

Order Your Spring Suit at Simpson's

WE are going to invite you to test our magnificent Cloak Department by writing to-day for one of these Spring Suits. It is a value which we are sure can be no nearer approached in the West than it can here in Toronto. It was made by our own factory after a design upon which all the good points of the imported model suits, and all the experience of our designers, combine as authority. In style, cut, and distinction, it is the full equal of suits very much more costly. We have effected a great saving by system and big ways of buying and selling, and all the advantage goes freely to you. We want to make you a permanent customer of this store. Therefore, we put forth the best and strongest seasonal argument we have—a stylish Simpson Spring Suit of good material at a very moderate price.

G 512.—A very attractive tailored Eton Suit, of French worsteds in navy, black and green; jacket is lined with mercerized and trimmed with strappings of self; vest effect formed with fancy braid; bust measurements 32 to 42 inches; skirts up to 43 inches long, and 23 to 29 inch waistbands. Very special value. Post paid. **\$9.20**

This same style may be had in light grey tweed mixtures for \$10.65. Post paid.



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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO. LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

Please send me suit G 512, for which I enclose _____

My bust measure is _____

My waist _____

Length of skirt is _____

Name _____

Address _____

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

they did not know her at first, she was so worn and thin. She told them her story, and pointed to the coyote by her side, telling them how it had helped her, and begging them not to kill it. They told her that the camp was only a little way above on the river, and offered her a horse to ride, but she asked them to go on and tell her mother to come after her with a travois, for she felt too sore to ride. Presently her mother came, and her father, and a great throng of the people, and when she saw them approaching she put her arms around the coyote and kissed him.

"You have saved my life," she said; "and much as I grieve to, we must part now, for while I might prevent the people from harming you, I could not stop the camp dogs from tearing you to pieces. But do not go far away. Every time we move camp my father's lodge shall be the last to go; and when the rest and the dogs have all left, we will leave food for you where our lodge stood. We will always do that."

The coyote seemed to understand. He licked her face and whined, and as her mother and father approached, he slowly moved away, looking back many, many times.

Su-ye-sai-pi cried—cried at parting with her faithful guide, and because at sight of her mother all her trials and sufferings came back to her mind. They placed her on the travois and drew her to camp, where all the people came to sympathize with her, bringing something from their store of choice food as presents.

The coyote was not forgotten; food was always left at the camp site, as she had promised, and often as Su-ye-sai-pi and her people started on after the others, they saw him standing on a near hill, watching them out of sight.

Larry Devenny's Leg of Goose.

By Seumas Mac Manus.

It was a long, long night drive of fifty Irish miles over bare mountains and bleak moors, right through the wild centre of Donegal, that Bob McGlanachy and myself were upon. We had taken the mail-car, which, driven by old Larry Devenny, rattled along at the breakneck speed of between four and five miles an hour.

"It's a fearsome enough thing, too, to be up for murder," said Larry, apropos of the history of Pat the Pedlar's violent death long ago at Letterfrace, the which he had been detailing for us as we jingled by that haunted locality. "And shure it's no light thing to be up for attempted murder, either. Och, I spake from experience."

Let us hear how it was, Larry," said I.

"Take yer time till I get over this rough groun'. Aisy there, High-stepper! Aisy! Now we go, and we've three mile of a level afore us. Tuck up the rugs, and make yer-selves happy." Larry paused a full minute, then he went ahead as follows:

It was just in this self-same month of June, and full five and thirty years ago. I was then on the route from Ballina, through Sligy and Ballyshanny, into Donegal town—a long journey, and a sore wan, God knows, at some times of the year. Ye left Ballina in the mornin', and dhrivin' all day as if the devil was after ye, landed in Donegal close upon the heels of midnight. At Donegal I got me relaiement: Corney McCabe takin' charge of the coach there, and dhrivin' her through Barnesmore Gap, and through Raphoe to Darry, which he reached in the early mornin'.

But behold ye! There was wan night, an' when I come to me jour-

ney's en', an hour and a half late, bekase of a gazed wheel loosin' its shoooin', doesn't I find that there was no Corney McCabe there to relieve me. Corney had gone that mornin', they said, to cock-fights up Glenfinn, and hilt or hair of him hadn't been seen since, barrin' that young Dinny Melly, who had gone to heel the cocks for the Inver men, fetched word that Corney was dhrinkin' dhry all the shebeen houses in the Glen, and that accordin' to all signs and tokens they might expect him home the week after next! And there wasn't han' or man there to take charge of the coach through the Gap. Says Mither Dillon, says he, at the

Donegal Head Inns, where we transferred and changed horses, says he to me, "Larry, I see nothin' for it but you to go yerseif!" After the br'ak-down and all, to tell truth about it, meself wasn't in the sweetest temper landin'. But when I found this state of affairs, and heard this order, there was naither houldin' nor tyin' of me. "No use yer flingin', Larry," says Mither Dillon, "and usin' far-fetched iangidge; what can't be cured must be endured. Though the moon was to burst in the sky, the mail-coach must go—and it can't go without a driver. Come, the horses," says he, "is changed, and always ready for off. Make haste with ye!"

"Well, the devil take ye body and bones, if ye'll excuse me makin' the liberty," says I (for I was in a hard temper). "But shure even mait hasn't parted me lips yet. Do ye think am I unicorn, or a wild lion, or what, to dhrive to Darry on the empy stomach?" "Ye're 'most two hours behind time as it is," says Mither Dillon, "an' ye might 'a' been aitin' while ye were jumpin' around me and choppin' logic, like a dancin' bear. Yez haven't any time for aitin' now. Get onto yer sait, says he, "as fast as fury."

The horn was blowin', and every sowl of seven starvin' wratches that I had carried into the town were scramblin' an' climbin' onto their seats for feered the coach would be gone without them. But small concern either their haste or Mither Dillon's give me. Into the kitchen of the Inns I walked, and dhrunk a bowl of tay Kitty Clery had steamin' on the table. "Musha, and bad luck to ye, Larry Devenny," says she, "and small good may it do ye. And me after brewin' that dhrop of tay for meself for a cure for a disthress I have in the stomach these seven years." "The devil send ye may have it seven years more," says I, not to be outdone in politeness. "It's for

