

## Some Strange Romances

By E. L. Chicanot

**T**HERE is a beautiful old legend which tells how each soul is divided into two parts, one being given to a man and the other to a woman. These are the two affinities, destined to seek each other through life as their ultimate goal and supreme happiness.

"Somewhere there waiteth in this world of ours,

For one lone soul, another lonely soul,  
Each seeking each amid the lonely hours,  
And meeting strangely at some sudden goal:

Then blend they like green leaves with golden flowers,

Into one beautiful and perfect whole.  
And the long night is over, and the way  
Lies open onward to the perfect day."

When we read the strange romances of even modern days, how people often from the opposite ends of the earth are brought together, we are tempted to believe this old legend and the existence of "affinities."

But recently a romance of this kind, which can only be explained by the curious workings of Providence, was enacted in Edmonton, Alberta. Several years ago a young man emigrated from Essex, England, settled in High River, and there prospered exceedingly well. While recently on a holiday in Edmonton he visited the C. P. R. depot to watch the new immigrants arriving. Among the crowd which alighted from the train, he discovered a face which he thought familiar, and his suspicions were confirmed when he heard the girl asking her direction from a policeman. The familiar face and voice belonged to his old sweetheart, the recognition was mutual, and together they disappeared into Edmonton's busy thoroughfares.

A pretty romance which had its origin in a message in a bottle dropped overboard in mid-Atlantic by a Chicago doctor, nine years previously, culminated in Birmingham, England.

A young lady of Birmingham, whilst spending a holiday at a North Wales seaside resort, picked up the bottle on the shore. It contained the doctor's professional card, on which was written a request that the finder should return it to him. The correspondence which followed led to an engagement, and after coming from America to claim his bride, the doctor took her to spend the honeymoon where the bottle had been found.

When a young lady living in Elizabeth, New Jersey, put a note in a bottle which bobbed on the crest of the waves at Highland Beach, and threw the bottle back into the Atlantic, she little dreamt that it would reach Yorktown, Virginia, and that it would be piloted there by Cupid. But such was the case, for a young Yorktown man was strolling along the beach there when the bottle was cast up by the tide. The note contained the girl's name and address; he communicated with her, photographs were exchanged and visits made; and finally this little romance of the waves had its culmination at the altar.

A straw hat of the two dollar brand, turned out by a hat manufacturing company, started a romance which five years after culminated in a wedding. The bride was at one time employed at the hat factory, and on a certain day another girl dared her to write her name inside the sweatband of a straw hat she was working on. The name and address went into the hatband, and then she promptly forgot all about it. A year later she received a letter from a railroad paymaster in the West, who had written "just for a joke" on finding the slip of paper in his hat. Letters were exchanged, then photographs, and in a few years the young man came East. A warm friendship developed, and, five years after the little episode in the factory, the couple were married.

A marriage took place recently in Red Bank, New Jersey, which was the culmination of an odd romance. Three years ago the bridegroom was unpacking at a clothing factory when he came upon a slip of paper on which was the name of his future bride and her address.

Shortly the young lady received a letter from him; the return mail brought him a reply; and a regular correspondence was begun which ended in the couple becoming engaged and afterwards happily married.

The romance of a dollar bill has been the means of recently bringing about a marriage in Syracuse, New York.

The romance began eleven years ago when the young man was in the hospital corps in the Philippines. When on duty he wrote his name on a dollar bill and sometime afterward received a letter

from a young lady in Syracuse. Leaving the army, he located in San Francisco. The correspondence between the two was continued, and finally they met in Syracuse. The dollar bill is still in the possession of the bride and no doubt one of her most precious treasures.

While alighting from a tram-car in Glasgow some months ago a young woman accidentally injured a fellow passenger's eye with one of her hat pins. The unfortunate man was taken to the hospital and eventually lost the sight of the injured organ. The woman, who visited him regularly, then offered to marry him and look after him for the rest of his life. Her offer was promptly accepted and the marriage took place.

A blast of chill December wind which nearly wrecked a woman's bonnet began

an acquaintance which eventually made her a bride. The lady who was 71 years old was walking along the street when the wind suddenly lifted her bonnet and sent it scurrying across the street. Approaching her was a grey-haired old man, a Civil War veteran, who with remarkable agility pursued it, and presented it to her with an affable smile and bow. The pair, who had never seen each other before, walked along together for a block or two, and from that chance acquaintance sprang a brief courtship and wedding.

A romance of a sadder nature, which recently culminated in a wedding, was enacted in a Pennsylvania hospital.

Showing slight symptoms of consumption, a young man was ordered to the hospital. The little germ spread until



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