

HE IS "HONORABLE" NOW

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES L. RICHARDS.

He Comes to the Front as a Standard Bearer of the Republican Party in Nebraska—His Views on Retaliation Against Canada Fully Explained.

Charley has got there. Who is Charley and where has he got to? There is only one great, original and genuine Charley, so far as the readers of PROGRESS have been told.

Some of the St. John merchants have thought his other name was Mud, but it isn't.

In the wild and woolly west today he is known as "Hon. C. L. Richards."

Browning, or some modern poet has said: "The bedbug has no crown or wings, but he gets there just the same."

So does Charley. He gets there every time he starts, and he never gets left.

When Charley made his great slope toward the greater Pacific slope, he took with him, in addition to the money of Roderick McDonald and Isaac G. Oulton, an unlimited amount of gall, and an ambition for political distinction.

His merits as a statesman had never been recognized here. Despite the fact that his biography speaks of him as "one of the most popular and best known members of the legal profession in New Brunswick" his light in politics was hid under a bushel.

He was "a staunch supporter of the Reform party," but that party had so many hungry lawyers after its loaves and fishes that Charley never was chosen as its standard-bearer. He never even reached the common council, though he was a chronic candidate for its honors. Even Carleton rejected him. The last time he tried, he got about 20 votes out of a possible 200. No wonder he went West.

Well, he has reached the West, and hung his banner on the outer wall of Lincoln, Nebraska. The West has welcomed him. He is likely to fill a long-felt want. Hear what the daily *State Journal* has to say:

FIRST WARD REPUBLICANS.

The members of the First Ward Republican club and all others desiring to hear political issues of the day discussed, are requested to meet at the city council chamber, on Friday evening, October 26. Hon. W. Henry Smith, Hon. C. L. Richards and A. B. Hayes have been invited and have consented to address the club. A full attendance is desired. By order of COMMITTEE.

The paper with the report of his speech has not yet come to hand. Some extracts from it may be imagined:

"Fellow citizens, having told you why Harrison should be the choice of the people because he is an honest man and has a clean, honorable record, I will ask your attention to some of the features of the tariff. I am a Republican because it is the party of freedom. I love freedom and it is because I value my freedom that I am in your midst today. (Cheers.)

"I am a protectionist, gentlemen, because I need protection and I have come to this land to seek it. I have done so at some sacrifice. I have not only sacrificed myself, but my friends. I believe in retaliation against Canada. Talk of a Chinese wall. Why, gentlemen, will you credit it, not only do the provinces put a tariff on goods going from the United States to their ports, but they actually try to prevent their own productions from coming to us. Had it not been that I took due precautions, I would myself have had great difficulty in getting out of the country. As it was I was forced to leave my goods and chattels, because it would have cost me what was equivalent to an export duty of \$700 to get them out of one of their ports. Do you call that a country with which we should have unrestricted intercourse? No, gentlemen; no. (Loud and enthusiastic cheers.)

"Yes, fellow citizens, I left that country because I could no longer live there and preserve my self-respect. And I left none too soon. A dark plot was on foot among the free-traders to keep me from coming hither. I had been a believer in free trade, as every merchant there can tell you, but I left the free traders because I believed still more in personal freedom. Had I stayed a week or so longer, a writ of *ne exeat regno*, a relic of the dark ages, would have prevented me taking part in this glorious campaign. I did not wait for it, and now I hear that they intend to amend the tariff, putting me in a special list with a duty so prohibitive that I will never be able to go back again. Do you call that reciprocity? No, gentlemen, vote for Harrison and the Republican ticket." (Loud and continued cheers), after which the band played, "Oh, Charley was my Darling," and "Will ye come back again."

Now we know why all calculations were upset and Harrison was elected. Charley has redeemed the lost cause and boosted the grand old party into power. He has made amends for the blunder of Burchard, and his fortune will be made after the 4th of next March.

He did wisely in casting his weight with the Republicans. Had he gone with the Democrats his title would have been only

"Colonel" or "Major," but the designation of "Hon." which he now wears is better than either of those.

It means that he is an "honorable" man, and that all assertions to the contrary are false, scandalous, malicious and defamatory libels.

The name of the Honorable Charles L. Richards does not appear on the state ticket, probably because it was practically made up before he got there. It will undoubtedly be found there in due season. Charley will get there, every time.

SHE KNEW NAPOLEON.

Mrs. Hannah Scoles, One of the Oldest Women in St. John County.

Thursday afternoon there was laid to rest by Rev. L. G. Stevens, B. D., the oldest parishioner of St. Luke's church—Mrs. Hannah Scoles, relict of Richard Scoles, a former vestryman of St. Luke's. Mrs. Scoles was born in England in the year 1790. At an early age she was married to a shoemaker (soldier) named Phillips. He was afterwards attached to the regiment stationed on the Island of St. Helena during Napoleon Bonaparte's imprisonment there. Her recollections of the great general were very vivid and her description of his personal appearance very accurate. Her little cottage stood near the high fence surrounding the garden in which the renowned soldier was fond of taking his solitary and moody walk—a short man with abnormally long body, large head, massive forehead, on which he wore, during these walks at least, an habitual frown. The old lady possessed several mementoes of Napoleon, some of them presented to her by himself. At the auction sale of his effects she bid in his Wedgewood china coffee cup, which she highly prized and which for nearly 70 years she was very proud of showing to her friends. This cup she gave as a Christmas present a few years ago to her pastor, Rev. Mr. Stevens. Mrs. Scoles, until about a year ago, possessed a bright mind and a very retentive memory. She was a rapid reader and could dispose of a Sunday school book or a good Christian novel in a few hours—and that at the age of 90 and without spectacles. She was one of the oldest persons in St. John county.

Good Value for Their Money. "Well, I tested PROGRESS last week," said Mr. Harold Gilbert.

"How's that?" was the query. "As an advertising medium, I mean. I am content. You know my regular contract began November 3rd. I filled my space with two cuts of chairs and reading matter descriptive of prices and quality. I had been selling them at the rate of three or four a week before this, but last week I sold 25 of them and PROGRESS was the only paper in which I advertised them. Where did the orders come from? All over. Some from Nova Scotia, the greater portion from outside towns of the New Brunswick and the city."

And that was only the first week. Here is another sign of the times. One of the best advertisers in the city brought his advertisement to the office and paid the yearly price in advance. Would that there were more like him!

A retail store firm claims as a result of an attractive plate of a new stove inserted in PROGRESS in August that they disposed of 90 of the Gurney ranges in the next three months.

Not as Green as He Looked. "Hello, what are these?" asked a citizen of a very bush appearing individual in the market.

"Turkeys for Thanksgiving," was the laconic reply.

"Thanksgiving! and what do you do on Thanksgiving?" The rustic's reply cannot be printed, but it proved him not half so green as he looked. The crowd got a good free laugh and the querist felt like kicking himself all the way to Market square.

A Curiosity in Its Way. There's a little building in course of erection adjoining the annex to the Victoria school, which competent persons say will be a curiosity. Parents interested in the health of their children who attend that school will find it an object of interest for their inspection. The board of health inspector might drop in there some day soon, if he has leisure.

He Draws the Line. "Assault and battery are justifiable in some cases," was the surprise a peaceful citizen sprung on PROGRESS, yesterday. "I won't hit any one for expectorating against my basement windows, but if I can locate the individual who uses them as targets for his tobacco quids, somebody will get a beating."

Painting and Drawing. Instruction by a capable teacher is assured to all who enter the art classes of Miss Trefry. The success which her own pictures have met with at various exhibitions is sufficient proof of her ability, and examination of her methods is still more convincing evidence. Her card appears elsewhere.

A DOWNRIGHT SHAME!

CUTTING THE THROATS OF OUR BUSINESS PEOPLE.

Auction Sales of Holiday Stocks at Slaughter Prices—They Always Appear in the Busy Season and Carry Away all the Hard Cash They Can Grasp.

"It is a downright shame." Pithy, expressive and true words when applied, as they were, to the recent slaughter sales in Messrs. Lockhart and Hanington's auction rooms.

Not that anyone blamed either of these gentlemen. Their action was in the way of business. But the fault is somewhere, and the verdict of St. John merchants is that that somewhere is in the law, or the lack of it.

Citizens who are not interested in these sales have probably not troubled themselves to think about them or their effects. This is not the case with two score or more of enterprising city merchants, who have ordered large quantities of holiday stock, with the expectation of having at least their usual trade.

The system which permits a flood of the refuse stock of large manufacturing centres to pour into the city and be auctioned without reserve is wrong. It permits outsiders to enter our city and, speaking metaphorically, cut the throats of our legitimate business people.

Some weeks ago, two gentlemen, Mr. Lyndon and Mr. Shaw, arrived in this city. The former came from England with a very large quantity of ornamental plated ware etc., and the latter purported to come from Montreal to sell a large consignment of holiday books and sets of standard works that came from an American centre. Both gentlemen auctioned their goods under a three months license which cost each \$21 and this with the warehouse rentals and commissions were the only expenses they incurred in St. John. They paid no taxes on their stock and none of the ordinary outlay of average business houses. They simply sold their stock—some of it good, some of it no good—at whatever prices it would bring, paid the light expenses mentioned and departed with the cash. They took at least \$1,000 in hard money away with them. That loss will have to be borne by the merchants.

They say it is a downright shame. So it is. No business man objects to competition, so long as it is carried on fairly, openly and honorably. Merchants in the same line of business, who remain in the city year after year and are subject to the same rate of taxation, are always competing. In their case opposition is the life of trade, but the foreign competitor, who never appears in the dull season and is always on deck in the busy season, with auction prices, he is death to legitimate business.

This is not the first time it has happened, but it is to be hoped there will not be many more such sales on the same conditions.

There is a strong purpose in the minds of prominent merchants to have special protective legislation. It is needed.

No merchant is safe under the present order. Furniture, clothing, books, jewelry, etc., etc., may all be sacrificed at their doors by foreign manufacturers, and nothing can be done.

Representation of these facts has been made to the city authorities, and the mayor and assessors are in correspondence with other cities to discover the course they pursue in such cases. General opinion, so far as PROGRESS can learn it, inclines to special legislation which shall make any such consignment of goods liable to taxation by the city assessors, and to taxation.

Lead Pencils Wholesale at McArthur's 80 King St.

Dolls With No Legs.

"Have you any of those old fashioned wooden dolls that were used when I was a child?" asked a gentle appearing old lady. "I think so," was the reply, and straightway the proprietor produced an alarming collection of arms and legs.

"Oh dear! no, no, these are not what I mean. The dolls in my day had'n't any legs."

An Interesting Collection.

A collection of photographs of the past and present commissioners of the General Public Hospital is being made by Dr. William Bayard. His own kindly face should have the place of honor.

"Progress" Isn't to Blame.

A subscriber in Nashua village writes to inquire why it is that he doesn't receive his paper. Since it is sent out regularly from this office, the answer is easy: somebody steals it.

The St. John Opera House.

The excavating work of the St. John opera house on Union street is going forward. This week's *Royal Gazette* contains the notice of granting letters patent to the company. This looks like business. Let her boom.

Rubber Dolls at McArthur's 80 King St.

TOUGHS ON THE CORNER.

How They Were Treated by an Indignant Citizen.

"Do the toughs annoy me? Why, they're the plague of my life. This corner is haunted by a gang that respects neither man nor thing. Especially this season my evenings have been a burden. My doorway is obstructed by them; my patrons are insulted and my trade damaged by a throng of idling, careless youths, who have no thought for themselves and less for me."

Pretty strong words, but the speaker is a well known gentleman who says what he thinks. PROGRESS is in a position to know that every word of it is true. He has grown tired of the inactivity of the proper parties to put a stop to such annoyance and in various ways has sought protection from the gang.

Some time ago the collected mob was larger than usual and the air was full of violence. Both ear and nose were affected by it. A bucket of cold water descending from the window above created a diversion below, and the building stood alone the remainder of the evening.

Not long after, a similar throng met in the same place. They amused themselves in the usual way to the disgust of decent passers by and the merchants about them. A half pound of strong black pepper descended in a fine mist around them. They all caught cold at once. The frequent and aggravating sneeze and hoarse coughing were their worst symptoms when they retired for the evening.

Since then, three individuals of the same ilk stood in the merchant's door and refused to stand aside when politely requested to do so. The request was repeated and the refusal was insolent. Kerplunk! The next instant one of the trio was a gutter cleaner and his companions first class sprinters.

That's the way to do it.

She Waited Ten Years for Him.

Ten years ago he was a sterling greenhorn. He had lots of pluck and energy, but no reputation, save his honesty, and no money.

He began at the bottom, and besides working hard on something which he couldn't help, fell in love with the prettiest girl in a village not 20 miles from this city. She was his counterpart, and his affection was returned. The old folk gave him the cold shoulder, placed certain restrictions upon the young people's intimacy—in fact, gave them to understand that it was not a suitable union. Dutifully but sorrowfully they parted. He went west. She remained at home. A short time ago, he came to St. John again, no longer the greenhorn, but in a responsible and lucrative position, gained by ability and hard work. Unmarried yet, his first inquiry was after his former girl. She also was unmarried. Not many hours later he was with her, and when, a few days later, his vacation ended, he sought the west again, it was with the assurance that his next trip would not be taken alone. She had waited ten years for him. And yet some people persist in saying there's no such thing as "love."

Fools and Their Money.

"The Wednesday following the second Tuesday in every month must be a great day for the Boston and New York dailies!" said a newsdealer to PROGRESS. "Why? Well, the Louisiana lottery has its drawing on the second Tuesday, and on the following day, those papers print the numbers that draw the capital prizes. Of course every man who invests expects to capture that \$300,000, so that the demand for the papers is something remarkable.

"As near as I can estimate, about 800 lottery tickets are sold in St. John every month. Two agents I know handle 500 between them, and hundreds of single orders go to Boston and New Orleans. Does any of that money come back? Give it up. I never heard of a St. John man getting rich out of a lottery—did you?"

It Will Be a Strong Team.

"Have you heard of the Simpsons' new scheme?" asked a gentleman who is officially connected with the Union Baptist seminary, Thursday. "They propose to make the seminary exclusively a St. Martins institution I judge. Anyway, they are planning to have Mr. William Vaughan appointed superintendent, in place of Rev. Mr. Jordan, and to replace the present matron with Mrs. Smith, also of St. Martins."

To the 20th of March.

Mayor Thorne's little card of proposed meetings of the common council is very neat and convenient. The dates are Dec. 5 and 26, Jan. 16, Feb. 6 and 27, and March 20. People who wonder why the dates stop here may be reminded that before the next meeting the mayors' election takes place.

Woodcock Was an Editor, Once.

The Rev. George H. Hepworth, D. D., who is a contributor to the columns of the *New York Herald*, has become joint editor, with Rev. C. B. Woodcock, of the New religious monthly called the *Christian Standard*, published in this city.—*St. John Printer's Miscellany*, October, 1876.

THEY SWAPPED BABIES.

TWO MOTHERS IN THE STUDIO OF A PHOTOGRAPHER.

Mixed the Proofs of their Darlings and were Satisfied—The Sorrows and Joys of Baby Photography—The Burdens of an Artist's Life.

Photographing babies is great fun. So everybody thinks, except the gentleman behind the camera. He would prefer to starve on crusts and water rather than win luxury by working the instantaneous racket on infant hopefuls.

Two months of every year his life is his burden. If they both came together he would leave the business, and reproductions of infant phenomena would be a thing of the past. Early spring and fall are his periods of torture. Then any day his studio is transformed into a nursery, and the youth of the land, ranging from one month to three years in age, manifest their delight and displeasure in their own peculiar fashion.

The arrival of the family prodigy is usually heralded by the entrance of his or her grandmother, aunts, sisters and mother all come to see the "baby's picture taken."

Then the fun begins. Some mothers have peculiar ideas about attitudes. They have no respect for the feelings of the photographer. For the time being, he must be a wooden man. Quite frequently they wish all the natural beauties of their darling displayed, and give both the artist and the victim the chills by removing every thing artificial and warm.

Or if elegant attire is to be included, some portion of the infant must be naked. In most cases the stocking is removed and chubby toes are brought into prominence.

Only the other day a funny incident occurred in a city studio. The infant wonder was in position, the machine was focused, when just as the cap was removed and the picture to be taken, the little subject turned a complete somersault and slid from the chair, exposing its ruffled back to the camera. That picture didn't suit and the photographer counts it among his curiosities. Whenever he has the blues or feels dull he looks at it and laughs for an hour or two.

Another incident—somewhat old, but good, is related of an interview between an artist and a precocious two-year old who, refusing to be placed by his affectionate half dozen relatives, was left after an hour's worrying at the suggestion of the photographer to his mercies. A very short time after the relatives retired the picture was taken. As the joyful mother led her boy from the room, she inquired:

"Tell me, darling, how did the man keep you quiet?" "Why, mamma," lisped the boy, "he just shook his fist in my face and said, 'Now, if you don't keep quiet I'll wring your d—d neck.'"

All babies look alike. This is an oft contradicted truth. A week ago two mothers who had visited the studio the same day with their babies, came to look at the proofs. They were produced and for a time there was silence. Then one picked up the proof of her friend's and claimed it as a splendid picture of her baby! Her companion was equally satisfied with the other proof as a correct representation of her offspring! The children were of the same age—four months—and were dressed alike. Neither lady was undecieved by the artist and he sent each the photographs of her own child and both are delighted.

New Books for Children at McArthur's.

Why the Trees Don't Grow.

Some one is setting out young trees on the squares. From the way in which he does the work, it would appear that he is one of the laborers from the water commissioner's office. He treats the trees just as he would iron pipes. They are brought on the ground with roots well cut and devoid of earth or other covering. In order that the fine fibres may get perfectly dry, the trees are allowed to lie exposed to the sun and air for a day or two, until the man gets ready to plant them. Next year some people will wonder why so many young trees fail to grow. It will be something next to miraculous if any of them do show signs of life.

They Found the Right Man.

The project of a new hotel at St. Andrews, has assumed a tangible form, and work has already begun. The Algonquin, as the house is styled, will occupy a commanding position on the top of the hill on which Sir Leonard Tilley's residence stands. It will accommodate about 175 patrons and will have an annex. Mr. Fred A. Jones, of the Dufferin, will be in charge and will undoubtedly prove to be the right man in the right place.

Only Fifteen Hundred Ahead!

Certain of St. John's distinguished visitors have found it quite a profitable place. Their hours of employment engage them only in the evening and they have the day to enjoy the splendid climate. The latest bulletin reports one of these temporary citizens \$1500 ahead of the boys.

HOW THE BOOM GOES.

A Guaranteed Edition of 12,000 which will Probably Increase to 15,000.

"How does it boom?"

Splendidly. Every large or small business concern in the city that understands the idea of the boom illustrated holiday number is going to be represented. There's no hesitation about the people of St. John in this respect. They have hailed the boom idea with pleasure, and are helping it along with heart and hand. Success to it, they say.

Some people are under the impression that the boom issue will sell for five or, perhaps, ten cents. There is no doubt it will be worth all that money, but the usual price—three cents—will only be charged. Newsboys and newsdealers will get them at the same rate as now, and make the same profit on each copy.

To the newsboys it will be a new Santa Claus. He will come in a new guise, but he will be none the less welcome.

Ten thousand copies was the issue intended and announced. Since then it has been found necessary to make arrangements for an edition of 12,000, owing to the large orders already received. Two King street merchants propose to dispose of 4000 copies between them. Another enterprising wholesaler has asked for 500 copies, another for 300 copies and the smaller orders bring the total extras up to 6000 copies. This added to our ordinary edition will make 11000 copies. This leaves only 1000 copies for the demand of the public. It looks as though the edition will have to be increased to 15000. PROGRESS will try and supply the demand.

Here are some of the merchants who propose to let the outside world know they are very much alive and to the front in their business home:

- T. McAvity & Sons.
- Turner & Finlay.
- Manchester, Robertson & Allison.
- Macaulay Bros. & Co.
- A. O. Skinner.
- Harold Gilbert.
- Taylor & Dockrill.
- Thorne Bros.
- T. H. Hall.
- W. C. Pitfield & Co.
- S. Hayward & Co.
- W. C. May & Son.
- John Vassie & Co.
- Estey, Allwood & Co.
- Geo. Robertson & Co.
- Maritime Warehousing Co.
- T. William Bell.
- Bell Cigar Factory.
- Mitchell Bros.
- Hunter, Hamilton & McKay.
- Clark, Kerr & Thorne.
- E. G. Nelson & Co.
- London House (Wholesale).
- Wm. Hawker.
- Wm. Logan.
- Weldon & McLean (Insurance).
- R. W. W. Frink (Insurance).
- Watson & Co.
- London House (Retail).
- Stephens & Figures.
- E. E. Kennay.
- Barry & MacLaughlan.
- H. Horton & Son.
- Joseph Finley.
- Doroughty & Co.
- T. Rankine & Sons.

There are two score of others who have expressed their wish to be included in the edition, but with whom no definite arrangement has been made.

To prevent any misapprehension and for the information of the public, the advertising rates may be given:

A card not exceeding three inches.....	\$5 00
One quarter of a column, in any type.....	8 00
One half of a column, in any type.....	12 00
One column, in any type.....	20 00

Though the edition will not be published until December 15, the matter must be in as much before Dec. 1 as possible, and not later than Dec. 3.

Kill the Curs!

His eyes were red and angry, his hair was tossed and dishevelled, and while he talked he angrily clenched his fists.

"If the authorities really want the law against unlicensed dogs to be enforced, they can have their wish," he said. "Just let them authorize citizens to kill every dog whose tax remains unpaid at the end of a certain time, and the city treasury will enjoy a boom.

"One of my neighbors owns a mongrel pup that I'd give \$10 to make away with. The miserable cur begins his serenade regularly at 10 p. m. He opens with a bass recitative at the front door. Then, after being admitted, he is shut up in the back entry, and there one solo follows another until midnight. Talk about noise! That dog's bark loosens the foundations of the house, and his whine curdles the milk in the refrigerator.

"Where you find such a dog, you seldom find a license. Good dogs, those that are worth paying for, are trained so that they do not become neighborhood nuisances. It's the curs that make all the disturbance and do most of the biting. If every citizen could be enlisted in the work of killing them off, it would do the town a thousand dollars' worth of good."

And the irate citizen, swearing softly to himself, went to buy a box of cartridges.

Sewing machines of all kinds repaired by experienced mechanics at Bell's, 25 King street.