In Your Own Interest

We advise you strongly to Read this Announcement

How would you like to count between the institutions of your town a large store employing the help of 2,000 people? Don't you think it would mean a great convenience and economy to you when you would do all your shopping right there? Just so, and that is exactly what we are offering you now by prepaying the Freight or Express Charges to all railway stations east of Toronto, and as far west as Winnipeg, on \$25.00 worth of goods ordered from our Fall and Winter Catalogue. Where the rate to points outside of Winnipeg is the same as to Winnipeg, we also prepay all charges. Of

course, you cannot always buy \$25.00 worth of goods at one time, but why not unite your orders with those of your friends and neighbors and send us a club order? This saves a great deal of shipping expenses, because the goods are shipped to one address. The savings thus made are all yours.

We manufacture most of the garments we sell. When one quotes such low prices on good goods as we do, it is not necessary to say much about them. Therefore, if you never bought anything from us by mail, do it now.

Money Back If Goods Not Satisfactory

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

Little Talk, but Big Facts Our Motto

A Splendid Quartette of Simpson Bargains



This Taffeta Silk Waist

is one of the finest Waist opportunities that ever was offered. We have made a special study of the manufacture of this particular garment, and we now claim that it is the best Silk Waist on the market, considering its price.

\$2.39

A Beautiful Garment

No other garment contributes to a woman's graceful carriage more than a stylish wellmade skirt. The one we offer here could not be surpassed for style, fit, finish and quality. It's made of black vicuna cloth of a fine supple quality, is unlined, has inverted seams over the hips, stitched strapping and deep leated gore seams. It's a splendid bargain for \$3.75 and if after reception you think it otherwise, just return the skirt and get your money back. We supply them in lengths from 38 to 42 inches and waistbands up to 28 inches. Cut out this ad. when sending your order.

\$3.45



Buy It Now

Remember that the muskrat fur skins used in the lining of this Coat were bought before the raise in fur prices. As long as our stock lasts, you can buy these coats at the actual figure \$47.50.

We make this coat to your measure, the cloth well shrunk, best canvas used for staying, silk stitching on all seams, closing with covered barrel buttons and fine mohair cord loops. Cut according to the latest style, with full loose back. We guarantee the coat to fit. The body of the coat is lined thoughout, including the sleeves, with selected prime furred muskrat skins, well matched and carefully sewn. Collar of No. 1 grade Otter skins, in either shawl or lapel style, as shown in cut. Cut out this ad. when sending your order.



\$47.50 THAT'S ALL \$47.50

Men's Overcoat **Special**

Anyone looking for a good Winter Coat ought to be interested in this item. A good Winter Coat requires good material; this one is made of English Thebet Cloth in a rich grey and black mixed ground, showing a faint red and green overplaid. They are made by our own workmen, which enables us to control quality, finish and price. The special feature about them is the broad chest effect, with broad, nicely moulded shoulders and hand padded collars; lined with black satin finished Venetian with silk. Made 46 to 48 inches long, with deep vent in the back. Sizes 35 to 44. When ordering cut out this ad.

A SIMPSON **BARGAIN**

\$9.95

THE ROBERT SIMPSON

TORONTO, CANADA

COMPANY

THE RULING PASSION

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

A LOVER OF MUSIC

He entered the backwoods village of Bytown literally on the wings of the wind. It whirled him along like a big snowflake, and dropped him at the door of Moody's "Sportsmen's Retreat," as it he were a New Year's gift from the North Pole. His coming seemed a mere chance; but perhaps there was something more in it, after all. At all events, you shall hear, if you will, the time and the manner of his arrival.

It was the last night of December, some thirty-live years ago. All the city sportsmen who had hunted the deer under Bill Moody's direction had long since retreated to their homes, leaving the little settlement on the border of the Adirondack wilderness wholly under

were piled up, with their legs project-ing in the air like a thicket of very dead trees. The huge stove in the South-east corner was blushing a rosy red through its thin coat of whitewash, and

with the smell of baked iron. At the can't trust 'em to keep anthin' 'cept north end, however, winter reigned; and there were tiny ridges of fine snow on the floor, sifted in by the wind through the cracks in the window-

Rut the bouncing girls and the heavy-Rut the bouncing girls and the heavyfooted guides and lumbermen who filled
the ball-room did not appear to mind
the heat or the cold. They balanced
and "sashayed" from the tropics to
the artic circle. They swung at corners
and made "ladies' change" all through
the temperate zone. They stamped
their feet and did double-shuffles until
the floor tromplad beneath them. The the floor trembled beneath them. tin lamp reflectors on the walls rattled like castanets.

There was only one drawback to the hilarity of the occasion. The band, which was usually imported from Sandy River Forks for such festivities—a fid-dle, a cornet, a flute, and an accordion —had not arrived. There was a general idea that the mail sleigh, in which the musicians were to travel, had been The annual ball was in full swing in the dining-room of the hotel. At one side of the room the tables and chairs who was naturally of a possibility way were piled no, with their law. who was naturally of a pessimistic tem-perament, had offered a different explanation

the toon, and they don't alluz keep that. Guess we might uz well shet up this ball, or go to work playin' games.

At this proposal a thick gloom had fallen over the assembly; but it had been dispersed by Serena Moody's cheerful offer to have the small melodion brought out of the parlour, and to play for dancing as well as she could. The company agreed that she was a smart girl, and prepared to accept her performance with enthusiasm. As the dance went on, there were frequent comments of approval to encourage her in the labour of love.

"Sereny's doin' splendid, ain't she?"
said the other girls. To which the men replied, "You bet! The playin's reel nice, and good nough for anybody—outside o'city folks."

But Serena's repertory was weak, though her spirit was willing. There was an unspoken sentiment among the men that "The Sweet By and By" was not quite the best tune in the world for a quadrille. A Sunday school hymn, no matter how rapidly it was rendered, seemed to fall short of the necessary vivacity for a polka. Besides, the wheezy little organ positively refused to go faster than a certain gait. Hose

finish, when he said : "By Jolly! that old maloney may be chock full o' relijun and po'try; but it

ain't got no dance into it, no more'n a saw-mill."

This was the situation of affairs inside of Moody's tavern on New Year's Eve. But outside of the house the snow lay two feet deep on the level, and shoulder high in the drifts. The sky was at last swept clean of clouds. The shrivering stars and the shrunken moon looked infinitely remote in the black vault of heaven. The frozen lake, on which the ice was three feet thick and solid as rock, was like a vast, smooth bed, covered with a white counterpane. The cruel wind still poured out of the north-west, driving the dry snow along with

it like a mist of powered diamonds.

Enveloped in this dazzling, pungent atmosphere, half blinded and bewildered by it, buffeted and yet supported by the onrushing torrent of air, a man on snow shoes, with a light pack on his shoulders emerged from the shelter of the Three Sisters Islands, and staggered straight on, down the lake. He passed the headland of the bay where Moody's tavern is ensconced, and probably would have drifted on beyond it, to the marsh at the lower end of the lake, but irg in the air like a thicket of very dead trees. The huge stove in the Southest corner was blushing a rosy red through its thin coat of whitewash, and exhaling a furious dry heat flavoured of the music fellers is onsartin; a planation.

'I tell ye, old Baker's got that of the instrument, after a figure in which he and his partner had been half a bar ahead of the music from start to dancing which came out to him suddenly

through a lull in the wind.

He turned to the right, climbed over the low wall of broken ice blocks that bordered the lake, and pushed up the gentle slope to the open passage way by which the two parts of the rambling house were joined together. Crossing the porch with the last remnant of his strength, he lifted his hand to knock, and fell heavily against the side door. and fell heavily against the side door.

The noise, heard through the confusion within, awakened curiosity and Just as when 2 letter comes to a forest cabin, it is turned over and over,

through a lull in the wind.

and many guesses are made as to the handwriting and the authorship before it occurs to any one to open it and see who sent it, so was this rude knocking at the gate the occasion of argumen among the rustic revellers as to what it might portend. Some thought it was the arrival of the belated band. Others supposed the sound betokened a descent of the Corey clan from the Upper Lake, or a change of heart on the part of old Dan Dunning, who had refused to at-tend the ball because they would not allow him to call out the figures. The allow hin to call out the figures. The guesses were various; but no one thought of the possible arrival of a stranger at such an hour on such a night, until Serena suggested that it would be a good plan to open the door. Then the unbidden guest was discovered lying benumbed along the threshold.

There was no want of knowledge as to what should be done with a half frezen man, and no lack of ready hands frezen man, and no lack of ready hands to do it. They carried him not to the warm stove, but into the semi arctic region of the parlor. They rubbed his face and his hands vigorously with snow. They gave him a drink of hot tea flavored with whiskey—or perhaps it was a drink of whiskey with a little hot tea in it—and then, as his senses tegan to return to him, they rolled him in a blanket and left him on a sofa to thaw out gradually, while thay went on thaw out gradually, while thay went on with the dance.

Naturally, he was the favorite sub-

ject of conversation for the next hour.
"Who is he, anyhow? I never seen
'im before. Where'd he come from?"

'im before. Where'd he come from?''
asked the girls.

"I dunno," said Bill Moody; "he
didn't say much. Talk seemed all
froze up Frenchy, 'cordin' to what he
did say. Guess he must a come from
Canady, workin' on a lumber job up
Raquette River way. Got bounced out
o' the camp, p'raps. All them
Frenchies is queer."
This summary of national character

Frenchies is queer."
This summary of national character appeared to command general assent.
"Yaas," said Hose Ransom, "did ye take note how he hung on to that pack o'his'n all the time? Wouldn't let go on it. Wonder what 't wuz? Seemed kinder holler'n light, fer all 'twuz so big an' wropped up in lots o' covering."

in's."

"What's the use of wonderin'?"
said one of the younger boys; "fird out later on. Now's the time fer dancin.' Whoop'er up!"
So the sound of revelry swept on again in full flood. The men and maids went careering up and down the room. Serena's willing fingers laboured patiently over the yellow keys of the reluctant melodion. But the ancient instrument was weakening under the strain; the bellows creaked; the notes grew more and more asthmatic. grew more and more asthmatic.

"Hold the Fort" was the tune,
"Money Musk" was the dance; and
it was a preposterously bad fit. The
figure was tangled up like a fishing line after trolling all day without a swivel. The dancers were doing their best, de-termined to be happy, as cheerful as possible, but all out of time. The organ was whirring and gasping and groaning for breath.

Suddenly a new music filled the

room.
The right tune—the real old joyful
"Money Musk," played jubilantly,
irresistibly—on a fiddle!
The melodion gave one final gasp of

Every one looked up. There, in the parlour door, stood the stranger, with with his coat off, his violin hugged close under his chin, his right arm making the bow fly over the strings, his black eyes sparkling, and his stockinged

"t et marking time to the tune.
"Dansez! dansez!" he cried "en evant! Don' spik." Don' res'! Ah'll goin play de feedle fo' yo' jess moch yo'lak,' eef yo'h'only danse!"

The music gushed from the bow like water from the rock when Moses touched it. Tune followed tune with touched it. Tune followed tune with endless fluency and variety—polkas, galops, reels, jigs, quadrilles; fragments of airs from many lands—"The fisher's Hrnpipe," "Charlie is my Darling," "Marianne s'en va-t-au Moulin," "P. tit Jean," "Jordan is a Hard Road to Trabbel," woven together after the strangest fashion and set to the liveliest cadence. set to the liveliest cadence.

It was a magical performance. No one could withstand it. They all danced together, like the leaves on the shivering poplars when the wind blows shivering poplars when the wind blows through them. The gentle Serena was swept away from her stool at the organ as if she were a little canoed drawn into the rapids, and Bill Moody stepped high and cut pigeon wings that had been forgotten for a generation. It was long after midnight when the dancers paused, breathless and ex-

Waal," said Hose Ransom, "that waal, said Hose Ransom, 'that jess the high-tonedest misis we ever nad to Bytown, You're a reel player, Frenchy, that's what you are. What's your name? Where'd you come from? Where you goin' to? What brought you here anyhow?''

'Mo!?' said Hose Addlers are warmen.

you here anyhow?"

"Moi?" said the fiddler, dropping his bow and taking a long breath. "Mah nem Jacques Tremblay. Ah'll ben come from Kebeck. We're goin'? Ah dunno. Prob'ly Ah'll stop dis place, esf dis yo' lak' dat feedle so moch, hein?"

His hand passed caressingly over the smooth brown wood of the violin. He

smooth brown wood of the violin. He drew it up close to his face again, as if he would have kissed it, while his eyes wandered timidly around the circle of wandered timidly around the circle of listeners, and rested at last, with a question in them, on the face of the hotel keeper. Moody was fairly warm ed, for once, out of his customary tem per of mistrust and indecision. He spoke up promptly.

"You kin stop here jess long's you

like. We don' care where you come from, an' you needn't to go no fu'ther, 'less you wanter. But we ain't got no use for French names round here. Guess we'll call him Fiddlin' Jack, hey, Scoon'? He kin do the chores in the Sereny? He kin do the chores in the day-time, an play the fiddle at nights." This was the way in which Bytown came to have a lover of music among its permanent inhabitants.

Jacques dropped into his place and alled it as if it had been made for him. There was something in his disposition that seemed to fit him for just the role that was vacant in the social drama of the settlement. It was not a parlone, important, responsible past a serious, important, responsible part, like that of a farmer, or a store keeper, or a professional hunter. It was rather an addition to the regular programme of existence, something unannounced and voluntary, and therefore not and voluntary, and therefore not weighted with too heavy responsibil-ities. There was a touch of the tran-sient and uncertain about it. He seemed like a perpetual visitor; and yet he stayed on as steadily as a native, never showing, from the first, the slightest wish or intention to leave the

woodland village. I do not mean that he was an idler. Bytown had not yet arrived at that stage of civilization in which an orna-mental element is supported at the public expense.

public expense.

He worked for his living, and earned it. He was full of a quick, cheerful industry; and there was nothing that needed to be done about Moody's establishment, from the wood pile to the ice-house at which he did not bear a hand willingly and well.

"He kin work like a heave!"

"He kin work like a beaver." said Bill Moody, talking the stranger over down at the post-office one day; "but I don't b'lieve he's got much ambition, Jess does his work and takes his wages, and then gits his fiddle out and plays."

"Tell ye what," says Hose Ransom, who set up for the village philosopher, "he ain't got no 'magination. That's what makes men slack. He don't know what it means to rise in the world; don't care fer anythin' ez much ez he don't care fer anythin' ez much ez he does fer his music. He's jess like a bird; let him have 'nough to eat and a chance to sing and he's all right, What's he 'magine about a house of his

own, and a barn, and sich things?"

Hosea's illustration was suggested by his own experience. He had just put the profits of his last summer's guiding into a new barn, and his imagination was already at work planning an addition to his house in the shape of a kitchen L.

But in spite of his tone of contempt, he had a kindly feeling for the unambitious fielder. Indeed, this was the attitude of pretty much every one in the community. A few men of the rougher sort had made fun of him at first, and there had been one or two at empts at rude handling. But Jacques was determined to take no offence; and he was so good humored, so obliging, so pleasant in his way of whistling and singing about his work, that all unfriendliness soon died out.

He had literally played his way into the affections of the village. The winter seemed to pass more swiftly and merrily than it had done before the violin was there. He was always ready to bring it out, and draw all kinds music from its strings, as long as any one wanted to listen or to dance. It made no difference whether there

was a roomful of listeners, or only a couple, Fiddlin' Jack was just as glad couple, Fiddlin' Jack was just as glad to play. With a little, quiet audience, he loved to try the quaint, plaintive airs of the old French songs—"A la Claire Fontaine," "Un Canadien Errant," and "Isabeaus'y Promene" —and bits of simple melody from the great composers and familiar Scotch and English ballads—things that he picked up heaven knows where, and picked up heaven knows where, and into which he put a world of meaning, sad and sweet.

He was at his best in this vein when he was alone with Serena in the kit-chen—she with a piece of sewing in her lap, sitting beside the lamp; he in the corner by the stove, with the brown violin tucked under his chin, wandering on from one air to another, and periectly content if she looked up now and then from her work and told

now and then from her work and told him that she liked the tune. Serena was a pretty girl, with smooth, silky hair, and eyes of the color of the nodding harebells that blossom on the nodding harebells that blossom on the edge of the woods. She was slight and delicate. The neighbrrs called her sickly; and a great doctor from Philadelphia who had spent a summer at Bytown had put his ear to her chest, and looked grave, and said that she ought to winter in a mild climate. That was before people had discovered the Adirpodacks as a saintarium for consumpondacks as a sanitarium for consump-

But the inhabitants of Bytown were not in the way of paying much attention to the theories of physicians in regard to climate. They held that if you were rugged, it was a great advantaged. tage, almost a virtue; but if you were sickly, you just had to make the best of it, and get along with the weather as

well as you could.

So Serena stayed at home and adapted herself very cheerfully to the situation. She kept indoors in winter more than the other rights and hed a quieter. WAY he other girls, and had a quieter way about her; but you would never have called her an invalid. There was only a clearer blue in her eyes, and a smoother furtre on her brown hair, and a brighter spot of red on her cheek. She was particularly fond of reading and of music. It was this that made her so glad of the arrival of the violin. The violin's master knew it, and turned the violin's master knew it, and turned to her as a sympathetic soul. I think he liked her eyes too, and the soft tones of her voice. He was a sentimentalist, this little Canadian, for all he was so merry; and love, but that comes later. merry; and love-but that comes later.

Where'd you get your fiddle, Jack?" said Serena, one night as they sat to-gether in the kitchen.
"Ah'll get heem in Kebeck," an-

swered Jacques, passing his hand lightly over the instrument, as he alalways did when any one spoke of it.
"Vair nice violon, hein? W'at you
t'ink? 'Mah'ole teacher, to de Jollege he was gif' me dat violon, w'en Ah was

gone away to de woods."
"I want to know! Were you in the

OCTOBER 14, 19 College? What'd you woods for?"

"Ah'll get tire' frau -read, read, read, h'all not lak dat so moch.

not lak dat so moch.
door—run aroun'—padd
wid de boys in de wo
dance at ma musique,
was fon! P'raps you
good, hein? You t'in
beeg fool, Ah suppose?
"I dunno," said Se
to commit herself, bt
gently, as women do, to to commit herself, by gently, as women do, thad in view when she in Dunno's you're any mann that keeps on doi like. But what made from the boys in the wown this way?"

A shade passed over Jacques. He turned lamp and bent over the threes, fir gering the sti

knees, firgering the str Then he spoke, in a

voice.

"Ah'll tole you son selle Serene. You myou h'ask me dat reason Dat's somet'ing vair.

Ah can't nevair tole dat. There was something said it that gave a che curiosity and turned man with a secret in h new element in her en new element in her echapter in a book, enough at heart to resolve the kept away frouground. But the king was there gave a facques and his broidered some strang

that secret while she Other people at I forbearing. They tri find out semething about

past, but he was no He talked about Cana ans do. But about hi If the questions be he would try to play his inquisitors with ne did not succeed, he violin under his arm out of the room. At lowed him at such a have heard him draw ancholy music from sitting alone in the darkness of his own Once and only on come near betrayin was how it happened

There was a part night, and Bull Core night, and Bull Core from the Uppe: Lake up with whiskey. Bull was an ugly The more he drank point, the steadier and the more neces him to fight someboo pugnacity that nig set toward Fiddlin' Bull began with The fiddling did not

too quick, or else it failed to perceive tolerate such music nal regions, and he in plain words to t damned the p even the faintest p But the majori gave him no suppor they told him to saled fiddled along cheer

Then Buil returafter having fortibar room. And n grounds. The Fronince, a most deswere not a patch o were not a patch o race. They tall their language w had a condemned, off their hats wh lady. They ate fr Having delivere sentiments in a lov interruption of the was sitting

violin from his has "Gimme that d " till I see if ther Jacques leaped ported with rage. vulsed. His eyes a carving knife hind him, aud spr Tort Dieu!" violon! Ah'll ke But he could Bill Moody's lo

around the stru

pair of brawny go by the elbows, h Half a dezen n between the There was a dead feet on the bare was past, and a forth. But a strange over Jacques.

turned white. 'cheeks. As M dropped on his hands, and " My God, it not enough the ness yet another

the mercy town Virgin's sake. the second time not the secon gratia plena, oro The others d he was saying little attention was frightened with fear. The ing what cugh

fracas. It was plain liquor had now and made him cedar bark, mu door, and left to But what to d his attempt crime? He with a gun, c chair, or with But with a car serious offence him to jail a out, and duck him, and drive