

ALL ROUND THE WORLD.

The British fleet is at Halifax.
The Red River pilots are on strike.
Lord Cairns is a great deer stalker.
The Hon. Mr. Tilley is convalescent.
The English Tories are called Jingoists.
Hanlan arrived in Montreal yesterday.
The Russian police are panic-stricken.
The Prince Imperial's income is \$50,000.
A Syrian family has settled in Tennessee.
Kearney does not sympathize with strikers.
Harman King, M.P., is to be made a lord.
The skirmishing fund amounts to \$73,000.
Vaccinating dogs is spoken of in New York.

There is a sisterhood of Irish nuns in Bulgaria.

The actor Sothern is becoming famous once more.

Rain has fallen in the famine districts of China.

The Russian cruiser "Cimbria" is in Philadelphia.

The French army is better fed than the German.

Austria is sorry for mixing in the affairs of the East.

Stanley, the great traveller, suffers from African fever.

The Greenback party is growing formidable in the States.

Marshall law has been proclaimed in Russia by Imperial Ukase.

James Langster shot 117 alligators in Georgia in one day.

The Baron de Slave, a great Irish scholar, has just died in France.

Bernard Dorn, of New York, will soon celebrate his 100th birthday day.

The River Don at Toronto is to be dredged and the mouth deepened.

Lord Dufferin will be received by the citizens of Toronto to-morrow.

The (or a) great sea serpent has been seen off Hurlingham, L. I., lately.

Galvin, not Moran, was the executioner of the immortal Robert Emmett.

Home Rule is crumbling to pieces, and Repeal is looking up in Ireland.

The printers of New Orleans sent their brethren of New Orleans \$500.

Summers (Dublin) News Letter is now known as the Irish Daily News.

At an Orange procession in Belfast lately the band played "Patrick's Day."

Mr. Allman, of Dublin, will be President of the British Association next year.

Most of the Irish M.P.'s are out with letters of explanation in the newspapers.

The Irish language will in future be taught in the National Schools of Ireland.

Dr. Sullivan, M.P., for East Peterboro', fell from his buggy lately, and was hurt.

Edison's latest saying is that he will utilize the force of Niagara for New York city.

The German soldiers at Munich have been forbidden to enter 23 Socialist taverns.

Mr. O'Hanley, of Ottawa, thinks the Government system of letting contracts vicious.

George Crumley, a good-looking New York railroad conductor, has several wives living.

The Rev. Father Carlin, Woodstock, met with an accident on Friday and broke his leg.

The cost of the common wine of Cyprus is only two cents a bottle.

The national debt of England now stands by the most recent return, at \$3,888,907,989.

Mr. Anthony Walsh, one of the '98 heroes, died in Roscommon last week, at the age of 54.

There is a William Shakespeare standing for Congress in Kansas. To what base uses, &c.?

Rosina Stolz, the famous singer, is suing for a divorce from her husband, the Prince of Peace.

The R. C. Bishop of Three Rivers denounces tight lacing and offends fashionable ladies.

The New York Herald is fighting Grant's battles over again, and doing it better than Grant.

Crescy's "Fifteen Great Battles of the World" has been translated into the Japanese language.

Mr. S. R. Edge, Liberal, has been returned to the British Parliament from Newcastle, Staffordshire.

France can call 1,000,000 of men to arms in a week, 2,000,000 in a month, and 3,000,000 in three months.

A man named Byron, of Lindsay, Ont., swallowed a frog lately, and threw it up after a three days' residence.

The Edinburgh Review says there are parts of Ireland where the only thing they see connected with the law is process servers.

Some of the New York churches, which were closed during the hot weather, have been opened. Alas! hell is open all the time.

A Russian contractor has managed to cheat his Government out of \$200,000,000, and yet people say the Russ is but half civilized.

The first Englishman who crossed to Ireland and helped her during the deadly famine was the Quaker Mr. Foster, a Yorkshire M.P.

Not one vessel of the Arctic Whaling Expedition has caught a single fish, says the New York Herald. Probably they were all married.

The London Globe reviews a new American invention called the "Telagragraph," which enables people to eat some miles from their food!

The whole world is wondering how it is the Orangemen on trial are so willing to tell so much about the Jesuits and so little about themselves.

Mr. McIntosh, editor of the Ottawa Citizen, has convicted Mr. Buck, editor of the Ottawa Free Press of issuing recommendations to the Protestant electors not to vote for a "Papist."

Robert Hart, an Irishman, is the real Prime Minister of China, though nominally only Inspector-General of maritime customs.

It is now discovered, according to the New York Herald, that there is sixty miles difference between the actual Gulf stream and the one shown on the map.

IMPRISONING HIS MINISTERS OF STATE.—The King of Burmah recently imprisoned all of his ministers for several hours for being late at Council.

The Berlin Post says the assassin of General Mezenton at St. Petersburg is named Deutsch, and he is the person who, a few months ago, murdered Baron Heyggen at Kieff.

The governor of the prison at Favignano, Italy, recently ordered the cell of a condemned prisoner, when its inmate sprang upon him, and with a small block of wood hammered a nail into his skull. "A keeper rushed in and split the prisoner's head with his sabre. The governor survived his murderer only a few moments.

WIT, AND HUMOR.

Why may the letter "n" be safely said to be idiotic? Because it is in "sane."

The cause of Greece—Fat.

Not sound securities—Musical notes.

Transported for life—The man who marries happily.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

In peace we invest our own—in war, other people's—capitals.

Latest intelligence—The thoughts of what you might have done.

The Hindoo widow is the only one that cremates. The others remate.

Which is the best of the four seasons for arithmetic? The summer.

When cows are themselves good milkers, what is the use of employing dairy-maids?

A man has had a suit in court about a dog for over a year—a case of dogged obstinacy.

The woman that maketh a good pudding in silence is better than she who maketh a tart reply.

If you don't want to be robbed of your good name do not have it printed on your umbrella.

Can Temperance ladies, who wear pull-backs, be accused of getting tighter and tighter?

To die for one's country is sweet, but to live for one's country is a more healthy occupation.

Who are the comrades that fight all day and do not hurt each other?—The tongue and the teeth.

Men wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons, and wastes his afternoons in regretting his mornings.

Joking about her nose, a young lady said, "I had nothing to do with shaping it. It was a birthday present."

A brewer having been drowned in one of his vats, a wit observed, "Alas! poor fellow floating on his watery bier!"

A man who with bare foot stepped on a pile of carpet nails, said they reminded him of the income tax.

An impudent adventurer marrying an heiress, it was remarked that his brass was at last outshone by her tin.

The following advertisement is from a contemporary: "Youth wanted to assist in entering rooms." Apply, &c.

A Roman candle can be used to shoot a dog out from under a barn, but the barn should be located near an engine house.

A bachelor cynic remarks that it is singular how early in life a child gains the reputation of resembling the richest of his relatives.

A man has an umbrella that was made during the reign of George III. It has passed through a great many rains since.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the defect when the weaving of a lifetime is unrolled.

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game, because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

Women love flowers and birds. They are, however, not so partial to swallows as the men are.

The young woman who used to sing so divinely, "Oh, had I the wings of a dove," is satisfied with a chicken leg now.

More about the funnygraph.—An echo bottled up is the latest description of the phonograph.

"Free chops" is the sign hung out by a Chicago restaurant, and when the customers apply they are shown to a wood-pile and handed an axe.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.—Why is Canada not able to see so well this month as she will be next? Because she has not her Lorgnetts (Lorne yet)!

All prosperous men can give good counsel, and they like to do it; it costs them nothing. It is easy to declaim against feasting when the stomach is full.

"GOVERNESSES should never be required to do low mental work," said a gentleman. "Certainly not, but they frequently aspire to the hymeneal," replied a lady.

The best application for the improvement of the countenance is a mixture in equal parts of serenity and cheerfulness. Anoint the face, morning, noon, and night.

There is a great difference between what an ambitious man is and what he aspires to be—as there is also between what a vain man thinks himself and what he is.

Friendship supplies the place of everything to those who know how to make the right use of it; it makes your prosperity more happy, your adversity more easy.

Pennsylvania is bothered with female truants who faint away on the doorstep where food is refused. If a pail of water is thrown over them they go into convulsions and tear up the garden.

Here is a gem introduced into a breach of promise case—it is an extract from a letter—"Dearest love, I have swallowed the postage stamp which was on your letter, because I knew that your lips had touched it."

AN ELEGANT FUNERAL.—The funeral was elegant, wrote the waiting-maid of a lady whose husband had just been buried, to her sweetheart; "I was dressed in black silk, the flowers were lovely, and mistress wept just like a born angel."

Old party (who has sent for the land lord)—"Landlord, I can't get anything to eat. Your pretty waiter girls devote their time to the good looking fellows. Haven't you got a homely old waiter who has lost her taste for beauty?"

"The sentence of the court is," said Judge Porter, a popular Irish magistrate, to a notorious drunkard, "that you be confined in goal for the longest period the law allows; and I hope you will spend your time in cursing whiskey." "I will, sir, and Porter, too."

RATHER "SWEEPING."—Cheyenne (U. S.) is proud because a well-known lady of that town has made her debut as a carpenter and joiner. But that is nothing. Many of our most beautiful young ladies, says a Danbury paper, are "trained" to sweep the streets.

It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault. It is easy to say that nobody is honest, but it is not easy to look on the best side. Let us be fair and cheerful. The world is not all wrong. Everybody is not a rascal. Our neighbours are not trying to cheat us. Even the grumblers are not half as disagreeable as they seem.

A contemporary says that there was an English bride recently married in hunting costume, and that the papers are making great fuss over it; but *Alma* sees nothing remarkable in it. She was only a trifle more candid than the rest of her sex in keeping the costume on after the chase had been completed.

USEFUL DOMESTIC RECIPES.

EXTINGUISHING KEROSENE FLAMER.—Kerosene flames are readily extinguished by throwing woolen over them, thus stifling them. But woolen is not always in the kitchen, where kerosene accidents are most likely to occur.—Flour is recommended as a substitute. Thrown upon the flames it quickly deadens them by absorbing the fluid.

Flies have a habit (unfortunately for housekeepers) of settling upon freshly cleaned mirrors and windows. To prevent this, cut up an onion into a bowl of water, and after leaving it in it long enough to impart the strong flavor of the onion, remove it, and use the water for cleaning. A few drops of oil of pennyroyal would answer the same purpose, and be more agreeable to use.

Have a saucepan of boiling water, and drop fresh eggs carefully into tea water; let them stand where they will be hot, but not boil until the whites set. Toast some thin slices of bread nicely, lay them in a dish, and pour over a gill of rich hot cream salted to taste; take up the eggs with a skimmer, and put an egg on each slice of toast; sprinkle a little salt and pepper over, and garnish with parsley if you please.

The Journal of Chemistry asserts that tea is not the simple, harmless beverage that is generally supposed, but that its effects, in their character, may rightly claim to be classed with those of tobacco and alcohol. The paper also adds:—Many disorders of the nervous system are the direct result of excessive tea-drinking. Tea is a 'narcotic poison'; its essential principle, theine, is allied in composition with such poisons as strychnine and morphia. It first excites the nervous system and then exhausts it. Experiments show that both in man and other animals it impairs power in the lower extremities; so that it affects the understanding 'in a double sense'—literally as well as figuratively.

THE TREATMENT OF BRUISES.—The treatment consists in removing all pressure from the part. The formation of a bruise may in the beginning be prevented; but, when actually formed it is scarcely possible ever to get rid of it, and it remains an everlasting plague. To prevent the formation of a bruise, it is necessary, whenever and wherever a shoe or a boot pinches, to have it eased at once, and so long as that part of the foot pinched remains tender, not to put on the offending shoe again. When a bruise has once completely formed, if the person wish to have any peace, and not to have it increase, he must have a last made to fit his foot, and have his shoe made upon it. And whenever the bruise becomes inflamed, and is painful, it must be bathed with warm water and poulticed at night.

HEARTBURN.—Heartburn frequently arises from eating fat or oily substances, cheese, or some article of food that disagrees with the stomach. Generally it is merely a symptom of indigestion. It may be brought on from exposure to cold, sitting with wet feet, or from any sudden mental emotion, and in some cases it is extremely difficult to trace it to any cause. Sometimes it accompanies organic diseases of the stomach or liver. The symptoms of heartburn are a burning sensation, with a feeling of constriction at the stomach which, after continuing some time, is followed by frequent belching of a thin fluid, which sometimes is extremely sour, and other times insipid. When heartburn comes on only occasionally it may be relieved by taking a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, or the same amount of magnesia, in a little water. But when it occurs frequently more active treatment should be resorted to. Sometimes heartburn will continue for months, despite any medical treatment that may be adopted.

MACCARONI.—This is a paste made from the purest wheat flour and water; it is generally known as a rather luxurious dish among the wealthy; but it should become one of the chief foods of the people, for it contains more gluten, or the nutritious portion of wheat, than bread. It is one of the most wholesome and economical of foods, and can be varied so as to give a succession of palatable dishes at a very small cost. The imported macaroni can be bought at Italian stores for about 15 cents a pound, and that quantity, when boiled, yields nearly four times its bulk, if it has been manufactured for any length of time. Good macaroni is yellow or brownish in color; white sorts are always poor. It should never be soaked or washed before boiling, or put into cold or lukewarm water. Wipe it carefully, break it into whatever lengths you want it, and put it into boiling water, to every quart of which half a tablespoonful of salt is added. You can boil an onion with it if you like the flavor. As soon as it is tender enough to yield easily when pressed between the fingers, drain it in a colander, saving its liquor for the next day's broth, and lay it in cold water until you want to use it. When more macaroni has been boiled than is used, it can be kept perfectly good by laying it in fresh water, which must be changed every day. Half a pound of uncooked macaroni will make a large dishful.

FILTERINGS FOR THE FAIR.

Rosa Bonheur has grown very gray and paints—animals.

Beware of a woman who sings "Oh! for a thousand tongues."

The Chancellor of Delaware has decided that dancing is a violation of the morality of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A woman is never thoroughly interested in a newspaper article until she reaches the place where the balance is torn off.

Some one says: "When a man is deeply, madly, irrevocably in love, even the air seemed filled with lumps of sugar."

Mrs. Simon Reiss, of Lehigh Co., Pa., aged 105 years, worked in a harvest field this summer, binding ten sheaves of wheat.

A young lady of Constitution, Peru, has introduced a startling novelty in clopements, having run away with two of her lovers.

"Harvest only comes once a year, and a wife can't get any time," said an Eagle City (Ia) farmer as he declined to stop work for an hour to attend the funeral of his wife.

A fat man of Corinth, Miss, drank ash bark tea to make her lean, and she skipped for the better land just two hours ahead of a lean woman who was eating gum-arabic to make her fat.

When a rosy-looking girl, says the Detroit Free Press, backs up to a stranger at a country dance and asks him to knock that mosquito which is gnawing her between the shoulders, it is no time to read up on Chesterfield.

There is a carter whose fame for strong language is such that his name is a proverb along the western coast from San Francisco to San Diego. One day this man was driving a wagon of apples up a hill, when the tail-board came out, and the apples rolled one after another over the slope. The neighbours assembled, expecting to hear something more than, usually, coarse.

The veteran, after a brief interval of silence, mopped his forehead with his handkerchief and calmly remarked, "My friends, this is an occasion to which I am unequal."

FIRESIDE READING.

Fond mother: "What would you do without a mother, Tom?" Tom: "Do as I liked, ma."

A shoemaker in Pennsylvania advertises "medicinal boots." The virtue is supposed to be in the heel.

"She wants a new part," said an actress's friend to a dramatic author. "Yes," he replied—"a fresh character."

Major O'Gorman's joke upon the passing of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill was "Sic transit gloria Sunday."

A teetotaller says the drop-curtain of a theatre is so called because the gentlemen go out for a drop while it is down.

A Chinese official, having been shown a thermometer, expressed his surprise that the mere movement of a thin thread of mercury could make the weather much colder.

A child of five, on hearing her big engaged sister quote to her lover Moore's line—"Oh, had I sweet little Isle of my own"—asked if she couldn't by a pennyworth in a bottle.—Judy.

A French paper points out how the passion for gambling is shown in England, so that even in wedding notices it is necessary to state that there were "no cards."

"I wish you'd let me go to the city with you," said a young wife to her financial husband; "I should so like just for once to take a stroll through the money market."

A Paisley publican was complaining of his servant-maid that she could never be found when required. "She'll gang out o' the house," said he, "twenty times for once she'll come in."

"It is a shame, John, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes!" exclaimed a wife the other day. "Don't say a word about it, my dear," rejoined the husband—"the least said is soonest mended."

A well-known dramatist can say, "rude things. Some one said to him last week, 'You want a new hat.' 'Yes that's quite true,' he replied; but why say it? I never told you you wanted a new head."

A Miss Joy was present at a party recently, and in the course of the evening someone used the quotation, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," when she exclaimed, "I'm glad I'm not a beauty, for I should not like to be a joy for ever."

Wishing to pay his friend a compliment, a gentleman remarked, "I hear you have a very industrious wife." "Yes," replied the friend, with a melancholy smile; "she's never idle—she's always finding something for me to do."

The Duc de Morney's definition of a polite man is the hardest to realize of any ever given. "A polite man," said he, "is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them."

After the amateur pantomime at the Gaiety Theatre lately, a lady said to Mr. W. S. Gilbert the dramatist, who had filled the part of harlequin, "I had no idea, Mr. Gilbert, that you could dance." "No," replied harlequin, "I am not often caught tripping."

An old farmer lately gave this advice to his sons. "Boys don't you ever wait for sunset to turn up. You might just as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of a meadow, with a pail at your legs, and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

"I hope there are no cannibals around here," said a stupid traveller to a United States frontier girl as she was mixing a batch of bread. "There are plenty of 'em," returned she, pouring some corn-meal into the pan. "We almost always eat a little Indian with our bread."

There is real Yankee humour in the card posted in the observatory on the top of Mount Kenesaw, announcing that visitors are requested not to write or cut on the structure. It adds, "Writing materials and sticks for whittling will be furnished on application at the office."

A celebrated pianist, who had two daughters, one nineteen and the other eight years old, lost his leg by a railway accident. Sometime afterwards his brother-in-law got up a subscription and a grand benefit, which realized a thousand pounds. This large sum he settled on the elder daughter, who was engaged to be married. A few days after the wedding his little daughter came into his room, and after he had played a little while with her, much to his surprise he heard her say, "Papa, when I get big, you will break your other leg too, won't you? Then I can get a thousand pounds when I get married."

REPUBLICAN BOOTS ESSENTIAL.—The Paris *Figaro* has been making merry over an incident reported to have taken place at a Republican banquet in the provinces. The festivity in question was given by the mayor of a certain town in honour of a newly appointed *sous préfet*. During the dinner a municipal councillor inquired of the guest, "Is it true that you have ordered a pair of shoes of the shoemaker B?" "It is quite true," (groans from the rest of the municipal council). "Why do you groan? Is he a bad shoemaker?" "He is a reactionary, a clerical. It is strange, Monsieur, that a magistrate of the Republic should have given such an order without first consulting us."

There is a good story told of some English travellers staying in Venice at an hotel, who took a supply of excellent tea with them, the ladies of the party indulging in the favourite beverage punctually at five every day. Some more English arrived at the same hotel, acquaintances of the former. The conversation turned one day on the difficulty of getting good tea in Venice when the latter arrivals expressed their surprise at the very excellent tea they had found at the hotel. To convince their incredulous friends, they invited them to join them at that hour, but after a long delay, asked out with various excuses, the landlord was obliged to confess that the tea supplied to English party No. 2 was simply made by pouring a second supply of boiling water upon the leaves sent down by party No. 1.

In one of the most brilliant drawing-rooms of St. Petersburg a conversation recently took place in which a young Russian officer proposed to wager a large sum that a well-known Russian diplomatist could not speak for three minutes without employing one of the following phrases—"I never tell falsehoods." "You may believe what I say." "I tell you it, so it is true." "I am like my father, I always speak the truth on my word of honour—and you know I seldom give it." "Believe what I tell you." "What interest have I to conceal the truth from you?" "People are wrong not to believe me." "Falsehoods are useless when one has good intentions." "I have done everything, and I am the most attacked." "If I had been listened to that would have occurred." "The Turks know that I have done it for their good; I need not go on if you do not believe me." The curious thing is that everybody in the company, even official personages, laughed and that nobody accepted the wager.



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- 1.—Custom House.
- 2.—The Rotunda.
- 3.—Grafton Street.
- 4.—The Four Courts.
- 5.—The Vice-regal Lodge.
- 6.—Rock of Cashel.
- 7.—Trinity College.
- 8.—St. Stephen's Green.
- 9.—Howth Castle, Dublin Bay.
- 10.—Jerpoint Abbey, Kilkenny.
- 11.—St. Michael's Church.
- 12.—St. Douglough's Church.
- 13.—Court-yard of the Castle.
- 14.—Powerscourt Waterfall.
- 15.—Hoey's Court [now demolished].
- 16.—The Bank of Ireland.
- 17.—Birthplace of Dean Swift.
- 18.—Statue of Grattan, College Green.
- 19.—Birthplace of Thomas Moore, Augier St.
- 20.—New Railway Tunnel over the Liffey.
- 21.—General View of Phoenix Park.
- 22.—View of Phoenix Park, showing Wellington Monument.
- 23.—New Tunnel under the Phoenix Park.
- 24.—Exterior View of St. Patrick's Cathedral.
- 25.—Interior View of St. Patrick's Cathedral.
- 26.—Exterior View of Trinity College.
- 27.—Library of Trinity College.
- 28.—New Railway Station at North Wall.
- 29.—Interior of the Old Parliament House.
- 30.—Antiquities in the Royal Irish Academy—St. Patrick's Bell, Tara Brooch, Shrine of Bells.
- 31.—View of Dublin from the Liffey.
- 32.—Bird's-eye View of Dublin from Summit of Nelson's Monument, showing Wicklow Hills, Dublin Castle, the Pro-Cathedral, Four Courts, General Post-Office and Sackville Street.

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