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THE GOLDEN ERA.

VOL. IV. NO. 51 GOLDEN B.C., SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1895. $2 PER YEAR

OF INTEREST TO YOU.

I have just finished my annual stocktaking and find that my stock far exceeds my expectations in suits, pants, coats, vests, boots and shoes, hats and caps.

In order to remedy this I offer the following inducements:

Suits. I have over FIFTY Suits that I will sell at cost and under.

Pants. I have over THREE HUNDRED pairs of pants that I will sell at exact cost.

Coats. I have over TWENTY coats that I will sell at all prices.

Vests. I have over TWENTY vests that I will sell at very low prices.

Boots & Shoes. I have an immense stock of boots and shoes at prices satisfactory to all.

Hats & Caps. I have hats and caps to fit the head and suit the pocket

It will be to your interest to call and examine these CASH BARGAINS.

C. A. WARREN, - - - Golden, B.C

CARLIN & LAKE,

The Big Department Store.

Arrived this week

Three Carloads Groceries

STAPLE GROCERIES,
FANCY GROCERIES,
BISCUITS, CONFECTIONERY.

The famous Red Cross Brand Hams and Breakfast Bacon. New Canned Goods. Miller's Paragon and McLaren's Imperial Cheese in Jars.

Creamery Butter from the celebrated Shore Lake Creamery, in 5 and 10lb. sealed tins. Guaranteed to be the finest made.

We now have full lines of everything you want and we will give you the benefit of our buying experience, and the big saving in freight charges we make in buying in such large quantities.

It will pay you handsomely to get our prices before buying elsewhere.

Our Stock is now Complete in All Departments.

CARLIN & LAKE,

THE - BIG - DEPARTMENT - STORE

GOLDEN SASH & DOOR FACTORY & MACHINE SHOP.

Manufactures of Sash, Doors, Mouldings Turned and Sawn Balusters, Newel Posts, Hand Rails and Brackets, besides continuing the Machine Shop work.

Have on hand a lot of Wash Basin and Bath Fittings.

HOUSTON & CO.

Simpson's Kidney Pills

have never failed to cure

"Lame Back."

J. G. TEMPLETON,

CHEMIST, - -
- - CALGARY.

I.O.O.F. Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 34, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethern cordially welcomed.

H. G. PARSON, Secy.

OUR TOWN.

Golden, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, at its connection with the steamboat navigation of the Columbia river; the mineral and commercial centre of Eastern British Columbia; headquarters of the Golden Smelting works, the Upper Columbia Navigation Co., and lumber industry; the outlet for the widely known and far famed agricultural and grazing land of the Columbia & Kootenay Valleys; unrivalled for scenery of all kinds; the distributing point for the richest mineral country on the continent.

LOCAL JOTTINGS.

Mrs. Currie and family left on Monday for Payallup, Wash.

Mr. P. J. Russell returned from Winnipeg this week, highly pleased with his trip.

Jim Lambert is improving the appearance of Mr. Joe Lake's house by painting it.

Mrs. J. C Tom, of Calgary, is here on a visit to her mother Mrs. Geo. Woodley.

Capt, Gordon paid a flying visit to Calgary this week, he returned to his ranch on Wednesday.

The Government Agent will spend Mondays and Thursdays in Golden when his duties will permit.

Mr. D. D. Mann, part owner of the North Star mine, was a passenger on the Duchess Tuesday last for Fort Steele.

Mr. Guthrie Perry, of Revelstoke, conducted the Presbyterian service here last Sunday, in the absence of Rev. T. S. Glassford.

We may expect to see the crack shots of the Golden Gun Club get into training for the shooting match at the Windermere sports next month.

Mr. R. L. T. Galbraith, Indian Agent at Fort Steele, came in on No. 2, Monday last, after a visit to West Kootenay. He left on Tuesday's steamer for Fort Steele.

We have just received new price list from Jas. McMillan & Co., Inc., 200-212, First Ave., North, Minneapolis, Minn., the largest hide and fur dealers in the Northwest, and it can be referred to at this office at any time.

Work at Canyon Creek is progressing steadily. The tunnel is already in 75 feet. Work was commenced on the upper end on Monday, three shifts are now working at each end and the tunnel is being pushed through rapidly. Mr. W. B. McLennan, the contractor, expects to have the job completed by the 15th of next month.

The postponed children's picnic will take place next Thursday afternoon. The children will meet at the grounds at 2 o'clock, supper will be served at 6 A team will be provided to convey the refreshments to the grounds. Suitable amusements will be provided for the children—old and young. A good time is expected. Everybody made welcome.

The baseball players of Anthracite, Alta., are anxious to meet those of Kamloops and have written suggesting a game at Donald. It is probable, however, that during exhibition week will be considered a more favorable time, as there would be more people in the city to witness the game then. The Kamloops boys are anxious for the fray and are now practising regularly. —Kamloops Sentinel.

Rev. Father Dontenwill, of St. Louis College, New Westminster, will minister to the spiritual wants of Catholics along the main line, from Salmon Arm to Field, for the next six weeks. It's the way the reverend gentleman intends spending his vacation. The Rev. Father lectured in the Church here, last Sunday evening, to a good congregation.

We would again remind the public of the entertainment by the Misses Webling Co. on Wednesday evening next. This talented company have received a cordial reception wherever they have appeared. The local committee, under whose management they are appearing here, deserve the best thanks for their enterprise in affording the public an evening's enjoyment, such as will be given on Wednesday night. An appropriate wind-up to the evening's entertainment will take place in the form of a social hop. The entertainment will commence at 8 o'clock sharp, and the public are respectfully requested to take their seats before that hour.

Passenger List.

PER S.S. DUCHESS.

Going South.—Townsend, Asquith, Burritt, Campbell, Warren, Cote, Masse, Lefurgy, Innes, Capt. and Mrs. Gordon, Watson.

Going North.—A. O'Neil.

The Windermere Sports.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of the Windermere Sporting Association will be held on August 21st. The following is the programme:

Half-mile, open, prize $5.

Quarter-mile, in heats, 1st $20, 2nd $10.

Half-mile saddle horse race, each horse to carry 165lbs, stock saddles only allowed, (any horse having won a prize at a public meeting, barred) 1st $15, 2nd $10.

Half-mile, in heats, horses to carry 130lbs., 1st $25, 2nd $15.

Foot race, 100yds., 1st $7, 2nd $3.

Half-mile hurdle race, in heats, horses to carry 130lbs., 1st $25, 2nd $15.

Three-legged race, 1st $5,

One mile novelty race, each horse to carry 130lbs., 1st $30; first horse at the ¾ mile post, 2nd $20; first horse at ½ mile post, 3rd $15; first horse at ¼ mile post, 4th $10. Entrance fee 5 per cent of purse.

Pack horse race, each competitor to saddle and pack, run 200 yards accompanied by horse, 1st $7, 2nd $3.

Swimming race, 200 yards, prize $5.

Shooting Match—Windermere Gun Club vs. All Comers, prize $20.

Entrance fee 10 per cent of purse. Four to enter and three to start, or no race.

Committee—S. Brewer, E Small, W. Taynton, D. Larmour, J. Stoddart, E. Watkins, Ed. Clark, President; H. St.-Geo. Smyth, Sec.-Treas.

Presbyterian Service.

Service will be held to-morrow morning in the school house at 10 o'clock, conducted by Rev. T. S. Glassford.

A Rich Find in the Bugaboo District.

Within the last few weeks quite a sensation has been caused in this district by the discovery of an extensive ledge of gold bearing quartz in the Bugaboo country. Hitherto prospecting in this district has been confined to the remote mountainous parts and the heads of the various creeks tributary to the Columbia river; and although several ledges of auriferous quartz and argentiferous galena have been discovered, owing to the great difficulty of transit to these localities little or no development work has as yet been done. A few weeks ago Hon. F. W. Aylmer, who has for years been interested in the mineral development of East Kootenay, and his partner, Mr. James White, being convinced that the gold-bearing quartz was not solely confined to the mountain tops, turned their attention to an examination of the foothills on the Bugaboo, and have been amply rewarded for their trouble by the discovery of what is known to prospectors as the "Balrath" ledge.

This ledge has been for many years well known to prospectors without ever attracting their serious attention. It remained for the above named gentlemen to demonstrate its true value. "Balrath is cut by the Bugaboo creek about four miles from its junction with the Columbia river, and is forty-five miles by direct steamboat route from Golden. A survey of the locality shows by well defined "croppings" that the ledge extends for some 6,500 feet, with every probability of it being of much greater extent. But, as it runs "blind" to the south ot the Bugaboo, this has yet to be ascertained. The ledge, which cuts the surrounding slate in a north-westerly direction, is twelve feet in width, and shows from a careful sampling throughout its whole length, an average value of $52 in gold to the ton.

But the value of the ledge, great as it is, is considerably enhanced by the many facilities afforded by its situation and the great natural advantages it possesses for being easily and inexpensively worked throughout its whole length. Unlimited water power is available, the ledge being cut by the Bugaboo and Driftwood creeks. These streams are 3,500 feet distant from one another. Immediately above the ledge on the Bugaboo, is an extensive belt of timber, while the rolling foothills, although to no great extent grass land, are faily well timbered. With the discovery of the Balrath ledge a new and prosperous era is inaugurated in the history of East Kootenay, and a fresh impetus is given to mining and prospecting throughout the district. Mr. Aylmer and his partner are to be congratulated on possessing a mine which seems only to be endowed with those properties which are the most attractive to the capitalist. Rich in the precious metal, inexpensive to operate, and easily accessible, Balrath promises to be one of the most valuable mining properties in the whole province of British Columbia.

Hospital Acknowledgments.

The following donations have been received at the hospital:

New potatoes from Mr. Miller.

Lettuce, carrots, and flowers from Mr. Pratt.

Rome, July 23.—Eleven pupils of the Canadian college at Rome, having finished their studies, started for Canada yesterday.

The Golden Era

The GOLDEN ERA is published every Saturday morning in time to catch the east and west mail trains, also the mail for the upper country, Windermere, Fort Steele etc It is the only advertising medium in the East Kootenay district.

Subscription Rates: $2.00 *per annum* IN ADVANCE.

Advertisements and changes must be in the office not later than 12 a m, on Thursday to insure insertion.

Advertisement rates made known on application to

All cash to be paid to the Manager, from whom the Company's receipt will be obtained.

The Golden Era Publishing Company,

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1895.

Caught By A Camera.

(Continued from last week.)

VI

After all, John did not depart for the North on the morrow. A hitch having occurred in the preparation of the machinery, he was detained a day longer than he expected. He took the opportunity of making a flying visit to the Dene to photograph a tiny waterfall in a secluded spot that he had often admired The day was favorable; the light fell at the proper angle on the water; se he got a satisfactory negative and came away, intending to develop it when he reached Aberdeen. He had not seen anything of Miss Burnham, but the circumstance was more consoling than otherwise, for it proved that the Dene was more attractive to her when he was likely to be in the neighborhood.

Everything having been completed John proceeded to Aberdeen. In a day or so he found time to develop his negative. Then a strange thing happened. He discovered that a pair of lovers had unconsciously crept into his picture just at the moment of exposure Yes, they were certainly lovers; for the man—a big bearded fellow—had his arm around the lady's neck.

"Ha, ha! This is a good joke," laughed John, "this will suit Dick Poynter to a T. And yet it seems a shame to intrude upon their bliss."

Here he looked at the figures more closely. Eh? What? Impossible, impossible! No, he could not be mistaken. Their faces were partly turned away, but he was familiar with every pose of that graceful head and every line of the contour of that beloved face Yes, it was undoubtedly May Burnham—and in the arms of another!

"It cannot be," he cried. "There must be a mistake somewhere."

He examined the figures again and again with a magnifying glass. Alas! his examination afforded no consolation: it only made her features more distinct and certain. Yes, there was no way out of it—she must be a flirt—and he a fool!

"Well," he said, bitterly, "let her go her own way, I will go mine. Never again, never again! Yet I loved her so! I loved her so!"

He buried his face in his hands and groaned in agony of spirit.

Poor fellow! The light that shone into his life had failed, leaving only the blackness of darkness.

VII

When the undertaking at Aberdeen was finished, John returned to the dull routine of daily toil at Jarrow. He looked haggard and worn: the bracing breezes of the Granite City had not improved his health. He had made no communication whatever to Miss Burnham—that page in his life's history was closed. He seldom visited Newcastle; and the Dene, even in the glorious month of August had lost its charm for him.

One thing, however, was satisfactory: the work at Aberdeen had been efficiently conducted. His employers were pleased with his industry and capacity, and they proposed to show their appreciation of his services by giving him a better appointment. Would he care to go out to the West Coast of Africa as their representative? It would necessitate a long absence, but the terms were fairly liberal. John closed with the offer at once. He wanted some fresh interest to relieve his aching heart.

Preparations proceeded apace, and in a short time everything was ready. The day before he was to start for Liverpool he went up to Newcastle to make some necessary purchases, and to say good-bye to Dick Poynter. As he walked down Northumberland Street, preoccupied with his own thoughts, he nearly stumbled against a lady who happened to be coming out of a shop. He turned to apologize, and found himself face to face with Miss Burnham. John lifted his hat and would have passed on, but she stopped full in front of him, with a mischievous twinkle in her bright eyes.

"How do you do, Mr. Charlton?" she said, holding out a dainty, little gloved hand.

John was torn by conflicting emotions. No doubt she was lovely; no doubt she knew her power. It was cruel. But he could not be rude; so he took the proffered hand and murmured something polite.

"This is quite an unexpected pleasure," she pursued. "Why, it's an age since I saw you last."

John began to pull himself together. This must be ended, or it will knock the life out of him.

"It will be longer before you see me again," he said, in a hard voice. "I start for Sierra Leone to-morrow morning."

For a moment the light died out of Miss Burnham's eyes, and she blanched to the very lips. Only for a moment, though—the next instant she had regained her composure, and said, lightly—

"I'm glad you are prospering in the world, Mr. Charlton."

But the keen eye of love had detected her involuntary spasm. That, at least, was not simulated. What did it mean?

"Thank you," he answered, "but material prosperity isn't——"

"Come now," she broke in, "I'm sure you must have a lot to do before you go, so I won't occupy your valuable time. I'll just walk down the street with you while you tell me about your appointment."

Was she quizzing him, or was she really in earnest? It was hard to tell. However, he must not forget what was due to a lady.

"Pardon me, Miss Burnham," he said, "it is rude of me to keep you standing in the street. I have only a few things to buy, and I have all day to do it, so with your permission I'll walk up the street with you and carry your parcel."

"Thank you," rejoined the lady, handing him a tiny package. "Now, tell me the whole story—from the beginning, you know—how you got on in Aberdeen, when you came back, and all about this appointment. I am really interested; but you may put it down to woman's curiosity if you like."

Perhaps she was playing with him. Still it gave him a curious pleasure to tell of his doings and his plans. While he talked they passed Saint Thomas's Church, and proceeded up the wide and windy North road, with its aristocratic mansions.

"I think your nearest way is through the Park," he said, opening the gate for her.

The Brandling Park is an enclosure on the edge of the Town Moor, tastefully laid out with flowers and shrubs. Here old gentlemen of leisure play bowls in the afternoon sunshine, while young nursemaids occupy the comfortable seats, keeping one eye on the children and the other on the look out for a chance flirtation. It was early, however, and the Park was nearly deserted, especially as a great black cloud had sailed up into the sky.

"I'm sorry we haven't an umbrella between us," said Miss Burnham. "I don't like to get wet."

"Perhaps we can find shelter till the shower is over," he answered.

They found a summer-house close at hand quite untenanted. He sat down beside her on the bench, and there was a pause as they watched the rain plash on the gravel path. At length she broke the silence.

"This is really appropriate. Our acquaintance began in sunshine and ends in gloom."

John made no reply.

"Did you take any good photographs up North?" she asked.

A few, but I prefer the Dene."

"Ah, I daresay. Have you taken any there lately?"

"None since the day after I last saw you."

"The day after? I thought you went North that day?"

"No, I was unexpectedly detained, so I came up in the evening and took a little waterfall that I thought would make a good picture. Would you like to see it?"

"Certainly."

John took a photograph from his breast-pocket and handed it to her. He watched her keenly while she examined it, noticing that her color slightly deepened, but there seemed a new light in her eyes as she looked up smilingly, and said -

"That's one of your best."

"Do yo think so?" he asked. What an admirable actress this girl would have made, with her beauty and wonderful self-command.

"Yes, I do—a fine combination of landscape and human figures. Did those persons pose for you?"

"No," he said, sardonically; "I hardly think they did. They came into the view by accident. I was unaware of their presence until I developed my plate."

"And then, 'O, what a surprise,' as the song says. But, really, Mr. Charlton, don't you think it would have been only courteous to send a copy to the lady who lends it such interest?"

John could stand it no longer. Evidently she thought she had the hock in the gudgeon's jaws and could play him as she liked.

"Look here, Miss Burnham," he said, in a firm voice, "I'm not accustomed to this fencing and fooling, and I don't like it. I'm a rough, downright sort of fellow, certainly not your equal socially; but you knew that from the first. I don't blame you for loving another; but you might have told me straight how the matter stood. As it is—well, you have made shipwreck of all that I hold dear in life."

"Now, Mr. Charlton," said the lady rising, "you have spoken your mind plainly—let me do the same. It appears we have both been mistaken. You thought you had found a true woman, and instead you found a heartless flirt who trifled with your affections while she encouraged another lover. I thought I had found a true gentleman—one who would trust the woman he loved utterly. Both our idols are broken, and we had better part. But let me say just one word more that may prevent you making a similar mistake in future. I will trust your honor though you doubt mine. The gentleman in your photograph lives in London; he is prospering, but for certain reasons, which perhaps you know, he cannot be seen in Newcastle—in short, he is my brother! The shower is over. Good-morning Mr. Charlton."

With a stately bow Miss Burnham turned on her heel, and swept from the summer-house along the glistening sand.

John Charlton was thunderstruck. Her brother! That made everything as clear as noon-day; and the clearest thing of all was that he had been a most egregious donkey—a double-distilled, treble-milled idiot! Here he had stupidly lost the best. and loveliest girl in the world. O, how he loved her now that a hopeless gulf yawned between them!

His first impulse was to follow her and apologize. But what good? She knew all he could say, and would only spurn him. No, he would write; he could not leave England without some attempt to defend himself. Pah! What did it matter now that she was lost to him for ever? And away he went swinging up the North Road at a tremendous pace.

A quick walk of four or five miles tones the blood and clears the brain. John began to think that after all his conduct was not so very unreasonable. At any rate, he would do the manly, straightforward thing—he would call and apologise; then he could leave England with a clearer conscience.

So with muddy boots, and his handsome face flushed with exercise and emotion, he rang the door bell at Ashenhurst Cottage, and was ushered into the drawing room, where he found—well, that Love is a powerful solvent in human affairs, and that a lady is not always so implacable as she seems; for half an hour afterwards they were sitting side by side, and Miss Burnham was whispering—

"I was sure you would come back to me."

"But how could you tell?"

"Just the way I knew you would come to the picnic? You great stupid boy, do you want me to tell you all my secrets at once?"

"No, dear; you have told me the only secret that I care for—the secret of your love."

And then—but let us not intrude further. Let us leave them to their sweet dreams of love and hope which lift poor mortals out of this sordid world into a purer and diviner air.

. . . . .

"So Charlton hasn't gone to Africa after all," remarked Mr. Richard Poynter, one morning, as he ate his toast and read a letter- "Found something better in this country," he says. "Yes, I should think so, too—found Miss Burnham and lots of tin. Well, he deserves his luck—decent fellow, John—and I'm sure to be at the wedding; and Mabel Jackson's sure to be there; and—phew! I shall miss my train."

Here Mr. Poynter stuffed the letter in his pocket, sprang to his feet, seized his hat, and made for the door, knocked a small boy off the doorstep, and collided with a policeman at the corner; but succeeded in catching his train juet as it was moving out of the station.

(The End.)

THE BISLEY MEET.

A Canadian the Queen's Prize Winner

London, July 20,—Hayhurst, of the Canadian team, and Private Boyd, of the Third Lanarkshire regiment, tied with 279 for the Queen's prize, and Hayhurst finally won the shoot off. The large crowds assembled manifested the greatest interest when Boyd and Hayhurst started to shoot off the tie.

All the other competitors gathering round them keenly watched their movements. The two marksmen shook hands and agreed to have sighting shots. Then Boyd fired first and made a bull's eye, after which Hayhurst scored a magpie. Boyd's next shot was an inner and Hayhurst's an outer. This made the Scotch marksmen surrounding the ropes very hopeful their man would win. Boyd fired again, but the target did not move and amid breathless interest, he challenged the shot, but the challenge did not avail him and the shot was registered as a miss. Hayhurst with his second shot got an inner, and as the men lay down to fire the third round, it was known that Hayhurst had only to make another inner to win, which he did. Boyd with his third shot found the bull's eye, but he was a point behind.

Hayhurst's victory was received with the wildest enthusiasm. He is the first Canadian to win the Queen's prize, and he was carried in triumph to the enclosure where his rifle was tested and the gold badge pinned on his breast. Boyd is one of the leading marksmen of Scotland. In addition to the medal and badge, there is a money prize of £250.

There is the wildest kind of excitement in Bisley camp. Hayhurst was carried through the camp by the Canadians headed by a band playing. "See the conquering hero comes," through long lines of excited volunteers As the procession moved cheer after cheer went up and the great crowd increased in numbers. The victory is a most popular one and the Canadians are congratulated on all sides.

Lieut. Mitchell of the 12th Batallion Canada, shoots off a tie with three others for the Association Competition Gunner Chamberlain, of British Columbia, shot off a tie for first place for the Barlow Cup, and secured second place with £10.

The House Prorogues.

Ottawa, July 20.—The House of Commons met at 10 o'clock this morning. Only a dozen Ministerial and four Opposition members were present. Prorogation was announced for 5 o'clock this afternoon. Sir Hibbert Tupper stated that neither Sir John Thompson nor himself received anything for their services in the Bering Sea arbitration, except personal expenses. The Hudson's Bay Railway resolution was debated at some length, and finally carried. On motion to adjourn, Hon. Mr. Laurier referred to some remarks he had made earlier in the session respecting Sir Frank Smith's negotiations with the Governor-General at the time of the formation of the present Ministry. He said he had relied on a report which he had since ascertained was unauthorized, and he desired to express his regret that he spoke as he did. (Applause.)

Later —The House prorogued at 5 o'clock with the customary ceremonies.

Pony Doesn't Like It.

Don't check my head too high.

Don't cut off my tail and then expect me to stand easy without a fly net.

Don't clip the hair off my ankles and legs.

Don't burn my feet when I am shod.

Don't yank the bit in my mouth.

Don't say "Back," when you mean "Stand still."

Don't expect me to eat when I have a bad tooth.

Don't hitch me out in the cold with the wind blowing hard.

Don't leave a shoe on me more than four weeks.

Don't trot me down hill.

Don't be afraid to water me when I am warm. Do you ever drink when you are warm?

Don't whip me if I am afraid.

Don't fill me full of useless medicine when I am sick.

Don't blister me all over if I am lame. Let me rest.

Don't let some one drive me if they do not know as much about going as I do, especially a man who is drunk.

Don't forget to feed me three times a day.

Don't call me 13 years old when I am 26, and expect me to be as good as ever.

Don't hit me over the head.

Don't put blinders on me if I will go well without them.

Don't forget my salt.

Don't run me if I have the colic. How would you like that treatment yourself?

Don't burn the bars of my mouth and think you are curing the lampas.

Don't let some smart Aleck make a trotter of me.

Don't work me all day without lifting my collar.

Don't put a mean, nasty bit in my mouth.

Don't leave me in fly-time without covering me with a light blanket.

Don't allow my stable to be too light in the summer-time.—American Horse Breeder.

The Jersey Mosquito.

In the town of Quantuck, N.J., which lies in a low, hot nook, surrounded by swampy land, the mosquitos have been so thick this season that when the breeze is gentle, they form a thick black cloud over the town. On several occasions of late this has been so noticeable that the hens have gone to roost at noon, under the impression that it was nearly nightfall, and without performing their daily task of egg-laying. As the poultry business is a leading one in the town, the fanciers suffered for a time considerable financial loss, until the device was hit upon of sending up a small dynamite cartridge among the thickest swarms of mosquitos, by means of a kite, flown by a wire, which, at the right moment conveys a current of electricity to discharge the dynamite. After a few discharges the air is so cleared that the hens can resume operations, and the gory remains of the dead mosquitos, falling to the ground, are plowed in as fertilizers.—New York Recorder.

Shocked at the Sight.

London, July 20.—The hundred American Presbyterians making a tour of the world were given a reception to-night by the London Presbyterian Union in the King's Hall of Holborn restaurant. At the close of the meeting many of the visitors mistook the exit from the hall, and passed through the crowded bar, where they were greatly shocked at the sight of barmaids serving drinks.

Panic at the Funeral.

Sofia, July 22.—At the funeral of Ex-premier Stambouloff to-day an exciting scene was witnessed in the streets of Sofia. While the funeral oration was being delivered on the very spot where Stambouloff was assassinated, some one shouted "Run for your lives," and a panic ensued, in which a number of persons were thrown down and trampled upon.

"Tommy, who was Joan of Arc?" asked the teacher. "Noah's wife" said Tommy who is great at guessing.

"You were born in America?" Dennis—Yes sir. "Parents foreigners?" Dennis—No indade! They're Irish.

Oddly enough when a man thinks it is going to rain pitch forks in harvest time he redoubles his efforts to get his hay in.

Jilson says that he has noticed that some men are a great deal like rivers. When their heads are swelled you realize it from their mouths.

"Few people," said the wife, as she proceeded to investigate her husband's pockets after he had gone to sleep—"few people are aware of what a wife has to go through."

Tourist (in New Jersey)—What is the population of this town? Alkali Ike (promptly)—Eight hundred and sixty-seven souls and thirty-one real estate agents.

Presbytorian Service.

Service will be held to-morrow morning in the school house at 10 o'clock, conducted by Rev. T. S. Glassford.

Cann & Co.

Booksellers, Stationers & Dealers In

Wall Paper, Musical Instruments, Fruits, Confectionery, &c., &c.

Pianos, Organs, & Sewing Machines sold for cash or long time payments.

ORDERS BY MAIL OR OTHERWISE WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

Opposite the Kootenay Hotel, Golden, B.C.

Golden Hospital Society.

THE HOSPITAL is now open for the admission of patients.

TICKETS may be had from the undersigned or any member of the committee.

PRICE—Ten Dollars per year or Six Dollars per half year.

NO EXTRAS except private wards.

J. F. ARMSTRONG,
Secretary.

Rouge Villa Library.

BOOKS MAY BE OBTAINED ON CIRCULATING LINES BY SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS:

Five Cents per volume. One Dollar per month.

In order to insure the return of volumes a nominal deposit of $1 must be advanced.

Books may be exchanged between the hours of 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. every day.

NOTICE.

B.C. Southern Railway Company.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the Act, a proper plan has this day been filed in the Department of Lands and Works setting forth the lands to be taken on amended location between Stations 1600 and 2252.70 old chainage as provided for in the B. C. Railway Act, Chapter 39, Section 10, Clause 8, and Clause No. 2, as amended by Chapter 35.

jn 29im

RUPTURE More CURES have been effected by my Trusses, with perfect ease to wearer, than by all other devices combined. They retain largest Rupture under severest strain. A system of fitting has been perfected the last 25 years, fully equal to personal examination by mail. 27 patents to overcome **DEFORMITY**
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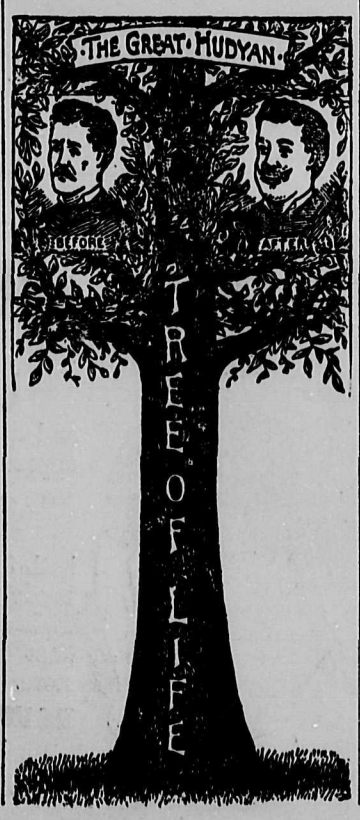

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$1.55, $2.65, $3.70; former prices $5, $7, $10. Qualty remains the same—16 different styles; dry battery and acid belts—mild or strong current. Less than half the price of any other company and more home testimonials than all the rest together. Full list free. Mention this paper. W. T. BAER & CO. Windsor, Ont.

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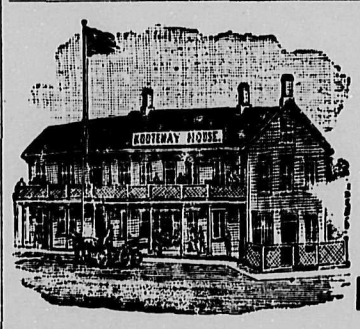

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"Monsoon" Tea is put up by the Indian Tea growers as a sample of the best qualities of Indian Teas. Therefore they use the greatest care in the selection of the Tea and its blend, that is why they put it up themselves and sell it only in the original packages, thereby securing its purity and excellence. Put up in ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. packages, and never sold in bulk.

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Awarded
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MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

The news of the appointment of Mr. J. F. Armstrong to be Stipendiary Magistrate, Govt. Agent, etc., for East Kootenay has been received here this week. Mr. Armstrong is in every respect well fitted for this responsible position. A practical business man, knowing the requirements of the district, he will fill the office with honor and ability, fulfilling his duties in a conscientious manner. The public generally are highly satisfied and have every reason to congratulate themselves on this appointment, as Mr. Armstrong will no doubt prove himself the right man in the right place. We take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Armstrong on his appointment and trust he may long be spared to fill the office with zeal and integrity.

THE WEBLING SISTERS.

Calgary Herald, July 23:—"The first of the entertainments announced in The Herald for some time past, to be given by the Misses Webling, drew a large and appreciative audience to the Opera Hall last night, and there can be no doubt but that the entertainment was highly successful from every point of view. Seldom if ever has so large an audience been so pleasantly entertained in Calgary. The programme opened with a piano solo by Miss Kenrick, who acts as pianiste to the Misses Webling. She chose the "Soldier's Chorus" (Faust) and her excellent rendering of the piece at once made her popular with the audience. Her subsequent selections were equally well chosen and most artistically rendered. Next came the well-known scene from Sheridan Knowles' great play "The Hunchback," in which Helen (Miss Lucy) successfully demonstrates to her studious cousin, Modus (Miss Rosalind), the vast superiority of the Art of Love as taught by a pretty woman over the same as gathered from the works of Ovid. Miss Lucy Webling as Helen was simply delightful and kept her audience spellbound by her clever portrayal of the character, while Miss Rosalind as Modus was no less successful in a somewhat difficult part. 'The Jackdaw of Rheims,' recited by Miss Peggy was very cleverly spoken and well received. 'The Dance of the Summer Flowers,' by Misses Rosalind and Lucy was quite a novelty on the Calgary stage and was an exceedingly pretty exhibition of the Terpsichorean art. The graceful movements of the dancers, aided by their flowing drapery, gave to the audience a practical illustration of what has been so aptly termed 'the poetry of motion.' A unanimous encore was demanded and kindly responded to. The first scene of the second act of 'The Taming of the Shrew,' gave all three sisters an opportunity of displaying their histrionic powers, which they did to the entire satisfaction of the audience. Miss Peggy as 'Petruchio' being especially good. Miss Lucy, in the song 'May I have the Pleasure' was as near perfection as was possible. The music was charming, the words well-chosen and the acting of the little lady captivated the hearts of her hearers. In reply to an enthusiastic encore Miss Lucy gave the song 'without words' with a very pretty effect. 'An April Jest' specially written for the Misses Webling, formed another very pleasing feature in the programme The entertainment concluded with a patriotic allegory entitled 'Britannia' which fairly brought down the house. Miss Rosalind danced an Irish jig and Miss Lucy the sword dance, so as to make the hall ring again and again with well deserved applause.

News Notes.

London, July 23.- The following are the results of the British elections to date: Conservatives 268; Liberal Unionists, 55; Liberals 114; McCarthyites, 54; Parnellites, 7; and Labor 2.

St. John's, July 23.—The directors of the Union bank have been arrested and admitted to bail.

Toronto, July 23.—Jack Bargins, under arrest for forgery, cut his throat yesterday. He may die.

Burlington, July 23.—Dr. McGee of Toronto University was drowned here yesterday.

Lake Dauphin, July 24.—On Sunday last, by the upsetting of a boat on Lake Dauphin, five children of one family named Leech, were drowned. There were four boys and one girl.

St. Catharines, July 24.—The body of a colored man named Hogan was found lying in the canal yesterday. Hogan set fire to Stewart Jones' premises and then suicided.

Russell, Man., July 24—At 3 o'clock this morning McKenzie's general store was burned to the ground. This was the first building erected in Russell.

London, July 24.- The war outlook in Turkey is decidedly menacing. Troops are being mobilized along the seaboard.

Toledo, Ohio, July 24.—Six masked men looted the safe of the Michigan Southern, securing $8,000. They have escaped.

San Francisco, July 24.—Jack Dempsey, the once famous "Nonpareil" is dying.

The Delineator.

The August number of the Delineator is called the "Midsummer Number," and contains a large variety of interesting matter suitable for the season. Ladies who have deferred completing their summer wardrobes will be particularly pleased with this number, for the styles were never more dainty or appropriate. A special article is devoted to dressing for stout ladies, and another to bathing and swimming, with illustrations of the latest fashions in bathing costumes. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's article on the Etiquette of Letter Writing bears the stamp of authority and will be helpful to every one who reads it; and the paper on Art Needlework in the Employment series will direct the attention of many women to this occupation as a means of livelihood. The Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Ont., is interestingly described by an ex-graduate, the popular Kindergarten Series is continued by Mrs. Sara Miller Kirby, and Harriet Keith Forbes contributes an artistic paper in the series on Burnt Work. There is a very practical paper on cleaning and renovating laces, feathers and gloves, and a variety of useful information is given in the monthly talk Around the Tea Table. The housekeeper will find some new recipes in Seasonable cookery, and much that will help to make housework easier in Things the Housewife Should Know. There is also an excellent article on Newest Books, and others on Floral Work for August and the Relations of Mother and Son. New designs are illustrated and described in Knitting, Tatting, Lace Making, Etc.

Subscription price $1 per year, 15c. per single copy; address, The Delineator Pub. Co., 33 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont.

AGE OF THE EARTH.

Scientists Are Puzzling Themselves Over This Interesting Question.

It is more than thirty years since Lord Kelvin pointed out that there must be an ascertainable limit to the antiquity of the earth, and that from the data at that time available the limit could not be fixed at less than 20,000,000 or more than 400,000,000 years. He based this calculation on the thermal conductivity of the globe. Afterward returning to the subject, he placed the limit within 100,000,000 years; and still more recently, reviewing the question in the light of the arguments from tidal retardation and the age of the sun's heat, he has brought down the period of the earth's antiquity to about 20,000,000 years.

Geologists have not been slow to admit that they were in error in assuming that they had an eternity of past time for the evolution of the earth's history. They have frankly acknowledged the validity of the physical arguments which go to place more or less definite limits to the antiquity of the earth. In vain they have protested that there must somewhere be a flaw in a line of arguments which tends to result so entirely at variance with the strong evidence for a higher antiquity, furnished not only by the existing races of plants and animals. Scientists have insisted that this evidence is not mere theory or imagination, but is drawn from a multitude of facts which become hopelessly unintelligible unless sufficient time is admitted for the evolution of geological history. They have not been able to disprove the arguments of the physicists but they have not contended that the physicists have simply ignored the geological arguments as of no account in the discussion.

So here the matter has rested for some years, neither side giving way, and with no prospect of agreement. Prof Perry, feeling that, after all, the united testimony of geologists and biologists was so decidedly against the latest reduction of time that it was desirable to reconsider the physical argument, has gone over to them once more. He now finds that on the assumption that the earth is not homogeneous, as postulated by Lord Kelvin, but possesses a much higher conductivity and thermal capacity in its interior than in its crust, its age may be enormously greater than previous calculations have allowed. The question being sub-judice, we must wait until it is settled. But there seems at present every prospect that the physicists will concede not merely the 100,000,000 of years with which the geologists would be quite content, but a very much greater extent of time.

Mrs. Eliza Lord, a member of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, who died on June last, left all her property to Mrs. Talmage, in return for her kindnesses shown during her last illness. The will shows the estate to be worth about $13,000.

Curious Accident.

One of the most curious accidents ever known recently happened at Dieppe, France. A Canadian bark loaded with flint stones pounded against the quay, the flint struck fire and the vessel was ignited. It had been used for carrying petroleum and was full of inflammable vapors. The bark was entirely destroyed.

Anti-septic Telephones.

In a number of German offices anti-septic telephones have recently been introduced. The mouth of the transmitter is covered with discs of anti-septic paper, and after each conversation the paper is torn off, thus leaving a fresh one for the next customer.

No Messenger Boys.

The sending of a message and reply between Manchester and Victoria, British Columbia, recently, occupied only ninety seconds. The total distance by wire, out and return, is 1,[illegible] miles.

Don't forget the Webling Sisters on Wednesday night.

NOTICE.

A sitting of the County Court will be held at the Court House, Donald, on Monday the 5th day of August, 1895, at 10 o'clock a.m.

By order,

S. REDGRAVE,

Registrar County Court.

Donald, B.C.,
July 10th, 1895.

Upper Columbia Navigation & Tramway Co.

Commencing May 28, Steamers leave Golden

EVERY TUESDAY at 7 A. M.

TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.

Steamer—Golden to Adela . . leaves Tuesday 7 a.m.
Tramway—Adela to Interlaken . . Wednesday.
Steamer—Interlaken to Canal Flat . . "
Steamer—Canal Flat to Fort Steele arrives Thursday p.m.

GOING NORTH.

Steamer—Fort Steele to Canal Flat leaves Friday 7 a.m.
Steamer—Canal Flat to Interlaken . . Saturday
Tramway—Interlaken to Adela . . .
Steamer—Adela to Golden . arrives Sunday 18 o'clock.

PASSENGER RATES.

Through $12.00. Local about 5 cents per mile.
Meals 50 cents. Berths in cabin 50cts., in stateroom $1.00.

EXPRESS

Through rate 5 cents per pound.
When the Company's liability is limited to Two Dollars per pound.

FREIGHT.

Golden to Fort Steele A 3.00; B 2.50; C 2.00; D 1.50.
" " Canal Flat A 1.75; B 1.60; C 1.40; D 1.20.

Rate A includes Class 1 and 2 Canadian Freight Classification.
" B " " 3 and 4 " " "
" C " " 5 and 6 " " "
" D " " 7 and 8 " " "
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It is also a fact that those who make the largest profits from comparatively small investments on this plan are persons who live away from Chicago and invest through brokers who thoroughly understand systematic trading.

Our plan does not risk the whole amount invested on any trade, but covers both sides, so that whether the market rises or falls it brings a steady profit that piles up enormously in a short time.

WRITE FOR CONVINCING PROOFS, also our Manual on successful speculation and our Daily Market Report, full of money-making pointers. ALL FREE. Our Manual explains margin trading fully. Highest references in regard to our standing and success.

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