

The Poet's Sermon.

In a "Poet's Corner," writes the "Sacred Heart Review," we chanced on a new version of the old story of St. Philip Neri and the penitent whose tongue "did speak a vile, malicious lie" of one he judged to be his enemy.

Men passed by the slandered man with looks of scorn; old friends stood aloof; no one seemed to pity him as his face paled and his lips trembled when insult followed insult.

But when I sought to call it home again. Alas! though black and foul it had gone forth, I knew it not in very truth for mine.

Hailed and caught up and hurled as it had been By eager friends who call such monsters foys.

So the penitent sought St. Philip asking: "Father, what shall my great atonement be? How can I unto him whom I have wronged, And unto God Whose truth I have deformed, Make reparation for this mighty sin?"

The saint looked at the sinner with a reproachful yet compassionate glance, and bade him: "My son, go thou into the marketplace, Take thence a bird the archer has brought down, With dead, limp feathers waiting to be plucked, Take these between thy fingers, one by one, Gazing not in thy walk to right or left, Marking not which way this one floats or that, But still pursuing thy appointed way Until the dead bird in thy hand lies bare; Then backward turning, stooping in thy path, Uplift each tiny feather lying low, Missing not one from out the scattered shower; Then will thy sin return to thee disarmed, Powerless as when its poison lay undrained, Then will thy reparation be complete."

Aghast, the penitent protested that the task was beyond the power of man to accomplish. A bird's feathers, airy and light, floating hither and thither on the breeze, could not be gathered back. The wind had borne them where sight and touch could reach them nevermore.

"Thou sayest well," the penitent saint replied. "And thus the breath of slander, wafted far Into the market places of the world, Beareth its scent of plague, its poison touch. On waves that widen and return no more From the vast sea of everlasting death."

The poet draws the moral thus:— Even so, good friends and neighbors everyone, Read we the page, can we its lesson well; And, while we seek its moral elsewhere, Take heed lest haply it may touch ourselves.

"Take heed!" Today, as in St. Philip's time, a reputation is easily smirched by an evil tongue; irreparable injury is done by the malicious lie, by idle gossip.

Jeanne, The Maid

BY GORDON ARTHUR SMITH in Scribner's Magazine.

(Continued)

"When I had helped her saddle the white horse, I turned to the roan. She watched me intently, saying nothing until I had mounted and moved up beside her. Then: 'I knew you would come to me,' she said. 'Of course,' I answered. 'I shall not keep you long, and no harm shall come to you—nor

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McGraw, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

"I rode all that afternoon—a strange couple, and on that in times less strange would have attracted more attention; for while thousands of men, women and children were travelling in the opposite direction, we were the only people going to the east to the teeth of the victorious German army. Many times we were warned to turn back, and as many times Jeanne smiled and shook her head. There were narrowing sights from which I averted my eyes, but which Jeanne gazed unflinchingly.

"It but makes my own life seem of less account," she said me—and my death the more necessary.

"Toward evening a French officer challenged us, ordering us back. He informed us that women were not wanted on the firing line, and he looked at me and my civilian clothes with suspicion.

"Jeanne answered and said: 'Where men are suffering, women are always needed. I am going to take a little of their suffering onto myself. It is God's will.' The officer stared—I saw him hesitate, waver, and acquiesce—and then he saluted her and said: 'Go—and God keep you.'

"Later in the night, men were so busy with their own affairs to notice us, or if they did they put us down for peasants returning in a mad attempt to save some of our belongings. And shortly before dawn we reached Saint-Nicholas-du-Port, where the ground was rocking under our feet, and our voices were drowned in the ominous thumping of the cannon.

"We slept in a field outside the village—that is we lay on the ground and tried to sleep; but, tired as I was I could not, and I think that Jeanne stayed awake to pray.

"The sun came up, red behind the smoke, glowing like a devil's eye; and it looked upon a devil's day. Jeanne and I arose, stretched our stiff limbs, and left the field for the village.

"Now, it happened that the rear-guard of the French army were making a desperate stand about four miles east of Saint-Nicholas-du-Port, their idea being of course, that the Meurthe, on which the village is situated, would prove a safeguard for their own retreat by providing an obstacle for the enemy's advance. Bridges can always be dynamited, and pontoons take time to construct.

"But early that morning the enemy, pursuing their overnight advantage, drove the French from their trenches and hurled them back, exhausted and in disorder, into Saint-Nicholas. It was a dull-eyed, crumpled-up handful of men that we came upon, there in the village—five hundred that had once been five thousand, and half of them bleeding from undressed wounds, and all of them so exhausted that death must have seemed to them a blessed relief.

"When they saw Jeanne, cool and white and calm, on her white horse, they looked on her as on a vision, I am sure some of them did not know whether she was flesh and blood, or whether she was a figure in some dream conjured up by their feverish, tired brains. They parted their ill-

formed ranks in the street to let her ride through but when she was in the middle of them, she halted drew the rusty old sword, and swung it over her head. "Courage, mes enfants!" she cried. "Be strong for the glory of France and the glory of God!" They turned and tried to cheer; and some of them passed their hands across their eyes vaguely, as if to clear their sight.

"Then, briefly, Jeanne told them that she had been sent by le bon Dieu to rally them and lead them—that they must not be afraid to die—that death in a just cause is sweet—that God cured for them and would remember.

"They listened in absolute silence until she had finished, and then—and then—well, they recognized her, or at least they recognized the spirit that animated her, for they cried out: 'Jeanne d'Arc! Jeanne, the Maid!' And a young lieutenant, the only officer left to them, swung around and put his horse beside hers and shouted: 'Let us all die, but let not the Germans cross the Meurthe!'

"So, while the sappers were sent to dynamite the bridges Jeanne rode out at the head of five hundred men to hold the Germans back until the work should be accomplished, and every one of the five hundred knew that with the bridges went their only hope of retreat.

"They went out the five hundred of them—and a few of them came back, fighting through the streets from house to house. When they were driven back to the square in front of the town hall they set up a Maxim gun and played it like a hose on the close massed enemy; and when they could no longer work the gun they retreated into the town hall itself and fought from the doors and the windows and the balcony. And always Jeanne was with them, unscathed, but fighting now on foot, for the white horse had fallen under her. I could see the dying reaching out piteous adoring hands to touch her skirt before they should die; and I could see the wounded, smiling at her as they fell. The young lieutenant stood by the Maxim gun to the end, operating it with his left arm, for his right hung limp by his side. And then suddenly he was struck in the head and went down in her arms. I saw her make the sign of the cross on his breast, I saw her lips move as she whispered something to him, and I saw him try to smile as he died in her arms.

"Then I was hit and for a few minutes I remember no more. When I came to I was lying in a doorway, across the square from the town hall. Doubtless it was thought I was dead, and no one had wasted the time to bayonet me in order to make certain.

"Crawling out painfully to the sidewalk I perceived the enemy was still encountering some resistance; and just then from the river I heard two great booming crashes and I suspected that the bridges had been dynamited.

"In the square the bursting shells or the German torpedoes, had set fire to the town hall, and it was now a roaring, billowing sheet of flame. But from the upper windows occasional shots spat out, and here and there a German soldier fell quickly and quietly to the ground. I wondered if Jeanne was still in there, or if, already she had accomplished her destiny.

"And suddenly I wondered no longer, for she appeared on the balcony, in full view of the entire square. She stood there in Madonna blue, a crucifix raised up before her eyes, the flames licking hungrily at her feet. Almost I saw a halo about her head—I think I did—I am not sure. Perhaps it was the yellow fire behind her; perhaps it was the gold of her hair.

"Ah, she was very beautiful as she stood there with the light in her eyes as of one who sees God. She was very beautiful, and she was very brave—a woman among a thousand men, a saint among a thousand sinners. As I looked I found that the tears were on my cheeks, and then presently, I staggered to my knees and began to pray as well as I could.

(Concluded next week.)

All kinds of Job Printing done at the Herald office

ALCOHOL is almost the worst thing for consumptives. Many of the "just-as-good" preparations contain as much as 20% of alcohol; Scott's Emulsion not a drop. Insist on having Scott's Emulsion FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

HONESTLY BELIEVED HE WAS GOING INTO CONSUMPTION.

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup CURED HIM.

Mr. Frank E. Anthony, 69 Ethen Street, Winnipeg, Man., writes: "Having taken several bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, during the past few weeks, to relieve a chronic cough and general throat trouble, allow me to express my unbounded satisfaction and thanks as to its sterling qualities. A short time ago I became suddenly subject to violent coughing fits at night, and directly after rising in the morning, for about an hour, and found I was gradually losing weight. All my friends cheerfully informed me that I looked as though I were going in consumption, and I honestly believed such was the case. However, after having taken several bottles of Dr. Wood's I am pleased to relate that the cough has entirely disappeared, along with all the nasty symptoms, and I have since regained the lost weight. I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as a sure cure for all those troubled in a like manner."

When you ask for "Dr. Wood's" see that you get what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25c and 50c. Manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Mansonville, June, 27, '13. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited, Yarmouth, N. S. Gentlemen—It affords me great pleasure and must be gratifying to you to know that after using 36 bottles of your Liniment on a case of paralysis which my father was afflicted with, I was able to restore him to normal condition. Hoping other sufferers may be benefited by the use of your Liniment, I am, Sincerely yours, G. F. O. HOLMES.

Desk Sergeant—Didn't I tell you the last time you were here that I never wanted to see you before me again? Toodles—Yes, yer honor. That's what I told the cop, but he wouldn't believe me.

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 Millburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price 50c a box.

"Tommy, you should not fight with that Jimson boy." "I know it, ma." "That's right." "But I didn't know it before I hit him."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA. Barber—your hair is very thin on top sir. Patron—I'm glad of that—I hate fat hair.

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."

"Well, Freddie, said his mother, "did you learn anything at school today?" "Yes, ma," said Freddie. "What did you learn new?" "I found a new way o' getting out o' school for an hour by snuffin' red ink up my nose."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF. "Look here, this inclosed card you sold me for as good as new rattles terribly." "But, my dear sir, I told you it was a rattling good bargain."

Was Not Much of a Believer in Patent Medicines But Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Are All Right. Mrs. Wm. McElwain, Temperance Vale, N. B., writes:—"I am not much of a believer in medicines, but I must say Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are all right. Some years ago I was troubled with smothering spells. In the night I would waken up with my breath all gone and think I never would get it back. I was telling a friend of my trouble, and he advised me to try Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. He gave me a box, and I had only taken a few of them when I could sleep all night without any trouble. I did not finish the box until some years after when I felt my trouble coming back, so I took the rest of them and they cured me."

Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years. The testimony of the users should be enough to convince you that what we claim for them is true. H. and N. Pills are 50c per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25; at all druggists or dealers, mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

ISLAND SOLDIERS At the Front Are Asking For Hickey's Black Twist CHEWING TOBACCO BECAUSE IT IS THE BEST Hickey & Nicholson Tobacco Co., Ltd. PHONE 345

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