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RUMFORD BAKING POWDER

The Unwritten Law.

True Stories of Love and Crime.

The Tragic Romance of Marie Biere.
(By PHILIP CURTIN.)

Dr. Philip Curtin, the author of the vivid new series of which the following is the first, has made a life-long study of crime, and is famous for his book, "Noted Murder Mysteries."

We are in beautiful sunny Biarritz, one of those quiet, modest seaside resorts which are to be found in all French fashionable watering-places, a little evening party is taking place at the house of a doctor. The host and hostess are kindly, homely folk, and they are giving this gathering in honor of a delightful friend of theirs, who, though her real name is Marie Biere, is known in the French musical and theatrical world as Marie Barildi. Marie has come to Biarritz to sing a series of concerts, and she is just a simple, straightforward, but very pretty girl, fond of her home, and interested in a great many things besides her art. As is always the case in France, her mother—for at the time that the story opens she was a young girl—hopes she will make a happy marriage and give up her profession.

After Marie herself, the most important guest at this simple party is a brilliant, good-looking, Parisian in-about-town named Robert Gentien. He is the kind of man whom we often figure in the Society columns of the papers, and those about him feel that he is honouring the doctor and his wife by being present! Then, quite suddenly, he sees Marie at the piano, and falls in love at first sight with the lovely singer. It is on record that Gentien wrote a passionate love-letter to Marie that night. But, perhaps because she was French, she did not answer the letter. In fact, she took no notice of it at all; but Gentien began to watch her house where she was staying at Biarritz, and whenever she came out from the front door he went up to her and whispered that he loved her. At last, as she refused to speak to him, he sought out the hostess at whose house he had first met her, and begged her good offices. He gave the lady to understand that his intentions were "serious"; in other words, that he thought of making Marie Biere his wife. A meeting was arranged. Marie confessed that she had been very much attracted by him, and henceforth the two met as passionate lovers. But, rather to her surprise, Gentien always put the day of writing to tell his family his engagement.

The two were madly in love, and, at last, they both came back to Paris. Marie committed the fatal error of going to see her lover in his rooms, unknown to her mother and of her friends. This was proving to be the fact that she had recently free to come and go as she liked, and she had not been ordinary when she would not have been sent out, although she was over twenty, in the streets alone. From the point of view of human nature, one of the most interesting cases in what was destined to be a famous case in French criminal law was Robert Gentien himself, who was of the type of good-looking, cultured, apparently distinguished men-about-town, who are to

be found in every great capital of Europe, and who differ very little from century to century. His object in life was to enjoy himself, innocently if possible, but if the course he wished to pursue was incompatible with innocence, then, quite cheerfully, he would set out on a guilty course, quite happy if he were not found out or made to suffer the consequences of his acts.

The German philosopher, Nietzsche, of whom we have lately heard a good deal, once declared that "the true man" only lives for danger and play, and that "therefore he chooses woman as the most dangerous toy." Robert Gentien was what is called, in common parlance, "a lady's man," that is, he spent quite a considerable proportion of his income, which was \$2,000 a year—equal to about \$2,800 a year in these days—on giving his fair friends flowers, bon-bons, and dinners at the smart Paris restaurants.

When he fell in love with the delightful young singer, Marie Biere, he did not intend to make her suffer. He meant that their love-affair should be short, passionate, and sweet. But Fate lay in wait for him, and his cruel, heartless conduct to the girl who loved and trusted him ended by making him a prematurely old and broken man.

A Terrible Awakening.

It constantly happens in life that human beings imagine that whatever may happen to other people, they themselves, by some miracle, will escape the consequences of their own foolish or criminal actions!

To Marie Biere there came one day a terrible awakening, for she learnt that she was to become a mother. So little did she know of the world that she actually believed, at any rate for a little while, that, whatever her shame and sorrow, Robert Gentien, instead of loving her less, would love her more. Far from that being the case, he was perturbed and angry. He persuaded her to keep everything from her mother. So, inventing a story of a concert tour, she disappeared from home, and her baby was born in a poor part of Paris, and put out to nurse with a working woman.

Poor Marie Biere! She became passionately devoted to her little girl, and every moment she could spare from her work was spent with the baby. To her surprise and bitter pain, Gentien refused to see the child, and she then began keeping a curious diary, which was later produced at her trial. One phrase in the diary ran:—

"My darling baby is not well to-day. Should anything happen to her, Robert must not remain alive."

The "superstitious" might almost have called this a case of second sight on Marie's part, for in six months the little child, who had appeared quite healthy, suddenly became ill and died.

At first the death of the child seemed to bring the lovers together again. Robert showed concern and regret, but it is quite clear that the wound he had made in Marie's heart by his heartless and selfish conduct was not healed, for in her secret diary she wrote:—

"My little girl has been dead five months. I have made up my mind to

die, but I intend that he shall die with me."

Again:—

"My darling baby is in her deep grave, but I shall soon be with her, in a better, kinder world than this."

"To-day, January 3rd, I intend to kill myself. Mother, forgive me!" Jealousy was soon added to the poor soul's other tortures. Robert Gentien became intimate with a beautiful young actress, who often dined with him at his rooms. As soon as Marie learnt this fact, she hired a cab by the hour, and used to sit in it in the street where he lived, waiting to see her hated rival go in and out of her lover's door. The last entry in her diary ran:—

"Mlle. Colas dined with him at eight o'clock to-night. I saw her go off to the theatre."

That same night she wrote on a photograph of Gentien: "This is Robert, whom Marie has condemned to death."

The next evening Marie Biere again hired a cab, and sat waiting in it for Robert Gentien to appear. Suddenly she saw him walking towards his front door with a lady on his arm. Opening the cab door, she jumped out and fired two pistol shots full at him; the one went into his back, the other into one of his legs, and he fell grievously wounded. Soon all was turmoil in the quiet street, and Marie Biere was, of course, at once arrested.

Guillotine or Freedom?

Three months later, Gentien being up by this time, and well enough to appear as a witness, though still suffering acutely from the effects of his wounds, Marie was put on trial for attempted murder, the penalty, were she found guilty, being death.

As most people are aware, French legal procedure is very different from that followed in Great Britain. Here everything is done to give the accused party the benefit of the doubt, not so in France. There, the only object of judge and jury is to ascertain the truth, and "what the soldier said" is regarded as quite good evidence.

This being so, more than sixty witnesses were called in this sensational cause celebre. Men and women who had known Marie Biere from childhood, and later as a popular singer, testified to her sweet, happy nature and high character. But, of course, the most thrilling moment in the case arrived when the prisoner at the bar was put into the witness-box and confronted with the man whom she had loved so passionately, and whom she had so nearly succeeded in killing.

One who was present has told the writer that Marie Biere, from having been a beautiful and healthy-looking young woman, looked, when in the box, ill to death. Her face was described by one of the reporters present as "almost green."

As she stood gazing at Gentien, she seemed the picture of sadness and misery. As for Robert Gentien, he had also changed; instead of looking like a smart, well-groomed man-about-town, a year or two over thirty, he appeared middle-aged, and he walked with obvious difficulty. When Marie began cross-examining her old lover, she displayed the most wonderful self-command. In vain Robert Gentien tried to defend himself and explain away his conduct; he cut but a sorry figure as he tried to answer the simple, straightforward questions she put to him.

And then, at last, came the great speech of Marie's counsel, the celebrated Lachaud, who had first won fame at the bar when only twenty-two years as advocate on behalf of another Marie, the famous Mme. Lefarge. He drew a terrible picture of the easy-going, good-natured idle man of fashion, who makes love to a beautiful, good girl with the same carelessness and lack of conscience as that displayed by a cruel child who catches a butterfly and then tears off its wings. He quoted an early letter written by Gentien to Marie, in which he said: "Everything in you appeals to me; you are so delicate-minded, so generous, so sweet-tempered, that when I am with you I feel a better man." Then he read a later letter, of hers: "Robert, if you only knew what misery you cause me when you let days and days go by without coming to see me! Have pity on me, Robert. If you no longer love me, I can no longer live. Come back to me, and love me as you used to do."

The judge, in summing up, evidently desired to be strictly impartial. He pointed out to the jury that Marie Biere's fate was in their hands, and that it was open to them, without giving her the extreme penalty, to condemn her to a term of imprisonment. On hearing this, Lachaud rose from his seat and informed the jury that if the verdict were simply "Guilty," Marie would be guillotined; if "Guilty, with extenuating circumstances," she would go to prison for at least five years. The jury were absent less than five minutes, and when they returned their foreman announced that they were unanimous for a criminal case in which was invoked complete acquittal.

So ended the first great French "The Unwritten Law," and Marie Biere was the first woman to benefit by that law. It is a curious fact that this occurred not long after France had become a Republic. During the Second Empire not even the influence of the beautiful and tender-hearted Empress Eugenie had been able to save those in whom she took a char-

itable interest from the extreme penalty. A case in point was that of the famous Dr. de la Pommerai. It was said that the Emperor, in order to please his wife, had actually signed a reprieve, when the head of the French judiciary informed him that if the fashionable doctor in question was not guillotined, every judge intended to resign!



LETTER GO GALLEGER!

Let 'er go Galleger! isn't it queer? That's the name of a man that does work around here;

An' pa says the minister christened him Jim.

But let 'er go Galleger's what we call him,

'Osa whether he's startin' to work or to play,

'Let 'er go Galleger's' what he will say.

An' once one time when he came here to call

An' I couldn't think of his right name at all,

I shouted upstairs so that mother could hear:

An' ever since then that's the name he has had,

An' he says he likes it becoss it sounds glad.

Let 'er go Galleger! knows lots of things

'Bout fairies an' pixies an' princes an' kings,

An' he tells me stories of sailors an' ships,

'Osa when he was young he made wonderful trips,

An' once he was wrecked an' he float- way,

'Till he came to an island where black people stay,

An' they dried up his clothing an' put him to bed,

An' gave him some tea an' some cocoanut bread,

An' when he was rested they gave him a boat,

An' stuffed every pocket he has in his coat

So that till he got home he'd have something to eat.

Let 'er go Galleger knows how to play!

He's old, but he hasn't forgotten the way

Sometimes on his back I go ridin' about,

An' let 'er go Galleger! loudly he'll shout;

Sometimes we sit all alone on the stairs

An' he tells me stories of foxes an' bears,

It's funny his clothes are so shiny an' old,

An' so thin that you'd think he would shiver with cold,

But he says he doesn't use 'em used to it now,

An' fine clothes would soon get mussed up anyhow;

My pa says he's shiftless, but one thing is clear—

I like to have let 'er go Galleger here.

Fashions and Fads.

Coat sleeves widen at the wrist.

Allover beaded gowns are in good favor.

Push is being used in the place of fur.

The semi-fitted bodice is frequently seen.

Porto Rican blouses are much favored.

Plaids are oftentimes marked by buttons.

The coin-spot is much featured as trimming.

Shadow cheeks and stripes appear in jackets.

Frills and drawn work appear on the white blouse.

Even children's dresses show the bouffant hip line.

Satin and taffeta are favored for Spring millinery.

Moccasin brown is a new color among negligees.

Leather is much used for a millinery decoration.

Black satin and gold lace is a good combination.

The newest sweaters open all the way down the front.

Famous Old Recipe for Cough Syrup

Easily and cheaply made at home, but it beats them all for quick results.

Thousands of housewives have found that they can save two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, by using the well-known old recipe for making cough syrup at home. It is simple and cheap but it has no equal for prompt results. It takes right hold of a cough and gives immediate relief, usually stopping an ordinary cough in 24 hours or less.

Get 25c. boxes of Pinex (50 cents worth) from any druggist, pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, keeps perfectly, and lasts a family a long time.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs, loosening and raising the phlegm, soothing and healing the membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dread-cough disappears entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, hoarseness or bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its healing effect on the membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "25c. boxes of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded.

The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.



"VOIX DE VILLE" said Jean Chardavoine, a French musician; and thus came into being three hundred and fifty years ago what to-day we call "Vaudeville".

Vaudeville is the melting pot of the dramatic and musical arts. In it nothing is out of place; it includes drama, comedy, tragedy, farce and burlesque; and every form of music from grand opera to jazz is heard upon its stage.

Every city has its favorite vaudeville house. But you—who live at a distance from the great cities—can have vaudeville right in your home, with

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Fred V. Chesman, St. John's, Nfld.

Spencer Lodge.

Spencer Lodge is the institution established for the care and boarding of girls who wish to attend St. John's for educational purposes and, as the name suggests, particularly for those who wish to attend Bishop Spencer College. Those who instituted it some twenty years ago, with four or five girls in attendance, little thought that within twenty years accommodation would be required for as many as forty girls, and yet such is the case to-day. In fact it is more than likely that in the course of the next few years, if Spencer Lodge is to do its duty to the community, it must be sufficiently spacious and sufficiently equipped to provide for at least sixty boarders.

Spencer Lodge was opened, at the start, in Queen's College at a time when that institution was temporarily closed during an interregnum of the Principalship. Subsequently, a house on Cochrane Street was rented. At that particular time the number of girls boarding in the institution was so small that those in authority were compelled to close it. A few years afterwards, however, the need for such a place was again emphasized and in 1912 a house on Howley Avenue was rented. This served the purpose for a couple of years when the spacious house, 11 Church Hill, was purchased and presented to the Diocesan Synod for the purpose of the Lodge; and now that house has become too small and it has been found necessary to secure more spacious quarters.

At first the institution was managed by a small committee of the Diocesan Synod, but during recent years it has come under the management of the Board of Directors of the C. of E. College. Quite recently the directors fortunately have been able to secure the two attached houses with spacious grounds and gardens on Forest Road, right opposite to the Tennis Courts. Here there is accommodation for some forty girls boarders. There is a tennis-court and ample space in the grounds for basket ball and field hockey. It is an ideal site for such an institution.

The girls were transferred from the Church Hill property to the new property a few days ago, and Thursday night last Miss Hunt, who is in charge of the institution, held a "house warming" to which a certain number of the friends of the institution were invited. Amongst others there were present Dr. W. W. Blackall, Supt. of Education; S. C. Thompson, Esq., Assistant Supt. Education; Rev. Canon Bolt, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Directors; B. E. S. Dunfield, Esq., Hon. Sec. Board of Directors; Miss Stirling, Principal Bishop Spencer Col-

His Official Return.

The American law in Iowa compels all candidates for office to file a report of all expenditures, says the Grand Forks American. A patriot of Clarion county ran for office and turned in the following absolutely truthful report of what it cost him to get elected.

Lost 1,349 hours' sleep thinking about election.

Lost two front teeth and a lot of hair in a personal encounter with an opponent.

Donated one beef, four shoats and five sheep to country barbecues. Gave away two pairs of suspenders, four calico dresses and \$5 in cash.

Kissed 123 babies. Put up four stoves, kindled 14 fires, walked 4,076 miles, shook hands with 9,508 people, told 10,101 lies and talked enough to make in print 1,000 volumes. Attended 16 revivals and contributed \$50 to foreign missions. Made love to nine widows—five grass, four sod. Hugged 49 old maids. Got hit 39 times—and was not elected by 353 votes.

Fads and Fashions.

Overskirts are apt to fall below the foundation skirt.

Moccasin bead embroidery appears on overblouses.

Smart little bags make themselves of steel and jet beads.

As for trimming, narrow bands of skunk are in vogue.

Ribbons are fashionably interwoven to create toques.

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