

## ROBERT AND LETTY

I stopped involuntarily at the door. I knew it was not honorable to listen, but I really did not know what to do. If I burst in upon Robert and Letty at this time, they would surely understand that I had heard at least a little of their conversation, and it would create an embarrassing situation.

"I am quite sure that the Commissioner did not hear me, Letty," said Robert, "for if he had he would not have clasped your hand and mine together."

"That shows you do not know His Honor at all," answered Letty, "for that is just what he would do if he thought we loved each other."

There was a quick movement on the part of Robert, and he said, "Do we love each other? Oh, Letty, I always knew I loved you, but did those little words 'loved each other' that slipped out of your lips mean that you love me? Oh, darling, darling, if I thought that for a moment I would be happy enough to forego all the rest."

"Don't look horrified, Letty. I cannot help loving you, but I really mean no betrayal of the Commissioner. We cannot help loving people, but we can help satisfying that love at the expense of others."

"Stop talking to me, Robert, I must not listen to you. I must not even be alone with you if you will persist in telling me that you love me. I said nothing about loving you. I said if the Commissioner 'thought' we loved each other."

I hastily and quietly backed away and then with a great show of noise I came again. When I opened the door Letty was in the outer room alone and Robert was in the room beyond bending over the bed of Dad, who was evidently still sleeping.

I could not feel angry with Letty, but I did want to make Robert suffer and I resolved to do it in some way in the near future.

"I am going over to Richard Waverly II's," he said, as he came out of Dad's room. "That little French wife of his is taking the prospect of motherhood very hard."

"Poor child," said Letty softly, "I expect she is very lonely so far away from her home and friends at this time."

Robert looked at me very queerly and in a moment I knew that he knew about me. "Yes," he said gravely, "I have seen many cases like that of Richard's wife, and have always felt very sorry for them."

He went out of the door without saying anything more.

"Go to bed now, Letty," I said, "and get some rest. You need it very much, and Dad will want you with him all day tomorrow."

"If he wakes and wants me, will you call me? Oh, Margot, Margot—I must never fail him, never fail to be near when he calls. Do you know, dear, that your father is the best of all men—and—and—" She suddenly bent and kissed me and with a low whispered goodnight she was gone.

I am quite sure that Letty loves Robert, and I cannot find it in my heart to blame her even though she is the wife of my father. She is fighting bravely against it, but sooner or later she will have to acknowledge it to herself, if not to Robert.

What an implacable pagan Nature is. She acknowledges no rights except one. We humans must so often fight our natural instincts because civilization is always engaged in a battle with Nature. Few of us win the battle after all, and when we have grown old enough to understand we call it the 'law of life'—the fire we all play with, all the while hoping that Nature for once will be kind and not burn us.

Both Letty and Robert are clean minded and loyal young people, and they both care for my father—and yet this subtle attraction is becoming too strong for them. Some day if they keep meeting I am afraid all their loyalty will become but a grim ghost of a moral force that will be smothered with a kiss.

I went in and sat down by my father. I was encouraged to find that a faint color had come back into his pain-drawn face. His breath came quietly. He seemed to be gaining strength every minute.

How long I sat there while my thoughts were engaged in solving my own problems I do not know, but all at once I knew my father was looking at me with his old accustomed smile.

"Dear little Margaret Ann!" he exclaimed. "Do you know, child, that when I first opened my eyes, I thought it was your mother sitting there? You look very much as she did when I first married her."

(Tomorrow—"A Talk With Dad.")

## POPULAR IDEA OF INCONGRUOUS MARRIAGES NOT UPHOLD BY FACTS

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Most lines of thought, from the subway meditations of the stenographer to the philosophies expounded in the funny papers, bear the conviction that it is incongruously usual for tall men to marry short women, and tall women short men. This we now learn is another popular error.

Dr. C. B. Davenport, director of the department of experimental evolution, of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, reports after an extensive study of inheritance of human stature. From his report we quote:

"An interesting by-product of this study is that persons of similar stature tend to marry each other, and the more extreme their stature the more particular are persons in this respect. Among 869 matings that of a very short man to a very tall woman occurred only once, while the marriage of a very tall man to a very short woman did not occur at all."

Other interesting things are revealed. The study was made on data derived from 3,298 children, their 1,738 parents and a number of grandparents, uncles and aunts.

It is indicated by the research that while short parents tend on the average to have short children, they may, and frequently do, transmit characteristics which lack the shortening element, and have tall children.

On the other hand, children of tall parents are always tall. The offspring of two very short or short parents are more variable in stature than the offspring of two very tall or tall parents. Also, whereas the offspring of two very short or short parents tend, on the average, to be less short than the parents, the offspring of very tall or tall parents do not tend to be less tall. Not only is stature as a whole inherited, but also, and even more clearly, each segment of stature, such as neck, the length of torso, thigh and foreleg. And the inheritance of the length of these segments follows the same law as does the length of stature as a whole.

## Patriot Wins Out In Spite of Cynic

A Heated Discussion Results in the Cynical Observer Being Worsted by a Real True Canadian Woman.

"I wonder why the representative figure of this country is a woman, and why we always hear of Miss Canada," asked a girl at a luncheon the other day.

"Because the country is so young and beautiful!" was the gallant answer given her by a man sitting nearby.

The theme being given, conversation buzzed around the table for some minutes. The Cynic was present, and added the acid touch:

"Oh, yes, Canada is always represented by a woman until there is money attached. Then it's a Mr. Canada alright."

The subject was threshed out pro and con without any resultant good being accomplished until the coffee arrived.

"Let's forget it," spoke up a good patriot. "I know where we can all turn the tables. I know a place where every woman can represent Canada by her money."

"I see it's going to be a case of 'heaping coals of fire' whatever it is," said the Cynic. "Let's have it."

"Well, it is Victory Bonds. Why should we all be discussing the matter of getting some money out of the country. None of us want to. We were just talking." The enthusiast waxed eloquent.

"But to be able to lend some money to our country—that's a privilege that will come to all of us very soon. I don't really believe many of us realize just what a fine thing it is to be able to buy stock in our own country. Remember it is our own country now, for this year we have all voted."

"Apropos of Victory Bonds," said the mere man, "I heard a most remarkable thing the other day."

"What was it?" asked feminine curiosity all at once.

"A bond dealer told me that 30 per cent. of the bonds brought them to be sold had never had the coupons detached."

"What coupons?" asked a fair-haired matron. "Tom gave me a Victory Bond, but I didn't know it had coupons."

She looked so teasing that the business girls hadn't the heart to laugh outright. The mere man looked volumes.

"Well, it's a gold mine you have sure enough," replied Nora. "You get your bond and you'll find the nicest little coupons all around the edge and every one of them is real money."

"Real money?" queried the puzzled one. "I'm sure there is no such thing."

"Don't be silly. I mean what is as good as money," was the answer. "You cut those bonds off and go to any bank and they will give you real money for them."

"My bond is a thousand-dollar one. How much money will I get?"

"When did you get the bond?"

"Just about this time last year—when the campaign was on."

"Then on the first of November you can cash them for a whole year. Cut the ones off you should have last May, and then the ones marked 'November 1st' and you will have \$55 all at once."

"What will you do with it?" asked the patriot insinuatingly.

"Don't worry, darling. I'll buy another Victory Bond with it, if you say so. What makes you feel we should all buy bonds?"

"I do feel every woman should buy bonds this time," said the patriotic little woman. "I feel we should more this year than before because now we have the vote we must share some of the responsibilities of the country."

"Is that the only reason?" sniffed an "anti" who was present.

"Oh, goodness, no," she laughed. "There are such a lot of reasons. The fact that the country needs the money is one, and the fact that it is a fine investment for me is another."

"What does the country need the money for?" asked another woman.

"There are three big reasons. One is to defray the cost of demobilization. We were all glad to get our boys back, and now the expense must be met. Then there are the obligations to the soldiers and to the dependents of the fallen. None of us would repudiate that debt of honor. Lastly there is the necessity of Canada having enough money on hand to give credits to Great Britain so that she can buy our surplus food stuffs and keep the factories running."

"Is this the last Victory Loan?" asked a little September bride.

"Yes, the very last one, and the last chance we will have of buying bonds."

"I received some money as wedding presents that I think I will put into bonds," she said. "What interest do they pay?"

"Much more than a bank. They pay 5½ per cent. Isn't that fine?"

"Suppose I wanted my money suddenly, could I ever get it?" said the fair-haired woman, who had evidently been thinking.

"You could get it in short notice. Bonds are selling to-day for more than par, and there is never as many to sell as there are buyers wanting them."

"I know that is true," spoke up a business girl. "I needed some money last winter when I had to go to the hospital with the flu, and I cashed one of my hundred-dollar bonds. Do you know I got one hundred and five dollars for it!"

That argument clinched the affair. There will be several bonds bought as a result of that luncheon, and the little patriot went home feeling a glow of satisfaction over her conversion.

## WOMEN IN THE NEWS OF THE DAY

Miss June Elvidge, the screen star, will contest the divorce suit brought against her by Lieut. Frank Badgley of the Canadian army, and in New York, where suit has been filed, she has made a terse, yet comprehensive reply. In other words, she impugns the word of a soldier, and a hero soldier at that. The wedding last November was an event. Miss Elvidge capitulated to a furious drive by the decorated Canadian and went overseas to marry. In filmland she duplicated her stage successes and things were supposed to be going along fine and dandy. The lieutenant names a mysterious "Jack" in his bill of complaints. This man also wears medals for bravery and is a fellow officer of the divorce seeker, who now lives in New York.

Miss Doreen Steer left Liverpool Eng., the other day for Kansas, but didn't travel the usual way. Listen! She's coming by express. And she's 17 years old too. She is coming to be adopted and grow up an American girl. Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Dare of Topeka, adopted her sister some years ago and the adopted daughter died recently. Doreen will take her sister's place and have everything she wants. The express charges on a girl, Liverpool to Topeka, figured up just \$212.

Mrs. Seymour Cox, Jr., and her son are, with their air pilot, having the time of their lives. They live down in Houston, Tex., where Mr. Cox is an oil plate. He bought them a fine \$9,000 airship and they have been flying all over the map. The other day Mrs. Cox decided to see if they had any decent cup towels in New York, so she wired one of the hotels she was on her way. The hotel will give her the state suite, in honor of the arrival of the first guest by "aairyplane." Mrs. Cox drives the yacht herself and while in New York will leave the lad, now 19, at the Raymond military school.

Located in Parrsboro. Fort Fairfield Review: H. Price Webber, the well known actor and show manager, has for some time been running a moving picture house in Parrsboro, N. S. His many friends through this region will wish Mr. Webber every success in his new style of show.

Once in about ten thousand times a girl really does get angry when some young man steals a kiss.

Shot Four Moose. Telegraph: Just eleven St. John, at Balls Lake, Stanley E. E. kin, M. P., and his party of guests, which included Messrs J. B. Craven and Herman Nichols, of New York; Robert Wall and M. Henniker, Montreal, and W. A. Lockhart, St. John, saw nineteen moose and shot four.

If a man tells a woman she is beautiful, she will overlook most of his other lies.

## NOTICE.

For convenience in train operation, the C. N. Trains on the VALLEY SECTION, between ST. JOHN, FREDERICTON and CENTREVILLE, are now being run on the

### EASTERN STANDARD TIME

and not under the Atlantic Standard Time, as shown in Advertisements and Timetable.

Travellers are advised to keep in mind the difference between the Atlantic and Eastern Standard Time.

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### ST. JOHN RIVER VALLEY ROUTE

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Read Down	(Eastern Standard Time)	Read Up
12.55 p.m. Lv. .... ST. JOHN		Ar. 2.05 p.m.
3.10 p.m. Lv. .... GAGETOWN		Ar. 4.50 a.m.
4.30 p.m. Ar. .... FREDERICTON		Lv. 10.30 a.m.
5.00 p.m. Lv. .... FREDERICTON		Ar. 10.00 a.m.
7.47 p.m. Lv. .... WOODSTOCK		Ar. 7.12 a.m.
9.00 p.m. Ar. .... CENTREVILLE		Lv. 6.00 a.m.

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