



"WHO SAYS CORN FLAKES?"
"WE ALL DO!"

"Then Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes you shall have.
 There's nothing better."

Kellogg's

TOASTED
CORN FLAKES

have been made in Canada for over eleven years, and every year the sales have increased enormously.

Insist on the original in the red, white and green package.

MADE IN CANADA.

The Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Limited.
 Head Office and Factory: London, Ont.



had been issued for his arrest upon a charge of war-treason," Sir Houston replied. "Why didn't he try and face it?"

The girl, pale and agitated, sat in silence, her gloved hands lying idly on her lap before her. Those awful weeks of anxiety had left traces upon her face, now thin and worn. And she felt that her lover's fate was sealed unless he could clear himself. In desperation she had sought the great doctor, and he had been most thoughtful and sympathetic.

"I think," he went on, in a kindly voice, "I think it would be best, Miss Shearman, if you went home, and remained there in patience. You know that Mr. Pelham is a sharp lawyer, and, being quite alive to the serious-

ness of the situation, he will do his very utmost for his client. Go quietly home, and await the result of our combined efforts," he urged, sympathetically. "I am meeting Mr. Trustram again at five o'clock. Believe me, Mr. Trustram is not inactive, while I, too, am doing my level best in your lover's interests."

"Oh! thank you," cried the girl, tears standing in her fine blue eyes. "You are both so good! I—I don't know how to thank you both," and, unable to further restrain her emotion, she suddenly burst into tears.

Quickly he rose and, placing his hand tenderly upon her shoulder, he uttered kind and sympathetic words, by which she was at length calmed; and presently she rose and left the

room, Sir Houston promising to report to her on the morrow.

"Now, don't alarm yourself unduly," was his parting injunction. "Just remain quite calm and patient, for I assure you that all that can be done will be done, and is, indeed, being done."

And then, when the door had closed, the great pathologist drew his hand wearily across his white brow, sighed, buttoned his perfectly-fitting morning coat, glanced at himself in the glass to see that his hair was unruffled—for he was a bit of a dandy—and then pressed the bell for his next patient.

Meanwhile, Charles Trustram was working in his big airy private room at the Admiralty. Many men in naval uniform were ever coming and going,

for his room was always the scene of great, but quiet, orderly activity.

At his big table he was examining documents, signing some, dictating letters to his secretary, and discussing matters put forward by the officials who brought him papers to read and initial.

Presently there entered a lieutenant with a pale yellow naval signal-form, upon which was written a long message from the wireless department.

THOSE long, spidery aerial wires suspended between the domes at the Admiralty, had caught and intercepted a German message sent out from Norddeich, the big German station at the mouth of the Elbe, to Pola, on the Adriatic. It had been in code,