

GO IT, MACBETH.

"My name's Macbeth, I'm out of breath, I try to secure you, I'll squeeze the yoke Upon the Papish crew. Home Rule with me does not agree, To you I plainly tell, On it I frown, I'll put it down, And disapprov'd farewell.

And with my twin I'll hang O'Brien, Then take my hangman's rope, Across the sea, to Italy. And there I'll hang the Pope. When that is done, the battle's won, You O'Connell can smile, But yet I fear there's danger near, That threatens Erin's Isle.

Let us begin and hang those men, These Home Rule scoundrels, We'll choke to death and stop their breath, Or drive them to the States. Let every man rush to the van, Let not a man stay behind; We'll have great fun, to see them run, Like chaff before the wind.

My power is great, I'll vindicate Her who represents the Crown, And Home Rule yae I will upset, And glorify Lansdowne. He and Trenche can beat the French, And hand the Irish poor, And make a raid with his brigade Upon a cabin door.

My dear Lansdowne, confined to town, Well guarded there by men, You can't expose your Lordship's nose, You keep it snug within. Till take you home, across the foam, Where you will see the poor to fleece And gobble up your rent.

God help you, then, poor Kerry men, When Lansdowne comes in sight; His cloven hoof will smash your roof And drive you out at night! "See here, Macbeth, hold your breath, You're talking very fast, Till I provide a place to hide From your infernal blast.

But mind your eyes, when you come nigh, The land of liberty, To roar and bawl in front, Where I'm sure are free. You'll get the groan and cobble stones, To send you back, and then Across the main, if you're not slain, And Parnell's sure to win."

MERICANO SOLDROW.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Salt and water cleans willow furniture. For diarrhoea use boiled milk and castor oil, also brandy and raw eggs. Butter and lard should be kept in earthen or stone ware, and kept in a cool place.

Charcoal ground to powder will be found to be a very good thing for polishing knives. A bonnet and trimming may be worn a much longer time if the dust be brushed well off after walking.

Claret stains, should, while wet, have dry salt spread upon them, and afterwards dipped into boiling water. New tires should be set over the fire with boiling water in them for several hours before food is put into them.

A little borax added to the water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are washed will prevent them fading. Plaster boots may be cleaned by dipping them into thick, liquid castor oil—clear starch and cold water—and brushing them dry.

A piece of zinc placed on the live coals in a hot stove will effectually clean out a stovepipe, the vapors produced carrying off the soot by chemical decomposition. To test jelly drop a little into cold water or on a cold plate, stirring it for a few seconds. If it coagulates it is done. The best jelly only requires five minutes boiling.

In ironing, have a piece of sandpaper, such as carpenters use, lying on the table handy, it removes the scuminess of starch from the iron perfectly with only a few strokes.

Tea stains are very difficult to get out if neglected. They should be soaked in milk or warm water as soon as possible, and then soaked and rubbed out. The next washing will efface them wholly.

Salt is preservative in its nature. If too much of it is used in cooking food, it wars against the juices of the stomach, and thus retards digestion, and will in time derange the digestive organs. It is best to use it in small quantities.

It is a safe practice of drawing paper or engraving, lay the paper or engraving face downward on a sheet of smooth paper, unsized white paper, cover it with another sheet of the same very slightly damp, and iron with a moderately warm flatiron.

A FEW CONVENIENCES.

Have some small pieces of board, either round or square, covered with enamel-cloth or oil-cloth, to set under pots and kettles when they are taken from the stove. Every woman knows what a black, ugly mark these vessels make wherever they are set, and usually the sink is used for this purpose, to save the cleaning of table or seat after them. A few of these boards hung near the stove will be found very convenient for this purpose. When the dripping pan comes out of the oven it is sure to smut whatever it touches. A square board like the above kind will come in very handy here. These boards can be washed off very easily and will last a long time, thereby saving the housewife a great deal of unnecessary work.

A small box tacked to the wall in some corner where it will be easy of access, into which is deposited all the small clippings from the family sewing that would otherwise be thrown into the rag bag will be found of no little assistance. In cooking you spill something on the floor. It is only a little spot, and you don't want to run out after the wash for that. Take a scrap from the box, clean the spot and throw the scrap in the fire. Your knives have all been cleaned and the board put away, when you find one you had forgotten. You don't want to bring out the board for that, and you don't want to put it away as it is. A scrap from it is a box and a little ash from the hearth clean it nicely; another scrap wipes it dry; the knife is put away clean, the scraps burned, and you are satisfied. The baby puts his greasy fingers on your clean pants, or Johnny writes his name on it. A scrap from the box dampened and soaked obliterates all, and the pants is as clean as before. The uses that the contents of a box of this kind can be put to are innumerable, and it once given a trial you will never be without one.

All people are more or less forgetful, and the best of housewives sometimes forgets to order from the store something that she should. The baby wakes up with the croup, or some on else of the family with a pain. A mustard bath or a mustard poultice is just what is needed, but it is twelve o'clock and not a bit of mustard in the house. She has to either wake up a neighbor and borrow some, or use something not near as good in its place, until morning. A memorandum would save all trouble and worryment. There have one in the kitchen. A child's slate, have as used in the schools, is just the thing. When you get on a string attached securely to it. When you get on a string attached securely to it. When you get on a string attached securely to it. When you get on a string attached securely to it.

INSECTS THAT FEED ON STEEL RAILS.

The existence has just been discovered of a detestable microbe which feeds upon iron with as much glutonny as the phylloxera upon the vine. Some time ago the greatest consternation existed among the engineers employed on the railway at Hagen by the accidents occurring there. It was not, however, until after six months had elapsed that the surface of the rails appeared to be corroded, as if by acid, to the extent of 100 yards. The rail was taken up and broken, and was literally hollowed out by a thin grey worm, to which the qualification of "rail-eater" was assigned, and by which name it is to be known in the natural history. The worm is said to be two centimetres in length, and of the size of the prong of a silver fork in circumference. It is of a light gray color, and on the head carries two little glands filled with a corrosive secretion, which is ejected every ten minutes upon the iron. This renders the iron soft and spongy, and of the color of rust, and it is then greedily devoured by the worm. "There is no exaggeration," says the official report of the commission, "in the assertion that this creature, for its kind, is one of the most voracious kind, for it has devoured thirty-six kilograms of rail in a fortnight."—Cologne Gazette.

A POLITE NEW YORK BANK CASHIER.

A despatch was received that ticket No. 30,253 had drawn the \$100,000 prize in the August drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, on the first list, at New Orleans, and that one-tenth of the ticket, representing \$15,000 to the lucky holder, had been collected through the National Park bank of this city. A News reporter asked Assistant Cashier De Baun and he had the books examined and reported that the tenth part of ticket 30,253, which drew the \$150,000, had been received by them from Frank Baker, at Horriaville, N. Y.—New York Daily News, Aug. 30.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES.

Keep a shade on your lamp or gas burner. Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness. Never read by twilight, moonlight, or on cloudy days. Never read or sew directly in front of the light of window or door.

It is best to let the light fall from above obliquely over the left shoulder. Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate. Never sleep so that on first awakening the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Never begin to read, write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to light. The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub your eyes, that moment stop using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up do not forcibly open them, but apply the oil of sweet almond; it is the speediest dilutant in the world; then wash your eyes and face in warm water.

If so you can testify to its marvellous powers of healing and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramp, colic, sickness of the stomach and bowel complaints of infants or adults. Let its merits be known to all who have not used it.

HOW SHE KEEPS HER WAIST DOWN.

A writer in the London Lady gives the following simple plan by which all the evils of wearing corsets may be done away with, while all the comfort in the way of warmth and support remain: I can with confidence recommend this plan, as I have tried it for nearly ten years, and although I am a materfamilias, my figure has not enlarged, but, on the contrary, decreased one inch. I simply buy two or three yards of narrow elastic (I think it is called the yoke), and lace the corset in the way of warm support of this, at first as firm as the other method of lacing, while it gives at every breath. I do not suppose one is always exactly the same size; and why bandage tightly one's body when one would not even treat a limb in the same way? I also think that when the body is allowed to expand it is sure to average itself later by becoming more shapeless or getting thicker. If my plan were resorted to I am sure better figures in middle life would be the result, and, in the case of young matrons, better health to the next generation. I will finish by saying that people who suffer faintness, or who have to lie down during the day, will fully appreciate the comfort of lacing with narrow elastic.

IN BRIEF, AND TO THE POINT.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature. The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order. Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flowers has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy. Remember—No happiness without health. Let Green's August Flowers bring health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

MY LAST ERRAND FOR MY FATHER.

Boys, I have a little story to tell you, the old doctor said to the young boy the other evening. One day, a long, hot day it had been, I met my father on the road to town. "I wish you would take this package to the village for me, James," he said. Now, I was a boy of twelve, not over four of work, and just out of the hayfield, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. I wanted to get my supper and to wash and dress for singing school. My first impulse was to refuse. I knew he would go himself. He was a patient, gentle old man. But something stopped me; my Guardian Angel, I think. "Of course, father, I'll take it," I said heartily, giving the satchel I was carrying to the man. He gave me the package. "Thank you, James," he said, "I was about to go myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day. He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town. As we reached it he stopped, and before returning homeward held his hand on my shoulder, saying, 'Thank you, my boy, James.' I hurried to town and back again. When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm-hands near the door. One of them came to me, tears rolling down his face. "Your father, he said, 'fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were of you.'"

"I am an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again, in all these years that have passed since that hour, that the last words my father spoke to me were, 'You have always been a good boy.'"

Nobody ever yet was sorry for love, or kindness shown to others. But there is no pang of remorse so keen as the bitterness with which we remember a single act of unkindness, which we have done to one that is dead. In many families a habit of crossness and ill-nature gradually covers the real feeling of love that lies beneath. Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words to those who gather with you about the same hearth; it is only a little while, after all, that we can go together.

PASCAL TRANCHMONTAGNE.

I'm etivadore on de winter, I work de Biver; I'm, On summer time I do dawting, I'm wan de man dats sign.

I pass de lumber on de ship, My gawg work ver har, We den put on de "hole" some chiss, Some botter an' some lar.

Wan day wen I be on de "hole" I come ver near be dead— Tree bar bit iron out de sling Pass on de boddy by de "bed."

Day pick me up and make tel'graf, Waggin wit bell it's make tel'graf, De doctor put on an "young bed" And give a me-glass Jam-ay-kay rum.

Day run off quick de hospital, Mabbey dats dang'ers case; Day put on big stone sidewalk, I'm tink dats strange place.

I'm eat gas-hose for make it slip, He fill same on big sprake; Dats fill just like I'm get tooth pull, Or wen I'm drink mocht white whiskiee.

De doctor tell—You'll alright now, Dats just your brack be break; You soon be on your work encore, Dats onla small time take.

My weff he's cry like small young boy Wens come de hospital, He's as it was he's make it wear Wens go my funeral.

I tell my weff jus' ds like dat—I'm not so dead you say; Dats be my fault, you know yourself—Mon Dieu! doan cry dat way!

I call my weff near on my side For tell him bring a me wan, Dats play de "musick" ver well On de noxacion.

De ver nex day he bring one fren Her name dats Paul Devienne; She'll bring de box wit it, and Play—"Vive la Canadienne."

So soon I'm out and dats be well, I make it ope small store, I sell cigar, tabac, spruce beer—All tings like dat and plenty more.

Flora's make plenty beensness quick, He's be so smart fine wan; I'm tell you dis, I love ver much Flora—my black and tan.

Pert quick, mabbey, we come very rich, And de wifes name de Lord Middleton; Dats for to make it little trip, And see my Brodder-law.

—XAVIER DEBOIS.

BRITISH LANDOCRACY.

THE MEN WHO MONOPOLIZE THE LAND.

It is a striking fact that one-half of the land in the United Kingdom—England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales—held by 12,000 persons; the population; that is to say, 2,338 individuals out of a population of 30,000,000 monopolize 40,000,000 acres, which comprise the territory of the islands. It is still more startling that more than one-eighth of the territory, comprising 9,300,000 acres, is held by forty-four persons, not one of whom owns less than 100,000 acres. The Duke of Devonshire and the Duke of Sutherland—possessors of 1,000,000 acres each. In the House of Lords the property interest is, of course, paramount, upwards of 400 out of the 500 peers being land owners to the extent of 14,250,000 acres. In the House of Commons there are about 200 proprietors owning upwards of 2,000,000 acres, besides more than sixty sons and heirs of land-holding peers. Taking both Houses of Parliament, the land-owning interest is far in excess of others, owning a quarter of all the land in the United Kingdom. Can it be expected that they will pass any law interfering with their own land? Until this evil law of primogeniture shall have been done away with there will always be party spirit and evil laws. The table annexed ought to cause every Englishman to feel how serious is the situation.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Acres, and other details. Includes Marquis of Waterford (100,000), Earl of Cowdown (100,000), Duke of Cleveland (102,000), Countess of Home (103,000), Lord Kenmare (103,000), Duke of Montrose (105,000), J. R. Fitzwilliam (109,000), Lord Seaford (109,000), James S. Christenholm (110,000), Marquis of Bute (112,000), J. Gordon (112,000), Earl of Dalhousie (114,000), Marquis of Sligo (120,000), A. E. Macintosh (125,000), Lord McDonald (130,000), Donald Cameron (130,000), Sir G. McP. Grant (130,000), Marquis of Downshire (130,000), Marquis of Londonderry (130,000), Duchess of Sutherland (140,000), Earl of Dalhousie (140,000), Norman McLeod (140,000), Duke of Hamilton (150,000), Lord Lovat (180,000), Sir R. S. McKinnis (180,000), Duke of Portland (180,000), Lord Minto (180,000), Eva Ballin (180,000), Richard Berridge (180,000), Marquis of Conyngham (170,000), Duke of Northumberland (180,000), Duke of Devonshire (190,000), Duke of Athole (190,000), Duke of Argyll (190,000), Lord Middleton (200,000), Lady Willoughby (200,000), Earl of Fife (250,000), Earl of Schofield (300,000), Duke of Richmond (300,000), Sir J. Matheson (400,000), Marquis of Breadalbane (400,000), Duke of Buccleugh (450,000), Alexander Matheson (1,000,000), Duke of Sutherland (1,200,000).

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy gratis to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, DR. T. A. SLOOM, BRANCH OFFICE: 37 Yonge St., Toronto, 32-L.

If some men knew as much as they talked there would not be any sale for the encyclopedia.

THE BREATH of a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he cannot go into society, and he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the spongy bones are attacked, and frequently entirely destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing inveterate bronchitis, which in its turn has been the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results which have attended its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best, if not the only real cure for hay fever, rose cold and catarrh.

The poor man has little to lose except his appetite; and sometimes wishes he could lose that.

HOW CLEOPATRA KILLED HERSELF.

Dr. Cleopatra Grand Maria, in a curious pamphlet on the Egyptian Queen, discloses some length her experiences on slaves, prisoners and persons condemned to death. Quoting from Plutarch, he shows how she acquired the certainty that the bite of the asp affected a calm and painless death. But here the worthy doctor's reasoning begins. How, he asks, did the asp escape, and how did the two attendants of the queen die? Nobody saw the serpent afterward, and we have the spectacle of a closed room, of two women inanimate, and of one languidly raising her head to answer with dying feebleness the call of Cleopatra. All this, according to the doctor, shows that Cleopatra had resorted to arsenic, for Cleopatra, who was a clever woman, had studied every possible means of bringing about death. M. Malpero, the well known Egyptologist, to whom the recent researches of which Baron Larrey made fun have been communicated, doubts the existence of the great Nile Queen, but there are no monuments or hieroglyphs relating to her.—London Daily Telegraph.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT.

If you can testify to its marvellous powers of healing and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramp, colic, sickness of the stomach and bowel complaints of infants or adults. Let its merits be known to all who have not used it.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

If we are to have drunks in the future some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No, of course you don't! I know you don't drink now and I hope you never will.

But your temptation will probably still come in this way. You will find yourself, some time, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely don't imagine upon you as a milkop if you don't indulge with them at a drinking bout. "Then what will you do? eh, what will you do? Will you say: 'No, no! None of that stuff for me. I know a trick worth half a dozen of that!' or will you take the glass with your own common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and then go off with a headache and a sickening stomach, that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so all your life? Boys, do not become drunks."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION AND WEAKNESS OF THE ALIMENTARY CANAL. Dr. E. M. GAVITT, Toledo, O., says: "It is a valuable remedy in nervous prostration and weakness of the alimentary canal."

THE SCOTT ACT REPEAL.

A THIRD PARTY TO BE FORMED TO RESIST THE MOVEMENT. TORONTO, Sept. 14.—The Scott act convention closed this afternoon. Arrangements were made for a campaign against the repeal movement and all temperance people are called upon to assist the assailed counties. A vigorous protest will be made in the Dominion Government against the repeal vote in those counties in which the Scott act has not been in force for the full period of three years. A supplementary campaign fund will be created to render assistance to local organizations where a repeal vote is pending. A central committee consisting of Mayor Howland, J. J. McLaren, J. C. Rev. Dr. Shaw, Rev. John Smith, P. B. Spence in the Dominion and Rev. J. A. Ross, Rev. Dr. Griffin, Chas. Raymond and J. O'Hara, in the United States, will control the campaign fund. A lecture bureau composed of E. S. Spence, Rev. John Smith, J. T. Moore, Toronto; Dr. Youmans, St. Catharines, and Rev. D. L. Brethour, Brantford, was also formed. Several hours were spent in discussing the formation of a prohibition party, and the following resolution, moved by Rev. Dr. Sutherland, was carried.

"Whereas, the experience of thirty years in Great Britain, the United States and Canada shows that no advanced temperance legislation need be expected from the existing political parties as such; and whereas, the public utterances of party leaders in the Dominion afford no ground for hope that prohibition will be made plank in either platform in the near future, if at all; and whereas, as there is no distant issue of principle between the existing parties which renders their continued existence either necessary or important; therefore, be it resolved that this convention is of opinion that the present best means for the repeal of the Scott act is the formation of a new party, with prohibition as a chief plank in its platform."

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY

can be easily practiced when Diamond Dyes are known and used. They color any article any color, and faded or dingy articles can be made to look like new. 32 Colors. 10 cents each.

THE DIRTY DUKE.

HIS OPINION OF AMERICAN NEWSPAPER REPORTERS. New York, Sept. 14.—A correspondent of the World called upon the Duke of Marlborough at Boston shortly after his arrival there yesterday. After courteously hearing what the correspondent wanted to find out, regarding him with some suspicion, the Duke said: "Interviewing is a highly pernicious practice. I can not quite familiar with American journalism, but I think it is far below the standard of London journals. The habit of promiscuous interviewing is exceedingly annoying. They never quote correctly what one says. They distort it and amplify with their acute imagination. I find that public men are greatly annoyed by the press. I have never been put to annoyances from this source."

"Ah, I have avoided reporters generally. Now, if an American were to come to London," continued the Duke, "and ring my door bell and wanted to know how many housemaids I kept, whether I had a butler and how much I received for my services, I should consider him impertinent because he wanted to pry into my private affairs. Now, I consider that my impressions of people I have met, and my plans for the present and future, are just as much my private affairs, and I cannot answer the questions you have asked. This American system of interviewing is like the American papers on the whole, different from our English ways, and in many respects inferior and reprehensible."

"How do you enjoy the American tour so far?" "I am traveling for rest and change, and find that I am securing it."

DON'T HAWK, SPIT, COUGH.

suffer disease, indigestion, inflammation of the chest, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and constant efforts to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. Sage's "Catarrh Remedy" will promptly relieve you of discomfort and annoying, and your friends of disagreeable and needless indications of your loathsome disease.

Fond mother—I tell you my daughter Zulala has such control over her feelings, that for instance, when at the theatre she can weep with one eye turned toward the stage, while with the other she smiles at the gentleman sitting beside her."

WITHOUT EQUAL.

Wilson Montrose, of Vienna, Ont., having used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in his family for summer complaints, says, "I cannot speak too highly of it, for children as well as aged people troubled with diarrhoea has no equal."

COURTSHIP IN FRANCE.

YOUNG WOMEN HAVE LITTLE TO SAY IN SELECTING THEIR HUSBANDS. This is the way they court in France:—One lady says to another:—"My daughter is in love. She has to touch. Every girl has a dowry, if it be but 500. 'You see, my daughter, you see how young you are, cannot you think of one to suit her?'"

"Of course the lady can; for men are as eager in France to marry as the girls are to get husbands. It is an increase of fortune, and a patent of respectability in all stations, in all professions. The young man is spoken to and, of course, the girl named to him. A party is given, and they meet. Then the girl, supposed to be in entire ignorance up to this point, is asked how she should like so and so for her husband. Then the mamma of the bridegroom comes one evening when the house has been cleared in order, and everybody dressed in his best. And after the usual matrimonial rites, and in a solemn voice asks the hand of Mlle. Estelle for M. Achille. Then the mamma on the opposite side of the house accepts the offer. Estelle weeps and throws herself into her future mamma's arms, while the son-in-law embraces the mother of his intended. The young man is spoken to and, of course, the girl named to him. A party is given, and they meet. 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