THE EVENING TRIDEGRAM, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, DECEMBER 19, 1919-2

THE WHITEST, LIGHTE

ILB.

MAGIU

CONTAINS NO ALUN

be hard upon them.".

rom the stream, and letting them res on his handsome face, "are you not wishing that you were back in Lon-

"In London?" he says, raising his head in astonishment. Good 'graciou no! Why should you think that? London is simply awful in June." "Is it?" says Paula, with an interested expression. "I thought that London was always delicious and enjoyable; but, that is perhaps because

I have never been there." "Never been to London!" he says. with an amused smile. Paula shakes her head.

"No. It sounds very dreadful besn't it?" "You are a very lucky young lady," he says, with a laugh; "most lucky," She looks down at him incredulous

"I don't think so. I feel like a wild, untutored savage whenever anyone mentions London," she says, smiling "I have been going-oh, ever so many times; but something has always pre-

vented me. Alice has been.' "That's your sister?" he says. She nods "Yes."

He doesn't appear to feel much breath, and fetches the fish. erest in her sister. "That was splendid!" he says. "He "I'm afraid you'll be awfully almost too long for the basket appointed when you do go to London, Your brother was right; you can he says-"awfully. Everybody is. It's throw a fly. You shall go on, and I smoky dust-hole of a place." Paula laughs.

But Paula shakes her head, and puts "Perhaps I shall; but at present i her rod over her shoulder. "No" she says: "you came to fis

s a fairy paradise to me, full of shops and grand houses. I suppose you live not to look on. Besides, what would n one of them?" Bob say if he knew it? No; I'll show He leans back, and tilts his hat over you the best spots. I sha'n't fish his eyes.

ouple of poky rooms in

house? He laughs.

"No; one of the inns of court-S other poor dev-other poor wretches generally live there."

> lawyer?" He stares at her, and gets up o his elbow again. "No," he says, "I'm-nothing. I live

must live somewhere, you know." Paula nods, and looks down at his with dreamy curiosity. It is quite a new type of character to her, and she ceels as a naturalist might who came across, for the first time, a strange

figure at the stream, but not Paula,



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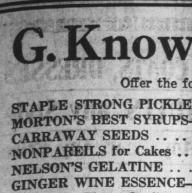
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BERNE Dec 18 Reports of a fresh wave of pogrom the district of Ukraine occupied by ral Denekine's forces are printby the newspaper Galetta Wisoro ka. according to Lemburg advices o-day. The newspaper declared that e five thousand Jews were killed n Yeka territory alone.

USTOMS RESTRICTIONS REMOV ED.

LONDON, Dec. 18 Sir Auckland Geddes, Minister ional Service and reconstruction in the House of Commons av that in view of the edcision stice Sir John Sankey of King's nch division that the Government ed no power to prohibit ortation of certain goods the Cusas had been instructed to allow the ortation of all articles affected in Government prohibitory proclam pending an appeal. FORM THE NATIONALISTS.

Marriage. will watch. CHAPTER VI. "Won't you?" she says. "What nonsense! You haven't given them time. Well-"and she takes up her rod, a

The Romance

light, "girlish" thing, as Bob would again call it, and raising her arm, throws He does not argue the matter; and the fly so that it just alights on the so they walk along, Paula close by his side directing him in a soft whispen Twice, thrice, she repeats the acwhere to let the fly fall. Once on

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tion; and Sir Herrick, watching, wontwice, in the absorption of the purders whether anything more greacesuit and in all maidenly unconscious ful has ever been imagined than this ness, she lets her hand fall on his lithe figure posied on its right foot, arm. There more silvery fish are added the beautiful, chestnut-crowned head, to the basket, and the morning grows and the dark eyes, all aglow with en- into the warm, glowing noontide. By this time they have reached joyment Suddenly he sees the line jerk, there little wood, whose overhanging

is a splash in the water, and her branches render fishing impossible. Sir Herrick looks round, and then laugh rises in the silence. "You have got one," he says, going up at the sky. "Mid-day," he says; "and just the up beside her. "Yes," he says. "Number one. It is place for luncheon!" a large one. too. Paula laughs. "A beauty!" he says, with a dash

"Yes." she says. "Here is where we generally rest-Bob and I: but where's "Will you take the rod?" says the luncheon?" He drops his rod and takes out neat little sandwick-case from the "Not for worlds!" he replied, emphatically. "Why should I? Do you bottom of his basket. think I don't know that you can land "Here is a poor apology," he says,

"No, I don't," he says. "I live in you mean a public "Inns!

good."

back.

upon him.

offer to get up.

says Paula, laughing.

and takes his rod.

verything that is had.

sinks down again.

"Why do you live there then?" she

He tilts his back again and thinks

" 'Pon my word, I don't know:

better basket than we have got."

"You can't fish lying on your back."

"No," he admits. "I bog your par-

don; I'm so accustomed to lying on my back that I've got into a confirm

ed habit so far as the attitude goe

As he does so. Paula looks at him and as she looks at the handsome,

careless face, with its tone of high birth and gentle breeding, as distinct and palpable as her own youth and

beauty, she thinks again that Bob has nade a mistake, and has done Sir

Herrick Powis a wrong in calling him

He stands for a moment arranging

his rod, then as she doesn't move, he

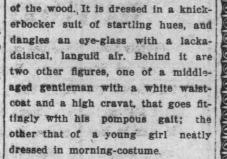
but I'm ready now," and he gets

asks, not unreasonably.

Barnabas. Lawyers, barristers, and "I see," says Paula; "and you are a

there because it's cheap, and-a fellow like that?

specimen of the animal creation. "No, Ido nothing," he says again. "That sounds bad, doesn't it?"



other that of a young girl neatly "What is it?" demands Sir Herrick,

half-laughingly; and Paula smiles in sympathy "That's Mr. Stancy de Palmer," she

says, "and his father and sister May." "Oh!" he says, coolly. "I didn't know. What makes him wear clothes

"I don't know." says Paula, sur time for further remak; for the great Mr. Stancy de Palmer comes within hearing, and seeing the kneeling

it as well as I can?" ruefully. "If I had known that you

of colour in his face.

Paula, modestly

the bank.

beauty!"

She laughs, And he stands and were coming, I would have come betwatches her as she plays with the ter provided; but will you take one? fish, which runs up and down the Let me find you a comfortable seat, stream, leaping out of the water-now | Wait!"

And he takes off his coat. and thoughtfulness-and he laughs. and again, and gleaming in the sun; until, when he begins to tire. Paula spreads it over the stump of a tree. "Don't do that," says Paula; "you raises her rod, and with a swift, graceful turn of her wrist, brings him to will catch cold."

He laughs with amusement. "Beautiful!" cries Sir Herrick. "I think not," he says. "Please sit But Paula is heart and soul in her down and rest."

And fuss being a state of things work. "Quick!" she cries. as if it were Paula hates, she seats herself. Bob standing beside her and not Sir Then he takes a drink-cup from the Herrick Powis. "Quick, or he will be basket, and kneeling down by the rone again! Kneel down and put your stream, fills it with water clear as hand under him, and when I say 'now.' crystal and cool as ice, and hands it

throw him on the bank! It is a to her "It is poor fare for you," he says, Obediently he kneels at her feet and regretfully. "If I had but known-Paula laughs Accs as he is told. "Now!" she cries in her clear voice, "You need not be sorry," she says. and the next moment Master Trout "Bob and I generally bring a biscuit

Men a bar of silver, upon the grass or a piece of cake. Who cares what behind her. Flushed and panting, she when one is fishing?" stands looking down at him. and he "That is true," he says, flinging stlil kneels, looking up at her. Her himself full length beside her, and hat has failen in the excitement of the leaning his head on his elbow, that struggle, and the soft, red hair, rufil- he may look up at her face, half-shaded by the gentie breeze, caresses her ed by the big hat. low forehead; her lips are balf-parted. "This is very jolly," he says in the her eyes beaming. Venus rising from es of a man perfectly happy. re let me say that you must the crested waves sarely did not look

more beautiful, more noni-entrancing. | be vory happy." He rises slowly, with a long-drawn "Why?" she says, turning her eye



but a beautiful skin is possible only when the liver and kidneys are active, and the bowels functionate properly. The secret of beauty as well as of health is to maintain perfect digestion and elimination.

help to preserve beauty and maintain h they influence liver, kidneys, skin an and e nate in ha

> Worth a Guinea a bo They where is Canada. In homes, 25c.

vho is sitting half-concealed behind "I don't know." says Paula; "per the old stump, he puts up his eyehaps you do it well." glass and stares with as haughty an He looks at her-there is no smile air of surprise and displeasure as his on her face, and her dark eyes are inexpressive features can command. fixed on the stream with a grave Sir Herrick fills his cup-it is not easily done, fills it leisurely and care-"That's rather good. Well, perhaps fully-and rises to his feet, apparently do. And so you would like to see totally unconscious of the stare that London? Take my word for it, you are is fixed upon him. Stancey de Palmer better off down here; you wouldn't omes up to him, with a flush upon like it. There are no trout in London. his inexpressive face. excepting in the fishmongers' shops,

"Er-I beg your pardon!" he says, and there's not much else that's of with a languid lisp.

> Sir Herrick looks up for a moment, then his regard returns to the cun which demands all his attention, being one of those convenient telescopic arrangements specially designed for the traveller's-inconvenience

can't tell you. As I said before, one "I beg your pardon!" said the heir must live somewhere. At any rate, I'm of the Palmers, with an increase of not there now, thank goodness! and colour occasioned by the coolness of I feel as if I should never care to g the other. "But are you-or-aware

that you are trespassing?" He doesn't look at her as he says Sir Herrick looks up, steadying his so: but there is a certain significance cup, with both hands in his voice that draws Paula's eyes

"No." he says. "I am not." "But you are," says Stancy, grandi-"Haven't we rested long enough?" loquently. "This is-er-private water. she says, demurely. "Bob will want a There are notice-boards." "Yes, I saw them," says Sir Her-"I'm ready," he says; but he doesn't

> rick, with aggravating coolness. (To be continued.)



"Perhaps they-the trout, I meanhaven't quite finished their dinner



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LONDON, Dec. 18. The National Party in the House of mons has given notice of motion the Irish question reading as folvs: "The House in view of the fact the Sinn Fein organization had e it abundantly clear that it will accept any form of rule retaining Sovereign powers of Governmen Westminster declines to proceed th legislation which cannot be acptable to any considerable section opinion in Ireland and calls upon Government to enforce law and der in that country."

PRINCE WELCOMED AT LONDON.

LONDON, Dec. 18. ir Edward E. Cooper, Lord Mayor ondon on behalf of the city to-day mally welcomed the Prince of ales home after the Prince's visit Canada, and the United States. The onies took place in the Guildin the presence of a representative ering. The Prince replying to the rd Mayor's address said the warmth elcome he first experienced in undland followed him throughhis trip to North America. He ened his visit to Canada and the Un-

