


ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1892.

Ladies! Why go or send to Boston and New York for your Fine Underwear and Corsets when you can save money by purchasing them at home. Observe the two prices.

<p>This Corset</p> <p>IS SOLD IN</p> <p>New York P</p> <p>—AT—</p> <p>\$6.00.</p>	 <p>STYLE 531</p>	<p>This Corset</p> <p>IS SOLD IN</p> <p>N Saint John</p> <p>—AT—</p> <p>\$4.75.</p>
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Fine French Coutil in White or Grey, boned with real Whalebone.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison,

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR "P. N." AND SONNETTE CORSETS.

Scovil, Fraser & Co.

Dress well! There is no man, woman or child who would not dress well if it could be done without having to sacrifice other comforts. We have arranged the prices of our Men's and Boys' Clothing so that all may dress well, from the Boy with our 87 cent suit to the Man in our \$3.75 suit. It goes without saying that our high priced suits are just as good value in proportion. Our Trouser sale is at present a great feature of our business. We are giving extra value. Truly Oak Hall is the place to patronize.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.,
OAK HALL. King St. OAK HALL.

THEY'RE ALWAYS AT IT.

TAKING NOTES, OF COURSE, THOSE NEWSPAPER MEN.

So thinks the Average Citizen and he proceeds to make the Reporter's life miserable. He is never allowed to forget his business, no matter where he is.

Not long ago a number of men were sitting around in a room up town, and one of them was telling a story. It was interesting, not because there was anything remarkable in it, but from the fact that the man who was telling it was popular with the rest of the company, and knew just what to say and how to say it to the best advantage. It was not a newspaper story.

Before long a young newspaper man sauntered over to where the party sat, and for the moment interest seemed to centre in the newcomer, and particularly his business. "Come, here's a good story for your paper," said one. "Oh, he's always around when anything is going on," said another; and thus it went on, until every one in the party had contributed something to making up a batch of stock phrases with which every newspaper man is only too familiar. They are the bane of his existence.

One of the worst specimens of the bore in existence is the man who is always "talking shop." He is surrounded with an air of business that savors so thoroughly of his own particular trade that most people hesitate to approach him. He is interested in his business, thinks of nothing else, and fails to see how anybody could not be equally interested. He becomes a bore and his friends go around the block rather than meet him.

Curiously enough, a newspaper man is supposed to be interested in everybody's affairs, and although nearly every man on the city papers has a number of friends who do him many little services in the way of getting news, all of which is duly appreciated, to become interested in the business of some people is unfortunate for him. The man who tells all about his business with the idea of getting a free notice, is one of the greatest bores to be crunched with. The newspaper man k P (what he is after and tries to be agreeable, but cannot help remembering that the business manager controls the advertising columns of his paper, and always has an eye open for innocent looking locals that speak well of some particular article for sale by a man whose name does not appear among the advertisements. These people do not seem to realize that space in a newspaper is worth money to the proprietor, just the same as a suit of clothes is to a man in the clothing business. No newspaper can afford to give them away.

The newspaper man is fully aware of this, but he bore will take no explanation, and a local to give him "just a line," generally costs his friendship. Newspaper space is worth, at least, a dollar an inch, and it is hard to make a local any shorter, yet people have no hesitation in asking for it. If a reporter were to ask a merchant for a fifty cent article without offering to pay for it, it would be looked upon as "genuine newspaper gall."

This, however, is not the only thing that makes life a burden to the average newspaper man. If the free "ad" bore is the only one who volunteers information about his own business, there are hundreds who make it equally unpleasant by constantly reminding one of the fact that he is a newspaper man. Of course there are men in the business, generally young reporters, who are rather pleased to be known as a newspaper man, under any circumstances. They lose no opportunity to wear a badge, present a card, or make their business known in some way or other, although in a city like St. John it is almost unnecessary.

But the average man on the city press is subject to a good deal of annoyance from people who find it impossible to look upon

him as a private citizen. No matter where he goes or what he does, he is supposed to be "taking notes." In church he is expected to take out a note book and pencil from mere force of habit, and scribble away; and if he takes a walk in the afternoon or evening, the chances are that somebody will want to know "what is up." To forget one's business seems almost impossible, and the happiest moments known to most newspaper men are when among friends who know them, not as "fellows who write for the papers," but as common everyday workmen, whom they can trust and treat as social equals. This is seldom experienced, as most newspaper men recognize the fact that to have any degree of rest in their enjoyment, they must forget business and enter into the occasion like ordinary mortals. When there are people present who are "expecting to see this in the paper," and are continually giving vent to their expectations the fun vanishes. This is one of the reasons why newspapermen are seldom found at social gatherings. They know they will be looked upon as necessary adjuncts almost in the same class with the bill of fare, even when they are invited guests. There is always some one to tell them what should go in the paper and what should not, and the mention of "shop" spoils all the enjoyment they may have seen ahead of them.

THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.

One That Any Head Would be Very Uneasy Under.

If Queen Victoria were compelled to wear all the time the beautiful crown of which she is so worthy, she would be a woman greatly to be pitied and never to be envied, for the magnificent affair weighs nearly two pounds. "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown" is a proverb easily understood when one realizes this; and yet, when one considers what the crown of the Queen contains, it ought not to be difficult to realize that it is heavy. It holds more than 3,000 precious stones, more than 2,700 of which are diamonds. The golden head-band holds two rows of pearls, the lower having 129 and the upper 112 of these treasured stones. Between these bands in front is a large sapphire, and behind is a small sapphire—small only when compared with the one in front, however—with six still smaller ones and eight emeralds. Between the sapphires fore and aft are ornaments containing 286 diamonds. Surmounting the band are eight sapphires, above which are eight diamonds, and eight festoons which hold 160 diamonds, and in the front, set in a Maltese cross composed of 75 large diamonds, is the magnificent ruby given to the Black Prince in 1367 by Pedro, King of Castile, and which was worn by that dashing monarch, Henry V., on his helmet at the battle of Agincourt.

In addition to these three crosses containing 386 diamonds are set around the upper part of the crown, between which are four ornaments, each holding a ruby in its centre, and containing respectively 84, 86, 85 and 87 diamonds. From the crosses rise four arches composed of oak leaves and acorns, the oak leaves containing 728 diamonds, and the acorns—32 in number—made each of a single pearl set in cups composed of diamonds. Surmounting the arches is the base of the cross which surmounts the whole. The base, or mound, as it is called, contains 548 diamonds, and the cross—the crowning glory of all this magnificence—contains a huge sapphire and 112 diamonds.

Of course, anything so grand as this is worth a great deal of money, and the value placed upon it by experts is \$1,500,000; although it may be doubted if anyone could buy it for twice that amount. It is kept in a great iron cage along with the other crown jewels in the Tower of London, which is at all times strongly guarded, as well it may be, for with the rest of the precious stones and crowns and other valuables comprising the regalia, the contents of the cage are estimated as being worth £3,000,000, or \$15,000,000. —Harper's Young People.

I know a lady of education, culture and refinement, who is a good conversationalist and pleasant companion. She has access to the best society of the town in which she lives, but unfortunately, for her, she has brains enough to write a readable letter or newspaper article. From the moment this fact became known to her friends she has hardly ever enjoyed an evening of social pleasure, as she had done before she "took to the pen." At parties or balls to which she receives personal invitations as before, the other guests expect to see a note book and pencil spoil the set of her dress. Some are particular to tell her all about their costumes, while others avoid her for fear of "getting in the papers," and in a thousand and one ways her enjoyment is marred to such an extent that before the evening is over she usually becomes firmly impressed with the idea that she would have enjoyed herself much better if she had stayed at home.

This is, of course, only one phase of newspaper work. It has its attractions and a man in the business has many advantages that outsiders do not enjoy, but he nearly always takes his pleasure with a liberal allowance of work, and the annoyances he is subject to oftentimes overshadow everything else. Brooks.

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Gain Strength

AFTER THE RAVAGES OF DISEASE BY THE USE OF

PEPTONIZED

ALE AND BEEF

Invalids Suffering from NERVOUS PROSTRATION, TYPHOID FEVER, LA GRIPE, DYSPEPSIA and all forms of PULMONARY CONSUMPTION find immediate and lasting benefit from its use.

Physicians Recognize and prescribe a Tonic to aid nature in her work of recuperation, and have found in ALE and BEEF a REAL FOOD that contains all the ALBUMEN and FIBRINE of the BEEF as well as the NUTRITIVE qualities of the MALTED BARLEY.

For Sale by all Druggists.
Price 25 Cents a Pint Bottle.

—MANUFACTURED BY THE—

CANADA PEPTONIZED ALE AND BEEF CO.-Ltd.,
Halifax, N. S.

neatly inserted in the matton to nefariously load the scales. Of course it would have been withdrawn when the buyer's back was turned but for an accidental forgetfulness.

While many rogues, it is to be feared, permanently escape detection, it sometimes happens that the nefarious deed is casually brought to light. Some years ago there was a long series of most puzzling book thefts from the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg. Every precaution was taken that ingenuity could suggest, and plots were laid to capture the depredator. But none of these were successful, and the losses continued.

One day a leading member of the staff, whom his coadjutors would scarcely have dared to suspect, much less interrogate on vague surmise, was putting on his overcoat preparatory to leaving the building. The porter came to his help, and, as he assisted, it occurred to the man that the back was singularly straight and stiff. He touched it, and it was hard. On this the porter had a fit of audacity, which, if he had been wrong in his guess, might have cost him his place. He dexterously slipped his hand beneath the undercoat of his superior, and with a sharp tug out came a magnificently bound volume.

The thief was caught at last. At his house nearly all the books surreptitiously removed, with a number of valuable stolen manuscripts, were found hoarded away.

An Inconvenient Piano.

The late Leopold de Meyer, of Dresden, a brilliant and popular pianist in his day, was once summoned to play before the Sultan at Constantinople. Going thither, he borrowed a grand piano from one of the Austrian secretaries of legation, and had it set up in a large reception-room at the palace. There he awaited the coming of the Sultan; but when that intelligent monarch entered the room, he started back in alarm, and demanded of his attendants what that monster was standing there on three legs.

Explanations followed, but were in vain. The legs had to be taken off, and the body of the instrument laid flat on the floor; and Leopold de Meyer, squatting cross-legged on a mat, went through his programme as best he could in that awkward attitude and without pedals. But the commander of the faithful was delighted, and when the last piece was played, gave the artist over a thousand pounds as "backsheesh."

Growth of American Cities.

The rapid growth of American cities is best realized by the fact that the first settler in Chicago is alive, and pursues the same trade (that of a carpenter and millwright) as he did when he came with his parents, in 1833; to what was then only a frontier fort on Lake Michigan. The American papers have recently been recording the death of the first white settler of San Francisco, who name was Jacob Leese. Neither of these men seems to have been able to "make a pile."

FROM MIKE TO MR. MICHAEL.

An Irishman Who Got a Million Dollars and Knew What to Do With It.

"The story of Monte Cristo is generally regarded as a highly improbable piece of fiction," said a Montana man, "but I have in mind a case of a miner in our state who comes very near furnishing a parallel character. About ten years ago I had in my employ an Irishman, a clever but totally uneducated fellow, who did odd jobs about my place in Helena. You remember what a feverish state that country was in about that time over the rich finds in gold in the country adjacent. My Irishman caught the fever, and one day astonished me by asking me to loan him \$200, with which he wanted to buy a prospector's outfit. Well, the fellow begged so hard, and money was easy any how, so I let him have it. He bought him a mule and some tools and lit out for the mountains alone.

"In about a month he came back to Helena with that mule fairly staggering under a load of the richest of ore. He hired three men, bought three more mules, went back to the hills, and struck town shortly afterward with four more mules loaded as the first one had been. A representative of an English syndicate happened to be in Helena about this time on the lookout for mining investments. He saw the Irishman's little pack train, took a sample of the ore, had it assayed, went out and examined the claim, and then made the Irishman a proposition that might nearly scare him to death. I was sitting in my office at the time, when in burst Mike in a state of terrible excitement.

"What do you think, sir, I'm offered for me claim?" he gasped. "One million dollars and twenty-five per cent. of the net profits."

"Of course I told him to sell, which he did. It proved a good investment for all concerned, as the Englishmen have taken millions of dollars out of the mine.

"But now comes my point. Instead of committing the usual follies that poor men indulge in when they become suddenly very rich, Mike set about to get the highest benefits of his wealth. There lived in Helena an English lady, widow of an English officer, who was possessed of a high degree of culture and refinement, though in very needy circumstances. Well, sir, the first thing Mike did was to go to this lady and bargain for an education. He placed himself absolutely under her dictation; lived in the same house, and she taught him how to hold a knife and fork, how to enter and leave a room. Then followed the rudiments of a literary education and a year or so of travel.

"I met my Irish laborer in the parlor of a London hotel about six months ago. You never saw a more perfect gentleman in your life. He has acquired a classical education, is as easy and graceful in manners as a courtier, and above all has

the true instincts of a man and a gentleman in his heart. And could a man be anything but a gentleman who had evidently made it the dream of his life to be one at first opportunity?"

Thrill of a Yankee Carver.

The Maine man who cannot turn his hand to another source of profit when one fails him is a scarce article. An engraver and carver of old-time repute, in the palmy days of Maine shipbuilding, now a resident of Kittery, finding his occupation gone as a sculptor of figure-heads for vessels, is engaged in making idols and graven images for the heathen. He has a large order that will employ most of his time for over two years from a missionary just returned from Central Asia to this country. This missionary, by the way, is evidently something of a Yankee himself.

Experimental!

GEORGE H. M'KAY, who sells Dry Goods for cash only at 61 Charlotte street, is Agent for Butterick's Patterns.

At the above address a double stock of Patterns has been kept since the first of May.

If there has been delay in filling orders in the past, it is altogether done away with by this large increase.

To test the value of PROGRESS as an advertising medium, it is agreed to send free of charge an illustrated catalogue to all who, when ordering a pattern, state that they saw the advertisement in this paper.