

JENNIE AT A WASH TUB.

THAT'S HOW THE MISSING MRS. MOWATT EARNS HER LIVING.

Found in Boston by Detective Ring—She is Called Mrs. Clark Now and Does not seem to Have Battered Her Condition at all by Her Sensational Move.

When Samuel Mowatt returned to his home on the Oak Bay road Friday night Sept. 10th, a little more than a year ago, he had \$25 in his pocket and a lot of bad whiskey in his system. He was drunk enough to abuse his wife, by words at any rate, and some of his neighbors say that he did more than that, but he was also drunk enough to lie down and go to sleep with the \$25 in his pocket. When he woke up he was without his jag, without his money, and without his wife. She had taken advantage of his condition and had picked his pocket, and, tired of her life, had left her home and her husband to try her fortune in the United States. That was the last that was heard of Jennie Mowatt until last Friday Sept. 9th, when Detective John Ring of this city, after a



MRS. JENNIE MOWATT.

brief but very clever search located her in Boston, trying to earn her own living. Mr. Ring is a provincial detective and as such the Attorney General instructed him to unravel the mystery that surrounded the disappearance of Mrs. Mowatt. The people who had been her neighbors declared that she had been murdered, all sorts of stories came from that section to the effect that cries of murder had been heard, that blood had been seen on the floor, and pointing to such suspicious circumstances as the filling up of an old well which was generally supposed to contain the body of the missing woman. In the meantime Mr. Mowatt had left the place and sold out all that he owned or all that he could sell and went to the United States. He left his wife's trunk at his father's and that proved a fortunate circumstance for Detective Ring when he found it and opened it secured much that assisted him in identifying Mrs. Mowatt, when he located her. In the trunk was her marriage-certificate, the names of her parents, brothers and her Sunday-school teacher, her bible and testament, the minister who married her and the place where she was born, and all such particulars that were valuable indeed to an official. More than that all her clothing was there, her rings and her bracelets, in fact everything she owned except the dress she had on her back. This went to strengthen the idea that Mrs. Mowatt had not gone away of her own accord, but she had been foully dealt with.

Another important clue was her photograph from which many duplicates were taken but the one sent to the Boston police failed to assist them in any degree in their search. Gertie Russel was the one who gave the clue. She used to live in St. Stephen and the story of how she unwittingly revealed the whereabouts of the woman is told in one of the Boston papers in this way.

Mrs. Jennie Mowatt who disappeared from St. Stephen, N. B. a year ago under such circumstances as to lead to the belief that she must have been murdered, has been found in this city.

The case was a celebrated one in the provinces, and the talk which resulted from the finding of blood on the floor of her former home, the going away of the husband and the stories which were circulated by ignorant persons who desired to appear knowing, compelled the attorney general to take action.

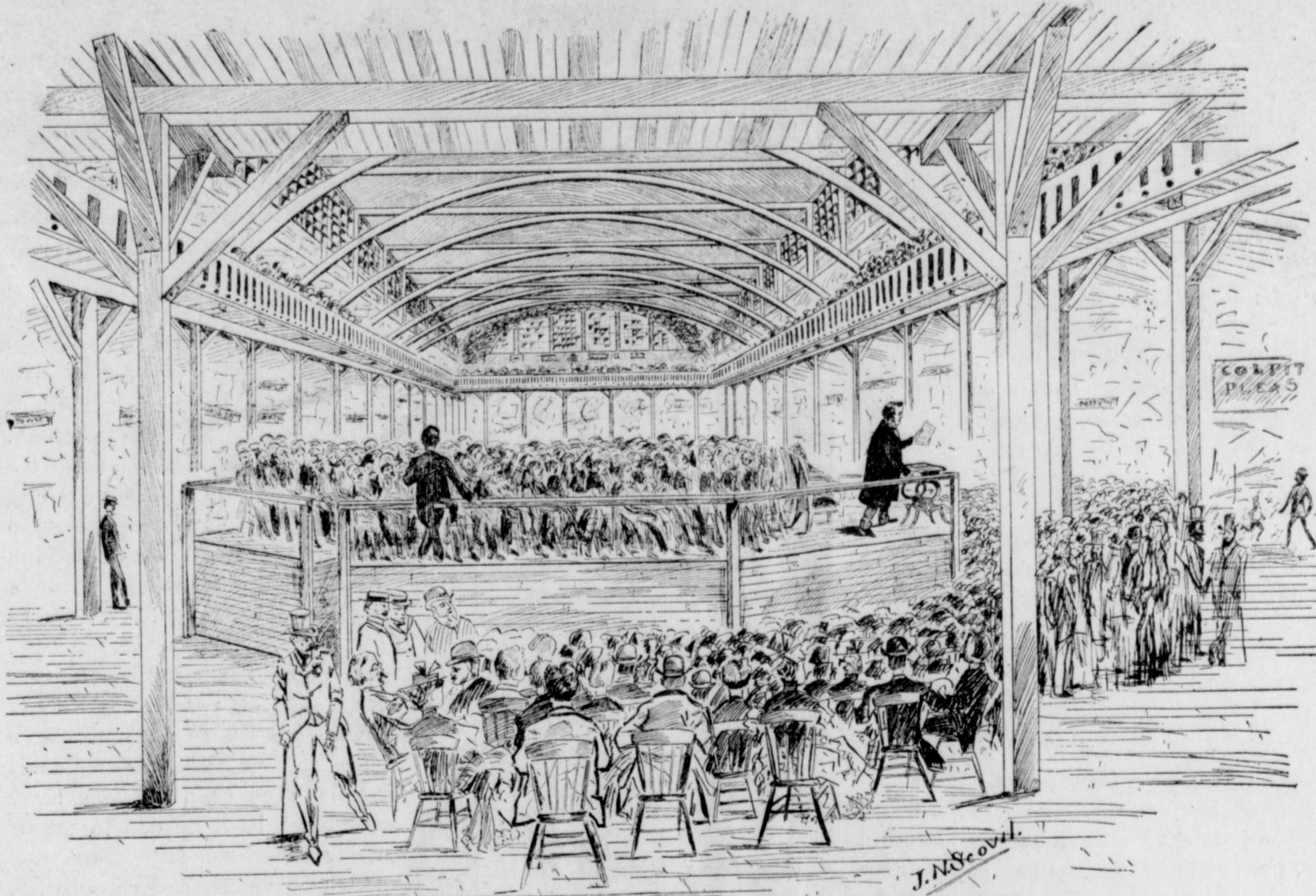
S. I. Mowatt, her husband, a man of 43, carried on a farm in the outskirts of St. Stephen and returned there about 8 p. m., Sept. 10, 1897, the worse for liquor.

He and his wife were heard to have an animated discussion, after which she went to a neighbor's to return some article of household use which she had borrowed. This neighbor a Mrs. Pierce, was the

WHERE TO SPEND YOUR QUARTERS.

There are not many serious features to an Exhibition opening, but what there were to the ceremony on Tuesday is referred to in another part of this paper.

Ladies and gentlemen sat about Sir Charles and President Pitfield on the platform, and men and women moved about the main hall in front of them enjoying themselves. They had a chance to look at and admire the fish show—one of the most interesting exhibits there—or to find out their proper weight in order to compare it with their avouirdupois after the worry and bustle of the show is over, or to taste the varieties of candy and fruit and comment upon their excellence, or do anything they chose.



SIR CHARLES TUPPER OPENING THE EXHIBITION

The speeches weren't long but they were as good as exhibition speeches usually are and listened to with the same scant attention. The hammer and saw paid their tribute all the time as of old and the people did not seem to like it. There was music in plenty and good at that, but the crowd on that day was not as large as it should have been. The attendance since has been gratifying and the weather beautiful. The show is a good one, better than usual and well worth seeing.

last person who seems to have seen the woman in that region.

That was Friday evening and it was not until Sunday when Mowatt went after Mrs. Libby a married sister of his, that any one seemed to have noticed that Mrs. Mowatt was not about.

The husband at first said that she was gone away for a couple of weeks, and later changed his story

assistance of Inspector Kelly and yesterday the woman was located on Pine st. She is a young woman of very good appearance, being a brunette with dark eyes and dark hair inclined to be wavy.

She readily consented to tell the detective why she came away after a quarrel which she had with her husband. It seems that her husband was in the habit of going into the New Hampshire woods in the fall and remaining there all winter.

Meanwhile she was left to care for the cattle and generally look after the place, was lonesome and had none too much food, clothing and fuel. This had gone on, she said, for five years, and she concluded to try a change.

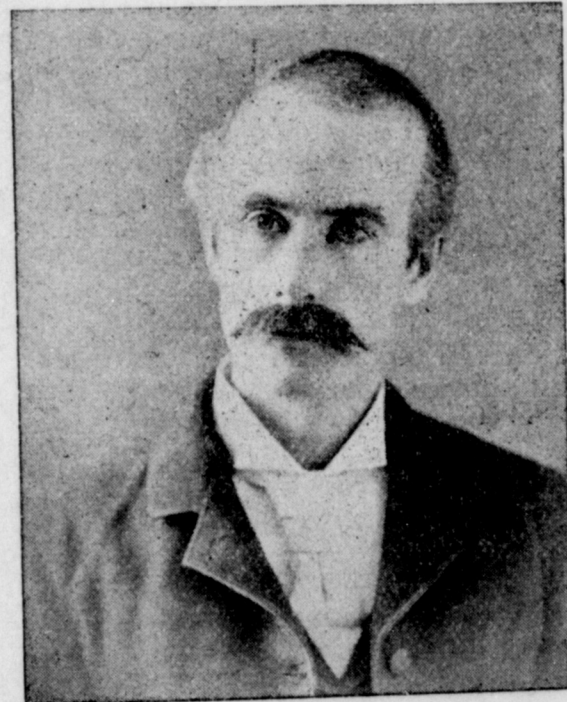
She could not account for the blood on the floor, but said it was not hers. She is willing to go back to convince those interested that she is not dead, but does not care to live in St. Stephen again.

When Detective Ring arrived in Boston Thursday the 8th of September he went to see Inspector Watts of the Boston police force and when he told his mission was shown every possible attention. At his request Detective Kelly was detailed to assist him on the case and on Friday morning they started out for Pine Street where Mrs. Russell lived. They found the place and found the room where the supposed Mrs. Mowatt was said to lodge. Detective Ring knocked at the door which was partially opened and the face of a woman appeared. She did not appear to be anxious to let the detective in but they pushed forward and the first salutation she received was, "How do you do Jennie" from Detective Ring. It did not take him long to find out that this was Mrs. Mowatt because she knew all about the people on the Oak Bay road and she answered all the questions Ring asked her about her people just as he had found the information in her trunk.

The room she lived in and was paying \$2.50 a week for was small and poor and she was unkempt and ragged—almost without clothes—washing for a living and known to the people she met as "Mrs. Clark."

She promised Ring she would write to Mrs. Eastman, a former friend of hers, and had, in fact, written and torn up four letters since she went away. She was willing to come and show the people that she was Mrs. Mowatt but Ring thought that unnecessary.

This solves a mystery that was a curious one in many respects. Mrs. Mowatt's disappearance was so perfect that she was not found for a year and then only by the astuteness of an officer who had but little ground to work upon. The credit for the solution of the mystery belongs to him. He was assisted as every detective is assisted by all the information he could get but the conclusions he drew were his own. Mowatt should be thankful for the circumstantial evidence against him was so strong that had he been arrested and tried



LIQUOR-INSPECTOR JONES

claiming that his wife, who is about 25, and naturally fond of travelling and a good time, had gone to Minneapolis to visit her people.

A few weeks later he sold his cattle and many other belongings, carried much of his personal goods to the home of his father, near by, and left the place.

The stories did not grow any smaller or less sensational after that, and finally a man named Tuttle stated that he knew that the body had been thrown down a well on Mowatt's premises and covered with gravel, with a heavy stone on top of it.

Permission was secured to have the well searched and it was soon seen that there was nothing whatever of a suspicious nature in it. Still the stories went on and Hon. A. S. White the attorney general took the matter up in Aug., of this year, and provincial detective John Ring of St. John was put to work on the case.

He found by investigating the deserted house formerly occupied by the Mowatt's that there was blood on the floor of two of the four rooms in the house. He likewise found that all the winter clothing of the missing woman was in one of the trunks which her husband had taken to his father's house.

Things certainly looked suspicious but at about that time detective Ring heard that John Richardson a railroad man living in Norcross, Me., had heard of the woman.

He learned by communicating with him that Miss Gertie Russell, who now lives in this city with her mother, but who had come from St. Stephens, had met a woman in Boston whom she felt sure was the missing Mrs. Mowatt.

She had met her under the name of Jennie King, and the detective began to feel that the mystery was going to be untangled, for King was Mrs. Mowatt's maiden name.

He came to the city, arriving Thursday. On the way he stopped at Eastport Me., and found that somebody by the name of Mowatt had been registered there Sept. 11 and 12 last year. However, she had not been registered herself, so it was not absolutely established that it was the Mrs. Mowatt.

When the detective got here he was given the

the verdict would almost surely have been against him.

He Has Had Enough of War.

Those who saw Sergeant Vanwart when he returned from the Cuban War found it hard to recognize in the slight and almost emaciated young man, the robust soldier who left for the scene of conflict with 180 pounds of flesh to his credit. He weighed 118 when he returned and anyone can judge from that that he did not have an easy time of it. Five days of quarantine when he arrived near Boston and a fortnight's attack of malaria fever after he reached the home of his relatives there, did not tend to improve his physical condition. He was at his parents, Mr and Mrs. J. O. Vanwart's, Evandale, last Sunday, and many of those who enjoyed the excursion on the steamer Victoria found it interesting to listen to the modest description that this young soldier gave of his experiences in battle. Fortunately he was not wounded except a shoulder graze, but he saw enough of his comrades sicken and die from wounds and yellow fever.



J. WILLIAM ROOP.

er to make him heartily weary of warfare in such a climate. The sergeant was in the regular army and as his period of service was up is now discharged. He intends to return to the States but not to the army.

The Birth of Venus at the Fair.

Lovers of the beautiful in art can spend a pleasant hour in the art exhibition of Sam Richey at the Fair. The Birth of Venus and other celebrated pictures are shown there and their artistic merit cannot be denied.

WENT IN THE WINDOW.

INSPECTOR JONES HAD A SEARCH WARRANT FOR ROOP'S HOUSE.

The Officers got in Through the Window and Raided the Place While the Crowd Cheered Mr. Roop's Remarks about Prosecution and Unfair Dealing.

Truly "there was a hot time in this old town" last Saturday night, when in the early hours of the evening liquor Inspector John B. Jones, re-enforced by Chief of Police Walter W. Clark and a squad of the "finest" called upon J. W. Roop, proprietor of the Central Hotel and an unlicensed bar and demanded admittance.

Mr. Roop wasn't in, or, at least he wasn't to be seen. Somebody said he was upstairs, some other person said he was in the bar clearing out the stuff. Anyway he he was not present to answer to his name and to let the inspector and his companions enter. They did not come unprepared for such a contingency, and the necessary authority in the shape of a search-warrant was in the inside pocket of the Inspector's coat. That is a little document which it is pretty hard to resist. With it any officer can break down a door and do a good deal of damage in his endeavor to enter a place. The inspector didn't want to do this, so he looked around him for some other handy means of entrance, but the only possible way he saw to enter was through an open window in the front of the building. Ladders however were required for that purpose and the only ones available apparently belonged to the fire department. That didn't seem to make very much difference for on this occasion, at least, the fire department was willing to help out the police department and a ladder was quickly forthcoming, the obliging driver of the fire chief himself having loaned the means by which an entrance was made to the premises of Mr. Roop. Officer Campbell was the first man on the rung. He is not a small man—in size—still he got through the window without much difficulty, not with the ease of a fireman, still with sufficient quickness to keep clear of Officer Killen who also went in through the window. A good large crowd assembled at this time, and when "Pat" mounted the ladder he created a good deal more fun than a clown in a circus. The 500 or 1000 people who gathered at the front of the hotel evidently had not much sympathy with the raid, but they had a good deal of kindly feeling for the big officer who attempted to put himself through the narrow space. Nobody has discovered since whether he got any assistance from those who went ahead of him but they know that there was no possibility of any aid being extended to him from the rear.

To make a long story short the officers found their way down stairs and opened up the front entrance; then armed with the search-warrant and the necessary instruments of force, calculated to open doors, they got into the bar. Mr. Roop would not give them any satisfaction. Somebody said that he was in bed when they entered, but it he was it did not take him long to get out, and the crowd in front of his premises were soon regaled with a speech from him that would do credit to Hansard.

Mr. Roop has a very lively sense of his own wrongs. He has been a citizen here for a long time and has kept a hotel and has sold liquor with and without a license, has in fact done pretty much as he pleased in that direction, until the new and stringent license law came into force. Before that and before Inspector Jones was appointed to carry out this law, Mr. Roop thought the police were down on him and if the extent of their dislike could be measured by the fines they had imposed on him there is no doubt that he was not a favorite with them. Mr. Jones, on the contrary, has given Mr. Roop considerable latitude and stated that under certain circumstances he was quite willing to recommend him for a license. He wanted Mr. Roop to change the location of his bar, to bring it forward so that he could have a glance at it once in a while; but Mr. Roop did not agree with the inspector, because he said the bars of the other hotels were in the rear and why should not his be there also? In his speech to the appreciative audience last Saturday, Mr. Roop hinted quite strongly that much fairer treatment was being extended to his neighbors than to himself; but while he was making his remarks, the officer had taken out all the liquor they could find and had it carted to the police station.

Talking to PROGRESS the inspector CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.