

PROGRESS.

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SHAME MEANT SUICIDE.

FAIR FRANCIS LEE OF HALIFAX ESCAPES A TROUBLED LIFE

By Death—The Cause of her Sudden Fate Being Inquired Into by the Authorities—Sighting of her Life Since she Went to Halifax from Newfoundland.

A beautiful young Newfoundland girl named Francis Lee went to the hospital in Halifax a week ago last Thursday, or rather she was taken there by a friend, and after a few hours sojourn in that institution, died. Her death was so mysterious as to call for an explanation and an inquiry. The authorities did not want to give any information, but it transpired that the young woman had come from Newfoundland about two years before, and had been in the employ of a gentleman in Bedford. She was too good looking and too giddy for her own good, and she became acquainted with a young man named Emerson, to whom it was said she was engaged to be married. Up to the time of writing no steps have been taken to implicate anybody in her death, but it appears that in a search of her effects a box of pills was discovered which, when analyzed may throw some light on the cause of her death. The affair is creating a good deal of interest in Halifax on account of the names of those who are connected with it. During the week, PROGRESS received a photograph from an unknown person in Halifax, which purports to represent Francis Lee, but verification has been impossible owing to the brief period between its receipt and the time of publication, so it is given for what it is worth. The story as told by the Echo of Halifax of her arrival in that city and subsequent life is an interesting one.

"Francis Lee came from a place called La Poile, on the south east coast of Newfoundland. Her parents were poor, but good and honest folks, and possessed the innocent traits of character common among people of that lot in life. These characteristics were transmitted to the girl, and when she left her humble home in the Ancient Colony, she carried with her the best recommendations a girl can have, good, decent and modest and industrious habits.

The captain of the steamer Harlaw knew of her parentage and of her intentions, and was able to recommend her to a family in Bedford then in need of a servant. Accordingly she soon found employment with one of the principal families of the village. As she had been recommended so she proved herself, for she was highly thought of in her new home. She seemed in every way vir-



FRANCES LEE.

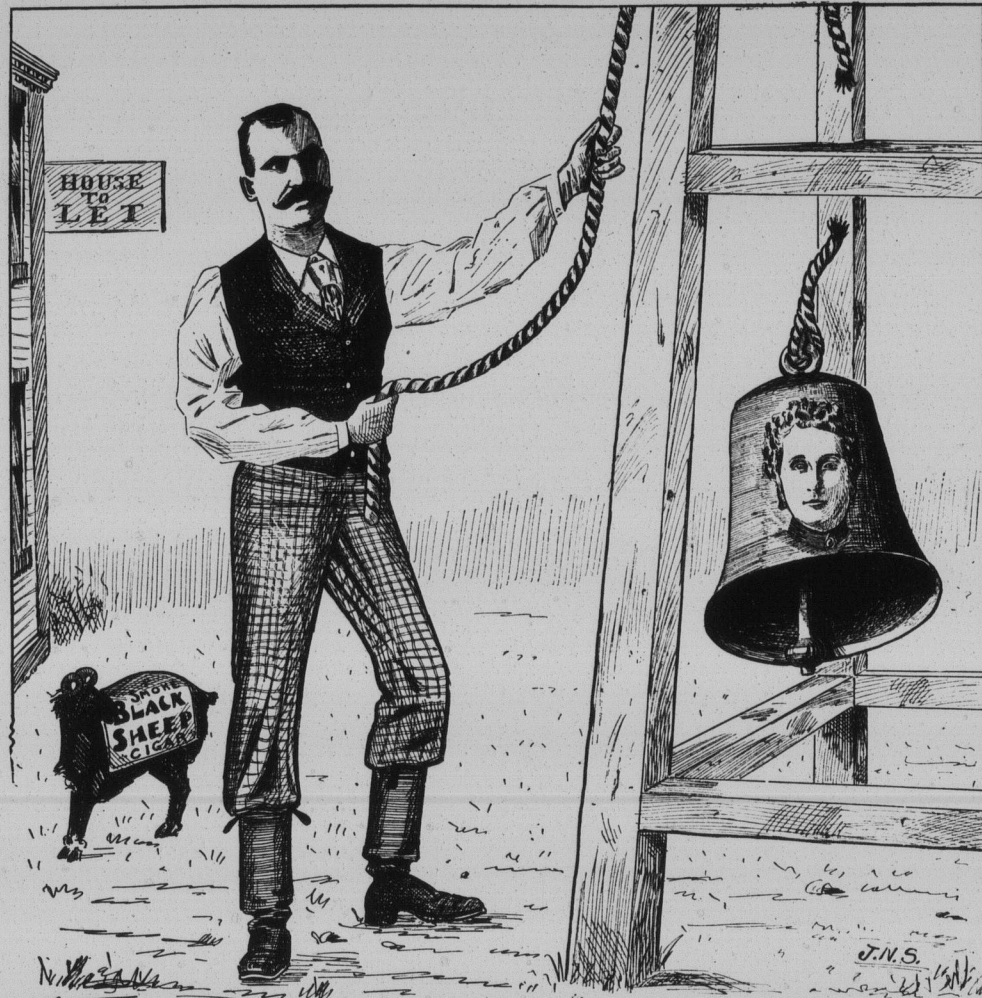
The Newfoundland Domestic Who Died Suddenly in Halifax Hospital.

ginal, presented a well favored appearance, and in her face was stamped the mark of purest innocence. Smart and industrious, she was considered a good domestic.

Up to last July she had been staying with the Bedford family above mentioned during the summer months, finding employment in the city during the winter. She liked the Bedford home and was always anxious to be there in summer. Last summer was her third, and in no way did she seem to be any other than the innocent, industrious girl she was when first she came from Newfoundland. But when July had come and gone she began to fail in health and was compelled to take to bed for a time. It was supposed she was suffering from indigestion. When she rose she was unfit for work, and thinking she needed a change she came to the city and resided for a time with her uncle on Hollis street. After a month or so she disappeared.

When she failed to turn up, her uncle went to Bedford and made search for the

LIBERTY BELL.



Well I'll Be Darned, She's Bruck-off Again.

girl, and found her with some friends. She has been staying in Bedford among these friends ever since, until the night when she was hastily taken to the hospital.

Nothing is known about her recent mode of life; to all outward appearances it was good. Her girl companionships were good and the young mechanic to whom she was reported engaged was a decent young fellow, by whom any serious offence would not be expected.

The girl was about 22 years of age having come here when about 20. At home a father and sister live alone; her mother is dead. To these it will be a painful story when they read or hear of the sad circumstances of her death. But it is not the first time a father's grey head has been bowed in grief because of the same old story.

THOSE FOOLISH YOUNG GIRLS.

The Opinion of a Halifax Man Upon Their Conduct.

A gentleman who was in town last week gave PROGRESS some further particulars of that scrape that those two young ladies of Halifax got into, the particulars of which were given in the last issue of this paper. He said that he left Halifax before PROGRESS got there, but he was perfectly well aware of the circumstances of the case before he started for New Brunswick. Even at that time there was a great deal of sympathy for the young women, whom it was thought were rather imprudent than guilty. As PROGRESS stated they were both splendid musicians, having been educated and trained with a view to the special development of their talent in that direction. Both of them had attended conservatories of music in other cities than Halifax; both of them had seen considerable of the world outside their own town, and perhaps on this account they were more liberal in their views of what was right and fitting conduct on the part of a young lady, than if they had remained at their own hearth.

As stated last week both of them occupied prominent positions in musical circles, and one of them particularly was a favorite with all concert organizations. After her debut as a singer, she was at once taken up by musical people, encouraged, applauded and entertained. Her life was on pleasant lines, she loved amusement, enjoyment, and a good time. She was thoroughly at home at those little after concert affairs at which were stimulants of one kind and another, to develop the best of good nature.

Nothing was so pleasant for her as to sing for the enjoyment and delectation of those in her company, and thus it was that she and her beautiful friend—for the other girl was the better looking—were always in great demand by those young men who liked to spend a pleasant evening without encountering prudish girls and strict propriety.

Gradually the two young women, however, began to be talked about, according to the statement of the gentlemen PROGRESS interviewed, but he with many others in Halifax did not believe that they had done more than over stepped the bounds of prudence. But jealous women and gossiping men will destroy the reputation of any man or woman after a time and thus it was that the good names of these young misses began to disappear. They were known as the "Magillicuddy girl," or the "Brown girl" though of course their own names were used instead of these PROGRESS has substituted but frivolous young men who enjoyed their company in the evening did not hesitate in the morning to bandy the names of their fair entertainers over their necessary refreshments.

A Great Demand For Progress.

Some explanation is due a good many people who bought PROGRESS at a late hour last Saturday and only received the first eight pages. A large number of extra copies had been printed with the usual edition but the demand was such on Saturday morning that another supply was run off. Then the pages from 9-16 were broken up. But still the demand continued and it was found necessary that afternoon to print another edition but only the first eight pages were in type and of course were all that could be furnished. They were all sold in a short time and on Monday morning the orders from Halifax and other places made it necessary to print five hundred additional. So that there were really four supplies of PROGRESS last Saturday.

An Expensive Free Drink.

Three young men named Kennedy, Baxter and Brown who seem to have nothing much to do were arrested on a charge of drunkenness Tuesday night or early Wednesday morning. They were fined next morning and when asked by the magistrate where they got their liquor they said the Dufferin hotel. It turned out that they were in the Dufferin before 11 o'clock the previous evening but had no money and

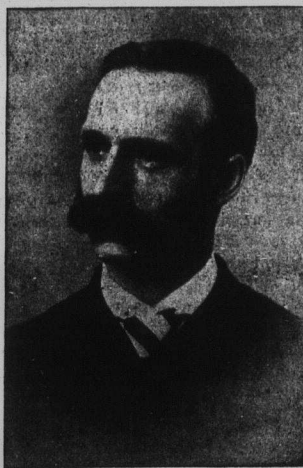
Read the Mackay story on page nine.

were given a drink when they left. They were perfectly sober and did not get the elegant "jig" they had left in that house. But the Dufferin had to pay \$50 just the same.

HE WAS DESERVEDLY POPULAR.

A Portrait of the Late Robert L. Smith of Macaulay Bros. & Co.

In very brief terms last week, PROGRESS recorded the death of Robert L. Smith, which occurred about the hour that this paper was going to press. He was a mem-



ROBERT LEONARD SMITH.

The Member of the Firm of Macaulay Brothers and Company who died Friday a week ago.

ber of the firm of Messrs. Macaulay Bros. & Co. and was deservedly popular with his associates in the business, and valued by them for his sterling character and good judgment. He was with the general public one of the few men whom nobody had a word to say against. There are not many persons in the community of which this can be said, and those of whom it is true stand out prominently for that reason. He was not only a good son and a good husband, but a generous and appreciative employer. The procession at his funeral on Monday will long be remembered as one of the largest that was followed by many citizens to a last resting place. PROGRESS is glad to be able to print an engraving from a good photograph of Mr. Smith, which no doubt will be welcome and acceptable to many of his friends who do not possess a picture of him.

THE PAPERS RETURNED.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF SOME LEGAL DOCUMENTS

From the Office of E. H. McAlpine for a day or two—An Incident in the Proceedings of the Exchequer Court That is Worth Reading—Mr. McAlpine's Voice.

There was a curious incident in the exchequer court the other day in which a lot of people from the border town of St. Stephen figured. Jack Bonness was one of them and the Tyrrells were on the other side. On the information of Bonness they were charged with smuggling, and it seems that there were two cases against them. Mr. McAlpine and A. O. Earle appeared for the crown, and Mr. Pugsley was defending the alleged smugglers. During the progress of the first case, Mr. Pugsley insinuated in his nice way, that he would like to have the papers in the second case, but the objection was made to this that there was no reason why the papers in the other case should be used at the present time. He then hinted that the crown was not willing that all the facts should be brought out. That brought Mr. McAlpine to his feet and the remark from him, that while Mr. Pugsley had no right to get what he asked for, still, in order to show the defence that the crown had nothing to hide, and was only looking for justice, he would ask permission of His Lordship (for that is the title of an exchequer judge) to go to his office and get the documents. Permission was granted and Mr. McAlpine went to his office. When he got there, he found the door open and the young man who looks after his affairs when he is absent, was not at his desk. Still Mr. McAlpine knew where the papers were, or where they ought to be, and he opened the drawer expecting to lay his hand on them. They were not there and he waited a few moments until his clerk, Mr. Stockford, appeared. Mr. Stockford explained to him that he had been out a few minutes, but said that he did not leave the door open. He could not explain the absence of the papers, and the only conclusion Mr. McAlpine could come to was that they were stolen, and he hurriedly made his way back to the court. Some curious suspicions as to how they might have left his office flitted through his brain, and when he reached the court room he informed the judge that the documents had been stolen. It appears that when he pronounced the word "stolen", he emphasized it considerably, and, whether intentionally or not, looked very hard at the defendant's Mr. Pugsley took umbrage at this and began to expostulate in his mild way against the suspicion that Mr. McAlpine had endeavored to fasten upon his clients. In reply to him, Mr. McAlpine spoke with unusual vigor and loud enough to be heard on the Market Square. Much too loud for Mr. Pugsley and the judge. The counsel for the defendant promptly rose and called His Lordship's attention to the fact, and, according to one who was present, the reply of the judge was "Yes, I agree with you, Mr. McAlpine is speaking too loud."

That ended that part of the incident, but the strangest feature of the whole affair was, that on Monday the papers were returned to the drawer in Mr. McAlpine's office, without the knowledge either of himself or of his clerk. Now the question is, who took them, and what use was made of them?

"STUCK ON HER SHAPE"

A new Kind of Entertainment at an Afternoon Reception.

A very good story is told with considerable relish by the ladies when they make their afternoon calls now-a-days. It seems that the wife of a very erect and official looking citizen who has a fierce moustache, had a small reception one afternoon during which she began to boast of the remarkable figure or "shape" of her daughter who, though married for some time, still retains these beauties of form that attracted her proud young husband. Her mother was not content with describing the perfect contour of her daughter but suggested that if she was asked she might consent to display her perfect figure. The request seemed to be forthcoming for, soon after, to the surprise of the ladies there the young lady appeared with no more clothing on than a South Sea Island belle usually wears. Admiration of the beautiful form contended with the bewilderment of the callers at this new form of afternoon entertainment which seemed to satisfy the audience so thoroughly that the most of it departed somewhat hurriedly.