

FOX SEEKS "COVER" WITH SPRINGHILL FARMER IN EFFORTS TO GET OUT OF FREDERICTON

Fredericton Chief of Police Consulted by Fox at the Moment the Chief is Engaged in Getting Clues from The Standard — Fugitive "Making" Up the River Consults Many People in Gibson and St. Mary's for a Good Hiding Place.

Forced Back on Fredericton Friends Fox Finally Gets Away Under Protection of Popular Conductor, Takes Breakfast with a Fine Lady at the Junction, Meets McAdam Sports and Gets Into St. Stephen.

"Subjects" are now swarming in the towns of New Brunswick, where trails in the cross-country chase of Fox the fugitive are being followed by sleuths who are after "easy money."

Men who have time on their hands between trains put themselves in the way of suspicion. It gives them lots of amusement—the expression on people's faces whose suspicion they have aroused.

The Chief of Police at Fredericton, the gentleman with a fair complexion and light mustache, sat at his desk with The Standard spread out in front of him when Fox the fugitive stood at his elbow. Thursday, making inquiries of him about Morgan's Hotel on the Springhill Road, across the river. And so this redoubtable chief lost the chance for "easy money." And a reader of The Standard where pictures have been shown, at that!

Mrs. Cropley, my delightful hostess at Fredericton; "Banker" Taylor; Sgt. Wren of the 28th, now at Valcartier; Mrs. Foster and her daughter, Miss Foster, had Fox under their protection—one of the family—and "didn't know." The Fosters are St. John residents. I posed with Mrs. Cropley as an "organizer of a fraternal society—

"The Independent Order of Untrained and Unterrified Scouts!"

with Mrs. Landon and she is delightful company. Some of her friends

"blowed in" in time to sit down with us. They were Billy Lawson of McAdam, and A. C. Wetmore and F. Embleton. Engineer Lynch was also a happy feeder in our company. You know Billy Lawson, the "Tonsorial Artist" (capitalized) and all around sport and stage promoter? McAdam, as big a town as it is couldn't do without "Billy." Now this gentleman had no suspicion—as long as we gossiped. But I think that the Big Fellow and the white haired young man, his companion, wanted to pull over some thing on me. They registered as from New York. But I knew them all from McAdam. I registered as "Ezra Bullock" Conductor Causeley was responsible for my safety until we reached the Junction.

But this leads up to another story with many thrills in it. For I was en route to St. Stephen when I finally enmeshed many good scouts in the trails of Fox the fugitive.

My first attempt to get out of Fredericton was made by crossing the river into Gibson and St. Mary's. My "baiting" exploit with Alonso Staples, which I have previously described was to locate a favorable hiding place up the river: by getting the name of the farmer which I would hope to conscript for "a friend in need." If I could put up a good story he might take me in until the trouble I had been brewing in Fredericton would "blow over" I was not indifferent to the difficulty of "setting my" in seeking "cover" in a farm house for I had often in these columns warned the farmers in New Brunswick to watch for "the man who comes along the road."

Fox often takes to the turnpikes, and there's five dollars in it anywhere among the farmers if the capture is made according to conditions by a resident on the road where I am caught this often leads to a lively adventure. For you can't fool the farmer who reads the daily papers.

The information I got from Alonso Staples and the Chief of Police helped me in a way.

I reached a farmer's up at Spring Hill all right but I had to "litter out" of there and get back into Fredericton. I struck the wrong farmer, which fact I recognized at once in the beginning of our conversation. I saw the danger signals in his expression—the wrinkle in his eyes and the self-satisfied smile that "Philosopher" Wallace gave me. Always avoid the "Philosopher-Farmer" is my motto.

What Wallace and I discussed largely was hogs. I worked off the conversation as easily as possible, then bolted back in to St. Mary's. At supper time I had returned to my friends in Fredericton, where I had been safe for a couple of days. Though I think the last evening I spent there I was under suspicion by Mrs. Cropley and her sister and niece. As I got out without being accosted at all its all right, though I regretted that one of them couldn't have got the easy ten dollars.

How I reached Farmer Wallace was

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