

HIS WEDDING MORN

The Reverend Augustus Bugg was a bachelor (before he was married), with carrot-colored hair, and an absolutely marvellous talent for getting into the most inconvenient and absurd predicaments imaginable.

Why the Reverend gentleman remained in a state of single blessedness until his fiftieth birthday had passed, is a much disputed point to this day in the town of Brentville.

His friends attributed the circumstance to his economical nature. His enemies, to his miserable meanness. Those of his relatives who were not overburdened with this world's goods affirmed that should occasion serve he would collect a two-cent postage stamp from his grandmother, in default of payment, by process of law if necessary. The inference was obvious.

But the Reverend Augustus Bugg was undoubtedly destined to be a martyr, for he entered upon the matrimonial state despite all predictions to the contrary, and in ad-

and all passengers, including Mr. Bugg, were compelled to remain over night in a small unimportant village.

This unfortunate circumstance of course necessitated an additional financial outlay, which far from improved the Reverend gentleman's temper. The hotel he favored with his presence was the cheapest in town.

The proprietor of the establishment was a chubby little man, fully conscious of the responsibility of his position and always alert for an opportunity of extolling the advantages to be derived from being a guest in his house.

The landlord himself conducted Mr. Bugg to his room. Hoping to mollify his guest's apparently ruffled feelings, he pleasantly remarked:

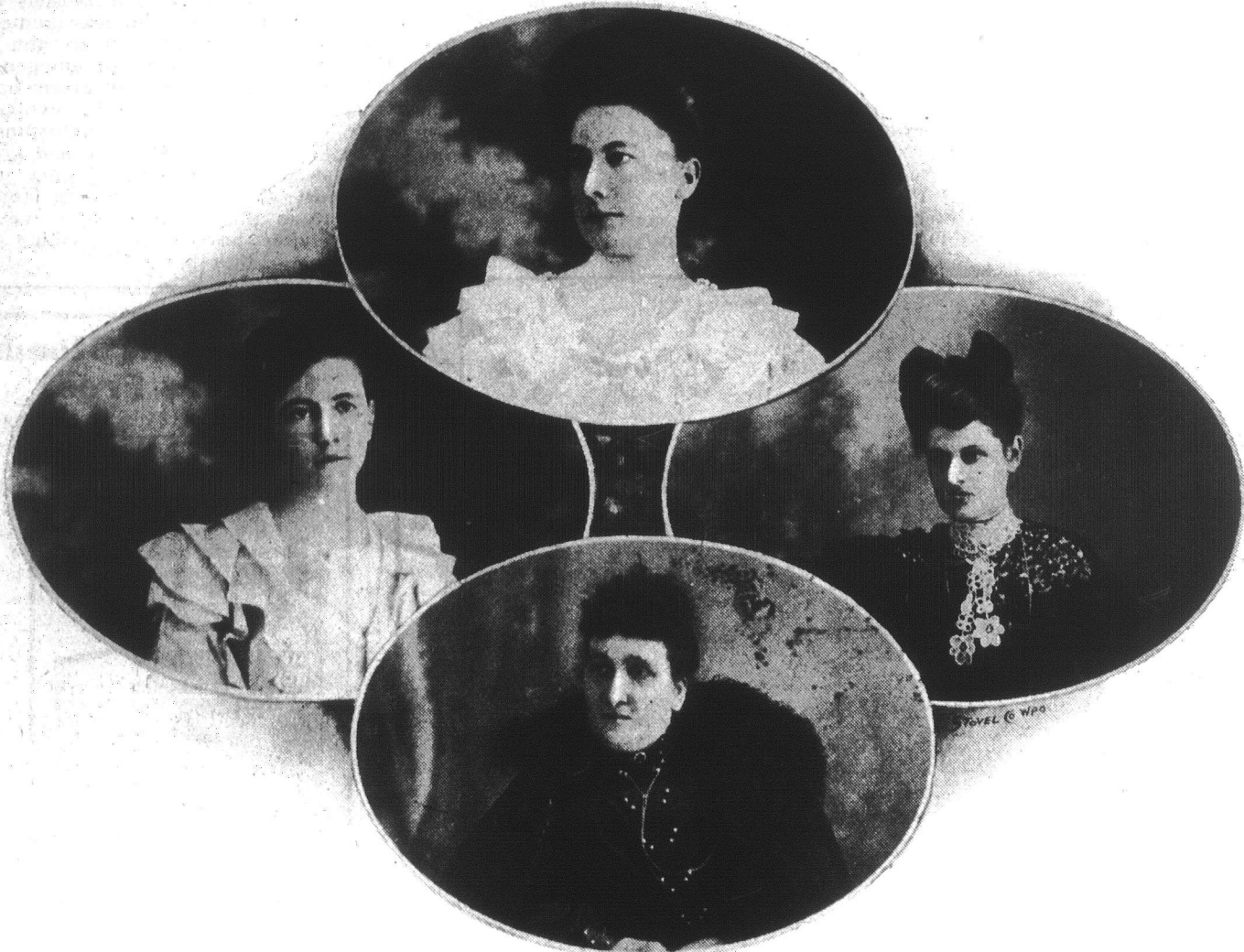
"This unexpected delay will be werry inconvenient for you, sir."

"Rather."

"Wat is your hopinion of our system of litin and this yer buildin', sir?"



LOVERS' LANE, PRINCE ALBERT.



PIANISTS AT THE INAUGURAL ASSEMBLY.

1 Miss Oram, 2 Miss Davidson, 3 Miss Sutherland, 4 Mrs. Shannon. These ladies played at intervals during the evening, relieving the orchestra while they were at the banquet. Thus they were the first to perform in this capacity in the new city.

dition, got himself into one of the most unpleasant positions in which he ever found himself (which was saying much) on the very morning his nuptials were celebrated. This is the way it was.

The evening preceding his wedding found Mr. Bugg seated in a third class railway carriage, speeding towards the home of his affianced. A serious accident ahead, however, prevented further progress of the train

"I have no opinion upon that or any other subject," said the clergyman, emphatically. Affected not to have comprehended the purport implied by Mr. Bugg's speech, the proprietor attempted to continue the conversation.

"Honorable Niles Semington, that's the member, is a'stoppin' ere. Ever see the gen'l'm'n, sir?"

"I never tried to see him."

"W'y sir, that was 'im a'sittin' a'smokin' in the bar. You saw the gen'l'm'n, didn't you?"

"I was not looking for the gentleman you refer to," snapped the clergyman.

Nothing daunted, the talkative little host ventured upon another subject.

"You've 'eard of Senator Doebell's death, sir?"

By this time Mr. Bugg had ascended three flights of stairs and, as he was at no time noted for his agility, his rubicund visage was flushed with the unwonted exertion and consequent shortness of breath.

"Er was a reg'lar border 'ere, sir," continued the host, "and alius did say as 'ow 'e was werry well pleased with the 'ouse. He was a gen'l'm'n as was a gen'l'm'n, six foot tall if 'e was an inch, sir, an' 'andsome man as well, sir, but 'e's dead now."

"He will make a fine corpse," observed Mr. Bugg.

Although aghast at such a sacrilegious remark regarding a former guest of "the 'ouse," the proprietor wisely refrained from disputation and, instead, threw open a door and deposited a valise bearing the inscription, "Rev'd Augustus Bugg," in large, impressive looking characters, on a chair.

"If you leave your grip houtside your door in the mornin', sir, I'll see that the clerk takes it to the depot for you, sir."

"Wot that be charged extra on my account?" enquired the clergyman, suspiciously and with a note of apprehension in his voice.

"I won't charge you nothin', sir," said the diplomatic landlord, with emphasis on the pronoun.

"Well good evening, then," said the Reverend gentleman, as he slammed the door shut before the landlord could say more. He would have an opportunity of saying more.

Now it was only natural that on the very morning of his wedding he should be rather ill prepared for the ceremony.



ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE

As they appeared in the Parade at the Reception, Centennial at Prince Albert.

pecially anxious that his personal appearance should be prepossessing. Accordingly, he opened his valise and carefully considered the respective merits of several suits, and finally, having arrived at a decision as to which to wear, he hastily crammed his belongings into the satchel and placed it outside his door, as the landlord had advised.

Mentally, he determined not to tip the clerk who would carry his satchel to the depot in the morning. This weighty matter being decided, he "turned in."

Mr. Bugg was awakened by a boy's voice asking if "this yer wallise was a'goin' now." Having given an affirmative reply, the clergyman sprang out of bed and discovered that he had barely time to catch his train. He hastily performed his ablutions and then proceeded to dress, but to his consternation nowhere could he find his trousers. At length he stopped in his search and considered a moment. Suddenly a sickly pallor spread over his face and he clutched a bedpost as if about to faint. "Shades of my ancestors, protect me!" In his nervousness and absentmindedness he had unintentionally packed his trousers in the valise.

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