

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 1878, 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, 12x18 yd. \$1.42 doz. Tablecloths, 24x36 yd., \$1.42 ea. Linen Sheets, \$1.24 ea. Linen Pillow Cases, filled, 33c each. Linen Handkerchiefs, \$1.8 doz. Glass Cloths, \$1.18 doz. Kitchen Towels, \$1.32 doz.

Embroidered Linen.

Afternoon Teacloths, from 90c ea. Sideboard Cloths, from 90c ea. Cushion Covers, from 40c ea. Bedspreads for double beds, from \$3.30 ea. Linen Robes, made, from \$3.00 each.

Dress Linen.

White Dress Linen, 44in. wide, soft finish, 40c yard. Coloured Linen, 44in. wide, 50 shades, 40c yard. Heavy Canvas Linen, in colours, 40in. wide, 42c yard.

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 PLACE BELFAST, IRELAND Also
Telegrams: "Linen, Belfast," LONDON & LIVERPOOL

Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 18x24 in. hem, 90c doz. Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched with drawn thread border, \$1.08 doz. Gent's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 18x24 in. hem, \$1.66 doz.

Underclothing & Laces.

Ladies' Nightdresses, from 90c ea. Chemises trimmed with embroidery, 56c ea. Combinations, \$1.08 each. Bridal Trousseaux, \$2.04. Lingerie, \$1.50. 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.

no harm ye if ye bide wheer ye be."

And turning his back upon the astonished and indignant bather he carefully fastened his horse to a tree. This accomplished to his satisfaction, he seated himself upon the well-top in a position which commanded an uninterrupted view of that portion of the minister's anatomy which appeared above the barrel-top.

"Now Mr. MacDuff," said he, "I'll just trouble ye for that wee bit explanation."

The minister now realized that bluster was no use, so calling up an apology for a smile he tried another tack:—

"Of course, Angus, you must have your little joke ha! ha! well, you know, the flesh is weak and the—er—temptation to—er

perform my ablutions in your barrel overcame me ha! ha! Cold water is remarkably refreshing this hot weather."

"Aye MacDuff," replied McRae, "I'll see ye get weel refreshit: and I'm no denying cold water is a fine thing—in moderation, though I never held muckle wi' it ma'sel. However I dinna just fancy a body washing in the drinking water."

"I assure you," answered MacDuff in a horrified tone, "it never crossed my mind: it is really most unfortunate: but I beg you will call off your dog at once." For even on the warmest day spring water chills in time and the minister was beginning to shiver unpleasantly.

"It certainly is most unfortunate," re-

(Continued on page 60)

"On the Trail of Knowledge."

Specially written for W.H.M. by Francis, Port Morien, C.B.



WHAT is a feller?" I asked of Aunt Bet, spinning at her wheel. "What's got into you, child?" she said, stopping with her long, white roll of carded wool stretched out from the spindle.

"What is a feller?" I repeated. "I heard Eliza telling someone the other day that our Mary Rose had one."

Aunt Bet gave a snort and sent her wheel around with a buzz that made me jump. "A feller is a humbug!" and her black eyes snapped as she caught up another roll and deftly joined it to her thread; "and if you live to grow up remember what I said."

I went down the wide stairs and out to the kitchen. Eliza knew what a "feller" was; I would wrest this dark secret from her in some way. She was "shinning" the cooking stove, and there was a scowl upon her face, but "fools rush in where angels fear to tread" and so I asked for the second time: "Eliza! What is a feller?"

She glared at me for a minute, then thinking, no doubt, of the marked attentions of a young bricklayer, and imagining that I had been sent to ask impudent questions, she instantly boxed my ears with her "smeary" hands. It was very discouraging. I wandered out into the garden, and encountered Father spading up a bit of ground.

"Father, what is a feller?" I asked, sitting down upon the sod beside him.

He paused, with his spade uplifted, and regarded me with an anxious look. "Feel well, Pettie?" he said.

Now, I hated to be called "Pettie" (and Father called me "Pettie" until I was fourteen, when I flatly rebelled and declared "if he called me that once again I would leave home never to return" at which Father pretended to snivel and wipe his tearful eyes on my white ruffly apron). So I answered him very crossly.

"Yes, of course, I do, but I want to know what a feller is? Mary Rose has one."

Father's spade fell out of his hands, his knees wobbled, and he weakly sat down beside me and laughed and laughed.

Then he suddenly pointed towards the front path and said, "There goes one now."

I looked in that direction to see a nicely dressed, dapper young man run up the steps and knock at the front door.

"Poof!" I said, scornfully, "that's only Norman McFadden."

"Nevertheless," answered Father, gravely, "that is one specimen of a feller."

I regarded him in wrathful silence.

Father always acted like some great overgrown boy, with us children, and I felt sure he was only making game of me now.

"Go ask your Mother," he commanded, rising to his feet, with an airy flirt of his hand towards the house, "she knows all about it."

And in silence I went on to follow my quest.

"Mother," I cried, bursting into the dining room, "what is a feller?"

Mother was standing before the large, bare table; a piece of cloth was spread upon it and the pattern of some kind of a garment was carefully laid thereon. Her fingers were full of pins and tailor's chalk, she turned at my entrance, and gazed at me with the "far-away," vacant expression of a sleep-walker.

I repeated my question in a louder tone, and she came back slowly from her calculating dreams, and said:

"Whatever do you mean by that, Jen?"

I then poured forth the tale of my fruitless search for information; but she took up her chalks and turned to her work, while a curious smile played over her lips.

"How silly your Father is. Well, he was a feller" himself once, if you want to know."

"I don't believe it," I burst out indignantly, but Mother motioned me to the door.

"Run away, dear," she said, "can't you see how very busy I am?"

I stood outside, in the hall, and pondered my next move, then I heard voices proceeding from the front room, the door of which stood partly open.

"That is Norman and Mary Rose," I said to myself. "I'll go in and ask Norman, perhaps he might tell me, he is always nice and kind."

I had learned not to ask obtrusive questions of Mary Rose, and although this was so closely related to her personal welfare I never dreamed of tempting providence in such a high-minded manner.

Now, I just walked boldly into the room and Norman and Mary Rose did not look to be in the least pleased to see me, but I did not mind that.

I went right up to Norman and said, "What is a feller, Norman? Nobody will tell me."

Well, if I had thrown cold water into the face of this very self-possessed, fine-mannered, young man he could not have behaved worse. He opened his mouth as though something was strangling him. His lips moved, but if he said anything I could not understand it. I caught a look on the distressed face of Mary Rose that foretold disaster to me at some future time.

Fear clutched me then. A "feller" must be a demon. Tales of "ogres" and "goblins" flitted through my poor, worried head, and I commenced to howl as loud as I could.

Chaos enveloped me for a minute, then my hands were being filled with candy, my eyes were dried with Norman's nice scented handkerchief, and I sat upon his knee so cuddled and comforted that in my childish heart I decided to lay that horrible "feller" to rest forever and to ever, as a mystery too deep, for me to unravel.

The old spinning wheel lies idle now, and it is covered thickly with dust.

To-day we differ from the Lilies of Solomon's time, in this way, we "toil" but we do not "spin."

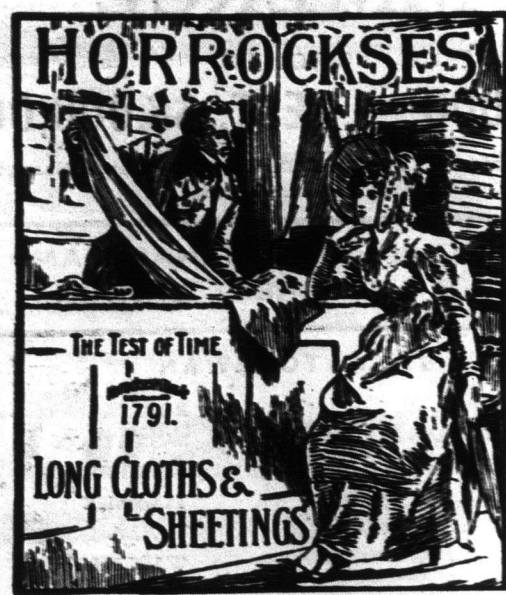
Aunt Bet lived and died an "old maid" but she gloried in it. It was her boast that she never had a "beau."

Father Time has sprinkled the heads of my Father and Mother with his "old

Awarded the "GRAND PRIX" at the Franco-British Exhibition, 1908

HORROCKSES'

ESTABLISHED 1791.



THE TEST OF TIME.

FLANNELETTES of the Highest Quality

See Horrockses' name on Selvedge.

SOLD BY DRAPERS EVERYWHERE

Horrockses', Manchester, England.

LONGCLOTHS,
NAINSOOKS,
CAMBRICS,
INDIA
LONGCLOTHS.

See Horrockses' name
on Selvedge.

SHEETINGS,
READY-MADE
SHEETS

(Plain and Hemstitched)

See Horrockses' name
on each Sheet.