were coolly devoting their every energy to the work of saving their own skins. All during the first month of Belgium's martyrdom England poured her Expeditionary Troops into France leaving Belgium to her fate. Belgium asked for troops to help defend her neutrality. England replied "We are sorry, we would like to send you some troops, but you see we have a pressing engagement elsewhere. But we will write some nice newspaper articles about you, and even if you do suffer just think how useful your sufferings will be to us in the preparation of speeches against Germany." That is all the satisfaction Belgium has got, or is likely to get—the satisfaction of serving England as a tortured animal under the hands of the vivisectionist serves science.

Antwerp in its last agony brings this fact out very clearly. Even the most thoughtless cannot be but struck by the manner in which the editorials of the English newspapers assure their readers that the sufferings of Antwerp will be another argument against Germany. They dwell so much upon this aspect of the situation that it is clearly seen that in their eyes the sufferings of the Belgian people count for little—the manner in which their sufferings can be exploited to England's advantage counts for much.

The English press now admits that before the bombardment commenced the Belgian authorities wished to evacuate the city in order that it might be spared. But the English insisted that Antwerp must fight on although, as they now admit, they were well aware that the forts would be powerless to hold out long enough to be relieved, and that the resistance would mean the destruction of the city.

A Naval Brigade of raw, untrained units was sent into Antwerp to deceive the people with the hope of British assist-

ance, and the Belgian people were driven on by England to the needless sacrifice of another city in order to provide another "horrible example" for the unctuous hypocrites of the British press to shed tears of ink over.

Now that Antwerp has fallen all the professional liars of the capitalist press assure us that it is of no importance to the Germans. By such a statement they only further prove the truth of what I have just written. They illustrate the cold-blooded determination of England to sacrifice Belgium, all Belgium, to save the precious skins of the Allies. If Antwerp is of no importance to Germany, then all the greater is the crime of those who forced the Belgians to resist the bombardment when they desired to evacuate the city.

If Belgium had contented herself with protesting against the passage of German troops through her territory she would now have all her fortresses and cities in her own hands, her soldiers would all be alive and in a position to act with effect when the war had exhausted both sides, none of her civilian population would have lost their lives, homes or domestic treasures, or be scattered as exiles on the charity of strangers, her foreign trade would not be lost by the paralysis of her domestic industry, and her neutrality and independence would be effectually maintained.

If in the fluctuations of the war the soil of Belgium became the scene of conflict both sides would have in their own interests kept aloof from any considerable town or city in the possession of large bodies of fresh Belgian troops, and would have avoided anything calculated to make fresh enemies for their own side.

Under such circumstances any conflict that would have taken place in Belgium between the Germans and the Allies would have been fought out in the open country, or around small villages whose inhabitants could easily have been sheltered in the large towns, and all the horrors to which Belgium has been subjected would have been unknown.

For all these horrors she has to thank her stupid governing class, and the wily, heartless English diplomacy that sacrificed Belgium in a quarrel not her own.

Will Ireland allow her sons to be sacrificed by the same unscrupulous power that English capitalism may rise by garrotting the civilisation and commerce of Europe? No, a thousand times no!

Mr. Redmond's Volunteers—the unpaid soldiers of England, scabbing on the British Army, doing for nothing what British soldiers require pay for doing—they may go though we doubt it, but no man to whom Ireland and Ireland's interests are dear will ever draw a sword or fire a shot in any quarrel of England's making until such time as such quarrel finds its venue in Ireland, is fought out on Ireland's own soil.

And when that day comes the swords will be drawn and the shots fired by Irishmen for Ireland, and for Freedom for all who work and live in Ireland.

D-O-I-G, PUP!

One of the many warrior journalists who preach fight and fighting, but who manage to sit at ease at home making a living writing about what other people do is a certain bribeless barrister named Doig (amongst the disrespectful spelt d-o-g), who usurps the editorial chair of the "Evening Mail." One would think that the editorial salary should be sufficient for one man, but Doig puts in some of his spare time blacklegging on some journalist by writing that hotch-potch of nonsense and lies, and letters written of himself by himself, known as the "causerie," for which he draws the sum of one guinea a column. We described him as bribeless, which is not strictly correct; he got one brief, only one and that one which no barrister in Dublin would touch, in the Stewart-Larkin case. If he got the job he was fitted for it would be posting up "Mail" placards or giving out handbills. He has spent a long time of late inciting others to enlist. A brilliant idea strikes us, Doig is over the minimum height, and not very old, why does not Doig enlist? Echo answers—Why?

What do you think of the Irish Now?



This is what they think of them in England. This sort of thing is being sold in Dublin. What is the Vigilance Committee doing?

No More Irish Humbug!

"For notwithstanding the mixture of races, the inter-communion of every kind brought about by the course of centuries, hatred of the English Government still subsists as a native passion in the mass of the Irish people." Ever since the hour of invasion this race of men has invariably desired that which their conquerors did not desire, detested that which they liked and liked that which they detested.

"This indomitable persistency, this faculty of preserving through centuries of miseries, the remembrance of lost liberty and of never despairing of a cause always defeated; always fatal to those who dared defend it, is perhaps the strangest and noblest example ever given by any Nation."

The words of the great French historian are a welcome tribute to the strength and intensity of Irish Nationality, as consoling in their way as the fiery words of Mitchell.

That is the manner nations true to themselves are esteemed and spoken of in the world. In this fateful time it is good to repeat and again repeat, even to weariness, such tributes and dwell long upon the reflections they arouse.

The cries of the hour are confusing, and the sights of the hour are strange. Despite the fact that the present recrudescence of barbarism can be traced only too plainly to commercial anti-gonism, we have been led to seek its origin in any other cause but that. It would be an uninteresting waste of time to recapitulate them, to examine them, to expose their stupid insincerity.

To every argument an equal argument is matched, so long as the root of the evil is ignored. Finally when all the partisans have exhausted their pleas, no Irishman or Irishwoman can adopt a wiser course than urging Ireland's claims and fighting Ireland's battle to the end. We shall claim general attention when we do this. We shall have a country when we do this. We shall enrich others and die for thrones that are not ours until we do this.

Viewed from the heavenly altitudes perhaps, the zeal of Saxon and Slav for the rights of smaller nations and anti-militarism has a certain nobility which enshrines their cool impertinence. But the laughter of hell rings louder. Aye, ye who hesitate, the truth will out even in the headlines of the London Press:—"Remarkable Outburst of Pat-

riotism; The Country Roused; The War Upon German Trade." Journalists speak round the fact, politicians obscure it, the English workers are discharged in thousands to swell the ranks of the British Army. Hunger is the new recruiting sergeant for the Nation of Cromwell and Drake and Nelson. The Irish fools, too, are duty to bleed. Promises are cheap, and human life is cheaper. At the menace of a German invasion all contending voices must be stilled.

Must they though? Recently that spirited journal, "Irish Freedom," published a suggestion in fervid prose. The writer wished to save England. The method advocated of instilling principles of Christian morality into the rulers and inhabitants of that amazing island was, briefly, to discharge a sufficient number of rifle barrels levelled at a sufficient number of British stomachs.

Breezy suggestions of the sort always provoke thought. Lo! the Kaiser and his hosts have already saved the souls and created a remarkable improvement in both the British and Russian Empires. Blessed be the peace maker.

Hereditary enemies are now friends, in the front rank of civilisation, champions of all the weak and all the oppressed. Grand, isn't it?

Another suggestion might be made, a useless suggestion to anyone who holds this country should be its own proprietor, that arguments about a change of masters are so much wasted time, that the time to work for Irish freedom is now, and that the height of folly consists in hailing an ideal as desirable just to turn one's back upon it the moment a serious difficulty arises. But the suggestion has its good points. The Germans, you know, are brutes, efficient barbarians. The "Free-man" says so, the "Independent" says so, the "Daily Mail" says so, and that settles it. We must save the Germans, soften them, teach them sense.

As the Germans, if victorious, are going to annex Ireland, Poland, Finland, Egypt, South Africa, Australia, Canada, India, France, Belgium, Russia, probably, but England never, we shan't be in the cold! We are always saving the world. Let us save Germany, too, when necessary, when the occasion comes. The "Daily Mail" of that date would be an invaluable ally, but the "Independent" would be so reserved and so impartial.

Pending such an opportunity of joining the ranks of the numerous saviours of numerous nations we would do well to be concerned for Ireland alone. Less talk, insincere in every case upon an Imperialist's lips, about the admirable honour and courage of Belgium. No truce with Irish humbug.

It is high time to startle the dangerous nuisances who won't stand out boldly for Ireland, afraid, forsooth, of endangering Home Rule, as they try to crush out every independent movement which dares to go further, to rise above their miserable conception of politics. Strange revenge of time! Yesterday, "Home Rule" before any foolish talk about the rights of Labour. To-day "Home Rule" before any foolish talk about the rights of Ireland. Many honest Parliamentarians were not deceived by the former cant.

Let them not be misled by the present cant. Let them have the moral courage to march onward with those who would go further. Grovelling before Carson's menaces and using vulgar abuse towards Sinn Feiners, Larkinites and "advanced" Nationalists is assuredly not the summit of political sagacity.

It is never wise to crawl before an enemy. The stage-Irishmen in Westminster have been too much given to such an exercise. "Ireland has given her best," said a great English statesman. "We have given her our worst in return." Mr. Wilfred Blunt, an Englishman, who devoted himself to the cause of Egypt, used words well worth recalling concerning Irish professions of loyalty to England. "Injured nations," he wrote in his "Land War in Ireland," "cannot so entirely forgive their enemies without losing something of their virility, and it grates upon me to hear leader after leader of the Parliamentary Party declaring, without shame, that Home Rule when it is won for Ireland is to be used as a weapon of offence in England's hands against the freedom of the world elsewhere."

Even though the modest political measure so long delayed, so little understood, so shamelessly endangered, so cruelly mutilated has not been granted us, although it required a European War to place it upon the Statute Book, the reproach has an application to-day—may, it has a sting.

Should it be carried, Irish Nationalism will indeed be bankrupt; Irish patriotism will indeed be a lying sham; justly will the Irish Nation deserve the contempt of mankind when the smoke has floated from the battlefields for things to be seen in a normal aspect.

Place the question squarely before the people. Why should we be assumed to have no country alone amongst all the nations throughout the wide earth? Why should we pretend to love a flag and empire we have good reason to hate and distrust? Why should we not step bravely out upon the straight path?

Up with the inspiring cry: "England, do you want our respect and neutrality, make an honourable and generous peace, the peace you would have made long since had we been twenty millions strong upon our native soil, had Providence placed us between the Continent and you. But whatever you may do, we shall go on to the end!"

No faltering! Irish honour, Irish courage, Irish intelligence have a wide field for their activities. No European nation, England least of all, has any claim upon Irish energies and sympathies. Europe has been blind to our ordeals and deaf to our cries for many a decade. To us reparation is due. We owe no fighting men to any land.

free. Ireland shall save Ireland in the end. As a minimum demand, the same political rights as enjoyed by Australia, Canada, and South Africa, or else—!" GRANUAILE.

HYPOCRISY.

By SIDNEY ARNOLD.

There are many obstacles on the road to truth and progress, but one of the greatest is hypocrisy. Rampart wickedness, naked and unashamed, is not more harmful than the smug, self-conscious righteousness which lives in the blessed obscurity of its own superiority. Satan has had many sins gathered on to him, but his most inveterate enemy cannot accuse him of double dealing, with him, at least, we know where we are.

Every one admits the English are past masters in deception and the art of throwing dust in the world's eyes. We know they suffer from mental myopia—where their own shortcomings are concerned—and that the gospel of the beam and the mote might have been especially preached for them; yet never have they mauled in such a orgie of hypocrisy, as since the outbreak of the present war. How they roll their eyes and call the wrath of Heaven on the Germans, for the destruction of Louvain and Rheims. No words are hard enough to denounce the alleged atrocities, "We would be almost inclined to believe in the genuineness of the horror, were it not that Irish history and the still more eloquent history written on every ruined Church in Ireland bears silent, yet eloquent testimony to their own methods of warfare.

Have the priests who give their benediction to Asquith and Redmond in their existing campaign ever heard of priest-hunting or priest holes? Do they forget the atrocities, not done in open warfare as at present, but in cold blood, in the name of religion in order to impose an alien faith on an unwilling people? That was also a righteous war no doubt, is it to be commuted to England for righteousness that she desolated Ireland, hunted her priests, banished the natives to hell or Connaught and reduced the population in a hundred years to less than half?

But now, forsooth, the Irish are told to forgive and forget; let bygones be bygones. How convenient, how inglorious. Unfortunately

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

These injuries were written in blood and only by blood can they be wiped out. Solomon, the wisest of men, tells us: "The thing that has been is the thing that shall be . . . and there is no new thing under the sun." Solomon knew. The leopard cannot change his spots.

If there is one form of hypocrisy which, more than another, cries to Heaven for vengeance it is the plausibility of the would-be charitable. Well may Chesterton sum up charity as "giving away the things we do not want—from advice to old boots."

How often do we hear wealthy ladies and gent'lemen boast of the number of charitable organisations to which they belong. They positively ooze righteousness as they enumerate their arduous exertions for the poor—the deserving poor *bien entendu*. It sends a virtuous glow all over them to talk glibly of the coal fund, the boot club, the baby club, the penny dinners, the halfpenny breakfasts, and all the foul machinery necessary to supplement the workers' meagre income. In the next breath they mendaciously add, "but the poor are so ungrateful, so thrifless, it's really waste of time doing anything for that class, one gets no thanks!" They place the whole thing on a business basis entirely, a debt and credit account: to so much charity given—to so much gratitude received. Unctuous hypocrites! Does it never strike them that the whole miserable neturite of "charities" is an open confession of the failure of civilisation and the strongest argument in favour of Socialism?

Can they not see, or do they not want to see the incongruity of a system which works a man for the best years of his life for a wage which barely sustains existence leaving no margin for sickness

Not the auctioneer's hammer of John Redmond, but the sledge-hammer of Jim Larkin, say we. No more Irish humbug! What we said in time of peace, we say also in time of war, "Ireland shall be

or old age, and their own comfortable... Show tells us he never gives charity... for the simple reason that he objects to the relationship it sets up between himself and the recipients—superiority on the one hand, inferiority on the other.

All Roads Lead to CROYDON PARK SUNDAY, October 18th, 1914.

Grand Carnival And Display by Citizen Army. Attack on an Irish Emigrant Caravan by Indians. Rescue by American Army.

JIM LARKIN WILL DELIVER Farewell Address.

Presentation to Jim from Trades Council, Fireworks Display. To conclude with a real Irish Ceilidh in Large Tent. Doors open from 2 o'clock. Refreshments on Sale.

Adults, 6d.; Children, 2d. Rifle Range, 200 yards long, open all day. All Irishmen, Women and Children are invited.

Remember, Irish-born man, if you're to Ireland true, we heed not race, nor creed, nor clan, we've hearts and hands for you.—Davis

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 news-agent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

DUBLIN, Sat., Oct. 17th, 1914.

REDMOND EATS HIS OWN VOMIT.

A FEW weeks ago in this city Redmond stated definitely that he required every Nationalist able to bear arms to join the English Army and fight for the Empire. In the British House of Commons on September 15th he said he and his colleagues and all those who followed his Party would be dishonoured if Irish men did not do their duty and get into the firing line and defend the Empire.

Forward! Forward! Forward!

Independent Labour Party of Ireland.

Countess Markievicz lectures on "The War and the People" in the Trades Hall, Capel street, on Sunday, at 8 p.m. James Connolly will also speak.

Irish Women Workers' Co-operative Society, Liberty Hall.

The Workers' Own Industry.

OWNED AND CONTROLLED BY THE WOMEN WORKERS.

WORKERS!

By supporting this industry you support yourselves. Come and order at once. We make for Children, Women and Men.

men joining the English Army, let us quote one of the £400 pounders—Crumley, M.P. for Fermanagh. This Crumley is not a Sinn Féiner, Socialist, or Labour man. He is a Farmer Auctioneer and gambler man, and one of Redmond's automaton Speakers at Arney, County Fermanagh, he said:—

"It had been agreed to by Mr. Redmond, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Devlin. Lord Kitchener had sent for these three gentlemen and told them that if Mr. Redmond would give him 12,000 or 15,000 men from the Southwest and Midlands of Ireland he would thank them from the bottom of his heart. He said he wanted a lot of Irish soldiers for his army because they knew how to fight and went into battle in a Christian manner."

But what changes my countrymen has come on the scene within a few days. This gentleman who talked of dishonour, duty, etc., in the English House of Commons has swallowed his own vomit, and now we have the spectacle of the perambulating political show meeting in the House of Shame, Dawson street. John E. Redmond in the chair; where we are informed a Manifesto to the Nation was compiled, a report of which appears in Ishbel's organ—the traitor's Journal, the "Freeman"—and lo! and what a surprise: the Union Jack flag wavers, the singers of "God Save the King," the Boys of the bull dog breed, who pour forth their soul in the words of Ireland's National anthem "Rule Britannia." Instead of continuing their recruiting appeal actually have the audacity to pen the following:—

CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL VOLUNTEERS.

The objects of the Volunteers shall be to train, equip and arm a Volunteer force for the defence of Ireland and the advancement and preservation of Irish rights and the maintenance of Irish National self-government.

In the name of all that is truthful and honest, do these creatures think the Irish people are all knaves and fools, like unto themselves? We repeat, either Redmond was right or wrong in the English House of Commons, the House of Shame Dawson street, in saying every volunteer, nay further that every Irishman should volunteer to fight for the Empire. If they fight for the Empire they fight against Ireland and the advancement and preservation of Irish rights. We have no national self-government to maintain as yet—that will depend upon men. You cannot maintain national self-government until you are able to exercise the powers of government. The only power on earth that has interfered with and denied Irish rights for the last seven years are Redmond's paymasters, the English Government; therefore, our enemy—our only enemy—is the English Government.

Anything that will weaken or disarm that Government it is the duty of Irish Volunteers to do. The only Government that tried to prevent Ireland arming, was the English Government; the only Government that ever interfered or will ever interfere with Ireland's advancement is England, and the only power England ever relied on in Ireland was the traitorous knaves of Irishmen, who, like these of the Irish Parliamentary Party, were not only willing to sell their country, but whose only regret is that they have but one country to sell, and the dishonest knaves finding out that the country was taking them at their own valuation, i.e., as paid recruiting agents and tools for England, try to retrace their steps, and in their lying and dishonest Manifesto are again trying to induce the people to give them their confidence. We affirm, that the proposed Constitution for the Ancient Order of Hypocrites A.O.H. (Asquith's only Hope) Board of Erin Volunteers, was drafted to deceive and is a lie on the face of it, and the creature who did not know the difference between a Brigade and a Corps is a fit and proper person to be Commander-in-Chief of the Heroes of Parnell Square! but he is not to be allowed to dissect the corpse of "Caithlin-Ni-Houlihan," and we read in a Dublin paper which has maintained a sound position in this crisis, a statement that Ireland does not want to throw over Redmond and his Party. That is begging the question. Redmond and his Party threw over Ireland: shamed and disgraced the name of Irishmen the world over. They accepted the price of the betrayal and their only means of reparation if to follow the example of their predecessor go out and buy a rope. Their own conscience has found them guilty. Where was Redmond last Sunday? If it is true he has got all that Ireland demands; if it is true Home Rule is on the Statute Book—a statement which is, of course, a palpable lie—no Bill ever passed the British House of Commons bearing that title. The name of the abortion is the Government of Ireland Bill, but we repeat if it were true that England had repented the crime of centuries and granted Ireland a Home Rule Bill, the place to celebrate the achievement was in the shade of Parnell's Statue, and yet the Leader (moraysh!) of the Irish Race at home and abroad dare not face the people of Dublin, and had to slink away with his paid perambulating political party to Waterford. No, the truth is, Ireland disowns her unworthy sons, who are still by England unprized until they learn to betray. No, Redmond tried to sell a country and its cause. What he achieved was to sell himself and a faction to dishonour and disgrace. We can now afford to let the memory of Sadlier and Keogh rest in well-merited oblivion. We have more dastardly and unscrupulous creatures to hold up to odium and act as a warning to future generations, and their name is Redmond and his Party.

Catholic Truth Conference, Mansion House.

The following is reported to have fallen from the lips of His Eminence Cardinal Logue, in returning thanks—He was delighted with Father Nolan emphasising that terrible want of Catholic Chaplains for the soldiers who were fighting the battles of the country in this terrible war. "I don't believe," said His Eminence, "there is any use in having Catholic chaplains in the hospitals in France. I believe there is a formula to be signed by a soldier before he can have a priest in the hospital, and I believe that formula is devised to deprive the Catholic soldiers from receiving the Last Sacraments from the chaplains." (cries of "Shame.") [What about "Your King and Country needs you" to fight for Catholic France? Who do you believe—the new convert, the Earl of Meath, or His Eminence Cardinal Logue?]

We would have thought Bishop Keating of Nottingham would have dealt with problems confronting the Catholic Church in his diocese, or even outside it. And surely those who know Nottingham and district will admit there are grave moral and social evils to be dealt with there. But no, the Irish Catholic Truth Societies' Conferences are now called to enunciate concocted English untruths to appeal for recruits in Ireland to take the position refused by an Englishman from Nottingham. The English patriot in Nottingham is wise enough to stop at home employing girls at sweating wages at work captured from German and Austrian Catholics, while an English Catholic Bishop is over in Ireland trying to induce unthinking Irish youths to take the English patriots' places in the line of fire. We have had a bitter experience of English Catholic Bishops in Ireland for the past 700 years, and some Catholics in Ireland are of the opinion that they don't need any instructions in Catholicism from any Englishman, Bishop or otherwise.

Our correspondents must have mercy on us and grant forgiveness. Our pages are not elastic, as the German would say: The ghost is willing but the paper won't stretch. The article dealing with Loran Sherlock will be printed when the writer gives his or her name in confidence. The Editor would like to meet all correspondents on Sunday night, say about seven o'clock, in Croydon Park to have a talk over the future. Poets who have not had their mental lays printed as yet must wear their hair. Time will cure any disease or—Opposite article will appear next week.

Ourselves and the Volunteers.

We print, hereunder, the invitation to the Parnell demonstration on Sunday last, which was sent to us by the Provisional Committee of the Irish Volunteers. We are publishing this document in order to remove from the minds of the public any doubt that may exist as to our position. We do not wish to have it thought that we attempted to force ourselves on the Volunteer movement, and any "mistake" that may have occurred was not ours. We attended Sunday's demonstration in Parnell Square having received the official invitation:—

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS, Headquarters, 41 Kildare St., Dublin, October 8th, 1914.

DEAR SIR—The Provisional Committee of the Irish Volunteers, has decided to commemorate the anniversary of the death of Charles Stewart Parnell, by a mobilisation of the Dublin Battalions and a procession to the grave in Glasnevin cemetery, starting at 12 noon, to be followed by a public meeting in Parnell Square at 2 p.m.

The Chairman and members of the Provisional Committee feel that your presence, as a speaker, at the public meeting would be invaluable to its success as a demonstration of the national opinion of the country, and of the fidelity of Ireland to the principles laid down by her late Leader.

The Committee desires to apologise for the shortness of the notice, and to request that owing to the urgency of the matter you will let them know at the earliest possible moment whether they may count upon your assistance and support.—Yours faithfully, EOIN MACNEILL, Chairman, Prov. Com. H. J. JUDGE, Hon. Sec., Dublin Co. Board.

John E. Redmond, we are told by the English Press, has boasted the Union Jack over his residence. Well, as one who saw same, permit me to say more, from information received while touring round that quarter this year. I found the Union Jack flying over the house, which is in the centre of the hills. I asked an old man whom I passed on the road the meaning of the flag that was flying. "Well, my dear young man," he said, "this will be news to bring back to Dublin. That flag was flying over that house long before Redmond came to live there. It was used as a military barracks during 1865 and 1867." He has forfeited the confidence of the people round that part of Co. Wicklow with his recent speech.

Crowds of Irishmen have fled from Ireland, many, no doubt, driven by want to seek for bread, but many, too, induced by love of a venture or lured by dreams of wealth, not destined to be realised. Your native land is the home destined for you by Providence, and here, with the true spirit of a patriot, should you labour and live as men, have a share in every movement that makes for the uplifting and well-being of your country. Learn its language, cultivate its music, cherish its traditions, use its products and promote its manufactures. In doing all this you discharge a sacred duty."

A lesson worth following, lured by dreams of wealth, not destined to be realised, Home Rule. We have not tasted it yet. Why, then, should we help and fight for England? In conclusion, I would appeal to Irishmen, Volunteers, Citizen Army, and other organisations, to remember Wexford, Vinegar Hill. It was drink that beat us there. Last Sunday night when the Redmondite section walked down or, I should say, with your permission, Mr. Editor, staggered down, Harcourt street, with a drunken piper by the name of O'Donnell (who has a son a piper in the Scottish Borders, who are well known to us in Dublin) it would be a disgrace to be identified with such trash. The words of the song "The Boys of Wexford," came vividly to my mind. "It was drink that brought us down."

MILITIA BALLOT ACT.

As go to Press we have just heard that the Militia Ballot Act is to be put in force at once. The printed matter is, we learn, awaiting issue and lies ready printed at Dublin Castle. It is to apply to Great Britain and Ireland, and we understand an attempt is being made to have it applied to the British Empire. The little game is worked by Kitchener of Denishaw fame. We wonder did he say: "Thank you very much" to Judas Empire Redmond for his help in the game? We have said, and we repeat, it is better to die fighting in Ireland for Ireland than in France or Belgium fighting for Ireland's ancient foe.

At a Committee meeting held in Liberty Hall on the 13th inst., it was proposed by Mr. Thomas Foran, President, and seconded by Joseph O'Neill, Delegate of the Markets Section of the Union, to tender a vote of condolence to our comrade, Mr. John Rogers and family, of No. 5 Chancery Street. "That we, the members of No. 1 Branch of the Union, tender to him and his family in their sorrow our deepest sympathy and regret at the loss he has sustained in the death of his son, Patrick Rogers, late of the Irish Guards, who fell at the Battle of Aisne, France. He was a true and staunch member of the Union, and a Loyal Comrade to all who knew him. He sleeps far from old Ireland. May he rest in peace."

IRELAND AND THE WAR.

THE POSITION OF THE NATION.

On Monday evening in the Antient Concert Rooms a mass meeting was held under the auspices of the Irish Neutrality League. The demonstration was principally intended to act as a set off to Mr. John Redmond's recent recruiting meeting in the Mansion House, and to define the position of Ireland in relation to the present European war. When the proceedings opened the building was filled to overflowing by an enthusiastic gathering. Mr. James Connolly took the chair amidst applause, and was accompanied on the platform by Mr. Arthur Griffith (Editor "Sinn Féin"), Mr. William O'Brien (President Dublin Trades Council), Mr. John T. Kelly, T.C.; Mr. J. J. Scollon (A.O.H., I.A.A.), Major John MacBride, Mr. Sean Milroy, ex-Arthur Macken, and the Countess Markievicz.

Mr. Connolly, in his opening address, explained that they were met together to launch a campaign which he thought would prove historic in the annals of this country. He had with him on the platform men drawn from all classes. There were labour men there, and men who by no stretch of the imagination could be called labour men. They had Home Rulers and Republicans, Socialists and Sinn Féiners (applause). They had members of the same section of the Volunteers, members of the Citizen Army (applause), and representatives of Cumann na mBan, Inghinidhe na hEireann, and the various Franchise Leagues in Ireland. All of these represented ideals that were strangely different and ideas of the future that were strangely lost. They represented many diverse ideas that for the time being were relinquished, so that they could come together on a common platform. But having mentioned the things they disagreed on, he would now turn to the one thing upon which they all agreed, namely, that the interests of Ireland were more dear to them than the interests of the British Empire (loud applause). They wanted to emphasise the fact that the enemies of England were not necessarily the enemies of Ireland. It was their duty to gather together the forces in Ireland so that they might place their country in the position it ought to occupy—a position of neutrality (applause). Having acquired the force, it was their duty to arrive at a conception of this question, and that conception was not likely to be of concern to the British Empire. They were now gathered together to emphasise the fact that their duty was to Ireland and to Ireland only (cheers). In doing so they would, of course, be accused of all sorts of motives. Mr. Redmond (groans) told them that it was their duty as Irishmen to support England in the present crisis, because she had closed for ever the record of her past in this country, but he (Mr. Connolly) held they could never map out their plans for the future unless they were able to understand the past (applause). When he (the speaker) was told of the promises made by England he remembered the promises made by England in the past and the result of those promises—which were never kept—he would tell them they ought not to heed her promises now unless they had the power in their hands to see that they were kept (applause). If Mr. Redmond, instead of pledging the support of the Irish people in the British House of Commons had told Mr.

Asquith that he proposed going home to Ireland to consult the voice of Ireland, then, had he made such a statement, the Irish nation would be born again (cheers). But that opportunity had been lost. The English people were now crying out about the woes of Belgium, but when Belgium was devastated with fire and sword there were no British there to help her. Even when Belgium was in the throes of agony England sent her expeditionary force to France. This, of course, was done for "strategic reasons," but she knew that her army was safer beside the big French force than with the smaller army of Belgium. Germany was fighting for the commerce of the seas and for the means of building up a sane civilisation in Europe (cheers). This was no rigged meeting—they had no R.I.C. force to protect it. Irishmen wanted to see their country emerge from the present crisis with her dignity preserved (loud applause).

Councillor O'Kelly read a number of letters of apology from absentees in all parts of Ireland, all of which contained expressions of approval of the objects of the meeting. Amongst them was a communication from Mr. John Daly of Limerick, endorsing the establishment of the Irish Neutrality League, and pledging his active support thereto. During the reading of the correspondence a noisy individual in the centre of the hall, evidently under the influence of drink, had to be removed. He was said to be a member of the Board of Erin Order of Hibernians.

Mr. Sean Milroy, who was the next speaker, moved that the meeting endorse the action of the Irish Neutrality League, and that the Irish Neutrality League, Mr. Redmond, he said, had declared in Wexford that the time for war thinking, plain speaking, and honesty had arrived, but he (Mr. Milroy) ventured to think that when the Irish people began to do a little more clear thinking and plain speaking Ireland would be a very uncomfortable place for so no people to live in (applause). Ireland's position in the war should be decided by one consideration alone, namely, her own interests. Let them ask themselves what they were going to get out of this European rumpus. They should remember that there was not one nation embroiled in the war who had not asked themselves the same question. Let them put out of their minds the palpable fiction that there was any idea of neutrality in John Bull's mind, because his sole idea was a consideration for swag (applause). Let them get rid of the notion that he had drawn his sword to protect the small nationalities (laughter), or to save Belgium from the horrors of war. His sole interests were naval and military interests, and his purpose was the domination of Europe (hear, hear). Let Ireland borrow a leaf from England's book, and act as the occasion required. She had no army and was not at war with Germany (cheers). For all they knew to the contrary, German arms might yet be the means of freeing Ireland (loud applause). They wanted the people of Ireland to understand that Irish nationality meant something more than mere opposition to the English Tory Party—it meant opposition to all foreign rule whether English, French or German.

Mr. William O'Brien, who spoke on behalf of the Trades Council of Dublin, said he could promise the support of the Dublin Trades Council to the newly established League, whose main object was to see that Ireland was not embroiled in the war on England's side, and to prevent Irishmen from being coerced into the British army (applause). England now turned and appealed to Ireland for men, but they would tell her that she would have to fight her own battles. Redmond might say it was the duty of all Irishmen to join the British army, but he would soon find that he could not deliver the goods. Instead of getting recruits he was only getting people to pass votes of confidence in him. But that was not what Kitchener wanted; he wanted recruits. Redmond, however, would soon get a half a saddle and a pair of spurs. Their advice to Irishmen was to stop at home (cheers).

Mr. J. J. Scollon next addressed the meeting. His reference to Mr. Redmond as "Union Jack Redmond" was marked by loud applause. The resolution moved by Mr. Milroy was then carried by acclamation. Mr. Arthur Griffith said that the people of Ireland had always been brought up in the belief that the proper place to fight for Ireland was in London. Of late, however, the proper place to fight was in the North of France. At some future date the place may possibly be at the North Pole (laughter). It was not realised at all that the proper place to fight was in our own territory (hear, hear). Amongst the many reasons given why we should not support the Allies was that the Allies were fighting for religion (laughter), but he (the speaker) had not yet learned whether it was the religion of the King of England, the President of France, or the Tsar of Russia. Another reason given was that it was better to have the devil you know than the devil you don't know. People never seem to realise that they could do without any devil at all (applause). The main reason, however, was that the English were fighting for small nationalities (laughter). But they knew well the record of England's past in connection with small nationalities (loud applause). "If the British Empire," said Mr. Griffith, "amidst terrific applause," "were left to its fall to-morrow, and the blood of an Irishman could save it, it would be useless to give it a second day."

Major MacBride, who received an ovation, said he would give no reasons for attending the meeting except that England was their enemy (cheers). When he was a young boy there was an agitation in Ireland under the cry, "Pay no rent!" Let them raise an agitation now under the cry, "No recruits!" No recruits to the cowardly nation that could never win a battle unaided (cheers). No recruits for the cowardly nation that let down women and children in Bachelor's Walk (loud cheers). The Irishman who joined the English army to-day deserved to be shot in this world and damned in the next.

Major MacBride's vehement utterance was received with prolonged cheering.

The Volunteer Convention.

Prep of Nationalist Demonstration.

The Convention of the Irish Volunteers will be held on Sunday, 25th October, and the Irish Neutrality League propose to hold on that date a Nationalist Demonstration. This will take the form of a procession to various places of historic interest connected with the memory of Irish patriots who suffered and died for Ireland.

A hearty invitation is extended to all Labour and Nationalist Bodies to take part. A further announcement will be made next week. The temporary address of the Irish Neutrality League is 17 Parliament street, Dublin, where all communications should be sent.

Dublin Trades Council.

At the Meeting of the Executive of the Trades Council held on Thursday, 15th inst., it was decided that the Ordinary Public Meeting will stand adjourned to Monday, 22nd November.

CORK NOTES.

BUILDERS' LABOURERS' STRIKE.

[BY "REBEL"]

The builders' labourers have been forced to declare a strike as the only means left open to them to draw attention to the grievances under which they labour.

THE PLUNKIES HALL.

I referred last week to the time when the Trades Hall was a drill school for nationalists. This was in the old days of course, but a newer nationalism has arisen since then, and we had two representatives of the Tailors' Society attacking the secretary of the Trades.

THE FELLOW SETTERS.

The extent to which the Mollies are prepared to go to persecute those differing from them at the present time was shown at the Technical Committee on Monday when Hart, one of the most brainless of them, is put up to try to deprive Mr. O'Hegarty, the Chairman of the Gaelic League, of his seat on the Finance Committee.

THE CITIZEN ARMY.

Congratulations to the Dublin men who forced the Mollies to retire on Sunday at Parnell Square. Pity some of the traitors did not get their deserts.

"WE WANT LARKIN."

"Why doesn't Larkin come?" is the question everywhere here. Larkin is the only man who can show the people the right way, and for the want of him well-meaning men are being seduced to join the Conmarket Militia.

statement to the public about the cause of the troubles while the Mollies have given columns. This is availed of to blind the fools who get some one else to make up their minds for them.

'Erbert 'Enery Asquith to Johnny Redmond.

Johnny, you're a darling, Johnny, you're a jewel, Let the cranks and soreheads make you out a mule;

Johnny, you're no fool, son, therefore be you bold, Do your master's bidding, and always as you're told;

There's lots of English gold, dear, bucketful go leor, When the bucket's empty, Johnny, there are more;

"Full steam ahead" recruiting, dear—don't you mind the cranks: Bull 'em with the story of their liouship with the Franks;

Swear by all the gods old Ireland will be free, When you get enough of Irish blood to save our liberty;

But, Johnny dear, I needn't tell you how to play the game— You'll use 'em all: the jobbers, place-hunters and the lame.

Then, Johnny dear, haste forth and bang the bloomin' drum— East and West and South and North, 'tis you must make things hum;

"St. John's" Victims.

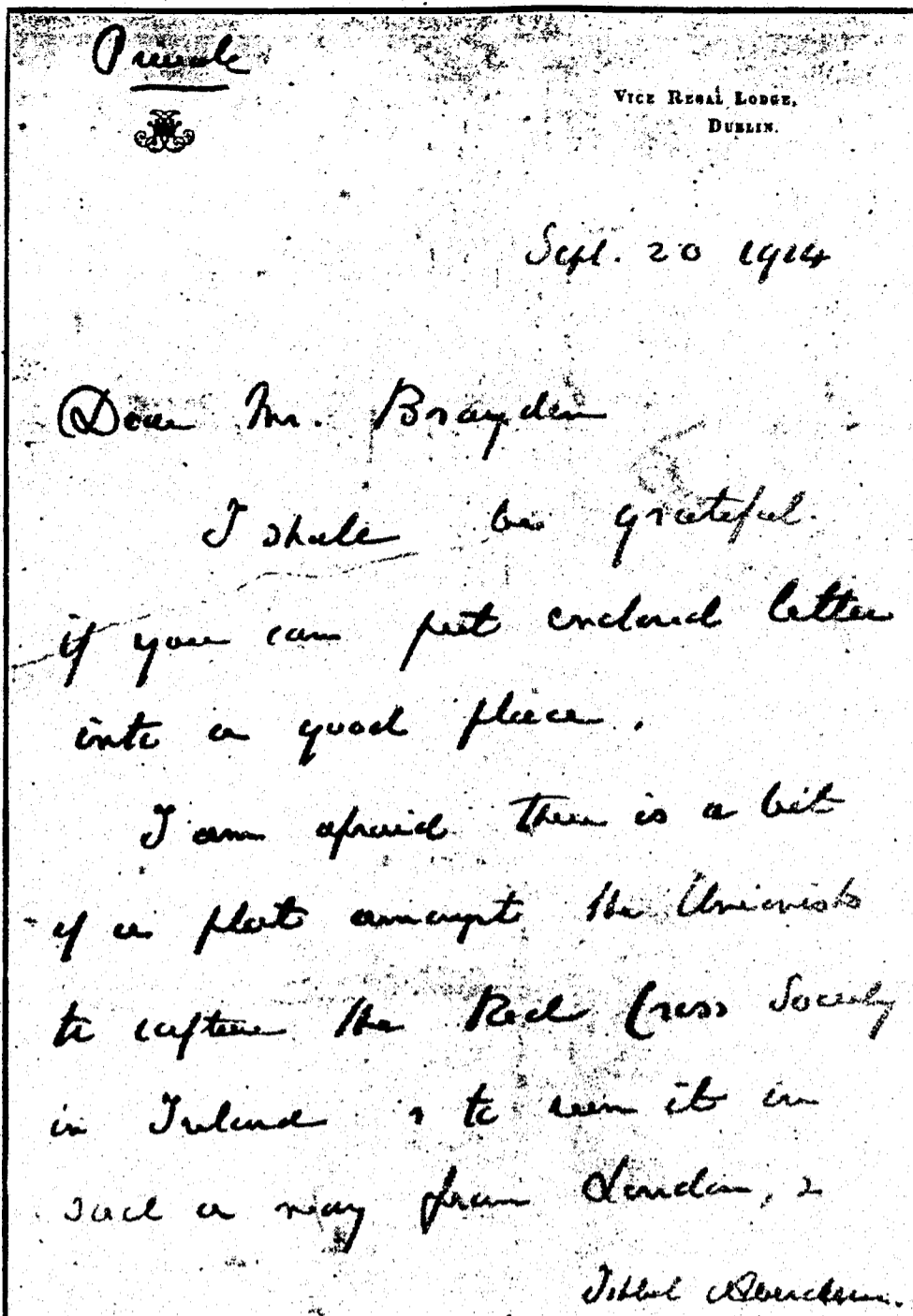
TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER. Dear Sir—At the end of August, 1914, J. Lumsden, M.D., asked several young men in the Brewery (St. James's Gate) to join a branch of the St. John's Ambulance Association in order to learn first aid, &c.

The Sisters of Charity.

Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross, Dublin. The Sisters of Charity in charge of above beg most gratefully to thank the Secretary and Members of Liberty Hall for their kind contribution in Alms Box towards the support of the Poor Dying.

Ireland for the Irish

Send your order, or come and buy your IRISH REPUBLICAN BADGE, 1d. Each, from The Irish Women Workers' Co-operative Society, Liberty Hall.



"PRIVATE."

"Vice Regal Lodge, Dublin. Sept. 20th, 1914."

"Dear Mr. Brayden,

"I shall be grateful if you can put enclosed letter into a good place. I am afraid there is a bit of a plot amongst the Unionists to capture the Red Cross Society in Ireland, and to run it in such a way from London, and through County Lieutenants and Deputy Lieutenants, that it will be unacceptable to the Irish Volunteer people, etc."

"I believe that ultimately we may be able to have an Irish Red Cross Society direct under the War Office without the intermediary of the British Red Cross, if we can get the various sections to work together and not define themselves too much just yet. The scheme of the Department has a unifying effect by enabling classes to earn their own expenses and progressive instruction can still go on for some time until the time is ripe to ask for an Irish Red Cross. Meanwhile Red Cross workers must accept the British Red Cross if they want International protection."

"Yours v. sincerely,

"ISHBEL ABERDEEN."

"Your article yesterday was quite splendid. May we exchange heartiest congratulations with you on the consummation of our hopes and on the part you have played in helping to bring this about."

[This is the copy of a letter from Ishbel, the wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and is written by that lady to Mr. W. H. Brayden, B.L., the Editor of the "Freeman's Journal." We took the signature out of its place in the original letter. It is a fair index of the relations between the "Freeman's Journal" and the Castle. This paper is being run with the money of the United Irish League, and is further subsidised by the Castle. We wonder what the men of America think of the manner in which the money they subscribe is being expended.]

7th October, 1914.

I have read the papers carefully and cannot find that either Lord Aberdeen or Her Excellency have subscribed to either the Prince of Wales' Fund, the Belgian Relief Fund, or the "Comforts for the Troops." Some of your readers can say if they have seen their Excellencies down for anything. If they haven't, I would suggest their selling some of the vegetables of the Vice Regal Gardens or a few puppies or cats and give the proceeds to either one of these funds.—MRS. PATSEV.

Chapelizod, 5/10/14. DEAR SIR—We have been readers of the "Irish Worker" since its first publication and we are sure a Daily would do a lot of good. Its opposition to the present renegade Press we are sure would meet with every success. My friend and I will support in every possible way. You can count on him and me for a shilling a week for twenty weeks. Yours truly, P.M. and P.D.

Irish Citizen Army Notes.

Start not, Irish-born man, if you're to Ireland true; We heed not race, nor creed, nor clan, We've hearts and hands for you.

These notes, written after the events of last Sunday, the proceedings of which should bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of every Irishman—aye, or make the bones of our martyred dead turn in their graves. Just think of it all, you who have any pretence to call yourselves Irishmen.

This has reference to the attempt made by that section of the Volunteers which supports Redmond's recruiting campaign to break up the Volunteers' meeting being held at Rutland square.

Even after the display of foolishness you exhibited, we cannot think it possible you are about to repeat the curse of past history. Whoever was responsible for the blunder must be made to feel that this is no time to play the "divide and conquer" game.

It is no pleasure to us to claim a victory over you, rather is it a painful duty to have to record the occurrence. Just pause and ask yourselves, was it for this that Robert Emmet laid down his young life for Ireland? "Whilst our foes they joined in hate, we never joined in love!"

Irish Volunteers, rouse yourselves, and in the name of all you hold dear, sink your petty differences. Your Mother calls you. Stand erect as men. Look

at the nations of the world—united as one man. Are you the only people to be scoffed and jeered at by your enemies? You cannot deny that the principles on which the Citizen Army are formed are straight and true. On many points we disagree with you, but we have a hand and a heart for you when "Dark Rosaleen" calls.

There are evil influences at work that you little suspect, and don't repeat the "O'Connell disaster."

"Any moment you may be called—aye, forced to join England's Army. Would it not be a thousand times better for you to die defending Ireland than to become a hired mercenary of England's, doing her dirty work on foreign fields?"

We make a sincere appeal to you to forget all the past differences. Stand fast for Ireland. Even if you never raise a hand to fight but simply unite as one man and do nothing, you can defeat all the clever plans of your foes.

But can you look on passively? India is about to shake the shackles from her feet; South Africa does not forget, and means to have her own again. And what of you? The sands are running. You will have to decide, and that quickly. The Citizen Army and Volunteer movement is not for show or pastime. If you believe that you will be quickly disillusioned, what must be accomplished is not a nation of Volunteers—Ulster or National—but of free men, without creed or class. That is our principle, and by it we stand or fall.

ORDERS FOR THE WEEK.

The last display of the Citizen Army for the year will take place at Croydon Park on Sunday next, 18th inst, at 3 o'clock sharp, consisting of an attack by Red Indians on an "Irish Emigrant Caravan" crossing the prairie. For full particulars see posters. The following Indians of note will take the principal parts:—"Eye of the Moon," Chief; "Red Wolf," "White Arrow," "War Cloud," "Golden Fox," "Little Horse." Prices of admission—Adults, 6d.; Children, 3d.

At the General Meeting held on Tuesday night the following officers were appointed to the different commands: Captain: J. Fitzpatrick unanimously elected. V. Poole, Commander Right-Half; J. O'Neill, Commander Left-Half. Section Commanders as follows: Messrs. Downes, Kelly, McCormack and Magrane.

"Irish Worker" on sale every Friday Morning at this Office.

Wexford Notes.

The Recruiting Officer—as the "Westminster Gazette" styles John Redmond—seems to be making an arrangement to carry his meetings around with him to every town and city in the South of Ireland. He continued his campaign in Waterford last Sunday, which was decorated with Union Jacks to a greater extent than Wexford on the previous Sunday. The Wexford Volunteers, at least those of them who remain under the command of Wilson the Scab, had only to pay one shilling per head for their tickets, so that John could show that Rebel Wexford (how long ago!) was behind him in his jingoism. Many of the Volunteers, who were clever enough to see through John's carefully cloaked speech in the Bull Ring, have left the ranks, and it is only a matter of time until the rest of them see what they are wanted for.

Almost all the people here who are on Redmond's side try to believe that he is not recruiting for the British Army. Any of them who hold this view ought to get a copy of Monday's "Westminster Gazette," which gives it clearly that John is a decided success as a recruiting officer." Let them ask themselves the question what was he doing in the Mansion House in company with Asquith on Friday, September 25th, when they had to speak under police protection. They had to escape from the meeting by a back route to escape the fury of the crowd. The people who made up the meeting were those whose days for recruiting were over, and were carefully selected by the Lord Mayor and his gang of Hibernians, which shows clearly that they were afraid to face the people in Dublin whom they wanted, and the Mansion House fiasco was but a fulfilment of Asquith's promise under great difficulties. If Redmond were to address an open air meeting in Dublin at present he would be sure of getting a severe heckling.

We are glad to see that Murphy's rag has the decency to admit that the Dublin Volunteers, with the exception of the Hibernian gang, are all against Redmond. Of course those men had a chance of seeing him in his true colours on the 25th of last month. One would imagine that if Redmond had any decency left that his place should have been in Dublin last Sunday to pay tribute to a man whose shoes he was not worthy to clean; but John evidently knows the feeling that is against him in Dublin and gives it a wide berth.

More than half the Enniscorthy Volunteers, who decided to remain neutral until after the Wexford meeting, have thrown over Redmond's control. Rathangan Volunteers, who refused to attend the meeting at all, have unanimously thrown him over. Other country corps have done ditto. On the whole the County Wexford is beginning to see through the little game, and Ireland may yet be saved. This, to our minds, is a time when all right-thinking Irishmen should sing or shout God Save Ireland, as this is her opportunity, now or never.

The Mayor is about starting a branch of Boy Scouts. We wonder if Eddie O'Cullen will condemn it in the same manner as he did when John Sinnott did the same thing a few years ago. Eddie's leader in Tuesday's "People" is in the shape of an appeal for recruits. The inconsistency of some people is about the limit; yet the people cannot see it.

The dependents of soldiers who have left here for the front are being treated shamefully, some of them not receiving any money for spells of five or six weeks; this from the splendid British Government so much praised by Irish members of Parliament. Of course they are paid £400 a year and can afford a little praise for their benefactors.

The "Irish World," always the organ of the Irish Party in America, has slated Redmond for daring to recruit for England. The "Leader," which always championed the party, has taken up a similar attitude. Surely this ought to set Irishmen thinking, if they can see any further than their noses.

Rebel Wexford sends its congratulations to Larkin in stopping the hooliganism of the A.O.H. on Sunday last. Bravo, Jim, your efforts will yet save the country.

Ireland's Appeal to Her Exiled Sons.

I, Ireland, send my summons forth To my true sons where'er they roam, Who far from my wave-beaten shores And cairn-crowned hills have made their homes.

Whom alien laws tore from my arms To trek the wide paths of the world— Who long ere this, could they have stayed, Had from my throne the stranger hurled.

And some for wander-lust have gone And robbed me of their strength and brains— Ah, would that they might hear and come Ere my great hour of promise wanes.

By town and hill, thro' city streets, I hear my armed hosts marching go; Will not my wand'ring sons speed back For my dear sake to strike a blow?

Back to relieve the faithful guard Who kept the old flag flying still, Shall not their brothers' vigil brave Wake in their souls an answering thrill?

O'er tossing seas and ocean's wide I seek to-day my scattered sons, In this God-given hour I call And claim their services—and their guns. MAEVE CAVANAGH.

MANIFESTO from CUMANN NA mBAN (Irishwomen's Council). THE WOMEN'S SECTION OF THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

As the Women's Section of the Irish Volunteers, we wish at this time of crisis to remind our members that they should abide loyally by the constitution of our Organisation.

We came into being to advance the cause of Irish liberty and to organise Irishwomen in furtherance of that object. We feel bound to make the pronouncement that to urge or encourage Irish Volunteers to enlist in the British Army cannot, under any circumstances, be regarded as consistent with the work we have set ourselves to do. At this time when powerful influences are at work to confuse and obscure the national issue, and when Ireland needs all her sons, we call on Irishmen to remain in their own country and join the Army of the Irish Volunteers—the Army which was founded to gain Ireland's rights and guard those rights when gained.

We would point out to our members that it is their duty in all controversial matters to abide by the principles of nationality, which are the bedrock on which alone any vital national movement can be safely built.

Since its inauguration Cumann na mBan has aimed at uniting those who, while differing on minor matters, were resolved that the integrity and honour of the Irish Nation were their first consideration, and we rely on our members to lift every difficult question out of the region of personalities and parties on to the high ground of our country's welfare.

GOD SAVE IRELAND. The Provisional Committee, CUMANN NA mBAN, 206 Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, October 5th, 1914.

CUMANN NA mBAN. (The Irishwomen's Council).

A non-partisan and non-sectional national organization for Irishwomen, Cumann na mBan (Irishwomen's Council) has the same headquarters as the Irish Volunteers, and works side by side with them. Women of Irish birth or descent alone are eligible for membership. The organisation came into being in November, 1913, and started the work of founding branches in March, 1914. In August, 1914, forty branches were in existence for Ireland, and some in England. Besides the founding of First Aid and Ambulance Classes, the organisation, as the occasion arises, engages in any vital national work in which its activities are needed. Cumann na mBan initiated the Defence of Ireland Fund for the equipment of the Volunteers.

- OBJECTS. 1. To advance the cause of Irish liberty. 2. To organise Irishwomen in furtherance of this object. 3. To assist in arming and equipping a body of Irishmen for the defence of Ireland. 4. To form a fund for these purposes, to be called "The Defence of Ireland Fund."

- CONSTITUTION. 1. For the time being, the direction of the branches will be carried on by the Provisional Committee. 2. Branches will be formed throughout the country, pledged to the Constitution, and directed in a general way by the Provisional Committee. 3. Members will be expected, in addition to their local subscriptions, to support the "Defence of Ireland Fund" by subscription or otherwise.

- PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE. Mrs. Eoin MacNeill, Mrs. Wyse Power, Madam O'Rahilly, Mrs. Tuohy, Miss Agnes O'Farrelly, M.A.; Nurse McCoy, Miss Bloxham, Miss L. Gavan Duffy, B.A.; Mrs. Padraic Colum, B.A.; Miss Margaret Dobbs. MARY M. COLUM, B.A., LOUISE GAVAN DUFFY, B.A., Hon. Secs.

What will You Do for Your King and Country?

Here is What They Will Do for You. Extract from a letter from Tweseldown Camp at Farnham—"We did not get any clothes since we came here. There is not much food here. It is terrible. We get our dinner in a dirty bucket. The tea we get is dirty and greasy. We are being inoculated. That means a five-inch needle stuck in our back for to keep away disease from us, as there is a disease spreading."

NORTHERN NOTES.

The Y.R.P. The Young Republicans open their winter season of lectures in their Freedom Hall, Berry street, to-morrow (Sunday) night at 8 p.m. To-morrow night's speaker is O. Mac Con Uladh, Chairman of the Belfast I.N.V. Admission is free, and discussion is invited.

CROBB-DEARG.

Irish Builders' Co-operative Society, Ltd. Adjourned general meeting of members, will be held on Sunday, 18th October, at 4 p.m. in Bricklayers' Hall, 49, Coffin street. All members requested to attend for election of Committee. Ernest A. Bannister, Hon. Sec.

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JAMES CONNOLLY'S Great Book. Published at 2s. 6d. New Edition, 1s. post free, 1s. 3d. Wholesale and retail from "Irish Worker" Office, Liberty Hall, Dublin. No Irish worker should be without reading this great story of the aspirations and struggles of the Irish working class in the past. No Irish Nationalist understands advanced Nationalism until it is studied. A large quantity of the 1/- edition is now to hand, and can be obtained at Liberty Hall. The 1/- edition differs from the 2/6 edition in the binding only.

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Write or call for Order Forms—J. J. KELLY & CO. (Kelly for Bikes), 9 LB. ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN.

Facts and Fancies from the Front.

With the Troops at Clontarf. By "J. J. B."

The Press Association issued one of its litanyes of lies on Saturday last to the general public, and in the following report from my special correspondent I will endeavour to give the "common" people some historic truths (without apologies to the Press Bureau):—

The Press Bureau this morning forgot to issue the following translation of the first Report of the British Omission of Enquiry on the Protection of Small Nationalities:—

The Report states that the British Army from July 26th last to date, was not in a position to help the Belgians to drive back the German troops to Werchter and Villvorde (or any place else), as it (the British Army) fortunately for itself, was parading the streets of Dublin between the aforesaid dates.

For our soldiers on the Continent have not had an opportunity of committing "murders, looting, rapes, attacks on persons and goods as they are too busy at the moment entertaining the German "hosts." However, this business is carried on as usual by our troops in Ireland.

Some of our aviators have dropped bunches of choice flowers on the Altars in all the Catholic Churches in France. Our soldiers have strict injunctions not to fire on any town in which a Catholic Church is situated.

The use of the bayonet by our soldiers on defenceless women and children is strictly prohibited—on the Continent (see Irish Recruiting Post), and our troops are in no circumstances to fire on unarmed individuals: men, women or children—on the continent. By order of Mr. Harrel.

None of our German friends are in favour of the war. Before taking any German prisoner, we ask him if he would like to remain where he is or come to England, and the invariable reply is "To England, the home of the free-trader."

The Germans are starving, and are "robbing" all before them. Our soldiers are very well catered for—on the Continent. Yesterday they "captured" a large quantity of the German Supply Stores, and had a good time.

The reason our troops are so fond of the "Long, Long Way to Tipperary" ditty is explained by the special meeting of the Tipperary Board of Guardians which was convened on Thursday last for the purpose of considering the military demand for the accommodation of several hundred troops in the Workhouse (vide Dublin Press). Still I imagine there will not be enough room in the Tipperary Workhouse to accommodate all our troops, after the war, and would suggest to the Lord Mayor (who I see is in the list of probables for the Westminster Stakes to be run at King's Co. shortly) to turn the Mansion House into a workhouse for the accommodation of those whom the joint eloquence of the Irish Parliamentary Recruiting Party have persuaded to join Kitchener's Army.

Hearing that the Theatre Royal had been disinfected since Lady Aberdeen's visit to it the previous week, I took courage in both hands and went to see "The Ten Loonies" on Saturday night last. Contrary to expectations these "Loonies" did not play "Rule Britannia" or "God Save the King." No doubt they thought that enough loonies were already engaged in this good work.

Speaking about the fall of Antwerp the "Sunday Freeman" says:—

One of the most pathetic facts is the flight of a large body of lunatics. According to the authority of the "Irish Times" quoted by me the week before last in my dispatch) our War Correspondents are only writers of fiction out of work. It will be seen from the above quotation, however, that the "Freeman" goes one better and calls them "Lunatics."

THIS WEEK'S JOKE. West Briton—"I see by the 'Irish Times' that Lord Kitchener has enough blankets for our soldiers at the front?" Irish Volunteer—"Yes. And did you notice that Sergeant Redmond has a lot of 'wet blankets' for the mothers, wives, sweethearts, and sisters of those he hopes to entrap into the 'Irish Brigade'?"

A free copy of "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the King," I hear, will be given away with each copy of "The National Volunteer" every week until all Irishmen are armed with those deadly weapons to Irish Nationality.

Redmond and his followers are now fighting a rear-guard action from the speech delivered in the Mansion House, Dublin, and as our military experts tell us, this is one of the most difficult feats of war. Whether Sergeant Redmond succeeds in retreating altogether from the position he took up in the Mansion House we learn that he had retreated as far as Wexford on the 4th, and that he was forced to fall back on Waterford on the 10th) or not is at the moment uncertain; but that the Irish people have decided once and for all to fight if necessary their enemies—the Germans?—is certain.

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Tralee Topics.

[FROM "THE MALL"]

Quinnell's ha'penny "Kerry News," which published advertisements to entice Kerry men to join the British Army, had in a recent issue, under the heading of "Small Shot" a bombastic attack on those who denounced Recruiting Sergeant Redmond at a Volunteer meeting in Anascaul. Of course, much notice won't be taken of this wordy onslaught from the pen of the creature whom Quinnell has lately taken to his bosom. His bent that those who dare to speak in favour of an independent Ireland and against the tyrannical English Empire should be imprisoned comes well from one who on many occasions when his understanding in every sense, left him should have been arrested and sentenced to a stay in the Ballymullen Hotel until his brain cleared. If he was a mere worker he would have long since been haled before the local Jay Pees and summarily dealt with. His backing up the garrison is no surprise—undoubtedly some of the soldiery often reached out a friendly hand to him on his nocturnal rambles homewards.

PUBLIC URINALS.

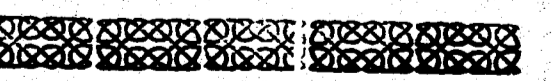
The lack of public urinals in the town was commented on at the last meeting of our Civic Fathers, but no action was taken. It is a crying shame to have to say that Tralee, with its almost 11,000 inhabitants, has not a single public urinal. Those who guide the destinies of the town ought well feel ashamed of themselves. They are very much annoyed at the progress of the Germans, and one publican Councillor went so far as to say he would gladly have three or four Tommies billeted on him in order to keep out the "barbaric Germans." Well, before we pride ourselves on our civilised state we should see that the people are not treated like the beasts of the field. We hope the matter of erecting urinals will be seen to without delay. Their want is more noticeable now since the town has been flooded with recruits who are being trained to take their place in the firing line for England. These Tommies are a despicable lot. Though the amount of spirits they consume must be a source of joy to the pub. proprietor, their conduct nightly is anything but edifying and good for the morals of the town. The responsible authorities don't see that the disgraceful scenes witnessed nightly are put an end to, the people must take up the question themselves and hunt these brawling drunken "warriors" from off the streets.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

The attendance at the Volunteer drills and parades locally still continues to be very small, due no doubt to Redmond's antics. Many are making time until they see what way the corps will go—whether they will desert the Provisional Committee and the Constitution they accepted when joining for the newly-formed political Volunteers, manned by Redmond and his fellow Recruiting Sergeants. The Union Jack now proudly waves over Redmond's house—at no far distant date it will wave over his Volunteers. The question for each Volunteer is a very simple one. It is just—"Will you stick to the men who founded the Irish Volunteers and work for the independence of your country under the Green Flag; or will you desert and join forces with Redmond, O'Brien, and Devlin, each of whom says it is the duty of Irishmen to enlist under the Union Jack and fight England's battles while her sons stay at home in peace?" The Volunteer who believes in the latter doctrine should immediately put his belief into practice and join England's Army. All others stand fast! Your country needs you.

CROPIES LIE DOWN.

The Red Cross Fund, collected here, totalling some £300, has been distributed in the purchase of clothing, &c., for the Tommies at the front, whose needs England doesn't look after, and of course the majority of it has been spent in the shop of Revington, the Unionist. Those true and tried Nationalists who subscribed can feel 'appy in the knowledge that the Nationalist drapers have scarcely got any order for clothing out of the fund. Revington is supported by the people and he shows his appreciation by filling his windows with Union Jacks! The mere Irish must be kept in subjection, doncheknow, and slaves that they are they can be sneered at by those who batten on them. Of course Union Jack Revington and his wife who pulled down "that damned Green Flag" at a dance in the Theatre lately are devout Empire lovers. Under English rule the Revington people can treat their factory hands as they like, and deduct money from their starvation wages when those workers spend a half hour at Mass on a Catholic holiday. Nice to'eration for you rom a Protestant supported by Catholics!



IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION LIBERTY HALL.

LOOK OUT FOR OPENING OF SEASON

ALL-NIGHT DANCE Saturday, 31st October, 1914. TICKETS NOW ON SALE.

Perfidia in Excelsis.

The Chairman of the "Irish" Parliamentary Party has won for himself an unique position in the annals of his country. Hitherto when Irishmen wished to brand a man with peculiar infamy they would link his name with those of Sadi'ar and Keogh. In future these creatures may be permitted to rest undisturbed in their dishonoured graves, and perhaps at length even win obscurity beneath the shadow of a name made conspicuous by a treachery even viler than their own.

These words are not the hasty and exaggerated expression of personal disgust and anger; they are no mere unconsidered utterance of an indignation in the face of a wrong felt the more keenly because actually present, but which in retrospect will seem to the calm student of history in fact no more grievous than any of the dozen other acts of betrayal which stain the record of an unhappy country. No, for on examination it will be found that John Redmond has indeed done a thing which none of the traitors which preceded him had even dared to contemplate. Irish leaders have before now duped their too trusting followers, have sold and betrayed the causes which they were thought to champion; but if they did these things they did them in secret, and having received their price they made all haste to put the sea between themselves and their dupes.

John Redmond is the first man who has dared to come openly to the Irish people, and with a cynical assurance that their slavishness is so utter that nothing could rouse it, has openly ordered the manhood of Ireland to betray and disown its nationality, to repudiate the struggles and sacrifices of ten generations, and deny that for which the flower of the nation have gladly laid down their lives.

John Redmond is the first man who has held Irishmen in such utter contempt that he believed that he could meet them face to face and order them to repudiate their personal and their national honour.

But if this had been merely the presumption of a madman we would feel no indignation but rather extend to him the tolerance which insanity must ever demand, and when the swift end came we would have given his remains decent burial as we would those of some poor witless creature who had dared to wave a red flag in the face of a herd of infuriated steers. But we would surely have felt no anger.

No, it is because John Redmond has proved himself right; it is because he can do these things with impunity, that all generations of Irishmen must curse his name. Twenty years ago he or no man had dared to speak the words which he and his creatures speak without fear to-day. But for twenty years John Redmond has been the accredited leader of Ireland. What is (one to-day is only possible, because for two decades he has been sapping and undermining the honour and the self respect of the Irish people, because under his baneful influence a generation of slaves has been bred in Ireland. That is why even the vilest must yield him place in the hierarchy of shame.

We stand dumb, if indeed we do not cheer, beneath his most bitter insults; we accept in silence, when not with applause, his most degrading proposals, knowing all the time that long ere this our fathers would have kicked like a cur dog from town to town, from village to village, and at length into the sea, hoping to drown, perchance to swim to that country to which he has already sold his paltry soul.

RAFFAREE.

Ireland's Malediction.

(Addressed to a follower of Mr. Redmond on enlisting in the so-called "Irish" Brigade.)

When Germania's seige-guns spit death in the face Of unscrupulous Britannia, the murderer of Tone, Of brave Emmet, the Sheares and those men of my race, Who with scorn for her call heard: their country's alone, When the seige-guns spit death 'mid her legions dismayed And her army of slaves, with her Empire, they fell, May the withering curse of thy country betrayed Fell the Uhlán whose bullet would spare thee from Hell!

Vile slaves, cowards and traitors have slunk from my heart, Disowned and betrayed me, reviled me, and worse— But such shame and dishonour their peace so oppressed, That Hell rescued their souls from the clutch of my curse!

Not so thee, who bereft of all conscience and shame, Would shoulder the arms made to keep me enslaved; That have murdered my dead, and would do so again, Handled by traitors like thee—the depraved,

MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS.

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

SWIFTEST AND BEST. THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

Great God!—Are ye fool or a knave that ye dare Come to me for a blessing instead of my scorn; Loud vaunting thy treason to me, as if twere A mixture—thru slave!—would ye never were born! Away! wretched serf, I abjure thee—begone! To call me thy mother again ne'er attempt! When England has done with thee Satan comes on: Dare not say thou wert mine!—lest I gain his contempt.

ARTHUR J HARVEY

Correspondence.

Liverpool, 6/10/14.

A CAPA—I am glad to see that there is something practical being done to save Ireland from her betrayers, Judas Redmond and Co. I am very glad to see he cannot deliver the "goods" to 'Erbert Enry this time. Hoping that we will soon have a Daily paper to fight the reactionary forces, I will do all that a working fellow can do. I will send you a (shilling) a week for twenty weeks. Enclosed your will find handbill, exact copy of poster on all the tramcars and on all the Catholic Churches where the Irish are in the majority. They thought to raise a "Pals" Battalion, too, but it failed. Austin Hartford is going round getting up recruiting meetings, but there are a few of us on the warpath here, and in consequence of some questions we asked at those meetings he said he would write to our employers and get us all the sack. That is a nice specimen of an Irishman for you.

Again hoping we will shortly see a daily paper that will tell nothing but the truth—the whole truth—so help my country

P. S. MACA.

"ERIN GO BRAGH."

8th "Irish" Patalion The King's Liverpool Regiment.

This Battalion has volunteered for Foreign Service and requires a few picked men (with previous training preferred) to complete. Also men for new Home Service Battalion now being raised.

Apply—Headquarters, 75 Shaw St. God Save the King.

[This poster has been withdrawn, Liverpool Irish would not swallow the bait].

To Britannia.

Your hate could rouse our dormant hearts, Your friendship leaves us cold; Skilled as you are, in subtle arts, We know your faith of old. Who lay not in a famine grave, Who sank not 'neath th' Atlantic wave, Who dared to rise his kin to save, You slew, you bought, you sold!

First mistress in the market place, Where souls and slaves are chattel, To you we owe a dwindling race Of men—slave-herds for cattle. Our fathers fell your hordes before, Your hands still reek with Irish gore, False Tyrant! dare you ask once more That we for you should battle?

The curses that confound us now— Subjection and disruption; We erred when we were duped to bow To thine accursed corruption; To bear thy flag from clime to clime, To play thy serfs from crime to crime, Abject in heloty and grime, One long hell-pent eruption!

Go, meet thy foe with brazen front; Go, sink in blood that snowdon laps, And shivering in the battle brunt Pause, Murderess, till each fibre snaps; Till from your crumbling heart no rein One ruddy drop of blood can drain, Then fall, as Vengeance ends thy reign, And Hades all thy glory wraps!

No trembling lips by perjury seared, No serpent heart, nor siren tongue, Nor vanished fame, nor name revered Will win the heart your wrongs have wrung. Did we forget!—a million ghosts Would rise in wrath, arousing hosts, While yet the ocean on our coasts More millions of like spectres flung.

Did we forgive!—could we relent!— Each breath of native air would burn Our carcasses; and when life was spent What soul so base to Heaven could turn?

Or welcome find in Hell's dread place Where myriads of thy victims trace Thy fate to you? Go, temptress, base, Thy wrath we scorn—Thy peace we spurn.

SEAGHAN.

Irish Women's Franchise League.

Next Tuesday, October 20th, at 8 p.m., in Westmoreland Chambers, Westmoreland street, Miss Cooke, a distinguished American writer, will speak on "The American Woman." We hope also, that Mr. James Connolly will take part in the discussion. Admission free.

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