

PROGRESS.

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BRIBING A POLICEMAN.

SERGEANT COVAY KEPT IN CASH BY MRS. WOODBURN.

Not Only Money, but Gifts and Shelter—His Beat Neglected While He Was Incapable—Strong Statements from all Quarters.

The information made at police headquarters against Mrs. Woodburn of Lower Cove for keeping liquor upon her premises without license has led to one of the most remarkable disclosures of police bribery ever made public in this city.

Without doubt it is the most remarkable for it implicates an officer who has for years been in command on the force, one who has enjoyed the confidence of his superior to a remarkable degree.

When "Detective" McGrath walked into Mrs. Woodburn's house on Sheffield street and, affecting to be half tipsy, called for a glass of ale he was the advance guard of that previous trio of guardians of the public peace and welfare, Inspector Rawlings, Detective Ring and Sergeant Covay. They were close upon his heels, but allowed sufficient time for him to order and pay for the liquor before they joined him and made the raid.

Mrs. Woodburn has had a good deal to do with policemen and knows their habits better than some of them care to imagine. It was not an uncommon thing for her to treat policemen, some of whom did not despise "something warm" on a cold night. Therefore the ale was set before McGrath without hesitation. In return he presented a half dollar in payment, which was returned to him with the sharp remark "Keep your money, I don't want it." The words were hardly out of her mouth when the arrival of Rawlings and his companions was announced by someone outside, who shouted "Missus, Captain Rawlings is here and wants to get in."

Mrs. Woodburn's first move was to protect McGrath, whom she told to drink his ale and get out before he was caught by Rawlings. Instead of doing so McGrath rushed to open the door, and then the woman saw the trap that had been laid for her. Quicker than thought she raised the glass of ale and dashed the contents in McGrath's face, with some expressive sentences. The door was opened, the trio entered and a few bottles of ale were carried away.

This took place during the week, and yet it is a remarkable fact that it was not until the first of the following week that any information appeared on the books at the police court, and then the charge was simply for keeping liquor on the premises. So certain, in fact, was Mrs. Woodburn that she would be informed upon and fined that she instructed a lawyer the following morning to go to the police court, learn what the penalty was and arrange the matter speedily, so that there would be no detention for her.

Informations are seldom delayed, and the lawyer was puzzled to find no charge whatever against his client. From recent discoveries, it would almost seem that had he not hunted for an information none would have been made. The raiders, however, learned what was up, and the information at once came to the front.

It may have been possible that one of the four officers thought it prudent to let Mrs. Woodburn alone. He knew that if she pleased she could tell strange stories of him that might not sound well on the witness stand.

The same thought was suggested to Progress, and no time was lost in following the hint which has been fruitful enough to show how easily a policeman can be bribed, how thoroughly the law can be evaded by the aid of a few dollars expended judiciously. Even during the present chief's short term of office he has heard of policemen being bribed, and has, perhaps, been anxious to get at the truth of the rumor. The cast iron conduct rules he laid down for the government of the force would not permit of any such transactions as that, and here is not much doubt that could he have found beyond a doubt that one or more of the force were in the habit of drawing a regular income from certain places their positions on the force would have been vacant in short order.

Progress proposes to furnish him with the information. It is for Chief Clark to act.

When it was suspected that Sergeant Covay was in the habit of taking money from Mrs. Woodburn, a representative of Progress went to her at once and inquired into the truth of the rumor.

When asked if she had ever given Covay money or presents, she laughed and answered, "Yes, many a time. Why for years I fairly kept the man, giving him a five or a ten dollar bill whenever he asked for it. Yes, and more than that," she continued, growing somewhat excited, "I bought a moustache cup and gave it to him. I gave him silk handkerchiefs and my last present was a jack-knife. They say a knife cuts friendship and I guess it must be so for Covay 'soured' on me soon afterward."

"If you have been in the newspaper business long you know that the police have raided my place again and again and have found nothing. Do you know why? Covay used to warn me. It made no difference whether he was away on another beat or on this he found plenty of time to let me know when they were coming to raid my place. And they never found anything of course."

"These are serious charges, Mrs. Woodburn," said Progress representative.

"Have you any further proof of them?"

The woman jumped up excitedly and went to the door of an inner room. "Bill," she shouted, "did you ever see me give Covay money?"

"Yes, lots of times," came the reply.

"Did you see me give him the moustache cup?"

"Yes."

"Did you see me give him the silk handkerchief?"

"Yes."

"Did you see me give him the knife?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see him drinking here?"

"Yes, many a time."

"Did you ever see him drunk here?"

"Yes."

"Haven't you seen him so drunk that you had to put him up stairs and let him sleep for hours before he could go on his beat again?"

"Yes."

"There, is that proof enough?" demanded Mrs. Woodburn. "Talk about rum! Why if I had all the liquor Covay has drunk here, it would be enough to drown him."

A FORGETFUL BRIDEGROOM.

He Was So Happy That he Made An Unusual Omission.

It is what a man does and not what he does not do that usually causes comment. Progress has heard of a curious and somewhat amusing omission which has caused lots of talk. A forgetful bridegroom is more forgetful than other persons. Perhaps it is because he has so much to remember or forget. The marriage took place in a city church and was called "a brilliant, fashionable event" in the dailies next morning. So it was as those affairs go. The minister had worked hard to make it a success from an artistic as well as a spiritual standpoint. With the aid of the hard-worked sexton the edifice had been decorated and looked just as bright and new as when it was dedicated. The organist, too, did her best and invested in new music for the occasion while the organ-blower, looked forward to the event as only those do who feel tolerably sure that from two to five dollars will be their reward for patience and industry. It will not do to fasten such a suspicion upon the minister, but it would be only human and usual for the organist and sexton to make some calculations, and "spend their dollars in imagination." That is what everyone of them is still doing, for the newly made benedict was so happy that he forgot to make the usual monetary deposit with those who worked so hard to make the imposing ceremony a success.

Such strange mistakes forgetfulness will lead a man into!

Be Honest, or Get Left.

There is a drop-a-penny-in-the-slot machine, at the I. C. R. depot filled with small pieces of gum. Every day a hundred or more people drop a cent in it just to see how it works, and it works very well when the operator is inclined to be honest, but otherwise, he is sure to get left. Quite a number have had this experience, if one is to judge by the great variety of coin and metal found in the cash box when it is taken out. It leaves the church collection plate, and the blind man's hat in the shade. But the machine has fools to deal with as well as knaves, for every time the box is taken out there is silver in it ranging from a five cent piece to a quarter dollar. The people who put them there didn't get any gum. A cent is about the only thing that will induce the gum to come out. Most people imagine that it is the weight of the cent that forces the gum out, and the boys around the depot seem to have had an idea that anything would do, so long as it was heavy enough. They were wrong. The weight of the cent has nothing to do with the case. It is the nob on the coin that catches a spring, and the weight of a high pile of gum inside the machine forces the bottom piece out, when the cent catches the spring.

His Opinion of Cardinal Newman.

In his sermon last Sunday morning, Rev. Dr. Macrae referred to the late Cardinal Newman as a man who, though possessing many excellent qualities, had not the faith of a true Christian. He was not satisfied to trust in an invisible God, but wanted something earthly, and so looked up to and regarded as infallible a mere man like himself, placed at the head of the church by his fellowmen.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union street.

MRS. MCCONNELL'S MOTION

WAS EXCEEDINGLY LIVELY SATURDAY AND SUNDAY EVENINGS.

The Active Work Done by Her and Her Assistant in Mr. Scott's Store—Mr. Williams Overlooked the Job—Her Landlord's Interest Awakened.

There was some excitement on Waterloo street Saturday evening. Mrs. McConnell was "moving." Since April last she had conducted a boot and shoe business in one of Messrs. Scott Bros' stores, but some weeks ago, apparently, decided to sell out the stock. At one time there were doubts as to whether Mrs. McConnell or a city coal dealer would have the privilege of doing this. But when seven large cases of boots and shoes from an upper province house were set down on the sidewalk before the door, it was quite evident that Mrs. McConnell was going to conduct the sale. And she did. Boots and shoes could be bought at marvellously low prices, "to clear."

The grand clearing out began Saturday night, however, when a large double team drove up to the door to carry away what was left of the stock. The Messrs. Scott were greatly interested in the proceedings, as a quarter's rent would be due in a few days. They were more than interested, however, when they saw as much of the store fittings as could be carried out, without taking the front out of the building, placed on the wagon. It was at this point that the owners of the store interfered. One of them entered the premises, and was astounded at the activity of the workers, especially at the achievements of two boys with formidable looking axes, who were tearing down the shelves and fixtures as industriously as ever firemen worked in the greatest conflagration. The whole proceedings were under the personal supervision of Mrs. McConnell, who was ably assisted in directing the work of devastation by a Mr. Williams.

Mr. Scott was anything but pleased with what he saw, and ordered the workers to leave his property where it was; whereupon Mrs. McConnell informed him that she was "boss" of the place while she paid rent for it, and ordered him out of the store. He went. But soon afterwards he returned with a policeman. Mrs. McConnell was not there. She was found on Charlotte street, however, and escorted to the station, by the officers and Mr. Williams. A criminal charge having been made against her, things began to assume a serious aspect, and as the police court is not in session 24 hours every day, the prospects for a night in the police station looked extremely good for Mrs. McConnell. This had a telling effect on one of her escorts, who told of the many good qualities of the prisoner, and was finally moved to tears at the thought of her being deprived of her liberty. Mr. Scott was softened. He did not press the charge, and the matter was settled by the prisoner paying for the damage done. And the damage was considerable. All the shelves in the store had been torn down, and large slivers of the wall came with them; everything showed evidence of considerable hasty work with an axe, and one of the large plate glass windows in the front of the store was broken.

The Messrs. Scott were not the only ones interested in the doings of Mrs. McConnell. A number of St. John people would like to know her present whereabouts. One of these is Mr. Samuel Crothers. Up till Sunday night Mrs. McConnell lived in a house on Castle street owned by him; but she wasn't there Monday morning. Hence Mr. Crothers' anxiety. It was Mrs. McConnell's moving week, and her household furniture came in for a large share of attention as well as her stock of boots and shoes and Messrs. Scott's shelves and fixtures. She was very busy Sunday night. Her furniture was seen on a grocery wagon that evening, and she hasn't been seen since.

Don't "Block" the Boys.

Progress hears of a good many mean tricks, some of which are worth exposing. One of the latest is imposing on the newsboys. This has come to the notice of this paper more particularly through the energetic lads in outside towns who take a large number of Progress on the strength of customers who have promised to take them every Saturday. A few of these customers are so thoughtless as to neglect to pay the boys their money when they deliver the paper, or at the outside at the end of the month, and some of them have been contemptible and mean enough to keep the boys waiting for months and then leave the place without paying them. Perhaps this is only thoughtlessness, but it deserves to be called by another name. Progress does not lose anything by such tricks, but the boys who get the papers and who, to their credit be it said, meet their bills even more promptly than the majority of their older brethren in the business, often find that their profit is about eaten up by those who have "blocked" them.

MARRIED ON TIME, AFTER ALL.

A Hunt After the Vendor of Marriage Licenses and its Result.

One young man in town has been convinced that he did not fulfill all requirements when he asked a certain young lady to link her fortunes with his. It was in regard to the day and hour at which the happy event should take place that he made the mistake. He neglected to consult the issuer of marriage licenses.

The young man arrived in St. John one day this week, and was to be married at 3.30 o'clock that afternoon. During the interval a number of things had to be attended to, the most important of which was the license. When the groom, with a friend, reached the office of the issuer of marriage licenses, they found the place closed and a notice on the door to the effect that the mayor might be found auctioning furniture at Roop's, King square. At Roop's the pair learned that the auction had been stopped for refreshments, and that Mayor Lockhart was taking his at home.

The groom had an idea that the mayor might go to his auction rooms before disposing of the rest of Mr. Roop's furniture, in order to accommodate any young people who, in passing, should happen to notice his announcements regarding the marriage license branch of the business and decide to invest. So they returned to the store. The door was still locked, and the notice of the great attraction at Roop's still there.

Mayor Lockhart was found at home. It appears that he doesn't carry marriage licenses around with him, and when the groom told him what he wanted, he did not feel disposed to walk down to the store.

"Come around at half past five," said the mayor, "and you can get one then."

The groom looked a little down-hearted, and remarked in a whisper to his friend, that he "guessed it was all up." The latter thought differently, and said the event was to come off at 3.30 o'clock, and a postponement was impossible.

"Well, why didn't you come around, yesterday?" asked the mayor somewhat impatiently; whereupon the groom explained that he had only arrived in town that morning.

The mayor rang up the telephone, but the store was closed, and there was nothing to show that the placard was not still telling the people in the vicinity of Chubb's corner, that atrocious lie about the mayor being located at Roop's. This was rather discouraging, but his worship probably imagined how he would have felt had anybody wanted to postpone a certain happy event that occurred some years ago, and relented. The young couple were married on time after all.

They Met and Dined and Talked.

Once a year for three years the members of an old debating society, that flourished half a century ago in St. John, meet and chat and laugh over old times and a good dinner. They met a week ago at the residence of Governor Tilley, who was a prominent member of the society. At his left sat historian Joseph W. Lawrence, and on the right Sheriff James H. Harding, Mr. Geo. Hutchinson and Capt. Smith completed the company. Last year Mr. John Sears and Mr. Robert Thomson filled their places at the board. The death of a relative prevented the presence of Mr. Sears this year, while Mr. Thomson has passed to his long rest. Notwithstanding these saddening occurrences the meeting was a pleasant one, and cemented still stronger the friendships of three score years.

Settled at Last.

The Brown libel suit against the *Telegraph* has been settled. The plaintiff accepted \$500 and costs, which amounted to between \$700 and \$800. The jury's verdict was for \$500, but both parties agreed upon \$300 in order to reach a speedy settlement. The suit was before the circuit court three times, the jury standing four to three in favor of the *Telegraph* the first time, and giving Brown the verdict the second time, and giving Brown the verdict the third time. Between these trials the supreme court had it under consideration. The suit did not cost the *Telegraph* less than \$2,000, and probably some hundreds above that.

He Is Coming Again.

A paragraph in a Quebec paper recalls the fact that the effervescent H. Price Webber is still on deck. If Progress can judge by the reported quaint burst of eloquence that delighted the English-French audience Webber is very much to the front. He has been to Europe since he was in St. John and a slanderous report is going the rounds that the English dude stands agast when Manager Webber parades the street. The press says that he is running as good a show as ever. St. John will give him a cordial welcome when he strikes the town.

Box Paper from 10 to 50 cents a box, at McArthur's 80 King street.

POLITICAL BYE PLAYS.

THE FORMATION OF AN ANTI BOSS CONSERVATIVE CLUB.

Messrs. Connor and Kelly Have Ruled The Roost Too Long—A Way to get Rid of Them—Talk About Candidates For The Young Men.

The weight of patronage has borne heavily upon the Conservatives. So heavily that the danger of one end of the party breaking off under the immense pressure has been imminent. Strange to say there has always been a lightning of the burden just in time to prevent the crash.

The millstones who are responsible for this sad condition of affairs are no other than those turbulent and active political bosses, Aldermen Connor and Kelly. They are a pair of jacks—some jokingly call them a pair of knaves—and they always stand ready in broken language "to open the pot" and follow it up.

They have followed the game so closely that they rarely fail to have a pretty correct knowledge of their opponents hands. If an appointment is to be made they are the first on the ground pressing the claims of some particular friend upon the distributing centre of patronage. If they do not get a favorable reception there they know one to whom they can always go who commands position and influence in the cabinet. By these means the bosses have ruled the party patronage. Anybody who has watched the appointments cannot help thinking that they must in nine cases out of ten have been intensely satisfactory to those ward politicians.

The objections to such influence and its effect took tangible shape even before the last dominion election when a prominent and hardworking young Conservative asked a favor, not for himself, but for four old men in the customs, viz.: that their salaries be increased \$100 a year. No use. He could not get his wish granted, but one friend of Messrs. Connor and Kelly received a greater increase than he asked for all four not one month afterward.

Promises of better behavior in the future united the party before the election but they were like all election promises. Soon forgotten. One result of this was the breaking up of the "Young Men's" Liberal Conservative club. A once prominent member assured Progress yesterday that it existed only in name. When the recommendations of the executive committee were disregarded, then the club became useless and the members resolved to disband.

The meeting this week to form a junior conservative club has more significance than many of the grey headed veterans will care to admit. They feel that so sure as that club gets a footing, just so surely will the patronage power pass from their grasp.

It has another significance too plain to disregard—the young conservatives are bound to be represented upon the ticket the next time. Some say that this means the nomination of Mr. McKeown, others that Mr. Douglas Hazen is the man, and still others have different notions about candidates not so well known.

Both Mr. Hazen and Mr. McKeown are not free from objection. Mr. Hazen's is not serious, however, the only fault to be found with him, being his short acquaintance with the people of this city. Mr. McKeown, on the contrary, has lived here all his life, practically, and has been known as an uncompromising Liberal in Dominion politics. It is now asserted that he has followed the example of that distinguished citizen and Orangeman, C. N. Skinner, and turned to the Conservatives for warmth and affection.

These little bye plays are interesting and show that the government party is alive if nothing else. Only one or two things are surely known as yet, and they are that Mr. Everett will not be the candidate of the party again, and that Messrs. Kelly and Connor will not be members of the Junior Conservative club.

A Subject for Discussion.

From all accounts the exhibition was attended by a large number of "thoughtless" persons. Their "thoughtlessness" consisted carrying off articles that belonged to somebody else. Among the articles missing are two copies of a Volapuk grammar. This leaves a doubt as to whether the person who took them was troubled with thoughtlessness or insanity.

A Great Combination.

The makeup of the *Sun* yesterday was more than ordinarily interesting to persons who read only the headings of articles. A long account of Rev. Mr. Little's lecture was headed "An African Discovery." "Dr. Hartley's Lost King," was the heading of the next article. This was not the subject of Mr. Little's discourse, however.

A Distinction and a Difference.

Superintendent John Cruikshank called at Progress office this week, and said that Thomas Byrne was not in the employ of the cemetery company. It appears that Byrne is frequently engaged by private parties to attend to their lots.

NOT ON THE PROGRAMME.

Some Events at the Union Lacrosse Sports that Were Not Looked For.

The Union Lacrosse players wore a smile in addition to the colors of the club Thursday evening when they saw the great attendance at the sports in the Lansdowne rink. The events were all interesting, but that great fault of stretching them out like a circus procession was uncomfortably prominent. Nothing disgusts an audience more than waiting a quarter of an hour or so between events that only last five minutes, even if the interval is livened by such fine music as that of the City Cornet Band. The people go to see the sports, not to hear a band concert, or the judges, timers and other officers debate questions that could easily have been disposed of during the afternoon. Nor was it expected, in addition to all this, that a fight with bare knuckles would form a part of the programme. Yet such an event made things interesting in one corner of the rink. This was not one of the humorous attractions advertised, but it was even more amusing than the chariot race. It Messrs. Magee and Ring had had their little setto, either before or after the one mile walk, better time would have undoubtedly been made. This they did not do, but varied the walk by bumping up against each other, when finally one struck the other in the face and got one in return, then the two squared off, were parted, and resumed the walk.

The sports were very successful. The now features proved full of interest, and are likely to be seen at all sports in the future.

A Novel Way of Pushing Things.

The opera house entertainment to be held in St. Andrew's rink Tuesday evening has risen above the variety show and promises to be one of the most interesting of next week's amusement events. The half dollar admission removes it from the class of shows objected to by Progress last Saturday. "The paid-up-share-of-stock-with-twenty-tickets-clause," gives it a novelty which has been strikingly successful. The building committee did not anticipate results like these, but thought that such a concert would arouse interest to a greater degree in the opera house and perhaps aid in defraying such extraordinary incidental expenses as have accompanied the long delayed erection, such as advertising, etc. The committee's aim is that every stockholder who puts five dollars in a share of stock will feel that not even the usual proportion is eaten up by expenses. The most encouraging feature of the whole business is the perfect willingness and readiness of the bands and musical societies to come forward and aid the company in this effort. There is a genuine surprise awaiting every stockholder or citizen who will walk around to Union street and take a look at the front and interior of the new building.

"Hon." Chas. L. Richards Heard From.

"Hon." Charles L. Richards, once such a well known figure on the streets of St. John is in Hebron, Nebraska, doing what he can in a legal way to build up the country. The "Hon." Chas. L., has evidently become a changed man since he entered the "wild and woolly" west. When in St. John it was said that he had an interest in a Canterbury street liquor saloon. Now he writes to the *New York Voice*, the great prohibition organ, concerning the prohibition amendment to be voted on in Nebraska, in the following strain:

I have no doubt that the closing of the saloons in Nebraska, if it can be accomplished, would tend to benefit the social, moral and financial condition of the people. I advise all to vote for the prohibitory amendment.

Is this our own Charles?

Low Enough to Suit Anybody.

One of the results of the New York steamship lines has been remarkably low freight from that city to St. John. Anxious to get business, the steamers cut rates until, where it used to cost a merchant 75 cents a hundred, which included cartage across Boston, it fell as low as seven cents a hundred this summer. A large wholesale and retail firm assured Progress that they have on two occasions paid as low a rate as that. The average rate now is from twelve to fifteen cents per hundred, which everybody will allow is cheap enough. Such cut-throat rates must be only temporary, for the company with the most money will drive the other from the route, and then look out, for they will only have the express companies to compete against.

What a Seven Year Old Girl Does.

Elsewhere Progress speaks of a bright boy who sells 175 papers every week. Since then it has learned that a little saleswoman only seven years old disposes of 30 Progress every Saturday in Weldford across a counter. "She is as keen" writes a subscriber "as any combination of Irish and Scotch can be."