



SEND FOR CATALOGUE

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THE new store, which we will move into this autumn, will double the room and stocks we had formerly, and for this reason our new Fall and Winter Catalogue is by far the most interesting we ever issued, covering every possible requirement of homes and families in both city and country. The fact that Toronto is headquarters for the newest and best of everything, and that Toronto prices are invariably lower than anywhere else, is good enough reason why you should do all your shopping with us by mail. As a further inducement

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on all purchases of \$25.00 or over, to your nearest railway station in Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces; 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. This is intended to encourage people to club together in sending the orders. We not only give you every advantage of Toronto styles at Toronto prices, but actually prepay all charges in sending the goods to you, with one or two minor exceptions. The Catalogue gives full particulars of this National Free Delivery Service, which is revolutionizing the Mail Order business of this store, and bringing orders twice as many and twice as often.

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA



WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION "NORTHERN MESSENGER."

A Touching Incident.

An incident of a peculiarly touching character occurred recently in one of the elevated railroad trains, that brought tears to the eyes of the passengers. The train had just left One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street when the passengers saw entering the car a little boy about six years old, half carried by an older boy, evidently his brother. Both were well dressed, but at first glance it was seen that the little fellow was blind. He had a pale, wan face, but was smiling. A quick look of sympathy passed over the face of the passengers, and an old gray-haired gentleman got up and gave his seat to the two. The

'big brother,' who was about eleven years old, tenderly lifted up the little blind boy and placed him on his knee.

'How's that?' he asked.

'Nice,' said the little chap. 'Where's my 'monica?'

This puzzled some of the passengers, and several turned to see what the child meant. But the 'big brother' knew, and immediately drew out a small mouth harmonica and placed it in the little fellow's hands. The little fellow took the instrument into his thin hands, ran it across his lips, and began to play softly, 'Nearer my God, to Thee.' Tears came into the eyes of the old gentleman who had given up his seat, and as the

little fellow played on, running into the 'Rock of Ages' and 'Abide with Me,' there were many moist eyes in the car.

The train rushed along, the passengers listened, and the little fellow played on tirelessly, never missing a note of 'Annie Laurie' or 'Home, Sweet Home.' Finally the 'big brother' leaned down and told the little one to get ready to leave, as the train was nearing their station. Then, as if he knew he had won a whole carload of friends, the blind boy quickly changed 'The Suwannee River' into 'Auld Lang Syne,' and with one accord the passengers burst into a round of applause, while the 'big brother' carried the little one out of the car.—New York Paper.