

THE ORANGE SOCIETY.

Michael Macdonagh in the August Contemporary Review.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

As a result of the disclosures before the Select Committee of 1835 a resolution was unanimously adopted by the House of Commons praying the king to take such measures as to him seemed advisable for the effectual discouragement of Orange Lodges, and his Majesty in reply said: "It is my firm intention to discourage all such societies in my dominions, and I rely with confidence on the fidelity of my loyal subjects to support me in this determination." Yielding, then, to the pressure of opinion—public, parliamentary, and royal—the Duke of Cumberland dissolved the institution in Ireland, Great Britain, and the Colonies. But so far as Ireland was concerned the society was merely disbanded as a system of affiliated lodges under a Grand Lodge, for the lodges throughout the country continued to exist in an unaffiliated condition. This state of things lasted till 1845, when the rules of the society were revised by Mr. Joseph Napier, Q. C., and the present declaration (part of which I have quoted) was substituted for the old illegal oath, though the form of words is actually similar; and the Grand Lodge having been again opened in 1849, the institution began the present phase of its career.

Happily, perhaps, Orangeism has its ludicrous and amusing side. This is seen in the laws and regulations of the institution; its celebrations, its processions and its literature. The Orangemen celebrate annually, on July 12, the battles of the Boyne and Aughrim, which, fought in Ireland, brought irretrievable disaster to the Stuart cause, and so placed William of Orange and the Hanoverian succession on the throne. Bitter memories are revived for Roman Catholics by these annual processions—memories that should have been allowed to die long since—and bloody spectacles from our sad past are brought by them stalking and gibbering in the noon day of the nineteenth century. However, these anniversaries, attended, as they usually are, at home and abroad, by bloodshed and destruction of property, as well as incidents of the most ludicrous character, have utterly discredited the principles and the methods of the Orange society in the minds of all lovers of religious tolerance, freedom of opinion, sanity, and decorum in political demonstrations.

I saw the great Orange procession in Belfast on July 12 in the Home Rule year of 1886. The demonstration was intended as an expression of the Orangemen's hostility to Irish autonomy, and was, on that account, bigger and more imposing than the ordinary July procession. I should have thought it one of the most impressive popular demonstrations I have ever witnessed, and I have seen many, were it not that its imposing character in regard to numbers was marred by several grotesque and fantastic features. An awful uproar prevailed during the entire march, from start to finish, through the streets of Belfast. Each and every one of the innumerable lodges in the procession was headed by a band; and each and every one of these bands consisted of one life and five big drums, for as the battle of the Boyne was won by King William to the music of drums and fife, the Orangemen will not tolerate any brass instruments in their bands. The position of drummer in a lodge ranks, I understand, next in honor and dignity to that of "Worshipful Master," and the qualifications for this much coveted office are height and bone and muscle. The giants of the lodges were, therefore, in possession of the drums, and, divested of coat and waistcoat, and with arms bare, they wielded their drumsticks and whacked their drums with astounding vehemence and enthusiasm, producing a tumult which, to the ear of the unsympathetic spectator, was most distracting. Popery and Home Rule were, indeed, damned in a discordant musical mélange on that day. All the bands, which were at least five hundred in number, played together. The mingled strains of "The Protestant Boys," "Boys of Water," "We'll Kick the Pope Before us," "The Protestant Drum," "More Holy Water," and "Croppies lie Down," were just faintly heard above the deafening "rub-a-dub-dub" of the countless drums. Now and then the members of the bands, as they marched along, performed a war-dance of whimsical description, which the Red Indians could hardly rival. The drummers and fife players about the road, at the head of their lodges, the former laboring their drums with redoubled energy, and the latter losing all idea of time in their desperate efforts to make noise with their instruments in competition with the drummers, while an enormous mass of wild and ragged women, boys, and girls, who accompanied the procession, shrieked and yelled in savage chorus. The scenes were the most frenzied and hysterical I ever witnessed. The drums were actually thickly bespattered with blood from the wrists of the drummers, so violently did the men play their sticks, and on the return march of the procession I counted dozens of drums with heads battered in, triumphantly raised aloft by the drummers to win the cheers of the spectators for their splendid labors in the good cause. The gaudy banners in orange and purple formed another curious and amusing feature of the procession. Orangemen apparently are not at all over-modest. They deem themselves the fellows, and they openly declare it on their flags and banners. There are, for instance, an extremely

large number of heroes in their lodges. As the procession marched past I read on the banners that the men and boys behind, wearing purple and orange sashes with strange devices, were "Belfast Heroes," "Sandy-row Heroes," "Boys of Bridge Heroes," "Queen's Island Heroes," "Shankill-road Heroes," "Diamond Heroes," "Belfast Harbor Heroes," and there were probably as many more "heroes" whose banners my eyes did not catch. "Brave Boys," "True Blues," "Invincibles," "No Surrenderers," and "Gallant Prentice Boys" could also be counted by the thousand. The three favorite devices on the banners were rude representations of the Queen presenting a Bible to a kneeling savage, an open Bible placed on a cushion and King William riding a white horse. For an enlightened and broad-minded man like William, who abhorred religious intolerance, to be made the hero of the Orange bigots is, indeed, the cruellest irony of fate. "He often declared," says Harris, his biographer, "that he came over to deliver Protestants, and not to persecute Catholics."

But the most ludicrous spectacle I ever witnessed in connection with Orangeism is the sham battle fought at Scarva every 13th July in commemoration of the Boyne. Scarva is a little village in Armagh, and the mimic fight comes off in a lovely demesne close to the village. I saw the affair on July 13, 1886. The demesne was crowded with the mill and agricultural laborers of the district, male and female, dressed in their best, decorated with Orange emblems, and evidently enjoying the day as a holiday or festival. About a dozen bands of Orange music, the members of the lodges were present in their regalia—orange and purple sashes and aprons—and their gaudy banners, with the inevitable King William on horseback, or the equally inevitable open Bible on a cushion surmounted by a crown, fluttered gaily in the summer breeze. After a couple of hours' promenade by the assemblage in the shady retreats of the demesne, with occasional visits to the refreshment-booths, the sound of a bugle proclaimed that the battle of the Boyne was about to be fought. The two armies at once took up their positions on the field. The Williamites were represented by about two thousand men, wearing the Orange colors and armed with swords and guns of all ages and descriptions. At their head was the impersonator of King William—the most soldierly and best figure that could be obtained in the district—on horseback, arrayed in gorgeous orange and purple trappings, and a flashing sword in his right hand. On the opposite bank of an imaginary Boyne river the Jacobites—equal in number—also armed with guns, were drawn up to meet the advance of the Williamites. A sorry, awkward squad these Jacobites looked in their green uniforms, and the sorriest, most awkward and most terrified-looking of them all was the impersonator of James II., on horseback, clad in a white sheet. A good deal of laughter provoking manœuvring was first indulged in by both armies, and they blazed at each other across the ditch with blank cartridges for half an hour, watched all the time with the deepest interest by thousands of spectators. Then with a bold dash the Williamites crossed the stream. A fierce hand-to-hand encounter took place between the opposing forces, during which King William did deeds of heroism, while King James rode quaking to the rear of his adherents. After a vigorous defence the Jacobites gave way—in order to preserve the historical accuracy of the representation—and fled with their king at their head over the fields, pursued by the victorious Williamites amid the deafening shouts of the assemblage. In the end King James was brought back a prisoner amid cries of derision, but was subsequently well, though, I fear, not wisely, feasted in one of the refreshment-booths.

Unhappily, it is to the revelations of the coroner's court and the police-court that we are indebted for our information of the tomfooleries attending the ceremonies of initiation in the Orange lodges. Mishaps resulting in loss of life or injury to limb occur in the course of these extraordinary proceedings. A short time ago a man was shot dead in an Orange lodge in the north of Ireland. It was explained at the inquest that revolver shots are used in the course of the ceremonies, and on this occasion it happened that the weapon, unknown to the person who used it, was loaded with ball cartridges. On a similar occasion in a Belfast lodge, a man ascending "the first three steps of Jacob's ladder," blindfolded, fell back and was killed. Another curious incident was that of a man who, in going through the ceremony of initiation to the second degree of Orangeism, was put blindfolded into a blanket or net hammock, and swung about in it so violently that he sustained a dislocation of the spine at the back of the neck.

"Papists" is the most opprobrious epithet in the vocabulary of an Orangeman, and its application is considered by him the deadliest of insults. "If the police do their duty in county Down," said Sir Frederick Storien, inspector of police, in his evidence before the Select Committee of 1835, "they are hunted and called Papists." Lord Wellesley (brother to the Duke of Wellington) was Lord-Lieutenant in 1822, put a stop that year to the offensive 12th July processions round King William's statue in College Green, Dublin, and was at once set down by the Orangemen as a "Papist." On his appearance at a performance in the Theatre Royal on December 14, 1822, he was assailed with cries of "Papists," "Popish Wel-

lesley," "No Popish Lord Lieutenant," and a bottle flung from the gallery was smashed on the Viceregal box over his head. Mr. Chetwood, Eustace Chetwood, grand secretary to the Orange Institution of England, decried with its funds some years ago. A resolution was adopted declaring he was "no true Orangeman, but a Papist." Mr. Gladstone has, of course, been commonly denominated as "a Papist" by the Orangemen. Not even his pamphlet on "Vaticanism" has saved him from that awful fate. It was ludicrous, too, to hear Mr. Morley described as "a Papist," as I heard him described by the Orange mobs during the Belfast riots of 1886—while the constabulary were "Morley's murderers" and "Papists" this and "Papists" that—the vilest of terms being used. With such feelings entertained by Orangemen for the Catholic Church it is extremely improbable, to say the least, that any Catholic would care to join the order. Yet, curiously enough, the most stringent precautions have been taken by the order to exclude "Papists" from the lodges. In the "Laws and Ordinances of the Orange Institution of Ireland," published at Belfast in 1872, I find that among many things the candidate is expected to testify is that he is not and never was a Roman Catholic or Papist, or married to one, or else to suffer exclusion, except in cases under the 3rd rule. The 3rd rule is as follows:

"No person who at any time has been a Roman Catholic or married to one shall be admitted into the Institution, except by an unanimous vote of the Grand Lodge, and of the District and County Grand Lodges founded on testimonials of good character and a certificate of his having been duly elected in the lodge in which he is proposed."

We see, therefore, that even a Protestant married to a Catholic is ineligible for membership of the order. In a popular song, "The Papist Wife," or a warning to Orangemen against indulging in such a luxury is strenuously if inelegantly given:

"Let no loyal Protestant e'er have said,
That he to a Papist wife e'er should get wed.
She's hateful, deceitful, she'll prove false to thee,
She's worse than the devil, if worse there can be.
Let no loyal Protestant e'er have said,
That he to a Papist wife e'er should get wed;
For she'll work night and day to prove you wrong;
And for to worship idols your children must go."

In the songs of the society, as well as in the speeches, the party tunes, the emblems, the mottoes, the processions, the ritual of Orangeism—in everything, in fact, appertaining to the institution—insults and taunts are heaped upon Catholics. The Catholic Church is thus addressed:

"Scarlet Church of old uncleaness,
Sink thou to the deep abyss,
Till thou art no more,
Where the hell-bound fiends hiss;
Where thy father Satan's eye
May half thee, blood stained Papist!"

The most sacred functions of the Catholic religion are treated with mockery and derision:

"There's Turks, and there's Heathens, Mahomedans too;
There's Hindoos and Brahmins and likewise
But none of them all eat their God, you must know,
But the Papist that goes to his jubilee, oh!"

Here is another choice sentiment:

"We want no pomp and pageantry,
No holy priests and power,
No antic tricks and mummery
The altar steps before;
No meddling priests to peep and pry
Into the household home;
Yes, nothing do we crave from thee,
Thou blighting Church of Rome."

The College Maynooth, of course, could not escape attack. According to one song, "When this Old Sash was New,"

"There was no grant to fowl Maynooth to educate her priests,
Nor Papists dare with words uncouth sing at their Romish feasts.
There were no Popish Cardinals to break the England's laws all through,
No rebellion flag dare to be seen when this old sash was new.
Then toast the memory of the men who Popery did subvert,
And give their swords upon their loins when this old sash was new."

"Down with Maynooth! be the cry of each Orangeman," exclaims another singer; and adds:

"Popery's poison is tainting old Ireland,
Sneaking around from its centre, Maynooth;
But bear down upon her, beneath the blue banner,
The standard of Freedom, Religion and Truth!"

Here is a perfect gem, which I quote in full:

"SOUTHERN'S DEFIANCE.
SOUTHERNS! SOUTHERNS! RAISE YE UP!
Ring along your rebel shout!
Fling abroad your rebel flag!
Curse the lips of roaring rage!
SOUTHERNS! SOUTHERNS! SONS OF SLAVES!
Come! we'll die for your bloody graves!
Come! in one last grapple join!
Come! we'll meet you at the Boyne!"

"SOUTHERNS! SOUTHERNS! WHY KEEP BACK?
Hail your courage gins to slack!
Crown, slaven, alien crew!
Ulster dares you to march through!"

"Once ye tried—but fire and sword
Sweep you back a howling horde!
O'er your slain no dead men rang;
Keener wailed, or mass priest sang.
STEADY! NORTHERNS! STEADY STAND
Guardians of our Orange land!
Yours the watchword of the free,
William's glorious memory!"

All this rhodomontade passes idly over the head of the Southron. The Catholics of the South bear not the slightest rancor or ill-will towards the Orangemen of the North. It is, however, different with the Catholics who live in the Orange towns of Ulster, such as Belfast, Derry, Portadown, and Lurgan. They hate the Orangemen, at least during three months of the year, with all the concentrated fury and bitterness with which the Orangemen during the same period abhor them. The Catholics of the provinces of Leinster,

Munster, Connaught, and of at least half of Ulster have never seen an Orange procession, or even an Orange banner, and have never heard an Orange party cry in their districts. Orangeism exists only in the north-east corner of Ulster, or, at least, it is only there that it is strong enough publicly to celebrate the July anniversaries. But even there, during nine months of the year Catholics and Protestants bear no violent malice against each other, and, indeed, may be said, on the whole, to get on together very amiably. In June, however, the dormant sentiments of the Orangemen begin to assert themselves. The Orange lily, to which he renders a form of idolatry, has raised in the summer heat its gaudy head in his front or back garden, or in the flower-boxes in his windows. He is reminded that the anniversaries are approaching. The fliers and the drummers of the lodges are, therefore, called together to practice for the procession on the 12th July. The Orangemen now regard their Catholic neighbors with distant and scowling looks, and they ostentatiously flaunt their huge orange pocket handkerchiefs in the streets and on the country roads. In the month of July the Orange rabies—it really seems to be a form of midsummer madness—assumes the most virulent form. The ears of Catholics are greeted with maddening cries of "To h— with the Pope; no Home Rule," to which the Catholics reply with equal fury, "To h— with King William; Home Rule and Pope here." On the 12th July the Orange processions take place. They pass as close as the authorities will permit to the Catholic quarters of the town (for in the towns of north-east Ulster there are well defined Catholic and Orange districts for the working classes), but close enough to make some, at least, of the streets of the Catholic quarters ring with the strains of "The Boyne Water," or "We'll Kick the Pope Before us." In the evening there are invariably several riots between the opposing parties. Homes are sometimes wrecked and pillaged; skulls are broken; and occasionally even lives are lost. It takes another month before the feelings of religious bigotry and racial animosity which thus annually find savage vent become dormant again. By the end of August peace is entirely restored.

While, therefore, the Catholics of north-east Ulster regard Orangeism with mingled feelings of hatred and apprehension the Catholics of the rest of Ireland, being outside its sphere of influence, look upon its antics with a tolerant and somewhat amused interest. Indeed, one of the dreams of the Nationalists has always been "the union of Orange and Green," and, though the lessons of the past century teach how hopeless of realization that extraordinary aspiration, one may still see at Nationalist demonstrations a mingling of the rival colors in rosettes and banners. In 1833 O'Connell appeared at a public meeting in Cork with an orange lily in his button-hole. "You see, boys," said he, "I am a bit of an Orangeman myself." Three years subsequently, in 1836, he said: "I once tried to conciliate the Orangemen; but I'll never try again. I once hoped to induce them to fight side by side with the Catholics for the good of the common country, but I hope so no more."

Every Nationalist leader since O'Connell has also tried to win the support of the Orangemen, and has, of course, failed in like manner. The hope that the Orangemen would forget their history, their aspirations, and their sentiments, and become Nationalists, is as preposterous as the idea that the Nationalists would become Orangemen, which indeed the Orangemen, to do them justice, have never for a moment entertained.

The power and influence of the Orange institution in Ireland have naturally waned considerably during the past thirty years; and its sentiments towards the Roman Catholic Church are perhaps somewhat more tolerant or more enlightened to day than they were a century ago. But the Orangemen are still really a religious fanatic first and a politician afterwards. Everything is subordinated by him to maintaining Protestant ascendancy or to preventing the spread of the power and influence of Roman Catholics, not only in Ireland but in all English speaking countries. Even the loyalty of the Orangemen is, as I have shown, conditional on the constitution being, in its essence, Protestant, and on the throne being filled by a Protestant sovereign. The affirmation he solemnly made on joining his lodge binds him to "support the laws and constitution of the kingdom and the succession to the throne of her Majesty's illustrious house, being Protestant." The Orangemen look at all political movements through the glasses of an anti-Catholic bigot. As a rule, he gives what he calls an "independent" support to the Tory party; but he is anti-Papist first and a Tory afterwards. If the Tories attempted to enact any measure inimical to the Orange view of Protestantism or favorable to the Roman Catholics, as a religious sect, the Orangemen would unhesitatingly join the Radicals—for the nonce, of course—if the Radicals showed a disposition to oppose the obnoxious measure.

Then, again, the Orangemen will not repose any confidence, even in political matters, in a Roman Catholic, no matter how strongly Unionist or ultra-royal that Roman Catholic may be. The Orangemen believe the corrupting influence of Roman Catholicism affects everything it touches, that no Roman Catholic can exercise

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his political judgment free and independent of the baneful influence of his Church, and therefore he will not elect his Tory Roman Catholic countryman—not to speak of all of the Nationalist—to any position of emolument, trust and responsibility, civic or parliamentary, in districts where his influence is supreme. Mr. Lecky says truly that in religious matters the Irish peasant is the most tolerant peasant in the world. At elections for positions of public trust—Parliamentary, Municipal, and Poor Law—he never asks a candidate his religion, and he rarely, if ever, allows his own religious opinions to influence his vote. The only thing he insists upon is that the candidate must be a Nationalist. He never doubts or hesitates at all in his choice of the Protestant Nationalist to the Roman Catholic Tory. In the north every movement is permeated by theology; in the south by politics. The Orangemen are intolerant in his religious views; the Nationalist in his political opinions. Not an insulting word towards the Church or the religious principles of Orangemen is to be found in any national song or ballad; while, as I have shown, the song books popular with the brethren of the Orange lodges teem from cover to cover with vituperations of Catholics and their creed.

But, as I have said, like all fanatical movements of his kind, the Orange society has been unable to resist the powerfully adverse influences of the enlightenment, the tolerance, and the broadness of view of these days; and it has, consequently, lost the place of power and of pride it once occupied in Ireland. It was practically omnipotent in Ireland at the opening of the century. Its members occupied all the high places of the land, executive and administrative. It was sworn before the Select Committee in 1835 that there were 200,000 members of the society in Ireland, and all its leaders were wealthy and powerful territorial magnates. It has to-day at most about 10,000 nominal members, but morally and intellectually it has little or no influence. It is almost exclusively composed of the artisans and laborers of the towns. There are not many substantial men of business, or men of good social position or ability, in its ranks. It is now regarded as an extremely vulgar and ludicrous movement by the vast majority of Protestants, who deplore its sinister influence in destroying or impairing the charities and amenities of religious and civic life in Ireland. It is perhaps only in Ireland, whose sad history, if dispassionately studied, teaches sympathy for the aberrations—for "the falsehood of extremes," of all its creeds and classes, that this politico-theological organization, with its seventeenth century sentiments and methods of propaganda, could have survived to celebrate at the end of the nineteenth century the centenary of its foundation.

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Telephone 4-2, 4-3, 4-4, 4-5, 4-