

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

SIXTEEN PAGES. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 30. CONCERNING SKEPTICISM.

The Rev. CHARLES SHAKESPEARE attributes all progress to "a wise and rational skepticism." Is it stating the case too strongly to say that skepticism is the working of the divine within us? The word itself frightens people.

ence, which many persons affect nowadays, there is a profound difference. In religious thought a constant evolution is going on.

MEN AND THINGS.

A passenger was killed on the Canadian Pacific railway the other day. This is the first case of the kind in the history of the railway.

The Prince of Wales owes a million and a half dollars, principally the result of losses at cards and on the turf; at least so say the correspondents of the American papers.

A learned officer of the Smithsonian Institute has succeeded in demonstrating that it is scientifically possible for a man to navigate the air.

Money talks. The CZAR has been running things with a pretty high hand, setting first one power and then another at defiance.

Some time ago an astronomer named HALL discovered that Mars had a set of moons which revolved around the planet in a direction contrary to that in which all other known planetary bodies move.

A plague of locusts is threatening northern Africa. The advancing cloud was at last accounts many miles long and wide, and a thousand feet thick.

tatoes came, and he has laid the continent from the mountains to the Atlantic under tribute. But he has never gone west.

President HARRISON has finished his great excursion. On the way he had the usual assortment of addresses presented to him, in many of which he was congratulated that the fact of his travelling without a body guard was a proof of the esteem in which the government was held by the people.

The president in his replies did not show much judgment. He seems to have accepted the compliments as a matter of course, and to have talked chiefly about himself.

The president of the New Brunswick university announces that \$600 has been secured for five years toward supporting the new chair of philosophy, and that a committee will soon begin to ask for the additional \$400.

The excellence of Maxwell Grey's great novel The Silence of Dean Maitland prompts one to purchase In the Heart of the Storm which has just been issued in the "red letter series."

L'Anniversaire de la Naissance de la Reine quel est le plus fatigant, un jour de travail ordinaire ou un jour de fête? A en juger par les mortels qu'on rencontre le lendemain d'un jour de fête on dirait que c'était le dernier.

Mais il est temps de revenir à notre jour de fête. Chacun l'a passé de sa façon. Pour ceux qui sont restés en ville la matinee a eu des attractions, mais on a beau chercher le remède pour la maladie notre leger d'après le titre de la piece on a eu raison d'attendre, car l'un d'eux queri de cette maladie ne se sentait plus triste à la fin de la piece qu'au commencement.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

My Grandmother. My grandmother's lost her youthfulness, Her locks are now turned grey, And wrinkles take the place of smiles—

When he was here, All nature teemed with glad delight; The wintry day shone warm and bright; Less dark and drear the wintry night—

A Song of Long Ago. A song of long ago, sing it lightly—sing it low— Sing it softly—like the whisper of the lips we used to know,

Chats With Correspondents. Moncton, Halifax, Amherst and Windsor correspondence arrived so late this week that it came very near making the acquaintance of the "waste basket."

The Only One in Town. John Frodsham, on Waterloo street has the only feather bed renovator in town. This is worth knowing, and people who have tried to make a feather bed like it should be, have recognized this fact.

MR. COLUMBUS OF CHICAGO.

The Many Difficulties and Dangers Which Surrounded His Voyage of Discovery. At last our worst fears are realized. The wires bring us intelligence this morning which confirms the report of the death of the celebrated navigator, Christopher Columbus.

One day the late Mr. Columbus received word that his Blankiana Lottery ticket had drawn a long breath, merely, and he conceived the idea of a western passage to India.

The discoverer's return in 1496 stifted these rumors, especially as he returned with great treasures, such as \$5,000 post offices and other gems.

Isabella has gone over with the silent majority, and her husband was subscribing to several matrimonial journals and couldn't possibly attend to Mr. C. This disappointment, added to his bodily infirmities, hastened his death, and on the 20th day of May, 1506, Christopher W. Columbus breathed his last.

Impenunious Artist—"Never-no, never no more will I enter that low shop again. To ask me to take the picture out and then he'd lend me a trifle on the frame! The madness of revenge is on me; I'll to another shop."

KEEPING CITY BOARDERS.

An Industry at which Enterprising Country Women Make Money. It does not seem to be generally understood by country people that the keeping of boarders is as much a branch of regular trade as the selling of dry goods or the running of a newspaper.