

men," he said nodding at two of his soldiers, "where your overcoat, hat and gloves are, and they will fetch them. Then I must ask you to show us your room and everything you have got in it; thereafter we will march to the quarters of my commanding officer."

"Perhaps he will allow me to telegraph to my editor in London," said Max, before giving the necessary directions, and the overcoat, hat and gloves were brought to him. Then Max, the officer, and the soldiers proceeded to Max's room, which was thoroughly searched. Max's valises were strapped up; every article belonging to him was seized by the soldiers. All marched out of the room, Max still being between the two soldiers who had at first ranged themselves on either side of him; his valises and other possessions were carried off.

On descending the staircase, they were met by the proprietor of the hotel who, on asking in abject tones, what was the matter, was roughly told by the officer that it was no affair of his, and that the best thing he could do was to hold his tongue. Perhaps he was wondering who was to pay Max's bill, but he said no more, recognising the fact that as a civilian he was but as dirt beneath that officer's feet.

INTO the street Max walked with his captors; it was a bitter night and a fine thin snow was falling which beat upon their faces; save for a word of command from the officer now and again, no one spoke. Max's thoughts were far from agreeable, but he deemed it unlikely that he would be long detained. Yet as he recalled ever and anon the warning of Bertha Schmidt, a feeling of distinct uneasiness would sweep over him. After they had walked what seemed a considerable distance, they reached a great pile of buildings, which he took to be barracks. Presently he was marched into a room of some size, where an elderly man, in a general's uniform, was sitting at a table on which were many neatly docketed papers.

The officer who had arrested Max came forward, and saluted the general; pointing at Max, he informed his senior who he was; they conversed together in tones so low that Max merely heard a murmur, and could not make out what was said. The officer next ordered the two soldiers who guarded Max to fall back.

"The general wishes to speak to you," he said to Max, who thereupon stepped up to the table, at which the general sat, and saluted him, military fashion, to which the other immediately responded, but with a very serious expression on his face.

"You are Mr. Max Hamilton," he said, in perfect English.

"Yes," said Max, and then followed a conversation consisting of questions and answers, very similar to that which had taken place a short time before between the young officer and Max.

Max again affirmed he was not a spy, but a journalist.

"On a particular mission?" demanded the general. "Why have you come to Germany? What are you doing here in Treves?"

Max thought for a second or two before replying.

"I scarcely think I can tell you that, sir," Max answered, "unless with the permission of the editor of my paper. I asked this gentleman," he went on, turning towards the officer who stood in the background, "if I might telegraph to him that I had been arrested as a spy, and he told me that he had no power to grant my request. If you, sir, will allow me to telegraph to him, the matter can all be explained."

"It may be so," said the general, but in a tone of disbelief. "Listen, Mr. Hamilton. I know you are ostensibly a journalist, and on the staff of 'The Day.' I also know that you have been a soldier, that you went through the South African campaigns, and that you are a student of war. I have even read your book on that war. You are

therefore just the very man to make a good spy."

Max made a gesture of dissent.

"Listen, Mr. Hamilton," the general resumed. "Your movements since you left London are known to me. You arrived in Luxemburg the day before yesterday; you came to Treves yesterday; to-day you have been in Coblenz. You have been constantly under observation. What has been your object, if it was not espionage?"

"I cannot tell you, sir, until I am allowed to do so by my editor," Max replied. "Will you let me send him a message which you shall read for yourself before it is dispatched?"

"No I shall not. It would be easy enough for him to concoct something! I also know that you have communicated, not with him, but with a lady in London, a lady whose father was in your army."

"She is my fiancée, and I telegraphed to her on my arrival here only."

Shrugging his shoulders, the general looked at him.

"Enough for to-night," he at length said, and his voice was cold and hard. "I shall see you again in the morning. Take him away," he said to the officer, "and see that he is securely guarded."

Max in another minute found himself in a small room, the windows of which were barred; its furniture consisted of a military bed, and a chair; soldiers were stationed outside the door, and he could hear the tread of a sentry in the yard on which the room gave.

When he was left alone, Max threw himself on the bed. His mind was working with feverish intensity, and sleep was impossible; he was trying to think out all that had happened, and ever there recurred one question, "If his arrest as a spy had been foreshadowed by the warning given him by Bertha Schmidt, how had she known of it?"

"Can the woman be connected with the German secret service?" he asked himself. "It seems very unlikely."

There were the years during which she had been a servant to Sylvia Chase—

Then suddenly Max glimpsed the truth—not the whole, but some part of it.

(To be Continued.)

THE CZAR AS A SOLDIER.

THE Czar's action in placing himself at the head of his army makes it interesting to know that at one time he served as a private, submitting himself to all the privations of the life of a common soldier, saluting his officers and carrying the full equipment, which then weighed nearly three-quarters of a hundred-weight exclusive of the weight of the rifle. He appeared on the regimental roll as "Private Nicholas Romanoff, married, of the Orthodox faith, coming from Tsarskoe Selo." When he was given commissioned rank he set himself severely against snobbishness. A young lieutenant had annoyed his fellow officers by travelling in a tram-car to the barracks, and they were promptly admonished by the Czar, who said, "I hear that to ride in a tram is considered beneath the dignity of an officer in your regiment. I am your colonel, and I have just been riding in a tram. Do you wish me to send in my papers?" The regiment after that lost a lot of its snobbishness.

She Surely Is.—No matter how plain a woman may be, she is sure to be an impossible riddle to some poor chap.

Modernism.—From a description of a high society event in a Brooklyn paper we take this:

"Most of the young women wore infants' dresses and socks, and the young men were in night-gowns, to which had been attached rosettes and bows of ribbon."

It's a serious question whether such young men should be allowed to carry matches. That paragraph is the strongest argument we have seen why Uncle Sam should gather up his "young men" and force them to take a course of military training.



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