

"Nymphs of the
Ocean."

Negative taken on
a

"Wellington"

Extra speedy plate.

Half-tone from a
print on Carbon
Surface Bromide

For the finest results in all branches of photography, use the

WELLINGTON PLATES, PAPERS and FILMS

Ward & Co., 13 St. John St., Montreal, P.Q., will
mail you full particulars on request.

WELLINGTON & WARD, Elstree, England.

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER

Write for Samples and Price List (Sent Post Free), and Save 50 per cent.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.,

BELFAST, IRELAND,

Regent Street and Cheapside, London, also Liverpool.

IRISH LINEN AND DAMASK

MANUFACTURERS



TO HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
THE KING, H. R. H. THE PRINCESS
OF WALES, MEMBERS OF THE
ROYAL FAMILY AND THE COURTS
OF EUROPE. Supply Palaces, Man-
sions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Rail-
ways, Steamships, Institutions, Regi-
ments, 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 loom goods.

IRISH LINEN

Linen Sheet, two yards wide, 48c. per yard; 2½ yards wide, 57c. per yard. Roller
Towel, 18 in. wide, 8c. per yard. Surplice Linen, 24c. per yard. Dusters, from 78c.
per doz. Glass Cloths, \$1.18 per doz. Linen Diaper, 23c. yard. Our Special Soft Finish
Longcloth, from 10c. per yard.

IRISH DAMASK AND TABLE LINEN

Fish Napkins, 94c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, \$1.56 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c.
2½ yards by 3 yards, \$1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c. each. Strong Huckaback
Towels, \$1.32 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special
attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)

MATCHLESS SHIRTS

With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, \$5.52 per half doz. (To measure
43c. extra). New designs in our special Indian Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels
for the Season. Old Shirts made good as new with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs,
and Fronts, for \$3.36 the half-dozen.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

"The Cambrics of Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—The Queen. Children's
from 30c. per doz.; Ladies', from 60c. per doz.; Gentlemen's from 84c. per doz. Hem-
stitched—Ladies', from 60c. to \$3.40 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 94c. to \$6.00 per doz.

IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS

Collars—Gentlemen's, 4-fold, all newest shapes from \$1.18 per doz. Cuffs—For Gentlemen
from \$1.86 doz. "Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedrals and
Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the
merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.

IRISH UNDERCLOTHING

A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, Trimmed Embroidery, 56c.; Night
dresses, 94c.; Combinations, \$1.08; India or Colonial Outfits, \$32.68; Bridal Trousseau
\$32.04; Infants Layettes \$15.00. (Send for list).

N.B.—To prevent delay, all letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples
should be addressed

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD., 44 S. DONEGALL PLACE,
BELFAST, IRELAND.

Note—Beware of parties using our name; we employ neither agents nor travellers.

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER

the library, though he knew well he would find no one there. From nine until twelve he sat in the big room, thinking; at noon he lunched alone in the big dining-room. After lunch he found his way to the gymnasium in the basement. There he slipped off his superfluous clothing and began pounding off his grudge against the world on the punching bag with a skill which no one could mistake for a novice's. He had forgotten everything but the joy of vigorous muscular action, when he heard from the horizontal bars the husky voice of the davenport.

"Say," could you show me that stunt?"

The big boy wiped the surprise and gratification from his face along with the perspiration and measured the smaller boy with a cold glance tinged with just the right shade of doubt. The lad rose to the fly.

"Why not?" he demanded.

The tutor's voice was as cool as his glance.

"O, I might teach you to pound the bag a bit, but of course you'll never make a good, all-round sport."

The boy gasped and swallowed. Surprised out of himself, he could only splutter:

"Why—what," and then gathering up his shattered dignity, he stalked out of the room.

"It won't hurt when you get used to it, old man; I know how it feels. Well, the morning and the evening are the first day," laughed Lovell.

The following morning the charming new tutor left the daily paper containing a resume of the football season and a four-column cut of Lovell, the football hero, on the gymnasium floor. A magazine announcing the selection of an all-star team graced the hall table, the pages open to a eulogy and full page illustration.

"Here's where modesty yields to the necessities of the game," he laughed, as he set this last trap. I hope the folks don't come home before I get him backed into a corner."

After a forenoon which duplicated its predecessor, he ran down to the gymnasium, hardly daring to hope that the boy would be there. He was giving his attention to some clever tumbling, when he became aware of two eager eyes peering through the rack of Indian clubs. Finishing one particularly difficult turn on the mat nearest his audience, he said with a nice degree of scorn:

"Why don't you come out here like a man, you skulking Indian?"

"I'll call the servants—I'll tell father—I'll—"

"O, yes, mamma's precious would tell," taunted the Junior.

The youngster's universe had been shattered the day before by the mocking words of this strange teacher; it was ground into atoms by the taunts of to-day. He no sport! He—the best guard in M. M. S. before he was canned! He—Senator Long's son, a skulking Indian! For the first time doubt as to his own perfection was entering into the calculation of things. But he stalked from behind the rack and looked down at the long, lithe body stretched on the mat—looked straight into the lazy eyes disinterestedly watching his approach.

"Why do you say I'm no sport?" he demanded.

"A sport is square."

The man smiled as he watched the youngster struggling to put away childish things. Finally the boy hedged:

"You don't know whether I'm square or not."

The tutor only closed his eyes and smiled indulgently.

"Well, I'll come into the library tomorrow and work, if you'll show me the somersault with the leap and twist."

"So you have to be bribed to do the right thing, do you? Look here, sissy, I don't care whether you come into the library or not."

"Father'll be home Friday, and then you'll care."

"I draw my pay just the same whether you learn anything or not. You're missing your guess sadly on this

whole business. You act like a girl," and the blonde head rolled pityingly on the gray mat.

The boy pondered. He had never heard anything of this sort before; but then, he had never met a real sport before. The big boy grinned behind his hands which were feigning to cover a yawn. He knew only too well the processes going on behind those stormy blue eyes. He was surprised at the capitulation implied in the lad's next words.

"Shall I eat dinner with you to-night?"

The tutor considered the proposition carefully.

"Now, the truth of it is, I had intended figuring out some end plays during dinner." No one would have guessed that he had had a whole forenoon at his disposal. "You let me eat alone last night, so I think I'll do the same to-night, thank you," and he leaped to his feet and ran to the bath, adding under his breath: "I hope I didn't scare him out of the game; but he's not squelched even yet. Well, the morning and evening are the second day."

The next morning the lad appeared at breakfast but said little. The man of mind and muscle seemed lost in thought during the meal, abstractedly rising at its close and walking slowly into the library. The door, left open at a judicious angle, revealed him bent over a bit of paper on which the veriest simpleton could see the plan of a football field. He held his breath at the



Grabbed the shorter boy by the shoulders

boy's step in the hall, and was boy enough to show his disappointment by kicking the table leg as the boy walked down the driveway, apparently not hungering and thirsting for knowledge.

"Well, it's always foolish, Lovell, old boy, to count six before you've crossed the line and kicked goal," he commented.

For an hour he waited, his old, slow, unreasoning anger growing with the seconds. His mind wandered from the problem of Dan, the pupil, to that of Lovell, the tutor. He grinned at the thought of the Dean's sagacity; he frowned at the memory of the conduct that made it necessary.

Snap! A locust bean nipped him sharply on the temple, setting the match to the smouldering wrath. Intuitively calculating direction and distance, he grabbed the boy by the shoulder before he could clamber from the window. Forgetting all his new resolutions, forgetting the dignity of his official position as mentor of youth, forgetting even the debt he owed the Dean, he slapped and cuffed and boxed the struggling lad, who, in his turn, charged upon the foe with teeth, nails, and boot-toes. Books, papers, chairs went hurling over the carpet. The contest was waxing warmest when the library door opened and the newly-retained father and mother gazed in upon the fray.

"Mr. Lovell! Dan!"

"Dan! Mr. Lovell!"

The order of names indicated the sex and the degree of excitement of the