

COVAY WILL BE TRIED

ON FIVE SEPARATE AND SERIOUS CHARGES.

The information lodged by William Weatherhead, who is represented by Mr. Forbes—Testimony under oath will be taken now, without doubt.

GIVE HIM A HEARING.

Some of the Aldermen say the Chief did not state facts about Weatherhead.

John Weatherhead is still doing duty as a policeman. Capt Rawlings is also doing duty—as inspector of the southern division.

Sergt. Kilpatrick is in charge of the northern division, although it is quite generally stated that John McGrath, who got tired of doing patrol duty, and left the force some time ago, will be appointed.

The chief has given his reasons for discharging John Weatherhead, and those who have only heard his side of the story probably feel that he was justified in his action.

There is a general feeling that he should be. A number of the aldermen who were at the meeting, say that they know, personally, that the chief stated what was not in accordance with the facts; and that in regard to charges that the chief said Weatherhead made against him, the aldermen claim that Weatherhead did not make the charges.

COMING TO THE SURFACE. The Facts of Certain Transactions in Police Circles Cropping Out.

Little by little some things are cropping out which are not altogether creditable to the police powers. The people will remember with what wonderful alacrity the chief and his aids sallied out after the Norton desperadoes, how they followed them into the wilds of the outlying counties and permitted them to escape after all.

But not satisfied with that, a bill was presented for extra services, which is understood to have been paid by the local government. The chief did not know what to do with the money when he got it and consulted some of the city officials about it.

The police committee, in their search for other information, ran across this and immediately asked the local government representatives in the city about the matter. They not only got no information, but were met with a polite and suave refusal.

Can Capt. Rawlings Do No Wrong? Although Capt. Rawlings has had some very serious charges made against him, has been fined by the magistrate in one

case, and failed to prove that any of the others were not true, he has never been suspended for a day on account of them, but, on the contrary is held in greater esteem by the chief. And now the unpleasant fact has forced itself upon the chief that the captain has been frequenting barrooms and drinking whiskey while on duty, during "his time."

MRS. DUMONT WANTS JUSTICE.

Her Seized Liquor was Tampered With, She Says, and Not Returned.

A French woman, named Dumont, who keeps a store across the Marsh bridge, has been making some inquiries this week. She wants to know more about the liquor law and the way it is carried out by the police.

THE SALE OF THE "TELEGRAPH."

The Paper Has Passed Into the Hands of a Company.

About as interesting a bit of political and newspaper news as the talkers have gumbled over for some time is the sale of the Daily and Weekly Telegraph. There is no doubt that the paper has really changed hands and that before long the new owners will assume control.

A New Wrinkle.

Do you ever get a post-office order? If you are among the lucky ones, the post master has something of interest to say, provided you send the order to be cashed by any other than yourself.

A Treat For Everyone.

Next week's PROGRESS, while not a specially prepared Christmas number, will be one in the best acceptance of the term. The reading matter and illustrations will be appropriate to the season.

The Italians Rode in Coaches.

Among the passengers on the City of Monticello, Wednesday evening, was a large gang of Italians, and everyone of them had as much luggage and broken English as he could possibly get along with.

The Old Rat Arrived too Late.

A St. John man made a startling discovery this week. It was a nest of thirteen infantile rats, all too young to get away. They were captured in a body and promptly treated in the same way as superfluous kittens usually are—drowned in a pail.

Cause and Effect.

PROGRESS' send off of the "Great Moral Show," last Saturday, seemed to have the desired effect. The doors closed that night for good, and Monday the "young man with brains" was advertising for capital.

Remarkable Fairness.

In another column will be found a letter from a grateful widow whose husband died suddenly. A few days before he took out an application for an insurance policy of \$5,000 in the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society.

EVENTS IN CITY LIFE.

HAPPENINGS SAD AND OTHERWISE TALKED ABOUT.

Mrs. G. S. Miller's Sudden and Sad Death—Her Fiance Arrives in Time to Say Farewell—The Transfer of the "Telegraph" and Other Local Topics.

The coming of death in this city in more than one instance this week was curiously sad. The same day a strong and active man was stricken, a young and popular lady in the person of Mrs. Geo. S. Miller passed to her rest.

Not quite six weeks ago she arrived in town from New York state, where she had been staying for more than a year, for a short visit to her mother and sister and friends. Though she had written that she expected to come sometime in the fall and winter, her coming was unexpected and of course a greater surprise and delight to all of them.

SOME CHINESE ENGLISH.

Two Sample Letters Beautifully Written by Chinese Bookkeepers.

A gentleman in Santa Cruz, writing to a friend in this city, sends him some samples of Chinese English. The letters and the enclosures speak for themselves:

Do not Wait Too Long.

The addition of a designer and wood engraver to the engraving department of PROGRESS has met with unusual favor and success.

This Straightens It Out.

A note to PROGRESS from Halifax essays the explanation that Major Grant never held a position in the Royal Engineers. The correspondent sends the following extract:

Now Boys, Go For Them.

The snow is here, and the active boys want their sleds. Messrs. Scovil, Frayer & Co. have undertaken to supply the want. They have board sleds, and clipper sleds, which they propose to give away to every boy who buys a suit, an overcoat, or a reefer at their store.

She Would get It, Sure.

Old Boy "Did you know that Hairless's wife was thinking of getting a divorce last week?" "No! What grounds did she have?" "Found some Lyceum tickets in his pockets."

A Great Place for the Chills.

The mild weather this week should have made the attendance at the Institute very much larger than it was. During the cold spell one's feet were numb with the cold long before the show was over, and this made as great an impression on many in the audience as the play did.

TRouble over a Pastor's Call.

The Dictum of a County Councillor and How He Expressed It.

The Baptist church at St. Martins is without a regular spiritual guide at present, for, up to date, the efforts of the congregation to obtain another minister have not been successful.

A few nights ago a prayer meeting was resolved into a business gathering and the matter came up for discussion. A recent councillor was the chief speaker, and his remarks being somewhat at variance with the facts in the estimation of a lady present, she arose and with quiet dignity said so.

His Sickness and His Death—Some in the Last Hours—The Suddenness of It—His Public and his Private Life—A Glowing Tribute.

Sadder news could not have spread through the city late Tuesday evening, and been given to the public Wednesday morning, than the death of William B. Carvill. To think of him in any other way than the vigorous man in the prime of his young manhood, or the active athlete who knew no weariness in the field of manly sport, was indeed a hard task, but the stern and depressing fact was that he was no more.

W. B. CARVILL.

Only a week before the citizens paid their last tribute to his memory by attending his funeral in such numbers, Mr. Carvill returned from a business trip to Montreal. Before he left on that last trip he complained a little of pain in his limbs, which he attributed to a slight attack of muscular rheumatism.

W. B. CARVILL.

He postponed his journey until at least he got rid of a noticeable limp caused by the attack. He laughed in his usual happy fashion, and said that it was impossible, for he had a business appointment in Montreal and must keep it. They urged him no longer, because they knew that nothing short of positive illness would prevent his attention to business.

He returned a week ago, Thursday, apparently in his usual good health. Even the slight muscular pains he had complained of troubled him no longer, and his step was as springy and elastic as ever it was. When he arose Friday morning he took breakfast as usual, and going down stairs to the office of the hotel, he said to Mr. McCoskery—the proprietor, and also his intimate friend—that he did not feel so bright as usual, and he guessed he would not go to the office. Still all that day he was about the house, between his room and the gentlemen's parlor.

Before doing so, however, he had a call from Dr. Dan Berryman who did not think that he was suffering from more than a slight indisposition.

He remained in his room Sunday, sitting around and chatting and smoking as usual with his brothers and friends. Even Monday he indulged in a smoke again, but still could eat nothing. Such fasting had made him weak, and he remained in bed all day.

Up to this time none of those about him imagined that there was any serious trouble.

The physician expressed no fear, and on Tuesday noon he pronounced him decidedly better and told his brother George that he would be all right in a few days. Mr. McCoskery kept him company all that afternoon and says he was in unusual good spirits, talking and laughing on every topic. When he left him to go to his supper he said, "Don't forget to come up after supper, Lu."

A few minutes passed and while Mr. McCoskery was still at the table, Frank Carvill rushed in hastily and exclaimed, "For God's sake come up stairs, quick; I think Will is dying." They returned as quickly as possible and saw at once that the danger was imminent.

Dr. Dan and Dr. John Berryman were summoned and when they arrived a few minutes later they saw that there was no hope. The blood was gushing from his mouth in streams and there was no possibility of stopping such fearful hemorrhage.

All this time Mr. Carvill retained full consciousness and bore up bravely under intense suffering. His three stunned and agonized brothers, his helpless friends the Messrs. McCoskery and their mother and

IN HIS YOUNG MANHOOD

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sister surrounded the bed and waited the end. All the courage of the man shone forth in those swiftly passing moments. His was the calmest mind in the room—his the clearest brain. While consciousness remained he received the last rites of his church, and then with wonderful thoughtfulness he asked that an old and intimate friend and housekeeper, Miss Strange, be sent for. As quickly as a coach could drive to Waterloo street and return his request was granted, but before she arrived he had passed peacefully away without a pain or a struggle.

No one can imagine the pitiful grief of the bereaved brothers and sisters when they realized that their brother, their pride and hope, had been taken from them. One of his sisters, Mrs. Winslow, came from Chatham at once but the two others were farther away, one in Toronto and one in Paris.

The immense funeral testifying to the general respect for the departed has been fully described and needs no further reference. To speak of Mr. Carvill as a man and as a citizen and do him justice is a task too difficult to be attempted. He was young—only 31—and yet he had gained the regard of all who knew him personally and the respect of those who knew him only by reputation. And a fair, clean reputation it was. He was more popular than nine tenths of his fellows and less conscious of the fact than any of them.

Again and again he has been honored by his fellow members of the Athletic club of which he had held the vice-presidency for years. More than that, he was no figure head officer. He loved sport for its sake and never was happier than when guarding his wickets or driving the cricket ball as he was well able to do. Football too claimed his attention and his activity and strength made him an important addition to the team.

In public life he was regarded as one of the men of the future. A supporter of the local administration he was one of its standard bearers in the city and county at the last election and his vote was something of which any young man could be proud. Later than this he was appointed a school trustee and he gave to that office the same careful attention as he did to his own successful business. He was also the French consul for this port.

In private life he was even more highly esteemed. Those who were privileged with his intimate acquaintanceship valued it highly. One of his best and nearest friends on the eve of his departure from the city some time ago paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Carvill's worth. "No one knows" he said "how kind and generous he is or the extent of his charity."

What better words could be said of any man.

An English Opinion.

This is what a lady in London, Eng., has to say about PROGRESS:

I always look forward with much pleasure to receiving that spiky little paper, PROGRESS, which tells me so much of dear friends in St. John, Halifax and Amherst, and many other places in the great Dominion.

Biblical's Philosophy.

Regret is often but the hostage that weakness pays to fate. To hate the sin and not the sinner—this is more than half of true religion. Trust all men in small things; in great things only those whom thou hast proved. Kindness may not suffice for Heaven, but it maketh thee fit to live on earth.

No man hath greatness without knowing it; but the greatest is he that showeth least that he knoweth it.

Conscience is not infallible; only, whatsoever we think to be right that it urgeth us to do. A world of staves, except the aim be noble, is not worth the sacrifice of an atom of contentment. The sins of men are many, but there are three that no man may pardon: avarice, ingratitude and cruelty.

"I am alive. What does that mean?"

This is the true problem of existence. How few there be that answer it! There are many kinds of greatness, and he who buildeth a good bridge is greater than he who writeth bad poetry thereon. He that giveth to the poor to vaunt himself, deceiveth some, but it profiteth not his soul in this world or the next.

He that chivveth a sorrow is like him that weepeth at a fire in his house, but doeth naught till all his goods be consumed.

The wise man knoweth himself and is content. The foolish man who seeketh to persuade others that he is wise, only deceiveth himself. The glutton is to be brave, but the greatest bravery is that of him who feareth much, yet doeth his duty well. The thoughts of the mind are as sparks that spring forth and die, but the warmth of the heart for its fellow, bringeth cheer and gladness.