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which the two will be able to unite their forces in the Dominion and Provincial elections.

Wheat is moving freely toward the lake ports, shippers being desirous of getting a large quantity to the eastern centres before the closing of navigation. Within 24 hours, to-day, 300 car loads were sent east from the C. P. R. yards, the largest number for a like period this year.

The date on which the Northwest Assembly elections are to be held will probably be about November 15, although Mr. Haultain a few days ago gave his opinion that they would be held about October 23. The delay that is taking place in printing, and the supply of four hundred ballot boxes, for the making of which tenders are now being asked, will necessarily place them at a later date than this.

FOOTPADS IN CHATHAM.

A Farmer Held Up and Robbed on the Highway - Another Young Farmer Shot by an Unknown Man.

Chatham, Sept. 22.—(Special.)—The presence of footpads in the country district adjoining this city has been established by various occurrences of late. In no instance, however, until last night, has the work of the highway-men been attended with anything more than a scare to the intended victims. But to-day the police have a genuine case of highway robbery in hand, and one of the alleged footpads in the cells. Moreover, in the General Public Hospital lies a man suffering from a serious wound in the leg, the result of a revolver shot fired at him by a

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MILLBROOK - Midland

Twelve Cars Piled in a Mass of Wreckage—The Conductor's and Second Brakeman's Narrow Escape.

Millbrook, Sept. 22.—(Special.)—A terrible accident occurred on the Grand Trunk Railway about three miles and a half north of here early this morning, in which three lives were lost and a freight train completely wrecked. The killed were Robert Johnston, engine driver; Nicholas Maloney, fireman, and George Greenbury, brakeman. The train was running from Port Hope to Lindsay, by way of Peterboro', and passed through Millbrook shortly after 3 o'clock. When about a mile and a half from a small station called Fraserville the engine struck a cow lying on the public road crossing. The engine was thrown from the track and into the ditch, and twelve cars were piled in a heap, with the unfortunate engineer, fireman and brakeman underneath. The death of two was instantaneous, and the fireman lived only a few minutes. The conductor and second brakeman, who composed the remainder of the crew, were in the caboose and escaped uninjured. This is the most terrible smash which has occurred on the Midland branch of the Grand Trunk for twelve years or more, and the people here, as well as in the other places along the line, by whom the victims were well known, share the sadness felt by the dead men's comrades from one end of the road to the other. There is in the calamity, besides the sadness of three such deaths, something additionally horrible in the suddenness which gave the men no chance for their lives, but killed them in the engine cab together, and additionally solemn in the entire absence of human responsibility, except that which may be apportioned to those who, although seeing that the railway companies guard so carefully their tracks, have not better guarded the public crossings.

The ill-fated train was a special

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the public crossings.

The ill-fated train was a special freight, which for a few weeks past has been made up at Port Hope every morning about 2 o'clock, to distribute along the line the freight which has accumulated during the previous day for the northern stations. Last night it was drawn by engine 634, and consisted of thirteen cars and the caboose. There were four box cars and nine flats. Three of the box cars were loaded with general merchandise and one with iron, and the flats were empty. The crew consisted of Conductor Fred Russell, Driver Robert Johnston, Fireman Nicholas Maloney, and Brakemen George Greenbury and W. Shields, all of Lindsay but Maloney, who lived at Port Hope. It is told in illustration of the fatal chances of human affairs that the trip was not Johnston's own turn to go out, that although this was his regular train and route he only ran upon alternate days, and this trip he was taking to accommodate the other driver. Of Greenbury, too, it is told that before the train started his mate asked him which end of the train he would take, as one brakeman always rides in the engine and the other in the caboose. He chose the front of the train and his choice was fatal. An hour later he was lying crushed under a mass of iron and timber, in a shroud of burning, scalding steam.

THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT.

There is a stiff grade just north of here up which the train had pulled without difficulty, and speed was then probably increased at the approach of another lesser grade. The train was light, and although no one knows at what speed it was running it was likely going fast when the cow was struck upon the crossing of the side line a mile and a half south of Fraserville in Cavan Township. The animal must have been lying down or it would have almost inevitably been thrown clear of the track. As it was, the pilot threw it ahead of the engine, and it was the second time the engine struck it the trucks were derailed. When The Globe's reporter reached the scene, the marks and debris still told the story of the disaster, although the railway company, with the usual haste, has had a gang of men at work all day removing the wreckage.

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Eight cars were shot over the engine by the impetus of the velocity of the train when the accident occurred. They were piled one on another in a heap of splintered wood and twisted iron. The eight cars in their passage stripped the engine of its cab, and it was the ninth car that fell upon the unfortunate occupants, and pressed them with its tons weight against the dome of the engine. The steam pouring in hissing, scalding

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volumes from the broken dome envel-
oped them, and if they had received no
other injuries it was impossible they
could have come out alive.

THE SURVIVORS' EFFORTS.

Russell and Shields, dazed and stun-
ned with the suddenness of the shock,
and with the sound of crashing timbers
and escaping steam in their ears, climb-
ed from the caboose as quickly as they
could. Making their way to the engine
they looked for their mates. They saw
that Johnston and Greenbury were
dead. Maloney was still alive, and Rus-
sell took his hand. The poor fellow
begged, "For God's sake get me out."
Russell and Shields tried to release him,
but a truck held him fast. It was only
twenty minutes later that death came
to release him from his agonies. Russell
and Shields set off for Fraserville. They
aroused some of the section men there,
and obtained a hand-car. Returning
to the scene of the accident, they car-
ried the car around the wreckage and
came to Millbrook, and aroused Station
Agent Cochrane. He sent word of the
catastrophe to the chief despatcher's
office at Peterboro', and wrecking trains
were sent for from Port Hope and Lind-
say. It was 5.45 o'clock when the news
reached Peterboro'. The auxiliary from
there left as soon as possible thereafter,
bringing Mr. W. Hayden, local agent
at Peterboro', and a telegraph opera-
tor, to tap the wires at the wreck. Dr.
Gray, a Coroner living in Baillieboro',
a village some miles away, was sent
for, but did not come to the scene. As
soon, therefore, as the bodies could be
released they were taken to Millbrook.
This was after 10 o'clock. In the mean-
time, the old father of Nicholas Ma-
loney had come out from Port Hope
upon hearing of the accident. He was
driven by Dr. Turner, jun., to the
wreck, but when he reached the scene
the bodies had been taken by rail to the
town. They were brought to Under-
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They were all scalded from their head to their feet. Johnston had his neck broken and one thigh and one arm also broken. When found he was in a sitting posture, with his back against the dome of the engine. Greenbury also had his thigh broken. All three bodies were badly bruised, but Maloney had no bones broken. They were found close together, crushed under the last truck of the ninth car. To indicate how terribly they were scalded, the undertaker says that when he was preparing Maloney's body to be put into its coffin he noticed what he thought was a rag in one of the clenched fists. With some difficulty he opened the hand, and what he had thought was a piece of cloth was a roll of shrivelled skin.

THE VICTIMS.

The bodies of Johnston and Greenbury were taken by the noon train to Lindsay, and Maloney's remains were taken into Port Hope by his father. Johnston was one of the best-known drivers on the railway. He was a very intelligent and reliable man, and liked by every one on the road. He enjoyed the confidence of the Grand Trunk officials and the respect of the people of Millbrook and Port Hope, where he used to live, as well as of his own townspeople, by whom he was elected last January one of their Deputy Reeves in the Lindsay Town Council. He was a prominent member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and, because of the confidence reposed in him, both by his fellow-workmen and his employers, he was generally one of those selected to go before the General Manager when the brotherhood had anything to lay before him. It was to this fact one of the railway men alluded when, as he was helping to lift his body into the coffin, he remarked, "Pode

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of the consequence repused in him, told by his fellow-workmen and his employers, he was generally one of those selected to go before the General Manager when the brotherhood had anything to lay before him. It was to this fact one of the railway men alluded when, as he was helping to lift his body into the coffin, he remarked, "Poor Bob, you will never go before the General Manager again." He was 36 years of age and leaves a widow and one daughter. He was a member of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, and, like the others, he was also a member of the Grand Trunk Insurance Organization. His body will be buried tomorrow at Lindsay.

This was his third wreck. Once before he struck a cow on the track and was thrown into the ditch. The other wreck was different from this in that human agency and human diabolism were responsible for it. It was his engine that ran into a tie set up in a cattle guard at the Grand Junction and ditched itself not very long ago, and in that wreck, as will be remembered, he was severely scalded. It was engine No. 634 that a month ago found James Deyell asleep on the track near the summit, just south of here, and cut his body in two, although Johnston was not then driving on it.

George Greenbury, brakeman, was only 25 or 26 years of age. He was married during the early part of the past summer to a young girl who to-day, while still a bride, must wear the sorrows of widowhood. His home was formerly in Stouffville, where he will be buried. He was a member of Midland Court, Independent Order of Foresters.

Nicholas Maloney had been on the road for twenty years. He worked for a number of years as a section hand with his father, who until he became too old was a section boss on the Midland. Thirteen years ago he went on the road as a fireman. He afterwards became a driver, and two or three years ago ran the local passenger train between Peterboro' and Toronto. He was a member of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Union, and was 35 years old. He was unmarried, and lived with his father and mother in Port Hope. His brother came down from Toronto to Port Hope this afternoon.

THE LINE CLEARED.

The auxiliary trains arrived at the scene of the accident at 7.30 o'clock.

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to Port Hope this afternoon.

THE LINE CLEARED.

The auxillary trains arrived at the scene of the accident at 7.30 o'clock. Working from both ends of the wreck, they spent all day, and it was not until 6.10 o'clock that the message was sent to Peterboro' that the line was clear. The trains during the day went around by the Bethany line, but the express to-night came over the repaired place in the road. There is a curve in the line at that point, or it might have been the wrecked engine and train would not have gone into the ditch, and the consequences been different. The place was visited to-day by people from many miles around.

It was 6.30 o'clock this evening when The Globe's reporter left the scene. Curious and sympathetic spectators were still there. The wreckage was not all cleared away. The tops of three box-cars were lying beside the track, splintered into kindling wood. Massive platforms, disconnected axles and wheels, and scattered parts of cars filled the ditches for several rods, although most of the lighter debris had been carried away. A shapeless mass of hide, flesh and bones near the rails was all that remained of the cow, the cause of all this destruction, which belonged to a farmer named Lusk. The section-men had sprinkled lime upon the rails to hide the blood-stains that covered them. A rail bent into a quarter-circle bore evidence to the tremendous force which had torn it from its bed. The engine was lying upon its side, and with its great iron nose shoved through the fence at the side of the track. It suggested a noble horse that had broken his back at a jump. Fire glowed through the open door of the fire-box, conveying the idea of recency, while two battered hats, which lay forgotten upon the spot where they had died who a few hours before had worn them, invested with the element of human suffering and sorrow the scene upon which the night was closing.

A few minutes later a tempest of wind and rain fell, and washed the ground, as though to obliterate the marks of the catastrophe.

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