

# IMPORTANT NEWS

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TORONTO, CANADA



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### WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE

Write To-Day! Don't Delay!

## THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED.

TORONTO, CANADA

#### THE HEAD OF THE FIRM.

Mr. Lindley, of the firm of Lindley & Ferran, had been giving one of the young men in his employ a very bad quarrel of an hour. He sat in his revolving chair now, half turned from his desk and facing the culprit. The cashier stood by, formal and solemn, with certain incriminating papers in his hand.

"I don't suppose there is anything that could be said on your side," said the head of the firm, irritated at the young man's continued silence. He had always been known as an especially merciful man to wrongdoers. "But have you anything to say, Graham?"

"Nothing, sir," he replied.

"It is a misfortune," Mr. Lindley said in his hardest manner, "that a young man just starting out in life, with all his prospects favorable, should throw away his chances through petty dishonesty. So far as you are concerned your career is finished right here, and I should think it would be at an end in this city. You will go to Mr. Sayers' room and make out a memorandum of all the business that has passed through your hands during the past week. He will then pay you the small amount due you. You are fortunate in one thing. In view of your youth we will spare you to a certain extent. We will not prosecute."

"I meant to pay it back," he murmured, miserably.

The gray haired man at the desk smiled bitterly.

"When young men begin stealing," he said with a point, "they always mean to pay it back, but I have never known one to carry out his intention."

Young Graham shrank as if the other had struck him in the face. His lips were white. He arose and followed the cashier from the room and into the little office at the farthest corner of the building.

The head of the firm left the room alone. He put on his hat and started out for lunch—not that it was time yet, but he was too much perturbed and annoyed for any further business just now. In his process of "trying out" men he occasionally found one who seemed especially made for his calling, like young Graham. It was no pleasure to find that his promising material was also the material for a thief.

At the door stood an old woman with a basket on her arm. If she had been a beggar he would have tossed her a coin and gone on his way, but she was from the country, dressed in her country best, as one who makes one of the most important trips of her life. Her

threadbare silk gloves, dazed to the last degree, appealed to him with an old memory. She was looking anxiously up at the name in big gold letters over the door. He was about to hurry on with an absent smile when she intercepted him.

"I see this is the right place," she said, with a friendly smile on her brown face. "The policeman showed me the way. Do you work here, now? Could you tell me if Bennie Graham is here?"

Something in the brain of the stiff and dignified man who was the head of the firm stood at attention.

"Did you want to see him?" he asked, after a moment. He did not acknowledge to himself that he was trying to gain time, but it was so. The old woman was looking eagerly into his face.

"I'm Bennie's mother," she said, with a smile of one who is proud to acknowledge the fact.

Mr. Lindley had forgotten all about his lunch. He whispered to one of the clerks near at hand:

"Tell Sayers to keep Graham there until I send him word."

"Graham is—is busy just now," he said, "I will give you a chair in my office for a while, and then I'll make arrangements to send you around to his room—until he can come."

The entire force suspended work to watch the head of the firm—conveying an old woman who had evidently come straight from the backwoods, into his private office. But the door closed behind the two and there was nothing to be learned. The visitor was about to sit down at his invitation.

—young Graham had been sitting in that chair a few moments before, his hat in his hand, his head bowed.

"Take this chair—it is more out of the draught," he added, lamely, but very kindly, because of the blow, perhaps, that was waiting for her. "Set your basket down—it looks too heavy for you."

"It is heavy," she acknowledged, with a sigh of relief. "I've had to carry it in my lap all the way, even on the train, because it's got some eggs in it. I thought Bennie'd like some fresh eggs from the old home. They ain't like the eggs you get in cities."

"You don't mean that those are all eggs?" asked the head of the firm, trying to speak jocularly and not succeeding very well. Somehow there was something in the old woman's face that made him shrink from the hurt she was going to receive, as if it had been his own well-beloved son that had erred, and the hurt was coming to him.

"Oh, no," she cried, with a happy

little laugh, finding how kind Bennie's people were—he had always written them were kind and now she knew it was true, every word. She uncovered the basket and began to display its treasures. "Here's three pounds of butter—I made it myself—an' a loaf o' home-made bread. He can keep it in his room, you know. Maybe you'd like to try a little of it?"

"Oh I know they're good, the bread and the butter, too—but I couldn't thank you," he gasped.

The successful man of business had none of the niceties of speech ready.

"Do, now; you'll find 'em awful nice!" she urged. "Well, then if you won't take some now—an' maybe it wouldn't be just the thing in this office," she continued, looking around with awe—"if you'll come to Bennie's room this evening'an' take some, an' some home-made jelly I've brought, I'll be as pleased as pie!"

Mr. Lindley murmured something—he was not sure what it was. The worn hands turning over the contents of the big basket had touched some chord in the heart that persisted in aching.

"I'm going to take Bennie by surprise," she said, looking up with a smile trembling on her lips and in her eyes.

He didn't know it was even thinking of coming. See, here's a comforter, a knit for him to wear when it's bad days this winter; an' there's a cake down there—a fruit cake—it ought to be good, for all the materials is first class, and I never have failed on fruit cake. I tell you what, I'm going to give you some o' that to take home to your wife an' children. Maybe you have got a boy, an' if you have, I know he'll enjoy it. Bennie thinks there's nothing like my fruit cake."

He tried to say something to keep her from doing it, but she had already taken a knife out of the basket and cut a generous half from the great dark loaf and was wrapping it up, her eyes shining with hospitality.

"I put a knife in the basket because I knew Bennie'd want some of it the minute he saw it, an' I didn't want any delay runnin' to the kitchen for a knife," she confessed. "I'm glad you all like Bennie. He's a good boy, ain't he? He wrote me how kind everybody was to him—an' what a great man he thought Mr. Lindley was. I wish you'd contrive to give me a glance at Mr. Lindley before I go!"

"I'm Mr. Lindley," said the gentleman in the revolving chair.

There was nothing beautiful in his looks or speech. He said it very humbly. He was wondering vaguely if there was any possible chance for him to leave town for a day or two.

"Well, now, ain't I glad I met you

the very first one!" she cried, holding out the rough, worn hand and shaking hands with him earnestly. His own hand was white and soft and well kept but he grasped hers with a strong pressure.

"It's been the best thing for Bennie, coming here!" she said, after a minute wiping her eyes quite unaffectedly. "He'll make a fine man, I know, being with you. It ain't every day a boy has a chance to come on in the world like that—an' with such a man guidin' him. I told Bennie it was almost like havin' his father back again. An' Bennie's such a good boy. I couldn't tell in a year how good that boy's been to me and his sisters there at home. There ain't a month that he hasn't sent us money. I've been afraid he'd stint himself. An' last month when the mortgage came due, we thought the place was gone sure; but on the very day here come the two hundred dollars you sent him—an' me an' the girls just set down an' most cried our eyes out. It was good to know that nobody couldn't take our little home. We're going to get on fine now."

"The—the two hundred dollars?" gasped Mr. Lindley.

"Yes; it was so good of you to let him have it," said the old woman, folding and unfolding the comforter she had knit for Bennie, and folding unnumbered tears into it. "Of course, if he had asked me, I'd a' said not to borrow if we had to let the place go. The mortgage was put on by Bennie's father, heipin' one of his friends out of a tight place years ago—but we never borrowed, not so much as a cup of meal from a neighbor. What we couldn't pay for we did without. That's the way Bennie's been raised, an' I know it must o' hurt him to ask you for a loan; but he was near crazy about me an' his sisters losin' our home, I reckon. However, we'll all work together to pay it back. It may take a little longer than you think it ought to, but we'll pay it; you needn't be afraid of that."

The homely, shabby old woman from the backwoods sat upright with the pride and loyalty and honor of generations of good men and women shining in her sunburnt face. The head of the firm sat still and looked at the bundle of fruit cake on the desk before him until it took all kinds of odd shapes, until it swam and floated and was quite blurred out. After a while, moving painfully, he touched a bell, and a messenger came to the door. He sent the boy for Graham.

The young man came in, his face looking drawn and old. At sight of the old woman, who started up with a glad cry, he fell against the door, with a look like death on his face.

"Graham," said Mr. Lindley, briskly, before he could say a word—and Mr. Lindley knew how to speak in the most business like manner, though there was a curious break in his voice.

"Graham, your mother and I have been talking over that \$200 I let you have, and we wanted to hear from me that we not only think you are to be trusted, but that we are going to continue trusting you."

Mr. Lindley's voice falling him at this point, young Graham did a very unbusinesslike thing. He fell to his knees and buried his face in his mother's lap like a little boy. The hard old hands smoothing the boy's head were as gentle as if they had been the whiff of a breeze.

"There are great opportunities for a young man that proves himself worthy to be trusted," the head of the firm went on, clearing his throat. "And even if a boy did make a mistake—they have done it at times, you know, Graham—why, he might begin over again and make reparation and build up a good character."

The boy quivered through every hair, but he did not lift his head. Mr. Lindley's face had softened until his best friend would not have known him.

"And you might as well leave me the basket, comforter and all," he said, with the most engaging smile.

"I'd take it as a great favor if you would—because I am going to let you take this boy home with you to spend a week and rest up and get acquainted with his mother. He'll find the comforter hanging over his desk when he comes back. I think it'll be a good thing to keep it hanging there—make him think of his mother all day long. It's a good thing for a boy to think of his mother pretty often."

Mr. Sayers came in after a while and started back in amazement to see his chief sitting there in the office, which was the very synonym of dignity, cutting fruit cake with a paper knife and eating it, utterly indifferent to the fact that there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes and that glistening drops of it occasionally detached themselves and rolled down his face.

"Help yourself, Sayers," said the head of the firm, and old fruit cake—made in the country. By the way, Sayers, we're going to give young Graham another chance. Let him go back to his desk and get to work at once. Take some more of the cake—some o' that to take home to your wife an' children—wouldn't he like this?"—The Sacred Heart.

#### A PAGE FROM A MEMOIR.

The relatives of the famous beauty, Gracia Wells, who was so greatly admired at Newport, when the French officers were there in the days of the American Revolution, were shocked when she married a "Papist," the Count de Lac-Joselle.

At Newport, he had paid marked attention to this "prim and prond beauty," as his brother officer, De Lanzun, called her. It was not until she met him in President Washington's house at Philadelphia that she condescended to notice him. It was curious that she—a strict Protestant—should have wandered into the "Popish" chapel one afternoon, and been pleased to see the young count in his front before the mysterious lamp in front of the altar. His friend, De Brugere, had asked her to marry him; and, as De Brugere was liberal in all his beliefs, her people preferred him to any other foreigner. Gracia, tall and blonde,

with a face, as De Brugere said, "like that of the Princess de Lamballe, only beautiful," waited for him. He started and flashed when he saw her, and he began to apologize. "I am far from home," he said, "and my mother—"

"Why is it," she asked, with sternness in her blue eyes, "that you French are ashamed of all that is good and of nothing that is bad? If your nation is all like you, there must come a terrible reckoning."

He blushed again and fumbled with his gold-laced hat.

"You are right," he said, gravely, "but you must not judge all our nation by myself, or by my friends, De Brugere, De Lanzun—"

The two walked in silence eastward to the Delaware, and thence to Gracia's aunt's house in Trent street. But the silence brought them together in a way that the white heron's plume, the fan painted by Fraguand, and the scented gloves, which Gracia's mother had allowed her to accept in the simple American way, or a thousand witty speeches had never done.

In time, Gracia had her way, in spite of all arguments, and, in the "Popish chapel," she consented to become Madame Lac-Joselle, having adopted the faith of her forefathers, and she and her husband sailed, with the troops of the Count de Rochambeau, to France. Her husband's friends, who were very gay, called her "Mees Prim," but they admired her, and the songs and speeches of mere poetic license, which some of the ladies of society did not object to, were hashed in her presence.

Once she had a stormy scene with Fernand de Brugere, one of her husband's friends. It was after dinner at the Chateau de Lac-Joselle. De Brugere had joined the party of Robespierre, and he had come, very amiably, to say good-bye to the aristocrat, Lac-Joselle. The thunders of the Terror were beginning to be heard.

"I drink to Reason, the goddess of Reason," De Brugere said, raising his glass; "Reason, the enemy of lies, of superstition, of religion," and he laughed.

Lac-Joselle knew De Brugere's power, and his heart sank as he saw his wife rise and her chair, and take her boy's hand in hers.

"Monsieur de Brugere," she said, "you must respect children and women. You were once an innocent child, though I can scarcely believe it—and you mother would do what I do now."

She curtseyed very low, drew her boy of ten after her, and left the room. De Brugere did not rise; he lolled in his chair lazily, but his eyes flashed.

"The American blood!" he laughed harshly. "I told her once that if you were dead, I would marry her. Ciel! She is splendid, and I believe that my mother would have done the same thing. I told her once—and I will swear to her again—that I will be even for her scorn of me! She knows that I shall soon hold your fate and hers in the hollow of my hand, and yet, for her religion she defies me! Good-bye, Lac-Joselle. I came to dinner to-day only for a sight of her. Henceforth we are enemies."

Forgetting prudence and the fact that De Brugere was his guest, Lac-Joselle put his hand on his sword.

"Come, Monsieur de Lac-Joselle, do not let us fight! I shall not avenge your wife's insult now," De Brugere said, with his hand on the knob of the door. "Your wife is a good woman; a valiant Catholic; but France does not need such women now; they make us uncomfortable!"

He was gone. Lac-Joselle shuddered. You could hear wild shouts from the village. The parish church was in flames. "Ca ira!" yelled the crowd. "A ira!" it meant; death to all with her in the chateau. And he realized now that De Brugere, who had dined with him in a half-friendly way, was his enemy.

"The goodness of my wife has ruined us," he said. "Well we must try to escape."

At the garden gate Lac-Joselle, his wife and little Louis met the mob. Aristocrats, cried the leader, who was masked. "The father and the cub must die! As for you, madame," the man added, in a voice that Gracia knew too well, "you are a child of the sister nation for which I fought. Go, madame," he added, with a cynical laugh, "and see whether you can live by your goodness."

She clung to the little Louis. His yellow hair shining in the moonlight was the last thing she saw, as she fell back fainting into the bed of halcyon, at the foot of the statue of Niobe.

The rage and sin of Paris, the hatred of God, pent up for years, was having its way. Priests had gone out in crowds from the Carmelite monastery, now a den of murderers, to their death in blood. An actor from one of the theaters, more kind hearted than the others, had sat behind the blood stained table, acting as judge for some time. He had just been relieved by the Citizen Brugere. A pale man, with a blonde child by the hand, had come through the reek and smoke and the ranks of pikes, to be examined.

"Ah, ha!" Brugere said, looking more cynical than ever, in his red shirt and cap of liberty. "Two aristocrats. The big one, and the little one! You'll have to die, my friends. The little may grow up, and he will be harder to kill!"

Lac-Joselle made no reply; he stood erect, but he seemed to have lost consciousness. A woman draped in a long, black cloak, made her way, in spite of opposition, to the opposite side of this terrible table of judgment. She was white, but her eyes were luminous with grief and hope.

"The little one!" she said; "my husband! The little one!"

The child held out his hands. De Brugere's face lighted up.

"Madame," he said, in a whisper, "dny that this is your husband or your child. You are an American—the I know it. Dany that you are the wife of Lac-Joselle and the mother of his child. They are not known; I may, then, say that they are of the

people. Let your wife lie with grace," he said, in a low tone to Lac-Joselle, "and disown you. You and the boy may go then."

Gracia stood erect, facing her husband, and the boy, who dropped his hands to his sides at a sharp, low word from his father.

An citizen of America, formerly the Countess Lac-Joselle," said De Brugere, with evident enjoyment of the situation. "These persons are claim, from pride or foolishness, to be your former husband and son. They are fools, idiots! And the guillotine is not far off. The circle about the table were breathless. What would he do?"

To deny her child, to lie in his face, to cast him off, to save the two she loved most in life by a falsehood? Her husband looked at her, hope and love in his eyes. To lie in her child's presence, even to save his life? It would be to die with him.

"These are my husband and my son," she said, in a low voice. There was silence in the group immediately around the table, but loud cries came from the courtyard. De Brugere started and looked straight into her eyes. "The goodness of my wife has destroyed us!" Lac-Joselle muttered.

De Brugere heard him, and laughed. "A good woman!" he said, solemnly. "Of the race of Regulus," cried the stony-faced man at his side.

The mob took up the shout.

"Your goodness," he said, half-mockingly, "has enabled you to live. If you had lied," he added, in her ear, "I would have killed them and you. The loss of one bad woman would not have mattered; but you are too rare a creature to kill. Go with your husband and child. The way will be made for you."

"Of the race of Regulus!" the mob said.

And drunken murderers in the courtyard echoed it, as she passed with her precious ones to freedom!

When Madame de Lac-Joselle died, twenty years after, the lawyers found, in her will, a bequest of perpetual Masses for the soul of Fernand de Brugere.

"At least," he said, when he was on his way to the guillotine with the Duke of Orleans, "I can recall one good deed!"

Orleans laughed.

"You have an unusual memory," he answered. —Maurice Francis Egan in Benziger's.

**HOT-WATER HEATING BY MONKS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.**

The Catholic Columbian prints and credits to the Rev. T. G. Dickinson, London, Ohio, a Methodist minister, the following tribute to the monks of the early Christian period of Greenland.

We live in an age of discovery, and pride ourselves upon the things that are new, modern and up-to-date, as we say. We enter our residences and public buildings to find them heated with steam and hot water. Those who sell us our heating apparatus usually advise the hot water system and tell us it is the latest method and the best. We invest, and find there is great comfort in it and praise the modern men of genius.

It will interest some of our readers to know how long ago hot water was used for heating purposes. The story is not long, and I will tell it as I cut it from some old reliable history not much read.

Early in the twelfth century, when the Roman Pontiff began to plan for the salvation of those who lived in "the islands of the seas," in 1106 a Bishop's See was established in Iceland, and in 1112 Pope Paschal II. appointed Eric Gunnpsson Bishop of Greenland and Vinland in partibus infidelium. This Bishop organized the diocese of Greenland and perished at his post; and Bishop Arnold succeeded him in 1124.

There followed a succession of Bishops until 1409, Eudrede Andreasson being the last bishop; and then the early Christian colony disappeared from the map of Greenland.

The colony was founded by Eric the Red. A monastery was erected and dedicated to St. Olaf, which in English is St. Thomas. Friars from Norway and adjacent lands came to visit it. It stood close to a hill "which vomited fire like Vesuvius and Etna." There was also a great hot water spring near by. The friars conceived the idea of heating with hot water; and by means of pipes, not as good, perhaps, as we make now, they conducted the hot water from the boiling spring into their monastery and church and were comfortable in coldest weather. This water as it came into their kitchen is said to have been hot enough to boil meats and vegetables.

This is not all; they made covered gardens or hot-beds, and heated them with this water and raised fruits, herbs and vegetables that grow out of doors in milder climates. Humboldt tells us that such gardens were constructed by Albertus Magnus in the Dominican monastery at Cologne in the thirteenth century.

Solomon was right when he said, "There is nothing new under the sun." The early heralds of the cross were often men of genius as well as heroes, and not a few were statesmen. The Catholic Church has blazed the way into all lands and the islands of the seas and in self-supporting missions she stands at the head in our day as of old.

The casket was made for the jewel, not the jewel for the casket. So the body was made for the soul, not the soul for the body. As the jewel is of far more value than its case, so the soul is of far more value than its earthly tabernacle. Only as the case serves the jewel is it worth anything, and only as the body serves the soul is it useful.

All disturbing thoughts have vanished; the air is full of a kind of balm; and we wonder if it may not be that an angel has been by our side and dropped the dewy fragrance from his wings before he passed back to heaven.

#### IGNOMINIOUS MARRIAGE

AN INFAMOUS RACE

In relation to any race whatsoever, a paradox, says the Journal. The flag is honored by it. A not patriotic, but a traitor—traitors to ideals representing of the republic.

Then, since bigotry is not less than a national principle, of its activity, the Irish race, whose history, again, the Catholic discover the first explorer, where devotion the of the early section; of the men; witness; of the men; grant of religious; established freedom; ica? What shall be able stand against the ranks of Wash; victory in the civil; are devoting their and valor to the army and navy?

The base ingratitude folly, the ignominy in these bigotry in these would be indeed dishonor, a national vengeance upon the morbid and abominably ingrogrity rise to the dignity of retribution. In of financial prizes losing more than stiveness to the It is losing, at a saving sense of rise of an anti-Columbian recognize the iron petty prejudice the appeal to the broad-minded and physical that much must of heredity. The fanatical fires of religious persecuting the intellect of intellectual brilliant generations Plymouth Rock. west have no assimilating or neither heritage thrust upon the conciliably alien there. Hence attention throughout the Catholic or Gaelic were not its sisterly appeal which takes the heel of Comedy 1

A time was, ago, when in acceding the of "ex priests" "cloister" and ottonous certium room or brother tioning the ugnorant and ally disproved the intelligent, as the sensation hypocritical Churches and believed that the vulgar count bigotry, had ex for our counte capacities for dent by the ad current press, and landladies sorts of American the erroneous readers.

Mr. Robinson woods of Beye of No Man's dome to the e try boarding board of the Americans are \$5. weekly dren, Irish a the day!

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