

AN IMPORTANT EVENT.

HOW A MAN USUALLY CONDUCTS HIMSELF IN IT.

The Bride is Cool and the Bridegroom Nervous, Entirely Dependent Upon His Assistant Who Stands By Him—The Scene at The Wedding Breakfast.

It is a terrible thing to get married. I never did it myself, but I have assisted several other people through that trying ordeal, and I know something about it. For cheerfulness and vivacity, give me a funeral every time. The man who wrote the line, "All went merry as a marriage bell," was a student of human nature. He knew that if he wanted to combine probability with poetry, he must not refer to a marriage as being an occasion for the display of merriment, so he turned his attention to the bell, as being the only thing at a wedding that gives forth a mirthful sound. He well knew, in spite of a his poetical temperament, that nothing else at the entertainment went merrily but the bell, so he adopted it as his symbol of joy, and promptly went down to posterity with the sound of that same bell ringing in his ears.

I don't blame anybody for feeling gloomy at a wedding; there is an awful solemnity about the whole affair well calculated to dampen even the brightest spirits; there is a chill in the atmosphere, even on the warmest day, which seems to penetrate one's entire system, and form an ample excuse for the beads of cold perspiration which decorate the bridegroom's brow.

The man who is being buried has this inestimable advantage over the one who is being married, that while he is unquestionably the centre of attraction, his part is entirely passive, and he is spared all anxiety as to how the proceedings will go off; while the candidates for matrimony must suffer in the full possession of all their faculties. I don't know that the bride either needs or would be grateful for sympathy, for she always seems calm and self-possessed, coming through the trial with flying colors; but it is the bridegroom to whom my heart goes out with compassion. The bride is much better off. She has the physical as well as moral support of her bridesmaids, her sisters and her mother. Whereas, the luckless groom is restricted to one fellow creature, who is almost as frightened as he is himself in addition to being half frantic with the knowledge that everything depends upon him, that he is responsible for everything, from the set of the victim's tie to his punctual appearance in church at the hour named, and will be blamed if anything goes wrong.

So much has been said and written about the lovely bride, surrounded by her maids in her own room that she is leaving forever, being arrayed in her snowy robes by her loving companions; the subject has served the artist for an inspiration and the poet for a theme; but who has ever thought of depicting the bridegroom's bachelor den while he and his *seule ami fidele* were engaged in the mysteries of the toilet. I suppose the subject was considered too narrow to be generally appreciated, so I had better not attempt to lift the veil thrown over it by charity.

Fancy waking up in the chill, grey dawn of a September morning,—for I have noticed that September and October are favorite months for weddings—and realizing that the hour has come, and the man will have to be there, too, your last day on earth has arrived, in one sense of the word, for things can never be quite the same again. You love your bride very much, but oh! freedom is sweet, and if you could only have her for your own without all the horrors that must be faced first.

At last the victim is dressed and ready to be led forth. He is nervously afraid of being late, and his next dread is lest he should hand the clergyman his fee when he should present the ring. So he gives his friend the former to take charge of, and when the time really comes he thinks he has lost it.

The moment finally arrives, when even the groomsmen admits "that they had better be starting," and they reach the church, feeling terribly alone in the world, and walk up the aisle through the crowd that they so dimly see, growing more lonesome with each step. There are three minutes that seem centuries, spent standing at the chancel rails; then there is a sudden stir; the organ peals forth joyously, the clergyman advances, and in another moment, with a curious feeling of elation that predominates over everything else, the bridegroom is standing beside the one woman in the world, promising, in a voice that has somehow got quite beyond his own control, to love and cherish her till death shall part them.

Why, it's nothing! nothing at all, when you're used to it, and the moment the ceremony is over you would not mind going through it right over again; it's the wedding breakfast you dread. So you walk out of church with your wife on your arm, selfishly forgetful of the bride which has carried you safely over, in the person of your faithful friend, and forgetful of all your other troubles, till the moment when your father-in-law's voice, proposing the health of the bride and groom, recalls you to the sense of your position. You wish that the earth would open and swallow you

as you arise to return thanks, and stammer out what the local papers describe next day as "a few manly and well-chosen words," which the groomsmen has been thoughtful enough to trace on your shirt-cuff for you. The bride retires to change her dress, the good-byes are spoken and the most important event of your life is over.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

THE HORRIBLE IN PRINT.

The Baby Who Saw an Ox Killed Tried to Butcher the House Cat.

I wonder why some newspapers seem to have a perfect mania for the horrible, as well as the strange. I suppose it must be a sort of morbid appetite, like that which prompted the citizenesses, those dear, gentle souls in "A Tale of Two Cities," to take their knitting and attend the guillotine parties, just as people take their knitting now-a-days and go out to tea. Or the beaux of the last century to attend hangings, and gloat over the dying struggles of some poor wretch, who perhaps had only picked somebody's pocket of ten shillings. But certainly the taste is a curious one. The paper I have in mind at present has a weakness for collecting all the sickening stories of Chinese tortures, of Zulu punishments for criminals, of human sacrifices, and of frightful ceremonials at the death feasts of detunct African sovereigns. Tales that are enough to make the heart stand still and the blood run cold even in adult veins; but what of the children? The average boy or girl of nine or ten is generally permitted to read the newspapers, and what effect are such stories going to have upon their minds? They do us harm, they make us boil with indignation to think we are powerless to right such crying wrongs, but how must they effect children? They must either cause them sleepless nights and horrible nightmares when they do sleep, or they must have a hardening effect on their nature, and I don't know which is the worst. Long ago, I knew a lady whose nurse-girl possessed such an appetite for the horrible that she took her young charge, a boy of four, to see an ox killed. The child looked on quietly without seeming to understand what was going on, but told his mother, on his return, where he had been and what he had seen. She was so horrified that she discharged the nurse on the spot and passed a wretched night, fearing that her darling boy might lose his reason over the terrible sight he had been forced to witness. What was her horror, next day, to catch the precious cherub, armed with a tack-hammer, trying to haul the cat up to the shambles by means of a string, one end of which was tied round her neck and the other passed over a door knob. "I'm doing what they did with the cow," he explained when remonstrated with.

I don't know what sort of a man that child has made, but I do know, that when last I saw him as a boy of fourteen, he was a singularly cruel, over-bearing and self-willed boy; and though I do not mean to say that this one incident was responsible for his after conduct, I am certain it was not without its influence on his character. We hear a great deal about the evil effects on children, boys especially, of reading dime novels and "story papers" of the gore and thunder type, and what potent factors they, educating bands of youthful desperados. When the boy of average intelligence realizes that there are no Indians on earth has arrived, in one sense of the word, for things can never be quite the same again. You love your bride very much, but oh! freedom is sweet, and if you could only have her for your own without all the horrors that must be faced first.

WAS HE BORN THAT WAY?

A Little Fellow in Moncton Run over by a Locomotive Before He Could Toodle.

Moncton Sept. 11.—Moncton is a wonderful place for cripples, so many have been maimed in the discharge of their duties on the railway or in the machine shops that it sometimes seems as if one third of the population were minus either a leg or an arm, a hand or a foot. Indeed, a few years ago one of the sights of the town was a tiny boy who had been run over by an engine while playing on the railway track, and was crippled for life, even before he had learned to walk steadily. Some time ago I was walking down town with a lady friend who is more noted for her quick sympathy than her keen sense of humor, and on turning a corner we met this little lad, skipping happily along on his wooden leg. It was too much for my friend, who had never seen him before, and for a few moments she gazed after the child in horror-struck silence; at length she burst forth, "Poor child! what a terrible thing! and so young, too, a cripple at his age! I never saw so young a child with a wooden leg. I wonder if he was born that way?" It was no use trying to be mannerly. I laughed till I had to lean against the nearest fence to recover my strength, and my friend has not forgiven me for my lack of feeling yet, and I am not quite sure that she has found out what I was laughing at.

Children's legs don't equal a wheel, at Ungar's Steam Laundry.

A FORMER PRESIDENT

OF THE MOUNT ALLISON INSTITUTIONS AT SACKVILLE.

A Portrait and Sketch of Rev. Humphrey Pickard, D. D., Principal of Mount Allison for Thirteen Years—Now Living in Retirement.

The opening of the Mount Allison institutions has been very successful again this year, and the number of students fully up to the expectations of the president and faculty. One of the gentlemen prominent



REV. HUMPHREY PICKARD, D.D.

in the history of Mount Allison is Dr. Pickard, the excellent portrait of whom represents him as he appeared many years ago, and for which, with the sketch printed below, Progress is indebted to the *Argosy*, the college organ.

Rev. Humphrey Pickard, D. D., was born at Fredericton, N. B., June 10th, 1813. His father, Thomas Pickard, born at Sheffield, 1783, was the son of Deacon Humphrey Pickard, who came from Massachusetts with a party of the earliest settlers on the St. John river, about 1762. The subject of this sketch, after receiving an English education at Fredericton, com-

menced a classical course of study at the Wesleyan Academy at Mount Wilberham, Mass., in 1829. He matriculated and entered the Freshman class of the University at Middletown in 1831. He was engaged in mercantile pursuits from 1832 to 1835, when he entered the Methodist ministry. In 1837, he resumed his studies at Middletown, where he graduated, in 1839, with the degree of B. A. He was ordained in 1842 and elected principal of Mount Allison academy in the same year. This position he held until 1855, during which time

the academy had grown rapidly under his skillful management. When, in 1862, Mount Allison college was organized, Mr. Pickard was appointed its first president. The photograph from which the above cut was made was taken between that time and 1869, when he resigned the position, having been appointed editor of the *Wesleyan* at Halifax. This he held until 1873, when he returned to Sackville. Mr. Pickard received the degree of M. A. in 1842, and D. D. in 1857, from the university of Middletown. The doctor now lives in retirement at Sackville.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

"A troupe of real Hungarian girls will shortly appear at the Eden Musee," read aloud a young friend of mine from a New York paper, and then, turning to me, inquired what was the Eden Musee? "The question would not have surprised me had it come from one much older than the little reader, for this is one attraction most of our people fail to see when they visit the American metropolis. Among Gothamites, it is a most popular place of amusement, situate in a beautiful three-story building, on West 23rd street. In the main, it is an exhibition of wax figures, most life-like and complete in every detail, the correctness of which are vouched for by all who have seen them, and who ought to know. Once I was trying to explain to a person how they were constructed, but was interrupted with the remark, "I have seen ones just like them in the Boston Museum." The comparison was certainly odious for this style of art was only in its infancy when the drunkard's tableau at the museum was executed, while now it is very high perfection. It is more than a mere picture, it is a study—a study fraught with knowledge. In the entrance hall you behold the baptism of the grandson of the Emperor William of Germany, the first Napoleon, the last moments of the third Napoleon, and the heroic death of the Prince Imperial. In the centre hall you can make the acquaintance of Gladstone, Hugo, Langtry, Parnell, Edison, Krupp, Nilsson, Rossa, or any of the crowned heads of Europe. If you will pass into the winter garden you will hear a concert, watch some feats of legerdemain, or listen to a lecture, while at the same time you inspect the presidents of the United States, from the father of his country down to the grand sire of Baby McKee. In the basement flat you will find panoramic views and a chamber of horrors. These are but a few of the many interesting features of the collection. In the gallery of the concert hall there stands a fair and beautiful young lady, who, with a raised eye-glass, watches the spectators in the auditorium below. Her eyes are so arranged that they have that strange effect which you sometimes notice in photographs, of seeming always to follow you, and, as a consequence, every dude who passes by the way stops and winks at her, to the evident amusement of those who know she is but a thing of wax, and not a creature of flesh and blood.

I remember well my first visit to this place—it was some years ago. Did I wink at the fair damsel on the balcony? Well, I will neither confess or deny; but I had an incident or two the recital of which may amuse you. As I entered the main door my attention was arrested by a sign "Beware of Pickpockets," beneath which stood an old gentleman and his daughter who were intently reading the warning notice, while a well-dressed pickpocket was relieving the aged person of the contents of his pocket. On seeing this I jumped forward and took the villain by the shoulder, at the same time crying out, "Hold on

the—" when behold! it burst upon me that I had been duped, and I retired amid the laughter of the assembled people. Through the rest of the building I passed without anything special happening until I reached the third recess in the Chamber of Horrors, marked in the programme "Passage to Morley's Fata Morgana." It appeared to be a long, dark passage-way with three or four steps leading up to it, at the bottom of which stood a large crowd of people. I had made one great mistake and some of these very persons before whom I was now going to pass had had a laugh at my expense, I might be from the provinces; but I wasn't green for all that, and wanted them to understand it. So I threw back my shoulders, raised my head, faced the crowd, took a hop, step and jump up the steps, when—Great Scott! I went slam-bang-flat into a large plate glass mirror! The crowd howled, the tails of my coat went down between my legs, my chin sought a resting place upon my collar bone, my shoulders bent like an Indian's bow, and I slinked down and out. Couldn't I see myself in the glass? I saw someone I thought I knew, and when I thoroughly recognized him it was too late to stop, and if you want to know anything more about it you had better go and try it yourself.

Mrs. James Brown Potter has notified her manager, Henry E. Abbey, that she will not appear on the stage this year. She is doing the continent with her leading man, Kyle Bellew, and she likes it better than acting. Last Tuesday, 10th inst., was the fortieth anniversary of Edwin Booth's first appearance on the stage, which was in the character of Tressel in Richard, his father playing the title role. Mrs. J. Hawtreay Godard has returned from her season at St. John, and is looking for an engagement. Mrs. Godard is a handsome and intelligent woman, who made several hits with the McDowell company at St. John.—N. Y. Dramatic Mirror.

Rhea scored heavily with her new play *Josephine*, founded on the life of the unfortunate French empress, at Buffalo, on the 2nd inst. Because Helen Dauvray's husband, John Ward, base ballist, etc., peremptorily refuses to allow her to return to the stage, and dissolved her contract with Mr. Mine in a most summary manner, the funny-man suggests that it is but another one of Mr. Ward's brilliant short-stops.

The theatrical friends of the late Mary H. Fiske (the gifted Giddy Gusher), have opened subscription lists with the object of raising a suitable monument to her memory. The N. Y. Dramatic News speaking of the opening of *The Spider's Web* at Philadelphia says that E. J. Henley, Joseph Wheelock, May Hampton, and Helen Bancroft were the members of the cast that made the hits.

Because a compositor in an American paper made the type say that "Miss de Rouge, the opera queen has some very noticeable pads," instead of "fads," he has been allowed a vacation. Phneas Leach is supporting E. P. Sullivan. Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., has been obliged to postpone her tour indefinitely on account of illness. Ferd Hight has been engaged for Henry Lee's *Support* Co. Robert Neil, the surviving base-ball umpire, goes on the stage this season. He will be leading man in the play *Almost a Life*. Very appropriate says your theatrical scribe, OWEN T. CARROLL.

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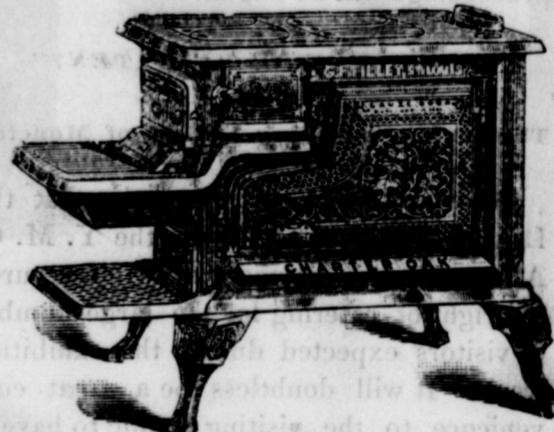
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