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SCOVIL'S BIG MISTAKE

HE WINS NOTORITY FOR HIMSELF VERY QUICKLY.

And Starts People Talking About Something They had Forgotten by Treacherously Assaulting the Editor of "Progress" on the Public Streets.

Now Carter defend yourself!
First the blow and then the challenge.

The scene was the street crossing near the Dufferin hotel and the actors were Harry (Scovil) and E. S. Carter of PROGRESS.

It happened last Saturday evening about seven o'clock (when the rain was descending in torrents and all men and women peaceably inclined were hurrying homeward.

Mr. Carter had hailed a street car that had left the head of King Street and was just about to board it, when he received a stunning blow on the side of the head behind the ear and heard the words quoted above.

Almost dazed by the unexpected and treacherous assault he forgot all about the car (and turned to meet his assailant who had struck him such a cowardly blow when his back was turned. In the half darkness he could see a tall figure coming again toward him aiming another blow at his head.

Quickly raising his umbrella he warded off the blow and with no knowledge even at that time of who was attacking him rushed toward his adversary and grappled with him.

Then it was no longer a man with a club or a clubbed whip striking from behind that he had to engage but somebody he could feel was in his power.

The scuffle was a short one. The hats of each flew in different directions but, notwithstanding that the cape of his mackintosh had blown over Mr. Carter's head and he was able only to feel and not to see his assailant he managed to throw him in the mud of Charlotte street.

For a moment it was doubtful who would remain on top but the newspaper man held his own and had his antagonist at his mercy.

By this time a large crowd had gathered. Friends of both parties appeared upon the scene and a dozen hands pulled the two men who were struggling in the gutter apart.

Then for the first time Mr. Carter recognized the voice of his opponent as the latter pleaded of those who were separating them, and these were the words he used, "Don't let him hit me when he's getting up! Don't let him hit me when he's getting up!"

That was practically the end of the fracas which ended as suddenly as it began. Scovil however made one more rush in his madness at being cheated out of the satisfaction of beating Mr. Carter, saying as he did so "I'll learn you to ruin my family" and "You've ruined my family!" "You've ruined my family," but his friends or those who stood near hustled him up the south side of King square, where he entered the residence of a friend and washed away the stains of the conflict as far as he was able. That wasn't very material, however, for his beauty and his clothes had been ruined in the conflict.

Mr. Carter soon after went home to supper as he had intended to do when attacked.

Then the question naturally was asked, "Why had Scovil attacked Mr. Carter?"

Few could answer the conundrum but it soon began to be whispered around that Mr. Scovil had been persuaded that a certain article headed "Stuck on her Shape" which had appeared in PROGRESS a fortnight before was intended to refer to his wife and her family.

The traditional nine days allowed for talk had passed and if anyone had given the anecdote more than a passing thought or had tried to fix it upon any person or persons in particular they no doubt had forgotten all about it. But Mr. Scovil's ill advised and foolish action made it a thousand times more public than it ever was before. To show how little he had to go upon and how far his imagination led him the article is reprinted as it appeared in PROGRESS three weeks ago:—

"STUCK ON HER SHAPE."

A NEW KIND OF ENTERTAINMENT AT AN AFTER NOON RECEPTION.

A very good story is told with considerable relish by the ladies when they make their afternoon calls



LAST SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHARLOTTE STREET SCENE.

Showing Mr. Carter of Progress About to Board a Street Car Which Had Just Stopped for Him and Harry Scovil in the Act of Striking Him From Behind.

now-a-days. It seems that the wife of a very erect and official looking citizen who has a fine moustache, had a small reception one afternoon during which she began to boast of the remarkable figure or "shape" of her daughter who, though married for some time, still retains those beauties of form that attracted her proud young husband. Her mother was not content with describing the perfect contour of her daughter, but suggested that if she was asked she might consent to display her perfect figure. The request seemed to be forthcoming, for soon after, to the surprise of the ladies there the young lady appeared with no more clothing on than a South Sea Island belle usually wears. Admiration of the beautiful form contended with the bewilderment of the caller at this new form of afternoon entertainment which seemed to satisfy the audience so thoroughly that the most of it departed somewhat hurriedly.

Now, but for Mr. Scovil's action, who would have thought the article printed above referred to his wife! There are the best of reasons for thinking otherwise, but the occurrence of Saturday evening last has placed him and those whom he thought he was defending in a position before the public that is not to be envied. Perhaps it is best not to comment upon this phase of the matter further. The friends of himself and his family are more distressed than can be imagined at the pointed publicity he has given to an incident that had well nigh passed out of the recollection of the general public.

Sometime after the fracas it was said that Mr. Scovil went to the police office gave himself up and deposited \$50 with his father-in-law the chief of police. Then the amount was reduced by report to \$20. Finally it was stated that the money was left with the chief in case an information for assault was made. The amount was not produced by the chief—perhaps, because it was not called for.

But was that the reason why the chief circulated so freely about the scene of the conflict a short time afterwards, looking for witnesses? or was he busy telling the story that "his son-in-law had given Carter a whipping and broken his face all up." Perhaps it was as well to give the lie to this report as promptly as Mr. Carter did when half an hour afterwards he appeared without a scratch or a mark of any kind.

A Preliminary Conversation.

Last Saturday afternoon, about 1:30 o'clock, as Mr. Carter, the editor of PROGRESS; was going to his dinner, he dropped into the grocery store of Mr. Baxter at the corner of Pitt and Leinster streets, and transacted some business. While there he noticed a young man, very much taller than the average individual, leaning against the counter, but he paid no attention to him as his appearance was not striking enough to warrant it. But, while proceeding across the street on his way home, he was halted by a call from the same young man who

had followed him out of the store and across the street, and in reply to the question, "Is your name Mr. Carter?" he answered in the affirmative.

"Connected with PROGRESS?"

"Yes."

"My name is Scovil, I have been away from the city and only returned home a day or two ago, but I believe that, during my absence, an article that appeared in PROGRESS some two weeks ago headed 'Stuck on her Shape' is thought generally throughout the city to refer to my wife and her mother, Mrs. Chief Clark."

"You are giving me news, Mr. Scovil, I never heard of your wife's name in connection with the paragraph of which you speak. I did hear of another lady's name mentioned in that connection, but it was not your wife's," was the reply of Mr. Carter.

"Well, I do not care about that but everybody in town is talking about my wife in connection with this article."

"I can't help that, Mr. Scovil," said Mr. Carter, "you will have to get after the people who are talking."

"No," replied Mr. Scovil, "I hold you responsible because the article first appeared in your paper."

"Correct you are," said Mr. Carter, "its first appearance in print was in PROGRESS, but it only appeared there, because a lot of people were talking about it and interested in the anecdote."

"Well," replied Mr. Scovil, "what I want you to do, and what you must do, is in the next issue of PROGRESS to deny that it was my wife that was referred to in that article 'Stuck on her Shape.'"

Looking at him somewhat in amazement, Mr. Carter replied, "That is impossible, Mr. Scovil, because I cannot deny what I have not asserted. You have told me for the first time that the lady whom everybody in town associates with the paragraph, is your wife. I will tell you what I will do, however, if you are unwise enough to publish names about this matter at this day, when the whole talk has nearly died out, you can put anything you wish in PROGRESS over your own signature regarding it."

Mr. Scovil did not seem to take kindly to this idea for he replied that he didn't propose to write anything to the paper at all, and that he held Mr. Carter responsible and insisted that he should deny it.

Mr. Carter replied, "I cannot deny, Mr. Scovil, what I never asserted."

Then said Mr. Scovil, "I will hold you responsible."

"That of course is your privilege," said Mr. Carter.

After this very quiet, but earnest conversation, the two departed, each going his own way.

How Scovil Laid His Plans.

One of the funniest things in connection with this affair was the interview that Mr. Scovil had on Saturday afternoon with a brother traveler, who was stopping at a leading hotel. When the latter told the story it was a day or two after the Saturday fracas, and the person whom PROGRESS got it from was an interested listener to the tale that completed the humiliation of Scovil. This brother traveler of his, whom he met some time before was seated in the writing-room of his hotel Saturday afternoon and Scovil, seeing him there as he was passing, tapped upon the window after which he entered the building and, greeting the traveler asked him in quite an excited way if he had a room in the house. Upon learning that he had he said that he wished to speak privately with him. Immediately the two repaired to the room occupied by the traveler. Closing the door carefully Mr. Scovil told the traveler that he wanted him, upon his honor as a man, to promise that he would be silent upon what he was going to tell him, until after he had thrashed a newspaper man who had slandered his family.

The traveller knew nothing of what he meant, and, as he related it, having come into town but a short time before had no idea of the delusion under which Scovil was laboring, but having met him several times while on the road, he was ready enough to promise silence upon something he knew nothing of and cared less about. Then it was that Scovil produced a sort of a dog whip, quite long in the handle and with a short lash attached to the end. He evidently was not an adept in the use of it, for one of his objects in asking the traveller upstairs was to get him to instruct him how he might handle the weapon to the best advantage.

"But what do you want of that thing?" said the traveller, "why don't you use your fists. Your big enough surely to handle almost any man."

"Ah" said Scovil, "that is not the point. I want to degrade him, and nothing will do that but attacking him with a whip."

Then he proceeded to point out how neatly he had arranged the whole affair. He had telephoned, or was about to telephone, to the newspaper man's house, and get him to come to the Royal Hotel at half past seven o'clock, or a quarter to eight, and he was going to wait for him in front of the Royal Hotel, which he considered

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MINUS LIFE PARTNERS.

CAPABLE AND ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MAN A FREDERICTON LAWYER

Who Have not Joined the Ranks of the Benedicts—Their Claims for Admission Cannot be Disputed—A Description of Some of Them.

FREDERICTON Nov. 25.—PROGRESS story of the bachelors of Fredericton last week created a sensation far greater than was anticipated. Those who figured in the article all expressed their thorough approval at the manner in which their qualifications for matrimony were placed before the public, and all were no doubt proud of the fact that their claims for distinction had at last been recognized. The only disappointed one it appears were those bachelors who did not receive attention in the first article. The fact that consideration of quite a number had to be deferred for want of time and space, has been the means of arousing no little curiosity as to the identity of those likely to figure in the sequel. In view of the anxiety and possible loss of sleep that some of the over looked ones might experience from further delay, it is perhaps advisable in the interests of all parties that their good points should be placed before the public this week.

PROGRESS finds on looking over the list of eligible bachelors still to be dealt with, that a very respectable per centage of them belong to the legal fraternity; claims of three of these were given to the world last week, and there are no less than five to receive attention. No doubt these gentlemen are quite competent to plead their cases but as it would not be in strict accordance with the rules of legal etiquette for them to do so in this instance PROGRESS has undertaken to act for them. Although there was no previous understanding in the matter, it is perhaps only fair, that they be allowed to have whatever advantage that might occur from being placed first on this week's list.

Mr. C. E. Arthur Simonds, being the senior of the quintette, is entitled to the first consideration. He is a bachelor of many years standing and seems to possess in his makeup the traits that characterize the perfect gentleman. He is tall and stately, and moves along with a graceful easy stride, that always ensures for him an unobstructed pathway. He is somewhat sombre in appearance, and this fact is apt to give one the opinion that he prefers his own society to that of others, but an acquaintance with him soon dispels the illusion. Mr. Simonds's qualifications for matrimony are an illustrious ancestry, a snug bank account, a fairly lucrative law practice, a good knowledge of men and affairs, an unassuming manner, a generous nature, and a ripe experience as a bachelor.

Mr. Hugh G. Nesles, the junior member of the firm of Black, Blois and Nesles is generally classed as one of the most promising young barristers of Fredericton. He has only been practicing a short time, but long enough to have his exceptional ability and great legal attainment recognized by the government of his native province, which recently conferred upon him the very old and honorable title of a justice of the peace. No doubt the government recognizing his usefulness to the state, would gladly have knighted him at the same time had it been in their power to do so. Mr. Nesles has been generously endowed by nature with good looks, calculated to cause a young lady, beholding him for the first time, to almost lose her head. In addition to his good looks, Squire Nesles has an attractive manner, a substantial income, a well cultivated taste, an eye for the beautiful, and numerous other characteristics which members of the opposite sex admire in a man.

No young lady reader of PROGRESS with an eye to business should content herself in this city any length of time without by some hook or crook making the acquaintance of Mr. Allan B. Wilmot, though perhaps he does not realize the fact himself, is considered by many to be one of the most desirable matrimonials in the field. The scion of a noble family the son of an ex M. P., the grandson of an ex governor and the bearer of a name honored and respected the whole province over would in itself be sufficient to commend Mr. Wilmot to almost any ambitious young lady did he possess no other qualifications which is not the case. As a matter of fact he is the only

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