

AWFUL FATE FOLLOWS GIRL AFTER CURSE OF A GYPSY

Scorned Words of Fortune-Teller and Aroused Her Fury—
Singular Record of Calamity Has Been Result—
Four Times Widowed in Four Years.

Mrs. Henrietta Andrey-Margaret-Maketon-Souther-Bager, now of Manchester, England, but formerly of London, has been four times wedded and four times widowed, although she is only 22 years old. She is now living under an assumed name in the hope of escaping what seems a terrible fatality which threatens to smother her whole life, if it is not already smothered enough.

Ten years ago, when Henrietta Andrey was a child of 10 years, she was at a country house at Suffolk, with a party of girls of her own age. A camp of wandering gypsies attracted the girls one afternoon and they stopped to hear their fortunes told by an old hag. Henrietta alone of the party of girls refused to give the old woman the shilling for a reading of her palm. While the other girls heard their fortunes with giggles or gasps of astonishment, Henrietta stood by with a scornful smile on her childish face. The old gypsy turned to her. Stretching a long, skinny, wrinkled finger at her the gypsy said: "Sorrow will sit at your bedside four times," cried the old hag. "Four times you will wear widow's weeds in as many years, and unless the fifth year brings you joy others will wear weeds for you."

FORGOT THE GYPSY'S WARNING.

The years passed by and Henrietta forgot the old gypsy's warning. On Sept. 27, 1902, Henrietta Andrey married Jonas Marquart, a prosperous London stationer. They went to the continent for their wedding trip. They visited Paris first, of course, then went on to Rome. From Rome they retraced their steps to Switzerland. After visiting Lake Geneva, there the last week in August. On Sept. 2 Jonas Marquart was killed while trying to save the life of a child from being crushed by an automobile, which had gotten beyond the control of its driver. Henrietta succeeded in throwing the child out of harm's way, but at the same instant his foot slipped and he fell just as the heavy car was upon him. His bride, who witnessed the whole affair, gave a wild shriek and fainted. When she was restored to consciousness she was a widow.

Henrietta was then only 18 years old and grief, although heavy at first, gradually gave way to youthful buoyancy of spirit. It was not strange under the circumstances that she did not wait an entire year before taking a second husband. On June 15, 1903, she was married to George Maketon, who had been her childhood sweetheart.

SECOND HUSBAND WAS DROWNED.

Her wedding was quiet and she stipulated that she should spend her honeymoon at home. This her young husband readily granted. They lived happily together through the summer. One evening in August they went for

a row on the Thames. As they were drifting quietly with the slow current, watching the lights on the embankment the wash of a passing steamer overtook their boat. Henrietta was picked out of the water by a man who dove from a nearby barge. Her husband's body was found floating in the current the next day, for below the scene of the tragedy.

A whole year elapsed before Henrietta sought happiness at the altar a third time. This time, on Sept. 1, 1904, she became the wife of Sydney Souther, a London solicitor, who had assisted in some litigation attending the settlement of her father's estate. Her happiness, however, was brief. Three months after their marriage Mr. Souther was run down by a train while at a little station between Plymouth and London.

THE FOURTH WAS SHOT ACCIDENTALLY.

Henrietta's fourth venture into the matrimonial field was made on Aug. 3, 1905. This time she became the wife of John Bager, a London broker. He had a considerable fortune, which, added to the sums which she had inherited in her father's estate, placed them almost in the affluent class. In fact, their added fortunes gave them an income of £2,000, or \$10,000 a year.

But even wealth was not sufficient to insure this often bereaved young woman against grief. In less than three months after she became Mrs. John Bager she was again a widow. Her husband was shot accidentally by a companion while hunting grouse in Northumberland, where they had gone for the fall shooting.

ANXIOUS TO MARRY AGAIN.

She recalled the rest of the prophecy, that unless the fifth year brings happiness, she would wear widow's weeds. Interpreting this in the light of four tragedies in her life, she decided that her fifth marriage venture would alone save her life. So impressed was she with the idea that she was eager to wed any suitable man who might be able to live through the fifth year without being overtaken by a violent death. Mrs. Henrietta Andrey-Margaret-Maketon-Souther-Bager is now living in Manchester under an assumed name. She has an income of \$10,000 a year, and, moreover, is pretty and well liked. She hopes before the year is out to lead a fifth husband to the altar, and if she does she will count the moments of the year following her wedding, knowing that every moment will be filled with the dread of the death of her husband, a death which, she now firmly believes, will seal her own fate.

WOMAN'S NEWEST WEAPON.

The woman of France and Spain are rejoicing in a new instrument of coquetry. It is called the masette, and the young Queen of Spain is credited with its invention. At least it is on record that she was the first conspicuous woman to adopt it.

The masette is a combination of fan, lozenge, and automobile mask. It consists of a fan with a long handle.

In two of the slats of the fan eye-holes are pierced and in these are set lenses to suit the vision of the woman using the masette. When she raises her fan to her face at the opera or in a ballroom her eyes, her blushes, her smiles, her tears or her anger are effectively concealed, while she can all the time keep close tab on what is going on upon the stage or in the groups about her.

When she is driving or automobiling she can completely protect her face with the masette and still enjoy the landscape. The long handle enables her to keep it raised to her face without fatigue, as would not be the case with a fan.

Manipulation of the masette affords as much opportunity for graceful posing as does the fan in the hands of a Castilian woman. Besides, the grip of the handle affords an opportunity of displaying beautiful rings, while the clasp on the fan tends to hide them. The masette play also brings into no view the beauties of a white arm, as well as of the costly laces with which it is adorned at wrist or shoulder.

The European authorities on style say the masette is fast establishing itself in every capital.—New York Sun.

CHRISTMAS AND EASTER.

In answer to a correspondent, who wants to know why the date of Easter is a movable one, while Christmas always falls on December 25, the Philadelphia Inquirer says:

The two questions call for the one same answer, viz., "because the church willed it so," in the following manner: At the council of Nice held in 325, at the council of Constantinople in 451, and at the council of Trent in 1545, the Christians in Jerusalem and the east generally holding it at the same time as the Jewish Passover, while the remainder of Christendom had a particular objection

to that date, due to its very association with that festival.

In the same way, in regard to Christmas, it was once possibly the most movable of Christian festivals, the birth of Christ having been assigned by different authorities to different dates anywhere between October 3 and March 4, and the celebration thereof having been held as late as the month of April and May by the eastern churches. This led Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, in 350, to obtain an order from Pope Julius I. for an investigation of this mooted point by theologians of the east and west; and the result of their researches, chiefly among the "fables of the census" (the reports of the census bureau, as we would say nowadays), of ancient Rome, was an agreement upon the 25th of December, although, in the opinion of some of the investigators, there was no authentic proof of the identification of the day.

HENRY WATTESSON'S FIRST ASSIGNMENT

HOW THE BRILLIANT KENTUCKIAN BEGAN NEWSPAPER WORK

It was after the war, in which he was engaged on the Southern side. He had walked from Nashville to Cincinnati. His toes were through his shoes and his shirt hanging out through the seat of his trousers.

He walked into the office of the editor of the Times-Star, and, addressing that gentleman at the desk, "I want to work on your paper." "Well," said the editor, "what do you want to do?" "I want to go into that little room there, where you will find paper and pencil, and write me an editorial on Reconstruction of the Southern States." Wattesson went and set to work. Meantime, the editor, having formed a good opinion of Wattesson, sent out and ordered up to his room above the printing office a complete new outfit of clothes and shoes for a man of the size he took his "blow in" to be.

After a reasonable time Wattesson came out and handed the editor the paper he had prepared. The editor read it, and found it the most masterly solution of the problem that he had yet seen, and immediately said, "That is very good. Now, I would like you to dine with me at the Belmont House at 1:30." Wattesson, looking down at his clothes, said: "Oh, excuse me. Some other time, under more favorable circumstances, I should be delighted, but not today." "Oh, yes," said the editor, "you will want to wash up. This young man will take you to my room, and if you find anything there you can wear, put it on, and when you return we will go out to lunch."

In due time Wattesson came down all logged out in his new clothes and shoes, and they were always warm friends after that.

Wattesson is considered today one of the most beautiful writers in English, and his made a fortune out of his Courier-Journal in Louisville, Ky.



Will Hold Him for Awhile.

Mr. Grouch—This cook is worse than the last. I don't see why you can't get one that cooks things like mother used to make.

Mrs. Grouch—Well, sweetheart, if you think your mother would cook for \$3 per week, I'll offer her it.

No Self-Control.

Start at "Trifles."

No Control of Your Nerves.

The nerves are the great controlling force of the body.

They govern every action, every function. Upon their vitality hinge your energy, your power to think and act.

But alas, your nerves are weak! You have burnt up your nerve force, used up that reserve you so badly need today.

Just one way to win it back. Build up with Ferrozone. It restores worn-out nerves, because it supplies them with nutriment and building material.

Ferrozone gives you "grip" and courage—makes the blood tingle through your veins—fills you with the feeling that a powerful and strengthening medicine is winning you back to health.

Mr. C. R. Zink, a prominent citizen of Lunenburg, N. S., proved Ferrozone was a marvelous tonic and strengthener. I was run down, quite nervous, no appetite and in a generally used-up condition. Ferrozone gave me a wonderful amount of new strength, quite restored my nerves and made me well. I can recommend Ferrozone to every man who works hard and needs a tonic.

By supplying nourishment and vital force to the nerves, by enriching the blood, strengthening the heart—Ferrozone is sure to help a man, woman or child in ill-health; try it—50c per box, at all druggists.

WHALE FISHING LOST CALLING

FEW BRITISH VESSELS ARE NOW
ENGAGED IN IT.

Pursuit is Most Profitable, If Any Degree of Success Is Experienced—
The Iron-Nerved Whaling Masters.

Brutal and vanquished by violent storms and a terrible polar ice barrier of the Arctic seas, the gallant little fleet of Scottish whalers has returned home with one of the poorest "catches" on record.

After months of struggling to make their way through ice flows in Melville Bay, toward the chief fishing ground, running continual risks of being wrecked in collision with the great bergs that sometimes bore down upon them in the darkness and the fog, the whalers had to confess themselves beaten and make for home. For the first time in his 24 years' experience, says the London Tribune, that veteran whaling master, Captain Macle, of the Eclipse, has had to report "clean ship," not having caught a single whale; and in this he is not alone.

The total catch of the ten vessels engaged in the fishing is seven whales, yielding short of four tons of bone or baleen; last year the catch was 23 whales, yielding seventeen tons of bone. Half of this catch was secured by one whaler, the Scotia, on the east coast of Greenland, the other vessels making for the usually more profitable fishing grounds in Davis Strait. On the amount of baleen—more precious than ivory—secured, depends the success of the voyage and the fortunes of every man on board the ships, for a rigid system of profit-sharing prevails. It is this, perhaps, which makes the whaling crew the midst of trying circumstances the most harmonious crew afloat.

A LOST CALLING.

Whale fishing is practically a lost calling. In 1815 British vessels to the number of 164 engaged in it, a bounty being paid at that time on every ton of oil brought by a British vessel to the most striking, perhaps, of all the tributes to the Bronte genius—that of Maeterlinck to Emily's "Wisdom and Destiny." By the way, Maeterlinck's description of Emily's parents is far from flattering to the Reverend Patrick: "Emily was the daughter of an English clergyman, the Rev. Patrick Bronte, who was the most insignificant, selfish, lethargic, pretentious creature the mind can conceive. There were only two things in life that seemed of importance to him—the purity of his Greek profile and his solitude for his digestion. As for Emily's unfortunate mother, her whole life would seem to have been spent in admiring this Greek profile and in studying this digestion. But there is scarcely need to dwell upon her existence, for she died only two years after Emily's birth. It is of interest to note, however, if only to prove once again that in ordinary life the woman is usually superior to the man she has had to accept—that long after the death of the patient wife a bundle of letters was found upon a table, clearly revealed that she, who had always been silent, was fully alive to the indifference and fatuous self-love of her vain and indolent husband."

"I have at this moment before me," writes Maeterlinck of Emily Bronte, "the history of a mighty and passionate soul, whose every adventure that makes for the given their names to many an island and many a bay which they were the first among Europeans to explore. To them, too, more than one expedition has been indebted for timely aid."

A REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT.

Only last year the Terra Nova, perhaps the finest whaling ship ever built, was dispatched to Franz Josef Land to succor the members of the ill-fated Ziegler expedition, who lost their ship, the America, formerly the whaler Esquimaux, also of Dundee. The explorers had passed the fabled city of Cape Flora. The Terra Nova, which succeeded in its task, was commanded by Captain Henry Mackay, one of the most experienced ice masters in the country. His crew was mainly composed of whaling men from Dundee. It was the Terra Nova, too, under the same command, which conveyed relief to the Discovery in the Antarctic after the relief ship Morning had been unsuccessful in its mission.

Another Dundee whaling master, Captain Thomas Robertson, was in command of the Scotia in the Scottish Antarctic expedition, two years ago, which did splendid work in oceanography, besides discovering new land to the south of the Weddell Sea. The remarkable accomplishment of a Dundee whaling master was that of Capt. Adams, of the Morning, who, in 1897, successfully piloted a vessel through the dangerous Kara Sea to the Gulf of Obi and the River Yenisey. Thus he has demonstrated the possibility of the regular overland trade between Great Britain and Northern Siberia, which Capt. Wiggins had so long advocated. Two years later, however, another expedition from the Thames proved a disastrous failure. The squadron was beaten back by the ice in the Kara Sea and one of the vessels was lost.

THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE WHALERS.

The main resort of the whaling vessels is Davis Strait. They sail up the west coast of Greenland, through Melville Bay, where great numbers of ships have been crushed in the ice and lost, to Cape York. The vessels then cross the strait to Baffin's name, where the whalers are hunted until the brief Arctic summer ends. But the whalers sometimes go further afield. One ship regularly visits Hudson Bay, and in 1892 the scarcity of whales in the north and the alluring pictures of Sir James Ross and other explorers of the abundance of bone-yielding whales in the south, induced four ships of the Dundee fleet to sail for the Antarctic. They found plenty of whales, but none of the species sought for.

Nansen's glowing accounts of the abundance of walrus on the coasts of Franz Josef Land led the Balaena and other Dundee vessels to pay those desolate lands a visit in 1897. The Balaena was the fourth vessel that had ever sailed in these waters, and on its arrival Capt. Robertson and his crew were welcomed by Mr. Jackson and other members of the Jackson-Harms-

worth expedition, who had spent three years at their camp at Elmwood, in the vicinity of Cape Flora, in absolute isolation from the civilized world. The visit of the whalers created the intensest joy. Never had thrilling storyteller more rapt listeners than had the Balaena men as they related all the great and small happenings in the outside world during those three agonizing years; nor the explorers more sympathetic hearers as they told of their hardships in that land of "thick ribbed ice" and long darkness where for months the sun is not seen above the horizon.

LOVE THEIR CALLING.

Shortly after this meeting the Windward arrived to convey the explorers home, and the Balaena, the Active and the Diana—all Dundee whalers—were present to bid them farewell. Rousing cheers from the whalers' crews rang out into the stillness of that Arctic scene, and the Windward's crew responded with a lusty rendering of the National Anthem.

Capt. Robertson found in the vicinity of Cape Flora the hut occupied by Mr. Leigh Smith and his party, who fifteen years previously had explored the islands, and who in consequence of their ship, the Elra, being crushed in the ice, were compelled to spend a winter there. The hut was just as the explorers left it, and the seamen's empty chests were still ranged around the walls, the lids bearing the names of the owners.

Whaling masters love their calling and delight to relate their many exciting experiences. Enough has, perhaps, been said here, however, to show the interest and variety of their lives, and also the good work they do in a quiet and unostentatious manner.

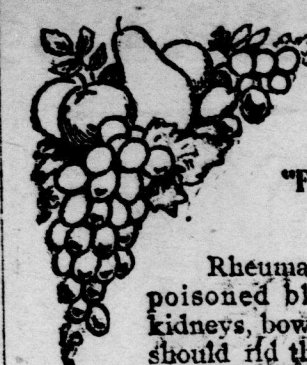
AN APPRECIATION OF EMILY BRONTE

THE GERMAN AUTHOR, MAETERLINCK, SPEAKS OF HER GENIUS.

The death of Charlotte Bronte's husband had ceased to beat, he called up in the papers many memories—"The family of poets"—to quote Thackeray—"in their solitude yonder on the gloomy Yorkshire moors." But I have not seen any reference to the most striking, perhaps, of all the tributes to the Bronte genius—that of Maeterlinck to Emily's "Wisdom and Destiny." By the way, Maeterlinck's description of Emily's parents is far from flattering to the Reverend Patrick: "Emily was the daughter of an English clergyman, the Rev. Patrick Bronte, who was the most insignificant, selfish, lethargic, pretentious creature the mind can conceive. There were only two things in life that seemed of importance to him—the purity of his Greek profile and his solitude for his digestion. As for Emily's unfortunate mother, her whole life would seem to have been spent in admiring this Greek profile and in studying this digestion. But there is scarcely need to dwell upon her existence, for she died only two years after Emily's birth. It is of interest to note, however, if only to prove once again that in ordinary life the woman is usually superior to the man she has had to accept—that long after the death of the patient wife a bundle of letters was found upon a table, clearly revealed that she, who had always been silent, was fully alive to the indifference and fatuous self-love of her vain and indolent husband."

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"In 'Wuthering Heights,'" writes Maeterlinck, "there is more adventure, more passion, more energy, more ardor, more love, than is needed to give life and fulfillment to twenty heroic existences, twenty destinies of gladness and sorrow. . . . I never came to her. There never once fell on her ear the lover's magical foot-fall and yet this virgin, who died in her 29th year, has known love, has spoken of love, has penetrated its most impenetrable secrets to such a degree that those who have loved the most deeply must sometimes uneasily wonder what name they should give to the passion they feel, when she pours forth the words, exaltation and mystery of a love beside which all else seems pallid and casual. We feel that one must have lived for thirty years beneath burning clouds of burning kisses to learn what she has learned; to dare so confi-



The Natural Cure For Rheumatism

"Fruit-a-lives" remove from the blood the poison which causes Rheumatism.

Rheumatism means poisoned blood. The kidneys, bowels and skin should rid the system of waste matter. If either of these vital organs become weakened or diseased, the body cannot throw off this waste fast enough. One of these body poisons is UREA, which is eliminated both by the kidneys and skin. If the skin action is poor—if the kidneys are inflamed—urea stays in the system—is changed into uric acid—carried by the blood to the nerves and joints—and causes Rheumatism.

"Fruit-a-lives" cure Rheumatism because they eliminate urea, by increasing the action

of bowels, kidneys and skin. This is the only possible way in which Rheumatism can be cured to stay cured. And "Fruit-a-lives" is the only remedy in the world that completely eradicates the disease from the system.

"Fruit-a-lives" are fruit juices in which the natural medicinal action of fruit is many times increased by the process of combination.

Then tonics and antiseptics are added and the whole made into tablets. For a box of \$2.50. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

Fruit-a-lives
(AN FRUIT LIVER TABLET)

dently to set forth with such minuteness, such unerring certainty, the delirium of those two predestined lovers of 'Wuthering Heights'; to mark the self-conflicting movements of the tenderness that would make suffer and the cruelty that would make glad, the felicity that prayed for death, and the despair that clung to life; the repulsion that desired, the desire drunk with repulsion—love surcharged with hatred, hatred staggering beneath its load of love. And yet it is known to us—for in this poor life of hers all lies open—that she neither loved nor was loved.—T. P. S. Weekly.

THE REPORTER'S RETORT.

Charles M. Jacobs, the chief engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel under the North River, recently conducted a party of railroad officials and reporters through the superb tunnel on foot.

At one stage of the programme there was some slight delay, and Mr. Jacobs said with a laugh to a reporter: "We are not very punctual, eh? We are like a little country railroad that I used to ride on."

"To the president of this road a reporter went hurriedly one evening. 'I understand,' he said, 'that there has been an accident on your line to-night.'"

"Oh, you do, do you?" said the president with a sneer.

"Yes, sir," and the reporter waited, pencil and yellow paper in hand.

"What do you know about this accident?" the president, still sneering, asked.

"Nothing, except that it happened

to the 9:15 train," the reporter meekly answered.

"Well," said the president, "that train came in on time to the minute."

"Are you sure of that?" said the reporter.

"Of course I am, sir."

"The disappointed reporter pocketed his tools."

"I suppose," he said thoughtfully, "that must have been the accident referred to."

BABY SLEEPS SOUNDLY.

Babies who are given an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets always sleep soundly at night, and it is not the drugged sleep produced by sleeping drops or "soothing" syrups either—the sleep is natural, healthy and restful, and baby wakes up in the morning bright and cheerful. The tablets are the best medicine in the world for the cure of all the minor ailments of little ones. Mrs. L. Gagne, Edmundston, N. B., says: "My baby was cross and fretful and I hardly ever got a good night's rest until I began giving Baby's Own Tablets. These tablets removed the cause of the trouble and now baby sleeps well at night." The tablets are sold by druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Professor Dorenwend, with Hair Goods, at City Hotel, Monday, Feb. 11.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS.

That's It!

Armour's Solid Extract of Beef

(POTTED IN CANADA)

is the kind that is simply the natural Essence of Prime Beef—concentrated. It is not a manufactured article like many extracts and fluid beefs, made from extract bought on the open market without any knowledge of its purity, and mixed with salt, water and other ingredients. Beef in fluid form offers opportunity for adulteration without detection. This cannot be said of solid extract.

Write for free booklet, "CULINARY WRINKLES."

ARMOUR LIMITED - Toronto
CANADIAN FACTORY—77 FRONT STREET EAST

Pain in the Back? That's Kidney Trouble.

Backache is the first and surest sign of kidney trouble. Pain is nature's danger signal that something is wrong. Pain in the back is the "red light" for the kidneys. And not one person in ten puts the blame where it belongs—on the kidneys. It is always "a touch of Rheumatism"—or "I must have strained my back"—or "I caught cold." People seldom realize how very important it is that the kidneys be kept well and strong.



Gin Pills

Cure Pain in the Back

because they cure the kidney. The first box of Gin Pills will make you feel better than you have for years—take away the pain—clear the urine—soothe the bladder—and strengthen the kidneys.

Gin Pills have the peculiar property of coloring the urine blue. Six hours after you take the first dose, you notice this change. You SEE that Gin Pills have reached the kidneys and bladder—and that they are healing and curing these organs. You not only SEE that—you FEEL that they are doing you good.

Heed nature's warning. Take Gin Pills NOW—stop the pain—and cure yourself of Kidney Trouble. 50c a box—6 for \$2.50. Write for free sample.

THE BOLE DRUG CO.

WINNIPEG, Man.

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PURITY FLOUR



SUCCESS IN BAKING tasty, vitalizing bread depends chiefly on the flour used.

PURITY FLOUR, made solely from the choicest Western Canada Hard Wheat, has no equal as a thoroughly dependable household flour.

Sold Everywhere in the Great Dominion.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED

MILWAUKEE AT WINNIPEG, GORDON, BRANDON