

or eleven years," he said, "since this movement was set on foot. What has Mr. Parnell gone through during these years? In the winter of 1880 Mr. Parnell was dragged through a trial in a criminal court in Dublin. In 1881 he was thrown into prison, and kept there many months without trial. In the beginning of 1883 he was held up to public execration amidst the frantic excitement of the House of Commons by the attack made upon him, made in good faith, no doubt, by Mr. Forster, which, in its only precise and important particular, has been found by the three judges to have been an unfounded and unjust attack. In 1887 he was openly charged with being an accessory before the fact in the Phoenix Park murders, and by forged letters the same journal which made the charge fastened on him direct complicity with that crime after its perpetration. In 1888 the Tory Government, eagerly aided and abetted by the Liberal Coercionists, devised and manufactured a brand-new tribunal without precedent in our history, under the spurious pretence of giving a chance of freeing himself, but really and truly with the confident expectation in their hearts that he and his friends would have these charges proved against them up to the hilt. Heavily loaded with pecuniary charges, he is harassed by the severest anxieties, the whole force of the Government is brought against him and his friends. He is acquitted of every direct and personal charge, and then at the end of all a majority of the House of Commons refuses to put on record that false charges were brought against him, refuses to state that these charges were based on calumny and forgery, refuses to express its regret that these false and hateful charges had been brought, and refuses to express its satisfaction that these false and calumnious charges have been exposed." This, as Mr. Morley shows, is nothing new in the history of English dealings with Irish leaders. But the time has come for a change.

### ARE BLONDES FADING

ONLY a few years ago we were deluged with statistics about personal beauty, gathered and interpreted by anthropologists and men who make the physiological changes of the race a study. Dr. Beddoe, of the British Royal Infirmary, furnished the most elaborate collection of figures, and after examining the hair of nearly 1,000 young women who came before his notice, announced that the brunette was preferred over the blonde, in conjugal selection, by a ratio of four to three. From such premises the conclusion was obvious that the blonde was doomed to pass eventually out of existence in England. It has also been demonstrated by various anthropological magicians that blondes are growing noticeably rarer in America. One writer, in fact, has recently declared that they have almost disappeared from New England, and the prediction is freely ventured that as a result of the cosmopolitan mixing of races in this country the American girl of the future will be a brown-haired, dark-eyed creature, smaller as a type than the girl of to-day, but plumper and less angular.

In further support of Dr. Beddoe's theory, the names of other women, famous for their brunette style of beauty, will readily occur to the reader.

It is possible, says the *Epoch*, to make an extended catalogue of noted English and American women whose personal charms have been of the blonde type. Harriet Lane, whose reign at the White House in James Buchanan's days is still a social milestone, was a blonde with "golden hair, deep violet eyes, and a peculiarly beautiful mouth." Kate Chase, the belle of Lincoln's administration, had auburn hair. Harriet Williams, the Georgetown beauty who married Count de Bodoico, the Russian Minister at Washington, and became the belle of St. Petersburg, was a "magnificent fair woman with golden hair and brown eyes." Saidee Polk Fall, the belle of Nashville, has reddish golden hair. Beautiful Consuelo Yznaga, now Lady Mandeville, has brown eyes and black eyebrows, but her hair is a mass of gold. Miss Mabel Wright, perhaps the prettiest girl in New York society, has been called "the most exquisite blonde ever seen on this side of the Atlantic, and Mrs. Adolph Ladenberg, the married belle, has a pink complexion, blue eyes and curling hair that "is like spun gold." Amelia River has straw coloured hair which she ties in a Psyche knot, and violet eyes. Mlle. Reichemberg, Gen. Boulanger's favourite, is a pretty woman of the blonde peasant type. Marie Bashkirtseff, the fair Russian artist about whom the world is talking, was a slender and pink-cheeked blonde.

Many of the ladies of the Administration circles at Washington, including Mrs. Morton, Mrs. McKee and Miss Mildred Fuller, are blondes, and the list might be extended indefinitely. If the blonde is going out of existence, she is, from all indications, going out in a blaze of glory.—Exchange.

Farmer Woodruff, of Warwick, N.Y., painted his live stock with petroleum to kill bugs. An experimenting farm hand lighted a bull and he ran blazing and bellowing into the barn. The barn was burned.

Irish Protestantism has, says the *Weekly Register*, been associated from first to last with miserable attempts to pervert the faith of Catholics whose poverty exposed them but rarely abandoned them, to such temptation. It is, therefore, refreshing to record a fact mentioned at a late meeting of the Council of the Gaelic Union for the Cultivation and Preservation of the Irish Language. This meeting was held at the Mansion House in Dublin, where a letter was read from Arran Islands. In that distant home of the Celtic race, the Irish language is the ordinary vernacular, and Irish is taught in the schools. It was stated that the Rev. Father Nolan's Irish Prayer-book was recently reprinted at the expense of the Rev. Mr. Cleaver. It is now ready for distribution as prizes to school children. This Protestant clergyman, Mr. Cleaver, is here setting a noble example; and we shall rejoice to hear of other such instances of a perception of the simple truth that the faith of ages is deeply imbedded in the hearts and consciences of St. Patrick's children. We sincerely hope that Mr. Cleaver will have a reward for his good work in the intercessions of those whose devotions he has thus facilitated.

### JOHN DALY'S PRISON TORTURES.

THE people of Limerick on Sunday (says the *Cork Herald*, March 22) held a large public demonstration to protest against the prison treatment of John Daly. The case of John Daly and other political prisoners demands immediate inquiry. The agitation should not rest until the prison horrors are dragged into the light of day and the great wrongs of the unfortunate prisoner redressed. The question of the prisoner's guilt or innocence has nothing whatever to do with the propriety of this agitation. If guilty, Daly, no doubt, would have a terrible crime on his head. Whatever might have been the feelings of the Irish people on the subject of pure physical force, certainly no appreciable section of them ever sanctioned the use of dynamite or looked upon it with any other feelings save those of horror. Grave charges are made against the fairness of Daly's trial, and it is declared by many that he was "trapped," and what that means those who know how many *agents provocateurs* have been in the employ of the British Government can well understand. But, if he were guilty a hundred times over, it is the right and the duty of the public to demand that he shall not be treated worse than a dog would be treated. There is, indeed, no comparison—in a British gaol. It is admitted that he has had poison administered to him. "In mistake," adds Home Secretary Matthews, the man who climbed into Parliament on the shoulders of the Fenians. But is human life held so cheap in a British gaol that a prisoner can be poisoned even in mistake without someone being made to suffer for it? If a prison doctor has given poison to John Daly in mistake we think the public, in the interest of all poor prisoners, are entitled to demand the retirement of that officer from his position as the best guarantee that such a thing will not happen again. If "friend" Delaney, the would-be murderer, was nearly poisoned in mistake, he would probably be annested immediately as some compensation to a man who underwent such an ordeal. The only compensation to Daly seems to be fresh rigour and renewed brutality. We know how carefully shut out from the life of the world a poor convict prisoner is. The gate of the prison closes over his life with a security less only than that of the tomb. Yet from out the prison walls have come from time to time echoes of what has been happening. And fortunately for John Daly it has been so. The charge which is now made on the best of evidence is, that Daly, because he was convicted of a crime with a political motive, is treated on that account worse than the vilest criminal in penal servitude. The Government admit that this prisoner has got poison "in mistake." Any Government which had justice on its side would not in such a case for a moment resist the demand for a thoroughly independent inquiry.

### STARTLING EVENT IN A VILLAGE.

(To the editor of *Saturday Night*, Birmingham.)

I RECENTLY came into possession of certain facts of so remarkable a nature, that I am sure you will be glad to assist in making them public. The following letters were shown to me, and I at once begged permission to copy them for the Press. They come from a highly responsible source, and may be received without question.

MESSAGE FROM GEORGE JAMES GOSTLING, L.D.S., R.C.S.J.  
Ph.C.I., Licentiate in Pharmacy and Dental Surgeon,  
Stowmarket, July 18, 1889.

To MR. WHITE,

The enclosed remarkable cure should, I think, be printed and circulated in Suffolk. The statement was entirely voluntary, and is genuine in fact and detail.

G. J. G.

"To the Proprietors of Mother Seigel's Syrup.

"GENTLEMEN,—The following remarkable cure was related to me by the husband. Mary Ann Spink, of Finborough, Suffolk, was for over twenty years afflicted with rheumatism and neuralgia, and although comparatively a young woman at the time she was attacked (she is now fifty), she was compelled, in consequence, to walk with two sticks, and even then with difficulty and pain. About a year and a half ago she was advised to try Mother Seigel's Syrup

"(B. Spink.)

"G. J. GOSTLING,

"Ipawich Street,

"Stowmarket."

This is certainly a very pitiable case, and the happy cure wrought by this simple but powerful remedy, must move the sympathy of all hearts in a common pleasure. This poor woman had been a cripple for twenty of her best years; years in which she should have had such comfort and enjoyment as life has to give. But, on the contrary, she was a miserable burden to herself and a source of care to her friends. Now, at an age when the rest of us are growing feeble, she, in a manner, renews her youth and almost begins a new existence. What a blessing and what a wonder it is! No one who knows her, or who reads her story, but will be thankful that the good Lord has enabled men to discover a remedy capable of bringing about a cure that reminds us—we speak it reverently—of the age of miracles.

It should be explained that this most remarkable cure is due to the fact that rheumatism is a disease of the blood. Indigestion, constipation, and dyspepsia cause the poison from the partially digested food to enter the circulation, and the blood deposits it in the joints and muscles. This is rheumatism. Seigel's Syrup corrects the digestion, and so stops the further formation and deposit of the poison. It then removes from the system the poison already there. It is not a cure all. It does its wonderful work entirely by its mysterious action upon the digestive organs. But when we remember that nine-tenths of our ailments arise in those organs, we can understand why Seigel's Syrup cures so many diseases that appear to be so different in their nature. In other words rheumatism and neuralgia are but symptoms of indigestion, constipation, and dyspepsia.