

## CATHOLIC CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

(L. A. Henry in Toronto Catholic Review.)

HON. THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE.

"Yet faint and far my mother,  
As the hope shines on my sight,  
I cannot choose but watch it  
Till my eyes have lost their light;  
For never among your brightest  
And never among your best,  
Was heart more true to Erin  
Than beats within my breast."

Such is the closing verse of the lines "An I remember'd in Erin?" found after his death in the left breast pocket of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. The smoke from the slanderous bullet but throws out into fairer beauty the words that came straight from the martyred heart, than which there was no more true to Erin.

As countries grow older and more prosperous, so does the God-like traits in men's characters for singleness of purpose magnanimous self sacrifice become less and more seldom in their opportunities for so doing. And though the rarity of purity of intention in discharge of the public duty is regrettable, even when a state of profligence both in people and revenue, yet it has its protecting offset in strength of population and breadth of cultivated land. But at the period of D'Arcy McGee's adopting the Maple Leaf as his future seal, Canada was young, more especially in Catholics, or rather they were kept so, for it was not a Catholic first stepped upon Canadian soil, and then there dedicated it to the honor of the Cross? And to follow up one thought, Mr. McGee stood boldly out and fought with his giant intellect, his inspired tongue and honest heart, the claims of a Canadian irrespective of nationality, creed or wealth.

To begin at the beginning of this checked life and read page after page of his history, is a work of uncommon interest. Its genius shining in every line, its pathos speaking in every period, and its finale, shrouded in the gloom of a national tragedy lend to it the misty charm of old Roman days.

Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee was born at Carlingford, Louth County, Ireland, on the 30th April 1825. He learnt his lesson of Deep hatred for English rule in Ireland and a corresponding love for his native land, from the lips of the cultured mother whom he idolized, as the two sat by the shore of that coast that the words of John Mitchell so beautifully describe, "Never, never, never, let breeze, pipe or zephyr breathe as it will, never can they whisper, quiver, sigh, or sing, as do the beeches and sycamores of old Rosstrevor." She told her boy how her father was torn from his home in '98, thrown into prison and his earnings of a life time given to fill the pockets of British spies.

We may also presume that as the young McGee went daily to school at Wexford, where his family had subsequently moved that his feelings were not softened by treading the ground of the "Wexford Massacre."

It was in the same city, when but a mere boy, the orator who electrified all who heard him, made his maiden speech at the Father Mathew Temperance Society: and from far and near did people come to hear "Little Tommy McGee," perhaps the blessing from the holy hand of the Apostle of Temperance as it patted the curly dark head, saved him in after years when the temptations surrounding a public man were fast making him forget his Wexford pledge.

At seventeen years of age D'Arcy McGee bade good-bye to Ireland and home from a ship bound for America; and with the hope of youth in his eyes he cries: "With riper years come care and sorrows, sense, yet meet we may again, please Providence."

"This said that as he sailed up the St. Lawrence, passing Quebec and Montreal on his route to the States, where his relatives were, he thought "what a pity such a country was under British rule."

A few days after his arrival dawned the great and glorious Fourth of July. And as the young Irish exile listened to the extravagant harangues thought necessary on such an occasion, his heart echoed their sentiments, his long pent feelings burst forth, and climbing up on a coal cart, aired his rebel thoughts upon free soil. Thomas D'Arcy McGee had launched his boat upon the turbulent waters of public life be the end what it may.

"Who is he?" asked one in the crowd. "Oh! he is a little curly-headed Paddy," was the answer. "Then," put in a third, "I wish to God that such little curly-headed Paddies as that would come to us in whole shiploads, any country may feel proud of that youth," and the last speaker was afterwards General Butler.

As a consequence of the glib tongue of the "curly-headed Paddy," D'Arcy McGee was offered a position on the Boston Pigot, of which he became afterwards editor-in-chief. It was just what he desired, a mouth-piece through which he might trumpet forth the wrongs of Ireland to nations willing to help her. So eloquently did he write of the Brepeal motion in Ireland that O'Connell speaks of "the inspired writings of a young exiled Irish boy in America."

In 1845, upon a pressing invitation of Charles Gavan Duffy, McGee threw aside his bright prospects in America to cast his lot with the Young Irish Party in Ireland. He brought still greater luster to that galaxy of brilliant men on the staff of the

National, Chas. G. Duffy, John Mitchell and Thomas Rielly, and they, together with the co-operation of such gifted men as Ireland alone can continually produce formed "The Irish Confederation" with McGee as secretary. It was during this time that he delivered his celebrated lectures upon "The Golden Link of the Crown." "Fresh, Brilliant and telling" even an unsympathetic critic is forced to admit.

It was no use in O'Connell impressing on them to keep the "sword in its scabbard" to be only drawn if all else failed, or "that an illegal act on their part was a victory for their enemies." They were young, and saw men and women dying like dogs in the wayside ditches for want of bread that their landlords' hounds were fattening upon. With the agonizing voices of those living skeletons ringing in their ears, to let them die since they must at least like men, the brave young fellows rushed on to their fate. The rebellion of '48 failed, put down by out-throat informers and British spies.

It has often been said that McGee got an inkling of the betrayal and stole off to Scotland, but this is only one of the many lying concoctions of the enemy. He was ordered off to Scotland to organize a squad among the brother Celts, and while there heard of the premature bursting of the instruction, and seeing only useless imprisonment before him, through the instrumentality of Bishop Mangin of Derry, he effected his escape to the United States under the disguise of a priest.

It was after his arrival in Philadelphia, with mind embittered and heart made sore by recent events in Ireland, that he became engaged in the famous disputation with Archbishop Hughes of New York. For two years he continued expressing his mistaken views with regard to the stand the priests took in the Irish rebellion, but finally the foreign clouds that had drifted across the broad mind of the Catholic Irishman melted away beneath the strong rays of "the light of the world" directing the words of the Archbishop, and he knelt a penitent son at a forgiving mother's feet.

His noble mind, having gained its normal condition he used his unresisting power in turning the tide of public opinion against the anti-Irish clique and in stamping out the disgraceful "Know-nothing" cry that well nigh ruined the young republic.

To Thos. D'Arcy McGee may be rendered the thanks of hundreds of prominent Americans now holding the first positions of the day, for the opportunity that was afforded them of repairing their neglected education in "McGee's Night Schools" of New York.

Mr. McGee spent almost twelve years across the border line, though never becoming a citizen of the United States, writing and speaking continually in behalf of the Irish American. But, slowly but surely, he was beginning to see that things are not just what they seem, that life was more real, more earnest to his Irish fellow-men than being "made the tool of the American politician for his own ends of paying off an old score against England, by stirring up the rancorous enmity of the Irish immigrant."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Experts Disagree as to a \$100 Bank Note.

A \$100 bank bill is causing a good deal of discussion among bank tellers and government officials. As to whether it is good or bad there is a difference of opinion.

The bill turned up at the Illinois Trust and Savings bank a few days ago. Teller Cooper thought it a good bill and showed it to other experts. It purported to have been issued by the First National bank of Boston. To settle the question, the bill was taken to the sub-treasury. Receiving Teller Schoeninger pronounced it bad and punched the word counterfeit in it as customary.

There are few counterfeit \$100 bank bills known to be in existence, and that of the First National of Boston is one of the best. In \$100 bank bills, at the left, is a picture of Commodore Perry and his men in a rowboat on Lake Erie just as the commodore is about to utter the memorable words, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." In genuine bills water is seen to be dripping from both sides of an ear suspended above the water. In the counterfeits the water drips only from one side of the ear blade. The bill in question had the drip only from one side, it is claimed, although it was so much worn that it was difficult to determine that point. It was the main point on which Mr. Schoeninger bases his decision. Teller generally think the bill is good in spite of the receiving teller of the sub-treasury. It has been sent to Washington for a final decision.—Chicago Tribune.

## It is Not What We Say

But what Ayer's Sarsaparilla does, that makes it sell, and has given it such a firm and lasting hold upon the confidence of the people. The voluntary statements of thousands of people prove beyond question that this preparation possesses wonderful medicinal power.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

## Bourque's Stone Quarries.

A special train of the B. & M. Railway yesterday morning took a party of Moncton capitalists to Cocagne to visit the Bourque quarries, which it is intended to open up and work extensively. With the party were several men who have had a large experience in working stone quarries and a thorough inspection of the locality, with its advantages and disadvantages, was made.

The quarries are on the Cocagne River, about six miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, three quarters of a mile southward from the river and about 1500 feet away from the main track of the B. & M. railway. There are in all three quarries, and the stone lies on each side of the Crawford Brook, which will act as a drain. The stone is apparently present in inexhaustible quantities and there is no limit to the number of men who can be put to work to advantage. In quality is said to be superior. It is of a very fine close texture, of a uniform bright olive color entirely free from flaws or iron specks, is easily wrought when newly quarried, but hardens quickly upon exposure. The small courses, it is stated, are exceptionally well adapted for grindstones, being of a very fine light colored hard grit. A large number have been manufactured, and the demand is increasing. Shipping facilities are excellent, and in fact everything is in favor of making the quarries a hive of industry. Considerable quantities of stone have been already quarried, and in this city has been used in places, in the construction of the Victoria School house, St. Bernard's Church, the Wesley Memorial church, and a number of houses in St John and Boston. The quarries have been put into the hands of a company of which Messrs R. A. Borden, Matthew Lodge and several other citizens are connected. The work will be pushed rapidly.—Transcript.

Many rise in the morning with a headache and no inclination for breakfast. This is due to torpidity of the liver and a deranged condition of the stomach. To restore healthy action to these organs, nothing is so efficacious as an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills.

## The Anatomy of the Oyster.

A clam is considered as an emblem of stupidity and callousness. But you will make a great mistake if you put the oyster in the same category as when you class a Chinaman and a Japanese together. The oyster is so strong that no human fingers can open the doors of his house if he wishes to keep them shut. Liver and digestive organs he has, as sensitive as ours; respiratory organs as complicated as the human lungs; machinery for getting a water supply and for preventing an overflow, and a wonderful mechanism for trapping his food. And he has a heart whose pulsations may be seen after his house has been torn from him.

Knowing this, it is easy to comprehend how cultivation and care may not only improve it in looks, but also cause the quality of its meat to surpass that of the uncultivated oyster, as much as grain-fed poultry surpasses the product of the barn-yard.

When your host offers you oysters that are plump, round, thick, deep, light-colored, and fringed quite thick to the very edge, then you may be sure that they have not only lived with few disturbances, but under a high state of cultivation.

## Blood Will Tell.

Good blood will show its quality. So will bad blood, the one in a healthy body and ruddy complexion, the other in ill health, blotches, pimples, boils and sores, and frequently in intense forms as ulcers, abscesses, erysipelas, scrofulous diseases, salt rheum, etc. Every organ of the body depends upon the blood for force and vitality, and is but scantily served when the blood is impure. No remedy is so potent as a blood purifier or more rapidly produces new and healthy blood than Burdock Blood Bitters, which neutralizes the various poisons and restores the vitalizing power of this all important fluid. As an instance of this read what Mr. J. S. Neff, of Algoma Mills, Ont., says in a recent letter:—

SIRS.—A year ago I was troubled with spots breaking out all over my body, the effect of bad blood. I consulted three different doctors, who gave me medicine but did not cure me. I was advised to try B. B. B., and after using two bottles I noticed the spots getting less. I continued the use of B. B. B., which entirely cured me, giving me also a splendid appetite. Since then I would use no other medicine.

## A Pretty Window Ornament.

Get a piece of sponge—the coarse, cheap kind is the best—and, after wetting it thoroughly with warm water, squeeze it gently so as to wring out most of the water, but not all. Have ready some seeds of rice, oats, millet, barley, grass and red clover, and push them into the holes of the damp sponge. Now hang it up in a window where it will get the sun during part of the day, taking care to sprinkle it with a little water every day for a week, so that it may be kept slightly moist. Soon the little spear-like leaves will begin to shoot from every part of the sponge, and as they increase in length, a beautiful green fringe will be seen falling down over this rustic basket and covering it on every side. It will remain green and refreshing to the eye for a long time. If carefully tended and sprinkled the clover will bloom.

Bad blood breeds divers distressing diseases, Burdock Blood Bitters banishes boils and blotches, with every other symptom arising from bad blood.



Mrs. M. E. Merrick, Of Toronto, Ontario, Cured of

## Catarrh and Neuralgia

Good authority has said that "neuralgia is the cry of the nerves for pure blood." The prompt action of Hood's Sarsaparilla on the blood, combined with its tonic and strengthening effect upon the nerves, make this a grand medicine for neuralgia and also for catarrh, etc. We commend this letter to all having such troubles, and especially to

## Suffering Women

"For a good many years I have been suffering from catarrh, neuralgia and

## General Debility

I failed to obtain permanent relief from medical advice, and my friends feared I would never find anything to cure me. A short time ago I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. At that time I was unable to walk even a short distance without feeling a

## Death-like Weakness

overtook me. And I had intense pains from neuralgia in my head, back and limbs, which were very exhausting. But I am glad to say that soon after I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I saw that it was doing me good. When I took 3 bottles I was entirely

## Cured of Neuralgia

I gained in strength rapidly, and can take a two-mile walk without feeling tired. I do not suffer nearly so much from catarrh, and find that as my strength increases the catarrh decreases. I am indeed a changed woman, and am very grateful to

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

for what it has done for me. It is my wish that this testimonial shall be published in order that others suffering as I was may learn how to be benefited. MRS. M. E. MERRICK, 57 Elm Street, Toronto, Ont.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

GOOD  
COMMERCIAL  
AND OTHER  
PRINTING  
AT  
THE REVIEW  
OFFICE



SHARPS' BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED.  
FOR  
CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS.  
OVER 40 YEARS IN USE  
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.  
ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS.  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

MIRAMICHI  
MARBLE, FREESTONE & GRANITE WORKS  
Monuments, Headstones, Tablets, Mantels & Table-Tops, Garden Vases, Etc., Etc.  
CUT STONE of all descriptions furnished to order.  
A large stock of marble always on hand.  
J. H. LAWLOR & CO.,  
CHATHAM, N. B.

## SPRING GOODS!

TO WHOLESALE BUYERS

We now have the most complete stock to be had in the LOWER PROVINCES.

BY LATE ARRIVALS WE HAVE RECEIVED:—

5960 Cases Window Glass.	5960 Cases Polished Plate Glass.
2250 bbls. Portland Cement.	25 tons Zinc and Spelter.
20 tons Iron Wire.	3000 boxes Tin Plates.
10 tons Pig Lead.	2 tons Pig Tin.
2 car loads White Leads.	12 cars Manila Cordage.
100 bbls. Linseed Oil.	100 bbls. Whiting.
1200 packages General Shelf Goods.	46 bales Net and Fishing Twines.

W. H. THORNE &amp; CO.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

JOHN HANNAH,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

Woven Wire Mattresses,

Of Different Grades for the Trade only. Warranted not to sag. To be had from all the principal furniture and general dealers in the Maritime Provinces.

Repairing promptly done. 105 CITY ROAD, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Millers' Tanning Extract Co.

(LIMITED).

—WORKS AT—

Millerton and Mortimore, N. B.

Cable Addresses—"Hypotan," London; and "Miller," Miramichi.

A very complete stock of General Goods, cheap for Cash or Trade, at OUR MORTIMORE STORE.

NEW GOODS!

Nearly every day brings in new additions to stock. We buy nothing but the Plums in the trade. Our expenses are light, and therefore we can and will give our patrons the advantages of our purchases every time. We mean to sell goods and mean that our prices will do it. Those who want best value for their money should not fail to come to us. We will make it to their interest to do so. We are having much of a run now on for Chambrays for ladies' house Wrappers. They are only 8c a yard, worth twice the money.

J. FLANAGAN

90 MAIN STREET, MONCTON, N. B.

RICHARD SULLIVAN &amp; CO.

—WHOLESALE—

Wine and Spirit Merchants,

—IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN—

TEAS, TOBACCOS and CIGARS,

54 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Bonded Warehouse No. 8.

James D. Irving

LUMBER OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

—COMPRISING—  
SHEATHING, WAINSCOTTING, FLOORING, CLAPBOARDS, WINDOW and DOOR CASINGS, MOULDINGS, LATHS, & C.

FLOUR CHEAP FOR CASH.

Buctouche, N. B., June 22, 1891.

NEAT! STYLISH! SERVICEABLE!

THIS IS WHAT IS REQUIRED IN A SUIT OF CLOTHES.

MURDOCK McLEOD'S

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

113 MAIN STREET,

MONCTON,

IS THE PLACE TO GET A SUIT OF CLOTHES MADE.

A Fine Stock of Cloths on hand to select from.

Subscribe for THE REVIEW.

Only \$1.00.