

ON THE TRAIL OF A GERMAN SPY.

(Annprior Chronicle)

Some days ago Chief Nichol received a hasty message from the White Lake section of McNab township to the effect that a certain individual, who was said to have all the earmarks of a really and truly perfectly good German spy, was in that vicinity. After the second or third request of this nature the chief put his spy-glass in his pocket and started out after the spy. Arriving near White Lake he stealthily crawled toward the place where the spy ought to be and, like the Irishman who chased the flea, when he put his hand on him he wasn't there. Anyway, the plot thickened; Mr Spy was gone. The chief, assisted by the most minute description and direction of the loyal people of White Lake and suburbs, traced this man of the Kaiser away down into Fitzroy and the limb of the law, hearing that the man was breaking all long distance records in a vain endeavor to get to the U. S. boundary, hurried forward in wild pursuit; to capture a German spy is no mean feat and, mind you, the people of White Lake knew perfectly well that the man was a spy. Down through Fitzroy the policeman scurried, enquiring here and there, but not until the end of the second day, when the sun had gone to rest and in all Fitzroy naught disturbed the peace of the rural community save the drop in the price of beef cattle, with never a suggestion of a German spy "in their midst," did the officer of the law approach the residence of Mr George Storey on the 3rd line; from there the stranger was traced to the 5th line and with one mighty swoop and a flourish of the spy-glass the chief came upon the long-sought German spy. Chief Nichol stated his mission and the spy is probably laughing yet; in fact the chief laughed too, and there are those who say that even the roses riddled. This supposed German, tracked and shadowed over two townships, rejoiced by the very common German name of Bell—Edward William Bell—and he couldn't speak a word of German, had never been nearer the land of sauerkraut and Krupps than New York and had travelled through Canada for the past eight years selling a certain brand of oil manufactured by himself. Just how the people of McNab came to single him out as a German spy is not clear, but no person enjoyed the joke more than did E. W. Bell of Scotch descent, aged 55 years and very sympathetic to the cause of the allies.