

THE MARKETS

TORONTO MARKETS.
TORONTO, Sept. 11.—The Board of Trade official market quotations for yesterday:
 Manitoba wheat (in store, Fort William). No. 1 northern, \$2.25, nominal. No. 2 northern, \$2.20, nominal. No. 3 northern, \$2.17, nominal. No. 4 wheat, \$2.08, nominal. Manitoba Oats (in store, Fort William). No. 1, \$1.45, nominal. American Corn (Track, Toronto). No. 2 yellow, \$1.45, nominal. Ontario Oats (According to Freight Outside). No. 2 white, \$1.40, nominal. No. 3 white, \$1.35, nominal. Ontario Wheat (According to Freight Outside). No. 2, winter, per car lot, new, \$3.17 to \$3.20. No. 3, winter, per car lot, new, \$3.17 to \$3.20. No. 4, winter, per car lot, new, \$3.17 to \$3.20. No. 5, winter, per car lot, new, \$3.17 to \$3.20. No. 6, winter, per car lot, new, \$3.17 to \$3.20. No. 7, winter, per car lot, new, \$3.17 to \$3.20. No. 8, winter, per car lot, new, \$3.17 to \$3.20. No. 9, winter, per car lot, new, \$3.17 to \$3.20. No. 10, winter, per car lot, new, \$3.17 to \$3.20. No. 11, winter, per car lot, new, \$3.17 to \$3.20. 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WINNIPEG GRAIN MARKET.
Winnipeg, Sept. 10.—There was a large movement of wheat today, but for some time there being 650 cars in sight for shipment. The cash market was quiet, but higher with a very active demand. Eastern shippers, exporters, millers and mixers were buying the buyers. Trading for future delivery was fairly active for wheat, with prices steady around Saturday's closing. Flax options were from 14c to 15c, with only moderate trade.
 Oats—High, Low, Close.
 May 62 1/2 61 1/2 62 1/2
 October 62 1/2 61 1/2 62 1/2
 December 62 1/2 61 1/2 62 1/2
 Flax—High, Low, Close.
 May 318
 October 318
 December 318
 J. F. Bickell & Co. report the following prices on the Chicago Board of Trade:

CATTLE MARKETS

UNION STOCK YARDS.
TORONTO, Sept. 11.—The general market for cattle at the Union Live Stock Yards yesterday was strong and active with prices up 25c per cwt. for all grades of cattle, with the exception of canners, which were from 15c to 25c lower than the ruling quotations of last week. Good quality breeders and feeders were in demand, and one load of extra choice steers sold for \$12.40 per cwt.
 Receipts, 200 cars, with 3,800 cattle, 255 calves, 1,270 hogs, and 2,145 sheep and lambs.
EAST BUFFALO LIVE STOCK.
East Buffalo, Sept. 10.—Cattle—Receipts, 500. Prime steers, common to good, \$11.50 to \$12.50; shipping steers, \$12.50 to \$13.50; butchers, \$12.50 to \$13.50; yearlings, \$10.50 to \$12.50; cows, \$7 to \$11; calves, \$5 to \$8; hogs, \$10 to \$12; sheep, \$8 to \$10.
 Receipts, 1,000. Steady; \$7 to \$10.
 Hogs—Receipts, 700. Strong; heavy and mixed, \$10 to \$11.50; Yorkers, \$10.50 to \$11.50; light and mixed, \$10.50 to \$11.50; roughs, \$10.50 to \$11.50; calves, \$10.50 to \$11.50.
 Receipts, 1,000. Steady; \$7 to \$10.
 Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 400. Active, steady to strong; lambs, \$10 to \$11.50; others unchanged.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK.
Chicago, Sept. 10.—Cattle—Receipts, 20,000. Market unsettled. Bees, \$7.25 to \$7.40; western steers, \$6.40 to \$7.40; stockers and feeders, \$5.50 to \$6.40; cows and heifers, \$4.50 to \$7.20; calves, \$12 to \$15.
 Hogs—Receipts, 14,000. Market strong, 25c to 35c up. Light, \$17 to \$18.75; mixed, \$15.50 to \$18.50; heavy, \$15.50 to \$18.50; roughs, \$15.50 to \$17.50; choice hogs, \$12.50 to \$17.25; bulk of sales, \$17.25 to \$18.50.
 Sheep—Receipts, 15,000. Market firm. Lambs, native, \$11.50 to \$17.75.

CHEESE MARKETS.
Lansing, Sept. 10.—At this morning's board meeting 645 boxes were offered and the selling price being 20c cents; Gillsie and Favelle secured the offering.

New Patriotic Party.
AMSTERDAM, Sept. 11.—The Rheinische Westfälische Zeitung, of Essen, announces the formation of a new "patriotic party," the leaders of which are Duke Johann Albrecht of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Admiral von Tirpitz, and Dr. von Wolfgang Kapp. The party's initial proclamation declares hostility to the Reichstag's peace resolution and urges against "any peace dictated by weak nerves." The proclamation adds that the party is "non-political" and will be dissolved on the day peace is signed, its aim being "to combat inner dissension in view of victory."

Mines Adrift on Norse Coast.
LONDON, Sept. 11.—Thousands of drifting mines have been observed along the west coast of Norway and Denmark, says an Exchange Telegraph despatch from Copenhagen Sunday. Six children were killed on Saturday by mines which drifted on a beach along the Jutland shore.

Liberals will strenuously urge a wider franchise for women under the War-time Elections Act on the basis at least of the provincial franchises, and will seek further safeguards against possible manipulation of election machinery.

Canadian bacon is not barred from Great Britain, but will still be largely imported, though under special license.

Love Insurance

By
EARL DEER RIGGERS
 Author of
SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE
 Copyright, 1914, the Bobbs-Merrill Company

royal pioc goes.
 A silence while Miss Gabrielle Rose felt in her sleeve for her handkerchief. "I suppose," Minot suggested, "you will abandon the suit?" She looked at him. Oh, the paths of that baby stare!
 "You are acting in this matter simply as Harrowby's friend?" she asked. "Simply as his friend?"
 "And so far—only you know of my—ex-husband?"
 "Only I know of him," smiled Minot. The smile died from his face. For he saw bright tears on the long lashes of the Gaiety lady. She leaned close. "Mr. Minot," she said, "it is I who need a friend. Not Harrowby. I am here in a strange country, without



"Me Minot," she said, "it is I who need a friend."

funds, alone, helpless. Mr. Minot, you could not be so cruel."
 "I—I'm sorry," said Minot uncomfortably.
 The lady was an actress, and she acted now beautifully.
 "I feel so desolate," she moaned, dabbing daintily at her eyes. "You will help me. It cannot be I am mistaken in you. I thought—did I imagine it—this morning when I saw for you—liked me—just a little?"
 Nervously Minot rose from his chair and stood looking down at her. He tried to answer, but his voice seemed lost.

"Just a very little?" She, too, rose and placed her butterfly hands on his shoulders. "You do like me—just a little, don't you?"
 Her pleading eyes gazed into his. It was a touching scene. To be brought thus tenderly by a famous beauty in the secluded parlor of a southern hotel! The touch of her hands on his shoulders thrilled him. The odor of Jockey Club—

It was at this instant that Mr. Minot, looking past the Gaiety lady's beautiful golden coiffure, beheld Miss Cynthia Meyrick standing in the doorway of that parlor, a smile on her face. She disappeared on the instant, but Gabrielle Rose's big scene was ruined beyond repair.

"My dear lady," gently Minot slipped from beneath her lovely hands—"I assure you I do like you—more than a little. But unluckily, I am not a Gaiety actor, and I cannot be your friend in this instance. Though if I could serve you in any other way—"

Gabrielle Rose snapped her fingers. "Very well." Her voice had a metallic ring now. "We shall see what we shall see."

"Undoubtedly, I bid you good day," said Minot, somewhat dazed, walked along the veranda of the De la Paz he met Miss Meyrick. There was a mischievous gleam in her eye.

"Really, it was so tactless of me, Mr. Minot," she said. "A thousand apologies."

He pretended not to understand. "My untimely descent on the parlor," she beamed on him. "I presume it happened because romance draws me like a magnet. Even other people's."

Minot smiled wistfully, and for once sought to end their talk.
 "Oh, do sit down just a moment," she pleaded. "I want to thank you for the great service you did Harrowby and me last night."
 "What service?" asked Minot, sinking into a chair.
 She leaned close and spoke in a whisper.
 "Your part in the kidnapping Har-

rowby has told me. It was sweet of you, so unselfish."

"Fierce!" thought Minot. And then he thought two more.

"To put yourself out that our wedding may be a success?" Was this sarcasm, Minot wondered. "I'm so glad to know about it, Mr. Minot. It shows me at least—just what you think is—she looked away—"best for me."

"Best for you? What do you mean?" "Can't you understand? From some things you've said I have thought—perhaps you didn't just approve of my—marriage. And now I see I mis-constructed you—utterly. You want me to marry Harrowby. You're working for it. I shouldn't be surprised if you were on that train last Monday just to make sure I'd get here safely."

"Really, it was inhuman. Did she realize how inhuman it was? One glance at Minot might have told her. But she was still looking away.

"So I want to thank you, Mr. Minot," she went on. "I shall always remember your kindness. I couldn't understand at first, but now—I wonder? You know, it's the old story that as soon as one has one's own affair of the heart arranged one begins to plan for others."

Minot made a little whistling sound through his clenched teeth. The girl stood up.

"Your thoughtfulness has made me very happy," she laughed. "It shows that perhaps you care for me—just a little."

She was gone! Minot sat staring after her, his hand on his forehead. He was angry, Thacker, Jepson, the solar system. Gradually his anger cooled. Underneath the railway in Cynthia Meyrick's tone he had thought he detected something of a serious note, as though she were a little wistful, a little hurt.

Did she care? Bitter-sweet thought! In the midst of all this farce and melodrama had she come to care just a little?

Just a little! Bah! Minot rose and went out on the avenue.

Prince Nevil Brevin was accustomed to give lectures twice daily on the textures of his precious rugs at his shop in the Alameda courtyard. His afternoon lecture was just finished as Mr. Minot stepped into the shop.

A dozen awed housewives from the middle west were hurrying away to write home on the hotel stationery that they had met a prince. When the last one had gone out Minot stepped forward.

"Prince, I've dropped in to warn you. A very angry woman will be here shortly to see you."

The handsome young Persian shrugged his shoulders and took off the jacket of the native uniform with which he embellished his talks.

"Why is she angry? All my rugs—they are what I say they are. In this town are many fakes selling oriental rugs. Oriental! Ugh! In New Jersey they were made. But not my rugs. See! Only in my native country, where I was a prince of the rug."

"Yes, yes. But this lady is not coming about rugs. I refer to your—wife."

"Ah! You are mistaken. I have never married."

"Oh, yes, you have. I know all about it. There's no need to lie. The whole story is out and the lady's game in your hands. She is a queer. She thinks you told. That's why she'll be here for a chat."

"But I did not tell. Only this morning did I see her first. I could not tell so soon. Who could I tell—so soon?"

"I know you didn't tell. But can you prove it to an agitated lady? No. You'd better close up for the evening."

"Ah, yes—you are right. I am in a quandary. But what does Gabrielle care for innocence? We are no longer married—still I don't want to meet her now. I will close up. But if my friend—my benefactor—could I interpose you in this rug? See! Only in my native country, where—"

"Prince," said Minot. "I couldn't see a rug if you gave me one."

"That is exactly what I would do. You are my friend. You serve me. I give you this. Fifty dollars. That is giving it to you. Note the weave. Only by me."

"Good night," interrupted Minot. "And take my advice. Hurry!"

Gloomy, discouraged, he turned back toward his own hotel. It was true, Gabrielle Rose's husband at the time of the letters was in San Marco. The emissary of Jepson was serving a cause that could not lose. That afternoon he had hoped. Was there anything dishonorable in that? Jepson and Thacker could command his service, they could not command his heart. He had hoped—and now—

At a corner a negro gave him a hand bill. He read:
WHO HAS KIDNAPED THE REAL LORD HARROWBY?
AT THE OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT!
 Mr. Henry Trimmer Will Appear in Place of His Unfortunate Friend, Lord Harrowby, and Will Make a New WARM AND SIZZLING REMARKS.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.
 Mr. Minot tossed the bill into the street. Into his eyes came the ghost-like semblance of a smile. After all, the famous Harrowby wedding had not yet taken place.

The next day the Gaiety girl left town. Her cheerful mood was explained when Lord Harrowby, in great distress, told Minot that she had told her love letters to the owner of the Mail who threatened to publish them if he wasn't paid \$10,000. Minot picked up Jack Paddock and told him the whole story of his mission in San Marco. Together they went to the Mail office.

NEILL sat behind a desk, the encyclopedia before him, seeking lively material for the new row's issue. Mr. Howe hummed at a typewriter. Both of the newspaper men looked up at the intrusion.

"Ah, gentlemen," said O'Neill, coming forward. "What can I do for you?" "Who are you?" Minot asked.

"What? Can it be? Is my name not a household word in San Marco? I am managing editor of the Mail. My eyes lighted on Mr. Paddock's giddy attire. 'We can't possibly let you give a ball here tonight, if that's what you want.'"

"Very humorous," said Minot. "But your wants are far different. I won't beat around the bush. You have some letters here written by a friend of mine."

"I'll interfere," said O'Neill, and I'll interfere strong, at a time you—"

Minot leaving enough of Little Manuel for me to caress?"

The door opened, and the immaculate proprietor of the Mail came noiselessly into the room. His eyes narrowed when they fell on the strangers there.

"Are you Manuel Gonzale?" Minot demanded.

"I am." The shy little eyes darted everywhere.

"Proprietor of the Mail?" "Yes."

"The gentleman who visited Lord Harrowby an hour back?"

"Man, man! You're wasting time," O'Neill cried.

"Excuse me," smiled Minot. "Unfortunately, I assure you." He seized the little Spanish suddenly by the collar.

"We're here for Lord Harrowby's letters," he said. His other hand began a rapid search of Manuel Gonzale's pockets.

"Let me go, you thief!" screamed the proprietor of the Mail. He squirmed and fought. "Let me go!" He writhed about to face his editors. "You fools! What are you doing, standing there? Help me, help!"

"We're waiting," said O'Neill. "Waiting for our turn. Remember your promise, son. Enough of him left for me."

Minot and his captive slid back and forth across the floor. The three others watched. O'Neill in high glee.

"Go to it!" he cried. "That's mine. On it you're waiting with. I speak for the next dance, madame."

Mr. Minot's eager hand came away from the Spaniard's inner waistcoat pocket, and in it was a packet of parchment letters, tied with a cute blue ribbon. He released his victim.

"Sorry to be so impolite," he said. "But I had to have these tonight."

Gonzale turned on him with an evil glare.

"Thief!" he cried. "I'll have the law on you for this."

"I doubt that," smiled Minot. "Jack, I guess that about concludes our business with the Mail. He turned to O'Neill and O'Neill.

"You boys look me up at the De la Paz. I want to wish you bon voyage when you start north. For the present—good-bye."

And he and Paddock departed.

"You're a fine pair," snarled Gonzale when the door had closed. "A fine pair to take my salary money and then stand by and see me strangled."

"You're not strangled, yet," said O'Neill. He came slowly toward his employer, like a cat stalking a bird.

"Did you get my emphasis on the word 'yet'?"

Gonzale paled beneath his lemon skin and got behind a desk.

"Now, boys," he pleaded, "I didn't mean anything. I'll be frank with you—I have been a little indiscreet here. But that's all over now. I would be dangerous to try any more—er—deals at present. And I want you to stay on here until I can get new men in your places."

"Save your breath," said O'Neill through his teeth.

"Your work has been excellent—excellent," went on Gonzale hastily. "I feel I am not paying you enough. Stay

Gonzale will be in here in a minute."

"About those letters?" Howe inquired.

"Yes," said Minot. "They were written to a Gaiety actress by a man who is in San Marco for his wedding next Tuesday—Lord Harrowby."

"His judgment again," O'Neill remarked. "Say, I always thought the south was democratic."

"Well," said Howe, "we owe you fellows something for putting us wise. We've stood for a good deal, but never for blackmailing. As a matter of fact, Gonzale hasn't brought the letters in yet, but he's due at any minute. When he comes, take the letters away from him. I shan't interfere. How about you, Bob?"

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"Your work has been excellent—excellent," went on Gonzale hastily. "I feel I am not paying you enough. Stay

"We stay only on the terms you name," stipulated Howe.

"It is agreed," said Gonzale, smiling wistfully. "The loss of those letters cost me a thousand dollars—and you stood by