

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Tuberculosis Sanatorium

TO PAINTERS.

Sealed tenders will be received at the office of this Department until noon of Monday, the 25th day of August inst., for painting work to be done in connection with the new Addition to the Sanatorium. Tenders to be enclosed in a sealed envelope upon which shall be written the words "Tender for Painting Sanatorium Addition." This envelope shall also contain a money guarantee or approved accepted cheque of the value of five per cent. of the amount of the tender as security for the approved fulfilment of the contract in the event of the acceptance of the tender. This envelope to be addressed to the Minister of Public Works. Specification may be seen at the office of the Superintendent of Public Works during office hours. The Government will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
JAMES HARRIS,
Secretary.

Dept. of Public Works,
August 19th, 1919.
aug20,41

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Tuberculosis Sanatorium

TO PLASTERERS.

Separate sealed tenders will be received at the office of this Department until noon on Monday, the 25th day of August inst., for Plastering work in connection with new Addition to the Sanatorium, as follows:—

(a) Plastering with Hair Mortar and Calcined Plaster.

(b) Plastering with Selenite. Tenders to be enclosed in a sealed envelope upon which shall be written the words "Tenders for Plastering Sanatorium Extension." This envelope to be enclosed in another which shall also contain a money guarantee or approved accepted cheque of the value of five per cent. of the amount of the larger tender as security for the proper fulfilment of the contract in the event of the acceptance of either tender. This envelope to be addressed to the Minister of Public Works. Specification may be seen at the office of the Superintendent of Public Works during office hours. The Government will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
JAMES HARRIS,
Secretary.

Dept. of Public Works,
August 19th, 1919.
aug20,41

Just Received

1000 lbs. of

MOIR'S
Cake,

Plain and Sultania,
Retailing at our usual
low prices.

M. J. O'Brien,
42 New Gower St.

OUR
Loose Leaf
Binders

AND

Accounting Forms

have been adopted by the largest and most progressive firms in Newfoundland, because we place at their disposal

Expert Workmen,
An Up-to-Date Plant
and
The Best Materials.

Dicks & Co., Ltd.
Manufacturing Stationers.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIS-
TEMPER.

Revelation of
a Lady "Tec."

(By MAUD WEST, in "Answers.")

It is safe to say that ninety per cent. of professional blackmailers carrying on operations in this country are foreigners, and most of them belong to the Continental gang known as the "Black Hundred."

I once had an encounter with that notorious Austrian blackmailer who passed under the name of Captain Fehbest. I saw a photograph of some captured Austrian prisoners in a paper during the war, and recognized him at once in the group. He afterwards escaped and subsequently was killed. At the time I met him he was attempting to blackmail the only daughter of a wealthy peer.

Only One Chance—Bluff.

The story is rather a long one, and there is no need to give all the details of it here.

Sufficient it is to say that the captain had once met the peer's daughter abroad; she had no idea of the kind of man he was, and she became engaged to him. Subsequently she wrote him a dozen letters, then she learnt something of the truth about his character, and she ceased to correspond with him. Later on the captain came to London, and endeavored to sell her the letters she had written to him for £10,000, threatening to send them to the man she had then become engaged to if she declined to buy them.

I was instructed to endeavour to get the letters back. There was only one way of doing this. I had to try a bluff; if it failed, the peer's daughter or her father would either have had to pay or have the captain arrested and stand the consequences.

I went one evening to the hotel where the captain was staying, when I knew he was out. I knew the manager of the hotel well. My business, I may say, brings me a great deal to the big West End hotels. I told the manager what my business was, and asked him to let me go to the captain's room and wait there until he returned.

Handed Them Over.

My great hope was that by taking him quite unexpectedly, I might frighten him into giving up the letters. The captain did not return to his rooms until past eight o'clock. It was then quite dark. I heard a step in the corridor, then the door opened, there was a click, and the room was flooded with light. I was standing near the mantelpiece. I gave the captain no time. "I am a detective," I said, "and I want you to give me back the letters Lady V— wrote you. I can give you a few seconds to make up your mind. I have two Scotland Yard men downstairs." I put my hand on the electric bell, and began to count.

The captain made a sudden rush at me, and placed one hand over my mouth, and gripped my throat with the other. I confess I was a bit frightened. He could easily have strangled me, but I did not think he would quite risk doing that. He suddenly let me go, and broke into a laugh.

"The game is up," he said. "You can have the letters—there they are." He took a packet from his pocket and gave it to me. There were exactly a dozen letters—the number was correct.

"All right," I said, as I put the letters into my bag, "but remember, you must clear out of London tomorrow." Again the captain laughed. "I intend doing so," he said. "I have finished with the job." I went downstairs, followed by the captain. When we reached the hall, he said: "Give my love to Lady V—I have had £6,000 out of her already, or I assure you I should not have given you the letters so easily. I had hoped to get another £4,000, but I dare say she could not have found the money, and I want to get out of London."

During the war the Black Hundred gang were inactive; but since the armistice they have renewed their operations.

Not long since, a well-known lady in society received an anonymous letter which ran as follows:

"Dear Madam,—It has come to our

knowledge that you have given cocaine to a young lady who is a friend of yours. This is now likely to cause you much trouble. The writers of this letter desire to help you, and if you are willing to pay them £500, they will secure you against a prosecution that is brewing against you which, however it may result, will involve you in a public scandal."

Then followed the suggestion that she should meet one of the writers of the letter at Charing Cross Post Office at a certain time. This occurred about the time of the Billie Carleton case. The lady in question had, on her doctor's orders, taken cocaine on two or three occasions, and once she had given a little of the drug to a young girl who suffered from neuralgic headaches; but she warned her not to take the drug without consulting her doctor. The blackmailers had probably ascertained these facts through servants.

"You Must Fight!"

The letter terrified the unfortunate lady, and she did the most foolish thing she could have done. She met the blackmailer, and two days later paid him £500.

A couple of weeks later the lady got another letter demanding more money. Then she came to me. In all such cases there is only one thing to do, and I told my client so. "You must put up a fight," I said, "or these men will ruin you. If the worst comes to the worst, you will have to prosecute; but I hope it may not come to that."

My client, after a lot of persuasion, consented to leave the case entirely in my hands. She was to have met one of the blackmailers the following Tuesday—I saw her on Friday—at Charing Cross Post Office again to pay him another £300. I went in her place. I had no difficulty in recognizing the blackmailer, from her description.

He was standing near the crossing opposite the Tube Station when I arrived on the scene.

I went up to him at once, told him that Lady — had sent me, and that I had £300 with me which she had directed me to give him. The man looked suspicious and also, I thought, very frightened. He hesitated, and then began to move away.

"No, you don't," I said. "You are being watched. If you don't come with me, I ——" He stopped, glared at me, and said: "Well, what do you want?"

"Come in here," I said, and turned towards a tea-shop. At the door he hesitated once more, and then he followed me in. I sat down at one of the tables.

"You have probably guessed," I said, "that I am a detective. Well, I am. I want you to give me back the £500 that Lady — gave you, and if you don't—well, you know Lady — is prepared to fight this business, and I will have you arrested directly you leave this place."

He remained silent for a couple of moments, then he said: "I have only £300 with me. You can take it or leave it."

I suspected he was speaking the truth. Anyway, I knew my client would far sooner accept back the £300 than prosecute, and I knew that she would not be troubled by the gang again. I left the shop five minutes later with £300 in my pocket.

Other victims of this gang were young men, as a rule of position and wealth, who had been court-martialled in France frequently for trivial offences, but who particularly desired to keep the fact that they had been court-martialled secret from their friends and relatives at home.

Here is a sample case of this kind. One night an officer whom I shall call Captain B— was coming out of a restaurant in Piccadilly, when he was accosted by his name by a well-dressed man of about forty.

"You don't remember me," said the latter, "but I am Major —, and I met you in France. I should like

to speak to you privately for a few minutes."

What He Should Have Done.

"All right," said the captain, "I am walking to my club, if you will walk in that direction; I shall be pleased to hear anything you have to say, but I don't remember having met you before."

It would have been hard for the captain to have done so, because the so-called major had never been in the Army.

Well, the major got to business at once. He told Captain B— that it had come to the knowledge of certain people that the captain had been court-martialled in France for an offence involving a charge of cowardice. The captain stopped, faced his companion.

"That is an infernal lie!" said the captain, but he had grown as white as a sheet.

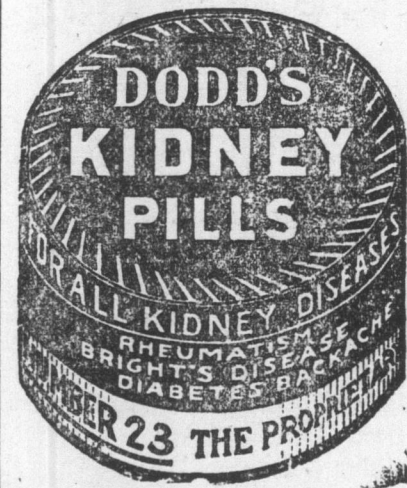
"It may or may not be," answered the major; "but if you don't meet me somewhere and pay me £1,000, some person or persons will inform the lady you are engaged to of the circumstances on which you were court-martialled."

What the captain ought to have done, of course, was either to have knocked the blackmailer down, or given him in charge to the police. What he did was to agree to meet him the following day, at the Charing Cross Post Office where he paid him the money.

Good Advice.

The situation of the captain was in brief, this. He had been court-martialled for overstaying his leave on the eve of an attack in which his regiment was taking part. He had overstayed his leave to attend to private family affairs of the greatest importance, and he applied for permission to do so, which he was under the impression had been granted. There was some mistake about the matter. The captain was court-martialled, but was entirely exonerated from any charge involving cowardice. The captain later became engaged to a lady with whom he had fallen desperately in love.

He said, in telling me of the incident: "It is the only circumstance of my life I kept secret from her; but I was afraid to tell her—that was a fact. It would kill me if she doubted my courage for a moment." He had paid the blackmailer at this time, and I could only advise him that if anyone attempted to blackmail him again in the same manner, to make a clean breast of the matter to his sweetheart, and give the blackmailer in charge to the police.



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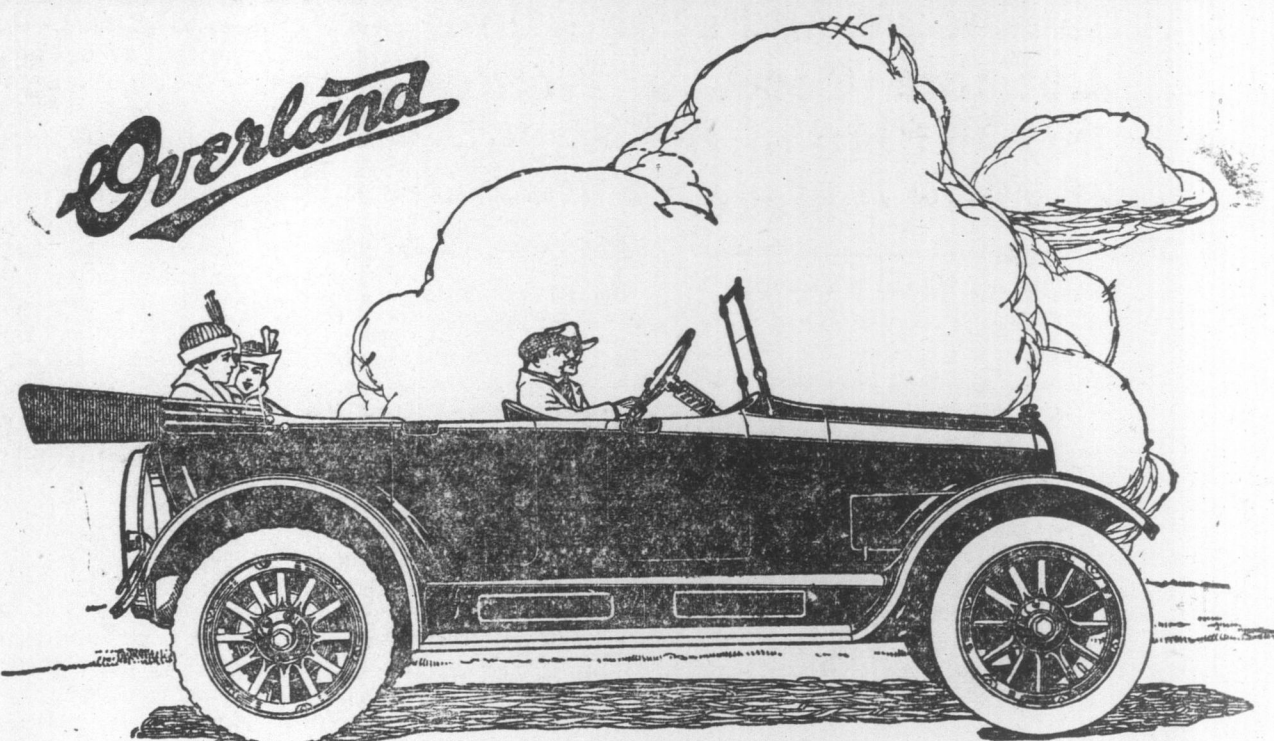
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Specialists in meritorious investments
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STEAMER RESUMES VOYAGE.

The steamer Dellecna which left Hr. Grace for Norway and had put back here owing to engine trouble, resumed the voyage yesterday.

SAILING FOR LABRADOR.

The schooner Ruby W., Baine Johnson & Co. owners, is now loading salt for Battle Hr., whence she will sail for Spain with salt bulk fish.

When you want something in

a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS—
Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled
Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

Miss Information

IT'S NO "SIGN" SHE CAN'T READ.

By Wood Cowan

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