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#### MARCELLA GRACE.

By Rosa Mulholland.

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT THE WORLD SAID.

Dublin in September is as deserted as other cities in that month, and there is no life in its fashionable squares and streets, except when a horse show or a flower show draws a fluttering crowd of pretty faces and gay dresses from far country houses among fields and pastures or from near and delightful ea-side resorts along the shores of Dublin Bay.

When Miss O'Donovan had opened up Mrs. O'Kelly's old house in Merrion square and made it comfortable for the reception of the ladies who were to follow her, she found herself almost alone in the fine old square which is one of the handsomest bits of Dublin, and had to travel out to Killiney and Bray, and further still into Wicklow county, to discuss with her acquaintances Mis O'Kelly's connection with Bryan Kilmartin and the approaching trial.

Mr. O'Flaherty and his daughter had preceded her to Dublin and were staying at Killiney at the charming summer residence of a friend, a wealthy widow lady who was also a bosom friend of Miss O'Donovan. Here the latter lady paid one of her first visits, and her appearance was hailed with pleasure by a group of idle people assembled on a green terrace over-looking that blue bay which is said to be like the Bay of Naples, and which many people, bitten with Erin mania, declare to be even much lovelier from certain points of view.

The steep green hill of Killiney soaring to that furze-girdled and rock crowned point which pierces the tower ing rings of silver cloud crowning it is covered with a net-work of groves. gardens and villas, each with its own vantage ground for the enjoyment of a view of unspeakable beauty, and under the hill, following the exquisite curves of Killiney shore, runs the living sea, palpitating beneath its veils of delicate colors, now blue as violets, and now green as the drift weeds in a valley river, one hour tossing flame all along its shifting lines, the next over flowing its glittering boundaries with motionless tide of molten silver and

gold. Out of the green bowers around their terrace, a little crowd of prosperous people gossiped and jested, looking over at the distant hill of Howth, wrapped in its mists of rich, langor ous, melancholy blue.

\*I declare here is Bride O'Donovan,

said Mrs. Fitzgibbon, the mistress of the house. "How very opportune! the house. "How very opportune! She will tell us some news, if any one can, on the subject."

'I don't think she knows any more than we do," said Miss O'Flaherty, who had been chief authority up to this mo-

ment 'Oh, but she is straight from Connaught, and you have been a month in Scarborough, my dear Julia. Your father, I know, is excellently well-informed, but the women always pick up scraps of gossip so much better than men; now don't they, Mr. O'Fla-

Mr. O'Flaherty would have agreed that snow was falling from the daffodil-tinted sky before him if Mrs. Fitzgibbon had called upon him to do so.

"My dear Bride! Got all that tire-some house opening business over, and not too tired to talk to your friends? I hope not, for here we are pining for a little light on the Kilmartin business. It is a real godsend to meet a person

ly presented to her by Mr. O'Flaherty, and folded her nicely-gloved hands at her ample waist, and enjoyed a moment of triumph, while not unconscious of the difficulties of her position. She had several interests to recon-

cile while preserving her reputation as a person who could tell a great deal if he would. She must please her friend Mrs. Fitzgibbon, whose countenance was very precious to her just now, and also beware of alarming Mr. O'Flaherty, whose chosen ally she was, and whom she must not deprive at present of his hope that Miss O'Kelly of Crane's Castle would ultimately listen to his suit, though hitherto she had apparently discouraged it. Were this hope suddenly extinguished he might devote himself completely to Mrs. Fizgibbon. And he was at present wearing the blue ribbon, was a man of good position in his county; and there was no knowing what might happen; widows are so foolish.

"In the first place, how much do you want to know?" said Miss O'Donovan. "You must remember my position is a delicate one. I cannot betray anything in the nature of a con-

fidence. "Quite true, quite true. We only want to know what everyone has a right to know," said another lady, erecting her parasol against the sun with a very decided snap of its ma-chinery. "There are certain things that ought to be open to the public in matters of this kind. I don't hold with

"Everything will come out on the trial," said a sly young barrister, with the air of having thrown a great deal of light on the subject.

secret investigations.

Thank you, Mr. Shine. Belong. ing to the law naturally makes one very perspicuous," said Mrs. Fitzgib-"But in the meantime, until the whole discovery is found out 'as the newspaper-selling imps cry, we want a little help at our guess work. Who is the mysterious lady, for instance, who beguiled across the channel, began to has been hinted at so often in the Central News telegrams?"

was engaged to Bryan Kilmartin?" asked a girl whose soft grey eyes were full of an interest in the matter that was not all vulgar curiosity.

"If that were so, I should certainly have known, said Miss O'Donovan. "How could I have helped knowing?" she added urgently, delighted to be able to put down this suggestion with out positive breach of truth. Certainly she never had been told of any such engagement. But she had guessed its existence for all that.

"There!" said the fady with the parasol. "I knew a girl with Miss O' Kelly's advantages would never destroy herself in such a manner."

"He is very handsome," said the grey-eyed girl in a low voice. "I saw him only once, but I thought he had such a noble countenance."

"Oh, I suppose all the young ladies will take his part like Miss Eyre be-cause he is good-looking, but I think that sort of sentimental sympathy with criminals is one of the most unwhole-

ome signs of the age." A man is not known to be a criminal until he is tried and found guilty," said Mr. Shine with an ap proving glance at the girl with the

grey eyes.
"Is he a friend of yours, Mr. Shine?" asked the owner of the para-

"He had once many friends," put in Mrs. Fitzgibbon. "I fear it is a bad sign when a man drops away from the society to which he was born. When he came home from Cambridge some years ago he was at a party at my house, and I thought him one of the finest young fellows I had ever seen. And his mother was so proud of

Oh, you know the mother, thethe-Amazon?" lisped a small ugly woman, who based her claim as a charmer of men on her infantile manners. "You see, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, I think these tall masculine women are always so cruel-'

Amazon! She is as small as you!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitzgibbon, much prettier and more feminine," she aside to her next neighbor, though she speaks and acts like an ordinary adult.

" Really !" cried several voices. "At present she is more like the ghost of a sick child than anything else," said Miss O'Donovan. "I believe she will weep herself to death be-

fore the trial comes on."

"Better she would," falterεd an old gentleman. "When the only son of a widow turns out to be a rascal, it is enough to make angels weep.'

"But you have not told us anything about Miss O'Kelly," said Miss Eyre.
"How is she mixed up in the affair?"

"Really, I do not know that she is mixed up in it at all, except that cir-cumstance threw her into the arms of the Kilmartins, as it were, in the very beginning. Dear Mrs. O'Kelly's death was so sudden, and the girl, having been brought up abroad, was so utterly without friends in Ireland; had only paid one short visit to her aunt, and had gone back to finish her schooling, when she was called upon to step into Mrs. O'Kelly's place. Father Daly, the priest at Distresna, attended Mrs. O'Kelly on her death-bed, and went straight to France when all was over and brought the girl home. It appears that though he was such a friend of dear Mrs. O'Kelly, who was always so nice and conservative, he was also a friend of the Kilmartins-the country priests all do sympathize with the

Nationalists, you know-' "There was no taint of Nationalism in the Kilmartins originally," said Mr. O'Flaherty, "I will say so much for them. All that came in with the who has come from the very source of all knowledge on the subject."

Miss O'Donovan took the seat eager mother, let her be an Amazon or a pigmy. She is descended from some of the Irish Brigades, 'Wild Geese,' and all that sort of thing."

"It is surprising how that old continental service is still making foreign.

ers of some of us," said the nice old gentleman.

"Great-grandfather's old French sword hanging up in the hall, you know," continued Mr. O'Flaherty. "Even old Kilmartin would point to it with pride and say 'my wife's for-tune, OFiaherty. The only legacy ever bequeathed to her.' Aud he had as little nonsense about him as any one of us. He was as sensible and sociable a neighbor as ever rode to hounds.

"Or mixed a glass of whiskey punch," said Mr. Shine without any alteration in the gravity of his demeanor, as he fixed his eyes innocently

on Mr. O'Flaherty.
"Or mixed a glass of whiskeypunch, as you say, ha! ha! A very good thing, too, Mr. Shine, and a great deal better to be mixing it at home than strolling abroad preaching new doctrines to make the poor discon-

tented with their lot, sir. Mr. Shine smiled and felt that he was not hit. He loved neither whiskey punch nor preaching to the poor. All his desires were covered by the dome of the Four Courts, and to get leave to talk to a judge and jury all day long was his idea of bliss. He wisely held that if courts of justice must exist it is better to sit with the bar for prosecution or defence than to stand in the dock, either as a consequence of drinking too much whiskey, or of teaching strange doctrines to the

poor.
"That shaft was thrown away, papa," said Miss Julia, "as we are all ladies and gentlemen here. make Mr. Jones think that he has got among dangerous people," upon which Mr. Jones, a portly iron-master whom Miss Julia met at Scarborough, and declare that he had never been more tral News telegrams?"

delighted with any people in his life
is true that Miss O Kelly is or than the Irish, as he now found them,
she would not speak?

that he had no idea—that he couldn't have conceived, etc., etc.; the rest being for Miss Julia's ear alone."

"Then it is merely from a girlish feeling of gratitude to her first friends that Miss O'Kelly clings to the Kilmartins," said Mrs. Fitzgibbon. "Very pretty of her, I must say; but very dreary. What must we do to save her from the unpleasant consequences of her rashness

"Excellent lady!" exclaimed Mr. O'Flaherty.

"How shall we approach this Donna Quixote?" asked Mrs. Fitzgibbon of Miss O'Donovan.

"I can give no advice. O'Kelly is so firm in her own views, I really think it would be impossible to withdraw her from her assumed guar dianship of Mrs. Kilmartin at present, said Miss O'Donovan. "However, you can come and try. She will be at Merrion square to morrow.'
"And Mrs. Kilmartin?"

"Will also be there, to stay till the trial is over.

"The mother of the man in prison for murder? I am not sure that my enthusiasm for Miss O'Kelly will lead me so far as to connect myself with her," said Mrs. Fitzgibbon, slowly. "One must think of what would be said."

Mr. O'Flaherty's jaw fell. "I-I-I-think it would be kind,"

he murmured. "Now, papa, you see I was right,"

"You want me to go, and I though whatever might be done in the country ve should have to be careful here How would you like to see yourself spoken of in the papers as a sympathizer with crime?

"It would be no use at any rate, said Miss Eyre to Mr. Shine, who had edged himself near her in the course of the conversation. "I believe that girl will stick to her post. I met her sev-eral times, at last St. Patrick's Ball, and at Mrs. O'Kelly's. There was something about her I can't describe. Did you know her?'

"Like you I have just met her. am not as romantic as you, but I thought she had character in her face." "It is a dreadful tragedy. Do you think he did it, Mr. Shine?

"I am junior counsel of the prosecu tion, Miss Eyre, so what can I think?" I believe at all events that you have jumped to the right conclusion in de-ciding that Miss O'Kelly will stand by the Kilmartins. She is too deeply con-cerned with them to dream of such a thing as deserting them.

You know more about it all than we do.

" A little." So it was that nobody of importance called on Miss O'Kelly when she arrived for the first time in Dublin to inhabit her house in Merrion square, and this state of things was not much of a sur but a great relief to Marcella, many times dreaming of sixpence and shillings earned, and half crowns hard who had nerved herself to encounter questions, condolences, and counsels to earn. Now she had money to throw from people who knew nothing about She had brought Miss by with starved eyes that saw nothing but the struggle for existence, yet O'Donovan to Dublin to stand between her and much of this kind of thing, what was this horror of sin that had but in order to show she was not afraid o come into her life? Sin, was it sin? it, she had insisted upon taking up her Sin to refuse to murder Bryan Kilmar abode in her own house, prominent as it was in situation, and had placed flowers on her window sills, and hung fresh curtains in her windows, that the world might see no trace of the terror in her heart, might not suspect her of feeling the slightest fear of the result of the trial of Bryan Kilmartin. For this reason she had refrained from following her impulse to take quiet lodgings near the prison of Kilmainham, out of sight and hearing of the world, and thus putting the space between the prisoner and those whose constant thoughts were with him She would not hang back in the shade as if she was conscious that they reason to be ashamed of him. Never theless she was thankful that the world left her unmolested, and never troubled perself about the tales that were told and the speculations indulged in when

Miss O'Donovan went to pay her daily visits to her fashionable friends out of The shock of the first unhappy visit to Bryan being over when Kilmartin and his mother met for the first time since his arrest, Marcella looked round or some means of passing the dreadful hours from every morning till every night, and from the beginning of one week till the beginning of another. presence of his mother and a warder, she dared not speak to him fully of the terrible visitor at Inisheen. The mat-ter was alluded to, and she simply stated that strange questions had been asked her, to which she had of course returned an absolute denial. Bryan had turned pale as she spoke, and made an exclamation. She had glanced at the warder and then at him imploringly, and Kilmartin said no more, and so the matter passed. That was on the occasion of their first visit, hers and his mother's, to his prison cell. What could be said with a warder standing near, within ear shot of every word that was spoken? The mother's afflic-tion called for all Marcella's care and attention, and the visit was a short agony, the poor little mother being carried back to the carriage in a fainting condition. No one could see the prisoner again for a certain number of days, and meantime Marcella had another visit from Mr. O'Malley at her house and again denied that she had ever hidden or harbored the prisoner, or seen him at all before the night of the Patrick's Ball. While she was saying the false words she felt his eyes looking through her as they had done before, and knew that hers had acknowledged her guilt to him a hundred times in the course of the interview.

was the morning after the first visit to Bryan that she had again seen and foiled O'Malley, and after he was gone she felt that she must secure some distraction for her thoughts or lose her mind. Leaving Mrs. Kilmartin slumbering in a state of reaction from the of yesterday's excitement, she took Bridget, the old housekeeper, whom she had brought to town, to stand between her and the Dublin servants, as she had brought Miss O'Donovan to stand between her and the Dublin gentry, and muffled in a close, black bonnet, veil and cloak, went to take a walk through the part of the city she knew so well, to have another look at the old house, the spot where she had first met Bryan, and where she was going to swear she had never met him. She need not be afraid now of any one who knew her meeting and recognizing her. She had been tracked, and traced, and was soon to appear before the world as Marcella Grace, her father's daughter, the girl who had sewed for her living in the Liberties. That story of her foreign rearing, so ingeniously set on foot by poor Mrs. O'Kelly, was soon to be blown to the winds. She would stand in the witness-box as a girl who pretended to be what she was not, and deceived her little world, and perhaps might therefore be open to suspicion as a credible witness. Well, in that matter, at least she had not intended to deceive any one. Mrs. O'Kelly had set the story on foot, and she had not ventured to contradict it in any large way, that was all. She had not thought much about it, it would have pleased her better to have informed every one of the exact state of her circumstances. But now, as to being a credible witness—she shuddered and walked faster to drive away the dreadful thought that pursued her wherever she turned, the thought that she was now a liar, and was going to be a per-She felt a vague wonder, she walked so fast that poor old Bridget could scarcely keep pace with her, as to what Father Daly would say to her, how she was going to live the his eye when he came to understand what she was doing. She knew she would not be able to deceive him, any more than she had been able to deceive the mother. Dearly as he loved Bryan, he could not have the mother's instinct which tempted her to permit sin that justice might be had for her son. He would urge, preach, scold, put her under a ban—but she would be firm. They should not hang Bryan on words coming from her lips, not though-O God! that she could stop this thinking -aye, here they were coming into Patrick's Close, and the old ground was near at hand. There was the tower of St. Patrick's lifting its dark body at the foot of the descending street. Here was the low lying

tin with her own hand, that had once been so proud of having saved him? "This is the house I want to go into Bridget. I once knew some poor people who lived in it. I wish to ask about them.'

Coombe (vale) which she had traversed

to any poor girl who might be passing

There stood the old house at the corner of Weaver's square, seeming more dingy, old, and battered even than it had looked six months ago. It appeared forlorn, deserted; she could not tell whether it was inhabited or not. This woman with the shawl over her head coming down the street might be able to tell her. Oh, yes, the woman could tell her anything she wanted to know about that very house

"The key is kep' in the next neigh bor's, ma'am, an' that's meself, and ready enough, but sure it's not much of a place for the likes of you to go into (Patsie! bring out the big key! Nobody lives in it since ould Grace th weaver died, and the lan'lord doesn' find it so easy to set it in tinimints Miss, because of the holes in the stairs and that. An' he doesn't want to spend money on it because people do be sayin' that it's clane pulled down it'll be next year by the sanitary gintle men. Sure there's great improvements entirely goin' on; and look at Guinness's buildin's! They may say what they like, callin' them that lives in them Guinness's flats, but

neself thinks they're sharp enough afther their own comfort that takes to them. Now ma'am, here's the key comin', and you can take a walk through the ould house—only mind the holes! In at the old familiar door again, and up the well known stairs. Here was where Bryan stood when he told her with his straight stern glance that he had done nothing wrong. There on the landing she had waited while the police searched the house.

Here her poor father had stood while

he unfolded the newspaper that told of

a murder in the streets; and now for the crazy room where she had put Bryan into hiding. "There's nothing particular about the place, ma'am, ye see, except it be that ould closet. Sure ye'd niver see the door of it in the wood, only I showed it to you. It's a sort of a black hole, God knows what it was put there for, but the police have got an eye on it this while back, somethin' about a murder that was done in the street, and I'm tould that they suspect it's in there the man was murdered, but whether he was shut up in it till he was starved, or whether he was knocked on the head, I couldn't rightly tell you. I'm only a matter of a month

in the street meself, but there's Mrs. Casey, a neighbor of mine, says it couldn'a' been in ould Grace's time, because he was a dacent crature, and besides she would ha' knowed. Any how, there's somethin' goin' on about it, an' if Mrs. Casey 'd been here she'd ha' tould you the whole thing; but I niver had a head mesel for the rights of a story. If you'd like to wait a bit, ma'am, Mrs. Casey 'ill be in at 3, an' if ye'd sit down in my own poor little place till she comes, I'll dust the best chair for ye."

"Oh no, thank you greatly," said Marcella, who had no wish to be confronted with Mrs. Casey, the woman who had come for her to Mrs. O'Kelly's, that night when she had hurried hor after the ball to her father's deathbed. Another time she could be pleased to see the kind old neighbor, but she felt that at sight of her now she must break down. She felt as eager to be gone as she had been an hour ago to make her way to this spot, and summoning Bridget, she hastened out of the street, nor thought of where she was going till she found herself pausing before the entrance into the shabby old church where as child and girl she had prayed.

She stood at the gate a few m looking up as if at a strange building. Had she ever noticed in the old time those two large keys carved in the stonework, Peter's keys, she knew, the keys of heaven? They looked now as if they had been crossed, like bars, to shut the sinner out beyond the gate they guarded. And yet she would dare to go in, she would not be thrust

"Sure Miss, it's an ugly ould chapel; there's far purtier ones all round the city," whispered Bridget, to whom this was a sightseeing expedi-But she followed the young lady into the church, and dropped on her knees in a corner and pulled out her beads, while Marcella walked slowly, with bowed head and eyelids scarcely raised, up the old familiar nave, and knelt down in one of the worm eaten benches, and remembered her old sorrows, and struggles, and fears, and thought of them as bliss compared with the agony through which she was living now. Then she could pray, and depart comforted. Now she dared not pray, and there was no comfort for the obstinate sinner. Slowly her gaze moved round the walls, following along that Way of the Cross which in other days her feet had travelled with childlike faith and unreasoning hope. Why had faith and hope departed from her now? Why could she no longer travel that way of the cross on her knees as she had done on the morning after she had first succored him, offering her prayers for him, and leaving him safe in the hands of a God who knew all his diffi-culty? Why? Because she had sinned for him, and was going to sin still more deeply for his sake. cause she had allowed his life to become dearer to her than her soul. How should God be with her in this struggle when she had shut her lips to prayer, and opened them to perjury? Bryan safe and well by her side, could she evermore dare to pray? Would not God cut her off for all eternity? Would not Bryan himself learn to hate her for her crime? And yet to hang Bryan with her own hand, to lift up her voice and give the signal for the murder of her love! She could not do Even with the dear Christ turning

His dying eyes on her from yonder Cross she could not promise to think of it. A blinding conviction that she was lost, body and soul, ruined before God and man, smote her like the blow of a mailed fist, and a deathlike faint-The church was empty now of all bu

the two women, and in her distant corner Bridget heard a faint cry as Marcella called on the name of Saviour, and slipped away off her knees upon the narrow floor between the benches, where the old servant presently found her, lying stiff and cold in a swoon.

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### His Death Sentence.

Signor Solutore Zola, the text of whose solemn abjuration of Freemasonry was given in The Catholic Standard and Times some months ago, has received notice that sentence of death has been passed upon him. The Rivista Antimassonica in publishing this news explains that this has been served upon him according to the form usually adopted in such cases. This consists in sending round to the brethren a simple notice in which the name of the person condemned occurs, and this name being written in red is a sufficient intimation of the sentence. The following is a copy of the paper which has been received by Signor

Zola: "OH! CHE ORRORE! TRADITORE. Si legge nel Phare d' Alexandrie del 3 Maggio corrente, no. 127, 3a pagina Ba colonna: On s'occupe beaucoup de l'Abjuration de M. Solutore Zola, ingenieur ex grand-maitre de l'ordre maconnique en Egypte. Cette abjura-tion a ete accomplie devant Mgr. Salina, Commissaire du Saint Office

The five words which are printed in capital letters are written in red in the original, signifying by their color the sentence of death, and by their number that five persons have been told off to do the deed.



LEAGUE T HEAR

General Intention

DEVOTION TO THE I Messenger of the S

No month could be s this Intention as the n which for the last owing to the exhortat Father, has been set a ing devotion to Our L al of the Rosary. Na ers and League Asso will be called upon, nexample, but also to attend the Rosary de-highly proper, there working they should needed to prosper ou prayer succeeds so w s proved sincere by v Prayer is always n is question of leading

perform one good acti more especially when is to be repeated, a striving to acquire constant exercise of never more needed th thing sought for is a given by God than the which He deigns to man efforts as if we entitled to it. Devot a gift that we can chave obtained it, but in the first instance hands of God. It is sense, any increase charity, or, what is newal or advance in serve God, any reading any strengthening of us to Him. It is, th mation of our religion as these, in the firs freely from God, so tion be His free gift

are to seek it so ear If prayer be need tion in its general se it necessary for obta ducing others to see votion. Take, for devotion of the Ro can hope to have m must first remove t dices which even so against it, and then even those who a towards it, realize the acquire it or derive fits from it without this end. This, the the prayer that our calls for during t Rosary, and it is th or to explain. It is not easy to simile between the l

very useful to bear answer to the fault votion for its const monotony. The ke distinct notes, which produce melody so v so rich that the ear them. So it is wit every one that is awaken different heart, and when v a crown, they nat ious impressions so ing that it must be that would complain There can be no the same thing ov day after day to any dread of fatig peating what we ki An agrees hear. never become m and every new s lend a new meani words, which tho hearts can detect as Lady knows our l as she was with tion the first time message from on h be pleased each tir by the Almighty

dignity.
A great master say that the best w and to make other repeating it over its sound and ser to our faculties. ordinary simple t order it is true a sublime truths in order. When su in the most cond becomes doubly 1 impress them m minds, as to make leisure and with on the details or gested, but not al which add greatly

our desire to kno

We might say minutes that it can think for fit definite subject? that can are willi ability or willing how few can say without distraction of repetition they abiding thought

But why use say a number of attempting to co number should not use any oth them? Before S long after his de the Rosary was s beads, and, on t were long in u prayer, before th it nowadays, ca