

LITTLE VIXEN

Amid tears and smiles their mutual stories were told, and Mrs. Douglas was radiant with happiness. Years seemed to have fallen from her with the knowledge that her husband lived, and that Dawn, beautiful Dawn, was her daughter. Instead of the black-eyed imposter whom it had been impossible for her to love.

Now I understand why you would not grant my foolish request about Tracy," Mrs. Douglas said, and warm, bright blushes rose over the sweet, bright face.

"You love each other, you belong to each other—it is like a novel!" cried Mrs. Douglas, happily. "It will all end so beautifully."

She looked at Aunt Phoebe with shining eyes in her luminous eyes. "Oh, how good you were to my little one in her sore distress! How can I ever thank you enough?" she cried, as she set the old, rough black hand and pressed it warmly in her delicate white ones. "Oh, it is no wonder that Dawn has always loved and respected you so much, you good and noble creature!"

CHAPTER LI.

"I've been paid a thousand times over for all I did for that sweet child," answered Aunt Phoebe. "Only think, before I found that poor fainting girl in the edge of the woods and brought her in my shanty, I had to work so hard to wash and keep her in my one body. But ever since that time I've been like a great lady, travelling all over the world, and always plenty of money in my pocket!"

Dawn gave her a bright, loving glance and then exclaimed:

"See, dear mother, the sun has dried the rain from the grass, and we can begin our journey. Poor Aunt Phoebe, I am sorry that you have to walk so far in your wretched condition. If you will wait here we will go on and send a carriage for you as soon as we can get to Cedarhurst."

Phoebe declared with a shudder that she could not, and would not remain alone with that dreadful corpse, and that she was able to walk.

So the three set forth buoyantly, never dreaming of the maze of woodland that hemmed them around, and that they were already losing their way, having started at the very first in a contrary direction from the one that led to the road.

But they began to realize this startling fact, when, after several hours of doubtful wandering in pathless woods, they suddenly came out into a level space occupied by a log cabin so like the one they had left that Mrs. Douglas cried out in dismay:

"It is the same!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Dawn.

But Phoebe peered within the open door, and there lay the corpse of Sam-

son, grim, horrible, motionless, with the handkerchief over its awful face.

"They had been wandering in a circle and had returned to the point from whence they started. Wearied, dismayed, and frightened, they sat down to rest."

The long, wearisome walk and lack of food began to tell on all, and dispirited and footsore they set forth in another direction, but still no path was discovered. They found plenty of blackberries and raspberries, however, and partially satisfied their hunger, although Phoebe declared that she would give all she possessed for one cup of steaming hot coffee.

Oh, how desolate it was there in the trackless woods! They encountered no one. It was like a world of the dead, so silent, so uninhabited, save by the creatures of the woods, the shiny serpents that glided across their way, hiding themselves beneath the rustling dead leaves, the timorous squirrels and rabbits, and the birds that warbled in the treetops overhead.

Nightfall found them huddled wild-eyed and forlorn beneath a tree, where they passed the night in fear and terror—the night that saw the consummation of Lettie's plan against the life of Carl Douglas.

At day dawn they were up and on their way again. They sought water and berries first to quench their hunger and thirst. Phoebe's head was drenched and bathed again and the search for the road began once more.

"I shall never agree with Byron that 'There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,'" said Dawn, trying to make light of their misfortune, but her sweet lips quivered and her eyes grew dim with tears she was too brave to shed.

She was wondering silently whether Lettie had not sprung some horrible trap for her father too. Last night he was to arrive at Cedarhurst, and if harm had not befallen him he would seek them everywhere.

The day wore on, but still no path, no road, still the thick, green woods the impenetrable shrubberies. Once again, as though walking in an enchanted circle, they came back to the solitary cabin with its grim occupant, the dead murderer.

It was dark now, and they knew that another night must elapse before they resumed their apparent aimless journey. With wild, dilated eyes, Dawn looked into her mother's pale, troubled face.

"Do you know what night this is?" she moaned. "It is the third of September. It is Tracy's wedding night. Oh, my love, my love, I have lost you forever!"

With the bitter, passionate words, the light in her beautiful eyes grew dim and the color faded from her face. She reeled forward blindly and fell upon the grass in a heavy swoon, overcome

TEA.

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Pure Indian or Ceylon.

Make your Tea in an earthen pot, use boiling water, let it draw seven minutes. Buy our 25c or 35c Indian or Ceylon.

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by the consciousness of the cruel fate overtaking her and her heart's beloved.

CHAPTER LII.

Lettie Jarvis, the beautiful imposter, was wild with secret rage at the sudden illness of Mrs. Tempest, coming so inopportunely on the very night before that appointed for the bride, when everyone was on the qui vive for the festivities of tomorrow evening, and when decorations from Washington were already in the house by Lettie's orders, making everything beautiful for her bridal hour.

"She had the marriage postponed before by her illness, but I swear she shall not do it again. The ceremony shall take place tomorrow evening!" she vowed with a lurid flash in her bright black eyes. "I have put all the rest out of my way forever, and I will not be thwarted again in my heart's desire!"

No sleep visited her pillow on this the night before her wedding-eve. She stifled the horror that would creep over her sometimes at the thought of the beings she had swept from her path by the red hand of murder. She dwelt with feverish passion on the man soon to be her husband—the man who loathed and hated her, and shrunk with the reluctance of a great despair from the sacrifice of tomorrow.

"I will make him love me, now that she is forever out of the way!" she vowed with crimson cheeks and flashing eyes.

When morning came she sat anxiously to inquire after the health of Mrs. Tempest, and was overjoyed to learn that she was better.

Her cheeks glowed, her eyes flashed with exultation.

"There is nothing to hinder the marriage now. He will be mine tonight, and then my triumph will be complete," she cried.

She was disappointed at not seeing Tracy at breakfast, but someone told her that he had been up all night with his sick mother, and had now gone to his room to get some sleep.

"To keep from seeing me—that is it," she thought, spitefully. "Never mind; after tonight I will not permit him to avoid me. I will make him pay for all I have suffered through his neglect and scorn."

The great house was full of guests who had come from a distance to attend the wedding. Cards had been sent to all the best families in the county. It was most unfortunate that Mrs. Douglas was away and Mrs. Tempest sick on this busy day, but Mrs. Douglas assisted Lettie to do the honors in her most graceful fashion, and "all went merrily as a marriage bell."

There was some wonder expressed at the continued absence of Mrs. Douglas. It looked strange for her to be absent on the eve of her daughter's bridal.

But as soon as she heard any wondering about this, Lettie hastened to assure the person that she had long letter from her dear mother this morning and that she and Miss Douglas would arrive on the evening train in time for the ceremony.

Tracy Tempest, who made his appearance late in the afternoon, looked wretchedly pale and ill, heard the smooth falsehood told to a guest, and walked up to her side.

"You have had a letter from your mother? Will you let me see it, Aurora?" he asked.

"I—I cannot, for I tore it into fragments," she replied confusedly.

SIR J. GORDON SPRIGG.

Sketch of Cape Colony's New Treasurer and Prime Minister.

Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, who is the new premier and treasurer of Cape Colony, was born at Ipswich, and is the son of a Baptist minister. Ill-health affected him, as it did Cecil Rhodes, and sent him to South Africa for new health and fortune. He was first at Cape of Good Hope in 1858, where he embarked in business. Then the onrush of affairs carried him into the colonial parliament. He gained the reputation of being conservative and of not blundering, and that made him colonial secretary and prime minister of the

colony. From 1884 to 1886 he was treasurer, and the last-named year again became premier. When Cecil Rhodes resigned the premiership owing to the Jameson raid, Sir J. Gordon was made prime minister for a short time. In politics he is an imperialist, with not overmuch sympathy for the Dutch, but he is quite generally trusted by the mixed classes of Cape Colony, and it is believed will do much to pacify the Colony Boers at this time.

Tommy Atkins' Emergency Ration.

The emergency ration carried by the British soldiers consists of four ounces of cocoa paste and a similar quantity of concentrated beef, which are packed in a small flask suitable to carry in the pocket conveniently. The package is sealed and is not to be opened except in the case of the direst necessity, and even then only under orders from a superior officer. This small portion of food will keep a man alive for thirty-six hours and is either spread upon a biscuit or cooked up into a soup. A soldier found without his emergency ration is dealt with severely. At every inspection it is displayed in the soldier's kit, and he is expected to carry it with him on all kinds of duty.

The Boer Was Bluffed.

James Anderson of Chatham has received a letter from Gunner Robert Shore, dated at Orange River, May 10th. He gives a very humorous account of how he and a Guep had bluffed an old Boer farmer into selling his chickens. The Dutchman was very obdurate when he was asked to put a price on some of the fowl running about his barnyard, but Shore's companion turned to him and said: "Captain, this man refuses to sell me any food; shall I shoot him?" and at the same moment made a movement to draw his revolver. The old Boer at once cried out: "Don't shoot; don't shoot, and I will have my boy catch as many as you want!" and the hungry artillery boys worked well at dinner that day by working a game of bluff.

A Dog for the Queen.

The first contingent of Australian Bushmen have with them a collie who has been christened Bushie. The dog's portrait has been taken and a framed enlargement sent to the Queen, who is to be asked to accept Bushie, should he survive the perils of the war, as a living memento of Australian novelty. The dog is under the special care of Trooper Battye, a member of a family illustrious in British military history, and probably he will be entrusted with the duty of taking Bushie to England.

The Wisdom of Solomon.

Solomon was the wisest of men. He knew enough to cut his copy up into short paragraphs. In that way he succeeded in getting his writings read.

A FUTURE MENACE

Black Cloud That Confronts South Africa's Peace.

Great Britain Could Not, If She Would, Ignore the Native Races in the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies—Their Numbers and Strength Make Them a Force To Be reckoned With.

One of the most serious and urgent phases of the problem that will confront Great Britain after the war is the question of the future governments of the blacks. They cannot be ignored in considering the disposition and future of South Africa, for there are only about 750,000 whites, while the blacks are estimated at anywhere between 4,000,000 and 7,000,000.

To comprehend the situation it is necessary to rid the mind of the idea, so generally held here, that the blacks are weak and a negligible quantity in discussing matters. They are in no sense of the word weak, either individually or collectively. Personally they are tall, strong and hardy and have proved their ability to fight against either the Boers or the British on many a hard fought field. Collectively they are not so strong, for they are divided both by distance and racial hatred, though all the tribes are very much alike, being

descended from a common stock. However, their very numbers render them formidable. On the whole, it may be said that they are more favorable to the British than to the Boers, for the reports of Boer cruelty to the natives are true, though often exaggerated.

The name Kafir, so often heard, is a generic term and includes Zulus, Basutos, Bechuanas, Matabeles and others. Of these the most civilized and best organized race and the one to be taken into consideration most is the Basutos, who number about 250,000 and inhabit Basutoland, to the southeast of the Orange Free State (Orange River Colony). The Basutos, like all the other tribes, are extremely jealous of any interference with their internal affairs, although they are nominally under British control. For instance, recently, when the cattle disease was prevalent in South Africa, the government of Cape Colony established a quarantine on the border by means of colonial troops. The Basutos were alarmed, and their chief, Lerorodi, sent a strong body of men to the frontier, and the colonists were compelled to retire to avoid trouble.

The blacks in their present state are a great and growing menace to the civilization of South Africa, for, numerous as they are and strong as they would be if combined, they could wipe out every vestige of civilization if they were to rise against white rule. The only hope for future British rule is to keep them divided, in the meantime striving to Christianize them and educate them into a sense of responsibility. With education they are certain to discover their own strength, and then it will be impossible to avoid according them at least some share in their own government.

Under peaceful conditions the Kafirs are certain to grow in numbers and in wealth. Formerly, when fierce tribal warfare prevailed, there was no question of white supremacy for the wars kept the blacks from attaining to any real power in South Africa. Now that peace is imposed upon them by the sovereignty, real or nominal, of Great Britain, they are bound to assert themselves in the government, and how to prevent them by peaceable means from becoming the whole government is the problem that confronts British statesmanship.

Twelve Good Rules.

Found in the Study of King Charles the First.

It has often been observed, says London Lady, that the Queen has a great tenderness for the memory of Charles I., King and Martyr, and all that pertained to him. This is evidenced by a quaint sheet in black letter that hangs in the great servants' hall at Windsor Castle, and is headed:

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"Reveal no secrets."

"Make no comparisons."

"Keep no bad company."

"Make no long meals."

"Lay no wagers."

"These rules observed will maintain Thy peace and everlasting gain."

Eating and Sleeping.

Food supplies the substance for repairing the wastes of the body, and gives strength. Sleep affords the opportunity for these repairs to be made. Both are necessary to health. If you can't eat and sleep, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It creates a good appetite, and tones the digestive organs, and it gives the sweet, restful sleep of childhood. Be sure to get Hood's.

Biliousness is cured by Hood's Pills.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry instantly relieves pain, is astringent and soothing to the irritated bowels, has a stimulating action on the weakened system, and is a powerful disinfectant of the whole intestinal tract.

For half a century it has been recognized as the safest and best remedy for DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CRAMPS, COLIC, SUMMER COMPLAINT, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM and all fluxes of the bowels of infants or adults.

SAVED BABY BROTHER.

Miss Lizzie M. Henrick, 225 Rawdon St., Brantford, Ont., writes: "My little baby brother, one and a half years old, had a very bad attack of Cholera Infantum, and we did everything for him we knew of, but without any benefit. Finally we heard of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and got a bottle of it at once.

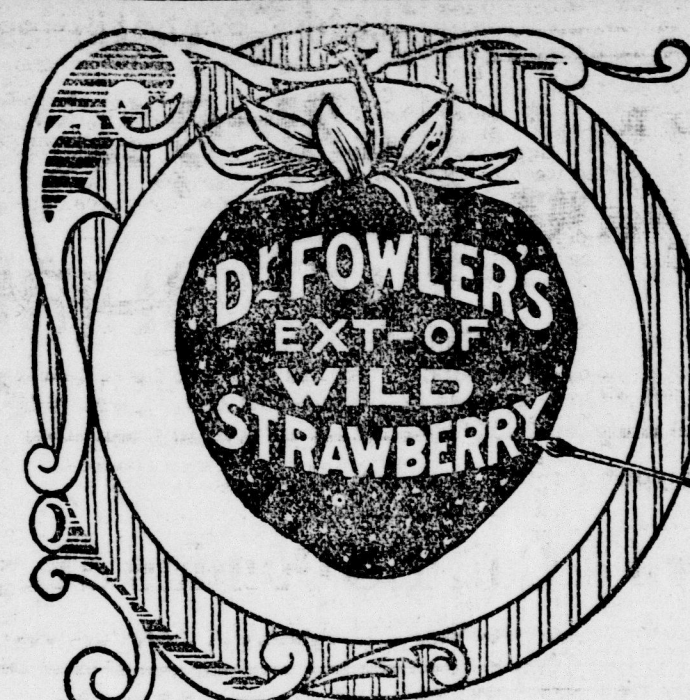
"The first dose helped the little fellow so much that we were fully convinced of its healing powers. We persisted in the use of the remedy and soon the baby gained strength and was able to get around again.

"Now we always keep Dr. Fowler's Strawberry in the house and find it invaluable for diarrhoea and cramps in the bowels."

PEOPLE ON THE PRAIRIE.

"I think that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best medicine made for Diarrhoea and Summer Complaint. We never without it in the house, and consider that people living on the prairie away from doctors should always have it on hand."—Mrs. A. Maitland, Butterfield P.O., Man.

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LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

Her Second Choice Is a Great Many Years Her Junior.

Lady Randolph Churchill, who has just married Lieutenant George Cornwallis West of the Scots Guards, is a daughter of the late Leonard Jerome of New York City. She is a great many years the senior of her new husband, who is but 25, but is said not to look more than half her



LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

LIEUT. CORNWALLIS WEST.

age. She still possesses the vivacity and charm of her youthful days, when she was one of the belles of Gotham. She is in the neighborhood of 50 now, and has two sons, one of them, Winston Churchill, the war correspondent in South Africa, 26 years of age. Lady Randolph has been in South Africa with the hospital ship Maine, and caring for another son who was wounded while under fire. The engagement to young West was broken last October, but no one took this seriously. Lieutenant West went to South Africa and in due time Lady Randolph raised the funds for the Maine and followed.

Lieutenant West was invalided and returned to England, and when Lady Randolph returned immediately resumed his attentions to her. He will come into a fortune of \$75,000 a year on the death of his father. The father owns not less than 10,000 acres of valuable English land.

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Railways and Navigation

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Magnetawan River.

The beauty of Muskoka lies as much in its rivers as in its lakes. The Magnetawan is situated sixty miles north of Gravenhurst, at Port's Falls on the Grand Trunk Railway, and opens up another and entirely new region to steamboat navigation, to the tourist, and particularly the sportsman who can get with comparatively little trouble to a district which has hitherto been accessible only to those with ample means and time. The very heart center for sport, for rod and gun. Its rivers and lakes can be ascended and descended in canoes amid the best of sport, while the eye is fascinated by the fresh and unspoiled wilderness of its forest haunts.

Tickets and all information from agents Grand Trunk Railway System, E. DE LA HOOKE, City Passenger Agent, "Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas, M. C. DICKSON, District Passenger Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

WILL RUN.

Home Seekers 60 Days

Excursions To the Canadian Northwest

Going July 13. Returning until Sept. 16. (All Rail Only).

Going July 17. Returning until Sept. 16. (All or S. S. Albert).

For tickets and further information apply to any Canadian Pacific Agent, or to A. H. Notman, Ass. Gen. Pass. Agt., 1 King street, Toronto, W. Fulton, City Passenger Agent, 161 Dundas street, corner Richmond.

L. E. & D. R. RY.

Semi Weekly Excursions to

Port Stanley

on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, of each week during the season. FARE 30c ROUND TRIP. Trains leave London 10:25 a.m., 2:30, 5:50 and 6:50 p.m. Returning leave Port Stanley 1:00, 4:40 and 9:30 p.m.

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Commencing Thursday, May 31, will leave Port Stanley for CLEVELAND, on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday of each week, at 11 p.m., except Saturday, when it will leave at 1 p.m. No train connection on Sunday.

Fare one way from \$2.25, round trip \$3.50. Get tickets at De la Hooke's, "clock" corner and at G. T. R. station.

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*S.S. OCEANIC..... July 11, 1:30 p.m.
*S.S. CUMBIC..... July 18, 10:30 a.m.
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*S.S. MAJESTIC..... Aug. 1, Noon
*S.S. OCEANIC..... Aug. 8, 3:30 p.m.

*Excellent Second Cabin accommodation on these steamers.

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Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicose, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 205 Hall Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends the receipt for this wonderful remedy to any man who writes him.

All particulars at City Ticket Office, 363 Richmond Street.

JOHN PAUL, City Passenger Agent. O. W. RUGGLES, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

Railways and Navigation

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Monday, June 18, 1900, the trains leaving Union Station, Toronto (via Grand Trunk Railway) at 9 a.m. and 9:30 p.m., make close connection with the Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure Depot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily except Saturday, at 12 noon, for Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., the Sydney and points in the Maritime Provinces.

The Maritime Express from Halifax, the Sydney, St. John and other points east, will arrive at Montreal daily, except on Monday, at 7:30 p.m., and daily from Riviere du Loup, and Little Metis at 8:25 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:40 p.m., due to arrive at Lewis at 1 p.m., Riviere du Loup at 6:00 p.m., and Little Metis at 6:50 a.m.

The Local Express will leave Little Metis at 4:30 p.m. daily, except Saturday, Riviere du Loup at 7:40 p.m., and Lewis at 11:45 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at 6:30 a.m.

Through sleeping and dining cars on the Maritime Express. Buffet cars on Local Express.

The vestibule trains are equipped with every convenience for the comfort of the traveler. The elegant sleeping, dining and first-class cars make travel a luxury.

The Intercolonial Railway connects the west with the finest fishing streams, seaside resorts and tourist routes in Canada.

Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand Trunk System, at Union Station,