

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1891.

ER'S
REROOMS.
CURTAINS,
RES AND CURTAINS,
E COVERINGS
W PRICES.
SKINNER.

A Popular Department.
prize winners in PROGRESS Bible
history competitions that live in
should call at the office for their prizes
soon as they are announced. This
less trouble for PROGRESS and is
rider to the winner. It may interest
e reader to know that the "Sunday
ding" page is more complimented at
ent than any other department in
GRESS. The sermon this week is by
popular preacher and author, Dr.
George Macdonald.

Economy is Wealth.
Economize in the small things. Take
of the penny, and the dollars will fol-
or themselves. It's easy to get along
the boys if you use them right; and
e, boys, is where you can save money—
d your washing to Ungars. He mends
or clothes, and it's a great saving. They
needed before they go all to pieces.
et Ungar call for your laundry.

Mistake as to Names.
Husband (just married)—You want
to know what I like best? Of all the things
like liver dumplings, sauerkraut and
red sausages.
Wife—Oh, for shame, Adolph! So
basic and common.
Husband—Can I help it if such divine
things things have prosaic names?—*Ex.*

Her Womanly Instinct.
Mordling—That girl in the candy store
is only a poor shopgirl, but she's a
woman!
Faxoo—I'm convinced of it, my boy.
My, only the other day I got her to break
dollar for me, and she handed back \$1.17
change.—*Puck.*

His Point of View.
"Strange," mused Mr. Waybacks at the
dignifiable ball, "that all these rich ladies
could spend so much money for dresses
and get so little of them."—*Somerville
Journal.*

She Smiled.
I noticed she was pretty.
I thought she smiled at me;
Just after I had passed her
I turned my head to see;
A bit of icy sidewalk
My careless feet beguiled,
I cracked a flange with my head;
And then I knew she smiled.
—*Buffalo Express.*

Mrs. Rives-Chandler's New Novel.
A haggard, klasy, klasy,
Emotional misery;
A yearnfully soulful wall;
A quick and the quick,
Bound to be ready,
Amalie Rives tale.
—*Washington Star.*

Dyspepsia
Intense Suffering for 8 years—Re-
stored to Perfect Health.

Few people have suffered more severely
from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, a
well known grocer of Stoughton, Va. He says:
"Before 1881 I was in excellent health, weigh-
ing over 200 pounds. In that year an ailment
developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I
was reduced to 162 pounds, suffering burning
sensations in the stomach,
nausea, and indigestion.
I could not sleep, lost all
heart in my work, had fits of melancholia, and
for days at a time I would have welcomed
death. I became morose, sullen and irritable,
and for eight years life was a burden. I tried
many physicians and many remedies. One day
a workman employed by me suggested that
I take Hood's Sarsapa-
rilla, as it had cured his
wife of dyspep-
sia. I did so, and before taking the bottle of
a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The
terrible pains to which I had been subjected,
ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided,
my stomach became easier, nausea disap-
peared, and my entire system began to
tone up. With returning
strength came activity of
mind and body. Before
the fifth bottle was taken
I had regained my former weight and natural
condition. I am today well and I ascribe it
to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla."
N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsapa-
rilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's
Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists, \$1.50 for \$5. Prepared only
by G. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

108th YEAR.
COLLEGIATE SCHOOL - WINDSOR, N. S.

UNIVERSITY TERM begins April 6th. Early ap-
plication necessary, as the vacancies are very
few. Circulars on application to
Rev. ARNOLD T. MILLER, M. A.,
Head Master.

DR. C. F. GORHAM,
DENTIST.
131 Union Street, St. John, N. B.
N. B.—Crown and Bridge work a specialty.

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TRANSTON BOOK AND NEWS PRESS.

A LETTER FROM GOTHAM.

A ST. JOHN LADY WRITES EASILY
OF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Three Features of a Great City—Newspapers
Theatres and Women; Sarah Bernhardt
and The People—Social Precedence and
How it is Obtained.

NEW YORK, March 9.—An intelligent
and cultivated foreigner remarked to me a
short time ago that the sublime features
of Gotham were "its newspapers, its
theatres, and its pretty women." I hap-
pened to be wondering just then what I
would write to PROGRESS about, and could
have hugged him for his unconscious sug-
gestion, but, as it was made in a crowded
train, I refrained. The press shall
have the place of honor, the beauties come
last for a reason that everyone knows.

The great ladies of New York city un-
doubtedly lead the two continents in news-
paper enterprise. The *New York World*
has the largest circulation, and, proudly
boasts, that its magnificent sixteen-story
home on Park Row was built by the
pennies of the people. It recognizes that
the people can do more for a newspaper
than politics can, and is severely non-
pareil and ostentatiously paternal. It
clothes the naked, feeds the hungry, pays
doctors to attend the sick poor, and
lawyers to right the wrongs of the
oppressed poor, and makes virtue pay to
the tune of 350,000 copies per day. Its
methods of advertising have been a con-
tinuous razzle-dazzle, and its last pyro-
technical display in that line—the despatch-
ing of little Miss Bly to outdo Phineas
Fogg's imaginary trip around the world in
80 days—raised a dust that has scarcely
settled yet.

The heroine of it—Elizabeth Cochrane,
by the way, "Nellie Bly" being her pen
name—is barely 23, and about five feet
three or four inches in height. She has
large, dark eyes, a boyish looking crop of
dark, curly hair, and a large mouth and
square jaw by no means pretty, but very
determined looking, and probably an in-
dispensable part of the equipment that en-
abled her to become for six weeks the most
notorious young woman in christendom.
Her face as a whole, is highly suggestive of
the quality of intellect famed the wide
world over as "Yankee cuteness." Her
triumphs have been mostly earned in the
detective line, and in this capacity she was
a hustler. For grit and shrewdness she
stood alone amongst New York's women
journalists when on the *World's* staff. On
her return from her trip around the world,
she was employed by the editor of a New
York story paper to write exclusively for
him. He pays her \$15,000 a year, which
is \$5,000 more than Uncle Sam pays the
governor of New York state. So much for
outstripping Jules Verne's hero. The
Sun, *Herald* and *Tribune* are to the con-
servative reader superior in many respects
to the *World*, but one and all are striving
to reach the dizzy heights of sensation-
alism that have given to the latter its un-
equalled circulation.

Madame Bernhardt at the Garden theatre
has been the grand event of the dramatic
season. This lean, sallow, wrinkled, home-
ly Frenchwoman is, as everyone knows, on
the shady side of 50, and has four sons,
each of whom is no half brother to the
other three, and no relation at all to her
legal husband. She has been playing to
packed houses. What packed them?
"Her genius" has been the popular solu-
tion to this conundrum, and now the great
critics are telling us she hasn't any—"only
a sublime capacity for theatrical effects."

The marriage of Jack Astor to Miss
Willing has set us all to discussing the
famous Astor feud. Every one in New
York knows what, perhaps, every one in
St. John does not know, that the calling
cards of the late John Jacob Astor were
always simply inscribed "Mr. Astor." This
was recognized amongst the "400" as a
sufficient identification of the head of
the great Astor family. When he died,
nearly two years ago, his only son
and his brother immediately commenced a
tussle as to which should be "Mr. Astor." The
title not being hereditary, the brother
captured it, and the great popularity of his
wife is said to have contributed largely to-
wards this victory. Mrs. W. W. Astor,
the wife of the vanquished son, is a superb,
dark-eyed beauty in the Junoesque style.
She was a Miss Paul of Philadelphia and
has never been the success, socially, that
it was supposed she would be. She lacks
conversational ability, and the woman who
desires to become a social success in
Gotham's "400" must possess above all
things wit and tact. These united to
beauty and a million will ensure their pos-
sessor an Alexandrian career through the
ranks of the Exalted, but comeliness and
cash alone do not always succeed.

"Our only duchess," her grace of Marl-
borough, is now in America—in Kentucky
to be exact—where her lord is investing
some of the Hammersley money in blue-
grass horseflesh. She is a rather pretty
woman, in a style that has now come to be
distinctively American—blue eyes, light

brown hair and a pretty complexion. The
wives and daughters of the New York aris-
tocracy have as a rule pretty complexions
and good figures. It is not an accident of
birth either, but is due to intelligent cul-
tivation. Their diet, their exercise, their
lives, as far as is compatible with the
demands of society, are regulated to
develop their figures and beautify their
complexions, which simply means that they
do everything possible to obtain and retain
good health, and they are striking examples
of the possibilities that lie for women in
that direction. They are said to be in
their good clothes the smallest looking lot
of women that christendom can turn out.
After seeing them in evening toilette in
their boxes at the Metropolitan opera
house, it is easy to believe that this dis-
tinction rightfully belongs to them, espe-
cially to the daughters, of whom it is per-
tinent to quote the celebrated remark that
Wellington fired at his fighting men on the
eve of Waterloo.

The monacles of Europe's dead beat
counts and impecunious barons are pointed
one and all in the direction of Fifth
avenue, and "Barkis" manifests a surprising
amount of willingness, considering how
much she gives and how little she gets as a
rule. The Hamersley ladies have been
mortgaged to put a new roof on Blenheim
castle; Senator Huntington has paid ten
millions "spot cash" for a prince for his
adopted daughter; Mackay keeps the wolf
from the door of two Italian palaces—but
to return to my nuttuns which are the
American princesses and duchesses in
future, not those who have already entered
into their Eden.

On the streets their tailor made gowns,
plain little toques and turbans and carefully
repressed bangs mark the swell girl, and
exhibit a uniformity that reminds one of a
row of clothes pins sticking on a line.
"The sheen of satin and shimmer of
diamonds" that the poet sings about never
sheens or shimmers for them in public
places. The women who wear the silks
and velvets, the diamonds and cut jet
tassels and passamenteries are either
actresses, the beauties of the half-world,
or the wives of prosperous grocers and
tradesmen. The blue-blooded belle keeps
all that sort of thing for the drawing room
and the boudoir. For underclothing she
wears silk or woollen tights. Her skirts
fitted over these as carefully as her waist is
fitted over her corset and the goal of each
aristocratic maid's ambition seems to be,
when clothing herself in street attire, to
present from the crown of her head to the
toe of her boot a totally uncrinkled aspect.
Individuals comment disrespectfully and
the press criticizes sarcastically because
beauty thus costumed leaves little to the
imagination, but after all it is in most respects
an improvement on the flounces and frills,
the puffs and platings and generally
bunched up, bouffant and extravagant effects
of other days. HERMIA.

THE ROUGE WILL SHOW.

There's No Infallible Beautifier but the
Bath and Right Living.

One of the loveliest of nature's gifts to
woman is a beautiful complexion, but when
a young woman goes to work to improve
upon nature by the use of paints and
powders she has made a mistake.

During the Mardi Gras time, when the
cars were crowded to their utmost by plea-
sure seeking and utterly wornout people, a
young lady was swinging on the strap,
whose complexion was all aglow, her cheek
most exquisitely tinted, the chin and fore-
head white and fair. It did look lovely,
but a very practical gentleman in the car
was overheard to say to another, as the
young lady stepped lightly from the car
step to the ground as the car stopped at
her corner, "There goes a pretty girl if
you're a good judge of paintings."

No man or woman blames any girl for
using all the simple measures in her power
for the beautification of her face and form.
It is one of the cardinal principles of a
woman's nature to try to make herself as
pretty as she can—pretty in her own eyes
and pretty in the eyes of others—but no
matter how dexterously or artistically the
dainty rouge may be applied, its presence
is tell tale, and no matter how fair she may
otherwise be, the girl has lost every charm
to the sensible and worldly wise when the
verdict "she painted" is decided upon her.
Have your athletic exercises, your regular
course of training at the gymnasium, your
massage and your Turkish bath, but for
mercy's sake don't have your paint pots
ready for everyday use. Banish them from
your dressing table, and in their stead
make vigorous use of water, fresh and
wholesome, and the pure, crisp air and
early morning sunshine.—*New Orleans
Times-Democrat.*

The Practical Small Boy.

Sunday school teacher (after a lesson on
the blessings of giving).—Now, why does
it make us so happy to give our friends
nice presents?

Little boy.—'Cause we know they'll try
to give us nicer ones.—*Good News.*

SECOND BATTLE OF YORK.

LORD FREDERICK PENBERTON'S
GAME BUT LOSING FIGHT.

General Gregory Deserts the Liberal Stand-
ard—It was Count Alexis Von Gibsonoff
and the Russian Wing that Carried the
day for Pleasader.

The snowflakes fell fast and the wind
howled mournfully as the grey day dawned
upon the embattled field of York. All
day long the feathers plucked by the rude
hand of Boreas from the sky's wide bosom
descended in fleecy showers upon the un-
just and the just.

It was not difficult for the military eye
to note the weakness of the Liberal army's
position. It was strong in numbers and
enthusiasm, but weak in arms and ammu-
nition. It was commanded by that am-
bitious young general, Lord Frederick
Pemberton, but its actual leader was the
veteran hero of October. The Conserva-
tive army, less strong in numbers, but ably
offered and drilled, was commanded by
Lord Thomas Pleasader. But its veritable
head was Count Alexis Von Gibsonoff,
chief of the Russian auxiliaries.

The position taken by the opposing lines
was one of interest. Massed in a dense
phalanx along the entire length of the
Nashwaak Valley, with Count Alexis at
their head, was the Russian wing of the
conservative force. The count had his
headquarters at Cross Creek, to cover the
most formidable part of the stream. His
headquarters were firmly planted at Marys-
ville. Every soldier who showed a desire
to desert was flogged with a knout of the
count's own patent. Like all renegades
the Russian brigade fought nobly. At
Nashwaak Village the heaviest artillery
was posted in charge of young Alexis
Gibsonoff; the pocket pistol battery was
served by Adjutant McCoy and poured
forth streams of liquid fire.

The main body of the liberal army
extended in a long, wavy line on the
south side of the river St. John, with two
strong detachments thrown across the river
at Douglas and Bright. Lord Pemberton
and Brigadier Wilson ordered the advance,
while General Blair was posted with the
reserves at the Canterbury redoubt. At
Fredericton stood the hitherto invincible
Tenderfoot, now alas! weakened by deser-
tions and without a leader.

At the latter point the result was never
in doubt. General Gregory, who had been
sulky from the opening of the campaign,
unwilling to lead the army himself, and un-
willing that Pemberton should lead, de-
serted the Liberal standard early in the
fight and, with the remnant of the High-
land brigade that went with him, fired in
ambush upon his comrades. The battle
here, however, might yet have been won,
had not the Liberal leaders made the mis-
take of withdrawing to other and less ex-
posed parts of the field their best fighting
men. Maddened at the thought of Yan-
kee run being introduced in our land in
preference to the home-made brand, the
West End Temperance brigade under Pitts
was resistless. Weakened by desertion
and short of ammunition, the Tenderfoots
fought a dogged but losing fight. They
could make but little impression upon the
strongholds of the enemy and lost both of
their own lines of defence. All that saved
them from extinction was the fact that the
pocket pistol battery of the Conservatives
in St. Anne's mowed down both friend and
foe.

At the mouth of the Keswick, Captain
Harvey Lawrence with his Burt's Corner
dragoons fought with great valor and routed
Colter from his own turnip field. At Tem-
perance Vale, (so-called from the alleged
discovery of a sober Indian there by
Jacques Cartier in 1625), General Thomp-
son captured a few of Pinder's guns, but
failed to turn his main position. At
Bright (so named from the bright lookout
the people keep for the unrestricted trade
dollar), Colonel George was victorious over
the Conservatives, and along the
river generally, the advantage was with the
Liberal host. From Prince William to
Eel River they routed the Hayfoot ir-
regulars at nearly every point.

At Harvey, on the extreme right of the
liberal line, the conservatives, under Lord
Thomas in person, were routed root and
branch, and at Canterbury Gen. Blair led
on his victorious troops with the grand old
battle song:—

"How the bushm: shouted when they heard the
joyful sound
Of markets o'er the border for their eggs and butter
found,
Even their potatoes sprang rejoicing from the
ground,
As they went marching to Boston."

But it was the Cossacks that won the
day. With his eyes flashing fire and the
wind whistling a liberal requiem through
his wild white whiskers, Count Alexis Von
Gibsonoff, followed by his dapper little
aide, Charlie Von Hatkoff, galloped from
post to post, the incarnation of energy and
despotic will. He flogged his fal-
tering troops into line; he or-
dered them to charge upon their old-
time comrades and show no mercy; he
stamped his iron foot and roared and

snorted as he had never snorted and roared
before. On the gray cotton banner of
his line was emblazoned the noble words,
"Subsidy for the Indiantown Branch or
Death!" He exterminated the foe at
Marysville, the remnant of the old guard
under Major John Gibson shouting, "The
guard dies but never surrenders." He
snorted and roared through Zionville. He
swept through Nashwaak village on the
run and tore down with his own hand the
commercial union flag he had hoisted in
1887. He snorted and roared through
Stanley. At Cross Creek he routed the
enemy, even as the raging bear of the
Penmie routs a flock of sheep. He smote
the liberals whom he once led to victory as
the boisterous March wind that day smote
the snowflakes that fell upon the banks of
the winding Tay. And when it was all
over he requested to be serenaded in his
tent by two brass bands!

It was long after nightfall when the
smoke of battle cleared away. Disturbing
rumors filled the camp of the victors at
Fredericton as the tide of war ebbed and
edded, and flowed. In the tents of the
liberal host as the tidings arrived all was
silence and gloom, save only when some
roysterer struck up the pleasing (but too
previous) lay:

"We've hung Elias Foster on the tribulation tree,
And Donville's marching on it."
SAXCRO.

The Original Patsy.

There is no such original genius as a
hand-master as Patsy Gilmore. He
eclipsed himself again during the funeral
procession of Gen. Sherman down Fifth
avenue. As his band was about opposite
the Worth monument, having been playing
the "Dead March" in "Saul," he gave one
of his mystic signs, and they began playing
a beautiful dirge, with "Marching Through
Georgia" as its theme, especially composed
for the occasion. It was Gilmore who
swung his musicians off a regimental march
into "The Wedding March," at this same
point on Fifth avenue, when Mr. Cleve-
land, then a bachelor, was reviewing a
parade as president, while his future wife
was sitting in a window of the Fifth avenue
hotel. The president's blushes showed
that Gilmore had made a decided hit. It
was Gilmore, too, who marched through
Wall street with his band, during one of
the panics, on his way to a depot, playing
"Wait Till the Clouds Roll By."—*New
York Press.*

PLAYERS OF OLD DAYS.

PRICE WEBBER TALKS ENTER-
TAININGLY ABOUT THEM.

Walter Lennox, a Former St. John Favo-
rite—A Spectator's Timely Remark—A Prac-
tical Joke that was Played Upon The
Writer.

In my last article I spoke of the drama
of *Maud's Peril*, and it reminds me of an
incident that occurred when we were play-
ing the piece in Norombea hall, Bangor,
some years ago. The late John Murray,
one of the best character actors that ever
trod the boards, was cast for the part of
"Sir Ralph Challoner," and as it is both
long and difficult, and Mr. Murray's study
was none of the best, consequently he was
very nervous from being imperfect. How-
ever, he got through, and at the close of
the play the character he represented dies,
and I bent over his body and said:

"Alas! he is dead."
One of the audience, who evidently had
not been carried away by the force of
John's acting that evening, said very
loudly:

"I'm glad of it!"
Murray heard him, and just as the cur-
tain was slowly falling, he raised his head
and said:
"So am I!"
And he was.

Waiting for the Verdict was another of
the plays to which Mr. Lanergan gave very
effective stage settings and a fine cast, and
it created quite a sensation. It is power-
fully written, and tells a commonplace plot
in a wonderful manner. It was interpreted
as follows:

Earl of Mildford.....	H. R. Lampe
Viscount Elmore.....	Susan Flood
Rev. Owen Hydon.....	T. H. Shannon
Jonathan Rosedale.....	J. B. Fuller
Jasper Rosedale.....	N. T. Davenport
Jonas Hundel.....	W. H. Collins
Blinkey Brown.....	W. S. Lennox
Lord Chief Justice.....	E. B. Holmes
Counsel for the Crown.....	Shirley France
Counsel for the Defence.....	J. W. Lanergan
Humphrey Higson.....	Charles Wilson
Lieut. Floorville.....	T. C. Howard
Sir Henry Harrington.....	J. H. Browne
Martha Rosedale.....	Mrs. Lanergan
Lady Emily Belville.....	Madeline Hardy
Sarah Sawyer.....	Rachel Nosh

Of the above, in addition to the where-
abouts of them I have previously referred
to, Mr. T. C. Howard is managing a
dramatic company that bears his name,

and is, I understand, very successful, play-
ing through the State of New York.

A very great favorite with the St. John
public was Mr. Walter Lennox, a capital
comedian, who was with Mr. Lanergan
several seasons. It was in farces and light
comedies that I best remember him, such
as *Billy Lackaday*, *Woodcock's Little
Game*, *Idesy Baker*, *A Quid Family*,
Slasher and Crasher, *A Thumping Legacy*,
etc., etc. He was also an excellent char-
acter actor, as any one who saw him play
"Dicey Morris," in *After Dark*, can readily
testify. Mr. Lennox is now at the Aca-
demy of Music, New York with Mr. Den-
man Thompson, playing a prominent part
in the *Old Homestead*.

I am always willing to take a joke when
I know it is done in pure fun, although the
one I am about to relate, that was played
on me once at Ely Mines, Vt., was about
as good as I ever experienced. While
playing an engagement there, the miners
were rather noisy in the hall entry the
opening night, and a stout son of Erin
named Mike Starr was secured by Mr.
Johnson, the hall owner, to preserve the
peace. He was given strict orders not to
allow any one to go by the lower door of
the hall unless a ticket or the money was
shown. All the reserved seats were sold
by plan at the store under the hall, and the
admission tickets were the only ones
offered for sale on the first landing.

I was busily engaged till 8 o'clock that
evening, and was rushing up stairs to dress
for my part in the performance, when
Mike stopped me, and said:

"Where are you going, my fine lad?"
"Into the hall."
"Have you a ticket?"
"No."
"Have you a quarter to buy one?"
"It is not necessary. Why?"
"Ye'll go out!"
"What for?"
"Because I tell you to!"
"Oh, nonsense! I am the manager of
the company."

"Oh, we hear ducks. Go and tell your
granny to suck eggs. You are the manager
of the show, eh? Ye'll show a ticket or a
quarter or ye'll go out!"

It was of no use for me to protest; the
man was obdurate, and at last he lost his
patience, and said:

"See here, my fresh lad, I was told that
a fellow would come round here saying he
owned the show, and I had my orders to
keep him out, anyway. Now, you march,
or I'll throw you the banisters. You
the manager—ye thief of the world! You
only want to beat your way in!"
A roar of laughter fell on my ears, and
Mr. Johnson and a couple of friends came
forward and told Mike I was the manager
beyond all doubt. Mike then said:

"I ask your pardon, sir, for keeping you
out; but what I told you was my orders,
and as I didn't know you, you cannot blame
me for doing as I was told."

—Fairall's Glove Agency.— EASTER GLOVES.

FEW THINGS are more important to a lady, than to know where she can get a reliable
French Kid Glove at a price Consistent with Economy.

The unprecedented success that has so quickly followed our efforts in placing before the
public a Superior French Kid Glove, at the nominal price of 64c. and 77c., has surpassed our
highest expectations.

It will be seen from the accompanying notice that our Kid Gloves are placed upon our
counters from First Hands, with no between profits, and that owing to their extreme low price
and Remarkable Elasticity, they have gained for themselves an unparalleled hold upon the
public confidence of the many thousands of our customers who are constantly wearing them.
"TRY A PAIR upon the reputation we have at stake." You will find them all we represent.

We will send them post paid to your own doors, and will accept postage stamps in payment,
and if not satisfactory, will return you the money by first mail.

Remember we guarantee our cheapest Glove equal in actual wearing value to Josephine.

REGULAR PRICES.....	\$1.10	\$1.25	\$1.65
OUR PRICES,.....	64c.	77c.	\$1.24
	(Buttons.)	(Foster Lace.)	(Buttons.)

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18 King Street, St. John, N. B.

NOTICE.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That W. H. FAIRALL, of the City of Saint John, New
Brunswick, in the Dominion of Canada, is hereby appointed the Sole and only Selling Agent
for our Tant-Mieux and Alexandria (7 Hook) Foster Lace Fastening Kid Gloves. These
Gloves have heretofore only been made for and sold in the New York Market.

In sending our Gloves to the Dominion of Canada, and for the better assurance of the
public, we authorize our Agent (in our name) to Guarantee Every Pair of Gloves Sold, and
should any prove unsatisfactory, to receive the same back into his stock and give another pair
in exchange. We further state that the goods are sent direct from the work tables of our
Factory in Grenoble, France, to the counters of OUR AGENT, who has entered into an agree-
ment (under seal) to sell them for us at a Commission Profit "ON OUR PRICES." For the
guidance and direction of those who may use our Goods, we state, that owing to the great Elastic-
ity of the Skins from which our Gloves are made, they are cut upon a scale of measurement
slightly smaller than Josephine or Trefouse.

For La COMPAGNIE de GANTERIE de CHEVREUX FRANCAIS.
ARNOBE BYZANCE.

Date:
Faubourg de Grenoble, France,
March 30th, 1890.

AVIS.

Ceci est pour Certifier: Que W. H. FAIRALL, de la ville de Saint Jean Nouveau Brunswick, Canada, est nommé par les présentes le Seul et Unique
Agent pour la Vente de nos Gants en Chevreau Tant-Mieux et Alexandria, Lacés (à 7 crochets) Système Foster. Antérieurement ces Gants n'étaient faits que pour
le Marché de New York et vendus seulement dans cette ville.
En envoyant nos Gants au Canada, nous autorisons notre Agent, dans l'intérêt du public, à en donner une autre paire en échange. Nous ajoutons que les
cas où un paire ne donnerait pas satisfaction, à la recevoir de nouveau dans son stock et à en donner une autre paire en échange. Nous ajoutons que les
marchandises sont envoyées directement de notre Manufacture de Grenoble, France, aux comptoirs de NOTRE AGENT, qui a signé avec nous un contrat légal,
par lequel il s'engage à les vendre pour nous, moyennant un Petit Bénéfice de Commission SUR NOS PRIX. Pour la guidance des personnes qui se servent
de nos marchandises, nous disons qu'à cause de la Grande Élasticité des Peaux avec lesquelles ils sont faits, nos Gants sont coupés sur une série de mesures un
peu plus petites que les Josephine ou les Trefouse.

Date:
Faubourg de Grenoble France,
le 30 Mars, 1890.

Pour La COMPAGNIE de GANTERIE de CHEVREUX FRANCAIS.
ARNOBE BYZANCE.