

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.

CHICAGO GRAIN MARKET. J. F. Bickell & Co. report the following prices on the Chicago Board of Trade: Corn—Open, High, Low, Close. Close.

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 closing quotations of last week.

EAST BUFFALO LIVE STOCK. East Buffalo, Sept. 10.—Cattle—Receipts, 5300. Prime strong, common and light, \$14.50 to \$15.50; shipping steers, \$12.50 to \$13.50; butchers, \$8.50 to \$10.50; yearlings, \$11.50 to \$12.50; cows, \$7 to \$11; cows, \$5 to \$9.50; bulls, \$5 to \$8; yearlings and springers, strong, \$60 to \$100.

CHEESE MARKETS. London, Sept. 11.—At this morning's board meeting 645 boxes were offered on the leading price being 20c cents; Gilsie and Flavell secured the offering.

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.

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

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 piocot goes. A silence while Miss Gabrielle Rose felt in her sleeve for her handkerchief. "I suppose," Minot suggested, "you will abandon the suit?"



"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.

It was at this instant that Mr. Minot, looking past the Gaiety lady's beautiful golden curls, 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 unfortunately my loyalty to Harrowby—no! I won't say that—circumstances are such that I cannot be your friend in this instance. Though if I could serve you in any other way—"

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 last—just what you think he—she looked away—"best for me."

"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—my husband?"

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

"You're 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 are she angry? All my rugs—they are what I say they are. In this town are many liars selling oriental rugs. Oriental! Ugh! In New Jersey they were made. But dot my rugs. See?—only in my native country, where I was a prince—did I get my rugs."

"You are my friend. You serve me. I give you this. Fifty dollars. That is giving it to you. Note the weave. Only my rug." "Good night," interrupted Minot. "And take my advice. Hurry!"

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.

CHAPTER XI. "Shake, son," he said. "Think God I didn't waste my strength on you

NEILL sat behind a desk, the encyclopedia before him, seeking lively material for the morning'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 our wants are far different. I won't beat around the bush. You have some letters here written by a friend of mine?"

"You—you liar—are you going to take that back?" "You are going to print them in tomorrow's Mail unless my friend is easy enough to pay you \$10,000. He isn't going to pay you anything. We've come for those letters, and we'll get them or run you and your boss out of town in twenty-four hours, you raw little blackmailers!"

"Blackmailers!" Mr. O'Neill's eyes seemed to catch fire from his hair. His face paled. "I've been in the newspaper business seventeen years, and nobody ever called me a blackmailer and I'm in a generous mood, I'll give you one chance to take that back."

"Nonsense. It happens to be true—put in Paddock." "I'm talking to your friend here," O'Neill's breath came fast. "I'll attend to you, you lily of the field, in a minute. You—you liar—are you going to take that back?"

"No!" cried Minot. He saw a wild Irishman coming for him, breathing fire. He squared himself to meet the attack. But the man at the typewriter leaped up and seized O'Neill from behind.

"Steady, Bob!" he shouted. "How do you know this fellow isn't right?" "You're not a blackmailer, are you?" "No, I'm not," said Minot. "I know he's right," he growled. "That's what makes me leave. Why didn't you let me punch him? He would have been some satisfaction. Of course he's right. I had a hunch this was a blackmailing sheet from Gonzale's money. But so long as Gonzale told us we're all right."

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. "We owe you fellows something for putting us here. We've stood for a good deal, but never for blackmailing. As a matter of fact, Gonzale hasn't brought the letter 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?"

"I'll interfere," said O'Neill, "and I'll interfere strong, at a time you don't want to leave enough of little Manuel for me to care for."

"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 sky 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. "Unintentional, I assure you." He seized the little Spaniard 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. "He writhed about to face his editors. "You fool! 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 Mme. On Dit you're waiting with. I speak for the next dance, madame."

"We stay only on the terms you name," stipulated Howe. "It is agreed," said Gonzale, smiling wanly. "The loss of those letters cost me a thousand dollars—and you stood by. However, let us forgive and forget. Here—Mme. On Dit's copy for tomorrow." This he held out a roll of paper toward O'Neill.

"All right," O'Neill snatched it. "But I'm going to edit it from now on. For instance, there's a comma I don't like. And I'm going to keep an eye on you, my hearty." "As you wish," said Gonzale humbly. "I—I am going out for a moment. The door closed noiselessly behind him. Howe and O'Neill stood looking at each other.

"Well, you had your way," said O'Neill, shamefacedly. "I don't seem to be the man I was. It must be the sunshine and the poses. And the thought of the road again." "A hundred each," said Howe grimly. "We had to have it, Bob. It means New York."

"Yes," O'Neill pondered. "But that good looking young fellow, Harry—the one who apologized to us for calling us blackmailers?" "Yes!" "I'd hate to meet him on the street tomorrow. Five days. A lot could happen in five days."

"What are your orders, chief," asked Howe. "At that moment Minot, followed by Paddock, was rushing triumphantly into the Harrowby suite. He threw down on the table a package of letters."

"There they are!" he cried. "I—He stopped. "Thanks," said Lord Harrowby wildly. "Thanks a thousand times. My dear Minot, we need you. My man has been to the theater. Trimmer is organizing a mob to board the Lieth!"

"Board the Lieth?" "Yes—to search for that creature who calls himself Lord Harrowby." "Come on, Jack," Minot said to Paddock. They ran down several flights of stairs, through the lobby and out into the street.

"Where to?" panted Paddock. "The harbor!" Minot cried. As they passed the opera house they saw a crowd forming and heard the buzz of many voices.

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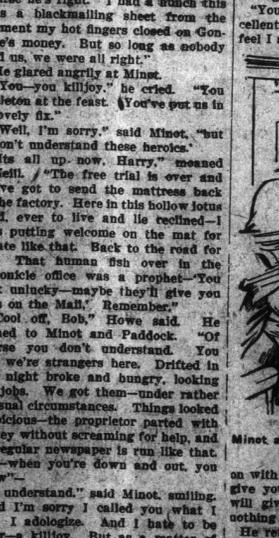
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Table with 2 columns: Name and Date. Includes Arden, Bancroft, Barrie, Belleville, Bobcaygeon, Bowmanville, Brighton, Brockville, Castleton, Centerville, Cobden, Cobourg, Colborne, Cornwall, Demarestville, Dunsannon, Durham, Fenelon Falls, Frankford, Harrowsmith, Keene, Kempville, Kingston, Kinmount, Lakefield, Lansdowne, Lindsay, Madoc, Marmora, Maynooth, Masford, Midland, Millbrook, Nanapanee, Norwood, Odessa, Orono, Oshawa, Ottawa, Perth, Peterboro, Picton, Port Hope, Port Perry, Renfrew, Richmond, Roblin's Mills, Shannerville, Smithville.

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