The Canadian Champion

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1	Milton	Wm. Panton	23	25	27	15	30	25	10 a.m.
2	Oakville	R. Balmer	12	9	4	13	7	2	10 a.m.
3	Georgetown	L. Grant	18	15	10	12	13	8	9.30 a.m
4	Acton	J. Matthews	20	17	12	"	15	10	10 a.m.
5	Campbellville	S. R. Lister	14	11	6	"	9	4	9.30 "
6	Burlington	G. C. Bastedo	11	8	3	"	6	1	11 "

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury. Tuesday 14th June, and 13th December, at 10 a.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 4th April, and 3rd October, at 10 a. m.

County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 3rd January, 4th April, 4th July, and 3rd October at 10 a.m.

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DORA THORNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HER MOTHER'S SIN."

"I know it would never prosper," groaned her father—"such marriages never do."

When Dora opened her eyes, and saw the three anxious faces around her, for a moment she was bewildered. They knew when the torture of memory returned to her, for she clasped her hands with a low moan.

"Dora," said her mother, "what has happened? Trust us, dear child—we are your best friends. Where is your husband? And why have you left him?"

"Because he has grown tired of me," she cried, with passion and anger flaming again in her white, worn face. "I did something he thought wrong, and he prayed heaven to pardon him for making me his wife."

"What did you do?" asked her father, anxiously.

"Nothing that I thought wrong," she replied. "Ask me no questions, father. I would rather die any death than return to him or see him again. Yet do not thing evil of him. It was all a mistake. I could not think his thoughts or live his life—we were quite different and very unhappy. He never wishes to see me again, and I will suffer anything rather than see him."

The farmer and his wife looked at each other in silent dismay. This proud angry woman, with her passionate words, frightened them. Could it be their Dora, who had ever been sunshine and music to them?

"If you do not like to take me home, father," she said, in a hard voice, "I can go elsewhere; nothing can surprise or grieve me now."

But kindly Mrs. Thorne had drawn the tired head to her.

"Do you not know, child," she said, gently, "that a mother's love never fails?"

Ralph had raised the little ones in his arms, and was looking with wondering admiration at the proud, beautiful face of the little Beatrice, and the fair loveliness of Lillian. The children looked with frank, fearless eyes into his plain, honest face.

"This one with dark hair has the real Earle face," said Stephen Thorne, proudly; "that is just my lord's look, proud and quiet. And little Lillian is something like Dora when she was quite a child."

"Never say that," cried the young mother. "Let them grow like anyone else, but never like me."

They soothed her with gentle loving words. Her father said she should share his home with her children, and he would never give her up again. They bade her watch the little ones, who had forgotten their fears, and laughed over the ripe fruit and golden honey. They also drew aside the white curtains, and let her fired eyes fall upon the sweet summer beauty of earth and sky. Was not everything peaceful? The sun sinking in the west, the birds singing their evening song, the flowers closing their bright eyes, the wind whispering its "good-night" to the shimmering graceful elms—all was peace, and the hot, angry heart grew calm and still. Bitter tears rose to the burning eyes—tears that fell like rain, and seemed to take away the sharpest sting of her pain.

With wise and tender thought they let Dora weep undisturbed. The bitter sobbing had ceased at last. Dora had said farewell to her love. She lay white and exhausted, but the anger and passion had died away.

"Let me live with you father," she said, humbly. "I will serve you, and obey you. I am content, more than content, with my own home. But for my little children, let all be as it was years ago."

When the little ones, like the flowers, had gone to sleep, and Dora had gone into the pretty, white room prepared for her, Ralph rose to take his leave.

"Surely," said Stephen Thorne, "you are not leaving us. You promised to stay a whole week."

"I know," replied the young farmer; "but you have many to think for now, Mr. Thorne. The time will come when the poor, wearied girl sleeping above us will be Lady Earle. Her husband knew I loved her. No shadow even of suspicion must rest upon her. While your daughter remains under your roof I shall not visit you again."

Dora's father knew the young man was right.

"Let me see the little ones sometimes," continued Ralph; "and, if large parcels of toys and books find their way to the Elms, you will know who sent them. But I must not come in Dora's way; she is no longer Dora Thorne."

As Stephen watched the young man walking quickly through the long gray fields, he wished that Dora had never seen Ronald Earle.

Poor Dora's troubles were not yet ended. When the warm August sun peeped into her room on the following morning, she did not see it shine; when the children crept to her side, and called for mamma, she was deaf to their little voices. The tired head tossed wearily to and fro; the burning eyes would not close. A raging fever had her in its fierce clutches. When Mrs. Thorne, alarmed, by the children's cries, came in, Dora did not know her, but cried out loudly that she was a false woman, who had lured her husband from her.

They sent in all haste for aid; but the battle was long and fierce. During the hours of delirium Mrs. Thorne gleaned sorrowfully some portion of her daughter's story. She cried out incessantly against a fair woman—one Valentine—whom Ronald loved—cried in scorn and in anger. Frequently she was in a garden, behind some trees; then confronting some one with flaming eyes, sobbing that she did not believe it, then hiding her face, and crying out, "He has ceased to love—let me die!"

But the time came when the fierce fever burned itself out, and Dora lay weak and helpless as a little child. She recovered slowly, but she was never the same again. Her youth, hope, love, and happiness were all dead. No smile or dimple, no pretty blush came to the changed face; the old joy, beauty was all gone.

Calm and quiet, with deep earnest eyes, and lips that seldom smiled, Dora seemed to have found another self. Even with her children the sad restraint never wore off, nor grew less. If they wanted to play, they sought the farmer in the fields, the good-natured nurse, or the indulgent grandmamma—never the sad pale mother. If they were in trouble then they sought her.

Dora asked for work. She would have been dairymaid, housemaid, or anything else, but her father said "No." A pretty little room was given to her, with woodbines and roses peeping in at the window. Here for long hours every day, while the children played in the meadows, she sat and sewed. There, too, Dora, for the first time, learned what Ronald, far away in sunny Italy, had failed to teach her—how to think and read. Big boxes of books came from the town of Shorebeach. Stephen Thorne spared no trouble or expense in pleasing his daughter. Dora wondered she had never cared for books, now that deeper and more solemn thoughts came to her. The pale face took a new beauty; no one could have believed that the thoughtful woman with the sweet voice and refined accent was the daughter of the blunt farmer Thorne and his homely wife.

A few weeks passed, and but for the little ones Dora would have believed the whole to have been but a long, dark dream. She would not think of Ronald; she would not remember his love, his sacrifices for her; she thought only of her wrongs and his cruel words.

The children grew and throve. Dora had no care at present as to their education. From her they learned good English, and between herself and the faithful young nurse they could learn, she thought, tolerable Italian. She would not think of a future that might take those beloved children from her. She ignored Ronald's claim to them—they were hers. He had tired of them when he tired of her. She never felt the days monotonous in that quiet farmhouse, as others might have done. A dead calm seemed to surround her, but it was destined soon to be broken.

CHAPTER XV.

Ronald did not return in the evening to the pretty villa where he had once been so happy. In the warmth of his anger, he felt that he could never look again upon his wife. To his sensitive, refined nature there was something more repulsive in the dishonourable act she had committed than there would have been in a crime of deeper dye. He was shocked and startled—more so than if he had awoke some fair summer morning and found Dora dead by his side. She was indeed dead to him in one sense. The ideal girl, all purity, gentleness, and truth, whom he had loved and married, had, it appeared, never really existed after all. He shrank from the idea of the angry, vehement woman who had assailed him with vehement words and foul calumnies. He shrank from the woman who had forgotten every rule of good breeding—every trace of good manners, in angry, fierce passion.

How was he ever to face Miss Charteris again? She would never mention one word of what had happened, but he could ill brook the shame. Dora had brought upon him. He remembered the summer morning in the woods when he had told Valentine his love, and she had pictured his pretty, artless Dora to her. Could the angry woman who had dared to insult him, and to calumniate the fairest and truest lady in all England, possibly be the same?

Ronald had never before been brought into close contact with dishonour. He had some faint recollection at college of having seen and known a young man, the son of a wealthy nobleman, scorned and despised, driven from all society, and he was told that it was because he had been detected in the act of listening at the principal's door. He remembered how old and young had shunned this young man as though he were plague-stricken; and now his own wife, Dora, had done the very same thing under circumstances that rendered the dishonour greater. He asked himself, with a cynical smile, what he could expect. He had married for love of a pretty, childlike face, never giving aby thought to principle, mind, or intellect. The only wonder was that so wretched and unequal a match had not turned out ten times worse. His father's warning rang in his ears. How blind, how foolish he had been! Every hope of his own life was wrecked, every hope and plan of his father's disappointed and dead. There seemed to him nothing left to care for. His wife—no, he would not think of her! The name vexed him. He could not stand in Valentine's presence again, and for the first time he realized what she had been to him. Home, and consequently England, was closed to him; the grand mission he had once believed his had faded from his mind.

Thinking of all these things, Ronald's love for his young wife seemed changed to dislike. Three days passed before he returned home; then he was somewhat startled to find her really gone. He had anticipated sullen temper, renewed quarrels, and then perhaps a separation, but he was startled to find her actually gone. The servant gave him the cold, farewell letter, written without tears, without sorrow. He tore it into shreds, and flung it from him.

"The last act in the farce," he said bitterly. "If I had not been mad I should have foreseen this."

The silent, deserted rooms did not remind him of the loving young wife parted from him for ever. He was too angry, too annoyed, for any gentle thoughts to influence him. She had left him—so much the better; there could never again be peace between them. He thought with regret of the little ones—they were too young for him to undertake charge of them, so that they were best left with their mother for a time. He said to himself that he must make the best use he could of his life; everything seemed at an end. He felt very lonely and unhappy as he sat in his solitary home; and, the more sorrow pressed upon him, the more bitter his thoughts grew, the deeper became his dislike to his unhappy young wife.

Ronald wrote to his mother, but he said no word to her of the cause of their quarrel.

"Dora and I," he said, "will never live together again—perhaps never meet. She has gone home to her father, I am going to wander over the wide earth. Will you induce my father to receive my children at Earlescourt? And will you see Mr. Burt, and arrange that half my small income be settled upon Dora?"

But to all his wife's entreaties Lord Earle turned a deaf ear. He declared that never during his life-time should the children of Dora Thorne enter Earlescourt. His resolution was fixed and unalterable. How, he asked, was he to trust the man who had once deceived him? For aught he knew, the separation between Ronald and his wife might be a deeply-laid scheme, and the children once with him, there would be a grand reconciliation between the parents.

"I am not surprised," he said, "that the unhappy boy is weary of his pretty toy. It could not be otherwise; he must bear the consequences of his own folly. He had time for thought, he made his own choice—now let him abide by it. You have disregarded my wish, Lady Helena, in even naming the matter to me. Let all mention of it cease. I have no son. One thing, remember—I am not hard upon you—you can go where you like, see whom you like, and spend what money you will, and as you will."

Lady Earle was not long in availing herself of the permission. There was great excitement at the Elms one morning, caused by the receipt of a letter from Lady Earle, saying that she would be there on the same day, to visit her son's wife and children.

The little ones looked up to her with wondering eyes. To them she was like a vision, with her noble face and distinguished air.

Stephen Thorne and his wife received the great lady not without some trepidation; yet they were in no way to blame. The fatal marriage had been as great a blow to them as Lord and Lady Earle. With the quiet dignity and graceful ease that never deserted her, Lady Earle soon made them feel at home. She started in utter surprise when a quiet, grave woman, on whose face sweetness and sullen humour were strangely mingled, entered the room. This could not be pretty, coy, blushing Dora! Where were the dimples and smiles? The large dark eyes raised so sadly to her were full of strange, pathetic beauty. With sharp pain the thought struck Lady Earle, "What must not Dora have suffered to have changed her so greatly!" The sad eyes and worn face touched her as no beauty could have done. She clasped Dora in her arms and kissed her.

"You are my daughter now," she said, in that rich, musical voice which Dora remembered so well. "We will not mention the past; it is irrevocable. If you sinned against duty and obedience, your face tells me you have suffered. What has become between you and my son I do not seek to know. The shock must have been a great one which parted you, for he gave up all the world for you, Dora, years ago. We will not speak of Ronald. Our care must be the children. Of course you wish them to remain with you?"

"While it is possible," said Dora wearily. "I shall never leave home again; but I cannot hope to keep them here always."

"I should have liked to adopt them," said Lady Earle; "to take them home and educate them; but—"

"Lord Earle would not permit it," interrupted Dora calmly. "I know—I do not wonder."

"It must let me do all I can for them here," continued Lady Earle; "I have made all plans and arrangements. We will give the children an education fitting their position, without removing them from you. Then we shall see what time will do. Let me see the little ones. I wish you had called one Helena, after me."

Dora remembered why she had not done so, and a flush of shame rose to her face.

They were beautiful children, and Dora brought them proudly to the stately lady waiting for them. Lady Earle took Beatrice in her arms.

"Why, Dora," she said admiringly. "She has the Earle face, with a novel charm all its own. This child will grow up into a magnificent woman."

"She has the Earle spirit and pride," said the young mother; "I find it hard to manage her even now."

Then Lady Earle looked at the fair *spiritual* face and golden hair of little Lillian. The shy, dove-like eyes and sweet lips charmed her.

"There is a great contrast between them," she said thoughtfully. "They will require careful training, Dora; and you we will speak of the matter which has brought me here."

Dora noticed that, long as she remained, Lady Earle never let Beatrice leave her arms; occasionally she bent over Lillian and touched her soft golden curls, but the child with the "Earle face" was the one she loved best.

Together with Stephen Thorne and his wife Lady Earle went over the Elms. The situation delighted her; nothing could be better or more healthy for the children, but the interior of the house must be altered. Then with delicate grace that could only charm, never wound, Lady Earle unfolded her plans. She wished a new *suite* of rooms to be built for Dora and the children, to be nicely furnished with everything that could be required. She would bear the expense. Immediately on her return she would send an efficient French maid for the little ones, and in the course of a year or two she would engage the services of an accomplished governess, who would undertake the education of Beatrice and Lillian without removing them from their mother's care.

"I shall send a good piano and a harp," said Lady Earle; "it will be my pride and pleasure to select books, music, drawings, and everything else my grandchildren require. I should wish them always to be nicely dressed and carefully trained. To you, Dora, I must leave the highest and best training of all. Teach them to be good, and to do their duty. They have learned all when they have learned that."

For the first time in her life the thought came home to Dora. How was she to teach what she had never learned and failed to practice? That night, long after Lady Earle had gone away and the children had fallen asleep, Dora knelt in the moonlight and prayed that she might learn her children to do their duty.

As Lady Earle wished, the old farmhouse was left intact, and a new group of buildings added to it. There was a pretty sitting-room for Dora, and a larger one to serve as a study for the children, large sleeping-rooms, and a bath-room, all replete with comfort. Two years passed before all was completed, and Lady Earle thought it time to send a governess to the Elms.

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During those years little or nothing was heard of Ronald. After reading the cold letter Dora had left for him, it seemed as though all love, all care, all interest died out in his heart. He sat for many long hours, thinking of the blighted life "he could not lay down, yet cared little to hold." He was only twenty-three—the age at which life opens to most men; yet he was worn, tired, weary of everything—the energies that once seemed boundless, the ambition once so fierce and proud, all gone. His whole nature recoiled from the shock. Had Dora, in the fury of her jealousy and rage, tried to kill him, he would have thought that but a small offence compared with the breach of honour in crouching behind the trees to listen. He thought of the quiet grand beauty of Valentine's face while Dora's was convulsed with passion. He remembered the utter wonder in Valentine's eyes when Dora's flamed upon them. He remembered the sickening sense of shame that had cowed him as he listened to her angry, abusive words. And this untrained, ignorant, ill-bred woman was his wife! For her he had given up home, parents, position, wealth—all he held in life worth caring for. For her, and through her, he stood there alone in the world.

These thoughts first maddened him, then drove him to despair. What had life left for him. He could not return to England; his father's doors were closed against him. There was no path open to him; without his father's help he could not get into Parliament. He could not work as an artist at home. He would not remain in Florence; never again, he said to himself, would he see Valentine Charteris—Valentine, who had been the witness of his humiliation and disgrace. Sooner anything than that. He would leave the villa and go somewhere—he cared little where. No quiet, no rest came to him. Had his misfortunes been accidental—had they been any other than what they were, the result of his boyish folly and disobedience, he would have found them easier to bear; as it was, the recollection that it was all his own fault drove him half mad.

Before morning he had written a farewell note to Lady Charteris, saying that he was leaving Florence at once, and would not be able to see her again. He wrote to Valentine, but the few stiff words expressed little of what he felt. He prayed her to forget the miserable scene that would haunt him to his dying day; to pardon the insults that had driven him nearly mad; to pardon the mad jealousy, the dishonour of Dora; to forget him and all belonging to him. When Miss Charteris read that letter she knew that all effort to restore peace would for a time be in vain. She heard the day following that the clever young artist, Mr. Thorne, had left.

Countess Rosall loudly lamented Ronald's departure. It was so strange, she said; the dark-eyed little wife and her children had gone home to England, and the husband, after selling off his home, had gone with Mr. Charles Standon into the interior of Africa. What was he going to do there?

She lamented him for two days without ceasing, until Valentine was tired of her many conjectures. He was missed in the brilliant *salons* of Florence, but by none so much as by Valentine Charteris.

What the pretty coquettish countess had said was true. After making many plans and forming many resolutions, Ronald met Mr. Standon, who was on the point of joining an exploring expedition to South Africa. He gladly consented to accompany him. There was but little preparation needed. Four days after the never-to-be-forgotten garden-scene, Ronald Earle had left Italy, and became a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CRISIS IS PAST.

M. Floquet Making an Effort to Form a Cabinet.

PARIS, May 24.—The Chamber of Deputies has adjourned until Thursday. M. Clemenceau and Gen. Boulanger drove out together yesterday. The lobbies of the House were crowded with eager politicians up to a late hour last night. There is no fresh incident with the exception of a rumor that M. Floquet will accept the task of forming a Ministry, M. de Freycinet having formally refused.

An Appeal to Patriotism.

PARIS, May 24.—In view of the failure of all combinations to effect a settlement of the ministerial question President Grevy has recalled M. Floquet and appealed to his patriotism to form a Cabinet. M. Floquet has asked for twenty-four hours to consider the matter.

A Victory for Boulanger.

PARIS, May 24.—M. Floquet conferred to-day with M. Lockey, Mgr. Granet, Gen. Boulanger and M. Berthelot. If Floquet accepts the task of forming a Ministry he will assume the office of Minister of the Interior, M. Rovier will be Minister of Finance and M. Flourence will be urged to retain the foreign portfolio. The Radicals will support M. Goblet for President of the Chamber of Deputies if M. Floquet succeeds in forming a Cabinet. The report that Gen. Boulanger this evening. The turn of affairs have taken is considered a victory for Gen. Boulanger.

A GALA DAY AT KINGSTON.

Five Thousand Persons Witness the Military Review.

KINGSTON, May 24.—Up to noon to-day the city was on fete. Great honor was paid to Her Gracious Majesty. The members of "A" Battery, the Gentlemen Cadets, the Governor General's Foot Guards and the 14th Prince of Wales' Rifles assembled on Barriefield common and were reviewed by Lieut.-Col. Villiers, D.A.G.; Lieut.-Col. Kirkpatrick, M.P., and Lieut.-Col. Duff.

A royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired from Fort Henry and the troops marched off a feu de joie and cheered lustily for the Queen. Five thousand people witnessed the march past and stood in the rain, which began falling after the commanding, still came in such quantities that even enthusiasm wilted. Then the populace skedaddled for the city and the soldiers went home to a lively rate, wet to the skin, but happy.

The troops were entertained at luncheon at the city's expense, and the officers of the G.G.F.G. were entertained at the British American Hotel by the officers of the 14th Prince of Wales Rifles.

The rain kept on all day and spoiled the afternoon's engagements. Let it rain the country great good.

The Foot Guards started for home at 10 o'clock. They were delighted with the visit to Kingston.

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE.

The Pope Desires Italy to Put Aside Her Difference With the Papacy.

ROME, May 24.—The Pope, in an allocution yesterday, referred to the religious peace with Prussia and said: "God grant that Italy, who is particularly dear to us, may share the spirit of peace with which we are animated toward all nations. We earnestly desire that Italy should put aside her unhappy differences with the Papacy, whose dignity is violated chiefly by the conspiracy of sects. The means of obtaining concord would be to establish the Pope in a position where he would be subject to no power in the enjoyment of full and real liberty which, far from injuring Italy, would powerfully contribute to her prosperity."

Sir Charles Tupper at Washington.

From the Montreal Gazette of yesterday.

The report that Sir Charles Tupper is in Washington is not improbable. The present state of the negotiations looking to a settlement of the fishery question may require the presence of a representative of the Canadian Government at the American capital, and certainly a personal interchange of opinion may do much to smooth the difficulties that beset a solution. The proposal of Lord Salisbury to restore the fishery clauses of the Washington Treaty, without suggestion at present of money compensation to Canada, has not, so far as public information goes, been replied to by the American Government, and although it will probably be met by another counter proposal it opens a way to a satisfactory termination of the dispute. Confirmation of the report of Sir Charles Tupper's presence in Washington would be interpreted very generally as indicative of [illegible]

THE ORANGE YOUNG BRITONS.

They Conclude Their Session by a Second Election of Officers.

TORONTO, May 27.—The Grand Lodge of the Loyal Orange Young Britons of North America finished its session early this morning. The business transacted during yesterday was of a secret nature.

At 8 o'clock in the evening, and to the music of the Independent and Lubar's fife and drum bands, the members marched from the Orange Hall along Queen, Yonge and King streets to Trinity Church, where the annual sermon was preached by the rector, Rev. Alex. Sanson, who is one of the order's chaplains. Mr. Sanson delivered an instructive discourse, taking for his text 1. Thessalonians 5: 21—"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

After the service the members returned to Orange Hall where, after some business, including the passing of a complimentary resolution in honor of Her Majesty's Jubilee, the election of officers took place, resulting as follows:

Grand Master—George E. Morrison, Toronto (re-elected). Deputy Grand Master—Wm. Crawford, Kingston. Junior Deputy Grand Master—J. H. Brum, Hamilton.

Grand Secretary—Crawford Ross, Ottawa (re-elected). Deputy Grand Secretary—James T. Mitchell, St. Catharines.

Grand Treasurer—Joseph Meiners, Ottawa (re-elected). Deputy Grand Treasurer—J. H. Moore, Bobcaygeon.

Grand Director of Ceremonies—John Miller, Thorold.

Grand Lecturer—Isaiah Little, Ottawa. Deputy Grand Lecturer—John Taylor, Hamilton. F. T. Smith, St. Catharines.

Honorary Grand Chaplains—Rev. A. Sanson, Toronto; Rev. Wm. Walsh, Ottawa; Rev. John Gallagher, South Frontenac; Rev. C. O. Johnson, Hamilton.

District Deputy Grand Masters—Huron, Thos. E. Pollock; Durham, J. H. Sheat; Russell, O. D. Campbell; Carleton, Hugh Nesbitt; Welland, Frank Pugh; Lincoln, Robt. Ross; Dundas, A. W. Willington, Samuel Weller; Wellington, Armworth, E. Holston; Essex and Kent, W. G. Anderson; Peel, W. W. McKenna; Lanark, Ed. Stowell; Victoria, Rll. Dancy; Stormont, John Boyce; Grenville, W. H. Stephenson; Frontenac, James Derry; Toronto, H. Lovelock; Montreal, A. E. Caulfield.

The Tomb of a Capuchin Father.

From the Toronto Globe, May 28.

In tearing down the old church of St. Mary, on Bathurst-street, the workmen came upon a stone slab bearing the following inscription:

Beneath are deposited the remains of the Very Rev. Father Louis Delavagna, of the Order of Capuchins, a native of Genoa. He lived purely, obeyed, chastity. He led a mortified life and was a strict observer of the rules of St. Francis. Died on the fifth march, 1857. Jesus and Mary receive his soul.

As the excavations proceeded the stone was removed and beneath it was found the iron coffin in which he had been buried. When the slide of iron had been removed the face was seen to be in place, the state in which it had been buried. The coffin has since been removed from the building, place and placed in the chapel of the new church which will another tomb is being prepared for it in the crypt of the new church.

Archbishop Lynch, accompanied by Bishop O'Mahoney and Vicars-General Rooney and Laurent, yesterday afternoon, with a multitude of others, view at the place. Many in Toronto remember the man. He used to go about even in winter barefoot, shod only with sandals.

THE CANADA ROYAL SOCIETY