

A GREAT MAIL-ORDER HOUSE



Coats, Cloaks, Dresses, Waists

In our magnificent Cloak Department we demonstrate to the most fashionably fastidious that the Ready-to-Wear idea includes the highest degree of style together with its undoubted qualities of convenience and economy. For this department, as in Dress Goods, a specialist tours the foremost cities of Europe, where fashion has her abiding place and styles are born. Paris, Nice, The Riviera, Vienna, Berlin and London are each visited and searched for what is best and newest. Thousands of dollars worth of imported gowns and wraps are to be seen in the department whenever you come to Toronto. Each one is a jewel of its kind. With these masterpieces as authorities, our designers catch the subtleties of changing fashion. The result is, that Simpson's Coats, Jackets and Suits are exactly what Canadian ladies find best suits them. The further consideration of economy firmly establishes this department as all that a woman of taste and judgment could wish.

At your service through the Malls.

Gloves and Hosiery

About Gloves we can say this:—We carry the best gloves made anywhere in the world. Accident only allows a poor pair of gloves in the stock, and in such rare cases, we are always ready and anxious to make the matter right. About Hosiery we may make the same claim to superior values as we make about gloves. We positively claim a larger range of fancy hose than any other store in the Dominion. Our Mail Order System gives you full choice.

ONE of the features in the history of the quickening of Canada's West has been the growth of the Robert Simpson Company's business, and the spread of their Mail Order influence throughout the length and breadth of the land. That service is at the reader's disposal this present moment, and here are some of the advantages the Canadian Postal Service brings almost literally to your very door.

The stock of the Robert Simpson Company in the Dress Goods Department stands at the forefront of dress goods stocks in America. An experienced buyer is retained to watch the markets of Europe and spends weeks every season touring the manufacturing cities of France, England and Germany. If it is in good taste, it will be seen here in our store in Toronto about as quick as it is placed on sale in the shops of Paris and London. Our output is so big that our orders are correspondingly so, and our influence has extended to every manufacturing centre of importance. Thus we receive the first choice and selection.

Dress Goods Wash Goods and Silks

The Malls bring Simpson's Dress Goods stock within your reach.

Canada's Authoritative Millinery Salon

Paris gives the world its ideas of right and wrong in millinery. By simple virtue of artistic taste and originality the fair capital of France holds the millinery sceptre, and twice a year our millinery ambassador pilgrimages thither to receive the edicts of Paris at first hand. Our commissionaire, moreover, keeps us in touch with the rise and fall of fashion throughout each season, and all the new things—the novelties, the innovations, the popularities, the changes, the modifications which take place between the bi-yearly visits of our own buyer—are sent to us without the delay of an unnecessary day.

Ordering a Simpson Hat by Mail is as easy as posting a letter.

Whitewear, Corsets and Underwear

All the famous brands are sold in this store, some of them exclusively, so far as Toronto is concerned. We sell Royal Worcester, Bon Ton, Warner's Rust Proof, C. B. Corsets, A la Spirite, P. D. Corsets, Crompton's Corsets, C. P. Corsets, F. P. Corsets, C. & A. Corsets, A la Grace Corsets, the famous Merode Underwear and the Health Brand Underwear.

Ordering by Mail places all this variety and excellence at your economical service.

WRITE to us for anything you want. Have you our Catalogue? If not, give us your name and we will put you on the list for this fall's new issue. Why not write us to-day?

ADDRESS, WESTERN DEPARTMENT
SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

not immediately comprehend this. When its meaning finally dawned upon him, his small eyes fairly blazed with fury, and lunging forward he dealt Teddy a sharp blow across the eyes, with a savage growl of "Take that, ye young devil!"

Sergeant Ripley, who was standing directly behind the man, here justified his reputation as a fighter. Grasping him firmly by the collar, he whirled the wretched creature around, and tossed him, as limp as a bundle of rags, upon the curbstone.

"And you take that," he remarked blithely, "and get out, unless you want to feel the point of a bayonet."

In the excitement of the moment no one had noticed that Teddy had sprung forward until we saw him on one knee, carefully supporting the man's head and smoothing back the tousled hair. He looked up at Ripley beseechingly, and on his face one could see the print of the blow, while his honest blue eyes winked rapidly to keep back the tears of mingled emotion and pain.

"Sam," he said, "of course you didn't know, but this won't do. You have struck my father."

His father! That! The men stepped back blankly, some turning their heads aside as if in the presence of death. Ripley stood motionless, his fine eyes shifting from side to side.

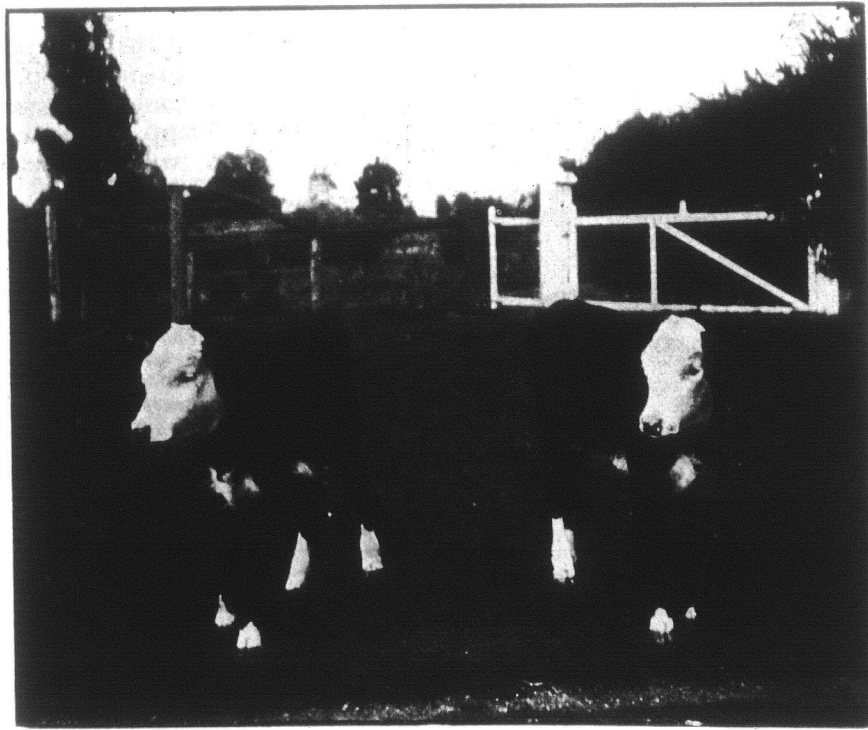
"All right, Ted," he said, after a moment. "All right; I apologize." He wheeled about and went slowly back to his place, and as he passed we heard him mutter, "His father—good God!"

It was reverently said, as one might breathe a prayer, and it was the thought of all. Ripley said it half aloud, the rest of us in our hearts.

When the bugle sounded the advance, Teddy was left behind. We saw him, aided by a police officer, supporting the miserable form of his father through the crowd, his white belts soiled and disarranged, and the pompon on his shako black with the mud into which it had fallen. We saw Ripley run forward, and, after a

whispered word with the lieutenant, drop out and follow them. Then the scene was blotted out as the column marched forward to the clapping of appreciative hands and the swelling music of the band.

Jack Pennington had news for us when we reached the armory again, and were eagerly discussing the incident in the company room. Jack always was an observant sort of chap, who saw both sides of questions and the minor features of every situation. Heaven knows the case of Teddy's father was bad enough at best, but when we heard what Jack had to tell us, we felt the crisis to be greatly magnified. Lieutenant Harvey, who had seen the whole affair, sighed and said, "The sins of the father shall be visited on the children," and that was about what we were all thinking.



Two of a Kind.

It seems that Jack had been watching a group of girls in a balcony directly opposite our halting place, and that he had seen Winifred Schuyler step forward when Teddy's father first called his name. How she came to be there without his knowing of it was a mystery, but nevertheless there she was, as straight and slender and beautiful as ever—so Jack said—with a cool smile on her lips, and her calm eyes watching the little tragedy before her. Yes, she had seen it all; seen the man that was to be almost her father, seen the blow, and seen poor broken-hearted Teddy on his knees in the street with a drunkard in his arms. We knew Winifred Schuyler too well to doubt the inevitable outcome of it all.

None of us saw Teddy Dwight again, with the single exception of

Charley Keene. To the latter he intrusted a letter, which was read aloud at the last company meeting of the year. For once the careless chatter was hushed, and the men listened with serious eyes and compressed lips.

My Dear Comrades:

I feel that I cannot leave you without some little word of farewell. My father is as nearly recovered as I can ever hope to see him, and I am taking him to the far West for the few remaining years it is likely that he will live. What this has been to me it is not necessary or possible for me to tell you. You will believe me when I say that my heart is with you always, and that if in the future I am able to rejoin you—and you will have me—the best hour of my life will be when I am once more a member of the Seventh.—Edward Dwight.

That was his last farewell, and with it he vanished more or less completely from our lives. Young Rathbone, a new recruit, has taken his place at the piano, and sings the newest songs very creditably, but it is not the same as having Joyous Ted. We hear of him at long intervals, and know that he is doing his duty, and know, too, that the sacrifice his willing, childlike heart has made will be laid to his account at the last.

Miss Schuyler was married early the following autumn. Her husband had a title and—strange combination!—unlimited means. It was a brilliant wedding, with a bishop to officiate, hosts of presents, and an imposing reception. Nearly all of us were invited, but on comparing notes afterwards we discovered a singular coincidence. No one went.

He who gives for the sake of thanks knows not the pleasure of giving.

There is only one thing that will kill all the flies in your house, and do it quickly, and that is Wilson's Fly Pads. Do not accept substitutes, but insist on having Wilson's.

HUMAN NATURE.

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THE GRAM DAY

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