

Choice Lots, either large or small. Will Sell for Cash or in Monthly Payments.

FOREST DALE

OUR ADDITION!

You have your choice of two lines of cars. The line of the Salt Lake Rapid Transit Company passes directly through our addition; while the Salt Lake City Street Car Company has a line 10 minutes walk from our lots.

We have a variety of Lots suited to all tastes. Lands on which **ARTESIAN WELLS** throwing the best water in Salt Lake County, can be obtained, and with water rights among the best in Utah from **NEVER FAILING SPRINGS**. Your choice can be made from Lots on "The Drive" (East, Boulevard), Sixth East, Seventh East, Eighth East, Ninth East or Tenth East Streets. Our lots reach a point Two City Blocks South of the City Limits, as extended by late action of the City Council of Salt Lake City, to a point about three quarters of a mile from Cable's Park.

WE DON'T PAY CITY TAXES!

And desire to sell only to those who will make desirable neighbors. Our section of the country is rapidly building up. No other part of the county is so easily reached by Electric Cars with such fine equipment and service; and in no other part are the roads so well cared for and sprinkled to the same extent. We have a Schoolhouse with all modern improvements and designed to accommodate all the children of our district. No other school district outside of Salt Lake City has the same school facilities.

Call for Prices and Terms. The land belonging to me personally. I am at liberty to make terms that an agent could not.

My Private Office is at **No. 331 CONSTITUTION BUILDING, SALT LAKE CITY.**

My Clerks can always show property and give prices and terms.

GEORGE M. CANNON, Proprietor.

For Younger Readers.

SHORT STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS

A Thanksgiving Story.

It seemed to Alice that she had only been asleep a minute, but when she opened her eyes it was broad daylight. "I suppose I must jump right up as this is Thanksgiving day and I gave my party this afternoon."

"Most certainly," replied a strange voice; "but don't forget the baskets." "What baskets?" she asked, and then Alice saw a queer-looking little old man set an immense basket on the table, and before she could count he had whisked out of the room.

"Oh, how provoking! Only one little empty basket inside a big empty basket. That's just my luck," she murmured. "Oh, how provoking! Only one little empty basket inside a big empty basket. That's just my luck," she murmured.

"My dear little friend, I send you two baskets. One is for your cousin, the other for your mother. They are the best, return to the King."

"I don't believe I have any blessings. I am sure it will be hard for me to scrape up a whole thank. I hope I spell the right one, and I'll try to write a stylish basket. But I'm sorry only in years ago there were many words that she did not know how to spell and her writing looked so far from stylish.

on which she wrote: "Thanks for the beautiful black doll, but she had careful skin, polished shoes. Thanks for the French and cracker, but both of his teeth were broken. My toy dog's tail did not curl out at all. My china set of dishes were plain, but our dinner had a crack in it."

"This basket does, she put on her new under-fur, tied her mittens, slipped on her shoes and started on her journey. As it was to be a real adventure, she said nothing to her mamma or papa. She thought on her return she would tell them all about it.

"I'm sure you've got to read it to me, Dick," said one of the boys. "I'll read it to you, Dick," said another. "I'll read it to you, Dick," said another.

"I'll read it to you, boys," said Dick, feeling they made no move to take it. And this was what he read: "I'll read it to you, boys," said Dick, feeling they made no move to take it.

A letter from America, Ct., to the New York Post, gives the following account of a recent affair in that state: "I'll read it to you, boys," said Dick, feeling they made no move to take it.

like to tell you more about the dinner, and what good things were prepared for the children of the turkey, the fruit cake, nuts, candy and for cream, and how the children played their playful games. But I have only time to send each of you a couple of baskets, one is small and the other is large. In which will you put your thanks?

His "Best Girl."

He hurried up to the office when he entered the hotel and without waiting to register inquired eagerly, "Any letter for me?" The clerk handed over a package with the attention that comes of practice, then threw one—a very small one—on the counter.

"The traveling salesman took it up with a cautious smile that revealed his pleasant looking face into a mask of joyful expectancy. He smiled more as he read it. Then, oblivious of other travelers who looked on, he laid it tenderly against his lips and actually kissed it."

"No, she didn't, and the traveling man, with an amused look, as if he would like to change the subject. "That letter is from my best girl."

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At two miles around last week for the young men to bring their girls to the place for an old-fashioned corn husking, an acceptance was very general. The evening was a beautiful moonlight one, and the air was just chilly enough to make it bracing. Farmer Woodward had worked all day with his hired men cleaning up the barn floor and making a big pile of unshucked corn in the center.

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Funeral of Little Columbia.

On the 18th inst. the remains of little Columbia Susan Malak, the first European baby born at Jackson Park, Chicago, were quietly buried. It was a sad day at the little Columbia village, and much sympathy was shown for the parents. For two days the plain pine coffin fashioned by European hands remained in a room of tender girls out by from the parents home. When the time arrived for burial which contained the remains of little Columbia was lifted from the lot by tender hands, and was carried a short distance to a box selected with white flowers. As soon as the little coffin was brought into view the European colony standing about their tomb raised their voices in a wailing chorus. The chant, at the same time approaching the box, with unceasing melody. At the end of their chant, with their hands raised in prayer and a few recitals and the village minister, read a chapter from the Bible. After a short prayer in his native tongue the song of Morrison hymn, which concluded the services. The casket was then lifted into a hack and conveyed to the cemetery where the little body was laid to rest.

A Boy's Essay on Death.

A little boy in a Mississippi public school recently handed into the teacher the following composition on "Our Death": "I'll read it to you, boys," said Dick, feeling they made no move to take it.

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QUALITY PRICES!

It is only fair when you're going up prices should go up with it. Now, however, happens to be the season of the year when the unscrupulous is liable to occur. Perhaps that's why, explain just why quality is staying and prices are falling, but it's a fact just the same, and the fact is all you care about. We are giving away nothing.

ONE PRICE.

J. P. GARDNER, CUTLERY, HAYES AND FERRIS, 141 MAIN ST.



WE HEREBY PROMISE

to refund all money paid for HALLER'S REMEDIES if you are not completely cured. These preparations consist of: SURE CURE COUGH SYRUP, AUSTRALIAN SALT, BLOOD PURIFIER, PALE PALETTINE, MARGARITA and BURGON (Compound) CATHARTIC POWDERS, BARD WIRE CATHETER, BOND CURE, LITTLE GERMAN TALK, and are ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure. NO CURE NO PAY. For sale by all Druggists.



How Much will you Risk for One Cent?

Putnam Nail Co. has the best quality of nails made in the world. They are made of the best material and are guaranteed to last. They are sold at a price that is sure to satisfy you. Putnam Nail Co., Newbury, Boston, Mass.

Use the Putnam Nail.

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