

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 Finlay Labor.

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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, NOV. 28th 1914.

[ONE PENNY.]

WE SERVE NEITHER KING NOR KAISER.

"DISTURBED DUBLIN."

A REVIEW, By JAMES CONNOLLY.

"Disturbed Dublin" is the title of a book just published in the interests of the Dublin Employers, and with the name of Arnold Wright upon its title page as author. The purpose of this book is to present to the reading public as colourable a presentation as possible of the events of the great dispute of 1913-14. We are not saying so because this book is antagonistic to the cause of labour, but we say so because from the very first paragraph of the preface to the last sentence of the volume itself this bias against Labour is so pronounced that the idea that it found its inspiration in the councils of the Employers springs at once to the mind of the thoughtful reader. For instance, let us quote from the second sentence of the preface, where the author describes the result of the employers' conspiracy as

The ignominious defeat of the attempt to establish a peculiarly pernicious form of syndicalism on Irish soil.

This, one must admit, is a good start for an "impartial" history, and the same spirit is in evidence all through the book. In this attempt to present a literary justification for the employers the author does not scruple to distort facts, and even to state deliberate untruths.

One such case will serve as a sample. In the early part of 1913 the Belfast Branch of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union secured an agreement with several shipping firms in that city bringing the wages of their labourers up to the level of the men employed by the same firms on the docks at Dublin. One of the firms so affected was the Clyde Shipping Company. After a short time the Union officials found that the foreman in charge of the London boat of that firm in Belfast was apparently systematically giving preference to non-Union men. Several ineffective attempts having been made to check this the Belfast officials at last called their men off, and refused to allow them to work with non-Union men. This step was only taken in obedience to extreme pressure from the men themselves. The boat upon which this strike took place was the "Sanda," and had only a part cargo for Belfast, the remainder being consigned to Dublin. When the boat left Belfast the Union officials in that city wired to headquarters in Dublin to "hold up" the boat. This was at first done, but after a few hours' delay the boat was worked by the Dublin members, their officials having brought pressure to bear on the Belfast secretary to allow the cargo to be discharged in order to keep the contract they had made in Dublin with the Clyde company. Thus, as it afterwards transpired, the Dublin officials practically sacrificed their own members in Belfast, and worked a boat against which their own members were on strike, in order to keep their agreement with the Clyde Shipping Company, and in hopes that the matter would be settled by friendly discussion. It was settled, by friendly discussion, but the spectacle of the Dublin members out of loyalty to an agreement working a boat struck by their fellow members in Belfast was so unexpected and bewildering that some 200 members were lost to the Union in the latter city as a consequence.

Now here is how this "impartial" author tells the story. Page 108:—

Some men who were working on a vessel called the *Sandow* belonging to the Clyde Shipping Company, without a moment's notice ceased work. On inquiry by Mr. Young it was found that the grievance was that the men were not receiving such large wages as the company's employees in Belfast. This, it was represented, was the more important matter, as there existed in the Northern port a union which was inimical to Mr. Larkin, and which he regarded with a mutual feeling of aversion.

Now observe all the misstatements in those three sentences.

First—The wrong name of the vessel; showing a most slipshod inaccuracy of investigation.

Second—The statement that the Dublin men were receiving lower wages than the Belfast men, whereas the real fact was that the Belfast men had only recently joined the Union in an endeavour to raise their wages to the level of Dublin.

Third—The allegation that the Union in the northern port which had established the wages alleged to be higher than those of Dublin was a Union inimical to Mr. Larkin. In reality it was, and is, a branch of the Union of which Mr. Larkin was and is General Secretary.

Thus in the small compass of nine printed lines we find one mistake and two deliberate lies. Observe that it is entirely unthinkable that this so-called investigator could of his own initiative have invented those lies. They must have been supplied to him by the employers, and, like the good investigator that he was, he never bothered himself to check their account by any such simple expedient as a trip to Liberty Hall, or a question put personally to any of the dockers involved in that dispute. The inference is that he did not do it, because he did not dare to do it. He was brought over here by the employers to do the employers' work, and it must be said of him that he faithfully, if clumsily, tried to earn his money.

As we have said, the story of that incident is a sample of the treatment meted out to the labourer by the author in every chapter in the book. One feels like congratulating the real literary men of Dublin that the employers could not trust one of them to be sufficiently blind to facts as to present a case that would suit the employers. A stranger, without any knowledge of Dublin people, without any insight into the terrible struggle life involves to a Dublin worker, without any appreciation of the finer elements of character which the Dublin toiler has preserved in spite of the hell of poverty and misery in which he or she was born and reared, without any grasp of the blended squalor and heroism, pride and abasement that environment has woven into the Dublin character, and absolutely blind and deaf to all knowledge of the countless cross-currents, interests and traditions that played their part in moulding and shaping that historic struggle—it is such a fatuously ignorant stranger only that the Employers of Dublin could count upon to describe that struggle as they wanted it described.

The achievement of the employers is written of as if the book was dealing with the struggle of a puny David against a mighty Goliath, the employers being David and Jim Larkin the giant Goliath. No epic story of heroism that was ever written could surpass in admiring sentences the description of the employers' battle against the working men and women as this hack writer tells it.

Told by a Labour writer, or even told by one of those literary men who, although not of the manual labour ranks stood so grandly by the workers during that titanic struggle, the story would indeed read like an epic, but it would be an epic of which the heroes and heroines were the humble men and women who went out in the streets to suffer and starve rather than surrender their right to combine as they choose for the uplifting of their class. Some day that story will be written from that standpoint, meanwhile let us briefly cast up the elements out of which that story will be composed.

It must tell how 404 Dublin employers covenanted together, and pledged each other by solemn vows, and by still more binding financial pledges, that there would be no more resumption of work in Dublin

until the Irish Transport Workers' Union was wiped off the map. How they agreed upon a document to be forced upon all workers that they would neither join nor help that Union. How they had all the press of every shade of politics and religion upon their side. How they obtained beforehand the promise of swift and relentless use of Government forces, of batons, bullets, and jails to destroy the resistance of the workers. How that promise was faithfully kept by the Government. How they were able to override the law, and to fill the prisons with old and young, men and women, boys and girls, who attempted to exercise the picketing rights guaranteed to them by English law. How they instituted a reign of terror in which the lives of every worker was at the mercy of every callous brute in the uniform of a policeman, or the vocation of a scab. How starvation was sent into the homes of thousands of the poor, until their lives were shortened by the sufferings enforced. How one bright young girl was shot, two honest workers battered to death, and one other destroyed in his bright manhood by the hirelings of the Government. How the domestic privacy of the poor was violated, their poor household treasures ruthlessly smashed, and the most sacred feelings of womanhood outraged by hordes of drunken constables and policemen. And how through all this long-drawn-out agony every agency of every organised political, journalistic, social or religious kind in Ireland not directly controlled by Labour joined in one great unanimous chorus in vilification of the sufferers, and in praise of their oppressors.

When that story is written by a Man or Woman with honesty in their hearts, and with a sympathetic insight into the travail of the poor it will be a record of which Ireland may well be proud. It will tell of how the old women and young girls, long crushed and enslaved, dared to risk all, even life itself, in the struggle to make life more tolerable, more free of the grinding tyranny of the soulless Dublin employers. It will tell of how, like an inspiration there came to those Irish women and girls the thought that no free nation could be reared which tolerated the enslavement of its daughters to the worst forms of wage-slavery, and how in the glow of that inspiration they arose from their seats in the workshop or factory, and went out to suffer and struggle along with their men. It will tell of how the general labourers, the man upon whose crushed lives are built the fair fabric of civilisation, from whose squalid tenements the sweet-smelling flowers of capitalist culture derive their aroma, by whose horny hands and mangled bodies are bought the ease and safety of a class that hates and despises them, by whose ignorance their masters purchase their knowledge—it will tell how these labourers dared to straighten their bent backs, and looking in the faces of their rulers and employers dared to express the will to be free. And it will tell how that spectacle of the slave of the underworld looking his masters in the face without terror, and fearlessly proclaiming the kinship and unity of all with each and each with all, how that spectacle caught the imagination of all unspiced souls so that the skilled artisan took his place also in the place of conflict and danger, and the men and women of genius, the artistic and the literati, hastened to honour and serve those humble workers whom all had hitherto despised and scorned.

And that story will tell how, despite the wealth and the power of the masters, despite jails, and batons, despite starvation and death, victory was within sight for the Dublin workers, and only eluded their grasp because of the failure of a part of their allies to remain keyed up to the battle pitch. Because others outside their ranks were not able to realise the grandeur of the opportunity, the sublimity of the issues at stake.

The battle was a drawn battle. The employers, despite their Napoleonic plan

of campaign, and their more than Napoleonic ruthlessness and unscrupulous use of foul means were unable to enforce their document, unable to carry on their business without men and women who remained loyal to their Unions. The workers were unable to force the employers to a formal recognition of the Union, and to give preference to organised labour.

From the effects of this drawn battle both sides are still bearing heavy scars. How deep those scars are none will ever reveal.

But the working Class has lost none of its aggressiveness, none of its confidence, none of its hope in the ultimate triumph. No traitor amongst the ranks of that class has permanently gained, even materially, by his or her treachery. The flag of the Transport Union still flies proudly in the van of the Irish Working Class, and that Working Class still marches proudly and defiantly at the head of the gathering hosts who stand for a regenerated nation, resting upon a People Industrially Free.

Ah, yes, that story of the Dublin Dispute of 1913-14 is meet subject for an epic poem with which some Irish genius of the future can win an immortality as great as did the humble fighters who in it fought the Battle of Labour.

"Disturbed Dublin: The Story of the Great Strike." By Arnold Wright. Price 3s. 6d. net. Publishers, Longmans & Co.

Light in the Darkness.

To-day when national rivalries are likely to be lashed into fury by a foul Press system to stimulate the war spirit, it behoves those who look to International Social Democracy as the leading light and saviour of humanity—working itself out to a fraternal fellowship of the world—to keep their minds clear of the lying and hypocrisy of the bosses' Press which is attempting in this war the destruction of that good feeling which was manifesting itself, in the national relations of the various democracies of the world; besides exposing the erroneous attitude adopted by some people who would fix the misconduct of ministers on the people also, and who cannot discern in a class governed state, that the governing class is the natural enemy of the people therein and must take sole responsibility of the deeds of misgovernment.

Class control means another class being controlled—a slave class, who must ever be in revolt against its class exploiters. Standing with its face ever turned to the past, the master class holds tenaciously to its prerogatives of medievalism class exploitation of land and labour, and its concomitant social evils of militarism, sweating, poverty and degradation of the workers; while the working class, having no class beneath to exploit, must struggle towards the light, they have no option but to proclaim the communal rule of the people and their common right to their common heritage—the world.

Hence many ultra insular Nationalists in Ireland to-day would make responsible the working class of England for the perfidy, treachery and hypocrisy of the governing of that country; yet English national and industrial history is redolent with infamies perpetrated on our own national working class as great as she has inflicted on the subject countries unfortunately under her control.

One of the darkest pages of Ireland's history—the year 1848—saw a contemporary brutal suppression of the revolutionary "Chartist" movement in England and continuing down to the present day the working class of England, industrially, have suffered grievously at the hands of an unscrupulous master class.

If to-day many of these workers are carried off their feet in a wave of Jingoism and concern about the security of their masters' "Empire" it is not the fault of those who worked and preached for international working class solidarity though many mouthed it without meaning it—the ground perhaps has sagged it requires to be more firmly pounded; and then the answer to the call for the General War will be the General Strike.

To-day in England the most representative party of the propagandists of Internationalism have in no way swallowed their principles and to-day send forth greetings of fraternity and friendship to the workers of all belligerent powers. The "International Review" says:

"The Labour Party has in part being pulled into the current of national sentiment. But the Labour Party never was socialist and never pretended to be. English Socialism speaks through the Independent Labour Party and the British Socialist Party. . . . And it speaks in tones calculated to fire with new faith and hope of the heart of every Internationalist."

To this let us add No. 1 of the peace proposals put forward by the Independent Labour Party as a suggested platform of the International;

1. "Frontiers should represent Nationalities and should be determined not by military conquests but by the natural divisions of race, religion, language and custom."

Thus, our insular Nationalist friends can see nothing in the International movement hostile or derogatory to the highest principles of nationalism and, as probably, the nation will be based upon the social organism of mutually congenial communities; so also will the international be comprised of freely associated nations.

Not less splendid is the attitude of the Women's International Council of Socialist and Labour Organisations (G.B.) whose manifesto to the working class women's organisations on the Continent has been forwarded to Frau Ankersmidt, who has translated it and sent it on to Clara Zetkin for consideration in Germany and Poland. The following excerpts we give from it:—

"Our sisters and fellow-workers in other lands mourn as we do the devastation of France and Belgium, Eastern Prussia and Galicia. The loss of homes, the flight of terror-stricken women and children, the news of killed and wounded men is a grief to us all, no matter to what national we belong. Capitalism, class domination, the failure to realise the full power of democracy have brought upon us a war more terrible than history can record."

Frau Ankersmidt, who is secretary of the Socialist Women's Organisation in Holland says they are pleased with the attitude of their English comrades and are having the manifesto widely circulated in their journals.

Thus the international working class understanding is not so shattered as it might be; and, it has yet heroic work to perform before capitalism and class domination are relegated to the limbo of past social systems; and we accomplish the object set forth in the "Clarion Cry" which emanated from Germany in 1848. "Workers of all lands unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains and a world to win."

STELLA MARIS.

RIFLES!

French Gras Payonets, 1/6 each; Pike, 7/6; 303 cartridges; 13/6 per 100; Lee Enfield Rifles, 90/-; Martini Rifles, 50/-; Waist Belts, from 1/- to 2/6 each. Great Variety of Equipment. Large stock of ammunition at lowest trade prices. Deal with an Irish Firm.

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WORKERS!

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Come and order at once. We make for Children, Women and Men

Delia Larkin, Manageress,

GERMAN BARBARITY.

HUNS AT HOME.

When the English Government and the Irish Party have at last been compelled to set up to their pledges and an Irish Parliament is able to undertake its task of creating a happy and prosperous Ireland, to whom shall we look for guidance and stimulating example—to England or to her rival, Germany? We have had experience of the blessings of English civilisation, and we want no more of them. We have only heard of German "kultur," and have heard it denounced as the achievement of the Kaiser's Kura, involving the desecration of religious shrines, the destruction of homes, the murder of priests, the ravishing of nuns and the massacre of little children. These Germans are truly a wicked people! Yet in their own country the legal rights of women are much greater and better safeguarded than the rights in England. Under English law a bestial degenerate who is convicted of indecently assaulting a little girl is sentenced only to a week or two's imprisonment or a fine. The depraved German punishes a man with ten years' penal servitude. Wealthy and enlightened London brands little children as paupers and wastes much money without being able to make prosperous and happy citizens of them. When the British troops get to Berlin they may learn that no little child there suffers under the pauper stigma, but that every child is so carefully tended in body and mind that he develops into a useful citizen. But, of course, Berlin does not spend much in doing so. German culture is doubtless not worth having, but even an Englishman has to admit that the Prussian educational system is about the best in the world, and that there are no pitiable half-timers in Germany. For a country groaning under an autocracy, the schools are strangely democratic, children of rich and poor—even the Emperor himself—sitting on the same bench to learn the same lessons.

Civic Activity.

The German Government is obviously a despotism, even the City Councils being dominated by the rich and powerful. Yet these tyrannous Councils are very lavish with money. They make the rich trader pay specially high rates, and take back from the ground landlord some of the increase in rents he filches from the citizens. The Cities own huge tracts of land—sometimes half their area—and use them to keep down rents and raise the standard of convenience, health and beauty in housing. Trams, water, gas and electricity are provided by the City as a matter of course. Every City has its municipal slaughterhouse to secure meat and heavily punishes sellers of impure milk. Many cities have their own theatres and concert rooms. In short, the German hordes live in "the best-kept, cleanest and most orderly cities in the world." The State and Imperial Governments are equally active. Bismarck, the notorious man of blood and iron, was blind to the advantages of the system by which English and Irish railways through industry and commerce, so that nineteenth-century German railways are State-owned. Prussia provides good and cheap transport on its railways and makes sufficient profit to pay all charges. The State debt of £350,000,000 and

...in relief of taxation as ... transport is provided by ... rivers. In twenty years over £1,000,000 has been spent on deepening the Rhine, so that Cologne, 150 miles from the sea, is now a sea port. Huge tracts of forest are also State owned. In short, the Kaiser and his Government grind the country down by using the power of the State to remove every obstacle to national progress and encourage every industrial development.

The A Mies of Labour. ... the German people are poor. They work long hours for low wages. What a contrast with England and Ireland! In Germany, however, the working-classes are not so thoroughly unknown in the cities, that there is something wrong in every civilised State. ... trade-unions number nearly three millions, effectively organised in only forty-seven massive Unions. The Co-operative Movement numbers nearly five millions. The Socialist Movement numbers a million and a half members, commanding four million votes at a General Election; with 110 members in the Reichstag and over 100,000 members of town and village councils. The Socialist Press has a circulation of over one and a half million copies a year. The German Army of Labour, like the other German Army, is a marvel of organisation, efficiency and power. The Kaiser is doubtful much more afraid of it than of the armies of the Allies.

The foregoing facts prove beyond doubt that every Irishman is in duty bound to protest to slaughter the herds of dirty, venal, cruel, ignorant barbarism and to question the right to all the sunning places on the earth.

R. J. P. U.

NO JAM, THANKS!

"Jam to-morrow and Jam yesterday—but never jam to-day," said the White Queen in "Alice through the Looking-Glass." It is verily a comfortable doctrine subscribed to with enthusiasm by our political leaders.

The jam of physical force is good—infinitely more palatable than the sickly molasses of constitutionalism, that is freely admitted; but there is emphatically a time for partaking of this delicacy. We look back with pleasure upon the jam we have devoured in the past, and forward with eagerness to the jam upon which we must subsist upon memory and hope.

Our fathers died for Ireland. We are proud of our fathers; we almost find it in our hearts to envy them, *dulce et decorum*, and so on. We hope to live long enough to see our sons meet the same glorious fate; and when that day comes our grief will be tempered by a justified pride that we are the sires of such a race of heroes. But as for us, alas, we must take what comfort we can from the knowledge that "they also serve who only stand and wait." And if such service is not glorious it is at least eminently safe.

A hard fate has cast our lot in that "to-day" when jam is taboo. Jam in the past; jam in the future; but jam to-day? Not likely!

RAPPABEE.

"The One Bright Spot,"

Asquith the tricky with "Judas John," The "Matchless Leader" a compact made To round up Irish dupes enough Knee-deep in German blood to wade.

Said Asquith "John, the fact is this, Things on the Continent look quite hot. Our only hope in this crisis dark Lies in the Mugs of "The One Bright Spot."

We English, you know, must mind our shops, "Business as usual" sounds so well— But that Mons affair— it made me sick, Those German brutes are giving us H—

"A nod's as good as a wink," said John, Give me a bogus Home Rule Bill. Then I'll loosen Ireland's fighting arms, And of volunteers get you your fill.

Every Erbert wiped his eyes, And wept on "Judas Redmond's" neck, And said "dear John, you are so loyal And ever ready at my beck."

To England's interests ever true, As even the sainted Castlereagh (Though I hope that your career won't end In quite the same unorthodox way).

So John to the "One Bright Spot" came back And Ireland's fighting arm untied, When lo! that rebel arm struck first At "Judas Redmond's" own thick hide.

Sing ho! the gallant "One Bright Spot" Her sword beneath martial law now lies, Not all the gold that England thieved The sculls of Ireland's sons could buy. MAEVE CAVANAGH.

NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

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

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IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

Usual attractions. Excellent array of Musical Talent. ADMISSION, 1s.

NOTICE.

Until the return of Jim Larkin the editorial control of the "Irish Worker" is in the hands of James Connolly. All literary matter should be addressed to Editor, "Irish Worker," and reach our office not later than Tuesday of each week.

"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 newsagent. 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 Boreford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 2s. 6d. for six months, payable in advance.

We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, Sat., Nov. 28th, 1914.

TELL THE TRUTH,

A Challenge to Mr. Birrell.

EVERY day it is becoming more evident that the slaughter of men in this war exceeds anything known in human history. The vast numbers of men engaged and the deadly character of the weapons employed have combined to make of the scene of conflict one vast slaughterhouse. No longer is it the case of the comparatively small numbers of a professional army, but rather of the contending forces of the entire manhood of nations. Along the battle fronts of France and Belgium, as along the battle fronts of Austria and Poland, it is nations that are marching out to slaughter, and along these battle fronts each day sees the destruction of as many human lives as were lost in a month's warring on the old scale and in the old manner. France and Belgium, Poland and Austria are becoming vast graveyards in which are being buried the flower of the manhood of the warring nations, in which are also being buried all the hopes and brightness of life for countless thousands of women, and millions of children left fatherless to face a heartless world. On the sea the same toll is being taken by this horrible war. In the full bloom of health and strength one moment, in the next hurled into eternity before being able to realise that even a blow is being struck; the manhood and courage, and love, and capacity of the sailors whelmed in oblivion at one fell stroke.

The hospitals of every city in the three kingdoms are crammed with the mangled, twisted, and maimed bodies of the wounded; more than half-a-million soldiers are told by eminent authorities lie groaning in the hospitals of France, and lying under the sod of France and Belgium or under the heaving billows of the oceans are many thousands whose names are still appearing in the lists of missing, and whose relatives still hopefully believe they are alive and safe as prisoners of war.

We are told that the truth must be kept back lest it give comfort to the enemy. If a town is taken by the Germans or the Boers the fact is concealed for weeks, and we only learn that it was in their hands when the war correspondents are able to tell us that it was re-taken by the Allies. It cannot be that the truth is withheld for fear the enemy should know; if the enemy takes a town, he surely knows that he has taken it. It is not he, but the peoples of these countries that are being deceived. Similarly, if a Dreadnought is sunk by the enemy, or a cruiser sent to the bottom, the news is withheld on the same alleged lying excuse.

We assert that the truth about the loss of human lives in this war is being kept back because it is too awful to be told, because the hopes of the human race are being slaughtered; because if the truth were known people would realise that no victory would compensate any of the warring nations for the loss of the flower of their male population; because the governing class believe that it is necessary that the peoples of the world shall never learn the fearful price mankind has to pay as a punishment for allowing such a criminal class with such murderous instincts to be a governing class. For this reason the Government has issued orders to the Press to keep back all news of disasters, forbade the Press to issue posters telling of British defeats, instructed the Press to avoid keeping track of the totals in the casualty lists, and in general insisted that nothing must be sent out that would be "calculated to depress the public." The punishment for refusing to obey these orders would be a suspension of telegraphic service.

We on our part have a duty to perform. A duty to our class and our country. That duty compels us to do what in us lies to avert the slaughter of any more of our people in the shambles

of the Continent. Our duty to our people is greater than any supposed allegiance to the British Empire. The value to Ireland—a.e. the value to humanity of any breadwinner of a working class Irish family is immeasurably superior to the value of all the crowned and coroneted murderers and exploiters that ever gibbered in glee over the number of corpses on a battlefield.

Let the truth be known! Count every corpse that the Empire requires us to pay for its victory; add up the total of the wrecked human lives of the wounded soldiers, let us know the sum of the tears that the women and children must shed in oceans that Britannia might rule the waves and throw beat the nations.

We challenge Mr. Birrell to the issue. Let he and his fellow conspirators take us into court not into a secret military tribunal, but before an open court of our fellow subjects. Let them tell the truth about what this war has cost day by day in human lives, and we will guarantee to prove that it is a crime against humanity, and that every person who in this crisis urges the nation to continue the conflict is a traitor to the highest interests of the human race, that every man or woman who does not raise his or her voice in protest, or who pretends that because we are in a murderous conflict we must continue murdering and being murdered—that every such person is a coward and dastard.

Let Mr. Birrell test the matter in open tribunal, find out what are the "sentiments of the vast majority of Irishmen," and then—bring on his gaolers.

Precautions.

We learn with a shudder that German spies are supposed to be operating with a wireless apparatus in Dublin; that the military authorities have divided Dublin into four districts for the purpose of investigation, and that a wireless installation of very high power has been erected in Aldborough Park to assist in localising the apparatus of the enemy. Now, we shant be long!

Isle of Man Massacre of Unarmed Prisoners.

We extract the following account of the above from an Isle of Man paper—the "Isle of Man Daily Times":—

"It is stated that the trouble arose over the food supply. Yesterday there were complaints about the quality of the food which could not be justified, and the food refused by the aliens was gladly eaten by the poor of the town. At dinner time to-day further trouble arose, and during the course of the disturbance which had every appearance of developing into a serious riot, the guard were called out, and the order to fire was forced upon those in charge. This had the desired effect, the aliens thus being brought to their senses again. The men who were killed were removed, and those wounded received immediate attention.

"It is stated that after the melee, which took place in the dining hall at Cunningham's Camp, all the aliens were ordered out of the pavilion on to the ground outside. The guard was drawn up at the eastern side of the camp. The prisoners, drawn up in lines, were ordered to hold up their arms, and they were searched, to ascertain if any of them were in possession of firearms."

And an Isle of Man correspondent writes to the "Worker" that on Friday morning there were 7 men dead and 22 wounded. When the prisoners had objected to the food their liberty to write home was taken away for one month. It is understood that the War Office contemplates issuing a Special Medal for Bravery to the troops who fired at point blank range into the masses of unarmed prisoners. Also a special chapter will be devoted to it in a forthcoming history under the heading, "Deeds that Saved the Empire."

Our Loyalty in Question.

We learn with feelings of deep regret, nay, even of poignant anguish, that there is somebody in the House of Lords who doubts the reality of our attachment to the British Empire. Some noble lord, addressing some other noble lords with feelings of the deepest emotion, produced copies of the "Irish Worker" and other papers, and reading extracts from them urged the Government to suppress us immediately. This is sad, this is unspeakably sad!

But our feelings were relieved when we read in the "Freeman's Journal," better known as the "G-Man's Journal," that the "pro-German" press in Ireland was of no importance. Seeing that the House of Lords, the House of Commons, the "London Times," the "Irish Times," the "Morning Post," and other less reputable centres of jingo opinion and power, were all concerning themselves with what we said and did, it was refreshing to read that according to the old lady of Prince's street we had no influence. After the Home Rule M.P.'s set the hell bounds of the Government upon our track the Home Rule press essays to act the part of Pilate, and washing its hands of the crime, disdains all responsibility for the acts of its fellow-informers.

What makes so disgusting the part played by the Home Rule Party and its journalistic allies is the fact that all that we have done we have done in open daylight, hiding nothing from the eyes of the Government. Therefore, in drawing the Government's attention to us these replies are doing informers' work without rendering the service an informer would render. They tell the Government nothing it does not know, and

therefore their feigning is gratuitously dishonourable, and doubly degrading.

Recruiting

It is somewhat amusing to read the frantic efforts of the Irish jingo press to fake the recruiting returns in order to give the appearance of a response to Redmond's call to arms for the British Empire. A favourite dodge is to include all the reservists who were compelled to go to the front under the heading of Volunteers for Active Service. Thus men over whom the Party had no influence whatever, and who went out much against their will are all included in the total of Redmond's army. Thus, as even with this faking the figures look small, the Party on T. P. O'Connor's cue, began to make wonderful calculations as to the Irish in English regiments, and roped them in to swell the total. But the cold facts of the returns tell the only tale that Eord Kitchener heeds. Thus, in Dublin the returns tell us day by day that 3 or 4 in Grafton street, and 7 or 10 in Brunswick street, represent an average total. So it is all over Ireland. No "National" Volunteers have gone in bodies except in Belfast, where Joe Devlin has planted the Union Jack upon the ramparts of the West, and where the poor, sweated working class have lived so long beside their Orange brethren that they have become Orange in all except religion—think and act towards Ireland as Orangemen would think and act. It is said that if you go with a cripple for a year you will limp at the end of it. Belfast nationalists of the type of Joe Devlin's followers are victims of that fact. Living so long under Orange domination, reading Orange evening papers only, they have quite unconsciously accepted the Orange outlook, and became as Orangemen in all things except religion. The A.O.H. is the product of such an environment, their highest conception of nationality is singing "God Save Ireland," whilst on their way to fight for England!

Government Robs the Sick Poor.

Nobody would say a word against every effort being made to provide surgical attendance and every other kind of care for the wounded Tommie's home from the front. But civilians also have their rights, even in war time. An! it looks as if in Dublin those rights were being very relentlessly suppressed. For instance, practically every hospital in Dublin is so crowded with wounded soldiers that even cases of serious accident, such as occur every day in our midst, are no longer admitted into hospital. We have just before us an example in the case of a young man who in the course of his employment sustained a very serious accident, and on being carried to Jervis Street Hospital had his wound dressed, and was peremptorily turned out, although in such a condition that he had to be carried home. The public of Dublin for whose benefit those hospitals were established and maintained will be wise to demand who is responsible for this military seizure of civilian hospitals. Is the Government of the richest country in the world not able to provide hospitals for the treatment of its wounded soldiers? Or is it so mean that it must stoop to rob the sick poor of the benefit of the institutions so essential to their care and cure?

Munster Fusiliers.

What has become of the above regiment? We are written to by people who complain that they can get no information as to their relations in that body, whether they are living or dead. They accordingly believe that it must be practically annihilated, and that the War Office is suppressing the news, as it did about the Dreadnoughts sunk off the coast of Ireland, and is doing about the reasonight sunk off the coast of Scotland by the German submarine that was supposed to be rammed.

Going to the Front

Recently, a few of the Lancers stationed in Dublin hearing that the proper place to defend Ireland was in Belgium or France tried to get to the front. They were not given leave to go, so they tried to smuggle themselves away. Sent with some horses to the Transport ship at the North Wall, they remained on board when she sailed, and were not discovered until two days out at sea. They were brought to France, there made prisoners, sent back to Ireland, and when they arrived here were taken into custody. The corporal was reduced to the ranks and confined to barracks, one of the men got cells and confined to barracks, and the other got a lesser punishment. This is a sufficient answer to those who say that England is short of men at the front. Why, it punishes men for going to the front. To encourage the others.

In the "Socialist Review" for this month the editor, Mr. Bruce Glasier, commenting upon the loss of prestige Great Britain will suffer as a result of the war, points out how England has confessed her weakness to the world. He says:—

Great Britain, no matter how well her arms are borne on land and sea, cannot gain, but will lose in prestige and authority as the Empire Queen of the World by her participation in the conflict. By entering into the war in alliance with France and Russia against a single Power, Germany, she betrays her fear, and dwarfs herself; and by having recourse to Indian troops for her support in Europe with Russia, France, and Belgium on her side, she confesses her vulnerability to every nation and tribe beyond the seas. Even the Boer War did not so belittle her, for her fight in South Africa was reckoned a buccaneering expedition, not a fight for life.

This month's "Catholic Bulletin" is

a most excellent production. We earnestly advise all Catholics who are disposed to credit England's monstrous stories against Germany and Austria to study it well. The following extract showing the attitude of England's ally, Russia, to Catholicity will serve to indicate the trend of the opinion of thoughtful Catholics upon the possible result of a victory by the Allies:—

Whatever may be thought of other aspects of the European war, the destruction of Austria and the aggrandizement of such a confirmed anti-Catholic power as Russia is a matter that must fill Catholics throughout the world with concern. Everybody knows that for at least a century Russia has been hostile to the Church. Her policy of Russification of Catholic provinces has been simply a scheme for the extermination of Catholicity. Thus her governing authorities have recommended that in the territory along the Bug, Catholic churches should be closed, exercise of external worship prohibited, the purchase of land by Catholics made illegal, and that measures should be taken that would lead eventually to the forced expropriation of the Catholic element.

It may be argued that the fact that persecutions occurred years ago is no ground for concluding that injustice will be done in the future. That is true in a general way. But a consideration of the specific acts of religious intolerance that have been practised by Russia for the past eight or nine years reveals a settled policy of hostility to the Church. It produced a conviction that the extension of Russian power will carry with it the destruction of Catholic interests in provinces over which her dominion may extend.

And we cannot resist the temptation to quote the following witty and truthful analysis of England from the same source:—

It may seem amusing—it is indeed amusing—to find a country working out its destiny at the dictates of its belly. It is no bad policy if one considers England. In everything she does there is behind it, visible and unashamed, a beefy obsession. The vagaries of an Irish summer do not provide a more fruitful topic of conversation to the Irishman than does the versatility of a sheep's head to the Englishman of the same social standing. From all the old English folk songs, the Roast Beef of old England stands out in unquestionable popularity. The irreconcilable theories of Free Trade and Tariff Reform which produce the everlasting antagonism of the great English Parties are seen through all their subtleties by the man in the street as something at last pivoting round his cherished *rasher*. Even the national symbolism has caught the contagion of this very ridiculous, very successful cult of easy digestion. In that familiar representation of a personified England, it is surely not irrelevant that John Bull should be depicted as a well-fed, slightly apoplectic looking yeoman, with the national flag, not—as one might expect—flaunting buoyantly by his side, but folded tightly across his stomach. From the fullness of the mouth the heart of England speaks.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST BATTLE FOR LIBERTY.

(Being fragments of a lecture delivered in Berlin by Professor William Hohenzollern under the flag of the German Socialist Republic about the period 2945.)

Fellow Comrades and Friends,—The words of the English poet come to my mind when I turn to the last great battle England waged upon behalf of freedom:—

Tasks that in hours of insight willed, May be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

That little island ever proclaimed in glowing words its love of liberty, its zeal in emancipating the weak, the down trodden, the oppressed. The tribunal of history has borne witness to the truth of the claim. Once did England translate her aspirations, her vows, her dreams into a tangible, lasting and splendid deed. It was in the year 1920. I shall now relate the stirring events of that year, how they happened, what resulted.

You have doubtless heard of the extraordinary madness which seized Europe in 1914. You doubtless are also aware, my remarkable ancestor, one of the greatest Emperors Germany ever possessed, led his armies to a tolerable triumph against a world in arms. It is needless to remind you of the uprise of the Kingdom of Ireland—that mighty rebirth which exercised so favourable an influence upon human progress, of the breakup of the British Empire, of England's subjugation by the Teuton, of the subsequent conversion of my distinguished ancestor and the Czar of Russia to Republicanism by that extraordinary historical figure—Jim Larkin, whose statue you may observe at the further end of the hall.

So weary were the nations of the British Empire that they implored Germany to hold England as a province lest the enterprise might be restarted. Necessary as this was (despite the frenzied protests of one Arthur Balfour, of whom more anon) it had a rather high-handed appearance. It provided finally an irrefutable argument against conquest, a further evidence of the futility of brute force. England's star waned in 1915. In 1920 it burned with newer splendour, with radiance unparalleled.

Three dreary years had passed away in the once proud land of Shakespeare, Nelson, and H. G. Wells. Bulldogs went for a song. The old Queen of the Seas had ceased to control the commerce of the oceans. Hall Caine wept upon the Isle of Man. The world laughed at Kipling, saying: "Britannia was, but never no more again." A knight called Carson claimed the credit of the downfall and died President of the United States. Lo! a miracle took place.

London in 1918 saw the inauguration of an astonishing movement. As the bands in Trafalgar square played the "Watch on the Rhine," an old man draped in a Union Jack, addressed the

crowds from the back of a stone lion in the vicinity. He was the Liberator, Balfour, a savage philosopher, with the expression of an intelligent poodle. He preached England's nationality, he wpt over her sufferings, he pleaded her claims to justice. All as strongly, as insistently as he had ever denied such things to others, as he had sneered at similar sentiments in others in former days.

"Twenty years of resolute government," cried the German officials in London Castle "will remove any danger of such seditious nonsense spreading." And Balfour's prison Journal makes one's heart bleed. But his death added fuel to the slumbering fire of British patriotism. Berlin, blind to the lessons of history, gave orders that public meetings should be dispersed without hesitation as to the use of ball cartridge. Bonar Law, a real old English legal gentleman, started a movement entitled "Ourselves Alone." Another lawyer, F. E. Smith, roused the enslaved Britons to fury in his fine journal "English Freedom."

In England no German has a shred of character left. Revolution threatened to disturb an age of slumber. My distinguished ancestor asked in dismay: "Shall I, an even better President than I was a picturesque and useful Emperor, have to continue the barbarous methods of these confoundingly annoying people's ancestors, and hang them up in scores, shoot them down in their streets and what not?"

He asked his Polish friends for enlightenment. "Sir," they answered, "leave them alone, as you have left us alone with such happy results." He asked his Irish friends. "Sir," they replied, "pardon us, but we have long since given up that amazing island as an insoluble mystery. We had enough of it!"

"Let the British lion caper," advised mankind—save Belgium—but if the shabby old beast wants to swallow the earth again may he be choked up first." The reply of the Belgians, a tenacious and unforgiving people is not for publication. My distinguished ancestor decided to await Jim Larkin's return from his great crusade in China before he took definite steps. A bitter feud between the Yorkshire and London branches of the Anglo-Saxon League over the correctness of their respective dialects slightly eased a dangerous situation.

The passionate pleading of F. E. Smith, the tears of Hall Caine, Bonar Law's organisation of a boycott of German goods and relentless onslaught on everything Teutonic, however, swept aside all obstacles. Concessions followed. The use of English was hampered no longer. English manufactures were left unhindered. The dread of an armed revolt in the kingdoms of Scotland and Wales and in Cornwall alone prevented the gift of Home Rule the German Social Democrats furiously demanded. "Damn your doles," shrieked Conan Doyle, "We want our country. Treat us like you treated Ireland. Make us a kingdom." The "Daily Mail" called down the wrath of Heaven upon those who so treated a nation which had been so great a friend of human freedom and smaller nations in its day. "We are Germany's Ireland," it sobbed. "Hell mend ye," said the Dublin "Independent."

Barricades rose up in every English city. Desperate bands of men prowled through English rural parts. Kitchener, the intrepid and faithful, waited the signal for insurrection. Martial law had been proclaimed, the German Fleet lay off the English coast, German troops poured into England, torrents of blood were about to be spilled when Jim Larkin landed upon the sacred soil of the Fatherland.

"Enough of this nonsense" said Jim to my distinguished ancestor. "You are on the bad road. The Chinese now are Socialists. We want no more empires." "So am I," replied the other. We all fall in and follow, the world is ripe; but what about these internal differences over the sea?" "A Zeppelin," said Jim, "and the English question is no more. Before sunset England's greatest battle for liberty will have been fought bloodlessly. There will also be two victors. Come and see."

Some hours later, Jim, my ancestor and the leaders of the English rebellion faced each other. "We don't want an empire. We want our country. We'll behave," chanted F. E. Smith and Bonar Law. "We are sick of the Imperialist humbugs but we want England," said the representatives of the workers.

"Ah," said my ancestor and Larkin in one breath—"it is high time you did have England." They had it for the first time since England began. The last British Imperialist died some years after in the wilds of Timbuctoo. His name was Redmond. That is all I have to tell of England's greatest battle for liberty.

GRANVILLE.

(Audience too moved for words.)

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. a week. Irish Dancing, Wednesday and Friday evenings at 8 p.m. Social on every Sunday Night dancing at 7.30. Admission 2d.

CORK NOTES.

Builders Labourers' Strike Settled. The employers and the men's representatives have agreed with the men's representatives that the builders' labourers are to get an extra shilling a week after March 1st.

Gas-pipes and Gassers.

General John Regan has arrived in town for the week but it seems very stale after the fare which was seen in Cork on Sunday at the Molly Review.

Religion Travestied.

But the chief item was that which has been the talk of the city since. The "blessing" of the colours by Father Mollie Rus-celi with cope and acolytes, assisted by two other reverend West Brits.

The Unkindest Cut of All.

Invitations were sent broadcast, and at Concentration Moore's request overtures were made to the Sinn Feiners to see if they would be present, but it was no good.

Dead and Done With.

The way in which the British are treating the relatives of their killed is in keeping with their record. A young sailor, named Long, who was killed on the Monmouth, with the stereotyped sympathy of Winston Churchill, and his sister, who was depending on her separation allowance, has now got £3 and Churchill, sympathy.

Manchester Martyrs Demonstration.

It is to be hoped that the members of the Union and Citizen Army, as well as those who believe in the principles of the Manchester Martyrs, will join in the celebration of the Manchester Martyrs Anniversary, which will be held in Cork on Sunday.

Irish Stationary Engine Drivers and Firemen's Trade Union.

Special General Meeting of above will be held in Trades Hall, on Sunday next, the 29th, at 2 p.m. for the final consideration and passing of the Amended Rules.

John Coffey, Sec.

SLIGO NOTES.

A Mayoral Ebullition.

On Tuesday of last week a meeting was called in the Town Hall by Alderman Jinks, Mayor of Sligo, ostensibly for the purpose of starting a corps of Mr. Redmond's Imperial Militia, but in reality to ventilate his opinion of the writer of these notes.

Jinks Advertising Himself.

Since the Volunteers were formed first in Sligo the Mayor has used it as a means for advertising himself at the expense of the people. Ignoring the committee in Sligo which was the premier body of the kind in the county Sligo, he took it upon himself to set up as a Volunteer organiser with his pal, Ned Foley, who denounces Redmond in private, while he beslaughters him with praise on the platform.

CARBERRY.

JIM LARKIN IN AMERICA.

We quote the following from the Gaelic American of November 14th:— JIM LARKIN WILL ADDRESS MEETING IN HONOUR OF MANCHESTER MARTYRS. DUBLIN LABOUR LEADER TO DELIVER PRINCIPAL SPEECH AT ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATION IN TURN HALL NEXT SUNDAY EVENING.—JUDGE SHIEL WILL PRESIDE.

Mr. Larkin's activity on behalf of the workers in the Irish capital and his interest in the movement to arm the men of Ireland have earned for him an international reputation. He is at the head of the Irish Transport Workers' Union and has been instrumental in organizing the workingmen of Dublin into what is known as the Citizen Army.

No man in Ireland has been more abused and misrepresented by the capitalists and their friends for his advocacy of the workers' cause than Jim Larkin, and nobody connected with the labour movement there has done as much to improve the condition of the men who toil as he has.

In addition to being a man of forceful character, Mr. Larkin is an able speaker who drives his arguments home with the force of a trip-hammer.

Judge Peter A. Shiel will preside at Sunday night's meeting in honour of the martyrs, and a programme of appropriate Irish songs and recitations will be rendered by such favorites as George Potter, Peter Golden, Miss Eileen Murray, Misses Lizzie and Stasia Smedick, Suemas O'Reilly and Charles Dolan, Miss Christina Kelly will be the accompanist.

The meeting will be called to order at 8.15 o'clock. No seats are reserved, so those who arrive early will get the best places.

Look Out for SHEAVES OF REVOLT A Book of National, Anti-recruiting, Labour and other verse, by MAEVE CAVANAGH.

ORDER NOW, from all Newsagents. PRICE 6d. Wholesale Agents—City Printing Works, 13 Stafford Street, Dublin.

Wexford Notes.

Everything is being done here to try to capture recruits for the British Army, and we are glad to say that up to this Volunteers have been very scarce. In the Cinema Theatre fictitious pictures are shown of German atrocities, crowds outside of English recruiting stations, crowds of the poor Belgians, &c., &c., but all to no avail.

We observe by the "People" that Eddie O Cullen actually agrees with the minority of the Wexford Guardians who voted against the proposition that the Belgians ought to be brought into the Wexford Workhouse, but, of course, this need not be minded, as he is so inconsistent that he would write in favour of the opposite side in a few weeks. We have heard that the circulation of the paper has gone down since he started recruiting.

One of the Redmondite volunteer companies held a smoking concert in the Town Hall, on Sunday night week last, one of the contributors being Wilson the scab, who we understand broke down while singing the "West's Asleep," all we can say about this is, that the men of the East must be very much asleep, to allow this back-boneless creature to lead them in England's interest, after helping to starve them during the Wexford labour troubles.

After Sheel ck's effort, Joe Fennell amidst laughter took the stage as a conjuror, this to our minds is Joe as he should be, as we always had an idea that he would make a good trick of the loop.

The Mollies and their friends are very busy, circulating a yarn here that Jim Larkin had run to America by order of Kitchener. Ye Gods, was there ever such rot; don't Larkin's friends and enemies know that he never yet ran away from anybody. He is gone to America to let the Irish people there know the truth about the position in nationalist Ireland, and if conscription be passed will come back to face the issue like the fearless man he is.

On Monday last Captain Corballis, Macmine Castle, arrived in Wexford and approached John Sinnott, Captain of the Volunteers (McNeill Section) offering him a captaincy in the British Army, which, of course, Sinnott indignantly spurned, and rightly so. It was to his mind an insult to his principles to be offered a commission in England's degraded army. This shows once again what we have been always preaching, that a man with a principle is thought more about by friend and enemy, than people who shift around with the times. Bravo, Johnnie, you have showed, what we always knew, that you are a man to be trusted.

Waterford Notes.

By Junius Junior.

The appearance of a Waterford article in last week's "Worker" caused a great searching of hearts of some of those who were pilloried in it. Swagger Murphy, the peeler's pal, vowed that he would take the life of the writer of these notes if he could discover him. Swagger, you are only fit for killing fleas, so shut up and don't talk of killing men. The history of this evil-disposed spirit is very interesting. His father blacklegged during the Rig Strike here some years ago, and it is quite natural for the Swagger to be a blackleg. His prospective brother-in-law is a hungry looking hound named Sadlier, who is a peeler. Murphy is always in the company of the bobbies, and he is credited with the intention of giving information to the police on several occasions. Swagger, show me your company and I'll tell you what you are. The Swagger is delighted with receiving a commission in the White Feather Brigade, and woe betide Kaiser Wilhelm should he ever fall across the renowned Johnny Murphy, Secret Service Agent for Dublin Castle.

The Renegade Volunteers insulted, aye, prostituted the memory of the Manchester Martyrs by holding a church parade in honour [as they alleged] of the Manchester Martyrs. If they were so anxious for the Martyrs' ideals why did not they abandon their Tuesday night parade so as to give the men facilities to attend the Commemoration held in the Town Hall? Oh, no such a thing was impossible and would offend the arch-enemy of nationality and Catholicity, Fenrose, the bum-bailiff. Of course, recruits who run the renegade volunteers allowed them the opportunity of attending the Belgian Relief Concert at which they lustily sang "God Save the King" with the soldiery who are at present stationed at Waterford. Allen, Larkin and O'Brien must have turned in their graves when the renegades and Castle Bobbies of Waterford were prostituting their sacred memory. Only 250 attended

the parade under the command of Stones Fitzgerald assisted by Johnny Kelly, Tony O'Brien, the Boat Club "Catholic," Maguire of Hearn's, Da'ron, the blackleg trades unionist, Swagger Murphy, Larry Breen and other equally ignoble traitors. There were plenty of peelers' sons in the ranks and at least one "ould peeler," named Sharkey, took part. The historian of Davy Hyland, Ned Deera was, in charge of the XX Section (commonly called the Red Cross). Ned pretends he was a Fenian in '67, but all tales of his connection with the I.R.B. are taken with the proverbial grain of salt.

Johnny Calthorpe, insurance agent, took part in the parade also. This worthy fellow was actually afraid to handle a miniature at the Range some time ago. There was, if I recollect aright, a hanger named Calthorpe once, and Gunney Johnny should try his hand at the occupation of his distinguished namesake and not meddle with soldiering. Drummy, a Government official, who did his best to stop the Volunteers running the guns, when the Proclamation was in existence, was another of the notabilities who took part in the procession of the Noble Three. Dick M'one, an aspirant for Municipal honours under the auspices of the Trades Council, is a member of the Scab Volunteers, and helped to swell the ranks of those who insulted the memory of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien on the 22nd inst. One of the officers on parade was William Snobby Smith, who, although belonging to the Volunteers for less than two months, was made a captain of a company over the heads of several competent men. The boy with the guitar-percha knees and celebrated acrobat, Paddy Monaghan, is also in the ranks of the local stage army. Admiral Sir George Morley Hayes was unable to be present, not having recovered from the effect of his trying voyage to Duncannon.

I hear that the address which was presented in 1904 to King Edward VII. when he visited this town and His Majesty's reply admits the principal room of the Trades Hall. Surely there are enough Nationalists left in the Trades Hall who should insist that this address and reply should be consigned to the waste paper basket. The pious old humbug, to whom the address was presented by a crowd of flunkeys, has been proved responsible for the carnage that is devastating Europe at the present moment. Moseley, the numbskullied jeweller, Freemason member of the Traitor Volunteers' Committee, is the gentleman who was primarily responsible for stopping a new agent from selling the "Worker." This hell-hound has now put the ban on "Ireland," but we can tell him that his coercive tactics are of no avail and that despite his efforts, the papers which spread the gospel of an Independent Ireland shall circulate in the Urbs Intacta.

IRISH CITIZEN ARMY NOTES.

A general meeting of No. 1 Branch will be held on Sunday evening at 6 p.m. sharp. A lecture by Mr. James Connolly will follow at 6.30. All members are requested to attend, as Mr. Connolly has a very important announcement to make.

The members deserve great credit for their very smart appearance in the Manchester Martyrs Demonstration held on Sunday last. They made a fine show, and great praise was heard from spectators as the Army, led by the pipers' band passed through crowds of people on its way to visit the graves of the Murdered Three, whose memory we will keep alive for many a long day to come.

The Secretary received correspondence from Greenock on Monday last asking him to send on membership cards, as there were a number of young men over there very anxious to start a branch. This is only one of the many branches which are about to be started across the water, and, all we can do just now is to wish their organisers every success.

The Council on Monday night last decided, owing to the big football match being played on Sunday next, to postpone the shooting competition arranged to be held on that day until further notice.

Orders for the week (No. 1 Branch) Right half will drill on Tuesday night from 8 p.m. till 10. Left half will drill on Wednesday night from 8.30 till 10 p.m. All members are earnestly requested to attend.

The other branches will drill on the nights appointed by their officers. The members of the Boys' Brigade are requested to attend their drill on the night appointed by their Commander.

HIGH STREET COMPANY.

All members of the above ser-ntified that hereafter weekly subscriptions must be paid to the Company Secretary, John O'Connor, at 74 Thomas street, on the drill nights, Wednesdays and Fridays. As this Company is now re-organised with a secretary and committee of its own, we expect a good increase of members as well as a renewal of activity on the part of the old.

Girls! Attention!

All girls wishing to become members of an Ambulance Class of Red Cross Nurses under the control of, and affiliated to, the Irish Citizen Army, are requested to give in their names to the undersigned at Room 7, Liberty Hall. JAMES CONNOLLY, Commander, pro tem.

Inchicore Items.

The local section of the English Garrison in Ireland, known as the National Volunteers, have their headquarters in the Kilmacshann Courthouse, the adjoining jail being already occupied by His Majesty's regular troops.

Last Sunday being the anniversary of the Manchester Martyrs, this particular section of "Redmond's Renegades" decided to display their loyalty to England by turning their backs on the Murdered Three who died for Ireland, and holding a display in Clondalkin. Their patron saint, John D. Nugent, sent a consignment of ninety rifles to be used on the occasion. But the spirit that stopped the prison van in Manchester in the good old days is alive in Ireland to-day, and it stopped the cart conveying Nugent's rifles, consequently there was no march to Clondalkin.

But where's the rifles? Professor Kettle has joined the Irish Brigade; another terrible example of the evil consequences of over indulgence in strong drink, and an unanswerable argument in favour of total abstinence, is it not? On Sunday last, anonymous handbills were distributed at the Chapel doors of the City telling of the professor's fate, and appealing to the Volunteers not to fail their motherland.

Irishmen who refrain from honouring Ireland's martyred dead ought to be taken to that appeal and examine their consciences if they be not already politically damned. In the past we were taught that England was the only enemy and oppressor Ireland had; and we have seen throughout the country monuments erected to the men in Ireland who died striving to break the power of England in Ireland; and we were told not only of England's cruelty but her deception. Remember Limerick! They also taught us that Ireland a opportunity came with England's difficulty.

Yet, to-day, some of our teachers of the past want to go back on all teachings—past history—and past experience. Most of these men, like Judas John, M.P. and his thimble rigging gang of political sharpers are either drawing their £400 a year of English gold or like Lorcan Sherlock, LL.D. they live in hope of such favours to come. To-day the national monuments standing in Ireland are a lie and a disgrace if these creatures be correct. But the natural intelligence of the Irish people will protect them from such deceivers. Long live the spirit of loved Emmet and fearless Tone!

Mr. Connolly's recent address in the Emmet Hall was highly appreciated by those privileged to be present on the occasion. His next address will be delivered in the Concert Hall, which is being specially prepared. The date of the lecture will appear in next week's "Irish Worker."

The Emmet Section of the Irish Citizen Army which was the first to appear in Stephen's Green on the night of the meeting when the British Armies of the City stood ready with ball ammunition—turned out on Sunday last to honour the memory of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien. All Irishmen who are not afraid to bear arms and carry ammunition in Ireland's cause are invited to enrol at once. The Secretary may be seen in the Emmet Hall at any time.

Genuine Trade Unions and National organisations can be accommodated at the Emmet Hall. This Hall possesses inside and outside R.F. ranges. Where all men wishing to serve Ireland can learn to shoot straight. Large rooms are available for drilling or meetings. Terms on application.

The Emmet Dance Class is now in full swing and the Hon. Secretary is anxious to get the names of intending members.

Private William P. Partridge, T.C., Emmet Section, I.C.A.

Jack Hegarty Writes:

Sir,—My letter was not intended to deprecate protests against cases of vicimisation but was directed against the God help us tone of your Cork Correspondent's Notes in reference to my case. Nobody admires more than I do the splendid stand you are making in this crisis, nor better appreciates your courage in maintaining it.—SEAN O'HEGARTY, 22nd Oct., 1914.

Irish Transport and General Workers' Trade Union.

Our Athletic Club. LIBERTY HALL. Members wanted for above Club. Apply at Room 2, any evening from 8 to 10. All Trades Unionists are eligible to join. D GROGAN, Hon. Secy.

ROOMS TO LET

Liberty Hall, Dublin. TO SOCIETIES.—Rooms to let. Apply to Caretaker on premises.

Irish Workers!

Do You Want A Hair Cut A Shave A Razor ground or set? If so support the house that supports you. The Workers' Hairdressing Saloon, 95 Lower Gardiner Street. Geo. Hynes, Proprietor.

Is Irish Nationalism Worth While?

Lecture by SEAN MILROY in the Trades Hall, Capel Street, on Sunday, at 8 p.m., for the Independent Labour Party of Ireland.

Irish Women's Franchise League

Westmoreland Chambers. Westmoreland Street, Dublin 25th Nov., 1914. Dear Sir,—I beg to draw your attention to the following Resolution, proposed by Mrs. Wilkins, seconded by Miss Cahalan, and carried unanimously at a public meeting held by above League on Tuesday, November 24th, in Westmoreland Chambers—

'That no Suffragist should assist in any way the present anti-Suffragist Government; and that we urge all women householders to refuse to fill up the Census Paper now being issued to them on behalf of the Government for military purposes; and we adopt this policy as a protest against the Government's denial to women of citizenship, while expecting from them the duties of citizens.'

I am, dear Sir, Yours faithfully, KATHLEEN HOUSTON (Asst. Sec.)

Manchester Martyrs' Day in Dublin.

We desire to congratulate the Irish Women Workers' Union, the Citizen Army, the Pipers' Band, and the Band of No. 1 Branch on their splendid turnout on Martyrs' Day. They were a credit to all concerned. But how is it that the Transport Union Members fail to fall into line on such an occasion and prefer to walk beside the Army? Hereafter, it would be well if all took the place in the procession rightfully theirs. Secretaries and Committee men also should take the marshalling of their men in hand on such occasions. The women set you a good example.

From the Frozen North.

Signal Corps, United States Army, Valdez, Alaska, November 3rd, 1914. Manager "Irish Worker," Dublin, Ireland.

Sir,—Having seen some articles in the "Gaelic American" from your paper showing the right Irish spirit, am anxious to see a copy of your paper. Kindly send me a sample copy, or better still, put my name on your mailing list and I will send a year's subscription by return mail on receipt of paper.—Most sincerely, JOHN E. LYNCH, Signal Corps, U.S. Army.

FILLING THE GAPS.

Say the rules that be: "We have need of more men. The ranks are depleted. Come, fill them again. We have taxed you to buy the munitions of war. Now come and behold what our cannons are for. Come, stand to the colours. The battle is hot. Come out, boys!—Come out, boys! Come out and be shot!

"We have sent all the regulars into the fight, And the need is for more for the cannons to smite, Come, peasant and artisan, merchant and clerk, Come, prentice and school-boy and join in the work. Lay by your ambitions and haste to the spot, Come out, boys! Come out, boys! Come out and be shot!

"Your fathers have fought for our fathers of yore, And now we are calling the sons to the fore. For you is the battle, for you is the pain; For us are the crowns that your valour may gain. What glory is gathered will fall to our lot. Come out, boys! Come out, boys! Come out and be shot!

"Your tans are in ashes, your meadows are brown; But our honour demands that your lives be laid down. Our cannons have waited and thirsted for long, And now they must drink of the blood of the strong. From city and hamlet, from mansion and cot, Come out, boys! Come out, boys! Come out and be shot!

Walter Guy Doty, in "Life."

Ireland for the Irish.

Send your order, or come and buy your IRISH REPUBLICAN BADGE, 1d. Each, from The Irish Women Workers' Co-operative Society, Liberty Hall.

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LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER. Police Tent, Newhaven, Sussex, 5-11-14.

Dear Jim,—I hope you will excuse me for taking the liberty of writing you these few lines, but being an old member of No. 8 Branch of your Union I also saw service on the recent strike in Dublin. I can't help giving you an idea how we are treated here in His Majesty's Forces. I have had the "Worker" sent to me ever since I left home, and I see in it the advantages to be gained in the army. I have served eight years in the R.G.A., and during my period of service I have seen nothing to equal this. We are under canvas which is pitched about 50 yards from the sea. In wet weather, and that's very often, we are flooded out. There are 17 or 18 in each tent, which is not fit to hold any more than ten. You can't walk anywhere in the camp without sinking in two feet of mud. About washing I am paying a penny a day, which is stopped out of my pay for to get my washing done, but I am here two months, and I had it only done once. I went up to the office to inquire if they would strike off the washing list as I am paying, and there is no one to do it. I was told by the Pay Sergeant he had not time to see into it. I may tell you that I pay a woman outside 8d. a week for doing it for me, so you see it's 1s. 3d. out of my weekly pay for washing alone. I wonder if the War Office knows anything about this. There are hundreds treated the same way. We have one suit of service dress, and when that gets wet you may keep them on you to dry, three blankets, and what they call a waterproof sheet to lie on. You are up all night to keep your tent from blowing into the sea. I being a reserve man I came up to go through this. I left a wife and two children behind. Would to God I was at home with them again. All the kitcheners in the world would not get me to leave my home. R.G.A.

From Waterford, 22-11-14.

Sir—Once again I must trouble you for space in your "Irish Worker" to explain the progress being made by the Volunteers in Waterford. We had a Church parade to-day headed by the Canon Jack. Mr. Mosley (the Jew) and Mr. Penrose (the Proselytiser) went to Mass with us, and we were 150 strong. Not bad out of the 1,700 which we had on the 26th July last! Of course it was very broadminded of Mr. Penrose to go to Mass, but what about Mrs. Hendrick and her daughter? It is because they refuse to go to Mass that he helps them. We marched round the town in memory of the Manchester Martyrs. Mr. R. A. Kelly thanked the Battalion for the sacrifice they made in honour of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, but he put his foot in it when he spoke of Carson, Mosley and Penrose walked out of the ranks and told Kelly he had no right to speak improperly of Carson. Kelly said he was sorry, and told us all to pay our 2d. per week, so now we are not sure whether we are Carson's Volunteers or Redmond's Volunteers, but we are certain we will not be in existence by Christmas, though this week we sent out notices calling up the "Reserve." Last week we had a concert in aid of the Belgian Refugees rigged up by Carsonites, Redmondites, Freemasons, and other tap-room patriots, at which one of our good priests was patriotic enough to sit down when the band was playing "God Save the King." He got all the abuse he possibly could from a Tory paper here—the "Standard"—for daring to do such a thing. To day some of the Volunteers thought we were marching in honour of Lord Roberts, but the band played "God Save Ireland," and if we had more faith in God and less in England we would free ourselves in a couple of days. Yours, etc. A VOLUNTEER.

That Advisory Committee. Glasnevin, 23-11-1914.

Dear Sir,—Re "Ladies Advisory Committee," you will be interested to hear that the following resolution has been passed by the above Committee by 6 votes to 3— "That this meeting of the Ladies Advisory Committee, with a view to obtaining full information and advice as to unemployment among women in Dublin, respectfully bring before the Cabinet Committee their desire that two representatives of the Irish Women Workers' Union be added to the Committee."

We have to thank Mrs. Buchanan, P.L.G. (a Unionist and anti-Larkinite) for the strong support she gave Miss Cahalan and myself. I wish it to be known that I have sent in my resignation to the Irish Women's Reform League. It is unnecessary to emphasise the fact that my letter to Miss Larkin which you published three weeks ago, though written at 29 South Anne street, was entirely personal, and did not at all mean to convey that the I.R.L. was concerned in the matter. Some of us are trying to set on foot a sort of federation of societies interested in the legal position and disabilities of women with a view to organising the following activities— (1) Providing free legal advice for the very poor. (2) Watching the courts in cases especially affecting women—seduction, outrage, etc.

(3) Educating women to become policewomen, jurywomen, lawyers, magistrates, and judges, and securing the right for qualified women to act in these capacities. I trust we will have strong labour support in all these directions. Yours respectfully, M. E. DUGGAN.

Some Lady Blacklegs

All is not yet lost in Ireland. Notwithstanding the existence of so many Labour "Agitators" in our midst, the ladies of Merrion Square still concern themselves with the thoughts and feelings of the "lower orders" and still desire to determine what the working classes should and should not read. To "Alice M. Finny," of Victoria Square, the prevalence of German Gold (about which she seemingly knows full details, we don't) in Ireland is a matter of distress. She has asserted in a letter to the "Irish Times" that every Irishwoman yearns to expose the Kaiser's hirelings. The very children playing in the streets exhibit their pro-German tendencies! Away with a "Seditious Press"! (The continuation is Alice's).

Is it worse for an Irishman to take German Gold than to take English Gold? Of one thing we can assure "Alice M. Finny," and that is before she can get any decent, right thinking people to listen to her accusations she had better disprove the statements, true or false, that rumour affords against the Misses Finny, of Merrion Square, namely, that they, being the daughters of a rich man, make and sell cakes and pastry for profit and also do typewriting for pay. For too long the daughters of poor struggling men, clerks, and other wage slaves have patiently endured the competition of well off damsels, who have either been helped by social influence in positions of which they were not in financial need, or have taken work at pocket money rates, and so prevented their deserving sisters earning a living wage!

The time has come to make a determined stand against these "Lady Blacklegs," and the "Irish Worker" will do good work in publishing the names of the "Society Ladies" who offend in this respect, so that they may either disprove the charges alleged against them, or gain and bear the ridicule from their betters which they themselves are wont to lavish on a "Suffragette," "Lar-Finites," "Nationalist," and other people whom Miss Finny and Co. really could not ask to dinner. M. E.

The danger of Smallpox

To Editor "Irish Independent." Dear Sir—So large a number of young persons who have not been vaccinated are now in Dublin that should a smallpox case occur, the disease would, I fear, spread rapidly through the city. The experience in the Corporation Smallpox Hospital clearly proved the efficacy of vaccination and of re-vaccination. The Corporation and the Public Health Committee have always been in favour of vaccination; and it was largely due to the action of the former that the "Conscientious Objectors" clause in the Vaccination Act was not extended to Ireland. The case of Gloucester ought to prove the danger of non-enforcing the Vaccination Act. For eight years no children were vaccinated. Then a case of smallpox occurred, and the disease spread like wildfire, and more than 400 cases were reported. A panic seized the inhabitants, and in a short time 30,000 vaccinations were performed. Since then no case of smallpox has occurred.

It should be borne in mind that the medical profession throughout the world are believers in the efficacy of vaccination. Surely, they are the best judges in such a matter. Napoleon said that the greatest immorality was that of a person practising a profession of which he was ignorant. It is practically persons wholly unacquainted with pathology who are the anti-vaccinators.

CHARLES A. CAMERON, Medical Superintendent Officer of Health, Dublin, Nov. 2, 1914.

Dear Sir,—The above is a copy of a letter which appeared in the Dublin papers on 2nd instant, signed by Sir Charles A. Cameron—a name which may be observed on tins of tobacco, cocoa, etc., in connection with certificates, as to the purity of the contents. The letter from start to finish might be described as an atrocity. There is scarcely a singular accurate statement in it. There is no ground at all for the statement that should a smallpox case occur in Dublin the disease would spread rapidly through the city.

We are not told anything definite about the experience in the Corporation Smallpox Hospital principally because there is nothing to tell. Of 1,979 persons attacked by smallpox in the city of Gloucester 1,211 had been vaccinated. At the Widdon Street Infant School, where a violent outbreak occurred, there was gross overcrowding, bad ventilation, the drains were blocked, and flushing arrangements did not exist. The sanitation of the whole city was in a deplorable state—the sewers belching sewer gas. The rapid decline in the epidemic corresponded with the cleansing of the sewers.

It is extraordinary that any sane man should circulate such wild statements as that the medical profession throughout the world are believers in the efficacy of vaccination. On the contrary it is a hard fact that some of the most prominent medical men in the country have stated again and again that vaccination is an abominable practice, and is, in no sense, a preventative or a palliative. The anti-vaccinators are men who think they have minds of their own. Finally, why is it that some medical men still advocate vaccination? Firstly, ignorance; a large percentage of the medical profession do not know what vaccine really is. Secondly, there is money in the vaccine business. Workers should note that "when a community is forced to live larded to geth'r like hogs, inadequately paid, in narrow streets, without proper drainage or lavatory facilities, without clean water supply, without clean, comfortable dwellings or clean, vein-free clothing, without adequate ventilation or air space, or without proper food, then such conditions make for smallpox." Yours truly, PROGRESS.

Shankill Volunteers. A general meeting of the Company (Shankill, Co. Dublin) was called relative to hours and dates of future drillings which for some time had altogether fallen through owing to some members dissenting to the present recruiting programme of the "Irish" Party. On the question of whether ALL members would turn out for drill purposes in future, and that each man be allowed to retain his own views. All agreed with the exception of Master Patrick Roche, the scabber in Jacob's, the hobbler's son of "Loyal Larry" Roche, full private R.I.C., well known in Bray Petty Session's Court. Anent the number of asses and goats he captures wandering, Master Patrick was expelled from the Library before now, and he knows the reason why. In any case the absence of a scab from the ranks of any Company is to be commended. The couple of nurse children who sided with the scabs should be looked after by their foster parents.

Facts and Fancies from the Front.

With the Troops at Clontarf. By "J. J. B." This week's joke is so good that, in case some of the readers of the "Irish Worker" might miss it, I give it first place— Instructor (to a squad of Kitchener's raw luns at the range—"Get ready—fire!") The recruits fire. A volley of swears (excised by the censor) is let off by the instructor. The instructor brings the recruits ten paces nearer the targets—"dummy Germans," by the way. "Get ready—fire!" he shouts again. The result is as bad as before—the swears worse. He brings them up still nearer to the enemy. "Get ready—fire!" rings out once more. The rifles spit forth their messages of death (you will see from this that I have been reading some of the dispatches from Hamilton-Fyfe—late Ulster Un-civil War Correspondent—now helping our Allies in Europe somewhere. The instructor looks "German atrocities" at the recruits. Still undaunted, however, he brings the New Army up so close to the enemy that they smile at the easy job in front of them. "Fix bayonets—charge!" he commands. The look on his face as he gives the fatal order looks bad for the Germans—the dummies, I mean.

The following letter appeared in the "Daily Mail" last week:—

Sir—May I be permitted to suggest through the columns of your widely read journal to patriotic Irish Nationalists that this war presents an opportunity of raising a regiment of kilted Irish—men wearing the distinctive Irish kilt and playing the distinctive Irish bagpipes? Alex. J. S. Scott-Gatty.

You may suggest anything you like, Mr. Scott-Gatty, but there are quite enough Irish "kilt" at the front already! Your name is not very Irish—so what about yourself? A friend has given me the following cutting from the "Liverpool Mercury and Daily Post":—

SEDITIONOUS NEWSPAPERS IN IRELAND.

Probable Action by the Military Authorities. With reference to the extracts appearing in yesterday's "Daily Post" of seditious statements made by writers in the "Irish Volunteer" and "Sinn Fein," we now quote a further message from the "Times" Dublin correspondent, who says—"I learn to-day that any action which may be taken against seditious newspapers in Ireland is likely to originate not with the Irish Executive, but with the military authorities. The danger is realised, and the whole matter is under careful consideration."

It should be explained that the "Irish Volunteer" is a renegade publication of a violent section of discontents in Ireland, and it should not be confused with the "National Volunteer" which is the official newspaper of the present recruiting movement in Ireland. The last paragraph was in all probability written by Recruiting Sergeant T.P. O'Connor, who, I see, has now given his soul, as well as his pen to the Empire! All the "stabs" seem to be booming the Empire! The "sons," I am glad to say, seem to prefer the Tivoli.

2nd GRAND RER Shooting Competition.

Nov. 8th to Dec. 13th, 1914. 1st Prize—War Office Miniature Rifle, value £2 5s. 2nd "H. & R. 38 Calibre Revolver. 3rd "Silver Lever Watch. The Emerald Rifle Range offers prizes for best score on 10 shots on 10 Ring Card made at their Range, 34 Aungier street, between above-mentioned dates. The contest is absolutely genuine, and all competitors will be treated with absolute fairness. Rules governing the competition can be seen in the Range, and all information obtained. TICKETS (entitling holders to 10 shots) 1s. each. Emerald Rifle Range, 34 Aungier St.

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CHRISTMAS DRAWING.

Remember that tickets for the great Christmas Drawing of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union are now on sale, and can be obtained at Liberty Hall, any of our Branch Rooms, or from any of our delegates, shop steward, or members.

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

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A Word to the Worker, his Wife and Family.

Your old friend, John Garliner, has retired from amongst you after a successful business career of over 40 years. We have taken over the business and are meeting with even greater success than our predecessor. We are building up a big trade, and shall always remember that no solid structure was ever raised on rubbish; we are therefore selling only reliable goods which are bought in the keenest markets for cash, and marked by us at prices slightly above those paid for rubbish. OUR AIM is to make "GOT AT BRETT'S" sufficient guarantee that the article is right. TAKE A WALK through our Ware-room, inspect our goods, and if not better than you are in the habit of getting elsewhere, we are not entitled to your order—we know merit alone will tell. This Week we are Showing— For Men—Harvard, Flannels and Flannel Suits, 1s. 3d. to 6s. 11d., including a manufacturer's stock of the famous Wool Vests and Pants, 1s. to 1s. 11d. Dungarees, 1s. 11d. to 2s. 6d. and 2s. 11d. Caps, Socks, Mufflers, &c., in each variety. For Women—Bonnets, Corsets, Aprons, Stockings, &c., quality and price right. For Children—We specialise for the little ones, and have in stock a lovely selection of Pinacoras, Frocks, Kilties, Wool Shawls, Teddy Bear Hats and Caps, Jerseys, &c., all combining durability and finish, and all at tempting prices. Generations have come and gone, streets have been named and re-named, but the corner of Mabbot Street still remains the workers' favourite shop, and we are determined to keep it so. OUR MOTTO—Reliable Goods, Quick Sales, Small Profits; Cash.

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