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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, May 22nd, 1908, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON.

No. 303 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, St. John and Halifax	5.45
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville	18.30
No. 323 Suburban for Marysville	16.20
No. 323 Suburban for Marysville	16.20
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville	6.15
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville	11.15
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville	18.40
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville	21.30

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 318 Suburban from Marysville	8.15
No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville	13.05
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville	13.45
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville	13.45
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville	18.20
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham, Moncton, Chatham and Loggieville	16.30
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville	19.15

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight. Moncton, N. B., May 23, 1908.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Passenger Train Service From Fredericton, Atlantic Time—Effective Oct. 13th, 1907.

DEPARTURES.

- 6.11 a. m., EXPRESS for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north; Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Plaster Rock and Edmundston, Bangor, Portland and Boston.
- 6.30 a. m. MIXED, via Gibson branch, for Woodstock and north; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston and leave St. Mary's at 6.30 a. m.
- 6.50 a. m. EXPRESS for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Atlantic express for St. John and points east.
- 6.50 p. m. MIXED for Fredericton Junction, connecting with short line express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and with Imperial Limited and Pacific expresses from Montreal for the west, north west, and Pacific coast; also connects for Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., St. Stephen and Woodstock.
- 6.50 p. m. EXPRESS for St. John and points east.

ARRIVALS.

- 6.20 a. m. From St. John and east.
- 6.45 a. m. From Montreal and west, Boston, St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.
- 9.10 p. m. From St. John and east.
- 9.35 p. m. From Woodstock and points north, via Gibson branch, arrives St. Mary's 8.35 p. m.
- 10.40 p. m. From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

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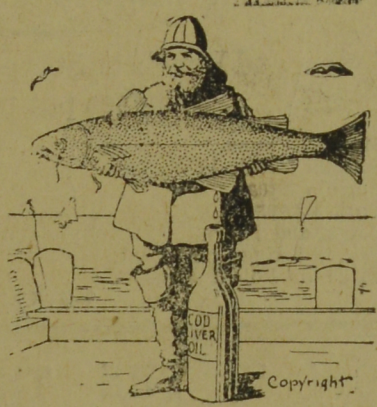
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...The... Red Heart.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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Fay Woodward, finishing a rollicking class song with a crash of chords, whirled around on the piano stool and faced the group of girls who were presiding over the mysteries of fudge-making in a chafing dish.

"It's a tragedy," she said; "that's what it is."

"What?" came the interested chorus.

"The case of Caroline Krebs."

"It sounds like the headlines in an evening paper," murmured Eloise Hillman, sniffing the chocolate scented air ecstatically.

Fay, ignoring the interruption, went on. "She's a nice little thing, and I ate to see her unhappy."

"Maybe she is just silly and sentimental," said Beatrice Drake, who was stirring the bubbling mixture. "She seems awfully young to have a real affair."

"She is twenty," Fay informed them.

"It's her duffy curls that give her that baby look. And she has known him since she was five. He proposed to her when she was fifteen, and they became engaged this fall just before she came here to school."

"Who is he?" asked Eloise, with interest.

"The young man Caroline Krebs is engaged to, and I am worrying about them."

"Why worry?" asked a fourth girl, who, buried in the cushions of the couch, had hitherto said nothing.

"Because I am not like you, Kitty. I can't curl up like a cat and let life roll past me. Caroline Krebs is my roommate, and she is handling her

must have liked it. But Arthur always wants me to make things for him."

So Fay gave it up. "He'll be disillusioned, and she will be unhappy," was her decision, "but I can't help it."

It was three days after Arthur's birthday that Caroline came to her roommate with a note.

"I can't understand Arthur," she said, and her lips were quivering. "He seems to think my present was a joke."

"Oh," gasped Fay understandingly. "He says that he showed it to the boys, and they laughed over it, and that he was glad I had such a sense of humor and that it was such a dear little fat heart. And I thought it was beautiful. Oh, dear!" And Caroline's head was pillowed on Fay's sympathetic shoulder. "I worked so hard, and it was so pretty," she sobbed, "and they just laughed."

"Send him something else and tell him this was just a funny forerunner," Fay suggested.

But Caroline was obstinate. "I won't," she said. "He ought to like the red heart, and if he doesn't I can't help it."

"And if something isn't done at once," Fay told her four chums as they sat that night kimono clad in Beatrice's room, "these two hearts won't beat as one."

Kitty, plump and pretty, in pink, murmured from the pillows: "Let's send him something and make him think it is from her. Then tell her, and she will be too proud to confess that it wasn't her selection."

"We'll do it," said Fay enthusiastically, "and now what shall it be?"

The product of their combined taste and genius went in a violet colored box by the next morning's mail, and when Arthur Moore opened it two days later he gasped.

"By Jove, the dear little girl!" he said. "Look here, Richards!"

His classmate peered over his shoulder.

"Violets, ribbon tied; the ivory medallion of Browning you have been wanting and that exquisite verse of Mrs. Browning to cap it. She must be a clever girl, Arthur."

Arthur pondered. "It's not for her cleverness that I love her, Richards," he said, "and, after all, I am not sure but that I like that little red heart best. Think of the work of her dear little fingers!"

And something of this he said in his second note.

"I can't understand what he means by two presents," Caroline said to Fay, and read what he had written.

Then Fay faltered out the story. "We thought we would send him something artistic and tell you afterward," she said.

Caroline smiled at her pityingly. "You see, you didn't know Arthur," she said. "He always likes things that I make."

"And, oh, girls, what do you think he said?" Fay asked the eager girls who clustered about her just as she was going to morning class.

"Tell us," they clamored.

Fay quoted glibly: "The violets are faded, and the medallion hangs over my desk, but close to my heart is the little red heart, the work of your own dear hands."

"Well, of all things," said Eloise and Beatrice, "such a man!" But Kitty, pretty Kitty, murmured, with all her dimples out:

"Roses red and violets blue, My heart to you is ever true."

Busy and Beautiful. It is interesting to know that it is possible for a city of 250,000 inhabitants, and mostly factory employees, to be free from dirt and noise. This is the case with the Japanese town of Nagoya, says A. H. Edwards, the author of "Kakemono." It is a town full of porcelain and fan factories, clothes works and cotton mills. The gateway of the cloisonne works leads down a wooden passage into a tiny court—a garden set round with the workshops of the factory. It is not larger than the front lawn of a suburban house, but the skill of a Japanese gardener has planted a whole mountain side with forests of pine and bamboo, has spanned with an arching bridge the stone gray stream at the mountain's foot. From inside the tiny matted rooms, no bigger than bathing boxes, which shut in three sides of the garden, the illusion is complete. And the shade and coolness of the imaginary forest and stream bring a sense of calmness and repose, of quiet peace and beauty, to all the many workers of the factory. It is a living landscape growing unspoiled in the heart of a workshop in the center of a manufacturing city. It is a town of sunny streets and pure, fresh air, whose trees are green.

Does Like Like Like? They were at supper. During the meal the young man with the voracious appetite discoursed eloquently on things in general.

"Do you know, Miss Dash," he remarked, "I think there is a very intimate relation between our food and our character. I believe, don't you know, that we grow like what we are most fond of?"

The fair girl smiled sweetly. "How interesting!" she murmured. "May I offer you some more ham, Mr. Blank?"

She stretched her hand out to take a chocolate cream, but he removed the tray and passed her the acidulated tablets.—London Tit-Bits.

Source of Information. Singleton—You seem to know a lot about women.

Wedderly—You bet I do. Singleton—Got wise by studying the ways of your wife, eh?

Wedderly—No; I listen to what she says about other women.—Chicago News.

WOMEN AS CRIMINALS

WHEN EMBARKED ON CAREER OF FRAUD FAR WORSE THAN MEN.

Notorious Blackmailer Who Drove

Three Men to Suicide—Reduced Horrible Crime to Fine Art—Female Child Stealers—Seductive Circle of the Slums—Poison From Lust of Cruelty.

"One of the most dangerous men the police ever had to deal with," was the verdict passed by Inspector Pentin upon Von Veltheim, who was sentenced recently in London, England, to twenty years' penal servitude for demanding money by threats from Mr. "Solly" Joel, the South African magnate.

Are there not female Von Veltheims known to the police who, practicing Von Veltheim's methods, are far more cunning, dangerous, and merciless than even Von Veltheim was?

Take, for instance, the case of the notorious Chicago May, who only a few months ago received a sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment for her share in the attempted assassination of Eddie Guerin. Of her almost unthinkable wickedness something leaked out at the trial, but the half was not told.

The police, for example, stated that she had driven three men to suicide by her blackmailing. As a matter of fact, the writer of this article—who was especially employed at the time in investigating her antecedents—discovered no fewer than seven suicides that were directly traceable to her, besides several doubtful cases. She had also been implicated in at least three murders and five attempted murders, excluding that of Guerin.

Compared with a record such as this, Von Veltheim's one suicide (that of Miss Mattis) and one killing (Mr. Woolf Joel) seem almost trivial. Von Veltheim considered as a blackmailer, too, was a mere bungling amateur by the side of Chicago May, who had reduced her horrible trade to a fine art.

She was an expert, and no mistake! She had a special locked volume wherein, carefully indexed, she kept a record of the names and addresses of her victims, together with the amounts she had succeeded in extracting from them, and many other particulars. The writer has seen and handled this extraordinary book, which, with its beautifully-tooled red morocco binding, its patent Bramah locks (two of them), and its heavy clasps of solid eighteen-carat gold, could certainly not have been sold for less than a \$50 bill by the well-known firm of stationers who supplied it.

Here is another case in point. It concerns one "Handsome Polly," alias "Polly the Pickpocket," alias "the Worst Woman in London," England. Although she has only been convicted about half-a-dozen times at all, her longest sentence being one of three years' imprisonment for child-stealing, Polly has a record such as few, if any, mere male criminals have ever aspired to.

When only fourteen she achieved the distinction of being elected "Queen of the Forty Thieves," a gang of young female pickpockets that haunted the purlieus of Drury Lane, London, England, some twenty-five years ago. Afterwards she became an artist's model, and her portrait, as Venus, appeared on the walls of the Royal Academy.

A serious charge of fraud, however, caused her to be barred from the studios, and Polly became a professional blackmailer, jewel thief, and confidence trickster. By these means she amassed considerable wealth, so that on her last appearance at the Old Bailey she sailed into the dock attired in a Paris costume and bedecked with some \$25,000 worth of diamonds.

"Crime does not pay," they say. Well, it has "paid" in the case of "Handsome Polly." But at how terrible a cost to the community at large it is well-nigh impossible to say.

And as with these two instances, so it is with innumerable other ones. In no branch of crime has man really proved himself superior to woman. One seeks in vain in criminal annals, for example, for any male counterpart to Mme. Humbert, who swindled some of the shrewdest financiers in Europe out of more than \$10,000,000 on the strength of some superstitious documents and an empty safe.

Or where, again, can one find a masculine parallel to the lately-deceased Cassie Chadwick, who persuaded scores of shrewd American bill-discounters and bankers that a supposed signature of Andrew Carnegie—traced by her from a magazine advertisement on a leaf torn out of a child's copy-book—was genuine, and on the strength of it obtained houses and lands, and hundreds of thousands of dollars in hard cash?

Or, again, what about Mrs. Gordon-Baillie? She had all the genius of Mme. Humbert and Mrs. Chadwick, although her operations were on a less colossal scale. She, however, was successful in working the confidence trick upon a Government, that of Victoria, from whom she obtained a grant of 70,000 acres of land, on the ground that she wanted it for the evicted Highland crofters in Scotland. No swindler in trousers has ever equalled this latter exploit, which for sheer amazing audacity and brilliant originality stands alone in the annals of crime.

It is, however, in crimes of cruelty, and in poisoning cases, that woman has most clearly demonstrated the greater magnitude of her wickedness as compared with that of man.

Male poisoners there have been, of course, just as there have been male torturers of little children. But these have acted invariably from motives of gain or revenge, or some other easily-understandable inducement; whereas the female child-torturers and poisoners whose names are famous in criminal annals have tortured and poisoned, in most instances, from a mere animal lust of cruelty, such as one finds developed elsewhere only in the fiercest and most savage of brute beasts.



THEN FAY FALTERED OUT THE STORY. love affair badly, and as her friend and a philanthropist in general I want to set her straight."

Kit sat up. She was fair and fat, with dimples that were out now in full force.

"What's she doing that's wrong?" she demanded.

Fay leaned forward and spoke impressively. "Girls," she said, "she is making him a red satin heart for a birthday present."

"A red heart!" came the chorus. "Yes, a pincushion. And she is stuffing it with sawdust, and it is as fat as—as—Kitty!"

"Oh—oh!" came from the couch. But Fay proceeded:

"She is going to send it to him, and she can't see that any man with an ounce of artistic blood in him would be repelled by a fat red thing with pins in it!" And Fay's graceful hands swept out in a gesture of despair.

"Perhaps they are two of a kind," said Eloise.

"No. And that is where the tragedy comes in. He sends her bits of poetry that he writes—exquisite bits. He knows the real thing. But she doesn't. She just goes on stuffing that heart and planning to write a verse on it:

"Roses red and violets blue, His heart to me is ever true."

Kitty, on the couch, shrieked, "Fay, you are stretching it!"

"No, I am not," Fay said. "I tried to make her buy one of those old ivory medallions that we saw in the shops, but she looked at me so seriously and whispered, 'He likes to have me make something!'"

"Lovely!" ejaculated Kitty. "If a man loved me that way—"

"The fudge is ready," cut in Beatrice. And for the next few minutes they gave their attention to the luscious squares.

"I am going to take a plate of it to Caroline," said Fay as she left them that night. "She couldn't come in. She was too busy sticking white pins into the red heart."

"Cheer up!" Kitty called after her. "You may reform Caroline yet!"

But Caroline, bright eyed over her gift, did not look as if she needed reform.

"Isn't it pretty?" she asked, holding up the heart as Fay came in with the plate of fudge.

Fay eyed it dubiously. "Do you think a man would like it?" she asked.

"Oh, Arthur would," said Caroline; "he has such good taste."

"I sent a man a present once," said Fay craftily. "I bought a bunch of violets. The florist packed them so that they would keep fresh. It was a very simple gift, but he liked it awfully."

"Yes," said Caroline, sticking the last pin firmly into the heart, "I am sure he