

# THE REPORTER

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NEW GLASGOW, TUESDAY, JULY 21, 1881.

In presenting this sheet to the public of New Glasgow and vicinity, we would say that it is our intention to try to supply a long felt want, i.e., a newspaper that will be both pleasing to read and profitable to advertise in. It is not our intention to half fill those pages with the political questions of the day, but to collect from every source both Foreign and Home news and such other reading matter as we think will be of most interest to the public generally. We would therefore ask you to give us that help and encouragement without which it is impossible for even the least of undertakings to prosper, and with which we feel that in the near future we will be able to place in the hands of the people of New Glasgow and surrounding towns such a newspaper as will be appreciated by both old and young, rich and poor, and agreeable to all.

It is with much pleasure that we note the rapid strides our town is taking in the way of improvements, and it is safe for us to say, when the work now in hand is finished, together with the new station house which the government is about building—a long with being the busiest, we will have the best water supply, the best streets, the best sewerage, and the best railway accommodation of any town in the province. Now, then, considering all this, if the people of New Glasgow generally, or such as hold property, would combine and help our town council in the work of beautifying and improving by using a little more paint and whitewash on and around their buildings, and see to it that their premises are kept in a neat and tidy manner, we would also have one of the prettiest towns in the Province.

### A LION LOOSE.

New York, July 15.—A Rock Island, Ill., special to the Sun says:—Forepaugh's show exhibited at Rock Island to-day and gave a scene not down on the bills. The afternoon performance was attended by some 6,000 persons. Just as the great crowd started to leave the big tent there was a cry heard at the entrance "Lion loose." The passage way out of the tent was packed with people and back of them were more pushing to get out. The alarming cry was repeated and the circus employes rushed in to force the crowd back into the tent. Women shrieked and children cried, while men lost their heads in the confusion. Pickpockets took advantage to do their work, and succeeded in several instances. One woman was carried to the nearest house and a doctor summoned. Others got off with bruises. That so few were hurt in such a stampede is a wonder.

The warning was not imaginary. An employe went to the cage containing the lions with a piece of meat. Opening the door to throw the meat into the cage, he failed, and the bloody lion dropped to the ground. One of the lions made a dive after it and jumped out of the cage, but the beast was soon driven under the wagon, where he was held by loose pieces of iron till the crowd escaped.

## SEVEN WERE LOST.

### SAD SEA STORY FROM THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

The steamer Nova Scotian from St. John's, Newfoundland, yesterday brought particulars of a terrible ship wreck. The schooner Fabius Belle, Butt master, was going from Catalina to St. John's with a load of lumber. The crew consisted of four men, and in addition there were ten passengers, two of whom were children. At two o'clock Tuesday morning during a heavy blow the vessel struck on a reef. She bumped three times and the women who were in the cabin saw the water coming in through the floor. The schooner was close to land, but a heavy sea was breaking over the rocks. Three of the crew got ashore, and while the captain was endeavoring to save the passengers by tying a rope around their waists and having the rope fastened to a tremendous wave came and washed them into the sea, except a little boy who clung to the rigging, called for help until finally he succumbed. The names of the drowned are Mrs. Freeman and infant, Mrs. Carol's Higgins, Alice Hicks, aged 8, Fred Burton, aged 12, Malcolm Burton, aged 9, Elizabeth Burton, aged 5. The saved are Capt. Butt and his crew, Rose James Finney and Solomon Evans. The passengers saved are Mrs. Burton (mother of 3 children drowned), Miss Julia Burton and Miss Wells, Mrs. Freeman, Wm. Freeman, of Victoria, British Columbia, Mrs. Burton and her whole family were going to St. John's to take passage to New York, where her husband is, she has but one child left. The women saved were washed ashore by the sea. They accuse the sailors of cowardice and say had they not been so anxious all might have been saved. As it was Mrs. Freeman could have saved herself had she abandoned her baby, but mother's love was stronger and she perished with it. The hardship of those who saved their lives were awful in the extreme. For many hours they had to cling to the drift, exposed to the wind and storm and the spray of the sea; then soaking wet and benumbed with cold they had to tramp a whole day over rocks, through marsh and woods for their food and shelter.

### HOW THEY SNAP.

MORNING HERALD.  
M. C. Cameron, M. P. has told his leader what he may expect if he does not cut off the head of every government official who has taken an active part in politics against grit candidates. He is officially reported in Hansard as saying: "And I tell my hon. friend before me (Mr. Laurier) that if, when he assumes the reins of government, he does not cut off the head of every tory who has taken an active part in politics, against a liberal candidate, he shall never receive my support for twenty hours."

### MORNING CHRONICLE.

The Tory organ which peacefully occupies most of its attention with the burning question of 'Longevity' finds space to say a word on behalf of Sir Hector. It would be strange, indeed, if it were not found on the side of corruption. What, pray is the present plea? That the 'testimonial received by Sir Hector from contractors in 1883 has not been touched by that immaculate person. The cashier of the bank, who was treasurer of the fund, states that when the money was handed over to Sir Hector he had it deposited in the bank at 4 per cent, and that he has not drawn principal or interest since. This is a precious plea certainly. Sir Hector has been laying up money on his salary, besides all the pickings he has been able to get out of McGreevys, Murphys, and Conollys, and so he has not needed handsomely at compound interest. 'Not touch a dollar' eh? This is fine morals for you. But it is there to his credit, and when the crash comes he will gobble it up fast enough.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### Southwest Grasshopper Plague.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., July 18.—S. P. Lawson, a prominent stockman of Deling, N. M. has arrived here and gives an account of the grasshopper ravages in the northern and western counties of New Mexico, where, he says, the hoppers are doing incalculable harm. Some farmers consider their seventeen year locust, which ravaged the west during the seventies. The locusts are moving east and north in two principal swarms. They have stripped vegetation and the leaves of trees and left nothing but the dry stalks where they have struck the ground. Where the land is cultivated everything in sight. They move in bunches four and five miles wide. One bunch has devastated Colfax and Moira in the northern part of the territory, and is spreading into Colorado, Kansas and the Pan Handle of Texas, while another bunch will reach the central Texas line by winter. They do not make much progress after July, but the eggs they lay hatch and a new batch flies eastward.

### Fatal Wise man's cyclone.

DELUTH, MINN., July 18.—At West Superior five men in all were killed by the falling of the new hotel yesterday. The list of the killed and injured is as follows: Herman Rosey, John Schofield, Charles Latus, John Laurer. Four men were seriously injured, one of whom, John Lang, will die. Half a dozen more were badly hurt. Assistant Chief Kellogg, of the fire department, had his leg broken. Twenty-five persons had sought refuge in the building from the storm. So thick were the debris that it was three hours before the last body was reached. The new stone building of Wm. Mosher, on Ohio street, was blown down, and the occupants barely escaped with their lives. A building on the corner of Susequanda and Eighteenth streets and two buildings on Lackawanna street were also demolished. At West Duluth several small buildings were unroofed. Part of this city was flooded by the heavy rain and many buildings were damaged.

### Twenty-five Men Killed.

DELUTH, MINN., July 18.—At West Superior five men were killed yesterday by the falling of a new hotel and four men severely injured, of whom, one will die. Half a dozen or more were badly hurt. Twenty-five people sought refuge in the building from a storm. Four other buildings were blown down at West Duluth and several small buildings unroofed.

CLEVELAND, July 18.—A special message received from Kenton says that on the Chicago and Erie railroad at Heburn, Swift's refrigerator meat train ran into a working train, killing nine labourers and injuring many others.

LIVERPOOL, July 18.—This morning near this city a train passing along the railroad running near the Manchester ship canal, fell over the latter's embankment killing eleven men who were working under the building. Many other workmen were injured.

CHICAGO, Ill. July 20.—Wm. Lottostrom, manager of the Carey Lumber Company, has been missing from his home for more than a week. He is supposed to be a defaulter in the sum of \$10,000. Lottostrom left the city accompanied by a woman. His wife and five children are destitute.

## TO LATE.

"What can he mean? I don't understand it at all." The speaker was tall, graceful girl of about twenty, with a clear-cut, beautiful face, grave, sweet eyes of deep hazel, a broad, white brow, and waving brown hair. "What can he mean?" "It was the twentieth time, at least, that Florence Grahame had repeated these words during the past fifteen minutes, and she was no nearer the solution of the matter which puzzled her than she had been before. Suddenly she arose from her seat by the window into a room adjoining, where a woman of thirty or thereabouts, with large, round blue eyes and fluffy yellow hair, was quietly sewing.

"Grace," she said, addressing the little woman before her, "please read this and favor me with your opinion as to its meaning."

Grace, or Mrs. Harding, was Florence Grahame's sister, and nine years her senior, but being childish in disposition she was accustomed to defer to Florence and Charles Harding, in everything. It was very seldom that she was consulted on a subject of any importance, and consequently she fully appreciated this opportunity of displaying her wisdom. She took up the letter which Florence had placed on the table at her side, and this is what she read:

"Miss Grahame—After the avowal you have made, which, pardon me if I say I think might have been made some time ago, but release you from an engagement which I am heartily sorry ever existed. Very truly,  
John Macomber."

"Well?" said Florence, impatiently. "When did you receive this exceedingly strange epistle?" asked her sister.

"About twenty minutes ago, and I can assure you that I am utterly unable to grasp its meaning."

"Have you quarred for its meaning?" "No, there has never been the slightest disagreement between us."

"Florence, you must take your walk as usual this evening. You must not think of this affair too much, or when John comes back he will find that you have lost all of your color." "He will never come back," answered the girl. "I feel it—I know it."

"That is just the question I was endeavoring to answer when I asked your assistance," answered Florence.

"I am sure, said Grace. "We will ask him when he comes home this evening."

"We will do nothing of the kind," replied Florence. "Charlie's power for discovering the meaning or placing epistles is doubtless unlimited, but I have no desire to let everyone know that I have been flattered. And with these words she turned and walked towards the window on the opposite side of the room."

"Florence?" "Well, Grace, what have I said to shock you? Was it my remark in reference to Charlie?"

"It was not what you said about Charlie," answered Mrs. Harding, "though I am sorry you will not allow me to tell him about the letter, as I am sure he would understand it," she added, with wifely pride. "I was surprised to hear you say that you had been jilted."

"I suppose that is the 'correct word.' "I don't suppose you believe anything of the kind, and if you do you are very foolish."

"What else is there left for me to think?" said Florence, turning sadly. "He has left me in a manner which justifies me in thinking so."

"Florence," said Mrs. Harding, who was standing by the window with troubled eyes and a cold, hard expression on her face—"Florence, don't you think some one may have written John Macomber a letter in your name, asking him to release you from your engagement?"

"It is just possible, said the girl, slowly.

"It is more than possible, it is probable. At least you should give him the benefit of the doubt. I am certain that he loves you devotedly, and he would not have deserted you in this manner without some reason."

"But who could have written him such a letter as you speak of?" "Some one who desired to separate you two, Florence, in his letter, John refers to an avowal which he says you have made. He certainly certainly would not have done so had he not been under the impression that you had made it. That avowal caused him to write this letter. You say that you have not written to him,

then it is clear some one else has written in your name."

"You are right, Grace. It is strange that I did not think of that before. Some one has endeavored to part us, and I fear has succeeded."