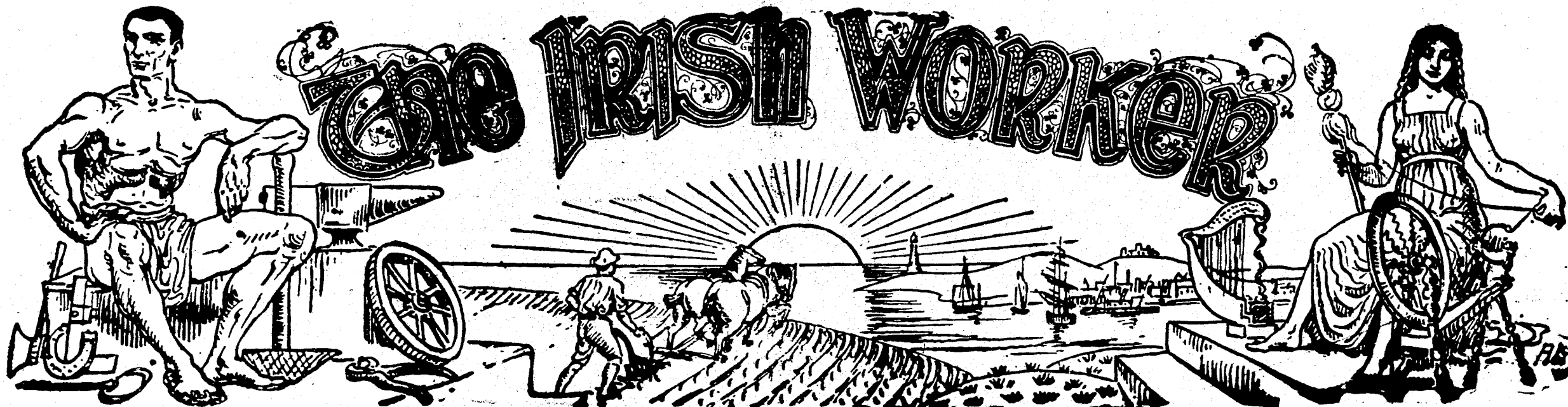


Who is it speaks of defeat? I tell you a cause like ours; Is greater than defeat can know— It is the power of powers. As surely as the earth rolls round As surely as the glorious sun Brings the great world moon wave Must our Cause be won!



The price of the state is to stand upon 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 Finlay Laker.

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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCT. 3rd, 1914.

ONE PENNY!

Redmond Cannot Deliver the Goods.

By JAMES CONNOLLY. The action of the Provisional Committee of the Irish National Volunteers in repudiating the nominees of Mr. Redmond, and proceeding to re-take that control which they ought never to have abandoned...

Never was the peril of Irish Nationality greater, never were the forces of national and social freedom more in danger of death from moral asphyxiation than at the outset of this Redmond-Asquith conspiracy. Every force capable of influencing and confusing the people had been corrupted successfully beforehand...

The Asquith Fiasco. A Visitor's Impression.

To be in Dublin for the Redmond-Asquith recruiting meeting was an education in the ways that are dark, the tricks that are vain of England's faithful garrison in Ireland.

The loyalty of the common people was so genuine, taking the Irish Press at their face value, that I expected a triumphal procession of Union Jacks escorting the Prime Minister and Mr. Redmond through the streets of Ireland's Capital.

Not perhaps till the Great Day of reckoning will we discover how many thousands of brave young Irishmen have been betrayed to their deaths on Continental battlefields by those treacherous tactics of Redmond and Devlin and their local wirepullers.

All this campaign was designed to find its crown and apex in the recruiting meeting in the Mansion House. Observe the steps in the campaign. First the Volunteers were threatened with a rival force, then their Provisional Committee was packed by Mr. Redmond with men who were prepared to sell Ireland to the Empire...

teers to defend Ireland for the Empire. Mr. Redmond proceeded to offer the Volunteers for service abroad, and finally it was hoped by the Mansion House meeting to stampede the Provisional Committee and bully, seduce or confuse the Volunteers into an en masse enrolment as soldiers of the British army.

The unconquerable spirit of the Dublin Nationalists, the acute political insight of the Dublin workers, and the Napoleon-like stroke of the old Provisional Committee in resuming control at the psychological moment saved the situation for the country at large, as the magnificently defiant demonstration at the head of Grafton and Dawson streets by the Citizen Army saved the situation for Dublin itself.

We may now confidently expect the Redmondites to make the fight of their lives to resume control of the Volunteer movement. For that end they will flood the country with agents, for that end they will spend money like water—and as it is in the cause of England they will have money enough to spend—and for that end they will leave no stone unturned, no slander unused, no man or woman's character unassailed.

For some of us the finish may be on the scaffold, for some in the prison cell, for others more fortunate upon the battlefields of an Ireland in arms for a real republican liberty. We bespeak for the Provisional Committee the support of all ready to face whatever that might entail, in the determination that we shall show the world that, though Redmond may sell Ireland he cannot deliver the goods!

THE MANSION HOUSE FIASCO FROM WITHIN.



Meeting of "Free and Accepted Masons."

the Board of Erin," someone answered, and I was told they were going to form guard on the Mansion House. "Are they going to enlist?" "No damn fear; they will wait till Joe goes first." Yet I followed to see men who took an oath as Hibernians to ever work for Irish National Independence help the police to terrorise their fellow-citizens. It could be seen that the big majority of the citizens were antagonistic. A lot of women who evidently had sons in the British army cheered and the men with the rifles cheered back. Some rockets went off, and I looked for the Prime Minister. No one seemed to have seen him pass in though on the look out for him. Neither did anyone see him come out. It was noticeable that many of the motors seemed to have only the chauffeurs on board. Some one said the occupants were in the bottom hiding. A recruiting office was opened in Grafton street. Guarded by police, its wall-lit windows posted with plausible stories of German atrocities which seemed copied from the history of the Rebellion of '98, attracted the attention of everyone. But the crowd waited in vain for a recruit to enter. The crowd here and everywhere else seemed in awe of the police. The Dublin strike and Bachelor's walk told the people that Asquith & Co. would not hesitate to shoot or kill. Police marching and counter-marching made the more timid run from the precincts on a few occasions. The dread seemed infectious for I ran also. After a false alarm I got bolder and stood in a doorway to let the crowd run past. Some women-suffragettes were arrested, and the excitement sent the crowd running down past Trinity and across College Green. Next a man was frog-marched off. One policeman twisted his ear, while others tried other brands of refined cruelty, such as twisting his arms and legs. Certainly the D.M.P. need not read accounts of German atrocities. They know their own atrocious work too well to be moved by any yarn from Belgium. Two R.I.C. men helped the six locals to carry the poor devil. Another local disengaged himself to rush at the crowd to knock down a newsboy and send women shrieking away in terror. A tall plain-clothes ruffian in a chequer tweed cap, armed with a walking-cane, seemed to superintend the atrocities. Then the meeting seemed to end, and motors flew past. A number walked, all above the military age except a few priests, who doubtless never heard Banim's lines:— I am the slave they say, Soggarth Aroon. Since you are showing the way, Soggarth Aroon. Their slave for ever to be And never hope to see Our poor old country free, Soggarth Aroon. Then the Volunteers, with bayonets. Cheering and shouting. The crowd meeting and hooting. A lull, and we looked for the Prime Minister. A few taxis full of Volunteers flew past. "The Germans are after them," said a wag behind me. A loud cheer up Grafton street way. Here's Asquith, now, I thought, and the crowd surged up while the police formed together. A lot of men with fixed bayonets came in sight and a waggonette. "Larkin!" And the crowd surged up cheering to meet the man who dared to do what the leader of the Irish race at home and abroad dared not do with all his police and soldiers. Larkin had held a meeting in Stephen's Green. Sorry we had missed it, but here he was and we found ourselves joining in and shouting "Cheers for the Kaiser." Good God! who would have thought it. "To hell with Redmond the traitor!" "Up, the Germans." I expected the police would charge. But no! The Citizen Army were armed, and it was different fighting armed men to defenceless women and children. The crowd surged on. A volley of revolver shots in the middle of the police cordon from the waggonette was cheered by the crowd, and the excitement seemed to make the crowd mad; their feelings being pent up all the evening, and they were letting themselves go. Individual policemen, or in small groups were jeered at, "Go out and fight for your masters," they were told; but even those who were so brave in arresting individuals showed a wholesome dread of the Citizen Army. Larkin had been allowed to speak where Skeffington had been arrested, although a score of horse police were near at hand. The cowardly Asquith, accompanied by his wife, "the woman with the serpent tongue," had to sneak away. He is said to have even ignored Redmond and forgotten to say good-bye before leaving the Chief Recruiting Office, as the Mansion House is now known. Larkin had a triumphal progress. In front of the Old House of Parliament Connolly, of Belfast, again pledged the people to fight the same fight as their fathers fought, and with revolvers cracking the Citizen Army accompanied by a huge crowd of sympathisers, many wearing Volunteer outfits, marched to the Parnell Statue singing "God Save Ireland," alternatively whistling the marching song of the Dublin Volunteers, "Clare's Dragoons." At Liberty Hall the crowd again, at Larkin's bidding, vowed the old-time vow of allegiance to Ireland, and then the first and last verses of "God Save Ireland" were joined in with enthusiasm, the memory of the Manchester atrocity enthusing the multitude in a fashion which belied all that Redmond and his Castle gang were saying elsewhere. Next day Asquith sneaked out of Ireland guarded by armed police. On Sunday the latest of his victims was buried. The Board of Erin Volunteers took no part in the funeral. It was embarrassing to the Government for poor Pidgeon to die at such a time and an inquest was not even held. The Volunteers—rebel Volunteers, not loyal—made a splendid show. Not much use in trying to persuade us that Dublin is loyal. The organ of the Sham Squire and George McSweeney may say so, but Dublin is as true as ever to Ireland. The British garrison and their West British allies may say as they like, but they can go elsewhere for recruits. Not even the Board of Erin will give a man out of their traitorous crew. They are too much afraid of their skins to fight for their own country much less stop a German bullet. The man of the hour is Larkin. God bless him. And the need of the hour is a daily paper. Would not Arthur Griffith, D.P. Moran and Jim Larkin devise some means between them to get it going? There will be plenty of writers, and I believe, plenty of money, too. If we had a paper to voice the Irish-Ireland view, Asquith would not prostitute Dublin, nor Redmond the Mansion House. God send that the ways and the means will be found soon. In the meantime I go back to my home. To all I meet I will say that Dublin stands for Ireland and Ireland only.

CAUTION

The Pillar House, 81a HENRY ST., DUBLIN, —IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE— Bargains by Post.

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

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cheering to meet the man who dared to do what the leader of the Irish race at home and abroad dared not do with all his police and soldiers. Larkin had held a meeting in Stephen's Green. Sorry we had missed it, but here he was and we found ourselves joining in and shouting "Cheers for the Kaiser." Good God! who would have thought it. "To hell with Redmond the traitor!" "Up, the Germans." I expected the police would charge. But no! The Citizen Army were armed, and it was different fighting armed men to defenceless women and children. The crowd surged on. A volley of revolver shots in the middle of the police cordon from the waggonette was cheered by the crowd, and the excitement seemed to make the crowd mad; their feelings being pent up all the evening, and they were letting themselves go. Individual policemen, or in small groups were jeered at, "Go out and fight for your masters," they were told; but even those who were so brave in arresting individuals showed a wholesome dread of the Citizen Army. Larkin had been allowed to speak where Skeffington had been arrested, although a score of horse police were near at hand. The cowardly Asquith, accompanied by his wife, "the woman with the serpent tongue," had to sneak away. He is said to have even ignored Redmond and forgotten to say good-bye before leaving the Chief Recruiting Office, as the Mansion House is now known. Larkin had a triumphal progress. In front of the Old House of Parliament Connolly, of Belfast, again pledged the people to fight the same fight as their fathers fought, and with revolvers cracking the Citizen Army accompanied by a huge crowd of sympathisers, many wearing Volunteer outfits, marched to the Parnell Statue singing "God Save Ireland," alternatively whistling the marching song of the Dublin Volunteers, "Clare's Dragoons." At Liberty Hall the crowd again, at Larkin's bidding, vowed the old-time vow of allegiance to Ireland, and then the first and last verses of "God Save Ireland" were joined in with enthusiasm, the memory of the Manchester atrocity enthusing the multitude in a fashion which belied all that Redmond and his Castle gang were saying elsewhere. Next day Asquith sneaked out of Ireland guarded by armed police. On Sunday the latest of his victims was buried. The Board of Erin Volunteers took no part in the funeral. It was embarrassing to the Government for poor Pidgeon to die at such a time and an inquest was not even held. The Volunteers—rebel Volunteers, not loyal—made a splendid show. Not much use in trying to persuade us that Dublin is loyal. The organ of the Sham Squire and George McSweeney may say so, but Dublin is as true as ever to Ireland. The British garrison and their West British allies may say as they like, but they can go elsewhere for recruits. Not even the Board of Erin will give a man out of their traitorous crew. They are too much afraid of their skins to fight for their own country much less stop a German bullet. The man of the hour is Larkin. God bless him. And the need of the hour is a daily paper. Would not Arthur Griffith, D.P. Moran and Jim Larkin devise some means between them to get it going? There will be plenty of writers, and I believe, plenty of money, too. If we had a paper to voice the Irish-Ireland view, Asquith would not prostitute Dublin, nor Redmond the Mansion House. God send that the ways and the means will be found soon. In the meantime I go back to my home. To all I meet I will say that Dublin stands for Ireland and Ireland only.



Carson's Orange Volunteers PAMPERED. While Catholic Soldiers Die.

How Inniskillings Fare at Dublin and Finner Camp (Bundoran).

A CONTRAST.

[By John J. Scallan, A.O.H., (I.A.A.).]

Do the majority of Irishmen fully realise what they are doing when they enlist in England's army? Do they know that they are selling themselves body and soul into a slavery worse than death itself, that they are betraying themselves and their country's cause, and that they are assisting the most cruel and heartless system of military Government ever known in the history of the world? This is no fancy picture drawn from the brain of some fanatic who hates England, because she is England; but by one who is well acquainted with the British Army, and who will endeavour to give some reasons why young Irishmen should remain at home.

England at the present moment finds herself in the tightest corner she or her Pirate Empire ever was in, and now she shouts at Irishmen to come to her aid. For seven centuries she has used the lash unsparringly on this country, and now she has suddenly discovered what a good friend she has always been to this old land of ours, and at Kitchener's request put a bastard form of Home Rule upon a mythical thing called the Statute Book, to come into force—some day, maybe.

Kitchener, the desecrator of the Mahdi's tomb, the Butcher of Omdurman, the Egyptian tyrant, would entice our Irish boys to their death, by putting them into the firing line during attack, and when forced to retire, compelled to fight the rear-guard action to save the English, Scotch and Welsh, while they, themselves, are being annihilated. Ask where are the 2nd Inniskillings (75 per cent. Nationalists?) Where are the Munsters, the Dublins, the Irish Guards, the Connaughts? (95 per cent. Nationalists)—the best fighting men on God's earth. Wiped out almost completely; and the same fate is awaiting other Irish boys who may be induced to leave their own land at the behest of the arch-traitors, Redmond, Dillon, Devlin and O'Brien. To describe these men as so many Judas Iscariots would be wrong; as Judas secured his thirty pieces of silver, but they have secured nothing for the country which they misrepresent. If they have secured nothing for the country, they have secured £400 a year (at least) for themselves, and secured fine fat Government jobs for their friends. There lies the secret of their betrayal of a Nation. O'Brien's money is invested in French securities, therefore if the Germans should win, the cash would be gone. Hence William's new-found zeal for the British Army.

Witness the treatment that Carson's Orange Volunteers, who are enlisting in the 7th Battalion Inniskilling Fusiliers, are receiving as compared with the Irish regiments, as culled from a Northern Orange paper:—

It must be remembered that the men in the Ulster division will be better off than any other in the army. Through the agency of the headquarters in Belfast, and the keen business heads that are in charge there, a financial deal has been made with the Government whereby every man of the Ulster force will be clothed and equipped as well, if not better, than any officer in the ordinary battalions and will have the following supplied to him:—

- Two uniforms of finest 'officer' khaki, Cardigan jacket. Three all wool 7s. 6d. shirts. Two sets heavy underclothing. Two pairs boots. Three pairs socks. Great coat of 'officer' quality khaki.

Owing to the difficulty in fitting out all the men at once, on account of the large and sudden influx of recruits, every man now at Finner—and also U.V.F. camps—who has to wear his own clothes even for one day in camp is allowed TEN SHILLINGS COMPENSATION, and these clothes afterwards returned free of charge to their homes. At Finner only about 100 are in uniform, and all the rest will receive their compensation financially for the wear and tear of their private clothing.

[Of course the question of religion or politics does not enter into the matter at all; it is the "keen business heads" at the Orange headquarters who have done it all—morrhy!]

The 4th, 5th, and 6th Battalions of the Inniskillings, at present stationed in Dublin, are mainly composed of Catholics and Nationalists (some of whom wanted to join the 7th Battalion as they were not Carsonites), but would not be allowed by the authorities, who although promised 1s. 9d. per day, only received 9d. per day—1s. one day, and 6d. the next. Threepence is deducted for washing, which, by the way, the men have to do themselves under conditions which are a disgrace to civilisation; and at meal time it is a case of first come first served, and the last to turn up at table can go without. Anything is good enough for the mere Irish now as ever. No "officers' quality khaki" for them, nor compensation for clothing; and while Carson's lads had three blankets each and a bed at Finner Camp, the other men of the Inniskillings had to be content at Omagh with one blanket and sleep on the grass. Then, again, these practically Nationalist regiments are to be sent to the slaughter in France, while Carson's pampered pets of the 7th Battalion are to go to Egypt!

You intending recruit, do you like this picture? It is not all—nor half. A young fellow was paraded with his regiment and complained to his colour sergt. of being unwell and unable to do his duty. The "Flag" informed him curtly there was no time for "such nonsense in war

time." The private asked to see his commanding officer, who told him the same story as the sergeant, and at the same time awarded the young soldier four days' confinement to barracks with pack-drill, so as to cure him! This is what any of you Irishmen who enlist leave yourselves open to.

The Leinster Regiment left England for the fighting line a couple of weeks ago. They were half starved, with neither food nor money, and although the regiment was only there a few weeks they buried over a dozen men who died from neglect and want. When these things are occurring at home, what must be the state of the men in France, where, when dying from wounds and disease, they are not even provided with a priest to give them the last Sacraments.

It may be that "Remember Belgium" will be kept before you as something for Ireland to avenge. Had Belgium entered her protest against her neutrality being violated with England and France, as well as with Germany, instead of harbouring 5,000 English soldiers in mufti a fortnight before England declared war on Germany, she would now be as safe as Holland or Switzerland are, but instead Belgium fortified her German frontier and left the sea open to England and her southern line open to France.

Instead of young Irishmen remembering Belgium, let them not forget the burning of the churches and abbeys in their own land, the hunting of priests, the pitch-cappings and the half-hangings, the sending of our people to the Barbadoes as slaves, the spiking of babes on English swords, the English-made famine of black '48, the evictions and the packed juries, the Coercion Acts and Backshot Forsters' regime, the shooting of innocent peasants at Mitchelstown, the judicial murder of the Joycees, the murder of Nolan and Byrne, Howth road, and Bachelors' walk!

This is a list that will give Irishmen plenty to avenge. So in God's name, if you have a taste for military exercises, join the Irish National Volunteers, Citizen Army or Hibernian Rifles. They all stand for the same thing, viz. 'Irish independence—and if you must die with a gun in your hand, why not in the cause of your own land on the green fields of Kathleen ni Houlihan?

Irish Transport & General Workers' Union

Adjourned General Meeting

OF NO. 1 BRANCH (Postponed on account of funeral of our comrade, Pidgeon, on Sunday, 27th Sept.) will be held in Large Room, LIBERTY HALL, SUNDAY, October 4th, 1914, at 12 o'clock. It is essential every member attend. This meeting will be carried out, no matter what crisis may arise.—By order, Jim Larkin.

ADMISSION BY CARD ONLY.

"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. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 8421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, Sat., Oct. 3rd, 1914.

Redmond's Proselytising Campaign.

Was opened on Friday night last in this historical old city. The show was well staged; the claue well trained, and the opening chorus given with great eciait. When the strains of that noble and inspiring doggerel, Gord Sive the King, led by that sweet-toned cajoler, 'Erbert Enery Asquith ceased, a feeling of intense disquietude was removed from the mind of that miserable corrupt manikin, Lorcan G. Sherlock. At last he was assured of the presence of the unwelcome guest, the creature of many promises, Asquith. What a background the stage showed. Every blood-sucker and enemy of Ireland that could be gathered within the confines of the platform was there; every Orange Lodge in Dublin and the country was represented; every Freemason Lodge had its grand master and tyler represented. Never since the days of hanging Norbury was there such an heterogeneous conglomeration of political vultures gathered together. If their father, the Devil, had spread his net he would have found within it more of his children than ever he grabbed before in one swoop. And what had they come to see, these venemous carrion? They believed that the body and soul of the Irish Nation was to be offered up as a sacrifice; that the High Priest, Judas Redmond, would use the sacrificial knife and that the corpse would be thrown to these carrion vultures, to rend. But that which was arranged as a tragedy, was turned into a farce. The high and mighty Anon—the creature who has out-ananised Anonias and who will, we hope, emulate him in the method of his departure in the near future—arose in all his majesty, fortified by the knowledge that 1,800 police, many of them armed with carbines and shot, others with batons and revolvers;

lancers held in reserve, not forgetting those sons of Belial, the process-servers, Nugent's bodyguard of Insurance clerks with their German scapiron guns (who if they heard a few slap-bangs going off would dive down the nearest sewer). All the place-hunters, sweaters, drunkards, labourers, light-weight merchants, three card tricksters were amassed either in the inside or outside the den of infamy, the Mansion House, a building erected for the accommodation of one of the most lewd-mouthed, low-lived creatures that ever cursed a country. George of Hateful memory. What a scene. What a victory. The Lord-Mayor of this great city, the Premier, first commoner, the mouth-piece of the British Empire penned within a ring of steel, with a hired claue to cheer and sing. What a mountain of effort for a mouse of results. The great Lorcan G. Sherlock, I.L.D., Lord Mayor of Dublin; the Great political sphinx; the great Liberal tribune, the great betrayer and his unworthy tool, Judas Redmond, surrounded by creeping, cowardly worms, sinking into a hall, the approaches to which were guarded more carefully than the walls of Paris. Horse and foot to the right of them, the left the front, and the rear of them, and it was screamingly funny to see them squirming and smurking for fear Larkin and his merry men were in the vicinity. Every hole and corner guarded with a "ring of steel" in the words of Lorcan. Around the place of assassination—the place arrayed for Judas to betray his country; and all these preparations, all this money spent, all these hired assassins and police hooligans and Ancient Order of Hibernians (Board of Erin) thugs marshalled to guard the man, who according to Judas Redmond was the adored of Ireland, the only friend of Ireland! Enery Erbert Asquith, who, along with the Leader of the Irish Race at home and abroad, Judas, had come to sell, the other to buy a Nation's honour but thank God for the manhood of Ireland that crime was not consummated, that tragedy was not enacted but changed into a farce. Instead of a Nation's name and tradition being sold the dirty political schemer and trickster, Asquith, was sold; and now he knows what authority Judas had, or has, to speak for the manhood of Ireland. He can return to his boss, Kitchener, and tell him, Redmond cannot deliver the Goods and he must get his dupes somewhere else. For after all the platitudes and lying of Asquith; after all the strutting and mouthings of loyalty to England and disloyalty to Kathleen ni Houlihan of Judas Redmond; after the Mankin had spit out his venom about to hell with contracts; after all the play-actors, such as that bitter weed and venemous growth, Meath; after smug hypocritical Birrell had snivelled and strutted his figure on the stage, the curtain was dropped on 'the farce' and Asquith returns home to realise that Ireland stands determined to-day as seven hundred years ago, for liberty. That Ireland's sons and daughters, though cursed with more than her share of traitors and knaves, are, as determined to day as those who went before them.

"Who rose in dark and evil days To right their native land, They kindled here a living blaze That nothing shall withstand." And true men, like those men, Are plenty here to-day.

Ay, far better the gaol and the scaffold than live as helots and slaves.

Our fathers died to raise your head and give hope unto your heart, and shall we be less worthy than they? No, for the honour and credit of the men of Dublin, they answered the appealing whine of Asquith. They answered the lying Judas, Redmond, on Friday night last in this great old city. Though all Ireland desert you, we will be true and steadfast to her, Our Dark Haired Rosaleen. Dublin's answer was to the traitors and defamers—Not one son of Ireland offered to don England's badge of dishonour. Not a man joined. Not a solitary answer to the appeal of the traitor and seducer. Stand fast for Ireland, boys, until the end. Our hour approaches—

To break the chain and rend in twain, And free our native land.

Canada sent 100,000 bags of flour to Great Britain as a gift to relieve distress. Up to 40,000 was consigned to Dublin—the vessel containing said 40,000 bags arrived on Tuesday in the port (the ss. Riversdale). This Government, which wants you to volunteer as food for powder, arranged with the Port and Docks Board to discharge the cargo. Who did they arrange with? Long, the scab stevedore—the Shipping Federation tool. And so the hired scabs have discharged the cargo, and the Union docker can go idle or enlist. What a lesson for those who have so foolishly forgotten their country in this crisis! Now you see the love the Dublin employers have for you. Your king and country need you on the battlefield of Europe, but leave your wives and children to the tender mercies of the scab employers of Dublin! They who would not give you a job will surely look after your wives and children when you lie dead or fighting in their own interest. There are seventy scabs working on the Riversdale—a number of them Reserve men who have fumbled joining their regiments. When this cargo of flour has been discharged, which was subscribed for by the people of Canada, we expect at least 35 out of the seventy scabs employed will join the Dublin Fusiliers at 100 and 102 Grafton street,

and when they arrive at the Curragh the Red Hand boys will welcome some of them.

Right along the quay this last fortnight good work has been accomplished. What the employers attempted to stave off last year by joining the lock-out with Murphy. A rise in wages sixpence a ton for discharging coal is now the standard. Coal carters have got the twopence a load in the town. Everything we asked last year, with few exceptions were granted. Stick to your guns, whilst the flag flies the battle still progresses. Never mind the Union Jack, watch and keep aloft the Union flag, the Red Hand. All members clear or in arrears should pay a visit and see new picture.

Another of the Loyal Stand-Backs.

Lambert, Brien & Co., of 64 Grafton street, playing the game of "carry-on." Told their workpeople last week that they would have to accept ten per cent.—that is two shillings in pound—reduction in their wages. The blackcoated white-collared slaves behind the counters and desks accepted the reduction without demur, but the vanmen and warehousing staff refused, and went on strike. They were induced to return pending a meeting of directors. The ten per cent. reduction has been lowered to five per cent. This is how the loyal brethren carry on! We wonder did Geo. Hardie, manager, reduce his own salary? We must look up the names of directors and shareholders of these grease and tallow shopkeepers. We expect they subscribed to the Prince of Wales' Fund, the loyal hypocrites. Instead of reducing the wages of their underpaid sweated slaves they ought to increase them by twenty-five per cent. We wonder why the slaves in this firm don't go to fight the Germans because if they land here they will surely seize their property.

In the office of that dirty, lying, infamous and traitorous newspapers which are in the pay of Ireland's enemies the same as in the days of the Sham Squire, the "Freeman" and "Telegraph" they had set in type, ready to issue as a Stop Press on Friday night last, the report,

"LARKIN ARRESTED."

Well if the Mansion House was so well guarded by devils' tools that not even the blessing of God could get in, outside thousands, ay, tens of thousands of the brawn and muscle of Dublin—ay, and the beauty and comeliness of Dublin—were making the rafters of Heaven ring with their vows of loyalty to Kathleen ni Houlihan; and in God's own mansion, under his dome truth, honour and justice demonstrated their determination. And if Larkin was arrested or is to be arrested, what odds, the cause goes on. Truth does not depend on men, for—

Freedom comes from God's right hand And needs a godly train, And righteous men will make our land A Nation Once Again.

Judas E. Redmond gave Sinnott, the Mayor of Wexford, a guarantee that if the working men of Wexford would give no opposition at Sunday's meeting he would not mention anything about recruiting. Judas swallows his own vomit; what about that rope?

It has come to our knowledge that a poor billposter named John Kennedy was arrested on Sunday last while posting a bill, the contents of which we reprint below, as copied from the hoarding. The man was confined for a number of days, no communication with him being allowed. He was never brought up in any Police Court for trial, but was released without any explanation being given to him or notification of any charge against him. We are trying to get into communication with him with a view to have this matter tested in a court of "law"—whether a person can be kept in custody although not charged or tried. Talk of the Bastille and the Man in the Iron Mask or Russian dungeons! This is the law! This is the Government that talks about freedom for small nationalities! This is the price of Redmond's recreancy: No free speech; no freedom of discussion; a muzzled Press; liberty of the person and rights under the law ignored. Any hired assassin or police hooligan can arrest any person and imprison him—no protest, no remedy! This is the inducement to join Kitchener's Army!

We are informed Kitchener wanted to use his Denshaw methods in Dublin last Friday night, but the wily ones knew that that dog would not fight; that although you might shoot down unarmed men, women and children once, a second time would bring retribution. It were well that the people of this country realised that troubled times are ahead. A creature who would dig up a dead body of an enemy or shoot down poor Fellbens such as at Denshaw in the Soudan would not "hesitate to shoot," to quote Balfour.

BY THE KING. A Proclamation!

To our faithful Irish subjects,— We are at present engaged in War with our first cousin, the Emperor of Germany. We hate the Germans because Our father, Our grandfather, Our grandmother, and all Our ancestors were Germans, and every sensible man now a-days hates his ancestors. You also, our brave Irish, had ancestors—blood-thirsty rebels, who wanted to own Ireland for themselves, and be separated from our Glorious Empire;

but Our predecessors on the Throne of England (who were all Germans by birth or by descent) got rid of these narrow-minded savage ancestors of yours. They flogged, hanged, and burned them in '98. They starved them in '48, and brought the food across to feed our Free born Britons (for Ireland was England's lard' then as now). They shipped a few millions who survived the Famine out in Coff'n-ships across the Atlantic, and most of them were thrown overboard, and their bones lie whitening at the bottom of the ocean. A few weeks ago, in Dublin, we managed, with the aid of Our Own Scottish Borderers, to let all who had any recollection of ancestors left, know that we were prepared to clear them out root and branch, and to spare neither women or children in the clearance.

Now, Our Brave Irish, we know you don't want to be reminded that these men were your ancestors, any more than Our Royal Self do that we are German by blood.

We want Men to fight these Germans, and We know from history that the Irish are a Fighting Race. A large number of your countrymen have been sent to the Front to fight the (erman). The most of them have been killed but they died nobly fighting for Us and Our Empire. We want more to fill their places, and only Irishmen will get the post of honor. Come and volunteer for the Army at once, and we will arrange that you will be all sent to the Front and Killed; if you are not killed, when you are no longer of any use for fighting, remember the British Laws—the Poor Laws—have provided for your upkeep in the workhouses of Ireland.

Remember the Empire comes first and the Poorhouse after, if you survive the War.

GEORGE R.I. (Defender of the Faith.) God save the King!

A Gimpse at the Russian Revolution.

BY A RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARY.

Russia is now the centre of great interest, not only for Russia but for all those concerned about the great problems of humanity and human liberty. The Russian problem has many aspects, not the least interesting of which is the struggle for freedom being waged against the forces of Tsardom and bureaucracy by leading intellectuals and a large number of extreme revolutionaries struggling for the light, and fighting for better human conditions, socially and morally. The Russian revolution is a problem which must necessarily interest all those who are concerned with the liberty of the Proletariat of the world.

Many an Englishman took a keen interest to reveal the horrors of the prisons in Siberia. These revelations first appeared some years ago in the "Century Magazine," and it led to the establishment of the "Society of Friends of Russian Freedom," under the presidency of Dr. Spence Watson, who was president several times of the National Liberal Federation.

When the storm of the revolution broke out 'Polstoi was one of the most prominent Heralds who raised his voice against the iniquities of Tsardom. I myself have experienced the Russian school of horrors in the time of the revolution, and the impression made in those days on my mind is very hard to realise for a stranger who does not know Russia. Tremendous dimensions have been constantly deepened.

To solve the problem of Russian freedom will mean to embrace an area of all problems concerned with social life. It must be remembered that every problem so great is a product of history. It is more than sad to think that the persecuted people in Russia should fall into a state of absolute despair, a despair which is likely to be shared by those anxious to help Russian freedom. There is a vast amount of sympathy for those poor people all over the civilised world, but if no action is taken it is simply because the people do not know what they can do.

Humane men hate to be constantly hearing about such things as persecution, prisons, and ritual murder trials; they cannot bear to listen to one story "Horror." I want my friends to realise this. Inaction is not due to indifference. I used to move about a good deal amongst working class audiences, and I have done my share by writing and speaking, in enlightening the public as to the true facts of the Russian situation. I found that there was no lack of interest and sympathy, and my own strong conviction is that an immense cry of relief and gladness would spring from the whole world if it were to find that suddenly a new era has dawned in Russia.

The Western European people, and the Englishmen in particular, are luckier, and got used to provide political reforms rapidly, and it must by the way be remembered not by their present merits but simply because their fathers and grandfathers fought for it.

It is very difficult for an Englishman to realise what a different history the western countries of Europe have had from that of the unfortunate Russia. Although there are many enthusiasts in Europe who maintain that Russia has done a lot in addition to the modern Renaissance, but it's a pity for their blind optimism. There is another living and simple fact which must be taken into consideration, and this is Russian serfdom, which was abolished in England a few centuries ago, notwithstanding the fact that the form of serfdom has changed, but the character is still the same.

Notwithstanding Russian genius of literature and art, there are millions of people who still suppress their noble characters and virtues, or they would be banished to Siberia.

The revolution in 1905, in spite of the reaction that followed it was the beginning of a new era in Russia. Accustomed as we are to melodrama and tragedies, the only thing is that the leaders of the revolution were premature of the right idea how to carry on a revolution, and the fact is that all is the same as it was before the revolution. The evils of prison and exile life is still continuing. The censorship continues in spite of the denials of the Russian Government; the passport regime continues; the persecution of the Jews continues; the police assert themselves in schools, in universities, in factories, and everywhere, and the general corruption which pervades the Russian life is bound to be continued as long as there will be the crippled crown of Russian barbarism either politically or economically. The secret police pursue their plots and counterplots with all their evil designs just to keep up the terrible autocratic regime.

There is one chapter in Russian history which will never be forgotten—the massacre of the Jews, and this was done all in the name of the Russian Constitution.

The revolution of 1905 was a public confession of the failure. The transition to a new state of affairs is not going to be an easy one, but the Russians have learned hard experience though still slight. They have one strong force—perseverance. I am convinced that the Russians begin to understand that they have sufficient opportunities to fight for their social justice and equality. I am quite optimistic for the future, and I am certain that within the next generation there will be an establishment of real freedom, religious, political and social, throughout the vast Empire of Russia, and then Russia will join the builders of human freedom, and help to destroy the slavery of the world. SIDNEY ARNOLD.

To Editor "Irish Worker," Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare.

Dear Jim,—

They are simply playing with us down here. Last week they refused married men their money. This week they are paying it to them. We had an inspection by the General. His words were—"Mix the English and Scotch with the Irish and they would make men of them." Last week they sent the 4th Hussars and 60 of the 16th Lancers away, and they were sent back. Now they are picking a draft from the 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th Dublin Fusiliers to send out. On Sunday last they refused to allow the 8th Battalion of the Dublins to go to Mass, and instead sent them on a route march. "The Boys" here, of which 60 per cent. of them are Larkinites, were anxiously waiting for the result of your meeting last Friday, as we knew you would hold it, so don't forget and let me have word how you got on. In the Camp in the Hollow the R.F. Artillery are dying like flies from pneumonia due to the conditions they are sleeping under. We of the 6th Battalion are overcrowded. The room I am in was made to hold 18 men, and there is 25 men sleeping in it, so that will give you an idea of how we are being treated. Just you tell the men of Dublin that the Bill Lord Kitchener has printed is a fraud, as not one word of it is carried out, and I am willing to prove this in front of any man living. It is only when enlited you find how you have been diddled. It is no use my complaining of how my mother is being treated, as I see in your valuable paper others have been treated the same. One lad (Private Lyons) got a telegram on Friday last saying his mother was dying, and they refused him permission to see her. He took French leave, and when he returned he got 8 days' confinement to barracks and 5 days' pay stopped. Just as I was about to finish my letter I found the English and Scotch have paraded in front of the Colours, and asked to be put in rooms together, and of course, as per usual, the Irish were drove from their quarters like sheep. Another thing I see is the Rugby Footballers down here, but of course they are soldiering in swanky style. They get their food handed to them on plates, but we get it thrown at us. They sleep to themselves, have their own canteen, separate dining hall, and even on parade they are kept to themselves. In fact we are inclined to think that they will refuse to fight altogether when the time comes, as of course they will have to be in the same army as we mere private. Did I say army, "ye gods"? An army of what? The blind, the halt, the lame; in fact every disease under the sun has its home on the Curragh at the present time. Aye and every crime. No rejections, and a great many are working their ticket. They don't fancy soldiering on 2 1/2 p. per day. To look at them on Parade you would imagine they were performing for a Cinematograph—Yours truly, Germany.

Co-Operation.

If you are interested in the Co-operative movement come and hear it explained by Mr. Robert Fleming, President, Co-operative Congress (Dublin) 1914, in the Large Concert Hall, Ranelagh on Tuesday, October 6th, 1914. Start at 8 p.m. Tickets may be obtained free from any of the Branches of the Dublin Co-operative Society:—17, Turlough Terrace, Fairview; 32, Lr. Drumcondra Road; 155, Church Road; 132, Thomas Street.



Wexford Notes.

Redmond, the Recruiting Sergeant, is to be in town on Sunday, and if the people's feelings are what they pretend they are, his reception will be a somewhat mixed one.

When the Volunteers were about to be started he and his party condemned the movement in all its moods and tenes. Then when they saw that it was going on so well, and was getting to be so formidable, they set out to capture it, and we are sorry to say they did so.

We notice by Eddie O'Connell's rag that Redmond does not agree with the arrangements made by the Reception Committee, and insists on holding his meeting in the Bull Ring.

At the general meeting of St. Patrick's Club held on Sunday last, Father Mark O'Byrne in the chair, it was decided unanimously that the Club refuse to take part in the demonstration owing to Redmond recruiting in Ireland.

Well done, workers of Wexford, you have shown the rest of the county what their duty is in this crisis.

Murphy's rag, the "Independent," published the resolution in its edition of Wednesday, but conveniently forgot the fact that there was a Catholic clergyman in the chair. If it were the other way about there would be no need for this note.

The Kathangan Volunteers under the guidance of Father Pat Walsh, also refuse to come, and we have an idea that many of the Corps in the county will adopt the same course.

By the way, we notice by the paper that Phil Cowman says—"That the members of the Workingmen's Club ought to be ashamed of themselves." Musha, Phil, what have they to be ashamed of? Is it for speaking out what almost the whole town are thinking?

It is very interesting to draw our reader's attention to the fact that almost all the Reception Committee are people who in the early days of the fight for Home Rule called Redmond a priest hunter. It will also be very interesting to wait and see how many of them will volunteer for active service after Sunday next.

All right thinking men down here are delighted with Jim Larkin's articles on the relations between Ireland and England and the "Worker" is eagerly sought for on Friday nights.

STRAY SHELLS.

It was not for thirty pieces of silver but for four hundred pieces of gold—Saxon gold—that the Irish representatives at Westminster became an auxiliary to the English recruiting staff, and under the leadership of our modern Judas (John E. Redmond, M.P.) have come to deliver their fellow-countrymen over to execution.

And men of Irish birth and blood are to be sent to the shambles of Europe in defence of a nation that is the author of all the miseries and misfortunes of the Irish race. And that even now with its shadow Bill for Irish legislation is performing on a confiding people its cruelest piece of deception.

Bring forth the rack, the pitch cap, and erect the gibbet. Get out the cat-o-nine tails and lay bare our backs. Despite the treachery of the Irish Party and the poisonous preachings of our putrid Press, thank God there are still in Ireland men who have not forgotten the past, and who will not betray future generations of Irishmen.

While the English Prime Minister lay safely entrenched in the Mansion House of Dublin with the Judas Redmond, My Lord Meath and Little Lorcan, surrounded by the Bailiff's body-guard of five hundred H.B.s., supported by fifteen hundred R.I.C. constables with carbines and revolvers, aided by many hundreds of Dublin's infamous "nut-crackers" and with thousands of military in reserve, Jim Larkin led a triumphant procession through the public streets and did what Asquith or Redmond dare not do—held a public meeting in Dublin.

And Dublin repudiated Redmond! The Volunteers refused to be caught with chaff, and will not be made a tool of England. They will fight only for Ireland, in Ireland, under Irishmen. The renegade Redmond with his empty measure to them will plead in vain; and when we contemplate the architect and his gang of betrayers what thoughts arise within our minds?

Was it for this the Irish people subscribed thousands of pounds of hard earned money so that their sons might be sold for slaughter and their country plunged into lamentation and sorrow? Was it for this that our Irish Colleens in far off America paid cheerfully to the Irish Party their hard-earned savings? Redmond robbed these poor, pure souled exiles, and now he betrays the land they hold so dear.

But Redmond as a recruiting sergeant is a failure—as big a failure as he was at the Bar. Only six men handed in their names at the Mansion House meeting, and even these were sent there as a sort of decoy for geese. But our wild geese to day are, thank God, wise geese, and the Bailiff's bodyguard are out to capture jobs, and not over anxious for glory.

William Martin Murphy was the first creature to walk on the platform on Friday night. After all, did not Asquith help him to crush the workers last year? and William is not ungrateful. He will do what he can to deceive the same workers into now aiding the Government that assisted him so well.

Redmond's son, or his ex-militia-man brother, Willie, or Little Lorcan were not amongst the six who handed in their names at the Mansion House meeting on Friday night. William P. Partridge, T.P.

Redmond's son, or his ex-militia-man brother, Willie, or Little Lorcan were not amongst the six who handed in their names at the Mansion House meeting on Friday night.

William P. Partridge, T.P.

To Editor "Irish Worker."

September 22nd, 1914.

Sir,—I beg to inform you of the treatment the troops of the above mentioned battalion are receiving. We are nearly starved and doing our duty with no shirts on our back or socks on our feet. Some men with no boots on their feet either. All privileges are stopped. We are receiving no money, and will not be allowed to go on pass, even if any one is dying. I went to my Commanding Officer on Tuesday morning and asked him for a shirt. The answer he gave me was—"The only thing that I could do," he said, "is to give you an advance of pay and buy a shirt for yourself." In regard to our rations, we get 1lb. of bread each and a bowl of tea and a half pound pot of jam. Our dinner is the only thing that we can see on the table, and even then we have to shut the doors and windows so that no flies come in and take our meals away. I am sure if there were any other soldiers asked about this they would say the same, and a great deal more. I think I must come to a close for the present.

Yours respectfully, A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

Irish Citizen Army Notes.

On Sunday last a fine muster of the Army turned up and attended the funeral of the latest victim of the "Bachelors' Walk Butchery." With High Street and Inchicore Sections they made a gallant show.

The Volunteers were in great force, and no doubt will have to be reckoned with in the near future. No wonder Redmond and his Recruiting Gang are moving Heaven and Earth to capture them. No better fighting material could be found in any country. But stand fast lads to the old and your time will come quicker than you realise. Be ready.

It is amusing to see the efforts made to fool the Irish into enlisting in England's Army. A leaflet has come into our hands, issued from the "Grafton Street Recruiting Shop," and as well as other truthful lies, it asks the Irish people how would they like to see Dublin share the fate of "Louvain" and "Rheims?" God send the day. One thing at least it would do. It would solve the slum question, and wipe out the only art treasures the workers have to lose.

England to-day is reaping the benefit of her neglect of the workers, and yet she expects them to make a good fight against Germany. She has come to see the danger, and to find that the greatest asset of a nation can have is a strong and healthy working class.

England does not possess that. Germany does. That is why Germany MUST get a place in the sun. A great deal more underlies that expression than most people realise.

There is an ominous silence throughout Ireland. No resolutions of confidence in "John," the leader.

It is the calm before the storm. What does "John" think of "Carson's" latest pronouncement?

Irishmen, read the comments of the English Tory Press, and ask yourselves have you any more cheeks to turn, and if you intend to let the English enemy make door mats of you.

Answer now. Ireland is worth living for, then by Heaven she is worth dying for. Remember Cromwell's words—"This is a land worth fighting for." Bide your time, boys.

All Irishmen, no matter what party they belong to, who believe in Ireland's Independence, must sink all petty differences and show a solid front, and prove to the world that they at least have no act or part in "Redmond's" base betrayal.

To the credit of the Irish Citizen Army it must stand that they were the only organised body to protest publicly at the "Wolfe Tone" site against Redmond's Recruiting policy.

Orders for Week. Company A—Right Half to Drill on Monday night at 8 o'clock, Liberty Hall.

Left Half on Tuesday night, same hour and place.

Company B—Right Half to drill on Wednesday night at 8 o'clock at Liberty Hall.

Left Half—Thursday, same hour and place.

All members of Citizen Army to attend at Croydon Park on Sunday evening at 5 o'clock. Important.

A general meeting of all members of Army will be held in Women Workers' Room on Saturday evening, 3rd October, at 8 o'clock, to elect New Army Council for ensuing six months. Jim Larkin will preside.

Our best thanks is due to the public for their generous support on last Sunday at our display, and we regret that, owing to an accident, the Captive Balloon was damaged, and therefore we were unable to fulfil that part of our programme.

Notice to Volunteers.

Any Company of Volunteers who may be evicted from Drill Halls, can have free use any day or night of Croydon Park rents or rifle range, Inchicore Emmet Hall, good field for drilling at rare, 74 Thomas Street, or any accommodation we can provide. Lee-Enfield rifle will be lent to responsible officer for the purpose of explaining mechanism, loading and firing same.

A Ray of Hope.

Halpin's Hotel, 210 Seventh Avenue, New York City, Sept. 21st, '14.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find One Dollar, my half-yearly sub. to your fearless little journal. "The Irish Worker" is one of the few rays of hope coming across the ocean during these dark days of treachery.

Yours sincerely, Peter Joseph MacSwiney.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland.

JAMES CONNOLLY Lectures on Sunday next, Oct. 4th, in the Trades Hall, at 8 p.m., on IRELAND AND THE WAR.

Admission Free.

MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS.

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

STURMST AND BROTHERS, THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

The Poor Little Guy.

[Dedicated to the Fools in Khaki]

While the legions are locked in the dead line, While the dreadnaughts are glooming the seas, While the horrors of rumour and headline Give a tang to an evening of ease, Let us kneel in the dust of all faction, Let us pray to the peace from on high, For a small, unspectacular fraction— The poor little guy!

In the fangs of the tangling wire He slips in the slime of the dead; He blinks at the spume of the fire And the scream of the stream of the lead; And yet he knows nought of the plotting and nought can he profit thereby; But his is the dying—and rotting— The poor little guy!

Let us pray for his kine in the stable, For his ox and his ass and his swine, For his chair and his plate on the table, For his cornfield and orchard and vine, For the tilth where the women are plying For the bed where he never shall lie, For the ache—that is worse than the dying— The poor little guy!

A pitiful pawn of Vienna, Of Kaiser, of King or of Czar, He is pushed to the pit of Gehenna, To the slide of the great Abattoir. He goes as the wailing devil, As the infinite travelling cry Of the Peace to be born from his trial— The poor little guy!

The Peace of the pure consummation Foretold in the ages before, When nation shall strive not with nation, Nor shall they learn war any more. But, Jesus!—the carrion faces That glare at the pestilent sky, And the trench, at the foot of the glacis— The poor little guy!

W.M. SAMUEL JOHNSON, in the "New York Sun."

American Denial of Atrocities.

In the spirit of fairness we unite in declaring that German atrocities are groundless, as far as we are able to observe. After spending two weeks with the German Army, accompanying troops upwards of a hundred miles, we are unable to report a single instance of unprovoked reprisal. We are also unable to confirm rumours of mistreatment of prisoners or non-combatants. We were with the German columns at Landen, Louvain, Brussels, Nivelles, Binche, Buisiere, Haurtes-Wiherie, Merbes-le-Chateau, Solre-sur-Sambre, and Beaumont without being able to substantiate a single case of wanton brutality. Numerous investigated rumours proved groundless. Everywhere we have seen Germans paying for purchases, respecting property rights of individuals, according to civilian considerations. After the battle of Buisiere we found Belgian women and children moving comfortably about the day after Germans captured town. In Merbes-le-Chateau, we found one citizen killed, but were unable to confirm reported lack of provocation. Refugees with tales of atrocities are unable to supply direct evidence. Belgian burgomaster of Solre-sur-Sambre voluntarily discounted report of cruelty in surrounding country. Discipline of German soldiers is excellent as observed. No drunkenness. To the truth of these statements we pledge our professional personal word.

Roger Lewis, Associated Press; Irwin S. Cobb, "Saturday Evening Post" and "Philadelphia Public Ledger"; Harry Hansen, "Chicago Daily News"; James O'Donnell Bennett and John P. McCutcheon, "Chicago Tribune." September 3rd, 1914.

Irish Transport & General Workers' Union.

No. 3 Branch, 17 High Street.

A meeting of the employees of Messrs. Watkins, Jameson, Pim & Co., Brewers, Ardee street, Dublin, will be held in Rooms, 74 Thomas street, on Sunday next, the 4th October, 1914, at 1 o'clock sharp. Business Important. Jim Larkin and other speakers will attend.

"The flag of Liberty is still and must be kept flying."

Irish Women's Franchise League.

Miss May Hayden will speak next Tuesday, October 6th, on "Openings for Women created by the War," in Westmoreland Chambers, Westmoreland street, at 8 o'clock. Admission Free.

Dublin Trades Council

AGENDA.

Deputation to Lord Mayor re Feeding of Necessitous School Committee, Messrs. T. Farren and Simmons

Unemployment and the National Relief Fund Mr. J. Grogan

Co-operation and Labour, The President Unemployment in the Cabinet Trade. Mr. Clinton

Dublin Industrial Co-operative Society.

The Quarterly General Meeting of the Industrial Co-operative Society (Dublin) Limited, was held in the Rotunda Buildings on Thursday, the 24th ult. We attended the meeting, and watched the proceedings with interest, and we now desire to indulge in a few passing comments.

One very important matter came up for discussion. On the agenda stood a motion in the name of Mr. R. L. Wikel, urging that for the future all vacancies in the society's employment should be filled by Trade Union Labour, and only after such vacant posts had been advertised in the recognised Labour journals. After discussion, however, the motion was defeated by a substantial majority—a most surprising fact having regard to the aims and objects of the society claiming as it does the support of the working classes. It was noticeable that all the members of the Executive Committee present, with the exception of Mr. Giltrap (Bakers Society) voted against the motion, though we fail to see how they can reconcile their action in so voting with their alleged Trade Union principles. It should be mentioned here that the President of the Dublin Trades Council was obliged to leave the meeting before the motion was reached.

We would like to know what the Bakers, Clerks, Purveyors' Assistants, and Co-operative Employees' Unions think of the Society's action, and what steps they intend to take in the matter.

We certainly think the Society's decision on this question deserves to be noticed by the various trade unions. We can point out from our own knowledge that in the Manager's Office—to choose an illustrative case—a lady is employed, who has no sympathy whatever with the Co-operative movement. She is the daughter of a Carrier on the East Road who distinguished himself last year by locking out his men. This lady when asked to become a member of a Trade Union replied that her people would not hear of such a thing!

This is not the only case of this description, as we believe that in the Society's Branch in West Road there is at least one non-union employee.

A great many of the members are grumbling at the way in which the society is conducting its affairs. They complain that in many instances no notice of the quarterly meeting was sent out. Others say they only received notice on the day previous to that on which the meeting was held. This, it need hardly be said, will contribute nothing to the dignity or efficiency of the society, and only goes to prove there is a great deal of mismanagement. The Management Committee evidently has something yet to learn in the way of properly conducting its business. As no notice was given to the members within proper time of the date of the last quarterly meeting, they were precluded from handing in nominations for Executive Committee. The result of this was that members were afforded no opportunity of nominating new candidates in accordance with Rule 12, which requires such nominations to be made within fourteen days previous to meeting.

There is one other trifle which we should like to refer to in passing. We observe the Women's Guild have established an "Ambulance Corps," and are buying themselves with the intricacies of First Aid. This may be all very well by way of light recreation—Ambulance Classes, of course, have become quite popular of a sudden—but what it has to do with Co-operative propaganda we fail to see.

DRUMMED OUT!

A National Volunteer's Address to John Redmond.

There's thunder in the heavens, Scowling clouds and lightning; 'Tis the legion of our martyrs, Fiendishly exhorting you— You, the traitor, you, the Judas, To the cause you've now denied; You, the poltroon, shameless trader In that cause for which they died!

Well indeed we knew—those of us Who, Republican, alone Have held aloft the principles Taught by Emmet, Michel, Tone; Well we knew you dared not count them, 'Though you would were they but few; 'Mong the millions you've been duping, Who to Emmet still are true.

But, there's thunder in the heavens, Scowling cloud and lightning, too, For the "Dead who died for Ireland" Are now exhorting you— You, the hypocrite, base reptile, Mean, lick-spittle, hide your face! Begone! "Your King and country call," So—with Judas take your place!

With Judas—if he's low enough To let such vile kins as you Plague-pollute his foul Gehenna. Shared with Castleblayney and crew. The dead who died in Ireland's cause Staunch Young Ireland honours well; Let the slaves who died for England's Register your name—in Hell!

—Arthur J. Harvey.

D.M.P. Blackguardism.

To the Editor "Irish Worker." DEAR SIR—You have often criticised, and rightly, the composition and general conduct of the D.M.P. The police authorities ought not to be informed that they can number amongst their most faithful stalwarts the individual who bears the identification mark "C 122."

Whilst passing through North Earl street on Wednesday night last, I observed two respectable looking young men proceeding to the assistance of a lady who had evidently taken ill while crossing the roadway. Constable 122C came on the scene and endeavoured to display his importance. He ordered the young men away peremptorily and pouted out abusive language concerning the lady in question, and a most uncalled for proceeding. A bystander stepped forward and very properly told 122C that he ought to behave himself. The hooligan in blue quickly drew in his horns when he saw that he had blundered.

The incident deserves to be noticed if only to provide further proof that the then qualities unknown amongst the members of the D.M.P. are civility, truthfulness and intelligence.—Yours, Dublin, 1st Oct., 1914. CITIZEN.

A Slight Mistake.

As a party of German prisoners of war were being entrained at Kingsbridge, an old woman began to abuse them. One of the prisoners, speaking very good English, inquired the reason, and the following conversation ensued:—

"What is the matter with you, lady?" "Get out, you blackguard; you kill your women and children."

"My dear lady, you are mistaken. We are not the Scottish Borderers. We are German soldiers."

NO RECRUITS!

Asquith came to Ireland's shore On Redmond's invitation, Who promised Irish troops go leor, Two hundred thousand men or more, To save the British nation.

They gathered in the Mansion House And heard each long oration, When Asquith glanced around the hall And said, "Dear John, where are they all? Where is the Irish Nation?"

"The Castle hacks are here in force— That's just what we expected. The common Irish, or what's worse The Transport Workers have of course Been carefully ejected."

"Where are the men I hoped to see When I gave you Home Rule? I look around in vain," said he, "For all the help you promised me, You've had me for a fool."

And John looks round with glance forlorn, And apprehensive shiver; He ruses the day when he was born, He withers under Asquith's scorn; The goods he can't deliver! —Wm. J. Kavanagh.

Readers will assist us materially by mentioning the "Irish Worker" to our Advertisers.

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

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Keeps your Hair from getting Grey. Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland, LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS, 19 North Earl Street and 38 Henry Street DUBLIN.

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Trade Topics.

[FROM "THE MALL"]

The Local Citizens' Committee on Food Prices had its first meeting last week. The Committee, originally composed of Urban Councillors, has now been enlarged by the co-optation of ten representatives from the Trades Council. I understand they urged that effective and speedy action should be taken, but beyond deciding to write to other centres for existing prices and to some local milk sellers who increased their prices, nothing further was done, except to adjourn for a fortnight. The whole matter is too urgent to admit of this unnecessary delay. Meetings should be held weekly. Of course the Urban Councillors on the Committee are an important lot, and the increased prices don't hit them to any appreciable extent. They put their own interests first as they always do, and the unfortunate workers, in whose welfare they take such a great interest at election times, don't come in for consideration at all. They can try to exist on starvation wages in insanitary houses, at the same time trying to pay for the necessities of life exorbitant prices which go to swell the coffers of the price merchants and publicans.

The Trades Council representatives should see to it that the Citizens' Committee sets down to real earnest work at once, and isn't going to be an advertising medium for Councilors whose sole interests just now are their pockets and the Empire. The U.D.C., at their last meeting, passed a resolution congratulating Redmond on setting the Home Rule Bill on the Statute Book. (It won't come into operation till the war is over, whenever that is). In the discussion on the resolution strong objection was made by the publican element to the visit of the police to the local pubs, with a view to billeting soldiers on them. Very strange that these same publicans should back up Recruiting Sergeant Redmond, especially as he is altogether in favour of the English Army, and will be responsible for many who take the Sixpenny shilling, and who will later on be billeted on the publicans.

Since Redmond's Recruiting Campaign started the membership of many Volunteer corps in Kerry has greatly fallen off. The absentees don't believe in going to the front. A public meeting to re-organise the Ardara Corps was held on Sunday. Those present made it quite plain to the speakers that they would not have anything to do with the English garrison, and when Flavin, M.P., suggested that the Irish should physically help the Allies, he was met with an overwhelming "No" which he will remember for some time. No doubt if he and his chums thought it would work they would fearlessly encourage recruiting at the meeting. But they had the wrong crowd to deal with. Mofe power to the Kerrymen who won't sell their country for 1/9 a day! Let England with her huge population supply men to defend her. We have not the time or the inclination to fight for our oppressor who pitch capped, bayoneted, and otherwise tortured our ancestors, and only the other day shot down our comrades in Dublin.

A strike for increased pay has begun on the Tralee and Dingle Railway, of which Tom O'Donnell, M.P., is Chairman. We hope he will give up recruiting, and pay a little attention to the milemen on strike, and see that their demands are granted. Their wages are entirely too small, and should be increased at once.

Telling the Tale

[The Press of Dublin is presently engaged in a fanatical anti-German crusade. The species of journalists engaging in this crusade is mainly drawn from the public-house variety. All the Dublin dailies are unanimous in their abuse of the German. Indeed, it is merely a case of "You pays your money and you takes your choice."]

The Editor sat in his cushioned chair, As he puffed at a big cheroot, While cl. se at hand the Office Boy sat And stroked the neck of the office cat, Or licked the Editor's boot.

The Mighty One's face wore a thoughtful frown As he hurriedly drove his pen; He paused as he scratched his piebald pate, He next spat into the fireless grate And then he went on again

He worked as an Editor only works, And wrote with an Editor's will; He hummed and he hawed 'mid the "Ah's" and "Oh's," And gently patted his blushing nose, And pensively bit his quill.

He rattled along at a furious rate, With a steely gleam in his eye; He stopped at last with a shout of joy, Handed the sheet to the Office Boy— A fresh anti-German lie.

OSCAR.

Facts and Fancies from the Front.

With the Troops at Clontarf.

By "J. J. B."

It is not my duty, as a War correspondent, to cut up the "enemy"—having confidence in the ability of Ireland's soldiers to do all the "cutting-up" that is necessary—but the fact of the Irish marching in triumph through the streets of the Capital of Ireland, while the "Aliens" occupied a fortified position in and around the Mansion House Fort, speaks well for the success of our arms.

I hear that Sergeant Redmond proposed to "run" "The Tame Geese" under the control of any of the K.O.S.B.'s who are quick enough to escape the German "Goose Steppers." When we remember the way these "heroes" run their bayonets through the "gun runners" recently, we cannot deny that they are fully qualified to "run" the so-called "Irish Brigade" . . . if it is ever formed.

Last week I mentioned the fact that the "Irish Times" had got some recruit for the New Army, while the "Evening Telegraph," up to the time of going to Press, had not seduced one Irishman to betray Ireland, but hoped to beat the "Irish Times" as a result of Friday's great recruiting fiasco. The "Irish Times" decided not to let the bone go with the dog, however, and on Saturday morning, writing in reference to the recruiting crusade, gives the "Evening Telegraph" the knock-out blow as follows:—

"NOT A SINGLE INDIVIDUAL PRESENTING HIMSELF AFTER THE MEETING." Latest results:—"Irish Times" 1; "Evening Telegraph" Nil.

The "Dublin Fusilier" from Coleraine who "shouted for the Kaiser and beat the police" is one of Carson's Volunteers. He was speaking to him before he was captured by the "Aliens," and he said that the men whom Carson had so nobly "subscribed" towards the New Army had "signed on" under the impression that they would not have to go on active service until after the war when they would be drafted down to Dublin and the rest of Ireland to do whatever they liked with the mere Irish. Like the six soldiers sent down from the barracks to go into the Grafton street War Office to act as "decoy ducks" to entrap the "Tame Geese," a few of the "Ulster Volunteers" are eighing on to "fight for England" against Ireland after the war is over.

The "Irish Times" not content with "killing" the Germans has attempted to "kill" Time. In the course of one of its great war articles about the destruction committed by Germany it says—

This crowning outrage (the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral), like the destruction of Louvain, and the murder of helpless women and children, is a settled aspect of the new "culture" which is the loathsome offspring of Prussian militarism. The Kaiser and his general and professors have put back the clock of civilisation by at least seven centuries.

Is it seven hundred years since the 26th of July last? Is it seven hundred years since '98? Is it seven hundred years since the English burned Jeanne D'Arc at the stake, after treating her (as the Oxford and Cambridge Edition of English History unblushingly tells us) with "great brutality." Is it even seven hundred years since the Boer War?

De Wet gives us a glimpse (apparently much obscured by the British Censor of that time) of the way England "murdered helpless women and children." Turn to page 243 of the "Three Years' War" and you will find the following—

Any one knows that in war, cruelties more horrible than murder can take place, but that such direct and indirect murder should have been committed against defenceless women and children is a thing which I should have staked my head could never have happened in a war waged by the civilised English nation. And yet it happened. Laagers (a camp made by a ring of ox-waggons set close together, "J. J. B.") containing no one but women and children and decrepit old men, were fired upon with cannon and rifles in order to compel them to stop. . . . I could append hundreds of declarations in proof of what I say. . . . And too much cannot be said about this shameful history.

Some of the English officers "at the front" (?) are well able to "kill," time, too. The Paris Correspondent of the "Sunday Chronicle" in a note about the theatres open in the Capital has

this "patriotic" message to send home about "our" Expeditionary Officers (overseers would suit just as well) :—

A couple of English officers who entered a box there an evening or so ago received a great ovation. The whole house stood up and shouted with goodwill and tolerable achievement, "God Save the King." The officers looked a little uncomfortable, but their charming companions were obviously pleased.

If these officers were German I would hold them up as cowards for being behind the men in action, but as they are English, and have probably read "K. of K.'s" advice to the soldiers to "beware of wine and women," we must charitably conclude that they are not afraid of danger—in the shape of a charming Parisienne.

In an entertaining article a correspondent at the front writes:—

Of course, as usual, the town was sacked by the Germans and the goods of everyone stolen.

Does this correspondent know that the people of Dublin town are being sacked and the goods of the workers stolen in order that the capitalists may send a "generous subscription" towards the Relief Fund? I have heard of a few big establishments in the city that have cut down the wages of the workers by twenty per cent., and have sent something like a thousand pounds to the Prince of Wales' Fund. More anon.

It has been stated that the book trade has, for the time, being ruined by the war, but this is only partially true. Ordinary novels and the other products of a normal autumn publishing season are at a discount, but certain classes of literature are having a tremendous boom.

We are indebted to the "Irish Times" for this apology. And we thank the "Irish Times" for relieving the public of the false impression that it, more or less, has been under since the war began. The public can now enjoy the "German Atrocities," since we have it in the authority of the "Irish Times" that these are the "certain classes of literature" which our "fictionists" are indulging in at the moment.

Correspondence.

THE NEW PAPER.

DEAR MR. LARKIN, I am, and every Irishman entitled to the name should be proud of you. Your suggestion re starting at once a daily newspaper that shall cater for the wants and feelings of Irishmen, as opposed to West Britonism, Whiggery, office-seeking, and all that they stand for, is the first great step towards making this "old land" a Nation. Although only a working carpenter, who holds the office of a District Councillor in this Delvin Union, and surrounded as I am by soulless knaves for colleagues—they with their Pro-English propaganda and enlisting enthusiasm, cannot make me by a hair's breadth deviate from the feelings and convictions of my life-dream to see Erin the Queen of the Western Ocean. So, sir, put me down for your good cause 1s. per week for 20 weeks, and oblige, your obedient servant.

Delvin, Sept. 27th, '14. T. K.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER

DEAR SIR,—In my opinion the Daily as you suggest would be a great blessing, and although a hardship in one sense, I consider it a pleasure in another to guarantee a pound down for the project.—Faithfully yours, Wexford, 27-9-'14.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

A CHARA,—Put my name down as being ready at any moment to hand over at least £1 towards new daily paper, in accordance with your splendid suggestion in this week's WORKER. Ireland, and indeed the whole world, is simply poisoned by the vile English Press agencies as to the real truth of the dreadful war now raging.

You are doing nobly. Unless we get better representation in the Press it will be a dreadful struggle for us. I absolutely agree with you that a daily paper, either morning or evening, is more important now than guns. What is the use of guns put into the hands of men unless the basic principle of Irish Nationality is the incentive?

I will work hard among the faithful to get as many as I can to put down their names and be ready to subscribe at least a like amount. Surely if England is straining every nerve in an accursed struggle we should forego some of our usual little luxuries for Caitlin Ni Houlihan.

You need not publish this, as I am not out for notoriety, but I hope during the coming week to let you know some further names. We have Irish-America solidly behind us, too—of that there is no doubt. Go north an t-ath leat!

Rathmines, 26th Sept., '14.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

DEAR SIR,—I was more than delighted at your move for a National daily paper. Of

course, I could say a lot about the good it would do, etc., but I know you want only deeds, not words. I am prepared to put down £2, a friend of mine £5. Further list enclosed, and much more to follow when the writer will be able to show progress as to starting of paper—not after.

M. O'H. W. ... £5  
J. L. D. ... 2  
E. F. ... 1 (or more)  
R. B. ... 1  
J. M.E. ... 1  
M. K. ... 1  
—Yours, etc., J. L. D.

Wexford.

DEAR SIR,—I think your idea for starting a daily paper an excellent one, and am prepared to contribute a shilling a week for twenty weeks to help it on.

Trusting you will be successful in your great endeavours.—I am, yours truly, J. D.

Cork, 28,9/14.

A CARA,—If your idea re daily paper as outlined in WORKER materialises, I am prepared to give literary assistance and 5/- a week for twenty weeks material assistance. If it is found impossible to launch a daily paper, as an alternative I would suggest that an agreement be come to whereby "Sinn Fein," "Leader," WORKER, etc., come out on different days of the week, and, in order to ensure some one each day, that some of them be published twice a week.—Yours truly, Liam de Roiste.

28/9/14.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed one quarter's subscription for WORKER, 1/8. I hope your daily paper scheme will be a success. It is badly wanted. I cannot send £1, but I can send 5/- if it would be of use.—Yours sincerely, PORTARLINGTON.

Dublin, 30/9/14.

DEAR MR. LARKIN,—I think your idea of a daily paper to voice the true sentiments of Ireland a splendid one. I hope it will emulate the uncompromising attitude of the gallant little WORKER, and have the same life and forcefulness. If it fulfills its mission as faithfully as the latter, it will indeed deserve well of Ireland and her lovers.—Yours, MAEVE CAVANAGH.

I will be glad to subscribe £1, and regret I cannot make it £100. M. C.

St. Louis Irishmen Root for Germany.

Nationalists Issue Address Denying Ireland will Aid England in War.

"We extend to our German towns- men the best wishes for the victory of their people and our sincere sympathy for those of their kinsfolk who are bereaved by the war" in the greeting of the Irish Nationalists of St. Louis, issued by a committee composed of Jeremiah Sheehan, Roger J. Monahan, Patrick J. Moynihan, James O'Phelan, Charles P. Hassett and Daniel Hogan

The Committee denounces the English Press for its articles tending to show the Irish and the English united against a common foe. The greeting reads—

BROTHERS NOW—BUT

"Reading the war news from London, one would gather that England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales had but one soul, one ambition and one ideal, if one did not reflect that the dispatch was from London. To those who understand the machinations of the English Government, the attempts made now to picture Ireland as being madly anxious to get into the field, fighting shoulder to shoulder with the English under the Union Jack, would be calculated to bring a smile, if the thought did not occur that these same tactics were employed by the English Press, even up to the beginning of the war, to blacken in the face of the world those same Irish, whom they now, when they so urgently need them, endeavour to win to their side.

"Yes, they are 'brothers' now, but when the war is over, if it ends in English victory, the same supercilious treatment will be accorded to the people of Ireland that has been their lot since the passing of the Act of Union. It would appear from Irish news 'made in London,' that the people of Ireland have suddenly contracted a violent dose of 'Germanophobia,' and have been converted overnight into the most zealous Anglophiles.

"We feel it incumbent on us, representing, as we do, the unanimous opinion of the Irish in St. Louis, to dispel any erroneous impression that may have been created by those faked Irish dispatches from London. Ireland has not forgotten the wholesale expropriations of the reign of Elizabeth and James I, the murderous and satanic march of Cromwell, when the butchery of women and piking

of sucking babes were the sport of his liberty-loving soldiery; the shipment of boys and girls to slavery in the caraboes, the pitch cap and hangings of 1799, these are still the subject of firestorm stories which thrill the breast with feelings entirely different from those sought to be evoked by the City Press of England, now. No one knows better than the Irish the ach bygone England is. She preaches about Christianity and civilization following her blood-stained flag and about the sacredness of treaties, but the treaty stone of Limerick is a lasting memorial to the sacred observance of treaty obligations on the part of England, the self-styled protector of the smaller nations. Ireland, Egypt, India, and the Boer Republic, for instance.

NO QUARREL WITH FRANCE.

"While Ireland has no quarrel with France or Russia, and while she invites no hostile force to her shores, yet were the Germans to beat the English on the sea, a consummation to be devoutly hoped for, and to land an expedition on the coasts of Ireland, for the purpose of driving out the English, not for the conquest of the country, they would be welcomed as the French were in the eighteenth century, and the day the English are driven out of Ireland will be one of the widest joy to the Irish in all places.

"There are those born in Ireland who wish for England's success in this as in every way, but they are part of the English garrison, and have nothing in common with the people of the country, but the accident of birthplace. The Irish have no quarrel with the Germans and no reason to hate them, as the German love of culture and the aid of the German scholars to the Irish language when it was banished and forbidden by England is not forgotten.

"The Irish, as a nation, are against England because England is against the Irish except when necessity compels otherwise. England wants the Irish Volunteers, but the Volunteer Provisional Committee in Dublin has stated the Volunteers are for Ireland's protection and not for England's use, and the Volunteers are not enlisting for England's aid. On behalf of the Irish Nationalists of St. Louis, we extend to our German townsmen the best wishes for the victory of their people and our sincere sympathy to those of their kinsmen who are bereaved by the war."

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