

LITTLE VIXEN

"It is just the loveliest May day I ever saw!" she said, as she stood, like a beautiful picture, under the arch of vines that framed the back door. "Oh, how beautiful it will be up at Cedarhurst. The grass will be like green velvet; and, although I cannot be the queen, I can dance as much as I like. Oh, I can scarcely keep my feet still now for thinking of the glorious band music and the blue sky and the flowers! Dear old father! he must wear his Sunday suit in honor of his daughter, must he not, Joseph? And I shall leave him for some of Mr. Tempest's finest roses to bring home for you."

Lettie, entering from the opposite door, her pretty hair in curl-papers, and her plump form in a pink calico wrapper, had heard her sister's words. She frowned darkly, and exclaimed: "You said you weren't going to the festival, and if I were you I'd have dignity enough to keep my word."

Vixen shrugged her shoulders expressively. "Bad promises are better broken than kept," and I was a little goose to think of missing such a splendid day just because I could not be the queen."

She retorted, good-naturedly. "All Lettie's frowns and sarcastic speeches failed to deter her from going, and after they had had their breakfast, washed up the tea-things and tidied the kitchen, and went upstairs to dress, Lettie in embroidered muslin, and immense scarlet sash, a gold chain and ear-rings, and Vixen in a soft white suit, made very simply, with a broad hem and tucks in the skirt, a wide sash of white mulled around her slim, girlish waist, a lace ruff about her oval-like throat, elbow-sleeves edged with soft lace, and a knot of blue ribbon—blue as her eyes—coquettishly pinned on her left shoulder. Her wide-brimmed white mulled hat had a bow of blue ribbon, too, and the face beneath it was very charming, with its bright, animated expression of glowing anticipation. The keen little pang of disappointment at her heart last night was almost forgotten now, and she was prepared to give precedence to black-eyed Lettie."

At 10 o'clock they set forth, with their large white parasols, for Cedarhurst, a mile away, on whose beautiful grounds the Maypole had been raised. As they reached the suburbs of the town Vixen began to hum her favorite song, "Prince Charming," in melodious undertones; but Lettie's eyes flashed luridly beneath their drooping lids, her high color paled, and her heart swelled with a new and fiercer hate. Her flushed face had not availed her much, for in another hour Vixen would know the truth and rejoice in the crown of the May Queen.

"Oh, how I wish I had smiled her white dress, honey, last night! Then she could not have come," she thought, regretfully.

They were at the entrance of the Cedarhurst grounds now, just half a mile from the grand mansion, and, passing the beautiful lily pond, with the green leaves and waxen blossoms rocking on its breast, and the willows fringing its sides, Lettie uttered a cry of delight.

"Oh, the beautiful lilacs! Let us gather some!"

They both bounded forward, reaching out eager hands for the fragrant treasures.

Now was Lettie's opportunity to spoil the pretty dress.

Vixen was leaning very far over the bank, stretching out her slender, white hands eagerly. Letting go her balance, she reeled forward, and, with a scream of dismay, fell into the silvery pond among the water lilies.

CHAPTER IV.

There was not much danger of Vixen drowning, for the water was shallow near the bank, and besides the young girl knew how to swim. Lettie was aware of this, and she broke into a peal of mocking laughter as Vixen floundered desperately among the roots of the water lilies, her hands full of mud and slime, which she had grasped in going down, her garments drenched and muddy, her face streaming with water as she somehow righted herself by a desperate struggle, and called to Lettie:

"Give me your hands and help me out!"

Lettie drew back her white silk gloves with a shudder.

"Oh, dear, no, you would ruin my gloves and my dress," she exclaimed, heartlessly. "Catch hold of the willows and pull yourself out. It will be as easy to get out as it was to fall in."

"You pushed me in, you wicked girl!" Vixen cried indignantly, her streaming face glowing crimson through the mud and water that disfigured it. "You didn't want me to go to the festival, so you pushed me in to spoil my dress and have me go back home!"

"It was an accident," Lettie answered, laughing maliciously. "I did not push you. You leaped too far over the bank, and you fell in, that was all."

Vixen, smarting with resentment, answered never a word. She dug her hand into the slimy mud and threw a mass of it straight into Lettie's malicious face and taunting eyes, and was about to follow it up with another volley, but the girl screamed and fled in dire dismay, pausing only when at a safe distance to take her dainty handkerchief and mop her muddy face.

TEA.

All grocers sell Tea, but all Teas are not the same. Some are good and some are not. We have had a great many years' experience, and after carefully studying the productions of all the countries we recommend the use of

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and smarting eyes. Little flocks of mud and water disfigured her snowy dress all down the front, and she was obliged to run to the gate-keeper's cottage, some little distance off, and repair the damages made in her appearance before she could proceed on her way. But she had the satisfaction of seeing Lettie scramble up the bank and take her indignant way homeward in her sorry plight, and in the joy this fact afforded her all minor vexations were forgotten.

She laughed heartlessly as the muddy, bedraggled figure of her fair young rival hastened away from the pond, streams of water marking her homeward path through the bright May sunshine.

"A charming May Queen!" muttered Lettie, fiercely and mockingly. "Oh, if her Prince Charming could but see her now!"

After repairing the damage done to her appearance by Vixen's missile, she went on her way up to the terrace lawn in front of the grand mansion where by request of the mistress the Maypole was raised. The lady was somewhat of an invalid, and desired the fête to take place where she could observe it without taking the trouble to go down upon the grounds.

Lettie's heart beat fast as she crossed the green close-clipped grass to the gay groups of townspeople dotting it everywhere. She was surrounded immediately, a dozen or more asking eagerly for Vixen. Everyone seemed to have heard already that her sister was chosen queen, and she had hard work to keep the angry frowns from her face as they pressed around her with eager inquiries.

But to one and all she gave the same deceptive reply.

Lettie Vixen was quite ill with one of her terrible sick headaches and could not come, and she had sent word to the committee that she would like them to crown her sister as Queen of the May in her stead.

Many regrets were uttered over Vixen's illness, but not one raised any objection to the substitute she offered.

Certainly Lettie Jarvis, with her black eyes and rosy cheeks, was the prettiest girl on the grounds.

So in a tumult of impatience and joy Lettie awaited the hour of noon when the white hands of the glorious Tracy Tempest would place the coveted crown upon her dark hair.

At last, and they led her to the platform trembling but exultant, for she saw him—Vixen's Prince Charming—with his smiling lips, and magnetic dark eyes, bending to place the floral crown on her tresses.

Alas! brief triumph, for at that moment a shout rent the air, a hundred voices screamed excitedly:

"Wait, wait, here is Vixen herself, the real queen!"

With a gasp of dismay Lettie lifted her eyes and found herself face to face with her victim of the morning—Vixen, fresh and fair and crisp as a new elm, had started from her room, all her bedraggled plumage renovated by the brisk Josephine, her cheeks flushed with running, her eyes dancing with excitement, the wind tossing the golden rings on the uncovered tresses of her prettiest little thing under the sun!

Without another thought of the dark-eyed Lettie, Tracy Tempest turned to startled little Vixen and said the words that crowned her as the lovely golden head.

(To be Continued.)

ALLEGED PLOT

To Blow Up the British Fortifications at Esquimaux.

Chicago, May 21.—A special to the Times-Herald from Vancouver, B. C., says: Fenian sympathizers with the B. H. have made an attempt to blow up the British fortifications at Esquimaux. The big naval docks, where \$10,000,000 damage could have been done, was the objective point of the head of the plot, who barely escaped from the guard with their lives.

Major Bennett, of the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles, made a statement of the circumstances Saturday. He says that three weeks ago he was commanding at the Esquimaux forts was advised to look out for the possibility of a Fenian outrage. The information came from the military authorities and with it the description of three well-known Fenians who were a few days later recognized in Vancouver. Orders were given to sentries to shoot after the failure to reply to a second challenge and to shoot to kill.

On Wednesday night, just after midnight, four men were discovered by the sentries within the line of the first outposts and they were just about to be shot when the Fenians fled in a short distance of the large marine docks of the North Pacific squadron, and two guards challenged almost simultaneously. There was no response and the dimly outlined figures touched to the ground. The guards challenged again and at this several other sentries immediately

opened fire.

"You want to get well? Who doesn't? But you are discouraged. You've tried medicines that promised much but didn't keep their promises. If you want to get well try the medicine that makes people well,

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"I cannot express half my feelings of gratitude to you," writes Mrs. Josie E. Clark, of Enterprise, Shelby Co., Mo. "I had been in bad health for twelve years. Had aches all through me, numb hands, cold feet, and everything I ate distressed me; bowels constipated, was very nervous, depressed and despondent. When I first tried your medicine I thought I could never be cured. I have taken six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and my health is now good."

fred. By the time a search party had been formed there was much confusion, and the men succeeded in running past the latter outposts, but the latter claim they will be able to recognize two. The commanding officers regard it as a certain attempt to destroy some part at least of the works. The guards have again been doubled.

NO ELEMENT OF UNCERTAINTY

[Continued from page 1.]

made some headway with the crowd, but free fights occurred between the supporters of the meeting and the crowd, and the Royal Infantry near by was kept busy dressing the wounds of combatants, caused by stones, bricks and clubs. A number of arrests were made, and finally the chief persons of the crowd were made stable to call out the military. The Gordon Highlanders from the Castle Barracks, then cleared the streets. At Dover, the business establishment of the town was surrounded and wrecked by a mob. The police were unable to cope with the disturbance, and the local artillery and volunteers were called out. As the rioting continued the Royal Artillery were called upon to suppress the mob. The windows of buildings adjoining Mr. Browne's were smashed. Numerous arrests were made.

BOER REPORTS.

Pretoria, May 19.—It is officially announced that the Boers will be defended. The consuls of the neutral powers have been advised to look after their citizens, as the government will not hold itself responsible for injury to persons or damage to property.

Botha, commander-in-chief of the Boer forces, reports that the burghers are joining in great numbers. The government has suggested to the British commander-in-chief an exchange of prisoners on parole.

Vrede has been proclaimed the capital of the Free State.

NOTES OF JOY.

London, May 19.—The members of the Stock Exchange amused themselves by connecting by telephone through to the Paris bourse, so that the singing of "God Save the Queen" might be heard there.

All the naval and military centers dressed ship and fired salutes. London tonight is in a state of high carnival so far as the leading thoroughfares are concerned.

One of the most curious processions of the day was formed by some hundreds of South Kensington art students of both sexes, dressed in mounted khaki-clad comrades. The girls wore thin studio smocks, and reaped a golden harvest, along the route of the parade for Lady George's. A number of the students were mounted on a car and guarded by the model of a lion.

The games of the Queen's jubilee are quite eclipsed.

From provincial towns everywhere, from various points in Africa, Canada, and throughout the empire, comes the same tale of rejoicing.

BUGLE BLASTS.

A rumor is abroad in London, in the pro-British circles that King Oscar's declaration of sympathy with Great Britain may cause him to abdicate, as it has embittered his relations with the cabinet.

Mail advices announce that the South African war has caused bad blood between the natives and British residents of Surinam, Dutch Guiana. Bands of natives parade before the British consulate, using most insulting language towards Great Britain.

Merely mentioned.

New York received 15,000 immigrants last week.

Barclay Gallagher, noted newspaper editor, died in Baltimore, Md.

In the last two days more than 2,000 persons left Seattle for Cape Nome.

Mr. George Monteith, of Rossau, shot a large bear near the village.

The rejected A Battery horses sold at Kingston realized nearly \$50 each.

Cardwell Conservatives have nominated Robert Johnston as their candidate for the House of Commons.

Mrs. Walter Buckle, of Holly, Mich., was choked to death by a piece of pickle, which lodged in her throat.

The marriage of Mr. Leighton McCarthy, M. P., and Miss Muriel Campbell will take place early in June.

Mr. Beatty, a recent graduate of Knox College, has been called by the Presbyterian Church to Cobourg.

The loss by the burning of the sawmills of Klippen & Sycamore, at Chatham, on Friday, will be in the neighborhood of \$2,500.

A statue of Gen. Grant, presented by the Grand Army of the Republic, was unveiled in the rotunda of the capital at Washington.

Rev. C. K. Adams, pastor of the Gore Street Methodist Church, Hamilton, has accepted a call from the Brant Avenue Church, Brantford.

Ozias Malott, a Tilbury East farmer, while driving across the M. C. R. tracks was struck by an east-bound express and almost instantly killed.

Robert Blackmore's hardware store at St. Thomas was entered by burglars Friday night and \$150 worth of goods taken. The burglars cut through the door.

The coroner's jury has returned a verdict of death by morphine administered by person or persons unknown in the case of the late Oliver Doyle, at Rat Portage, Ont.

Valuable deposits of feldspar have been discovered in Marquette county, Mich. The only quarries of this mineral now being worked in the United States are in North Carolina.

Plans for the proposed drill hall at Windsor have been accepted. The building is to be of brick, 100 by 200 feet, on Ouellette Square, facing London street, and its estimated cost is \$30,000.

A broken wheel on a C. P. R. freight train was the cause of throwing three cars off the track and down a 40-foot embankment, between Woodbridge and Weston, fortunately without hurting anyone.

Francis G. Marshall, furniture dealer, Kingston, Ont., is missing. Thursday night he went in a skiff to Ganong Island for a party. He got it and started for home, but never reached there.

The northern end of the Rutland-Canadian Railroad, from Burlington, Vt., to Rouse's Point, N. Y., is so far completed that freight trains are operating over it. Other parts of the road are being ballasted.

At Athens, Ont., on Friday, the home of John Green was totally consumed by fire. The family barely escaped in their night clothing. A few of the household effects were saved. There was an insurance of \$400.

A fatal accident occurred in Goldthorpe's saw mill, township of As of field, Huron county, where Carpenter, a mill hand, was caught by the foot and thrown on the large circular saw, and was cut to pieces. He leaves a young wife.

Proctor Macdonald states that the prohibition bill will be brought before the Manitoba House early this week. When asked as to the nature of the measure, he said that it would give a prohibitory law to the full extent of the power of the provinces.

Mrs. Tye and her boy, aged 5 years, were brought into the suspect tent at Winnipeg Friday evening. On examination next morning it was found that Mrs. Tye had probably saved a constituent attack of small-pox. The case of the little boy also diagnosed small-pox.

Western Ontario.

The Guelph Street Railway will shortly be connected with the C. P. R. there.

The telephone metallic line between Amherstburg and Leamington has been completed.

A number of Essex fruit growers report that the grape vines were badly damaged by frost, and that the crop this year will be very light.

Mr. John Welsh, of Exeter, has purchased L. L. Walper's farm, north of his own, paying therefor \$5,000. This gives Mr. Welsh 250 acres of land.

The ceremony of laying the cornerstone of the new St. Paul's Church, Kirkton, has been fixed for the afternoon of June 7. The Bishop of Huron will officiate.

The many friends of Mr. S. A. MacVicar, of the Sarnia Canadian, will regret to hear that he is very unwell, and his condition is a matter of serious concern to his friends.

The postmaster-general has authorized a mail service on the C. P. R. between Amherstburg and Leamington. He has requested in the resolution of the Board of trade.

Robert W. Birch, of St. Marys, son of Robert Birch, of West Zorra, has recently bought the Robert Sparling estate, adjoining the corporation of St. Marys, 100 acres, for which he paid \$10,500.

Mr. Marks, postmaster of Brucefield, died on Tuesday evening, aged 74 years. Mr. Marks has been long a resident of Brucefield, having been nearly 50 years around the spot where that little village now stands.

Archie Meloche, of Charing Cross, Kent county, has struck gas on his farm. This gas well is farther east than any struck before, and it is thought that the gas belt in South Essex extends over part of Kent.

The home of David Vansickle, Zone, was the scene of a very pretty event on Wednesday afternoon, being the marriage of his second daughter, Miss Alta, to E. H. Hesketh, C. E. R. agent, Toronto. Rev. Mr. Burton, of Florence, officiated.

Mrs. James Peter, of Normandy, died recently at her home near Orchardville. Mrs. Peter gave birth to three children, with another still unborn, when the suffering mother succumbed. One of the children, a girl, was still-born, but the other two, fine, healthy-looking boys, are still alive. Two other young children are left.

The deceased was only 29 years of age.

Squire Fellows, of Blenheim, is dead, aged over 80. He came to Canada in 1844, and had filled various positions of public trust. Mrs. Fellows predeceased her husband by two years. He leaves a family of three sons—William R. Blenheim, James Edward, Chicago; Byron Miles, Chicago, and two daughters, Mrs. John Whiteford and Mrs. James McVittie, both of Blenheim.

At the residence of Mr. George Hill, Dundas, on Wednesday, 16th inst., his youngest daughter, Mildred, was married to Mr. Alexander Mahlenbacher, of Tilsburg. Miss Vanetta M. Summers, of Aylmer, was the bridesmaid.

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WILL SELL
ROUND TRIP TICKETS
between all stations east of Port Arthur, for

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY
AT
Single First-Class Fare
Going May 23, 24; returning May 25, 1900. Following are rates to a few places of interest: London to Chatham, \$1.85; Woodstock, \$3.00; Windsor, \$3.40; Galt, \$1.75; Toronto, \$3.40.

From New York to Glasgow—State of Nebraska, May 26.

First cabin, \$52.50 and upwards. Second cabin, \$35 and upwards. Steerage, \$23.50. New York to Glasgow. First cabin, \$50 and upwards. Second cabin, \$32.50. Steerage, \$23.50. Reduction on first and second cabin return tickets.

London agents—E. De la Hooke, T. R. Parker and F. R. Clarke.

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Railways and Navigation

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Jan. 14, 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 11:30 a.m. and Sunday at 11:35 a.m., for Halifax, N. S. John A. B., and points in the Maritime Provinces.

The Maritime Express from Halifax, St. John and other points east, will arrive at Montreal daily except on Monday, at 5:30 p.m. The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:40 a.m., due to arrive at Riviere du Loup at 6:30 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Riviere du Loup daily, except Sunday, at 12 noon and leave at 4:35 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at 10:10 p.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.

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Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand Trunk System, at Union Station, Toronto, and at the office of the General Traveling Agent, Wm. Robinson, General Traveling Agent, 80 Yonge Street, Toronto.