

## The Catholic World.

to me then, a foolish interest in the girl. He had taken her education in hand from the time of her mother's death, and frequently sent money to the aunt when she took the child to Ireland from his own scanty stipend. He died about the time of Bond's second commitment to Portland, and from that period I heard nothing of Catherine Bond, as the girl was called."

Mr. Derwent again paused. Dermot was listening attentively. "I hope I am not wearying you," Mr. Derwent said politely.

"No, no; not at all," O'Brien protested.

"Well, the years passed on. I had not married again; and the gentleman you may have noticed with me at the Academy to-day was generally assumed to be the heir to Derwent Hall. The property is unentailed I should say. George Holmes is a second cousin only of mine; but at the same time my sole living relative; and it seemed fitting that the property should pass to him."

"Yes," Dermot agreed as the speaker stopped.

"I was much surprised when Bond had served some six years of his second term of imprisonment to receive a message from the Governor of Portland. To this hour I do not know whether the confession Bond made to me was prompted by a spirit of repentance or by malice. He was dying when I, in answer to his summons, reached his side, but quite conscious. His confession was that it was not my daughter who had died years before, but his own child. His wife, dreading his fierce temper, and, hoping to retain the affection that was fast slipping from her, concealed the fact from him as from others. There was no one to suspect the fraud she practised. Circumstances prevented Mrs. Carroll from re-visiting Derwent Hall, and, as I told you, it was years afterwards before I settled down there.

"According to Bond's story, the wrong she did preyed upon his wife. She grew strange and moody, and kept away from her religious duties. It was only in her last sickness that she sent for Father Selby. Whatever communication she made to him was made under the sacred seal of confession. The priest left her, intending to return next day, but the woman sank suddenly. In her last moments she confessed everything to her husband and begged that the wrong she had done might be righted. Bond doubtlessly intended to reap some lasting benefit through the disclosure that had been made to him, but he was in gaol when I saw him, and my refusal to aid him incensed him against me.

"I at once put the matter into the hands of skilful detectives, but I never succeeded in finding either Bond's sister-in-law or the child. I did learn that the woman and child had settled near the little village of Adare in Limerick, but they left it and no further trace of them could be found. George has always insisted that both were dead, otherwise our advertisements would have been answered, and I at length adopted that view; but to-day—"

"Yes?" Dermot said inquiringly, breaking the silence that fell as Mr. Derwent hesitated.

"To-day I thought I was looking into my dead wife's eyes. That picture in the Academy is marvellously like her. Her beauty was of an uncommon type."

"Miss Neagle is uncommonly beautiful," Dermot said.

"I must see the girl," Mr. Derwent said. "Of course she is much too young to be my daughter, but she may be my grand-daughter."

"Then you believe Bond's story?"

"Certainly, why should I not? Besides, Father Selby's interest in the girl would imply that he knew something of the matter. Do you know Miss Neagle well?"

"Yes; and her brother also. He is the artist."

"And they belong to Limerick?"

"They were born in it, but have resided in London for some time."

"In London? That is well. I suppose you could arrange a meeting between us, Mr. O'Brien?"

"Oh, yea."

"Do you know their mother's name—her maiden name?"

Dermot shook his head.

"I have a feeling that it was Catherine Bond," Mr. Derwent said, and Dermot smiled doubtfully.

Nevertheless the speaker was right. In one of the churches of Limerick City the record of the marriage of Patrick Neagle and Catherine Bond was found, and also the baptismal certificates of their son and daughter. Mr. Derwent's agents had gone too far afield in their search. Catherine and her aunt had merely gone from one part of a county to another, and the aunt's death and her supposed niece's marriage had taken place within a few months of their settlement in the city.

There was no one dissatisfied when Mr. Derwent took his grandchildren to Derwent Hall, except, perhaps, George Holmes. He was wise enough, however, to conceal his anger and dissatisfaction.

Dermot O'Brien's joy in the good fortune of his friends was not altogether unalloyed. It seemed to him that Fanchea as Mr. Derwent's grand-daughter could never be won for a wife by a poor journalist; but Fanchea had given him her love and Mr. Derwent had conceived a warm liking for the young Irishman. Patrick, too, was lavish of his invitations to Derwent Hall; and at last there came a day when Fanchea and Dermot plighted their troths in the private chapel at the hall. The wedding gift of Patrick to his sister was an exact reproduction of the picture that had brought them fortune: "A Wise Woman of Mungret."

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**BELGIUM.—Superiority of Catholic Schools.**—Belgian Liberals, like French Radicals, bear little love to the teaching Congregations. During their *regime*, which, happily for the country, was brought to an end in 1884, everything was done which could hamper the schools directed by the religious Orders, whilst all possible encouragement was given to the teachers of the State schools. The "Congregationistes" were reproached with ignorance, with want of capacity—they might teach the Catechism very well, but so far as secular instruction went they were an absolute failure. In 1885, however, the Catholic Government instituted a system of annual "concours" or competitions, between the various schools in the kingdom, and the results were such as to give a rude awakening to the maligners of the religious Congregations. A short time ago the Abbé Kessens, speaking in this connection in the Senate, quoted figures which brought into interesting relief the comparative efficiency of the official schools and the establishments of the Brothers of the Christian schools. The competitions were held each year from 1885 to 1895, when they were dropped. In nine years out of eleven the pupils out of the Brothers at Liège carried off the first prizes, leaving the communal schools far behind. At Verviers the result was similar. In the same period at Tournai the Brothers gained 800 prizes, or an average of 70 each year. They presented 71 pupils for the "concours" in 1889 and won 70 prizes, amongst which were 44 firsts; in 1890 the 76 pupils they presented carried off 75 prizes, amongst which were 58 firsts and 16 *prix d'honneur*. At Brussels the defeat of the Communal schools was still more crushing. In the competition of 1892 the communal schools gained, in proportion to their average number of pupils, but 5.54 per cent. of the prizes; the Catholic schools, on the other hand, obtained 10.13 per cent., or nearly double; in 1893 the communal schools obtained 5.95 per cent. of the prizes, the Catholic schools 10.12 per cent., again nearly double; in 1894 the communal schools had 5.87 per cent., the Catholic schools, 10.48 per cent.; and in 1895 but 5.04 per cent. of the prizes fell to the communal schools and 8.11 per cent. to the Catholic. In the face of these facts the Abbé Kessens might well say, "If teachers who carry off the highest distinctions are still to be classed as ignoramuses, what qualification must be given to those who are so conspicuously unsuccessful?"

**FRANCE.—The Imprisonment of a Priest.**—The Abbé Bailly, cure-doyen of Donzy, has undergone two days' imprisonment for an offence which, in the opinion of the anti-religious fanatics who infest France, is one of the most abominable—viz., that of disobeying the edict of a mayor, who, in his contempt for "superstition," has placed his veto upon all religious processions within the limits of his jurisdiction. The Abbé Bailly is now classed with old offenders against municipal authority. Twice he was fined five francs for having disobeyed the mayor in this same matter of processions, and the third time, although the pecuniary penalty was the same, it was emphasised by the addition of two days' imprisonment. It has been a common occurrence, since we have enjoyed in France the sweets of liberty, so amply distributed from the time of the triumph of the "priest-eating" Republic, personified by Gambetta and Jules Ferry, for the clergy to come into collision with *juges de paix* for not appearing to understand the edicts of local mayors, and fines have often been imposed upon them; but the announcement that a priest has been sent to prison because he has walked in an open-air religious procession is rather startling even to Frenchmen, who are not to be easily moved from their indifference with regard to the quarrel between the *mairie* and the presbytery, which, in many localities are regarded as endemic.

**Great Excitement.**—At Donzy and throughout a considerable district in the department of Nièvre the excitement has been great in consequence of the sentence which has been carried out upon a priest who, for a quarter of a century, has been the curé of the same parish, and whose undoubted popularity is founded not only upon sacerdotal zeal, but upon benevolence of character. In infringing the decree of the Mayor Dubois the Abbé Bailly was to have been arrested at the beginning of the week, but as he did not feel disposed to facilitate the work of his persecutors he kept within the presbytery, and for two days the gendarmes mounted guard outside. They were not armed with a warrant that gave them the right to enter the house. This, however, came in course of time, and the curé, wisely realising that it would be useless to resist any longer, surrendered. Before allowing himself to be arrested he put a surplice over his soutane, and it was thus that he passed through the streets between two gendarmes on his way to the railway station, while the indignant parishioners shouted: "Vive M. le Curé!" "Vive la liberté!" The gendarmes, wishing to avoid this demonstration—which was not quite to their taste—had tried to get a cab for their prisoner, but there was not a man who would allow his vehicle to be used for such a purpose. The curé was taken to Cosne, and he was accompanied in the train by many of his parishioners. At Cosne station there was a strong body of police waiting, headed by the Sub-Prefect. On Friday he was released from prison, and his return home was the occasion of another popular demonstration. The mayor and his myrmidons at Donzy have certainly not strengthened their position by this further act of tyranny. It should be stated that a year ago the Abbé Bailly's stipend was suppressed by the Government. Those who supposed that this measure would have tamed him must now realise their mistake.

**PORTUGAL.—A Princess Takes the Veil.**—Princess Adelaide, widow of the first Dom Miguel of Braganza, head of the former royal family of Portugal, took the black veil on Trinity Sunday, when she was received as a professed choir nun at the Benedictine abbey of St. Cecilia of Solesmes in France. She is the mother of the present Duke of Braganza, and her six beautiful daughters have all made brilliant matches, one, as the wife of the former Archduke Charles Louis of Austria, expected to be Empress of Austria. Prin-

"GET ON THE SOIL, YOUNG MAN—GET ON THE SOIL."

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