

NER'S
AREROOMS.
CURTAINS,
IERES AND CURTAINS,
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RE COVERINGS
OW PRICES.
O. SKINNER.

PEN for 35cts.

most any common pen in it, when the one in use gives
\$2.50 for. Solid Ebony handle, nickel-plated four-
ing men make money. It sells fast—good margin.
Sells in stamps, for sample pen and filler—H. V.
AN & Co., Box 31, St. John, N. B.

Mr. Alfred Mills of St. John passed part of Wed-
nesday here, returning home that afternoon.
I think Dicky should be called "The little people
country," as so many little people have arrived this
spring. It is quite beyond me to mention them,
enough to say that they have gladdened many
homes, and received a hearty welcome.
Rev. Mr. Brown, formerly pastor of the baptist
church in this place, was here over Sunday, re-
turning home on Monday morning. His sister, Miss
Brown, is visiting Miss Annie Short.
Hon. John Boyd was in town on Monday, en route
for Vermont.
Rev. J. Ambrose, D. D., left California on the
3rd inst. As he is returning by water, he will not
reach here until some time after Easter.
Mr. Harry Vile has gone to McAdam, where he
is employed by the C. P. R. company. His many
friends wish him every success in his new line of
work.
Miss Riddick has returned from St. John, much
improved in health.
Mrs. Andrew Riddick went to Boston on Satur-
day—via Yarmouth—for a short visit. PAUL PAY.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla,
Yellow Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries,
Mandrake, Dandelion, and other valuable
vegetable remedies, every ingredient being
strictly pure, and the best of its kind it is
possible to buy.
It is prepared by thoroughly competent phar-
macists, in the most careful manner, by a
peculiar combination, Proportion and
Process, giving it its curative power.

Peculiar To Itself

It will cure, when in the power of medicine,
Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning,
Cancerous and all other Humors, Malaria,
Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache,
Catarrh, Rheumatism, and all difficulties
with the Liver and Kidneys.
It overcomes That Tired Feeling, Creates an
Appetite, and gives mental, nerve, bodily,
and digestive strength. The value of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is certified to by thousands of voluntary wit-
nesses all over the country whom it has
cured of diseases more or less severe. It
is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.
Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO.,
Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsapa-
rilla do not be induced to buy any other.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE TOILET GEM
Phiboderma
CHAPPED HANDS,
COLD SORES, SORRY LIPS ETC.
Sole by DRUGGISTS 75 CENTS.

Bijou Theatre!

Formerly the Lyceum Theatre, Opposite
St. Anne's Bank.

BRAN NEW SHOW!

All new faces, from the leading Theatres in Bos-
ton, New York, and Philadelphia.

PICKERT and MAYON, From the
seam, Singing and Dancing Troup, said to be the
finest before the American public.

THE SCOTTS, The world's greatest shadow-
graphists and character change
artists. The above act is new and novel.

NELLIE OLDINE, The charming Sou-
thern belle, in "The Girl of the Year,"
Comedienne. Her first appearance in St. John.
Comes highly recommended.

RUSSELL and BAKER, Musical Ar-
tists, will perform on all kinds of instruments. Still with
us, the St. John favorite.

JIM CURRAN, The Irish Comedian Vocal-
ist and Dancer. His sixth
week. Come and see him in his new songs and
dances.

The whole to conclude with the side-splitting after-
piece entitled—

GHOST in a PAWN SHOP.

Look out for the Ghost.

Popular Prices: 10cts., 20cts., and 30cts.

GRAND MILLINERY OPENING

—AT THE—
American Millinery Store, 149 Union St.
LATEST NEW YORK STYLES.

HAVE opened Untrimmed Hats, and all the
latest novelties. Will give notice of the
opening of Trimmed Millinery later.
MRS. L. B. CARROLL.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1891.

THEIR PATRON SAINT.

MR. JOHN L. CARLETON'S LECTURE
ON ST. PATRICK.

An Eloquent and Instructive Effort on the
Characteristics of the Irish People—The
Men Who Have Fought for Irish Liberty
and Freedom. Their Names Remembered.
As the triple leafed shamrock was in the
hands of St. Patrick emblematic of the
great mystery of the Trinity, so in our
hands today is it a symbol of the unity and
indestructibility of Hibernian faith, Celtic
character and Irish nationality.

The missionary who crosses the frontier
Pan unknown land, carrying with him the
cry of the humble Nazarene, has almost
always to convert from barbarism, as well
as paganism, the people whose customs
and gods he has the hardihood to attack.
Not so with St. Patrick. He came among a
race whose tongue he spoke, whose his-
tory out-dated that of any northern nation
of Europe, whose laws rivaled Justinian's
code, and whose armies had impeded and
defied the onward march of the Roman
eagle. The pupil of St. Germain lit his
paschal fire on the hill of Slane and it over-
shadowed the festival fire of Tara. The
hand of the aged druid withered and drop-
ped its sickle of gold at sight of the mitre
and crosier, the consecrated oak shivered
and fell before the Holy of Holies, and the
altar of the elements and its offerings made
way for the altar of the Crucified and the
sacrifice of the new law. Paganism ac-
cepted christianity without martyr's blood
to propitiate its offended deities.

"If that fire be not put out tonight it
will never be quenched in Erin," cried the
arch-priest as his eye caught the reflection
from the distant hill top. The words were
prophecy. It was not put out; it burned
and it continues to burn.

When the face of civilization turned to-
wards the west and hailed our motherland
as the island of saints and scholars, it spread
its effulgent rays over a continent, dis-
seminating truth, and the snows of the
Alps and the vines of Spain, lighting the
lamp of faith by Hecla's burning mountain,
and making the sanctity of Lindisfarne the
glory of Iona.

When the dark ages of adversity came
and early magnificence fled before oppres-
sion's night, that fire still burned in that-
roofed cabin, in mountain caverns and in-
accessible glens. The fulness of its ritual
had departed, but all its potency was still
there.

When the finger of Liberty touched the
dial of Time it sprang from its thousand
secret recesses burning as fiercely and as
intensely as in the day of yore. Age had
not dimmed it, and the damp of a hiding
place had not robbed it of its pristine
vigor. Today it burns wherever the
wandering Celt has found a home; black
robed friars, surplised priests, mitred
abbots, purpled prelates, and cardinal
princes whose names proclaim their origin;
humble country churches and magnificent
gothic piles raised by the labor and devo-
tion of the native at home and the exile
abroad—all attest to its splendor and in-
destructibility.

In it we find the underlying principle of
Celtic character; a love, reverence and
veneration for all things holy. And what a
character it is? The imagination of a
poet, and the tongue of an orator dwelling
in the cabin of a peasant; hospitality de-
manding and receiving alms of a beggar;
tenderness blended with severity; timidity
toying with fierceness; the lamb of religion
playing with the lion of courage; love
smoothing the wrinkles of passion.

"Lead him to fight for native land,
His is no courage cold and wary;
The troops live not on earth would stand
The headlong charge of Tipperary!"
"Yet meet him in his cabin rude,
Or dancing with his dark haired Mary,
You'd swear they knew no other mood
But mirth and love in Tipperary!"

Atheism, skepticism, and agnosticism
have no place in his creed, because they
are antagonistic to his simple and confiding
nature. Religion is the mainspring of his
every thought, action and sentiment. The
late Father Tom Burke well illustrated it
when he said: "It is the peculiarity of
Irish parents to give to God the best they
have and give it cheerfully. I have seen
in other lands young men asking to be
admitted to the priesthood, and their
fathers and mothers saying, 'How can we
give him up?' 'How can we sacrifice our
child?' trying to keep him back with tears
and entreaties. Oh, my friends! when I
witnessed that, I thought of the old woman
of Galway who had no one but me—
her only son; I thought of the old man
bending down toward the grave with the
weight of years upon him, and I thought
of the poverty that might stare him in
the face when their only boy was gone, and
yet no tear was shed, no word of sorrow
uttered, but with joy and with pride an
Irish father and an Irish mother knew how
to give up their only son to the God that
made him."

With the Irishman the sanctity of home
and the love of his children is the first law.
He knows naught of divorce courts and
glories in the honor of his women, "with

pulses warm with sympathies, with bosoms
pure as snow." Of those women whose
beauty and whose virtue are the admiration
of the world; who do not believe in woman
suffrage, who are content to be simply
mothers and build the nation in the cradle,
but who are, nevertheless, prepared when
their altars and homes are threatened, to
rush again into the breaches of Limerick
as did their mothers last August two hun-
dred years ago.

On the hills of Innisfail the rags of the
pauper cover the chivalry of a Bayard; the
same chivalry which in happier hours
guided the maiden in safety around the
Green Isle.

"For although they love women and golden store,
Sir knight, they love honor and virtue more."

Ages of sorrow and affliction have told
on a warm and sunny nature, and
produced an incongruity—a man from
whom mirth flashes like sparks from highly
tempered steel; who wears a sad face all
the while he bubbles over with humor;
whose wit, like a gem from the Orient,
scintillates all the more because it has the
sombre setting of a tear drop.

Quick to perceive, ready to act, generous
in the extreme. True, he has his faults;
like the rest of humanity he is human.
The sunlight is never strong enough to dis-
perse all shadows, and the genius and char-
acter of the Irish people have the reflection
of earth as well as the light of heaven.
His imperfections are almost always the
excess of his virtues, his follies the neces-
sary outcome of his social position, and his
sins directly traceable to the government
which issued against him an edict of out-
lawry, deprived him of education by an act
of parliament, and laid sacrilegious hands
on everything he held dearest and most
sacred. Warm, passionate, daring and
reckless, we can but wonder that his faults
are so few and his virtues so many. But
give him education and freedom and he will
shed lustre on the one and protect the
other. Dillon, Clare and Sarsfield, out-
casts in the land of their nativity, became
in the land of the stranger, the heroes of
Landen, Cremona and Fontenoy. An Irish
rebel became in Canadian political life the
Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. In the land
of the Southern Cross a suspect of '48 is
today Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. A politi-
cal felon elevated English prose to the
standard of Macaulay in the person of
John Mitchell. The seditious young Ire-
lander who once passionately declared:
"I am not one of those tame moralists who
say that liberty is not worth one drop of
blood. . . . Against this miserable
maxim the noblest virtues that have saved
and sanctified humanity appear in judg-
ment. From the blue waters of the Bay
of Salamis; from the valley over which the
sun stood still and lit the Israelites to vic-
tory; from the cathedral in which the
sword of Poland has been sheathed in the
shroud of Kosciuszko; from the convent of
St. Isidore, where the fiery hand that rent
the ensign of St. George upon the plains
of Ulster has mouldered into dust; from the
sands of the desert where the wild
genius of the Algerine so long has scared
the eagle of the Pyrenees; from the dual
palace in this kingdom where the memory
of the gallant and seditious Geraldine en-
hances more than royal favor the splendor
of his race; from the solitary grave within
this mute city which a dying bequest has
left without an epitaph—oh! from every
spot where heroism has had a sacrifice or a
triumph, a voice breaks in upon the ring-
ing crowd that cherishes this maxim, crying,
Away with it! away with it!" This elo-
quent invoker of liberty, I say, afterwards
used the sword to carve the name of
Thomas Francis Meagher on American
battlefields. Suffering and discouraged
humanity caught a glimpse of heaven be-
tween the clouds, and man was the better
because the convict John Boyle O'Reilly
lived and wrote.

These are but a few flowers from an
over-laden garden. Oh! if those who
charge the Irish people with being ignor-
ant, peace-disturbing dreamers, would only
stop to inquire the cause the words would
freeze upon their lips.

As the Irishman's religion is interwoven
with his character, so is his nationality
largely the outcome of both. The killing
of the one was made a pretext for the
stealing of the other, and he guarded both
with his property, his liberty and his life.
Unable to read, he learned the history of
the past from the voice of tradition. He
stood by the round towers, and there crept
over him visions of Scotia, Dathi, and the
heroes of whom Ossian sang; by Clontarf
he dreamt of the glories of Brian the Brave;
on Ulster hills memory carried him back
to the days of Red Hugh's silken banner
and Dungan's trumpet blast; the waters
of the Shannon whispered to him as they
passed of a "treaty broken ere the ink where-
with 'twas writ could dry;" around the fire-
sides of Athlone he heard how Costume
emulated Horatius and held the bridge;
the midnight rief of Patrick Sarsfield was
more than a cherished memory of the
cubans of Clare; the ruin of Dumbarton
stood a monument to the giant O'Sullivan
Beare; not a mountain, not a field, not a

piece of masonry not a river, not a grave-
yard that did not tell him the story the
historian dared not write. It burnt itself
into his very soul, and nationality took a
deeper and firmer root in his affections.
It became to him, to borrow from a gifted
orator, "what the star that shone over
Bethlehem was to the eastern kings; what
the vision of the holy Grail was to the
knights of the round table; what the holy
scripture was to the dying eyes of the
Crusader fainting in the parched Syrian
desert." No wonder he uncovered his
head in the face of heaven and exclaimed:
"We never were and never will be slaves!"
And he has never been conquered. There
is no actual submission without a surrender
of the will, and the foeman has never en-
tered that citadel of the Irish heart which
the outwork of God protects. He has
been beaten but not subdued. Each fresh
disaster brought quiet, but out of that
quiet nationality, "on luminous wings,
soared, Phenix-like, to Jove."

The kings and kernes of the 12th century
relinquished their rights to the throne, but
never abdicated their claims to nationhood.
No less an authority than Sir Edward Coke
tells us that Henry agreed with them that
they should have the freedom of holding
parliament in Ireland, a doctrine which
ever since has been contested and affirmed,
disputed and ignored, in parliament and
out of it, in Irish courts of justice and En-
glish courts of law. To this treaty, which
made England and Ireland two nations
with but one monarch, the Irish have ever
been faithful. It was in support of this
principle they fought for Charles against
Cromwell, and for James against William
and Mary. Indeed, whenever it was
threatened they protested with battle axe
and spear, with tongue and with pen.
Their posterity have not been less loyal to
the national idea.

Ireland is Catholic, but all her patriots
have not been, and I claim permission to
digress sufficiently to pay a just tribute to
the sturdy manhood and patriotic inde-
pendence of Protestant Ireland. Despicable
ingrates indeed would be our people if they
could for one moment forget the disinter-
ested, soul-souled, noble deeds of Swift,
Molyneux, Grattan, Sheares, Emmett,
Wolf Tone, Davis, Smith, O'Brien, and
the thousand others who sacrificed position,
wealth, and often life, in the cause of the
weeping Niobe of Nations. Moore en-
quires:
"Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my
side
In the cause of humanity, if our creeds agree?"
Not a bit of it. Grattan apostrophized the
regenerated Ireland and exclaimed, "Eato
Perpetua!" I borrow the expression, as
though I revive the memories of these
brave men, and say of them: "Live, live
on forever!"

Where Grattan left off O'Connell com-
menced, and the home rule movement of
our day is but the reflection of seven
centuries struggle. Nothing has ever de-
stroyed it and nothing can; no, not even
the misfortune of a break in the battle line,
of dissension in the parliamentary army.
Some who do not understand the senti-
ment, and therefore cannot appreciate it,
look with joy upon every repulse; may
hap, applaud the action of a traitor,
encourage obstacles, and cheer what they
take to be the end. The end! oh, no, the
end is not yet, and will not be until justice
lifts the scale in the presence of truth.
Irish nationality that has withstood bitter-
ness, prejudice and persecution, survived
the penal code, risen with new life from
every battle field, defied coercion and
quietly laughed at adverse legislation,
cannot be strangled because one man has
sinned and refuses to bow to the verdict
of public sentiment. You may dam a
stream and alter its course, but it will
still move on gathering volume and strength
until it finds its natural resting place in the
bosom of the sea. Thus it is with Irish
nationality; every impediment and obstacle
may delay it, but it will also give it greater
depth, breadth, and power, and thus aug-
mented it moves on to the destined goal
of liberty. It is as indestructible as the
faith and the character of the people who
cherish it. The Irish often bitterly and
justly complain of all they have endured
and suffered at the hands of the English
people, but it must sometimes impress
itself upon them that as the will of God
allowed it that His designs might be
accomplished, so also has He guided it, and
by chastening preserved them for greater
things. Who can say that Ireland in pros-
perity would have remained as true to the
teachings of St. Patrick, to herself, and to
her nationality as Ireland in adversity? Tyranny, either real or fancied, is pre-
nant with great deeds; it is the fruitful
mother of sublime thoughts and noble ac-
tions. It fortifies the Russian serf and con-
soles the Siberian exile, without it the
heroes of Greece, of Rome, and of Carthage
would have no favor. It gave France
a Napoleon, St. Domingo a Toussaint,
Switzerland a Tell, Scotland a Wallace
and a Bruce, and England a Cromwell.

Unjust taxation bred the gun shots of Lex-
ington and Concord, delivered the ride of
Paul Revere, nursed the eloquence of
Patrick Henry, and immortalized the mili-
tary genius of Washington. It was the
slave holder of the South that raised a
Sumner, a Phillips, and a Lincoln. With-
out tyranny, Ireland would never have had
a Dwyer or a Rory Oge, a Clontarf, a
Yellow Ford, an Athlone, or a Wexford in
'98. It was it that gave inspiration to the
bardic fingers of Mangan, Calnan, Fergu-
son, Davis, McCarthy and Sullivan. With-
out it the emigrant of our day could not
protest:

"No treason we bring from Erin,
Nor bring we shame or guilt;
The sword we hold may be broken
But we have not dropped the hilt."

What we frequently call fame is a sort
of obituary notice—a plant that thrives
amid desolation, but withers and dies when
careless. Give it what it wants and it
must seek other channels to escape medi-
ocrity. The songs of the southern slaves
lost their charm when freedom struck the
shackles. Wipe the tears from Erin's eye
and the heroic will become a memory, the
romantic only a strongly colored picture by
an old master, the mothers' cooing and the
baneshe's wail but a dim retrospect, and the
singer, orator, and warrior, the neces-
sary adjuncts and ornaments and not the
pillars and foundations of a nation.

To deprive the Irishman of his nativ-
ity, his religion was persecuted, and he
tenaciously clung to it as his only conso-
lation here, and his only hope for the here-
after. With the same object he was rob-
bed of his native tongue, and the language
of the conqueror put in his mouth, but he
stubbornly refused to be Anglicized; they
peopled the Pale with Norman followers
and he made them more Irish than he was
himself—kept the sword of the Geraldine,
from Silken Thomas to Lord Edward, four
long centuries waving over the head of
the Saxon; they drove him across the
Shannon and settled his best land with
their soldiery, and the Tipperary of today
that they fear and hate is the Tipperary of
Cromwellian soldiers; they expatriated her
people, and behold:

"My strength that was dead, like a forest is spread,
Beyond the distant sea."

You and I, and 30 million of the exiled
Gael and their children, meet on this her
festive day, in all parts of the globe, to
perpetuate her name; to hail her as the suffer-
ing point of nations crowned with a tiara
of glory, of affliction, and of hope; to pray
for the speedy approach of that hour when
Britain will admit the justice of her claim
and rectify a wrong; when the shores of St.
Michael, and the brother and sister of
Kingdoms stand unequalled and unrivaled
in the pursuit of industry, commerce, lit-
erature, art and happiness, when Erin will
be in truth and in reality, all that I wish her,
"Great, glorious and free;
First Isle of the ocean, first gem of the sea."

OUT OF THE SNOW BANK

THE BUCTOUCHE AND MONCTON
RAILWAY AWAKE AGAIN.

After hibernating all winter—how it was
inspected—An Eye on Government Sub-
sidies, while the Road is Blocked and the
Employees Wait for their Pay.

One of the many signs of approaching
spring that we now notice in Moncton is
the tolerably regular arrival of the train
from Buctouche. The B. and M. rail-
way has been "snowed under" for over
two months, and now that the whistle of
the engine is once more heard in the dis-
tance, with reasonable regularity, it gives
us nearly as much pleasure as the "honk"
of the first wild goose of the season brings
to the palpitating bosom of the Midgie
sportsman.

The poor old road seems to be run upon
Philadelphia principles, and therefore
when there is no snow in that part of the
state of Pennsylvania, no snow plow is re-
quired in Buctouche. However, it is a
good summer road, they say, though I
cannot speak from experience as to
its merits. Not that I have not had
the chance to visit the classic haunts
of the Buctouche bar oyster, I have. The
late manager was imbued with so profound
a respect for true genius and modest worth
that he sent me an annual pass at one
time. It was shortly after I took his part
with journalistic fervor when he was
assailed by Sabbath-observance cranks for
running excursion trains on Sundays. He
was a very nice man, too, and I only wish
he was in a position to send me another
one.

This winter some peculiar features of
railway management have been adopted on
this truly wonderful road. For example,
the superintendent was obliged to make
his inspection of the northern end of the
line by travelling via I. C. R. as far as
Shediac, and thence by stage to Buctouche.
Rather a roundabout way I should
imagine.

Of course I don't pretend to be very well
up in railway management, but it does
seem odd to me, that a wealthy and ex-
perienced company, as the De Bertram
syndicate is said to be, should be so fool-
ish as to imagine that any road in New
Brunswick could be kept open in winter
unless properly equipped. But so it is,
and travellers, as well as shippers have had

to suffer. It sounds almost incredible, but
many carloads of potatoes have been on
the track for months, being warmed as
well as filled at the owner's expense.

The president of the road has, in the
meantime, I understand, been running
with the government here in York, and
hunting with the tory hounds elsewhere,
keeping in with the premiers both at
Fredericton and Ottawa, with his very
keen eyes fixed on future rewards in the
way of subsidies. And all this while the
poor road is blocked with snow, and the
poor employees waiting for pay.

It was too bad, also, that during the late
elections, when so many voters were
anxious to get to Kent and drop their bal-
lots for the "old flag"—as one of our local
members would say—their travelling faci-
ties should have been so curtailed. But
alas! to laymen the way of railway com-
panies is past finding out, and we must bow
to their superior wisdom, so to speak.
But at any rate, to return to the words of
my text, spring is really coming, the snow
is rapidly disappearing, and the B. and M.
train today is only three hours late.

GEORGE CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Cost of Ceiling Painting.

Rubens received for his painting of the
grand ceiling at the banqueting house,
Whitehall, the sum of £4000. The space
covered by this painting is about four
hundred yards, so that he was paid nearly
£10 a yard. In addition to this remunera-
tion, he was knighted, and a chain of gold
was also presented to him by Charles I.
Sir James Thornhill, the first Englishman
who received knighthood for his ability
in art, was paid only £3 a yard for his
laborious work on the ceiling of Green-
wich hospital, and only £1 a yard for
painting the ornaments on the walls.
"The Duke of Montague," says Sir James
Thornhill, in his memorial to the commis-
sioners for building the hospital, "paid
Monsieur Rosso for his saloon £2,000, and
kept an extraordinary table for him, his
friends and servants for two years, while
the work was doing, at an expense esti-
mated at £500 per annum." Signor Ver-
rio was paid for the whole palaces of Wind-
sor and Hampton Court—ceiling, front
and back stairs—at 8s. a foot, which is £3
12s. a yard, exclusive of gilding, had wine
daily allowed to him, lodgings in the pal-
aces, and when his eyesight failed him a
pension of £200 per annum, and an allow-
ance of wine for life.

FAIRALL'S C. S. GLOVE.

AS THE RESULT of a great outlay of hard work, backed up by a corresponding amount
of HARD CASH, we have (as an Importing House) had the good fortune to obtain and
SECURE TO OURSELVES for the DOMINION OF CANADA, the

—SOLE RIGHT AND CONTROL—
OF THE CELEBRATED
"TANT-MIEUX" C. S. 4-BUTTON FRENCH KID GLOVE.

Under another Brand, this is the Glove which is exclusively held and controlled in GREAT
BRITAIN and IRELAND by the GOVERNMENT CIVIL SERVICE STORES, and of which it is
estimated that last year upwards of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOZENS were sold to CIVIL
SERVICE Employees.

Without multiplying words, the Glove is placed upon our counters (with no between profits)
DIRECT from the tables of the GRENOBLE FRENCH KID GLOVE HOUSE who make them, and
whom we represent, and are sold on a SIMPLE COMMISSION PROFIT at a fixed and stipulated
price, viz:

64¢

SIXTY-FOUR CENTS a pair. They are cut upon a scale of measurement slightly varying and
smaller than the "TREFOUSE," and are made in BLACKS, ASSORTED BROWNS, and TANS.

Whilst we are aware that our statement may be discredited, yet we FEARLESSLY write the
FACT, that they are in point of ACTUAL WEARING VALUE, equal to any High Class Glove at
\$1.50 a pair. Their EXTREME LOW PRICE and REMARKABLE SOFTNESS, together with
the great ELASTICITY of the SKIN, has won for them a reputation unsurpassed by "Trefouse"
or "Josephine."

Do not, therefore, allow your (reasonable) prejudice against CHEAP GLOVE to prevent you
DISCOVERING for YOURSELF that our C. S. GLOVE is ALL we represent.

"IN A NUTSHELL:" The secret of their value is in the FACT, already named, that the
multitude of middlemen, with between profits, ARE DROPPED, and you get the goods at FIRST
HANDS.

During the short time we have had the Glove we have sold Retail upwards of Seventeen
Thousand Pairs, and our sales are steadily increasing.

At present we are meeting with very disagreeable accusations from importers and com-
petitors, but since we have nothing to disclose or hide, we are free to state that EVERY pair of
our Gloves pay the demanded 35 per cent. duty.

As Agents for the Makers we are authorized to GUARANTEE EVERY PAIR SOLD.
Send for a Pair and TRY THEM upon the Statement we make, and if not satisfactory
RETURN THEM immediately at Our Expense, and we will Refund the money by First Post

FAIRALL'S KID GLOVE AGENCY,
18 King Street, St. John, N. B.

SAME GLOVE with Foster Lace Fastening, 77¢. 1ST CHOICE ALEXANDRIA (Absolutely better than Josephine.) \$1.24
MAILED to your own doors, post paid. Therefore CUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT AND SAVE IT for reference and price.