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Prizes

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$200.00 will be given to the person sending in the best line.
50.00 to the person sending in the 2nd. best.
25.00 " " " " " " 3rd. "
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Now, thousands of housewives use it for Cakes, Pies, Rolls and Biscuits. But there are still many more who do not; we want them to try just one can of St. George's—because we know that one can will make them firm friends of this absolutely pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder.

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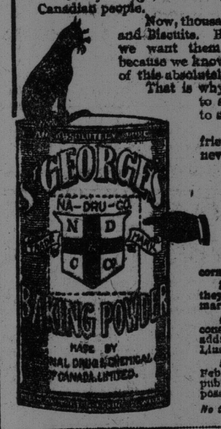

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1st. Your line with your name and address must be plainly written on the coupon below.

2nd. Carefully remove the trade mark from a tin of St. George's Baking Powder by wetting the label with a cloth dampened in hot water (note—be careful not to get the powder in the tin damp.) Paste or pin the trade mark to the corner of the coupon in the space provided.

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4th. The Editor of the Montreal Star has kindly consented to act as judge and all answers must be addressed to the Editor, St. George's Baking Powder Limerick, Star Office, Montreal.

5th. All answers must be posted not later than Feb. 29th, 1908. The names of the prize winners will be published in this paper as soon after that date as possible.

No trademark cut from our sample package will be accepted.

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And Biscuits and Pies, the best ever—
You can easily bake them
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Paste or pin the trade mark from the label of a tin of St. George's Baking Powder here.

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor of Montreal Star as final, and enter the competition with that understanding

Signature.....

2 3 Address.....

.....

Address this coupon with our trade mark attached, and your line and signature plainly written, to 52

The Editor, St. George's Baking Powder Limerick, Star Office, Montreal, Que.

In the Cause of Freedom,

By Arthur W. Marchmont.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year nineteen hundred and seven, by McLeod & Allen, at Department of Agriculture.

CHAPTER I.

A CHANCE MEETING.

"Do you mean to take me for a spy?"

I had hard work to prevent myself laughing at the man to his face; and it is no light matter to laugh at these self-satisfied, bullying officials in Russian Poland. Some of them have too much power.

"Do I understand that you refuse to answer my questions and shew me your papers?"

"And what if I do?" He had burst into my room in the little inn at Bratinsk as I sat reading my paper over a cigar, and without any preface had fired his questions at me with the peremptory incivility of the average police agent. My temper had taken the intrusion badly.

He shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows. "I am a police agent from Warsaw and must know your business in Bratinsk."

At that I saw light. I recalled a paragraph I had just read in the Warsaw paper. I pointed to it. "Is this the key to your visit?"

"Ah, you have read it," he replied with that offensive manner in which these people always contrive to imply that everything you say or do is a matter of suspicion.

"I'll read it again now with more interest," said I. I did so very deliberately, to gain time to cool my temper and see how it could possibly affect me.

"We are in a position to state that a raid was made two nights ago upon a house in the Kronplatz, which has long been suspected to be the Warsaw headquarters of a branch of the dangerous patriotic society known as the 'P.F.F.' (Polish Freedom Fraternity). The house was deserted at the time, but important papers were found which revealed the existence of a conspiracy of wide and far-reaching extent. The complete break-up of the powerful organization of the Freedom Fraternity is likely to be the result of the raid, and several well known patriots are said to be implicated by the discoveries. Among the names rumored is that of Count Peter Valdemar, once well known as the 'Stormy Petrel' of Polish politics."

"Do you take me for Count Peter Valdemar?" I asked.

"I did not come here to be fooled," was the angry reply. "If you will not comply with my demands, you must accompany me to Warsaw."

I saw the prudence of not angering him. "I am Robert Anstruther, an Englishman, and have been here about three weeks, shooting over the estate of my friend, Count Ladislas Tuleski."

"Your passport?"

"Here it is. You have a very unpleasant manner," I could not help adding, as I took out my pocket book. By a curious chance I had three pasports; my own and that of my chum, Robert Garrett and his sister, Margaret. They were to have come out with me on their way to Turkey, but had been prevented at the last moment. I picked mine out and handed it to him. "It's properly vised, you'll see."

He assumed a very profound air as he read it. "You speak Polish very well for an Englishman," he said.

"I speak also German and French, and some Russian."

"You have no trace of the vile English accent."

"Is that meant for a compliment?" I asked lightly. It was no use to get angry again.

"And you are a friend of Count Ladislas Tuleski? You are, no doubt, aware that he is a suspect."

I smiled as I thought of my friend's airy impulsiveness and almost butterfly repudiation of responsibility. "I am surprised he should be suspected of doing anything seriously."

"He is," was the snappy reply. "And his friends are naturally objects of interest just now. Where is he?"

"I don't know. I heard of him last in London."

'And you are from London? It is at least a coincidence. Do you know Count Peter Valdemar?"

"I believe I met him once." I remembered that I had seen him at my friend's hotel in London.

"Another coincidence," he returned drily. There was a pause during which he regarded me fixedly, pretty much as though I were a criminal. "You would perhaps, like to shew me all your papers, to satisfy me of the truth of your story."

That was what an American would call "the limit."

I got up and opened the door. "I have told you the truth and I don't allow any man to question my word. You'd better go before I lose my temper."

I stood six feet without bootheels; I had been the heaviest number five in my college eight that Corpus had had for years; and was in the pink of condition. He saw that I meant business and rose.

"I don't question your word," he began.

"Are you going?"

He went out into the corridor. "We shall probably require you to come to Warsaw."

"If you wish to arrest me do it, and be hanged to you."

"You mustn't talk like that, and had better leave Bratinsk. So long as you stay here you will be under surveillance—" the rest of his sentence was lost, for I slammed the door in his face.

The attempt at any kind of surveillance over my movements would drive me out of Bratinsk like a shot; and I should have been much more annoyed by the incident but for the fact that I had been daily expecting my visit to be brought to a close by the weather. I had been very lucky to hit such an open season; but it was late in December, and the snow was so long overdue that by leaving at once I should miss very little sport.

I determined to go, therefore. I had a pig-sticking fixed for the following day; and that should be the last.

It was not at all unlikely, too, that Warsaw would afford me some excitement. The papers were full of hints about impending troubles from the strikers, and revolutionary party, consequent upon the ominous unrest in St. Petersburg; and I settled that I might as well go there for a couple of days to see the fun, and then rush home for Christmas.

With this plan in my thoughts I strolled up to the railway station to see about trains.

As I reached the building the stationmaster, a very busy little official, named Blauben, came running up to me.

"Ah, mister, mister,"—he knew this one word of English and thought it the correct way to address an Englishman—"you can do me a service. I beg of you. I am in sore perplexity."

"What is the matter?"

"A country-woman of yours. She sets me at defiance and does not understand a word I say. The last train for three hours has gone and the law is that I shut the station. She will not go out."

"Do you want me to put her out for you?"

"No, no; you can explain to her that the law requires the station to be shut now; and they are very strict because of this last conspiracy they have discovered: No one is allowed to remain, mister. Besides, my wife is waiting for me; and you know her. She is not patient when the dinner is kept waiting. Ah, mister?"

"Where is she?"

I pictured to myself a typical strong-minded British matron, or spinster, stern of feature, sturdy of will, Baedeker in hand, insistent upon her rights, and holding the station grimly against the chattering officious little Pole; and I looked for some fun. But, instead, he led me up to a girl, who contradicted in every particular my anticipation. She was some twenty years of age, well-dressed and as pretty as a painting; straight, regular features, flaxen hair and blue eyes; glorious eyes meant for laughter, but now clouded with trouble and nervous agitation. A picture of pale, shrinking misery that went straight to my heart.

"Here is an English mister who will explain," said the stationmaster with elaborate gesture.

I raised my hat and as she glanced at me, the color flushed into her cheeks and her large eyes seemed to dilate with a new fear connected with my presence. In a moment it flashed into my thoughts that she had understood him quite well.

"The station master tells me you are a country-woman of mine," I said in English; "and has asked me to explain that the station is to be closed now."

There was a pause, her look of blank dismay. She bit her lip and then stammered slowly with a rich foreign accent, "Zank you, sir; I cannot go. I wait for ze train and zomeone."

I accepted this as though it were the purest English and gave a free translation of it to the station master. But he was bluntness itself. His wife was waiting for him, and he had the law on his side.

I turned to the girl again and said, trying German this time: "They have curious laws in this country, and one of them requires the station to be closed."

Her face lighted with unmistakable relief and she answered in the same language: "My servant has gone to make some arrangements, I only wish to wait for a train."

I interpreted this also; but the man was obdurate. "She cannot wait here. No one is allowed—by law."

"But I must wait," she broke in, and blushed vividly and trembled at having given away the fact that she understood him.

"Let me offer a suggestion. I am an Englishman, Robert Anstruther, and if you will permit, I will wait with you outside until your servant returns. These officials are obstinate just now because of some plot that has been discovered; and he will only send for the police if you do not comply."

At the mention of the police she rose quickly, all the color left her face and her lips quivered.

The stationmaster beamed his thanks upon me as he bowed us out and turned the key upon us.

"These little officials are very touchy," I said, when we stood outside and I saw she was quite undecided what to do.

She paused, and then said impulsively: "I don't know what you will think. I—I am so ashamed."

"I hope not. There is no need."

"I mean about—I am not English."

"Are you not? You answered me in English," I said gravely.

A little blush signalled vexation. "As if you did not know. It is no subject for laughter."

"God forbid that I should laugh. You are too evidently in deep trouble."

"And you know that I understood him all the time."

I bowed. "I ask no questions."

"I should like to explain, but I cannot. Oh, how humiliating!" she cried, and the distress and trouble in her tone touched me deeply.

"I am only a stranger, but if I can help you, I beg you to give me the opportunity."

"You cannot. You cannot; oh, I—" She left the sentence unfinished and turned away to stare along the road leading to the village, her arm resting upon a gate near. "If he comes back—" I heard her murmur; but the rest of the sentence was lost.

She was a mystery, and a very fascinating mystery too. Who could she be? Why travelling alone? What was her trouble? Why pretending to be English? Why had she started so at the mention of the police? These and a dozen other questions rushed into my mind in the minute or two that followed. I cudgelled my wits for something to say; some way of breaking down the barrier that prevented her making some kind of use of me.

The visit of the police agent having turned my thoughts to the subject of the conspiracy, I wondered whether she could be in any way connected with it. A fugitive, perhaps? But the idea was preposterous. She was surely the very incarnation of innocence; about as well fitted for a conspirator as I was for a police agent.

She turned suddenly and broke in upon my thoughts by saying, hurriedly and nervously, this time in Polish: 'Thank you, sir, for what you have done and also for your offer; but I must not detain you longer.'

I smiled. "You are not detaining me; but I will go, of course, if you wish."

She hesitated. I hoped it was from reluctance to dismiss me. Then she put out her hand impulsively and said with an air of constraint and a very wistful look: "My secret is safe with you, I know."

"I should like to make it a condition of silence that you let me help you further."

"No, no. That is impossible; impossible," she cried quickly. My—my servant will be back soon." The fear in her eyes increased as she spoke of him.

"Well, don't forget the name—Anstruther. I'm at the Petersburg Inn, should you—or your friends think me likely to be of any use."

She shook her head. "No, no. Thank you. Thank you."

I raised my hat and turned away. I would have given a lot to be able to find some excuse for staying with her; and when I looked after her, chance found me a reason to go back. She was walking slowly in the direction of the village, her back towards me, and I saw her handkerchief fall.

I picked it up and hurried after her. Hearing my step she turned so quickly as to suggest alarm.

"You have dropped this," I said, handing her the little dainty lace trifle. As I held it out the initials "V. D." embroidered in the corner, lay uppermost.

She took it hurriedly, glanced from the initials to my face, and then thanked me.

Just then a man came hastily round a bend in the path some twenty paces ahead of us. She bit her lip at sight of him and her nervous confusion increased.

"My—my servant. You must go, please."

Surprised that she should shew such fear of a servant. I drew aside with a smile and she walked on.

Then I looked at the servant; and the mystery about her at once became clearer and yet deeper.

It is one of the freaks of my otherwise treacherous memory, never to forget a face; and despite his disguise I recognized the man at once. I knew him by his remarkable eyes—small, piercing and almost black in hue.

It was Count Peter Valdemar, the "Stormy Petrel" of Polish politics; the originator of a dozen conspiracies. He was dressed as a servant, wore a close-cropped red wig, and was clean shaven.

I recalled the police agent's words instantly; and the danger to the girl appealed to me. For her sake I resolved to warn him.

They spoke together, and from his glances in my direction, I guessed she was telling him what I had done. As I approached them, he assumed the deferential air of a servant.

"A word with you." I said.

"He was full of surprise."With me, sir?"

I drew him aside. "I have no desire to pry into your affairs, but I wish to warn you that you are in great danger of discovery here."

"Danger! Of what? Surely you are mistaken, sir?" He spoke with a flourish of the hand and a bow, but his piercing eyes were fixed intently upon mine.

"I am a friend of Count Ladislas Tuleski, and I met you once or twice in his rooms in London a year ago. You are Count Peter Valdemar. This morning a police agent from Warsaw visited me, and regarded me as a suspect because of my friendship with the Count, and because I admitted that I had known you. Take the warning from me as a friend; and be on your guard. If I have recognized you, others may."

It was safer for us both not to be seen together, so I walked off leaving him a very much surprised Count indeed.

(To be Continued.)

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