

AND IT IS ALL ON OATH.

LIVELY TIMES AT THE POLICE COURT THIS WEEK.

The Humor of Mr. Carleton and Mrs. Woodburn, the Trials of the Sergeant on Duty, and the Uneasiness of Some of the Spectators.

The investigation into the Covay matter well under way at last. And it is being held under oath. Every day sees the court room crowded, and the railing behind the prisoners' bench is winning its spurs for stability. Men pressed against it until one could not tell which was the railing, or which was the man; others braced themselves against the wall until they were as flat as the clock itself, and some in their endeavors to get a glimpse of the witnesses brought large round faces into active competition with it.

All were there out of curiosity. Some of those inside the railing had no other object in view. The majority enjoyed it, and a few did not. One of the latter was an alderman. He had no connection with the case that he knew of and went there to see some of the people who have gained such notoriety lately. When the counsel for the defence pointed him out and asked Mrs. Woodburn whether he had been down to her place or not, he was very indignant. He thought it a very risky question to ask. If Mrs. Woodburn was the kind of a woman Mr. Carleton was endeavoring to prove her to be, there were great doubts in the alderman's mind as to what answer she might make to the query. But she had never seen him before.

Other aldermen were glad that they stayed away. There were several present, however, during the proceedings. Ald. Connor and Ald. Morrison were escorted to seats on the prisoner's bench Wednesday afternoon, in time to see Sergt. Covay write his autograph.

The sergeant and Mrs. Woodburn were the great attractions, but Mr. Carleton detracted somewhat from the interest in his client when he entered into competition with the "leading lady." Like the star in all sensational dramas her lines caught the crowd, and the only difference between the performance and that of the usual double team of variety artists was that the jokes and the laughing were rather on one side.

Then there was the chief in all the dignity and glory of his uniform, the counsel for the prosecution with his elbows on the clerk's desk; the magistrate, with his distaste for the merriment of the crowd; Capt. Rawlings with his books and his inability to obey the orders of the court and stay down stairs, and the sergeant on duty, who opened and closed the windows, according to the temperature of the room.

All day long these were objects for the spectators to gaze upon when the proceedings were not particularly interesting. But while the "leading lady" was on the stand, the interest never lessened, and when Sergt. Covay braced himself against one side of the witness box, elevated his knee by placing his foot on the apology for a seat in the back of it, and told a story that had not been heard before, by the majority of those present, he absorbed all the attention. There were times, however, when the investigation flagged. While officers were being sent to find Officer Baxter, and rouse him out of his bed, there was a long wait. The magistrate vacated his chair, the counsel hobbled with their friends, the officers of the court stretched themselves, and the humorous reporters went down stairs, as they said, to where the "stuff" was kept by the genial cap-

tain. The papers said that Mrs. Woodburn had a very bad memory. Which was probably a very good thing for a great many people who had nothing to do with the case. Sergt. Covay had an excellent memory, as he was repeatedly reminded by Mr. Forbes. And so had Captain Rawlings, with the assistance of his books and spectacles, which were procured for him by his subordinate, Detective Ring.

When he swore to state the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, the crowd smiled; and when Mr. Forbes placed his arms on the clerk's desk, looked up through his spectacles, and calmly objected to Capt. Rawlings' books as evidence, there was a rustling outside, followed by a quiet spell and some curious listening attitudes. It was all very interesting.

Then there were long searches in the committal book by Mr. Forbes for the name of Otto Bailey, and longer searches by Sergt. Covay to find some of his handwriting there, in which he was unsuccessful. How much Mr. Carleton knew about captains and sergeants, and patrolmen, and night duty and day duty, and about the workings of the police force in general! And how Mr. Forbes did not know, but was very anxious to learn, and wished to be quite clear on before he allowed the examination to go on. All this was food for reflection for the crowd.

During the intervals on Wednesday afternoon, the spectators had plenty to

think about, and comment upon. And they probably did. The evidence was entirely different from any given previously, and that great jury, the public, was plainly drawing inferences.

And the crowd smiled. It was a habit that crowd had. And no one could blame it. Since the investigation began, its education in that particular line was better than that of the famous "Mary Ann." Mr. Carleton's humor was of such a high order! and when he combined his talents with those of Mrs. Woodburn at the beginning of the case, the crowd cultivated a sense of the ridiculous that caused Sergt. Owens some uneasiness, more especially when it looked as though he would have the painful and arduous duty to perform of driving the public down stairs and out into the street, so that the court and its officers might enjoy the lesson all by themselves. A little thought on the amount of noise so much of the public was capable of making on its way down stairs, might have caused the sergeant to wear a more wearied look. Some reflection as to the opinion of the public in regard to its being ejected for giving vent to feelings over which it had no control—but were governed entirely by the humor of the counsel for the defence, and Mrs. Woodburn, or the court itself, which allowed them to exercise that humor with so much freedom—might have turned some attention to another quarter.

But the smiles on Wednesday afternoon did not rise higher than the clock. In fact they did not break the silence, but were probably very deep. Whether officer Birchall or Sergt. Covay, or both of them, had wings on a certain night in June was another matter that was hard for the public to digest.

But the Chief was not there. He had gone to Fredericton to bring home a prisoner that the celestial "bobbies" had captured, but whom the chief had "traced." As a "tracer" the chief is without a peer in the business, and were a few Fredericton policemen located in this city, his fine talents in this line might not make it necessary for criminals to go to the capital to get arrested, which several have done lately. A number who did not go to Fredericton are still at large. The chief "traced" them until they were lost on the horizon.

ACCOUNTS WILL DIFFER.

A Citizen Comments on the Two Stories of Sears' Capture.

A well-known citizen who has followed the police business pretty thoroughly, sends PROGRESS the following extracts and comments. They speak for themselves:—

FREDERICTON, Dec. 17.—Chief of police Clark and the proprietor of Elliott's hotel, St. John, arrived on this morning's train in search of John Sears, who had stolen some watches and other articles from Elliott's hotel in that city some time ago. Detective Roberts, who had been made aware of the theft at the time, had his man spotted and was only awaiting instructions from St. John to arrest him. On learning of Clark's mission, Detective Roberts immediately took charge of the thief, and he will be taken to St. John by this afternoon's train.

Another account after some information about the movements in St. John has this to say in a Fredericton dispatch:

FREDERICTON, Dec. 17.—On arriving here the chief went directly to Col. Mansfield, who with Major Gordon very kindly lent their services. Sergt. Vandine of the Fredericton police was also made acquainted with the facts. In an hour and a half after the chief's arrival he had his man. The latter had traded the gold watch taken from the Elliott hotel, for a silver watch which was traced to a soldier in the Infantry School Corps, who on learning of the circumstances surrendered the ill gotten plunder. The result is the chief now has three watches besides a small sum of money and a new razor, all taken from the prisoner. He will take the prisoner down to St. John by this afternoon's train.

A well known citizen of the United States, the proprietor of a leading newspaper, allows none of the staff, from the editor-in-chief down to the devil, to reveal their identity in connection with any article or item that appears in its columns, on the principle that he pays the staff to build up the paper, and the hands have no more right to pocket the glory than they have to pocket the type. The result is that all hands feel they are working for a common cause, and they pull together to that end.

When Chief Clarke was on the other side of the line in pursuit of American ideas, preparatory to taking over the seals of office, he should have interviewed the gentleman referred to. Had he done so, all the credit reflected, reflecting, and to be reflected upon the St. John police force would be diffused over the whole, and not focused upon one spot in the middle.

The Only One Left.

In Rev. George Schofield's address at the recent deanery meeting the reverend gentleman alluded to the great changes which had taken place in the personnel of the deanery since he first joined it, stating that there was not a single member of it now living but himself of those who composed it at that time, and in alluding to his own failing strength and infirmities touchingly implied a probable farewell.

More Successful Than Ever.

Those who have not had an opportunity and the pleasure of a visit to Miss. Bowman's Art display in Climo's Building on Germain street, will be glad to know that her rooms will be open up to Christmas. Miss. Bowman's art sale this year has been even more successful than ever.

THEY WILL TAKE NO RISK

THE CENTENNIAL STEAM BOILERS MUST BE ATTENDED

By the Janitor and Not by His Wife—Will There be Night Schools Again—One who Objects to the Pupils as an Advertising Medium.

There is a suspicion of trouble ahead over the way the steam heating boilers are run in the Centennial school. Those who take an interest in these matters will remember the forced resignation of janitor Dorman, some time ago, and the consequent change. Dorman had been janitor of the Centennial building, and took even more than a janitor's interest in what was going on about him. This eventually made his position too uncomfortable; but while he was there, the boiler was attended to sharply, and there were no complaints on that score.

It appears that this much cannot be said at the present time. The man who is supposed to attend to this boiler, has been employed by Secretary March in his workshop—or rather, that of the school board, and while he was absent from the Centennial building, his wife attended to the boilers.

In consequence of this fact there were some parents who objected and protested that it was not right to run the slightest risk. The complaint went to the ears of the school trustees, individually at least, and they were of an inquiring turn of mind. The feeling was that the parents are right. There should not be even the possibility of an accident in such a building. The results would be too horrible. If there is a janitor employed and it is a part of his duty to look after the boiler and see that the building is properly heated the secretary has no business taking him away from his duty.

PROGRESS is also informed by one of the trustees that the insurance people are looking into the matter and that it is quite probable that the boiler will undergo an inspection at an early date.

No Advertising in the Schools.

A correspondent is quite indignant over what he terms is "the use of the school children for advertising." PROGRESS prints the letter for what it is worth. Readers can draw their own conclusion:

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Will you kindly inform your readers what new regulation has been made by the school trustees whereby the schools are made the vehicles of disseminating information about programmes of concerts, schools, anti-tobacco societies, etc. People think their children are protected by the teachers, but this is a mistake, any person who has a bad or society or private class can go into the public schools and take up valuable time by the project, and press upon young minds their theory, even bestowing advertisements gratis. Can you imagine to what end this use may lead? Please print the new regulation. ANTI-TOBACCO.

Why Not Open Them?

The night schools have not been reopened this winter, and some of the people who took advantage of them last year, have been asking the reason. Although the arrangement by which all the schools were transferred to the Odd Fellows building on Union street, greatly decreased the attendance, it is claimed that the classes were fairly well attended. Under the former system, of having the schools in different parts of the city, they were more than ordinarily successful, and it is asked why this arrangement is not brought into effect again. Last winter, people living in Indian town and other remote points of the city, and who wished to study, found it inconvenient to make the trip to Union street every night, but wanted to take advantage of the night schools, just the same.

In No Wise Unbecoming.

Among the welcome visitors to PROGRESS office this week were Councillor Fownes and Mr. Michael Kelly, of St. Martins. Both of these gentlemen had read the last issue of PROGRESS, and appeared to be somewhat amused and a little grieved at the account of the slight business difference in the Baptist congregation of their town.

It appears that they were present at the business meeting of the congregation to which reference was made and they deny in a somewhat emphatic fashion that such expressions as "Toney Folks" or "Us Middlins" were used in the discussion. While they admitted that there were strong differences of opinion in regard to the selection of a pastor, yet Mr. Fownes stated and Mr. Kelly backed him up in his assertion that his language was in no wise unbecoming a member of the church.

The Wine Came Back Short.

Hanington & Wilson are acting on behalf of Mrs. Dumont in her endeavors to find out where the remainder of her liquor is. She claims that over \$127 worth was seized, and what came back was short to the extent of \$50. Twelve bottles of wine were seized and only two returned, and the rest of the stuff, she says is not like that which was seized. Mrs. Dumont's solicitors will bring the matter before the police authorities and take action to recover the liquor.

Ulcerated Inguinal Nails treated without pain by Prof. Seymour, 21 Sydney street.

ST. MARTIN'S PHENOMENON.

A Blind Man Who is Better Informed than Those Who Can See.

Mr. Michael Kelly lives in the village of St. Martins, and is to fame unknown, and yet in his way, is a prodigy of the greatest dimensions. He has been blind since a very early age, and never enjoyed the advantage of a common school education, yet he is one of the best informed men in the Dominion on all subjects. The people of St. Martins can all spell, in fact its reputation in that respect has gone abroad. Spelling matches there have ceased, owing to Webster no longer furnishing any difficulties. At all of these famous contests the words have been given by Mr. Kelly. Mr. Kelly next turned his attention to lightning calculations, and soon impressed a large number of the pupils of the public school into a voluntary class. He will stand twenty or thirty on the floor, and propound as many questions, which are solved with a rapidity and accuracy that would take your breath away. At the conclusion he can tell exactly the number each one has solved correctly, and never makes a mistake.

He knows the name and history of every member of the Dominion Parliament, from Confederation to the present time, and can give the candidates and majority in every election held since. His knowledge of political history is so extensive and correct that politicians are wont to steer clear of him, especially those of the Skinner type. This extensive and varied knowledge has been gained through the kindness of the citizens of St. Martins and others. He has a regular army of readers, who take turns to enlighten him, and such is his power of retention, that he remembers nearly all that he hears. Mr. Kelly carries on a general grocery business, is a good citizen, and enjoys the respect of the whole community in which he lives.

His Interpretation of It.

First tough (on the wharf)—"O'll smash your mouth."

Second tough (a smaller one)—"I'll cost you \$20 to do it."

"How's that?"

"I'll bring you before the magistrate."

"Well, it won't cost twenty dollars then. O'll get off for tin dollars."

"How can you?"

"Aisey enuff. Don't you see, O'll hire a lawyer for you and a lawyer fer meself, at joive dollars apiece. Then they kin both begin foightin' each other, and the magistrate will dismiss the case. See!"

What the Season Brings.

There is nothing gaudy about the calendar of the Maine Central Railway, which PROGRESS received from Col. Wood this week. Yet it is one of the prettiest of the season, and the view of Bar Harbor, which is its principal feature, gives an excellent idea of that place.

A handsome lithograph of Henry M. Stanley comes from Messrs. Manchester, Robertson & Allison this week. An excellent picture of the great explorer is artistically surrounded by scenes in Africa and attractive designs.

A large dog, a small boy and a baby, do much to make the calendar of the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society, one of the prettiest yet received. McKeown & Keestead are the agents in this city.

Inexpensive and Suitable.

Very many of the ladies of this city and indeed of the province, will remember how eagerly the Exhibition chairs, manufactured by Messrs. A. J. Lordly & Sons, were sought for at the recent fair. Mr. Lordly found the demand almost too great to be supplied, and some idea of its popularity may be imagined when it is stated that the sale since that time has continued to be very large. Ladies who are seeking pretty things to decorate for Christmas will find it difficult to get anything so well suited to their purpose and so inexpensive as the "Exhibition Chair."

Nice Things in Furniture.

That enterprising young furniture merchant, Mr. Chas. E. Reynolds, has not forgotten that novelties in his line are especially sought for during the holiday season. Christmas gifts in furniture are usually about as suitable as any that are purchased. It would be hard to find a more appropriate or more suitable gift for an old lady or gentleman than an easy chair. Those who intend making such a gift cannot do better than look through Mr. Reynolds' stock. He will be found opposite the Dufferin.

Rubber Boots For a Quarter.

Among the holiday novelties on the counters of the American Rubber Store is a lot of 2,000 pairs of dolls' rubber boots, which are as unique as they are inexpensive. The Messrs. Mullin have found a great sale for these goods already and they expect to get rid of every pair during the holiday season, at the low price of a quarter of a dollar.

Corns, Corns, Corns extracted without pain. Prof. Seymour, 21 Sydney street.

NOT ON THE PLATFORM.

THE SECEDERS ON THE LOCAL ISSUE STILL HANG OFF.

They were Not on the Platform at the Liberal Meeting, but Sat in the Audience—Who were Present—How the Dinner Went Off.

If Leader Laurier and his guard had struck the town about Exhibition times and the Lansdowne rink or some other equally spacious place had been secured for his oratorical effort, his audience might have compared favorably with that which greeted the Macdonald-Foster-Tupper-Thomson combination.

But he did not come, when there was a crowd in town; his party had to be content with the small company of the Institute and the result was that not more than 1200 people, seated, standing and on the platform greeted the first appearance of the new—to this part of the Dominion at least—liberal leader.

For more than one reason the meeting was full of interest to politicians of every class in the city. Everybody knew that since the last dominion contest there had been a serious break in the ranks of the local reformers who were unfortunate enough to collide and separate on a local issue.

A good many persons were curious to see whether the seceders would return to their allegiance, so far as Dominion politics went, and take the same prominent part as of yore.

They were not left in doubt very long. As the institute filled, it was amazing and instructive to watch the audience file to vacant seats, and make themselves comfortable.

In doing this, they were assisted by such young and active members of the party as Mr. John L. Carleton, and the junior Dr. Travers, who constituted themselves a reception committee of two, and flanked the main entrance. Farther down the aisle other active and stalwart young liberals such as Mr. Jas. McMillan and Mr. C. F. Harrison conducted such wandering lambs and good office holders as Mr. D. H. Hall to a good seat, where they could listen and mark and learn.

Before two thirds of the audience were seated the smiling countenance of Alfred Augustus Stockton could be discerned in a side seat. He stroked his whiskers in a slow complacent fashion and appeared quite as comfortable among the masses as he used to be upon the stage. His colleague and fellow kicker, Mr. H. A. McKeown sat upon his left with a cool obliviousness to his surroundings and an expectant smile upon his countenance.

That master of preparative peroration and thunderous invective Dr. Silas Alward filled one of the chairs in the last row of the swamp. He gazed longingly upon that platform from which for so many years and so frequently he had sounded the liberal trumpet for the gathering of the clans.

In close proximity to the senior and the junior members for the county police magistrate Ritchie and that distinguished local litterateur Mr. R. F. Quigley were interested spectators of the proceedings while quite near the platform sat his no less distinguished opponent in letters Rev. Father Davenport.

From the same section the expressive eyes of the former member for Queen's beamed over his spectacles upon the crowd and upon the speakers. More to the rear could be found such good conservatives and party men as Howard D. McLeod and Robert Irvine, who chanced to listen in company. Again that leader of Orange and temperance bodies and withal successful office holder, Major Andrew J. Armstrong could be found if sought, while Alderman Thomas William Peters looked as placid and cool as the evening in his variegated cape overcoat. There were other aldermen present; the bland and smooth visage of the boss of Stanley ward looked over the audience from a seat near the door. In front of him sat that representative of affluence Mr. Simcoo Jones, while to the left Ald. W. Watson Allen was company for that good authority upon fish, flesh and fowl, Mr. J. DeWolfe Spurr.

All this time the only occupant of the chaired platform were two good Methodist and Baptist ministers, who moved about from one corner to another with a seeming fondness for the ground they trod upon.

It is not every man of the cloth who can perch upon the Institute platform when he will, and perchance these broadcloth politicians were seizing this opportunity to get used to the stage for future occasions. They were not long alone, for President Keeffe, of the Shamrocks, and Dr. McInerney were the first of the "invited platform" to present themselves for inspection. Then came the representatives of the daily press—in force. The rest of the town must have been very quiet, for it took the entire reportorial staff in addition to a skilled stenographer, the editor-in-chief, and the business manager to represent one morning daily.

Mr. Laurier is a fine looking man. He is somewhat taller than Sir John Macdonald, with the same clean shaven face. His features are more regular, however, than the premier's, but his long black locks are drawn back in much the same fashion as those of the Conservative leader. In fact a mere cursory glance shows a striking similarity between the two men.

Maritime people had, no doubt, an exaggerated idea of the eloquence of the Liberal leader, and the audience expected too much from him. His speech was that of a statesman rather than an orator.

The speech of the evening was made by Arthur Hill Gilmour of Charlotte. Without it, the meeting would have been incomplete and unsatisfactory; with it, it was a howling success.

The delegates visit wound up with a dinner, which is best described in the words of a correspondent, who was one of the guests. He writes:—

Tuesday evening put the finishing touches on the liberal delegates' visit, when forty gentlemen, liberals staunch and true, sat down to dinner at the Union club to partake of the finest banquet ever laid in the city, to drink the best wines the club cellars could furnish, and to welcome the tried leader of a great political party. It was a great event and grandly celebrated, everything was lovely and everybody was full—of good humor and pleased with himself and his neighbor. The plan of the dinner was not just such as would commend itself to the promoters of a recent fast given by a national society, inasmuch as the wine sparkled and foamed and scintillated in divers glasses of various hues and I am afraid that had any of the anti-tobaccoists been present they would have had a series of rapid fits. Perhaps it was the presence of the soothing weed that kept away my friends the two doctors, for the banquet knew them not. All the leaders were there, but again, I missed a face; where oh where was the junior member for the county? He, of the patriarchal beard and benign countenance was flanked by the war horse from Charlotte, and the eminent Q. C. was supported by the Island's gifted son, so that a glance around the festive board showed that the night and strength of the party were on deck and getting away with the viands in a style that made me think that some of them had not had a square meal for a week, and the way the wine disappeared! how dry it must have made the abstainers who were present feel. They came high, but we must have them, these tip-toppers, and I know that the guests of the evening were more than pleased with their reception in our city.

THE HALF NOT TOLD.

A Large Space, but Not Enough to Tell of All That Can Be Seen.

When Messrs. Sheraton & Selridge began business on King street, eighteen months ago, they had all those qualifications that make success a certainty. Long experience, a practical knowledge of the stove and tin trade, and good business ability. Each partner, perhaps, did not possess all these qualifications, but what one did not know the other did, and hard work and strict attention to business have accomplished wonders in a short time. The large advertisement in another part of the paper says nothing about a part of their business that has grown steadily, and has kept them busy ever since the cold weather set in. Furnace work takes up a great deal of their time, about fifteen having been put in by Sheraton & Selridge during the last few months. The new furnaces in the Institute building were put in by them, and at present they are doing this work in the new Sunday school of St. John's church.

Everybody is on the lookout for Christmas goods, and that is all the merchants want to call attention to. Sheraton & Selridge enumerate a good many articles today, but the best way to do is to visit their store on King street, and have a look around. They have everything in the way of house furnishing hardware. People who are always looking for pure water, and Moncton people particularly, should see the English charcoal water filters that this firm has in stock; and English coal hods, just out. But it would be a task to enumerate all they have in stock, so PROGRESS' advice is simply to read their advertisement, then make them a visit. Mr. Sheraton is generally on hand, and is an excellent pilot.

It Must Have Been Just As Good.

Two or three old friends and patrons of PROGRESS were not satisfied with the excellence of the late Mr. Carvill's picture printed in the issue of last week, and have asked why it was not as faithful as the one that was printed at the time of the election. They will be surprised to learn that it must have been exactly as good, for it was printed from the same plate, which, however, was made from a portrait taken some time ago.

A Suggestion.

Messrs. Estey & Co., have a large number of rubber toys in stock for Christmas in addition to their usual complete assortment of other goods. They suggest that everybody should have a pair of their new overboots for the holiday.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS guilty of theft, murder, assault, embezzlement, or any crime whatever, which has been committed in the city and county of St. John, and who wish to be brought to justice or lodged in the King street east police station, are hereby requested to proceed to Fredericton, immediately after the crime has been committed. We will not guarantee the desire of such persons, for arrest, shall be gratified if they remain in the city of St. John after the crime has been committed. This notice is final.

(Signed) CLARK W. WALKER, Colonel of Police.

Dec. 18, '90.