

NOTES FROM PORT BLANDFORD.

Rotten Treatment Handed Out to Sick Man by Train Hands--The Matter Should be Immediately Investigated.

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir,—The weather here yesterday was most severe. After the morning a terrible snow storm set in, which lasted all day with the wind blowing hard from the S. E.

Our mail man from Charlottetown, Mr. John Ledden, while driving up through the drifting snow, being guided by his compass, saw a man in towards the shore, travelling on thru the drift. Turning his pony in the direction of the man to see who he was. It was the Rev. Watson Boyes, who was trying to make his way to Port Blandford. Had the mail man past up without seeing him, Mr. Boyes very likely would have some difficulty in making the land at the proper place. Naturally he was greatly pleased to be a passenger on such an ice liner, and the Captain steering by compass.

Just a few days ago Mr. Richard Chaulk of Charlotte Town, while going to Port Blandford with his horse and sleigh to bring down his intended bride, we learn that just below the Narrows his horse fell through the ice, and Friend Chaulk had a terrible job to get it out on hard ice again. Glad to say he mastered the situation, and by this time is enjoying abundance of happiness with his new bride.

We sincerely wish it to him after such an experience.

On St. Patrick's Night, 17th inst. the W. P. A. under the Presidency of Mrs. Daniel Carter, held a tea in the Orange Hall, which was kindly lent for that purpose. The tea was all that could be desired, and quite a number gathered to show their interest in helping and doing anything for the comfort of our brave lads who have so nobly volunteered to fight for our Empire, our country and our home. When the proceeds of the evening had been counted it was found that \$22.00 had been gathered in, which amount seemed very satisfactory. The writer made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, after which the singing of the National Anthem brought the proceedings to a close. The ladies should be encouraged for the efforts they are putting forth to help our soldier boys in their struggles against the enemy.

Mr. Daniel Pelley has a gang of men cutting logs for his mill, and they are doing fairly well. Their camps are a few miles up by the S. W. river. He also has another gang of men camping up above the falls on the same river, cutting pit props. His brother Moses has charge of these pit prop men. It appears as though there won't be much green timber left

when all have finished with the pit props.

We are very sorry to have to report that one of our friends here, Mr. Andrew Hapgood, is very sick indeed, apparently with that dread disease tuberculosis. He and his brother Richard with their families went to Cobb's Sliding last fall for the purpose of catching rabbits. But they were not long there before Andrew found that he was far from well. Still, he tried his best to do his part.

By the middle of February he found that he could do no more, in fact he came very near dying in the woods, owing to losing quite a lot of blood. Shortly after this they decided to return home. Starting early on Monday morning, they had everything packed, ready to take the first train to Port Blandford. The train came thru but would not stop, although signalled. The next train came along and would not stop, with the men trying their best to stop them, and everything already to go on board.

This treatment continued from Monday until Wednesday before they could get a train to stop and take them up, with a very sick man on their hands, and with the weather really frosty.

Such treatment is too serious to pass over lightly. It should be looked into and prevented in the future. And now as the peoples house is opened again for the transaction of business we hope that our members will make an effort to have all those things that are going wrong put right, and that much good may be achieved in this session. Best wishes.

G. R. P.

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WILY LINCOLN CAUGHT AT LAST

Was the Victim of Over Confidence in Himself—New York Police May Hold Him in Connection With Munition Plot—Lincoln Has Had a Strange Career

We may confidently expect to see Ignatius Trebitsch Lincoln, ex-M.P., German spy and alleged forger, in the dock at the Old Bailey, London, in the near future. "The brainiest man in America," as he has styled himself, has been captured on Broadway, New York, the victim of his own over-confidence, and if the United States Government do not keep him as a useful tool towards the exposure of munition plots, he will be handed over to the British authorities to stand trial on several indictments for fraud, involving in all a sum of £1100.

Lincoln had been at liberty for a month, and the police were baffled in their efforts to discover his whereabouts. Almost daily he had been sending letters to the newspapers, laughing at the helpless police, boasting of his own cleverness, and hinting at the revenge he intended to take if the authorities did not give up the attempt to recapture him.

He retired to the shelter of the low-class lodging-houses of New York, mingling with all sorts and conditions of men, among whom apparently he considered himself safe.

Betrayed by Defrauded Landlord.
It was, however, the keeper of one of these lodging-houses who betrayed him to the police. Lincoln had stayed with him for a week or so, and on leaving neglected the usual formality of paying for his board. The defrauded landlord, naturally, was incensed at the ingratitude of his meteoric boarder, and determined to earn the police reward offered for information which would lead to the discovery of the spy.

He prosecuted inquiries among his fellow-keepers of such establishments, and soon found out where the ex-M.P. was putting up. He lost no time in communicating with the police, who arrived at Lincoln's refuge only to find the bird had flown. The scent, however, was fresh and in a day or two Lincoln was run to earth. The police did not tackle him in the regions in which he might have a chance of escape, but waited until he was sauntering carelessly down Broadway. Before he knew what was happening a pistol was pointed at his breast, and he was called upon to surrender to the law.

"I Hate England."
He attempted to bluff, but saw it was useless. He even drew a revolver, but his captors pointed out how hopeless was his position, with three armed men up against him, and he gave in.

"I would never have been caught," he said, "if I had not gone back to my last lodging to see why my trunks were detained." The reason for the detaining of the trunks, of course, was that his bill was left unpaid, and it was this unwillingness to part with money that brought about his downfall. He had not attempted to change his appearance very much, and had only shaved off his moustach. He was not wearing his spectacles; and, clad in a heavy overcoat, he had managed to elude his pursuers, who were scouring New York in search of him, helped by photographs and descriptions.

At the police station he raved against the American Government for lending itself to a plot to deport a political prisoner. "I am a British subject," he shouted, "but I hate England. These charges of forgery have merely been trumped up in order that I may be shot as a spy."

New Version of Escape.
Lincoln gave a new version of the manner in which he succeeded in getting out of the hands of the New York police, while extradition proceedings were going on. It was said he was going from the Federal Build-

ing to jail, and was lurching with Deputy-Marshal Johnston in a restaurant. At table he excused himself, and Johnston, suspecting nothing, allowed him to get out of his sight, with the result that he never saw him again.

Lincoln, however, now states that he was enjoying an outing in New York with his jailer when the incident occurred, and that it was from the Knickerbocker Hotel, in the heart of Broadway, that he gained his liberty by running away from Johnston downstairs into the Underground Railway. Since then he had lived in and near New York.

As a result of his carelessness Johnston was dismissed from the police service, and if Lincoln's story is true it shows the slackness with which the officer watched his prisoner.

Connection with Plots.
Now that he is safe in the hands of the police, it is believed that Lincoln's extradition on charges of forgery and fraud will not be long delayed.

No appeal of his will be of any avail because no Court that he has yet appeared in has credited his assertion that the forgery charge preferred in England was simply a pretext to get him back to London for the purpose of executing him as a spy. But there is a possibility that the United States Department of Justice may desire to use him in reference to the German munition plots in that country, with which it is believed he has had some connection.

He may also be detained in the States by Mr. William Olney, the Superintendent of the Department of Justice, for at the time when Lincoln escaped he was engaged in translating cryptic German code messages for this Department. Lincoln's knowledge of the German Secret Service was exceedingly valuable in this connection. When he disappeared it was found that a number of these valuable papers were also gone. It will be necessary to get back these, if possible, and also to find Lincoln's confederates, as it is certain he must have had aid and money in making his escape.

A Rogue's Progress.
Trebitsch was born of Jewish parents at Paks, Hungary, about 36 years ago. At 16, after a theft, he came to England. Failing to persuade the Rev. C. T. Lyshitz, of the Barbican Mission to the Jews, of his bona-fides, he vanished with a watch and chain and a passport not issued to him.

Crossing to Canada, Trebitsch became a Presbyterian missionary to the Jews. In 1902 he was ordained over there, and returning to England became curate of Appledore-cum-Ebdare, Kent. In 1909 he got himself adopted as Liberal candidate for Darlington, and ousted Mr. Pike Pease by 29 votes.

However, before the next election, this man of straw was beginning to be found out, so he retired to the subtleties of Company promotion and the shades of the Bankruptcy Court.

He has boasted by means of letters in the American papers of his deeds as a German spy, having even detailed a plot he formed to get a part of the British Fleet destroyed. It was his vanity in believing himself beyond the reach of the police that gave him away, and he had even written only a few days ago that he intended blowing up a munition factory, and actually gave warning regarding a particular plant at Paterson, New Jersey.

The British police will be relieved when they finally see this slippery customer safe in the hands of Scotland Yard.

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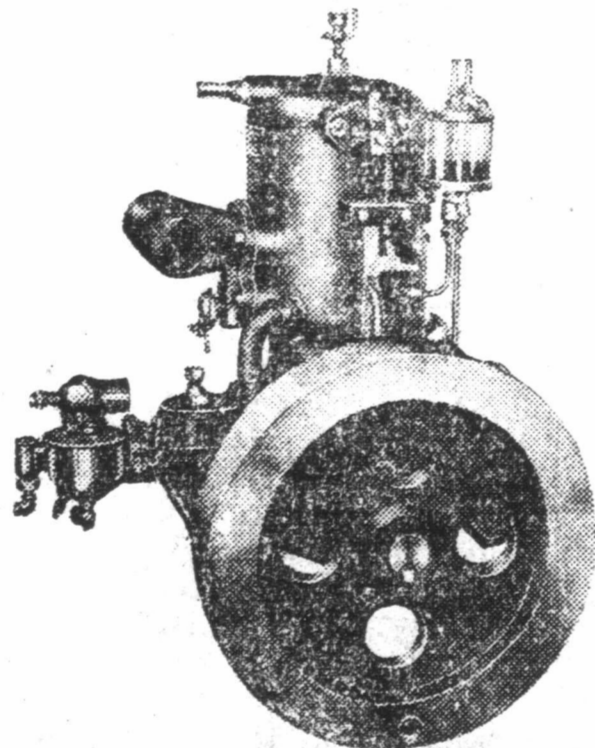
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