

NOT LOVE LETTER

By George Munson

JOHN BENSON rose hurriedly from the breakfast table and plunged for his hat; then he plunged for his wife. "Good-bye, dearest," he said, clasping her as tightly as he could, considering that he was holding a derby and a bag full of office papers. "I must catch that 8.27."

"Good-bye, John," said Mary Benson, kissing him fondly. "I do wish you didn't have to hurry away to that old office," she added, pouting.

"It won't be for long," said her husband. "If our great new advertising scheme goes through we'll flood the country with notices of our new patent. Everybody will read them. It's my own idea. Can't stop to tell you now. Good-bye." And with a hurried final kiss, he was through the door and hastening towards the station.

Mary sighed a little—then smiled. She and John had been married only six months and they were very fond of each other. There was only one cloud upon her happiness. John's devotion to his office was even greater than to his home. But it would not be for long, he assured her. Once his scheme went through they would move into a big house and keep two servants.

She put away the breakfast things; then, still smiling at the thought of her husband's haste, she went into the little room in which he worked at nights upon the new advertising plan. A piece of paper lay in one corner; it had evidently fluttered out of his desk and fallen there, unnoticed. She picked it up, and glancing at it, felt her heart throb painfully. She could hardly read the words that danced before her eyes.

It was a love letter, and it began: "My Dearest, sweetest Jack." It was typewritten—evidently that the writer might remain immune against discovery, and for the same reason it was signed "Bunny." And it was just the sort of foolish mixture of prattle and endearment that an ignorant young girl would write.

Worst of all, it was headed 2247 Andover street—her husband's business address. Mary saw now why he was in such haste to get to his office; why he came home so late on various pleas. And the date of the letter was only a week before.

She tried to read it, but the mixture of shop talk and loving phrases was too nauseating. Mingled with illusions to business affairs were references to somebody who must be "kept" in the dark—herself, doubtless. And "Jack" had taken her out to dinner on the 29th—that was the evening when he did not come home till eleven. "Jack" had given her a ring. "Jack" was her everything sweetheart.

Mary Benson had the quick temper which accompanies many loveable natures. She flung the letter into a corner and packed her bag. She was determined to go home to her mother. She would leave no message—merely the letter on the table. She picked it up and smoothed out the wrinkles. Then, at the door, she reflected. No, she would go down to the office, and confront them—John and his absurd stenographer. She pictured her as a little blonde, bold-faced, mincing creature, just the type that would catch most men. But John—John, who had always been so good and kind!

But now she was crying as hard as she could cry. She gave way to her grief without restraint for fifteen minutes. Then at last she composed herself, dashed some cologne upon her eyes, put the letter in her bag and started down town. She would be very quiet and very calm and give the woman no occasion to triumph over her. She would request a few moments of John's time, would walk in, lay down the letter, ask him if he had anything to say, and then go home. She would never return—never.

By this time she had begun to cry again. She saw the people in the street car looking at her. She wiped her eyes furtively, and by now her grief had given way to a fixed, steely anger, so that she was quite resolute in her purpose.

It was nearly eleven o'clock before the slow-moving car reached Andover street. She might have taken the train. But she wanted to spin out the journey as long as possible. There was always the hope that there might be some explanation, and she was liv-

ing in that hope, although she thought that hope was gone. She tried to find excuses for her husband and could think of none. She took the letter out of her bag and looked at it again. No, there could be no excuse; this woman was intimately acquainted with the details of John's business. That anchored the more, those business allusions. If it had been wholly sentimentality—well, John was very handsome, she reflected with a sort of pride. She would not have blamed the woman so much. But—but—she must not cry any more.

She got down from the car and entered the dreary office building, high up on the seventh floor of which John had his business quarters. She had never been there since their marriage. She knew that he had a bookkeeper, a stenographer and an office boy. When she went in she saw the same office boy and bookkeeper; but there was a new stenographer, a little, fluff-haired thing, who chewed gum brazenly. Her heart sank. Was it possible that John was attracted by that creature?

"Why, Mary!" John was at the door, looking at her with a puzzled expression. He was holding her hands.

"Mary! What is wrong, dear?" She could not help her tears. "Send that—woman away," she said in a faltering voice, and the stenographer withdrew softly, smiling a little. She had seen men's wives go to their husbands' offices before. Mary Benson entered, put down her bag and, standing like a recording angel, flung down the letter silently. John Benson read it and suddenly began to laugh uproariously.

"So, that is the trouble," he said, when he had recovered breath sufficiently to talk and then, after his wife had shamefacedly confessed to her suspicions, he explained that the letter was part of an advertising scheme which was bringing him in splendid results.

John and Mary went home together happily—happier because their first misunderstanding had been so entirely cleared up. And it was not long after before their cherished home dream became a bliss reality.

DO IT NOW!

Its no use waiting till somebody else gets ahead of you. Now is the time to advertise in *The Mail and Advocate*.

ESCAPED AFTER A LONG TRAMP OF SIX WEEKS

Officer of Highland Regiment Got out of Hospital as Germans Came, Disguised Himself, and Tramped Safely Across Belgium and Holland

AN officer of a Highland regiment who has just returned to London has spent an eventful six weeks in eluding the German invaders in a part of France which is still over-run by them.

The officer, who had received a severe injury to his head, had been in hospital for a month when it became known that the Germans intended to remove all the wounded soldiers in the building.

On hearing this the officer left the ward by the window and hid in the garden, his absence passing unnoticed. That night he succeeded in getting rid of his uniform and stayed at the cottage of a labourer, who provided him with some workaday clothes.

Germans Everywhere. He endeavoured next morning to get to Lille, but all the bridges and level crossings on the railway were guarded by Germans, and the officer decided to abandon this method of getting out of the German zone.

For no less than five weeks he remained in various villages, and that his disguise was complete is shown by the fact that he was never once challenged by a German soldier—a fortunate circumstance, seeing that he did not speak the language and had not a passport, although the invaders had supplied them freely to the residential population.

Too Close for Comfort.

On more than one occasion, however, he was too close to the Germans to be pleasant. At one point, when the officer thought himself free of danger on a tramway car, 15 German soldiers and two officers boarded it, but took no notice of their ragged companion.

He stayed one night at a farm where 11 German officers and 30 men were billeted, and for safety hid in the attic next to the granary. On the following morning he heard the soldiers come up to the granary, but they merely collected the corn and passed on without inspecting the attic.

Made for England.

Every day the sound of artillery firing was audible in the distance, and the officer waited on, hoping for the advance of the Allies. The firing, however, seemed to come no nearer, and he decided to get to England at all costs.

On the last day of October he set out for Dunkirk, but when he got into Belgium he discovered that the German line extended to the sea. The only other way open to him was to cross Belgium and get into Holland, and this the officer did in three days.

He walked a great part of the distance, but occasionally a friendly driver gave him a "lift." He passed through many Belgian towns which were still occupied by the Germans, but he escaped notice, and reached Holland safely, six weeks after his escape from the hospital.

READ THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE



HOW ABOUT

your filing system? Is it not impossible? If so, we believe you would be interested in the simple and reliable

"SAFEGUARD"

system of Filing and Indexing. Every point that could save time, labor and expense has been featured in the "Globe-Wernicke" Office Equipments. Why not ask us more about this?

PERCIE JOHNSON, Agent Globe-Wernicke Co.

Just Received

Ex S.S. Morwenna,

500 Sacks Black Oats

Colin Campbell

85 Water Street.

The Elite Tonsorial Parlor,

Prescott Street, near Rawlins' Cross,

F. ROBERTS, Proprietor,

Mr. F. Roberts, of the Elite Tonsorial Parlors, begs to announce to his many patrons, that he has installed the very latest Massage machines for face and hair; also that he will carry full assortment Choice Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobacco.

On and after to-day the Parlors will be open each weekday from 8 a.m. until 11 p.m.

Warm Winter Caps!

All men appreciate the comfort a warm winter cap.

Our new caps are better and warmer than anyone knew how to make last year and they are also about 20 p.c. cheaper than last year's purchases. We have over 4,000 caps for you to choose from.

You are sure to get just what you want at

Robert Templeton's

Stoves! Stoves!

Tinware! Tinware!

We have received a shipment of

STOVES

"Star Stirling," "Improved Success," "Improved Standard."

We also carry a large stock of

Tin Kettles, Boats Kettles, Measures and Funnels.

Local Councils and Union Stores requiring such goods should order at once.

Fishermen's Union Trading Co., Limited.

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD ROTHCHILD, G.C.V.O. Chairman
ROBERT LEWIS General Manager.

TOTAL ASSETS Exceed \$120,000,000.

Fire Insurance of every description effected.

LEONARD ASH, Carbonear, Sub-Agent for Carbonear District.

BAINE, JOHNSTON & CO. Agents for Newfoundland.

Anderson's Great Removal Sale.

SATURDAY, Dec. 5th, 8.30 a.m., our Great Removal Sale Starts.

Our lease has expired at Grace Building, and in the near future we will remove to our New Modern Store in the West.

Later we hope to tell you all about that Store, but to-day we are concerned in asking you to help remove our surplus stock—we will repay, by giving splendid bargains in dry-goods.

We will begin with liberally cut prices, on women's stylish, perfect-fitting coats—which will give hundreds of women an excellent chance to save dollars.

We stocked for a frosty season, but mild weather has left us with a wonderful display of excellent coats. Bring your friends and embrace these bargains.

Women's Stylish Coats

Here are some values in Women's Stylish Winter Coats.

Women's Tweed Coats. Orig. price \$2.50.

Sale price \$1.50.

Women's Tweed Coats. Orig. price \$3.30.

Sale price \$1.95.

Women's colored new fabric Coats, manufacturer's Samples—no two alike, all the leading colors, some with straps, belts, pockets, various styles of trimming—wonderful values, worth from five to six dollars each.

Sale Price \$3.25

Another lot of manufacturer's Samples—worth from ten to fourteen dollars each. Colors Tan, Saxe, Royal, Reds, Fancy Checks, Helio., and New Season's Shades—this season's leading styles, with belts, straps, pockets, etc.

Sale Price \$6.25

We have coats to suit every figure, and every purse and many a woman will be glad of this opportunity to get the best at the lowest possible price.

The above noted prices just gives an idea of the genuine reductions.

Come and see these coats to-day.



Women's Fashionable Black Coats.

If you require a Black Coat you'll like these, all the Newest Styles, best fabrics, and for cut, fit and finish they are right—going now at Removal Sale Prices.

Here are some values:

Women's Black Coats. Orig. price \$3.30.

Sale price \$2.65.

Women's Black Coats. Orig. price \$4.00.

Sale price \$3.15.

Women's Black Coats. Orig. price \$4.50.

Sale price \$3.65.

Women's Black Coats. Orig. price \$6.50.

Sale price \$4.85.

Women's Sample Black Coats. Values ten to \$14.00. Sale price \$6.25.

You should see our Women's Black Fur-like Coats. Sale prices \$4.00, \$6.25, \$7.50, \$9.00 and \$10.00 each.

We expect a tremendous rush for our bargain coats, because we believe that owing to mild weather, many a woman has delayed purchasing her winter coat.

We have spent days in marking down prices, and you know, we are renowned for genuine December Bargain Sales.

Bargains in Women's Costumes.

We have about fifty Women's Black and Navy Costumes that will go at cut prices.

Women's Costumes. Orig. price \$4.50. Sale price \$3.00.

Women's Costumes. Orig. price \$6.00. Sale price \$3.60.

Women's Costumes. Orig. price \$9.00. Sale price \$7.00.

Also a few Maid's Tweed Costumes. Sale price \$4.80.

Women's Electric Seal Coats

\$25 and \$30 for 75 dollar Value.

We have a few left. If you want a fur coat see these splendid bargains, to-day.

Anderson's, Water Street, St. John's, N. F.