

Makes the Dish

With fresh or stewed fruit of all kinds Freeman's Custard Powder makes a course equal, if not superior, to fruit and cream.

FREEMAN'S CUSTARD POWDER.

One of Freeman's English Foods.

The Woman Who Murdered For Love.

by JOHN LAURENCE, in Pearson's Weekly.

Mary Ann Burdock kept a lodging-house in Bristol.

It was not a very prosperous house, but it was all between her and starvation; and as she had no relatives in the world who cared a jot whether she starved or not, she made the best of the little income she made.

But Mary Burdock hoped some day that the right man would come along and relieve her of all future anxieties. Many of her lodgers were seamen, and many made love to the pretty landlady, but she refused them all, for she wanted a stay-at-home husband. She had dwelt too long in Bristol not to know the ways of sailors, and she was a firm believer in the truth of the saying that they had a girl in every port. Mary Burdock meant to be the only girl, and Bristol the only port.

Loved Her Lodger.

She had just turned thirty and was beginning to despair when who she thought was the right man turned up in the person of Charles Wade, a man who was starting a small lock-up shop in Bristol, and who was looking round for some comfortable place to lodge at, and where he could be well looked after.

Before many months were over Mary Burdock and her new lodger were on the friendliest of terms, and more than one neighbour slyly remarked that the two would soon be making a match of it.

Though the pretty landlady was madly in love with her lodger, the reverse was very much the case with Charles Wade. He had only one ambition, and that was to make money as rapidly as possible, so that he could retire and have a good time. His absorbing passion was money, in fact, and though at first he seemed attracted by the pretty landlady, it was only because he had the idea that she had a little nest-egg saved out of the lodgers she catered for.

"I can't afford to marry you, Mary, and that's the honest truth," he told her one evening when she had practically proposed to him. "The shop's only just paying, and if I want to make a success of it I shall have to get a little more capital from somewhere."

Corveted An Old Landlady's Riches.

Mary Burdock determined to screw and scrape every penny she could in order to give it to the man with whom she was in love; but, try as she

would, she found she could only just make both ends meet.

She bitterly envied one of her lodgers, an elderly widow named Clara Smith, for the amount of money she had; but envy did not help her very much. Nevertheless, she was happy enough, for she had her lover's company most nights, and there was always the hope that a turn of Fortune's wheel would make her prosperous and able to help the man she wanted.

"I shall have some money in a few weeks," said Mary Burdock to Charles Wade one night. "And will you have me then?"

"Of course I will!" returned Wade. His sole thought was money, but, he reflected, there was no reason why he shouldn't have a good-looking wife with it.

He didn't trouble to think where Mary Burdock was to get the money from, though if he had known that she made her statement without any foundation for it at all, he would have paid less attention to her.

Charles Wade believed in combining business and pleasure, and it was a pleasure to him to make love to his landlady—now she was going to be well off.

Mary Burdock, however, spent a sleepless night wondering from where she was going to get money. She was too blindly in love to care what means she took to get it, so long as she got and won her lodger. It was shortly after her conversation with her lodger that another lodger, the wealthy old widow, Mrs. Smith, began to complain of terrible pains in her stomach. Her landlady paid the greatest possible attention to her, making her broths and soups, and attending to her smallest wants.

Mrs. Smith grew steadily worse, and the landlady called in a doctor to whom she said that her lodger was too poor to pay for medical attendance, and offered to pay the fees herself. In fact, she seemed to go out of her way to show her kindly thought for the old widow who was dying without any friends near. Mrs. Smith's relatives were in Portugal, a fact Mary Burdock was well aware of, but she did not communicate with them.

When her lodger died, Mary Burdock appeared to be greatly grief-stricken, and she did all she possibly could for her. It was she who examined her lodger's belongings to find if she had left anything worth

keeping for her relatives when they learnt of her death, and it was she who paid all the doctor's fees and even arranged and paid for the burial of the woman.

"She died very poor," she told the undertaker; "and I can't afford to pay for a very expensive coffin, but of course I can't let her be buried as a pauper."

Relatives Became Suspicious.

She appeared very anxious to have her lodger buried as soon as possible, giving as an excuse that it upset her other lodgers to have a dead body in the house. Accordingly, but a couple of days after the old lady had breathed her last in the presence of her landlady, she was buried in St. Augustine's churchyard at eight o'clock in the morning. The only mourner was Mary Burdock.

In a few weeks old Mrs. Smith was apparently forgotten by everybody, and certainly the neighbours of Mary Burdock were more interested in the story that the poor landlady of Bristol had been left a considerable sum of money by a distant uncle who had died suddenly.

Nothing definite was ever told her neighbors by the landlady, but that there appeared to be a certain amount of truth in the rumours was evident from two facts, one that Mary Burdock was spending money more freely than she had done in the past, and the other was that Charles Wade was extending his business.

The neighbours knew even better than the landlady that Charles Wade had a passion for money, and they were easily able to put two and two together. They knew, in fact, that it was merely a matter of time when Mary Burdock would be Mary Wade.

But that time never came. A bare six months after the death of Mrs. Smith, Charles Wade died suddenly, and this time the pretty Bristol landlady really was overwhelmed with grief. Her grief was none the less genuine because her lover had made a will bearing all he had invested in his little business—some £700—to her.

Mary Burdock was slowly recovering from the shock of her lover's death, and had almost forgotten that of her lodger, Mrs. Smith, now nearing its first anniversary, when a Mr. Read arrived in Bristol to make inquiries about the old widow.

"Oh, she died nearly a year ago!" replied Mary Burdock in answer to his question.

"Didn't she leave any papers behind?" asked Mr. Read.

"Oh, yes!" replied the landlady. "But I burnt them, because I thought they weren't of any value. She seemed to have no money, and I didn't know the address of any of her relatives or I would have sent for them."

The Body is Exhumed.

Mr. Read couldn't understand Mrs. Smith's dying in poverty, because he knew that she had been paid close on a thousand pounds three years before, and had in addition a small annuity which would save her drawing to any great extent on any cash she had. She ought to have died, in fact, worth eight or nine hundred pounds at least.

After Mrs. Smith's relatives had heard Mr. Read's report they decided to investigate further, for they were not satisfied by the absolute absence of any money, and the more they inquired the more they began to feel that the landlady of their late relative had had at any rate the handling of some of the money.

It was a significant coincidence, at least, that Mary Burdock had blossomed from poverty to comparative riches so soon after the death of her lodger. It was curious too that Charles Wade, who was known to be in a bad way, should die and leave over £700 worth of property.

They obtained an order for the exhumation of the body of Mrs. Smith, and had it examined by four of the most eminent doctors in Bristol. The body was in a wonderful state of preservation, and the doctors, after a careful examination, said that the dead woman had died from arsenical poisoning.

It is a well-known fact that arsenic preserves human remains instead of destroying, and Mary Burdock had chosen the one poison which could be detected in the body years after death. It was such a long time after the death of her lodger, in fact, that she felt quite secure, and she appeared absolutely astonished when she was arrested.

"I'd never do such a thing!" she cried; and then added, "and no one could ever prove it against me now."

The Servant's Fatal Evidence.

But once the police hit upon the trail leading to a crime it is very remarkable how clues accumulate which were absolutely hidden before. A seaman named Evans, who had lodged with the Bristol landlady for a few days, came forward and related that a short time before Mrs. Smith's death he had bought some arsenic for the landlady in order to destroy rats. Lodgers who were in the house at the time and a young servant asserted that they had never seen rats in the place.

This young servant also told the police a damning tale. She swore she had seen her mistress put some powder into Mrs. Smith's food, and when the latter died her mistress had warned

ed her to say nothing about it to anybody.

"I gave it to her to make her well, and it hasn't succeeded. If people get to hear of it we should both get into trouble and you would be blamed as much as I would," she had said.

The servant was too terrified to say anything, and it was not till the police had arrested her mistress that she came forward. In the face of this and other evidence Mary Ann Burdock was duly found "guilty" of being a heartless poisoner.

Our American Letter.

YUMA, Arizona, April 11.

One of the wonders of the American continent is the Apache Trail which winds through desert and mountain canyon and over precipices which rise sheer for a mile from the plains below. The curving mountain road enters a veritable region of romance and mystery. The strange buttes and gigantic masses with their wonderful coloring at once appeal to the eye of the traveller. Surely only on the moon itself can be found vegetation and landscape like that which is opened up by the Apache Trail. Cliff dwellings, in ruins when Ptolemy was born, appear here and there and the mind is filled with wonder at the ingenuity of the strange people who built these homes on the face of the inaccessible cliffs. The sky takes on curious tints as we follow the trail of the blood-thirsty savages who made Arizona a scene of bloodshed and massacre not so long ago. Who does not recall the exploits of Geronimo the chief of the red demons whose warriors scalped and murdered men, women and children, until General Miles and his cavalrymen effected his capture. Napoleon was once heard to say "Where a goat can set his foot, an army can pass!" Had he taken his troops through this crooked trail, he might not have thought his maxim altogether infallible.

ROMANCE AND LEGEND.

Since the earliest days, men have traversed this route and because of this fact the region abounds in historical association and legendary lore. If we could marshal the hosts of picturesque people who travelled this route for the past five hundred years what a romantic procession we should witness. Surely a more colorful pageant could not be imagined. Beginning with the Spaniards who came in search of gold and jewels, which they imagined were contained in the seven fabulous cities, and ending with the cowboys and the red shirted pioneers of later years, it would be a motley parade of romance and legend that would be unfolded before our startled vision. Here came the gallant conquistadores of Vasquez de Coronado, their armor glistening in the sun, on their quest of the treasures of the Aztecs. Following in a more humble manner came the no less stout hearted missionaries of old Spain who were also searching for treasure, the treasure of the immortal soul. Jesuits and Franciscans, in black and brown robes, battled in this strange land for the souls of the pagans and oftentimes gave up their lives when the savages turned against them. Then in later years came the American pioneer, the hardy prospector and the dashing cavalymen to found an empire in these wilds and do battle with the fiercest savages the world has ever known—the Apaches.

A BRAVE STAND.

It seems strange to the visitor here in this land of wonders that it was once the scene of turmoil and bloodshed. Here in a secluded part of the winding pass an entire company of American soldiers were massacred and scalped by the red demons who poured down upon them in overwhelming numbers. It is said of them, however, that for every American life taken, the soldiers killed twenty Apaches before their ammunition became exhausted and death was inevitable. The Apaches, strange to say, regarded this country as the abode of the Evil One and actually indulged in devil worship, accompanied by the most awful ceremonies known to any people. Yet when cries were heard from the top of Superstition Mountain their very blood ran cold. The last remnant of these brutal demons is now engaged in peaceful pursuits on a reservation near Globe. Geronimo died some years ago, shortly after his capture by General Miles' troops, after slaying perhaps more white persons than any one individual since the days of the professional braves. More anon.

W. M. DOOLEY.

What causes Indigestion

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