

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, SATURDAY, JAN 19

WHY HE WAS ALONE.

Disquieting Experience by Barber to One of His Customers.

For a good many months he has been accustomed to drop into a little barber shop on the North Side three mornings out of each week and get shaved.

One morning last week he went into the shop at the usual hour and found no one here but the man who usually shaved him.

The barber received him pleasantly and set to work at once. He was well lathered and the shaving had begun when the barber made a curious remark.

"I had a strange customer in the chair this morning," he said. "He had two sets of eyebrows. I told him about it and wanted to shave off the extra pair, but he wouldn't let me and acted as though he was frightened about it."

"That was strange," said the man in the chair, beginning to feel extremely uneasy.

"Yes," went on the barber, as he waved his razor in graceful curves about the customer's chin, "it was rather queer. Then, a few minutes later, I noticed that both the boss and the man on the other chair had double sets of eyebrows, too. I told them about it. At first they laughed. I said I had worked here five years and I had never noticed those double eyebrows before. Then the boss said, 'Why, the man's crazy. Let's go and get the police.' Then they both ran out of the shop. That was just before you came in. Now, there isn't a thing the matter with me. I ain't crazy. Do you think I am? Do you notice anything queer about me?"

"Not a thing," said the man in the chair, as cold chills ran up and down his spinal column. "Not a thing in the world. Would you just as leave use cold water on my face."

The barber went back to the washbasin and the half-shaved customer jumped out of the chair and grabbing his hat, rushed out into the street.

He hasn't been back since and he doesn't know what became of the barber who saw double.

Soldiers' Bread.

A cooper in service in South Africa says that at one time on the march the biscuits gave out, and the soldiers were forced to eat flour.

What a job we had baking it! Four of us generally put our flour together, and took turns in cooking.

You've got it too wet, one would say. Far too wet!

It would taste just as well, said another, if you dispensed with some of the dirt you're mixing with it.

There came a man about the heat of the fire.

It's too hot!

It's not so, enough!

You must put ashes on the top, f. st. After the paste was baked it looked like a piece of breaded mud.

FRANCES KEPPLAR, AND HER DOLL.

Something of the Life of a Clever Little Dancer who Charmed Bangor.

Many Bangor people, and particularly those who visited Riverside park during the last week of the season last summer, will remember little Frances Kepplar, the dancer, who did her act with George Gorman of minstrel fame.

Frances formerly lived in Council Bluffs, Ia; and she has been dancing in public for the past two years. Frances was not trained for the stage. She simply came into the world dancing and has been dancing ever since.

But she was not always in the bright theatre and sometimes she got very tired of the poky boarding house and hotel rooms, and the long rides on trains.

Henrietta Louise is nothing remarkable as dolls go these days. She has the usual yellow hair and bright blue eyes.

As Frances dances at night and sleeps late the next morning, the dining room is nearly empty when they go down to breakfast, so Henrietta Louise wears a dark blue wrapper with an immaculate white apron.

At night, if Henrietta has been particularly good, she is permitted to wear her party dress, a very Frenchy look of striped silk, trimmed with lace and a belt of pink silk with jeweled clasps that would tarnish any doll's head.

On their return from the theatre, Frances must have her hair braided so it will be wavy next day, so Henrietta goes through the same proceeding.

Being a fine lady, Henrietta has her personal toilet articles, including a silver-backed mirror, brush and comb, powder box and puff, sponge, scissors, nail file, soap, perfume, tape measure and pin-cushion.

Dressing rooms are not always safe places to leave dollies or anything else of value, and one night Frances had a terrible night.

For one little second Francis felt as if her heart did not beat, and she almost fainted. But pretty soon she had a chance to run off the stage, just for a minute.

A man was standing in the wings, a man who was very big and tall, and who drew a great deal more salary than

Frances does, which is a great deal in a theatre, you know, and this name was Harry Lacey.

"O, Mr. Lacey—my dear Henrietta Louise—the door's open, and Miss King has a dog!"

See had to run back to the stage but Mr. Lacey understood. Away he flew to the rescue of Henrietta and carefully closed her door.

The phenomenon of a phosphorescent light at the top of the mast is one so rarely witnessed by others than superstitious sailors that it is seldom one finds an intelligent account of it.

On one occasion I was with others on board a small schooner at anchor off Tavoy Point, when a severe squall of wind and rain, accompanied by much thunder and lightning came on.

After the storm began to abate, we were aroused by a cry on deck: "There is a ball of fire at the masthead! We went up and saw what is very rarely seen, the fire of St. Elmo, or the fire of St. Elmo and St. Anne."

The St. Elmo that I saw did not envelop the masthead in a blaze at all, but it took the form of a perfect globe of phosphoric light, perhaps a foot in diameter.

After remaining some ten minutes the light grew fainter, and finally died out like a soap-bubble.

As the train approached a Vermont village, an elderly woman thrust her head out of the window opposite the refreshment room, says the Boston Courier, and shouted.

Little boy, she said, have you a mother? Yes, ma'am.

Are you faithful to your studies? Yes, ma'am.

Do you go to Sunday school? Yes, ma'am.

Do you say your prayers every night? Yes, ma'am.

Can I trust you to do an errand for me? Yes, ma'am.

"I think I can, said the boy, after a cautious pause and looking steadily down on the manly face. Here is five cents to get me an apple."

The sale of New Books is limited to those who can afford to pay fancy prices for them, and when it is announced that the Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal, has purchased the exclusive right to publish that clever Canadian story "The Man From Glengarry," one can envy the readers of that great paper.

One of the most useful hints ever given me in my work as a helper of souls, said the old minister one day, came from an aged Methodist minister who was stationed in a desolate part of North Carolina.

I had just been ordained, and had more zeal than discretion. A man who was not as zealous as myself I regarded as almost a criminal, to be dragged back from delirium by main force.

I went about a good deal with old Brother Ross, riding through the great pine woods or sailing over to the islands

on the coast, or which were some of his flock.

One day we passed a small island without landing. Nobody lives there now, said the old man, skirting the beach.

"Keep offshore," I said. They would soon make an end of us. Are they wolves?"

"No," said the old man, steering out to sea, "but they are fiercer and more blood-thirsty than wolves. A good many years ago the house of a farmer who lived on this island burned down, and he removed to the mainland.

"After we had sailed far past the island, the old man said: "Do you know, the so-called wicked folk whom I try to convert always remind me of those dogs?"

"A man is diligent in business; so far, so good. Presently business shuts out his other work in life. He grows sharp, greedy, and at last dishonest."

"A woman is thrifty; thrift is a virtue, but it grows rank, and she ends by being a miser."

"A lad is open handed; he degenerates into a spendthrift. A girl has a quick imagination; she may become a liar."

In dealing with such folk, remember that the vices are an unnatural growth; that there is virtue underneath. The beasts on yonder island are not by nature wolves; they were once friendly dogs."

"I never forgot the lesson," said the old clergyman. "Since then I have met many outcasts and criminals, but never one who had been born a wild beast. Somehow, and at some time, the original nature, wholesome and friendly, showed itself to me."

The Case of Dyspepsia Fatua.

They arose from the formation of gas owing to improper diet on a very prompt and efficient remedy is Polson's Nervine, which relieves the distention instantly and by its stimulating action on the stomach aids digestion. Nervine cures dyspeptic pains by removing the cause. It is also highly recommended for cramps, colic, summer complaint and inflammation. Sold in 25c bottles everywhere.

He Was Easy.

It is scarcely credible that so faithful a servant and so good a courtier as John Brown of Balmoral could ever deliberately have kept his sovereign waiting, but the London Tatler relates an anecdote which shows that he had a very human side.

Brown was very fond of fishing, and one day, when he had a fine salmon on his hook, there came a message from the castle on Deeside, desiring his presence at once.

"Tell her majesty that I'll be quickly," he said.

But the salmon was strong and could not be landed at once. Another and more urgent message reached him.

"Tell her majesty that I have a salmon on, but I'll be in in a few minutes."

Still the salmon held out, and a third and imperative command arrived.

"Tell her majesty," shouted Brown, "that it's not possible for me to leave without the salmon!"

FLASHES OF FUN.

Jack—What is the secret of your popularity with the ladies?

Church—Did you see in the papers where a man whose wife got a divorce from him for cruelty, objects to receiving her alimony in postage stamps?

"What are your inducements?" asked the prospective groom.

"The Lady—Did anyone call while I was out?"

The Lady—That's very strange. I wonder what people think I have a day at home for, anyway?

Miss Trill—I love to hear the birds sing. Jack D'wright (warmly)—S. do! They never attempt a piece beyond their ability.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

"That man says he will not allow his vote to be purchased!" exclaimed the man who had just arrived in breathless haste.

It is only necessary to read the testimonial to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extinguisher.

Mother (ultra English)—Yes, Robert, the king can do no wrong!

From corns? No necessity for that. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes all corns, large or small, in about twenty-four hours.

The brethren of his religious order procured his escape, but he died soon afterward of disappointment and a broken heart.

Bramble—I made a good bargain with Jones just now.

Thorne—What was it?

"I'm to let him have the exclusive use of my automobile and he's to pay for half the repairs."

"Master, began the beggar, 'it's pretty hard to lose all your relations and—"

"Why, man alive, if they're poor relations it's impossible."

To knock out the Grim, take "77." To break up a Cold, take "77." To stop a Cough and soothe the chest, take "77." To cure Catarrh and clear the head, take "77." To prevent Pneumonia and strengthen the lungs, take "77." To cure Quinsy and heal the throat, take "77." To feel secure and keep well, prepared for emergency by carrying in your pocket a bottle of "SEVENTY SEVEN" ("77"), Dr. Humphrey's Famous Specific for Grip and Colds. It stops a cold at the start and breaks up Colds that hang on.

MARRIAGE. "Ob, let's make it a stock company," she replied. "In that case," he answered, "we must each contribute to the capital stock." "Of course," she said. "I'll put in the kisses and you can put in the money."