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estuary of the Eider and thus draw out the German ships northward towards the Shetlands, behind which British Grand Fleet are concealed in readiness. This concentration of forces northward will, according to the scheme of which I have learned full details, leave the East coast of England from the Tyne to the Humber unprotected for a full twelve hours on the 16th, thus full advantage could

be taken for bombardment. Inform Grand Admiralty immediately."

Having thus betrayed the well-laid plans of the British Admiralty to entice the German Fleet out of the Kiel Canal and the other harbours in which barnacles were growing on their keels, Lewin Rodwell, the popular British "patriot," paused once more.

But not for long, because, in less than a minute, he received again the

signal of acknowledgment that his highly interesting message to the German Admiralty had been received, and would be delivered without a moment's delay.

Then he knew that the well-organized plans of the British Fleet, so cleverly conceived and so deadly if executed, would be effectively frustrated.

He gave the signal that he had ended his message and, with a low laugh of satisfaction, rose from the rickety old chair and lit another cigarette.

Thus had England been foully betrayed by one of the men whom her deluded public most confidently trusted and so greatly admired.

CHAPTER X.

The Khaki Cult.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later Lewin Rodwell was standing upon the platform of the big Music Hall, in George Street, Edinburgh, addressing a great recruiting meeting.

The meeting, presided over by a well-known Scotch earl, had already been addressed by a Cabinet Minister; but when Rodwell rose, a neat, spruce figure in his well-fitting morning coat, with well-brushed hair, and an affable smile, the applause was tremendous—even greater than that which had greeted the Minister.

Lewin Rodwell was a people's idol—one of those who, in these times, are so suddenly placed high upon the pedestal of public opinion, and as quickly cast down.

A man's reputation is made to-day and marred to-morrow. Rodwell's rapid rise to fortune had certainly been phenomenal. Yet, as he had "made money in the city"—like so many other people—nobody took the trouble to inquire exactly how that money had been obtained. By beating the patriotic drum so loudly he stifled down inquiry, and the public now took him at his own valuation.

A glib and forceful orator, with a suave, persuasive manner, at times declamatory, but usually slow and decisive, he thrust home his arguments with unusual strength and power.

In repeating Lord Kitchener's call for recruits, he pointed to the stricken fields of Belgium, recalling those harrowing scenes of rapine and murder in August, along the fair valley of the Meuse. He described, in vivid language, the massacre in cold blood of seven hundred peaceful men, women and young children in the little town of Dinant-sur-Meuse, the town of ginger-bread and beaten brass; the sack of Louvain, and the appalling scenes in Liege and Malines, at the same time loudly denouncing the Germans as "licentious liars" and the "spawn of Satan." From his tongue fell the most violent denunciations of Germany and all her ways, until his hearers were electrified by his whole-souled patriotism.

"The Kaiser," he cried, "is the Great Assassin of civilization. There is now ample evidence, documentary and otherwise, to prove that he, the Great War Lord, forced this great war upon the world at a moment which he considered propitious to himself. We now, alas! know that as far back as June, 1908, the Kaiser assembled his Council and, in a secret speech, declared war against England. You, ladies and gentlemen, have been bamboozled and befooled all along by a

Hush-a-bye Government who told you that there never would be war": emphatic words which were met with loud yells of "Shame!" and execration.

"The Cabinet," he continued, "knew all along—they knew as far back as 1908—that this Mad Dog of Germany intended to strangle and crush us. Yet, what did they do? They told you—and you believed them—that we should never have war—not in our time, they said; while in the House of Commons they, knowing what they did, actually suggested disarmament! Think of it!"

Renewed cries of "Shame!" rose from all parts of the hall.

"Well," Lewin Rodwell went on, clenching his fist, "we are at war—a war the result of which no man can, as yet, foresee. But win we must—yet, if we are to win, we must still make the greatest sacrifices. We must expend our last shilling and our last drop of blood if victory is at last to be ours. Germany, the mighty country of the volteface, with her blood-stained Kaiser at her head, has willed that Teuton 'kultur' shall crush modern civilization beneath the heel of its jack-boot. Are you young men of Scotland to sit tight here and allow the Germans to invade you, to ruin and burn your homes, and to put your women and children to the sword? Will you actually allow this accursed race of murderers, burglars and firebugs to swarm over this land which your ancestors have won for you? No! Think of the past history of your homes and your dear ones, and come forward now, to-night, all of you of military age, and give in your names for enlistment! Come, I implore of you!" he shouted, waving his arms. "Come forward, and do your duty as men in the service of mankind—your duty to your King, your country, and your God!"

HIS speech, of which this was only one very small extract, was certainly a brilliant and telling one. When he sat down, not only was there a great thunder of applause while the fine organ struck up "Rule Britannia," but a number of strong young men, in their new-born enthusiasm, rose from the audience and announced their intention of enlisting.

"Excellent!" cried Rodwell, rising again from his chair. "Here are brave fellows ready to do their duty! Come, let all you slackers follow their example and act as real honest, patriotic men—the men of the Scotland of history!"

This proved an incentive to several waverers. But what, indeed, would that meeting have thought had they caught the words the speaker whispered in German beneath his breath, as he repeated himself? "More cannon-fodder," he had muttered, though his face was brightened by a smile of supreme satisfaction of a true Briton, for he had realized by his reception there in Edinburgh, where audiences were never over-demonstrative, how exceedingly popular he was.

Afterwards he had supper at the Caledonian Hotel with the Cabinet Minister whom he had supported; and later, when he retired to his room, he at once locked the door, flung off his coat, and threw himself into the arm-chair by the fire to smoke and think.

He was wondering what action his friends at Number 70 Berlin were taking in consequence of the report



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