

(Continued from first page)

work," he added in a shaking voice; "might we not make a little collection to help to keep it going?" "You are right, my boy," said an old workman, "Take your cap and come round; we will all give you something." But another broke into wild and coarse denunciations of the clerical and their work. "Do not think that I shall help to feed a lot of idlers," was his conclusion. Albert, whose cap was half full of copper coins, stopped short, reddened, but kept silent. A murmur of disapproval and blame went through the "atelier," and looks of sympathy were cast at the boy, who had resumed his task with a heightened color. The speaker realized that he had made a mistake; he rose from his seat and went straight to where Albert sat. "Here, my boy, I spoke to you roughly. After all you are right in wanting to relieve the hungry; here is a franc to help the work. Give me your hand and forget what I said just now." The child looked up, nervously wrung the other's rough hand and tears glistened in his eyes. "Thank you, thank you," was all he could utter. Albert is now a grown man, but his little brother is one of the bright boy servers whose active ministrations are chief features of the work of "la mie de pain."

On a bitterly cold evening of the month of January, 1909, we found ourselves between half past eight and nine at night in the outlying quarter of a "la Maison Blanche," not very far from the Avenue d'Italie, where, in May, 1871, the white-robed sons of St. Dominio belonging to the College of Arneville were run down by the "Communards." On leaving the tramway we crossed a large open space at the end of which are the buildings of the "Paronage" or Boys Guild, whose members are the most active members of the Conference of St. Vincent of Paul and the moving spirits of the work we came to visit. A steep staircase, lighted by a lantern, leads us into a long room, well warmed and well lighted. The walls are whitewashed; a crucifix is their only ornament; "Love one another"—"Aimez vous les uns les autres." Rows of wooden tables, plain, but spotlessly clean, stretch across the room, with benches that can accommodate about 130 guests at a time. Next door is the kitchen where the soup is prepared; the work having assumed considerable proportions, the boys can no longer prepare their clients' meals themselves; a good woman, with whom we had some conversation, is the only paid servant admitted to take part in the working of the "Mie de pain." She is assisted after half past four every afternoon by a group of small boys who at that hour are let out of school; it is they who prepare the vegetables, cut up the bread. "We teach them to do this as a sacred and holy mission," said the director of the "Paronage." They must realize that they are serving our Lord in the person of the poor, but although they give up their games to help us, I assure you that they are as merry as possible over their self-chosen task.

Towards eight come older boys, those who, being apprentices or young workmen, have only just left their workshops in distant parts of Paris. They are sometimes joined by other young men of independent means, to whom the close contact with suffering is an invaluable lesson. The soup, excellent and appetizing, made of the very best materials, is served in generous portions in the metal receptacles called "gamelles" which are used in the French Army. We examined them closely; all was spotlessly clean, carefully ordered; evidently the workers remembered whose representatives were coming to the feast. When all was ready and the boys had donned their white aprons the door opened and the guests entered. The "mie de pain" begins its work on Christmas day and continues during two or three months, according to the funds it can dispose of; it is supported entirely by voluntary offerings, and stars about three thousand francs, rather more than less, each winter. On an average, five, six, or even seven hundred guests come every evening to partake of the hospitality so generously extended to the poor and hungry.

It was a pathetic sight; old men and mere lads, women and children, men in rags and tatters, other men dressed, with spotless linen, poured through the doorway. Formerly one or two policemen were on duty when the poor made their entrance, but at present M. Eberst, the director of the "paronage," who acts as host, dispenses with their services. His principle is that the poor should be treated, not with suspicion, but with respect, a respect suggested by faith. The young apprentices now direct the entrance of their guests, and we marveled on the evening of our visit to see the docility with which seven hundred men obeyed the leading of these lads. It is true that the latter's attitude, deferential and dignified, is simply irresistible. They address their visitors as "Messieurs," and treat them with a careful courtesy that goes straight to the hearts of starving outcasts. When all the benches were occupied, the women being seated on a separate

An Ancient Foe
To health and happiness is Scrofula as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes buncches in the neck, distorts 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. McQuinn, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

table, M. Eberst, standing in the centre of the room, said the Our Father aloud. It is an understanding thing that no one is obliged to join in the prayer, but we noticed that, with few exceptions, all the men present made the Sign of the Cross, some awkwardly, as if they had long forgotten the sacred sign, one evening using his left hand. Then with a hearty "bon appetit, mes amis"—"good appetite, my friends"—the director gave the signal to begin, and it was pitiable to see how rapidly the "gamelles" were emptied. It was a curiously silent scene; even the women spoke little, the men not at all. We wondered as we looked at them what hidden tragedies lay behind those pale faces and those sunken eyes. From three men, this and was, but well dressed, with spotless linen collars, we felt sorely tempted to inquire what vicissitudes brought them to be in this far away "faubourg." But silence and discretion are the fundamental rules of the work; the men are admitted by right divine of their poverty, no questions are asked, no passports or references are needed; only when they volunteer to give him their confidence does M. Eberst penetrate into the secrets of some of his temporary guests. Now and then one of them will tell him that he is homeless, in which case the applicant receives a free ticket that insures him admittance into a respectable hotel in the neighborhood. Occasionally a special circumstance attracts the director's attention. The evening before our visit one young man fell down in a dead faint. He was nursed back to consciousness and found to be a peasant youth, friendless and inexperienced, who had come up to Paris to make a fortune. After an inefficient struggle with poverty he staggered, half-famished, to open the door of the refectory, but fainted before the food touched his lips.

When the first batch of visitors had finished their soup, a full quarter of an hour being allowed for the purpose, they arose and passed in single file before M. Eberst, who bareheaded, greeted them with a cordial, "Bon soir, mes amis"—"Good night, my friends. Every cap or hat was raised to return the greeting as they passed out into the darkness of the night. Then, before the second batch was admitted, the boy servers took possession of the room with extraordinary rapidity; they cleared away the "gamelles," little lads of eight and nine now flow about with the same eagerness that they had shown when waiting upon the poor. Sawdust was liberally scattered on the tables, which were then carefully brushed and scrubbed; while the "gamelles" were being washed in the neighboring pantry by two elder boys. One, we are told, was a carpenter, the other a clerk, who night after night devote their evenings to the humble task.

When all was again clean and orderly, the outer door opened and 130 more unfortunate were shown in; the programme was the same; the short prayer was said aloud, listened and responded to, the outcasts sat down and began to eat, some of them reverently, all of them in silence. In fact, the silent atmosphere of the place is one of its most impressive features—suffering when it reaches a certain point is voiceless. Then they fit out, the cordial "Bon soir, mes amis," bringing a cherry note into the loneliness, and 130 more take their place. So it goes on every night, till the average six or seven hundred clients of the "Mie de pain" are satisfied. But we are told that even the liberal portion awarded does not always satisfy those who have not touched food during the whole day. These hungry ones are not expected to express their wants in words, by merely taking up their stand outside on the right instead of on the left they speechlessly convey their message, and when all is over they are brought back and given an extra portion of soup. One or two others as they passed before the director whispered a request for shoes and M. Eberst afterwards ransacked his stores till he found the suitable articles. Several thousand coats, hats,

TEETHING
makes baby nervous and fretful, and stops gain in weight.
SCOTT'S EMULSION
is the best food-medicine for teething babies. It strengthens the nerves, supplies the teeth, keeps the baby growing.
Get a small bottle now. All Druggists.

shirts and shoes are distributed by him during the winter.

Another no less useful means of helping their visitors has been devised by the organization of the work. Many of these men, those especially who hail from the provinces, have not in their possession the papers that in France must be produced before taking up any employment, however humble. They have neither paper, pens nor stamps to write home, and many of them are ignorant of the intricate and superfluous formalities of French law. In an office that adjoins the refectory a young man belonging to the "Paronage" is at their service every evening; he writes their letters if necessary and can explain to them the best and quickest way of getting the papers that they require. Needless to say that the necessary expenses entailed by these letters are like the good advice given, a free gift. At last the last soup has been swallowed, the last letter written, the bright-faced boys have cleaned and tidied the refectory, and, having put aside their white aprons, they bid M. Eberst good night and return home. Next day, after a hard day's labor in their "ateliers," they will again be at their post. With a perseverance no less admirable than their charity, they continue through the winter months their mission of love and devotion.

It may be objected that the work of the "Mie de pain," while it nobly feeds the hungry, only exercises an indirect moral influence over its passing guest. This is true but who can measure the results of a kind act, sweetly, gently, lovingly performed? M. Eberst makes no secret of being a cleric, and the men whom he cordially welcomed every night are the first to proclaim that only at "la mie de pain" are they received as honored guests. In the different soup kitchens organized by the government throughout Paris, they are hustled, hurried, roughly treated, and they draw a parallel between official and Christian charity. They realize that in the refectory, where the Crucifix hangs on the wall, reigns a spirit that is absent in the government soup kitchens, and some day they may find from this simple fact they know if no draw practical conclusions?

Among the boys whose loving service is the characteristic feature of the night we have just described the training they receive is bound to bring forth rich fruit. These young workers have been made to grasp the supernatural spirit of charity, the dignity and pathos of suffering. No doubt religion in France is going through a grave crisis, but under the surface lie concealed the seeds of better things, and the devoted lads whose generous and persevering self-sacrifice has made the "Mie de pain" a flourishing work may be counted among the humble laborers who by their steady courage are preparing the harvests of the future.

COUNTESS DE COURSON.
Mr. Farrell Senate Reformer.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright and other ministers have recently expressed a strong desire to reform the Senate. In these circumstances notice should be taken of their appointments to the Senate, since at present the only way to improve the Senate is to appoint extra good senators. It is reported from Nova Scotia that E. M. Farrell, M. P. P., has been appointed to one of the Nova Scotia senatorships.

We have heard of Mr. Farrell before in one election trial of his own. Mr. Fielding testified that Mr. Farrell was one of his best campaign workers. The Minister swore that after the election of 1906 Mr. Farrell presented bills for election expenditures which had not been authorized. Mr. Fielding refused to say how many bills were presented, or for what amounts, or for what purposes—but he admitted that he paid the money to Mr. Farrell. After this settlement and expostulation by Mr. Fielding the elections of 1904 came on. Mr. Fielding again had the assistance of Mr. Farrell, who again proceeded to make expenditure just as if Mr. Fielding had not objected. There was another election trial and Mr. Farrell, who was wanted as a witness, went off to the United States for his health two weeks before the trial began, and returned a few days after it closed. But another election worker named Seldon testified that he alone got from Mr. Farrell "somewhere in the neighborhood of \$500; between \$500 and \$600 probably." He got it about a week before the election, and paid it out in small lots.

After hearing the evidence Chief Justice Weatherbee said, in giving judgment: "With respect to the unlawful use of money—most of which was suddenly produced" by Mr. Farrell within a week of polling day—between \$500 and \$600 probably." He got it that it was used, as it was intended to be used, in the election. The Farrell fund, in addition to what was otherwise used, or that disappeared, and of which not the slightest trace or record remains, was about \$600. This begins to have been absorbed among a population of about 600, an average of about a dollar per head. If unfortunately, every district and the whole population had been treated in the same manner, no one could count on a fair election. * * * The inten-

tion is to infer, "I think that the whole fund was to be secretly used. * * * If a dark scheme of this kind could be carried on, with impunity, the freedom of election would be endangered."

The judge found proof of bribery and corruption and voided the election.

Mr. Farrell was no doubt equally active in 1908, and in consequence of these moral activities, he is reported to have been called to Ottawa to reform the Senate.—St. John Standard.

British Bluejacket's Work in Italian Earthquake.

The following letter has been received from Cardinal Merry del Val by the Archbishop of Westminster, with reference to the work of the British Navy in the recent earthquake in Sicily and Calabria:

Dal Vaticano, Jan. 20th.
My Dear Lord Archbishop,—The Holy Father desires me to ask you kindly to express to the British Government his Holiness's high appreciation of the admirable work of the officers and men of the Royal Navy for the relief of the sufferers from the earthquake, especially at Reggio. The Pope has learnt what has been done by the British sailors on this occasion, not only by competent witnesses on the spot, but also from the testimony of many of the victims themselves who have lately been brought to Rome. On all sides the same story is told of the courage, ability, self-sacrifice, and kindness shown by officers and men alike. Many particular instances are cited, and the most heartfelt gratitude is expressed. The Holy Father is convinced that the memory of the treatment received at the hands of these kind benefactors will remain long and deeply impressed in the hearts of the sufferers.

His Holiness, who has been, as you are aware, much affected by the magnitude of the disaster and the sufferings it has caused, cannot but express his gratitude for the assistance so well and so generously rendered by the British Navy. But there is a further reason for which the Holy Father desires to give expression of his gratitude. The British sailors, with a sense of true character which does them honor, showed solicitude in providing frequently not only for the material relief of the victims, but also for their spiritual wants. For this His Holiness thanks them most warmly, and he prays God to repay, in His own time and in His own way, a deed worthy of the best traditions of a great national service.

I am, &c.,
R. CARD, MERRY DEL VAL.

This letter was forwarded to the Prime Minister by the Archbishop, and the following reply was received: My Lord Archbishop,—I shall have much pleasure in transmitting to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty the copy of the letter from the Cardinal Secretary of State, and I feel sure that all concerned will highly value the warm appreciation expressed by His Holiness concerning the work performed by the officers and men of the British Navy on the occasion of the recent earthquake. Yours very faithfully,
H. H. ASQUITH.

Muskoka the Beautiful.
Do you know the place? If not, your pleasure has suffered. Take a free trip, a mental little journey through Muskoka by asking for that handsome Muskoka Folder issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System. It contains a large map, lots of views and a fund of facts. Take the journey some evening after supper with your wife and children. Then slam the door on the doctor for 19 by taking your family on a real journey through the Muskoka District this summer. Less than a day's journey from principal American cities. For all particulars and handsome illustrated publication free, apply to:

J. QUINLAN,
D. P. A., G. T. R., Montreal.

Fort William, Ont., May 14.—After enjoying the profuse hospitality of the Winnipeg journalists the Australian delegates arrived here this morning and were met by the mayor of this city and Port Arthur and a large number of prominent citizens. The party was taken for a sail along the harbor, shown how wheat was loaded on vessels, visited the big Ogilvie mills, and were entertained at lunch by the Canadian club. Port Arthur was visited in the afternoon, and the delegates appeared delighted with the progress of the town. They sailed at four o'clock on the steamship Kewatin being given a hearty send-off by a large gathering. They expect to reach Toronto about ten o'clock on Sunday by special train from Owen Sound.

Besides securing a sound, practical business training, you have a chance of winning the \$50 scholarship at the Union Commercial College. Enter now. Full particulars on request. Wm. Moran, Prin., Charlottetown.

HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF LIVING.

Heart Trouble Cured by MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Mrs. Andrew Savoy, Graham's, N.B., writes: In the year of 1908 I was taken sick and did not think I could live any length of time. My trouble was with my heart and people told me that nothing could be done for a case like mine. I was the very best doctors but they could do me no good. For seven weeks I could hardly cross the floor. I had no pain, but was unable to get up. I had given up all hope. I felt I had given up all hope of living and had given my little girl to my sister-in-law. One day a friend came to see me and calling me by name said, "Lizzie, if I were you I would try a dose of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as they are good for heart trouble." My husband got me a box, but for two days I was not feeling any better, but on the fourth day my husband said, "I believe these pills are doing you good." I was able to say, "Yes, I feel a good deal better these pills." He said, "All right, I will get you another box right away." I took two boxes and three doses out of the third one, and I was perfectly well and have not been sick since then. I will never be without them in my home for God knows if it had not been for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I would not have been alive now. Price 25c per box. Boxes for 60c. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Little Davey Sloan is forever asking questions.

"You'd better keep still or something will happen to you," his tired mother finally told him one night. "Curiosity once killed a cat, you know."

Davey was so impressed with this that he kept silent for three minutes. Then: "Say, mother, what was it the cat wanted to know?"

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LTD.
GENTS,—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family, and also in my stables for years, and consider it the best medicine obtainable.

Yours truly,
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Proprietor Roston Pond Hotel and Livery Stables.

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Nan—I like a play with a stirring plot.
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Muscular Rheumatism.
Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., 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 a box 50c.

His wife boasts that she made him what he is.

"H'm! She seems to have neglected to work any higher than his neck."

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

"Hubby, I want to wear my thin shoes in the rain."
"Well, doney?"
"Tell me I mustn't."

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 20 and 25 cents.

"Can he sing well?"
"Well, I'll tell you. He offered to sing the baby to sleep the other night and his wife said, 'No, let her keep on crying.'"

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

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Is a Remedy Without An Equal For COUGHS, COLDS, And All Affections Of The THROAT and LUNGS.

Coughs and Colds do not call for a minute respite of symptoms as they are known to everyone, but their dangers are not understood so well. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes, are, in the beginning, but coughs and colds.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is not sold as a Cure for Consumption but for affections tributary to, and that result in, that disease. It combines all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe. So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be humbugged into taking anything but "Dr. Wood's." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pills from the trademark; price 25 cents.

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I am the only authorized Official Agent here, and am the only one who can issue an Official Guarantee which will be respected by other Official Agents throughout Canada.

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C. Lyons & Co
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