

# MARRIAGE A' LA MODE.

(With apologies to the memory of the immortal Hogarth for purloining his legend.)



TRAVELLING townwards in a street-car a few days ago, I found myself surrounded by a bevy of most prepossessing damsels, all in a high state of excitement. They chattered, their eyes glistened, they could hardly sit still for impatience. What was more curious still, frequent references were made to a "he" and a "she." Puzzled, I threw sideways an enquiring glance at the conductor—the only other male present. "Weddin' on this

mornin', sir; there have been car-loads of 'em." This solved the problem at once.

If any one thing more than another sets the feminine heart in a flutter, it is a wedding. Forgive me, fair reader, for that word "flutter." 'Tis a Longfellowian phrase; be his the blame. A Spring bonnet is a proverbial stirrer-up of the gentler emotions—sometimes even of the rougher ones, if the bonnet happens to be on some other and rival head. A baby, a dear baby, is another. A fancy-dress ball is a third. Three pounds of candies between two, when the three happen to be

fresh and the two young, may be classed as a fourth excitement—if, that is, there are no male eyes about, say on such an occasion as a picnic where there are two women too few! But nothing, nothing in this terraqueous globe is equal to a wedding for throwing half a town into excitement.



Which enjoys the spectacle most, the critical "friends" or the criticised bride, certainly no man can tell. What would happen if bride and bridegroom changed places, if five or six hundred searching eyes pulled to

pieces the material of the man's frock, the dimensions and sit of his bustle, the drape of his veil, his piping, his tulle, his guipure, his ruching, his lace, his everything down to the clocks on his stockings, what would ultimately happen, I say, it would be rash to prophesy, but most probably the total extinction of all marriages whatsoever.

The novelists are unquestionably wise in writing "Finis" just after the wedding climax, for the couple that have riveted the attention of the feminine world (and perhaps a section of the masculine) up to that enchanting point, undergo a total eclipse immediately after the carriages have rolled away from the church door. They are dismissed to the limbo of the married and settled, and society has no longer any use for them for romantic purposes. To be sure, a pale halo—the fading light of

the honeymoon—surrounds the bride for the first few Sundays after her return from the tour, but it soon wears away, and she ceases—much to her satisfaction, if she is a sensible girl—to be cynosure. But, while a "happy couple" are a diminishing quantity when viewed from the standpoint of the giddy throng of wedding-goers—which standpoint is the church steps, as the carriages are disappearing down the street—the real romance and joy of life is just opening before the united ones themselves. They are embarked upon the river of life now, with Love at the helm and the light of hope dancing on the horizon before them, and the bliss of it is something which the single can never know!



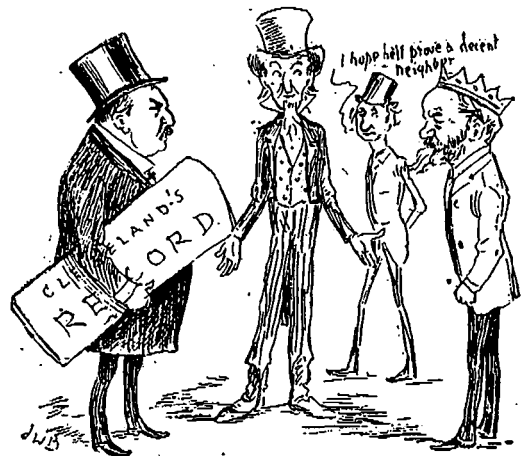
## SOME SENTIMENTAL SILLINESS.

MY lady love sat by the side of a stream,  
Which mirrored my lady love fair,  
The moments slipped by on the wings of a dream  
Afloat in the somnolent air;  
Her eyes were cast down over something I'd said.  
A blush was astir on her cheek,  
I knew that the thought in her silly young head  
Was "Why in the world don't he speak?"

I spoke.

A silly young couple, contented to dream,  
Contented to whisper and kiss,  
Sat cooing soft vows by the murmuring stream  
Prospecting a love-mine of bliss,  
Her silly young eyes were aglow with her love,  
Her head on my shoulder was placed,  
A bird trilled a song in a tree up above  
As I sat with my arm round her waist.

Cecil Street.



## HARRISON'S ENTREE—CLEVELAND'S MARCH FOURTH.

UNCLE SAM.—"Well, *au revoir*, Grover; and now see here, Benjamin, if you can go out at the end of your term with as proud a record and as good a name, I'll mark you down amongst my successful Presidents."