

A Fur Collared Overcoat for \$15.00



To get you interested in our catalogue for fall and winter 1906, which we will send you free on receipt of your name and address, we are going to quote one of the paragraphs on the first page. It relates to one of the best values in winter overcoats ever offered in Canada. Our catalogue is filled brim full with excellent values in clothing for men and women, and general merchandise of all kinds, but nothing from cover to cover is of more direct interest just now when harvesting is done and plans for winter are in order. Here it is:—

"A Special \$15.00 Winter Overcoat of fine Black English Beaver cloth, in close smooth finish, with attached fur shawl shape collar of German Otter; lined with heavy quilted Italian cloth and mohair sleeve linings. Made double breasted and fastened with barrel buttons and "frog" keepers. This coat has all the appearance and style of a fur-lined coat at 4 times this price at the same time being lighter in weight and almost equally warm. Sizes 35 to 44 \$15.00. Large sizes \$1.00 per inch extra."

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The
Robert

WRITE TO-DAY

SIMPSON Co.
Limited

TORONTO,
ONT.

Glass Eyed Bill.

By LLOYD OSBOURNE.

He was plainly new to God's country and showed it by his artless contempt of God's Own. Bob Hammil, the driver of the Las Vegas stage, condescended a little to his only passenger—offered him a nip, together with a few reflections on the universe—and went out of his way to say some nice things about "over thar." But the straight-backed, yellow-mustached, soldierly looking gentleman from "over thar" received these advices with inarticulate murmurs of repression; and on their being repeated, turned away the light of his countenance from Robert Hammil and engrossed himself in the scenery of California. This was a pity, not only for its tacit denial of the brotherhood of man, but as it later on involved the descent of the straight-backed gentleman into what might be called space—together with a dressing-case, despatch-box, hat-box, portmanteau, gun-case, portable bath, and a roll of steamer rugs. The stage dropped him at the dusty cross-roads, disappearing in the direction of what a rusty iron notice said was Watsonville, while the erstwhile passenger gazed blankly at another on which was the half obliterated inscription: El Nido Ranch.

A little unbending on the part of the gentleman from "over thar" would have resulted in Bob's taking a detour and disembarking him all complete at his destination; and this for no other toll than a grasp of the hand at parting and a hearty "you're welcome" as he whipped up his four horses. But Captain Anstruther was unused to a scheme of things where a ready fellowship counted for more than money. All his life people had automatically arisen to carry his baggage, move him in the proper direction, and answer generally for his comfort and well being. To find himself on a dusty road, in the heart of a wild and lonely

country, an orphan traveller so to speak, with nobody to take care of him but himself—was it any wonder that Captain Claude George Pennifield Anstruther looked somewhat depressed, or that the tails of his pugree drooped limply in the ambient air of the Golden State?

Of course he had a pugree, and strange, enormous shoes with hobnails in them, and a wonderful checked knickerbocker costume, involving a

weird variety of gaiter that stopped half way up his calf. He was no less singular inside than out, and next his skin was a leather money-belt, and he was wound round and round with flannel to keep him from having cholera, and concealed about his person was a silver drinking-cup that cost eight guineas at Silver's, and a compact little filter that weighed only a pound, and an extraordinary knife of extraordinary size, which had a folding spoon in it, and a gimlet and a saw and a sailor's needle. He had been "outfitted" in London at an expense of a hundred pounds sterling, and that was why he clanked as he walked and

dug things into him when he sat down. Why California should require such terrific preparations it is not for the narrator to say. Perhaps it is because the narrator does not know. Does anybody know, indeed, why the Briton abroad should assume a guise likely to tempt the lightning from its path and interfere with the stars in their courses?

Captain Claude George Pennifield Anstruther regarded his dressing-case, despatch-box, hat-box, portmanteau, gun-case, portable bath and roll of steamer rugs with a dawning sense that British solidity and dead-weight might be carried too far. He was even more of this opinion by the time he had conveyed these articles to the shelter of some adjacent chapparal and had lopped off (with the help of the knife with the folding-spoon, the gimlet, saw and sailor's needle) enough dusty branches to hide them from the gaze of possible passers-by.

This accomplished, he set off, in no very rosy frame of mind, to follow the road to El Nido Ranch. He did not step out with the air of a man assured of a bath, a Scotch and soda, and a hospitable welcome. On the contrary, he wore the set expression of one engaged with a very disagreeable duty, and his mind, instead of dwelling on the beautiful and romantic scenery, was weighted like lead besides with the memory of a dressing-case, despatch-box, hat-box, portmanteau, gun-case, portable bath, and roll of steamer rugs left unchecked in the cloak-room of high Heaven. However, he advanced manfully, swinging a very thick stick, and printing the mountain-road with a hobnailed pattern that puzzled those little woodmen, the school children, for days afterwards. A mile—two miles—and then he came in sight of some straggly red buildings on a hill. The captain pegged away; the red buildings grew redder and larger; one of them, almost a factory for size, curtly informing him, in letters ten feet high, that it was a WINERY.



"The stage dropped him at the dusty cross-roads."