

Significant.
And now they say plieskin is better than rubber for automobile tires. There is also a certain fitness in its use by those automobilists who take the whole street, and want more.

Libby's
NATURAL FLAVOR FOOD PRODUCTS

Most every requisite of the impromptu or hot weather meal.
Poiled Ham, Beef and Tongue, Ox Tongue (Whole), Stewed Smoked Beef, etc.
All natural flavor foods, reliable and wholesome. Your grocer should have them.
FREE—The booklet "How to Make Food Tastes to Eat." Send five stamps for Libby's Big Atlas of the World.
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Summer Luncheon Foods

THREE CROWN

BAKING POWDER EXTRACT SPICE

Perfection. Just say "Three Crown" to the grocer man and he'll give you the best that he has.

HEWLETT BROS. CO.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

The best that Money and Experience can produce. 25¢

At all stores, or by mail for the price.

HALL & RUCKEL, New York.

WESTERN CANADA
GRAIN GROWING. MIXED FARMING.

The Reason Why more wheat is grown in Western Canada than in any other part of the world is because of the abundance of water and fuel, building material, cheap good grass for pasture and hay, a fertile soil, a sufficient rainfall, and a climate giving an assured and adequate season of growth.

Send to the following for an Atlas and other literature, and also for certain giving you reduced freight and passenger rates, etc., etc.:
J. W. Taylor, Salt Lake City, Utah, the authorized Canadian Government Agent.

FREE TO WOMEN!

PAXTINE
TOILET

To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local treatment of female ills, curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send today! a postal card will do.

Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents, large box, satisfaction guaranteed.

THE B. PAXTINE CO., Boston, Mass.
114 Columbia Ave.

RELIABLE ASSAYS.

Gold and Silver...
Prompt returns on mail assays.

Dagen Assay Co. 1725 ARAPAHO ST., DENVER, COLO.

HEET MUSIC FREE

Late hit, Gold, Victor...
Only a Cassette. Grant M. Kelsey agent.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

N. N. U., Salt Lake—No. 25, 1903

PISO'S CURE FOR
DISEASES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS

Best Lungs, Best Liver, Best Blood, Best Stomach, Best Bowels, Best Nerves, Best Sleep, Best Appetite, Best Health.

Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the \$7,500.00 cook's contest for 735 money prizes.

Bounty of a barren Shore.
In bygone times it was the practice of the Newfoundland coast folk to appropriate everything they secured from shipwrecks, but this lawlessness had to be sternly repressed. Now the unwritten rule is that they get "half their haul," or 50 per cent as salvage. In portable and valuable articles, such as silverware, there is still a strong temptation to keep the whole, but the punishment is severe. Champagne, liquors, cabin stores and the like have also a trick of disappearing, and in the poorest fisher's cottage you will come upon rare china, dainty napery, silverware of price and wines to tempt an epicure.—McClure's.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

FELT HAT ON HIS TRAVELS

Officials Make Unusual Efforts to Restore It to Owner.

A felt hat blew off a tourist's head last year as he was leaning out of a railway train window in Sweden. Of the man himself nothing further is known, but the felt hat has become famous all over the north of Europe. An employe of the line picked up the hat where it lay and, being an honest man, he tried high and low to find its owner. Finally all local efforts failing, he ticketed it and sent it to the next station, to be claimed by the owner. No such person appeared and the hat was sent on from station to station, an additional ticket being stuck on each time it set out. Thus it has run through the whole of Sweden and Norway, has been at Upsala and Trondheim, at Christiania and Goteborg and Malmo, has been sent on to Zealand and Finland and is now being sent through the north of Germany, covered with labels inside and out. And if it is no longer a fit headgear it is at all events a remarkable monument of northern honesty and perseverance.

Horace Greeley's Opinion.
Chauncey M. Depew has told of finding a visitor in Horace Greeley's editorial room when he made a call there. The editor's patience had evidently been almost exhausted, and as he wrote on steadily he would give an occasional kick toward the caller, who every now and then put in a word. Finally turning around, Greeley said: "Tell me what you want. Tell me quick, and in one sentence." The man said: "I want a subscription, Mr. Greeley, for a cause which will prevent a thousand of our fellow beings from going to hell." Greeley shouted: "I will not give you a cent. There don't half enough go there now." As Greeley was a Universalist, this reply was not so severe as it sounded.

Useful Dog.
A man went to the city clerk of Horton to get a license for his dog. When asked for the name of the dog, he said it was "Blacksmith." "How did you come to pick out such a curious name?" asked the clerk. "Well, you see," responded the man, "every time I give him a kick, he makes a bolt for the door."—Horton (Kan.) Headlight.

New Idea for Artistic Research.
German scientific circles are paying much attention to the Amundsen expedition to the magnetic north pole. The vessel in which Prof. Amundsen will sail, is the Gjøra, of only forty-six tons. The idea is that her small dimensions will be of the utmost advantage when the icebergs and currents near the magnetic pole are encountered.

Not a Dangerous Malady.
"I hope that Jenkins will pull through his siege of sickness," remarked one friend, "for he was always such a jolly fellow." "He must be in pretty good condition and still very volatile," answered the other friend. "This morning I overheard his maid tell my wife that Mr. Jenkins was suffering from ammonia."

BABY WEATHER.
Little Fellows Don't Like the Hot Days.

Mother's should know exactly what food to give babies in hot weather. With the broiling hot days in July and August the mother of a baby is always anxious for the health of her little one and is then particularly careful in feeding. Milk sours quickly and other food is uncertain. Even in spite of caution, sickness sometimes creeps in and then the right food is more necessary than ever.

"Our baby boy two years old began in August to have attacks of terrible stomach and bowel trouble. The physician said his digestion was very bad and that if it had been earlier in the summer and hotter weather we would surely have lost him.

"Finally we gave baby Grape-Nut food, feeding it several times the day and the next morning he seemed better and brighter than he had been for many days. There was a great change in the condition of his bowels and in three days they were entirely normal. He is now well and getting very strong and fleshy, and we know that Grape-Nuts saved his life, for he was a very, very ill baby. Grape-Nut food must have wonderful properties to effect such cures as this.

"We grown-ups in our family all use Grape-Nuts and also Postum in place of coffee with the result that we never any of us have any coffee ills, but are well and strong." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The reason Grape-Nuts food relieves bowel trouble in babies or adults is because the starch of the grain is predigested and does not tax the bowels, nor ferment like white bread, potatoes and other forms of starchy food.

Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the \$7,500.00 cook's contest for 735 money prizes.

A Lyric.

How fair it is, the world around,
The changing life, each day's surprise,
To see the stars, the land, the sea,
To look into your eyes.

To hear the ecstasy of morn,
The birds in field and wood rejoice,
The madrigals of wind and trees,
To listen to your voice.

To feel the warm, firm, breathing life,
The friendly hands, our fingers press,
The strong, true work in which we share,
To feel your soft caress.

How fair it is, the world around,
How wonderful and sweet the past,
That knows its ecstasy and work,
That knows your loving heart,
—Frank H. Sweet in New York Herald.

The Fisher

A splash of yellow light fell from the doorway of the cafe of S. Maurin into the still, blue darkness of the little quay, where a couple of flickering lamps only served to make the gloom more profound. The moon had not risen and the pale radiance of the stars showed the long, slow swell of an oily sea. Against the wall of the quay lay a tiny sailing yacht. Farther out, midway between the horns of the harbor, a fishing boat with widespread sails that seemed hardly to catch the faint evening air drifted like a shadow through the night.

In the cafe half a dozen men, fishers of this little port, lounged idly over their glasses. Old Antoine, the innkeeper, dressed as usual in his corner chair. Jean Modeste, his grandson, sat with a torn net across his knee and his black head bent. The rest slipped their carcase wine and talked to each other spasmodically of the weather or the prospects of a good catch.

Suddenly Jean Modeste, looking up from the tear in the net, made with his hand the sign of the cross. The others looked at him with curious, half-frightened eyes. He was staring through the open doorway at the sea. There was an instant of heavy silence. The glasses ceased to clink and only old Antoine snored softly in his corner.

Jean Modeste's eyes fell again to his net.

"The Fisher!" he said, in a low tone of explanation.

Every one, except the sleeping innkeeper, turned at once to the door. Between the horns of the bay the one white sail was driving lazily nearer. Again there was silence in the cafe, an odd, unwholesome stillness, heavy with ill omen and expectation of evil to come.

Presently big Jules Bontemps took a draught of his wine and set the glass down noisily on the table at which he sat.

"For my part," he said, "I don't believe in this Fisher—there! Every sail you see near S. Maurin it's the same thing with you all—the Fisher! I'm a stranger—I thank the good God there's no Fisher in the port of Nice—no! Now, will any of you tell me, my friends, who this Fisher of yours is, and what he seeks?"

The question was addressed generally to the whole company present, but nobody answered. Instead they all looked at Jean Modeste as he bent over his net.

"Who he is—ha spoke meditatively. 'Ah, for that—no one can tell you. What he seeks—that's another matter. They do say—'

He broke off and glanced again through the open door. The black



"The Fisher!" he said, in a low tone, the sail was drifting very slowly toward the land.

"Well, what do they say?" Bontemps asked, impatiently.

The young man turned again to his net.

"They say," he answered, in the same low, unwilling tone, "that he fishes for the souls of men."

Bontemps stared for a second. Then he swung back his rough black head with a great laugh.

"The souls of men! Ah, my faith, that's good! Are you Christians, then, in this harbor of S. Maurin?"

"As good as any in the port of Nice," Jean Modeste replied, with a touch of heat.

Bontemps laughed again.

"No offense, my friend. But come, that's absurd, you know. It's moonshine—that's what it is. This Fisher of yours—"

Jean Modeste cut through his speech

and lifted a finger from his net to point through the door.

"There," he said, "is the Fisher. Laugh—if you please."

Bontemps was silent. The shadowy sail had drifted very near. Again stillness fell upon the little group, broken only by the old man's heavy breathing.

"Laugh—if you please!" Jean Modeste said again. "None of us here



The Fisher had not fished in vain. He laughed with you. What if we can't tell you who the Fisher is? We know his work well enough. Did he not follow my brother's boat, the Marie Blanche, the last voyage ever she took? Never a man came back to tell the tale—but the Fisher sailed behind them out of S. Maurin Bay. That I saw with these eyes—yes!"

Bontemps did not answer. A kind of breathlessness had fallen upon the rest. Jean Modeste lifted the net across his knee and spoke once more.

"You ask what the Fisher seeks," he said, "Well—in the port of Nice he may have other business for what I know. But here, when he sails in the bay, he seeks a man's soul."

Again there was silence. Through the doorway the could see the black shadow of the sail almost touching the quay. The strange fishing boat was very near. The tall mast seemed to touch the stars, the sails were like the wings of an immense bat stretched between them and the luminous blue of the clear night sky.

In the cafe no one moved or breathed. Jean Modeste's hands lay idle on his feet. Bontemps sat motionless, with his fingers stretched out to take up his unfinished glass of wine. For some reason he did not take it. His eyes, too, were fixed upon the shadowy sail hanging above the quay.

Then, silently as it had come, the boat heeled over and tacked seaward. A light wind caught the huge sail and swept it before it out into the bay. The still, dark, floating thing became in a moment alive, buoyant, incredibly light and swift, a white flicker of foam tore at her bows as she headed for the sea.

The men in the cafe watched with a deep, unacknowledged sense of relief. Still, for a while no one spoke. The little grimy, ill-smelling place was extraordinarily silent; it seemed as though something within its walls had ceased—it held the emptiness of a room in which a piece of machinery had just run down.

Bontemps was the first to speak.

"Well—there," he said, drawing a quick breath, "your Fisher's gone. He knows how to sail his ship—I'll say that for him, whoever he is. But what did he seek, eh? What fish was he after, your Fisher of souls?"

No one answered and Bontemps chuckled a little, quietly. Jean Modeste gathered his net upon his arm and rose to all his height as he turned from the open door.

Then suddenly he stood rigid and the nets slipped and fell at his feet in a brown tangle. The others, nervous with the reaction after the tension of that moment when the shadow of the black sail lay across the quay, followed the direction of his startled look. There was a quick movement of horror, of surprise, and with the shuffling of rough sea boots upon the bare floor the lean, blue-shirted seamen rose to their feet.

For old Antoine's gray head had fallen forward on his breast—his hoarse breathing was still. He sat dead in his corner chair, with an unspoken wine beside him!

Without, in the clear blue night, a dark-sailed boat went racing to the sea. The Fisher had not fished in vain.—Black and White.

"Rich in Beauty."
The Baron George Augustus de Jocke, seeking a bride in New York, has chosen a dressmaker's daughter. This is the first time, so far as can be determined, that Lexington avenue has contributed a mistress to a European baronial hall. The Baron, with a spirit of originality that does him credit, fared afield beyond the confines of Fifth avenue and the restricted patrician purities of Newport for a bride, and from all accounts he is not likely to have occasion to regret his choice. Unlike most international matches, in this one the wealth is on the bridegroom's side; the bride's dowry is her beauty and her rare voice.—New York World.

What We Are Coming To.
Drink water and get typhoid. Drink milk and get tuberculosis. Drink watery and get the flu. Eat soup and get Bright's disease. Eat meat and encourage apoplexy. Eat oysters and acquire toxemia. Eat vegetables and weaken the system. Eat dessert and take to paresis. Smoke cigarettes and die early. Smoke cigars and get catarrh. Drink coffee and obtain nervous prostration. Drink wine and get the gout. In order to be entirely healthy one must eat nothing, and even before breathing one should see that the air is properly sterilized.—Southwestern World.

Much Depends on Location.
Who would believe that the prosperity of a restaurant depends on which side of the street it is and which corner it happens to occupy? Yet there is a tradition that these details are of the utmost importance. The right side, according to this theory, is the west side, and the persons who hold it point triumphantly to a long list of establishments which prospered famously on one side, while the other is strewn with failures. A second part of this tradition holds that the restaurant, to succeed, must always be on the downtown corner.—New York Letter.

Let this Coupon be your Messenger of Deliverance from Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary Troubles.

It's the people who doubt and become cured while they doubt who praise Doan's Pills the highest.

Aching backs are eased. Itic, back, and joint pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanishing.

They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove scald and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, dizziness.

TAYLORVILLE, MISS.—I tried everything for a weak back and got no relief until I used Doan's Pills.

J. N. Lewis.



A prominent Southern lady, Mrs. Blanchard, of Nashville, Tenn., tells how she was cured of backache, dizziness, painful and irregular periods by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Gratitude compels me to acknowledge the great merit of your Vegetable Compound. I have suffered for four years with irregular and painful menstruation, also dizziness, pains in the back and lower limbs, and fitful sleep. I dreaded the time to come which would only mean suffering to me. Six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me health and happiness in a few short months, and was worth more than months under the doctor's care, which really I do not benefit me at all. I feel like another person now. My aches and pains have left me. I am satisfied there is no medicine so good for sick women as your Vegetable Compound, and I advocate it to my lady friends in need of medical help."—Mrs. B. A. BLANCHARD, 422 Broad St., Nashville, Tenn.—\$2000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

When women are troubled with menstrual irregularities, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Doan's Kidney Pills

NAME _____

P. O. _____

STATE _____

Send this coupon to Doan's Kidney Pills, Buffalo, N. Y. If above name is insufficient, write address on separate slip.

WEST BRANCH, MISS.—Doan's Kidney Pills hit the case, which was an unusual desire to urinate—last to get up five or six times a night. I think dizziness was well under way, the feet and ankles swollen. There was an itching pain in the back, the heat of which would feel like putting one's hand up to a lamp chimney. I have used the free trial and two full boxes of Doan's Pills with the satisfaction of feeling that I am cured. They are the ready par excellence.

R. F. BALLARD.

Pipe Cob Corn.
Some of the farmers in Lafayette county, Missouri, are making a specialty of growing pipe cob corn. They say it yields them as much of the grain as any other kind and the cobs bring them in revenue besides.

Cheap Passenger Rates Via "Santa Fe Route"

To Boston, Baltimore, Minneapolis, Detroit, Atlanta and other points. For particulars, address C. F. Warren, General Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 411 Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Eggs as a Food.
An Italian authority finds that when hens are fed on food containing a large percentage of iron the eggs also reveal the presence of iron in the very digestible form of the albuminate. Such eggs exert a tonic effect on persons who eat them. The case illustrates the fact that all eggs are not alike by any means, and that, according to the food fed, they may vary greatly in dietic value and effect.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN P. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1903.

Cure for Headache.
A "never-failing remedy" for nervous headache is described by a scientific authority thus: It consists simply of the act of walking backward, but the method of walking is an important factor in the cure. The pace should be very slow, letting the ball of the foot touch the floor first, then the heel. A hall or narrow room serves the purpose best. The theory underlying the cure is that the reflex action of the body brings about a reflex action of the brain; thus the pain induced by nervousness, which is said to be the result of too much going forward, is driven away by a simple process of reversal.

Steps the Cough and Works Off the Cold
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

A Town Doubly Incorporated.
A peculiar complication has arisen in Oregon over the question whether a town incorporated twice over is legally incorporated at all. A senate bill and a house bill incorporating the town of Adams in Umatilla county were passed by both houses and reached the governor, who signed them both. They were supposed to be exactly alike, but on examination it was found that the boundaries are slightly differently defined. In the bill which last became law and thus superseded the first bill the boundary lines do not go completely around the town.

Narrowest Street.
Great Yarmouth, England, has the narrowest street in the world. It is Kitty Witches, which is only fifty five inches wide. You can lean out of your window and shake hands with your neighbor across the street.

Has Risen to High Station.
Sir Frederick Holder, first speaker of the Australian commonwealth house of representatives, started life as a schoolmaster in South Australia.

Mrs. Winston's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Lever's Diary.
An authenticated manuscript diary kept by Charles Lever, the novelist, when a student in Germany, has been discovered, and has been presented to the Royal Irish Academy.

CUTICURA OINTMENT

Purest of Emollients and Greatest of Skin Cures.

The Most Wonderful Curative of All Time

For Torturing, Disfiguring Skin Humours

And Purest and Sweetest of Toilet Emollients.

Cuticura Ointment is beyond question the most successful curative for torturing, disfiguring humours of the skin and scalp, including loss of hair, ever compounded, in proof of which a single anointing preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap, and followed in the severer cases, by a dose of Cuticura Resolvent, is often sufficient to afford immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning and scaly humours, pruritis, redness and sleep, and point to a speedy cure when all other remedies fail. It is especially so in the treatment of infants and children, cleansing, soothing and healing the most distressing of infantile humours, and preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp and hair.

Cuticura Ointment is composed, at the same time, the charm of satisfying the simple wants of the toilet, in caring for the skin, scalp, hair, hands and feet, from infancy to age, far more effectively, agreeably and economically than the most expensive of toilet emollients. Its "instant relief for skin-tortured babies," or "Sanative and gentle cleansing," or "One-night treatment of the hands or feet," or "Single treatment of the hair," or "Use after athletics," or cycling, golf, tennis, riding, sparring, or any sport, each in connection with the use of Cuticura Soap, is sufficient evidence of this.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Resolvent, 50c. One size of Cuticura Ointment, 25c. per box of 250. Small size, 10c. per box of 100. Sold by Druggists, Grocers, and all Dealers in Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent.