

Dr. Jack's Wife

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of "Dr. Jack," "Captain Tom," "Miss Caprice," etc., etc

(Continued.)

In a certain office in Wall street a number of gentlemen have congregated. Their appearance would indicate men of business standing and wealth. Thousands like them can be met with any day in this section, where meetings are being held that involve the handling of millions.

Most of them appear very anxious, and consult their watches frequently.

At the first stroke of the bells announcing the mid-day hour, one of them rises and raps on a desk with his knuckles.

"Gentlemen, it is time to take a vote. We will decide the destinies of our company. Is there any objection?"

One man springs up.

"I have had a telegram from Doctor Evans."

"Ah!"

"He is on the way from Chili with documents that give him the right to vote the shares of Judge Frazer, which, added to his own, makes a majority of the stock."

The other gentlemen smile.

"Where is Doctor Jack Evans? Let him produce these documents, and we submit. But if he is not here, we must shape the future policy of the nitrate company we represent."

"He left Cincinnati at noon yesterday."

"On what road?"

"The Pennsylvania."

The smile grows broader now.

"Ah! fate was too much for him—that train was delayed by an accident in the mountains, so I learn from the bulletins. Gentlemen, we will go on with the voting. It is all in our hands, since Doctor Jack is not here."

The door has opened, even while he speaks, and a figure steps in. The figure of a woman, whose handsome face glows with eagerness.

"Madam," says the chairman of the meeting, in haste, "you have mistaken the room; the next door leads to the divorce lawyer's office."

She steps forward.

"Is this the stockholders' meeting of the Rising Sun Nitrate Company, limited?" she asks, very distinctly.

"Yes."

The one member who had plead for delay jumps to his feet eagerly.

"Is Jeremiah Green present?"

"I am that party," he exclaims.

The lady has something in her hand.

"I am requested to give this to you. My husband is unable to be here. I represent him."

"Madam," says the chairman, now almost ready to collapse. "Madam, who are you?"

She gives him a radiant smile.

"I am Doctor Jack's wife."

Jeremiah Green gives a half-suppressed cheer as he tears the cover from the packet, glances at the contents and waves them above his head.

"These certificates are in Doctor Jack's name. They have been bought outright, giving him a majority of the stock. Gentlemen, your reign is over. Henceforth this company will be worked in the true interest of all holders. British holders must follow Yankee push, for Doctor Jack has won."

The defeated conspirators who have in-

Young Mothers

Stand in special need of help while the baby is being nursed. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription not only strengthens the woman for motherhood and makes the birth hour practically painless, but it increases the nutritive secretions on which the child is fed. It soothes the nerves, encourages the appetite and rapidly restores the mother to robust health. There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription," neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic.

"I wish to let you know the great benefit my wife derived through taking your 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mr. Robert Harden of Brandon, Manitoba, Box 236. "It was a case of childbirth. We had heard so much of it that my wife decided to try it. (I may say my wife is thirty-three and this was her first child.) She commenced to take 'Favorite Prescription' five months before her child was born. We have a fine, healthy girl, and we believe that this was mainly owing to the 'Favorite Prescription' taken faithfully according to directions. We shall certainly recommend it wherever we can."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets put the bowels in a healthy condition.



tended freezing the minority out, and ruining Doctor Jack, now admit that they are beaten, and beg for the best terms they can get. Avis, now that the crisis has passed, and success won, sinks into a chair quite wearied.

The meeting is soon adjourned to await the pleasure of the man who now controls the company. Jeremiah Green sees Avis to the Astor House. The first thing she does is to send a message to Harrisburg, directed to the hotel where Jack meant to stop. It simply says in the language of old—

"Veni, vidi, vici—I came, I saw, I conquered."

Doctor Jack, seated in his room, with his limb bandaged, and not yet able to travel, receives this cheering message, and a tremendous load is at once lifted from his heart, for he knows Avis reached Wall street in time.

The next day he manages to travel to Gotham, and the Astor House, assisted by Larry, and it may be set down as certain that a warm welcome awaits the suffering hero.

Kirke Smith also turns up.

The Chillans, Colonel Garcia and all, have vanished from view after the complete failure of their plans. As for Lord Rackett, his recent experience has taught him that it is dangerous business trying to steal other men's wives, especially foolish, since so many fair English girls

would jump at the chance of securing him; so he shakes the dust of America from his feet, and sails for home. No one mourns his absence.

Doctor Jack's sprain grows better daily, and at length he calls a meeting of the company from which he has refused to be thrown, and which is now under his thumb. The British interests and those of Chillans must be henceforth guided by his wishes; but as he has his fortune invested they must either follow in his lead or buy him out. This latter occurs, for Doctor Jack is willing to sell at a profit, especially since at the time there seems danger of war between the United States and the republic of Chili.

Larry, who has invested heavily, shares in the profits, which allow him another year of idleness on the Continent, so he starts for Italy as soon as his arm heals. Kirke Smith accompanies Doctor Jack and his wife to Egypt, a country he has long desired to visit, and they spend some months on an elegant dahabieh on the Nile until the approach of hot weather drives them to more congenial Paris.

THE END.

Holy Days.

It has been well said that the poet Tennyson was always unable to give expression to the passion of joy. Perhaps this was largely owing to the fact that he was the poet of the time and the poet of his country. Joy does not enter very largely into the life of the modern world. People nowadays are anxious, curious and restless. They plan for the future, they search for knowledge and they labor incessantly. The only remedy for this tension is a little more self-trust and a little more trust in God. The habit of waiting upon Divine Providence is a remarkably restful habit. "Casting all your care upon Him" is a great saving of nerve power, of spiritual and intellectual energy; it is likely to leave more room for an unfettered play in the instincts of simple enjoyment, such as are seen in children. An act of thanksgiving to God is an attributing to Him of all the blessings we enjoy. The great national festival of Thanksgiving looks back with gratitude to the past, with hope and confidence to the future. "The joy of harvest" becomes real only when it is founded upon a recollection of the bounty, the unchangeableness and the omnipotence of God. Life can have no real holiday unless it be also a holy day. True joy springs from religious dependence upon God. "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say unto you, Rejoice." There can be no better corrective to the feverish haste and are of modern life than the due observance each year of the day on which thanks and praise are given to God for His past mercies. The thought of His providence alone can give leisure and undistractedness for the experience of that joy which should be a part of life here, as it is revealed in Scripture as part of the better life in heaven.

THE END

For Remembrance.

"What's that string around your finger for?"

"That's to make me remember that my wife didn't tell me to bring something home this evening."—Omaha World-Herald.

Getting Ready.

"Rocks is taking time from his stone business to learn the bike. He's just bought a new one."

"I see—a kind of laying in a spring and fall stock."—Philadelphia Times.

Those Loving Girls.

Dolly—Mr. Puffem complimented me on my swanlike grace at the ball last night.

Mabel—Yes; he said something to me about your having an awful long neck.—Chicago News.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

Tender for Extension to Wharf and Freight Sheds at Pictou, N. S.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the under signed, and marked on the outside "Tender for Wharf and Freight Shed, Pictou," will be received until TUESDAY, the 20th day of August, 1901, for the construction of a Creosoted Pile Wharf at Pictou, N. S.

Plans and Specifications may be seen on and after the 5th day of August next at the Station Master's Office at Pictou, N. S., and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained. All the conditions of the Specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., July 29th, 1901—Aug 2 d131



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TENDERS FOR CONSTRUCTION.

Sealed Tenders for the construction of the first section of fifteen miles of Railway from Chipman through the Newcastle Coal Fields, will be received by The New Brunswick Coal and Railway Company up to Thursday, the Fifteenth day of August instant, at Twelve o'clock noon.

The tender must include grading, building of bridges, track laying, ballasting, building of Station houses, water tanks, sleepers, fencing, etc., construction of telephone line and everything required for the complete construction of the Railway, with the exception of the rails and fish plates, which will be supplied by the Company; work to be done according to the plans and specification prepared by E. G. Evans, C. E., the Company's Engineer, which may be seen at his office at Hampton, Kings County.

The contract shall provide that the work shall be completed on or before the first day of December next.

Tenders to be endorsed "Tender for Construction" and addressed to the Company in care of the undersigned, Fredericton.

The tenders will be opened by the Board of Directors.

By order
GEORGE W. ALLEN,
Secretary of The New Brunswick Coal and Railway Company.

August 5th, 1901.

JUNK WANTED.

LOUIS LAVINE, Old Junk Dealer, will pay Cash on delivery for

Iron, 40c per 100 lbs
Brass, 6c per lb
Copper, 8c per lb
Lead, 2c per lb
Zinc, 1c per lb
Bottles, 12c per dozen
Bones, 25c per 100 lbs
Old Socks and Mitts, 2c per lb
Old Rags, 25c per 100 lbs
Horse Hair, 15c per lb
Old Rope, 1c per lb

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1 car Grind Stones.

1 car Cable Chains.

2 cars Wire Nails.

1 car, mixed car of Glass, Oil, paints.

1 car Cement.

1 car Cumberland Blacksmiths' Coal.

1 car Horse Shoes and Nails.

1 car Tinware, Galvanized Pails and Elbows.

1 car Sled Shoe Steel.

1 car Snow Flake Lime.

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