

presented him with another telegram. He opened it and glanced at its contents.

"My God!" he muttered, then turning to the marine, "You may go. There is no answer." When he was alone again, he began to slowly read over this second wireless telegraphic message. It read thus:

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

20 June, 190—

"German fleet in harbour—obliged to surrender the town and colony—help us if——"

The message here came to an abrupt termination, but the sense of it was only too apparent. Half an hour afterwards "the Victorious" signalled to the rest of the squadron. All the captains of the fleet were ordered to immediately attend a court martial to be held in the admiral's cabin.

When all were assembled the admiral rose and read the two telegrams received by him that morning:

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "you will understand how the matter stands. We have practically done nothing during the last four months but chase the enemy. We are now ordered home. Can any of you suggest means by which we could, without any material delay to the fleet recapture Newfoundland? Naturally, the safety of England must ever come first, but at the same time I don't like to leave Newfoundland to its fate if there is the slightest chance of saving it. It was the greatest mistake to take away the colony's garrison."

Silence reigned for some minutes and then the officers present began to discuss the question together. No solution to the difficulty could be found, however, and the court-martial shortly afterwards broke up.

That afternoon a smart young officer in the uniform of a first lieutenant was rowed up alongside "the Victorious." The thin aquiline features, piercing gray eyes, and well