

POOR COPY

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1894.

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AN INDISCREET VICAR.

HIS THOUGHTS REGUIRED BY A PRETTY FACE.

What He Told a Representative of "Progress" - The Story of His Fancy and the Substance of His Relations With the Young Lady - The Cause of All the Talk.

Frederickton has a sensation and, as usual, there is a woman in it. Like all the affairs of a similar nature, this one has occasioned considerable talk and there is a great deal of the conversation very far from the truth. Still there is substance as well as shadow.

The Rev. Mr. McCully, vicar of the cathedral at the capital, is in trouble, and this trouble is closely connected with the woman in the case, and that woman is a Miss Grace Thompson.

About two years ago the Rev. Mr. McCully was appointed vicar of the cathedral and met with a good reception at the hands of the people of Frederickton.

But this has all changed. He did not assume his usual place behind the sacred desk last Sabbath; rather, he shut himself up in his room and condemned and self-condemned man.

His own version of the case, as told to a representative of PROGRESS and which is borne out by respectable and reputable men, both within and without the episcopal church, is as follows.

About four weeks since he became acquainted with Miss Thompson who was then a pupil in a portrait gallery at the lower end of the city. On his way to and from the post office daily, he bowed to "the sweet face at the window," and the courtesy being invariably returned, it became something he looked forward to. Then he met her on the street coming from the post office. Then they often met and walked out together, but they did not drive to New Maryland as has been stated, nor did they sit on the bank, "under the willow tree" at the Keely Institute, and imitate the famous Cuddling of Leary of North Shore fame. They did not visit the graveyard at the evening hour when ghosts from forth and striking give up their dead. They did not—but why harrow the feelings of the reader, it is sufficient to say they "did not," to most of the various statements made.

Mr. McCully says that he walked through the graveyard one evening on his way from the post office. The office had not been closed and it could not therefore have been later than nine o'clock. He was accompanied by Miss Thompson, who appeared to have a mania, so to speak, for going after the "male." This is the time mentioned in some of the papers when it is said, they were met by Caretaker Woodward. Mr. McCully says that he does not remember meeting Mr. Woodward, as stated, and he is certain that Mr. Woodward did not speak to him at any time in or near the burying ground. This is borne out by the caretaker, who has published his statement to the effect that he had never met the rev. gentleman as charged by the gossips.

On Saturday the town was "afire" with the story of the "mild and gentle flirtation," and the story came to Mr. McCully's ears, by a way that is not necessary the public should know.

He shut himself up from the public, he did not take his place in the church, and then the fire blazed, for this to the groups who were determined to pry on him was confirmed doubly confirmed.

How was he to meet Bishop Kingdon? that was the question, the solution of which was troubling him. His lordship, it will be remembered, had been away on a trip to the old country, and it was surely a difficult thing for the injudicious steward to meet his lord and master and detail to him how he had fallen in his trust. But Mr. McCully, firm in his opinion that he had been indiscreet but not criminal went to his lordship's house and met a "reliable party" there that as soon as the bishop arrived he wished to be notified so that he might, tell him the tale before his enemies had secured first advantage in the fight, by prejudicing the bishop against him. Then he went to his boarding place and waited to be notified. The bishop came home, yet the telephone bell failed to tell the vicar that he was wanted at the residence of the bishop. Then Sunday came and he could not, he says, go into the sacred desk with the stain upon him, so he remained at home, and another had to do his work.

Monday passed, and the telephone bell, whose ringing is not always welcome, but which would have been heard with almost ecstasy by the deeply humbled vicar, did not deign to ring, or rather the bishop failed to deign his wish to receive the erring churchman.

A STRANGE SAD STORY.

A MARRIED MAN INFATUATED WITH ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

A New Glasgow Englishwoman and Her Relations with a P. E. I. Physician - His Spent Days in Her Company on a Lone Island - His Wife Broken-hearted.

New Glasgow, June 14.—A sad story is being quietly told in this town, which almost throws into the shade Robert Buchanan's drama "Alone in London," with its awful unfolding of a husband's cruelty and a wife's devotion. It concerns Dr. Ings, formerly of Charlottetown, then of New Glasgow, now of Honolulu, where he lives with a Mrs. Grant, while his wife is on the verge of want in New Glasgow.

Dr. Ings was the son of a wealthy Charlottetown merchant. He was educated at Edinburgh, and there married a daughter of one of the best families in the Scottish capital, accomplished and beautiful. The couple came out to Canada, and Dr. Ings practiced his profession in Prince Edward Island for some time. Three years ago he removed to New Glasgow. So far as known their married life was happy. They had a family of three. Dr. Ings was fairly successful in his practice and was a skillful surgeon. Some few years before this a little English girl—Miss Hudson—came out to this country. There was nothing attractive about her save that she had red cheeks and a doll-like baby face, but she became "the rage" with some young men, and finally she married Duncan Grant, the son of a well-known contractor and local politician. All seemed to go happy enough. Dr. Ings was the family physician. In due time Mrs. Grant became a mother. Grant declared the child was not his and that Ings was the father. This was about the beginning of a guilty attachment between the doctor and Mrs. Grant. Duncan Grant drove his wife out from his home. She took up her abode on Big Island, Merigonish. Dr. Ings seemed to become completely infatuated with the woman. He visited her frequently, often spending days with her on this lone island. He neglected his wife, children, practice, society and everything. The man was either insane or wholly given up to guilty passion. The following incident will show all too clearly how true this familiar passage about "casting the first stone" is.

Papa Thompson's away taking "bibles back" or selling papers and it is expected there will be some when he arrives. Mr. McCully's statement as here given, has been substantiated so far as possible by others and has the sympathy of most of the citizens who believe that his lordship will deal harshly with him. And in this case it would be as well for all to bear in mind that familiar passage about "casting the first stone."

A Halifax Man Wanted for His Principal and His Interest.

HALIFAX, June 14.—An interesting episode this week was the arrest of a well known society young man by an equally well known Halifax business man. Edward Seaton was captured by T. K. Jenkins, manager of the large dry goods firm of Murdoch's Nephews, for \$75 with six years interest, which ran the amount up to more than \$100. Six years ago, Mr. Seaton, who then was one of the bloods of the town, called on Mr. Jenkins and asked him for the loan of \$75, promising to return the amount in a few days. It was not repaid; the young man left for parts unknown, and Mr. Jenkins applied to the young man's father for the cash. The paternal relative, who is an esteemed citizen of Halifax, with ample means, advised Mr. Jenkins to get out a judgment against his son, for he would not pay the amount; he would see the wild youth "rot in jail" first. An uncle of young Seaton, it is said, of a different opinion, and offered to make good the amount, but Jenkins would not accept the \$75 from that source, holding that either son or father should pay it. Jenkins resolved to bide his time—to play the waiting game for cash and revenge.

The chance came this week. Seaton returned to Halifax after a six years' absence. Jenkins heard of it, and rubbed his hands with glee. He had not forgotten the little affair and determined to make the most of his opportunity. The question was how best to proceed. Mr. Jenkins thought nothing could give him so great pleasure as to arrest young Seaton personally—to lay his own hands upon his debtor. He asked Sheriff Archibald if this could not be arranged, but the sheriff did not know. A leading lawyer was applied to, and his opinion was that Mr. Jenkins could be made a deputy sheriff for the occasion and the work. The sheriff consented to allow this, if Mr. Jenkins would give a guarantee to use no violence in arresting Seaton. Mr. Jenkins agreed that he would use no violence unless Seaton resisted, when force would be necessary. This consent was not considered adequate and Jenkins was denied the distinction he wished. He got the next best thing, however, a capias was procured, and Jenkins dogged Seaton's steps. At last he saw him enter the C. P. R. ticket office on Hollis street. The signal was given, and the sheriff's officer followed in. Mr. Jenkins watched the proceedings from the Queen hotel steps on the opposite side of the street, and as Seaton was escorted by the officers of the law to the county court house, the business man's eyes fairly danced with joy. He had waited six years to catch his man, and now he was in his clutches.

The poor young man was poor indeed, with no more money than he had in the days of old, but this time he was more fortunate in his father, for that gentleman paid the claim in full, plus the interest.

WELLS BROUGHT TO BOOK

THE EMERGENCY BANKER GIVES HIS CUSTOMERS AWAY

In The Police Court - Fined \$8 and Costs for Assault - He Did Not Know Her Personally - A Shaver Who Wanted \$3 for Making Out a Note.

John P. Wells has been described in the columns of PROGRESS several times as an "emergency banker." He owns up to the title and rather prides himself upon the business that he does. It is generally understood that a man who is so unfortunate as to loan money from Wells has to pay for it pretty heavily. His regular charges are a quarter per cent a day. This may not seem large at the first glance but it really means 9 1/4 per cent a year—almost "cent per cent."

Wells has been before the public again, this time for assault growing out of his usurious charges, and the magistrate fined him three dollars and eight cents, and the costs.

It appears that some years ago Wells lent \$50 to Mrs. Murphy and charged her the usual rate of interest one quarter per cent a day. This meant 7 1/2 per cent a month or three dollars and fifty cents. This, it appears, Mrs. Murphy, paid month after month and year after year until Wells had three times the amount of his principal. Then the poor woman died and her husband took up the burden of the debt and paid the interest. But Martin Murphy grew tired and it was on account of his tardiness in paying up that Mr. Wells intervened and the charge of assault arose.

The evidence was racy but as most of it has appeared there is no need to repeat it. Some of it however did not appear. Wells did not hesitate to justify his business and the lines on which he runs it by stating who borrowed from him. He mentioned the names of business people who had and were paying him his exorbitant rate.

This was a crusher and will no doubt prevent many from patronizing this particular emergency banker in future.

Wells very seldom makes mistakes in his customers, though even he has exceptions. Not long ago, as the story is told, a lady in need of funds thought of applying to him since she had known him in connection with some work for the church. She thought consequently, that she should have no difficulty. But when she went in and found that Mr. Wells looked at her for a moment and then said "I don't know you madam." Her amazement got the better of her for a moment but she managed to remind him that they were acquainted through such and such work. Mr. Wells' reply is worth quoting. He said, "Spiritually I may be acquainted with you, madam; financially I don't know you."

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THE LYRE OF APOLLO.

How the Representative of "Progress" Heard it in St. John's Groceries.

"Hark, hark, ye Dogs do bark, Ye Beggars are come to Town."

The beggars that sound the ear with their unlovely harmony, are come to town. You remember Long Morris, of the Morris, Pell, and Trowbridge Minstrels,—they were in St. John about twenty-five years ago, weren't they—do you remember that act of his called "Music on the Brain"? Or was it Swayne Buckley, of old Dan Buckley's Minstrels, that were here about the same time? Come to think of it, it may have been Swayne who had music on the brain. No poetry intended. The PROGRESS musical critic can't remember which it was, but it was one of them.

What put the oldest inhabitants in loving remembrance of Long Morris and Swayne Buckley, was the son of sunny Italy who was in town this week, and played the flutina and clashed the cymbals, and tried the triangle, and whacked the bass drum, and ensnared the hearts of the maiden fayre by his rhapsodies on the snare drum, and worse than all, far, far worse than all, sang—all at once, just as Swayne Buckley—or was it Long Morris?—used to do ages ago. And as if that wasn't enough, this great Italian master had a great Italian missus, who sang also, in the rich and melodious voiceless consonant tongue of Italia. She also played the tamborine, and took up a collection. Times are hard in St. John not so hard as at other places, but still hard enough—yet many quarters were thrown into that tamborine. And there are many virtuous St. John poor folk, "who never sing, but die with all their music in them," that seldom see a quartet?

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AN ANTI-CRICKET. cheap - sions

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McPHERSON, Gen'l. Pass' Agent, St. John, N. B.

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APOLIS R'Y. 1894. LMON RIVER.

CLIFTON and SATURDAY. S. S. CO.

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