



## The Truth About Corns

You have read much fiction about corns. Were that not so there would be no corns. All people would use Blue-jay.

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more than we know," protested the old fisherman. "You and your people have got the better of us. We know that, to our cost, so don't rub it in."

"Ah! as long as you know it, that's all right," laughed Rodwell. "When the invasion comes, as it undoubtedly will, very soon, then you will be looked after all right. Don't you or your son worry at all. Just sit tight, as this house is marked as the house of friends. Germany never betrays a friend—never!"

"Then they do intend to come over here?" exclaimed the old fisherman eagerly, his eyes wide open in wonderment.

"Why, of course. All has been arranged long ago," declared the man whom the British public knew as a great patriot. "The big expeditionary force, fully fit and equipped, has been waiting in Hamburg, at Cuxhaven and Bremerhaven, ever since the war began—waiting for the signal to start when the way is left open across the North Sea."

"That will never be," declared the younger man, decisively.

"Perhaps not, if you have dared to tamper with the cable," was Rodwell's hard reply.

"I haven't, I assure you," the young man declared. "I haven't touched it."

"Well, I don't trust either of you," was Rodwell's reply. "You've had lots of money from us, yet your confounded patriotism towards your effete old country has, I believe, caused you to try and defeat us. You've broken down the cable—perhaps cut the insulation under the water. How do I know?"

"I protest, Mr. Rodwell, that you should insinuate this!" cried old Tom. "Through all this time we've worked for you, and—"

"Because you've been jolly well paid for it," interrupted the other. "What would you have earned by your paltry bit of fish sent into Skegness for cheap holiday-makers to eat?—why, nothing! You've been paid handsomely, so you needn't grumble. If you do, then I have means of at once cutting your supplies off and informing the Intelligence Department at Whitehall. Where would you both be then, I wonder?"

"We could give you away also!" growled Ted Small.

"You might make charges. But who would believe you if you—a fisherman—declared that Lewin Rodwell was a spy—eh? Try the game if you like—and see!"

FOR a few moments silence fell.

"Well, sir," exclaimed Ted's father. "Why not call up again? Perhaps Mr. Stendel may be there now."

Again Rodwell placed his expert hand upon the tapping-key, and once more tapped out the call in the dot-and-dash of the Morse Code.

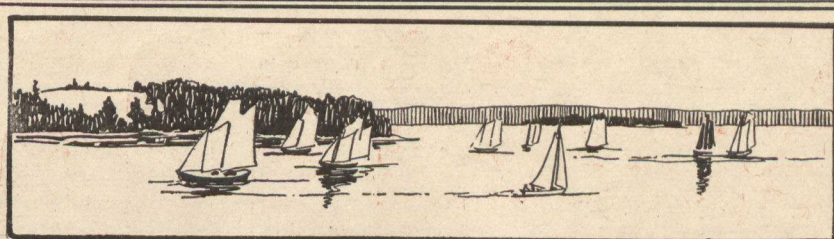
For a full minute all three men waited, holding their breath and watching the receiver.

Suddenly there was a sharp click on the recorder. "Click—click, click, click!"

The answering signals were coming up from beneath the sea.

"B. S. Q." was heard on the "sounder," while the pale green tape slowly unwound, recording the acknowledgment.

(To be continued.)



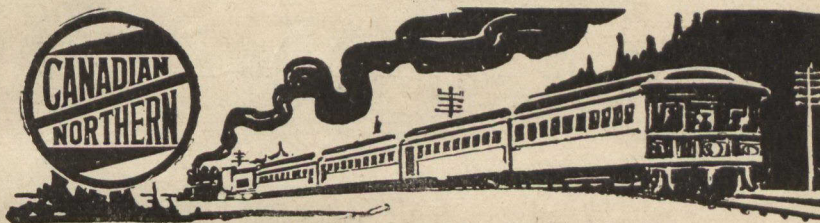
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