

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. XXI.—No. 26.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, April 11, 1888.

WHOLE No. 1066.

JUST RECEIVED!

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

BABY CARRIAGES.

AT

B. FAIREY'S,

Newcastle.

Newcastle, April 7, 1888.

Law and Collection Office

M. ADAMS,

Barrister & Attorney at Law,

Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.

CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.

Office—NEWCASTLE, N. B.

L. J. TWEDDIE,

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.

Chatham, N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

J. D. PHINNEY,

Barrister & Attorney at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

RICHMOND, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 4, 1885.

F. L. PEDOLIN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

OFFICE—house formerly occupied by M. O. Thompson.

Newcastle, June 11, 1887.

O. J. MACGILLIVRAY, M. A., M. D.,

Mem. Bot. Col. Lond.,

SPECIALIST,

DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,

Office: Cor. Church and Main St., Moncton.

Moncton, Nov. 12, 85.

TUNING and REPAIRING.

J. O. McLENNAN, PIANOFORTE and ORGAN TUNER.

Repairing a Specialty.

Regular visits made to the Northern Counties, of which due notice will be given.

Orders for tuning, etc., can be sent to the Advocate Office, Newcastle.

J. O. BIEDERMANN.

St. John, May 6, 1887.

KEARY HOUSE

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL).

BATHURST, N. B.

THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and furnished throughout. Stage connects with the Hotel. Livery connected with the Hotel. Yachting facilities. Rooms of the best and salubrious quality. Excellent and well-ventilated. Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.

TERMS \$1.50 per day; with Sample Rooms \$1.75.

Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

GEO. STABLES,

Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Goods of all kinds handled on Commission and prompt returns made.

All attend to Auctions in Town and Country in a satisfactory manner.

Newcastle, April 11, '88.

Clifton House,

Princes and 143 Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. A. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.

April, 20, '88.

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.

The Subscriber returns thanks to their numerous customers for past favors and would say that they keep constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of goods to be had at lowest rates for cash. Also, R. E. Foster & Son's Malleable and Cast Iron, and Clark & Son's Boot Trees, Lasts, &c. English Tapes, as well as home-made Tapes to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.

J. J. CHRISTIE & Co.

A COUGH

is a symptom of many diseases, including inflammation of the Lungs and Pharynx. Often a cough is neglected, the patient believing it to be only a trifling ailment, but when it comes to hold of the Lungs, how difficult to cure.

OFTEN

you hear the patient say, "Oh, it's only a cough, I'll soon be over it," and so he lets it run until he can't be cured, and then he brings his cough to an early close—all caused by simple neglect or refusal to take the proper remedies and thus many a life

ENDS

that might have been prolonged but for carelessness. Don't neglect a cough; time and money can be saved by attending to it at once. Physicians now agree that Cod Liver Oil is the best remedy to use in all pulmonary diseases, and

In Consumption

It is prescribed extensively; but they often find that the patient cannot take it, as the stomach refuses to retain it. Ealey's Cod Liver Oil Cream can be retained by the most delicate stomach—it is pleasant as milk. Try it. All druggists sell it.

Sold in Newcastle by

E. LEE STREET, DRUGGIST.

April 4th, 1888.

SPRING HATS!

Nobby Styles!

Just received at

DONALD MORRISON'S,

A Large Assortment of

GENT'S AMERICAN HARD

AND

SOFT HATS,

In all the latest Styles, which are marked at

low figures. As the Assortment is large and Season short I will dispose of them at a small Margin.

DAILY EXPECTED FROM LONDON, N. B.

England, the balance of my English Hat Hats.

D. MORRISON.

Newcastle, March 27, 1888.

STEY'S YOUR BLOOD

wants tuning up. You have no appetite, and what you do eat distresses you. You are low spirited and languid. You are nervous, and at night roll and toss on your bed and cannot sleep. This is all caused by your system being run down and requiring something to brace it up, and make it feel all right again. To achieve this you should take

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Selected Literature.

THE CRIMSON STAIN.

"Oh! curse this awful appetite for drink, I feel that I am standing on the brink Of a precipice, with not a friend around To draw me back to firmer, safer ground. Oh, the thirsting! Oh, the craving! Oh, the burning!"

"Do you want a pistol? some marbles? a bow and arrow?"

"No," answered the little voice, almost cruel in its distinctness.

"And to all that they said to him, to all the jumping jacks, to all the balloons that they promised him, the little voice—the parents all the while looking at each other in despair—answered, 'No! no! no!'"

"But what do you want, then, my Francois?" asked the mother. "Come now, there must be something that you would like to have. What is it? Tell it to me, your mamma?" And she laid her cheek down on the pillow of the sick boy, and she whispered her request in his ear, as if it were a secret between them. Then the child, rising in his bed and stretching out toward something invisible, an eager hand, replied suddenly, with a strange accent and in an earnest tone, that was at once supplicating and imperative:

"I want Boum-Boum!"

Boum-Boum!

The poor Madeleine threw a frightened look at her husband. What did the little one say? Was it the delirium, the terrible delirium come back?

Boum-Boum!

She did not know what it meant, and she was frightened at these queer words, which the child now repeated with the willfulness of a sick person, as if, not having dared until then to formulate his dream, he would cling to it now with an invincible obstinacy.

"Yes, Boum-Boum! Boum-Boum! I want Boum-Boum!"

The mother had seized in her nervousness Jacques's hand, and said in a low voice, as though she were out of her wits, "What does that mean, Jacques? Oh! it is all over with him!"

But the father had on his rough face a smile that was almost happy. And a bewildered smile, also—the smile of a condemned man who detects a possible chance for liberty. Boum-Boum! He well remembered the Easter morning when he had taken Francois to the circus. He had still in his ears the child's great bursts of joy, his hearty laugh—the laugh of an amused youngster—when the clown, the splendid clown, all spotted with gold, with a sparkling, many colored dress, on the back of which was set a big brown butterfly, performed his antics in the ring, played tricks on the riding master, or held himself motionless on the ground, or his head down and his feet in the air, or threw up to the chandelier his soft felt hat and caught it adroitly on his head, and where the men formed a pyramid, and at each trick, like the refrain of a song, lighting up his big, doll, bright face, the clown uttered the same word accompanied sometimes by a roll of drums—Boum-Boum!

Boum-Boum! And every time that it came round, Boum-Boum! the whole circus burst out in bravos, and the little one laughed heartily. Boum-Boum! It was this Boum-Boum, the clown of the circus, the man who entertained a good part of the city, that he wanted to see—the little Francois—and that he might not have and might not see because he was there, sick and weak, in his white bed!

That evening Jacques Legrand brought to the child a jointed clown, with spangles sewed on all over, that he had bought at a high price—the price, in fact, of four days' work. But he would have given twenty, thirty days, a year's labor to bring back a smile to the pale lips of the sick boy. The child looked for a minute at the toy as it shone on the white bedclothes, then, sadly:

"It is not Boum-Boum! I want to see Boum-Boum!"

Ah! if Jacques could have wrapped him in his quilt, carried him off, taken him to the circus, shown him the clown dancing under the lighted chandelier, and said to him, "There is Boum-Boum!"

He did better than that, this good Jacques. He went to the circus, he asked for the clown's address, and timidly, with limbs weakened by emotion, he mounted step by step the staircase that led to the home of the artist at Montmartre. It was very bold what he had come to do there, this man Jacques! But after all, actors are willing to go and play, to recite monologues in the drawing rooms of fine people. Perhaps the clown—oh, if he only would!—may be willing to come and say good morning to Francois. What mattered it how they received him, Jacques Legrand, at Boum-Boum's home?

It was no longer Boum-Boum! It was M. Moraine, who, in the rooms of an artist, among books, engravings, an artistic elegance making a choice background to a charming man, who received Jacques in his office like that of a physician. Jacques stared, did not recognize the clown, and turned his soft hat over and over in his hands. The other waited. Then the father excused himself.

"Now, do you see, 'tis the Broken Bridge, 'Tis-la-la. And here is a general. You remember we saw a general once in the Bois de Boulogne? If you will take your medicine I will buy a real general for you, with a cloth coat and gold epaulettes. Do you want him—the general? Tell me!"

"No," replied the child, in the dry voice which fever produces.

"Do you want a pistol? some marbles? a bow and arrow?"

"No," answered the little voice, almost cruel in its distinctness.

"And to all that they said to him, to all the jumping jacks, to all the balloons that they promised him, the little voice—the parents all the while looking at each other in despair—answered, 'No! no! no!'"

"But what do you want, then, my Francois?" asked the mother. "Come now, there must be something that you would like to have. What is it? Tell it to me, your mamma?" And she laid her cheek down on the pillow of the sick boy, and she whispered her request in his ear, as if it were a secret between them. Then the child, rising in his bed and stretching out toward something invisible, an eager hand, replied suddenly, with a strange accent and in an earnest tone, that was at once supplicating and imperative:

"I want Boum-Boum!"

Boum-Boum!

And into the child's face there came a happy light. He raised himself in his mother's arms and turned his head toward the two men, looked for a moment to see who was this gentleman in a frock coat at his father's side, the gentleman whose good, jolly face was then smiling on him, and whom he did not know; and when they said to him "That is Boum-Boum!" he fell back, slowly, sadly, with his head turned to the pillow, and lay there with his eyes fixed, his big blue eyes that saw beyond the walls of the little bedroom, and that looked for, that were always looking for Boum-Boum's spangles and butterfly as a lover pursues his dreams.

"No," replied the child, with a voice no longer dry, but distressed, "No, that is not Boum-Boum!"

The clown, standing near the little bed, looked profound gaze on the face of the little man, a grave look, but of an infinite sweetness. He shook his head, looked at the anxious father and broken down mother and said, smiling, "He is right; it is not Boum-Boum!" and he went off.

"I shall not see—I shall never see him again, Boum-Boum!" now repeated the child whose little voice seemed to be already whispering to the angels. "Perhaps Boum-Boum is over there, yonder, where little Francois will soon go?"

And suddenly—he had not been gone half an hour—the door was rudely opened, and in his black and spangled suit, with a yellow topknot on his head, a golden butterfly on his breast and another on his back, his mouth opened into an expansive grin, his good face all chalked, Boum-Boum, the real Boum-Boum, the Boum-Boum of the circus, the Boum-Boum of the people, the Boum-Boum of the little Francois, Boum-Boum himself appeared! And on his little white bed, with a lively exultation in his eyes, laughing, crying, happy, saved, the child, clapped his little hands, shouted bravo! and cried with all the joyfulness of a 7-year-old, bursting out suddenly like a lighted rocket, "Boum-Boum! 'Tis he, 'tis he this time! That is Boum-Boum, sure! Hurrah for Boum-Boum! Good morning, Boum-Boum!"

When the doctor came that day he found, seated at the bedside of the little Francois, a white faced clown, who kept the little fellow laughing all the time, and who said to the sick boy, stirring a lump of sugar in the bottom of a cup of medicine, "You know if you do not drink it, little Francois, that Boum-Boum will not come to see you again."

And the child drank it.

"Isn't it nice?"

"Very nice, thank you, Boum-Boum."

"Doctor," said the clown to the physician, "do not be jealous. It seems to me, however, that my antics do him as much good as your prescriptions."

The father and mother wept; but this time it was because of their happiness. And every day until little Francois was able to leave his bed a carriage stopped before the workman's home on the Rue des Abbesses, and there stepped from a man wrapped in a heavy overcoat with the cape turned up, and beneath, dressed for the circus, and with jolly chalked face.

"What do I owe you, sir?" said Jacques Legrand to the master clown at the end of his visits, when the boy went out for the first time; "because, in fact, you see, I owe you something."

The clown offered to the parents his two big hands, the hands of a sweet and amiable Hercules. "A good shake of your hands," he said. Then kissing both of the child's cheeks, which had recovered some of their rosy hue, he added laughing: "The permission to print on my visiting cards—"

"BOUM-BOUM"

ACROBATIC DOCTOR,

Physician Ordinary to the Little Francois.—Translated from the French of Jules Claretie for the Boston Transcript.

Local Legislature.

FREDERICTON, April 3.—Ritchie introduced a bill changing the boundary line between the counties of Northumberland and Kent.

Ritchie committed a bill relating to the supreme court of Canada. It provided that the supreme court of Canada and the exchequer court of Canada and the supreme court of Canada alone, according to the provisions of the act of the parliament of Canada known as 'the supreme and exchequer court act,' shall have jurisdiction in the following cases: (1) Of controversies between the Dominion of Canada and this province. (2) Of controversies between any other province of the Dominion, which may have passed or may hereafter pass an act similar to this chapter, and this province. (3) Of suits, actions or proceedings in which the parties thereto by their pleadings have raised the question of the validity of an act of the legislature of this province, when in the opinion of the supreme court of New Brunswick such question is material; and in such case the said supreme court of New Brunswick shall at the request of the parties, and may without such request, order the case to be removed to the supreme court in order to the decision of such questions. The bill also provides that in case of sittings of the court of exchequer of Canada are appointed to be held in any city, town or place in which the court house is situated, the judge presiding in all such meetings shall have in all respects the same authority as a judge of the supreme court of New Brunswick at nisi prius or upon circuit in regard to the use of the court house and other buildings or apartments set apart in the county for the administration of justice; provided, however, that nothing in this section shall be construed to deprive the supreme court or any county court of New Brunswick, or any of the judges of the said court, of the use and authority which said court and the judges thereof have heretofore had and exercised of and over the court house and other buildings mentioned herein during any term or sittings of the said supreme or county courts of New Brunswick. The bill was agreed to.

When the house went into committee of supply yesterday Hanington called the attention of the government to the question of having the most important part of the agricultural report printed in French. Most of the French were farmers and in their interests some portion of the report named should be printed in French. He spoke of the strides made by the French in farming and educational matters.

McLellan said representatives of French constituencies had pressed the matter on the attention of the government. Last year a portion of the agricultural report was printed in the 'Moniteur Acadien.' This year it was intended to have the most important portions of the report printed in the 'Courrier de Bathurst' as well as the 'Acadien.'

Ritchie, LeBlanc, Phinney and Young spoke, all expressing the opinion that it was desirable that the French should have in their own language as much information as possible in reference to the agricultural affairs of the province.

On the item of \$25,000 for new departmental buildings Mr. Tweedie said, in reply to the Attorney General, that the records had not yet been destroyed. The building that was good enough for the province before confederation should be good enough in this day of this one-horse government and one-horse legislature. This expenditure was asked for the purpose of building up the Attorney General in his own county. While the finances of the country were such that no reduction could be made in the stumpage, they were asked to vote \$25,000 for a departmental building at Fredericton, after having voted \$320,000 the other night in order to give York a third railway to Woodstock. None of the officials of the crown land department had suffered in health because of the condition of the building, and he thought if they resigned their positions others would be found willing to fill the vacancies. A bridge between Newcastle and Chatham had been permitted to remain in such a dangerous condition so long that a man lost his life not long ago because of its bad condition. He would not like to be in the position of the chief commissioner in connection with that accident. He (Tweedie) had written to the chief commissioner telling him about the dangerous condition of the bridge, but no action was taken to repair it until after a man had lost his life. There is no money to repair our bridges and the state of the finances will not permit of a reduction in the stumpage, but when York wants new departmental buildings she must have them.

Ryan said Tweedie had lashed himself into quite a fury. It was true that his (Ryan's) attention had been called to the bridge in Northumberland upon which the accident happened. He examined the bridge and found it in about as good condition as he had found many bridges all over the province after the old government went out of power. The evidence before the jury in the case referred to by Tweedie went to show that the man did not lose his life because of the bad condition of the bridge. The fact was that the man's horse had been taken with the staggers and had fallen against the rail, the man lost control of himself and in his effort to save the horse lost his own life. There had been no complaint about the rail of the bridge. The alleged trouble was that there was something the matter with the span. If the bridge had been new the rail would not have stood the weight of a 1,800 or 1,400 pound horse falling upon it.

Mr. Burchill moved and Hon. Mr. Blair seconded the following:

Whereas bills were submitted to this House at the present session for power to incorporate two different companies to construct a line of railway from Newcastle to a point in the County of Gloucester and

Whereas a compromise was effected between the promoters of each of the said companies being to pass a bill entitled An Act to Incorporate the Miramichi Bay Railway Company and whereas the present bill as passed by this house contains the names of all interested parties representing all the interests which it is desirable to represent; and

Whereas the name Miramichi Bay Railway Company was proposed by the promoters of one bill and accepted by the promoters of the other bill—

Therefore Resolved That this House, for the reasons above stated, disagree with the amendments made by the Hon. the Legislative Council to the said bill, and respectfully request that the Hon. the Legislative Council will not insist on such amendments, and that they do communicate to this House the conclusions at which they may arrive in respect thereto.

The resolution was carried.

FREDERICTON, April 4.—Wilson's lien bill was recommitted and discussed at great length.

Alward felt the measure would operate against the shipbuilding industry.

Phinney said a lien law was in force in 23 states of the American union.

Stockton said the bill was calculated to frighten capital. It would entirely crush out the shipbuilding industry.

Wilson—I thought you had been telling all over the country that it was the national policy that ruined the shipbuilding industry.

Stockton—If the shipbuilding industry was injured by the national policy this bill would have a much more serious effect upon it.

Blair thought the bill went too far. He suggested that its operations be confined to logs alone.

A long discussion ensued and the principle of the bill was adopted by the following vote:

Yeas—Speaker, Blair, McLellan, Ryan, Mitchell, Tweedie, Young, LeBlanc, Wilson, Russell, Glazier, Harrison, Phinney, Theriault, LaBillette, Hutchison, Murray, Lewis, Hibbard, Baird, Douglas, LeBlanc, Atkinson, Burchill, Berryman, Bellamy, Moore—28.

Nays—Turner, Hanington, Black, Alward, Killam, Taylor, Quinton, Stockton, Palmer, Humphrey—10.

The vote to establish a lien on buildings and lots were 18 to 10.

The sections providing liens on vessels were lost—17 to 21.

The principle to provide for liens on logs and on lumber was adopted by the following vote: Yeas—Blair, Ryan, Mitchell, Tweedie, Young, LeBlanc, Wilson, Russell, Glazier, Harrison, Phinney, Theriault, Hutchison, Murray, Hibbard, Baird, Douglas, Ketchum, At

The Union Advocate.

Established 1867.

NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The N. B. Legislature was prorogued on Friday evening last. As will be seen by the reports in another column, the leader of the government made some very serious charges against the Hon. R. Young, which were emphatically contradicted by Mr. Harrington, who characterized the statements as untrue and was proceeding in vigorous terms to denounce the Attorney General for making such unwarranted statements when the sergeant at arms entered and summoned the house to the Council Chamber for prorogation. In all probability a further statement will be made in the public prints in reference to the dangerous charges made at a time when there was no opportunity of disproving them, and which are stated to be without a shadow of foundation in fact.

In reference to the legislation affecting this country we fail to see that anything of importance has been affected by its members, three of them at least appearing to be among the most fervent followers of a government who, for years past, have been striving to crush out of existence the principal trade of this country. The recent elected member, Mr. John Morrissey, in his card stated as follows:

It shall be my special endeavor to secure a reduction of the stampage Tax on lumber and bark and an equitable distribution of the money appropriated for our free grant settlements, with a view to giving increased encouragement to new settlers and to the opening up and settlement of the country.

I shall support the present government in all measures which I consider wise and just. My politics are the interests of my country.

So far as we have scanned, the doings of the Legislature we have failed to see in any one instance where he has acted according to his promises on the hustings, and we would also state that his votes on the important bill of incorporation of the Newcastle, Neguac and Tabusintac railway were not such as would gain the confidence of the very large number of the voters on this side of the river. In this matter the people interested also look upon the course pursued by Mr. Harrington as an entirely opposed to the interests of the parishes of Newcastle and Neguac and when the time comes they will no doubt exercise their franchise in a manner which will place him again in private life, having proved unworthy of the trust committed to his hands. Many of the people on this side of the river are expressing a desire that a public meeting be held and that our representatives be asked to be present and explain their course on this railway matter. If such a meeting is called and it should be, we venture to say the attendance will be large, as the people interested are so numerous.

Among the bills brought before the Local House and agreed to was one to change the boundary line between the counties of Northumberland and Kent. It was amended in the Council so that it is made to appear as defining the boundary line between the parishes of Hardwick in Northumberland and Carleton, Kent, so that Esquimaux light would be recognized as being in Northumberland County. This matter was brought up at a session of the Northumberland County Council a year or two ago and complaints were made by one of the councillors for the parish of Hardwick that a portion of that part of the county had no definite boundary and was a sort of "no man's land," and consequently the portion in dispute as to whether it was in Northumberland or Kent had nothing done to the roads which in the spring time of the year were impassable. The act defines where the boundary between the above mentioned parishes runs.

Personal.

In the Presbyterian Sabbath School, Fredericton, on Sunday afternoon, Mr. Herman H. Pitts, editor of the *Reporter and Temperance Journal*, was presented with a very handsome Bible as a prize for the best original essay on "Sunday School Teaching." There were three competitors.—Gleaner.

Mr. Whitteer, formerly of the Fisheries Department, died at Ottawa Monday night, April 2nd, in his sixtieth year. He had been in the Canadian service about thirty years.

Mr. Grant, brother of Dr. Grant, barrister of Moncton, is in town, just returned from Kansas. Mr. Grant, who owns a splendid farm in the parish of Beaufort, was taken with the western fever four or five years ago, and has since been in the west, spying out the land. The conclusion he has arrived at is that New Brunswick is the best country for him, and that loss of any better had they remained at home and worked as hard as they are obliged to when abroad. Mr. Grant is himself quite a young man.—Moncton Times.

Laval University, Quebec, has conferred the degree of Doctor of Letters on George Schwartz, Esq., editor of the *Quebec Chronicle*.

Mr. John A. Vash, formerly of the firm of Messrs. Wisdom & Fish of St. John, but who is now conducting a similar business in Boston, was on a visit to his home in Newcastle for a few days, arriving here on Saturday and leaving last night. His many friends here are glad to learn of his success and wish him all the prosperity his energy and perseverance will bring him.

Mr. P. J. Desmond of this town has just passed a very creditable examination in McGill's University, Montreal, and has received the degree of Doctor of Medicine and Master in Surgery. We learn that in Dr. Desmond's

Tragedy at Paines.

A terrible tragedy took place at Paines, on Friday last, resulting in the death of two men, one being constable James Farrell, of Shediac, who was fatally shot by Thomas Bastian while in discharge of his duty, and then placed the revolver against his own head and sent a bullet crashing into his brain, killing him instantly. James Farrell was until about a year ago proprietor of the Union Hotel at Shediac, formerly the Waterbury, where Timothy McCarthy is supposed to have been murdered when the hotel was kept by Osborne. Mr. Farrell afterwards moved down town, where he kept a public-house, but gave up the sale of liquor some time ago. He had been constable for some time past.

Thomas Bastian was a sailor, who many years ago came to Miramichi, from England, residing in Newcastle, and worked as a rigger. After the decline of shipbuilding he appears to have taken up railway work, having been section foreman on the J. C. R., for a number of years. He has lived in Paines for the last twenty years. About six years ago he is stated to have injured his back in lifting a rail and found it necessary to give up his work on the railway. Those who knew him when he resided in Newcastle state that he was sober, honest and industrious, but very passionate and determined. The *Daily Times* of Moncton, gives a full description of the tragedy and the causes which led thereto, from which we take the following extracts:

A sickening tragedy was enacted yesterday, at Paines Junction, 7 miles from Moncton, on the line of the Intercolonial railway. About two months ago Thomas Bastian, who has for some years kept a house of refreshment opposite the railway station building at the Junction, was fined for a violation of the Canada Temperance Act. He paid the fine, \$50 and costs. A fortnight ago Bastian was taken before Justice Abercrombie at Shediac a second time, for which he was fined \$100. Yesterday Constable James Farrell of Shediac, was a passenger on board the branch train from Shediac, which is due at the Junction at 11:30, and stepping over to Bastian's place entered into a conversation with Bastian in regard to the fine. He stated that he had been authorized by the temperance committee at Shediac to accept one half the amount of the fine, with which the costs would amount to \$25 and some cents. Bastian said in effect (as he will appear more fully hereafter) that he did not consider the conviction had been fairly obtained and that he would pay nothing. Mr. Farrell then stated that he had a distress warrant and being informed by Bastian that he owned a house and all its contents, intimated that he would make a seizure. Bastian warned Farrell not to touch anything in the house, saying with an oath that if he did there would be trouble. Farrell notwithstanding started for the shop, when Bastian went into his bedroom adjoining, got a revolver and followed Farrell. The latter seeing the danger, made a slight movement towards Bastian, when the latter fired, the ball striking effect in Farrell's abdomen, very near the groin. Farrell started out of the room where the shot had been fired, caught his husband's arm, when the sheriff's deputy, having received a telegram authorizing him to take care of it, did not fear any shots fired or any commotion of any kind until Farrell came over to the station house.

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Tragedy at Paines.

A terrible tragedy took place at Paines, on Friday last, resulting in the death of two men, one being constable James Farrell, of Shediac, who was fatally shot by Thomas Bastian while in discharge of his duty, and then placed the revolver against his own head and sent a bullet crashing into his brain, killing him instantly. James Farrell was until about a year ago proprietor of the Union Hotel at Shediac, formerly the Waterbury, where Timothy McCarthy is supposed to have been murdered when the hotel was kept by Osborne. Mr. Farrell afterwards moved down town, where he kept a public-house, but gave up the sale of liquor some time ago. He had been constable for some time past.

Thomas Bastian was a sailor, who many years ago came to Miramichi, from England, residing in Newcastle, and worked as a rigger. After the decline of shipbuilding he appears to have taken up railway work, having been section foreman on the J. C. R., for a number of years. He has lived in Paines for the last twenty years. About six years ago he is stated to have injured his back in lifting a rail and found it necessary to give up his work on the railway. Those who knew him when he resided in Newcastle state that he was sober, honest and industrious, but very passionate and determined. The *Daily Times* of Moncton, gives a full description of the tragedy and the causes which led thereto, from which we take the following extracts:

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To a Juror: All that Farrell said after

father fired at him was, "Oh, God," and he went out of the house. Father then fired a second shot which struck the ceiling. Father then went into the shop and putting the pistol to his head blew his brains out as I suppose. I think he said he went into the shop. "They will never hang me for that." I am not sure but think these are the words. He never moved or groined.

SARAH BASTIAN, wife of deceased, who was greatly agitated, said: Mr. Farrell came in and told me that he had shot a man. I said, "What is the news?" Farrell said: "No news; what is the news?" He never expected you over to Shediac to settle this affair."

Deceased said: "I promised to send me word, and I got no word."

"Well," says Farrell, "I've got papers here; if you will pay \$50 and some cents they will let you off."

Deceased said: "I'll pay nothing; I don't acknowledge the conviction."

Farrell said: "Well, I have got a distress warrant here."

Deceased said: "I'm not going to pay anything, Farrell, and don't you touch anything in this house."

Farrell said there was no use talking about this, and getting up said: "Is there anything in the shop?"

Deceased said there is not much, but don't you touch it.

Deceased then left his seat, walked through the dining room and into his bedroom adjoining; stood a few minutes and came out again with the pistol. Farrell was standing in the shop door. I followed deceased out and he at once called to Bastian, saying, "Can I see what he has in the shop?"

Deceased said he had a pistol, and what he was doing? He then raised the pistol and fired the ball entering the wall. He then left the ball in the room and ran toward the shop. He fired a third shot and dropped as he fired. I then called the girl. I did not see deceased fire the shot at himself but heard the shot when I went into the shop he was lying on the floor. On examination I found he was dead.

To Coroner: Farrell said something when deceased fired at him. When deceased fired he walked away from me. He was a very passionate man. I did not see him when he fired the shot at himself. After being shot Farrell left the house, holding on to his body as though he hurt.

The body of deceased is now lying as it fell in the shop.

To a Juror: The shop door was open when Farrell came in. Farrell was going out the hall when the third shot was fired. Farrell came in the front door and went out the same door. I did not see the pistol when deceased came out of his room, but he must have brought it out as he did not have it when he went in.

FOSTER FLOYD, station agent at Paines station, said: "I first knew of occurrence was on meeting Mr. Farrell in the door of waiting room station house. Farrell said: 'The old man in the house has shot me; he has shot me in the abdomen. I stepped out on the platform. Mr. Bastian was standing in the shop door. She called me to come over. I went over and in the shop found Mr. Bastian lying on the floor, apparently dead. He did not move after I seen him. The revolver was lying on the floor alongside of him. I gave the revolver to the sheriff's deputy, having received a telegram authorizing me to take care of it. I did not fear any shots fired or any commotion of any kind until Farrell came over to the station house.'

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DR. J. A. LORGE, station agent at Paines station, said: "I first knew of occurrence was on meeting Mr. Farrell in the door of waiting room station house. Farrell said: 'The old man in the house has shot me; he has shot me in the abdomen. I stepped out on the platform. Mr. Bastian was standing in the shop door. She called me to come over. I went over and in the shop found Mr. Bastian lying on the floor, apparently dead. He did not move after I seen him. The revolver was lying on the floor alongside of him. I gave the revolver to the sheriff's deputy, having received a telegram authorizing me to take care of it. I did not fear any shots fired or any commotion of any kind until Farrell came over to the station house.'

Tragedy at Paines.

A terrible tragedy took place at Paines, on Friday last, resulting in the death of two men, one being constable James Farrell, of Shediac, who was fatally shot by Thomas Bastian while in discharge of his duty, and then placed the revolver against his own head and sent a bullet crashing into his brain, killing him instantly. James Farrell was until about a year ago proprietor of the Union Hotel at Shediac, formerly the Waterbury, where Timothy McCarthy is supposed to have been murdered when the hotel was kept by Osborne. Mr. Farrell afterwards moved down town, where he kept a public-house, but gave up the sale of liquor some time ago. He had been constable for some time past.

Thomas Bastian was a sailor, who many years ago came to Miramichi, from England, residing in Newcastle, and worked as a rigger. After the decline of shipbuilding he appears to have taken up railway work, having been section foreman on the J. C. R., for a number of years. He has lived in Paines for the last twenty years. About six years ago he is stated to have injured his back in lifting a rail and found it necessary to give up his work on the railway. Those who knew him when he resided in Newcastle state that he was sober, honest and industrious, but very passionate and determined. The *Daily Times* of Moncton, gives a full description of the tragedy and the causes which led thereto, from which we take the following extracts:

A sickening tragedy was enacted yesterday, at Paines Junction, 7 miles from Moncton,

