

ELECTRIC CAR MEN.

They Exchange Their Experiences With People and Arrange a Code of Rules.

A few nights ago after the last car, the "seven past eleven red" had completed its circuit of the city and was finally comfortably housed for the night in the spacious sheds on Main street along with the two dozen or so other trolley vehicles, a crowd of motormen and conductors met in a lunch room near the car headquarters, and between the bites of luscious pie and the sips of delicious coffee they swapped their experiences of the day, and of several days prior. In fact the brass-buttoned fellows were seen in the midst of a grand interchange of incidents, amusing and otherwise, dating months back. PROGRESS happened along, produced the necessary recording instruments and this is what was heard:

After listening to the troubles of a few motormen and conductors, one discovers the reason why every motorman and conductor wears a scared look, has deep furrows in his brow and is as a rule gray-haired long before his time.

The patrons of street cars appear to imagine that the conductor owns the car, that he has knocked down so many fares that he is wondering how he will spend his income and that the motorman is a deaf and blind fool whose mission in life is to see how near he can come to running over every foot traveller, and how far he can make the car run after the signal to stop has been given.

This night in question after a particularly interesting exchange of troubles with cranks by the conductors and motormen somebody suggested the advisability of the motormen and conductors preparing a set of rules for the information of patrons of the cars, have them printed on a card which would fit in the breast pocket and

give one to every passenger. The idea was adopted and a committee of three appointed to draft a set of rules. A copy was handed to PROGRESS with a request that they be printed in The Only so as to reach the greater number. The rules are:

1.—Observing that a car you desire to board is approaching, remember that the minute you hand the conductor a nickel the car becomes your property. Dig into your clothes and fish out a plugged coin, a lead half dollar or five pennies. Take a position on the side walk, turn your back to the tracks and lose yourself in contemplation of the highest building, so that the motorman will have no suspicion that you wish to board his car.

2.—When the car has passed run into the middle of the street, shout long and loud frantically, wave your arms until all the smaller boys in sight begin to whistle and people on the sidewalk, thinking a runaway horse has taken to the sidewalk, fall over one another getting into doorways. When the car stops assume a ferocious look and walk slowly and in a dignified manner to the car. Never hurry, for violent exercise in the street is not dignified and may prove injurious.

3.—On boarding the car be sure to stamp on the toes of the men standing on the rear platform and scowl at the conductor.

4 It is also well to notify the conductor that you will have him discharged as soon as you can notify headquarters. Take his number and the number of his car in order to convince the other passengers that you are not making a bluff.

How to stop a car.
5. Wait until you are opposite where you want to get off and then shout and

create a lot of fuss. Nudge the person next to you in the ribs with your elbows. Just as the conductor reaches for the bell rope to give stop signal spring from your seat and grab the rope firmly with your right hand and give it a strong pull just as the conductor pulls. This will cause the hammer of the bell to hit the bell a hard whack and no metallic ring will be heard. The motorman with a crazy smile on his face is trying to run down a team on the track ahead of the car, and won't know you want off. When the car has gone two or three blocks beyond where you wanted to get off, let go the rope and the conductor will ring the stop signal. As you alight growl in a low savage tone and remark to the conductor that he don't know enough to run an ice wagon.

When paying fares always pass off any spurious coin you have, the larger the denomination the more change you will receive, and the more likely you likely you will be to bankrupt the conductor. You will have the satisfaction of knowing that all spurious money will be handed back to him when he makes his returns at the office. You may be sure that the amount of change he gave you will be deducted from his pay. If you don't happen to have any bad money, pay your fare in coppers under no circumstances ever hand over a five cent piece or a nickel, make the conductor earn his wages.

7. Make all the fuss you can about getting a transfer. If you board a car at Indiantown and want to go to Brussel street, don't ask for a transfer until you arrive at Hawker's Corner. Abuse him for not telling you it was the transfer station, threaten to have him arrested for abduction and institute a suit against the company for the loss of time worth \$10 an hour, because of the negligence of its servants.

8. How to leave a car: When the car is going at full speed make the leap. Never jump in the direction the car is going always face toward the rear end. Land with both feet firmly together so that you cannot avoid falling at full length. When you have been helped up and had the mud dug out of your eyes, say things to the empty-headed fellows on the rear platform, who ask if you are hurt.

9. If you can injure yourself in any way do so and bring suit against the company. Employ a doctor who will prove to the satisfaction of a jury that you are suffering from heart failure, congestion of the brain, gout or any other old thing, as a result of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.)

A Very Fishy Story.

A photograph of the "largest trout in the world" arrived at PROGRESS office this week from Campbellton and as cameras are not in the habit of perpetrating practical jokes on the people when properly handled, it is reasonable that the man who wrote the biography of the fish should be believed, at least it is polite to say so.

The photo shows a sloven team with a monster speckled fish chained upon it, and a man standing near by rod in hand, the rod by the way with which the finny giant was captured! Its a decidedly unique sight and even the Indian boy who is driving the sloven horse is ready to burst into a broad grin, although for what reason is not known. The Royal Hotel at Campbellton serves as the background to this extraordinary sight, while the proud angler is none other than the hotel proprietor, Mr. William Sproule.

Not having to criticize such results of the angler's art very often, PROGRESS showed the photograph to Mr. A. Gordon Leavitt, St. John's expert on birds and fish. He stood agast when the speckled goliath's picture met his eyes and mumbled a few natural historical phrases, quite like Gaelic to the ordinary being. Then his face took on a serious aspect and after the photograph had been carefully scrutinized he produced a magnifying glass. Another inspection under the enlarging process seemed to leave Mr. Leavitt in just as much doubt. "Is it really a trout?" was asked.

"Well if it isn't a trout I exactly can't say what it is," dubiously answered the piscatorial student. "It's got the lines of a trout, a trout's fin and tail and also the true trout's snout. It must be a trout or an imitation, but the man who made it is

certainly a wonderful artist, that is if it is a fake."

"Yes but do trout attain to such proportions?" PROGRESS enquired.

"Perhaps it may be some sort of a freak," Mr. Leavitt said, "for its the

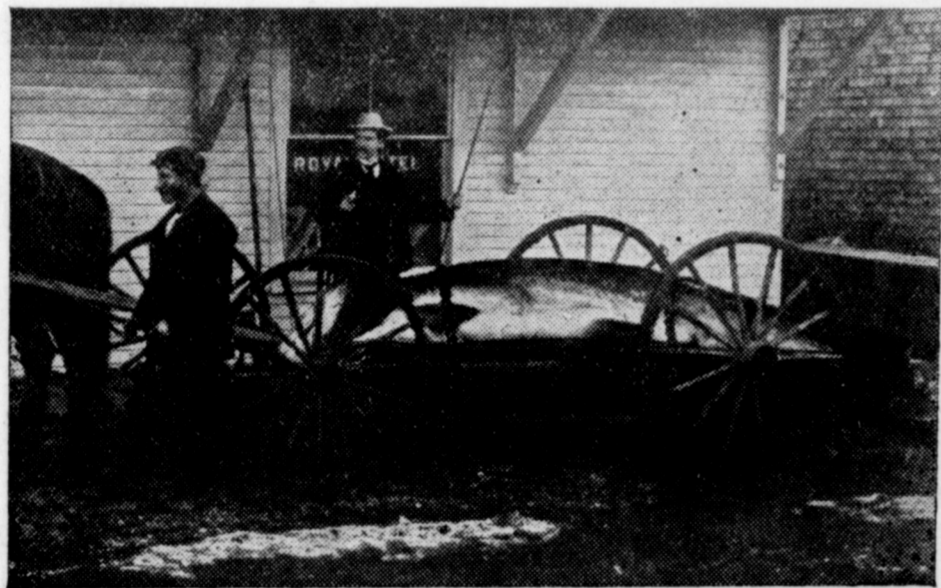
truest reproduction of a trout I ever saw."

The surmises and suppositions were indulged in in frantic endeavours to fathom the fishy mystery. A truck photograph was suggested, but Mr. Leavitt knows something of this art and by rules natural and otherwise he disproved any ideas in that direction. All at once a thought bobbed up against his tinkery, which made his genial face beam with a triumphal look.

"That's a two-inch iron chain by which that fish is securely fastened to that wagon, for it's just about the size of the fellows on the sloven wheel, and when I went to school a chain of that height would make some little impression, at least, on the jelly like body of a big dead fish. I therefore pronounce that trout bogus, perhaps wood! but by Jove the man who made it is an artist!"

This is all PROGRESS can vouch for, the photo of the trout is the only proof in St. John of its existence, but Mr. Sproule who claims to have caught it says it is 8 ft. 6 inches long and weighs 77 pounds. He has refused big offers for the fish, he writes, from American museums.

The Coleman frog of Fredericton isn't in it at this rate.



Martial Law in Fredericton.

A Hardware Clerk Arrested at Making Celebration and Guarded all Night.

The relief of Making is responsible for a whole lot of things, some sad, some humorous, among which was the following incident, to be classed in a class of its own however, we'll say the serio-comic. Fredericton was the scene of the happening and the time of its occurrence just about when the loyalists of the Celestial city were in the thickest of their demonstration.

Fire was discovered in the old sheds just above the officers quarters in the R. R. C. I. barracks but was soon put out. However the colonel was suspicious and feared the intoxicating influence of a superabundance of loyalty would prompt some mischievous ones to set fire to the old wrecks of building again, so he forthwith ordered out the guard. In military towns this procedure is always looked upon as other than trifling, it often times means a great deal. It so happened in this case.

A hardware store clerk, whether by design or innocence, was called within the rigid lines of redcoats by a St. John young man now serving in the active corps. Like a cat pounces upon a mouse the guard captured the unthinking civilian and the stern orders were that he should be imprisoned in the guard room.

Naturally the arrest of so popular a fellow, innocent of his breach of order, caused a commotion among those on the crowded streets and with breasts distended with

national pride and thirst for fair play of the same brand, they were on the brink of making a demonstration of a slightly different order.

The arrested clerk protested vigorously but in a gentlemanly manner about the way in which he was being treated, disclaiming any knowledge of having done wrong, but this engraved nary a glacier with the war-hungry stay-at-home fighters. Then a tussle ensued and emulating the example of the civilians of Making the ironmonger overwhelmed his more immediate besiegers and trekked with exception mobility toward his laager, which happened to be directly across the street.

In hot pursuit the surprised guard was but a few seconds in reaching the scene of their prisoner's disappearance. It was not known to them and their commander that the house in which they had taken refuge was "his castle," for only a short while before it was used as a club room. It was their ignorance of this fact that places the chagrin of the grand ha! ha! on them.

Their number was reinforced and a guard place immediately in front of the main entrance, while in the alley adjacent several other redcoats were told off to make the "criminal's" escape a matter of impossibility. The blissfulness of innocence

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.)

More Local Boers.

One would think by this time the Boers about St. John had had enough of "backwash," or in other words that they would keep themselves greatly in the background in view of the wave of true loyalty now on, but somehow or another they don't

located is of little interest. Nevertheless it was a public place and the assembled men represented on the one hand a number of peace-loving citizens and an American stranger, while the other half of the party appeared to be a clan of trouble-makers, that class of people who are always picking an argument for the sake of a scrap. Generally speaking they hailed from the York Point district and the ring leader was a partner in a Mill street bill liquor firm. Nobody was under the influence of the fiery beverage, which makes the case against the pro Boers all the stronger. If they had been in an intoxicated state their utterances and insults might have been attributed to the bad rum in them, but they were quite in their sound senses, but surly and overflowing with anti British venom.

A drill instructor, working with one of the local corps, was present in uniform and at once became the butt of a lot of coarse remarks, insults and low-down taunts from the surly contingent. They call him a 'British——', a "powder monkey" etc., the majority of their talk being unfit for decent ears to hear. Those of the other half of the party became greatly angered at such a display of disregard for Her Majesty's soldier and his uniform and remonstrated with the rowdies. This was just what the troublesome ones wanted, it was opposition they were after, and they got it!

Just as the Mill street mixed ale artist was shaking his fist under the soldier's nose, knowing that the military man dare not fight for fear of his losing stripes, a terrific uppercut a la Jeffries caught him under the chin and he went down in a heap. It was a stranger who had done the trick, a well-built stylishly dressed fellow who said with a decidedly Yankee twang that if it was trouble the toughs were looking for he could let them have a little himself.

Then the fun commenced, or rather the trouble, for it looked like everything else but fun for a few minutes. A King street millinery clerk tried to defend the soldier, whose hands were tied by strict military laws, and the big American, and three or four others peeled off their coats and went at the Boers hammer and tongs. In a short while the York Pointers had been beaten to a standstill, and with discretion they left the hotel, a sorry and a wiser lot.

The matter has been kept very quiet all week on a more than one account, but its sure and certain the local Boers are not giving the incident any extensive advertising.



Mr. W. S. Harkins.

This portrait of Mr. W. S. Harkins does not do him justice inasmuch as he is better looking today than when he had it taken well, say some half score of years ago. Unlike many of the gentlemen who are on the stage William finds but little time to devote to the photographer. His features however, do not need even the above representation of them to recall him to the good will and favor of maritime province people. His annual visits are a source of enjoyment that to a great extent is discounted in advance and it is safe to say that Mr. Harkins finds St. John an agreeable place to stay in. If business is good he is happy and, if any such event as the relief of Making makes outdoor amusement more attractive than his show then his philosophical calm surprises some of those who know what expense he is under. PROGRESS is glad to welcome Mr. Harkins again and at the same time to congratulate him upon the excellent company he has brought with him.

seem to realize the danger they are in when they start to defame the name of their Queen and Country before those who are naturally lovers of the Widow of Windsor and her imperial belongings.

On Saturday night, however, eight or ten of these rebel citizens were treated to some real old-fashioned British usage, the kind brought into play when anti-English guff is being handed out.

It was late, quite late, and fully a dozen and a half men were congregated in a certain hotel, but just where the hotel is

PROGRESS

CONTENTS

TODAY.

PAGE 1.—One of the best front pages for several weeks; it's right before you.

PAGE 2.—The University Centennial with numerous illustrations.

PAGE 3.—Dramatic and Musical, with illustration of the Harkins and press picnic on Mahogany Island in 1897.

PAGE 4.—Editorial on the Boer delegates in U. S., etc., Joys and Wees of Other Places, Poetry, Local Items.

PAGES 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Social Items of an especially bright and patriotic nature from all over the three provinces.

PAGE 9.—Another page of town tales tersely told, timely and true, including:

Last Saturday's Celebration.
St. John Men in Sydney.
Two Show Passes for a Coffin.
That Glare Across the Harbor.
Dilatory Civil Servants.
Chief Clark's Ultimatum Disregarded.

Dry Sundays at Rockwood again.
The Recruits of the 62nd Battalion.
Etc., etc., etc.

PAGES 10 and 11.—The closing chapters of that thrilling novelette, "Wild Valde's Elopement."

PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading Page, includes this week "The Pew and the Man In It," by Ian MacLaren.

PAGE 12.—The World's Greatest Battle—an interesting historical article.

PAGE 13.—Chat of the Boudoir—fashion fancies from the style centres.

PAGE 14.—Modern Bullet Wounds—Sir William McCormac's Observations on the South African War.

PAGE 15.—In the Prairie Country—a touching incident of far western life. Births, deaths and marriages of the week in maritime provinces.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired
Ducal 17 Waterloo.