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THE GOLDEN ERA.

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JUN 15 1895
VICTORIA, B. C.

VOL. IV. NO. 45 GOLDEN B.C., SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 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

COLUMBIA HOUSE,

Golden, - - B.C.

Has been newly built and newly furnished. Heated throughout with hot air. The table is first class. The bar is stocked with choice Wines. Liquors and Cigars.

Wm. McNeish, - Prop.

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 " " "

Rate C and D will only apply to shipments of 10,000 lbs or more at one time.

Freight will be delivered as far south as navigation will permit, and will be charged for according to distance transported.

T. B. H. COCHRANE, President; F. P. ARMSTRONG, Manager.

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Assays and Analysis made of all kinds of ores.

Experiments made and advice given on easiest methods of reduction or extraction.

Up Country results returned next mail.

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CALGARY.

THE LARGEST

Wholesale and Retail

Druggist, West of Winnipeg.

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.

Mr. John McKay is a visitor from the Upper Country.

Mr. Jas. Henderson is busily engaged painting Mr. Manuel Dainard's new house.

The farmers ought to feel well pleased at the abundant rainfall we have had this week.

Mr. Joe Carlin returned from Fort Steele, per S. S. Duchess, on Sunday. He left the next day for Field.

An order-in-council has been passed at Ottawa granting the quarter section of land above the Smelter bridge for a public park

The annual school meeting will be held in the school house at 11 a.m. on Saturday, June 29th. A trustee will be elected in place of R. F. Wilson, and several important matters will be discussed.

The Calgary District Agricultural Fair takes place next week on the 19th, 20th and 21st insts. Special rates have been obtained from the C. P.R. for parties visiting the Fair. A number of Goldenites intend going down.

A very exciting football match was played on Thursday evening in which Mr. J. C. Greene took a prominent active part. The agility displayed by J.C. was something wonderful. The game was witnessed by a large number of prominent citizens. The game, however, resulted rather seriously for Mr. Greene, he had a window broken, lost a cuff button, and retired from the field with a sore head—such is the fortune of war.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. E. J. Cann, while crossing the tramway bridge on his bicycle, got his machine wedged between the tram rail and the planking. In trying to extricate his wheel the rider lost his equilibrium and was precipitated into the creek below. Fortunately no damage was done, and the water in the creek not being very high the ducking did not amount to much. The young man, however, cann-ot be too careful in future.

Prospectors still continue to flock towards Canyon creek. Last week Messrs. R. Milligan, T. Mercier, and J. Lake went out, but owing to Milligan meeting with an accident, a rock falling on his foot and severely crushing it, the party had to return. Lake and Mercier had quite a time getting Milligan down, having to carry him all the way. The unfortunate victim of the accident is now in the hospital under the care of Dr. Taylor, and is doing well. Lake and Mercier lost no time in returning to the creek, this time accompanied by Dan Milligan. Several parties have since followed and the creek will no doubt be thoroughly prospected.

In two weeks more the Fifth Annual Sports of the Golden Sports Association will be held. A good programme of horse races and athletic sports has been arranged, a trophy has also been presented for a Gun Club shoot, all the Gun Clubs in the district being invited to take part, a silver medal being given for the highest individual score. The sports will extend over two days, a pleasing feature this year being the aquatic sports to be held on Vachon's slough. On the evening of the first day an excursion will be held up the river on the S.S. Duchess, which will no doubt add greatly to the enjoyment of the visitors, a goodly number of whom are expected from the Upper Country and the towns along the line.

Mr. W. R. Coggeshall of Toronto, an enthusiastic representative of the Canadian Entertainment Bureau, spent Wednesday in town and made arrangements for the appearance here of the Misses Webling of London, Eng. on Wednesday evening July 31st. This bureau has under its management over fifty of the leading Canadian attractions and has been the means of placing over a thousand entertainments in Ontario this past season, and intends touring two or more attractions to the Pacific coast every summer which will no doubt be appreciated by the people along the line. Mr. Coggeshall assures us that we may expect a rare treat in the appearance of the Misses Webling. They have met with great success in the east and the press everywhere have spoken of them in the highest praise. Miss F. M. Kenrick, a distinguished pianiste, accompanys them. Further particulars will be given later.

Passenger List.

Going South.—Messrs. Davidson and Peshall.

Going North.—J. Carlin, W. Arnison, F. W. Aylmer.

Presbyterian Service.

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

Report of the Minister of Mines.

The annual report of the Minister of Mines for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1894, just to hand, shows the total yield of placer gold from the various creeks to be $24.900, an increase of $5,200 over the production of 1893, distributed as follows:

Wild Horse Creek	$22,500
Perry Creek	300
Moyie River	1,800
Desultory mining - say	300

In regard to quartz mining the report says: "In East Kootenay, as in most other localities, great discouragement has been felt by those interested in silver properties, owing to the depressed state and uncertain future value of that metal. A consequent inactivity in development has been the rule with respect to properties which do not hold forth prospects of producing gold. The attention of prospectors has been given to gold quartz, especially in the Fort Steele Division of the District."

He was Punished.

One of the conductors who visited Vancouver recently told a World reporter a good story of how a "railroad hog" was punished. He had piled the seat next to him in a car seat with his bundles, and when a gentleman asked if anyone was to occupy it he replied that the bundles belonged to a gentleman who was temporarily in the smoking car. "All right," said the gentleman, "I will sit in the seat until he comes," and he proceeded to remove the bundles. Pretty soon the owner of the bundles arrived at his destination and began to gather up his effects, but the gentleman at once put a veto on this, with the remark: "You can't take those bundles; you yourself said they belonged to a man who was temporarily in the smoking car." The fellow was mad and abusive but the gentleman was inexorable. Finally the conductor was called in who delivered his dictum as follows: "If the bundles are not claimed by anyone on the train, then, by coming around to-morrow to the depot and identifying them satisfactorily, we will give them to you." The man's face was as red as fire with rage, and shook like gelatine, but he could do nothing. So, amid the laughter of the passengers, he rushed to the door to jump off just as the train was passing out of the station. And he meekly came around to the depot for his bundles the next day, but swore revenge upon the man who played such a practical joke upon him.

Niagara Falls Boom.

Buffalo, N.Y., June 11.—The New York capitalists, John Jacob Astor, the Webbs, H. McK. Trombly, Chauncey M. Depew and, undoubtedly, the Vanderbilts, who last week bought out the controlling interest of the Depew Improvement company for $728,000 have, it is said, acquired over 5,000 acres of the most desirable land in the vicinity of Niagara Falls, N.Y. The men above mentioned, as is well known control the Niagara Falls Power company and the object in purchasing the land is undoubtedly to sell or lease the same to manufactoring firms which may be expected to locate there as soon as the power is ready for distribution. Options on these 5,000 acres have been quietly obtained by their agents during the past two months. On Wednesday of this week the heads of the company will, it is said, be at the Falls for the purpose of consummating the deal.

A Rumored Massacre of Missionaries.

Shanghai, June 10.—No definite news has been received here with regard to the latest report concerning the fate of the missionaries at Cheng Tu, the capital of the Province of Szchuen, Western China, who are said to have been massacred. It is known, however, that serious rioting has occurred at Cheng Tu, but affairs there are believed to have been quiet recently, although rioting was spreading in the country southward.

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, JUNE 15, 1895.

Speculation.

There is no use in advising people not to speculate; they will speculate. And there are points at which it is impossible to draw the line between "legitimate business" and speculation. All business has some of the elements of speculation in it—which is the same as saying that life is uncertain. At intervals of a few years there come periods when the chances in the stock markets favor the non-professional, when there is such an impulse on the part of the public that prices move upward rapidly and without much reference to the immediate conditions of industry and merchandising. At such times the professional is wont to say "it is the fools that are making money," that is, people who do not know much about the business win profits, while many of the old heads get out of the market. The country has recently entered upon one of these periods. The man who buys blindly makes money, and the man who stops to reason that the properties are not earning enough to justify a rapid rise, and consequently sells short, loses. But earnings are not the only things that make prices. The temporary fancy of the public has everything to do with quotations, and when the crowd has the buying craze woe to the man who gets in the way. To anybody who is bound to speculate, the only sound advice now is that he shall buy before he sells. That the market will have reactions from time to time goes without saying, but the ordinary operator is not quick enough or skillful enough to avail himself of such incidents. His guiding star should be the fact that the business of the country is improving and that the most potent forces now in operation make toward greater values for stocks. There are now better opportunities for a discerning trader to make money than have existed in this country since the active period immediately following the resumption of speci payments. Of course, those opportunities are not confined to the exchanges. Almost any quick-witted man, by looking over these fields of industry and trade with which he is most familiar, will see places where his capital and intelligence can be employed to greater advantage. The next three years promise to be a harvest time for the man of small capital and alert mind.—Chicago Economist.

Lillooet Election.

Mr. D. C. Stoddart, of Clinton, who was defeated by a majority of one in the general elections in July last for West Lillooet, is to be congratulated upon his success on Saturday, June 1st, when he was elected by a majority of 12 votes over Mr. J. D. Prentice. Mr. Stoddart protested Mr. Prentice's election last year, but before the case came up for trial it was agreed that the latter should hold his seat for one session, and that the seat should be contested again. A special act of legislature making this provision was passed, and the election accordingly came off on June 1st, resulting as follows:—Stoddart, 103; Prentice, 91. This result adds one to the strength of the government party in the house and detracts one from the opposition.

Here's a State of Things.

Science, dear Lady Betty, has diminished hope, knowledge has destroyed our illusions, and experience has deprived us of interest, Here, then, is the authorized dictionary of discontent:

What is creation? A failure.
What is life? A bore.
What is man? A fraud.
What is woman? Both a fraud and a bore.
What is beauty? A deception.
What is love? A disease.
What is marriage? A mistake.
What is a wife? A trial.
What is a child? A nuisance.
What is the devil? A fable.
What is good? Hypocrisy.
What is evil? Detection.
What is wisdom? Selfishness.
What is happiness? A delusion.
What is friendship? Humbug.
What is generosity? Imbecility.
What is money? Everything.
What is everything? Nothing.

Were we, perhaps, not happier, when we were monkeys?—London Truth.

At Dinner Time.

Where is my wandering wife to-day,
The wife of my tenderest care,
O, why is it now that she's always away,
And not at home, cooking my fare?

The meals once were warm, and ready on time,
When I came home hungry to dinner,
But now I just dine on a "smack" for a dime,
Just like any other poor sinner.

Stranger, go out, and bring my wife home,
And tell her to stop this queer caper,
No more on the streets with the newsboys to roam
A selling the great "Woman's Paper."

—R.E.

British Soldiers Killed.

Calcutta, June 8.—Despatches received here this morning from Simia say the tribesmen at Chitral again threaten to attack the British troops. A body of 500 tribesmen is collected in the vicinity of Dargai, and the British are preparing for an attack. Later despatches from Simia say that a body of Shirannis has surprised the village twenty miles from Fort Sandeman in the Zhob country, and killed a British lieutenant and some seven men.

Arrest at Lethbridge.

Lethbridge, N.W.T., June 8.—A sensational arrest was made here last night. Charles Warren, a mysterious character, who has been here for nine months past, was arrested on the charge of being the leader in the Donaldson tar and feathering episode last February. He is to appear before a magistrate this afternoon. Mr. Wrigley has been retained by the Donaldson family for the prosecution.

Advice to Prospectors and Miners.

The new book "Hidden Mines and How to Find Them," by W. Thos. Newman, describes every ore, gem, and precious stone of value to commerce, and tells how to find them, and test them by simple means, in plain language. This book is needed by every man here, and to accommodate, may be ordered at this office. Price is only $1.50 in cloth, and $2.00 in leather covers (nice to carry around) and means money made and saved to the prospector.

WHEN DICKY HAD THE MEASLES.

We found we had to hide his shoes,
His stockings, trousers, waistcoat, coat
And then he vowed he'd put on Sue's
Pink gingham, and he'd find his boat
And have a lark. He wouldn't stay
In bed and swallow nasty stuff!
And thus he'd fret and toss all day.
Oh, there was interest quite enough
When Dicky had the measles!

On Monday he was eloquent:
"I say, now, mother, since I'm sick,
I must live like a nobby gent;
What if old Spectacles does kick?
See, here's the lunch list; five cream tarts
Three red bananas, and some dates,
A coffee cake and walnut hearts!"
We sadly thought of pearly gates
When Dicky had the measles!

On Wednesday 'twas, he called for Bess:
"Hallo! Come in and read a story.
That's it; the page is turned, I guess.
Now give us fights and men all gory.
Lie still, Don Carlo—sh—h—you'd best!
Was that a Cossack rode the horse?
All right, go on, oh, skip the rest.
That's only love." This was, of course,
When Dicky had the measles!

On Sunday in a steamer chair
We left him, and we went to church.
The service over, in the glare
Of sunlight, on a wooden perch,
Sat freckled Dicky with his chums;
His tongue was running like a streak.
We're thankful now, whatever comes,
It can't surpass that awful week
When Dicky had the measles!

ANNA M. WILLIAMS.

MR. AND MRS. TOODLES.

The supper had been cleared away and the hired girl was washing the dishes in the kitchen and singing at her work. The twins, snugly tucked in their little cradles, were smiling in their sleep. Mr. Toodles was quietly reading his paper by the sitting-room table. The light shone softly on his meek and benevolent face and illuminated the full moon on the top of his small but sensible head. Mrs. Toodles was knitting in her favorite rocking chair by the cheerful grate fire.

But something was on Mrs. Toodles' mind. She allowed the kitten to play with the ball of yarn dropped from her capacious lap without once stamping her substantial feet and crying "scat."

Finally she laid her long, glistening knitting needles down and aimed her penetrating spectacles straight at her diminutive husband who, without seeing it, felt the influence of the steady glare and moved uneasily in consequence.

"Mr. Toodles!" at last she began, "I am going to take boarders and make money."

"Are you, my dear?" he answered, looking sweetly at her strong and rather masculine features, "where are you going to take them?"

"Right here in this house and right away," she said, decidedly. "Mrs. Brown does, and she's bought herself already a sealskin sack, a new piano and lots of lovely furniture out of the profits. You always say you can't afford those things, but I know better. Now I've made my mind up to earn them myself, and don't you dare oppose it. This house will be a palace before I'm through."

"How many boarders will the twins leave you time to work for, my dear," he gently asked, without surprise or losing the place he was reading, "and what rooms can you give them?"

"I'll get two to start with and give them your room and put you in the attic on a cot. You like the air up there, you say, and think the view is charming, and as for the twins, Mr. Toodles, you'll be delighted to hold them when I'm busy, of course.

"And it won't cost a cent extra for the table, either. What feeds four will feed more when I do the buying and serving. Oh! It takes a woman to manage those things. And then you'll have company to talk with at home, so you won't have to visit the 'club'—as you call it."

"Will your boarders smoke pipes, my dear, or cigarettes in our sitting room evenings? You can hardly bear a good cigar now, you know, and then the odor permeating the house might ossify the twins and lead them to love cigarettes, too."

"My boarders will not smoke if I don't like it—any more than you, Mr. Toodles," snapped the good lady.

"But you can't prevent them smoking in their room, my dear, and that is next to yours—and the twins."

Mrs. Toodles made no reply for awhile, but her woman's mind was shaken a bit.

"They can smoke with their heads out of a window. Maybe they won't use the vile weed at all. Every man isn't a chimney, puffing as if a ton of soft coal was burning inside of him," she vehemently replied.

"No, indeed, my dear," blandly answered the husband, who loved a cigar next to his wife, "but who'll let the boarders in at night if they are out past our bedtime? You know you wouldn't want to trust strangers with a latch key to our home."

"Well, Mr. Toodles, if you ain't man enough to sit up for them I'll let them in myself, sir."

"Suppose, my dear," spoke the mild-tempered man, "they should come home slightly hilarious from liquor and tried to kiss you."

Mrs. T.'s spectacles blazed furiously at the unmoved and apparently sincere countenance of her little lord and master.

Then with an impressive sweep of her ponderous right hand she exclaimed: "Mr. Toodles, what do you mean? I think I can take entire care of myself under those circumstances as you, sir, know by experience. Ha! I'd like to see a man attempt nonsense with me. You ain't jealous already, I hope."

"O, certainly not, my dear," smiled Mr. T., "I'm only too proud when your charms are admired by the sterner sex. The fact is, my darling, I like your plan so much that I'll get a boarder for you to morrow."

The angry cloud on Mrs. Toodles' face changed to the brightest sunshine.

"Spoken like a true, good, loving husband you are," she shouted in her tenderest tones, "and now, dear Timothy, let's go to bed for I must be up at daylight, you know, to prepare for the boarder."

The next morning Mr. Toodles called on a large, reliable friend.

"Jack!" he said, when they were alone, "I want you to fill your trunk with bricks and come with it to my house and play boarder for a week. Mrs. T. has got boarders on the brain, you know, and I want you to cure her. If your appetite is as good as it used to be you'll do it sure. Her cooking you'll find well worthy of your subliimest efforts in the gastronomical line.

"All you'll have to do is to clear the table at every meal and be as much of a nuisance as possible. Bring all the pipes you've got and your old cornet to keep the twins howling all night. You're going to have my room—the best in the house—and I'll be stuck up in the attic somewhere."

That evening the bogus boarder arrived with his loaded trunk at the Toodles' mansion.

Mrs. Toodles, gayly arrayed for the grand occasion, welcomed him with her most captivating smiles, and Mr. Toodles solemnly escorted him to the dining room.

The table was a sight to see, for the unsuspecting amateur landlady had excelled herself in heaping it with goodies. She knew, or thought she did, the importance of making a favorable impression at the start, although, we're obliged to say, she intended to soon run on hash and stews and other less expensive but equally filling dishes.

Mr. Toodles, looking as meek and innocent as a new-born babe, did his honors from his end of the table, and Mrs. Toodles, beaming with delight and graciousness, nobly attended to her part.

For a time all went on swimmingly, but soon even the twins in high chairs opposite Mr. Jack evinced surprise at the rapid disappearance of the food, and a pardonable fear lest they should starve in the midst of such a plenty.

Mrs. Toodles, in spite of her acknowledged fame as a hostess, showed signs of uneasiness, and soon became positively nervous at each fresh assault the new boarder made on the vivands, while her husband, pretending not to see her warning glances, kept on urging Mr. Easyman to eat.

At last when the staring twins themselves were in danger of being swallowed by the insatiable boarder to top off with, and when poor Mrs. Toodles threatened to collapse entirely Mr. Easyman pronounced himself satisfied—until breakfast!

With a remarkably straight and sober face he accompanied his wicked and overjoyed host to the sitting room, leaving Mrs. Toodles and the twins to share the terrors of the situation between them.

When the distressed lady had stammered her directions for breakfast to the hired girl and put the startled twins to sleep, she, with a forced and sickly smile and a worried look, joined the gentlemen.

She could scarcely see or breathe in the fog of pipe smoke they made, but she endured it bravely, for it wouldn't do to frighten the gay and apparently contented new boarder away by too suddenly disturbing his home comfort after dinner.

But when the pair of rascals began a heated political argument, each, of course, taking opposite sides, she commenced to see that keeping boarders wasn't as nice as her friend, Mrs. Brown, had cracked it up to be.

By and by, however, Mr. Easyman grew more entertaining, but whether the harrowing tales he invented of boarding house experiences served to make his new landlady more cheerful was a question.

At last, to the poor victim's relief, came bedtime, and Mr. Jack, after a hearty good-night, and a carefully stolen wink at the meek-faced husband, retired to his room.

Then Mrs. Toodles, doing considerable thinking, let the smoke out the windows, gazed at the disorder and damage done, and sadder if not wiser, sought the solace of sleep.

Hardly had she pressed the pillow with her aching head when, "toot! toot! tooty, tooty, tu-whoot, to oo oo oot!" from the new boarder's cornet in the next room make her spring upright on her bed.

As a fearful accompaniment to the unearthly, nerve-shattering toots both twins at once howled their midnight melodies for all or more than they were worth.

Poor Mrs. T. could stand it no longer. Rushing in her ghostly night garments upstairs to her husband, who, pretending to be asleep, let her shake him well before answering, she dragged him downstairs and furiously bade him silence the terrible cornet.

Seeing that his first dose of boarder medicine had taken capitally he knocked on his pal's door and with a whi per and several sounds like smothered laughter succeeded in making everything quiet save the twins. Those he had to walk, one on each arm, for a long, cold hour, but he bore the punishment so well deserved without his usual groans.

So it went on till the end of the boarder's first week arrived.

Then Mrs. Toodles, weighing less and looking pale and distressed, begged the husband to tell Mr. Easyman that Mrs. T. wished to give up taking boarders and to find another place.

"But, my dear," said the old hypocrite, with the smoothest face, "we've taken Mr. Easyman for a year and he says he likes us so much that he's going to stay and bring a friend who's coming to night."

Mrs. Toodles fainted on the spot.

When she "come to" her husband, assured that his medicine had proved thoroughly effective for life, promised to persuade the boarder to leave even if he paid money to make him go.

The boarder, thankful not to be fired, left at once and Mr. Toodles now is happy in his quiet home.—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

Songs for A Contralto Voice.

The contralto voice is best adapted to solo singing, but it may be excellently combined in duets with the soprano and tenor, writes Jessie Bartlett-Davis in a practical article on the "Uses of a Contralto Voice," in the Ladies' Home Journal. In solo selection the voice seems to peculiarly adapt itself to sacred music, and to the dramatic and more serious styles of ballad. Sacred songs, dramatic or pathetic ballads, love songs and lullabies seem the especial field of the contralto. For the lighter songs Molloy's are always good and invariably popular. Howe Temple's songs for contralto, especially "My Lady's Bower" by this author, are beautiful. The love songs of Frederick H. Cowan and Sir Arthur Sullivan are known the world over. The ballads written by John W. Mullen are all good for contralto singing. The beautiful songs by Tito Mattei are so many as to be almost innumerable. Tosti and Tours have also been prolific writers of contralto music. We have some new composers who are giving us very beautiful contralto songs. Of these are the "Cradle Song" and "Good-by, Sweetheart" of Kate Vonnoh, and some lovely ballads by Anita Owen. There are so many good sacred songs for contralto that I have not sufficient space in which to enumerate them The same may be said of the classical songs. The best way to secure the latter is to purchase the scores of the great contralto operas, "Orpheus," "Trovatore," "Carmen," "Le Prophete" and many others, and select the contralto songs from them.

Light-Fingered Royalty.

To believe a French writer, there are no fewer than 4,000 women caught every year in stealing during shopping expeditions, a habit euphoniously styled kleptomania. The number of titled ladies seized with this strange malady while examining the fashions of Paris, he tells us, is almost incredible. Among the recent culprits were a Russian Duchess and the daughter of a reigning sovereign. As a rule, these more distinguished offenders are let off on the payment of a round sum for the relief of the poor, and when the shoplifter is known to be rich the sum exacted rises to as much as 10,000 francs. The police authorities consent to this sort of condonation.

Man Milliner Worth a Stole.

Of Worth, the famous French milliner, it is said that, though he personally fitted all his patrons, "the woman is not living to whom he ever paid a compliment. When one remembers his temptations, and that he fitted every beautiful woman of fashion of his period at one time or another, his stolid self-poise, or rather stoicism, is a marvel."

Programme of Sports.

Golden, B.C., July 1st & 2nd.

FIRST DAY.

(Commencing at 13 o'clock, sharp.)

	Purse.	1st.	2nd.
Half-mile dash, saddle horse race, open to horses who have never won an advertised purse of $10. Owners up	$40 00	$30 00	$10 00
First Heat Half-mile Horse Race	40 00	30 00	10 00
One Hundred Yards Foot Race, open to any person resident of Kootenay for six months	12 50	10 00	2 50
Second Heat Half-mile horse race			
Slow Race, cripples barred, no saddles, whips or spurs allowed. Time limit 30 minutes	10 00	10 00	
Third Heat Half-mile Horse Race if necessary.			
Wheelbarrow Race, blindfolded	10 00	7 00	3 00
First Heat Hurdle Race	50 00	35 00	15 00
Miners' Race, course decided by Judges	15 00	10 00	5 00
Second Heat Hurdle Race.			
Third Heat Hurdle Race, if necessary.			
Football Match—Golden vs. All Comers.			

In all events 4 to enter 3 to start. Horses to carry not less than 120lbs. Entrance fee 10 per cent of purse.

Moonlight Excursion on the Columbia River per S.S. Duchess.

SECOND DAY.

Gun Club Shoot, governed by Fort Garry rules, 6 men in each team, 15 shots to each man. Entrance fee $5 for each team. Trophy—a cup valued at $25. Silver medal to highest individual score. Shoot to commence at 9 o'clock.

(Commencing at 13 o'clock.)

	Purse.	1st.	2nd.
Four Hundred Yards Foot Race	$20 00	$15 00	$ 5 00
One Mile Dash	75 00	50 00	25 00
Catching Greasy Pig, Prize—the pig.			

AQUATIC SPORTS.

Tub Race	$10 00		
Greasy Pole	10 00		
Log Rolling Contest	$30 00	$20 00	$10 00
Canoe Race	20 00	15 00	5 00

In all events 4 to enter 3 to start. Horses to carry not less than 120lbs. Entrance 10 per cent of purse in all cases, except Tub Race and Greasy Pole, which are free.

J. C. GREENE, *President.* WILLIAM McNEISH, *Sec.-Treasurer.*

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.

It is stated that Dr. Bertillon has discovered a new method for identifying handwriting by enlarging the letters by photography and measuring the alterations due to beating of the pulse.

TABLE

Showing the Dates and Places of Courts of Assize, Nisi Prius, Oyer and Terminer, and General Gaol Delivery for the Year 1895.

Spring Assizes.

Nanaimo	Tuesday	7th May
New Westminster	Tuesday	14th May
Vancouver	Tuesday	21st May
Clinton	Monday	27th May
Victoria	Tuesday	28th May
Kamloops	Monday	3rd June
Vernon	Monday	10th June
*Donald	Friday	14th June
*Nelson	Wednesday	19th June

*Special Assize.

Business Cards.

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G. S. McCarter.

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Cochrane, Alba.—Ft. Steele, B.C.

Samuel S. Fowler, E.M.,
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Golden Hospital Society.

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" 2 p.m. " 4 p.m.
" 7 " " 8 "
Sunday from 10 a.m. to 12 m., and from 7 p.m. to 8 p.m.

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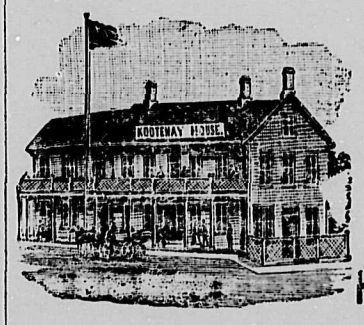

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"Monsoon" Tea is put up by the Indian Tea growers as a sample of the best qualities of Indian Teas. Therefore they use the greatest care in the selection of the Tea and its blend, that is why they put it up themselves and sell it only in the original 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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If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to

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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.

Mining Under the Sea.

At Betallack, near Cape Cornwall, a striking example is seen of man's boldness in searching for wealth and his skill in securing it. Petallack is a bold headland, composed of huge masses of horn-blende, masked by walls of slate, against which the Atlantic surges are constantly dashing. But the persevering efforts of man have at this point been more powerful than those of nature. Gloomy precipices of slate, which unnumbered ages of sea storms have been unable to displace, are here cut in twain by the miner, whose complicated machinery clings to the cliff at places where it would seem almost impossible for an engine to be fixed. Powerful steam engines, stamp mills, and all the heavy machinery required in modern mining are perched on what at first sight seems inaccessible situations, so that from a distance they look as if growing out of the crags. All is noise and bustle, which contrast strangely with the placidity of the seaward view. "Kibbles" descend fathoms beneath the sea, and ascend again with copper or tin ores, which are wheeled away to larger heaps, where women, boys and girls separate various qualities with the systematic industry of workers in a factory. Everybody and everything—rocks, platforms and paths—are smeared with the prevailing red hue derived from a slight mixture of iron with copper or tin ores, and ther the very muddy stream flowing from the stamp mill to the sea has imparted to the beach, the breakers and the foam the same rubicund tinge. If ore is coming up plentifully and of good quality, everybody is pleased, and far down in the gloomy depths of the mine, which Cornish legends people with spirits, the news that a new "bunch" of copper has been struck, or that the old lode is growing richer, fills the workers with professional joy. As the visitor creeps along the passages into which the light of day has never entered, he hears comparatively little, until, having become accustomed to the darkness barely illuminated by the flicker of lamps, he dimly distinguishes the stalwart gnomes at work. Coming from the upper world amid the din of heavy stamps and measured gush of pumps, the clang of machinery above and the surge of the sea below, the rattle of wagons on tramways, and the crowds of men and boys climbing up and down paths which seem too steep for a goat, the modified silence of the level strike some as unnatural. In places, however, the guides may ask the visitor to listen to a curious sound. It is the booming of the waves above, and the grating of the stones on the sea bottom. Then he is told, to give him courage, that in some of the recesses of the first level the ore has been cut away until a roof not more than six or eight feet thick has been left. First worked on the face of the cliffs only, the mines descended, level by level, until the excavations extended for more than six fathoms under the sea, and for long distances inland, while the greatest depth to which it had been sunk is about 2000 feet.—Mining and Scientific Press.

Awful Mining Disaster.

Breste, June 10.—The Segingoltez mine belonging to Count Von Domersmark is on fire. Out of the 400 miners at work when the fire broke out only 40 reached the surface in safety. The fate of the other miners is not known as this despatch is sent.

Lord Beresford's Exploit.

Of Lord Beresford (to whom the Duchess of Marlborough was lately married) Archibald Forbes tells the following story:

"Beresford was out on a scout, or rather an armed reconnoissance, to ascertain the strength of the Zulu forces. Buller directed him to be very wary, or he would be ambuscaded. The advice was good, for about ten miles from camp, on the White Umvaloosi river, there sprang out of a deep watercut crossing the plain a line of Zulus 2,000 strong. Beresford immediately ordered his force—only four troops strong—to fall back, keeping the Zulus in check. Just then a sergeant was shot off his horse, and the Zulus made a dash for him. Beresford turned back, and with one hand pulled the wounded man up behind while he held his cocked Colt revolver in the other. He had just got the man up when the warriors were on him. He shot four in about eight seconds, and thus halted them. He was joined by Sergeant O'Toole, and with his aid Beresford was able to get back to the command, which fell back slowly till they recrossed the river, and were reinforced by Buller's whole command.

"I tell you, it was touch and go, for had Beresford's horse stumbled with the double load he carried 'Bill' would have been a 'goner.'"

This brave deed won for both Beresford and O'Toole the Victoria Cross.—Exchange.

A Youthful Murderer.

La Porte, Ind., June 11.—Indiana has a youthful murderer in Gilbert Lowsher, four years old, who killed Bernice Collins, at Monticello his victim being a toddling infant. Being angry with the Collins child, he hacked her with stones, and before her cries for help brought relief she was dead. The authorities are puzzled as to what steps are to be taken in dealing with the boy, the annals of the state failing to record a parallel case. Both families are prominent.

Disastrous Floods.

Pau, June 11.—Floods continue throughout Navarre and the lowlands of the Pyrenees. Severe sufferings as a result of the floods are reported from the Basque country. Roads, bridges, and railroads have been swept away and fields have been destroyed by the rush of water from the hills.

Has Entered the Matrimonial State.

News has been received here of the marriage of Mr. Wm. Chandler, who several years ago was manager here for Messrs. Hull Bros. & Co., to Miss Edna Earle Atwood, daughter of Mr. J. Atwood of Dayton, Wash. The wedding took place in Dayton, Wash., on Thursday, June 6th. "Billy's" many friends here send their hearty congratulations.

Snow fell in Golden yesterday morning.

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A Cooking School Pie.

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma,
I'm going to make a pie.
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose;
So give me a gramme of phosphate,
And the carbon and cerealose.

Now give me a chunk of caseine, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat;
And hand me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat;
And if the electric oven's cold
Just turn it on half half an ohm
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as John comes home.

Now pass me the neutral dope mamma
And rotate the mixing machine
But give me the sterilized water first
And the cleocmargarine.
And the phosphate too for now I think
The new typewriter's quit
And John will need more phosphate food
To help his brain a bit.—Chicago News.

PRETTY TOUGH YARNS.

These Concern the Tenacity of Life Seen in Animals and Reptiles.

A French professor has been making experiments which prove that of all animals little bunny can bear the greatest cold. He shut a rabbit up all night in a block of ice and the next morning the animal seemed to be very comfortable and not to know that anything unusual had been going on. Next to the rabbit in being able to bear great cold come in order the sheep, the goat and the pig all domestic animals. The cat was completely outclassed.

One would think that the wild creatures would be the hardiest and as a matter of fact some of them do show almost miraculous tenacity of life as all old trapper can testify. A Canadian trapper found not long ago that one of his traps had disappeared. A month afterwards the people of Green Lake ninety miles distant from the place where the trap had been set killed a wolf with that very trap attached to his leg. The animal was reduced almost to a skeleton. That he should have been able to drag the trap about for a month through 100 miles of forest shows how hard it is to kill a wolf and doubtless his relatives the fox and the jackal as well as other wild animals not so nearly connected could furnish material for equally wonderful tales.

Going down lower in the brute creation the power of clinging to life seems to increase. Every one knows how hard it is to kill a snake and the old superstition about the pieces living till sunset seem to have been quite justified. Other reptiles show even more wonderful powers. It is sometimes very hard to kill a common tortoise. An English writer, Shaw, tells of one that lived six months after its brain was taken out, moving its limbs and walking as before. Another lived twenty-three days after its head was cut off, and the head itself opened and closed its jaws a quarter of an hour after it was separated from the body.

Next lower in the scale of creation come the fishes, and no fisherman need be told that they will flop about in the liveliest way hours after they have been pulled out of their natural habitat. But the champion of all fish in this respect is the shark. It is so hard to kill sharks that they often live when life would seem impossible. A shark was once caught by the sailors on the French ship Messagrol, and was split open and cleaned as one would clean a fish, his heart and all his other internal organs being taken out. The body was then thrown overboard, when, to the astonishment of all, it swam away and was soon out of sight. Of course, it could not have lived long, but it is wonderful that it kept so much life in its body as to be able to swim at all.

Starting a Fashion.

There was once a tanner of hides in London who had an idea. And out of the idea he built up a fashion, and from the fashion he drew a fortune.

This is how he did it: After the hides in his finishing room had been trimmed for the trade there was always a great pile of strips and scraps left over, some of them quite large enough to be made into a man's shoe. Before that time tanners had sold these odds and ends for pump-washers, harness rosettes and what not, and the price that they received hardly paid the cost of loading them into freight wagons. But one tanner was not satisfied with that way of doing business.

"I'll make shoes of these scraps," he said.

"But you can't," chimed all the wise tanners who knew him. "The leather won't take black dressing—it's too scamy and porous."

"Then I'll make yellow shoes," said he.

The wise tanners all held up their hands and shook their heads sagely. A bright man was going astray.

But the tanner reasoned that because men had worn black shoes for no one knew how long was no reason why they wouldn't wear yellow shoes.

"So I'll make yellow shoes," he said again. And that was his idea.

Then he went to work on the scraps, and it wasn't long before his yellow shoes were associating with the monocle and separated from it only by the stature of an aristocrat. That was only a little more than half a dozen years ago, but today the russet shoe is known all over the world. Scraps have long ceased to be used in its manufacture, and whole hides, the best that can be obtained, are none too good.

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