

HOW DO THEY GET THAT WAY, THESE MANIACAL MOTORISTS

(By Harold Bennison in Boston Traveller.)

And what people will do with their automobiles after they buy them!

Particularly if they find they are unable to meet the next monthly payment!

Or if they come to Boston to have a little party, not to mention being stricken with appendicitis, or being called suddenly to another part of the country.

When the Fog Lifted.

Now take John Whoosis, for instance. He lives in a town near Springfield, is well thought of in his own community, pillar of the church and all that sort of thing. Twice a year he comes to Boston on business. Doesn't know the city very well, in fact just knows where two offices are. He goes to these in the forenoon, transacts his business for the coming season and is generally entertained a bit by the people he does business with. He drove down on his last trip.

Before he left some one told him to put his car in a garage so as not to be in danger of getting in trouble with it. John did. Then he did his buying. Then he did his drinking. Then he did things he doesn't remember, or want to remember.

When the fog lifted from his brain he found himself in New York. He had no desire to be in New York. Didn't know he was in New York until the bell-hop in the hotel told him so. He didn't know where the last three days had gone to.

Garage? Which One?

He went at once to Springfield, learning that his long absence had alarmed his family. Alarm is a mild way of putting it. Then he remembered his automobile.

He wasn't just sure which garage he put the machine in. He remembered it was off a main street somewhere. He explained at home that he had bashed in a fender or had a puncture or something and had left the car to be repaired. His story did not seem so good to all concerned when he refused to go to Boston after it. His wife wanted to see some friends in Boston and they could run down together and she could get the motor while he did something else—oh, man!

Complications ensued when the police of his town received a notification from the Boston police that his automobile had been sitting in a garage and would Mr. Whoosis please come get it, as the garage needed the space and the bill now amounted to \$35 and was going up at the rate of \$1 a day. The bus was worth only about \$100 at best.

John explained as best he could, slipped away one day and got his car and reached home with it. His wife will go with him to Boston from now on.

Then Came the Deluge.

Horace Whatsis bought a nice machine. It was worth \$2,565 delivered, with space tire, tube, rim, stop-light, windshield wiper and—well, you know the rest. He paid \$800 down and agreed to pay the remainder in a year, about \$150 a month. He paid two installments before the stock market had a convulsion. Horace couldn't raise the next note and casually left the motor on Boylston street.

In due time the police reported the machine had been abandoned. The company Horace bought the car from claimed it. It was registered in Whatsis's name. The police thought Horace owned it, the company claimed that he didn't own it until he paid the last note.

Whatsis didn't want anything more to do with the machine when the police first spoke of it. In fact, when they notified him they had his machine he didn't even acknowledge their nice little letter. They had to send for him.

Each Claim is Good.

Of course the police had put the car into a garage—as they have to keep the streets clear and storage at \$1 a day soon mounted. The garage had a claim on the car, so did the agent, and so did the owner. The police had no concern in the matter, as no crime had been committed. The matter was one for the civil side of the courts. As they say in some places: "What are the rights of all the parties?"

Quite different was the case of the man who lived in Michigan and couldn't find the garage check which bore the all-important address. By the time the whole matter had been settled the garage claim amounted to as much as the car was worth. The garage owner could have gone to court and secured an order authorizing him to sell the machine at auction. That would have cost money. Instead he took a bill of sale from the owner and everything returned to normalcy.

The man who was stricken with appendicitis had not time to wonder

about a little thing like a three-year old \$1,500 automobile. He was more interested in getting his health back. He got his health but it was not until the car had been sold under a court order that he ever asked about it.

Findings is Keepings.

And what people will leave in their cars? One woman left a baby sleeping in a suspended crib. Many have left fur coats. A man left two pints of whiskey, secured on the prescription of a doctor. When he came for his car the whiskey was gone. He stormed and he fumed, and the garage manager looked everywhere, but not a whiff was left.

The whiskey-owner insisted that he would do this or that about it. But he was told that while he might legally have a pint, two pints would indicate a friendliness on the part of the doctor amounting almost to illegality.

People have left their cars on streets and forgotten them. They have driven in from their homes, forgotten about driving in, and have taken a train home. What's a little thing like \$2,000 worth of automobile to worry about. Of course more machines are worth \$100 than are worth \$2,000, but even \$100 is more than most people can find scaling goldfish.

Lost, Strayed, Stolen.

As for the cars which are stolen for a ride and abandoned! Sometimes they are never claimed. Police station 19, out in Mattapan, has a backyard with about a dozen automobiles in it. These poor old rattletaps, called automobiles by courtesy, couldn't go down hill unless they were towed.

The Columbus avenue garage has a score or more machines parked in it waiting for some one to come claim. Cars are found with number plates missing, engine numbers changed and otherwise devoid of any identifying marks.

In one such car a valuable bag was found. The contents were very interesting. Maybe some one will claim it some day. But probably not until after the government itself starts the sale of liquor, which will not be for a few days yet.

BLOOMFIELD RIDGE.

Bloomfield Ridge, April 20—It was necessary on Saturday the 10th to put snow-plow on the road for funeral the following Monday.

D. A. Smith has been ill with lagrippe.

The card party and dance held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Carson was a pronounced success. Chester J. Boies recently had the misfortune to have two of his ribs broken.

Coasting and sliding in the evenings were popular sports during the present month because of the late spring.

Harry A. Bruce and family extend thanks to their numerous friends for the kindness displayed during their recent bereavement.

Miss Alda G. Draper and Miss Sadie G. Nodwell were the guests recently of Miss Ruby G. Boies.

Merritt Paul Smith who had been working for Fred McLaggan, Hawkshaw, has returned from the lumber woods.

Mrs. Harry A. Bruce of Hayesville passed away at her home on Friday the 9th inst. She was aged thirty-eight years and leaves to mourn her husband, two sons and two daughters, Lloyd A. Bruce, Carroll E. Bruce, Glenna Bruce and June R. Bruce. There also are two sisters Mrs. Berton J. MacLellan and Mrs. Everett A. Parker and two brothers John H. Spencer and Stewart K. Spencer. The deceased was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Spencer.

Rev. James Rowley conducted the funeral service. The pall-bearers were Berton J. MacLellan, Scott N. MacDonald, John H. Spencer and Stewart K. Spencer.

SPORT MODELS.

Onions—"D'ya think there's any difference between th' ol'-fashioned 'best girl' an' new-fashioned 'sweetie'?"

Garlic—"You bet!"

Onions—"What?"

Garlic—"Th' upkeep was a lot less on th' ol' models."

A LONDON FASHION.

London, April 22—Women are not to monopolize blue for dress material this season. Tailoring experts in Saville row say men are increasingly favoring blue for evening wear, and many orders have been given for dark blue dinner suits instead of black. The cloth used is the same as that now worn but has a different dye.

HAMPTON LADY TO BE HEARD OVER RADIO

St. John, April 22—Friends throughout the Province will be interested to know that Mrs. Kathleen March Strain, a talented daughter of Hampton, N. B., parents, will be heard in radio concert from WLS at Chicago, on Friday evening, April 23. Mrs. Strain will sing from 11 to 11:30 o'clock, Atlantic Standard time, and her many friends in New Brunswick look forward to the broadcast with delightful anticipation.

Mrs. Kathleen March Strain is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Ralph March, of Hampton, and comes of a gifted musical family. She is a graduate of Mount Allison Conservatory of Music, Sackville, and possesses a beautiful contralto voice. She has continued her studies under Elizabeth Kinsman Mann, at Chicago, and is considered one of the foremost of Chicago's youngest artists.

BRANCH OF GAME ASSOCIATION AT THE JUNCTION

A Branch of the New Brunswick Fish and Game Protective Association was organized at Fredericton Junction last night, under the name of the Oromocto Branch of the F. & G. P. A. James C. McCracken, of Fredericton Junction, was elected president and Norman MacLeod of Warrall, vice-president and J. C. Cook, of Fredericton Junction, secretary-treasurer. The executive committee will be appointed later.

Francis Kerr, secretary of the parent association, and D. King Hazen, president of the Saint John Branch, were present at the meeting. The Oromocto Branch is the eighth branch of the Provincial Association formed to date and there are several others in process of formation.

The Oromocto Branch starts out with a membership of 6, and indications are that it will exceed a hundred in a short time.

LOWER HAYNESVILLE.

Lower Haynesville N. B., April 21—Winter weather is still staying with us and an abundance of snow which is rather unusual for this time of year.

The W. M. A. S. was entertained at Mrs. Hedley Jones a fairly large number being present.

Some who are fortunate to have maple trees are endeavoring to make some honey but owing to so much cold weather get very little sap.

Manzer Lindsay who has been suffering from flu is gaining now.

Benj. Reynolds and family are indisposed with "flu."

Mrs. Fred B. Morgan who was on the sick list is gaining.

Mrs. Thomas Whitehead of Springfield spent several days in this place visiting.

Sterling Whitehead and family spent Sunday at Springfield.

Some of the fair sex from this town are attending the millinery opening at J. E. Brown's store Upper Haynesville conducted by Mrs. E. E. Burden.

The mail carrier Robert Foreman is deserving of much praise for the way he has delivered the mail this winter and spring scarcely missing a trip and being about on time no matter how the roads are.

Wilfred Price has left once more. He is going to Woodstock this time to work on the railway.

The Radio fans have been enjoying some rare treats of late.

House cleaning will soon be the topic among the ladies.

BURBANK'S ESTATE \$200,000

Santa Rosa, Cal., April 22—Mrs. Luther Burbank has been named in the Superior Court special executrix of the estate of her husband, the famous horticulturist, who died Sunday. The estate, valued at approximately \$200,000, was willed to the widow.

Tim—Old Jenkins is strutting around with his chest out. What has he done to make him feel cheery?

Jerry—We went down to Florida with a shoe string—

Tom—And I suppose he came back with a fortune.

Jerry—No, he came back with the same shoe string.

SYNOD ASKED TO MEET NEXT YEAR IN ST. JOHN

Session Completed on Thursday Afternoon — Few Changes in Slate of Committees — Thanks to Bishop.

The Synod of the Anglican Diocese of Fredericton concluded its fifty-seventh annual session here Thursday afternoon when balloting on the Boards and Committees for 1926 was completed. The ballot resulted in the choice of the states as proposed by the Nominating Committee with the exception that Rev. E. Halstone, Rev. W. P. Dunham, Rev. J. A. Cooper, Col. W. H. Harrison, S. L. Emerson and H. B. Schofield were added to the Board of Education.

King's College Governors.

The representatives to the General Synod and the Provincial Synod were re-elected together with Rev. Thomas Parker and Rev. G. E. Trueman as representatives on the Board of Governors of King's College. Rev. Mr. Trueman succeeds H. Usher Miller who declined re-election, and Rev. Mr. Parker was re-elected.

Invited to Saint John.

An invitation to hold the annual Synod meeting in Saint John in 1927 extended by clergy and laity was referred to the executive.

Rev. Dr. J. Roy Campbell of Fredericton, retired, one of oldest men in orders in the Diocese was given a welcome to the Synod and His Lordship Bishop Richardson personally conveyed the greetings of the Synod to him.

Rev. Dr. Campbell replied briefly and with feeling.

Honor for His Lordship.

Before the Synod rose His Lordship vacated the chair on request and with Very Rev. Dean Neales in the Chair a vote of thanks to His Lordship was moved by Archdeacon Forsyth seconded by Rev. Canon McKim, for the courtesy and ability displayed in presiding over the session of the synod.

His Lordship replied with feeling expressing his appreciation of this token of regard. It always was comforting and humbling to have such words said. During the period of twenty years which had elapsed since consecration as Bishop of the Diocese there had been unwavering courtesy extended to him.

SPRING TAMENT.

Though poets sing of Lady Spring As romping on the hills And through the valleys with her chalice

Brimful of daffodils; In sprightly dance her white feet glance

Where gems of dew are gleaming— The lady may do as they say. But I think they are dreaming.

When April's here I'm feeling queer I'm also full of chills;

The mists and rains bring grunts and pains.

As well as doctor's bills; I wheeze and wheeze, I sneeze and sneeze,

The while my poor teeth chatter; Spring means to me but misery

And mud through which to splatter.

—EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER in Chicago News.

Hon. B. M. Hill of Saint John is in the city today.

R. T. D. Aiken of Newcastle is a guest at the Barker House.

R. H. Gremley of Newcastle is

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Syrup

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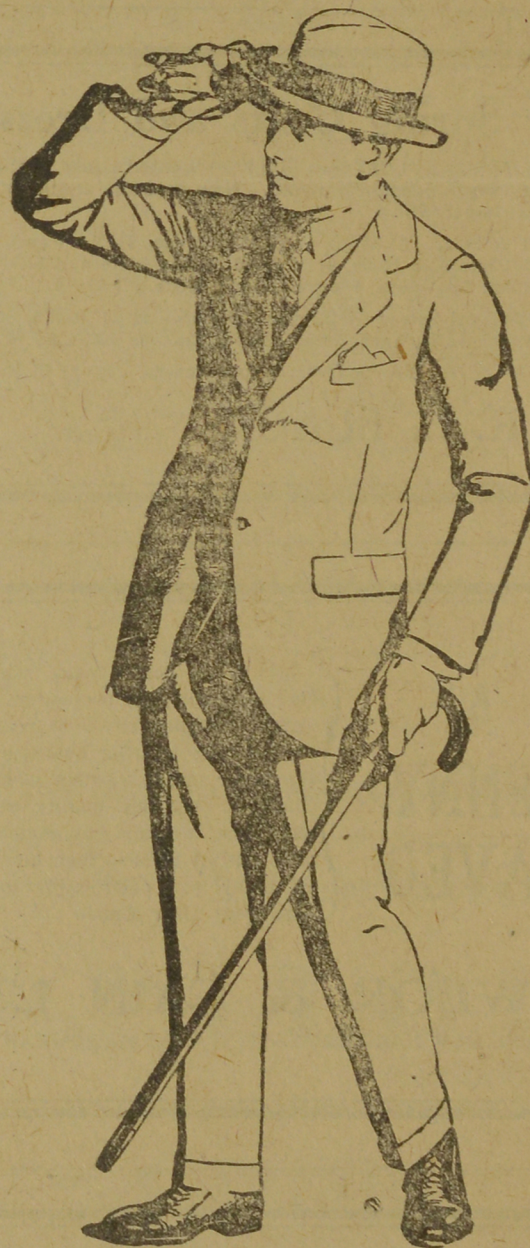
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