

in a hopeless minority, and of course the Orange special constables, armed by the Lloyd George Government, were against them, which was quite as it ought to be from the Orangeman's point of view; for, as we know, taking the lives of other people for the sake of religion is his idea of what martyrdom means. The Ulster Parliament was ushered in by letting mob-law loose in Belfast. Catholic voters were wounded and beaten all over the city. Polling places were dominated by Orange ruffians. Ambulances were busy all day carrying away the bodies of Catholics who went to vote under British rule for the candidate they wanted. In the hospitals the doctors and nurses had their hands full attending to the serious cases that kept pouring in from all parts of the city. Stones, knives, revolvers were used by the brave men of Carson's army against the Catholic minority that the Union Jack was unable to defend from Mr. Massey's friends. The elections for that Parliament, concerning which Orange William of Limavaddy wired his congratulations to Craig, were marked in red by dastardly and brutal scenes such as never took place in the history of British elections in any preceding age. There was open murder in many cases. Even old women were not spared by those brutes who are bravest when their opponents are women and children. Catholic voters were attacked and beaten by furious mobs. Motors carrying Catholics to the polls were overturned and their drivers fired on. Neither age nor sex was respected by the ruffians. The City Commissioner (Mr. Gelston) was asked for military protection for the voters and replied that the military would take no part in connection with this election. It is true that the police tried to keep order, but they were hopelessly outnumbered, and among the attackers were many of Carson's special constables, armed with their German guns. That is the way in which Mr. Massey's friend Craig got his Parliament. Such was the origin of the so-called Ulster Parliament which neither Massey nor Lloyd George would go over to open but to which they sent the King, with the British fleet to protect him on sea and the British army to surround him in his rush through Belfast. Were they so keenly conscious of their guilt that they preferred to remain away?

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Now this thing is not a Parliament at all. It is a packed council of Orangemen. It pretends to be an Ulster Government, but half the area of Ulster repudiates it with scorn, and it does not attempt to claim power to legislate for several Ulster counties. Fermanagh and Tyrone have mocked at it; only half Armagh supports it; Derry City is opposed to it; even Antrim and Down have returned members in opposition to it, notwithstanding the pogrom organised there in its behalf. It has begun in crime, and in that crime the Government of England participated. The Orangeman, Massey, made himself accessory to it also; and a terrible insult was put on the King by sending him over to give his blessing to the men elected by such means as we have mentioned. As might be expected it has the support of our New Zealand day-lie men; and that in itself is in the eyes of thoughtful people sufficient condemnation. One thing is certain, whatever may come of the conference between Sinn Fein and the English Government, the Ulster Parliament is doomed. It is bankrupt from the start and even the protection of Lloyd George and the approbation of Lord Limavaddy will not save it from starvation. It has, however, a certain historical value, inasmuch as that it marks in blood another step in the Empire's road to ruin.

By notification in this week's issue of the *Tablet* it will be seen that a spiritual retreat for ladies will begin at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Timaru, on Saturday afternoon, September 3, and conclude on Wednesday morning, September 7. The retreat will be directed by Rev. Father Hannigan, C.S.S.R.

To digest knowledge, one must have swallowed it with an appetite.—A. France.

NOTES

Give a Dog a Bad Name

A correspondent wants to know the origin of the proverb, Give a dog a bad name and hang him. Some reader may be able to oblige in the matter. It was a character in one of the Waverley Novels that said with much truth that as a rule a dog that got a bad name went and did something that deserved hanging. That observation ought to be written on the tablets of the mind of every man and woman in power over others. No teacher who has an ounce of sympathy or discernment can ignore the fact that many a boy or girl is positively driven to mischief by getting a bad name and by being treated as an outlaw. Superiors of all sorts ought to ponder on it. Only at the Day of Judgment will the harm and ruin wrought by the systematic persecution and oppression of the dog with the bad name be realised. It is the same story with regard to suspicion and want of trust and candidness. In colleges there are, from time to time, superiors who are always spying on the pupils, always suspecting them, always taking the worst view of everything that lends itself at all to a bad view. The consequence is deplorable for honour and manliness. The spying and the suspicion breed sneaks and tale-bearers and cunning and deceit.

Silence Is Golden

Speech is silver, silence is golden is another wise proverb—even though it be German. If any man offend not with his tongue the same is a perfect man: no truer word was ever said than that. And, of course by "man" in the context, woman is also meant. To keep silent at the times that one ought to be silent is a great achievement; to speak when one ought to speak is only less great. To speak when speech is hurtful is bad; but to be silent when honor and honesty demand frank speaking is worse. And anyone can see that in the right discernment of the *tempora tacendi et loquendi* there is opportunity for the practice of great virtue. What does puzzle one is the fact that very often the most sanctimonious persons are the greatest scandal-mongers. When one knows that half the tittle-tattle and gossip and back-biting in a parish has its beginning in a coterie of devout church-goers who would deem it as natural that they should miss week-day devotions as that they should omit to discuss their neighbors on the way home from church, one cannot help having certain doubts as to the depth and solidity of these paragons of virtue. In fact one thinks of that respectable Jewish gentleman who prayed loudly and proudly with one eye on the poor sinful publican at the door. In Devereux's old catechism there was a fine robust answer that ought to be incorporated in every catechism in the world. It was this:

"Tale-bearers and scandal-gatherers live in a damnable state and should be shunned as if afflicted with the plague."

Strong language, indeed, but very wholesome and very true. When reading the *Divina Comedia* one frequently feels sorry for the poor wretches whom Dante has consigned to the circles of the *Inferno*. The poor schoolmaster whose mind is on the little streams that run down the green hills beside the Arno moves us to pity; Paolo and Francesca, swept by the infernal tempests, touch the tears of things—*lacrymae rerum*—with their sad *Nessun maggior dolore che ricordarsi del tempo felice nella miseria*; but the knowledge that in the lowest and darkest and most dreadful circles of hell are located the scandal-mongers, and the liars, and the deceitful friends is as sweet to the healthy-minded reader as revenge to a Corsican bandit.

Repetition

"Repeat yourself. Repetition is a powerful figure of rhetoric. They daily partake of the same dishes, go to see the same pieces, and listen to the same tunes." Thus a writer in the *Figaro* on the public taste. How

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