

a match. What's your name, by the bye?"

"Parkinside."

"Well, this is your show to-night. You do as I tell you."

The young officer lit a match and found a piece of candle that the warders had left on the floor. Then he carried out Lowick's instructions, first reversing the vibration bar, and then moving the indicators and levers.

"What lies ahead of us?" asked Lowick. "Do you know?"

"I rather think so," Parkinside answered, grimly. "I've just come from there."

"Any of our men?"

"Only the dead. They shelled us out of our entrenchments in the centre. We hold the left and right flanks, but we shan't hold them for long."

"Tell me exactly where our men are. I don't want to kill more of them than possible. Of course, some must go."

Parkinside rattled off the disposition of the troops, and Lowick, who knew every inch of the country, had no difficulty in understanding him. And all the time the artillery played an accompaniment with thundering gun and bursting shell.

"You'd better look sharp," shouted Parkinside. "They're pushing forward their cavalry, and if one of their shells—"

"Set the range to fifteen—that indicator on the left; now go round to the right, and pull that white lever towards you—and—well, don't be frightened at the result."

Parkinside set the indicator, and made his way to the other side of the machine.

"No!" cried Lowick, hastening after him. "I'll pull the lever. I ought to be the one to do that. I can manage with my bound hands."

Parkinson smiled and stood aside, holding the candle close to the machine. And it was Ralph Lowick who sent death out into the darkness, and made the night into day, and turned the whole of the land between Sinchester and the sea into a furnace of white-hot flame.

The war was over. Lowick had ended it in half an hour, and a hundred thousand of England's enemies had never left English soil. Of all that mighty army that had landed on the shores of Essex, not a single man had survived, and their ashes were scattered to the four winds of heaven. Their guns, mere heaps of melted steel, were all that remained of them.

The war was over, and it seemed probable that the battle of Sinchester had made an end of all warfare for all time. For the future, England was to hold the peace of Europe in her hands. She had made her own terms with her enemies, and had showed good sense and moderation in her hour of victory.

"You see, dear," said Joan, as she walked with her husband from Hythe Station towards some lodgings she had taken on the sea front, "I was right after all. Now that the secret is yours no longer, you will be safe, and England will guard the peace of the world better than you could ever have done. Well, what is the news from Sinchester?"

"Your father and mother are quite well, Joan," he answered; and then, after a pause, "I was glad to get away from the place. The country between the town and the sea—well, there's not a tree, nor a bush, nor a blade of grass over a tract of a hundred and fifty square miles."

"And Cransea Hall? And my father's house?"

"Roofless and blackened walls," he replied, "and they say all the land is ruined, that nothing can be grown on it for twenty years."

"That means the loss of the best part of your income, Ralph."

"Yes, but I need never worry about money now, Joan. I have been offered two million pounds for the secret."

"Two million pounds, Ralph?"

"Yes. But I am not going to take it. I am going to take just so much as will recompense me for what I have lost."

They walked down the slope of the hill and made their way along the banks of the Military Canal—a relic of the days when England had feared

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Photo of the beautiful new Bowling Green and Club House just completed in Alexandra Gardens. The club will probably be known as "The North Toronto Lawn Bowling Club."

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