



THE KING'S GAME.

HERMINIE TEMPLETON.
To hunger, to thirst, to faint and to fight.
Why, this is the white pawn's trade,
That the king and the bishop, the queen
and the knight
May slumber and be not afraid.

O, the white king sleeps in his bed of state,
And the queen dreams calm at his side.
The bishop plots at the castle gate,
And the white king wails wide.
Though the morn will come with the roll of drum
And death will tire of the day,
They seek no fear of the foe's man's spear.
For the white pawn guards the way.

Neath the quivering stars his tent lies spread
And the pawn sleeps hard below;
No sound to hear but the sentry's tread,
No light save the fires of the foe.
At the dawn he will leap to his saddle and sweep
Where the black pawns crouch and bide;
Ho! the death he'll dare to greet him there,
But the foe will sleep at his side.

Then the scribes will fashion a tale of the fight
With songs for the bards to sing,
Of the grace of the queen, the fame of the knight
And the wonderful deeds of the king.
In the white pawn's hut no bard will sing,
But a lonely woman will cry:
Well! the bishop and king are everything,
What do I, a white pawn die?

To hunger, to thirst, to faint and to fight.
Why, this is the white pawn's trade,
That the king and the bishop, the queen
and the knight
May slumber and be not afraid.

W. H. PIERCE.
If I had riches stores of gold—
Which I have not—
If I could master wealth untold
In dream or thought,
I think my greatest joy would be
To lose the bonds of poverty
Which bind the body, break the heart,
And warp the soul of such large part
Of mankind here.
For these poor ones my brethren be,
And God's scheme of humanity
Forbids that I my riches flaunt
While they are crushed by cruel want.
And yet I fear
That wealth might bring a greed for gain,
And steal my heart 'gainst others' pain;
With Lazarus my lot I'd cast
Rather than face the man's past
With judgment near.

And then, when I may quit the strife
And enter on another life,
And balance up my life account
Of good and ill,
The debt side might so outweigh
The credit that in sheer dismay
I'd go in moral bankruptcy,
Without a hope of clemency,
And never repent.

And so I find it better far
To bear my burdens as they are,
And do my best from day to day
With what good places in my way
With good intent.
And then, when I may quit the strife
And enter on another life,
And balance up my life account
Of good and ill,
The debt side might so outweigh
The credit that in sheer dismay
I'd go in moral bankruptcy,
Without a hope of clemency,
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NOTES.
Elmore Elliott Peake, who wrote the Illinois novel "The Pride of Telfair," says that he received \$6 for his first story. It was a Christmas tale, written at hot speed one night after supper, and it appeared in a Chicago paper. When the cheque for \$6 came, the path of literature seemed to the young author to be a flowery road to unlimited wealth.

He wrote recently to a friend as follows: "A young lady from Kentucky once wrote me how very, very much she had enjoyed my stories and especially 'The Pride of Telfair.' She said she had just seen a picture of me in the Book News, I think it was, and she was struck by the wonderful classicism of my face. She thought there must be at least one drop of undiluted Greek or Roman blood coursing through my veins, etc. Would I not kindly send her my photograph, autographed? I hunted out my very prettiest, of course, autographed it elaborately, and conveyed it to the mail. A day or two later my clipping bureau sent me the picture which so stirred this young woman's admiration, and to my dismay it was not I at all, but some other fellow with my name underneath him. I have often wondered about that spirited young Kentucky girl's feelings when she gazed upon my nebular but honest likeness."

J. J. Bell's "Ethel Peck," issued by the Harpers here, is published in Great Britain by the Scots Pictorial Publishing Co. This will be remembered as the firm which published "Wee Macgregor" at Mr. Bell's own expense, and had the pleasure of seeing the little volume return \$15,000 in profits to its author within a very few months.

Howard Pyle has been at work for eight years on his religious novel "Rejected of Men," which the Harpers have finally published. The novel is the outcome of a young man's early scepticism about the great facts of Christianity, a scepticism which only years of youthful mental struggle enabled him to escape from. "Such a self-education in reasoning makes one rather radical in one's opinions," writes Mr. Pyle to his publishers, "and I suppose that my opinions are very radical indeed. And racial opinions impel a man to express himself almost against his own volition. So they have impelled me to write my book. . . . It seems to be a very short story for eight years of intermittent work, but I can say it was written very earnestly and with great sincerity of conviction, and, however the world may take, I have yet the satisfaction of knowing that I have said my say with every sentiment of reverence and very strong belief in that which I was trying to say."

Miss Jeanette L. Gilder, the well-known critic, has challenged an English literary man to explain what he means by a recent remark published in his own London paper relative to the American writer with a wall paper design of Orientalism. One may admire Mrs. Humphry Ward and yet suspect that the reason why 100,000 copies of "Lady Rose's Daughter" have been sold in the United States, as

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LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



PAREPA ROSA.

The above is a good likeness of Mme. Parepa Rosa, the famous soprano, as she appeared at the time she sang at the Salt Lake Theater about the middle '60s. The picture of her husband, the famous conductor, Carl Rosa, was given in last Saturday's "News." Parepa was one of the world's famous singers, but she passed away many years ago.

against not more than one-quarter of that number in this country, is partially on account of the American's love of a title. In Mrs. Humphry Ward's book one's acquaintance with dukes and duchesses is continuous. Miss Gilder rightly takes exception to this, and requests the Englishman to explain the success in this country of "David Harcourt." She might have added "The Right of Way," which also has no lords nor ladies in it. And Miss Gilder pertinently inquires is the Englishman really serious "in giving this reason for the success of Mrs. Ward's book? And she has just published, is a graduate of the Harvard, and member of the Phi-Beta-Kappa. During his college course he was identified chiefly with the literary set, and for two years was a book editor of the Harvard Monthly, devoting most of his work to literary criticism. He won the Ricardo Prize essay on "Democracy and Empire." He also won the Bowdoin Literary prize with the final half of the history of the Standard Oil company, which is an unbiased, scholarly and authoritative work based upon government official reports. Mr. Montague is a native of Springfield, Mass.

Gilbert Holland Montague, whose new history of the Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil company, the Harpers have just published, is a graduate of Harvard, and member of the Phi-Beta-Kappa. During his college course he was identified chiefly with the literary set, and for two years was a book editor of the Harvard Monthly, devoting most of his work to literary criticism. He won the Ricardo Prize essay on "Democracy and Empire." He also won the Bowdoin Literary prize with the final half of the history of the Standard Oil company, which is an unbiased, scholarly and authoritative work based upon government official reports. Mr. Montague is a native of Springfield, Mass.

Morgan Robertson, author of the new sea novel, "Sinful Peck," has probably the most original studio in New York City, if not in all the country. It is fitted up on the plan of a ship's cabin, and has all the comforts of a sleeping room, dining room, kitchen, bath room, library, and "den." The walls are covered with a little. The Englishman's satirical richness, hung with many artists' original drawings for Mr. Robertson's books, and here and there a bit of sculpture. On one side is a draped couch, near it a cushioned window-seat. Opposite that a book-case, and next to the book-case a large bathtub, whose plumbing Mr. Robertson himself put in place. This tub is a table by day. On another side is a large desk with the author's inevitable typewriter ready for use any moment. Beyond this is a door, and farther still, screened from the prying eye, a practical little gas range upon which the independent occupant prepares some of his own meals. In old contrast to the Oriental wall paper is a rubber carpet provided to catch the spray from the bath-tub. Here, monarch of all he surveys, lives one of the most interesting authors of modern times.

Lady Stanley, the wife of Sir Henry Stanley, the explorer, who as Miss Dorothy Tennant before her marriage in 1890 was famous as a beauty and wit, has made some very interesting drawings for an article in the August number of Harper's Bazar, entitled "Street Arabs in London." Lady Stanley is the daughter of C. Tennant, Esq., of Glamorganshire. She acquired considerable fame in England by electioneering for her husband when he was a candidate for parliament. Her sister, also a beauty, was the model for Sir John Millais' celebrated painting "Yes or No?"

An author's work may sometimes be better known than his name. This is the case with "Col. D. Streamer," otherwise Capt. Harry Graham, of the staff of the governor-general of Canada. His "Ruthless Rhymes" have become a part of general fun-making in conversation. But most of the people who have quoted, for instance—

"Making toast at the fire-side
Nurse fell in the grate and died;

OIL FOR THE BODY

You can't lose an atom without feeling it. The body is like an engine, a watch, a machine; must be kept in good order to run right. That's the reason Scott's Emulsion is so successful in all wasting diseases. It feeds, nourishes and strengthens where ordinary food won't.

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And, what makes it ten times worse,
All the toast was burned with nurse."

or,
"In the drinking-well
(Which the plumber built her)
Aunt Eliza fell—
We must buy a filter."

have no idea who wrote them, Capt. Graham's latest book is "Perverted Proverbs," which the Harpers have just issued.

to buy a pair of scissors and a small pot of gum, and is now a millionaire."

There is now on exhibition in the Royal Academy, London, George Frederic Watts' monument to Sir Walter Besant, which will be erected in St. Paul's by the Society of Authors. The inscription reads: "Sir Walter Besant, Novelist, Historian of London, Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund, Originator of The People's Palace and Founder of the Society of Authors. This Monument is Erected by His Grateful Brethren in Literature. Born 14 August 1856. Died June 1901." The inscription conveys some idea of the activities of the man outside his books, of which there are many. In America, alone, the Harpers published ten of his works of fiction, including "All Sorts and Conditions of Men: An Impossible Story," which is famous for having suggested the founding of the People's Palace. The Harpers also published his "London Fifty Years Ago."

BOOKS.

Last spring the Noble Lectures at the Rev. Washington Gladden's were published in book form under the title "Witness of the Light," they form a series of popular biographical studies of St. Augustine, St. Bernard, St. Thomas, St. Michelangelo, the Artist; Fichte, the Philosopher; Victor Hugo, the Man of Letters; Wagner, the Musician; and Ruskin, the Critic. The purpose has been to present in a clear and vivid portrait each of these great personalities, and to show how the life of them was, without always intending it, a witness to the "Light of the World." None of them would have been the man he was, or could have done the work he did, but for the presence in his life of that spirit which is incarnated in Jesus Christ. The volume is illustrated admirably with six portraits.

Dr. Gladden has a royal following, but in addition to his regular audience, this volume will enjoy a wide reading, being written in a popular and pleasing vein.—Published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Clerk of the Woods," is the title of a book by Bradford Torrey, author of "Poetry in the Forest," and "Birds in the Bush." "A World of Green Hills," etc. Mr. Torrey, who is peculiarly well fitted for his office, has faithfully kept the records of the woods and fields in New England for a year, beginning with May, which to the bird-gazer is "A Short Month," and ending with April. Among the subjects are the birds of a fresh water marsh, nesting red-headed woodpeckers, a day in Franconia, a day with the wading birds at Ipswich, the woodcock's song, "Old Colony Pastures," "The Town at the Store," "Birds at the Window," "Flying Squirrels and Spadefoot Frogs." The 20 or more short sketches are in the author's customary vein and in his happiest manner. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

"The Baldwin Speller," is a book by S. R. Shear, superintendent of schools, Kingston, N. Y., assisted by Margaret T. Lynch, principal of public school No. 2, White Plains, N. Y. The words in this speller are arranged in alphabetical order for a year. They include, therefore, those words which require special attention, and which will be of most immediate practical use to the child. They are arranged by years from the second to the seventh, and very carefully graded according to difficulty. In the earlier lessons the accentuation and pronunciation of the words are marked. Illustrative sentences show the uses and meanings of words with the same sound. Among the selections for study are such favorites as Whittier's "Barfleur Boy" and Longfellow's "Children's Hour." The book is based upon actual conditions in the school, and not upon theories, and will be proportionately successful among practical teachers.—American Book Co.

MAGAZINES.

"The Doings of the Harlowes," by Mary Stewart Cutting is the leading number in this week's issue of the Youth's Companion, and is followed by several other entertaining tales. Two poems and the usual choice material in the departments make up the number.—Ferry Mason Co., Boston.

Harper's Weekly for Oct. 3 contains an important contribution to the controversy which is being waged over the proposed American production of Wagner's "Parsifal." It is a personal interview—the first that has appeared—with Frau Cosima Wagner, the wife of the composer, and was secured by the Weekly's special representative at Bayreuth. Frau Wagner expresses herself very emphatically concerning Mr. Corfield's project: "We must oppose the performance of 'Parsifal,' she says. 'In any other place than in the Bayreuth Festspielhaus' she bases her objection on the fact that Wagner intended the work to be permanently reserved for Bayreuth; and these who know what a profitable enterprise the festival performances are will be interested to see that Frau Wagner disavows any concern over the possibility that the American production of 'Parsifal' may injure the drawing power of the work at Bayreuth."

Since the publication of Howard Pyle's striking religious novel "Rejected of Men," several inquiries have come to the publishers, the Harpers, concerning Mr. Pyle's religious life. Mr. Pyle is of Quaker stock upon both sides of his family, his ancestors having come to this country from England between 1680 and 1685. Mr. Pyle says that when he began writing "Rejected of Men" it was his intention to tell only the story of the rich young man; but as he proceeded the story grew under his hands into very different proportions from those with which it had begun. Opinions concerning the nature of the book are as diverse thus far as are the religious sects of its readers.

Harper & Brothers will publish this autumn a new novel by J. Storor Clouston, whose "Adventures of D'Harcourt" was successfully issued by the same firm last year. It has been recently stated that Mr. Clouston's name is only a pseudonym of Mr. George Giesing, adopted by the latter "to father the products" of his more humorous mood. This is not true. Mr. Clouston is the son of an eminent Scottish physician, who is the author of several scientific works. Mr. Clouston's new story is not quite so broadly farcical as the D'Harcourt book, which it will be recalled, recounts the ludicrous adventures of a Frenchman in England.

For a really sanguinary title "Blood-marks" takes the cake, yet that is the style under which a new paper for boys was selling on the streets of London recently. Bloodcurdling stories, with horribly horrible illustrations were printed in red ink, to typify the bloodmarks of the title. Many old wood cuts were worked into very different proportions from those with which it had begun. Opinions concerning the nature of the book are as diverse thus far as are the religious sects of its readers.

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Millions of women have already learned that the actual labor of housework may be saved by using

GOLD DUST
GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST:
Scouring, scrubbing, washing, clothes and dishes; removing grease, dirt, oil, and stains; whitening and brightening; removing dirt from carpets, floors, and walls; removing dirt from pipes, etc., and making the finest soft soap. GOLD DUST MAKES HARD WATER SOFT.

More Letters of Walpole's Famous Earl About to Be Published.

Mrs. Paget Toynbee Has Unearthed a Mass of the Great Statesman's Correspondence Never Made Public and the Clarendon Press Will Issue it in Sixteen Volumes.—H. G. Wells Protests Against a Review.—The Restoration of Dante's House.—Foreign Literary Gossip of Genuine Interest.

Special Correspondence.

London, Oct. 6.—Mrs. Paget Toynbee, water-linist of the late Arnold Toynbee, founder of Toynbee Hall and originator of the "Settlement" idea, is about to complete the first instalment of a stupendous piece of work for the most scholarly press in the world—the Clarendon.

Mrs. Toynbee is producing a new collection of letters of Horace Walpole, which will overshadow any collection of the great statesman's correspondence ever published, its editor having secured, from sources not previously called into requisition, 400 letters which never before have been published, in addition to those already known.

The new "Clarendon" edition of Walpole will be in 16 volumes. Mrs. Toynbee has been occupied with the editing and deciphering of the letters for a great length of time and will not complete her task for another two years. The first four volumes of the 16 will, however, be published this fall; another two in the following spring, six the following autumn and the remaining volumes in the early part of the year 1906.

Coincident with the editing of the letters Mrs. Toynbee has prepared a memoir of Walpole which will be published with the correspondence and the books will be illustrated with a collection of rare prints now in Mrs. Toynbee's possession.

Mrs. Toynbee, who is an Oxford woman, works much in conjunction with her distinguished husband, probably the greatest Dante authority in the world, who is contemplating even another and revised edition of his celebrated Dante Dictionary. Mrs. Toynbee is one of the critics of the Clarendon Press, and has therefore had an additional interest in his wife's monumental effort.

Mr. and Mrs. Toynbee live at Dorney Wood, the Dover house of one of the great estates near Maidenhead, on the English river town. Their library is of great value comprising many thousands of volumes. Both Mr. and Mrs. Toynbee are the most modest, unassuming people. Mrs. Toynbee is especially notable among English university women, as absolutely without pretension or formality. She is regarded as one of the most erudite of English feminine scholars.

AN AUTHOR'S PROTEST.

H. G. Wells, who by the way, was 27 two days ago, is the latest English author to protest in print against an unfavorable "review." In doing so the author of "The War of Worlds," remarks that "it is an excellent general rule that an author should not reply to a review of his work however unfair," but his wrath is kindled by the fact that the book whacker of "The Daily Worker" has dared to review his "The War of Worlds" as "a book of the most unimpressive kind." Mr. Wells' favorite newspaper—saw fit to dismiss the author's "Mankind in the Making" with a lack of ceremony by which, avers Wells, "the lines of endurance are passed." "Your reviewer leaves me sore and exasperated," continues the novelist, and after all, Mr. Wells seems to have some reason for his plaint. He shows, to use his own words, that what the reviewer wrote "gave the impression that the book is a disorderly gabble at large." He thought my best and have done what I can to set it forth, and I want my book to be read. It is intolerable that I should submit to the injury in the eyes of your readers of an unchallenged acceptance of this review article.

The critic replies, as critics are permitted to do over here, and concludes some appealing remarks by saying: "I

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THE STEREOTYPER

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His Work if but an Incident in the Production of a Modern Newspaper but the Physical Requirements are Great.

The work of a stereotyper on a modern newspaper is a part of the process of publication concerning which the public knows but little. It requires a man of perfect health, for the heat is enormous and the air filled with the fumes of molten metal. He must have more than ordinary strength to be able to handle the huge casting box and the solid metal plates with ease and speed.

If the spectators who gaze through the plate glass windows of the stereotyping room of the Topeka State Journal were told that, a year ago, big Joseph Gerdon, the head stereotyper, was so emaciated that he was reduced almost to a skeleton, they might not believe it, but it is the truth. The magnificent play of his knotted muscles shows perfect health and strength. Mr. Gerdon lives at No. 262 Wabash avenue, Oakland, Topeka, Kansas, and the story of the wonderful change in his condition is given in his own words. He says: "About a year ago I had a great deal of trouble with my stomach and what- ever I ate caused me the utmost discomfort. Frequent vomiting robbed me of nourishment. My work is so severe that only a man in complete health can stand it, and, naturally, with my weak stomach and working as I do in the stifling heat of the stereotyping room, I began to run down. I wasted away to a weight far too small for a man of my build and my friends scarcely knew me. I got so thin and sickly that my wife became alarmed and insisted that I consult a doctor."

"I went to our family physician and he unhesitatingly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I got a box and commenced taking them. The improvement was noticeable from the first. I developed a wonderful appetite and went to meals as hungry as a bear. My old stomach trouble disappeared, and although I ate huge meals I had no trouble in digesting them. My weight went up steadily to its normal figure, about 180 pounds, and my health is perfect. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to many of my friends and they have used them with success."

Anyone having indigestion or dyspepsia can be cured if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are given a sufficient trial. These pills act not on the symptoms, but on the cause of disease and have cured not only indigestion and other forms of stomach trouble, but are a specific for all diseases arising from impoverished blood or shattered nerves. They have cured partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuritis, nervous headache, after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion and all forms of weakness. All druggists, or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., fifty cents per box, six boxes for two dollars and a half.

MEMORIAL TO BEBE.

The subscription list opened recently for the purpose of raising a memorial to the venerable Bebe, the early English historian, is rapidly filling with distinguished names. One of the latest donors is Lord Charles Bessborough.

H. C.

Wonderful Nerve.

Is displayed by many a man enduring pains of accidental Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sore feet or stiff joints. But there's no need for Dr. Bucken's Arnica Salve will kill the pain and cure the trouble. It's the best Salve on earth for Piles, too. 25c. at Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

The Royal Month and the Royal Disease.

Sudden changes of weather are especially trying, and probably to none more so than to the scrofulous and consumptive. The progress during a normal October is commonly a dry one. We never think of scrofula—its bunches, cutaneous eruptions, and wasting of the body substance—without thinking of the great good man suffering from it have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, whose radical and permanent cures of this one disease are enough to make it the most famous medicine in the world. There is probably not a city or town where Hood's Sarsaparilla has not proved its merits in more homes than one, in arresting and completely eradicating scrofula, which is almost as serious and as much to be feared as its near relative—consumption.

Beautiful Complexions.

Are spoiled by using any kind of preparation that fills the pores of the skin. The best way to secure a clear complexion, free from sallowness, pimples, blotches, etc., is to keep the liver in good order. An occasional dose of medicine will cleanse the bowels, regulate the liver, and so establish a clear, healthy complexion. 50c. at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

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For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost; all for the want of a horse shoe nail.

—Franklin.

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