



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 the 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.

Of Interest to Mail Order Customers

We prepay Freight or Express Charges on all Orders of \$25 or over to your nearest railway station in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, except on some especially heavy goods, such as Furniture, Heavy Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, Baby Carriages, Wall Paper, Pictures and Sewing Machines; and on orders received for same amount from Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, British Columbia, the North-West and Yukon Territories we prepay freight or express 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, such charges will be fully prepaid. We reserve the right to ship by cheapest way.

her soft rays, and guide their snows with a filmy light. The white outlines of the snow-covered ranges extend along the eastern and western skies like crested rollers on a stormy sea, while the higher peaks, catching the full rays of the moonlight, shine like crystal cones. Here and there a dome towering above the others stands out in solitary and regal supremacy, spire-like pinnacles point their slender shafts heavenward, and all around a chaos of ranges throws deep shadows like black mantles into the valleys. As the lunar queen ascends the starry vault, she throws her rays into the glens and gorges, illuminating the recesses of rocky chasms, while the shades on the slopes retire into the depths of the canyons, disclosing the flashing channels of streams, the shining bosoms of lakes, and the plunging waters of falls, until all the world appears bathed in gauzy day. The crags, clear cut against the sky, and the peaks standing ruggedly out in this ethereal splendour, make a scene inspiring to every worshipper of nature who loves to hold communion with the everlasting mountains. Such a view amply repays the long journey over plains and mountains.

The Hermit Range is a unique cluster of snow-powdered spurs, looking down from their airy heights on the snow sheds and winding tracks of the railroad. It is a picturesque chain, and its crags are worthy sisters of the lofty Selkirk and noble Rockies. Their great altitude and inaccessibility make them hermits in character as well as in name, bears and squirrels being their only inhabitants.

Descending the pass the canyon becomes deeper and wider, its flanks still covered with trees. The road-bed, with its many curves and grades, shows the engineering skill of those who planned the highway over these jagged mountains. The track in

some places rises in three tiers along the mountain side, and appears like an iron-railed stairway on the canyon walls. At the "Loop," in the widest depths of the gorge, four tracks are seen one above the other, while frowning mountains stand in great masses overhead, with snow-fields gathered on their brows. In six miles of track, but two miles of distance is gained.

At a station near Black Canyon I got off to see the country and enjoy some sport. The fishing was good, and the hunting interesting. On the adjacent hills I found a camp of red men, and, on inquiring for their chief, a "buck" escorted me to the official hut. The chief, Big Tree—

kept his office in his residence, which, built of logs and daubed with mud, had plank floors, doors on hinges, glass windows, chairs and tables, and other desirable furniture. The bedsteads were supplied with ticks filled with straw, pillows of leaves, sheets, and blankets. Cradles, on rockers, held the papooses; looking-glasses gave the squaws the means of admiring their beauty and adjusting their bangs.

Big Tree was not at home, being out on the ranges looking after cattle. He kept a stock ranch, on which he raised cattle and ponies, which ranged freely over a wide expanse of territory. A "round-up," therefore, involved long and hard riding; but his braves were equal to

the task, as, when the question of fresh meat is raised, the Indian is generally on hand. The ponies of this region are trained to follow cattle, and are as expert in herding as the bucks themselves. They are hardy animals and can stand considerable travel. They have to feed themselves, the Indians not keeping corn-cribs or fodder-stacks, nor carrying oats on their journeys. The turf in summer and the dead grass in winter furnish the ponies with sustenance, and they become adept in burrowing into the snow for their provender. The chief not being expected before nightfall, "Mrs. Chief" invited me to enter the dwelling.

My stock of Indian language was limited, but Mrs. Big Tree knew some English, and with our combined resources we managed to start conversation. Madame was not very talkative, and I gave some attention to two plump and black-eyed squaws plying their needles on deer-skin gloves, undertaking, with some colored pencils and a tablet, to teach one of them to draw pictures of Indians.

My pupil showed aptitude and made progress, but the drawing-lessons were interrupted by evident displeasure on the part of "Mrs. Chief," who considered that her girl was neglected.

I accordingly withdrew to inspect the Indian village, and found that the town was built along streets without sidewalks, the dwellings being principally built of logs plastered with mud and many of the cabins having earthen floors. The poorer Indians lived in wigwams constructed of skins stretched around stacks of poles. Their bedding was made of straw, hides, and furs. Fires burned in the centre of the tents, the smoke escaping from outlets at the apex. Cooking was done outside on red-hot rocks. A mission church stood on the outskirts, in which a



EMERALD LAKE AND MOUNT SELKIRK.