

Unless we can get assistance from without those appeals can never reach their destination. Our new President, Steinitz, and his cabinet of patriots are doing the best they can, but we lack a means of communication with the outer world. It is whispered amongst those who know that a mysterious aeroplane from England came to Berlin in the dead of night and distributed the manifestos which were, so to speak, the seeds from which the Revolution sprang.

"May the good friend who served us so well on that occasion reappear in our midst. Already the good fruit is ripening in the army, already our troops are turning their back on the tyrant's flag, and so seeking shelter across the frontiers. We know that our troops are wearied and broken down, and bitterly conscious that they are but pawns in the vile game played by the tyrant of Potsdam and his gang. So far have we got but no further. And if these words should ever find their way into the hands of the friend who helped us so gallantly that fateful night perhaps they may move him to a further effort for civilization and freedom."

All this and much more Vera read breathlessly. So far as she could see the struggle for freedom had commenced, and the real soul of Germany was awake. There were pages and pages devoted to the struggle, events that thrilled Vera to the core, but there was one thing that stood out like a flaming sword. Paul Rosslyn was needed now as he had never been needed by her friends before.

CHAPTER L.—THE HARVEST RIPENS.

WITH this amazing newspaper in her hand Vera set out in search of Rosslyn. Hallett had gone back to London, together with Pascoe and Montagu, leaving von Kemp behind. The latter had no desire to return to London, where he might be recognised, and, though his work was practically finished, there were a few little outstanding matters in which he might be useful. Inchcliffe was happy enough, and was only waiting now for his promised appointment. Rosslyn had nothing before him for the moment, and he and Vera had a most pressing invitation to remain at the castle as long as possible. "Here is a most extraordinary thing," Vera said. "I wish you would look at this paper, Paul. It is quite a recent copy of the 'Berliner Zeitung,' which up to the other day was one of the most rabid war organs in Germany. It appears now to be the official organ of the new German Republic. Berlin is in the hands of the Social Brotherhood. Berlin is armed and determined to carry the socialist programme through. Steinitz has been proclaimed President, and there is serious disaffection in the army. The Republic has issued a manifesto which it is anxious to get into the hands of the European Cabinets. This is the point where they fail, but read the paper carefully for yourself. There is a message for you there, unless I am greatly mistaken."

Paul grasped the paper eagerly. He sat there for a long time reading, with Vera by his side. Her head was on his shoulder, and his arm about her waist. And yet Rosslyn was so deeply engrossed with his reading that he was only half conscious of Vera's presence. Then presently he looked into her earnest eyes and smiled.

"You are quite right," he said. "The message stands out in letters of flame. It is quite evident that the military authorities have taken the greatest pains to prevent the rest of the world from discovering the truth, so far as Berlin is concerned. But that message was intended for me all the same. It was probably inspired by your father or Steinitz in the hope that it would meet my eye. Probably this particular paper was brought from Berlin by one of the master spies who met his death in the hospital ship. Anyway the arrow shot at a venture has found its mark."

Vera's face lit up with a glorious smile. "Ah, I expected to hear you speak

like that," she said. "I knew that you would not hesitate a moment."

"I am going this very night," Paul said. "What an extraordinary business this has been altogether. And what a story it will make when it comes to be told. My dearest girl, I am just as keen on it as you are. I am killing two birds with one stone. I am helping my country and Germany at the same time. This means the death of Prussian militarism. I shall be off after dark this evening, and long before you are awake in the morning I shall have seen your father and Steinitz. I shall bring back with me the documents they want to send out to various European capitals, in fact, I shall do everything I can to make myself useful."

"How splendid it sounds," Vera cried. "Fancy one man having so much in his power. It makes me feel almost afraid lest something should happen to you. Is it prudent to go alone?"

"I have hardly given it a thought," Rosslyn said. "But since you mention it, I have an idea. I am going to take von Kemp with me. He is a very keen republican, and he has done some magnificent work for us here. Now that his task is finished he might prove exceedingly useful in Berlin. At any rate he shall have the chance of going there. Of his courage there no doubt."

Vera smiled approvingly. She was more glad at Rosslyn's decision than she cared to say. She hated the idea of Paul travelling all those miles through the dark and perilous night on his long flight to Berlin. What he was going to attempt now out of sheer love for her and regard for her father was a tremendously different hazard than the flight from Wilhelmshaven to Berlin in company with a German subject ready to guarantee his bona fides. On this occasion he was going to start from somewhere near London, he was going to run the gauntlet of a dozen air and sea planes, which would pursue him as relentlessly as if he had been an avowed enemy. Once he was across the North Sea then the fact that he was carrying a German passenger would be distinctly to his advantage.

But at any rate he was going. This mission was entirely his own, and he did not feel disposed to confide in anybody. He meant to sink or swim, and if there was to be any kudos in this midnight adventure then he was going to have it all to himself.

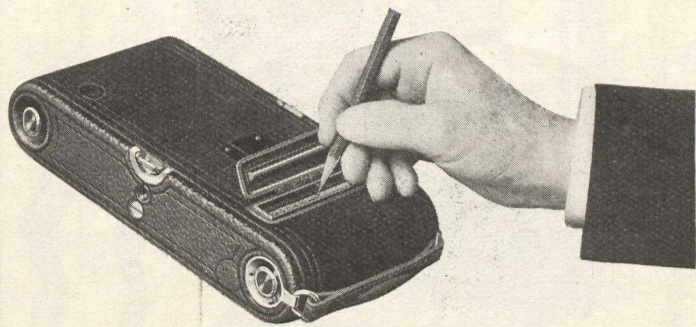
"It's all right," he said. "You need not be in the least afraid. I would fly that little plane of mine without hesitation to the North Pole. All the same, I am going to take von Kemp with me. I know he will be useful, and I am certain that he will jump at the idea. I will go and tell him now. I'll get Inchcliffe to motor us over to York, and with any luck we shall be in London by six. About nine o'clock this evening, if you stand on the terrace, you can imagine me sliding silently out over the North Sea at that moment. Oh, I shall be safe enough. Don't forget that my engine is absolutely noiseless, and that I shall be passing seaward ten thousand feet up without a soul being any the wiser."

Von Kemp rose eagerly enough to Rosslyn's suggestion. His thin, sal-low face flushed with triumph as he eagerly read the paper handed to him. He smote his fist on it vigorously.

"At last," he cried. "At last. The scales have been washed from Germany's eyes, but it has taken a river of blood to do it. Ah, before long you will see the German walking arm in arm with the Englishman again, and their children playing side by side on the sands. Not Prussia, mind you, for that is another story. Yes, I will come with you to-night gladly. I am only too grateful to you for the opportunity."

It was shortly after six when they reached London, and nearly nine o'clock before the little plane was ready. The clock was just striking the hour as the machine rose, and Rosslyn set out on his long and perilous journey. It was bitterly cold and strangely dark up there when they reached the zone of safety, and the

MADE IN CANADA



USE AN

Autographic

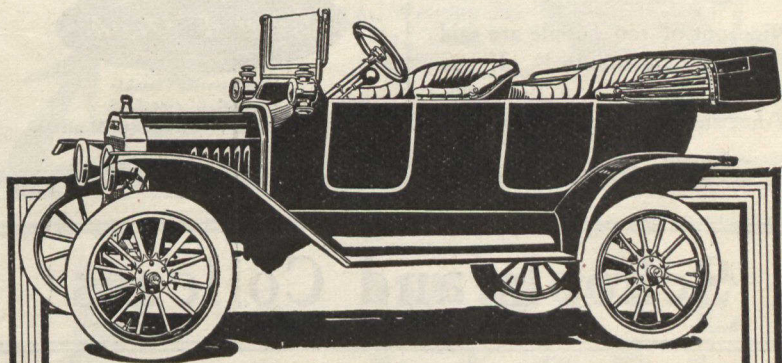
KODAK

Write the date and title on the negative.

Make the pictures that you take doubly valuable by recording, briefly, on the margin of the film negative, the all important: who—when—where.

Ask your dealer or write us for catalogue.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
TORONTO



"MADE IN CANADA"

Ford Touring Car
Price \$590

The best that money can buy—is the labor that goes into the Canadian Ford. Our workmen are the highest paid motor car mechanics in the British Empire. This means dollars saved in after expense to the man who drives a Ford "Made in Canada." Because the Ford car is built right.

Buyers of Ford cars will share in our profits if we sell 30,000 cars between August 1, 1914 and August 1, 1915.

Runabout \$540; Town Car \$840; F. O. B. Ford, Ontario, with all equipment, including electric headlights. Cars on display and sale at any Branch—or write Ford Motor Company, Ltd., Ford, Ontario, for catalogue C-1.

