

"The principle I 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.

THE IRISH WORKER

And People's Advocate.

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!

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21st, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.]

The Catholic Truth Conference and Journalistic Humbug.

The eleventh annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society (opened on Wednesday, October 11th) did not differ essentially from its predecessors in any material respect. As usual a number of edited papers were read, dealing with subjects of importance. When we read the title of Rev. Dr. Barry's paper, "The Crisis of Modern Literature," we turned the editorial columns of our contemporaries, and we were not disappointed. When we see that a distinguished Catholic cleric has so severely denounced betting, we have always looked to the editorial columns for a fierce denunciation of the vice of betting. We have looked with confidence to the inner portion and find all the latest "tips," prophecies and suits, which "results," we may remark, do not always square with the previous prophecies.

Rev. Dr. Barry's paper was an eloquent denunciation of the modern newspaper and novel, and so far as we can understand dealt principally with the evil wrought by the cheap newspaper finding a way into every home and leaving there that might be described as distilled moral poison.

Now, we have been assured by distinguished and undistinguished ecclesiastics that the trouble which has befallen the Church in France, Portugal and elsewhere can be traced to two influences—firstly, to "godless education," which, as we are told, turns out the young as moral Apaches." Secondly, to the evil influences of those who have reduced marriage from being a Divine Sacrament to a level of a mere civil contract or ritual agreement, sometimes entered into or through unworthy motives.

Those of us (and we admit our numbers are few) who wade through the columns of the Irish Catholic week by week (and, dear reader, you cannot appreciate the mental torture that "wading" causes) know how often its editor has "called high heaven" to witness that one of the potent causes of the irreligious rampart in Continental countries is the cynical disregard manifested toward the Divine Institution of Marriage.

The owner of the Irish Catholic is Mr. William Martin Murphy. The Editor is Mr. William F. Dennehy. The owner of the Evening Herald is also, by a strange coincidence, Mr. William Martin Murphy. And in a recent issue of that gutter sheet, made up of reports of "Divorce," American "Unwritten Law," and filthy English and other cases, together with jokes (alleged) from the London Globe, and betting tips from "Major May" in a column run by "Patricia" the following appeared under the heading of "Our New Competition":

"Are Husband and Wife Happier With Separate Establishments?"

A correspondent writes:—"I am what is called a 'modern' girl of five and twenty, and I earn my living as secretary in an office, I live in my own comfortable rooms, and have a great love of freedom. I am to be married this year to a man whose income is the same as my own, and who also lives comfortably in his rooms. We are both 'nervy' people, but at the same time get on well together. I do not wish to take a joint house, but propose we should go on living in the same way after we are married, and each keep up our own rooms. In that way we shall be independent pecuniarily of one another, and there is less chance of our getting on one another's nerves. I should like to know if your readers think we have more or less chance of married happiness by keeping up our separate rooms and being pecuniarily independent of one another."

The Editor of the Herald offered two prizes respectively of 7s. 6d. and 5s. for the best answers to the question. Now, in all seriousness, we ask what were the Catholic Church authorities in Dublin thinking of when they allowed to appear in a professed "Catholic" paper, owned by a professed Catholic, who also runs a paper bearing the name of Irish Catholic, such "moral poison" as the above without condemnation?

Can any decent workingman fancy his daughter seriously debating the question whether "to live with her husband or not, after marriage?"

Surely if the Municipal and other authorities in France, who, we are told, have "sought to degrade marriage by making it a civic contract" are worthy of denunciation, how much more deserving of condemnation is Mr. William Martin Murphy, who makes, in the columns of his Evening Herald, marriage a mere arrangement for mutually comfortable living between a young man and woman?

The idea is so revolting, so utterly opposed to all Christian teaching, that we feel surprised that gentlemen (like, for instance, the Rev. Myles Ronan, who has been so grievously perturbed by a recent occurrence in Smithfield) have allowed it to pass unnoticed.

We feel sure that it only needs to have their attention directed to it. This we have done, and we await the result.

TREATY STONE.

"The Days that Yet Shall Be."

As we sadly muse in sorrow
On the darksome days of old,
Wondering if ever morrow
Will destroy the curse of gold;
Sounds a voice within, so tender—
Cheering words, prophetic, tender
And reveal the golden splendour
Of the days that yet shall be.

None shall sell unto his neighbour,
None shall of his neighbour buy.
Just a little healthful labour
Will each human need supply.
Gone the crazy market scramble,
Gone the eyes the bloody gamble,
None for filthy gold shall gamble
In the days that yet shall be.

No more sons of bitter anguish
Shall unwelcome come to birth,
None shall e'er in hunger languish
For the mortal bread of earth.
Plundered, outraged women sighing,
Nursing babes with hunger crying,
Children 'neath their burdens dying
Shall not darken days to be.

Then shall rise the stately palace,
Peaceful home and temple fair;
In their hall of pleasure's chalice
Every life shall freely share.
Human souls no more benighted,
By the ghost of care affrighted—
Shall by learning's lamp be lighted
In the days that yet shall be.

Might of man to rule his fellows
Shall at last be overthrown,
And the words of "lord" and "servant"
Evermore shall be unknown.
None shall lip the name of "debtor,"
None shall forge a cruel fetter,
Men will think Love's bond is better
In the days that yet shall be.

Nature shall bring better races
To a glad and joyous birth;
Nobler forms and fairer faces
Than were ever seen on earth.
All the world shall love the lover,
None shall ever scorn a mother,
None shall ever hate his brother
In the days that yet shall be.

Let us sow the seed, my brothers,
Tho' we ne'er behold the dawn,
Quite enough for us that others
Pluck the fruit when we are gone.
Blest to know that when we're sleeping
Braver souls, our men'ry keeping,
Shall provide a richer reaping
For the souls that yet shall be.

GEORGE VAIL WILLIAMS.

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Meeting of the Bishops.

THE RECENT STRIKE.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

SIR,—The authorised statement of the Archbishops and the Bishops of Ireland relative to the recent strikes, as appearing in your issue this evening, apart from being evidently based upon entirely wrong assumptions, does not even possess the redeeming feature of mercifully appealing to the railway companies for the reinstatement of the men so harshly dismissed from positions gained only after a life of earnest and honest toil.

One must be forgiven for expecting Catholic Bishops at such a meeting to act more like ministers of religion than shareholders in a railway company; and to deplore the absence from their action of that unflinching feature of His, whose voice, resounding down the corridors of Time, still proclaims "I have compassion on the multitude."

Leading trade unionists, no doubt, denounce sympathetic strikes, as stated by their Lordships. But if inquired into, that denunciation will be found to have its origin in the selfish desire to defend ungenerous inaction.

When a landgrabber was boycotted, the baker who refused him bread, the neighbour who refused to speak to him, the people who refused to pray in the one church with him, were all sympathetic strikers. So in the Labour struggle, the persons refusing to buy blackleg bread, to purchase the produce of non-union labour, or to handle blackleg stuff, are likewise sympathetic strikers. And it is unfortunate that their consequent refusal to do so shall have genuine efforts made to secure lasting peace; and I doubt if the flattering conclusion of their Lordships' statement will still hold good should the companies still persist in their present deplorable attitude towards the men dismissed. I do not pen this in the nature of a threat, but rather a plain statement of what I unfortunately believe to be a fact.

The recent strike was caused by the dismissal of two men at the Kingsbridge terminus because they had refused to check certain loads of timber sent by a firm employing blackleg labour. If I am correctly informed (and I invite authorised contradiction of the matter if not correct, as my only anxiety is to state nothing but what is true), the officials of the company had been previously notified of the men's intention to so act under the circumstances; and that notification was not alone graciously acknowledged, but I am informed the men were told that they would not be asked to do the work to which they objected; and not alone that, but Mr. Dent himself caused some police-protected carts to be removed from the company's premises previously and (they tell me) forbade them to be sent there again.

And when these two men—fortified in their refusal by what I have stated above—acted as they believed they were acting, not alone with the knowledge, but with the consent of the officials, they were instantly dismissed without an opportunity of considering their position or discussing it with their fellows. And to secure reinstatement that strike took place; and that strike was carried by the votes of Irishmen in Ireland, and took place before the governing body of the society set foot in Dublin; so when the Executive Council of the A.S.R.S. came to Ireland they came to settle a strike—not to create one. They found upon their arrival the men of the G. S. & W. Railway, some of the Great Northern and of the Midland out on strike; and for the sake of these the Executive Council not alone risked their reputation, but staked the funds of their society by calling for a national strike. These despised Englishmen—one of whom, by the way, was like myself a Connaught man—had apparently greater anxiety for the wives and children of our dismissed countrymen than evidently have some of our own. However, the fact remains that this particular strike was begun in Ireland by Irishmen and settled in Ireland by Irishmen, the society loyally assisting in any action these Irishmen decided to take, but refrained from influencing that decision in any way.

Their Lordships' plea for a purely Irish society will, no doubt, be appreciated by my friends of the Irish Transport Workers' Trade Union; and the suggestion for the formation of an Arbitration Court will be endorsed by all. But I regret that while a restriction is placed upon strikes in this paragraph, I find no like suggestion made

as regards lock-outs under similar circumstances.

And, now, what of the men dismissed? Notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, the men of the G. S. & W. Railway Company surrendered in the hour of their gathering strength. The false prejudice created against them by an unfriendly Press was rapidly melting away. The Irish Parliamentary Party were compelled by the sheer justice of their claim to call for their reinstatement. The railwaymen across Channel were just freed to give the necessary aid; and by their heroic surrender at such a moment these Irish strikers saved their company and their country unknown losses and untold miseries. And it is sad to contemplate that men who made such sacrifices and laid down their arms under such circumstances should now be butchered in cold blood. There comes a warning voice from Cork; and care better be taken less another condition arises worse than the first. We are on the threshold of Christmas. Is it to be Godly peace or un-Christian war to the knife?

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

[Above letter was refused publication by the Evening Telegraph.—Ed.]

True Liberty for Ireland.

I have read with interest Mr. Keating's article, entitled "Ireland a Nation," which appeared in THE WORKER a week or two ago.

If one enters into sentiment one cannot allow his reference to '98 to pass without a feeling of deep remorse.

It awakens in one the hereditary hatred for England and the English that most cultivate from the days of their early childhood.

"The English are to you
As bacon to the Jew
—Unclean."

Their hands are stained with the blood of your ancestors.

The houses of your ancestors have been burnt to the ground and their wives and children have died from starvation and exposure, while their men have been shot down like dogs in their gallant efforts to save their homes.

Is it any wonder that Irishmen hated the name of England in '98?

When one thinks of the event of so dark a time one finds it hard to suppress a desire for continued hatred, and even for revenge. It might be well when one is in such a mood as this to think of Bacon's words: "That which is past is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things of the present and to come."

Remember '98 and its bloody deeds are past and gone, and one great portion of the class that has Ireland's curse (the land owner) for these deeds of '98 have also gone. It lies in the hands of the workmen in Ireland to-day to plan the nation's destiny.

There now remains but one common enemy—the enemy of England, of Ireland, of France, and of every other country in the world, the proletariat's real foe, viz., the capitalist. Let every workingman make up his mind to stand shoulder to shoulder with his fellow-worker, be he English, Irish, or Scotch, and with the determination of men struggle on until the country he ought to control is restored to him. What good will it do Irishmen if they only change from an English capitalist Government to an Irish one? One would be as great a curse as the other.

Make no mistake about it. An Irish capitalist Government of the Murphy type would shoot you down to-morrow if you dared to assert your rights just as the British Government shot your brother in Liverpool a few weeks ago.

It matters very little to the workmen of Ireland whether they are governed by a British capitalist or an Irish capitalist Government. If you are satisfied that a Home Rule Government will plant the flag of liberty in Ireland, then support it; but if you are not satisfied on this point, don't give way to sentiment on the '98 question and thereby help to establish in this country a mere debating society of the rotten Westminster type.

JACK O' DUBLIN.

[We agree with our correspondent that people should look more to the future than the past; although an occasional backward glance helps one to understand the present. There is too much time spent in lamenting the sufferings of our ancestors and far too little attention paid to the suffering of the present.—Ed.]

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SWEETEST AND BEST.

THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

DISCONTENT.

We have been accused of trying to spread discontent among the working class; have been called disturbers and agitators, as if it were sinful to be dissatisfied; criminal not to be content. For myself I make no excuse. It is not my nature silently to muddle through life, surrounded by misery and want that could be remedied now, and should never have been allowed to exist. And—make note of this, Oh! ye scribes and pharisees—were there not good reasons for discontent we could never fan the smouldering spark into a flame. We may cause a revolt, or rather we may direct it; but the reasons were of your making—and it is you, not us, who are responsible for the crimes of the men and women whom you have made brutish by your cruelty and neglect. The blame cannot be shifted to any other shoulders. Human nature is not naturally the vile, evil-disposed thing yourselves and your preachers say it is. Humanity is the greatest thing we know of, and the grandest, until it is debased by unnatural treatment. Few are born criminally inclined, and even their evil-tendencies are traceable to the environment of their parents. You boast of your achievements and refinement—Brother, have you seen how we live in the slums? Faugh! your virtue stinks in our nostrils; there is savagery than your whole class can boast of.

What thing is it you fear, Oh! wise ones? Will the earth no longer yield sufficient food for all? Is there no warmth left in the sun; no beauty in a summer sky; no love in men's hearts? Have you become so big, the earth so small, that we can no longer find room on it? Does your food taste better because we are starving? Must we lie huddled in halls and under hedges, before you can appreciate the warmth of your well-furnished homes? Is life so short that you must needs spend the whole of it in selfish pleasures? Is there nothing better to live for than the gratification of your lusts and desires? In short, are you any better off because of our misery, or rather, are you not also dragged down when we fall?

To make the working class discontented is our ambition. Discontented with you, with yourselves, and with the conditions under which they live. Discontent is the leaven that has uplifted man from the level of the ape; contentment drags him down and makes a beast of him. Would it be better, think you, that three-fourths of the population of the world should be compelled to lead miserable lives amid filthy surroundings, or that they aspired to, and strove for, something freer, fuller, and more god-like?

Support RUSSELL'S,
The Family Bakers,
Trade Union Employers,
RATHMINES BAKERY.

If leisure, freedom, good food, fine clothing and nice houses are good for you, why should you grudge them to us? Too long we have been beggars and pleaders, and you have not heeded us. The time to demand justice has arrived, and we will beg nor crawl no more. We no longer believe you when you tell us we are incompetent and inferior; no longer mistrust ourselves or our power. Our first duty is to ourselves, our wives and children, and it were better to fall fighting for the right, than to live cringing for concessions. Our hope for a brighter and better future is based on the discontent of this generation. Hail, Discontent!

O.F.

THE MEDIUM.

A great American publisher declares re-adjustment of wage scales must come through unions.

While in London Mr. Frank Munsey was interviewed by a representative of the Evening Standard and the St. James' Gazette regarding the situation in the labour world. The statement of Mr. Munsey is an endorsement of organised labour, and is reproduced in part:—"This reformation that is going on is vividly manifest in every phase of endeavour in the thought world, the educational world, and even the religious world.

We can never settle the labour problem before getting into it. We have got to go through with it and prices of labour must of necessity be adjusted to meet the higher cost and better conditions of living to-day.

"The old standards of living are not only yielding to better standards in the upper levels of life, but in the various levels below as well. This re-adjustment of the wage scale of labour can only be brought about by labour unions, and while the latter will in the very nature of the case make mistakes, and in the flush of victory and power go too far, yet the result in the end will be an uplifting of labour and the general citizenship of the nation. The standards worth while in a nation are the standards of the average citizen, not the standards of the few.

"To my mind the best citizen, the best patriot, is the man who makes himself a part of progress that he may influence it in the right direction, rather than the man who concedes nothing and stands to the bitter end for what has been. There is no standing still in any phase of life, and this is as true of nations as of anything else. It is either progress, retrogression or death."

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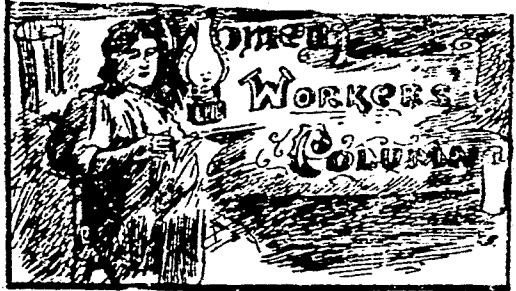
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Women's Work and Wages.

(Continued.)

If working women were paid less because they do not work as hard as men, then surely this should apply to those men who do not work as hard as women. If wages were determined in this fashion, then those who work hardest would be paid highest and those who work least would be paid lowest.

Again, it is said that it does not take as much to keep women as it does to keep men—that their needs are fewer and more easily satisfied. We hold this statement to be untrue. The necessities of life are required by women as much as by men.

In order to live three things are required—food, clothing, and housing accommodation. Do women require less of these than men? Let us see.

Take food—women need as much nourishing food as men; indeed, I will go so far as to say that they often need more—much more than the whole of their wages can supply.

Next comes clothes. Do women require less clothes than men? Besides the necessary clothing, women require variety; and if they have a taste for nice clothes, there is no reason why their taste should not be gratified.

As for housing accommodation, women require as much, if not more, than men. Men, as a rule, look on the house as a place to sleep in and take their meals; whereas to women a house means a home.

We think it must be admitted that women need as much of the necessities of life as men, and should be given an equal opportunity of obtaining them.

M. L. U.

(To be continued.)

TYRANNY.

MR. IRWIN, PAPER SORTER.

Are we living in the twentieth century? Well, the answer is yes. We are in the twentieth century—a supposed enlightened and Christian age; but the methods used by the majority of employers are such as to almost convince one that we are in the dark ages.

This despot learns that some of his girl employees join a trades union—a matter which concerns themselves alone. He dismisses one, thinking by his high-handed action to terrify the others into submission.

Perhaps it would be as well to give a slight description of what his employment consists of. Employee, 24 years of age, 4 years' service, 2s. 6d. per week; occupation sorting papers and carrying from one to three hundred weight of papers up straight stairs.

Employee, 18 years of age, 6 years' service, 4s. per week; folder and packer and sorter of paper. Employee, 17 years of age, 11 months' service, 3s. per week; sorting paper through a screen.

Employee, 17 years of age, 4 years' service, 3s. to 3s. 6d. per week; piece worker, sorting shavings. Employee, 18 years of age, 5 years' service, 3s. to 4s. per week; carrying from one to three hundred weight of papers up straight stairs.

Hours of employment from 8 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Dinner supposed to be from 1 p.m. to 1.30 p.m., but it is always ten minutes past one o'clock before the girls are allowed to commence their dinner, and are back at work at twenty minutes past one.

The work of sorting papers is of such a description that the girls are swallowing dust during the whole time of their employment. The roof of the compartment in which they work is in such a bad condition that when it is raining they are standing in pools of water.

The roof of the compartment in which they work is in such a bad condition that when it is raining they are standing in pools of water. Then, the owner, Mr. Irwin, when he addresses the girls, finds it necessary to call them dogs, cows, and curse and swear at them. Here is a Justice of the Peace. No meat room is provided for the girls to eat their dinner in (when they get it)—they must remain in the same dusty, damp compartment, where they perform their work.

Should they go into the street without a hat on, they are threatened to be fined, and told by the proprietor that "he will not have his establishment disgraced in such a manner."

I think, Mr. Irwin, that if there is any disgrace attached to your establishment it is you, yourself, and your over-bearing and unjust attitude towards your employees. Perhaps when the general public read the above facts they will understand better the feeling of unrest that is spreading amongst the working classes. They give their youth, health, strength, labour—in fact their very lives, and what return do they get? Unseemly names called them, curses flung at them, worked like mules from morning to night, a few paltry shillings at the end of a hard week's work, which, when the money-grabbing landlord has had his share, leaves very little for the necessities of life.

Mr. Irwin, and employers such as he, will find that if they have ridden rough shod over the workers for years, they will not be allowed to do so any longer. The time has come when the workers are determined to have their legitimate share—that is a just return for labour rendered. So mark well, readers, the name of the individual who treats Irish girls in such a brutal manner, it is Mr. Irwin, Justice of the Peace, ex-Alderman, ex-Nationalist, and Chairman of the Irish Industrial Development Association.

D. L.

A REPLY.

WOMEN-WORKERS.—FACTORY AND WORKSHOP ACTS.

I fully appreciate our correspondent's attitude towards the women workers, and her whole-hearted desire to help them. In her zeal for justice to both sides, she overlooks many points. In the first instance, when a factory inspector arrives at a factory or workshop, he or she first goes to the office, the result is that the wires are set in motion, and by the time the inspector appears at the different compartments all damaging evidences are cleared away, and, to the too often indifferent eye, things seem square and above board. But what a different tale would be told if the inspectors would make it a rule, and on that very point I still insist that they are not doing their duty.

All communications for this column to be addressed "D. L., The Women-workers' Column, THE IRISH WORKER, 10 Beresford Place, Dublin.

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

—THE—

Irish Worker AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE. Edited by JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price One Penny—and may be had of any news-agent. Ask for it and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 10 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCT. 21ST, 1911.

Watchman! What of the Night?

Well, the Dublin Bakers have met their Colenso. Synott, the scab, and his friends, the scab importers, Bolands, Kennedys, Halligan, Connolly, Downes (Sir Joseph), James Rourke, Dublin Bread Co. (D.B.C.), Paddy Monks, Johnston, Mooney and O'Brien, Galbraith, Landy, Campbell, have succeeded in giving the bakers a set back. Now, boys, what about rallying! Any fool can shout when he wins. It is the fellow who can make a victory out of a defeat who is the man; the man who fails, always succeeds if he is a man, and those who know the material of the men in the Bridge Street Society, know that this defeat eventually means victory—not

a partial victory, such as the scab employers have gained, but a complete and final victory. We will not forget the methods nor the spirit of the employers throughout this dispute. NO QUARTER! We thank you, sirs, no QUARTER will be our watchword, too. The same spirit of vindictiveness animated the railway directors and canal directors when treating with their employees. Messrs. Parkes, of the Coombe; general providers; Garrett, of Thomas street—each and all the employers have displayed such a spirit of revenge, that surely the workers must realise the truth as set down by Mr. Joseph Clarke, ex T.C., Carpenter, Trade Unionist; and Mr. George Leahy, Plasterer, Trade Unionist, when they said, that the Trades Council was formed in the interest of the employers as well as the employed. Next week we will return to this matter, when we will explain why the Clarke and Leahy, of Dublin and Galway; Dardis, of Belfast; Lynch and Egan, of Cork, make a point of defending the employers, and we will be glad to publish any explanation these gentlemen and trade unionists desire to make. No quarter!—aye, let it be; and damned be he who first cries "hold, enough!"

Now, why did the railway men and bakers get a set back? One reason, the present method of organisation; another, the foul and unscrupulous Press owned and controlled by the friends of the Clarke, Leahy, Lynch, &c., the employers. The employers' methods are those which the dominating and privileged class in the country used successfully for a time during the agrarian and political agitation. The methods of the landlords and land-grabbers were compared and defeated. Well, the result of the land agitation has resulted in freedom for the farmer, who has now become an oppressor; and as the urban worker supported both by money and physical means, the farmer to achieve comparative economic freedom, why not the worker start and do something for himself? How to do it: organise. How to organise: first essential to organisation. To reach those who must be organised means voice and Press. "Press," you say, "the enemy controls that." Yes, we agree. But what is to stop the worker having his own Press? selfishness and apathy. And now to point the moral.

THE IRISH WORKER was started by the writer, who had no capital, and could get no credit. The printing of the first week's issue was met by the sales. We printed and sold first week 5,000 copies; second week, 8,000; third week, 15,000; now upwards of 20,000 copies, and could sell double the quantity if we could print them. The sale is practically confined to Dublin. Every post bring appeals from other towns in Ireland for copies; same cry from Scotland and England, where our brothers toil. We have had to refuse our comrades in America absolutely. During the first few weeks we had little refuse to accept advertisements, having no space, every week. We have to scamp our work and shut out treble the matter we print. We print on Irish made paper, set our type by hand labour, pay the boys who sell the paper 75 per cent. more commission than any other paper; the editor gets no wages, the writers are all voluntary workers. Now, what about you, reader? Do you want the paper? It is only a rag, as our opponents say, at present. We can make a paper of it with your help and active assistance. Well, we want machinery. We want you to own and control the paper—not the editor mark you, nor the policy. The editor never was controlled by any man or men, except when in Mountjoy Jail. The policy is now and always the advocacy of the common people of this country, to govern themselves and the utilising of this land in the interests of all the common people.

To put the thing brutally. We want money. We are going to form a company, £1 shares, payable at 1s. per week. Next week we print the Articles of Association. In the meantime those of our readers who are blessed with a superabundance of the root of all evil, money! send cheques and postal orders, payable to Thos. Murphy, president Trades Council, Capel street, Dublin. A meeting of the contributors and friends and those interested in the paper will be held in the Ancient Concert Rooms, Brunswick street, on Sunday, October 22nd, at one o'clock, when the Editor will explain things. Don't forget THE WORKER is the only Labour paper that ever paid a profit from the first number. In the words of the company promoter, it is a sure snap, and now is your time to underwrite the shares.

The Value of Councillor Sherlock.

Mr. Lorcan Sherlock is a member of the Dublin Corporation. He is not a big man, but he is, in his own estimation, a great man—a pocket Napoleon, as it were. The little sailor of the nursery-tale who forestalled Sir Charles Cameron, and by one heroic stroke destroyed seven fine, able-bodied flies is nothing to the little tobaccoist of Summerhill. The sailor thought he was equal to seven men—but, Lord bless you, seven men, or SEVENTY men, wouldn't satisfy Councillor Sherlock. The valiant successor to Lord Mayor Farrell (Tumbling Jack) measures his value by three figures. He is worth 600 of THE DUBLIN WORKERS!

There are at the present time 15,000 workmen in Dublin, whose average weekly wage is 14s. per week. Unfortunately for themselves most of these men have people depending on them—in fact the average family which each man is expected to support on this magnificent

pay consists of five persons. Some have more, some have less, but taking it all round, it counts that each man has to keep himself and five others on 14s. a week. Fourteen shillings a week is, roughly, £36 a year. Now, if you add together the wages of a hundred of these workmen (and that means counting their families, 600 of the working classes) you will find that they amount to £3,600. Do it like this: £36 multiplied by 100 equals £3,600. £3,680 is the sum that Councillor Sherlock is to receive for one year's office as Lord Mayor. Therefore (leaving the odd £80 out of the reckoning) Councillor Sherlock is worth 600 Dublin working men, women, and children.

In the Mountjoy Ward, which Councillor Sherlock helps to represent, there are slums which are (fortunately for humanity elsewhere) without equal in the world. Hot-beds of filth and fever, spawning beds of vice and crime; without sanitation; without light; yet open to the elements—to rain and cold—they are the herding places of hundreds of Councillor Sherlock's fellow-creatures. Here are crowded families who are living, not on fourteen shillings a week, but on half-a-quarter of that sum. Does Councillor Sherlock ever give a thought to these poor wretches? For a dozen years he has lived beside them and seen their misery. Can he point to one single cleanly house and say—"I caused that to be built—therein men may live as Christians, not as beasts?" Can he point to any ruin and say, "yonder mass was a rotten tenement—I caused it to be pulled down, for it was not fit for men to live in?" It is no use his telling us what he MEANS to do, let him show us what he has DONE. Let him show the workers who have voted for him any single measure of reform he has won for them. And let him tell them, face to face, that he was worth six hundred of them.

MARCUS KAVANAGH.

CORK ECHOES AND RE-ECHOES.

That the workers are clamouring for Jim Larkin. That they won't be happy till they get him.

STRIKE INCIDENTS.

It is rumoured that during the recent strike a representative of a prominent pictorial daily attempted to bribe some of the Army Medical Corps on duty at Cork station, to bandage a man's head and pose for a photo, to show the state of "terrorism in the South." This is the usual method of obtaining "news" and "strike incidents" by the labour liars of the capitalist Press. But this foul plot against the Cork strikers was frustrated by the indignant refusal of the corporal in charge.

THE AFTER-MATH.

The vendetta of victimisation still continues, particularly at Cork and Mallow. As a result, the Company's new hands, and "loyal men" (?) are unable to cope with the traffic in arrears. Yet, not one word of censure or complaint has come from the Employers' Federation or the Press. Of course we would not expect it, only one would think that they would pretend to be consistent with their hypocritical concern for the public.

THE G. S. & W. AND PUBLIC INTERESTS.

During the strike the G. S. & W. yearned with delirious anxiety for the public weal, and called frantically on the Government to facilitate the speedy distribution of the nation's wants, but since the "settlement," the huge streams of traffic waiting along the entire length of the quays and adjoining streets, from five o'clock in the evening till the goods yard opens the next day at 11 a.m., demonstrates their utter inefficiency and callous indifference to public requirements.

THE SYMPATHETIC LOCK-OUT.

We hope the Employers' Federation and those concerned are satisfied to have their horses and goods locked-out all night. This is truly a sympathetic lock-out so dear to the masters' hearts. Perhaps that explains their silence.

WOE TO THE VANQUISHED.

Those who were deceived by the catchcries of "our growing industries," "our country's trade," &c., will now have an opportunity of setting these gentlemen at their proper value. So far from serving the interests of the country these disciples of Dives are wantonly pursuing their policy of "woe to the vanquished, and are willing to sacrifice public convenience to their lust of vengeance on the unfortunate workers.

OUR GREEN PRESS.

The Irish Industrial Journal asks—"What is a capitalist? as if we didn't feel the coils of the almy monster. We are told that "those who are interested in Irish commercial affairs are all workers" (perhaps). "We have no Carnegies or Rockfellers." True; but then it is not their fault. Of course, there are exceptions, who only emphasise the rule. Are the patriotic writers of this journal aware that girls engaged in Irish industries in

Irish Women Workers' Union. LOOK OUT FOR THE Hallow'e'en Concert and Dance For the Members of the Women Workers' Union and friends.

Irish Transport & General Workers' Union Don't forget TICKETS for ANNUAL GOOSE CLUB will be on sale next week.

the City of Cork are only being paid at the rate of fivepence (5d.) per day, subject to fines for loss of time, &c. ? If not, why not? and if they are, what have they done to better the wretched conditions of these and other workers?

Belfast Master Bakers Give Way.

WARICK, Sandy row. NORTHERN BAKERY, SHANE, Shankill road, FLYNN, Old Park road, DUFF BROS., York street, OXTON & Co., PARKES.

The above firms have granted the men's demands, and employ only Trade Union Labour; and last and first the Co-operative Society, who employ only Union men, and were the first to grant the men's demands. Thanks to the members of the Bakers' Society, victory is assured. Buy only bread made by trades union labour, and down with the imported scabs and the firms who imported the scabs. Union is strength. Workers unite. Remember that both the Catholic and Protestant master bakers locked out their men; Nationalist and Unionist master bakers locked out their men. The only firm that granted the men's demands is the Co-operative Society—a society where in Catholic and Protestant worker unite together for their common good.

Mr. Lorcan Sherlock, T.C., and Municipal Trading.

The latest effusion of the above-named gentleman dealing with the Municipal Electricity Supply and Lighting is both instructive and interesting reading; instructive inasmuch as that it is an admission by Messrs. Sherlock and Beattie that collective ownership of lighting in electricity supply and lighting can be made pay even in Dublin. And that after years of bungling and mismanagement, a conclusion arrived at years ago by quite a number of people, the present writer included, who are held in very small esteem by the leading lights of the Incubator of Plots and Schemes of Ormond Quay.

There seems, however, something in the calculations of friend Lorcan; he takes it for granted the secretary of his committee is and has been the only person engaged in the production and distribution of electricity. Therefore with the usual liberality displayed by the so-called public representatives when dealing with funds not their own, but held in trust for the whole people to be used for the benefit of the whole people, must perchance become the fairy godfather of Fred Allan and present him, "or at least make a desperate effort to do so," with a Christmas Box from the profits of the electric lighting.

I do not object to Mr. Allan getting a living wage, but there are numbers of men in the city who manage to live fairly well on less than the present screw enjoyed by Allan.

If he is not satisfied why not let him resign and the job thrown open to public competition? If this was done I feel sure there are quite a number of citizens quite as capable as Fred who would be willing to undertake the duties at their true market value, notwithstanding the difficulties that the ordinary man can have no conception of. Of course, it is understood I am only one of the ordinary people.

Again, in the production of electricity, like all things, there are more workers than secretaries, labourers, stokers, engineers, electricians, &c. If Lorcan's figures are correct, and there is this surplus of £14,000 net after paying all charges, why not adopt the law of "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and increase the salaries (or is it wages?) of those directly engaged in the production? But as usual the workers seem to have been left out of the calculations altogether, or are they to wait till a later period, say New Year's Day, when the scramble for the Municipal Stakes, with the plum of £3,600 thrown in—eh, Lorcan?

What of the consumer—is he not to be considered? Is not the idea of collective ownership to work a commodity as owned for utility and not for profit?

If we accept these promises then the benefits likely to accrue from the electrical supply undertaking should benefit the whole of the people of Dublin generally, and those who are engaged in the industry in particular. Yes, Lorcan, let the bickering cease by all means; try and be honest for once, if that is possible, instead of flooding the newspapers with miserable appeals (moryah) for an increase of wages for an official who is already overpaid, in which is introduced the hardy annual of the housing of the working class.

Instead of all this cant about the working class, why not lower the cost to the consumer, raise the wages of workers engaged, and see that it is made possible for every householder to be supplied with their own light. Then we should not see this Gilbertian method of transacting business, that is when the consumers of municipal electric light are taxed to build houses for the workers and incidentally compensate alum-owning corporators and others, while allowing the consumers of gas produced by a private monopoly and under sweating conditions to go scot free. In conclusion, might I ask a question about the housing of the working class: "Why was not the offer made some time ago by the late Alderman Flanagan of land at 2s. 6d. per acre accepted?" Echo answers why.

We shall refer to this question in the very near future.

WATTISKA.

WEXFORD NOTES.

Many attempts at settlement of the lock-out in Wexford have been attempted, but all have failed dismally because of the one-sided conditions laid down. In all negotiations the employers have laid down that the men must leave the Union as the first condition, and in every instance the men have unanimously rejected the overtures. Bribes have been offered the men, and in every case the men have refused the bait. Increases of four shillings per week have been promised all round, the only conditions being that the men should desert the Union—all of which have been unanimously rejected. In one instance the intermediary, Mr. John Bolton, promised that if the men would leave the Union he was authorised to say the Misses Pierce would repay every penny the men had received from the Union, plus whatever the Union representatives agreed to accept as "the expenses" of the Union and of its representatives in connection with their efforts since coming to Wexford; that they would agree to the appointment of a Committee solely composed of representatives of the workers to fix wages and conditions of labour, and that they (the Misses Pierce) would enter into any legal contract approved by the Union representative to pay any sum up to £1,000 on refusal to abide by the conditions, together with a cheque or hard cash in payment of the moneys expended and the "expenses" referred to, on condition that the men would leave the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union. All no use! The men remain as loyal—aye, more loyal—as at the commencement of the fight.

Just think of it! Close on eight weeks now—getting a small sum weekly as alimony, extending from three shillings to ten shillings, based on the amount of persons depending on the recipient—and not a waverer, not a weak one amongst the seven hundred! Was there ever a nobler fight waged in the whole history of trades unionism? Some of these, our brothers, have families of ten children depending upon them, and yet their wives are as loyal to the cause for which the fathers of their suffering children are battling as the men themselves—not a grumble—not a whimper—but from each eye flashes the fire of determination to fight and to win. Worthy descendants of those who, centuries ago, in hundreds suffered death before they would abandon a principle or suffer dishonour to enter their homes. Here's to the "Boys of Wexford," and here's to the "Women of Wexford"—the best of the men—and may victory set quickly and firmly on their banner. What a contrast between them receiving so little and those others getting within a shilling or two of their full wages, and who struck their flag upon the eve of victory!

Messrs. Thompson Bros. have their workers still locked-out. But we had to show them that we were still alive. On Tuesday morning they made an attempt to send some goods away by the local line of steamers. Peter O'Connor interviewed the representative of the company, and the goods are still in Wexford, and likely to remain here until Messrs. Thompson see the error of their ways and come to terms with their former employees.

The Mayor of Wexford has come to terms with his employees, whom he had locked-out. They were dismissed because they refused to leave the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union. They have gone back as members of the Union on conditions approved by the representative of the Union, having obtained an increase of two shillings per week since they joined the Union. And we are pleased to say that the Mayor has got back all his old customers since the settlement.

The bakers in Wexford made an effort to abolish night-work in the trade here. We are pleased to announce that their demands have been conceded by all the employers, with one exception—a firm named Godkin & Co., whose vans go back as heavily-laden at night as they go out in the morning. And more of that to them!

Some six weeks ago Messrs. Pierce & Co., and Messrs. Doyle & Co., were going to put their foundries under their arms and fly out of the town—the former to Paris and the latter to Belfast. We doubted the story and we said so. We pointed out that if they did they'd have to pay all their workers a fair wage for their labour, and we doubted very much if they would do that off their own bat. We said in each of these cities they would have to meet men who were properly organised, and we did not think they were at all anxious to do that. In plain language we suspected it was all "bluff." This week they have thrown off the "bluff" and advertised for men to apply, but have added a foot-note—"Members of the IRISH Transport Union need not apply."

Reminds one of the old times when "No Irish need apply" was the closing sentence in "Want Ads." in England, does it not? I fear, however, that possible successful applicants are very likely to get a warmer reception from the "Boys of Wexford" than will be palatable to them no matter how cold the "snap" maybe when they arrive.

"WOMEN AND SOCIALISM." Miss M. Devoy lectures on the above subject on to-morrow, Sunday, at the Ancient Concert Buildings. The chair will be taken by Mr. SHEEY SKIFFINGTON, M.A., at 8 p.m. Admission free.

P.T.D.

IN GAELIC FIELDS.

By "Observer."

The Sunday Football League opened on Sunday last, when eleven matches were brought off at the Thatch, Drumcondra, Rialto, Crumlin, and the Park grounds. Chief interest was centred in the three games at the Thatch, where, in addition to two junior games, the replay of last season's Intermediate Finals between Rossa's and Davis' (Fallaght) was decided. The matches at the Thatch were witnessed by about 500 people. The first match played was a Junior B. Tie between two "curate" teams, viz., Hibernian Knights and James Stephens. The game was full of excitement from start to finish. At half-time the Stephens led by 1-3 to 1 point, but the Knights pulled up in the closing half, and only a point separated them at call of time, when Stephens returned good winners by 1-4 (7 points) to 6 points. The Intermediate Final was played next, and a really good game took place. The Davis' fielded a strong combination, while there was several prominent players absent on the Rossa side. The game was a good one, full of excitement and "go," but the Tallaght men were the superior team all through, and the referee's verdict went in their favour on the score 3-3 to 1-1. The proceedings wound up with a Minor A Tie between Shankhill Shelmaliars and Swords (Fingallians), when a one-sided game ended in favour of the Fingallians by 3-1 to 1 point.

The only match of the three that calls for any comment is the Intermediate Final replay. It will be recollected that when the teams met on the same ground in July last a great game went in favour of Davis', who scored the winning point in the last three minutes of the game. The Rossa's lodged an appeal on the grounds that one of the goal umpires was a suspended member of the G.A.A. After several debates at Council meetings the match was ordered to be replayed. Hence last Sunday's game, in which the Davis' asserted their superiority. Of course, it must be admitted that the Rossa team had to face heavy odds owing to five of their players who took part in the July match being absentees; but on the form shown by the Tallaght men I doubt very much if their inclusion would have altered the result. The Davis' were determined to win, and they went in with that intention. This victory entitles them to possession of the "Martyr" silver cup and set of gold medals, which will be presented at next Monday night's meeting of the League. In addition the Davis' must go a step higher in the ranks to Senior Grade, when I hope they will make as good a name for themselves as they have done in the Intermediate ranks.

Three games were brought off at Rialto. In Junior B. Grade the Fox and Geese Emmets easily defeated the Boyle O'Reillys after a one-sided game by 2-6 to nil. The Junior A Team of the Foxrock Geraldines went under to the Clann Tir team in Junior A. Grade by 2-3 to 4 points; while the B. Team of the Foxrock men was also defeated by the Dolphins by 2-4 to 1 point. The extra games were devoid of interest. At Crumlin a match was played in the Junior C. Division between the local Independents and the Harpers (Hazelhatch). The result was a draw of 4 points each. On the Fifteen Acres Keatings got a w.b. from James' Gate in Junior B. Grade; while Kickhams defeated the Minor James' Gate in the Minor competition by 5 points to 1-1. On No. 2 ground St. Patricks accounted for Dublin Geraldines Junior A. Grade by 1-4 to 3 points, and Fianna disposed of Crokes in Junior B. by 2-1 to nil.

The Leinster 1911 Senior Hurling Final was played at Maryboro' on Sunday between teams representing Dublin and Kilkenny. The match was attended by about 2,500 spectators. The teams were played on to the field by the Kilkenny War Pipers Band. The Dublin team travelled by special train from Kingsbridge accompanied by a good following. For a Leinster Final the game could not be classed as a brilliant exposition. Some hard slogging play was seen in the first half, and it was thought by many that the metropolitans would have been the victors. In the second half they fell away considerably, and the Kilkenny men won rather easily in the closing stages of the game. The fine defensive play of the Kilkenny backs had much to do with their victory. When the long whistle went Kilkenny were declared Champions of Leinster by 4-6 to 3-1. It may be of interest to state that the winning team was the same, with one exception, that defeated Wexford—last year's All-Ireland Champions—in the Semi-Final.

ITEMS.—The 1911 Leinster Football Final will be played at Jones' road tomorrow, the contesting counties being Meath and Kilkenny.—There are many G.A.A. followers who anticipate a dual victory for Kilkenny in provincial honours this year.—Meath will have something to say to this to-morrow; but then we must "wait and see."—The match is timed for 1 o'clock, and if the special trains on the Midland and Southern systems are up to time we may expect to see the match started one hour after the advertised time.—Meath and Westmeath are down to play their Minor Football Championship Tie at Jones' road to-morrow also.—Two ties in the Munster Hurling Championship were down to be played at Tipperary on last Sunday.—Clare got a walk-over from the Waterford senior hurlers, the latter not travelling.—Although the Waterford men turned up at the railway station on Sunday morning, they refused to travel,



A Peep Behind the Scenes.

—No reasons are assigned by them for their action.—The Munster Council should take drastic steps to deal with actions of this kind, and prevent a repetition in future.—Hundreds of people went away disgusted when they learned that the Waterford team did not travel.—Those that remained were amply compensated by the clinking game between the Clare and Limerick Juniors.—The Limerick men won by a point, the score being 2-3 to 2-2.—A meeting of the Leinster Council was held at Maryboro' on Sunday last.—The principal business thereof was the hearing of appeals from clubs against decisions of Co. Boards.—Mr. F. Boggan (Wexford) had a motion on the agenda to give the net proceeds of the Hurling Final to the locked-out men in the Wexford foundries.—Owing to the absence of proper travelling facilities Mr. Boggan was unable to be present, and the motion was adjourned to a meeting of the Council to be held to-morrow in Dublin.—It is to be hoped the members of the Council will see their way to support Mr. Boggan's motion.—The workers of Wexford are the best supporters of the G.A.A. in Ireland, and proof of this is to be found in the large crowds that visit Wexford Park every Sunday that matches are on.—We are sure the Dublin representative on the Council will give the motion their support.

BRIEFLETS.—Two interesting matches will be played at The Thatch ground, Drumcondra, to-morrow.—The Kickhams play Hibernian Knights in the Senior League at 11.30 a.m., and the St. Patricks play St. Margarets in the Junior Division at 1 o'clock.—Both games should be well worth witnessing.—At Tallaght to-morrow Rathcoole Juniors meet the Rathfarham Dwyers in the Junior Co. League.—A rousing game may be looked for.—Four matches will be played in the Park to-morrow.—The Annual Convention of Hurling and Football Clubs affiliated to the Co. Dublin Board of the G.A.A. will be held to-morrow at 41 Rutland square at 4.30 p.m.—The consideration of the Annual Report and Statement of Accounts will be the chief business.—The election of officers and consideration of some motions will also form part of the proceedings.—Those travelling by tram to The Thatch ground to-morrow would do well to bear in mind that the trams are now running from the Pillar to Whitehall, instead of from College Green.

BECKER BROS. TEAS.

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PRICES—2/6, 2/2, 2/4, 1/10,
1/8, 1/6, 1/4 and 1/2.
8 STH. GREAT GEORGE'S STREET
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MANLEY'S, The Workers' Provision Stores,

37 Great Britain St. and 3 Stoneybatter,
The Houses for Quality and Value.
Best Mild Cured Bacon, 6 1/2d. and 7 1/2d. per lb., by the side. Choice Dairy Butter, 1s. 2d. per lb.; the talk of the town. Our Eggs are the finest in the district, and can always be depended upon—large and fresh.
All our Goods are sure to please the most fastidious.

BUY YOUR DAILY BREAD at
THE WORKERS' BAKERY
CORNMARKET.
(Manufactured by Trade Union Labour.)

ULSTER NOTES.

Following the attempt of the Dublin bakers to obtain an improvement of their conditions and wages, the Belfast bakers have struck work. They demand an increase of 2s. 6d. weekly and a re-adjustment of hours. The masters replied, offering an increase of 1s. per week, but requiring a two-hours earlier start on Sunday night. This the men unanimously refused, and struck work on Saturday last, after having given a week's notice. The week's notice, of course, gave the master bakers every opportunity to prepare for a fight, and it is evident they took full advantage of the workers' generosity. It is too early yet to say much about the outcome, but the men are determined—they have ample funds, and if they are not too dignified to appeal to the general labour sentiment in the city for practical assistance, they ought to win. The masters are relying on blackleg labourers and breadservers to defeat the bakers. Stablemen, blacksmiths, and handymen of all sorts are being utilised to make the bread. It is pleasant to record that at "Barney" Hughes' Bakery (Springfield road) about thirty labourers came out, refusing to act the blackleg. The Co-operative Society and three or four smaller firms have agreed to the men's demand and are working night and day to fulfil their orders. A striking instance of the need for solidarity in the ranks of labour is shown by the action of the breadsellers. Three-fourths of the trade in Belfast is distributed by vans to the consumers, and the breadsellers are masters of the situation so far as the sale is concerned. These men have what they call a trades union, and have in the past been affiliated to the Trades Council. One would think the obvious thing for them to do was to refuse to distribute blackleg-made bread—to do that would bring the fight to an end in twenty-four hours. But, on the contrary, they are working doubly hard, not only to distribute scab-made bread, but to act the scab themselves—to actually assist in the baking! Let us hope the bakers' society will not be too squeamish in holding these men up to the execration of the trade union world.

The women and girls of the York street and York road Spinning Mill have returned to work without winning any concession from their employers. But they have won the admiration of all those who watched their conduct during the strike. They are assuredly the stuff that will make a strong union. They have returned to work doubly strong in self-respect, with the spirit of revolt in their hearts. When they have been organised for a time they will show their mettle again and with better result.

Remembering the simulated indignation of the linen lords and their supporters in the Press over the "sweating" scandal, and the self-satisfied statement of our bumptious Lord Mayor (M' Mordie) that "sweating is impossible in Belfast," the action of the Boards already appointed under the Trades Board Act is significant. Under this Act four trades were chosen for experimental purposes—the four most notoriously sweated in the Kingdom—viz., chair-making, wholesale clothing, cardboard-box making, and lace-making. So far as they have gone these Boards have fixed minimum wages at 2 1/2d., 3d., and 3 1/2d. per hour. It is illegal now to employ any woman worker at less than that rate in those trades. Anything below the maximum rate is a sweated wage. Fifty-six hours a week at 3d. is 14s. per week. I wonder how many thousand women workers in Belfast earn this? Inasmuch as these rates are now fixed as official, there can be no doubt henceforward as to what constitutes a sweated wage. Any employer paying less than threepence per hour to women workers is officially warded as a sweater. In these circumstances the linen trade of Belfast is built upon sweated labour—one of the worst sweated trades in Great Britain and Ireland. Twopence to twopence-halfpenny per hour for

the best and most experienced workers may be taken as the standard in Belfast. Cradleyheath chair-makers are paid threepence per hour.

BELFAST SHIPYARD WAGES. FURTHER ADVANCE GRANTED.

A largely attended meeting of engine and boilershop labourers (outside and inside), crane-men (all departments), and engine and boilershop slingers employed at Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Ltd., was held on Monday evening in the Minor Avenue Hall, Garfield street, to consider that firm's reply to an application for advance of wages.

Mr. Greig, official delegate, explained that most of the applications had been under consideration for a considerable time. In the case of the engine and boilershop labourers the original demand had been for an advance of 2s. per week. In the early part of July the firm conceded 6d. per week, which was accepted as an instalment, the men resolving, however, to press for their original demand. Mr. Greig also explained that the crane-men had already received, since the beginning of the year, an advance of 2s. per week, and the engine and boilershop slingers 1s. 6d. and 1s. per week respectively. He further informed the meeting that he had had an interview with the manager of Messrs. Harland & Wolff during the day, the result of the negotiations being that the following offer had been received, viz., an advance of 1s. per week to the engine and boilershop labourers (outside and inside), in addition to the 6d. already conceded, an advance of 1s. per week to all crane-men in addition to the 2s. already received, and an advance of 1s. per week to the engine and boilershop slingers in addition also to the advances previously received.

After some discussion a resolution was passed unanimously instructing the official delegate to press the firm to give the advance on the 3rd November. Subject to this it was agreed to accept the advances offered, and thank the firm for same.

"Ulster Loyalists."

A NEW POINT FOR LOCAL LANDLORDS.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.
Sir,—The Ulster "Loyalist" propose to form a provisional government to take effect on the day the Home Rule Bill becomes law. This proposal might not be so foolish if there were unanimity amongst the people of Ulster in their resistance to Home Rule, or if the "Loyalists" had any prospect of seizing the army and police to enforce their decrees.

But already the workmen of the Belfast shipyards are talking gleefully about the opportunity that the rebellion will provide for avoiding payment of rent, rates, gas bills, etc. For how can a landlord, or even a city corporation, seek the power of the law to enforce a decree when they defy the authority that makes the law? Sir Edward Carson and his friends talk of passive resistance by the Ulster people,

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Best Value in the City in both Departments. THE WORKERS' PROVIDERS.

and their determination to refuse to pay taxes levied by an Irish Parliament. Belfast workmen are asked how they can assist the movement. They don't pay income tax, or land tax, or house duty. Is it likely they will give up the use of tea or sugar, tobacco, or spirits, or beer, by the purchase of which their share of taxation is paid? If these latter are shunned for the sake of the "rebellion," it will not be the Government only that will be the loser. Does not Belfast boast of the largest tobacco factory and some of the largest distilleries in the country? I cannot imagine Captain Craig, for instance, advocating an anti-whiskey crusade.

No. The workmen realise that the only way they can assist the landlords and house-owners to fight the good fight will be to make it impossible for them to pay income tax! If they have no incomes, how can the Government collect the income tax? So there is already a movement afoot to refuse to pay house rents. "No taxes. No rents!" That is to be the war-cry. No rent for landlords will be the equivalent to a rise of 4s. to 7s. a week in wages to the Belfast workman. So, perhaps, there is method in the madness of the Ulster democracy after all.

BELFAST BAKERS' STRIKE.

UNANIMOUS AGREEMENT.

Employers' Concessions and Demands Meet With Decided Refusal.

At a meeting of the working bakers of Belfast, held recently in Garfield street Hall, it was unanimously decided to refuse the terms offered by the master bakers, and to come out on strike. Over 600 men are affected.

The bakers employed by the United Co-operative Baking Society are not affected by the strike, as they have been conceded the demands put forward by their society. Two private firms in Belfast have also agreed to the concessions asked for, and their employees will also continue at work.

It is believed by the representatives of the men that a number of other firms in the city will be found willing to comply with the bakers' demands, and that the trouble will not be of long duration. Meanwhile the masters, on their part, declare "nothing more will be conceded."

The meeting this morning included, so it has been stated, all the working bakers in Belfast. Writing on Friday morning to Mr. Breach, secretary of the Master Bakers' Association, Mr. Hayes, general secretary of the Operative Bakers, intimated the desire of the committee of the Operative Bakers to meet the Masters' Association that morning. "In fact" wrote Mr. Hayes, "they are in waiting for an answer for the purpose of seeing whether an amicable arrangement can be arrived at between your association and my society. Kindly let us know as soon as possible."

On the same day Mr. Hayes informed Mr. Breach by letter that at a special meeting of the bakers that morning the whole situation was under review, and the position in relation to their present dispute with the master bakers. A special general meeting of the trade would be held on Saturday morning, and at that meeting a decision would be come to as to whether the men would accept the offer of the masters, who would be advised of the result as early as possible.

In reply, Mr. Breach, Secretary of the Master Bakers' Association, wrote:—"DEAR SIR,—In reply to your two letters of the 13th inst., I am instructed to inform you that this association (the Master Bakers') has already made your society the best possible offer, viz., an all-round advance of 1s. per week, together with the concession regarding meal hours defined in Clauses 7 and 8 of your circular, provided, however, that your men agree to a two hours' earlier start on Sunday nights, and the arrangement of one apprentice to six journeymen in the houses where it is at present one to eight,

This is final; nothing more will be conceded, and it is subject to your acceptance by 12 noon to-morrow (Saturday)."

The following letter of acquiescence with the men's demands was received by Mr. Hayes yesterday from the head office, 12 M'Neill Street, Glasgow, of the United Co-operative Baking Society:—
Glasgow, 12th October, 1911.

Mr. William Hayes,
General Secretary, Operative Bakers,
Artizans' Halls, Garfield St., Belfast.

DEAR SIR—We confirm having sent you the enclosed telegram to-day. . . . While agreeing to your terms of giving 2s. 6d. per week advance all round, with 6d. per day advance to jobbers, on the basis of a 48-hour week by night men and a 52-hour week by day men, our directors are of opinion that our original proposal was a better one, having regard to the general interests of labour. However, since your men prefer the equal all-round advance, we offer no objection. Then in regard to our request for an earlier start on Sunday night, our directors desire to explain that the weekly day of rest, and will not exercise any power as employers in forcing men to start at ten o'clock on Sunday night if they have conscientious objections to doing so. Still, there are some trades, and ours is one, where some Sunday labour is required, or a great many would suffer inconvenience. Many would probably prefer to come out at 10 rather than 12 p.m., and it would be a great convenience to the trade. We ask you to give it consideration.

Yours truly,
JAMES FOUNG, General Manager,
United Co-operative Baking Society, Ltd.

One of the chief objections which the men have to the offer made by their employers is the demand, contained in Mr. Breach's letter of the 13th inst., that work should begin two hours earlier on Sunday nights. In the course of an interview Mr. Hayes informed a representative that while on the one hand the masters were offering a shilling advance, on the other hand, by proposing that the men should start two hours earlier on Sunday night, they were attempting to take away a privilege for which the men had fought, and had gained over twenty years ago. "We are not prepared under any circumstances to accede to that demand, not even if they offer us the advance of 2s. 6d.; but we are prepared to fight to the bitter end," was the emphatic utterance of Mr. Hayes. The present arrangement with regard to apprentices was entered into two years ago, and strenuous opposition is offered by the operatives to a reversion to the old conditions, which are what the Master Bakers' Association now seek.

Is Lorcan Sherlock Worth 600 Dublin Workers?

TO THE WORKINGMEN OF DUBLIN.

COMRADES,—In another column I have asked you the above question. I have shown you how at a time when men, women, and little children are literally dying on the streets of hunger the proposal has been made that a councillor, representing one of the most squalid and miserable wards in Dublin, should receive for one year's office as Lord Mayor the same amount as supports 600 Dublin workers for the same time. But I would like to press one point home to you. The only people who can answer the question are you yourselves. Thomas Paine has said that the life of the greatest king that ever lived was not worth more than that of an honest labourer. But now you are told that Lorcan Sherlock is worth 600 of you. Twenty-nine members of the Corporation have told you that eight of them are retiring next January. If they offer themselves for election again it means that they are again asking you that question: "IS LORCAN SHERLOCK WORTH 600 DUBLIN WORKERS?" Comrade workers, how are you going to answer it?

MARCUS KAVANAGH.

Operative Society of Mechanical Engineers, Whitesmiths, Iron and Pipe Fitters, Locksmiths, Bellhangers, etc.

Trades' Hall, Chapel Street,
Dublin, 15th October, 1911.

At a meeting of the above society, the President, Mr. Wm. Swan, in the chair, the following resolution was passed:—"That we heartily endorse the recommendation of the Trades Council, to form an Irish Federation of Trades Unions, recognising it to be the only practical method by which the workers can have their grievances redressed."

It was also decided to change the meetings to Saturday evenings, from 7 to 8 o'clock.

WHY SMOKE FOREIGN TOBACCO?

when you can get a Plug of Irish Tobacco for 3 1/2d. from

"An Tobacadoir"
184a GREAT PARNELL STREET

J. MULLETT,
Hairdresser,
10 NORTH STRAND.

Attention, Cleanliness, Civility,
None but TRADES UNION LABOUR employed.

Support Trade Unionism.

"Fall in and Follow Me"

To Ireland's Own Registered Lodging House (late Bloomfield's) 4 LE. TROKE ST. The poor man catered for with cleanliness and civility. Beds, 3d. nightly. Also the Original Shamrock Lodging House, 100 and 107 Le. Tyburn St., 2, Ryans, Proprietors.

G. A. A. Requisites of Irish Manufacture at Lowest City Prices, at WHELAN & SON, 17 Upper Ormond Quay.

The Best House in the City for BOOTS, FARREN, 41 Nth. King St. Workmen's Boots a Speciality.

SAVE MONEY! The Ball of Blue Gives the Best Value in Dublin in BOOTS, SHOES and other Goods.

Come and see; you will be surprised. ADDRESS—Corner of RUTLAND SQUARE, West.

Save your Money and think of "The Ball of Blue."

POTATOES! POTATOES! POTATOES! Guaranteed Best Table Potatoes, 3s. 6d. per cwt., delivered free City and Suburbs.

J. SINEY, Potato and Forage Merchant, 35 GOLDEN LANE.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK OLD!

Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer Keeps your Hair from getting Grey. Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland.

LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS 19 North Earl Street and 38 Henry Street, Dublin.

PROVISIONS! For the Best Quality at the Lowest Prices in Town, GO TO

KAVANAGH'S 168-Nth. King Street, 41 Summerhill and 9 Blackhall Place. Established 1851.

For Reliable Provisions! LEIGH'S, of Bishop St. STILL LEAD

COAL. For Best Qualities of House Coals delivered in large or small quantities, at CRRY PRICES.

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

WE SELL FOOTWEAR. Honest Boots for the man who works—Boots that will give Good Hard Wear.

ARMY BLUASERS, 5s.; Superior Whole-Back Bluchers, wood pegged, 6s.; Strong Lace and Derby Boots, from 4s. 11d.

BARLEY & COOK, 5 South Great George's Street, and 104/105 Talbot Street, Dublin.

Call into HUGHES, 28 JONES'S ROAD, For anything you want.

Best of attention and civility.

WORKERS when spending their hard-earned wage cannot do better than call to

LAWLER & CO., 98 Summerhill, WHERE THEY CAN BUY Best Quality Groceries and Provisions At Reasonable Prices.

.. All available Irish Goods stocked. ..

STRIKE AGAINST BIG PROFIT!!

Try R. W. SHOLEDIGE For Watch and Clock Repairs. Cheapest and most reliable House in the trade.

37 HIGH STREET

MOLLOY & CO. Butchers, Portlaoine, and Dairy, 12, Lower O'Connell St.

Worse than the Jewman.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. DEAR SIR—With your permission I would like to draw attention to the damnable system that is carried on in several factories. In one particular factory where I am employed there is what is called a "bank." It should be called a "goldmine" for the shareholders. Well, this "bank," as it is called, is worked by the heads of the different departments, who comprise the committee and shareholders. One—a regular Shylock—who is known as "Cane," is appointed secretary and treasurer, and is paid so much per cent. on the accumulated interest at the end of the year as well as his share of the profits. The amount of interest charged to the borrowers is disgraceful. I have tried to make it up and I find it works out something like 150 per cent. at least. This gentleman walks up and down his department several times during the day—hands in pockets, jingling the money—and his salutation to those under him is: "Do you want any?" meaning, of course, "do you want a loan?" Fancy a man, who is supposed to be looking after his employer's interest, tempting men in such a manner. Many a man will be in want of a smoke and says, "Oh, yes, give me a shilling." Only too happy to oblige, "Cane" draws out a two-shilling piece, saying, "I have nothing smaller, take the two." The temptation being too strong, the dupe cannot resist it and thus falls. It is well known that all will not go in tobacco, and next morning he (the dupe) who, the night before, has enjoyed himself "not wisely but too well," is again asked the same question: "Do you want any?" and, of course, being somewhat off colour, wants a "cure" cannot resist the temptation, and gets another "two bob." This goes on two or three days in the week with the same person, and he is in debt to the banker to the extent of something like 6s. and interest. Being unable to clear off the debt on Saturday he is charged double interest the following week, and so on week after week the interest keeps going on, minus, of course, whatever is paid each Saturday.

The banker is also a tipster, and generally has "the good thing" for some of the race meetings that are held in England, and, being good-hearted, wishes to help his dupe to make a bit to clear off the loan, and presents another "two bob," saying "put that on 'So-and-So,' I got it good—a dead cert." The "dead cert" does not win, and he consoles his victim with a consoling phrase—"Hard luck; it is sure to win the next time out." So the game goes on.

This diabolical system is carried on with several of the employees who cannot resist the temptation. Should any of them not pay up he is threatened with dismissal, and naturally pays something off the loan each Saturday, so that he can borrow again on Monday.

I have known—and know at the present moment—men with large families who have been trapped in above manner. I have seen them pay up to 12s. interest, not to mention the capital.

Just imagine, Mr. Editor, a man having to pay the above amount in interest out of his weekly wage. No matter what his wages are, there is no workingman able to pay this without leaving his home short. And that being so, his children are naturally not receiving the proper nourishment necessary to make them mentally or physically fit when they come to manhood or womanhood, so that they may be able to take their stand against the opposition they are bound to meet during their journey through life.

The above is only a small portion of what is known as the "bank" system in many of the large factories in this city. The interest charged on money lent by those placed in position for other purposes is disgraceful, and I feel sure by drawing attention to it in your very valuable journal, that is ever ready to bring forward any grievances that the workers have, and thereby help them to better their condition.

I feel sure that the publication of this letter will be the means of checking this evil that exists in Dublin, and if it does not, Mr. Editor, I can promise those "Shylocks" that a free advertisement will be given them either in your paper or elsewhere.

Thanking you in anticipation of the publication, I remain, yours, &c., JOHN BYRNE.

"Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, beset with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a MAN living man like. Hardly-entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conspect on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred.

A second man I honour, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable—not daily bread, but the bread of Life. If the poor and humble toil that we have had, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I know; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listh."—CHRISTIE.

To the Irish Worker Buy your Shirts, Collars, Braces, Caps, &c., &c. (All made by Dublin Workers) at LOUGHLIN'S Irish Outfitting Headquarters, 19 Parliament St., Dublin. Prices Low—Quality High.

The Overloaded Man.

A FABLE, by W. R. W.

A man with a handcart was once jogging along with a wealthy fat fellow in his vehicle, when the latter, seeing a brother capitalist, invited him to get up and ride.

As they went along they saw other capitalists whom they invited to get up, until at last the poor fellow who was pulling the cart was so used up that he could go no farther.

He stopped, and asked some of them to get out and push behind, so that he could get up a steep hill in front. No one would get out, and a crowd collected round the party, offering suggestions and advice.

The majority said that the man ought to try again. "It was no use giving up," they said, "for the capitalists would only get someone else in his place, and there must be masters and servants."

The man, however, stuck out, and said that he was grossly overloaded. "Some of 'em," he said, "will have to get out and help or I won't pull 'em any further."

The capitalists were highly indignant, and the bystanders mostly sympathised with them, and loudly condemned the man as a lazy, discontented, duffer, who struck work without cause and made the whole community to suffer unnecessarily.

The capitalists got another man to draw the cart, but the first one fell on him and smote him vigorously, calling him a "scab" and other vile names.

The police and military were called out to quell the disturbance, and help to push the cart along, and the bystanders applauded this move as a final and sensible settlement of a grievous difficulty.

THE FROG'S MARCH.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—I am sorry to have to trespass on your valuable space to call attention to what many others have already commented on—that is, the police rowdian. On last Saturday night between 9 and 10 o'clock, I was passing along Stephen street in the direction of George's street when I met two Constables (48 B and 42 B) conveying a prisoner to the Chatham street Police Station. The man appeared to be helplessly drunk, and the way these two men (?) proceeded along with their charge was: Each constable had hold of an arm, the man's face was turned towards the ground, and in this way they dragged him along the road. You could almost hear the poor fellow's bones rattling off the paving stones as he went along, and, as it was a muddy night, his clothes were soaked in mud. This performance by the men (?) who are on our streets for the protection of the public was most inhuman and was disgusting to those who had to look on. In the crowd that followed there were two other constables—one in private clothes. When they reached Chatham Market this gentleman in private clothes deliberately assaulted a lad for nothing at all. The assault was most savage—striking him as he did with his clenched fist in the face. The constable was about twice the size of the lad, who was most respectable. I spoke to this brute, and informed him he had no right to assault anyone, even if he was a policeman, and he excitedly replied that if I interfered with him in his business he would give me the same; but he failed to do so, though I kept in touch with him in order that I might find out his number, which I could not owing to him not being in uniform. It is a strange thing that in Dublin, and in no other city that I know of, the police can go about assaulting peaceable people and then claim it as their business. What a strange business for men to be paid and clothed for and others cannot get a living wage though they offer honest labour for it. It is a pity some combined effort cannot be made to stamp out this scandal. Individually nothing can be done, if a respectable citizen sees a constable act the rowdy and remonstrates with him, he is arrested and charged with interfering with the police in the execution of their duties, and the policeman's word decides the whole affair.—Yours, &c., J. W. O.

SILVERMINES DAIRY, 103 Townsend Street, supplies Best Creamery Butter; New Laid Irish Eggs and Pure Rich New Milk, at Lowest Prices.

BOOT REPAIRS.—If you want good value and reasonable prices, call on M. SULLIVAN, 241 Southwick Street and 8 Lombard Street.

Send your own & your children's names to...

Drink Pure Natural Spring Water...

GALLAGHER'S...

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Civilization!

By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The earth was made for its people: that cry Has been hounded down as a social crime;

The meaning of life is to barter and buy; And the strongest and shrewdest are masters of time.

God made the million to serve the few, And their questions of right are vain conceit;

To have one sweet home that is safe and true, Ten garrets must reek in the darkened street.

'Tis Civilization, so they say, And it cannot be changed for the weakness of men.

Take care! take care! 'tis a desperate way To goad the wolf to the end of his den. Take heed of your Civilization, ye, On your pyramids built of quivering hearts

There are stages like Paris in '93, Where the commonest men play most terrible parts. Your statutes may crush but they cannot kill

The patient sense of a natural right; It may slowly move, but the People's will, Like the ocean o'er Holland, is always in sight.

"It is not our fault!" say the rich ones. No; 'Tis the fault of a system old and strong; But men are the makers of systems: So, The cure will come if we own the wrong. Take heed of your Progress! Its feet have trod

On the souls it slew with its own pollutions; Submission is good; but the order of God May flame the torch of the revolutions! Beware with your Class! Men are men, And a cry in the night is a fearful teacher;

When it reaches the hearts of the masses, then They need but a sword for a judge and preacher.

Take heed, for your Juggernaut pushes hard: God holds the doom that its day completes; It will dawn like a fire when the track is barred By a barricade in the city streets.

'Let's All go Down the Strand'

TIM CORCORAN, Provision Merchant.

BEST BRANDS OF Irish Bacon & Creamery Butter ALWAYS IN STOCK.

HORAN & SONS, 95 & 96 GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET, 58 UPPER GRAND CANAL STREET, 6 SOUTH Lotts ROAD, BRIGGS'S BURN, AND 1, 2 & 3 SEAFORTH AVENUE, SANDYMOUNT, Give Best Value ever Offered.

Quality, Full Weight & Bery Competition.

THE NOTED HOUSE FOR BUTTER, HAMS AND BACON, PATRICK DOYLE & SONS, Provision Merchants, 29 THOMAS ST., DUBLIN.

T. P. ROOHE, The Workers' Butcher, 54-NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN.

Creating & Co., 111 Upper...

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"Loyalty" Rewarded.

SEQUEL TO THE RECENT SEAMEN'S STRIKE.

The City of Dublin Steam Packet Co. have given notice to their third officers that on the expiration of their several articles their services will be no longer required.

The steamers are to be run with two officers instead of three as heretofore.

This is their reward for being "loyal" to the company during the recent upheaval.

The third officers had to go "before the mast" in place of the sailors who were "out" when the company tried to break the strike by sending the Wicklow to Manchester with a "scratch" crew.

Expenses have, of course, to be cut down to help to pay the extra wages gained by the men as a result of striking; and it would never do to "cut" the "screws" of some of the over-paid higher officials (from whom the suggestion emanated); so the third officer, being bottom dog, gets kicked out.

The wages he was paid could have easily been "docked" off the aforesaid higher officials' salaries, and they would have still been well paid; so the third officer's job is gone, and his wife and children can go and starve if they like, and the prospect of developing into a higher official is nil, at least so far as the C.D.C. goes; but what matter, the "inflated screws" are intact.

Some of these men had years of service to their credit.

It was announced in the Press (capital P) on both sides of the Channel, shortly after the strike, that following the advance of wages to seamen and firemen, the C.D.C. had decided to feed the officers and engineers, being equal to an advance of 10s. per week.

The sacking of the third officers is the first and only "advance" so far, but I suppose we will have to "wait and see."

MORAL.—Whoever you are and whatever your position, be "loyal" to your employers. Virtue is its own reward.

This Irish and so-called benevolent company, which employs ex-D.M.P. and army pensioners by the score in and around their sheds, ships, and yards in Dublin and Liverpool, is an "Irish" firm, controlled by Irishmen, and the work of Irish labourers has made it one of the richest cross-Channel firms. Yet they won't even get their linen washed in Dublin, from whence their money has come. Just imagine, readers, what a benefit it would be to the citizens if this company would get even half the repairs to their ships done in Dublin by Irish labour. They have, no doubt, a fleet of the best cross-Channel steamers afloat, and in addition a twin-screw on the Belfast station, whose repairs are invariably done in Belfast or Liverpool.

When we come to think that a company like this, calling itself the City of Dublin Steam Packet Co., having its head office at Eden quay, and registered in 1824, won't even get a towel washed in Dublin, to say the least, it is a disgrace. The public, who support this company, ought also to know that some time ago they were tackled on this subject; they consented to purchase a few brushes from the cheap labour bureau shop, Varian's of Talbot street, and an odd cask of oil from the Greenmount Oil Co. What a patriotic people we are!

Arise, and Shine, O Sun.

Arise, and shine, O Sun of Liberty and hope, arise; Throw back the clouds that hide thy glorious form, Strip from our tortured limbs and stunted brains, The rope and chains that we so long have borne. Bid us to live in brotherhood and peace With brother man; wherever he be. Teach us the idiosyncrasy of kings to scorn, And banish crowns and scepters. Show us, as well thou canst, A nation's wealth in the best of its men. Help us, O Light of Ages, to banish The blood-stained flag of our common foe, ever furled. Let universal peace and joy Flow all the world over, And give to every man his day.

KAVANAGH'S

New Plan & Fancy Bakery. Sir John Rogerson's...

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IF you have not the ready money convenient there is an IRISH ESTABLISHMENT which supplies Goods on the Easy Payment System. It is THE

Dublin Workmen's Industrial Association, Ltd., 10 SOUTH WILLIAM ST.

OFFICE HOURS—10.30 to 5.30 each day, Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9, Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30. MANAGER—ALDERMAN T. KELLY.

HUGH KENNY, General Provision Merchant, 46 GREAT BRITAIN STREET, IRISH PRODUCE A SPECIALITY.

*Our Tea for the Workers is the Best Value in Dublin.

A matter for the Worker to remember!

Mrs. HENRY, of 221 St. Britain St., Serves all with accommodation of Beds and Food of the Best Quality, at prices to suit the Worker.

RESTAURANT,

117. CAPEL ST (Next Trades Hall), :: FOR ::

Breakfasts, Luncheons and Teas.

CORK DAIRY, 117 St. Britain St.

Branches—1 York street, 11 Queen street, 19 High st., 213 St. Britain st., 62 Charlemont st., where you can get Best Value in BUTTER, EGGS and MILK at Lowest Prices. Proprietor: MICHAEL GARTLAND.

C. ANDREWS, Hairdresser

136 1/2 JAMES'S STREET, THE IRISH WORKERS' HAIRDRESSER. Hairdressing and Shampooing Saloon. Razors Carefully Ground and Set. None but Trade Union Labour Employed.

HATS from 1/11

EQUAL IN QUALITY TO 2s. 11d. SHIRTS (Angels) from 2/6 EQUAL IN WEAR TO TWEED.

J. TROY, 37 St. George's St.

"Trade Unionism is the only bulwark the Workingman has to protect him against the power of Capital."

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