PROGRESS.

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WRAPPED IN MYSTERY.

MONCTON HAS MANY STRANGE AND STARTLING SENSATIONS.

The Story of How Hatt the Sackville Student Made his Escape—He was Assisted by Outside Friends—Mrs. McArthur's Disappearance—An Abandoned Waif.

In Moncton sensation follows sensation with surprising rapidity. First came the mysterious disappearance of Hatt from the lock-up, followed by the attempt of Mrs. McArthur to murder Mrs. Sherwood, and on Tuesday by the finding of a baby on the depot platform.

About Hatt's escape there is no longer as much mystery as at first surrounded it, while the fate of Mrs. McArthur is yet in doubt and the disposal of the baby, where it was found has yet to be accounted for. As for Hatt it is well known that he was a candidate for the ministry, that he was in Sackville a leader in religious reunions, had preached with acceptance there and elsewhere, and that he had formed a boys' brigade, for the purpose of training boys between the ages of five and twelve in manly exercises and christian behaviour. His home in Sackville was the college and he had on account of his supposed moral worth the confidence of all the teachers in it, and the entre to the homes of all the best people in the community. It is said sooner or later the devil will betray his victims, and that a man's sins will always find him out. A singular circumstance led to the suspicion that Hatt was not a saint. A little fellow belonging to his brigade was heard at the Sackville I. C. R. station swearing loudly. Some one asked, "Does Mr. Hatt teach you to swear that way?" The ready answer was "He would teach me worse than that if I would let him." The curiosity of those present was excited and they drew from the boy some shocking disclosures. The story passed from the station to the village. Hatt was called before a committee of ministers and teachers, and it is said made a confession that corroborated the boy's story. The night after the confession he disappeared. In the meantime public indignation went up to fever heat, and some of the citizens decided that the man should be proceeded against. An information was laid and a warrant issued. A telegram was sent to Moncton and the accused was arrested on the train. For safe keeping he was placed in the Moncton lockup until a constable could arrive from Sackville to take him back there to answer the accusation. The next morning the lockup was minus Hatt. Every one in Moncton seemed indignant at the escape. The city council at its next meeting passed a resolution that the escape should be inquired into, but some hidden hand stayed the action of the Council. This is how Hatt escaped. On the evening he was arrested four gentlemen were admitted by the officer in charge to his cell. His escape was determined on and all the necessary arrangements made. When the gentleman retired the door of the cell was left unlocked and the key deposited in its proper place in the hall. Shortly after the officer in charge found it convenient to be absent. A shrill whistle then broke the stillness of the night; some one came to the outer door of the lockup with a bunch of keys, trying to unlock it with each key in turn, none of them seeming to be the right ons. There was another whistle and Hatt opened the door of his cell and with his satchel in his hand went to one of the windows in the hall. It did not yield to his attempt to raise it and he seemed disappointed and tried two others. He could not raise them and returned to the one he had first tried which yielded either to him or someone outside. He went through the open window with his satchel in his hand and in company with his friend left for some place where he remained concealed during the day or was driven away, as the outgoing trains were carefully watched after his escape became known and he did not leave on any of them.

The night after Hatt's escape a woman named McArthur made a murderous attack on an old lady, and on her return to the place where she was living took a dose of poison. Doctors were called in and the effect of the poison neutralized. Her mistress set up with her until the early morning when tired out she fell asleep and when she awoke the woman had disappeared. Her disappearance is more mysterious than that of Hatt, but the mysteries have been interwoven. The morning after the disappearance of Hatt and Mrs. McArthur a boy came running up from Hall's creek and declared that he had seen floating in the creek the body of a woman, and the description of her clothes would answer to those worn by the McArthur woman. The boy knew nothing about her disappearance. The house she left was not far from one of the bridges over the creek. It is true her body has not been recovered, but that proves nothing. As this time in the year the water in the creek is swollen and the current on the ebb tide very strong and rapid and it would not take long to sweep a body out into the river and when there it would either be buried in the quick sands or carried out into the bay by the tide. Bodies of persons drowned in the Petitcodiac are not found for weeks and some never. The supposition that the boy did not see the body rests on another story. The same day a woman arrived at the I. C. R. station St. John, took a cab and gave orders to drive her to a private boarding house. She seemed from what she said to have come from Moncton, and all the newspapers caught up the idea that she was Mrs. McArthur. There is another idea afloat in Moncton, and that is that the person who reached St. John was Hatt dressed in woman's attire. His size is not greater than that of the average woman, and his general appearance is feminine. The people of Moncton will have to wait for time to clear up the mystery.

The third sensation is even more mysterious than the other two. Six weeks ago a lady and gentleman arrived in Dorcester on the train from the east. They inquired for a boarding house. They at length found one at the old homestead of Mr. Knapp now rented by Mrs. Prescott. The man who claimed to be the woman's husband went away leaving the lady in the care of Mrs. Prescott, first making all needed provisions for her. Four weeks ago a baby arrived. Last Saturday the supposed husband came back to Dorchester and Monday night the man, woman and child took their departure from the I. C. R. station by the evening train for the east. They did not buy tickets at the station and took their seats in a second class car. The same evening officer O'Rourke found on the platform of the Moncton station a baby apparently about three weeks old. It was cleanly and nicely dressed, and the clothes it had on corresponded with those worn by the baby that had been taken from Dorchester the same day. When at Dorchester the lady and gentleman had always been very reticent. It is true they had given names, the genleman calling himself Earl Allington and the lady saying that her maiden name was Marion Ella Carter.

Your correspondent could if he would disclose the names of the gentlemen who liberated Hatt, but that just now is not his purpose. He could write a sensational story about Mrs. McArthur alias Mrs. C. and her loves and her misfortunes, but he could not just now unravel the mystery that envelopes the baby found at the Moncton station. He once knew a case where the baby lived until he was eighty and never solved the secret of his birth and parentage.

SHE WOULDN'T LIGHT THE FIRE.

And Is Now Mourning for Her Cruel Truant Husband.

There's a west side woman who is now a grass widow because she failed to light the fire in the mornings. There are lots of women on the east as well as on the west side who decline to perform this domestic duty, but the grass widow from the west side had only been married a short year when her cruel spouse hied himself to the "Free and the Brave" or somewhere further, on account of his obstinacy and her refusal to light the fire.

The young couple at the time of their wedding were looked upon as the making of a very promising pair, booked for a long and happy life of bliss and happiness.

But they like many others had most their blistulness before they were married, and it took but a short year for each to tire of the other.

The lonesome widow as well as her friends and relatives now wonder where the truant husband has been for the last four or five weeks. That absence makes the heart grow fonder is now proven by the way the one that is left is instituting a search for her better half.

After the honeymoon was over and the newly wedded pair were at home to their friends on Prince Street W. E., everything appeared bright. Soon the husband felt that as he had to go to work, his wife should get up, light the fire and prepare breakfast. This seemed fair to him, but very different to her, she could not look upon a wifes duty in that light and told her husband so.

He argued with her frequently that it was her duty. From the simple argument it grew to a subject that to mention it meant a stormy scene in the household. The gentleman in question said it he had married "someone else" things would have been different. This statement so piqued his wife, that she told her mamma. And mamma called determined to settle the trouble. She did. It was about April third last that mamma interfered in the little domestic drama, and as the husband has not been seen since then it is beginning to look as though he did not intend to return to his west side home.

The young man's friends seem to think he is in the United States and will be heard from soon, while others who know the mother-in-law's pleasant little ways say he did not stop as near by as the U. S. but kept on going and is now either in Siberia or Egypt, at any rate he has been missing since April 3rd and a five weeks absence has turned, what at first appeared a foolish act, to one of a decidedly alarming aspect.

NOT ONE OF THEM DARE TOUCH IT.

IN A BAD MAN'S POWER.

HOW "BOGUS" MAGEE INFLUENCES A FEMALE FRIEND.

He is the Cause of her Losing Many Excellent Situations—He Appropriates her Earnings and Beats her Unmercifully—His Latest Escapade.

Some of the many societies in which the good ladies of St John are interested might exercise a little practial charity by extending a helping hand to the woman Lester who was so cruelly beaten in a drunken row on Sheffield street the other night

A month or ago two the woman in question was in the employ of a family living on King street, who was unaware of her true character as she had assumed another name. She was a model servant in every particular and was very much liked by her employes.

Fearing that a police officer who lived in the vicinity in which she worked had recognized her, the girl entreated him not to betray her identity. His sympathies were enlisted and believing that the girl was honestly trying to do better, he did not disclose her name, and everything went smoothly for several weeks when one Thursday evening "Emma" disappeared and no trace of her could be obtained until the following Saturday evening when the family received a note telling of her serious illness at a house on City Road. The bearer of the note was a young man who asked for the amount of wages that was still due the girl. As the lady of the house had a few days before learned that her whilom servant was addicted to the use of liquor, this was emphatically refused. The man pathetically described the girl's illness and was told that if it were necessary to call in a physician the family would bear the expense but until the girl returned to give some explanation of her sudden flight no money would be paid her.

The members of the household were still discussing the matter when the bell again rang and this time the evening caller proved to be "Jack" Magee, the man who seems to have some very powerful influence over the Lester woman. He, too, touchingly described the girl's illness and the urgent need she had of whatever money was due her. The girl's former mistress told him that while she declined to give one cent of the money until she was assured that it would not be spent in liquor, she would visit the woman on the following day and provide whatever was necessary. Magee who was partly intoxicated was evidently disappointed, and in desperation asked if the money would be forthcoming if the girl came in person for it.

"But how can she when she is so very ill?," was asked him and having no reply ready at the moment he retreated.

By this time considerable interest was aroused and much speculation was made as to the girls "illness", which it was thought was caused by dissipation, and that under the circumstances it would be wrong to advance any money until she had sobered up. However, the family was destined to receive another call that evening, and a few moments after Magee's departure the lively invalid presented herself and though she was slightly under the influence she was still the same respectful mild spoken person the family had ever found her. One side of her face was a mass of bruises from brow to chin and she had a generally broken up appearance. Her appeal met with the same response as that of her two male friends though she was not so persistent as they had been and when she found that she could not obtain any money she went quietly away, having displayed no impertinence or disrespect such as might have been expected under the circumstances, and from a partly intoxicated person who saw no prospect of obtaining a supply of liquor to tide over the Sunday.

Sometime during the following week Magee was arrested for beating his female friend and was given two months in jail. During this time the girl was domiciled somewhere on Brussells street as her King street east employers having learned who she was refused to take her back notwithstanding her pleadings for another trial.

Her clothes are still at the house where she was employed, her excuse for not removing them being that they would be worn by others if she took them to the place where she was then staying. The last visit the girl paid to her former mistress was five or six weeks ago when she appeared sincerely sorry for the escapade which had resulted in the loss of an excellent situation. She said that if it were not for the appearance of Magee upon the scene of her labors she could live happily and contentedly in any good place, and that he had been the direct cause of her losing several excellent situations.

Notwithstanding the unfortunate woman's past there are many ladies in St. John who can testify to the fact that she is a good servant and they also say they would be glad to employ her, could she be kept entirely away from Magee's influence.

A few days ago the latter was released from a two months sentence and almost his first act was a murderous assault upon the Lester woman of whom he is said to have been jealous. All who were concerned were arrested and when the case came before the magistrate on Wednesday Magee was remanded. It is to be sincerely hoped that he will be given the punishment he so richly merits. If fallen, dissipated women are a blot upon humanity, men of Magee's stamp are infinitely worse and on the present occasion that individual should be shown no leniency whatever.

THE SERVANT WAS DISCHARGED

Because She Brought Her Beau into Her Employer's House.

A short time ago an American struck town and at once started a sensation among a large nnmber of city domestics. There was a good deal of rivalry among the girls as to who should capture this prize from the neighboring republic. A bright eyed little maid of about sixteen and a half summers seemed to be the favored one and at last it singled down to her alone. Many were the happy hours the couple promenaded the different walks around town, and many also were the nights that he saw her home, and stood on the front steps. It was not long however before the servant's young mistress became aware of what was going on and at once she gave the lovesick maiden a severe reprimand and some good advice.

One evening lately Mr. and Mrs. D— went out to spend the evening not expecting to be home until a late hour, but unexpectedly returned home at a much earlier hour than was anticipated. What was Mr. D—'s surprise on entering the house to find the bold yankee lover occupying his favorite easy chair and smoking his mersehaum pipe, while the terrified maid was entertaining her friend in a manner worthy of a practised coquette. A hasty retreat was demanded of the caller by the housekeeper and grasping his hat the latter rose and muttered "I am sorry I —" but the sentence was not finished for a serious collison occurred which resulted in the skyward flight and dull thud drop of this American gallant on the sidewalk, while the domestic sobbed bitterly. She lost her place.

A GENEROUS LIBERAL.

Magistrate Ritchie Sends a voter to Sir. Chas. Tupper.

Magistrate Ritchie does not love Sir Charles Tupper, but he loves to cheer up the hearts the unfortunates who come before him; if he can get in a shot at the Conservatives at the same time he fails not to do it. A Cape Bretoner named Angus McEachern was before him for being under the influence. His honor said:

"Where are you going?"

"I was on my way to Cape Breton, where I was arrested."

"I suppose," said his honor, "there will be quite a return to that county just now, and it would not do for me to destroy Sir Charles' chance by imprisoning his voters. Now if you will promise not to drink again while you are in this city I will not send you to jail, but give you time to get in your vote. What do you say?"

"I'll promise to keep sober and get out as quick as possible," and was discharged assuring his honor that Sir Charles would be much obliged.

He Was Absent Minded.

An amusing incident in which a captain of one of the steamers sailing between this port and the sister province lost his presence of mind occurred at the close of the pretty little floral cantata in Centenary church last Monday evening. After the children had sung their final chorus the crowd began to file out. The noise of moving chairs, etc. was quite loud and when one of the Sunday school officials mounted the platform to thank the audience the captain mentioned in stentorian tones, cried out "Order aft, there!!". The crowd laughed heartily and the excited mariner made a mental vow to kick himself when he got outside.

Who Authorized Him.

An alderman whom the people did not care to continue in office longer because he apparently desired to make a milch cow of the legal difficulties of the board has made an offer presumably authorized, that if the liberals would call down Tucker they would allow Ellis and Hazen to take the seats by acclamation. This is refused by the liberals and will be made a party canvass during the campaign. The ex-alderman is being roasted on all sides because he has so badly put his foot into it. He can only clear himself by explaining the whole plot, and giving the names of those who sent him on such an errand.

DIDN'T WANT THE JUG.

AN AMUSING CASE THAT WAS TRIED LAST WEEK.

A Queen's County Man Ordered Mosquito Oil and Got Whiskey—Some Funny Happenings That Have Taken Place in the City Recently.

A novel and peculiar case was heard on Thursday last before Magistrate Ritchie at the police court.

The case was not a case of whiskey but it was two quarts of that ardent and the jug that took Jimmy Duffy, late of Mill street and a Queens county farmer before the magistrate.

Mr. Duffy has not been in business for over a year, so it was previous to that time that the voter from Queens ordered the whiskey from the man of "Rock and Rye" fame for which he was on Thursday sued.

Lawyer John R. Dunn appeared for the ruralist, who in his selection of his counsel was influenced by loyal devotion to county men.

It appears that the Queens county man sent an order to Mr. Duffy to send him two quarts of whiskey by next express. That was over a year ago. The bill for the whiskey, was time and again sent but there was no settlement. Finally Duffy sued and Lawyer Dunn defended the case and succeeded in getting judgement reserved. Mr. Dunn argued strongly for a non suit for his fellow constituent.

Mr. Duffy was just as determined that a judgement should be given for his whole bill which read:

To two gallons of whiskey	$2.50
" 1 jug	20
	$2.70

Mr. Dunn argued that Mr. Duffy could not collect for the whisky, as he only had a retail license and could not sell more than one quart according to law.

He further claimed that Mr. Duffy could not sue nor collect for the "jug" as his client never ordered it.

Mr. Duffy became hot, and said his whiskey was too good to freeze, and send to Queens county in blocks, so he was obliged to send it in a jug.

Mr. Dunn still contended that the jug was not ordered and could not be collected.

Said Lawyer Dunn "my client ordered whiskey, not "jugs"." Mr. Duffy said, that if whiskey was ordered it always meant that jugs and jags were understood.

Mr. Dunn said his friend from Queen's was a quiet inoffensive farmer, who enjoyed a quiet fish at times and on this occasion had ordered two quarts of "musquito oil" from Mr. Duffy without the trimmings.

When the evidence was all in the magistrate reserved judgement for one week, to allow himself ample time to consider how Jimmy Duffy can sell two quarts of whiskey under a retail license and ship the same without the aid of the "little brown jug."

SHE LOCKED THE DOORS.

A King St. East Spinster Refuses Plumbers Admittance This Week.

A young, or rather unmarried lady for whom cupid has no charms is causing no little amount of uneasiness not of affection however among certain mechanicsa round town. The lady in question resides splendidly isolated on King street east, and more than once has she been pleased to see her name in print, notably in a narrow escape from cremation last summer. This lady in question has gained an unenviable reputation for her distorted ideas and misrepresentations of common gossip. Many can testify to the veracity of this statement.

A short time ago the generous landlord sent a man to make some slight repairs to the water-pipes, the sidewalk was opened and the pipes were nearly mended, but when the workman knocked at the door to be allowed in to turn on the water for the tenants to use he was refused admittance and kept behind hand for one two hours. No reasons were given for this move by the contrary spinster but abusive language was heaped on the man's head, according to his own story. He called at the landlord's residence to tell him of his being barred out, but he was not at home. So a couple of men from a prominent plumbing firm were sent for. When they came they tried both front and back door but of no use. They also wandered about the yard for a long time while the irate tenant stood in the window shouting out abuse, to which the men gave no answer. At last when the irate female got enough satisfaction the back door was opened and the order given most peremptorily, to wipe their feet before they dared to enter. They did so and with fear and trembling bearded the lioness in her den. They were surprised to find that the woman knew their names and the tirades of abuse they received proved such an incentive in their work that the plumbing record for this particular kind of a job was broken by several hours. The woman it is said, slandered the men most unmercifully. She is certainly a most ungrateful tenant to say the least, and the plumbers say they will throw up their job before encountering a woman of that sort again. [redacted] B.T.E.