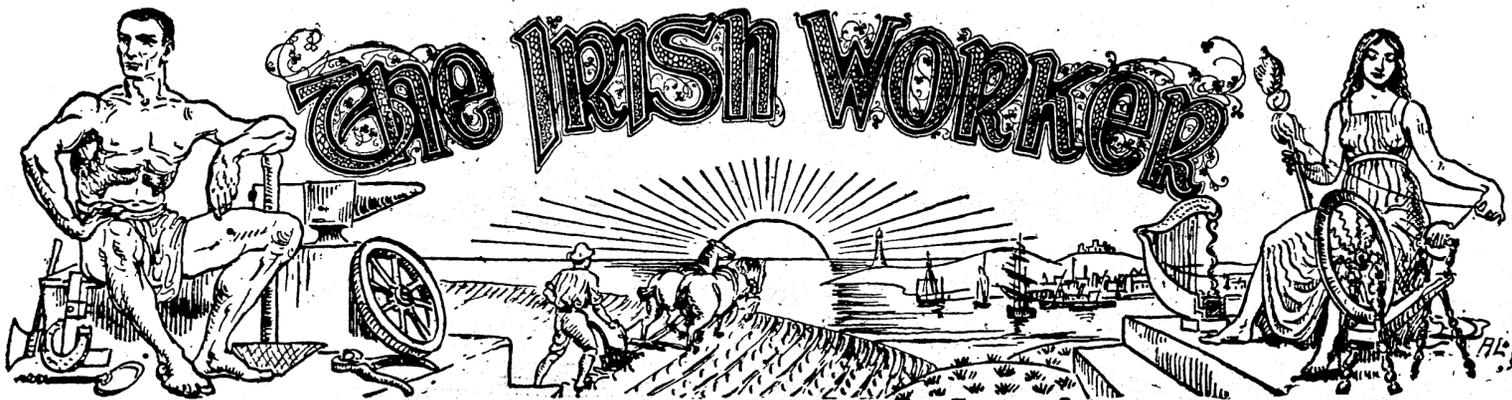


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Fintan Lalor.



Who is it speaks of defeat? I tell you a cause like ours is greater than that of any other. It is the people's power. As surely as the earth rolls around As surely as the glorious sun Brings the great world moon wave Most our Cause be won!

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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

No. 21.—Vol. III.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4th, 1913.

ONE PENNY.]

UNITY.

Stabbing Jim Larkin.

The capitalists are out for scalps; they seem bent on having them at all costs. They have issued their insolent ultimatum to the workers of the Transport Union, and the men, to the everlasting credit of the Dublin workers, be it said, have replied with a unanimity and determination that has struck terror into the hearts of the tyrants and which will be a noble headline for the toilers to come.

flying and leading you to the promised land. This is a time for loyalty to the cause, for obedience to your officers; it's a time for a little sacrifice, but it is the time when the rights that you claim and for which you fight are being moulded for you.

DEMOS.

The Crafty Old "Irish Times."

The "Irish Times," under pretence of acting the "honest broker" between employers and employed, is not above making a wily effort to secure political commission for its trouble. It urges the Catholic clergy to "go among the workers and preach with them as their duty and friends, and suggests that "the highest ecclesiastical authority should issue an edictum" to bring about a "result immediate and beneficial."

The Transport Union at its best and highest is merely aiming at a change in the economic system that would secure for the toiler a just share of the profits that his labour has produced. It points out to employers that the present wages paid for the hours of labour given and the huge dividends secured constitute one of the "four sins crying to heaven for vengeance."

Cheer up, boys! The day may look dark, but with your leader in Dublin, and your fellow-workers across the water, you need not fear, for I hear the cry rising slowly and surely on my ear and victory will be yours, and you and your children will bless the man who, in spite of slander, imprisonment and tyranny, is keeping the flag

earthly goods as a means of attaining this end. Thus, of necessity, a gulf was set up between the rich and the poor such as the Christian world has not till then known. A mountain of injustice, like a heavy malediction, rests on property thus abused and wrested from its natural purposes.

order when adopted by the farmers and after them by the city workers, is the highest form of patriotic virtue when adopted by Sir Edward Carson. The Ulster Unionists, aided by the "Irish Times," bind themselves together in solemn covenant to withdraw their allegiance from what they at present hold to be the lawful Government of the country in the event of that Government establishing certain social conditions.

standing in the English army trample upon their oaths in order to participate in the Ulster sympathetic strike. A nation plunged in the horrors of civil war, and a deadly revolt against constituted authority in Great Britain through a sympathetic strike with Ulster is patriotism; a momentary disturbance of a few local industries in order to secure that, under just conditions of labour, they would, in future, rest upon such a fair and equitable basis, as would cause their extension a hundred fold is, according to the "Irish Times," wanton blackguardism.

PEEP-O'-DAY.

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.

UP! WORKERS,

These are signs that the bacchanalian orgie of the Dublin capitalist sweaters, led on by William Nero Murphy, is approaching that state of tramour so well known to betweens who scribble for the Dublin Press. The flibbert is bitten, and the hungry mongrels who gnaw into the vitals of the Dublin poor are beginning to realise that they have been led into a pit by a cunning Mad Mullah.

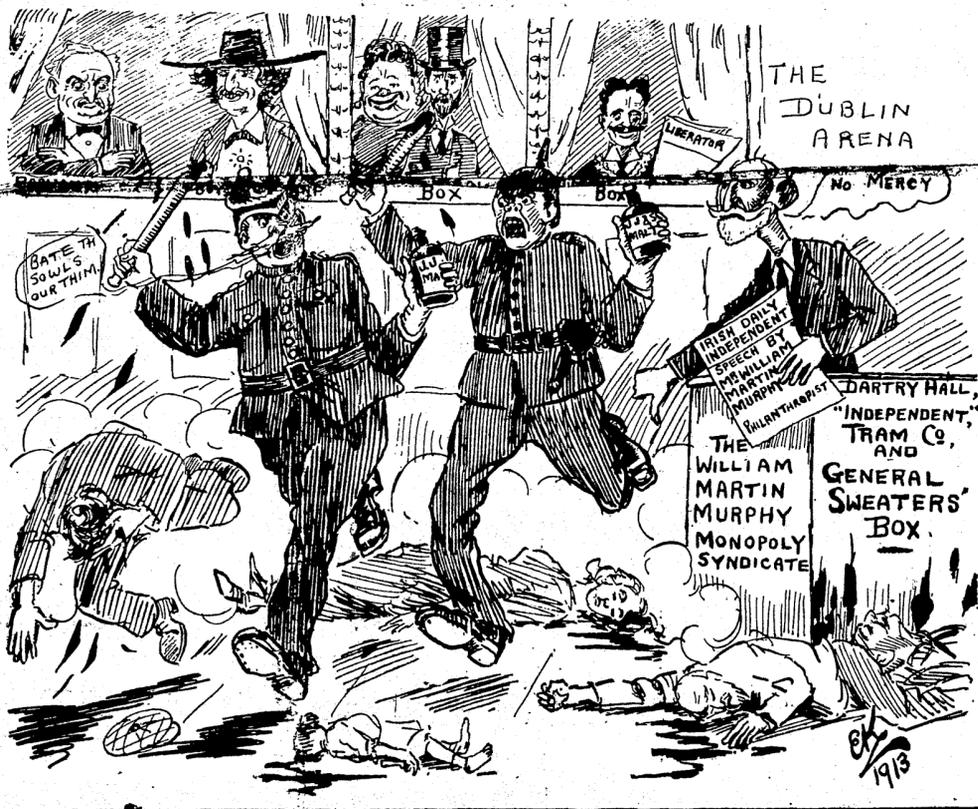
The Titanic struggle was no easy to show us where we really stood. The bitterness of our enemies are unmasked and we can see the material of which the enemy is composed.

Mr. David Sheehy, M.P., had the audacity to denounce the workers' fight and the workers' leader to the greasers of Meath during the past week.

This parasite in the agrarian movement (denounced the sympathetic strike, yet has dreamed for an existence on the national sympathetic strike of farmers, traders and workers who took the land of Ireland out of the hands of the feudal aristocracy. In addition he played the part of Judas to Parrell and is to-day an unrepentant Judas.

But the workers are undaunted, and though every class that lives upon their labour are united in an unshakable combination, the guiding Providence shall bring them through the waters of woe to the Promised Land.

Kenna Brothers, Provision Market, 58 Lower Sheriff Street, Best Quality Goods, Lowest Prices, DISCOUNT FOR CASH.



THE Teachings of the A.O.H. VERSUS THE Teachings of the Catholic Church.

In a leaflet (No. 7) issued by this body, which calls itself the Ancient Order of Hibernians (Board of Erin), amidst such splenetic tirades against the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, there is an attempt made to mislead the public upon the real teachings of the Catholic Church upon the question of the right of starving individuals to food.

We despise the wirepullers and black-leg agents who control the A.O.H. in Dublin, but we are not above teaching them the true teachings of their Church. In the year 1847 the Irish people were in thousands of starvation, though every ship leaving an Irish port was laden with food in abundance.

entirely mistaken. The very highest authorities on the doctrines of the Church agree that no human law can stand between starving men and their right to food, including the right to take that food wherever they can find it, secretly or openly, with or without the owner's permission.

"Is it lawful to steal on the plea of necessity?" And answers— "The institution of human law cannot abrogate from natural law or divine law; therefore, the division and appropriation of goods that proceeds from human law cannot come in the way of man's needs being relieved out of such goods."

it secretly in a case of extreme need, cannot, properly speaking, be characterised as theft, because what one takes for the support of life is made his by sheer necessity."

The need may never arise—we hope it may not—but if ever it does, take comfort from the fact that the masters and exponents of Catholic doctrine teach you that your right to life is superior to all laws and rules which govern ordinary society in ordinary times.

Larkinism and Irish Patriotism. Industrialism v. Political Action.

The history of Ireland under British domination is the record of a nation's life of suffering and sorrow under persecution and a tyrannical rule. It is a long history of heroes and patriots, whose lives of self-sacrificing Irish devotion shone with a lustre far brighter than any of their contemporaries of other lands.

better and cleaner houses, and better opportunities for all. He has behind him the solid mass of the workers, who know what his success will mean to them. While opposed to him are all those whose great aim is to keep the worker in poverty and subjection. There would be very little question as to what side would win was it not for the aid the master class is receiving from the ignorant or traitorous section of the workers themselves, who by blacklegging their own kith and kin are assisting to prolong the agonies of the suffering poor.

come from the satellites and traitors who have proved such cowardly enemies of the people in the days of contention and hypocrisy that are now ended. DUBLIN WORKERS' FIGHT FOR FREEDOM! A MONSTER DEMONSTRATION WILL BE HELD ON Sunday, October 5th, 1913 IN NINE ACRES, Phoenix Park.

Irish Transport Workers Union. COEK BRANCH. £2400 A YEAR FOR J. REDMOND. In my branch report of 20th Sept. I invited the Irish Parliamentary Party to (I won't say subscribe) make a presentation to the workers of Ireland through their leader, Jim Larkin, to uphold their MAN and WOMANHOOD and to defeat that "scourge" of Ireland and traitor to the Irish nation and friend of Jew and Freemason, "Murphy the Murderer" and his parasites, but up to going to Press they have not answered my invitation, and being confident that the Editor was not appointed by their not doing so, he being a good judge of the nation's bloodsuckers, I will state my reasons for asking.

"O.K."—for from it. It is one of the greatest sweating dens in Christendom. Why, if the natives of India and Africa, whose bodies are nurtured by God's holy gift—fruits and vegetables—and whose bodies are heated by the sun's rays, were to see how their white brothers and sisters have to toil in this "white sweaters" factory, while he himself lives in luxury, I am sure they would ejaculate, "If this is Christianity, I am dead against it!"

the Dublin workers and denouncing the government and the police for its illegal interference with the people's rights and its unjustifiable brutality. My reception was wholehearted and generous. My random remarks were received with attention and at the close of the meeting a collection was taken and the people responded most generously. That evening at 7 o'clock, a huge demonstration was held at the Park Gates, Oldham, where another collection was made, and our appeal was responded to most generously.

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 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421.

DUBLIN, Saturday, Oct. 4th, 1913.

En Passant.

We are informed that Father Condon has been good enough to deny a statement alleged to have been made by myself at a public meeting in Beresford Place, in which I am reported to have said that he was in the habit of frequenting the Curragh Races and backing horses. Father Condon is misinformed. I undoubtedly said that a certain priest, an unfair critic of myself and work, was in the habit of frequenting race meetings and backing horses.

OUR FIGHT.

By WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE. I was present with my battalion of "civil" police on the quays of Dublin on Saturday last, when the good ship "Harc" under the guidance of her gallant captain and fearless crew, came alongside and was greeted by the ringing cheers of the thousands gathered to bid her welcome.

A QUERY (?)

We have received the following letter which speaks for itself:— Brine Baths Hotel, Shrewbridge Hall, Nantwich, To Mr. James Larkin. Askoid William Martin Murphy how he is getting on. Ordinary Shares in Clerly & Co. of the Clerly Minors. Was it not by sinking the business and letting the shares go down in value that he acquired them from the Irish Court of Chancery—22,400 Ordinary Shares? If he dared tamper with Minors' property in this country he would be immediately committed to prison for wrecking property under protection of the English Court of Chancery, which is a Court of Protection. He would not dare attempt his tricks with the English judiciary.

TELEGRAMS.

We have received the following telegrams:— Nottingham, 23rd Sept., 1913. O'Brien, Liberty Hall, Dublin. Sent over £8 to day. Letter following. HALLS. Limehouse, Sept. 24th, 1913. Transport Workers Union, Beresford Place, National Sailors' and Seamen's Union annual general meeting has voted you £500—WILSON, Pres. deat. Limehouse, Sept. 24th 1913. O'Neill, Liberty Hall, Dublin. Sailors' and Firemen's Union have granted £500 to Dublin lock-out. Letter follows.—BURKE. Coventry, Sept. 27th, 1913. Irish Transport Workers' Union, Liberty Hall. Pledge ourselves for... Cheque following. United Irish League, Coventry. Shipconstructive and Shipwrights' Association (Dublin Branch). Member of above Branch requested to meet at the Hill, 35, 104 St. Guardian Street on Sunday at 12 o'clock, to take part in the Demonstration. J. GAFFNEY, Branch Sec. Dublin United Trades Council. AGENDA. Deputation to Workshops' Committee—Messrs. Murphy and S. Mannons. The Stoppage of Unemployed Benefits—Mr. Lyons. Labour Unrest in the City—The President. Sunday's Demonstration—Mr. P. Kenny. Phone 3562.

For First-Class Provisions AT MODERATE PRICES. CALL TO T. CORCORAN, Capital T House, 27 North Strand Road.

Agricultural Labour Campaign in County Dublin.

By "Ireland's Eye."

That an old enemy with a new face has appeared in the country. The farmers of the Co. Dublin are following in the footsteps of the landlords, whom they some years ago denounced by bell, book and candlelight and eviction; and eviction notices, are now the order of the day. The Co. Dublin farmer in the role of evictor presents a grotesque appearance.

Geoghegan, of Belcamp, the Misses Quinn, Ballymun, McDonnell, Finglas, and Bob Saeyd, of Swords, have initiated the dirty work of throwing the poor people out of their homes on to the roadsides. The crowbar brigades will again be at work, and we may, I presume, wait in vain for a denunciation of such methods from the M.P.s, C.C. and R.D.C.s. The workers, however, have the remedy in their own hands, and when the elections come round they will doubtless remember the combination of farmers, Freemasons and "Hibs" who are now playing the game against them and adopting the most unscrupulous and dastardly policy to starve them into subjection, and in the meantime they must adopt the farmers' motto in the Land League days: "Keep a firm grip on your holdings."

It is only a few days ago since two men were brought before a Bench of magistrates, composed principally of farmers' J.P.s, at the instance of a man named Donovan, a farmer living at the Forrest, Swords, on some petty charge—it was really a charge dealing with the gathering of a few mushrooms—but of course his brother-farmers would adjudge though the solicitor for the defence protested against the scandal.

"Little Johnny Cuffe, described by that master of milky invective, P. J. O'Neill, C.G., of Paddy Kettle's sweeps, and now one of the farmers under police protection, was one of the J.P.s. present. Donovan is the same fat farmer who swore in the police courts some time ago that the wages he paid his man amounted to one pound per annum harvest money—and the run of his kitchen, bless the mark—one pound for a year's labour!

That at a meeting of the employers' committee composed almost exclusively, be it noted, of farmers, with Robertson, of Hogg & Robertson, seedsmen, Mary street, in the chair, held last Saturday, it was decided to call a special meeting to take into consideration the attitude of the factors in the present crisis who refused to sign the unclean agreement submitted to them by the farmers under divers pains and penalties.

As an illustration of the funny things one sees in the Press nowadays, I give the following which is worthy of the pages of "Punch," and which has been evidently swallowed with avidity by the Farmers' Employers' Committee, because it fits in with their ideas of starving out the city as well as the county, and bye-and-bye they would, of course, get famine prices for their produce.

A letter was received on behalf of the forestallers in the Corporation Vegetable Market stating that those people had under consideration the difficulty experienced by them in carrying on their business. They noted with regret that some of the factors had not kept in unison with the Dublin farmers in their present difficulties, and stated that deplorable intimation was carried on in preventing carters and others from carrying produce to certain salesmen in the Corporation Markets who were in sympathy with the farmers.

In view of the bad demand for vegetables and the scarcity of money in Dublin, the letter contained, "we consider it our duty to ask the market gardeners and farmers of the Co. Dublin not to forward any produce to the markets till peace is restored again."

The meeting decided that the farmers and market gardeners, as far as possible, should be advised to fall in with the suggestion contained in the letter. This so-called Forestallers' Association, which is a mutual admiration society, is composed of Moore, henchmen of Begg, T.C., a few dealing women—as Moore himself described one of the principal forestallers in the Press some time ago—and a man named Quigley whose dealings are of a very limited nature indeed. They considered it their "duty" this hotch-potch of an association to write to the Farmers' Association, and their action was dictated by Moore in the interests of Begg, for whom Moore is now "scabbing." Of course Moore, who is a man of little parts and who is anxious to loom in the public eye, is merely the tool of Begg, T.C. This man, Begg, was one of the first to cave in to Larkin and promised to do everything that was required of him, but as soon as he had his perishable stuff driven and when Jim Larkin had been set upon at the instance of Wm. Martin Murphy by the Government officials, Begg thought it a favourable time to repudiate his own agreement and to pose as a martyr in the eyes of some of the farmers with the hope of getting some of their

produce placed under his own hammer. But dirty tricks do not always prevail, and even if one has the produce for sale it is not easy in these times of stress to get purchasers who will forfeit their principles by buying from scabs and blacklegs. Begg hoped to get support from the farmers to bolster up his decaying trade, but he cares as little about the farmers as he does about the forestallers, for it is all Begg! Begg!

The few forestallers who have thrown in their lot with Begg and made themselves by their action ridiculous, must have very short memories. It is only a year or two since Begg made strenuous efforts to kill their little trade by urging upon the Corporation to insist upon the trimming of all vegetables coming to the market, which would practically mean a monopoly for Begg himself, but a few independent salesmen who had no axe to grind stepped in and prevented Begg having his way. Now, because some bait is thrown out, Moore is their god and Begg their king.

I wonder if the other salesmen refused, as they would have a perfect right to do, to supply those few forestallers, would Begg and Moore come to their rescue?

Everyone must admit—even William Martin Murphy and Sheehy, M.P.—that many employers were treating the employees in a shameful manner, and the farmers themselves were forced to the conclusion that the altered conditions which have arisen in recent years made a re-adjustment of wages an absolute necessity.

Those County Dublin Farmers are the same men who solemnly stated last July that their workers had no grievances whatsoever, and were well satisfied with their lot, and that they, the farmers, would have nothing to do with Larkin or his organisation. They quickly changed their minds, however.

The workers would be in the same position still only Larkin took up the cudgels on their behalf, and now, after getting them better wages, their position recognised, and a half holiday on Saturday, will the workers of the County Dublin throw Larkin to the wolves at the dictation of a few Hibernian J.P.s, a few Scotch Freemasons and a few Fingalian Castle Hacks?

I think I know very well that the answer the County Dublin workers will throw back at this mongrel crew will be one of defiance, and although some may have to suffer, and even (which heaven forbid) that their wives and children may be hungry, they will stick to Larkin, come weal or woe.

That the employers of the County have passed a resolution calling upon the Co. Council and the Rural District Council "to sack any of their men who remain members of the Transport Union. Certainly for cool cheek and audacity these men are the limit."

However, when this monstrous proposition was placed before the Rural District Council the Chairman—a man named Baggot—sensibly remarked that such a resolution was "playing with fire," and Kelly-Tighe, strange to say, said "Amen."

When it came before the County Council it was treated almost in the same way, being referred to a Committee, but the hedging of that body will not save its members from a vigorous attack when the elections come round and when the working element of the county will be in a position to show those intemperate men that they can bully no longer.

That it is the general opinion of all sensible citizens that the farmers are going mad, and the latest freak emanating from their Chamber of Horrors will prove this. Here is an extract—"That no potatoes, vegetables, corn, hay or straw are to be sent to the Dublin markets until we, as a body, definitely fix the time to do so." Those humanitarians prefer to allow the fruits of the earth rot and let friends and foes alike in the city starve so that their spite, anger, hatred and revenge may be satisfied. But the policy of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face will not answer. Their action will recoil upon themselves. At present produce is coming in from all parts of Ireland, and once the merchants from the North and elsewhere obtain a footing in Dublin the Co. Dublin farmers will be sorry they spoke.

Labour Demonstration, PHOENIX PARK.

The Stewards appointed by their various organisations are requested to meet in Trades Hall, Capel street, on Sunday 11.30 a.m. to receive final instructions. It is earnestly requested by the Committee that the workers assemble at Parnell Square 12.45 and show their solidarity for Labour by taking their place in the ranks. All trade and labour bodies to fall in line as they arrive and so facilitate the work of Stewards.—By Order Committee, John Lawler, P.L.G. Chief Marshal.



Pity the Poor "Blind" Employers. WM. MARTIN MURPHY'S APPEAL FOR FUNDS.

PEMBROKE NOTES.

What a corner-boy attitude the drunken wasters of the R.I.C. (Royal Irish Cowards) who are on guard at the power house, on the Ringsend road, adopt.

Dirty and half-drunk, they are holding up the wall. They will require new tunics when they return, as those they have on will surely be destroyed with the constant rubbing.

Evidently someone has pity on them as they are now supplied with stools, so that they can sit. Pity "Murder" Murphy does not supply them with beds.

I saw one of them asleep the other morning; he evidently was dreaming. Immediately he heard my footsteps, he jumped and drew his baton. What a fright he got; he evidently knew I was out for notes.

Big Ben did not like the idea of his name being posted on the walls. Some of the members of the "Chamber of Horrors" were told off to tear down the poster during last Friday night.

Big Ben says that if he had the finger of the person whom he suspects as the writer in his mouth "he'd never—no, never—let go."

Barry (who is more often drunken than sober) is spending his time off looking for the writer, and declares that when he finds him he will draw his baton for the first time in 22 years. You drunken hound, better for you to keep sober.

I still notice that some trade unionists are patronising the General Rubbish Stores, South Lotts road, and M'Loughlin (Whiskey Row Sink Pot) for the purpose of purchasing the scab papers. Now, I have a list almost ready, and will publish it shortly. Look out for some surprises.

Friends of the workers and lovers of trade unionism! Keep away from those shops, also the Shoddy Stores, Bridge st. "Eat Poison" Lyons, Sandymount line, has—to judge by his colour—the Yellow Streak in him. Clearly scabbing is bad for the complexion. Chisney Carroll, another scab on the

Sandymount line, a white-haired boy with the D.M.P. in Green street, ignominiously kicked out, without a moment's notice; afterwards kicked out of Plin's for reasons known to the writer; a great glutton for porter. It seems that all the scabs on this line are celebrated porter sharks.

Tower Monks, crawl and scab, is not so generous as usual with the pepper easter; evidently he has been promoted to the permanent staff of scabs: Tower, tell the scallion-eater to be careful when looking out of the window. She is now known as the "Mermaid of Bath Avenue." Now blow, Tower!

Phil (Murphy) the Liar, another scab, is at present delivering lectures on "Revelations." Phil, how many times did C. W. and you asleep after your visits to the pub?

Jack Lee, singer, runner (?) and Champion Liar. Scab conductor on the Kenilworth Square line.

Cockney Reid, the scab winder at Ballsbridge, and his scab friends, Kelly and Garra, had a heated argument lately about the meaning of the word "scab." Surely they should know!

Connor, the Donnybrook jarvey, takes the above trio of scabs for a drive in his private trap each Sunday, and while boosing in Dalkey puts his pony and trap into the sheds at Dalkey. Birds of a feather, eh, Connor!

Corcoran, the Peeler, has his thick-witted son scabbing on the Donnybrook line. No cheap coal now since the peelers ride on lorries. Too dangerous to make up a bag now. Do you know anything, Corcoran?

Stephen, "The Human Gramophone," complains that he is at a loss of seven or eight shillings since he went as scab driver. He was a conductor. Martio, what were you dismissed for? Do you know anything about a fettera ticket?

The wives of two of the scabs on the Donnybrook line, viz., Power and Walsh, induced Fields to dismiss one of his employees by telling lies about him. Trade Unionists of Donnybrook, please note.

Silvester is still keeping the "Scab's Nest" open for the supplying of scab drivers and conductors when on and off duty. Sil, what is the Board of Trade Regulation regarding the supplying of drivers and conductors, while on duty, with drink?

"Sil, I hear yourself and Haypoth o' Tay are enjoying the boycott. Are ye friends again?" John Burke, ex-R.I.C. man, greengrocer, and member A.O.H. His son is scabbing as a conductor on Freeman Murphy's trains.

What does Boss John D. Nugent think of this piece of collusion in support of faith and fatherland?

But, after all, John, there is a very close affinity between the process-server and the bludgeon man.

Oh, sons of Rory Oge! just think of it. This natural alliance of the process server's son and the peeler's son makes you the bedfellows of the brothers of the infamous Freemasons' craft—the body that, above all others, you are supposed to be united to oppose—but instead of being opponents John D. Nugent has made you the henchmen of the craft, Mavrone; but "adversity makes strange bedfellows," indeed.

Samy Gray, Builders Labourers' Society; Jumbo Felt, Thomas Lewins, all of Donnybrook, are scabbing at Ballsbridge Tram Depot.

NIX.

Wexford Notes.

We, in Wexford, join with our countrymen all the world over in mourning the loss to Ireland of her illustrious countryman, Patrick Ford, of the New York "Irish World" whose every thought and only ambition was the uplifting of his mother land. May his epitaph be written in gold, and his soul rest in peace.

Very hearty greetings and well wishes were the order of the day on last Monday when our worthy secretary of the I.T.W.U., Richard Corish, T.C., led his bride to the altar. It is true there was no flourish of trumpets or pages in the fashionable Press to herald the event, but much better to have the esteem and friendship of hundreds of good citizens—it will be more lasting.

The "Mollies" are giving a prize (puzzle and Killeen). The object in chief of the "Mollies," some of whom are gone into mourning for his departure—not his demise—they have started a song to commemorate the event.

Air—"Come Back to Erin."

A host of the "Mollies," both waking and sleeping, Keep guard around Anne street by night and by day, But somehow we don't feel quite easy without you, We would rather be with you in the land far away.

Come back to Wexford, dear Killeen, dear Killeen, Come back again to the boys you don't like; Come with your cocoa, Movourniech, Movourniech, If not all the "Mollies" are going on

It will be an object lesson to the working classes to rout all the "Mollies" next January, as well as Killeen.

We are informed that the membership of the St. Patrick's Workingmen's Club is swelling in numbers every week, and we hope that by January next they will be in a position to contest the Municipal seats in all the wards. With an organisation such as theirs victory all round is assured. Workers, stand by your own class. Don't heed the canvasser who tells you that the employer is your friend on public boards. Thank God, we are just now beginning to see the light.

At a meeting of the Committee of the Club on Monday night a resolution of regret at the death of the late Patrick Ford was passed. We wonder we have not yet seen one from the Hibernians, great National body that they are.

The position of the Transport Union in Wexford is getting stronger and more respected every day. Our enemies would have people believe that we are now practically non-existent, but the evidence of its strength can be seen every day no matter what others say to the contrary.

The noble self-sacrifice of the Wexford Dockers was fully evinced on last Tuesday evening when they finished discharging the ss. Jennie. They nobly subscribed 2s. per man for their fellow-workmen in Dublin.

"Freedom's battle-axe begun Is oft delayed but ever won."

"It's a Wrong Thing to Try and Crush the Workers."

Air—"It's a long way to Tipperary."

Grouped in dear old Dublin town the "Polis" stand each day, Thirsting for their schoolmates' blood, with whom they used to play; Irishmen, remember never let the Police be forgiven for their fierce assault and brutal cruelty.

CHORUS—

It's a wrong thing to crush the Workers, It's a wrong thing to do, It's a right thing to wipe out Murphy, Eason and his crew, Fight on, Transport Workers, prove that you are true To Jim the trusted leader, and the Red Hand Aye.

A lock-out was caused by Murphy, who did his best to try To force all men in his employ their Union to deny, But comrades, stand together, and let this tyrant see We mean to fight for Justice and lifelong Liberty.

Written by "Haro-Ship."

To Enjoy Your Meals AND STILL HAVE MONEY TO SPARE, CALL TO MURPHY'S, 6 Church St., North Wall, The Workers' House, where you will get all Provisions at Lowest Prices.

Twinem Brothers' MINERAL WATER, The Workingman's Beverage. TWINEM BROTHERS' Dolphin Sauce The Workingman's Relish. Factory—66 S.C. Road, and 31 Lower Clanbrassil Street. Phone 2658.

INDUSTRIAL Co-operative Society (DUBLIN), LTD., Bakers, Grocers & General Merchants. Owned and controlled by the working classes, who divide the profits quarterly. Payment of 1s. Entitles you to Membership. Grocery Branches—17 Turlough Terrace, Fairview; 82B Lower Dorset Street, 165 Church Road. Bakery Branch—164 Church Road.

Cork Industrial Development Association. The above at their weekly meeting on Monday declined to have anything to do with a resolution condemning sympathetic strikes. The workers of Cork should take note of the above gentry. Mr. Goggin is an old humbug of over eighty, who, if he tries any more defamation of the transport workers or their leaders, will have some of his forgotten (?) doings in his native Newtownbandrum raked up. Mr. Goggin, we know, never takes himself seriously, though every one else seems to do so. John, my old humbug, you have not so long to live, so try and do penance for the foul tenements that you are rackrenting the poor for.

Goggin's second, the great Nationalist, is a great who provided cars to carry the bludgeoners to the Watergrasshill eviction. Learned his nationality in the Constitution surface club and lives up to it by providing cars for deputations, he being usually one of the deputation-leaders himself. Has two of his brothers on the public boards with him to help in the jobbery. Belongs to the B.O.E. and serves faith and fatherland by jarring the clergy at top price and odd jobs for the Mollies at so much a time.

Tom Donovan, a bold faced fraud, whose only recommendation is his money. Delights to do public jobs for his own benefit at the expense of the ratepayers. It is a disgrace to the moral life of the city for an old reprobate like Donovan to be on any public board, and if he crosses our path again some incidents in his dissolute career will be published for his edification.

Thade Byrne, from Clonrois, the hungry-faced farmer, also voted against any protest against the bludgeoning of the people. This is one of the men whom the labourers won his farm for and faced the bullets Thade looks what he is, and that's saying enough.

Another farmer, Ryan, also voted. This fellow is an A.I for Ireland. His brother is a Mollie, another a doctor; yet another a relieving officer, and the whole family are as mean as ditch water. This fellow is one of a tribe that are betting on the rottenness of Cork "politics" of the present day, and the sooner the workers rally together to wipe out the jobbers who follow (?) both sides and unite for their own vile jobbery the better for the country.

P. Murphy, J.P., patriot and Larkin leader at so much a week, left the room before the vote was taken. How long, oh Lord, how long?

Denny Gamble, the tin pot patriot, with more cheek than brains, declined to vote. Denny is always posing as the poor man's "friend," but we can see he is afraid to offend the contractor who gives him an occasional order for tin cans. Dan, you are as big a fraud as Goggin.

D. Buckley, J.P., the pipe merchant, went out of the room and would not vote. He will be asking the voters for their vote in January.

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ALL NEW GOODS. Immense Display of NEW AUTUMN GOODS. We have just now arriving daily the Smartest, Newest and Most Up-to-Date products of the home and foreign markets. OURS—Always the keenest popular prices. OURS—Always the largest stock to select from. Every item in both our houses the best value. We want your business. We are the Cheapest People in the Trade. BELTON & CO., General Drapers, THOMAS ST. AND 671 BUNNICK ST.

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**The Pride of North Dock.**

**A Laudatory Ballad.**  
 (Tune—"The Top of Cork Road")  
 [The following lines are supposed to have been written by the Vice-Chancellor's chief henchman—Sweet William. The present Labour unrest and the nearness of January, 1914, may be taken as having inspired the verses.]  
 Bung of all bungs—and the city is full of them—  
 Petty and prosperous, mighty and small;  
 I know a lad who has quite got the pull of them,  
 Alfie, me boy, you knock spots off them all.  
 Dacent and daredevil, kindly and courteous,  
 Dapper and dandy, but stout as a rock;  
 This mull I'll say for ye, Dublin men pray for ye  
 All night and day for ye—Pride o' North Dock.

Faith, it's yerself that is loved be the best of them,  
 Even the clergy are forced to admit;  
 That's all ye want, sure the rabble's the rest of them—  
 Beggars who don't own a thruppenny bit.  
 Bacchus in you has a docile conspirator,  
 Ready to smile when your enemies mock;  
 Some men could swing for ye, bless me!  
 I'd sing for ye,  
 Do any thing for ye—Pride o' North Dock.

Statesmen admire the fine head you're possessor of,  
 And they agree that when Home Rule draws near,  
 Ireland's finances ye'll be the assessor of—  
 Taxin' the milk and releasin' the beer!  
 That'll be great for the country I'm tellin' ye,  
 Alfie rigged out in the Chancellor's frock;  
 All in amazement at ye, fixin' their gaze at ye,  
 Flingin' their praise at ye—Pride o' North Dock.

Alfie, me boy, I'm thoroughly proud of ye,  
 Blowin' yer horn in the inthrests of peace,  
 Half o' the country is talkin' aloud of ye,  
 While I'm defendin' the Dublin police.  
 Batons and bottles are serious argument—  
 I've got a few of the latter in stock—  
 Willin' to drink to ye, ready to slink to ye,  
 Slippin' the wink to ye—Pride o' North Dock.

Alfred, I hope you've a place in yer will for me  
 (Don't mind me sayin' it; I'm not a snob)  
 There's a good fella, now—pull a big gill for me,  
 'Stringin' up rhymes is a dry sort o' job.  
 Cork Hill is loomin' beyant in the wilderness,  
 Lorcan is takin' good care of his flock;  
 There would I stand for ye, sweep the whole land for ye,  
 Give me right hand for ye—Pride o' North Dock.

**Correspondence**

To the Editor "Irish Worker,"  
 September 20th, 1913.  
 DEAR SIR,—The enclosed protest was sent to the "Evening Telegraph" at commencement of the lock out, and, of course, refused insertion. I notice, however, that since then they have dropped their bitterly hostile attitude and become neutral.—Yours,  
 T. M'HEUG.

To the Editor "Evening Telegraph."  
 It is sad to see your fine old Nationalist paper taking the side of the strong in the present crisis. For who during the Lock Out and the recent strike of the Transport Union might be called the Land League of the city, as the cry for the ordinary necessities of merely tolerable existence gave birth to each, and the need of a fighting leader produced Davitt to the one and Larkin to the other.

What, I say, has happened that you should now denounce their brethren of the cities and towns for demanding a similar share in the life of the nation? The circumstances are different, but the parallel is perfect. The Transport Union might be called the Land League of the city, as the cry for the ordinary necessities of merely tolerable existence gave birth to each, and the need of a fighting leader produced Davitt to the one and Larkin to the other.

Was not Davitt denounced as a stroller and disturber by the clerical and lay authorities, and was it not to the most helpless and disorganized and neglected that he preached the gospel of resistance to robbery, oppression, and eviction? His hearers, tenants at will, with nothing between them and beggary but their little crops, liable to confiscation and extermination at short notice if they objected to their abject state. Their hearts of oil aching. Similarly have high rents and exorbitant prices of the necessities of life called forth the cry of despair from our workers in the city. Excessively long hours, low wages, and no security of employment, beggary but their one miserable weekly wage. In fact the agricultural slave was far better off, inasmuch as he had the pure air and peaceful rest, impossible to the city toiler and dweller in the noisy tenements.

The day of the country slave has passed and his independence has been secured by organization, agitation, and improvement, but especially by the help of the National Press. It is now the day of the town slave, and surely he is as much entitled to the help as was his country brother in the past. And, as a further parallel, the "Irish Worker" might be styled the "United Ireland" or the "Weekly News" of the present day.

Yet, strange to say, the "Freeman" publications are more hostile to the new Land League, while promoting Home Rule and democratic sentiments, rivaling the "United Ireland" and other hereditary enemies of all progress in their bitter opposition to the cry of the workers.

Agreeing from the merits of the present dispute, might we not at least expect neutrality and sympathy together with every facility of protest against industrial tyranny and bigotry?  
 Is it too late to expect the resurrection of your old noble spirit on behalf of the oppressed?  
 Stand forth again for the people, not up to your old traditions, and let the free current of public sentiment have on the Press at least one friend, one Irish daily platform of the Press, from which it is freely exposed its views.  
 T. M'HEUG.

Although damage has been done to the instruments, we are glad to get them so that we can have them repaired, and be with the workers again, also to the proprietors who shielded the players, and saved the instruments from total wreck, we offer our best thanks, special thanks is due to Mr. Pierce Butler, who risked his own safety, and rescued the Bass Drum, and had it in his possession without injury, when a big "cock" of an R.I.C. man put his foot through it, which shows how they try to make peace and order. It is high time that those responsible for their conduct should be called on to give an explanation of Sunday's proceedings, thanking you for insertion.  
 I remain, Dear Sir,  
 Yours faithfully,  
 T. KEMPLE,  
 Hon. Sec.

At a meeting of the Ballinacorney Gaelic Athletic Club, Sunday 21st instant, after routine business the following resolution was proposed by Peter D'Arcy, and seconded by Frank O'Kelly "that we the members of the Ballinacorney Gaelic Club, strongly object to the resolution passed by the District Council on the 17th inst. in asking the employees not to join or support the Transport Union, that we consider it grossly unjust to their employees, to try and deprive them from any action which would help their fellow workmen." The resolution was carried unanimously.

The Chairman, Mr. P. Donnelly in the course of his remarks said that he could not see the right of that Council to dictate to the labouring man as to what union he should join, a council, primarily composed of Bums and called farmers, the greater part of which derived their living from the labouring class, that we call on such Council to rescind such order, and particularly on the representatives of Whitechurch and Rathbarney districts, to see that at such order be rescinded.  
 This high and mighty Council must remember that it was the labouring man's vote put them there without extra pence.  
 Signed on behalf of the above Club,  
 PETER DONNELLY,  
 New Brook, Rathbarney.

DEAR MR LARKIN.—Are you aware that here in Tramway Depot, Cabra, the soldiers and police on duty are supplied from Alx. Findlater and Co. with Stout. It is conveyed in a private motor car, No. 1K 1886, drab colour, and driven by clerks, apparently blacklegs. The cooper of stout, apparently not a few, are well covered and carefully hid from public view, by travelling rags. It is a royal revel for the soldiers on duty at night, as can be witnessed any evening by the amount of gas and tumbledrums that has to be used after the feast of "Bat Boob," who pays Findlater?  
 Another item of news for you is that the Bohemian Bar, Pimlico, is doing a booming trade with the bumpers at jarring between the "marks and seab." "CAUTION PA'ON," "One eyed Detective."

DEAR SIR,—I think you have been misinformed as regards the Rev. Father Condon, O.S.A. I think it must be admitted, in face of his unqualified denial of your allegations, that he is the wrong brother. There is a Father Condon, late curate of High Street Parish Church, who some time ago was, under very suspicious circumstances, transferred to another parish; I believe to Donabate, Co. Dublin. He, however, remained there only a short time, and is now, I understand, invalided on account of some heart trouble, and is at present living at Grove Park, Rahmies, Dublin. He is said to be a rich man and to back horses. You will notice the names are almost identical; this and the fact that their respective churches are in the same locality accounts for the confusion. However, some one has said that a reservation is as bad as an untruth, and Father Condon, O.S.A. as he has known whom the cap fitted.—Yours truly,  
 DRUMCONDRA,  
 Sept 10th, 1913.

DEAR SIR,—In reading last night's paper, I see floods of Finglas raised by the strikers for Sunday. There is a Father Condon, late curate of High Street Parish Church, who some time ago was, under very suspicious circumstances, transferred to another parish; I believe to Donabate, Co. Dublin. He, however, remained there only a short time, and is now, I understand, invalided on account of some heart trouble, and is at present living at Grove Park, Rahmies, Dublin. He is said to be a rich man and to back horses. You will notice the names are almost identical; this and the fact that their respective churches are in the same locality accounts for the confusion. However, some one has said that a reservation is as bad as an untruth, and Father Condon, O.S.A. as he has known whom the cap fitted.—Yours truly,  
 DRUMCONDRA,  
 Sept 28th, 1913.

DEAR SIR,—I would like to draw your attention to the delivery of a "Wedding Cake" on Tuesday, 23rd inst. from Messrs. Jee under police escort. Why let Miss O'Brien, of Lemanu street, who is getting married to-day, Wednesday, at Harrington street Chapel, to a Trade Union carpenter named Gillan. This young lady's father and brother are members of the Plasterers' Trade Union. I wonder what they think of the "scab" wedding cake coming to the house under police protection, or what the bride and bridegroom will say to their friends when they see there no other house to get it in or do there so-called Trade Unionists support "scab" bosses?  
 Yours sincerely,  
 F.B.

DEAR SIR,—Excuse me for writing this to you and interrupting you, as you have so much business to contend with in the present dispute. My heart is breaking over your statement which is untrue, in regard to being a scab. I have sufficient proof to show that I have been at home as most men in the fight, although I am not a Union man, but I went down with the intention of joining on Sunday. The men who are looked out can prove that I have been sent down to the docks. I went as far as the gate and returned back before their eyes, and on the fourth occasion one of your own members went into the docks, got out the four quarters of whiskey, brought them to W. L. Ryan & Co., Lower Ormond quay, and I refused to give them, which I can prove by the men who weighed them. The M.G.W.B. and G.S. & W.B. why does not all scab nor is a money lender; the only money coming in is in my money every Saturday, which is given up to my wife for our support and to pay our way. I am not a drunkard, for any man with seven children, cannot afford to drink and support them. My wife, myself, and the girl, I intend will be with you at six o'clock. I may be a little late, but may not be off work, and prove to you that there is no need for begging. You are welcome to visit my home and see for yourself, which is the front room, 55 Cook street, and I would not be living here were I will not be allowed into any house with the amount of children I have, and we cannot afford to pay for a house of our own.  
 Trusting you will give me all the hearing you can on Monday evening. And in that you can enquire from the dock pick-up boys, and I trust I have been to them. I am bidding them to tell you that my girl comes home from the Zoological Gardens, where she is enjoying herself at the present with some other child on—Yours truly,  
 JOHN JONES.

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**TO THE DUBLIN MASTERS.**  
 They took the pay you gave them, you didn't care a hair  
 What kind of food it bought them, nor if each got his share.  
 You took the wealth they made you—you took the goods it bought—  
 But to the men who made it, you scarcely gave a thought.  
 And then the dumb ass, Labour, by miracle found voice,  
 You were surprised, and listened—you had no other choice;  
 You had to pay more wages, the Unions gave the law,  
 It's nasty now since Labour gripped you in its dirty paw!  
 You fling it off, when Labour strikes, you strike with batons, too,  
 You chase them off the Dublin streets, you know not what you do;  
 Batoned! they meet death in the street, and when their courage spent,  
 They fly for home, death meets them in the tottering tenement.  
 The only homes you gave them—the homes your wage supplied.  
 They see your motor-cars, your clothes, your luxury and pride;  
 They feel the hired baton blows that is their only share,  
 Of wealth their toiling hours have made. Is this all you can spare?  
 Will you deny to them the right to band in brotherhood?  
 You'd have them faithful to their pay and faithless to their blood;  
 They claim the right to stand beside their brothers and you'd bring  
 Troops of the Crown to mow them down; you do a shameful thing.  
 Make peace, O Dublin Masters, delay saw once before  
 Weak cries, like mine, for justice drowned in the rabble's roar;  
 I fling the cap of Liberty, though I, too, know full well  
 Who were the first to perish when France went down to hell.  
 Make haste for peace, O Masters, I bid you not to wait,  
 I see a change in Dublin, and kindness turned to hate;  
 See fiery Revolution bring hither what has been,  
 You know what filled the tumbrils—what fed the guillotine!  
 SUSAN L. MITCHELL.

**To David Sheehy, Esq., M.P.**  
 SIR,—We take off our hats to you!  
 We give you three cheers! You are  
 hereby invited to Liberty Hall to be  
 invested with the order of the "Red  
 Hand."  
 You have, by your speech at Navan  
 on Sunday week last, rendered unto us a  
 signal service. The party of which you  
 are a member have learned the truth  
 and wisdom of the old proverb which  
 tells us that "Silence is golden," especially  
 when Labour troubles are in the air.  
 We know, of course, that you have  
 been telling us all along that the Irish  
 Parliamentary Party were devoted to the  
 cause of Labour. They lie awake at  
 night thinking of our trials and troubles,  
 and the thoughts of the conditions under  
 which we live and work often put  
 them clean off their game—on the links,  
 and I am sorely afraid that a lot of  
 us believed them.  
 But you, brave sir, have pulled them  
 off the fence—into the ditch. You alone  
 of all the Party were wise enough to  
 open your mouth about the present  
 locking out, and you have put your foot  
 in it!  
 We, therefore, thank you.  
 I hardly think you could have realised  
 what you were doing; but I reckon you  
 will have heard one or two things about  
 it before now from the Party bosses.  
 You see they cannot support you. They  
 will offend us who have peace and votes,  
 and they cannot repudiate you. They  
 will offend the capitalists, who, though  
 they have not many votes, have plenty  
 of pounds. What a lovely muddle you  
 have made of the whole business!  
 It will not do to come along later on,  
 pushed by the Party, and tell us that  
 you were not speaking for the Party or  
 as a member of the Party. Let them  
 come out, and if they do not agree with  
 you, let them come out and tell us so.  
 But they will not! You see, they are  
 in thorough agreement with all you said  
 about Larkin and his methods. Some of  
 us knew this all along; now we will all  
 know it.  
 There is no middle course in this fight.  
 You are either with us or against us;  
 but your Party would have liked to sit  
 on the fence and look on to tell us  
 when all is over that the Irish Party have  
 ever been champions of the cause of  
 Labour. Fancy honest John from  
 George's street in agreement with anything  
 so "embarrassing" as Larkin and  
 his methods must be to the employers,  
 and fancy Alderman Cotton as champion  
 of Labour!  
 I am glad however, that you agree  
 with ourselves, Larkin, and William  
 Martin Murphy that the Dublin em-  
 ployers have not been treating us as they  
 should have done. But can you not see  
 that here lies the crux of the whole  
 situation. The employers knew this  
 all along, but we did not realise it until  
 our friend Larkin came along and pointed  
 it out to us. This is the reason why we  
 are asked to throw Larkin over, to throw  
 ourselves to the mercy of the employers,  
 when we are assured that all will be  
 well. God help their poor, simple souls!  
 Do they think for a moment that, having  
 found them out, we shall let it stop at  
 that.  
 There is only one way to end this  
 "trouble." The employers must make up  
 their minds that we are not for  
 sympathy, but for justice. We want no  
 concessions, no favours, and no sympathy,  
 and we shall accept none. Let  
 them just realise this, and the whole  
 question is settled. It is very important  
 that this should be made quite plain.  
 Just as soon as the employers make up  
 their mind to give us a just share of the  
 profits accruing from our labours (please,  
 do not confuse this with that elusive  
 thing, "a living wage"), so soon will  
 Larkin's interference with them and  
 their methods cease; but meanwhile we  
 keep Larkin, just to keep his eye on  
 them!  
 By the way, was it from Professor  
 Kettle you acquired the stupendous know-  
 ledge of economics displayed in your  
 Navan speech?—I am, yours faithfully,  
 GAROYLA.

**Appeal on behalf of Irish Transport**  
**Workers Tramwaymen's Strike Fund**  
 by Dublin United Trades Council and  
 Labour League.

Received by John Farran, Treasurer,  
 up to September 10, 1913:—  
 Irish Drapers' Assistants' Association,  
 £50; Dublin Corporation Employees'  
 Trade Union, £50; Irish Glass Bottle-  
 makers' Society, £20; Irish Bakers' So-  
 ciety, £10 10s.; Amalgamated Society of  
 House and Ship Painters, No. 1 and No. 2  
 Branches, £12 18s. 9d.; per W. P. Par-  
 tridge Esq., T.C., £6 10s.; John Brannigan,  
 Esq., 12 Mayfield road, S.C.R., £1  
 18s. 6d.; W. Chase, Esq., Parnell street,  
 £1 4s.; "A Tipperary Friend," £1; Dublin  
 Fire Brigade Men's Union, £5; Miss Mary  
 Lawless, Kiltane Lodge, Bangor, Ennis,  
 Co. Mayo, £5; International Tailors',  
 Machinists, and Pressers' Trade Union,  
 £1; Seizing Staff, Dublin, Bascals Post  
 Office, £2; General Union of Carpenters,  
 £1 7s.; Artane Employees, £1 4s. 6d.;  
 "M. D." a Woman Worker, per John  
 Farran, 2s. 6d.; Howth Workers, £3 15s.  
 6d.; "R. A." per Wm. O'Brien, £1;  
 tailors employed in Scott's, £1 8s.; tailors  
 employed in J. B. Johnston's, 17s. 6d.;  
 tailors employed in Arnott's, 13s.; tailors  
 employed in Seale's, 2s.; C. Cooney, 1s.;  
 W. O'Neill, Printer, 2s. 6d.; John  
 Vaughan, 2s.; North Wall Branch N. U.  
 Railwaymen, per T. Lawlor, £1 9s.;  
 Leopold Ua Deolain, 26 Lennox street,  
 10s.; A Few Sympathetic Sinn Feiners,  
 £2; Mineral Water Operatives Society,  
 £1 10s.; Charles Cooke, 2s. 6d.; A Few  
 Girls working at Hayes', 10s. 7d.; Walter  
 Halls, Nottingham, 5s.; Glaziers'  
 Society, per Thomas Mannell, £2 2s. 6d.;  
 Journeymen Butchers' Society, £1;  
 Thomas Hayes, 74 Upper Dorset street,  
 5s.; Mr. Twomey, 84 Gardiner street,  
 5s.; John M'Avineu, 2s. 6d.; Mr.  
 O'Connor, 212 Parnell street, 10s.; A.  
 Habington, 2s. 6d.; "P. D." Finglas  
 road, 7s. 6d.; M. Comerford, 3s. 6d.;  
 Mat. Comerford, 1s.; Ben Drum, 1s.;  
 James O'Keefe, 1s.; Amusements Com-  
 mittee Trades Hall, £5 10s.; Thomas  
 Spooner, 1s. 6d.; Joseph Spooner, 1s.;  
 P. Ryan, 1s. 6d.; C. Toole, 1s.; T.  
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 Ryan, 1s.; Thomas Wall, 2s.; John  
 Maher, 1s.; D. Anderson, 6d.; John  
 Farran, 2s. 6d.; Alfred Perkins, P. Butler,  
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 Cork Branch I. T. and G. W. U., £4 16s.;  
 Metropolitan Laundry Workers, 10s. 0d.;  
 Women Workers' Excursion, £3 5s.;  
 Casual Man Manchester Steamers,  
 £2 4s. 6d.; A. M. Burke, England, 5s.;  
 J. C. Byrne, 2s. 6d.; collected by White-  
 haven Labour Committee, 11s.; Irish  
 Women Workers, £1 12s. 10d.

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**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 PLUG & ROLL.**

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