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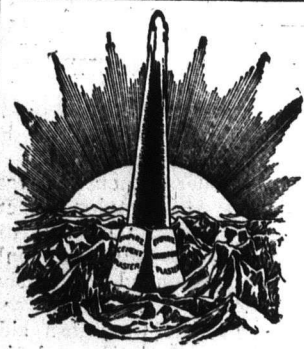
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Love on a Log.

A Romance of the Canadian Northlands. By Marion Dallas,
83 Mutchmor St., Ottawa.



THE Canadian Indian summer had come. Torrance Grant's splendid northern home and garden looked their best. The Maganetawan with its wealth of logs flowed a few hundred yards from the door. A week of rain has swollen it to its highest mark and the rushing water could be plainly heard. A young man, of perhaps twenty-five, tanned by the northern climate, sat on the verandah, where he was joined by Torrance Grant's daughter, a splendid type of the athletic Canadian girl.

"Miss Dot Grant?"

"Well, sir?"

"Will you marry me?"

"No, I won't."

"Very well, then, don't: that's all."

Mr. Ridley Thorburn drew away his chair, and putting his feet on the rail, unfolded his newspaper. Miss Dot Grant went on with her sewing. She wondered if that was going to be all he would say. She had felt this proposal coming for weeks, but the scene she had anticipated was not like this one. She had thought to refuse him; but it was to be accomplished gracefully. She was to re-

"Not if you were Premier of England," interrupted Miss Grant, throwing down her work. "I am hardly accustomed to such insults, sir."

And with these words she passed into the house, slamming the door behind her.

"By George, she is handsome when in a rage," thought Ridley to himself after she was gone, as he slowly folded up his newspaper. "I was a fool to tantalize her so. I shall never win her that way. But I'll have her," he said aloud, "as sure as my name is Ridley Walter Thorburn."

Pacing up and down the path leading to the little landing-place, Thorburn had different feelings to those of a few moments ago when receiving his refusal from the woman he loved. For he loved Dottie Grant with all his heart. The real difficulty in the way, as he half suspected, was not so much with himself, as with his limited bank account. Dot Grant had an insuperable objection to an empty wallet. The daughter of a Canadian lumber king, she had been denied nothing. Their summer home on the Maganetawan, was one of luxury. From her girlhood days in Toronto she had had pin-money enough in a week to pay



Another View of the Chateau, Quebec City.

main firm, even to his most eager pleadings. She was to have told him that though respecting his manly worth and high character, she could never be more than an appreciative and warm friend. She had intended to shed a few tears as he knelt entreating at her side. But instead he had asked her the simple question, and on being answered, had plunged at once into his newspaper, as though he had merely asked the time of day. She could have cried with vexation.

"You never had a better chance," he continued after a pause, as he deliberately turned over the sheets to find the last arrivals.

"A better chance for what?" she asked shortly.

"A better chance to marry a young handsome man, whose gallantry to the sex is but one of his many noble qualities."

Ridley was quoting from his paper, though Miss Grant did not suspect it. "And whose egotism is only exceeded by his impudence," retorted Dot, sarcastically.

"It will not be long," continued Ridley, "till you will be out of the market; your chances, you know, are getting slimmer every day."

"Sir!"

"It won't be long till you will be on the shelf. You will grow old and gray and —"

"Such rudeness to a lady is monstrous," exclaimed Miss Grant, rising and flushing to her temples.

"I'll give you a last chance. Dot. Will you mar—?"

Ridley's whole bills for a month. She had no idea of changing her place for one of less comfort and independence; and, besides this, it had been told her that a neighboring gentleman of old English aristocratic lineage, looked upon her with covetous eyes. Certainly he was wrinkled, old and ugly; but he was rich, and in her present mercenary state of mind Miss Dottie Grant did not desire such a chance of becoming a wealthy widow to slip by unimproved.

But, alas for human nature! If Dot was really so indifferent to Ridley Thorburn, why did she rush upstairs and take the starch out of one of those pretty clean pillow shams with her tears? It was not all pique. Away deep down in Dot's heart was a feeling very much like remorse. She was not sure but that she would be sorry, and that after all there were worse situations than Ridley Thorburn's wife.

"But, oh," she cried, flushing with the thought, "he was so rude, so insulting, I could never live with him. Never!"

Meantime Ridley had continued down the path of the river. The Maganetawan was high after the fall rains and nearly filled its banks. The rushing waters, with their stray logs, flowed swiftly on to the Georgian Bay. Now, it happened that Dot, by a curious coincidence, also resolved to look at the river. She dried her tears, and putting on her hat, slipped out the back door, to avoid meeting Ridley, soon found herself at the foot of a large pine on the edge of the bank overlooking the river. Throwing herself at its roots, she was soon lulled into a day dream by the babbling of the