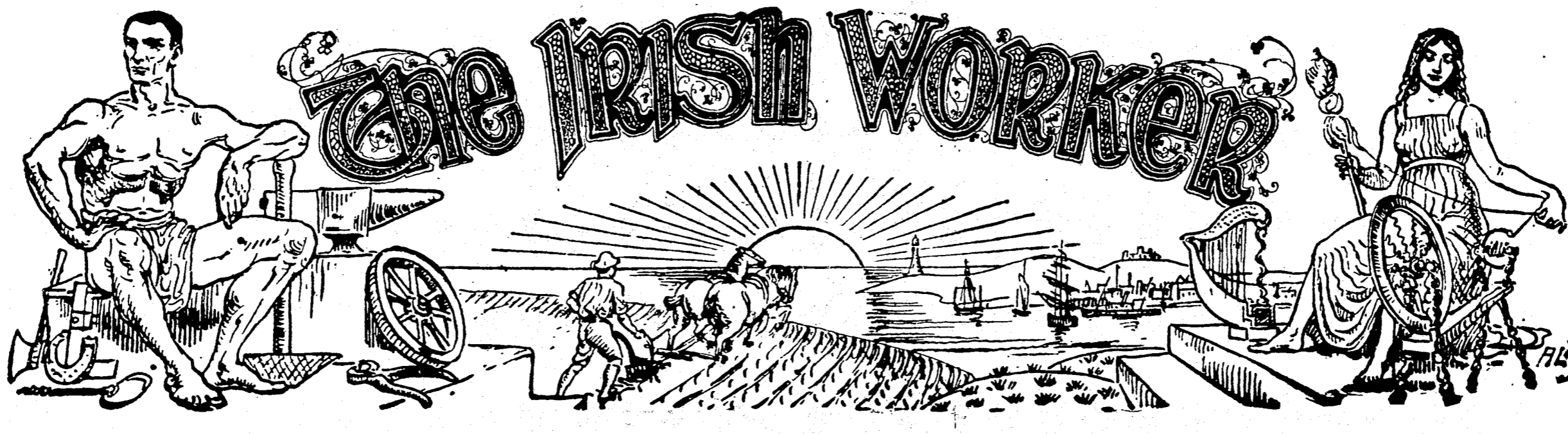


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."
James Fintan Lalor.



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!

Paddy McIntyre.

In last week's issue of the "Worker" we promised our readers that Paddy Doyle, a Wexfordman, well known to Paddy McIntyre, would have a word or two to say about the latter in this week's issue, and we are fulfilling that promise in this contribution or series of contributions.

In the same issue we gave a brief but true account of the birthplace and parentage of Jim Larkin, and by contrast we gave the parentage, according to the information supplied to us, but without a word of exaggeration, of his calumniator. We have now to admit that our account fell short of the truth to a very important extent, as the following letter will show—

Feb. 2nd, 1914.

"Dear Paddy—I had the pleasure of reading the 'Worker,' and I see therein the pedigree of P. J. McIntyre.

"It was correct as to his father being an emergencyman, but not as regards his mother, who was well known about the locality. She was the illegitimate child of Jane Patrick or Fitzpatrick.

"It stated in the 'Worker' that you would have a word to say to McIntyre this week, so that I thought it well to let you know what he sprang from, and if you doubt what I say any old man around Coolegreany can confirm it, as his old granny was a servant at Doyle's, of Gurteen.

"Wishing every success to Jim Larkin and the cause he is fighting for,
"Yours truly,
"WILLIAM DOYLE,
"Upper Ballyneerin, Wicklow."

The foregoing was addressed to the Editor, and a note was subjoined to it which said—"Please send this to Paddy Doyle, as I don't know his address." Thanks to William Doyle, of Upper Ballyneerin, our readers, as well as ourselves, have now a fuller and truer account of the genesis of Paddy McIntyre, the darling of the Dublin bosses. But now for what Paddy Doyle has to say about Paddy McIntyre:—

Dublin, 2nd February, 1914.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."

DEAR SIR,—I am not at all pleased at seeing my name associated with P. J. McIntyre in the columns of a valuable paper like the "Irish Worker."

As it has been mentioned, however, I will not shrink from the task which it has imposed on me; and at the outset, I have to say that the statement regarding McIntyre in your last issue was correct as far as it went. About 26 or 27 years ago his father came wandering in to the County Wexford and took up a job as Emergency Man on a farm in Killowen. He remained in this job up to about three years ago when Mr. Farrell, the evicted tenant of the farm mentioned, was reinstated.

Mr. O'Connor did not treat Emergency Man McIntyre as well as he treated a herd from my own Parish of Ballygarrett, a man named O'Rourke, to whom he gave nine acres of land and a house. O'Rourke never did any dirty work for landlord O'Connor, and the good landlord gave Paddy McIntyre, the road after all dirty work. This same O'Connor left my portion of the County Wexford waste; he thought he could never get the last of the tenants evicted. Out of about 18 or 20 of them, amongst them were the noted farmers, Waldrons, of the Co Wicklow. Their farm was the cause of getting the late Father Farrelly, of Ashford, and Father Clarke, of Wicklow, six months in jail, and the reptile, McIntyre, made a great boast of it to me. The Land Commission have taken all the land belonging to O'Connor, and now there is no use for Paddy McIntyre's father. All the tenants that could be found are back in their farms. It is quite true about Castletown School. I remember the day when the School was left to the McIntyres, and Mr. Bowers, the teacher; Paddy was then compelled to go to Inch Protestant School, and from that to Arklow Protestant School where he gained the influence of the Rev. Mr. Hallows, a gentleman I have every respect for myself.

I was in Arklow at that time, and McIntyre was telling me about Mr Hallows getting him a job in the G.P.O., Dublin. Anyone would know he would not get a job there as he was not fit to pass a medical inspection, and, from that time

to this he has been doing his dirty work in Dublin.

Your readers may think I have some ill-feeling against the McIntyre family, but I have not.

The first dislike I ever took to P.J. was when he became a souper, and boasted to me outside Westland Row Chapel that he would never put his foot inside a Chapel again. I told him we would be better without the like of him. I had a lot of pity for him at that time, and I was in the habit of lending him a shilling when I would meet him and that was very often.

Notwithstanding all the bribes he got from employers in Dublin he never offered to pay me back. Another dislike I have for him is, he had a sister Nellie, who lived in 47 North Mount Street. I was well acquainted with a sweetheart of hers, a school-fellow of my own.

She got six months in prison for forging a cheque, and when she came out of prison I was talking to her and she told me she wished she never had a brother, as she had to thank him for her downfall. So much for P.J.'s good work.

Since that time we have never heard of this poor girl. This is the kind of creature who is able to fill up the columns of the "Independent" with lectures on Nationality and voicing the grievances of the working class. He also wrote to the "Wexford Record," which is now defunct, and the "Evening Telegraph" published some of his stuff for a time, but a prominent Wexfordman succeeded in crushing him out of that paper. The reptile, I am told, is a member of the Wood Quay Branch U.I.L. Can it be possible? I attended a meeting in the Verdon Hotel in support of John Kavanagh for Councillorship North Dock Ward.

The present Lord Mayor and Alderman Byrne were there, also P. J. McIntyre. So much for the Nationalists of Dublin. I don't agree with taking up the columns of the "Worker" with a dirty reptile like P. J. McIntyre, a man who would not get a drink of water in Counties Wicklow or Wexford.

His name is rank poison in either of the counties. I also deny that he is a Wexfordman either.

PATRICK DOYLE,

11 Williams' Place, Sheriff St.

In the letters of William Doyle and Paddy Doyle the facts regarding McIntyre's parentage given in last week's issue are fully corroborated and a few new facts are also given. The further fact given in the letter of William Doyle that McIntyre's mother was an illegitimate child, or what is vulgarly called a bastard, sheds more lurid light on the parentage of P. J. than we ever anticipated; but looking at it in the full light of his career it does not surprise us. Besides, we know something of the history of the old laudocracy with the hangers-on who were ever ready to do their dirty work and follow them, even to the gates of hell. It is a putrid history—so putrid that we fear to probe it lest the resultant stench should poison some of our readers. We are well aware that Paddy McIntyre had not the choice of parents; neither had the children of the notorious James Carey, wherever they may be at present. But following for the nonce Paddy's own line of argument, and even the scriptural saying, "I will visit the sin of the parent on the child, even to the third and fourth generation," we cannot come to any other conclusion than this, that Paddy McIntyre is the dirty son of a dirty breed. From such a one, nothing clean could be expected. He was bred in dirt, he was nurtured in dirt, his thoughts are dirty, and his actions are dirty. He cannot think one clean thought of anyone. The best of his actions cannot be clean, being, as they most obviously are, influenced by unclean motives, and coming from an unclean thing such as he.

In the interests of the unclean crowd who live on the degradation and plunder of the poor workers of Dublin, he has run a weekly sheet for some time. That the cost of the precious production is not borne by him is too well known, and Paddy Doyle in his letter gives us a glance at Paddy McIntyre's unvarying impetuosity. Where does the money come from to run a two-sheet weekly, edited by the impetuous McIntyre? The bosses, of course, have plenty of money. But there are also some advertisements in the scabby sheet. One of

them, which occupies a large space, is headed "Labour Pamphlets and Publications by the Jesuit Fathers."

The question is involuntarily up in one's mind when that advertisement strikes the eye. Had the good Jesuits no better medium of advertising their publications than this dirty sheet of the dirty creature McIntyre. The presumption, of course, being that the advertisement is put into McIntyre's rag because it has a large circulation among Catholics—a presumption, if it has any existence, that is founded on a very erroneous basis. We have had a hint that in order to give character and tone to the publication the Jesuits are getting a free advertisement of their publications; and even in that case we candidly think that the good Fathers should not lend their name for any purpose to anything emanating from the brain of Paddy McIntyre.

STUART-FLOTT.

The Johannesburg Workers.

[This was sent all over the Rand after the last Johannesburg riots and kept the fire alight.]

They shot you down, as you knew they would,
They like to see red blood flow;
They shot you down, as you knew they would,
Gladstone, Isaacs, & Co.

It wasn't the Israelite pulled the gun,
It was Gladstone, just wet and red,
Who hired your very own countrymen
To give you gun dose of lead.

Down in the depths of a loathsome mine,
Where the water spurts over your toes,
You stand at the rock-drill hour by hour
And the dust makes search of your mouth and nose,
Forty millions a year you'll find,
Whether you like it or not;
And you'll go to the earth and the fat, white worms
And the foulest things, till you rot.

They shot you down, for you wanted to live—
That was a crime alone—
They gave you the ofal of earth to eat,
And they fed your lungs with a stone.
Don't you know where the road turns round
Right to Commissioner Street,
They've standards there where they hang their arcs,
And the drop is just twenty feet.

They shot to kill and they killed you;
They smiled at your ultimate cry;
And they went to the Club for a bottle of fizz
While you took your time to die.
And there they discussed the vintage,
With never a sense of dread,
For they didn't know that a bony claw
Was to drag them down to their dead.

I scan the day—it's not far away—
When the streets will run red once more,
When the strident voice of Democracy
Bids to the Social War;
When in the crimson hecatomb
Isaac will bear his share,
And if you're to die, at least you'll lie,
With a Teppe's Town millionaire.

KENDALL ROBINSON.

Cork Letter.

The Molly Tridium

The Cathedral was crammed to overflowing with devout humbugs last weekend. The Mollys were trying to show thanks to God for their success at the elections, and the attendance of the Ancient Order of Hypocrites must have given great delight to their father in heaven. It is really disgusting to think of the manner in which our clergy is allowing religion to be prostituted by political self-seekers, who out-class Sandler and Keogh in their beer-and-profit religious patriotism. How long, oh Lord, O Lord? What wonder that the Church has gained the name which is its in Irish History when self-seeking Catholics of the T. P. O'Connor type find their chief support from those who hunted poor Parnell to death for his sins. Really some of the gent who were seen going into the Cathedral would be enough to make one think all religion a cloak for hypocrisy.

B.O.E. Catholicism.

Father Gilmartin, the Vincentian, gave the Retreat. Somehow the Vincentians are very fond of preaching to the Mollys. Father O'Donnell was the first that did so, and his lectures made one wonder how Catholics got on in Ireland before the advent of St. Devlin, especially when we know that the saint's great work after helping to hunt Parnell was to kill Bishop Henry. Father O'Donnell is known in Cork since as Father "Molly" O'Donnell; but what strikes us is that the Vincentians should lend themselves to the hypocrisy. St. Vincent, if we remember rightly, refused to use his influence to get even his own father a job from the King of France, and his work amongst the poor of Paris is in direct contrast to slum-owning, beer-selling hypocrites who comprise the B.O.E. Father Gilmartin told of the greatness of the "Order" in Australia; but Father Gilmartin evidently forgets to say that the B.O.E. is to the A.O.H. what the Church of England is to the Roman Church? Does he know that when the B.O.E. was asked to unite with their Order by President Cummins it only insulted the President, and is actually engaged in organising B.O.E. divisions in the U.S.A. in opposition to the A.O.H.? In Ireland, where we were told by the Church that "hell was not hot enough nor eternity long enough" for the Fenians, a cathedral is reserved for a party of hypocrites, whose nationality is akin to their religion, and the character is so well known that it has disgusted all reasoning men. I believe that the I.R.B. or some kindred society is now gaining recruits all over the country; and how can our priests interfere when they have shown so much favour to secret societies of late years?

Canon Murphy and Fr. Kelly.

The doughty Canon from Macroom has caught a tartar in Father Kelly. The Canon after taking no part in politics during the years when such was dangerous has come out as the champion of the B.O.E. and the Macroom boys are greatly amused at some of his utterances considering the way he used to preach to them in the moonlighting days. Father Kelly has knocked a fall out of him by questioning some of his preaching about the B.O.E. and his mighty Canon has "scouted" saying the P.P. of Ballyfin is beneath notice, which of course is another way of admitting that Fr. Kelly's arguments are unanswerable. It would be safer for the Canon in future to keep to history and facts at that.

The Cork Vacancy.

While the Mollys were triduuming in the Cathedral, William O'Brien was flapping his wings in the City Hall before the largest crowd he ever had in Cork, and William did not disappoint the crowd. He slanged the Redmondites with all the virulence of a Coal quay damsel of a Saturday night, but forgot to tell the crowd anything about his proposal to give the Orangemen control of the veto in the Irish Parliament. The All for Ireland's are very sore over these proposals, and several who I met said that they would not vote for O'Brien after them. The Mollys have made capital out of them forgetting that the Union Jack Home Rule Bill has at present three vetoes which will be in the hands of not Irish Nationalists, but of the Aberdeens and the Asquiths. It is uncertain yet whether there will be a contest. The Mollys are faltering. It is well known that if they could get a suitable candidate, Redmond would be shelved. As present O'Brien is cock of the walk and though Maurice Healy is keeping quiet, O'Brien is boss of the situation.

A General Election.

T. P. O'Connor's proposals for the amendment of the Home Rule Bill have lent colour to the belief that all is not well with the "Pawty" and that we may look out for a General Election at any date. If Parliament breaks up without passing Home Rule, there is an end to Redmond and his unpurchaseables and the Labour Party should be looking forward to have their say. Now is the time to prepare and the workers of Ireland should be ready when the time comes to take control.

Inchicore Items.

If the devil got his "Jew" there would be peace on the Levin estate in Inchicore.

The Town Tenants' League held a meeting on Sunday last to establish the public right on this alleged private property, and then surrendered that right by agreeing to the request from the police to hold the meeting elsewhere. Levin got level with them there.

The streets on this property are in charge of the Dublin Corporation. The citizens pay for lighting and upkeep of them; and I invite every citizen in Dublin to pay a visit to this place and parade the streets where a Jew has dared to forbid a Christian child to play. I have no quarrel with Jews; some are amongst my best friends, and I believe even they will condemn this attempt at imported Russian tyranny. But when one displays race hatred in his acts, as does Mr. Levin—well, "he's out for trouble," and is going to get it. In the meantime come along and view the preserves. The tenants are all under notice to quit, and the property will be soon for sale.

Captain White, D.S.O., and a section of the Citizen Army marched on the Emmet Hall on Sunday, where a successful meeting was held and a large number of local men enrolled. A team of young ladies, trained in Liberty Hall, gave an excellent display at physical drill and were highly applauded. The Citizen Army is open to all citizens willing to assist in the uplifting of the working classes of the country. Application forms to be had at Emmet Hall. It is hoped that the local detachment will be in readiness to turn out for the Levin evictions; so join at once.

Jim Larkin postponed the special meeting of the local Branch of the Irish Transport Workers' Union until a date to be fixed by himself, when all matters arising out of the recent meeting will be fully investigated and settled. The Emmet Hall is governed by a Committee composed of representatives elected by the trades bodies, education classes, recreation classes, and societies using the premises. The local Branch of the Irish Transport Workers' Union in its relation to this Hall occupies exactly a similar position to that of the trades bodies referred to above. The object being to have this Hall the rallying place of all trade unionists of the district, where men can meet on equal terms to join in amusements or discuss their affairs. Any trade unionist can become a member. Terms on application.

Do not forget to visit the Levin Estate, Inchicore; bring your friends; and by parading its streets prove your desire that the little children of its tenants should have their rights restored. I also invite my little friends of Inchicore to visit the local bastille, where a Jew keeps little children imprisoned. The evictions will cause a sensation as great as did the resurrection of Alderman Murray, who, Lazarus like, came forth on Sunday last.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

Cork Hill Cockpit.

On Monday last the proceedings at "the Hill" were rendered comparatively dull by the absence of the Lord Mayor, who, we regret to learn, is at present indisposed. Alderman J. J. Farrell occupied the chair, and large increases in already excessive salaries were freely granted, while thousands are idle, "without work or wage," in the city; and the reckless expenditure will still further reduce the prospect of obtaining employment. Councillor Partridge, as a matter of urgency, directed the attention of the Council to a letter addressed to them by Mr. Larkin, of the Transport and General Workers' Union, complaining of the violation of the terms of contract in connection with the drainage works, which was referred to the Improvement Committee and the Law Agent for report. Councillors Richard O'Carroll, Donnelly, Brohoon, Lawlor, Bohan, Partridge, and Chase were very active in their opposition to the unjustified recommendations contained in the various reports, and the public Press, as represented by the local lying sheets, proved their loyalty to the boycott adopted by these "rags" by refraining to mention the name of a single Labour representative in connection with Monday's pro-

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 Repairing
A SPECIALITY.

The boycott is a two-edged weapon, as these papers may yet realise. A motion by Councillor Partridge dealing with the position of Food Inspector was withdrawn, with the understanding that the appointment would not be made permanent. Another motion by the same Councillor rendering it impossible for Richardson's union of organised scabs to evade the standing orders, was on the advice of the Law Agent, ruled out of order, as it was stated to alter the standing orders—instead of properly interpret them as it did. Another motion by the same representative seeking to penalise contractors who had broken their contracts by their actions in connection with the present dispute—was also ruled out by the same authority. A motion dealing with the Tramway Company's agreement with the Council was withdrawn by Councillor Partridge with the promise that it would appear again on the agenda in a different form. A motion by Dr. McWalter to levy threepence in the pound for six months in order to provide relief for persons in distress owing to Dublin dispute gave rise to considerable discussion. Councillor Richardson of scab fame, moved an amendment adjourning the consideration of the matter for three months. This was seconded by the renowned John S. Kelly, supported by the Head Hangman. Bill has played an unenviable part all through the dispute, but his amendment on Monday to Dr. McWalter's motion was the low water mark of all that is mean and miserable. Councillor Donnelly delivered his maiden speech in opposing Bill's amendment, thus making a good beginning.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

THE PRESSMEN.

In our time of stern conflict,
In our day of dire distress,
Worst of dastards who assail us
Is the minion of the Press.
Lying knave who sold his honour
For a pittance, for a dole,
To the Tyrant pledged his birthright,
To the Devil pawned his soul!

Pity 'tis, oh God, the pity!
In this City of the Food,
Where once flamed in lyric beauty
Gallant Meagher of the Sword;
Taught the Bondsman to be free,
That the Scribes who've followed after
Foulest Pharisees should be.

Come they from the farthest corners
Of the Land we love to name
Ireland of the Spirit-voices,
Ireland of the Soul of Flame;
With their eyes for ever focussed
On the passing Shadow-show,
And their minds for ever darkened
To the deeper things below.

When with bitter labour-anguish
Time gives birth to some new Truth,
Come the parasitic Pressman
Keen to kill it in its youth;
For a wage a decent Docker
Would be shamed to sell his pride
Eager is the Pander-Penman
Truth and Justice to deride.

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

We reprint the following letter by request from many of our readers. It appeared in the Dublin papers on Jan. 28. It proves that at least one priest has not forgotten his vows:

Father Kelly and the A.O.H.

DEAR SIR, With accustomed inaccuracy Canon Murphy, Macroom, continues to make incorrect statements. I never said, and never meant to say, that the A.O.H. was not a secret society, though he says I did. He says I have violated a certain ecclesiastical law, and hastens to blazon forth the supposed fault. If he had a good case, he need not seek to shelter himself behind the statutes. He who inveighs so freely and, indeed, so Quixotically, against imaginary enemies, now fears to have his misdoings pointed out. Canon Murphy will, I am sure, be glad to know that I have not, after all, violated Statute 193, nor any other statute. That statute prohibits priests from holding discussions at public meetings or in the newspapers on public subjects, de rebus politicis. The present discussion is not political, but religious and social. The question is, whether the A.O.H. is approved or condemned by the Church? When I say "the Church," I mean the True Church. There is no need to add Catholic or Roman. The number of false Churches is legion.

To all my critics in general, to none in particular, I submit the following statement, which cannot with truth, be contradicted. I say "with truth," for "Some positive, persisting fops we know."

Who, if once wrong, must needs be always so. 1. The judgment of the Church upon the A.O.H., though not a formal, is yet a virtual condemnation of that association. The words "This Association must be closely watched"—expressed, not implied, qualify the judgment. They imply a censure. Canon Murphy's objection about the Munster and Leinster Bank is too puerile for refutation; so likewise are his other references. There is no question just now at Rome of Canon Murphy's conduct. His conduct in preferring Hibernians to all others, on all occasions, and in openly avowing enmity to all opponents, will not, I think, have the approval of the Holy See, which has formally condemned boycotting.

2. The A.O.H. and the B.O.E. are not exactly the same organisation. A few years ago, delegates came across to Ireland from America to amalgamate the Hibernians in both countries, but because the rules of the association forbade politics in its constitution, Mr. Devlin objected to the desired amalgamation. He therefore gave the name of Board of Erin to the Hibernians in these countries, and became its first President. In his hands it is a purely political association masquerading as a religious society. In America and Australia the Hibernians are a non-political and salutary body; but the Hibernians in Ireland are absolutely political and mischievous. But for the Hibernians in Ireland and Scotland there would have been no condemnation and no judgment; and but for the Hibernians in America and Australia a formal judgment would have been pronounced, and the whole association torn up root and branch.

3. The Board of Erin: Its Character—One of the professors in Maynooth College, in my time, was Dr. O'Rourke, long since deceased—R.I.P. Whenever a student of his class gave a particularly foolish answer, he calmly, and with exquisite irony, commented: "That's very well, indeed, sir; but it happens to be the contrary." The watchwords of the B.O.E. are, I believe, Friendship and true Christian charity. The character of an association is not known by its watchwords. Words are deceptive, and talk is cheap. Our Divine Lord has given us an infallible test of character: "Every tree is known by its fruits; a good tree will bring forth good fruit; a bad tree will bring forth bad fruit." What are the fruits of the B.O.E.? Let the Baton Convention in Dublin, the North Louth election, and several other places tell. They are "Wraths, quarrels, contentions, enmities, dissension. The simple fact is their preaching is not sanctioned by their practice." True Christian charity is a tree of an opposite character; its fruits are: Joy, peace, patience, goodness, kindness, goodwill to all without exception of persons. The qualities of true Christian charity are enumerated by St. Paul in his first Epistle ad Cor., xiii. chap. If anyone preach any other doctrine, anathema sit.

4. The Punishment of Hell.—The High Priest, Heli, had two sons, Ophni and Phineas. Trusting in their father's forgiveness, else ignoring his authority, they browbeat the people and prevented them offering their accustomed sacrifices. For their misconduct their father was visibly punished by God. In the strictest way conceivable his neck was broken. Every Bishop who allows or still worse, encourages his priests, whether canons or curates, to estrange the people from the Faith, and makes the practice of religion more difficult for them, acts similarly to Heli, and, shall I say, deserves similar punishment. Politics are not, and should not, be the first and principal concern of priests; for politics regard only the temporal welfare of men, whereas priests are ordained principally and especially for the spiritual welfare of men—for the administration of the Sacraments and the preaching of Christian doctrine. Nothing political should interfere with their duty of being examples of Faith and Divine Charity. True Christian charity is the motto, viz., should be, of every priest, without exception.

J. J. KELLY, P.P. Ballylin, January 26th, 1914.

CORPORATION OF DUBLIN. EXAMINATION FOR CLERKSHIPS.

A Competitive Examination for Five Clerkships (age 17 to 21) will be held on the 19th and 20th February, 1914. Application for permission to compete must be made on the Form provided, which can be obtained at the Office of the undersigned. Applications will be received up to, but not later than 3 p.m. on Thursday, 12th February, 1914. Nomination by a member of the Corporation is necessary. All further information can be had on application to the Office of the City Treasurer, Municipal Buildings, Cork Hill.

(By Order) EDMUND W. EYRE, City Treasurer.

"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 Boreasford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, Sat., Feb. 7th, 1914.

Murphy's Cock-a-doodle-do

We see that William "Murder" Murphy is in a rejoicing spirit. He is crowing—what for and why we fail to understand. He claims he has beaten Larkinism. What a humorous gentleman he must be! If Larkin is a corpse, as he suggests, Murphy and the other legalised robbers who are associated with him will awaken to a resurrection moment that will astonish them. What a jubilation! All the forces of reaction combined; priest, Press, publican, police, plutocrats—all of whom are but sections of the capitalist forces, backed up by a Government which will go down to history as the disgrace of a century: a Government which contains within its Cabinet creatures who have bartered every place of honour, every principle that men hold dear, to enjoy the sweets of office; a Government which has done more to disgust thinking men and women than the callous inhumanity of our present-day rulers, than anything perpetrated by the Czar of all the Russias; a Government that shoots down unarmed women and men, which hires brutes to baton the people who are foolish enough to work and provide them with the baton and the food necessary to give them strength to wield the baton; a Government which has tortured women and men in foul bastilles; a Government which has negated the very meaning of the word "Liberty." And so Murphy and those bloodsucking vampires associated with him in corrupting and poisoning the life-spring of humanity in Dublin and throughout Ireland are only doing that which the Rockefeller, of America, Eckstein, of South Africa, the Thomass' of Wales, Armstrong, of England, Tennants, of Scotland, Krupp, of Germany, and all the other cosmopolitan thieves who, along with the capitalist class of each and every country on the face of the known earth, are so manipulating the machinery of Government that they are actually seducing labour to forge gyves for its own limbs, partly owing to the want of knowledge of the wage-earning class, and their want of human capacity and understanding, engendered by centuries of brutal exploitation, but chiefly owing to the devilish chicanery and consciencelessness of their capitalistic masters. Every ounce of energy they exert tends to rivet tighter the chain of wage-slavery. The capitalist, wise in his mischievousness like unto the monkey, not only practises all the plans and methods of the advanced section of the wage-slave class, but actually goes one better, as they say, the pioneers in labour's army have to fight their own fellows to get their newer ideas adopted, and when put into use the Murphy's and their ilk, knowing the lesson, immediately adopt them with this advantage, instead of quarrelling amongst themselves like the wage-slaves do, they understand the position they hold in society and they know full well that if the issue was put straight to the workers they would be overwhelmed, they resort to the methods which have stood them in good stead in the past. They get the priest and parson, the Press and police, the publican and procurer at work, and they stand behind these various forces sheltered from attack and yet attacking. Will any sane man or woman dare to say that Murphy and clique won this fight? Murphy and all the other ghouls were beaten to a frazzle long weeks ago. It was the agencies referred to which gave us the set back, and even then we would have driven all these various forces in on themselves if it had not been for the foul, insidious conspiracy, based on personal vindictiveness of the alleged British Labour Leaders and their action in advising sections under their control to sell their honour and their class, capitalism would, instead of receiving a shock, would have been smashed to smithereens. Murphy's cock-a-doodle-do makes one laugh. But does "Murder" Martin seriously suggest we are beaten? No! We fear he is too astute a creature for to humbug himself. His game is to humbug the workers if possible. Why Murphy knows that men like Larkin are unbeatable; they, like the waves only return to reform for another attack and like unto the waves they never

cease the attack until they overwhelm that which is opposed to them. So the Murphy groyne of Capitalism having saved them in one direction we have now to find a creek up which we will flow gently for a time, and eventually wearing away the weaker strata, undermine the rock of capitalism and bringing down in shattering fragments the foul structure. No, friend Murphy, we have but one aim in life—the destruction of the present system and all it stands for. Repulsed in a frontal attack, we retire on our base and get our plans prepared for another advance; and anyway, your father, the Devil, will claim you shortly, and youth and ideals must win out. What of the new campaign constructive and yet destructive, the ideal we set forth in our salad days is still our ideal; a co-operative Commonwealth in which the Murphy's would cease from troubling—nay, there would be no room for such as he in the clean cities of the newer hope. Such vampires could not exist! We appeal to our readers to enter into our work with the spirit that animates us. There can be great things accomplished by united effort. We have seen the results of divided counsel and disunion. Such a lesson will not be lost on real men and women who think. See what Burns said: "The coward slave we pass him by, we dare be men for a' that." Surely the women and men who have endured for six months the arrows of outrageous fortune and envenomed devilment of the Dublin employing class and their paid hirelings, are too good a metal to flux in the melting pot of capitalistic exploitation. No, friend, not Murphyism, by the rank rotter; the Labourism of the Wilson-Thomas-Sexton type; the political expediency of the McDonald-Snowden type; the foulness and rank treachery of our own class, gave us pause, and as like unto the runner, we are getting our second breath and then we will make the pace a hot one until we reach the tape. We are trained to the hour; we have the capacity; we have but to judge the pace in the future and not spurt until the distance. So get set and ready for the starter's pistol, this time, boys, and the trophy is ours. We have a country to gain—the prize is worth the struggle. Freedom comes from God's right hand And needs a Godly train, And righteous men will make our land A Nation Once Again.

Freedom comes from God's right hand And needs a Godly train, And righteous men will make our land A Nation Once Again.

Tom Mann in Glasgow.

Tom Mann spoke out straight in Glasgow re Dublin, after pointing out the success of the movement in 1911 was due not the question of money reserves in the Unions nor to the organisations effected, but solely to the spirit of solidarity exhibited by the rank and file of the workers in the various ports. He went on to point out the different attitude taken up by the misleaders of the British Trades Unions who though expressing sympathy with the Dublin workers had deliberately let them down. Dublin workers had shown a magnificent spirit, had carried on one of the most significant struggles against organised capitalistic tyranny. I required no more from the British Trade Union movement than the application of good trade union principles to have brought the battle to a speedy and successful termination if they had done what was required of them as suggested by Larkin—namely, to refuse to handle the dirty, tainted goods from scab imported labour, the battle was won, and, said he, it is to the eternal disgrace of the British Labour leaders that such steps were not taken, and stamp these alleged leaders with a degree of incompetence that shame them for ever. He closed by appealing to the audience not to allow their Unions to hedge on Dublin. They were in honour bound to support the Dublin heroes. The Parliamentary Labour Party had failed to help—in fact, had gone out of their way to destroy—that movement for solidarity as affecting Dublin. They said: "Let the Syndicalists help; they are always seeking help when they are in trouble." Such a mistatement was worthy of them, and showed their meanness. Larkin, Mann went on to say, never declared himself a Syndicalist in any way. The Syndicalists were not a large body as yet; but, said he, I am one. Syndicalism means Trade Unionism of a revolutionary order, having an ideal and a determination to bring about the Socialist Commonwealth foretold by William Morris. At the suggestion of Mann a retiring collection for Dublin was taken, amounting to £10.

Port and Docks Board Weekly Meeting.

At the above meeting on Thursday last, on the Report of the Custom House Dock Committee, Councillor Partridge complained of the failure of the Manager of the Custom House Docks to produce at the Committee meeting a copy of the letter written by the manager to the English office of the Dublin Salt Company. He also complained of the manager's conduct in denying the right of one of their customers to employ men who formerly worked for the Board, and who were idle in dispute. Councillor Partridge stated that whatever justification the manager may have had in refusing these men employment under the board, he had no right whatever in following them up and preventing them being employed by others. Mr. Goodbody moved the adoption of the report. Councillor O'Beirne supported the statement made by Councillor Partridge, and claimed that the Committee were entitled to see the letter written by the manager. He denied the Chairman's statement that the men had been smuggled

led into the docks, and complained about Mr. Grandy's method of dealing with things.

Councillor Partridge next drew attention to the deletion from the manager's report some personal references of which the Committee disapproved. He said if there was ever a case of the tail wagging the dog they had it in this. Mr. Grandy was not only personally insulting in his language and conduct to himself, but he was equally so to another member of the Corporation, whom he assailed both inside and outside the Committee room. And at the last meeting of the Custom House Docks Committee Mr. Grandy flatly refused to carry out what appeared to him to be the unanimous wish of the Committee. He was not concerned with Mr. Grandy's management of the Docks, he was concerned only with his mismanagement. An amendment moved by Councillor Partridge asking a report explaining the matter to which he had referred was not seconded, and the Committee's report was adopted without a division. Alderman Byrne's motion in the following terms was ruled out of order:—

"That the Board call a Special meeting for the purpose of discussing the present situation and considering the applications and to interview their former employees, victims of the unfortunate dispute. The men to be re-instated according to their merits and service. The Board to employ no new men until such a time as all their former employees with good characters are re-instated."

[Signed], ALFRED BYRNE. Councillor Partridge then handed in notices of motion to rescind the resolution of the Board of the 4th of September, dealing with the re-employing of the men idle owing to the dispute, and asking the Engineers to report on the improvements necessary to bring the Port of Dublin up to modern requirements, and as to what work could be proceeded with without delay towards that end.

The following speaks for itself:—

Dock, Wharf, Riverside, and General Workers' Union OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND Circular Letter to All Branches.

Dear Sirs and Brothers—In view of the alarmist statements being made in the Press with reference to the Dublin dispute. I am especially anxious that the members of the Dockers' Union will not be misled into thinking the strike is finished or that there is no need for further supplies being sent to Dublin. If our members can spare any assistance to the women and children, it will render great service to the folks needing assistance. I regret to report the almost venomous attitude of some Trade Union officials who are attacking or retaliating on Mr Larkin. The whole matter is outside of Larkin or any other one man. Not a single child should die, or even hunger, while men quarrel. I have protested and voted against the personal recriminations of the Executive of the Transport Workers' Federation. I find useless resolutions are being passed without qualification by the Transport Executive. The Trade Unionists of the country have done splendidly for the movement in Dublin, and we are indebted to every man and woman who has helped the children there. The despotism of the Dublin employers is now being reflected in the attitude of the London building trade employers. There is strong need to fight this brutal repression, and I am hoping we of the Dockers' Union will do our level best to promote solidarity. We have helped and shall continue to help the people there, and it will be to our everlasting discredit if we do not give of our best to the fighters of Dublin until the end of the dispute.

I want to thank you all for your past help, and to suggest that you still do your level best to help. Send along your collections to us, or send them along direct to Dublin. Good luck for the Cause.

Yours sincerely, BEN TILLET, General Secretary. [Thanks, Ben; I never doubted ye. —Ed.]

Irish Land and Labour Association. Knocknagree Branch, Co. Cork, February 4th, 1914.

To the Editor "Irish Worker." Sir,—I enclose you paper cutting of a resolution which we are determined on trying to get the workmen of Ireland to adopt, and in trying to do so the first thing essential is an unfettered report of our meetings, that we have failed to get in Cork, as all our local papers are run by the mioned classes. I have a long report of a meeting held here on January 25th, and I could only succeed in getting the resolution reported in one of the local papers. All the speeches were suppressed, which we consider very unfair; while their columns are opened to a Dublin man who backs a programme reverting back to the tyranny of the property vote. If you will publish a full report of the speeches explaining fully what is embodied in the enclosed resolution, I will send you one same at once and do my utmost to establish your paper with every branch of the Irish Land and Labour Association in Munster. Awaiting your reply and thanking you in anticipation, I remain, yours sincerely, CORNELIUS O'SULLIVAN, Hon. Sec.

The following resolution was proposed by Mr. John O'Sullivan, seconded by Mr. Thomas Naughton, and passed unanimously:— "Resolved, that we, the members of the Newtown Shadrum Branch of the Irish Land and Labour Associa-

tion, wish to impress on the Members of Parliament the injustice of the law which imposes a fine of £200 on a Parliamentary candidate before he is allowed to test his national worth at the polls. We say gold in this case is a false test; we say this should be borne by the State or made local expenditure, when, at the cost of a few pence each, we should have our elementary right of citizenship; we say this present system throws the representation into the hands of the mioned class, and thus disfranchise us. We claim that the true test of the candidate is his national worth, and to guard against irresponsible candidates. We are of opinion a just safeguard and a proper test is that each candidate's nomination papers be signed by 10 per cent. of the voters. We strongly protest against canvassing and condemn it as a gross conspiracy and a huge system of bribery. It debases our people, and gives gold an unjust and ungodly right. We ask that proportionate representation be allowed in each constituency as otherwise the true voice of the electors will not be heard. That we pledge ourselves not to support any Member of Parliament who will not forward those principles, as worth, not gold, must govern. That a copy of this resolution be sent to each Branch of the Irish Land and Labour in the county and to the Member of Parliament for the constituency."

Pembroke Notes.

Ha! ha! ha-a-a! All the good things of the Township have been breathing freely during the past few weeks. Amongst the number are—

Big Ben, the porter detective. This big heap of human filth declares that with the aid of McIntyre's "rag" he has succeeded in bottling up the writer. Ben, being the chief reporter, was in such a hurry one week that he forgot for the while and let in one of his greatest friends. Ben, can you deny this? If you do, then— Jay Jay is one of the biggest liars I know. He told me himself in Donnybrook. Jay Jay will probably identify me now. Will you, Jay Jay, or were you too fool?

The Silent Barber, pimp and spy, is another. This creature came to Ringsend from Summerhill cheaper to move than pay the rent—and declared that he would educate the people. He began by paying no rent, but soon found to the differ. Transport workers, remember, this thing and give him a wide berth. I saw him in Dame street with McIntyre and Richardson lately. I see him at the door whistling jigs to Ringsend Bridge. Keep him at it. What price shaving the barnacles off the bridge? "What's in a name?" not much, except when you get it. In some cases it is given to human beings in order that they may not forget themselves, especially foundlings. There is a Mr. Hall, a traveller in second-hand sweets, another contributor. He was one of the committee who got up a concert for a widow and orphans in Ringsend some time ago. He forgot the object and drank the proceeds. A boycott would do this fellow no harm. More anon. Towser Monks—this is another. He boasted that he got some money from McIntyre for his correspondence. 'twas, I have something in store for you, in the meantime take the wadding out of your nose, and— Simon, the skunk, another, gave a display the other evening in a publichouse as to how he evaded the writer the day he went for a drive on the trams. Simon, the next time you are spinning be careful, especially when you are whispering to the Boss. Simon, I was very close to you then, yet you did not see me. Simon, I hear you were rejected by the A.O.H., notwithstanding all the clerical influence. Jam Pots Anderson, V.P., A.O.H. Lodge 732, is so much taken up with the rag, that he carries it about and shows it to the tenants of the houses where he collects the rents. I would advise the people to give this withered up specimen of humanity a rest at the next election. The above are all good-living, God-fearing Christians, and simply because Big Ben and some more liars belonging to the "Chamber of Horrors" say it, they gloat over the vile lying statements that have been published concerning those who have proved themselves men.

Mention of the Chamber of Horrors reminds me that that den of drunkenness and gambling is being cleared out of some of its filth. Surprise visits have been made and my remarks were proved to the hilt. There are a few yet to be brought to light, and I intend to do so. Probably next week if I receive permission, I will publish something that will astonish the members, as to what took place at the dinner table on August 29th last. Ringsend Bloody Saturday. I have a list of those who made suggestions. What a pity there is no branch of the "Society for the prevention of cruelty to Women" in the district. I know several women (wives of policemen) who would be glad. What price starting one, Ben? I saw the great D.D. and the Phonograph going on board the scab ss. "Paris." Who said dripping at 3d. per lb? I believe you had great bargaining with

Mike, who I believe is a member of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union. What a strange place for a Union meeting. Havelock Wilson to say? O'Connell, who don't intend selling all this scab stuff in Ringsend.

Emmet Fife and Drum Band, Town Hall, Lucifere.

A MEETING

Of members and intending members will be held in the above Hall on SUNDAY NEXT, 8th February, at 10 o'clock. William P. Partridge, T.O., will preside. All persons residing in the district, sincerely desirous of making the cause succeed are heartily invited to be present on Sunday.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland, Ancient Concert Buildings, 61, Brunsvick Street, Dublin.

Another Great Night!

On tomorrow, Sunday, at 8 o'clock, Sheehy-Skeffington, M.A., lectures on "The World of Labour," Songs of Inspiration, Questions and Discussions. Admission Twopenny; Locke-hout Workers free. We want you to know where you are heading for. To understand you must come to the home of Socialism and learn. If you cannot come, write for information to Walter Carpenter, Secretary, Ancient Concert Buildings, Dublin.

CORPORATION OF DUBLIN.

EXAMINATION FOR CLERKSHIPS. Our advertising columns announced that Thursday next is the last day on which applications will be received by the City Treasurer for admission to the Examination for Clerkships to be held on 19th and 20th February. The examination is open to youths from 17 to 21 years of age, and the commencing salary is £70 per annum.

On Friday, 30th January, at 5 p.m., at the corner of Nassau street and College green, a girl on a bicycle was following a tram from the city, and when the car stopped at the corner she turned to the off-side. The machine, No. 137, coming into the city, failed to pull up, and struck the girl, knocking her down and smashing her bike. The car should be under perfect control at this point, as it is most dangerous.

Will the young lady who was injured communicate with A.J., "Worker" Office?

Correspondence.

To the Editor "Irish Worker." Sir,—I most respectfully suggest and ask you to publish the following:—

Now that the elections are all over, it is perfectly evident by the results that the workers are not brought to their proper sense of their duty to themselves and their leaders who were contesting the last elections. The North Dock Ward speaks volumes. This is not the time for lamenting. I now suggest to you, Sir, the Dublin Trades' Council and all concerned in the Labour movement to subscribe rd. or 2d. weekly to build up a substantial sum of money to enable the Labour Party to take up seriously the work of perfecting the Register. It is useless contesting elections unless we are prepared to subscribe the above small sum to wipe away this scandalous and damned heap of corruption.—Yours, &c., PRO BONO PUBLICO.

NOTICE.

All contributors, without exception, are requested to note that all literary matter intended for the "Irish Worker" must be sent direct to the Editor, Liberty Hall, and not to the printer.

All matter must reach office by Wednesday morning at latest.

EDITOR.

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Northern Notes.

Wexford Notes.

... Council deputation, including ... of the building trades, ... of the City Council at its meeting ... in connection with the con- ... of the erection of houses for ... of the Corporation's long de- ... scheme. Mr. Vicker, who ... the contract is one of the most ... of the builders' sweaters. Mr. ... of the trades Council did ... characteristic straight talking ... was so straight that it ... of our city fathers. ... of the pressure brought to ... of the exposure of Mr. Vicker's ... of the contract was ... of the committee, and at a special ... of the day, the contract was ... of them. Of course, it would ... of the fair fame of Belfast, ... in any corporation job. ... are not like unto ... of Dublin ones, for instance. ... don't like to avow it.

... me for Madame. ... given to understand that ... of Markievicz is to speak for the ... of the Independent Labour ... of Ireland, to-morrow (Sunday)

... been heard in Belfast ... Since then, her ... of the Dublin fighters in Liberty ... of the street, on Bloody ... of her reputation in ... She has earned and will get a ... welcome.

Berry Carters Kick ... spirit of unrest is stirring in the ... of the increased cost of living ... as their fellow-workers in other ... At the moment the unrest is ... in the ranks of the carters, ... the worst paid of any ... And, near about time ... How they managed to ... on 18s, a week up till ... that wants explaining.

... demands. ... week the carters put forward their ... of higher wages and better ... We find only one fault with ... demands—they are too moderate ... the following and ask if they ... of human beings with human ... of 22s. ... ten hours working ... 6d. per hour ... on 18s, a week up till ... that wants explaining.

... the Carters' Generosity. ... these Derry bosses are, ... Murphy himself has no more ... faith in the bribeability of ... When the carters insisted ... their demands before the ... who are in an organised ... society, the bosses offered them ... in the week and settlement ... matters. Think of that ... what a pang parting with that ... cost the bosses! The Walls ... down and ado these Gods of ... for their generosity. But even the ... would not stoop so low. ... an overwhelming majority the men ... Tuesday to have nothing to do ... offer and to come out on ... (Wednesday). How they ... cannot be known yet. This ... we do know, the Derry men have ... spirit and manhood than the ... of the carters have shown of late.

Women Workers' Rally. ... and supporters of the Irish ... Union and the good and ... who stood by I.T.W.U. principles ... rally in the Falls branch, 65 ... on Saturday, 7th inst. There ... dancing, music, vocal and instru- ... recitations, plenty of good cheer ... and fellowship to stir the heart and ... of the enthusiasm of even the dullest.

Help for the Dublin Women. ... During the week in several quarters ... has been much talk of giving ma- ... support to the gallant women ... of Dublin who have stood so ... in the breach. Let this talk ... itself into action and something ... while can be done. More will be ... of the project. In the meantime it ... us to make ready

Coming Events. ... Sunday, Feb. 8—I.L.P. of Ireland, 5 ... street. Speaker, Mr. Con- ... 8 p.m. ... Monday, Feb. 9—I.W.S.S., 27 Donegall ... Debate on Militancy. 8 p.m. ... Wednesday, Feb. 11—W.S.P.U., Co- ... Hall. Speaker, General ... Drummond. 8 p.m. ... Sunday, Feb. 16—I.L.P. of Ireland, ... Speaker, Countess de Markievicz, ... 8 p.m.

... CROBE-DEARG.

Call to W. FURNISS ... For Good Value in IRISH BEEF AND MUTTON. ... the Best at Lowest Prices. ... Talbot St. Meat Co., 36b Talbot St.

account, and even the scabs who were sent up from Staffords to unload the Margaret and Mary thought they were sure of the future work at the railway; in fact, they were so sure, that when a vessel arrived with manure for the same place, they went to look for the job, but Mr. Farrell sent them about their business—sensible man that he is—and employed all his old hands. The scabs are now going round to all the merchants, accompanied by Stafford, offering to unload cargoes at the same price as was in existence before the Union was established in town: The Wexford Dockers are now, more than ever, determined to stand by their Union in spite of all obstacles that uninterested and mischievous people may put in their way.

Dedicated to the Lord of Kinsealy Hall and his fellow "land sharks," the Co. Dublin farmers. We're pious and religious folks, there's none can say us nay, We go to church and chapel on every Sabbath Day. Subscribe to public objects, our purse is open wide, Oh! we're generous benefactors of all the countryside. We pray and hymn and supplicate on every market day That God may rise the price of pigs, of cattle, straw and hay, But for prayers and supplications of any other kind, We'll leave them to religious fools and men of weaker mind. We made a solemn compact, we never meant to keep, With Larkin and his Union "oh God's how do ye weep?" But when time was ripe for action to suit our scheming plan We cast away the covenant and places it under ban. For agreements, bonds, or contracts that do not suit our aims We'll relegate to Limbo; or to everlasting flames, Yet our motives went unchallenged, till Larkin spread the light Of justice and fraternity and man's inherent right, Demolished all our theories, our selfish laws defined And held us up to ridicule with language most refined, So, alas for truth and candour, and all that is sublime For on the roll of honour our names shall never shine Yet to justify our conduct we trumped up a special plea, To gull and fool the public mind, and this is what we'll say We signed those hard conditions, while under vile duress We were harassed and beslaved by Larkin and his Press; But give us absolution our credit to regain We'll shun the Transport Union and never sign again. Now we're out to crush Jim Larkin, his transport badge and sign And pave the road to slavery in workshop, field, and mine We're consecrated hypocrites, unscrupulous to a shade, We're the relics of the Land League and masters of the spade. And when the blessed time arrives, and Larkin's on his stool We'll rule the roost like scorpions and trample on Home Rule, But our thoughts are running faster than prudence does dictate, We had better wait developments—for history does repeat— And Larkin may come forth again our plans to overthrow And shatter all our brilliant hopes with one terrific blow He's a demon we can't conquer with prison, bribes, or fine, And in the Labour movement his name shall ever shine.

The Silver Lining. Freedom is born of travail; adversity moulds it to perfection of form. Death gives life. He who dies in the cause of freedom dies not in vain. He who suffers in the cause has a sweet solace in his old age. Alone amongst human beings, shirkers fear death. This is natural. They are dead morally in this world. Workers, take heed. Act, act, and you will realise this vision:— I see our country filled with happy homes; I see a land where plutocracy has crumbled and the aristocracy of idleness perished; I see a land without a slave, without the piteous wail of hunger or the livid lips of lying; I see a race without disease of flesh or brain, shapely and fair, the married harmony of form and function, and as I look life lengthens, joy deepens, love envelops the earth. On you depends whether or not your children shall dwell in the land I have pictured. Travail is a sweeter. Young man, straighten your spine, and repeat these words every day after your prayers—Organisation, solidarity, enthusiasm. Step along the topeath, your pace directed and measured to the grand, wild music of "I can and I will be a man." Do this, and my vision shall be translated into reality.

THOMOND. Dublin United Trades Council. AGENDA. The Feeding of Necessitous School Children—Mr. Simmons. Report of Joint Advisory Committee—Mr. J. Farren. Employment of Tailors in the Corporate Workshops—Mr. O'Brien. The Labour Trouble—Mr. Foran. Irish Trades Congress Reception Committee—Mr. J. Farren.

Wexford Notes.

The elections are still the topic here, and people of all classes are still wondering how the nominees of Labour were beaten. Joe Kelly is boasting that he can put whom he likes into St. Mary's Ward for the future. We are perfectly well aware that he could do so at one time; but alas! for Joe's presumption, that day is gone for ever. He says that he is in favour of workingmen representatives on public boards which statement we can contradict, as it was always his idea to pitchfork some voting machine into a seat to suit his own purposes. If he was in favour of Labour representation, why did he not let Michael Martin go in for the year 1910? Surely there was no talk of syndicalism or Socialism then. No, the moment he heard that Martin was nominated he approached John Murphy, who very reluctantly agreed to go, but who never attended when he was elected. But what did Joe care when he had got a workingman out of the seat? And there was no organisation amongst the working classes then to see through his little mean ways.

We take the following from the Wexford Notes in the "Emmiscothy Echo" about the recent Wexford elections, which speaks for itself:—

"STUPID MUD-SLINGING. "One sad result of the elections is the fact that the bitter class feeling which has coloured Wexford life for some time past has been intensified. Class hatred is a poor, mean thing entirely foreign to the Irish nature, and if Messrs. Daly and Larkin were wrong in giving it voice, surely the opponents of the Labour cause were doubly wrong in making the feeling more bitter. The epithets Socialist, syndicalist, and anti-cleric were hurled right, left, and centre at the elections, and the sacred name of religion was dragged into the fray recklessly and needlessly. There are no Socialists in Wexford. Amongst the Wexford workers there is as deep a feeling of reverence for their religion and for their Church and priesthood as ever there was, and assertions to the contrary not only blacken the fair fame of Wexford, but create a situation which is fraught with danger to religion itself. The responsibility of making religion a party cry in ward elections should be too heavy for any man lightly to take up. The Labour candidates were selected at public meetings presided over by a saintly and zealous saggart, Father Mark O'Byrne. The majority of those present at the meetings were life-long members of the Third Order and Confraternity, and these men must keenly feel being branded as Socialists and anti-clerics. There were 1,729 votes cast for Labour as against 2,379 for their opponents. According to the latter this would mean that nearly half the voters of Wexford are Socialists and anti-clerics."

We heard a good one about "Sponger" Lucking and we don't wonder now at the prominent part he took in the election. It appears that at the end of the last year Tommie had occasion to pay a visit to Coffey's. While he was there a gramophone was playing, which Coffey remarked would be a fine thing to have on board the lightship which Tommie is skipper of, and told him he would give it to him for five shillings cash down, and the rest after the election if he did not win, but that if he did he would not ask him to pay anymore. Tommie took advantage of the bargain and got plenty of whiskey thrown in.

Unfortunately we have some gullible people in Wexford, who fondly imagine that the members of this new organisation that has sprung up here, professing fealty to faith and fatherland with of course the interests of the trade of the town and inevitable worker thrown in, is all that it professes to be. From our knowledge of most of its principal members we know that the policy of faith and fatherland as we know it is and has always been foreign to them and their actions. For our part we do not think there is any necessity for any organisation to be formed in Wexford to teach the working-man of the town the duty they owe to their God and their Church, nor will there ever be a need for such an organisation, and as to their talk of fatherland and the howl they raised at the elections about the alleged antipathy of the workers of Wexford have against John E. Redmond, we can say that the object of this society (the Molly Maguires) is to run John Redmond from the prominent position he now occupies, and place Joe Devlin in our fellow-townsmen's stead, as leader of the Irish race at home and abroad.

Fellow-townsmen, don't be gulled any longer by this organisation, which in the words of the Rev. J. J. Kelly, P.P., Ballyfin, is almost under the ban of the Catholic Church, he says:—

"The judgment of the Church upon the A.O.H., though not a formal, is yet a virtual condemnation of that association. The words 'this association must be closely watched'—expressed—not implied—qualify the judgment; they imply a censure. The A.O.H. and the B.O.E. are not exactly the same association. A few years ago delegates came across to Ireland from America to amalgamate the Hibernians in both countries, but because the rules of the association forbade politics in its constitution, Mr. Devlin objected to the desired amalgamation. He, therefore, gave the name of Board of Erin to the Hibernians in these countries, and became its first President. In his hands it is a purely political association, masquerading as a religious society. In America and Australia Hibernians are a non-political and salutary body, but the Hibernians in Ireland are absolutely political and mischievous."

Murphy and Murphy.

On Tuesday last the slayer of Charles Stewart Parnell presided at the half-yearly meeting of the Dublin United Tramway Company in the hotel made famous by Jim Larkin. The modest Murphy took to himself credit for smashing syndicalism, as he called it. There was no mention of the Liberal Government's treachery to the people, no mention of the police arresting, assaulting, and murdering innocent people, no mention of the false imprisonings, of the soldiers blacklegging, of the loose misrepresentations in the Press, of John E. Redmond's guilty silence, of Nugent's, A.O.H., treacherous conduct, of the English employers' financial assistance, of the English Labour leaders who sold the pass, of the misguided priests who disgraced their garb and degraded their pulpits, of our own Labour men of the old school who nominated a publican against the Chairman of the Dublin Trades' Council, of the officials of the Fullers' Labourers' Union who deserted their comrades and with their entire Union went over to the enemy, of Scab Richardson, T.C., and John Saturnus Kelly, T.C., and of the one and only Lorcan with the U.L.L. or "You lie well." No, William Martin Murphy declared in effect, "Alone I did it."

And then Murphy the II., ex-guard of the G. S. & W. Railway, who, although is stated not to have been in benefit at the time of the Railway Strike, still drew largely out of the funds of that Union, and, apart from attempting to organise a bogus Trade Union, now makes his appearance as a shareholder in the Trade Union smashing Tram Co. of this city. We do not wonder at the Railway Strike being a failure when Murphy had a voice in the settlement of it. Neither were we surprised to read of William "Murder" Murphy being backed up by the lick-spittle who bears his name, and is evidently one of the same breed. Coercion will never succeed in Ireland, where coercion never did succeed, and the Irish Transport Workers' Union will flourish and hold sway when those who now assail it have passed away and are forgotten. It is not because Larkin is misrepresented, falsely accused, and basely betrayed that the Union he has led and is leading so fearlessly is to be thrown over at the dictation of the son of a non-union stone mason—even if he has succeeded in accumulating millions by means that spell eternal damnation to those who truly believe in the doctrine of justice—and if his name be William Martin Murphy—Larkin will live in the hearts of the workers who know him when the vulture of Darryl Hall shall have shed his talons for ever, and is receiving in full justice measure for measure of all the misery he has succeeded in filling up.—W.P.P.

Free Labourer and Free Murder.

Patrick Traynor, free labourer, who sold his own flesh and blood to the proselytisers, and who fired a shot in cold blood which resulted in the death of an innocent young girl, was liberated upon the findings of the Grand Jury who returned "no bill" in the case of this brute. Had Traynor been an honest man and a member of the Irish Transport Workers' Union instead of one of Murder Murphy's brigade, the same grand jury would have had no trouble in returning a true bill, neither would the common jury find any difficulty in convicting him—the Judge in sentencing him. And we venture to say that "Skully" himself, the head hangman and pauper king, would gladly finish the job. Such is the law in Ireland, but where is the justice?—W.P.P.

A Misunderstanding, Whose?

To the Editor "Irish Worker." 13 Enaville road, North Strand, February 5th, 1914. Sir,—In last week's issue of the "Irish Worker," there appeared a letter accusing Irishmen of being the first to scab in the great fight at present going on. When making the statements your correspondent admits he made he must have known that none of our Irish ports are as well organised as they should be, with the exception of Dublin. The question now is who did scab first, Irishmen or Englishmen? If I remember correctly, early in September last, 35 scabs came to Kingstown from England, was taken in taxi cars to Jacob's, twelve more arrived shortly after by L.N.W.R. for Jacob's. Ella brought another lot for different merchants, also the Paris with the Lady Jocelyn in tow, fully equipped for scabs. We accept the slur, who killed our comrades Nolan and Byrne—the hired assassins of "Murder" Murphy whose trans he (Wizell) admits patronises at the present time. Will your correspondent answer a few straight questions? When the port of Dublin was closed by the I.T.W.U. was it our Irish Union who first opened it? What Union was it whose Strike Committee held a meeting in a drunkeny and ordered their men back to work instead of holding the meeting in their headquarters at Dublin; was it Irish? And why did the same Union give their men Xmas hampers? Was it in recognition of helping to break the strike? Are the men who betrayed our illustrious leader, Jim Larkin, and the rank and file, are they Irish? Is Thomas Havelock Wilson, Seddon, and Gosling and the rest of the clique Irish? And last but not least, was the man Irish who stopped the men's lock-out pay and threatened them with legal proceedings and ordered them back to work, which they refused? Personally I think I may be wrong there was no necessity for the chairman at Tom Mann's meeting, to answer questions asked of the speaker and not of the chairman.—Yours truly,

M. A. NOLAN.

Judas in Letters of Blood.

The placards of the "Evening Mail" announced in large letters "The Backbone of the Strike Broken. The Builders' Labourers to Resume Work." And the "Evening Mail" was correct, for the officials of the Union we so recently applauded for its manly stand—the creatures who a few short days before at a meeting in Croydon Park proudly proclaimed that the Builders Labourers would never sign an agreement—had sold the pass. Like "the dog returning to its vomit," they have swallowed their own pourings; and not alone have they deserted their gallant comrades in the trenches, but they have basely gone over to the enemy, and are now assisting him smushing up the Union they once aided in defending. The agreement signed by the officials of the Builders' Labourers' Union in its operations aims at smushing up the gull-lant ranks of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union—as far as it is possible for that now despised organisation to do so. When a member of the I.T.W.U. applies for employment to a builder he is invited to sign the original obnoxious and condemned agreement; and when he indignantly refuses to sell his manhood, he is advised to become a member of the Builders' Labourers, whose officials will be written down in the history of the Trade Union Movement of Ireland as the greatest traitors this country has ever known. The Same Judas is inscribed upon the banner of their Union, and the letters are traced in the blood of the martyrs who died in our heroic fight for freedom.

The traitors may prate about still being free to support the Irish Transport Workers' Union. They were never in a position to support even their own members, and the support they obtained in the recent struggle was given in order to prevent what they have now agreed to accomplish—the smushing up of the Transport Union. No member of the latter organization would accept money from the Builders' Labourers' Union, for their Judas money smells of blood—the blood of the men, women, and children sold by that Union when its officials signed the agreement of betrayal with the employers. But the traitors have yet to reckon with the men within the ranks of the society they have betrayed. Time will tell if the men will blindly follow the treacherous lead of the crawling creatures at their head. Membership of the Irish Transport Workers' Union is now more than ever a guarantee of manhood and principle. "Knaves and traitors, Faugh a-Ballagh; Friends of freedom, to the fray."

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, T.C.

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and Made Bootmakers a Speciality.

Mr. William Murphy and Irish Manufacture.

Δ Capa—In a report of a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce Mr. William Murphy was given as stating—"Now, it is the highest form of patriotism according to the same Trades Council to close up Jacob's biscuit factory, Dixon's soap factory, Paterson's match factory, Perry's box factory, and numerous others, and to drive out of the city all the industries we have left." Now, so that we may know whether or not Mr. Murphy is driving "all the industries we have left out of the city," I would like to ask if Mr. Murphy uses the goods of the above firms in the undertakings which he controls, as if he does not he is doing more than the Transport Workers' Union to drive industries out of the city. I ask this because, although we have an industry in Dublin (which we may include in the "numerous others" to which Mr. Murphy referred) which makes very good metal polish, the Imperial Hotel which Mr. Murphy controls may be seen polishing up their street-door handles every morning with foreign-made polish; again we have many boot and shoe factories in Dublin, Cork, Carlow, Waterford, &c., and yet in that home of Irish industry, Messrs. Clery's, also controlled by Mr. Murphy, my sister could not get a pair of Irish-made shoes, and this was before any strike commenced. We have paper-mills in Ballyclare, Saggart, &c., yet a circular sent out by the Employers' Executive Committee, of which I believe Mr. Murphy is Chairman, with the object of the "formation of a fund to be devoted to carrying on the present campaign for combating the syndicalistic methods of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union," which Union Mr. Murphy accuses of driving out industries, is printed on foreign paper and put in an envelope of foreign paper, and more than likely of foreign make.

As to the merits of the present lock-outs and strikes I shall say nothing, but I think the red-herring of Irish industry should not be made use of by persons who act as above in connection with Irish industries. It may be pleasant reading for the manufacturers in Ballyclare and elsewhere to hear how Mr. William Murphy has killed Larkinism, but it may not be so pleasant for them to know how he treats Irish industries when he has the opportunity—Yours faithfully,

ANTI-HUMBBUG.

THE AVERAGE MAN.

The average man is the man of the mill. The man of the valley, or the man of the hill,
The man at the throttle, the man at the plough,
The man with the sweat of his toil on his brow,
Who brings into being the dreams of the few,
Who works for himself, and for me and for you.
There's not a purpose, a project, or plan. But rests on the strength of the average man.
The growth of a city, the might of a land, Depend on the fruit of the toil of his hand;
The road or the wall or the mill or the mart,
Call daily to him that he furnish his part;
The pride of the great and the hope of the low,
The toil of the tide as it ebbs to and fro.
The reach of the rails and the countries they span,
Tell what is the trust in the average man.
The man who stands out between hovel and throne,
The man who gives freely his brain and his brawn,
Is the man that the world has been builded upon.
So here's to the average man—to the one Who has laboured unknown on the tasks he has done,
Who has met as they came all the problems of life,
Who has helped us to win in the stress and the strife;
He has bent to his toil, thinking neither of fame Nor of tribute, nor honour, nor prize, nor acclaim—
In the forefront of progress, since progress began—
Here's a health and a half to the average man.

—Author Unknown.

Please Support Our Advertiser

Clondalkin Notes.

Tom Hart, of Bettysfort, Clondalkin, former ex-breadvan driver, ex-president of the Clombille Branch of the Gaelic League, advocate of Irish industries, who would not pay his men a living wage, has a laundry at Newbridge and another farm at Monasterivan. This washerwoman washes for the Soldiers Barracks at Island Bridge. Do you remember, Tom, in your early days when you worked for 6s. a week in Clondalkin some 35 years ago, and came there in a pair of uppers without any soles attached, clad in a moleskin trousers and a pair of "Yorks" made of hay?

Tom, tell us who owns the property? Is it salesmaster O'Connor, with you as head buck cat, and your son Mickey in the office who does all the talking for the farmers buying and selling?

Did you hear that the foot-and-mouth restrictions are enforced? Yet your son Pat (Swanky) could drive 50 head of cattle along the public roads and policemen looking on, and a poor man cannot bring his cattle to the pump for a drink. I wonder does District Inspector Taylor, of Lucan, know this, and if he does he is not doing his duty, as there should be equal law for everybody, rich and poor alike. You got permission, you say. I wonder who gave it to you? This is a serious matter. What are the inspectors and the police paid for? I suppose the latter are paid for minding the "free" labourers, and they are nearly all ex-goal birds—and they take some watching, mind you.

Brother John Toner, of St. Joseph's Monastery, was in trouble last Saturday, and was very much annoyed at the conduct of one of his scabs. He sent this "thing" for two loads of grain to the distillery, and in coming back the scab got drunk, and in a drunken humour he pulled the tail-board out of the yoke and he flogged the horse until it ran away towards home. It was caught by a Transport Worker and driven home, and the other horse had to be brought home behind a trap, badly injured in the right fore-leg. This is what you suffer by employing blackleg labour, jail birds and blackguards of the lowest type, whom no decent man would think of employing. And yet you represent a religious institution. God help us. What are religious bodies coming to? When he came back you sacked him on the spot and threatened to shoot him. I don't blame you. This never happened when you had honest carters, whom you flung out on the roadside to starve - aye, for aught you cared. Brother John, take back your men, who were born and reared in the village and whose characters are beyond reproach.

Harrison, of Balsco, Hazelhatch, a man who ran out of Scotland with the hunger and settled in this country, has a virago of a wife who says the farm labourers are too well off on 11s. a week. This lady is also from Scotland. Money must go a long way in that country. He has sent his wife away to Scotland lately; of course he had the "slavery" who told a deputation who were waiting on the boss one day that the master was very kind to the men and gave them all his old clothes and boots. It's a wonder he didn't boil them, as the Scotch people are famous for making soup out of these articles. This man could discharge a gun from his haggard across the road at some farm labourers standing on the canal bridge, and yet the police did not mind his doing so. No; but they had the audacity to charge four farm labourers on the same occasion for intimidating a scab and were laughed out of the Court-house at Rathcoole for their pains. The magistrates, men of mighty wisdom, decided that potatoes were part of the harvest, and would not give a decree to the men for harvest money. This is the class of J.P.'s we have this side of the county. They must have left school too young and seen the binding of a law book in some "free" library.

Dick Blackham, farmer, Ballymount, has embraced the state of connubial bliss lately. This gentleman scabbied it behind Dowd's threshing-mill, and it took twelve of them (J.P.'s included) a week to thresh what six men would do in a day, besides all the porter and whiskey they drank. This J.P., in the making, locked-out his men, and when he came home from his honeymoon, two men (Bill Rice and the lodger Farrell went to him via the back door and wished him good luck, also their jobs back, and he gave them the munificent sum of 11s. 10d. a week; of course the 2d. is for insurance. Dick, you will die a poor man, as your wage bill must be very heavy. What price White Slave Traffic?

EYE OPENER.

The Volunteers and the Workers.

A Reply to Seaghan O'Cathasaigh.

In a recent issue of the "Irish Worker" I regret to see that Seaghan O'Cathasaigh sounds the discordant note on the question of the newly-formed Irish National Volunteers; He is very much perturbed lest the workers of Ireland should give any countenance or assist the new movement, and in order to add weight to his arguments he invokes the name of John Mitchel. Surely to goodness there is something wrong somewhere when a man calling himself an Irish Republican and a believer in the principles of Mitchel and Tone should raise his voice at this hour in an attempt to wean the workers away from their allegiance to those principles to create disunion (noe the disunion antihematised by the Parliamentary humbugs) but the real disunion that most assuredly will militate against the progress of Ireland towards the goal of national freedom and consequently of social and intellectual emancipation. He says that the workers are again being led away by words; that they have momentarily forgotten there can be no interests outside of those identified with their own class. Now, I hold no brief for the privileged classes. In fact, I detest as heartily as Seaghan O'Cathasaigh does the selfishness, corruption, and lack of patriotism which all through the history of their country they as a body have displayed; but I do say this: if Seaghan's dictum had been the guiding principle of all classes in Ireland her history would, indeed, have been an inglorious one. We would have no Lord Edward or Tone or Napper Tandy to look back to for inspiration in '98, no Emmet or Russell in 1803, no Mitchel or O'Brien or Fintan Lalor in '48, no Kickham or O'Leary or Luby in '67, no George Henry Moore, no Parnell. All these men, it seems, lived and laboured under a delusion; they thought they had other interests to serve besides their own, and acted accordingly. And in our own day we have the Casements, the George Russells, and the Captain Whites making fools of themselves in the same way.

The Volunteer movement provides a common meeting ground for the best and most progressive elements in Irish life. It is a movement that will enable different sections to come to a better understanding with each other. The intermingling of Protestant and Catholic, Home Ruler and Republican, Larkinite and Hibernian, cannot but have a healthy influence on the nation as a whole. It will generate a spirit of comradeship, a spirit of brotherhood, among all Irishmen, the lack of which has been the curse of our race in the past, and which has enabled the forces of sectarianism, Imperialism, and industrial tyranny to maintain their diabolical sway over our people, to the detriment of our common country.

Seaghan O'Cathasaigh seems to forget that Irishmen in general differ not as to the end to be attained, but only in regard to the means to be used. That end is the National independence of Ireland and the happiness and prosperity of her children; next the prosperity indicated by an increased banking account or a growth in the value of imports and exports, which more often than not are the causes of more real misery among the workers than anything else I know of.

Irishmen to-day are being misled by the cries of party. The old shibboleths which divided our fathers before us still in large measure serve the purpose of the self-seeking politicians whose only aim is their own aggrandisement and who care as little for the interests of their deluded followers as the Keoghs and Sadiers of old.

A real union of the Irish people can only be effected on the basis of a military movement, and the organisers of the Volunteers provide us with such a movement. It is not modelled on the lines of the Volunteers of 1782; its basic principle is freedom for the nation and for the individual; it is not a reactionary body. The same spirit that animated the '98 men, the spirit that caused the revolution of '48 to rise from the pauper graves of the Famine years, the spirit that nerved the Fenians to make another brave and not altogether futile attempt to smash their country's chains, once more manifests itself, and calls on the men of Ireland to rally to the standard of Irish liberty.

This movement in spite of the croaking of self-constituted prophets like Seaghan O'Cathasaigh will yet make history, and if the workers of Ireland prove true to their traditions an Irish Republic may be an event of the near future. The fact

that men like Pearse, Macken and honest Tom Kelly are identified with the organisation is sufficient guarantee that the interests of the workers shall not be trampled upon. Only in an Irish Republic can the worker come into his full inheritance. Seaghan O'Cathasaigh is only doing the work of the English Government in trying to injure the Volunteers, and it is that Government that is responsible for all the blood that was shed in Dublin for the last six months.

JAMES MACGOWAN.

Subscriptions Received by Transport Union.

We give this week a tenth list of the subscriptions to the Lock out Fund received in the Transport Workers' Office, and from week to week we will continue to give a list until all the sums received directly in Liberty Hall are acknowledged in the "Irish Worker."

Oct. 27th—A Worker, Belfast, 1rd.; J. Duffy, J. Hallanan, 2s.; A.S.M.H. & S. Per Edward Dunns, 8s. 8d.; Mr. A. J. Henson, Co. Roscommon, 10s.; T. Children's Food Fund, 1s.; Crew of ss. Lady Wolsley, per W. O'Loughlin, 4s.; Gray's Branch, D.W.R. & G.W.U., per G. Baldrey, 4s.; Morecambe Branch, B.S.P. per J. Chatwood, Lancaster, 5s.; B.S.P. Women's Section, Grimby Bch., per D. Wamsley, 4s. 3d.; Sheffield Branch, N.A.F.T.A., per J. Hourdy, 5s.; Atherton Branch, Lancashire & Cheshire Miners' Federation, per James Latham, Sec. 4s.; C.S. Manchester, 1s.; Employees' Orchestra Co., Elm Street, London, 5th donation, per F. H. Austin, 2s. 3d.; From a few Trade Unionists, Crossens, Southport, per J. Moore, 12s.; North Staffordshire, Trades & Labour Council, per T. Thornton, Sec., 4s. 3d.

The "Forward," Glasgow, per Thomas Johnston, £300 0 0 Oct. 28th—I.T.W.U. Branch, 20 Cork-st., per D. Coveney, Sec., 42s. 4d.; Collected in Elswick Pattern Shop, Newcastle-on-Tyne, per James Housome, per Thomas Johnston, Belfast, 4s.; Westport Branch N.U.R., per P. O'Neill, Sec., 4s.; E. J. Howell, Codnor, Derbyshire, 4s.; I.G.V.A., Belfast Branch, per James Maguire, Sec., 17s.; Collected at Nags Head, Colne, Lancashire, per Mrs. Walton, 10s. 6d.

Oct. 29th—Dublin Independent Party, result of Lecture by Countess de Markievicz, per W. Carpenter, 4s.; Ledbury Branch, A.S.R.S., per C. A. Deen, 10s.; Roundtown, Newark, New Jersey, U.S.A., 5 dollars, 4s. 6d.; James Leech, Trafford Park, Manchester, 1s.; Warrington Bch., Braziers and Sheet Metal Workers, per James Powell, Secretary, 4s.; A few members of S.A.W. & G. Ipswich Branch, per A. J. Rudlin, 2s.; Thornbury Tram Depot, per Ned Shaw, Winterburn, Morgan and Cross, 4s. 15s.; Mr. H. Lepiniere, Friends Hall, Green Leaf Road, Walthamstow, 10s. 6d.; J. McCarthy, Hairdresser, 51 North Road, Southend-on-sea, from his family and a few customers, 17s. Thomas C., Sheffield, Swansea, 2s. 6d.; D. Penman and family, Wishaw, Scotland, 5s.; Derbyshire and Notts Engineemen and Firemen's Union, Ilkston Branch, per William Henson, 4s.; Liam O'Faolain, Cregagh, Belfast, 5s.; L.L.P., Jarrow Bch., per Thom Gibbs, Sec., 4s. 5s.; Miss Lillian, Scot. Troy, for food for children fund, 420; per P. Flynn, per Mr. F. Hickey, Harold's Cross, Dublin, 4s.

Oct. 30th—Burnley Branch, N.U.G.W. G.G.E., per L. Burrows, 4s.; North Belfast Branch, I.L.P., per T. Daniels, 15s.; A.T.S. Protective Society, Haveldon & Rossendale District Branch, per W. Wallbrook, 4s.; Greenhill Branch, N.U.R., per W. Tough, Sec., 4s.; Ardrossan Branch, N.S. & F. Union per W. E. Curle, Sec. and Gilbert Lewis, Treas., 4s. 10s.; Putney Bch. N.A.U.S.A.W. & C. per R. G. Curtis, 10s. 6d.; W. H. Sargeant, 12 Woodville road, Chooly Lanes, 5s.; R. D. Morris, Coed Booth, Wrexham, 2s.; H. Henry Weatherly, Western Road, Brighton 1s.; P. Nolan, ss Blackwater, per George Burke, 9s. 6d.

NOTE.—In the issue of 31st January, Dublin Branch, Royal Liver Agents' Union, per John Hanlon, through a misprint was put down 10 shillings when it should have been 10 pounds.

Received by the Dublin United Trades Council:

Cork Trades Council, per J. O'Sullivan, 4s.; D.W.R. & G.W.U., 4s. 6d.; B.S.P. Birkenhead, per A. Andrews, 4s. 14s. 6d.; Trades and Labour Co., Stockport, 44; H.S. Painters, Liverpool, No. 1, 4s.; Paisley Trades Co., 4s.; Bobbin Workers, Garston, 4s. 19s.; Harry Brown, Firth Park, Sheffield, 4s.; F. Murray, Enlington, B'ham, 4s. 2s. 6d.; Carp. & Joiners, Halifax, 4s.; N.U.R., Euston 4s. 2s. 10d.; Letchwood Trades Co., 4s. 4s.; Workers' Union, Wigan, No. 1, 4s.; Dunfermline Trades Co., 4s.; N.U.R., Birkenhead, No. 3, 4s.; C.S. Socialists, Inland Soc. G.P.O., 4s. 7s. 6d.; N.U.R. Barry branch, 4s. 19s.; Paisley Trades Co., 4s. 10s.; H.S. Painters, Blackpool branch, 4s. 4s.; D.W.R. & G.W.U., Bristol, 4s. 1s. 7d.; Braziers & Sheet Metal Workers, Manchester, 4s.; The "Daily Herald," 4s. 17s. 8d.; R. Baldwin, Openshaw, 4s. 12s.; Hyde-road Car Works, Manchester, 4s. 16s. 7d.; Shipjoiners, at Aldam Heston, Hampstead, 4s. 1s. 6d.; N.U.R. Polmadie branch, 4s. 7s.; Amalgamated Society of Tailors, Manchester, 4s. 3s.; H.S. Painters, Ashton branch, 4s.; N.U.R. Barry central, 4s.; Sutton Adult School, 4s. 18s. 6d.; Nat. Union Dock Labs., Gorse, 4s. 4s.; Socialist Club Newcastle-on-Tyne, 4s. 5s.; D.W.R. & G.W.U. Newport, 4s. 2s. 6d.; Sorting Clerks' Telegraphists, G.P.O. Dublin, 4s.; Military Musical Instrument Makers, London, 4s.; Hyde-road Car Works, Manchester, 4s. 14s. 3d.; P. L. Quinlan, (the Wy Issue) 1s. Prince-st. Paterson, N.J., 4s.; Braziers & Sheet Metal Workers, Manchester, 4s.; N.U.R. Hamilton, No. 1, 4s.; Scales of Avonmouth, 4s. 1s. 5d.; W. Finn, Garston, 4s. 8s. 6d.; Tramway & Vehicle, Sheffield, 4s. 3s. 5d.; R. Baldwin, 238 South street, Openshaw, 4s. 17s.; Ernest Holah, London, 4s.; N.U.R., Shepherd's Bush, 4s.; Quarrymen and Builders' Labourers and Breadvannmen's Limerick, Fed. Lab. Co., 4s.; B.S.P., Rotherham, 4s. 10s.; N.U.R., Lock Branch, 4s. 17s. 6d.; National Union Dock Labourers, No. 29 Branch, 4s.; Central Ironmolders' Association, Bonybridge, 4s. 12s.; Nat. Amal. Union of Labourers, No. 5 Branch, Newcastle and Gateshead, 4s.; Coalporters' Union, London, 4s.; Braziers and Sheet Metal Workers' Manchester, 4s.; The Workers' Union, Wigan, 4s.; C.K. Eley, 202 Broomwood road, Battersea, 4s.; Amal. Society Manchester, 4s. 2s. 6d.; proceeds of Pete Larkin's meeting, 4s. 10s.; B.S.P. Club League's Pk. road, Newcastle, 4s.; Amal. Society Tailors, No. 1 Branch, Belfast, 4s. 10s.; Hyde and Denton Trades Council, 4s. 7s.; Earlestown Trades Council, 4s.; National Union Dock Labourers, Galway, 4s.; An Irishman,

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