

**GREATEST
CLOAK SALE
EVER MADE
IN UTAH.**

The Paris Millinery Co.

**GREATEST
CLOAK SALE
EVER MADE
IN UTAH.**

**Positively the Greatest and Most
Extraordinary Clearance Sale of**

LADIES' READY-MADE GOODS!

Embracing Our Entire Stock of Cloaks, Suits, Waists, Wrappers, Etc., ever attempted in Salt Lake. We are determined to make a complete and Quick Clearance of Our Entire Stock, and Will SLAUGHTER AND SACRIFICE EVERY ARTICLE IN OUR CLOAK DEPARTMENT, making this sale a sale of

BONAFIDE AND GENUINE BARGAINS

Which Will Go on Record as the Greatest Money-Saving Event ever Known in Salt Lake. The immense sacrifices we hereby announce are without a parallel. No values exaggerated. We guarantee what we say is fact. The delivery of goods is our strongest advertisement. Read the following items, which will give you an idea of the Tremendous Lowering of prices we have made for this Sale.

TERRIFIC SLAUGHTER OF

Capes!

HIG VALUES.
Lot 1.—34-inch Double Black Cloth Cape, Fur and Braid trimmed, value \$2.00 and \$2.50, for **89c**
Lot 2.—Golf Capes, value \$5.00, special **\$2.48**
Lot 3.—34-inch Double Black Cloth Cape, Fur and Braid trimmed, value \$3.75 to \$4.50, for **\$1.83**
Lot 4.—25-inch Astrakhan Cloth Cape, Swam Collar, edged with black Thibet Fur, for **\$2.23**
Lot 5.—Plush Cape, 18-inch, Braided, Beaded, Fur trimmed, value \$5.00 and \$6.00, for **\$2.50**

CLOSING OUT ENTIRE STOCK

Fur Scarfs

AT LESS THAN HALF PRICE.
THREE GREAT VALUES.
Regular \$1.75 Fur Scarfs, **69c**
Regular \$4.50 Fur Scarfs, **\$1.98**
Regular \$7.50 to \$9.00 Scarfs, **\$3.49**
All our finest grades of Fur Scarfs at less than HALF PRICE.

OUR ENTIRE STOCK

Wrappers

TO GO REGARDLESS OF COST.
48c for \$1.00 Piece Lined Wrappers, all sizes
69c for \$1.25 Piece Lined Wrappers, all sizes
\$1.23 for \$2.00 Piece Lined Wrappers, all sizes
\$1.73 for \$3.00 and \$3.50 Heavy French Flannel and Outing Flannel Wrappers
\$2.87 for \$5.00 and \$6.00 Cashmere Wrappers
\$3.69 for \$7.00 Cashmere Wrappers
\$4.83 for \$8.00 to \$9.00 Cashmere Wrappers

Silk Waists

CLEARANCE SALE
AT NEXT TO NOTHING PRICES.
ENTIRE STOCK DIVIDED INTO FOUR LOTS.
Lot 1.—All our \$4.00 and \$4.50 Silk Waists, going in Black, Colors, **\$1.89**
Lot 2.—All our \$6.00 and \$6.50 Silk Waists, going in Colors and Black, **\$2.98**
Lot 3.—All our \$7.50 to \$10.00 Silk Waists, beautiful line of Styles, black and colors, for **\$4.89**
Lot 4.—All our \$12.00 to \$15.00 Silk Waists, **\$5.98**

Jackets, Reefers and Three-quarter Coats.

Our Entire Stock of Ladies' Jackets, Misses' and Children's Reefers and ¾ Coats will be placed on sale on our Center Tables in 8 lots to make a quick clearance at 25 per cent below cost. This sale of Cloaks is the Biggest Value-Giving Ever Attempted in Salt Lake.

25 Per Cent Below Cost.

LOT 1.—About 100 Child's Reefers, value \$1.75 to \$2.00. Ages 4 to 10 years, for **89c**
LOT 2.—About 125 Child's ¾ Coats assorted colors and styles, value \$3.00 to \$4.75, ages 6 to 14 years for **\$1.48**
LOT 3.—Children's Reefers and ¾ Coats size 6 to 12 years, value \$5.00 to \$6.50 only, **\$2.89**
LOT 4.—Misses' Jackets in Red-Navy-Castor, 14 and 16 years, value \$6.75 to \$8.00 for **\$3.87**
LOT 5.—Misses' Jackets in 14 and 16 years, value \$8.00 to \$10.00, **\$4.98**
LOT 6.—Ladies' Heavy Winter Jackets, assorted colors, value \$5.00 to \$6.50, for **\$2.98**
LOT 7.—All our Ladies' Jackets in Black and Grey, made of most excellent materials and sold at \$10.00 to go for **\$4.73**
LOT 8.—All our Ladies' Jackets in Castor, Brown, Tan, Navy, that were \$10.00 to \$15.00 to be closed at **\$5.83**

The balance of our Automobiles and Raglans, Newmarkets, and fur Jackets that were \$16.00 to \$50.00 to be closed out at Less Than Fifty per cent of former prices. At less than Half Price. Every Cloak in the house included in this slaughter sale.

Ladies' 56c Dark Colored House Waists **29c**
French Flannel Waists, in Black Colors, were \$3.00 to \$4.00, for **\$1.89**
All Wool Flannel Waists in Red, Navy and Black, were \$1.75, for **89c**
La. French Flannel Waists, were \$3.00, for **\$1.38**
Choice of Balance of Stock of Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits, 25 in all, were \$18.00 to \$30.00, **\$9.95**

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Child's Dresses.

ALL OUR CHILD'S DRESSES to be closed Regardless of Cost:
10 cents for our 45c Child's Dress.
43 cents for our 85c Child's Dress.
80 cents for our \$1.75 Child's Dress.
\$1.23 for our \$2.50 Child's Dress.
And all other styles at ¼ and less than Regular Prices.

Dress Skirts.

All our cloth and Silk Dress Skirts at ¼ price. Special great closing out of 15 Dress Skirts worth \$6.00 to \$7.00 for **\$2.98**

Silk Underskirts.

Divided into 3 lots in black and colors.
Lot 1.—Our \$9.00 to \$10.00 Silk Underskirts for **\$5.98**
Lot 2.—Our \$10.00 and \$12.00 Skirts for **\$9.69**
Lot 3.—Our \$20.00 Skirts for **\$12.00**

Dressing Sacques.

All go at tremendous sacrifice.
for our \$1.25 DRESSING SACQUES, **69c**
for our \$1.75 DRESSING SACQUES, **89c**
for our \$3.00 and \$3.50 DRESSING SACQUES, **\$1.59**
for our \$4.25 DRESSING SACQUES, **\$2.25**
for our \$4.50 and \$5.00 DRESSING SACQUES, **\$2.48**

GREAT SACRIFICE SALE

OF ENTIRE STOCK OF

Child's Short Coats

2 TO 6 YEARS IN LATEST STYLES.
Lot 1.—Child's short Coats in handsome materials and styles, **\$2.49**
Lot 2.—Child's short coats, value \$5.00 to \$6.00, for **\$2.89**
Lot 3.—Child's short Coats, value \$7.50 to \$8.50, for **\$3.78**

All Collarettes

GOING AT IMMENSE SACRIFICE.
AT \$1.48 Electric Seal Collarettes, value \$3.00 to \$3.50
AT \$1.79 Electric Seal Collarettes, value \$3.75
AT \$2.29 Fine line of Collarettes, value \$4.50 to \$5.00
AT \$2.98 Choice of our \$6.00 and \$7.00 Collarettes.

All Underskirts

AT IMMENSE REDUCTIONS.
39c for 75c Sateen UNDESKIRTS
79c for 1.25 and 1.35 Sateen UNDESKIRTS
\$1.19 for 2.00 Sateen UNDESKIRTS
\$1.59 for 2.50 Sateen UNDESKIRTS
\$1.98 for 3.00 Sateen UNDESKIRTS
\$3.98 for 7.50 Molineer UNDESKIRTS

Utah Dixie of Today.

There was a time—twenty-five years ago—when Dixie was talked about and written about a great deal. In those days it often came to pass that the great men of the Church spent their winters there. Brigham Young loved the sunny, sandy land of Dixie, and so did that other great heart and big brain—Erastus Snow.

What wonderful times those were! The long caravan would start out from Salt Lake City, President Young in his Concord buggy in the lead, with Orson Arnold as driver; behind came President Geo. A. Smith, and after, trailed buggy after buggy, women and children always put in the most comfortable places, while the whole party were in their holiday mood and on their best behavior.

The meetings along the route crowded to suffocation the Sunday school children lining the village streets with bloom of youth and beauty of banners and flowers; the prancing horsemen coming out to meet the party and escort them into the town; the brass band blowing its hardest and loudest while the people stood with loving eyes, watching the approach of Zion's leaders. All this was in the long ago.

The towns between Salt Lake and Dixie are silent now—almost forgotten. Other interests, other duties have absorbed the passing hours. But memory's ear is open, and the echo of those long-ago happy days rings its chiming forerunners in the loyal heart.

Brigham Young, George A. Smith and Erastus Snow have gone! But many of those who knew and loved them well are still in Dixie, and in the towns leading there. The black ridges and the white and red tabled hills are there; and Pine Valley mountain still looms, somber and grand, over all the confusion of sand and lava rock which the pioneers dubbed as Dixie.

The road bumps and jabs and knocks and tumbles you pretty much as of yore; and although the twist has been taken out of the Dameron Valley pass, there is still enough twist left to un-entangle the veterans of any one not to the Dixie road horn. There is no sign of dust left, although our party took enough away, as some of them thought, to make a tidy bit of real estate in any smart northern town.

Looking away down into that lake of red and black as seen from the top of Dameron Valley, some one, strange to the country, said:

"I can't see a spot of green anywhere; do you raise in this country any hay, and how do you raise it?"

Quick as thought came the answer: "President Young told us once that for our chief crop in this country, we would raise Latter-day Saints; and we find they flourish pretty well on struggle and privation."

Of course that's true, too; but as our happy party drove into the north end of the tiny vale which holds St. George in the center, we were surprised to see so many evidences of prosperity and improvement. There are no signs of real poverty anywhere. Thrift and hope have kept up fences, whitewashed houses, and made this lonely desert to blossom as a veritable rose.

For some years back, we were told, affairs in Dixie were at a very low ebb; but evidently the upward turn of the wheel has begun for her faithful and deserving people.

The Stake conference was on, and as soon as the dust of travel was removed we hastened down to the tabernacle. Ah, that familiar wading through the sand! We had not noticed it years ago,

old Milo Andrus. If "Jim" Andrus has made up his mind to be a Bishop he will do it as thoroughly as any man living. People won't be allowed to go to sleep while he has the reins. David Morris, big-hearted and hustler that he is, we know him well. And two new faces? Twins? So, The Brothers Miles, active in Sunday school and Mutual Improvement work. Good. Then do tell us who these High Councilors are. What? "Alex" Morris, "Mik" MacArthur, Brigham Jarvis.

Dear, dear, how the boys have changed. Do their mothers know them? We should not. God bless them all. How fitting that all these should rise up and bear of the burden of the Kingdom.

We miss Willard, Erastus W. Artimela, Erastus B. Moroni, Libbie, Tonia, Elsie, Die and Dub, Sam and Susie. But we know where they are; some gone onward, others working out a peaceful salvation elsewhere, and some rising surely in life's progress to the infinite. Linda and Carmilla, Oscar and Charlie are left. How tender recollections flood the heart as we sit beneath the familiar roof!

Hark, the choir, sweet and old fashioned as of old. They have not forgotten the restriction made by that familiar old musician John McFarlane. "We want no Yankee screechers in our choir." But Brother McFarlane is gone now, and only a few of the older singers are left—Brother Orton, just the same heavy bass as ever.

Services over. It is a delight to gather under the trees and greet the dear old friends. There's Charlie Walker! "Mesquite and soaproot, prickly pears and briars, St. George is sure to be a place that every one admires." Yet here is Sister Crosby looking twenty years younger. And Aunt Libbie, Sister Lucy B. Young and Aunt Emma Gates are all alive and active in other fields.

It is not Sunday, and we will walk about the streets and see all we may. Many new and tasteful houses have been built since we were here, full twenty years ago. And one thing that marked St. George then, marks it now; the houses are all substantial and good. No temporary shacks, nor dilapidated makeshifts. They are built of abode, as a rule, and look clean and cozy in their restful ways.

Let us walk down to the Temple. We can see its white dome from almost any of the streets.

How beautiful it is in its white simplicity! No other temple exceeds it in the atmosphere of brooding peace which overshadows its towers and minarets. And the barren, sandy block on which it once stood, is now a bower of floral loveliness. How like a temple of pearl it rises from its sparkling bed of emerald and colored jewels. Nothing could be more beautiful.

With solemn steps we pace the gravelled walks, and at the door a new face greets us; there is no John O. Angus to make us welcome with his gruff heartiness. He is now a doorkeeper in the House of God.

But in the office, President David H. Cannon greets us warmly and makes us welcome to the sacred precincts. Then Brother Bleak comes forward and adds his gentle word of eternal fellowship. The chair on which President Young was carried at that time, the desk at which he wrote and many



NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL HOUSE AT ST. GEORGE.

another sacred memento. We miss Bro. J. D. T. McAllister's handsome face, but he, too, is busy in other fields. Frank Farnsworth is writing at another desk now, but Clarence Jackson is still at his post.

From room to room, and through the halls we go, in deeply reminiscent mood. Life, birth, death, what have they not wrought for us since we first passed these sacred portals. Changed, so changed are we, and ours, But like the life eternal, this magnificent edifice is unchanged and immovable.

We turn away at last, our hands full of the blossoms plucked for us by the president's thoughtful hand from the glowing beds about us, and we retrace our steps in to the small city, our hearts calmed and our spirits rested by the sweet communion we have tasted there.

If you ask the people what is the reason for the spirit and active life which greets you everywhere, some will tell you, "It's because the men and women who came here were of the strongest and best, which Zion could produce." It was some of the cream of Salt Lake City, and the Church, which was taken off to settle up St. George. That explains for us the very unusual air of metropolitanism, which marks this small city of 1,600 inhabitants. President Young made no mistake when he settled up a country which none but Saints would ever subdue.

Others, the younger and more superficial, will tell you that it is the mines which give an air of life and activity to the town. It may be the mines which have opened the saloons, and if that is so, heaven ordain that both mines and saloons will soon be closed. But it isn't the mines which has built the magnificent school house which graces the northwest corner of the public square. It is the hard-earned dollars of the people, who began this work in April, 1897.

What, St. George people poor, or anxious, with such a beautiful modern school house just ready for occupancy? Impossible! Cut stone it is, and that, too, of a hard, durable red sandstone. No finer school house stands in the West. Simple, yet very symmetrical, within and without a model of modern school art.

Jr. of Salt Lake, and a corps of Dixie boys to whom he taught the art.

The building was erected and supervised by local mechanics upon plans prepared by Jas. Monson of Richmond, Cache county, Utah. Each succeeding year, for five years, although money was scarce, the people voted a special school tax, and \$4,000 per cent tax had been voted. This year of 1901 in addition to the 3½ per cent tax \$6,000 bonds were voted and the building was completed. The contract for the completion was awarded to Grace Bros. of Nephi for \$3,000.

The building has been named the "Woodward" school in honor of George Woodward, one of the pioneers to Utah and St. George's philanthropist. He has devoted his life to the public good, in addition to over four thousand dollars, which he has given for Church purposes, he has donated \$2,600 to this school building and served three years on the school board during its construction without remuneration. St. George delights to honor George Woodward, A. B. Christensen, graduate of the B. Y. A., and of Ann Arbor, Michigan, is the principal of the school. John T. Woodbury, Charles H. Miles, Jos. Walker, Maude R. Snow, Lena Nelson, Artie Jensen, May Keate, Miss Isom and Jennie MacFarlane are his assistants.

The building has a fine steam heating plant, the gift of George Woodward. We were invited, with the rest of the people, to its dedicatory services. And we admired all its neat and beautiful appointments, its tiled floors, modern desks, spacious hall, and high, light class rooms.

What is its history, we asked; and we were told:

This picture of the school was taken by Booth, the St. George photographer.

The house has twelve rooms, with ample room for 720 pupils if necessary. The school population of today is about 600.

The cost of the whole is, approximately, \$33,000, and it is nearly all paid for.

What could be more noble than the example set for all Israel by this childless good old man! Instead of hoarding up his means, or leaving it for relatives to quarrel over, he has been for years quietly putting it where it would do the most possible good. And they live, he and his wives, as simply and frugally as they did when they were acquiring their means; the modesty of this great and yet comparatively unknown character is only equalled by his nobility and integrity. We did not

wonder that St. George honored George Woodward.

As the closing event of the prized visit, the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. gave a delightful social at their hall.

It was an occasion long to be remembered. The young and the old, the merry and the sad, were gathered here to listen to the excellent program prepared. Brother David H. Morris, president of the Y. M., and Sister Rosina Jarvis, president of the Y. L. M. I. A., presided with both dignity and grace. Perhaps I might add that David had the dignity and Rose the grace. However that was, there was a delightful absence of stiffness and formality; nor was there anything coarse or rude to offend the refined and cultured.

And after the singing and speaking, there was an invitation to every one to partake of the fruit which groaned in riotous profusion on the long tables. St. George's fair, not even California could ever that display. Grapes of every known variety; peaches like small sunshades; pears, great yellow globes they were; in baskets, sweetmeats, apples, pines, tomatoes and melons. Dear, dear, what melody! Some of them brought all the way from the Muddy, ninety miles distant, to grace this banquet. And didn't the people eat? No one could fill which enjoyed them most the guests or the hosts. All were protracted in their attention, and impartial in their choice. And yet there were baskets and baskets full left. What a country is Dixie after all?

SUSIE YOUNG GATES.

Papa Didn't Whistle.

"George, George, mind: your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the window!" exclaimed a fond father to his little son, who was travelling with him in a railway carriage. Quickly snatching the hat from the head of the refractory youngster, papa hid it behind his back.

"There, now the hat has gone!" he cried, pretending to be angry. And George immediately set up a howl. After a time the father remarked:

"Come, be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again."

Then he whistled and replaced the hat on the boy's head. "There, it's back again, you see." Afterward, while were talking to mamma, a small, shrill voice was heard saying:

"Papa, papa, I've thrown my hat out of the window? Whistle again, will you?"—American Boy.

Only Safe Medicine for Babies.

The insides of babies-in-arms and little children are very delicate and tender. Mothers must not be reckless in the use of physics. There is only one gentle, perfect, safe medicine for babies:



"Cascarets are safe for babies and infants, as they keep both mother and child from becoming ill, and I use them daily in my practice."—Dr. A. E. Griffin, St. Louis, Mo.

"I found Cascarets, in the case of my baby, who was very ill, the very best medicine I ever used. They do just what I needed."—Mrs. M. Chapman, Stephens Mills, N.Y.

"I have become a firm believer in the efficacy of Cascarets. Even my baby likes them."—Mrs. Lida Cermak, Jersey City.

"I think Cascarets splendid. They have benefited me greatly. My baby was afflicted with croup, and Cascarets afforded instant relief."—Mrs. E. E. O'Connell, St. Louis, Mo.

Mamma takes a CASCARET, baby gets the benefit. Isn't that good sense? The sweet, palatable Candy Cathartic Cascarets, eaten by the nursing mother, not only regulates her system and increases her flow of milk, but makes her milk mildly purgative. Baby gets the effect diluted and as part of its regular, natural food;—no violence—no danger—perfectly natural results. No more sour curds in baby's stomach, no more wind, colic, restless nights.

Cascarets

Best for the Bowels. All druggists, too, 50c. per box. Never sold in bulk. Genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure. Write for sample and full particulars. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

**CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS**

SICK HEADACHE

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.