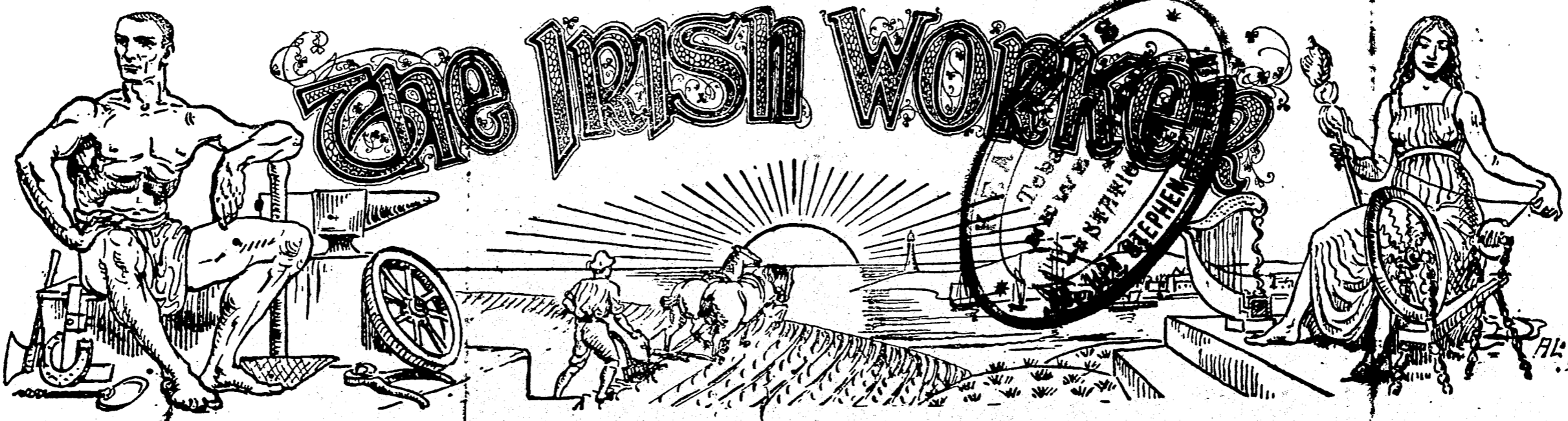


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."
James Fintan Lalor.



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

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 43.—Vol. II.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, MARCH 15th, 1913.

ONE PENNY.]

To Our Labour Leaders.

[Continued]

By Standish O'Grady.

I ended my last by picturing you as the entertainers of Arch-Bishops and University Professors, Captains of Industry, and other great people who hardly think of you to-day, save as accessories and humble instruments of their own superior life and activity which they regard as the chief aim and end of the social state. I am imagining nothing not realisable, and even easily realisable. If your trekkers, led, guided, and inspired by you, fling themselves with our ancestral fire and clan upon the great work of the creation of wealth and refrain from all thought of the exploitation of the wealth which they produce, wealth you will have, and in overflowing abundance. Neither sell it like the covetous, nor hoard it like the rich fool. Scatter it. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

Revive that ancient and noble virtue of hospitality, a virtue which half redeems the blood-guiltiness of our war-loving Irish forbears. To-day who can practise hospitality? It needs money, and not one in a thousand of us has money enough for any kind of generous hospitality. The only thing we can do in that way is to "stand treat," a dubious and dangerous mode of satisfying a deep and noble human instinct, the instinct which prompts us to welcome others to a share of the good things which it is our power to impart.

You, with your magazines, overflowing with plenty; you with large and spacious house accommodation which costs you nothing to provide only the glad labours of the building brigade, with your abundant ways, means, and resources, and your bright boys and girls for attendance—you might make us again as famous for this great virtue as we once were. You know the Venerable Bede has immortalised our hospitality in the ages when Ireland was the University of Europe, and had not yet learned the base, modern trick of selling knowledge, and making a gain out of the noble enthusiasms of young people searching passionately for wisdom.

Have your own guilds, friendly societies of scholars and servants, and beat a path of respectability for the busy and with deliberation because "I know that you can do it; if you please." You are not, cannot well be, learned yourselves; but I trust you have not lost our traditional Irish love of learning. There is a beautiful Irish peasant poem describing the chief pleasures of the Blessed Virgin. The third pleasure arose for her—

"When our Blessed Lord, her dear son, was able to read out of a book,"
Nevertheless, no child should be forced to read. Let the child learn to read, if it likes; not otherwise. All this enforcement of the three R's is worse than vanity. It is a sin against childhood, a pollution of the sanctities of the young pure human soul.

No one would to-day even dream of thrusting such sham-knowledge into the tender brains of little children, but that they think there is money in it, that it will enable the child to "get on" which, being translated, means money.

In your land of the free, where money has no place, and want has no place, there also the love of money and the worship of money and the power of money will have no place.

From the start you will have your own doctors glad to serve you in return for a very generous maintenance and a very honourable position, and for the pleasure of practising their art.

Also, you will have your own clergyman no longer compelled by fierce necessity to walk half with God and half with Mammon. As you are aware, our religious have a very mundane side as well as a spiritual. They have their funds—must have them—and their funds are out at usury; therefore employed, like the funds in the Trades Unions, in the huge world-wide business of sweating and exploitation. This necessary materialism which has been thrust upon the spirituality draws away cruelly the sympathy of Christ's poor to the cause of the Devil's rich, from the labouring suffering exploited many to the exploiting few.
Hence, in all countries, where exploitation is practised, the side of the

working man does not go to church on Sundays. Generally, I believe, he lies in bed taking a good rest, and reading his favourite sporting paper.

Now, those who turn against their religion have always had bad luck.

Therefore, have nothing at all to do with the growing irreligion of our times. Have your own clergymen, duly appointed by authority, with you. They will be free, free to walk the ways of their Master. Now, our religion is altogether on the side of the poor, has nothing at all to do with property, and is in irreconcilable, eternal war against exploiting property, is altogether on the side of man and everlastingly against man's enemy—that is, money.

I am as revolutionary minded as any of you, but I want a revolution of which Christ would approve, and over which the angels will rejoice, not one over which the devils will rejoice. And I see you all unconsciously—for you don't know the nature of the forces which are driving you—moving in this last direction, moving towards a revolution which will be like the upbursting of all hell.

Now, I perceive that if you adopt that most ancient resource of all oppressed peoples, the Trek, and if you trek in the right spirit, leaving behind you usury and all that usury means, you will achieve a thousand times more than you possibly can do by the reddest of red revolutions, and that without entertaining an angry thought, or dealing a nasty blow, or sending a bullet into any poor human creature. Rich and poor, are we not all poor human creatures, all driven by the great demon who has us all in thrall?

AN IRISH SONG—TO A FOREIGN AIR.

On the various programmes of concerts held in Dublin, one generally meets with the item, "She is far from the Land" (Lambert). Well, a person does not mind such items, because our Dublin concert platform singers always try to avoid anything that is Irish, except on occasions when they are made sing what the people who are made sing, what the people who are made sing when he meets the above said song on a programme of the Emmet Commemoration.

Surely, the promoters of this concert know that "She is far from the Land" was written by Moore to that beautiful old Irish air, "Forsáit agur oupúr" (open the door), and that Lambert took Moore's words about a hundred years after (at the time of the Boer War), and set them to music.

It is not my present intention to criticise this piece of music. Suffice it to say that Emmet or Sarah Curran was, indeed, far from the mind of the composer at the time.

If Moore's old Irish melody, to which the words, connected as they are with Emmet and Sarah Curran, is not good enough for those who, let us presume, are imbued with a love of National music, then one cannot grumble at Lambert's air being sung on other platforms.

The late Mr. T. O'Neill Russell, the eminent Irish scholar, rebuked, to my own knowledge, many singers for rendering Lambert's version of this song.

Any time that this song has been sung at an Emmet Commemoration in the past it was always rendered to Moore's beautiful melody, whether the words were in Irish or English.

Evidently things have changed since. It may be well to state here that this is not a personal attack on the Wolfe Tone Committee—far from it. But as they are out to perpetuate the memory of the men of Ninety-eight, then let the music of "She is far from the Land" be sung to the old Irish air as arranged by Tom Moore.

Seán Ó Rogán.

BUTTER
Farmers' Pure Butter
113 and 114, per lb.
Cork and Dublin.
Despatched from
Patrick J. McKeown.

Open Letter to the Schoolboys of Britain.

Now, boys, you don't know me, but I want to be a chum to you. And I want to speak to you about Murder, I mean War. You know in your Sunday Schools you hear a Commandment which says "Thou shalt not kill." Of course that doesn't mean animals, because we have to kill sheep and cows and pigs and fish in order to live. But it means you must not kill men and women or boys and girls. Now, your teachers or ministers may want you to join the Cadets or Scouts or the Boys' Brigades. Then they order you to do this, that, and the other just as though you were a dog. Now I want you to remember that you should take no orders from anybody but your father and mother. They are your best friends, and if one or both of them are dead I am very sorry, for I know how you must miss them, because I have lost my parents. Of course I am older than you in years, but I never want to forget that I was a boy.

Now, chums, I will tell you why I don't want you to join the Boys' Brigades, the Cadets, or the Scouts. It is because when you grow older the men whom your father works for will try to persuade you with pretty pictures of showy clothes to join the army. Immediately you join the army you are liable to be a murderer, because if a war starts you will have to go away to kill somebody. If you don't kill them you might get killed yourself; so it will be a case of you having to murder or be murdered. But that is not the worst. If your father or older brothers go on strike for more money, so that they can give mother more money for food and clothing for the household, then you may be ordered to shoot your own father or brother down. Anyhow, even if it is not your own relations, it will be somebody's father, or brother, or son; and other people love their children just as much as your father and mother love you. So, boys, I say again, don't join these Boys' Brigades, Scouts, or Cadets. I know you may think it looks swank to have a belt and cap on, but it is only done to cod you into thinking you are clever or brave, and when you get older they hope to have you with a desire to join the army and become a murderer. So, boys, the bravest men are the men like your dad, who braves the mighty sea in their little boats, or the men who go down into the dangerous bowels of the earth if they are miners, or work high buildings or in unhealthy places, etc. But our dads do this in order that we can live; whereas soldiers are kept alive without working in order to be ready to murder some men when the rich men of Britain want them.

So don't join the army when you are older, for you may have to stick your bayonet into your father's or brother's stomach or shoot them dead when on a strike. And although you may love your dad ever so much, you would have to do this when you get your orders, or get murdered yourself. Read this again, and it to your schoolmates, and some day when you get older you will be glad to look my advice.

So cheer up, chums, there's a better ahead for us than there was for our old dad. And some day, when you are older like me I hope you will be

A Rebel.

To Enjoy Your Meals

AND
YOU WILL HAVE MONEY TO SPARE.

CALL TO
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North Wall.

Workers' House, where you will get all Provisions at Lowest Prices.

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The Workingmen's Exchange
28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

PEMBROKE NOTES.

That the inhabitants of the "Chamber of Horrors" when on duty visit many of the licensed houses and get drink, and in a half-intoxicated state act as guardians of the peace.

That it has been stated that they get "free beer" from the proprietors.

That those who supply the beer, free or otherwise, better take particular notice, or else—

That "Big Ben" went home one night during the week, and that he was sober.

That a new industry is about to be started by the "Idlers' Club" in Sandy-mount.

That more particulars will be published in these Notes in a week or two.

That the "Gray Mullett" is not of the "Flat Fish" species, but is still a very slippery customer.

That "Futty Luke" does not know his name. Neither does "Jam Pots."

That the Phonograph, Village Blacksmith & Co., Unlimited, had a special meeting the other night at the new premises.

That the dozen of stout got at "Rings-end Twisters" premises did not last long.

That a paper was read by the "Silent Barber" on "Why I Left Summer Hill."

A long discussion took place. No decision was arrived at, and the meeting was adjourned hurriedly at ten minutes to 11.

That "Little Tommy from the Waterworks" has imported a grain cart from Scotland.

That Tommy was formerly more in favour of the home article until his lordship cried "halt."

That the next time you appear, Tommy, you will hear the same expression.

That in view of sectarian utterances at the recent inquiry, we would like to know if "No Papists need apply" has been posted over the Estate cottages.

That the labourers on the Estate are the worst paid in all Ireland.

That recently they asked for an increase of wages, and the tyrant who is in charge told them that if they were not satisfied they might get out.

That they receive the munificent sum of 16s. per week while working in the sand pits on the Rock road.

That if they were belonging to a Trade Union they would be in a position to teach their overseer a lesson.

That the time is just at hand for the distribution of the bonuses in the Electric Station.

That the Chief Engineer gave last year with a promise of something better this year.

That the proposed increase of £150 per annum has been set aside for the present.

That the "celebrated scab" is about to be installed into a position at the Electric Station.

That the Stationary Engine Drivers' Society better keep their eye on the Chief.

That if the chairmen of the Council knew such a thing was intended he would not allow it.

That the new overcoats and boots given to some of the labourers in the Township were badly needed.

That the "Twelve Apostles" are not so bad after all; so the "Society of Scabs" say.

That only they expect to be re-elected next January there would be no new coats and boots.

That many concessions are to be promised between this and the end of the year.

That January, 1914, will see an alteration in the constitution of the Council, no matter what they promise.

Was O'Neill, of the Urban Council, in the chair at the meeting of the U.I.L., held on Tuesday, 4th inst., at Shelbourne Road, when it was being said that the labourers employed by the Council got hundreds of pairs of boots and frieze coats? Said labourers think the parcels must have gone astray as they have not reached their destination yet.

NRx.

Please support our Advertisers.

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NOTE: ADDRESSES—57, 139 and 113 Great Britain St.; 5 Wexford St.; 4 Commercial Buildings, Phibsboro'; 26 Nth. Strand; 28 Bolton St.; and 15 Francis St.

INCHICORE ITEMS

The "chip potato" branch of the "you lie well" has forsaken its "fried fish" quarters. A special meeting was held on Thursday week at 3 Woodfield Terrace, Inchicore. The list of names published does not contain that of our late opponent, Mr. Robert Eager, the alleged Protestant Home Ruler. Evidently "Bob" makes his appearance only at election times.

We also "missed from the list" the name of the father and founder of the branch—the one and only Councillor John Saturnus Kelly, with whom we travelled in the tram to Inchicore on the night the alleged meeting was held. The Corporation Labourers' Trade Union would appear to be the only refuge for "Saturnus" after a life of trials and hard labour. "Can't he" find no other friends?

The "fried fish" branch that failed to foist on the people of Inchicore the Orangeman in the Red Emmet costume now proposes to hold a monster demonstration. Having regard for its past efforts, may we suggest the 1st of April, All Fools' Day, as an exceedingly appropriate date for the holding of the demonstration in question.

Despite the many calls upon his time, our friend, Jim Larkin, attended and delivered a highly interesting discourse in the Emmet Temperance and Labour Institute on Sunday evening last. His address was listened to with attention and elicited frequent applause. The men and women who attended were not of the white liver type, who act in "fear of the gaffer."

The bigotted Board of the G. S. and W. Railway have yielded to the demands of the public boards of the country. And the educated Catholic clerk is to be given recognition of merit. But the claims of the Catholic working man for equal justice is still ignored—evidently the "worker" has no soul to save in the eyes of these alleged Catholic sympathisers, the Divine invitation to all who labour finds no echo in their hardened hearts; and the Saviour's declaration, "I HAVE COMPASSION ON THE MULTITUDE," unsilenced by centuries, still falls on deaf ears. What hypocrites does not this world contain?

The G. S. and W. Board have imported another of the Dent type to replace Mr. Neale. The sooner these nation-killing directors are brought to their senses the better it will be for all concerned. The hope of promotion is acknowledged to be the best stimulus to increased exertion. Evidently this Board do not wish their employes to do their best.

Councillor W. P. Partridge will lecture in the Emmet Hall on Saturday next at 4 o'clock, when a fund will be established to assist the distressed of the district, and an independent committee will be elected to collect funds, for that purpose, and properly administer same. Everyone in Inchicore will be afforded an opportunity of doing good, and will be given a chance to lighten the load that has grown too heavy for the shoulders of a fellow Christian and countryman to bear.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE,
Councillor,<

CORK HILL NOTES.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor very kindly facilitated me in forming an influential Committee to confer with the members of the Dublin Port and Docks Board...

His Lordship was very pronounced in disassociating himself from Councillor John Saturnus Kelly when ruling out of order my motion in reference to "THE SHAMELESS ONE."

Saturnus, accompanied by his friend "Canty" and a deputation from the Corporation Labourers' Trades' Union...

The Waterworks Contract was given away for the third time on Monday. When will the engineers in the service of the Council give practical proof...

The residents of Inchicore are to be congratulated on the establishment of a new brick factory in that district...

The Public Health Committee had a large agenda on Tuesday, and the meeting lasted until six o'clock. Dr. Brown, of the Local Government Board...

The Sanitary Staff came in for some criticism. And opinions divided as to whether there was not sufficient or whether there were too many officers...

At the termination of the Public Health Committee I hastened to the District Committee, and found Councillor Miss Harrison facing her old tormentors...

It seems the Committee passed a resolution empowering the formation of a sub-committee to draft a report. The persons were not named to act on the sub-committee...

The adoption of the report was carried by four to three, and the report will form pleasant reading for those who were present at the alleged inquiry...

If "the Gang" mean to force this fight they can have all they require to their hearts' content, with some to spare; but if they cease that squabble and desire to provide honest work for the helplessly unemployed...

The writer presided at a Conference in the Municipal Buildings on Wednesday between a Sub-Committee of the Public Health Committee and others interested in the children street traders of Dublin...

CASEMAKERS' OF DUBLIN. Don't forget to attend Casemakers' Trade Union Meeting to be held to-morrow (Sunday), at Liberty Hall, Beresford Place...

A FACTORY WOMAN.

A strange, grey pallor on her face, As one who in a dungeon pines; Too spare and sharp her form for grace...

Strange dreamer in this humming room, With busy hands and roaming mind, Who dates to pierce the soulless gloom...

Pine not about thy books unread, When sleep has claimed her rightful due; The dreams that lurk about thy bed Be woven from starlight and blue!

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION. (Head Office—Liberty Hall) Entrance Fee - 6d. Contributions - 2d. per week. Join now. Call in at the above Office any day between 10 a.m. and 10 p.m.

This week, the weekly Social will be held on Sunday evening. Small Entrance Fee. All friends are welcome. Grand All-Night Dance will be held in Liberty Hall, on Saturday Night, March 15th.

"D.I." 18 Beresford place.

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

Irish Worker.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price one penny—and may be had of any newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, March 15th, 1913.

St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.

One thousand five hundred and forty-three years ago was born a man now known to all men as St. Patrick, Patron Saint of this Nation. Whether he was born in this land or not matters little, though personally we are of the opinion that he not only lived and suffered as a slave in the North of Ireland, but we further believe he was born there.

Mr. Horan—Sir John Ross is anxious to stop this practice. Recorder—I think Inspector Quinn and the police acted quite properly in declining to accept the offer of Mr. Lawless, though well-intentioned; but they should take no favours from publicans. It would be interesting to know how many of the constables of the D.M.P. have been sacked for drunkenness, immorality, larceny; in fact, every crime in the calendar.

try from end to end. What at one time had been strife, bloodshed and chaos became peace, brotherly love and order. One thousand five hundred and forty-three years have passed. We wonder what would Patrick think of his children if he were privileged to return to this land? In what way is his message being carried out? Peace and brotherly love, forsooth! Strife and discord is more the order of the day now. Man knows not his fellow-man. The chief aim of life is to do your fellow-man; cheat him, injure him, imprison him, starve him, deny him the right to work or eat, poison him with foul and poisonous alcohol, keep him in misery and want. The word brother has lost all meaning; Christian fellowship is but a shibboleth; and if St. Patrick dared to deliver his message in these days in the spirit and letter he delivered it in our fathers' day he would be stoned in the streets—the gaol or the gibbet would be provided for him. We have forgotten Patrick's message. We have forgotten the meaning of his life and work, and the sooner we retrace our steps the better. Not strife and discord, but peace and fellowship is required, then we can look to Him in the Mansion above, knowing that He will look down on Erin's green valleys in forgiveness and love, and the fire He kindled will again burn bright and clear as in the days when he, the Patron Saint of this, our land, walked its fields and hills.

D.M.P. Porter Sharks.

The truth will out. As we go to press Sir Ross of Bladensburg, Commissioner D.M.P. has been hailed before the Recorder for an account due to Edward Lawless, who runs a bungery in Summer Hill, for porter consumed in the shebeen Summerhill Police Barracks. People wonder why the bungeries own and control the Dublin Corporation; this case explains. Mr. Justice Dodd was eloquent on the type of men who will eventually rule in Ireland. Yes, we will rule, we of the working class, but we have a long, hard road before us. When the fountain of justice (so called) is corrupt it will take some time to cleanse it. What do the Official Temperance Parties think of this case, and those who are always crying out that the workers are poor because they drink. Here we have thirty good men and true of the D.M.P. who consumed 15 barrels of porter between them. The Recorder says—we quote him—

The Recorder—Can the police drink as much porter as they like in these cantoons?

Mr. Kennedy—Yes, but the outside public do not know that (a laugh). It is supplied in barrels.

Recorder—If one of them had a bad thirst I suppose he could drink a barrel of it.

Recorder—How much for porter? The major portion—15 barrels, 16. When witness applied to the defendants for payment he received a letter stating they were in no way responsible, and that all liquor could only be ordered and supplied to the order of the responsible officer.

Recorder—Was this porter drunk by the policemen at the canteen in Summer hill?

Mr. Kennedy—It was, of course—there is no denying that (a laugh).

Recorder—Then why, in the name of goodness, is it not paid for?

Mr. Kennedy—That is what we want to know.

Recorder—What I suggest is this. The porter was ordered and consumed by the police and should be paid for. I would ask you, Mr. Horan, and Sir John Ross to consider this. I will strike out the name of the porter.

Mr. Horan—Sir John Ross is anxious to stop this practice. Recorder—I think Inspector Quinn and the police acted quite properly in declining to accept the offer of Mr. Lawless, though well-intentioned; but they should take no favours from publicans.

It would be interesting to know how many of the constables of the D.M.P. have been sacked for drunkenness, immorality, larceny; in fact, every crime in the calendar. Let us not be misunderstood. We don't class all the men and officers in the D.M.P. in the above category. We know that the present Superintendent of the division, Mr. Quinn, will not condone any of the games formerly worked at. We would like to have dealt with this case at some length, but the printer calls, and he must be obeyed; and as we are returning to this business in connection with the Irish-town scandal, a matter we are having raised in the House of Commons.



SPECIAL STRIKE NOTICE!

All members of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union must attend on SUNDAY, at BERESFORD PLACE, at 12.30. All branches must be present. Demonstration will march to Smithfield, where a Mass Meeting will be held.

Mr. Watson sent a message out to the men on strike in the City of Dublin Steamship Company that he would be glad if the men would return, and the Union wages would be paid. When Mr. Watson wants this strike settled he knows where the Union office is. Messages from his tools will receive no attention, especially from Greene, who holds his job because he was a Scab years ago.

As being laid up for some time, I am one of my sons to a newsagent in Harold's Cross for the only weekly paper Sunday paper printed in England, and for the production of which the best scholarly talent is engaged and handsomely paid. Instead of the paper being sent him for he returned with Murphy's Weekly Rag, being told that the clerical

SATURDAY.

HAVE NAUGHT TO DO WITH IT. There's grumbling and whining and kicking without, But you needn't have aught to do with it; A mischievous lie is just getting about, But you needn't have aught to do with it; Somebody's playing a game that's not straight; Somebody's giving his neighbour short weight; Somebody's speaking of vengeance and hate, But you needn't have aught to do with it.

People there are who keep whining at fate, But you needn't have aught to do with it; People there are all day in a surly state, But you needn't have aught to do with it; Some folk will swindle and slander and lie; If you can stop them, then have a good try; If you can't—well, you must give them good-bye, And say YOU'LL have naught to do with it.

"Every Unskilled Worker wanted to join the Irish National Workers' Union; no subscription unless working; no arrears when idle; the interests of the members looked after, and every effort made to secure work for unemployed ones. Address 60 and 61 Corporation street, off Talbot street." No arrears, no subscriptions, no morals, no principles, nothing but a lot of scabs paid by the employers supported by Alfie Byrne, T.C., Bung. "Good Carpenter and intelligent handy Man wanted; must be first-class at constructing wooden buildings and concrete walls; also understand sewers, roof repairs and general work; state age, capabilities, experience, and give reference; wages 5 1/2 per hour; only man who has served some time to carpentry need apply. Address 3814, "Freeman" Office. One of their jobs.

Correspondence.

Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

SLIGO BRANCH. Union Hall, Lynn's Place, Sligo, 12th March, 1913.

SIR,—I beg to apologise for troubling you to insert the following in your widely circulated paper in reference to the dispute at this Port recently.

The cause of the dispute rests entirely with the Sligo Steam Navigation Co. and its employees. The sailors' claims to be paid for looking after stock, or the Company ship men to look after them, as they consider it is not the duty of sailors. The firemen complain that they are understaffed, and the donkey-man and one fireman attended to the furnaces on passage from Liverpool to Sligo, and they claim the fireman's wages 33s. 6d., which the Company retains less 5s. each for the two men who did the work. When the Company refused their demands the donkey-man went to his ship and turned off the steam, and consequently work was stopped. On Monday, 10th inst., the sailors and firemen, accompanied by their delegate, interviewed the officials of the Company, and offered their services to take the s.s. Sligo to Liverpool at the same rate as they brought her to Sligo. When it was explained to the sailors and firemen by the Transport officials the severe loss which the Company suffers were at owing to the foot and mouth disease all year, when this was made, they were told "No, we will not carry you at all. The Company had made arrangements with non-unionists to take the Sligo back to Liverpool, on the understanding that they were to get work on the Quay on their return. The Sligo Branch of the Irish Transport Union did not take any part in this dispute until the company engaged this crew; then they distinctly refused to load the steamer. When the Company employed this objectionable crew they well knew that the men of the Sligo Branch, Irish Transport would not work while they were on board. The public can see that the Sligo Branch is blameless in this matter, and the Dublin Rag, the "Irish Independent," stated that the stock was on board and was taken off again. That is a lie—the first water, and not the first one that the "Irish Independent" has stated against the Transport Union.

Thanking you in anticipation, I am, Sir, yours sincerely, On behalf of the Committee, JAS. STANFORD, Sec.

TO THE EDITOR, IRISH WORKER. DEAR SIR,—I wish, briefly, through your hospitable columns, to draw attention to the following matter:—"Freeman's Journal," 12th March, 1913. Bottom of column 4, page 7—Detailed report of case; cannot be quoted on account of the children. Top of column 5, page 9—"Evil Literature"—Meeting of Vigilance Committee, &c. And this, ye gods, is Dublin journalism! I feel all the more sorely over this, as being laid up for some time, I am one of my sons to a newsagent in Harold's Cross for the only weekly paper Sunday paper printed in England, and for the production of which the best scholarly talent is engaged and handsomely paid. Instead of the paper being sent him for he returned with Murphy's Weekly Rag, being told that the clerical

would not allow the paper I required to be sold. I do not like to introduce matters religious, but I cannot refrain from remarking that the late lamented Martin Luther commenced like this Vigilance Committee in a small way, and we all know the result. Liberty is the inherent right of man, and I say with the great American patriot, "Give me Liberty or give me Death."

A SAILOR'S YARN.

Now fill up your pipes and gather round, The fire in the bogie burns bright, And, by the roaring tempest's sound, Your ship 'll not "heave up" to-night. I'll spin you a yarn of a launch, my lads, That beats all you ever did see, And I joined the ship and her shipmates had Long Harry, Dick Jones, and M'Ghie. I remember the crowds that gathered there To watch her slide down the ways, And many's the guess who her owners were. For her flag was unknown in them days. She was trim built and smart as any good ship, She was painted as bright as could be From keel to rail, I'll give you my tip, As any old seaman could see.

There was no titled lady to set that ship free, No brandy to make fast her name; Only an army of sailors, who'd just come from sea, Took a hand in that there launching game. But a figure what stood away up in the bows And done most the talking struck me As being the skipper, and it was, as allows Long Harry, Dick Jones, and M'Ghie.

And a man up in years, with a great bar in his hand, That was covered with tears— That was strange for cold iron, but you'll understand. They was the weepings of widows for years. And he swung it high up in the air over his head, Which for a man of his age, you will own, Was a mighty big thing, as 'twas afterwards said By England's great queen on her throne.

And when it came down the sound of the blow Shook steeple, and office, and bank; And though it seems strange, that bar, white as snow, Flew far into the river and sank. That man was Sam Plumsoll, I afterwards heard From a fisherman bloke on the quay, And the bar was the ships that were over-insured, Said Long Harry, Dick Jones, and M'Ghie.

The dog ahore is down and the vessel's away, And the sailors flock all round and cheer; But the man in the bows, just cutting a stay, Bursts a flag and "The Union" appears. Her name, new to seamen, seemed to make clear to all The good that in the future must be; That united we'll stand, but divided we'll fall, Is true, as all men of sense will agree.

As the vessel, from the "way" floated clear, And she disappeared in its fold from all mortal ken, And for many and many a long year She has sailed the seas like a phantom ship, But we know right well she is real. And not like the "Flying Dutchman," with A sailor's ghost at her wheel.

For in every port that I happen on, And in every ship that I join, I hear tell of that good ship "The Union," And her captains, on deck every time She walks the waters—East and West, North and South, where'er I may be, She is athwart my hawse, where anchors hold best, Or far away out on the sea.

When it's blowing big guns, and there's breakers ahead, When poverty's under your lea, When old death happens, a shipmate to take, And his body is thrown in the sea, Just look up to windward, and the loom of her hull Shows clear through the mists of the night, As, on the wings of the wind, she will come, ramping full, To protect you, and put matters right.

And that's been her mission all the years through, Though maybe it gives you a fright To think there's a ship, with a shadowy crew, What sails on the sea out of sight. It busted my limbers at first, I'll allow, And I don't hold with spirit or ghost, But from the day of that launch right up to now, I've heard from her skipper by post.

She was built by men's labour, of metal and wood, And here all my argument's sound. They say that her deck seems to be "paved" with the blood Of sailors who shipowners drowned, And that's why she floats upon every sea,

Liberty Hall, Beresford Place, DUBLIN.

St. Patrick's Entertainment.

THE IRISH WORKERS' DRAMATIC COMPANY WILL PERFORM Three Irish Plays On SUNDAY and MONDAY, March 16th & 17th, commencing at 8 p.m. Admission - 4d., 6d. and 1s.

And that's why her shape is not seen, And that's why Long Harry, Dick Jones, and M'Ghie, Have, all along, on her articles been. So when the wind drops, and your vessel leaves docks, Just think of that ship in your wake, And when you return, with replenished stock, Join her crew, for your old shipmate's sake. You'll not fear the tempest, you'll not walk her deck, Nor your hands won't be felt on her ropes. Though your feet bend no footropes, your hands stir no sail, You will add to our joys and our hopes.

So that's all my yarn, old shipmates, Concerning of that there launch That has never been inside dock gate, But is still both stout and staunch, And it's many and many a year's gone by Before Bill there went to sea, When four old men were younger I, Long Harry, Dick Jones, and M'Ghie.

STRIKE OF GIRLS IN LONDONDERRY.

Special District Meeting of Sailors' and Firemen's Union, held in Liberty Hall, 5th March, 1913. RESOLVED—"That we the Irish District Committee of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, having been informed of the dispute by Mr. O'Hea our chairman, heartily and sincerely endorse and support the girls in their claim for a living wage, and the right to live, and we do, having had the true facts laid before us, advise all organised workers to arise to the occasion and support the Londonderry girls in their fight. We also urge upon the girl workers in Derry to organise themselves, as by organisation alone can they better their conditions."

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

Where does our money go? Over the border, "Paddy" gets never a cent or a "bob"; Ishbel is "boss," and she issues her order, Scotland for ever" is given the job.

Where does our money go? Not to our firms. Not to the men who are idle to-day; Sandy knows how to hold out and make terms, Sandy gets penance, not eightpence, as pay.

Where does our money go? Into whose coffers? That is the question that Ishbel will shirk, Dublin's contractor was given the work.

Our "Lady Lieutenant" is famous at talking, Of all that we owe her she volubly prates; Our serges and lace that for years she's been hawking All over Great Britain, and off to the States.

She dresses in fabrics of Irish production, She uses the carpets our people have made; We wonder how great is the rate of reduction Exacted as discount on bills when they're paid. We guess from her name that an Israelite father Away in the past had implanted the seed.

Of miserly thrift and a tendency rather To spoil the Egyptian which lurks in the breed. That blended with Scotia's acquisitive nature, Close-fisted and hard, as we deem it to be; What chance would a happy-go-lucky poor "crature" Just have with a lady as clever as she?

Where has our money gone? Ask me another; Indeed it is useless to ask or to speak; Questions and protests she'll forcibly smother, For she is the stronger and we are the weak.

Amalgamated and General Union Societies of Carpenters' and Joiners DUBLIN BRANCH. All members of above societies are requested to attend aggregate meeting to be held in the Large Concert Hall, Rotunda, at 8 o'clock, p.m. Wednesday, 19th March, 1913. Admission by contribution card only.—EDWARD O'NEILL, District Secretary.

The Recent Elections.

MR. JOSEPH FARRELL'S VOTE. At the request of the Dublin Labour Party we publish the following correspondence...

Mr. P. S. Walsh, K.C., Telegraphic Secretary. Dec. 9th, 1912. Walsh, Crown Prosecutor, care of Head Office, Dublin.

Dear Sir, regarding my wife to you last night the facts are as follows:— On publication of Long List (copy of which I enclose) Mr. Joseph Farrell, 45 Upper Wellington street, saw that he was officially elected to, and, in company with two members of his trade, he attended Revision Courts to prove his claim.

Mr. Farrell informed us that you then amended the claim, wrote in "Joseph," and admitted him. On the Register being issued a week ago, however, Farrell's name does not appear.

They are spinning a yarn now about the funds of the Transport Union being run out, their dirty columns were full of the same stuff at the beginning of the Wexford dispute.

On last Saturday night the "Green" Union had a heading to a column on the Railway Crisis telling the people who were as nearly like the paper (green) as William Martin Murphy would like them to be, that the crisis on the Midland Railway of England was over.

Well, in the first place, Wexford will receive Jim Larkin with open arms every time he comes to town, and there is an illuminated address, with accompanying presentation, awaiting his very able lieutenant here any time he is ready to take it.

In the second place, there was no strike in Wexford. The men were locked-out because a couple of them had joined the Union. The Union then supported them, although they had no obligation whatever to do it.

Let that "Christian Trade Unionist" (who we are sure is very convenient to the Editor's chair) mind his own business and not mind the trade of Wexford. Wexford is able to mind its own business now as it has done in the past.

Well, the men came out, and Jim Larkin had not to be sent for. The vessel was lying up for a day and a half when William began to get a bit of sense, and employed Union labour. Now this meant four more men being employed without putting the other men out of employ-

ment, as they were sent back to their own work. All day on Tuesday committee meetings were being held on the quay with Wickham, Hayes, and Lar Busher, in the chair in their turn, but they could find no way but of it but to give way to the demands of the Union.

word Joseph is clear to read. For some reason or other the same tracing of letters appears on the initials "P. S. W." opposite Farrell's name and in a couple of letters near the name. I certainly never pencilled or erased my lists, and on no other name inserted by me in that book does there appear anything of the kind.

"P. S. WALSH." Dublin Labour Party. 13rd February, 1913. DEAR SIR, I would be glad to hear the result of your investigations as to the reasons for the omission of Mr. Joseph Farrell's name from the Inn's Quay Ward Register,...

Mr. P. S. Walsh, K.C. No reply has been received to the above.

WEXFORD NOTES.

We are amused here in Wexford at the references made in the "Independent," "Herald," and "Telegraph," to the City of Dublin S.S. Strike, and we know here in Wexford from experiences during the lock-out, that these papers could not tell the truth about a labour dispute even if they tried.

Contractor B... is beginning to show his teeth again. He went over to one of his men on Monday morning last, and sacked him at a moment's notice because he had refused to work on a Transport Union man.

That when Jones came up and saw this he in rage put his foot on the whole thing and destroyed it. That when he went down for the Mogul who made Jones apologise to Miley.

That the letter relevant to the Mikado business was a bombshell on Saturday.

There was a bit of a dispute on the quay on Monday last at Mr. O'Keefe's vessel, "The Excellent." This gentleman was trying to get in the thin end of the wedge.

The delegate went down to call off the Union labour, and the first man he encountered was Mr. O'Keefe, who was going to beat him, and defied him to take out the men, that he would not let Jim Larkin take them out if he were there.

Well, the men came out, and Jim Larkin had not to be sent for. The vessel was lying up for a day and a half when William began to get a bit of sense, and employed Union labour.

The Sparrow Flew in at the Window.



The Partridge Hawk gets a move on the Sparrow Kelly, and the Bantam Cock, Sherlock, with his ever-present Chain of Office.

Committee regularly, others were not able to get a day's work who were equally entitled to it. He hoped that this matter would be attended to at once, and let every one get fair play.

We read a lot at present in the report of the Harbour Board meetings about the trade of Wexford being gone down, and the pilot complaining about their dues being very low.

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Well, the men came out, and Jim Larkin had not to be sent for. The vessel was lying up for a day and a half when William began to get a bit of sense, and employed Union labour.

Made by Trade Union Bakers. EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD. CHEAPEST AND BEST. THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

and recently he has been put to unnecessary legal expenses in connection with a leaflet issued on behalf of the Union. Now, the duty devolves upon the labourers of Inchicore Works in every department to elect Shop Delegates and collect one penny from each labourer every week for six months...

THOMAS FAY, Hon. Sec. DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly help us with a subscription in our worthy object? Acknowledgements by post only.

THOMAS FAY, Hon. Sec. Anyone familiar with John's style of dictation will at a glance recognise both the circular and the subjoined appeal as the direct work of his hands, and not, as misrepresented, an independent appeal from an independent committee.

When I sacrificed both my position and my prospects in Inchicore in order to save the general body of workers from grave injustices, John S. was the tool to come forward and so on the part of the employers, just as his two brothers scabbed during the engineers' strike of 1902.

DEAR FELLOW-RAILWAY WORKERS OF INCHICORE.—It is with the greatest reluctance that our energetic and faithful Organiser and General Secretary, Councillor John S. Kelly, has consented to allow us to make an appeal to you to indemnify him or relieve him of the Trade Union debts that he has personally guaranteed for our benefit within the last two years.

On Sunday, March the 30th a public meeting will be held at the Tram Terminus, Inchicore, and Inchicore and Kilmainham will repudiate this defiler, and demand the resignation of one who declines to clear himself of the horrible charges made against him, and persists in clinging to his seat in the Council that he obtained by lies and misrepresentation.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, Councillor, New Kilmainham Ward. BOOTS FOR THE WORKERS. Men's Hand-Pegged Bluchers, 4s. 4d.; as sold elsewhere, 5s.

Men's Box Calf and Chrome, Sealed and Screwed, 6s. 11d.; worth 8s. 11d. Women's Box-Calf and Glace Kid Boots, 4s. 11d.; worth 6s. 6d.

Dublin Trades Council, 1913

ANNUAL ELECTION OF OFFICERS, &c.

President—Thomas MacPartlin, A. S. of Carpenters. Vice-President—William O'Brien, A. S. of Tailors. Treasurer—John Farren, Sheet Metal Workers. Secretary—John Simmons, A. S. of Carpenters.

- EXECUTIVE SOCIETY (12) VOTES 1. Thomas Farren, Stonecutters' Union of Ireland - 40 2. Thomas Murphy, Carpet Planners' Society - 39 3. J. Sutton, Operative Plasterers - 39 4. G. Burke, Sailors' and Firemen's Union - 30 5. T. Foran, Irish Transport Workers - 30 6. E. J. Hayes, Irish Drapers' Assistants - 30 7. J. Lyons, Brick and Stonelayers' Union - 28 8. J. Grogan, A. S. of Painters - 26 9. H. Rochford, Hairdressers - 25 10. J. O'Flanagan, Stationary Engine Drivers - 24 11. M. Hackett, Saddlers - 22 12. J. Barry, Bakers and Confectioners - 20

- NOT ELECTED. VOTES W. J. Murphy, Whitesmiths - 19 James Nolan, Bookbinders - 18 D. M'Gee, Corporation Workers - 17 T. Boyle, U. K. S. Coachmakers - 17 J. Bowman, A. S. of Engineers - 16 P. O'Brien, United Labourers - 14 C. Timmins, Printers and Fire Brigade Men - 12 S. Skelly, Painters - 8

- RICHMOND ASYLUM BOARD. VOTES 1. T. MacPartlin, A. S. of Carpenters - 47 2. J. Farren, Sheet and Metal Workers - 39 3. G. Burke, Sailors and Firemen - 31 4. J. Lawlor, Carmen's Association - 30

- NOT ELECTED. VOTES J. Bowman, A. S. of Engineers - 12 C. Timmins, Printers and Fire Brigade Men - 9 M. Smith, Painters - 7 T. Boyle, U. K. S. of Coachmakers - 6

Arran Quay U.I.L. and Scab Society.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. DEAR SIR, I was glad to hear you refer, in your speech on Sunday last, to the attack on organised labour by Mr. Martin Ryan at a meeting of the Arran Quay Branch of the U.I.L.

I have good reason to know this man. I was employed in Heather's (bootmakers) some thirty years ago, when a strike took place against a reduction of wages. When the men were fighting for their just rights this man Ryan took charge of the boot shop, and with the help of some women and a number of boys, he succeeded in breaking the strike and dealing a deadly blow at the men's trade union.

Regarding the meeting referred to in the above letter, we have made inquiries and find that no meeting of the branch was held on the date mentioned. A meeting of the Committee was held, at which a few members only were present. The "John Kavanagh" who is given in the Press report as moving the resolution is a carpenter in the Corporation. The resolution was drafted and moved by Guard T. Murphy, who is organiser of the scab Railway Union.

The was weeping and gnashing of teeth they say, In the big City 'Haul' just over the way, For Stephen the Stuffer, Met one who was tougher, Who grabbed the ten quid and the free holiday.

N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco Store. 89 RANGFORD STREET (OPPOSITE JACOBS) FOR IRISH ROLL AND PLOU

GRAND EASTER DISPLAY OF ALL NEW GOODS. BELTON & Co., THE PRESERVE, 48 and 49 THOMAS STREET, 35 & 36 GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET. CURTIS, LETTERPRESS AND LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTER, BOOKBINDER AND STATIONER, 12 VERMILION LANE, DUBLIN. High-Class Work, Moderate Prices, Telephone 240

