

PROGRESS.

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NOW, IS THIS ALL TRUE?

SOME THINGS SAID ABOUT A MARRIAGE EVENT.

Incidents That Were not a Part of the Ceremony But Furnished Food for Talk and Thought—Invitations are as Thick as Hens in Bright, Sunshiny June.

"What's this, Sarah, what's this?" was the startled exclamation of a gentleman high in official as well as social rank, to his wife as he sat at the breakfast table a few mornings ago and read a polite invitation, couched in the usual terms, to a marriage to take place in this city.

Now an invitation of any kind was not apt to upset the usual gravity of the gentleman in question; in fact he would rather be delighted to assist in any little festivity that became such a pleasant ceremony as a marriage or a wedding but this particular request for the pleasure of his and his wife's company he looked upon with some suspicion.

Cause why? He didn't know the people. Still, though there may be a social observance which endeavors to prevent such little errors as a man inviting a stranger to one's house to see his daughter married there is an element of good will, and sociability and hospitality about such a cordial request that is very enticing. True, there are some sordid and narrow spirits in the world who always look upon an invitation to a marriage with suspicion. The first thing such a man, for example, would think about would be, do they want my company or a present, but fortunately these people are few. On the other hand when two or three hundred people, apart from friends, are asked to such a ceremony, it may be said that the suspicion of free house furnishings is apt to float around with considerable alacrity.

St. John is, fortunately, quite free from this sort of thing. Of course there are swell affairs, at which young people agree to share each others lot for life and all their friends are invited to see them start upon the matrimonial journey. Sometimes the invitation is accompanied by a ticket, which PROGRESS always had the idea was suggested of a performance rather than a ceremony, but that is somewhat a matter of taste. The good old bishop of Fredericton would never prevent the people from going into the Cathedral to witness a marriage ceremony by issuing tickets to a favored few but in these later days opinions have changed and customs with them. Ladies with fine dresses and new bonnets can now wear them with as much safety in a church, even at a marriage, as they can in the drawing room. The theatrical features of these big social events now-a-days are not confined to the ceremony itself, for it is considered quite the proper thing to have at least one rehearsal before the original and only performance.

This has been a week of weddings in St. John. Why June is selected more than any other months for the celebration of these happy affairs is something that few understand. Nature was not smiling when the week opened and the most fashionable event of the week had for its sole disagreeable feature, unfavorable weather.

There are many amusing features to some weddings. The loveliest girl and the best man may be made a laughing stock by the indiscreet remarks of their best friends. Events of this kind are rare in many families and it is only natural that there should be some flurry and much excitement as the day approaches when the favorite of the family is to step outside the home circle. The ladies take the most interest in the affair and from the hour when the lady consents to name the day to the time she walks up the church aisle on the arm of her father or brother she is the one important topic among her friends. Of course that green-eyed monster, jealousy, is apt to misconstrue acts and exaggerate stories, and that is what even the women would call "mean." The fact that a young woman or a girl has made a good match or catch, should be no reason why she should be the target of all the insinuations and innuendoes that her so-called friends and acquaintances can manufacture.

If she succeeds in engaging one of the best of dressmakers and prevents her from attending upon her regular customers, that is no reason why they should circulate the report that she was only having her beach gowns and lounging robes made here and the remainder of her trossau would be

special designed and constructed in—let us say, Timbuctoo. Why may not any one who wears corsets—and it is asserted that some men do—have them trimmed and decorated as they please without being subjected to the plectanry of their acquaintances—which, after all, is not so very pleasant. These are but trifles. PROGRESS once heard of a bride—and she is still in that class, who carried her ideas of a "fit out" to such a ridiculous extent that among her supply of bed linen were hand painted sheets! It would not be right to vouch for the truth of the story but it seemed to come from the highest authority and never was contradicted. But suppose it was true the design was no doubt appropriate.

That is what might be called over doing the thing but she was not any worse than the young lady's friends who were possibly afraid that the church would not be full of people to see the marriage and issued some two hundred and fifty more invitations than their friends called for. Perhaps some of the recipients used stronger language than the gentleman quoted at the opening of this article and agreed with his later and more forcible expression. "God bless me! God bless me! who are these people, I don't know them." Three hundred invitations and thirty nine present! That does not seem to be a large proportion, in fact it is just thirteen per cent!

That recalls an amusing feature connected with the same affair which was also in the invitation line. Two young ladies, daughters of prominent citizens, were asked to officiate as maids of honor. This little service may be asked quite properly by a near and dear friend but it is a little out of order, or may be thought so when the young ladies are not even acquaintances of the bride. One of them escaped by a polite declination and the other went to the country for a week.

Most young people when they embark upon the perilous matrimonial voyage like to be surrounded by their relatives and near friends rather than strangers but there are exceptions. The fact that a brother or a sister is not in the same fortunate circumstances as formerly is not regarded as a bar to admission but PROGRESS heard a funny story a few days ago which would seem to disprove this theory. "You know, Sam" said the prospective bride, speaking of her brother "is not in the same circle with us and besides his clothes are not such as would be fitting at such a ceremony as we propose to have. More than that he has grown so coarse!" Sam must have been vastly pleased at this sisterly expression.

McMichael Was a Cool Oae.

A rather good story is told in connection with the capture of the negro McMichael, in the house of Ira Stewart. He was a cool customer, and his act of shaving his mustache and putting on Stewart's best suit was in keeping with the reception he gave Capt. Hastings and Officer Greer when they reached the place. McMichael was lying on a lounge as cool as possible, and when the officers asked for him he was prompt in replying that he was McMichael and asking their business. Then he proceeded to give such explanations, and told such a good story that the officers left without making an arrest. Capt. Jenkins and Detective Ring called shortly after, and they remained with the negro until Stewart came home, when he identified the clothes as his. His best boots also adorned McMichael's feet. When these were removed the prisoner was brought to town. He is well and cheaply rid of. The law provides that when a prisoner admits that he has been imprisoned for a former offence, and pleads guilty to the present charge, the police magistrate may sentence him to the penitentiary for as long as ten years. That was the sentence the officers expected the negro would get, but he pleaded that he had to steal or starve, and the magistrate gave him seven years.

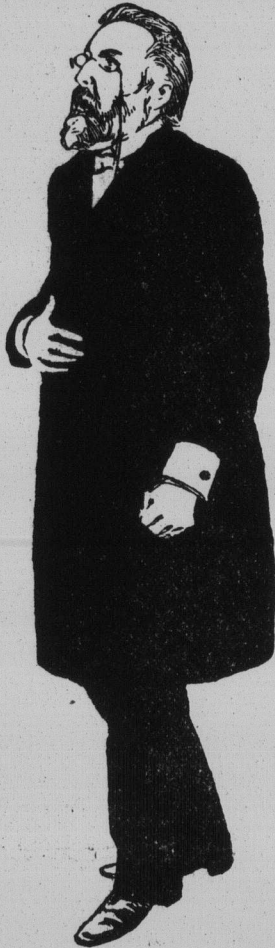
The Secret of Large Audiences.

The managers of the Oratorio Society were unfortunate from a business point of view in their latest venture. The people must have been absorbed in what was going on in the churches, in the wedding events for they failed to attend the concerts in anything like an encouraging manner. Those who have anything to do with attractions of this sort in this city should have learned long ago that the people require a lot of hard facts driven into their heads from day to day, in order to induce them to attend anything. The only large audiences patronizing concerts

latterly, have been induced to do so by columns of matter in the newspapers, printed weeks before hand and kept going from day to day.

Judge Forbes in the Synod.

Judge Forbes was a delegate to the Presbyterian Synod in Montreal and the artist of the Montreal Star sketched him as he was making a speech. PROGRESS reproduces it.



The Hon. Judge Forbes, of St. John, N. B.—"We have to admit with shame that there are in New Brunswick eleven hundred Presbyterians whom we are not able to find."

Anxious to be Rid of Him.

The people of Douglas Avenue are proud of their street and its many new and handsome residences. Their one crumpled rose leaf, or perhaps it would be better to say very sharp thorn, is the proximity of Miser Oultons hut. This week the neighborhood was brought into unenviable notoriety by the death of the miser's wife, and the attendant circumstances. The hut was in the filthiest condition where the death occurred, and the surroundings were so altogether revolting that it was with difficulty those who went in could manage to perform the necessary offices for the deceased. The hardened old husband prayed and entreated that he be put to no expense in the matter, and fixed the amount of expenditure at \$6.00. The woman was buried the same day she died.

Says He is Going to Call a Halt.

Mr. C. E. McPherson was in town this week. He is now of Toronto with which city he is quite as familiar as he is with St. John. The pleasant mission that brought him here was to assist another St. John boy and his friend, T. E. G. Armstrong, better known among his intimate friends as "Ned," in the all important ceremony that ushered him into the ranks of the benedictines. This is the fifth time that Mr. McPherson has officiated in the capacity of groomsman and to use his own expression he is going to call a halt. Whether that implied any intentions on his part to make it impossible for him to act in this capacity is difficult to discover, but if he always had as pleasant a time, and met as many friends on the former occasions as upon this he has not labored in vain.

He is Ten Years Younger.

Sergeant Watson objects to that portion of the city council report that made him 73 years of age. He says that is adding ten years to his life by the stroke of the pen and he is not at all anxious to shine as having passed the allotted time of man. Still he has been on the force more than forty years and feels that he can do his duty yet. PROGRESS only hopes that he may see seventy-three and more years.

THE BICYCLE LICENSE.

HOW THEY ARRANGE THE MATTER IN BOSTON.

A Short Talk With a Boston Cyclist and Some Suggestions From Good Roads Members—The Difficulty of Administering a Fund—Carriages Should Pay a Tax.

There is a good deal of agreement with PROGRESS' suggestion that the cyclists should advocate a road fund to be administered by representatives from their own organization, the good roads association and the city council for the improvement of such roads as they wish the money expended on. A Boston wheelman talking to PROGRESS a few days ago asked if the cyclist had any protection from the city and what the bye-laws were. When assured as to these facts he asked what the license fee was. "Nothing" was the reply. He was surprised at this statement and said that every wheel paid two dollars in Boston. "Of course" we have, as a result of that, beautiful roads and cycle paths and so would the wheelman here in a short time if they paid the tax."

When a prominent member of the Good Roads association, and he is a cyclist too, was spoken to on the subject he agreed that the tax would not be a heavy one on the cyclist and if the money could be expended in the way PROGRESS suggested it would result in great improvement to the roads, but he saw difficulties in the expending of such a fund. If done by a representative commission, legislation would be necessary in the first place. Then he thought that private carriages had as much if not more right to pay such a tax as the wheelmen. Calculating upon the numbers of bicycles in the city he thought there were more than a thousand, and they were increasing all the time. In connection with this the following paragraph is interesting.

On Sunday last it is estimated that 200,000 bicycles were spinning along the highways of the metropolitan district, New York. Of this number 50,000 are believed to have made the trip to Coney Island, and an equal number or more to have ridden over the Riverside Drive in the Manhattan borough. Ten thousand wheel riders visited Camp Black to see the soldier boys. Seven hundred cyclists rode centuries, or covered 100 miles during the day, and 33 completed double centuries. One plucky little wheel-woman pedalled two hundred miles between half-past seven o'clock Saturday evening and five o'clock Sunday afternoon, and 23 other wheel-women covered 100 miles between sunrise and sunset on the same day.

WHEN THE SEASON OPENS.

The Great Trotting Events on the Border and What Will Follow Here.

There are to be races at Moosepath on the 12th of July, the day that all the orangemen honor. Usually the first of July is selected but this year the stake races at St. Stephen come off on the Natal day of the Dominion, and all the available horses are booked for that event which will practically open the trotting season in this province. In Nova Scotia the season opens a few days earlier because the Natal day at Halifax is June 21st and the people honor it by having a good time generally. To assist them in doing this there are horse races, sometimes trotting, sometimes running, but races at all events, and there is always a good attendance. Some St. John horses have already started for this event, and if they go as well there as they have in their trials here may be expected to bring back part of the money that is going. But Nova Scotia horses are, as a rule, hard to beat, and this year they will probably prove no exception to the rule. One of the speedy ones that will go over is Honest Farmer who started a good many times last year but did not succeed in doing much in the way of winning. He seems to have discovered where his burst was during the winter and this spring for PROGRESS hears that he can show all of them a fast clip. When it is known that he is still in the three minute class this will be appreciated.

There are many entries for the events in St. Stephen and as Calais is going to celebrate the fourth of July in the same way only three days afterward, the same horses entered for the Canadian event are in for the contests across the bridge.

Mr. J. M. Johnson is one of the energetic spirits of both tracks. He used

to be the same when he was here nearly all of his time and Moosepath today owes much of the improvement that it has received to his efforts.

Secretary Johnson of the Agricultural Society thinks that by the twelfth of July the horses that go on the border will be in shape again for a race in St. John. The classes are all fast and the purses are large. Arlight will be among the starters and Charlie Ward will no doubt be in shape to the front with perhaps another for the other classes. Then Mary Mac is almost certain to be on hand and her conclusions with the speedy ones. Now that George Carvill is reinstated there is bound to be great interest between his stallion Speculation, and Arlight, and, if Calandra should also appear at the same time, the association will be in a happy frame of mind. Mr. McCormick's Rose L. is to be reckoned with too this year, it is said. She is at present at the border, and will take part in the events there.

"It is not likely," said a well known horseman a few days ago, "that Special Blend will do much trotting early this season. He has not been worked to any extent and while it is stated that his throat has become all right again his training must be gradual and careful. Just now he may be seen in double harness with Cushing's Pilot which Mr. Willis has here for a time and they make not only a speedy but a handsome team."

A CONVENIENCE AND A NOVELTY.

A Steam Launch on the Lake at Bon Lomond.

Mine host Barker of the Ben Lomond House has a little steam yacht. That last word is probably a misnomer but at any rate he has a large boat which is propelled by steam. There is a degree of readiness about the vessel that is somewhat remarkable. No matter how busy the host and his help are it does not seem to be any trouble for any of them to get up steam in a few minutes. Soft wood is plenty and suitable for the purpose. The methods of preparing for a short cruise are as simple as possible. Only a few armloads of the wood are thrown in the bow and with one to watch the engine and another to steer, the boat is ready to go all around the big lake. Sail boats are not in it with the little steam launch. No time is lost on the way. Mr. Barker says that he can go from one end of the lake to the other in twenty minutes. He has used the launch as a tug a great deal this spring and summer and guides the small rafts of logs on the shores of the lake to where they were required. A favorable wind was of course necessary for this purpose but with that the rest was easy.

Sometimes there is such a gale of wind that the launch is useless. That was the case one day this week when a special party of four went to the Lake to spend some hours. Two of them had taken marriage vows early that morning and the others went along for company's sake. They did not enjoy the much looked for sail because old Boreas objected. But that only happens once in a while. The steam launch is a good sea boat and is usually available. Beside the convenience it affords to pleasure seekers, sportsmen and others it is quite a novelty on an inland lake.

Some are Hard to Find.

Superintendent Fraser of the school for the blind in Halifax says that there are many children who are blind or practically so who are not in the institution over which he presides where they would receive a suitable education which would assist in providing for their future. That this is true there is no reasonable doubt. In some of the country districts the people hardly know that there is an institution where blind children can be provided with an education. And this in spite of the advertising that the school has had! In many cases there is no disposition to send a child so afflicted away from home. While this feeling is natural in parents yet they are neglecting the best interests of the child in thus depriving it of the advantages it may have.

Plenty of Trout There.

Ed Treadwell is smiling these days over the catches of trout that are being made in his lake which was reputed for many years to have no fish. This has been disproved by Mr. Treadwell himself and several expert anglers who are delighted with the size and appearance of the trout they have captured.