

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

the eye on entering is an excellent bust of the former owner. By the way, did you ever hear the story of the countrywoman who visited Parliament Hill and gazed at the statue of "Old Tomorrow," with the life size figure of Canada at his feet. "Eh, but it's like Sir John!" she said, "but as I never met his lady I can't tell whether it is good of her or not."

Mrs. Hutton makes a charming hostess, she is tall and very fair; you would never take her for anything but an Englishwoman. The wife of the General commanding in Canada is always a social leader.

Mrs. Lawrence Drummond, wife of Lord Minto's private secretary, is another strikingly handsome woman. Lady Sybil Beauchamp I have not seen yet so cannot describe her. She is Lady Minto's niece and it is said, will be an acquisition this winter to the social life of Rideau Hall.

The snow of course put an end to all the golfing sometime ago, but we are now having a brief St. Martin's summer and a few enthusiastic golfers still wheel out to the links.

The Woman's Morning Music Club has given its first monthly concert, to which every musical person flocked, together with those not musical but highly fashionable. You are either one thing or the other if you attend the weekly recitals at which the amateurs (and some of them are very good ones) play and sing. Never a man is there that attend, and the soft clapping of dainty gloved hands makes but a languid applause.

The May Court Club listens each week to lectures delivered by doctors and nurses on their "Hygiene of the Household" and after Christmas its numbers are going to take up literature.

I do not know whether the news of the May-day coronation reached you last spring, but its echoes will at any state. Lady Aberdeen invited the maidens of Ottawa to meet on that day at Government House to choose a May-Queen who should reign for one year and a day. Miss Ethel Hamilton, daughter of the Lord Bishop of Ottawa was the one chosen and duly crowned with much pomp and ceremony, in the midst of hundreds of spectators. She chose twelve Counsellors, who help her in all her plans and designs, while the maidens Ottawa form her Court. In this May Court a club has been formed for self-improvement and for helping others less blessed than themselves in any way that they can. And just now they have been hearing lectures from Dr. Gibson.

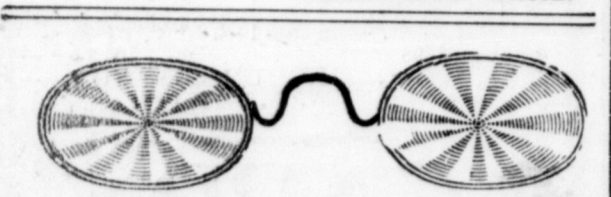
Mrs. King and Mrs. Sedgwick were among those who witnessed the installation of Lord Minto at Quebec.

Mrs. C. F. Hanington and Miss Beatrice Hanington of Montreal, are in town.

There is a dreadful rumor that the session is to be "in the lap of spring." This may be the fates for it!

'New Hey-Diddle-Dee!'
Here is the poem of me, the entertainer of children.
See! a cat is passing through my poem;
See! it plays the fiddle rapturously;
It plays sonatas, fugues, rigodons, gavottes, gigues
minuettes, romances, improvises—it plays the
tune that led to the destruction of the aged
cow;
But most of all it plays nocturnes, and plays them
pyrotechnically, as it is the night time.
See the moon shining in the pellucid sky;
See! the cow, inspired by the intoxicating strains
of the stradivarius, throws off her habitual
inertness, and leaps over the moon.
O me! O joy of my life! O amusement of things!
Why so active, thou cow?
Why so passive, thou moon?
See the dog.
He grins and runs through the city.
Seeing humor in his surroundings.
Have all dogs so keen a sense of humor?
See the dish maliciously meditative.
See, it takes advantage of the general confusion and
absconds with the silver spoon.

A Queer Old World.
If virtue would allure like sin
How easily might goodness win.
If right went laughing by like wrong
The devil would lose half his throng.
If day sought pleasure like the night
Dawn need not blush to face the light.
But virtue seems so cold and proud
That merry sin attracts the crowd.
And right has such a solemn air
Men follow wrong, the debarair.
And care so eats the daytime up
At night they seize mad folly's cup.
And drink forgetfulness 'till dawn.
And so the queer old world goes on.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



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Head and Limbs

All Covered With Eruptions—Could Not Work, the Suffering Was So Great—Hood's Has Cured.

"I was all run down with complaints peculiar to my sex, and I broke out in sores on my body, head, limbs and hands, and my hair all came out. I was under the doctor's treatment a long time without benefit. They called my trouble eczema. Finally I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after I had used three or four bottles I found I was improving. I kept on until I had taken several more bottles and the sores and itching have disappeared and my hair has grown out."

Mrs. J. G. BROWN, Brantford, Ontario.
"I was all run down and had no appetite. I had a tired feeling all the time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and it benefited me so much that I would not be without it." Mrs. G. I. BURNETT, Central Norton, N. B.

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H. S. FACE QUEERED THE TRADE.

And His Friend Fostered the Spinster Idea of Lunacy.

A funny incident in which two young newspaper men figured, occurred a few days ago and caused considerable amusement among their friends. One of the principals is not distinguished for his good looks; in fact is the butt of much good natured raillery among his fellow workers and as he is not a bit sensitive he enjoys the fun as much as any one else. He is jealous of the distinction he enjoys by reason of his looks and dreads a rival more than anything else in the world. He and a friend have recently been booming a little advertising scheme—just a small affair that takes in the corner groceries, etc., and with business intent visited a pretty little suburb of the city a day or two ago. Now the newspaper man was supposed to do the talking while his friend posed as an ornament and when they came to a certain little store kept by a middle aged spinster the former entered the place, while the latter remained outside to look after the horse and carriage in which they were doing the town.

The proprietress of the store in question is not a beauty—there is no doubt about that. The canvasser saw at a glance that he had found someone a good deal homelier than himself and it broke him up. He tried to tell her his business but he couldn't. The smile which had first illumined his features developed into a grin, and in desperation he put up his hands to hide his face, and made various pretences of stooping to fasten his shoe, to hide his merriment from the wondering woman. Just then his friend entered the store and grasping the situation he sternly ordered the reporter out to look after the horse. The latter lost no time in going and after his departure the bewildered female asked what ailed the young man. The other tapped his forehead significantly and said "He is perfectly harmless though. We take him out for an airing occasionally and he usually behaves pretty well. Its a long time since I saw him act like that."

"You had no business to bring him in here at all," gasped the frightened proprietress of the store. "He may find his way back here some time alone."

"Oh no he won't," was the comforting assurance, "we keep pretty close to him so he can't escape."

Just here the young newspaper man who had recovered his usual gravity entered the store, whereupon the frightened woman barricaded herself behind a sugar barrel and screamed at the top of her voice "take him out, take him out; he's getting crazy again; I see it in his eyes. And you go along with him too, I don't want either of you in here."

The young man retreated precipitately and returned to the city without having secured any patronage in that direction.

Glad She Belonged to St. John.

An uptown family are frequently amused, and sometimes startled, by the bright sayings of a little daughter of the house aged six. Not long ago this young lady returned from a three months visit to an aunt in New York; the latter being quite fond of dress very often kept her little niece waiting while she spent, what the little girl considered too much time on her appearance. This aunt is a widow and so is the child's mother. The youngster waited for her mother to give her an airing the other day and was agreeably surprised to find her all ready to go out in about half the time it would have taken the aunt to dress. She surveyed her mother with an air of pride and at last fervently exclaimed "Thank God!"—on being questioned as to the cause of this sudden devotion the child replied, "Oh! Mamma, I'm so glad you're not a New York widow."

SCOVIL'S BIG MISTAKE

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

the most public place in town, and when he arrived slash him across the face with the whip. Still he did not want to be alone so he asked the traveller to keep him company and see that the newspaper's man's friends, who might be around, did him no injury!

The traveler looked at him in amazement, and then said, "What! do you take for a fool? Do you think I want to get my name in the newspapers on account of such an affair as this? I may go down to see the fun, but you can't count on me for any assistance."

"Oh well, you know," said Scovil, "there won't be anything about that, because my father-in-law the chief of police knows all about it. He understands what is going to happen, and you know I have to do this because he, on account of his official position, cannot get mixed up in it."

But even that did not move the traveller to take any part, and Scovil, after showing the style of whip that he had, departed.

There was only one part of his programme that he carried out and that was his lying telephone message to Mr. Carter's house. Some time, quite early in the evening, soon after dark in fact, he, or some one for him, rang up Mr. Carter's residence on Leinster street, and representing that he was at the Royal Hotel, told a member of Mr. Carter's household that he was particularly anxious to see him on business that evening, not later than eight o'clock, because he would have to leave for Ottawa on the train that departed from St. John about ten o'clock.

That message was delivered to Mr. Carter after Mr. Scovil had received his dump in the mud. But the message was taken in good faith and every enquiry, both personally and by telephone was made at the Royal Hotel office to ascertain who had called up the writer of this article.

Mr. Scovil evidently thought better of his Royal Hotel ambush. There was too much electric light about the place to suit him. The darkness of the south side of King Square was more to his taste. Besides there was a convenient residence to retreat to there, where as a matter of fact after the assault he washed the blood off his face and tried to clean his clothes. And besides he was evidently well aware that it was at the head of King street that Mr. Carter took the street car for his residence.

But the sequel to his conversation with the traveller on that day or the next day following his treacherous assault, shows that his idea was in line with the foolish and sensational notion that any man who attacks another, with a whip of any sort, degrades him. Had he succeeded in his intention to deliver such a chastisement, as he no doubt intended to do, he might have felt some degree of satisfaction, but to show himself up as a treacherous assailant, to make no mark upon, or even bruise his opponent, to be thrown and grovelled in the mud, and to be bruised and battered himself, must indeed have been a humiliating retribution for him. So, as was said before, the next day or the day after that he met the traveller, who had consulted and advised with, and the latter asked him how he made out in the "scrap."

"Oh first rate," was his reply, "I did what I intended to do, I degraded him by a whipping in the street."

"Well, I don't know," said the traveller, "but if I should judge by your appearance, when you came into the Dufferin Hotel after the tussle it seemed to me as though you were the one who was degraded."

But this is enough of an incident that must be regretted by those who instigated it and which cannot be pleasant to many of the readers of PROGRESS. The history of journalism in St. John—and no doubt in other cities—has not been free from such affairs in the past and mayhap the future will see more of them. The newspaper that it fearless always lays its writers open to personal attack and the ablest journalists whom St. John has known have experienced—in common with those less able—the unpleasantness of personal conflict.

Will Proceedings Be Taken?

It is rumored that one of the ex-police-men will take legal proceedings in a short time to ascertain just what his share is of the police fund that he helped to accumulate when he was on the force. The reasons which prevent those at present on the force, who have a share in the fund but who, on account of their position, dare not ask the chief what the amount of his share is or where it is, will not prevent the men who have left the force from making inquiry. PROGRESS suggests to them, however, that before taking any such proceedings they should address a communication to the trustees of the fund asking them to call a meeting and gave a statement of the same.



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IT IS SAID—OVER IN HALIFAX

That several Halifax young men lost money on the Corbett-Sharkey fight.

That the young lady who frequents Hollis street is in real earnest.

That the attorney general has taken to the study of Lindley Murray.

That the damp weather during the past week has taken the color out of—a good many things.

That the Queen Annex rooms are all let now.

That the book agent on Hollis street has abandoned the use of all hair restoratives.

That Ex-Alderman Worrall is still in hiding and thinks he is a "smart 'un."

That C—cannot tell what end the mother has in view when she spansks her child.

That the quality of the Electric light is like mercy,—not strained, but very hard on the consumers.

That the "man of pork" is sharpening his knife for "Caliph."

That the "correspondent of PROGRESS" is an unknown quantity, but he has the faculty of "getting there."

That Cliff continues to saw frozen water at the old stand.

That it's a case of "love at first sight" but the dentist continues to draw.

That three times three are nine despite G's effort to prove to the contrary.

That the Gottigen street belle has been told too often. She needs her tongue tied.

That the police intend clearing out portions of South Brunswick street,—in 2,000 A. D.

That a few more letter-boxes on the business streets would be appreciated.

That a charming and coy maiden well-known in society will enter counubial bliss before the snow flies.

That the identity of "Pendennis" is still unsolved, although many "smart alecs" claim to know.

That the chicken thieves in the north end are known by their dark ways.

TWO HOMELY BUT TRUE SAYINGS.

If the Shoe Don't Fit why wear it?

Guilt is Ever Indignant when Detected.

SNAKES AND NOTHING ELSE.

The Sole Product of Linkville Near the Southern Boundary of Oregon.

'Linkville,' or 'Klinmath Falls,' is situated in an obscure corner over the California border line in Oregon, and may be reached in twenty-four hours' travel from San Francisco. You have only to take the northern-bound train for Ager, thence a stage line of about twenty miles conducts you to your destination.

It is impossible to associate 'snakes' with the beautiful and varying scenery through which you pass as far as Klamath Hot Springs. Trees and streams and all the glories of mountain scenery greet you

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on every hand. You drive through a luxuriant growth of evergreens and shrubbery; you breathe the soft air of Shasta and Siskiyou. But when you have left Klamath Hot Springs a few miles behind, there is an appreciable difference in the landscape. Sparsity of vegetation is the first observable change. At every turn of the road the aspect becomes more barren, more forlorn, and more desolate. Finally, you seek in vain for a tree or a shrub, and at last, dust covered and weary, you pull up at a dry, withered village that produces nothing on its hard, rocky soil but revolting snakes. You have reached Linkville, the haunting retreat of serpents.

There is a bridge in Linkville that spans Klamath River. From this bridge, which is a vantage point as far as view is concerned, a most extraordinary sight meets the eyes. Along the river banks, at irregular intervals of a few yards, are seen dark balls ranging from a foot to three feet in diameter. They are stationary and as passive as a boulder, which they resemble in color. But if a stone is hurled at any of these strange spheres, to your horror snakes will crawl off in every direction, and the ball will melt away as lard melts in a frying pan. The repulsive creatures that have thus been coiled up in a perfect sphere glide away under rocks, and one minute later not a snake is to be seen in that particular spot. But the other balls of snakes in the vicinity are little disturbed by the stone. A close inspection will reveal only a moving head or twitching tail in the mass that before looked like an immovable boulder. Those that were scattered, however, may later seek the neighboring spheres or in a few minutes slink out of their hiding places and reassemble themselves in balls.

As has been said, Linkville is in a very barren district. Nothing whatever grows upon the rocky soil, not even sag, rush. And so the river banks, which are a mass of driftwood and rocks, seem a befitting place for snakes. But it is surprising that they should develop in such great numbers. When not rolled in balls, they may be seen slipping in and out among the rubbish, and the ground for yards will be a squirming wriggling mass.

These snakes are perfectly harmless. Indeed, if it were not for this fact Linkville would not be habitable, for while the immediate neighborhood of the river is their favourite haunt, they roam for many hundreds of yards away, and may be seen along the road ways and around the houses and creeping over the porches. They possess a marked degree of tameness. You may pick them up with impunity, and children play with them on the doorsteps.

The Linkville snakes are dark in color, with two yellowish stripes on their backs. The average size is about an inch and a half in diameter and a yard in length, though many are smaller and some attain much greater proportions.

The Duchess of Somerset, who, like her Grace of Portland and other duchesses, springs from an untitled family, is as versatile and accomplished even as the Countess of Warwick; and, indeed, her gifts largely take the same direction. Possessed of a striking and graceful figure and a charming manner, she is a centre of admiration in society. She rides to bounds as cleverly as most men, is an expert cyclist and a beautiful dancer and skater.