

the night. I forgot," he said.

Then, after a pause, the woman exclaimed—

"Is there no possibility of getting away from here before night? I don't like the black looks which Small and his son gave me, Lewin."

"Black looks! Oh, that's nothing. I'm always putting the screw on them. Besides, Ted got to know from Stendel—who chatted to him over the wire one day—all about the Scarborough raid. So, naturally, he's antagonistic."

"But he might betray us, you know."

"He'll never do that, depend upon it. He knows that his own neck would be in danger if he did so. So rest quite assured about that." Then, after a few moments' silence, he added: "I wonder when we shall get that young Sainsbury out of the way. He's the greatest source of danger that we have."

"I thought your idea was that nobody would believe him, whatever he alleged against you?" asked the woman.

"That's so. But we have now to count with Trustram. If he wilfully deceived me regarding those two transports leaving Plymouth, then he certainly suspects. And if he suspects, his suspicions may lead him in the direction of Sainsbury—see?"

"Yes. I quite see. You scent a further danger!"

"No, not exactly," was his vague reply, an evil smile upon his lips. "With the exercise of due precaution we need have nothing to fear—as long as Sainsbury's mouth is closed by the law—as it must be in a day or two."

"But you don't mean to come down here again for some time, do you?"

"No. For the next week or two we must trust to other channels of transmission—Schuette's wireless at Sydenham, perhaps, though that's far from satisfactory."

"**H**ARK!" exclaimed the woman, they heard someone at the outer door. Both listened. There was a grating sound like that of a key—as though the door was being unlocked.

This surprised them, and they exchanged inquiring glances.

There was a sound of heavy footsteps, causing them both to hold their breath.

Next instant the door of the bedroom was unceremoniously flung open, revealing upon the threshold two burly men in hard felt hats and overcoats, presenting service revolvers at them.

It was a striking scene.

The woman screamed loudly, but the man, who had sprung to his feet to find himself thus cornered, stood firm, his face blanched, and his eyebrows contracted.

"And pray what's the meaning of all this?" he demanded, in hoarse defiance.

A second later, however, he saw that behind the two men who entered the room to place himself and his companion under arrest, were three other persons. One was a naval officer in uniform, evidently from the Admiralty Intelligence Department, while the other two were men well-known to him—namely, Sir Houston Bird and Charles Trustram.

"Your clever game is up, Mr. Rodwell!" exclaimed Trustram, entering the room with the naval captain, whose gaze fell at once upon the telegraph instruments mounted on the old sewing-machine in the corner.

"Yes," exclaimed the officer. "And a pretty big game it seems to have been—eh? So you've been working a cable across to Germany, have you? We've had suspicion that the cable laid to Wangeroo might have had a second shore-end, and, indeed, we started dredging for it off the Spurn only two days ago."

"Mr. Rodwell," said Trustram, addressing him, as the two detectives were searching him for firearms: "You thought you were very clever. You betrayed me once, but I took very good care that all the information I gave you afterwards should be such as would work for England's advantage, and not for yours. In one case last week, when your masters acted upon my information, we were able to bag six of your submarines in the Straits of Dover within forty-eight hours. So you see my game was a double one," he added, with a smile of satisfaction.

Rodwell was so nonplussed at thus being caught red-handed, that he could utter no reply. All his bluff and defiance had left him, and he stood white, inert, with a look of abject shame and terror upon his changed countenance.

As for the woman, she gave vent to a torrent of bitter vituperation. But nobody noticed her; she had, like poor old Tom Small and his son, been simply tools of that unscrupulous and clever master-spy in whose stirring patriotism all England was believing, but who had at last fallen into the trap which Charles Trustram had so cunningly prepared for him—a trap in which the confirmation of his traitorous act had actually been made by the enemy's unseen wireless rays.

Sir Houston said little, except to remark that no doubt Lewin Rodwell's arrest would put a new complexion upon the case against John Sainsbury, and result, he hoped, in breaking up the activity of the enemy in our midst.

Of much that followed the public are already aware.

The newspapers, however, merely reported that Mr. Lewin Rodwell, who had been a most popular speaker at recruiting meetings, who had been a well-known city financier, and a power in the social and political world of London, had died suddenly in a motor-car in the Brixton Road. The Censor, however, suppressed the facts that he had been in the custody of two officers of the Special Department of New Scotland Yard when the tragic occurrence happened, and that he had succeeded in swallowing a tabloid that he had carried concealed in his handkerchief in case of necessity, while being conveyed to Brixton Prison on a charge of espionage.

The public knew, of course, that an unnamed woman was under arrest for acts of war-treason and, later, that she had been sentenced to eight years' imprisonment. They also knew that Jack Sainsbury had been mysteriously and suddenly released by a Home Office order, after having been tried and convicted by court-martial; but

## ASSIMILATIVE MEMORY;

OR HOW TO ATTEND  
AND NEVER FORGET

By Prof. A. Loissette

The complete Memory System. Its aim is to increase the power of memory in much the same proportion as the power of the eye for vision is increased by means of the microscope and telescope. 12mo cloth, 170 p.p. Price \$3.00 post-paid.

"I have no hesitation in commending Professor Loissette's system to all who are in earnest in wishing to train their memories effectively."—Richard A. Proctor, the Eminent Astronomer.

## UNIVERSITY BOOK COMPANY

181 Simcoe St., Toronto.

## Canadian National Exhibition

Aug. 25--Toronto--Sept. 10

Scores of Surprises for Old Friends; a Thousand Thrills for New Ones

Mobilization of Resources  
National Service Exemplified

## JUBILEE SPECTACLE

1200—PERFORMERS—1200

The Apex in Spectacular Achievement  
Canada's Story from Birth to Nationhood Dramatically Told  
Art Music  
National Motor Show  
Giant Livestock and Agricultural Display  
Immense Exhibit of Tractors and other Farm Labor-saving Devices.  
Model Camp. War in all its branches  
Vividly Shown. Artillery Drive.  
Aeroplane Flights and Fights.

Reduced Fares on All Lines of Travel

## Book Bargains

### In "The Old Stand-by's"

Now is the time to fill your shelves with standard authors, the kind who write the "old favorites," of never-dying interest. The series known as "Short Story Classics," published by Scribner's, contains the noted names and best work of many English authors.

### List of Countries and the Authors One Vol. to Each Country

Green Cloth, Gilt Stamping, 200 Pages, 25 Cents.

25c Brings You a Handy Volume Classic.

ENGLAND	LONDON.	SCOTLAND.
Anthony Hope	J. M. Barrie	J. M. Barrie
Thomas Hardy	F. Anstey	S. R. Crockett
Charles Reade	Arthur Morrison	Ian MacLaren
Wilkie Collins	I. Zangwill	Sir Walter Scott
Amelia B. Edwards	Beatrice Harraden	Professor Aytoun
Angelo Lewis	"Q"	R. L. Stevenson
F. W. Robinson	Marie Corelli	
IRELAND	AFRICA	GERMANY
Samuel Lover	A. Conan Doyle	Beatrice Harraden
George H. Jessop	H. Rider Haggard	John Strange Winter
Jane Barlow	J. Landers	Ouida
John Barnim	W. C. Scully	R. L. Stevenson
William Carleton	Percy Hemingway	William Black
FRANCE.	ITALY	THE SEA
R. L. Stevenson	James Payn	W. Clark Russell
Ouida	W. E. Norris	Sir Walter Besant
Wilkie Collins	Laurence Oliphant	G. B. O'Halloran
Hesba Stretton	Anthony Trollope	Grant Allen
Stanley J. Weyman	A. Mary F. Robinson	

9 VOLUMES FOR A SOU.

Note that the title of each book is "Short Story Classics—England," or any country, as the case may be. The authors named contribute as designated. Remainder lot of these valuable books to be cleared out, while they last at

25 cents a volume.

### TAKE THEM!

Use Coupon Dept. C.A.  
University Book Co.,  
181 Simcoe St., Toronto, Ont.  
Please send me the Volumes  
Checked.  
Total ..... Vols. at 25c. \$.....  
Name .....  
Address .....

### WARNING!

In order to prevent correspondence and delay, please number volumes in order of your choice, and mark more than you order, so as to provide alternates in case stock should be exhausted.

## OUR ADVERTISING POLICY

We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favour if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

Advertising Manager, Canadian Courier