

"OVER THE HILL."

"Over the hill to the poor house," trudges an endless throng,
 There, in the corps of the Hopeseas, they wearily plod along;
 And those who are rated wisest, watching the helpless line,
 Will tell of the sad beginning in women, or song, or wine.
 Tell of the brilliant futures, that sank like a winter's sun,
 (Knowing not that a man grows wise after his race is run).
 Pointing their stupid morals, and drawing their lessons old,
 For men of a broken spirit, and hearts that are turning cold.

"Over the hill to the poor house," where most of the race belong;
 Over the hill at the finish lured by a siren song
 Of peace to the heavy hearted, bemoaning their fateful lot,
 Remembering youth, and gold and more—the arms of the unforget.
 The road to the house is rugged, and many are they who fall,
 But what is the total difference, after they've seen it all?
 "The world is a stage," the players, pace on the slippery floor,
 To stand in the glare of lime-light, and fall in the nether door.

"Over the hill to the poor house," and who would not join the throng,
 Rather than miss remembrance of women and wine and song?
 The things in the plan of living, are the crumbs and the clothes we get;
 These, a minute of careless youth, and always a vain regret.
 Banish the spectral morrow, live for the generous day,
 And to those who are rated wisest, this is what I would say:
 Here's to the golden bubbles, and here's to the thrill of song,

And here's to the lips of a woman, and life that is not for long.

TOD GOODWIN.

ETHEL BARRYMORE.

Ethel Barrymore is coming to see us week after next. And we are all going to see her. It would hardly be correct to say that she will open the theatrical season of 1904-05, for such an interval will elapse before the curtain goes up again. But no matter. She is coming here for the first time as a star, and her welcome should be royal.

First, because she is a fascinating actress, a true representative of her mother and father, Georgie Drew Barrymore, and Maurice Barrymore, then again she has a good play, a rarity of the present day, and above all everyone who has ever seen her loves her for her irresistible charm.

Miss Barrymore has probably the best social position of any actress in America, and this fact, together with the knowledge that Hubert Henry Davis is a writer of plays which deal with the drawing room side of the best society, will bring out an ultra fashionable audience with all of the camp followers that cling to the main column whenever the price is the only bar to admission.

And so on the evening of August 15th, Miss Barrymore will see before her all of the best that Zion can offer and feel almost as much at home as she would if the letters on the front of the theatre spelled "Empire," and she knew that Broadway was just a few yards from the stage door.

Without an exception, every critic in San Francisco, even including the redoubtable Ashton Stevens, has paid to Miss Barrymore the homage that is her due, and this young woman will come to us with all her delightful individuality, to ask our opinion. Not that she cares what we may think, she happens to know what her reception will be, and it is human nature to add to one's popularity. Welcome, Ethel Barrymore, with your "Cousin Kate," in all the abounding freshness and beauty that others tell us comes with your coming.

Battling Nelson has again demonstrated clearly that he is one of the most consistent and hard hitting problems in the game fistic by his recent overthrow of plucky little Eddie Hanlon. He goes into a mill like one of his Viking ancestors, and the hurricane of blows he collides with in his aggressive style of warfare appears about as effective as light refreshments to the husky Dane. Unlike the average pugilist, his recent victories have not expanded his cupola in the least, and he is still the same unassuming and untalkative performer as when he capsized Spider Welch's fistic skiff in this city. The Battling is now naturally anxious to meet Britt or Corbett, and he has assuredly established his right to consideration from either of them. As Britt does not intend to put on his fighting armor until late in the year, it is quite probable that Young Corbett will be his next antagonist. They would make a grand contest, although it isn't likely that the Dane could exchange wallops with Corbett and come out of it with the same unscarred scalp as he did in his battles with Canole and Hanlon. He would also have plenty of trouble on his hands with Britt, who is capable, if anyone is, of making him look like a tyro with his lightning long-range work. Nelson will rest for a few weeks, and will then start some trouble with anyone of importance in the vicinity of 130 pounds who is looking for hostilities.

I see by an article on the front page of the Telegram the horrifying news that many druggists sell that intoxicating drink called an "Oyster cocktail." There is no excuse for this flagrant abuse of the ordinance, especially in the month of August, and the law should be enforced to the fullest extent.

MAKES MONEY TIMID.

Doubtful Issue of Presidential Campaign.

This is a presidential year, and the usual results in the money market may be looked for. Capitalists will be backward about venturing their money and dollars will probably be scarcer than usual among workmen until the result of the election has been decided. Even after that, money will not be greatly in evidence for

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