

# The Charlottetown Herald.

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MANUFACTURED BY  
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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

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American Catholics are beginning to realize the principles of Christian life. Get in touch with the Acts of present day Apostles among heathen peoples.

Read:—The Field Afar,

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THE FIELD AFAR

HAWTHORNE . . . . . N. Y.

July 3, 1912—31

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- Fobs and Chains, \$1 up
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## Why You Should Attend The "C. B. C."

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**Charlottetown Business College**  
L. B. MILLER, Principal.  
VICTORIA ROW.

## A Jesuit Who Has Saved Thousands of Lives.

"The finest thing in the world is to save lives. I've devoted my entire life to it, and I find that it pays. A man who knows that he has saved a lot of lives—women's especially—ought to be able to rest quietly in his grave when the time comes."

The man who said these words (says the New York Times) certainly deserves a rest when his work is over. He has saved so many lives that trying to add them up is useless. Let them go at a million—the probabilities are that they total up more than that.

He is Father Jose Algue, a Spanish Jesuit priest, Director of the Philippine Weather Bureau at Manila. For over twenty years all his waking hours have been devoted to that hobby of his—life saving. He has pitted himself manfully against the most dreaded of Far Eastern calamities, the typhoon. By patient systematizing and ingenious inventions he has pushed forward, step by step, until he looks now as if he had at last won the old typhoon demon that used to sweep sea and land at will, tearing up villages, towns, and cities in his path, strewing the beaches with shattered hulks and the corpses of seafarers.

Perched in the Manila observatory, Father Algue schemed and calculated and pondered and jotted down figures and craved them again until at last he rose from his chair one day with the dream of his life realized. He had worked out the idea for making an instrument that would tell not only of the approach of the typhoon but of the course it would take. By means of this, Father Algue figured, a skipper would be able to dodge the typhoon and compel it to spend its violence miles away on the open sea, instead of enveloping his ship in its howling, blinding vortex, tearing out masts and funnels and cabins, and hurling him and his men, like a nut, to the bottom.

That instrument, which its inventor calls the barocyclometer, is now in use on upwards of 1,000 ships that sail the waters of the Far East, and it has carried the fame of its inventor, already great in Manila and throughout the Philippines, to the remotest corners of the Orient. And now Father Algue is in this country, in answer to a summons from the United States Government, which is going to adopt the barocyclometer on American warships. For the past month he has been busy in Washington and Havana, adapting his Pacific calculations for use on the Atlantic, where he expects that a modified form of the instrument that has been so successful in the East will be equally efficacious in warning mariners of the approach of hurricanes and other storms, and making it possible for them to slip out of harm's way.

Father Algue was in New York last week. He was just back from Washington, where, with the help of Capt. Jayne, Superintendent of the Naval Observatory, he had thoroughly satisfied the Government as to the value of his invention. Last Saturday he sailed for London, where the first barocyclometer for use on the Atlantic will be made under his personal supervision. When that is done the busy priest will take the long journey back to Manila, and once more devote himself to running up his danger signals for the protection of seafarers and landlubbers, and send out his code messages of warning to dozens of places that would otherwise be at the mercy of the typhoon, and doubtless stick to this splendid life work of his till the end of his days. Then, let us hope, he will rest as one who has used his life for the benefit of his fellow-men ought to rest.

But, fortunately, he looks as if that day were still far distant. He was hale and active, and there was vim in his gestures and steadfastness in his eyes as he sat beside a Times reporter in the reception hall of St. Francis Xavier College, in Sixteenth Street, where he stayed while here, and told about his invention and the chill panic that grips the inhabitants of the Far East when the cyclone signal is run up, and the quick work of warning that must be accomplished within the space of a few hours if lives are to be saved. For, in spite of vigilance and ingenuity, the typhoon is still a monster to be dreaded. It is only a few years since he swept, unaided, into the harbor of Hong Kong, packed with everything that floats, from ocean liners to Chinese junkies, and tossed them about like playthings, piled them up on the shores like kindling wood, and drowned or battered the life out of 10,000 human beings. And right in Father Algue's own territory there

was a typhoon not long ago that killed 1,300 people.

"Oh, it was too bad they couldn't be saved," exclaimed the priest and weather prophet, as he told about that typhoon. "They ought to have been saved!"

The reporter's first questions were about the barocyclometer, so Father Algue deferred the description of his observatory and his system of warning the fishermen and other people of Manila and around it, in order to explain the instrument which, possibly, will soon be part of the equipment of all ships plying on the Atlantic.

The barocyclometer is an ingenious combination of the barometer with a cyclone-detecting apparatus, which is Father Algue's own invention. The kind of barometer which, with the new apparatus, makes up the instrument, is known as the Faura barometer. It was invented by Father Faura, Father Algue's predecessor as Director of the Philippine Weather Bureau, whose assistant the latter was until Father Faura's death, fourteen years ago.

A barometer, used alone, will tell of the approach of a storm, but will give no hint as to the direction in which the center or vortex of the storm is moving. It is this additional information that the cyclometer supplies. It is needless to go into details regarding Father Algue's invention; that would involve too much technical language. "I have a corps of eighty native assistants," he told the Times man. "These are scattered all through the islands of the Philippine archipelago. Some are observers, others telegraph operators, others messengers. At Manila I am in direct communication with a score of other weather stations in the islands, and also with points far away from the Philippines—Hong Kong, for instance.

"The approach of a typhoon is at once telegraphed to me at Manila in cypher code messages. From there I send it out to dozens of other places. The messages that I send are then transmitted to distant stations from the receiving stations."

"Sometimes messengers carry the news on bicycles. At other times a sort of town crier, provided with a conch, blows a blast in the public square of a town or village, and when all the inhabitants are assembled he tells them that the typhoon will soon be upon them.

"At times I have been able to give warning of the approach of a typhoon three days before it appeared. And almost always I manage to give news of it one day before.

"What can people do when they get warning? Seek shelter—get to shelter just as fast as they can. On the water the fishermen can put back to land without losing a minute, and the bigger ships can get out to sea, where they will have room in which to manoeuvre and weather the gale.

"The worst thing that can happen to people on shore is to be caught away from shelter when the typhoon comes. You have no idea of what a deluge of rain it brings and of the fury of a typhoon wind. Once, in the Philippines, the rainfall during two successive days was so tremendous that it equaled the total rainfall in the United States for a year. When I first told this to Americans they wouldn't believe me, but I showed them the figures, and they had to change their minds about it.

"You ought to see Manila when a typhoon is due. The entire city grows nervous and worried. Last May, for instance, when I put up the first warning signals, I received no less than one hundred and sixty-five telephone calls within a few hours, also about one hundred and fifty telegrams.

"And the work keeps up all the time. On an average, there are twenty-one typhoons a year in the Philippines. Of course, there are not as many as that in any one locality; there are but many in the entire archipelago.

"When people get their warning, they proceed to do everything fast in their houses, to pile the furniture where it will be least likely to get wet, and, if the typhoon really looks serious, they themselves crawl into cellars or caves and wait until it has blown over."

In spite of the excellence of his work, Father Algue, like most earnest workers, had his troubles. One thing that you might suppose would gall him is that there has been considerable piracy of his inventions by unscrupulous persons. Many barocyclometers have been manufactured and sold without a cent of their selling price getting into the inventor's pocket.

"Life is better than gold—better than millions of money!" he exclaimed. "Life is the greatest thing there is—you can't restore it when once it is gone. And—now I have my appointment," he remarked, abruptly, and shook hands courteously with the reporter and accompanied him to the door, and then vanished into the interior of the college with knit brows, probably revolving more mathematical formulae in his mind, probably meeting and overcoming an imaginary typhoon.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

## Scores Giddiness of 'High' Society.

Monsieur Bole's Merciless Analysis Of Their Lives Holds the Smart Set Spellbound—The Rich 'Galley Slaves'—Simple Existence Declared To Be the Only Way To Escape the Burdens of Modern Fashion.

(Special to The New York Times.)

Paris, August 17.—Because you have on your heads indescribable skyscrapers, or because you carry on your backs farms and acres, are you better protected or more pathetic? This question was asked last Sunday by Mgr. Bole, the Father Vaughan of France, at Trouville, where he preached a sermon on "The Simple Life" to a fashionable crowd of habitués.

The sermon was a merciless castigation of the extravagance and vices of the idle rich, who for a fortnight every year, through the gayest beach in the world.

"When Lucullus dined with Laetitia," he continued to the representatives of the French and foreign smart set who pecked the church, "and is served with nightingale's tongue, has he dined better than Sancho at Toledo? It is very doubtful."

Recalling the saying of one of the Dukes of Bohan in the eighteenth century, "I have forty domestics, and am the worst served man in France," Mgr. Bole said it was remarkable that the men of the highest intellectual value were those who showed the least concern regarding the material details of existence, just as those who honored humanity most by their virtues adopted by preference the most austere ways of living. Evangelist simplicity, he said, was in harmony with all that was most noble, most intelligent and best in the world.

"If you be so, you continue to load yourselves with masses of gewgaws, to transform your incomes into barracks and museums, and to surround yourselves with an army of slaves and servants, then I am entitled to tell you that you give yourselves a lot of trouble to prove that you do not belong to the real elite of humanity, and that you have no intelligent conception of life."

In denouncing the modern race for riches, Mgr. Bole said: "The real galley slave is he who has never had enough, who is possessed by the frenzied desire of always becoming richer.

"Look at their faces! The overworked are not the working classes; they are those who work every year to luxurious resorts by the seaside and crowd the opulent caravansaries of watering places."

After listening spellbound to this vigorous attack on their class, the smart assemblage of leaders of fashion, popular actresses, millionaires and yachtmen left the church for luncheon at the palatial hotels on the sea front, where Mgr. Bole's sermon has been the principal topic of conversation ever since.

## Chesterton On Morality.

Positive Morality.—The ever refreshing Mr. G. K. Chesterton in an article in the "Eye-Witness" pays his respects to those people who asseverate that morality should always be positive, and seldom, if ever, negative. Mr. Chesterton does not understand how it can be either without being both—it is, he says, beyond his "narrow medieval mind." The notion, however, is generally pressed in practice rather than in theory.

It is specially urged in connection with education; and we are told to offer a child the affirmative ideal and never the negative commandment commonly attached to it. Thus we must not forbid little Arthur to pull his uncle's nose. We should rather expatiate upon the beauty of the nose in its unimpaled state, poised like an unimpaled flower; and our edicts should leave to be inferred the improbability of the nose, even in the most skillful hands, being moulded into a fairer thing. We must refrain from telling Oswald in so many words that he is not to stay in the dining

## IF YOU WISH TO BE WELL YOU MUST KEEP THE BOWELS OPEN

Any irregularity of the bowels is always dangerous, and should be attended to at once. If the bowels cease to function properly, all the other organs besides are deranged.

Milburn's Laxative Pills work on the bowels gently and naturally, and will cure the worst cases of constipation. Mrs. J. Hubbard, Port Orleans, Ont., writes:—"I have tried many remedies for constipation and never found anything so good as your Milburn's Laxative Pills. We always keep a box in the house, for we would not be without them. I always recommend them to my friends."

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room. We must rather exclaim, in a sort of abstracted rapture: "How magnificent, how magnetic, is the wall paper in the back bedroom! How impossible it must be for young and ardent spirits to resist running upstairs this minute to look at it!" We must not say sharply: "Gwendolen, cease from playing the piano with the fire shovel!" We must sincerely observe in a loud voice heard above the din: "How noble is silence, older than the gods! How it would fill this chamber with its ancient abolition if by any chance Gwendolen were to leave off playing the piano with the fire shovel!" I do not know whether these people really apply their principle in such cases, but his is the principle which they profess to apply.

Of course his avoidance of negatives is itself a negative. It amounts to saying: "Thou shalt not say, albeit not." This, Mr. Chesterton remarks, is but a superficial objection, but he doubts whether the people about whom he speaks care even for superficial logic.

## A Sensible Merchant.

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

Lady—Sir, your clerk told me I had the largest foot he ever saw in this shoe store.

Manager—But, lady, the young man has only been here two years.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

I hear ye had words with Casey. We had no words. Then nothing passed between you. Nothing but one brick.

There is nothing harsh about Lax-Laxer Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 50 cts.

Receptive Mirreese—I shall want you to be dressed by three o'clock, Ellen, to receive any friends that may call.

Ellen—Oh, thank you, mum. Ain't you goin' to be in?

Minard's Liniment cures neuralgia.

Employer—You're late again! New Clerk—Well, you said you didn't want a man who watched the clock.

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

Mrs. Peck—I've talked to you till I'm tired, and what good does it do? Peck—None! You talk just as much as ever.

## SUFFERED WITH LAME BACK

WAS NOT ABLE TO STRAIGHTEN UP

Mr. C. Grace, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I was suffering with lame back, and for two weeks was not able to straighten up to walk, and hardly able to sit down for the pains in my back, hips and legs. I had used different kinds of pills, plasters, liniments and medicines, without any relief. One day there was a B.B.B. book left at our door, and I read about Doan's Kidney Pills, and I 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 limitation in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills to all suffering as I did, or from any illness arising from diseased kidneys."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. When ordering direct, specify "Doan's"