

For The Pilot. In Memoriam.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M. D.
Glasnevin's turf
Two sunbeams lay upon his narrow bed.

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.

The following "Call to Arms" was extensively circulated in the Orange meeting held in the Rotundo, Dublin, on Jan. 24th.

The memory of Canon Daniel Brennan, late P. P. of Kilmacow, has been transmitted to posterity by a Celtic monument.

A convention of farmers at Carlow has denounced the action of Lord Rossmore and the Orangemen.

Some time ago a large number of tenant farmers of North Tipperary and the King's county determined to put a stop to hunting.

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

On Jan. 21st, Head Constable Higgins, of Castleland, and a party of police proceeded to the house of a respectable young man named David Cahill.

Mr. Michael Hallinan, of the Rathkale National League branch, was recently turned out of his holding, chiefly because some hounds had been poisoned in the district.

A gentleman named Casson, was summoned recently at Clontarf, by a farmer named Henry O'Neil, for coming on his land, with dog and gun, and shooting over it.

In the face of a resolution against hunting, unanimously adopted by the Tipperary 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. Mellon, B. M. Mr. Mansergh sent word to his brother tenants 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.

The representation of the local boards at Newry are to be purged of West-Britions, 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. P. Small, M. P., the worthy coroner of the southern division of the county.

The Orange band at Enniskillen, strengthened by contingents from the county, made a demonstration on January 15th up the town. After they had passed the west bridge a number of Nationalists collected, and the military and police were called out.

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 prevent hunting over their lands, and will prosecute any one trespassing for that purpose.

Mr. Matthew Harris, of Ballinasloe, 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 offensive 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.

On Jan. 23d, the roof of the Catholic Church at Manorbhamilton, 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.

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 affections of this kind.

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.

IRELAND A NATION.

MR. SEXTON AT WATERFORD.

Mr. Sexton, M. P., rising, was loudly cheered. In honoring the toast of "Ireland a Nation" he said that he did homage to a political creed which had been made sacred through ages of struggle and vicissitude by the devotion and the suffering of our race.

The thought of Ireland a nation was one that thrilled through the breast of men not in banquet halls 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.

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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 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 Waterford—gathered 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).

That party had to assail a fortress of formidable dimensions. They had to attack the privileges of the most formidable class in society. They were a party of young men, untried, untrained, unskilled in public life, had to face and 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).

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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 "young ladies" are only accomplished in the art of selling goods across the counter.

Reading Aloud in the Family.

Books and periodicals should be angels in every household. They are urns to 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.

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 during his evening strolls in the streets of that city. His note book contains one thousand of these scraps.

Hope in Hopeville.

Mrs. McArthur, of Hopeville, declares she could not keep house without Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It is a remedy in which the sufferer may safely hope for speedy relief and effectual cure of 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. Burdock 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 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's system.

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. Eruptions 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. Macaully, Pavilion Mountain, B. C., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I ever used for Rheumatism. Nearly every winter I am laid up with Rheumatism, and have tried nearly every kind of medicine without getting any benefit, until I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It has worked

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 work very hard, and every year he pays a great pile of your little bills that you are 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; he is going to rate higher every year, until he is a partner almost before he hopes to be a bookkeeper. Good, reliable, five hundred 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 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 haven'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 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 a young fellow when you ought to be writing letters. You will have to stay at home in the evening when you used to go to the club. The baby will rumple your necktie 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 you every evening, as your sweethearts did. Your time 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 doing some one better than you love yourself, and more than a thousand fold that compensates 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 man needs killing more than any other man I 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 that 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 Fastby put \$570 last week for a new flag-box—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 Dick 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 was \$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 heavens 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, as you love it, 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 Herald.

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 a bunch of flowers, which some pious souls renewed every morning. During the night, lamps burned continually in these gray niches, 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 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 experience can be of great service, and it has been the experience of thousands that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best cough medicine ever used.