

In The Fog

BY
Richard Harding Davis.

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"I would give a hundred pounds," he whispered, "if I could place in his hands at this moment a new story of Sherlock Holmes—a thousand pounds," he added wildly—"five thousand pounds!"

The American observed the speaker sharply, as though the words bore to him some special application, and then at an idea which apparently had but just come to him, smiled in great embarrassment.

Sir Andrew ceased reading, but, as though still under the influence of the book, sat looking blankly into the open fire. For a brief space no one moved until the baronet withdrew his eyes and, with a sudden start of recollection, felt anxiously for his watch. He scanned its face eagerly, and scrambled to his feet.

The voice of the American instantly broke the silence in a high, nervous accent.

"And yet Sherlock Holmes himself," he cried, "could not decipher the mystery which to-night baffles the police of London."

At these unexpected words, which carried in them something of the tone of a challenge, the gentlemen about the table started as suddenly as though the American had fired a pistol in the air, and Sir Andrew halted abruptly and stood observing him with grave surprise.

The gentleman with the black pearl was the first to recover.

"Yes, yes," he said eagerly, throwing himself across the table. "A mystery that baffles the police of London. I have heard nothing of it. Tell us at once, pray do—tell us at once."

The American flushed uncomfortably and picked uneasily at the tablecloth.

"No one but the police has heard of it," he murmured, "and they only through me. It is a remarkable crime, to which, unfortunately, I am the only person who can bear witness. Because I am the only witness, I am, in spite of my immunity as a diplomat, detained in London by the authorities of Scotland Yard. My name," he said, inclining his head politely, "is Sears, Lieutenant Ripley Sears of the United States Navy, at present Naval Attaché to the Court of Russia. Had I not been detained to-day by the police I would have started this morning for Petersburg."

The gentleman with the black pearl interrupted with so pronounced an exclamation of excitement and delight that the American flammered and ceased speaking.

"Do you hear, Sir Andrew?" cried the member of Parliament jubilantly. "An American diplomat halted by our police because he is the only witness of a most remarkable crime—the most remarkable crime, I believe you said, sir," he added, bending eagerly toward the naval officer, "which has occurred in London in many years."

The American moved his head in assent and glanced at the two other members. They were looking doubtfully at him, and the face of each showed that he was greatly perplexed.

Sir Andrew advanced to within the light of the candles and drew a chair toward him.

"The crime must be exceptional indeed," he said, "to justify the police in interfering with a representative of a friendly power. If I were not forced to leave at once, I should take the liberty of asking you to tell us the details."

The gentleman with the pearl pushed the chair toward Sir Andrew, and motioned him to be seated.

"You cannot leave us now," he exclaimed. "Mr. Sears is just about to tell us of this remarkable crime."

He nodded vigorously at the naval officer and the American, after first glancing doubtfully toward the servants at the far end of the room, leaning forward across the table. The others drew their chairs nearer and bent toward him. The baronet glanced irresolutely at his watch, and with an exclamation of annoyance snapped down the lid. "They can wait," he muttered. He seated himself quickly and nodded at Lieutenant Sears.

"If you will be so kind as to begin, sir," he said impatiently.

"Of course," said the American, "you understand that I understand that I am speaking to gentlemen. The confidences of this Club are inviolate. Until the police give the facts to the public press, I must consider you my confederates. You have heard nothing, you know no one connected with this mystery. Even I must remain anonymous."

The gentlemen seated around him nodded gravely.

"Of course," the baronet assented with eagerness, "of course."

"We will refer to it," said the gentleman with the black pearl, "as 'The Story of the Naval Attaché.'"

"I arrived in London two days ago," said the American, "and I engaged a room at the Bath Hotel. I know very few people in London, and even the members of our embassy were strangers to me. But in Hong Kong I had become great pals with an officer in your navy, who has since retired, and who is now living in a small house in Rutland Gardens opposite the Knightsbridge Barracks. I telegraphed him that I was in London, and yesterday morning I received a most hearty invitation to dine with him the same evening at his house. He is a bachelor, so we dined alone and talked over all our old days on the Asiatic Station, and of the changes which had come to us since we had last met there. As I was leaving the next morning for my post at Petersburg, and had many letters to write, I told him, about 10 o'clock, that I must get back to the hotel, and he sent out his servant to call a hansom.

"For the next quarter of an hour, as we sat talking, we could hear the cab whistle sounding violently from the doorstep, but apparently with no result.

"It cannot be that the cabmen are on strike," my friend said, as he rose and walked to the window.

"He pulled back the curtains and at once called to me.

"You have never seen a London fog, have you?" he asked. "Well, come here. This is one of the best, or, rather, one of the worst, of them." I joined him at the window, but I could see nothing. Had I not known that the house looked out upon the street I would have believed that I was facing a dead wall. I raised the sash and stretched out my head, but still I could see nothing. Even the light of the street lamps opposite, and in the upper windows of the barracks, had been smothered in the yellow mist. The lights of the room in which I stood penetrated the fog only to the distance of a few inches from my eyes.

"Below me the servant was still sounding his whistle, but I could afford to wait no longer, and told my friend that I would try and find the way to my hotel on foot. He objected, but the letters I had to write were for the Navy Department, and, besides, I had always heard that to be out in a London fog was the most wonderful experience, and I was curious to investigate one for myself.

"My friend went with me to his front door and laid down a course for me to follow. I was first to walk straight across the street to the brick wall of the Knightsbridge Barracks. I was then to feel my way along the wall until I came to a row of houses set back from the sidewalk. They would bring me to a cross street. On the other side of this street was a row of shops which I was to follow until they joined the iron railings of Hyde Park. I was to keep to the railings until I reached the gates at Hyde Park Corner, where I was to lay a diagonal course across Piccadilly, and tack to toward the railings of Green Park. At the end of these railings, going east, I would find the Walsingham, and my own hotel.

"To a sailor the course did not seem difficult, so I bade my friend good-night and walked forward until my feet touched the paving. I continued upon it until I reached the curbing of the sidewalk. A few steps farther, and my hands struck the wall of the barracks. I turned in the direction from which I had just come and saw a square of faint light cut in the yellow fog. I shouted 'All right,' and the voice of my friend answered, 'Good luck to you.' The light from his open door disappeared with a bang, and I was left alone in a dripping, yellow gloom. I have been in the Navy for ten years, but I have never known such a fog as that of last night, not even among the icebergs of Behring Sea. There one at least could see the light of the binnacle, but last night I could not even distinguish the hand by which I guided myself along the barrack wall. At sea a fog is a natural phenomenon. It is as familiar as the rainbow which follows a storm, it is as proper that a fog should spread upon the waters as that steam shall rise from a kettle. But a fog which springs from the paved streets, that rolls between solid house-fronts, that forces cabs to move at half speed, that drowns policemen and extinguishes the electric lights of the music hall, that to me is incomprehensible. It is as out of place as a tidal wave on Broadway.

(Continued in next issue.)

THE HOME

(Continued from page two.)

THE FOOD VALUE OF MILK.

There has developed the idea among not a few people that a laboring man cannot find strength enough in milk to do a day's work. It may be of interest to read the following comparison between milk and other based on sufficient amount for a day of labor. This is from the pen of Prof. Long, in the Journal of the British Dairy Farmers' Association:

"A man of average weight (147 lbs.), when kept inactive, as when kept in bed, can live and sometimes put on flesh on three quarts of milk per day, this quantity containing 15 ounces of dry solids—fat, sugar and casein, but if the quantity is increased to four quarts a day, the food consumed is sufficient to enable him to do a good day's work. We at once admit that so large a quantity of fluid would not be suitable as diet for a healthy man. We simply show that the feeding matter consumed by an average man should be 3,900 calories and such we find in 14 pounds bread, one-half pound potatoes and three-fourths pound, boneless beef and three ounces of butter; but, excepting butter, there is in the other foods, not only waste material which cannot be digested, but a large quantity of moisture. As four quarts of milk are equal in caloric value to this ration, for there is no waste, it follows that a man may attain as much nutrition from four quarts of milk as from the more substantial ration. Again it has been shown that in a pint of milk with bread (10 oz) there was more nutrition than in a restaurant meal, consisting of soup, beef, some cabbage, bread and butter with a cup of coffee containing milk and sugar, which costs just twice as much."

A NEW SANDWICH.

In the August Woman's Home Companion, Fannie Merritt Farmer, an authority on cooking, gives the following recipe for a new sandwich: "Gourmet Sandwiches are as acceptable at an afternoon tea or evening reception as at a picnic. They are made from a bread the recipe of which, I think, is unknown to most of my readers, so I will give a list of the ingredients which go to make it, but will presuppose that you know the principles of bread making. One half cupful of scalded milk, one half cupful of boiling water, one half tablespoonful of lard, one half tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt, one-half yeast cake dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of lukewarm water, one half cupful of white flour

and enough entire wheat flour to knead, and one cupful of English walnut or pecan nut meats broken in pieces. The result is more satisfactory if the nut meats are added while kneading after the first raising. When this bread is twenty-four hours' old, slice as thin as possible, spread sparingly and evenly with melted butter, and make sandwiches without it, and make between slices. Remove crusts cut in triangles or any desired shape, and serve with halves of nut meats, which need a bit of butter on their under surfaces, to keep them in place. To keep moist, keep the same as other sandwiches. If orange marmalade is not procurable, creamed butter and put orange marmelade then you will have a delicious novelty."

BADLY SPRAINED ANKLE CURED

Three years ago our daughter sprained her ankle and had been suffering terribly for two days and nights—had not slept a minute. Mr. Stallins, of Butler, Tenn., told me of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I bought a bottle of it and bathed her ankle two or three times and she went to sleep and had a good night's rest. The next morning she was much better and in a short time could walk around and had no more trouble with her ankle.—E. M. BRUMITT, Hampton, Tenn. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by W. A. WARREN, BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WADE AND BEAR RIVER DRUG STORE, BEAR RIVER.

CRUEL SLAUGHTER.

It is not too much to say that if the farmers were not assisted in keeping down insects by the birds, agriculture would become impossible in many districts and extremely difficult in others. The result would be a sudden and almost ruinous advance in the price of foodstuffs. It is plain, therefore, that we all have a good deal at stake in the preservation of these birds. Yet a London dealer receives single shipments of 30,000 dead humming birds to adorn ladies' hats. A million rail and bobolink were killed near Philadelphia in one month. An article in Forest and Stream says that one little village supplies 20,000 dead birds to New York milliners. It is estimated that the women of the United States require 10,000,000 birds a year to decorate their hats, while 150,000,000 are used annually in Europe. This is monstrous, especially when we reflect that those responsible for the slaughter are gentle women and not male savages.—Mail and Empire.

MINARD'S LINIMENT LUMBERMAN'S FRIEND.

A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

Sir Robert G. Reid, who died at Montreal a few days ago, is another conspicuous example of what may be accomplished by hard work. He started without friends or money and was a stone mason by trade. He was born in Scotland and went to Australia at the time of the gold boom. Later he came to Canada where his life was destined to become a series of successes. He commenced contracting in a small way, but he soon became entrusted with the largest undertakings. He did a great deal of bridge work of the most difficult nature, an example of which may be seen the great I. O. R. bridge at Grand Narrows, C. B. It is with the development of Newfoundland, however, that Sir Robert was best known. One biographer tells the story thus:

"In 1890 came the dawn of his greatest success. Newfoundland was nearly bankrupt. This colony with a population of 200,000 was struggling with political corruption complicated with chaotic chicanery and mismanagement. The government was crying for a railroad—steel tracks through the wilderness. They made a proposition to Reid to build 200 miles; this he did and did it well. Three years later they called on him again for more building; they had little money, but they had land privileges, concessions, franchises, rights, and monopolies—these were placed on a silver platter which they implored Reid to accept. In later emergencies he repeatedly came to their rescue till his credit took square miles of the most arable sections, forest areas, mineral belts, lakes and rivers, the railways of the colony, a telegraph system, 8000 miles of coast docks and other monopolies too lengthy to catalogue."

Preacher's Opinions

Rev. P. K. McRae, Forks Baddeck, C. B. "I always count it a pleasure to recommend the Dr. Slocum Remedies to my parishioners. I believe there is nothing better for throat and lung troubles or weakness or run-down system. For speaker's throat I have found Psychine very beneficial."

Rev. W. H. Stevens, Paisley, Ont. "Psychine seemed just the stimulant my system needed. I shall add my testimony as to its efficacy at every opportunity."

Rev. R. M. Browne, Amherst Head, N.S. "I have often recommended Psychine since taking it myself, for it is a cure for the troubles you specify."

Rev. Chas. Striding, Bath, N.B. "I have used Psychine in my family; the results were marvelous. I have visited people who state that they never used anything I strongly recommend it."

Rev. J. S. J. Wilson, Markdale, Ont. "I have taken two bottles of Psychine and am pleased to say that I am greatly improved in health. I was troubled with my throat, but now I find it restored to its normal condition. I find my work very much less taxing. I believe Psychine is all that for it."

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