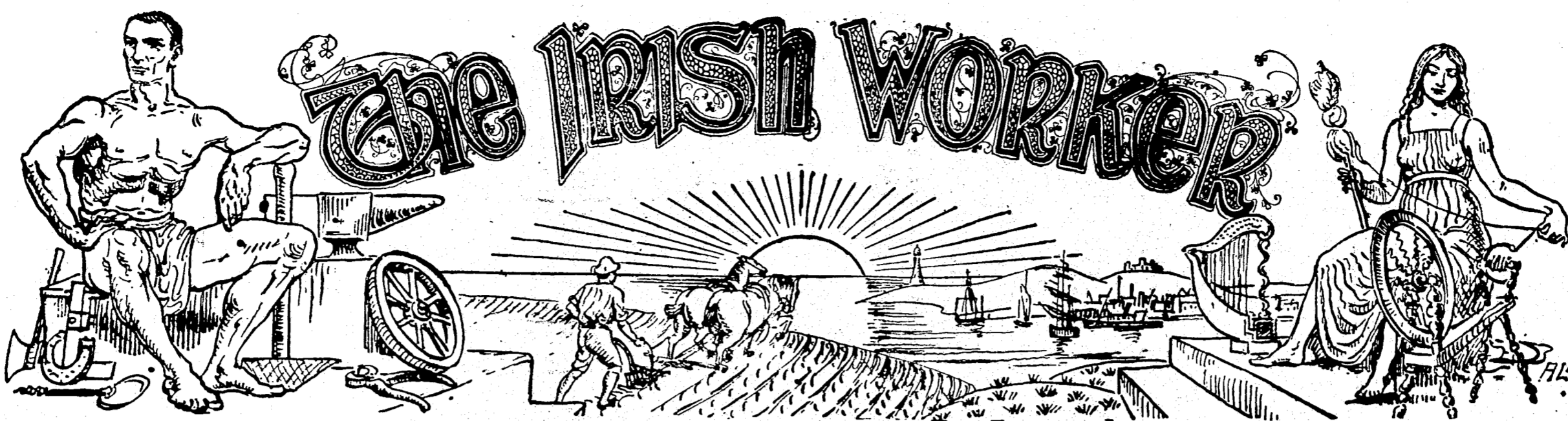


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Fintan Lalor.



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

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

Edited by JIM LARKIN.

No. 6—Vol. III.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JUNE 28th, 1913.

ONE PENNY.]

LABOUR CAMPAIGN.

County Dublin Farmers Hold a Meeting of Protest.

Auspicious Inauguration.

Remarkable Incidents.

The "Squire" Honoured.

Kelly-Tighe in a Rage.

By "IRELAND'S EYE."

The meetings held in Baldoyle and Crumlin to start a labour organisation in the County Dublin have given the farmers of those districts and the County generally food for very serious thought.

Let us imagine that the idea of fight has been seriously taken up, and that we have been given an opportunity of reading in the public Press the following:—

"A meeting of County Dublin Farmers has been hurriedly called together to discuss the situation created by Larkin's visits to Crumlin and Baldoyle." It was decided there and then to fight Larkin and the organisation. The covenant was signed; a subscription list was opened; guns were to be ordered; a drill sergeant from the North of Ireland was to be engaged at once, as it will take a lot of drilling to make some of the members straight, and the ditches were to be lined without delay. The election of officers resulted as follows:—

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

After many rounds of voting, Joseph O'Neill, famous for his grunt and jocular demeanour at all times, was elected to this position in the "grousing" army. But with all O'Neill's many great qualities the men from the South side of the County objected on the grounds that all the plums of the service should not be given to the men from the North side. All opposition was, however, withdrawn when it was pointed out to the meeting that the "Master" was the only "Squire" amongst them, and on that account he should get the preference.

The high sounding title had the desired effect on the congregation, who bowed down their heads in silent thanksgiving at having such a member of the aristocracy capable of fulfilling such a high and arduous position. There was therefore no further opposition to the "Squire."

"AIDE-DE-CAMP."

It was suggested that this position should be filled by some of the latest appointed J.P.'s, but the Commander-in-Chief pointed out "Would it not be well to appoint some one who went to the Castle," as, for instance, he had a son, Laurence J. who knew the ins and outs of Castle life—backstairs and front stairs—very well. Laurence J. was appointed one of the aide-de-camps to please the Da.

CHAPLAIN.

With one loud and continuous cheer F. Fitzsimons, talking partner in the firm of John Fitzsimons, Little Britain Street, Factor, was elected to this position on account of being a good, devout, and pious man—one who subscribes largely to charities, and a man who would put down swearing and strong drink.

DRUMMER.

By universal consent Jenkinson, Factor and evicted tenant, was honoured for this post in recognition of his noble defence of the retention of the Saturday Market, and as one who had an exceptional taste for music.

BUGLER.

McGann, Factor, Queen Street, he of the silver voice, and noted for the keen interest he takes in picking up the crumbs which fall from other factors' tables. This position was given to McGann as a sop for the amount of "caterwauling" he indulged in over the change of market.

PAYMASTER AND PURSE BEARER.

C. Dunne, Raheny, was selected owing to his reputation of being a man most capable of minding whatever monies might be entrusted to his charge.

BOOTS TO THE MESS.

This position evoked tremendous competition, Fitzsimons holding the meeting spell bound by his eloquence for a considerable time extolling the praises of his man "Saturday" Byrne, who is most handy at blackening boots. On Fitzsimons' recommendation "Saturday" got the job.

DIPLomatist AND Plenipotentiary.

After a long discussion, as everyone at the meeting considered himself a great

diplomatist, thoroughly competent to fill the position, the one loudest in his demand for recognition being Grimes—"Alfred the Great"—Ass.

Grimes' claims were ignored, as it was considered that the Farmers' Association should be recognised and the claims of the President, M'Grane, of Tallaght, were put forward. It was urged on his behalf that he was a learned man and a great man of "letters," and in the absence of P. J. O'Neill, C.C., M'Grane was considered the greatest diplomat in the country, and was accordingly elected.

COUNTY DUBLIN KING-AT-ARMS.

This being a position of great trust and antiquity, a man of mediaeval spirit was required. The meeting floundered a great deal as to whom should be given this position, and it was eventually agreed that a man who would look a striking figure on horseback would be essential. After a great deal of whispering among the members, it was decided to draw lots for the position, and "Alfred the Great"—Ass—was the lucky one.

In returning thanks Grimes stated that he was glad the meeting had sufficient commonsense left to ratify his appointment. Mediaevalism had for him a curious attraction; old beliefs, old colours, old institutions appealed to him, as he had been brought up in such an atmosphere of grandeur, which singled him out for the position from all those around him; notably Kelly-Tighe.

At this point Kelly-Tighe, J.P. (judge of pigs) on hearing his name mentioned, woke up. He had evidently been brooding over his exposure at the District Inquiry, when it was discovered that the funds of the unemployed were devoted to the improvement of his private property. This and his being altogether ignored by the meeting put him into an awful rage, and he created a terrible scene. The meeting fearing "Grab All" might secede and go over to the side of the workers (you can never tell what Kelly-Tighe might be up to) made a special position for him. This is how all the bubbling patriots of the present day are dealt with—if they are noisy positions are made for them.

The position made for Kelly-Tighe was wet nurse to the battalion with a special reminder to look after and wash the dirty linen of the commander-in-chief.

CATERER.

This was a most coveted position, as a bit could be made out of it, and after a great deal of excitement J. J. Lawlor, E. q., J.P., was declared elected on the plea as mentioned by his supporters that he had gone in extensively for huxtering and hawking, and would be prepared to supply small quantities. Moreover, he had recently purchased extensive fisheries, from which salmon might be obtained very cheaply. It was, however, stipulated that Lawlor should supply nothing but County Dublin produce [North of Ireland would not be tolerated] at current market prices. To this John demurred, as he explained that any goods he supplied to shops or private customers were sold at a little over the market prices. However, as he put it, "they were fighting for a righteous cause, and as it was possible for his pal, C. J. Hanlon, C.C., to oust him out of the catering, as he had ousted him out of the County Councilship, he would not be too hard, provided the goods offered were paid for beforehand." The latter observation gave rise to groans and moans—that Lawlor should have the hardihood to remind them of their distrust of each other—a memento of the Land League days.

The meeting wound up with the Secretary being instructed to write to the Farmers' Association, requesting that body to open each meeting with songs for the success of the army in the field.

Now, readers of the "Irish Worker," such are the men who are going to smash the newly-started Labour organisation with Larkin at its head.

Well, we shall wait and see. [Editor. Just as we go to press one of "Ireland's Eye's" scouts informs me that the arms and ammunition lying at the North Wall were intended for the "grousing" army.]

Notes.

Things "Eye" have observed— That if the farmers start an army to fight the labourers that the labourers must mobilise an army to fight the farmers.

That if the farmers have an association to look after their interests that the labourers should have an association to look after theirs.

That if the farmers through organiza-

tion got their rents reduced in the past the labourers must now organise to obtain higher wages in the future.

That if the road men and railwaymen get a half holiday on Saturday the agricultural labourers are entitled to one also.

That if the labourers stick together the "day is not far distant" when they must get better pay better housing accommodation, and a half holiday on Saturday.

That the Labour Campaign in the County Dublin is going along by leaps and bounds.

That the amount of "Red Hands" to be seen at Baldoyle Church on Sundays certainly denotes that the workers of that district mean business.

That the meeting held in Crumlin on Sunday, at which M'Partlin, Lawlor, T.C., and Larkin spoke, was a great success. Baldoye men and women, you will have to look to your laurels.

That the only note of discord was raised by a certain harness maker named Cregan, of the Flanagan household.

That the meeting treated his imbecile interjections good humouredly until he went too far with his vulgar remarks "a la bird," and then thinking discretion the better part of valour he decamped.

That when the meeting was in full swing Alderman Flanagan drove past. "Eye" wonder what were his feelings.

That the Alderman and Councillor Begg have made a good thing out of being members of the Corporation in this way—that they have netted thousands of pounds over the amount of manure which has been carted out to their farms free by the horses of the Dublin Corporation.

That in justice to both of these men there are worse kitchen gardeners. I have my eye on a certain "groucher" on the Cabra road named Snow. More anon.

That one of the Crumlin gentry "Bird" Flanagan, has drawn the attention of the public once more to the notoriously nice young gentleman that he is.

That in one of his periodical outbursts he has been seen around Liberty Hall quite recently looking for Jim Larkin's blood.

That fortunately for the bird of Crumlin Larkin was not about, not that Larkin would have minded very much the blithering nonsense of this sprig of the Flanagan tree, but the language used was of such a filthy nature that a little correction might be most beneficial.

That this offshoot of the cabbage "patch" and "youngsters" of his class must clearly understand that bravado and obscene language will not be tolerated among organised workers, and they must also bear in mind that it will not be tolerated even in their fathers' fields when hurled at unfortunate men and women who are working under them. No, Mr. Bird Flanagan, and members of your ilk, that day is gone, never to return, so beware!

That it is enough to make the Sphinx smile to see the efforts some farmers are making to curry favour with Larkin, not for love of the man, I assure you.

That the farmers' excursion was a great success, but strange none of the farmers who endeavoured to make a tool of the Association over the change of market were present, not many enough, I suppose, for the M'Granes, Fitzsimons, Joseph O'Neill's, or the Kelly-Tighe's.

That the greatest helper Jim Larkin has is his sister, who has taken upon herself, among her other duties, the duty of looking after the women workers of the County and City.

That already a great many women workers from the Cabra and Crumlin districts have been with her, and the tales of misery and sorrow they have unfolded would make the most hardened sinner think.

That this week Miss Larkin visits Baldoyle to enrol the women workers of the district as members of the County Dublin Women Workers' Association.

That the labourers of the Malahide and Kinsealy District are anxiously looking forward to Jim Larkin's visit.

That in next issue I intend to show the two sides of the question relating to Carton Bros., Halston Street.

That in the meantime I hope that the Carton Bros. will have seen the error of their ways, and give their employees the half holiday on Saturday.

Notes.—The excellent work done by Jim Larkin and friends in the agricultural district around Dublin is commencing to bear fruit. The employers are caving in in every direction. Miss Murphy, proprietress of the Drimnagh French Garden, has granted all her men and women the half holiday. It is wiser to foresee trouble and avoid it than stubbornly court it.

WOLFE TONE.

Bantry Bay Expedition, 1796.

In the Bay of Camaret,
On a bright December day,
Lay a huge flotilla there,
Swiftly getting under way.

Graceful frigate, transport huge,
At their moorings tug and sway,
Like the restless soul of Tone,
Chafing at the least delay.

Till at last the waiting ships
See the flagship's signal gay,
And at dusk the rising wind
Swept the fleet across the bay.

Three and forty gallant ships,
In the howling gale's despite,
Passing where the deadly Raz*
Waits in all its fiendish might.

Soon the hapless "Seduisant,"
Like an omen of defeat,
Lies with twice two hundred souls
Far behind the scattered fleet.

By an evil Fate pursued,
Trials beset them from the first,
Now by fog or calm delayed
Or by hurricane dispersed.

From the Bay of Camaret
Seawards 'tis a far off cry,
Where Cave Hill its green crest lifts
To the changeful Irish sky.

To the oath once breathed there
Tone exultant answer brings,
Eire! Hear its echo ring
O'er the sea's wild challengings.

Ships and troops and stores of arms,
Heritage these of stress and toil,
Princely aid to win at last
Freedom for his own dear soil.

On the flagship's deck he stands,
Gazing west with anxious mind,
Till, beneath the wintry skies,
Eire's coast shows pale, defined.

And his longing eyes can view
On the shore two castles grey,
That, in drowsy wonderment,
Stare across the crowded bay.

Soon his sanguine fancy sees
Tented field and bivouac,
And his squadrons' flashing steel,
As he leads the fierce attack.

Hears the cannon o'er the plain
Far its sullen challenge fling;
Sees the English ranks all gapped
By its deadly winnowing.

And above victorious troops
Free the Irish standard flies,
And the stranger's flag no more
Flaunts beneath his country's skies.

But the gale defiance shrieks
To the noble task he planned;
Tho' so near his gallant troops
Ne'er on Eire's shores shall land.

Who shall gauge the tragedy
Of that vigil in the bay;
Who can tell his agony
When his dream in ruins lay?

But his brave and buoyant soul
Scorns defeat and coward despair;
And his brain already builds
Plans as selfless, dreams as fair.

For the glorious cause he loved
Grudging not the bitter price
When he laid at Eire's feet
E'en the final sacrifice.

MEABO Coomhnaic.

* The "Seduisant" was lost at the Raz with four hundred men soon after the fleet left France.

To Enjoy Your Meals

STILL HAVE MONEY TO SPARE,
CALL TO

MURPHY'S, 6 Church Street,
North Wall,

The Workers' House where you will get a Provision at Lowest Prices.

Trade Unionism and Co-operation.

It is a good sign to see a revival of interest in the Co-operative Movement in your columns, and I would like to emphasise the importance of this to Trade Unionists and the Labour Movement generally.

The effort of the working classes towards emancipation has taken three different but converging directions, i.e., the Trade Unionism, Co-operation, and Political Action.

The first-named is the organisation of the workers as PRODUCERS; the second, the organisation of the workers as CONSUMERS; and the third the organisation of the workers as CITIZENS.

It is unfortunately true that these movements have been propagated independently and sometimes antagonistic to each other, but, nevertheless, they represent the conscious effort on the part of the workers to overthrow those powers which seemed to oppress the working class most definitely at the time.

But now, profiting by the experience of our comrades in other countries, we see most clearly how important it is that in Ireland we should endeavour to organise the working class in all three ways concurrently as producers, as consumers, and as citizens.

A good start has been made in the work of organising Trade Unions, and the workers are beginning to realise that unless they are organised in the workshop they cannot withstand the tendency to low wages, not to speak of securing higher wages and shorter hours. And with the enlargement of the functions of the Trades Congress so as to include "Labour Representation" amongst its objects, we may expect to see the worker as citizen developing a consciousness of his commanding position and the unity of his interests with those of his fellow workers.

But in regard to the "Co-operation of Consumers," what is the position of the working class?

The Co-operative Movement in Great Britain, Belgium, France, Germany, and other Continental countries has proved conclusively that the working class in combination can serve themselves with all the requirements of life without the intervention of the profitmaking middleman. We need no go even to Great Britain for examples of this. Successful societies are at present at work in Ireland, in Belfast, Dublin, Lisburn, Cork, Queenstown, and several other towns. To take the largest of the Irish Societies as an example—Belfast. This society now consists of over 11,000 members; its share capital is £100,000, sales are approaching £400,000 per year, dividends are paid to members at the rate of 1/6 in the £ of their purchases; 2 1/2 per cent. of the profit is devoted to an "educational fund," and this amounts now to about £300 per year.

I mention these figures merely to show that the co-operation of creameries is practical and successful in Ireland.

But to achieve the best results for the working class I believe the Co-operative Movement should be in direct and conscious alliance with the Trade Union and political Labour Movements, and if there is to arise a strong Co-operative Movement in Dublin and other towns in Ireland I hope to see it taken up by the Trade Unionists and run in alliance with the general industrial and political Labour movement.

It is important to point out that every society is autonomous and is democratic in its management. The members elect the management committee, and thereby determine the policy of the society. The profits may be voted for any purpose decided upon by the members—either to payment of dividends, to forming a reserve fund for future contingencies, for financing political candidates, assisting strikers, or any other legitimate purpose whatever.

Think of what support a society might give to the workers in case of a labour dispute. Starvation is the employers' strongest weapon, but a determined working class with a sufficient supply of bread and fuel could endure a very long fight. A Co-operative Society in Dublin; for instance, affiliated with the Co-operative Wholesale Society, would be in a position to GUARANTEE to its members food and fuel for an indefinite period in case of need. But the moral effect of a Co-operative Society, with all the machinery for production and distribution of goods at its disposal, standing behind a Trade Union in any struggle with the master class would be so great as to secure many a

CAUTION.

The Pillar House,

31a HENRY ST., DUBLIN,

—IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE—

Bargains by Post.

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

Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs
A SPECIALITY.

victory for the workers without the risk and cost of a fight.

In Belgium, and on the Continent generally, Co-operation and Trade Unionism are in the closest alliance, and these combine (naturally) in political working class activity. In England and Scotland these movements have developed on separate lines, but all the signs of the times show that in the near future there will be a union of forces between Co-operation and Trade Unionism. If the workers of Ireland will enter the Co-operative Societies as they are doing the Trade Unions, and will use the twin movements to further the interest of the working class in general, I am confident that the power of organised labour will be increased manifold and the struggle against the forces of re-action will become less cruel.

T.J.

Sailors' and Firemen's Union.

DUBLIN BRANCH.

A largely attended special half-yearly meeting of above was held last week, when the Secretary related the progress of the Branch since the ensuing year. He said that the progress was due to the unsullied solidarity of the Transport workers, coupled with the unyielding staunchness of the members of the branch in Dublin, and remarked that the relationship with all the ship owners in the port was of such a nature that they (the owners) were willing to deal with any questions that might from time to time arise, and he hoped that in the near future the same could be said by the officials of all the branches of the Union.

After other important business had been dealt with, the meeting adopted a resolution to be forwarded to the E.C. for their consideration in July anent the unemployment rule.

Since the above meeting all sorts of rumours went "afoot" (and they might as well go "adrift" that there was going to be a split in the camp. No such thing. It's a true saying and an old one that "walls have ears." Readers will digest with satisfaction the following conversation which occurred on one of the cross-channel boats the other night, when the captain of the steamer and one of the owners or agents were enjoying a tete-a-tete in the saloon of the steamer.

The captain (whose name we have) was telling his employer what a great thing he had heard, viz., "that there was a meeting of the sailors and firemen last Thursday and that there was a split going to take place, and he would get a bit of his own back when it occurred." Ah! when, Echo answers, when. But the genial owner only smiled, and quite sensibly, too; because the owner in question knows (and if he doesn't, we are telling him) that although the self-same captain did the dirty work for him in 1911, the E.C. is greater solidarity in the ranks of the workers in Dublin than ever there was, and it is being strengthened every day by the fact that you cannot bribe the officials in Dublin to-day, as was the case some years ago, when the men were sold by—well, everybody knows the skunk; have no need to mention it.

In another column an advertisement will be found in which the entrance fees to the union now is 10s. It has been decided to increase the amount of entrance fee, because many members have paid pounds into the Union, and it is not, therefore just or right that seamen who have reaped the higher wages and who have not contributed to the movement should be allowed to join the for less than 10s.

WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

LOCK-OUT AT THE SAVOY CONFECTIONERY CO.

How Disease is Spread and the Health of the Public Injured.

The lock-out at the Savoy Confectionery Co. is still on, so I trust that those interested in the result for the workers will not be led astray by the untruthful statement made by Mr. M'Murty to the effect "that there is no dispute at his firm."

This man is the most stupid and vindictive manager I have yet come across. Simply because the girls, who were the best workers in the firm, refused to have their wages reduced, and because they dared to belong to a Trades Union, they are victimised and locked out.

He has locked out a number of intelligent, hard working girls, and now has round him an unsavoury crowd of black-legs and helpers.

Chief blackleg is Gleeson, of 29 St. Michael's Terrace, Black Pits, the son of a reduced sergeant, now an ex-policeman, with a pension, whose object in life, so we understand, is to best and thrash any neighbours who say anything to his blackleg son, and should they dare to strike back he uses his influence as ex-policeman to have them arrested.

Then Messrs. P. Freeman, veterinary surgeon, gives shelter to the horse and van belonging to the Savoy, and driven by the scab Gleeson.

But with all the blackleg help M'Murty is beaten, and he knows it, and he will probably in a short time be looking for a job.

Last week we drew attention to the fact that part of the premises where the Savoy chocolates are made had been condemned as unfit for habitation, we have also been informed that persons who lived in those premises before the Savoy took it for business purposes had died of consumption.

Foreigners are engaged and get the best wages; foreign material is imported; Irish girls are put to work in a condemned house, which is infested by rats, and the confectionery goods made for the Irish public to consume are left so unprotected that rats have the first feast of them.

This lock-out, caused by M'Murty, is without doubt a blessing in disguise.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION, (Head Office—Liberty Hall.)

Entrance Fee - 6d. and 3d. Contributions - 1d. & 2d. per week. Join now. Call in at the above Office any day between 10 a.m. and 10 p.m.

Irish Dancing Wednesday and Friday Evenings. Don't forget the Sunday Evening Socials commencing at 7 p.m. Small charge for admission.

All communications for this column to be addressed to—"D.L." 18 Beresford Place.

Stop. Stop. Stop.

MIDNIGHT MEETING

OF ALL THE EMPLOYEES OF Tramway Company, Conductors, Motormen, Permanent Way, Parcel Men, Power-house Men,

WILL BE HELD IN Liberty Hall, Beresford Pl.

TO-NIGHT, Saturday, June 28th, and will be continued until 2 o'clock Sunday, June 29th.

All men employed by Tramway Co. should attend. Prominent Labour Men will speak.

"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.

All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6d. per year; 2s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance.

We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JUNE 28th, 1913

STRIKES.

We in Dublin are at present enjoying the doubtful pleasure of a series of strikes in various places of business.

What is the reason for these strikes? There are two reasons. One, the dire need in the interest of life for an advance in wages, that is if the working class are to be allowed to live.

The other reason the want of reason of a few unreasonable employers who, not satisfied with sweating the poor unfortunate wage slaves who are employed by them, but who go further and cajole employers who are prepared to treat with their workpeople in a business way.

We workers don't expect from the employing class justice, but we do expect, and mean to enforce, a business arrangement. Take, for instance, the method of some of these employers who are the cause of all this mischief. They, as a rule, are a type of man who have got on by very dubious methods. They start life in a very humble way by chicanery and sharp practice they make themselves useful to the person or firm they are employed by, get into the confidence of the firm. When they have found out enough of the private side of their employer's business as they desire, they suddenly blossom out on their own. Like the gambler they throw the dice. If they are lucky enough they win out, if unlucky they fall back into the maelstrom; but whether they succeed or not, whether they become employers or not, they are, in whatever class they curse with their presence, a menace. As workers they are wasters, loafers, liars, and sneaks. As employers they are scroogers of the worst type. They join an employers' association or other association, not to benefit society, or improve the conditions of the association members and raise the status of the industry they are engaged in, but simply that they may find out inside information, which they use to their own personal benefit.

their friends if they can gain an advantage. The decent employer, judging all men by his own standard, does all the fighting, suffers all the loss, and these parasites steal as much business as possible of the firms they are betraying. It is full time that the worker and decent employer began to understand one another's position. The employer who is prepared to come to an honourable understanding with the Union must, for his own protection, stand apart from the fight. Let the men and the sweater fight it out. His business will not be interfered with; will flourish apace and the sweater will meet his just fate. Let us take an example. A Mr. Connolly runs a barber's shop; or, not to offend this gentleman's susceptibilities, we will call it a hairdressing saloon, in Abbey street. For years past this creature has been parading this city as a "sport." Aye, sporting on the money earned by slaves. Connolly (that is, Ferguson) says he wants to stop tipping. What did he make his money on but tips? Take the miserable wages he paid his skilled men for years—23s. per week for six days a week; but Connolly took care that no man was allowed to work six days a week. Five days only were these skilled men allowed to work: work that Connolly never could do with all his swank, 10s. per week! For the men earned the money that Connolly wasted in billiard saloons, betting dens, and other rendezvous. No tipping! How did Connolly expect these men, who kept him and his in affluence, to live on 10s per week if it was not for the acknowledgment of the courtesy and skill exercised by these skilled Hairdressers by the customers in the way of tips, no man would have slaved for Connolly for 10s. per week. Connolly is asked to pay the same wages as paid by men who served their time to the business, and who have forgot more about the business than Connolly ever knew. And Connolly and his imported scabs are now assisted by ex-Alderman Davin, ex-Lord Mayor; Mickey Doyle, the Butterman. We suppose he is getting shaved on the nod. It is to be hoped the Hairdressers and their friends will realise who are their friends now.

IRISH FREEDOM.

O Freedom! firmly fixed are set Our longing eyes on you; And that we die for Ireland yet, So Irishmen should do!

Last Sunday will linger long in the memories of all who participated in the quiet and silent declaration that before Ireland lies at England's feet her life must be trampled out of the souls of her people. It was a day that renewed again the vigor and resolve of our hearts. It filled us with something of the buoyancy and earnestness of the living spirit of the dead Republican.

Bodenstown Pilgrimage from this out shall be an outward and visible sign of our National faith. "Every year it must be made to more strongly proclaim the failure of the ermined-cloaked traitors, the uniformed spies, the scarlet-coated garrison, the lordly fleet, the sleek-tongued diplomat to stifle the voice, the aspirations, and the resolve of the people.

They had the power to murder Tone and they did so; but he had the power to die and to scorn them. So have we. They can hang us, but we can be hanged and scorn them. Tame us they never will. How fiercely our hearts beat as we stood on the sanctified sod, listening to Padraig MacPerais pouring out in passionate the thoughts of his heart. "The war! that Tone lies silent in a lonely grave! The restless spirit is still; the passionate heart has ceased to throb; the active mind is quenched; but the power of his unconquerable spirit is generating energy and determination and perseverance in the lives of others of his countrymen towards the accomplishment of that for which he died—the Independence of Ireland. How proud one felt as we looked back upon the marching thousands! Here in serried ranks, marching with the precision of a military contingent, accompanied by a buoyancy that vigorous discipline destroys, was portion of Ireland's citizen army. They may talk of the pomp of the scarlet coat, of the jingling spur and clanging cavalry trot, of the conceited march of the Lancers with their tossing pennons, verily these have their reward; but nothing can excel the sight of marching disciplined men caught from the ranks of the people in every walk of life, out to secure the liberty of their country and to strike a blow for the freedom of man.

Those but the paid and gaudily-dressed tools of tyranny and wealth, those the men realise the truth of the greatest of philosophers, that "He who loses his life for the sake of others shall save it."

Let us hope that each one that marched in that procession knew where he was going and what he was doing. That, perhaps, the development of that action might mean for them the gloomy prison walls or death on the scaffold. That no matter what it may mean for them, if they fight the good fight, it will ultimately mean an Independent Ireland and an enfranchised people. It was good to see the large number of the badges of the "Red Hand" worn by the processionists. One worker carried one of the banners presented to John O'Leary for the Memorial Committee by the Irish women of New York. Next year we hope Labour will pay its homage to the great Republican by attending in forces accompanied by their leaders. Let us of the Labour Movement remember Tone was a Nationalist as well as a republican; let the Nationalist remember that Tone was a Republican as well as a Nationalist! March on! Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Down with class privilege and preference! Ireland and her people forever!

Notes from Queenstown.

Things are still moving in Queenstown, and some of the movements of our Trades Council at the last meeting, 10th inst., proves conclusively our contention, that it is now a repository of Redmondite nationalism and Hibernianism, led by their able exponent, M. P. O'Halloran, Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

But had M'Quealy, A.S.E., who occupied the chair, upheld the sentiment expressed by him the night of Larkin's meeting on the Square, he would not have allowed political matter to be discussed. But then M'Quealy has been bitten by the Molly bug, and he also is poisoned.

It was a great pity M'Crotty had to correct M'Cotter on the minutes. One would think M'Cotter, as secretary of such a large and important society like the Laundry Workers, would be capable of recording minutes, especially if "he" is able to draw up rules for the government of their society.

We are surprised that the Steam Engine Makers' delegates had the temerity to ask if the girls intended to remain a local union or join an Irish or English amalgamated one.

M'Cotter, who claimed a primal right to reply—and we know where M'Cotter would be if he got his primal rights and deserts—said they had not decided yet, but would do so shortly. It is gratifying to know of their intention, especially if we have been the means of showing the stupidity and futility of "local unionism."

It will be amusing to watch their search for a union in Ireland to take in the girls. Of course it would be no good in suggesting the Irish Women Workers' Union. That is plague-stricken, taboo. To touch it would mean death and damnation. So perhaps these enthusiastic supporters of Irish National Independence will rush off to England and get Englishmen to control their society.

And these are the people who are looking for political independence, who have been bludgeoning one another for it, but whose little spite, jealousy and intolerance will cause them to run into economic dependence on the country they revile. M'Quealy, who could not refrain from having a bite at Larkin—although it is not so long ago since he eulogised him for all he had done in Ireland—said Larkin might be a great organiser, but they in Queenstown were as good.

There is no doubt about it the Laundry workers' "Local Union" is an example of their ability, but then nobody takes M'Quealy seriously.

M'Cotter again returned to the attack, and was glad to have another opportunity to vilify and misrepresent Mr. Larkin.

M'Cotter was told before about his ignorance of the Irish labour movement, and when he attempts to speak of the conditions of labour organisation in Belfast, he betrays a colossal ignorance; furthermore for his education "Larkin's" union is neither sectional or local. God help him when he does not know that.

A deputation of the Home Rule Fund Committee was admitted to ask the Trades Council to collect funds for the purpose of the Party.

Well, we understood Trades Unions and Councils were non political, but then Queenstown is an exception. While the Mollies hold sway, as Mr. O'Halloran said, they would during the discussion on the Buckley case that night long ago, anything which suits their purpose will be legal.

It was a good opportunity to get rid of some of their slobbering nationalism and hypocritical sentiment.

But let them never fear, the rank and file are watching, and they are not going to put up much longer with the canting rot of Mr. O'Halloran and his Hibernian tools. They are going to have a higher, grander, and nobler Home Rule than he is capable of conceiving. They are not going to have Home Rule for the gommeen man, nor for the law sharks, nor for the sweating employers, but Home Rule in the fullest sense—Home Rule for the whole people, who are the rightful owners of Ireland.

RED HAND.

Cat and Mouse Act.

Mansion House Meeting of Protest.

When a good bill is passed in England, such as the Feeding of School Children Act, Ireland is left out. But when a bad bill, such as the Government's "Cat and Mouse" Act, to enable it to revenge itself on the Suffragettes, is passed, it is at once extended to Ireland. This iniquitous Act, which, though it is now applied to Suffragettes only, may be used at any time by any Government to torment its opponents, is now in full force in Ireland, and three Irishwomen are suffering under its provisions.

A public meeting to protest against this will be held in the Mansion House on to-day (Saturday), at 8 p.m. Councillor Tommy Lawlor and Councillor Miss Harrison are among the speakers, so are Countess Markievicz, Mr. Padraic Colum, Miss Mary Hayden, Mrs. Wyse Power, Dr. Kathleen Lynn, Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington. Come and help to kill this latest Coercion Act for political rebels.

PROVS 3603

For First-Class Provisions AT MODERATE PRICES, GALL TO

T. CORCORAN, Capital T House, 27 North Strand Road

RE THE TRAM CO.

To the Editor "Irish Worker." The Depot, June 24, '13.

SIR—One of our Tramway Inspectors, speaking to a man in the street a short while ago, said the chief objection to the tramwaymen joining Larkin's Union was because the Company did not wish their employees to associate with Larkin's "blackguards."

I knowing the opinion of my comrades on this subject, want to emphatically give the lie to such a hypocritical statement, and to say here that Larkin's so called "blackguards" are far better associates than the blackguardly Inspectors placed over us. Of course, we know the real objection to Larkin's Union. The Company didn't care a jot if we went in droves to the bogus Union in Rutland-square; but now that the portals of Liberty Hall have been thrown open to us you can compare our officials to nothing but a flock of ducks in a thunderstorm. They know we mean business. There is nothing bogus about our Beresford-place meetings, and they also know that Larkin can't be frightened, bought, or coerced.

Any of the boys who have reason to toe the line the last few weeks are questioned about the Union. It seems they know all our names. Some swine is supplying information. Well, let them. We'll all take a lot of sacking at the rate the Union is progressing, and they'd better not start their sacking. Since Larkin's Union started no one has shown the white feather in the office over it. Remember, boys, its now or never. FOR ONCE BE MEN!

Remember poor Tracey, killed working at the North Wall some time ago, was hounded out of the service by one particular Inspector. Think of poor Keane, perished on the Titanic, who would probably be working on the trams to-day but for another Inspector who made the job too hot for him. Think of the system whereby a man who happens to be a pimp can leave his car on the road and go for a drink, and get off with a caution; whereas if a straight fellow, with the least tendency to Trade Unionism, gets reported for an excess fare, he can be reduced from first to second rate. These two cases occurred not so long ago. The two conductors in question are constant men on the Phoenix Park line. Imagine how the Secretary, who reduced this conductor, would support a wife and seven children on second-rate pay.

Boys, buck up! For God's sake, stand shoulder to shoulder. Think of your wives and children. Think of many a wife and family left starving through the blackguardly system the Company allows its officials to impose on us. Think of all the missed fares and excess fares, and wrong change to passengers, and alleged impudence, and leaving passengers behind, and a hundred other cases you have been suspended for. I might be toeing the line myself tomorrow; but buck up, boys, it can and WILL BE ALTERED.

THE GUNNER.

THE PROPOSED CLERKS' UNION.

At last practical steps are being taken to organise the Rip Van Winkle of the workers—the Clerk.

On next Thursday night, at 8 p.m., a meeting will be held in the Central Hall, Westmoreland street, of all clerks who are desirous of improving their conditions generally. The meeting will be addressed by prominent Trade Unionists. If clerks would only remember that through organisation all workers on the quays of Dublin have a minimum wage of 30s. per week and have bettered their conditions all round they would not allow prejudice to keep them from forming a union which in time will do the same good work for the wielders of the pen.

Brothers, come to this meeting and show by your presence there that you do not think yourselves above uniting with your fellow-workers for the common good.

DUBLIN COAL FACTORS' ASSOCIATION, LIBERTY HALL.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING, held on SUNDAY, JUNE 22nd, for Amendment and Alteration of Rules, adjourned till further Notice.

Re Dublin Coal Trade.

It would be interesting, were it not so serious for the poorer classes of people in Dublin, the attitude adopted towards them by the "Coal Ring" in the coal imports. To begin with, I want to point out that the Dublin Coal Factors' Association have no connection with the "ring," except that members of the latter body are compelled through necessity to purchase coal from them. As a section of the public are under the impression that the coal factors or billmen are really responsible for the present high price of coal, permit me to point out the actual state of affairs. The coal importers, or "rings," supply the upper, middle classes and aristocracy, who buy best classes of coal only; while the poorer or lower middle classes are supplied by billmen or coal factors, who can only afford to buy second or inferior coal.

Now we come to the facts. Since October 4th, 1912, an advance of 3s. 6d. up to date per ton has been charged to billmen for the inferior classes of coal, while no change in price has taken place as regards the coal supplied by the Ring to the "upper ten." In October, 1912, the price charged per bag to the public was 1s. 6d. To-day the price is 1s. 8d. It will be seen from the foregoing by any one who cares to glaze the matter that the policy of the coal capitalist is to extort the last fraction from the working man through the medium of the billmen or factor who supplies him, and this last fraction is an inferior article. From time to time I have endeavoured, through the medium of the Dublin Press

[sic] to place the foregoing facts before the public, but insertion was refused, no, perhaps it was because the advertisements from the coal "ring" would be withdrawn. Who knows? We must ask some of our true Nationalists; they may be able to answer.

In any case, I hope the day is not very far off when the coal factors and other traders will adopt a mutual co-operation system as applied to the Trade Unionists only, and thus leave the capitalist classes to enjoy in peace the hearty amuse on the sweetest labour of the long-suffering worker.

CHAS. NA SCAIR.

Cathcart na n-Eaglaise, Rte. Uí Mhainne, 26.6.13.

I would be much obliged if you would inform your readers in next Saturday's issue that on that day [Saturday, the 28th inst.], at four o'clock, a Public Meeting in support of the Language Movement will be held in the Phoenix Park (near the Polo Ground). Among those who have promised to speak are P. H. Pearce and Councillor Teas T. O'Calligh.

Thanking you in anticipation, I remain, Cmt MacDhucaill.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland.

Open-air propaganda meetings will be held on Sunday, at 12 noon, in Phoenix Park, (near Band Stand). Subject: "The Condition of the Working Classes of the Leo XIII—a Criticism." Speaker, Tom Kennedy; at 8.30 p.m. in Foster Place, and on Wednesday next in Foster Place at 8.30.

Information regarding the Independent Labour Party of Ireland and the Socialist movement generally can be had on application to Secretary, I.L.P. of Ireland, Antient Concert Buildings, Dublin.

Regular Glasscutters, Glaziers, and Lead Sash Makers' Trade Union of Dublin.

Office—2 Bachelor's Walk.

A MASS MEETING

of the above Society will be held at the above address

On Monday Evening, June 30th, AT 7.30 p.m.

All members and intending members are requested to attend.

By Order of the Committee, J. MURPHY, Sec.

Oh! Where's the Slave So Lowly

WHO WONT BUY Pure Irish Butter

At 10d., 11d., and 12d. per lb. Not Foreign Equival.

Patk. J. Whelan, 82 Queen St DUBLIN.

St. James's Brass and Reed Band

Excursion to Kilkenny, SUNDAY, 6th July, 1913,

Return Fare only 3/3, on the morning of the Excursion 3/6.

Train leaves Kingsbridge at 10 a.m. returning at 8.30.

Openair Festival at St. James's Park.

Half-price to Excursionists on showing Ticket at Gate.

Sailors' and Firemen's Union, DUBLIN BRANCH.

The Entrance Fee to the Union from Monday, the 23rd June, 1913, will be 10/-, made up as follows—

Entrance Fee, 5/-; Book, 6d.; Parliamentary Levy, 1/-; Defence Fund, 1/-; Emergency Fund, 2/6.

By Order of Committee, GEO. BURKE, Sec.

Liberty Hall, Dublin.

STRIKE!

Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

Mass Meeting will be held on Sunday, June 29th, in Beresford Place, at 1 o'clock. Important all must attend. BADGES UP.

By Order, JIM LARKIN.

Every member of the No. 1 Branch Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, must attend Extraordinary MEETING, in Antient Concert Rooms, on Tuesday Night, July 1st, at 8 o'clock sharp. Business important. Ballot will be taken on Committee's action re delegates suspension. Admission by card only.

Made by Trade Union Bakers.

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL FOR THE IRISH WORKING BAKER.

AT THE GRAVE OF WOLFE TONE.

Saturday last the annual Pilgrimage to the grave of Wolfe Tone in Bordenstown Churchyard. The Pilgrimage, which was conducted under the auspices of the Wolfe Tone Memorial Committee this year, broke all records. The climatic conditions were ideal, the heat being somewhat mellowed by the clouds. At 11.30 some 2,000 people travelled from Dublin to the village of Salinas, where they were met by contingents from Tullamore, Clara, and Kildare. A procession was at once formed, headed by the O'Tuathail Pipers. The contingent included An Fianna Eireann, the National Guard, the Athlone Pipers, the Freedom Clubs, and Inghinidheanna Eireann, with other local contingents.

In all there were upwards of 3,000 people taking part in the march, the first military leaving of the whole evoking considerable comment.

On arrival at Bordenstown Michael O'Connell, one of the new generation of Pipers, played a dirge over the grave, after which

Mr. Thomas Clarke, President of the Wolfe Tone Memorial Committee, who does not seem much the worse for his sixteen years' imprisonment, received a great reception when he came forward to speak. Addressing his fellow-countrymen, countrywomen, and the Fianna, he said these boys would have something to say in the future. They stood for Irish Nationality of the stamp that Wolfe Tone fought for and laboured for—Ireland a nation, owing allegiance to no power outside her own shores. That was Wolfe Tone's programme in a nutshell. The rising generation were swinging back to the old fight, and they took pride in the principles of '98 and '08 and '13 (applause). His duty was not to make a speech. He had merely to introduce to them a man whose name was well known throughout the length and breadth of the land, and not only that, but wherever Irishmen of the National Faith were living, as a man who was doing splendid work on the National end of things.—Mr. P. H. Pearse. He had great pleasure in introducing Mr. Pearse (applause).

Mr. C. H. Pearse, coming forward amidst applause, said—We have come to the holiest place in Ireland. It is holier to us men than the sacred spot where Patrick sleeps in Down. Patrick brought us life, but this man died for us; and though many have died before him and since him, though many have testified in death to the truth of Ireland's claim to nationhood, Wolfe Tone is the greatest of Ireland's dead. He was the greatest of Irish Nationalists, and I believe he was the greatest of Irishmen; and if I am right in this I am right in saying we stand in the holiest place in Ireland. For what spot of a nation's soil can be holier than that in which her greatest dead lie buried? I feel it difficult to speak to you to-day—to speak in this place. It is as if one were asked to speak at the graveside of some dear friend, some brother in blood or some comrade in arms. I feel that there are no strangers here—that we are in a sense our own brothers to Tone, sharing his faith, sharing his hope, still unrealised. I have then to try and find expression for your thoughts as well as my own, and you will understand me even if that expression is found to be a healthy one. We have come here to-day, you and I, not merely to honour this noble dust, but to pay our homage to the noble spirit of Tone, and to renew our adhesion to the faith of Tone, to express once more our full acceptance of the gospel which Tone so bravely stated, giving a clearer definition, and a plainer meaning to all that had been thought before him by Irish-speaking and English-speaking men. That which had been uttered half articulately by Seaghan O'Neill in defiance flung at the Englishry that was expressed in some passionate metaphor by Geoffrey Keating, when he was hunted with a price on his head, has been stated clearly and definitely and accurately by Wolfe Tone (applause). I have called him the greatest of our dead. He was great in mind, great above the great men of his day and of later days, and he was still greater in spirit. It was to that mind of his, that nobly dowered mind of his that Kickham, one of the most nobly dowered of a later generation, paid reverence when he said—

Oh! knowledge is a wondrous power, And stronger than the mind; And thrones shall fall and despots bow Before the might of mind;

The poet and the orator, The heart of man can sway, And would to the kind heavens That Wolfe Tone were here to-day.

Wolfe Tone had the vision of prophets. He saw things as they were, and saw things as they would be. He was a thinker and a dreamer of the memorable dreams, and doer of the memorable deed. We owe more to this dead man than we shall be ever able to repay by making pilgrimages to his grave or by building the stateliest monument in the streets of his city. He advocated Irish Nationality, and that is part of his achievement. He did more than that—he armed his generation in defence of it—(loud applause)—and to him we owe it that there is such a thing as Irish Nationalism. To his teaching we owe that, and to the memory of all he nerve his generation to do, to the memory of '98, we owe it that there is any manhood left in Ireland. He was great in mind, but he was greater still in spirit. This man's soul was like a burning flame—a flame so pure, so ardent, so generous, that all who came into communion with it would receive a new baptism, a new regeneration, and a new cleansing; and to-day standing round this graveside, we may in some way come in contact with and get the spirit of Tone, possessing ourselves of something of its ardour, of its valour, and its generosity, of its gaiety and its gladness. If we could do that, it would be a good thing for us and a good thing for our country, because we could carry away with us a new life from this place of death, and there would be a new resurrection of patriotic grace in our souls. Think of Tone, think of his boyhood, of his young manhood in Dublin and Kildare, think of his adventurous spirit and plans, think of his glorious failure at the Bar, and his lofty contempt for what he called the foolish wig and gown (applause). Then think of how the call of Ireland came to him. Think of how he volunteered in the Catholic movement. Think of this heretic attempting to make freemen of Catholic helots, and how from his work among them grew to love the old historic Irish nation. And then there came to him that great, clear, sane conception that there must be not two nations, not three nations, but one nation, that Protestant and Dissenter must close in amity, and that Catholic, Protestant, and Dissenter must unite to achieve freedom for all (prolonged applause). From that conception sprang armed the United Irishmen. And then came his ceaseless journeying through Ireland until the Government realised that this was the most dangerous man in Ireland, this man who preaches peace among brother Irishmen. But it does not suit the Government to preach peace between Catholic and Protestant, so Tone goes into exile, having first pledged himself never to cease from fight until Ireland was free, pledged himself on the Cave Hill above Belfast. Then to America, and from America to France went the great exile of Ireland, greater even than Fitzmaurice. Because it was no complaint that Wolfe Tone to kings and senators, but wise counsel that he gave them, until a French fleet was called forth and soon ploughed the waves with Wolfe Tone on board. You know the sequel—how the craven who commanded it would not land because his commanding officer had not come up. You know how his soul was torn with impatience when he saw his beloved Ireland. The fleet set sail. That opportunity was lost which, we must believe, would have freed Ireland, and it is the supreme tribute to this great man that after this cruel disappointment the unwearied and undaunted ambassador worked until another fleet, a Dutch fleet, set out equipped for Ireland, but did not reach Ireland. At last Tone himself comes with only a corporal's guard, or little more than a corporal's guard, and then meeting with an English vessel, fights until his ship is but a shattered hulk. The vessel strikes. Tone is betrayed by a friend, and is dragged to Dublin and condemned to a traitor's death. Then the last scene in Newgate, and Tone, he's dead, the greatest man of our land. They have him, and here he awaits judgment, and we are gathered at the graveside to-day to pay him our homage, and to renew our vow as Irish Nationalists (applause). Very hard is the path of heroes. It is their high but sorrowful destiny to turn their backs on the easy path, and the pleasant paths, and to turn their faces to the hard paths. And he loved so much. Tone loved so much. I have never heard of a man so richly dowered as he. There was never a man so much loved in his warm human heart—such gaiety. He was as irresponsible as a school boy, with laughter in his eyes

and singing in his heart. I would rather have known Tone than any man I have read or heard of, I have never heard or read of one who had the same heroic stuff that he had. He so gallantly set about doing a mighty thing. I have not heard or read of anyone who had so much love as this man, who had so warm and human a heart. I have always loved the very name of Thomas Russell because he happened to be the friend of Tone. What a privilege that was to have for a friend a man of such immense love and immense charity. And remember those outbursts of passionate love for his children. "Oh, my little babies," he exclaims, and it was from such love as this that Tone went into exile. It was stifling such love as this in his faithful heart that he went, a weary ambassador, from city to city and from camp to camp. It was with the memory of such love, with the fingers of little children plucking at the heartstrings, that he lay down in that cell in Newgate to die his death. Such is the destiny of heroes. They have to leave all things; they have to blind their eyes to the fair things of love and to stifle in their hearts the sweet music of the low voice of woman and the love of little children, and to follow only that far voice, the voice that calls them to the battlefield or to the harder death at the foot of the gibbet. And Tone heard that call, and Tone obeyed that call, and from his grave to-day he calls to us anew. He calls to us to-day, and his voice resounds throughout Ireland from the grave; and we come to the graveside to-day to answer his voice, and to make this pledge, and before we make it let us be very clear as to what we have to do. Let us be very clear as to what Tone sought to do and what Tone left undone. Tone had said it for us—"To abolish the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to establish the independence of my country. These were my objects. To abolish the memory of past dissensions, and to replace for the denunciations of Catholic, Protestant, and Dissenter the common name of Irishman. (Prolonged applause.) These were my aims." In that gospel we find the whole philosophy of Irish Nationality, the philosophy of the Gaelic League and of all the later prophets; and that programme we accept anew here at the grave of Tone. And at this graveside let us not pledge ourselves unless we mean to follow in the footsteps of Tone, never to rest, by day or by night, until this thing be accomplished, until Ireland be free, fighting, not in despondency, but in great joy, as he fought, prizing it above all things to be able to fight for freedom, hoping for victory in our day, oh, my brothers, if it should be granted to us in this unworthy generation to complete that which Tone left unaccomplished. If that should be our destiny. But if not our destiny to fight on still, sacrificing still, knowing as we must know that a cause like this cannot always be defeated, and that men like Tone do not die in vain (loud applause). And so we pledge ourselves, promising to fight on, holding before us the example and conception of Wolfe Tone, accounting ourselves base as long as we endure that foul thing against which he bore testimony with his blood.

All Ireland Drum and Flute Band Association.

All Ireland Drum and Flute Band Association held their usual weekly meeting at their rooms, 24 Winetavern-street, on Monday, the 23rd inst., Mr. P. Bowes, President, in the chair.

The following bands were represented:—The O'Connell's, Mr. Hunt; No. 1 Branch Transport Union, Mr. M'Dermott; No. 3 Branch Transport Union, Mr. O'Connor; Lord Edward, Mr. Lawless; United Corporation, Mr. Geoghegan; St. Mary's, Donnybrook, St. Patrick's, Blackrock, Mr. Mann; Young Ireland, Blackrock, Mr. Long; Sarsfield, Ballsbridge, Mr. Nowlan, Sandford, Mr. Pluck, Newtownmount-kennedy, Mr. Sutton.

Important business was transacted. The meeting adjourned till Monday, the 30th inst.

THOMAS RAFFERTY, Sec.

TWINEM BROTHERS' MINERAL WATERS.

The Workingman's Beverage

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

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

WEXFORD NOTES.

The Dockers, the backbone of the Labour Movement in Wexford, have won another victory.

Some time ago the Committee of the Irish Transport Workers' Union made an order that all men employed in the coalyards on the quay should be made to join the Union. All the merchants got due notice that if these men were not prepared to join that their ships would be held up.

They all acceded to the Union's demand but Byrne, Ffrench, and Kinsella, but the Union very promptly stopped all work at each of their three yards.

Byrne gave in the day on which the work was stopped. Kinsella held out for three days, and Ffrench in his wisdom held out for nearly a week, to the detriment of his trade.

Of course we don't blame the merchants for holding out against the Union, because we could expect nothing else, but we can't see why a man should be so blind as to shelter himself behind an employer to fight against an organisation that is trying to lift his standard of living for him against his will.

Now the men employed in these yards are not millionaires by any means, and when they are sufficiently long in the Union it is the intention of that body to negotiate with their employers for an increase in their wages.

And in the face of these facts, as we said above, we don't see why they should fight the employer's battle for him.

The dockers who were directly implicated in the dispute behaved like the men they have always been since the advent of Trade Unionism on Wexford quays, and when we hear of BUGLER DUNNE wanting to know if he got sense yet, and have they tired of Larkin yet, we would like to refer them to their fight of the last week. If every other body of working men in Wexford were as well organized as the dockers, then we could say that all the men in Wexford had got sense.

The Irish Transport Union is stronger, and has more power now in Wexford than ever it had.

Unity is strength, known only too well by the employers. On Sunday last we had the misfortune to witness a scandalous state of affairs in Wexford—the employees of Messrs. Pierce and Co. loading machinery at the South Station. These are the people who were preaching religion during the lock-out, and who were denouncing Larkin as anti-Catholic and all the rest.

This thing was done for nothing else but for a show off for advertising purposes, and the men who were engaged at the work deserve a good thrashing to allow themselves to be carried away to the extent of breaking the Sabbath.

Our friend Billy Doyle is in a bit of a stew just now, too. He can get no fitters. We have no sympathy for him, as when he had them he run them out of the town to satisfy his spiteful conscience, "or has he such a thing"?

PEMBROKE NOTES.

As anticipated, one of "Haypoth o'-Tay's" purchases is in a dying condition, and if it recovers, which is doubtful, it is to be used for drying the fire brigade hose on.

This is not the first occasion on which members of the Council have been appointed to purchase horses. It is in the recollection of the writer of a former member purchasing a horse from a "friend" which turned out to be a "white elephant." How "Sil-ly."

It would be well if a competent person were appointed when the Council require a horse; it would save the ratepayers a few £42.

We are still waiting for the prosecution of those people who are selling Vartry water adulterated with some white substance, and which is supplied to the poor people of the district as milk.

And waiting we will be, as in view of the coming elections, no "ratepayer" is to be embarrassed. Oh, dear no.

It is pleasing to note that the "Worker" is read by the local Councillors, as the hint regarding the forest of weeds at the rear of the Delta has been removed, and our humble efforts to remove some of the eyesores in the locality have the approval of those in authority. O, Lord, ay.

"From information received," a certain "bung" has become proficient in the "Morse code" as a result of tapping at the front window by the members of the "Chamber of Horrors" when they get the "midnight thint."

The "Black Lad" must not be a "Catch-my-Pal"; or does he "take" anything himself? [Yes, anything he can put his ugly paws on; the younger the easier.]

"Futty-Luke" is to be congratulated on the fighting attitude he adopted at the recent Court of Arbitration [?], as when he buttoned up his coat Brudder "Haypoth," the prominent public man [moryah], who was acting as conciliator, turned white and made a run for the door.

"Come back, come back," bold "Futty" cried. To "Haypoth" in a hurry, "And stand beside our friend the bride, Whose debts cause him no worry."

Acting on the information of Brudder "Yellow," who appears to be the official pimp of the "Lodge," a special court was held during the week to try "Snopy Juck," alias "Swanker," that he on various occasions accused the "Ring-end Twister" (who, by the way, is a rejected applicant of the Lodge, of canvassing for the Order without authority.

After a lengthy hearing he was discharged with a caution and promising to apologise.

"Scarce-o'-Hair" has brought his merry men together in view of the coming season, and is rehearsing a well-known play.

"Now, then, scenshifter, gather yours together and we will have some "dramatic scenes."

"Mary of the Curling Knott" is evidently in strict training for the coming sports, as she did a sprint across the park last Tuesday.

A special circular is to be sent to the schools of the district inviting the children to the "disinfected bun" fight next month.

It is hoped that those mothers who have not allowed their womanhood to be purchased by bottles of "disinfected milk" will see that their children do not attend this show, organised by "political soupers."

Nix.

G. A. A. GOVERNMENT.

Following the General Meeting of the C. J. Kickham Club, the special committee formed to review the present system of government have drafted the following circular for publication and distribution:—

As there have been many misleading rumours and much misunderstanding as to our reasons for taking this step, we would wish at the outset to put plainly before our fellow Gaels the circumstances which lead up to it.

For many years the G.A.A. has commanded all that is best in athletic life in Ireland, but, despite this, the position of the clubs, which are striving in season and out of season, in victory or in defeat, to maintain the prestige of our national game, is deplorable when compared with that of the few clubs which are following alien games.

It is not too much to say that more money is taken at gates for Gaelic matches through the year than for any other game; still what is the situation?

The few Rugby Clubs in the country have almost everyone a ground of their own, well fitted and well appointed in every way. Each Soccer Club of any note has the same, in addition to paying its players. In districts where those games are not flourishing, but where there seems a likelihood of establishing them, both these Associations have passed large sums to subsidise the local organisations, and so foster the games.

Now, on the other hand the G.A.A., after its 28 years of practical monopoly of the manhood of Ireland, as far as athletics are concerned, has not even a playing field to call its own.

One naturally asks, what is wrong? We answer—the system of election of the executive officers and committees is absolutely at fault.

The clubs that, as we have already mentioned, are all the time striving to uphold the banner of our national games, have practically no control in the guidance of the Association.

A system which permits men neither responsible to nor representing any club to remain year after year in supreme control—as is the case in several instances in our present governing bodies—is not democratic enough for a virile Association like the G.A.A. It shows the tremendous enthusiasm of players and club members that this system has not long ago wiped out of existence the organisation it was supposed to foster.

Our object in taking up this matter is purely and simply, with the assistance of our brother Gaels, to devise a system of election by which the governing bodies will be directly responsible to the senior clubs, which, after all, are the mainstay of the games, and which may be trusted to look after the juniors even if only for their existence.

It is absurd that a club fielding two senior and two junior teams all through the season has only the same voice in the election of officers as a junior club formally affiliated, defeated in its first match, and heard of no more until the annual elections take place—only then does this mushroom club exercise its real function by exerting this voting influence, thereby tramping on senior ideas. We do not suggest for a moment that junior clubs should not have their rightful share in the management of the Association, but we contend their rightful share is in managing their own competitions, as a separate Committee, having due representation on the Senior Council, and, if necessary, supported financially by that body.

As regards athletics, the hopeless confusion existing in that branch needs no comment—suffice to say the present lamentable position is simply deplorable, and can be directly attributed to the system of election of the governing body, which is steadily wiping out our long-sustained pre-eminence in the world of Athletics.

MACHINE WORKERS' SECTION.

IRISH TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION.

The ordinary weekly meeting of above section was held at Liberty Hall on Monday last, June 23rd, which was largely attended, they having more than doubled their membership within the last couple of weeks. This section is open to receive all vice men, several having been enrolled at last meeting. Owing to the great increase in our membership it was decided to have an election of officers on Monday night next at 8 o'clock sharp, when a full attendance is requested.

J. V. GILLIGAN, Secretary.

INCHICORE ITEMS.

The members of the U.K.S. and the Boilermakers' Societies have served notice on their employers as an alternative to the refusal of a demand for advances in wages, while a similar demand has been made on behalf of the "Railway Section" of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Trade Union.

While the clouds are gathering fast and thick the people of the district are speaking of nothing but the Aerideacht Mór, and asking when will the next one take place. Like most good things of this life, I was denied through illness the pleasure of being present on Sun-day. But, thank God, there are bright prospects ahead for me personally.

By common consent Mr. Harry Donnelly, of the U.K.S., is given the most credit for the success of Sunday's successful fete. His Ring dancers are the talk of the place, while his own labours and efforts were unceasing throughout. Mr. Donnelly is a man deservedly popular and esteemed as a talented Irishman, a good citizen, and an earnest worker.

The next man on the list is also a member of the U.K.S., Mr. Joseph Clarke, who seems to have the genius for foreseeing difficulties, as you always find him with a remedy for everything that arises unexpectedly. Mr. Clarke, like Mr. Donnelly, is a good type of an educated, talented workingman, and both will accomplish good national work.

The list of artistes is honourably represented by the following:—Mr. and Mrs. Kenny, Misses Mary Mahon and Rosey Cuddy, Messrs. Stephen Clarke and J. Rogan, Miss M'Mahon and Mr. P. M'Inerney, Mr. P. Kavanagh, Mr. Patrick Murtagh, Miss J. O'Carroll, Miss Daisy O'Neill, and Mr. William Byrne, not forgetting Mr. Jim Larkin, who fairly brought down the tone—No I don't think it rained on Sunday, did it?

The programme consisted of songs, dances, and recitations as well as selections by the Transport Workers' Band, which, by all accounts, was thoroughly enjoyed. The next Aerideacht will take place on Sunday week, and then it is intended to utilize the grounds for enjoyable Saturday and Sunday evenings all through the continuance of the fine weather.

To all who aided in making Sunday's Aerideacht a success I return my grateful thanks. It would fill the pages of "The Worker" to mention them individually, so I can only thank them collectively. Artists and others wishing to assist on future occasions are invited to communicate with the Secretary, Emmet Hall, Inchicore, and the members of the Hall have specially requested me to thank Mr. J. Rogan for his valuable assistance on Sunday.

The crowd made a march past Woodcock's on Sunday. A wholesome lesson and a good example the law does not compel workmen to deal with their opponents. The publican who fish us in January we will wage war on for the eleven months following. Up the Red Hand and on the Workers to victory.

One hundred and sixty-two members signed on at Emmet Hall during five days last week. We have until the first week in July to organize the Ward. HE WHO IS NOT WITH US IS AGAINST US. The man who does not belong to a Trade Organisation is not alone a fool for himself but a menace and a danger to his fellows. Therefore, all Hands to work. Organise! Organise! Organise! 'Twas fate they say—a wayward fate—Our cord of discord wove, For which our tyrants joined in hate, We never joined in love.

W. P. PARTRIDGE, Councillor, New Kilmainham Ward.

Established 1861.

For Reliable Provisions! LEIGH'S of Bishop St.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

But no danger from stones or clinkers by purchasing your COALS FROM

ANDREW S. CLARKIN,

COAL OFFICE— 7 TARA STREET. Telephone No. 2769.

Support the Trades Unionist and secure a good fire!

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

CYCLE! CYCLE! CYCLE!

J. HANNON,

174 Nth. Strand Road, Agent for Locomotives, Ariel and Fleet Cycles. Easy Payments from 2/- Weekly.

All accessories kept in stock. Repairs a Specialty by Skilled Mechanic.

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Great Summer SALE NOW ON.

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BELTON & CO., The Cheapest People in the Trade,

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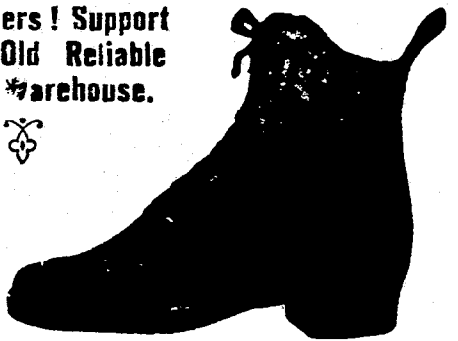
COUGH CURE

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

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

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

Workers! Support the Old Reliable Boot Warehouse.



NOLAN'S, Little Mary Street.

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

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PAT KAVANAGH,

PROVISIONS, Beef, Mutton and Pork. GOOD QUALITY FAIR PRICES. 74 to 78 Coombe; 37 Naxford Street; 71 and 72 New Street; 1 Dean Street, DUBLIN.

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Capel Street (next to Trades Hall), Now Open Daily 2.30 to 10.30. PRICES, 3d., 4d., 6d. Change of Pictures—Monday, Thursday and Sunday.

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Go to MURRAY'S

Sheriff Street, FOR GOOD VALUE IN PROVISIONS AND GROCERIES.

T. P. ROCHE,

The Workers' Hairdresser, 34 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN. An Up-to-Date Establishment. Trades Union Labour only employed. Cleanliness, Comfort, Anti-syphilis used. Success to the Workers' Cause.

You Can't Afford to Look Old!

Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer Keeps your Hair from getting Grey. Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland

LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS 19 North Earl Street and 29 Henry Street, Dublin

BECKER BROS. FINEST, PUREST AND CHEAPEST TEAS.

PRICES—2/6, 2/2, 2/-, 1/10, 1/8, 1/6, 1/4, and 1/2. 8 South Great George's Street and 17 North Earl Street, DUBLIN

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CABINETMAKERS' DISPUTE.

26 George's Place, 26.6.13.

To the Editor of "The Irish Worker." SIR.—The dispute between the Dublin Cabinetmakers and the Employers' Association has now entered well into the fourth week, and up to the present there is no change in the situation, nor is there likely to be any until such time as the men's just demands are conceded.

As far as the employers are concerned nothing has been heard but the usual threats of starving us out, closing the workshops, and shipping the factories to across Channel, and all the rest of the nursery tale horrors that we are bound to hear of whenever the worker has the audacity to ask for a small portion of his rights.

What about the contract work which has been sent across Channel by the Dublin employers whilst their own men were working three-quarter time. [More about this again.]

The men are con ealing their fright in a manner that is highly creditable to them, and it appears that they have heard those yains before. The present Employers' Association was only brought into existence at the instigation of one man—T. R. Scott, of Abbey street—to serve his purposes in defeating the men, and several of the firms who have now locked our men out had already conceded our demands of 50 hours at 9d per hour, pending a settlement. But having been collared by "The Great Scrtt" (who, by the way, has collared anything worth having in the trade), these immediately went back of their word and locked our men out. [What screaming we would have heard were our men guilty of such conduct.] Yes, at the bidding of T. R. Scott, who has helped to turn some of our leading cabinetshops into picture houses, and run their owners out of the market.

T.R. has coolly dragged the employers into the present dispute (some of whom he is putting out of the market) to suit his own ends, and the humorous part of the business is that they all hate T.R. like poison; whilst he, in turn, despises them, and well he may, considering that they are fighting for his interests, whilst he is leaving them without any interests of their own to fight for. Take, for instance, the firm of Walsh of Bachelor's Walk, which used to employ about twelve men, mainly on contract work, before T.R. took a hand at the game, and the date of the present lock-out had only four men employed. Still, though opposed to T.R. in every vital point, they have acted as his tools in the present dispute. Not forgetting that old-established firm of Joe Matthews, of Dorset lane proud employer of one man, who wrote to the men's Committee stating that he would concede our terms pending a settlement; but when T.R. collared him he immediately sacked the "staff." Joe likes respectability, and no wonder. T.R. grins. Never mind, Joe; the trade will have something to say when T.R. is finished with you.

Now, Mr. Editor, we must conclude by apologising for trespassing on your valuable space, and thanking you in anticipation for inserting this in your journal; also by stating that throughout the whole dispute not a single man has remained at his bench. (We, of course, except "Christy" McCabe, 1/2-inch foreman and workshop spy for Messrs. Anderson, Stanford & Ridgeway, of Grafton-street. "Christy," you cannot forget your tricks in Jones', of the Green, thirteen years ago; but, you know, "Kit," once a b—1, always a b—1) Nor have the employers succeeded in securing a single blackleg to replace the men on dispute. Long may it continue so is the wish of—Yours faithfully, D. MULCAHY.

AN APPEAL TO TRADES UNIONISTS.

To the Editor "Irish Worker." DEAR JIM.—Might I in the columns of your valuable journal appeal to the members of the various Trades Unions, especially skilled trades, to take a greater interest in their society, and try and have every man who is working at the trade brought into their ranks. There is in Dublin many men working at trades who are anxious to join, but under existing conditions are debarred. Thanks to the spirit of Unionism which you have put into the worker, many now are anxious to join their respective Unions. Organisation is the need of the day. To every man, no matter what his rank or station, there belongs, along with the right to live, the right to organise. To the working man in particular should this right be guaranteed in every well regulated community, for organisation is much more a necessity to the worker than to the employer. Individually they are much weaker and less able to enforce their just demands. For the toiler to live it is necessary that they labour. Were this not so they might see fit to dispose of their labour for any remuneration they might see fit to receive; but as it is so no worker can rightly bargain away his labour for less than a wage on which to live; in doing this he is robbing his family, himself, and his fellow-worker. So now it is up to us all to do our part. Those of us who are already members of our unions see that every one working at our trade is organised; and to those who are not members—come along; you will be successful some time. It is only through complete organisation we can gain anything. Remember, it is not what we are entitled to that we get; only what we are strong enough to demand.—Yours fraternally, ANTOUR

CORK HLL NOTES.

On Monday last the Labour Party voted for an amendment sending the report of the Mansion House Committee on the proposed Art Gallery to a Committee of the whole House.

A very large sum is to be expended on this magnificent building. The plans are not the work of an Irishman, and the Party must include such conditions as will protect the interests of local and Trade Union labour in this contract.

Councillor Bill Richardson read his speech from a type-written document, and John Saturnus Kelly gave the whole game away when he stood up to defend Mr. William Martin Murphy. Poor Bill!

Jimmy Vaughan showed himself to be an artful "dodger" by declaring that he voted to send the report to the Committee so as to kill it, and Jimmy turned the discussion from pictures to pigs.

The Councillor for Merchant's Quay turned up his nose at the Gallery as natural as if he was a real "porker." Jimmy's idea of Art is the popular side view on a background of cabbage, with a creamy pint in the perspective.

Then Jimmy got funny. His definition of an artisan is a man who earns good wages, and the difference between the artisan and the artist is that the latter can never earn enough to enable him to get his hair cut. Of course, it never entered Jimmy's thick head how offensive were his remarks to the ladies and gentlemen sitting within the barrier.

My definition of some artisans is this—they are men who spend their hard-earned wages in Vaughan's drunkeyery, and then by their votes send this expert on swine to misrepresent them in the Council; and the difference between them and the artist is this—that the latter would not touch Jimmy with a forty-foot pole unless to give him the hiding he deserves.

Notwithstanding the protecting clauses inserted by the Labour Party in all Corporation contracts, we have complaints of non qualified labour doing skilled work for Messrs. H. and J. Martin in connection with the North Lotts Drainage and the outfall works at the Pigeon House.

When the writer approached Mr. Martin some time ago the gentleman indignantly denied the allegation that an unqualified man had done skilled work in connection with the above drainage, and stated that the person complained of was at that moment engaged at labourer's work at the Pigeon House.

As a matter of fact, the man was even doing fitters' work at the outfall works in erecting a chain sludge pump. And on Tuesday last I visited the works at the North Lotts—we read such a lot about—and there discovered this individual making the connections for the boiler—scabbing it on the fitters again.

The workman in question is a member of the Stationary Engine Drivers' Society. H. and J. Martin may have a wholesome contempt for Labour Representatives, but they will live to learn that the game of bluff does not pay, and also that it is a game they cannot play.

My Readers who were interested in the recent controversy between Councillor Bill Richardson and myself in the columns of the "Evening Telegraph" on the Corporation scene, will be interested to know that I personally handed in a letter to the "Telegraph" at ten o'clock on Monday morning last dealing with the matter, and that letter has not yet appeared. So much for the fairness of the Press.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, Councillor, New Kilmalham Ward.

THE WIDOW O'REILLY'S FUND.

We desire to enlist your sympathy and financial assistance for Mrs. O'Reilly, widow of the late Patrick O'Reilly, shop-keeper, of Lower Sheriff-street, for forty odd years. Since his death Mrs. O'Reilly has struggled to make a living under most disadvantageous conditions. A few friends have decided to raise a fund to re-stock her shop and pay off any debts she may have incurred. We confidently appeal to all to help a woman who for over fifty years has done her best to help others.

ALDERMAN MACKEN, COUNCILLOR M. BROHOON. (On behalf of the O'Reilly Committee.) Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, 45; J. F. Cassidy, 59; Matthew Keating, 59; Wm. Cormack, 59; A Friend, 109; P. J. G., 59; William Curtis, 59; John P. Farrelly, 59; P. Ryan, 59; Chr. Kearns, 19; Michael Heagney, 109; T. Grogan, 109; John Cunningham, 39; Wm. Fairtlough, 39; Thomas Mills, 39; James Gannon, 39; Pierce Ryan, 59; J. Mullett, 59; D. L. Bergin, 59; W. Powell, 59; Wm. Walsh, 59; T. P. Roche, 29; H. J. O'Neill, 59; D. Doyle, 39; M. Duffy, 6d.; Edward Kavanagh, 49. 6d.; John Keely, 19; Denis Murphy, 19; A Friend (P. Macken), 109; W. J. Lennox, 109; John Dempsey, 59; E. Byrne, 59; Edward Walsh, 109; W. Sargent, 109.

Received by ANNIE O'REILLY. Received 15 weeks' rent at 7s. 5 0 Rent balance 4s 7 0 Up to and including 21st July, 1913. W. SARGENT, Landlord.

N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco Store, 69 AUNGIER STREET (OPPOSITE JACOB'S) FOR IRISH BOLL AND PLAG.

AN OLD TIME SERMON.

BY SHELLBACK.

Away back in the ages, when the world itself was young, When youth respected greybeards, and on their wisdom hung, 'Midst thunder's rumbling noise and lightnings vivid flame, In solemn state from Heaven, in awful pageant came, The great Creator of the earth, the Master of the world, To Sinai's rugged summit, to give Laws to those He ruled, And he graved them on two flinty stones, cut deep in phrase and line, That they might never be erased until the end of time.

"Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal," stern decrees of Heaven, Were meant to last for ever, when God's commands were given, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," "To false gods bend not the knee," Were Laws imposed, not for days nor years, but for all Eternity. To Malice, Perjury, Envy, was apportioned an equal share Of God's righteous condemnation, and His laws recorded there, That along with sneaking Adultery they were each a deadly crime, And as such they would continue until the end of time.

Ever since the day when Moses brought his tablets down the hill, And preached man's brotherhood to man, as it was his Master's will, It has been held that Heavenly bliss is the prize that will be won By those who loyally keep God's laws until their lives are done. But for those who kill, who steal, and lie, and deal in things impure, Who make believe God's laws are not for the rich but for the poor, Be they kings or queens or counsellors, or emperors sublime, Hell will be their dwelling place until the end of time.

And so it is despite all things that earthly powers incite, The poor are nearer God's right hand, are richer in His sight, Than the rich, who are never rich enough, but are ever seeking more, To leave behind them when they start for that eternal midnight shore. And when the faceground worker dies, and his soul in heaven does dwell, He'll be surprised on looking down to see his one time friends in hell. Those who on earth were superior folk, who wore silks or rich ermine, Are suffering there, all naked now, and until the end of time.

There are the great ones of this life, many princes of the earth, The men and women of history, of wealth, and fame, and birth, The old and young, the fat and sleek, the fresh and wrinkled faced, The beautiful and noble, the one time leaders of the race. While around him in the sylvan shades, along Heaven's gem decked lea, Are those who fought and suffered to set the weak and servile free— The poor, the meek, and lowly, from mill and ship, from factory and mine, Basking in Heaven's eternal sunshine until the end of time.

But still our ranks are open, and all men and women can enter in Who wish to take their proper place in the Army of the King, Against the troops of Satan, whose blighting, withering lure Has in the past succeeded well in punishing the poor. But in full obedience to God's laws our enemies we forgive If they will cease their savagery and admit all men must live, And that will mean eternal peace, and love will reign sublime On earth as well as in Heaven, until the end of time.

Hairdressers' Strike

AT FERGUSON'S, L.R. ABBEY STREET.

To the Editor "Irish Worker." SIR.—I would feel very grateful if you will give the following facts publication in your valuable journal relative to the Hairdressers' Strike at Ferguson's, Lower Abbey street, owing to the misleading letters published by the evening lyes. I now take the opportunity of placing the true facts before your readers.

Connolly, the owner of Ferguson's, has secured four scabs, and tells the public he has a staff of first-class assistants who, he says, he is paying 32s. per week (I don't think). What a good, philanthropic man he is getting! For fourteen years he has employed Trade Union labour and paid each man the large amount of 18s. 11d. per week. No wonder he can swank round hotels, clubs, racecourses, and billiard rooms (By the way, why did his friend Lynam split his head with a billiard cue?) when he pays this miserable wage and keeps his staff working longer than his Trade Union neighbours, who charge higher prices and make no rule against tipping. When our demand was first sent out he tried to pay what we demanded for one week he found he could not pay 25s. per week, and now he tells the public he is paying 32s. to his staff of scabs. He victimised two men, and would only take back eight of the ten formerly employed.

I give you a short list of the supposed gentry who support this den of scabbery each week: Ex-Lord Mayor, Mickey Doyle, Townsend street; ex-Alderman Davin, bung, of Lower Abbey street; Brady, bung, Aungier street; Clowry, bung, Ringsend; Medcalf, solicitor's clerk; etc. I will give you another list of the so-called gentry next week who support this place.—Yours, etc.

JOURNEYMAN HAIRDRESSER.

CHEEK!!!

We have heard of cheek, we have read of cheek, and we have eaten pig's cheek with a relish; but for unparalleled audacity and unequalled effrontery we commend the following canvassing card that has come into our possession:—

"Great Southern and Western Railway "Employees' Approved Insurance "Society, Kingsbridge. "A Secretary Wanted.

"DEAR SIR,—I beg to inform you that I am a candidate for the post vacant, and earnestly solicits your vote and influence.—Yours truly,

"JOHN S. KELLY, T.C. "43 Lombard-street, West, "23rd June, 1913."

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High-Class Work Moderate Prices Telephone 2400.

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Registered 301, Liberty Hall, Beresford Place.

Current Price List. Best Orrell ... 26/- per Ton. Arley ... 25/- Wigan ... 24/- P. Wigan ... 23/- Orrell Slack 20/-

Best House Coal, 1/8 per Bag. Slack, 1/5. Above Prices are for Cash on Delivery Only.

Trades Unionists! SUPPORT YOUR FRIENDS.

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Established more than half a century Coffins, Hearses, Caskets, and every Funeral Requisite.

Trades Union and Irish-Ireland House. Punctuality and Economy Guaranteed. Telephone No. 12.

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For best quality of coal, delivered in large or small quantities, at very prices, .. ORDER FROM ..

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KELLY SPECIAL AND TRIELS, 2/- WEEKLY. No Deposit

Write or call for Order Forms—

J. J. KELLY & CO.

(Kelly for Bikes),

2 LR. ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN.

Support RUSSELL'S

THE FAMILY BAKERS,

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Irish Manufactured WAR PIPES

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54 Bolton Street, Dublin.

Every Instrument guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Everything relating to the War Pipe kept in stock. Save the Middleman's Profit by purchasing direct from our Workshop.

All information necessary for starting Bands, &c., free on application. Note Address.

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Bakers, Grocers and General Merchants.

Owned and controlled by the working classes, who divide the profits quarterly. Payment of 1s. Entitles out to Membership.

Grocery Branches—17 Turlough Terrace Fairview; 82s Lower Dorset Street 165 Church Road. Bakery Branch—164 Church Road.

BOOTS FOR THE WORKERS.

Men's Bluchers, 3/11 & 4/11; as sold elsewhere 5/- and 6/-.

Men's Box Calf and Chrome, Skitoked and Covered, 6s. 11d.; worth 8s. 11d.

Women's Box-Calf and Glass Kid Boots, 4s. 11d. worth 6s. 6d.

The Best Range of Children's Boots in Dublin

78 TALBOT STREET.

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