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Our \$20 Scotch Tweed Suits and Overcoats, made to
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Size when YOU can do it in seven months?**



Forest View Farm,
Forest, Ont., Nov. 22nd, 1905.
The Carnefac Stock Food Co.
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Dear Sirs.—I have won first
prize at Sarnia for the heaviest
calf, any pure breed or grade
under seven months old. My calf
weighed 785 lbs. I attribute this
enormous growth to the use of
CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD, which I
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Stock Foods have no hesitation in
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JOHN A. GOVENLOCK,
Breeder of Hereford and Durham
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WEIGHED 785 lbs. AT 6 MONTHS 25 DAYS.
BRED BY J. A. GOVENLOCK, FOREST, ONT.

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resolution for the New Year, and write us at once.

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To Cure a Cold

Take one tablet of "7 MONKS"

Grippe and Headache Cure

At bedtime and another in the morning
and your cold is broken up. A wonderful remedy.
Sold everywhere for 25 cents, or mailed
upon receipt of the price.

7 Monks Company

BOX 742, WINNIPEG.

Creed Carrier's Wiving.

HOW BIRDELLA BLACKLOCK CAME TO THE CABIN ON THE MOUNTAIN.

By Alice McGowan.

Up the steep trail Creed Carrier stepped with the long, light, easy strides of the mountain-born man. Upon his back he bore, yet swathed in its original packing of excelsior and twine, a little cheap rocking-chair of graceful, feminine design; and when he stopped for rare and brief breathing intervals, he murmured to himself, and to the bit of sophisticated furniture—oddly out of place in its primitive surroundings—broken phrases of content and of endearment.

The sun was dropping rapidly toward the shoulder of Yellow Old Bald as he climbed; and when he reached his own door, opened it, entered, and set down the chair, the last slant beams followed him in. They lay kindly upon the tall head, stooped now at its task of love, as he tenderly unwrapped his treasure, touching it with loving hand. The soft light was reflected in a pair of honest, deep gray eyes, and gilded the splendors of the little chair's raw varnish and gay stenciling, as, like a child with a new and precious toy, the big man, wiping away all stain and blemish, walked about it, viewing it from one side and another, speaking softly.

"Jest smell it orce," he said, bending toward the chair. "Hit's shore got the right smell. A womern loves fine

back up from the settlement at Hepsigah. He had labored long at the floor, evening it, planing it, filling up the cracks, until it was smooth and fair to the eye, firm and solid to the foot. The windows—two windows of real glass, and with sashes to slide up and down—the doors with their home-made latches and neat sills, were wrought with loving pains.

The house itself done, the simple furnishing occupied the long evenings. In one corner the bed was built. The wall angle formed two of its sides, a stout post being set at the other corner, with strong, smooth saplings for the rails, the whole woven across with green withes. This was the bedstead upon which the big feather-bed, the quilts and blankets, were reverently laid—this was to be his bridal couch. The table, the various shelves, the pegs for her dresses, over which Creed hung a calico curtain, as he had seen done at a house in the settlement; the bit of a cupboard—all these were finished before April was out. Then Creed fashioned a small table, smoother and daintier than the one for kitchen uses; and finally, to crown all, came this little rocker.

Birdella Blacklock was the one flower upon a wild, vicious stalk. The old man was a moonshiner, his seven



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furniture 'at's got a good strong smell to the varnish." His eye dwelt fondly upon the tall back. "Right thar her head'll come—w'y, she'll be jest like a bird on a branch, a rockin' fo'th an' back! I allus did despise to see a woman a chunk-chunkin' up an' down in a ol' straight cheer—an' mebbey her with a baby!" The red surged suddenly over his bronzed face; his eyes had a startled flash, half delighted, half abashed. "A baby!" he whispered sharply, withdrawing his gaze; "a baby—my baby an' Birdella's; an' her a settin' here in this little cheer a rockin' hit—Lord!" He shook his head softly, and brushed the back of his hand across his eyes.

With the earliest opening of spring on that high mountain flank, Creed Carrier had been out in the woods felling trees, dragging the logs home one by one with old Long and Jerry. He had built the cabin unaided, save by such simple mechanical devices as he himself contrived, and with the help of Pap Overholt and Jeff Sadl when it came to the rafters. Thereafter, through the bitter early spring days, not only had he plowed and harrowed such small bits of ground as had been tilled for years, but he had searched out new pockets, breaking up the rich mountain loam, making it ready for the first crop. In the evenings he had worked by the light of many candles upon the interior of the new cabin, picking, darning, and finally covering all with heavy paper, carried upon his

sons so many new editions of their sire. The Blacklocks, father and sons, grouped together about the doorstep of the cabin, or halted upon some mountain path, were a striking picture. Lean, long-limbed, silent, with a savage, aboriginal grace in their sinewy bodies; the hair of their heads and upon their faces intensely black, the slow, lazy, yet piercing eyes of the mountaineer, as black as their hair; the high, hawk-like, aquiline nose that speaks arrogant temper—the group suggested some medieval Italian family.

Birdella—Bird for short—old man Blacklock's youngest-born, had a touch of the mother about her, the poor mother who had given up the struggle within a few months of her sole daughter's birth. The girl was dark, too; but there was color in her darkness. Her hair was more red than black; the big cheeks, which in the men were a swart olive, with Birdella blushed a rich crimson; and her slender body was supple, and rounded, and powerful as a young Indian woman's.

A hard life she led with her half-outlawed father and brothers. To slave early and late; to yield implicit obedience to arbitrary demands, and to get for it all barely the bite and sup that kept body and soul together, the roof that sheltered her, and a half-contemptuous toleration—this was Birdella's lot.

Creed Carrier, a lonely man without kith or kin, searching one afternoon for straying cattle, away over on the