

PROGRESS

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ST JOHN, SATURDAY, JAN 12

WHY HE WAS ALONE.

Disquieting Explanation 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. During all this time he has been regularly shaved by the same man. There are two other chairs in the shop, but he has preferred always to wait until his favorite was at leisure.

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. Even the negro porter was missing, but he made up his mind that they had all stepped out for a moment and sat down in the chair without giving the matter another thought.

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 never noticed those double eyebrows before. Then the boss said, 'Why, the man's crazy. Let's go and get the police. 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 curls 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 left with flour.

What a job we had baking it! Flour of one generally put on flour together, and took turns in cooking.

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

It would be 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 not hot enough!

You must put ashes on the fire, f. s. t.

After the paste was baked it looked like a piece of breadened mud. If any of the soldiers ate the same thing at home it would have stopped even working on an in our bodies. Perhaps he wouldn't have given us any ability to dream any more.

Some of the fellows who couldn't find any fat to put in the ball of dough used to dubbin' me for cleaning or scrubbing. If we baked a big cake to last for three or four days, we had nothing large enough to eat. It is but our horses' noses, and after it had been two or three days in a sack it was as appealing as a bucket, and might have been utilized as a size of a shoe.

FRANCES KEPPLER, AND HER DOLL.

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

Many Banger people, and particularly those who visited Riverside park during the last week of the season last summer, will remember little Frances Keppler, the dancer, who did her act with George Gorman of minstrel fame. Miss Keppler and Gorman are still working together and this winter they are scoring hits at the vaudeville houses in the big cities. Miss Keppler is by all odds the cleverest dancer of her years who has ever visited Banger and her success at Riverside was pronounced.

Frances formerly lived in Cornhill Bluffs, 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. When Frances got her first engagement she commenced to travel from city to city, a week here and a week there dancing every night and often at matinees. At first Frances thought it great fun, for she really loves to dance, and people sent her flowers and told her how clever she was.

But she was not always in the bright theaters and sometimes she got very tired of the poky boarding house and hotel rooms, and the long rides on trains. Then she began to think of her old home in Cornhill Bluffs, and the girls all going to school together, while she had to recite her lessons every morning to her mother, quite alone. Then there was the hill back of the house where her cousins, she knew, must be riding on their sleds—and—well, there is no telling what might have happened if Henrietta Louise had not come at that very time.

Henrietta Louise is nothing remarkable as dolls go these days. She has the usual yellow hair and bright blue eyes, and she came originally in a pasteboard box, labeled "Made in Germany," but she has a wardrobe that makes all the dolls of her acquaintance wild with envy. In fact, when Henrietta Louise came to Frances in New York, it took nearly an hour to unpack and look over that marvelous little trousseau which had been made by a really d. c. maker, who had spared neither "mings, buttons nor hooks and eyes. Everything came off and on with perfect ease, and O, how the little frocks did fit.

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, which has a pocket just large enough for her bit of a hand. If the morning be cold, there is a knitted shawl for her shoulders. These sudden changes in climate are trying even to dolls. For the afternoon she has a sailor suit of a light green over a silk drop skirt, and with the same set of d. c. Or if Frances feels that Henrietta is getting too old, she brings forth a real baby dress of white lawn and lace and an aside down cloak and bonnet to match.

At night, if Henrietta has been particularly good, she is permitted to wear her party dress, a very Frenchy frock of a light pink silk with jeweled lace that would turn any doll's head. With this goes an opera cloak of yellow velvet, trimmed with swansdown.

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. For the purpose she wears a kimono in a wee Persian pattern, faced with plain blue. Her night gown is trimmed with embroidery, run with blue ribbon, as all her underwears is. And think of it, with her best dresses, Henrietta wears a trim bustle, trimmed with white hair, so the skirts will stand out nicely.

Being a free lady, Henrietta has her personal toilet articles, including a silver-backed mirror, a hair comb, powder box and puff, sponge, scissors, nail file, soap, perfume, tape measure and pin-cushion. Her handkerchiefs are edged with narrow lace, and she has stickpins, jeweled brooches and bangles that would fit a fairy.

Dressing rooms are not always safe places to leave dolls or anything else of value, and one night Frances had a terrible night. She went onto the stage, forgetting to close the dressing-room door behind her. Right in the middle of the play she remembered that in the next dressing room to be was a doll, one of those naughty dolls that just love to "do doll" as by their fair and mop them all over dirty floors.

For one little second Frances felt as if her heart did not beat, and she almost screamed. But pretty soon she had a clue to what was 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 salt than

Frances does, which is a great deal in a theatre, you know, and this man was Harry Laocy. Frances ran straight up to him, whispering:

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

See had to run back to the stage but Mr. Laocy understood. Away he flew to the rescue of Henrietta and carefully closed her door. When he came back to the wings he nodded to Frances that Henrietta Louise was quite safe, and everybody wondered why the little girl threw all her kisses that night to someone in the wings, instead of the audience. But then everybody did not know the awful danger which had threatened Henrietta, or that a very big man had run, actually run, to save her life and make her little mother happy.

St. Elmo's Fire.

The phenomenon of a phosphorescent light at the masthead is one so rarely witnessed by others than superstitious sailors that it is seldom one finds an intelligent account of it. The following, by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Mason of B. M., is therefore of interest:

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." It exhibited an appearance quite different from all the descriptions I have read. Phipson says: "Lord Napier observed the fire of St. Elmo in the Mediterranean during a fearful thunder storm. As he was retiring to rest, a cry from those aloft, 'St. Elmo and St. Anne!' induced him to go on deck. The masthead was completely enveloped in a blaze of phosphoric light."

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. It was not on the summit of the mast, but touched it on one side, playing about it, when the vessel rolled, as a large soap-bubble, a trifle lighter than air.

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

A. L. S. by Emily W.

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:

Sonny! A bright looking boy came up to the window. 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. "The Man From Glengarry" is the talk of the book world. The common question of the day will now be, "Have you read 'The Man From Glengarry'?" The publication of this remarkable story begins with the Family Herald of the issue of January 29. There are any of our readers who are not now subscribers to this great family paper, they should take advantage of this opportunity. Each subscriber receives, as well, three premium pictures, the most valuable we have ever seen given to new paper subscribers.

Use Overgrown.

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

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 to the station by main force.

I went about a good deal with old Brother Ross, mingling 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. As he spoke a wild animal, a wolf, as I thought, came out of the wood, snarling at us, and went leaping along the beach in the hope that we would land. He was joined by two others, powerful, shaggy beasts.

"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. He had three or four dogs. They escaped the fire, but either through neglect or design the farmer failed to take them off with him. They were left alone here on the island, and have increased, until now the woods are full of them. Hanger and solitude have made them cruel beasts of prey. But originally they were only tame, and affectionate house-dogs."

"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? Not once in years do you meet a man who was born a savage. How many men do you run across among your acquaintances who were murderers or even thieves by nature? Probably not one. No; their vices are usually virtues overgrown.'"

"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 'rifty; thrifty is a virtue, but it grows rank, and she ends by being a 'r'."

"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 under each. 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."

Slowly Dying From Cataract. Those who are in this terrible condition but don't realize their danger. If you have the slightest taint of Cataract, which is not wise to commence Cataract treatment now and be perfectly cured in a short time? This pleasant remedy cures without the use of drugs, atomizers or snuffs. You inhale the medicine directly into the eye, and the medicine cures the inflamed surfaces. Cataract cures the eye, and cures the most delicate cataract, lung and throat troubles. A trial will demonstrate the value of Cataract, which sells for \$1.00 small size 25 cts., at Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

The Cause of Dyspepsia Pains. They are from the formation of gas owing to improper digestion. A very prompt and efficient remedy is Polson's No. 1. It relieves the distention immediately and by its stimulating action on the stomach, cures dyspepsia. Nervousness cures dyspepsia pains by removing the cause. It is also highly recommended for cramps, colic, summer complaint and inflammation. Sold all good 25c. bottles everywhere.

He Was Easy.

It is scarcely credible that so faithful a servant and so good a counsellor as John Brown of Baltimore 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 stable on Desdieu, desiring his presence at once. Queen Victoria was going for her afternoon drive, and it was Brown's duty to attend her, as he always did, sitting in the rumble of the carriage.

"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 a few minutes."

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

"Tell her majesty," shouted Brown, "that I'm not responsible for me to leave without the salmon!"

Now did he. But whether the queen knew enough of fishing and fish-men to appreciate the circus star, is not told.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Jack—What is the secret of your popularity with the ladies?
Tom—I always mistake the society queens for debutantes and the debutantes for society queens.

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?
Gotham—He evidently wanted to give his wife something she could "lick."

"What are your inducements?" asked the prospective groom.
"Lies!" responded the passer-by agent.

"If you buy Pullman tickets to Niagara Falls, we will sell you tickets to South Dakota at half rates."

The Lady—Did anyone call while I was out?
The Maid—No, ma'am.

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

Miss Trill—I love to have the birds sing.
Jack D. Wright (warmly)—S. do I. 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.

"Well," answered Sam. Sorghum, officer of some more money. People are getting terribly mercenary nowadays."

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 exterminator.

Mother (ultra English)—Yes, Robert, the king can do no wrong!
Brook—Snacks! There can't be much fun in a king!

Limping Limping

From corns? No necessity for that. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes all corns, large or small, in about twenty-four hours. This is reliable information your druggist will substantiate if you ask him. Be sure and get Putnam's it causes no pain.

of witchcraft in having formed an unholy alliance with the devil and the powers of the air.

The brethren of his religious order procured his escape, but he died soon afterward of disappointment and a broken heart. The drawings and description of his machine which survive are too unscientific to be comprehensible; the secret of it is hopelessly lost; another Brazilian in a later century has taken up the work where it was dropped by his unfortunate predecessor.

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—"

"Hard?" snorted the crusty individual. "Why, man alive, if they're poor relations it's impossible."

"77"

To knock out the Grip, 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 strong and keep well, prepared for emergency by carrying in your pocket a bottle of "BAYNETT'S" ("77").

Dr. Humphrey's Famous Specific for Grip and Colds. It stops a cold at the start and breaks up colds that hang on.

COLDS

According to the Future.
"Marriage," he said, is a partnership.

"Oh, 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."

At all Druggists 25 cts. or more, or on receipt of price. Doctor's Book Mailer Falls. "Bramble's" Remedy for Colds, Coughs, John Street, New York.

Knows—Well, that's experience is a great wisdom. Perhaps experience comes to us the things we think youth.

"There is one thing of our style of government. South American states."

"What is that?"

"It promotes veracity."

starts a rumor that a high to relinquish office, depending on its coming."

"Of course she has."

"Has her fault?"

"I think she has."

"I think she has."

"I think she has."

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"I think she has."

"I think she has."

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