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to the others, yielded to the enticing drowsiness.

Fisdavar arose, as indeed she often did, and paced restlessly through the round house where women and children lay asleep, then by a door she passed out and attained the circling wall of stone and saw how it was with the guardsmen. She did not waken them, but wrapping her great woolen mantle more closely round her, stood there in the starlight, and longed for her father to come and save her.

Of a sudden she saw dark forms loom out against the sky. Men were leaping over the rocks very silently. They bore not only spears, but torches, and she knew well what was meant. They drew near, and fastening the flaming brand on the spear-shafts, hurled them against the house. She fled within for safety, not being able, without awakening the sentinels, to pass out by the stone arch and escape. Their bodies lay across it. Soon she heard a sleepy stir on the wall, then a startled cry. The guardsmen were awake, but too late. The house in the Dun was on fire, the foe was entering. She stood in the middle of the hall and waited only for some of her own kindred to burst through the smoke that she might give herself to their keeping.

And now who was that with great bare arms smiting down a grizzled soldier at the door? Lorcan her father, no other, and behind him Scornin and Ceth, her brothers, and Ciadach, a prince of Clare, to whom she had been promised as a bride. The smoke was now around her and before. The flames hung a curtain of wavering fire about the wall; she stretched out her arms to her father, crying to him to guide her through that awful heat into the cool air. Women and children were waking around her and wailing. She heeded them not.

Suddenly above the crackling of timber and roar of fire and clash of arms a clear voice called her. She turned, and there on the stairway stood Angus with outstretched arms. He was gaunt and wan. Her heart pitied him.

Anon great volumes of lurid smoke rolled between them, but cleared away and showed him still standing there with outstretched arms; behind him was the window, a space of blue-black heaven lit with great white stars.

"Findavar!" her father called, for now he saw her first; and "Findavar!" cried her brethren all; and most entreatingly of all, "Findavar, my beloved!" cried Ciadach, Prince of Clare.

But she turned from those hands stretched forth to save, and turning fled. Fierce tongues of flame darted across her path, but fearless of all, through the fire she went, and straight to the arms of Angus.

Poor child! I hardly dream she knew to what a doom she went. He had no sword wherewith to defend her, but indeed he knew all defense was now vain. He would keep her from his rival's arms. That at least! He clasped her close to his heart as he stepped back to the window. Once they heard her cry aloud in sudden fear; but he kissed her eyes and turned her face to his heart that she might not see. She could not see, but now she knew what was to come, and sobbed weakly.

He stepped back to the window, always facing his foes, who followed through smoke and flame, with bared swords and faces of terror, only hoping to creep near and catch the victim's floating robe and drag her down and save her so.

Their hands were half outstretched to clutch, when Angus saw them and stepped to the window-ledge, poising on one foot. The sweat of horror stood on their brows, and their lips murmured, "Spare her!" Then, with a shout of defiance, back he stepped into the abyss. Down, down, down they whirled through that awful space, bride and lover clasped together in a close embrace.

Those that leaned through the window to look after them saw only the great white stars above the violet sea, heard only the liquid plash and faint distant boom of the restless billows.

Thus came it that the Isles of Arran were ravaged by Connacht men, for Lorcan ceased not with the burning of that one Dun, but went against the pirates in every fort of the three islands, till all were destroyed. The great stone walls you can see to this day, and men say that they afterwards gave shelter to the holy hermits who built their wattle huts within those mighty circles for safety against the Danes.

But within the Dun of Angus there hath never been a house from that day to this; and why should that be if not that it is haunted by the unhappy of Findavar and her Formorian lover, and of all that perished with them by hunger and fire and sword?

#### That Maketh the Heart Sick.

It was at a picture exhibition, and Mr. Longlocks was gazing tenderly at the creation of his genius, when a soft, clear voice struck on his ear:

"Oh, how really charming! What a work of art! Oh, if I could only see the artist!"

Mr. Longlock's heart thumped. Was it possible that the long-desired customer had at last materialized? He turned, and confronted a lady.

"I am the painter, madam," he murmured, blushing.

"Indeed! I am so pleased to see you! Could you—would you please mind telling me where your model had her hair dressed so beautifully?"

#### Too Good to Live.

The Patient—There's something wrong with my heart, doctor. I fear I'm not going to live very long!

The Doctor—Nonsense! Give up smoking.

"I never smoke, doctor."

"Well, stop drinking!"

"Never drank liquor in my life."

"Well, you must keep earlier hours, then!"

"I'm never out of my bed after nine o'clock."

"Oh, well, my dear sir, I think you had better let nature take its course. You're altogether too good for this world!"



Ranchers in the Foot Hills, Alberta.