

might have been expected, "what's the matter with squaring up here?"

"The fact is," confessed Mr. Bugg, "I changed my suit last night and by mistake left my purse in a pocket of the suit now in my valise at the station."

The clerk smiled derisively and sighed. "Too thin, really; altogether too transparent. Just take a seat and wait a while if you don't mind, Bill."

At this crowning insult the divine showed violent symptoms of a fit of apoplexy, but this in no wise alarmed the imperturbable demeanor of the clerk.

"But it's past train time already," fairly shouted the irate Mr. Bugg, when he had recovered sufficiently to speak.

"Never mind the train," said the clerk, nonchalantly. Then as if by way of consolation he sagaciously remarked, "The train will take care of itself."

The clergyman was completely nonplussed. To say he was angry was putting it mildly. He was furious. He, the Reverend Augustus Bugg, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Breton, actually detained as an impostor and sharper in the cheapest hotel in town. It was outrageous altogether. Before he could find words wherewith to give vent to his feelings, the clerk, who had been studying the pattern of the clergyman's trousers in perplexity for some time, suddenly exclaimed "If those pants are not Dr. Allardye's?"

The entrance of the obsequious little proprietor saved his employee from breaking the third commandment.

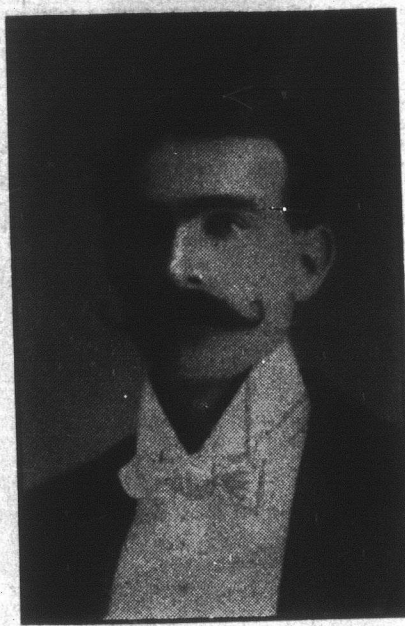
"Vy, sir, your train is a'go'in' to go."

Although this was only what might be expected of the train, the highly excited clergyman frantically bade the landlord follow him to the station, as his cash was all in his valise there. The landlord needed no second bidding, for his guest was already racing to the station; and mindful of an unpaid board-bill, the landlord followed. Arrived at the station and having satisfied his host, Mr. Bugg boarded the train and without further misadventure reached his destination.

He was just in time. Everything was in readiness for the solemn ceremony and as a consequence the groom had no opportunity of changing his over-sized trousers. In fact he forgot all about them until he had tripped several times and finally fell out of a car while jumping off. However, all was now waiting, and the solemn words would have been spoken immediately upon the groom's arrival, but for the unfortunate circumstance that the officiating clergyman was absent. After waiting rather more than an hour the guests became decidedly restless, and it was almost decided to procure the services of another minister, when the tardy divine bounced in. He was a man of unusual size, heavy and ponderous, and was profuse in his apologies for being late on such an important occasion.

"The fact is," he explained, "part of my wardrobe was stolen this morning, and while I was searching all the hotel for my missing a-er-un-article of wearing apparel, the first two trains passed before I noticed. I came, however, on the next, an hour later. The theft is attributed to a stranger, a very suspicious looking character who stayed overnight in the hotel, but we hope to apprehend the culprit; for a lad who carried my grip for me saw a man answering the description board the nine-thirty express. The youth is certain that the fellow was wearing the missing article. Indeed, the boy mentioned his suspicions to several on the platform at the time, before he even heard of my loss. Nevertheless, since all is waiting, we will proceed with the ceremony."

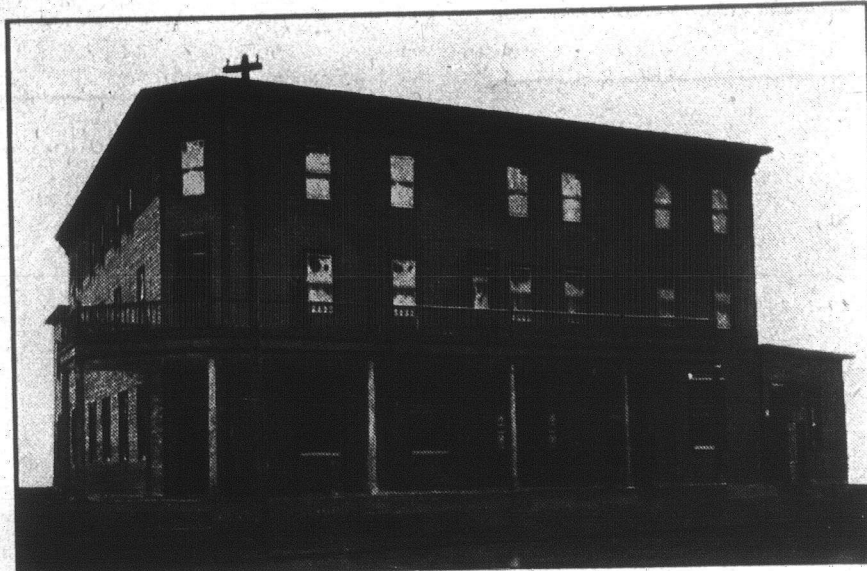
The feelings of the discomfited Mr. Bugg can be better imagined than described when this interesting narrative had been recounted. Now, since Mr. Bugg had come from a distance, and as all the wedding arrangements were made by the bride's relations, he was not acquainted with the officiating



W. J. JAMES.

Who may be termed the first official photographer of the City of Prince Albert. Mr. James took the views which are used in illustrating Prince Albert in this issue.

minister. This circumstance, the victim of mistakes reasoned, would present an opportunity for an explanation regarding the stolen (?) trousers. Accordingly Mr. Bugg requested an introduction. He was made acquainted with Mr. Allardye. He fancied he had heard the name before but had no



WINDSOR HOTEL, Prince Albert.

Westwood & Clemons, proprietors, where the first banquet in the new city was given.

time to recall it, for all wanted the delayed ceremony to be hurried on. It was not until he stood beside the trim little bride that the agitated groom fully realized the ludicrous spectacle he must present. For, mindful of a proverb about pence saved, he had plodded through mud and slush, in preference to paying a caddy. His embarrassment was accentuated by fears of how Dr. Allardye would act when he would unexpectedly discover the missing trousers. Fortunately, however, Dr. Allardye was a man whose emotions were perfectly under

control. Beyond once substituting the noun trousers for a noun of feminine gender, he did not betray the thought which must have been uppermost in his mind when he located his missing trousers upon the person of the groom, the Reverend Augustus Bugg.

We will refrain from recounting Mr. Bugg's discomfiture. The direful consequences resultant on his saving twenty-five cents ever after, it is averred, influenced his subsequent career.

The sabbath following his wedding Mr. Bugg preached from the text, "money is the root of all evil."

The Age of Ice Cream.

"Ice cream," according to the Gentleman's Magazine, "is an older sweetmeat than many would suppose. In the beginning of the seventeenth century goblets made of ice and also iced fruit—i. e., fruit frozen over—were first brought to table. The limonadiers, or lemonade sellers, of Paris, endeavored to increase the popularity of their wares by icing them, and one, more enterprising than the rest, an Italian named Procope Couteaux, in the year 1660, conceived the idea of converting such beverages entirely into ice, and 20 years later iced liquors—i. e., liquors changed into ice—were the principal things sold by the limonadiers. By the end of the century iced liquors were quite common in Paris. Ice cream, or iced 'butter,' as it was first called, from its supposed resem-

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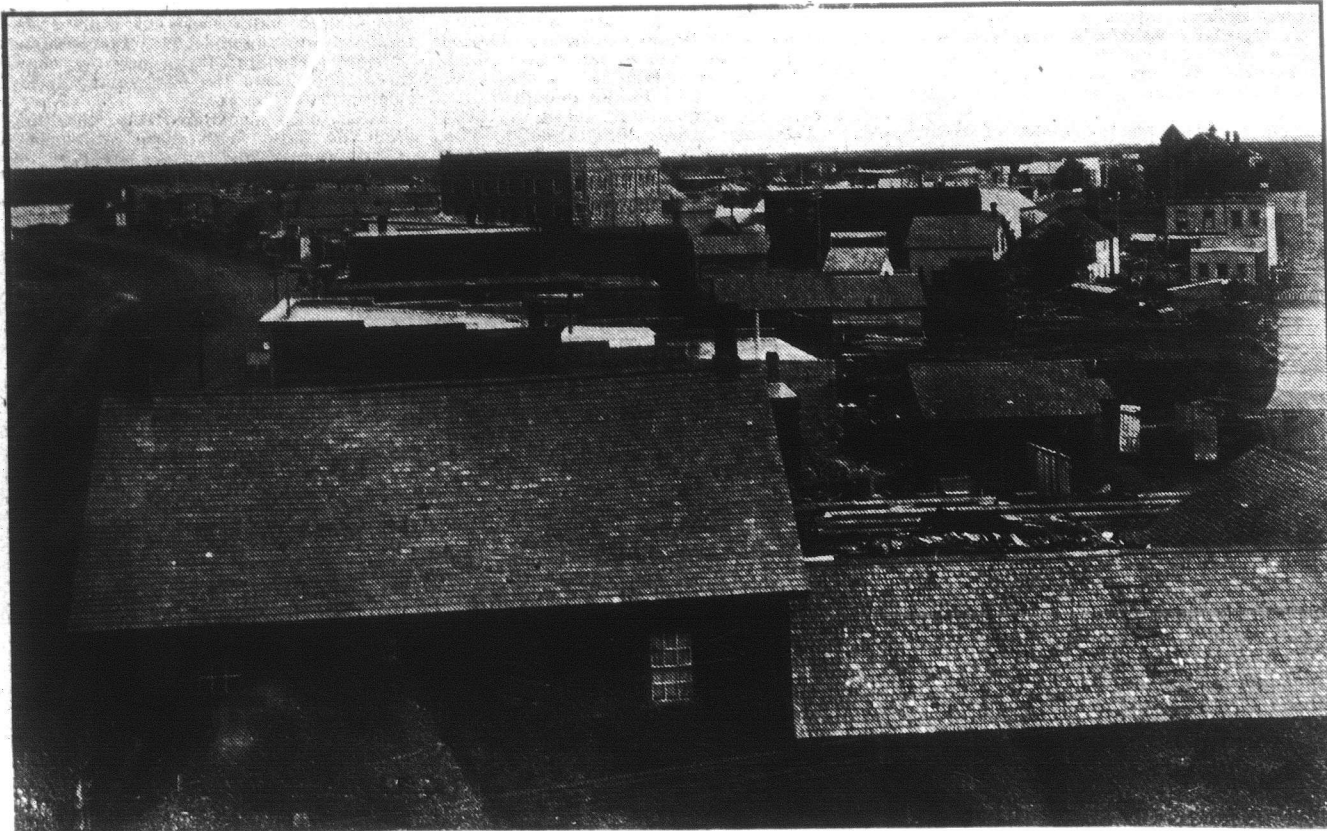
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PRINCE ALBERT, Looking East from the Windsor Hotel.