

AN APPEAL FOR THE NAVY

The First Annual Appeal for Funds by the Navy League of Canada will be made during first week in September...

- A.—For King George's Fund for Sailors, by special request of His Majesty, the King. This fund is to aid Sailors' and Benevolent Institutions in Great Britain...

Since the outbreak of War, the Navy has made possible the transportation of 17,000,000 men besides enormous quantities of Food and Munitions...

Because Canada has no Dreadnoughts or Battle Cruisers, so for the past four years her shores have been protected by the British Navy...

Because the Navy has enabled Canada to send hundreds of thousands of our men overseas with a loss of hardly a man...

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...

Because we cannot shirk the responsibility of caring for our wounded and disabled Sailors, or Widows and Orphans and Naval Prisoners of War...

Because, as a class, the men of the Merchant Marine—and Naval Service are poorly paid, and their families often suffer great privations...

Me. Lloyd George said recently that, until Great Britain and her Allies are defeated 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...

Remember the Sailors' Sacrifice!

SAILORS' WEEK, SEPT. 2ND TO 7TH GIVE LIBERALLY

J. M. CHRISTIE, 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.

The Navy League of Canada is pledged to contribute \$10,000 each month to the Relief Fund of The Navy League, London.

In connexion with the above on Wednesday evening at 8.30, a reel of Naval pictures will be shown in the King Street Theatre...

With a grin the boy took the coin. "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 Secret of Lonesome Cove

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

A full moon, brilliant amid blown cloud rack, lighted up the vast procession of billows charging in upon a near coast.

"The Rough Rider" murmured Kent; then, with a change of tone, "When did you finish this picture?"

"I finished it yesterday."

"That old fraud of a plumber, Elder Dennett, saw me working on it yesterday when he was doing some re-

pairing here and remarked that it gave him the creeps."

"Dennett? Well, then, that's all up," said Kent, as if speaking to himself.

"There's a streak of superstition in all these New Englanders. He'd be sure to interpret it as a confession before the fact."

"He may have left for a trip to Hades town for all I care," stated Sedgwick with conviction.

"I'll tell you as soon as I've mull'd it over a little. Just let me cool my mind down with some more of your pictures."

"Oh, that's an imaginary face," said Sedgwick carelessly.

"Imaginary face studied from various angles," commented Kent.

"My Chinaman!" began Sedgwick quickly, when the other caught him up.

"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!"

"These 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 detective, aren't you?"

"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."

"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 Kent had quietly removed "The Rough 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 unmoved as he replied:

"No. Where was it found?"

"Lonesome Cove. Woman. Dressed swell. Washed up on a grating last night or this morning."

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

"And it's a corker!" said the boy. "Sheriff's on the case. Body was all chained up, they say."

"I'm sure they need you at the office to help circulate the news, my son," said Kent. "And I'll bet you this quarter, payable in advance, that you can't get back in half an hour on your wheel."

She came and went, but who she is or why she came or where she went I have no more idea than you have—perhaps not nearly so much."

"There you are wrong. I'm depending 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's quite a different matter."

"She wasn't drowned?"

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

"But the boy said that the body was washed to a grating, and there were chains on it—is that true?"

"It was washed to a grating and manacled."

"Manacled? What a ghastly mystery!" Sedgwick dropped his chin in meditation.

"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 to my place," objected Sedgwick.

"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 tell every one about it, you may be sure."

"What of it?"

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

"People will hardly suspect that I killed her and set her adrift for a model, I suppose," said the artist bitterly.

"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—"

ship. I looked for myself when I was trying to find the woman later. What are you smiling at?"

"Nothing. I'm sorry I interrupted."

"She walked away from me a few paces, but turned and came back at once."

"I follow my star," she said, pointing to a planet that shone low over the sea. "Therein lies the only true happiness—to dare and to follow. Remember this meeting," she said in a tone of solemn command.

"Kent pulled nervously at the lobe of his ear. "Is it possible that she foresaw his 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."

"I do not like it," announced Kent.

"By which he meant that he did not understand it. What Chester Kent does not understand, Chester Kent respects."

"Love affair, perhaps," suggested the artist. "A woman in love will take any risk of death. However," he added, rubbing his bruised head reminiscently, "she had a very practical bent for a romantic person. After her mysterious prophecy she started on. I called to her to come back or I would follow and make her explain herself."

"As to what?"

"Everything—her being there, her actions, her apparel, the jewelry, you know, and all that."

"You've said nothing about jewelry."

"Haven't I? Well, when she turned—"

"Just a moment. Was it the jewelry that you were going to speak of when you first accosted her?"

"Yes, it was. Some of it was very valuable, I judge. Wasn't it found on the body?"

"No."

"Not? Robbery, then, probably. Well, she came back at a stride. Her eyes were alive with anger. There came a torrent of words from her—strong 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 topknot. When I got up she was well along toward the cliffs, and I never did find her trail in that mass of copses and thickets."

"Show me your relative positions when she attacked you."

The artist placed Kent and moved off five paces. "About like that," he said.

"Did she throw overhand or underhand?"

"It was so quick I hardly know. But I 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 jewel setting. Now, come, Sedgwick."

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 obvious reluctance.

"Where?"

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

Don't you understand? Or," he added savagely, "do you misunderstand?"

"No, I don't misunderstand," answered Kent very gently. "I know there are things that can't be spoken not because they are shameful, but because they are sacred. Yet I've got to know about her. Here, I have it. When I'm gone sit down and write it out for me, simply and fully, and send it to my hotel as soon as it is done. You can do that, can't you?"

"Yes, I can do that," decided Sedgwick after some consideration.

CHAPTER IV. My Lady of Mystery.

Being a single autobiographical chapter from the life of Francis Sedgwick, with editorial comment by Professor Chester Kent.

DEAR Kent—Here goes! I met her first on June 22 at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Some wonderful 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. There I sat working away with a will, when I 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 by at full gallop a fine, fat mud pie rose, soared through the air and landed in the middle of my painting. I fairly yelped.

"To get it all off was hopeless. However, I went at it and was cursing over the job when the rider came back."

"I heard you cry out," said a voice, very full and low. "Did I hurt you? I hope not."

"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 spoke again."

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

"No," I said, busily scraping away at my copperplate. "I'm an archeologist engaged in exhuming an ancient ruin from a square mile of mud."

She laughed, but in a moment became grave again. "I'm so sorry," she said. "I know I shouldn't come plunging around turns in that reckless way. May I—I should like to—buy your picture?"

"You may not," I replied.

"That isn't quite fair, is it?" she asked. "If I have done damage I should be allowed to repair it."

"Repair?" said I. "How do you propose to do it? I suppose that you think a picture that can be bought for a hundred dollar bill can be painted with a hundred dollar bill."

"No; I'm not altogether a Philistine," she said, and I looked up at her for the first time. Her face—(Eliasion 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 I'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 know a little about pictures. It's very interesting and curious. But why do you paint it on copper?"

"I explained."

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

"Nothing easier," said I. "My shack is just over the hill."

"And there is a Mrs.—her eyes 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 girl 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, hee ankle got a bit 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, perhaps, if you had some salt."

because she tried before she went to buy some of mine. When I declined to sell she seemed put out.

"But surely these prints of yours aren't the work of an amateur?" she said. "You sell?"

"Oh, yes, I sell—when I can. But I don't sell without a good bit of bargaining, particularly when I 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 myself."

"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 asked.

She nodded as she moved out across the porch. "If you'll promise to tell 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.: Bosh!) Afterward I remembered that never again in our friendship did I see it unglowed. (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 750 dinner hour. Say twelve to fifteen miles.)

That was the first of many visits of days that grew in radiance for me. It isn't necessary for me to tell you, Kent, how in our talks I came to divine in 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, though. There was that about her which held me at arms' length—the mystery 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 flight, whenever I touched upon the personal 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 under 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 tender and changeable coloring I at least caught 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 his heart as well as his brain and hand. When it was done I made a little frame for it and lettered on the frame this line:

"And her eyes dreamed against a distant goal."

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

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

"Why not?" I asked. "It seems to express something in you which I have tried to embody in the picture. Don't you 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 listened, 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 beautiful rose 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 I am finishing this at 3 a. m.—the messenger boy brought me a telegram. It was from my love. It had been sent from Boston and it read:

"Destroy the picture for my sake. It tells too much of both of us."

The message was unsigned. I have destroyed the picture. Help me!

F. S.



The Artist Placed Kent and Moved Off Five Paces.