

Matrimonial Journal

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ADDRESS TO OUR PATRONS.

In placing before the public for the first time this publication, we wish to point out that there are undoubtedly many persons of both sexes in the community who are desirous of attaining suitable matrimonial alliances. To these this paper will supply a long felt want, as the ordinary opportunities of life offer but a poor comparison to the splendid facilities and countless advantages presented by an agency which we intend to have recognised throughout the whole continent as an efficient, a reliable, and an incomparable medium for the adjustment of every known matrimonial requirement. To these, therefore, who have been waiting for years, and who may be fated under the usual conventional conditions, to wait many years longer, for the realization of their desires, The Anglo-American Matrimonial Journal is confidently recommended as a safe and effectual channel through which the necessary end may be speedily reached. The management stand consigned to a career of success. They intend to be zealous, to give entire satisfaction in each individual case intrusted to them, and this solicitude, conjunctively with the accumulated results of their experience, will invariably enable them to conduct the most difficult and ambitious desires on the part of their clients to the most successful and pleasing issues.

DIRECTIONS TO PATRONS.

Those wishing to contract a matrimonial alliance through the medium of this paper are requested to carefully read and act upon the instructions contained in this column, as they will be rigidly enforced.

FOR ADVERTISING.—The charges for advertisements will be found at the head of each department. Advertisements should be written on one side of the paper only. Those of our correspondents who do not find their advertisements inserted in the current issue must conclude that they have been excluded for want of space and will appear in the next issue.

FOR ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS.—Letters should be addressed simply The Anglo-American Matrimonial Journal Office, Toronto, Ont., and must have the box number written on the left hand top corner of the envelope. The management reserves the right to open and suppress any communications that he may think are from objectionable persons or ought not to be forwarded.

ADVICE.—The Editor will be prepared, on receipt of 25 cents, to furnish advice by letter on any point relative to matrimonial matters.

INTERVIEWS.—The Editor will see patrons at any time at his private residence by appointment. Terms on application.

INTRODUCTIONS.—The Editor will bring about an introduction and interview at his private residence, or elsewhere, between any parties who wish same. Terms on application.

COMMUNICATIONS.—All should be addressed to the Editor The Anglo-American Matrimonial Journal, Toronto, Ont. Letters to which a reply is required must contain 10 cents.

VANDERBILT'S BRIDE.

HOW HE WON HER, OR HOW SHE CAPTURED HIM.

It was a bright moonlight night in Albany some thirty-five years ago, the clock in the neighbouring steeple was chiming the hour of 10 when a young lady who was walking through the quiet and deserted streets was startled by the clatter of horse's hoofs. Soon she saw coming up the street at breakneck pace a bay horse, on which was seated a young man with auburn hair and a beautiful, smiling mouth. His upper lip was shielded from the night air by a six months' moustache, which boasted of twenty-two reddish brown hairs. The gentleman handled his horse with such ease and dignity that the young lady sighed and knew her heart had gone out to the unknown rider. By this time the horse and rider had reached the corner where the young lady stood, and she, being of a modest, retiring nature, withdrew into the shadow of a doorway.

The horse saw the movement, and, being a spirited animal, shied and threw its rider, who fell heavily on a pile of stones, striking the left side of his face and utterly ruining the stone heap. The young lady screamed and sprang forward, supposing the young man was either dead or badly hurt. Hardly had she reached his side when he jumped up, shook himself, and brushed the dust from his face.

"Are—you hurt very badly?" timidly inquired the young lady.

"Not at all, Miss—a—" stammered the youth.

"Miss Kissam," whispered the young lady, while many blushes suffused her pretty face.

"Well I'm not hurt, Miss Kissam," said William H. Vanderbilt, as he introduced himself, "but I'm pretty badly shaken up."

Miss Kissam appeared embarrassed, and insisted upon young Mr. Vanderbilt going to her home, as he suddenly appeared very faint. It did not take much persuasion to induce him to escort her home. Here he was introduced to Miss Kissam's father, Rev. Dr. Kissam.

A pleasant evening was spent, and William proved such an excellent conversationalist that when he took his departure that evening he was invited to call again. This he promised to do. When he got to the street he found that he had forgotten his hat and taken Miss Kissam's instead. Evidently the young lady was satisfied with the exchange, for she did not ask Mr. V. to return her palpitator. Many times did the young couple meet. Finally young "Vandy," as his companions called him, plucked up courage and decided to ask Miss Kissam to change her name in his favour.

He put off the "popping" from day to day until the next July, when the Sunday-school of which Mr. Vanderbilt was superintendent gave a picnic. Miss Kissam was present, and "Vandy" popped.

When the momentous event occurred, young William dropped on his knees with such force that the earth quaked. He listened eagerly for an answer to his request, and amid the singing of birds and the rustling of leaves it came, a softly and lowly whispered "Yes."

Drawing a big pen knife, the happy young man cut deep into the bark of a stately maple the words "Mr. and Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt," just to see how it would look in print.

It satisfied him, and a few months later the young couple were married by the bride's father. With his marriage Mr. Vanderbilt prospered, and was the richest man in the world. Never did he regret his union with pretty Miss Kissam, the "belle of Albany."

Anyone who can find the maple tree where Mr. V. carved his name, together with a "Mr. and Mrs. V.," may to this day see the words.

DURATION OF LOVE IN MEN AND WOMEN.

Somebody who didn't spend all his time sitting around the house growling at flies and raising blue chaos whenever dinner wasn't ready to the minute, has placed the opinion on record, that with a woman love is an absolute reality, while with a man it is little more than the commonest kind of side show.

When you behold a damsel with eyes like those of a damaged mackerel, whose nose is blue at the tip and sharp-pointed from much weeping, shuffling around the house in an old dress that makes a man feel like fleeing to the mountains, you can salt it down for a certainty that she wants to marry a man too worthless to make good fish bait. Some night, when least expected, she will skip out by the light of the moon to escape with the scallawag, leaving more love in the home from which she steals away than she will ever find in his bosom, and from that time on she is his to command under all circumstances, no matter whether he steals a horse or goes to parliament, and so long as he treats her half white, nothing but the discovery that he has got mashed on some other woman can ever change her feeling toward him.

A man falls in love the same as a mule goes down with a sinking bridge. Simply because he can't help it, but it seldom does him any permanent injury. The shape of a nose, the sweep of an eye, or the wave of a curl trips him up and settles his hash without an instant of warning, and there he is, the bluest kind of a captive, until marriage or some new facination breaks the charm that binds him. He is pretty sure to love like a burning brush heap while he is about it, but the trouble is, his frame is too ardent to be durable. He will swear to a blue-eyed sprite that he loves her for all eternity, and within three months after marriage will go to howling about the cooking, and make her life a purgatory without a streak of light. If she breaks down and dies of discouragement, as not infrequently happens, he will slide up to some other houri before the daisies bloom again, in total forgetfulness that he ever lost a wink of sleep by being in love before.

THE GIRL FOR YOUR MONEY.

A physician writes to young men as follows: "My profession has thrown me among women of all classes, and experience teaches me that the Creator never gave man a greater proof of His love than to place woman here with him. My advice is, go and propose to the most sensible girl you know. If she accepts you, tell her how much your income is, and from what source derived, and tell her that you will love her with all your heart into the bargain; and then keep your promise. My word for it, she will live within your income, and to your last hour you will regret that you did not marry sooner. Stop worrying about feminine extravagance and feminine untruth. Just you be true to her and love her sincerely, and a more fond, faithful, foolish slave you will never meet anywhere. You will not deserve her, I know; but she will never know it."

The Romans were so anxious to encourage marriage that they punished unmarried persons by rendering them incapable of receiving any legacy or inheritance by will, except from near relations; and those who were married and had not any children could take no more than half the estate. You had better get some relative to speak to your lover and hurry him on to a declaration.

An enterprising clothier advertises guaranteeing a wife to every man who buys a suit of clothes. What would strike some people better would be a guarantee of a suit of clothes to every man who has a wife.