

FOX THE FUGITIVE WITH THREE ALIASES; TWO SEPARATE CHARACTERS HE ASSUMED

His Luggage Was Shipped in by Different Express Companies, Each Under a Separate Alias, While His Mail Was Received Under the Third Alias Through the Only Person in St. John in Touch with The Fugitive.

Many Places Fox Ate in and Purchased Supplies That Are Now Mentioned for the First Time, where Hereafter He Will Be Well Known.

(By Fox The Fugitive.)
Miss Florence Howard, clerk in F. W. Daniel & Co's, recovered one of the prize notes that were hidden by me last Friday. I delivered to her personally a pair of gold beauty pins.

"You were not Fox The Fugitive?" Indeed! No you were not!" exclaimed Miss Sarah Snodgrass, not prepared to believe that the occupant of her first floor parlor chamber for three weeks could possibly have concealed his identity. Finally convinced this general hostess of mine who had placed at my disposal all the comforts of a roomer without a home could desire, burst into a hearty laugh.

"To think it could be possible! And there was over a hundred dollars in rewards." Then breaking into another laugh she exclaimed: "And last a remark was made here in the house about going out to find Fox The Fugitive!"

I assured her that I overheard it. This conversation occurred in the large, bow window front parlor at No. 127 Duke street, where my luggage makes a congregation of floor space, though the room is large. It's a fine locality, with cars passing the door and only three blocks from King street, the central retail neighborhood with many shops on Charlotte street, a half block below, large and small.

Dick's drug store is just a few steps from our entrance. Across the street is Vanwart Bros. grocery, business places largely patronized and well known. Rouse the plumber is right nearby. And indeed it was in Rouse's shop where the boss and a little girl gave me pointers about rooming places nearby. That was when I preliminary trip into St. John I spent two days looking for a hiding place—a week before the first story of Fox The Fugitive appeared in The Standard. At that time I registered at the Clifton Hotel, where while I was in the waiting room I overheard a travelling man looking over the register, read off my name and say to the clerk, "Fox The Fugitive." The travelling man didn't recognize me when I passed out. He had learned the connection between name and alias in the chase and captured in Halifax and several outside towns. It made no difference for I left the city that day after securing the pleasant and most satisfactory living accommodations I have been accustomed to getting in the eleven years I have been chased.

Miss Snodgrass is a lady of benevolence. Such as one of the school with broad distinctions between lady and female—and a marked difference between hostess, such as I regarded her, and landlady.

The house is one of a double, high brick and stone front with triple windowed bays out of which I could watch the procession from the security of real lace curtains.

I soon found that so far as Miss Snodgrass was concerned I was in safe concealment. But she had called her so well had I managed that I had little reason to fear unfortunate disclosures. I lived here, taking meals outside under an alias, and I presented quite effective proofs that I was engaged in a professional career. From the public library, where Miss Vaughan kindly gave me assistance, I brought into my room scraps of writing from local history, which made plausible if they were noticed my representations that I was compiler of a history of St. John and New Brunswick.

My absence was accounted for to my hostess with letters I had mailed outside of the city. If it were charged in her presence that she was possibly harboring the fugitive for whom the town was hunting, she could point my history work in manuscript and mention my being "out of town" claims with which I had misled her, but were plausible reasons for not suspecting me. Evidently they were not needed here.

You see I lived under cover of a dual life. My room No. 2 where I posed as a soap agent was at No. 10 Germain street with the kindly and most agreeable of hostesses, the Misses McManus. There of course I used another alias. I used three aliases. One in all my communications with Mr. Mackinnon, the manager of The Standard, the only man, presumably in St. John who knew Fox The Fugitive. All my mail came through him in the "office alias" as I call it. All my correspondents from states and Canada, addressed my mail to the "office alias."

One set of luggage had been forwarded to Alias No. 2. When I called at the Dominion Express Co. to settle and order it delivered to No. 10 Germain street they couldn't get track of it. Yesterday it was delivered to me. My best outfit of luggage came by the Canadian Express Co. and was delivered to No. 127 Duke street.

There was only a small circle of roomers at 127 Duke street. At No. 10 Germain I just caught a glimpse of one roomer but understood that two John newspaper men room there. I was peculiarly fortunate, not alone for security but for comfort and cleanliness of surroundings in this city. Surely it gives St. John a good reputation.

On Duke street my apartment is even luxurious.

The occupants of the house are like a small family; desirable and in a way exclusive. I hope to retain the comforts of this place until I have finished the flight through the province, the Cross-Country Fox Chase.

Now don't ask me to tell you who constituted this pleasant family circle on Duke street. I didn't see much of them. But there is a kindly elderly lady who I talked with on occasion and a charming school teacher that honored me by exchanging courtesies the day as we passed. There were two gentlemen, a salesman and a city officer and a lady who is proprietor of a store.

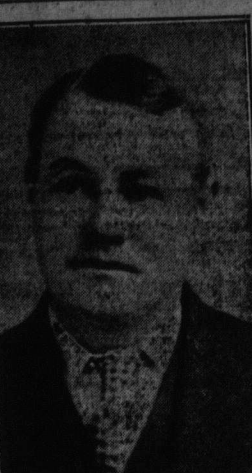
It was outside where I ran into difficulties. On one corner of Duke and Sydney a few doors above us in Gardner's store. On the opposite corner, Mrs. McKenzie's store. I made purchases at both places and patronized the branch post office on Sydney street between Duke and Princess streets where I generally mailed my stories for The Standard.

One morning I stopped at Gardner's store, as I had been doing daily and bought the morning papers. I caught the danger signal in the eyes of Miss Edith Weyman, the clerk, and resolved not to return. The next morning it was cold and rainy and I got back as quickly as possible into my room I stopped at Gardner's again. The girl's looks betokened danger. But the proprietor was there.

As I turned to go out he called out to me, "you look like Fox!" "Do I," I replied and walked away. It never blows but it pours, is an old saying. The following morning I went into Mrs. McKenzie's little eating house on Charlotte street just around the corner from Duke. I had taken breakfast there several mornings.

Miss Ethel Duffey took my order. Suspicion flashed from her eyes. She disappeared. Ah, ha! I said to myself, this lovely aleutic is on my trail. Mrs. McKenzie and her mother exchanged remarks with glances toward me I had never seen before. Suddenly Mrs. McKenzie dropped her work and hurried out into the street. Ethel had failed to find The Standard of that morning, the paper copies of which she had on previous mornings handed me to read while waiting for service.

Now Mrs. McKenzie, you don't fool me chasing out that way as soon as you saw Ethel shake her head indicating she couldn't find the paper! Oh, no! Mrs. McKenzie! I don't wait right here until you return with your morning's paper. Evidently your brother carried it away this morning thinking he would meet Fox.



**JOHN A. WARWICK
Who Captured Fox the
Fugitive.**

Now, that is what ran through my mind. Miss Ethel came forward with an innocent smile. I wondered if she thought that would hold me. "I guess I'll vamoose" was my unspoken decision.

The coffee and eggs were on the fire. I slipped a coin on the counter, knowing what their charges were, and said: "I have a severe headache. I can eat nothing this morning." Then I walked into Dick's drug store, only a few doors south where I make a purchase and kept out of sight until Mrs. McKenzie had time to get back into the place.

"If you had returned," she said laughingly over it, "we would have been ready for you." But the restaurant whose eggs were fresh and coffee prime had served my purpose for quite a while.

In the same neighborhood I frequented and patronized Mrs. Richardson's little candy and fruit shop which supplied my room with a good substitute for drinking water; and bought fruit, chocolate and delicatessas for cold lunch at Vanwart Bros. grocery corner Charlotte and Duke.

In the vicinity of my Germain street room among the places I most frequented were W. Alex. Porter's at Union and Waterloo streets, where I could get them a sub-contract from the Nova Scotia Construction Company, and I promised to use my best endeavors to get them a contract as favorable terms as possible. They said dynamite and other materials and labor were high, and I told them I thought the matter could be arranged.

Mr. Porter was troubled from a former injury and was on that account absent from his store for some days. So I used to tell Mr. Perley—I always said "Hello Charlie" when I came in. I would tell him how well I knew Mr. Porter and would talk of our old friendship.

I could mention many other places on King Square where I resorted. I ate at the White City, the La Tour eating rooms, and got my Sunday morning breakfast at the Boston. I was forced to keep away from the hotels by my constant danger from meeting people I knew. Now it is all off so far as St. John is concerned. And I promise St. John readers that my stories in the chase through the province will interest them.

MR. TENNANT A PARTNER IN CONTRACTING COY

Continued from page two.

Re-examined by Mr. Carroll:
Mr. Cozzolino says Mr. Tennant did not put up any money?

A—Quite correct.

Q—Cozzolino says he put up influence?

A—He put up his services as he had done for us on other occasions during the past four years. Mr. Cozzolino does not know very much about this contract. In fact Mr. Tennant offered to assist me in financing the work, but I did not require help.

Q—Why did you single Mr. Tennant out?

A—Because he was associated with us before.

Q—And you gave him this \$120,000 for his influence?

A—I gave it to him because he was a partner and for his services with this and other transactions.

Q—Did you believe you were getting value for your money?

A—I did.

This concluded Mr. Lindsay's testimony.

William B. Tennant.

Mr. Tennant was the next witness called. Examined by counsel for the government:

Q—You have listened to the evidence of Mr. Lindsay?

A—Yes.

Q—And you admit the fact that you were a partner in the Nova Scotia Construction Company?

A—Yes.

Q—And you got the \$120,000?

A—Yes.

Q—What is your occupation?

A—Financial agent, broker, promoter and agent.

Q—You take some active part in politics?

A—Yes.

Q—As a very active supporter of the late government?

A—No, not a very active supporter, but my sympathies were with them.

Q—You were at one time an organizer for Mr. Baxter?

A—I was not.

Q—But you took an active interest?

A—I lived in the country for twelve years long before I knew Mr. Baxter.

Q—Do you know why there were

no other tenders on the second call than those from the Nova Scotia Construction Company and Kennedy & Macdonald?

A—No, I do not. It was a great surprise to me that other companies did not tender. I thought there would be tenders from Foley Bros., Walsh & Stewart and O'Brien, while Corbett was also in the province at the time and I expected was going to tender for the work.

Q—Can you tell me why O'Brien and Foley Bros. did not tender?

A—I have no idea in the world.

Q—Did you have anything to do in preventing them from tendering?

A—Nothing whatever.

Q—Why did you show so much anxiety in getting Kennedy & Macdonald to tender?

A—I wasn't especially anxious. Mr. Lindsay had told me on several occasions that the Westfield end of the contract would be a difficult end to sublet. I suggested that he might get Coste, but he was ill, and then I suggested Kennedy & Macdonald as reliable contractors for these ten miles. That started Kennedy & Macdonald.

Q—Why were you anxious to get Kennedy & Macdonald to file a competitive tender for the main contract?

A—I wasn't especially anxious.

Q—Did you not have a hand in preparing Kennedy & Macdonald's contract?

A—I did not.

Q—Do you know where it was prepared?

A—I do not.

Government counsel shows Mr. Tennant the tender of Kennedy & Macdonald.

Q—Did you ever see that document?

A—I never did.

Q—You tell me you never saw it before?

A—I never saw it in my life.

Q—Did you have any conversation with Kennedy & Macdonald about the time they put in their tender?

A—I did.

Q—Where was it?

A—in Mr. Nagle's office. It lasted about two minutes. He told me that Kennedy & Macdonald were putting in a tender, and if they were not successful they would make a contract with them.

Q—Did you have any conversation with Kennedy & Macdonald about the time they put in their tender?

A—I did.

Q—Where was it?

A—in Mr. Nagle's office. It lasted about two minutes. He told me that Kennedy & Macdonald were putting in a tender, and if they were not successful they would make a contract with them.

Q—Did you have any conversation with Kennedy & Macdonald about the time they put in their tender?

A—I did.

Q—Where was it?

A—in Mr. Nagle's office. It lasted about two minutes. He told me that Kennedy & Macdonald were putting in a tender, and if they were not successful they would make a contract with them.

Q—Did you have any conversation with Kennedy & Macdonald about the time they put in their tender?

A—I did.

Q—Where was it?

A—in Mr. Nagle's office. It lasted about two minutes. He told me that Kennedy & Macdonald were putting in a tender, and if they were not successful they would make a contract with them.

Q—Did you have any conversation with Kennedy & Macdonald about the time they put in their tender?

A—I did.

Q—Where was it?

A—in Mr. Nagle's office. It lasted about two minutes. He told me that Kennedy & Macdonald were putting in a tender, and if they were not successful they would make a contract with them.

Q—Did you have any conversation with Kennedy & Macdonald about the time they put in their tender?

A—I did.

Q—Where was it?

A—in Mr. Nagle's office. It lasted about two minutes. He told me that Kennedy & Macdonald were putting in a tender, and if they were not successful they would make a contract with them.

Q—Didn't you and Nagle go away together?

A—I am positive we did not.

Q—You didn't leave Nagle's office together?

A—No, I left alone.

Q—Do you know who prepared Kennedy & Macdonald's main tender?

A—I do not know.

Q—Don't you know that Nagle got your figures?

A—I do not.

Q—Didn't you furnish them to him?

A—I did not.

Q—Were these figures not in your office, where Nagle could have got them?

A—They might have been.

Q—Now isn't it a fact that he went over to your office and got those figures?

A—He did not.

Q—So far as you were concerned it was purely accidental that the figures of the two tenders happened to be near the same?

A—I repeat there was absolutely no connection between us. I did not know anything about the figures of Kennedy & Macdonald's tender.

Q—Are you and Nagle partners?

A—No.

Q—Who was in your office when Kennedy & Macdonald's tender was prepared?

A—I told you before it was not prepared in my office. I do not know who prepared it.

Q—Do you keep a stenographer?

A—Yes, but there was no outsider who had access to any papers of mine.

Q—Why was the \$20,000 given to you on the ninth day of February last?

A—Because I wanted the money.

Q—What did you do with it?

A—I still have it in my business.

Q—Did you agree to contribute it for election purposes?

A—I did not.

Q—Did you become liable for that or any other amount?

A—I became liable for about \$20,000, not at that time, neither did I expect to be called upon to pay it.

Q—Then you became liable about the same time?

A—No, it was not the same time. It was a few weeks previous. There was absolutely no connection between that transaction and the payment of this \$20,000 to me under the terms of my original agreement. That \$20,000 paid me by Mr. Lindsay will be kept where I put it—in my bank.

Q—Was the amount you became liable for in connection with election purposes?

A—Not altogether.

Q—Not altogether.

Mr. Teed here objected that it was not within the purview of the inquiry.

My connection with the Nova Scotia Construction Company I want to tell you was absolutely the same, and along the same lines as I pursued with all my business projects. I considered it a business transaction and that I was being paid for these and other services.

Q—Did you have anything to do with the securing of the second contract for the construction of the road?

A—(Continued on Page 8)

Mr. Business Man
You Can Get a First-Class, Up-to-Date
Lunch
From 12 to 2.30 at the
Waldorf Cafe
52 GERMAIN ST.
(Upstairs.)
For 40c.
Try It and You'll Be Agreeably Surprised.
Home Cooking and Quick Service Assured
WM. H. PYNE,
Manager.

to question the witness along this line, as he had stated that he still had the money in his possession, and he was not bound to go into the private details of what he had done with other moneys of his own. The commissioner, however, ruled that the questioning was in order and Mr. Tennant said he was willing to answer.

Q—Then tell us about this other transaction?

A—A note was made partially in connection with the recent election, about \$16,000 or \$17,000, but it had absolutely nothing to do with the payment to me of the \$20,000 under my contract.

Q—And you hope to make the people of New Brunswick believe it had no connection?

A—I don't care what the people of New Brunswick believe. My connection with the Nova Scotia Construction Company I want to tell you was absolutely the same, and along the same lines as I pursued with all my business projects. I considered it a business transaction and that I was being paid for these and other services.

Q—Did you have anything to do with the securing of the second contract for the construction of the road?

A—(Continued on Page 8)

10c each **Orlando** **10c each**
Manufactured by W. W. WEBSTER & CO. LTD. **INVINCIBLES**
WEBSTERS "Orlando" Cigars "The Prince of Good Smokes"
Pure Havana Filler.—It looks good, smells good, tastes good and IS GOOD. 10c. at your dealer.

GET YOUR NEW MCLAUGHLIN NOW
FOR three successive seasons we have been unable to fill the demand for McLaughlin cars in spite of greatly increased production.
Men who can judge motor car values buy the McLaughlin because of the efficiency of the McLaughlin valve-in-head motor; the graceful body lines of our models; the comfort, beauty, finish and superb appointments and the service the McLaughlin organization gives to McLaughlin owners from coast to coast.
Go to the nearest McLaughlin show-rooms and see McLaughlin cars before they are all sold.
Our new catalogue illustrates fours and sixes in Roadster and 5 and 7 passenger touring types. Send for a free copy.
The MCLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., Limited
OSHAWA, ONTARIO
MODEL D-FOUR 35
\$925
F. O. B. OSHAWA

12 BRANCHES IN LEADING CITIES FROM COAST TO COAST
LOCAL SHOW ROOMS:
140-144 UNION STREET
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Canada's Standard Car