PROGRESS.

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HER STRANGE STORIES

DOES JANE GREEN KNOW MORE THAN SHE TELLS.

Her Peculiar Actions on the Night of the Dutcher Murder—She Could not Have Seen a man Because of the Darkness—New Developements.

The idea seems to be steadily gaining ground amongst those who are making a special study of the matter, and should know, that Jane Green, sister-in-law of the murdered Mrs. Dutcher, knows more about the happenings of that terrible night, than she cares to tell. What the motive for her silence may be, is only a matter of conjecture, but she seems to have reasons of her own for keeping her knowledge to herself.

At the time of the inquest many people who read her account of the night's events noticed and spoke of her very singular action in leaving her children alone in the house after the fire and spending the rest of the night at a neighbour's house. If PROGRESS remembers aright she gave as her reason for doing so, that she was frightened; but if she had cause for alarm how about her children, left to face whatever danger there might be, alone?

Her daughters in giving their testimony, stated they took their little wounded cousin home at first, but as their mother was away, and they did not know how to care for the child she was afterwards removed to the house of her uncle Hugh Green Mrs. Green's conduct was extraordinary, to say the very least, in leaving her own house at such a time, and it is also very strange that she should have left her little niece, even if she was only a niece by marriage, in such an awful plight, without making any effort to ascertain the extent of her injuries, or help her in any way, deliberately leaving her then and afterwards to be cared for by a widowed uncle and two very young girls who were scarcely competent for the task. On the night of the fire Mrs. Green did not even wait until it was all over, but took her eldest daughter and went to the house of the neighbor mentioned and though the daughter went home early in the morning Mrs Green remained at Cormier's until dinner time next day.

People who read her evidence at the preliminary examination will remember that she stated she had not retired at all that night, merely resting on the bed because she was nervous and afraid of tramps and also because she was kept awake by the persistent barking of the Dutcher dog. Why she should have been afraid of tramps on this particular night she did not say, except that she was alarmed by hearing the sound of a wagon crossing a bridge. She appears to have been the only person in the neighbourhood who heard a wagon that night, and it is rather unusual for a sturdy country woman to lie awake from ten till two o'clock on account of nervousness, or even from discomfort at the barking of a dog. It will be remembered that Sullivan seemed decidedly afraid of Mrs. Green, as he told his brother he would not trust her, and stated to his father and mother before he left Moncton that he did not want to be mixed up in the matter as he was afraid Jane Green would swear his life away. This fear was proved to be well founded in one respect, as it was Mrs Green who first directed suspicion to Sullivan by swearing that the dead woman told her she was afraid of John Sullivan and that he had aroused her on the morning before the tragedy to get him beer. It was also Mrs. Green who told of Mrs. Dutcher saying that she was obliged to leave her purse upstairs and hide it, lest Sullivan shoud knock her down in order to get it. Mrs. Green stated that on the night of the fire she was attracted by what she thought at first was a light in the Dutcher house, but which, after watching it for about five minutes, she discovered to be a fire when she at once gave the alarm. The latest reports from a reliable quarter now state that she says what she really saw was a man carrying a light in the large room of the house, and that she afterwards saw a man come around the corner of the Dutcher house and run away.

These statements of her's are decidely contradictory especially as it is an indisputable fact that the nights were pitch dark at the time, and Mrs Green's house was some distance away from the Dutcher house; so that while it might be possible for anyone to see a light, or a person carrying a light, it would be outside the range of possibly to distinguish the form of a man running away, even if he had been within a few feet of her. In spite of this, Mrs. Green thinks she knows who the man was, though she is not positive.

It would almost seem as if Mrs. Green had some reason to suspect that all was not right at the Dutcher house, and that the knowledge had the effect of keeping her wakeful and restless.

These are but speculations of course, but it seem as if there were some discrepencies in Mr. Green's statement that required clearing up and as John Sullivan has stated more than once that he can clear himself easily and prove his whereabouts on the night of the fire, the necessary explanations may be forthcoming at the trial.

Little Maggie Dutcher is making rapid progress towards recovery, and her mind seems to be clearing. She recognizes the fact that she is in a strange place and sometimes cries to be taken home, but within the last few days she has referred for the first time to her mother's death. 'Poor mama and Harry are gone, and I sha'n't see them any more,' she said sadly. So her memory is evidently returning.

A strange circumstance in connection with the supposed attempt of last week to break into the almshouse, and abduct or kill the child, is not generally known. Shortly after the child was removed from Meadow Brook and established at the Almshouse, two well dressed and rather good looking men called one day, and requested to be shown over the house. The matron, Mrs. Forbes, was rather surprised at such a request from young men, but she complied at once, showing the visitors all over one side of the house. Coming to the part in which Maggie Dutcher and her nurses were installed, she paused and said—"Now this other side is exactly like the other". "Just exactly like, is it?" questioned one of the visitors. "The same in every way," replied Mrs. Forbes, adding as an afterthought, "perhaps you would like to see the sick child?" "Oh no" they both exclaimed at once "not at all, we only wanted to see the house."

As every other visitor who had been at the alms house since Maggie's arrival had been consumed with curiosity to see her, Mrs Forbes thought it strange at the time that they should take so little interest in her, and was surprised at the amount of solicitude for the welfare of the poor displayed by the two young men. Taken in connection with after events their visit looks significant.

John E Sullivan, who is awaiting trial at Dorchester, is one of the best behaved men ever confined in that institution.

He passes his time in reading books, papers and magazines. He doesn't condemn any witnessess who have given evidence against him but declares that Mrs. McAnn, of St. John, is mistaken as to his (Sullivan's) visits to McAnn's hotel, on the Wednesday or Friday after the Dutcher tragedy. Sullivan receives a good many strangers but refuses to talk about his case. He says "I was requested by my lawyer not to speak to any one concerning the matter, and I want to follow out his instructions." He eats well and appears to be quite contented. On Tuesday the prisoner's aged father visited his son and had a long private conversation with him in the corridor of the jail. The son seemed to be much affected and several times requested his father to tell his mother not to worry over him, that the charge was baseless and that he would come out all O. K. During the time that the prisoner was talking to his father a young man who was sent down from Moncton on some minor offense, was cursing the Moncton authorities for their inconsistency. He said 'if one of us had been rich, and robbed the city of $100.000 we could have had a special police officer to watch us at home, but because we are poor we must take our medicine.' This statement coming from a jailbird is rough on the Moncton authorities who are noted for making fish of one offender and fish of another. The men today who are clamoring for the hasty punishment of John Sullivan, only a few months ago were pleading for a man who stole thousands of dollars from the city treasury and was allowed to leave the town with the knowledge and consent of the authorities. Is British justice in Moncton ceasing to be administered in the best interests of society? At the present time there seems to be quite a difference in the case of whose ox is gored. Some of the worst criminals ever known in this section have been allowed to go scott free.

Sullivan has evidently been spending some of his spare time in writing poetry. The following verses have been sent to PROGRESS as a specimen of his efforts in this direction.

A Reverie.

I lie upon my pallet here,
"A suspect in a prison cell,
Accused of crime I'd ne'er commit
And those who know me, know it well.

I fear not! but my heart is sad,
For those who always held me dear,
Perhaps they waver in their faith?
So much is said that they must hear.

"Reckless and wild," yes sure I've been!
As far too many are today,
Carousing, drinking, waste of time
Forgetting oft the time to pray.

But friends! and some I'm told I have,
The race from which I sprang Don't shrink!
False accusations often born,
From death itself don't shrink.

Lying here tonight, on prison cot,
Alone at "witching hour" of night,
I put my doubts away to rest
And feel that all will turn out right.

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perforated Ducat, 17 Waterloo.

AN ALDERMAN'S VICTORY

AN AMENDMENT TO THE CIVIC SALARIES ADOPTED.

Alderman Hamilton Scores a Great Triumph—Another City Father who Did Good Work—Some Little Pleasantries that Were Interchanged

HALIFAX, Oct. 22.—Judge Johnston of the county court, is down on the rank and pile of the police force with a severity of which it was thought the good old judge was incapable. Policeman Lovitt, a would be aquatic champion, is the immediate cause of the judge's onslaught. Lovitt arrested a poor man and the evidence goes to show acted harshly if not cruelly, and certainly acted unjustly, for Judge Johnston honorably acquitted the prisoner, and, metaphorically speaking, kicked the police out the court. It is too true that there is often a great deal of unnecessary cruelty practiced by the police of the city as well probably as by the police of all cities, and it is hoped that the members of the Halifax force will take Judge Johnston's severe lesson to heart.

Chief O'Sullivan and Detective Power, every one knows, do not approve of cruelty by the police or any one else, and do all they can to suppress it. Judge Johnston took particular pains to exonerate these heads of the force from any responsibility for wrong-doing of this kind, and it is pleasing to know he was perfectly right in this. There is no kinder heart in Halifax than that which beats within Chief O'Sullivan's breast. The world does not hear of one of a hundred of the kindly acts, unostentatiously performed by Chief O'Sullivan. All the members of the police force by no means come under the judge's reproach but such of them as do bad better begin a reformation ere it is too late.

Detective Power, too, is an officer who is honor itself in the discharge of his duties and it is gratifying to observe how Judge Johnston recognized this fact.

A VICTORY FOR THE ALDERMAN.

An Important Amendment to the Civic Salaries Report Adopted.

HALIFAX, oct. 22—That was quite a decided victory for Ald. Hamilton which he accomplised at Monday night's meeting of the city council, when his amendment to the report of the civic salaries committee was adopted. Ald. Butler's committee had done good work in threshing out the matter. They proposed to make J. J. Hopewell treasurer, but that gentleman's chance for promotion was completely knocked out by the adoption of the amendment. For years committee after committee has striven with this matter of civic salaries and it does seem strange that without an hour's notice the council should adopt a resolution apparently prepared off-hand and report the latest committee's report. But Ald. Hamilton had like some others of the aldermen has given the subject a great deal of thought.

Ald. Butler's work will by no means go for nothing, however. His superannuation scheme will be adopted, and he is deserving of much credit for the painstaking work he has put forth. Mayor McPherson complimented him on the adoption of the preliminary clause.

In connection with this discussion it was interesting to hear one alderman call another a "humbug"—that was the word used. The reply from the aggrieved city father was "childlike and bland."

At this same council meeting Ald O Donnell got in some vicious blows at John W. Ruhland, an account of that questionable house on Grafton street. He accused the brother of erecting a place, and of allowing a business to be carried on, which was the ruination of anyone in the neighborhood attempting to act and live decently. Ald. O'Donnell may take other steps in this matter besides merely talking in the city council. 'Neddy' seems to be in earnest, and he is pulling the strings in a direction which may bring about a sensation. Don't concentrate your attention on Mr Ruhland, alderman, you know there are other and very 'respectable' men, too, who own or are agents for similar houses on Grafton street. Don't make 'fish of one and flesh of another.'

WANT LADY COMMISSIONERS.

An Agitation in Halifax to Secure Their Appointment.

HALIFAX, Oct. 22.—Halifax in some things is behind other cities and towns. Our people do not profess to think that they lead or are even up to their fellow citizens in other parts of the Dominion in every particular. No, in some things they are behind. One of these points of backwardness is said to be the matter of lady representation on the Halifax board of school commissioners. The members of the women's council are on the move to 'take away this reproach,' as they call it. They have started an agitation to secure the appointment by the government of a couple of lady members to the board. This is a laudable enterprise, doubtless. It is interesting to note who they are who are bestirring themselves in this matter and to look at some of the names suggested for membership. It is a strange fact that the women who are starting the agitation for membership on the board are women who do not send their children to the public schools. They are women "above" that means of education, and their boys and girls are sent to private schools; or on the other hand they are unmarried women who have no children, and who consequently are just as little interested as those who send their boys and girls to private schools and academies.

The women who have been suggested as prospective members are mostly of the same position. They are mainly "sassiety" ladies whose children never darkened the doors of a public school, or they are ladies without children. Possibly these good women are so sanguine of the results that would follow female membership or the school board, that they think so great a reformation would be wrought in the scholars as would make them fit places of learning for even their sons and daughters. The movement would have greater force, however, if it had been inaugurated by women who have a greater personal interest in the schools than have the women who are seeking for a 'change.'

HE LEFT HURRIEDLY.

And Forgot to Settle Several Accounts—A Choir Mourns Too.

HALIFAX, Oct. 22.—There is a vacancy on the leading staff of the Halifax public schools, and at the same time a vacant seat in the choir of a city church. It is not often that a school teacher of Halifax is thus to be numbered among the missing ones, leaving 'mourning creditors' to ruminate on the fact that what is the loss of Halifax is a gain, in population, to another town. This young man hardly took time to send in a written resignation to the board of school commissioners. It was unnecessary. Frequent absences from his position had some little time ago caused the issuance of an ultimatum that on the next occasion of non-appearance he need not return at all. This was the fact acted upon and now an important school is minus one of its teachers. Not only that, but a number of city accounts are unsettled so it is said, and there is not much hope just now of a remittance.

In this connection, friends of the school thus bereaved are talking of its standing. They say it does not bear comparison with a sister school in the North end as to efficiency, and they are quietly asking if this condition of affairs could not be remedied by 'the powers that be.' A little scrutiny of this matter would not be out of place by those in a position to look into it. Let the glance be taken.

JOHN MAPLE FOUND A WIFE.

She is a Blonde and is Very Much in Earnest About It.

John Maple was from one of the seaport towns of Nova Scotia and came here last summer in search of a wife. John was green and he didn't get a wife but a certain number of young men in town had a lot of fun with him. One day the schooner in which John started out from his home on his matrimonial quest sailed from St. John and his story ended as far as this city was concerned.

The other day another Nova Scotian bent on the same mission came to this part in the Thelma one of the apple schooners. It was his first trip from home and he would not have made it only there was not a maiden in all his village that could capture his heart. That was his version but others say that none could be induced to try. Forest was the young man's name. He owns a farm, a horse, some stock, a suit of clothes and a most enthusiastic desire to possess a wife, and the captain of the Thelma made Forest's wishes known on shore and he was soon in the guardianship of the gentleman who had arranged matters for Johnnie Maple. It was quite easy to let him secure a girl who would share his ups and downs and he would take him to her at the first opportunity, Forest said he wanted a good looking female, and that was all.

Shortly after dusk one evening Forest and a couple of friends started for the young lady's house. Forest knew nothing of the city and its ways and was at once taken to one of the shady residences on the lower part of Water street. There were several young women there, and Forest was told he could select any one of them for a life partner. He chose a blonde and for several hours the young men who accompanied him had more fun than ever they anticipated. Forest proposed and was accepted, the best thing of it is that the girl is as sincere as he is. She has promised to go with him to his Nova Scotia home and he has gone back to arrange it for his bride. Forest is expected back on the next trip of the Thelma and then the wedding will take place. There are only a few invitations out yet but it is a certainty that many can be had before the day the knot is tied.

A New Story in "Progress."

"Shadowed for life." A new story by Gordon Stables M. D. R. N., will be begun in the next number of PROGRESS.

SHE WAS VERY PRETTY.

AND THE BOYS ALL LIKED HER RESTAURANT

At The Foot of Indiantown—But she has Gone With Her Husband and Lots of Cash—Creditors and Friends Mourn Their Sudden Departure.

The North end has lost two residents within a week or so but only a few are sorry. This sorrow is not because of the decrease in the population but because they are financial sufferers. Some months ago a husband and wife reached here from the neighboring republic and opened a restaurant at the foot of Indiantown, near the landing places of the river boats. The wife presided over this place and the husband turned his attention to the manufacture of spring beds. The restaurant was not long in becoming a centre of attraction for a great many of the Indiantown young men. The proprietress was pretty and she always had attractive female friends at her house. The boys drifted in and bought beer and beans and the girls invariably accepted invitations to dine. The restaurant was successful financially; the merchants about town paid no attention to the stories that the proprietress had once had her name shrouded in dense gloom. They knew only one thing, that she generally paid for what she got and when she asked for credit, in most cases, she got it.

About a week ago the climax came and it is said that their are merchants in this town who lose from $50 to $100 each. The pair are back under the stars and stripes, a good many dollars in pocket. Just before they left the husband tried to purchase $200 worth of tea from one of the large firms on six months credit. This concern would have nothing but money down and now they were hugging themselves. One of the young women who helped to make business good at the cafe is minus a gold bracelet and an other a gold ring. Some of the boys who made such good fellows of themselves are now working hard to forget that they loaned the fair mistress several weeks salary but they think that the affair is a secret locked within their own breasts. The experience will do them good.

AN INDIGNANT COLORED CYCLIST.

She sees a White Girl Laugh and Punches Her for the Offense.

There was trouble on Charlotte street in the twilight of Tuesday evening when a dusky maiden pedalled along at a scorching gait on a wheel that "had seen better days." Now it has never been denied that a colored girl has as much right astride of a wheel as her white sister but it is a fact that but few of the daughters of Africa in this city attempt to pose as expert cyclists. Perhaps they are afraid of being run into on dark nights or that they might be more likely to meet with an accident than those whose general appearance presents a greater contrast with mother earth, or, it may be that their natural sense of modesty is so developed that they do not care to make themselves so prominent as a lady must needs be when mounted on a wheel.

But in opposition to this somewhat general rule a colored girl broke out Tuesday evening. The boys jollied her as she sped along with the grace of a professional but she didn't mind that. Little trifles such as the boys remarks did not worry her but when Miss Jennie Steel who was walking down the street broke into hearty laughter—whether at the fair colored cycler or at some funny remark of a gentleman standing near is not clear—there was trouble and that cyclist stopped in less time than it took to think. Then with a bound she was on the sidewalk and seizing the fair young lady with one hand she displayed her pugilistic expertness with the other. The attack was sudden, the punishment severe, when the offense is considered. Perhaps one would hardly think a colored cyclist so sensitive as to resent a laugh at her expense, though even that is doubtful, but to take vengeance into her own hands and administer a cuffing and punching on the public street is something quite novel. After this it may be as well to keep on a straight cast of countenance when this colored cyclist is abroad.

HE DOCKED THE TAIL.

And the Livery man Refused to Take the Horse Back.

There's a good story going the rounds in which a livery stable man, an eight Hussar lieut, a retired general and a horse are the principal actors.

The story began when the militia pitched tent at Sussex some two weeks ago, but the end of the story like many other continued yarns has yet to come. However judging form the first chapters the narrative promises to be a good one.

When general orders were first issued to our New Brunswick militia men to prepare for ten days of drill at Sussex under canvas, there was a grand hurry scurry and hustle to get uniforms cleansed up accoutrements shining and pipe clay all over where it belonged.

The Eight Cavalry Princess Louise Hussars of Kings county were among those ordered under canvas and among them the hustle was very brisk indeed.

Now the Eighth has many officers who are city chaps and so decidedly gallant that they do nothing by halves. Their uniform must be tailor made and must fit, the cap must sit just so, and the horse; why a country horse would never do you know, it must be a city horse and a brisk one at that, no ring bones or spavins in theirs if you please. In fact the Lieut from the city is right up to date in every particular.

It was one of those precise little officers that arranged with a Waterloo street livery stable man for a dandy steed to use at camp for ten days. The horse was carefully groomed and brushed, and looked natty with its flowing mane and long tail.

The stable keeper felt easy when he saw by the papers that the ten days drill was to close on the morrow. He almost felt the roll of money in his inside pocket from the good hire he had made.

On the morrow the gallant young officer hove in sight o'er Waterloo street hill mounted on a lank looking steed. The stableman failed to recognise his horse at first but on closer inspection he found that Lieut.——had cut the horse's beautiful tail off short and had otherwise mutilated and changed the noble animals appearance so much so that it was rather hard to recognise it. The Lieut. said that he had the horse's tail 'docked' to make it regimental.

The stable man got hot over what he justly termed d—— cheek, and refused to accept the horse. The youthful soldier lead the dock tailed horse out of the stable and to his father's house. Explanations followed which resulted in the father of the young officer leading the horse back to the stable and giving it a cut with a whip drove it in to its former owner. But the the stableman says this don't end the matter as he intends to bring an action against the docker of his horse's tail.

AN EASY GOING CITY.

Society in Halifax Forgives But Does Not Forget Indiscretions.

Halifax is an easy going, forgiving sort of a place after all. Society frowns once in a while if her laws are disregarded too openly but when such liberty is permitted with them at all times but little sympathy is felt for those who come under the ban of the mighty displeasure of Mrs Grundy.

Still after a time society gets in good humor again and especially so if those who transgress her laws are only politic enough to absent themselves for a while; take a trip to mother England and thus avoid the inconvenient method of ostracising which must of necessity be followed if the offender is among her friends. But after a suitable absence she may return, of course as unostentatiously as possible, and regain her lost prestige and reputation.

How different with the men! If some poor choir master or clerk forgets that there is a Mrs Grundy and permits himself to enjoy to the utmost the society of the fair young ladies to whom he is agreeable he must as soon as his offence is discovered take himself to foreign regions and remain there, particularly if he has been indiscret enough to be careless.

This little homily is suggested, perhaps, by the rumoured marriage of a musical young lady of that city and a gentleman who addresses many fashionable people once a week. Perhaps some of those who listen to him so attentively think it a shame that he is setting the widowers such a horrid example in forgeting there first loves so soon, while othes of a more reflective mood wonder that such an attractive young lady should display a taste for the church after her experience of four years ago.

By the way, that experience led, it was said at the time—and pretty openly too—to one of those little trips that Mrs. Grundy demanded. The unfortunate part of it was that two young ladies offended against society at the same time. One of them was not in the same position in society as the other as she worked for her living but her occupation was of a dainty nature and her position such that society was calling upon her all the time and of course thoroughly well acquainted with her. She, too was intimate with the choir master and when the facts all came to light there was hurrying to and fro and one went to England, the dreadful man to Brooklyn while the other remained at home. But the heroine of this story paid a pleasant visit to her aunt' in England and the fact was duly chronicled at the time. The writer is not quite sure whether it was in the column of Lady Jane in the Recorder or in the 'Whispers' in the Echo but is sure it was in one of these papers. No doubt either would be an authority especially the former.

But now there is a marriage on the tapis and when it takes place society will no doubt crowd the aisles of St. George in their eagerness to see the last act of a maiden who has experienced the shadow of her frown and the joy of her forgiveness.

McArthur's for Dolls, Toys and Fancy Goods.