

## Two of a Kind

ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER---P'RHAPS

*By Dorothy L. Warne*

IN BILLETS, 7:30 p.m., FEBRUARY 14, 1917

The little sub. was lonely, and "fed-up," and rather inclined to be desperate.

He wandered down to the village in which they were billeted, and asked at the little estaminet for a cup of coffee. The coffee there was always good, and Marietta who served it with her own fair hands was always delightfully sociable. Marietta's eyes were large and starry, Marietta's hair had the sheen of polished ebony, and Marietta's lips were scarlet and very kissable, and England and Molly were so far away. After all, Molly would never know, couldn't possibly find out, so, well—as I remarked before the coffee was excellent, and kisses are very comforting.

So Marietta listened to his bad French and believed in him.

IN LONDON, 7:30 p.m., FEBRUARY 14, 1917

Molly was in her most sparkling mood, and dressed in some clinging white thing that Reggie couldn't have described in detail at all, but if asked would have voted "just topping." She gazed at her escort under the pink-shaded glimmer and smiled.

"It's awfully good of you, Reggie, to bring me here and to book seats for the revue tonight. I've been longing to go, and—" her fingers toying with a slender chain suspended from her throat came in contact with something circular and solid attached. She gave a start. It was a locket, and her thoughts flew to the original of the pictured face inside. For just one moment a wistful look crept into her gay expression, then with a shrug she dismissed it and continued the conversation. After all, France was miles away from London, and she could easily make up to Bob for this when he got his next leave.

So Reggie basked in her smiles and thought what a perfect little peach she was.

A well known Scot now in ward 36 at the Granville is betting 80 to 1 that the war will be over by February 29th. Read this again before you make your bet; remember, he is an Aberdonian.

We know that many wonderful and almost miraculous cures are worked by hypnotism; but we absolutely decline to credit the story now current, that there is a certain M.O. at one of the Canadian Special Hospitals who trusts in hypnotism to such an extent that he wears neither braces nor belt; just keeps up his trousers by sheer will power.