Christmas Double Number.

Edited by Jim Larkin.

As surely as the glorious sun

Brings the great world moon-wave,

Must our Cause be won!

Who is it speaks of defeat?

I tell you a cause

like ours; Is greater than defeat

can know—
It is the power of

As surely as the earth rolls round

powers.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23rd, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.

The Gods Ye Worship.

No. 32.—Vol. I.]

It is impossible to discover any one man among the "Rebels," "Home Rulers," and "Republicans" with which we are infested, who knows and can state in plain terms what his ideal is. They all know that they don't want what the other parties want; by what any of them want is a dark so ret hidden deep down in their hearts a yound the reach of the most searching questions.

Ask any kind of Nationalist, soever, what is the object for which he is striving and he wall spend hours telling you how unjust forgland is, how unscrupulous she was, how muniliated she will be bye-and-bye. Keep at him, and he will reel off lists of the things he does not want; but never, not if you spent a lifetime questioning him, could you find out his ideal beyond the vague description—Home Rule or Separation, according to what league he was a member of.

A few weeks ago, in this paper, I questioned the logic of what we are pleased to call "Patriotism." I said that those who had no country, no share in any country, and no hope of ever having one, could not be patriotic. For patriotism, I take it, means love of one's country Therefore, I asled, having no country—for Ireland does not belong to the Irish people-how can we be patriotic? Why should we strive to win Ireland from one set of masters if we are only to hand it over to another set? I further stated that if the ambitions of any Nationalist l'arty were realized the lot of the Irish working class would not be improved; they would still be slaves. Instead of being ruled by the British Government in the interest of the moneyed people we would be ruled by an Irish Government IN THE SAME INTEREST.

Not one from amongst all the patriots has come forward to challenge that statement

One young man who calls himself "Crimal" has coughed up a lot of stale statements and windy wisdom about "the dead who died for Ireland," and the ethics of "separation from England." In his first letter, which he headed, "Why I am a Patriot," he gave us no reason at all that would stand examination. I pointed this out in my reply, and asked whether we would own Ireland or be any happier than we are at present when we got Home Rule. Here is his reply in his own words, as it appeared last week:—

"You say the Irish workers should be indifferent to such attempts, that the removal of English control brings but a change of masters, leaving the workers starving, servile, and held in subjection by the power they have created. You are wrong, O'F. Factoryowners, landlords, food adulterators, sweaters, humbugs who defile religion in the name of might and plunder, regues and sharpers would certainly remain much as at present."

I am wrong in saying that we would only get a change of masters. Yet in the very next sentence he admits I am right, when he says things "would certainly remain much as at present," What logic! How beautifully consistent! Would remain much as at present!

main much as at present!

And this is to be the end of all our talk; the consummation of our struggles; the crown of our martyrs; the epitaph of Emmet; the gain of the people! Factory owners, food adulterators, sweaters, humbugs, would remain much as at present. If this is worth working or fighting for, then I am a turnip.

The same writer refers me to Robert Blatchford, as an authority on the language question. If he can show me that R. Blatchford has ever advocated bilingualism as being more important than bread to the hungry workers, I will hand over £5 to the Society for Feeding Necessitious School Children. Did "Crimal" ever hear or read of the "Clarion Bread Fund"? Of course he did. Has he ever heard of the Blatchford League for teaching pure Anglo-Saxon to the Unemployed? Of course not. Robert Blatchford, is a Socialist, and no Socialist would be so foolish as to state that a knowledge of Greek, or Latin, or Irish, is more important to the population of these islands than bread is. The people must have fcod first, when we have helped them to

this we can set about elevating their souls.

But the loaf is the solid foundation upon which we must build, even our most airy dreams—it is the most urgent necessity of all. To try to fill us with dreams, when our stomachs are empty, is just the ridiculous kind of thing I should expect from people who would have us waste our time and sacrifice our lives in fighting for a "change" that would leave things as they are at present!

I, like Robert Blatchford, seek my inspirations from the noblest and wisest people who are living or have ever lived, irrespective of nationality or creed, and like him, I try to teach the people in whatever language they understand. If the things I believe are true, why must I wait until the people learn Gaelic before I preach them? The Irish language will not help to cure the misery and poverty that are so plentiful in Ireland. The most Irish-speaking districts in the country are the most poverty-stricken and wretched. Irish employers will not deal justly with their workers now; am I to imagine that we have only to ask for a rise of pay in Irish and that it will be immediately given?

and that it will be immediately given?

Only people whose stomachs are full can afford to dream fine dreams and talk nonsense. I have dreamed in a garret, but it was not of Oisin or Dairdre, but of bread and butter. Hungry people see visions, no doubt—such visions as I saw when I was hungry. Christ fed the people, before he preached to them, on the mountain, will our patriots and other religious people please make a note of this, and do likewise?

I admire the self-righteous way in which Robert Blatchford is called a "jingo" when he talks of defending England agairst invasion; and the people who are so ready to dub him a "nerve stricken jingo" are the very people who are really most jingoistic themselves—"Crimal," for instance.

As to what I will make of Ireland without the removal of foreign control, why, I have never said I would make anything of it under such a condition. I object as strongly to control of Ireland by the British Government in the interests of the capitalist as I would to it being controlled by an Irish Capitalistic Government. Is this plain?

I object to any control of Ireland except that of the whole people of Ireland in the interest of the whole people. I object to all private ownership of the land or waters of Ireland. I am opposed to any attempt to make beasts of burden of the Irish people no matter whether the driver be an Irishman or a Zulu. I would like to have Ireland free, not slone from English Government, but from Irish tyranny, such as we may expect "when the sun rises over the green flag in College Green." Just as Blatchford wants Britain for the British, so do I want Ireland for the Irish. But this is Socialism, which means, according to the patriots and Press free-lore and breaking up the home, and blue hell generally, so

I must not mention it.

A last word. I am sure Blatchford would laugh, is laughing, at our beggars who think bread can be dispensed with when the people know Irish. I am laughing; so are many others. Ha, ha, ha, it's so funny.

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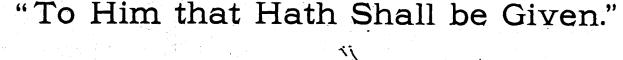
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SLUM CHILDREN—Have you Nothing at all for us?

Santa Claus-Sorry, dears, but your names are not on my list. You have been forgotten again.

FAIR PLAY.

Not many months ago, a thrill of jubilation was raised in many an Irish breast on learning of the curtailment of the veto of the House of Lords. Ireland undoubtedly had reason to rejoice, although in that noble (?) house, were some of her own ignoble sons. It is not often that Ireland has reason for rejoicing. So mixed as this feeling is with revenge, it is under the circumstances pardonable.

The absentee and rack-renting landlord is now largely replaced by the peasant-proprietor.

How was the peasant emancipated? By combination and a determined resolve to be no longer a serf. Now Irish workers there is a head-line for you, imitate it, admittedly yours is a somewhat harder task. The farmer had your co-operation, you haven't his. The farmer had the help of the Parliamentary Party. You have

What has the farmer done, to help the only remedial measure ever passed for the Irish (Housing) Worker—the agricultural Labourers' Housing Act? He has done all in his power to obstruct it. When with the assistance of law courts and his friends on the Rural Councils, he failed to prevent the cottage heing erected. He invariably succeeded in having it placed in the most unhealthy, out of the way, portion of his land.

The peasant-proprietor is not with you, the Parliamentary Party is net with you, the shopkeeper is not with you. And "he that is not with you is against you." Moral, SELF-RELIANCE. "God helps those who help themselves."

There is no public department of State; no politician, no philanthropist, no organised form of effort, to help in raising the lot of the Irish worker. "The poor you have always with you." Is it essential in the midst of plenty?

Therefore, through either design, indifference, or both, no serious effort, either individually or collectively has been made

in Ireland to remove the crime of poverty!

Now, we are starting at long last to help our own class, and blasphemous cries of socialism and anarchy are raised by the hypocritical do-nothings.

Democracy is awakening, stretching out its shackled limbs, and preparing to free itself from the hypnetic bondage under which, Rip Van Winkle-like, it has slumbered, but much longer than the pathetic Rip. Wise and learned Christians solemnly declare we must be educated for the responsibilities we are undoubtedly about to assume.

Thank you, far seeing prophets, apparently we are not the only Rip Van Winkles. Isn't it time you thought seriously of us, and of educating us for our responsibilities? Hitherto our responsibilities must have been none, or at least less than mules and dairy cows!

The common law enforces penalties for overloading or ill-treating a mule. But the "sweated" wives and children of the poor are made to endure heavier burdens, on less food, than the mule.

Our civic rulers ordain so many cubic feet of air-space for a cow, but allow eight, ten, or twelve human beings—ratepayers—to occupy a room in tenement shambles, with air space not sufficient for a dairy-cow! Fortunate cow! unfortunate human beings! But then the tenement is owned by an alderman or councillor, or one of their friends or relations, or a man of influence in the ward, or maybe an official of the sanitary department!

Still there ARE no greater friends of the Dublin workers than their civic representatives. If you doubt it go to the hustings between now and the 15th January. Well, if they don't convince you that they are your FRIENDS, I can't.

I was a witness to the following dis-

logue:—Corporation official canvassing T.C., in front of two bottles of stout, in public-house. Official (sotte voce)-"You know my case will come before you on Monday for an increase; won't you support it"? T.C.—"Certainly. I never vote against an official's increase. You needn't have called on me'! T.C. (out loud, for the hearing of some workmen, perhaps out of employment, who were standing, down further at the bar)-"I can't vote for any official's increase while so many poor workmen are walking the streets idle." T.C. (after workmen had shook his hand and left)—"You know I should say that; these fellows were listening, and I'm going for re-election in January"! Workers, this T.C. is a TRADES UNIONIST! You, Mr. Editor, can have his name if you wish; but you don't want it-you know him.

The veto of the House of Lords is curtailed. Trey were not greater partizans than your rural councillors, your Parliamentary Party, and your civic representatives (?) are. Their legislation and administration to-day is a class one.

I hope when the Independent Labour Party comes into power it will not imitate or parpetuate the sins of its predecessors.

The Irish workers don't want a monopoly; they don't want a one-sided CLASS admistration or legislation. They demand fare PLAY, and will insist on having it. They demand representation in proportion to their numbers, their importance and their intelligence. They demand no more, and they will be satisfied with no lease.

"Ages of trampled right,

Lend your arms four-fold might."

A very happy Christmas, and happier ones to follow, for the Editor, other Irish workers and their friends, is the sincere wish of

Garriowen.

THE LAND.

Our political mountebanks pretend to believe that when the last farmer in Ireland has bought his farm under one or another of the Land Acts that the question is settled for all time. How delightfully ingenuous politicians and their followers are!

As if the only question that really matters can be disposed of in such a simple fashion: Our patriotic friends are in for a rude awakening. While the private ownership of land endures, so will there be hatred between man and man. Ireland at the present time is quasi-owned by the farmers, who are paying ransom to the landlords These farmers are labouring under the curse of having too much land, t to ltttle capital, enterprise, and education. Like the dog in the manger, however, they hang on to the land with fierce desperation. In the meantime the country suffers, and is gradually being given over to ranching.

Take, for instance, the case of a farmer who holds, say, 100 acres of land. Such a farmer has usually only capital enough in the shape of stock, farm implements, and labour for the efficient working of 50 acres. The remaining 50 acres are entirely uneconomic, and a positive cause very often of preventing him from doing anything in the shape of cultivation at all. Sunk in a slough of despond, he sublets his land on the 11 months system to a grazier, and spends his time in the village bungery or grumbling at the rapacity of the labourers. Woe betide the person who would have the temerity to advise such a farmer to "buck in" himself, or to sell part of his prairie in order to make a start cultivating the rest. Side by side with this prestration of agriculture there is an unsatiable land hunger. Fabulous prices are being paid for farms all over the country, but very little progress is being made in cultivation.

The "settlement" of the Land Question on the tinkering make-shift lines of handing it over to a class of persons who are hampered by their past servile condition, has only sewn a fresh crop of trouble and reaction for this country. The obvious statesmanlike, and rational settlement of the matter in the meantime, stared our leaders in the face. At the very time we were haggling over the Wyndham and Birrell enactments the Labourers' Act was in operation. Had the farmers' trouble been settled on the same lines, we would have the foundation of a great Irish Commune well and truly laid. Under the Labourers' Act a plot of land is purchased and a house erected thereon, which are rented to the labourer at a very reasonable sum, varying from 1s. to 2s. per week. The capital cost of house and plot averages £300, and average annual rental about £4. Had the land of Ireland been let to the farmers on similar conditions, the annual rent would be $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. instead of 34 per cent. as has to be paid at present for the doubtful gift of ownership 68 years hence. The difference between the annual rental and ransom annuities at present paid to get rid of the landlord banditti would enable development schemes to be carried out on rational lines. Apart from this, the paramount question for the workers would be solved and we would no longer have "thousands of acres without hands and thousands of hands without acres." The destruction of rural and city slums and the restoration of the people to the land must be the great issue of the future. Their increase in wages is of no value to the workers, the capitalist system of automatic increase in the prices of necessities robs the purchasing worker of the "increase" and a little bit over. The newly-established Labour Party must study the land question at once and adopt a sane platform on the subject. The new Ireland must not be modelled on the industrial Tophets that have been created in most countries in the world. Let the battle-cry be "the land for the people," and it is our duty to see that our new campaign is not a lopsided one, such as the land for the landlords, the farmers, or even for the labourers, but the land for

It should be a penal offence for any man to occupy more land than he can keep under cultivation, and individuals such as Sweetman of Kells, instead of being tolerated on political platforms, should be expiating his crimes against Irish humanity in a penal farm colony.

all the people.

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THE UPTIMIST'S WIFE.

"Have you much money saved?" I asked Joe Blake the day he told me he was going to be married. "Money," he replied; "aint I got me

"Oh, of course," said I; "but won't you need some ready cash to buy furniture? Surely you don't intend to bring your wife to live in an empty house?" "We'll be all right," he told me. "Me father will give us a few things, an' we'll

get the rest as we go along. A fellow can't have everything all at wanst." I did not feel as confident as he, and told him so. "You have only 14a. a week," I reminded him. "How much do you expect to save out of it towards the

time when you get sick or sacked?" "Plenty," said Joe. "Lot's o' people's married an' hasn't no more money hor me."

"But what does Mamie say?" I asked, still trying to make him consider the seriousness of the step he was about to take. "Do you think she will be content to live a hand-to-mouth existence for the rest of her days, having nothing to look forward to but your week's wages, and nothing at all if you lose that? Do you think it is fair to her or to your children if you have any?'

"We ain't goin' to have no kids; an' I might's well be a poor man as a poor

"What put it into your heads to get married in such a hurry? You are both young. Can't you wait a few years until you have a home made?"

"An' what about the priest; what'd he "What could he say? It's none of his

business," I to'd him. "Sure he med the match."

I was astonished at this and asked him to explain.

"A Friday week," said he, "me and Mamie was out for a bit of a walk, an' we never felt the time passin' till 'twas ten o'clock; so we kem back quick an' I left her near her own door. Then by'n-bye I meets her again stanin' at the wall of the fair green an' she dhrownded wet an' cryin'. 'What's up with ye?' says I. Did yer father say anything to ye?'
For I knew he hated me; and whenever he used to be drinkin' he would bate Mamie for talkin' to me. 'He put me out,' says she, 'and towld me to stay with them as I was with 'So I med her stay in me sunt's house till the mornin.' Then I goes to the priest an' I ups an' tells him all about it. 'Do you love aich other an' do you ever intend marryin'?' ses the priest. I didn't rightly know what to say to that. 'But,' ses I, 'I like her well enough, only maybe she wouldn't marry

when I told him. 'I'll call yis on Sunday,' an' he did." I saw it was a hopeless task trying to

an' she began cryin' worse than ever an'

sed she would. 'All right,' ses the priest

Go an' ask her,' see he. So I went

persuade him, and had to promise him that I would go to the wedding,

About the wedding feast little can be said, except that it was similar to thousands of others. There was weak tea and sweet cakes for the girls, and a half-barrell of porter for the men and boys! and married women. Early in the evening the bride's mother was crying an' lamenting at the top of her voice as if her daughter had been murdered, instead of married. Later on, as the porter sank in the barrell, her spirits rose, and she insisted on singing, shouting and dancing, until finally she fell asleep by the side of the fire, where we left her.

The party eventually broke up, in twos and threes, and I departed last, leaving Joe and Mamie, very tired, but happy, sitting, hand in hand, before the fire, planning, no doubt, great things for the future. Who can tell what visions thay had—what dreams they dreamed, that morning!

A few months afterwards, Blake left the job where we both were working, and I lost sight of him for a while. Once I called to the house where they used to live, but they had left it, and I did not enquire for their new address. I expected to meet either of them in the town, as it was not a very big one.

I had almost forgotten them until Christmas Eve, when I met a girl whose acquaintance I had made at their wedding. "Did you hear about Mamie Blake?" she asked me when we had heen talking for a few minutes.

"No," said I, "what is it?"
All the reply I got was. "You should call down to see her. She's living in Tay Lane now."

Tay Lane was at the back of the military barracks hemmed in by mud heaps and walls and dilipidated cottages. No. 12 was in a corner and had one window and a door. Same one said, "tome in," when I knecked, and lifting the latch I entered a small bare room. In the farthest corner from the door was a bed: an empty orange bux standing on end served as a candlestick: a kettle, a jampot, a basin, and a stool, were all the furniture.

When my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I saw that the bed was cccupied.

Hallo. "Mamie," said I, trying to appear cheerful, "are you sick?"
A faint voice answered, "Yes!"

"You'll be well again in a day or two," said I, but she did not answer, so to fill up the pause I asked, "Where's Joe"?
"In hell, I hepe," she exclaimed, and was seized with a fit of enghing.

Standing awkwardly in the middle of a room, with a young woman in bed curning her husband, was a new experience for me, and I did not like it. I made some remark about going up the town to look for him and help him home with the

"Maybe," said I, "he is trying to get you something nice for a Christmas-"He gev it to me before he went," she

replied. Then throwing the bed-clothes off her breast, and disclosing an infant, she continued: "Look at that! HE give me a Christmas-box all right, God curse him; then he ran away and left me here to mind it. He said he could get no work, an now I must make the best of it. I got to get work; I got a baby to keep." I was surprised to hear this, and said

"Don't fret," said I; "he will surely send you on some money as soon as he can earn any. Give him a chance. He has only done what he thought best-he doesn't intend to desert you.

"Don't he?" she cried. "When he got money here I never seen much of it. He left me hungry and without clothes while he spent his wages on drink up the town. Do you think I'm such a fcol as to imagine he'll send me money now he's run away? You don't know him. Nobody knows him only me. I got to live with him. I got to cry my heart out cause I married him Look at me now."

"Try not to worry," I told her. Things won't look so hopeless in the morning. What are you going to call it?" I saked, as I slipped a coin into the infant's

"I aint goin' to call it anything. I'm goin' to choke the blasted little beggar," she said, as, sobbing, she turned her face towards the wall, while I stole silently out into the night, wondering that such things

Labour's Position with Capitalism.

Every individual must recognise, whether sympathetic or non-sympathetic with labour's needs, that the cause of the labourer and the cause of the capitalist are diametrically opposed. One is asking to get the feir value of his labour, the desire of the other is to stick tight to all he can hold all he can wring or wrest from the worker. The facts admit of o dispute. None can deny it.

Trades Unionism and pure Socialism are irrevocably entwined. But Trades Union Socialism is purely practical Socialism, beyond its confines it means Anarchy. Anarchy means nothing, it can achieve nothing; its ideals are not for this age. Socialism in its true sense, in its cardinal points is :- Government of the People, by the People, for the People, Universal Suffrage, One Man One Vote, Payment of Members of Parliament, Direct Legislation of the People in all Government Departments, Equality of Sexes, Graduated Taxes, Housing of the Workers, Municipal Trading, Adequate Education of the Worker's Child, De-

pauperisation, and the saving of the

worker's offspring.

In conducting a war success depends upon the individual fighter's stamina, his tenacity of purcose and determination; if this is lacking defeat is certain. The securest method of a lasting peace is strength. Success is only achieved by cohesive action, cohesive unity of effort, determination to win Let every effort be the means to an end. Never forget Unity is strength. What is impossible to a single unit is an assured success to a body. Never forget that what is opposed to the worker is simply this-the great pull capital always has over the labourer. LABOUR MUST SELL TO DAY, CAPITAL NEED NOT BUY TILL TO MORROW. Trades Unionism is, that if capital goes to press that maxim too far, labour is not to be had except at an equitable price. To the master it is only a question of profit, to the labourer it is a question of life. The master has a patent weapon in his capital, the labourer has to accumulate his reserve funds in his union. The labourer then has the further difficulty to contend with -that while he is seeking his fair share for his labour, his position may be " scabbed." His duty is to prevent that and use every rightful means to secure his end. The labourer can never hope to get a fair return for his labour; for if he presses beyond a certain definite fixed point, Capital can secure labour-saving machinery. The maxim "Never to press for a larger gain than is covered by the difficulty of replacing the present body of employees by outside labour." Beyond that limit the worker cannot go. Capital always wins; Capital will always get its pound of flesh. It always maintains and holds to the surplus value of your work. If y u gain a point the manufacturer increases his prices, the railway magnate his rates and fares. Thus, what you re-ceive with one hand is pulled away with the other. This is fixed The worker should never forget he can never receive the true value of his labour. His share of the surplus value is held with octopus tenscity by his benevalent master. The worker has to be content with what the district in which he resides offers in housing accommodation. It may be good, it may be bad or indifferent. He will have to suffer it and pay heavily for it. The master can have every luxury money can purebase-from the costly delicacy of the season to a high-power touring car. Is this equitable? Is it fair? The master will give as little to the worker

as he possibly can. His method is to heap the almighty dollar, sans method, manliness, and everything except "No. 1." The present Government have done much in applied Socialism. Much more requires doing. Our municipalities have done their quots, too.

Pcets and artists are supposed to be dreamers, yet they are more practical than the politician or the councillor. They see the beauties of life, and by their creations tend to lead us to the hope of a bright li'e and more besu'i'ul existence. They lift the alum-dweller out of his surroundings in a transient dream and conceive in the mind of the labourer the genesis of a desire for better home surroundings, with all their attendant benefits. They create the hunger of an ambition for a higher and better life.

The State has its duty. Every worker's child should receive at least the adequate means of elementary education. Every worker's child should be fed if the parent's means are inadequate. The Statesman who throws the responsibility entirely on the parent has to learn the essentials of his craft. Statesmen who tell the father of a family whose weekly income is 25s., of his responsibility to feed, clothe and educate his children adequately, are nonsencical and fudgy. Is there serious harm in the taxpayers combining to provide a police force, combining to check the councillor from enforcing high rates, compelling local authorities to make roads, provide light, efficient fire brigade, useless school inspectors. Then, where, in the name of heaven, is the difficulty to feed a hungry school child.

Capital seizes all it can. It howls at the ides of responsibilities. The few seize Capital and hold it, the many just get a bare subsistence, and the majority not even that. Equalisation of taxation creates a roar from the Capitalist. Equality of Justice is eternal A nation

only gets the laws it seeks for. It is up to you, my comrades, to seek your right. Nothing can stop the onward march of a Nation. Don't dream, or vaporously speak-act! Act, act in the living present, heart within and God o'erhead. It never pays a nation to allow any of

its community to lack life's necessities or possess an underfed youth W. C. GANLY

(P. L. G., Pembroke West.)

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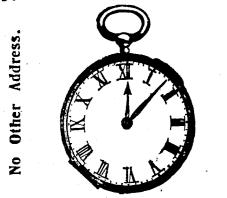
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is now opened with a good selection of Groceries and Previsions unsurpassed for Quality and Price. being well treated.

A BALLAD.

The Central Wolfe Tone Club.

(Suggested by the recent articles in THE IRISH WORKER, entitled—" Wolfe Tone and Humbug.") In Dublin town Hobgoblin Square, There dwells a gallant crew. A noble band of the Die-hard brand. And of heroes not a few;

For they talk alike of the bright tin-pike,

And the things that they never do.

Each week they meet off Parnell street, They think, and plot and plan; They talk and smoke, and they laugh and

joke. For each is a "free born" man; And when all is said-well, they go up to

And sleep as patriots can.

But some fine day, in grim array, They'll march on the-City Hall, And shed their blood (if the pay is good-Six hundred a year, that's all). When men are paid they are not afraid For the dear old land to fall.

Then, O what cheer! this time of year-Come, rouse the tuneful lyre. May none grow ead; let all be glad, With Christmas drawing nigher. We'll forge some steel for Erin's weal (Did someone whisper "Liar?").

O say do you know that rebel craw Who meet in the drawingroom? And talk all night of the coming fight And the hour of the Despot's doom : Or what's to fear o'er a pint of beer In a publichouse in the Coombe?

O'er Wolfe Tone's grave they rant and

And rail at the Saxon fce; They talk of blood as rebels should, And whisper the things they know, Of a German host on the English coast, And they laugh with a will-ho! ho!

Let no one say one word to-day Against that valiant mob, Who, the our screw is a thou' or two, Sure you know we must hob-nob. And you can't grow sleek on a quid a

In a Corporation job.

So here's a tosst to the rebel host. Who plot and plan with glee A blow to strike with the storied pike, And set poor Ireland free!

But from this band of the Die-hard brand God save us all, say we.

A 80-A-HEAD FIRM.

We have pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the announcement of Messrs. Horan & Sons, which appears on another page. The firm is one of the largest in the provision, butchering business in Ireland, having built up a most important trade by their strict commercial integrity and fair dealings. We have to congratulate them on the introduction of a Coupon System of their own which eliminates the objectionable "trading stamp" which has been such a hardship to the shopkeepers of Dublin. Owing to their system of buying for cash and thus securing the largest possible discounts and beet value, they are enabled to cater for their customers in a manner unrivalled by any of the foreign multiple shops in which the city abounds. They make a special study of the requirements of the working people and those of our readers who have not yet petronised the house may rely on

Pork Butcher and H. M. MOGERLEY, Pork Butcher and sausage Maker,

80 GT. BRUNSWICK ST., DUBLIN. BEST QUALITY ONLY.

WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

At Christmas time the majority of the working class are able to procure some little extra to celebrate Christmas Day, so perhaps the following recipes will prove useful:-

ROAST TURKEY.

INGREDIENTS —Turkey about seven to ten pounds in weight, nine ounce sof breadcrumbs, four ounces. of chopped suct, three ounces of chopped fat bacon. three table spoonfuls of chopped pareley, one grated lemon-rind, one teaspoonful of powdered mixed herbs, three eggs, salt, perper, nutmeg, milk if

METHOD. — To make the stuffing, mix the crumbs, suct, bacon, paraley, lemon rind, herbs and seasoning stiffly with the beaten eggs, using a little milk if the mixture seems at a l crumbly. Put this stuffing under the skin of the neck, draw the skinnestly under, but not too tightly or it will crack with the fire. After stuffing the bird lay a slice of bacon over its breast, and wrap it up in a piece of thickly buttered paper. Hang the bird before a clear sharp fire, or put it in a quick oven to roast. Lessen the heat after the first fifteen minutes, and keep the turkey well basted. Twenty minutes before the cooking is finished remove the paper and bacon, so that the surface browns well. It will take about two to two and a half hours to roast.

BREAD SAUCE-Cut a small onion into pieces, and simmer in half a pint of milk. Break up half a pound of bread, and add to the milk. Then draw all to side of the fire to soak for half an hour. Add half an ounce of butter, powdered mace, a dash of cinnamon, and pepper and salt to taste. Beat well together, warm up, and add more milk if it is too thick. Eerve very hot.

ROAST GOOSE.

INCREDIENTS.—Goose, three onions, five ounces of breadcrumbs, eight sage leaves, one ounce of butter, pepper, salt, one egg.

METHOD —To make the stuffing, wash, peel, and

boil the onions in two waters to extract the strong flavour, and scald the sage leaves for a few minutes. Chop the onions and leaves very fine, mix them with the breadcrumbs, season with pepper and salt, a piece of butter broken into pieces, and the yolk of

After the goose is prepared for rossting fill it with the sage and onion stuffing, and fasten it in securely at both ends by passing the rump through a slit made in the skin, and tying the skin of the neck into the back of the bird. Rosst it before a nice brisk fire or put into a quick oven. Keep it frequently basted. It will take about an hour and a half to roast if a small one; one hour and three quarters or two hours if large.

APP E SAUCE.

Eight apples, a small piece of butter, and sugar. apples; put them into a saucepan with sufficient water to moisten and prevent them from burning; boil them until sufficiently terder to pulp. Then beat them up smoothly with a piece of butter, and put sugar to your taste.

TO BOIL A HAM,

There is an art in boiling a ham, and the following hints upon its cooking are added in the hope that they will not be superfluous Choose a ham that is not very fat nor very lean, and soak it in cold water for twenty-four to forty-eight hours, the usual allowance of twelve hours being only sufficient for very lightly-cured hams. When soaked scrub well and trim nicely, removing all discoloured places. Now put into a ham kettle and cover with cold water. When it comes to boil skim off thoroughly any scum that rises; add three carrots, a stick of celery, a turnip, ten peppercorns, the peel of a lemon, and a quarter of a pound of golden syrup (if liked), and simmer very gently for not less than five, or eight to ten hours if possible. When done remove it and cover with fine brown bread raspings. Note,-if the syrup be not used, the liquor will form stock for an excellent pea soup.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Well chop a pound of bref suet, put it into a large bowl with a pound of finely-grated bread-crumbs and a breakfast-cupful of flour and a pinch of salt; then add a pound each of raisins (stoned and chopped), sultanas, currants (which must be well washed and thoroughly dried), a pound of moist sugar, three quarters of a pound of citron and orange peel, the grated rind of a lemos, two heaped tes-spoonfuls of mixed spices, and a quarter of a nutmeg grated. Mix these dry ingredients thoroughly, then add four eggs, well besten, with a gill of milk; stir well. Butter the basins well and fill with the mixture: cover with white kitchen paper, then a strong cloth, which must be tied securely, and steam for eight hours, or, say five, and three on the day it is served.

Plum Puddings and their Constituents.

Christmas is upon us once more, and may it bring joy and gladness to all Irish workers. Last Christmas there was not in existence a Press wherein to ventilate the cause of the Irish worker, therefore the Irish worker has need to rejoice.

Just at this time the feminine world are Two miles of h azy-wuzzy stuff. engaged in the preparation of the Christmas pudding, and the cookery classes in the various schools are also preparing to make plum puddings. I was rather surprised to learn that in one of the Convent National Schoolswhere there is a cookery class the students were informed that a plum pudling was to be made this week,

and several of the children were told off to bring the different ingredients—one was to bring a BOTTLE OF STOUT. Where does the Temperance movement come in here? Now, it is nonsense to say that a plum pulding cannot be made without a bottle of stout. It is, no doubt, used with the object of col uring; but this is a farce. As regards colouring, you can have a plum pudding as black or as dark as you wish by using plenty of fruit and the proper smoont of spice. I have made the fluest of plum puddings and never used any intoxicating liquors in their preparation. When I to k the Pledge, on receiving the Sacrament of Confirmation, I was made repeat after the bishop that I would not partake of intoxicating liquor even for the dcctor It is simply scandalous that a class composed of children, ranging between ten and twelve years, or perhaps younger, should be asked to bring Guinness's stout into a school. It is certainly not conducive to Temperance. Perhaps it is done with the object of strengthening Guinners's Stocks.

The Locked-out Bakers.

We read very pathetic paragraphs in

the Freeman's Journal and such like, with regard to the terrible privation and misery which exists in Dublin at this time, and we are called upon to extend our charity towards alleviating the sufferings of the poor. The 300 locked-out bakers are held up as a most deserving object—and doubtless they are. May they get liberal support from all the citizens of Dublin. For my part the best way we could assist this body of men would be to boycott the firms who have locked-out their men. By supporting these firms while they keep their men out we are not assisting the bakers. We are simply crushing them down. A paltry sum given in charity will not do much for them. If you want to be charitable and wish to be so, you will assist thee men, and the assistance which this body of men need lies in the hands of the Irish woman worker. It is not in the hands of the men that the charity towards the bakers rests-it principally lies with the women, married and single. It is the woman who looks after the home. Alas, how dilatory we women have been. It is surprising all the valuable time that such a large section of women have lost in seeking for votes. What valuable assistance they could have rendered if they directed their attention in other channels. If woman took her stand and was firm in this one point regarding the bread she used in her household there would not be 300 bakers out of employ to-day. To give a case in point of what a woman can do. For many years I dealt with one of the bakeries who locked out their men in the recent strike. After they filled the places of the men who struck, they sent their van round as usual. I informed their man that unless they had reinstated their old staff I would remain a customer no longer, and when they saw their way to reinstate them I would continue. I now use the bread which is baked by proper bakers, who are receiving from their masters what they demanded. If every other woman in Dublin did likewise this ring of philanthropic master bakers would soon have to yield to the demands of the worker. What are we women doing? Alas! we have been too long sleeping. Oh! that we could awaken.

Motra.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN. Mary bought herself a hat,

Ten yards from brim to brim; And to enumerate I'll try The things it took to trim.

Nine hundred poppies red, Full eighty sprays of what-is-it, Of roses quite a bed.

And nicely scattered here and there Some little bushes grew, And in the midst of each was perched A brilliant cockatoo.

Yet, with these things, and more beside Displayed ab ve her head, She told me tearfully one day,

She wished that she were dead. And when I saked the reason why

She said that Kitty Brown Had bought a BIGGER hat than hers That day in Dublin town.

THE IDEAS Co., Ltd.

The Evils of Alcoholic Drink.

Drink - the social evil, drink - the Nation's curse! These are some of the terms expressed to condemn the vile habit of indulging in alcoholic drink. They are only too true. But why burden one class with the full responsibility of it, why should one section of humanity only be labelled with the obnoxious stigma of drunkards, when all sections of society are offenders? Whenever a crueade is started to fight the demon drink, we find that all their efforts are directed towards the poorer classes; never do we find them approaching the wealthy, idle class. Are they like Ceasar's wife—"above suspicion," The habit of indulging in alcoholic drink is not confined to one class alone. It is a wide spread failing, and the unemployed rich are just as willing slaves to the drink mania, as are their poorer brethren.

The constant cry we hear raised against the poor is "The poor are p or because they drink;" then if this be true are "The rich rich because they drink"?

I do not intend to praise the poor for indulging in alcoholic drink, rather do I condemn them strongly for doing so, but also do I pity them. Pity their wretched conditions and sordid surroundings, and pity their weak human nature which sends them from miserable homes to brilliantly lighted drink saloons.

Now, then, why do the wealthy class drink; they are not driven to it by want and misery. Their conditions of life are not such as to make them try and find they have all within their reach which tends to make life pleasant and enjoyable. Their homes are supplied with every modern comfort, their food is the most choice and neurishing that can be procured. They can entertain themselves in several ways, by reading, music, travel, and amusements. Still, with all these advantages they indulge in alcoholic drink, and to a far greater extent than do the class they tyrannise over, and with less excuse, if any excuse can condone such a degrading habit. Now as the rich drink under such favourable circumstances, what then would they do were they compelled to exist under the same conditions as the class who produce the wealth, to what depths would they sink were they compelled to live in wretched hovels, work from morning until night at hard laborious toil, and for such receive but a miserly pittance—one would not like to

Of course it is very disgusting to mention drink in connection with the wealthy; such indulgence is to them only refreshment Strange that champagne, liqueurs, and expensive wines should only be termed refreshments. It matters little what they please to term them ! they are alcoholic drinks, and those who indulge in them are drunkards. Why then do the rich drink? Because they are idle, selfish, greedy, and over-indulged.

Now, the poor are not poor because they drink; they drink because they are poor. But it would be just as well to state that although they are condemned wholesale as a class for this failing, still, in justice to them, it must be remembered that a great number of them are total abstainers and many life-long teetotallers. These are the wise ones; they intend to make something diffe ent of life for their fellow-workers an i themselves than tyrannical slavery. But if only the large numbers of this class who indulge in alcoholic drink would think what they are doing, would only recognise that they are ruining their health, dragging themse'ves and families deeper into the mi.e, and are

mill-stones round the necks of the sober workers, they would never again indulge in so much as one more drink of the poison that is retarding the progress of their class.

What pitiful sights we see as the results of this indulgence among the poorer classes. It is only necessary togo through some of the thickly-populated streets where these people dwell to witness scenes that outrival anything that possibly could be imagined. Oh, when will they see what crimes they are committing through this vile habit? When will they see that their misery is only intensified by them indulging in strong drink? What criminal fools they are to be lured like the silly into the spiders net-i.e. the publichouse. The hor ible conditions they are allowed to exist under will not be remedied by such methods, indulging in acholic drink is only ruining their health, dulling their intellects, and plunging them deep r into misery. For them to give way to the drink fiend as they are doing will not do away with the wretched slum hovels, will not feed the starving children, will not place their women in positions that they ought to occupy, will not wipe out all the wrongs . under which their class are forced to live. No, to remedy these wrongs they must become sober people absolutely sober, no half-measure will do.

Remember, as Parnell, the great Leader said, "Ireland sober, is Ireland free." That a double meaning that sentence has to the workers, freedom from a foreign yoke, and freedom from the tyrannical rule of the capitalist, but this can only be accomplished by the workers being determined to become sober, they must understand to work cut their own salvation, they need their health, strength, and clear brains, they cannot have either of these things while they allow themselves to be slaves to the drink mania.

ONLY A PRINTER.

Only a Printer! his finger tips Gives voice again to long dead lips, And from a past and hoary age Recall the words of seer and sige. No printer he-

But line by line he tells the tale That colour gives to canvas pale, And masters old before us stand With brush and palate clasped in hand, So we may see.

With patient toil while others sleep He makes the ages backward creep, And knights in armour ride and fight "For God, my badge, and the right." No player he —

But by the magic of his hands The curtain rises in all lands. And actors for a season rage Their few brief hours upon the stage, So we may see.

Only a printer! His magic trade Hath all Earth's scenes before us laid. He moves his well trained hands, and lo, The world with knowledge is aglow. Magician he-

Behind the scenes he works his spell With signs and symbols truth to tell ; And by the magic of his art The future's curtains draw apart

Only a Printer! His magic spell Preserves Earth's sweetest story well. Of how on Calvary's cruel tree The Saviour died to make them free. A prophet he-

For by his art he makes the book Wherein the weary soul may look. And, looking, find the promise blest Of home, and love, and endless rest—

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Xmas, 1911, at BELTON & CO.'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

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ABSOLUTELY FREEXMASGIFTS to our Cu-to-ners. One of our Genuine Caledonian Gold Guard or Watch Chain, suitable for Lady or Gentleman, will be presented to every person purchasing one shilling's worth or upwards, as

with beautiful coloured stones; regular price, 6s 6d; special offer to our customers, 2s 6d. 4/6 BEAUTIFUL CUT-GLASS Crown Design
Butter Dish, sterling silver-plated on Nickel
Silver, Cover and Stand complete; regular price, 12s 6d; our price, 4s 6d.

27/6-LADY'S GOVERNMENT Hall-marked Solid Gold Keyless Watch, hand engraved cases, enamelled figures, perfect timekeeper, warranted, in jewel case; complete sacrifice, 27s 6d. THE HOUSE with a reputation for bargains by Post is the Pillar House, 31a Henry Street, Dublin, who defies competition. Beware of

1/3-GENUINE NICKEL Lever Keyless Clock; will go in any position; accurate Time-keeper; selling at 4s 6d; our price, 1s 3d, post free, from the Pillar House.

10/6-GENUINE WALTON 18ct. Gold-Cased Keyless Hunter Watch, with all the latest improvements; reliable timekeeper, guaranteed; worth £2 0s 0d; a sacrifice, 10s 6d; suitable Xmas Prasent worth £2 0s 00 Xmas Present.

4/6—THE Masterpiece of all Clocks; Fireman's Repeating Alarm, absolutely safe wakener; no home should be without one; guaranteed perfect timekeeper; 4s 6d only.

1/6-HANDSOME BUTTERFLY Brooch Set, with 30 finest Parisienne Brilliants and Ruby; very pretty design; thousands selling at 10s 6d; our price, 1s 6d marvellous value. WE have no connection with any other firm.
Our only address is—Bargains by Post,
Pillar House, 31a Henry Street, Dublin.

10/6-EXPANDING WATCH BRACELET. Handsome Keyless Watch in centre, beautiful chased design; accurate timekeeper; 18ct. gold-cased; worth 80s; our price, 10s 6d, with case

2/6-STERLING SILVER GOVERNMENT Hall-marked Brooch, Design 2 Hearts entwined with lover's knot between and drawn together, with ivy leaves, most uncommon and neat de sign; honestly worth 7s 6d; our price, 2s 6d, complete, in cash.

3/6-SOLID Gold Lady's or Gent's Signet Ring, handsome design, regular price, 7s 6d; our price 3s 6d; extraordinary value; for size cut hole in card.

2/-SOLID Gold Tie Pin, designs, Shamrock, Horseshoe, Wishbone, with beautiful coloured stone set in centre, complete in case, 2s; regular price, 5s 6d; our price, 2s. Useful

1/6-POST Free, Genuine Rolled Gold Cross,
Acid proof, pretty pendant for Gent's Chain
or Lady's Necklet; regular price, 5s 6d. Our
price, 1s 6d. /-SEND US One Shilling and we will send you Beautiful Parisienne Brilliant Brooch; latest designs, Star, Heart, Crescent, Oval and Round pattern; post free.

21/. LADIES' Government Hall-marked Solid Gold Keyless Watch; beautifully engraved Cases, Gold Dial, Enamel Figures, accurate timekeeper; guaranteed with Jewel Case com-plete; sacrifice, 21s.

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10/6-18ct. GOLD-CASED LADY'S or GENT'S Wristlet Watch, strong movement, reliable timekeeper; complete with Leather Wrist-Band attached, only 10s 6d; worth 25s; Useful Xmas Gift.

1/6-SEND us 1s 6d, and we will forward you
per return one of our Genuine Brilliant
Pendants, with Chain complete; you will be
delighted.

5/6-POST FREE, Lady's Strong, Reliable Watch,
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1/.-POST PAID-Lady's very fashionable Amysth long Watch-Guard or Neck-Chain, made of the finest hand-cut beads, very neat pattern;

6/6-BEAUTIFUL Set Carving Knife, Fork, and Steel, antique design, handles finest Shef-field Cutlery; name on blade, patent protector on fork; 8 pieces, complete; velvet lined case; Rare Bargain, 6s 6d.

1/-BEAUTIFUL Necklet, composed of choice Pearls, Parisenne brilliant clasp, in case, cost 4s 6d, to clear, 1s; dainty Xmas Gift. We DILLAR HOUSE, Bargains by Post, Henry Street, Dublin, pays highest cash prices for Old Gold, Silver, and Antiques, etc. Remit-

tance per return of post. 3/6-SET of 6 Knives in case, Ivorine handles, surgical steel blades, Sheffield maker's name on blade; a gift to every householder, 6s 6d post free.

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Cake Knife, beautifully engraved blade,
antique chased handle, a gift, la 6d; regular
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ND what you must bear in mind, to save money in your Xmas Presents is the name Bargains by Post, Pillar House, Henry Street, Dublin.

1/-POST FREE-Lady's handsome Shell Back-comb, 3 rows finest Parisienne brilliants, claw setting; usual price, 5s 6d; to clear, 1s. A Suitable Xmas Gift.

2/6-POST PAID-15s 6d, Reel Rolled-Gold Bangle, 5 years' warranted, beautifully engraved, with safety chain and case, complete, 2s 6d. Choice Present for Xmas.

4/6-POST Free-Gent's Hall-marked Sterling Silver Match Box with patent spring opener and Sterling Silver Ring to attach to chain, beautifully engraved, 4s 6d.

3/6-MAGNIFICENT Tortoiseshell, 10s 6d Back-Comb, claw setting, with genuine brilliants, our price, 8s 6d, a rare bargain. A Welcome Xmas Gift.

5/6-POST FREE-Gent's Centre-seconds Chronograph Stop-Watch for timing races, etc; can be started and stepped to the 100th part of a minute; maker's name (Tell), accurate time-keeper. Sacrifice, 5s 6d. Regular price, 10s. 6d. 7/6-GENUINE Rolled-Gold Albert, honestly worth 25s; our price, 7s 6d. Same quality Double Albert, from peaket to pocket, with bar and drop attached, 10s 6d.

1/6-POST Paid-Solid Sterling Silver, Gran-ment Hall-marked Brooch, beautiful design, regular price is 6d, now selling is 6d. Pillar House, Bargains by Post, Henry Street.

4/6-POST Free-The Workman's Lever Stem-Winding Watch, airtight and dustproof case, all the latest improvements, perfect timekeeper, 12s 6d; our price, 4s 6d. 10/6-SPECIAL Offer-Solid Gold Government Hall
marked Real Diamond, Ruby and Sapphire
Engagement Ring, regular price, 30s. Our
price, 10s 6d. Size Card on application.

6/6-ELEGANT Solid Silver-plated Brush and Hand-Mirror, with bevelled glass, also Dressing Comb, same quality, worth 21s; our price, 6s 6d. Useful Christmas Gift.

1/-PAIR Magnetic Surgical Steel Household Scissors; will find lost needles; enamelled handle, patent adjustable screw; as an advertise-ment, only is. From Paris Exhibition. 1/-RAGE of the Country Lucky Bluebird
Brooch, real enamel, silver front; brings
joy and happiness to your doorstep. Sold in
1,000's, 4s 6d. Our price, 1s.

2/6-A RARE Bargain, 6 Sterling Silver-plated Tea Spoons, Apostle design, in a neat case com-plete, absolutely a gift, 2s 6d, carriage raid. Suitable Gift.

4/6-ASTOUNDING Value, Ivorine Carving Knife and Fork, Silver, Hall-marked mounts, Sheffield steel, maker's name on blade, protector on Fork, case, complete, only 4s 6d.

2/6-18ct. GOLD-CASED Fancy Curb-Chain Bracelet, padlock and safety chain, complete in jewel case, cost 15s 6d. Our price, 2s 6d. A delightful Xmas Gift. The Address is: "Bargains by Post," Pillar House, 31a Henry Street, Dublin.

2/6-SUCCESSFUL PURCHASE Entire Manufacturer's Stock Solid 9-ct. Gold Brooches, set with beautiful coloured stones; regular price 6s 6d: sneciel offer.

1/-PAIR Gent's 18ct. Gold-cased Cuff Links,
patent unbreakable connections, to clear, 1s,
worth 10s 6d. The address is-Pillar House,
Bargains by Post, Henry Street, Dublin.

1/6-STERLING Silver-plated Bread or Cake

Pierced Baskets, oval shaped design, with beautiful handle attached; a sacrifice, ls. 6d. A special Xmas offer; post free.

1/-THE Pillar 5s. Automatic Self-filler Fountain Pen, with all the latest improvements, as an advertisement, 1s. Pillar House, Pargains by Post, Henry Street.

1/6-POST FREE-The Expedit Hollow-ground Razor, finest surgical steel, ground and ready for use. Our price, 1s 6d; regular price, 4s 6d. The easy shaver. 2/6-A DAINTY Xmas Gift-Genuine 9ct. Gold Earrings, set 8 beautiful matched brilliants, sharrock design, fit close to the ear, sacrifice,

2/--BEAUTIFUL Cut-Glass Glass-coloured Crown Design Sweets or Jelly Dish, with Sterling Silver Plated Stand; regular price,

7s. 6d.; to clear while they last, 2s. OUR Ambition is to give you value. Trial parcel will convince you of our genuiness; it wi pay you to remember our name and address.

TEN THOUSAND PRIZES FREE OF CHARGE.

Irish-Ireland Notes.

By AN SPAILPIN FARACH.

📇 8 54 🚝 🚡 A GARLIO DUBLIN. has been in our midst, and the work of very many samest Gaels, it seems rather strange that there is so little outward evidence of the Gaelic Revival movement in Dublin. One rarely, if ever, hears any of the grand old Gaelic salutations in the city streets nowadays; there are less Gaelic names ever shope now than there were some ten years ago, and as for the newspapers, Murphy's Independent publishes half a column of Irish two or three times a wrek; the Freeman's Journal publishes the report of the proceedings of the Ard Fheis in Irish once a year, and some of the weekly sheets ignore the Irish Language Movement altogether. Some ten years ago it was quite a common thing to hear Gaelic salutations when passing through any of the city thoroughfares. Matters so moved then that nearly everybody interested in the Irish Language Movement thought that in ten years' time Dublin would have its own Irish speakers. Well, the ten years have gone by and we have-nothing gained, half the enthusiasm dead, and the language dying in the Irish-speaking

No Compromise. The reason, in our opinion, is not far to seek. Ten years ago those leading the Gaelic League relied upon the men and women of Ireland, upon the people who have been the backbone of any National Movement ever carried to success in Ireland, and their confidence was not misplaced. The common people were with the League then in its praiseworthy efforts to "hold" the Irishspeaking districts, and the self-reliant policy preached at the time was eagerly hearkened to throughout the length and breadth of the land. But a change gradually came. The leaders of the Gaelio League having reached high places hearkened to soft words and forgot the people who made the movement, and now we can all see the result of the "soft talk." If we are to make the League a success we must get back to the old policy of no compromise, and we must see to it that the Executive of the League rids itself of the policy of being afraid to do anything lest it be displeasing to this, that, or the other party. The old man and his ass should surely be a lesson to some people.

TESTIMONIALS. We may state at once without beating about the bush that we are against the idea of testimonials to anyone, because of his or her work for Ireland, People get the name of being voluntary workers in a movement, and the Press rings with their praises; then lo, and behold! after two or three years the inevitable testimonial is organised to "mark your appreciation of the services of so-and-so to the The present Lord Mayor had a testimonial organised to him to mark his "sterling Nationalism" on the occasion of the late Queen Victoria's visit. Ye gods! We wonder what the subscribers to that testimonial think now.

By the way, speaking of testimonials, we wonder whether the many organised during the past ten years in Ireland would come within the provisions of the Old Age Pensions Act or the Workmen's Compensation Act.

WEATHELOOCKS.

We often wonder how individuals can represent themselves as being one thing in one organisation and quite the opposite in another. For instance, we have known men to declare themselves only too anxious to be afforded an opportunity of doing great things for Ireland in certain associations here in this city; we have known them to act with reactionaries as against progressives in another movement, and then again turn up at the first-mentioned association and express regret that they were obliged, in the interests of the movement to work with the reactionary element (notwithstanding the fact that the

progressive section had a manly policy before them). That is of course consistent with the resigning of positions owing to Want Of Time, when the positions were honorary, applying for (and finding plenty of time to devote to) them when a salary was tacked ca. We may here add that we have nothing but the greatest admiration for the little band of progress gives on the Central Executive of the Gaelic Lague in the face of very many difficulties and despite the compromising attitude of many of the big pots, still strive to place a manly policy before the people of Ireland. Our advice to them is to keep on. THE IRISH WORKER has already set many thinking, and next year's Ard Fheis will effect an even greater change than last year's.

WOLFE TONE MEMORIAL CONVENTION. We are saked to state that notwithstanding the

fact that the Convention of the Wolfe Tone Memorial Committee, held some time last September, was adicurned to the first Saturday in December, no Convantion was held on that evening. Instead, a socalled Convention was held on Saturday, the 16th December, most of the members of the Executive Committee and many of the delegates entitled to be ment knowing nothing about it. As we intend to refer to this at greater length next week we shall content ourselves this week by remarking that nothing done at that meeting can be binding, and it might be as well that this was borne in mird, Communications intended for this column should

be addressed AN SPAILPIN FARACE, c/o Editor, IRISE

Men talk of selling land! Who could or can sell it to us? The notion of selling for bits of metal the land of the world Creator is a ridiculous impossibility. Properly speaking, the land belongs to these two-to the Almighty God and to His children of man that have worked well on it, or that shall ever work well on it.-

THOMAS CARLYLE.

HOW TO ENJOY

H happy Xmas.

WE invite our readers who may have an hour to spare on Christmas Morning to come Few Hundred Sandwichmen to Breakfast in Trades Hall, Capel Street. First of our guests arrive at nine o'clock, second section at ten o'clock; then at two o'clock, No. 3 Branch Irish Transport and General Workers' Union are inviting some Five Hundred Children to an Xmas

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

Dinner in the Hall, 17 High Street.

Irish Worker

AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE. Edited by JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weeklyprice 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,

10 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; Ss. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DEC. 23RD, 1911.

NINETEEN hundred and eleven years ago a message was delivered to all mankind, proclaiming that brotherly love should be the basis of life, and that those who come short of that Divine Command would be denied by the God who created them. Well, let us take a retrospective view, and then, with the knowledge gained, turn to our own day and ask ourselves how are we fulfilling the Divine ordnance. Can it be truthfully said that brotherly love governs the social relationship of the human family? Cain's answer will not suffice, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Yes, reader, if you intend to conform with the Divine injunction, you are your brother's keeper-aye, and the protector of your sister—and you have no choice as to whom is your brother or sister. God Himself has said in no uncertain tone that He is Father of all men and women; therefore we are brothers and sisters. What then of the thousands of unemployed in this country? The widows. the orphans, and those who may have seen better days, and now homeless and forsaken, are denied a seat at the festive board. Not for them the happy fireside, the cheerful company, the giving and receiving of those tokens of our friendship and love; they are forgotten. Selfishness reigns supreme. Not brotherly love, but selfish individualism, governs the relationship between the human family. Not help one another, but how to swindle and despoil one another is the present-day gospel. Aye, for all the loud-mouth protestations of love and frienship are but ashes in the mouth. If you have wealth and position, you will have hosts of friends-wishes and gifts will be showered on you and yours; but if, on the other hand, you are one of the bottom dogs of this un-Christian and inhuman maelstrom, neither wishes nor gifts will you receive. Think of the Christian love and brotherly affections of the Wexford employers, of Messrs. Jacobs who have dismissed further men this week.

The love of Brother Goulding for the victimised railwaymen, the love of the Master Bakers, such as Boland, Kennedy, Johnston, Mooney and O'Brien, Landy, Rathfarnham; Galbraith, Sir Joseph Downes, Mr. Walker, of the D.B.C.; Mr. Sexton, ex-M.P., which passeth all human understanding, "the creatures who once were men," in the words of Gorti, not content with defeating the bakers, who helped to amass their fortunes, are carrying out the divine injunction. Are they not starving the innocent women and children belonging to the men who dare to strike? May God deal with them and grant them forgiveness in the same measure as they have dealt out justice to their employees. These employers will enter the sacred fane on Christmas Morn to give thanks that God became Man for our sakes, that the Son of the Carpenter, our Redeemer, came on earth, not among the rich and titled, but became one of us. The Great Omnipotent, born in a stable, lived and worked amongst the poor, not in the mansion nor the castle, but amongst the poor ignorant labourers, and chose for His minister on earth a common fisherman; and then those blasphemous creatures, to excuse their guilt, misinterpreting His message, keeping quoting like parrots, "the poor ye should have always with you." I sm poor like them in soul and spirit, aye! miserably poor, but they are friends and comrades. There is no reason why we should have the poor povertystricken creatures pleading for the crumbs from the rich and idle class. The great Creator gave of His bountifulness. There is more and sufficient for all; but because a few selfish parasites claim more than a sufficiency thousands are denied their God-given rights. Think of that Divine petition; no selfishness in that which had been rightly called the Lord's Prayer. "Our Father, who art in heaven, hal-

lowed be Thy name; give us this day our

daily bread." Not my Father, nor your... Father, but our Father. No individualism about that. That petition at least rings true. Not your daily bread nor mine, but give us this day our daily bread.

Well, we of this paper, are blamed by some brutally selfish creatures for trying, as they say, to raise class against class. No, friends, not to divide, but to unite. We claim that the workers should receive along to assist in entertaining a the product of his labour: We say and maintain, with the great preacher, St. Paul—"He that will not work, neither shall he eat." We want no classes in society. We are determined to do, in our weak and halting manner, something in our own day to help to reslise the dreams of the thinkers, poets, prophets, and, above all, the Divine injunction, "All men are brothers, and that which you do unto the least of those little ones, you do unto Me, also." We appeal to you to cast your prejudices on one side. You cannot deny that misery and wretchedness aboundscaused by the selfishness of men. It is men and women are guilty of the present state of wickedness, crime, poverty, and its concomitants; and women and men, if determined, can alter these conditions. Will you help us, or allow us to help you? We gladly wish you and yours a Happy Xmas and a Prosperous New Year, but what of your brother and sister?

> Draw for Pony, in aid of Canal ex-Employees, postponed to January 15, 1912

A meeting of shareholders of the Irish Labour Press will take place early in the New Year. Certificates of shares will reach applicants in due course. Owing to pressure some replies have not been sent out

Is there not in this great city a few woman earnest enough to go down to our higways and byeways during this season and seek out our erring sister and try and induce them to alter their lives, remember some poor old mother and aged father, or a loving family, may be wishing to hear from the lassie they once were proud of. No use playing the ostrich like trick or burying your head in the sand. Personal persuasion would work wonders; a few good women (not that all women are not good) who have been well-guarded and cherished themselves, might undertake at least for one night in the year, to speak the kindly word to our erring and sorrowful sisters. What about Inghinidhe na hEireann could they not do something.

We regret to announce that our friend and comrade Adrian Golden, passed away in the Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross, and will be interred in Mount Jerome Cemetery, to-day, Thursday. Golden who was a Russian subject, was a brilliant and intellectual man. He had to leave his native Russia, because of his opinions, but not before he had enjoyed the hospitality of a Russian gaol as a political prisoner. We could do with a few more aliens of the type and character of our late fellow-worker Golden. May he rest in peace.

"And when thyself with shining foot shall pass Among the guests star-scattered on the

And in the joyous errand reach the spot Where I made one—turn down an empty glass."

Our comrade, Goldin, was interred this morning in Mount Jerome Cemetery. Mr. Hicks, Unitarian Minister, officiated at the grave. The attendance of the general public included-Mesers. Charles Murphy, W. Farrell, James Larkin. M. O'Brien, Dan O'Brien, Pat Monks, John Mulroy, M. Usher, Joseph Begley, T. Martinson, J. W. O'Beirne, C. Peterson, Fred Ryan, Sheehy Skeffington, John Cooper, J. Cullen, Walter Carpenter, Alex Kennedy, Mrs. R. Hoskins, Mrs. Parkinson, and Miss O'Meara.

Dundalk Notes too late to hand: Messrs. Carroll, tobacco Co., Dundalk, have not replied as yet to the communication sent them requesting an increase on the present wages paid to the female employees. Maybe the festive season will soften their hearts. Nodlaig shughach chugabh a lig a laer. MICEAL MACEOIN.

Transport and General Workers' Union.

Annual Xmas Draw will take place tomorrow (Friday), December 22nd, 1911, at 8 o'clock, at 10 Bereaford place. Winning Numbers will appear in Special Edition IRISH WORKER, on Saturday morning, also Evening Telegraph, Saturday, and will be posted up outside of Halls, 10 Beresford place and 17 High street.

3333888888888888 THE EDITOR AND STAFF

TENDERS TO ALL READERS THEIR SINCERE WISHES FOR

A Joyful and Happy Christmas

Prosperous New Year.

A Christmas Box from an Employer.

How the Workers on the Quays are Robbed.

Twenty men were employed at the latter end of the past week and the beginning of this week to discharge a vessel laden with ore for the manure works on both sides of the River Liffey. The rate of wages paid for this work, which is disagreeable and unhealthy, is 6d. per ton. The Port Entry Register stated that the vessel's (whose name we withhold, because we know the owners, a Dublin firm, wouldnot permit any wrong-doing in connection with their vessels) cargo amounted to 992 tons. Mark, this cargo of ore was weighed, an actual check taken. The men received 18s. per man, sub., on Saturday, December 16th, 1911. They finished discharging on Tuesday. The men, after hanging about for some hours for the balance of wages due, were informed that they would be paid a further 3s. 6d. The men demurred. The foreman then produced a statement, in writing, giving, what he alleged, was the actual weight of ore discharged, according to figures supplied to him by the clerks in the firm who received the ore, and to give an appearance of authenticity to the thing he, cunning enough, gave tons, cwts., quarters, and lbs. as follows :- M's. 289 tons 16 cwts. 2 qrs. 21 lbs.; G. 574 tons, making a total of 863 tons 16 cwts. 2 qrs. 21 lbs. The men brought a copy of this document to their union, when we found out they had discharged, according to figures compiled by the said clerks, quoted above, no less than 980 odd tons had been weighed and pa d for. This meant that the stevedore, in addition to making the difference between

what he received from the shipowner and what he paid the men who done the work, was keeping from the men, illegally, 3s. 2d. per man, or £3 3s. 4d. in all. Is it any wonder that some of these blood-suckers of stevedores to carry temperance badges in their coats and pay the men they employ in publichouses, and while working, give them dockets for drink, stopping it out of the wages earned, that these creatures, who a few years ago could not afford to feed themselves, as soon as they become stevedores can buy houses—and streets of them. Well, the curses of the widow, the orphan, and the poor ill-treated wife are coming home to roost, and the Irish Transport Union is determined to see to it that men engaged shall get their lawful wages; and we will put a stop to the cursed and unchristian system of payment in publichouses, and what the law and the Temperance party have failed to do we will accomplish.

TELEGRAM FROM WEXFORD.

Daly sentenced, two months or £10, breach of peace. Belton case squared, nan who was assaulted not proc crown not prosecuting, either Corish sentenced two weeks, or one pound. Furlong, sentenced same, lodged notice

Christmas Day in the Workhouse.

It is Christmas Day in the Workhouse. And the cold bare walls are bright With garlands of green and holly, And the place is a pleasant sight: For with clean-washed hands and faces, In a long and hungry line The paupers ait at the tables, For this is the hour they dine.

And the guardians and their ladies. Although the wind is east. Have come in their furs and wrappers To watch their charges feast; To smile and be condescending, Put pudding on paupers plates. To be hosts at the workhouse banquet They've paid for—with the rates.

Oh, the paupers are meek and lowly, With their "Thank'ee kindly, mum's," So long as they fill their stomachs, What matter whence it comes? But one of the old men mutters, And pushes his plate saide: Great God!" he cries, "but it chokes

For this is the day sur died."

The guardians gazed in horror, The master's face went white. "Did a pauper refuse their pudding?" "Could their ears believe aright?' Then the ladies clutched their husbands, Thinking the men would die, Struck by a bolt, or something, By the outraged One on high.

But the pauper sat for a moment. Then rose mid a silence grim; For the others had ceased to chatter, And trembled in every limb. He looked at the guardians' ladies Then, eyeing their lords, he said. "I eat not the food of villians Whose hands are foul and red!

"Whose victims cry for vengeance From their dank, unhallowed graves." "He's drunk!" said the workhouse master, "Or else he's mad and raves." "Not drunk or mad," cried the pauper, "But only a hunted beast,

Who, torn by the hounds and mangled.

Declines the vulture's feast

"I care not a curse for the guardians. And I won't be dragged away: Just let me have the fit out-It's only on Christmas Day That the black past comes to goad me And prey on my burning brain: I'll tell you the rest in a whisper-I swear I won't shout again.

"Keep your hands off me, curse you! Hear me right out to the end; You come here to see how paupers The season of Christmas spend. You come here to watch us feeding As they watch the captured beast: Hear why a penniless pauper Spits on your paltry feast."

Do you think I will take your bounty.

And let you smile and think

You're doing a noble action . With the parish's meat and drink! Where is my wife you traitors— The poor old wife you slew! Yes, by the God above us My Nance was killed by you. Last winter my wife lay dying Starved in a filthy den;

I had never been to the parish-I came to the parish then, I swallowed my pride in coming For ere the ruin came, I held up my head as a trader And I bore a spotless name.

I came to the parish craving Bread for a starving wife, Bread for the woman who loved me Through fifty years of life! And what do you think they told me Mocking my awful grief! That 'the House' was open to us But they would'nt give 'out relief.'

I slunk to the filthy alley—

'Twas a cold, raw Christmas eve-And the baker's shops were open, Tempting a man to thieve But I clenched my fists together, Holding my head awry, So I came to her empty-handed, And mournfully told her why. "Then I told her the house was open,

She had heard of the ways of THAT, For her bloodless cheeks went crimson, And up in her rags she sat, Crying, 'Bide the Christmas here, John, We've never had one apart; I think I can bear the hunger-The other would break my heart.'

All through that night I watched her. Holding her hand in mine, Praying the Lord, and weeping Till my lips were salt as brine. I asked her once if she hungered, And as she answered 'No,' The moon shone in at the window Set in a wreath of snow.

Then the room was bathed in glery, And I saw in my darling's eyes The far-away look of wonder That comes when the spirit flies, And her lips were parched and parted, And her reason came and went, For she raved of our home in Devon, Where our happiest years were spect

"And the accents long forgetten Came back to the tongue once more For she talked like the country lassis I woo'd by the Devon shore. Then she r se to her feet and trembled And fell on the rags and mosned. And, 'Give me a crust-I'm famished-For the love of God!' she groaned.

I rushed from the room like a madman, And flew to the workhouse gate, Crying, 'Food for a dying woman,! And the answer came, 'Too late, They drove me away with curses; Then I fought with a dog in the street And tore from the mongrel's clutches A crust he was trying to eat.

"Back through the filthy by-lanes,; Back, through the trampled slush! Up to the crazy garret, Wrapped in an awful hush. My heart sank down at the threshold, And I paused with a sudden thrill, For there in the silv'ry moonlight My Nance lay cold and still.

"Up to the blackened ceiling The sunken eyes were cast-I knew on those lips all bloodless My name had been the last; She'd called for her absent husband-O God had I but known !-Had called in vain and in anguish Had died in that den-ALONE.

"Yes, here, in a land of plenty, Lay a loving woman dead, Cruely starved and murdered For a loaf of the parish bread. At yonder gate, last Christmas, I craved for a human life, You, who would feast us paupers, WHLT OF MY MURDERED WIFE-

"There, get ye gone to your dinners; Don't mind me in the least; Think of the happy paupers Eating your Christmas feast; And when you recount their blessings In your snug parochial way, Say what you did for ME, too, Only last Christmas Day.' G. R. Sins.

Don't Forget LARKIN'S Little Shop For Good Value in Chandlery, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, &c.,

36 Wexford St., Dublin. ਾਲ Irish Goods a Speciality

The following is the Policy, Programme and Pledge of the Dublin Labour Party—the best Christmas Box the workers can get.

THE

DUBLIN LABOUR PARTY.

Municipal Elections, 1912.

THE ELECTORS.

Fellow-Workingmen and Women,

Having been selected to contest the above Ward in the interests of LABOUR, I submit for your consideration the Programme of the Labour Representation Committee, which outlines the reforms which will be advocated by the members of the LABOUR PARTY in the Municipal

I would direct your special attention to the question of

Direct Labour.

Every year complaints are made that a large amount of Corporation Contract work is not being executed under Trade Union conditions, notwithstanding the Fair Wages and Trade Union Clauses inserted in all tender forms. Deputations have repeatedly waited on the Sapplies Committee without effecting any improvement. Most of these grievances could be removed by the establishment of additional

Municipal Workshops

for the manufacture of Boots, Clothes, Tinwork, &c. If this were done the work would be executed more efficiently and at less cost than at present; the workers would be employed under improved conditions; and the Trades Unions would be saved their present large expenditure in endeavouring to have this work done under Fair conditions of Labour. You are accustomed to hear at election times a good deal about

Housing of the Workers,

but after the 15th of January little, if any, interest is taken in this great question by our representatives until they again require a catch-cry to

Humbug the Workers.

It would, indeed, be strange if any practical steps were taken to grapple with this question, as many of our present Corporators are owners of slum property, and are therefore directly interested in keeping the workers in the insanitary

Death-Traps,

for which they pay exorbitant rents.

The Municipal Council possesses ample powers to clear the slums, acquire land, and build houses. The class of houses required are not the unsightly barracks that have, in many cases, been erected, but

Self-contained Houses and Cottages at a Rent of 1s. per Room.

This has been done elsewhere, and there is no reason why it could not be done in Dublin.

No Housing Scheme is complete without a

Playground for the Children

to save them from the danger and the evil influences of the streets. Under the Unemployed Workmen's Act of 1905, the Municipal Council possesses certain limited powers to deal with .

The Unemployed.

While holding that the only effective method of grappling with this. problem is the guaranteeing by the State, or the Municipality, to all adults of the

Right to Work

or maintenance, I hold that a good deal might be done to alleviate unemployment during the winter months if the above Act was sympathetically administered by a Committee representative of the workers instead of the gang of

Jobbers and Place-hunters

who have, up to the present, run the Distress Committee in the interests of themselves and their friends. Another matter demanding the earnest attention of the workers is

High Death-Rate, Especially Amongst Children.

Dublin has the unenviable notoriety of having a Death-Rate

The Highest in Europe.

In 76 of the largest English towns the Death-Rate is only 16.5 per 1,000, while in Dublin it is 24.5, or half as much again.

Sir Charles Cameron, Medical Officer of Health, states that the Death-Rate amongst children is eighteen times higher in working-class families than it is in the families of the well-to-do. Thus, the children of our class are murdered by their unhealthy surroundings.

Don't Forget

CONDRON BROS., 33 Bolon Street FOR EXTRAORDINARY VALUE IN-

BUTTERS, - BACONS, - HAMS. #



One of the main causes of the high Death-Rate, and of the weak constitutions of those children who do survive, is the want of proper nourishment in their early years. The Labour Party will therefore use all their influence to have the Act for the

Feeding of School Children

rate for this purpose, and so end the present cruelty of forcing children to attend school when they are not in a physical condition to assimilate the instruction given them.

Other questions requiring attention are: the establishment of a Municipal Cemetery to put an end to the present

Shameless Robbery of the Poor

by the Glasnevin Cemeteries Committee; and

Evening Sittings of the Municipal Council,

which would render easier the selection of Labour representatives, and would also enable the workers of the City to attend the meetings of the 2.—Housing. Corporation. This already exists in Limerick and elsewhere.

In addition to the foregoing, a strong Labour Party would press for the establishment of Municipal Depots for the sale to the people at cost price of

Bread, Milk, and Coal,

which would do much to reduce the misery caused by the high prices charged for these commodities by the various rings of merchants, who amass fortunes out of the poverty of the people.

To bring about these reforms it is only necessary that the workers should make an intelligent use of their votes to sweep away the present gang of slum-owners, sweating employers, publicans, and food adulterators who have so long battened on the misery and degradation of the Dublin toilers, and elect as representatives

Men of Their Own Class.

responsible to, and under the control of, The Dublin Labour Party. The workers have the power, if they choose to use it wisely, to make Dublin

A Clean and Healthy City.

Remember, fellow-workers, when you

Vote for Labour

you vote for better housing for yourselves and your families; improved conditions of Labour for yourselves and your fellow-workers; purity in the administration of your City; and-

An Equal Chance of Life for all Children.

I am, Ladies and Gentlemen, Yours in the cause of Labour.

Made by Trade Union Bakers.

THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

MASS'S.

For Hats, Caps, Shirts, Collars, Braces Hosiery, Scarfs, &c. DONGAREE JACKETS & OVERALLS. leigh-Made Goods a Speciality.

茶茶茶茶茶茶茶茶茶茶

A Shakesperian Mix Up.

Not by the Lord Mayor.

Who were the Lovers? "Romeo and Juilet." What was their courtship like? "A Midsummer Night's Dream." What was her answer to his proposal?

"As You Like It." From whom did Romeo buy the ring? "The Merchant of Venice."

What time of the month did they get married?

"The Twelfth Night." Who were the best man and bridesmaid? "Anthony and Cleopatra.', Who gave the reception?

"The Merry Wives of Windsor." In what kind of a place did they live? "Hamlet."

What caused their first quarrel? "Much Ado About Nothing." What was her disposition like? " The Tempest."

What did they give each other when "quarrelling? "Measure for Measure."

What did their courtship prove to be? "Loves Labour Lost," [What about the Claiming of the Screw?—Ed]

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CITY AND COUNTY OF DUBLIN

Kabour Representation Committee.

OBJECT:

To unite the forces of Labour in order to secure the election of extended to Ireland. This would enable the Corporation to strike a Independent Labour Representatives to Parliament and on Local Governing Bodies.

PROGRAMME. 🍪

I.—Labour.

Employment of Direct Trade Union Labour by Public Boards, and, where contracting is unavoidable, the engagement only of those Firms which are recognised as fair by the Trades Unions concerned, and which employ Local Labour.

The Establishment of Municipal Workshops.

Eight Hour Day and Superannuation Allowanne for Employees of Public

Transit facilities for Workers to and from their work outside the City. Appointment of competent Tradesmen as Carriage and Sanitary Inspectors.

The exclusion of Pensioners from positions under Local Authorities and the prevention of Superannuated Employees from taking up other positions of Emolument.

Erection of suitable Cottages and Houses for Workers. Establishment of Feir Rent Tribunals in Urban and Rural Districts. Taxation of Ground Values and Unior Houses.

Extension of the principle and simplification of the procedure of Small Dwellings Act.

8.—Mental and Physical Improvement.

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Concerning Public Health, Weights and Measures, Inspection of Food, Factories, and Workshops.

LEDGE.

TO BE SIGNED BY ALL CANDIDATES.

with the Dublin Labour Party.

I undertake, to be subject to the decisions, and to carry out the instructions of the Labour. Representation Committee; and pledge myself to resign my position as..... if called upon to do so by a Special General Meeting of that body called for the purpose of considering my conduct as a Labour Representative.

Signed..... Date....

Look out **MURRAY'S** for

Grand Display of Xmas Goods. PRICES TO SUIT ALL PURSES.

THE WORKERS' PROVIDERS. E LOWER SHERIFF STREET, DUBLIN.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Enjoy Your Christmas BY PLACING YOUR ORDERS WITH US FOR

We Guarantee Satisfaction in Quality and Price.

A. & M. MURPHY, 170 Gt. Britain St.

RUSSELL'S The Busy Bakers,

Ask for RUSSELL'S BREAD,

keep them busy.

Trade Union Labour

RATHMINES BAKERY, & 6 CORNMARKET.

COAL.

For Best Qualities of House Coals delivered in large or small quautities, at Ciry Prices, .. ORDER FROM ..

P. O'CARROLL, BLACK LION. Mem INCHICORE.

JAMES LARKIN. Plain and Fancy Baker, 72 MEATH ST., DUBLIN.

Pure Wholemeal and Buttermilk Squares a speciality. THE WORKERS' BAKER. Ask for LARKIN'S LOAP.

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."

F. HATCHEL,

Pork Butcher & Sausage Maker, 32 GT. BRUNSWICK ST., DUBLIN.

Sausages Fresh Daily. Tripe. Cowheel and Brawn.

BEST IRISH PORK ONLY.

Buy your XMAS HAMS

Seumas O'Maolfhinn,

107 SUMMERHILL.

Call to SOMERS. 25 MEATH STREET.

For Guaranteed all Irish Provisions, Pure Butter, Hams, Bacon and Eggs. CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

CHRISTMAS. FOR HAMS AND BACON

JOHN O'DONOHOE, 24 LR. STEPHEN STREET

For Best Value in Provisions, W KEARNS'S. 47 James's Street.

Xmas Hams a Speciality.

CAPITAL V. LABOUR.

As long as the worker pays fancy prices

Capital will rob Labour. Try R. W. SHOLEDIGE 37 HIGH STREET, DUBLIN,

For Watch and Clock Resairs. The Workers' Friend Alarm Clock, only

1/11 Kept in repair for 12 months free of charge. Mention this Paper.

FOR BEST VALUE IN-

Provisions for Xmas.

T. F. COGAN'S, 10 MOORE STREET.

TRADE

audience of Corporation employees. Pushing up near eight, a number of Lorcan's stalwarts came in, including Alderman D.yle, Mr. D. A. Quaid, C. L. Ryan, M. Maher, - Duffy, and Monks Then, later on, I observed Paddy Shortall, and last, but not least, Trinity's "one and only representative, Robert Bradley, J.P.

Mr. Sherlock's Lecture to Cor-

Place-Hunters and Scabs.

I had been reading the free "puffs" all last week, in the Evening Pink, about Mr.

Lorcan Sherlock's Lecture on "Our Much-

Abused Corporation," that I decided to

form one of the large crowd of "prominent citizens"—so the notice said—that had been invited to the lecture. Accord-

ingly, on Thursday night of last week I

wended my way to Upper Rutland street,

where the rooms of the Mountjoy Ward

Branch of the U.I.L. are situate. When I

got inside the rooms I got a comfortable

seat in a quiet corner, and, after a few

moments' rest, after my long tramp across

the city, I began to look around me to see

if I could notice aryone I knew in the

audience. There was about forty people

in the room at the time, and of these, fully

thirty-five of them were Corporation

officials. Horror of Horrors! just fancy

the "one and only Lorcan" lecturing on

"Our Much Abused Corporation" to an

poration Employees, Jobbers,

President Cullen took the chair, and another person of the same name—a scab, to wit-read some letters of apology. Then "the little man with the big ideas," stood up, and after much hand-clapping by Corporation officials, he commenced to talk. The first portion of his remarks were confined to nonsense about Home Rule and the Corporation, after which the Citizens' Association came in for a share of abuse. Then we had an attack on Mr. Bonar Law, the leader of the English Unionist Party, after which he wound up with the following peroration:-"And in the presence of this very representative meeting of genuine Nationalists (sic) of the City of Dablin, he had no hesitation in condemning as a mischievous policy, from the Nationalist standpoint, the cry of no politics in Municipal affairs." Wonders will never cease. Just fancy, a couple of score of Corporation employees, a score of "ward heelers," and another score of fellows looking for "soft jobs" in the Corporation service, being described as "genuine Nationalists." Too thick, Lorcan, my friend, try sgain.

There was not half a-dozen genuine Nationalists in the room. I noticed Mr. William Richardson there and Mr. John Ryan, a member of the Citizens' Association, but I challenge contradiction—that the remainder, or at least 90 per cent. of them, were Corporation and North Union employees. Let Mr. Sherlock deny this if he can. The only Corporation official we missed from the gathering was Mr. Fred Allan; but the fact of Fred having got his increase long ago thanks to Lorcan-accounts for his absence. Mr. Sherlock, in his lecture, told us that "we were engaged in the last great struggle for National Independence." I hope so. I have heard this platitude repeated so often that I begin to feel dubious and I begin to think of the old saying about "the Saxon smile," and "the horns of a bull," &c. Continuing his lecture, Mr. Sherlock dealt with a lot of generalities which had no bearing on the subject whatever, but it kept the audience in humour, especially that portion in which he stated "that he did not agree with the official view of the Corporation as expressed by the majority." I am at a loss to know what Mr. Sherlock meant when he used those words. Surely he does not imagine that people are fools to believe it Is not Mr. Sherlook the secretary of the Nationalist Party in the Corporation, and does not this party hold a caucas meeting prior to each Council meeting, where the agends paper is discussed and everyting "cut and dry," as the saying is, for the Council meeting? Des not Mr. Sherlock "rule the roost" at these caucas meetings, and was it not at one of those meetings that he "gave the tip" to have Alderman J. J. Kelly selected as representative on the Port Board in opposition to Councillor O'Carroll.

I do not intend to follow Mr. Sherlock into the whole details of his lecture, neither do 1 intend to deal with the maze of figures he gave regarding the various Corp:ration undertakings, as I have no desire to weary my readers. By the way,

UNIONISTS

I would like to know what Corporation official supplied Mr. Sherlock with the various items. Perhaps we will hear of a bonus for the "very necessary work" later on. I would not be surprised-as was stated in last week's issue—if Brother Gerald, the two-job man, had something to do with it. I have no intention of dealing with Mr. Sherlock's remarks about THE IRISH WORKER; let the Editor have his slap at him for that. I "sat out" Mr. Sherlock's lecture in as amiable a mood as possible. I could not repress a smile when I heard him alluding to eighty imaginary "Solomons," because I was always under the impression that Mr. Sherlock was the only Solomon in the Dublin Corporation. After his last lecture I must confess I am disappointed.

After the lecture the meeting dissolved into a mutual admiration society, and after a vote of thanks had been proposed and seconded, Alderman Dayle, who got into the Corporation years ago as one of the old Labour Party, got up and spuke about a secret—that he would propose Mr. Sherlock as Lord Mayor for next year. It's no secret, Alderman, mark my word. Although your caucas meetings are held inside closed doors we hear of little happenings now and again regarding the doings at your caucas meetings.

Councillor Bradley followed Alderman Doyle, and his "address" was undoubtedly the "gem" of the evening. Mr. Bradley's ruddy face beamed with joy as he stood up to speak. He had not gone far when he indulged in an electioneering speech by referring to the prospect of opposition which he was threatened with in Trinity Ward in January next. With cool assumption Mr. Bradley stated that "he did not invite a contest," because there was a great deal of trouble attached to it, and if anyone challenged him there was going to be a fight, and a big fight, and he was going to come out on top of the heap." Noble words these ne doubt, coming as they do from a "wiseacre" like Mr. Bradley. Surely Mr. Bradley was not serious when he made the statement. Does he think that he is the owner of the ward he represents, not by the will of the people but by a "fluke." I fear very much that Councillor Bradley's boast about coming "out on top" is a little too premature. It will be time enough for him to talk like this after January 15th, when for the first time in his career he will have to submit himself to the judgment of the people he claims to represent.

Mr. Wm. Richardson followed Mr. Bradley, and he did not mince his words when he referred to the actions of certain corporators belonging to Mr. Sherlock's party in getting into the Corporation for the purpose of getting jobs for their relations. In fact Richardson made a scathing attack on the official Nationalist party in the Corporation, and the several Corporators who were present felt that the lash applied to them personally, if one was to judge by their looks. After Mr. Richardson a Mr. O Hare spoke; and mention of this name recalled to my mind an incident of some weeks ago, when a gentleman of the same name wrote to the newspapers condemning the action of one of the Councils of the G.A.A. in voting for the receipts of one of the Hurling Finals to the locked-out men in Wexford. It turned out afterwards that this Mr. O'Hare was one of Pierce's travellers, and unless I am very much mistaken this was the same man who spoke on Thursday night week last. If this gentleman is classed by Mr. Lorcan Sherlock as a genuine Nationalist," then God help Nationality. Just fancy a "genuine Nationalist" like Mr. O Hare holding up to public odium a democratic organisation that was helping its own members in their fight against Capitalism.

Now, what was the meaning of Mr. Sherlock's lecture? It was nothing more or less than the beginning of the Municipal fight which comes off on January 15th. It was, so to speak, the first shot in the campaign against the Labour Party. The latter has begun to cause Mr. Sherlook some unessiness, and with the air of a skilled commander he has called his forces around him. They turned up to a man at the lecture, and in the course of a few weeks they will scatter themselves all over the various wards of the city and talk of Nationality, Home Rule, and other

. . .

things. Let the workers be not deluded by these gentlemen, when the latter go on their canvassing tours. Let the workers speak out plain when the "ward heelers" and "place-hunters" call on them to solicit their votes for Sherlock's nominees. Show them that you have been too long led by this class of work, and that you have a mind of your own, and that you intend to exercise your vote in the interests of Labour, and Labour only. ANTI-CANT.

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UNITY AND SELF-RELIANCE."

Insurance Bill.

Assistants and Clerks, PLEASE NOTE!

Your position under the Insurance Bill will be fully discussed at a

TO BE HELD IN THE

Large Concert Hall

(ROTUNDA), on

MONDAY EVENING

8th January, 1912. 😗

All Shop Assistants and Clerks should attend, as this is a matter of vital importance to their interests.

IMPORTANT SPEAKERS,

IRISH DRAPERS' Assistants' Association.

irish Workers should support an Irish House by bringing their Watch Repairs

P. J. KAVANAGH. Practical Watchmaker and Jeweller, 28 UPPER ORMO D QUAY. Estd 1887. Good Werk. Prices Moderate

MOLLOY & CO., Butchers, Purveyors, and Dairy, 121 Lower CLAMBRASSIL Grazzr. None but reliable goods stocked.

The Only Rubber Stamp Firm in Ireland who can use the Irish Trade Mark. Your Name in Irish or English while you wait. A post card will bring our Representative.

J. W. Broadbery & Co., Rubber Stamp, Marking Ink, and Endorsing lak Manufacturers, 19 HENDRICK ST., DUBLIN.

HAMPTON'S, 14 TALBOT STREET

:: FOR YOUR ::

Christmas Hams, Turkeys, AND CROCERIES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

Not I, Rabbi.

A CHARA,—I would like to remind comrade Helens Moleney that even Simon Peter, first of the chosen twelve apostles, denied his faith ere the cock had crown thrice after his declaration. " Not I, Rabbi.'

I am not one of Mr. Allan's party, and therefore am not concerned in the interests of unity, but at the time of his secretaryship to Lord Mayor Pile I held the view that his action was on a par with that of members of my own trade union (painters) who, notwithstanding the fact that they were Nationalists, assisted in preparing the interior of Dublin Castle for the reception of the late Victoria, Queen of England. I am not possessed of accurate knowledge as to whether Fred Allan did or did not draft the famous Pile speech, but if he drafted that speech he thereby did a service to Nationalism, for it is clearly shown in it that the action of men like Harringt n, who opposed the loyal address while they themselves were in the habit of swearing allegiance to the sovereign, was inconsistent.

I cannot forget either that Mr. Allan risked his own personal liberty on more than one occasion when the Dublin imitations of Fouche and their uniformed brethren tried to have innocent citizens condemned to imprisonment, when people were almost compelled to perjure themselves in order that justice might be satisfied, and I am certain that were it not for Mr. Allan's strenuous efforts these men would have been victimized.

What I do blame Mr. Allan for is his coming before the public to lead an Ireland that he is utterly incapable of understanding, and which he evidently has no intention of trying to understand.

The Wolfe Tone Clubs are the possible nucleus of a great National movement, but they will never be successfully steered along by people who have to make deals with the Parliamentarians. Bargaining with Sherlock for a rise in

your wages will never make you fit to lead a pure National movement.-Mise,

Peadar O'Maicin.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. Siz, -If a docker, or a carier asked for

two months holidays at Christmas to go and enjoy himself with his family and friends, he would be considered crazy, and if he demanded wages at the rate of £8 per week and no stoppage during holidays, the police would be called out to beton commonsense into his skull. The members of the House of Commons are different to the docker and carter. Sitting for a few hours daily in a comfortable seat in the "House" must be very exhausting and require prolonged stretches of rest with wages in full. Anyhow the House has ceased from its labours until the 14th of February next, and—the unemployed may go to ____ where it would not be polite to say. The Members of Parliament are all right, they have £8 per week.

Yours faithfully, WORKLESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER. December, 1911. DEAR SIE, -As a constant reader of your

paper, as a watcher of your policy, during the turbulent year that is fast coming to a close, might I re-echo the sentiments of your issue. "Peace on earth to men of good will."

To those who do not understand, your doings in the past, seem to belie such words, often have I heard really good people saying, it is a pity your undoubtedly great gifts are not directed in the right channel. Only a few days ago one of these people told me with countenance in harmony with their inner feelings of delight that they heard you were very ill, I make no comment.

As an Irish Protestant who differs from you in many things, I would like to tender to you at this feative season of the year, heartlest congratulations for the great achievements you have accomplished in the past, greetings for the yule-tide, and wishes that you may long be spared in health and strength to carrry on the mighty work you are doing so well, i.e. the amashing down of cant, sham, and hypocrisy, the bringing of some little joy to the lives of thousands who are in abject alavery, above all the hastening of that time when man shall act towards his fel.owman in a christian spirit, thereby giving some indication that Xmas time

and all it means is something more than a mockery in Christian lands.

May the Xmas time bring to you up my fellow workers everywhere strength consolation, happiness and brotherhood; the wish of yours fraternally,

IRISH PROTESTANT WORLD

TO THE EDITOR IBISH WORKER.

Sir,-I am a commercial clerk-no. Duke—and as the evening rage are no interested in the lives of any man below the latter rank, I write to the worker paper. Let me hasten to say I am m one of the type of clerks who disgrad themselves by taking the bread out of the mouths of the wives and children of the carters by driving sweaters drays when the carters are on strike. No, when the alternative of doing scab work or taking the sack comes my way, I will the the sack and-damn the consequence And now when the timber strike is one these cad clerks must find it somewhat difficult to look the carters straight in the face. I have much pleasure in inform. ing you that one of these valiant clark. draymen was sacked a week to for some trifling offence. He thought he was building on a sure four dation in assisting his sweating master in trying to oust another eland

worker—the carters. He was wrong The masters trump card is to crush the workers of all grades in detail, one de partment at a time is their motto-paupe one class of worker while you use the knout on another class. Well, air, this cad clerk and botch drayman is now lost. ing for a job and has to avoid the North Wall, where he is nor a favourite with the men he has betraved. However, I would like to say in defeat

of my own class of worker that for one clerk who betrayed his fellow worker he driving a dray during the recent labour upheaval, hundreds risked their situation by refusing, and thus strengthened the hand of manual labour. There is polite but firm way of refusing which engenders respect more than resentment in the minds of employm Employers are too astute to think the renegade to his class will be faithful to him. Can nothing be done to form a effective local clerks' trade union? We are a numerous class, and surely our out dition is capable of improvement.

At present young men are working in solicitors' and merchants' offices for 5s b 10s. weekly, and are a menace to men with families, who cannot accept wages on the same scale. The blood sucking employing class care nothing as long as they can go cheap labour. A clerk has been describe as a man employed by merchants to m that they do not cheat one another. He's often a better educated man than his er ployer; yet while the employer goes how to healthy, pleasant surroundings in the suburbs or by the sea, the clerk reties # some district little removed from salm and his years are spent in a constal struggle with poverty.

SWEATED CLEEK

Xmas Presents

Twenty-One Piece Tea-Set 2/6. Handsome Sets of Jugs from 1/5; Fancy Teapots and Stands 2/3.

Vases, Fpergnes, Pictures, Etc., Suitable for Presents.

Also Large Stock Dishes, Pulding Bowk, Oven Tins, Dinner Ware, &c.

Staveley Stores, 137 Gt. Britain &

Foley's for Value. And Delicious Irish Creamery Butter Try Our Fragrant Teas, 1/4, 1/6, 1/4

and 2/- per lb.

EDWARD P. FOLEY, Pamily Grocer, Tea & Provision Merchant,

18 & 19 Fitzgibbon St. & 13 Emmet St., (Mountjoy Square) DUBLIN.

SILVERNINES DAIRY, 103 TOWNSKID STATE supplies Best Creamery Butter; New Laid (Iris) Eggs and Pure Rich New Milk, at Lower Pure.

To the Irish Worker Caps, &c., &c. (All snade by Deblin Werkers) at

LOUGHLIN'S Irish Outfitting 19 Parliament St., Dublin. Prices Lew-Quality High

36, CAPEL STREET, DUBLIN. THE HAUNT OF TRADESMEN AND FRETWORKERS.

Deal with McQUILLAN For Tools,

THE CAPITALIST,

The Man with Large Means gets his Discount. WHY CANNOT

The Man with Small Means get his Discount?

THE INDUSTRIAL MAN,

Insist on having HORAN'S COUPONS, they mean DISCOUNT for Cash.

DONE ? We buy largely for Cash, get our discount, and having our Profit we give the Discount to our Customers. The System is simple. The most up-to-date, and has the best results.

SIMPLE, Because you spend 4d. and get a Coupon. Do this 500 or 1,000 times and you get your Discount. The Collecting Book, when full, should be brought to Horan's Market.

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If the public want good value let them deal at HORAN'S MARKET, where they get goods at market prices, and get a Discount on their Purchases.

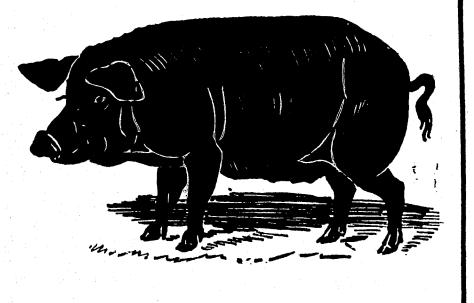
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Discount.



FULL WEIGHT. Nothing Inferior.

95 & 96 Gt. Brunswick Street, and Branches.

SPECIAL XMAS VALUE,

Turkeys, Geese, Hams, Spiced Rounds, Beef, Mutton, Lamb and Veal, &c.

LEADING ? Beef, 6d. per lb.; Mutton, 6d. per lb.; Hams, 8d. per lb.; Prime Cork Butter, 1s. per lb.; Best Irish Margarine, 6d. per lb.; Irish Eggs (preserved) 1s. per Doz.; Irish Cheeks, 10d. each; LINES Flour, 1s. 6d. per Stone; Currants, 3d. per lb.; Raisins, 4½d. and 5d. per lb.; Tea, from 1s. 2d. per lb.; Sugar, 2½d. per lb.; Irish Jams, Raspberry or Strawberry, 2lb. Jar, 8½d.

Fire Salvage Our

Commences Friday, December 23th. Several Hundred Pounds' Worth of Damaged Drapery will be s ld Less than Half-Price. Blankets, Quilts, Sheetings, Towels, Flannels, Flannelettes, Dress Material, Ladies' and Children's Coats, Milinery, Umbrellas, Corsets, Under lothing, Gloves, Men's Underwear and Shirts. Ten Shillings will buy over £1 Worth.

McGuinness & Co., 27 Lower Dorset St. (Corner Gardiner St.)

to "Dear Mr. Shaw" that every newsboy

before being allowed to eat the dinner

(nominally given by the "Dickens' Fellowship," but in reality paid for by the

people of Dublin) should pledge himself

to stand outside the Herald office and sing

"God bless Messrs Brewster, Shaw, and

Brewster, get out, thou "Pecksniffian"

Why have we not a Lord Mayor who

humbug; take thyself and Shaw out of

would save the newsboys of Dublin from

insult at the hands of the Shaws and the

Brewsters by giving them a "merry

Xmas" in the Mansion House. Better

spend it that way than taking a halfpenny

in the £ off the house jobbers and slum-

owners. Anyhow, Brewster and Shaw

have done a public service. They have

shown once again that so honeycombed

with sham and humbug are the ruling

classes in this city of much religion with-

out christianity, and of law without

justice, that they do not scruple to even

use the name of the great HUMAN writer,

Dickens, to cloak their hypocrisy and

fraud! Brewster and Shaw get out; you

N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco Store,

39 AUNGIER STREET

(OPPOSITE JACOB'S),

FOR IRISH ROLL AND PLUG.

Study your own & your Children's Health

:: SEETHEY ::

Drink Pure Mineral Waters

AS MADE BY

CALLACHER & CO., LTD.,

DUBLIN.

To preserve life the next most important

factor to the air we breathe is the

water we drink.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK OLD!

Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer

Keeps your Hair from getting Grey.

LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS

19 North Earl Street and 38 Henry Street, Dublin.

MANLEY'S.

The Workers' Provision Stores.

37 Great Britain St. and 3 Stoneybatter,

The Houses for Quality and Value.

per lb., by the side. Choice Dairy Butter,

ls. 2d. per lb.; the talk of the town. Our

Eggs are the finest in the district, and

can always be depended upon-large

For Reliable Provisions!

LEIGH'S, of Bishop St.

STILL LEAD

BECKER BROS.

Pinest, Purest and Cheapest

TEAS.

PRICES-2/5, 2/2, 2/2, 1/10,

1/8, 1/6, 1/4 and I/2.

8 STH. GREAT GEORGE'S STREET

BUY YOUR DAILY BREAD at

CORNMARKET.

And 17 NORTH EARL STREET,

All our Goods are sure to please the

Established 1851,

Best Mild Cured Bacon, 61d. and 71d.

Made in Ireland.

Shilling Bottles.

most fastidious.

TREATY STONE.

And keep us in our PROPER stations."

the following couplet:

the sight of honest men !

their relations.

vex the soul of

Newsboys and **Christmas**.

" Pecksniff" Brewster's Bunkum.

A Libel on Dickens.

Under the heading "Topics of the Day," there appeared in the Independent of December 13th, a letter signed by "F. Shaw, 84 Grafton street," in which a generous, nay, an over generous, puff was given to the proposed dinner te the newsboys on Xmas Day, and the tea and concert for aged poor on New Year's Night.

Now, it must be remembered that this dinner, and tea, and concert are being organised by what are called "The Dickens Fellowship," a collection of anobs and humbugs, whom it would have been the delight of Dickens to immortalise. This by the way.

What number of members compose this Dickens Fellowship? If they are sincerely desirous of honouring the memory of the great humanitarian, whose name they have taken, why do they not treat the newsboys and the aged poor in the spirit of Dickens without making an appeal to Dablin's "charitable" people?

What is the membership of the Dickens' Fellowship? They claim to have entertained the aged poor and the newsboys at two successive Xmas's.

What funds did they collect from the public for the purpose, and when have they issued a balance-sheet?

We are moved to make those inquiries by the letter (already referred to) of F. Shaw, which, having indulged in the beggar's whine previously alluded to, has a fling at the recent movement amongst the workers for better conditions, and Shaw, with insufferable impudence, goes on to declare that several of "their' former supporters have ceased to contribute to this X mas begging on the ground that the newsboys strike created an "unfavourable impression," and with an unctious assurance worthy of "Chadband," Shaw goes on to magnanimously declare that the "small boys" were not responsible, and, mark the impertinence, "whatever was the real motives and significance of the disturbance, it is clear that these boys were more sinned against than sinning, and seem to have been acting under extreme pressure when the strike took place."

And "Chadband" | Shaw goes on to say-" I am enabled to support this statement by quoting the following letter from Mr. W. T. Brewster, Manager of the Evening Herald, which newspaper your readers will recollect was chiefly affected by the strike." And then Shaw goes on to picture the distress of Monry (we beg pardon, W. T. Brewster) on hearing that those misguided newsboys were likely to be deprived of a dinner on Xmas Day, and tells how "Pecksniff" Brewster, having heard of the threatened calamity, wrote a letter to "Dear Mr. Shaw," and "Pecksniff," with tears streaming down his cheeks (metaphorically speaking) went on to explain that the "newsboys strike was not a newsboys' strike at all."

Query-When does a newsboy cease to be a newsboy?

Answer-When "Pecksniff" Brewster 5878 BO.

"Pecksniff" Brewster then goes on to tell "Dear Mr. Shaw," that though "The newspaper office with which I am connected suffered, perhaps, more than any other in Dublin from the so CALLED strike. etc., I trust that our friends will reconsider their attitude towards the Newsboys' Xmas Dinner, and give it their usual cordial support.'

Shades of Pecksniff, Chadband and Wegg-did the genius of your immortal! creator, Dickens, ever place in the limelight two such hypocrites as "Shaw" and "Brewster." Fancy the Secretary of a "Dicken's Fellowship" lending himself to such a sorry piece of deception. Fancy an organisation such as the "Fellowship, ostensibly formed to perpetuate the memory of the great exposer of cant, humbug, and oppression of the poor and. helpless, lending itself to aid a tool like Brewster to carry out the aims and endsof WILLIAM MARTIN MURPHY.

Dickens' Fellowship indeed. Faugh: it is enough to make the bones of that: great man rattle in the grave.

As for Brewster. Are there words strong enough to express the contempt. which all honest men must feel for the creature who used his position to seek to humiliate a decent body of boys who seek to earn an honest living under appalling; conditions?

Wonder of all, that he did not suggest

poration and some of their Apologists.

A violent shower of rain, on Thursday, 14th inst., caused me to seek refuge in Ru'land street, where I learned the Mountjoy League frequently foregather for mental and literary recreation, usually supplied by Mr. Lorcan Sherlock, T.C. (Lord Mayor Select). If the rain had soaked me while in the street, the eloquence showered at the League meeting completely saturated me. Mr. Sherlock delivered an address. Its title was "Our Much abused Corporation." The lecture, in many phases, was more remarkable for what it omitted than for what it contained. I was merely a listener, and, perhaps, it is scarcely charitable to comment on your host's hospitality. It may be noted, however, that, while the Independent dismissed Lorcan with thirty lines, the Freeman gave about six hundred. I did not envy the Pressman who recorded the story.

Most of the champion Leaguers were present, and several Corporate officials, who evidently prepared the figures which Lorcan detailed with great amplitude of rhetoric, indicating that I am the man to uphold the best (and worst) traditions of the Cork Hill Senate. Apologies were received for non-attendance, as if it mattered a jot who was present at or absent from engineered meetings. Joseph Niall Maw Coghlan Briscoe wired his condolences, being in another place, Brother Beattie sent his respects and regrets, but having to attend the Commercial Council of the Citizens' Association-s much more important boly-he could not be with them. Besides, Brother Beattie is a teetotaler. Councillor Mahon (seventh man in) listens to enough wind at the Lesgue rooms, and decided that he has a prior engagement, so as to escape Lorcan's f uc columns of facts and other things. Robert Bradley (ex-High Sheriff) came down from Trinity to gather a few wrinkles for the coming campaign. Bob is a fighter; but Waterloo is waiting for him in January. David A. beamed on everybody-he came from Drumcondra, where he has a patent right in the Tolka storm overflows—ask Denis Doyle (ex-T.C.) Some minor fry also attended to cheer Lorcan at the termination of each nicely rounded period The scene was an impressive and memorable one. Mr. Wm. Richardson was sandwiched between a few Corporate officials and Mr. Bradley. He looked—and possibly felt—most uncomfortable in the surroundings. All the head Leaguers thought he had come to join and be enrolled as a member. I learn you can become a twenty-two carat fine Nationalist—hall-marked—for the paltry sum of one shilling per annum Hang the expense! A reduction is made for a quantity-you then sit, act, and vote for ninepence a head. Contrary to general opinion, there is no extra charge on joining Mountjoy branch, although it is the premier" one in the city, except Coffey's Arran Qaay Symposium, which represents the very acme of perfection in the League way-beware of imitations. Mr. Richardson does not buy Nationality at so much for a shilling, so the League must paddle away without him; besides he's only "a gentleman from Limerick," as Lorcan-who now repents it-once styled him. Richardson would not go to Heaven with most of the "patriots" who came to worship at Sherlock's Shrine. When the triangular tussle took p'ace for the representation of the Harbour Division the credentials of another gentleman from Limerick-to wit, one Abraham -were not too closely questioned. Toleration-with the prospect of £400 per year-was in the air then. Happy word, toleration-a handy term in search of a definition Mr. Aston was not present, being busy at a sum in compound proportion at Molesworth street. He was engaged in an arithmetical calculation as to the number of adherents General Carson could count on at the rising-of the moon-next March. John

J. Farrell was not there. Then the turn of the evening came. Mr. Sherlock in his time has played many parts, but never so effectively as when discoursing to an audience ignorant of the subject-matter of the discussion. That's where the pre-arranged applause and cheers come in. Bonar Law, according to Sherlock, is likely to spend sleepless nights, unless the electric lighting SCHEME capacity for Home Rule. Aye, Home Rule when we get it—the aspirations to nationhood—the agitation of one hundred years' bloody strife.

In municipal matters Dublin has as much Home Rule as it is able to handle, and every charlatan and knave eagerly seizes the opportunity to pull the Metropolis deeper into the mud, while at the same time giving voice to the much-vaunted shout, "Ireland a Nation!" This has been the cry for upwards of a quarter of a century. It has prevailed at least for a quarter of a century too long. And while it has been shouted Dublin has established a record for municipal incompetence and failure unparalleled in the history of municipalities anywhere. Mr. Sherlock's dry statistics of the incomings and outgoings of Dublin's municipal revenue, as supplied on Thursday, are of no value for practical purposes.

The anxiety about the working classes has been worked to death, and is of no use at election times. Bradley, according to Sherlock, is the ONLY workingman's representative on the Corporation. Very well. What has Bradley ever done to justify his municipal existence? He lays claim to the Lord Mayoralty-and of course to the salary. He is a Nationalist; so they say. But the combined intellect of all the Bradleys in the Corporation would not in a lifetime lift the working classes

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from their present conditions. Sherlock of the Irish Transport and General knows this better than any man in Dublin. but he is too astute to acknowledge it. "Bluff" is the password to preferment, and Lorcan equally knows that better than most men in the city. Unfortunately for the "Bluffers," the beginning of the end is not far off.

Lorcan pledged his honour that when an increase of salary was voted to the Law Agent it was carried by M'Walter's vote! There's a pink pill for you, Doctor, and let us hope you will not experience much difficulty in swallowing it. It is prescribed by Lorcan. Shake the national bottle before using.

Mr. Sherlock stated Nationality must not be divorced from municipal administration, otherwise it would be regarded as an argument against Home Rule. It would appear that "Nationality" pays. John J. Farrell received his purse of sovereigns from Canty's gulls a couple of years ago. Sherlock got his purse of sovereigns from an admiring public about the same time. John Clancy, M.P., has just been presented with his purse of sovereigns by a grateful nation. And so on. Hutchinson had upwards of £7,000 as Lord Mayor in two years. The hat went round for him, sub rosa shortly afterwards, and he, too, had his purse of sovereigns "from a few admirers." Nice civic administrators! Sherlock was a baker of Swaine's (no joke) when Mickey contested Wood Quay. What do you think of Mickey, now, as representing Nationality? And Vaughan-another patriot. And Farrelly, the "representative of the North Dock. And Fox-he's a Na ionalist—there can be no doubt about that. These are some of the gentry who have custody of Dublin civic affairs; and Loyd George is anxious that they should be good boys, to enable him to pave the way for Home Rule! Hence their pre-

sence in the Corporation. Lorcan will agree to night sittings when the citizens ask for them! I think it was Alderman Vance who designated Sherlock the "Duodecimo Demosthenes!" That fits him much better than his presumptive pose as a "lecturer." Cook street area for ever! Three cheers for the working classes! Hurrah for Cameron who gives a couple of hours per month to his civic duties, and then only when not playing for the Corinthians. More salary to Dawson, another "gentleman from Lime-

authority in Ireland on tree-planting. The orthodox vote of thanks was the signal to the Press to "down tools." Alderman Doyle stuttered through a few sentences of slobbering adulation to the lecturer, and incidentally mentioned that he hopes to induct Lorcan to the Mayoral chair for 1912. Doyle is a nation-builder (no jerrying about this). Councillor Quaid adumbrated on the administration of the Local Government Act and the grave defects produced in its working as carried out in Dublin. The "Pink 'Un" crowded out Mr. Quaid's remarks. "Christmas in the Shops" was far more important. A rich literary flavour pervades that column of bungs' specialities and pawnbrokers' promises.

Mr. Richardson developed his views on overpaid officials with small duties. Likewise on night sittings and cognate matters. No space in the "Pink 'Un" again.

Then we had Councillor Shortall, another nation-builder, whose base is constructed of loyal addresses and whose apex is a green flag. Shortall promised to rise with the lark next day and obtain an early copy of the Freeman to enable him to have Lorean in full, and thus equip himself for the contest in the Rotunda Ward. Will he get the Freeman the morning after the election with the same eagerness?

WATERFORD.

After a long, dark and cheerless winter night how sweet the dawn of morn pans out favourably, thus showing our That heralds forth the workers' right of unity and brotherhood born!

> Outside the few skilled bodies the general body of the toiling masses of Waterford had been, to all appearances, in a hopeless state of disorganisation, with its usual attendant wretchedness. the natural outcome of apathy and indifference. More particularly in those days of capitalist economy in the matter of the wages of the worker.

> Such apathy and indifference to their own well-being was so much rooted in the general workers that nothing short of the untiring efforts of the local Trades Council during the few years of its existence could have been successful in arousing that self-interest amongst the workers of Waterford which is now so much in evidence along our wharves and quay-side and in other industries as well.

The Trades Council, from its very inception, earnestly set itself the taskthough, perhaps, in a quiet but determined manner-most unsparingly of organising the workers, and being determined on attaining that object, had brought several cf the best speakers and organisers in the Labour movement to lecture the "Waterford Boys" from time to time on the benefits which might obtain through combination and solidarity of their forces.

The result of such labours is the establishment of a strong and healthy branch

Workers' Union, which has been the means of increasing the wages of the casual quay-side men from 4d. per hour (night or day) to 5d. per hour, 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., and 6d. per hour, 6 p.m. to 6 a.m.

Poster Writer,

The permanent employees of the W.S.S. Co. have also obtained a standard week of sixty hours and payment for overtime at the rate of 6d. per hour; dinner hour, if worked, to be paid for at same rate. Previous to the inception of the Union (and some time after, of course) it was of regular occurrence for eighty hours for a week's work without payment for overtime or dinner hour, although they had been often compelled to work up to 5 or 6 p.m. without dinner hour on shipping days.

I am informed that when the men presented their claims the working manager of the Company informed the Directors that the men scarcely ever worked 60 hours per week, and that the average was about 55 hours. But the first week under the new conditions was sufficient to prove how far this gentleman's calculations had been wrong, as the men drew in overtime pay something between 5s. and 6s. each. In order to avoid such a calamity another week, Mr. Bowers thought better of booking the permanent men off duty for a day and employing casual labour in connection with the Bristol sailing on that day. Whether such a course improved the financial position of the Company I am not concerned, and with the fact only for the purpose of showing how Directors may be misled by petty officials, and what they may resort to in order to avoid censure on their own heads for wilful mis-statements

The firm of Graves & Co., timber merchants, have also given increases of 2s. to 2s. 6d. per week to their men unasked, for which generosity we must express our sincere satisfaction, even though some of the men to whom the increases have been granted cannot be said to be in receipt of a living wage, as their wages previous thereto had been on'y 13s. and 14s. per

Strangman's Brewery has also given some increases, although I am given to understand, in such a manner as to afford even better returns to the brewery because of the manipulation of the methods of working in some of its departments. And, as seems quite natural in such an rick," and principal and consulting industry, the men who quench their thirst with what they produce have been granted an increase of a shilling per week, whilst the men so much admired in all other industries and by the nation in general have been granted only sixpence per week: mean the men whe do not drink Sirangman's Beer" nor any other form of that stuff produced by Holy Church Ging Alcoholic Drink Manufacturers. Whether it suits the worker or not he is expected to use bis master's product or

otherwise be penalised. The workers of this thriving firm must still further organise their forces so as to put themselves in a position to demand something approaching a living wage, which, even with the addition of that "bob and tanner" they have been insulted with, they are at present far from receiving. Imagine men in such a con-cern as Strangman's Brewery receiving 14s. or 15s. per week and malsters 17s. and that in a town where the cost of living, with the exception, perhaps, of house rent, is higher than any other in Ireland.

Thanks to our self-styled democratic

Corporation, there is no workingman able to procure a 4-lb. loaf or a 2-lb. loaf. But, of course, he can procure a 5-lb. loaf or a 2½-lb. loaf, and dare not even complain of weight, even though that supposed to be 4 lbs. may be only 3 lbs. or that supposed to be 2 lbs. may be only 11 lbs., whilst the master bakers have the self-styled Labour puppets, who rig the municipality, at their backs regarding the sale of bread by weight, which Act of Parliament the Trades C uncil had on several occasions endeavoured to get the Corporation to enforce but without effect. However, this is not to be wondered at when we come to consider the position of the Corporation's Law Adviser with regard to the master bakers, some of whom, believe, are amongst his best private

But I hear the Trades Council of Waterford are about to contest seats on the Municipal Council next January, and it behoves the workers to see that those candidates shall be placed at the head of the polls. Then, perhaps, the Law Adviser may look the other way into the Bread Act of 1838, and, perhaps, the Trades Council's efforts yet may be crowned with success.

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