

Spinner and His Web.

By M. J. PHILLIPS.

"Mr. Spinner, this is my friend, Miss Brooks," said John Aldrich. "She's the postmistress of Hollywood."

Spinner bowed, courtierlike. "I wonder why they had a lady for postmaster here—till now," he flattered.

Miss Brooks seemed made for flattery; she was little and blonde and very pretty, but just now her dimples were under stern control, and she appraised Spinner with a swift, keen glance.

"Yes," smiled Spinner easily, "from the big, wicked city. Fifty cents' worth of twos, please." There was no haste in his speech, yet one might gain the impression that he did not care to hasten. Aldrich discussed himself and his visit with the postmistress. But Aldrich, great, good-natured, honest John, had discussed people and things too long with Ruth Brooks to change now. Disregarding the hint in the other's manner, he went on: "Mr. Spinner is president of the Condor Crude Rubber company. I'm going to invest some money with him."

"You are," asked Ruth quickly. "How much, John?"

"Oh, about a thousand dollars," replied John, speaking as if it were a trivial sum. It represented, she suspected his entire savings.

"Yes," interposed Spinner, in the same easy manner, before Ruth could comment. "Mr. Aldrich is one of the many people in moderate circumstances who is going to share in the wealth that rubber is pouring into this country. We are not asking the big capitalists to come in."

"What dividend do you pay?" interrupted Ruth.

"On a thousand dollars? Twenty dollars a month," Spinner's prominent gray eyes, which had the trick of looking at one either too much or not enough, narrowed, watchfully. His wide, slack mouth, the mouth of a ready talker, tightened under his dyed moustache.

The postmistress smiled frostily. "Good interest, John," she commented. "Twenty-four per cent, a year?"

"Isn't it?" said John, heartily. He saw that his old friend and his new did not seem especially cordial, and he wanted things harmonious. "That's more than a farm, or even a store, would pay me. The money is in Hagarstov bank. Mr. Spinner is going to drive over with me tomorrow."

Spinner, sure of his man, despite the girl's disapproval, grew guardedly insolent. "Do you care to invest, Miss Brooks?" he asked, with a smile.

Before she could answer the door was opened briskly. A stranger strode in and without ceremony took the prosperous-looking Spinner aside. They conversed in an undertone for a few moments. Then Spinner turned back.

"Where does Zebulon Cole live, Aldrich?"

"Fifteen miles east."

Spinner frowned thoughtfully. "And Hagarstov is west?"

"Yes, eighteen miles."

"Then I'm afraid I can't go over with you to-morrow. Mr. Cole has sent for me; he wants to invest with us. We couldn't make the two trips in the shape of the roads will be." He nodded towards the outdoors, where the first heavy snowfall of the winter was filling the ruts and blanketing the walks.

He glanced calculatingly from John to the moustachioed face of the postmistress. "Tell you what, though, we could go the next day."

Aldrich looked up in surprise. "Why, you told me you had a directors' meeting in Chicago?"

Spinner's stare of recollection was well done. "That's so; I'd forgotten all about it."

He took a heavy envelope from his pocket. Across the face of it was printed, in staring black type, the address of the Condor company. He affixed a half-dozen of the stamps he had just purchased to the upper right-hand corner, and "Special delivery" beneath them, and handed it to Aldrich. "You can send the money in that," he said. "Don't buy a draft. Get hundred dollar bills, pin them to a sheet of heavy paper and send them along. And be sure to get the letter away to-morrow. All stock subscriptions must be paid before the first of the month in order to participate in the regularly monthly dividend. You can mail it at Hagarstov."

John shook his head. "We patronize our own post office," he replied, with a smile. "The salary of the postmaster depends on the amount of business done, you know."

"Quite right," returned the promoter, heartily. He had won and could afford to be magnanimous. "And now I must make arrangements for an early start to-morrow."

He swept off his silk hat and bowed low, revealing the fact that his thin hair was dyed, too. "Good-bye, Miss Brooks. Glad to have met you. If you desire to invest, Mr. Aldrich can give you our address. Come along, Aldrich, I want to talk to you."

Spinner slipped a triumphant hand through the arm of the flattered John. Followed by the messenger from Zebulon Cole, they left the office.

Next day Ruth Brooks forever fitted to the front door to peer out on the stormy street, desiring, as she returned to her work behind the partition of the little post office as one relieved, though unsatisfied.

At seven o'clock that evening, as if to escape from her thoughts, she gave the narrow quarters a thorough cleaning. She opened the pine floor, and then wielded a broom vigorously. The pine box which served as a receptacle for outgoing mail was moved away from the slot in the partition, so she might sweep behind it. By 7:30, the usual closing hour, everything was in order. Nothing remaining but to tie up the messenger bag of letters, lock them in the mail box and dispatch them to Chicago train by Robbie, her brother and alter-school assistant.

There was a clatter at the front door. By the light of the oil-lamps she could see it was John Aldrich, scraping the snow off his shoes, pre-

paratory to entering. As he stepped in, a letter in his hand, Ruth slipped out the back door. Robbie, whistling, sorted and tied the mail. John dropped the long envelope into the letter-box and hurried out, almost guiltily. Robbie, engrossed in his task, did not turn around.

Two days later Aldrich came to the delivery window, a worried look on his face. "Got a telegram from Mr. Spinner, Ruth," he said. "My money hasn't reached there yet. What do you imagine's wrong. I mailed the letter here night before last."

"The mail went out as usual," replied Ruth. "Robbie tied it up. We'll send a tracer."

The next afternoon Aldrich came back again. His face usually ruddy, was white as chalk. "Did you see the papers?" he asked. "The police have closed up the Condor Crude Rubber company. And they're looking for Spinner. They say he's—he's a swindler."

With trembling hands he unfolded the newspaper which he held. Here's a partial list of the losers. Zebulon Cole is in for four thousand dollars. My name isn't there, Ruth. Do you think he didn't get my money? Or was he trying to fool me in sending more?"

"I didn't like that Spinner," replied Ruth, irrelevantly. "I didn't like his mouth or his eyes. And he dyed his hair. It's funny about the letter, John, but maybe Robbie overlooked it, somehow. Come in and we'll look it over." She opened the door in the partition.

They searched very thoroughly for half an hour, but the little workroom yielded nothing. The were about to give up in despair when John kicked, tentatively, the receptacle for outgoing mail. "Do you ever move that box, Ruth? If it was out a little bit a letter from the slot would drop behind it."

"Why, yes?" answered Ruth, excitedly. "I sweep behind it. I moved it that night—oh, goody!"

For John had swung it aside and there, standing upright against the bottom of the partition, was his letter. He seized it eagerly and tore it open. Yes; his ten one-hundred-dollar bills were inside, just as he had sealed them up.

"Ruth," he said, huskily, with shining eyes, "I need a guardian! But for you I'd have lost this, every cent of it. I guess I'm too easy. Will you marry me, dear? I want you I've always wanted you."

When John went happily home that night, of a sudden an idea came to him, and he chuckled to himself: "This little rascal! I believe she let that box out from the wall on purpose."



BLACK VELVET AND WHITE LACE FOR THEATRE HATS.

Black velvet is not going to yield an atom of its popularity just because it has enjoyed unprecedented vogue for so many months, but as laces are well to the fore, the two widely different materials are being attractively combined and especially in the case of autumn hats for theatre and restaurant service. The one pictured is constructed over a wire frame, and has an almost transparent trim finished at the under side only with a puff of velvet, at the left side of the velvet crown is a tree aigrette of ostrich spirals.

PRODUCE AND PRICES.

The Market is Well Supplied and Prices Good.

Kingston, Oct. 21.—The market clerk reports as follows:

Carrots, 40c. to 50c. doz. bunches; turnips, 50c. to 60c. per bag; new potatoes, \$1.15 to \$1.25 bush.; beans, 5c. qt.; new cabbage, 60c. doz.; new celery, 7c. per head; tomatoes, 75c. to \$1 bush.; green corn, 8c. to 10c. doz.; onions, \$1 a bush.; radishes, 5c. bunch; lettuce, 5c. bunch; apples, 20c. to 25c. peck.

J. A. MacFarlane, Brock street, reports grain, flour and feed selling as follows:

Oats, 43c.; local wheat, \$1; buckwheat, 75c.; feed rye, \$1; peas, 90c. to \$1; yellow seed corn, 70c.; bakers' flour, \$2.50 to \$2.75; farmers' \$2.75; Hungarian patent, \$2.80; oatmeal and rolled oats, \$4.50 per bbl.; cornmeal, \$1.50 to \$2; bran, \$23 ton; shorts, \$25 ton; baled straw, \$7; loose, \$8; hay, loose, \$9 to \$11.

Meat—Beef (local), extra, 74c. to \$1c.; prime western beef, \$10 per cwt.; by carcass, cuts, 10c. to 12c.; hogs, 63-5c. lb.; dressed hogs, 10c.; pork, 8c. to 10c.; by quarter; mutton, 11c. to 12c.; spring lamb, 14c. to 16c. per lb.; veal, 5c. to 10c. per lb.; ducks, \$1 to \$1.25 pair; turkeys, 18c. to 20c. lb.; fowl, 90c. to \$1 a pair; spring chickens, 75c. to 90c. pair; butter, creamery, 30c. to 32c. lb.; rolls, 24c. to 25c. lb.; eggs, 30c. to 35c.

Dominion Fish company reports prices as follows:

Whitefish, 15c. lb.; pike, 10c. lb.; haddock, 10c. lb.; kipperederring, Yarmouth bladders, 40c. doz.; Atlantic salmon, 30c. lb.; salt codfish, 5c. lb.; halibut, 20c.; fresh haddock, 10c. lb.; bullheads, 12c. lb.; mackerel, 5c. lb.; sea bass, 12c. lb.

George Mills & Co. quote the following prices for raw furs:

Red fox, as to size, \$3 to \$6.50; skunk, as to size and length of stripes, 50c. to \$1.75; mink, large, \$2.50; medium, \$1.50; small, 75c.; mink, as to color and size, \$2 to \$6; muskrats, 25c. to 42c.; weasels, 20c. to 60c.

John McKay, Brock street, reports as follows:

Hides, trimmed, 10c. lb.; horsehides, \$3 to \$3.25; calfskins, veals, 14c. lb.; deacons, \$1; sheepskins, 60c.; tallow, in cakes, 6c. lb.; beeswax, 25c. lb.; tallow, 35c. lb.; wool, washed, 20c. lb.; unwashed, 13c. lb. Raw furs: Red fox, No. 1, large, \$6; No. 1, medium, \$4; raccoon, No. 1, large, \$2 to \$3; No. 1, medium, \$1 to \$2; mink, No. 1, large, \$6 to \$7; No. 1, medium, \$3 to \$6.

MOOSE JAW'S PROGRESS.

Rapidly Becoming the Railroad Centre of the West.

"The Railroad City." This is the application with which Moose Jaw has been decorated, and nothing more fitting could be suggested to describe the important position which Moose Jaw possesses among the cities of Western Canada. Situated midway between Winnipeg and Calgary, it is but natural that Moose Jaw should have been selected as the headquarters of the C. P. R. at Saskatchewan.

\$1,000,000 represents an approximate estimate of the outlay involved in the investment of the C. P. R. in Moose Jaw at present. Employing a veritable army of men, the monthly payroll approaches close to \$200,000. More railway lines are now operated out of Moose Jaw than any other city in the two provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, for Moose Jaw and Winnipeg are the only two cities in Western Canada, with direct railway connection to Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, and with the numerous lines now projected into the city. Moose Jaw promises to rival Winnipeg as the great railroad centre of Western Canada.

But a short distance from the stock yards is the new car repair shop, just recently erected. The need for such a building has always been felt here, in view of the great amount of traffic handled, some of which is certain to need repairing. From the above some idea may be gained of the great amount of work that the C.P.R. has done and is doing in the city. That these operations are but forerunners of greater and more elaborate ones, no one will doubt. We have the words of Sir William Whyte himself, that: "The new system of divisional points destined Moose Jaw to be the most important city between Calgary and Winnipeg." A statement, which as time passes, is coming more and more to be fulfilled.

HEROISM AT SEA.

English Sailors' Rescue of a Dutch Crew.

London, Oct. 21.—A stirring story of the heroic rescue in the North Sea by Chief Officer Harvey and six seamen of the steamer Cavalor Castle, of the crew of the Dutch steamer Willy, was told when the former vessel arrived at Middlesbrough recently.

On a previous Sunday morning, while a tremendous sea was running, and during a hurricane of wind, the Willy was seen to be firing signals of distress. A life boat was launched from the Cavalor Castle, and after a perilous effort got alongside the Willy, and took off her crew.

Shortly afterwards the Dutch vessel sank, the lifeboat just getting clear in time. The rescuers had the utmost difficulty in getting back to the Cavalor Castle. Their battle with the waves lasted two and a half hours, and they were completely overcome.

Another good story of heroism at sea was reported at Yarmouth.

When the fishing boat Marie was sixty miles from shore she was struck by the sea. The cabin was flooded, and water getting into a drum of carbide, an explosion ensued. The place being in darkness a match was struck, and the escaping gas ignited, setting fire to the cabin.

Captain Dye left the wheelhouse, and, leaping into the cabin, seized the iron drum of carbide, which had become hot, carried it on deck, and buried it overboard, after which the fire in the cabin was extinguished.

Dye was terribly burned about his face and hands, and is now being treated ashore.

A. P. Carroll, Henry and William Day, of Belleville, were trolling in the bay on Tuesday afternoon, when they hooked a maskinonge, which gave them quite a time for about half an hour. It measured fifty-two inches in length, and weighed thirty-eight pounds.

James Ford was run down by the shunting engine in the G.T.R. yards at Brockville, on Wednesday, and as a result lost an arm.

George Ham Failure.

You know George Ham, of course, and the report that for once he has failed in the art in which he is supreme grand master, will be received with astonishment. But this seems to be the case, and the blame is all on the political campaign. The host-at-large of the C. P. R. has taken the latest canvassing contingent of British journalists through the West. Every day of the trip the din of politics grew louder and louder as the party proceeded, and presently the visitors could think of nothing else.

They longed to attend some political meetings, and see how such affairs are conducted in this country. But Mr. Ham continued to show them model farms and other marvels of western progress instead, as was his duty. The newspaper men didn't like to admit that their desire for information was lost and that only their curiosity was alive. But they began to look bored, and even the genial George's wit would not cheer them up.

Finally, the journalists held a caucus at the Royal Alexandra Hotel in Winnipeg, and a deputation waited on their host. "Ham," said the spokesman, "we will have to go through with this civic welcome affair. We suppose there is no way out of it. But for heaven's sake don't show us any more experimental farms. If you do you may be murdered. Take us to a political meeting."

Everybody laughed and the thing was done.

A Little Short.

An ingenious young man once took his fiancée to church in a small country village, and when the time for "collection" came around he rather ostentatiously displayed a silver dollar. Presuming upon their engagement the young woman placed a restraining hand upon the arm of her fiancée. "Don't be extravagant, George," she exclaimed.

"Oh, that's nothing," he replied. "I always make a point of giving a dollar when I go to a strange church."

Just then the deacon came with the plate and George dropped a coin. Everything seemed favorable, and the young man beamed with a sense of generosity. Then the minister gave out the notices for the week, and concluded with the wholly unexpected announcement of the day's collection.

"The collection today," said he, "amounted to ninety-five cents."

George hadn't much to say all the way to his fiancée's home.

The Harder Task.

Senator Root, at a luncheon at the Washington Country Club, said of war: "Our armistice treaties come none too soon. The world is getting tired of war. This fact was well brought home to me the other day by the remark of an English diplomat."

"He said that, at the end of the Boer war, two unionists were wrangling at a dinner."

"I said the first unionist, 'A lieutenant of volunteers—I went to the war and defended my country.'"

"Pshaw, what of that?" the other retorted. "I stayed in my country and defended the war."

The Price of a Baston.

A story is told of Marshal Lefevre, Duke of Bantzie, that favorite of Napoleon, which illustrates his own consciousness of the qualities that had made him what he was. He was vexed at the tone of envy and unkindness with which a companion of his childhood, who met him in his prosperity, spoke of his riches, titles and luxury, and said in reply: "Well, now, you shall have it all, but at the price which I have paid for it. We will go into the garden, and I will fire a musket at you sixty times, and then, if you are not killed everything shall be yours."

Wealth, Happiness, Health.

A person may have wealth and wisdom, yet feel most dejected because of anaemia, or general debility. Health and happiness are assured by using Wade's Iron Tonic Pills, which create new rich blood, cleanse the system and tone up the nerves. Price 25c. For sale by J. B. McLeod, druggist.

Mrs. W. J. Irwin, of Newcomb, Que., aged seventy-eight years, died in Brockville on Wednesday.

Stale 50c. all wool, six fold knee stockings, 35c. fall vests or drawers, 25c. Pen-Angle underwear at Dutton's, 289 Princess street.

EDUCATION IN CHINA.

Where Students Find That Schooling is Far From a Cinch.

A Chinese schoolboy sets off one fine morning when 7 or 8 years old to enter on his instructional course. He makes the most profound obeisance to his teacher. His parents provide the table at which and the seating at which he sits. They also supply the "four precious articles," the ink slab, the ink cake, the pen or brush for writing and the paper.

He will have no need at first of the writing materials, all his time being employed in memorizing the books even him. Perhaps a dozen boys, such a class by himself, are busy on his entry. Each is shouting his task at the top of his voice, the teacher sitting at his table in all the somnolent wakefulness of a judge. No wrong pronunciation or intonation escapes his practical ear, and correction is frequent.

It is a simple country house, with its eastern floor, its unglazed windows and its air of utter poverty. Our young hopeful, says The National Review, in due time is introduced to the "Theoretical Classics" and the questionable statement which forms its very threshold, that "Men at birth are radically good," so set in classical form that he has no more idea of its meaning than if it were in Greek. It is not meaning, however, that is the object just now, but sound and memorizing.

Then he will be introduced to the book of surnames, 400 in number, as another exercise in "getting by heart" after which, in some parts of the land, the "Thousand Character Classic" is set. This is a book consisting of the number of characters named, no one of which is ever used twice. Still no explanation is vouchsafed. For all the learning our youth is gaining he might with equal profit memorize a number of auction catalogues. He is given in varying order according to the custom followed by his teacher, the four sacred books—the "Great Learning," also known as "The Door of Virtue"; the "Analects" of Confucius, the "Doctrine of the Mean," and the "Book of Mencius."

As early as 13 or 14, it may be, he will have done the memory work of the four books and be capable of reciting of yards, rods, furlongs, or miles" of learning. Then enlightenment in the form of explanation begins. Dark-ness is made visible, and education may be said to have begun.

How, Indeed?

The woman who had rented a suite at an uptown hotel is very finicky, but the manager felt when he looked at the rooms after a complete renovation that there was nothing she could find fault with. But there was. She looked carefully at every piece of furniture, scrutinized the decorations and looked at the position of the telephone in the bedroom. Then she went into the sitting room.

"Why, you have not put a telephone in the parlor," she exclaimed. "Now, suppose should fall unconscious in this room, how would you tell me how on earth I am going to be able to summon assistance?"

Locomotive Puffs.

The number of puffs which a locomotive gives in a given distance is governed entirely by the size of its driving wheels. For every turn of the wheels it gives four separate puffs. Therefore if the circumference of the driving wheels is twenty feet, which is about the average, and the train is going at fifty miles an hour we get 500 puffs a minute.

The cough or puffs is due to the abrupt emission of waste steam from the smokestack.

When there are more than eighteen puffs a second the human ear cannot distinguish them separately.—London Tit-Bits.

How Spain Punished Vandals.

There was a trial by court martial of forty-three medical students of the University of Havana in November, 1871, for the alleged crime of scratching the glass plate of a vault containing the remains of a volunteer. Eight of the offenders were condemned to death on Nov. 26 and shot the following day, while thirty-one others were sentenced to two, in imprisonment and four were acquitted. An outbreak of indignation ensued because of the severity of the penalties inflicted.

The Wing of a Bird.

The typical vertebrate limb, variously modified in the arm of a man or the fore limb of a cat or frog or bird, has one bone in the upper arm, which gives support to two in the forearm, which similarly yield to four at the wrist, and from these five digits can just comfortably be extended. The bird, however, decided to fly rather than grasp with its hand, so that three and a half fingers are all it has retained of the five which its reptilian ancestors bequeathed to it.

Staving It Off.

The street piano was out our way the other night, and our next door neighbor didn't like it.

"Here's a nickel," he shouted to the grinder, "if you'll go away at once."

"Ees der somebody wat is seek?" asked the grinder.

"Not yet," answered our neighbor. "Hurry."

Rivers in Korea.

On the western coast of Korea the titles of the Yellow sea are higher than anywhere in the world outside the Bay of Fundy, and while the rivers of eastern Korea are clear streams, that run swiftly from the mountains, those on the western side are great brown, muddy rivers, up which the thirty foot ocean tides surge many miles.

Earthquakes.

Andaman Islanders, lowest of savages, think that earthquakes are caused by the spirits of the dead, who, impatient at the delay of the resurrection, shake the palm trees on which they believe the earth to rest.

May Abolish Silver Coinage.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 21.—It is reported that Russia is about to abolish her present silver coinage and replace it with nickel for the lower values. The reform will probably take some years to effect.

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