

THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mails from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

ANTHIM. The foundation stone of the Dub- Wolfe Tone monument was un- veiled in Belfast prior to its removal to the Irish capital.

DONEGAL. A number of wells in the neighbour- hood of Clare Catholic Church have been polluted in a disgraceful manner.

DUBLIN. Hitherto the house in which Wolfe Tone was born, 44 Stafford street, Dub- lin, had no distinctive mark to convey information of the interesting fact to the passer-by.

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE, Founder of the Society of United Irishmen Was born in this house on the 20th June, 1763.

He died in Ireland In the Provost's Prison, Arbour Hill, on the 19th November, 1798.

This Tablet was erected by the Ninety-Eighth Centenary Committee. Mr. William O'Brien publishes a letter- in reply to a communication from Cork, suggesting that gentlemen should visit the South of Ireland, with the view of establishing branches of the United Irish League.

The Freeman writes as follows:— The imposing list of contributions to the annual collection for our Holy Father the Pope, is an evidence as strong as it is gratifying of the loyalty of the diocese of Dublin to the imperishable Throne of Peter.

ENGLAND. DEATH OF MRS. WARD. Memories of the Oxford Movement are stirred by the death of Mrs. Ward, wife of the late Mr. William George Ward, who was known as "Ideal" Ward in the days of the secessions from the Anglican Church in 1846.

caslon of a grand demonstration by numbers of Canadian friends and admirers The Rev. Father Constantine, O. M. L., P.P. of St. Joseph's, Ot- tawa, Canada, is in Dublin. He sails for Canada on Saturday, accompany- ing Mr. Langvein, Archbishop of St. Boniface, Manitoba.

A CATHOLIC MUSICIAN. The Catholics of Wales are such an unjustly neglected body numerically that it is gratifying to find that a well-known Welsh Catholic—Miss Alice Abadan, of Carmarthen—was the winner, out of a large number of competitors, in the piano-forte competition at the National Bazaar, recently held at Blaenau- Waterhouse, Miss Abadan, it will be remembered, was the Welsh convert, who presented Bishop Mostyn with an elo- quently jewelled mitre on the occasion of his appointment as Vicar-Apostolic. The Bistadford is a thoroughly unsectarian institution, which has for cen- turies kept alive Welsh poetry, Welsh music, and the Welsh language, and the interchange of courtesies which has taken place between it and its junior sister, the Irish Feis, may—along with the cordial co-operation of Catho- lics in this as in all other national movements—go a long way towards conveying to the most old-fashioned of the Cymry that Catholics have a distinct place in the intellectual and social life of the Kingdom, which neither can nor will be pooh-poohed or explained away.

SCOTLAND. THE PRESS AND THE POPE'S LETTER. On the whole, the Protestant press of Scotland cannot fairly be said to have done justice to the letter of Pope Leo's which we published last week. They deny, however, that there is any tendency on the part of Scotland to go on one more to its mother. The Scots- man says:—"Most people will find a certain pathetic interest in the letter, which may be regarded as his last word to Scotland, nearing the end of a singularly pure and honourable career."

Convention at Loretto Abbey. On Tuesday last began an instructive and interesting convention at Loretto Abbey, in which Very Rev. J. J. McCann, Administrator of the Arch- diocese; Rev. F. Ryan, Rector of St. Mary's, M. R. Egan, Master Model School, Hamilton; Mr. W. Graham, School Master, London; and Inspector J. F. White took part. Hon. G. W. Rose, Minister of Education sent regrets, as the special session now open in Edinburgh at the House.

After being for a considerable period in indifferent health the esteemed and venerated pastor of Newcastle West, the Very Rev. Dean Hammond, passed away at his residence, St. Ita's. He commenced at Maynooth his collegiate course, which was a remarkably distinguished one, after which, having risen to much favour, he was appointed Dean of the College, and continued in that position until, on the death of Dean O'Brien, about thirteen years ago, he was transferred by the late bishop of the diocese, Dr. Butler, to the charge of Newcastle West.

At the close the Administrator said Rev. Rector moved a vote of thanks to the speaker, who had been instru- mental in obtaining the meeting, while he in turn commended Rev. Mother, who with a liberal hand pro- vides the best educational advantages

of the country affords, for increasing the efficiency of the teachers—efficiency that has been clearly shown by the unparalleled success which has attended the pupils who have written at the different public examinations during the past year, in Entrance, Commercial Art, Teachers and University work;—the pupils not only passing but in more one instance, heading the list and than carrying off honors.

The Late Sergeant-Major Somers. It is our painful task to record, in this issue of THE REGISTER, the death of an old and valued son of the Emerald Is- land, in the person of Sergeant-Major Somers, late of the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers. Sergeant Somers was born in 1831, a year ago at Gallon, county of Kilkenny. He was on his mother's side connected with the great Baker family of Kilkenny, who account for the soldierly bearing and noble bearing that characterized him all through life.

He entered into Her Majesty's service at an early age and during twenty-three years proved his loyalty to the crown in India, Africa and Gibraltar.

Yielding much against his will to the advice of his physicians, Mr. Somers entered St. Michael's Hospital to under- go an operation for internal cancer and was treated on the advice of the liver- specialist, Mr. Deane, of the hospital. But his weakness condition rendered the satisfactory results anticipated and he died a little before ten o'clock on the morning of the 8th inst. Father Rob- ert, Chancellor of the diocese, had announced a few days before the last rites of the Church, and in the last hour of his existence here on earth, Father Walsh of St. Basil's knelt by his bedside, saying the prayers for the dying, and gave him a last absolution as the priest was saying the last prayer.

The Redemptor of Achill. Achill Island is now quite redeemed from loneliness. It had no telegraph station. Not long ago it was one of the loneliest islands in the Atlantic, cut off from communication with the mainland. It can be reached by rail and talked to by wire and telephone.

Here People are Tortured by the Pangs of Rheumatism Than by Any Other Cause—There is a Cure for It. From the Advertiser, Harlow, N. B. Mr. Richard Dixon, of Lower Brighton, in his own possession had the best known farmers of Caxton county, N. B. In June, 1897, Mr. Dixon was seized with an attack of rheumatism, and for six weeks lay abed suffering all the tortures of this terrible disease. He grew so weak that he was unable to turn in bed, and his friends almost des- paired of his recovery.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured him of his rheumatism, and he has since been able to do his usual work. He writes: "I feel as if I were a new man, and I am able to do my usual work." He writes: "I feel as if I were a new man, and I am able to do my usual work."

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A Story of South African Life.

(Catholic Magazine.)

Justina Erasmus sat half-way down the stony, sloping dam-wall. She rested her elbow on her raised knees and her chin in the hollow of her hand, and from under the broad brim of her print sun-bonnet her eyes looked out with a strange, intent gaze.

Just on the other side of the wall was a little encampment—two tents, a wagon, and a "hook scherm"—where dwelt the family to which Justina be- longed. The large tent answered a double purpose, being at the same time the living-room of the whole family and the sleeping apartment of her uncle and the younger children.

The ground, which everywhere else was low and sandy, here in the neigh- bourhood of the tents had been trodden down so as to form a hard, smooth sur- face. This was dampened and swept every day, and everything, both inside and outside, was kept scrupulously clean.

The people living here belonged to that strange nomadic race which in some parts of the country forms so large a proportion of our "Poor Whites."

In the "Great Karoo," where the rain- fall is anything but adequate to the requirements of the district, where the rivers are flooded torrents for a week and dry, sandy beds between high banks for the rest of the year, the im- portance of a reliable method of ob- taining a supply of water can hardly be over-estimated. The reliable method has yet to be discovered.

One of the chief characteristics of these people is that they are never in a hurry. They are irresponsible, bo- vine creatures, content in the present, learning no experience from the past, and leaving the future to the work they do.

And so they plod on, content in their humble calling, and rarely or never rising above it. Hundreds of children grow up without knowing a home other than the tent in which they were born, and their turn takes to the work their fathers have done before them.

There is no romance, no question of fitness, very little picking and choosing. As soon as a young man is confirmed, he begins looking for a wife, and usually proposes to the first possible girl he comes across. The courtship, as a rule, is not of long duration—and then the crowning ceremony. A girl generally marries the first man who asks her.

Justina, the orphan, belonged, amongst whom her life had been lived. As she sat on the dam wall that afternoon, looking out over the veld, she did not see much of what was before her. In reality her gaze was turned inwards. She was thinking—indulging in the luxury of which no one could de- prive her. She was always thinking. What was that made her so different from the rest; but while at her work, her aunt's quiet, unassuming voice, the gossip of her cousins, and the coarse jokes of the young men, were distractions there was no fighting against. So she had fallen into a way of putting off her thinking until she could give herself up to it: just as we, with our minds full of some sweet, absorbing thought, will chatter about all else and hug it to our hearts to float over in solitude.

joyed them as she enjoyed nothing else. There was nothing pleasanter than to become obnoxious to her sordid sur- roundings, to give the reins to her im- agination, and let it bear her whither it would.

She felt that out there, far away, be- yond the blue hills which shut her in, there must be another sort of life, brighter, fuller, better than any that had come within her experience. She had read no books; she had not met few besides those with whom she lived, but she had her own thoughts about things; and these, while setting a barrier, as it were, between herself and her people, often enabled her to rise above her sur- roundings, keeping her gentle aim much that was rough, pure—im- mited much that was coarse.

It was a pathetic young face that showed beneath the pink print sun-bon- net—pathetic because of a dumb yearning and reaching out to something to which it would never attain; more pathetic because of the patience born of an unquestioning submission to a fate it did not understand.

And yet her reveries on this particu- lar afternoon were a pleasant one. The balmy autumn air recalled the spring days that had brought her much hap- piness, that had, as it were, opened to her the gate of that outer world of which she had always dreamed.

He liked her because she knew bet- ter than the others the haunts of the flowers, birds, and beetles; where the Busman drawings were to be found, and where it was best to dig for skele- tons. He liked her, too (without being quite conscious of it), for her quiet un- obtrusive manner and the natural self- respect which showed itself in many ways. So day after day she accom- panied him in his wanderings in the field, boiling the kettle for their cof- fee, helping him to carry his spec- mens, careful of everything belonging to him.

She never talked much, but when she grew accustomed to being with him, she put questions to which he gave long, rambling answers, with here and there a word beyond the blue moun- tains which bounded the plain. When people built many houses, and lived to- gether in one place, as he said they did, what did they do? Were the ladies really as beautiful as those in the pictures the Baa's wife sometimes gave her? and so on.

He showed the pictures to Justina so that she might see what the people beyond the mountains and further— beyond the great sea of which she knew nothing—were like. And she grew to love them too, and often asked to see them. One day a sudden thought struck her.

"Is she real, or only a picture?" "She is real," he answered. "She pondered for a long time. 'You will marry her one day?' she said at last.

He shook his head sadly, and bent to watch more closely a group of lit- tle insects fighting in the sand. That was all his answer, but it satisfied her. Poor simple soul! She gave her all; she asked but little in return. And he, thinking of her only as one of a species peculiar to that part of the country, and to be studied (if studied at all) as he would study the flora or fauna, never guessed what it all meant. Not even when she asked, still learn- ing by heart the pictured features of English girl, "Is she very beautiful? Is she the most beautiful lady you have ever seen?"

And he, looking into her pathetic, earnest face, with its soft hints of health and rounded curves of youth, answered: "She is very beautiful to me, but no one would think her more beautiful than you. Why, child, do you know that you are very lovely? Yes," he went on, dreamily; she was the spec- imen once more, not the sentient, equal human being; "yes, and there is a soul in your face, too. Poor daughter of the people! What capabilities may there be in you, only wanting develop- ment!" He could see the beauty and the cap- abilities, but alas! he did not see the love in her face, nor the burning blush which, for the first time in her life, faded over her, and brought tears to her eyes. The moment in which he saw and understood would have been (CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)