

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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Love.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

In every soul a secret sleep, a-dreaming,
Like tabernacle, Eucharist, or a shrine;
It is of love, and victor, or as victim,
Or, as both, it never maketh sign.

Still and shy, as in the forest shadows,
The faithful violet finds a hidden nest,
Each spirit hides a love dream and a story
Within the cloister of a haunted breast.

Haunted? Yes, surely; or by ghost or angel;
Ghost—if the dream of love sleeps in the grave;
Angel—if love's story still is living,
Folded in the golden wings that wave.

And waving, bear the heart on wings of glory
Where dreams come true, and love will
ever shine;
Where human meaning human with its story,
Will see that human love is half divine.

Even when it falls down in the dark of passion,
A poor, sad thing, and victim of despair,
And dies despairing—even when it's fallen
In its cold ashes, memories pure sleep there.

It is a mystery. Love is e'er an angel,
Fallen or unfallen—without, or with a crown;
Or crown of thorns, or wreath of whitest roses,
No heart that lived hath ever laid it down.

It must be worn by each for good or evil;
Passion's wreath, bride's garland, or nun's veil;
And hidden in the hearts of all who wear it,
Sleeps, or by hymn of joy or sorrow's wail.

Yes, sleeps a dream or real or unreal,
That tinges inner thought and outer speech;
The heart's own idol or the soul's ideal
Haunting—but hidden from the world's rude reach.

THE MISSION OF CATHOLICS.

The Church's Mission to go Forth and Preach to the World.

Archbishop Ireland, in the magnificent address which he delivered in the Cathedral of Baltimore, on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in the United States, remarked that "we are advancing towards one of these great epochs of history, in which mighty changes will be wrought. The world is in throes; a new age is to be born." Few truer words has preacher ever uttered, says the *Liverpool Catholic Times* in its issue of week before last.

Look where we will, we see evidences of the fact to which the great Prelate of the North-West alluded in the eloquent address from which we have quoted. The old world seems to be crumbling away. Its traditions, that have enshrined the hopes and consecrated the actions of men for centuries on centuries, are in process of disintegration. Some lands have thrown off monarchy altogether. Others have tempered it by constitutional privilege. Others again, that still retain it in the to us unenviable form of autocratic Caesarism, are spectacles to the world of a tacit revolt of the subject populations—a revolt, not yet a revolution, that fearfully terrifies the crowned ruler with the spectacle of red hands.

Anarchy or dissolute socialism. The electoral lesson of this year, more even than in years past, has shown the great advance made by those varied forms of opposition to established rule that bear one or other of the unsavoury names that men give to the modern movements in which the multitude thinks to find the redress of its real or imaginary griefs. Even in our own country, where, with all the drawbacks that the most cautious critic can allege, the pyramid of freedom is broader based upon the popular will than in any other land, with the sole exception of the United States, even with us there are heard, in no uncertain tones the ground-murmurs of that great advance of the proletariat which makes thinking men tremble for the days to come. No one can shut his eyes to the fact that the polling booth, where, if not upon the throne, the workman wears the crown of monarchy, questions are being, and will be still more in future, decided by the popular vote which tend, as their direct result, to take power out of the control of the classes, and hand it over to the keeping and the direction of the masses.

Catholics—and when we say Catholics we mean the Church herself—cannot be indifferent to the trend of this movement from feudalism to democracy. The Kingdom of God, which is for all the ages, and which carries in her Divine Teaching the panacea for the woes of every century, knows no distinction of government, provided always that it be established on the broad basis of the popular will, and consent or the people's choice. She knows nothing of the divine right of kings. Every one is "rex" to her who is authorized to rule. But she may have, and she has had, to adapt her actions to the changed circumstances of the holders of power. In the days when power passed from above below she directed her attention to those whose words counted for the wills of many. But now, when power passes from below above, when the rulers are a little more than the accredited agents of the ruled, she has to reckon with the multitudes from whom authority is in the first instance derived, and from whom, through the press and the influence of public manifestations, the direction of the legislative or executive acts is so largely furnished. She must, therefore, and her children with her and for her, be intimately con-

cerned with the operation of any method of influencing the minds of the many who themselves guide the decisions of the elected few. She must be keenly alive to all the aspects of material and intellectual progress; she must watch carefully the movements of thought in the political and social sphere; she must keep her fingers upon the popular pulse and see how things are likely to forgoe good or threaten ill. In a word she must ever strive to guide the natural that it forsake not the channel of that which is supernatural. She is herself, opposed to no progress that is true, for all that is true is good, and progress towards good is progress towards perfection for the individual and the race; but on all occasions she must protest, with all the energy of her Divine life, against all so-called progress, which viewed in the everlasting light of revealed knowledge is a progress towards evil and destruction.

We have no need to fear the future. Timid minds in all ages have dreaded change. When feudalism was in its death throes thousands people believed the world would sink into a universal ruin. They could not imagine a state of things other than that with which tradition and use had made them accustomed. And so men now, Croakers on all sides fear the future; harp unceasingly on the risks of change. But, as Archbishop Ireland truly remarks, "the conservatism that wishes to be ever safe, is dry rot." Men who struggle to ameliorate the sorrows of an imperfect world will have plenty of criticism—often the only contribution from those who think that to do nothing is the safest way to escape blame. But this apathetic inertia ill becomes the heirs of all the ages. Who rests, rusts. Catholicism to-day, in face of the Protean development of popular ideas, must be on the alert to keep in intimacy of touch with the movements that in many lands have, through their regrettable inactivity, forced the masses to drift further and further from the Church. The Church that rules the multitudes rules the world. It was the multitudes that Christ saw to be ripe for harvest in the fields of the Heavenly Kingdom. All that interests them, all that may be utilized to make them accept the good tidings of the Gospel, must be seized and used. It is no satisfaction to have grand churches, and magnificent altars, and decorous services if the portals of the holy isles are never crossed by the weary feet of the majority of men. To us in Great Britain, and wherever indeed the English tongue is spoken, a great work lies ready to do. And it is a work sketched out for us by the hand of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Wherever men are outside the influence of the teachings of the Church; wherever men are thirsting for a draught of truth purer and clearer than they have; wherever men are turning or have turned with loathing from the fountain of muddy waters to cisterns that hold no water at all; there the Catholic who reveres the words of Peter's successor must direct his energies to spread the humanizing and spiritualizing influence of Divine Truth.

The future of the world is with the English speaking race. They fill the ends of the earth, and direct the destinies of untold millions. We, who are of the dominant people, must be at all times ready to push onward the opportunities for good which our freedom allows, and to hasten the dawning of that day when the great English-speaking world shall be as Catholic and as devoted to the Holy See as was that old and now decadent Roman world that alone in the annals of the history of man can be placed in comparison for extent and for power with the world that speaks the language of the most progressive people of to-day.

What the Roman was of old for the Church that we must make the Briton and the American—divided but in name, let them know the Church and her victory is won. But she must go to them; they will not come to her.

Rogation Days.

The three days before the feast of the Ascension are Rogation Days. The word Rogation, which has hardly any use in English outside of the liturgy, means prayer or petition. In a compound form we still employ it in the English word interrogation. Where the liturgy is fully observed, these days are still kept by a public procession and the litanies, and even now every priest who recites the Roman Office is bound to say, at least in private on Rogation days, the Litanies of the Saints.

The Rogation days seem to have started in France during the fifth century. Mamertus, the Bishop of Vienne, in Dauphiny, about the year 475 A. D.—according to others, 479— instituted these solemn litanies and prayers on the occasion of a great earthquake which was working havoc in the country. But when the particular calamity which had suggested them was passed, the litanies and the processions of the Rogation days were still maintained and spread throughout all France, passing at an early date to England, and finally at the time of Charlemagne while France was taking so much from Rome, Rome herself in the time of Pope Leo III.

took up these Rogation days and incorporated them into her liturgy. As on St. Mark's day, the people formed in procession and walked with the sacred emblems above them from church to church, singing the litanies and invoking God's mercy.—The Sodalist.

TO SPREAD THE FAITH.

One reason why the sixty millions of non-Catholic Americans do not become converts is that they do not have the Gospel preached to them. They do not come to the Church and the Church does not go to them. They are a religious minded people, sincere, open to conviction; and when the truth is fairly and fully presented to any of these usually accept it. When missions are preached to which they are invited conversions always result. They are indeed eager for light and grace, for a practical religion, for sacraments, for certitude in faith, for peace of heart, and for holiness.

Now we Catholics are responsible for their salvation. Their enlightenment must, as a rule, come from the Holy Ghost through us. For their souls we shall have to render an account.

Our clergy have about as much as they can do, and the few priests who have been set apart to preach to Protestants cannot cover the ground. The field is too big for them. The harvest is rich. The multitude of 60,000,000 is too great.

What then! Must these millions perish for want of instruction? The laity have their share of the obligation of converting their non-Catholic neighbors. If they cannot preach—except by example—they can use the printed word. They can make good books and papers speak sermons for them.

Every Catholic family ought to own from one to a dozen or more copies of such books as Smarsh's "Points of Controversy," Keenan's "Catechism of Catholicism," Milner's "End of Controversy," Gill's "Our Faith the Victory," Bruno's "Catholic Belief," Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers," and Searles' "Plain Facts for Fair Minds"; and they ought to keep their copy or copies circulating among their non-Catholic acquaintances.

Moreover they ought to make use of the Catholic press. They should not destroy their own copy of the religious paper that they take, but should hand it around among their separated brethren; and they should subscribe for other copies to be utilized in a similar missionary spirit.

Now the *Columbian* desires to take part in this Apostolate for the conversion of America. It wishes that it had the means to send free copies of itself to all the non-Catholics in Ohio and the surrounding States. In this city alone there are 10,000 Protestant families that would be benefited by reading it; that would have their prejudices removed by reading it; that would learn what Catholics do really believe, by reading it; that would be made more friendly and Christian by reading it; that might be converted by reading it.

Cannot a fund be contributed to spread the faith, to put the *Columbian* into the hands of these neighbors of ours, at the bare cost of materials—paper, press-work, clerk work and postage?

Cannot we do Catholics each take one non-Catholic neighbor under his care and subscribe to the paper for him, so that it would be sure to go to the Protestant ministers, the lawyers, the doctors, the manufacturers, the merchants, the public officials, the public school teachers, and other persons of intelligence and influence in this community?

If those who can take part in this good work, will not do so, will they give to the Lord when He asks them: "Where are the souls of your brethren?" the answer of Cain?—Catholic *Columbian*.

THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD.

MAY 27.

Forty days after Easter our Lord appeared for the last time to His disciples, near to Jerusalem. The eleven apostles, and more than five hundred disciples, were present. It was noon-day when He appeared to them, and He led them to the Mount of Olives, and to a place of which the exact spot is still preserved in the tradition of the holy places.

And even as our divine Lord was speaking to His apostles this last solemn farewell, He rose in unspeakable majesty above all the prostrate crowd, and soon a bright cloud received Him out of their sight.

Since then, the glorified body of Jesus Christ has been in a supernatural and ineffable condition, of which nothing on earth could give us any idea. Although having a body truly human, He is invisible to our earthly eyes; our hands can not touch Him, our senses can not attain to Him. He dwells, in His great love, still to dwell amongst us by means of the most holy Sacrament of the Altar, where He is truly present, though veiled under the appearances of bread and wine.

Jesus waits for us in heaven; and those who serve Him faithfully, who hate sin, obey the Church and frequent the sacraments, have a sure and

certain hope of meeting their Lord in heaven when their earthly pilgrimage is done. His glorious Ascension is the last and most wonderful of these miracles by which He deigned to confirm our faith and to render us absolutely certain of the divine nature of the Christian religion. This Ascension, at the full noon day, in the clear daylight, in the presence of more than five hundred witnesses, is a fact that is simply folly to deny. Those who incredulously reject it are forced to do violence to the most elementary rules of logic, of reason and of good sense. Thanks be to God who has founded our faith and all our hopes upon no metaphysical reasoning, but upon simple facts which are open to the whole world—clear, unquestionable facts, of which the immediate and necessary consequence is the divinity of Jesus Christ, the infallibility of His Church, and the necessity for all men who desire to be saved to believe in God, in Jesus Christ, the true and living God, to obey the Pope and the Bishops, and to practice religion just as it is taught them by the Pope and the Bishops in the name of Jesus Christ, and in the name of our Heavenly Father. Nothing could be more reasonable and provable than the Catholic faith, which rests upon the truth as upon an immovable rock. Let us guard it carefully in the midst of a world which blasphemes the faith it knows not. Let us guard it carefully from a danger greater still—from the contagious influence of careless, inconsistent Christians, who have not the constancy to remain faithful to the Holy engagements of their baptism.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE PRIEST IN FICTION.

ENGLISH FICTION MISREPRESENTS.

Nearly half a century ago Cardinal Newman in his famous lectures, delivered in the Birmingham Corn Exchange, accused the Protestant world of misrepresenting Catholicism in a great way, of refusing to think and talk and write of Catholics as human beings with like natural traits to themselves, but rather as strange non-human things, "griffins, wiverns, salamanders, plunging and floundering amid the gloom" of their uncanny religion. And as it was fifty years ago, and was for two hundred years before that date, so it is to-day. In spite of all that can be said in "investigation," and the "growth of a more liberal spirit" and the "passing of prejudice," with which we are regaled in the secular press and in the non-Catholic religious press, those peculiarly accurate exponents of common sentiment—the popular novelists—tell us in no faltering way that the great fog has not lifted, that Catholics, and the Catholic priests in particular, are still viewed through the mists of inherited prejudice. Even the most cursory glance at the priestly characters in English or American novels of the immediate past italicizes this fact.

THACKERAY'S FATHER HOIT.

When Thackeray gave the world *Henry Esmond* he gave his masterpiece. It is probably the most consummately artistic piece of historical fiction in the English language. The great novelist fairly evoked from the long sleep the brilliant, tawdry, restless, fascinating world of Queen Anne's London, the great Marlborough, the world of fashion and the world of arms rise before us with a marvellous verisimilitude which has been at once the wonder and despair of more recent novel writers. The one shadow of unreality in the picture is the Jesuit, Father Hoyt. Not primarily because Thackeray accepted the great Protestant tradition regarding the Jesuits—the tradition that they are political intriguers—is that figure unreal, but rather because the power of prejudice is so inimical to true art that the craftsman's delicate touch became clumsy under the influence of the poison, and he has given us, not a life-like portrait, but a caricature. Prejudices said the Jesuits are mysterious, and so poor Father Hoyt is made to reveal in a poor deobach of mystery. We are led to suppose that he took a perverse delight in entering upon and leaving the scene by means of sliding panels and secret stairways. He becomes a veritable Jack-in-a-box, popping into sight and out again with a knowing smirk like the clown in a pantomime, flaunting his craftily gained knowledge of a court and affairs after the manner of a court fool with his bauble. Now, however fondly a man may choose to hug to his bosom the Protestant prejudice regarding the heroic sons of St. Ignace, Loyola, no intelligent man can deny that they have ever been men of extraordinary mental and moral strength, brave, clear-headed, heroically in earnest, and to represent one of them as a sort of priestly "lightning change" actor, parading with childish glee by no means mystifying sort of mystery, is unquestionably both bad art and bad history.

DISRAELI'S PRIESTS.

Does any one read Disraeli's novels in this day? Those queer, glittering, pinchbeck books, with their peculiar flavor of the upholsterer's shop and the diamond-seller's counter, so characteristic of their author's race. Howbeit now, not many years gone they had great vogue, and not to have read *Lothair* and the others was to declare

one's self as unfashionable in literature as to-day to plead happy ignorance of *Robert Elsmere* or *The Heavenly Twins*. The Catholic priest would seem to have had a great fascination for the novel writing premier of England and in *Lothair* the clergy are well nigh numerous enough to man a seminary. But what a fantastic lot they are! Written shortly after the reception into the Church of the young Marquis of Bute, the story is one long, snarling diatribe against the alleged proselytizing methods of the clergy. A cardinal, the monsignors, and inferior clergy by the score are introduced into the story, all bent upon one mad, scheming scramble for the entrapping of the rich and noble and somewhat mawkish Lothair. Once more we see the Protestant tradition trotted out with due fanfare of trumpets and wagging of knowing heads. But now the scene of intrigue is changed from public to private life, and the English Jew, indulging to the limit his natural bent towards oriental extravagance, creates a type of priestly character even more absurd than Thackeray's Jesuit. The priests in *Lothair* are all men of wonderfully distinguished personal appearance. Cardinal Grandison has "a noble brow, and pallid face, and flashing eyes"; Mgr. Catesby is "beautiful of form and manner"; and the others are all peculiarly fortunate in an endowment of majestic, or ascetic, or winning countenances. And their mental acquisitions are simply bewildering in their wealth and variety. The Cardinal is a walking encyclopaedia of useful as well as ornamental knowledge; but he is in this respect no whit the superior of Father Coeman, a domestic chaplain, who not only "knew everything" but was "mild and imperturbable in his manner," a happy combination of omniscience and humility which is quite attaching. Then there is Mgr. Borwick, "formed and favored by Antonelli," who was possessed of the pleasing faculty of "sparkling or biasing" to order, quite like a Roman candle. And these preternaturally "noble" and "majestic" and "ascetic" men, with their brilliant minds and stupendous accomplishments, are steeped to the lips in intrigue and deceit. Disraeli, by a peculiarly malicious touch, gives all his priests one marked peculiarity—they never walk, they glide. Cardinal Grandison "glides" from the room after his first interview with Lothair. Father Coeman "glides" from the scene after a crafty interview with that hapless hero. And so they all "glide" in and out, and to and fro, quite as though the Catholic clergyman's method of locomotion was intrinsically different from that of other men. Thackeray's Jesuit is a mystery mad chatter, while Disraeli's priests are cheaply glittering human snakes, and in neither case is there a hint of a regard for facts.

CARLETON AND LEVER.

In the case of Thackeray, but scarcely in that of Disraeli, it is possible to excuse much on the plea of a lack of personal knowledge of the actual character and general manner of life of the Catholic clergy as a class, particularly those who are members of the Society of Jesus. Thackeray, with his perfect limited knowledge of the Jesuits, cannot justly be accused of malice for accepting, without question, the popular Protestant legend regarding them. At the worst, he was guilty only of a more or less unconscious bigotry. But what can be said in excuse for such men as Carleton and Lever?—men who with full consciousness of their own malice went to work deliberately to paint in the lowest prejudices of "their readers." So lacking in form and style, so puerile, and above all so shockingly vulgar, is the work of these two Irish novelists that one is tempted to pass it by unnoticed, with the vain hope that our end of the century reading public is at least too well instructed to accept such maudlin chatter as literature.

But the knowledge that during the past year a new edition of one of Carleton's most offensive books has been printed, while three years ago a complete edition of Lever's novels, in sumptuous dress, was brought out by a New York publisher, proves only too conclusively that the priest is too gross, too monstrous to suit the vitiated taste of a large class of readers. And, as if to accentuate this fact, the book of Carleton's chosen for republication was the one containing his most impudently shameless attack upon the Church and clergy; a sketch, the genesis of which is satisfactorily explained when it is stated that it was written in the first instance for a venomous anti-Catholic sheet published in Dublin and called the *Christian Examiner*. Carleton's work was done largely for the delatation of a group of rabid bigots by whom he was patronized and exploited as that rascal bird, a perversity, is always patronized and exploited, unless it happens he is too outrageously indisputable even for prejudice-blinded eyes. The fact that Carleton posed as a convert, and wrote his books primarily to please a clique, has made him less well known perhaps to the world at large than is Lever.—Charles A. L. Morse, in the *Catholic World*, for May.

Nothing is so pleasant as a good and beautiful soul; it shows itself in every action.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

When Colonel Ingersoll was in Chicago a little while ago he launched down a sturdy beggar who sought his charity in a way his attitude did not like. Next week he is going to tackle "Truth" in the same way as he did Charity, for the edification of Philadelphia. But truth is like a pugilist's punching-bag, and the head of the puncher had best keep out of the way when it is on the recoil. But Colonel Ingersoll shows he knows this, by the way he dodged Father Lambert.—Philadelphia *Catholic Standard* and Times.

From the conversion of Cardinal Newman to the present day, there have been more than five hundred ministers of the so-called Church of England who have become Catholics. That fact is like a fire on a hillside—for all men to see.—Catholic Review.

And not one of these men ever went upon the platform to abuse, vilify and traduce the Christian men and women from whom he had separated himself. How different it is with the unfortunates who leave or are driven out from the Catholic Church.—Boston Republic.

Twenty-three converts of Wellsville, Ohio, have organized themselves into a Catholic Truth League for the purpose of collecting and distributing Catholic literature, counteracting malicious or ignorant misrepresentation of the Church, and spreading the truth in every possible way. Aided and encouraged by a pastor like Father Halligan, there is no end to the good which such an organization can do. It is a fair example the Wellsville converts have set; it ought to have many imitators. It is an excellent chance for the laity to share in the propagation of the Gospel. Literary societies and dramatic associations are their own reward; but the Catholic Truth League is a real Church society, with the missionary spirit.—Ave Maria.

The short sighted bigotry that obstructs the development of any country by drawing creed lines about public offices and public honors, recently received a merited rebuke from the eminent Archbishop of Sydney, Cardinal Moran. We quote his words, as applicable in our own land as they are beneath the Southern Cross:—Ave Maria.

To our Catholic people I would say: Go hand in hand with your Protestant fellow-citizens to advance the interests, to develop the resources, or promote the welfare of Australia. This fair land justly claims the united energies of all her sons; she stands in need of the conservative strength of all her citizens to achieve her glorious destiny. He who sets himself to sow dissension should be regarded as an enemy to less of religion than of his country. Discord being banished from us, how happy will be the result! Our citizens, all united in harmony and concord, uniting one another with friendly rivalry in eagerness to promote the common good, who can doubt that a grand future must await such a land?

All decent Frenchmen, and we opine that the majority of the nation belongs to that category, should give a rousing reception to Ferdinand Brunetiere when he returns to his native land, for the happy way in which he has disposed of *Zola*. The latter has posed too long as the faithful delineator of French life and morals, and the only surprise is that the sensitive Gauls have so long tolerated him. The gross caricatures and indecent images he parades are no more portrayals of the real France than a representation of Coney Island during the season would be of this country. It is a matter of universal congratulation that decency has at length aroused a champion, and that champion a representative of the highest culture of La Belle France. The fact will give rise to the hope that the particular species of literature represented by *Zola* has seen its day. France is apparently squaring herself to get back where she rightfully belongs—the nursery of religion and the fine arts. M. Brunetiere returns to France this week, and the *Zolists* are commencing already to howl.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

In an article in *Zion's Herald*, on "Curious Customs of the Old Colony," we find the following:

"They had no religious service at funerals. Not till after a hundred years from the landing at Plymouth did it become common to offer a prayer or make an address on such an occasion. This omission, like their disregard for Christmas, was due to their extreme horror of the practices pursued or sanctioned by Roman Catholics. They feared that ceremonies over the dead would grow into prayers for their souls and the invocation of saints. It was perhaps for a similar reason that civil marriages were the rule throughout the earlier generations. Not until 1825 were the clergy first authorized to officiate at weddings. Before that, magistrates tied the knot. And there were but a few who couples married themselves; but this was regarded as disorderly, and visited with fines. Richard Bellingham, governor of Massachusetts in 1641, was brought before the General Court for marrying himself. But as he presided there, and refused to leave the bench during the trial, the case was postponed, amid much excitement, and was not again called up."

This last is funny enough to be made the theme of a comic opera of the Gilbert and Sullivan type. "Iolanthe" can not produce a more ludicrous situation than that of the governor who married himself presiding at his own trial. Truly the early New Englanders were sometimes serio-comic.—Sacred Heart Review.

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INDERS.

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