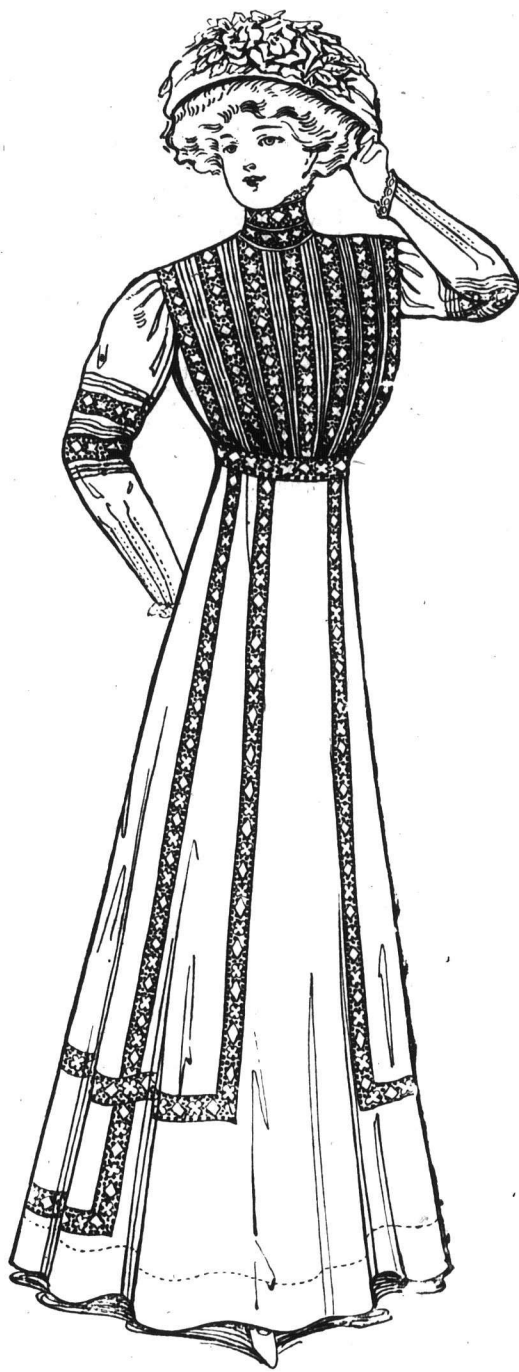


TWO DAINTY SUMMER GOWNS

THE SEMI-PRINCESS GOWNS illustrated are chosen from among hundreds of styles in our stock as being typical of the styles that are in vogue in both Paris and New York. The original models we have carefully copied, and we offer these two numbers at such low prices that will bring this section of our big Cloak Department to the notice of all Canadian ladies from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Stock sizes only, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust measurement; 36 to 44 hip measurement, taken six inches below the waist; total length from neck to bottom of skirt, 52 to 60 inches.



G627—\$4.75

G627. — A dainty dress of fine, soft French mull. The new semi-princess type, in white, pink and sky, elaborately trimmed with a beautiful imitation of a fine Torchon lace. The bodice has seven rows of insertion and clusters of tucks between. Sleeves and skirt trimmed with lace to match. Fastens at back. Extraordinary offer \$4.75



G622—\$4.95

G622. — A very stylish semi-princess dress of fine French mull, in white, pink and sky. Handsomely trimmed with a fine filet insertion. Bodice with yoke front, and rows of insertion at back. The skirt trimmed all around with strips of lace insertion, the front forming a panel effect. Very special \$4.95

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO

"Whether, as now, we journey hand in hand,
Or, parted in the body, yet are one
In spirit and the love of holy things."

could never know a second home-coming of the heart. But when the world saw the wooing of Miss Dunlap, and had a smile for the altar scene, did it re-read those lyrical and elegiac effusions with the same responsive passion?

The world looked on the love companionship of Thomas Hood and his Jane Reynolds—a companionship of twenty-one years—only to be dissolved by death, but really never to be dissolved. When the world saw the wife's queenly solicitude for the poet in his closing hours, and saw her, as the result of that queenly solicitude, contract the symptoms of a fever which was to lay her in the grave eighteen months after—the world had no reason to conjecture why he who could carol about "men with mothers and wives" could faintly endure those closing hours without her presence at his side.

And, lastly, the world read Campbell's lines on the death of an admiral of the same name; and when on the 15th June, 1844, it read anew about the grief that "Overcomes the heart unconscious of relief."

could it help but discern the accordant sublimity of the fourteen years of living in the memory of "the bosom friend, dearer than all"?

Thou art not dead; thou art not gone to dust;

No line of all thy loveliness shall fall
To formless ruin, smote by Time, and thrust

Into the solemn gulf that covers all.
Thou canst not wholly perish, though the sod

Sink with its violets closer to thy breast;

Though by the feet of generations trod,
The headstones crumble from thy place of rest.

Oh, once! once bending to these widow'd lips

Take back the tender warmth of life from me;

Oh, let thy kisses cloud with swift eclipse
The light of mine, and give me death with thee!

The Prayer of Cyrus Brown.

"The proper way for a man to pray,"
Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,
"And the only proper attitude,
Is down upon his knees."

"No, I should say the way to pray,"
Said Reverend Doctor Wise,
"Is standing straight, with outstretched arms,
And rapt and upturned eyes."

"Oh, no; no, no," said Elder Slow,
"Such posture is too proud:
A man should pray with eyes fast closed
And head contritely bowed."

"It seems to me his hands should be
Austerely clasped in front,
With both thumbs pointing toward the ground,"
Said Reverend Doctor Blunt.

"Last year I fell in Hodgkin's well
Head first," said Cyrus Brown,
"With both my heels a-stickin' up,
My head a-p'inting down;

"An' I made a prayer right then an' there—
Best prayer I ever said,
The prayinest prayer I ever prayed,
A-standing on my head."
—Sam Walter Foss.

Which Are You?

The two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the
world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too,
I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing
the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others
bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.