

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY OCTOBER 23 1897.

DR. INGS IN THE WEST.

HE IS EXPOSED AGAIN IN GREAT FALLS, MONTANA.

Both Wives Are on the Scene and the People are Surprised at the Denouncement—Dr. Ings is Not on the Scene at Present—His Forged Affidavits.

More than three years ago PROGRESS published an account of the desertion of Mrs. Ings of New Glasgow by her husband and his departure for the west with another woman. The case was a remarkable one from the position all the parties held in society and the destitute circumstances in which Mrs. Ings was left. Now the Anaconda Standard comes from Great Falls, Montana, with a further account of the doctor's doings and his trouble. The story under date of October 14th., is as follows:

"The little town of Shelby Junction on the Great Falls & Canada railway has again jumped to the front with a sensational and domestic melodrama, the middle act of which has for its scene this city. The principal actor is Dr. Ings, formerly a physician of Grand Falls, and he is ably supported by wife No. 1 with three babies, all of whom arrived in Shelby Junction Tuesday morning, and wife No. 2, with whom he lived in this city and who for a season was a prominent member of society. Just where the doctor is at the present time his friends in Shelby Junction are unable to say further than that he has gone down the Marias river to visit a patient. He left prior to arrival of wife No. 1, and up today noon had not returned.

Early in 1895, Dr. Ings came to Great Falls from his home in Nova Scotia, and began the practice of medicine. He was accompanied by a lady introduced as his wife, now known as No. 2, and for a year, financially and socially, the family prospered. About this time society began to frown upon Mrs. Ings, and this was resented by the doctor. Shortly after this a case came up in which a consultation of doctors was called for, and Dr. Ings was one of the number called. Later he took occasion to cast a slur upon certain members of the medical profession of Great Falls, and intimated that they did not know their business. This aroused their ire, and the war was carried so far as to go back to his old home in Glasgow, N. S., where his family is wealthy and well connected. The result of the investigation was that it was openly talked upon the street that Dr. Ings had a wife and family in Nova Scotia whom he had deserted. About this time, June 1896, the St. John (N. B.) PROGRESS, dated June 16, 1894, was received here and contained the following remarkable story:

"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, and he was educated at Edinburgh and there married a young 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. 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 house. 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 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 Glasgow. He thenceforward 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 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 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 or Halifax has often such a tale of unfaithfulness to unfold, and happily it is so infrequent."

At that time Dr. Ings called at the Grand Falls office of the Standard, denied the story emphatically and begged piteously that it be suppressed. He declared there was not a word of truth in the current story, and said he had never been married but once, and his wife was here with him. He was believed, his wishes were respected, and the sensational story was kept out of print. But matters grew too hot for the physician and he resolved to quit Grand Falls. He sent his wife East, and a few weeks later a telegram was received calling him home on account of the alleged serious illness of his mother. Later on he returned and in the latter part of 1896, located at Shelby Junction, where he won a fairly good practice and lived in a nicely furnished home. All went well until Tuesday morning last, when the westbound train brought to Shelby Junction a woman who claims to be the first and only real wife of Dr. Ings. The doctor was not at home, but undaunted the woman registered at Payne's hotel under the name of Mrs. Ings, and gave it out that she would wait until the doctor returned.

The news of wife No. 1's arrival was soon noised about and created a sensation at Shelby. Wife No. 2, who is now in a delicate condition, took the matter very coolly until H. F. Gouth, a merchant there placed an attachment on the doctor's household property to secure a bill for

goods delivered. Things became badly mixed for Mr. Gouth thought it wise to protect himself in case Dr. Ings should hunt other quarters where the climate would be milder. Then Mrs. Ings No. 2 grew wrathful and forgetting wife No. 1 expressed great sympathy for Mr. Gouth, for she knew, she said, that Dr. Ings would make it warm for him on his return home for attaching. As late as this afternoon Dr. Ings had not returned to Shelby but all the other characters were there awaiting his arrival, when it is not improbable a realistic scene will be enacted.

Mrs. Ings No. 1. is in Montana for business. She claims that she is the wife Dr. Ings deserted, as told in the story quoted from the PROGRESS, and her wrongs will have to be righted before she will be willing to give up the man who, at the altar, promised to care for her 'in sickness or in health, until death do us part.

Referring to the Ings sensation Dr. Gordon said lately to a Standard reporter: 'Dr. Ings came to Great Falls in 1895, bearing letters of introduction from Dr. Muburn of Lethbridge. I was going away for a year, and on the strength of his credentials turned over my practice to him. He is unquestionably one of the finest surgeons in Montana, and enjoyed a large practice while here. On my return home in 1896 Ings told me of certain rumors in circulation regarding his personal life, and assured me that they were without foundation. He showed me what he said was an 'irregular' marriage license between himself and the woman known here as Mrs. Ings. Later he showed me alleged affidavits from old residents of his home stating that Mrs. Ings here was his only wife in Glasgow, N. S., was another man entirely, and a cousin of the doctor's. I noticed, however, that the alleged affidavits were not sworn to, and as a result they were nothing but statements in writing I know nothing about his family troubles, but was so impressed with the rumors and his evasive and contradictory stories, that I dropped him from our list of social acquaintances. My business connections with Ings were anything but satisfactory, but I do not wish to discuss them at this time. The story that comes from Shelby Junction is a sad one and reflects seriously on the character of the man.'

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THERE are many sharp corners in life's rough road that turn a man from the pleasant pathway of health into the arms of sickness and disease. Whether life or death wins depends on how you are prepared for these sudden attacks. It's the weak and healthless system that the vulture of disease picks out for its victim. It's negligence that puts you in this state of susceptibility to disease.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt purifies the blood, builds up the system, and fits you for the fight against disease. Eminent European physicians bear testimony to its efficaciousness as a preventative and cure for Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spleen Affections, Nervous Depression, Indigestion, Sea Sickness, Flatulency, Gout, Fever and Skin and Kidney Complaints. It purifies the blood and clears the complexion.

Here are some extracts from the many testimonials we have received from eminent physicians and prominent personages:

From Dr. W. H. Wright, L. R. C. P. I., L. M., M. R. C. S. E., L. S. A. I., Medical Officer of Health, London, England.

"I take a dose of your Abbey's Effervescent Salt every morning before my cold bath, and I attribute my immunity from disease in a great measure to the cooling, aperient effects of your excellent preparation. I also find it a valuable anti-rheumatic."

From Sir Henry Irving, London, England.

"Your Abbey's Effervescent Salt is excellent. It has certainly not been over-rated."

From Count W. J. Stomm, London, England.

"I find it simply invaluable. I now use no other medicine, and take great pleasure in recommending it to all my friends."

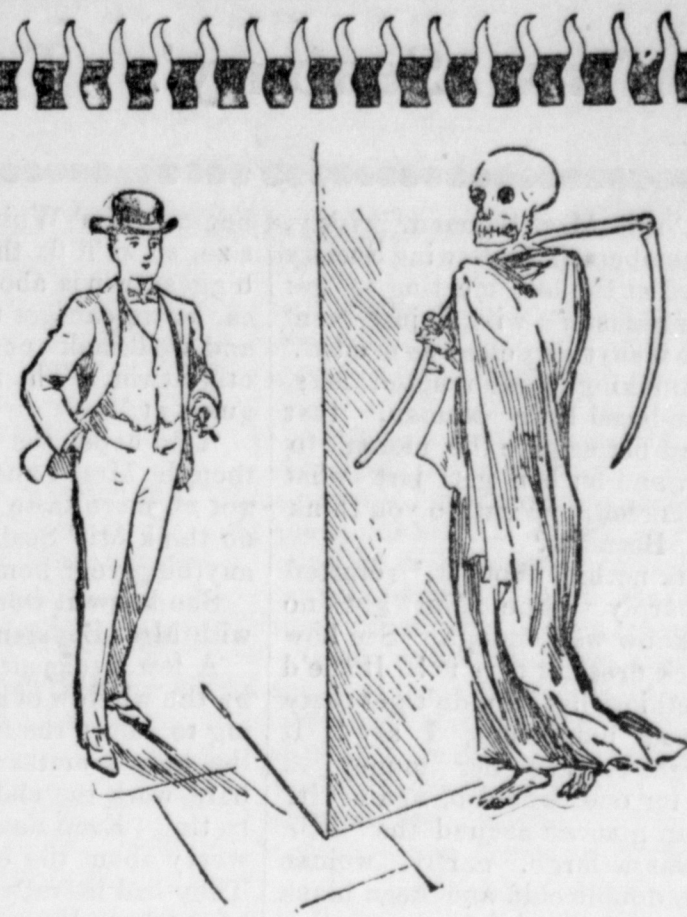
From Dr. Thos. Ernest Lovegrove, M. R. C. S. F., London, England.

"Abbey's Effervescent Salt is a safe and useful family medicine and is specially beneficial in cases of Indigestion and Rheumatism."

THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT CO., Ltd, MONTREAL, CAN.

All Druggists sell this valuable preparation.

Price, 60c. a large bottle.



HIS INSPIRATION.

How the Kindly Attention of a Great Man Helped a Struggling Writer.

Theodore de Banville, a beardless, rosy-cheeked youth of nineteen, was full of a poet's ambition and had even published a thin volume of verses. One day, in a mood of fitful audacity, he wrapped a copy of the book in a paper, hastened across the street of Paris, rung a door-bell, and placed the parcel in the hands of the servant who answered his summons. The house was that of the celebrated Alfred de Vigny.

Having seen his precious book delivered, the boy hurried away. Already he was seized with alarm at his own temerity. So excited was he that he had no thought of returning home, but went on and on till he was far out in the country. And still he walked, till late in the afternoon the pangs of hunger drove him back to the city.

As he says, he slipped like a thief into his father's house, and there, in the hall, the servant handed him a card, on which the boy read in 'beautiful English letters' the name, Alfred de Vigny.

Yes, the famous poet had actually called upon him!—and not finding him at home, had covered the card with as many lines as it would hold, complimenting him upon his verses, assuring him of sympathy, and inviting him to call.

'That precious card,' says De Banville, 'waiting his 'Souverain' many years afterwards, I still keep: at a moment of courage comes over me, I have only to look at that bit of paper.'

That night the boy could not sleep, and when daylight finally came, it seemed as if the morning never would pass. The hands of the clock were paralyzed, or had gone to sleep. However, the time wore itself away, and at the earliest reasonable moment De Banville again rang the great poet's door-bell.

Already there were many people there, awaiting interviews with the author of 'Cing-Mars.' But the newcomer was not compelled to wait. De Vigny took him aside immediately, and sympathizing with his impatience, put into his hands the copy of his little book, annotated from end to end. De Vigny had had it by twenty-four hours, and already the margins of all the leaves were covered with notes—compliments and suggestions.

The boy devoured them, and De Vigny, happy in the boy's pleasure, read them with him, enlarging upon this or that, dwelling upon a beauty here, or a possible improvement there, till the boy was fairly intoxicated with delight.

'From that moment,' says De Banville, 'I feared nothing.' Let critics say what they would, he was a poet, and a poet he would remain.

A man can easily become notorious these days by announcing his intention of going to the Alaska gold fields.

Our I's and Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

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