

The principle I state and mean to stand upon is that the entire ownership of the land, and of the means of production, should be vested in the people of Ireland."



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.

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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18th, 1913.

ONE PENNY.]

Fight Fair, Mr. Moneybags

By "SHELLBACK"
We have fresh evidence of the fact that the proud moneybags of the world...

They were positive at first that they would win by just locking the workmen out of their homes...

Having learned this horrible lesson, they have in consequence got off their centre, and are making the most wild and unscrupulous charges...

But do not the priests of the Catholic Church owe a duty to her children? And when it is necessary to correct the sayings of over zealous partisans...

But bad as all this is, and so absolutely a proof of their weakness, it is not the worst thing that the master class have tried to do...

I have yet to learn that it is against the teachings of the Catholic Church for a man to demand bread for the hungry, boots for the bootless, and wages for the labourer.

priest of the Catholic Church to stand up for the Shylocks of Commercialism, whom the great founder of Christianity drove from the Temple...

Still I don't blame them, for what do they know of the lives of the common people? They visit them on their sick beds; they visit them on their death-beds; they christen them; they marry them...

Still I don't blame them, for what do they know of the lives of the common people? They visit them on their sick beds; they visit them on their death-beds...

thing of the actual living conditions of the common people and their principal tutors in matters connected with the social conditions of the workers...

To ask Mr. Moneybags to fight fair, is, of course, asking for a change in their usual methods, not likely to be granted...

The loyalty of our fathers to faith and fatherland, has brought nothing but the constant renewals of misery and sufferings to their children.

an ill-clothed, though picturesque "broth of a boy," with a clay pipe stuck through the band of his outlandish cap...

Between these two they stood for everything Irish, from the hedge school-master's cottage in the wilds of Connacht...

Have the hooded and cloaked figure, with the short skirts by all means, so as not to abandon the symbol altogether...

The Government-to-be.

A SENSATIONAL POEM.

The following, from the gifted pen of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, caused a sensation in the United States:—

I have listened to the sighing of the burdened and the bound, I have heard it change to crying with a menace in the sound...

Then the voice of Labour, thundered forth its purpose and its need, And I marvelled and I wondered, at the cold, dull ear of greed...

All the gathered dust of ages God is brushing from His book; He is opening up its pages and He bids His children look...

Mother Earth herself is shaken by our sorrows and our crimes; And she bids her sons awaken to the portent of the times...

By the voice of Justice bidden, she has torn the mask from night. All the shameful secrets hidden she is dragging into light...

There is growth in Revolution, if the word is understood; It is one with Evolution, up from self to brotherhood...

God is calling to the masses to the peasant and the peer; He is calling to all classes that the crucial hour is near...

Still the voice of God is calling; and above the wreck I see, And beyond the gloom appalling, the great Government-to-be...

And there are no children's faces at the spindle of the loom; They are out in sunny places, where the other sweet things bloom...

The Up-to-Date Paper Shop.

KEARNEY'S

has the best stock of working-class papers in Ireland. Come to us for the "Irish Worker," "The Labour Leader," "Forward," and all progressive books and pamphlets. All on sale.

Notes Only Address: KEARNEY'S Newsagency, Tobacco Shop, 39 UPPER STEPHEN STREET, Established over 30 Years.

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MEN'S BOOTS.

Real Hand-Pegged Bluchers, 4/11

Real Chrome, Bag Out / A Glass Kid Boots, thoroughly stamped, 6/11

Small Profit Store, 78 Talbot St.

OPEN LETTER To My Dublin Fellow-Workers.

By FRED POWER.

After Featherstone, Belfast; after Belfast, Liverpool; after Liverpool, Llanely; after Llanely, The Rand; after The Rand, Dublin; good God, when are the murderers to cease?

Brothers and sisters, you won't, you cannot, do the first. What you will do, what you must do, what you shall do is to impregnate yours lives with the glorious spirit of revolt.

Let the brigands and moneyed hooligans have their enquiry. In Hell anywhere. Doesn't each whitewashing of each set of City Fathers and their hireling police encourage other local administrators to take the same course when Labour begins to demand more of its own?

Fellow-workers, we must swear by the bed-sides of our maimed and battered comrades; by the gravesides of our loved ones done to death for dividend hunters and property sharks...

And I write you now, brothers and sisters, in the hours of woe and wailing, whilst the hell black clouds of persecution hide you a moment from Freedom's sweet vision...

Yours for Life, FRED POWER.

CAUTION.

The Pillar House,

31a HENRY ST., DUBLIN,

IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE— Bargains by Post.

We do cater for the Workingman. No fancy prices; honest value only.

Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs; A SPECIALITY.

Ammunition from Dundalk Trades' Council.

The usual meeting of above was held in their rooms 39 Clabgrass Street, recently, Mr. W. Curran, V.P., in the chair.

The following subscriptions in connection with the Dublin Fund were handed in: Dundalk Picture Co., Ltd. (Benefit Performance), £18 18s. 2d.; Engineers and fellow-workmen, £7 10s.; A.O.H. (Irish American Alliance) £7 6s.; Bricklayers £4; Carpenters, £3 5s. 6d.; Bakers £2; Bier-makers £2; A.O.H. (Board of Erin), £1 12s.; Tailors, £1 11s.; Printers, £1 3s. 6d.; Coachbuilders, £1 2s. 6d.; Co-Operative Society, Ltd., £1; Painters, 10s.; Per Mr. P. M. (ss. Shealy) 12s. 6d.; Per Mr. P. Mulholland, 4s. 6d.

The result was received with applause. The Secretary said he had not received all the accounts as yet.

The consensus of opinion was in favour of sending to the Dublin Trades Council the sum of £50.

Mr. Ginnuety proposed and Mr. F. Magee seconded the following resolution, which was passed unanimously:—

"That we acknowledge with thanks the services rendered by the directors of the Dundalk Picture Company, Ltd., their officials, and artists who contributed to make the benefit performance a success thereby augmenting the Dundalk Trades Council for the relief of the workers in Dublin, and that the Secretary be directed to convey same."

Correspondence.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."

Sir—May I crave a small space in your columns to ventilate a scheme which has been in my mind since the employers gave their brutal decision on last Monday week. It is now only ten weeks to Christmas, and I think it is up to the workers in constant employment and earning fairly decent wages to see to it that the locked-out men and women and other dependants are in a position to make this Christmas the most enjoyable of their lives.

James Larkin.

PLAIN AND FANCY BAKER,

72 MEATH STREET, DUBLIN.

Pure Wholesale and Buttermilk Squares, THE WORKERS BAKER.

ASK FOR LARKIN'S LOAF.

Kenna Brothers,

Provision Market,

58 Lower Sheriff Street,

Best Quality Goods, Lowest Prices.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

News from Scabdom.

Francis Charles, Bray, Fitter, Tin Room Department of W. and R. Jacob's has returned to work. This scab was a "fairweather" member of the Steam Engine Makers Trade Union. We hear that Francis Charles was at the recent meeting of the society, agreed to insisting that Mr. Long would have the room and then voted things in favour of refusing to return to work. Thrice we think was the number of betrayals before the cock crew. And F. C. is only a Bray-er.

John Dixon was discharged from Mountjoy on Monday morning. He was sent to Jacob's by the Prisoners' Aid Society, and was there engaged by "Jenny" as a "fitter and engine driver" at 22s. per week. A "fair" week's pay for a fair week's work, as is always paid by this firm of philanthropists. John, to his credit be it said, refused to act the scab, although he was not a trades unionist. What price that, Francis Charles of the airline voice! Mayhap this made the "Baw" unwell, as we hear that the canary is sick. So much for building the aviary out of materials that they "forgot" to return to the firm. Eminent men! Yes, every one of them! Messrs. Sharp & Preston, of 72 Francis Street, are assisting in the dirty work, although they have an agreement with the A.S.E. not to touch any "tainted" goods. What about broken agreements now?

Amongst those whom we note using the scab trams are Mr. De Podesta, local Branch Secretary of the Printing Trades Federation, and Mr. Pauragh O'Uisly, the General Secretary of the Gaelic Treasurer. Patriots both. We presume O'Uisly wants the Irish Trades Union officials to get the hall-mark of the British Joint Labour Board.

It is current topic that "Sparrow" Kelly's brother, P. J., who is scabbing in the Tramway Powerhouse, is getting work done for the Tram Co. in the D.S.E. Works, Grand Canal street. Perhaps Foreman M'Donnell could answer.

HARRISON, WESTMORELAND STREET AND HENRY STREET, AND MRS. INGLIS, WESTLAND ROW, SISTERS TO MRS. HARRISON.

We hear the above firms are helping the scabs by supplying food. Harrison's, through their manager, J. Brown, has the food cooked and sent away in boxes to the Powerhouse scabs. We would like to know under what conditions the food is cooked, as, judging by what we see at lunch time, cleanliness is not next to godliness, although some of their staff are very fond of going to church and thumping their chests—another instance of thumping your chest in church and thumping respectable workers outside. We have no information how the servants of this firm are paid or fed; but rumour has it both are bad. We hear Cissy Rothwell, of Powerhouse scab fame—who has three brothers there, and whose father has a horse and cart in the Paving Committee's employ—is helping to cook and despatch these scab orders. As soon as things quiet down a little our members of the Public Health Committee will pay a visit to the kitchens of these houses. We know this sweating manager would not spend the money earned for him by girl labour at 2s. per week.

Helping scabs must be hereditary. We find Mrs. Inglis, sister of Mrs. Harrison, also sister of Brown, the manager, quite a family gathering. Mrs. Inglis is augmenting her income by cooking for and supplying a scab, on the premises. She also is supplying cooked food to Dixon's, Ernie street Soap Works. Well, we do know how she pays her girls, or rather they pay her, by giving her three years of their life for nothing. Is it any wonder we have White Slave Traffic? How in the name of goodness any woman can ask girls to work for nothing and keep dressed, is beyond our comprehension. We wonder still more at these women sweating their girls when we know they themselves had to work behind the counter for Mr. Harrison some twenty years ago or more.

Kennedy, of Rutland street, Head Boots in the Central Hotel, has been reported to us as leaving worked against us and with the scabby crew. The Central Hotel is a big "commercial" centre, amongst whom are members of N.S.A., W.H.M. and C., as well as the C.T.A. Would they please note the name is "Kennedy," occupation (regular) head boots (occasional) scab transporter to B. & Boyd's Hotel, The Central, Exchange street, Dublin.

The C.W.S., Manchester, and the Co-operative Stores in Newcastle-on-Tyne, are amongst the latest of whom we have heard who have struck Jacobs off their list until they come to terms.

ANTI SCAB.

Miss Gillick's Explanation.

29A Donnybrook, 16th October, 1913.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."

Dear Sir—I was surprised to see my name attached to a circular concerning the Vegetable Market this morning. I am sorry I have been taking tainted goods from any of the stalls; I really thought Begg's stuff was not coming to the market at all. I had not the pleasure of seeing your paper every week, as it cannot be got out here, therefore I could not see the names of the stalls affected. I have done my little best in favour of the men since the strike started; I have walked to and from the market rather than take a tram; I have not taken a "Herald" or "Independent" into the house, and every collector that comes the way he has what I could afford. I am very sorry this should have occurred and assure you it shall not again—Yours sincerely, (Miss) GILICK.

Notice to Contributors.

All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, Liberty Hall, Beresford Place, Dublin.

All matter for publication must reach this office not later than first post on Wednesday morning.

By Order,

EDITOR.

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

The Irish Worker.

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price one penny—and may be had of any news-agent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

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We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, Saturday, Oct. 18th, 1913.

Why Not Let the Bosses APPOINT OUR Trade Union Officials?

For a long time we have been wrestling with the problem of how to bring peace to this troubled city; how to bring about such a state of affairs as would permit the good citizens of Dublin to go their ways with minds untroubled by the fear of strikes and labour troubles. We have pictured to ourselves a calm and placid Dublin where the voice of the agitator was stilled, and the strike-monger was for ever at rest; and for a long time the problem baffled us. At one time it seemed as if the Socialist had the real solution of the difficulty. To make all the means of profit-making the common property of all, and make all Ireland the property of all the Irish instead of being the property of a few rich men, seemed reasonable enough; that all work should be carried on by all, for the good of all and that the highest aim of statesmanship should be to place the powers of an organised community at the service of every individual, so that each should be guaranteed against want or oppression by the active co-operation of all—that also was eminently reasonable; but we have been reluctantly compelled to admit that just because it was so reasonable it was foolish to expect that such a mad world as ours would adopt it until we had tried every conceivable foolish alternative.

Then we thought that Jim Larkin had hit upon the solution for strikes when he and his fellows proposed a Trades Board at which both sides could ventilate their grievances. But as the employers dodged this proposal, and are still dodging it, that also seemed to us to be too Utopian a proposal. Utopian because it presupposes on the part of the employer the recognition of the advent of the democratic principle in industry. And it surely is absurd to expect that employers who notoriously hate the logical effects of democracy in the political arena—as do the Dublin employers—would ever consent to a scheme that is based upon the admission of the right of democracy to influence industry.

Then George Russell, the gifted editor of the "Irish Home-ruler," seemed to have hit upon the right plan when he proposed that the farmers' organised in co-operative societies should join with the town workers organised in Trade Unions to form co-operative producing and distributing societies, and gradually to build up a freer and better society within the present order and eventually to supersede the present order of slavery. But that also seemed too far off to be immediately effectual. It had little bearing upon October, 1913.

Alas, "what could poor Ireland do?" as the poet saith. All was black and gloomy and we bowed our noble foreheads upon our clammy hands, and our souls were rent in anguish. But suddenly, like a bolt out of a clear sky, the inspiration came! On October 15th, in the year of our Lord, 1913—let the date be for ever engraven upon the tablets which record our country's history—the Employers Association of Dublin issued their answer to the Report of the Board of Trade Inquiry held at Dublin Castle upon the great Industrial Dispute, better known as the Dublin Labour Fight.

For two whole weeks those generous and philanthropic souls had wrested with that report; for two whole weeks without an awestruck public had waited without in suspense the brilliant intellects of the employers had been exercised upon all the elusive elements of its problems; for two whole weeks they whose brains are the basis upon which modern society rests, had analysed and dissected its every word, phrase and passage with an almost morbid earnestness, and as the expectant Dublin public read in the newspapers of the secret meetings behind closed doors, of the impenetrable mystery, of the meetings of this section and of that section, the awe and wonder grew upon us all, and with the awe and wonder there settled upon us also the conviction that surely out of this terrible wrestling of such giant minds with our great problem there would come a real and permanent solution. And we were not disappointed. On Thursday, October 15, in the year of our Lord, 1913—again let the date be mentioned with reverence, as we ought with bated breath and whispering

humbleness mention all dates upon which a great revelation has been vouchsafed to us—on that date the employers of Dublin handed down their answer to the Report of Sir George Askwith.

"We will recognise the Irish Transport Workers' Union provided it is completely re-organised with a new set of officials."

And as we read it, into the minds of every transport worker and trade unionist there flashed this revelation I have spoken of—this revelation which, when acted upon, will bring to our troubled city the peace so much desired; that revelation taking the form of a question, and that question is the logical result of the employers' reply. It is the employers' reply stripped of subterfuge, and put in plain blunt English. It is—

"Why not let the bosses appoint all our trade union officials? They might as well do that as claim the right to dictate the election of new ones."

Hurrah! Peace in sight! The solution is found (as Sir Edward Carson would say, I don't think); after two weeks travail in the throes of a great idea, the Employers' Association have given birth to this—and the child is still-born.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

We have much pleasure in recording the generous action of the Rev. Father O'Reilly, Spiritual Director of St. Andrew's Sodality, High street, Dublin. It has transpired that at a meeting of Guild Masters of the Sodality he announced that every member of the Sodality in the present dispute was to receive a weekly allowance to help to tide them over. We understand that the same rule will apply to the Women's Branch. Father O'Reilly is the type of sogaarth of whom John Banim sang his "Sogaarth Arun."

"To Strikers, Liberty Hall, Dublin.

"South African Labour Party congratulates workers of Dublin on heroic fight against forces of Capitalism; also condemns the brutality of the police. Your fight is our fight.—Waterston, Secretary."

—Week-end Telegram from Johannesburg.

We merely refer to the magnificent demonstration which took place on Thursday to answer the insolent, if abortive, reply of the alleged "Masters' Association. We hope the "masters" I mentioned would seem as if the true "masters" were coming into their own at last. To the relatives and friends of our brothers who have been done to death in Sengheuyld the heartfelt sympathy of the Irish workers is extended.

Things We'd Like to Know.

By "Oscar."

Whether Mr. Tim Healy, K.C., M.P., has yet obtained that hundred a day for saying things in a way that nobody else could. Also if he is relieved to learn that Mr. Larkin has abandoned the intention of practising at the Bar.

Whether the dignified, doughty, and diminutive occupant of the Mansion House has yet initiated his 1914 Mayoral campaign. This is a pertinent question, as these are strenuous times and the price of gas has been raised.

When we may expect to hear of Mr. William M. Murphy's elevation to the Peerage. It is a degrading thing to realise that Britain's historic Upper Chamber is denied the priceless counsels and dignifying presence of a Murphy.

Whether Mr. William Richardson fully appreciated his change of headquarters to Queen street. The environment is less salubrious it is also less sulphurous—a thing to be thankful for.

If the aforesaid William and his protegee Councillor (pro tem) Byrne, have yet patched up that little domestic quarrel. (That's the worst of these personal recriminations.) Now that Alf has secured the malicious damage money we should expect to witness scenes of riotous revelry in the neighbourhood of Talbot street ere long.

Whether the proprietors of the "Liberator" still object to their editor singing "That Mysterious Rag," and if they have yet obtained those "ads" from "respectable traders." Anyhow, the competition from Ballinasloe is very keen.

If it is a fact that Maurice Edelstein—who has not troubled us for some time—has declined a proposal to act as Canadian correspondent to the "War Cry." Also if it is true that he has removed from the shelter of the Iveagh dress house, and whether debt applications, civil bills, etc., would now find him at Hillier Hall.

If it is true that Mr. James Brady, solicitor, is studying the ethics of Socialism. James, we teach you, don't allow the office boy to learn anything of those poisonous doctrines.

Whether Mr. David Sheehy, M.P., is well advised in holding forth on the morality of "Larkinism." We have never accused Mr. Sheehy of having made a speech, nor do we think we shall ever have need to. We are conscious that David's mental perspective is confined within the range of his native bogland in the County Meath, which yields him a happy hunting ground worth four hundred a year.

If it is not true that John Saturnus Kelly, alias "The Sparrow," quondam defender of the Faith, finds a good deal of justification in that well-known ballad, "Oh! Had I the Wings of a Bird." Also if he will inform the public whether he has yet discharged his obligations to the Prison Gate Mission.

Further, if the report is correct which states that he was a competitor at the Empire the other evening in the sack-shifting competition conducted by "Apollo." Poor John was a failure, of course; but had he been required to shift a quantity of Guinness—

Whether that disappointed aspirant to Parliamentary honours, Major G. B. O'Connor is aware of the fate of some of his literary efforts. Really, we should never have expected to find the Major elsewhere than amongst the elite.

Whether the Tramways Company still intend shifting their offices to 31 Parnell square. Brother Nugent is not now using the lumber room and the hall porter has taken the pledge.

Whether Councillor Byrne succeeded in his attempt to disfranchise so many working people of the North Dock Ward. Objector Lynch may be able to answer.

If the Employers' Federation have seriously considered the offer made by 'Enry' Eric Ernest 'Urt to the effect that if two others can be found willing to contribute £1,000 each he will be glad to contribute 1s. 9d. in Metal Trading Stamps to the employers' fund.

Whether owing to Bill Richardson's toy pistol being set of action he intends applying to Sir Edward Carson for a wooden gun, and whether as the result of the "scrap" down Ballybough way he is thinking of offering himself as a "white hop."

Market Notes and other items.

The readers of the "Irish Worker" are again reminded of the dispute in Begg's of Crumlin and Cabra. The following forestallers in the Vegetable Market are assisting Begg, scabbing on his bank, or taking his cabbages—

Polly Gleeson, Mrs. Kavanagh, Fagan's, Mrs. Mary (Knot) MacCarthy, of Donnet row (Dispensary lane), Mrs. Fairbrother, Fagan's, Mrs. John Murphy Rosaura Mooney, Jim Kettle, Quigley, Katie Leonard.

Mrs. Kavanagh, who keeps a green greener's shop in Back lane, always wears her sunny smile when she sees cabbages on Begg's Bank. Her husband, Mr. Kavanagh, was at one time a member of the Stationary Engine Drivers' Society, but when he got the job in the "Mail" Office at 36s. per week his Trade Unionism ran off him like water off a duck's back and he reneged his Union. He is now very busy looking after his slum property in Nicholas street and vicinity.

The Gaelic Leaguer, Michael Keefe, has also joined the Scab's Brigade.

The other day in the market Polly Gleeson tried to have a woman arrested for intimidation for merely saying "Scab Cabbage," but the trick did not work. Try again, Polly.

The following forestallers in the Vegetable Market are assisting Begg in his game of crushing the workers:—

The following shopkeepers now purchase from the forestallers mentioned above—

O'Reilly, St. Richmond street; Burke, 3 South Richmond street; T. O'Reilly, 87 Camden street; Libburn, Ballabridge; Caffrey, Amiens street; Pender, Rathmines; J. Bailey, Phibsboro'; Fanny MacNamara (buyer for Byrne, of Britain street); Mrs. Gillett, Donnybrook; Spain, Sandwith street.

Kettle, of the Leas, Co. Dublin I am told, is gone to Sligo for me to take out his potatoes and work on his farm.

I, John Doyle, of 78 Summerhill, deny having bought any goods from any of the forestallers mentioned in handbills distributed, and I wish you to publish same.

Signed, JOHN DOYLE, 78 Summerhill.

Bray Notes.

Bill Henry, better known as Ikey, scabbing at Heiton's. Ikey, do you forget what the Transport Union did for you, when you came to Bray, starving? You forget all that, Ikey. Ikey, you have the police to guard you. By the way Ikey, is there any danger of another earthquake in the yard, you mean scab of scab?

Ex-Militiaman Madden, Back street, Bray, scabbing on trams, and never did a days work in his life. Like father like son, you were born a scab, your papa scabbed before you were born.

Mr. Thomas Collier would like to sit in the coal combine, but this coal and corpse merchant is a cat's paw for McCormack, Heiton Wallace and Co., and does not realise it. By the way Tommy, it will be hard for you to get men to box your stiff for 18 pence. The men who will get the job to box your Tommy, will want to get their nostrils stuffed.

Smily, ex-Militiaman, ex-scab motor man, comes to Bray to take charge of Wallace Bros. coal stores and he says he will make things hum, when he takes over command. Smily, pay up what you owe for your drink bill, which you got on the nod. We are all sorry to hear that the late manager is going good luck to him, and a happy time with good wishes from all the boys here.

Hallo Dimp, I believe you are still scabbing away; maybe you are better known as Rotten Billy. I hear you took the advice your uncle gave you when you told him that you were hungry, that speaks well for your respectable father and stepmother; your big uncle, better known as big Sack Leggett, another rotten scab in the former Railway strike. Rotten Billy, you thought you were doing well on last Sunday night, going back to scab when you were escorted to the station between two men belonging to the Chamber of Horrors close behind you. Billy, I'm not always a scab, I hear you are going to be tied up shortly, but I hope it's by the neck.

I notice some of the so called Trade Unionists supporting Heiton's firm of scabs are sending for coal. It would be better for these so-called Trade Unionists to keep away from such places.

Bray Notes did very well last week for a start; it is bound to help to heal the scabs.

The local bungs and workers' friends were very conspicuous by their absence at Friday night's meeting, held in the Town Hall, in the interests of the workers. We hope the workers will not forget them in January.

Charley Nolan, a CAPTAIN, has joined the scab army brigade in Jacobs. Of course, he was never anything else. What's Jacobs' gain (?) is our loss.

Skinny Johnny Cunningham, another of Jacobs' scabs, turned out to play football at Woodbrook on Saturday with some respectable chaps. Do be careful parsing through Little Bray, Johnny.

Scab Grundy, regatta and wire's merchant, c/o Martin Murphy, Power House Hill, did you see me in law lately? She says she will break the pot on your head. She will never hurt your neck, Bill; it is too well developed. Notify her by wireless when you intend paying her another visit; also when you will pay up for the camera.

"Dips" Cranley, Grundy's chum, another beer shark. We did not know they wanted any cabin boys on the trams. You always "stick" a job till they ask you to work, Dips. You will do enough for the present; there's nothing doing.

Result of feeding men on ox tail—Bray R.I.C. Another "illegal" victory in Little Bray on Saturday night; three children wounded. This fine body of men should be covered with stripes for this engagement alone; they deserve it anyway. Hate off!

Correspondence.

Cumann Tomana Noimh Lorchain Uí Thuathail.

[ST. LAURENCE O'TOOL'S HURLING CLUB.]

To the Editor "Irish Worker." A CAPTAIN.—On Tuesday, the 17th inst., the following resolution was unanimously passed by the above Gaelic Club:—

"That we sympathise with the members of the Irish Transport Workers' Union in their great fight to vindicate the right of individual liberty, and that as a mark of our sympathy a fund be opened immediately in aid of the workers affected by the lock-out, in mipe na Capta, M Ua Ceannbairn Rúnaíre Onóríeac."

To the Editor "Irish Worker."

14/10/13

SIR.—It is high time the Industrial Assurance Agents of Ireland at least realised the crushing conditions under which they are placed.

I, as an old servant of one of these millionaire institutions, know the privations to which we are subjected, toiling from morning till night for a wage not consistent to keep body and bones together.

It is high time that "Murry" would join his local Union. I would suggest, Mr. Editor, that every worker in our business should at least exhibit an outward emblem of his Union. I deem it advisable, in the first instance, to bring this matter before the Irish Transport Workers' Union, and would thank you to publish same.

NOM DE PLUME.

STRIKING FOR LIBERTY.

"Say, are ye Friends to Freedom?"

Evidences are everywhere manifesting themselves of the Gael's determination to stand by the workers in their magnificent fight to vindicate the liberties of man. The G.A.A. has nobly taken its stand with the workers. Go neartúighidh Dia.

There are many Irish Irelanders, I feel sure, who are anxious to help us in this historic battle, and I would like to suggest that they may help to strengthen the funds of the workers by contributing to the Strike Fund or by collecting among their friends. All information about collecting will be gladly given at Liberty Hall, and I shall be glad to receive or call for any subscriptions that Irish Irelanders may be willing to give towards preserving the elemental Rights of Man.

It is our right to decide for ourselves the best means of protecting ourselves. Freedom of speech and freedom of action—who will deprive us of them? Shall we be slaves for ever?

Sean O'Carraig.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."

134 North S road road, Dublin, October 15, 1913.

DFAR SIR.—In reference to a paragraph which appeared in your last issue, I see that the number of my house and shop, 134 North S road road, is given as that of the address of Inspector Campbell, who is keeping a lodging house for R.I.C. men. I, as a member of the Irish Transport Workers' Union, wish you to give contradiction to this in your next issue, as these were never any R.I.C. men or any policemen lodging in my house. By inserting name, you will oblige, fraternally yours,

P. M'GEE.

Card No. 5437.

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Agreements at Theatre De Luxe

New in the period when employers are loudly shouting about broken agreements and upstaging awards made by arbitration, it is interesting to consider the following:—

A dispute arose in the Camden street Theatre De Luxe, where an employee was victimised and a strike was declared. It resulted in the withdrawing of labour, perhaps in a minimum but all the same, a withdrawal, which, to my reasoning and reading of Trades Unionism, constitutes a strike. After some weeks of differences between employers and employees, it was decided to leave the case to arbitration and the award was as follows:—

Award of Court of Arbitration held in connection with the dispute between Mr. Thomas Dalton and the Theatre De Luxe.

- 1. Charges against Dalton to be withdrawn.
2. Dalton to be reinstated in his former position in the company.
3. Present staff to be dismissed formally, but to be reinstated on their rejoining the N.A.T.E., the Union agreeing to accept them as members on the conditions prevailing before the dispute inside ten days.
4. Any Police Court proceedings to be withdrawn; the solicitor of the company to be instructed to ask the magistrate to dismise any case connected with the dispute.
5. A recommendation that Mr Dalton be paid his wages as from 6th September, 1913, by the company.

The above is our unanimous award. J. G. M. Walker, Chairman. George J. Nesbit. G. H. Marsh. P. J. Kems. Thomas Murphy.

No sooner was the award issued but, like the Treaty of Limerick—aye, before the ink was dry—the case against Dalton and Bonythe was pressed home by Mr. Eilliman (a man who, to my mind, should not own or control anything in this our City of Dublin), and a fine of 20s. inflicted in each case.

Now, some time ago, in the columns of this paper, I warned the members of the Theatrical Employers' Association to combine, and if my advice was taken these would be no prosecution at all, but the directors of the Theatre de Luxe would be only too glad to come to terms.

I myself, for many years connected with the theatrical profession know the power that combination means in connection with theatrical affairs. But the Theatrical Association certainly gave way on a very crucial point, the accepting of the men who refused to answer the call to arms, a point which I personally should not agree to. However, as they waived the point it is all the more pointed, that's a flagrant breach of the arbitration award.

Men, cannot you see that all this canting hypocrisy about broken agreements used by employers are all a part of the already exploded fictitious case put forward by the capitalist?

This is a cue w for the Trades Council, as it creates a precedent that must be fought against, tooth and nail, by all, who in the name of the term call themselves Trade Unionists.

We should be glad to hear from the Theatre-de-Luxe proprietors what answer they can give to this most unwarrantable and atrocious action. But, like the employers at the coast of enquiry in Dublin Castle, it is perhaps better for them to keep silent than to make utter fools of themselves.

J. A. K. O.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland.

DUBLIN BRANCH. Ancient Concert Buildings, Gt. Brunswick Street. A Socialist View of the Sympathetic Strike is the title of a lecture by the Comrade Sheehy Skeffington, M.A., on to-morrow (Sunday), at 8 p.m. Admiss on is free. Questions and discussion invited.

The Independent Labour Party of Ireland, is the only Socialist organisation in Ireland. For the political organisation of the working class on a class-conscious basis. Branches in Belfast, Cork, &c. Write for particulars to Walter Carpenter, Secretary, Ancient Concert Buildings, Dublin. Socialism is the only hope of the workers.

Dublin United Trades Council.

AGENDA.

Deputation to Markets' Committee—Messrs. T. Farren and A. Murphy. The Colliery Disaster in Wales—Mr. W. O'Brien. The Labour Crisis—The President.

Election of Member of Executive. A Conference of delegates from all Trades and Labour Societies affected by the present dispute will be held in the Trades Hall, on Tuesday, 21st inst., at 8.30. It is suggested that the Secretary should be one of the delegates from each society—the delegation to consist of two.

Agricultural Labour Campaign

How Matters Stand in the Co. Dublin.

By "Ireland's Eye."

Some farming men have been giving their views on the situation as it exists at present between the employers and their locked-out workers in the County Dublin.

The latest recruit is P. J. Kettle, The Leas, Swords, a newly-appointed J.P. To any one who knows the propensity of this particular Kettle to bubble over on any occasion, the wonder is that he has remained silent so long.

Kettle would have us believe that the farm workers are becoming disheartened and are returning to work. Well, "Ireland's Eye" passed across to the mainland and visited the affected areas during the week, paying particular attention to the North County Dublin, where most of the strike-sticks reside, and he found that Kettle's statements were entirely unfounded.

As a matter of fact the men are more determined than ever, and with the exception of a few County Dublin labourers, have nobly stood by one another in this grave crisis.

It is the farmers who are disheartened and who are suing for peace, many of them being most anxious to take back their men on the men's own terms. It is quite apparent to anyone having even an elementary knowledge of agriculture that the farmers are not at all pleased or satisfied with the position in which they now find themselves, and their inhuman action in throwing out their men, for all they cared, to starve, now recalls upon themselves. It is a case of the bitter bit with a vengeance. They never anticipated that the Co. Dublin workers would have made such a magnificent fight in the interest of their class and in unison with the workers of the city, whose loyalty to principles and to their Chief has won the admiration of the world all over.

The scene presented in and around my domicile fills me with sorrow and the tears spring from my "Eye" in endeavouring to describe it. Things are even worse than I anticipated when writing my notes last week.

The fruits of God's earth—wheat, oats and barley—rotting under ones eyes while there are hundreds of men and women starving in holy Ireland. Cabbage which should have been driven to market melting day by day. Potatoes which should already be housed lying untouched in the fields—all this unholy waste due to the stupidity and callousness of the farmers themselves, who, at the instigation of the capitalist city employers and a few scab J.P.'s, would persist in locking out their men. It should be noted, however, that the self-same Squires and J.P.'s, had taken particular care that their own crops had in most cases been safely secured before they led the majority into the trap.

In addition the plight of the farmers has been made more intolerable. The factors, who had no sympathy with their methods, are now pressing for the money, and the landlords and Land Commissioners are looking for their rents. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the curb is being tightened and that the farmers of the Co. Dublin are anxious to be released from the tyranny which had goaded them into taking such a false and reactionary step.

NOTES.

At the present time too much publicity cannot be given to the advice tendered by Parnell as to the means to be adopted towards "scabs" and "grabbars" so I again quote his words—"You must shun him on the roadside when you meet him; you must shun him in the market-place and even in the place of worship, by leaving him alone, by putting him in a moral covey, by isolating him from the rest of his countrymen as if he were a leper of old; you must show your detestation of the crime he has committed." I am very pleased to relate that the advice given by Parnell many years ago has been adopted during this crisis in many parts of the Co. Dublin.

A very funny episode happened in the Kinsale district last week. Three great men (farmers to be sure) went to deliver 40 barrels of wheat to the Christian Brothers' Institution, Artane. No young deers ever tripped the daisies more gallantly than these three young bucks went along the road to their destination. No body of men ever put more energy into the work of delivery, but when 30 barrels were "lofted" their endeavours were nipped in the bud, as Liberty Hall sent word to the Superior of the institution that the men were "scabs" and that the wheat was tainted. Orders at once were given that wheat already delivered was to be reloaded and these three young farming men were ordered out with their tainted wheat as quickly as they could. Young Murphy, of Kinsale; young Brown, of Kinsale; and young Kavanagh, of Streamstown, had not the same manly-looking gait going home.

Certain farmers not very far from Baldoyle have advertised their cabbages to be sold in the fields by the dozen heads, and hunters who live there and keep their dwellings in the neighbourhood of Great Parnell street have been seen hovering in the district. Names shall be given if this class of trading continues, as these particular farmers mentioned have locked-out their men.

With a great flourish we are told in the columns of the "Daily Liar" that a great many men are returning to work in the

North Co. Dublin. On investigation I find three brothers named Cassidy have returned to the brothers Kettle and Paddy Cleary, managing-director of Cleary, Early & Co., Swords. This constitutes the noble band of warriors who should, in the words of Parnell, be "left alone."

L. Mooney, Springfield, Clondalkin, whom we are told in the "Saturday Post" had sustained loss to the extent of £300 by reason of his inability to get his corn properly saved, has smuggled hay into the Dublin Market and driven by "scabs." Larry the Liar needs a little looking after and a few others from the same district who are surreptitiously sending their goods into the city.

P. J. Kettle, J.P., the labourers' friend, has come out in his real colours at last. At the Swords Petty Sessions—with the help of his friend, Early, s.c.ior—he got an order which enables him to evict one of his workers because this worker would not leave the Transport Union. What a lot of memories the workers will treasure up against these men by the time the elections come around next year.

As I stated a few weeks ago, we are now face to face with evictions. The police, the battering ram, are once more to be seen. Last week McDonnell, Cappagh, was the evictor; next week, P. J. Kettle, The Leas.

Oh shades of Uncle Andy! to think that the name of a Kettle should be associated with evictions—as Mick McQuaid once put it, "we live in 'quare' times, truly." What does Professor Kettle think of his cousin Paddy's action?

PEMBROKE NOTES.

Vaseline is cheap to day. A large consignment was received at the Scabs' Home, Gilford road, Sandymount. I wonder if there is a cure in it?

A dy Kavanagh, scab conductor has two brothers who proved themselves men. One of them was victimised before the strike took place. Andy, what about the 30s. you borrowed the day before you were married? Don't you think it is time to pay it back?

Tower Monks, scab driver, I notice rings the bell when passing a certain house in Brunswick street. Tower, I saw somebody looking out of the window on several occasions. Tower, more loyalty at home, or else—

Boozer Dunne, scab driver on Dalkey line, previous to the strike was several times taken down for being drunk and sent to work a sand cart in Siberia, i.e., Sandymount Strand.

Frank Jackson, a mis-fit, ex-boot assistant in practically every shop in the city, is now scabbing on the Dalkey line. Frank, you can now "turn" over a new leaf and buy the sticks.

There is a drinking den in Donnybrook specially kept open for scabs and members of the Donnybrook Black Hole.

Fitzgerald, now a scab, lately kicked out of the police in connection with the Lishtown scandal, is lodging there.

Lizzie, do you remember some years ago what happened at Finglas? Lizzie, I intend to let the A.O.H. of Donnybrook know the kind of people they have to associate with. When I tell them I know who will be "red-headed," eh Lizzie?

Lizzie, can you give any information as to Lewis, who at one time resided at Belmont park? I hear you are going to "hand" over some fruit to Perry, who was transferred from the B Division for being drunk. Fruit, I believe, is a good substitute for drink.

A school teacher in one of the Donnybrook schools is not teaching the pupils under her care as she should. I will reward this lady with a "Cure for Red Nose" if she will apply at Liberty Hall on her signing an "agreement" to do what she is paid for.

I notice that several of the members of the Bottlemakers' society visit the scab newsagents and purchase papers and cigarettes. The "Rule Maker" and "Flea" are the principal offenders. I wonder what the other members think of them?

I am informed that long Anthony has a daughter scabbing in Jacob's. Now Anthony, if you are "big and no strong" you ought to be strong enough to keep your daughter from scabbing.

I also hear that "the romp with the big voice," has a daughter scabbing in O'Reilly's, Poobeg street. Con, have you lost your manhood?

Is it a fact that there are some shopkeepers in Ringsend selling scab cabbage? The Scotchman Sheridan and "Polly with the Merry Widow Hat" supplies them. Look out for more on this subject next week.

Oh boys, oh boys, Johnny Sweeney of the "Chamber of Horrors" got married recently, and has only 3 years service. I wonder what the Commissioner will have to say when he hears it? Johnny, why such hurry? The Queen's square has something to be proud of, now that you have taken apartments there. Johnny, is not five years the time allotted before marriage? Oh, Johnny.

SONG OF 73 E.

Air—"Thirty-two Counties."
Husley is his name,
And from County Cork he came,
Where his father had a farm and kept a shebeen.
While his brothers ploughed the sea
He used to plough the sea
As a fisherman in search of crabs or pinken.

As he walks along the Strand
You can see each nursemaid stand
To gaze upon his sloppy face and features.
No man around the place
Envious him his purty face;
But he'll grow a 'stache and spoon the 'retty creatures."
Chorus
He has a pal named Wright,
Who is very often "tight"
Who has taught him the happy knack of "swearing";
There's not a greater coward than he,
For one day upon the quay
He stood by and watched a noble hero drowning.

He is in an awful fix
To catch that chap called "Nix,"
Whose writings are very tantalising;
He declares he's in that band
That wears the bright Red Hand,
And would forfeit much to find out
Where he's hiding.
Chorus
NIX;

Wexford Notes.

A writer styling himself "Wexfordman" wants to know what the Transport Union did for the Iron Workers of Wexford, after six months campaign. Well if he is not either a fool or a rogue (we expect he is the latter), he ought to know that the men in Pierce's got increases in their wages from two to six shillings per week.

In this "Wexfordman" aware of the facts of the Wexford dispute? Six or seven hundred men were thrown out on the streets to starve, because about 5 of their labourers had joined the only Union in Ireland that could do any good for them—and well Tommy Salmon and the rest of the clique knew that. When that happened the Transport Union laid out £3,000 supporting men, who had no claim in the world on them. Surely a great crime" to level at the heads of Larkin and Daly.

He goes on to say in his apology for a letter that "the Wexfordmen were sold and badly sold" and says that it will be the same with the Dublin men. Wonder of wonders, one alleged Wexfordman right, every workman in Dublin wrong, and waiting to be told by an employer's tool, that they are going to be sold.

Before he writes the next letter let him go to Billy Byrne, and be even as big a fraud as he is, will have to admit that the Union did him an amount of good.

We are informed that the Italian gentleman in Wexford, who swears "the very place," purchases his wares and all such stuff at the cabbage man's, how many of the people in Wexford, who have been starved by this gentleman, are aware of this fact, we hope they will note and inwardly digest.

The schooner "Wilson," hailing from Arklow, which had brought coals to Stafford months ago, arrived on Saturday last with a cargo of coals for Brench. The coalporters refused to unload her until the captain signed the agreement not to have anything to do with Stafford in the future. When the agreement was written it was found that the captain had gone home to Arklow. His brokers communicated with him, and the following telegram was received at the Union Room:—

"Arklow, Tuesday.
"Connolly, Union Delegate,
"Charlotte street, Wexford.
"Guarantee have no future dealings with Stafford.

"TYRELL, 'Wilson.'
The latest addition to scabdom is that famous gramophone on Bride street, "Man" Busher. This fellow had more talk about Trade Unionism than Jim Larkin; he was actually as bad as Billy Byrne.

We would very much like to know how it is that a certain public-house, not a hundred miles away from Stonebridge lane, is allowed to carry on all classes of gambling under the peeler's very nose. There is always card playing going on for very high stakes in the snug. Policemen are often seen to drop in and look at the game, yet there is nothing about it; while poor publicans who are barely able to live are watched night and day. What says County Inspector Sharpe about this? It may be information for him, anyhow.

We must congratulate James Crobie, weighmaster at Mr. William O'Keefe's, for having refused to weigh corn for Stafford's scallywags. If Curley at Nunn's had done the same thing, there would be little trouble there now. But we could expect nothing better from Curley, as he was with Wickham and Jim Kerney at the Windmill Hills denouncing Parnell when he was fighting for the farmers in the Land League days, when boycotting was brought to a fine art. What say the farmers now to their friend Dick? It is a usual thing for a son to follow his father, but it seems to have got upside down on this occasion.

Irish Stationary Engine Drivers and Firemen's Trade Union,
Trades Hall, Capel Street,
17th October, 1913.

As there is doubts about the man who works the crane for Messrs Heiton & Co. discharging the ss. Salton, we have no knowledge of who he is, as no member of above received instructions to do so. We can vouch for all Heiton's errandmen with the exception of one, Donald Bowie, 6 West road, who has intimated to us that he is going to resume work this week-end, contrary to the principles of our trade union.—Fraternally yours,
JOHN COFFEY, Secretary.

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LEIGHS, of Bishop St.
STILLB BREAD.

Cork Notes.

Arbitration in Trade disputes, from past experience, is of no advantage, and that has been proved beyond contradiction by the difficulties that have arisen from being adopted in the recent dispute in the Furnishing Trades' in this city.

The employers conceded the advance after some logical persuasion but, wily enough, put in the proviso that the "scabs"—their dividend swellers—should not be deprived of their situations, because they helped the employers to fight the men who actually taught them (the scabs) how to produce a fair day's work for a fair day's pay; and these eight parasites, COMDONED AND VOTED FOR the resolution, passed in their society, demanding a just remuneration for their labour, and when the momentous time came, the following eight joined the "Order of Judas":—
SHINING SCABS.

Donoghue, father and two sons (the unholy family from the kingdom of Kerry), are "scabbing" in the Munster Arcade. Not content "basking in the sunshine of opulence in our fair city by the Lee," but they actually raise the "Hue and Cry" to bring back one disciple of the family, who was evading everything, for two years, bar "scabbing" to assist the employers in their blood-sucking campaign to crush those who befriended them, in their hour of need.

Danny Linsahan, Cash's "scab" for the second time. "Dannyman," he was disappointed on his second turn. Life for him was not quite so comfortable as when he was a "maiden" scab, and it is confounding to us, that the high-spirited residents of the "Mask" don't ostracise him for being a bad example to their husbands; and, as for his aide-de-camp, "Stat'ring Paddy," we are convinced you are coaching him well in the art of scabbing, so that when the occasion arises in his own society, he can do likewise—vote for to strike, have his mind made up to scab it on his fellow-workers under police protection.

Cronin (Munster Arcade nondescript). It would be futile on our part to describe him; but I would refer him to a paragraph in last week's "Irish Worker," headed: "Definition of a Scab."

UPHOLSTERER SCABS.—"Mr." Galligan (Queen's Old Castle). This scab's do-well, who only just finished his probation period as a "slim" Trade Unionist, having had to be whitewashed on his arrival here, may try to convince himself that he is "right for life"; but I can convince him, from what I know about the "Queen's," he will require the assistance of the Trade Union he has cast on one side. He has not, as he thought, sold the Trade Union movement, but only himself, to those who would not afford him shelter but compelled him to face the jeers and sneers of the Trade Union workers, both male and female, under police protection.

Next in order comes the Morley, alias Mervy, dust, from the ancient village of Douglas, where the inhabitants held them in unholy detestation for their mercenary propensities.

Mott (the schismatic), having a soft falling towards liability companies, he has lost a bit in the Cork Coal Co., is seriously troubled about the directors' salaries, the shareholders' dividends, and the starving out of his "fellow men and the holy innocents depending on them," throws over his society and joins the "Murder" Murphy gang, to swell the dividends of Cah and Co; and, not content with that, he is seen going into work before time in the mornings to make sure the directors, shareholders, managers, buyers, etc., won't go short!

His brother, cabinetmaker in the Arcade, the only scab in that branch, comes under the same head as Cronin, a nondescript, and each and all of them has not alone made a name for themselves, but also for their children's children, that will go down with them to the 7 graves.

"Unwept, unhonoured, and unused." Let this be a warning to all trade unionists, no matter what enticing emoluments are held out by the blood-suckers, not to betray their fellows, as I think, just as the Irish Labour Leader thinks, the day is not far distant when the traitor to Trade Unionism will be treated in the same manner as the traitor on the battlefield.

One of the female members of the branch having reported that she was mulcted for a month's salary for damage that could be repaired for a halfpenny by her employer, a Mrs. Fell, of Queen's Hotel, Parnell's place (an ex-police-man's wife), the Secretary placed the matter in the hands of a solicitor, and Mrs. Fell was only too "obliging" to come to terms with the domestic by paying up the month's salary to her. I may state for future guidance to domestic servants that this woman adopts the method of engaging for twelve months, on a month's trial, and as the month is coming to a close she finds some pettifogging fault with the servant, then discharges her and confiscates her month's pay, leaving the young woman penniless in a strange city. This was the eighth girl she discharged in seven months. It is to be hoped that all domestic girls will take note of this, and come along and join the Female Branch of the Irish Transport Workers' Union, 4 Merchants' quay, Cork where they can obtain all information required and protection given against such tyrants as Mrs. Fell.

A very large and representative meeting was held on Sunday in Parnell place, at which P. T. Dely gave a lucid and detailed account of the great struggle which their brethren in Dublin was fighting for the emancipation of the workers, not alone of Ireland, but the whole universe. And he sincerely

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EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

SWEETEST AND BEST. THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

thanked those present and the citizens of Cork in general for the spontaneous and magnificent support given to exterminate "Murphyism" once and for all from our midst, that we might live higher and nobler lives.

TRANSPORT WORKER.

The Bishop of Birmingham, in the "Commonwealth" of this week, expresses the opinion that the proposed establishment of fifty millions is a dangerous step and one which will eventually disturb the workers and give more power to the wilder spirits in the Labour movement. It is the very last way of securing industrial peace. In the end capitalism would suffer. Men were always stronger than money, because men were voters, and every Government would finally have to support men against money. The massing of capital to fight men was foredoomed to failure, but meanwhile meant enormous misery.—"Free Press," Oct. 1, 1913.

STRIKE LAY.

Have you evils to redress? Sick together!
Are you anxious for success? Stick together!

Do you in a battle fight? Stick together!
Faced by reason and by right? Stick together!

Then, I say, with all your might? Stick together!

Thus, to spurn unworthy bribes, Stick together!

Thus, to answer sneers and jibes, Stick together!

Thus, to gain your righteous end, Stick together!

Thus, to make injustice bend, Stick together!

Thus, to attack and thus defend— Stick together!

Strength alone in union lies— Stick together!

Union every foe defies— Stick together!

Courage, patience, persevere! Stick together!

Banish all ignoble fear— Stick together!

Onward with a hearty cheer— Stick together!

ROBERTS.

Stonecutters' Union of Ireland Insurance Society.

Approval No. 70.

All members requested to attend adjourned GENERAL MEETING on Wednesday next, 22nd October, at 8 p.m., in Trades Hall, Capel Street.

JOHN SHERWIN, President.
THOMAS FARREN, Secretary.

CITY OF DUBLIN Operative Farriers' Society

53 BOLTON ST., DUBLIN.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."
October 16th, 1913.

DEAR SIR,—On the 29th of August six members of the above society were locked-out without any notice by Mr. Freeman, V.S. Harry street, and three by Mr. Lambert, V.S., of South Richmond street, for not shoeing horses belonging to the "Independent" Company. I can assure you that they have never been shod in either yards before.

Now Mr. Freeman has employed three scabs—the names of two I can give—Nicholas Balance, ex-soldier, and late stable man to Messrs. O'Brien & Co., mineral water manufacturers, Henry place; and Andrew Lawless, Hudson terrace, Bray, who was employed by Mr. Fanning, contractor, as a saters' helper; the third man I do not know by name, but he resides in the vicinity of Mr. Freeman's yard. Later on I will give more information.

JAMES GORMAN, Secretary.

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Remember 13 Stafford Street. No other address finds us.

NOTICE.

All members of the Transport Union are to keep away from T. BYRNE'S BUNGERY, Summerhill.

He ordered a Collector out of his Shop.

L. Doyle, Publican, BRUNSWICK ST., Serving Scabs out of "Independent" and "Herald."

KATIE LYNCH, (Now Mrs. Brazier)

HAMILTON ROW, Selling "Independent" & "Herald."

WORKERS PLEASE NOTE.

TIM HEAVY.

[Notwithstanding many provocations, I have never yet reported of my Irish birth. If, however, Tim Healey ever gets elected or accepted as leader of the Irish people, I will scrape my skin off, purchase a tomahawk, and to a Red Indian.]

There was a little office boy, conceited, sharp and mean,

Whose brazen face was seldom washed, whose shirt was seldom clean.

The "devil's luck," as you might guess, upon this urchin fell,

And he was gathered from the mud by Esia's Chief, Parnell.

He did his master's menial work with quite congenial m'nd,

And ever chose as jobs of love the blackest he could find.

The whole immense establishment successfully he led,

And fed and fattened on the fare his benefactor spread.

At length a day of trouble came, the Cheliffin had a fall,

With lion heart he faced his foes, his back against the wall;

The faithless rabs' stoned him there, and fractured every limb,

And foremost of the yelping pack was—dirty little Tim.

Soon after that with showmen haste, the imp became a saint,

The Bishops now his praises sing, the priest's his merits paint;

He publishes a weekly sheet, of morals high and pure,

Oh, can there be a God above, who lets such frauds endure?

J. CONNELL

Phone 3562.

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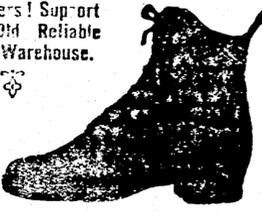
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 Little Mary Street.  
 The Oldest Boot Warehouse in Dublin Irish-Made Bluchers a Speciality.

Go to **MURRAY'S**  
 Sheriff Street,  
 FOR GOOD VALUE IN PROVISIONS AND GROCERIES.

Don't forget **LARKIN'S**  
 LITTLE SHOP FOR GOOD VALUE  
 in Chandlery, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, &c.,  
 36 WEXFORD ST., DUBLIN.  
 IRISH GOODS A SPECIALITY.

**Irish Manufactured WAR PIPES**  
 CAN NOW BE HAD FROM  
**MacKenzie & Macken,**  
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**The Poor and the Slums.**

"Some remedy must be found and quickly found, for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily on the moment on the large majority of the very poor." Twenty-two years have passed since His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, spoke these words. Yet what has been done here in Catholic Ireland? Under the advent of the Transport Union, Irish churchmen seemed to forget that there was a labour question here in Ireland; a Home Rule question, a land question (or a language question, there might be); a labour question existed not in their eyes until the organised, unkillable Irish workers made their power felt. Lally Murphy, that pious Irish Catholic, found there were fetid slums in Dublin—slums, the photographs of which filled his magazine page; slums in which creatures made to the image and likeness of God must rot away in rags and misery.

The present social system has bred in the very heart of our city a lower strata—a race of men and women doomed to, and their miserable lives on the brink of starvation; a race to whom "the earth and air are banned and barred for food and fare"; a race doomed to a more wretched existence than was ever the lot of the negro slave, for the slave had to receive sufficient food to enable him to do his work, whilst the unfortunate labourer must be content with whatever miserable pittance his Christian employer may think fit to dole out to him. It was the master's advantage to prolong the life of the slave so that he might get the utmost value out of him; the free labourer's life has no direct money value for the employer; the conditions under which he slaves may bring him to an early grave, but more remain to take his place.

The unfortunate infant brought into being in the Dublin underworld is cruelly handicapped from the day of his birth; the land that bore him denies him sufficient food, sends him adrift when he can scarcely toddle to swell the ranks of the homeless, ragged, half-starved urchins whose nightly bed is the cold bosom of Mother Earth, and whose only roof is the blue canopy of heaven. Ireland has become a land of sanctimonious hypocrites, we rejoice, we are not as other lands, but close our eyes to the miseries that lie at our doors. Priest, parliament and politician all extend their boundless sympathy to the unfortunate labouring class—a word of sympathy at times may cheer a desponding spirit, but no mere verbal sympathy can resign the Dublin work-glasses to the harrowing conditions created by the wealth-wielding classes. To our city the words of Leo XIII are truly applicable—"A small band of very rich men have been able to lay upon the majority of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself."

"As results follow their cause, so is it just and right that the results of Labour should belong to him who has laboured . . . it may be truly said that it is only by the labour of the workman that States grow rich." Yes! you men have made the wealth of this land of ours, and for God sake rid your mind of the delusion that it is a poor land—this land as rich as its size as any land on the face of the earth—a land wherein £60,000,000 lies unutilised in its banks; a land with an overseas trade of £140,000,000 per year. You make the wealth for a few to riot in luxury while you sink back to your "Kaffir kraals" to eat the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table.

"The Church's desire is that the poor should rise above poverty and wretchedness, and should better their conditions in life." For these objects you are striving—in these you have the sanction of the head of your church. These and these alone, are the objects of the Transport Workers' Union—it is not a socialist body, though some of its best men are socialists. With the theories of the German Marx, or the atheistic Engels, or the anarchist Morris, it has no connection. Larkin, who is himself an avowed Socialist, has in practice, at any rate, given no adhesion to the doctrines condemned by the Fr. Loughlins—he is neither an atheist nor a disowner of the marriage tie, but on the contrary, he is a Catholic, and married according to the rites of Holy Church.

The Dublin workman ought by this time to be fairly well convinced of the reliance to be placed on the attacks of individual priests—in attacking Marxism or the repudiation of the marriage tie they are perfectly justified; in fact did they not do so they would fail in their duty. What we do complain of is that they seek to insinuate that these doctrines are professed by the Union. Knowing the Dublin Catholic workman, they ought to know that such doctrines can never find support from him.

Irish Churchmen have seen the growth of the wretched conditions under which

the working class labour. These conditions are not the growth of one day—they are the result of a long series of injustices. The Irish Church has silently watched these acts perpetrated; yet she moves only when the stress of conflict is on the land. Had she spoken in days of peace when labour silently and uncomplainingly bent its back under the load of misery; had she then from her altars raised a voice against tyranny and injustice, she would, indeed, be hearkened to to-day. Now, when the battle is drawn, individual churchmen may air their views on Socialism, Syndicalism and every other "ism" which have as much connection with the present struggle as Budhism. Irish Churchmen are stultifying themselves by their frequent cry of "w! l! w! l!"

In 1898 Fr. Murphy and the patriotic priests were "silenced" by Fr. Henry Jacobson; in the days of O'Connell the opponents of the Veto incurred the clerical ban for some other "ism"; in 1848 young Irelandism was the enemy; a titheless Irelandism was anathema to Cardinal Cullen and his friends; in 1877 hell was not hot enough, or eternity long enough to burn the flames of Fenianism; in the Seventies Land Leagueism was banned; in the Nineties Parnellism: Sinn Feinism later became the heretodox "ism"; Gaelic Leagueism, when fighting for essential Irish was labelled as Clericalism, and only a few months ago the Secondary Teachers when agitating for their rights were denounced as promoters of Secularism. So don't be disheartened by incurring the displeasure of an accursed Fr. Condon. Outside their own sphere, even priests themselves, have consigned a Galileo to a dungeon for teaching an "ism" now universally held.

Discontent there is—discontent there has been even before Jim Larkin set foot in Ireland; discontent, voiceless, unorganised, but nevertheless a discontent deep-rooted in the hearts of the workers—a discontent against the Moloch of Murphyism, in whose honour infant life and female virtue have been a sacrifice "from the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof" Murphy admits that there are and were in Dublin employers who treated their men unjustly (whether these are members or not of the Employers' Federation he fails to tell us); he has admitted that Larkin has done good to raise the wages of the lowest class of unskilled workers in Dublin. If these are facts there was evidently a need for a Larkin; there was "a mission" for him to fulfil in Ireland. If he has benefited one family—if he has saved one soul from the influences which assuredly make for its eternal and moral damnation—he has done a noble work.

Capitalism has bred in our cities drunkenness, despondency and immorality; Larkinism—temperance, hope, and better conditions that make for purity. Preach away, ye herchemen, the beauty of virtue, the heinousness of vice, but touch not the root cause; lest our wealthy Catholics, our s'm owning publicans, our millionaire paper magnates may cease to pay their Easter dues. Rather than that this dire calamity should happen, let a system prolific in vice—a system breeding thieves, and drunkards in holy Ireland. Is there no Irish Saveronola who will speak out his mind regardless of the Medicis who prey upon the workers of our land?

A few points concerning this "Anti-Catholic, Anti-National Union" may not be out of place:—

1. It has won a general increase of wages.
2. Has directed attention to Housing Question.
3. Has opposed jobbery and food adulterators.
4. Has opened a pleasure resort for the workers in Fairview.
5. Has given its support to every Trade Union fight.
6. Has ever advocated the settlement of disputes by Conciliation or Arbitration.
7. General levy for Ringsend Catholic Church.
8. Partridge fought the Catholic fight in Inchicore.
9. Larkin won the right for men in Royal Canal Company to attend Sunday Mass.
10. Temperance always inculcated by its leader.
11. Has always given a Christmas dinner to the poor and homeless.
12. Strong support given to Gaelic League programme (in fact the Murphys wished to exclude the Union from the Language Procession).
13. Genuine support of Irish manufactures—badges, paper, &c., Irish made.
14. Is a union founded and governed by Irishmen.
15. Has taken part in every real national demonstration, e.g. Parnell Demonstration last Sunday.
16. Larkin's personal courage in Canal street fire.

"CELTI."

**OUR FIGHT.**

By WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

Glasgow is a fine, fine way from the town of Oldham but there is no difference in the sympathies of the people of either place for the men, women, and children heroically struggling in Dublin against the most degrading conditions, yet a tempted to be forced in a people by the most cruel method ever adopted by a mortal being for subjugation through the teachings of that Saviour Who was gentleness and kindness itself.

Did William "Murder" Murphy and his soulless supporters ever read the parable of the unjust servant, where debts were forgiven by a generous master and who, after such generous treatment, went out and heartlessly cast a fellow servant into prison? Does William "Murder" Murphy and his friends know what happened to this unjust servant? Is it because God has allowed William "Murder" Murphy to amass great wealth by robbing the toiling masses of their just share of the fruits of their labour, or by taking to himself the 22,000 rd shares in Clery's, as told in last week's "Worker" by the member of the miners depressed, that God is to permit this arrogant and impertinent tyrant to prevail right to the end?

Murphy may deny, but he cannot prove himself innocent of the martyred blood of Charles Stewart Parnell. Murphy and his friend Healy were amongst the many hounds that tracked this unpurchasable Irish Leader to his untimely grave. For unchristian motives of jealousy Mr. Healy put £5,000 into the "Independent" Newspaper Company so that he might rob Thomas Sexton of the credit of taking the "Parnell" out of difficulties and bringing it triumphantly along the road leading to success. For the same unwholy and ungodly reasons Murphy opposed the erection of the Municipal Art Gallery on the river site, and with the aid of such disreputable tools and with the assistance of Councilor "Belly" Richardson, Spy or Sparrow Kelly, and others of that ilk, he succeeded in depriving our Dublin friends in the building trade of much needed employment. Is it because God allows Murphy to do all this that God is to permit him to starve the women and children of our Dublin workpeople, so that our men, hearing the cries of children, seeing the pleading, patient glances of the tearful eyes of our women, shall be compelled to accept terms that could not be enforced by either bullet or bayonet. No, surely GOD CANNOT ALLOW THAT, surely He will make it impossible for a creature made of common clay to accomplish so much ruin and create so much misery. And flushing through my brain as I write are the Divine words, "VENGEANCE IS MINE; I WILL REPAY." Yes, I leave Murphy to God, and I could not leave him in hands more terrible.

Speeding along to Glasgow, I purchase the "Evening Times" and am treated to Jim's magnificent speech. Larkin on the scaffold in Manchester, many years ago, prayed and died for Ireland. To-day Larkin in Dublin lives and fights for Ireland, and is opposed by men whose weapons are less merciful than either the bayonet, the bullet, or the rope. Everyone I encountered was discussing Larkin's speech. Everyone was rejoicing in the awful disclosures made at the Commission, which had proved to the unprejudiced public who were the real culprits in the case. One man solemnly assured me that Jacob's biscuits were no longer eaten by anyone, why he exclaimed, they taste and smell of human blood, as a matter of arithmetic he said, the Dublin employers, plus Murphy, plus Healy, plus the police and the rest of them, are not equal to Larkin, and I replied by stating that that was not a matter of arithmetic, but a matter of fact.

On Sunday evening I made my way to the Metropole Theatre, and found all approaches blocked with crowds of eager people anxious to meet Jim Larkin. Forcing my way through, I succeeded in getting in by the stage entrance, and found the same conditions of crowding prevailing inside. I was introduced to Councilor Taylor, and other prominent men, who were anxious for tidings of Jim, but I am unable to give them any. Keen disappointment was expressed by all present, at the non-appearance of the Chief. On learning that the Commission had broken up, on the question of victimisation, I wired Jim that "WE COULD DIE BY OUR WOUNDED COMRADES, BUT WOULD NEVER DESERT THEM" and then went on the stage to tell the facts of the Dublin dispute. My reception was enthusiastic, and my statements were listened to with sympathy and attention, when I told of our work in restraining

the men in dispute, and stated as a reply to the brutal boast of some of our Dublin police—that if we withdrew that influence, and gave the word—there would not be one of them alive in twenty-four hours. The whole house rose to its feet cheering, amidst shouts of "give the word! give the word! to which I replied that was held like a rarer than did Mr. William Martin Murphy or those behind him who coined their profit out of the sweat and blood of the people, and that we were not out there to give evidence but to prevent it; and I stated that with the practical assistance of the workers of the three counties and the proper use of the legal and legitimate means at our disposal we could achieve success without bloodshed. The voluntary collection taken at the meeting amounted to £25 5s 6d. I also addressed an overflow meeting outside the theatre, where I was accorded a hearty reception.

Amongst the many I met in Glasgow was an excellent person known as "The Lone Scout" who is anxious to receive some copies of the "Irish Worker" for disposal amongst his friends, and as I promised to send his application to head office, I cannot do it in a better way than by thus embodying it in this article.

Witnessing the result of the meeting to Jim Larkin, I set out on my return journey to Bolton, where I addressed a public meeting outside the Town Hall, assisted by kind friends from the local Trades Council, and where collections were taken. I afterwards proceeded to the Spinnery Hall and addressed two branch meetings of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and resolutions were passed asking the Executive Council of that body to continue the weekly levy while the dispute lasted in Dublin. Collections were also taken at these meetings. Bidding my friends in the Trades Council "good-bye," I resumed the homeward journey to Oldham, where I arrived about midnight, and am informed that the ironmoulders of the town are holding a special meeting the next day and I am expected to be present.

My visit to the Ironfounders' No. 2 Branch, Oldham, resulted in the granting of £3, a voluntary levy of 3d. per member while the dispute lasted. Our good friends the Oldham Cardroom Workers, Mr. Cameron's Society, voted £50 to defeat the waters. I was negotiating for the holding of public meetings in Barrow-in-Furness when a letter arrived telling of illness within the family circle, and having at the moment no engagement, I set out for "dear old duty" Dublin, where I arrived on Friday morning. The following evening I set out for Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent, and I arrived at my destination at ten o'clock on Sunday morning. Partaking of a hurried breakfast, I set out in Councilor Barber's motor car with Mr. Thornton to Hanley Market square, where an enthusiastic and sympathetic meeting was held. We then proceeded to the Market square, Tunstall, where another inspiring meeting was held, and where our photos were taken by a living picture operator. Had the meeting been held in Dublin we ourselves should have been taken, not by the living picture operator, but by a big, burly, brutal policeman. That night we returned to the Hanley street Market square, where another excellent meeting was held, and the result of the day's work was represented by £34 13s. 2d. The programme for the week is as follows:—Monday, Tunstall market place; Tuesday, Hanley market place; Wednesday, Lute. Thursday, Crews; Friday, Stafford; Saturday, Newcastle-under-Lyne. Sunday meetings in all the foregoing towns.

Efforts were made to have Jim come to Burslem, when the large st. Hall would be taken, and a magnificent meeting assured. But Jim was held up elsewhere, overlaid with invitations and work. In the meantime, how goes it in Dublin? The Old Guard I know can be relied upon to keep the flag flying. The newest recruits have proved themselves worthy comrades in a gallant fight; with the Trade Union movement of the world rushing to our side, we can face the future without fear. Friends there must be no foolish compromise. The master's unchristian and ungodly attempt to starve our women and children has failed. Let us press our victory home.  
 WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

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