With Fingers! Corns Lift Out

Apply a few drops then lift corns or calluses off-no pain

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Just think! Not one bit

Just think! Not one bit of pain before applying freezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the surrounding skin.

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the true story of the evil machinations of Ludwig Heitzman, alias Levin Rodwell, and how he had succeeded in bringing such indisputable evidence against an innocent man, is here revealed for the first time in the foregoing pages.

O N the evening of Lewin Rodwell's well-deserved, but cowardly end -the evening of the day of his arrest -Sir Boyle Huntley disappeared from London to the Continent, and was never again seen.

On that same night, too, at ten o'clock, there was a little assembly in Sir Houston Bird's consulting-room in Cavendish Square. Jack and his fiancee were standing happily reunited and arm in arm, while Charles Trustram and Sir Houston were also present. It was then that Trustram decided to hand over the note which poor Dr. Jerrold had left for his friend on the fatal night before he took his

Jack broke the seals, and slowly taking out the brief letter, read it, his lips contracting as he realised its contents. Then he handed it from one to the other until they had all read it.

The confession, for such it was, showed how Jerrold had, like old Small-who, by the way, was forgiven, for the assistance he had in the end rendered to the authorities—first been inveigled into the net spread by a money-lender, and having been forced to perform a small traitorous though unsuspected act three years before the outbreak of war, had, in order to extricate himself from financial ruin, been constantly threatened with exposure by Rodwell if he refused to further help the enemy, now that we were at war. He had steadfastly defied the master-spy, and had, indeed, in order to retrieve his past, boldly sought out spies and denounced them. But, alas! Rodwell's wide-spread influence in the network of espionage asserted itself, and into the hands of the Intelligence Department there had been placed the facts, with the proofs of his action three years before. A warrant had consequently been issued, and rather than bear the blackmail longer, or the punishment, he had been driven to take his own life, and thus unfortunately give colour to the base, unfounded charges levelled against his friend.

Then, when the lovers knew the truth-and that the anonymous letter of warning had been sent by the woman Kirby in order to mystify them and thus strengthen Rodwell's hand-Jack, heedless of their two friends being present, turned and kissed his well-beloved fondly upon the lips.

He saw that her big blue eyes were dimmed by tears of joy, and then he said, his voice trembling with emo-

"At last, my darling, I am freefree to love and to marry you-free at last of that terrible stigma piaced so cleverly and wilfully upon me by that mean, despicable coward, who was both spy and blackmailer."

"Yes, Jack dear," whispered the girl softly, as she raised her ready lips to those of her lover-"yes, you are free, and moreover we now love each other far better than ever we did, for our affection has been triedtried and proven in the fire of the hatred of 'Number Seventy Berlin.'"

THE END.





