OLD WORLD CABLEGRAMS.

Asiatic Cholera Said to have Broken Out in London.

RUSSIAN WAR PREPARATIONS.

Volcanic eruptions of Mount Vesuvius are increasing in activity.

The Marquis of Hartington, who was at Dublin during the past few days, has returned to London.

The Right Rev. Richard Gilmour, D. D., Bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of Cleveland, arrived at Liverpool yesterday on the City of Richmond.

It is reported Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt is the chief stockholder of the new Metropole Hotel on the Thames embankment, which is the largest hotel in London.

France, supported by other European powers, proposes that offences against the press laws in Egypt shall be tried by international tribunals. Turkey and England oppose this proposition.

Some of the Berlin papers are very warlike in tone over the Zanzibar trouble, and hint that England and Italy must be punished for inciting the Sultan of Zanzibar against the German Trading Company.

During practice with a twenty-ton gun in the harbor at Queenstown Saturday a ball, by some unexplained reason, went in dangerous proximity to the Roche's point lighthouse, which had a narrow escape from destruction.

A special says that while it is probable members of the Royal family will make tours in Ireland during next autumn, the Queen will not visit the island, the ostensible reason being that her health is not robust enough to stand the strain.

Lord Granville's Secretary has written to the *News* that its statement of the status of the Anglo-Russian negotiations is incorrect, and that negociations are still proceeding. The *News* maintains that its statement is substantially correct.

So immense has been the demand for flowers by admirers of the dead poet, Hugo, for tributes at his funeral that there is a flower famine in Paris. Tennyson has sent a diadem composed of Irish lilies. Politicians of all shades of opinion in England are sending floral tributes to the dead poet.

Earl Spencer has failed to convince Sir Charles Dilke that a renewal of the Crimes Act in Ireland is necessary, and the probability is that the Government will be compelled to back down, and will get out of its dilemma by the introduction of a harmless renewal bill to remain in force about a year.

A letter has been received from Dr. Schweinfurth, the German traveller, stating that a schooner which was pursued recently threw overboard a quantity of contraband destined for Osman Digna's rebels. Schweinfurth urges the necessity of keeping strict watch on the African coast line to prevent the Mahdi and his followers from obtaining supplies.

Thousands of laborers are being forwarded to hasten the completion of the Russian Central Asian Railway. The *Viedomosti* wants Russia to insist that a limit be put upon the Afghan armaments supplied by means of English money. It urges that a strong Russian fortress be built opposite Herat.

The official bulletins announce that the Emperor William of Germany has recovered from his recent indisposition. While he has taken a turn for the better, his condition is far from authorizing such hopeful bulletins. He is still confined to bed. It is true there is no longer danger from his intestinal complaint, but the Emperor's persistent insomnia is causing his medical attendants great alarm.

A London cable says: The report of the spread of cholera in Spain is causing a feeling of alarm here. Sixty cases occurred within the past week at Valencia and several cases are reported at Marseilles. The disease has appeared in this city in the neighborhood of the docks, undoubtedly imported in French and Spanish ships, and though it is stated to be only of a mild type there is reason to fear more than one death from genuine Asiatic cholera has taken place.

JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG.

The Chief Secretary for Ireland Demands His Resignation.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN ULSTER.

The Ulster papers of the last mail contain long accounts of the case of Mr. William Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, one of the Fishery Inspectors for Ireland, who has been called upon to resign by the Gladstone Ministry. Mr. Johnston, who was formerly M.P. for one of the Ulster constituencies, visited Canada some years ago, being at that time chief of the Orange Order in the Old Country. Some years ago he was appointed to a fishery inspectorship by the Disraeli Government. Shortly after this, complaint was made in Parliament of his conduct in addressing public gatherings on Orange questions; and at length an order of the Treasury Board was passed expressly prohibiting him from doing so. It appears that he broke through the regulations once more, and the Chief Secretary, reminding him of his obligation to abstain from participating in party demonstrations, asked him to resign. Johnston denied that he had done anything wrong, and declined to resign, whereupon he has been dismissed.

The Tobacco Glut.

A Lynchburg, Va., despatch says the tobacco glut here is unprecedented. Waggons stand in the street all night, being unable to get to the warehouse to unload. The week closes with a million and a half of pounds on warehouse floors. Prices, however, have been maintained.

A Persian paper states that Russia is negotiating with Bokhara for the cession to the former of all the towns on the left bank of the Amudaria River.

Ex-President Arthur's French cook at the United States White House has been discharged. President Cleveland has installed in his place a young Irishwoman named Katherine Keenan.

NEW WORLD TELEGRAMS.

A Dime Novel Hero Sent to the Reformatory.

THE TYPHOID PLAGUE AT PLYMOUTH.

Kingston has demanded a license fee from the Book-room held a few days in connection with the Montreal Conference.

Donald Ross, of Nairn, father of A. W. Ross, M.P., of Lisgar, died on Saturday. He had been a resident of Middlesex county since 1832.

Baum, the Texas cotton swindler, who was awaiting extradition in Chatham jail pending the decision of the Superior Court on a motion for his discharge, died on Saturday of heart disease.

Privates Showerers and McConaghey, who left their sentry posts at Kingston Fort, have been sentenced to six and seven months respectively. Sergeant Goodfellow, formerly of Gananoque, for being insolent to an officer, was reduced to a private.

A boy named Hodgins, whose parents reside in Belleville, stole some money from his mother to purchase a revolver, and started on the road as a dime novel hero. He was arrested at Trenton and sentenced to three years in the Reformatory at Penetanguishene.

Hon. Oliver Mowat and Mrs. Mowat arrived in Ottawa on Saturday night. It is understood that the Provincial Premier's visit is for the purpose of obtaining information as to the nature of the Dominion Government's claim upon Ontario territory in connection with the Indian title.

Detective Cuddy, of Toronto, left for Niagara Falls late on Saturday night in company with Government Detective Rogers to bring the prisoner arrested there for killing a Toronto policeman to Toronto. Yesterday morning a despatch was received at police headquarters to the effect that the man arrested was not Little. The prisoner has been released.

On Friday evening a young man named Georgie Gerdis, aged about 22, and married about six months, who lived in the township of Herschel, near Faraday town line road, left his home in the evening to visit a neighbor on business, carrying with him his rifle. He was found next morning lying dead, having been shot through the body. The accident was evidently caused by carelessness in crossing the fence with the gun.

Detective Tracey, acting as State agent, started from St. Louis, Mo., on Saturday night for Auckland, New Zealand, to receive the murderer Maxwell, who killed Preller at the Southern Hotel.

Decoration Day was observed on Saturday in a fitting manner in the South, as well as in other portions of the country. The Grand Army celebrations at the national cemeteries were on an elaborate and impressive scale.

A Plymouth, Pa., telegram says one death is reported since last night, and many patients are dangerously ill and beyond recovery. The doctors believe the danger of secondary infection is becoming greater every day by contamination of the wells. The Grand Jury has indicted the Borough Council for criminal neglect of duty for not keeping the town in a good sanitary condition.

FEARFUL EXPLOSIONS.

A Wareroom Wrecked and Burned—A Girl Killed and a Young Man Terribly Burned.

A Philadelphia despatch says: Three explosions in rapid succession were heard this evening in a five-story building occupied by H. Vehmeyer as a furniture wareroom, corner of Second and Market streets. Immediately after the wall on the Second street side of the building fell. The sidewalks were crowded with pedestrians, who ran affrighted in all directions. Mary Cathcart, of Palmyra, N. J., was buried under a portion of the fallen wall. Her head was crushed in and one of her arms nearly cut off. She died two hours later. Her sister was slightly in advance of her and escaped uninjured. After the wall fell flames burst from the building, and a man suddenly appeared at a third-story window on the Market street side with his clothing and hair on fire. He was recognized as Henry Vehmeyer, son of the proprietor, and was about to leap to the ground. A ladder was placed against the wall, but being to short to reach him a number of men held it at arms' length, and the half blinded man secured a foothold and commenced to descend. When half way down he swooned, but his limbs caught between the rounds and he was safely lowered. His neck, head and arms were badly burned. The flames made rapid headway and communicated to the adjoining building, but at 8 o'clock were under control. The corner buildings on Market and Second streets were badly damaged. Vehmeyer's loss on stock is estimated at $50,000. The losses on the various buildings aggregate $30 000 and other losses $13 000.

TRAMPS SEIZE A G. T. R. TRAIN.

Riding to Detroit by Overawing the Brakemen with Revolvers

A Detroit (Mich.) despatch says: Last night at 10 o'clock, at Fort Gratiot, the south bound Grand Trunk freight train was boarded by five armed men who kept possession of the train until a short distance this side of the Frazer, when they left, fearing the trainmen would receive reinforcements. At Mount Clemens two deputy sheriffs boarded the train, but were quickly overpowered and disarmed. At Frazer the conductor managed to leave the train and telegraphed to Detroit for help. Early this morning an engine and caboose with a posse of officers started out and met the captured train at the Detroit and Milwaukee Junction. No trace of the men has been discovered. The tramps told the trainmen that they wanted to get to Detroit in time to catch the circus.

It is commonly thought that Germany has the largest consumption of tobacco, but the Hamburg *Journal* shows that this is an error, for both Turkey and Holland surpass, relatively to their population, the German consumption. Even in Switzerland the consumption has risen to 2.8 kilograms per head, while in Germany it is only 1 8, and in France 1 3.

MURDER IN A GRAVEYARD.

Ghastly Discovery in a Cemetery Keeper's House.

AGED MAN MURDERED FOR HIS MONEY.

A Charlottetown, P.E I, despatch says: The community was startled this afternoon by the news of the murder of the keeper of Sherwood Cemetery, four miles from this city. The murder is the most atrocious ever committed in this Province, the victim being Patrick Callaghan, aged 67, who lived alone at the cemetery, and was not missed until his dead body was discovered to-day by Brenton Longworth, who was visiting his father's grave and wanted to see the keeper. Longworth entered the keeper's house from the rear. The stench from the decomposed remains was horrible. Entering the bed-room Longworth found the corpse concealed under the mattress and bed clothes. He reported the matter immediately to the police. Coroner McLeod summoned a jury and viewed the body, and will hold an inquest. The body was found lying face downward in a pool of blood on the floor. One arm was around the leg of a table, the other twisted round on the back, and the body was stretched towards the bed. There was a ghastly cut across the windpipe, evidently inflicted by some blunt instrument. The eyes and face were considerably swollen. The head bones were completely shattered, exposing the brain. The scalp was separated from the back of the head to the extent of three inches. On the left side of the head was a large wound. There were no marks on the body, the murderer having evidently only attacked a vital part of the head. The appearance of the victim was shocking, and the jurors sickened when viewing the body. The walls of the room were thickly bespattered with blood, and the entire surroundings indicated a terrible struggle. The instrument used besides a butcher's knife is supposed to be a large iron gate bar. The victim was a miserly old man, having four thousand dollars in the bank. It is believed he had money in the house, and that that was the object of the brutal murder. This is one theory. Another is that he was murdered by two roughs whom he had had imprisoned in the penitentiary for breaking into the cemetery. The murder must have been committed four days ago, judging from the state of the body.

TORNADO IN TEXAS.

Fearful Destruction by a Furious Rain and Wind Storm—Whole Families Washed Away and Drowned.

A Waco, Texas, telegram says: The fiercest storm ever known in this vicinity raged on Wednesday night, almost with the fury of a tornado. Rain fell in great sheets for several hours, completely deluging this city. Daylight revealed a distressing picture, for, in addition to great damage to property, a number of lives had been lost. By 9 o'clock yesterday morning Waco Creek had overflowed its banks, the swift current sweeping away a number of houses along its course. A building just south of the city limits, occupied by T. H. Deminghoff, a German, with his wife and three children, was overwhelmed and the entire family drowned. Another building a few feet away, occupied by a family named Cameron, was lifted from its foundation and completely demolished. The family narrowly escaped, but lost everything. Two dwellings were carried down the stream some distance before their occupants escaped. Lower down, on Waco Creek, over a dozen other houses were swept away. Five of eight bridges spanning the creek within the city limits are washed away, The wind blew with tremendous velocity, unroofing warehouses and other buildings. The water last night was within two feet of the great Missouri Pacific iron bridge, and the suspension bridge belonging to the city was threatened. Six miles south of the city a family of six negroes was washed away and drowned. The damage to farms and crops along the river and creeks is enormous. All the railroads leading to the city are badly washed and traffic is suspended.

DESTRUCTIVE CYCLONES.

Great Damage in Northeastern Kansas—Many Persons Fatally Injured.

An Atchison, Kan., despatch says: Cyclones visited Nortonsville, Goffs and Frankfort, Northeastern Kansas, yesterday afternoon, doing great damage to property. At Nortonsville, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad depot was lifted from its foundation and set squarely across the track. A dwelling house was completely demolished and a woman seriously hurt. At Goffs the Missouri Pacific depot was badly wrecked, and a car lifted up and turned over twenty-five feet away. Pieces of wrecked barn were carried several miles. Many residences were levelled. No one was killed, but some were very seriously injured and will probably die.

A Sad Case.

A St. Louis, Mo., despatch says: Flora Emily Downs, who claims to have worked as a newspaper writer in England and Toronto, deliberately broke the window of a jewellery store here last night and abstracted several valuable articles, making no attempt to escape. When arrested she told a pitiful story of poverty and desperation. She went from Toronto to Chicago a short time ago, but not getting employment came here and was no more successful. Having exhausted her means she became desperate and determined to commit a crime to obtain shelter and food. She first attempted forgery by signing the name of a prominent broker here to a cheque and presenting it to the bank, but was not arrested. She then determined to commit the act above described. She appears to be a woman of education and culture.

The New York correspondent of the *Virginia Medical Monthly* relates that on personal inquiry at forty of the drug stores he learned of 289 cases of the opium habit. Three-fourths of the habitues were found to be women, and many of these were not of good character. Morphia was the form of opium most largely called for, and some of the victims used sixty grains a day—enough to kill thirty people.

A terrific thunder storm has occurred in Southern Hindostan. Several casualties are reported. At Hyderabad two officers of the Hussars were killed by lightning.

PRESS AND PULPIT.

A Lay Sermon on the Chief End of Man.

SYMPATHY WITH THE SORROWFUL

Good-will to Man the Highway to Success.

By A. E. Bowers, City Editor, New York Tribune.

So far as the great mass of humanity is concerned, their chief aim and purpose are the support of their families. From one end of the world to the other the peoples spend their time, rack their brains, tire their muscles, to make money enough to keep the wolf from the door, so that the bread and butter man may have free and unimpeded access. The great mass of mankind live their lives like a tale that is told. In the morning they rise to labor. Through the day they toil and strive, and with the night they sink to sleep, drawing the drapery of forgetfulness about them and theirs, sickness avoided, sturdy health enjoyed, the doctor a stranger and policemen afar off. What is the use of talking to them about purpose in life? As you walk through your streets, look at the delvers, the men who dig your trenches, with begrimed faces and dirty hands and dirty clothes, standing knee-deep in the mud and water laying pipes, packing stone, cementing this, that and the other, up at 5 o'clock in the morning after a sound sleep at night, hastily dressing, feverishly eating, picking and shovelling by 6 o'clock in the morning. Now don't come any nonsense over yourselves and say, "Why, the purpose of such men as these should be to dig the best trenches, to lay their pipes in the very best manner, to see that their mortar is mixed better than the mortar of anybody else, to take pride in the regularity of the lines of stone." The fierce sun beats down upon their heads, literally tanning their skin until it turns to hide. Their faces,

ONCE WREATHED WITH BABY SMILES,

are rigid and furrowed and seamed. Their hands, once dimpled like those of your children to-day, are like gnarled knots of oak; their nails shortened and stunted, the knuckles swollen and distorted, their everlasting sensation that horrible gritty feeling which makes you and me hurry to the washroom, where, with soap and water and ammonia and a good stiff brush, we get even the little grime from our skin. At noon they rest, eating a chunk of bread and a hunk of meat, washed down with coffee or with water or with beer, their single solace the savory odor and the becalming influence of their blackjack, smoked in a short clay pipe. Another long stretch of dirty work, which could be done just as well by a million other people as by them, brings them to their evening hour, when they trudge home, their backs fairly cracking with weariness, and to what? Nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand of them to dirt, to squalor, to an atmosphere so vitiated that even a dog's stomach would be turned, to weary women and to crying babies, to an ill-furnished apartment, to a meagrely spread table, and then, after another smoke, to bed, to sleep, to wake, to repeat, and who are these? Why, these are not the poor; they are the happy, happy workmen. They have got something to do, they have steady employment. The years roll round, bringing them every day $1.50.

HAPPY, HAPPY WORKINGMEN.

But are they the great army of the world's inhabitants? Not much. They are the select few who literally ride upon the horse of prosperity, looking down upon their fellowmen, millions upon millions who have nowhere to lay their heads and never get a piece of bread even, save from the ash barrel of charity or the garbage box of accident. What purpose can these people have in life, save a crust. I was standing in the pension office this afternoon witness for a childless widow as she drew a pittance paid her by the Government in lieu of the strong-handed support of a loving son, one of those martyrs who faught during the late war of the rebellion, to whom Grant has just dedicated his memoirs of the war. A man stepped up to me and asked my attention for a moment. He said he came here from the West with a wife and two children, thinking to find work, and wanted something with which to buy bread for his family that night. Now, there stood the widow, a woman 75 years of age, in feeble health, to whom the Government pays $12 a month, and on the other hand this man, about 45 years of age,

WITHOUT A CENT IN THE WORLD,

but with a wife and two children waiting at home for the possible crust "Papa" was to bring. I wonder what they would have said to Bro. Bowers when he asked what should be the chief end of man. Do you suppose that it would be the immediate answer of that bereaved mother, literally tottering on the edge of the grave, and probably a pauper's grave at that, "to glorify God." And what would be the response of that man, strong, willing to work? Would it be "to glorify God?" And if it were, what would they mean by the term glorify God? The chief end of man, no matter what it ought to be, is to get enough to eat and a place to sleep in. Whose fault is it? Ah, that I don't know. Why are not our ends and aims and aspirations and purposes of a more elevated nature. That's a conundrum. I don't answer it; you don't answer it. If we are willing to narrow the circle and say what should be the chief end of a young newspaper man, a starting physician, an aspiring lawyer, a budding artist, a boy in a store, or of a bank or in the employ of a corporation, it would be much easier. In my judgment journalism affords a wider field, a more fertile opportunity for the glorifying of God, as I understand it, than any other profession. Writers are born, not made. Style may be formed, improved, but a man with quick perceptive faculties, a fair education, a facile hand, the whole leavened with true sympathy for his race, can do more in journalism

TO ELEVATE MANKIND,

to extend the horizon of human endeavor, to build up the good, to pull down the evil, to eradicate corruption by tearing away its covers and exposing it to the sunlight of publicity, to sow the seeds of honesty, to brand dishonor, to inculcate a truly catholic spirit toward all, than all the ministers, doctors, lawyers, reformers bunched together. Journalism has many sub-divisions. There are men in journalism

WHOSE SOLE THOUGHT IS MONEY.

When Emma Nevada was leaving New York the other day she said, "I have been very fairly treated by the press, with one notable exception, that of the critic of a large morning paper, who called upon me and said that for money he would take care of me, that his criticisms should be favorable. I declined to pay him, and the consequence was he attacked me right straight along." Miss Nevada should have given the fellow's name, for, although insiders are tolerably well informed as to whom she referred, her assertion was sent broadcast through the country, and all the New York critics must suffer in public opinion until the name is given. There are men in high places of journalism who do nothing except for money. For money they will write on either side, or refrain from writing on any. There are editors, writers, publishers who have no more idea of the true mission of journalism than they have of the doctrine of inspiration. On the other hand, some of the noblest names in literature have been, and are, and always will be, identified with this particular form of popular education. A man whose thought is always in the interest of his fellows, who is courageous and willing to brave contumely, biding his time, who never writes a word he doesn't mean, and who is bright enough to keep the words he means until the times are ripe to sow the seed the harvest from which will be for the healing of the nation, is certain to gain the respect, the good-will, the honor of his fellows, and, as a rule, to reap also

THE SUBSTANTIAL REWARDS WHICH ATTEND INDUSTRY,

diligence, sobriety, and faithfulness in all the relations of life. It seems to me that good-will to man is the highway to success, and that the purpose guiding the life of every one of us might very well be a desire and determination to better the race, to leave it a little higher than we found it. If our ministers were less solemn, if they knew more about the men to whom they preach, if they understood the cares and trials and tribulations of life not only, but the pleasures, the successes, the joys of life as well, if they paid more attention to to-day, and let the dim to-morrow look out for itself, if they thought more of the creature, and kindly allowed the Creator to continue His successful career unaided, they might in time hope, for they are a powerful body of men, to stand shoulder to shoulder with the great journalists of the time. I am certain that in the pulpits of this country especially there are great and good men who are doing all they can to better their race, although they are held down by conventionality, by prejudice, by disinclination to make talk, and content themselves too much with goody-goody advice, reserving what they are pleased to call the more ambitious flights of thought for poppycock consideration of things of which they know no more than a babe unborn. The fact of the business is, we know nothing beyond the fact that we live this particular second.

WE HOPE TO LIVE FOR YEARS TO COME

in this beautiful earth, and it would be a most grateful fact if in some way it could be shown to be a fact that hereafter we were to go on through the countless ages of eternity, but all that is speculation. It is very much like a man saying, "If I had a million dollars I would do so and so." He hasn't got a million dollars. He may have a hundred in his pocket, and he might say very properly, "With this hundred dollars I will do so and so." What under heavens is the use of saying, "If I had a million dollars I would do so and so?" Physicians have been groping in the dark for centuries, and nothing more amply typifies their every day action than that significant word practice. The great majority of physicians are practicing all the time, and, considering how little they really know, the aid and comfort they are to the race is marvellous. As a matter of fact, they are of more comfort than aid. A physician who understands human nature, who plays with the baby, makes friends with the children and listens to the woes and tribulations of the good wife and mother, is the fellow to whom the master of the house most

CHEERFULLY PAYS THE LARGEST BILLS.

It isn't the medicine that's bottled up, but it's the comfort, the consolation, that are unbottled, that marks the broad line between an unsuccessful and a popular physician. But a doctor who studies, who keeps abreast of the times, who is familiar with all new discoveries, who applies tests and educates himself, not that he may keep six or eight horses, not that he may live on this, that or the other avenue, not that his family may shine in society, but that he may be a man marked by his fellows by reason of his helpfulness to his kind, surely he may expect to stand side by side with the most advanced, the most useful of the children of the earth. What are

THE GREAT NAMES IN HISTORY?

What are they remembered for? Which of them are taken by intelligent teachers as models for the young men and women of to-day? Not the warriors, but the lovers of their kind. Go back and back as far as record takes us, penetrate even the gloom of tradition, bring out the tombstones and read the names most indelibly cut thereon. Every one of them rises before your memory in a moment, and coming down through the later ages when imperishable print puts in never-fading record their names and achievements, is it not a fact that he who is courteous, thoughtful, considerate, helpful, standing up for the oppressed, fighting the battles of the poor, grasping with a strong hand of love the infected body of a fellow-man by the flowing hair of wailing distress, is most regarded, most respected, most revered and really best known?

The phrase "Hear, hear"—originally "Hear him," was first used in Parliament to remind members of the duty of attending to the discussion. It gradually became, however, a "cry indicative, according to tone, of admiration, acquiescence, indignation, or derision."