

Dr. Jack's Wife.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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

(Continued.)

"That is enough. In the darkness he cannot tell whether it be friend or foe, but, rushing up, he thrusts his weapon against the man's side, while saying fiercely:—

"Surrender!"

"Why, Larry, old fellow, is it you?" comes a voice.

"Jack—thank heavens. But you gave me a scare, man. What made you stroll away?"

Jack seems to be engaged in coiling up a rope, and Larry, when he discovers this, is doubly amazed.

"They tried it, Larry—and failed. Just as I stepped into the shadow a noose fell over my shoulders. I happened to have one hand up to my hat, so that was free to draw a knife while I jumped forward in order to prevent being thrown. The fellows at the other end ran also. I got my knife out, opened the blade with my teeth, and cut the noose; but I caught hold of the rope, planted my feet against a rock, and we had a tug of war for a minute here in the darkness.

"Finding I was too much for them, and was dragging the rope in, they gave up and scampered, leaving me this trophy, which I hardly know what to do with."

"Take it aboard. Who knows how useful it may yet prove. Besides, it may tell us something about the fellow at the other end."

"Larry, correct. Was that whistle meant for a forward movement?"

They run to the platform close at hand. The train moves, sure enough. After all, the delay was not so long, and can be made up.

When they get into the car neither the Chilian colonel nor his British ally can be seen.

"Egad!" says Larry, slapping his knee, "what a ridiculous joke it would be if we turned the tables on them, and they are left behind."

Jack smiles.

"That would be too good a thing, my dear boy."

He sees Avis looking out from behind the curtains, and motioning with her hand. Jack fancies she seems pale. He springs to her side.

"What is it, dear?" he asks, tenderly.

"Jack, while I slept a hand entered the half-open window and snatched the small satchel. I caught the strap, but the catch broke and the hand-bag is—gone."

Jack smothered a groan, and Avis continues quickly:—

"But, dear Jack, some good angel must have put it into my head that they coveted that alligator bag, for when the curtains were first put up I transferred the packet."

"Oh! Avis!"

"To my bosom, where it lies now, safe and sound."

He throws his arms around her.

"Bless you for a thoughtful little woman. They stand a poor show against both of us with Larry and Kirke thrown in."

"It was also fortunate that I had my jewelry on. In fact, the contents of the bag, I believe, netted them some five dollars."

"They're welcome to it. Why, the rope

must be worth part of that," laughing.

"What rope, Jack?"

"They tried to hang me, my dear," and he relates his little adventure, while Avis clings to him, trembling and breathless.

"When will this end, husband?" she asks, for her nerves have been placed under a severe test during these few weeks.

"Given four and a half more days and we will arrive in New York. Once there my hour of triumph comes, and these allied forces will no longer have cause to desire my downfall."

"Oh, Jack, I wish we were there!" she sighs.

"For your sake I echo the wish, little woman," fondly replies the man of steel.

"I am so afraid something will happen to you."

"Ah, Avis, look back, my dear! You have seen me in many situations of danger. Was I ever outgeneraled? A cool head and a steady hand have carried me successfully thus far, and with the help of heaven, they will not desert me now."

Cheered by these brave words, Avis regains much of her old-time confidence. This stout heart has so often won victories, it is no wonder she believes her Jack well-nigh invincible.

Larry comes up at this moment, with a disconsolate look upon his face.

"It's no use," he says, sadly, shaking his head as he speaks.

"What's wrong now, Larry?" asks Jack.

"They swung on at the last moment—in the smoking-room, now."

"Sorry to hear it, but it's what we expected. So far we've been a good match for all their forces. Let us hope it will keep on."

The balance of the night passes without more trouble, and our friends greet the new-born day with thankfulness.

Each hour takes them nearer their goal, and the enemy must continue to grow more desperate as time passes.

It occurs to Jack that perhaps he can turn the tables on these plotters. By leaving them behind, he will at least be free from their miserable plotting, and have a fair chance to show up in New York on time.

In Larry he has an enthusiastic ally when the idea is broached. Indeed, the little man can see no reason why they should not count on it as already settled.

"I believe in fair play. So far they've had all the fun. By Jove! it's our turn now. Let me ponder over the matter, too. Perhaps I can hatch up a plan."

The mighty intellect of the duke sets to work, and, of course, Jack takes a back seat after that. Kirke is passing away the time by wandering along the entire length of the train, where, of course, he finds many types of human nature. His object is to discover, if possible, how many of the Chilians are on board, men who have come so many thousand miles to outwit Doctor Jack.

Avis is watching her cousin, and she suddenly gives Jack a nudge.

"I think Larry has discovered something," is what she says, and glancing at the duke, Jack finds him with a broad smile upon his face, a veritable grin.

"Ah! he's looking at himself in the glass between the windows. These fellows of his stamp are conceited enough. No doubt he believes he has a killing expression on his face."

"That's too bad, Jack, for he's looking out of the window. Larry has a great mind for schemes, though, perhaps, you wouldn't think it to look at him. I know he has just hit upon some elegant idea. There, I told you so. He's coming over to give us the benefit of it."

"As true as I live, it's so. If I faint during the recital, dear Avis, remember—the cordial."

"You cruel man—but I know you have in secret a high opinion of Larry's abilities, though you may pretend to laugh now and then."

The arrival of the object under consideration at their seat prevents any further conversation. Larry it is, puffing out his cheeks with tremendous importance.

"I've got an idea, my dear boy. Wait until you hear it—then congratulate me."

"With pleasure," returns the other.

Larry glances around him. He does not care to share his bright thoughts with those who may be enemies, and they are known to have a number of this class on board the limited train.

The coast seems clear, yet Larry assumes a voice equal to a dramatic stage whisper in imparting his momentous secret.

"I believe I can drop the wascals behind, and give them a chance to hire a special," he announces, at which Avis gently claps her hands, and Jack says: "Bravo, dear boy."

Larry tries to swell out with more importance, but it is impossible, since he has already reached the point of danger.

"Now, listen to me, my friends, while I explain my idea. Of course, it must hold until night comes. Jack will get the exact time we stop at some station. Timing himself, he will leave the car. These men can be depended on to follow. Jack must lead them a little chase, give them the slip, and run back to the train as fast as he can. The second he puts his foot on the step, the conductor will start ahead."

"Ah! how d'ye know he will?"

"To be Continued."

TENDERS

FOR

DEBENTURES.

Sealed tenders will be received

at the

City Clerk's Office,

Fredericton, up to

THURSDAY,

the 25th day of July inst., for Four

Thousand Dollars,

(4,000.00)

FREDERICTON CITY DEBT

DEBENTURES,

bearing date 20th July A. D. 1901, and falling due six years from date, or 20th July A. D. 1907. These Debentures are issued in sums of \$500.00 each, with coupons for interest attached, payable half-yearly, at the rate of 4 p. c. per annum. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. For further information apply to the City Clerk.

By order of the City Council,
CHAS. W. BECKWITH,
City Clerk.
Fredericton, July 13.—101.

New Dress

Goods

Shirt Waists

Wrappers and Prints

Mens' and Boys' Clothing

Hats and Caps

Lace Curtains

Oilcloths

Trunks and Valises at

OWEN SHARKEY'S

You Are Deluded

If you buy a bicycle at haphazard, simply because some person says that it is a better wheel than the Gendron or the Perfect. These are handsome in appearance, honestly built, all the new features.

BICYCLES AND PRICES.

SHAWMUT.....	\$25 00
DOMINION.....	35 00
GARDEN CITY.....	45 00
GENDRON.....	45 00
PERFECT, chain driven.....	50 00
PERFECT, chainless.....	60 00

NEILL.

DOWN TOWN BICYCLE STORE.

OPP. COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

Summer Suitings!

The latest in Summer Suitings showing in my window. Perfect fit, first class work.

Wanted.—Five tons of Wool in exchange for the celebrated "Eureka" Tweeds, Serges, Blankets, Yarns, Homespun.

W. E. SEERY, 226 Queen Street.

Our Hobby.....

Most people have a hobby—you know ours—it's putting new life into tired, worn, battered, shattered bicycles. No repair too small, none too big to be made good here. We give just as much attention to wheels sent in from out of town as though you stood over us and watched the job.

BARRETT'S Cycle Shop.

Queen St., uptown, almost opposite Peoples Bank.

INCORPORATED 1848.

Union Mutual Life Insurance Co.

OF PORTLAND ME.

Paid to policy holders over \$33,000,000.00

Deposit at Ottawa nearly \$1,000,000.00

Its plans of policies are the most up-to-date issued, containing the most liberal guarantee given, and without restrictions. Honest, capable Agents wanted. Address

ALBERT J. MACHUM, Manager,
St. John, N. B.

HURRY UP!

Everywhere one hears that expression "hurry up!" It is a genuine Americanism expressive of the "rush" in which we live. Nothing is swift enough for us. We race against steam and lightning and find them slow. We grudge the time given to eating, and rush through meals as though life depended upon our haste.

Life does depend on our haste, but not in that sense. Look at the obituary columns of the papers and see how many prominent men are carried away by "stomach trouble," "acute indigestion" and other related diseases. Their lives have in general been sacrificed to the haste and rush of business which overlooked the fact that food can only nourish the body when digested and assimilated and that the digestive and assimilative processes can't be hurried.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, cures diseases of the stomach and the associated organs of digestion and nutrition. The source of all physical strength is food, properly digested and perfectly assimilated. By enabling the perfect digestion and assimilation of food "Golden Medical Discovery" increases and enriches the blood supply and sends new strength to every organ of the body.

"I was at one time as I thought almost at death's door," writes Mr. J. S. Bell, of Leando, Van Buren Co., Iowa. "I was confined to my house and part of the time to my bed. I had taken quantities of medicines but they only seemed to feed the disease; but I must say that 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured me, and to-day I am stouter than I have been for twenty years. I am now forty-three years old."

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser sent free to you on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send fifty one-cent stamps for cloth bound book, or thirty-one stamps for paper covered, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



Cleveland Bicycle

From the old time velocipede is an interesting study. The Cleveland Bicycle represents the highest type of wheel. Its symmetrical proportions, easy propelling qualities, graceful lines and strength, have made it the standard of Canadian Bicycles. For sale by

McMURRAY & CO.

Queen street, opp. Normal School.