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WE PREPAY Freight or Express Charges on all orders of \$25.00 or more to your nearest Railway Station in Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces, except on some especially heavy goods, such as

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and on all orders received for same amount from Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, British Columbia and the Yukon Territory, we prepay Freight or Express charges as far as Winnipeg, except on goods as above stated. Where Freight or Express rates are the same to points outside of Winnipeg as to Winnipeg, charges will be fully prepaid. We reserve the right to ship by cheapest way. This means much to our customers; it brings our Mammoth Store and Factories into their midst with best goods and latest styles at our Toronto prices. Unite with your neighbor, make up a Club Order of \$25.00 or more and you will find it means a big saving in charges to you. **We Pack Each Order in a Separate Parcel and make One Shipment to One Address.** Try it; get up a Club Order and we will show you how nicely it works. Our

arrangements for quick service are the best. Always have our latest catalogue in your home; free for the asking. If your neighbor does not receive one send us name and it will be mailed at once.

Our January White Goods Catalogue

EVERY New Year we commence a one Month's Sale of White Goods, wherein the preparation of months and all the slack season discounts combine to make special values in Women's White Wear and in White Linens, Cottons, Silks and Woollens of all kinds. We issue a White Sale Catalogue wherein all these goods are thoroughly described. This catalogue, thanks to a well-organized mail order system puts you on a par with our home city customers no matter wherever in Canada you live. We will send it to you gladly on receipt of your name and address. The edition is limited however. Clip this advertisement and enclose it in your letter and we will make our offer good without fail.



THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

that we had had our daughter brought up in the country; there was no need, Melinda said, for her to know that she wasn't our very own.

"It's a wicked shame," the woman went on. "She's been dosed to keep her quiet. She's a screamer, as like as not, when she's awake."

I looked at Melinda—Melinda averted her eyes. A screamer! Mrs. Priddam also looked at Melinda inquisitively.

"Is it?" she said, with a simple directness that made Melinda's cheeks flame.

"I—I haven't seen much of her lately," she faltered. "She's been away in the country—for her health."

Mrs. Priddam sniffed. She evidently didn't think much of Melinda, and I was rather sorry for Elaine when I saw the gentle plan the nurse adopted to arouse that slumbering babe.

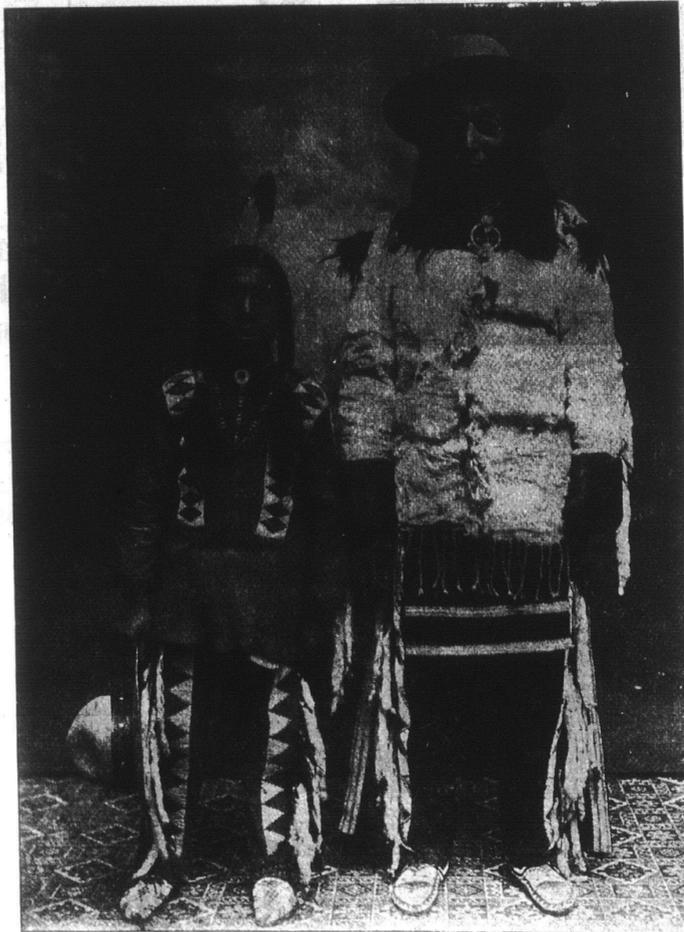
She shook it energetically first; then laid it on its back and slapped its poor little feet with a hand the size of a small shoulder of mutton; and at last, seeing that all these simple methods failed, she turned to Melinda and asked for strong coffee.

"Coffee?" cried my wife in horror. "Surely a little new milk—?"

"Milk!" echoed Mrs. Priddam, contemptuously. "This child won't want feeding for hours and hours. It's got to be waked up first."

The coffee, however, was no good when it did come. The orphan flatly refused to swallow; so in despair the nurse dressed it in outdoor things, and we went down to our cottage in Sussex.

It was one o'clock in the morning when the orphan awoke, and the room in which it slept with Mrs. Priddam was divided from ours by a lath-and-plaster partition merely, so we heard its voice at once. It howled all night; and although Melinda insisted on going in to see what it was like when its eyes were open—as if it had been a puppy or a kitten—I noticed that she didn't stay and offer to comfort it.



CHIEF SIKENOPIA AND SON, CHIEF OF A TRIBE OF INDIANS LOCATED 19 MILES NORTH OF TORONTO

I believe it was quiet for a little while after the nurse had taken the trouble to get up and give it a good meal of Somebody's Food for infants and invalids—she said it was,—and in the morning it was quite cheerful and jolly. I was not. After being kept awake half the night I was in no mood to appreciate any condescension of the wretched infant at breakfast-time. Melinda, of course, was in raptures, and she made a perfect fool of herself over the thing's ridiculous pink toes. I am bound to confess that the change of garments had worked wonders. It looked quite an aristocratic personage in its white fluffy frocks and frills, and Melinda gushed and talked unintelligible gibberish to it, in spite of Mrs. Priddam's critical and disapproving eye.

I went for a walk in the lowest possible spirits, wondering how long this state of things would last, and fearing that our peaceful, irresponsible life had come to a sudden and most disastrous end. Was it not possible even yet, I asked myself, to bribe the real owner to come back and insist upon its instantaneous restoration to her loving and repentant arms?

"It's too late," I muttered gloomily. "She will sail on Monday with her husband to some region unknown. I wonder if he too is leaving England in a hurry. The orphan is a fixture. She has come to stay."

Never in my life have I met a living creature with such lungs, and after two more sleepless nights my nerves were worn to fiddlestrings. Melinda didn't mind it so much—at least she said she didn't—but I think she must have been lying. Mrs. Priddam stood it all unmoved—I suppose she was accustomed to screamers—and on Monday evening I shocked her very much by saying that I didn't wonder at the sleeping draught, and only wished it had been a little stronger.

On Tuesday I took Melinda to Hastings for the day, and we dozed on the beach for several hours, to make up a