

THE LATEST "ESCAPED" NUN

ORANGE BIGOTS WORK UP A SENSATION.

Philosophers have always found it difficult to define space; but it is no difficulty for the editor of a daily newspaper (says the *Catholic Press*, Sydney, of August 12). He would say that space is something which expands or contracts, according to the way the wind blows. A week or two ago the dailies had no space for indignant protests when Mr. Hughes was playing havoc with Australian liberty; this week, when a sick nun leaves her convent, and falls in with a pack of mealy-mouthed bigots, they have oceans of space. One paper in particular gave two of its best columns on Monday to the vaporings of frothy Orangemen, though falsehood and insincerity were conspicuous in every line.

The unfortunate cause of the sensation was Sister M. Liguori, one of the Wagga nuns, whose health had not been good for some months. She had been moved from convent to convent in the hope that change of scene would improve her health. Latterly, she had given up taking food under the illusion that the doctor who had been attending her and the nuns were conspiring to poison her.

One day last week she left the convent, and went to a house near by; but the nuns were informed, and she was taken back. That night, when the nuns were engaged in other duties, she fled in her night attire to another house, and this time she found herself in the home of an Orangeman, who at once seized the opportunity to exploit her. While there she wrote a letter to the Bishop, in which occurs the accusation of attempted poisoning.

His Lordship Bishop Dwyer felt that his duty compelled him to see that no misfortune overtook the wanderer. If the poor girl were sane she was entitled to act as she pleased; but if she were sane she would know that she could leave the convent at any time, and that there was no need for her to fly in the night. In addition, the letter seemed to be evidence of an unbalanced mind. If she were not sane, then Dr. Dwyer considered that it was his duty to protect her from miscreants, into whose hands she might ultimately fall, and who might exploit her for their own purposes.

He, therefore, sought to have her examined by experienced medical men; but as those who held her denied that she was in the house, he was compelled to take out a warrant for her arrest under the Lunacy Act. In the meantime, the head of the Orange Society hastened to Wagga, and spirited her away to Sydney. To this egregious blatherskite, it was a case of "Rome versus the Orange institution," as he told

the *Daily Telegraph*. That paper, quite in the style of the *Police Gazette*, printed a long rigmarole of the way in which she was brought to Sydney, and handed over to a Congregational parson of the acidulated Orange type. It even went so far as to publish photographs of the parson and his wife, describing them as people with whom the poor girl had "lived," though the editor must have known that she had never heard of them until a few hours previously. At their house she was arrested and taken to the Reception House.

On Monday she was brought before Mr. Gale, P.M., when Mr. T. J. Ryan, K.C., instructed by Messrs. Collins and Mulholland, through the good offices of Mr. P. J. Minahan, M.L.A., appeared to see that justice was done. There was only one course to take, namely, to remand her for medical observation. If we can judge by the newspaper report, the magistrate failed to do that simple duty without making unnecessary observations.

The issue of the matter will be: If the girl is sane, then she can go where she likes, even if she chooses to associate with big-headed fanatics and renegades. If she is not perfectly right in her mind, she should be sent to her relatives. In spite of the Orangemen's alleged complaints, there is no question of taking her back to the convent. It is more than likely that the community would not accept her if she wanted to return.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

Beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
 With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraie,
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down tumbled,
 And all the sweet butter-milk watered the plain.
 Oh! what shall I do now? 'twas looking at you, now;
 Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again;
 'Twas the pride of my dairy! O Barney McCleary,
 You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraie!
 I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
 A kiss then I gave her, and, ere I did leave her,
 She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
 'Twas hay-making season—I can't tell the reason—
 Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
 For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraie.

The good which a holy, self-denying man does in life is scattered here and there in little fragments of blessing; a kindness to a child, a glance of pity, a sympathetic word, an answering smile. The great things he is called upon to do make but little part of the real value of his life.



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