

**MARRIAGE AS A FACT.**

**AN ANTI-EXPENSE CRUSADE IS THE ONE THING NEEDED.**

**If the Costly Preliminaries Could Be Abolished, Many Unknown Attachments Would Come to Light, and Hope Would Reside in the Heart of Many a Spinster.**

Ever since pretty Mrs. Mona Caird demoralized that staid and stately paper, the *London Telegraph*, with her views of the marriage question, it has been considered the proper subject for conversation. London discussed "Is marriage a failure?" We have followed suit out here in America. The papers have published what this or that noted man and woman thinks of the subject; and our intellectual girls, looking less kindly than of yore on disconsolate admirers, sigh, "There seems no doubt it is a failure."

My dear girls, don't—don't, I repeat, say that. You have not yet tried it, and know nothing of it. You look at papa's bald head, gleaming above *PROGRESS* in the morning, and mamma's portly, common-place form, as she pours out his coffee, and fail to see any lingering traces of "love's young dream." His greatest pleasure in life seems his nightly games of whist with his cronies; hers seems to be found in the W. C. T. U., A. C. of Y. M. C. A., S. P. C. A., or some other of her numerous charities. Where is now the tender feeling which prompted papa to write sonnets to her beauty, as some one does for you today, you wonder? And thus you conclude that it is all nonsense. Much of it is; but then it is pleasant nonsense, and you will indulge in your share of love-making and marrying, as every one will, in spite of lengthy tirades against Hymen.

Looking at the subject with both my blue-grey eyes wide open, I see only one view of the matter—marriage as a fact. Yes, a hard and practical fact. No matter what conclusion the world arrives at in regard to the marriage question; no matter what Mrs. Mona Caird and noted men and women think of it, there will be marrying and giving in marriage until we reach the place where we are told there is neither.

So I have had a little discussion with myself, and arrived at the opinion that it only needs reforming. Many things in the world have been reformed that touched much less closely the public needs than this. Why not reform it and put the matter on a "sound financial basis?" If all these noted people who have been expressing their opinions would only direct their great brains to the reform of marriage instead of this useless discussion, how much better it would be!

My brain is not gigantic, so I fail to see the better way. All I see is the imperfection of the present system. What oppresses me most is the expense of the thing. Marriage is a luxury, and lots of us cannot afford it.

I had not given much attention to the subject until last Tuesday night. What went into it so deeply, heart and soul, so to speak, is that I had a proposal. My dearest friend among the dudelings asked me to marry him, last Tuesday night, at about 9 p. m. It occurred in our own back parlor, with the pater and mater-families in full sight. I have had proposals before, and always said I would be a sister to the young gentlemen without a pang. A proposal under such tremendous circumstances, however, showed so much courage that I thought it argued well, and paused on the brink of accepting him. I hesitated in time, however, and pulling myself together, asked in a loud tone (the rest of the conversation had been carried on in gentle tones during pauses in the music), if he did not consider marriage a failure. I also ceased playing dreamy, sentimental waltzes and began to render the Dead March. In spite of this, he replied that he didn't know much about it, but wished to experiment. I said it was no subject for airy persiflage, and just then some one else called.

I retired that night and of course every woman knows, not to sleep. I huddled up in front of my bedroom fire, in that best of all dressing robes, a blanket coat, and thought the matter over. Adolphus—the dudeling in question—is a bank clerk. Bank clerks are nice fellows to dance with, many of them, and they dress well, but as a husband I could not make up my mind. With the thought of the small yearly stipend Adolphus draws, on my mind, I went to sleep at length.

I refused him next morning, because money is necessary to happiness. I added that when he had reformed the abuses of the performance I would reconsider the decision. The abuses I named. Among the silliest are engagement rings—(one of the preliminaries). Rings are a relic of barbarism and with an urgent request from his iaior in his pocket, the average lover invests in a diamond engagement ring. Trash I call it—let us wear ankle and nose rings, as well as ear and finger ornaments and be the full-fledged savage at once.) Then minister's fees. Why should you pay a minister from \$10 up as high as you like, for reading a few words over you? The congregation pay him a salary for attending to their needs and he should not have extras—it is as demoralizing as facing waiters. Then again the trousseau costs money. I fail utterly to see why it is considered necessary to invest in a dozen new dresses, coats, hats, bonnets, gloves,

hosery, unmentionable etceteras in profusion, just because you are getting married. Now, when Adolphus and I go to the Institute I can wear a brown street dress that once was grey and a bonnet done up by these hands, and no one complains. Let me appear in this same costume, as Mrs. Adolphus, ye gods! our entire set discuss at length my eccentricity in so doing.

I have too much sense to consent to one of those long, lingering engagements so Adolphus, like the heathen Chinese, must go. If marriage was reduced to its simplest form, the engagement and marriage rings left with other savage customs, wedding trips abolished—except for the admittedly wealthy—trousseau condemned to oblivion, licenses reduced in price, ministers' fees unknown, and the fond papa put up the money usually wasted on his part of the show, Adolphus and I could marry at once. As it is—

On earth still we dwell, yet dwell we apart;  
'Tis the fault of our age, and the fault is not mine.

If I could organize an anti-expensive marriage crusade and get it working well I feel sure that many unknown attachments would come to light. Engagements smouldering in the dust and ashes of years would blossom into matrimony under the new system and hope revive in the hearts of many a spinster.

Marriage, whether a failure or not, is one of those facts you cannot well overlook. Instead of "Is marriage a failure?" let our subject be, Marriage Reform, and when it gets cheapened somewhat there will be a union of Adolphus and the

GIDDY GIRL.

**HE BREAKS OUT AGAIN.**

**Mr. Mulcahey and His Friend Do a Little Masquerading.**

Pa's broke out again. Whenever ma's at home she always gets him strate afore he gets too far, but when ma's away pa breaks right out all over. Ma's visitin' in the country now, and pa says what he guesses he's in town.

The first nite, he was a guest of the Union club and didn't git home till pretty early in the mornin'. He brot another old tellar home with him, too, and I had to get out of bed to let them in, er they'd had out the firemen, they made sich a noise. Pa was too tired to take his butes off, so he fell asleep on the floor. The other old fellar set down to take a rest in the middle of the stairs, 'cause he said he's tired too. So he went to sleep afore he got through restin', and took a head firster down stairs and made a awful racket. I got him straightened out but he thort he wouldn't mind goin' up stairs, he's so bashful, so he went off to sleep again.

I thort it wasn't no use of me goin' to bed again so I just past away the time paintin' up pa and the other old fellar. I made a red injun outer pa, with blue war paint on too, and I tied some long feathers outer the duster on his head to make him look natural. I painted the other old fellar black 'cause I thort he'd make the best nigger, and he's the comicalist old duffer yer ever saw when he's blacked up.

I woke pa up and told him what there's a nigger sleepin' down in our hall, so pa got in a rage and rushed on the scene. He give the old fellar a few kicks and told him to get out and the old fellar woke up and was scared to death at pa's war paint, and asked fer mercy and a hole lot more things. I guess both muster had pretty big heads when they couldn't see what kind of clothes they had on, but I held the light up high, anyhow.

The old fellar got outside but he's too full to run so he fell into the gutter and pa made fer him just like a injun after his scalp and called him a burgler. So the old fellar begun to bawl loud's he could and a perliceman cum along, and they both begun givin' each other in charge, and the cop run 'em both in. I guess they got let out again 'cause they was prominent citizens after they got washed up. Pa says what the old fellar is sum punkins.

They say what they aint goin' to the Union club again, 'cause the members is too funny. So I didn't git anything this week to speak of.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

**St. Stephen Enterprise.**

On Thursday, Nov. 22, the immense confectionery factory of Ganong Bros., St. Stephen, was destroyed by fire, many consignments awaiting shipment being also destroyed. But the enterprise and energy which had built up their mammoth business was still unscathed and before the smoking ruins had cooled workmen were clearing out and hauling away the debris. The electric light which had been in the sales-room was conducted to the rear of the building so as to give the workmen longer hours than daylight would afford. The portion of the walls which remains standing has been roofed in, a steam boiler for temporary use put in position, and the great oven is again in working order. In one part of the town box-making is being carried on, while in another as many hands as can be accommodated are rushing on the work of filling Christmas orders. It is Mr. Ganong's intention to rebuild as soon as the weather will permit.

**A Border Device.**

There had been a light fall of the beautiful in the afternoon but now the stars were shining out serenely over St. Stephen. "What have you got your gosamer on for?" exclaimed one young lady to another. "Hush" was the cautious reply. "I'm going to *Calais!*"

**LOTTA AND ANDERSON.**

**TWO STARS THAT OFTEN SHINE ON HAPPY BOSTON.**

**Their Dramatic Excellencies and Characteristics—The Play of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and the Bright Children Who Were Seen in It—Theatrical Gossip at the Hub.**

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 6.—We have had Lotta and Anderson for two weeks, and again have thoroughly enjoyed this bright, bewitching, altogether indescribable little actress. One has to see Lotta in order to get any kind of an idea of how pleasing and entertaining she is. I saw her this time in *Pawn Ticket No. 210*. The play, of itself, has little or no merit, but with Lotta as the star, one scarcely notices absurdities and inconsistencies. The action opens with a scene in a pawn shop. Lotta has been pawned by her mother when in a great strait, some ten years ago, the number of the ticket upon which she is pawned being 210. In this scene Lotta first appears, clad in rags. In later scenes she looks very pretty in a white nainsook dress, and also in a white satin. I examined Lotta closely, with glasses, but although she is now about 50 years of age, it is simply impossible to credit it, as she appears on the stage. She seemed really the age she was supposed to be, that is, between twelve and fifteen years. Her voice is still very pleasing, and her songs and dances won great applause. She is a slight, prettily formed little creature, graceful and "light as a feather." If one were able to realize her age when she is on the stage, it would be distasteful to see her dancing and skipping about, or throwing herself down and kicking with rage when roused. But seeming so entirely what she represents, a wayward child, nothing seems unfitting.

In private life Lotta is a splendid woman, deserving of great respect—kind-hearted and philanthropic. She has such a business ability, and has been so wise and careful in her investments that she is now, and has been for years, wealthy, possessing a luxurious home and sure income. When Lotta was in Boston on a former occasion, and was returning from a walk in the public gardens, she saw a horse attached to a herdic, the driver of which was lashing and urging the poor beast beyond its ability to go. Lotta signed to him to stop, but he paid no heed until she caught the bridle and stopped the horse. The driver, furious, laid his whip on her, but she held fast till a policeman came to her assistance. She placed the matter in his hands and it was duly attended to.

It happened there was a young man in the herdic, a passenger, who, when he found out by whom he had been stopped, decided to try to make something out of the affair. He consulted a lawyer and had him notify Lotta that the passenger in the herdic she had stopped, had missed his train for New York by her action, and as a consequence lost \$10,000, by being unable to keep an appointment by which he should have realized that sum, and that he should therefore bring suit for damages in that amount. A reporter called upon Lotta to inquire what she intended to do in the matter and was informed, "Nothing." When he asked her if she were at all worried or uneasy, he received the characteristic reply made smilingly: "I shall sleep on both cars tonight." I believe nothing further ever came of the young man's little bluff game.

Elsie Leslie, a little girl of nine or ten, played at the museum for some six or seven weeks as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. The last week of the play Tommy Russell took the part, in her stead. Everyone who saw both of these fine children, in the same part, is loth to draw any comparison. Elsie had the disadvantage of "acting" a boy, while Tommy really was one; but the conception both of these children had of the character they represented, was truly wonderful.

Speaking of the play itself, for my own part I must say it was almost more painful than pleasing to witness. In dramatizing *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, Mr. Burnett arranged some of the events differently from the book. For instance Cedric's talks with Mr. Hobbs, the grocer, occurred at Cedric's home, in their little parlor, instead of at the grocery store, as in the book, and Mr. Errol and the Earl have a meeting, in the play, immediately upon her arrival in England, before the Earl has seen her boy.

Mrs. Errol's suffering, when she learned that she and Cedric were to live apart, was fully portrayed on the stage. Her battle with herself, to make the sacrifice for Cedric's and his dead father's sake, and her heroic effort to appear happy and satisfied with the arrangement when she communicated it to Cedric, were most affecting. Each part was perfectly taken. What a wonderful book, and wonderful play the story of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* makes! Both are altogether fascinating. One can but wish that every man, woman and child might read the book, with its grand lesson of what love and perfect trust may accomplish.

Probably everyone knows that the writer, Mrs. Burnett, is an English lady by birth, but has resided in America many years. Her son is the original from whom she has portrayed *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. He has been brought up a thorough little American, and his mother has kept him free from prejudice as to countries and class distinctions, so that he has made friends with all who were possessed of those qualities of mind and character that make true worth. Mrs. Burnett says she wondered how her boy would conduct himself should he suddenly come into a property in England and go there to live, and that this led her to write the story.

This winter we shall welcome Mary Anderson again. It is now some weeks since she arrived in New York, with her English company. Miss Anderson is always welcome home. Some critics hesitate to pronounce her a great actress, but everyone is unanimous in considering her a charming young woman and one who has given added proof that the stage is not necessarily a hot-bed of vice. She is a beautiful woman, stately in figure, with a finely musical voice. She loves her profession and works hard in it, and it is a pleasure to know that she has never resorted to the clap-trap methods of advertising herself, that some stoop to. She keeps no pet tiger, nor does she pose as eccentric. Her work is sacred to her, and her private life is such that some of our well-born and home-reared society girls and women would do well to imitate her.

FRANK.

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**

A new and remarkably strong combination is reported for next season. It is said that Joseph Jefferson and William J. Florence have made a contract to travel together after the manner of the present Booth-Barrett combination. *Dombey and Son* and *Rip Van Winkle* are among the plays to be offered. The combination must be an unqualified success. There would seem to be a fortune in it for the famous principals.

Mrs. Langtry, who had invaded Canada in company with Freddie Gebhardt, has found the weather very cool. Lady Stanley seems to have had such sufficiently reasonable doubts about the Lily that she declined to receive her.

One of the typical Western plays which has been very successful since it was started, five or six years ago, is *Nobody's Claim*. J. J. Dowling and Sadie Hlasson have scored a great success in it, and it is being reproduced by them in New York this season. As a play of that class, it has many merits, and is infinitely ahead of the Oliver Byron sensations of past years.

Mary Anderson, apparently tired of the success which she has met with in England, seems to be preparing for a grand failure on the other side of the water, next season. It is enough to explain that Lord Tennyson is writing a play for her. It will be founded on the story of Robin Hood and Maid Marion, and if it is in the usual style of the poet's "made to order" work, there can be but one result. Tennyson gets steadily worse as he gets older.

Lillian Russell, who was discharged from the Duff Opera company, recently, for absenting herself without leave, has been engaged for the *Yeomen of the Guard* company, at the Casino, New York. Manager Aaronson gives her a salary of \$350 a week.

Since the death of William Warren, the patriarchs of the American stage are John Gilbert and C. W. Couldock, and both are actively at work this season. Couldock is now 76 years of age and has been on the stage since he was 21. He has always been a favorite. This season he is appearing in *Hazel Kirke*, in the original part of Dunston, which Steele MacKaye had in view for him when he wrote the play, eight years ago.

The theatre-going women of New York have begun a crusade against their escorts going out between the acts, "to see a man." They do not object to the purpose of the visit so much as to the damage to dresses, toes, etc., which is caused by passing along the rows. It is suggested that the women might begin a reform among themselves by leaving their high and view-obstructing hats at home. The press tried to start a crusade against the hats two or three years ago, but nothing is heard on the subject of late. The nuisance still exists, and in other places than New York.

The blizzard which astonished New York last winter has been the cause of a new beauty taking to the stage. Her name is Ethel Sprague, daughter of the well known Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague. Roscoe Conkling had the handling of Mrs. Sprague's money. He invested it and lost it years ago, but instead of telling her about it he allowed her a yearly income, which she supposed came from her own estate. Conkling died in consequence of exposure and over-exertion in the blizzard and Mrs. Sprague discovered that she was a poor woman. She has therefore consented to allow her daughter to enter the Lyceum School of Acting and develop her talents. The young woman is said to have a very attractive presence.

**Has Reached Moncton.**

Some time ago *PROGRESS* predicted that Moncton would probably claim the White-chapel murderer. It has done so. Some one claiming to be Jack, the Ripper, has written a letter announcing his presence in the town, and has selected the *Transcript* as his organ.

**28th Annual Christmas Sale!**

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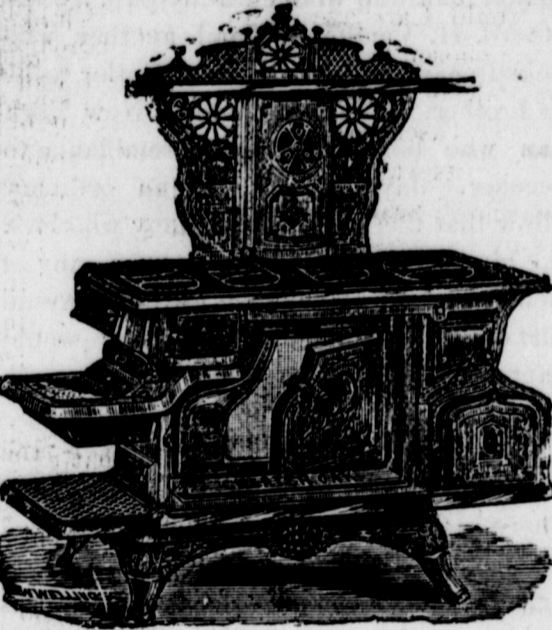
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