THE BEACH, SATURDER AUCTOR 31. IN THE BEACON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1918

AN APPEAL FOR THE NAVY

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The First Annual Appeal for Funds by

the Navy League of Canada will be made during first week in September the special day is Thursdaw, Sept. 5th. New Brunswick is expected to give \$25,000.

The appeal is made for the following pur-

A .- For King George's Fund for Sailors by special request of His Majecty, the King. This Fund is to aid Sailors' and

Benevolent Institutions in Great Britain B.-For Sailors of The Royal Navy Mercantile Marine, and Naval Prisoners of War.

C .- For the Relief of British and Canadian Sailors or their Widows and Orphans, For Sailors' Homes, Institutes and Hospitals.

Since the outbreak of War, the Navy has made possible the transportation of rious angles." commented Kent. "It's 17,000,000 men besides enormous quan- a very lovely face and the most wisttities of Food and Munitions, and German shipping has been swept from the seas. WHY YOU SHOULD CONTRIBUTE :

Because Canada has no Dreadnoughts or her shores have been protected by the British Navy at the expense of Great Britain

Because the Navy has enabled Canada to send hundreds of thousands of our men overseas with a loss of hardly a manand has kept our Trade routes open. Because the prosperity in Canada to-day is

due to the Navy and the gallant Sailors of the Mercantile Marine who have carried food and munitions to our Armies and Allies, in face of the dangers of sub-

marines, mines, storms, and raiders. Because we cannot shirk the responsibility of caring for our wounded and disabled

Sailors, or Widows and Orphans and Naval Prisoners of War. Our Sailors are always ready to do their duty and give their lives in the Service. We cannot ignore their appeal.

Because, as a class, the men of The Mer chant Marine and Naval Service are poorly paid, and their families often suffer great privations, and there is no

Patriotic Fund to aid them. Me. Lloyd George said recently that "until Great Britain and her Allies are de-"feated at sea Germany cannot win, and "so the maintenance of the Navy and

"Mercantile Marine is the first charge on "the resources of the Country. The Navy "has been the Anchor of the Allied cause, "and but for the Navy, disaster would "have fallen upon us." "Remember the Sailors' Sacrifice."

SAILORS' WEEK, SEPT. 2ND TO 7TH

GIVE LIBERALLY J. M. CHRISTIE,

pairing bere and remarked that it gave him the creeps." "Dennett? Well, then, that's all up," said Kent, as if speaking to himself. haps not nearly so much. "There's a streak of superstition in all these New Englanders. He'd be sure to interpret it as a confession before the fact. However, Elder Dennett left this morning for a trip to Cadystown.

That's so much to the good." "He may have left for a trip to Hadestown for all I care," stated Sedgwick with conviction. "What's it all

about anyway?". "I'll tell you as soon as I've mulled it over a little. Just let me cool my mind down with some more of your pictures." He turned to the wall border again and faced another picture out. "What's this? You seem to be

something of a dab in black and white too " "Oh, that's an imaginary face." said Sedgwick carelessly.

"Imaginary face studied from vaful I've ever seen. A fairy prisoned on earth by cockcrow might wear some such expression of startled wondering

purity, I fancy." "Poetry as well as mystery! Kent. Battle Cruisers, so for the past four years you grow and expand on acquaintance.

> "There is poetry in your study of that imaginary fay. imaginary! Umbum!" contined Kent dryly as he stooped to the floor. "I suppose this is an imaginary hairpin too."

"My Chinaman"- began Sedgwick quickly, when the other caught him UD: "Don't be uneasy. I'm not going to

commit the foolishness of asking who she is."

"If you did I give you my word of honor I couldn't tell you. I only wish I knew!"

There was silence between them for a moment, then the painter broke out with the air of one who takes a resolution

"See here. Kent! You're a sort of de tective, aren't you?" "I've been called so."

"And you like my picture of 'The Rough Rider?"

"Five hundred dollars' worth." "You can have that and any other

picture in my studio except this one." he indicated the canvas with the face "if you'll find out for me who she is."

"That might be done. We shall see. But frankly, Sedgwick, there's a matter of more importance"-

"Importance? Good heavens, man! There's nothing so important in this world!"

"Oh. is it as bad as that?" A heavy knock sounded from below. followed by the Chinaman's voice intermingled with boyish accents demanding Sedgwick in the name of a

telegraph company. "Send him up?" ordered Sedgwick, and the boy arrived, but not before tell Kent had quietly removed "The Rough

She came and went, but who she is or why she came or where she went i uave no more idea than you have -per are you smilling at?"

Sea

"There you are wrong. I'm depend ing on you to tell me about her." "Not if my life hung on it. And how could her being found drowned on the beach be connected with me?"

"I didn't say that she was found drowned on the beach "You did-no: pardon me; it was the

messenger boy. But you said that her body was found in Lonesome Cove." "That is quite a different matter" "She wasn't drowned?"

"I should be very much surprised. the autopsy showed any water in

the lungs." "But the boy said that the body was lashed to a grating, and there were chains on it-is that true?"

"It was lashed to a grating and man-

"Manacled? What a ghastly mystery!" Sedgwick dropped his chin in meditation, "If she wasn't drowned then she was murdered and thrown overboard from a boat-is that it?" Chester Kent smiled inscrutably. whatsoever to the identity of your yesterday's visitor?"

There was the slightest possible hesitation before the artist replied. "None at all.'

"If I find it difficult to believe that what will the villagers think of it when Elder Dennett returns from Cadystown and tells his story, as he is sure to do?"

"Does Dennett know the woman?" "No; but it isn't his fault that he , doesn't. He did his best in the interviewing line when he met her on her way to your place."

"She wasn't on her way place," objected Sedgwick. mv

"Dennett got the notion that she was. He hid behind a bush and watched."

"Did he overhear our conversation?" "He was too far away. He saw the attack on you. Now, just fit together these significant bits of fact. The body of a woman, dead by violence, is found on the beach not far from here. The last person, as far as is known, to have seen her alive is yourself. She called on you, and there was a colloquy, apparently vehement, between you, culminating in the assault upon you. She hurried away. One might well guess that later you followed her to her death."

"I did follow her." said Sedgwick in a low tone.

"For what purpose?"

"To find out who she was." "Which you didn't succeed in doing?" "She was too quick for me. The blow of the rock had made me giddy. and she got away among the thickets." "That's a pity. One more point of suspicion. Dennett, you say, saw your picture, 'The Rough Rider.' He will avery one shout it you may

ship. I looked for myself when I was trying to find the woman later. What "Nothing. I'm sorry I interrupted."

"She walked away from me a few paces, but turned and came back at "'I follow my star.' she said, point-

When I'm gone sit down and write it ing to a planet that shone low over the Therein lies the only true hapout for me, simply and fully, and send piness-to dare and to follow. Remem it to my hotel as soon as it is done ber this meeting,' she said in a tone You can do that, can't you?" "Yes, I can do that." decided Sedgof solemn command, 'for it may mark wick after some consideration. an epoch in your life. Some day in

the future I may send for you and recall today to your mind by what I have just said. In that day you will know the hidden things that are clear Being a single autobiographical chapter only to the chosen minds. Perhaps you from the life of Francis Sedawick, with will be the last person but one to see editorial comment by Professor Chester me as I now am.'" Kent.

Kent pulled nervously at the lobe of his ear. "Is it possible that she foresaw her death?" he murmured. "It would look so, in the light of

what has happened, wouldn't it? Yet there was an uncanny air of joyousness about her too." don't like it." announced Kent!

"I do not like it!" Suppose you let me do the question- De By which he meant that he did not ing a while. You can give no clew, understand it. What Chester Kent does not understand, Chester Kent re-

> sents. "Love affair, perhaps," suggested the artist. "A woman in love will take any risk of death. However," he add-

cently, "she had a very practical bent rose, soared through the air and landfor a romantic person. After her mysed in the middle of my painting. terious prophecy she started on. fairly yelped. called to her to come back or I would follow and make her explain herself." ever, I went at it and was cursing over "As to what?"

the job when the rider came back. "Everything-her being there, her actions, her-her apparel, the jewelry, you know, and all that." hope not."

"Haven't I? Well, when she turned"

ry that you were going to speak of

valuable, I judge. Wasn't it found on the body?"

"Not? Robbery, then, probably Well, she came back at a stride. Her eyes were alive with anger. There came a torrent of words from herstrong words, too. Nothing of the well bred woman left there. I insisted on knowing who she was. Before I could guard myself she had caught up a rock from the road and let me have it. I went over like a tenpin. When I got up she was well along toward the cliffs, and I never did find her trail in

should be allowed to repair it." "Show me your relative positions when she attacked you." The artist placed Kent and moved

said. "Did she throw overhand or underhand?"

"It was so quick I hardly know. But

Don't you understand? Or." he added because she tried before she went to sayagely, "do you misunderstand?" buy some of mine. When I declined "No. I don't misunderstand." answerto sell she seemed put out. ed Kent very gently. "I know there are things that can't be spoken not "But surely these prints of yours aren't the work of an amateur?" she because they are shameful, but besaid. "You sell?" cause they are sacred. Yet I've got t

know about her. Here; I have it.

CHAPTER IV.

My Lady of Mystery.

EAR Kent-Here goes! I met

her first on June 22 at 3 o'clock

in the afternoon. Some won-

derful cloud effects after a hard

rain had brought me out into the open.

I had pitched my easel in the hollow

on the Martindale road so as to get

that clump of pine against the sky

To get it all off was hopeless. How-

"I heard you cry out," said a voice,

very full and low. "Did I hurt you? 1

"No." I said without looking up.

'Small thanks to you that you didn't!"

My tone silenced her for a moment.

Somehow, though, I got the feeling that

she was amused more than abashed at

my resentment. And her voice was

suspiciously meek when she presently

"No," I said, busily scraping away

at my copperplate. "I'm an archeolo-

gist engaged in exhuming an ancient

"You're an artist, aren't you?"

ruin from a square mile of mud."

"You may not," I replied.

spoke again.

vonr nicture ?"

"Oh. yes, 1 sell-when 1 can. But I don't sell without a good bit of bargaining, particularly when 1 suspect my purchaser of wishing to make amends by a purchase."

"It isn't that at all." she said earnestly. "I want the pictures for themselves."

"Call this a preliminary, then, and come back when you have more time." She shook her head, and there was a shadow over the brightness of her face. "I'm afraid not," she said. "But I have enjoyed talking again with some one who knows and loves the best in art. After all," she added with a note of determination, almost of defiance, "there is no reason why I shouldn't some time."

"Then I may look for you again?" I

She nodded as she moved out across the porch. "If you'll promise to sell me any print I may choose. Goodby. and thank you so much, Mr. Sedgwick !"

She held out her hand. It was a hand for sculptor to model, as beautiful and full of character as her face. (Comment by C. K.: Boshi) Afterward I remembered that never again in our friendship did I see it ungloved. (Comment by C. K.: "Bosh" retracted. Some observation that?

"Au revoir, then," I said. "But you have the advantage of me, you see. I

don't know what to call you at all." She hesitated, then, with a little soft quiver of her eyelids, which I afterward learned to identify as an evidence of amusement, said: "Daw is a nice name, don't you think?' (Comment by C. K .: False name, of course, but highly probable first name is Marjorie.) "By the way, what time is it?" "Quarter to 5, Miss Daw."

She smiled at the name. "King Cole will have to do his best if I am to be back for dinner. Goodby." (Comment, by C. K.: Good! The place where she is staying is a good way off. assuming a 7:30 dinner hour. Say twelve to fifteen miles.)

She laughed, but in a moment be That was the first of many visits. of came grave again. "I'm so sorry?" days that grew in radiance for me. It she said. "I know I shouldn't come sn't necessary for me to tell you. Kent. plunging around turns in that reckless how in our talks I came to divine in way. May I-I should like to-buy her a spirit as wistful and pure as her face. You do not want a love story from me, yet that is what it was for me almost from the first; not openly, "That isn't quite fair, is it?" she asked. "If I have done damage I though. There was that about her which held me at arms' length-the "Repair?" said I. "How do you promystery of her, her quickly given trust in me, a certain strained look that came into her face, like the startled attention of a wild thing poised for dred dollar bill can be painted with a flight, whenever I touched upon the "No; I'm not altogether a Philispersonal note. Not that I ever questioned her. After her first visit she did not ride on her horse, but came across lots and through the side hedge, swinging down the hillside yonder with her light dipping stride that always recalled to me the swoop of a swallow, her gloved hands usually holding a slender stick. All those sketches that you saw were but studies for a more serious attempt to catch and fix her personality. (Comment by C. K.: Couldn't he have given me in two words her height and approximate weight?) I did it in pastel, and if I missed something of her tenler and changeful coloring I at least saught the ineffable wistfulness of her expression-the look of one hoping against hope for an unconfessed happiness. Probably I had put more of myself into it than I had meant. A man is likely to when he paints with ais heart as well as his brain and nand. When it was done I made little frame for it and lettered on the frame this line: "And her eyes dreamed against a listant goal."

"You've said nothing about jewelry." "Just a moment. Was it the jewel when you first accosted her?" "Yes, it was. Some of it was very

"No."

that maze of copses and thickets."

nose to do it? I suppose that you think off five paces. "About like that," he a picture that can be bought for a hun-

hundred dollar bill." tine," she said, and I looked up at her

There I sat working away with a will when 1 heard the drumming of hoofs. and a horse with a girl in the saddle came whizzing round the turn almost upon me. Just there the rain had made a puddle of thick, sticky mud, the mud pie variety. As the horse went ed, rubbing his bruised head reminisby at full gallop a fine, fat mud pie

Canadian Bank of Commerce. Treasurer. E. L. RISING, Chairman

Citizens' Committee for Navy League Appeal JOIN THE NAVY LEAGUE- Regular

members, \$2.00, Associate Members, \$1.00, annually, including "The Sailor" monthly, Wear the Badge and thus show your faith in The Royal Navy and Sea Power, Every man and woman in New Brunswick should become a Member.

The Navy League of Canada is pledged to contribute \$10,000 each month to the Relief Fund of The Navy League, London; these payments have been regularly made and in addition \$5,000 has been sent to the Naval Prisoners of War Fund, besides large contributions for benevolent pur-Doses.

In connexion with the above on Wednesday evening at 8.30, a reel of Naval pictures will be shown in the King Street Theatre preceded by a short talk on the great and important work of the British Navy by Mrs. E. Atherton Smith, and on Thursday, Sept. 5th a Tag day in the interest of the same will he held.

unmoved as he replied: "No. Where was it found?" night or this morning."

"This is the third this summer." "Sheriff's on the case. Body was all

to help circulate the news, my son." quarter, payable in advance, that you wheel."

"I got yer," he said and was off.

RECOGNIZED

First German Soldier-"Who was the officer that kicked you in the face?" Second German Soldier-"That was my professor of ethics at the university. The Naval Reserve.

****************** The Secret Lonesome Cove

Samuel Hopkins Adams

Copyright, 1912, by the Bobbs-Merril ***************

A full moon, brilliant amid blown cloud rack, lighted up the vast proces-sion of billiows charging in upon a near coast. In the foreground a corpse, the face bent far up and back from the spar to which it was lashed, rode with wild abandon headlong at the onlooker on the crest of a roaring surge. The fest was infinite clarity of distance

"The Bough Rider!" mu Kent: f a, with a change of tone, When did you finish this picture?"

"Testerday." "H-mi Has any one else seen it?" "That old fraud of a plumber, filder Dennett, saw me working on it yes-terday when he was doing some re-

Rider" from its place of exhibit. "Special from the village," announced young Mercury. "Sign here." After the signature had been duly

set down and the signer had read the message with knit brows, the urchin lingered, big with news. "Say, heard about the body on the beach?"

Kent turned quickly to see Sedgwick's face. It was interested, but

"Lonesome Cove. Woman. Dressed swell. Washed up on a grating last

"It's curious how they all come in here, isn't it?" said the artist to Kent. "And it's a corkerino!" said the boy.

chained up, they say." "I'm sure they need you at the office said Kent. "And I'll bet you this can't get back in half an hour on your

With a grin the boy took the coin.

CHAPTER III.

A Strange Meeting. " ND now, Sedgwick," said Kent decisively, "if I'm to help you A suppose you tell me all that you know about the woman who called on you last evening?" "Last evening? Ah, that wasn't the girl of the picture! It's an intermina-

ble six days since I've seen her." "No; I know it wasn't she, having seen your picture, and since then your visitor of last night. The question is, Who was it?"

"Wait! How did you know that a voman came here last night?" "From common gossip."

"And where have you seen since?" "On the beach at Lonesome Cove.

"Lonesome Cove," repeated Sedg-wick mechanically; then with a startled glance, "Not the dead woman!" Kent nodded, watching him closely. For a space of four heartbeats-one very slow and three very quick-there was silence between them. Kent

broke it. "Do you see now the wisdom o trankness?"

"You mean that I shall be accus of having a hand in her death?" "Strongly suspected, at least."

"On what basis?" "Yon are the last person known to bave seen her alive."

"Surely that isn't enough?"

"Not of itself. There's a bruise back of your right ear." Invoinntarily Sedgwick's hand went

to the spot. "Who gave it to you?" pursued Kent. "You know it all without my telling

you." cried Sedgwick; "but i never saw the woman before in my life, Kent-I give you my word of honor! sure. "What of it?"

"The strange coincidence of the subject and the apparent manner of the unknown's death."

"People will hardly suspect that] killed her and set her adrift for a model, I suppose," said the artist bitterly, "particularly as Dennett can tell them that the picture was finished before her death. I was sitting on my wall when the woman came down the road. I noticed her first when she stopped to look back, and her absurd elegance of dress, expensive and ill fitting, attractive my closer attention. She was carrying a bundle wrapped in strong paper. It seemed to be heavy. for she shifted it from hand to hand. When she came near I spoke to her"-"You spoke to her first?"

Well, we spoke simultaneously. She asked me the time. She seemed anxfous to know. In fact, I think she used the word 'exact;' 'the exact time.' she said."

"Presumably she was on her way to an appointment, then."

"Very likely. When I told her she seemed relieved, might even say relax ed. As if from the strain of nervous haste, you know."

"Good! And then?"

"She thanked me and asked if I were Mr. Sedgwick. I answered that I was and suggested that she make good by completing the introduction."

"She wasn't a woman of your own class, then?"

Sedgwick looked puzzled. "Well, no. thought not then or I 'shouldn't have been so free and easy with her. For one thing, she was painted badly, and the perspiration, running down her forehead, had made her a sight. Yet I don't know. Her voice was that of a cultivated person. Her manner was awkward and her dress weird for that time of day, and for all that she carried herself like a person accustomed to some degree of consideration. That I felt quite plainly. I felt. too, something uncanny about her. Her eyes alone would have produced that impression. They were peculiarly restless and brilliant."

"Insane?" questioned Kent. "Not wholly sane. certainly. But it might have been drugs. That suggested, itself to me."

"A possibility. Proceed." "She asked what point of the head-land gave the best view. 'Anywhere from the first rise on is good,' I said. 'It depends on what you wish to see. 'My ship coming in,' she said. 'It will be a fair view, then.' I told her. 'This is a coast of guardian reefs.' 'What difference?' she said, and then gave me another surprise, for she quoted: "And, though thy soul sail leagues and

leagues beyond, Still leagues beyond those leagues there is more sea.

"That's interesting." remarked Kent. "Casual female wayfarers aren't given to quoting 'The House of Life.' "Nor casnal ships to visiting this part

of the coast. However, there was no a thing that I can tell, man to man. about them. I don't say this simply

should say a short overhand snap. It came hard enough." "I do not like it at all." said Kent

again. "You say that no jewels were found

on the body. Was there any other mark of identification?" "If there was the sheriff got away

with it before I saw it." "How can you be sure, then, that the dead woman was my visitor?" "Dennett mentioned a necklace. On

the crushed flesh of the dead woman's neck there is the plain impress of a lewel setting. Now, come, Sedgwick,



The Artist Placed Kent and Moved Off Five Paces.

if I'm to help you in this you must help me. Had you ever seen that necklace before?"

"Yes," was the reply, given with ob-vious reluctance. 'Where?"

"On the neck of the girl of my picture."

Kent's fingers went to his ear, pulling at the lobe until that unoffending pendant stretched like rubber. "You're sure?" be asked.

"There couldn't be any mistake. The stones were matched rose topazes. You mightn't find another like it in the whole country.

Kent whistled, soft and long. "I'm afraid, my boy," he said at length. "I'm very much afraid that you'll have to tell me the whole story of the romance of the pictured face. and this

time without reservation." "That's what I've been guarding against." retorted the other. "It isn't

for the first time. Her face- (Elision and comment by Kent: I know her face from the sketches. Why could he not have described the horse? However, there's one point clear: she is a woman of means.)

She said: "I don't wonder you're cross. And J'm truly sorry. Is it quite ruined?"

At that I recovered some decency of manner. "Forgive a hermit." I said. 'who doesn't see enough people to keep him civilized. The daub doesn't matter."

She leaned over from the saddle to examine the picture. "Oh, but it isn't a daub!" she protested. "I-I know a little about pictures. It's very interesting and curious. But why do you paint it on copper?" l explained.

"Oh!" she said. "I should so like to see your prints!"

"Nothing easier," said 1. "My shack is just over the hill." "And there is a Mrs."- her eves

suggested that I fill the blank. "Sedgwick?" I finished. "No. There is no one but my aged and highly respectable Chinaman to play propriety. But in the case of a studio the conventions are not so rigid but that one may look at pictures unchaperoned."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do." she answered, smiling. "No, I'll have to wait until"- A shadow passed over her face. "I'm afraid I'll have to give it up."

Chance settled that point then and there. As she finished, she was in my arms. The girth had loosened and the saddle had turned with her. I had barely time to twist her foot from the stirrup when the brute of a horse bolted. As it was, her ankle got a bit of a wrench. She turned quite white and cried out a little. In a moment she was herself again.

"King Cole has been acting badly all day," she said. "I shall have a time catching him." She limped forward a few steps. "Here, that won't do!" said I. "Let

me.'

"You couldn't get near him, though, erhaps, if you had some salt"-"I can get some at my place," said I, gathering up my things. "Your horse is headed that way. You'd better come along and rest there while Ching Lung

and I round up your mount." (Comment by C. K.; Here follows more talk, showing how young people imperceptibly and unconsciously ce-ment an acquaintance, but not one word upon the vital point of how far the horse seemed to have come, whether he was ridden out or fresh,

At the bungalow I called Ching, and we set out with a supply of salt. King Cele (Comment by C. K.: Probably a dead black horse) was coy for a time before he succumbed to temptation. On my return I found my visitor in the studie. She had said that the knew a little about pictures. She knew more than a little-a good deal, in fact-and talked most intelligently

It was the next day that she read the line. I saw the color die from her face and flood back again.

"Why did you set that line there?" she breathed, her eyes fixed on me with a strange expression. (Comment by C. K.: Rossetti again. The dead woman of the beach quoted "The House of Life" also.)

"Why not?" I asked. "It seems a express something in you which I have tried to embody in the picture. Dor't vou like it?"

She repeated the line softly, making pure music of it. "I love it," she said. At that I spoke as it is given to a man to speak to one woman in the world when he has found her. She istened, with her eyes on the pictured face. But when I said to her. "You, who have all my heart. and whose name, even, I have not-is there no word for me." she rose and threw out her hands in a gesture that sent a chill through me.

"Oh no! No!" she cried vehemently. Nothing-except goodby. Oh, why did you speak?"

I stood and watched her go. That was five interminable days ago. I have not seen her since. I feel it is her will that I shall never see her again. And I must! You understand, Kent, you must find her!

I forgot to tell you that when I was sketching her I asked if she could bring something pink to wear, preferably coral. She came the next time with a string of the most beautifu cose topazes I have ever seen, set in a most curious old gold design. It was that necklace and none other that the woman with the bundle wore, half

concealed, when she came here. Today-it is yesterday really, since am finishing this at 8 a. m.-the mersenger boy brought me a telegram. It was frem my love. It had been sent from Boston and it read:

Destroy the ploture for my sake. It take too much of both of us. The message was unsigned. I have destroyed the picture. Help mel

F. 6.

