



The Greatest Catalogue In the History of the Store.

NOW ON THE PRESS,
READY FOR MAILING AUGUST 1st.

Send your Name and Address now and be sure you get on our lists.

We have devoted more care, more art and more money to the preparation of our Fall Catalogue for 1906 than ever before. It will be a beauty. Two hundred clearly but closely printed pages of modern merchandise, illustrated profusely and exactly, priced with moderate Simpson prices which have won Mail Order customers for the Store from every post office in Canada.

SEND FOR IT; IT IS FREE FOR THE ASKING.

By it you may take advantage of Toronto fashions, Toronto prices, Toronto variety of choice. You may sit down in your own home, and shop in Toronto by letter with as much surety and positively more convenience than if you came in person to the Store. Every family in the West should have Simpson's catalogue. It's the greatest hand book of current retail values a Canadian household can possess.

Why not sit down and drop us a card right now? That's all we ask.

Address: "Western Department"

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY,
LIMITED

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

ating about an overt admission that he no longer cared for her.

The interminable day crawled on to four o'clock. Dick's train left at 5.20. In less than an hour she would hear the trap come around to take him to the station.

Could she endure the polite formality of going down and saying good-bye to him before all those people? Of course it would have to come out before long, but at least they need not know until she could get away. Perhaps the poor subterfuge of illness would suffice, and she could send down a message of regret. . . . She wondered if he had told Cecily yet, and then, being less heroic than she had thought, buried her face in the nearest pillow and gulped a little.

A man's step came rapidly down the hall and paused by her door. She thought she heard a whisper, and on the heels of it came an uncertain rap.

"It's Boyd, Nell. May I come in?" She flew to the door and flung it open, throwing her arms around her brother's neck as he entered. He was all she had, this big, splendid boy, and she had been father and mother, sister and chum to him for the past ten years.

"How dear of you to surprise me like this!" she said breathlessly. "I thought you were a hundred miles away."

Boyd's face was an unhappy red! He gently loosed his sister's affectionate hands from his neck and backed off against the door.

"Please don't be good to me, Nell. I've got to make a clean breast of something, and I'm awfully afraid you'll be down on me." You see, I—Oh, well, I'm married."

Helen sat down weakly. It was the last straw.

"Boyd!" she said with shaking voice. Boyd winced and hurried on with his confession.

"I deserve almost anything you say to me, Nell. You have been a brick, and it was caddish in me to deceive

you, but, it happened so quickly, you know. We're both pretty young, and we were afraid her parents would want us to wait a long time, and so one morning—oh well, you don't know how people do things on the spur of the moment. We were coming straight home to own up, but we found a houseful of guests, and right on top of it came a telegram to me that Tom Benner was hurt. I had to run for



"I mean that I have made a mistake. Recently I have found it out. I ask you to give me my freedom."

my train, and I told Cecily that as soon as I could leave Tom I'd hurry back and—

"Cecily!"

Helen was almost hysterical, but Boyd merely looked puzzled.

"Why yes, who else did you think? Dick found it out somehow, and he has been a brick. He wanted to tell

you right away, but Cecily wouldn't let him until I came. She's awfully cut up about what you'll think of it. You mustn't be angry with her, Nell, it was all my fault. Won't you see her? She's waiting in the hall now."

With glowing face and gently compelling hands Helen pushed him out and down the hall to where Cecily waited, a still little statue of apprehension.

"You dear, foolish, rash, outrageous children!" Helen murmured incoherently, drawing the girl in the warm curve of her arm and holding her tight. "You ought to be shaken, both of you, and I haven't the heart to do it. Now go confess to Mr. and Mrs. Winton. Married! Dear, dear, I can't believe it!"

She watched them go off, close together for mutual support, and because they had not seen each other for three endless weeks. They were dubious of the interview before them, but much buoyed up by the one just finished. Then Helen went down stairs to find Dick.

She was still in the dress she had worn that morning, and she gave her hair an apprehensive twitch or two as she went. There was his suit case in the hall. No, he was not on the veranda, nor in the den.

Huddled down in a great chair in the library sat a morose and gloomy Dick. He had been hurt without knowing why, he had received a blow from the hand he thought gentlest of all, and the smart of it would not abate. Would she appear in time to say good-bye?

Through the library door came a soft rush of skirts. She came towards him with both hands out, laughing, almost crying, and with tenderly shining eyes.

"Oh Dick, I've been such a goose!"

Dick stopped for no explanations. He was essentially a man of action. Ten minutes later, when the good season for explanations had come, he opened the library door and called to

Knowlton, who was just visible on the veranda.

"Say Knowlton, would you mind telling Harris not to wait for me? I've decided to stay over until the early train tomorrow morning."

Sentence Sermons.

Serenity comes in when selfishness goes out.

Realizing the right is all there is of religion.

He takes heaven everywhere who has the happy heart.

They find the gate of heaven who seek the good of humanity.

Much of our sorrow is stuff we have stolen thinking it was joy.

Thunders of applause give no promise of showers of blessing.

A good many more would walk with God if he would go blindfold.

He who shuts the door of heaven on another shuts himself out.

The most heavenly virtues come out of the most homely occasions.

The only thing that makes any work sacred is the way that it is done.

Civilization will be synonymous with salvation when it has cured sin.

The tight fisted child often finds that he has a loose hold on his father.

The devil has no more effective weapon than the Christian's rusty sword.

Every time you envy another man his meal you drop gall into your own plate.

People who cannot stand up in the fight must not look to sit down in the feast.

Don't think you are fixed on feathers there because you make a lot of fuss here.