

of good-for-nothingness indicative of influenza, and of nothing, nothing else.

We are very much indebted to the good clergy, who have, as usual, most kindly supplied the fortnightly services in our Chapel. Since school re-opened Archdeacon Pentreath has been up twice, Mr. Dorrell twice, Mr. Underhill twice, and we are expecting a visit from Mr. Antle before the end of the term.

The deplorable accident which befel the Bishop in the summer, and the long compulsory period of convalescence succeeding it has, of course, deprived us, in common with the rest of the Diocese, of his much valued ministrations, but we trust that when it pleases God to restore him to health and strength again, and he is able to return to British Columbia, All Hallows will be one of the first places he will be good enough to honor with a visit.

Many of our readers, both east and west, will remember Stella Flewelling, an old pupil belonging to the Canadian School, whose name often figured in the School Magazine as a winner of prizes, a performer and sweet singer at school concerts, and last, but not least, as an occasional contributor to our pages.

On the 5th of November Stella was married in St. John's Church, Phoenix, of which parish her father is Rector, to Mr. S. Towgood, of Sandon.

We hear that she had a very pretty choral wedding, her sisters, Adela and Ray, were her bridesmaids. The choir from St. Stephen's Church, Greenwood, attended to help with the singing. The young bride was very charmingly dressed in white chiffon over white satin, and her presents were numerous and handsome.

Returning from her wedding trip she passed through Yale, and some of her old school fellows and teachers had the pleasure of seeing her for a few moments at the station.

We must chronicle another wedding which will also awaken affectionate interest among our scattered "Family." This was Captain R. Bryson's (Dr. Jack), and took place in Southern India. His bride was Sybil, second daughter of Colonel Hackett-Wilkins. The bridegroom, best man, groomsmen and the bride's father all being military men, they were all in uniform. A company of Colonel Hackett-Wilkins' men lined up before the church porch, and the military band was in attendance. The pretty little bride was dressed in white satin, with a court train, and the wedding cake, which came from Buszards in London, was cut by the bride with the bridegroom's sword! The young couple were going to Ceylon for their honeymoon. When that is over we hope "Dr. Jack" will find time to write as usual to his little friends at All Hallows, especially those in the Indian School, who have most often been favored by him with interesting accounts of travel, besides many kind and generous gifts, and who all now unite in wishing great happiness and blessing to these dear friends, into whose lives such strange new joys have come.