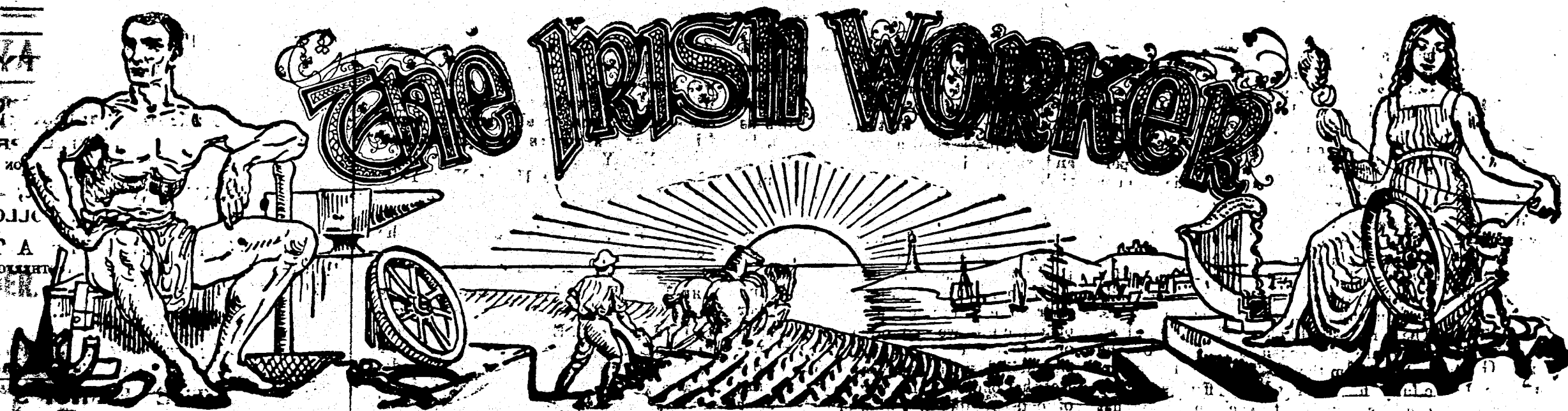


Who is it speaks of defeat?
I tell you a cause like ours;
Is greater than defeat can know—
It is the power of our powers.

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 Fintan Lalor.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28th, 1912.

ONE PENNY.]

A Terrible Experiment.

By "FEBOW."

(This Story was written Fifteen Years Ago.)

(Continued.)

Months passed and not a word came from the foreign north of Duquesne. Returning readers and whalers were interviewed, but could add nothing. In France the pioneers of the vituperations of the gutter press, some of whom called on the Government to have the culprits arraigned as murderers. The strain and worry told on the younger man, and he was seized with a severe attack of brain fever from which he only slowly rallied. Bellefontaine was his daily attendant, but he, too, felt the humiliation their efforts seemed to bespeak. It was nothing but the fixed hope of their ultimate success that kept him from utter despondency and death. At length a vessel arrived at Dundee from the fishing grounds of the north. Hardly had she touched the pier when her master, Colin Gray, sprang ashore, and, jumping into an hansom, was whirled off to the telephone office and put in communication with the French Government. Immediately that Government was in the throes of excitement. Diplomatic relations with other countries was, for the nonce, forgotten. In the Chamber, Nationalist and Republican, Clerical and Socialist, all united in protesting their faith all along on the success of the Count's project. The gutter press, in one issue, changed from rabid denunciation to fulsome flattery. Gray, the Dundee captain, was met in London by a deputation of French Cabinet Ministers. Count Maurice and Mons Bellefontaine were both too ill to accompany them.

But we will see how far it with Duquesne after the "La Belle France" sailed away, and left him in the inhospitable regions of the north. And we cannot do better than tell his story, in his own words, as told by him, on his return to Paris, before the largest audience of doctors and students the world has ever seen, who had assembled in the reception room of Salpêtrière Hospital:—

DUQUESNE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS.

"When I struck out, on my self-imposed mission, I was aware that I had undertaken a severe task, but had I known what an ordeal I had before me, as now I know it, no power on earth would have persuaded me to embark on it. Equipped with my rifle (which wore slung by its strap over my shoulders) and the small compass hanging to my neck, I set out then from the shore after bidding farewell to my countrymen, some of whom, as you know, accompanied me a few miles on the journey. Darkness, however, setting in, they retraced their steps to the ship, and I proceeded on alone. At first, the road was even enough and tolerably good travelling, but after three or four days I got fairly into the ice and snow, until, from travelling some two or three miles an hour, I found it impossible to do more than one, and sometimes it seemed I must not have covered more than a quarter of a mile within the hour. Of course, as you know, I could only guess the time, but even this was better travelling than some I was forced to do after. Time and time again I came to deep chasms in the ice, which offered no means of negotiating, and necessitated my going sometimes as much as ten or twelve miles to the east or west which distance I had to retrace on the opposite side, so that, looking back, I could only say I was half a mile nearer my goal than I had been two days before. At such times, I assure you, my heart felt sad, and often and often I cursed the day I had embarked on such a—as it sometimes seemed to me—fool's errand. I had travelled thus, perhaps four or five weeks, though I had no possible chance of keeping dates, having already entered, the sphere of continuous day, when I heard a noise that nigh froze the blood in my veins. I had just time to look around and jump one side, when a large brute, something like an elephant, but larger, dashed past me and turned, to renew his onslaught. Hastily unslung my magazine rifle, I dropped to my knees, and emptied two or three charges into my antagonist, who I had the great pleasure of seeing stumble and fall dead almost at my feet. With a prayer to God for my narrow escape from such a danger, I hurried on, more conscious than ever of

the dangers I was surrounded by. Thus it went on. Sometimes for weeks I would travel over snowbanks where a false step would have sent me tumbling down, some gaping rift (as it seemed) in the ice covered earth. I had walked until all idea of time had long ceased to occupy my thoughts when, looking at my compass, I discovered that I must have turned completely round in my journey, and was now walking due south. Dejectedly I retraced my steps, and had covered several miles, when I again looked at the compass, and to my horror discovered I again had been going south. As I remembered my childhood's tales of lost travellers walking in circles, I began to realize that such was what I had been doing. Dropping on my knees I prayed as never before for guidance in this my terrible strait. Feeling relieved, I again plodded on due north, but this time I kept the compass in my hand and looked at it every few minutes. Whilst doing so I observed the indicator slowly revolving towards the direction from which I was coming, and I was beginning to fear was being affected by mineralogical influences in the vicinity, when light broke in on me. I had reached the Pole. I now retraced my steps again to a spot where the indicator stood at due north, but from where the taking of a step in any direction whatever caused the point to travel towards the south. Yes, gentlemen, I now stood at the exact northernmost point on this earth's surface."

"Bravo! Bravo!" roared the hitherto silent listeners as they crowded round to shake hands with Duquesne at this point; but he waived them back, and proceeded: "As I stood there, in the midst of that silent, shrouded desert of ice, I realized, as never before, the sublimity, the grandeur of the mission I had undertaken. For some time I was overcome, and falling to the snow-clad earth, could only pour forth my thankfulness to the great Father for His mercies in permitting me to be the instrument for such a great realization. After reflecting, in words which lips could ill repeat, I turned from the spot, and in a happier mood than I had hitherto known, set out for the south and home. By this time the day light began to leave me, and soon I was travelling in perpetual darkness, which, however, as you know, inconvenienced me but little. What must have been some days after, I felt uncomfortably warm at my back, and found that where the steel barrel of my rifle pressed against my skin, it was causing it to sting as if alive. I could only reason from this that excessive cold generates excessive heat, and that this was the effect, the terrible Arctic cold was having on the steel barrel. After this I had to carry my rifle by its leather sling, which, you can imagine, was a matter of some inconvenience and pain. At such time I thought of firing my rifle from me; but, later incidents proved I had done ill, had I so done. And now a terrible fear seized on me. I was beginning to feel hungry. You, gentlemen, he went on, with a nod to the Count and the explorer, had forgotten that the conserved energy contained in the sacks of stored nutriment taken from the North American bears, was amply sufficient for those animals in a state of torpor. At such time they would not be wasting any by exertion; but I was drawing on it a faster rate than nature had bargained for. My toilsome exertion demanded a larger quota, and hence you see I was at the end of my artificial larder sooner than you expected; but by this time I told myself I must be near the spot where I had slain the beast that I have already told you of. Anxiously I hurried on, searching diligently as I went, and hoping that no snow would have fallen since my encounter to hide it from view. At length my hunger was well nigh insupportable. I espied the object of my search. Desperately I tore it asunder, frozen as stone though it was, and swallowed great quantities of it before I could feel satisfied. I took greater notice of this animal's formation than I had done before, and found that in bulk it was little larger than a full-grown hog; its shaggy hide was of a fine texture, and must have been two feet long, which

accounted for its massive appearance; its hoofs wore spread like the camel's, which, no doubt, enabled it to cover the soft snow better; its two tusks were of great length and curved upwards, being flattened out like spades at the ends. From this I should imagine they were used for throwing up the snow in the animal's attempts to get down to the buried surface of the earth in its search for mosses and lichens on which it fed. Its eyes were almost unnoticeable, so small were they, which, perhaps, is accounted for by the fact that the time when they are of use is so curtailed in the land of long night. Refreshed in body I now resumed my journey, after stringing some of the meat (which, by the way, was almost entirely fat) around my body, for future meals. And now I began to get into regions which, compared with what I had gone through, might be called hospitable. Already I was meeting with traces of animal life. Presently a pair of snow-white birds of the gallinule species I observed sailing overhead. At last I saw a family of bears sporting themselves in my path. At sight of me, garbed as themselves, they ambled up as though to create acquaintance; but I could not allow this, and, besides, my stock of meat having about given out, I laid the father of the family low with a shot from my weapon. The others quickly betook themselves off, and thus I rid myself of their objectionable company and provided myself with an abundance of juicy meat, which I sadly needed. Beyond meeting with other bears (which necessitated my using my rifle often than I would have liked) and a few seals, with numerous birds (some of which I have observed in our country at times, and all of which I noticed were flying from the north), I have little of interest to add. At length I fell in with a tribe of Esquimaux, whom I had the utmost difficulty to pacify. With bow and arrow and sling they assailed me, undoubtedly taking me for one of their natural enemies. To assure them of my peaceful intent, I discharged my gun into the air and shouted in a loud voice. My action must have had a terrible effect on their superstitious natures, as they hastily fled and saw them no more. I now reached the coast, which I pursued until I fell in with the open sea. My encounter with the Esquimaux had made me almost fear meeting other human beings, lest in a subsequent encounter I might not come out so well; so I determined to camp where I was and wait for the ship, which, I felt sure, you would have cruising about those waters. At length I was rewarded by seeing a vessel slowly emerging from the horizon. Nearer and nearer, but slowly, it came, and I was afraid that it would be dark ere she would be within hailing distance. In time, however, she was almost abreast of the point where I stood, and now I could see them making ready to lower a boat. As I realized how soon I was to be back into civilization and looked back at the dangers I had undergone, I did not forget to pray to God with thankfulness for His mercies. The boat had now got to within a hundred yards of the shore, when I observed a sailor rise from the bow and level a rifle at me. I had only time to fall to the earth when the report rang out and the shot buried itself in the snow at my back. And now my situation had, indeed, become critical, when I remembered the few English words I had learned (whilst portering in the streets of Paris and carrying the boxes of the English tourists from St. Leger to the hotels), and I lustily yelled out, 'Don't; all right. Thank you. Mister, mister, and such other English words as I could remember. Still yelling and frightened to raise my head for fear of becoming a target for another shot, I lay there. At length I heard voices close, too, and essayed to look up. From their appearance I gathered that my previous surmise that the sailors were Britishers was correct, and I quickly pointed to my rifle and compass. With a puzzled air they cautiously approached me, when, turning and assuming a sitting posture, I said in French, 'Good day, sirs; I am of France and a man.' To my great delight one of them (who had travelled, as he afterwards told me, on the Mediterranean) knew our language, but imperfectly, and shook hands with my clumsy paws. This man then explained my condition to his comrades, after which we entered the boat and were soon alongside the steamer, which, as you know, turned out to be the Dundee whaler, 'Eky.' Here Captain Gray made me as comfortable as possible; but the reaction had been greater than I

could bear, and I went off into a raging fever. How I woke to find myself lying in the cabin at the Dundee Dock, and the gentleman from France bending over me, with my subsequent removal to hospital and eventual arrival in Paris, you all know. And now, gentlemen, I should be much pleased if you will rid me of this gruesome garb, that I may return to the bosom of my family, which may I never again have to leave."

All eyes had been rivetted on Duquesne while he told his story, but had any of them watched the old explorer they would have noticed a strange look stealing over his face. Hardly had Duquesne uttered his last word when Bellefontaine made an effort to rise to greet the hero. A step forward and he sank like a log to the floor.

Immediately all thoughts of Duquesne were forgot as the doctors gathered round the form of the old man. It took but a moment to tell their practised eyes that their talent was of no avail. Monsieur Bellefontaine lay dead. His body was carried reverently into an ante room, the audience eyed in silence by such a tragic denouement. Presently the room was empty, save for the presence of the Count and the Expedition.

Turning to Maurice, Duquesne again asked, "And now, Count, I will thank you and your colleagues if you will set about restoring me to my natural form."

The Count was silent as he looked with a strange air at the floor and paced to and fro across the room. At length, becoming impatient, Duquesne reiterated his request.

Stopping dead, the Count faced the Expedition, and never were words of more terrible import uttered than those he addressed to Duquesne, "It is impossible."

For a few moments Duquesne stood as one who can scarce believe his own ears. "Impossible," he said, in a grating voice. "How so?"

"Because," said Maurice, glad now that the ice was broken, but still trembling for the results, "because, to give you an entire human skin as we gave you an entire bear's, cannot be done. The human outline must grow itself, and to strip any part of your present covering from your flesh would only mean your either dying from loss of blood or exhaustion. Not one surgeon in France will take that risk. The inability to sleep you can become accustomed to; the now useless sacs which contained the stored energy can be safely removed from you. As to whether or not your own eyes can be replaced is a matter of much doubt; but you must go down to the grave in your present garb."

For just one moment Duquesne reeled as though about to fall as the terrible truth of the Count's words sank into his soul. But only for one moment. With the shriek of a beast he threw himself on the cause of his terrible fate. In his yet gigantic strength the Count was as a child.

The noise brought the attendants dashing into the room. When they had at length overpowered Duquesne and had him securely bound they turned their attentions to the Count. But he was beyond their assistance. Great strips of flesh had been riven from his body by the claws of the demented Duquesne. They covered the remains over, and led the Expedition from the room.

And now there is little else to relate. But in a closely barred and shattered room, in the Rue de la Harpe, a small street behind the Boulevard Michel, may be seen what appears to be a heavily chained Polar bear. Unceasingly it paces the room. But it walks upright like a man. And when it speaks it is to curse the day that saw his birth, the Government of France and its people, with its learned men in particular. Death will come, and when it does it will be a happy release.

It will be the death of the mad Expedition.

[END.]

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ART.

I have seen my confessor, rung up an undertaker, made my will, and, therefore, with a clear conscience and stoic soul, I set myself to discuss Art.

Art is the application of any science, and, therefore, any theory reduced to practice is Art, whether it be the disguised and dignified robbery in the Senate, the polite pilfering of the raccourse, the harnessing of the ether, or the selling of soap suds as porce; the presentation of the poet's thoughts in music, painting, sculpture, or literature, are worthy of the definition Art. But it is of the last four we intend to speak; because they are the great elevating and refining influences of mankind.

That Art has an ulterior object is one of the baseless assertions of the present-day materialists, and in wedding Art to this object, outside itself, they make the artist the creature of his surroundings instead of the creator; they drag him from the heaven of his own creation to harness him to the world which they themselves know, and endeavor to gauge his genius with the measure of their own prosaic minds. That Art has been utilized to teach and elevate is undeniable; but that the artist's work which neither teaches nor elevates is to be despised, ignored, or relegated to oblivion, is only worthy of the man who would suggest the destruction of the Pyramids of Egypt to build a bridge across the Suez Canal as a road for Europe to the Sahara.

What was the object of Dante's "Inferno," Milton's "Paradise Lost," Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and for what object did the artist make Mona Lisa smile from the canvas or Wagner compose his inimitable strains?

That which compels the artist comes from within; it is the one remnant of creative power which still lives in fallen humanity. If Scott's works have taught, and Dante's have deterred, and Wagner's have inspired, it is not because that any of these artists set about doing any of these things; it is because they had in them that which taught, deterred, or inspired, and these attributes—perhaps adjunct, but not essential—have been used by a well-meaning but prosaic people to teach, etc.

The poet writes, the artist paints the musical composer composes, because he must. Genius must out or consume; it is a fire that cannot be extinguished except by itself. Therefore, the object of Art is innate; it is the safety valve of the artist's imagination. The object of Art is Art.

Of course there are some people who write and paint—do the mere technique of them—for ulterior purposes; but such are not artists; they are mere automatons, who do the will of others and do not follow the leadings of their own light.

Art is not necessarily a copy of Nature, nor a picture of what we see around us. If such were so a photographer might be an artist, or the historian as worthy of a niche in the temple of Fame as the poet. It does not follow that because we cannot see the landscape as the Artist does, nor see and hear our Irish peasantry as our dramatists do, that the production of the painter or playwright is not Art. It is the peculiar outlook that marks the genius. But we sometimes forget when we criticize a picture or a poem or a play, by saying it is not true to nature that nature is not at a standstill; that it is ever in a state of evolution, and that we have not seen it in a more advanced nor lower state.

And speaking about Drama, it is regrettable that some people in Ireland today want to turn the stage into a platform from which to preach or teach, and deny that any piece of Drama which is not true

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to nature or that has not an object, is not worthy of production. If a play is presented as a picture of life, and is not true to life, of course, it is a fraud; but it is no reason why it cannot be taken as the author's outlook on that life. Will anyone deny that it is not himself he sees as much in an oval or circular mirror as on an ordinary one.

The divine music of the organ; the steady march of the epic poem; the perfect representation of the Artist has come as a natural outpouring, and it is possible—very probable—that the Artist, whether in Music, Painting, or Literature, never thought of the public at all. If his works are utilized for other purposes why charge him?

The public are surely the judges, but they are by no means the inspirations.

An Clárán Out.

Usher's Quay Ward.
We receive by the columns of an evening contemporary where the cliques and ward-healers of the above ward are again about to resurrect a branch of the United Irish League as a preparatory move in view of the coming Municipal election.

It is indeed interesting to watch the movements the Leaguers in this ward for the past ten years. They hold a few caucus meetings at election times and furnish a bogus report of same to the Press, and give a list of a few prominent people of the ward as attending—this list is always a fake. Is the same thing about to happen again? We know Mr. Farren, T.O., is about to retire in January, and, as all our friends know, he is an intelligent Labour representative, and as such the cliques and heifers are opposed to him. We are informed that the League is about to be reconstructed again by two so-called prominent "Nationalists," the sons of ex-politicians. One of them holds a position in the Corporation and the other is a publican whose sole idea is shop. It seems strange that the workers of this ward, who are the vast majority of the electorate, can be so easily deceived by such shams—designing knaves. We strongly recommend our friends not to be deceived again by such prominent Nationalists—save the term. We do not object to the formation of genuine branches of the U.I.L., but we ask is the League as if exists in the Usher's Quay Ward genuine? What sentiment did it subscribe to the funds of the Home Rule movement for the past ten years? We therefore ask our readers to open their eyes, wake up, and look to their own interests.

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WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

Women Workers and the Industrial Position.

By "SHELLBACK"

The attraction of women to the factories and mills seem to be occasioned by the large number employed, thereby assuring them plenty of companionship by the continuance and uniformity of the work they are required to do, but chiefly because of the evening's freedom and the week-end off.

Women do not seem to take to really hard manual labour with the same avidity as formerly. There are not so many recruits now a-days to the chain-making or the brick-making. Possibly the old systems have become obsolete, and these trades are being carried on by more modern methods.

When we think of all the many objections that could be advanced against the employment of women in these places, from every point of view, it is more than passing strange that it should have been permitted to continue so long.

men, and why are not women, for the same reason, in charge of our fast railway trains? Because it is all bunkum.

Machinery makes the presence of the skilled man more necessary now than ever. The terrible sacrifices of strangled, scorched, disfigured, dismembered, poisoned, consumptive, and anemic women and girls yearly made to the machine monster proves that.

There are other branches of women's work that have even worse physical effects upon them than either factory or mill. There are women working in Great Britain at labour that robs them of every appearance of femininity, such as the work they do in connection with coal mining; and though they are real women, with real women's hearts and natures, and though they are good and noble women, the terrible strain of their unnatural labour soon sets its stamp upon them.

Under present conditions the great loser is woman. She not only dies from poison in the lead glaze factory, phosphy jaw in the match works, and consumption in the mills; she is not only disfigured and blinded by chemicals, arms and legs and fingers chopped off by sharp-edged cog, or stamps, or knives, her hair dragged out by shafting or destroyed by poisonous fumes; she is not only flung on the scrap heap, as worn out and done for, when still but in her prime, but she is robbed of her young life and her youth, she is not paid for her labour, and she is absolutely denied the power to provide for a comfortable old age, should she have to depend upon her own efforts alone and live to see it.

There is another point of view from which woman's work occasions loss to both women and men. The displacement of men by women labour reduces the return. That industry, as a whole, receives from the wealth it creates, impoverishes the community, and enriches the miser class. The displacement of women by male labour would have an opposite effect. It would enrich the community by higher wages and it would raise the marriage rate, and also the status of woman, both of which latter are much to be desired by all of the women who labour; but under present conditions, by apathetic indifference as to wages, lack of organization, and so on, many hundreds of them must suffer cruel disappointment and torturing despair.

Trade Union activity, on the part of man, will shortly result in reducing hours and abolishing overtime in their own departments of labour, a result that will absorb practically the whole of the unemployed of that sex, leaving the demand for female workers still as acute as at present. Trade Union activity on the part of women will, if at once undertaken, result at the same time in raising women labour to the same standard value as that of men engaged in similar branches of industry. And with equal pay for equal work, what a different prospect would open up for female workers.

The proper function of machinery is to reduce the labour of the community, not to increase the dividends of soulless Shylocks or investors. The nation allows the inventor a monopoly in his invention, because it is assumed that by his ingenuity the wealth of the people may be increased and their labours reduced.

Machinery will then prove, as it ought to be a blessing to humanity, instead of the black poverty and hunger manufacturing curse it is at present.

I must admit that I would like to—and I may some other day, if no better pen than mine does not attempt it. I will only remind them of how much more better off they would be in their positions as clerks, typists, shop assistants, barmaids, and so on, if they received what they rightly deserve the same pay as the men who are engaged in exactly the same lines of business.

Then organize. Organize well and organize now. Take up your places and play your proper part in the great work of Labour's Emancipation, and by doing so free the years to come from the horror of a picture we too often see in these our times—the lantern-jawed, round-shouldered prematurely aged female object that once was the bright eyed darling of fond parents; but who, probably after a training in the home of a "good family," became a broken and a useless piece of machinery in a soulless, lying, dividend sneaker's mill, and as such was cast out on to the scrap heap, to gradually rust and rust away into Eternity's oblivion.

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All-night dance on Saturday night, 28th December, 1912. Dancing at 10.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. 6d. each.

All communications for this column to be addressed to—

"D.I." 18 Beresford Place.

"An injury to One is the concern of All"

Irish Worker.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, Dec. 28th, 1912.

OUR XMAS.

We have been inundated with congratulations on our Christmas Number. Even our critics—who are none too generous—have had to admit our was the Christmas Number par excellence. Our readers in England and Scotland are especially enthusiastic. To those of our readers who were disappointed in not getting a copy, if they forward four stamps to this office we will send on a copy. We intend reprinting another edition; therefore send on your orders at once. We have passed through the most strenuous week of our existence. Every hour brought with it sorrow and joy on Christmas morning. We had some fire, but dried seaweed men to breakfast. We went out into the streets on Christmas morning, and my wretched wife who thought required breakfast got a kick for same at Liberty Hall at 77 Anson street; but the most precious time of our lives was spent on Christmas afternoon at Liberty Hall. Assisted by the most willing and helpful body of contributors, has been our pleasure to work with the want of some two thousand odd children. After everyone had enjoyed the things provided, we returned to our Christmas trees laden with gifts.

Class, by special arrangement with Editor, gave us a talk, in the most delightful of both words and actions, on the subject of the "Christmas Tree." The children who had been invited to the Christmas tree were taken to the "Christmas Tree" from Liberty Hall up to 77 Anson street, where some five hundred children were assembled as guests of No. 16 Renshaw (Jacob's) employees, everybody working like angels to minister to their guests. On the run again we dragged into No. 3 Branch, High Street, where Councillor Jack Bohan along with Councillor Tom Lawlor and the coming Councillor for Wood Quay, Meacham's Quay, Councillor Tom Farnes, Tom Irvine, and Andrew Bresnan, and assisted by the most willing band of workers it has been our good fortune to be assisted with doing their utmost to bring one day's happiness at least into the hearts of the thousands of youngsters gathered within the walls of 17 High Street. From there we journeyed to Emmet Hall, Inchicore, where our good friend, William P. Partridge, the former Labour Councillor for the New Kilmisha Ward, thanks to the generosity of the Transport Workers' Union, and assisted by the Father of Inchicore, Councillor Patrick O'Donnell, and the god-mother of Inchicore, Miss Mahall, and surrounded by a most earnest and willing band of workers, waited on their smiling guests, sang, danced, and in every way worked for the pleasure of their guests. Next week we shall get into longer length with both workers and

entertainment. We are somewhat hurried in going to France, and as the New Year will have entered into life ere we speak with you again we take advantage of the occasion to extend to all our readers and friends our best wishes for a Happy and Useful New Year.

We wish you all a Happy New Year. May Happiness with you all abound. May all that you hold dear Prosper in the Coming Year, and joyful be your lives the year round.

The Irish Workers' Dramatic Company made their debut on St. Stephen's Night in Liberty Hall. Every man and woman in the various casts proved themselves real artists; they surprised everybody. It would be invidious to name any of the players, but we are compelled to congratulate Mr. A. P. Wilson, Manager and Director, who in a few weeks took a number of men and women who had never appeared on a stage before and moulded them into players equal to, if not excelling, any company appearing in Dublin, at present. We advise all our readers, if they would wish to spend a few profitable and enjoyable hours, to attend on to-night (Saturday), and to-morrow (Sunday) night, at eight o'clock, at Liberty Theatre, Liberty Hall, Beresford Place. Popular Prices. Be in time. Doors open at 7.30.

We have just been informed that one of the School Attendance Inspectors employed by the Committee upon which Bill Richardson has a seat has been kept at his post during the last couple of weeks, although three of his children have been removed from his house suffering from a very infectious and dangerous fever. We have been further told that this particular inspector is about to leave for Australia, and that Bill's friends are about to run a candidate for the job who has been bad with a form of eczema which is alleged to be incurable and highly infectious. What price this for the work of "the worker who works"—on his election posters!

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

For the Sandwich Men—Pat Kavanagh, Coombe, One Ham.

For the Children—Standish O'Grady ... 5s. A Sympathiser ... 4s. 6d.

INCHICORE ITEMS.

The Partidge Election Committee acknowledges with thanks the receipt of £1 13s. 3d. from some members of the Local Branch of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

The public meeting held in Chapel's rd on Friday night week was highly satisfactory. The speeches made in support of the Labour candidate were forcible and convincing.

The public meeting held in "The Ranch" for the same purpose on the same night was TOM MAHER.

While the meetings held at Goldenbridge and the Corporation Buildings on the Sunday following were equally successful.

The respectable residents are beginning to see through the deception of the Kully Gave and the equally corrupt Public Pans.

No respectable oxidizer is willing to become the tool of John Staranus Ke'v, T.O., and John has declared that Partridge will be opposed, even if he has to dig one up out of Glasnevin.

Well, John, I would prefer to be opposed by a corpse rather than a criminal, for on your way to Glasnevin you might call into Mountjoy Prison and pick up one of your old associates.

We are all anxiously waiting for Kolly's candidate. Better resign your seat and face me yourself, John! and see if the people you have calmed and deceived have not found you out.

The Concert in the Emmet Hall on Thursday week was highly successful, and the following programme was beautifully rendered and much appreciated:—

Opening Chorus—"Angels" from "Marianne"; "Let Erin Remember." Solo—"Sweet Spirit, hear my Prayer." Miss Mary McMahon; "Snowy-browed Pearl." Miss Rosie Moran; "West's Wake" and "Bays I." John Egan. Irish Dance—Miss Jessie Pollard. Final Chorus—"Rich and Rare" and "A Nation Once Again." At Piano—Master Percy Fraser.

SAILORS' QUESTIONS.

By SHELLBACK.

I will pick a few words on the questions that concern sailors, who are so important a portion of the Transport Workers, would be out of place in the columns of the "Irish Worker," and now particularly, as Partridge and Burke has so ably brought them to the limelight by his very able article in the "Worker's" Christmas Number. Of course, Burke and those with him in the Transport Workers' and Firemen's Union are their attentions to the needs of the rank and file of the profession only, which is all right, the other grades of labour on board ship being considered to be outside their consideration. At the same time, in putting forward claims on behalf of the men on deck and in the stokehold, they incidentally direct attention to the requirements of the whole ship's company, with the result that any success gained for their section must naturally be shared in by all. I am going to deal with the matter in a different manner. I contend that the term

LIBERTY HALL. The Irish Workers' Dramatic Club WILL PRESENT ON Saturday Night, December 28th, AND THE FOLLOWING NIGHT: THE TRUTH: A Tragedy in One Act. BY RUTHERFORD MAYNE. Mrs. McKie ... DELIA LARKIN. John Smith ... JAMES A. CASEY. Francis Moore ... JAMES SMITH. Ebenezer McKie ... A. PATRICK WILSON. Scene—A Farm in the North of Ireland. THE BISHOP'S CANDLESTICK: A Play in One Act. BY RUTHERFORD MAYNE. Personne ... DELIA LARKIN. Marie ... KATHLEEN NOLAN. Bishop ... JAMES SMITH. Sergeant ... GEORGE JONES. Convict ... A. PATRICK WILSON. Scene—The Bishop's Kitchen. VICTIMS: A New Labour Play in One Act. BY A. PATRICK WILSON. Jack Nolan ... A. PATRICK WILSON. Anne Nolan ... DELIA LARKIN. George Purcell ... DENIS GREGHAN. James Quinn ... JAMES SMITH. Scene—A Tenement Room. THE MATCHMAKERS: A Comedy in One Act. BY SEUMAS O'KELLY. Larry Dolan ... PATRICK MURTAGH. Mrs. Dolan ... MARY CUDDY. May Noonan ... CATHERINE MOORE. Kate Mulvaney ... MARY GREAGHTY. Tom O'Connor ... JAMES A. CASEY. Son O'Connor ... JAMES BRUNTON. Scene—An Irish Farm Kitchen. Admission ... 6d. & 4d. A FEW SEATS AT 1s. Each evening at 8. Doors open at 7.30.

sailors is descriptive of all hands. Captain and deck boy, engineer and trimmer, the steward and the cabin boy, are all sailors who make their bread upon the seas, and I include them in that category, whether their service is in big or little, sail or steam, deep water, lake or river vessels. They are all engaged in an important industry, they are all equally neglected in the matter of protection and pay, and they all take the same risk. They are all dependent upon the sound construction and the good seagoing qualities of the ship, for it is an indisputable fact that when the forecastle sinks the cabin will have a poor prospect of floating. They are all liable to be "managed" by the ship manager, and for that gentleman's benefit are all usually covered by insurance against risk of loss by acts of God or the King's enemies, loose rivets, lee shores, collisions, foundering, altered load lines, faulty stowage, defective construction, infectious diseases, and a variety of other contingencies not very likely to be encountered in any other walk of life. For these reasons I use the word "sailor" as the title of the lot, although, at the same time, finding no fault with the custom, that may for certain purposes be of advantage, of sectionalising them or considering them under titles that is representative of the different departments in which their labour is utilised.

As a general rule, a "sailor," or what was usually considered a "sailor," is a type of man that to all intents and purposes has long since ceased to exist. He is supposed to have been an individual who, when not at sea, frequented taprooms of doubtful respectability, always in company with his Nancy or his Poll, ladies whose virtues were, needless to say, of the most accommodating character. His dress usually consisted of "slops," cut from tarry canvas, and summer or winter he sported a tarpaulin hat. He generally adopted the bonnet-string style of wearing his whiskers, and was fond of twisting his hair up into a short, hard queue, much lubricated with grease. Footwear he was not particular about, and he dispensed with boots just about as often as he wore them.

Anyhow, this description of an old-time sailor practically agrees with that handed down by Marryat and other writers of the days of single topsails, and it was this type of man who, if he had the misfortune to fall in with a party from a King's ship in the early days of the nineteenth century, while taking a cruise along Rathcliff Highway or some other haunt of the seafarer, would have been eagerly pounced upon, and, in spite of his protests and the imagined liberty of the subject, sent on board a warship to fight the Dutch or French and incidentally help to make a chorus that would be lustily belowned by after generations concerning "England's homes and beauty" and the readiness of the old-time Tarry Jacks to be either drowned, shot, or hung, whichever their friends or enemies considered the most desirable method of "paying him off" in the supposed defence of these Jack o' Lanterns.

However, he was the sailor of his times, and he would be just as much out of place in the sea economy of to-day as his hem-rigging, his quarter galleries, his keel-haulings, his spread-eagling, or even his majestic old three-deckers, that went lumping along their watery tracks, bluff of bow and square of stern, building up the lower structure of what is to-day known as British commercial supremacy.

No simple was these early sailors no one even thought of taking them seriously. They represented such a low type of humanity that their presence was never any check upon the gross familiarities between the officers and their ladies that we know were winked at in those days on board the ships of the fleets. They were accepted as a sort of superior animal and

they never complained, but took their "dozens" that was served out by the "grating" for the merest thing, and swore by the King, done more fighting, and got killed over again.

If such was their condition in the King's "Navee," how horrible must it have been in the tar-buckets that constituted the mercantile marine? Starved beyond conception, sold, robbed, and maltreated, these were the forerunners of our captains and engineers, our sailors and firemen, our stewards and our cabin-boys of to-day. The master of a trading ship at that time was very little removed, in point of social status, from the lowest grades on board ship, and engineers were absolutely unknown.

To-day the great Nelson himself would have no chance of taking command of the veriest old "wind-jammer," to say nothing about a modern steamer; neither would he be allowed to hold any executive position on the navigating staff of any latter-day vessel. He would fall absolutely in the sight test for one thing.

Our present-day sailor can afford to smile at the seamanship displayed in working a five hundred ton brig, with a crew of twenty A.B's. He can imagine the horror that would strike one of these early Jacks if he could by any possibility be brought to life again and given an experience of two hours of the middle watch in the crew's nest of the "Mauretania" when she is steaming against a nor'-west gale.

Our present-day sailor could beat the old ones easy, and if he cannot "shiver his timbers" in what was the approved nautical manner of the old days, or if he fails to appreciate the proper meaning of "splicing the mainbrace," he could give the old man tips regarding chain cables, steam fliers, patent stoppers, and wire splicing that would strike him "flat aback." He could introduce him into the stokeholds of our modern steamers, and show him furnaces that ate up coal as quick as the half-naked, shining human forms of sailor firemen could shovel it into their gaping mouths; and the old sailor could go back to Fiddlers' Green with the knowledge that he had at last seen hell and its gleaming, pink-bodied attendant devils.

But we have done with the old time sailor. The quiet contented sea-slave has gone off the boards. We have changed as completely as our ships, and if still the same old routes be steered the same old golden fairy shores be passed; if still the sailor has his Poll in every port how different is the manner of his wooing. He has changed like his ships, but in his case that change was not brought about by mechanical inventions altogether, nor by the studied efforts of his employer, but by the "agitator." To be continued.

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The Campaign in Wood Quay and Merchants' Quay.

A parade of the Wood Quay and Merchants' Quay Wards in support of the Labour candidates took place on Sunday last, headed by Ireland's Own Band and the Band of the Irish Transport Workers' Union. An extremely large number of workers participated in the demonstration, and the hearty reception given the Labour men in practically every street visited by the procession showed that Irwin and Breslin were the popular candidates.

A public meeting was held at New street at 2 o'clock. Mr. E. O'Carroll, T.O., who presided, expressed his pleasure at being called on as Chairman of the Dublin Labour Party to open that large meeting in support of two such able and respected Trade Union officials as Mr. Irwin, of the Plasterers, and Mr. Breslin, of the Carpenters. The very fact that both the candidates were

SECRETARIES OF THESE RESPECTIVE TRADE UNIONS.

and had been elected to these most responsible positions by the men whom they worked with, and who were, therefore, most competent to judge of the honesty and fitness, was sufficient proof of their standing in the Labour movement and a guarantee that they would be true to their pledges if returned to represent their fellow-workingmen and women of those Labour Wards. In the recent election of workmen's representatives on the Court of Referees (under the Unemployment Section of the Insurance Act) both the candidates had been elected by large majorities, which showed that they possessed the confidence of the organized workers outside their own trades. Another strong recommendation was that Messrs. Irwin and Breslin were connected with two building trades, and would in consequence be able to give invaluable assistance to the Labour Party in dealing with the Housing question. That question was useful as an election topic to gull the workers into supporting the old gang; but it was not until the workers sent in direct representatives that it was found possible to build self-contained cottages at a rent of a shilling per room per week. There was evidence on all hands that the workers had become too enlightened to allow themselves to be exploited and mis-represented by men of the Swaine and Vaughan type. A few years ago it was proved up to the hilt that

VAUGHAN STOLE A SAMPLE OF ADULTERATED BUTTER OUT OF A FOOD INSPECTOR'S POCKET.

Could any self-respecting man or woman vote for such a man? Mr. James Larkin, who was received with loud cheers, said he was there to say a word in support of the selected candidates of the Dublin Labour Party, who were tried and trusted men in the Labour movement. The Labour Party did not put forward any bogus Trades Unionists. The credentials of every man sent to them must bear the strictest investigation. They had no room in their ranks for political huxters, ward politicians, or men on the make. They were determined to have only men of unquestioned honesty and integrity—men they could look forward to and look up to. In Wood-quay their opponent was one of the greatest blackguards that ever lived. "Vote for Swaine, the People's Candidate. Live and Let Live. God Save Ireland," they were told. Yes, they were out to save Ireland, and with God's help they would save it from

SCOUNDRELS LIKE SWAINE AND VAUGHAN.

(Loud applause.) One demand the Labour Party had kept before the public since they commenced their campaign was the feeding of school children. They were resolved never to rest until that question was settled. They maintained that if the law compelled a child to attend school then they would compel the law-makers to provide food for that child. In England, Scotland, and Wales this had been done.

WHY NOT IN IRELAND?

(Applause.) He did not deny that the Party was not perfect. It had its faults and its failings. It was just what the representatives of the different Trades Unions made it. But he could say with absolute confidence that it was composed of honest, upright men, whom no one could point the finger of scorn at. They had no Swaine in their ranks. They had no John S. Kellys. They had no "light-weight champions" amongst them. A couple of months ago the Labour Party and the IRISH WORKERS exposed the corruption and jobbery going on in South Dublin Union Bastille in James' street, and now they saw that all their charges were true. They were now to have a Local Government Board inquiry, but they needn't expect anything from that. The Local Government Board had already whitewashed Scully in connection with the District Committee, and it would be

sure to stand by him and his henchmen in the South Dublin Union. Inspector O'Connor, who was to hold the inquiry, was objected to, and now it seemed some other Inspector was to be appointed.

WHY NOT FIT McCABE ON THE JOB?

He did the last one well, and could be depended on to do the right thing on this occasion. Mr. McCabe was not done with the District Committee just yet. The Trades Council had unanimously selected him (Mr. Larkin) to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of John Simmons on the District Committee. If he got on that Committee Scully and his gang might look out. However, he advised them to "wait and see" (applause).

Mr. Irwin, who was received with applause, thanked the audience for their attendance in such large numbers in support of Mr. Breslin and himself. He wished, in the first place, to say a word in support of the man who was his colleague in that fight, and would soon, he felt confident, be his colleague in the City Council—Andy Breslin. (Applause.) Breslin was a man that any ward should be proud to have as representative. He was a young, active, intelligent worker whose honesty, ability, and sincerity could not be gainsaid. He was confident that he would never give the honest men and women of Merchants'-quay cause to regret their support of him. As regards himself, he had no desire or ambition to enter the City Council; but he did desire to see his native city well governed by upright, honest men, as the capital of their country ought to be. So, when requested by his fellow-workers to take up the fight on their behalf in that contest, he felt it to be his duty to accede to the request. As one who had a ways taken an active part in all that concerned their city, he was glad to see the people becoming more educated and taking a more intelligent interest in municipal affairs. But it seemed one of his opponents lieutenant to mad the opinion that he (Mr. Irwin) could not possibly be a suitable representative. Why?

BECAUSE HE LIVED IN A TOP BACK.

(Loud laughter.) As a matter of fact, that was a libel on his character. He lived in a top front. (More laughter.) And who had made this wonderful discovery? An individual named Peter O'Reilly, of Chancery-lane. He was reminded that Mr. O'Reilly was a Councillor for the Wood-quay Ward. Well, would it be so if he were a Councillor? He had some of the finest speeches he had made during his two years on Cork-hill! Why, as a representative,

HE WAS AS ELUQUENT AS A DUMB DOG.

But behind his counter Peter was the sense of wisdom and municipal philosophy personified. Could any of them point to a single action of O'Reilly's in the Municipal Council in the interest of the city workers? No, he had never lifted a hand to assist them; but he was not backward in slandering a workingman who had always done his duty by his class. What a lesson this was for the workers. Here was a man claiming to represent the people of Wood Quay, and because the workers put forward as their candidate a man who lived and worked under the same conditions as they, he was jeered at by

THIS CHANCERY LANE BLUE BLOODED ARISTOCRAT

because he lived in the buildings in Bride street and not in a suburban villa in Clontarf or Rathfarnham with the alumnus and food adulterators, who waxed fat on the toll and sweat of the working people. Those people had no use for the workers save as instruments to make profits for them and to vote them into positions of power and influence. Mick Swaine was unable to invent a new war cry in this election, and so fell back on the old gag of "Live and let live." He would suggest a better one, and one that would be far more appropriate:

"LIVE—BUT DON'T WORK."

(Applause.) A few years ago his opponent told an admiring audience of congenial souls that "he was in the Corporation for sport." Well, it would be the best day's sport he (Mr. Irwin) ever had to put his out of it (laughter). In a couple of weeks' time he would be all entitled to benefits under the Insurance Act, but they as Irish workers would not receive as good benefits as their fellows in England, Scotland, and Wales. Why was that? Because although every representative body of workers in Ireland had demanded that the Medical Benefit should not be eliminated from the Insurance Bill they were struck out. And why? Simply because the workers were not organized as a body in a Labour Party, which would make their presence felt, and compel Parliament to carry out their wishes. They in Dublin were doing their best to remedy that state of affairs, and they looked to their fellow toilers to back them up (applause).

Mr. Henry Miller said it ought not to be necessary to appeal to the workers to support one of their own class. They ought to realize it was

THEIR PLAIN AND OBVIOUS DUTY.

Last January a good start had been made, but what one fire of six men do in a

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Prize Story Competition. THE MAN WHO WENT UNDER.

PART I. Mr. Robert Barlow, owner and sole managing director of that huge concern known as Barlow's Iron Foundry, leaned back in the luxuriant armchair in his private office and languidly fingered a half-smoked cheroot. He frowned as his gaze fell upon a letter which lay before him on his desk. It was from his son Henry, and the impolite terseness of the missive grated on the old man's nerves. It began and ended without any expression of parental endearment, and read as follows:—

"You must take me out of my present difficulties or there may be trouble. There is no one else to whom I can appeal. I will call on you to-morrow morning at eleven."

The ironmaster had received the epistle the evening before, so that he was now expecting the writer to arrive at any moment. He set his lips grimly as he mentally predicted the result of the meeting.

A strange, hard man was Robert Barlow, as many had known to their cost, but above all a man who might not be trifled with—no, not even by a scapegrace son. He lolled back in his chair, and began to contrast himself with the world at large. This was his wont when he felt that his authority was being impeached, for he ever and always appreciated the security of his position. He was sleek and florid, though advanced in years, and his portly frame spoke eloquently of how he was enamoured of the good things of life.

There were times, withal, when he felt worried, but worry on a grade of this social scale seemed to have been doled out indiscriminately. His troubles, though few and far between, were of a nature not at all peculiar. To be sure, he had never known the pangs of hunger; he had never been perplexed by an empty pocket; he had never stood aghast at the prospect of being assailed by the broker's man. These were things he had heard of and which he was given to understand were sometimes the lot of unfortunate beings such as those who slaved in his works. Indeed, only that morning he had learned of what was probably a genuine tale of woe. This was when he had been spoken to by his under-manager concerning a former employee, one Matt Maguire.

He began to think now of the events of recent times. There had been some trouble in the foundry over the employment by the gaffers of non-union men. A furor had been raised, with Matt Maguire as the leader of the dissentients. Robert Barlow lost his temper and became violent, and a number of his workmen, including the aforesaid Matt Maguire, were ordered off the premises. That was all. This was more than a month back he reflected, and things had since resumed their normal course. To-day was Christmas Eve, and there was now no trace of friction in the workyards. This much he confessed to himself he had been loath to part with the man Maguire; but then his interests were one thing, and Maguire's were something very different. When all was said and done, Robert Barlow was a prosperous man, and a contented one at that. But, alas! there was that rascally, good-for-nothing son of his. . . . Henry Barlow, gambler and drunkard, had disgraced himself, and was in debt to the tune of a thousand pounds or more!

The ironmaster was interrupted in his musing by the entry of a sallow-faced clerk, who announced the arrival of "Mr. Henry." A moment later the newcomer had seated himself in the old man's private sanctum.

Half an hour afterwards and the interview had come to an end. Hard words had been used on both sides, and there had almost been a "scene." When it was all over Mr. Robert Barlow stood up with a cynical, self-satisfied smile, and looked like one who had triumphed; while the slouching figure of his son might have been seen emerging from the entrance to Barlow's palatial offices.

PART II.

It was nightfall in the busy city, and the shops were closing one by one. The lingering crowds had become fewer and fewer, and the glare of the electric arc lamps was reflected on the sleet-sodden pavements. The brilliant rays seemed to light the kindly Yuletide spirit that shone in the faces of the passers by. But in all that moving throng there was one man whose face was not glad-

dened and whose heart was not gay, for it is hard to be gay when you are hungry. And this solitary man—Matt Maguire—was starving!

As he stopped to lounge by the river-side wall he began to ponder on all he had gone through—misery, want, misfortune—and he groaned aloud. He was having a final deadly struggle with the world and he was slowly going under. He was helpless, destitute, and alone.

While he stood there lost in reverie he was suddenly aroused by a chorus of horror-stricken cries from a knot of loiterers on the bridge hard by. The sound of a heavy splash in the dark waters below brought him swiftly to his senses.

An awful thought flashed upon his brain. Some one even more desperate than he was, perhaps, taking a shorter shrift than he had dared to contemplate!

He set his teeth and clambered on to the low wall. In another moment the icy waters had closed above his head.

He sat up slowly and collected his scattered senses.

The mob around him were whispering volubly, and the man whose life he had saved was lying by his side. He drank greedily from the brandy flask that was offered him, and, staggering to his feet, he gazed on the inert form on the ground. Then he sprang back with a hoarse cry on his lips.

"Henry Barlow!" he muttered, and turned away.

The man he had snatched from the river was Robert Barlow's son!

A hush of awe fell upon the gaping onlookers as they stood aside to let him pass. Not until he had vanished did they care to ask each other a myriad questions that were doomed to remain unanswered.

He tottered down a darkened by street, where a band of ragged urchins were playing noisily in the gutter. The lateness of the hour and the approach of Christmas morn had tempted them to stay abroad in search of possible adventures. They laughed uproariously and watched his broken footsteps as he shuffled past. They greeted him boisterously, and then began to jibe at him in their childish glee; while one of the more exuberant members of the gathering pushed him rudely from the footpath. But he heeded them not.

With their merry, youthful laughter still ringing in his ears, he passed onward into the gathering gloom.

CATHAL LALLY.

THE WINDS OF WINTER.

The winter winds are blowing by, The trees are brown and bare; The songbird scarce to a sunlit e'ry To tune his glad note there. No bluebell blooms 'neath the barren thorn.

Where the leaves are lying low; No reaper reaps where the golden corn Waved in the autumn glow.

The birds have flown to a warmer clime, Where the fields are fresh and green, And the bluebells bright of the summer time.

Have vanished from the scene. The vaper rests by his bright fire's e— Ah! well that rest is won; For the corn is stacked in his haggard's wide And the harvest work's all done.

The spring has yawned and the summer-time, With its joys and delights untold; And autumn, too, with her hues sublime Of amber and red and gold. And the winds that sigh o'er the sodden plain.

Li's fateful music, till That obdurate wate: is here again Holding earth within her spell.

'Tis thus the short years onward roll, Until Life's path is trod; When a friend at least the waxy soul Flies to the feet of God. Than let us strive to elevate Our thoughts to things sublime, That we may pass through the golden gate.

When we close our eyes on Time.

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The different Sections are earnestly instructed to make a point of attending promptly according to the time of meeting of their particular Sections. Only those who are less than thirteen weeks in arrears will be allowed to nominate or be nominated, as per rules, as the business to be transacted is of the greatest importance. No member under the influence of drink will be allowed to attend any of the above meetings.

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THE MOONEY AND OTHER PUB. SCANDALS.

AGOMINABLE DISCLOSURES.

To JAMES LARKIN.— Sir,—I would feel much obliged if you would allow me to occupy some space in your paper in order to draw public attention to the following:— Your readers might remember in a former letter I showed that Messrs. Mooney and Co., pub-owners, would not allow their assistants any food from five o'clock in the evening until nine o'clock next morning. But when public attention was drawn to this disgraceful business it was allowed. Now, however, Mr. Jimmy Heaver, King of Tricksters, has again arrived upon the scene. And what does this Heaver, this Peckiniff, this quail, this buffoon, with this enormous rotund figure, say? That one piece of bread is enough for boys (some under 16) and worked like slaves; no rest of any kind until 11.45 p.m., and one piece of bread. I wonder does he buy the bread for supper where he buys the eggs and margarine that causes such stampedes from the breakfast table morning after morning—viz., in Mrs. Heaver's, of Stephen-street, his sister-in-law's, who lately was fined in the Police Court for selling adulterated milk. The next pub. is O'Mara's (near the Ballast Office) where five assistants sleep in three beds in another box similar to that of Mooney's, of Britain-street, where all the fever and allgwa was, and they also got no supper. The next point I wish to draw attention to is the latest dodge of pub owners dismissing assistants as soon as they finish their apprenticeship of three years and employing children and paying them at the rate of £4 a year, and this is being done by Mr. "Juryman" Flynn, of 1 & 2 Townsend street. These children do, or at least have to try and do men's work, and also serve the lowest females in the city. This system is also carried on in Mooney's of Abbey street, where an assistant had £25, and was dismissed for asking for his half-day and an apprentice appointed in his place at £10. This must be Mr. Jimmy Watson's (Scotch Freemason), secretary and patron of alien Jews' method of keeping down expenses. This disgraceful sweating and cutting down of labour prices is allowed to go on without any protest from the alleged Assistants' Association. I will now deal with the Grocers' Assistants' Association and their genius of a secretary, Mr. Paddy Hughes. On looking over the balance sheet of last year, signed by Hughes, I see some of what appears to me to be the most extraordinary items I ever saw. The members subscribed £268 12s. 10d.; traders' subscription, £116 6s. 0d.; Sunday receipts, £17 8s. 9d.; billiards, £26 15s. 8d.; games, £117s. 1d.; hall letting, £111 6s. 7d.; total, £546 15s. 4d. And out of that enormous sum of money the miserable sum of £52 7s. 6d was given in pecuniary aid; so that if you deduct £52 7s. 6d. from £546 15s. 4d. you have left £494 7s. 8d. In other words, it takes £494 7s. 8d. to pay out £52 7s. 6d. to help any of the assistants that were out of work or sick during the year. And, I think, if any assistant contrasts the two sets of figures he will have plenty of food for reflection, and not by any means pleasant. Now, the next point is—what is done with the balance? I find Mr. Paddy Hughes receives the tidy sum of £128 2s.; billiard marker, £43 10s.; bagatelle, £6; caretaker, £39 4s.; funerals the most curious item of the lot—£47 19s. 6d.; lighting the hall—which the assistants can use on Sundays for four or five hours—the enormous sum of £49 16s. 5d. For six months, £11 2s. 0d., almost eleven years, which is nearly two tons per month, and, in spite of that, the assistants never get a fire, except in the billiard and reading rooms. No fire in the upper game rooms. I am not at liberty to refer to the medical fees, as that question will shortly be discussed in the King's Bench. And last but not least the most disgraceful item on the list is £40 for a deputation to London over the Shops Act, when the assistants were robbed by Mr. Clancy, M.P., and the employers, with the aid of Mr. Paddy Hughes, assisted by some of the committee, of the Shops Hours Bill, which would have been granted by a British Minister if the oligue had not stepped in. Some time ago Mr. Paddy Hughes was also appointed secretary to the Insurance Section of the Association at an additional salary of £150, so that now he is in receipt of £278 2s. This insurance appointment was never placed before the assistants, nor had they a chance of opposing for it. I hear endless complaints as to this Hughes' method of attending to his business as far as the assistants are concerned. If they go to him for a job they are told—in the oily manner so characteristic of Hughes—to come back in a week, and when they do return there's always the old, old tale of, "Hundreds on the list waiting for jobs." If there are such numbers on the list can this Hughes explain why it is there is always such a long list of advertisements in each of the daily papers every day, or can he explain why White, of Johnston's Court, does such a good business? My deduction of that problem is that Hughes does not care one jot whether assistants are in the Irish Buildings during Christmas week, or whether they starve on the streets waiting for work, because they refuse to work for £16 a year for either of the tyrants, as the case may be. This Hughes has the appointment as secretary as long as he lives, and so long

as he can twist with the tricksters on the Committee he knows he can sneer and laugh at the assistants. Why is this Hughes not appointed every year as the President and Committee? Whenever a secretary can be seen in every pub in the city hanging over counters talking to managers and employers it is quite obvious to any one that it certainly is not in the interest of the assistants. Appoint your secretary, and let it be clearly understood that the assistants have the power, and they only, to make what-ever change in their Association they choose, and that can be done by their vote, but don't let their votes be trampled in the dust to suit the vanity or personal spleen of any member of the Committee, as was the case with that fellow, Heaver, who, although the assistants told him to get out, is still on the Committee, and only laughs at the whole business as so much smoke. Appoint, I say, the secretary, whoever he is, like the rest of the Committee. That's the only way you can make him attend to his business as far as the assistants are concerned. If your wishes are not carried out, refuse to allow any meeting to go on; insist on what you desire to be done; decline to pay one farthing more to that hopeless Association in January; decline to listen to any member of the Committee unless he is straight, and don't be led away by sweet talk like in the Heaver case, where members of the Committee who were the first to censure him still sit with him on the Committee. Be united. It is a clear fight for your own interests. The money of the Association is being frittered away in the most extravagant manner. Why, every dance society has more liberty in the club than the assistants, who own it. A deputation from your Committee waited on the employers at the Commercial Buildings, and asked them not to employ any assistant who was not a member of the Association clique. Did the assistants know about this? Did they sanction it? This is a fine example of what the Committee does behind the assistants' backs. It simply means that the employers will hold you down at any cost, and the present Committee are doing their best to see that they do, as the majority of them are managers, and it is their interest to keep the employers on their side; if not, out they go. Many thanks, Mr. Larkin, for giving me so much space.—Yours, DISGUSTED.

WEXFORD NOTES.

Wexford Laneway Barricaded by Alderman Stafford.

The Corporation and Citizens' Rights. At a meeting of the Wexford Corporation the Mayor said—With regard to that barrier that has been erected down in Sinacott's-lane, the committee you appointed went down there and examined the place, and looked into the whole matter as carefully as possible, and the result was that they gave instructions to our solicitor to write a letter to Mr. Stafford requiring him to remove the barrier within 24 hours. I understand he has written that letter. As the Mayor remarked above, there was a committee appointed to inspect the locality where the grievances complained about by the citizens of St. Mary's Ward were situated. They did so, and unanimously agreed that their solicitor should write to the cabbage arrangement, telling him to take down the hoarding inside 24 hours. It is now nearly 24 days since that letter was written, and it has not been removed yet. And the answer the worthy cabbage man sent back to the Corporation was a list of names of people who, if it was only known, don't know where Sinacott's-lane is. There are 38 names on the list, and only 22 of that number are residents in the same ward that the nuisance exists. Out of that 22 we can find four of his own sobs, and we know their pedigree. Two more of them are carpenters in his employment (Sinn Fionnias, bless the mark). There are three ex-police-men on the list—Bob Malone, Mike Wickham, and Hayes, the man alleged to have told the porters to go out on strike, and then got them soaked. "A nice crowd, surely." The clergymen we will leave severely alone, and be content by saying that in our humble opinion they had no right to meddle one way or the other. Jimmy's memorial says that for the sake of morality Sinacott's-lane should be closed up. Does he think for a moment that any sane man in the town is mad enough to believe that it was for the sake of morality that he put that hoarding up? And, by the way, when was the morality of the town placed in Stafford's and Jimmy Mahoney's keeping? Why, the next thing we may expect is to see from the corner of King-street to Dossy's public-house roofed in. And, by the way, is it not very peculiar to have the solicitor who is working for the Corporation in this matter, also working for Stafford, as no man can serve two masters, especially when the two masters are fighting each other. Mahoney made a remark when the debate was on that some Councilors were laughing at the Administrator of the Parish. "Jimmy, will you not be doing the kid!" It is a nice hambug, anyhow, if a man

can block a right of way. The next thing he'd do would be to build a wall in place of the hoarding. He could then extend his premises a little further. Perhaps that is the "morality" the cabbage man wants to protect. In conclusion, we wish to say that we consider that the people who signed Stafford's memorial cast a slur on the town of Wexford. "Immorality; indeed, it's twice as much inclined to be immoral" now. Why does not Stafford go to the meeting himself and fight his case? Is he afraid to face the music? He knows he hasn't got a leg to stand on. Our tried and trusted leader, Jim Larkin, paid us a visit last week, and addressed two large meetings—one in the Bull Ring, and the other in the town, kindly given for the occasion by the Mayor, Councilor R.W. In his speech in the Bull Ring he dealt with the general conditions of Labour in the country, and appealed to his hearers to keep up the organization along with the rest of Ireland, as without them they would be forever trampled upon by selfish employers. He explained about his recent case in Dublin, and told about the St. Shans having to come back from Glasgow to be unloaded at the Transport Union's Terms, which the Press had forgotten to tell US about. This just reminds us that "The People" never put a line of Jim's speech into its columns, but the previous week devoted nearly a full page to the case where he was convicted. The St. Brigid's Band turned out to the meetings, closely watched by Tom and Joe Salmon and Bob Malone to see if there were any Foundry men on that night, and if they had we suppose they would have got the order of "The Boot" in the morning. It's a terrible thing to say that a man can't go where he likes when his day's work is done. We are informed that George Legge, the man who was doing the tiff on 13s. per week, is attacking Larkin and Daly very strongly these times; also Peter O'Connor; and says that they should not be annoying a decent man like Stafford. Well, everybody knows that George Legge has not brains enough to criticize Larkin or Daly; and, as for his attack on O'Connor—well, the people in Wexford know Peter and his people before George Legge inflicted himself on the Wexford public. The reason of his criticism is probably because he is to open a saddler's shop shortly, and expects to be an employer in a small way. We earnestly hope that the workers are getting ready for the fight to be waged for representation in the Municipal Council to take place in January. Let every workman who has a vote make it his business to use it to the interests of his own class and not be led away by people's bribes in the shape of intoxicating liquor. It is, indeed, high time that such methods were done away with in Ireland. When these people get your vote you never hear of them again for three years. It is quite easy if things are worked properly to get Labour men at least into the Council in January. WE HEAR— That Johnnie Olochan's letter was written at the Wheelbarrow Clerk's dictation; not to the very letter, because he would not know how. That Billy Byrne's bellows had no effect. That Ronnie Kearns was sent down by Spite Richards to kick up a row at Jim's meeting. That old Browns was on the ran-tan as usual. That Dolan has shown the Wellington bridge people what he is already. That people are anxious to know what has the letting-go of a hawser on board a sloop vessel to do with sail-making? HORAN & SONS, 95 & 96 Gt. Brunswick St., 53 Upper Grand Canal Street, 6 South Lotts Road, Beggar's Bush, AND 1, 2 & 3 Seaforth Avenue, Sandymount, Give Best Value ever offered. Quality, Full Weight, and Defy Competition. Phone 3562. For First-Class Provisions AT MODERATE PRICES, CALL TO T. CORCORAN, 27 North Strand Road.

G. S. & W. Railway Works, Inchicore, from Within. The public meeting of the Railway Employees engaged in the above Works, officially called, as already explained, duly assembled in the Town Hall. The chair was occupied by Mr. Bryan, of the Boiler-makers' Society. Mr. Maussell, Superintendent; Mr. Watson, Works Manager; and Mr. P. Doyle, Hon. Secretary of the Allied Trades Committee, sat on either side of the Chairman, while Bro. Hicks occupied a seat all to himself at the side of the room. The Chairman explained that the meeting was called to permit the men to learn first hand the nature of the system of piecework which it was proposed to introduce into the Works at Inchicore. He also announced the decision of the Allied Trades Committee not to allow discussion or permit questions, and stated that the decision of the meeting then assembled would be duly conveyed to the Management through their various Trade Societies as represented on the Allied Trades Committee. This latter announcement fairly staggered the Superintendent, who found all his well laid plans annulled by the intelligent decision of the Committee established to safeguard the interest of the working classes, and to preserve them against unscrupulous intrigues of trained official intellect. He evidently had built upon gaining the men's approval of the system by treating them to an elaborate and eloquent description of what was unintelligible to nine-tenths of his audience; and by a profuse profession of friendship and affection to coax them into adopting the system; doubtless, he also relied upon the assistance of the non-society men, some of whom were almost falling over each other in their anxiety to demonstrate their loyalty, or, more correctly, treachery. Mr. Maussell pleaded in vain for a discussion. The Chairman was unmovable, and he was compelled to proceed with his statement without obtaining the concession sought. This meeting accomplished much good if it achieved nothing more than the freeing of Mr. Watson from all responsibility for the innovations. Mr. Maussell's statement on that occasion was one unqualified denunciation of conditions permitted to exist under the control of his predecessor, Mr. Coey. And as I listened to his description of the alleged confusion reigning throughout the offices—whose condition he described as chaotic—I wondered to myself why the Board paid Mr. Coey his large salary, and granted him a salary of £800 a year. For if one-half of what Mr. Maussell has alleged be true, Mr. Coey should have been dismissed the services as incompetent to control. But Mr. Coey's reputation is not hurried in the jungles of India. O'Connell Bridge stands to-day a public monument to his abilities and qualifications. His elevation from the lowest rung of the ladder to the utmost top is in itself undeniable proof of proficiency, whilst his record in the Inchicore Works and amongst the Inchicore workers is such as I am afraid Mr. Maussell will never lay claim to. The new Wagon Shop at present in the course of erection represents his last effort to combat incertitude and find employment for the men from whom he sprung, and to whom he was always a friend; while the testimony of the Directors, whom Mr. Coey served so long, proves that he was no enemy of the Company, but a loyal and faithful official, and to-day stands untouched by the covered shafts fired at that meeting by one who always visibly owed in his presence. Mr. Maussell at that meeting sought also to please and amuse his audience by assailing the clerical staff, as already previously described. He had utilized some of the staff to defeat the workers in the strike, and he now sought to gratify the workers by degrading the men who at worst only did his bidding. But the working classes of to-day are beginning to think. They are too intelligent to be any longer deceived by such means, contemptible tricks, and they refuse to allow their prejudices to be played upon by Mr. Maussell. His reasons for altering the system of piecework at present in vogue in the Inchicore Works may have appeared sound to the unthinking. But to those who utilize their brains his arguments were only sound, and nothing more—mere empty noise. His speech concluded, Mr. Watson followed with a brief statement that was delightfully free from deception, and then the writer, as instructed, by the Allied Trades Committee, got up to propose the vote of thanks. This was a difficult and delicate task, and I appreciated it to the fullest. I started off by endorsing the action of the Allied Trades Committee in deciding not to allow discussion or even a questions at that meeting. I pointed out how slow some minds are to grasp the true meaning of a statement and how easily others are awayed by

praise or promises. I applauded Mr. Maussell's action in coming to the Hall to discuss with the workers the system of piecework he proposed to introduce, and stated that it augured well for the democratic management of the works in future. I pleaded for a humane management, and pointed out that many at that meeting were working hard for the Company for soot wages before either Mr. Maussell or Mr. Watson were born. I argued that the Company was indebted to those old servants, and pleaded that if the efforts of some should become visibly feeble, the management should remember how they had never been paid for their early overtime, and grant them consideration instead of ordering their dismissal. Mr. Donegan seconded the vote of thanks, and Mr. Maussell was "done again" for when the trades sent in their decision it was against the introduction of the piecework system. WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE. A CHRISTMAS REVERIE. I sit beside the fire-side, And listen to the rain; I sit beside the fire-side, And live my life again— The happy life that knew no care, When I, a romping boy, Made snowballs 'mid the hills of Clare, And danced and sang for joy. And you then ran beside me, Your life as fresh and fair, As the snowflakes whirling round thee, And over the frosty air; Thy merry laughter ringing, Thy dark mischievous eyes; Thy red lips parted singing, The notes that reached the skies. And you were then my leader, You knew it, yes, you knew; And bound me captive harder, As you from girlhood grew; And maidens' splendour decked thee, Thy charming artless grace— And other lovers sought thee, And wooed thee 'fore my face. But safe within my keep'g Thy heart was locked in gold, For when the world was sleeping Our tales of love were told. And others might admire thee, And lavish all their wiles; Thy thoughts were all upon me, And for me all thy smiles. But now the rain is falling Above thy sudden mound, And seagulls, shrilly calling, Are circling all around. The cold, damp earth is o'er thy form, Thy virgin soul has fled, And in my breast a heart, once warm, Is cold as stone and dead. I sit beside the fire-side, And listen to the rain; I sit beside the fire-side, And live my life again. I see thy form, thy laugh I hear, Thy laugh of long ago; But, ah! thou art gone, and I am here; Cruel fate that it is so! An Claim 'Oub. JOHN SATURNUS KELLY TESTIMONIAL. With reference to this proposition, anybody looking at the Minutes of the Corporation for the 2nd day of April, 1900, will find the following Motion carried in condemnation of the practice of sending circulars to Corporation employees in representations to members of the Council:—"That this Council condemns the practice of sending to the officials or employees of this Corporation any circulars or letters soliciting subscriptions in support of any testimonial, address, or presentation promoted in the interests of any member of this Council." What has Mr. John Saturnus Kelly, T.J., or his friends to say in view of this motion? It is open for any member of the Council to raise a question of privilege as against him with regard to the testimonial which is at present being promoted in his favour, and in reference to which circulars have been forwarded to officials and other employees of the Corporation soliciting subscriptions therefor. CITIZEN. Don't Forget LARKIN'S LITTLE SHOP FOR GOOD VALUE in Chandlery, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, &c., 36 WEXFORD ST., DUBLIN. IRISH GOODS A SPECIALITY.

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