

FOX HELD UP IN WALKER'S GROCERY STORE WHERE HE CALLED FOR ONIONS TO PICKLE

Interesting Description of the Encounter Between the Fugitive and the Groceryman Who, Taken by Surprise, Made a Bad Break and Lost the Reward.

Fugitive Calls at Homes on the East Side and Meets Those in Charge of the Home for Incurables and the Protestant Orphan Asylum.

In an unguarded moment I entered Walker's grocery at the corner of King and Wapworth streets. In a careless manner indifferent to the conditions imposed for the capture of the fugitive, Mr. Walker took a chance and lost it. He is not the first person to have accosted Fox in this town. But the first to have laid hands on him, and with the weakness of his attempt he is not the only person in my many experiences in many places outside of this town who with the reward fairly in his grasp has thrown it away through a desire to find out who I am—"make sure," if they can.



FOX THE FUGITIVE
The Shop Hand Strolling in King's Square.

I was on my way up King street after making a few calls at residences further east, when that little grocery attracted my attention. There was an orderliness and neatness about it that prompted me in the spur of the moment to walk in.

First I noticed one of the salesmen slicing meat of some sort, as it appeared to me taking it in a glance. There was only a boy busy around the place. When I stopped at the counter the salesman I had not observed came from behind a tier of merchandise and asked the usual question.

He was a stoutly built man and I believe wears a grizzled, bushy mustache. I took it for granted I was facing Mr. Walker—the name that appears over the door. "How much do you charge for onions?" I asked. I think he replied 9 or 9 1/2 cents a pound. "How much would a quart of onions cost me?" He hesitated to reply and looked at me curiously, as though I had asked a strange question. I pressed the inquiry and still he hesitated. I am quite sure that the suspicion I aroused later had not up to this point entered his mind.

I was thinking that I had asked an unusual question.

"Or, don't you sell onions by the quart?" I asked.

Still no reply to my questioning. I can tell when I am under suspicion and, without as yet seeing the usual indications in his expression I urged my inquiries to obtain a reply. Then I thought I would explain.

"If the onions are what we want we desire to buy a quart and would like to get them cheaper than we would by the pound."

That evoked no reply.

"You see, we want to do up some in pickles—"

"Usually onions are not done up at this time of the year." He said this with a broad smile coming over his face.

I at once saw that my ostensible business with him was being challenged and I hoped to explain the seeming incongruity he had pointed out. So I stepped deeper into the mire in which I realized I was floundering.

"It's like this we are out of pickles and my wife thought she would pickle onions for immediate use."

He had been leaning over the counter. He straightened back and began stroking his chin.

He fastened that tell-tale look I know so well directly into my eyes. I returned the look with interest. The danger signal was out. We looked each other squarely in the eyes. Neither of us flinched. He was sizing me up. He was studying my expression to convince himself if possible.

However urgently I attempted to pry his suspicions, there was a weakness about my effort that gave him a clue. It might have been a quiver of my eyes, or the mere trace of a smile. I don't know. It didn't seem to me that I had weakened any.

The other salesman, proprietor or clerk I don't know—then came around where we were. Although he gave me a severe stare I don't think he understood what was passing between us.

For at least two minutes we were "looked together" with steady, unwavering keenly suspicious looks. I could see his thoughts in the broad smiles that chased across his face.

Without another word he turned and walked down the store around the turn in the counter. I moved in the same direction hoping to pass off on him—going back to be shown the onions.

Just then I saw a copy of The Standard lying on the counter in that direction. I assumed for the moment it was The Standard. I couldn't see the headings for it was too far away from me. There was no reason, from my point of view why I should remain any longer. Then I turned to the door. Saying, "If you can't accommodate me I'll leave."

I caught a glimpse of him picking up the paper as he called out to me, "Are you Fox the fugitive?"

Of course I didn't stop to tell him. Evidently he was not sure. For as I was at the door I didn't run or hurry. I repeated the inquiry, "Are you Fox?" He had laid his hand on me—merely rested it on my arm—which was all right. He had the paper in the other hand. He made no effort to show it to me. And I didn't stop and ask him to show it to me. In Niagara Falls, N. Y., I got myself and the publisher into a disagreeable situation by accepting a copy of his paper from a glance I gave at the certified warrant which the conditions in my capture always require. It was challenged and after I admitted the

stories, and it is to be read in plain English in the conditions, but I take this occasion to emphasize it, in telling Mr. Walker, where he fell down. Therefore, Mr. Walker, I could not reply to your inquiry. Nor could I ask you, if you had accosted me right, to show me if you had the certified warrant.

So I walked away. It happened that the one customer in the store left as I entered. The second salesman stood behind the counter and the boy stood near the door.

Thinking that Mr. Walker might grasp the situation, though he had nothing more than suspicion to go by, and might chase out or send the boy out and overtake me I lost no time in leaving the neighborhood.

At 366 Union street I inquired of Mr. Kierston and some of his family for H. G. Battle.

At 55 Pitt street, where I saw the name L. D. Clark on the door plate I hopped with a slender, middle-aged gentleman who came out into the vestibule and filled his pipe and a lady who stood inside of the door, I told them I was looking for Horace Dig.

At 262 Pitt street I asked Mrs. Henderson for "Alfred Klueck."

At the home for Incurables I asked the young lady who came to the door, if they had a little girl there named "Stella Handole?" I repeated the inquiry of Miss Frost at the Protestant Orphan Asylum and she advised me to apply at the "Children's Aid Institution on King street east." That is how I understood her.

This lady suspected me. She probably was thinking that she had made a mistake in not having the warrant ready.

THE POLICE COURT

In the police court yesterday two men were fined \$8, each for being drunk. When asked where they got the liquor, one replied that he secured it from Edward Carlin, and the other said he had been supplied by Joseph O'Brien. Carlin and O'Brien

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To Prevent Seasickness, Trainickness and Nausea

Officially adopted by Steamship Companies on both fresh and salt water—endorsed by highest authorities—used by travelers the world over and generally recognized as the One Dependable Preventative of Nausea.

Contains no cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, coal tar products or their derivatives. Sold by leading druggists. See box enough for 24 hours. \$1.00 for ocean voyage.

A copy of Mothers' Travel Book sent upon request, without charge.

Motherall Remedy Company
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.
Also at 19 Bids Street, London; Montreal, New York, Paris, Milan.

were summoned to court and fined \$50, each. Evidence was given showing that the men in question were plumbers who were out on strike, these ten of the members sent away and received a case of gin from Montreal Thursday. G. E. Blake a master plumber was in court and complained that one of his store windows had been smashed, also that strikers were interfering with other men who were at work, he further said that Thursday night a young plumber was knocked down by being struck with a stone.

John W. Bruce, Toronto, General Organizer of the Plumbers and Steam Fitters' Union, asked to be allowed to make a statement, but was told by the Court that he would probably have a chance on Saturday, four men having been reported by a non-striking plumber.

A. C. Smalley was fined \$10 for driving his car on the wrong side of Mill street and not stopping when Policeman Hennickson gave him the signal.

Dr. Doore was found guilty on tes-

timony of Sergeant Rankine and Officer Estay of allowing his car to stand in front of his house, Main street, May 27th, for an hour and thirty-five minutes, and was fined \$10.

Two boys were in the juvenile court on charge of theft of coal at the foot of Clarence street. Policeman Cooper made the arrest. Following their plea of not guilty the boys were sent below.

Mrs. Mary Stacher, on a charge of fortune telling by "tossing the cup," promised to leave the city, and the charge against her was dropped.

A SCOUT'S GOOD TURN.

Through a good turn performed by a boy scout, the St. Jude's troop was honored with a visit from Mr. Smart of Pittsburgh, Pa., at their headquarters last evening.

Mr. Smart was paying a visit to some friends on the West Side, but was uncertain as to the direction, and asking a boy who happened to be passing, he was not only directed, but the youth insisted that he should take him

right to his destination. Whilst walking along the boy explained that he was a Boy Scout and glad to do anyone a good turn.

On invitation from the boy, Mr. Smart visited the troop and gave a splendid address, being fully qualified to do so, as he himself is a scoutmaster in his home town. During the course of his remarks he complimented the boys on their fine appearance and knowledge of scoutcraft.

Food Quotations.

Potatoes that arrived in the city yesterday from up river were selling at Indiantown for from \$4.50 to \$5.50 per barrel. The price has fallen off from \$2 to \$2.50 a barrel, and a further falling off is expected. A decline of 15 cents a hundred weight is recorded on granulated sugar, bringing it down to \$8.40 per hundred weight wholesale.

Price Sale Charlotte St. We have done it. We on our boom in good. The last week of our Breaking Sale is coming. You are in time. The beginning to shine summer is here. Come along with your money. You can do buying, more shop- than elsewhere in the. We always buy to suit and not ourselves. LOOK AT OUR BROKEN PRICES: Ladies' and Misses' Suits 1 modish. One Price, \$9.99. Ladies' Afternoon Dresses \$1.29 to \$1.99. Ladies' and Misses' Sport-coats—Stylish \$4.98 and \$5.98. Children's Coats, \$2.98 to \$3.98. Ladies' Odd End Coats \$1.49. Black Rubber Coats, \$3.98. Light Raincoats, \$4.98. Ladies' Handsome Handkerchiefs—All sizes. Worth \$1.99. Only 90c. Ladies' White and Color- Wash Skirts, 75c. Ladies' Linen Coats—Loose fits, big sizes, \$1.98. Black Silk Waists—Small sizes, 90c. Ladies' Footwear to clear, lots of Ladies' Boots and shoes at \$1.29, \$1.49, \$1.98. Whatever you want for your use or family use in dress- ing, you will appreciate the money you will save at our Breaking Sale. And the folks should not be behind. We have small size Suits for all men at smashed and broken prices. Received 20 dozen Men's Odd Ends—something hard to get—broken prices. Men's Office Coats—The latest styles, \$1.49. Men's Dust Coats at Broken prices. Men's pants—The best to wear, \$1.99 up. Boys' Pants, \$1.49 up. Boys' Suits—Better than for less money. Boys' Wash Suits, \$1.29. Men's and Boys' Rain-coats, \$3.50 up. Men's Suits of Men's Fur- nish Underwear—Cream and White. Worth 75c. a garment. At 50c. Men's Suits, \$2.99. Wash Ties and American Hats, \$1.49. Men's and Boys' Caps. Men's and Boys' Felt and Straw Hats. The greatest of all bargains in men's and boys' shoes. Make haste, you men! One More Week to Attend Our Price Breaking Sale. ASSEN'S 14-16-18 Charlotte Street NO BRANCHES

BETTER GAS SERVICE

One of the helpful suggestions made by our customers has been adopted.

Hereafter we will periodically inspect all gas equipment free of charge—Should you have any trouble with your gas appliances, a letter or phone to Service Department will bring the Inspector.

A Gas Stove will save you money—Isn't it a good time to put one in now?

Try the new "C. E. Z." Gas Mantel for illuminating purposes.

NEW BRUNSWICK POWER CO.,
Dock and Union Streets. Phone Main 2430.
Sellers of Public Service.

\$5 IN GOLD \$5

Will be paid to the person capturing Fox the Fugitive, if at the time of the capture the winner hands to Mr. Fox an OVERLAND or PHAROAH PANETELA CIGAR.

A. A. McCLASKEY

REWARD \$1000-REWARD-\$1000 REWARD

CAPTURE MR. FOX

Ask him to sign this ad. and receive ten dollars worth of goods. He will phone your name at once so you may claim your reward

F. A. JOHNSON

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Corner Mill and Union Streets

SEE OUR WINDOWS

 <p>Covert Cloth Coats, \$9.50 to \$15.00</p> <p>Silk Hose, All Shades, 49c.</p> <p>Corset Covers, 23c. to \$1.95</p> <p>Novelty Neckwear, 25c. to \$3.00</p>	<p>Silk Suits Latest Styles and Shades, at Special Prices. \$18.95, \$22.00, \$24.95</p> <p>Silk Skirts, \$6.00, \$7.50 and \$9.50</p> <p>Silk Underskirts, \$2 to \$7.50</p> <p>Sateen Underskirts, 85c. to \$2.25</p> <p>White and Fancy Sport Skirts, \$1.00 to \$6.00</p> <p>House Dresses, Special \$1.</p> <p>Silk Hose, (Seconds), 25c.</p> <p>Khaki Kool Suits, Dresses, Skirts, Middies and Blouses Very Latest Sport Novelties, at Special Prices During Sale</p>	<p>Ladies' Suits and Coats In Tweeds and Serges at Extra Special Low Prices During Sale.</p> <p>Serge and Tweed Skirts, \$3.00 to \$12.00</p> <p>Latest Two-Piece Voile Dresses, \$6 and \$7.</p> <p>Raincoats, \$3.50 to \$20.00</p> <p>Brushed Wool Sweaters, \$3.00 to \$6.00</p> <p>Overall Aprons, all sizes, 49c</p> <p>Cotton Hose, all shades, 35c.</p> <p>Black and White Check Coats, Special \$6.85</p> <p>Crepe de Chene Blouses, \$2.50 to \$8.00</p> <p>Voile Waists, All New Designs, 98c.</p> <p>Children's Dresses, 50c. to \$4</p>	
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A collection of extremely modish Neck Throws. Included in the showing are White Iceland Fox, Black Fox, Civet Cat, Red Fox, Coon and Rat. All are of the newest, smartest shapes, including the new shawl collar.

Prices are most moderate.

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Nugget Polishes Keep Your Shoes Neat.

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