

The SPRING DISPLAY of DRESS GOODS at SIMPSON'S

This Store has won such an imperial standing in regard to Dress Goods that any pronouncement which we may make at the beginning of a season will be very widely and quite safely taken as authoritative.

If there is any emphasis to be laid upon any particular statement of ours this spring of 1906, that statement is this—**Grey's Tweeds will be suiting par excellence for the coming season, and this store has an unrivalled stock of them.**

We show a practically unlimited choice of makes, and weaves, and weights, and select shades, and fancy mixtures, in this great predominating color, if color it can be called, for 1906. Solid Greys with overchecks, invisible checks in graduating shades of grey. The new "Queen's Grey," Greys included with the new pastel shades,—pale heliotrope, pale blues, pale greens, etc., greys with black, greys with white in various sized checks, white lacquered grounds with black checks, visible and "invisible," etc., etc.

These suitings are produced by the very best manufacturers; the qualities are guaranteed, and many of the combinations of weave and shade are absolutely exclusive to this store.

A splendidly comprehensive range of these suitings are included within the reasonable prices of **85c. and \$1.00** per yard, 52 and 54 inches wide.

To readers of this paper we will offer an unusually good opportunity to test this store, and this store's dress goods department by mail. We have made a special purchase of one of the fashionable grey suitings—"Queen's Grey." Write for a suit length of this beautiful tweed, and we will bill your order **at 85c. a yard.**

The new "Queen's Grey" suitings of this special offer are guaranteed all pure wool, thoroughly shrunk; four shades, graduating from the light tone of grey to the darker Oxford or Charcoal greys, in hard twisted yarns. Panama or Canvas weaves, 52 inches wide, special to **WESTERN HOME MONTHLY** readers,—**85c. a yard.**

Write to-day—

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.



not even know, was something entirely new, and a thing which he felt his reason should condemn. But as time passed he found it impossible to treat the matter lightly. He did not know her, it is true, but he seemed instinctively to know her goodness, sweetness and dearness. In some subtle way they had been communicated to him in the glance that he had had from those blue eyes. He was sure that he loved her, that she was the one woman in the world for him, and with the realization came a feeling of mingled joy and pain such as he had never known before.

When he returned to his section he could scarcely keep a smile from his lips. The car was warm and she had laid aside her hat and cloak, and sat revealed in all the trimness and daintiness of her traveling-gown.

"She is the kind that grows lovelier and dearer the oftener one sees her," he thought, and then there came to him a most painful suggestion. Suppose there were another man! The thought which followed, that she might be married, he dismissed at once as intolerable.

As for the girl, she was having an unhappy time. All the strength of her soul was in rebellion against circumstances. She experienced a kind of mental and spiritual nausea when she thought of her return home where every influence would again suggest the other man as her inevitable destiny. The thought became more and more distasteful. She was a woman who at all times knew her own heart and did not attempt to deceive herself as to its dictates, so she fully realized that as she had tried to love the other man and failed, so now she could love this stranger without even trying.

As the day lengthened and twilight shadows began to darken the car, the man ceased to try to shake off the attraction that had enthralled him. Foolish and unreasonable it might be,

but he accepted it as a fact. The girl abandoned herself to her unhappiness, leaning back with her cheek pressed against the cushion and her eyes turned toward the night. She was the more miserable of the two because she was hopeless. The man had the blood of fighters in his veins and hoped against hope that a way might yet be opened. The car faded away as he could see instead the home of his dreams. He could hear the voices of children, and in a midst of tenderness

see the dear face of a little woman with sweet blue eyes—his wife—to have and to hold against the whole world itself—and a kind of rage seized him as he swore that he would not give her up.

Meantime the abomination of a train which bore these two unhappy people went swiftly and serenely on its way, meeting with never an accident, and keeping all of its engagements punctually to the minute.

So they sped toward Calgary, where the train was to make a stop of

twenty minutes. They had reached the outskirts of the town, and the glare of the lights shone through the windows, before the girl, with lagging fingers began to adjust her cloak and hat. He at once concluded that, wearying of the train, she had determined to get off for supper. She made her few preparations listlessly, wishing that something might happen so she would not have to go. Once, for a moment, she met the eyes of the man regarding her gravely, and her heart beat more quickly.

She was drawing on her gloves when the train pulled in at the station. The other passengers had made their way out, when, as she followed into the aisle, she found herself confronted by the man. He barred her way, his face white with emotion, as he told himself savagely that he could not let her go. He held her with his eyes, and they stood silently together while heart spoke to heart—when suddenly she was encompassed by a pair of strong arms and her brother's kind face bent above her.

"Hello, little girl!" he cried. "We began to think you hadn't come. What a treat for sore eyes!" Then he observed the man who was so much engaged with his baggage.

"Why, hello, old man! Just back from your hunt, eh? Have you met my sister, Miss— of Vancouver? Kate, this is Dr. Sidney Jones, from our district, you know," and the two bowed gravely.

But a moment later as they made their way through the crowded station, many paused to give them a second glance, and smiled in sympathy. The stout man, happy and good natured, looked at peace with the world, but the faces of the big man with the gun and the little woman tripping blithely by his side, were illumined with a radiance not of earth. A heavenly vista opened to their sight, for they were two who happily had met and "read Life's meaning in each other's eyes."

FAIR WARNING

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