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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 the Department of Agriculture.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXII.
Police Methods.

We daffled with the question and I thought he was going to repudiate my suggestion; but after a slight pause his manner became official.

"If you recognize me, there is no reason for further concealment. We are in possession of the house and my object was to learn the purpose of your visit. I invite you to tell me plainly."

"It is merely personal and private. If I leave Warsaw tomorrow, I shall not have another opportunity to see my friend."

"A more friendly call? At such an hour at this? On one of the leaders of the conspiracy which is threatening the whole city?"

"It is no novel experience for me to make a statement which at the time is not believed by the agents of your department and to have the truth proved later."

"Where have you come from?"

"I dined at the Hotel Vladimir about a couple of hours ago; since then I have been in the streets."

"Also for private and personal purposes?"

"I am an Englishman and always interested in watching the results of misgovernment. A mere personal interest, of course."

"He liked this no better than I intended. 'Your visit here tonight is full of suspicion, sir, and the account of your movements very difficult to believe.'"

"In England such a remark would be treated as an impertinence; but there we manage matters differently, and even police officials speak the language of courtesy."

"This is not England," he said with a sneer.

"Thank God that at least is true. But all the same, need we ruffle one another's tempers? I am ready to do what you wish, I can't help myself, of course."

"What is your address?"

"The night before last I was a guest of your Department in the fortress of Kreuzstadt. Last night I stayed at the house of my friend, General von Eckerstein. Tonight I meant to ask Ladislav to put me up; and tomorrow I might be on my way to God's country once more. As it is, I shall return to the Hotel Vladimir, unless of course you have any—"

"And I waved my hand to indicate that he might like to finish the sentence."

"My instructions are to send all who come to this house to the Department. One of my men will accompany you."

"I am ready," I answered curtly. "It is a pity you did not act on your instructions before and save time, instead of trying to trick me into admissions."

"You can make your explanations there, sir, and lodge any complaint you please," he replied; and in a few minutes I was on my way to the Department in charge of one of his subordinates.

"You are an Englishman?" he said, after he had been eyeing me very curiously for some time.

"Yes, with no great opinion of your methods of government."

"From London?"

"Yes, from London."

"I have been in London," he answered in excellent English.

"I wonder you ever came back here, then."

"I was some time there, in Soho. It was in London, I suppose, you met Count Ladislav Tuleski?"

"There and in other places. Has he been arrested tonight?"

"No. He would have been, but some one gave him notice that his house was to be raided; and of course he fled." He laughed as though this were a joke.

"Strange how these official secrets get tapped!" I said.

"The Fraternity has friends in many quarters."

"Has it?"

He laughed again, rather drily, this time, and answered with a shrewd glance. "Of course you don't know. Any one calling at the Count's house at such a time would not."

What was he driving at? His manner suggested more than a mere desire to pump me. I made no reply, waiting for him to develop the thing.

"My name is Christian Burski. You may know it," he said next.

"How should I, an Englishman, know the names of the Warsaw police?"

He laughed at this first and then said meaningfully, "Not of all the police, of course. But mine is well known."

"Is it? I don't envy you your reputation, I don't care."

"Ah, you have no sympathy with the police."

"A kind of sport in which I'd rather be than hunter."

He smiled. "That's good. I like your way," he replied; and then lowering his voice and speaking earnestly, he added: "Is this visit to Headquarters likely to be serious for you? Are you a suspect?"

"One would scarcely go to such a place on a night like this from choice, I suppose?" I answered lightly.

"There's a lot of trouble brewing in the streets and it would be easy for a man to get away from a single guard."

After a bribe, I concluded. "Will you smoke? I asked him and handed him a cigar. We stood to light up and as the match flared between us our eyes met.

"Why do you say this?"

"As a peasant farmer, friend," he laughed.

I held the match to his cigar and he pulled at it, keeping his eyes the while on me. "You seem in a hurry," I answered, laughing in my turn.

"Immediate," came the due response.

"Your name?"

Up went his left hand as he gave me the sign. "In the eye of God."

I thrust out my hand.

He looked at me steadily and would not take it. It was proof enough.

"Did you give notice of the raid?"

He nodded. "Yes. If you don't wish to go to the Department, we'll get into one of these crows; you can knock me over and get away."

I thought quickly. "I don't think it matters. You can help me in a much more important affair. Have we a friend in Colonel Brennehoff's house—his private house?"

"I am there myself," he answered, with his dry smile.

"Could you get me admittance?"

"No, impossible."

"If I were once inside could you help me?"

"At the risk of both our lives."

"When will you be there?"

"Tomorrow, I expect. Tonight, the raids on the Fraternity leaders have brought every special among us on duty. Tomorrow, the military will be called out."

"If I am not detained at the department tonight, could you bring me a police uniform to the Hotel Vladimir?"

"Yes. One of mine. We are pretty much the same height. By whose orders?"

"To serve Count Tuleski. There are certain papers in Colonel Brennehoff's safe which we must have."

"Impossible," he said, with a shake of the head. "He carries the key always; and when he is absent a man is always posted in the room."

"Which room is it?"

"The library. The room at the back of the house on your left as you enter. But there are usually half a dozen men on guard in the house."

"At what time after dusk does the Colonel return home?"

"At six—he dines with his mother and sister."

"If you see me in the house to-morrow you will contrive to be on hand, should any one be called by him. That is all. God keep us all," I said, remembering Jacob Posen's parting salutation at Kreuzstadt.

"God keep us all," he repeated.

We reached the Department soon afterwards and after a short delay I was taken in to Brennehoff, who received me with a half-suppressed, malicious chuckle. My guard, Burski, reported that I had called at Ladislav's house and the explanation I had given.

Brennehoff sent him out of the room. "I scarcely expected to see you here again so soon," he said, when we were alone. "We have another charge waiting for you."

"I can answer any charge."

"Do you wish to communicate with your friends this time?" he sneered. "Scarcely so, I imagine. General von Eckerstein pledged himself that you were no revolutionary. Why then did I find you at the Drakonas' house this afternoon; and why did you aid the escape of a suspect; and follow it with this night visit to the house of a Fraternity leader?"

I smiled. "You are not alarming me, Colonel Brennehoff. I am no revolutionary. I went to the Drakonas' house because my friend Count Ladislav Tuleski urged me to help him in protecting from you the woman he hopes to marry—Volna Drakona; I helped her to escape when you sent to arrest her; and I went to my friend's house to tell him what I had done."

"The woman he is to marry?" he exclaimed with a scowl. Then with a vicious curl of the lip: "So you admit that you helped in this escape?"

"Why should I deny it? You have the proofs. Your man would identify me. You can charge me with the offense, but of course in that case the reasons for the suspect's arrest must be gone into fully. And you see I know them thoroughly."

He saw his dilemma. "I did not say I should charge you, only that you have now committed an act which at such a time of crisis carries serious consequences."

It was my turn to chuckle; but I had more to gain than merely turn the tables on him.

"I have done nothing which I am not perfectly willing to make known publicly anywhere. When I learned my friend's sentiments and hopes in regard to Miss Drakona, my own object was instantly changed. But for his persistence, I should probably have left Warsaw today."

This drew a long, keen, searching look on me. "Does Miss Drakona know this?"

"Of course."

"Are you aware of the charges against Count Tuleski? That if made good, they may involve a life sentence, or at least, Siberia?"

"Why do you tell me this?"

"You are shrewd enough to understand, Mr. Anstruther."

"I will not discuss such a question."

"If this matter against you is not pressed, will you leave Warsaw?"

"How can I? I have agreed to be examined to-morrow about the Bratinak matter."

He waved an impatient hand. "I can arrange that, of course."

"I will go on condition that Madame Drakona is at once set at liberty and the evidence you are holding back is placed in my hands, and that Miss Volna Drakona is absolved from all responsibility for the affair at Bratinak."

I looked for an outburst of anger at this; but he listened closely and then said, "If I agree, when will you leave Warsaw?"

"What is behind that?" he asked after the pause.

"That Miss Drakona must be a free agent to become the wife of my friend if she will."

"Free to go to Siberia?" he sneered; "or perhaps you mean to England?"

"There is an end of the thing. I have no use for a man who doubts my word."

"You forget how grossly I have been deceived already."

I made no reply, but leant back in my chair, crossed my legs, and showed my hands into my pockets with a great show of unconcern.

"Where is Miss Drakona?" I took no notice. "Can you communicate with her?"

I took a paper from my pocket and began to read it. "If I agree, when will you leave Warsaw?" I made a pencil note on the paper, folded it up and put it away with a sigh of weariness.

"I did not mean to doubt your word. I retract what I said."

"That's another matter. We can resume. Provided you keep faith with me throughout. Then, as soon as Madame Drakona is free and you have handed me the evidence against her and satisfied me that the charge against her daughter is settled, I will go by the next train."

"On my word of honour."

He thought for a moment. "You can arrange to leave tomorrow night. There will be certain formalities to settle of course. I will see to them tomorrow. Come to my private house tomorrow at six o'clock and I shall be prepared with everything. Are you still with General von Eckerstein?"

"No. I shall stay tonight at the Hotel Vladimir."

"You can go. Oh, by the way," he added in a tone of indifference; "your man-servant has been brought here with your luggage from Bratinak."

Something in his manner struck me. His indifference seemed forced. "Is he a prisoner?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Not now."

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"Let him bring my things to the Vladimir."

He struck his table bell. "This gentleman has been brought here needlessly," he said to the man who came. "He has certain instructions to give about his man-servant. See that they are carried out. Good-night, Mr. Anstruther."

I left the message for Felsen, and as I was passing out I saw Burski. He gave me a quick glance of congratulation.

"I am going, you see," I said.

"I did no more than my duty," he answered, for those about us to hear.

"I have no grudge against you. I hope you will always do no less than your duty."

He noticed the equivocal phrase. "I think I can be depended upon," was his equally ambiguous reply.

"Good-night. I am going to the Hotel Vladimir."

"It is nothing to me. Good-night."

I moved off; and just then some one called out—"Burski, the chief wants you."

I turned my head at the call; and was just in time to catch his eye fixed upon me with an expression which set me thinking as I stepped into the street and started for the hotel.

It was a look which suggested that the man was off in that moment.

"Had he been just fooling me?"

(To be continued.)

SPORTING

MARATHONS WIN
FROM FREDERICTON

The Marathons made their last game in the N. B. H. L. series their first victory of the season by defeating the Marysville Crescents last night here by the score of 3 to 1.

The Greeks had the better of the contest throughout and outplayed their opponents at every point. That their victory delighted their admirers was evidenced by the tooting of horns and club yell of the Marathon contingent present.

Had the Marathons been able to put up the same game earlier in the season their record would have been much better. With Ken Inches' improvement at point, the change of Mooney to rover and the addition of Jimmy Philips to the forward line, the red and grey are a formidable aggregation and should give a good account of themselves at Fredericton in their exhibition game against the Fredericton Capitals in the celestial city tonight.

There was considerable trouble agreeing upon a referee yesterday afternoon. The visitors brought Jimmy Music, of the Capitals, and insisted upon his officiating, while the Greeks were determined on having a local man. This was adjusted, however, by using the double referee system, Music for penalties and Roland Skinner for referee of play. The teams were:

Marysville.	Goal.	Marathons.
Endall.	Point.	Tufts
Brogan.	Left Wing.	Inches
N. Robertson.	Right Wing.	Philips
Burns.	Centre.	Mooney
Hovey.	Centre.	Clawson
Inch.	Centre.	Clawson
R. Robertson.	Centre.	Clawson

The game opened with a rush, the Crescents forcing the play. They kept the Greeks on the defensive for the first five minutes and Tufts had some hot ones to stop. From this point, however, the play shifted from one end to the other as the result of individual rushes by Burns, Hovey and Inches. Burns and Inches had the better of the play after about twenty-one minutes Paterson found the net, making the score 2-1 in favor of St. John.

There were but two penalties, however. Mooney getting two minutes for back checking Brogan and putting him almost through the wire netting at the Crescents' end, and Woodworth for cross checking in the second half the referees shifted positions, Skinner being referee of penalties and Music referee of play. The half was rougher than the first and the penalty list was heavy. The visitors started rushing and after about thirty seconds Roy Robertson found the net, making the score 2-1 in favor of St. John.

The game opened with a rush, the Crescents almost continuously on the defensive, the situation being relieved by pretty rushes of Burns, Hovey and Inches. The Marathons' third goal was made by Paterson on a pass from Clawson, a nice piece of combination, and the game ended with the puck in the visitors' territory. This resulted in some mix-ups. Woodworth checked Hovey hard against the boards, putting the Marysville player out for a short time and Paterson and Roy Robertson were given two minutes each near the end of the game for scrapping.

There was little combination work by either team. Those showing up best were Paterson, Mooney and Clawson for the Marathons, and Burns, Hovey and Len Inch for the Crescents.

The following is the summary by goals:

First Half.
Paterson, Marathons, 21 minutes.

Second Half.
R. Robertson, Crescents, 30 seconds.
Paterson, Marathons, 1 minute.
Paterson, Marathons, 13 minutes.

Penalties.
Mooney, 2 minutes, back checking.
Woodworth, 2 minutes, cross checking.
Inch, 2 minutes, tripping.
Woodworth, 2 minutes, cross checking.
Inch, 2 minutes, back off side.
Hovey, 2 minutes, tripping.
Inch, 3 minutes, tripping.
Philips, 2 minutes, tripping.
Paterson, 2 minutes, for scrapping.
R. Robertson, 2 minutes, for scrapping.
Inches, 2 minutes, for scrapping.
Timers—Frank Duddy, for Marathons; A. Stenson, for Crescents.
Referees—James Music and Roland Skinner.

Crescents, 5; Windsor, 2.

Windsor, N. S., Feb. 24—(Special)—The last league game of hockey for this season in Windsor tonight saw the home team go down to defeat before the Crescents by a score of 5 to 2.

BASKET BALL

Portlands and Algonquins Matched.

George Crosby and Charles McIntyre, representing the Algonquin and Portland basketball clubs, met yesterday and made final arrangements for the series of games between the two teams. These will take place on March 5, 8 and 9.

BOWLING

Andrew Wilson won the weekly roll off on Black's alley last evening with a score of 92. C. Lunney was his closest competitor.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

"ENTIRELY REGARDLESS OF OUR CAPACITY TO SPEND AND OF THE AMOUNT WE HAVE TO SPEND, THE PROVINCE HAS INCREASED ITS DEBT YEAR BY YEAR. IT HAS SPENT MORE THAN IT HAS TO SPEND. IT HAS REACHED ALMOST THE LIMIT OF ITS BORROWING POWER; ITS EXPENDITURE FOR INTEREST HAS STEADILY INCREASED, AND IT HAS IN THIS REGARD INCREASED IN A LINE OF ACTION WHICH CANNOT BE JUSTIFIED ON ANY PRINCIPLE OF HONESTY."

St. John Globe.

The British bark *Lovisa*, from Montevideo, arrived at New York last Friday and reported Feb. 2 was 15 days north of Hatteras and blown off twice. Feb. 7, when off Fort Island, was struck by a southerly gale, lost her mast and split sails and had decks full of water; had to put into Saunderson (R. I.) short of provisions and crew exhausted; came in tow of tug *Harriet*.

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story of the Indian Mutiny

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The Indian Mutiny was a man's business—war and no quarter asked nor given.

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WHERE DOES
THE PAPER

The first question asked by a general advertiser. The *Telegraph* and *Times* reach that class of people who subscribe and agree to pay for the reading privilege. These papers go first hand from the publishers by carrier and not through street boys to be left in office or store by purchaser after reading. Common sense teaches that every paper passed into homes direct will be read. The *Telegraph* and *Times* are home papers. Do they contain your advertisement?

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



AGED.

Helen—No; I shall never marry. I have borne too long with the sorrows and trials of life alone to add to my burden by—
Ethel—Beg pardon; you mean you've been born too long, don't you?

Stop that tickling Cough! Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure will surely stop it, and with perfect safety. It is so thoroughly harmless, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers to use nothing else even with very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountain shrub furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. Sold by all Druggists.



HARD ON HIM.

Mrs. Jinks—My husband made a vow last week to count ten before he swore. Mr. Blinks—I reckon that's why I saw him buying a lightning calculating machine this morning.

At the monthly meeting of the directors of the Victorian Order of Nurses, held yesterday afternoon, the following officers were re-elected: Judge Forbes, president; Mrs. G. F. Smith, vice-president; R. B. Kessen, secretary-treasurer. Judge Forbes, Senator and Mrs. J. V. Ellis were elected representatives to the annual meeting of the order to be held in Ottawa during March.

A letter from Miss Eastwood, lady in-charge of the St. John's branch, was read stating that at present no nurse was available for the position of third nurse in St. John, but that one would be detailed for duty as soon as possible.

EARLY SPRING STREET TOILETTE.

A blouse coat walking suit of very light gray checked suiting. Skirt is a gored circular, with plaited front, bank and side panel. The jaunty little jacket has yoke which continues down the fronts and into the belt. The vest is of embroidered satin in oriental colorings, and the collar, stitched flat to the jacket, is inset, with ribbon ends.

the satin braided with silver soutache. Buttons covered with the material decorate the cut fronts and the cuffs of the full-length sleeves. The small hat of gray straw is trimmed with black velvet and ostrich feathers. The neck ruche of chenille dotted plisse chiffon has moire ribbon ends.

Tonight in Odd Fellows' hall, Union street, Marlborough Lodge, No. 207, Sons of England, will hold a grand rally and concert. A fine list of magic lantern views will be shown, including views of St. John and vicinity, and there will be solos by John Stanton, George H. Lewis, W. Roberts, E. G. Brittain, H. A. Johnson, piccolo selection by J. B. Gibson; piano selection by Percy Jellicoe; mandolin solo, G. Hiffe; recitations, A. Clayton, W. Spencer; duet by Messrs. Gregg and Britain. The slides will be shown through the courtesy of A. B. Morton.

Montreal, Feb. 24—Word was received by the C. P. R. this morning that the *Empress of Ireland* has sailed from Liverpool with over 1,200 passengers. This marks the opening of the season's immigration business, and is the largest passenger list for some months coming to Canada, as most of those traveling have been going the other way. The steamship companies expect record immigration business this year.

If You Sleep Poorly, Read This

Nothing drains and strains the constitution so much as Insomnia. It allows too little time for the body to recuperate. The cause nine times in ten is from the stomach. It may be gas, from fermentation,—perhaps food only partially digested. When you awaken, get up and take twenty drops of Nervine in sweetened water. This corrects the stomach trouble at once, quiets the heart if palpating, gives you an immediate sense of comfort and rest. Nervine has assisted many a chronic back to health and as a sleep inducer can't be equalled. Get some Nervine from your druggist today and your next sleepless night will be a short one. This advice has been followed so often with good results that it is almost certain to be successful in your case, too.

To Suffer From Headaches
Makes Life Miserable.

It takes a person that has had and is subject to headaches to describe the suffering which attends them.

The majority of cases are caused by constipation and dyspepsia. The dull throbbings, the intense pain, sometimes in one part, sometimes in another, and then over the whole head, varying in its severity by the cause which brings it on, purely indicates that there is something the matter with the stomach or bowels. To the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters reaches every part of the system is due its success in relieving and permanently curing headache. It has proven a specific for the malady in all its forms.

Mr. Wm. R. Giechriest, New Mills, N.B., writes: "I was troubled for years with constipation and headaches, but after using four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I am completely cured."

Mr. John T. Kidner, Red Deer, Alta., writes: "I was troubled for several years with headache. I tried a number of remedies but they did me no good. I tried a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and it cured me completely."

For sale at all Druggists and Dealers.

