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NEW SERIES

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—BY—
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Correspondence should be addressed to

THE EDITOR OR TO THE "HERALD."

The Charlottemtown Hospital.

UNDER the management of the Sisters of Charity, visited daily by a staff of skillful physicians, supplied with all the conveniences for the treatment of special cases, private rooms at moderate charges for private patients.

For admission on other particulars apply to the Lady Superior or to any member of the medical staff.

March 12, 1890.—11

JAMES PATON & CO.,
BROWN'S BLOCK,
MARKET SQUARE.

CLOTHING.

We have received the Largest, Cheapest and best stock of Boys, Youths and Men's Suits, ever imported by us.

CARPETS.

We are giving big discounts in all lines of Carpets. When in the city call and see this Department, the finest and cheapest on the Island.

JAMES PATON & CO.,
BROWN'S BLOCK,
MARKET SQUARE.

CHEAPEST YET!

PERKINS & STERNS

are now showing the contents of over

100 Cases and Bales

—OF—

Fall and Winter Dry Goods,

All of which will be sold at the lowest prices. Everything New, Good and Cheap, and worthy the inspection of every buyer.

Mark Wright & Co.

(LIMITED),

—ARE GIVING—

GREAT BARGAINS

—IN—

FURNITURE.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

1891-92 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1891-92

On and after Tuesday, December 1st, 1891, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

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TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Local and Special News.

Catholic Canadian Celebrities.

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

HON. THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE.

"Yet faint and far, my Mother, As the clouds of night, I cannot choose but wish it: Till my eyes have lost their light; For never among your brightest, And never among your best, Was heart more true to Erin."

Such is the closing verse of the lines "Am I Homeless In Erin" found after his death in the left breast pocket of Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

The smoke from the eloquent bullet that struck into the forehead of the martyr, came straight from the martyr's heart, which then was none more true to Erin.

As our country grows older and more prosperous, so does the God-like traits in men's characters for singleness of purpose and magnanimous self-sacrifice become less and more common.

It is an instance of this noble quality of intention in the discharge of the public duty is regrettable even when a country has reached a state of civilization both of people and of institutions.

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So eloquently did he write of the Republic in Ireland that O'Connell speaks of "the inspired writings of a young exiled Irish boy in America."

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 the enemy."

Such is the closing verse of the lines "Am I Homeless In Erin" found after his death in the left breast pocket of Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

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There is one stain on McGee's memory that his friends would fain forget, and that is his callousness the time of the Alford trial, and when the unnatural death closed his own life, there were those who said "He had followed Swift on his track, the Alford was revenged."

In consequence of Mr. McGee's outspoken condemnation of the Fenian invasion of Canada the same was drawing lighter and lighter around him. He was nearly destroyed by secret societies, and now saw in the Fenian cause a means to avenge the Irish in Canada protected by the very laws that the man would have them put at defiance, and he determined to do all in his power to right his mis-guided countrymen.

It was during his early lecturing career through Canada that he became grand plan of uniting the province in Confederation. And when it was finally brought about in 1867, in answer to the many contrary cries he replied "I will conquer them by my kindness."

It was previous to this in the year 1865 that Hon. T. D. McGee the hunted fugitive from Ireland was sent as a representative from Canada to confer with the Imperial Authorities upon the question of Confederation.

He crossed over to Westford and there delivered a speech, the notes of which, after McGee's death, were published in the paper when the fire of fanatic passion had died away, his words "that the young men and women of Ireland become lost to all honor and shame upon their landing in the United States" have their somewhat justifiable meaning.

Mr. McGee did not mean it literally, for none knew better than he that the virtuous and honorable of the men and women of Ireland are "above fear and reproach." It was the time when the Federal Army agents laid like Sleuth traps to catch the doer ready to take the life of the young immigrant by luring him into the United States service under the guise of making him ready for the visionary army of the future.

Mr. McGee endeavored to turn the stream of immigration towards Canada. His enemies, and the enemies of law and order, seized upon the breaking of the betwixt the popular Irish Canadian statesman. He was styled a renegade and a traitor to his principle, a man with his price, and so the match was applied to the fagots dried during the famine of '48.

After Confederation we find Mr. McGee with an uncommon disregard of public opinion stepping into his office to make way for Nova Scotia, in the person of Mr. Kenny.

Many great and able statesmen have stood before the Canadian people, but none have displayed the abilities that might cope with any living senate, but to Thomas D'Arcy McGee alone is awarded the palm of being the greatest of them all.

When he stood in the House of Commons, amidst the deafening plaudits of both sides shook he girted speaker by the hand. And afterwards upon the occasion of Mr. McGee's melancholy death Sir George Cartier with a dead magic tongue of the dead to do justice to his illustrious memory.

Another says, "If you can imagine a man without stars or moon, day without sun, you can then form an idea of the House of Commons without the presence of Thomas D'Arcy McGee." Still another says, "It was not until I had used your medicine that I was cured."

Mr. McGee's personal appearance is familiar to all the busy dark face of Africa in type, and loosely built figure of medium height. The head so grand in intellect, that it was not until I had used your medicine that I was cured."

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