

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

BELFAST, IRELAND.

And 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Irish Linen and Damask Manufacturers
AND FURNISHERS TO
H.M. THE QUEEN, EMPRESS FREDERICK
Members of the Royal Family, and the
Courts of Europe.

Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, Institutions,
Regiments and the general public direct with every description of
HOUSEHOLD LINENS From the
Least Expensive to the
Finest in the World.

Which being woven by hand, wear longer and retain the rich satin appearance to the last.
By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more
than that usually charged for common-power goods.

Irish Linen Real Irish Sheet, fully bleached, two yards wide, 46c per yard
2 1/2 yards wide, 57c per yard. Roller Towelling, 18 inches wide, 60c per
yard. Stryles Linen, 14c per yard. Dusters from 75c per dozen. Linen
Cloths, \$1.14 per dozen. Fine Linens and Linen Dispers, 10c per yard. Our
Special Soft Finished Long Cloth from 60c per yard.

Irish Damask Table Linen Fish Napkins, 70c per doz. Dinner Napkins,
\$1.35 per doz. Table Cloths 2 yards square, \$1.50 each. Kitchen Table
Cloths, 3 1/2 yards by 3 yards, \$1.25 each. Monogram, Crests, Coats
of Arms, Initials, &c., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or
Mass Orders.)

Matchless Shirts Fine quality Longcloth Bodies, with 4-fold pure linen fronts
and cuffs, \$3.50 the half-dozen (10 measure 48c extra). New de-
signs in our special Irish Linen Gauze Oxford and Unbreakable
Flannels for the season. Old shirts made good as new, with best materials in neck-
bands, cuffs and fronts, for \$2.30 the half-dozen.

Irish Cambric Pocket-Handkerchiefs "The Cambrics of Robinson and
Cleaver have a world-wide
fame."—The Queen. "Cheapest
and best in the world."—*Illustrated*. Children's, 20c per doz.;
Ladies', 40c per doz.; Gentlemen's, 70c per doz. HEMSTITCHED—Ladies', 60c per doz.;
Gentlemen's, 90c per doz.

Irish Linen Collars and Cuffs COLLARS—Ladies', from 40c per doz.; Gent
lemen's, 4-fold all newest shapes, \$1.50 per
doz. CUFFS—For Ladies or Gentlemen,
from \$1.40 per doz. "Superior makers to Westminster Abbey, and the Cathedral and
Churches in the Kingdom." Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the
merits of excellence and cheapness.—Court Circular.

Irish Underclothing A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises,
tricot, embroidery, &c. Nightdresses, Cambric
dresses, &c. India or Colonial Outfits, \$40.00; Bridal
Trousseau, \$25.00; Infants' Layettes, \$12.00. (See list.)

To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and inquiries for samples should be addressed

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast, Ireland.

Please mention this paper.

The Face Behind the Mask

A Romance.

"Enough!" broke in the dwarf, with a
look and tone of an exultant demon.
"That is all we want! My lord duke,
give me the death warrant, and while
her majesty signs it, I will pronounce
his doom!"

The duke handed him a roll of
parliament, which he glanced critically
over, and handed to the queen for her
autograph. That royal lady spread
the vellum on her knee, took the pen
and affixed her signature as coolly as
if she were inditing a sonnet in an
album. Then his highness, with a
face that fairly scintillated with de-
moniac delight, stood up and fixed his
eyes on the ghastly prisoner, and spoke
in a voice that reverberated like the
tolling of a death-bell through the
room.

"My Lord of Gloucester, you have
been tried by a council of your fellow
peers, presided over by your
royal self, and found guilty of trea-
son. Your sentence is that you be
taken hence, immediately, to the block,
and there beheaded in punishment of
your crime."

His highness wound up this some-
what solemn speech rather inconsis-
tently, by bursting into one of his
shrillest peals of laughter; and the
miserable Earl of Gloucester, with a
gasping, unheeding cry, fell back into
the arms of the attendants. Dead and
oppressive silence reigned; and Sir
Norman, who half believed all along
the whole thing was a farce, began to
feel an uncomfortable sense of chill
creeping over him, and to think that,
though practical jokes were excellent
things in their way, there was yet a
possibility of carrying them a little
too far. The disagreeable silence was
first broken by the dwarf, who, after
glancing over his victim's convulsive
spasms, sprang nimbly from the chair
of dignity and held out his arm for the
queen.

The queen arose, which seemed
to be a sign for everybody else to
do the same, and all began forming
themselves in a line of march.
"What is to be done with this other
prisoner, your highness?" inquired the
duke, making a poke with his forefinger
at Sir Norman. "Is he to stay
here, or is he to accompany us?"

His highness turned round, and put-
ting his face close up to Sir Norman's,
favored him with a malignant grin.
"Would you like to come, wouldn't you,
my dear young friend?"

"Really," said Sir Norman, drawing
back and returning the dwarf's stare
with compound interest, "that de-
pends altogether on the nature of the
entertainment; but, at the same time,
I'm much obliged to you for consulting
my inclinations."

This reply upset his high-
ness's gravity once more, but he check-
ed his mirth after the first irresistible
sneal; and finding the company were
all arranged in the order of going, and
awaiting his sovereign pleasure, he
turned.

"Let him come," he said, with his
countenance still distorted by in-
ward merriment, "it will do him good
to see how we punish offenders here,
and teach him what he is to expect
himself. Is your majesty ready?"



**TAYLOR'S
CLUB
GLYCERINE SOAP**
FOR THE TOILET
Manufactured by
JOHN TAYLOR & CO.
TORONTO

"My majesty has been ready and
waiting for the last five minutes," re-
plied the lady, over-looking his proffer-
ed hand with grand disdain, and
stepping lightly down from the throne.
His rising was the signal for the un-
seen band to strike up a grand tri-
umphant "Io paean," though, had the
"Rogue's March" been a popular me-
lody in those times, it would have
sounded the procession much more ad-
mirably. The queen and the dwarf
went first, and a vivid contrast they
were—she so young, so beautiful, so
proud, so disdainfully cold, he so ugly,
so stunted, so deformed, so fiendish.
After them went the band of sylphs in
white, then the chancellor, archbishop,
and ambassadors; next the whole
court of ladies and gentlemen; and af-
ter them Sir Norman, in the custody
of two of the soldiers. The condemned
earl came last, or rather allowed him-
self to be dragged by his for-
guards; for he seemed to have become
perfectly palsied and dumb with
fear. Keeping time to the triumphant
march, and preserving dismal silence,
the procession wound itself along the
room and through a great archway
heretofore hidden by the tapestry now
lifted lightly by the nymphs. A long
stone passage, carpeted with crimson
and gold, and brilliantly illumined
like the grand salon they had left, was
thus revealed, and three similar arch-
ways appeared at the extremity, one
to the right and left, and one directly
before them. The procession passed
through the one to the left, and Sir
Norman started in dismay to find him-
self in the most gloomy apartment he
had ever beheld in his life. It was
all covered with black-walls, ceiling,
floor were draped in black, and re-
minded him forcibly of La Masque's
chamber of horrors, only this was more
repellent, it was lighter, or rather the
gloom was troubled, by a few spectral
tapers of black wax in ebony candle-
sticks, that seemed absolutely to turn
black, and make the horrible places
more horrible. There was no furniture
—neither couch, chair nor table—no
thing but a sort of stage at the upper
end of the room, with something that
looked like a seat upon it, and he
were shrouded with the same dismal
drapery. But it was no seat; for
everybody stood, arranging themselves
silently and noiselessly around the
walls, with the queen and the dwarf
at their head, and near this elevation
stood a tall, black statue, wearing a
mask, and leaning on a bright, dread-
ful, glittering axe. The music charged
on to an unearthly dirge, so weird and
blood-curdling that Sir Norman could
have put his hands over his ears drums
to shut out the ghastly sound. The
dismal room, the voiceless spectators,
the black spectre with the glittering
axe, the fearful music, struck a chill
to his inmost heart.

Could it be possible they were really
going to murder the unhappy wretch?
and could all those beautiful ladies—
could that surpassingly beautiful
queen, stand there serenely unmoved,
to witness such a crime? While he
looked round in horror, the doomed
man, already apparently almost dead
with fear, was dragged forward by his
guards. Paralyzed as he was, at
sight of the stage which he knew to be
the scaffold, he uttered shriek after
shriek of frenzied despair, and struggl-
ed like a maniac to get free. But as
well might Laccion have struggled in
the folds of the serpent; they pulled
him on, bound him hand and foot, and
held his head forcibly down on the
block.

The black spectre moved—the dwarf
made a signal—the glittering axe was
raised—fell—a scream was cut in two
—a bright jet of blood spouted up in the
soldiers' faces, blinding them; the axe
fell again, and the Earl of Gloucester
was minus that useful and ornamental
appendage, a head.

It was all over so quickly that Sir
Norman could scarcely believe his horri-
fied senses until the deed was done.
The executioner threw a black cloth
over the bleeding trunk, and held up
the grizzly head by the hair; and Sir
Norman could have sworn the features
moved and the dead eyes rolled round
the room.

"Behold!" cried the executioner,
striking the convulsed face with the
palm of his open hand, "the fate of
all traitors."

And of all spies," exclaimed the
dwarf, glancing with his fiendish eyes
upon the appalled Sir Norman. "Keep
your axe sharp and bright, Mr. Exe-
cutioner, for before morning dawns
there another gentleman here to be
made shorter by a head!"

CHAPTER XII.
"Let us go," said the queen, glancing
at the revolting sight, and turning
away with a shudder of repulsion.
"Fudge! The sight of blood has made
me sick."

"And taken away my appetite for
supper," added a youthful and elegant
beauty beside her. "My Lord Glouc-
ester was hideous enough when liv-
ing, but, mon Dieu! he is ten times
more so when dead!"

"Your ladyship will not have the
same story to tell of yonder stranger,

when he shares the same fate, in an
hour or two!" said the dwarf, with a
malicious grin; "for I heard you re-
marking upon his extreme beauty
when he first appeared."

The lady laughed and bowed, and
turned her bright eyes upon Sir Nor-
man.

"True! It is almost a pity to cut
such a handsome head off—is it not?
I wish I had a voice in your highness's
council, and I know what I should do."

"What, Lady Mountjoy?"
"Entreat him to swear, fealty, and
become one of us; and—"

"And a bridegroom for your lady-
ship?" suggested the queen with a
curling lip. "I think if Sir Norman
Kingsley knew Lady Mountjoy as well
as I do, he would even prefer the
block to such a fate."

(To be Continued.)

The Poets.

The Grey Mother.

(To an old Gaelic air.)

[The Colonial Volunteers proceeded to
the front.—Public Press.]

Lo, how they come to me,
Long through the night I call them,
Ah, how they turn to me

East and South my children scatter,
North and West the world they
wander,

Yet they come back to me,
Come with their brave hearts beat-
ing,

Longing to die for me,
Me, the grey, old, weary mother,
Throned amid the Northern waters

Where they have died for me,
Died with their songs around me,
Girding my shores for me.

Narrow was my dwelling for them,
Homes they builded o'er the ocean

Yet they leave all for me,
Hearing their mother calling,
Bringing their lives for me.

Far from South seas swiftly sailing,
Out from under stars I know not.

Come they to fight for me,
Sons of the sons I nurtured,
God keep them safe for me.

Long ago their fathers saved me
Died for me among the heather.

Now they come back to me,
Come in their children's children
Brave of the brave for me.

In the wilds and waves they slumber,
Deep they slumber in the deserts,

Rise they from graves for me,
Graves where they lay forgotten,
Shades of the brave for me.

Yet my soul is veiled in sadness
For I see them fall and perish,

Strewing the hills for me,
Chaining me right in the end;
Brought with their blood for me.

Hear the grey, old, Northern Mother,
Blessing now her dying children—

God keep ye safe for me,
Christ watch ye in your sleeping,
Where ye have died for me.

And when God's own sultan soundeth,
All the dead world's dust awaking,

Al, will ye look for me?
Bravely we'll stand together
I and my sons with me.

—L. MacLean Watt.

**We Muddle Out Right in the
End.**

[We must look out for incidents of
this kind. . . . We generally muddle
out right in the end.—Lord Rosebery.]

When Thomas Atkins Esquire, takes a
little job in hand,

He muddles out right in the end;
Though the party's rather meager, and
the penic's badly planned,

He muddles out right in the end;
The cooks may curse and squabble at
the way the dish was made—

Mr. Atkins gets his carving knife and
sharpens up the blade;

And the party's in the camping
ground, in khaki kit arrayed;
And muddles out right in the end.

The odds, perhaps, are two to one;
He's faced the odds before;

And muddled out right in the end;
Six hundred of his namesakes charged
a solid Army Corps,

And muddled out right in the end;
The Zulus thought they had him, when
they ate the Twenty-fourth;

The Fuzzy-Wuzzies made him work
for all that he was worth;

And the points can be turned back
cooked, when Thomas toddled
north;

But he muddled out right in the end.

A bit of contrariety may happen now
and then;

But he muddles out right in the end;
So what's the use of crying if a regi-
ment of

Gets carried, much against their will,
to where they want to go;

Say Au Revoir, but not Good-bye;
We'll meet in half-a-mo."

And muddled out right in the end.
—J. S. H. in Edinburgh Scotsman.

TUMORS

Are Readily Removed by Our Constitu-
tional Treatment Without the
Necessity of Operation.

Many people are afflicted with lumps
or tumors in parts of the body, that
do not seem to cause them much pain
or inconvenience. Tumors, it must not
be forgotten, are serious and should
not be neglected for several reasons.
In the first place their growth may in-
volve or impair some vital part of the
body, in the second place they con-
stitute a drain on the system, and in
the third place they frequently develop
into cancers, as any physician will
substantiate. Few people care to have
their growths removed by the surgeon
as they dread the pain of the opera-
tion. With our pleasant home treat-
ment it is different. You simply take
the remedy internally. It goes through
the system, searching out and neutral-
izing and destroying those poisons
from which tumors and cancers de-
velop. You have nothing to suffer,
nothing to dread. After a time you
will notice the tumor lessening in size,
and gradually disappearing, till it is
completely cured. Send two stamps
and we will mail you our treatise and
testimonial. Stott & Jory, Bowman-
ville, Ont.

"A pretty face is often made prettier
by good teeth. The teeth nature gave
you are the best you will ever have.
Andrews' Plugs are common sense
treatment for toothache. Price 10
cents per bottle. Andrews' Dental
Company, 24 Yonge street, Toronto, t

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

A Practical Philanthropy.

The Countess of Warwick, who is
known the world over for her atten-
tion to the wants of the poor and the
needs of the middle classes, has again
started experimental farms for "lady
gardeners," agriculturalists upon a
small scale. About 20 acres in the vi-
cinity of Reading are now devoted to
the project, and about thirty young
women of gentle birth are here taught
the care of small fruits, the rearing of
fowls, and such minor industries as
may be both possible to women and
reasonably remunerative. That Lady
Warwick does not exclude some play
may be inferred from the fact that "all
the lady gardeners are cyclists," and
a fine tennis lawn occupies a part of
the preserve. Mushrooms form an im-
portant part of the crops planted, and
in the greenhouses the favorite flowers
of England are all cultivated. The
young women have tools wherever
they make their own boxes and ship-
ping cases without the help of male as-
sistants, which seems the most re-
markable part of the story. Even the
digging for the celery beds is done
by the "students"; nevertheless visit-
ors find them not
"Daughters of the plow, stronger than
men,"
but no more tanned or robust than the
amateur golf players of their own sex,
pictures of health and vigor. Butter-
making forms an important part of the
course, and all forms of cheese are pro-
duced from the dairy. This is a form
of philanthropy that has not as yet
been copied in our own country, but
there are features about it that might
commend it to those who delight in
helping people to help themselves.

The Consumer's League.

Club women who go shopping for
white muslin underwear nowadays are
pretty apt to ask if it has a "con-
sumer's label." This is a stamp which
shows the approval of the National
Consumers' League, and bears the two
printed inscriptions, "Made under clean
and wholesome conditions," and "Li-
cense to use this label is granted after
investigation." Indeed, many club wo-
men have taken a large and active part
in no other muslin. Their attention has
been first directed to muslin because
both the producers and consumers of it
are largely women. They aim to down
the sweat-shop, and support the fact-
ory which, among other things, is both
sanitary and fireproof, employs no
child-labor, and has a reasonable limit
on hours of labor. This movement
started in Massachusetts several years
ago, and in that state today two thou-
sand women are organized for better
industrial conditions of women and chil-
dren. It has spread to New York,
Pennsylvania and Illinois. These four
states make up the National Consum-
ers' League. The women's clubs have
become actively interested because
"Industrial problems affecting women
and children" are now receiving atten-
tion from the General Federation of
Women's Clubs, and by individual
edgers and united effort to secure bet-
ter laws for the fair ones of leisure are
doing a vast amount of good for their
unfortunate sisters of toil. In this
connection it is worth mentioning that
the feminine bazaar-hunter is partly
responsible for these bad industrial
conditions of women and children; for
the manufacturer, in an effort to put
bargains on the market, is obliged to
lessen in some way the expense of pro-
duction. The Consumers' League, there-
fore, not only aims to educate the mas-
culine producer, but the female con-
sumer as well—Bertha D. Knabe in
Women's Home Companion.

The New Gown.

A feature of the new gown is, of
course, the sleeve, that has been going
through the same process of evolu-
tion, or rather revolution, on which
the skirts are just entering. There is
no question but that fashion has gone
back again to the tight sleeve, and that
there is just as much attention paid to
having the sleeve fit closely over the
upper part of the arm as there is to
having a skirt fit abnormally smooth
over the hips. There are great many
people to whom a close-fitting sleeve is
not becoming, and as yet fashion is
kind enough to allow a certain amount
of trimming—rows of buttons, or soft
folds, or even caps over the very top
of the sleeve—but the very smartest
coats and waists are quite plain. Cuffs
have come into fashion again, that is,
the cuffs of the same material as the
gown, or of fur or lace. They are turned
back from the hand and are flaring
in design, and even when the sleeve is
cut very long over the hand and in-
stead the points can be turned back
to look like flaring cuffs. The coats
trimmed with fur are much smarter
this way than they were with the plain
sleeve, and the sleeves of any waist
that has to be worn under a coat the
fashion is awkward.

A Korean Woman's Faith.

Everywhere through Korea the wo-
men seem to take hold of Christ with
a simpler, gladder faith than their bro-
thers, the testimonies they give and
their replies to questions when seek-
ing admission are often touching. One
of them, recently, when asked where
Christ is? replied, "He lives at our
house." "Does he live only at your
house?" was the question designed to
draw out her knowledge of his nature.
She answered, "I am only a poor, lit-
tler woman. I don't know all the
places where he lives, but I know he
lives at our house, because he is with
me all the time."

Brussels Sprouts.

Remove all the wilted leaves from
the outside of the sprouts and let them
stand in cold salted water for from
15 to 20 minutes, so that any insects
there may be, in them may come out.
Put the sprouts in salted rapidly boil-
ing water and cook uncovered 15 or 20
minutes, or until tender, but not un-
til they lose their shape. Drain them
thoroughly in a colander, then place
them in a saucepan with butter, pep-
per and salt, and toss them until sear-
ed, or mix them lightly with just
enough white sauce to coat them.

The New Shirt.

The horse show has made a new
shirt fashionable which women are sure
to welcome with joy.
It is Faquin's box-plaited skirt. It
is a skirt of long lines and graceful
folds, and is the beginning of a decid-
ed change in women's fashions. The
skirt is fitted closely over the hips, and
shows the most correct models show
a double box-plait; it is a very flat,
much pressed plait, and does not open

Weak, Tired Women.



How many women there are that
get no refreshment from sleep.
They wake in the morning and feel
tired than when they went to bed.
They have a dizzy sensation in the
head, the heart palpitates, there is
a miserable feeling of languor that
makes getting up in the morning a
torture, and the
lightest household
duties during the
day a drag and a
burden.

They are irri-
table and nervous,
weak and worn out,
and everything in
life looks dark and
gloomy.

Nature intended
women to be strong
and healthy and
happy as the day is
long, instead of
being sick and
wretched.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve
Pills are the very remedy that
nervous, tired out, weakly women
need to restore them the bless-
ing of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, make
the heart beat regular and strong, create new red blood
corpuscles, and impart that sense of buoyancy to the spirits
that is the result of renewed mental and physical vigor.

Mrs. E. Fisher, Chief Companion, Maid Hope Circle No. 83, A.O.F.,
whose home is 95 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont., made the following statement:
"It was a fortunate thing for me I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills
and I started using them, or to-day I might be in my grave instead of as I
now am, in perfect health."

For over six months I was greatly troubled with my heart and nerves. My
heart would palpitate and beat irregularly and sometimes seem to almost
stop. I felt tired and weary in the morning, and weak and miserable all day,
scarcely able to drag myself about. I was also greatly troubled with
spells of dizziness, which came over me at times and caused me much alarm.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have made a wonderful change in me.
My heart now beats strong and regular, I have had no more of those dizzy
spells, and am at present stronger and healthier in every way than I have
been in months.

I sleep well and my sleep is restful and refreshing.
I consider Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a grand remedy for people
having any heart trouble, or who are weak, run down and nervous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box, three for
\$1.25, at all druggists or by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto,
Ont. See that the red heart is on every box.

until some distance below the waist-
line.
The new skirt has sounded the death-
knell of the old-fashioned skirt, which for
some time has been the prevailing
mode, and though she would not admit
it, the fashionable woman has had her
own trials with this sheathlike skirt.
For it was uncomfortable to walk in,
impossible to sit in with any degree of
comfort, and to the fat woman it
brought out all her faults.

The new skirt is modest, graceful,
and comfortable, characteristics which
the old-fashioned skirt never possessed.

In addition to the box-plaited skirt,
gathered and tucked skirts also promise
to be the vogue.

**BEECHAM'S
PILLS**
The Best and Safest
Family Medicine
FOR ALL
Bilious and Nervous Disorders
Sick Headache, Constipation,
Weak Stomach, Impaired Di-
gestion, Disordered Liver and
Female Ailments.

The World's Medicine
Annual Sale Exceeds 6,000,000 Boxes.
25 Cents at all Druggists.
Beecham's Pills have the largest sale of
any Proprietary Medicine in the world, and
this has been achieved
Without the publication of testimonials

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever.
Dr. T. Felix Gouard's Oriental Cream
or Magical Beautifier.

Removes tan,
pimples, freck-
les, moth pa-
cles, rash and
skin diseases,
and every
blemish on
beauty, and
defies de-
fection. It has
stood the test
of 51 years and
is so harmless
we taste it to
be sure it is
properly man-
ufactured. Ac-
cept no coun-
terfeit of the
haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will
use them I recommend Gouard's Cream" as
the least harmful of all the skin preparations.
Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair
without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 3 Great Jones
street, New York.
For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods
Dealers throughout the United States, Canada
and Europe.

**Boker Hockey Skates,
Mie-Mae Hockey,
Spring Skates, Nickel.**

Plain and
Lowest Prices AT
Reid's Hardware

118 (North Side) Dundas Street.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin,