

# 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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ONT.

not do this. It is quite different here in New York, and besides —

"Fiddlesticks," Tom interrupted, hotly. "It isn't different anywhere if two people are —"

"But I haven't really said yes."

"The year ended yesterday. Say it at once."

"Oh, Tom, I—" Margery turned her face to the window and winked fiercely to keep back the tears.

"Say yes. I must hear it."

"I—I can't."

"You can." Tom was quite near her now, and his voice was pleading. "Shall I say it for you?"

"No, it wouldn't be the same thing, and besides—" She paused.

"What is it, Margery?" Tom was puzzled. Their meeting was so different from what he had expected.

"I wish that I had written. Oh, why didn't you let me know you were coming? Why didn't mother let me know?" She turned to him with a look of despair.

"Your mother thought that my surprise would be a pleasant one." Tom began to understand that something more than girlish caprice had prompted such a welcome. He looked at Margery so keenly that, although her eyes were tightly closed, she felt uneasy.

"I really should send for Aunt Catherine," she suggested weakly.

"No," Tom answered with determination. "If you have anything unpleasant to tell me, I want to hear it alone. You did not wish me to come to New York. Is that it?"

"Don't torture me, Tom," she said, twisting her handkerchief to shreds. "Can't you see how miserable I am about it?"

"I may see when you have told me why." Tom was angry now, and showed it.

"Then—" Margery's voice trembled and she hid her eyes again, "then I can't say yes."

Tom was staggered. He placed one hand beneath Margery's chin and forced her to look at him. "You don't mean that," he said very quietly.

"Oh, please let Aunt Catherine explain."

"Why?"

"Because."

"Oh, you need not be afraid of hurting me." Tom's answer came so calmly that Margery was startled. She watched him

return to the divan and settle himself comfortably among the cushions.

"Then you don't care?"

"I'll answer after your explanation."

"Oh, Tom, don't be so angry." Margery went to the divan and stood before him.

"I am not angry. Why should I be."

"I have just told you that I couldn't say yes." She looked at him in amazement.

"But you haven't told me your reason."

"I am not obliged to tell you that."

Her eyes flashed.

"Yes, you are. I'll tell you whether it is good or not."

"You are not the one to judge. Anybody else would be content and go away."

"Do you wish me to go away?"

"Oh, why, why are you so disagreeable?"

"If you call it disagreeable for me to love you enough to fight for you, then I am disagreeable and proud of it. Do you care as much for me as you did a year ago?"

"No. I don't know." The admission came quickly upon the heels of the denial.

"You don't know?"

It seemed to Margery as if Tom's eyes were looking her through and through. "I think that I like you as well," she confessed rather brokenly, "only—"

"Now don't be foolish," Tom interrupted. "You know that I'm not the

sort of a fellow that moons about, shoots himself, goes to the dogs, or any of that rot. You needn't be afraid. You can't hurt me more by telling your reasons than you do by thinking me a coward. I am ready to listen."

"Well, Tom," Margery began haltingly, "you know that Aunt Catherine has been very good to me; that father is awfully poor, with only his salary, and that he and mother are both growing old. The girls must be educated, brought out, properly married, and—"

"Go on," Tom insisted upon the conclusion.

"Oh, you make it all seem so hateful and —"

"Business-like. That's just what it is. How much has been offered for you?"

"Tom Meredith!" The blaze of Margery's eyes dried her tears.

"Do you love me?" Tom laid his hands upon her shoulders and looked squarely into the angry eyes.

"No."

"Yes, you do."

"After what you have just said, I detest you."

"You don't. You can't detest me for telling a truth which you knew, but would not acknowledge. If you do, you are not the girl I thought you."

"Tom Meredith, I—"

"Now don't say what you cannot mean. We have behaved like a pair of idiots. Forgive me for showing my temper; but I shall not ask you to pardon the truth I told."

"I can never pardon that."

"Well, I am not in the least offended," he went on cheerfully. "I forgive you just the same."

"I have not met anybody so downright —"

"Brutal, truthful, and loving in the entire year that you have spent with your aunt. I shall not consider the answer you give me this morning. This is Thursday. I remain in New York until Saturday at 8.30 p.m. You have three days in which to make up your mind."

"I have already decided."

"No, you haven't, unless you have decided to say yes."

"Tom, you don't understand." Margery's voice was pathetic in its helplessness.

"Oh, yes, I do, far better than you think. Your head is a bit turned by



"I HAVE JUST TOLD YOU THAT I COULDN'T SAY YES."