

In the Supreme Court.

Everything conspired. It wouldn't have happened if poor little Bobbie's first discipline had not taken place early on that morning, and if Frances Wylie had not been 'on the rampage' again when school opened.

'It was awful!' groaned the principal under his breath. He spread his hands out on the green baize of his table and regarded them with horror, as if there were blood on them.

'Awwful! awwful!' the principal groaned. He was in no mood to begin the day's work in his 'Supreme Court,' on the ground floor of the Maltbie High School.

'It's going to be a bad day. I see it in Frances Wylie's eyes!' groaned little Miss Trapp, inwardly. Frances from her back seat gazed about with studied, innocent wonder.

Frances was 'on probation.' She had been warned that one more misdemeanor would send her to the Supreme Court.

'I'm not afraid,' she thought, serenely. 'She's so little! I could put her in my pocket and run away with her.'

But tiny, gentle-faced Virginia Trapp came of Puritan stock, and was endowed with courage. She might twist her small white fingers nervously, but she would not draw back.

So the day began in the Maltbie High School, with a sore-hearted, self-reproachful father in the Supreme Court, and in Room Number Seven a mischief-loving girl and a tiny, troubled teacher.

'Miss Wylie!'

The voice was ringing and firm, and the little teacher took an impetuous step forward. She had seen the placard, 'Rooms to Let,' pinned on the collar of the Tilly Slowboy of the class, and Frances' solemn face, set among so many laughing ones, was enough to fix the culprit.

'Miss Wylie, you will accompany me to the principal's room,' the little teacher said, quietly. 'The class may go to the board and write out the session of the first six lines of the lesson while I am absent. I am sure I need not ask the young ladies to remember that it is study hour. I am ready, Miss Wylie.'

There was gentle emphasis on the word ladies. Miss Trapp and the tall girl crossed the open space to the door, side by side. Frances Wylie held her fair head high. There might have been two pages in her wake, holding up trailing robes. At the door she cast a haughty backward glance into the room, and suddenly dimpled with laughter at the legend she read upon the blackboard:

Frances' laugh sounded softly in her throat. The little teacher was already in the hall, waiting, and failed to see the words provoking her mirth.

The two walked down the long hall silently, both remembering that this was the first public disgrace of Frances Wylie's life. For one moment, midway down the hall, the girl caught her breath in a sob of pity for the invalid mother at home—not for herself.

'We're in for it, as sure as there's an avenging justice at the end of the hall!' breathed Frances to herself. She showed no signs of sorrow. Little Virginia Trapp glanced up sideways into the cold, impassive face, and sighed gently.

In the Supreme court sat the principle, still thinking of Bobbie. He was measuring time until the noon hour, when he could go home again. He had not been able to decide to his entire comfort that Bobbie would be at the halfway place today as usual, and the doubt was making him nervous and distressed.

There was a low knock at the door. 'Come in!' the principal called. He had left a spectacles at home in the inquisitorial chamber with Bobbie, and the two figures that entered—one tall, the other short—were unfamiliar and hazy to him. He was very dependent upon his spectacles.

'Good morning,' he said, absently. The two figures edged a little way into the room. For an instant there was embarrassing silence, while the principal from behind his desk observed vaguely the tall dignity of Frances and the curly brown head of the tiny teacher. There was no question as to identity. Even to unsuspected eyes it was plain enough which was which.

Under the stress of excitement Virginia Trapp's tongue sometimes played her false. Now as she opened her lips to speak, she found herself incapable of uttering a syllable. Her tongue fluttered soundlessly.

'Well?' The principal gazed dimly at Frances, waiting. He would give her time. It was a source of grief to him that he was held in such awe by his teachers. This tall, stately woman must be the new teacher in Room Nine.

'You have brought the young lady to me? She has been—er—transgressing, I see,' he said, gravely, turning his near-sighted eyes with grave disapproval upon the tongue-tied little teacher. And before little Miss Trapp had time to gasp with astonishment, he had waved her peremptorily toward the 'Prisoner's Dock' and turned back to Frances.

'You may leave her with me. I prefer to have the story directly from her, he

said gravely. It had all happened in the briefest possible time. When the little teacher was still flushed and speechless, Frances had realized the principal's mistake and the rich possibilities for fun in it. She had taken in all the things that conspired—the absence of the all important spectacles from the principal nose, the presence of the far away, preoccupied look in his pleasant gray eyes, and the ridiculous contrast between herself and the tiny cropped haired teacher.

Frances drew herself up and bowed with dignity. 'I will leave her here, then, with you—and with her own conscience,' she added, in little Miss Trapp's best manner.

Then she closed the door behind her and sped down the hall, stifling her laughter. Straight into Room Seven she walked, and then she dropped into the chair behind the teacher's desk.

There was a dead silence in the room, while from one girl to another travelled a look of mystification. Then Frances rose to her feet. She had recovered her breath and was quite calm and serious.

Young ladies our beloved teacher has unfortunately been arranged before the Supreme Court, and I have been put in charge of Room Seven, in her place,' she said, impressively. 'I need not ask you to remember that it is study hour. The class in Vergil may recite.'

A ripple of merriment ruffled the calm surface of the room, but Frances arrested it with a sharp tap of little Miss Trapp's ruler.

'Be quiet!' she commanded. 'There aren't but fifteen minutes left before the noon hour. Don't any of you dare to make a disturbance till then! I shall report every living, breathing soul that does! Now somebody recite.'

Frances Wylie and little Miss Trapp will not soon forget those fifteen minutes. In Room Number Seven they passed with fearful slowness. Frances watched the hands of the great clock in momentary expectation of averging doom. That it did not come filled her with amazement. Where was the scandalized principal, with Miss Trapp, white and angry, at his heels? Why didn't they come?

'Call this fun!' thought Frances in disgust. 'I never enjoyed myself so little in my life! I guess I'm getting scared.'

In the Supreme Court the fifteen minutes dragged their length out monotonously. The principal had turned back to his desk and resumed his writing quietly. It was his way to leave alectors to their own thoughts for a season. The thoughts of this particular one, sitting still and flushed in the Prisoner's Dock, were gradually straightening out from paralyzed bewilderment and anger into steady reasoning.

Miss Trapp had not succeeded in uttering a word. As the door snapped behind Frances she had stepped forward and cleared her throat desperately. But the principal had waved his hand deprecatingly.

'Not yet; we will talk later on,' he had said calmly. In his mind he had determined to wait until the beginning of the afternoon session, and then settle this trouble.

Miss Trapp consulted her watch. It was cool and still in the Supreme Court, and she folded her hands on the cover of her Vergil and rested, with a smile in the corners of her mouth.

'A hardened case,' reflected the principal, dimly aware of the smile. 'But we will practise patience—yes, yes, certainly, patience.' It was what he was sorely afraid he had not practised that morning with Bobbie, and his conscience was sensitive on the point.

'If I tell him about it now, he will dismiss her anyway. What hope would there be after an escape like this?' the little teacher mused. 'He would never let her come back—never! And that would break her mother's heart. I don't know but it would break Frances', too. She's really a dear girl, mischief and all. I can't do it! I'm going to give her a chance to take it all back.' There was just the one chance—Frances should have it.

'You may go now, young lady, but you will return at the opening of the afternoon session. We will talk then.'

The principal's voice was kind and, although he did not look up from his work, it was certain there were friendly lights in his eyes. Miss Trapp's heart warmed to him.

Room Seven was emptying itself into the corridor in its usual orderly fashion. Frances stood soberly at the door. The little teacher touched her arm and beckoned her aside. There a suspicion of a laugh in Miss Trapp's eyes, but her lips were grave.

'Judgement is suspended,' I am to go back this afternoon for it,' she said. 'I thought I would tell you, and if you cared to go, instead—it is a chance.'

'Miss Trapp!' cried Frances, breathlessly, catching at both the small white hands. 'Do you mean he doesn't know yet? That—that there is some chance after all, for me? You haven't told?'

'I haven't told,' the little teacher said, gently. 'There was a chance to wait, and I did. I thought you might want to take my place this afternoon.'

'I do! I will! I'm going to!' sobbed Frances, in a tempest of tears. 'I'll tell every single thing—I'll get down on my knees! O Miss Trapp, I didn't think of mother then, or you or anything in the living, breathing world but fun!'

Bobbie, in his little blue kilt, met his father on the way home with a glad cry of welcome. It augured well for Frances.

WANTED—Men and women who look young to sell Dr. White's Electric Comb to men and women who want to look young. It never fails to interest and never fails to cure dandruff and hair falling out. That is why our agents grow rich. Sample 60c. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

HIDDEN WEALTH OF CANADA.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

000 square miles or about equal to the size of Ireland. Much larger than Great Britain and Ireland and embracing 198,000 square miles, is the region bounded by Black's River, Great Slave Lake, Athabasca Lake, Hatcher and Reindeer lakes, Churchill River and the west coast of Hudson Bay. This country includes the Barren Grounds of the continent.

On the south coast of Hudson Bay is an area of 22,000 square miles in extent, or larger than the Province of Nova Scotia, and lying between Trout Lake, Lac Seul and the Albany River is another 15,000 square miles of unexplored land. South and east of James Bay and nearer to large centres of population than any other unexplored region is a tract of 35,000 miles.

These figures give some idea of the immense regions still open for settlement and development in Canada. Plans are already under the way for the opening up of some of the richest districts. The provinces of Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba have arrangements under way for the opening of a railway to James Bay. Mr. Clergue asserts that his railway, the Algonoma Central, will reach James Bay within three years. The Ontario government will send a survey party this summer to explore the region with a view to projecting a route from Toronto to James Bay. The province of Quebec is also making steady progress in actual railway construction toward the bay. The distance from the city of Quebec to James Bay is 550 miles, over 190 miles of which a track has already been laid. A subsidy has also been granted by the government for an extension of the line from Roberval to James Bay and it is proposed to proceed with the construction of this extension at once. The railway will run through rich territory, well timbered and watered, with farming lands and extensive waterfalls.

From the terminus of this section the projected line will run to the mountainous region which slopes upward through a hundred miles to the dividing crest or height of land from which the shores of James Bay is a further stretch of 200 miles. This region is watered by large rivers and possesses a soil as fertile as that of Manitoba, a pleasant climate, and extensive pine forests. The James Bay region possesses immense mineral resources. There are extensive iron deposits in the islands of the Straits of Nastakops, which is distant 600 miles from the southerly end of James Bay. These islands are rich in spatio iron ore, which forms a covering at least twenty feet thick all over the islands of the group. The rock is much disintegrated by the heavy frosts of the region and the ore can be gathered in inexhaustible quantities.

The mineral is regarded as of first quality for the production of iron and steel and gives bar iron of unequalled strength, which can be readily changed into steel. It is said that these mines are richer and more extensive than the sources from which the steel works of Sydney are supplied. They are 1,200 miles from Quebec and the distance is divided into nearly equal parts of land and water transportation. It is expected that once the line to James Bay is completed it will promote the establishment of extensive mining industries to the country. The whole region is a treasure house of untold riches.—N. Y. Sun.

Catarrh Easily and Quickly Cured.

Poor remedies have given Catarrh the reputation of being incurable. But it is curable, easily and quickly, if the right method is employed. Snuffing an irritating powder or ointment up the nose, won't cure Catarrh, neither will tablets, douching or stomach medicines cure. These treatments fail because they are not far reaching enough. They only affect local conditions, but do not remove the cause, which is germ life established deep down in the lungs, bronchial tubes and nasal passages. Ordinary remedies do not reach these remote parts, but Catarrh-ozone does, for it is breathed through the inhaler into every air cell in the lungs, into every air passage in the head and throat. No matter where the Catarrh is, Catarrh-ozone will reach it. It kills the germs, heals sore spots, clears the nose and throat instantly. Universally used; pleasant and clean; guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Try Catarrh-ozone, 25 cents and \$1.00. Druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Shortest Report on Record.

There has been a terrible drought in Queensland, in which millions of sheep and cattle have perished. When things were at their worst a wealthy pastoral company summoned their manager to the capital to consult regarding the drought, and what was best to be done with the station. The manager was a man of few words, and he hated making reports. Procuring a bag, he placed therein sundry relics, such as a piece of hide with the station brand on it, a broken bridle and stirrup-iron, a greenhide girth, a pair of horns, some hoofs, and the skin of his

favorite cattle dog. Entering the board-room of his directors, he 'dumped' the lot on to the table, with the laconic remark: 'There you are, gentlemen; that's all that is left of your d—d station!'

Told of the Marines.

A marine captain, desiring to reprimand some chronic growlers in his corps, arranged for complaints to be made after morning parade. During parade, having previously noted the grumblers, he ordered them to tighten their helmet chin-straps by four links. Of course they obeyed. When complaint time came the men could not open their mouth!

'Faith, the cap'n's an aisy man intirely,' said one, whose sense of fun was proof against tightened straps, 'givin' us iv'ry-thing we ast for the mornin'!'

An orderly officer, on a day when chin-straps were loose, asked the stereotyped question:

'Any complaints?'

'Yes, sir, the spuds ain't done,' answered the marine.

'What?' said the subaltern.

'The spuds, sir,' repeated the man.

'What does he mean, sergeant?' asked the puzzled young officer.

'Oh, he be ignorant, sir,' returned the sergeant. 'He means taters.'

He Would not Interfere.

Emperor William is said to have a very poor sense of humor, and this point is neatly illustrated in a story that dates back to eight or ten years ago, when the Emperor was even more dignified and impressed with his own importance than now. At that time there lived in Berlin an officer [now dead] who was marvelously like the Kaiser. When this curious coincidence was mentioned to His Majesty by a certain court official, the Kaiser seemed more than surprised; he appeared almost upset, and became meditative. Presently, turning to the official, His Majesty, with great dignity and much tolerance, remarked: 'I have been thinking over what you have just told me, and you may inform Captain S—that I have decided not to interfere in the matter!'

Hymns Up to Date.

An old gentleman of eighty-two whose occasionally cynical speeches are always tinged with good humor, was asked his opinion of modern church music.

'It's all very fine,' he said dryly, 'and I like to hear it; but there's one thing I've noticed it a good many times.

'When I was a boy the people went to two services a day and sometimes three, and they sat on hard seats with straight backs, and sang with all their hearts,

'My God, the spring of all my joys.

'Now the congregation lean comfortably back in softly-cushioned pews and listen to the choir singing.

Art thou weary, art thou languid? I may be mistaken, but it come home to me every now and then that hymnology is changing to suit the times.'

This Scot Did not Take Advice.

An old Scotsman, not feeling well, called upon a doctor. The doctor gave him some verbal instructions as to how to regulate his diet, advising, among other things, that he should give up drinking spirits for a time. As the patient rose to leave the doctor said: 'I will trouble you for half a crown. I am in the way of charging for my advice.' 'Oh, may be, maybe,' answered the Scotsman, 'but I'm nae gaun to tak' it!'

BORN.

- Sydney May 23, to the wife of W Nye, a son.
Kingston, May 10, to the wife of A Tufts, a son.
Burlington, May 8, to the wife of A Best, a son.
Pictou, May 13, to the wife of D Cameron, a son.
St. Croix, May 13, to the wife of R Smith, a son.
Halifax, May 14, to the wife of R Demens, a son.
Yarmouth, May 11, to the wife of H Titus, a son.
Ellerhouse, May 16, to the wife of W Moore, a son.
Yarmouth, May 13, to the wife of J Borge, a son.
Avondale, May 16, to the wife of J Clinton, a son.
Bay View, May 19, to the wife of J Hayden, a son.
Halifax, May 26, to the wife of A Doyle, a daughter.
Truro, May 16, to the wife of B Pickrem, a daughter.
Windsor, May 16, to the wife of B Artz, a daughter.
Yarmouth, May 2, to the wife of F Thompson, a son.
Farrsboro, May 7, to the wife of H Timmerman, a son.
Farrsboro, May 7, to the wife of M Timmerman, a son.
Yarmouth, May 11, to the wife of Wm McDormand, a son.
Liverpool, N.S., May 11, to the wife of I Dexter, a son.
Moncton, May 21, to the wife of J McPeters, twin boys.
Springhill, May 16, to the wife of C Dumphy, a daughter.
Pictou, May 10, to the wife of D McDonald, a daughter.
Yarmouth, May 10, to the wife of T Maloney, a daughter.
Berwick, May 19, to the wife of F Abbott, a daughter.
Cumberland, May 9, to the wife of E Brown, a daughter.
Windsor, May 17, to the wife of F Cochran, a daughter.
Ellerhouse, May 16, to the wife of A Powell, a daughter.
Springhill, May 21, to the wife of G Foster, a daughter.
St. John, May 23, to the wife of H Waring, a daughter.

- Avondale, May 16, to the wife of M Kennedy, a daughter.
Richibucto, May 17, to the wife of E Talbot, a daughter.
Marshalltown, May 19, to the wife of A Seely, a daughter.
Bridgetown, May 15, to the wife of F Ruffe, a daughter.
Piedmont Valley, May 11, to the wife of D McMillan, a son.

MARRIED.

- Digby, May 6, Willard Ryan to O Ivo Marshall.
Milford, May 21, Alex. Emack to Lucy Dickson.
Toronto, April 30, Harry E Baine to Jean squarey.
Gay's River, May 21, James Mine, to Ellen Lennox.
Nappan, N.S. May 22, J Thomas Smith to Myra Read.
Burgoo, May 16, John T. Monilton to Emma Jesse White.
Cupids, May 8, Wm. Henry Snow to Martha Skanes.
Canso, April 24, Joseph L Gallagher to Beatrice George.
Windsor, May 14, Benj. T Chappell to Dolly Francis.
Shelburne, May 14, Allen W. McLean to Martha R. Downie.
North Sydney, May 8, Harry McNeil to Lottie B. Anestry.
Liverpool, N.S., May 9, Daniel Winters to Sarah Hemmon.
Halifax, May 23, William Bremner to Julia Hodinott.
Everett, Mass., May 1, E N Chisholm, to Alma T. Hyslop.
Malden, Mass., May 15, Joshua Brewster to Mary A. Macrae.
Hardwoodland, May 22, Alex. Robertson to Bessie McDonald.
Chezorguin, May 24, Robert S Corning to Martha H. McConnell.
Digby, May 21, Robert Norman Weagle, to Alice May Lobues.
Mill Village, Queens, April 29, Joseph Morsart to Eliza Hassett.
Salt Springs, Pictou, May 8, Gilbert Roy to Mary Jane McLeod.
Sydney Mines, C. B., May 1, Peter McDonald to Susan Jardine.
Athleboro, Mass., May 8, Chester Leroy Guild to Hattie L O'Brien.
North Cambridge, Mass., April 29, Nicholas Power to Minnie Murphy.
Wabona Mine, Bell Island, Charles Jenkins to Eliza Jane Anthony.
Chezorguin, Yarmouth, May 17, Robert S Corning to Marsha H. McDonnell.
Stellarton, May 11, John George McKenzie to Lillian Sophia McKenzie.
New Germany, Lunenburg, May 3, Walter E. Urquhart to Cores A Silver.

DIED.

- Bellis, Annie Pitt, 52.
Boston, Amos Carlisle, 49.
St John, Hannah Carney, 51.
Holyrood, Patrick Haley, 40.
Truro, May 24, Wm. Olive, 94.
Halifax, May 24, Edith Forhan.
Windsor, May 19, Wm Parks, 53.
Pictou, May 16, Susan Wilson, 73.
St. John, May 26, Laura Bradley.
Halifax, May 25, Rebecca Allison.
St. John, May 25, Andrew Panley.
Boston, May 25, Fannie Rodgers.
Moncton, May 25, Eljah Ayer, 75.
Milton, May 20, Ass Whitman, 75.
Halifax, May 23, George King, 18.
Halifax, May 25, Richard King, 75.
Springhill, May 21, Mary Foster, 23.
Pictou, May 21, George Waters, 39.
Yarmouth, April 7, Mr Thos Baker.
Smithtown K C., Andrew Hayes, 71.
Newport, May 15, John Burgess, 66.
Windsor, May 21, Mrs Saunders, 84.
Halifax, May 23, Samuel Wallace, 64.
Avondale, May 18, Susan Sanford, 41.
St. John, May 25, Mary E Ronkie, 17.
Pictou, May 21, Eleanor McDonald, 4.
Dartmouth, May 25, Alice Mary Hare.
Springhill, May 20, Annie Arineau, 2.
Springhill, May 21, Cecil Terris, 9 mos.
St. John, May 13, Marion McConnell, 3.
Springhill, May 11, Grace Thompson, 1.
Yarmouth, May 18, George Randall, 42.
Yarmouth, May 10, Lettie Wilson, 60.
Caledonia, C B, May 8, Lottie McKay, 7.
Lspland, May 19, Mrs James Cruise, 65.
Providence, R I, May 12, Bell Fraser, 15.
Salt Springs, May 14, Caroline Hudson 38.
Boylston, N.S., May 5, Eva M Martyn, 22.
New Glasgow, May 12, Aarratt Bailie, 21.
East Boston, May 19, Laura Simonsen, 28.
Dartmouth, May 23, Arthur E Gentles, 25.
Springhill, May 16, Florence McDonald, 1.
St. John, West End, May 22, Wm. K. Vail, 1.
Port Greville, N.S., May 10, Alex Wilson, 94.
Springhill, May 12, Quincey Harrison, 11 mos.
Central Kidare, May 17, John McDougall, 17.
Dartmouth, May 20, Katherine Landsburg, 64.
Milton, Queens, May 11, Samuel West, 3 weeks.
Portland, Oregon, April 29, Jennie Robertson, 40.
Port Monton, Queens, May 8, Nancy Eszyant, 91.
Brookline, Mass., May 16, Marion Brown, 8 mos.
St Ann's, C B, May 16, Alfred L. Montgomery, 13.
St Marazeta Bay, May 23, James R Slaubchen-wite.
Manganese Mines, Colchester, May 12, Alex McLeod, 39.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

- Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax.....7.00
Express for Halifax and Pictou.....12.15
Express for Sussex.....16.30
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.00
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22.15
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

- Express from Sussex.....8.20
Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.45
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene.....16.30
Express from Halifax and Campbellton.....17.00
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Montreal.....22.15
Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Stand Twenty-four hours notation, D.J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager Moncton, N.B., March 5, 1901. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N.B.