

PROGRESS.

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PRICE THREE CENTS.

MONEY DOWN.

Police Protection Must Be Paid For.

THE CHIEF SENDS THE BILLS

Made Out in the Name of the Corporation of St. John.

TWO CITIZENS PAID THEM AND THE GOVERNMENT HAS ONE.

The Veracity of the Chief—Rawlings on a Sussex Scent—A Hotel That Was Not Reported—Totten Did no More Than His Chief.

And now Chief Clarke himself will figure in an investigation.

It is strange how one thing brings out another, how silent men are until some one bolder than them has spoken, and then how ready every one of them is to add his evidence to the rest.

The public safety department and the police committee have run into some queer information this week and have a string of clues as long as Main Street to follow up.

The absence of Director Wisely upon his wedding excursion does not impede the good work which is being done surely but quietly.

Many persons thought the alderman crazy who made the charge publicly in a committee room that Chief Clarke had received money from the services of policemen which had not been handed over to the city. Even the chairman of safety the ironclad and redoubtable Kelly was moved and in thunderous tones declared that, if such a charge could be proved he would be one of the first to ask the government to remove the head of the police force.

Is the charge true? Some time ago the daughter of a well-known citizen and a heavy tax payer, was one of the principals in a marriage ceremony. The affair was one of the fashionable events of the day, and the crowd was likely to be such that the assistance of three or four officers was asked of the chief of police in order to prevent confusion.

The chief complied with the request and detailed some officers to stand at the church door and keep back the impatient crowd. It must be distinctly remembered that the men detailed for this work were on duty; that they were in the employ and being paid by the city. Notwithstanding this fact, and that every taxpayer is entitled to the service of policemen, it is the gentleman upon whose occasion this is, the gentleman who requested their assistance received a bill made out at the office of the chief of police, in the name of the city of St. John, for the sum of six dollars and fifty cents.

Inquiry of the proper parties discloses the fact that this money collected in the name of the city corporation was not paid into the funds of the city!

Where then, did it go? Chief Clarke says that he paid it to the men who were detailed for the duty.

And yet those men were being paid by the city at that very moment!

It would seem that the system of collecting means of the corporation lever is not only of the present, but belongs to the past. Shortly after Clarke's appointment, the post office department reported the fact that some thief was hovering over a certain letter box. With the zeal of this commission fresh upon him, the chief started for the scene with his "bull-dog," as one officer phrased it. Whether "bull-dog" applied to the revolver of the chief or Capt. Rawlings is not yet determined—both were there. They watched the box for a few nights, then became weary of the task, and "Detective" McGrath was detailed for the work. This is why McGrath walked the streets in daylight and received the distinguished title of "detective."

It is hardly necessary to say that the thief was not captured, but in spite of that fact, a good sized account has been presented. It is said, to the post office department for services.

This statement may be a little startling but PROGRESS has the best of grounds for thinking it to be a fact. If the bill was presented it was made out in the name of the city corporation.

Chief Clarke has taken a good deal upon himself when he issued accounts in the name of the city. So far as PROGRESS can learn he has not a title of authority for such a course, but is proceeding solely upon his own responsibility.

In order to make sure that the Chief

was billing citizens in the name of the corporation for police protection, PROGRESS called upon the gentleman who requested the assistance of some officers at the church. While surprised that the matter was public even to the extent of PROGRESS knowing it, the gentleman related the circumstances in a perfectly frank and open manner. "I knew" he said, "that there would be a crush and thinking that extra assistance ought be required to prevent confusion went to the police office and asked Chief Clarke if he could spare any men. He said 'certainly' and asked me how many we would require. I thought about four and he said he would detail them. It afterwards proved that we needed one at the house to keep back the mob of small boys who even ventured into the hall of my residence.

"I was somewhat surprised the next day or so to see a big policeman walk into my office and present a bill for \$6.50 in the name of the city. I would have been glad to have given the men something, and intended to do so, but was hardly prepared for an account from the corporation. The bill was made out on a printed form, and looked as though that was the custom."

PROGRESS went from this gentleman, who is one of the largest taxpayers in the city, and called at Post office Inspector King's office; that gentleman was out of his office, and probably away from town, so no definite information could be had. Every other official, of course, knew nothing about the matter, though the merry twinkle of the eye would almost contradict their tongue. From outside sources, however, PROGRESS gleaned the fact that a good-sized bill for detective services had been sent in, and had probably gone forward.

In this connection, it may be well to state that "Detective" Ring knows what the chink of Dominion gold is. He has been on the police force of St. John for some time, and has generally managed to make a good living. Small thanks to him, however, if, while being paid by the city, he has also been paid by other parties for work done in the time of the corporation. But Chief Marshall never came down to the level of a bill collector; he never used his office and the name of the city to collect money either for himself or his men.

This mania for handling money does not appear to be confined to the chief or his roundsman, Covay. Even the captain who was before the grand jury this week, on a charge of perjury, has an idea that as a captain of police there should be money in some things for him. Quite recently, one of the inspectors of the custom house went to the police office for assistance in a search for a liquor house. He was acting under orders which should never have been issued, but they were orders, and he had to obey them. When he approached Rawlings the latter's first question was—"Is there any money in it?"

Considering that he is an officer of the police force, and it was his duty to assist the customs officer, there was money in it for him—his daily pay, and nothing more. Another instance of paying for police protection has come under PROGRESS' notice. There was a crowd at St. Andrew's church one evening between 6 and 7 o'clock last week. Two policemen who were on duty were detailed to go there, and the next day a bill for three dollars, made out in the name of the corporation, was presented by a policeman and paid by a good citizen. This is working the racket with a vengeance.

This money has not been paid into the funds of the city, and it is to be presumed that the chief has handed all of it to the men. He could certainly do nothing else than this, unless he has gone farther than this paper cares to imagine. But the question arises if, when men are being paid by the city to protect the citizens and their property, they should be paid again for their work by means of a bill sent out from the office of the chief. Could anything more scandalous be conceived? For half an hour's work done by two policemen, who are ordered from their beats while on duty, a bill is presented for \$3! or \$1.50 for each officer, which is more than they earn the whole day. Can Chief Clarke justify such a course as this?

HE TAKES A GREAT DEAL.

One of the Chief Characteristics of the Head of the Police.

When PROGRESS stated that Mr. Clarke had interviewed Mrs. Covay, and assured her that the charges against her husband were false in his opinion, and also volunteered that "PROGRESS was a scandalous sheet," the chief was exceedingly anxious to deny the latter statement, and called at the office of this paper for that purpose. His denial was so emphatic that it was accepted. He not only denied it once, but repeated it, and assured those in the office that PROGRESS was such a favorite paper of his that his weekly purchases averaged fully 24 cents! He talked of other things while in the office, one of which was the commitment of Rawlings and the effect of it. He also made the statement that much

depended upon the result of the grand jury's finding, and said if Rawlings was found guilty he could not remain on the police force, but if he was cleared William Weatherhead could not remain on the force.

This statement was a surprising one, but not more so than many that come from Chief Clarke. The one fact that is most prominent is that he has too much talk. If he could keep silent he would be in less trouble. Those whom he took in his confidence when he accepted office, and to whom he explained elaborate and necessary changes have been wondering when some of them are coming about. He was to "have Ring on regular patrol duty in less than ten days," and "Rawlings would be brought to the southern division and kept down with a strong hand," etc.

Instead of that, Ring has more power than ever, and Rawlings has the "esteem and regard" of his chief. Include Covay in the list, and it would appear that the superior officers of the police force form a society for the purposes of mutual admiration and profit.

The Chief's regard for veracity might be improved if he has the time to give it the necessary attention. He could not know that but a few minutes after he was in PROGRESS office, Saturday morning, assuring the editor of his regard for it and that he had never said a word against it to his certain knowledge—that a well known citizen dropped in and remarked "Clarke is down upon you."

"How is that," was the query. "I was in Tull's grocery a few minutes ago and I heard him ask the alderman if he had fumigated himself since he was interviewed by PROGRESS."

This is why PROGRESS thinks his veracity might be improved. So far as the statement itself is concerned it simply serves to show the variety of his conversation. He is always talking, generally about he has done as is going to do or on some other equally windy subject.

IS THE LAW STRETCHED?

A Report of Two City Policemen Overlooked by the Chief.

The "pimping" method of securing information against illegal sales of liquor has been condemned by the present chief, and yet the policemen insist that evidence for three fourths of the convictions is secured by that method. Quite recently a hotel keeper on the square was captured in this way and paid his fine.

The chief says he has a report from every officer every day, and if he will turn to them, or refresh up his memory, he will remember a report made some time ago by officers Woods and Jenkins against one of the first hotels in the city. The report was just as explicit as plenty of others that have been acted upon, and yet the matter dropped.

Will Chief Clarke explain how this happened. He knows that even the most trifling suspicion against a poor resident of the city, whether a man or a woman, leads to investigation and frequently conviction and fine. He knows that an anonymous letter is sufficient to start an officer off post-haste to search the premises of people who are as poor as they are honest and respectable; does he know why the report of his own officers should be ignored and a leading hotel permitted to violate the law?

WHEREIN THEY ARE ALIKE.

How the Chief Talked Like the Captain and Officer Totten Acted Like the Chief.

Capt. Rawlings resumed duty at the police station, Wednesday evening. He was in excellent spirits and in good voice. The Chief was there also when the captain called the roll. When he was doing this he could be heard in the band room at the top of the building. Yet none of the men are said to be dead. Nor did they get frightened. One officer on the force does not speak nearly so loud as the captain, and when he answered to his name, the truthful head of the southern division did not hear him. He called his name again, and in tones so loud that the Chief was compelled to interfere, and tell him that there was no need for such shouting.

From this it would appear that the Chief has yet to have an eye on Capt. Rawlings. It was a good thing for North End people when Chief Clarke realized that it would not do to let him have absolute control over a body of men, and placed him over the southern division, so that he could have an eye on him all the time.

When Chief Clarke takes his eye off him there is sure to be trouble. If he went with the captain when he is dogging the men, he would perhaps, be in less danger of telling them that they would wear a man's life away.

But the chief seems to have had the same opinion of some of his own appointments that the captain had of Weatherhead and Birchall.

When the police committee was urging that an investigation be held into the charges against Covay, the chief sneered at the idea of accepting the statements of

Mrs. Woodburn. Upon this Ald. McKelvey offered to prove that Covay was in a house kept by a woman named Mary Ann Patterson, and that while there he behaved in a scandalous manner with some of the female inmates.

"What evidence have you got," asked the chief. "I've got the evidence of Officer Totten, who was in the house with him at the time," was the reply.

"Oh!" said the chief. "I wouldn't believe that man's oath."

Totten was the man discharged from the force for talking to women on Sheffield street. Mrs. Woodburn was one of the women with whom he had conversation while the "shadows" were dodging around the corners.

If Totten passed some pleasantries with Mrs. Woodburn, he was probably following the example of his chief. The chief has had some very "unnecessary conversation" with Mrs. Woodburn.

When she was passing out of the station, the chief said:

"Ahem! hem! Mrs. Woodburn! What will you give us for a dinner if we go down to your place today?"

Mrs. Woodburn's reply was prompt: "I'm not going home today. I'm going to Washington's for dinner, because I can order turkey there."

RAWLINGS ON A SUSSEX SCENT.

He and Professor Hunter Looking for a Burglar.

While on his vacation, and being paid by the city, Capt. Rawlings has been attending, part of the time to the business of some Sussex people. When he rushed through the railway gate one day last week and boarded the train, he was not leaving the town for good, but just for Sussex, where he and Professor Hunter had been summoned to unravel a burglary mystery.

It is hardly necessary to say that the mystery is still a mystery. PROGRESS' special Sussex correspondent writes that Scott Act prosecutions, the sudden failure of the mental faculties of our business men, the unexpected and hurried departure of Mr. Jordan, even the parson's assignment, have all paled into insignificance beside the great problem which the combined detective astuteness of Capt. Rawlings and Prof. Hunter is now endeavoring to solve, to wit—Who stole Mr. Trites' money?

For the information of the general public it may be stated that on the last Sunday in October a large sum of money was stolen from the safe of John S. Trites, an entrance into the store having been effected through the cellar way. All the detective ability of Sussex was unable to point out the daring burglar, and in this dilemma Capt. Rawlings was sent for and arrived in the village on Saturday afternoon. The astute inspector took a sniff of Sussex air, and immediately had a clue. Following it up closely he collared a small boy, who in times past had been an employe of Mr. Trites' establishment, told him who he was and whence he came; and demanded the immediate surrender of the booty.

The education of this youth had been sadly neglected; he had never heard of Capt. Rawlings, and was not awed by the brass buttons or pomposity; and more than all, he was not the robber. After close interrogation the boy was dismissed, and the clue vanished.

Mr. Trites was not satisfied. He had employed the highest of human skill and it had indignantly failed. Professor Fakir Hunter is always on hand on such occasions. He claimed powers superhuman, offered his services in unearthing the plunderers. Mr. Trites hesitated, but \$190 is a lot of money and the hesitancy vanished, the price is paid and the prince of darkness is now at work discovering the plunder.

Of course the whole transaction is a profound secret.

Trouble on Brussels Street.

There has been a good deal of talk and indignation in the vicinity of Glad Tidings hall, Brussels street, this week. It was occasioned by one of Chief Clarke's "raids," and it is quite probable that the end of it has not been reached yet. The chief received a letter informing him that liquor was sold in a house on Brussels street, and he ordered an officer to go and search the premises. The officer expressed some surprise at this, as he knew the people to be very respectable, and told the chief that there could not be the least truth in the report. Nevertheless a search had to be made, and the officer was detailed to do so. He found nobody there but an old woman, who lived with her daughter, informed her of the object of his visit, and made the search with as little fuss as an officer in brass buttons possibly could. No liquor was found. Nobody expected that there would be, but the fact that an officer searched the house has been the topic of conversation on Brussels street ever since. There is talk of trouble for somebody.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 249 Union street.

HAVE GONE TO WAR.

THE GRANTS AND THE NICHOLSONS AT LOGGERS HEADS.

A Move in the Equity Court to Remove R. C. Grant From the Trusteeship—What Mr. Ruel Says About Smuggling Liquor in the Past and Present.

The Grants and the Nicholsons have gone to war. The chief mourner and the heirs are at loggertown.

It has come at last. The sensation people have looked and, perhaps, longed for has been sprung upon them, and the conversation topic promises to last for five times nine days.

The quarrel has been made public in the Court of Equity, and a formidable array of legal talent has been brought to bear upon the celebrated case.

It is a fat thing for the lawyers. Everybody in St. John knew John W. Nicholson. He was a liquor dealer—a successful liquor dealer who made a good fortune in the business. Before he died people thought him worth anywhere from a half to a full million but when the will was read it was found that the imaginations of the people had, as usual, led them astray.

The chief executors with the widow were J. Macgregor Grant and Simeon Jones. Both of these citizens have occupied the chief magistrate's chair and must have had the esteem of the people to a remarkable degree. Everybody thought that the Nicholson heirs were peculiarly fortunate in having such guardians of their funds. Mr. Grant was, moreover, the "chief mourner" at the funeral of Mr. Nicholson, "their affectionate uncle" being the brother of their mother.

Upon the death of Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. R. C. Grant was made a trustee in her place, and from that time forward Mr. Simeon Jones has not had a great deal to say in the disposition of the estate.

Perhaps it is only natural that one mayor should differ from another mayor in judgment, and that the son of Mr. Grant, being a trustee, should agree with his father and disagree with Mr. Jones.

In the meantime, the heirs view this remarkable contest over their own with considerable interest. Their "affectionate uncle" does not appear to have held his own in their affections, and their cousin and playmate was also regarded as out of his place as a trustee, and they withdraw their consent to his acting in that capacity. With the law and his father on his side, the "playmate cousin" considered his position impregnable, and figuratively speaking, he snatched his fingers at their demand.

In the meantime the necessities of living and the worries of being heiresses to a large estate had not monopolized all the attention of the young ladies. The little side shows of existence had to be looked after, and a pleasant and happy event preceded the removal of one of them from the ancestral mansion, to preside over the more modest residence of a young and popular physician. She became Mrs. McLaren. This was in the opinion of the heiresses a most fortunate occurrence. Dr. McLaren was a man as well as a physician, and he was not one who would see "ducks and drakes" made of his wife's money by her "affectionate uncle," her "playmate cousin," or any other person.

Thus the war began, movement after movement in front and flank was made by the opposing parties. The Grant forces were weakened by the desertion of the third trustee, who went over to the enemy, but still his front was bold and unbroken. The attack was well sustained and some desperate movement would soon have to be made. Stragman was all that was left him, and he penned the following letter to Mrs. McLaren while her husband was away in Toronto:

St. John, N. B., 22nd Sept., '90.

MY DEAR OLIVE.—When I perused the joint letter of yourself and sister, dated 1st September, and addressed to the trustees collectively, I could not help being shocked at its contents. It was not only a threatening letter, but also a cowardly and insulting one, such as you ought never under any circumstances have sent to your uncle whom you have so repeatedly acknowledged as a true, faithful and valuable friend to yourself and sister, and to whom you all pretended to be so affectionately attached. Furthermore it showed a venom worse than contemptible, for it threatened injury to your own first cousin, the chief mourner at your father's and mother's funerals, the playmate of your childhood, who never did you the slightest injury, or even said an unkind word to you. Furthermore your conduct was neither honorable or dignified in seeking information on estate matters in an underhand way from Mr. Doids and other persons in the city, as I repeatedly told you that the estate books were always open for your inspection. I have known every movement of yours in this matter, as the very people from whom you were seeking information were disgusted at the flimsy way in which you disguised your object. If I chose to retaliate, as you richly deserve, I could put the dominion government in possession of information which would justify them either now or at any time within fifty years in seizing the books and property of the estate and leaving you all simply paupers, with the reputation of the family irrevocably ruined and the public astonished with a revelation of over twenty years of most successful fraud, not only on the government, but on themselves as customers. The question has often been put to me how Mr. Nicholson accumulated such a large fortune when other liquor dealers could not. I and four others in St. John could answer that question and tell how night after night the shutters of the store would be

put up, the door carefully locked and barred, all lights extinguished except on the lower story, all chinks in the windows covered over, and the nuts cautiously taken off the copper hoops of the custom bonded warehouse, the doors opened, each after each rolled out, one fourth of their contents transferred to empty casks ready in the duty paid warehouse, the quantity abstracted & placed with alcohol, water and coloring mixture, the adulterated casks marked with chalk on the chime, rolled back into the bonded warehouse and afterwards sold to the public, and the government, defrauded of the duty on the quantity abstracted. Every cask that came into the store, whether brandy, whiskey, wine or gin, was treated in this manner, and the profit of every quarter cask averaged \$25, and the invoice books in my possession will show that the estate is liable to the Dominion government for nearly \$300,000 or in other words the duty on one-fourth of every cask of liquor imported. I am not desirous of attempting to injure you as you have attempted to injure me; fortunately none of my family were engaged in the liquor traffic, and therefore any exposure, although it may be intensely gratifying to the St. John public, would be harmful to myself and family, but you can see that your own selfishness and base ingratitude may at any time place you all in an unfortunate position and so serious is the offence in the eyes of the law that had the particulars been divulged in the lifetime of your father it would have cost him his liberty. I do not intend that either you or any of your sisters shall become trustees, and I think that a rigid cross examination in court would prove the undesirability of it, and you shall see, as you imperpertly express it "deprive Ronald of the means of a livelihood," although you may well blush for the source from which you deprive your own—wealth accumulated by fraud and the misery of others will more probably eventually prove to be more of a curse than a blessing. I am now about leaving the city for a week but on my return I will send each of your sisters, excepting Dora, a copy of this letter as I prefer to make the copies in my own handwriting and keep the matter "confidential" among ourselves, but I shall place a copy of it together with sundry papers appertaining to it in a sealed envelope in my private safe.

Your affectionate uncle.

J. MACGREGOR GRANT.

This remarkable conduct, instead of frightening the heiresses, had the opposite effect. They were not getting much out of the estate, anyway, and they determined that they might as well let the law step in and find out just how matters stood. Thus the case is in the courts.

In the meantime, social circles in the city are exceedingly exercised over the whole affair. Both parties move in "the select set," and both parties have friends. Mr. Grant asks them to suspend judgment until his side of the case is presented. That will happen about December 4th.

PROGRESS was curious to know just what there could be in Mr. Grant's charges against his dead brother-in-law, John W. Nicholson. His statements in the letter printed above can be read by everyone. They are as plain as they can possibly be, and the only way to find out anything about them was to talk to the customs authorities.

Collector J. R. Ruel was found in his office, and in his obliging and clear fashion he explained how utterly impossible it would be for Mr. Nicholson, or any other person, to defraud the customs authorities.

"Why," he said, "the thing is an impossibility, because, just as soon as an importation of liquor is landed, it is gauged, and the number of gallons is entered for duty to be paid upon. If that liquor is placed in the warehouse the books say so, and if Mr. Nicholson could have entered his bonded warehouse and taken out every drop of liquor in those casks, he would still have to pay the duty on the amount handed into the custom house by the gauger. You can see, therefore, how utterly absurd such a statement is, that Mr. Nicholson could have defrauded the government.

"Liquor can be taken out of bond as the importer wishes. If Mr. Nicholson wanted a cask or even ten casks, all he had to do was to pay the duty and get them. If he wanted to water the liquor, surely he could do it in his own warehouse at far less trouble, than by breaking into his bonded warehouse, when he would gain nothing by so doing."

Mr. Ruel was very emphatic in his statements and showed PROGRESS that such transactions as Mr. Grant describes was impossible.

Inspector McLaren was also seen, and he laughed at the idea of Mr. Nicholson defrauding the customs. "The statement is perfectly absurd," said the inspector. "The fact is that John W. Nicholson paid duty upon every gallon of liquor he entered at this port." Then he took the warehouse books and showed PROGRESS how impossible it would be for any liquor dealer to defraud the government. "I do not think," he continued, "that Mr. Nicholson could possibly have entered his warehouse, but if he did he gained nothing. He had to pay the duty before his account was squared. In those days too every dealer deposited a bond that he would pay the duties on the liquor he imported. That is not required now, the liquor being ample security."

The other side will be heard Dec. 4th.

Was "Bill" Saracatte?

Officer William Evans has resigned from the police force. In handing in his resignation he thanked the Chief for the kindness shown him since he took charge. Whether Officer Evans intended this clause in his resignation to be sarcastic is a question that has been bothering a good many people. He talked quite different before the beer business came into consideration.