

Take that horse away and put the saddle on the one Wilcox is leading for Miss Featherstone.

Harold, livid with passion, was still standing beside his cousin. "Allow me, I said with biting emphasis, "to spare you the trouble of providing for your cousin's safety. Another such *mistake* on your part, and I will at once remove her from the manor." His mother both heard and saw all that passed. As I was riding up I perceived her half hidden by the curtains of the open window beside the porch. But it suited her to feign ignorance of the whole transaction. Harold went to London next day and has not come back since.

'What do you want me to do in the matter, Colonel?'

'I want you to drop your title of doctor for the nonce. I shall introduce you as my old friend, Harry Neilson, and you will be able, unsuspected, to find out what ails my ward.'

Neilson nodded good-humoredly.

'All right, my lord! I pledge myself to be wily as the proverbial serpent; and between us we'll defeat even Greek subtlety. Cheer up now, and look like your jovial self.'

THE DOCTOR'S DIARY.

July 20.—Made the acquaintance of Lady and Miss Featherstone to-day. The latter is a very charming girl, but her health is certainly undermined. She has a curiously pallid look, more what one sees in a London girl than in one accustomed to this splendid air. We shall stay at the Manor to-night, and to-morrow morning we shall return to the Moat. The Colonel says his ward must accompany him and remain a few days. He has need of her on business matters, as he has soon to give up the accounts of his guardianship.

Lady Featherstone has an odd trick of squeezing the corner of her mouth when vexed; otherwise her control of feature is perfect. She is handsome, and is well into the fifties, but carefully preserved. Her manner is most gracious; she never objects to any proposals of the Colonel's, but contrives to throw various obstacles in the way whenever they don't suit her. She reminds me somehow of a big white Persian cat I once possessed. He used to sit on my writing-table very stately and grim, to all appearance half asleep; in reality nothing escaped him, and a lightning flash was not quicker than the motion of his deft white paw when it suited him to move from his statuesque pose. I was very fond of Hafiz and up to all his little tricks. I don't think I shall ever be fond of Lady Featherstone, but I mean to learn *her* little tricks. Alys is an open book; a charming, frank young English girl. I brought Hamet with me and took him into my confidence; he is silent as the grave and always useful. He knew Alys' father and liked him.

July 21.—As we expected, there were obstacles, apparently insurmountable, to Alys' departure. But the Colonel can be doggedly determined at times, and we carried her off triumphantly, promising to bring her home on the 27th of August without fail. I must win her confidence, now that we have her all to ourselves. Mrs. Sinsel came home on the 19th; but she is still very delicate, and leaves us pretty much to our own devices.

July 26.—More than ever puzzled at Alys' symptoms. She is decidedly better here, yet the Manor has greater hygienic advantages. It stands on an eminence, is a modern, well-ventilated dwelling, and Lady Zara has introduced many improvements. As she had no suspicion of my profession, she was not on her guard with me. In the course of the evening she made a curious admission. Turning over the pages of a monthly magazine, I happened to say that the arrival of some serial numbers at a hill station in India had once proved such a boon that I should always feel grateful to that publication. Lady Featherstone looked interested and mentioned a journal which frequently gave scientific articles, and had lately published some very fine ones on chemistry. 'That is not a favorite subject with ladies,' I said, half-banteringly. 'Well, it is a favorite pursuit of mine,' confessed her Ladyship. 'Just fancy, Mr. Neilson,' observed Alys, with a little grimace, 'Aunt Zara's dressing-room opens into a small room which she has had fitted up as a laboratory, and she haunts it at unearthly hours. My bedroom is adjacent, and I have sometimes been tempted to try spirit-rapping on the intervening wall.'

We all laughed; but, glancing at Lady Featherstone, it struck me that she was not very pleased. 'We all have our hobbies,' she remarked, lightly; 'but I thought you promised us some music, Alys.' This changed the conversation. I must have a look at Lady Zara's laboratory. Alys has promised to show me some neighboring ruins to-morrow, and in the course of our ride I shall tell her I am a medical man and ask her to let me examine her lungs and heart.

August 5.—I have made some very important discoveries since my last entry in this diary, but I shall note them down later. On the 27th Miss Featherstone and I rode, as arranged, to view the abbey ruins; and, having duly examined them, sat down in the former cloisters to rest and lunch. I drew the conversation round to Alys' father, and we grew very friendly; then I told her frankly that I was a physician, and had come to the Moat principally to help my old friend, Colonel Mathom, who was very anxious about her health. She was a little startled, but was easily persuaded that it was better 'not to frighten Aunt Zara.' I grinned at the notion, though I said nothing to disturb her belief in that astute relative. At this point we were interrupted, but I shall continue the subject to-morrow.

(To be concluded in our next issue.)

The Grand Prix was the highest award obtainable at the Paris Exhibition, and the McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, of Chicago, secured this coveted honor, and not only this but they obtained more special prizes than all other competitors. Such a tribute to the worth of the McCormick machines is proof positive of their excellence. Messrs. Morrow, Bassett and Co., Christchurch, Ashburton, and Dunedin, are the agents for the Company's manufactures in New Zealand.—*.*

The Catholic World.

BELGIUM.—Helping Poor Churches.—During the past 50 years the Associates of the Antwerp branch of the Association of the Perpetual Adoration and the Work for Poor Churches subscribed upwards of \$45,000, of which sum \$35,000 have been applied to the needs of poor churches, and £10,000 in aid of foreign missions.

CANADA.—Death of the Oldest Priest in the Dominion.—The Rev. Dominic du Ranquet, S.J., who died in December on Manitoulin Island, was the oldest priest in Canada, and was aged nearly 89. He and four of his brothers became priests and Jesuits, and their father also joined the Society. For nearly half a century Father Dominic had given himself to work among the Indians in the far Northwest.

ENGLAND.—Death of a Catholic Officer in South Africa.—Second-Lieutenant A. J. L. Cary, Second Devons, succumbed on the 2nd of January to an attack of enteric at Standerton, South Africa. He was son and heir to Colonel Cary, Lord of the Manor of St. Marychurch, a well-known Catholic, and had the largest leasehold interest in Torquay.

Plain Speaking at the Brompton Oratory.—Preaching at Brompton Oratory on Sunday morning, January 13, Rev. Kenelm Digby Best delivered a remarkable discourse on the lost Papal possessions, in the course of which he said:—History repeats itself, and with striking coincidences. Rome is now a city where two kings are to be found—one the rightful owner and the other one whose predecessor was a thief and a robber, who entered not 'by the door' but by a breach in the city's walls. When our pilgrims arrive, they seek only the presence of the Pontiff-King, and address him in words which are as true as the Gospel, behold, the world of the usurper is filled with dismay and anger, and is disturbed, as was the whole city in which Herod held his court. False and malignant statements are dispatched in every direction, and an extraordinary hostility is evoked against the noble spokesman of our pilgrims; yet all that was said was but a repetition of what all the children of the Church have been saying in meetings, in writings, in pulpits ever since the sinister events of 1870.

A Priest's Estate.—The will of the Rev. Dr. James Lennon, late Rector of the Church of Our Lady Star of the Sea, St. Anne's (and formerly president of Ushaw College, Durham), who died on November 16 last, has been proved by the sole executrix, his sister, Mrs. Catherine Warburton, of Greenheys, Manchester, and the whole of the testator's estate has been valued at \$50.

Annual Dinner of the Catholic Association.—The annual dinner of the Catholic Association, held in the Holborn Restaurant on January 17, under the presidency of the Right Hon. the Earl of Denbigh, was, from the London Press point of view, very much like the play of 'Hamlet' with the part of the noble Dane omitted. The Duke of Norfolk was expected to be present and to make an important pronouncement reaffirming the views expressed by him at Rome on behalf of the English Catholic pilgrims with regard to the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. Much, however, to the regret of all present, especially the representatives of the great English organs which have already made so much capital out of the Duke's expression of faith, his grace was prevented through illness from attending. In spite of the Duke's absence, however, as well as that of their Lordships the Bishops of Emmanus and Hermopolis, the function was one of the most brilliant and representative that has ever been held under the auspices of the Association. The speakers included the Very Rev. J. O. Bannin, P.S.M., chairman of committee and Rector of the Italian Church, Hatton Garden; Very Rev. Dean Vere, Rector of St. Patrick's, Soho; Mr. D. M. Delaney, Mr. C. Sneed Cox, Mr. S. F. Chivers, Mr. Valentine Dunford, K.S.G., secretary of the association, Rev. Dr. Gastaldi, Colonel Dunne, C.B., Mr. C. Cary Elvies, etc. The Earl of Denbigh, proposing the toast of the Catholic Association, said they regarded the recent violent attacks upon the Duke of Norfolk with feelings of indignation. Sensation-mongering pressmen had been responsible for the uproar, and to interpret the words complained of in an address to the Pope as an attack on Italian unity was ludicrous in the extreme.

The Temporal Power of the Pope.—Delivering the address at the annual meeting of the Guild of Ransom, a Society for the Conversion of England, at the Westminster Town Hall, Monsignor John Vaughan (brother of the Cardinal) referred to the question of the temporal power. The words uttered by the Duke of Norfolk were, he said, only the echo of the natural feeling of Catholics, not only in England, but all over the world. They desired that the Pope should be independent. The Pope was the spiritual head of over 250 million souls, and exercised a world-wide dominion. It was imperative, therefore, that he should have perfect liberty in the government of the Universal Church, and free access to his children—and they to him—without being subject to any Power or Government that might hinder him or put real or imaginary obstacles in his way. The particular conditions which might or might not be necessary to secure and safeguard the exercise of this jurisdiction constituted a question which allowed a greater laxity. The Holy Father was himself the best judge of the conditions necessary, and every loyal Catholic would accept his often-repeated expressions of opinion on the point.

A Present for the Pope.—His Holiness has been presented by Dr. Hicks, of London, with a complete collection of meteorological instruments, which were on view at the Paris Exhibition.

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