

A Woman.

The mission of woman on earth is to give birth to the mercy of Heaven descending on earth. The mission of woman: permitted to bruise the head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse through the sorrow and sin of earth's registered curse, the blessing which mitigates all: born to nurse, and to soothe; and to solace, to help and to heal. The sick world that leans on her. This was Lucile. A power hid in pathos; a fire veiled in cloud; Yet still burning outward: a branch which, though bowed by the bird in its passage, springs upward again; Through all symbols I search for her sweetness—in vain! Judge her love by her life. For our life is but love. In act. Pursues above; and the dear God above. Who knows what His creatures have need of for life, And whose love includes all loves, through much patient strife Led her soul into peace. Love, though love may be given In vain, is yet lovely. Her own native heaven More clearly she mirrored, as life's troubled dream Wore away; and love sighed in to rest like a stream That breaks its heart over wild rocks toward the shore. Of the great sea which hushes it up evermore With its little wild wailing. No stream flows from its source Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course. But what some land is gladdened. No star ever rose. And yet, without influence somewhere; Who knows What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife. And all life to be purer and stronger thereby. The spirits of just men made perfect on high, The army of martyrs who stand by the throne. And gaze into the Face that makes glorious their own. Knows this, surely, at least. Honest love, honest sorrow, Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow, Are these worth nothing more than the hand that make weary. The heart that they have saddened, the life they leave dreary? Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the Spirit. Echoes: He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit. —Owen Meredith's "Lidelle."

A Story Of A Quiet Street.

(MRS. S. M. O'MALLEY.) (Concluded.) "Sh!" he merely breathed, and I heard the click, click of his revolver. At the same time I heard a match scratch, and the next instant our lamp was lit. "I'll be dogged!" exclaimed George. "I could have sworn I heard something to waken me up that way, and I felt sure that someone was after my pocket-book, or watch. You women choose such a conveniently lonely house just to please thieves. I've been expecting a visit from one every night. One of my men tells me the next door isn't occupied by the best-recommended people. Now I'm awake I'll see if Mary's all right." He opened the door. "Mary!" he called, but had hardly uttered it before a wild plunge and rush landed Mary beside me, while George retreated indignantly to the wall, where he stood with his pistol threatening the empty open door. "Something woke me up, but I was afraid to get out of bed until George opened the door," explained Mary tremblingly. George laughed. "What a brave set you women—we are," he corrected, and he strode across to the door, shutting and locking it. "You can sleep on the cot; and now, for heaven's sake, let us get to sleep again, for I can't stop for spoons." And he did go to sleep, but Mary and I shivered until dawn, when we slept heavily, waking at eight after our book, who slept away from the house, rang for us, as she declared, a hundred times.

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning that it is 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. I took medicines 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 is of Wallaseburg, Ont. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system. A note on my pillow explained that as we were sleeping so well, and breakfast not on, "George" would take that meal down town. "I am going over to ask Mrs. Arthur to come and spend the day as soon as I drink my coffee," said Mary. "And I will help to cook an extra dish for dinner," I thoughtfully remarked, for I was afraid to be alone. They came in a little while, Mrs. Arthur cheerfully garrulous and Mary looking comparatively bright. "I have not told her a word," she whispered, "and don't you." Our courage came up wonderfully, and Mrs. Arthur was encouraged to tell us her rambling family histories until the clock struck five. "Wall, I swan!" she cried. "If I hadn't stayed a while, and Jeemes is out in the country coverin' Lem Pritchett's barn, an' I've got all the chores to do, even to bringin' the cow from the pastur'." "Oh, don't go," urged Mary, "stay to tea." "Sakes alive honey, I couldn't possible. I've got to hustle!"—but she paused with her "bunnet" raised over her head as the low wail came sweeping in, clear and full, now muffled and choked. "My!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "What animal's that?" "To my surprise Mary" began laughing hysterically, ending in heavy sobbing, while good Mrs. Arthur was stupefied. I explained to her our situation as well as I could. "Mercy on us!" she cried. "I wouldn't stay another night. If Jeemes 'n' me wuz't obliged to be up an' a-doin' so early, we'd come over tonight an' stay, but ole folks can't lose sleep like young ones, an' Jeemes an' me's mighty parshal to our own bed." We tried to persuade the cook to stay. "No, mum," she said decidedly. "I've got to get along home to my baby. I can't stay from home of nights." We hung over our front gate until George came. The moon was just full and hung, beautifully golden, low in the eastern sky. The lilac's fragrance was about us; but we heard nothing, saw nothing, wished for nothing but George, so we could not tell him our direful story. George was more patient than we hoped. "Now, I am going to tell you my plans," he said. First, I don't have any use for spoons; second, I won't be fooled with them. Now, I am going to put my overcoat on, and you women will wrap up, and we will stay out on the porch all night, for I mean to solve this mystery. Whatever I hear I shall investigate." We were reinforced at eight o'clock by a gentleman whom George introduced as Mr. Merton, and whose business-like air of keeping quiet told me without any explanation that he was there for a purpose. Ten—eleven o'clock went by. Mary began to snore slightly and George was yawning dismally, when a loud scraping noise came raspingly through the air, and I saw the heavy shutter of our neighbor's house violently open, and a figure swing out over the casement, to be drawn back, while that long, low wail broke through the stillness. "Come on," said Mr. Merton tersely, and in an instant they were, with us at their heels, climbing our neighbor's steps. It took several sharp knocks and calls to bring them to the door. Mr. Merton explained his presence

Had Pneumonia

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED HIM. A cough is an early symptom of pneumonia. It is at first frequent and hacking, and is accompanied with a little tough, colorless expectoration, which soon, however, becomes more copious and of a rusty red color, the lungs become congested and the bronchial tubes filled with phlegm making it hard for the sufferer to breathe. Males are more commonly attacked than females, and a previous attack seems to give a special liability to another. On the first sign of a cold or cough you should get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and thus prevent the cold from developing into some serious lung trouble. Mrs. E. Charles, North Toronto, Ont., writes: "Two years ago my husband had a very bad attack of pneumonia, and the doctors said he was getting consumption. A friend called on me and told me to get Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I got three bottles, and they seemed to quite clear his chest of the phlegm, and now he is fine and well. I shall never be without it in the house as it is a very valuable medicine." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark. Price 25c. and 50c. The genuine is manufactured only by THE T. MILLBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont. "Now," said the pert salesman, sarcastically, as he waited to put back the rolls of calico, "can't you think of something else I could show you?" "Yes replied the customer, "but I don't think you have it." "What is it?" "More courtesy!" was the withering reply. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen.—My daughter, 13 yrs. old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years. Yours truly, J. B. LIVESQUE. St. Joseph, P. O., 18th Aug., 1900. "My wife tells me that at the Women's Club the other afternoon your wife displayed a marvellous knowledge of Parliamentary law." "Well, great Scott! Why shouldn't she? She's been speaker in our house for fifteen years." MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC. Customer—Your cream is very good. Dairy Girl—It ought to be. I just whipped it. 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." "You used to say there was no other man in the world like me." "Yes, and I hope it's true." 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 50c. a box. Smith—What did you mean by telling Jones that I was an idiot? Robinson—Why, it isn't a secret, is it? MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF. Nell—Oh, dear, I'm in such a quandary. Bell—What is it? Nell—Jack promises to stop drinking if I marry him, and Tom threatens to begin if I don't. HAD WEAK HEART COULD NOT WORK COULD NOT SLEEP. Many women are kept in a state of fear of death, become weak, worn and miserable and are unable to attend to their household, social or business duties, on account of the unnatural action of the heart. To all such sufferers Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills give prompt and permanent relief. Mrs. J. Day, 234 John Street South, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I was so run down with a weak heart I could not even sweep the floor, nor could I sleep at night. I was so awfully sick sometimes I had to stay in bed all day as I was so weak. I used three and a half boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and I am a cured woman to-day, and so strong as anyone could be. I am doing my own housework, even my own washing, I do not feel until I used your pills." Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by THE T. MILLBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont. Our store has gained the reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1916 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service. R. F. Maddigan.

God's Will.

Sir—A young man of robust health dies suddenly of sickness partly brought on through carelessness and neglect. The sympathizers console the bereaved family by reminding them that it was the will of God. How far would it be right to contradict this statement, on the ground that the man would not have died if proper care and competent medical treatment had been given? Is the notion, that everybody dies at the will of God, correct? Yours, etc. (SIGNED) Comment on the Foregoing Letter. There is a saying: "God helps those that help themselves." God has placed some things outside our control; and these, being inevitable, have to be accepted as God's will. Other things are left under our own management; and what we make of them is a matter of our own will. If a man neglects the power to keep himself in health. But still, when he has neglected his health, and comes to die, the death being inevitable, becomes God's will—even though under other circumstances it would not have been God's will which they have to submit to in bearing the loss, because it is a thing which they could not prevent. Everybody dies at God's will; but God's will is often determined by man's will. God's view is this: If the man takes care of himself he shall live; if he neglects himself he shall die. —FATHER HULL, S. J., in the Bombay Examiner. Our store has gained the reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1916 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service. R. F. Maddigan.

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 known to the world. It is uniform in quality and strength. It saves time and labor, and relieves the housewife of the vexation and worry 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. Charlottetown Agents for P. E. Island.

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