

In The Fog

BY
Richard Harding Davis.

Copyright, 1901, by Robert Howard Russell.

Lyle cried. "He could not have taken the letters. Lord Arthur has been in his cot at the hospital. That is his alibi. There is some one else, some one we do not suspect, and that some one is the murderer. He came back here either to obtain those letters because he knew they would convict him, or to remove something he had left here at the time of the murder, something incriminating,—the weapon, perhaps, or some personal article; a cigarette-case, a handkerchief with his name upon it, or a pair of gloves. Whatever it was it must have been damning evidence against him to have made him take so desperate a chance."

"How do we know," I whispered, "that he is not hidden here now?"
"No, I'll swear he is not," Lyle answered. "I may have bungled in some things, but I have searched this house thoroughly. Nevertheless," he added, "we must go over it again, from the cellar to the roof. We have the real clew now, and we must forget the others and work only it." As he spoke he began again to search the drawing-room, turning over even the books on the tables and the music on the piano.

"Whoever the man is," he said over his shoulder, "we know that he has a key to the front door and a key to the letter-box. That shows us he is either an inmate of the house or that he comes here when he wishes. The Russian says that he was the only servant in the house. Certainly we have found no evidence to show that any other servant slept here. There could be but one other person who would possess a key to the house and the letter-box—and he lives in St. Petersburg. At the time of the murder he was two thousand miles away." Lyle interrupted himself suddenly with a sharp cry and turned upon me with his eyes flashing. "But was he?" he cried. "Was he? How do we know that last night he was not in London, in this very house when Zieby and Chetney met?"

"He stood staring at me without seeing me, muttering, and arguing with himself."

"Don't speak to me," he cried, as I ventured to interrupt him. "I can see it now. It is all plain. It was not the servant, but his master, the Russian himself, and it was he who came back for the letters! He came back for them because he knew they would convict him. We must find them. We must have those letters. If we find the one with the Russian postmark, we shall have found the murderer." He spoke like a madman, and as he spoke he ran around the room with one hand held out in front of him as you have seen a mind-reader at a theatre seeking for something hidden in the stalls. He pulled out old letters from the writing-desk, and ran them over as swiftly as a gambler deals out cards; he dropped on his knees before the fireplace and dragged out the dead coals with his bare fingers, and then with a low, wretched cry, like a bound on a scent, he ran back to the waste-paper basket and, lifting the papers from it, shook them out upon the floor. Instantly he gave a shout of triumph, and, separating a number of torn pieces from the others, held them up before me.

"Look!" he cried. "Do you see? Here are five letters, torn across in two places. The Russian did not stop to read them, for, as you see, he has left them still sealed. I have been wrong. He did not return for the letters. He could not have known their value. He must have returned for some other reason, and, as he was leaving, saw the letter-box, and taking out the letters, held them together—so—and tore them twice across, and then, as the fire had gone out, tossed them into this basket. Look!" he cried, "here in the upper corner of this piece is a Russian stamp. This is his own letter—unopened!"

"We examined the Russian stamp and found it had been cancelled at St. Petersburg four days ago. The back of the envelope bore the postmark of the branch station in upper Sloane Street, and was dated this morning. The envelope was of official blue paper and we had no difficulty in finding the two other parts of it. We drew the torn pieces of the letter from them and joined them together side by side. There were but two lines of writing, and this was the message: 'I leave Petersburg on the night train, and I shall see you at Trevor Terrace after dinner Tuesday evening.'"

"That was last night!" Lyle cried. "He arrived twelve hours ahead of his letter—but it came in time—it came in time to hang him!"

The Baronet struck the table with his hand.
"The name!" he demanded. "How was it signed? What was the man's name?"

The young Solicitor rose to his feet and, leaning forward, stretched out his arm. "There was no name," he cried. "The letter was signed with only two initials. But engraved at the top of the sheet was the man's address. That address was 'The American Embassy, St. Petersburg, Bureau of the Naval Attache,' and the initials," he shouted, his voice rising into an exultant and bitter cry, "were those of the gentleman who sits opposite who told us that he was the first to find the murdered bodies, the Naval Attache to Russia, Lieutenant Sears!"

A strained and awful hush followed the Solicitor's words, which seemed to vibrate like a twanging bowstring that had just hurled its bolt. Sir Andrew, pale and staring, drew away with an exclamation of repulsion. His eyes were fastened upon the Naval Attache with fascinated horror. But the American emitted a sigh of great content, and sank comfortably into the arms of his chair. He clapped his hands softly together.

"Capital!" he murmured. "I give you my word I never guessed what you were driving at. You fooled me, I'll be hanged if you didn't—you certainly fooled me."

"The man with the pearl stud leaned forward with a nervous gesture. 'Hush! be careful!' he whispered. But at that instant, for the third time, a servant, hastening through the room, handed him a piece of paper which he scanned eagerly. The message on the paper read: 'The light over the Commons is out. The House has risen.'"

"Hurrah!" he cried. "The House is up! We've won!" He caught up his glass, and slapped the Naval Attache violently upon the shoulder. He nodded joyously at him, at the Solicitor, and at the Queen's Messenger. "Gentlemen, to you!" he cried; "my thanks and my congratulations!" He drank deep from his glass, and breathed forth a long sigh of satisfaction and relief.

"But I say," protested the Queen's Messenger, shaking his finger violently at the Solicitor, "that story won't do. You didn't play fair—and—and you talked so fast I couldn't make out what it was all about. I'll bet you that evidence wouldn't hold in a court of law—you couldn't hang a cat on such evidence. Your story is condemned tommy-rot. Now my story might have happened, my story bore the mark—"

In the joy of creation the story-tellers had forgotten their audience, until a sudden exclamation from Sir Andrew caused them to turn guiltily toward him. His face was knit with lines of anger, doubt, and amazement.

"What does this mean?" he cried. "Is this a jest, or are you mad? If you know this man is a murderer, why is he at large? Is this a game you have been playing? Explain yourselves at once. What does it mean?"

The American, with first a glance at the others, rose and bowed courteously.

"I am not a murderer, Sir Andrew, believe me," he said; "you need not be alarmed. As a matter of fact, at this moment I am much more afraid of you than you could possibly be of me. I beg you please to be indulgent. I assure you, we meant no disrespect. We have been exchanging stories, that is all, pretending that we are people we are not, endeavoring to entertain you with better detective tales than, for instance, the last one you read, 'The Great Rand Robbery.'"

The Baronet brushed his hand nervously across his forehead.
"Do you mean to tell me," he exclaimed, "that none of this has happened? That Lord Chetney is not dead, that his Solicitor did not find a letter of yours written from your post in Petersburg, and that just now, when he charged you with murder, he was in jest?"

"I am really very sorry," said the American, "but you see, sir, he could not have found a letter written by me in St. Petersburg because I have never been in Petersburg. Until this week, I have never been outside of my own country. I am not a naval officer. I am a writer of short stories. And to-night, when this gentleman told me that you were fond of detective stories, I thought it would be amusing to tell you one of my own—one I had just mapped out this afternoon."

"But Lord Chetney is a real person," interrupted the Baronet, "and he did go to Africa two years ago, and he was supposed to have died there, and his brother, Lord Arthur, has been the heir. And yesterday Chetney did return. I read it in the papers."

(Continued in next issue.)

Harvesters are Here in Hordes

(Saskatchewan Evening Capital.)

If Jack London had really wanted to write a lurid account of life in the underworld, he should have come up from Toronto to Saskatchewan on harvesters' excursion. It is improbable that anyone not having gone through that experience realizes fully just what that implies. Vaguely, through the columns of the press, one gets a glimpse as through a glass darkly of the conditions that would shame the followers of Raisuli, but only when one hears from the lips of those who have been through the trip, does one begin to appreciate the depths to which some grades of humanity can descend. One of the original sources of the trouble was a circular written by the polite letter writer of the Saskatchewan government, Hon. W. R. Matherwell. However, this was not the only inducement offered. The railroad companies asked for 40,000 men to cut a record in the west. They promised fine wages and farmers crowding the platforms looking for help. And the forty thousand came.

Not all of them came as far west as the Prince Albert-Herby line, but a very great proportion of them did. They were of all classes. Dock hands from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia ports, unemployed from Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton, and even men who have held good positions in the cities, one and all attracted by the lure of the west, and one and all determined to make up the forty thousand workers in the harvest fields. How many of them have found work in those harvest fields it is impossible to say. It is certain, however, that about a thousand of them have drifted into Saskatoon looking for harvest fields to find work in, and have found them not. A Capital man spent an odd hour and more this morning talking to many of them, finding out their hopes and aspirations, their conditions and their prospects, and many a pitiful tale was told.

One young fellow from Hamilton was a glove worker by trade. Times had gotten quiet in Hamilton as in many another town in the east. This trade depression in Ontario and Quebec is something that is assuming the true proportions, by the way, and he had made up his mind to come west. He had enough money when he struck Saskatoon to last him a week, and that week expired on Monday.

"A box car doesn't make much of a bed," he commented, when asked how he was faring. "But I have put in a couple of nights in one now," and he looked it, too.

"What am I going to do? Board the first train going out of here. They can only throw me off. I've done some railroading, and if I can

get back to Winnipeg I might get on."

Another red-headed boy from Nova Scotia had had work for three or four days, but the crop was all cut now, and the farmer had no more need of help. "I wouldn't care so much for myself," he commented, "I guess I could worry along, anyhow; but my pal who came along with me has taken sick, and the doctor has told me that he must go down east. I can't get transportation for both of us, and I hate to have to stop."

It was suggested that perhaps his pal might weather the storm in a day or two, and then they could get work. These are just two instances. A dozen more could be cited.

The most distressing feature of it all is that there seems to be no let up to the rush. Every train seems to be bringing its quota. Had no more come in since Saturday things would have been in pretty good shape, in Saskatoon, at any rate.

So far as can be learned fully two hundred men have got work. Not harvesting, it is true, but in the railroad camps. Seventy-five went down the line to the Disley cut for steel laying. A number went out on the C. P. R. for ballasting, and one way and another about 200 have been disposed of.

It is not difficult to see why there should be no demand for harvest help in this locality. The country is filled up with homesteads and homesteaders, men in the majority of cases, who have but little crop and no patents. They are only too glad to get out into the fields and help their neighbors, and, as a fact, by the time that the harvesters from the east had arrived the crops were very largely cut, and no outside help was needed. Just why this was not obvious to the authors of crop circulars is not apparent. The map of the country shows that there are an enormous quantity of homesteads taken up, but not proved up yet, and one would have thought that the department would have sufficient intelligence to realize this fact. Of the hundreds that are in and around town just now the majority have but very little money, probably sufficient to last them a few days. Many of them have not enough to take them to points west and run the risk of being stranded for a week for railroad help springs up in a nearby quarter, a very serious state of affairs is bound to occur in a very short time. Upon whom the blame actually rests is doubtful. Probably it is largely due to the hard times down east. It is true that crops are not in quite such good shape as they were a month ago, but inasmuch as this cry is coming from all over the west, it is impossible that this can be, entirely the cause. The authorities should be prepared to grasp with the situation at very short notice, unless something new turns up whereby 400,000 able-bodied and active men can be employed in a hurry.

ENORMOUS CROP OF PLUMS AND PEACHES.

St. Catharines, Ont., Aug. 31.—Plums are an enormous crop this year throughout the Niagara fruit belt, just about on a par with peaches. So loaded down are the plum trees that the growers express gratification in the fact that rot has set in which will relieve the trees. Otherwise the weight of the fruit when it becomes full grown would injure the trees by breaking down limbs. Peaches are probably more abundant than in any previous year, but growers say the price will keep up pretty well on account of large demands of canning factories and so many being shipped to Winnipeg. This year, of course, will beat previous records for shipment to the West in all kinds of fruit.

MOTHER AND CHILDREN DROWNED.

New York, Aug. 31.—Mrs. Richard Ruderbacher, 52 years old, of Brooklyn, and her two children, Ida, 11 years, and Richard, 4 years, were drowned at Broad Channel, Jamaica Bay, tonight. The children were fishing from a boat this evening, when the boy fell overboard. Ida screamed and then jumped in to save him. The girl managed to reach her brother, but was dragged under the surface just as Mrs. Ruderbacher, who had been attracted by the girl's cry, rushed to the scene. The mother, without hesitation, dived after the children, fully dressed though she was. None of the three came to the surface again.

COVER your floors with Floorglaze, the wear-proof, dust-banishing, quick-drying enamel (comes in ten shades) and your housework will be easier done.

Gallon covers 600 sq. feet. From dealers or write to IMPERIAL VARNISH & COLOR CO., LIMITED, TORONTO.

"Recommended and Sold by Karl Freeman."

V. I. and V. 2.

The new English Spray Fluids for Orchards and Fruit trees.

Cleans trees of Lichen, Moss & Fungi, including Black Spot, destroys Mussel Scale and American and other blight, Cankerworm and Bunchworm at two sprayings per annum.

For full details apply to G. W. SHIPTON, Bridgetown.

N. B.—The advertiser having undertaken work in England wishes to dispose of one or both of his farms One at M schelle including 17 acres of good dyked marsh and orcharding up to 500 barrels; One at Bridgetown with 8 acres good dyked marsh and orcharding up to 150 barrels.



Only part of the wheat berry is fit for food. Yet much that isn't often gets into flour. You cannot see it or taste it, but it's there. It is simply a case of the miller getting more flour from his wheat and your getting less nourishment.

Royal Household Flour

is so milled that nothing goes into it except the part of the wheat that is food. You get just what you pay for—the best and purest flour made. It goes farther because it is all flour. Your grocer can supply you.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd. 156 Montreal.

Who says, E. C. Hachey, Esq., merchant, Rogersville, N. B., "My father used EMPIRE LINIMENT for a very bad Sprain, and it acted quickly and made a permanent cure. I used it myself for pain in the side and I was surprised how quickly I was relieved and cured. I am selling it in my trade and as its merits become known, my sales increase rapidly." Sept 7th, 1907.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR Colds, Croup, Coughs, Catarrh, Cramps, Cholera, Colic, Asthma, Erysipelas, Influenza, Pleurisy.

Don't let a cough or a cold get a hold on you—it may develop into something serious. Shake it off at once—take a few drops of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on sugar and see how quickly it will bring relief.

Good for external pains too. For 97 years has cured sprains, strains, muscular rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, stiff joints, lame back, etc. Try it!

Prepared under Food and Drugs Act, June 16, 1906. U.S. Patent 814,100.

25c. a bottle; large bottle holding three times as much, 50c. Sold everywhere.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

IT WILL INDEED BE A GREAT EXHIBITION.

TAKE A HOLIDAY AND VISIT THE GARRISON CITY FOR THE

Provincial Exhibition

IF YOU DO YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU TOOK THE TRIP

Premiums \$20,000 Race Purses \$6,000

THE DATES AND THE PLACE

September 2 to 10 HALIFAX, N. S., Canada

Write M. McF. Hall, Manager for Information

The Manufacturers Life in 1907

A Comparison Showing Remarkable Progress.

ITEM	1906	1907	INCREASE
Net Premium Income	\$1,847,286.06	\$2,011,973.53	\$164,687.47
Interest and Rents	326,630.96	420,982.81	94,351.85
Total Income	2,193,519.19	2,433,114.15	239,594.96
Assets	8,472,371.52	9,459,230.69	986,859.17

Insurance in Force Dec. 31, 1907—\$51,237,157.00

No other Canadian Company has ever equalled this record at the same age.

O. P. GOUCHER General Agent, Western Nova Scotia

OFFICE—MIDDLETON, N. S.

The E. R. Machum Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

MANAGERS FOR MARITIME PROVINCES.

Summer Goods AT RIGHT PRICES

LADIES' WEAR:— Blouse Waists, Skirts, Night Gowns, Corset Covers, Drawers, Aprons, Undervests, Silk and Lisle Gloves, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Belts, etc.

CHILDREN'S WEAR:— Dresses, Coats, Bonnets, Ties, Hosiery, etc.

MEN'S and BOYS' WEAR:— Shirts, Underwear, Collars, Ties, Caps, etc.

Some Special Lines.

Cretannes, Art Muslins, Lawns, Dress Muslins, etc., Boots and Shoes for Ladies' and Children, Hosiery for Men Women and Children

Choice Groceries, Spices, Extracts, Canned Goods, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Candies, Cigars, Ice Cold Drinks, etc.

SEE OUR NEW LINE OF JEWELRY.

W. W. WADE, BEAR RIVER, N.S.

SUMMER MILLINERY

All Lines of Summer Millinery selling at Liberal Discount for Cash at

MISSANNIECHUTE'S

Stores at Bridgetown and Annapolis Royal.