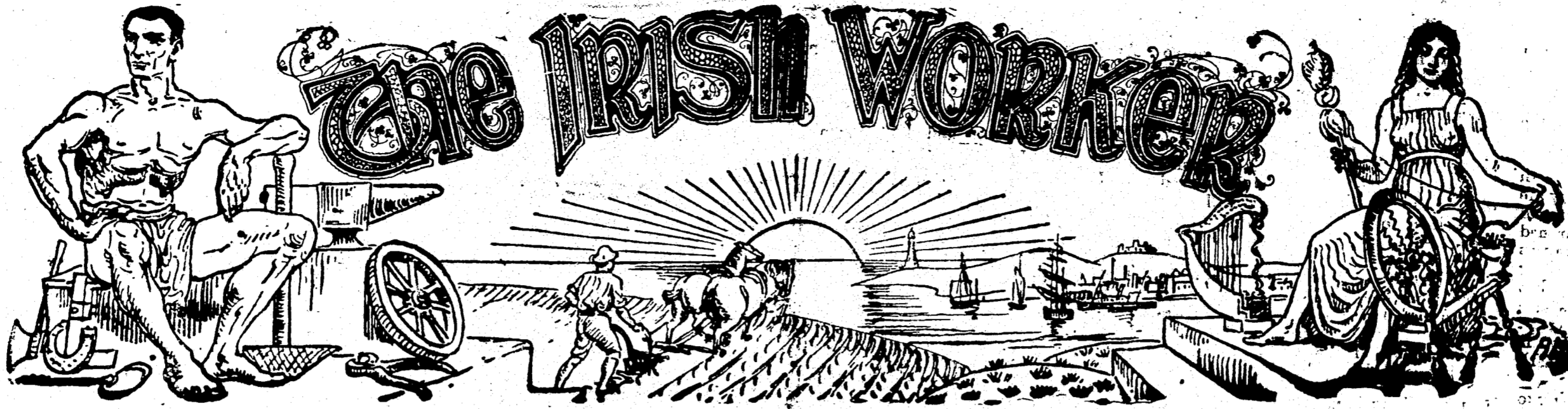


Who is it speaks of defeat? I tell you a cause like ours; Is greater than defeat can know— It is the power of powers. As surely as the earth rolls round As surely as the glorious sun Brings the great world moon wave Must our Cause be won!



Edited by JIM LARKIN

The principle of 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 Finlay Lark.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 19th, 1914.

War, War, and Still More War!

BY "SHELLBACK."

Just a few short weeks ago and the principal subjects that constituted general conversation were the weather and Carson. Now it is the war. And it has taken premier place with a vengeance. Never since the days of the Tichbourne trial has the nation been so stirred, and never has so much brazen-faced hypocrisy appeared in the open light of day. The Tompkins and the Jenkins, the fashionable drapers, or soap boilers, as the case may be, who have waxed rich and important on the profits they have made by the sale of cheap German goods have suddenly come forward as British patriots.

Since the week before last they have suddenly become the deadly enemies of everything German. They take the chair in the local Tin Bethel, and along with the local parson and the tax gatherer, holds forth on the Divine qualities that are connected with a Kharki suit which is probably being made in a sweaters' factory. They have presented cheques representing many quidlets to the Relief Fund and reduced the scanty wages of the workers to balance the deal. Newspaper editors, titled pensioners and land owners, along with every other species of parasite, are loud in their praises of the heroes who are so bravely sacrificing life and future to maintain the...

to assist in its work by staying at home to point out to the uninitiated its beauty and to force the poor to partake of its great blessings by refusing them employment. So let us all about "Long live war and desolation; long live the agonising shrieks of the widow and the orphan, the broken, and the maimed, and the Magdalen. Three cheers for the roofless homestead, and the charred and blackened embers of the baby's cot. Long live glorious and honourable war. Oh, don't be dismayed, it is the proper thing to do. All the rich and comfortable people do it. All the clever people do it. All the important people do it. And surely these are the people we should copy.

But there is another war in progress in which the indifferent stage has been reached many moons ago. And it is a great war that has been going on for ages. That war that the poor has been waging against the soulless rich. In that war the big guns of poverty and preventable disease has mown down millions of men, women and children, but what about them?

The dreednoughts, "slum property" and "low wages" are most effective engines for annihilating people and adding to the enjoyment of the community. What glorious pleasure is derived from the knowledge that unseaworthy ships, colliery explosions and railway disasters and many other forms of general slaughter resulting from the wilful neglect of proper precautions has exterminated legions of human beings. It can all be prevented, but it won't—it is so delightfully profitable, and it is war.

There certainly is a slight difference between our own and the present European war. In the former the whole of the coast and the loss must be borne by our army, while in the latter some of it must be made up by the other side. The rich stand to lose in Europe as well as the poor, and therefore we are all of one mind upon the matter in this country. We are all patriots fighting for a common object, which in this case, is only right and proper, as we are opposed to a common enemy. But apart from that we are divided. Our war is as keenly fought now as ever. The forces of money, law, order, Christianity and Judaism are all arrayed against us, and are ever gaining victories. The strong armies of respectable prosperity are eternally marching against us, and when their ruthless advance weakens the men and women of the fighting line, they push on to attack even the innocent children as they did in the Dublin fight. Here the loud voice of the Church was raised against Catholic children being sent to England where they would be saved from the pangs of hunger, for their souls would be endangered by the environment of English homes. But no such cry is heard in the case of the poor Catholic children refugees from Belgium, who suffering through an exactly similar cause—war—are coming in mournful droves to England where they will be heartily welcomed by the English

people, and their souls will not be endangered, because it is a different sort of war, no matter whether they are billeted on publican or pharisee.

In our loyalty to the National cause in this great International conflict let us not forget to preserve our strength for the fight that will be renewed with redoubled energy when German militarism has been disposed of. We must keep as intact as possible every organised regiment in the army of Labour, because there will be some hot work to be done when the thousands of workers who will be thrown on the streets of our towns on the termination of the war will descend from their glorious pinnacle of British heroism to enter the ranks of British unemployed; when the men we are to-day singing the praises of will commence to qualify for the cold and damp comforts of the casual ward or the lunatic asylum. So keep the army in training and three cheers for war.

There is some consolation in that. And sudden death, without any of the terrors or suffering of the sick bed, presents some sort of comfort to some people. So make your will, laugh and grow fat, and live as long as you can, but at the same time don't forget that war is a grand and noble game. The countryside that is plentifully littered with the dead, mangled bodies of soldiers is really a field of glory. Here is one huddled up in the growing corn with a yard of steel sticking through his body and a stare from his dead eyes that still bears evidence as to how well he

Our Duty to the Empire.

"Kitchener's Whine; no Irish Recruits, thank God," was the very appropriate placard of last week's issue. Thank God there are no Irishmen who would sell themselves body and soul to the nation whose flag covers more crime and degradation than any the world over. Through all the centuries of British rule in Ireland we have prayed to be delivered of the cowards who sold the pass when the crisis came. We are now being delivered of them. Any Irishman who has succumbed to anglicisation and had any spirit left has joined Kitchener's army. If the West British garrison which remains has any courage, whether they be Napoleonic Lord Mayors, A.O.H. Secretaries, or Volunteer Provisional Committee members, let them for goodness sake go. If they do not intend going, we may have to conjure a St. Patrick to banish this new species of reptiles out of the country.

As if to supplement his whine, Kitchener issues an appeal to Irishmen to do their duty to the Empire. He forgets, or else is conveniently ignorant, that an Irishman's duty lies in an entirely opposite direction to that which he suggests. To refresh the memory of those who may be just as forgetful, it would be useful to recall, as a sample, an incident which happened in the West of Ireland in Manstrana in August, '82. In connection with a murder a number

Colonel Downing's 7th "Pals" Battalion

Air—"Wearing of the Green." (May be sung by the "Pals" without permission). Now Dublin men make haste and join "Pal" Downing's "Pals" Brigade, He'll let you bring your mother, too, In case you feel afraid.

He'll let you drill beside your "pals," And starve beside them, too, So quit your rebel sneering And join the Colours, do. Upon the field of battle, Sure the "Huns" will run for life, From the "Pals" and "Johnnie Ghorka" With his disembowelling knife.

You'll fight in goodly company You men from Dublin town, With the jail bird and the "Borderers" You'll be sure to save the Crown. If you'll only sell your country You'll get 1s. 9d a day— You can save it, or invest it, But don't squander it away.

So hurry up, the next "platoon." Ye men of Dublin town; Sure you couldn't have the heart to see Old England's flag go down. Is it live without her "Peelers," Her Workhouse and her Jail, Her Aberdeens and Garrison? The thought would turn you pale

So hurry up and take the "bob," The "Butcher" cannot wait; The German guns are talking At a most terrific rate. And if you should crawl back again Minus arm, or minus leg, You'll get leave-to-ream-your city To sell matches—or to beg.

IRELAND FIRST. A Conference for Defence of our Civic Rights.

We understand that arrangements have been under way for some time for the calling of a Conference of various Labour and Nationalist bodies for the purpose of taking joint action to counteract the present attempt to stampede the workers of this country into the British Army, as well as to take steps to conserve the food supply, and to emphasise the neutral attitude proper to the Irish nation in this crisis. We earnestly hope that every Labour and Nationalist organisation worthy of the name will rally to the truly patriotic work, and laying aside all differences and bitteresses arising out of past struggles will unite in the endeavour to counteract the fiendish endeavours of the employers to coerce the workers into deserting their own homes, wives and families in order to fight abroad whilst all near and dear to them are left to suffer and to starve at home. Such coercions must be fought to the bitter end, as also must the recruiting mission of the Home Rule politicians, and the insidious jingo lying of the capitalist Press. We promise this new and most important move our hearty support, and earnestly hope its activities will be along the lines we suggest.

PASS ALONG!

Pass along, children of the workers, whom the war lords have robbed of your little hour of play in the summer decked fields. The door of the so lately closed school stands open; the smelting sun beats in through the west window; though sea-wave, and blackberry bush, and wild thyme bank call, and though lost child joys catch you by the throat, the decree of the War-Lords is inexorable. Toward that wide-open school door your reluctant feet must turn. Pass along! Pass along, you mother with babe at throbbing breast, and hunger gnawing at your vitals. Your feet are weary, and your arm tremble, for you have walked many a mile to try and get news of the husband who has been snatched away to the colours, and to ask when you may expect your share of his pay to carry on the home. The last bus going your way comes along the road, and you would fain find a seat, and rest for a while your trembling arms of the precious baby load. But khaki-clad youths who travel free quickly fill up the vacant seats, while you, clutching the few pence you were prepared to pay, and forcing back the scalding tears of disappointment, shift the baby to the other arm, and limp brokenly along the dusty highway. Those youths, mother, are the newly-recruited destroyers of life, therefore are they fed, and lodged and carried free by the War-Lords. You

Learn your real place, mother, in the present scheme of things, and... pass along. Pass along, you young men, who walk four deep through the traffic of the streets, your recruiting sergeants marching alongside your ranks, and a gaping crowd staring in your dogged set faces. To-day, you are still men; to-morrow, clad in your coarse yellow-brown uniforms, with creaking new leather belts and bandoliers, and boots that blister your burning feet, you will be marched and bullied and driven into the automata known as soldiers. You have been part pushed by economic pressure, part lured by vapouring dreams of patriotism, part played on by a swelling wave of suggestion, which carries the weak-willed among a crowd on its turgid crest; and now, caught in the unyielding grip of the War-Lords, your task in life is going to be to kill with rifles and bayonets they will put into your hands, the men of other countries, who, like you are being torn from home and goaded along converging roads towards the military shambles of Europe. Pass along!

Pass along, ye who are flesh for toil; forge the bullet, the shell and the hidden mine, which shall rip, disembowel and blast the bodies of your kindred and of your comrades. Toil in sweat and agony to pile up the profits which shall allow the war lords to play at their titanic games of slaughter; and, when you are no longer needed for the piling up of profits, stand aside in the ranks of the unemployed, and starve. But for the present your thew and muscles are needed to forge the bolts and the cold steel of destruction; therefore, pass along!

Pass along, flesh for cannon! It was for this fate your mothers carried you under their hearts, and fed you at the breast. This, under the rule of the war lords, is the purpose and meaning of life. The great war toys must be tested, and the effect of long-distance, quick-firing guns must be registered by experts on throbbing, quivering human flesh. Therefore were you bred and born; therefore must you die. Flesh for cannon, pass along! Flesh for lust, pass along! You great army of women who are, through hunger and despair, compelled in times of peace to minister to the lusts of men, you also will mobilise, and hang on the outskirts of the mighty armies. As you leave your haunts in the by-ways of the towns to follow the fortunes of the camp, will not your places in the ranks be quickly filled up by the daughters of the workers and the soldiers, who, struggling against sudden unemployment, hunger and loneliness, will, at last, drift from the shadows of the side streets, into the glare of the electric lights, and whose hands, instead of tending home and child, will clutch feverishly at the jingling gold, which is the price of

PASS ALONG!

trampled by the iron hoofs of horses, and the bleeding feet of marching men; but the crops of next year will be fertilised with human flesh and blood and bones, while the heavy hearts of the peasants will swell with burning despair; as they remember those dear ones, who but a year ago, shared with them the humble sacrament of life. Pass along, men, women and children, whose fate it is to endure this ordeal of blood and of regime; and, if it is the fate of some of us to live through it, let us vow on the graves of our dear dead, on the violated honour of women; on the ashes of smouldering homesteads, that the reign of the war lords shall cease, that the nightmare of modern armaments shall be swept away, that we will be no longer scourged, and driven and drilled through the action of unconscious forces, but that we will take our own destinies, we men and women, into our hands, and start on the great adventures of a consciously fore-chosen common life, in which wealth being free to all, we may chain up for ever the bloody watchdogs of war.

DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

Inclosure Items. Sunday next will be the one hundred and eleventh anniversary of the murder of Robert Emmet. The local section of the Citizen Army are to assemble and be in readiness to march off at 3 o'clock sharp. Recruits to assemble before 2.30 on that day. The Emmet Dance: Class re-opened on Sunday last with practice nights on Wednesdays. Those wishing to join are invited to hand their names to the Secretary any evening. Preparations are being made to afford the class special accommodation. There will be a special meeting of the Emmet Band on Sunday next, at 12.45 sharp. All instruments must be in for inspection on this occasion, and those entrusted with same are invited to please note and act accordingly. All members of the Citizen Army not engaged on Saturday evening next are cordially invited to turn up at Emmet Hall at 8 o'clock sharp, on that day to receive practical instructions in military engineering. There will be a meeting of the members of the Hall Committee at 8.30 on Monday evening next, the 22nd inst. All members of the old Committee are hereby invited to attend and a full punctual attendance is expected. The dependants of all the front-line soldiers are invited to make inquiries to the War Office during the week ending the 19th inst. William F. Forde.

CAUTION

The Pillar House, 31a HENRY ST., DUBLIN. IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE Bargains by Post.

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

Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs A SPECIALITY.

pay for dead souls. . . . Flesh for lust, the war lords are counting on you; pass along! Men, women and children, you who are neither elected parsons, nor statesmen, pulling the strings which make the puppets of the war-lords' dance. . . . pass along! The hour for many millions of you is about to strike, for the King of Death is preparing a feast such as has seldom before graced his gruesome table. The strong and the beautiful limbs of the young men of Europe, the grace of

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

RULING BY FOOLING.

"Home Rule on the Statute Book."

BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

The greatest strategic move by the British Forces this week took place, not on the fields of Belgium or France, but on the floor of the House of Commons.

As the reader guesses I am alluding to the Great Debate on Home Rule, to the Great Fight between Home Rulers and Unionists and the dramatic march-out of Mr. Bonar Law and his followers.

"The Government plan was roughly as follows—Instead of adjourning, the noble marquis's method of postponing all further stages of the Bill during the continuance of the war, and taking it up again precisely at the present point in the first session thereafter, the Government's proposal was that after the Bill had been placed on the Statute Book, and the same thing applied also to the Welsh Church Bill—that no steps whatever should be taken to bring either Bill into operation for a period of 12 months from the date of their passing, and if at the expiration of those 12 months the war was not concluded then, by Order in Council, the date of their coming into operation would be further postponed until such later date as might be fixed, that date not being later than the end of the war.

No such dangerous admission of the surrender of the Government to the Carsonite proposals was made in the lower house. On the contrary, in order to hide that surrender the little sham battle of Tuesday was arranged and carefully staged as if there was a tremendous difference between them.

In the House of Commons Mr. Asquith stated his proposals thus:—

"Government would introduce next Session, and during the suspensory period before the Irish Bill could possibly come into operation, an amending Bill, and they thought that such a Bill introduced under war conditions might have a better chance than the Bill which had been before them during the Session of being moulded with something like general consent into a satisfactory and permanent measure. At any rate the Home Rule Bill could not come into operation until Parliament had had the fullest opportunity by an amending Bill of altering, modifying, and qualifying its provisions in such a way as to secure the general consent of all Ireland.

"The Government considered the possibility of that alternative, and had rejected it. They had decided it was their duty to ask the House to sanction a plan under which what would have taken place without any legislation at all, the placing of those Bills on the Statute Book, should be accompanied, but at the same time no effective steps should be taken to bring them into practical operation for, as a minimum, a term of 12 months, or if at the termination of that time the war still continues, at a date to be fixed by Order in Council not later than the end of the war."

Now, Mr. Printer, will you please put the proposals of the two parties side by side that the readers might get an opportunity of judging them apart from the lying rant of the Party Press:—

Carson's Proposal

That the Home Rule Bill should not be put on the statute book until the end of the war, and should then be considered along with an Amending Bill.

Asquith-Redmond Proposal.

That the Home Rule Bill should be put on the statute book, but "no steps taken to put it into practical operation" till the end of the war, when an Amending Bill will be passed to alter, qualify and qualify its provisions.

Will some person tell me the difference? There is no difference. The reason is plain. When the Government...

courage his Volunteers to enlist in return for a promise on the part of the Government that the Home Rule Bill would be hung up high and dry he had to agree not to betray the fact of the compact to the public lest it destroy the chances of recruiting in the Nationalist district.

"He was quite confident that when the Government of Ireland Bill had been placed on the Statute Book there would be a rush to enlist in the Army on the part of the whole of Ireland. (Ministerial cheers)."

And the matchless leader of the Irish race, John E. Redmond, alluding to the recruiting mission of Mr. Asquith, hastened to hold out the same hopes of an inexhaustible supply of Irish food for powder. He said—

"The Premier had announced that he was going to address a meeting in Dublin. Let him beg him to go soon. He hoped to have the honour to stand on the platform beside him, and he could promise him that he would have an enthusiastic reception and an enthusiastic response to his appeal."

The great American humorist, Artemus Ward, declared during the American Civil War that he was prepared to sacrifice all his wife's relations in the sacred cause of the American Union. Our leaders are better than that. They are prepared to sacrifice all the sons of the poor, and all the soul and honour of their nation for the deferred promise of a shadow of liberty.

And so the great scene in the House of Commons was but a fresh staging of the old game of treachery and intrigue making its own price with compromise and weakness. That is understandable, but that compromise and weakness should successfully masquerade as patriotism and statemanship is for Irishmen a humiliating confession.

Home Rule is postponed until after the war. After the war the game will be entirely in the hands of Sir Edward Carson, according to the following words of Mr. Asquith—

"It might be said that those whom Sir E. Carson represented had been put at a disadvantage by the patriotic action they had taken. The employment of force for what was called the 'Ulster' was an absolutely

These words were a plain intimation to the Orange forces and their leader that if they stand firm they will win. A hint they are surely wise enough to take.

Meanwhile the official Home Rule press and all the local J.P.'s, publicans, land-grabbers, pawnbrokers, and slum landlords who control the United Irish League will strain every nerve in an endeavour to recruit for England's army, to send forth more thousands of Irishmen and boys to manure with their corpses the soil of a foreign country, to lose their lives and their souls in the work of murdering men who never harboured an evil thought of Irishmen or women, to expend in the degradation of a friendly nation that magnificent Irish courage which a wiser patriotism might better employ in the liberation of their own.

Yes, ruling by fooling is a great British art—with great Irish fools to practise on.

Manhood on the Mountain

(Dedicated to those Irish Volunteers whose first thought is—IRISH INDEPENDENCE.)

In evil days when Freedom fled From hostile arms and servile arts, The last blood on her altar shed Was poured from manly, mountain hearts;

And ever on some sacred mound Her sanctuary was holy kept, With dauntless hearts to gird it round Despite the foe that upward crept, And when men sickened of the woes Of servitude; and called again On Liberty; and Manhood rose

To rear her throne and guard her reign, They sought her temple on the hills— Like pilgrims toiling to a shrine, Whose sight with holy passions thrills,

Linking the human and divine, And raising from the grovelling rout The souls of mortals to the sky, To read on heaven's scroll hung out Their Charter and their Destiny!

With eyes new-lighted—hearts aflame They saw their country spread beneath, The despot's prey, the traitor's game— Clasped in a swoon of living death; Then beck the tide of courage flows, Away the mists of serfdom roll; And every breath that crestward blows, New vigour carries to each soul;

And humbly on the mountain side, With earth beneath and heaven above, They plight their troth to Queen and Bride— With life-blood to seal their love, And Freedom on that instant spreads Her wings o'er sea-brim plain and tower, And man redeemed thro' conflict treads His path to justice, peace and power.

SEAGHAN.

Please Support our Advertisers.

Anniversary of Emmet's Murder.

A MEETING

Of all Irishmen and Irishwomen WILL BE HELD IN BERESFORD PLACE, ON

Sunday, September 20th, 1914.

At 1 o'clock.

To commemorate the glorious death of our peerless patriot, Robert Emmet. All Irishmen and women, no matter what section, are heartily invited to attend. Remember the murder of Robert Emmet, September 20th, 1803.

Prominent Irishmen and Women will address the meeting. Attend in your thousands. All Bands invited. All Sections.



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

The Irish Worker, EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price one penny—and may be had of any news-agent. Ask for it and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, Sat., Sept. 19th, 1914.

EMMET OR REDMOND, WHICH THE TRAITOR?

AND so the unholy compact is completed and all we have said for weeks past has been proved true, and the creature who signed the Manifesto to the Irish People on March 8th, 1894, along with Tim Harrington and Joe Kenny, has sworn himself, and having sold himself body and soul to England has the presumption to think he can sell Ireland and her sons. Redmond, the recruiting sergeant has crossed the rubicon. Surely the Irish people will never submit to a

Countrymen to have none. They were concerned just as much for Ireland as she enforces by organisation among her people, and absolute unfettered independence of English parties in her representatives. It is your duty, fellow-countrymen, to create and foster the National safeguards. The time has arrived not only for plain speaking, but for prompt action, and we call upon you no longer to tolerate a policy of national subservience to English party interests, to organise the forces of our race in support of the struggle for National Government. Insist that the cause of Ireland shall be kept boldly to the front by those who speak in your behalf, and show Irish representatives that you will tolerate no miserable compromise of your country's rights for the convenience of either English party; that you regard it as nobler in your race and more befitting the dignity and honour of Ireland to carry on if necessary the bitter struggle with both than to continue to be the scorn of one and the deluded dupes of the other.

Signed on behalf of the Independent Party, J. E. Redmond, T. Harrington, J. E. Kenny.

Dublin. 8th March, 1894.

And this is the Leader who to-day issues another Manifesto, a disgrace to the name of Irish manhood, and the everlasting shame of John E. Redmond. True it is a test to search men's souls when a creature who once was a man dares to assume that Irishmen will be duped either by a Redmond, an Asquith, or a Kitchener. Yes, John, we will keep faith with Ireland and never betray her. We will not barter our liberty, name and race for the promise of a mess of pottage. We are to have a bastard Government of Ireland Bill, forsooth, next year. Maybe or maybe, when the war is over, or maybe never, and this bastard Bill is to become law subject to Mr. Edward Carson and his bravos agreeing, or to the Amending Bill passing, or in consideration of us becoming good, willing slaves, that we eat dirt, abase ourselves, forget our history, forget our martyrs, forget our name, our language, our destiny, that we supply Kitchener with food for powder, and save the Empire; that we advise our glorious young men to hire themselves out as hired assassins to do England's dirty work, that she is unable to do herself. John undertakes to get Asquith an Irish Brigade. May we suggest that the late Captain of the Wicklow Militia should be empowered to enrol a brigade that all the so-called Nationalist Parties enlist at once, including John's relations. This would show that John means business. Remember Miles Standish, John, and speak for yourself first, and if John asks we will undertake to accept the

shilling or the one and ninepence. John invites Asquith to come to Dublin on a recruiting expedition. What is the need when John is going to hand over the Volunteers, bag and baggage, to the War Office. John promises Asquith a Royal reception. We understand his ancestor, Raymond Le Gros, also guaranteed his pal, Strongbow, a royal reception. Redmond's uncle gave Neil Crowley a royal reception, and we presume to think there are sufficient men still in Ireland to guarantee Asquith and Redmond as warm a reception as Carson's braves gave the fire-eater, Winston Churchill, in Belfast. John might have arranged with Asquith to deliver the panegyric on Robert Emmet outside St. Catherine's Church. It would have been a fit and proper thing to do. Asquith could have proved that Emmet was a traitor, as the Government in 1803 did. But we who cherish the memory of the peerless one, the glorious, clean-souled patriot who gave his life to prove his love are determined, come life or death, we will follow where Emmet trod. We know that though a few unthinking Irish youths may forget their Motherland, forget the cause for which their fathers fought and died, may be cajoled or humbugged by the Redmonds', the O'Briens', the Healy's and the Devlin's, but the great majority of Irishmen and Irish youths would prefer the gaol and scaffold in preference to enlisting in England's army of shame. We know that some thousands of our lads were forced by hard economic circumstances, by starvation and unemployment and want to enlist, but the majority of them who wear England's coat of shame would to-morrow if called upon answer the appeal of our dear, dark-haired mother. We quote what appeared in our former issues as to the message of our leader Emmet. The meaning of your life must remain unspoken until the fulfilment of the word, then and not till then shall an orator arise who will give you justice in words, and it is for us to extend to you justice in deeds. Let your beautiful life be an inspiration to us, let your death be a consolation unto us; in life in death, we are one with you. In the body we suffered with you; in our souls, too, is the same sacred fire of discontent that burned so fiercely in you. You, O, Emmet, are of us and we of you; let us then rejoice that it was vouchsafed to this Nation that such a man was given unto us for an example to imitate, as an inspiration to uplift us; that his ideal is our ideal; that the Nation, beautiful, that was so plain and dear to him shall also be the Nation beautiful for us to strive for and enjoy. Emmet, great as you were in life, im-

will be a traitor. They murdered you, Emmet, they flogged your faithful comrade, Anne Devlin, they may do the same to us of this day, yet we will answer true. If Redmond is right and a patriot, Robert Emmet was wrong and a traitor. It is for you, Irishmen and Irishwomen to answer under whose banner will you serve: Cathleen-ni-Houlihan or England's bloody red? From which Leader will you take orders? The traitor (?) Emmet or the loyalist Redmond? For ourselves, we can answer true. Emmet, in life, or death, we are one with you.

We have had a marked copy of a scurrilous rag, called the Sketch sent us. A foul sheet, which a few months ago published what was supposed to be the letters of the dead Chief Parnell. This foul rag, owned by one, Hulton, whose father sold race cards in Manchester, reprinted our last week's poster—Kitchener's Whine, no Irish Recruits, thank God!—and headed the block—Jim Larkin, traitor. We again say, thank God! If to be true to one's country and cause is to be a traitor then we glory in being a traitor. But we can say with pride that none of our name and blood ever betrayed the Ireland or ever served England, nor never will.

We are grateful to know that the first Company of Volunteers to which the question of enlisting in England's army was put repudiated Redmond's bargain with the butcher Kitchener. A good judge! Well done, Company C. My soul, we never doubted ye!

We are informed Boer-General Beyers refuses to lead South African troops into action on behalf of the Empire. He does not forget the concentration camps and the setting fire to farmhouses.

We have received a letter from an employment shark named E. Liller (we wonder is this blood-sucker a German) of 7 College st, who refuses to return the discharges of a page boy because said boy cannot pay this shark 1/6 balance of registration fee for getting him a position in Nugent's Moria Hotel at 2/6 per week.

Emmet Commemoration in Belfast. Sunday next, September 20th, is the anniversary of the death of Robert Emmet. The Belfast Young Republicans feel that now when everything is in the melting pot advantage should be taken of the occasion to rally together all those who believe in Emmet's principles and are sincerely attached to the cause for which he died. Accordingly, an Emmet Commemoration will be held in the Freedom Hall, Berry street, on Sunday, at 4 p.m. Seosamh O'Connell, of the Belfast I.N.V., will deliver the Commemoration address, and other noted Republicans are being invited. Belfast readers of the "Irish Worker" are asked to attend and bring their friends.

MANIFESTO.

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF CANADA.

TO THE WORKERS OF CANADA. Ever since the war terror began its march through Europe, the Capitalist Press of Canada, acting on behalf of the capitalist class, has done its utmost to create the war spirit and arouse a patriotic cry, calling upon the workers of Canada to go forth and shed their blood in the interest of the MASTER CLASS.

We desire to emphasise the fact that this war, as all Modern wars, is being waged between international capitalists, representing as it does a struggle to secure markets for the disposal of the stolen products of labour, it can, therefore, be of no real interest to the working class.

Since capitalism is based upon wage labour and capital, the working class receiving in the shape of wages but sufficient to maintain a bare existence and the ever increasing surplus product taken from labour, strengthening as it does the position of the capitalist as a social parasite, we appeal to the workers of Canada to refrain from lending any assistance in this war. Let the MASTERS fight their own battles!

We further wish to emphasise the fact that the present is an opportune time of getting a larger measure of knowledge as to your true class position in society. This is being pointed out everywhere by the Socialists, on the street corner, in hall, and through the Party Press. This knowledge is of vital interest. It will unfold to you the difference between social existence and social progress.

Yours for the revolution, H. MARTIN, Sec. D. E. C. Social Democratic Party.

We have received a long communication with reference to the corrupting influence of John Dillon Nugent and Division 702, A.O.H., Board of Erin. We are investigating, and if confirmed we will publish report in next issue. We publish list of serangs who run Division 702, also circular from the ex-process server, John D.

Facts and Fancies.

Last year when our industrial war was raging, when families were rendered homeless, and children threatened with starvation, and when our little ones were sent to kind friends across the Channel, to obtain the food and shelter denied them at home, how our politicians howled. Now the same

as they say. These Cockneys won't fight for England, but will invade Ireland, draw large wages drained from the poor Irish, and demand us to join the British Army.

What did this firm do last week? They cleared out any Irish who had any position in it, and imported English and Scotch to fill their places. They cannot deny this, and yet we must support them. We must buy their tea and pay cash down. They won't trust us Irish. They will give us no credit.

Have we no tea firm in Dublin employing Irishmen that we can support? Look at this list and compare wages received by English and Irish in this firm—from Sir Joseph.

IRISH—Three Indoor for 31/-, Salesman (x) 30/- and small commission.

Salesman (2) 35/-. Very small commission.

Total—96/-. Not IRISH—Bacon (Cockney) 30/.

Large commission Mynott (Cockney) 32/6 Large commission.

Penfold (Cockney) 35/ Large commission.

Stirling (English) 60/.

Mr. Hawdis (Scotch) about 70/-, if not more.

Total—227/6.

Mr. Hawdis's and Stirling's predecessors were Irish, but they were cleared off last week. Decent positions must be filled by English and Scotch.

If you don't believe this look at their vans and call at their office in 23 High street.

"ONE OF THE IRISH LOCKED OUTS."

Registration.

Every person who made a claim for a vote must attend Revision Courts, Four Courts, to prove same. The Revision Courts are open from 11 to 2 every day, and particulars re night sittings will be published later. Any member of family will do to prove claim, provided rent books are brought.

NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

Any Agent not receiving their proper supply of this paper, please communicate with Head Office, Liberty Hall, Beresford Place.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION.

Liberty Hall, Dublin.

All sections of women workers are eligible to join the above union. Entrance fee, 6d. and 3d.; contributions, 2d. and 1d. per week.

Irish Dancing, Wednesday and Friday evenings, 8 p.m.

Special on every Sunday Night, commencing at 7.30. Admission 2d.

Where is the Flag of England?

HENRY LABOUCHERE

And the winds of the world made answer, North, South, East and West— "Wherever there's wealth to covet, Or land that can be possessed; Wherever are savage races, To cozen, coerce and scare, Ye shall find the vaunted ensign; For the English flag is there!

"Ay, it waves o'er the blazing hovels Whence African victims fly, To be shot by explosive bullets Or to wretchedly starve and die! And where the beschoomber harrises Isles of the Southern sea, At the peak of his hellish vessel 'Tis the English flag flies free.

"The Maori full oft hath cursed it, With the bitterest dying breath; And the Arab has hissed his hatred As he spits at its folds in death. The hapless fellow has feared it On Tel-el-Kebir's parched plain, And the Zulu's blood has stained it With a deep, indelible stain.

"It has floated o'er scenes of pillage, It has haunted o'er deeds of shame, It has waved o'er the fell marauder As he ravished with sword and flame. It has looked upon ruthless slaughter, And massacre dire and grim; It has heard the shrieks of the victims Drown even the Jingo hymn.

"Where is the flag of England? Seek the land where the natives rot; Where decay and assured extinction Must soon be the people's lot. Go! search for the once glad islands, Where disease and death are rife, And the greed of a callous commerce Now battens on human life?

"Where is the flag of England? Go, sail where rich galleons come With shoddy and 'loaded' cottons, And beer and Bibles and rum; Go, too, where brute force has triumphed, And hypocrisy makes its lair; And your question will find its answer, For the flag of England is there!"

LYONS' TEA!

NO IRISH NEED APP.Y!

YOU CAN JOIN THEIR ENGLISH ARMY.

The above is what Lyons' and Co.,

as they say. These Cockneys won't fight for England, but will invade Ireland, draw large wages drained from the poor Irish, and demand us to join the British Army.

What did this firm do last week? They cleared out any Irish who had any position in it, and imported English and Scotch to fill their places. They cannot deny this, and yet we must support them. We must buy their tea and pay cash down. They won't trust us Irish. They will give us no credit.

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Special on every Sunday Night, commencing at 7.30. Admission 2d.

Readers will assist us materially by mentioning the "Irish Worker" to our Advertisers.

The "Freeman" Press Gang and the Prince's Street "Lie Factory"

The position of Irish journalism at the present time is both laughable and pitiful. Just read the following paragraph which appeared in the "Evening Telegraph" last week:—

"Probably never in the history of the world has there been a greater alliance than the German and Austrian. The German is all for system and brute force, while the Austrian has not the vaguest notion of method or even punctuality."

This gem of literature was either clipped from the columns of an English Sunday newspaper or manufactured in the tap-room of a public-house. Fancy the editor of the ha'penny "Pink," the editor of the description of "newspaper," having the temerity to criticise the characteristics of the German and Austrian peoples! Of course it is a patriotic thing to abuse the Kaiser over a pint pot. Paddy Meade, the illiterate bootshop who controls the scissors department of the "Telegraph" will agree, he being very fond of praising "our" army when lubricating his tongue with the British "Tom-mies" in "Ye Shippe!"

That other half-starved and antiquated production—the "Freeman's Journal"—is presently elated with the very remote prospect of reviving its dying circulation by libelling the German nation and publishing highly-coloured lies about its people by direction of the War Office. No doubt there is splendid profit to be made out of half-page advertisements appealing to the brainless Irish to flock to the call of their "King and Country," and join Kitchener's "Pals Battalion." [We wonder how many recruits will be obtained from amongst the "Freeman's" employees. It will take something more formidable than balloons to defeat the German hosts.]

We are forced to smile when we realise that the pioneers of the Anti-German crusade now sought to be conducted throughout the country are the people who run the miserable gutter rag in Prince's Street—the alleged market which is unable to yield a dividend to its shareholders, and who have to cadge for public support by offering to dispatch copies to all and sundry free of postage.

The "Freeman" has been notoriously loud in its rant about a clean Press, and has violently denounced the practice of publishing details of Divorce Court cases by the English Press. It is curious to note that the same Press crusade has been conducted with a few coppers by pandering to the morbid tastes of the people who are now blackballing the Kaiser, it did not hesitate to dish up the unsavoury tit-bits of a recent Cork divorce case. In fact one was afforded the golden opportunity of becoming hopelessly debased for a penny.

The "Freeman's" array of penny-liners are a unique collection of semi-educated creatures, and constitute a literary menagerie unequalled within the confines of that Empire which will be badly in need of stocking-plaster by the time the German eagle has ceased his flight. The most renowned of this motley assortment of ink slingers is Paddy Meade, the tipsy editor of the "Telegraph"—the "Freeman's" tinted hand-bill—whose chief occupation consists of writing articles entitled "Ireland sanked—Ireland free"—with a creamy tinker at his elbow. In odd moments of sobriety he manages to secure the plaudits of the Board of Directors by elaborating the English manufactured atrocities of the German soldiery, and by blackguarding people who happen to be unable to publicly refute his slanders—their inability to do so, owing to circumstances, being Paddy's chief satisfaction. Paddy, of course, forgets the occasion when a certain individual on hearing him prate about the "honour of the Press," declared that a "sandwich and a bottle of stout" would buy the majority of the scribes who pose as journalists and skulk beneath the shadow of the G.P.O.

Patriotism is the last resort of a scoundrel. Accordingly it has its purposes, which in the case of the "Freeman" are paid for at so much per inch. The Kaiser Wilhelm, when speaking of "Lie Factories" the other day, was evidently unaware of the existence of the "Freeman's Journal" office from the portals of which the blood of Lord Edward Fitzgerald has not yet been completely washed away.

Suffragists' Emergency Council.

Miss Muriel Mathers, the well-known Labour Suffragist has kindly proposed to speak at a Meeting under the auspices of the above, on the subject of "Unemployment of Women Workers." "Work for Working Women!"

It is hoped that the meeting will be held in the Molesworth Hall, on September 23rd, at 8 p.m. Final arrangements will be definitely announced later in daily papers and by posters and handbills.

Miss Harrison, T.C., has kindly promised to preside. Well known local suffragists and Labour women will speak. All urged to attend.

Why are not Dressmakers and Milliners under Unemployment Insurance Act? D. Mellone, Sec. S.E.C. per M. E. Duggan.

Wexford Notes.

Following up what we said in reference to Eddie O'Connell's recruiting agency in last week's issue, we would like to ask our readers if they remember the attack that was made on the "Boy Scouts" when that organisation started here a few years ago, Eddie telling us in his leaderette that they were being trained for the British Army, and expressing his horror at the thought of it. Now when it has got fashionable for aristocratic Ireland to be pro-British Eddie wheels, and supports the very people he abhorred at that time. This, surely, ought to open people's eyes to see what the Irish newspapers are made of. "Eddie, for heaven's sake write no more Irish history. You are not worthy."

Sewing classes have been started all over the County Wexford to make shirts for the British soldiers at war in France, and we wonder very much at the fine young Irish girls in the country districts to allow themselves to be made dupes of in order to save the British Government from condemnation for their laxity in not providing their soldiers with at least shirts to go on.

These Committees are making house to house collections, and almost compelling people who cannot afford it to give some donation however small. Some of the poor people who in their ignorance have subscribed to this fund should be getting help from the Relief Fund instead of financing the Government Irish people, will you ever get sense?

We notice by one of the papers this week that a certain employer sent seven of his unmarried employees out to enlist in the Army. If they refused he would no longer give them employment. They went to the Recruiting Office, where it was found that five out of the seven were medically unfit, and were rejected. They returned to their work, and what was their surprise on Saturday to find half a day stopped off them for the time they had been to the Recruiting Office. This is an example of the "Patriotism" of the employers.

We notice that John Redmond has invited Asquith over to Ireland on a Recruiting Expedition. What do our American friends think of this? Redmond's attitude simply means to place Home Rule on the Statute in some shape or form (we don't care when it comes into operation, and we will make the Irish people your slaves for ever. But, Johnnie, it does not matter what your attitude is. Your game is up.

The Feeding of the Necessitous School Children Act has been adopted by the Wexford Corporation. Let us hope that it will tend to enable the children of the poor to obtain a better education by attending school.

Johnnie to order the machine making home from England ready turned, so that some of the lathe hands could be thrown idle on the streets. In consequence of this change two decent young fellows named Phil and Peter Murphy have had to leave their native town to earn their living. Now if the raw material were ordered as heretofore the shafts would be turned better and cheaper, and there would be no necessity for discharging hands who have been actually reared in the firm, but of course that would not suit those two English gentlemen who know that England is very badly hit by unemployment at present, and they prefer to keep their own countrymen at work before Wexfordmen. Some of the shafting has arrived, and has been found to be too small, which means more expense.

Where are the people now who shouted so loudly at the time of the lock out? Have they nothing to say about this injustice?

The Harbour Board have secured another windfall by the towage of the "Loch Fisher" by the tug. There was a discussion took place at Tuesday's meeting as to whether it was towage or salvage.

It was eventually decided that it was towage, for the reason that if they agreed to it being salvage the crew would have to get their share. They got nothing of course, but Busker, the Harbour Master, pimp, etc., got his moiety. The clique are able to work things very well.

Otto Ottostein.

(With acknowledgments to the Jingo Poets.)

You may talk about the Allies and the Entente Cordiale
You may prate about the rulers of the earth;
You may rave about the Russian—how he's going to lick the Prussian!
And be glad that you're a Britisher by birth.
You may revel in the Empire, you may glory in its flag
If you're one of George's loyal Irish swine,
But the gentlemanly nation that escapes your observation
Is the one that shelters Otto Ottostein.
Oh, a decent sort is Otto, if you only knew the chap,
Though you now behold him don the scarlet robe,
And I am't merely guessin' when I say he's taught a lesson.
To the folk in every corner of the globe,
If I wasn't a teetotaler, I'd pledge his health in wine,
And I'd drink success to Germany and Otto Ottostein.

SLIGO NOTES.

Roscos Point Hotel, Liberty Hall, Sligo, September 15th, 1914.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.
DEAR SIR,—In reference to the above dispute, I beg to inform the public through the medium of your widely circulated journal, the following:—

The Sligo Branch of the Transport and General Workers' Union were in negotiations with Messrs. Campbell & Son, Belfast, the contractors for the building of the Midland Railway Company's Hotel at Roscos Point, prior to my proceeding to Roscos Point to interview the foreman. On receipt of the following letter I went to the Point to see the foreman:—

Ravenhill Road, Belfast, 23rd July, 1914.

The President Irish Transport Union, Sligo.
DEAR SIR,—We are obliged for your offering of the 21st inst. offering assistance in procuring men and carts at Roscos Point. We have sent your letter to the foreman, and he will doubtless avail himself of your assistance.—Yours truly,

W. J. CAMPBELL & SON.

I state emphatically I did not speak or ever see this foreman until I received the above letter, and then I was accompanied by two members of the Union, as witnesses, Messrs. James Kelly and Joseph O'Rourke, when the following took place after I showed him Messrs. Campbell's letter. He asked me what was the standard rate for this class of work in Sligo. I told him that I was informed that builders' labourers were paid from 18s. to 21 per week, and also allowed "country money." Hours from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m., and 2 p.m. stop on Saturday. I then suggested that if that rate did not suit, would he make it an hourly rate at 6d. per hour. He replied that he thought that was too much. I then asked him what he would suggest as a fair rate. He then replied that he could not suggest any rate until he had a reply from his employers in Belfast. He then told us to submit our terms on paper, and that it would be considered. On returning to Sligo I forwarded the following to Messrs. Campbell & Son:—

GENTLEMEN,—I have been instructed to send you quotation of prices for finished work, cartage, etc. Casual labourers, 4s. per day 9 hours, or 6d. per hour 9 hours; discharging cargo outside of ship, 1s. per ton. Receiver must pile on quay. Carting from Sligo quay, 4s. per load. I will send you quotation for sand later on. Trade Union labour to be employed.—Your obedient servant,

JOHN LYNCH, President.

DEAR SIR,—The foregoing is the only action I took in the matter at Roscos Point. Messrs. Campbell & Son did not reply to that letter, and I now take this opportunity to say that, sir, have been kind enough to place at my disposal, to contradict most strongly the allegations of Messrs. Campbell's foreman, who states that I demanded "the dismissal of workmen, and that no men were to be employed only through me." This is the most infamous fabrication.

...reason I made mention of the words above referred to was that a member of this Union had agreed to sink a pump, and when on the ground for that purpose he was asked by the foreman if he was a member of the Transport Union, and on his replying in the affirmative, he told him that he could not employ him. I now ask the question which I have not asked up to now: Had Messrs. Campbell's foreman instructions to refuse Union men work on the contract, and if so by whom were they issued? Nearly all of the men who were members of the Union were quite willing to work on this job, and were in fact anxious to have it for the winter; but the demon of "free labour" was let loose, and our men got to know it when such questions were asked of an applicant: "Are you a member of the Transport Union?" If the answer was in the affirmative, the applicant was told there was no room for him. As for the story of the men discharging the waggons being driven out of the yard by a mob of dock labourers, the following are the facts:—There were a few policemen walking up and down the railway where the goods vans are discharged. A number of men who were waiting for odd jobs were standing about the quay, and when they saw the police they went over to where they were. Others saw the crowd, so they went also; hence the crowd. Had there been no police there would be no crowd. Now, I will ask Messrs. Campbell's foreman and the police, was there anything done or said to the men working at the waggons? I happened to come on the scene, and Campbell's foreman asked me whether they would knock off or not. I told him that was a matter for himself. I told the Union men on no account to interfere with them or hinder them at their work. Our men came away then. Sergeant Kerins, I am sure, can vouch for the truth of this.

Sir, I think if Messrs. Campbell were sincere about this contract, the rough edges which have torn the contract could very easily be worn off. I now ask a few questions which I am sure Messrs. Campbell can answer:

- 1. Did Messrs. Campbell & Son know anything about an arbitration board being established in Sligo?
 - 2. Was it Messrs. Campbell's intention to have the contract completed by free labour?
 - 3. Had the Board of Trade Labour Exchange anything to suggest to Messrs. Campbell re labour, wages, etc.?
 - 4. Had the war anything to do with the breaking of the contract and satisfying the wishes of both contractor and directors of the Midland Railway Co.?
- These questions, answered honestly and truthfully, would go a long way to solve any difficulty which has arisen in the completion of this contract. If the foregoing questions have no bearing on the matter, why not proceed with the contract and leave the questions of wages and labour to the Arbitration Board, presided over by a gentleman who is respected and trusted by workers and employers, and if this gentleman fails to bring about an amicable arrangement between both parties, then he must have lost the ambassadorial qualities he was endowed with in May, 1913, when a larger and more bitter issue was at stake in Sligo. If Messrs. Campbell and the Company are inclined to erect this hotel at this favourite watering resort, and give labour where it is badly needed, more especially now that war is raging, now is their time to ask the Arbitration Board to assemble under the guidance and advice of Mr. J. A. Cooper, and I am sure work will be in full swing, and all persons satisfied, inside a month.
- Sir, the breaking off of this contract is more serious to the men whom I have the honour to represent than most people imagine. We had visions of a good working winter both at the docks and in the outlying districts, and if anyone is hit over this transaction it is the dock labourer and his comrade, the builders' labourer.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN LYNCH, President Sligo Branch Irish Transport Union.

Irish Citizen Army Notes.

At last! The greatest betrayal in the annals of Irish history has taken place. We who have seen through the political game all along, and warned the young men of Ireland of their danger, have at last been rewarded, if that is any satisfaction, in knowing we were right. Men of the Volunteers, what think you now of your leaders? Without even getting their price, John Redmond is to become High Chief Recruiting Sergeant. Oh! spirit of Wolfe Tone, the murdered Emmet the martyred Sheares, the betrayed Fitzgerald. Have you died in vain? Many believe you have. BUT many believe you have not. We of the Citizen Army, aye, and many of the rank and file of the Volunteers, will never submit to John's doctrine. Our hearts beat high for the dear old Motherland, and our toast is "To the Day," "To the Day." It is nearer than most suspect. Be ready, you true men of the Volunteers. We are ready.

The Daily Sketch of Saturday last states that "Jim Larkin does not represent Ireland; that Irishmen will be telling of the heroic stand of the Munster Fusiliers when Larkin and his traitorous band are forgotten."

The Sketch forgot to tell that it was through an order given by an officer who mistook the Leinster Fusiliers for Germans, and ordered the "Munsters" to open fire, and next day when roll call came, 114 out of 1,200 Leinster Fusiliers answered. Had these men taken Jim's advice they would be with us to-day. "Peace to their ashes."

ORDERS FOR WEEK.

Rehearsals every night at Liberty Hall for Army Display on 27th. Special rehearsals on Sunday at Croydon Park at 4 o'clock. Inchicore, High Street, Aungier Street, Thomas Street, Baldoye, and Liberty Hall Companies to attend without fail.

Drilling by the various companies as usual during week. Junior Army, Liberty Hall, Tuesday and Thursday at 8 o'clock.

A grand parade of the city on Saturday.

Tickets can be had for display at Room 4, Liberty Hall.

Honesty and Hypocrisy, the Whirligig of Time.

In the British House of Commons on August 3rd, Sir Edward Grey said: "I would like the House to approach this crisis from the point of view of British interests, British honour, British obligations. . . . We have a great and vital interest in the independence and integrity—integrity is the least part of it—of Belgium." Three days later, on August 6th, the British Prime Minister stated: "We are unsheathing our swords in a just cause. . . . We are fighting to vindicate the principle that small nationalities are not to be crushed in defiance of international good faith or the arbitrary will of a strong and overmastering Power. I do not think any nation ever entered into a great conflict . . . with a clearer conscience."

Let us see. We shall take Britain and Belgium, but we shall not finish the inquiry at that.

FROM CONGO TO PERU.

To-day all England and the British Press, from the official censor bureau down to the servile, sycophantic Britisher papers in Ireland, are exhausting the vocabulary of the English language in praise and admiration of the "gallant little Belgians," their government, heroism, bravery and honour. True, the Belgians are fighting England's battles, and what cheaper price for fighting than cheap praise? I who belong to a people that has sent thousands of its sons to fight for Britain, have no blame, but only admiration and honour for the Belgians, because they fought and freed their country, while mine had neither spirit nor honour enough to fight, much less to win freedom. Six years ago the tune of the British Press in England and Ireland was pitched in a different key. In 1908 the English papers, Unionist as well as Liberal, were crying out in holy horror at the atrocities perpetrated by Belgian rule and exploitation in the Congo. An Irish M.P. who took up the cudgels for Belgium, was howled down in the House of Commons, and the Press in Ireland assisted in working up a frenzied agitation against Belgium, the Belgian King, and the Irish M.P. From 1908 to 1909 the agitation grew in strength, demands that Belgium should be expelled the Congo were put forward, and the British Government began to negotiate with France and Germany to that end. (There was no talk of the War Lord or German barbarism then.) Late in 1909 Sir Edward Grey, then, as now, British Foreign Secretary and an "honourable man," threatened Belgium in a speech like that of Chamberlain's before the Boer War; and Sir Conan Doyle, who

was hired in 1900 to vilify the Boers, published a book vilifying and traducing the Belgians, and he may be doing one now on the Germans. The British Imperial brigand wanted to divide up the Congo with France and Germany, but neither would have anything to do with Grey's offer. How concerned was Sir Edward Grey about Belgium's integrity and independence in 1908-9, eh? But times change, and even Foreign Secretaries change with them.

Meanwhile the Press campaign of slander and vilification against the Belgians and their mal-administration and immorality (this from the ever-convenient Nonconformist conscience that helped to slay Parnell) went merrily, nay savagely, on in England. At the same time that Sir Edward Grey was machining the agitation and then using it to back up his demands, Sinn Fein began to direct Irish attention to the far more fiendish atrocities, the terrorism, slavery, murder, shooting, burning alive, crucifying and roasting in oil, and all the horrible forms those atrocities assumed under the British Peruvian-Amazon Rubber Company in Putumayo. French and German papers took up the Peruvian story and cried out against combined action with Britain, and in England itself the agitation died down as mysteriously as it had begun.

IMPUNITY.

Now observe the following. In 1908 the British Cabinet, including both Grey and Asquith, was informed of the terrible crimes committed under British administration in Peru. In 1909 these crimes were publicly exposed. No action was taken by the British Government until August, 1910. In March, 1911, Sir Roger Casement, as all the world knows, presented his report confirming and proving up to the hilt all the charges made; and the British Government, like the cowardly, hypocritical thing it is, kept back publication of the report till June, 1912. The British exploiters were allowed to escape and no punishment whatever has rewarded the foul and unscrupulous criminals of the British Company responsible for the Putumayo outrages. But, oh, if only Britain could have partitioned the Congo in 1908! How's that for British honour, British friendship for Belgium, and British concern for the independence of small nationalities? But, then, the Belgians weren't fighting the battles of the British Empire and British business in 1908. And that makes all the difference.

ALL FOR POLAND.

A remarkable confirmation of my comments on Britain's attitude to Poland is given by the Polish patriot, M. Filipowicz, in this week's Christian Commonwealth. He says: "In our last revolt—of 1863—Great Britain, in order to back the interests of Germany, prevented the Emperor Napoleon taking steps favourable to Poland which might at the same time have led to war between France and Prussia. In 1863, Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell thought it was not to the interest of Great Britain to create a free Poland. The result of this policy was—we see it now—the rise of a too strong Germany. Anyhow in 1863, English diplomacy could not see that it was wise to have an independent Poland. If this had been done we should not now be fighting against Germany." Great, indeed, is Britain's friendship.

C. Ua S.

Dublin Food Prices' Committee.

At the ordinary meeting of the above Committee on Friday last, Councillor Miss Harrison asked how it was that the names of persons charging higher prices than the maximum prices on the official list had not been published as warned by the City Council and agreed to by the Committee. The Town Clerk stated that he had counsel's opinion on the matter and it would be illegal to do so; Councillor Scully protested that it would be unfair to the traders to publish their names as many of them only sold one quality. Councillor Hugh Doyle, J.P., complained that the Committee was not solely composed of business men like Mr. Scully and himself—men who knew the working classes and had sympathy with them. Councillor Partridge complained that the result of the Committee's work was contrary to what he desired. The maximum prices on their lists were in many cases made the selling prices, thus the Committee were practically keeping up prices instead of lowering them. And now when even these prices were exceeded the refusal to publish the names of offenders was in his opinion deliberately shielding such jackals. The Law Agent's report was made in the interest of those who fattened on the necessities of the poor and he declined to be any longer associated with a Committee that, in his opinion was merely fooling the people and therefore resigned his membership.

CITIZEN ARMY TOURNAMENT Croydon Park, SUNDAY, 27th SEPT.

Night Assault upon a Fortified Position by Citizen Army. Aeroplane Demonstration against Croydon Park. Illuminated Display of Physical Drill. Trooping the Colours. March Past with Fintan Lalor Pipes.

ILLUMINATED GROUNDS. ADMISSION, 3d.; Children, 1d.

BROTHERS' DOPPAIR'S SALICA The Workman's Reliah.

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

T. P. ROCHE, The Workers' Hairdresser, 34 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN.

An up-to-date Establishment. Trade Union Labour only employed. Cleanliness; comfort. Antiseptics used. Success to the Workers' Cause.

N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco Store, 39 AUNGIER STREET (Opposite Jacob's), For Irish Roll and Plug.

To Enjoy Your Meals AND STILL HAVE MONEY TO SPARE, CALL TO

MURPHY'S, 6 Church St., North Wall, The Workers' Home, where you will get all Provisions at Lowest Prices.

FANAGAN'S FUNERAL ESTABLISHMENT, 64 AUNGIER STREET, DUBLIN. Established more than Half-a-Century.

Coffins, Hearses, Coaches, and every Funeral Requisite. Trades Union and Irish-Ireland House Fidelity and Economy Guaranteed. Telephone No. 12.

Dublin Trades Council.

AGENDA. Civilian Labour replaced by Military, Unemployment in the City, Feeding of School Children.

Mr. J. Farren, Mr. W. O'Brien, Mr. O'Carroll

It is earnestly requested that full particulars of unemployment consequent on the war should be sent by the different Trades and Labour Societies, affiliated to the Council, to the Secretary of the Trades Council as soon as possible.

MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS.

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL FOR THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKERS.

COAL

For best qualities of Home Coals delivered in large or small quantities, at City Prices.

ORDER FROM P. O'GARROLL, BLACK LION, INCHICORE.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK OLD

Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer

Keeps your Hair from getting Grey. Whiling Bottles. Made in Ireland. LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS, 39 North Earl Street and 38 Henry Street DUBLIN.

Workers! Support the Old Reliable Boot Warehouse.



NOLAN'S, Little Mary Street.

The Oldest Boot Warehouse in Dublin. Irish-made Bluchers a Speciality.

Call to W. FURNISS

For Good Value in IRISH BEEF AND MUTTON. None but the Best at Lowest Prices. Vallet St. Meat Co., 36 Vallet St.

JOHN MASTERSON,

Boot and Shoe Maker, 19 Guild Street. All Repairs neatly executed at moderate prices. Gents' Boots Soled and Heeled from 2/9; Gents' Boots, Hand-sewn, from 3/6; Ladies' Boots Soled and Heeled, from 1/9; Ladies' Boots, Hand-sewn, from 2/6; Children's Boots Soled and Heeled from 1/4.

Read! Read! Read!

"Labour in Irish History."

JAMES CONNOLLY'S Great Book. Published at 2s. 6d. New Edition, 1s. post free, 1s. 3d. Wholesale and retail from "Irish Worker" Office, Liberty Hall, Dublin: No Irish worker should be without it.

A large quantity of the 1/- edition is now to hand, and can be obtained at Liberty Hall. The 1/- edition differs from the 2/6 edition in the binding only.

Go to MURRAY'S

Sheriff Street, FOR GOOD VALUE in PROVISIONS AND GROCERIES.

Don't forget LARKIN'S

LITTLE SHOP FOR GOOD VALUE in Chandlery, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, &c., 36 WEXFORD ST., DUBLIN. IRISH GOODS A SPECIALITY.

PAT KAVANAGH,

Provisions, Beef, Mutton and Pork. GOOD QUALITY. FAIR PRICES. 64 to 78 Coombe; 37 Wexford Street; 71 and 73 New Street; 1 Dean Street, DUBLIN.

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T. CORCORAN,

Capital T House, 27 North Strand Road.

TRALEE TOPICS.

One of the worst cases of slumdom heard of for some time was brought to light at the last meeting of the Tralee Urban Council.

From the report of the Town Surveyor it appears that McCowen's lane (owned by and called after the capitalist firm of McCowen & Sons) which boasts of 27 "houses" out of which the McCowens pocket £150 a year, is in a shocking insanitary condition. New roofs are required on some of these "houses," new floors, internal doors, and frames in others, while all of them "without exception are deficient in sanitary accommodation or water laid on for domestic purposes." The report further states: "All these houses are well kept by the occupiers under very adverse conditions and have not any signs of rough or malicious usage, but have been let get into their present state of dis-repair by neglect to maintain and carry out the repairs and necessary usual to house property to insure the minimum comfort of living."

Furthermore, as far back as May, 1913, the medical officer for the district reported that he found "all the houses in an insanitary state and their occupation injurious to the inhabitants." But of course, the Urban Council—composed mostly of the moneyed class; some of them Justices of the Peace—did nothing at the time beyond sending a copy of the latter report to the McCowens, and the matter was left dead until the Urban Council's attention was called by the Trades Council to the fact that this wretched and deplorable housing condition had resulted in a poor, unfortunate hard-working man, Joe Sherlock, losing his life. Poor Sherlock, who lived in one of these so-called houses, had occasion recently to attend to the needs of his wife who was seriously ill, and while doing so his foot went down through the rotten flooring of his "house," thereby causing an injury which necessitated his removal to hospital, where he died some ten days afterwards. To make matters worse, his wife died in the meantime, and now his family of four or five children are thrown on the mercy of a cruel world.

When the Trades Council's resolution exposing this was brought before the Urban Council the "Civic Fathers" rubbed their eyes, woke up, and looked about them. So much so, I am glad to say, that on the motion of one of its "young blood" they decided that if the necessary repair work is not commenced within a month by the owners they will have these unhealthy and defective dwellings closed up.

The irony of it all is that one of the

increased number of Christian, church-going gentlemen described the workers as "a pampered lot!" Well, let him try to live in one of his tenant's houses and he can find out the meaning of "pampered." His firm's horses are better housed and fed than the workers who have the privilege of giving their address as McCowen's lane.

Truly the workers have been blind to their own interests, but let us hope they are at last waking up and are beginning to cast off the chains that bind them and keep them serfs and slaves in their own land.

Of course, McCowen's lane is not the only eyecore in Tralee. There are many other houses just as bad, and the Urban Council will have to see to these also. If they do not do so within two months the Trades Council intend appointing a Committee which will have on its skilled mechanics to inspect such houses and to take whatever action advisable.

This looks like business, and as the Trades Council have succeeded in their efforts as regards McCowen's lane, I am sure they will be victorious in helping to obtain better habitations for the workers throughout the town generally.

A meeting to form a local Committee for the distribution of the National Relief Fund was held recently. The meeting was very quietly advertised, with the result that there was a small number present, the vast majority of them of the flunkey Unionist type. A Committee of 40 was appointed, only four of whom are trades union representatives, the remainder being mostly of the employer class. The Chairman of the Trades Council, who was present, asked for a representation of two from each organised trade, but of course he did not count, and his request was refused. However, I understand the Trades Council have taken the matter up with the Local Government Board, and I hope they will get the fuller representation they justly claim.

Tralee readers who have any difficulty in obtaining the "Worker" will be glad to know that McGilligan, Moyderwell, now stocks it.

THE MALL.

[The Trades Council should instruct a solicitor to enter an action on behalf of the children of our late comrade, Sherlock, for compensation under common law for the death of their father. The Council ought not to forget that the National Insurance Act provides machinery to deal with McCowen.—Ed.]

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For Reliable Provisions!

LEIGHS, of Bishop St.

ESTABLISHED 1851

Correspondence.

NORTH DUBLIN UNION.

To Editor "Irish Worker."

Ward, 14th September.

SIR—On behalf of the unfortunate inmates who are forced to seek the shelter of the above "Hell on Earth," I appeal to you to publish this letter, because some time ago, when the Master (?) stopped our weekly allowance of tobacco. Through the advocacy of the "Worker" and with the assistance of Mr. John Lawlor and Mr. Arthur Murphy, who were unfortunately beaten in the recent elections—a big loss to the inmates—it was immediately restored, and the Master (?) told to mind his own business in future. Now he has come along with a vengeance and reduced the dietary scale all through the "House." And what does this mean to hundreds of old men and women? "David the Smiler" by doing this is guilty of an illegal act, because he has no power to interfere with the diet scale. This is in the hands of the doctors, and only applies to the infirmary. But Fagan bosses the present Board, and I am told only one Guardian had the courage to bring this matter up, and he could find no one to second him, consequently the majority of the inmates are living on dry bread and tea—old men and women who were on what is known as "V diet." This consisted of an egg for breakfast and 1/2 of a pint of beef tea for dinner, with 4oz. of bread, have been deprived of their egg for breakfast. And, sir, to quote the old saw, there is an extra "rattle of bones over the stones": That same more able pen will take this matter in hands is the prayer of

ONLY A PAUPER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

DEAR SIR,—In those days when political satellites are working might and main to capture the unthinking Irishman for the purpose of fighting the last fight for the common enemy, it is refreshing (as it always has been to me) to find that your attitude on the question is once again the right and only one. Believe me, it is something for which every workman should be proud to say that you are the only man in this country to stand up publicly and declare what stand we should take in the present crisis. From the influence of the vile and subsidised Dublin papers, by voice and pen, have saved many. Pity it is that you cannot reach the four shores of Ireland, for if you could Kitchener would get reason to whine. I hope sincerely that you are not going to America for the present. It is the opinion of everybody that you should act as a leader to teach the faith of national principle for which so many of our people suffered. Would it not be possible to hold a monster meeting in the Park or elsewhere to explain to the working population why we should remain neutral in this

Name the day and date and England will get her answer. Don't lose a minute.—Do charrs, SEAN M. O'DUBHTHAIGH. (John M. O'Duffy.) Dublin, Sept. 13, 1914.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly grant me a space in a column of your paper in ventilating the grabbing instincts of the landlord class in dealing with the humble, who are at all times fleeced by the aggrandisers. The figures below will show that after an occupation of my house for years, on repairing lease, I am to surrender same and return it in a better condition than I got it after this expenditure:—Rental, etc., £35 per year for 10 years, £350; for sundry repairs, and charges, £220; income tax for 2 years at £3 10s. per year, £7.—Total, £577. Is there any redress for this robbery? [Yes; Socialism!—Ed.]

Facts and Fancies from the Front.

With the Troops at Clontarf.

By "J. J. B."

In a sub-leader recently the "Irish Times" (the defender of the faith) says:—

There are two ways in which Ireland can be secured against the savage armies which murdered priests in Louvain.

(Join the British Army, or turn the Irish Volunteers into "Militiamen.")

The "Irish Times" is strangely silent about the way Ireland can be secured against the savage armies which murdered priests and destroyed or turned into improper use the houses of God all over our country.

It would appear that England has given up her old game of plunder, etc., and that all she wants now is to save her honour. Evidently Galloper Smith has mixed up the "Treaty Stone" with the "Barney Stone."

Only for the gallant action of the English soldiery at Mons, France, Belgium,

Japan, Serbia, and Russia would have been destroyed long ago.

In order to teach Germany a lesson in "civilisation," England is sending her "Blacks" to the front. The "Blacks" are considered by many to represent the "White Hope."

After the war the colours of the Allies' Standards will be "white," "black," "brown," "yellow" with a sprinkling of "blood red," and no doubt some "green" (to commemorate the "greens" who fought in the war.)

The "Daily Graphic" is to be congratulated on the way it has come over to our side. Although it has thinly tried to disguise the fact by substituting the word "Belgium's" for "Ireland's," and "German" for "English" in the following paragraph. The "Daily Graphic" has at long last recognised the noble sacrifice made by Irishmen for the honour of our native land and the independence of our people:—

The story of Belgium's noble sacrifice for the honour of her name and the independence of her people will never be told in its entirety. A peaceful countryside ravaged by fire and sword, and flower of her manhood cut off in their prime; her industries brought to a standstill—this but part of the price extracted for her plucky resistance of the German legions. Everywhere along the line of the German advance helpless villagers are fleeing from burning homes.

Who fears to speak of '98? The "Daily Graphic" does not fear to write of it at any rate.

According to "Daily Telegraph" (of England) the MSS. dealing with the lives of the saints were not destroyed by the Germans at Louvain. We may gather from this that "K of K" and other English "saints" will not suffer in any way when their "lives" come to be written.

N.B.—The ordinary man may not be aware of the fact that when a man like "K of K" dies—it will be noticed that such men are never killed in battle—the "Lives of the saints" are ransacked by the Press of the Country to find fitting phrases to eulogise his memory.

Hotel Metropole & its Employes.

Treatment of its German Waiters.

We have come into possession of some facts with regard to the dismissal of a number of German waiters from the Hotel Metropole.

Nine German waiters formerly in the service of the Metropole were arrested as aliens, in spite of having registered, and were hauled off to Arbor Hill. They were kept there for five days, at the end of which time they were released. When they returned to the hotel they were informed that their places had

Most of these men have been in Ireland for many years—some for sixteen years. Some of them are married, all to Irish girls.

A little side light explains this sudden outbreak of "patriotism." The manager (popularly believed to be an English Jew) has a son and daughter who have been put into two of the vacant places. The son, who has never previously had experience of waiting, has been given the head waiter's place, with a rise of wages. The former headwaiter, a man of training and experience, got 7/6 a week, living out. The new head waiter gets £1, living in. The daughter has been given a job, partly as a waiter, partly typist.

The other vacancies were given to girls—of course, at reduced wages.

The waiters discharged got 8s a week, living out. The manager (disrespectfully referred to as Key), gets a salary of £350 a year, which he supplements by putting his wife into the Hotel as housekeeper. He is also manager of the Grosvenor Hotel.

Contrast the position of the "patriot" with two jobs, a wife in a good job, and his son and daughter provided for from the same source; with that of the unfortunate aliens. Turned out of their employment, bad as it was, prevented from getting work and not allowed even to leave the country. One of them we understand has been forced into the South Dublin Union.

Amalgamated Society of Wood-Cutting

Mechanists (Dublin Branch.)

At a special meeting of above society on Thursday, 10th, the following vote of condolence was passed:—

"That we the members of the Dublin Branch, tender to the Brothers Treacy our sincere sympathy in their sad bereavement, caused by the death of their mother. Passed in silence all members standing."

Searchlight Flashes.

Sunday next—the 20th of September—will be the one hundred and eleventh anniversary of the murder of Robert Emmet. When we read of English cruelties of that blood-stained period of our country's history, when we repeat the words of the inspiring speech delivered by that young martyr in the dock, our pulse quickens, and deep down in our hearts we whisper that a day of vengeance will come.

Last year when the employers conspired to smash up our Trade Societies, when the lying Liberal Government aided them with all the brutal instruments of barbarity wielded within the law, when the putrid Press of Ireland united in misrepresenting both our actions and ourselves, and when the powers arrayed against us proved too strong to be overcome, we grimly held our own; and through our clenched teeth hissed to each other that a day of vengeance would come.

And when the day of reckoning comes at last, when the power that murdered poor Emmet and spread desolation throughout our unfortunate country—the power that paved the bottom of the Atlantic with the bones of our poor exiles packed in coffin ships, when that power is in the death struggle with an enemy more powerful, how do we act? When the employers who waged war upon the workers not twelve months ago have now in turn war waged upon themselves, and when they are threatened with invasion and confiscation, and call in terror for our assistance, how do we act?

Take up the "Telegraph" and the "Freeman," the recognised organs of the official Nationalist Party, and read their recruiting advertisements—"Young Men of Dublin, your King and Country Need You." Poor Emmet. Poor Ireland. Has the Land of Saints and Scholars become the home of slaves and traitors? Is there no debt due to our sacred dead? Take the following cutting from Sunday's "Freeman" of a recent date—

"Mr. Redmond's speech has been worth half a dozen armies to England. It has produced a situation in Ireland, and wherever the Irish race exists, extraordinarily favourable and friendly to Great Britain and it would be an irreparable blunder if British statesmanship failed to seize this opportunity for a genuine peace and reconciliation between Ireland and the Empire."

The original Judas got the price of his treachery before he performed the deed. John Redmond, on the admission of his own paper, has induced at least six thousand Irishmen to go to the shambles of Europe, deluded with the belief that

And are we to stand by in guilty silence while our deluded countrymen are tricked into fighting for our country's foes; while Irish women are being made widows and Irish children orphans; while fathers and mothers are made to weep the loss of sons mowed down by the merciless guns of England's enemies, not ours? And are we to speak no word of warning? No! a thousand times no! England's King and Country need our help. But we ask by what right does either advance their claim? Our own country calls, Irishmen, first above all to thine own land prove true, and it follows—as night the day—thou canst not then be false in the eyes of any man." The quotation is made to fit my case, and no one can truthfully dispute its accuracy. Keep our boys at home. Let England give us back our country if she would have us freely defend its shores against the German invasion. If not, well, let us wait and see. In the meantime, the remains of young Irishmen lie cold and stiff in the far off fields of the continent. They are in groups or singly, while their sightless eyes, with the ghastly stare of the dead, look up to the shuddering stars. They are the poor men deluded into leaving their Irish homes and friends by the treacherous speech of the cunning politician. Mr. Redmond's brother (Willie) the ex-militia man, is not amongst them, neither is Mr. Redmond's son. No. Like all the loyal people these have stopped at home. But others went away under the belief that they would win Home Rule by the general sacrifice, and these were fooled. Last year when the Press sought in vain to smash up a Union that only tried to gain for men a living wage, and when Larkin successfully resisted, and the drunken police beat the brains out of defenceless and inoffensive people, they all blamed

Larkin, who in reality was the victim instead of the offender. What, then, is to be said of Redmond upon whom rests the responsibility for sending these hundreds—nay, thousands—of his countrymen to an untimely death and a nameless grave? If a cowardly country shrinks from the task future generations will speak of them as they deserve. God Save Ireland. God Save the People.

W. P. PARTRIDGE, T.C.

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Real Hand-Pegged, Bluchers, nailed and un-nailed ... 4/11 Work 6/6. Real Chelsea, Bar Calf & Glacé Kid Boots; thoroughly damp 6/11 Work 9/11. Small Profit Store, 78 Talbot St.

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