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Mother and Sister Accused Of the Murder of Minnie Tucker and Held for Trial.

Portraits of the Prisoners and Scenes at the Court— Interviews with the Prisoners and a Personal De- scription of Them and the Head of the Household.

The close of the preliminary examination in the Carleton County murder trial and the commitment of the prisoners, Mrs. Mary Tucker and her daughter, Mrs. Annie Canovan, for trial at the Circuit Court for the murder of Minnie Tucker ends the first chapter of a story with which Progress readers all over the province are familiar.

It is not necessary to repeat details as it will be remembered that during the last week in January the startling news came from the district of South Johnville which is about forty miles from Woodstock, that a woman, Minnie Tucker had died suddenly and various suspicious circumstances pointed to her sister, Mrs. Canovan, as having compassed her death, through poisoning. So strongly, indeed, did everything tend in that direction, that the coroner's jury brought in a verdict charging her with murdering her sister, by administering strychnine to her. She was known to have threatened her sister's life upon different occasions and a physician residing in the district recognized her as having purchased a quantity of the death dealing drug from him a few days before, though she positively denied having done so.

Later on the mother of the prisoner was placed under arrest, her language regarding her dead daughter, and other circumstances seeming to fully warrant such a course.

The preliminary enquiry was held in Woodstock before police magistrate Dibble, Mr. Stephen B. Appleby representing the Crown and Mr. Wendell P. Jones the prisoners. Every part of Carleton County sent its delegation to the examination, which while it lasted engaged public attention to the almost utter exclusion of every other interest. Though there is a formidable array of circumstantial evidence against Annie Canovan there are many who still believe Minnie Tucker's death was brought about in an entirely different way. The idea of suicide can scarcely be entertained, the girls approaching marriage precluding that theory; and though she was known to be in a delicate condition at the time of her death, she was scarcely the kind of woman to regard that in the light of an overwhelming disgrace from which death would be an easy escape. The theory of accidental poisoning could be more easily accepted. Whatever the cause of her death, the finger of suspicion points strongly towards Annie Canovan, the motive for her alleged crime, being found in jealousy of her sister and husband.

It was a motley crowd the prisoners faced last Monday afternoon, the closing day of the enquiry. There were old men, young men and boys from every walk in life, crowding the town hall of Woodstock, but the predominating element seemed to be drawn from the masses, brought thither by the unusual spectacle of two women suspected of having taken the life of a third—and that third a sister and daughter. Curiosity, always a strong factor in matters of this kind, was written everywhere, and perhaps Mary Tucker and her daughter found truer pity in the hearts of those who sat in legal judgment upon them, than in any other portion of the assemblage.

Mrs. Canovan is not what the pictures in the daily papers would lead one to suppose—a female tramp of the lowest order. She is certainly not that, and though she may be guilty of the crime with which she is charged, she looks anything but a murderer. As she sat in the court room it was almost impossible to form any impression of her appearance beyond the fact that she was about the average height, and rather slender. She had on a black dress that would hardly be called shabby on one in her circumstances, and a dark shawl loosely drawn around her. A heavy blue veil was twisted tightly over a fur cap, and tied under the chin. Throughout the enquiry she sat a pathetic figure, her hand-

kerchief pressed closely either to her lips or cheek. It was not to hide any emotion however, for it was difficult to tell what the prisoner felt. Her face was devoid of any expression save that of extreme sadness, and even when the most damning evidence, that of Mrs. Edmund Carroll, was being given, there was no change in the quiet countenance nor the faintest quiver of a facial muscle.

Mrs. Mary Tucker on the other hand was not indifferent to what was going on around her, and made whispered remarks occasionally to her daughter, which either were unnoticed, or acknowledged only by a slight nod. Of the two the mother is decidedly the harder looking, her general make up suggesting in a measure the woman of the city slums. Though thirty years younger than her husband who is seventy, she looks at least fifty-five years of age. Her swarthy weather-beaten face is no worse than hundreds of others seen daily, and save for a peculiarly sleepy expression around the eyes there is nothing unusual or vicious in it.

Under provocation or in anger she might incite another to a deed of the nature of the one in which she is supposed to be implicated, but she hardly seems capable of planning and carrying out such a crime deliberately.

She didn't harbor any resentment towards Mrs. Carroll, for when she latter finished her damning statements against Mrs. Canovan and taken her seat beside the prisoners, Mrs. Tucker kept up a whispered conversation with her. Mrs. Carroll later told Progress that one of the questions was whether she—Mrs. Carroll—believed her guilty, and on being told no, asked why the witness hadn't said so, or, it she wouldn't say so.

Progress had a talk with both prisoners upon two different occasions, and while Annie Canovan was peculiarly reticent, answering commonplace questions in monosyllables scarcely above her breath, the older woman needed little encourage-



MRS. TUCKER,
Mother of the Murdered Woman.

ment to discuss Minnie's death. Her tears were never far off at any time, and when asked if there was anything she wished to say to Progress she wept bitterly and answered, "I am so lonesome I don't know what to say; only you might say in your paper, that I had nothing to do with it. I didn't murder Minnie. I have always worked hard for my children and it is too bad to be accused of murdering one of them. I have been away working all fall and winter and I wish I had not gone home, so that I could not have been blamed for this. I suppose I said things that I should not, and talked too much at the beginning, and its only for that they have me here. I didn't mean any harm though." Mrs. Tucker didn't seem to be at all alarmed about Mrs. Canovan's serious predicament neither did she show any sign of feeling for her dead child. Her one

reiterated statement was "I had nothing to do with it."

The accompanying pictures of the women were taken at E. M. Campbell's studio on Tuesday morning just before they were



MRS. ANNIE CANOVAN,
Sister of the Murdered Woman.

committed for trial. Mrs. Canovan was not particularly anxious to be photographed until Sheriff Balloch produced a newspaper containing an alleged picture of her. She looked at the awful caricature handed her and that settled it. With the glimmer of a smile on her pale face she looked up and said "I don't think I look like that. I'll have a picture taken if you wish it sheriff."

A touching incident of the closing days of the enquiry was the examination of Mrs. Tucker. The poor old fellow who is tottering on the brink of the grave is as honest and simple minded as a child. He answered all questions in a sincere, straightforward manner that made as deep an impression upon the listeners as his forlorn condition called forth the most intense sympathy. At the close of his evidence he took a seat between his wife and daughter, and it was noticed that he never once looked towards the latter, though he spoke several times to his wife, in an undertone.

Mr. Tucker is seventy years of age, has lived in Johnville about twenty-four years, and was never in Woodstock until brought there last week. His story as he told it to Progress was sad in the extreme. His tears flowed freely as he talked of the dead girl and his wife, of whose innocence he is convinced. Indeed the latter's incarceration is his deepest trouble.

"My poor old woman is innocent" said he, "she was a good wife to me, and always waited on me kindly and when I had a pain or ache, she wouldn't let me do a thing, but would go out and 'belt away' at the wood herself, and could use the axe as good as any man. I believe Annie is the cause of all this destruction with me. Minnie was better in every way. She was hot tempered like myself, but was over it in a minute, and was a good girl to me. Annie was deeper and quieter; she don't mind her sister's death a bit and is as case hardened as a dog."

"What do you think Minnie meant by 'Oh cursed be the day'?" asked the old man with a wistful glance at his two auditors, Deputy Sheriff Foster and Progress representative. "I can't make it out at all, though I suppose she had her own reasons for saying it. The poor girl, she had to be murdered, and then, worst of all cut up. I've been through some hard scenes in my life, but I'm too old to come to this. All I blame my old woman for is speaking too quick. Her tongue is too fast. I've often heard her say when Minnie was bothering her 'I wish to God you were dead, then we'd have some peace' but she never meant any harm by it. Any one might say it you know," said the old man with an air of sturdy devotion that was most pathetic. Mr. Tucker said he never was in a hotel before, and had never seen the inside of a lookup. He said he had no relatives within "millions of miles" most of them being in Pennsylvania and New Zealand, and gave a rather funny explanation of his change from the English to the Catholic church. "I could always read, and see things for myself" said he, "and besides all the people out there are Catholics, and we thought we might as well join the church too. I always went to church when I could, but the children never went anywhere much."

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WAS A MAN AMONG MEN.

I. CHIPMAN OLIVE PASSES SOMEWHAT SUDDENLY AWAY.

Ill But a Short Time, His Death Causes Painful Surprise to His Friends—Much Esteemed by all who Possessed His Acquaintance and Friendship.

"Chip" Olive is dead." This was the startling news that spread about the city Tuesday morning. Men heard it on their way to business but it seemed so incredible that the big, strong man who had walked the streets but a few days before, was no more, that they sought to confirm the statement. They found that it was too true and turned sadly away to business and affairs that would divert their attention from the depressing fact that another whole souled, generous man had "crossed the bar."

Mr. Olive was a customs broker and the business sign of "I Chipman Olive" was well known to all who frequented



I. CHIPMAN OLIVE.

(From a Portrait Taken Several Years Ago.) Prince William street. His familiar figure could be seen at almost any hour of the day passing between his office and the customs house with quick and resolute step. Like all of his family he was of great stature and size—almost a giant among men. As he walked along he was noticeable from this very fact but men who knew him—and he was not a hard man to know—appreciated him for his largeness of heart, his genial greeting and obliging ways.

Truly he may be said to have had no enemy. His was a forgiving nature and the memory of an injury could not remain with him long. Rarely has Progress seen men so moved as they have been this week by the loss of such a friend. Strong men who have known the deceased from childhood had no power over their feelings and broke down when they spoke of him. Others related his kindly deeds, and surely they were many. One, a man of almost middle age, told how Mr. Olive had got him his first job and literally started him in the line of business which he is now following. Another, a younger merchant, told what difficulty he had in the custom house until the willing hand and kindly advice of the deceased broker came to his assistance. How many could tell stories similar to this! But the writer remembers another instance of Chipman Olive's kindness and friendship to a fellow man, who was in deep distress and in danger of his liberty. Day after day he visited him—it must have been at great inconvenience to himself—and strove to relieve the monotony of his confinement. He remained by him until he was released and thus gave another instance of that kindly nature that did not consider trouble when he could be of assistance to a man he had known.

Mr. Olive was a social man. He enjoyed the society of his friends either at home or elsewhere. He was an old member of the XX club—an organization of citizens who sought diversion from business one afternoon a month in the summer season, on the rifle range near the city. There, the sunny side of the big man showed itself the brightest. With ready wit and repartee he helped all to enjoy themselves at all times.

Mr. Olive may be said to have had splendid prospects of many years of life. He was in excellent health, but in need of an operation which is not infrequent. He had it performed without fear of the result, by Dr. William Christie. Inflammation set in however and on Tuesday day ensued. He was just 50 years of age and for twenty

of that time was in the brokerage business. Before that he was in the hardware business with his brother William H. His wife survives him and one son, Harold, who has been in the employ of William Parks but who will now take up the business his father conducted so long and so well.

SCENES IN THE COURT ROOM.

One or Two Laughable Incidents of the Tucker Murder Trial.

The Tucker Canovan examination at Woodstock this week, was not without its funny happenings and amusing incidents, and notwithstanding the serious nature of the case the motley assembly was ever on the lookout for whatever had a tendency to provoke a laugh. The plain unvarnished way in which some of the witnesses, big with importance, told their various stories, and the great disposition to garrulousness, caused even the most dignified of the spectators to smile. Though every effort was made to suppress all levity, and once Police Magistrate Dibble threatened to find a way to stop all undue merriment, it would crop up for a moment occasionally and as quickly subside.

When Mr. Vicars, one of the witnesses, was being examined he was asked regarding a quarrel of which he was supposed to know something. "What was the exact language, Mr. Vicars?" asked Examiner Appleby in his quiet, courteous way.

"The exact language," echoed the old man with a twinkle in his eye, "Oh I don't think you would like to hear that."

"Yes, we would," insisted the lawyer, "try now and tell just what you remember." "What I remember," said Mr. Vicars with a still broader smile, "If I told half I remember of the bad things they said the whole court would run away." The matter was not pressed.

Official reporter Fry was one of the busiest men of the week and when he wasn't on duty in the court the click of his type writing machine made music in his room at the hotel, or with his well known desire to oblige, he was imparting information to newspaper reporters.

The gallant official was made the subject of a little joke on Monday afternoon which furnished amusement for the crowd and caused the modest stenographer to blush furiously.

Mrs. Carroll was giving her evidence and as she spoke in rather a low tone Mr. Fry suggested that she speak a little louder.

"Look towards Mr. Fry while you are speaking, Mrs. Carroll, please," said Mr. Appleby. "He's more of a lady's man than I, and, besides, is much better looking."

The stenographer instantly became the cynosure of all eyes and his embarrassment was not lessened any when the witness promptly turned an admiring gaze on him with a hearty "Yes, I will then."

The town hall at Woodstock is used by the Salvation Army for its meetings and the room where the examination was held has its walls covered with Scripture texts, mottoes such as "No Cross, no Crown" "Come Unto Me," etc. By a strange coincidence the prisoners were not far from "Where Will You Spend Eternity" stood out in large colored letters.

After the court had been adjourned and the crowd was leaving the room a middle aged man of decidedly rustic appearance stood in front of the motto and slowly read it over several times. "Well that's a funny question to be askin' now, said he; 'they might have waited till after the trial enny way.'"

Captain Farris With His Friends.

Captain John Farris is going to the Klondike as a captain in Col. Domville's expedition and a few of his friends recognizing the fact gave him a send off at an oyster supper in the Cafe Royal one evening this week. There were speeches and songs, wit and anecdote and the party had a very pleasant time. One of the guests introduced a new song to the tune of "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." It was patriotic enough to bring forth round after round of applause. The words are worth noting.

We do not want to fight, but by jingo if we do,
We've got the ship, we've got the men, we've got
the money too.
We've beat the Bear before and we'll beat the Bear
again,
But Russia shall not take Fort Arthur.

Captain Farris was presented with a lockat and all kind words and wishes that good friendship could dictate. He leaves for the far west as soon as he can complete his arrangements.