

these things for Miss Millie's wedding feast. Oh, Lor'! fancy stuffing folks up it was a club feed!

"What do you mean, you impudent urchin?" cried the girl, "talking about Miss Millie and marriage? Such rubbish! Miss Millie's unwell, and lying down in her bedroom. I know, because I was told not to disturb her."

"That she ain't then," said the boy, "for I seed her myself with these eyes in a kerridge, just driving away with her loving husband from St. John's church at the other end of the town. Now then! and as for being unwell, she looked as well as they make 'em."

"The girl was so angry that it is surprising she did not hit the boy with the leg of mutton, but the young rascal was as positive as he was impudent, and at last, to convince him, and to stop his 'lying tongue,' as she expressed it, the girl volunteered to run up to Miss Millie's room and see for herself. She went, and five minutes later the house was in an uproar. Miss Millie was nowhere to be found, and it had been ascertained that one of the men had seen her leave the back door of the hotel about a quarter to nine.

"At this Tom Goodman lost his head altogether and behaved like a man bereft of his senses. He rushed into the stable-yard, roared to the men to saddle every horse in the stalls, and mounted his dependents one after another, and sent them to scour the country in search of the fugitives. 'Five pounds for the man who finds them and brings them back,' he shouted; and away his emissaries went, clattering out of the yard, and thinking it, no doubt, the grandest joke they had ever enjoyed. When they had all gone the angry man found he had no horse for himself, but that did not deter him from taking part in the pursuit. Clapping an old straw hat on his head, and regardless of the fate of the club

dinner, he made his way as quickly as his weight would permit him towards St. John's church. Arrived there, inquiries elicited the direction taken by the coach containing the married couple. There could no longer be a doubt but that his daughter and the young engineer had been united by special license at half-past nine that morning. Panting and perspiring, he pressed on into the country lanes, all bathed in the glory of the beautiful May sunshine. What good he imagined could result from his frenzied search it would be hard to say. Everyone he met he questioned eagerly, and at last learned that an empty carriage corresponding to the one he was trying to trace had returned along that road half-an-hour ago. 'Perhaps,' he thought, 'the fugitives have taken a field path to elude pursuit.' He walked some distance further, and then climbed a gate and looked across the country. Suddenly he caught a far-off glimpse of two figures seated behind a bush on a bit of gorse-covered common. With desperate cunning the angry man crept stealthily in their direction, and soon satisfied himself he had found those whom he was looking for. But what a picture presented itself to his astonished eyes. The two happy lovers were seated in the shade of a golden-blossomed bush, eating biscuits from a paper bag, and drinking claret from a 'split-bottle.' Millie's hat lay on the ground beside her, and a wreath of oak-apples and oak leaves crowned her bonny white brow.

"We shall manage it beautifully, Millie darling," the young husband was saying. "At three the carriage will be waiting for us at the end of yonder little wood; a thirty-minute ride will take us to Hetherington, and then a few hours in the train will land us in Matlock."

"Just then Tom Goodman slipped round the corner of the bush, and

stood in front of them. Millie screamed, and young Mr. Winford jumped up I suppose to defend her. But the sight of the biscuit bag and diminutive bottle of claret was too much for her father. 'You pair of young fools'; he exclaimed with withering scorn, 'a pretty wedding-breakfast you've got there—biscuits and third-rate claret! Great Scott! to think my daughter should ever have come to this! There's the house, full of the finest eating and drinking in the whole country, and you two noodles sit behind a bush, like beggars, eating broken biscuits, and drinking a brand of claret I wouldn't bring to the top of my cellar steps! Come home with you at once, at once! and have a wedding-breakfast that won't disgrace me in the eyes of the whole town.'

"As he said this, Mr. Tom Goodman kicked the empty bottle and the bag of biscuits into the middle of the bush, took his daughter by one arm and his son-in-law by the other, and led them without protest to the nearest farm, whence they drove in a borrowed gig back to town.

"Never was there such a wedding-feast as that which followed. The 'club-feed' was merged into the unexpected festivity, and when the time came for the bride and bridegroom to start for the station on their honeymoon trip, the whole two hundred and fifty guests turned out to cheer them; and the bridegroom carried a substantial cheque with him.

"And, of course, Master Alfred, they all lived happy ever after."

Mr. Bryce.

(St. John Standard.)

ST. JOHN offers its kindest welcome to the Right Honourable James Bryce, at present British Am-

bassador to the United States, but still more eminent as a professor and historian, than he has yet become in his comparatively short career in statesmanship and diplomacy. Mr. Bryce has made many visits to Canada, and is more familiar with a large part of this Dominion than many who will hear him. But the Eastern Provinces of Canada have yet to make his acquaintance, and he, who has written a political history of the United States, giving a sympathetic account of the Loyalists, might find some interest in viewing the largest city which they established as exiles, and the largest community of their descendants. These things Mr. Bryce might at another time find of interest to study on the spot.

But it is now the holiday season. Mr. Bryce has been good enough to sacrifice a portion of his rest and recreation time for our benefit. He is committed to an after luncheon address, and to nothing else that involves work, worry or responsibility. There are, of course, the newspaper interviewers, but it is mere play for Mr. Bryce to avoid telling them things that they are most anxious to know. His trade as diplomat has so far overlaid his earlier vocation as a university professor.

The Poles of Mars.

Quite probably Mars has discovered its Poles long ago. The Martians are said to be a million years or so ahead of the inhabitants of Mark Twain's "Wart"—which is us. They have probably begun to grow bananas on their Poles; very likely have a garden of Eden all over the planet. For that matter, there used to be a school of scientists who contended that our own garden of Eden was originally located at the North Pole.

PURITY FLOUR

Use it for bread, pies, cakes, biscuits, everything

It's the champion all-purpose brand.

Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
A PERFECT FLOUR
Purity
TRADE MARK
PATENT CANADA
MANITOBA HARD WHEAT

17