

COVAY WILL BE TRIED

ON FIVE SEPARATE AND SERIOUS CHARGES.

The Information Lodged by William Weatherhead, who is Represented by Mr. Forbes—Testimony under Oath will be Taken now, without Doubt.

There is more trouble and more excitement in police circles. The charges against Covay which the chief would not investigate properly will now be investigated before the magistrate on the information of William Weatherhead, who, through his lawyer, Mr. Forbes, makes the following charges against Sergeant Covay: These are (1) Receiving money not to report Mrs. Woodburn for selling liquor, (2) Receiving money for giving her information of the intentions of the police, (3) Drunkenness while in uniform and on duty, (4) Receiving presents under duress, (5) Improper liberties with females while on duty. The case was to come before the magistrate yesterday afternoon after this paper went to press. PROGRESS' sole contention throughout the whole affair was for justice. Let it be done now.

GIVE HIM A HEARING.

Some of the Aldermen Say the Chief Did Not State Facts About Weatherhead.

John Weatherhead is still doing duty as a policeman. Capt Rawlings is also doing duty—as inspector of the southern division. Wednesday morning he had a report to make, which, had it not been proven unwarranted, would have subjected Weatherhead to suspension for some days. He was reported for staying in the Lower Cove lock-up five minutes over the quarter of an hour allowed for lunch.

Sergt. Kilpatrick is in charge of the northern division, although it is quite generally stated that John McGrath, who got tired of doing patrol duty, and left the force some time ago, will be appointed. This is hardly probable, as the chief will, according to his statement at the meeting of the general committee, take into consideration the new captain's ability to do the clerical work of the office.

The chief has given his reasons for disrating John Weatherhead, and those who have only heard his side of the story probably feel that he was justified in his action. Weatherhead has not been heard. There is a general feeling that he should be. A number of the aldermen who were at the meeting, say that they know, personally, that the chief stated what was not in accordance with the facts; and that in regard to charges that the chief said Weatherhead made against him, the aldermen claim that Weatherhead did not make the charges. They were made, on the contrary, by members of the board, before Weatherhead knew anything about them. But the chief did not stay long enough to let them straighten matters out.

In the face of this, it is only right that Weatherhead should be given a chance to correct any false impressions that have gone abroad from the full reports of the chief's statements published. And if he is given a hearing by the committee, the daily papers will, no doubt, give him as much space and consideration as was given the chief; notwithstanding the fact that the *Sun* will probably be represented by its "Citizen," "Another Citizen," and Captain Rawlings' tenant and private secretary.

COMING TO THE SURFACE.

The Facts of Certain Transactions in Police Circles Cropping Out.

Little by little some things are cropping up which are not altogether creditable to the police powers. The people will remember with what wonderful alacrity the chief and his aids sallied out after the Norton desperadoes, how they followed them into the wilds of the outlying counties and permitted them to escape after all. Among those who were foremost in the chase were Ring, Rawlings and the chief, with other officers. They obtained their pay from the city as usual, though not on city duty.

But not satisfied with that, a bill was presented for extra services, which is understood to have been paid by the local government. The chief did not know what to do with the money when he got it and consulted some of the city officials about it. He called the money "perquisites," which is a pretty good name. He was advised to see the recorder about the matter.

The police committee, in their search for other information, ran across this and immediately asked the local government representatives in the city about the matter. They not only got no information, but were met with a polite and suave refusal.

In the meantime the chamberlain and the director of public safety know nothing whatever of the money which Chief Clarke says he passed to the credit of the city.

Can Capt. Rawlings Do No Wrong?

Although Capt. Rawlings has had some very serious charges made against him, has been fined by the magistrate in one

case, and failed to prove that any of the others were not true, he has never been suspended for a day on account of them, but, on the contrary is held in greater esteem by the chief. And now upon the unpleasant fact has forced itself upon the chief that the captain has been frequenting barrooms and drinking whiskey while on duty, during "his time." A reliable man, who was before the chief this week, stated the facts of the case plainly. He was in John Walsh's barroom, on Mill street, when Capt. Rawlings and an Indian town lumberman entered. The lumberman called for whiskey and Capt. Rawlings drank out of the same bottle. He was on duty at the time.

MRS. DUMONT WANTS JUSTICE.

Her Seized Liquor was Tampered With, She Says, and Not all Returned.

A French woman, named Dumont, who keeps a store across the Marsh bridge, has been making some inquiries this week. She wants to know more about the liquor law and the way it is carried out by the police. Some time ago her place was raided, and a quantity of liquor was taken to the police station. It remained there while the police endeavored to make a case against her. In this they were not successful, and, according to law, the liquor had to be returned—what was left of it. When the officers took it from her house the woman made a list of all the stuff, but when it was returned she came to the conclusion that they had brought back the wrong lot. She claims that most of the bottles containing the best liquor she had was not among those returned to her, and that what she did receive contained more water than liquor. Mrs. Dumont went to the chief of police about the matter, but he gave her no satisfaction. Thursday morning she was hustling around looking for some one who would see that she got justice, and finally put her case in the hands of her legal adviser, who will probably take action to recover the balance of the liquor and have the watered stuff replaced.

When liquor is taken to the police station, it is placed in a room down stairs, and kept there, under lock and key. There are two keys; Capt. Rawlings has one and Chief Clarke the other.

A New Wrinkle.

Do you ever get a post-office order? If you are among the lucky ones, the post master has something of interest to say, provided you send the order to be cashed by any other than yourself. Hitherto it has been sufficient for the person to whom the order was made payable to sign the same, and anybody could get the money for it. Now all this is changed. You must write upon the back of the order, "Pay for account of the undersigned" and sign your name. Fill in the blank with the name of the person presenting the order, and he in turn signs the customary receipt.

A Treat For Everyone.

Next week's PROGRESS, while not a specially prepared Christmas number, will be one in the best acceptance of the term. The reading matter and illustrations will be appropriate to the season. There is a splendid contribution by Hunter Duvar, and a good and entertaining local Christmas story by a local author. The scene is laid in this city, and the characters are found in that active company of bright youngsters—the newsboys. There will be other holiday material well worth the while of any person reading. The paper will be at least twelve pages, and will sell for the usual price.

The Old Rat Arrived too Late.

A St. John man made a startling discovery this week. It was a nest of thirteen infantile rats, all too young to get away. They were captured in a body and promptly treated in the same way as superfluous kittens usually are—drowned in a pail. After the murder was accomplished the gentleman left the place for awhile. When he returned he found that the mother of the thirteen little rats had been there in the meantime, and had fished the young ones out of the pail. But they were all dead.

Cause and Effect.

PROGRESS' send off of the "Great Moral Show," last Saturday, seemed to have the desired effect. The doors closed that night for good, and Monday the "young man with brains" was advertising for capital. When the show started it was not too bad, but it became worse every week and, too indecent to be tolerated at the finish. The town is well rid of it.

Remarkable Fairness.

In another column will be found a letter from a grateful widow whose husband died suddenly. A few days before he took out an application for an insurance policy of \$5,000 in the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society. He had paid no premium; had not even his policy, and yet, the company paid the money.

EVENTS IN CITY LIFE.

HAPPENINGS SAD AND OTHERWISE, TALKED ABOUT.

Mrs. G. S. Miller's Sudden and Sad Death—Her Fiancee Arrives in Time to Say Farewell—The Transfer of the "Telegraph" and Other Local Topics.

The coming of death in this city in more than one instance this week was curiously sad. The same day a strong and active man was stricken, a young and popular lady in the person of Mrs. Geo. S. Miller passed to her rest.

Not quite six weeks ago she arrived in town from New York state, where she had been staying for more than a year, for a short visit to her mother and sister and friends. Though she had written that she expected to come sometime in the fall and winter, her coming was unexpected and of course a greater surprise and delight to all of them. Two days afterward she was taken ill and after a short and suffering struggle with the disease died last Tuesday at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. E. March.

One of the saddest phases of the case was that she was engaged to a young physician in the States, and expected to be married to him in a short time. While she was seriously ill her friends did not think it necessary to summon him until a few days before her death. He came at once and arrived but a few minutes before she passed into unconsciousness and death.

To recall one little incident which would almost indicate a premonition. Shortly after she was greeted by her mother and friends upon her arrival, she broke in upon the conversation suddenly and slowly, and said, "Mamma, would it not be strange if after all, I have just come home to die?"

THE SALE OF THE "TELEGRAPH."

The Paper Has Passed Into the Hands of a Company.

About as interesting a bit of political and newspaper news as the talkers have gumbled over for some time is the sale of the Daily and Weekly Telegraph. There is no doubt that the paper has really changed hands and that before long the new owners will assume control. It is not necessary, nor would it interest everybody, to read the various reasons why the paper has been sold. The friends of the concern will be glad to know that so far as the newspaper went, it was at the time of the sale, and yet, one of the best paying properties in the city.

The estate of the late Mr. Elder had not been wound up and the death of Mrs. Elder which occurred a few months ago brought about complications that made it necessary to wind up the estate. The principal heirs were not residents of St. John, and this perchance hastened the closing of the business.

Apart from this the Telegraph has become the property of a number of gentlemen, well known in this city and the provinces. While they are closely allied politically to the Liberal party their business interests are more extensive and varied than the gentlemen composing the average newspaper company. The paper will no doubt adhere strictly to broad Liberal principles—more strictly even than in the past—and a few necessary changes will, it is said, be made to obtain the needed vigor which should always characterize successful editorial and business management.

The Italians Rode in Coaches.

Among the passengers on the City of Monticello, Wednesday evening, was a large gang of Italians, and everyone of them had as much luggage and broken English as he could possibly get along with. When they arrived here, their next move was to get to the depot, and on being assured by the bystanders that the train left in five minutes, and that the depot was some miles away, they gave the English language such a razzle dazzle as it probably never got before. The Italians wanted to drive, but wouldn't pay more than five cents a piece, and they argued this financial question in a way that paralyzed the coachmen. Finally one generous son of Italy, with a canvas bag on his back that made him look like a camel, declared in favor of eight cents, and the whole gang swarmed into and over two coaches. The doors could only be closed by a tongue and groove process with the occupants, and some of them wanted to sit on the roof. They spent the evening in looking at each other in the waiting room of the depot.

Unfortunately Too True.

Any person who has had their doubts about the genuineness of Messrs. Turner & Finlay's closing out sale can have them set at rest by reading their straightforward statement in another column. Unfortunately, it is true—too true to suit either the press, of which the firm has been a most liberal patron, or the people who have found Messrs. Turner & Finlay large and generous customers, to say nothing of those who have been regular dry goods buyers at their counters for many years.

TROUBLE OVER A PASTOR'S CALL.

The Dictum of a County Councillor and How He Expressed It.

The Baptist church at St. Martins is without a regular spiritual guide at present, for, up to date, the efforts of the congregation to obtain another minister have not been successful. This is not because they do not want the position filled, but on account of differences of opinion between those who compose the congregation.

A few nights ago a prayer meeting was resolved into a business gathering and the matter came up for discussion. A recent councillor was the chief speaker, and his remarks being somewhat at variance with the facts in the estimation of a lady present, she arose and with quiet dignity said so.

The councillor responded in an exceedingly vigorous and unexpected fashion, in language which would not have been suitable even for the council chamber, much less in a church. His next expression was a typical one: "By gosh, you toney folks have run this church long enough. Us middlins are going to have a welt at it now."

As may be imagined, the meeting adjourned without agreeing upon any call, and a more recent report says that six prominent members, who contributed \$200 to the minister's salary, have withdrawn from the church.

SOME CHINESE ENGLISH.

Two Sample Letters Beautifully Written by a Chinese Bookkeeper.

A gentleman in Santa Cruz, writing to a friend in this city, sends him some samples of Chinese English. The letters and the enclosures speak for themselves:

DEAR SIR.—I enclose copies of two out of a large number of letters, received by this firm from a Chinese firm in San Francisco, and most beautifully written by their Chinese book-keeper, who probably learned to write by copy books, as his writing is a perfect fac simile of the copper-plate copy books, for your edification. You might show them to PROGRESS, which would, no doubt, publish them as samples of "English as she is writ."

(COPY.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 10th, 1890.

DEAR SIR.—I here by give you notice that your regard was during on hand from the other day and you has been asking about the money in which is amount to us we are ought to remit it to you long ago as our business are very dull and the money it is short and I will remit to you some of money at the date of October 1st of next, hoping that you will wait in time without hearing your self.

We would like that you will be kind enough to step of your shipment for a short time because our business are they were so busy in Occasionary to hauling off and will to write to you with order for it, just within the end of this month and thankful to you.

Your very sincerely,

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 27, '90.

DEAR SIR.—We would like that you will be kind enough to make up of your statement since we are deal with you at the beginning to 1890 and would like to know how is the last business are been getting on please you might be fixed it up as soon as possible with out detain of hearing you own business inconvenient & satisfactory.

Yours very sincerely,

Do not Wait Too Long.

The addition of a designer and wood engraver to the engraving department of PROGRESS has met with unusual favor and success. Although the orders have come in rapidly for this season of the year, the combination of a designer and prompt and excellent photo engraving enables the work to be pushed much more rapidly to its completion. Those who need engraving done should, however, remember this fact: that there are plenty of others who are in just as much of a rush as they are, and not postpone the placing of their orders until the day or the week they need the plates. While the Bureau aims to be accommodating there is a limit to the amount of engraving that can be done in a given time.

This Straightens It Out.

A note to PROGRESS from Halifax essays the explanation that Major Grant never held a position in the Royal Engineers. The correspondent sends the following extract:

Mr. John MacGregor Grant,
Civilian Clerk of Works,
Royal Engineer Department,
Halifax, N. S.

He also adds, "I believe he had a commission in the volunteers as captain or Major, never in the Royal Engineers."

Now Boys, Go For Them.

The snow is here, and the active boys want their sleds. Messrs. Scovil, Fraser & Co. have undertaken to supply the want. They have board sleds, and clippers, which they propose to give away to every boy who buys a suit, an overcoat, or a reefer at their store.

She Would get It Sure.

Old Boy "Did you know that Hairless's wife was thinking of getting a divorce last week?"

"No! What grounds did she have?"

"Fotnd some Lyceum tickets in his pockets."

A Great Place for the Chills.

The mild weather this week should have made the attendance at the Institute very much larger than it was. During the cold spell one's feet were numb with the cold long before the show was over, and this made as great an impression on many in the audience as the play did.

IN HIS YOUNG MANHOOD

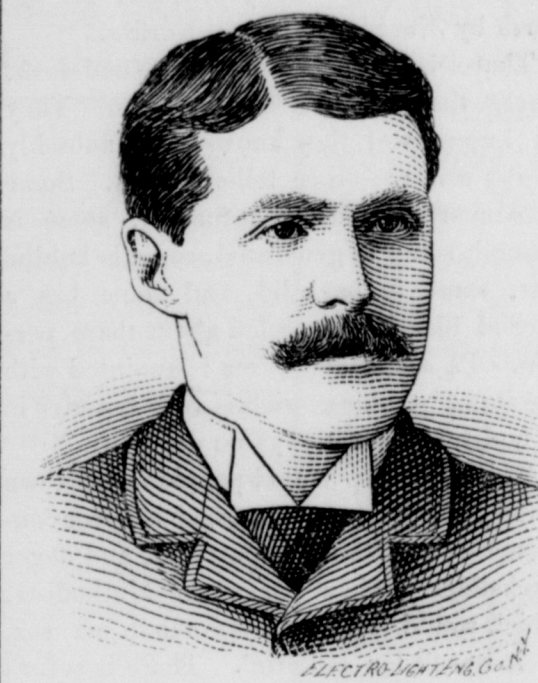
WILLIAM B. CARVILL PASSES SUDDENLy TO HIS REST.

His Sickness and His Death—Scenes in the Last Hours—The Suddenness of it all—His Public and his Private Life—A Glowing Tribute.

Sadder news could not have spread through the city late Tuesday evening, and been given to the public Wednesday morning, than the death of William B. Carvill.

To think of him in any other way than the vigorous man in the prime of his young manhood, or the active athlete who knew no weariness in the field of manly sport, was indeed a hard task, but the stern and depressing fact was that he was no more.

Only a week before the citizens paid their last tribute to his memory by attending his funeral in such numbers, Mr. Carvill returned from a business trip to Montreal. Before he left on that last trip he complained a little of pain in his limbs, which he attributed to a slight attack of muscular rheumatism. Though it amounted to nothing in his judgment, his friends about him suggested, and even urged, that he postpone his journey until at least he got rid of a noticeable limp caused by the attack. He laughed in his usual happy



W. B. CARVILL.

fashion, and said that it was impossible, for he had a business appointment in Montreal and must keep it. They urged him no longer, because they knew that nothing short of positive illness would prevent his attention to business.

He returned a week ago, Thursday, apparently in his usual good health. Even the slight muscular pains he had complained of troubled him no longer, and his step was as springy and elastic as ever it was. When he arose Friday morning he took breakfast as usual, and going down stairs to the office of the hotel, he said to Mr. McCoskery—the proprietor, and also his intimate friend—that he did not feel so bright as usual, and he guessed he would not go to the office. Still all that day he was about the house, between his room and the gentlemen's parlor. In the evening he came to the latter room and remarked that he had eaten a hearty supper, but did not seem to enjoy it. He smoked his usual cigarettes and retired early.

Before doing so, however, he had a call from Dr. Dan Berryman who did not think that he was suffering from more than a slight indisposition. Saturday was much the same kind of a day with him up to 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when he remarked to Mr. McCoskery, that he thought he would lie down. He went to his room and remained there. His main trouble appeared to be a lack of appetite. A few oysters were all that he could eat, and he did not appear to be able to digest those. He remained in his room Sunday, sitting around and chatting and smoking as usual with his brothers and friends. Even Monday he indulged in a smoke again, but still could eat nothing. Such fasting had made him weak, and he remained in bed all day.

Up to this time none of those about him imagined that there was any serious trouble. The physician expressed no fear and on Tuesday noon he pronounced him decidedly better and told his brother George that he would be all right in a few days.

Mr. McCoskery kept him company all that afternoon and says he was in unusual good spirits, talking and laughing on every topic. When he left him to go to his supper he said, "Don't forget to come up after supper, Lu."

A few minutes passed and while Mr. McCoskery was still at the table, Frank Carvill rushed in hastily and exclaimed, "For God's sake come up stairs, quick; I think Will is dying." They returned as quickly as possible and saw at once that the danger was imminent. Dr. Dan and Dr. John Berryman were summoned and when they arrived a few minutes later they saw that there was no hope. The blood was gushing from his mouth in streams and there was no possibility of stopping such fearful hemorrhage.

All this time Mr. Carvill retained full consciousness and bore up bravely under intense suffering. His three stunned and agonized brothers, his helpless friends the Messrs. McCoskery and their mother and

sister surrounded the bed and waited the end. All the courage of the man shone forth in those swiftly passing moments. His was the calmest mind in the room—his the clearest brain. While consciousness remained he received the last rites of his church, and then with wonderful thoughtfulness he asked that an old and intimate friend and house-keeper, Miss Strange, be sent for. As quickly as a coach could drive to Waterloo street and return his request was granted, but before she arrived he had passed peacefully away without a pain or a struggle.

No one can imagine the pitiful grief of the bereaved brothers and sisters when they realized that their brother, their pride and hope, had been taken from them. One of his sisters, Mrs. Winslow, came from Chatham at once but the two others were farther away, one in Toronto and one in Paris.

The immense funeral testifying to the general respect for the departed has been fully described and needs no further reference. To speak of Mr. Carvill as a man and as a citizen and do him justice is a task too difficult to be attempted. He was young—only 31—and yet he had gained the regard of all who knew him personally and the respect of those who knew him only by reputation. And a fair, clean reputation it was. He was more popular than nine tenths of his fellows and less conscious of the fact than any of them. Again and again he has been honored by his fellow members of the Athletic club of which he had held the vice-presidency for years. More than that, he was no figure head officer. He loved sport for its sake and never was happier than when guarding his wickets or driving the cricket ball as he was well able to do. Football too claimed his attention and his activity and strength made him an important addition to the team.

In public life he was regarded as one of the men of the future. A supporter of the local administration he was one of its standard bearers in the city and county at the last election and his vote was something of which any young man could be proud. Later than this he was appointed a school trustee and he gave to that office the same careful attention as he did to his own successful business. He was also the French consul for this port.

In private life he was even more highly esteemed. Those who were privileged with his intimate acquaintanceship valued it highly. One of his best and nearest friends on the eve of his departure from the city some time ago paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Carvill's worth. "No one knows" he said "how kind and generous he is or the extent of his charity."

What better words could be said of any man.

An English Opinion.

This is what a lady in London, Eng., has to say about PROGRESS:

I always look forward with much pleasure to receiving that "spicy little paper, PROGRESS, which tells me so much of dear friends in St. John, Halifax and Annsbury, and many other places in the great Dominion.

Bibbald's Philosophy.

Regret is often but the hostage that weakness pays to fate.

To hate the sin and not the sinner—this is more than half of true religion.

Trust all men in small things; in great things only those whom thou hast proved.

Kindness may not suffice for Heaven, but it maketh thee fit to live on earth.

The successful man is he who is able to do some one thing better than most men can do it.

He who seeketh self, walketh in a circle. When he findeth it, he is nothing profited.

Be not jealous minded. Whosoever is worthy of thy jealousy is not worthy of thy love.

Gallantry toward youth and beauty is much; toward age and planness, 'tis heroic.

Troubles are the parasites of the mind. Hath not every tree its enemy, and every dog his flea?

Blessed is he that holdeth judgment on his neighbor—that sitteth in the seat of judgment where none may question him.

Of the goods of this world, happiness is the best. Of what value are wealth and power if contentment be lacking?

Glory resteth on men's tongues, and vanisheth away; goodness abideth in their hearts and liveth ever.

No man hath greatness without knowing it; but the greatest is he that showeth least that he knoweth it.

Conscience is not infallible; only, whatsoever we think to be right that it ureth us to do.

A world of success, except the aim be noble, is not worth the sacrifice of an atom of contentment.

The sins of men are many, but there are three that no man may pardon: avarice, ingratitude and cruelty.

"I am alive. What does that mean?" This is the true problem of existence. How few there be that answer it!

There are many kinds of greatness, and he who buildeth a good bridge is greater than he who writeth bad poetry thereon.

He that giveth to the poor to vaunt himself, deceiveth some, but it profiteth not his soul in this world or the next.

Offend not thy friend in anything. For, verily, thy friend will count all thy good deeds as naught against that one thing in which thou hast offended.

He that cherisheth a sorrow is like him that weepeth at a fire in his house, but doeth naught till all his goods be consumed.

The wise man knoweth himself and is content. The foolish man who seeketh to persuade others that he is wise, only deceiveth himself.

'Tis glorious to be brave, but the greatest bravery is that of him who feareth much, yet doeth his duty well.

The thoughts of the mind are as sparks that spring forth and die, but the warmth of the heart for its fellow, bringeth cheer and gladness.

BIBBALD.