



TWO MAIL ORDER TESTS

The Fall Catalogue of the Robert Simpson Company is out and ready for mailing. It is full to the covers with merchandise of superior quality, style and value. Test it and our Mail Order System by writing to-day for one or both of these garments described below. They are taken from our catalogue, which we'll send you if you write for it now before they are all mailed.

Separate Skirts **3.45**

THIS ONE IS UNEQUALED AT

841—This is without doubt one of the greatest values in separate skirts ever offered in this country. Handsome and striking, because of its graceful lines; tailored in a manner that will be appreciated by everyone who wears or sees one; made of black vicuna cloth, fine supple quality, unlined, inverted seams over hips, stitched strapping of self, and deep pleated gore seams; none dressier at any price; supplied in lengths from 38 to 42 inches, and waistbands up to 28 inches.

Order by number **3.45**

HERE'S PERFECTION IN Taffeta Waists for **2.39**

925—Bright and new, by long odds the best \$2.39 silk waist we have ever offered; made of superior quality black taffeta, unlined, deep tucks back and front, tie of self, trimmed with small covered buttons. You'll pronounce this waist a perfect beauty. Supplied in sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

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THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON
TORONTO, CANADA

COMPANY,
LIMITED



A Romance of the West.

Being a Short Story in Four Chapters, based on Real Life — Written for The Western Home Monthly by "Elizabeth."

CHAPTER I

"Is this your final answer, Kate?"

"Yes, George, I have thought it well over and I cannot leave this dear home and all I love to go out to those terrible wilds. You will thank me some day, George, for having known my own mind before instead of after."

"You do not love me as I love you Kate; perhaps it is best as you say but I hope you may never know such pain and disappointment as you have caused me." "Good-bye then, and please say farewell to your mother and ask her to excuse my leave-taking she will understand."

George Rayson raised his hat and with a formal handshake took silent leave of the girl he loved. Kate Manners watched his retreating figure with a shade of regret and remorse.

He was a very fine fellow, this gentleman whom she had only known three months and had flirted with because she liked his good looks and good breeding, though she had never intended either to marry him or to break his heart.

She was accustomed to the homage of the other sex, for Kate Manners was a very pretty girl, the daughter of a London physician who had left his wife and daughter comfortably off, so that she had always been able to enjoy the refinements of life with

every prospect of making a good match of her choice.

It was very unpleasant that the penniless younger son of a poor Baronet should take it upon himself to accept the offer of a rich Uncle to buy him a ranch somewhere out in Western Canada, then ask her to throw in her lot with his and give up civilization and live among wild beasts and Indians because he loved her with all his honest, manly, young heart. Why, there was Sir Nicholas Bull, who had already offered her his heart, his fortune and his tarnished name; and here Kate shuddered at the thought, for she was a good girl and had steadily repulsed the attentions of the profligate knight in spite of his worldly advantages. She would rather die single than marry the old reprobate; but what a pity that Dame Fortune had not seen fit to give George Rayson the fortune, and Sir Nicholas the rich uncle and the ranch. Then she could have married George and Sir Nicholas could have taken up with a squaw, who would have been quite good enough for him.

Kate turned with a sigh and went into the house. It was all very quiet on that hot summer afternoon, a large Persian cat dozed lazily on the tiger-skin in the hall; and a handsome St. Bernard rose with a yawn and a lazy

wag of his bushy tail and came and licked the hand of his young mistress. Over the old oak mantelpiece hung the portrait of a man in his prime; dark, partly grey hair, clear grey eyes, a square jaw and an expression of strength and goodness beaming from the whole countenance. This was Kate's father, "Dear Daddy" as she always had called him and as he ever

mined chin, but her rose-leaf complexion and auburn hair she inherited from her pretty young mother. As she entered the drawing-room Mrs. Manners started and turned somewhat peevishly to her daughter.

"Dear me, Kate, how you startled me! I thought you were out with Mr. Rayson. Has he gone? How strange of him never to say goodbye;



ALONG THE ELBOW RIVER, CALGARY.

remained in her memory, a kindly, loving parent who had adored his little girl and who had left on her childish memory the indelible impress of a personality which radiated fatherliness upon wife, child and patients, poor and rich alike.

Kate had his eyes and deter-

he sent a message! as Kate delivered his farewells, "well I think he might have come in to see me; such a prepossessing young man; I did think Kate that he would have been a good match for you!"—and Mrs. Manners looked dubiously at her handsome daughter with an expression of eager-