

tell you, I'm annoyed because my plans have been upset by your failure to-day."

"Rodwell's plans, you mean! Not yours!" cried the young fellow, his jealousy apparent.

"No, not at all. I don't see why you should so constantly refer to Mr. Rodwell. He is our superior, as you know, and in its wisdom Number Seventy has placed him in supreme command."

"Then why do you complain of my failure?" protested the young man viciously, placing his cigarette-end in the silver ash-tray.

"I don't. I only tell you that it has upset my personal plans. I had hoped to get away down to Torquay to-morrow. I must have a change. I'm run down."

"One day does not matter, surely, when our national interests are at stake!"

"Of course not, silly boy," laughed the woman. She saw that she was not treating him with tact, and knew his exact value. "Don't let us discuss it any further. See what you can do to-morrow."

"I'll compel Heinrich to get at what we want," cried Carl Berenstein—whose father had, since the war, changed his name, with the consent of the Home Office, of course, to Burton. "I'm as savage as you are that he should prefer to motor a girl to Brighton. But what can I do?"

"Nothing, my dear boy. The girl will always win. When you've lived as long as I have, you will understand."

"Then you don't blame me—do you?" asked the young man, eagerly.

"Why, of course, not at all, my dear Carl. Heinrich's a fool to be attracted by any petticoat. There are always so many better."

"As long as you don't blame me, Molly, I don't care. The gov'nor is as wild as I am about it."

"Oh, never mind. Get hold of him when he comes back, and come here as soon as possible and tell me. Remember that Number Seventy is thirsting for information."

"Yes, I will. Rely on me. We are good Germans, all of us. These silly swelled-headed fools of English are only playing into our hands. They have no idea of what they will have to face later on. Ach! I only wish I were back again in the dear Rhineland with my friends, who are now officers serving at the front. But this British bubble cannot last. It must soon be pricked. And its result must be disastrous."

"We hope so. We can't tell. But, there, don't let us discuss it. We're out to win the war. This matter I leave to you, good Germans that you and Heinrich are, to make your report."

"Good. I will be here to-morrow evening, when I hope I shall have everything quite clear and precise. There is to be a big movement of troops to France the day after to-morrow, and I hope to give you a list of the names of all the regiments, with their destinations. You know, I suppose, that three parts of the cartridges they are making at the G— factory will, in a month's time, when they get to the front, be useless?"

"So Mr. Rodwell told me, a couple of days ago. Herzfelder is evidently doing good work there; but it is not

a matter even to whisper about. It might leak out, and tests might be made."

Then, having drained off the whisky-and-soda which his hostess had poured out for him, he rose, shook her hand warmly, saying, "I'll be here as early as possible to-morrow night. Good-bye, Molly," and strode out.

And the maid showed the young man to the door of the flat, while Mrs. Kirby cast herself into a low lounge-chair before the fire, lit a cigarette, and, with her eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the flames, smoked furiously.

CHAPTER XX.

Told at Dawn.

AGAIN the grey dawn was breaking over the chill North Sea—a wild, tempestuous morning.

On the far horizon northward, a steamer had just appeared, leaving behind a long trail of black smoke, but over the great expanse of storm-tossed waters which broke heavily upon the beach there was no sign of any other craft.

Thirty-six hours had passed since the young German who called himself Burton, but whose real name was Berenstein, had sat in Mrs. Kirby's drawing-room discussing the faulty ammunition being made at the works at G—. Twelve hours before, namely, at six o'clock on the previous evening, the court-martial sitting at the Old Bailey had concluded the hearing of the grave case of espionage brought against young Sainsbury. The evidence—some of the most damning evidence ever brought before a court-martial—had been given, and Mr. Pelham, his counsel, had made his speech for the defence. Sentence had been postponed, in order that the whole of the facts should be considered by the military authorities. The trial having taken place in camera, not a word had leaked out to the newspapers, therefore the public were in ignorance of the young man's arrest, still more so of the grave offence with which he had been charged.

Elise knew what had happened. She had sat outside the court, in the big stone hall upstairs, where a kindly usher had given her a brief resume of the proceedings. Indeed, through the glass door she had been able to get a momentary peep of her lover as he had stood in the dock, pale and erect, defiant of his accusers.

When the court rose, she had returned to Fitzjohn's Avenue in a taxicab, sobbing and broken-hearted.

On arriving home she had rung up Sir Houston Bird on the telephone, but his man had answered saying that he had been called out suddenly, and had not returned. Therefore she went to her room and there gave way to a paroxysm of grief. It was over. Jack had been found guilty!

IN the grey light of dawn, Lewin Rodwell was seated in the stuffy, little room in Tom Small's cottage, his hand upon the telegraph-key, clicking out rapidly a message to Berlin.

At his side sat his accomplice, Mrs. Kirby, in a heavy fur motor-coat with toque to match, for she had been all night on the road with Penney, who having dropped her quite near, had turned the car and gone back into Horncastle to wait until the following evening.

The woman had been engaged writing, by the light of the petrol lamp, a long message since her arrival an hour before, while it was still dark; and it was this—a detailed report of the movements of troops to the front in Flanders, which young Burton had obtained for her—that Rodwell was engaged in transmitting.

Without speaking the spy sat, his left elbow upon the table, with his brow upon his palm while, with his right hand, he tapped away quickly with the rapid touch of the expert telegraphist.

"What a wretched little place!" the woman remarked at last, gazing around the narrow little bedroom. "How horribly close and stuffy!"

"Yes, and you'd find it so, if you'd

been here a prisoner for three days and nights, as I have, Molly," her companion laughed, still continuing to transmit the information for which Number Seventy had asked so constantly. The German General Staff were anxious to ascertain what strength of reinforcements we were sending to our line near Ypres.

Suddenly Rodwell shouted for Ted; but the woman, passing into the living-room, calling for young Small, and receiving no reply, remarked: "I believe they both went out down on the beach, to the boat, a moment ago. Do you want him?"

"Only to tell him to get some breakfast. You must be fagged out after your journey," he said, still working the cable without a pause. "How cold and draughty this house is!" he said. "I shall be glad when night comes again, and we can get away. I mean to give this place a rest for a month. I'm afraid it's getting just a bit unhealthy for me. Come in, and shut the door, Molly. I'm nearly blown out, with that door open," he complained.

THEN, after she had re-entered the room and closed the door, he soon gave the signal "end o message," and paused for the acknowledgment.

It came without delay. A few rapid clicks, and then all was still again—a silence save for the howl of the wind and the monotonous roar of the great breakers rolling in upon the beach outside.

"Well, Molly," the man said, as he lit a cigarette, and seated himself on the edge of the little old-fashioned bed, "we'll have to stay in here, I suppose, till it's dark. Small doesn't like it known that he has visitors. What time did you order Penney?"

"I told him to be at the place where he usually drops you at eight o'clock."

"Excellent. I wonder where Ted is? I want my breakfast badly."

"He said something about going down to the boat to get some fish for you."

"Ah of course. They went out in



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