Do your eyes bother you? Consult W. H. Wilson, of Cranbrook and get satisfaction.

THE MOYIE LEADER

Save money by purchasing your TIMEPIECE from Wilson, the Jeweler.

VOL. 12 NO. 41 MOYIE, B. C., JAN. 15, 1910. $2 A YEAR

Stanionery Sale.

We have a nice lot of stationery in fancy boxes which we will sell

Saturday Only at 25c a box. One box to a customer.

E. G. GWYNNE.

Vegetables.

Carrots, Cabbage, Turnips, Beets, Parsnips.

Fruits.

Apples, Oranges, Dates, Grapes, etc.

All fresh goods. No frozen stock.

Get the habit. Go to

CROWE BROS. & CO.

We can offer you some excellent investments in land for small monthly payments of $5.00 Land is the best investment today, it is sure to increase in value and is perfectly safe. Invest your savings with us. Write us for full information.

BEALE & ELWELL, Cranbrook, B. C.

Two Winners of Trade are

Old Country Tea

and

Menado Java Coffee.

Better at any Price Anywhere.

J. W. FITCH

MOYIE'S LEADING HOTEL.

Hotel Kootenay

The best of accommodations for the Traveling Public.

Large and Commodious Sample Rooms. Billiard Rooms.

McTAVISH & CAMERON Proprietors.

Stock Taking Sale.

Beginning Monday, the 10th, and continuing for 10 days, we will sell at cost 250 pairs of women's and children's shoes.

Regular	$5.00	shoes for		$3.50
"	3.50	"	"	2.25.
"	2.25	"	"	1.75.

In order to make room for our new clothing we have 60 20th Century suits to sell at cost or under.

Regular	$30.00	suits now		$23.00.
"	28.00	"	"	20.00.
"	25.00	"	"	18.00.

Come early and get 1st choice.

E. A. HILL

Imperial Bank of Canada.

Capital Authorized----------$10,000,000.00
Capital Paid Up----------5,000,000.00
Reserve Fund----------5,000,000.00

BRANCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.
Cranbrook, Arrowhead, Golden, Kamloops, Michel, New Michel Fernie, Nelson, Revelstoke, Victoria, and Vancouver.

Drafts and Money Orders sold avaible in any part of the World

Savings Bank Department.

Interest allowed on deposits from date of deposit.

MOYIE BRANCH. J. F. M. PINKHAM, Manager

Took an Overdose.

Geo. Hedley, who took an overdose of poison, believed to be cocaine, yesterday, died this morning about two o'clock. Hedley had been washing dishes at the Central hotel for about two months. He was about 32 years of age, and had been out from England about six years.

Moving Picture Show.

Moyie is to have a moving picture show every evening commencing next week, probably Monday. Arrangements for this are now under way and the show will be opened in the store formerly occupied as the Conservative committee rooms. The theatre will be under the management of V. Chapman, formerly of Nelson.

Attending Brother's Funeral.

F. J. Smyth received a message last Sunday from Walla Walla, Washington, to the effect that his brother, E. A. Smyth, had died suddenly, and left the following day for that city to attend the funeral. The following is from the Walla Walla Bulletin of January 10th:

"Edward A. Smyth, pioneer rancher and saloon man, of this city, died in a local hospital yesterday noon of pneumonia. Death was sudden, Mr. Smyth having been sick but three days. Mr. Smyth came to Walla Walla over twenty years ago. During the first few years after coming here he ranched on an extensive scale in the Snake river country. But later he entered the saloon business in this city. A few years ago he retired from active business. While here he owned and managed three saloons, the Enterprise, Progressive and the Paragon. He was a native of Canada, 53 years old, and is extensively known here."

Mayors Elected.

NELSON—Harold Selous re-elected by 11 majority over J. Irving and 126 over G. Hale.

ROSSLAND—John Martin elected by 29 majority over J. W. Gregory.

KASLO—J. W. Power, mayor, by acclamation.

TRAIL—G. F. Weir, re-elected by acclamation.

REVELSTOKE—Dr. Hamilton, elected by 112 majority.

VANCOUVER—L. D. Taylor, editor of the World, elected by a large majority over Mayor C. Douglas.

VICTORIA—J. A. Morley was elected mayor by a plurality of 8 over the second candidate, John A. Turner. Morley polled 1497 votes, Turner 1489, Oliver 1031 and Henderson 284.

Board of Trade Meeting.

A meeting of the Moyie Board of Trade will be held in the Leader office next Monday night at 8 o'clock sharp. Election of officers and other very important business will come before the board. All who have an interest in the town should be present.

Harry Steuart Sells Farm.

Harry Steuart has disposed of his farm near Holbrook, Oregon, and he and his family are now living in Spokane temporarily. Mr. Steuart was for several years foreman of the St. Eugene mill.

Taking a Vacation.

J. C. Kemp, surveyor and draughtsman at the St. Eugene, left last Sunday for London, England on a three months' visit.

Will go to Rossland.

In all probability two hockey teams, a senior and intermediates will go to the Rossland carnival which will be held next month.

GENERAL FLOAT

The population of Medicine Hat is 5,000.

Alex. Sprout is now a resident of Victoria.

Spokane capitalists will start a bank in Orient.

Lord Kitchener will visit B. C. next summer.

Bruce White is managing a mine in Republic.

Over one thousand Hindus are out of work in Vancouver.

France has established a high school for aeronauts.

A roller skating rink is to be started in Prince Rupert.

At Kelowna the Royal hotel has been refused a licence.

M. K. Rogers is developing the Hidden Creek mines near Port Simpson.

It takes 50 cars of eggs a year to suppy the miners in the Coeur d'Alenes.

R. S. Garrett will open a job printing office in Cranbrook shortly.

King Edward's string of race horses earned $100,720 for him last year.

A sturgeon weighing two hundred pounds will give forty pounds of Russian caviar.

Nearly seven million persons attended the Paris Exposition Universelle of 1897.

Canada receives three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year from her canals.

At Christmas time it took 225 people to handle the postoffice business in Winnipeg.

David Warfield, the most profitable star on the stage today, is said to make $250,000 a season.

Of two hundred and four thousand post-office employees in England, forty-four thousand are females.

The missing Dr. Cook is now in Germany perfecting plans for an expedition to the Arctic regions next year.

Chas. H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, brands the I. W. W. movement "an absolute failure."

Hogs are worth something in the Palouse country. A hog that weighed 740 pounds recently brought its owner $61.10.

Between Jaunuary and June one hundred and fifty thousand live cattle were landed in England from the United States.

Nat Goodwin, actor-broker has been hard hit of late by Wall Street. "Nat" is dabbling in mining stocks, and the bears took a big bit out of him.

When James J. Jeffries ends his present tour of 10 weeks of exhibitions, the amount of money he will be enriched, according to conservative estimates, is $51,000.

There is nearly a famine in eggs in New York. So few strickly fresh eggs are coming into the market and that it is almost impossible to get them at any price. The top retail price for the best eggs ranged from 60 to 70 cents a dozen.

The police of Spokane have stopped music in Pfister's beer garden. A lady orchestra of eight pieces played there and light lunches were served. Pfister claimed his place was a restaurant, but the police declared it a beer hall, and cut out the music.

Moyie Wins.

An enthusiastic crowd of hockey lovers greeted the contending teams of Coleman and Moyie puck chasers at the rink here last Tuesday January 11, and because both were flushed with recent victories a hot game was anticipated. This was certainly realized as the work was fast and furious, so much so, that there were several players on both sides sent to the fence for breach of the rules. At the close of the first half the score stood 2 to 2 and the very air was tense with excitement, but to the disgust and disappointment of practically all the spectators the game was at an end. One of Coleman's players who had not been feeling well found that he was in no condition to continue and the wearers of yellow and black wanted Moyie to drop of a man and play six men only. This was doclined although Moyie expressed willingness to allow Hogan, Coleman's spare man, to play instead of White, who was sick. The Coleman boys would not agree with this and Moyie would not consent to drop a player. After waiting the required time the Moyie boys put the puck between the undefended posts and obtained the necessary goal to claim the game. One of the arguments advanced by the Coleman team was that a judge of play should have been appointed but as this had not been done during any of the preceeding games, nor do the rules call for one, it was deemed out of order.

The action of the Coleman players tends to decrease the popularity of the game, and from the spectators point of view it was regretable.

After the game a spread was given at the Kootenay hotel at which both teams spent a few pleasant hours.

Referee, Wm. Cliffe. Timekeepers, Kamm of Moyie and McIntyre of Coleman.

Fink Elected.

J. P. Fink by a substantial majority has again been sustained in the mayorality. He will have with him as councillors, Dr. F. W. Green, Jos. F. Campbell, P. DeVere Hunt, D. J. Johnson, Jos. Jackson, and G. W. Patmore, George Johnson being the only one of last years councillors seeking re-election who was defeated; polling 14 votes less than G. W. Patmore, the only candidate not on the Fink ticket to secure election. The outcome showed, however, that the electors of Cranbrook city were pretty strongly disposed to stand by Mayor Fink and his ticket, five out of six of the member of his ticket being sustained, the sixth man being defeated by a few votes by the one candidate on the Finlay ticket, who was generally conceded to stand a fair chance of election.—Cranbrook Herald.

Tenth Annual Ball.

About 60 couples attended the dance of the Odd Fellows' Wednesday night and everyone enjoyed themselves to the fullest. The hall was artistically decorated and the music was the best that could be procured. The committee on arrangements presented all members of the order with a neatly printed badge. Messrs. McTavish and Cameron, of the Kootenay hotel, served a splendid supper. The musicians, Profs. Chapman and Salmon and Mr. Kamm gave excellent service.

Never Such a Crowd.

Mr. Pugh—"Never saw such a crowd at our church before."

Mrs. Pugh—"New minister?"

Mr. Pugh—"No; it was burnt down last night."

Blankets!! Blankets!!

Warm wool grey blankets, 7 lbs to pair, 60x80 inches, blue borders, nicely finished. A little heavy on this line for time of year. Special prices for a few days to reduce the quantity.

Flannelette Blanket Sheets in grey and white 10-4, 11-4.

Warm wadded comforts of every sort and price.

MacEachern & Macdonald.

Buys at Edmonton.

That the Canadian Pacific railway has secured by purchase a large area in the north-west corner of the Hudson's Bay company's reserve at Edmonton is the authorative information that has been received from an unquestionable source. The property purchased by the Canadian Pacific railway is to be used for yards and workshops in connection with their lines into the northern country. The purchase will insure to Edmonton a large railway population in connection with this railway and will increase the prestige of Edmonton as the railway center of the vast west. The reserve is assessed at a valuation of $1,000 an acre, and as this portion is well above the average in price, there is little doubt but the figure is largely in excess of that price.

Winter Carnival.

Preparations are being made for the big winter carnival which Rossland will hold on February 8 to 12. Some of the features are hockey championship of B. C., ski jumping, championship of Canada, skating, championship of the province. There will also be tobogganing, curling bonspiel, horse races and other events.

Burns' Anniversary.

What's the matter with the Scotchmen this year? Only a few days are left before the anniversary of "Bobbie" Burns and nothing has yet been done to honor the occasion which is January 25th.

Extra large bottles of Rowat's pickles 50 cents, at Crowe Bros.

Enterprising Firm.

One of the best known business men in the Kootenays is A. D. Watts of Wattsburg, president of the Watts Manufacturing company, with mills and plant at Wattsburg in East Kootenay and at Proctor in West Kootenay. While primarily engaged in the lumber business, the Watts company makes a specialty of wire-wound wooden pipe. The manufacture of this has been carried on for some years at Wattsburg and the product of the factory has met with such a ready sale that the company has been unable to keep up with the demand. The increased demand for piping has led the company to undertake the installation of a pipe plant in connection with its mill at Proctor, taken over a few months ago from the Proctor Lumber company. This pipe-making plant is almost ready for operation and will be in every respect as complete as it can be made, so that the company hopes from now on to be able to more fully cope with all orders which may be sent to it.

"Dry" Burns.

Fire broke out in the "dry" at the Josie mine in Rossland, the property of the LeRoy No. 2 company, early Saturday morning. The building was gutted. In the "dry" or change room were the working clothes of the morning and afternoon shifts and the clothes of the men at work at the time. The damage to the company's property is covered by insurance. The cause of the fire is not known.

FOR SALE:—Mantle folding bed and mattress. Price $12. Apply at this office.

Stock Taking Sale of Ladies' Underwear.

In order to clear in these lines we will sell at the following low prices.

Suits	$2.75	now	$1.90.
"	2.00	"	1.50.
"	1.50	"	1.00.
"	1.25	"	.95.

These prices are special for one week only, so don't fail to take advantage of these snaps.

Daylight Store,

ROBERTS & MESSINGER

THE MOYIE LEADER.

Published in the interest of the people of Moyie and East Kootenay.

F. J. SMYTH, Publisher.

RATE OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Year $2.00

SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1910.

This is the season of the year when Moyie cuts some ice.

A Missouri man has been engaged to six different grass widows. Does he keep a lawn mower?

Lumbermen on the coast say that one French Canadian is worth two Hindus. Doesn't seem enough.

Coleman Miner: Moyie has a gentlemanly lot of hockey players which is a good advertisement for a town.

James Thielman, head waiter at Delminoc's for many year's, died lately, leaving an estate worth $500,000. Tips tightly treasured.

The average woman commences to think seriously when other women say nice things about her husband.

Texas now proudly announces the marriage of Miss Maude Cue and Mr. Alex Cumber. After which Cupid had cholera morbus.

A petrified man was recently dug up in Arizona. He was probably a relative of the merchant who thinks he can do business without advertising.

A man who uses a tack hammer is called a "knocker" but the man who swings a sledge is said to have a "strong influence." Moral: Get a pile driver.

Here's another proof that love is blind. Between the excitement of a honeymoon trip and the rush of Christmas shopping, a Saskatchewan farmer and his bride visiting Victoria mistook a fire alarm box for a letter box.

Italy is reported as about to send a new ambassador to the United States in the person of Marquis Cusani-Confalieneri. Have the Italians no regard at all for the newspaper men of America? How an earth do they expect them to crowd a name like that into a headline?

A girl was arrested in New York because she tried to beg something at the house of Rockefeller in order to buy Christmas presents for her relatives. John D. was probably not aware of this Christian act in the face of Christmas, but if he is sincere in his noise about church matters he will fire the cold-blooded flunky who caused the arrest of this poor little girl.

[illegible] noble woman, [illegible] thanks for the right to vote.

but meekly gowned in the garb of the grey nuns, are now on their way to resume work among the Indians at Isle la Crosse, 300 miles north of Prince Albert. From Prince Albert they have to make their way over the prairie and streams in the primitive manner of the pioneers, sleeping in the open, till their long journey is accomplished. When their destination is reached, there, cut off from the rest of the world, they will give their best energies, perhaps their lives, to the work of civilizing the Indians. May success attend their efforts.—Calgary Herald.

Canada Good Enough.

Some time ago one of the Hearst papers strongly advocated the annexation of Canada to the United States. The Charlottetown Guardian eloquently rises to the occasion with the following:

"Why should we secede to join a republic of ninety millions? We now rule at our own sweet will from our federal capital at Ottawa, the greater northern half of this continent. Why should we hand over that control to a government at Washington, in which we would have no more representation or influence than the single State of Pennsylvania? The great mass of the Canadian people prefer our institutions to those of the Republic, partly because they are more Democratic and partly because they give better results. We can turn out a bad government any day by a vote of the House of Commons. We think we have a more law-abiding community than our genial neighbor. We have no lynchings, no negro problem, vastly less of murder and serious crime than they and one divorce in proportion to population to ten across the border. Most of us think our own tarriff to high, and Uncle Sim's is many storeys higher.

"We might give a score of other facts in the same line, but let these suffice. And if Mr. Hearst would search the pages of his history he would fail to find any precedent for seven millions of the freest people on earth, with so vast and so rich a heritage as the Canadian people posess, voluntarily seeking to change their flag and their illegience to become ab- absord into a neighbor nation. Mr. Hearst does not mean to insult the Canadian people, but were he a Canadian, and living in free and happy Canada, he would feel that this annexation talk borders pretty closely upon insult. Canadians at least are not flattered by it."

The Genuine Article.

Customer—Are you sure that is real Ceylon tea?

Well-informed Young Assistant - Certainly sir. Mr. Ceylon's name is on every package.

Coming Events.

Convention District No. 6, W. F. of M. at Trail, January 19th.

Provincial legislature opens January 20th.

Bonspiel at Nelson January 24.

Meeting of Associated Boards of Trade at Nelson, January 26th.

Rossland Winter Carnival, February 8th to 12th.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They do the work when ever you require their aid. These tablets change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, gloominess into joyousness. Their action is so gentle one don't realize they have taken a purgative. Sold by The Moyie Drug & Stationery Co.

Do You Feel This Way?

Do you feel all tired out? Do you sometimes think you just can't work away at your profession or trade any longer? Do you have a poor appetite, and lay awake at nights unable to sleep? Are your nerves all gone, and your stomach too? Has ambition to forge ahead in the world left you? If so, you might as well put a stop to your misery. You can do it if you will. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will make you a different individual. It will set your lazy liver to work. It will set things right in your stomach, and your appetite will come back. It will purify your blood. If there is any tendency in your family toward consumption, it will keep that dread destroyer away. Even after consumption has almost gained a foothold in the form of a lingering cough, bronchitis, or bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a cure in 98 per cent. of all cases. It is a remedy prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose *advice is given free* to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice.

Don't be wheedled by a penny-grabbing dealer into taking inferior substitutes for Dr. Pierce's medicines, recommended to be "just as good." Dr. Pierce's medicines are of KNOWN COMPOSITION. Their every ingredient printed on their wrappers. Made from roots without alcohol. Contain no habit-forming drugs. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

As Lowrey Sees Things.

(Greenwood Ledge.)

The big mitt sometimes covers a small hand.

Many people become poorer by being in too great haste to get rich.

In different parts of America Greenwood is a favorite name for cemeteries.

A sweet smile and a cheerful voice will win many a dollar in this selfish world.

The woman who tries to conceal her age is generally old enough to know better.

It is unlawful now in the United States to give a cheque for a less amount than one dollar. The offender is punishable by a fine of $500 or six months in jail. A better law than that would be to fine the fellow who mails a cheque to an editor without adding the exchange. We have lost a fortune by tricks of this kind.

The coreless apple, the horseless carriage, the wireless telegraph, the heartless girl and many other things have been discovered in recent years, but no genius has yet arisen who can take the sting out of a jag, or make anybody win in a poker game. The man who can accomplish those two things has a fortune ready to batt him in the upper stope.

VANCOUVER INVESTMENTS.

We have a few lots left on the beautiful Rowling Road, right close to the River Road car line, and commanding an unsurpassing view.

Prices, $275 and $300 each. Terms $25 cash, balance $10 per month.

We can recommend these to bring good returns on the investment.

We have also a number of good lots in Lynn Valley, North Vancouver, on the new car line. With the early construction of the bridge across the Second Narrows these lots will more than double in value.

Price from $250 up, on terms. $25 cash and $10 per month.

THE DOMINION STOCK & BOND CORPORATION OF VANCOUVER, LTD.

Winch Bldg., (Ground Floor) Hastings St., W. Vancouver, B. C.

P. O. Box 1208.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never disappoint those who use it for obstinate coughs, colds and irritations of the throat and lungs. It stands unrivalled as a remedy for all throat and lung diseases. Sold by the Moyie Drug and Stationery Co.

POSTAL PHOTOS.

I make a specialty of Postal Photo work. Prices, 4 for 50 cents, or $1.25 a dozen.

MISS FLORA DEACON.

Wm. Jewell

Express and General Delivery Business. Livery and Feed Stable.

WOOD AND COAL

For Sale

Leave Orders at Gwynne's Store.

Moyie. British Columbia

LIQUOR LICENCE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that one month after date I, Frances L. Taylor, of Moyie, British Columbia intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for a transfer from myself to Beecher E. Taylor and Michael J. Bonner of my hotel licence for the premises known and described as the International Hotel, Moyie, B. C.

Dated this 15th day of December, A. D., 1909.

FRANCES L. TAYLOR

LIQUOR LICENCE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that one month after date we, Beecher E. Taylor and Michael J. Bonner of Moyie, B. C. intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for a liquor licence for the premises known and described as the International Hotel, Moyie, B. C.

Dated this 15th day of December, A. D., 1909.

B. E. TAYLOR,
M. J. BONNER.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

ANNUAL

Eastern Canada EXCURSIONS

Low Round Trip Rates to

Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Provinces.

Tickets on Sale Dec. 1 to Dec. 31, inclusive, good to return within three months. Tickets issued in connection Atlantic Steamship Business will be on sale from November 21 and limited to five months from date of issue.

Finest Equipment, Standard First Class and Tourist Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars on all Through Trains. Compartment--Library--Observation Cars on "Imperial Limited" and Atlantic Express."

3—Through Express Trains Daily—3

THE "TORONTO EXPRESS" leaves Winnipeg daily at 22.40, making connections at Toronto for all points East and West. The "IMPERIAL LIMITED" leaves Winnipeg daily at 18.15, and the "ATLANTIC EXPRESS" at 8.00 daily, making connections at Montreal for all points East thereof.

Apply to the nearest C. P. R agent for full particulars.

Nifty Fall

SUITINGS

FINE NEW STOCK of the nattiest in Fall Suitings from eastern and English manufacturers just received. They are undoubtedly the handsomest and most distinctive fabrics that have yet been offered and those who would have something select in a Suit for fall should leave their order early. A fit guaranteed and at a reasonable price.

Pressing and Cleaning Done

Prices Right.

C. A. FOOTE

Merchant Tailor.

MOYIE, B. C

I. O. O. F.

Wildey Lodge No. 44.

Meets Tuesday evenings in McGregor hall on Victoria street. Sojourning Odd Fellows cordially invited.

FRED EGE, Noble Grand. F. J. SMYTH, Secr'y.

St. Eugene Lodge No. 37

K. of P.

Meets every Thursday evening in McGregor hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers invited.

P. J. McALPINE, Chancellor Com. E. A. HILL K. R. & S.

Selkirk Lodge, No. 55 A. F. & A. M.

Regular meetings on the first Wednesday of each month.

Visiting bretbern welcome.

G. T. McGregor, W. M.
D. A. Ayres, Secretary.

Moyie Miners' Union No. 71 W. F. of M.

Meets in McGregor hall every Saturday evening. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.

John Boyd, President. James Roberts Secretary

Harvey, McCarter & Macdonald.

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.

Cranbrook, - - B. C.

W. F. GURD,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.

CRANBROOK. B. C

DR. F. B. MILES,

DENTIST.

Cranbrook, B. C.

George H. Thompson,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

CRANBROOK. BRITISH COLUMBIA

W. R. BEATTY

Embalmer and Undertaker,

Phone 9. CRANBROOK

T. T. McVittie, C.E., P. L. S. H. Y. Parker, C

McVITTIE & PARKER

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYING

RAILWAY & MINING ENGINEERING

Estimates Furnished.

OFFICES

Fort Steele P. O. Box 25.
Cranbrook P. O. Box 11.

BUY YOUR

Cigars Tobaccos Fruit and Confetionery

FROM

A. B. Stewart

Thos. Summers

Cigars, Tobacco, Fruit and Confectionery.

TOYS, NOTIONS ETC.

South Victoria St.

—THE—

Central Hotel.

DESAULNIER BROS. Props.

Large sample room in connection with house for commercial men. Best of accommodation.

Headquarters for Commercial and Mining Men.

QUEENS AVE., MOYIE, B. C.

SEND YOUR WORK TO THE

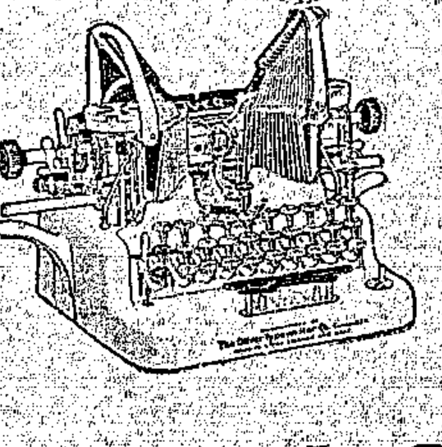
KOOTENAY STEAM LAUNDRY.

NELSON

All White Labor.

Leave work with the local agent

A. B. STEWART.



OLIVER TYPEWRITER

For Sale

For $125.00.

Easy Payments.

F. J. SMYTH.

MOYIE, B. C.

P. O. BOX 801 PHONE 73

East Kootenay Botting Co

Cranbrook, B. C.

Manufacturers of all kinds of carbonated beverages. We spare no expense to have our goods the best on the market.

There are others, But!!

The Miners' Union

Will do well at the beginning of the year to pass a resolution as these three people

have done. That before spending their money elsewhere for

Furniture

they will examine and enquire into the price of

ROCKERS

and other lines of furniture carried by the

CRANBROOK CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

Stock Taking Season

will be here February 1st, and for the next 30 days we will give a very special price in all kinds of furniture.

Here is a sample.

Bed, spring, mattress, dresser and stand all for $24.50.

Cranbrook Co-Operative Stores

Moyie Beer

As made by the present brewer is admittedly the Best Beer in East Kootenay. With the Best Malt and the Purest Spring Water it is unexcelled for quality. Insist on having Moyie Beer.

BOTTLED AND DRAFT BEER

MOYIE BREWING CO.

MUELLER & HESSE, PROPS.

MOYIE, B. C.

MOYIE HOTEL.

P. F. JOHNSTON

This Hotel is New and well Furnished The Tables are Supplied with the Best the Market affords. The Bar is Filled with the Best Brands of Liquors and Cigars

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL AND MINING MEN

MOYIE - - - - - - - BRITISH COLUMBIA

"I Came Not to Judge the World"

BY ELIZABETH A. HYDE

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"SEEMS like I can hear singin'."

The boy stopped, and laid a detaining hand on his companion's arm.

"Listen a minute," he said.

The old man stirred restlessly.

"I reckon it's jest the birds," he muttered. "Tain't nothin' t' be afraid of, 'way out here."

"No," replied the boy. "I wa'n't afraid. It sounded like a hymn. There it comes again. Must be a church yonder in the woods, daown that red road somewheres."

The boy spoke wistfully. The old man glanced at him sharply from beneath his ragged brows.

"D'ye wanter go?" he asked, almost roughly.

"Not unless you're willin', Dad," was the reply. "D'ye reckon it's safe?"

"Oh, it's safe enough. There's no one knows us 'way out yere. Only—only, s'posin' they sing 'Till We Meet.' I thought ye was afraid of that."

The boy's face crimsoned.

"'God be with you till we meet again,'" he said softly. "Mother's hymn!"

HE REMOVED HIS CAP INVOLUNTARILY.

He removed his cap involuntarily.

The old man stood and waited. He was sorry for the boy, and for himself, too, a little. There had been a time—not so very long ago—when he, too, had felt—

He choked back the swift rush of feeling. The road at his feet was thick with dust. He drew figures in it with his stick, and erased them again, trying not to think. It was not unpleasant standing there in the warm sunshine. The hedge was gay with bursting buds, the air was a chaotic medley of spring sounds. He glanced up at the sky. It looked like blue flannel and white swansdown, like a woman's dressing gown. God! Why must everything remind him so? He turned toward the woods, with a sharp expression of pain.

"If you don't care, Dad, I'd be mighty glad to go," said the boy, gently. "We can come away before the end. They don't sing that—until the end."

They started slowly down the red road, side by side. There was no dust; instead, it was rather damp. The road had been rudely cut through the woods, and the great trees met overhead. But April's forces were at work, even in the shadow; a clump of violets caught the old man's eye.

"She loved vi'lets," he said. "D'ye 'member, son? She loved vi'lets, didn't she? No; don't pick 'em," as the boy stepped forward; "she may see 'em from where she is. We don't know."

"Dad, d'ye reckon she knows we did it for her? D'ye reckon she knows that's where the money for her med'cine come from, an' the blankets, an' the blue an' white wrapper an' all? An'—the—buryin'?"

"Like as not, son. But—I don' know. It might make her feel bad if she did. She went jest in time, didn't she? It warn't more'n three-four days 'fore they was after us. An' all for a meas'ly two hundred dollars. An' fer her, too."

"Mebbe it's better for us, as we had to skip an' run around country ever sence," replied the boy after a pause. "More'n a year, ain't it? If we'd stayed there, seems like—like we'd missed her more."

The road turned abruptly to the left. A few yards further along was the church, a small, unpainted, barn-like structure, in the middle of a clearing. Vehicles of many descriptions stood dejectedly about the open space; the fringe of the woods was alive with tethered horses. A dozen men lounged lazily at the windows, some inside and some out. The door stood wide. A soiled paper on the wall by the steps announced that the Rev. John Barker, of Virginia, would conduct revival services in the church for three days.

"Of Virginia?" The boy glanced quickly at his father's face.

"It's all right," said the man. "Virginia's pretty big. An' he's a preacher, anyhow. It's all right."

They slipped quietly into the back pew as the people settled themselves after the hymn, and the preacher began his address. They caught only glimpses of his ascetic face, but the clear, far reaching voice was heard distinctly.

"If I were goin' to preach a sermon this mornin'," he began, "this is the text I should choose:—'For I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sins no more.' Do you hear that, friends? Do you see its full meanin'? 'I—will—remember—their—sin—no—more.' Ah, what a glorious promise, what a strong staff to lean upon is that! My friends, you and I are po' weak sinners. There are hard things to account for on the great day of judgment, but Christ has promised that he will remember them no more. Have you anything on you conscience, my brethren? Is there something which haunts you by day and night, something you would give your lives to blot out? Then repent, and Christ will remember it no more.

"We have not time for a sermon, as I said, but let me read you a few passages of Scripture about our subject. Ponder them, friends, for they are mighty comfortin' to all in trouble."

The man and the boy in the back seat were listening with white, tense faces. The same thought was in the mind of each:—What unseen power had led them to this place where the wonderful story of forgiveness of sin was being repeated; it seemed for them alone? Could it be that she was with them, after all, and had brought them there for comfort? The boy's chin quivered. He put up his hand to steady it.

The preacher lifted his small Bible. Slips of white paper fringed its top.

"I have selected a few verses and will read them as they are," he said. "Some are in the Master's words; others in those of His disciples."

The smooth voice, with its slight accent of Southern music, filled the little room and floated out of the low windows. The white hands turned the leaves and removed the slips one by one.

"'If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves and pray, and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin and will heal their land.'

"'Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. I acknowledge my sin unto Thee and mine iniquities have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord, and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.'

"'For Thou, Lord, art good and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Thee.'

"'And if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him.'

"'If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'"

A woman mounted the steps and stood hesitating by the door. The occupants of the back pew rose to make room for her.

The preacher's Bible closed suddenly on the one remaining slip; those in his hand fluttered to the platform. He started forward and then stopped; the man and the boy reseated themselves and looked up at him. He opened the book at the marked place.

"I have but one more," he said, with a perceptible tremor of the voice, "but it is a beautiful one to close with. If Christ will forgive us our great transgressions, how much more should we forgive one another the small trespasses against us. Paul says, 'And be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you.'"

He closed the Bible slowly. For a few moments the tension was unbroken; then a woman on the front bench caught her breath sharply and dabbed her eyes nervously with a cotton glove. A big blue shirted fellow in one of the windows jumped down and walked away into the woods.

"Let us sing 'There Is a Fountain.' I'm sure you all know that."

The little congregation rose and sang with spirit. When the first verse was well started the preacher stepped from the platform and spoke to a small man sitting by the organ. He stood between him and the people and spoke very quietly. He asked a question. The small man touched his coat pocket and smiled.

"I have to be prepared," he said.

The preacher remounted the platform and joined in the singing. The other man rose and walked quietly over to a group in one of the windows.

"If Brother Gilman will lead us we will have our closing prayer, and then our usual parting hymn will end the morning service."

The preacher spoke quickly and played nervously with his watch guard.

A white haired man in the next to the last seat rose to his feet. His smile fell upon the people like a benediction. He was so feeble that he leaned on the back of a bench as he stood.

"Dad, don't ye reckon we'd better go?" whispered the boy in the pew behind him.

"In a minute," was the reply. "I wanter hear him. He's the right kind, he is."

"Our Father who art in heaven—" the voice was low and of infinite sweetness, "we have heard from the disciple Thou hast sent to encourage and uplift us the beautiful, tender, loving promises Thou hast made Thy people. Father, we need these promises. We come to Thee weary at heart and laden with our sins. Sometimes they seem more than we can bear. Sometimes we wonder if, indeed, Thou canst hear from heaven the cries of such erring children as we."

There was a moment's silence, broken by the sound of footsteps in the aisle. But none of the bowed heads was lifted.

"Lord, we would forgive one another our trespasses; we would bear one another's burdens so far as we are able, but the burden of guilt and sin we lay at Thy feet alone, trusting, believing, building our every hope of salvation upon the promise that Thou wilt deliver us from evil."

The sweet voice quavered and broke. The boy in the back seat sobbed audibly. The man beside him laid a trembling hand affectionately on his shoulder.

Suddenly something cold snapped on the wrist. He looked up, half dazed. The boy started to his feet. They were surrounded by a group of men—eager, alert, curious—and close beside them, the delicate fingers still at the handcuffs, was the preacher. The white haired man turned toward them.

"Don't let us interrupt you, Brother Gilman," said the preacher, in his smooth voice. "We shall be but a moment."

"I do not understand, sir. These men whom you seize are worshipping with us at the throne of our Heavenly Father. Surely this is no time for—for this. I do not understand. Will you explain?"

The beautiful face was perplexed and troubled; the low voice rose in disapproval.

A burly man by the door laughed harshly.

"Business is business, brother," he said. "These men have been dodging the law of Virginia for over a year. The preacher, here, knows all about 'em. We're lucky to be the ones to pull 'em in."

"The preacher, you say? Was he the instigator of this insult to our Lord?" He turned and faced the young man sternly. "'Art not thou also one of His disciples?'"

The preacher flushed, then he paled as suddenly and put up his arm as if to ward off a blow. The old man's look softened.

The group at the door, with the man and the boy handcuffed together, started down the steps.

"Come back!"

The preacher's voice rang out sharply.

"We cannot do this thing. I had forgotten—God forgive me! Let the men go. Let them go, I say!"

The burly man laughed again.

"Why, Parson, you're plumb crazy! It may be agin your conscience, but mine ain't doin' no kickin'. I'll take the blame, if you like, but I ain't goin' to miss that reward."

The preacher's frame stiffened to steel and his eyes blazed. He raised a clenched hand above his head.

"Buck Lipscomb," he said, steadily, in deeper than his ordinary tones, "if you lay a hand on those men I will curse your soul—I will curse your soul to hell!"

The men fell back, awed, horror stricken.

The raised arm fell nerveless, and the preacher passed his hand across his eyes in a dazed way. He looked beyond the men, into the woods.

"I could never preach again." The words were almost a whisper. "I could never pray. My salvation is at stake. And yours—all of you. We cannot do this thing; it would be horrible. God forgive us!"

Then, after a pause, "The key, Colonel."

The little man stepped forward and released the man and boy. No one else moved; no one spoke.

The preacher drew money from his pocket and gave several bills to the man.

"You will follow this red road to the pike," he said. "The station is about three minutes' walk further along, just beyond the big red barn." He took out his watch. "The express to the West is due in eleven minutes. You can just make it if you don't lose any time. Go, and begin over again. And God bless you!"

The man tried to speak, but the preacher stopped him.

"Don't," he said. "You haven't time. It's all right."

The two started down the road. The old man pulled his hat over his eyes; the boy stumbled as he walked.

The preacher re-entered the church.

"Let us close the service," he said.

The men followed him and seated themselves. When they were quiet the preacher looked his little congregation over, pew by pew.

"I am glad to see you all here," he said. "But to make sure, let me say that I meant exactly what I said just now. Every one of you will remain in this house till the close of the service, and if any one of you tries to trace the two men who have just left us, then may God have mercy on your soul!"

He nodded to the organist, and she played the opening bars of the usual hymn. The preacher leaned rather wearily on the reading desk, his watch open before him. He did not sing.

They were finishing the final chorus when the organist looked up in surprise. Every one had stopped. Faint and far, through the woods, came the whistle of the train.

The preacher smiled.

"Two minutes late," he said. "They are sure to be in time." Then he stretched out his hands.

"'The Lord bless thee, and keep thee, the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee, the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.'"

Men Who Have Opened Their Hearts to Me.

BY A YOUNG WIDOW.

HE was an old man, the type that might be known as a "cheerful drinker." That is, he never let it interfere with his work—he was city editor of a paper I did "specials" for—and was perfectly content to be as he was, and perfectly frank about it. He had an infectious laugh that kept everybody near him in good humor. I never saw him unhappy unless he was thoroughly sober. I thought he was a man of many friends at first, but soon discovered that few of those who told him their troubles and received help—generally financial—knew anything about the old fellow.

He and I stayed on in the office one night after everybody else had left—I to finish a "special" and he to clip unnecessary punjab, smoke his interminable pipe and—to tell me his story.

"I know you think I'm nothing but a sorry old dog," he said, after he had manoeuvred for a start, "but I'd like to make you see that we don't all go down without being knocked down.

SHE LET ME KEEP THE LOCK OF HAIR.

"I fought in the civil war and was wounded (I got my brevet as colonel for that) and was shipped home. Our train was within a few miles of our town, and my heart was nearly hammering my ribs out—for there was a girl there—in the town. She had my ring and I a lock of her hair. Well, the train was wrecked. I escaped, but others were killed. Her brother—we'd fought side by side—was pinned under a mass of rails and ties and wreckage. The wreckage was on fire, and he was—alive."

The old man very carefully laid down his pipe here. He needed to, for his hand was quivering.

"He screamed—high and piercingly, like a woman—and begged us to kill him. It was absolutely hopeless for us to try to get the wreckage off—in time. And the flames—as if they were planned in hell—they were just keeping off—just leaving life enough to be agonized by them.

"I tried to turn away, but it seemed to me that the circle of blinding fire around that man was around me as pitilessly and impellingly. And then he screamed again for death and writhed around so that he faced me. His arm was free, with the mark of the bullet in the hand that he'd got at Bull Run, and he just stretched it out and said, 'Dan, we were mates.'

"I stood like stone one instant more, looking into the look in his eyes—that look—God!—then I moved. It seemed to me that I was stiff and ages slow, and that I moved like a log and was far, far away, but they say it was all done before they knew it was to be done. I seized an axe from a wrecker's hand and sprang up on a burning tie and swung the axe—and that ended that look."

After a while he went on:—"No one told her that it was I who did it. She was grateful—yes, grateful—but did not know to whom. But the first welcome, the first embrace and kiss, showed me that I'd have to tell her, that I couldn't marry her with that between us a secret.

"I had her in my arms when I told her, and I remember how her flesh quivered—yes, shuddered—back from me, as if it acted by itself and felt itself the horror. She tried, tried bravely for weeks, but whenever I touched her that shudder came—so. She let me keep the lock of hair, though," and the warped old fingers slipped inside his coat.

"That's why. There is generally a reason for a man's just lying inert at his lowest level. I have capabilities you never dreamed of, but you'll have a career and I'll die city editor of a country paper, never doing a lick I don't have to do to hold my job—and contradicting myself by being faithful in that. I do the easiest thing, for I've only one real thing to do, and that is—keep that face away—stop feeling that shudder. I can't stand that face. I can't stand that shudder. So when I'm not working I drink."

"But, Colonel," I cried in amazement, "what about your laughter?"

He laughed then. "I was born that way," he said. "It's the line of least resistance. And then it helps—to keep away the face too—and that's all I can look for, I guess, till the end comes. Then—I wonder."

A Life Sentence

"ONE moment, Your Honor," pleaded the prisoner. "If I ask you a conundrum, will you let me off?"

The Judge meditated.

"What is the conundrum?" he asked.

"Well, why are the amateur writers who contribute to the Herald's prize story contest like the figures 1, 0, 7, 0, 1?"

"Well?" said the Judge.

"Because," explained the delinquent, anxiously, "because—he! he! they are after 10,701."

"Imprisoned for life!" thundered the Magistrate.

AT CROSS PURPOSES

BY FLORENCE DE FOREST

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"NOW, Tom Warren, don't say one word to me. I have a great scheme."

"Why, I have not spoken for at least half an hour and you are telling me not to speak," said Tom, glancing up from the book he was reading.

"You dear stupid, you know what I mean. I don't want you to interfere with this tremendous piece of work I have undertaken."

It was not at all probable that Tom would think of interfering with anything Betty suggested, as each thought the other perfect. They had been married a year and for them the honeymoon had not yet passed. As theirs was truly a love match, to them any lovers who were foolish enough to quarrel—well, they could not understand such a situation.

"Tommy, isn't it dreadful about Lou and Harry having that misunderstanding?"

"Why, that won't amount to anything, dear. In fact, I thought it had blown over before this."

"That is just the point—it hasn't. But," with a vigorous shake of her head, "it's going to."

"Whew," said Tom, "that sounds like business. If those two children knew when they were well off they'd make up before you took them in hand. You see, I know, for I've been there."

"Tommy Warren, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Evidently Tommy was, for he laid down the book and, crossing over to where Betty was sitting, stooped and kissed the top of her head.

"Now, tell me your scheme. I'm all attention. Am I to be in it?"

"No, you're not. I'm going to make them meet under the big oak down the road. You see, that is one of the advantages of living in a village."

"What is?" asked Tom, "having them meet, or having a big oak a quarter of a mile from one's home?"

"Thomas Warren, do you desire to hear my plan—if so be serious."

"On my honor, I'll quit kidding, but I was just wondering to which you referred."

Ignoring his question, she went on. "You see, I will have a dinner party a week from to-night, but no one will come."

"W-w-what," stammered Tom. "What do you mean?"

"Do not be alarmed," she returned laughing. "I mean if they do come at all they will not be punctual. I have written the invitations and I will read them to you. This one is going to Lou, although it begins 'Dear Harry'—you see, Tom, I know Lou will finish reading it and it will make her think—think hard, too:—

"'The Nest.

"'Dear Harry:—Will you take dinner with us next Wednesday at half after seven? We would so like to have you. To speak frankly, I know all about the quarrel you and Lou had, and it is my belief that some people were never meant for each other. Don't be vexed, but I know you understand what I mean.'"

"Goodness, Betty"——

"Not another word, Tommy, until I have finished. Remember, the envelope that carries this letter is to be addressed to Louise. Besides, lots of people are not meant for each other—are they?"

Tom shook his head.

"I have not said they were not meant for each other, have I?"

"No, but"——

"No 'buts', Tommy, let me go on:—

"'Now, I have invited one of the dearest girls to dine with us that night, and I want you to meet here. We may go for a drive in the afternoon, and you can meet us at half-past six under the big oak down the road.

"'Tom and I will be so disappointed if you do not come. Very sincerely yours,

"'ELIZABETH LEE WARREN.'

"Now this is the letter Harry will receive, and he'll read it to the finish—you see if he doesn't:—

"'The Nest.

"'My Dear Louise:—We would so enjoy having you dine with us next Wednesday night at half-past seven. In fact, Lou, I know all about the quarrel you and Harry have had, and I told Tom not long ago that it was my opinion lots of people are not suited to each other.

"'I have invited a friend of Tom's to be here Wednesday night. He is awfully nice and I do hope you will like each other.

"'We are going for a drive in the afternoon and will meet you at half-past six, under the big oak down the road.

"'Wear your white muslin, and be sure to look your prettiest, dear. Always lovingly, BETTY.'

"Tommy," said Betty, brightly, "I have an idea Harry will be under that blessed oak!"

* * * * * * * *

The letters were duly received by the persons for whom they were intended, although neither guessed that fact.

When Louise saw "Dear Harry" she resolutely folded it and put it back in the envelope.

"It certainly is Betty's writing," she mused. "I wonder what she had to say to Harry. Now, if it had been from Tom it would have been different." Then in a minute:—"Maybe it isn't from Betty at all; it may be from some"—she choked just a little—"some girl." She sighed. "I don't care." Two minutes passed. "If it isn't from Betty I wonder who it is from." Two minutes more. "Well, I will have to take it out of this envelope, anyway, to repost it." Then as the thought struck her, "Goodness, he'll think it is a letter from me! How dreadful!" A pause. "He'll never know, and I will just peek at the signature." Whereupon she slowly proceeded to extract the letter once more from its covering. Her eyes fell upon: "I have invited one of the dearest girls to dine with us, and I want you to meet her."

After that she read the letter from beginning to end and then—read it again.

* * * * * * * *

The same mail brought Harry a letter also. As he opened his he saw "Wear your white muslin and be sure to look your prettiest, dear. Always lovingly, "BETTY."

"Jiminy," gasped Harry, "what the deuce is she talking about?"

He turned the paper over, and when he saw Louise's name he gave a low whistle.

Then he read the whole letter.

"Well, I call that pretty work!" he exclaimed. "I always thought Tom and Betty were stanch friends of mine, and here they are trying to find a man for Lou so quickly it takes away my breath."

Suddenly he threw the letter down and sat up straight. "Gee whillikins," he exclaimed, "I can't address this to Lou! Why, she would think it was a letter from me!"

Wednesday afternoon came. It was a perfect day in early spring. Harry had been in the office all day and when at last his work was ended he decided to take a walk in the surrounding country. For days the contents of that letter had been uppermost in his mind, but it is certain had he been asked why at six o'clock he chanced to be in the vicinity of the big oak he would doubtless have said that it was purely accidental.

He glanced at his watch for the tenth time within the last sixty minutes.

"I suppose she will be here in half an hour," he mused, "so I had better hurry." Contrary to his decision, however, he seated himself on a large bowlder under the tree.

"I wonder what kind of a looking chap Tom and Betty have selected for Lou. Don't think I'm suitable, eh? Well, maybe I'm not, but—well, I'd like to have a look at the fellow who is."

He glanced down the road. "Gee whiz!" he exclaimed, "here comes some one now. It's—no, it isn't—yes, it is, it is Lou! I can't run—she would see me. I can't take to the woods, for there are not any within a mile." At this point in his soliloquy he looked up in the tree—a thought struck him. "I'll do it," he said. The branches being low it was easy of access, and no sooner said than done—Harry was up in that tree, safely out of sight before Louise seated herself on the stone he had just vacated.

She sighed. Then she took out her timepiece.

"Ten minutes after six," she said aloud. "I suppose he will be here early. No doubt he is very anxious to see one of the dearest girls! All right for you, Tom and Betty Warren. I know all I want to of you!" A pause. "Well, I'd better be going. I don't know whatever possessed me to come this road. Why, but I would like to see the girl they think is suitable for Harry."

SHE WAS ENDEAVORING TO GET HIGHER WHEN A SMALL BRANCH CAUGHT HER HAIR.

She stopped and listened.

"Goodness, I believe I hear horses' feet, and I wouldn't have Betty see me here for worlds! I'll climb this tree—no one will ever see me if I'm up there."

Suiting the action to the word, she mounted the bowlder and proceeded on her upward journey. She was not accustomed to climbing, but managed to reach the lower boughs in safety. She was endeavoring to get higher when a small branch caught in her hair.

"I'm caught," she ejaculated.

"So'm I," said a voice above her.

She looked up quickly.

"Har—, I mean Mr. Cummings, may I ask what you are doing here?"

"Certainly, Miss Richards. I was just, ah—reading Darwin."

"I see you believe in following in your ancestors' footsteps, Mr. Cummings."

"And may I ask how you came to be here? Did you come to meet friends?"

"Yes—that is, no. I was taking a walk and"——

"Ended by climbing a tree?"

Their eyes met and they came dangerously near smiling, but instead she frowned at him. "Harry Cummings, I think you are the very meanest man I have ever met. I want you to get right down and go away. Oh, pardon me," as a thought came to her, "I forgot you were expecting friends to meet you here."

"I think there is some mistake, Miss Richards, and it is you who were invited to meet one of Tom Warren's friends. By the way," he said, glancing at her dress, "you did not wear your white muslin as requested."

"I certainly do not know what you are talking about. I have not been asked to wear any particular gown this afternoon, Mr. Cummings."

"You were, for I have"—— He was going to say he had a letter belonging to her in his pocket, when it suddenly dawned on him that he would have to confess to not only withholding it, but, what was far worse, to having read it.

"The truth is, I have a letter that was sent to me by mistake, and I ought to have reposted it to you, but the fact is I didn't."

"Well," she said, "I also have a letter meant for you, and if I ever get out of this predicament I'll"——

"This isn't a predicament—it's a tree."

"I don't care what you call it, it's all the same."

"Maybe I can get down if I try," he suggested.

He soon stood on the opposite branch to her, and as he disentangled her hair from the twig their eyes met.

"Wasn't it strange that Betty could have made such a mistake?" she asked.

"Do you think it was a mistake, dear?"

"Why, don't you?"

When they were on terra firma once more they compared letters.

"Harry Cummings, it's a put up job—it's ten minutes after the time appointed for three people to meet here, and not one has come."

"Have they not?" he asked. "I think two of them are here."

"Do you mean to say"——

"I mean to say nothing, but I realize I am considered a friend of Tom's and I certainly think you are 'one of the dearest girls.' Come on and let's see if Betty's dinner is ready."

Motor Acquaintances

MRS. CLIMBER had enjoyed so many automobile joy rides, with various ingenious excuses, that she had completely mastered the motoring vocabularly and even felt a sense of possession in the borrowed cars. During a call on a less fortunate neighbor one day she was enlarging on the beauties of her car.

"You should do some motoring, by all means," she ran on. "I couldn't live without it. I am so accustomed to our Highfly Clippinger that I simply abominate horses. By the way, what is the make of your machine?"

"Oh, mine is a light running lockstitch," said her friend, sweetly, "with hemmer, tucker and buttonhole attachment."

LOCAL ASSAYS

Miners' Union meets tonight.

Rev. J. W. Miller spent part of the week in Nelson.

J. H. Hawthorne, of Nelson, was in town this week.

Born—January 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. John Kenny, a son.

The Imperial Bank is being moved into its new quarters.

Dr. F. W. Lees has been up from Cranbrook for a few days.

Mrs. Ed Barr was removed yesterday to the Cranbrook hospital.

Mrs. J. C. Kempston returned Thursday from her trip to Ireland.

There will be the regular services at the Catholic church tomorrow.

They do allright who buy at Campbell's during his big sale. Adv.

Prof. Salmon was up from Cranbrook on his weekly visit Wednesday.

Mrs. I. Whitehead and daughter, Isabell, spent last Monday in Cranbrook.

Mrs. E. A. Hill and children are visiting with relatives at Lethbridge.

Get your eye on Campbell's store before the sale closes.—Adv.

Mrs. (Dr.) B. Aselestine came up from Fernie Wednesday to attend the Odd Fellows' ball.

Campbell don't advertise without he has the goods at a price which sells.—Adv.

J. W. Bennett, of the International Correspondence Schools, was in town during the week.

Wm. Attwood left Thursday for Calgary where he will again resume his studies at the business college.

A lady's neck fur was left in Morley hall last evening and brought to this office. The owner can call and get property.

A big sale of Victoria Cross tea and coffee is reported by Crowe Bros.

In all probability there will be a hockey game some time next week between the Nelson and Moyie teams at the rink here.

All members of the local lodge K. of P. are requested to attend the meeting next Thursday night as the installation of officers will take place.

It is believed that Joseph Cosavello has one of the best mining propositions ever struck in the Moyie camp. He has had some excellent gold assays. His property is within a mile of town.

Singer Sewing Machines cost very little more than cheap machines. Do the best work and last a life time. Sold on small monthly payments by Geo. B. Powell, Cranbrook. In Moyie on 10th of each month.

The benefit supper and concert at the Presbyterian church last evening was very liberally attended, and we understand a substantial amount was raised for Mr. White, who was recently operated on for appendicitis. Mr. White is now out of the hospital and is making rapid progress towards recovery.

Wants Carnival.

There is some talk of Nelson holding a carnival about the middle of February. By the way, the idea has gained ground there is no question about it popularity. One of the features suggested is the annual tournament for the senior hockey championship of British Columbia. In previous years this tournament has been held at Rossland, but this year, it is stated, Rossland is out of senior hockey and the best it will have will be intermediate. Vancouver is after the championship, and there are other cities and towns with no less keen interest.

Juvenile Courts.

Juvenile courts for British Columbia are likely to become an accomplished fact after the next session of the Legislature, the attorney-general having given out that it was the intention of the government to proceed in the manner provided for by the Dominion Act of 1908, which left it with the provincial legislatures to supplement the Dominion law with the local enactment bringing the Dominion law in force in each province.

At the Churches.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.

There will be the regular morning and evening services Sunday. Morning services at 10 o'clock. Evening services at 7:30 o'clock.

METHODIST CHURCH

Morning service at 11 a. m. Sunday School, 3 p. m. Evening service, 7:30 p. m. A hearty welcome extended to all.

Rev. J. W. MILLER, B. A.
(Pastor.)

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Union Service 11 a. m. Sunday school and Bible class at 2:30 p. m. Evening Service at 7:30 p. m. A hearty welcome to all.

REV. G. A. HACKNEY, B. A.
(Pastor.)

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is not a common, every-day cough mixture. It is a meritorious remedy for all the troublesome and dangerous complications resulting from cold in the head, throat, chest or lungs. Sold by The Moyie Drug & Stationery Co.

McGregor Building Sold.

This week G. T. McGregor sold his building on Victoria street to Desaulnier Bros., owners of the Central hotel. We understand the deal was a spot cash proposition. E. A. Hill occupies the lower portion as a store, and the hall upstairs is rented by the Miners' Union. The building is one of the best paying investments in the town.

Engagement Cancelled.

The Bonnie Briar Bush Company, which was to have played here tonight, has cancelled its engagement on account of losing time caused by delayed trains.

Nearest Point.

May 18 *Halley's Comet* will have reached its nearest point to the earth, 121 million miles. It will then be a splendid object in the morning sky, before it is obscured by the rising sun. It will not be visible in the evening or night.

Spokane's New Daily.

At the close of business on Friday, January 7, 7331 subscriptions had been booked for The Inland Herald, Spokane's new daily. The subscriptions and advertising that have been obtained for the new daily has made it necessary to purchase two more linotype machines.

Thirteenth Annual Winter Carnival.

Rossland

February 8 to 12, 1910

HOCKEY,

Championship of B. C. and International Championship.

SKI JUMPING.

Championship of Canada.

SKATING.

Championship of the Province.

Tobogganing
Curling Bonspiel
Horse Racing
And Other Events.

Masquerade and Dance

A Grand programme from Tuesday night until Saturday night.

Reduced Transportation Rates.

P. HUNT, President. H. P. McCRANEY, Secretary

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a very valuable medicine for throat and lung troubles, quickly relieves and cures painful breathing and a dangerously sounding cough which indicates congested lungs. Sold by The Moyie Drug & Stationery Co.

Have you a weak throat? If so, you cannot be too careful. You cannot begin treatment too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another and the last is always the harder to cure. If you will take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy at the outset you will be saved much trouble. Sold by The Moyie Drug & Stationery Co.

St. Joseph's Convent.

NELSON, B. C.

Boarding and Day School conducted by Sisters of St. Joseph, Nelson, B. C. Commercial and business courses a specialty. Excellence and swift progress characterize each department. Parents should write for particulars. One month assures the public the thoroughness of the Sisters' methods of teaching. Terms commence January, April and Sept. Pupils are admitted during term.

METAL MARKET.

NEW YORK—Bar silver, 52 cts
Lead $4.75 Copper, 13 cts
LONDON—Lead £13, 12s 6d

Stock Quotations.

FURNISHED BY BEALE & ELWELL.

	Bid	Asked
Aurora		25
Consolidated Smelters	82.00	90.00
Can. Goldfields	1 1-2	6
Cranbrook Fire Brick		1.10
North Star	7	9½
Society Gir.		25

Turkeys,
Geese,
Ducks,
Chickens,
Fowl,
Oysters,
Mince Meat.

P BURNS & CO Ltd
MOYIE, B. C.

Dr. H. E. HALL
DENTIST
The Expert Crown and Bridge Worker.
Office over Mr. Short's Wall Paper Store
Armstrong Ave., Cranbrook

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.
This hotel is now under new management, and is first class in every respect
TAYLOR, & BONNER
PROPRIETORS.
Victoria Street. MOYIE

O. F. DESAULNIER
DEALER
WOOD, COAL & FEED
PROMPT DELIVERY.
Queens' Ave. MOYIE

STOP AT THE
COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.
WHEN IN
CRANBROOK
E. H. SMALL, Manager.
Good rooms, good tables and bar and first class sample rooms.

PIANO LESSONS
H. C. SALMON
of Cranbrook
(Phone 263.)
visits Moyie weekly.
Studio at Mrs. Gilbert

ANNUAL SALE

IMMENSE REDUCTION SALE

Goods to be Slaughtered.

Our business has far exceeded our expectations during the past year. To show the public our appreciation of their liberal patronage and to reduce our immense stock we have decided to put on a

New Year's Sale

that will eclipse anything known in this town. Every line of

Drygoods, Men's Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, House Furnishings, Crockery and Hardware

will be subjected to a price cutting operation that will establish a record. In many instances the price will be cut in two without regard to what the article cost:

We simply are overloaded with goods and to have a place for the spring goods, which will soon be in, **we must sell.**

This is a **cash sale** and we propose to save you money by paying cash. No entry will be made in the books for anything bought at sale prices.

Sale started on Monday the 10th, and continues for ten days. Store will be open till eight o'clock during the sale. We cannot enumerate every article and specify the former price and the present sale price but just give a few to form an idea of what it means to the purchaser.

Men's Pen-Angle fine hose, 2 pairs for 25 cents.

Men's fine black Cashmeer hose, extra quality. Sale price 25 cents.

Men's all wool working sox. Regular price 35c. Sale price, 5 pairs for $1.00.

Men's working sox, cotton mixture. Sale price 2 pairs for 25 cents.

Boys' heavy ribbed hose. Sale price 25 cents.

Misses' fine ribbed hose. Special quality. Sale price 25 cents.

Misses' Princess-Rib hose in green, blue, red and black, 20 cents per pair.

Ladies' black Cashmeer hose, seamless feet. Sale price 30 cents.

UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' all wool vests, "Watson's Unshrinkable." Regular price $1.00. Sale price 50 cents.

Men's Fine Negligee Shirts by the best makers, in the latest patterns. Regular prices from $1.50 to $2.00. Sale price $1.00.

Men's very fine lamb's wool unshrinkable underwear, regular price $4.00 per suit. Sale price $2.90.

Men's black sateen shirts, regular price $1.25. Sale price 75c.

Others, the regular price of which is $1.50, will be sold for $1.00.

Men's black ribbed drill shirts, regular price $1.25. Sale price 75c.

Regular price $1.50. Sale price $1.00.

Boys' Sweaters.

An immense variety of patterns bunched in a heap. Prices ranging from 75c to $1.50. You will find them with a red ticket on. Sale price 45c.

Men's bib overalls, regular price $1.25. Sale price 85c.

Men's, women's and children's rubbers and overshoes will be cleared right out at cost.

Boots and shoes will receive their share in this great slaughter.

Children's White Bear Coats in "Buster Brown" and other styles. All sizes.

Splendid values at $4.00	now	$2.15
" " 3.50	"	1.75
" " 5.50	"	3.30
" " 3.75	"	1.95
" " 6.00	"	3.85
" " 4.75	"	2.35

The reason for the above low prices is the fact that these goods must be sold while winter is here.

Fancy Art Muslin 36 inches wide, sale price 5 cents per yard.

The "Chic" hair pin, the most useful ever invented. Regular price 10 cents, sale price 5 cents.

Common pins 2 packages for 5 cents.

On our celebrated "Crown Plate Silverwear" the prices will be cut in two. All crockery will be sold at less than cost price. Now is your chance to buy fancy China at your own price.

Rugs and Mats of which we have an immense stock, will be slaughtered without regard to original prices.

The price on our Mattresses and Blankets will be put within the reach of everybody.

Everything will be marked in plain figures.

All men's underwear selling at 40c and 50c per garment has been sold and now we have the table filled up with other high grade underwear. Sale price 75c and $1.25.

Although our store has been crowded with buyers every day during the sale until late in the evening, we have endeavored to give efficient service. The goods are so displayed and marked in plain figures that makes it possible for the purchaser to pick out just what they want without the services of a salesman.

It would require the services of the whole of this paper in order to give a fair idea of what we are doing the next ten days but

Come and Share in the Bargains,

hundreds of which would be difficult to advertise.

Three Things We Do.

1—We do—give a special every year.
2—We do—mind our own business.
3—We do—all right.

R. Campbell

TWO DOLLARS IN GOODS FOR ONE DOLLAR IN CASH

MOYIE

Remember this sale lasts only 10 days.