

was in progress, and the pure sweet strains of « Destiny » floated over the wires.

Smithy was reviewing his past. He was recalling his first encounter with Jack Steele, the smooth, suave Steele. It was Steele who had been responsible for his introduction to Alice, the girl who was now his wife. Steele it was who had been the first to tender his congratulations after the marriage ceremony. It was he who became the Friend of the family, the accomplished friend who could accompany Alice when she sang and whose witty stories coaxed silvery peals of joyous laughter from between those small pearly teeth. And during the awful winter of '13-'14, when bankruptcy and poverty were staring him in the face, it was Steele, the smooth, sleek Steele, who came forward with the necessary funds to avert the horrible holocaust and save them from starvation. And afterwards Steele had spent most of his leisure with them--- he had practically lived with them. But Smithy hadn't doubted his wife. This pure, sweet Alice whom he loved with all the fervent intensity of which he was capable. And he had enlisted when war was declared, and when the time came for him to leave she had cried as if her heart would break.

Lord! that seemed ages ago. A Thing of the Past. A Closed Book. At first they had corresponded regularly. He wrote to her at every opportunity and in turn received three or four letters every mail. In one letter she mentioned that Jack had enlisted, and was leaving soon with a draft. Then her letters came at longer and longer intervals. They almost stopped. How long was it since he had had the last? Must be nearly a month. Yes, it had arrived almost simultaneously with Steele. By some singular coincidence, Steele had gone through a course of signalling and had been drafted to the same battalion! Smithy swore. It was impossible to get away from him. They became partners on the same station and Smithy learned to detest the man. Last night the crisis arrived. Steele was on shift, and, believing Smithy to be asleep, he took from his pocket-book a photograph, and regarded it long and thought fully. But Smithy was awake, watching and waiting. He saw the picture and he knew. It was facsimile of the one he carried in his own lefthand breast pocket and across which was scrawled, in long, slanting characters, « Your Loving Wife ». The green-eyed monster nearly choked Smithy. He felt the blood throbbing in his temples, he could have killed Steele there and then, he wanted to throttle him, to smash his face into pulp. But twelve months in the trenches had left