

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 the special day is Thursday, Sept. 5th. New Brunswick is expected to give \$25,000.

The appeal is made for the following purposes:

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.

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 17,000,000 men besides enormous quantities of Food and Munitions, and German shipping has been swept from the seas.

WHY YOU SHOULD CONTRIBUTE:

Because Canada has no Dreadnoughts or Battle Cruisers, so for the past four years 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 man, and has kept our Trade routes open.

Because the prosperity in Canada today 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 submarines, 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 Merchant Marine and Naval Service are poorly paid, and their families often suffer great privations, and there is no Patriotic Fund to aid them.

Mr. 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. 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,

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 purposes.

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 be held.

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

of

Lonesome Cove

By

Samuel Hopkins Adams

Copyright, 1912, by the Bobbs-Merrill

Company

A full moon, brilliant amid blown

cloud rack, lighted up the vast

proscenium of hillsides charging in upon a

coast. In the foreground a corpse, the

face bent far up and back from the

spine to which it was lashed, rode with

wild abandon headlong at the onlook-

ers on the crest of a roaring surge. The

face was infinite clarity of distance

and desolation.

"The Rough Rider" murmured

Kent; then, with a change of tone,

"When did you finish this picture?"

"Yesterday."

"What has any one else seen it?"

"That old friend of a plumber, Elder

Dennett, saw me working on it yester-

day 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. 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 Sed-

gwick with conviction. "What's it all

about anyway?"

"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." He turned to the wall bor-

der 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 va-

rious angles," commented Kent. "It's

a very lovely face and the most wist-

ful I've ever seen. A fairly prisoned

on earth by cockerow might wear some

such expression of startled wondering

putty, I fancy."

"Poetry as well as mystery," Kent

you grow and expand on acquaint-

ance."

"There is poetry in your study of

that imaginary face, imaginary Um-

bum!" confuted 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

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!"

There was silence between them for

a moment, then the painter broke out

with the air of one who takes a resolu-

tion:

"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 mat-

ter 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 in-

termingled with boyish accents de-

manding 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," announ-

ced 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 Sed-

gwick's face. It was interested, but

unmoved as he replied:

"No. Where was it found?"

"Lonesome Cove. Woman. Dressed

She came and went, but who she is or

why she came or where she went I

have no more idea than you have—per-

haps not nearly so much."

"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'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

lashed to a grating, and there were

chains on it—is that true?"

"It was lashed to a grating and man-

acled."

"Manacled? What a ghastly mys-

tery!" 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.

"Suppose you let me do the question-

ing a while. You can give me a clew

whatever to the identity of your yester-

day's visitor?"

"There was the slightest possible hes-

itation before the artist replied, 'None

at all.'"

"If I find it difficult to believe that

what the villagers think of it when

Elder Dennett returns from Cad-

ystown 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 inter-

viewing 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 collo-

quy, 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 says you 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 sub-

ject 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 bit-

terly, particularly as Dennett can tel-

ler her death. I was sitting on my

wall when the woman came down the

road. I noticed her first when she

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, point-

ing to a planet that shone low over the

sea. "Therein lies the only true hap-

piness—to dare and to follow. Remem-

ber this meeting," she said in a tone

of solemn command, "for it may mark

an epoch in your life. Some day in

the future I may send for you and re-

call today to your mind by what I

have just said. In that day you will