

Board of Works

PROGRESS.

VOL. III., NO. 130.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1896.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

Pareroms.
lot of
LUGS,
price \$4.00.
\$5.00.
NER.

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SHEDIC.
sale in Shellic at A. Stone's

atched weather of the past week
ized our population, and our
all taken fright and fled with
hop Kingdom, arrived in town
information in St. Andrews
and from far away of some
the friends of Mr. Fred
Steele were greatly
the happy event of which they
line, of St. John, who has been
retraced home on Tues-
day evening.
Mrs. Woodburn, who has been
staying some little time,
the Rev. C. E. McKen-
zie, and other places.
Dickle are absent this week
and other places.
Miss Annie Hamilton,
and Mrs. Wilson,
left this week for Kennington,
and Mrs. Farish are visiting
Lunenburg this week.
Mr. Dickey to Am-
herst on Monday for
the Island steamer at
St. John, N. B., on
Friday day. Although it was
time around town, it being
Friday day.
SONSBODY.

OLIS ROYAL.
own was honored with a visit
from the last week. This
entire was displayed in pro-
ing every body was out to see
concert was thoroughly en-
dorsed last Tuesday evening.
understand the A. A. A. will
athletic sports, and grand
dance in the
McCormick returned on
occupy apartments at the
inter. They were welcomed
ly returned a week ago.
this week in her parlors at
on boarding at the Hillside
Whitman and children came
flax, and I believe intends
St. John, deceased, and
years in California, and his
pleased to welcome him
and Mrs. Farish are visiting
Lunenburg this week.
Mr. Dickey to Am-
herst on Monday for
the Island steamer at
St. John, N. B., on
Friday day. Although it was
time around town, it being
Friday day.
SONSBODY.

NTED.
ER—Apply 12 King St.
Y.
—Apply at 163 Gormain
URNER.
SALE.
energetic young man, a
ed, paying a good salary
necessity of situation in the
nless you mean business.

ICE.
he undersigned Catherine
appointed the Executive,
statement of Joseph Horn-
St. John, deceased, and
y claims against the said
en, in said case, are re-
me, duly attested, at the
Co. for immediate settle-
to the said Joseph
an, are requested to make
of office of J. Horcasite
carried on by J. Horcasite
under the undersigned,
and at the same place.
E. H. HORCASITE,
Executive.
LLINGTON L. HAMM,
LLIAM J. FORBES.
1896.

JOHN, N. B., IN
TES, 1896
ed for Water Rates for
preby notified that unless
mediately into Chamber-
Price William Street,
IONS,
Warrants will be issued
to Acts of Assembly.
RED. SANDALL,
Chamberlain.
ON A PATENT IMPROVED
PRESS.

IS MORE PROOF WANTED?

IF SO, CHIEF CLARKE CAN FIND SOME HERE.

John Scott Contributes Some Straightfor-ward Evidence—So does an Honest Police- man—So does Bowen, and there are a Few Rumors about Capt. Rawlings, also.

The police committee has handed over the charges against Sergeant Covay to Chief Clarke, and that gentleman is holding a private investigation into them.

The chances are ten to one that he will find Covay "one of the innocents" who has been vilely slandered by the press and a portion of the public.

That will be very funny.

Without looking into the charges, and without waiting for an investigation, the public arrived at the correct conclusion last Saturday morning. When PROGRESS stated was new for the hour, but it was no surprise to those who know the force and every man on it.

The officials about the station house seem to have arrived at a different conclusion, and to have united in condemning Mrs. Woodburn's story from start to finish. That is curious. Perhaps it is not so curious, however, when it is considered that her statement made to the police committee brings six other officers forward as proof of her charges. That was a proper bombshell in the watch house, and the one thought occurred to every one of the six, "I must keep my mouth shut."

That is what they have been doing, and the chief's question "Do you know anything against Covay that would prevent his being an efficient and proper officer on the force?" meets with a hurried and frightened "No Sir." The same answer is also given to the question "Do you believe the charges put forward by Mrs. Woodburn and printed in PROGRESS last Saturday?"

And so on to the end. Every man is glad when the ordeal is over, and congratulates himself on the close watch he kept on his mouth.

What kind of an investigation is it which trails a matter over a week or ten days to get at the bottom of a few certain specified facts? What kind of an investigation can be conducted without swearing the witnesses?

Whatever can be said of Mrs. Woodburn's (or Mrs. Plank's) premises, whatever can be said of the character of the house or of the inmates, it is generally thought and believed that any statement made by the woman does not depart from the fact in any degree. She is known to be honest in her business transactions, and unlike many on that street, she owns considerable property. She is known to do what she contracts to do, and her reputation for veracity has so far been above that of many of the officers on the police force.

It is idle for anyone to say that there is nothing in the charges. If Chief Clarke will go to the right sources, he will find people who have been on intimate terms with Covay's family, and who will swear that when Mrs. Covay was alive she showed the moustache cup and saucer and the silk handkerchiefs, which "had been presented to her husband by the policemen as the most popular sergeant on the force."

These same articles, the moustache cup and saucer and the handkerchiefs, Mrs. Woodburn says that she gave to Covay, and it will be news to the members of the police force to learn that they ever presented Sergeant Covay with anything.

These are not all the facts, but some of the number obtained by PROGRESS.

Inspector Rawlings has taken upon himself the task of defending Covay from the charges. He is, as it were, the counsel for the defendant. There is dust on his own front steps, and it needs brushing away. Will Capt. Rawlings tell his chief what citizen it was who was to pay for his Christmas turkey last year? Does he remember ordering it of a certain dealer, and when he got the bill, does he remember saying that he did not intend to pay for it, but a friend of his. Was not that friend Dooey Nixon? Does he remember the 22 pound turkey that hung in the market with the inscription on the card, "To Captain Rawlings, with the compliments of R. Nixon?" It may be just as well to state, in this connection, that Nixon keeps a saloon on the City road, where, it will also be remembered, Capt. Rawlings dismounted on the day of the Orange parade and spent a few minutes within—"just to put the top of his pants into his boots."

These are current rumors, and Capt. Rawlings will know of their truth. PROGRESS has a pretty good idea whether they are facts or not, and if the blustering captain answers all the questions in the negative, it may be worth while to refresh his memory.

In the meantime these statements are given to show that the gratuitous defender of Covay is not a disinterested party. He knows according to his own statement that it feels like to get a present of a fine, fat turkey, and he also doubtless knows how it tasted.

But the man whom he ordered it from has not been paid for it yet!

WARMTH FOR WINTER.

THE FENCE THAT SURROUNDED THE OLD BURIAL GROUND

Was Carted, Superintendent Martin Says, to Mayor Lockhart's and Director Smith's—Good and Cheap Fuel for Winter—Where do the Poor Get Their Fuel?

All talk about the Old Burial Ground seems to have died away with the disappearance of the dilapidated fence that surrounded it. Not all by the way, however, for some inquiring and curious spirits are asking where the fence was taken.

That question does not seem to have been mooted before: in fact when the press and the citizens were shouting for the destruction of the unsightly picket and board apology that enclosed the resting place of their forefathers, not one of them made any provision for the disposal of the old lumber that was in it.

Men, women, and children gazed upon the workmen tearing down the boards, pickets and posts, applauding the action in their hearts, and not caring what became of the eye-sore. Two or three men and the city teams continued working at the enclosure for more than a week, and finally succeeded in getting it out of sight.

Where did it go?

The men who carted it say that they were ordered to take it to the residences of Mayor Lockhart and the Chairman of the Board of Works, A. Chipman Smith.

Superintendent of streets, Geo. H. Martin, says that he instructed the men to take the fence to the residences of Mayor Lockhart and Mr. A. Chipman Smith.

There is no longer any reasonable room for doubt as to where the fence went.

It is a great thing to be mayor and boss of the town, and get all the old fences for firewood.

Those people who know of the delicate transfer are either inclined to be exceedingly jealous over the affair, or very indignant.

To those who can afford to pay for their own fuel the matter presents a ludicrous appearance, while those who are in poorer circumstances, and are always on the hunt for bread as well as fuel, are more than indignant that this "perquisite of the poor" should have been confiscated by the mayor and the director of the board of works.

One citizen who pays more taxes than both of the gentlemen in question, came out very strongly when referring to the matter. He condemned the action of the mayor and Director Smith in the broadest terms.

"While many of us would think a year or two's supply of fuel and kindling a small matter, yet the question arises, what right had either of these gentlemen to the fence? Why was it not either given to the poor, or if that be objectionable, sold for a nominal sum?"

While speaking of the fence a word or two relative to the present sod enclosure will be at least timely. An old gardener told PROGRESS this week that the sodding and the labor must have cost as much if not more than a railing would. Anyone who will take the trouble to walk up Carmarthen street will see the steep bank levelled out in some degree with from thirteen to fifteen layers of sods, and the whole covered with sods. The people do not know that as a general rule the man who sells the sods gets five cents per square yard before they are cut from the ground. A small sum apparently, but unless PROGRESS is much mistaken, the bill for sods alone will surprise even the city aldermen, and it takes a good deal to do that. Add the labor both of horses and men to the sod figure and the amount will be very respectable.

An enemy to earthen walls that has not been counted upon is frost. If the high sod wall on Carmarthen street stands the test of this fall and next spring without heaving out it will be a beautiful parade ground for the toughs next summer.

Example is contagious. When Inspector and ex-alderman Stephens who is overlooking the blocks for the street pavement, thought of the cold winter ahead of him and saw the condemned blocks lying around, he had a few of them sent to his residence. Is it possible that he made an arrangement with the city, or the man who supplied the blocks, but regarding it in the light that it appears at present, there should be no lack of condemned blocks when the inspector can have them carted away for his fuel.

The Organ Blower Was Not Left.

A slight error crept into PROGRESS last Saturday. It did not amount to much, but since the organ blower of the church referred to in the article, on the forgetful bridegroom, came to this office and said that PROGRESS had made a mistake in saying that he was not paid for his services, because he was—eleven days after the ceremony—after reminding one of the interested parties by postal card of the fact that he had not received the usual monetary consideration. PROGRESS makes the correction with pleasure, and will also be glad to chronicle the fact that the minister, sexton, and organist were likewise remembered.

PASSED THREE SCORE AND TEN.

Mr. James Reynolds Has An Excuse For Telling Good Stories.

"I am seventy years old today," said Mr. James Reynolds to PROGRESS Wednesday, "and I am privileged to tell my stories."

And they were good stories of his own experience in St. John and elsewhere, told in Mr. Reynolds' own inimitable way. It was between day and gas light in the exhibition committee room. Secretary Cornwall was poring over an immense ledger, Mr. Hall was writing cheques for those who have bills against the association, and as fast as Treasurer Reynolds checked and signed them, Mr. Foster enclosed them in envelopes and forwarded them to their destination. PROGRESS was looking on.

As the light faded Mr. Reynolds started the company by throwing down his pen and glasses and asking, "Were you ever dead broke?" No one seemed inclined to confess, but each of his four listeners leaned back on his chair and heard some of the most amusing anecdotes of hard times and good luck that could be told.

Mr. Reynolds' life, its downs and ups would make remarkably good reading. When quite a young lad he began life as a clerk in Messrs. I. & G. Woodward's, and had charge of the first bonded warehouse in the city of St. John. Later than this he was in a dry goods store for a time, and still later in the drug business. After this he went to New York and worked for a year in the office of the Tribune which led to go on a voyage around Cape Horn.

Returning to New York he learned the tailoring business, which he followed successfully for some years in this city. Season after season he gave steady employment to 30 hands, and when he retired from the business he left 200 good customers and had over \$10,000 debts on his books beside what he had saved.

This is, in brief, the history of one of St. John's best citizens—a man who is capable of filling any public position in the gift of the people. Thousands of citizens will join in congratulating him upon attaining his three score and ten years, though very many who know him only as a hale, hearty and active citizen will be surprised to learn his age.

ABOUT CIVIC WATER.

Plenty of it in Mr. Maher's Parlor but none in the Prisoners' Cells.

Work on the bell tower, which is being built up through the roof of the old engine house on Portland street, was suspended Wednesday. There was a rumor that room had not been let for the tongue of the bell to swing around. This was not the case. The workmen were transferred to the old Portland police building for the day.

Ex-Alderman Murphy had a curious way of doing some things. When conductors were being placed on the police building and the labor must have cost as much if not more than a railing would. Anyone who will take the trouble to walk up Carmarthen street will see the steep bank levelled out in some degree with from thirteen to fifteen layers of sods, and the whole covered with sods. The people do not know that as a general rule the man who sells the sods gets five cents per square yard before they are cut from the ground. A small sum apparently, but unless PROGRESS is much mistaken, the bill for sods alone will surprise even the city aldermen, and it takes a good deal to do that. Add the labor both of horses and men to the sod figure and the amount will be very respectable.

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The Citizens band did not make its appearance at the Opera House concert, with silver instruments and plug hats, Tuesday evening. The band has only been organized a short time and did not have an opportunity to prepare for the concert. This seemed a very small matter in the opinion of one of the gentlemen on the concert committee. From his point of view the audience would not be particular as to the music, so long as it was permitted to gaze upon the shapely and well dressed forms of the members of the band, and the silver instruments. He went so far as to inter this in an interview with the band, and suggest that they appear at the rink and play "God Save the Queen."

The vanity of the bandmen as regards their personal appearance, is not of the order of that possessed by them in a musical way, however, and they looked upon the suggestion as anything but a compliment. The committee man left the band room of his own accord, but that was because the musicians are not given to violence.

COMING OUT ABOUT EVEN.

THE DIRECTORS ARE IN FAVOR OF ANOTHER EXHIBITION.

But no Action Has Been Taken—A Truro Horseman who was Too Sharp For His Own Eventual Good—Courteous and Other Kind of Letters.

The people who had bills against the Exhibition Association are being paid. They are in the very best of spirits consequently, and ready to vote for another show tomorrow.

The directors are in favor individually of another exhibition next fall, though as yet, no action has been taken. They feel satisfied with the success of this year's attempt, but as PROGRESS has said before, would like another trial to show what they could do next fall.

The financial prospects are that the ledger in the bank will be fairly balanced when the checks are all set against the deposits. What amount of the stock has been collected will probably go with the receipts, but when it is considered that not above 40 per cent, of that much, of the stock is collected, the showing is not too bad.

Some of the accounts have been taken out in part by stock, and this has been of a little assistance to the directors in squaring up affairs.

Goldie & McCullough's engine was to have been taken by the association if it suited, but it being a left instead of a right hand engine, the directors did not seem to want it. The offer of the firm is to let it remain where it is for the present and if sold to be shipped, in which event the firm will place a duplicate of the machine there next year in case there is an exhibition. This is as generous treatment as could be asked.

As yet the president, treasurer and chairman of finance are very busy settling up matters, and the secretary, with his two assistants, find plenty to do in classifying accounts, sending out checks and arranging receipts.

Some of the letters they get are abusive, others overflowing with gratitude, and still others of a business character. One farmer asks the directors to put in a good word for his butter to their friends; and offers to supply it the year around for a quarter of a dollar a pound, guaranteeing it just as good as that he placed upon exhibition.

Still the grateful instances are few and far between. A Nova Scotia horseman named A. L. Slipp, of Truro, blocked both the racing people and the association for his entrance fees, which in the rush and confusion were not deducted from his prizes. He has refused to pay the draft upon him for the amount, which he claims, he does not owe. He will be enlightened upon this fact.

This much, however, is certain that the show will never be divided again. If there is a cattle and horse show it will be next to the industrial exhibition, and one ticket will suffice for both. Another change will probably be made next year. There will be no person on the directorate who has not paid a cent of his stock.

Four Very Gallant Gentlemen.

There is a quiet laugh going the rounds in the North end over the practical joke played on four citizens. Her majesty's mails brought each of them a letter one morning asking each one to meet the fair correspondent in a certain public place, where she had something important to speak about. Slightly curious each gentleman dressed with unusual care and presented himself at the desired location.

There were three other friends and acquaintances who persisted in hanging around but he thought nothing of that and did not dream that they had been summoned as he was and for the same purpose. The next morning each gentleman received a politely worded regret that the lady was unable to meet him but requesting that he bring a horse and carriage to a different locality at a certain hour. Four elegant covered carriages drove up to this place at the same hour, almost at the same moment. Then one by one the obliging gentlemen began to "tumble." But it would not be well for the practical joker should any of them learn his identity.

Some of Its Peculiarities.

The removal of the old nail factory on Portland bridge will make a vast change for the better, in that locality. The street was never properly lighted at this point, and is not yet, but the absence of the dilapidated structure has made quite a difference. In wet weather 'too, the nail factory made itself especially prominent. It always managed to collect a fair share of rain water, and deposited it on the sidewalk and on who ever happened to be passing. The old nail factory had many peculiarities that will be missed but not regretted.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 243 Union Street.

MISTAKEN FOR A CRACKSMAN.

A Well-Known Gentleman Regarded as a Suspicious Character.

When any citizen calls upon his neighbor or friend after this he should wear his best clothes and Sunday-school smile. If he does not, he may be placed in the books of the "astute detectives" of the force as a "suspicious character."

These same detectives have figured extensively in the daily press this week. They have had their cleverness and quickness shown up to such an extent that PROGRESS must add its contribution.

A business gentleman of the city had occasion to call upon a merchant upon business. He rang the bell, and when the domestic appeared learned certain facts. It is not necessary to state what his business was, but he is as well known about town as Chief Clarke himself. The domestic did not know him, and reported his call to those in authority about. The chief of police was called to consult upon the mysterious stranger, and when he invited Detective Ring and Inspector Rawlings to a consultation, those two worthies jumped to the conclusion that the caller was a Yankee shaper, housebreaker, etc., etc., etc., and needed watching. They were detailed for this duty, and spent the night in a palatial mansion waiting for the expert cracksmen who had taken in the peculiarities of the front door lock at a glance.

They did not capture anything, except refreshments and good cheer, but the "clever" and "watchful" paragraph duly appeared in the press next day.

The gentleman who called is not exceedingly amused over the mistake, and his name is withheld to save him the unmerciful "guying." Still if Chief Clarke wants to know who it was PROGRESS will be happy to give him the information.

A CHANGE IS VERY DESIRABLE.

The Boy who has Collected the Letters Charged with Theft.

Some complaint has been made to PROGRESS that the lad Blake, who is held on a charge of stealing a whip, has been engaged in collecting the contents of the letter boxes about town. Mr. Connell says that such is the case and that he has always found Blake an honest, faithful boy. Nevertheless the uncomfortable fact remains that the boy who collects the drop letters has been arrested on a serious charge, and furnishes another argument to those who have always held that the letters should be collected by a man and not a boy. Mr. Connell's reply to this is that Messrs. Simeon Jones, Howard Troop, T. W. Peters, and T. W. Daniel are his bondsmen for the faithful discharge of his duties, and if anything goes wrong he is responsible, and after him they are. He claims further that \$1.50 per day for three trips all around town to collect the letters is insufficient for the service. Correspondence concerning this matter is now going on between him and the department.

This, however, is no answer to the general statement that a mere lad should not collect hundreds of letters every day. If his honesty is unquestioned he is not responsible, but if as in this case, his honesty is brought into question, he is no longer fit to open any letter box in the city.

These matters are under the immediate supervision of Inspector King. The collector must be satisfactory to him or Connell cannot permit him to carry on the work. He must see by this time that there must be a change. PROGRESS has vented this matter several times before this, but nothing has come of it. It must occur to Mr. King himself now that a change is desirable. The people think so at any rate, and they are the chief parties interested.

Thought he was in a Hotel.

A passenger, who arrived here Tuesday, on the Halifax express, caused some excitement at the depot, just before the 9.20 train left for the west. During his stay here he managed to get considerable liquor aboard, and when train time came he was in no condition to travel. Officer Collins suggested that he go to a hotel and sleep for a couple of hours. The stranger thought the suggestion a good one, and decided to act upon it. His ideas of a hotel were very hazy. He seemed to be convinced that the passage leading to the coachmen's stand was a "third story back" room, for he commenced to "prepare for bed in a most deliberate manner. He was discovered, however, just before he was ready to "turn in," and made aware of his whereabouts.

Talk, Then.

The opera house concert gave the building quite a boom in the popular mind, while the money raised from the business transaction is being put into the walls. Those who have had a good deal of talk about this building should take ten minutes or longer and visit it. Climb to the galleries and wander about the exits and entrances. Then talk.