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AN INDISCREET VICAR.

HIS THOUGHTS BEGUILLED BY A PRETTY FACE.

What He Told a Representative of "Progress"—The Story of His Fancy and the Substance of His Relations With the Young Lady—The Cause of All the Talk.

Fredericton has a sensation and, as usual, there is a woman in it. Like all the affairs of a similar nature, this one has occasioned considerable talk and there is a great deal of the conversation very far from the truth. Still there is substance as well as shadow.

The Rev. Mr. McCully, vicar of the cathedral at the capital, is in trouble, and this trouble is closely connected with the woman in the case, and that woman is a Miss Grace Thompson.

About two years ago the Rev. Mr. McCully was appointed vicar of the cathedral and met with a good reception at the hands of the people of Fredericton. He brought a good reputation and more or less credit; and Bishop Kingdon and his parishioners believed they had secured a man who would be a support to the church and an ornament as well.

His ministry was much that could be desired and the cathedral always had more than an average congregation when Rev. Mr. McCully was in the pulpit.

But this has all changed. He did not assume his usual place behind the sacred desk last Sabbath; rather, he shut himself up in his room a condemned and self-condemned man.

His own version of the case, as told to a representative of *PROGRESS* and which is borne out by respectable and reputable men, both within and without the episcopal church, is as follows.

About four weeks since he became acquainted with Miss Thompson who was then a pupil in a portrait gallery at the lower end of the city. On his way to and from the post office daily, he bowed to "the sweet face at the window," and the courtesy being invariably returned, it became something he looked forward to. Then he met her on the street coming from the post office. Then they often met and walked out together, but they did not drive to New Maryland as has been stated, nor did they sit on the bank, "under the willow tree" down near the Keeley Institute and imitate the famous Cuddling O'Leary of North Shore fame. They did not visit the graveyard at the witching hour when ghosts troop forth and graves give up their dead. They did not—but why harrow the feelings of the reader, it is sufficient to say they "did not," to most of the various statements made.

Mr. McCully says that he walked through the graveyard one evening on his way from the post office. The office had not been closed and it could not therefore have been later than nine o'clock. He was accompanied by Miss Thompson, who appeared to have a mania, so to speak, for going after the "male." This is the time mentioned in some of the papers when, it is said, they were met by Caretaker Woodward. Mr. McCully says that he does not remember meeting Mr. Woodward, as stated, and he is certain that Mr. Woodward did not speak to him at any time in or near the burying ground. This is borne out by the caretaker, who has published his statement to the effect that he had never met the rev. gentleman as charged by the gossips.

On Saturday the town was "afire" with the story of the "mild and gentle flirtation," and the story came to Mr. McCully's ears, by a way that is not necessary the public should know.

He shut himself up from the public, he did not take his place in the church, and then the fire blazed, for this to the groups who were determined to prey on him was confirmatory doubly confirmed.

How was he to meet Bishop Kingdon? that was the question, the solution of which was troubling him. His lordship, it will be remembered, had been away on a trip to the old country, and it was surely a difficult thing for the injudicious steward to meet his lord and master and detail to him how he had failed in his trust. But Mr. McCully, firm in his opinion that he had been indiscreet but not criminal went to his lordship's house and to a "reliable party" there that as soon as the bishop arrived he wished to be notified so that he might tell him the tale before his enemies had secured first advantage in the fight, by prejudicing the bishop against him. Then he went to his boarding place and waited to be notified. The bishop came home, yet the telephone bell failed to tell the vicar that he was wanted at the residence of the bishop. Then Sunday came and he could not, he says, go into the sacred desk with the stain upon him, so he remained at home, and another had to do his work.

Monday passed, and the telephone bell, whose ringing is not always welcome, but which would have been heard with almost ecstasy by the deeply humbled vicar, did not deign to ring, or rather the bishop failed to denote his wish to receive the erring churchman.

On Tuesday, Bishop Kingdon came to St. John, unknown to Mr. McCully, who was still wearily waiting to be summoned to the bar of episcopal mercy, or justice. About noon sub-dean Alexander visited him and told him that his lordship had gone to St. John. Then the penitent saw that something was wrong, and believed that his request that the bishop should be notified when he reached Fredericton had not been attended to.

Mr. McCully then wrote a letter to his lordship, detailing the facts of his transgression, chief of which was that he had walked with and had been in the company of Miss Thompson more than was judicious for a married man and minister.

Up to Wednesday evening he had received no notification whatever that his communication had been received, nor that the bishop would once more take him to himself with open arms.

"I have been indiscreet," said the reverend gentleman but I have done nothing wrong, only being too much in the company of the young woman. Here I have committed the sin of indiscretion, whatever you may be inclined to call it, and here I intend to remain till I can live down that stain on my otherwise good name. I have suffered much, he said, since the enormity of my offence has come to me, but there was not once the intention of evil in my conduct. I do not intend to go to Baltimore as has been stated, nor any place else but will remain and accept the consequences of my indiscreet act.

I have only been acquainted with the lady in question for the past three weeks and since Friday last have not seen nor spoken to her. When it came to my ears that people were talking about me in connection with Miss Thompson, I met her and told her that the acquaintance must cease, that from this forth we must meet as strangers, and since then I have not seen her.

Papa Thompson is away taking "bibles back" or selling organs and it is expected there will be music when he arrives.

Mr. McCully's statement as here given, has been substantiated so far as possible by others and he has the sympathy of most of the citizens who believe that his lordship will not deal harshly with him. And in this case it would be as well for all to bear in mind that familiar passage about "casting the first stone."

REVENGE AND HIS CASH.

A Halifax Man Waited for His Principal and His Interest.

HALIFAX, June 14.—An interesting episode this week was the arrest of a well known society young man by an equally well known Halifax business man. Edward Seeton was capiased by T. K. Jenkins, manager of the large dry goods firm of Murdoch's Nephews, for \$75 with six years interest, which ran the amount up to more than \$100. Six years ago, Mr. Seeton, who then was one of the bloods of the town, called on Mr. Jenkins and asked him for the loan of \$75, promising to return the amount in a few days. It was not repaid; the young man left for parts unknown, and Mr. Jenkins applied to the young man's father for the cash. The paternal relative, who is an esteemed citizen of Halifax, with ample means, advised Mr. Jenkins to get out a judgment against Mr. Seeton, for he would not pay the amount; he would see the wild youth "rot in jail" first. An uncle of young Seeton, it is said, was of a different opinion, and offered to make good the amount, but Jenkins would not accept the \$75 from that source, holding that either son or father should pay it. Jenkins resolved to bide his time—to play the waiting game for cash and revenge.

The chance came this week. Seeton returned to Halifax after a six years' absence. Jenkins heard of it, and rubbed his hands with glee. He had not forgotten the little affair and determined to make the most of his opportunity. The question was how best to proceed. Mr. Jenkins thought nothing could give him so great pleasure as to arrest young Seeton personally—to lay his own hands upon his debtor. He asked Sheriff Archibald if this could not be arranged, but the sheriff did not know. A leading lawyer was applied to, and his opinion was that Mr. Jenkins could be made a deputy sheriff for the occasion and the work. The sheriff consented to allow this, if Mr. Jenkins would give a guarantee to use no violence in arresting Seeton. Mr. Jenkins agreed that he would use no violence unless Seeton resisted, when force would be necessary. This consent was not considered adequate and Jenkins was denied the distinction he wished. He got the next best thing, however, a capias was procured, and Jenkins dogged Seeton's steps. At last he saw him enter the C. P. R. ticket office on Hollis street. The signal was given, and the sheriff's officer followed in. Mr. Jenkins watched the proceedings from the Queen Hotel steps on the opposite side of the street, and as Seeton was escorted by the officers of the law to the county court house, the business man's eyes fairly danced with joy. He had waited six years to catch his man, and now he was in his clutches.

The poor young man was poor indeed, with no more money than he had in the days of old, but this time he was more fortunate in his father, for that gentleman paid the claim in full, plus the interest.

A STRANGE SAD STORY.

A MARRIED MAN INFATUATED WITH ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

A New Glasgow Englishwoman and Her Relations with a P. E. I. Physician—He Spent Days in Her Company on a Lone Island—His Wife Broken-hearted.

NEW GLASGOW, June 14.—A sad story is being quietly told in this town, which almost throws into the shade Robert Buchanan's drama "Alone in London," with its awful unfolding of a husband's cruelty and a wife's devotion. It concerns Dr. Ings, formerly of Charlottetown, then of New Glasgow, now of Honolulu, where he lives with a Mrs. Grant, while his wife is on the verge of want in New Glasgow.

Dr. Ings was the son of a wealthy Charlottetown merchant. He was educated at Edinburgh, and there married a daughter of one of the best families in the Scottish capital, accomplished and beautiful. The couple came out to Canada, and Dr. Ings practiced his profession in Prince Edward Island for some time. Three years ago he removed to New Glasgow. So far as known their married life was happy. They had a family of three. Dr. Ings was fairly successful in his practice and was a skillful surgeon. Some few years before this a little English girl—Miss Hudson—came out to this country. There was nothing attractive about her save that she had red cheeks and a doll-like baby face, but she became "the rage" with some young men, and finally she married Duncan Grant, the son of a well-known contractor and local politician. All seemed to go happy enough. Dr. Ings was the family physician. In due time Mrs. Grant became a mother. Grant declared the child was not his and that Ings was the father. This was about the beginning of a guilty attachment between the doctor and Mrs. Grant. Duncan Grant drove his wife out from his home. She took up her abode on Big Island, Merigomish. Dr. Ings seemed to become completely infatuated with the woman. He visited her frequently, often spending days with her on this lone island. He neglected his wife, children, practice, society and everything. The man was either insane or wholly given up to guilty passion. The following incident will show his devilry: One of his little children, when in the charge of the nurse, was badly injured by a fall. The father was at Big Island at the time. A messenger summoned him home. He came, ascertained as he thought, the child would be all right, and returned, the same night; before morning the child was dead. At length Ings' wife, heart-broken, managed to get him away to Montreal, where she had friends. His practice had been lost in New Glasgow. He had scarcely got to work in the Canadian metropolis when Mrs. Grant appeared on the scene, and Mrs. Ings, in despair, left her faithless husband, and went back to New Glasgow with her little family.

Dr. Ings' last act was to draw on his father, through his wife's brother in Ontario, for \$500; with this ill-gotten money he and Mrs. Grant sailed for Honolulu.

Mrs. Ings is still in New Glasgow, broken-hearted and in need, with no means of support for herself or children, and soon again to become a mother. The story is sad, and it is only right that the doings of such a scoundrel as Ings should be known to the world. Neither Pictou county, nor Halifax, has often such a tale of unfaithfulness to unfold, and happily it is so infrequent.

The Burglar Got The Presents.

HALIFAX, June 14.—There was much speculation when it was briefly announced this week that a newly married couple who recently held a high place in the fashionable life of this city, had been robbed of their wedding presents by burglars. The impression went abroad that it was Captain Duffus and Mrs. Duffus who had lost the tangible expressions of their friends regard. The robbery really occurred at Bermuda, in the house of Captain Wood, of the Leicester regiment. Captain Wood was not long ago married in this city to Miss Maggie Duffus, daughter of the late James Duffus, and the affair was a memorable society event. It seems that the burglar who made the haul in Bermuda was after whatever he could get, with no monopoly in grabbing wedding presents, but as the happy couple's silverware was largely comprised in those gifts, it was them he bagged. Friends in Halifax will sympathize with Captain and Mrs. Wood.

The Net Proceeds Very Small.

HALIFAX, June 14.—The story of the auctioneer who, in rendering an account after a sale, showed his client to be in debt to him, has often been told. An authenticated case of something like that came to light last week in a Halifax auction room. A well known young man had in his possession a handsome parlor lamp and some other ornaments not more than a year old. He decided, in order to raise the wind, to put them under the auctioneer's hammer.

His returns from \$12 worth of goods were 50 cents. Truckage, commissions and advertising consumed the balance. Had he personally carried his goods to the auctioneer he might have saved something out of the wreck, but he failed to do that, and now gazes with tearful sensations on his fifty-cent piece. Some Halifax auctioneers are dangerous playthings.

This Advice Doesn't Cost Anything.

HALIFAX, June 14.—A 63rd Rifles officer, who comes home from the north end so frequently at 4 o'clock in the morning is cautious in expressing his opinions on the fight between Colonel Egan and the officers. His late hours, in that latitude, cannot be explained on the ground that he is debating what it would be best for him to do in order to secure peace in the battalion. If he is considering the best interests of his regiment it would be more noble of him to spend his time in that occupation nearer home, or indeed he might stay at home, at least during the small hours between 12 and 4 o'clock in the morning.

HIGH AND LOW CHURCH.

A Case Similar to St. Paul's and the Mission in Dartmouth.

DAKEMOUTH, June 14.—Dartmouth Episcopalians say the outline of the trouble in Christ church, over the election of the Rector, and which resulted in the induction of Rev. Mr. Cunningham, was an exceedingly fair statement of the case. Since the victory of the Wilkinsan party, the other section have partially held their aloof from the church. They felt too sore to go back into the active work of the parish and it was not much wonder. Some of them have, since then, been attending other churches. It was really a contest between the poorest members of the congregation, and those more richly endowed with this world's goods. The poor people leaned to the low church, and the others, not without exceptions, were rather "high." But it was class against class, much more than sect against sect. The so-called poor people were better officered, better handled, and they won. They are charged with contributing very little to the support of the church.

The second chapter of recent Christ church history is now to be written, and again to record a victory for the Wilkinsan party. The Cunningham people, when they found themselves in a minority, decided to go out as soon as possible and build a new church in the wealthier and more aristocratic part of the town. They resolved the parish should be divided, and those satisfied with Christ church, as it is, could remain in it, with all the advantages of a fine church property; while the discontented ones would erect a new church home, where their surroundings would be more congenial. Bishop Courtney was asked to authorize the division of the parish. It was reasonable it should be divided, for, as pointed out, there are 2,200 adherents of the episcopal church in Dartmouth, a number the present church is utterly inadequate to accommodate, and far beyond the ability of one man to minister to. As a first step to secure the division a meeting of the parish was called for Monday night, the question being: Shall it be two churches in Dartmouth with its 2,200 episcopalians or shall it remain one comparatively small church? The discussion was warm and personal. The issues of the late campaign were in a measure fought out again. Some fierce home-thrusts were made on both sides. Wardsmen Johnstone and Walker, who led the one-church party, made the speeches on that side, and on the other were such well-known men as C. H. Harvey, Dr. Milson, ex-Mayor Oland, W. R. Foster, C. E. Creighton, James Simmonds, A. E. Ellis and Dr. Smith.

It was not till a late hour that the decision was reached, and then it was found that the secessionists were in a minority of 35. The malcontents were practically told that they must continue their attendance at Christ church, or worship in Halifax for the parish was not to be divided.

Notwithstanding this vote the more wealthy people say the parish shall be cut in two, and that a new church shall be built. To show they mean business, the work of collecting subscriptions for a \$10,000 building will not relax, and the active canvas for funds will continue. Already the sum of \$3,000 has been pledged, and those interested profess confidence the whole amount alike forthcoming as soon as it is needed.

The parish cannot be divided without the sanction of Bishop Courtney. What he will do in view of the vote of the congregation, on the one hand, and of the money being liberally put up for another church, on the other hand, is hard to predict, and will probably be harder still for Bishop Courtney to decide.

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WELLS BROUGHT TO BOOK

THE EMERGENCY BANKER GIVES HIS CUSTOMERS AWAY

In The Police Court—Fined \$8 and Costs for Assault—He Did Not Know Her Financially—A Shaver Who Wanted \$3 for Making Out a Note.

John P. Wells has been described in the columns of *PROGRESS* several times as an "emergency banker." He owns up to the title and rather prides himself upon the business that he does. It is generally understood that a man who is so unfortunate as to loan money from Wells has to pay for it pretty heavily. His regular charges are a quarter per cent a day. This may not seem large at the first glance but it really means 91½ per cent a year—almost 'cent per cent."

Wells has been before the public again, this time for assault growing out of his usurious charges, and the magistrate fined him the regulation eight dollars and the costs.

It appears that some years ago Wells lent \$50 to a Mrs. Murphy and charged her the usual rate of interest one quarter per cent a day. This meant 7½ per cent a month or three dollars and fifty eight cents. This, it appears, Mrs. Murphy, paid month after month and year after year until Wells had three times the amount of his principal. Then the poor woman died and her husband took up the burden of the debt and paid the interest. But Martin Murphy grew tired and it was on account of his tardiness in paying up that Mr. Wells interviewed him and the charge of assault arose.

The evidence was racy but as most of it has appeared there is no need to repeat it. Some of it however did not appear. Wells did not hesitate to justify his business and the lines on which he runs it by stating who borrowed from him. He mentioned the names of business people who had and were paying him his exorbitant rate.

This was a crusher and will no doubt prevent many from patronizing this particular emergency banker in future.

Wells very seldom makes mistakes in his customers, though even he has exceptions. Not long ago, as the story is told, a lady in need of funds thought of applying to him since she had known him in connection with some work for the church. She thought consequently, that she would have no difficulty. But when she went in and stated her errand Mr. Wells looked at her for a moment and then said "I don't know you madam." Her amazement got the better of her for a moment but she managed to remind him that they were acquainted through such and such work. Mr. Wells' reply is worth quoting. He said, "Spiritually I may be acquainted with you, madam; financially I don't know you."

A few other banks of emergency exist though not openly known as such. A lawyer who is known to lend money occasionally at good rates asked an applicant for \$5 for the use of \$50 for a month, and then wanted to charge him \$3 for drawing out the note. This was the last straw, and instead of signing the note the applicant tore it up.

THE LYRE OF APOLLO.

How the Representative of "Progress" Heard It in a St. John Grocery.

"Hark, hark, ye Dogges do bark, Ye Beggars are come to Towne."

The beggars that offend the ear with their unholly harmony, are come to town. You remember Long Morris, of the Morris, Pell, and Trowbridge Minstrels, they were in St. John about twenty-five years ago, weren't they—do you remember that act of his called "Music on the Brain"? Or was it Swayne Buckley, of old Dan Buckley's Minstrels, that were here about the same time? Come to think of it, it may have been Swayne who had music on the brain. No poetry intended. The *PROGRESS* musical critic can't remember which it was, but it was one of them.

What put the oldest inhabitants in loving remembrance of Long Morris and Swayne Buckley, was the song of sunny Italy who was in town this week, and played the flutina and clashed the cymbals, and tried the triangle, and whacked the bass drum, and ensnared the hearts of the mayden fayre by his rhapsodies on the snare drum, and worse than all, far, far worse than all, sang—all at once, just as Swayne Buckley—or was it Long Morris?—used to do ages ago. And as if that wasn't enough, this great Italian master had a great Italian missus, who sang also, in the rich and melodious voiceless consonanted tongue of Italia. She also played the tambourine, and took up a collection. Times are hard in St. John not so hard as at other places, but still hard enough—yet many quarters were thrown into that tambourine. And there are many virtuous St. John poor folk, "who never sing, but die with all their music in them," that seldom see a quarter!

This Italian improvisator and this Italian improvisatress were not the only street musicians in town last week. There was

a well dressed man who had a Wheeler and Wilson piano, drawn by a pony, which played of itself, and whose music strangely resembled Prof. J. Herschel Smith's "queen of automatic organettes."

There were other organists playing in nature's cathedral, but the greatest musician in town was one who was seen by a *PROGRESS* representative in a St. John grocery. He was a violinist, he was. Talk about Paganini and his single string!

This musician played "Listen to the Mocking Bird," until you thought you were listening to the thrush, and the boblink, and the chickadee, and the bullfrog, and the cat-bird that used to cry like a baby in the apple-orchard in the old days, till your mother was sure that Johnny had hurt himself—and yet you knew it was a mocking-bird that was making all the heavenly harmony and the unheavenly discord—though really you never heard a mocking-bird, but got the most of your information about "the sweetest musician of the American forest" from the old Fourth Reader.

And it wasn't a mocking-bird you were listening to, after all! It was—but talk about Paganini and his single string!

And how that fellow in the grocery would play "Pop goes the weasel!" That was classical, that was. Why, he'd play along till he got to the last line, and then he'd chuck his fiddle up to the ceiling, and catch it as it came down just in time to play "Pop!" in the poppingest kind of way. And then he'd finish the tune, going after that weasel, soft-like, not making too much noise, you know, for weasels are scary.

This week St. John saw the world's greatest violinist, but only *PROGRESS*, representative—that's me—and the grocer, and the man who put the red herring back into the box again, saying that such heavenly music didn't go well with red herring—was sorry incongruous, as it were—heard the sublime strains of the strings that were stolen from the lyre of Apollo.

And then—talk about Paganini and his busted strings—could Paganini put the bow between his knees, and rub the fiddle over it, and play that tune you used to dance Sir Roger too, and play it in the poppingest, poppingest way? Well, if he could do that, it strikes *PROGRESS* that Paganini had a good deal more to brag about than his playing some classical piece, that no one would know whether he made mistake in or not, on a single string.

The Johnson-Coughlan Case.

The Johnson-Coughlan case has excited a good deal of talk around the town. Mr. Johnson is an old man nearly 90 years of age, and Coughlan is the janitor of the city building. Johnson claims that Coughlan assaulted him, kicked him and otherwise illused him in the entrance to the Barnhill building. Coughlan says he did not and accounts for Johnson's bruises by saying that the old man fell against the heater. The fact that Coughlan has not the most amiable disposition in the world leads a good many people to prefer Johnson's statement to his and the condemnation of the whole affair and the action of the magistrate in dismissing the charge against Coughlan is pretty vigorous.

In Danger of Impeachment.

A judge of the Nova Scotia Supreme court, one of whose decisions was recently brought prominently before the public, is said to be in a remarkable position. It is rumored that a movement is on foot to petition the Ottawa authorities for his removal from his high position. Leading gentlemen of Halifax, and several other prominent citizens, are preparing their plans to bring the matter before the federal government and parliament. A variety of charges will be made, reflecting on the judge's integrity, it is said, and his unfitness to retain his exalted judicial position. If this quiet agitation takes form, as those directly concerned say it will, the situation will be somewhat sensational.

The "Old Vic." for Sale.

The old Victoria rink is for sale—land, building, good will and everything can be bought. The scene of much healthful fun, a place famous for political and social gatherings, it is one of the city landmarks. Some enterprising man can make some money here if he strikes the popular idea. The people will patronize a good thing and they all like to go to the "old Victoria." But in any event the land is a grand speculation.

The Performing Bear.

The performing bear seen upon the streets the last two days is really very clever—so well trained, in fact, that there is some doubt at first whether there is any more bear there than the skin. Those in charge of the animal say that he was bred in France and trained from a cub. Showing him upon the streets appears to be a profitable business.

Mayor Sumner's Opinion of the Scrap.

Mayor Sumner, of Moncton, was in town this week. There is no record that he was interviewed about the result of the McDougall case. His opinion would have been interesting though it is said that he did not think much of the prize fight in the Institute.