



## 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 **3.45**—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.  
Order by number . . . . . **2.39**



THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA

### CHRISTMAS POEMS

Selected for The Western Home Monthly.

#### Christmas Night.

At last thou art come, little Savior!  
And Thine angels fill midnight with song;  
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator!  
Whom Thy creatures have sighed for  
so long.

Thou art come to the beautiful Mother;  
She hath looked on Thy marvellous face;  
Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary!  
And she was Thy channel of grace.

Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful  
pardon,  
And our souls overflow with delight;  
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus!  
With the joy of this wonderful night.

We have waited so long for Thee, Savior!  
Art Thou come to us, dearest, at last?  
Oh, bless Thee, dear Joy of Thy Mother!  
This is worth all the wearisome past!

Thou art come, Thou art come, Child of  
Mary!

Yet we hardly believe Thou art come;  
It seems such a wonder to have Thee,  
New Brother! with us in our home.

Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker!  
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore;  
We will play with Thee, beautiful Brother!  
On Eternity's jubilant shore.

#### Kriss Kringle.

Just as the moon was fading amid her  
misty rings,  
And every stocking was stuffed with  
childhood's precious things,  
Old Kriss Kringle looked round, and saw  
on the elm-tree bough,  
High-hung, an oriole's nest, lonely and  
empty now.

"Quite a stocking," he laughed, "pinned  
up there on the tree!  
I didn't suppose the birds expected a  
present from me!"

Then old Kriss Kringle, who loves a joke  
as well as the best,  
Dropped a handful of flakes in the oriole's  
empty nest.

#### A Christmas Hymn.

Tell me what is this innumerable throng  
Singing in the heavens a long angelic  
song?

These are they who come with swift  
and shining feet  
From round about the throne of God  
the Lord of Light to greet.

Oh, who are these that hasten beneath  
the starry sky,  
As if with joyful tidings that through the  
world shall fly?  
The faithful shepherds these, who  
greatly were afear'd  
When, as they watched their flocks by  
night, the heavenly host appeared.

Who are these that follow across the hills  
of night  
A star that westward hurries along the  
fields of light?

Three wise men from the East who  
myrrh and treasure bring  
To lay them at the feet of Him, their  
Lord and Christ and King.

What Babe new-born is this that in a  
manger cries?  
Near on her lowly bed His happy mother  
lies.

Oh, see the air is shaken with white and  
heavenly wings—  
This is the Lord of all the earth, this is  
the King of kings!

Tell me, how may I join in this holy feast  
With all the kneeling world, and I of all  
the least?

Fear not, O faithful heart, but bring  
what most is meet:  
Bring love alone, true love alone, and  
lay it at His feet.

#### On Christmas Day.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing  
you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born  
on Christmas Day.

The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the  
stars shone through the gray,  
When Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born  
on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing  
you affright,  
For Jesus Christ, your Savior, was born  
this happy night;  
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks  
sleeping lay,  
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was  
born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon  
this blessed morn  
The Lord of all good Christians was of a  
woman born;  
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your  
sins He takes away;  
For Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on  
Christmas Day.



THE MAGDALEN OF THE CRUCIFIXION  
From "The Crucifixion" by Jean Max Nattier.