

MOTHER, SISTER AND BROTHER

Died of Consumption, but this Linden lady used Psychine and is strong and well

"My mother, brother and sister died of consumption," says Ella M. Cove, of Linden, N.S., "and I myself suffered for two years from a distressing cough and weak lungs. I suppose I inherited a tendency in this direction?"

"But thank God I used Psychine and it built me right up. My lungs are now strong. I enjoy splendid health, and I owe it all to Psychine."

Consumption, whether hereditary or contracted, cannot stand before Psychine. Psychine kills the germ, no matter how it attacks the lungs. Psychine builds up the body and makes it strong and able to resist disease. Psychine is an aid to digestion and a maker of pure, rich blood. The greatest giver of general health is

PSYCHINE

(Pronounced Sikeen)

50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes 81 and 82—all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOOUM, Limited, Toronto.

THE BOUNTY OF HIS HONOR

"An' did I never tell you about his honor's bounty? 'Tis a story will do you good to listen to."

"My husband was just dead, and of course the new widow and her three boys were the talk of the place. I just sat with my back to the world, an' telled them to let me alone. They did the day he was buried. But the next they came rushin' in an' callin' out to me."

"Janie," they said, "there'll be something fine now for you an' the dear boys. Lord Holton has sent for you!"

"I thought 'tis myself with the three orphans that should be glad to hear Lord Holton's sent for me. I cleared 'em all out of the place an' washed an' dressed 'em all up beautiful. My eldest was just reaching twelve, an' three finer boys never brought tears to a widowed mother's eyes. I put on the best they had, an' I made the best of myself, too. You should 'a' heard them whin out. I matched, sendin' the two youngest before me an' holdin' the eldest by the shoulder."

"Sure, then, Janie," they said, "ye'll never go like that! His Honor will never believe you're in want if ye go like that."

"An' I says: 'Let me alone. I'll go to the best of the circumstances my husband's left me in; an' if his honor'll not give me anything for bein' respectable, he'll never give me anything for bein' in rags.'"

"When we got to the big house I was told that Lord Holton was sittin' with the board in the town hall, an' I was to go up to him there."

"Thank ye," said I; "I can wait his honor's leisure."

"Oh, but it's there he wants to see you," they said.

"I had me own thoughts, but I said never another word, but took the children to the town hall."

"Wan of the gentlemen asked me what I had come up to the board of guardians for. For the minute I could no more find me tongue than if it weren't in me mouth at all."

"As soon as I could speak I said: 'I came because his honor, Lord Holton, sent for me.'"

"Lord Holton was standing handy all the time. Says he: 'I did send for you, Janie, when I heard of your loss.'"

"God bless your honor," I says, "for that attention to my husband's widow."

"Well, Janie," he says, "an' now tell me what you stand most in need of."

"The grace of God, your honor," I says; "that's what I stand most in need of."

"An' didn't I speak the truth? I wasn't going ducking here, an' scrapin' there, an' sayin' 'Please, your honor, I'm a poor widow woman that'll be thankful for anything for me poor starved orphans!' Not I."

"So his honor gives a pleasant smile round to the other gentlemen, an' then he says: 'An' what besides, Janie?'"

"Whoever has that wants little besides, your honor," I said.

"Then what are you here for?" wan gentleman says sharp to me.

"I'm here, sir," says I, "because his honor sent for me."

"Yes," he says, "an' so I did, Janie, an' now let's come to the point. What can be done for you?"

"How can I advise your honor?" I says.

"He turned to the gentlemen beside him, says a word or two, an' then 'ms to me."

"The fact is, Janie, I knew your husband well, and, knowing your circumstances, I have agreed with the board that you shall be relieved of all expenses for a month. You and your children shall go into the house for that time."

"I couldn't look at him, an' I couldn't speak. I laid hold of me dear boy's shoulder, an' my eyes swummed, an' all the room looked like a big pudding with the men's faces for plums. Speak I couldn't. At last Lord Holton says: 'Well, Janie, will that do?'"

"I had to speak then."

"Your honor," I says, "I'm much obliged to you for your kindness, an' I'm grieved to deny you any favor you may ask me, but I promised my husband on his dyin' bed I'd never desert his children till they were old enough to earn their own living, an' I never will. So, with all thanks to your honor, I can't go into the house, for lose sight of these children while they are children. I won't, not a day your honor—no, not an hour!"

"I leaned on the child, tremblin' and pantin', I could speak now, an' look them in the face, too. An' was I not pleased when Lord Holton thumps his fist down on the table, an' says he: 'Upon my honor, gentlemen,' he says, 'this little Irish widow is a credit to her country. The board will surely do her justice.'"

"An' he spears a hit with two of the gentlemen, an' then turns round to me again an' says: 'Janie, the board will allow you two shillings a week for two months, and longer if you should require it.'"

"I thank your honor," I says; "but begging your honor's pardon, I must decline to accept the board's kindness."

"But now, really, Janie," he says, "ain't you rather unreasonable? If you don't want help, why did you come?"

"I looked up at him, an' says: 'Your honor sent for me.'"

"Yes," he says, "I did, for any good that I might be able to do here, Janie, I wanted to do for your husband's sake."

"Then," says I, "I thank your honor for the same. But if I may make bold to speak, I should wish, without disrespect to the gentlemen of the board of guardians of the workhouse, to remind your honor that there's some difference between a poor widow with her affliction heavy on her heart, being sent for by a private gentleman who knew her husband and was grieved for her loss. There's a difference, your honor, between that, an' bein' called on to appear in public when she'd rather hide her head from every eye. Yet, your honor," I says, "as I am here, widow as I am, let me tell you, with all respect to the gentlemen an' your lordship, help from the parish is just the last thing I can take. When my husband met and married me I had neither beauty, money, nor manners. He was not live your honor, but he was a gentleman compared to me. His ways were above me, an' I never could please him. Yet he was the best husband that ever lived, an' many's the time I've prayed to the Lord and the Blessed Virgin that the day might come when I might find some way for me hands to do me heart's wish, an' that was to work with all me might for him. I never could. I was just the roughest of the rough; it was all tryin' in an' pullin' the wrong way from the first to the last."

"But my chance has come now."

"It's come the cruellest way it could come, but I'm going to use it, an' not grieve. I couldn't do as he wanted. But I can work for his children. I can feed them; I can keep them independent of every one but their own poor widowed mother, an' I will. No board o' guardians—savin' your presence, gentlemen—shall come between me an' that welcome work."

"An' when I had said my say, fool that I was, I burst out cryin'."

"What do you think his lordship done? Down comes his fist on the table again, an' says he: 'Upon my honor,' he says, 'I've never seen such a case. Upon my honor,' says he, 'Janie Riley, I'll give you two shillings a week out of my own pocket as long as I live!'"

"An' to the last day of his life he did it. Ah, an' it kept me head above water many a time when I must 'a' gone to the bottom of trouble but for his honor's bounty. For eighteen years it was sent me regular. Then his honor died, an' although the children were grown up an' married I felt the difference."

"I have one more thing to tell you, not about his honor's self, but just so much light to his memory."

"One day I've been a tellin' Father Malone all I've just told you, an' he says to me: 'Janie, does the present Lord Holton know this?'"

"Ah, your reverence, it matters little," I says, "whether he knows or not. New lords ain't like old lords."

"But Father Malone being a self-willed kind of gentleman, he insisted on my applyin' in the same way for my allowance. I laughed at myself when I went to the old place just to satisfy his reverence."

"Ah, but he had the laugh on his side, I can tell you, when one night I ran into him with a letter in my hand an' my money an' a promise from the new lord that I was to have it while I lived!"

"There, Janie," says his reverence, "you see new lords may be as good as old. I thought," says he, "that there wasn't an end yet of his honor's bounty."

"The Bridge of St. Martin (By Frank W. Munson.)

No one who has visited Toledo can ever forget the grand old bridge of St. Martin. There is something about it—whether it be the delicacy of its ornamentation, or the grace of its lines, or its very environment, I know not—which secures it an abiding memory.

But very few of the many who cherish the recollection are aware of the curious legend which tradition has woven about it.

About the middle of the fourteenth century the sturdy old Spanish tower was laid siege to by Don Enrique de

Suffered Terrible Agony

FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McInnis, Huron Bridge, N.B., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not sleep or stand. I consulted and had no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your reliable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble. Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. Can be procured at all druggists or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Can. Do not accept a spurious substitute but be sure and get "Doan's."

Trasamare. Its people, loyal to a sovereign whose misdeeds had merited him the surname of "the Cruel," offered an obstinate resistance. There was no dearth of provisions; water was abundant. Whatever harm resulted from the fire of the enemy's catapults was easily repaired. On the whole, the good people of Toledo were not greatly inconvenienced by the siege.

On his part, however, the besieger was not without certain inconveniences. Not only had his efforts to storm the city been vain, but the beleaguered had frequently made successful sorties over the bridge of St. Martin. The gates would suddenly open, a troop of knights would gallop over, spreading havoc among the tents of the enemy. Don Enrique determined to pluck the thorn from his side and burn the bridge.

He therefore had a large quantity of wood placed on the approach, and applied the torch. Great was the consternation and chagrin in Toledo. The glare of the flames lighted up the broad Tagus and the ancient palace of Don Rodrigo. Great tongues of flame could be seen for miles. While the army of Don Enrique cheered and made merry, the angry Toledans hurled defiance across the lighted waters. Thousands gathered along the walls and in the streets. In every corner, groups of infuriated citizens discussed the fire. Was not that bridge the pride of the city? Had not this Don Enrique cut down their famous grove of cigarrales to set their bridge ablaze? Their indignation, however, led them no further than to make so determined a resistance that the siege was raised.

As soon as the enemy had departed a movement was set on foot to replace the bridge. The supervision of the work was entrusted to Don Pedro Tenorio, the Cardinal Archbishop, who determined that the new bridge should, if possible, surpass the old one. Accordingly, he made it known throughout the world that the people of Toledo sought an architect who would rebuild the bridge of St. Martin.

Many famous architects submitted plans for the new bridge. The Cardinal, however, found none of these satisfactory. Wonderful as many of them were, not one was to his ideal. He had almost despaired of ever finding a suitable plan, when one day a man named Juan de Arebalo was ushered into his presence. Juan told the Cardinal that he was an architect and had a plan for the new bridge.

"But, my good man," said the Cardinal, "who are you? The greatest architects in the world have failed to satisfy me. What can you do?"

"My Lord Cardinal," replied Juan, "it is true I am unknown. In my younger days I was a soldier in Italy but ill-health forced me to give up my military career. I then studied architecture. No great buildings proclaim my genius. Surely, though, Your Eminence can look at my plans."

More from charity than anything else, the Cardinal took the plans and unrolled them upon his table. To his unspeakable surprise, they were just what he wanted! Nay, they even surpassed his greatest expectations! Turning to the trembling architect, he said: "My man, is this design yours?"

"Yes, Your Eminence. It is my poor work. I have toiled over it for years."

"If I were to give you the contract what forfeit would you make me if you fail?"

"My Lord Cardinal, I will forfeit my life. When the wooden braces are taken away, I will stand on the keystone of the bridge. Should it fall I will perish with it."

"Very well, Juan de Arebalo, on that condition you may build the bridge."

Day after day the work on the bridge progressed. Great stones were put in place, skilled carvers ornamented them. On Sundays and holidays the Toledans would walk down to look at the new bridge and marvel at its beauty.

"It is a wonderful bridge," one would say.

"Yes," spoke up another, "and it was designed by a poor man."

Great plans were made for the open-

ing of the new bridge. The Archbishop was to bless it on the feast of St. Martin. On the eve of the feast Juan de Arebalo returned to his home looking most discouraged. Perceiving that some great anxiety oppressed him, his wife, Catherine, sought to cheer him. Her efforts were useless. At length Juan said, "Wife, don't bother me, for to-morrow I must die."

"Die!" cried she, and she threw herself in tears at his feet. Her sobbing was heart-rending.

"Yes, I must die; I have agreed to forfeit my life if the bridge fails. I have just discovered that I have made a mistake in my calculations, and that the bridge must fall. I will perish with it."

The poor wife moaned and tore her hair. Finally Juan arose and went to his bed. After some time Catherine threw a mantilla over her head and stole forth into the still night. Arriving at the bridge, she gathered some loose boards, arranged them under the wooden supports of the bridge, set them on fire and fled. In a short time this Toledo was aroused by the loud clamor of fire bells. Startled voices cried that the bridge was burning. When the crowd arrived at the river bank the flames were beyond control. One by one the great supports gave away, and finally, with an awful crash, the whole bridge sank into the river. Juan, Catherine and the Archbishop stood by and watched the ruin of all their hopes. Everyone attributed the collapse to the irregular way in which the supports were removed.

The next day the Archbishop inaugurated a movement to rebuild the bridge. The people gave eager support, and Juan directed the work. The following eve of St. Martin the new bridge was blessed.

The Methodist Mayor and Sister Mary Ann

In the Jacksonville, Fla., Metropolitan we find a report of a charming ceremony that will give pleasure to Catholics everywhere. The ceremony was the presentation of a horse and buggy to Sister Mary Ann, of St. Mary's Home for Orphan Children, by Hon. George M. Nolan, Mayor of Jacksonville, who is a Methodist.

"A few days prior to Christmas," says the "Metropolis," "Mayor Nolan made an appeal for funds to purchase this outfit for this noble woman, whose life has been devoted to charitable work. Every cent raised for this purpose was either sent to the Mayor or the 'Metropolis,' and a sufficient amount was reached to make the purchase."

"The first large subscription came from C. O. Livingston, who donated \$25, and the day following Miss Helen Coachman, the daughter of W. W. Coachman, called at the 'Metropolis' and left the same amount for the purpose. This was encouraging to the Mayor, who took hold of the movement with a determination to make it a success."

The Mayor presented the Sister with the horse and phaeton in front of the Exposition Building. Sister Mary Ann was deeply touched and Mayor Nolan also was overcome, and could make no presentation speech. The Mayor, after endeavoring to talk, handed Sister Mary Ann the following letter:

"Sister Mary Ann: Your name is a household word in Jacksonville. Every one who knows you loves you, and those who know you best love you best. I present you herewith a horse and phaeton, with harness. I know that the accumulated weight of years presses heavily upon you, and I wish to lessen for you the care and weariness of walking. I do humbly trust that this gift from the citizens of Jacksonville may prove a blessing, and for the humble part that I have taken in the matter let me ask that sometimes you may whisper my name in your prayers, for I am sure that purer invocations never gathered around the bright throne of grace."

"Yours very truly, GEORGE M. NOLAN, Mayor."

"The horse was named 'Judge Nolan,' and will be called Judge. The phaeton was donated by Mrs. R. V. Covington, the harness by McMurray & Baker, and Cohen Brothers donated a beautiful and expensive laprobe."

"With commendable generosity, the livery stables of the city have decided to care for Sister Mary Ann's horse and phaeton free of cost."

In a letter thanking all concerned in the gift, the Sisters of St. Joseph, in charge of St. Mary's Home, say:

"In her rounds among the poor and afflicted, this dear Sister regards neither time nor fatigue, and at her age it is difficult to travel as she does from house to house without a conveyance, thus using up her strength, which should be preserved to enable her to further for years to come the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poor and afflicted."

An Interesting Career

Rev. Father Conrardy, who is known to the world as the companion and successor of Father Damien, the martyr of Molokai, has just returned to the United States. His present purpose is to further the establishment of leper stations in the vicinity of Canton, China, where the work exists on a small scale.

The career of Father Conrardy recalls and makes actual the achievements which brighten the pages of the past—and he himself is a most interesting character.

A Belgian by birth, he began his priestly labors in distant India, in connection with the great French society Les Missions Etrangères of Paris and Lyons. Coming to the United States in the early '70's, he chose Oregon as his field and labored fourteen years in the Eastern part of that State among the Umetela Indians and the few scattered white Catholics of that district, until the news of Father Damien's isolation and needs stirred him to volunteer for that for-

lorn hope. He spent eight years in Molokai, attended Damien in his last illness, closed his eyes, and a year later was replaced by Father Pamphile, brother to Damien. Father Conrardy served among the lepers from the end of 1887 until the year 1896.

As is well known, the Hawaiian Islands are assigned to the care of a Missionary Society, the Picpus Fathers, and the leper settlement of Molokai is one of their missions, whereto Father Conrardy was a volunteer. To equip himself for further work among the lepers Father Conrardy entered the Portland (Ore.) Medical College, followed the full course of four years study, and was graduated a fullfledged M.D. in 1900.

Father Conrardy, or Doctor Conrardy, is a physician of both body and soul, and made his way to Canton, China, to put himself at the disposition of Bishop Chausse, the Vicar Apostolic. But the times were not favorable, the country was disturbed by war and its consequences, there was a poor outlook for change in the condition of that most unfortunate class of beings, the lepers. Means were wanting to maintain the one little existing establishment on an island close to Canton.

But the present Bishop, Monsignor Merel, has taken up the work again. Availing himself of Father Conrardy's good will, he has authorized him to lecture, to solicit contributions, and to work up interest in behalf of the thousands of abandoned victims of this dread disease in the province of Canton.

During the past year Father Conrardy has lectured in many places in Belgium and collected several thousand dollars, but he still lacks a great deal of what is needed to put the work on a good footing and to continue it successfully in the future.

What Lemons Are Good For

1. Give hot lemonade at bedtime to cure a cold.

2. Bake a lemon, take out the inside and mix with sugar to make a thick syrup. Keep it warm, and take a teaspoonful frequently to drive away a cough.

3. Lemon juice is good to rub on the hands and face at bedtime to remove tan and clear the complexion, but dilute it with water, else it will darken the skin.

4. Lemon juice will quickly remove stains from the hands.

5. A glass of lemonade taken every morning will sometimes prevent bilious attacks.

6. Lemon juice is more wholesome than vinegar when used in salads, sauces, etc.

7. A slice of lemon bound on a corn at night will remove the soreness.

8. Don't waste the lemon rind. A little of it grated when fresh, and added to apple pie or apple sauce is an improvement. The rind of a fresh lemon grated and added to bread pudding will make a different dish of it.

9. Lemons may be kept nice and fresh for a long time if placed in a jar of water; but the water should be changed every day.

GOLD MEDAL FOR ALE AND PORTER AWARDED JOHN LABATT AT ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION, 1904

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