

# The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8, 1913

Vol. XLII, No. 2



MANUFACTURED BY  
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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

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Made from home grown fruit. We have a large stock on hand. Sold in Bottles, Pails, and by the lb.

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Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
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American Catholics are beginning to read the principles of Christian life. Get in touch with the Acts of present day Apostles among heathen peoples.

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July 3, 1912-31



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The American reader of the book will instinctively compare Ney with some of our own great soldiers. The Marshal had Arnold's reckless, madcap bravery; the magnanimity of Hancock, 'the Superb'; the grit, granite staving powers of Stonewall Jackson. Among the captains of the War—Lord, Marmora, Marmora, South were undoubtedly Ney's superiors as strategists; Davout could more skillfully organize and handle vast bodies of men. Ney's brief campaigns on the Rhine (1799) though successful, scarcely authorized us to say that he had the qualities of a great commander in chief. Yet the semi-independent post on the Elbe (1813) given him by the Emperor, proves that Napoleon had a high estimate of his great soldier's abilities. But Ney's unauthorized and unstrategic move on Koenigsberg (1807), his unaccountable failure to follow up Kleist at Buzzen, and that cut off Barclay from the allies, shows that he was lacking in that flash of genius and inspiration on the battlefield which is the chief characteristic of the world's great captains. But as the chief of a retreating host, as a master of those rear guard tactics which Greece displayed in his skillful retreat from Otranto to the Dan, as the leader of a forlorn hope, in his heated valor, in control of his men, in executive ability on the field, Ney had few equals, and certainly no superiors. Neither Napoleon nor Murat, who abandoned the army to provide for their own interests at the passage of the Beresina, he performed tragedies of valor. His daring, his generosity and noble unselfishness throw a parting gleam of glory over the bloody tragedy of 1812.

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Tragic as his fate was, the reader who in history sees something more than facts and dates, will recognize it as a blessing for the dauntless soldier. Like Murat, Ney had long forgotten all religious duties. But he was free from gross vices, a good father and husband, and unobscured by that avarice and greed which disgraced so many of the emperor's marshals and dignitaries. Murat, in spite of his denials, had a bloody share in d'Enghien's death. Ney had no such crime on his soul. Yet when Murat met his fate in the courtyard of Pizz, Orono Maidea, whom the terrible swordsman had once generously supplied with arms for the poor, prepared the soldier king for death; and one of these obsequious, saintly French priests, ever to be found in sorrow's path, the Abbe de St. Pierre, stood by the heroic Marshal, imparting with the sacred words of absolution a still loftier character to his unflinching fortitude and bravery. Thus friendship and religion hallowed the last moments of these two soldiers whom Spartan bands might have chosen to lead them at Thermopylae and Roman legions hailed as demigods.—John C. Rville, S. J., in America.

**Charlottetown Business College**  
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VICTORIA ROW.

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MONEY TO LOAN.

W. S. STEWART, K. C. | H. A. CAMPBELL  
July 3, 1911-12.

Job Printing at the Herald Office.

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Charlottetown, P. E. Island

Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law

## Marshal Ney, the Hero of 1812.

The appearance in an English translation a few months ago of Lieutenant-Colonel Labaum's soldierly and graphic memories of the Moscow campaign of 1812, and the recent publication of Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge's interesting biography of Marshal Ney, prove that the Napoleonic epic still weaves around us its mighty spell. We can no more elude the magnetic sway of the imperial protagonist than the traveler on the shores of Naples can avoid the haunting presence of Vesuvius, blurring the horizon with its smoke-cappes, or encountering it with its fires, Napoleon Bonaparte, the victim of the folly and crime of 1812, once the victor of Marengo and Austerlitz, is one of the greatest landmarks of the modern age. He was buoyed up by all the tides of glory; he sounded all the depths of shame. Well nigh a hundred years after his death, he drags us back with a weird fascination to pore over the records of his campaigns, his captain, and the almost mythical story of his triumph and his fall.

In "Napoleon's Brothers" and "Joachim Murat," Mr. Atteridge had already been conquered by the spell of that twice told yet ever instructive tale. He has again yielded to the lure. On a canvas, as ample as it is full of movement, he has painted a sympathetic and sturdily poised portrait of the Emperor's greatest soldier, Marshal Ney, the 'bravest of the brave.' The book is timely. For one hundred years ago, almost to the very day, the Russian campaign was dragging out its agonies of shame, disaster and ruin. In that campaign, 'the bravest of the brave' reached the crest of his career on the field of Borodino, and by the ice locked waters of the Beresina, where he was the very shield and breastplate of the thundering battalions of the grand army.

In their rise, the one from the trivial duties of a country inn, the other from a cooper's bench, to the command of conquering armies, Murat and Ney reproduce some of the jarring contrasts so deeply and darkly underscored in the life of their master. Our author very judiciously attempts no parallel. Unconsciously the reader will supply it. In the 'Bravest of the Brave,' Mr. Atteridge, with laudable singleness of purpose, never deflects from his one aim to tell his story. He goes through that story eyes front, with a steady and impartial swing. We are marched and counter-marched into the midst of battles, bivouacs and sieges. War, the glories and the terrors of war, such as the necessary burden of the book (it could scarcely be otherwise, for Ney was first and foremost a soldier. O! Ney, the soldier, we get a full and correct view, such as he appears on Yvon's face canvas; but the sketch of the man is a little blurred and pale. Achilles in the field is admirably painted; the hero in his tent is not so skillfully drawn. Of the many-sided Murat we get a better view; the lights and shades are more harmoniously and strikingly blended. Nor do we find in the orderly, clean cut, unadorned prose and the really interesting narrative of the biography that interpretative, vitalizing power which into facts of cold breathes a new soul, and redacts truth from neither hidden and neglected angles.

The American reader of the book will instinctively compare Ney with some of our own great soldiers. The Marshal had Arnold's reckless, madcap bravery; the magnanimity of Hancock, 'the Superb'; the grit, granite staving powers of Stonewall Jackson. Among the captains of the War—Lord, Marmora, Marmora, South were undoubtedly Ney's superiors as strategists; Davout could more skillfully organize and handle vast bodies of men. Ney's brief campaigns on the Rhine (1799) though successful, scarcely authorized us to say that he had the qualities of a great commander in chief. Yet the semi-independent post on the Elbe (1813) given him by the Emperor, proves that Napoleon had a high estimate of his great soldier's abilities. But Ney's unauthorized and unstrategic move on Koenigsberg (1807), his unaccountable failure to follow up Kleist at Buzzen, and that cut off Barclay from the allies, shows that he was lacking in that flash of genius and inspiration on the battlefield which is the chief characteristic of the world's great captains. But as the chief of a retreating host, as a master of those rear guard tactics which Greece displayed in his skillful retreat from Otranto to the Dan, as the leader of a forlorn hope, in his heated valor, in control of his men, in executive ability on the field, Ney had few equals, and certainly no superiors. Neither Napoleon nor Murat, who abandoned the army to provide for their own interests at the passage of the Beresina, he performed tragedies of valor. His daring, his generosity and noble unselfishness throw a parting gleam of glory over the bloody tragedy of 1812.

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The little toiler is one of an army of 1,500 children employed in the canneries in Erie County and Western New York. Here is a description given of him by Inspector Edward F. Brown: "In a shed in Forestville I saw a three year old baby sitting on a box snipping beans with a knife because his fingers had become tired from breaking the ends off and he found it easier to cut them."

That is a picture which should make even the most thoughtless reflect on. The economic system which forces say parent to make this sacrifice of a child for three years, stands condemned. In the canneries where the little fellow is at work there are fifteen hundred boys and girls working long hours for a pittance to eke out the miserable incomes of the families of which they are members. Some of them are not much farther along on the journey of life than is the little chap who was snipping beans in that shed at Forestville. Here is a companion picture of the one the Inspector drew of him: "At Elton Center I saw a six year old girl sound asleep in an upright position with an nostrang bean in her left hand and her right hand in the position of about to break the end of the pod." That involuntary sleep was Nature's protest against man's inhumanity to that little victim.

According to the report of the New York State Factory Investigating Commission, 1,500 children under the age of sixteen were employed in the canneries of Western New York during the season 1912. Of this number 1,000 were under fourteen years and 141 under ten years. The employers who profit by the labor of these little ones allege that the mothers of the victims could not be induced to work in the canneries if they were not permitted to bring their children with them. The inspectors who questioned the children found that more than one half of them go to the canneries unaccompanied by their parents. There they work for long hours for wages that vary from twenty five to ninety cents a day. In some places they are compelled to work on Sundays as well as week days. "O many Sundays," reports Inspector Brown, "the sheds and factories are open. At Auburn, Hamburg and many other places I have seen the work going on as usual on Sunday."

To earn their miserable pittance the workers in these canneries—parents and children—must utilize every moment. Mothers must nurse their babies and eat and work at the same time. Neither can the boy or girl toilers spare time for a luncheon. They must eat as they work. "Literally talking between bites" is the way Inspector Brown puts it. These improperly fed and over-worked children are required to perform tasks that would test the strength of older and far more robust persons. When they have filled large boxes with snipped beans they are compelled to carry them to the place where the boxes are weighed. In this way children of nine years are forced to carry boxes weighing from twenty to twenty two pounds a distance of three hundred feet.

The facts we have been dealing with speak for themselves. They are eloquent as to a species of wrong that no Christian may regard with indifference. That three year old boy and that six year old girl, prisoners in a twentieth century industrial Bastille are living indictments of the inhuman greed that in its sweep is disorganizing society and sowing the seeds of discontent that is big with danger for the future of the country.

As we think of the stunted lives of those fifteen hundred children doomed to spend the morning of life in arduous toil, we recall these words of Cardinal O'Connell's pastoral on the labor question: "The lives and happiness of millions of human beings are involved in the issue; and this gives it a moral aspect which cannot be ignored." The prevailing conditions in the canneries in which children but a few years out of the cradle are employed give point to the Cardinal's words. If industrial enslavement of children who should be at play is not a moral question, what is a moral question?—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

"Distance lends enchantment." But not when you're taking your girl home in a taxi!

## Enslavement of Children

A mere bit of humanity, three years old, at work contributing to the support of the family of which he is a member—such is the startling information furnished by an Inspector of the New York State Factory Investigating Commission.

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## THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE SUFFER UNTOLD AGONY FROM Dyspepsia

It is one of the most prevalent troubles of civilized life, and the poor dyspeptic cannot even enjoy a meal without distressing after effects, for nearly everything that enters a weak dyspeptic stomach acts as an irritant. Burdock Blood Bitters will regulate the stomach, stimulate secretion of the saliva, and gastric juice to facilitate digestion, remove acidity, and tone up the entire system.

Mrs. Dennis Hebert, St. Pauline, Minn., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters, with great success, for years in indigestion and gas stomach. It has been my constant remedy for years. I have tried many other remedies, but they did not do me any good. I have used Burdock Blood Bitters, with great success, for years in indigestion and gas stomach. It has been my constant remedy for years. I have tried many other remedies, but they did not do me any good. I have used Burdock Blood Bitters, with great success, for years in indigestion and gas stomach. It has been my constant remedy for years. I have tried many other remedies, but they did not do me any good."

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## A Sensible Merchant.

Milburn's Sealing Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

An Irishman passed a shop where a notice was displayed saying that everything was sold by the yard. Thinking to play a joke on the shop man he entered and asked for a yard of milk.

The shopman, not in the least taken aback, dipped his finger in a bowl of milk and drew a line a yard long on the counter.

Pat, not wishing to be caught in his own trap, asked the price.

"Sixpence," said the shopman.

"All right, sir. Roll it up; I'll take it."

## Minard's Liniment cures neuralgia.

The bishop was examining a class of girls.

"What's the best preparation for entering the state of matrimony?" he asked.

"A little courting, sir," was the reply of a simple looking girl.

## Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

"Lovers," said the fond mother, "what are the intentions of that young man whom you are permitting to call on you so often?"

"Never mind that, mother," answered the maiden, "I know what my intentions are."

## Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

He—They say that the face is an index of the mind.

She—I don't think that. It doesn't follow because a woman's face is 'made up' that her mind is.

There is nothing harsh about Laxa Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25 cts.

## Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

She—You'll notice it's the men who run after the women.

He—How can that be, when it's the women who catch the men.

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Could not straighten up. Many people fail to understand the significance of a lame, weak, sore or aching back.

When the back aches or becomes weak it is a warning that the kidneys are affected in some way. Heed the warning, cure the back and dispose of any chances of serious kidney trouble following.

Mr. C. Grace, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I was suffering with a lame back, and for two weeks was not able to straighten up to walk, and hardly able to sit down for the pain in my back, hips and legs. I had used different kinds of pills, plasters, liniments and medicines, without any relief. One day I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and decided to try them. Before I had half a box used I felt a great deal better, and by the time I had used two boxes, I was cured. I have no hesitation in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills."