

'plum'-pudding is packed with raisins—with the failures of the ape to become a man. But the 'link', or links, are missing to this moment. And they are likely to remain missing for ever and aye. Moreover, the remains found in the earth's crust show no evidence whatever of a series in which one form of creatures 'tails off' or gradually merges by minute changes into another. It is the old story: as to types of creatures, the gaps are in the rocks just where they are in forest and field, on sea and shore, in our day. And what shall we say of the fantastic materialistic theory—which all true science damns—that nature progresses as steadily as the march of fate from simplicity to complexity, from lower to higher and ever and ever higher, by mere blind, unguided chance, without purpose, without Intelligence, without transcendent Power? The demands of Faith upon our intellect are as nothing compared with the demands of pseudo-scientific unbelief upon our credulity.

Another 'Irish Outrage'

Of the making, 'faking', or 'adapting' of 'Irish outrages' there is no end. But, thanks to the clumsiness and indiscretion of the manufacturers and adapters the 'Irish outrage' now stands on about the same level of veracity as the 'missionary tale', the 'fish story', and the 'snake yarn'. As a political resort, the 'Irish outrage' has from time to time played an important part—when Home Rule was to be opposed or a Coercion Act to be rushed through the Commons, with the application of the 'gag' or closure. But that is no longer possible since the days when Mr. Labouchere convulsed the House with his famous analysis and exposure of the methods by which 'outrages' were officially manufactured and officially catalogued in the Green Isle for political purposes. Mr. Labouchere broke a rotten party stick on the back of the party that used it. A small boy in Mayo may (and will) still get fined or imprisoned for whistling 'Harvey Duff'. So will a law-abiding Galway peasant who 'smiles in a threatening manner' at a 'peeler' (policeman); and a like penalty awaits a Malahide man who 'blows his nose in a disrespectful way towards' a sensitive 'mimber iv the forcè' at the other side of the street. But such desperate felons no longer appear (as a rule) upon the parliamentary returns as the perpetrators of Irish 'agrarian outrages'. Nay, Pat Molloy may even, in the course of a casual 'argymint'—in which he has got 'au bout de son latin', to the end of his verbal weapons of conviction—heighten the color of Neil White's left eye; Neil White may retort in kind; and the chances are against the brief encounter being in this year of grace 1906 entered in the official records as five separate and distinct 'outrages'. Under the coercionist regime of the early eighties, the official 'outrage'-mongers looked at such an incident with the multiple-eye of a blow-fly, but without the blow-fly's capacity for seeing the multiple image as one. They rated the verbal 'argymint' as one 'outrage'; Pat Molloy's right-hander was number two; Neil White's response was the third; a pane of glass accidentally cracked during the latter part of the discussion counted as the fourth; and a spilled jug of milk the fifth and last. Such methods of enumeration give a point to the familiar degrees of comparison in falsehood: lies, thumping lies, and statistics.

Here is the latest Bulgarian atrocity from Ireland—we take it from last Saturday's issue of a New Zealand daily contemporary:—

An extraordinary condition of affairs existed at the end of July at Keadue, County Roscommon, Ireland, where the parish priest (Father Meehan) and the school teacher were relentlessly boycotted by the parishioners. A vacancy for a teacher occurring, Father Meehan appointed a stranger to the position, but his parishioners demanded the appointment of the son of the former teacher, and insisted on popular control. At latest

advice there was no appearance of either side giving way. Violent scenes have taken place. Graves were dug outside the residences of Father Meehan and the imported teacher, who had to be placed under police protection. The Bishop of the diocese (Dr. Hoare) excommunicated several of the leaders of—

A line is missing here. But it matters not. The difference between this and the other 'Irish outrages' recently cabled to our shores is this: that they were fabrications pure and simple, and this has a colorable substratum of truth. But then a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies. The story is, journalistically, old enough to be mildewed. It was going the rounds of the British press as far back as July, and at the time of republication in New Zealand the 'latest advices' to hand were later than the middle of September. Moreover, the story was already several weeks old when the 'Glasgow Observer' set about investigating it, and, after having been at considerable pains to ascertain the truth of the matter, it was able to publish the real facts of the case in its issue of September 8.

The substratum of truth in connection with this latest 'agrarian outrage' is this: that as far back as October, 1903, there was some trouble in connection with the appointment of a new male teacher. The rest of the story is malevolent distortion, exaggeration, and 'fake'. Here are the facts of the case as vouched for by the 'Glasgow Observer's' correspondent on the spot: (1) There was no boycott—relentless or otherwise—either of Father Meehan or of the teacher by the parishioners. (2) The question of 'popular control' never cropped up. The appointment was made by Father Meehan (manager of the school) in full accordance with his legal rights and the regulations in the case made and provided by the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland. (3) The trouble was caused, not by the parishioners, but by a small and noisy knot of them who desired the appointment of a particular man to whom they were united by ties of blood or friendship, but who was deemed by the responsible manager of the school to be quite unfitted for the position. (4) No 'graves' were dug, as alleged, either outside the residence of Father Meehan or of the imported teacher. A hole or grave (not 'graves') was dug in the school grounds, but there was nothing to indicate for whose benefit this laborious bit of 'humor' was intended. (5) The 'latest advices' were some six weeks old when the courts dealt with the last attempt of the interested parties to annoy 'the imported teacher'. 'Since then', says the 'Glasgow Observer', 'there is peace'.

The parochial ripple has subsided, and Keadue has relapsed into its accustomed calm. But the reader who is unacquainted with the fact-value of 'Irish outrages' would imagine, on reading the story as re-told in our New Zealand contemporary, that all Keadue was, 'at latest advices', being swept and rent and shivered by social earthquakes, cyclones, waterspouts, and tornadoes. The methods and proceedings of interested factions, whether in Ireland or in New Zealand, are not commonly marked with

That repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

But the knot of excited and disappointed peasants in remote Keadue were Bayards of chivalry compared with the coarse-grained fanatics who a few years ago befouled the Rongahere State school (Otago), burned the teacher's (Miss Annett's) house, with her piano and her other effects—just because she was a 'Papist'—and made her fly for her life from a district in which (as one of the Dunedin papers declared) the still unpunished perpetrators of the outrage had sympathisers on every side. Bishop Hoare and Father Meehan found a means of accord a male teacher in Keadue an immunity from persecution that neither the police, nor the outspoken Dunedin press, nor public opinion, nor

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