

KYTE PROVING CHARGES RIGHT UP TO THE HILT

Mr. E. V. Cadwell of the American Ammunition Company on the Stand Before the Royal Commission---Admits That an Agreement Was Made With His Associates for Division of the Profits.

Ottawa, May 11.—E. V. Cadwell, of the American Ammunition Co., testifying this afternoon before the Meredith-Duff commission of inquiry, admitted that an agreement had been entered into between himself, E. W. Bassick and B. F. Yoakum, of New York, whereby they were to divide a commission of \$1,000,000 for their trouble in negotiating their fuse contract with the Shell Committee at Ottawa. Yoakum was to get \$475,000, Bassick \$275,000 and Cadwell was content with \$250,000.

When G. W. Kyte, M.P., made his charges in the House of Commons regarding the "rake-offs" on fuse contracts, he read what Cadwell admitted today was a copy of the agreement entered into between the three men.

Mr. Kyte first said that the million to be divided was the advance made by the Shell Committee, but afterwards spoke of it as profits out of the transaction. Cadwell says the money was to be divided "as and when the fuses were delivered." It was not to come out of the advance money, but from payments after deliveries.

On Grill Today.

Cadwell is one of the best witnesses so far heard. He gives his testimony in a straightforward manner, and creates the impression that he does not seem to desire to hide anything. All his evidence today was in direct examination. The cross-examination comes tomorrow.

Cadwell told of having come to Ottawa with Messrs. Yoakum and Bassick, and negotiating the contract in opposition to the "Tobacco Trust" (the In-

ternational company) crowd, whom he found out were the competitors. The order was first secured by a letter, and immediately there was talk of a division of profits. Others were to share in the work, so the men primarily interested thought they were entitled to compensation. Cadwell himself apparently played the least part.

"I let them fight it out," he stated in reference to the difference between Yoakum and Bassick. Each of them claimed credit for initiating the business. The discussion was heated, but apparently Bassick had the "drop" on the other fellow. General Bertram's letter, assuring the order, was addressed to him. He threatened to return it, and then there was peace and agreement. Yoakum, however, was able to persuade Bassick that he was entitled to the lion's share, and so the division outlined was arranged.

The American Ammunition Co. was afterwards formed, and Cadwell took 80 per cent. and O. R. Flint & Co., of New York, 20 per cent. of the stock. Yoakum wanted to get in the company too, but Cadwell stated he told him (Yoakum) that he had already got the big share of the commission and should stay out. However, Yoakum got one per cent. out of Flint.

The balance of Cadwell's evidence, under direct examination, dealt mainly with the difficulties with which his company has been beset. There was trouble with the sub-contractors, but apart from that a nemesis has been on their track. Though they have plant and experts and have followed the advice of the war office, they have been unable to deliver the goods. Out

COST OF SICKNESS HIGH SINCE DRUG PRICES INCREASED

(St. Louis Post Dispatch.) . . . St. Louisians who formerly "enjoyed bad health" now are finding it an expensive luxury because of the skyrocket prices of drugs—owing to the war. Even little Johnnie is no longer dosed with castor oil, because he used a naughty word—castor oil has more than doubled in price, as the aeroplanes of the warring nations need it for lubricant.

Sister Sue, who just adores Anna Held's eyes, and formerly put a little belladonna in her own before "he" called, now has to be content without additional lustre—because the French and Germans in their trappings and fighting over the Vosges mountains have almost obliterated the Belladonna plant. And it rarely grows elsewhere.

And the dear old women in the home who used to take cod liver oil thrice daily in the winter, find that they can do without it—the price wholesale has jumped from 80 cents a gallon to \$2.25, and is still going up. That is because the war has interfered with the fishing plans of the folk who formerly caught the cod fish in the North Sea, where much of it came from.

Dad, who would swear that quinine was one of the only real cures on the market, now partakes of it sparingly. If you are a druggist and in good with your wholesaler, you may get it for \$1.50 to \$2.50 an ounce—two years ago it was only 30 cents. This is because the Germans who formerly made most of the quinine sulphate, are using their entire supply for their soldiers.

Even Big Brother Bill is finding "the

of twenty lots of time fuses only two passed, the rejections numbering 42,000.

"How is it the International is doing so well?" asked Mr. Hellmuth.

"The gods must be with them," suggested the witness.

Cadwell said his part of the commission was not to be delivered.

Asked if Bassick's was, he replied, No; but when queried about Yoakum's, he answered "Not when the contract was signed."

morning after" rather expensive these days. Coal tar derivative, formerly imported from Germany and used in headache powders, has advanced 1,800 per cent. as it is used in high explosives. Acetphenetidin, used in many headache remedies, has jumped from \$1 a round to \$27—and hasn't reached the sky-limit yet. The 25-cent headache remedy now costs \$1.

It even costs more money to kill a bedbug than formerly, as corrosive sublimate, imported from Germany, has tripled in price.

Carbolic acid, a basic ingredient of which is used in the manufacture of high explosives, has jumped a thousand per cent.

Iodine is the only good "buy" left—its price is about the same as before the war. Local hospitals are provided with practically all necessary chemicals, but being sick has become a mighty expensive thing.

The war has raised the prices in many other lines, as investigation reveals. Thyme, a plant grown in the war zone, was a highly-prized flavoring for the Thanksgiving turkey dressing. But this year plain parsley will do, as thyme has risen 600 per cent.; the warring nations are making from it a germ killer known as thymol and much needed by them.

Experts who have studied the situation declare the high prices in drugs are due to three causes—the need of many of them in making explosives, the shortage of ships to transport what can be obtained, and speculation by American brokers. No fall in prices is expected unless peace is declared.

CYNICAL PATENT.

"What are your daughters studying now?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. Cumrox. "They've learned all about music, painting and literature. All they've got left to learn is not to bother people with them."

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Only a bit of cotton between one and the stars, only a spread of balsam between you and mother earth. But the world is yours, the wonder-world of mountains, of glaciers, of glittering snow fields, of singing brooks and roaring rivers, of valleys brilliant with flowers, of sleeping lakes of ever-changing colors.

With a guide, a pack and a saddle pony, a supply of food and a tent or two, we leave Banff or Field and face the alluring trail and the untrodden trails. Miles and years behind are cities and streets and trains and creditors and sky scrapers and even war. After hours of trail journeying,

over as many kinds of paths as you can count on fingers and toes, the first camp is struck and none too soon, for the tenderfoot who hasn't been in the saddle for some years. Bill chooses an ideal spot as if by instinct—a clean bit of forest, a high and dry level area, a near-by stream, a pasture run for the ponies and firewood for the burning pile.

Then one enters upon the tented life and a rare life it is. How tiny the little tent in the world of hills, but it is home for the time. No sooner is it pegged down than Bill has by magic started a roaring fire going and set free the most delicious of odors for the epicurean feast that soon follows. A fallen tree serves as a mahogany table, a stump or two as upholstered chairs and what more would you have? We actually can get along

without finger bowls or napkins. Could a cannibal be greedier than we are, as the bacon and the bread and the prunes disappear and the black old tea pot never runs dry. Then the camp fire! What witchery in the erratic flames with which the mountain winds are playing, what thrills of physical well-being as we fire-worship. Men purr like well-fed cats and are unashamed. Then the camp fire symposium: the tales, true and less true, the singing, classic and otherwise, and such good fellowship as is rare!

So to bed. Three in a row. The centre sleeper in his sleeping bag looks like a stuffed giant, the rest of us are content with the warm Hudson's Bay blankets of ample folds. No, we didn't sleep much the first night, but the change of life and environment had been too sudden, but

wait for the other nights. Oblivion waits on the campers until the morning wash in the ice cold stream makes a complete awakening. And what a day it is, rarer than any poetic day in June in the other part of the world where men crowd together. Trails and paths invite exploration on every hand, mountain slopes say, come over and climb us for the panorama we will reveal. Wild life is revealed at times, for it is the haunt of big and small game—bear, mountain goat and sheep, porcupine, marmot, ptarmigan, eagle. The ear is thrilled with the songs of singing streams and tumbling cascades and reverberating avalanches. Truly it is a marvel world, and the fleeting life therein, in a little tent, makes one of the happiest experiences of life and one of its happiest memories as well.

-SEEDS-

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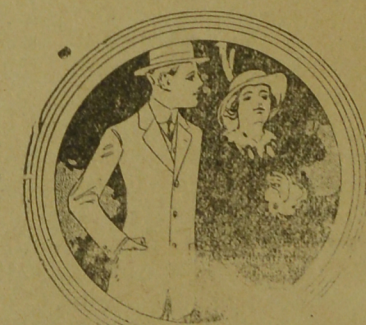
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