

## No Disguise

We don't consider it necessary for us to continually boast of virtues. The faultless goods we handle are a stamping virtue in themselves. In their merits we pride and congratulate ourselves on the success we have obtained—mainly due to them.

But we won't attempt to disguise our faults, which became known through the loud criticism of our competitors.

They are as such:—

Never satisfied with our present enormous trade of our generous patrons we constantly greed to create new custom by offering

### Special Values

and that we are

### Price Cutters

We admit our guilt and deserve a heavy sentence, that is—to crowd us heavily with all your purchases.

## M. SILVER

LEADING CLOTHIER, GENT'S FURNISHER, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES

West Cor. King & Buell,

BROCKVILLE



## THE GREAT PRESERVER AND RAIN EXCLUDER

### THE PAINT

has grown steadily in public favor, and is no place more popular than where it was first used. It is a sure and positive cure for leaks in a tin or iron roof, and as a preservative of wood it has no equal. Write for particulars and prices.

We have scores of testimonials as to its merits.

### ROOFING

We do iron, cement, and gravel roofing and guarantee good work in every case.

We sell our paint by the gallon or barrel, or will contract to paint your roof or any woodwork liable to decay.

If you want a new roof or an old one repaired, let us hear from you.

The McLaughlin Asphalt Roof Paint Company  
BROCKVILLE, ATHENS and MORRISTOWN, N.Y.

## DUNN & CO'Y,

BROCKVILLE'S LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS  
CORNER KING ST. AND COURT HOUSE AVENUE.

Our studio is the most complete and up-to-date in Brockville  
Latest American ideas at lowest prices.

Satisfaction guaranteed

## Selling Out!

## Carriages, Real Estate and Household Furniture.

THE Subscriber, after a continuous period of over forty-three years of close application to the carriage business begs leave to inform his patrons that he wishes to retire from business and enjoy an extended trip to the North West Territories and Pacific Coast, and he offers his entire stock of carriages for sale at

## GREAT REDUCTIONS

on current prices. They are all of the best design and all first-class material. Wheels, which are the mainstay of any carriage, are of the best.

He also offers the following houses and lots for sale: His beautifully located brick house and lot on Victoria St.; his brick house and lot on Centre St.; his frame house on Reid St.; and two lots near B. & W. station. Terms will be made satisfactory.

His Carriage Factory will be sold or rented on reasonable terms.

Also to be sold, 1 piano, 1 elegant sideboard, 1 sewing machine (as good as new), 1 set parlor furniture, carpets, bed room sets, &c.

Anyone wanting a bargain in Carriages must call early and not get left, as they're sure to go at cut prices, as I must close them out before leaving. Cash sales preferred.

All open accounts must be settled for at once by cash or note.

D. FISHER, Athens

## From Neighboring Firesides.

### DARTMOUTH

Miss Maria Wood is home for a while from Frankville, where she has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Joseph W. Jones.

Visitors—Mrs. A. Jackson and daughter at Mr. George Huffman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Weller Wood and little daughter, of Plevna, and Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Benedict, of Athens, visiting at Mr. Eli Wood's.

The crops are looking fine around here.

Little Miss Violet Jones gave a tea to some of her little friends on July the first, it being her tenth birthday.

Some of our boys went to Smith's Falls to celebrate the 12th of July.

### FRANKVILLE

The funeral of the late Mrs. R. Loucks was held in the Methodist church on Wednesday at two o'clock. She had been ailing for some time, but her death came suddenly to the community. She leaves two sons to mourn her loss, John, on the home-stead and James, who teaches school at Merrickville.

The ladies of the W.M.S. supplied the Methodist parsonage with dining room chairs, including an arm-chair and rocker.

Mrs. C. Keeler is staying for a short time with her father, Mr. Wm. Easton.

Miss Stella Brown entertained a number of her young friends on Thursday evening. All report a good time.

Visitors—Mr. Rola Davis, Ottawa; Miss Lucy Watts, Easton's Corners; Miss Aggie Keith, Miss Conn and Miss Stella Cross, Smith's Falls; Miss Goldie Brumbridge, Lyndhurst.

### DELTA

Kenneth Stone, of London, Ont., Mr. Kenneth Hickok, of Preston, Nebraska, accompanied by Mr. Robert Stevens, of Delta, were camping over the Lower Beverly lake and had good luck catching black bass and owego bass.

Mr. and Mrs. Weller Wood and daughter, of Plevna, are at present visiting his mother who is, in her age of 99, a smart woman, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Connors.

Mr. Hanna, the teacher, is to be congratulated on the marked success achieved by five of his pupils.

Miss Theresa DeWolfe, of Gananoque, is at present visiting her sister, Mrs. R. Stevens.

W. A. Hanton, the popular accountant at the Merchants Bank, has gone to Portage LaPrairie, Manitoba, on a holiday trip for two weeks.

If you want a pair of boots, be sure to call at Thos. Hazelton's old established shoe store before buying elsewhere.

### LANDSDOWNE

Miss Maggie Rath, of Tilley, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Warren.

Lulu Robinson, of Maynard, returned home this week, having spent two weeks very pleasantly the guest of of Laura Stillwell at the parsonage.

We are glad to report Mrs. C. Fredenburg as somewhat better this week.

Byron Reynolds, of Athens, is assisting D. F. Warren with his haying.

The members of L.O.L. No. 26 celebrated the battle of the Boyne at Kingston.

Miss May Phillips, from near Brockville, spent some days visiting Alma Stillwell at the parsonage.

Berry-picking has been the order of the day for the last few weeks, but the crop is pretty nearly over.

Miss Cornell and her brother Charlie, children of the Rev. J. Cornell, of Oxford, are here visiting friends at present.

Floyd Fredenburg is assisting his uncle, W. W. Shipman, of the Glen House, in ministering to the comforts of his summer guests.

Miss Hammond, of Belleville, is summing here with her aunt, Mrs. Charlie King.

### Sleeplessness

You can't sleep in the calmest and stillest night, if your stomach is weak, circulation poor, and digestion bad.

Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens the stomach, improves the circulation, perfects digestion, and brings about that condition in which sleep is regular and refreshing.

It does not do this in a day, but it does it—has done it in thousands of cases.

## Public Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that for four months from date that part of Mill street lying between Church and Joseph streets will be closed to public traffic.

27-28

W. A. KARLEY, Esq.

## Newsy Budgets by the Reporter's able staff of Correspondents

## END BELIEVED TO BE NEAR

"My Hour Has Come, Farewell," Said the Pope to Centra.

Pontiff Stalks Into a Condition of Coma, and the Cardinals Are Waiting for the Final Summons—Sunday a Most Trying Day Because of Great Heat—His Holiness Gave Pontifical Blessing and sank into Unconsciousness.

Rome, July 20.—(8.30 a.m.)—New that the supreme last moment in the memorable life and reign of Pope Leo is expected almost hourly, the contrast between the quiet within and the excitement without the Vatican is most striking. In the vast place there is a hushed calm of expectation, the only apparent wakeful people being the Swiss guards. The doctors and attendants of the dying Pontiff speak in whispers and move noiselessly about, so that from the sick room no sound comes except the heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous bronze doors, which are now closed in their heavy breathing of the unconscious Pope or his occasional cries for Centra and Dr. Lappont. His tone is one of fear, as though he felt himself abandoned. In reality, sleep is very far from his eyes. No matter at what hour death comes, the whole palace will spring into mad life, as though touched by a magician's wand. In the piazza of St. Peter's, on the contrary, all is movement, there being a regular encampment of journalists before the famous