NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The Jews are migrating from Russia in thousands.

An artilleryman who mutinied at Jamai- has been shot.

Fifty deserters from the U. S. navy were captured in New York.

T. S. Brigham, the pioneer editor of Oswego, N. Y., is dead.

There has been a riot among the prisoners in Charleston state prison.

There are 170 cases of the worst type of cholera at Jeddah, Arabia.

This is the seventh week of the cigarmakers' strike at Binghamton, N. Y.

Sir Lyon and Lady Playfair are in New York with the Chamberlains.

The San Jacinto tin mines in California have been sold to Englishmen.

Italy is said to be going in with England and Germany on the African grab.

The corn crop in many counties of the state of Kansas is an absolute failure.

Lord Salisbury declares the time has not yet come for Egypt to govern herself.

Ambrose Albee, a farmer, has been instantly killed by lightning, in Maine.

The discharge of some men on the New York Central has precipitated a strike.

Mrs. Wooley, a well-known young woman of Lansing, Mich., made seven attempts at suicide.

Murray Hall summer hotel at Pueblo Beach has gone up in smoke at a loss of $230,000.

Frank Alonzo, an Italian, leader of a bad gang of counterfeiters, has been arrested in New York.

Prince Leopold's widow visited Lord Tennyson to congratulate the English Laureate on his birthday.

A fight occurred between a number of Socialists near Zurich. Several were killed and a number wounded.

There is no doubt that Chicago rates as the second city of the States. Its population is officially fixed at 1,098,576

The Mayor of Limerick and others have been kicked out of the National League for their opposition to John Dillon.

The doctors now meeting in Berlin have appointed an international committee to look up the cremation question.

An incendiary fire at the ironworks, Allentown, Pa., has roasted nine horses and burnt up patterns worth $30,000.

Bough's circus has been torn up by the crowd in Michigan because they failed to give an advertised balloon ascent.

Things are quieter in the Argentine. Celman's resignation is accepted and Pelegrini has been elected President in his place.

It is reported that Italy, with the consent of England and Germany, is about to acquire important territory south of Zanzibar.

Lord and Lady Dunlo appear to have become fully reconciled, and have resumed the enjoyment of their interrupted honeymoon.

Mr. Bowell, editor of the Midland, Ireland, Tribune, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for publishing a boycott resolution.

The French Government contemplates the construction of a trans-Saharan Railway to form a connection with France's new territory.

The carpenters and joiners' national convention closed at Chicago on Friday night. The meeting next year will be held at St. Louis.

It now transpires that the electrical machinery in the dynamo room at the Auburn state prison was out of order at the time Kemmler was executed.

Right Hon. William Edward Baxter, Privy Councillor, formerly secretary to the admiralty and secretary to the treasury, is dead. He was 65 years old.

Negotiations in favor of peace between San Salvador and Guatemala are progressing favorably, and will undoubtedly be concluded before the end of the week.

Emperor William has received a mysterious warning to be careful of himself on his visit to Russia, and to avoid as much as possible too close contact with the Czar.

The Queensland Cabinet has resigned owing to lack of support in Parliament on its budget proposals. Mr. Griffin, leader of the Opposition, is forming a new Ministry.

Despatches from the City of Mexico report that the Guatemala forces have been completely defeated by those of San Salvador, and that President Barillas is ready to flee.

Twenty of the passengers who were on the train that was thrown down an embankment near Pilsen, Austria, on Wednesday, are missing. It is feared they were drowned.

The result of the threshing of the wheat crop has been a disappointment to Ohio farmers. The indications are that only from 60 to 75 per cent, of an average crop can be realized.

The body of a colored man was found in the Detroit River near Turkey Creek. It is supposed that it is the body of George E. Dempsey, who jumped off the ferry boat Victoria three weeks ago.

All the school officers elected at South Stockton, N. Y., are women. They were nominated by the Political Equality Club and elected unanimously, all other candidates being withdrawn.

The deputation of New York State maltsters now at Washington is making a hard fight to have the duty on barley cut down from 15 cents, and its members still have some hope of succeeding.

John Boyle O'Reilly, the poet and editor of the Boston Pilot, died last week at his summer residence at Hull. His death is supposed to have been caused by an overdose of chloral taken for insomnia.

Referring to the spreading discontent in the British army, the London Chronicle says if remedial measures are not introduced the army will be in a similar condition to that of France before the revolution of 1789.

The election to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons for the east division of Carmarthenshire, caused by the death of Mr. David Pugh, Home Ruler has taken place. Mr. Thomas, Gladstonian, was returned without opposition.

Catharine Sweet, who lives at Providence, R. I., was the victim of a murderous assault. Her husband, Jerome Sweet, 35 years old, poured kerosene oil on her and set her on fire. She cannot recover. The husband was arrested.

The story telegraphed to Washington from New York that 24 sailors escaped from British ships have been captured on American soil is not credited at the State Department. If such has occurred it will be regarded as a serious breach of international law.

The report of the liquidators of the Panama Canal Company has been presented to the Tribunal of the Seine, France. According to the report the total expenditures of the company thus far amounted to 1,313,000 000 francs. The assets on March 3 were 16,-000,000 francs.

The British Consul has delivered to the Sultan of Zanzibar, congratulations from Queen Victoria on the slavery decree. A number of slave owners are forming an association to solicit protection from Germans against the decree, believing the Germans are hostile to it.

A DAMNABLE CRIME.

A BIGAMIST COMMITS MURDER TO SHIELD HIMSELF.

A Rochester Lather Inveigles His Wife to the Falls and Throws Her Into the River to Prevent Prosecution for the Lesser Crime.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Aug. 10.—An atrocious murder has come to light to-day, the principals being Rochester people. This morning Chief Detective J. C. Hayden and Detective Furtherer of Rochester, having in charge a Mrs. Quigley, wife of Charles H. Quigley, a Rochester lather, arrived here and notified Ontario Policeman McMicking that they were in search of the body of a woman who had been murdered here two weeks ago to-day. The victim was the wife of Arthur Day of Rochester and Mrs. Quigley was his sister.

The detectives started on their search, piloted by Mrs. Quigley, down along the top of the river bank on the Canadian side below the railway suspension bridge towards the whirlpool. When about 100 yards below the whirlpool rapids elevator photograph gallery Mrs. Quigley drew back and refused to advance, saying: "There is the spot, under that precipice lies the body of Arthur Day's wife."

Officers Hayden and McMicking then made a detour and after an hour's hard climbing reached the place where the body of the unfortunate woman was found lying frightfully mangled on the rugged rocks. The face was badly sunken, and the whole body was very much decomposed. The hands were over the head, It being late in the evening no attempt was made to bring the body to the top of the bank. Coroner McGarry was notified and ordered the body guarded to-night and brought to the police station at daybreak. The party then returned to Police Magistrate Hill's office, where Mrs. Quigley related this story to the Police Magistrate in the presence of Detectives Hayden, Furtherer, McMicking and your correspondent:

I live at Rochester, N.Y. I came to the Falls Sunday, July 27. With me was my brother, Arthur Day, and his wife. We came by the West Shore via Buffalo, arriving here about 11 o'clock in the morning. The trip was proposed by my brother Arthur on the preceding Saturday. He called at my house and asked me to go to the Falls. I told him I was poor and could not afford it. He told me he would pay my fare. I told him I would go. Upon our arrival at the Falls we took the street cars to the bridge. We crossed the lower bridge to this side and walked down towards the whirlpool.

Below the whirlpool rapids elevator, being tired, I sat down upon a stone looking towards the Falls. My brother and his wife went on down and stopped at the place where we did to-day. I saw my brother once standing near the precipice, his wife immediately in front of him.

The next time I looked he was waving a black handkerchief for me to come to him, which I did, and not seeing his wife I asked him where Deseriah was. He admitted that he had pushed her over the bank and said she had never moved and did not know what struck her. He said he wanted to get rid of her.

Afterwards he gave me a ticket and said we must part. I went up on a street car to the falls and took the train from there. I saw my brother upon arrival at Buffalo, but did not speak to him. I saw him three days afterwards in Rochester. The only thing he said about the murder was that had he to do it over he would not.

Detective Hayden threw the following light upon the murder: Last Tuesday Lizzie Breen of 228 Plymouth-street, Rochester, who had lived comfortably with her father before meeting one Arthur Hoyt of the same city, whom she had married July 12 last at Canandaigua, laid information before me that she had reason to think she had been victimized by Hoyt, that his name was not Hoyt but Arthur Day, and that he was a married man when she met him. He detailed Detective Kavanagh on the case. The detective had Day arrested for bigamy at once and learned upon further investigation that Mrs. Day No. 1, her husband and sister-in-law were at the Falls on July 27, but could not find any trace of Mrs. Day's present whereabouts. Wife No. 2 said that Day would awaken her talking in his sleep by expressions of, "Here she goes over," and like remarks.

Mrs. Quigley being questioned by the detectives about that visit admitted to them her brother had told her at the falls he had pushed her over the bank.

Arthur Day married one Deseriah Chatterton of Saratoga eight years ago and had been living with her at 70 Stillson-street, Rochester, up to the day of the murder July 27, and at the same time had married Lizzie Breen and was living with her at the rear of 30½ Mortimer-street.

Mrs. Quigley is a very hard looking woman and gives her age as 48 years and had been married four times and said that to her mother, Mrs. Cornelia Day, who has rooms in the Sibley block, she has confessed the whole thing. Her mother told her she was glad she was gone. She said her mother did not like Deseriah, in fact she did not like any of her sons' wives and neither did she like any of my husbands, having parted myself and one of my husbands. Upon being asked Mrs. Quigley said the reason for denying any knowledge of Mrs. Day No. 1's whereabouts was that she did not wish to betray her brother in his crime.

The police magistrate had Mrs. Quigley arrested as an accessory to the murder. Upon being told that she could not go she pleaded to Detective Hayden to see that her birds were taken good care of and tears began to flow down her wrinkled cheeks.

The dead woman was tall and slender, with dark hair, fair complexion, dark eyes, rather good-looking. Mrs. Quigley said she was peevish, would take fits of anger. She had two children, one of them dying last winter. She was about 26 years of age. She and her husband had fights when they were living in Monroe-street and parted for a few weeks. The children were put in the industrial school at the time. She was the daughter of Daniel Chatterton of Saratoga.

Wife No. 2 was the daughter of Mr. Breen of Plymouth-street, Rochester. The Breens had come to Rochester from Canada.

Application will be made to extradite Day, and he will be tried for murder here.

Lieut. Stairs at Halifax.

HALIFAX, Aug. 10.—Lieutenant W. J. Stairs, who was Stanley's righthand man in his expedition for the rescue of Emin Pasha, arrived here to-day on two months' leave of absence. Mr. Stairs received a great many callers to-day. He will be tendered a public welcome in the City Hall.

Natural History.

A Very Smart Cat.—The girl employees of the Ansonia Brass Company have a cat which is an expert in catching English sparrows. The cat is fed from the dinner pails of the girls, and after dinner it generally brings in a nice plump sparrow as dessert. Curiosity as to how it caught the birds so regularly was aroused, and the cat was watched. One of the girls had given it a piece of bread, and pussy was seen to take it in its mouth and go out to the concrete walk in the yard, where it chewed up the bread and placed it on the walk; then it hid behind some boxes in the yard. Pretty soon a flock of sparrows alighted to eat the crumbs, and it took but one spring to land in the middle of the flock and capture one.—Philadelphia Times.

Rats Can Be Tamed.—I have seen and handled a pair of tame rats belonging to some young friends, and prettier, more playful, and more intelligent pets could not be imagined. They were accustomed to run about on the table at meal-times. They never stole food; but when anything was offered them, they sat up on their hind legs, held the morsel between their forepaws and ate it daintily. They were fond of game which I saw them play. The rats were put into the boy's cap, which was hung on the hat-stand in the hall. The boy and his sister then went to the top of the house and whistled. At the sound of the whistle the rats jumped to the floor, and then ran up stairs and perched on their owners' shoulders. The general idea of the rat is that it is an ill-savored animal, dirty in its person and revolting in its diet, whereas it is delicately clean in person, and equally dainty in its food. It is ever washing itself, and never eats without washing afterward.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Animals Which See Both Ways.—Nature has enabled some animals to see objects behind them as well as in front without turning around. The hare has this power in a marked degree. Its eyes are large, prominent and placed laterally. Its power of seeing things in the rear is very noticeable in the greyhound coursing; for though this dog is mute while running, the hare is able to judge to a nicety the exact moment at which it will be best for it to double. Horses are another instance. It is only necessary to watch a horse, driven invariably without blinkers, to notice this. Take for instance, those on tramways. Let the driver even attempt to take the whip in hand, and if the horse is used to the work he will at once quicken his pace.

The giraffe, which is a very timid animal is approached with the utmost difficulty on account of its eyes being so placed that it can see as well behind as in front. When approached this same faculty enables it to direct with great precision the rapid storms of kicks with which it defends itself.—Providence Journal.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

If thou wouldst be borne with, bear with others.

Those who are greedy in praise are lacking in merit.

Sometimes women who do fancy work don't fancy work.

Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle.

To speak wisely may not always be easy, but not to speak ill requires only silence.

In accordance with the ancient proverb, he who would accumulate must spend also.

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

The best society and conversation is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

It is every man's duty to labor in his calling, and not to despond for any miscarriages or disappointments that were not in his power to prevent.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two can not be separated with impunity.

By labor the earth has been subdued, and man redeemed from barbarism; nor has a single step in civilization been made without it. Labor is not only a necessity and a duty, but a blessing.

The motto marked upon our foreheads, written upon our door-posts, channelled in the earth, and wafted upon the waves, is and must be, "Labor is honorable and idleness is dishonorable."

Men talk in raptures of youth and beauty, wit and spriteliness; but after seven years of union, not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal, and felt every hour in the husband's purse.

Be merry, but with modesty; be sober, but not sullen; be valiant, but not venturous; let your clothes be comely, but not costly; your diet wholesome, but not excessive; mistrust no man without cause; neither be thou credulous without proof.

Home is sometimes thought flat and dull, and too often made so, just from the want of recognizing what it stands for. The love, the fidelity, the forbearance, the self-sacrifices that are nourished by family life are among the richest possessions of humanity.

She Was the Best Man of the Two.

When trade grew slack, and bills fell due, the tradesman's face grew long and blue; his dreams were troubled through the night with sheriff's bailiffs all in sight. At last his wife unto him said, "Rise up at once, get out of bed, and get your paper, ink and pen, and say these words unto all men: 'My goods I wish to sell to you, and to your wives and daughters too; my prices are so very low, that all will buy before they go.'" He did as his good wife advised, and in the paper advertised. Crowds came and bought of all he had, his bills were paid, his dreams were glad; and he will tell you to this day how well did printer's ink repay. He boasteth, with a knowing wink, how he was saved by printer's ink.

Duties of Host and Guest.

Did you ever see a palette when an artist was preparing to paint a picture? A row of tiny mounds of color stand round its edge, crudely isolated, and, as the French say, swearing at each other. How can they ever be mingled in the subtle hues of sunlight and shadow? Wait a moment, and you will see the artist draw from his box a slender, flat-bladed, flexible knife; with this he takes up a bit of one color and adds a little of another, and mixes in a tint of ivory black or flake white, and, lo! the miracle wrought before our eyes. What this blending knife is to the palette the hostess must be to her company. The greater its diversity, and the stronger its coloring of individuality, the better, if she can unite the differing elements.

The first duty of the hostess is to make her guests acquainted with each other. A hint of some topic in which the people introduced are mutually interested, an allusion to an acquaintance which they hold in common, a mention of some place, book or picture familiar to both, launches them successfully; and the hostess may turn to her other guests with her mind at ease. If she is wise, she will have asked several persons preferably young girls, to act as hostesses, to share the duties of introducing and entertaining. She will also have invited several more men than women, in order to have a circulating medium; as a man may without awkwardness be left standing alone, a woman never.

Nothing in the line of party-giving is so easy as a small evening party. It is often pleasantest when most informal. Invite only such guests as come to see you. Have done with apologies! Deficiencies speak for themselves, and their mouths are not to be shut by explanations. Welcome your guest heartily, set before him your best of material and spiritual refreshment, and then cease to be over-anxious as to his enjoyment.

Let the rooms be softly, but not dimly, lighted. Lamps, except for odor of kerosene, are preferable to gas, on account of the milder light. Strew the tables with books and photographs, draw chairs and sofas into easy groups, that four or five guests may talk together without effort. If refreshments are to be passed, have everything ready in a side room, and strive to time the serving so that it may fill a pause, instead of breaking in upon a full tide of conversation or music. Instruct the servant that all the people in the same group are to be served at the same time. If not too warm, light a fire, as a gathering point. Add to these surroundings the inspiring presence of a genial host and hostess, and what guest could fail to respond by a cheerful readiness to enter into the spirit of festivity?

Alas! there are people who settle back, a leaden weight, upon their entertainers; people whose eyes are fixed on a hole in the sofa cover while they listen languidly to their host; people who regard vivacity as a mark of inferior breeding—social oysters, who hope, by never opening their shells, to deceive the world into the belief that they hold a pearl. All these are as common as they are depressing. The ideal guest is much more rare than the ideal hostess. The role involves the power to play second fiddle gracefully, to take time from the first violin, and aim simply to aid the general effect. With no personal interest in making a party a success, to throw one's vital energy in to the breach is a stretch of altruism as rare as admirable. Much of the explanation of the lethargy of guests lies in that phrase, "The expenditure of vital energy." We, as a race, are too tired for social enjoyment. An editor who was invited to a literary gathering to listen to a paper responded, with more vigor than civility, "Good gracious? would you ask a man who had been felling trees all day for a living to come to a wood chopping party in the evening for fun?"

The task of making society socialble may well stagger a hostess if it involves first regulating the business day of the guest. But that a leisure class does not solve the problem is sufficiently attested by Byron's description of

"Society, one vast and polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and bored."

This is the verdict of one who had tried all the luxury and elaboration that could be derived by a class which made society a chief pursuit. Suppose, then, we begin at the other end, and try what help may lie in simplification, and the adaptation of society to the requirements of business men and busy women; in adopting a social code wherein the only thing demanded of the hosts shall be a spirit of hospitality, and the only requisition of the guests readiness to be entertained and a desire to contribute something to the hilarity of the occasion.

Suddenly Prostrated.

GENTLEMEN,—I was suddenly prostrated while at work by a severe attack of cholera morbus. We sent at once for a doctor, but he seemed unable to help. An evacuation about every forty minutes was fast wearing me out, when we sent for a bottle of Wild Strawberry, which saved my life.

MRS J. N. VAN NATTER,
2 Mount Brydges, Ont.

One Sunday evening, recently, two youths visited the cherry orchard of John Grant, Seaforth, in the owner's absence and not only helped themselves to the fruit but damaged one of the trees. The irate proprietor has ascertained who the parties were and demands satisfaction or else he will have them before the beak. He says he does not begrudge a few cherries but he thinks the least they might do is to ask permission.

Miss Helen R. Sinclair,

of Ninette, Man., writes that she has used Burdock Blood Bitters for loss of appetite and headache with the greatest benefit and heartily recommends it. Her experience is shared by thousands. B. B. B. is a specific for headache. 2

Age adds to the eccentricity of Joaquin Miller. He has permanently retired to his mountain home, three miles back of Oakland, Cal., and refuses to have any intercourse with the world. He has built three quaint cottages, in one of which the erratic poet dwells, the second shelters his mother, and in the third his wife and children live.

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THOS. J. VIDEAN.
I take this opportunity of thanking my customers for their liberal patronage during my proprietorship of the East-st Flour and Feed Store, and also take pleasure in recommending my successor, Mr Thos. J. Videan, who will be found to be a thoroughly reliable man.
27-tf A. E. CULLIS.