

**W.D. & H.O. WELLS**  
**Wellington**  
THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

A COOL, dry smoke always. The well catches moisture and stray tobacco; the top-opening bit sends the smoke up away from tongue. And the Wellington is a W.D.C. pipe, which means genuine French Briar, specially Demuth seasoned and guaranteed against cracking or burning through. Many shapes and sizes, at all good dealers, for \$1.00 and up.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.  
New York



**The Romance**  
OF A  
**Marriage.**

CHAPTER VI.

"Won't you?" she says. "What nonsense! You haven't given them time. Well—and she takes up her rod, a light, "girlish" thing, as Bob would call it, and raising her arm, throws the fly so that it just alights on the water.

Twice, thrice, she repeats the action; and Sir Herrick, watching, wonders whether anything more graceful has ever been imagined than this little figure poised on its right foot, the beautiful, chestnut-crowned head, and the dark eyes, all aglow with enjoyment.

Suddenly he sees the line jerk, there is a splash in the water, and her laugh rises in the silence.

"You have got one," he says, going up beside her.

"Yes," he says. "Number one. It is a large one, too."

"A beauty!" he says, with a dash of colour in his face.

"Will you take the rod?" says Paula, modestly.

"Not for worlds!" he replied, emphatically. "Why should I? Do you think I don't know that you can land it as well as I can?"

She laughs. And he stands and watches her as she plays with the fish, which runs up and down the stream, leaping out of the water now and again, and gleaming in the sun; until, when he begins to tire, Paula raises her rod, and with a swift, graceful turn of her wrist, brings him to the bank.

"Beautiful!" cries Sir Herrick.

But Paula is heart and soul in her work.

"Quick!" she cries, as if it were Bob standing beside her and not Sir Herrick Pervis. "Quick, or he will be gone again! Kneel down and put your hands under him, and when I say 'now,' throw him on the bank! It is a beauty!"

Obediently he kneels at her feet and does as he is told.

"Now!" she cries in her clear voice, and the next moment Master Trout, a bar of silver, upon the grass behind her. Flushed and panting, she stands looking down at him, and he still kneels, looking up at her. Her hat has fallen in the excitement of the struggle, and the soft, red hair, ruffled by the gentle breeze, caresses her low forehead; her lips are half-parted, her eyes beaming, Venus-rising from the crested waves surely did not look more beautiful, more soul-extraneous.

He rises slowly, with a long-drawn

**"Beauty is Only Skin Deep"**

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.

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

help to preserve beauty and maintain health, because they influence liver, kidneys, skin and stomach to functionate in harmony and efficiently.

Worth a Guinea a box. Sold everywhere in Canada. In boxes, 25c, 50c.

from the stream, and letting them rest on his handsome face, "are you not wishing that you were back in London?"

"In London?" he says, raising his head in astonishment. Good gracious, 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, doesn't it?"

"You are a very lucky young lady," he says, with a laugh; "most lucky." She looks down at him incredulously.

"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 prevented me. Alice has been."

"That's your sister?" he says.

She nods. "Yes."

He doesn't appear to feel much interest in her sister.

"I'm afraid you'll be awfully disappointed when you do go to London," he says—"awfully. Everybody is. It's a smoky dust-hole of a place."

Paula laughs.

"Perhaps I shall; but at present it is a fairy paradise to me, full of shops and grand houses. I suppose you live in one of them?"

He leans back, and tilts his hat over his eyes.

"No, I don't," he says. "I live in a couple of poky rooms in one of the inns."

"Inns! Oh, you mean a public-house?"

He laughs.

"No; one of the inns of court—St. Barnabas, Lawyers, barristers, and other poor dev—other poor wretches generally live there."

"I see," says Paula; "and you are a lawyer?"

He stares at her, and gets up on his elbow again.

"No," he says, "I'm—nothing. I live there because it's cheap, and—a fellow must live somewhere, you know."

Paula nods, and looks down at him with dreamy curiosity. It is quite a new type of character to her, and she feels as a naturalist might who came across, for the first time, a strange specimen of the animal creation.

"No, I do nothing," he says again.

"That sounds bad, doesn't it?"

"I don't know," says Paula; "perhaps you do it well."

He looks at her—there is no smile on her face, and her dark eyes are fixed on the stream with a grave thoughtfulness—and he laughs.

"That's rather good. Well, perhaps I do. And so you would like to see London? Take my word for it, you are better off down here; you wouldn't like it. There are no trout in London, excepting in the fishmongers' shops, and there's not much else that's of good."

"Why do you live there then?" she asks, not unreasonably.

He tilts his hat back again and thinks a moment.

"Pon my word, I don't know; I can't tell you. As I said before, one must live somewhere. At any rate, I'm not there now, thank goodness; and I feel as if I should never care to go back."

He doesn't look at her as he says so; but there is a certain significance in his voice that draws Paula's eyes upon him.

"Haven't we rested long enough?" she says, demurely. "Bob will want a better basket than we have got."

"I'm ready," he says; but he doesn't offer to get up.

"You can't fish lying on your back," says Paula, laughing.

"No," he admits. "I beg your pardon; I'm so accustomed to lying on my back that I've got into a confirmed habit so far as the attitude goes; but I'm ready now," and he gets up and takes his rod.

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 made a mistake, and has done Sir Herrick Pervis a wrong in calling him everything that is bad.

He stands for a moment arranging his rod, then as she doesn't move, he sinks down again.

"Perhaps they—the trout, I mean—haven't quite finished their dinner,"



THE WHITEST, LIGHTEST  
MAGIC BAKING POWDER  
CONTAINS NO ALUM

he says, lastly, looking at her with a smile in his brown eyes. "Don't let's be hard upon them."

"That sounds like one word for the trout and two for yourself," she retorts.

"Let me get you some more water," he says; and he gets up again and goes down to the stream. As he does so voices are heard in the little wood behind them, and he turns his head.

"Great Potiphar, what is this!" he exclaims, with an air of indolent amusement.

Paula looks over her shoulder. A tall, thin, ungainly figure comes out of the wood. It is dressed in a knickerbocker suit of startling hues, and dangles an eye-glass with a lackadaisical, languid air. Behind it are two other figures, one of a middle-aged gentleman with a white waistcoat and a high cravat, that goes fittingly with his pompous gait; the other that of a young girl neatly dressed in morning-costume.

"What is it?" demands Sir Herrick, half-laughingly; and Paula smiles in sympathy.

"That's Mr. Stacey de Palmer," she says, "and his father and sister May."

"Oh! he says, coolly. "I didn't know. What makes him wear clothes like that?"

"I don't know," says Paula, suppressing a smile. "Perhaps he likes them—thinks they become him."

"Oh!" he says again. There is no time for further remark; for the great Mr. Stacey de Palmer comes within hearing, and seeing the kneeling figure at the stream, but not Paula, who is sitting half-concealed behind the old stump, he puts up his eye-glass and stares with as haughty an air of surprise and displeasure as his inexpressive features can command.

Sir Herrick fills his cup—it is not easily done, fills it leisurely and carefully—and rises to his feet, apparently totally unconscious of the stare that is fixed upon him. Stacey de Palmer comes up to him, with a flush upon his inexpressive face.

"Er—I beg your pardon!" he says, with a languid lip.

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

"I beg your pardon!" said the heir of the Palmers, with an increase of colour occasioned by the coolness of the other. "But are you—or aware that you are trespassing?"

Sir Herrick looks up, steadying his cup, with both hands.

"No," he says, "I am not."

"But you are," says Stacey, grandiloquently. "This is—or—private water. There are notice-boards."

"Yes, I saw them," says Sir Herrick, with aggravating coolness. (To be continued.)



Acme Glove Works Limited Montreal

**SALE** of Ladies' COATS, DRESSES, WAISTS, SUITS, any Style, Any Fabric, Any Color, Any Price.

MAY BE SELECTED FROM OUR LARGE ASSORTMENT AT PRICES WHICH REFLECT ECONOMY.

This advertisement means a Sale in true sense of the word. The goods are new purchases—up-to-date and thoroughly desirable. They are being offered for a double purpose.

First, to cement further the belief of our customers and to maintain the reputation of this Sale—the greatest opportunity of the year.

Second, to get our normal percentage of increase this year—and we are doing it by offering better values than ever before.

We will leave it to you if the quality, the styles, the handsome materials and trimmings, as well as Lowest Prices, do not compare in every detail which are offered nearly double the price elsewhere.

To the Gentlemen We are offering SUITS & OVERCOATS in the smartest styles at a very low price.

The English - American Clothing Co. 312 Water Street.

Attention to Men! Extra Special!

**Suits and Overcoats**

If you want clothes of good quality and yet want to save money, then you should see the bargains we are offering. They are all perfect merchandise of usual high quality. But because they are mail order overstocks and samples, because of our low rent and small expense, our prices are almost unbelievably low.

Sizes, Quality, Style, Prices to suit anybody.

A convincing demonstration of the value-giving power of our clothes, the frost was still in the ground last year when we placed our order for this season's stock, long before shortage of materials made itself felt as keenly as it has since.

Over one thousand garments in stock to select from, ranging from \$11.00 up.

**Saxon & Company,** 252 Water Street.

Advertise in the "Evening Telegram."



**G. Knowlton**  
Offer the following:  
STAPLE STRONG PICKLES  
MORTON'S BEST SYRUPS  
CARRAWAY SEEDS  
NONPAREILS for Cakes  
NELSON'S GELATINE  
GINGER WINE ESSENCE  
GRAPES—Finest Quality  
RAISINS—Choice 2 Cr. Musc  
CURRANTS—Finest Cleaned  
CHEESE—Finest Quality  
WINES—Gordon Co.'s Port,  
CUSTARD POWDER—"Bird"  
EGG POWDERS—"Birds"  
PINEAPPLE—Choice Hawaiian  
We have  
75 boxes of the famous OKA  
APPLES selling from  
(The finest Apples in the  
the British Isles)  
And a full assortment of NU  
FRUIT and LEMONS

**G. Knowlton**

**Bloody P**  
5000 Jews Massac  
Nationalists Ask  
Interfere -- U. S  
Not Approve M  
Trouble in Mesop  
Asked to Postpo

MURDERS IN THE UKRAINE.  
BERNE, Dec. 18.  
Reports of a fresh wave of pogroms in the district of Ukraine occupied by General Denekine's forces are printed by the newspaper Galetta Wisserowka, according to Lemberg advices to-day. The newspaper declared that about five thousand Jews were killed in Teka territory alone.

**CUSTOMS RESTRICTIONS REMOVED.**

LONDON, Dec. 18.  
Sir Auckland Geddes, Minister of National Service and reconstruction, announced in the House of Commons to-day that in view of the decision of Justice Sir John Sankey of King's Bench division that the Government possessed no power to prohibit the importation of certain goods the Customs had been instructed to allow the importation of all articles affected in the Government prohibitory proclamation pending an appeal.

**FORM THE NATIONALISTS.**

LONDON, Dec. 18.  
The National Party in the House of Commons has given notice of motion on the Irish question reading as follows: "The House in view of the fact that the Sinn Fein organization had made it abundantly clear that it will not accept any form of rule retaining the Sovereign powers of Government at Westminster declines to proceed with legislation which cannot be acceptable to any considerable section of opinion in Ireland and calls upon the Government to enforce law and order in that country."

**PRINCE WELCOMED AT LONDON.**

LONDON, Dec. 18.  
Sir Edward E. Cooper, Lord Mayor of London on behalf of the city to-day formally welcomed the Prince of Wales home after the Prince's visit to Canada and the United States. The ceremonies took place in the Guildhall in the presence of a representative gathering. The Prince replying to the Lord Mayor's address said the warmth of Welcome he first experienced in Newfoundland followed him throughout his trip to North America. He enjoyed his visit to Canada and the Un-

