

he had been in the custody of two officers of the Special Department of New Scotland Yard when the tragic occurrence happened, and that he had succeeded in swallowing a tabloid that he had carried concealed in his handkerchief in case of necessity, while being conveyed to Brixton Prison on a charge of espionage.

The public knew, of course, that an unnamed woman was under arrest for acts of war-treason and, later, that she had been sentenced to eight years' imprisonment. They also knew that Jack Sainsbury had been mysteriously and suddenly released by a Home Office order, after having been tried and convicted by court-martial; but the true story of the evil machinations of Ludwig Heitzman, alias Lewin Rodwell, and how he had succeeded in bringing such indisputable evidence against an innocent man, is here revealed for the first time in the foregoing pages.

On the evening of Lewin Rodwell's well-deserved, but cowardly end—the evening of the day of his arrest—Sir Boyle Huntley disappeared from London to the Continent, and was never again seen.

On that same night, too, at ten o'clock, there was a little assembly in Sir Houston Bird's consulting-room in Cavendish Square. Jack and his fiancée were standing happily reunited and arm in arm, while Charles Trustram and Sir Houston were also present. It was then that Trustram decided to hand