

TWO WERE MADE ONE.

A HALLELUJAH WEDDING AT THE SYDNEY STREET BARRACKS.

Sergts. Lane and Hutchinson Married Before Hundreds of People—Some Scenes and Incidents That Added to the Interest in the Ceremony.

There were lively times at the Salvation Army barracks, Sydney street, Thursday evening. Long before seven o'clock some activity was noticeable in that vicinity, and when at last the doors were opened there was a rush that made good front seats harder to get than enough ten cent pieces to fill a pocket savings bank.

All the friends of the army were there, and those not already inside were getting in as fast as an entrance eighteen inches wide would let them, until the barracks were crowded to the doors—all except a small space near the front to the left where two or three benches were piled on top of each other, and a soldier stood guard to inform the over zealous spectators that they were reserved for the immediate friends of the contracting parties—for the evening was a hallelujah wedding.

Sergt.-major Frank H. Lane and Sergt. Louise Hutchinson were to be made one. This had been a profound secret up to a short time ago, when the probabilities are that it was confided to a woman and leaked out, for on Thursday evening it was no secret who were going to be the happy couple.

But the crowd had filled the hall long before they came in, and there was a tedious interval, that had to be spent in an atmosphere as warm and close as could possibly be experienced in a very low building crowded with humanity. There was little to occupy the attention of the crowd except the occasional exclamation of an infantile admirer of the army, of which there seemed to be an unusually large attendance, and the contortions of a small boy in his endeavors to blow an instrument on the stage without using his hands, and later on caressing the bass drum with his cheek, or picking out the threads where it had been sewn up. Then lassies who were not in the procession, about that time somewhere in the vicinity of King square, began to make themselves comfortable on the platform, and there was a general chattering in the audience explanatory of who they were, and the chances for their having an experience somewhat like that which was to come, or probably of one that had taken place at an earlier date.

By way of keeping the crowd in good humor, the timely arrival of the War Cry was announced by Staff Capt. Cousins, who made a rather unsuccessful effort to sing one of the latest Salvation hymns contained in it, in which he was followed by Major Jacobs, who announced its contents generally, including a portrait of Sir John Macdonald, and an equally notable personage who belonged to the army.

The arrival of the band was the next event, and nobody was in doubt as to what was taking place, for about that time the hubbub was deafening. But it was nothing compared to what took place when the bride and groom arrived. Hung from the ceiling was a large motto reaching from one side of the stage to the other, with the inscription:

GOD BLESS THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

While they were yet at the door those on the platform began singing, "Bringing Sinners In," in which everybody seemed to join with a will, and when the bride and groom, attended by Mr. Otty Sharp as best man, and Miss Ada McCarty as bridesmaid, stepped upon the platform, such a noise was surely never heard before. Somebody said, "Fire a volley," and everybody "fired." Those who had nothing but what nature gave them to make a noise with, shouted all they knew how, while every individual member of the band took all the noise that was in his particular instrument out of it. Bass drums, kettle drums, cymbals, bass instruments, tenor instruments and every other instrument in the Salvation Army band lent its mite, which was by no means a small one, to the general uproar, when finally the "happy couple" were escorted to seats at the right of the stage, to get their nerves in proper condition for the approaching ceremony.

The next event of any importance was a solo by Cadet Smith, a colored member of the band, who emerged from the crowd with a guitar, and sang with considerable vim, "Will your lamps be burning when the bridegroom comes," in which everybody joined in the chorus to such an extent that the guitar was nowhere. Then Major Jacobs came to the front, with a reference to the nervousness of the "happy couple." He knew all about it; he had "been there" himself, and had never regretted the event. The brigadier then read a passage of Scripture, which was very encouraging to the contracting parties, and in fact to all who intended contracting at a future period. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" read the brigadier. "Think not of the

morrow what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal shall ye be clothed," and then he went on to give some advice to those in the audience who mayhap were afraid to enter upon the matrimonial sea, because they lacked the wherewithal. The text made everything easy, and it was all the same whether one lived singly or married, so long as he lived in the Lord. The speaker regretted his inability to tie the knot unassisted, and then read the army marriage obligations, by which the bride and groom agreed to use their united interests to fight for the cause as they had done singly before; that their new existence would not lessen their devotion to God's commands and the army; that each should use all the influence possible to enable the other to live up to and work for the army; and that their home would be a salvation army soldiers' headquarters.

Dr. Pope then arose, and the bride and groom came forward, while all the women in the audience began to chatter, and there was a regular babel of voices. The bride was the same as her friends had seen her hundreds of times before. There was no tulle veil or orange blossoms, no flowers, no silks or satins, or anything to indicate that a public marriage was about to be performed—nothing except the minister. The bride wore her plain blue army dress, and poke bonnet, and the groom his bandsman's uniform. It was probably a relief to them to stand up and get behind the minister, after being subjected to the gaze of hundreds for so long a time. While Dr. Pope read the marriage obligations, some patriotic member of the army raised the flag above the heads of the happy couple, and at the same time dislodged a good sized lump of plaster from the ceiling, for the especial benefit of those in the front seats.

But the ceremony was soon over. Clearly, but with some emotion, the bride and groom repeated the lines after the minister, and when a bright, gold band encircled the bride's finger, all was over.

It was then the excitement began. Some active spirits in the back seats had come well provided with rice, and it began to shower on the happy couple and on everybody in their immediate vicinity, thick and fast. Then came testimonies and jocular remarks from nearly every one on the platform, especially when Brother Dunn was introduced, for everybody saw a chance to make a pun, and a score of voices announced that "He done it." And that was the case. Brother Dunn was the last member to get married. He had had about five months of married life and liked it first rate. Single bliss was all right, perhaps, but one soon got tired of it. Then brother Dunn gave a glowing eulogy of his better half, in which he was followed by Brigadier Jacobs and his wife, who spoke well of each other, and the latter made special reference to Staff-Captain Cousins, who had nobody to sew his buttons on for him. This brought a few remarks from the Staff-Captain, who was of the opinion that two being made one was all right till they got on a railroad car, when they would probably find out that their wasn't so much in it after all.

And so those on the platform made merry, while the audience anxiously awaited the testimony of the bride and groom. After the best man had affirmed that he had come nearer to being married than he had ever done before, and the bridesmaid testified to her happiness, the groom stepped forward and thanked the audience for their interest on behalf of "myself and my wife," and he said the last word, for the first time, in a way that would have made a bridal clerk, with some experience in the bridal tour way, dizzy. The groom was sincere and to the point, and his address was well received. Then the bride, nervous and affected spoke a few words, with no particular reference to the ceremony.

After more speech making, singing, and the announcement of a grand picnic on Dominion day, the meeting broke up.

Mr. and Mrs. Lane are very popular. The former was one of the first to join the army after it began to hold meetings in St. John, and has stood by it ever since. He is also a member of the band. Mrs. Lane is one of the most respected members of the corps. She is a St. John girl, who joined the army some time ago, by which she changed a quiet christian life for a more active one. Always thoroughly sincere in her work, she has been a model lassie.

Protecting His "Shine." A new asphalt sidewalk has been laid on Canterbury street. It is a narrow sidewalk, and begins at the corner of St. James street, and ends at Ald. Blizzard's back door. As everybody knows the alderman is a model of neatness, but whether he has decided to make more use of the Canterbury street entrance to his residence and is still anxious to keep the shine on his shoes, or whether the sidewalk has been placed there for the special benefit of other members of the household, is a question that the alderman alone can answer.

Splint Seatings.—Dual, 242 Union street.

WILL OPEN THIS FALL.

THE OPERA HOUSE WILL BE FINISHED NOW.

President Skinner Says That They Are Going Ahead With It This Time—Where the Apathy Came In—The Directors Indifference Became the People Indifference.

"The opera house will be opened in September." So President Skinner told PROGRESS Thursday, and he meant what he said. As one of the first promoters of the enterprise, he is in a position to know all about it, and no longer will there be wondering when the "pile of bricks on Union street will come to anything."

That "pile of bricks" is really what has forced the present move. A certain amount of stock was subscribed, and the most of it paid up, but it was not enough to build and equip the house. The directors waited for stock, waited for the citizens to call upon them and ask to be allowed the privilege of putting down their names, but they did not show up. Perhaps, however, this should be qualified. There were two or three who hustled and worked and talked, and got stock, but the others forgot almost the notices of meetings.

It was a mistake to expect the people to take heed of the enterprise when the directors wouldn't make the first move. PROGRESS said months ago that there was no other reason why the opera house should not be built at once by subscribed stock. But the indifference of the directors had its effect upon the people. They became indifferent, and while they did not think otherwise than the house should be built, they objected to putting hard cash into it. Their good will was given heartily—their money remained in the bank.

It is surprising, therefore, that in the face of this indifference the energetic president and one or two others should succeed in forcing the building along as they have. Their answer to unbelievers and scoffers has always been a laugh, and they can afford now to grin all the time. A body of carpenters are completing the rough work of the interior, and very soon the finer touches will be put on.

The people will be surprised when they see the interior of the new house. It is useless to attempt to describe it now, but it will be all that has been promised when completed. The entrance and exits are the features that capture the visiting theatrical man. It is rare indeed that a site can be found which will permit of the gallery exits opening on the ground. Already the managers are talking about the opening. No arrangements have been made, but the idea to open with nothing but a first class troupe will be carried out. Scores of offers to open the house have been received from all quarters, but none have been accepted as yet. A number are under consideration.

In the meantime any citizen who has any curiosity to see what the new opera house looks like inside, should walk around Union street and take a look at the building.

GIVEN OVER TO ROUGHS.

The Chief or Council Will Do Nothing to Protect Queen Square.

Queen square is one of the places in town that very seldom sees a policeman. Yet there is no place that needs one more. The people living in that vicinity have become thoroughly convinced of this and complaints have been frequent. During the day it is a loafing place for roughs, who lay about and drink liquor in full view of the street, and present a scene not very edifying to residents who happen to look out of their front windows. In the evening it is even worse, and at times it is almost impossible for peaceable citizens to go through the square without being insulted. Queen square has become one of the most public places in the city, and since the rinks have been opened there is always a number of people coming and going in that direction. Wherever there is a crowd there is always more or less of a rabble, and a policeman is absolutely necessary. The chief of police, however, does not think so. Some time ago Ald. Tufts had an unpleasant experience with a gang of roughs on the square, and requested the chief to have a policeman call round there occasionally. He was assured that this was impossible. Reed's point and the long shoremans must be protected, and it would never do to divide the attention of the police between the two places. Since that time, however, the alderman for Dukes has had so many complaints from his constituents, that he decided to ask the council to have the square protected, and made a motion to that effect. But it seems the council has no power in the matter, and a simple order of this kind has to go through committees and boards until it is quite probable that the offenders will be too old to hurt anybody before anything is done.

A Stay at Home.

John P. Wells, emergency banker and once a candidate for civic honors, was on board a train a few days ago to Fredericton. He remarked when he was fairly started that he hadn't been in that direction since the stage coaches were the only means of conveyance.

A PROVINCIALIST IN BOSTON.

Some Things he Saw There—The Weather and the Stock Exchange.

A trip to Boston is simply an every-day occurrence with the majority of people, but even if you go frequently, and keep your eyes and ears open, you hear and see lots that can be made of use to your fellow mortals if you only have the patience and the brains to utilize it. "I found myself recently," writes a traveller to PROGRESS, "on the good steamer State of Maine, bound for Uncle Sam's domains, and if you want to enjoy a pleasant sail, good company and one of the most tempting tables a man can wish to sit up to, go by the boats of the I. S. S. Co.—that's all need be said on the subject."

"We arrived at Boston on Saturday, p. m., got a lodging place, and then started out. The city was as lively as possible. A trip on the electric displayed many changes, and the usual activity which is characteristic of Boston—still times are as a rule dull. Merchants and stock-brokers complain of the tightness of the money market, but matters seemed brighter in this respect here I came away."

Sunday was warm, and after a hot night we went on our way to Nantasket, via the snug little boats that ply on this route. What the law is as to boats carrying passengers I am not sure of, but I do know that almost every available bit of space was taken up, and on the trip down we had nearly 900 people on board, and fully more coming up.

"On the beach the scene was lovely and inspiring, thousands wandering up and down the sands, some bathing, some rowing, some sailing, swings and other amusements in full blast, and last but not least, the never wanting brass band—and a good one it was too. Considering the early season and as the regular hotels are not in full blast, there was a large attendance."

"On Monday I visited the new stock exchange on State street, and verily if the visitor wants to witness a pandemonium on a small scale let him tarry here for a few moments in the strangers' or visitors' gallery, and he will behold it. Of all the wild wriggling, frantic, screaming impetuous mass of humanity it has been my good or bad fortune to see for some time the group on the floors of the Boston stock exchange took the cake, and the thermometer at over 90° at that. Just think of it."

"The building itself is a splendid structure and is a credit to the city. Magnificently built and equipped in every way with six swift speed elevators to spin you up to the 10th or 11th floor and back again. There are upwards of 1,100 rooms or offices in the block, so some idea of its size and cost may be formed."

"The new court house structure is being rapidly completed and the state house extension is in fair progress. The Ames building, fronting on Washington street, is worthy of a visit, as a magnificent view can be had from its dome or roof."

"Talking of heat, the 15th and 16th of June are allowed to have been the two hottest days on record in Boston for over 20 years. At two o'clock on Tuesday, p. m., the thermometer reached 102° in the shade. The way the ice carts flew around and the manner in which thousands of hot, sweltering Bostonians and bluenoses, too, guzzled down ice water, cool drinks and ice creams was simply a revelation to ordinary mortals."

"Boston has a splendid fire service, and has use for it too, for every hour almost in the day or night you will hear the alarms in the engine houses to be up and ready whether wanted or not. How, when a fire does take place in the midst of the city, and you see six or eight fire engines, hose reels, hook and ladder wagons rushing madly through the crowd to get there, people escape being killed is almost a mystery to an onlooker."

A Curio at the Depot.

"We have some queer characters down here," said Officer Collins, as the C. P. R. rolled into the depot late Thursday night. "Do you hear that whistle?" It was not made by the locomotive, but although it came from far up the train shed, it could be heard quite plainly. "Well," continued the officer, "the fellow who is making that noise arrived here on the boat this afternoon, and he has done nothing ever since, but walk up and down whistling for all he is worth. If the air was 'Annie Rooney,' he would probably meet with an accident, but he does not whistle any tune at all. He just whistles."

Mr. Quinn's Callers.

The proprietor of Quinn's hotel, on Portland Bridge, has been busy this week receiving callers. As a rule hotel people do not mind a rush of this kind, but Mr. Quinn is getting tired of it. His callers wear brass buttons, and there is enough of them, both inside and out, during a visit to attract considerable attention. In other words he has been "raided" twice this week, and thinks he has had his share of attention. Nothing was found either time.

INCIDENTS OF A WEEK.

THE MYSTERY OF DR. INCH'S ACCEPTANCE OF THE POSITION.

Vacated by Mr. Crocket's Dismissal—A Reverend Chairman in a Saturday Night Humor—He Objects to Singing God Save the Queen and Then Changes His Mind.

After the first surprise and indignation at the Crocket dismissal had worn off the mystery of the acceptance of the position by Dr. Inch began to be discussed, and is still a topic with those nearly interested in educational matters.

The acceptance was a great surprise to the people generally who knew anything of the circumstances.

The salary attached to the presidency of Mount Allison institution is \$1,600 and a house free of rent and furnished. Anyone will admit that the additions make the position worth, at least, \$2,000 a year. When the conference committee in charge of the institution learned of the offer made to President Inch they decided to offer him \$600 more salary in order to retain his services. This was not, however, sufficient to tempt him to refuse the chief superintendent's position.

That office is worth \$1600 a year and a travelling expenses allowance which brings it to about \$2000. The appointment is political, and quite evidently subject to the moods of politicians and political changes.

It is hinted now by those nearly acquainted with what is going on that if the offer was made over again it would not meet with the same reception. But what is done, is done.

Dr. Sutherland, missionary secretary of Ontario, sent a letter, PROGRESS understands, discouraging his appointment to the vacancy made by President Inch, but since he did not absolutely refuse it, the committee appointed him. Up to the time of going to press his definite answer was not at hand.

The talk about Mr. Crocket's vote is very amusing to those who keep the man. He is one of the very few people who keep their own political counsel. No man, his intimate friends say, knew how he would cast his ballot, no matter whether the election was a Scott act one or a local or dominion contest. PROGRESS talked with him about the time that the bitter contest was going on in York, and no man could have talked more fairly even in a private way than he did. If every man was no greater partisan than Mr. Crocket there would be no pronounced political parties in the country.

A Reverend Chairman Makes Things Disagreeable for a W. C. T. U. Meeting.

One of the little incidents of the W. C. T. U. meeting, which some of the members do not look back upon with any pleasure, is last Saturday night's meeting at Centenary church. The reverend gentleman who presided by courtesy of the ladies, seemed to forget that fact, for when he arose to introduce Mrs. Nichol, the eloquent speaker, he remarked that he hoped they would all get home and to bed early. This provoked a smile on the part of some, but others looked inquiringly at the lady who was to speak.

It is a rule in the Methodist city churches that a minister shall not give notices of meetings in other churches on Sunday, which conflict with those services in his own church: there is no rule, however, against giving the notices Saturday, but the reverend chairman objected to giving the list of notices Saturday night for the W. C. T. U. speakers, which was handed him by the president.

That was pretty obstinate, but the climax came when the president, remembering that Saturday was coronation day, suggested that the meeting close with "God save the Queen."

The chairman stood up and said, "The president, here, wants us to sing 'God save the Queen,' but we won't sing 'God save the Queen.' We will sing the doxology." The exclamations of indignation that escaped the ladies on the platform must have reached him, for after the doxology was finished, he said: "Now we will sing 'God save the Queen.'"

Some of the congregation felt the course pursued by the chairman very keenly, and the next day the matter was set right in a sense by the pastor himself reading the notices of meetings from the pulpit.

A Very Natural Accident.

Quite a good story comes from one of the leading city hotels, all of which, as every one knows, have bars in some part of the house. It is also tolerably well known that there is more than one door to most of the bar-rooms, provided no doubt in case of such an accident as a wandering policeman or inspector. That was the nature of the accident that walked in the front door a few days ago. The hour was not legal in a liquid sense, and the warning signal was rung. The bar door was locked and a good sized crowd filed rapidly to another part of the house. The inspector happened to be going in that direction and he met the crowd. There wasn't any "direct evidence" visible, and nothing came of it. It was a close squeak.

AFTER THE EXTRA THOUSANDS.

The Workers for "Progress" Have Made a Fair Start.

"You have your work cut out for you until January," remarked a good friend of PROGRESS last Saturday, after reading the announcement that we proposed to increase the circulation to 15,000 by January 1st.

No one knows that better than those about PROGRESS office, but the task is by no means an impossible one. The workers on PROGRESS have unbounded faith in the country and the people, in their willingness to support a real good paper every day in the year.

When subscriptions are flowing in every day with such words of encouragement as "We cannot do without the paper. Saturday is the day we look for it and must have it," when men and women go to the pains to express their pleasure at the strides the paper has made in its three years of life, there is no good reason in the world why under proper conditions we cannot persuade some more thousands to think as they do.

We have no reason to be dissatisfied with the work of this week. Sixty extra copies have been added to our agents' and subscription books. What do you think of a small place like Bonny river sending in five subscriptions in a lump. They came together and they came this week.

It was only last Saturday that a bright little boy in Dalhousie made a great stride in his efforts to boom PROGRESS. He started out two weeks before with ten copies; he got them and found out how easy it was to dispose of them. Every friend he asked, almost, must have given him a helping hand, for last Saturday he ordered 16 additional copies, making 26 in all.

The same is true with a Yarmouth boy who started out with ten copies last week, and this week sends word to make his order 14.

By some mishap last week one bundle of 50 copies for our Moncton boy went astray, and PROGRESS active young agent had to disappoint a lot of his regular customers. A few days ago an agent in Newcastle sent us the names of twelve yearly subscribers, but that made no difference in the sales of the hustling boy who handles 60 PROGRESS every week.

The only trouble is that we have not enough boys in other towns, where PROGRESS might be sold as readily as it is now in Amherst, Moncton, Newcastle, Bathurst, Kingston, (Kent) &c. &c. In several instances our subscribers have sent us the name of a good boy and thus opened the way for a good sale of the papers.

A Painful Incident.

Last Sunday was very warm in Fredericton, the mercury dancing in the vicinity of 90 for several hours. The metropolitan attended service as usual in the evening and entered the pulpit to preach. He had hardly begun, however, when he ceased speaking, then addressing the congregation in a low voice he said, "I fear that I will be unable to proceed, I am suffering intensely." But he did try again and spoke a few more sentences when he closed his manuscript and said, "This suffering is more than I can bear." He then descended from the pulpit, and made his way to his seat, from which he briefly conducted the service to its close. The incident was a very painful one for the cathedral congregation, who do not like to think that the metropolitan is a very old man, whose physical strength has endured wonderfully.

Inspector Maher's Joke.

Building Inspector Maher was laughing when PROGRESS saw him last, and his mirth was so hearty that he may be laughing yet. When three witnesses in the police court testified to the abusive language of the policeman making an arrest, the inspector remarked to the chief, who was standing alongside, "That is pretty rough." "Bah!" said the "colonel," "we can bring a dozen witnesses who can swear that they never heard them use the language." It is the old story over again. "Patrick," said the judge, "three men have sworn that they saw you drunk." "Yes, your honor," replied Patrick, "but I can bring twenty men who didn't see me drunk."

Working for the End.

The exhibition people are hard at work again, devising schemes and ideas to make the exhibition of 1891 a success. That they will do it is not doubtful. The committees so far are workers, and are proceeding with a much clearer idea of what is wanted than they did last year. The entrees of St. John manufacturers exceed those of any show since 1875. Mr. Cornwall says, and he ought to know.

No Medicine Needed.

"Business is dull," was the remark of a well-known druggist this week. "I don't know how to account for it, unless there is very little sickness, but I know it is a fact, and that I am not the only one who has reason to complain. At the meeting of the pharmaceutical society yesterday, I found all the city druggists had the same story to tell. In fact some of the leading ones say they never saw trade so dull."