## The tleekly Allmitur <br> AND

Western Annapolis Sentinel.

VOL. 36
Pass List of Puplis

|  |  |
| :---: | :---: |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |

$A$









The Weekly Monitor, and Western Annapolis Sentinel, Bridgetown, N. S., September 9.


In The Fog

Richard Harding Davis

Copyright, 1901, by Robert Howard Russell.
Lyle cried. He conld not have taken the eetters. Lord Arthur has
been in his cot at the hospital. That is his alibi; There is some on



 "ITow do we know,' I whispered, 'that he is not hidden here now?
" No , F "ll swear he is not, ' Lyle answered. I may hare bungled in some things, but I have searched this house. 'T may hare bungled less', he added, 'we must go over it again, from the cellar to the roof.
We have e ecal leven now, and we must forget the others and wurls only it.' As he spoke he began again to search the drawing-room,
turung overe even the bookss on the tables and the music on the piano
"'Whe he ". Whoerver the man is,' he said over his shoulder, 'we know the the foont door and a key to the letterbox. That shows he has a ey to the inatcor and a key to the letter-box. That shows
us he is either an inmate of the house or that be
 Certainly we have found no e eviedence to show that any other servant
llept here.. There could be but one other person who wold dept 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. key to the house and the letter-bax-and helives in St. Petersburg.
At the time of the murder he was two tho sand miles away.' Lyle
tinerrupted himself suddenly with tinterrupted himself suddenly with a sharp pres and turned upon me
with his eyes fashing. But was he $\%$ he cried. 'Was he
 "Hith himestof.

"Don't speak to me,' he cried, as I ventured to interrupt him.
I can sei it onw. It is all plain. It was not the servant, but his
master, the Rnseion himealf pal naster, the Rasein himself, and it was he who came back for the let.
tetrs! He came back for them because he knew they would convict terrs 1 He came back for them because he knew they would convic,
him. We must find them. We must have those letters. If we find
the one with the Russian posstmark, we shall have found the murderer. Ho spoke like l masdman postmark, was eshall have found the murderer.'.
one hand held out in front of him spok he ran around the have sean a mind room with one hand held out in front of him as you have seen a mind-reader ats
thenate seking for something hidden in the stalls. He pulled out old letters from the writing dieks, and ran themo vorer as seviflly as an agam
bler deels out cards; he dropped on his knees before the fireplace and bler deals out cards; he dropped on his knees before the fireplace an
dragged out the dead coals with his bare fingers, and then with a low

| "Hurrah!" he cried. "The House is up! We've won!" He diamilder: Me nodded joyously at him, at the Solicitor, and at the Quecn's Messenger. "Gentlemen, to you!" he cried ;"my thanks and my congratuiztion:", He arank deep fr forth a lory sigh of sutisfaction and relief. <br> He arank đeep from his glass, and breathed <br> "But I sav;" protested the Queen's Messenger, shaking his finger violently nt the Solicitor, "that story won't do. You didn't play fair -and-and von talled so fast I couldn"t malk abont. I'll bet $y \cdot \mu$ that evidence wouldn't hold in a court of lawyou 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-" <br> In the joy of creation the story-tellers had forgotten their audience, until a sudden exclamation from Sir Andrew caused them to turn gniltily toward him. His face was knit with lines of anger, doubt, and amazement. <br> "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 I Is this a game you have been playing? Explain yourselves at once. What does it mean ?" <br> The American, with first a glance at the others, rose and bowed courteously. <br> "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 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 matching stories, that is all, pretending that we are people we are not, endeavoring to entertain you with better detective tales than, for in- stance, the last one your read, 'The Great stance, the last one you read, 'The Great Rand Robbery.'" <br> "Do you menn to bed lis hand nervously across his forehead. happened? That Lord Chetney is not dead, that his Solicitor did not find a ietter of yours written from your post in Petersburg, and that just now, when he charged you with murder, he was in jest?" <br> "T am really very sorry," said the American, "but you see, sir, he I have never been in Petter 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 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 nfternoon." <br> "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 yesdied there, and his brother, Lord Arthur, has been the heir. And yes- |
| :---: |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |




Only part of the wheat
berry is fit for food. Y
berry is fit for food. Yee
much that isn't often gets
into flour. You cannot see
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 hist wheat and your
getting less
Royal Household Flour is so milled that nothing
goos into ex except hep part
of the wheat that is food. gocs into it except the part
of the wheat that is food.
You get just what youp pay You get just what you pay
for the best and purest
flour made. It goes farther because it is sill fous. forther
grocer
oan
supply your




T WILL INDEED BE A GREAT EXHIbITION.

## Provincial Exhibition

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

Sepiember 2 to 10 HALIFAX,N. S.,Canada
Write M. McF. Hall, Manager for Information
Che Manufacturers Life in 1907
A Qompartson Sowing Remarkable Progres.


## Summer Goods

 RIGHT PRICES

Some Special Lines
$\square$
Serice, Spices, Extracts, Canned Goods, Oranges, Lemons,

W W. WADE, beAR
SUMMER MILLINERY
All Lines of Summer Millinery selling at
Liberal Discount for Cash at
MISSANNIECHUTE'S stores at Bridsetown and Annapolis Royal.



