## For The Pilot. In Memoriam. ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M. D.

Glasnevin's turf
Two sennights lay upon his narrow bed,
When, harking to the sadly-sobbing surf,
We learned that he was dead.

Then deep and sharp Regrets our bosoms pierced, like edged For him, whose fingers from the Irish harp Drew such immortal chords.

Yet death was kind,— It stayed its hand, nor till his mother's arms Around her poet were again entwined, Did it awake alarms.

And gently then, When it had called his singing soul across, It hid awhile from us, his countrymen, The greatness of our loss.

Of Usna's sons
And Dara's child he told the tragic tale;
And all his sweetest songs were luneful Iu praise of Innisfail.

Now where he sleeps Beneath the velvet of Glasnevin's heath, All Innisfallen stands, and sobs, and Weeps For his untimely death.

## NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Among the proudest institutions of charitable Dublin is St. Vincent's Hospital. The building itself is a memorial of the glories of the brief reign of the Irish Parliament. It was the town house of the Meath family, who fled from the city mansion soon after the independent legislature was carried away into slavery. On the 23d of January, 1834, the Meath mansion was turned into an hospital for the poor by Mrs. Mary Aikenhead, of the Order of Charity. Significant was the change, indeed, betokening more forcibly than language could speak the sad results of strangled freedom. The jubilee of the hospital's existence was celebrated, on Lanuary 22d leading of with the January 23d, leading off with the solemni-ties of a High Mass, and closing with a concert, at the residence of Dr. Mapother, in Merrion square. St. Vincent's is one of the most perfect of the Dublin hospitals, and countless are the blessings it has bestowed upon the sick poor.

The following "Call to Arms" was ex-

tensively circulated in the Orange meeting held in the Rotundo, Dublin, on 24th: "To the Orangemen and loyalists of Dublin, -- An open air Nationalist meet-ing is announced to be held on Sunday next, at a spot about half-way between Kingstown and Killiney railway station. It is time that the loyalists of Leinster should stop the career of sedition. leave the work entirely to our brethren in Ulster is a mistake. We, too, have a word to say; we, too, have an emphatic veto to pronounce on schemes for the separation of Ireland from England. The day is Sunday, but it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath. No one hesitates to quench a fire, or abate a dangerous nuisance on the Sunday. Scorn to be the slaves of a rabble, whose more recent dis-plays of patriotism have been to repeat, with deeper infamy, what they have seen with their fathers of 1641, '28, of Scullabogue, Prosperous, Dunboyne, and Wildgoose Lodge. Citizens of Dublin, remember the wounds and the life-indeath of Field. Come then with firm resolve, and in resistless numbers. Meet us at Kill-of-the-Grange, on Sunday, at 12 o'clock, thence to march to the traitors' meeting place. Signed, George Scott, county Grand Master; also signed by the county Grand Master of the Royal Black Knights. God save the Queen."

Kilkenny.
The memory of Canon Daniel Brennan, ate P. P. of Kilmacow, has been transmitted to posterity by a Celtic monument. The monument consists of an exquisitely carved Celtic Cross, designed and executed by Mr. O'Shea, of Callan, who, in two hemispheres, has vindicated Irish enterprise and Irish talent, and is now a gold medalist of three exhibitions— Dublin, Cork, and Boston.

Carlow. A convention of farmers at Carlow has denounced the action of Lord Rossmore and the Orangemen. It was resolved to prohibit hunting on the lands of the farmers, and, if necessary, to prevent it. The farmers declare they will poison their grounds.

King's County. Some time ago a large number of tenant farmers of North Tipperary and the King's county determined to put a stop to hunting, and with that view signed a document to the effect that after January 1st all parties found hunting or coursing on their lands would be prosecuted accord-

Westmeath.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in Mullingar, on January 22d, for the purpose of inaugurating a testimonial to Messrs. Sullivan and Harrington. Kerry

On Jan. 21st, Head-Constable Huggins, of Castleisland, and a party of police pro-ceeded to the house of a respectable young man named David Cahill, a farmer residing at Cooles near Castleisland. They inquired of Cahill whether he had any arms in the house, and he replied in the negative. They then instituted a careful search, examining the whole premises nt, however, finding anything. then visited the house of a man named McAuliffe, but did not search it.

Limerick. Mr. Michael Hallinan, of the Rathkeale National League branch, was recently turned out of his holding, chiefly because some hounds had been poisoned in the district. The eviction scene was a very painful one, one of the persons turned out being Mr. Hallinan's mother, who was over 90 years of age. The rent of the farm was £36, its valuation £25.

Tipperary. A gentleman named Casson, was summoned recently at Clonroche, by a farmer named Henry O'Neil, for coming on his land, with dog and gun, and shooting over it. The charge was admitted to be just, and the defendant was asked to pay—how much? Sixpence fine and no costs! Had the parties to the case been in the reverse positions, would justice we wonder, have been satisfied with this small coin! We

In the face of a resolution against hunting, unanimously adopted by the Tipper-ary Branch of the Irish National League, the Arravales met in full strength on Jan.

22, at Greenane, beside the residence of St.George Mansergh and Mr. A. Meldon, R. M. Mr. Mansergh sent word to his brother tenants on the Greenane estate the previtenants on the Greenane estate the previous evening that he had noticed all obnoxious persons not to come to the hunt, and therefore that he hoped it would not be stopped. Mr. A. Meldon, R. M., and Mr. Lopdell, Sub-Inspector of R. I. C., were at the meet. So "Law and order," and land lord influence, and high "shoneeism," and a lot of "gented beggary", being falls rea lot of "genteel beggary" being fully re presented, the stag was let off. But at th being fully re first fence the "stone-throwers" were wel up, and one of them completely dis-abled him. He was put into a cart and they proceeded to a neighboring hill to enlarge a second one; but an active, loose fellow with a dog and a "wattle," being first up, finished the poor stag before the hounds were at all let after him. In the hounds were at all let after him. In half an hour "aw and order," and landlord influence, and two deer were stretched and then the hounds and the rest of them walked home.

Down. The representation of the local boards at Newry are to be purged of West-Britons, and to be replaced by men like Peter Byrne, Edward Fitzmaurice, and John J. Butterfield, all, of course, acting under the leadership of Mr. J. F. Small, M. P., the worthy coroner of the southern division of the county. The franchise will be attended to, and at the next elec-tion, with an extended franchise, Cawtholics like Darcy Hoey and Carvill, or aristocratic rowdies like Henry Thompson, will be cast aside, and an earnest and truehearted Irishman, like Mr. Small, re

Fermanagh.

The Orange band at Enniskillen, strengthened by contingents from the country, made a demonstration on January strengthened 18th up the town. After they had passed the west bridge a number of Nationalist collected, and the military and police were called out. The Orangemen were with difficulty kept back. The band in struments were left in a private house, and the Orange party made a rush to-wards the Nationalists, but were kept back by fixed bayonets. They were eventually let pass in small parties, protected by military. The windows in several houses occupied by Catholics were broken. Cavan.

Fifty-seven farmers of the county Cavan. occupying holdings adjoining the county Meath, have served notice on the Master of the Meath Hunt that they would pre-vent hunting over their lands, and will prosecute anyone trespassing for that pur-Galway.

Mr. Matthew Harris, of Ballinasloe, it is announced, will be the Parnellite candidate for the county of Galway at the next election. He is to be opposed to

Mitchell Henry.

Loughrea cannot certainly be the most pleasant place in Ireland in which to live at the present time. Between the offen-sive attentions of Dublin Castle, and the gross outrages which are committed on the people by the local police, the daily life of the town is not to be envied. For a considerable period now, it has been impossible for the people to give any expression to their political opinions in public, and on Sunday, Jan. 20th, they would not be allowed to meet to form a branch of the National League, which is admitted even by Earl Spencer to be a perfectly legal organization. To such an extreme did the police proceed in their work of repression, that they forced the people to leave the chapel yard, and they afterwards went so far as to prevent the parishioners from entering the chapel, and those who had charge of the catechism classes were rudely repulsed, when they attempted to pass the police. when they attempted to pass the police. Moreover, when the priests of the parish entered the chapel to perform the sacred rites, they were followed by policemen, who paraded the door of the sacristy while the rev. gentlemen were within. Both the chapel and the priest's residence were closely invested by policemen during the day. Notwithstanding all this vigilance, however, a thriving branch of the National League was established in the National League was established in the course of the day, when, in spite of the proclamation, a meeting was held in the rooms of the Town Commissioners. A procession of five hundred children, wearing green scarfs, paraded the streets, and several hundred farmers also marched. At the meeting, the Rev. J. Sellers, and the Rev. J. Cunningham, delivered speeches, strongly denouncing the action of the Government in suppressing the meeting. So successful was this meeting, that the scentary respirate that the scenarior respirate the scenarior respirate the scenarior respira that the secretary was instructed to telegraph immediately to the central office of the National League, for three hundred additional cards of membership.

Leitrim. On Jan. 23d, the roof of the Catholic Church at Manorhamilton, was blown down by the terrific violence of the wind. The church had only been consecrated and opened for service about twelve months since, having cost over £5,000. The money given for the erection of the building came largely from the people of the neighboring parishes. The old church still stands, and though utterly inadequate for the accommodation of the parish, still it will hardly fail to prove useful, now that the new structure has collapsed. Fortunately no lives were lost by the occur-

Their Name is Legion. Legions of people have had their lives made miserable by Piles. This painful difficulty is often induced and always aggravated by constipation. Kidney-Wort is the great remedy for all affec-tions of this kind. It acts as a gentle cathartic, promotes a healthy action of the bowels, and soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces. It has cured hundreds of cases where all other remedies and applications have failed. Sold by all druggists.

After years of suffering, persons who have vainly sought medical help from other sources, have obtained the long desired relief from Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which puts a stop to the torments of Dyspepsia, renews activity of the Bowels and Liver, relieves maladies incident to the gentler sex, and builds up failing health and strength, gives purity to the blood, and tone to the whole system. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dunders of the strength of the system.

IRELAND A NATION. MR. SEXTON AT WATERFORD. Mr. Sexton, M. P., rising, was loudly cheered. In honoring the toast of "Ire-land a Nation" he said they did homage to a political creed which had been mad sacred through ages of struggle and vicissitude by the devotion and the suffering of our race. The toast embodied no mere abstract principle and what had been once, and what shall be again (cheers). The idea of "Ireland a Nation" was one which had thrilled through the breast of men not in banquet halfs alone. It had followed the men of our race through many scenes, through many modes of trial and of suffering. It had sustained the hearts of men in the battle field of Ireland and in foreign lands. It had thrilled them in the Senate and in the dungeon cell, and in the dwelling of the sick. The bound together in a comprehensive grasp the past, the present, and the future of our race. It was a memory and a hope. It was the thought that thrilled the heart of Brien when death came to him in victory at Clontarf. It was the thought that moved Tyrconnel and Tyrone, and Sir Phelim O'Neill and Owen Roe. It was the thought that ascended from the heart of Sarsfield to the throne of God as he died on the battle plain of Landen (cheers). the sublime and inspiriting thought that urged in desperation and revenge the immortal charge of Fontenoy (cheers); the thought that nerved the soul of Henry Grattan, and thrilled with exultant joy the breasts of the Volunteers. It was the inspiration of Lord Edward and Emmet and Wolfe Tone. It was the moving force of Mitchel and Martin and of Thomas Francis Meagher (loud cheers). It was a passion that in our own day had enabled men to suffer the dungeon cell without a murmur and to mount the scaffold without a sigh (cheers). This sacred principle of Ireland a nation united in one fraternal bond the Irishman of the nineteenth century with the Celt of the middle ages, and it was a principle that proved the moral continuity of our country and the indomitable character of our race (applause). No Irishman true to the name could be present there that night without being moved by the demonstration of devotion to the National cause; and if that were so, how must he regard it, he whose affections and whose hopes were bound up with the cause of the people, he who was engaged by affection and by circumstances in the public cause, and who was able to feel that this was one more proof that the public cause of Ireland was advancing to victory by leaps and bounds, and that now at last the public life of Ireland was vigorous and sound and pure? (Cheers.) He had one more reason for the joy he felt at being amongs them, and of witnessing that patriotic and inspiring spectacle. It was a reason they would anticipate. It was because in this city he first drew the breath of life, and he held the honour of Waterford as his own (prolonged cheers). If he regarded the National cause of Ireland as west to increase the second of the land as west to increase. land as one to inspire not only affection but high hope, he found the reason for that hope in all that had happened in Waterford, and in Ireland, since his daily life was cast amongst them. Let him g back in spirit for a moment to his boy ish days, and ask what was then the character of public life in this city and country? Public life, in the general sense, the country had none. The depressing effect of the later days of QiConnell, the cessation of his great movements, the anti-climax of the end of his life still clung with a chilling and paralysing effect to the men of the later generation. The monster emigration that followed the famine period had depopulated the country of its most enerpopulation, and left the rest in no mood for public life. The criminal failure and treachery of the Parliamentary party of 1852, the party of Sadlier and Keogh, had cast its heavy shadow blackly and chillingly here as everywhere in Ire land, and faith in public life, in public action, was dead, or if not dead it lay wrapped in a perilous trance. The public press was silent on national questions, and all but silent upon every question they thought had a national scope. The people had ceased to assemble to demand their rights, or even to discuss them. It seemed as if the words of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy were realised, and that Ireland lay corpse on the dissecting table. But for his part, even in those gloomy and tor-pid times, he never lost faith in Ireland or in Waterford. He knew that the old city of the Dane contained a body of citizens who had no taste for servility (hear, hear), who had no taint of toady-ism, no tolerance of slavery, who loved their country, who venerated her cause, whose hearts were true, and whose will was ready if only some hand would point the way (applause). At the first signal of a National demand for the National rights of Ireland the electors of Waterford sent two men, of whom one was beside him, to support that claim in the Parliament of London, and at a later date, when that opportunity was re-newed, they gave with added force that assistance to the cause of Ireland by electing his junior colleague, a man who was not unworthy of the city which pro-Wyse and the dazzling brilliancy of Thos Francis Meagher (cheers). And when a variety of causes—the misery of the people, a misery born of hunger and despair and the blind and obstinate cruelty of the landed class, and the cold and cal lous indifference of the English Gov-ernment—plunged the Irish people into the unparalleled and memorable into the unparalleled and memorable movement of the Land League, this city threw itself into the foremost rank of that movement with an ardour not anywhere exceeded. Their purses as well as their hearts were opened the public claimant. They shower showered

honors and distinctions upon the chosen

leaders of the people (cheers). Yes; the antique spirit burned once more in the

bosom of the Urbs Intacta, and returning

there to-night after years of absence,

after years not free from wear and toil, and not clear of painful difficulty, but yet brightened by high

motives and cheered by some success, he was proud to find no longer a class of men, but the people, lords and masters (loud cheers)—to find the citizens' seats in Parliament held by men who act in the genuine spirit of their trustees, to find their mayor's chair and their sheriff's their mayor's chair and their shell is chain, their municipality and their public boards possessed by the friends of the people (cheers), and to find the people themselves the leading citizens of themselves—the leading citizens of Waterford—assembled there upon an occasion which performed a double function, because it indirectly conveyed a warning to the weaklings and knaves engaged in public life, while at the same time it returns the honest thanks of this great city to two honest men for the manly labors they had performed in the past and cheered them on to greater endeavours in the future (cheers). They endeavours in the future (cheers). They had heard from the Bishop of Waterford (cheers), and from the Archbishop of Cashel (cheers), that their city had been happy in the choice of its representatives. Now, he claimed to have some knowledge of the duty of a member of Parliament and the capacity which he required to have in order to perform that duty well, and he was there that night to say that if the constituencies of Ireland as a whole would elect to represent men like his two honor. represent men like his two honorable friends the day of Ireland a nation would be at hand (cheers). They had now men, members for their city, who accepted a task as difficult as any public men could undertake, and who had per formed that task with a manly honou and steadfast faith that was beyond all praise (cheers). These men joined a and steadast faith that was beyond all praise (cheers). These men joined a party which had to perform the most difficult task recorded in the wide and varied scope of Parliamentary history. That party had to assail a fortress of for-That party had to assail a fortress of for-midable dimensions. They had to attack privileges of the most formidable class in society. They, a party of young men, untried, untrained, unskilled in public life, had to face and unskilled in public her had to have the encounter on the floor of their senate the most skilled and most experienced statesmen of one of the oldest and most powerful political communities in the world (cheers). That party had to plead the cause of a weak people against a strong one, and they had to plead that cause in the face of a vindictive Gov ernment, an unscrupulous press, and a prejudiced and hostile nation (loud theers). They had to conduct their public labours from day to day at the risk of their liberties, and possibly even of their lives (cheers). Every step of their progress was beset with threats and tracked by reptile calumnies, but there that night he was able to say that that party had outlived the bravado and falsehood (cheers), that the worst time was over, that the future was in its hands, and it would have a deciding and powerful influence in the policy and in the fortunes of the realm (loud cheers), and for that re-sult and for the courage and persever-ance that led to that marvellous consequence there were no two men of the Irish party more truly to be thanked than the two men whom they honoured there that night (loud cheers). They had been loyal to their comrades, they had been faithful to their leader, the had been devoted to their cause (cheers.) They were not only the friends of every man of the Irish party but they were the firm friends of one another (cheers) and it was well known in the House of Roman friendship between the two men that whenever one of them happened to be in the house the other was sure never to be far away (cheers and laugh-ter.) As regards the senior member of the city (Mr. Power) perhaps they would not think the worse of him if would not think the worse of him if they heard that even in politics he was a sportsman (cheers, and laughter). was a sportsman (cheers, and laughter).

Mr. Power began his Parliamentary life
by being the "Whipper-in" of the Irish
party, and he discharged that duty
with great efficiency and unquestionable amiability for eight years, and although found himself in London in an assembly of foxhunting squires he robbed the English members of the privilege of the Derby Day as a subject of debate. Mr. Power in debate was a cultivated combatant. His sarcasm was no less effective because it was politely delivered. Mr. Power in the House of Commons often reminded him of that class of courtly French duellists, who first making the courtliest possible bow, then ran one through the body (cheers and laughter). With regard to their junior member, Mr. Leamy (cheers) he could not merely speak of him with approval and respect, for he regarded him with affection (cheers)—an affection born of the boyish time when they were friends together, and when they led each other to higher standards of thought and aspiration. He had spoken of Mr. Leamy as a man not unworthy of the city of Thomas Wyse and Thomas Francis Meagher, but he would add now that Mr. Leamy had all the keen acumen of the Celt, with the Celtic electric fire (cheers), and he was equally effective in expos a fallacy and in denouncing a bubt that the day was coming when the bulk of the constitutional forces of the country would be given to support the national demand for national dence (loud cheers). We in our day achieve the freedom of Ireland (loud cheers), and when our day is over and when our work is done, and when we are laid to rest and our names are but a fleeting memory, from the inexhaustible well-spring of the gifted Irish race there will be pushed forth perennially fresh hands and new minds to compensate you for the wrongs and sorrows of the past, and secure the fruitful field for the exer-

cise of the noble capacities of our race by retaining what we have in our day achieved—the dignity, energy, fortune and fame of a fetterless Irish nation (loud FITTED OUT FOR THE SEASON Dresses, cloaks, coats, stockings and all garments can be colored successfully with the Diamond Dyes, Fashionable colors. Only 10c at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington Vt.

She Declares it Saved Her Life.

Mrs. F. Taylor, of Toronto, was a great sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism, which for a long time betted all

matism, which for a long time baffled all treatment. At last she tried Hagyard's Yellow Oil, and declares it saved her Shop-Girls as Wives.

A Lancashire bachelor complains in a local paper that all the "nice girls" are sent nowadays to assist in shops. Having but a limited income, he wants a wife who has some knowledge of household management and work, whereas these "troung ladies" are only accomplished in "young ladies" are only accomplished in the art of selling goods across the counter. Would it not be better, he asks, for their mothers to keep them at home, instead of hiring servants to do the work which they could quite as well perform. That would, no doubt, save the wages of a domestic, no doubt, save the wages of a domestic but a shop assistant receives considerabl higher pay, and some loss of income would, therefore, plainly result from alapting the plan. On the other hand, it is incon-testable that the domestic sphere of em-ployment would afford much better training for future wife-hood. We do not attach much weight to the argument that the shop assistant is exposed to more temptations than if kept at home. In society as at present constituted, there are plenty as at present constitued, there are pienty of pitfalls for "nice girls" in every direction, and those disposed to tumble into them will find a way in one place as well as in another. But the complaining bachelor makes out a strong case for reform when he declares that young ladies who have been assistants at shops do not make thrifty and helpful wives for men in narrow circumstances. They are more ornamental no doubt, than the home-trained damsels but that superiority dose not count for much in promoting domestic comfort.

## Reading Alond in the Family.

Books and periodicals should be angels in every household. They are urns to bring us the golden fruit of thought and bring us the golden fruit of thought and experience from other minds and other lands. As the fruits of the trees of the earth's soil are most enjoyed around the family board, so should those that grow upon mental and moral boughs be gathered around by the entire household. No home exercise could be more appropriate and placetics. could be more appropriate and pleasing, than for one member to read aloud for the benefit of all. If parents would introduce this exercise into their families, they would soon see the levity and giddiness that make up the conversation of too many circles, giving way to refinement and dignity.

Scraps of Conversation. An enterprising Boston man who evidently cherishes the delusion that all men talk sense, has been jotting down fragments of conversation which he has heard ments of conversation which he has heard when passing young women on the street of that city. His note book contains one thousand of these scraps. Out of that number seven hundred and eighty begin with either "And I said to him," or "He said to me," or "She told me that he said;" one hundred and twenty referred to hats or dresses that were either "perfectly lovely" or "just splendid," and the remainder were pretty evenly divided remainder were pretty evenly divided between comments on other girls who were "horrid" or "stuck up and hateful," new novels, studies, the summer vacation, the last new opera and the latest scientific discoveries. Now let him take a similar census of the remarks of that superior sex which he so brightly orna-

Hope in Hopeville.

Mrs. McArthur, of Hopeville, declares she could not keep house without Hag-yard's Pectoral Balsam. It is a remedy in which the sufferer may safely hope for speedy relief and effectual cure Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchial, Throat and Lung Troubles which neglected end in hopeless consumption.

Warning.

If troubled with constipated bowels, never neglect it, or the system becomes clogged, the secretions dried up and the system poisoned with foul gases. Bur-dock Blood Bitters cure constipation by unlocking the secretions and regulating the glandular system.

Few are the remedies whose beneficial qualities and real merits have made them so popular with the public, and in-creased from year to year their consumpm year to year their consumption, which, whilst possessing the most valuable remedial properties, are yet so simple in their compound, and so easy to take, as the Quinine Wine, prepared by Northrop & Lyman of Toronto. This article is prepared from the pure sulphate of Quinine, combined with fine Sherry Wine, and choice aromatics, which relieves the Quinine of its bitter taste, and does not impair in the least degree the efficacy of its action upon the patient; while small doses, frequently repeated, strengthen the pulse, increase muscular force, and invigorate the tone of the nervous system, and thus, by the general vigor which it imparts, creates an appetite, which gives to the stomach tone and energy and fortified the stomach tone and energy, and fortifies the system against all infectious diseases. Ask for Northrop & Lyman's Quinine Wine. Sold by all druggists.

A Certain Result.

If your blood is impure it will burst forth in blotches, pimples and sores, festering and unsightly. Burdock Blood Bitters will thoroughly cleanse the blood and eradicate all foul humors from the system.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for any one in the spring. Emi-grants and travellers will find in it an effectual cure for the eruptions, boils, pimples, eczema, etc., that break out on the skin-the effects of disorder in the blood, caused by a sea-diet and life on board ship.

Great Excitement.

There is always great excitement in case of sudden accident and injury.
Every one should be prepared for an emergency. Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the reliable friend in need; it is for internal and external use, curing Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Lameness, Croup, Sore Throat, Rheumatism and painful affections and wounds.

Mr. G. W. Macully, Pavilion Mountain, B. C., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is the best medicine I ever used for Rheumatism. Nearly every winter I am laid up with Rheumatism, and have out getting any benefit, until I used Dr.
Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It has worked

Ayer's Cherry Pector medicine ever used.

wonders for me, and I want another supply for my friends, &c."

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Get married, my boy? Telemachus, come up close and look me right in the eye, and listen to me with both ears. Get married. If you never do another thing in the world, marry. You can't afford it? Your father married on a smaller salary than you are getting now, my boy, and he has eight children, doesn't have to salary than you are getting now, my boy, and he has eight children, doesn't have to work very hard, and every year he pays a great pile of your little bills that your salary won't cover. And your father was just as good a man at your age as you are now. Certainly you can afford to marry. You can't afford not to. No, I'm not going to quote that tiresome old saying that what will keep one person will keep two, because it won't. A thousand dollar salary won't keep two one thousand dollar people nicely, and that's all you are, just now, my boy. You need not wince or get angry. Let me tell you, a young man who rates in the world as a five hundred dollar man, all the year round, Monday as well as Saturday, the day after Christmas just as well as the day before; the fifth of July as well as the third, he is going to rate higher every year, until he is a partner almost before he hoped to be bookkeeper. Good, reliable, five hundred dollar young men are not such a drug in the market as you suppose. You marry dollar young men are not such a drug in dollar young men are not such a drug in
the market as you suppose. You marry
and your wife will bring tact, and love,
and skill, and domestic economy that will
early double your salary. But you would
have to deny yourself many little
luxuries and liberties. Certainly you
would, or rather you'd willing. luxuries and liberties. Certainly you would; or rather you'd willingly give them up for greater luxuries. And you don't want to shoulder the burdens and cares of married life? I see you do not. And I see what you do not realize, perhaps—that all your objections to marriage are mean and selfish. You havn't marriage are mean and selfish. You havn't given one manly reason for not marrying. If you do marry you are going into a world of new cares, new troubles, new embarrassments, You are going to be careful and worried about many things. You are going to be tormented with household cares and perplexiting the second of the secon mented with household cares and perplexities all new and untried to you. You are going to be pestered and bothered and troubled. You will have to walk the floor with ten pounds of baby and a barrel full of colic, when you are nearly crazy for sleep. You will have to tell stories to the children when you want to read. You will have to mend a toy for young Tom when you ought to be writing letters. You will have to stay at home in the evening when you used to go to the the evening when you used to go to the club. The baby will rumple your neck-tic and the other children will trample into your lap with their dusty shoes.

Your wife will have so much to do looking after the comfort of her husband and children that she won't be able to play and sing for your warms. and sing for you every evening, as your sweetheart did. Your time will not be sweetheart did. Your time will not be your own, and you will have less leisure and freedom for fishing and shooting excursions, camps in the mountains and yachting trips along the coast, than your bachelor friends of your own age. I admit all this. But then, you will be learning self-denial, you will be living for some one else; you will be living some one better than you love yourself, and more than a thousand fold that compensates for all that you give up. pensates for all that you give up.
Why, you want to remain single now,
my boy, just because you are selfish. And
the longer you stay single the more this

selfishness will grow upon you. There are some noble exceptions among bachelors, I know, and some mean ones among married men; and a selfish married mar needs killing more than any other man know, but as a rule—just look around your own friends and see who are the unselfish men; who it is that gives up his seat in a street-car to a woman—not a pretty, young girl, but a homely, wrinkled woman in a shabby dress; who is it heads the charity subscriptions; who pays the largest pew rent; who feeds the beggars; who finds work for the tramp; who are the men foremost in unselfish work? I know your young bachelor friends are not stingy. Oh, no. I know Jack Fastboy paid \$570 last week for a new buggy-it is light as a match-box and has such a narrow seat that he never can ask a friend to ride with him; and at the same time lick Slocum, who married your sister Alice five years ago, gave \$250 for the cyclone sufferers. I think the angels laughed all that afternoon, my boy, but I don't think it was because Jack paid \$570 for his new buggy. If you want to shirk the responsibilities of life, my dear boy, you may; if you want to live forty or fifty years longer with no one under the ens to think about or care for or plan for but yourself, go ahead and do it you will be the only loser, the world won't miss you nearly so much as you will miss the world; you will have a mean, lonely, selfish, easy time, and, unless you are a rare exception to your class, little children will hate you, and the gods never yet loved any man whom the children dislike. - Burlington Hawk

The Madonna's Lamp.

In France, in the Middle Ages, at every corner of the streets, a little statue of Mary, carved in oak, raised its head above bunch of flowers, which some pious souls renewed every morning. During the night, lamps burned continually in these gray nickes, which on Saturdays were completely illuminated. This was the first beginning of lighting the streets, and in many towns in Italy it is the only mode of lighting them. There was associated with it a pious thought, calculated to make a believing people reflect. The mystic lamps of the Madonna, shining in succession, like a bright row of stars, through the odoriferous heads of flowers, seemed to saw to the washed where. seemed to say to the vagabond who went about at night for evil purposes: There is an Eye over this slumbering city which never closes, and which watches over these deserted and silent streets—the Eye of God.

It is a good rule to accept only such medicines as have, after long years of trial, proved worthy of confidence. This is a case where other people's experi-ence may be of great service, and it has been the experience of thousands that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best cough