

In The Fog

BY
Richard Harding Davis.

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Every hour he seemed to grow weaker, but although his bodily strength is apparently leaving him forever, his mind has remained clear and active. Late yesterday evening word was received at our office that he wished my father to come at once to Chetney House and to bring with him certain papers. What these papers were is not essential; I mention them only to explain how it was that last night I happened to be at Lord Edam's bedside. I accompanied my father to Chetney House, but at the time we reached there Lord Edam was sleeping, and his physicians refused to have him awakened. My father urged that he should be allowed to receive Lord Edam's instructions concerning the documents, but the physicians would not disturb him, and we all gathered in the library to wait until he should awake of his own accord. It was about one o'clock in the morning, while we were still there, that Inspector Lyle and the officers from Scotland Yard came to arrest Lord Arthur on the charge of murdering his brother. You can imagine our dismay and distress. Like every one else, I had learned from the afternoon papers that Lord Chetney was not dead, but that he had returned to England, and on arriving at Chetney House I had been told that Lord Arthur had gone to the Bath Hotel to look for his brother and to inform him that if he wished to see his father alive he must come to him at once. Although it was now past one o'clock, Arthur had not returned. None of us knew where Melchior Zichy lived, so we could not go to recover Lord Chetney's body. We spent a most miserable night, hastening to the window whenever a cab came into the square, in the hope that it was Arthur returning, and endeavoring to explain away the facts that pointed to him as the murderer. I am a friend of Arthur's, I was with him at Harrow and at Oxford, and I refused to believe for an instant that he was capable of such a crime; but as a lawyer I could not help but see that the circumstantial evidence was strongly against him.

Toward early morning Lord Edam awoke, and in so much better a state of health that he refused to make the changes in the papers which he had intended, declaring that he was no nearer death than ourselves. Under other circumstances, this happy change in him would have relieved us greatly, but none of us could think of anything save the death of his elder son and of the charge which hung over Arthur. As long as Inspector Lyle remained in the house my father decided that I, as one of the legal advisers of the family, should also remain there. But there was little for either of us to do. Arthur did not return, and nothing occurred until late this morning, when Lyle received word that the Russian servant had been arrested. He at once drove to Scotland Yard to question him. He came back to us in an hour, and informed me that the servant had refused to tell anything of what had happened the night before, or of himself, or of the Princess Zichy. He would not even give them the address of her house.

"He is in abject terror," Lyle said. "I assured him that he was not suspected of the crime, but he would tell me nothing."
"There were no other developments until two o'clock this afternoon, when word was brought to us that Arthur had been found, and that he was lying in the accident ward of St. George's Hospital. Lyle and I drove there together, and found him propped up in bed with his head bound in a bandage. He had been brought to the hospital the night before by the driver of a hansom that had run over him in the fog. The cab-horse had kicked him on the head, and he had been carried in unconscious. There was nothing on him to tell who he was, and it was not until he came to his senses this afternoon that the hospital authorities had been able to send word to his people. Lyle at once informed him that he was under arrest, and with what he was charged, and though the inspector warned him to say nothing which might be used against him, I, as his solicitor, instructed him to speak freely and to tell us all he knew of the occurrences of last night. It was evident to any one that the fact of his brother's death was of much greater concern to him, than that he was accused of his murder.

"That," Arthur said contemptuously, "that is damned nonsense. It is monstrous and cruel. We parted better friends than we have been in years. I will tell you all that happened—not to clear myself, but to help you to find out the truth." His story is as follows: Yesterday afternoon, owing to his constant attendance on his father, he did not look at the evening papers, and it was not until after dinner, when the butler brought him one and told him of its contents, that he learned that his brother was alive and at the Bath Hotel. He drove there at once, but was told that about eight o'clock his brother had gone out, but without giving any clue to his destination. As Chetney had not at once come to see his father, Arthur decided that he was still angry with him, and his mind, turning naturally to the cause of their quarrel, determined him to look for Chetney at the home of the Princess Zichy. Her house had been pointed out to him, and though he had never visited it, he had passed it many times and knew its exact location. He accordingly drove in that direction, as far as the fog would permit the hansom to go, and walked the rest of the way, reaching the house about nine o'clock. He rang, and was admitted by the Russian servant. The man took his card into the drawing-room, and at once his brother ran out and welcomed him. He was followed by the Princess Zichy, who also received Arthur most cordially.

"You brothers will have much to talk about," she said. "I am going to the dining-room. When you have finished, let me know."
"As soon as she had left them, Arthur told his brother that their father was not expected to outlive the night, and that he must come to him at once.

"This is not the moment to remember your quarrel," Arthur said to him; "you have come back from the dead only in time to make your peace with him before he dies."
"Arthur says that at this Chetney was greatly moved."
"You entirely misunderstand me," Arthur, he returned. "I did

not know the governor was ill, or I would have gone to him the instant I arrived. My only reason for not doing so was because I thought he was still angry with me. I shall return with you immediately, as soon as I have said good-by to the Princess. It is a final good-by. After to-night, I shall never see her again."

"Do you mean that?" Arthur cried.
"Yes," Chetney answered. "When I returned to London I had no intention of seeking her again, and I am here only through a mistake." He then told Arthur that he had separated from the Princess even before he went to Central Africa, and that, moreover, while at Cairo on his way south, he had learned certain facts concerning her life there during the previous season, which made it impossible for him to ever wish to see her again. Their separation was final and complete.

"She deceived me cruelly," he said; "I cannot tell you how cruelly. During the two years when I was trying to obtain my father's consent to our marriage she was in love with a Russian diplomat. During all that time he was secretly visiting her here in London, and her trip to Cairo was only an excuse to meet him there."

"Yet you are here with her to-night," Arthur protested, "only a few hours after your return."

"That is easily explained," Chetney answered. "As I finished dinner to-night at the hotel, I received a note from her from this address. In it she said she had just learned of my arrival, and begged me to come to her at once. She wrote that she was in great and present trouble, dying of an incurable illness, and without friends or money. She begged me, for the sake of old times, to come to her assistance. During the last two years in the jungle all my former feeling for Zichy has utterly passed away, but no one could have dismissed the appeal she made in that letter. So I came here, and found her, as you have seen her, quite as beautiful as she ever was, in very good health, and, from the look of the house, in no need of money."

"I asked her what she meant by writing me that she was dying in a garret, and she laughed, and said she had done so because she was afraid, unless I thought she needed help, I would not try to see her. That was where we were when you arrived. And now," Chetney added, "I will say good-by to her, and you had better return home. No, you cannot trust me, I shall follow you at once. She has no influence over me now, but I believe, in spite of the way she has used me, that she is, after her queer fashion, still fond of me, and when she learns that this good-by is final there may be a scene, and it is not fair to her that you should be here. So, go home at once, and tell the governor that I am following you in ten minutes."

"That," said Arthur, "is the way we parted. I never left my more friendly terms. I was happy to see him alive again, I was happy to think he had returned in time to make up his quarrel with my father, and I was happy that at last he was shut of that woman. I was never better pleased with him in my life." He turned to Inspector Lyle, who was sitting at the foot of the bed taking notes of all he told us.

"Why in the name of common sense," he cried, "should I have chosen that moment of all others to send my brother back to the grave? For a moment the Inspector did not answer him. I do not know if any of you gentlemen are acquainted with Inspector Lyle, but if you are not, I can assure you that he is a very remarkable man. Our firm often applies to him for aid, and he has never failed us; my father has the greatest possible respect for him. Where he has the advantage over the ordinary police official is in the fact that he possesses imagination. He imagines himself to be the criminal, imagines how he would act under the same circumstances, and he imagines to such purpose that he generally finds the man he wants. I have often told Lyle that

(Continued in next issue.)

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April 10th, 1908

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES
GARGET IN COWS.

Eight Fishermen Drowned

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 9.—The Gloucester, Mass., fishing schooner *Margie* and *May*, Capt. Eric McCathern, was run down and sunk by the German ship *Preva*. Captain Mass, sixty miles south-east of Halifax at 11.30 p. m. on 8th inst., and Capt. McCathern and eight of the crew of the fishing schooner were drowned. At the time of the collision a dense fog prevailed and the fishing schooner quickly went to the bottom. Seven of the crew were from Yarmouth, N. S.

The *Margie* and *May* was under sail creeping along when out of the mist the lookout on the warship sighted the vessel's lights looming up. The warship was going about eight knots at the time, and the course of the ship was altered as quickly as possible. With a fearful crash the big steel prow of the *Preva* crashed into the side of the fishing vessel, cutting her almost in two.

DIARRHOEA CURE.

"My father has for years been troubled with diarrhoea, and tried every means possible to effect a cure, without avail," writes John H. Zerk of Phillips, W. Va. "He saw Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy advertised in the *Phillips* Republican and decided to try it. The result is one bottle cured him and he has not suffered with the disease for sixteen months. Before taking this remedy he was a constant sufferer. He is now strong and well, and although sixty years old, can get on as much work as a young man." Sold by W. A. WARREN, BRIDGETOWN, W. W. WADE AND PEAR RIVER DRUG STORE, PEAR RIVER.

Prospects for a Good Show

Speaking with a reporter, Mr. M. McP. Hall, Manager of the Provincial Exhibition, said that the prospects for a good show and a large attendance at the big Fair are excellent. The exhibits will be first class. The Races are bound to be interesting, the Grand Stand Show and fireworks will be well worth seeing. What remains is for the people to make up their minds to be present. The Fisheries Exhibit, the Building devoted to that great industry is in the hands of the Fisheries Committee of the Halifax Board of Trade. They carry out of the proposal to include in this exhibit many strange fishes brought up by the steam trawlers now on the Coast, will add greatly to the interest of the Fisheries Building.

Entries in Ladies' Work, Fine Art and Agriculture close on August 24th, and in Live Stock, Poultry and Dairy Products on August 24th. "Will the Race Meeting be up to the usual mark?" Manager Hall was asked. "Yes," he replied, "I am satisfied that the race will be highly interesting, with competition keen enough to make close and exciting races. The people want races, not processions, and we will give them races."

The Grand Stand performance will consist of six great acts, in which A. L. Schreyer is a leader in a most sensational act. Schreyer begins a thrilling ride and dive at the height of 100 feet at the top of a chute, peeling the distance at lightning speed, making a flying high dive over his wheel at the lower end of the chute, which is 35 feet high, clearing a distance through space of from 50 to 75 feet before landing in a tank of water.

There will be as a conclusion to the night's performance a splendid performance of fireworks, including about fifty pieces, the grand climax coming with the spectacular "De-struction of St. Pierre."
FRESH AIR.
(Dr. J. H. Clark, in London Chronicle.)
"I hold to the maxim 'die and let die.' If any one chooses the irksome method of departing this life by all means let him take it, but let him respect the right of other people to choose their own method for themselves. Fresh air has its victims no less than foul. The tubercle bacillus does not enjoy fresh air. It is true, but there are plenty of other bacilli which rejoice in it. If presumptuous thrive out of doors, the subjects of bronchitis are especially safe when they stay in."

Spent Eighteen Dollars

"Gentlemen—I have pleasure in stating that I have used \$18.00 worth of *Psychine*, and as a result was cured of very serious throat and lung trouble. My case was a most difficult one, and the doctors had practically said that I could not get well. I tried *Psychine*, and it did me so much good that I continued its use until I had taken \$18.00 worth, with the result that I am now a new man physically. I have gained thirty-five pounds."
"It is with the greatest confidence that I recommend *Psychine* to all who are afflicted with throat or lung trouble. Yours truly, C. A. PINKHAM, Scotland, Que., Sept. 27."
This medicine speaks from experience. *Psychine* cures all throat, chest, lung and stomach troubles and gives renewed strength and vitality to run-down people. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Blount, Limited, Toronto.

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ITEM	1906	1907	INCREASE
Net Premium Income	\$1,847,286.06	\$2,011,073.53	\$164,687.47
Interest and Rents	336,636.96	420,982.81	84,345.85
Total Income	2,193,923.02	2,432,056.34	238,133.32
Assets	8,472,371.52	9,459,230.69	986,859.17

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