

Since then only a few months have passed. Young Angus is at the front; the Bruiser has swum out of our ken; dear old Middleton Treffry is beginning to fail, but in a very gentle, happy way; Cohen is busy and kind as ever; and Mag and Madame Aimée are living in a little house in St. Leonard's Terrace. They are very happy—so am I, because it is a fine thing to see our wild Magpie gentling into a sweet and generous-minded woman.

Some day the war will end, by God's grace, and some day I hope to see Mag married, and a mother.

In the meantime she is making a fair amount of money by selling her charming pictures, and if Lord Lossell shakes his head over them we none of us mind.

Thus I think I have explained up to date the lives of all those friends about whom I have tried to tell.

So good-bye.

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In the Tate Gallery hang together two very fine pictures; the one is called "Cross Roads," and the other "The Windmill," and on the little gold label with black lettering under the title to each, appear two words: "*Unknown Painter.*"

FINIS