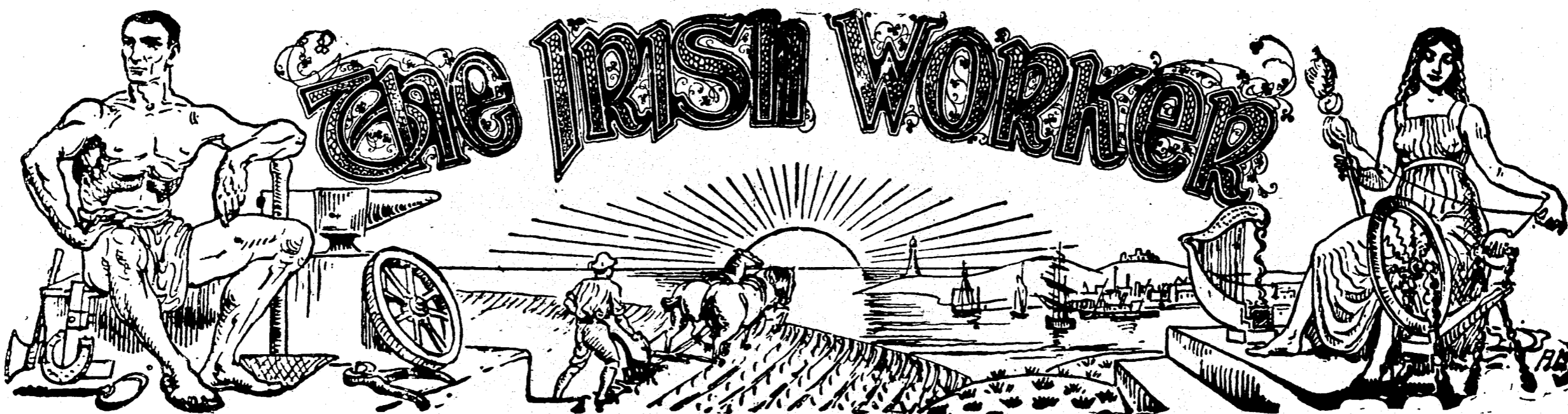


Who is it speaks of defeat? I tell you a cause like ours; Is greater than defeat can know— It is the power of powers. As surely as the earth rolls round As surely as the glorious sun Brings the great world moon wave Must our Cause be won!



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

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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15th, 1914.

ONE PENNY.]

War and the Price We Pay For It.

By "Suel back."

War is a political institution, and like politics in general, it is a dirty game. As long as the present system of Government is tolerated, so long will war and the fear of war exist. And as the apathy of the workers all over Europe has allowed the conditions to remain that involves the risk of wholesale slaughter they must continue to grin and put up with it.

So long as workers consent to exist merely as a wage-earning class for the exploitation by financiers and money-hogs, so long will they be called upon to give their lives and limbs to protect the consols and foreign investments of their masters. The "Balance of Power" myth is bunkum. "The Flag" is a lure and a snare, and any honour or glory that can be attached to a violent death against the hub of a gun whilst attacking people in their own country is not worth much. To defend oneself from attack is only natural, and a defensive war is not only a just war but is the only sort of fighting that can be described as honourable and glorifying. However, in connection with all wars there comes a moment when it is too late to protest, and that moment has long since passed in the present tremendous conflict that is sweeping Europe.

And although I have always been opposed to war for any purpose save that of defence, and although I could never agree that men under any pretext should go out of their way to kill or injure other men just because the accident of birth caused them to be born upon some other soil than that of Gt. Britain or Ireland, I must admit that, now the irretrievable step has been taken, whether rightly or wrongly, that the one hope I have is that the conclusion of the war will witness the total elimination of blasphemous tyrants like that contemptible miscreant, the Kaiser, who is inducing the youths of Germany to give their lives to uphold his ambition by coupling the name of the Most High with his murderous policy. Of course he is not the only one. The Russian butcher runs him a close second, while the other countries are well represented among the candidates for sulphurous honours.

Through the action of these people, Europe has become one vast armed camp. Hundreds of thousands of men, in the heyday of life, are marching to take a part in the greatest holocaust of the ages. Crowds of them are to be met with in every little village and in the streets of the great cities of Britain and Ireland. The other evening at the North Wall, Dublin, the whole industrial population of the city seemed to be gathered there to witness the departure of reservists from Ireland; and I must confess that I had some difficulty in restraining myself from joining in the cheers that continually rose aloft on the night air from the great multitudes of throats. And this was the class that will suffer most from the war. Whether they take an active part in the carrying on of the actual fighting or simply stay at home they will not escape from the curse that is inseparable from war. The Irish Transport Workers' Union contributes a fair percentage of the khaki-clad element. The same men, who a short time ago were fired on by those they will now march shoulder to shoulder with.

The same men who witnessed the slaughter of their fellows in the same City of Dublin just one short week before are now compatriots of those who done the shooting, wear the same uniform, and have sworn the same allegiance. That crowd on Dublin's quays are the same crowd that boomed and hissed the cowardly action of armed men shooting down defenceless women and children, and now they cheer themselves hoarse in support of that which they at that time abhorred, though within a stones-throw from them wept silently the victims of that military outrage. And yet I felt constrained to join with them in their cheers, because of the possibilities for good that may come by way of this struggle. For this may prove an Armageddon, indeed, after which peace may reign, and oppression cease, when monarchies may disappear, and

the divine right of kings be laughed to scorn.

Support the war, then, seeing that is the way peace lies. Germany, who in spite of her immense Socialist population, is still, apparently, but a barbarous state, must be born again. Her clay idol must be hurled to the dust. All the results of the filibustering and robbery by her great warrior, Bismark, and his masters, her mailed fist emperors, must end in the smoke of her own funeral pyre, and out of the ashes of her broken military power will rise the new hope, the peace on earth and good will towards man, that sets no value on guns or bayonets, and in accordance with that view, I wish God-speed to the departing battalions along with the rest of our people whose account still remains to be settled. For the industrial fight must still go on. The fat men still grip the throats of the people, and despite their great sacrifice in the present international crisis that grip is not eased in the least. Workers in their thousands have donned the Khaki. Publicans, pawn-brokers, landlords, newspaper editors, and other respectable Tory and Liberal and Home Rule "party" men are still found in their usual pitch playing the same old game.

Thousands of labour men and Socialists who preached peace to the last minute have undertaken voluntary service in this war. Yet the same old freating "Empire" builders of peaceful days still lean against their old-time bars or loll in smoke-room easy chairs, what time they breathe defiance of Germany. Their contemptible selfishness and cowardice was distinctly evidenced in their complete panic when the war they were eternally praying for was inevitable and their rush to buy up all the available provisions so they could live while the better people starved must not be forgotten in the future propaganda of the workers' cause. The Government, too, showed their leaning towards the money-hogs by coming immediately to the relief of banks and bankers, while they allowed the poor people to be pillaged and robbed by commercial pirates.

But this is only the beginning. To form some opinion of all the poor will have to undergo during the progress of this war, in addition to their sacrifices of life and limb, and the sufferings of helpless dependents, we need only refer to the condition of the common people during the days of the last European Conflagration that Napoleon was responsible for.

Thousands of people starved to death in England and Ireland. Bread riots were of frequent occurrence, often resulting in loss of life, and Parliament was forced to consider ways and means of finding food for the people. Prizes were offered for suggestions as to how edible food could be made from rubbish. Indian corn was a luxury, and pig meal a staple article of food. During the month of March, in the year 1801, the price of wheat in England averaged 185 shillings a quarter. In January of that year the Royal Society published a receipt for the making of bread from turnips. Plenty of money must have been made by the rich classes in those days of suffering for the poor, far no protest was made when the Poor Rate for a small parish near Witney reached 31 shillings in the pound.

In Gloucestershire a gentleman who had let a farm on lease for £430 a year was assessed 24 shillings in the pound Poor Rates, or £86 a year more for the farm than the entire rent which he received for it, so that this fellow must have done very well by his losses. On February 2nd, 1801, the sale of bread was restricted by law. Only household or brown bread was permitted to be sold, and the prices were legally fixed as follows:—the penny loaf, 3 ounces 9 drachms; the twopenny loaf, 7 ozs 3 drs.; the threepenny loaf, 10 ozs. 13 drs.; the quarter loaf, just over four pound, cost 1/7d. and the two-pound loaf 9d. No bread was allowed to be sold until it had been baked at least 24 hours, and sixpenny loaves were not allowed to be made under any circumstances. At this time the wages paid for unskilled labour was very low, judging by the rates paid for the more skilled trades. The tailors

who at that time were a most important class of highly-skilled workers and to some extent well organised, only succeeded as the result of what was considered a most successful wages agitation in fixing their wages at 27/- a week.

That was the prices of foodstuffs in the good old days of the Napoleon wars, with just about a sixth of our present population, and we must expect a parallel to-day if this war continues any length of time. So if to-day we must fight, let us pray for a speedy peace. Let us see to it that at the end of this war the sword and all that it stands for, the pride and power of Kings and Emperors will for ever be laid aside. Let us study the great differences between the happy homestead and the military camp.

Compare the smiling countryside with the fields yellowing with the ripening corn, or dotted with sheep or oxen, with the cut up surface of the battlefield, with its broken guns and smashed bodies of men and horses.

Grinning heads and stray limbs mixed up with torn military trappings, and coloured strips of, what was once, smart uniforms, while here and there, along acres of such a scene, the movement of men still in their agony, and who, with bowels ripped out or limbs torn off, gasp in vain for water to cool the hell hot brass of their throats.

The Siege of Liberty Hall.

(After, considerably after, the Greek Dramatists).

BY M. E., a Labour-Suffragist.

CHARACTERS:—Lady Deenbera, President, Patron or member of every society for talking Tommyrot.

Lord Deenbera, Her Harmless Husband. Mr. James Larkin, description unnecessary. Two Suffragettes, description imprudent. A Messenger.

Citizen Army; Police.

TIME—Present. SCENE, Beresford Place.

PROLOGUE—

Enter Lady Deenbera before the curtain; she holds in her hand a copy of the "Worker."

"A countless I, of kind, though portly mien, What time in Ireland was my equal seen? My good advice I freely offer all, No cause too trifling, no event too small. For larger wage the dockers did make strife, Past to the rescue I, and showed his wife How on five shillings income in the week, Eight souls can flourish, fat and plump and sleek.

Consumptive workers for new houses cry? A three month cure in Peamount let them try! From job to job their sons and daughters range? Your children's interests leave to the Exchange!

School meals in Ireland? Well, I never; tush, Just read my leaflet "Use of the tooth-brush."

In murderous slums, did strikers babies die? Enough new milk their mothers would not buy! Throughout the country I have been on stump, Have seen my theories swallowed in a lump By placemen, toadies, publicans and priests, And all who longed to share Viceregal feasts!

At countless meetings I have said my say, Till weary Dublin begs me go away. My views, my speeches are to all men known, And for the children I much zeal have shown;

So now I wonder how it came about There's been a meeting—but—with me left out!

To talk of Clinics and of Dental lore, There's not a subject I delight in more. One Mr. Larkin did the guests invite; I was in town, I know, that very night. 'Tis really tragic that I wasn't there; I should have simply loved to take the chair.

He must have asked me! but, then where's his note? Burned, perhaps, by women who desire to vote.

But if alas, it chanced he asked me not, Treason! Conspiracy! He should be shot! Yet no! Friend Murphy tried that game of yore, And Larkin triumphs, mightier than before. My tactics now, I'm off to pay a call At Labour's stronghold, dread Liberty Hall. The great James Larkin I will ask to tea; Then of his Clinic I'll sole ruler be.

EXIT.

WAR!

What it Means to You.

(The following manifesto is being distributed in Belfast):—

You are asked to stop and consider what this war will mean to the working-class of this city and country.

It already means that increased prices will be demanded for all food and household necessities. In every bite of food you eat you will be compelled to pay for the war and as you are already poor and have at best of times a struggle to live, the war will mean hunger and misery to thousands - less food on their tables, less clothes on their backs or beds, less coal in their fires, less boots and shoes on their children's feet and their own.

War will mean more unemployment and less wages. Already the mills in Belfast are put on half-time which means starvation wages, ware-rooms are closing down, and all foundries and engineering works which make machinery for the Continent if they have not closed down already are getting ready to do so.

Thus before a shot has been fired by a British Army on land, before a battle has been fought at sea ruin and misery are entering the homes of the working people. What will be your case, how many thousands of you will die of slow starvation, or perish of cold and long drawn out misery before the end of the war if you suffer so much before it is really begun.

Some people tell you it will be over in a fortnight. They said the same about the Boer War, but it lasted three years. And the Boer War was a mere picnic compared to what this war will be.

Remember that Lord Kitchener tells all joining now that they must be prepared to serve three years. And he knows.

You women! Remember that it is the children you suckled at your breasts and reared at your knees, whose little steps you watched and prayed over and were proud of, it is they who will be sent to fight the battles of the Empire—an Empire that despises you and them; an Empire under whose rule three million Irish people were thrown on the roads to starve, four million driven like wild beasts out of their country; an Empire under which in less than fifty years a million and a half of Irish men, women and children died of hunger in the midst of smiling harvest, and under which you have lived a lifetime of sweated misery and badly paid toil.

Women of Belfast. Will you send your husbands, fathers, sons and sweethearts to be slaughtered in defence of an Empire that stood quietly by and allowed the Orangemen to arm against you and against freedom for Ireland, but sent its soldiers to shoot down unarmed people of Dublin when they attempted to arm in defence of Irish nationality.

Remember, all you workers, that this war is utterly unjustifiable and unnecessary. Belgium would never have been in the slightest danger if France had not encouraged Russia to prepare to attack Germany. And France would never have given that encouragement to Russia had she not been urged to do so by the secret diplomacy of England. There would never have been war within two hundred and fifty miles of the Belgian frontier had not the French and English Governments secretly resolved to attack Germany in order to help Russia—the greatest and most brutal foe of human liberty in the world. The gallant Belgians are being sacrificed that they may pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the unscrupulous capitalist Government of England and the half savage Government of Russia. Should we allow ourselves to be sacrificed also? No! No! No!!!

We have no foreign enemy except the treacherous government of England a Government that even whilst it is calling upon us to die it refuses to give a straight answer to our demands for Home Rule.

Volunteers! Has the iron of slavery so far entered into your souls that you will sing the songs, carry the flag, and fight the battles of the Power, that even in its extremity refuses to allow your Nation to take its place amongst the Nations of the earth?

Britain guarantees the independence of Belgium. Yes, as she guaranteed the independence of Egypt and then swallowed it up and slaughtered or imprisoned its patriot sons and daughters. Britain

guaranteed the independence of Belgium. Yes, as she guaranteed the independence of Persia and then encouraged her Russian ally to invade it and drown its freedom in a sea of blood.

Britain guarantees the independence of Belgium. But who will win and guarantee the independence of Ireland? Will the Volunteers?

Youth of Ireland stand prepared, Revolutions red abyss Stands beneath us all but bared.

For all woes the meek have dreaded, For all risks the brave have dared, As for suffering so far deed Stand prepared.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

Searchlight Flashes.

"Alas for our country her day has gone by And the spirit is broken that never would bend."

Last week I suggested the probable happenings if Mr. Redmond's diplomatic offer became an offer in reality. Since then we have read of private audiences being held—and we have seen the Government's announcement that they would take advantage of this offer to the "fullest." What that means may be gauged by the fact that some days afterwards some thousands of territorials were poured into Dublin from Great Britain to replace the regular troops in Ireland.

"Let Erin remember the days of old" &c. I am told this has been diplomatically stopped, until the Volunteer force are well in hand. And then the Government will proceed to use them to the "fullest." English statesmen are about the cleverest rogues unstrung. And do my Volunteer friends imagine for a single instant that the least of these are so dull of comprehension as to send abroad the loyal supporters of the Crown to be shot down by Germans, and so silly as to arm and leave behind in Ireland a fenian force to menace and overthrow His Majesty's power in this country. It would be in itself a master-stroke of British statesmanship to arm the Irish Rebels and send them out to fight her German foes. For no matter which went down it would mean only so many less enemies for England—and it would seem as if the conquest of Ireland was being carried out with the assistance of our friends the "Parliamentarians," since no effort is spared by them to prevent public expression of opinions on matters so vital—Corporation meetings are made abortive—and the Volunteers themselves are publicly forbidden to pass resolutions—thus the country is tongue-tied while its betrayal is accomplished. Mr. Redmond opposed the formation of the Volunteers, and when they were organised despite his opposition he came in and "bossed" them—and now he has handed them over to their enemies. My friends may frown to read this—but if they have not the moral courage to speak out honestly their secret thoughts on what occurred—I am not so hampered. And they will perhaps realise the truths of my writings when they are being driven like dumb cattle to the slaughter. Last week I encountered the "stone stare" of some with whom I at one time worked in Inchicore, and I was informed that they did not like my notes in the "Worker." Poor fools, they will perhaps appreciate my intentions when they are agonising on the frontier and praying to God to end their miseries with a friendly bullet. And lest one might come my way in these uncertain times I will now take the opportunity of here recording the fact that my foes of ten years ago are still my foes to-day. Even if they have, recently been augmented by some of my misguided friends—my attitude is unchanged, and when my Volunteer friends speak of British promises I hear the old cry "Remember Limerick." And when they tell me of the friendship of the present Government, so recently seeking in innocent Irish blood I want to know: Why this friendly Government permitted the Orangemen of the North to arm for the avowed object of resisting the future Law of the Land, and the implied object of murdering their law-abiding nationalist fellow countrymen; why this friendly Government proclaimed the Arms Act in Ireland the moment the nationalists

CAUTION

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sought to procure protection against the Orange rebels; why this friendly Government looked on unmoved as the Orangemen marched in thousands through Belfast armed to the teeth, and then shot down three innocent victims in Dublin because the troops failed to take the empty rifles from the hands of the Volunteers. And then the saddest part of all was the fact that many who escaped being shot on that fatal Sunday, were so dead to all sense of nationality, manhood and shame, as to march down to the North Wall to cheer these would-be slayers as they embarked on another murdering expedition a few days later, and then I am told that when the musicians in the Royal played "God Save the King" on last Saturday night, the whole audience rose to its feet and cheered; and all this long before the grass has yet begun to grow on the graves of our murdered brothers and sisters in Glasnevin.

"If aught in my bosom could quench for an hour My contempt for a nation so vile, so poor; Which though treads like a worm will not turn upon power, 'Tis the eloquence of Grattan, and the genius of Moore."

But, thank God, the Citizen Army still remains as did our Irish at Fontenoy—true to the old land, and true to its old traditions. No slavish fawning on our foes of old; no false professions of loyalty; but standing dignified by their guns.

Last August, the Liberal Government and Murphy, and the rest made war directly upon the Transport Union, and indirectly upon the trade union movement of the country. This August the same gang are likely to get all the war they want, and a good deal more than they are likely to relish. "The mills of God grind slowly" Last year, Jim Larkin fed the women and children in Dublin, and was rewarded if not with "vinegar and gall," with misrepresentation and vile abuse. This year our priests and our politicians are given an opportunity of trying their hands. For with the present famine-prices of food in Dublin our poor will soon be in dire distress, and if they succeed in doing just as well as the man they all vilified so freely a few months ago—they will do well indeed. God save Ireland—! God save the people!

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, T.C.

Leading (1) the Little Children. We wonder how many of the patriotic inhabitants of the North Dock Ward are aware of the identity of the creature who has control of the juvenile section recently formed in conjunction with the local Volunteers? How many are cognisant of the fact that this individual is one of the most notorious of the White Slave traffickers who disgrace this city? And of those who are aware, how many care? We feel sure that the parents of the children concerned will shrink with horror from any proposal to place their young and innocent sons under the guidance and leadership of a waster, who, if the law were properly administered, would have been gaoled long ago under the so-called Criminal Law Amendment Act.

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



THE NATIONAL DANGER.

By JAMES CONNOLLY.

In my article last week I said that only from the working-class democracy could a real lead be expected in this crisis. I am happy to be able to state that we are not so isolated in this matter as I at first feared. In many other quarters the fact that keeping the foodstuffs in Ireland is the first duty of every true Irishman and woman has already been realised before my article appeared. We of the Irish Transport Workers' Union are so often Ishmaels in public life, with every man's hand against us and our hand against every man, that it is a rare treat to be able to acknowledge that on a question of supreme importance such as this we are but one among many agreeing voices. The editor of "Sinn Fein" strikes a perfectly correct and sane note upon the crisis we are glad to say, as does also "Claidheamh Soluis," the Gaelic League weekly. Other newspapers and journals make tentative and truly fearful suggestions along the same lines; in many Dublin companies of Volunteers the members have discussed the matter and come to agreement on the right side, and despite the fearful wave of pro-English filth now spread over the country, signs are multiplying that in actions upon these lines there will be found the possibility of making a stand for Ireland that will win the adhesion of all that is best in the land.

Meanwhile the daily Press continually reports news that confirms the attitude of the "Irish Worker" towards all the sections of the enemy upon whom it makes war. The Carsonites remain as obdurate and anti-Irish as ever. It is noticeable that all the talk about a "union of North and South in defence of Ireland," about "blending the Orange and Green," about marching united as Irishmen against the common foe "and all the other clap-trap has been strictly confined to the Nationalist side. No response has come from the Ulster Volunteers; no Carsonite official has made the smallest overture towards peace; there has not been the slightest melting of the sour bigotry of the Orangemen. The following extract from the columns of a Belfast evening paper of last week is a valuable index of the present frame of mind of these people—

"The verdict of the Dublin coroner's jury on the victims of the Bachelor's Walk shooting is not so extreme as was expected. Counsel sought to have a verdict of wilful murder brought in against persons by name, but the jury wisely did not go that length. A great deal of vindictiveness was displayed during the inquiry by some of the counsel against the soldiers. These men, it is clear, did not fire till they were in deadly peril from a mob of Dublin hoodlums, who are the greatest cowards on earth. The testimony of the witnesses who sought to show that nothing more harmful than banana skins were thrown at the military was disapproved by abundant testimony. It is to be hoped that no more will be heard of the affair nor the country has sterner things to do than squabble about this incident."

One cannot but admire in this connection the tact and skill with which Sir Edward Carson has conducted, and still continues to conduct, his campaign against any extension of liberty to the Irish people. It has been marked by one long series of success. Despite sneers and jeers and laughter, despite reason and justice, despite threats and against seemingly overwhelming odds, he has kept serenely on his way pursuing the policy he had marked out for himself and his followers. For him there was no compromise, no conciliation. He met each fresh concession with studied insult; at each fresh offer of peace he shook fresh rifles in the face of the Government; when the Home Rule Party basely consented to put the question of the integrity of their country at the mercy of a local majority of bigoted traitors of Ireland, he put machine guns upon the streets of Belfast and Lisburn. Mr. John Redmond now blatantly declares in the House of Commons that the National Volunteers will defend Ireland for the Government. Sir Edward Carson says grimly that nothing is yet altered in Ireland, and the Belfast Orange Press warns the Ulster Volunteers against being sent out of Ireland and leaving Ulster to the mercy of a Government that they cannot trust. Like the Irish after the Battle of the Boyne, the National Volunteers should offer to "swoop leaders" with the Orangemen. It would be to Ireland's advantage if Sir Edward would fight for Ireland as skillfully and as courageously as he has fought against her.

Contrast with such leadership the attitude of Mr. Redmond and his Party towards the Volunteers. First he slights and secretly opposes them. Then when they get strong he demands the power to control them. Granting that he is honest, here was a great blunder. His former leader—Charles Stewart Parnell—always believed in a physical-force party, but would never join it. This gave him always the power to say to the English Government that if it did not grant his moderate demands then the physical-force party would take control of Irish affairs out of his hands. "And," he would assure Mr. Gladstone, "you know I have no control over that extreme party." Had Mr. Redmond pursued a similar policy and kept clear of the Irish Volunteers he could always have met every move of the Government towards the Carsonites, every proposal to mutilate Ireland's rights, with the quiet statement that the Volunteers over whom he had no control would scarcely allow it. "You know," Mr. Asquith, he could have said, "I would be willing to do what you ask, but I have no control over the Irish National

Volunteers, and I am afraid that they would cause trouble if I gave in to Carson." Thus, like Parnell, he would have had the power of an organisation of armed men behind him whilst he had no responsibility for their actions. This he threw away when he set out to obtain control of the Volunteer forces.

Why did he throw it away? What did he get in exchange that was good for Ireland? Would it be too much to suggest that he was compelled by the Government to try and get the Volunteers into his hands, and that the Government so compelled him because they knew that this European war was coming.

With a European war on and Ireland organised with Volunteer regiments, such regiments, even without arms, could have made the adhesion of Ireland to either side, or even the real neutrality of Ireland, of so much importance that great and substantial national advantages would have been offered her to secure such adhesion or neutrality. With a European war on and the Irish Volunteers in the control of Redmond and Party, the active co-operation of the Volunteers in the defence of the empire was given to the Government without a single concession of any kind being obtained; nay, even whilst the menace of an amending Bill to mutilate Ireland was still part of the Government plan. Now we are assured by the Home Rule Press that as a consequence of the happy union of Ulster and National Volunteers (which exists only in their imagination) still more generous concessions are to be given to Ulster.

Alas that I should live to see it! North, South, East and West the Irish Volunteers are marching and parading with the Union Jack in front of them, their bands playing "God Save the King" and their aristocratic officers making loyalist speeches.

North, South, East and West the anti-Irish landlord classes are now hurrying in to oppose the Irish Volunteers, and brave true-hearted men who have given their lives in earnest, unobtrusive service to their motherland are thrust contemptuously aside that positions may be given to those aristocratic jackanapes. The fools who are in control hail this as a sign of national unity. The wise who know the history of their country ask how can we expect swift and prompt action for Ireland in any emergency when the officers in command will thus be men whose whole life, opinions, instincts, class bias, and prejudices have been coloured with hatred of all that the Irish National Movement ever stood for. Remember the words of the greatest Irish Revolutionist, Wolfe Tone:—

"When the aristocracy came forward the people fell backward; when the people came forward the aristocracy, fearful of being left behind insinuate themselves into our ranks and rise into timid leaders or treacherous auxiliaries."

The fatal policy of the Irish Volunteers is producing and pushing these timid leaders and treacherous auxiliaries into every position where their timidity or treachery will work the most havoc in any emergency.

It is a humiliating thought that Mr. Redmond's declaration on this war has completely changed the status of this country. Before it we were a "subject province of England," now we are "an English province" in the eyes of the world. And there are more enemies of the Empire in a small corner of Toulon than in the whole of Ireland.

We have reached the very lowest depths as a race, and the greatest part of the responsibility lies with those who in their cowardly fear of an ignorant, newspaper-rigged public opinion surrendered the control of the Volunteers to the Redmondite wirepullers. Henceforth Irish discontent will not be regarded abroad as symptoms of an inspiration after distinct nationality, it will only and rightly be interpreted as the discontent of leisure in the game of imperial politics.

I have had few more unpleasant experiences in my life than I underwent when listening to the pitiful attempts of some members of the Provisional to explain and justify their votes upon their surrender. To hear them telling of their great diplomacy, and their wonderful wirepulling was a revelation. It showed at once that they were attempting to do the work of a revolutionary movement by the methods of a ward-cavasser in a Municipal election; that they were approaching a supreme crisis in a nation's history in the temper and spirit of a political registration agent out for votes for his party. The kindest thing that can happen to them now is that their names may be forgotten; at present it seems an equal chance between oblivion and malediction.

The time is now ripe, nay, the imperious necessities of the hour call loudly for, demand, the formation of a Committee of all the earnest elements, outside as well as inside the Volunteers, to consider means to take and hold Ireland and the food of Ireland for the people of Ireland.

We of the Transport Union, we of the Citizen Army are ready for any such co-operation. We can bring to it the aid of drilled and trained men, we can bring to it the heartiest efforts of men and women who in thousands have shown that they know how to face prison and death, and we can bring to it the services of thinkers and organisers who know that different occasions require different policies, that you cannot legalise revolutionary actions, and that audacity alone can command success in a national crisis like this.

Freedom, we believe, cannot flourish, or even awaken into life in the miasma-tic atmosphere of wirepulling and in-

trigue, but as St. Just said—

"Liberty is born in storm and tears as the Earth arose out of chaos, and as man comes wailing into the world."

We who have forced the storm for industrial liberty, and who put the tears for the sufferings of our own class will not shrink from either for the sake of our country.

Try us!

To Ireland's Betrayers.

A curse on the helots and renegades Who are selling our land to-day, On the craven and knavish "leaders" Who are showing the shameful way. Mean breed of lackey and sycophant— They are serving their masters well— The vipers brood have but one sole regret That they have but one land to sell.

Alas for the hapless land that bore Such a soulless, carrion horde, They who for office and English gold Our centuried flag have low'ered. Who lured their dupes in the sacred names Of our rebel and martyred dead. And ruined the fruit of their noble creed Whilst they taught the cravens instead.

Then tear the mask from each traitor's face, Let their names ever numbered be With all who have struck at our country's heart

As she struggled towards Liberty. And you who would serve our loved land best,

Who are guarding her honour still, Strike first at the knaves who are selling that land—

Then on to the fight with a will. MÆVE CAVANAGH.

MASS MEETING

Sunday, August 16th,

At CROYDON PARK,

At one o'clock,

To deal with the Unemployment and Food Questions. Jim Larkin and other speakers will address the meeting.

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

The Irish Worker,

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price one penny—and may be had of any news-agent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 2421. 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., Aug. 15th 1914.

IRISHMEN, YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU.

"War is a lust for vengeance or power." —JAMES

COMRADES, it is necessary at this juncture, when the war mania has gripped our people, that an appeal should be made to all who claim to be Irishmen and Irishwomen, to try and realise the gravity of our position—firstly, as human beings, and secondly, as units of a Nation. What, then, is our position to society as a whole? What is our position to our fellow humans throughout the length and breadth of this land of ours? Every morning and evening men, women, and children kneel down and utter the most wonderful supplication that has been put in words—the "Lord's Prayer." The question you must put to yourselves is this:—"Do I mean to realise in myself and help to realise as a member of society the fulfilment of that prayer?" Do you wish to see realised "God's Kingdom on Earth as it is in Heaven?" Are you sincere in praying for forgiveness as you are willing to forgive all trespasses against you? My comrades, you know that you are a living lie in yourselves, and at this hour the majority of alleged Christians are blasphemers of the most vicious type. Throughout the length and breadth of Christendom millions of men and women, unutterable shame, are howling blood, rapine, and destruction. With the exception of a minority of the people's no protest has been raised; no outcry voiced at the inhuman and unchristian crime that is being consummated at the dictation of creatures called kings, emperors, kaisers, and statesmen. If the foul vampires are right; if William of Germany, Nicholas of Russia; Joseph of Austria; Peter of Serbia; Albert of Flanders; George of England, and the Kingdoms beyond the seas are doing what is best for the uplifting and betterment of mankind, Christianity is a lie, and Christ and His message a figment of the imagination, and the statement that "God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son for the world's redemption" is an old wife's tale. To one who is a Socialist, and works for the realisation of "God's Kingdom on Earth as it is in Heaven," the present condition of society is appalling. After two thousand years of preaching

of the Message of Goodwill and peace amongst all men, we see millions of men armed with destruction massed in opposing lines, and at a given moment they will be hurled at each other with the view of destroying as many of them as possible in a given time! And for what? In the interest of human liberty, the benefit of mankind, the improvement of society? No, my comrades, but to preserve a nebulous thing called the "balance of power." Not power to aid and succour! No, power to tyrannise and debase; power to humiliate and destroy—to satisfy these vermin kings and their satellites. And do these kings and statesmen fight? you will ask. Ah, no, comrades; when the tide of battle has flowed its sanguinary course; when the dead have been heaped in sacrifice piles and burned as at Liege, in Flanders; when human nature revolts at its own inhumanity, then these kings and emperors will meet, wine and dine, and proceed to partition out the territory and the number of wage-slaves to be proportioned out under the control of each. While I write eleven thousand men of the slave-class (the working-class) are being put aboard ships within the Port of Dublin to be taken and landed in Flanders; to be offered up as a sacrifice on the altar of the god of war. They have no quarrel with the men they are taken away to shoot and kill, and the men they are to shoot and them have no quarrel. Yet they go. And fools and cowardly knaves too cowardly to go themselves, cheer them. Lome of these poor fellows, who sail within the hour are men I have known; foolishly kind, big-hearted fellows. This time twelve months ago the same class who are sending them on their devilish mission were denying them the opportunity to work, and starving their women and children. Yet they go; leaving the same women and children to the cruel mercies of these vampires of profit-mongers.

Well, my comrades, if you have finished examining your conscience what decision have you come to? Are you as Irishmen going to allow yourselves to be used as pawns in this game of beggar-my-neighbour? You were not designed by the Creator to be tools and destructive tools for any self-seeking section of humanity. You were designed for something higher and nobler. The same corrupt, tyrannical power that is now appealing to you to save them from well-merited retribution to-morrow will turn and read you asunder. Irishmen and Irishwomen, act as sane Christian people; refuse to participate in this blood gorge. Let those who desire enjoy the feast, and give them all the fighting to do. It behoves you as a Nation to act wisely. An opportunity has presented itself to you. Think of your Nation; think of your history; think of your glorious traditions; think of your age-long sacrifices and suffering; think, in God's name, of the destiny of your race and refuse to become hired assassins. Conserve your energies; preserve your strong men and beautiful women. Remember your country needs you. You know no king. Let the political compromisers and the hiring press sell themselves for thirty pieces of silver. They are but things of an hour. It is for you to remember the great Queen who has drank the waters of bitterness for eight hundred years! Surely you will not disgrace the fathers that bore you? They suffered and died that she, "Our Dark Rosaleen," might enter into her inheritance.

The Capitalist Newspapers of this city have in their possession news of a momentous nature—where our countrymen have been landed and how many have been in action. We understand the Connaughts have landed in Flushing. Kitchener, War Lord, the man whose mistakes were retrieved at Pardeburg is doing the autocrat. We suppose he will dig up on Von Moltke's corpse, the same as he did the Mahdis, to decapitate the corpse.

England at her Old Game. The 5th Batt. Leinster Regt. (Militia) have been ordered to proceed to Belgium on next Monday or Tuesday. All other (Irish Militia) Regiments are to be sent to the front in the course of next week.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland, ROOM 3, LIBERTY HALL,

"WHAT IS THIS SOCIALISM?" Workers, Attend the following Meetings—Sunday, 16th August, Beresford Place, 12.30 noon; and Foster place at 8.30 p.m. Tuesday, 18th, Beresford place, at 8.30 p.m. Thursday, 20th, Foster place, at 8.30 p.m. Reading Room open every evening. Business meetings on Fridays.

CORPORATION OF DUBLIN. MANSION HOUSE-VELARIUM FOR ROUND ROOM.

Tenders are invited for the Removal of the existing Silk Velarium in the Round Room, Mansion House, and the Supply and Fixing of a new Velarium instead, according to a Specification prepared by the City Architect, and subject to the usual Corporation Conditions of Contract. The Specification and Conditions of Contract are to be seen at my Office.

Tenders, marked "Velarium, Mansion House," and addressed to "The Chairman, Estates and Finance Committee," will be received by me up to, but not after, 4 p.m. on the 24th August inst. EDMUND W. STEE, City Treasurer.

Prince of Wales' Relief Fund.

At the Mansion House meeting on Thursday, called in connection with the above Fund—the proceedings of which has appeared in the "Press," and at which Lord Aberdeen forgot the war in his anxiety to discuss the flower boxes of Henrietta street, and the Civic Exhibition—Councillor Partridge moved the following amendment—

"That this meeting of the citizens of Dublin being sensible of the deplorable state of unemployment and destitution prevailing the City at present through the war, We are of the opinion that all money subscribed should be kept in the hands of a local relief Committee for the purpose of ameliorating the present and the future distress. We are of opinion it is quite unnecessary and unparliamentary to send money outside the country, that we are of the opinion all foods should be conserved and that only a surplus to be exported and that we instead of subscribing to the Prince of Wales' Fund send an application for immediate assistance from the said fund."

Mr. Partridge said the hour for speech making had passed, and the time had come for every man to act the man. He was one of those who believed in learning by past experience, and the past had taught him, and every Irishman who wished to learn, that whatever England got out of Ireland she gave very little back, and always less than she got. A gentleman (?) Bosh!

Mr. Partridge—If I had as little respect for myself and present company as you display I would have said Bosh to a great deal that was said here today. The Lord Mayor ruled the amendment out of order and the meeting dispersed without singing God Save the King.

THE BANK OF IRELAND FROM WITHIN.

By One Who Knows. It is more than probable that many of the "philanthropists" who are beginning to advocate the establishment of a minimum living wage for all classes of workers, do so in the hope that if the wage-slaves, whose discontent is so much dreaded, are able to keep themselves and their families in some degree of comfort, they will quickly abandon Socialism, Syndicalism, and the whole fight for individual freedom. Witness how loath clerks are to join Trades Unions! But does the mere possession of a certain amount of money bring happiness to the worker. Far from it! The Directors of the Bank of Ireland have recently raised their scale of pay for men clerks, and the said clerks are cursing wildly in bitter ingratitude! Let us see what sort of animals these Directors are.

In the first place, they have within the last year or two taken in a number of women clerks. So far so good. These girls, however, are paid from £60 to £100 per annum. Men rise from £60 to £250, and the latter limit has now been raised to £275. Mr. Wm. Fry says this advance was received with grateful appreciation by the staff. We say it was not! Every man is not a genius, and increasing years do not always make a man more speedy or efficient in clerical work. Formerly things were so arranged that the lighter mechanical kind of work was reserved for men of fifty and upwards who had reached, or nearly reached, the £250 limit. What did the Directors do last spring. Superannuated about a dozen men then earning £250 a year each, and replaced them by girls at £60 per annum. As the superannuation allowance is £150, a considerable saving was effected for the benefit of the shareholders. But the older men who were kept on are envying those who have left.

The authorities are acting on the supposition that it is a great hardship having to pay their older employees increased salaries. The young and cheeky juniors of a few years' service are preferred before them and encouraged to sneer at a d jeer at middle-aged men, whose only fault may be a certain slowness in writing. An Audit Office has been set up, where the favourites of the "powers that be" pass sentence on the work of the rest of the staff. Formerly annual increases were given as a matter of course, unless the heads of the various offices objected; now a formal application has to be made by the clerk, and approved by the Audit Office. It is feared that secret and confidential reports will render increments few and far between. Frequent complaints are made as to the rudeness and bad temper of certain heads of departments. "Speeding up" is the order of the day, and ill-health gets very little sympathy.

However, the malcontents have the satisfaction of knowing that the Governors and Directors recently increased their own remuneration by a substantial amount—£200 a year each we think it was!

At the instigation of one or two gentlemen on the make, a new system of doing business has been introduced. It is unnecessary to enter into details, but we may state that it is hated by those who have to work it, and that an enthusiastic profession of belief in its infallibility is necessary to ensure promotion.

We honestly believe that stupid and malevolent gossip is nowhere more common in Dublin than in the Bank of Ireland. No story is too absurd for repetition, provided it is "smutty enough" and the moral tone is not high.

Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, lack of sympathy and want of human feeling, mark the routine life of the average clerk.

To the ladies is left all the most disagreeable work, and they have named themselves "The Ragpickers," from the occupation of sorting old notes.

We would like to see men and girls combining to form a strong Trades Union; but alas, the victims are "ladies and gentlemen!" Oh, Gentility, what crimes are committed and what good deeds omitted in thy name!

BIRTH. BERNARD LARKIN, born Tuesday morning 11th Aug. 1914. Mother and child are doing well.

DAILY HERALD LEAGUE. DUBLIN BRANCH

A Special General Meeting will be held in No. 2 Room, Liberty Hall, on Wednesday 19th, at 8 p.m. All interested in the future of the League in Dublin must attend.

Liberty Hall, Sunday Evening At 8 o'clock, Grand Performance

By Irish Transport Workers' Dramatic Co. Irish Plays, Songs and Dances. Come and enjoy a pleasant Irish Evening's amusement. Admission, 3d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HANGMAN.—You may well complain of the rise in the prices of foodstuffs, but you must have noticed that a prominent Dublin merchant, Mr. John Scully to wit, has been making "light" of the question. No doubt if this were pantomime season you would hear every small boy in the streets shouting, "The butter is up!" and you would have to excuse it as an "inflation" of his pro-British sentiments.

CO-OP.—You are quite correct when you say that the Women's Guild of the Dublin Co-operative Society have accepted an invitation "to tea" at the Civic Exhibition. Seeing that "the Civic" is the product of a Scottish family, we suppose the Society will have to supply the tea! But what about the "Beauty Competition"?

BANDOLIER.—We cannot vouch for the truth of your statement concerning the North Dock Volunteers. You inform us that they assembled at the North Wall the other evening, waving Union Jacks and singing "Rule Britannia!" But Alf Byrne's lieutenant denies the allegation. We now learn that the Talbot Street Company is not yet affiliated to the Irish Volunteer Force—a fact that goes to bear out the belief we always held, namely, that the "Official" Volunteers possess a certain amount of good sense.

BLADENSBURG.—You suggest that a certain music hall song might now be rendered "Oh, oh, Batonio, he's gone away." We would further suggest that the title of a certain famous poem could be altered to read, "Childe Harrel's Good-night."

LITTLE BELGIAN.—We believe Councillor Maw Coughlan Briscoe has returned unscathed from the "front." We do not comment upon your suggestion that the next newly-opened branch of the Town Tenants' League should be named "Branch Wilhelm."

HOCH! HOCH!—Your idea is an admirable one. Possibly if you were to approach your local pork butcher he would oblige you with a German translation of "God Save Ireland," but we think you might get him to substitute "help" for "save."

MANSION HOUSE.—How can we be expected to know who was the wag that sent the anonymous letter to Lord Mayor Sherlock about the Teutonic "plot" to poison the water at Roundwood reservoir? Perhaps it was one of the Uhlans of Summerhill!

CO-OPT.—Since answering your question above we find that the tea party has come off. Those who were "invited" had to pay sixpence for admission, but the sixpence we are assured was returned in the shape of "good things" at the tea-table (more Scotch hospitality!) Recorder O'Shaughnessy's daughter was one of the waitresses and acquitted herself with credit to her law-loving daddy. We understand that the only unpleasant incident was the extreme heat caused by the cooking of the Borgout. At the tea-table, however, one could have expected some other topic for discussion than that of "Ambulance" Work.

GUN-RUNNER.—In our issue of the 23rd December, 1911, in the course of a contribution commenting on the antics of some of the alleged Nationalists of Dublin, we published the following lines:—

O'er Wolfe Tone's grave they rant and rave, And rail at the Saxon foe; They talk of blood as rebels should, And whisper the things they know Of a German host on the English coast, And they laugh with a will—ho! ho!

So, you see, we were prophets in our own time. Are we not all Britishers now? God save the King! OSCAR.

Please Support our Advertisers.



Shop-keeper Councillors and the Dublin Poor.

Whilst the fur flew in the Council Chamber of Dublin Corporation on Monday last, the Lord Mayor suddenly lost his temper, and said what he didn't oughter.

Councillor O'Hara, who may or may not have found the cap a good fit, yelled himself hoarse in an effort to reply.

During the meeting the Lord Mayor opened a telegram from E. A. Aston, stating that the Prime Minister had consented to include Ireland in the measure granting £4,000,000 to the housing of the working classes.

The Lord Mayor took the credit to himself for this gracious act, being either ignorant or desiring to ignore the fact that representation had already been made from the Irish Labour quarter.

THE FOOD COMMITTEE.

A proposal was taken to the effect that the Corporation should appoint a committee to consider the best means of dealing with the food crisis.

The Lord Mayor said that there was no grave necessity for alarm, that the rise in prices was a wholly artificial one brought about by the richer members of the community who had rushed to fill their larders.

CO-OPERATIVE TREACHERY. Sir Horace said that on Saturday last the wholesale price of co-operative creamery butter was 2s. 3d. per lb.

The Lord Mayor said this was not true; that the co-operative creameries had steadily raised their prices. He had got invoices from retailers in which the wholesale price was 4d. on the 5th, and had continued at that till the date of Sir Horace's letter.

Miss Harrison wished to rebuke the Dublin Press for deliberately suppressing the price lists sent out by the Cabinet.

THE SHOOTING. The Lord Mayor waxed eloquent on the powers of his office with regard to the calling out of military.

THE FOOD FAKIRS. In our issue of last week we referred to a person named Ganly, who is alleged to be a guardian of the poor in the South Dublin Union.

Dublin's Opportunity. All eyes are turned on Dublin as they were turned on Dublin eleven months ago. To Dublin, the centre of rebel and insurgent effort in Ireland, the people look for a lead.

Workers! Don't Forget THE WIDOW NOLAN'S LITTLE SHOP, Lower Summerhill.

MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS. EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD. CHEAPEST AND BEST. THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

THE DENTAL HOSPITAL. The Finance Committee's report with regard to the Dental Hospital led to lively scenes.

Alderman Quaid accused the Finance Committee of deliberately concealing information. He said the Dental Hospital's circular to the Corporation detailing free dental work for the poor was a fraud.

THE SHOOTING. The Lord Mayor waxed eloquent on the powers of his office with regard to the calling out of military.

The Lord Mayor in moving to refer the report back for enquiry, said that all work, apart from mere extraction, was charged from 2s 6d. to £5 5s.

THE SCULLY JOB AGAIN.

Richardson moved the following resolution:—"That in the event of any official of this Council declining to carry out any order of a committee which, after hearing his objection, re-affirms such order, such official shall be immediately suspended by the Lord Mayor until all the facts have been placed before this Council, and a decision arrived at."

Alderman McWalter expressed surprise that the Law Agent did not know that such a motion was out of order. It was not legal for the Council to force an official to execute an illegal order from a committee.

THE HOUSING SCHEMES. The Council had a serious falling out over the Housing Committee. At one time it looked as if the Lord Mayor and Alderman Tom would come to "words," and made one thankful that the entente cordiale was not so far ratified as to sanction the introduction of dwelling.

MARINO. The Lord Mayor moved that the Council acquire the 51 acres in Marino offered them by Mr. Walker.

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Northern Notes.

Socialists and Jingoists. After a rest of some weeks the I.T.P. of Ireland resumed the Library street meetings on Sunday week.

Britain's Friendships! We understand that certain Belfast folk who are opposed to war on principle support Britain's interference and the claims of Belgian neutrality on the rights of small nationalities.

Lord, Give Us Men. It is sad to find the Belfast National Volunteers accompanying British reservists to the boats that carry them off to fight a people they have no quarrel, or cause of quarrel, with.

First-Fruits. Meanwhile the workers in Belfast are already beginning to suffer. Some dozen warehouses closed down a week ago; the foundries are closing, and the mills are working only 28 hours a week.

Dublin's Opportunity. All eyes are turned on Dublin as they were turned on Dublin eleven months ago. To Dublin, the centre of rebel and insurgent effort in Ireland, the people look for a lead.

Workers! Don't Forget THE WIDOW NOLAN'S LITTLE SHOP, Lower Summerhill.

MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS. EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD. CHEAPEST AND BEST. THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

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WEXFORD NOTES

We in Wexford who happen to be outside the pale of British Politics, but who are real Home Rule men, have seen with amazement, that once again the British Government has shelved the Home Rule Bill, for more conversation that will never take place.

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The Women's Labour League and the Women's Co-operative Guild have shown the way in England, an Irish branch of the latter exists. Why not have an independent Labour League for the wives, mothers, and sisters of Irish trade unionists?

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THE SPIRIT. Paddy Meade instructed Gaynor (And Paddy is a useful trainer) To organise the "Freeman" staff. Likewise that of the "Telegraph," In baton-drill and swinging clubs, And marches on the various pubs. So now they're constantly intriguing! With baton-swinging Percy Egan, To keep the Germans in subjection Until—next General Election!

THE ARMS. Nugent and Scannel were rambling in Howth With rifles and bayonets fanning. But the papers next day neglected to say If 'twas they, or the guns, that were running.

THE "SOLE". There was a time when Robert Page Cared naught for "Empire" talk or duty. But now he's out upon the stage. In all the limelight seeking booty. But maybe Page will come to grief, And have to turn another leaf.

THE REMAINS. Everyone has heard of Peadar. He's a specialist in blather. Once he was a labour leader, And an agitation breeder. Since the rifles started crackin', Nobody has seen poor Macken. All his life was like a "Panto," Sing his dirge in Esperanto.

[Whilst going to press, the rumour got abroad that the foregoing was perpetrated by an Italian fish-and-chip vendor in a crimes are committed and what good deeds omitted in thy name! moment of extreme patriotic fervour, and was originally recited with much lip-smacking in the hall of the Anti-Booze Mission in Townsend Street by Paddy Meade, editor of the "Belated Pink."]

Recruiting Staff Hoax?

We have been given a copy of the following document which is alleged to have been sent to many of our citizens, purporting to be an official circular. It is either a very ugly piece of Castle bluff or an insane joke. It is a joke, the perpetrator should be pitched into Roundwood after the Beattie-cum-German cholera bacilli.

Dublin Castle, 7 Aug. 1914.

O, H. M. S.

Sir,—Report yourself here on Monday at 10 a.m. as Volunteer for active service at home or abroad.

Sergt. B. Smith, Dublin Castle.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION, Liberty Hall, Dublin.

All sections of women workers are eligible to join the above union. Entrance fees, 6d. and 3d.; contributions, 2d. and 1d. per week. Irish Dancing, Wednesday and Friday evenings at 8 p.m. Social on every Sunday Night, commencing at 7.30. Admission 2d.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS LIBERTY HALL,

THIRD ANNUAL EXCURSION To the Rocky Valley, Via Scalp, Enniskerry and Kilmacanogue, Sunday, Aug. 30th.

Tickets - - 3s. Each. Tickets can be had on any night at Liberty Hall from 8 to 10 p.m.

Established 1851

For Reliable Provisions! LEIGHS, of Bishop St. STILL HEAD.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

But no danger from stones or splinters by purchasing your COALS FROM ANDREW S. CLARKIN, COAL OFFICE—7 TARA STREET. Telephone No. 2769.

Support the Trades Unionist and secure a good fire.

The Workers' Cycle!

Kelly Special and Artels. 2/- WEEKLY. No Deposit

Write or call for Order Form—J. J. KELLY & CO.

(Kelly for Kelly) 114, ANNE STREET, DUBLIN.

Described as running guns.



YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK OLD!

Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer... Keeps your Hair from getting Grey. Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland. LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS, 19 North Earl Street and 38 Henry Street DUBLIN.

Workers! Support the Old Reliable Boot Warehouse.



NOLAN'S, Little Mary Street.

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It was all the lodging woman's fault. 'Tis a habit of hers—a bad habit—to leave the latch-key in the door when going for a mess, especially when she knows that any of the three of us, now under police supervision, never answer the door, no matter how loud or how persistent the knocking. We were busy, too, that evening—that is, Murray the artist and Leahy the photographer were busily engaged. It was the result of a wager. Leahy swears by photography and Murray swears by sketching, and I (I don't swear at all) was busy keeping them at it. One of them had sketched and the other had photographed the Reservoir at Roundwood. And the wager was which was the quicker and more effective means of transmitting an object to paper. I was acting umpire and referee to see that there should be no foul play, and I was to decide.

Healy had all the blinds down, for although his camera is a Kodak he fears for his sensitive plates. Murray was smearing with different coloured leads an assortment of curves and straight lines he had made the previous day. He was in his own room; Leahy was in his, and I was acting as a spur for both. It is seldom a seat in the parterre of the theatre comes my way, and this was the prize for the victor and I was to share. I did not care who lost, I should win. I was in the act of spurring them on for the third time when a vigorous rat-tat-tat-tat sounded on the door. Again and again it rang through the house. And being as eager to escape Murray's oaths as anything else I stole along the hall listening alternately to the knocking outside and the vigorous epithets inside. Suddenly as if by magic the door swung open, and I stood face to face with a policeman. I shivered to the very marrow of my bones, and I think that had I my shoes on me I should have shed them with terror.

A policeman armed with a pencil and notebook! Terror-stricken I fled downstairs, but after a few moments I regained my composure and ventured into Leahy's room, only to find the Constable standing with open-mouthed astonishment watching the scene the room presented. The blinds were drawn—not a ray of light came from outside—and only a red subdued glow illuminated the belish work which was being perpetrated within. With his sleeves folded up to his elbows a tall dark-complexioned man was twisting round and round in a dark-looking fluid a black body. Black dishes full of different-coloured fluids were arranged along the table; mysterious packets of chemicals were mixed up here and there with graduated tubes and marked glasses, whilst long narrow strips of what looked like glycerine were suspended around the walls. Was it any wonder the heart of the constable almost stood still. Here in the heart of Dublin was a den of conspirators engaged in manufacture of some combustible or other—bombs perhaps. Who could tell how long Dublin Castle might survive if this work was allowed to continue.

Robert, inspired with patriotism and with an innate love of duty resolved to act. He moved his belt, felt his truncheon, wet his pencil, and was on the point of writing when a devilish hoarse broke from the next room, and with dishevelled hair and distorted features somebody rushed in. It was Murray with his snatched sketch. He swung it round his head and danced into the constable with his arms akimbo. Robert grasped it and looked. Yes! it was a heinous plot. Roundwood, the seat of the water supply, was to be blown up. Here was the plan; and around the room were the bombs in the making. The Government, ay, the very Empire, was in danger! With pride Robert expanded his chest and looked serious and ponderous, whilst we laughed till we were almost in fits at the incongruity of the business.

We gave our names in Irish, but Robert knew it was German and told us so. He told us much more—about treason, high and low, and law and penal servitude, and drumhead court-martials—but we laughed all the more. Then the landlady came in in a rage wanting to know who left the hall-door open, and Robert asked our names and our occupations. The poor woman explained that one of us was born in Blackhall place, another in Loughda, and another in the Isles of Arran. She spoke of angels and artists, poets and photography; their failings and their furniture, whilst he spoke of bombs and bullets, seris and secret emissars, Germans and gelatine.

In desperation she drew the blind to shew our physiogny, but we had fled. That is why 44Z watches the window as I write and 32Y parades at the back. That is why we three unfortunates have two "Intelligence" men on our track as we go about. It is disagreeable, annoying, un-pat-with-able, and, as I told you at the start, it is all the lodging woman's fault.

An Clarin Dub.

How the War was Made.

"We Want Eight, and we Won't Wait."

Periodically during the last few years we have had thrust upon us every few months carefully worked up war scares. When they got over the anti-Russian fever, there came the Fashoda incident and a wave of anti-French feeling; close upon that we were fairly deluged by Germanophobia. By good luck, we escaped another Crimean war; by better luck escaped another Anglo-French campaign; but the devil has deserted his own this time and the—but no, perhaps he has only done this to give them another lease of life.

It has long been a matter of public knowledge that the great manufacturers of arms and armaments throughout the world had some very close relationship; and it was pretty generally known that the members of the governments of the "Great Powers" were vitally interested in the dividends of these manufacturing concerns. It needed very little critical acumen to see that the exact outbreak of war would be decided by the needs of the parliamentary financiers who were most deeply engrossed in the conspiracy that was going on between certain of the great European shipbuilders. It should be sufficient warning for any people when they are seriously informed that men who formerly enjoyed the confidence of their responsible (!) ministers are acting as advisers to the companies who make munitions of war simultaneously for themselves and their potential enemies. When it has been shown that men who enjoyed the full confidence of English (Marconi) ministers have taken paid office with manufacturing concerns which stood to gain enormously in the event of war between England and certain other powers, no matter what might be the result of that war; and when those manufacturing concerns have been proved to have excited war scares between England and those other powers by deliberately giving false information; and when it was known that the Government was fully aware of these facts, surely it was criminal folly to have reposed the slightest confidence in a ministry so often convicted of betrayal of the people's interests.

The Mulliner Scandal.

The first warning we got of the forthcoming race for armaments was the sudden increase in shipbuilding yards and gun-mounting shops. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co laid down a new gun-mounting shop with three erecting pits; Vickers, Maxim and Co. in cooperation with Beardmore and Co., laid down new works at Parkhead; the Coventry Ordnance Works extended their plant at Scotstoun. When these gigantic organisations began to make co-ordinated extensions and preparations for a large building programme it was very evident that they had information which had been withheld from the public. This was in 1908. About this time England was alarmed by continued rumours of a sudden secret acceleration of building in the German naval yards; this rumour received confirmation from the Prime Minister and the First Lord. In 1909 a certain Mr. Mulliner confessed that the only source of information the Admiralty had was himself; he having supplied the information, all of which he admitted was false.

Whom Mulliner Was.

Mulliner at the time he supplied the information was manager of the Coventry Ordnance Works, whose yards at the time were almost idle. The Coventry Ordnance Works, Ltd., is a company owned by John Brown & Co. and the Cammell Laird Company. John Brown are part owners of Beardmore & Co., and are large shareholders in the Palmer Projectile Company; Beardmore are partners with Vickers, Maxim in the Parkhead Works. All these companies with others belonging to the United States, France, Italy and Germany (notably Krupp's, Schneiders) own what is known as the Harvey Trust, a concern owning the rights to work the Harvey armour plate. So it will be plainly seen who were the real criminals in fabricating this information. The year before this Vickers' profit was £424,000; for the four succeeding years they were £474,000, £544,000, £745,000, £872,000. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co. declared a profit of £429,000 in the year before the scare, £77,000 in 1912. Beardmore's profits rose from £72,000 to £201,000. So that the purchase of the soul of Mr. Mulliner and the silence of some of the Liberal papers was more than worth while.

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Marconi-ism A very significant paragraph appeared in 'Arms and Explosives,' the explosives trades journal—

"Contractors naturally are keen to avail themselves of the services of prominent officers who have been associated with the work in which the contractors are interested. The chief thing is that they know the ropes, since the retired officer who keeps in touch with his own comrades is able to lessen some of these inconveniences either by gaining early information of coming events, or by securing the ear of one who would not afford like favours to a civilian."

Did you ever read so naive a confession? Was "corruption" ever more delicately defined? Lloyd George explaining away Marconi-ism was never more felicitous. You won't need coercing into believing that prominent officers are also "naturally keen." Sir Andrew Noble, formerly of the Royal Artillery, was one of the first to get keen—he joined Armstrong's Sir George Murray, Permanent Secretary of the Treasury, grew keen—he joined Armstrong's. As "Arms and Explosives" innocently puts it—he knew the ropes. Another one with extensive knowledge of the ropes was Rear Admiral Otley, who had been Secretary of the Committee for Imperial Defence. He has been described as having "acquired as Attache" an intimate insight into the naval methods of Foreign Powers. From all sources, Home and Foreign facts, figures, and suggestions are continually passing into the Naval Intelligence Department at Whitehall. He joined Armstrong for War, and lord-chamberlain, joined Vickers. Sir Lieutenant Trevors Dawson, Managing Director of Vickers, also "knew the ropes."

Patriotism.

If you remember the flag-wagging fervours of the papers that raised the scare you will naturally expect some sort of patriotism from those who stood to gain. This is the sort. A scare was raised about the Mediterranean; the British Fleet was not adequate to cope with the Triple Alliance, so more ships must be laid down. In Italy and Austria similar scares were raised; Italy was made the potential enemy of Austria; Austria was scared of Italy. An investigation showed that the leading Italian and Austrian firms were identical with English firms. In Italy, at Spezia, the Vicker's-Terni Company are in fact the English Vickers. In Austria the Fiume works of the Whitehead Torpedo Company belongs to the Whitehead Torpedo Company of Dorchester, who own also two factories in Russia.

It is but a short time since the Foreign Secretary solemnly declared there were but two possible results—a Europe of bankrupt nations or a Europe knee deep in blood. The cross roads have been passed, and we are on our way to that dreadful issue—Europe knee deep in blood. It was easy for the Foreign Secretary to make such a declaration; it would have been easy to have stayed the headlong flight to disaster by an exposure of the hateful means by which Europe was being driven nearer and nearer the cataclysm. But it was not the blood of his class, not the blood of the possessing class, that should cover Europe to the knees. Whatever way the dreadful issue went that class must come out of it on the right side. Should England go down, more ships must be built and more guns laid down—should Austria, Italy, Spain, Russia, Germany go under, more ships and guns would be wanted. And those ships and guns would go to enrich English capitalism; and the men who had given the blood would pay for the ships and the guns, too.

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The most damnable feature of all this damnable business is the part the War Trust has played. Its directors have been foremost in appealing to the "patriotism" of the people. They have done all they could to foster enmity towards Germany and the Triple Alliance. And the German navy will use gun-powder supplied by a firm connected with this same Trust to blow our warships to bits, whilst the Austrian warships will be fitted by the Trust, and the Italian "Dreadnoughts" will have been constructed by the Trust! Of this international syndicate of dealers in death and destruction three members of the Cabinet—Mr. Walter Runciman, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, and Mr. C. E. Hobhouse—are shareholders, and their colleagues in the war business include six Bishops, forty-seven Peers of the Realm, and eighteen members of Parliament, among whom are Mr. A. Lytton, Lord Claud Hamilton, Sir J. Compton-Bickett, chairman of the Free Church Council, Sir Stephen W. Furness, H. D. McLaren, Sir Alfred Mond, Mr. Godfrey H. Palmer, Sir C. E. Swann, Mr. Stuart-Wortley, and Mr. Sam Roberts. When the Jingo crowds hunger to tear the bodies of peace advocates to pieces, we wonder whether they will pay any attention to these gentlemen in high places who have helped to arm Germany, Austria, and Italy?

The Shan Van Vocht.

There is war upon the seas, Says the Shan Van Vocht, There is war upon the seas, Says the Shan Van Vocht, There is war upon the seas, Hear its rumble on the breeze, And her chance let Ireland seize, Says the Shan Van Vocht.

For the day has come at last, Says the Shan Van Vocht, Ay, the day has come at last, Says the Shan Van Vocht, Ay, the day has come at last, Armed hosts are marching fast, And we must avenge the past, Says the Shan Van Vocht.

What will old Ireland do? Says the Shan Van Vocht, What will old Ireland do? Says the Shan Van Vocht, What should old Ireland do? But take up the fight anew, And to her own self be true? Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Then come, my brave young men, Says the Shan Van Vocht, Then come, my brave young men, Says the Shan Van Vocht, Oh, come, my brave young men, And we'll fight John Bull again, Lift your gun and drop your pen, Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Shall we wait for chiefs to lead? Says the Shan Van Vocht, Shall we wait for chiefs to lead? Says the Shan Van Vocht, Shall we wait for chiefs to lead? No! but forth we'll go with speed, We'll find captains when we need, Says the Shan Van Vocht.

I can call brave fighters still, Says the Shan Van Vocht, I can call brave fighters still, Says the Shan Van Vocht, I can call brave fighters still, From the farm and shop and mill, And they'll fight with right good will, Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Hurry, lad, and get your gun, Says the Shan Van Vocht, Hurry, lad, and get your gun, Says the Shan Van Vocht, Hurry, lad, and get your gun, Let who will the battle shun, 'Tis by YOU the fight is won, Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Oh, your place where should it be? Says the Shan Van Vocht, Oh, your place where should it be? Says the Shan Van Vocht, Boys, your place where should it be, But in winning liberty, And in fighting to be free? Says the Shan Van Vocht.

INSURRECTIONIST. Belfast, 4th August, 1914.

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