

Orga

About Orga

Orga is a friendly sans-serif, with subtle quirks that give it a distinctive and fresh personality. Clean narrow curves give Orga highly legible and flexible sensibilities, rendering it suitable for both text and display. The Orga family was designed to provide typographic contrast and variation, available in eight distinct weights from thin to black, with matching italics.

16 Styles

8 weights with Italics for each.

Character Set

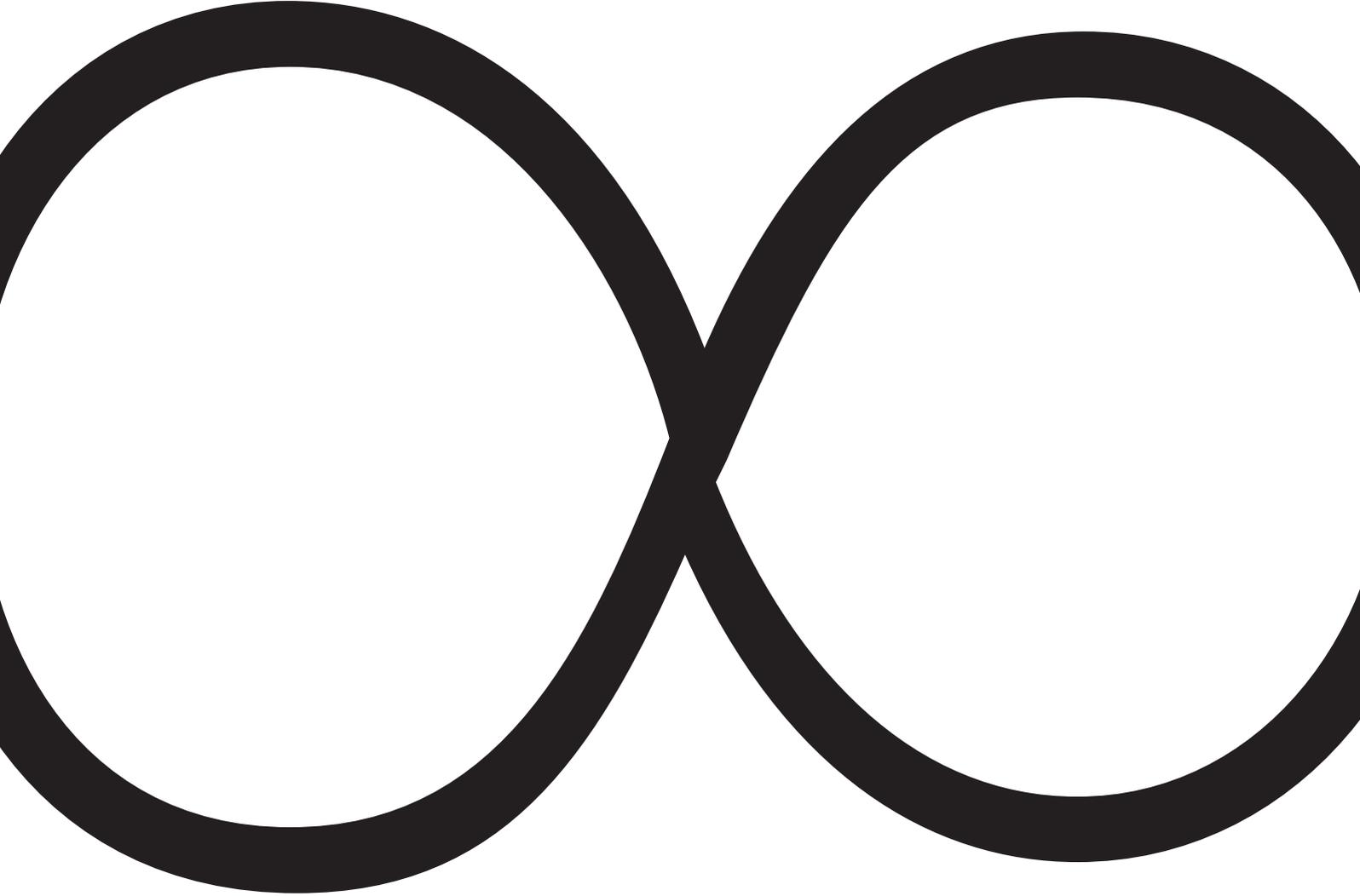
Orga has a standard character set, with coverage for Western European languages plus a standard set of OpenType features.

Published in 2012
Designed by **TypeGroup**

fl



U U



Thin

Adjoined

Thin Italic

Development

Light

Constituting

Light Italic

Infiltrating

Regular

Nutrients

Regular Italic

Components

Medium

Subsurface

Medium Italic

Moisture

SemiBold

Prescient

SemiBold Italic

Biodiversity

Bold

Integrating

Bold Italic

Mechanical

ExtraBold

Detritus

ExtraBold Italic

Subsurface

Black

Existence

Black Italic

Frequency

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way.

30pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen million barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and clattered. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost one of the protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks. Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished local work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in the rain with sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, empty life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the back door. Going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That was the mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altarrails. The priest murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. He stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they in water?) off it and put it in

18 pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen million barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and clattered. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost one of the protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks. Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished local work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in the rain with sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, empty life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the back door. Going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That was the mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altarrails. The priest murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. He stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they in water?) off it and put it in

12pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen million barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and clattered. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost one of the protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks. Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished local work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in the rain with sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, empty life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the back door. Going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That was the mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altarrails. The priest murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. He stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they in water?) off it and put it in

8pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way.

30pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh could tear up a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen million barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter stopped and the bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from the door and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. See reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was a child. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Jesus like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee. Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguishes between the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with black faces listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered the church. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow motion at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altar along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. He stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they in water?)

18 pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh could tear up a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen million barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter stopped and the bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from the door and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. See reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was a child. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Jesus like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee. Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguishes between the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with black faces listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered the church. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow motion at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altar along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. He stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they in water?)

12pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh could tear up a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter stopped and the bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from the door and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. See reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was a child. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Jesus like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee. Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguishes between the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with black faces listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered the church. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow motion at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altar along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. He stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they in water?)

8pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull port slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone. He was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder if it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Take hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopstick. Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who I wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altarrails. The priest went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. H

30pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull port slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone. He was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder if it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Take hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopstick. Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who I wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altarrails. The priest went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. H

18 pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull port slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone. He was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder if it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Take hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopstick. Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who I wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altarrails. The priest went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. H

12pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull port slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone. He was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder if it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Take hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopstick. Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who I wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altarrails. The priest went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. H

8pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels below his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Step onto the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying in a museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, he would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. Sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere. Something going on: some sodalite in a discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. The benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altar rails. The priest went along by them, murmuring

30pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels below his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Step onto the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying in a museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, he would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. Sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere. Something going on: some sodalite in a discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. The benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altar rails. The priest went along by them, murmuring

18 pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels below his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Step onto the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying in a museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, he would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. Sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere. Something going on: some sodalite in a discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. The benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altar rails. The priest went along by them, murmuring

12pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels below his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Step onto the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying in a museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, he would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. Sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere. Something going on: some sodalite in a discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. The benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altar rails. The priest went along by them, murmuring

8pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might as well ask M' Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr Williams to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't get Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with bottles listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor by the rere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed

30pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might as well ask M' Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr Williams to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't get Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with bottles listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor by the rere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed

18 pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might as well ask M' Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr Williams to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't get Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with bottles listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor by the rere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed

12pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might as well ask M' Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr Williams to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't get Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with bottles listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor by the rere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed

8pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque

30pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather.

18 pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather.

12pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. of the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants converted Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinees. Prefer a Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows how to look. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to be round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next to my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches with

8pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque

30pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bung holes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. Henry Flower the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind his headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. Prayers are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen with the ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under the burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunniff distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but he taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their face see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the reere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice do next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women kne

18 pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bung holes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. Henry Flower the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind his headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. Prayers are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen with the ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under the burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunniff distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but he taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their face see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the reere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice do next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women kne

12pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bung holes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. Henry Flower the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind his headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. Prayers are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen with the ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under the burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunniff distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but he taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their face see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the reere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice do next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women kne

8pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a

30pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from the tuckers and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone the

18 pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from the tuckers and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone the

12pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from the tuckers and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone the

he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's million souls. How they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on a museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea. Shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Martin Cunningham baptised blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed b

8pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a

30pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along with the flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and hid it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door: very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had been saying for years. He was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. They explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Paul. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the house. That Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off his forehead. blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening to the priest. I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the

18 pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along with the flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and hid it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door: very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had been saying for years. He was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. They explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Paul. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the house. That Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off his forehead. blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening to the priest. I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the

12pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along with the flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and hid it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door: very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had been saying for years. He was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. They explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Paul. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the house. That Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off his forehead. blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening to the priest. I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the

8pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took it from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of the heathen they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinees. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and nails. Idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a circle, lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn stone floor, swung the door and entered softly by the reere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some

30pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took it from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of the heathen they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinees. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and nails. Idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a circle, lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn stone floor, swung the door and entered softly by the reere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some

18 pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took it from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of the heathen they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinees. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and nails. Idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a circle, lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn stone floor, swung the door and entered softly by the reere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some

12pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took it from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of the heathen they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinees. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and nails. Idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a circle, lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn stone floor, swung the door and entered softly by the reere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some

8pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the souls of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I did not get Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in the parlour, lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps of the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some

30pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the souls of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I did not get Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in the parlour, lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps of the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some

18 pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the souls of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I did not get Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in the parlour, lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps of the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some

12pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the souls of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I did not get Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in the parlour, lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps of the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some

8pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment.

30pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment.

18 pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. Fifteen into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level. The pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping inside he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same as William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an Emperor Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek and a burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martineau knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who was but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? They'll take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like a drink. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere. Some

12pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. Fifteen into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level. The pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping inside he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same as William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an Emperor Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek and a burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martineau knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who was but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? They'll take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like a drink. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere. Some

8pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment.

30pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment.

18 pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. Twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels. Same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch, he took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Connell Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African converts for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr Williams to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celebrate for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not the Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: disapprove. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the reere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty.

12pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. Twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels. Same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch, he took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Connell Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African converts for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr Williams to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celebrate for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not the Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: disapprove. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the reere. Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty.

8pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment.

30pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment.

18 pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth.

12pt

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank. Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter. What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same. An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth. He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows and on the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might as well work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar. Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J. on saint Peter the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestant Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hashish sticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conington Cunnigham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Fool who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptize. The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Skin like milk, I suppose. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered so

8pt

Styles

- Orga Thin
- Orga Thin Italic
- Orga Light
- Orga Light Italic
- Orga Regular
- Orga Regular Italic
- Orga Medium
- Orga Medium Italic
- Orga SemiBold
- Orga SemiBold Italic
- Orga Bold
- Orga Bold Italic
- Orga ExtraBold
- Orga ExtraBold Italic
- Orga Black
- Orga Black Italic

Specifications

- Latin 1: Supplement;
- Latin Extended A;
- Latin Extended B;
- Spacing Modifier Letters;
- Combining Diacritical Marks;
- General Punctuation;
- Currency Symbols;
- Letterlike Symbols;
- Number Forms;
- Turkish.

Copyright

Please refer to the Terms section at www.typegroup.ie for full information on our Terms & Conditions

Contact

TypeGroup

68 Dame Street,
Dublin 2,
Ireland

+353 1 6709333
hello@typegroup.ie

