

# NUMBER 70, BERLIN

A STORY of espionage as they had it in England and still have it in Russia. Told with great simplicity and dramatic force. What is Number 70? That's what Lewin Rodwell knew all about when some people didn't.

## CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

JACK did not want further persuasion. Leaving the old man, he closed the door, ran up the carpeted steps two at a time and, in a few moments, held his well-beloved fondly in his arms.

She looked very pretty that night—a sweet, rather demure little figure in a smart, but young-looking dinner gown of pale cornflower-blue crepe de chine, a dress which well became her, setting off her trim, dainty figure to perfection, while the touch of velvet of the same shade in her fair hair enhanced her beauty.

"Oh! I'm so glad you've come, dear!" cried the girl, as she looked fondly into her lover's face with those clear, childlike eyes, which held him always beneath their indescribable spell. And as he imprinted soft kisses upon her lips, she added: "Do you know, Jack, I may be most awfully silly—probably you'll say I am—but the truth is I have suddenly been seized by grave apprehensions concerning you."

"Why, darling?" he asked quickly, still holding her in his strong arms.

"Well, I'll confess, however silly it may appear," said the girl. "All day to-day I've felt ever so anxious about you. I know that, like poor Dr. Jerrold, you are trying to discover and punish the spies of Germany. Now, those people know it. They are as unscrupulous as they are vindictive, and I—well, I've been seriously wondering whether, knowing that you are their enemy, they may not endeavour to do you some grave harm."

"Harm!" laughed the young man. "Why, whatever makes you anticipate such a thing, darling?"

"Well—I don't really know," was her reply. "Only to-day I've been thinking so much about it all—about Dr. Jerrold's strange death, and of all you've lately told me—that I'm very apprehensive. Do take care of yourself, Jack dear, won't you—for my sake?"

"Of course I will," he said, with a smile. "But what terrible fate do you anticipate for me? You don't really think that the Germans will try and murder me, do you?"

"Ah! You don't know what revenge they might not take upon you," the girl said as they stood together near the fire in the big, handsome room, his arm tenderly around her waist. "Remember that poor Dr. Jerrold upset a good many of their plans, and that you helped him."

"Well, and if I did, I don't really anticipate being assassinated," he answered, quite calmly.

"But the doctor died. Why?" asked the girl. "Could his death have been due to revenge, do you think?"

Jack Sainsbury was silent. It was not the first time that that vague and terrible suggestion had crossed his mind, yet he had never uttered a word to her regarding his suspicions.

"Jerome committed suicide," was his quiet, thoughtful reply.

"That's what the doctors said. But do you think he really did?" queried the girl.

## By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

Jack shrugged his shoulders, but made no reply.

"Ah! I see! You yourself are not quite convinced!" she said, looking him straight in the face.

"Well, Elise," he said after a brief silence, and with a forced laugh, "I really don't think I should worry. I can surely take care of myself. Perhaps you would like me to carry a revolver? I'll do so, if it will content you."

"You can't be too careful, dear," she said earnestly, laying her slim fingers upon his arm. "Remember that they are the spies of the most barbarous race on earth and, in order to gain their ends, they'll stick at nothing."

"Not even at killing your humble and most devoted servant—eh?" laughed Jack. "Well, if it will relieve your mind I'll carry a pistol. I have an automatic Browning at home—a bit rusty, I fear."

"Then carry it with you always, dear. —I— But she hesitated in her eagerness, and did not conclude her sentence.

In a second he realized that she had been on the point of speaking, of telling him something. Yet she had broken off just in time. That fact puzzled him considerably.

"Well," he asked, his serious gaze fixed upon those big blue eyes of his well-beloved, while her fair head rested up his shoulder: "what has caused you these gloomy forebodings concerning myself, dearest? Tell me."

"Oh, nothing," she replied in a strange, nervous voice. "I suppose that I'm horribly silly, of course. But, knowing all that you have told me about the wonderful spy-system of Germany, I have now become gravely apprehensive regarding your safety."

JACK saw that she was endeavouring to conceal something. What knowledge had she gained? In an instant he grew eagerly interested. Yet he did not, at the moment, press her further.

"And you think that the fact of carrying a gun will be a protection to me, do you, little one? Well, most women believe that. Yet, as a matter of fact, firearms are very little protection. If a man is seriously marked down by an enemy, a whole army of detectives cannot save him. Think of the political assassinations, anarchist outrages, and the like. Police protection has usually proved futile."

"But you can take proper ordinary precautions," she suggested.

"And pray, dear, why do you ask me to take precautions?" he inquired. Then, looking earnestly into her eyes, he added very gravely: "Something—or somebody—has put all these grim fears into your head. Now, dearest, tell me the truth," he urged.

She made no response. Her eyes were downcast, and he saw that she hesitated. For what reason?

"Whoever has put all these silly ideas into your head, darling, is responsible to me!" he said in a hard voice.

"Well, Jack, I—I really can't help it. I—I love you, as you know; and I can't bear to think that you are running into danger, as you undoubtedly are."

He looked into her pretty face again.

"Now look here, darling," he went on: "aren't you getting just a little too nervous about me? I quite admit that in these days of wars, of terrible massacres, of barbarism and of outrages of which even African savages would not be guilty, one is apt to become unduly nervous. You've been reading the papers, perhaps. They don't always tell us the truth nowadays, with the Censor trying to hide up everything."

"No, Jack," she said boldly. "I haven't been reading the papers. I'm only anxious to save you."

"But how do you know that I'm in any danger?" he asked quickly. "Why be anxious at all? I assure you that I'm perfectly safe. Nobody will lift a finger against me. Why should they?"

"Ah! you don't see," she cried. "There is a motive—a hidden motive of revenge. Your enemies intend to do you harm—grievous bodily harm. I know that."

"How?" he asked quickly, fixing her splendid eyes with his.

That straight, bold question caused her to hesitate. She had intended to prevaricate, that he knew. She did not wish to reveal the truth to him, yet she feared lest he might be annoyed. Nevertheless, so serious was he, so calm and utterly defiant in face of her grave warning, that a second later she found herself wavering.

"Well," she replied, "I—I feel absolutely certain that it is intended that some harm shall come to you."

"Then I'd better go to Scotland Yard and say that I'm threatened—eh?" he laughed merrily. "And they will put on somebody to watch me, well knowing that, if the whole of Scotland Yard—from the Assistant Commissioner downwards—were put on to shadow me, the result would be just the same. I should surely be killed, if my enemies had seriously plotted my death."

"That's just my very argument," she said sagely, her pretty head slightly inclined as she spoke. "I feel convinced that some evil is intended."

"But why, darling?" he asked in surprise. "What causes you all these silly notions?"

"Several things. Frankly, I don't believe that Dr. Jerrold took his own life. I believe that he was a victim of the dastardly spies of the Great Assassin."

JACK said nothing. The mystery in Wimpole Street was great. Yet, how could they dispute the medical evidence?

"That's another matter," he remarked. "How does that concern my safety?"

"It does, very deeply. Your enemies know that you assisted Jerrold, and I am firmly convinced that



you are marked down in consequence."

"My darling!" he cried, drawing her closer to him. "You really make me feel quite creepy all over!" and he laughed.

"Oh, I do wish, dear, you'd take this grave danger seriously!"

"But I don't. That's just it!" he answered. "I quite understand, darling, that you may be anxious, but I really feel that your anxiety is quite groundless and hence unnecessary."

The girl sighed, and then protested, saying—

"Ah! if you would only heed my warning!"

"Haven't I promised to do so? I'm going to carry my revolver in future."

"You take it as a huge joke!" she said in dissatisfaction, disengaging herself slowly from his embrace.

"I do. Because I can't see why you should warn me. Who has put

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