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STANDARD OF THE WORLD
CADILLAC

SMITH FOUNDRY CO., LIMITED,
Fredericton, N. B.

CAD-1528C

IS THAT TRUE

Football is good so I suppose
But they report the game in prose
It does not go with baseball's bang
There seems to be no fund of slang.

Returned Home

Miss Nella Hawthorne, of this city
who has been visiting her sister, Mrs.
Guy Scovil of Brockville, Ontario,
has returned home after spending a
short time in that city.

CHORUS GIRLS CENSORED

Madrid, May 12—Chorus girls are
being censored. No producer may
hire them until they have been ap-
proved by a public official.

Achibald—I live in the country
now. It's terrible dull.
Florence—It must be. What do you
miss most?
"The last train."

Modern Surgeon—How's the patient
with the mule gland operation this
morning?

Nurse—No, so well, sir he kicked
himself unconscious last night.

The new spring hats for women
have an inside compartment for cig-
arets. In the good old days, the hat
concealed nothing except a puff.

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It Pays to Advertise in the Mail

DOPE ADICTS ARE CLEVER AS TRICKSTERS; RESORT TO NUMEROUS SUBTERFUGES

Not so long ago, busy travelers on New York's midtown subway lines began to speculate on whether or no sleeping sickness had hit the town's crippled beggars. Every day or so a dozen, ragged mendicant was seen lying on the platform of one or another station, says the New York World.

And always he has his dirty cap upturned beside his pitiful, huddled form; nearly always the cap was spotted with tossed coins. For it seemed that a sleeping beggar, for some odd reason, made greater appeal to the heart of a human than a walking one. The matter was interesting and travelers talked; the thing got into the papers. Were there a lot of such beggars? Even the police were concerned.

One day the situation cleared. Detectives finally had arrested one of these sleepers, and it developed there was only one, but that he had cannily chosen a different station for each sleep. He was, he admitted, a "dope fiend" of years' standing. He had been at the end of his rope, no home, no food, no money—nothing but rags.

He had been on his way to the police station, where he might give himself up and take the "cure" as a law breaker, which was, of course, the only sure way he could get "dope" when a fellow "fiend" met him and gave him a "shot."

Remunerative Sleep

He fell asleep that wet night in a Broadway doorway, and his cap fell beside him. When the drug wore off, the addict stared at his cap in amazement—but his tremendous hands found the \$4 or more in change which pitying New Yorkers had thrown him was real.

For a time, then, this adventurer lived the life of a "dope" using Riley. He bought "junk" with the \$4 and lay down in the subway to sleep. People hurried, it seemed to his cap with money. Unsophisticates even shook him, found his sleep to be heavy, took it for complete exhaustion and sometimes parted with a greenback before going their way, muttering: "Poor fellow." There were subway sleeps that netted him as much as \$25. And almost all he perceived, he admitted, went to the czars of "The World of the Living Dead."

The czars? Well, the United States government makes an average profit of two million dollars a year through the Administration of the Harrison anti-narcotic law, according to J. P. Chamberlain, professor of public law at Columbia University. In other words, the savant told the recent world conference on narcotic education that taxes and fines, together with funds derived from the disposition of confiscated "junk and stuff," yield that tidy fortune over and above the cost of the federal narcotic bureau and its small army of clerks, agents, chemists, et al.

And just why, with some 5,000 peddlers and smugglers of "dope" being sent to federal prisons yearly, Uncle Sam should choose to keep the two million dollars for other purposes than furthering its adequate fight against dope is a question even the professor admitted was a puzzler, one of the mysteries they are forever uncovering underneath the capital dome.

Traffic Can Be Ended

But regardless of the mystery, the two million dollars profit in fines indicates that the more or less "hushed-up" dope industry is well up in the list of American commercial enterprises. Indeed, Ralph H. Oyler, chief New York City narcotic agent, holds if it weren't for the "czars and their big ring," smuggling the "dope" traffic could be wiped out in its time.

The czars, according to the experienced veterans, are capitalists who bear the same relation to the drug traffic that capitalists bear to any other business—save that they keep their investments a total secret. Mr. Oyler pictures them as a group of moneyed profit seekers lolling about New York offices and clubs, ostensibly legitimate business, but clandestinely and through intermediaries engaged in giving sinews of war to the "dope" runners.

Some, he believes, do not know

just what use is being made of their money and do not care as long as big dividends roll in. Others know, in his opinion and should considering themselves in nowise their brother's keepers.

So the contrast between the czars and the ultimate consumers of the "dope" world is even more marked than ever between the extremes of any other world that ever was. The Government made a determined attempt to find out just how many addicts there were and just how many addicts there were and to what class of society they mainly belonged. It was found that only existent records were those in penal institutions, public hospitals, and health departments; at any rate these were all that were available save a few furnished by doctors. There was revealed, in other words, what every doctor knows, that your "dope" user keeps his habit a secret as long as he can, and that your rich addict, saved from public confession by his money, never, never tells.

Addicts All Walks of Life

True, when his ten years or so of indulgence had come to its inevitable end of wrecked health, the rich man calls in the doctor, and, in almost every case, the curtain of professional secrecy falls over his fate.

But whether rich addicts, unless their health is very great and guarded very long, or no, the fact is that the Government found the great bulk of known "fiends" were: Housekeepers, laborers, clerks, physicians, salesmen, nurses, pharmacists, actors, waiters, cooks, soldiers, sailors, barbers, housemen, butchers, bartenders, draftsmen, teachers, and last, but far from least, the unemployed—for the most part unfortunates unable to work steadily at anything, now in prison, now out, and haunted through their human misery by the chimeric Valhalla of "dope."

A queer company, the strangest, desperate enough to kill, and the weakest devising and trying the canniest, most outlandish, monkeylike tricks and deceptions—for "drug" money.

Of this latter class the subway sleeper was an interesting example; and if he seemed bizarre and fantastic, consider the lamented soul whom my acquaintance, the one-time California narcotic agent, always called "slippery." Roughly, he might be classified with that considerable army of "dope" victims who resort to sneak thievery and sopping lifting to raise the price of their narcotics, police records are full of such, who divide their time when out of the workhouse between plundering store counters and such things and "dope" sprees. Their tricks are varied, from the former fat man who grew painfully thin on "snow," and who utilized the surplus room in his vest to shove shirts under, so that of the fellow who used to steal counter stuff, hide it in washrooms, walk out with empty hands, and then return later and retrieve the loot.

Not only to the "dope" driven slaves steal money, but they go after the drug direct. After the war there were several instances of men going into doctor's offices, posing as former soldiers so injured that they had to have narcotics. And in many instances this dodge served to get many a hardened user his daily need of "junk."

Records show scores of instances where glib, eager addicts have gained access to the doctor's office, by pre- to be ill, and when his back was turned rifled his cabinet of drugs. Often a doctor, on refusal, is attacked, beaten and robbed.

EARTH FROM THE TOMB OF A MODERN SAINT

Constantinople, May 12—A package of earth from the tomb of a Moslem saint, in the belief of the donor, an old servant, will protect Miss Edith Sanderson, on her trip home to Berkeley, Calif. She is one of the three American teachers recently convicted of spreading religious propaganda.

Her Three Boys Had Terrible Colds That Hung On

Mrs. G. Ames, 35 St. George Street, Chatham, Ont., writes:—"Last winter my three boys had terrible colds and a cough that hung on so long that it began to worry me.

"I went to my druggist and he asked me if I had tried

**Dr. Wood's
Norway
Pine
Syrup**



"I told him I had not, but that I would, and I must say that after they had finished the third bottle they were entirely rid of the cough.

"I will never be without a bottle of 'Dr. Wood's' on hand."

Price 35c. a bottle, large family size 60c.; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

TO DEEPEN CHANNELS OF GREAT LAKES

Washington, May 11—The House Rivers and Harbors Committee late today approved a project to deepen the connecting channels of the Great Lakes to a 24-foot depth at a cost of \$27,500,000.

The project adopted by the committee was contrary to a proposal by the army engineers who recommended a 23-foot depth at a cost of \$24,000,000.

The vote by the committee was announced as 13 to 3 with two members not voting.

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Public Hospital.
- 8 Children's Home.
- 12 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 York and Queen Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 Aberdeen and St. John Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore Street and Waterloo Row.
- 55 George Street and University Avenue.
- 56 Lansdowne and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey Street and University Ave.
- 112 Aberdeen and Smythe Sts.
- 113 Northumberland and Argyle Sts.

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may not make
the man but they
improve his
appearance

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