THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter

G. T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1907.

Niagara Falls Excursion.

The Publishing fraternity of Chicago, under the auspices of the Chicago and Suburban Publishers Association, will make a trip to Niagara Falls this summer. The Wabash Railroad has granted special rates; tickets for the trip, including a special train, with the best of service, are sold for $12. trip to Toronto, Can., on the river, leaving the program. The trip will made under the direction of a competent guide, who is thoroughly familiar with the great falls, and special rates on the Gorge railroad, the steamers and other conveyances, as well as the hotels at Buffalo and the Falls, have been secured. The train will leave Chicago at midnight on Friday the 12th of July, and returning will arrive in Chicago Tuesday morning, July 15th. Everybody who desires to make the trip is welcome. Tickets and complete information can be obtained from Theo. A. Kolb, Sec., 741-743 Unity Bldg., Chicago. Telephone Central 5354. tf

Wet And Dreary.

With a telephone in your home you defy "blue" weather and enjoy the peace and pleasure of a contented life. When tired or discouraged you may sit down and talk to a distant friend or relative without effort. Regardless of your finances, we have a rate for your purse. Chicago Telephone Company.

A Memorable Day.

One of the days we remember with pleasure, as well as with profit to our health, is the one on which we became acquainted with Dr. King's New Life Pills, the painless purifiers that cure headache and biliousness, and keep the bowels right. 25c at Barrington Pharmacy.

To Young People.

Insist upon having a telephone in your home. Your parents may not realize its values. You do. Don't let them rest until they order. Your happiness is at stake. Insist! Five cents per day. Chicago Telephone Company.

The Charming Woman

is not necessarily one of perfect form and features. Many a plain woman who could not serve as an artist's model, possesses those rare qualities that all the world admires: neatness, clear eyes, clean smooth skin and that spright lines of step and action that accompany good health. A physically weak woman is never attractive, not even to herself. Electric Bitters restore weak women give strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, beautiful complexion. Guaranteed by Barrington Pharmacy. 50c

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that all thistles on the farms of Cuba township must be cut. HERMAN HACKER.
Thistle Commissioner.

Lost His Name.

One may, it seems, lose one's wits without altogether losing one's wit. Henri Meilhac, a French dramatic author, who always had some clever thing to say, was troubled in his last days by a sad loss of memory. One day he exclaimed to a friend who called:

"Hurrah, I've got my name back! You know 'twas forgotten."

"Why, nobody forgot your name"—

"Yes, I did, and I should say that was quite enough!"

This was Meilhac's last joke. He died within a few days.

Long Live the King!

Is the popular cry throughout European countries; while in America, the cry of the present day is "Long live Dr. King's New Discovery, King of Throat and Lung Remedies!" of which Mrs. Julia Ryder Paine, Truro, Mass., says: "It never fails to give immediate relief and to quickly cure a cough or cold." Mrs Paines opinion is shared by a majority of the inhabitants of this country. New Discovery cures weak lungs and sore throats after all other remedies have failed; and for coughs and colds it's the only cure. Guaranteed by Barrington Pharmacy. 50c and $1.00 Trial bottle free.

Good Music and Bad.

What is not always understood by the enthusiasts who listen and do not judge is that nothing in music is good because it is old, or de mode because it is old, or original because it is modern, not a flute note in the "Zauber flote" has been drowned by the thunders of the orchestra of the "Ring," and if any one tells me, as people still sometimes do, that he only cares in music for Wagner, I have a strong suspicion that he does not care for music at all.—Arthur Symons in London Saturday Review.

What is a Drop?

In medicine a drop is a "gutta," or a "minim." The words mean the same—that is, one-sixteenth of a fluid dram. This is the official table: Sixty minims (guttae or drops) make one fluid dram, eight fluid drams make one fluid ounce, sixteen fluid ounces make one pint, two pints make one quart, four quarts make one gallon. Forty-five drops of water, or a common teaspoonful, make about one fluid dram, two tablespoonfuls about one fluid ounce; a wineglassful is about one and one-half fluid ounces, and a teacupful is about four fluid ounces. But, my brethren in suffering, how many different sizes of teaspoons, tablespoons, wineglasses and teacups are there in this world of ease? And as for drops, no two liquids if dropped from a bottle in the old fashioned way (holding the end of the finger over the mouth) will drop drops of the same size.—New York Press.

Women's Right.

Every housewife has a right to demand a telephone in her home. It eases the drudgery of housework, it lessens the loneliness of a long, dreary day. It is a constant guardian and protector. Not a luxury for we have a rate for any purse. Chicago Telephone Company.

Eternal Fitness of Things.

The mistress of the house is a cultivated Bostonian of much musical taste, and the whistling of the footman, who believed himself alone in the house, fretted her artistic soul.

"Joseph," she called at last from the head of the back stairs, "please don't whistle those vulgar ragtime things!"

"Yes, mem," returned Joseph meekly. "I knew, mem," he continued, with unexpected spirit, "but you can't expect a rhapsody of Liszt with cleaning the knives. That will come later when I'm polishing the silver." — Youth's Companion.

A Wonderful Happening

Port Byron, N.Y., has witnessed one of the most remarkable cases of healing ever recorded. Amos F. King, of that place says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured a sore on my leg with which I had suffered over 80 years. I am now eighty-five." Guaranteed to cure all sores, by Barrington Pharmacy 25c

The Scotch Juror.

In Scotland in a civil case jurymen get 10 shillings a day for their services, and the litigants must in addition provide them with lunch. If two cases are tried consecutively on one day and the same jurymen officiate, they get 10 shillings for each case. But the most important difference between an English and a Scottish jury is this: An English jury when returning their verdict must be unanimous, and if they fail to agree after a certain length of time they are dismissed, and the whole proceedings are begun again de novo before a fresh jury. This is a most expensive mode of administering justice. In civil cases, in order to avoid this result, the litigants sometimes agree to accept the verdict of a majority. In Scotland the jury can always give a verdict by a majority in civil cases after the lapse of three hours.—Chambers' Journal.

Home Sunshine.

Your home will be brightend by a telephone. It gives you power to talk to friends, relatives or business houses. Get a telephone even if you have no other modern conveniences in your home. Five cents per day. Chicago Telephone Company.

Quaint Fish Has Numerous Names.

The monkfish is a quaint creature. It is a sort of shark, which looks much more like a skate, and other curious resemblances have given it a variety of popular names. It is called "monkfish" from its decidedly cowl-like head; "fiddle fish" because of its general shape, and "angelfish" because its winglike pectoral fins make it to the eye of fancy very much like a very bad angel. "Shark ray" is yet another name, and a composite photograph of a shark, a ray, a skate, an angel, a monk and a fiddle would really give a very fair idea of this fish. Science is on the side of the angels, with the name "squatina angelus." — Dundee Advertiser.

Are you Old Fashioned?

Get a telephone and be up-to-date. Other people use it. Even Chinese laundrymen realize its value. Are you as wise? Five cents per day. Chicago Telephone Company.

The Way of the Child.

A small boy who had recently passed his fifth birthday was riding in a suburban car with his mother, when they were asked the customary question, "How old is the boy?" After being told the correct age, which did not require a fare, the conductor passed on to the next person.

The boy sat quite still, as if pondering over some question, and then, concluding that full information had not been given, called loudly to the conductor, then at the other end of the car, "And mother's thirty-one!"—Human Life.

The finer articles of harness and saddlery used in Italy are imported from Germany, Austria and England. The duty is about $17 per 220 pounds.

Of *the* Twentieth Century.

By Otho B. Senga.

Copyright, 1907, by May McKegg.

As Dr. Blyth stood in the hall a young girl stepped from an adjoining room, inquiring anxiously, "How do you find my father, Dr. Blyth?"

"His condition is serious," he admitted, "but with good care"—

She cut short the conventional platitudes.

"When will he be able to go out again?"

"Not for weeks," emphatically.

Her look of anxiety deepened.

"What is your father's business, Miss Hall?"

"He is manager of the local telephone system and attends personally to repairing and keeping up the line."

"That means a great deal of hard work?" sympathetically.

"Yes, particularly in the winter. The circuit comprises nearly 300 phones and the line extends out into the country in all directions."

"Discontinue it in the winter," unthinkingly.

"The subscribers need it more then," gravely. "Nearly all of them are farmers and depend upon their telephones for communication with the village and with each other."

"If possible, keep from your father all anxiety concerning the business. I fear nervous prostration in his case."

During his round of calls Dr. Blyth thought often of the beautiful girl with the sweet, grave voice. He was a stranger in Lindsey and was taking up his uncle's practice.

"Fred Hall sick? That's too bad!" was his uncle's comment. "But they'll manage all right," with a country doctor's knowledge of his patient's affairs. "Mrs. Hall is strong and a good nurse. Fidelia understands the business thoroughly. Too bad she isn't a boy. It will take about all the manager's salary to hire a man to come here from the city to do the outside work."

Dr. Blyth was disappointed when several calls were made upon the sick manager without seeing Fidelia. She was constantly in his thoughts, and her lovely face seemed always before his eyes.

By chance his next call was in the evening. Fidelia met him in the hall as he was leaving.

"Do you feel encouraged, Dr. Blyth?"

"Yes," kindly, "but his nervous condition is serious. Is he worrying about the business?"

"I think not," hopefully. "I hold his position as manager, and that encourages him. He has all confidence in my ability."

"You are a brave girl," enthusiastically. "You have some one for the outside work?"

She hesitated, coloring rosily.

"I—I have the services of a very competent lineman."

"Where is your 'central?'"

"Here," indicating the room adjoining. "I've always been father's belle girl," smiling brightly.

On several succeeding calls the physician saw no one outside the sickroom but Edith Hall, a girl about thirteen, sharp of eye and of tongue, wholly unlike Fidelia, he thought.

"I'm hello girl now," she cried importantly. "Fidelia's out looking after the line—the lineman."

He recalled his uncle's remarks regarding Fidelia's knowledge of the business.

"The brave little girl," he murmured, with a tenderness wholly unaccountable. "She will wish to supervise the lineman's work for awhile. I'd like to be the lineman if it means a daily drive with the little Fidelia."

On the following evening he saw Fidelia in her office. He reported hopefully of her father and rejoiced in her words of praise for his professional care.

"I've often thought," she observed earnestly, "that I'd like to be a doctor."

Dr. Blyth smiled somewhat satirically.

"You forget, Miss Hall," rather loftily, "your physical inability to cope with the hardships incident to a country doctor's life. He must brave any storm or cold. A delicate girl like you couldn't endure it."

A little flickering smile lurked for an instant at the corners of the pretty mouth.

"Don't you approve of women being physicians?"

"Frankly, Miss Hall, I do not."

"Aren't you somewhat old fashioned, doctor, not to say antiquated, in your ideas?" quizzically.

"Perhaps," stiffly, "but there are so many occupations for which a woman is wholly fitted that it seems regrettable she should enter upon one entirely unsuited to her."

"And may I ask," demurely, "what are some that you consider suitable for women?"

"Well," hesitatingly, "first, homemaking. A woman should be—er—a wife and—and mother, of course."

"Those privileges," quietly, "are denied some women. Go on."

"Schoolteaching," triumphantly, "millinery, dressmaking."

"Not at all up to date," smilingly. "Anything else?"

"Well—er," lamely—"I don't recall anything at the moment."

"You wouldn't approve, then, of a woman being a steamboat captain or an engineer or a house painter or a mason?"

"Certainly not. The last two are utterly impossible anyway."

"Oh, I don't know," lightly, "I can even imagine a woman being a good lineman."

Blyth laughed in open sarcasm.

"I wouldn't care to see the woman. Wouldn't she be a terror?"

"Why?" sharply.

"Take your own lineman, for example, Miss Hall. Fancy a woman in his place—driving in all weathers about this sparsely settled country, climbing poles, sitting astride crossarms!" He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "That's worse than being a doctor!"

Afterward he wondered if she would think he disapproved of what she was doing. He hoped not. He considered it entirely commendable for her to manage this business during her father's illness, and the office, being in her own home, made it seem essentially womanly.

He promised himself that he would see her often. He had never before met a girl who seemed to answer so fully the requirements of his ideal.

But as the days went by his glimpses of Fidelia were tantalisingly infrequent. He disliked to inquire for her. He fancied there was malignant satisfaction in Edith's brief answer, "Out—with the lineman."

He ventured another evening call, but Fidelia was in charge of the switchboard, and opportunity for conversation was limited.

His half conscious resentment toward the lineman prompted a question as to his competency. "You have to go around with him all the time," he grumbled jealously.

Fidelia blushed.

"The lineman is fully competent, but I like to go. I am very fond of—"

An imperative call for "central" interrupted, and the sentence was not completed.

Blyth remembered it uneasily. Was it the lineman, or had she meant to say that she liked driving in the glorious autumn weather?

He grew despondent as the weeks went by, and, no matter how cold or stormy the day, Edith gave the same irritating answer, "Out with the lineman."

Then he resolved to settle the affair. He loved the girl. He was sure of himself now. He would boldly make the opportunity to tell her so. She should choose between him and that—his adjectives would not have been uttered in Fidelia's presence—lineman!

The thought of her was uppermost in his mind as he drove toward home on a cold, windy day in early spring. "Oh, if only I"— He checked the half uttered words, smiling tenderly as he dreamed a young man's beautiful day dreams of love and life.

Ahead of him in the lonely country road he saw a horse and buggy standing by a telephone pole. Instinctively he looked up.

"The lineman!" he exclaimed interestedly. "I'm thankful Fidelia isn't with him this miserable day!"

The man climbed from the crossarm and came down the pole with the swift ease acquired by constant practice.

"He's a little chap," thought the doctor. "Perhaps that's why Fidelia watches him so closely."

The lineman sprang into the buggy, with his coil of wire and bag of tools, driving rapidly away.

"I'll overtake him and speak with him. I—I ought to be halfway decent to a little chap like that."

But the lineman's slim, boyish figure, erect in the lighter vehicle, held the lines over an animal that sped along as if aware of his pursuit.

Blyth caught a glimpse of a rounded red cheek under the lineman's close cap. A wild thought, a glimmering of the truth, sent the blood to his own cheeks, and he urged his horse on.

He reached the driveway at Hall's in time to see the slim figure leap from the buggy and dash into the house.

The doctor followed hurriedly.

"Go tell your sister that I must see her at once!" His imperative command startled Edith into instant obedience.

When Fidelia entered the room, with cheeks that rivaled the crimson of the soft robe she wore, Blyth sprang toward her.

She motioned him back with a repelling hand even while her eyes gave him the assurance he sought.

"You know you don't approve—you said"—

"I don't care what I said! I was wrong, Fidelia. I approve of anything that you do and of everything that you are, Fidelia, my little lineman!"

Sandy's Narrow Escape.

"An hoo's the guid wife, Sandy?" said one farmer to another as they met in the market place and exchanged snuffboxes.

"Did ye no near that she's dead an buried?" said Sandy solemnly.

"Dear me!" exclaimed his friend sympathetically. "Surely it must have been very sudden?"

"Aye, it was sudden," returned Sandy. "Ye see, when she turned ill we had na time to send for the doctor, sae I gied her a bit pouther I had lying in my drawer for a year or twa an that I had got frae the doctor mysel', bat hadna ta'en. What the pouther was I dinna verra weel ken, but she died soon after. It's a sair loss to me, I can assure ye, but it's something to be thankfu' for I didna tak' the pouther mysel'."—Dundee Advertiser.

The Chairman's Break.

Senator Moses E. Clapp of Minnesota made a speech at Erin Corners, in his state, says the Saturday Evening Post.

His audience was very unfriendly. They howled at the gigantic Clapp, laughed at him, threw things at him and made it most uncomfortable.

Finally Clapp stopped and looked at the chairman.

"Don't mind them, Moses," said the chairman. "Go right ahead. They're nothing but loafers and rowdies. None of the decent people would come."

The Wood in Old Violins.

The woods most favored by the old masters for violin construction were pine, pear, lemon, ash, maple and sycamore, and by some of the later men apple was used. Boxwood was universally employed for bridges. Haweis says, "A perfectly harmonious marriage is as rare between violins and their bridges as it is between men and women." He deplores the heartless substitution of new bridges for old ones and insists that a new bridge will never mate perfectly with an old violin, and rather than resort to substitution he advises patching and repairing the old one as long as it can be made to last.—Circle Magazine.

A Homemade Weather Glass.

A very reliable weather glass can be made out of such simple materials as an empty salad oil bottle and a quart fruit jar. Having procured these articles, pour sufficient water into the jar so that it covers the mouth of the bottle when the latter is inserted into the former. In fine weather it will be found that the water will rise into the bottle, but will fall back into the jar when wet weather is due. Though the idea of this quaint homemade barometer is not new, it is quite reliable.

A Poor Artist.

Patience—Do you know Jules, the artist?

Patrice—Yes, but I don't like him.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I like a man who can look you in the eye."

"Can't he?"

"Why, he can't even paint a picture of a person who can look you in the eye!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Characteristics.

"Geniuses are eccentric. Some of 'em touch every post or tree they run across."

"Most of 'em touch every friend they run across or almightily try to."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Igneous Rocks.

Igneous is derived from the Latin word ignis, meaning fire, and igneous rocks are those which geologists say were produced through the action of heat. Igneous rocks are divided into two great groups, volcanic and plutonic. The volcanic, as the name implies, are those brought to the surface by volcanic action, while the plutonic are those which have solidified below the surface of the earth and have been exposed by the wearing away of the strata above them.

An Explanation.

"Effie," said Margie, who was laboriously spelling words from a first reader, "how can I tell which is a 'd' and which is a 'b'?"

"Why," replied Effie wisely, "the 'd' has its tummy on its back."—Harper's Weekly.

Difficulty is a severe instructor set over us by the supreme ordinance of a paternal guardian and legislator who knows us better than we know ourselves.—Burke.

Animals in Groups.

The ingenuity of the sportsman is perhaps no better illustrated than by the use he puts the English language to in designating particular groups of animals. The following is a list of the terms which have been applied to the various classes: A covey of partridges, a nide of pheasants, a wisp of snipe, a flight of doves or swallows, a muster of peacocks, a siege of herons, a building of rooks, a brood of grouse, a stand of plover, a watch of nightingales, a clattering of cloughs, a herd or bunch of cattle, a flock of geese, a bevy of quails, a cast of hawks, a swarm of bees, a school of whales, a shoal of herrings, a herd of swine, a skulk of foxes, a pack of wolves, a drove of oxen, a sounder of boar, a troop of monkeys, a pride of lions, a sleuth of bears, a gang of elks.

Up-to-date Millinery Store.

All the leading Styles and Shapes of Spring and Summer hats. A fine line of Lace, Silks, Chiffons, Straw and Braids. Ribbons, Plumes, Feathers and Ornaments. Ladies own material made up to suit.

Call and inspect my stock.

Miss Hettie R. Jukes

Opposite Depot 'Phone 272 Barrington, Ill.

W. H. GORMAN MARKET

"THE PLACE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY"

My Specials:-
High Grade Meats and Poultry.
The Fresh Green Vegetables of Spring.
My line of Canned Goods the finest that can be produced.

Prompt De very Telephone No. 424

"Put A Little SUNSHINE in Your Home"

SUNSHINE Finishes

transform dingy, cracked and marred furniture, floors and woodwork, into rich, attractive and useful articles. Made in ten beautiful colors. Easily applied.

LAMEY & COMPANY

Sell it. Climax Buggy Paint, Wagon and Implement Paint, Family Prepared Paint, Sunshine Finishes, Satsuma Enamels, Varnish Stain, Japalac, Screen Door Paint and

The Heath & Milligan

Best Prepared Paint

LAMEY & CO.

DEALERS IN BUILDING MATERIAL

Barrington, - - Illinois