

The Spirit Of Great Joan

Back of each soldier who fights for France, Aye, back of each woman and man Who toils and prays through these long, tense days, Is the spirit of Great Joan; For the love she gave and the life she gave, In the eyes of God sufficed To crown her with light and power and might, In her embassy from Christ. And so in that hour at the Marne she came To the seeing eyes of men, And the blind of view still felt and knew That her spirit had come again, And she will come in each crucial hour And joy shall follow despair, For Joan sees her France on its knees And she hears the voice of its prayer. There is no hate in the heart of France, No passion of brutal force; She takes her stand for her worshiped land, And cannot be swerved from her course. For this is the way with France always— Her courage comes from faith, And she bends her knee ere she straightens her arm In her forward rush toward death. A jungle of beasts in many a land, War to the world laid bare; And war has revealed that France concealed Only the lion's lair. A lioness fighting to save her own, She fights as the lioness can; And strength to the end shall the unseen send In the spirit of Great Joan. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Three Squares A Day

Continued. There was a silence. Julie ran a small, pink hand through her short, blonde hair. Kathleen surveyed her sketch and yawned elaborately. "Guess we'll call it a day's work," she said, tossing of her apron. Through the quiet, the wall telephone rang sharply. "Some one has reported that our lights are still on," Julie giggled nervously. Kathleen's brow puckered. "Answer it, please, Ju," she asked her companion. "Hullo," the younger girl breathed into the transmitter. There followed a silence while some one on the other end of the line evidently explained something, Julie hung up the receiver and faced her roommate. "It's for you, dear. Some kind of a silly, registered letter. I'll get it." Open-mouthed, Kathleen stared at the door through which Julie vanished. It seemed a scant second after, when she returned, panting, letter in hand. The elevator had stopped for the night and she had run down and up four flights of stairs. She handed the letter to her roommate and stood while she ripped off the envelope and red the single sheet. Then she saw Kathleen's motile face slacken above the foolish dance frock. "You read it, Ju," she whispered, and passed the crackling sheet. Sudden, typed words flickered before Julie's eyes. We regret to inform you. Peter O'Connor, ambulance driver, killed... on duty... buried. She dropped it as if the words scorched her fingers and flung herself, in a torrent of weeping, at her stony companion. "Oh, my dear, don't look so!" Dearest, don't look so! Shivering, she turned from the comfort of Julie's arms. "Would you please turn off the light," asked Kathleen heavily. After a time Julie mingled prayers and sobbing ceased. Kathleen was glad. The sobbing had bothered her. She herself lay quiet, tearless. Her narrow bed was like an island. All night long, it seemed, black waves crept over her, receded, then flowed back slowly. Ahead, somewhere were the empty years. Now black waves and the night. Never—never the beacon of Peterkin's wide smile.

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning of an extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is the healthy action of these organs. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency. "I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and so weak I could scarcely get around, took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." Mrs. Thomas L. Wallaceburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, restores the back, and builds up the whole system. Kathleen aged that night. The pitiless morning showed a face which lost all the careless buoyancy which was its high charm. She did her poor best to appear sprightly. "I shan't wear black, Ju. He loathed it! He loathed crying too. I mustn't make him uncomfortable his first days in heaven—" Her lean, clever fingers gripped Julie's kind hand for a single, agonized moment.

The ultra-modern magazine cover was dispatched to the editor who awaited it. Afterwards Kathleen put away the drawing board. "I need a vacation," she explained to the amazed Julie. Thereafter the days found her loitering through the sun-brimmed New York streets, where spring still lingered. Sometimes she spent whole afternoons in the little parks at Madison or Union Square. Later, perhaps, the shrill voiced children, their mothers, the park derelicts who companioned her would emerge, glorious, at the beckoning of her pencil. Now she was unconscious of them as she dreamed, read and tried not to think—much. In the little parks, for all the clamor surrounding, her breaking nerves found some moments of lovely quiet.

Nearly three weeks after the heartshaking news of her brother's death Kathleen spent a long, sunny day in the park at Washington Square. Late in the afternoon her eyes wandered from the volume of O. Henry that lay in her lap. As she glanced to read the direction of a bus which trundled through the arch she became aware of a familiar figure approaching. She leaned forward and met the enchanting smile of Pat McKeen.

"So-o, another artist comes to Hohohemia," he greeted her. "Not I," she said, making room for him on the bench. "It's the park I come to. Are you a villager?" "Me? Heavens, no," he answered in vast scorn. "I've been down lower Broadway putting through a deal for the firm." "Still the same busy business man," Kathleen quizzed. "Why," he answered, "we're turning out thousands of trucks for the government. Can't give em enough. What we honestly need," he chuckled, "is seven or eight extra hours a day."

Wistfully her glance lingered on his comfortably handsome face. "They'll be putting you to work making those cars instead of selling them," she warned him. "Not much," laughed Pat McKeen, jocularly bragged. At that moment war seemed incredibly far from the sun-soaked park where the fountain whispered and the buses logged past. Yet—elsewhere, she recalled the many stories she had read of children and harmless old people tortured, nurses murdered and the very wayside crucifixes of France hacked into observation posts. In Flanders trenches liquid flame crumpled the lungs of tortured boys, splattering bombs wiped out horribly, clean young lives. Shuddering, Kathleen rose. "I must go," she told Pat McKeen. Raising amazed eyes he saw her flee past him and swing aboard a bus, a second before the starter raised his hand. All the slow way uptown she shut her eyes upon the sunny gayety of late afternoon Fifth Avenue. She let sorrow have its will with her. Again the black waves lapped the edges of

Flying Machines. A few years ago flying machines were hardly thought of, now we have Scott's Emulsion. In summer, now Scott's Emulsion is as much a summer as a winter remedy. Science did it. All Druggists.

her brain. At last she stumbled into the wide, cool lobby of the Home Club and asked for her mail. The young woman behind the desk handed her a single letter. For the space of a heartbeat the room went black. On the envelope was the familiar scrawl of her dead brother.

Not until she reached her room she open Peter's letter. There, she read it through quietly, tearless.

Somewhere in—You know. Dear Kathie: You mustn't get peeved if my answers to your nice, fat letters come slowly. You see, we don't have much vacant time here. Any left over minutes we use in making up sleep. One night last week I caught myself dozing off at the wheel of my car. Never mind, C'est la guerre! I guess if my little old Tin-Lizzie holds out I can. Say, Kathie, I might as well break it now. Next year, please God, I'm going into the regular fighting. You people, over there can't understand—this war is awful, but it's got to be done—like putting out a blaze. Those rotten Heinies don't play the game. If you could see one man they had gassed you'd know what I mean.

Our bunch have a viroleta at the billet now. The records are old and extra scratchy, but, believe me, it's great. I wish you could see your big brother on—stepping to the tune of "Everybody's doing it." Well, so long. I've got to go out and hop my car over the shrapnel holes now. All my love. PETE.

P. S. I'm sending a clipping from a new Fable of George Ade's. Remember my little yellow copy of the Fables? Wish I had it now.

To be Continued.

Beginning And Ending

A correspondent thus describes the ending of the war, so far as his observations went: Our troops knew early this morning that the Armistice had been signed. I stopped on my way to Mons. Outside brigade headquarters an officer said "Hostilities will cease at eleven o'clock." Then he added, as all men in their hearts, "Thank God for that." All the way to Mons—there were columns of troops on the march with their bands playing ahead of them, and almost every man had a flag on his rifle, the red blue and white or France, the red, yellow and black of Belgium. They wore flowers in their caps and in their tunics, red and white chrysanthemums given them by crowds of people who cheered them on their way—people who in many of those villages have been only one day liberated from the German yoke. Our men marched, singing with a smiling light in their eyes. They had done their job, and it was finished with greatest victory in the world.

The war ended for us at Mons as it began there. When I went into this town this morning it seemed to me a most miraculous coincident and a joyful one. Last night there was a fight outside the town before our men forced their way in at ten o'clock. The Germans left many of their guns in the garden before they ran. This morning Mons was full of English cavalry and Canadian troops, about whom there were crowds of townspeople, cheering them and embracing them. One old man told me of all they had suffered in Mons, but he wept only when he told me of the suffering of our prisoners.

"What a shame for Germany," he said. "What a shame when these things are known about your poor men, starving to death. Our women tried to give them food, but were beaten for it, and fifteen days ago down there by the canal, one of your English was killed because a woman gave him a bit of bread." Little children came up to me and described the fighting the night before, and many people narrated the first fighting in Mons in August, of 1914, when the "Old Contemptibles" were there, and fought their battle through the town, and then, on their way of retreat outside.

All this is now a memory. The war belongs to the past. There will be no flash of gunfire in the sky tonight. The fires of hell have been put out and I have written my last message as war correspondent thank God.

HER LITTLE GIRL COUGHED UNTIL SHE FAIRLY CHOKED.

Mrs. John Reinhardt, Ridgeway, Ont., writes:—"My little girl at the age of a year and a half had an awful cough. She would cough until she would fairly choke, and I was afraid it would go to her lungs. I thought I would use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, as I knew of quite a few persons who had used it with good results. I am glad I did so, as I only used one bottle. It is a sure cure for coughs and colds."

There is no reason why Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup should not be recognized as the very best cough and cold remedy on the market to-day, combining as it does the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, to which are added wild cherry bark, squilla, and other soothing and healing pectoral remedies. It has stood the test for the past 30 years and is becoming more generally used every year on account of its great merit in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, asthma, sore throat, and preventing pneumonia and in many cases consumption.

So great has been its success that there have been a great many imitations put up to you when you ask for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The genuine and original is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees in the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c. Manufactured only by The Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Dog Learned

Morse Signals. Tony was a small scraggly-haired Russian terrier that I had while working as night operator at a New Hampshire railroad station, writes F. H. S., in the Boston Globe. In those days I worked twelve hours and often longer when we were short of men, and Tony proved very useful to me, for I taught him to read Morse signals, and he would wake me up when my office was called if I happened to doze off after working a long stretch without rest. My office call was "Ux," whenever that call was ticked off on the wire I would say, "Speak, Tony," and the little dog would bark. In about a month's time I had trained Tony to bark loudly every time Ux was called on the wire.

One hot night as we sat in the little office with the door open Tony growled and a big lanky hobo, the tallest man I ever saw outside of a circus, lunged in the door and made a grab at me. I dodged and sprang for the desk where my pistol was. Tony jumped for the man and fastened on to his legs and caused the man to trip and fall. By this time I reached the desk, picked up my gun and covered him. The hobo backed out of the door and I slammed the office door, locked it and turned out the light. Poor Tony crossed the track in front of a train one day and was instantly killed.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stratford, says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price 25c. a box."

She—What is the correct translation of the motto of that lovely ring you gave me? He—Faithful to the last. She—The last? How horrid! And you always told me before that I was the very first!

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF

A NERVOUS WRECK FROM HEART AND NERVES.

There are many people at the present time whose nerves are unstrung, heart affected, and general health impaired. To such we offer Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as the best remedy that science has produced for such troubles. These pills have a wonderful effect on the nerve cells of the body, giving them new life and energy; they strengthen and regulate the heart and make the blood rich and nourishing.

Mr. Joseph Daly, Wolfe Island, Ont., writes:—"I have used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was a regular nervous wreck from my heart and nerves. I saw your advertisement in the paper and decided to try your pills. I took five boxes of them, and now I am as steady as a rock. People said I could not be cured, but I fooled them with Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont."

CARTER'S Feed and Grain Store

We carry large stocks of Bran, Middlings, Oil Cake, Calf Meal, Corn Meal, Cracked Corn Rolled Oats, Flour, Graham Flour, Black and White Feed Oats, Pressed Hay, Pressed Straw Feed Wheat for poultry, Chicken Feed, Scratch Feed, Ground Oyster Shells, Cotton Seed Meal, Sugar Beet Meal, Cracked Grain, Milk Mash and Egg Mash for laying Seed, Pure Linseed Meal, Charcoal for poultry, Alfalfa Meal, Bird Seed, Bird Gravel, Ground Poultry Bone, Beef & Bone Scraps, Leg Bands, Wire Hen's Nests, Drinking Fountains, &c. &c., all at

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FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

TO MAKE GOOD BREAD You must have Good Yeast

GOOD BREAD is, without question, the most important article of food in the catalog of man's diet; surely, it is the "staff of life." Good bread is obtainable only by using the Best Yeast, the best flour, and adopting the best method of combining the two. Compressed Yeast is in all respects the best commercial Yeast yet discovered, and Fleischmann's Yeast is indisputably the most successful and best leaven known to the world. It is uniform in quality and strength. It saves time and labor, and relieves the housewife of the vexation and worryment she necessarily suffers from the use of an inferior or unreliable leaven. It is, moreover, a fact that with the use of Fleischmann's Yeast, more loaves of bread of the same weight can be produced from a given quantity of flour than can be produced with the use of any other kind of Yeast.

This is explained by the more thorough fermentation and expansion which the minute particles of flour undergo, thereby increasing the size of the mass and at the same time adding to the nutritive properties of the bread. This fact may be clearly and easily demonstrated by any who doubt that there is economy in using Fleischmann's Yeast.

If you have never used this Yeast give it a trial. Ask your Grocer for a "Fleischmann" Recipe Book.

R. F. MADDIGAN & Co. Agents for P. E. Island.

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All our New Fall Shoes are here. This year we have many special lines in each department.

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Live Stock Breeders.

List of Pure Bred Live Stock for Sale. Table with columns: NAME, ADDRESS, BREED, AGE. Includes entries for Geo. Aniear, Wm. Aitken, M. McManus, W. F. Weeks, David Reid, Ramsay Auld, Frank Halliday, Ramsay Auld, J.A.E. McDonald.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Heating, Main Building, Military Hospital, Charlottetown, P. E. I.," will be received until 12 o'clock, noon, FRIDAY, November 8, 1918, for the heating apparatus to main building, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Military Hospital.

Plans and Specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at the office of the Chief Architect, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, the Superintendent of Dominion Buildings and the Superintendent of Military Hospitals, Charlottetown, P.E.I. the Superintendent of Dominion Buildings, St. John, N. B., and the Inspector of Dominion Buildings, Halifax, N. S.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied by the Department and in accordance with the conditions set forth therein.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 10 p.c. of the amount of the tender. War Loan Bonds of the Dominion will also be accepted as security, or war bonds and cheques if required to make up an odd amount.

By order, R. C. DESROCHERS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Oct. 28, 1918. Nov. 6, 1918—11

W. J. P. McLAN, M.D. MIL PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

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CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS

Change in Time Table

Commencing Monday August 19th, 1918, the Car Ferry, Prince Edward Island, will resume service between Borden and Tormentine, and the time table will be the same as was in effect when she was withdrawn, giving two return trips to the Mainland daily. The service between Summerside and Pt. Du'Chene will be discontinued after Saturday, August 17th, 1918. District Passenger Agents' Office August 16th, 1918.