ATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

LEAVE TO WORK.

Oh give me leave to work; make plain today The road my feet must travel, soul must go; To beds of summertime or fields of snow, Where'er thou sendest me, mine to obey-To stand in no man's shadow, no man's way; But give to me my own brave task to know, To stand forth to the light and strike my blow, Unmoved by fear or favor, Lord I pray.

But give me leave to work; sweep from my path Each broken reed on which my soul would lean; The lips that would entice me from my task-Give me my tools, new edged, and true and clean, My vision cleared for whatso'er Thou hast Appointed me, then strength for it I ask, -W. A. D., in Nashville Banner.

THE COMFORTED.

Out of my grief I made a joy Out of my tears a song. ince sorrow is so hard to bear And life is overlong.

And peace I call the joy I made-Forgiveness is the song. One could not have it otherwise Since life is overlong. Theodosia Garrison, in Harper's Bazar.

for this spring and next autumn re-spectively by The McClure company.

Miss Louise Maunsell Feld, author

a skiff to an ocean steamer. Tennis I play a little—very badly!—and golf not at all."

In the New York state library's list of the best books of 1907 are included, What I have Done With Birds, by Gene Stratton-Porter; Morning by James Whitecomb Riley; The South Americans, by Dr. Albert Hale; His Wife, by Warren Cheney; Empire Builders, by Francis Lynde; The Port of Missing Men, by Meredith Nicholson; On the Trail of the Arabs and Rob the Ranger, by Herbert Strang.

Meredith Nicholson's novel, The House of a Thousand Candles, is to run as a serial in Le Journal of Paris, The translation has been made by Margaerite Belin. The House of a Thousand Candles has now been trans-

lated into almost every European

Mrs. Humphry Ward, the great English novelist, who is now visiting in Boston, has arranged for the publication by Houghton, Miffin & Co., of the first complete and uniform editios of

BOOKS

"The Golden Rose" is the title of a new novel by Amelie Reeves just published by the Harpers. This delicately emotional story portrays an exquisite woman who is dominated by a mystical belief concerning the highest relations of lovers, which denies for herself, at least, the fulfilment of love in marriage. This strangely spiritual creed has been engendered by the misery of a former unhappy marriage, which has, never-

engendered by the inherty of a formation with a power theless, not been able to destroy the woman's faith in love itself. The scene is laid in a beautiful country estate in midsummer, in the woman's own home, a mansion set among shadowy lawns and educous gardens and filled with

and odorous gardens, and filled with

Everybody who remembers the de-lightful children in the "Wouldbegoods"

"Fennel and Rue" is the title of a new novel by W. D. Howells and bears the impress of all the delicacy of art for which the author is famous. A young novelist who has been drawn into sympathy for an unknown woman correspondent only to find himself tricked, resents it furlously. Each ignorant of the others identity, they meet at a winter house-party under perplexing conditions, and their relations develop into a kind of puzzling, unspoken love-story. It is a noval curlously out of the ordinary, in which is shown every grace of Mr. Howell's finished art. Harpers' Press publishers.

ished art. Harpers' Press publishers.

MAGAZINES

"The Calico Cat" is the name of new serial story begun in this week's issue of the Youth's Companion, the author being Charles Miner Thompson.

Besides this are two short stories, and

Besides this are two short stories, and the continuation of C. A. Stephens' serial, "How We Got Our Grandmoth-ers," and an article on the "Pan-American Idea," by Edward Stanwood. There is the usual excellent poetry and material in the other departments.

MRS. WARD TALKS

her writings.

the Ranger, by Herbert Strang.

NOTES

As in April, so in May the best-selling book in America is The Black Bag by Louis Joseph Vance. According to the May Bookman it has almost twice as many votes in the popularity con-test as its nearest competitor.

If there were any doubts as to the present standing of the dramatized novel, they have been entirely dispelled by the great success of Brewster's Millions. It al depends on the novel and the dramatist. The man who made a play out of Brewster's Millions has just made a play out of The Brass Bowl. His name is Winchell Smith, and he has been working in collaboration with Louis Joseph Vance, the author of the book. The Shurberts will shortly produce The Brass Bowl with every expectation of making another every expectation of making another Winchell Smith hit.

It is reported that Maude Adams will add to her repertoire for her forthcom-ing London engagement Moliere's play, "Les Fourberies de Scapin." This fam-ous comedy, which will give such an admirable opportunity for the talents of the American actress, has been re-cently added to the charming little Tem-ple Moliere which The McClure Com any is issuing in the original French. Another recent addition to the series is "L'Etourdi," which still forms one of the classical reprtoire at the Theatre Francais and in which the famous French actor, Coquelin, made one of the earliest and most enduring of his

In negotiating for a French transla-tion of Ellis Parker Butler's classic masterplece, "Pigs is Pigs" (The Mc-Clure company), the author learned that the following amusing parallel to his famous guinea pig controversy had actually taken place in France. It was in the south where the wine growers refuse to pay taxes to the government A farmer had had half a dozen rabbits sent him by a friend; he refused to pay duty on them, whereupon the cotrol or local customs tried to sell the six "original" rabbits and their offspring at auction. The inhabitants have now boycotted the auction sales so that the local officials must feed the rabbits till the case is settled by the courts.

It is related by those who ought to It is related by those who ought to know that at a certain social gathering recently an enthusiastic admirer greeted Mrs. O. Henry, the wife of the novelist, who was present on the occasion, with a burst of unconcealed delight. "Oh, Mrs. O. Henry," she exclaimed, "I have been just longing for this opportunity—and I am sure you will not deny me. Could you—will you—tell me why it is that your husband always dresses his heroines in you—tell me why it is that your husband always dresses his heroines in crepe de chine?" The query proved too much for Mrs. O. Henry, who accordingly referred the matter that evening to her husband. After a painful interval of silence the novelist replied, with a somewhat feeble attempt at a smile, "Why, the fact is, my dear, there are only two kinds of material used for feminine clothing with which I am personally familiar. One of these is crepe de chine and the other is calico. Now, on thinking the matter over care-Now, on thinking the matter over carefully, it did not seem appropriate to dress a heroine in calico, so I adopted the simple and happy experient of arraying them all in crepe de chine."

A vivid flashlight glimpse of the half-world of London is afforded by Mrs. Percy Dearmer in her new novel of English society, "The Sisters." Ros-alle de Winton's salon is typical of its kind, and the author has caught to life the miscellaneous character of the gatherings when those who met for the first time under her hospitable

for the first time under her hospitable foof stared at each other curiously with a "and-what-the-devil-sort-of-arascal-may-you-be" expression.

"Tonight Mrs. de Winton was at home to her friends and later in the eveningRose was to dance. Some half-dozen men were already gathered in the little drawing room and in addition to Rosalie there were three other women—a Miss Stubbs, who passed under the name of Madame Gabrielle, court dressmaker, Marian Williams, hair specialist, and Mrs. Laura Larose, court dressmaker. Marian Williams, hair specialist, and Mrs. Laura Larose, an actress Boys from Oxford came and now and again a disreputable old lord dropped in —a Bond street psychomeetrist, a man on the slock exchange or berhaps a company promoter, whose wress clothes were conspleuously immaculate by contrast with his more personal attributes. Of such were Rosalie's guests."

Edwin Markham, who has been sert ously ill all winter, has now recovered and resumed work on his book, "The Poetry of Jobus" and "Virgilia and Other Poems" which are announced

When You Take

absolutely pure but also has an un-equaled record of cures of Stomach, Liver and Bowel ailments back of it. It should, therefore, appeal to ever sick man or woman. Get a bottle of

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this very day and you'll be convinced that it can cure Poor Appetite, Headacke, Sour Risings, Nausca, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Billionsness, Costive, Bess, Female Ills and Malarial Fever.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



%*************************** MISS ELIZA COULDOCK.

A Well Known Actress Who Died in Salt Lake Over Forty Years Ago.

This picture will recall to many pioneer playgoers the features of a girl once well known and generally beloved in this city. She came here with her father, the late Charles W. Couldock, in the early days of the drama, and played several engagements with him in the middle sixties. Her father was then in his prime, and while she had but a small part of his ability, she supported him capably in such dramas as "The Willow Copse" (from which 'Hazel Kirk" was evolved), "Richelieu," "Louis XI," "Rose Dale," and many others. Miss Couldock died and was buried here, and for years afterward when her father came to Salt Lake, he never failed to visit her grave.

ligious thought.

ENLARGING LIBERTIES. In the last 20 years things have certainly moved in England, she went on to say, but a good lively heresy trial is needed. The English church has sen-Miss Louise Maunsell Feld, author of "Katherine Trevalyan," a novel of New York society, which was recently published by The McClure company, says that her favorits authors are Shapespere, George Ellot, Thackery, Scott, Jane Austen and Dumas, pere. Her favorite amusement next to foreign travel is theatre going. She is fond, too, of dancing, meeting people and going about generally. "I am not very athletic," she says; "the only sport in which I have any real skill being surf bathing. Indeed, I love the water and enjoy any kind of boat from a skiff to an ocean steamer. Tenns sibly enlarged its libertles but there must be a still further stirring of the waters. The modernist movement in the Roman Catholic church has aroused

widespread Interest, and it can not be suppressed. It will, she believed, make for enlightenment in the end. Mrs. Ward referred to her interview Mrs. Ward referred to her interview with M. Brunetiere, who wished to translate certain chapters of Robert Elsmere for publication in the Revue de Deux Mondes. She was amazed at this request from that "champion of Catholic intellectuals," but he replied that in the years since the book appeared reconstruction was in the six peared reconstruction was in the air everywhere, the Catholic church could ignore but must guide it. Mrs. Ward also said that liberal thinkers must be arso said that liberal thinkers must be grateful for the "cogeney of orthodox arguments," and allow the full admission of light to come in all ways. She looked for the lasting peace of brotherhood on earth, and England, she said stretches her hand across the sea in sympathetic understanding to these shows.

DISTINGUISHED LINEAGE.

The Boston Transcript says: Were Mrs. Humphry Ward to be welcomed here only as the representative of the family of Arnold, the tribute would be fully due and worthily bestowed. For thre generations the Arnolds have been in the forefront of the inteddectual movement in the most enlightened community of the modern would. Dr.

movement in the most enlightened coinmunity of the modern world. Dr.
Thomas Arnold, the famous master of
Rugby, besides reviving the honors and
exemplifying the great traditions of
the profession of teaching as no man of
his time has done, was the leader in
a great movement for the literalizing
of the Church of England, and besides
that a pioneer in the movement which
has already attained such momentum
and proportions in England for a better understanding between the rich and
poor; and besides that again, a profound classical scholar with a monumental history of Rome to his credit,
together with much editing of Greek

enter, the present leader in liberal re- | and Latin classics. With such a grand father. Mrs. Ward is also the niece of Matthew Arnold, whom those of us who remember him here see plainly, enough in her fatal lineaments—Matey Arnold, whose apt phrases of nial humanism and praises of cultur nose "sweetness and light," who he not ourselves that makes for ighteousness," whose "remnant," and whose "Phillistinism," becomes as fa-nilliar as some of the immortal sayings of Dickens' character and to the whole

vorid's refining and advance.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has her own chievement, to which we owe the triachievement, to which we owe the tri-bute for appreciation and admiration. For besides the well known novels in which she has reached a success and influence second only to that of George Elliot in the Victorian period of English literature, there are her many articles of re-literature.

literature, there are her many articles of re-literature.

Almost 15 years ago a special correspondent of the Transcript wrote from London: "Mrs. Ward is a woman of medium height, slender in frame, quiet in appearance, yet, withal, marked by a certain character. Some call it stateliness, some call it affability. Her hair is dark and wavy, parted in the middle and brushed back from her forehead. Her eyes are brown. Their chief quality is a searching expression. Her manners are of an older school." The intervening years which have made Mrs. Ward "the famous world-wide known authoress"—as Minister Wu said in paying her homage at the New England Woman's club reception—have brought but slight change in her appearance. Both affability and stateliness might, indeed, be named as characterizing the Mrs. Ward of today. The dark hair has grown somewhat gray, and there is somewhat more of fullness in the figure. The kindliness of manner is felt instinctively to be genuine, unassumed and—well worthy to be noted charm—the voice is the English voice, of the quality excellent in women. There is, perchance, a deepened seriousness in th dark eyes which glance out with keen directness from the strongly intellectual face. Of her might aptly be quoted that English poet's lines—

"Time still, as he files, adds increase to the truth

"Time still, as he files, adds increase to her truth,

And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth."

"KNIFING" AMERICAN NOVELISTS

Our London Literary Lefter

ONDON. May 13 .- It appears from

talks with English publishers that successful American authors are becoming more and more eager to obtain publication also in Eng-

lightful children in the "Wouldbegoods" will be glad to make the acquaintance of the small people whose surprising adventures are recounted in "The Enchanted Castle," by E. Nesbit. This is a pure fairy tale, as full of quaint impossibilities and delightful humor as is "Peter Pan." The plot turns upon the discovery of a magic "wishing-ring," and forthwith adventures and metamorphoses follow in breathless succession, until at last all ends happily. It is bound to be one of the popular books of the season. Harpers are the publishers. land, and that, on the other hand, the success of American authors at home is killing the chances of all but the biggest English novelists for the comfortable sale in America every English writer of established reputation began to count on as soon as the copyright act was passed.

There is a solid market here for the There is a solid market here for the books of Kate Douglas Wiggin, Robert W. Chambers, Margaret Feland, Mary Johnstone. William Dean Howells, Mary Wilkins and Gertrude Atherton, but it takes a long time to establish an American reputation here and some of the payer authors who write in a less the newer authors who write in a less chastened style find it hard sledding. TYPICAL REVIEW.

Of course, a single review of a single book is not of much significance, but the following comments in the digni-fied, urbane and usually fair-minded Telegraph are not only interesting in

Scores of Salt Lake City Citizens Have Learned It.

If you suffer from backache, There is only one way to cure it. The perfect way is to cure the kid-

ON RELIGION A bad back means sick kidneys, Mrs. Humphry Ward, who has been visiting in Boston, was the guest of honor at a gathering of Unitarian ministers and their wives a few days ago. Following the formal reception the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Eliot, president of the American Unitarian association, spoke briefly of the warmth of regard felt in America for Mrs. Ward and of the vitality of creative art shown in her writings. Ministers, he said, have views, but to her is given the gift of phophetic vision and she preaches a far-reaching message.

Mrs. Ward replied by again expressing the pleasure she has experienced in this country. She felt acquainted with many of those into whose faces she looked as she always reads the denominational literature and through it keeps in touch with all that Unitarians are doing. Although she does not call herself a Unitarian as she still remains in the Church of England, she feels in close fellowship with helievers in that faith. She had a specially kind word for "that noble soul, Dr. Martineau," and also for Dr. Esien Car-Neglect it, urinary troubles follow. Doan's Kidney Pills are made for kidneys only.

Are endorsed by Salt Lake City peo-

Mrs. C. P. Hutchinson, living at 66 South Second West St., Sait Lake City, Utah, says: "In recommending Doan's Kidney Pills to the people of Salt Lake Kidney Pills to the people of Salt Lake City, I do so because I think they are the best kidney remedy I have ever used. I suffered for a long time from backache and a weakness through my kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention and I procured a box at the F. J. Hill Drug Co. They quickly eradicated the trouble and I feel that it is my duty to let others know of the curative powers contained in Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealors. Price 58 cents. Foster-Millburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for United States.

Remember the name-Doan's-and take no other,

themselves but fairly representative of the English attitude toward the more flamboyant variety of American fiction. It would not be fair to leave in the name of the book reviewed or any de-tails that would identify it, but the book has appeared repeatedly well up toward the top in the lists of the six "best sellers" in America and the au-thor's name is known from one end of the country to another. Here is part of the country to another. Here is part of

"It is said that American readers are gradually beginning to lose their inter-est in contemporary English fiction, for the excellent reason that their own country is developing a native fiction of its own. Seventeen years ago, when the Anglo-American copyright act was the Angio-American copyright act was passed, even the least significant of British novelists were buoyed up with great hopes; everywhere it was confidently predicted that their circulations would forthwith be multiplied tenfold. These lively expectations, however, were not fulfilled, and, if enormous sales are not fulfilled, and, if enormous sales are now enjoyed in America, they are prin-cipally the guerdon of American writ-ers, whose work is hardly known in this country. For America has de-veloped a palate of its own, and, gen-erally speaking, its taste is not as our

ly in our own country.

"Not that there is any particular harm in the story. It is moderately 'proper,' though inclined to lusciousness, and the prevailing tone is well suggested by the opulent pictures of a beautiful young lady, sometimes in her wight rear and sometimes reclining her night sear, and sometimes reclining luxuriously in the arms of her admirers. There is no positive harm, we repeat; but there is an incorrigible deal of vulgarity and false sentiment. The author seems to have collected all the hackneyed materials of sensational dedicated them to have served them to have served them to hackneyed materials of sensational fiction, and then to have served them up with a sauce of the most high-flavored verbiage. The lady has 'a wild-rose mesh skin,' her lover's 'eyes flow into hers,' and everything happens to the sound of high hyperbole. The acme of absurdity and had taste is surely reached when—there comes the big situation in the book)—. We fancy this will be enough for most sensible people. This is the sort of fiction of which it may fairly be said that 'no temptation is resisted.'"

ENGLISH PUBLISHER'S VIEW. One of the most discriminating publishers here, in talking to the writer the other day about the American market of fiction, said that he believed the best type of American novel was yet to be produced. He had looked nopefully for it in the work of Stephen Crane and

Frank Norris, but these brilliant young men had died before having had time to develop to the best of their capacity. develop to the best of their capacity. There were many American writers whose work had a refinement and delicate discrimination of which any country might be proud, but in the last analysis there was very little difference between their work and that of the best English authors. On the other hand, there were various 'best sellers' with riotous imaginations and, to his mind, little regard for either human nature or the English language, who yet had the national gift for telling a story and a racy kind of vigor that the other school often lacked.

What he looked for was someone who

What he looked for was someone who What he looked for was someone who would combine the two as Bret Harte might have done if he had been as happy with novels as he was in short stories. And in speaking of short stories, this publisher said at once that, according to his view, there was absolutely no comparison between English and American short stories, except in abnormal cases. "You Americans," he said, "can produce 20 really good short stories to our one." stid, "can provide stories to our one."
CHARLES OGDENS.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 28 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, May 25, 2908:

MISCELLANEOUS. Annuncio-Daughter of Jorfo. Birch-Seals.

lowper-Letters Darley-Poems. Pollock-Franz Grillparzer and the ustrian Drama, Reinhardt—Lettering for Draftsmen

ngineers and Students Ross—Sin and Society. Russell—Thomas Chatterton. Seneca—Tragedies of Seneca. Studio Year Book of Decoratic Art.

FICTION.

Chambers—Some Ladies in Haste, Chesterton—Man Who Was Thursday, Crawford—Primadonna, Deland—R. J.'s Mother, Ellis—Fair Moon of Bath." Rives—Golden Rose, Warner-Seeing England With Uncle

CHILDREN'S BOOKS. Blaisdell—Boy Blue and His Friends. Bonser—Exmoor Star. Coleman-Little Travelers Around the

Fitzpatrick—Jock of the Bushveld. Hutchinson—Golden Porch.

Michelson—Madigans.
Schauffler—Our American Holidays.
Schson—Story-tell Lib.
Tomlinson—Under Colonial Colors.
Wright—Gray Lady and the Birds. Wiggin-Fairy Ring.

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WHAT IS A NOVEL?

In the course of a trial in London the ther day the important question was alsed: What is a novel? The action was taken by a fir mof publishers to ecover damages for statements alleged o be defamatory, and it is to be gathered from the reports of the hearing hat the plaintiffs objected to a circular issued by the defendants, a rival rm, wherein it was proclaimed that a ertain forthcoming "novel" the

to deny that the said book was a nove even though the author himself was responsible for the denial. For it seem that Mr. Crockett had arranged to publish two books at about the same time one through the plaintiff firm, the othe through the defendant firm, and whe a controversy arose concerning the advisability of sending out masterplee by wholesale, Mr. Crockett, by way oreassuring one firm, wrote to explain that the book in the hands of the other firm "was only a slight collection of stories and not a full-dress novel. This unfortunate opinion, which was presently given to the world. Is sai stories and not a full-dress novel." This unfortunate opinion, which was presently given to the world, is said to have put the publishers of the novel in dishabille to a great deal of trouble and expense. For not only did they find it necessary to spend \$500 in advertising, though they had intended to spend only \$75, but they were obliged to send out 300 copies for review, while they had hoped that 50 or 50 would suffice. Moreover, in spite of all their efforts, the sales rose to less than \$,000 copies instead of the 16,000 they had counted upon. Several witnesses, including experienced people such as publishers, testified to the small demand for volumes of short stories. "Besides the Bonnie Brier Bush" and "Sherlock

cluding experienced people such as your lishers, testified to the small demand for volumes of short stories, "Besides the Bonnie Brier Bush" and "Sherlock Holmes" were brought up to refute this opinion; but the answer was that they were exceptions, and besides the late Mr. Gladstone spoke highly of the former, after which every one was ready to swallow it.

Hence it is clear that there is great danger in denying the claim of a book which pretends to the title of novel. But as to what a novel is we are left in some doubt. The learned judge said that so far as he could make out "a novel must have -50.000 words and something about love." But that can hardly be an accurate definition, for a passage from Seteel quoted in the Century dictionary shows that formerly at least a novel was something short: "Our amours can't furnish out a romance; they'll make a very pretty novel." And if we allow that now-adays a novel must be long, as, indeed, most novels are, is it certain that love is a necessary impredient? Not according to the New English dictionary, where we find this definition:

"A fetitious prose narrative or tale of considerable length (now usually one long enough to fill one or more volumes), in which characters and actions representative of the real life of past or present times are portrayed in a plot of more or less complexity." Even that is unsatisfactory, for we see many books in which neither characters nor actions resemble anything either in this or any other age, and yet they are all known to the trade by the name of novels. As to the Century dictionary's allegation that "in the present sense" the word "novel" means "Ilt, a 'new' tale—that is, one not told before," it is obviously absurd. As far as Mr. Croclett goes, it might be supposed that he was a pretty good judge of his own book and that he was right in describing it as "only a light collection of short stories," But that is not certain. When his publisher was asked about it he said; "It's moderately good; I cannot say it's light" we are willing t

THE TRUTH ABOUT KIDNEY TROUBLE

(BACKACHE)

Backache as a cause of kidney trou-ble is outrageously abused, for there is not one case in five of backache that is an evidence of inflammation in the kidneys. The kidneys are not sensi-tive and seldom reflect pain. tive and seldom reflect pain.

Backache is commonly an evidence of lumbago, or shows a neuralgic or rheumatic tendency in the muscles of the back. In those cases in which it does proceed from the kidneys it reflects an acute inflammation that usually yields very quickly and definitely to Fulton's Renal Compound.

But, as above, where backache is the only reason one has for suspecting the kidneys, it will in most cases be found more closely related to the muscular system than to the kidneys.

Kidney disease, first or last, is in-

Kidney disease, first or last, is in flammation of the kidneys, and ther has been nothing on druggists' shelve for inflammation in the kidneys. The

for inflammation in the kidneys. The late John J. Fulton was the first man in the world to reach and reduce in flammation in kidney tissues. and he Renal Compound is the first real specific for kidney disease.

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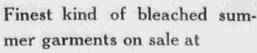
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