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In preference to all
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Celery

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We are making a special offer for this
month before packing away in green houses,
and it will be to the advantage of any one
requiring a supply of celery to secure it before
the price goes up. The same celery
cannot be bought later on for anything less
than 50 per cent more. We have it cached
for present use or green for winter keeping.
Our price for November month only—\$2.00
per barrel, or three barrels for \$5.00.
We also have cests for \$1.15 per barrel; cests
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\$1.50 of 150 lb. barrel; turnips, 65c per
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Address—

J. J. GAY & SON,

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**A SNAP
IN...**

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CHINA
TEA
SETTS**

We've received a cask of the above
through mistake of shippers, and if we don't
satisfy the buying public in this article we
are not the low selling people that every one
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They're selling very low,
We're bound to make 'em go.
They're the nicest ones in town
And the very latest style.
Drop in and see them.

Everything else selling at the low price
for which we are so noted.

W. P. COLWILL,

THE CROCKERYWARE
MAN,

P. E. Island's Greatest Crockery Store, Sun
side, Charlottetown.

Ray's Recruit

.....BY.....

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "FROM THE
RANKS," ETC.

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(Continued.)

And what on earth she was to do
with that handsome flask and that once
more presentable handkerchief was a
problem that confronted Miss Leroy two
weeks later, after she had begun to feel
reasonably at home at Ransom. It was
the queerest phase of life that ever she
had encountered. City bred, convent
educated, she found frontier ways at an
army post so full of novelty and sensa-
tion as her first explorations in foreign
parts. For two or three days they had
lived at the hotel in Butte until the
major reported the carpets down and the
stoves up. The next two or three were
devoted to unpacking furniture,
pictures, glass and crockery and putting
everything where it belonged and much
where it didn't. It seemed to make little
difference, for in all these functions,
at all hours of the day and not a few of
the night, the young officers, in shirt
sleeves and the best of spirits, bore will-
ing part. Such gay good humor, such
utter lack of stiffness and conventionality,
she had never seen. All drills and
duties, it seemed, except the necessary
guard, police and stables, were suspended
until officers and men were comfortably
housed and settled down. The
bachelor lieutenants pitched tents on the
parade and placidly awaited their turn
to choose quarters, a ceremony which
impressed Miss Leroy as something incom-
prehensible. It was not easy to
make her realize just why Captain Ray
couldn't move Mrs. Ray and the baby
boys up from the hotel until Captain
Freeman had chosen and why Mrs.
Blake should remain at Cheyenne near
her own old home until the Truscotts
and Rays had settled on what houses
they would take. They wanted the big
double brick next but one to the colonel's,
but were afraid to move in lest
the new surgeon ordered out from Omaha
should take a fancy to that very set.
It was all plain sailing, as she could
see, for the colonel, the two majors and
the two senior captains, but then came
the tug of war. The Greggs had moved
into No. 5 confident the doctor would
prefer the other side of the garrison, the
very house the Truscotts and Rays
thought to occupy together, but the doctor
came, saw and concluded that the
house he and Mrs. Doctor wanted was
No. 6 and no other, whereat Mrs. Gregg
was furious and the captain philosophic.
"I told you so, M'riar," he was unfeeling
enough to say a dozen times a day
until she flew to the Stannards for sympathy.

It seemed to Miss Leroy that whether
these families got settled or not the
feds never would be, and yet in less
than ten days even the young married
couples were snugly stowed away.
Smiles and sunshine met her on every
side. The men, who looked like hairy
monsters at first, had shaved their
beards and donned their neatly fitting
uniforms. The band played every afternoon.
Parades were fine, guard mounting
"lovely." The little dinners and
suppers and dances were just as jolly,
friendly and delightful as could possibly
be. Many of the young matrons
were charming companions. Several of
the young officers danced divinely, all
of them rode well, and none of them
thought anything of coming banging at
the ball door at any hour of the day to
ask Mrs. Mainwaring to come and do
this or Miss Leroy to come and see that.
The ladies ran in and out from house to
house as though it were one big family,
and before the 10th of November came
Miss Leroy found herself completely
carried away by the life and swing and
movement that seemed to characterize
everything that went on in the old regiment.
She was on the pleasantest of

terms with Mesdames Ray, Truscott and
Blake. She found her aunt tireless as a
hostess. She admired the colonel and
his accomplished wife. She "took" to
Mrs. Stannard from the start and wondered
why Mrs. Mainwaring didn't en-
thusiasm over her as everybody else did.
She liked bluff old Stannard and most
of the officers thoroughly, and so, blithe,
busy, "on the go," as they said, from
morn till late at night, she had well
nigh ceased to think of the shock she
had sustained on the night of the collision
or to speculate about the tall young
gentleman who had restored her to consci-
ousness and to whom she had not re-
stored the handkerchief and flask, when
the 10th of November came, and with
it her birthday, a new sensation and an
excitement at the fort.

The recruits brought to Ransom by
Lieutenant Rawson were for distribu-
tion to those troops of the regiment
most in need of new blood, and, as luck
would have it, these were all of the
battalion at Fort Fred Winthrop, an
outlying post close to the now crowded
reservation of the Sioux. Thither had
Atherton ordered Rawson without delay
of a day, partly because recruits
were needed, but mainly because the
lieutenant showed symptoms of an on-
coming attack of a bibulous character,
and Atherton would have none of that
in his garrison. Rawson was ordered
northward forthwith and marched with
his Johnny Raws at dawn next day,
and, except for the voice of one crying
in the wilderness that the party had
looted the grocery of Laramie Pete at
the Dry Fork of the Sixa, nothing more
was heard of them till they joined at
Winthrop, none the worse for their
wintry march. Ray had looked over the
array and decided that he could afford
to wait and pick for himself. Sergeant
Kearney had gone back to the recruiting
depot. The regimental adjutant had
been designated as recruiting officer at
the station and had disdainfully rejected
one after another half a dozen scedy
looking tramps, when one day, perhaps
the fifth after their arrival at the post,
the sergeant major put his handsome
head into the office, followed it in, care-
fully shut the door behind him, stood
scrupulously at attention and hemmed
behind his hand to attract his superior's
notice.

Mr. Dana looked up from the tangled
mass of figures at the foot of his regi-
mental return, laid down his pen and
said, "Well?"

"Will the adjutant see a man that
wants to enlist?"

"Not if he's like the lot that have
been here so far."

"He isn't, sir, but I don't know
about him."

"What's the matter? I haven't time
to waste if he isn't good enough to suit
us." And Dana glanced out along the
wooden porch as though in search of
the would be trooper.

"He's good enough, I don't doubt,
sir," said the sergeant major, a half
smile breaking about the corners of his
mouth, "as far as looks go, but I never
knew fellows like this one to enlist that
didn't have something wrong with 'em,
and he says he wants to take on with
Captain Ray."

"He'll take on where we see fit to put
him," said Dana, with the dogmatism
of the service. "Let's see the gentle-
man who wants to dictate where he'll
go."

So the sergeant major opened the
door, jerked his head backward in en-
couragement to the invisible party in
the outer office and said, "Come in!"

There stepped quickly into the room
a young man about 6 feet tall, erect and
athletic in build and carriage, with a
fine, clear cut, frank face, crowned with
a crop of curly, close cut, light brown
hair, with very deep blue eyes, large and
clear, under heavy brows and thick,
long, curling lashes, a curly blond mustache
sweeping out at the ends and barely
hiding the curve of his handsomely
chiseled lips, chin and jaws cleanly
shaved, throat powerful, open and bare,
for the rolling collar of a brand new
blue flannel shirt was confined only by
a loosely knotted tie of silk. The coat
he wore was a sort of double breasted
pea jacket of dark blue beaver, now
thrown open in deference to the warmth
of the room, but the first significant
if not suspicious thing the young man did
as he entered was to begin buttoning it
throughout. Snugly fitting trousers of
dark blue, belted at the waist, stout,
slender, well made shoes and a soft
black crush hat completed his attire. As
Dana looked at him in some surprise
the newcomer brought his heels together,
and between him and the foremost
noncommissioned officer in the—the
expert eye could hardly have told which
was the more soldierly in build and carriage.

For a moment no one spoke. It was
Dana who finally broke silence.

"Why—you've served before."

"Only in a militia regiment, sir."

"Where?"

"In New York city."

The adjutant had a dozen more ques-
tions on the tip of his tongue, and the
visitor saw it.

"I have answered that, sir, because I
presume I have to account for standing
attention, but there are many questions
that may occur to you that I do not
wish to answer. If I may speak with
Captain Ray, I think I can satisfy him
without going into particulars."

Dana whipped his wooden chair
around and squarely confronted the
speaker. That he was a man of educa-
tion and social position in the past, at
least, Dana saw at a glance, and just as
quickly did the companion thought
flash across his mind, "Another case of
the prodigal son." Incredulity as to the
motives of a man in enlisting in those
days was not confined to the rank and
file.

"Captain Ray may or may not be sat-
isfied, but in either event, as recruiting
officer of the regiment, I have to be,"
said the young officer, with a touch of
asperity in his tone. It was not good to
his ears to be told that a would be re-
cruit declined to answer questions.

The newcomer, far from looking dis-
concerted, smiled affably and frankly.
His blue eyes twinkled, his white teeth
gleamed. "The best looking scapegrace
that ever came to us. Confound his im-
pudence for grinning," said Dana to
himself.

"That is why I wish to speak with
Captain Ray, sir," said the civilian.

"He might be able to satisfy you when
I, probably, could not."

"I don't know how you make that
out," said Dana, curiosity betraying
him into a half argument with the ap-
plicant, which Dana very well knew
was *infra dig.*

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It stops the itching at once, and posi-
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very painful surgical operations, at
without obtaining any permanent
benefit. When about to give up in
despair, I was told to use Dr. Chase's
Ointment, and did so, finding relief at
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