

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1900.

THE "LAST CAR" CROWD.

The City Boys who Visit North End Girls and North End Boys who go 'to town.' "Well its the strangest thing to me," said an observant car conductor to PROGRESS the other day, 'how the North End boys persist in going to town in quest of sweethearts and the city fellows seek out their fair ladies from among the gentler ranks in old Portland.' And the conductor about hit the nail on the head.

"It falls to my lot once and a while," he said, "to have the 'last car' roll, and from the minute we leave the foot of Indiantown until the foot of Portland is reached we are constantly picking up these love-lorn youths, who have 'played the limit' as far as the car schedule is concerned, and who by clever calculation have the 'exact' moment of the last car's arrival in mind. We start gathering them in at Kennedy street and as we approach Albert the motorman bangs the gong, a sort of a friendly tip you know to the 'wandering boys' on the back streets. Some perhaps are already waiting on Main street corner for us, but a shrill whistle or hoot from the depths of Albert street tells me to hold the car for a few seconds till that fellow a few blocks away gets aboard.

No sooner do we get under way again until the power is off, and a delegation from the vicinity of Main street church joins the party. Adelaide street and its locality yields a goodly crop of beaux, but Douglas Avenue breaks all records. Last Sunday night, would you believe it, no less than twelve city young men all 'steadies' piled aboard at Hoben's drug store. It was a stormy night you'll remember and nobody attempted the walk. By this time we had about twenty fares in the box, everyone of them tickets, for you know these 'regular callers' are economically inclined and take advantage of the six-for-a quarter fares.

Every fellow is of course in elegant humor and some good old times they have all to themselves until town is reached, joking one another about bent collars, mussed hair or a twisted necktie. Nobody gets mad and its a regular familiar party, for the boys have long been acquainted. It a new chap happens aboard some night he is promptly catechised by the beau-in-chief—a Douglas Avenue frequenter—and the crowd initiate him into the mysteries of the "Grand Finale Transportation club."

When Douglas Avenue is passed the cars is slowed up at Elm street, at Harrison and then at Portland. Still they come and not until the transfer station is reached do the North End invaders cease climbing aboard. Here a few take the last transfer car and distribute themselves between Paradise Row and King Square on that route, but the majority speed on along the main line.

Union street and a few get off foot of King street and a half dozen more depart. Before the car circles South End some of the North End boys take passage after bidding a prolonged adieu to their sweethearts, than the city boys are privileged to do. By the time King Square is reached every city fellow is at home, and the car is filled with the return crowd.

And so it goes on week in and week out said the conductor who takes in these things.

"Uncle" Henry Akerley.

One of Indiantown's landmarks is "Uncle" Henry Akerley. He is now upwards of eighty five years of age and still his plenteous locks are only sparsely commingled with grey, retaining a predominance of the dark asburn shade. He is to day more spry and active than a great many young men and is at present busily participating in and superintending the erection of a large dwelling house on Main street, succeeding his Lorne Hotel, which shared the fate of other Indiantown buildings last spring. "Uncle" Henry has a quick elastic step, climbs a ladder with celerity and seems entirely free from the infirmities to which so many old people are heirs. It has not been many months since the venerable Indiantowner sustained a fractured leg, which relegated him to a hospital ward for some weeks. But despite the anxiety of his relatives and friends, who feared a physical collapse in consequence, he recovered as rapidly as a stout-limbed youth and was soon about as ever. As a lover of horseflesh "Uncle" Henry is notorious, and it is not uncommon to see him perched jockey-like on a high-wheeled sulky manipulating a cautious rein over a spirited animal. Indiantown is still Indian-

ALL AROUND THE CITY

Items of Interest Gathered from All Over the City and Country.

town, though the big fire did its best to shake its foundation, and Indiantown will continue to be Indiantown as long as "Uncle" Henry Akerley and a few other old time residents are above ground to preserve the folklore of that extreme end of town.

Where are Those St. John Boers?

Ever since Lord Roberts' clever strategy has been bearing fruit on the South Africa fields the pro-Boers of St. John and elsewhere have been as mutes. They suddenly found their quietus in the relief of Kimberly, the aggressive pursuit of Cronje, Buller's Ladysmith operations and finally the surrender of the Boer general on Monday. And yet it seems strange that these bombastic citizens, who but ten days ago were almost ready to take up arms and join the American-Hibernian contingent against England, should cool off so soon and calm themselves. Who knows but what they might even now have been southwards bound if the tide of events on the veldt were adverse to Her Majesty's cause. But they are not. They are safely included among the loyal citizenship of St. John where they continue to enjoy the freedom and protection the Union Jack affords the world over; some holding government positions, drawing pay from Her Majesty, some are doing profitable business, others are supposed to be our public protectors, while more elevated personages familiar to all citizens are known to have expressed themselves other than favorable to British interests during the uphill struggle of a short time ago. Now that the war is "coming our way" a little, so are the pro-Boers, but the treatment they are receiving among those loyal to the cause of Great Britain is evidencing disgust for them in many ways.

How do You Pronounce Cr-o-n-j-e?

How do you pronounce Cr-o-n-j-e? Is it Kronje, Kronee, Kronj or Cronnee? This poor, unfortunate Boer general, if he only knew to what extent his questionable name is being mispronounced, and the agony inflicted thereby upon a long-suffering world, he would undoubtedly from a standpoint of humanity set the matter aright, as wisely as he surrendered on Monday last for the same noble cause.

The best-informed people have differed on the pronunciation of the name and are still differing. Cronje is the most popular version with Cronee a close second, but those who pose as authorities on Transvaal are pleased to dub the prisoner chieftain Cronnee, with the o sound as in "crow"—a regular old "cronney." But that's not so much matter after all! The Empire, which is greatly threatened with becoming still a greater empire, is rejoiced to know that Mr. T. A. Piet Cronje is in safe British keeping and the pronunciation his insignificant name counts nothing, at present at any rate, although it may when the war's ledger is being posted.

Good Times for Millmen.

It is going to be a "good times" summer with North End millmen and mill employes in general. The lumber market prices are high and the demand for that principal product is decidedly brisk and promises to be so all summer. Contracts have been made with the Indiantown sawing establishments for lumber up to September first, which ensures the summer months for the milling class. This is good news. Stetson & Cutler's mill is being made ready for a start as soon as possible and Randolph & Baker's mill at Randolph is only waiting navigation's opening.

A Rare Treat Indeed.

Persons who did not take advantage of the opportunity afforded this week of seeing the Biograph pictures in the Institute missed a rare treat indeed. The arrival of General Buller at Capetown, of Lord Kitchner in England after his Soudan campaign and the moving pictures of England's best regiments on parade, were scenes of course just as they really were, as cameras are not in the habit of lying. The panoramic scenes in the Canadian Rockies, in England, in Wales and other parts, taken from in front of a fast moving train were

educating in themselves, and all needed to make the surroundings complete was the fresh air to breathe, and sound. The instrument photographing the scenery being in front of the train, the onlooker is carried forward with a delightful train motion viewing the landscape as it really aboard the train. The pictures were brought here through the instrumentality of Col. Merkhams for the benefit of the contingent fund, and if the venture was not productive of extraordinary finances, it was a much appreciated entertainment by those who attended.

J. NOEL SCOVIL IN PARIS.

A St. John Boy Studying Art Successfully in the Gay French Capital.

J. Noel Scovil, a St. John boy, son of Mrs. D. P. Chisholm and who of late years has shown no little talent in the line of illustration art work, is soon to arrive home from his studies in the famous Julien School in Paris, where he has been for over a year past. Judging from samples of his work sent home Noel has certainly improved most wonderfully during his comparatively short stay abroad and it augurs well for his success in newspaper illustration, which line of work he first intends entering. Already some of his primary attempts have appeared in PROGRESS and, though they are not old "cuts," yet they far from do the St. John boy justice in his present state of proficiency.

The sample sketches sent home by Noel are in pencil, pen and ink, and water colors, and cover a wide range of subjects, including architecture, portraits, book covers, poster painting, unique lettering etc., and are well worth seeing. His subjects are mostly Parisian and some humorous sketches of himself and other familiar faces speak well for his prospects in cartooning and caricaturing.

On December 13th last the American Art Association, of which Noel is a member, held a minstrel performance, our St. John friend being among what the elaborate programme called "chord-weavers,"—the general chorus. The American Art Association affords to American Canadian and English art students a place of meeting, opportunities for culture and recreation, facilities for the promotion of good-fellowship, the advantages of organized effort and a stimulus to sustain attachment to home and country. In its clubhouse at 2 Impasse de Conti in Paris, with the well-stocked library and bright reading rooms, commodious parlors where the exhibitions and art entertainment are held and the good, but moderate priced restaurant, it has already made a fair start toward achieving this no small object. The great American citizen John Wanamaker is its founder.

Our young townsman writes home most interestingly of the gay French capital, letters which will appear later in PROGRESS along with samples of his latest and best work.

Another "Court's Block."

Messrs. Court, owners of the big block of buildings in Indiantown known as Court's Block before the big fire of last May, have decided to rebuild in the spring. This settles the question whether or not the square of land upon which the old block stood is to be used for public purposes or not. The idea of a tiny park, or breathing spot was mooted in Common Council circles quite freely just after the North End blize, and found considerable favor. It was argued that should the city expropriate the land a public square might be created—or else a market place for river business traffic. Then again Court's Block was considered a menace to the safety of buildings roundabout, some said, because it carried the conflagration last May from one block to another. But the Council did not take any action in the matter. Conferences were held and the dollars and "sense" end of the question taken seriously into consideration. Messrs. Court wanted five thousand dollars for their loss—that is, the work they had put on the foundation and the Simonds estate asked the modest figure of ten thousand dollars for the site.

Naturally our common legislators thought \$15 000 chilly dollars a tidy sum for any such delicacy as an open spot in Indiantown and promptly dismissed the idea. Now Messrs. Court will rebuild.

"Hello Girls" Were Busy.

It is doubtful if there is a class of workaday people in the whole city who come in for more unkind words and thoughts than do the young ladies of the Central telephone office. Just because "central" can't give each and every person the connections they want at the very moment they "ring up" its all blamed on the overworked operator in the office of wires and batteries. On Tuesday, especially in the morning when the good war news arrived, it seemed, so says the chief operator as if the whole town were calling up a number. Everybody wanted to learn of Cronje's capture and for an hour or so a full staff of "hello girls," with two assistants failed in a certain degree to give fullest satisfaction, not because the staff was insufficient, but owing to the overpowering number of calls and counter calls all at once. The wires veritably hummed with interrogations and the newspaper and telegraph offices were bothered beyond description. However the news was not long in being spread into the uttermost parts of the town, and as far the suburban telephone system extended. So don't blame "central" friends, if on a day like Tuesday you have to wait your turn at the 'phone.

Progress Pressmen Celebrate.

Shortly after the gladsome news of General Cronje's capture swept St. John in a tornado of enthusiasm the employes of PROGRESS pressroom celebrated the event by tapping a barrel—of ink.

A Careful Decision.

The precise value of relationship in determining what degree of intimacy should prevail between strangers was recently determined 'up country' by a decision of Uncle Hiram's which has been printed in the New York World. A stranger stopped his backboard before the gate and called out, "How be ye?" in a cheerful voice.

Uncle Hiram surveyed the outfit suspiciously from where he sat on the farmhouse steps, waiting for dinner.

"Wa-al, he replied, slowly, 'I dunno as I need any elixer o' life er sure cure fer consumption.'

'I aint no patent medicine vender. I'm—' began the stranger.

'Nor lightnin' rods aint a fav'rite investment o' mine,' broke in Uncle Hiram.

'I tell ye I'm—' again the stranger started to explain.

'And I've got all the books I want. Got more readin' than I ken 'tend ter since the encyclopedyer teller roped me in,' added Uncle Hiram.

'I aint no book agent,' said the stranger. 'I'm—'

'Nuther do I hold by patent plows, ner churns, ner win'mills, ner nothin', interrupted Uncle Hiram.

'I aint sellin' nothin'; I'm sorter a cousin of yourn,' announced the stranger, with desperate rapidity.

'Ye be?' queried Uncle Hiram, doubtfully.

'I be,' affirmed the stranger. 'My maw's cousin' Amander Meddergras, married a uncle o' yourn, Sils Harrower.'

'Ya-as, I've hearn tell o' something' like thet,' acknowledged Uncle Hiram. 'Wa-al, put yer hoss in the barn; thet's good enough for dinner, but ye can't stay all night on it, mind ye.'

China's Undeveloped Resources.

An indication of some of the important industrial effects which may be expected to follow the opening up of China, is given in recent reports concerning the Chinese tree called the 'tu chung.' Both French and English botanists assert that this tree contains a valuable substance resembling rubber, or gutta-percha. Mr. Weiss, of Owens college, believes that the substance is a true caoutchouc, and that the tree will become of great economic importance.

CAUGHT IN A LAVA STREAM.

The Perilous Experience of an English Mount-Climber.

Mr. A. R. Watson, an English mount-climber, recently had a very remarkable experience on the great Hawaiian volcano, Mauna Loa, which he ascended with a party of five, with guides, a pack mule train and a week's provisions. His story of the ascent is told in the London Daily Mail.

Mr. Watson had spent a night with his party on the mountain, and at noon on the following day was engaged in exploring the southern lava stream which finds its way down the side of the volcano. With no thought of danger he wandered entirely away from his friends and the guides.

Coming to the broad lava stream, he sat down under the shelter of a promontory of rocks, and gazed upon the great slow river of fire flowing before him. It followed a straight course down the mountain, while, at some distance below, it entered a thicket of trees which seemed as he watched it through his glass, to have remarkable powers of resisting combustion from the lava.

He continued thus until almost night-fall, when he started to return to camp. As he turned, leaving the lava stream at his back, he saw another stream before him. He thought at first that he had been gazing so long at the Molten river that it had caused him to see lava in whatever direction he looked and he walked on, expecting to find hard ground still beneath his feet. But he soon perceived that he was between two lava streams, one of which cut him off from camp.

What had happened was this: While Mr. Watson had been sitting beneath the rock, the stream of lava had widened. The rock that sheltered him had divided it, and it was now flowing down to his left as well as to his right.

Then it occurred to him that he could go down the streams, and doubtless get around the head of the new one, and so escape. But before he had gone far he discovered that the new stream united with the old one a short distance farther down the mountain.

Mr. Watson was now, therefore, on an island of solid ground, with a river of fire all around him. He looked about in despair. As he did so, his eyes fell on the patch of woods below, which he had already noticed as evidently possessing the property of resisting the fire in some way. He ran to this, and perceived that some of the trees were not very large.

Drawing a small knife from his pocket, he hewed with it at the base of one of the smaller trees, intending to make a stilt on which to walk through the lava. It was ironwood, so called, and resisted his small knife blade almost like iron.

He backed on and on. Luckily the lava stream did not approach and more closely at this point. Night had now fallen, and as the lurid glare of the fire stream shut out distant objects on the mountain, he resolved to spend the night in making a pair of stilts, and in the morning to attempt an escape.

By daybreak his stilts, very heavy, very green, but with good fire-resisting qualities, were ready. He mounted them, and started straight through the lava stream. The stilts smoked and sizzled, but did not burn. The heat was frightful, blistering his face and hands. Summoning up his endurance, he walked deliberately on—for to hasten might mean a misstep, and a misstep would mean a fall, and a fall instant death.

He did not fall, and at last he came near the farther edge of the stream. There to his great joy, he saw people awaiting him. His friends had come in search of him, and encountering the lava stream had conjectured that he was beyond it.

Seeing him approaching, they met him at its very edge. As he reached out to them, one of his stilts burned entirely off, but as he fell he was caught and pulled to the solid ground. He was somewhat severely but not fatally burned, and in a rancher's house received care and surgical attention.

Curious Wanderers of Smoke.

During the volcanic eruption in the Hawaiian Islands last summer, the smoke rose to a height of between five and six miles, and then drifted away to the north-east. At a distance of 600 miles from Hawaii it settled upon the service of the sea, and was then carried back by the northeast wind to its place of origin, where it arrived a fortnight after its original departure, and covered the entire group of islands with its heavy pall.