

within her grasp, and will save him from undoing in one passionate hour the result of all his incomparable services to his country.

(*London Daily News*)

Mr. Parnell's inability to appreciate reticence and consideration makes one more most painful feature in this distressing case. We say nothing of the outline he has given of the proposals which, as he says, Mr. Gladstone and John Morley have talked over with him in confidence. The breach of confidence, if it has been committed, would be but a small part of the fault which the whole of the English Liberals will find with this letter. We regret it most for the almost irreparable injury it inflicts on the Irish cause. Of Parnell himself nothing more can be expected. This letter seems to us to be a last, fatal disservice, which obliterates many if not all the incomparable services he has hitherto performed for his afflicted country.

But are the Irish people to be left under the serious misapprehension of their English friends with which this manifesto is full? If so, if they believe that this is a full account of the difficulty that has arisen, there will, we fear, be an end of the confidence and sympathy which for the last four years have been fast growing between them.

It will surely be for the Irish members and Irish bishops and the priesthood to see to it that all the good work of these years be not swept away. Mr. Parnell seems to have resolved that if he falls he will drag the Home Rule cause and the cause of the people and tenants of Ireland with him. It will be for the patriotic men who have been the mainstay of the Nationalist movement to stand like the priest of old—between the living and the dead till the plague be stayed.

They must make the Irish masses fully acquainted with the sad revelations of the Divorce Court, and they must make it clear to them that the whole of the present difficulty arises from the moral revolution of the English people against the lawlessness which invades the family and destroys the sacredness of domestic life. The question before the Irish people is whether they will quarrel with their English friends on grounds like these or whether they will go on to gain the freedom they desire under another leader.

(*United Ireland*, November 29.)

From the day *United Ireland* started, a good nine years ago, even to the present hour, Ireland has suffered no such terrible ordeal as at present afflicts her. . . . Never before was so momentous a decision to be made; never so melancholy a choice presented itself. The party are required, on the one hand, to forego (for the present at least) the services of the great Leader who in a sense created it, led it on with matchless skill from victory to victory, even to the very threshold of the final triumph, dreamed of in vain for seven long centuries. Failing this, Ireland, it at present seems, must forfeit the invaluable support of the greatest English statesman of the generation, who has made her cause his own, and devoted the glorious sunset of his life with generous self-abandonment. With him may go a great body of his followers, by whose hearty support alone Home Rule is possible in the immediate future. There is no blinding our eyes to the fact that such defection means an indefinite postponement of the nation's hopes—an indefinite prolongation of the terrible struggle with Coercion. It is a pitiable choice at best. It is hard, indeed, to find the lesser evil when both are of such immeasurable dimensions. . . . There can be little doubt the result will be largely swayed by final advices from the delegates. Meanwhile, the country must possess its soul in patience, praying God to guide the decision of her representatives for the best. This only she will entreat—nay, insist on—at their hands. Whatever their decision may be there must be no disunion or appearance of disunion. All must loyally abide by it. Whatever else is lost the one indispensable necessity of the situation—a united Irish Party—must be preserved. Disunion or disloyalty is the one crime that Ireland, taught by past experience, will not tolerate in her representatives.

(*The Nation*, November 29)

We must, however, face the facts. Is it true that all the fruits of the labour and sacrifices of the past five years will be lost if Mr. Parnell does not bow to the storm? Is it true that his leadership will mean for the first time defeat and humiliation for Ireland, suffering for the Irish peasantry, the sacrifice of Irish liberty? Is it true that not only will the next general election be lost, but that it will involve, as the leading organ of English Liberalism puts it, "the indefinite postponement of Home Rule?" It would be treason to Ireland, treason to our past, and treason to our future, to sacrifice all our hopes out of loyalty and gratitude to any man. Besides, his resignation "for the moment" would not mean his loss to Ireland. Whatever the issue for the moment, justice will yet be done him.

These are the considerations that within the next few days ought to determine the decision of the nation and its leaders. In coming to that decision, one danger will threaten greater than any that is involved in the break-up of the Liberal and Irish alliance or the loss of Mr. Parnell—it is the danger of disunion in Ireland. The secret of what is called Parnellism has been union among Irishmen. Let it continue. Let us show our enemies that even when the outlook turns gloomy, and when our courage is tried, we can stand together to meet and struggle with the worst, as well as when we had to rejoice in the best. That will be a better proof that we are earnest in our pursuit of liberty than any we could give while the prospect was fair, and it will turn threatening danger into the safety of a glorious victory. Let us stand together and act together, for the sake of Ireland and for Ireland's sake alone.

(*The Irish World*, December 6.)

If Mr. Parnell's explanation suggests itself to men's minds as the afterthought of an unscrupulous man who is driven to find excuses in the perplexities of a desperate situation, made desperate by himself, it is only what is natural to suppose and what even the most heated of Parnell's adherents will recognise when they have recovered their sobriety.

A demagogic appeal to Irish national feeling, which the exigencies of his situation now impel him to make, is the last trick card in Par-

nell's pack. Popular excitement lends cunning opportuneness to the device. It suits his present purpose to posture as the solitary guardian of Irish independence and Irish integrity; it suited his purpose before the *Times* Commission to forswear utterances that he had made to Irish audiences in America and that he had supposed were pleasing to Irish ears. . . . We have faith in Gladstone—faith in his honesty and his intelligence to straighten out this tangle. He is the most conspicuous figure and the most potent influence to-day in the statesmanship of Europe. He can now cherish no petty ambition here below. He has entered the eighty-first year of his age, and in the course of nature he must soon go before the Great Judge. What remains to him of time he should be allowed to devote to positive work, not to contradictions and inharmonies. Americans are to a man with Gladstone for the cause of Ireland. They are now looking to see how Ireland herself shall treat this great and good man, to whom she owes so deep a debt of gratitude.

(*The Pilot*, December 6.)

The trusted head of the Irish people, the man whose matchless statesmanship has carried them to the very threshold of victory, has committed a fault for which he has to atone by resigning his leadership.

The grief of Ireland's friends will not be alone for the fall of the leader, though that is hard enough to bear, but for the weakness which caused his fall and for the subsequent steps which have made further alliance between him and Gladstone impossible. No matter if Gladstone had intended less for Ireland than was expected of him, the disclosure of his offer by Mr. Parnell, at this time, does not mend matters in the least, while it adds a new wall to the barriers that separate them.

Nor is this the worst of the calamity. The discussion of Mr. Parnell's case has been conducted with needless acrimony on both sides. If he has been obstinate in clinging to the leadership, some of his opponents have passed judgement on his motives and actions with a bitter vehemence that common gratitude might have forbidden. The people of Ireland will help no man to eminence who attempts to rise by pulling down their long-honoured leader. Such work as that should be left to Unionist ingrates and British pharisees.

Irishmen owe gratitude to Parnell for sixteen years of labour and sacrifice in their cause. They owe another duty to themselves. It is to avoid, at any cost, in the present crisis, the accursed spirit of faction and discord. . . . If Mr. Parnell must make the sacrifice of his pride for the good of his country, we are confident that he needs only to be assured of the one, and he will consent to the other. It will not be the first of his sacrifices; and he need not fear that he will lose the gratitude and love of a people who have never learned now to be ungrateful.

AN UNSCRUPULOUS FOE.

CREEPS upon us unawares like an assassin in the dark and whose dangerous proximity we never suspect until it makes the last fatal clutch on some vital organ. We are always warned in ample time of the impending danger, but with criminal carelessness neglect these warnings: That tired feeling, those aching limbs, and that grand feeling one day and seedy condition the next, the sour taste on waking on a morning, and the frequent sick and splitting headaches, all make their debut before serious illness sets in. All or any of these symptoms indicate the approach of disease, they are faithful signs that the liver and kidneys are not doing their duties, that the morbid and effete matter instead of being eliminated from the system, is being retained, and is positively poisoning and destroying the whole physical structure. Neglect in such cases is criminal recourse to rational treatment should be had at once, Clements Tonic should be taken to strengthen the digestion, purify and fortify the blood, to stimulate the liver and brace up the kidneys, to resolve and eliminate the poisonous uræa. Liver and kidney complaints are the most prevalent diseases of this country, and so long as we consume such large quantities of animal food and condiments and drink so freely of tea and stimulants, so long will this unhealthy condition last. It is this mode of life that causes such numbers of deaths from heart disease, Bright's disease, dropsy, cancer, inflammation and enlargement of the liver, and similar causes, all of which herald their approach by feelings of lassitude, headache, languor, etc., and if prompt treatment at once is adopted by a regular use of Clements Tonic, the progress of disease is arrested, the stomach, liver and kidneys resume their normal action and the poisonous accumulations are expelled the system and normal health is restored. That Clements Tonic is reliable is proved beyond all question and we have grateful beneficiaries in every town and village who are continually writing us in terms similar to the following:—

St. Leonards, Sydney.—Dear Sir,—I can with pleasure bear witness to the great relief I have received from the use of Clements Tonic and Dr. Fletcher's Pills. I have been a great sufferer for 11 years from liver disease, with at times considerable enlargement, which caused a swelling in the side under the ribs and was very painful, the abdomen, bowels, etc., always felt very tender on pressure, with most obstinate constipation for which I took Fletcher's Pills, the first dose caused a copious evacuation and gave great relief, and I thought I was all right, but after a week I was as bad again as before, I again had recourse to Fletcher's Pills but I took Clements Tonic as well this time and continued it for a couple of months, after the first dose I felt better and got rid of all the symptoms I used to have, as flushings of heat and cold, splitting headaches, pains in the side and small of the back, extreme lassitude, and the general feeling of 'all-right to-day, seedy to-morrow,' all these symptoms with many others I used to have, but now thanks to Clements Tonic I am quite cured. I can get up in a morning refreshed by the night's rest and can eat a good breakfast, whereas before taking the medicine I scarcely ever could eat anything, and when I did it nearly always made me vomit, but now I am quite well and have been so for 6 months, I have no cause to fear a relapse. I don't mind your publishing my case if you add nothing to it, as it may bring relief to similar sufferers.—Your very truly, H. GARKELL."