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Volume II. Number 14.

LINDSAY, THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1889.

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DUNDAS & FLAVELLE BROS.

The Churches.

METHODIST, Cambridge street.—Rev. Dr. Williams, Pastor. Services at 11 A. M., and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School and Bible Class at 2.30. Classes at 10 A. M. Prayer meeting, Wednesday at 8 P. M.

METHODIST, Queen Street.—Rev. G. W. Dewey, Pastor. Services at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST, Cambridge Street.—Rev. W. K. Anderson Pastor. Services at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Prayer Meeting Sabbath morning at 10.30 A. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor Monday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.—All seats free.

St. ANDREW'S (Presbyterian), William Street. Services at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 3.00 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 8.00 P. M. Young People's Christian Circle Sabbath Morning at 10.15

St. PAUL'S (Church of England) Russell Street.—Rev. C. H. Marsh, Rector. Services at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.

St. MARY'S (Roman Catholic) Russel Street.—Rev. Vicar-General Laurent, Pastor, Rev. C. S. Bretherton, Curate. Services at 8.00 and 10.30 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 4.00 P. M.

Y. M. C. A., Rooms opposite new post office. Open daily from 9.00 A. M. to 10.00 P. M. Religious Meetings for young men Sunday afternoons at 4.15. Short addresses. Good singing. Young men always welcome. R. M. Anderson, President; F. B. Utley, General Secretary.

Awful Railway Tragedy at Hamilton.

There occurred Sunday at the outskirts of Hamilton one of the most awful railway disasters that has ever been recorded in the pages of history. The story is one that will blanch every cheek and chill every heart. The engine of the ill-fated St. Louis express left the track, wrecked the train, the inevitable stove was present scattering live coals, fire burst forth, and eighteen persons pinned down beneath the wreck were burned to a crisp, while two others were killed but not burned.

There have been disasters attended by greater loss of life, but very few where the attendant circumstances were so horrible. So appalling is the catastrophe that it is difficult to write calmly concerning it. And the transformation of a railway coach into a fiery cauldron in which are seethed the bodies of a score of human beings is too awful to call for much in the way of description.

It does not appear that any cause can be assigned for the accident. Reports conflict very much—if there is anything in the story of the switch being open, which is improbable, it will come out in the inquest. Whatever the cause, the result will send into mourning many households and entail misery upon many families.

Below will be found full particulars:

Hardly has the echoes of the terrible catastrophe at St. George died away when the community is again aroused by the intelligence of another horror, which in extent eclipses in ghastly detail anything recorded in Canada for many years. Early Sunday morning the sad news circulated from mouth to mouth in hotels, at police headquarters, fire department, and all places where both rumors and their confirmation are first to reach, that a dreadful accident had happened on the main line of the Grand Trunk railway, just west of the city. When the story began to take definite form, it was found that the ill-fated train was No. 52, known as the St. Louis express, due to arrive at Hamilton at 6.55 a. m.

HELP SENT OUT.

As quickly as possible an auxiliary was made up under the direction of Station Master Armstrong, and ran out with a large staff of medical men, who had been already summoned by telephone, railway officials and workmen, a portion of the fire brigade and as many of the newspaper men as happened to learn of the affair and got there in time to go. Arrived at the scene of the disaster, a fearful spectacle was disclosed.

THE ACCIDENT.

The express, extra heavily laden with passengers, was composed of ten cars, made up as follows: two baggage cars, one smoker, three first-class coaches and four sleepers. It was swinging along at a comfortable pace of about twenty-five miles an hour, only five minutes late and when approaching the switch near the water tank, just west of the old wooden bridge spanning the railway a short distance from the Toronto junction, the catastrophe occurred. No one seems to be able to give a satisfactory account of what happened at this particular moment, but the engine seems to have struck a high rail at the switch and was thrown with fearful violence from the track, turning completely over and burying its ponderous bulk in the soft soil at the west side of the track. Just in the V formed by the main track and the switch, about 100 feet distant, stood the water tank. When the engine jumped the rails the tender shot from its truck clear over the engine, and the first baggage car van did the same. The water tank was struck either by the engine or the flying tender and utterly demolished, contributing a quantity of inflammable material to the general debris. Then the smoker and a first-class coach were telescoped by the cars in rear and, smashed into matchwood, were jammed with irresistible force into the wreck preceding them. The sleeping car remained on the rails, very little the worse for the bumping they had received, and the horrors of the catastrophe would have been very much mitigated if matters had remained as they then stood.

THE DEADLY STOVE.

But no sooner had the smash occurred than the debris took fire from the hot stoves which had been projected with such violence into the midst of the inflammable remnants of the forward cars as to scatter the glowing coals in every direction. It took but a moment to convert the pile into a flaming furnace, communicating with lightning rapidity to the cars remaining on the track, from which the just aroused inmates were endeavoring to make their escape with all celerity, minus all superfluous clothing. It being seven o'clock, most of the occupants of the sleepers were already up and dressed, and were thus enabled to make their escape without particular difficulty. The last two cars were detached and run back to a safe distance from the fire. Meanwhile the flames had enveloped all the remaining cars, and converted the spot which a short quarter of an hour before lay untroubled in the peaceful quietude of the Sabbath morn, into an inferno, out of the midst of which seething sheets of flame leaped forth in every direction, consuming everything in their path.

THOSE WHO ESCAPED.

The engineer, Joseph Watson, and his fireman, E. W. Chapman, who both reside in London, escaped in some miraculous manner. They were thrown clear of the engine when it took the fearful leap, and received only some cuts and bruises which are not of a serious character.

Wm. Poole, conductor of the train, also escaped with slight scratches, and left for his home at Suspension Bridge before your correspondent had an opportunity to see him.

THE BRAKE WAS ON.

There is a slowing order going into that curve and Watson had the air brake partly put on. Before getting there, finding something wrong just before his engine jumped, he drew the bar with a quick motion to the full extent. An examination of the engine this afternoon shows this to be the case.

HOW TWO ESCAPED.

F. W. Dumas, the expressman, and James Welsh, faggageman, both live at Suspension Bridge. They were in the car which shot over the engine, and owe their lives to the fact that the car took a flying leap instead of remaining to be crushed by the following one. Welsh had his shoulder dislocated and hip hurt. Dumas escaped unhurt, and set resolutely to work to assist those who were. He came into the Hamilton station afterward in his stocking feet and apparently unconscious of the loss of his boots.

BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED.

Trainmen and passengers worked like Trojans to relieve, in so far as possible, the suffering of the wounded and remove them to the auxiliary, which shortly afterward started for the city, and was run to the foot of Victoria avenue, adjacent to the hospital, and those most injured were speedily transferred to cots in that institution, when the large medical staff in attendance immediately set to work, and in a short time all were made as comfortable as possible.

At the time the auxiliary left very little idea existed of the horrible sequel which was to be disclosed later in the day.

TWO BODIES FOUND.

Immediately after the accident two bodies were found, and almost decapitated with a small portion of the skull attached by teguments to the trunk. No one identified the bodies at the time, and they were removed to the morgue at the hospital on the same train which conveyed the wounded.

THE KILLED.

RUDOLPH J. EDERER, Chicago.
L. S. GURNEY, New York.
EIGHTEEN OTHERS, not identified.

THE WOUNDED.

HAMILTON CLARK, Chicago.
ANTONIO MANTZ, Wisconsin.
EDWIN CHAPMAN, London.
ENOCH KENYON, London, Eng.
C. C. AZBEL, Edwardport, Ind.
WILLIAM LIPSY, Chicago.
A. L. DONEY, Danville, Ill.
J. A. PALMER, Iliou, N. Y.
GEO. WISE, Union Hill, N. J.
ANDREW J. CARPENTER, Yankton, Dak.
S. E. YOUNG, Chicago.
JOSEPH MORRIS, Clarke's Island, Me.

Cause of the Accident.

Hamilton, April 29.—The Grand Trunk railway workmen, in shifting the remains of the wreck late this afternoon, in order to give the coroner's jury a distinct idea of the lay out of the tracks at the scene of Sunday's terrible tragedy, discovered what was without doubt the cause of the accident. One of the axles of the engine was found to be broken. The axle had after the disaster been pitched into mud and water, and had also been somewhat

burned, so that it was impossible to tell by examining the broken ends whether or not the axle had a flaw in the steel, but from the position in which the engine lay after the plunge into the water tank it is certain that the axle was not broken by being struck by anything, either at the time of or immediately after the first crash. The tender of the engine was thrown to one side, and it was that which got the full weight of the ten cars behind and caused them to pitch up into a heap.

The jury seemed to be of the opinion that the broken axle caused the accident; but, in order to get more light upon the subject, Mr. W. A. Robinson, a prominent manufacturer of this city, and an expert in iron and steel working, as well as in locomotive engineering, was appointed to make an inspection. In order that he might have time to inspect and report, the inquest was adjourned until Wednesday night next.—Empire.

Determined Suicide.

Austin A. Bell, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Seattle, committed suicide on the morning of the 29th, by shooting himself in the head, at his real estate office in North Seattle. Bell left his home at an early hour, apparently in his usual spirits, and during the morning transacted business in the customary manner. About ten o'clock Mr. Bell's partner and nephew, Wm. Coffman, who had been in the office with him, left and went across the street. It appears that Bell then got up from his desk, locked the office door and sat down and wrote a very affectionate letter to his wife, stating that he had determined to end his life because of his long-continued ill-health. Then arising, he steadied himself against the office safe with his left hand, and placing a 38-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver against his head,

HE PULLED THE TRIGGER.

The first intimation of the act of self-destruction was received by H. C. Tull, an employe of a store adjoining. Mr. Tull was sitting in the store reading a newspaper when he was startled by the report of a pistol. Rushing from the store, he attempted to force an entrance into the real estate office, but found the door locked. With the assistance of several neighbors, who were attracted to the scene by the shooting, the door was broken open. In the middle of the room lay the body of the suicide, his head resting against a partition that separates the middle room from a rear compartment, while in his right hand he firmly clutched a revolver. A large pool of blood that flowed from an ugly wound on the right side of the head had formed round the body, and the walls of the room were bespattered with the crimson fluid. The bullet had gone clear through the head of the suicide and struck against the wall on the other side of the room. Bell was not quite dead when the neighbors found him, but was fast expiring, and after a few intermittent gasps the spirit of life fled.

THE STRICKEN WIFE.

When Mrs. Bell was notified of the suicide of her husband she fainted, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that she was revived. The remains were removed to the house, and there she spent the day hovering over the body of her dead husband; sobbing and moaning as if her heart would break. The cause of the suicide was undoubtedly a fit of melancholia induced by ill-health. Mr. and Mrs. Bell had but recently returned from the East, whither they had gone for the benefit of his health, and he was feeling so greatly improved when he came back that he at once began extensive improvements to his property in north Seattle. Last night he appeared in particularly good spirits, and laughingly stated to a companion that he had purchased a pair of boxing-gloves and soon expected to be strong enough to meet any puglist.

PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS.

He took great pride in pointing out to his wife and friends the improvements he intended to make, among them a fine large brick building next to the Bellevue hotel. A spell of depression to which he was subject appears to have been upon him this morning, and driven him to the fatal deed. Bell was a son of Wm. Bell, one of Seattle's early pioneers, after whom Belltown, or North Seattle, was named. He was 35 years old, and was the second male child born in Seattle. His father died about a year and a half ago, and the son inherited a large part of the estate which is now stated to be worth \$1,000,000 dollars. His wife, whom he married six years since, was Miss Eva Davis, of Toronto, Ont. There were no children. The wife and two sisters, Mrs. H. W. Hall, of Los Angeles, and Mrs. J. A. Stewart, of San Francisco, survive him.

Young ladies of London who have artistic tastes are organizing "sketching clubs." They hire a man for a teacher and meet at the homes of the members. Subjects are given out, and at the end of a certain time the work is sent to a professor, who notes his criticism on the back of each sketch and then sends the whole lot to one of the club, who adds her criticism. In this way the sketches are passed about to each sketcher.

A gentleman somewhat advanced in life, who was never remarkable for his good looks, asked his grandchild what he thought of him. The boys parents were present. The youngster made no reply. "Well, why won't you tell me what you think of me?" "Cause I don't want to get licked," was the prompt reply.