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**Does Temporary Separation
Make for Ultimate Happiness in Married Life?**

By **JOAN KENNEDY**

Though the war has led to a great domestic upheaval, the writer contends that in the end many husbands and wives will be all the happier for their present compulsory separation.

Should husbands and wives be parted? Does temporary separation make for ultimate happiness in married life?

In the old days, before the war, such a question would undoubtedly have elicited an indignant chorus of negatives from thousands upon thousands of married couples. Husbands and wives should never, never leave one another! That was the rigid, almost inexorable principle. And, strangely enough, those who supported that principle most punctuously were generally the very couples who were proving barren of happiness.

No matter! "Whither thou goest, there will I go," declared the great majority of wives; and the great majority of husbands echoed, "Where thou stayest, there will I stay."

Even among the middle class—that enlightened brain and solid backbone of the country—temporary separations are few and far between. True, a few wise wives insisted that their husbands should periodically take a holiday "on their own," encouraged them in occasional "evenings out" with their club friends, and welcomed a lonely week-end now and then.

When Happiness Falls.

But these wives were "bizarre" exceptions, regarded patronisingly by their friends as "cranks."

The war, however, which is sweeping away the cobwebs of centuries, has brought about a great upheaval, not only in our homes but in our home ideas. Compulsory separations have followed the donning of khaki by married men; and these compulsory separations, which at first showed war only superficially in the light of a "home breaker," are now beginning to demonstrate that fundamentally war is quite the opposite—the most effective "home maker," indeed, known to man and woman.

Why have so many marriages, full of the promise of enduring happiness, turned out failures in the past? Sim-

ply because, as the copy-books of our youth put it, "Familiarity breeds contempt." Contempt is, perhaps, rather a strong word to use in the present case; but certain it is that great intimacy invites indifference.

Thousands of husbands and wives grow indifferent to each other through drifting into a groove of intimacy.

For the natures of men and women demand a certain amount of change. Even happiness may pall if it becomes a matter of course. And that is why the enforced separations entailed by this war have cemented so many crumbling romances. We get a true perspective of most things from a distance.

"He got on my nerves something terrible when he was here," on woman confessed to me the other day, "but now he's gone I do feel lonesome."

There will be many lonesome wives ere the rustle of the peace angel's wings is heard again, but lonesomeness can bring light, and war will restore them to the truth of love. The wet pillow by night, the heartache and the dread, by day—these have a way of bringing realities home.

"I'd rather have him back, even if it were only to hear him grumble that the bacon was burnt or that the children were too noisy," says the lonely wife. "I didn't understand my luck—let it slip through my fingers like a fool. After all, it comforts a woman to be able to touch a man's rough sleeve and to feel that he's a man."

Who can deny that the enforced parting has bolstered up her crumbling affections? But she's going through a rough time during the bolstering, all the same. She is taking nasty medicine, and the assurance that it will do her good doesn't help very much at the moment.

And the husband—is he, on his side, learning too?

Camp life isn't home life. It may do him a world of good, bronze his cheeks and strengthen his muscle, root up a few bad prejudices and bad habits—generally toughen him, in short; but he misses those tender attentions which he had come to take as a matter of course in the groove of domesticity, and he will appreciate them doubly when they come his way again you may be sure.

**Notes From
Flat Islands B.B.**

The people of Flat Island have been packing Scotch herring the past fortnight, but the time was short as it took the barrels 20 days to come from St. John's. No long, you know, but if the Allies had such a quick way for supplying their troops the war would soon end. The people of Flat Island lost \$3.00 by somebody's blunder, but you must grin and bear it while this graball Government is in power.

Two of our schooners left for Labrador Thursday, the Churchill and Seagull, and several more will be leaving this week. We wish them every success.

Fish and salmon is very scarce up to date. There is not one quintal of fish salted this season so far, and there is not one tierce of salmon salted. This is a poor look-out for the salmon voyage.

Mr. Job Lane is going to can salmon and lobsters again this year. There was no lobsters packed here last year but this year there may be some lobsters taken, as you can hook them, because everyone knows that the laws of the land won't hurt them, because they can say "they forgot" and that they are only "following the customs."

Mr. Reuben Hallett caught a salmon Saturday weighing 27 lbs. He sold it on board the Dundee and got five cents per lb for it. This is a small price when everything is so high, but that is a cent more than Mr. Lane is giving for them.

The F. P. U. holds a meeting on Saturday. At every meeting the Chairman hoists the flag himself, no difference how busy he is, so you see the Union is bright down here yet. When the time comes for election they won't find the Union any weaker than they did at the last elections, and that was too strong for the Morria Party. Wishing the Union and the President every success.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Flat Islands, B.B.
June 6th, 1916.
"Having a bum time?"
"Bored to death."
"So am I. Let's sneak away somewhere."
"Can't I'm the host."

**Mersey Captain's
Thrilling Story**

**Sharp Fight With a Submarine—
British Skipper Proved Too
Much For Submarine and Gets
His Ship Safe in Port**

The following extracts from a report from the British vessel the Dundee (Pacific Steam Navigation Company, Liverpool) which was attacked by gunfire, without warning, by a German submarine, and whose master, Captain A. Chittenden, by his judgment, pluck, and skill succeeded in saving the ship from destruction, although hit by shells nine times, are issued by the Press Bureau:—

On Saturday, March 25, at 5 p.m., he observed a Scandinavian barque lying close to at a distance of about five miles, under two lower topsails with the maintopail to the mast. In consultation with the chief officer John Blacklock, he thought it very strange, fearing that a submarine might be lying on the other side of her.

The report continues:—
So we kept a good way out, keeping away two points from the barque. Our course was only 83 east true. The speed was 10.5 knots.

At 5.40 p.m. we heard a shot which dropped four ship's lengths astern of us. We then sighted a submarine, which opened fire on the starboard quarter, at a distance of about three miles. We immediately altered the helm, so as to bring her right after, and sent a message to the engine-room to put all hands on to the fires and opened the ship out to the utmost.

At the same time I instructed the Marconi operator to send out the S.O.S. signal, and give the position of the ship itself, which he did, and the same was immediately picked up by a shore station, after which the Marconi operator sent out all positions as the course of the ship changed.

The submarine continued firing from the port and starboard quarters until 6.30 p.m., working us round to the north-east, and in order to keep us in the remaining light of the sky.

As the fires in the stokehold became greater and the speed of the ship increased, the flames came out of the funnel, which made a valuable target for the submarine.

Subsequently we were forced to put the dampers on. The firing ceased from 6.30 till 6.45 p.m., when it commenced again, the shot falling ahead of the ship on both sides.

He continued firing until 7.25, and it ceased for ten minutes owing to the weather becoming squally. At 7.35, the squall clearing, he opened fire on us with shrapnel, working us round as before to the remaining light in the skies.

We kept altering the course to keep the ship out of the light, and to bring the sea abeam, which made it very difficult for him to aim correctly.

One of the shrapnel pieces put the wireless apparatus out of order for a time, some of the shots entering the Marconi cabin and bridge deckhouse.

The firing ceased at eight o'clock. The decks were strewn with shrapnel, and the ship was being hit in several places with small pieces, but so far as we are at present aware, no serious damage has been done, with the exception of two of the plates on the starboard side having been knocked in rather badly with some of the first shots.

The behaviour of all on board was admirable, and I wish to draw particular attention to the conduct of Chief Officer John Blacklock and Cadet Fred Binnan for the very able manner in which they assisted me on the bridge by giving the position of the submarine so that I could control the ship, and also to Quartermaster E. Dobbins and T. Taylor.

ALLAN CHITTENDEN.

**Pope Wants to Stop
Suicide of Europe**

ROME, June 6.—Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, in an interview to-day with a representative of The Associated Press, declared that the Pope was influenced in his peace efforts solely by a desire to stop the "suicide of Europe."

"The Holy Father," said the Cardinal, "in his most ardent desire for peace has no particular interest in view, despite what newspapers, that are enemies of the Papacy, state to the contrary. If peace is concluded through the friendly intervention of the President of the great American Republic, or through His Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain, his Holiness will equally thank the Almighty that an end should at last have been put to the butchery, which is the suicide of Europe."

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A Schoolmaster recently picked up a penny in the playground. Later, when the scholars all assembled he asked:
"Has any boy lost a penny?"
After a short pause a small boy in the front row held up his hand.
"Please sir, I did!" he said.
"Ah, Johnny, and where did you lose it?" Asked the master kindly.
"Please sir, where you found it."

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Hon. R. A. Squires, K.C., LL.B.
ANNOUNCES the removal of his LAW OFFICES to the New BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA Building at the corner of Beck's Cove and Water Street, and the formation of a PARTNERSHIP for general practice as Barristers, Solicitors and Notaries, with **MR. J. A. WINTER**, eldest son of the late Sir James S. Winter, K.C., under the firm name of Squires & Winter.
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