

The Paper with the Velvet Surface

Wellington

Carbon Bromide

A grade which retains the well-trying qualities of the "WELLINGTON" Emulsions, and in addition possesses the rich surface of a good carbon. All detail is preserved throughout the scale of gradation, and the delicate sheen imparts a touch of "life" to the deepest shadows.

An ideal grade for the Bromoil Process and Sulphide Toning.

WRITE FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS TO

Wellington & Ward, 13 St. John Street, Montreal, P.Q.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD IRISH LINEN

WORLD RENOWNED FOR QUALITY & VALUE

Established in 1870 at Belfast, the centre of the Irish linen trade, we have developed our business on the lines of supplying genuine Linen goods direct to the public at the lowest net prices. For manufacturing purposes we have a large fully-equipped power-loom linen factory at Banbridge, Co. Down, hand looms in many cottages for the finest work and extensive making-up factories at Belfast. We have held Royal Warrants of Appointment since the year 1870, and have furnished Mansions, Cottages, Villas, Hotels, Clubs, Institutions, Yachts and Steamships with complete linen outfits in almost every country in the world.

SOME OF OUR LEADING SPECIALITIES:

Household Linen.

Dinner Napkins, $\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. \$1.42 doz. Tablecloths, 24 x 3 yds., \$1.42 ea. Linen Sheets, \$3.24 pair. Linen Pillow Cases, frilled, .33c each. Linen Huckaback Towels, \$1.18 doz. Glass Cloths, \$1.18 doz. Kitchen Towels, \$1.32 doz.

Embroidered Linen.

Afternoon Teacloths, from .90c ea. Sideboard Cloth, from .90c ea. Cushion Covers, from .48c ea. Bedspreads for double beds, from \$3.30 ea. Linen Robes, unmade, from \$3.00 each.

Dress Linen.

White: Dress Linen, 44in. wide, soft finish, .48c yard. Coloured Linen, 44in. wide, 50 shades, .48c yard. Heavy Canvas Linen, in colours, 48in. wide, .42c yard.

Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, $\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{2}$ in. hems, .84c doz. Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched with drawn thread border, \$1.08 doz. Gent's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. hem, \$1.66 doz.

Underclothing & Laces.

Ladies' Nightdresses from .94c ea. Chemises trimmed embroidery, .50c ea. Combinations, \$1.08 each. Bridal Trousseau, \$32.04. Layettes, \$15.00. Irish Lace goods direct from workers at very moderate prices.

Collars & Shirts.

Gentlemen's Collars, made from our own linen, from \$1.18 doz. Dress Shirts, "Matchless" quality, \$1.42 each. Zephyr, Oxford, and Flannel Shirts, with soft or stiff cuffs and soft fronts, at manufacturers' prices.

N.B.—Illustrated Price Lists and samples sent post free to any part of the world. Special care and personal attention devoted to orders from Colonial and Foreign customers.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LIMITED
44 S. DONEGALL BELFAST, IRELAND
PLACE
Also
Telegrams: "Linen, Belfast," LONDON & LIVERPOOL

Barney and Another.

By Beth Porter Sherwood, Woodstock, N.B., Canada.



MAYBE you don't like the job, Barney, but it's got to be done." The man sat there a huddled heap, shivering in the chilly night air, his tousled head dropped forward upon his chest; the blanket that had covered him, as he lay snatching a brief sleep, hung in dejected folds to the floor.

"I just can't, Maggie." His voice came hoarse and muffled and, notwithstanding the brave show of the words, there was in it a note of indecision that told his wife, as she bent over him, that she had only to press the point and the victory was won.

"Barney, look here; the child's dying for want of nourishing food and how are we to get it? And you know why we haven't it to give him. We've sold all the bits of furniture we had and now it's only beg or—" she hesitated, "or borrow," she finished stooping a little nearer.

He turned his head and looked at her, thin and scantily clad, holding a small night-lamp in her hand; an old shawl wrapped about her and one lock of hair straggling over her shoulder.

"Maggie, if we'd wait a bit, maybe I could find some small job to-morrow."

"How long do you think the child can live without eating? Not a bite has passed his lips this day and," her voice grew sharper in its hushed intensity, "it was your own doing, Barney McKay, that got us to such a pass. If you could have kept a still tongue in your head you might have had your job yet; but when a man undertakes to tell his boss what's the proper thing to do and lays down the law as knowing as you did, he may expect to get the bounce, and small wonder."

Barney's head went down again and she felt she was gaining ground.

"We know the house is alone to-night and it seems like Providence ordered it that way. You know the premises well and it'll take you but a short time to get a little something for the child. It's only to borrow it. When you get the money you can pay it back, and you won't see the baby die, Barney."

Her voice ended with a wail and she put her hand over her face and caught her breath with a sob.

"There, there, Maggie," he laid his hand soothingly upon her arm, "Don't take on. I'll do what I can and the Lord have mercy on my soul."

He got up and put on his patched, shabby, old ulster, got a bag and a little lantern and went to the door. With his hand on the latch he looked back. "If I don't come back, if they get me, Maggie, send word to the boss's mother. She'll scold and fuss but she won't see you and the kids starve."

Then he went out and shut the door. "Lord, it's tough," he muttered when he found himself alone in the alley. "It's an honest man, if not an over-wise one, I've been all the days of me life and now to come to this."

Through alleys and side-streets and devious ways he went, cowering and starting and looking back, lest a policeman come unawares upon him.

As he neared his destination, the residence of his late employer, from whose household stores he hoped to replenish his own empty larder, he made a wide detour in order to see if time and conditions were favorable for putting his plan into effect. His familiarity with the premises, he having been gardener and general utility man for a considerable time, would enable him to gain a comparatively easy entrance to the house, now that the occupants were out of town, provided he met with no obstacle in the shape of a too officious public guardian.

His reconnaissance showed him the importance of proceeding with extreme caution; for there in the street in front of the house a big policeman walked leisurely to and fro; and Barney wondered what imp of mischief drew him to

that particular spot this night of all nights.

"Bad manners to him, and is there nothing in the whole town for him to do, but meander back and forth for all the world as if he had a string to him?" muttered Barney, looking with the utmost disapproval at this mode of procedure.

The front of the house, however, was not the back, and as trees and shrubs grew in profusion his movements would be fairly well covered. Accordingly, he made his way cautiously to the rear, and knowing the infirmity of the fastening of a certain window on the second floor, he resolved to discover what the conjunction of the branch of a tree and the corner of a piazza roof would effect; and without more difficulty than a novice would experience having this knowledge, hindered by much nervous apprehension, he found himself in due time in a small room at the end of a passage.

Trembling in every limb he sat down and wiped the perspiration from his face while he strove to get a grasp on his wavering courage; but the thought of Jim Cassidy down there with liberty to do openly what he did in fear and trembling added nothing to his coolness.

By and by from a window on the opposite side of the narrow hall he looked, and now he could see Cassidy standing upon the drive regarding the house with much apparent interest.

"Just staring the house out of countenance, confound him. It would do me a whole lot of good to go down there and upset him into the ditch," muttered Barney, much incensed.

The memory of the little sick child, however, kept him from indulging in any such pleasantries and going back to the starting-point he took off his boots and when he reached a place where he was convinced that no tell-tale flash would reach a too-communicative window, he lighted his lantern and went forward.

Once inside the house he had imagined that his anxiety and apprehension would be at an end, but it seemed to have only begun. The very darkness seemed to be something alive and tangible, and assumed bulk and blackness before his eyes. Then, too, he had an uneasy feeling that something or someone was looking at him, and the feeling that at any moment a bony hand might grasp him sent cold chills creeping up his spine. The floor creaked under his feet and there was a semblance of sound, a sort of rustle or murmur that crept down the passage ahead of him.

A cold perspiration broke out upon him as a tingling sensation assailed him, and he clapped his hands to his face, extinguishing the feeble light as he did so.

"Heavens above, I'm going to sneeze," was his thought, and the sneeze came, well-developed and vigorous, despite his efforts to suppress it; and then his hair rose upon his head and his jaw dropped in mortal terror, for almost at his feet came a groan, low, harrowing, full of agony.

With shaking limbs he turned and fled back by the way he had come. Then some force, stronger than his fear, impelled him to stop. Someone was speaking. His terrified thoughts flew to Cassidy; but that was not Cassidy's voice. He listened.

"Come here. Come here. Do you hear me? Whoever you are, come here."

It was the voice of a woman, imperious, commanding.

"It's the old lady or worse; her ghost," groaned Barney. "Oh, why did I come here this night?"

Again came the command to return and Barney dared not disobey. Dully he wondered why she should be here. He knew she had gone to visit a relative in a neighboring town while her son and his wife were absent.

He shook his head. It was a puzzle he could not solve and in spite of his dread and reluctance he relighted his

lantern a there at to an up seemed a nearer he gray hair gleamed a itable eye

He stood mother, h quired of "Here,"

put me on I fell down leg. Now ed as he member I

"Indeed it's someh He lifted how, but b thin, white and with his arms.

"Oh, I've groaned, d laying her had hardly flashed open into his fa

"Why do she asked "Oh, I d ing his ha in me han "I'll die the place i

lantern a there at to an up seemed a nearer he gray hair gleamed a itable eye

He stood mother, h quired of "Here,"

put me on I fell down leg. Now ed as he member I

"Indeed it's someh He lifted how, but b thin, white and with his arms.

"Oh, I've groaned, d laying her had hardly flashed open into his fa

"Why do she asked "Oh, I d ing his ha in me han "I'll die the place i

lantern a there at to an up seemed a nearer he gray hair gleamed a itable eye

He stood mother, h quired of "Here,"

put me on I fell down leg. Now ed as he member I

"Indeed it's someh He lifted how, but b thin, white and with his arms.

"Oh, I've groaned, d laying her had hardly flashed open into his fa

"Why do she asked "Oh, I d ing his ha in me han "I'll die the place i

lantern a there at to an up seemed a nearer he gray hair gleamed a itable eye

He stood mother, h quired of "Here,"

put me on I fell down leg. Now ed as he member I

"Indeed it's someh He lifted how, but b thin, white and with his arms.

"Oh, I've groaned, d laying her had hardly flashed open into his fa

"Why do she asked "Oh, I d ing his ha in me han "I'll die the place i

lantern a there at to an up seemed a nearer he gray hair gleamed a itable eye

He stood mother, h quired of "Here,"

put me on I fell down leg. Now ed as he member I

"Indeed it's someh He lifted how, but b thin, white and with his arms.

"Oh, I've groaned, d laying her had hardly flashed open into his fa

"Why do she asked "Oh, I d ing his ha in me han "I'll die the place i

lantern a there at to an up seemed a nearer he gray hair gleamed a itable eye

He stood mother, h quired of "Here,"

put me on I fell down leg. Now ed as he member I

"Indeed it's someh He lifted how, but b thin, white and with his arms.

"Oh, I've groaned, d laying her had hardly flashed open into his fa

"Why do she asked "Oh, I d ing his ha in me han "I'll die the place i

lantern a there at to an up seemed a nearer he gray hair gleamed a itable eye

He stood mother, h quired of "Here,"

put me on I fell down leg. Now ed as he member I

"Indeed it's someh He lifted how, but b thin, white and with his arms.

"Oh, I've groaned, d laying her had hardly flashed open into his fa

"Why do she asked "Oh, I d ing his ha in me han "I'll die the place i

lantern a there at to an up seemed a nearer he gray hair gleamed a itable eye

He stood mother, h quired of "Here,"