

## LARGEST LOVERS IN THE WORLD

## COURTING TROUBLES OF THE TALLEST MAN IN THE WORLD AND TALLEST WOMAN.

The biggest love affair of the age is exciting London. Nor is the course of true love running smooth in this case, for the biggest man in the world and the biggest woman, who are devotedly in love with each other, are having all sorts of trouble in their courtship.

Clive Darril, the Australian giant, and Miss Mariel, the Tyrolean giantess, want to get married, and the management of the London Hippodrome is objecting, and objecting strenuously that Mr. Darril, despite his size, has appealed to the law for protection and the right to continue courting Miss Mariel.

All the world loves a lover, but the exceptions, it appears, are furnished by the Hippodrome management, which fears that the Broddignaglan sweethearts will elope and start a show of their own which will make all other giant exhibits look like dwarfs.

**CURIOUS PEOPLE FOLLOW THE LOVERS.**

The courtship of the largest couple in the world is attracting the attention of all London and the suburbs—which is proving embarrassing to Mr. Darril and Miss Mariel. Wherever they go they are the centers of interest. There is no chance for them to hide away and make love like ordinary people, for they are forced upon the notice of everybody merely by appearance. Within the fortnight, however, Mr. Darril, who is wealthy, has received an extra touring car and, when he learns to handle it himself, he may run it fast enough to escape the curious and win a chance to pop the question.

Now, Mariel is a coy young thing 1 feet 4 inches in height, and large in proportion, while Darril is 8 feet 3 inches tall and proportionately large all over. It would seem that if two persons

of that size wanted to get married, it would take a battleship to stop them, but thus far they have been balked by medium-sized men who manage the great Hippodrome in London.

And, further than that, Mr. Darril has appealed to the British courts against Mr. Trussell of the Hippodrome, who, he charges, attacked him simply because he wanted to call upon Miss Mariel.

**GO TO THE COUNTRY IN AUTO-MOBILES.**

It is noted, however, that, despite the assault and the efforts of the Hippodrome managers, who evidently have placed themselves in the position of the stern father to the coy little Tyrolean giantess, Darril and Mariel have succeeded in meeting each other, for only a few days ago they rode into the country in autos, and dined together, tete-a-tete, with only about 400 persons watching them.

Mariel was born in the Austrian Tyrol, and apparently she attempted to keep up with the Alps. At 14 years she was one of the largest women in that district. But, instead of stopping in her growth, she continued, and before she was 20 she passed the 8 feet mark, and still was growing.

Yet, in spite of her gigantic stature, she is handsome, and her face and figure are comely. Her fame as a giantess spread until the managers of the London Hippodrome heard of her and made a contract for her to appear in public.

Poor Mariel, as a girl was shut out from any of the pleasures of the young people. Nor did any of the young men dare to look upon her with eyes of love, because of her huge stature. So at the age of 21 she left the Tyrol and accepted the offer of the British showman, agreeing to exhibit herself as the largest woman in the world.

Perhaps it was without any idea that a romance might result, that she accepted the offer and went to London. There she learned the English language and became a "professional," being one of the star features of the Hippodrome, where her immense size never failed to attract attention.

**AUSTRALIAN GIANT A MILLIONAIRE.**

It appears that shortly before Mariel was born in the Tyrol there came upon earth in far away Australia a man-child. He was christened Clive, and his parents were named Darril. He was born at Wagga Wagga, and even as a boy he was remarkable because of his great size. His parents were wealthy. The boy grew and grew—and when he was 16 he was over 7 feet tall, broad in proportion, and still growing. His parents died, and Clive Darril was left a helpless orphan, with a few hundred thousand pounds and only 8 feet 3 inches and 425 pounds to protect him in the cold and cruel world. So he decided that he would make a trip to England, the home of his forefathers.

In London Darril heard and read about Miss Mariel, and he decided that he would go to see her. He went, and, although he took a staff, he was almost as much of an attraction as the giantess.

It appears that Mariel and Darril realized at first sight that they had met their matches. Darril especially was anxious. He sought an introduction to the giantess—and met with a refusal. The Hippodrome people, having found the largest woman in the world, were determined to keep her. But Darril was persistent. He followed Mariel when she went on a tour of Europe. He haunted the Hippodrome when she was in London.

**CUPID FINDS A STRANGE ENEMY.**

It appears, however, that Cupid, having wounded with his arrows the largest game he ever hunted, suddenly met with a new enemy. He has encountered angry fathers, crusty old curmudgeons of guardians, and all sorts of opposition, but when he ran up against a theatrical manager it seemed for a time as if Cupid was going to be beaten.

Darril undoubtedly was violently in love with his affinity, and although they loved each other from afar, they never had the opportunity to meet. It appears that Miss Mariel had signed a contract with the theatrical manager which gave him the power of a guardian, and as he was afraid of losing her he decided to forbid Cupid to go any farther and to stop the match if possible.

It is said that, when he watched Darril, who was a constant attendant at the Hippodrome, and saw him bring flowers and other offerings to the handsome giantess, the manager decided to attempt the cure which so many parents have tried. He decided to send Mariel for a tour of the continent—only he arranged for her to exhibit herself and make money. That plan might have worked but for the fact that Darril proved a resourceful and persistent lover. He followed Mariel to Paris, and there his attempts to get acquainted with her interested the Parisians in the biggest love affair in the world.

**FOLLOWS GIANTESS ALL OVER EUROPE.**

But Darril was unsuccessful. He did not succeed in meeting the object of his desires. He followed her to Berlin, where, sitting in a stall, he proved almost as great an attraction as his mate on the stage. Strange to say, the managers did not view it in this manner and tried to lose Darril. The Australian, however, proved stubborn. He followed the giantess all over Europe, and when she returned to London he, too, came back, and renewed his attentions and his efforts to get acquainted.

The story of the immense love affair became known, and almost everybody in London grew interested. Offers were made to help the giant and the giantess. But these came to nothing. Darril continued to send flowers and candy and to buy a staff for every performance—but that was as near the stage as ever he got.

The management then decided to forbid the giant the house.

**LITTLE MANAGER ASSAULTS GIANT.**

Finally, a few weeks ago, when he sought to enter a stall in the Hippodrome the manager made an effort to stop him. A row started. The giant was repulsed by the employees and pushed out of the lobby.

In retaliation he caused the arrest of Mr. Trussell, the manager, charging him with assault. Mr. Trussell is 5 feet 8 inches in height. The giantess, meantime, had heard of the devotion of her huge admirer, and consented to meet him. An introduction was arranged in spite of the protests of the Hippodrome management.

The courtship of giants is embarrassing. They are so big that they noticed everywhere, and Darril found that he could not make much progress toward winning his lady love with a crowd looking on.

On Palm Sunday they went in motor cars to Guildford, and dined together at the Anchor hotel, with a crowd of 400 watching to see the biggest courtship in the world.

And now the world has come from London that the biggest wedding of the year is being arranged, and that if the Hippodrome management continues obdurate, there will be an elopement on a large scale.

**A TELEGRAPH JOKE COST HIM JUST \$375**

SENT A CABLEGRAM TO EMPEROR NAPOLEON IN FUN.

"The story of Billy Holtham's costly joke illustrates that the laugh is not always on the side of the joker," said W. B. Bassett, an old-time telegraph operator, to a reporter of the Kansas City Star.

"The incident occurred a short time after the civil war, when Holtham was assistant operator in Denver, Col. In those days two operators did all the work of the Denver office. Holtham opened the office one morning, took the daily paper and began reading about the war between Germany and France. All at once the desire to perpetuate a practical joke seized upon him. Taking the pencil from his pocket he indicated the following cablegram upon one of the office blanks:

"To the Emperor Napoleon, Garden of the Tuilleries, Paris, France: Colorado will not accede to thecession of Germany to France. Please let Bohemia alone. Gov. Gilpin or any other man."

Holtham called up Omaha and sent the cablegram to the man on duty there, just as he would have sent a bona fide cablegram.

Omaha was the repeating office for all eastern business. Holtham then tore up his copy and threw the remains in the waste basket. Then he sat down and laughed. He supposed that the man on duty in Omaha would, of course, see the joke and after laughing himself over it, would throw his copy into the waste basket. But the Omaha operator was a man who took everything seriously, and, hanging the cablegram on the New York hook, thought nothing more about it.

"This happened about the middle of the month, and nothing more was heard of the fateful cablegram until about the middle of the following month, when Mr. Woodward, the Denver manager of the Western Union office, received the following message from the secretary of the cable company in New York:

"Please come down with the dust."

Woodward scratched his head, but could not solve the enigma, and replied: "Don't understand your message about dust. Please explain."

"In due time an answer was received, saying:

"Your cablegram to Emperor Napoleon, Garden of the Tuilleries, Paris, France, signed Governor Gilpin or any other man, \$375.00 in gold."

"At this juncture Billy Holtham stepped in, and, passing the message toward him, Woodward remarked:

"What do you suppose that New York idiot means by that?"

"Holtham read it, and, turning pale, blurted out: 'Why, I sent that thing to Omaha as a joke, supposing the man receiving it there would see the point and throw his copy into the waste basket, as I did with mine.'"

"Joke!" replied Woodward, angrily. "Do you understand that gold is now worth just two to one, and the cost of your little joke is \$375?"

"Manager Woodward wrote a letter to the cable authorities, explaining the matter, and asking that the cablegram be canceled, but they were inexorable, and demanded payment in full. At the time cablegrams were enormously high, and payable in gold at that. The result was that poor Holtham had to incur the amount good, and the telegraph company permitted him to pay \$50 a month until the whole sum was paid. Perrin operators were then paid \$25 a month salary, and it was not as hard upon Holtham to liquidate the obligation as it would be upon a telegrapher at the present day, with salaries to great to make any operator so greedy."

"The late Edward Rosewater, who was manager of the Western Union office at Omaha when the incident took place, secured copies of the cablegram and of all the correspondence relating thereto, and put the whole thing in a frame, and, no doubt, somewhere among his collection of telegraphic curiosities."

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**PALE AS A CORPSE**

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Brought Back the Ruddy Glow of Health.

Thousands of young growing girls have pale, pasty complexions; distressing headaches, backaches and sideaches. Sometimes they are unable to sleep; their nerves are unstrung; their hearts palpitate violently at the least exertion—that's anaemia—and it may develop into consumption unless promptly attended to. Anaemia means bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make pure, red blood—that's the secret of their success. Miss Winnie Allen, Montreal, Que., says: "I was so weak and run down that my friends thought I was going into consumption. It was as pale as a corpse, had no appetite and did not sleep well. The least exertion tired me out and if I walked a few blocks I was almost breathless. My sister advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after using them for a few weeks I am again enjoying good health and have a good color. I think every weak, sickly girl should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich blood and in this way strike right at the root of such troubles as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the secret ills of girlhood and womanhood and a host of other every day troubles and cure them. But you must get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box—imitations never. Your friends sometimes they do much harm. If your dealer does not keep the genuine Pills they will be sent at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$3.00 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

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IF YOU ARE A JUDGE OF BISCUITS, YOU SHOULD KNOW

Perrin's Are The Best.

Every way you look at it, Perrin's Biscuits are the best.

The daintiness of the designs and the fresh, clean appearance of the biscuits bearing our name appeal to the most refined people.

The delicious flavor of every single variety wins the favor of the most fastidious palate.

If you are a judge of biscuits you know Perrin's are the best.

Just try these varieties and see how really delicious they are.

"JUST A LITTLE BETTER THAN THE REST."



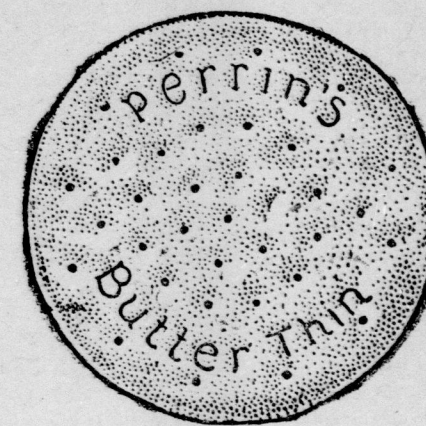
ARROWROOT—

A nourishing, easily digested biscuit. Especially adapted for the sick and convalescent as well as for children.



CREAM TOAST—

An elegant little delicacy for stylish afternoon teas. Made only by Perrin's.



BUTTER THIN—

A plain, wholesome table biscuit. Made of the finest flour and best creamery butter, slightly sweetened. Very tasty.

**D. S. PERRIN & COMPANY, LIMITED**  
LONDON, ONT.

BRANCHES AT:

OTTAWA WINNIPEG MONTREAL CALGARY HAMILTON VANCOUVER

## A MARKET FOR MUSICIANS' HAIR

DEMAND FOR LOCKS OF PAGANINI, WAGNER, MENDELSSOHN AND OTHERS.

The late Sir August Manns had a luxuriant growth of hair, which, when he first came to England, many years ago, was the talk of the town.

He was subjected to no little chaff, "Week after week," he said, in the course of an interview, "did the post-man bring me big letters with curl papers of every description, accompanied by neatly-written advice how to use them, and how to keep them in shape."

"The celebrated violinist, Paganini, was economical in all his ways, even to the disposal of his hair, of which he was very particular. He would not let it go until it was as long as a memento. The demand was never declined, but the lock sent was of the most scant description, and never without a strongly-worded request for a handsome subscription toward some rather indefinite charity in which the musician was interested."

With Paganini's hair often began at home, and ended there, too.

A pretty story is told of Mendelssohn. Once, when in Paris, he was approached by a poor woman with a prayer for alms. He was about to accede to the request, when he remembered that he had no money upon his person. He had a sharp knife, however, and, producing this he cut off a lock of his hair, which he handed to the suppliant. Much surprised was the latter, and still more so when a passerby, who had recognized the musician, stopped at times to request a hair-cut, and he was glad to oblige.

On one occasion when Wagner paid a visit to the hairdresser he was accompanied by his wife, who carefully collected and made into a parcel the shorn hair, preparatory to removing it from the shop. The barber was agast, for he had already sold, and received payment for, the master's clipped locks. He implored Frau Wagner to reconsider her intention, but the lady was obdurate, only relenting so far as to remark that her butcher's hair was very similar in color to that of her husband. The hint was taken.

In the cause of a deserving charity Verdi agreed to part with a number of his locks, for which demand was to be made by letter only. Many applications, accompanied by remittances arrived, and were duly honored, much to the benefit of an excellent cause, and by no means to the detriment of the composer's hair, which despite the many calls upon its growth, seemed as thick and long as ever. A most unaccountable phenomenon. His friends thought, but they gradually changed their minds and exchanged smiles when they noticed how very bare a certain servant, whose hair much resembled his master's, was becoming about the pate.

Mario, the great tenor, on being visited by a pretty but rather bold member of the fair sex for a lock of his hair, laughingly proposed a race, stipulating that, in the event of his being the victor, he should receive a kiss from the loser's lips, but that, should fortune decide against him, he would agree to submit his hair to the victor's scissors. Off the pair started, and the victory seemed to be in Mario's grasp, when he tripped and fell, allowing his hair rival to reach the goal first. He at once gallantly paid forfeit, and the lady with equal courtesy awarded him the prize that, had he won, would have been his due.

The barber of Indianapolis who, chancing to possess one of President Abraham Lincoln's razors, drove a brisk trade by charging those of his customers on whose chins it operated an extra half-dollar must yield the razor originally to a west-end Figaro into whose shop Gounod once chanced to stray for the purpose of having his hair trimmed. By Figaro, who was of a musical turn, this good fortune, was duly appreciated. He preserved the hair-cutting cloth as it were, a plentifully besprinkled with hairs, from the composer's neck, to be used thenceforward only by such customers as were willing to pay handsomely for the honor.

**MISS GOULD'S ROMANCE.**

One summer night Miss Gould sat with a friend amid the purple bloom of her wistaria-covered piazza at Lyndhurst, writes Margaret Potter Taggart, in the Broadway Magazine. The setting sun landscape bathed in the soft afterglow of the half-light that helps the heart to expression. The small white hand shaded her brow a little as she looked out among the trees. "No," she was saying, "what you imagined was never so. I did not love him when I sent him away. Long ago I made up my mind never to think of any man like that." Almost, it seemed as if the slender fingers pressed against her temper were trembling now, but it might have been only the play of the shadows. "I am neither brilliant nor pretty, and," she added, firmly, "no man shall marry me for my money."

"A duke and a count and a bishop's son are among those whom rumor has had it would have wooed if she would have listened, but there is no record that they stirred the calm measure of her heart-beat. Then there came a rich manufacturer and philanthropist and the world waited a-tiptoe. "This," they whispered, "is Helen Gould's romance."

But it was not. The man, it is true, had said, "She is my ideal woman." But hundreds of soldiers and sailors and railroad men the country over have cried, "Mine, too!" And America has come to believe that Helen Gould has given her heart as completely as her fortune to the good that she can do.

**A Boon to Humanity.**

Don't fail to call on Prof. Dorenwend at the City Hotel, London, on Tuesday, June 1, 1937, an inspect his patent devices for ladies or gentlemen in hair goods. Over 75,000 people are wearing his patent toupees, and every lady you meet is conversant with his goods. Make a memo of the 55-48-21

asked by a pretty but rather bold member of the fair sex for a lock of his hair, laughingly proposed a race, stipulating that, in the event of his being the victor, he should receive a kiss from the loser's lips, but that, should fortune decide against him, he would agree to submit his hair to the victor's scissors. Off the pair started, and the victory seemed to be in Mario's grasp, when he tripped and fell, allowing his hair rival to reach the goal first. He at once gallantly paid forfeit, and the lady with equal courtesy awarded him the prize that, had he won, would have been his due.

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**MISS GOULD'S ROMANCE.**

One summer night Miss Gould sat with a friend amid the purple bloom of her wistaria-covered piazza at Lyndhurst, writes Margaret Potter Taggart, in the Broadway Magazine. The setting sun landscape bathed in the soft afterglow of the half-light that helps the heart to expression. The small white hand shaded her brow a little as she looked out among the trees. "No," she was saying, "what you imagined was never so. I did not love him when I sent him away. Long ago I made up my mind never to think of any man like that." Almost, it seemed as if the slender fingers pressed against her temper were trembling now, but it might have been only the play of the shadows. "I am neither brilliant nor pretty, and," she added, firmly, "no man shall marry me for my money."

"A duke and a count and a bishop's son are among those whom rumor has had it would have wooed if she would have listened, but there is no record that they stirred the calm measure of her heart-beat. Then there came a rich manufacturer and philanthropist and the world waited a-tiptoe. "This," they whispered, "is Helen Gould's romance."

But it was not. The man, it is true, had said, "She is my ideal woman." But hundreds of soldiers and sailors and railroad men the country over have cried, "Mine, too!" And America has come to believe that Helen Gould has given her heart as completely as her fortune to the good that she can do.