

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.

SOME OF OUR LEADING SPECIALITIES:

Household Linen.

Dinner Napkins, $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ yd. \$1.42 doz. Table-cloths, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ yds., \$1.42 ea. Linen Sheets, \$3.24 pair. Linen Pillow Cases, filled, .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, $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. hem, .80c 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 .90c ea. Chemises trimmed embroidery, .56c ea. Combinations, \$1.08 each. Bridal Trousseau, \$32.04. Lingerie, \$1.00. 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.

SYSTEM OF BUSINESS.—Samples and price lists post free anywhere—Goods packed securely by experts for shipment abroad.—Merchandise forwarded against bills of lading or bank draft.—Carriage paid on orders of \$4.80 and upwards to port of shipment.—Foreign orders receive special care and attention.

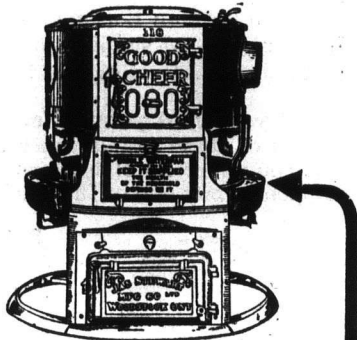
ROBINSON & CLEAVER LIMITED

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

DRAUGHTS NEVER CAUSED A COLD

Stuffy Rooms Alone Responsible Says Dr. Treves.

Special Cable to The Mail and Empire Over Our Own Leased Wires.
London, June 26.—Dr. Sir Frederick Treves astonished the public last week by declaring that "the idea that colds are caused by draughts are absurd. No cold ever had such an origin. Colds are the origin not of draughts, but of stuffy rooms." Other famous London physicians back up Sir Frederick in holding that no cold was ever caused by draught.



You may question Sir Frederick's statement but there can be no doubt whatever as to the evil effects of a close stuffy atmosphere. In the winter-time, when storm doors and double windows help to make the house practically air-tight, we live in a death dealing atmosphere, breathing air vitiated with the vapor elimination from the lungs of the occupants and the organic secretions and moisture from the pores

of the skin. There should be humidity, but it must be pure and refreshing as that of the outdoor air, and it is through the introduction of fresh outdoor air and its ample humidification by means of the large Circle Waterpan that the

"GOOD CHEER"

Circle Waterpan Warm Air Furnace

makes the atmosphere of the house in winter like that of a bright June morning—warm, refreshing and life giving.

The demand for our booklet "Humidity and Humanity" is taxing the capacity of our mailing staff, but we have a copy for you upon request, stating where you saw this advertisement.

The JAS. STEWART MFG. CO., Limited,
WOODSTOCK, Ont. - - - WINNIPEG, Man.

rather be with you than anywhere."

Martha listened to her excited detached sentences with a strange dazed expression, mutely. She stooped and drew the cloak from the other girl's shoulders, and pushed her into a chair by the stove. "I guess there isn't any danger," she said, "but I'm real glad to have you."

Miss Lawrence drew her feet up with a rueful laugh. They were wet to the boot-tops, and the bottom of her skirts were sodden. Martha saw them, and straightened sharply.

"How did you wet your feet," she cried, "just coming from your house?"

"The road's all over water; didn't you know?"

"From the other side?"

"Why yes, from the flats."

A cold thrill ran down Martha's spine like the touch of an icy finger. She remembered the outlook at the front of the house. She hesitated a moment, then she opened the oven door and made her guest put her drenched feet inside. She also made her eat something, and drink some of the coffee, finding that she had no breakfast. To accomplish this she had to eat a mouthful herself, though it was difficult. Suddenly there came a rattling, slapping crash on the front windows. Miss Lawrence screamed. Martha threw open the parlor door and went swiftly in. A green and gray clud was breaking, scattering, and falling outside the dripping panes.

Martha looked at the clock again, calculating rapidly; half past nine—high tide at—at not till eleven; high tide at eleven, and water on the windows now! The icy finger touched her again. Water, on the windows, and more than

"Some house has gone," Martha said with white lips. "Come!"

"But where? Where can we go? Oh, Martha, hear that!"

Above the crashing and thud of another structure near at hand Martha spoke clearly: "The chapel. We must get to the chapel, that will stand. Come!"

"Alone! We can't do it! You don't know what the wind is outside—it's death to go, Martha!"

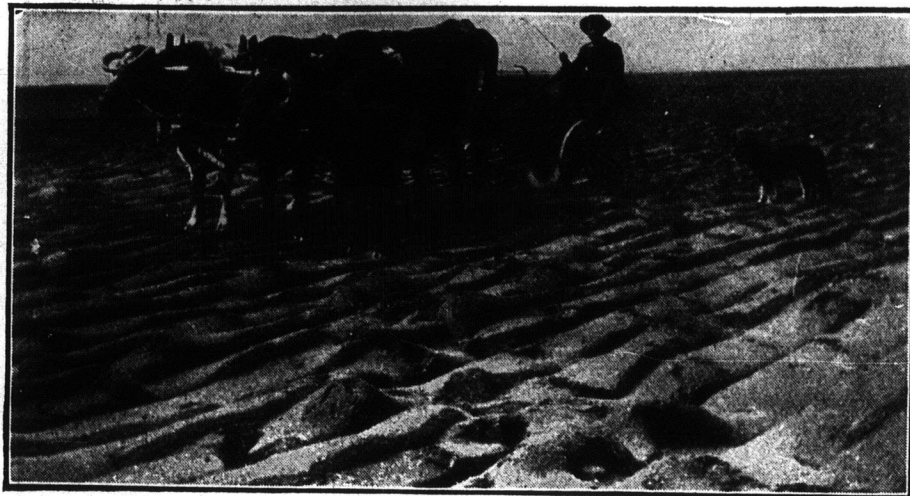
"It's death to stay," Martha said, pushing her toward the door with an arm stronger than her resistance. And in commentary on her words a snaky stream of water purred in under the parlor door, and the slapping of spray on the windows changed to a sullen beating of heavy water.

"Oh, where is your father? Why doesn't he come?"

There was a snapping crackle of breaking glass and a shriek of triumph from the wind as Martha answered with set lips: "We can't wait for father now!" And then they were outside, together—outside, in a pandemonium of wrack and terror, though there was neither rain nor snow.

The first aghast look showed them ruin on every hand, before the wind pushed them from the step into a path running steadily with muddy water, which broke on the lawn and poured down to the lower level of the street.

Somehow, no more to be told than a delirium after it has passed, the two reached that street and faced into the wind—as they must to gain the one sure refuge, the little stone chapel which stood solidly on the first rise beyond the dike, not a sixteenth of a mile



"Slow but sure."

an hour for the tide to run; the harbor coming over the flats;—wind,—such wind as no one ever heard on that coast before, wind like the suction and sweep which might follow the falling in and the engulfing of a world. Their house was the strongest on the beach; would it stand? Could they stay in it?

Suddenly Amy tightened her clasp convulsively. "Martha, look! The water—on the floor!" she gasped.

Along the front edge of the room, and across the floor a curling line of damp spread, grew wet, ran in small streams from an increasing supply; the sea was running under the house.

The give and settle of the timbers sounded more ominous than before; it was sickening to feel the light lurch of the floor as it swayed under them.

"Why doesn't father come?" Martha murmured. Then she turned quickly and drew Amy Lawrence into the kitchen, closing the door. "Put on your cloak," she said, "I will be ready in one minute."

She ran up the stairs, which wavered once as she mounted. The one minute sufficed to thrust in her rubber boots and cloak in the kitchen again. As she tied her hood with swift fingers a great wrenching and grinding sound somewhere to the right penetrated all the howling and wailing of the storm. An instant later there was a mighty crash, followed by a second duller, heavier one. Then all the seething waves on the beach seemed to hiss at once.

"What is it—oh, what is it?"

away. No, nor any distance to be measured by standards of length—say, rather, a timeless, measureless struggle, meted out in numbers of dumb defeat, passionate revolt, desperate recovery, heroic will, striving, exhaustion, endurance. As they clung and bent to the awful wind, gasping against the breath that was crowded into mouth and nostrils, the house they had left shivered and throbbed horribly, then stately and slowly swung round like a ship at anchor, faced the West in farewell, and on the instant collapsed bodily like a house of cards, and presently from the heap of roof, walls and floors a sullen bit of heavy smoke pushed its way up to be followed by a flicker of red flame. The two girls did not even know it. The sounds in their ears would have drowned a deeper noise than that of a falling home.

"Where is my father? Has my father forgotten me?" Martha's thought ached on the question, though she said neither that nor anything else. If one spoke one could not breathe, and breath was life. But the piteous sense of desertion pierced through all the strife and fear and dazing clamor.

Long before they reached the corner of the dike Martha knew that they were indeed fighting for their lives, and the wildest spot was yet to come. The chapel was just across the dike road, with but a tiny up-sloping lawn between, but that corner was the meeting place of all the demons of air and water, and the deep water of the flats lay at the very edge of the road. Yet the chapel was so near and the life-saving station on the beach just opposite. Surely there were men somewhere, strong men, to help. "Oh, God! where