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HE WEEKLY EXAMINER is issued every Friday morning. It contains a complete summary of the news of the week, and is sent to friends abroad. Subscription price ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, to any address in Canada or the U. S.

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AN AMERICAN VIEW.

New York Gave the Result of the Election.

The New York Sun says: "The fact that the Liberals have been given a larger majority than they obtained four years ago is an event of consequence not only to Canadians, but to the whole British Empire, for it has killed the project for a customs union between the Mother Country and the great self-governing colonies. The effect of a sweeping victory for the Liberal programme in Canada upon the British Empire at large is unmistakable.

Canada will continue to discriminate in favour of British imports to the extent of 33-1/3 per cent, but it will not admit them duty free, and it will not even request a preference for Canadian products in the United Kingdom at the expense of competitive staples forwarded from the United States, Russia and Argentina. That is to say, the Dominion of Canada will continue to pursue an independent existence and will not even try to knit more firmly the bond connecting her with the United Kingdom.

Nor is this all. The Liberal party headed by Laurier and conspicuously represented by C. Wright, comprise all friends of the United States in Canada. It is a party which recognizes the tremendous power of influence which tend to connect economical and political British North America with the great American Republic.

The victory for Laurier means that the Joint High Commission will slowly resume activity and will endeavor to modify the relations of the English speaking commonwealth upon the continent.

A WRONG IDEA OF... DYSPEPSIA

Throws all the Blame on the Stomach—The Real Seat of Trouble is the Intestines—The Permanent Cure is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

It is an old idea long since exploded that digestion is confined to the stomach. No modern scientist denies that by far the greater part of digestion and the more difficult part takes place in the intestines. This explains why dyspepsia is never really cured by preparations which merely aid stomach digestion and act only on the stomach.

This fact also explains why Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have been so remarkably successful as a cure for the worst forms of dyspepsia and indigestion.

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YOU can make quite a saving each and every day by dealing with us.

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VICTORIA ROW GROCERS

Ray's Recruit

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A. AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "FROM THE RANKS," ETC.

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(Continued.)

Blake did not thoroughly like him. He thought Mainwaring selfish, opinionated and conceited. He admitted him to be a first rate soldier, a fine drill-master and tactician, a fine drill-master and tactician, a truthful, honest and pure minded man, a devoted husband and father—in fact, one of the representative men of the cavalry. It wasn't that he was narrow (his tolerance on the whisky question was an evidence that he was not), yet he was "tuttheaded," said Blake. "He's perpetually referring to Ray and to me as the exponents of the liquor habit, when both of us quit long ago. We all like Stannard, and he doesn't; at least he is always ready to disparage anything Stannard says or does, and if he were Stannard's senior instead of junior he'd overrule any decision or order of Stannard's just because it was Stannard's. So when he comes out with his bulls I can't help goading him a bit. Somebody's got to keep him in check or we'll be getting the laugh from those fellows of the Eleventh and Twelfth."

"They wouldn't see the blunders, Blake, only you show 'em up," said Ray, in remonstrance, and with not a little reason, for Blake was incorrigible. "Some day you'll cut Mainwaring to the quick, and he comes of a stock that hits hard and doesn't forgive easy or forget at all. Better hold off, Legs."

And "hold off" Legs had to for several days of a dreary homeward march, dreary because the colonel meant to rest the horses thoroughly after a fierce and furious chase and campaign, and so made short marches where the officers and men would gladly have made two a day. The road was dusty, the October sunshine was hot and dry, the nights were snapping cold, but here at last they were only one day out from their new station, Fort Ransom, and Blake had broken bonds again. Raising himself on elbow and peering across the blue shirtd shoulder of his friend, Ray could see that Mainwaring was still glowering at him and evidently pondering over that reference to his having time enough to learn anything. As yet its full significance was not apparent, but it was the policy of wisdom to distract his attention and set his wits to work on something else. Like the horse, which noble animal Mainwaring almost worshipped, he could consider only one point at a time. So up rose Ray and shuffled over to him. "If you've no objections, major, I'd like to ask the colonel to let my quartermaster sergeant ride into Ransom tonight. He tells me his wife is quite ill. The ambulance is going and will give him a lift. We'll lead his horse with the troop tomorrow."

"Why not ride him in tonight?" asked Mainwaring, who had served but little under Atherton since the war and knew not how strict were his rules regarding horses.

"Because the colonel wishes every horse to share and share alike. The sergeant's horse would have an extra 20 miles if ridden in tonight. Yonder comes Stannard's battalion now," he said, pointing to the dust cloud sailing slowly toward them from the north. "He'll bivouac above us, I reckon."

"Yes, and spoil our water, like as not," growled Mainwaring. "But we've got the grass and shade."

"Devil doubt you," muttered Blake, "and you've got the best of both." Then aloud: "Ask the old man, with my compliments, if I may do him the honor of dining with him tomorrow, Billy. Mrs. Atherton has everything ready for his coming, I'll be bound, while your better half and mine and the major's here can't come till we get

there and choose quarters."

"Mrs. Mainwaring will be there quicker than I will," said the major promptly.

"That's all easily explained. Mrs. Mainwaring knows the major's quarters can go to nobody but the major, and she can move in at once. We poor devils of troop leaders must wait till our seniors have chosen. What's more, Mrs. Mainwaring has no nurse and babies to look after."

"No, but she's bringing a companion with her in the shape of her niece that she's often talked to me about. I think I told you about her—Miss Leroy. She's been abroad for a year and wants to come and see something of her own country. They ought to reach Butte tonight or early in the morning."

"Will she?" exclaimed Blake. "Then like as not she'll have an escort. Rawson's coming out with a batch of recruits."

"Bah!" growled Mainwaring, who had little use for Rawson or any other officer who was away on leave when his regiment was in the field. "Mrs. Mainwaring's never met him, and if she had would feel mighty small security in his escort—a fellow that'll be held up with a whole carload of passengers by only two robbers."

Mainwaring alluded to a matter that was a sore spot in the—th and that never yet had been fully explained. But Mr. Rawson, three months earlier that summer, had unquestionably been relieved of his few valuables at the point of the pistol on the K. P. road. The regiment meant to worry the life out of him when he rejoined, but didn't like it that Mainwaring, a newcomer, should be the first to crack the whip. Blake almost wanted to blaze up, but thought it best perhaps to wait for Ray, and so subsided.

Ray, however, had sauntered out to the edge of the scanty patch of timber, and, shading his eyes with his brown hand, was scanning with professional interest the long column of dusty troopers, two abreast, that came filing into view around a little point 500 yards away. Well out in their front, short, square and stocky, rode their major, his adjutant, trumpeter and orderly joggling along behind. To him rode the colonel's messenger, the regimental adjutant and pointed out a line some distance up stream. Thither the head of column veered, moving at steady walk. The guidon bearer, at a signal from the battalion adjutant, spurred out to the front, and, with the old siltken swallow-tail streaming in the wind, loped across the level to a point ten yards or so from the bank, was halted there by the young officer in person, and then, lance at rest, he and his horse stood motionless. Never quickening the pace, the captain at the head of Stannard's foremost troop directed his march on this living guidepost. The guidon of the second troop, followed speedily by those of the third and fourth in like manner, darted out across the prairie, each in succession being halted and established at half distance in rear of his predecessor on the line of guides. Each troop directed itself upon its own color; each in succession formed line to the left as its leading two came opposite the guidon; each was aligned to the right; then, without loss of time, the trumpets sounded, "Prepare to dismount;" the brown carbines were jerked from their sockets and tossed over the right shoulder as the odd numbered troopers rode clear of the rank. "Dismount," clamored the trumpet, and down out of sight sank some fifty odd blue flannel shirts and rusty old hats in each line. "Form rank." And out from among the chargers popped the vanished riders, each laying hold of the reins close to the bit as the line reformed and the captain said his brief speech: "Water as soon as you like, men, and graze well out to the north until nightfall. No side lines necessary today. Dismiss the troop, sergeant."

And the next thing a dozen men were ampering like mad, lariats and picket pins swinging, heading for the most promising patches of grass.

Each picket pin was stamped home, the lariats uncoupled to their full length,

Each picket pin was stamped home, and then back ran the troopers to un-



Each picket pin was stamped home, and then back ran the troopers to un-

saddle and... more and the... battalion, perhaps 250 in all, were being slowly driven... well out upon the... where, after a preliminary roll, each horse set contentedly to grazing. Those pre-empted patches close at hand were reserved for their further use at night. And then the little cock fires began to blaze along the bank, and the pack trains shambled in and were unloaded in the twinkling of an eye. The mules went blinking off to water, and the major, never quitting his saddle until his last trooper dismounted, slowly lowered himself to earth and went off in search of the colonel.

"If you've no objections, sir, I'd like to send a sergeant in ahead tonight."

"Why, Stannard," said the colonel, looking up from under his hat brim in some surprise, "that's just what Ray's been asking. Anything amiss?"

"Well, his time expires tomorrow, sir. It's old Bannon of B troop, and he'd like to catch the east bound train so's to have all the time possible to go and visit his children in Illinois. He'll re-enlist at once."

"And your man, Ray?"

"Is Sergeant Merriweather, sir. He says his wife's at Ransom quite sick, and he's anxious and troubled about her."

"Isn't he the man that we had to reprimand for letting certain horses stray up on the Belle Fourche?"

"The very man, sir. He is careless at times and not altogether reliable, but he's one of the smartest, nattiest men I've got, and—"

"Didn't he marry that pretty maid-servant of the Freemans' after we got back from the Ute campaign?"

"Yes, sir, and Freeman hasn't forgiven me yet," answered Captain Ray, his white teeth gleaming. "I'm very sure I should be glad to have him take her back. She's turned the heads of some of my best men and is running Merriweather heels over head in debt."

The colonel pondered a moment. "I greatly dislike to refuse you anything," he said, "but every time we come in from scout or campaign, since I joined the regiment, no sooner are we within a day's march or so of the home station—or any station, for that matter—than several men ask to ride in ahead. At first even the officers did, and there were as many as a dozen men. Now we've reduced it to two. When did Merriweather hear from his wife?"

"The mail rider, sir, going up to the Sioux agency, met us this morning early and gave him a letter. He brought it to me to read. It was written by the post trader's wife. She says Mrs. Merriweather is really seriously ill."

"Very good. Then he can go by the ambulance. So can your man, major. Tell them both to report here at 3 o'clock. Isn't Merriweather's time nearly out, Ray?"

"Only two months to serve, sir, and he says he's going into business with a brother in Chicago. I lose three non-commissioned officers this fall in that way, and one of them I couldn't take on again. He's all broken down with wounds and rheumatism. You'll have to favor me a bit in the matter of recruits, colonel. I need six, or shall be before we're a month older."

"You shall have the first good man that comes at Ransom, Ray. I'm told we may pick up some first rate material there, the mines have broken so many."

"All right, colonel, and I'll remind you if I see any likely civilian hanging around headquarters. Good day, sir, and thank you very much." So saying, Captain Ray wheeled about and trudged away down stream to make report to his battalion commander.

(To be Continued.)

Itching Piles

A Fearfully Bad Case—Much Pain and Acute Misery From the Terrible Itching—Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

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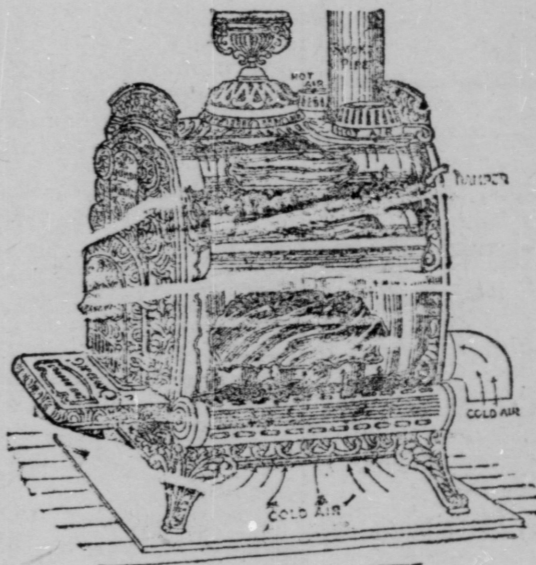
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