

such thoughts into your head? Surely I know how to take care of myself!" he exclaimed.

"Perhaps you do. But that a grave danger, threatens you, Jack, I happen to know," was her serious reply.

"How do you know?" he asked quickly, facing her. He had, all along, seen that, for some unaccountable reason, she was hesitating to tell him the truth.

"Well," she said slowly, "if—I if I tell you the truth, Jack dear, you won't laugh at me, will you?" she asked at last.

"Of course not, my darling. I know full well that you love me, and, as a natural consequence, you are perhaps a little too apprehensive."

"I have cause to be," she said in a low voice, and, taking from the breast of her low-cut gown a crumpled letter, she handed it to him, saying: "A week ago I received this! Read it!"

HE took it and, opening it, found it to be an ill-scribbled note, upon a sheet of common note-paper such as one would buy in a penny packet, envelopes included.

The note, which was anonymous, and bore the postmark of Willesden, commenced with the words "Dear Miss," and ran as follows:

"Your lover, Sainsbury, has been warned to keep his nose out of other people's affairs, and as he continues to inquire about what does not concern him his activity is to be cut short. Tell him that, as he has disregarded the advice given him by letter two months ago, his fate is now sealed. The arm of Germany's vengeance is long, and reaches far. So beware—both of you!"

For a few seconds Jack held the mysterious missive in his hand, and then suddenly he burst out laughing.

"You surely won't allow this to worry you?" he exclaimed. "Why, it's only some crank—somebody we know who is playing a silly practical joke,"—and folding the letter, he gave it back to her with a careless air. "Such a letter as that doesn't worry me for a single minute."

"But it contains a distinct assertion—that you are doomed!" cried the girl, pale-faced and very anxious.

"Yes—it certainly is a very cheerful note. Whom do you know at Willesden?"

"Not a soul that I can think of. I've been puzzling my brains for days as to anybody I know there, but can think of no one."

"It was posted out there on purpose, no doubt!" he laughed. "Well, if I were you, Elise, I wouldn't give it another thought."

"Ah, that's all very well. But I can't get rid of the distinct belief that some mischief is intended," answered the girl very gravely.

"No, no, darling!" he assured her, placing his arm again round her slim waist, and kissing her fondly upon the lips. "Don't anticipate any such thing. Somebody's having a game with us. They think it a huge joke, no doubt."

"But do look the facts in the face, Jack!" she urged. "These spies of Germany, swarming over the country as they do, will hesitate at nothing in order to gain victory for their barbarous Fatherland. Not only have we to fight the unscrupulous army of the Kaiser, remember, but another army of pro-Germans in our midst,—

those pretended Englishmen who have their 'spiritual homes' in Berlin."

"True. But don't let that letter get on your nerves, darling. Burn it, and then forget it."

"Did you ever receive a letter warning you?" she asked.

"Yes. I've had several. One was, I believe, in the same handwriting as yours," was his rather careless reply.

"You never told me of them!"

"Because I discarded them," he said. "I believe I've had quite half a dozen at various times, but I pay no attention to people who don't sign their names."

ELISE SHEARMAN sighed. In her fine blue eyes there was a distinctly troubled look.

She loved Jack very deeply and tenderly. What if these people actually did make an attempt upon his life? Suppose he were killed! That the spies of Germany had every motive to put an end to his activity in ferreting them out, was quite plain. Indeed, her father, knowing nothing of the anonymous letter, had referred to it that evening. He had declared that her lover was running very grave risks. It had been this remark which had set her thinking more deeply and more apprehensively.

Jack saw that she was worrying, therefore he kissed her fondly, and reassured her that no harm would befall him.

"I'll take every precaution possible, in order to satisfy you, my darling," he declared, his strong arms again around her as he held her closely to him.

They looked indeed a handsome pair—he tall, good-looking, strong and manly, and she dainty and fair, with a sweet, delightful expression upon her pretty face.

"Then—then you really love me, Jack?" she faltered, looking up into his face as he whispered into her delicate ear, regretting if any ill-considered word he had uttered had pained her.

"Love you, my darling!" he cried passionately—"why, of course I do. How can you doubt me? You surely know that, for me, there is only one good, true woman in all the world—your own dear, sweet self!"

She smiled in full content, burying her pretty head upon his shoulder.

"Then—then you really will take care of yourself, Jack—won't you?" she implored. "When you are absent I'm always thinking—and wondering—"

"And worrying, I fear, little one," he interrupted. "Now don't worry. I assure you that I'm quite safe—that—"

His sentence was interrupted by a tap at the door. They sprang apart, and Littlewood, old Dan's neat, middle-aged manservant—a North-country man, a trusted friend of the family—entered and, addressing Jack, said, with that pleasant burr in his voice:

"There's a gentleman called, sir—gives the name of Murray, sir. He wants to see you a moment upon some rather urgent business."

"Murray?" echoed Jack. "I don't recollect the name. 'Who is he?'"

"He's a gentleman, sir. He's down in the hall. He won't detain you a minute, he says," was the man's reply.

"Then excuse me a moment," he said in apology to Elise, and left the room, descending to the hall with Littlewood.

Below stood a clean-shaven man in a black overcoat who, advancing to meet him, said—

"Are you Mr. Sainsbury, sir?"

"Yes. That's my name," replied the young man.

"I want to speak to you privately, just for a few moments," the stranger said. "I want to tell you something in confidence," he added, lowering his voice. "Shall we go outside the door?" and he glanced meaningfully at Littlewood.

At first Jack was much puzzled, but, next moment, he said—

"Certainly—if you wish."

Then both men went forth, descending the steps to the pavement, where—upon a second man, who sprang from nowhere, joined them instantly, while "Mr. Murray" said, in a calm and quite determined voice—

"Mr. Sainsbury, we are officers of the Criminal Investigation Department, and we arrest you upon a warrant charging you with certain offences under the Defence of the Realm Act."

"What!" gasped Jack, staring at them absolutely dumbfounded. "Are you mad? What tomfoolery is this?"

"I will read the warrant over to you at Bow Street," answered the man who had called himself Murray.

And, as he uttered the words, a taxi that had been waiting a few doors away drew up, and almost before Sainsbury could protest, or seek permission to return to his fiancée and explain the farce in progress, he was,

in full view of Littlewood, bundled unceremoniously into the conveyance, which, next instant, moved swiftly down the hill in the direction of Swiss Cottage station, on its way to Bow Street Police Station.

CHAPTER XIV.

Held By the Enemy.

"THAT can hardly be correct—because there are proofs," remarked the tall, fair, quick-eyed man, who sat in the cold, official-looking room at Bow Street Police Station at half-past three o'clock that same morning.

Jack Sainsbury was standing in defiance before the table, while, in the room, stood the two plain-clothes men who had effected his arrest.

The fair-haired man at the table was Inspector Tennant, of the Special Department at New Scotland Yard, an official whose duty since the outbreak of war was to make inquiry into the thousand-and-one cases of espionage which the public reported weekly to that much-harassed department. Tennant, who had graduated, as all others had graduated, from the rank of police-constable on the streets of London, was a reliable officer as far as patriotism and a sense of duty went. But it was impossible for a man born in a labourer's cottage on the south side of Dartmoor, and educated at the village school, to possess such a highly trained brain as that possessed by say certain commissaires of the Paris Surete.

Thomas Tennant, a highly popular man as far as the staff at "the Yard" went, and trusted implicitly by his

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