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aristocracy of the London squares was unknown, and therefore unregarded.

How the people born in society laugh at Tom, Dick and Harry, with their feminine folk, who, in our world of make-believe, are struggling and fighting with one another to be regarded by the world as geniuses. Money can bring everything—all the thousand attributes this world can give—all except breeding and brains.

Breed, even in the idiot, and brains in the pauper's child, will always tell.

When Jack Sainsbury descended the steps into Fitzjohn's Avenue and strode down the hill to Swiss Cottage station, he was full of grave and bitter thoughts.

As an Englishman and a patriot, what was his line of action? That was the sole thought which filled his mind. He loved Elise with every fibre of his being, yet, on that evening, greater and even more serious thoughts occupied his mind—the safety of the British Empire.

To whom should he go? In whom dare he confide?

As he crossed from the Avenue to the station, another thought arose within him. Would anybody in whom he confided really believe what he could tell them?

Lewin Rodwell and Sir Boyle Huntley were national heroes—men against whom no breath of suspicion as traitors had ever arisen. It was the habit of the day to laugh at any suspicion of Britain's betrayal—an attitude which the Government had carefully cultivated ever since the outbreak of war. On that day the Chief of the Military Operations Department of the War Office—in other words our Secret Service—had been—for reasons which will one day be revealed—promoted and sent to the front, leaving the Department in the hands of others fresh to the work.

Such, alas! was the British Intelligence Department—an organization laughed at by the Secret Services of each of our Allies.

The folly of it all was really pathetic.

Jack Sainsbury knew much of this. He had, indeed, been, through Dr. Jerome Jerrold, a friend of his, behind

the scenes. Like all the world, he had read the optimistic, hide-the-truth newspapers. Often he had smiled in disbelief. Yet, on that afternoon, his worst fears had in a single instant been confirmed. He knew the volcano upon the edge of which Great Britain was seated.

What should he do? How should he act?

In the narrow booking-office of Swiss Cottage station he stood for a moment, hesitating to take his ticket.

Of a sudden an idea crossed his mind. He knew a certain man—his intimate friend. Could he help him? Dare he reveal his suspicions without being laughed at for his pains?

Yes. He would risk being derided, because the safety of the Empire was now at stake.

After all, he—Jack Sainsbury—was a well-bred Briton, without a strain of the hated Teutonic blood in his veins.

He would speak the truth, and expose that man who was so cleverly luring the Empire to its doom.

He passed before the little pigeon-hole of the booking-office and took his ticket—an action which was destined to have a greater bearing upon our national defence than any person even with knowledge of the facts could ever dream.

(To be continued.)

Biblove's Garden

(Concluded from page 20.)

in the local paper next day, were immense and various, and the effect on Mr. Biblove's bank account paralyzed that gentleman's energies for many days.

His enthusiasm for gardening was dampened, his temper rendered irritable.

To Mrs. Biblove's meek suggestion that he hire a man to do the preliminary heavy work, digging, for instance, he growled quite savagely.

"Hire a man nothing. What's the matter with George Biblove that he can't run a measly cabbage patch, every bit of it! By heck, Madam, haven't I suffered enough outrageous expense already without paying some old loafer to lean on a spade at so much per!"

It was a warm day when Mr. Biblove began operations. The sun shone smartly and the birds sang bravely. The gardener wasn't interested. He suffered heavily, but stayed with the job, sustained at frequent intervals by liquid refreshments from the hands of the maid.

As Mrs. Biblove tenderly massaged his aching back in the evening, to Mrs. Biblove's playful offer of a penny for his thoughts, he laughed a hollow, mocking laugh.

Fortunately the following day was Sunday, for Mr. Biblove found himself such a mass of aches and stiffness he could not move without excruciating pain. He spent the day on the sofa and did some further heavy thinking. Mrs. Biblove added the cost of embrocation and other curative items to the debit side of the garden ledger.

A few weeks later Mr. Biblove invited a few congenial cronies in the bank to drop around any old evening and have a game of Croquet.

"The finest lawn for miles," he said proudly, "these landscape fellers piled on the cost a bit thick, but it was worth it—like walking on velvet, and as for exercise, there's nothing in the world to beat a lawn mower."

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