

with other clothes he was not wearing, and by this time both valise and pants were at the station. This truly was a predicament. For a few moments Mr. Bugg glared wildly round the room as if looking for some object upon which to wreak his vengeance. The whistle of the incoming express, however, roused him to action. He bounded to the door and glanced out, hoping that by some remote possibility his satchel was not gone yet. But the valise was gone, and so were his pants.

What to do the unfortunate clergyman knew not. Barring the proprietor, he was not acquainted with a soul in the establishment. He was about to drop into a chair out of sheer desperation when another locomotive whistle caused the Reverend gentleman to spring up frantically and boldly enter the hallway. An inspiration then seized him. He would borrow a pair of pants. Accordingly, he rapped sharply at the nearest door.

A tall, angular female, whose hair was done up in curling papers, opened the door. The courtesy received by the agitated Mr. Bugg, like the amount of clothes covering his person, was scant. The lady gave vent to a succession of screams that certainly were not calculated to improve weak nerves; and the dismayed divine sought the privacy of his room with a celerity positively remarkable.

For some time the banging of doors and the hum of excited voices kept our hero inactive but when all was quiet again, rendered desperate by inaction, he sallied forth once more. Warned by his previous experience, he avoided the proximity of all doors.

Instead, he stationed himself at the head of the landing in hopes of a good Samaritan of the masculine sex passing through the main hallway below.

He had scarcely taken up this position when the rattle of a lock, accompanied by the swish of skirts from the further end of the hallway, brought out cold beads or sweat on the Reverend gentleman's brow. For the fraction of a second he was paralyzed. He had the alternative of rushing down stairs to the hotel's main hallway or

the trembling clergyman, a door near by opened and a young man appeared upon the scene. He begged the pleasure of the lady's company at the opera that evening. She was apparently not very anxious to accompany him, for she devised a bewildering number of obstacles, any one of which would have daunted a Napoleon or Wellington; but this young gentleman was equal to the occasion, for he surmounted each barrier in the way with an ingenuity absolutely astounding. Would they talk all morning! Minute after minute passed, each second diminishing the clergyman's chances of catching a train that day.

While turning his head in search of a more

lady then seeing a pair of bare feet below the bottom of the curtain, gave a frightened little shriek and fled down stairs, and before the youth could collect his wits the redoubtable Mr. Bugg had bounded past him, the precious pants clutched under his arm, and was safely in his own room.

In something more than a minute and a quarter the clergyman's toilette was completed. The trousers must have been the property of a modern Hercules, judging from their size; and, as their present wearer was of decidedly diminutive stature, we must admit that the combination was a failure from a standpoint of good appearance. However, by rolling up rather less than

A WIFE'S GRATITUDE

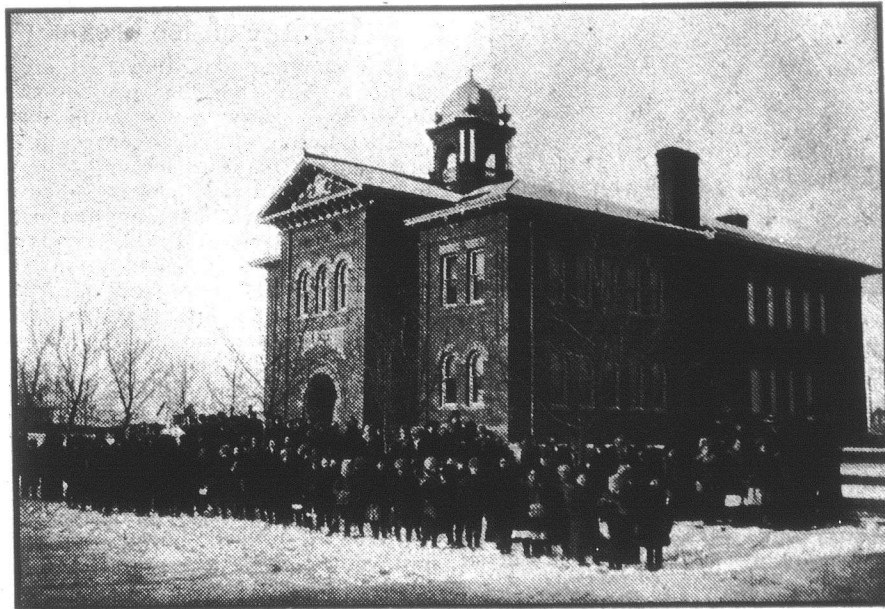
Husband Got Drunk Twice a Day.



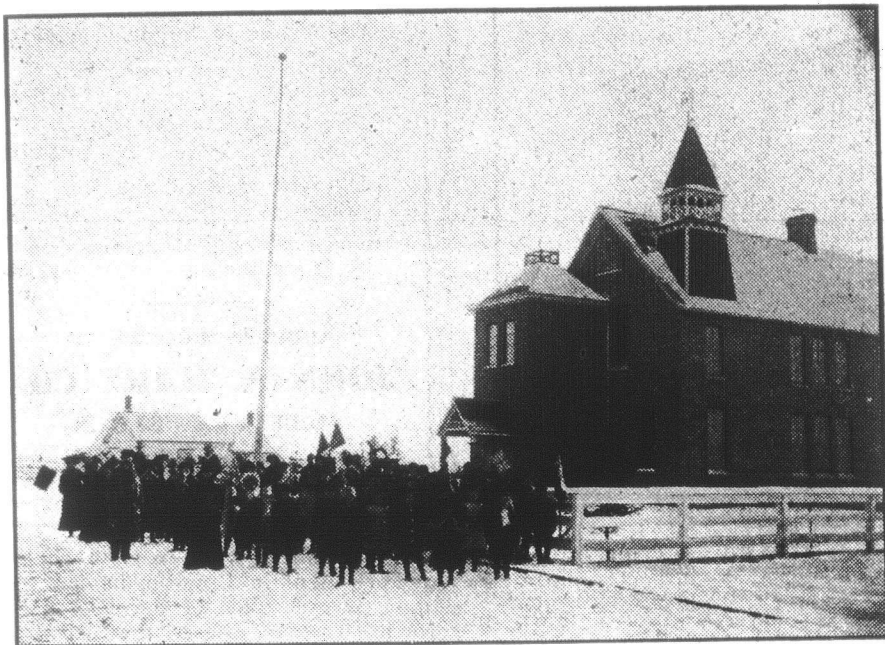
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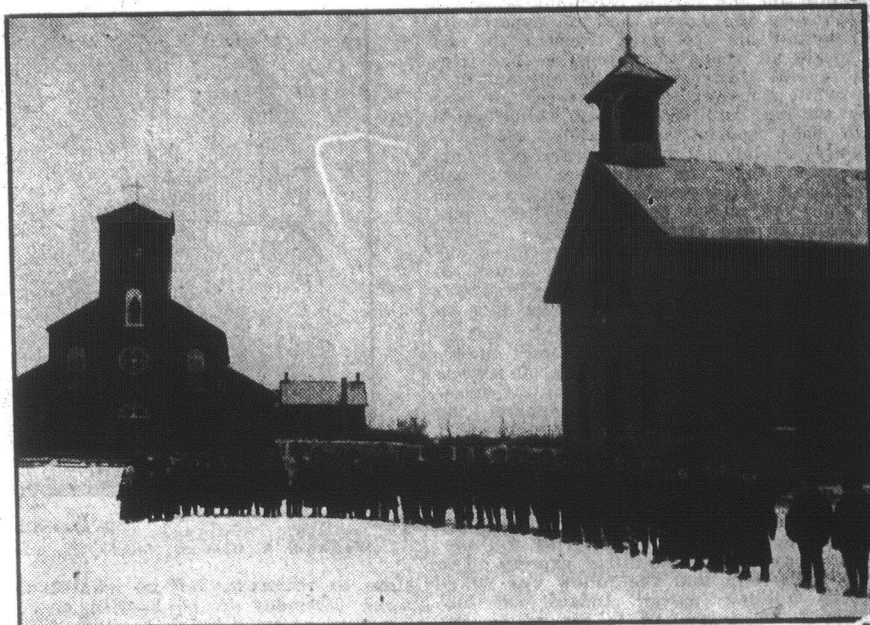
youth addressed deliberately removed his feet from the highest stool in the office, slowly shoved his hands into his pockets, and having favored Mr. Bugg with an impudent stare, casually inquired, "Did you say anything?"



Central School.



East End School.



Separate School.

THE SCHOOLS OF THE CITY OF PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

Showing the scholars who took part in the parade on inauguration day. To the left of the East End school is seen the original school building and on the left side of the Separate School cut the R.C. cathedral is shown.

remaining stationary. Either course might prove embarrassing in his present attire.

At this critical juncture he providentially noticed a curtain he had not observed before, hanging from the ceiling, apparently for the purpose of keeping dust off articles of wearing apparel. With pantomimic suddenness Mr. Bugg ensconced himself behind the protecting screen, while the lady, who fortunately had not seen him, walked slowly forward. Just as she was opposite

comfortable position Mr. Bugg made a discovery that gave him unbounded gratification; hanging on the hooks at his very side were several men's suits, overcoats, etc., but especially what was most precious to him—a pair of trousers. In his delight at the discovery he forgot to repress a sneeze he had been smothering for the last half hour.

The young couple in the midst of their giggling and cooing, started violently. The

two feet at one extremity they answered their purpose admirably. Mr. Bugg then sallied forth.

The official behind the desk in the office was a "slicker" young gentleman with a derby stuck on his head at an angle, which displayed to great advantage a head of frizzy dark hair, "split in the middle."

"Where is the proprietor?" asked the Reverend Augustus Bugg, breathlessly. The

"I asked where the landlord was."

"Guess he's at the station," sighed that imperturbable individual, as if it were of the utmost indifference to him where the landlord was, as indeed it likely was.

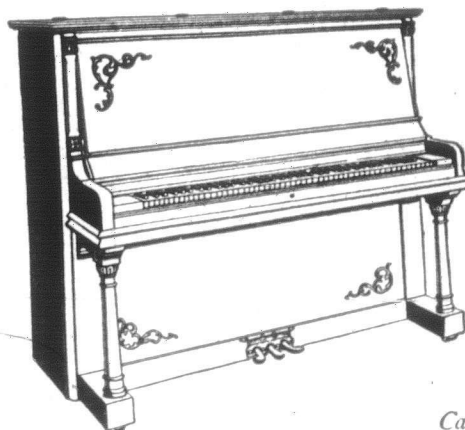
"How fortunate; I can pay my board bill there then," said the clergyman, as he hurriedly turned to go.

"Hold on," exclaimed the dignitary behind the desk, with more animation than



PRINCE ALBERT, Looking East down the River.

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