LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

THE SHEPERD'S WIFE'S SONG.

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter, too,
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown;
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;
And merrier, too,
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds carelessly carol by the fire.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his meat;
And blither, too,
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup;
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king upon his bed of down;
And sounder too,
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and sleep their fill;
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

—Robert Greene.

SUCCESS.

To work steadfastly with an upward aim
To conquer wisely trials met;
With little use for anger or for blame,
The highest good from life to get;
To gather wealth, not for its sake alone,
But for the good it helps to do;
To strike each morn a richer mental tone
And onward press with courage new;
To hold in other hearts a sacred place,
To gladly helping hand to lend,
To grow in spirit beauty, spirit grace,
As through this busy world we wend;
To win the power to lead, to cheer, to bless
Our brother man—this constitutes success.

—Sarah E. Howard in The Circle.

NOTES.

Although the first printing of "A Lost Leader" by E. Phillips Oppenheim was a record one for a new Oppenheim novel, a second impression has already been demanded and is now in press. Little, Brown & Co. also announce a sixth printing, of 6,000 copies, of Eliza Calvert Hall's "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," the book recommended by President Roosevelt, a second printing before publication of "Susan Clegg and A Man in the House," by Anne Warner.

* * *

The career of Roy Horniman, the author of "Lord Cammarleigh's Secret," has been anything but uneventful. The son of an English naval officer, his childhood was spent in various parts of the world, according to the exigencies of naval life. At the age of thirteen he is said to have written a novel entitled "Corlane," but its atrocities so horrified his mother, that he was persuaded to give it into her keeping, and has never been able to trace it since. He completed his education in England, and, despite his determination to be an actor, was persuaded to enter an office as an experiment. The experiment was a ghastly failure. Later, as an actor, he attained considerable success in the companies of Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Of his previous novels, the most successful is "Bellamy the Magnificent," his dramatized version of which Sir Charles Wyndham has arranged to produce. Mr. Horniman is a vegetarian and practically a teetotaller. In "Lord Cammarleigh's Secret" he has told an immensely entertaining story of an impecunious young man who boldly assumes the position of secretary for Lord Cammarleigh in order to learn his great secret.

* * *

A welcome addition has just been made to the announcements of new fiction for the current season. Mr. Marion Crawford has written a Christmas story which is to be published before the holidays. The title, "The Little City of Hope," seems to promise something in the vein of the old-time Christmas story—the Christmas story of Dickens and his followers—which has been strangely abandoned of late years.

* * *

"The Rome of today is in strange contrast even to the city that Page and Hawthorne knew, in the comparatively recent past; and the Rome of the ancients is traced only in the churches and the ruins," says Lilian Whiting in her new book, "Italy, the Magic Land." "It is a mot that one hears every language spoken in Rome except the Italian! So largely has the seven-hilled city become the pleasure ground of foreign residents, the contrast between the ordinary breakfast-table talk in Rome and in—Boston, for instance, or Washington, is amusing. In the Parisian capital it usually includes the tests of weather predictions and the news in the morning paper, with whatever sifter of local or personal matters of interest.

"In Washington, where the very actors and the events that make the nation's history are fairly before one's eyes, the breakfast-table conversation is sure to turn on matters that have not yet got into the papers—the evening session of the previous night, perhaps, when too long prolonged under the vast dome to admit of its having been noted in the morning press. But in Rome the breakfast-table talk is apt to be of the new excavations just taken from the bed of the Tiber; the question as to whether the head of St. Paul could have touched (at the tragic scene of his execution) at three places so far apart as the tri-fontanes; or a discussion of the marvellous freshness of the mosaics in the interior of the Palace of the Caesars; or, again, of the last night's balls or dinners, and matters most frankly mondaine, and of contemporary life."

* * *

President Roosevelt and the great moral principles which lie back of his policies have found their most eloquent prophet in Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, whose brilliant volume, "Sin and Society," will be published next month by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The president has written an open letter to serve as an introduction of the book, in which he endorses it with characteristic energy as "a plea for courage, for uprightness, for far-seeing sanity;" and it was owing to his suggestion that the title was changed from "Smokeless Sin," as it was first announced, to the broader descriptive title, "Sin and Society." The publication of the volume and the discussion which is sure to ensue are eagerly awaited.

* * *

Sir Gilbert Parker stands distinctly apart from that class of ephemeral authors who make a single dazzling success and then fall back into nothingness, and his career is highly worthy of study as showing how a really great great writer goes on from point to point, steadily rising and advancing, and marking a finer triumph with each successive book.

He is still only forty-five years of age, having been born in Canada in 1862. He is in its best sense a cosmopolitan, a man of the world, for he is not only familiar with America and Europe and Egypt, the South Sea Islands and Australia, but has studied the people of those lands with sympathy and insight. This wide and sympathetic study of various races and nations has added immeasurably to his breadth of view.

He first attracted attention in the early '90's by some short stories of marked and distinctive quality, located in the Canadian northwest, a region with which he was personally familiar; and good judges declared then that he was destined to go far and rise high. A novel followed; then another; and then came the tremendous success of "The Right of Way," and the world knew that Gilbert Parker's place in literature would be permanent. And now comes "The Weavers;" a book really great in its sweep of interest and plot, its grasp of national affairs, the artistic skill of its treatment, the absorbing character of its story.

Sir Gilbert is not only great in literature but is prominent in English social life, and is a distinct power in parliament, of which he has been a member for seven years.

He lives in a beautiful home in Carlton Terrace, the most exclusive social quarter of London, and also has a charming stone cottage on a charming little estate in the country, where he does almost all of his literary work.

THE REAL MERIT

of the Bitters is quickly demonstrated in cases of Stomach Liver or Bowel disorders and being compounded in accordance with the Pure Drugs Act of June 30, 1906, no one need hesitate in trying a bottle at once. A dose of

HOSTETTERS' STOMACH BITTERS

before meals will aid digestion and cure Belching, Heartburn, Indigestion, Costiveness, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Colds and Malaria. Insist on having Hostetter's. It never disappoints.

BOOKS.

Stafford's "Animal Fables From the Dark Continent," by A. O. Stafford American Book company. This new book in the Eclectic Readings series is intended for supplementary reading in the third year, and presents 34 animals fables selected and adapted from the folk lore of the negro race, both in Africa and in America. The original spirit of these fables has been well preserved, and they are told in a most attractive fashion, which will oftimes remind the reader of the "Uncle Remus" stories or the "Jungle Books." No dialect is introduced, and the words and expressions used are adapted to the grade for which the volume is intended. There are numerous full page pictures which are admirably adapted to illustrate the fables. For sale at Deseret News Book store.

* * *

In the preface of "The Stork Book," Newton Newkirk's latest book of humor published by H. M. Caldwell company of New York and Boston, the author confesses that he has not known the joys of fatherhood and therefore knows nothing of babies, but insists that he is qualified to write authoritatively about them for the simple reason that the married folks who have no children always give advice on baby culture to those who have. As an antidote for any symptoms of "grouch" the book with its clever illustrations by Wallace Goldsmith and its unique cover with the baby china doll deserves a place in every home. It is not too much to say it is the brightest book of humor published this year. For sale at Deseret News Book store.

* * *

In John Burroughs' new volume "Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt," we have an interesting view of the outdoor side of the president. The book is in two parts, the first of which tells the story of Mr. Burroughs' trip with the president to the Yellowstone park in the spring of 1903, while the second, which gives an account of a visit to Oyster Bay, treats of Roosevelt more specifically as a nature-lover and observer. The whole gives us a vivid picture of an alert, breezy, energetic enthusiastic, whole-souled man with a genuine love of nature and an exceptional faculty for acute and accurate observation. Mr. Burroughs tells us that the most interesting thing he saw among all the wonders of the National park was the president himself, and he gives a very graphic and entertaining account of him—his manner of meeting people along the route of travel, his chats with old acquaintances of his ranching days, his rides and walks in the wilderness, his camp-fire conversation and story-telling. Mr. Burroughs knows the president's outdoor side so well and sympathizes with it so thoroughly that what he has to say of him is well worth reading. The volume is attractively illustrated from photographs, many of them showing the president while in the Yellowstone; others give glimpses of the beauty of his home at Oyster Bay. An appropriate cover, pleasant type, and good paper complete the attraction of this little book offered by Houghton Mifflin & Company, Boston. For sale at "News" Book Store.

* * *

"Human Bullets," as its title suggests, is a very unusual book. The original Japanese edition reached its forty-first thousand within a year of its publication, and translations have been made into Russian, German and French. The Japanese emperor endorsed the book by granting the author, Lieut. Sakurai, a special audience, an honor no other of his rank in the army has ever received. It is a soldier's story of Port Arthur, and recounts the author's experiences from the time when he started out from home as a lieutenant in the Japanese army until he was wounded and left for dead in a terrific attack on Port Arthur. Its value and interest lie in the series of very vivid impressions as they struck the mind of a subordinate figure of the campaign, who saw war and bloodshed for the first time. It is a wonderful revelation of the Japanese point of view in regard to patriotism, obedience, the hereafter, fellowship with those in subordinate position, and magnanimity toward captured enemies. The horror of butchery is curiously mingled with purpose and dignity of mind. The scenes are very graphic and present actual modern warfare with telling effect. The colored frontispiece was done by the author with his left hand after he had had lost his right hand in the war, and is therefore doubly interesting. Count Okuma furnishes an introduction. The book is translated from the Japanese by Masujiro Honda and edited by Miss Alice M. Bacon, author of "Japanese Girls and Women." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have given the present edition a very attractive page setting and a striking cover stamped with Japanese decorations. For sale at Deseret News Book store.

* * *

Owing to the large success last season of Alice C. D. Riley's child book "The Voyage of the Wishbone Boat," H. M. Caldwell company of New York and Boston have brought out this year, especially for the holidays, a new edition fully illustrated in colors by L. J. Bridgman and with attractive border design in tint. It makes a charming gift for children from the age of 7 to 12, the pictures proving a constant delight, while the story, so often referred to as the modern "Alice in Wonderland," dealing with the little princess and her court jester on their travels through Toyland, is one of the best and most interesting for children published during the last few years. For sale at Deseret News Book store.

* * *

A Ball of Yarn is the title of a new book by Robert R. Whitney. This Ball of Yarn is composed of three skeins of three yarns each, and each a humorist. The yarns are so strung together and so ingeniously interwoven with snappy dialogue that once the reader catches hold either of the thread of discourse or of the yarn itself, he is carried on, willy-nilly to the ultimate end, hopelessly enmeshed and helpless with suppressed laughter.

Others have yarned before. Ananias, Sapphira, Munchausen, Mark Twain and a host of others—some entertainingly, others painstakingly, still others exasperatingly. But when Whitney knits his brow, thoughtfully plucks at a stray raveling from up his sleeve and proceeds to reel off a skein or two, one feels a certain awe—the kind of feeling that gets into your system when you stand in the presence of an Egyptian pyramid, a Persian monolith, a California giant sequoia. This is no common liar. Here is no cheap charlatan. This is he—it must be he—the lineal descendant of the man who invented the Jonah story!

The Yard of the Breathbound Village, The Yarn of the Brawny Batsman, the Yarn of the Sinner Stung, are not yarns to make you yawn but yarns to make you yearn for more.

When you are blue with care, red with anger, green with envy, or purple with rage, you will be sure to find some yarn of a cheering and lively color here.

The illustrations by Merle Johnson, also done, though literally, in many colors, consists of several very clever character sketches and a frontispiece depicted the marvelous rescue of "The Judge's aged mother" as told in the "Yarn of the Inventive Vamp." The book is further decorated with pictorial initials by the same artist. Bound in Oriental yarn yellow boards, 75 cents net. Sill Elder and company, San Francisco and New York. Published by Paul Elder Co., New York, 29-45 East Nineteenth street.

MAGAZINES.

The Century announces as one of its serial features for 1908, "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill," the first chapters to appear in the November Century. The present Mrs. George Cornwallis-West is a daughter of the late Leonard Jerome, of New York, and as the wife of Lord Randolph Churchill she played a leading and brilliant part in the political and social life of England. The popularity that went out to the "Sir to Lord Randolph was shared by his wife—more particularly during the famous election of 1885 when he opposed John Bright at Birmingham. The impression of his wife's beauty and dash during those stirring weeks has never been weakened. The memories of her life, therefore, deal with people and conditions of general interest and importance, and are sure to be rich in the color and charm of the writer's fascinating personality.

Professor Percival Lowell, founder and director of the Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, believes that constructive life is existent today on Mars—life of which the supposed artificial canals are only one evidence. He has prepared for publication in the coming issues of The Century, a series of 4 color papers on the subject of Mars as a possible abode of life, setting forth a view of the latest astronomical discoveries and theories, and with illustrations made up from the most recent observations of the planet taken under favorable circumstances during the summer just passed.

* * *

Ainslee's for November comes out with a table of contents that will make a broader and keener appeal to its multitude of readers than ever before, if such a thing is possible the novelette this month is by Morley Roberts, whose first known book, "The Idlers," was such as to place it on a level with "The House of Mirth" and "The Fighting Chance." It is called "The Key," and is a story of intensely dramatic interest.

The second installment of Harry Leon Wilson's new novel, "Ewing's Lady," runs in this number. The progress of this story makes it clear that the author of "The Spenders," "The Seeker," and "The Little Boss of Arcady" has done himself more than justice, for it is a tale that will surely make a lasting impression on the literature of the 19 eighteen century's first decade.

The short fiction is actually above the high level of Ainslee's, and that is saying much for it; considering that, as a whole, the short fiction of this magazine is the best that is published. H. F. Prevost-Battersby is the author of a gem of its kind, called "The Voice of Duty." Mrs. Mary H. Vorse has another of her inimitable humorous child stories entitled "The Refinement of Ab," it is absolutely and irresistably funny. Another story in the series, entitled, "The Chauffeur Creek," by Robert E. MacAlarney, is published, a fact which will bring satisfaction to a very large number of magazine readers. Joseph C. Lincoln, another old favorite, is represented with one of his most characteristic down-east tales, called "The Moral Tone." Rose K. Weekes has a very dramatic story in "The Bath," and Sarah Guernsey Bradley one in "By Way of Reminder."

One of the most notable features of this number is an article on "Paderewski, Mon Parent," a delightful and intimate picture of a little known side of the great artist. It is written by his friend, William Armstrong.

Mrs. John Van Vorst begins a series of articles on "International Marriages."

* * *

Nobody is too young, nobody too old, to enjoy reading the Youth's Companion. For that reason it makes one of the most appropriate of Christmas gifts—one of the few whose actual worth far outweighs the cost. Welcome as the paper may be to the casual reader on the train, at the office, in the public library, it is, after all, the paper of the home. The regularity and frequency of its visits, the cordial sincerity of its tone, make for it over the place of a familiar friend in the house. Like the good friend, too, it stands always for those traits and qualities which are typified in the ideal home, and are the sources of a nation's health and true prosperity. Is there another Christmas present costing so little that equals it?

On receipt of $1.75 the yearly subscription price, the publishers send to the new subscriber all the remaining issues of The Companion for 1907 and the four-leaf hanging calendar for 1908 in full color.

Full illustrated announcements of the new volume for 1908 will be sent with sample copies of the paper to any address free. The Youth's Companion, 144 Berkeley street, Boston, Mass.

When it was written that "The mills of the Gods grind slowly but grind exceeding fine," the writer must have had a hunch on

HUSLER'S FLOUR.

Both 'phones 128.

Another Literary Shrine Proved to be Bogus.

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 1.—Tooting hall, the old house in Tooting, London, in which it is alleged Defoe wrote Robinson Crusoe, has been a regular Mecca for souvenir-hunting Americans in the last few months, because of its approaching demolition to make way for a modern structure. Many have returned home with chips and scraps of various kinds which doubtless they will hand down to their posterity as precious heirlooms. And now it transpires that Defoe never lived in Tooting hall at all and that its only claim to distinction rests on the fact that it was once a poorhouse. That has been incontestably proved by a local historian who supports his conclusions by deeds and records. In 1784 Morgan Rice, the then lord of the manor of Tooting, deeded the ground on which the house stands to the parish that a poorhouse might be built on it. At that time there was no other house in the immediate vicinity. It must have been built some time after 1784. And Defoe died in 1731—more than 50 years before they had begun to think of erecting the house which legend associates with his immortal work. Yet its present occupants show visitors the room in which the world-famous story was written! The one thing certain is that Defoe did live in Tooting. When Tooting hall is destroyed doubtless some other old house will be boomed as the place where "Robinson Crusoe" was written, and will prove equally attractive to credulous American tourists.

SUCH IS FAME.

An English journalist who has just returned from Yorkshire, where he has been spending his holidays, told me of an experience of his there which illustrates the different estimates that different people put on fame. He learned that in a farm on one of the Yorkshire moors was an old woman who, many years ago, had been a servant in a family where Charlotte Bronte was a governess. Scenting some good "copy," he hired a conveyance and drove several miles to see the old woman.

She told the scribe in response to his first query that she remembered Miss Bronte very well. "But she was nobbut the governess," she added, "now Miss S—— she was ——" "But I want you to tell me what Miss Bronte was like," persisted her questioner. "She wrote some famous books." "I never heerd tell of 'em," replied the ancient dame. "An' what if she did? She was nobbut a governess. I'm telling 'e Nobody never paid no attention to her. She mayerd one awt to make folk talk. But Miss S—— now, I tell 'e a lot about 'er. She——"

The newspaper man gave her up in despair.

HISTORIC QUARREL.

That sprightly nonagenarian, Sir Theodore Martin, has been indulging recently in some interesting reminiscences of his long life. He was present at the reconciliation between Dickens and Thackeray after their quarrel over Edmund Yates and the Garrick club. This is how he relates it.

"One day I was talking to Thackeray in the hall of the Athenaeum club, when Dickens came out of the reading room and passed us without taking any notice. Thackeray exclaimed 'This can't be allowed to go on. I must go and speak to him.' He caught up to Dickens at the bottom of the stairs and said, 'Now, Dickens, this sort of thing can't go on any longer. Shake hands and let us be as we used to be.' I noticed Dickens take his hand and shake it, though not very genially. Then Thackeray returned to me and said, 'I admire Dickens so much that I could not let our old friendship be broken.'"

The next time Sir Theodore saw Dickens was at Thackeray's funeral which took place only a few weeks after their reconciliation. Under estrangement, he says, must have been very painful to Thackeray. He had a very high opinion of Dickens and wrote the most laudatory things about him that were ever written.

"Thackeray was a frequent guest at Sir Theodore's dinner parties, and was at his house almost every Sunday morning.

"He was not a brilliant talker at the dinner table," he says, "but on the contrary, was singularly taciturn in general society. Sitting and chatting with us in the morning, he was like a great large-hearted schoolboy, but at a dinner party in the evening he would probably utter only a few sentences."

HERBERT SPENCER STORIES.

Rosaline Masson, one of the few individuals who was "persona grata" with Herbert Spencer when a martyr to nervousness and infirmity he lived in retirement at Brighton, has given some interesting reminiscences of the great philosopher.

Casual callers were a great annoyance to him and hero-worshipers he abhorred. There came a knock at the front door one day and a voice with an unmistakable American accent was heard demanding if Mr. Herbert Spencer could be seen. The philosopher was reclining on the disingroom sofa awaiting his frugal luncheon and could hear all that was said. The fear that the maid might prove unequal to the emergency and admit the visitor threw him into an agony of trepidation. When the Transatlantic visitor on the doorstep became urgent an emissary was sent forth to hold the fort. This is the colloquy that ensued, according to Miss Masson.

"Mr. Spencer is unable to receive visitors," the emissary was heard explaining.

"But I have come all the way from New York on purpose, sir! I assure you that with us the name of Herbert Spencer——"

"Mr. Spencer will very much regret it, but his health precludes——"

"I assure you, sir, that I would not detain him. The reverence that his great achievements cause him to be held in with us is——"

"I am afraid, however, that Mr. Spencer——"

"If I could merely be allowed to hold his hand and tell him——"

But this proved too much. The agonized philosopher raised himself on his sofa. "Send him away! Send him away! Don't let him come in!" he called out.

A pause—everybody's breath held—and then, in the hall in awe-stricken tones: "I have heard the voice of Herbert Spencer! I can now return to New York satisfied!"

But he met with a better reception than another American who once crossed the Atlantic to see Thomas Carlyle. He caught the sage as he was entering his house in Chelsea and explained that he admired him above all living men. "Why, sir," he said, "I've lectured about you in America scores of times."

"You have, have you?" said Carlyle, "damn your impudence," and slammed the door in his face.

CHARLES OGDENE.

Croup.

Is a violent inflammation of the mucous membrane of the windpipe, which sometimes extends to the larynx and bronchial tubes, and is one of the most dangerous diseases of children. It almost always comes on in the night. Give frequent small doses of Ballard's Horehound Syrup and apply Ballard's Snow Liniment externally to the throat. 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main Street. B

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 15 books will be added to the public library Monday morning, Oct. 28:

MISCELLANEOUS.

Benson—Altar Fire.
Hilton—Clarissa. E. Bolton.
Chase & French—Wake Hall; a Book of Toasts.
Hedge—Recent Inquiries in Theology.
McIlvaine—Talks to the Saints (reference).
Oregon Journal—Anniversary number, September, 1907 (reference).
Richards—Branches That Run Over the Wall (reference).
Stern—Studien und Plaudereien (German).
Walpole—Studels in Biography.
Whitney—Mormon Prophet's Tragedy (reference).

FICTION.

Atherton—Ancestors.
Burnett—Shuttle.
Jourier—Santa Fe's Forfeit.
Schelling—Green Tea.
Von Degen—Mystery of the Champagne.

A Most Worthy Article.

When an article has been on the market for years and gains friends every year, it is safe to call this medicine a worthy one. Such is Ballard's Horehound Syrup. It positively cures coughs and all Pulmonary diseases. One of the best known merchants in Mobile, Ala., says, "For five years my family has not been troubled with the winter coughs; we owe this to Ballard's Horehound Syrup. I know it has saved my children from many sick spells." Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main Street. B

A delicious luncheon with prompt service at all hours at the Royal Cafe. A good place to eat.

BAKER'S COCOA

FIRST in Years!
FIRST in Honors!
FIRST on the Breakfast Tables of the World!
48 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA
Registered U.S. Pat. Off.
WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd.
[Established 1780]
DORCHESTER, MASS.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature Brent Good REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature Brent Good REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

SAVED AT ST. WINNIFRED HOSPITAL

(San Francisco Bulletin.)

The physicians in Honolulu could do nothing for U. S. Deputy Marshal Winters and he gave them up in despair and came to San Francisco to die at home. Doctors said he was incurable. Bright's Disease, the last and most dreadful complaint, was almost running with dropsy and after treating the disease for two years, was at one end of the way. The first physician he consulted in this city told him that chronic Nephritis is such a terrible disease and that he would probably recover. He sent the patient to the St. Winnifred Hospital, put him on the new treatment for Bright's Disease and proceeded to aid it in many ways that the skilled practitioner understands. In four months Winters went back to the islands perfectly well.—San Francisco Bulletin.

We can for the treatment given the patient referred to in the St. Winnifred Hospital with such remarkable results and have it in stock for patients here. Both Bright's Disease and Diabetes are now curable. Call and let us tell you all about it. F. J. Hill Drug Co., Salt Lake City, Utah.

You may have the doll now if you hold the winning number. Come in and see.

You should see our new line of infants' soft soles, the largest and best shown in Salt Lake. Shoes and hosiery of Quality at prices that are right.

Children' shoe and stocking store. No. 60 So. Main St.

Santa Fe EXCURSIONS FROM UTAH

NORFOLK, VA., AND EASTERN CITIES—Daily low round trip rates with diverse routing and side trips reaching New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and all Eastern points.

Mexico City and Return.

Cheap rates during Fall and Winter months. Choice of three routes.

FOR REDUCED RATES TO OTHER POINTS,

Apply to

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ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE RAILWAY.

411 DOOLY BLOCK.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

A Delicate Remedy FOR CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail. Liquid Cream Balm for use in atomizers 75 cts. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

TRIB

A guaranteed cure for the Liquor and Tobacco Habits.

PRICE $12.50

Schramm's, Where the Cars Stop, Sole Agency.

SHOES for Deformed FEET a SPECIALTY.

JOHN CAMENCIN,
Artistic Shoemaker
162 W. Second South, Salt Lake City.

Help for all SUFFERERS

INGRAHAM'S Macedonian Oil

The Great Remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Cholera Morbus, Headache, Catarrh, Asthma, Kidney and Liver Trouble, Cuts, Bruises, Wounds, Earache, Toothache, Burns, Piles, Frosted Feet and Backache.

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OHLMACH MEDICINE CO., Manfrs.
WOOSTER, OHIO