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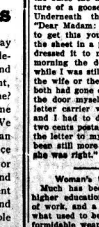

A New Industry

Crystal Lake Granite Works

Why buy your monuments from the small dealer and pay the agent's profit when you can buy direct from the wholesaler. We are handling several carloads of granite and marble every month. Are you going to buy a monument, marker, headstone or anything in the granite or marble line? Our representative will be glad to call on you at any time and show you the latest and most up-to-date designs. We guarantee our prices to be from 10 to 15 per cent lower than any other monument dealer in this vicinity. Your choice of Barre Granite, light or dark; Quincy Granite, light or dark; Red Granite; Concord Granite; Georgia Granite and all kinds of marble. Give us a trial order. We represent one of the largest granite works in the United States and guarantee our granite to be absolutely the best obtainable from the vast granite quarries of Barre, Vermont, and our workmanship of the highest order.

Your name on a postal or a 'phone call will bring our representative to you, no matter where you live.

Granite and Marble Images a specialty.

Crystal Lake Granite Works

PHONE 40-R

WOLCK & KOLSTAD, Proprietors

P. CARNEY, Sole Representative State of Illinois

BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED 1885

M. T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher

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Cards of thanks, resolutions of condolence and all notices of entertainments given for secuniary benefit must be paid for.

All communications should be addressed to the BARRINGTON REVIEW

Tel. 403 BARRINGTON, ILL.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1912

REMEMBER THE BIRDS.

When every possible means of aid has been given to the poor and needy, suffering exceptional hardships this severe and long-continuing season of ice, snow and cold, just give a little thought to the birds and other outdoor livers, that depend entirely upon what can be picked up from the earth in the way of seeds, grains, etc. The supply is virtually cut off now and every bird and nature lover should make some small effort to recompense the doughty members of the only real aviation society. Crumbs of eatables will indeed prove crumbs of comfort, and if one wishes real pleasure, let him provide a bird's Christmas tree. This has been accomplished in many places by children selecting a shrub or low bush in the garden and decking its bare twigs and branches with bits of suet, small cubes of bread, cake, etc., tying them on by pieces of yarn or string. It will not be long before the guests and their treat and their fun will be watched with increasing pleasure in the realization of a kindly act to our tree friends.

Never bear more than one trouble at a time; some people bear three kinds—all they ever had, all they have now, and all they expect to have. —Arebury.

A Hero in a Lighthouse.

For years J. S. Donahue, So. Haven, Mich., a civil war captain, as a lighthouse keeper, averted awful wrecks, but a queer fact is, he might have been a wreck, himself, if Electric Bitters had not prevented. "They cured me of kidney trouble and chills, "he writes, "after I had taken other so called cures for years, without benefit and they also improved my sight. Now, at seventy, I am feeling fine." For dyspepsia, indigestion, all stomach, liver and kidney troubles, they're without equal. Try them. Only 50c at the Barrington Pharmacy.

The biennial meeting of the head camp of the Modern Woodmen of America is being held at the Globe theatre, Chicago, this week. The question of increasing the rates of insurance was discussed today. It is possible that a revision of rates will be made before the close of the meeting.

Wife Wins, as Usual.

"Of course, one can never win an argument with one's wife," remarked a broker the other day. "Even if one is perfectly right in his contention, the fates, or the postoffice department or something else will turn up to make it appear that the man is wrong. For instance, a few days ago my wife remarked that a letter in a plain envelope dropped in a letter box would be delivered even if it had no stamp. Of course I knew better, and told her so, but she was obstinate. Just to prove my contention when I was at the office the next day I drew a picture of a goose on a sheet of paper. Underneath the likeness I wrote: "Dear Madam: If you pay two cents to get this you are a goose." I put the sheet in a plain envelope and addressed it to my wife. The next morning the doorbell rang furiously while I was still in bed. I waited for the wife or the maid to respond, but both had gone out. Finally I went to the door myself. There was a foul letter carrier with that crazy letter, and I had to dig down and pay the two cents postage due. If I had given the letter to my wife she would have been still more firmly convinced that she was right."

Woman's Sense of Honor.

Much has been done by our own higher education and widening field of work, and a woman now despises what used to be by repute the most formidable weapons—a lie, tears and a skillful appeal to the vanity of man. The woman has often noticed the markedly greater breadth of view and the truer sense of honor among the presently girl students compared with that which obtained when she herself was a student, and which is still largely that of women of her own age today. An even more striking fact is that the majority of men do not seem to expect or have a sense of honor from women as they do from themselves. This mental atmosphere has merely a depressing effect upon the growth of that sense. Walter Jenkins, in London Spectator.

His Time-Saving Plan

"I rarely read a letter through," Grampell has said many times. "If it is from a girl, I can always gather from the first three lines what she is going to tell me, and I let the imagination do the rest. This plan works particularly well if the letter is in reply to an invitation. If I see that the note is short I know she accepts. If it is long, I know she can't go and is wasting four pages explaining why. Usually I don't care why—and think of all the time I save by not reading explanations!"

Grampell found his plan excellent when it came to dealing with Jeanette Tripps. She was an especially nice girl, but she possessed a superabundance of language. Jeanette always took 500 words to tell one 20 words of news and when she had paper and pen before her she rioted in her verbal wealth. It was after she wrote Grampell six large pages conveying the regretful news that she was unable to go to the theatre that he inaugurated his plan. Grampell never did more than tear open the envelopes of Jeanette's notes. If the writing was of formidable length he merely threw it into the waste paper basket and asked himself: "Who'll I ask now to go with me?"

Grampell invited Jeanette to join an opera party recently and when her answer came he knew it was short before he opened it.

"Good!" he murmured, pulling out the sheet. He lingered over throwing it away, because for some reason of late Jeanette had grown to interest him a good deal. But Grampell hates to break a habit. There were about six lines on the front page and he tossed the missive away cheerfully.

It was eight o'clock when Grampell in full regalia drew up at Jeanette's house and mounted the steps. The maid delivered her message as soon as she opened the door. "Miss Tripps," she recited, "said when you came you were to go to Mrs. Smith's if you please."

"Oh," said Grampell blankly. Then he decided that she must be dining out. The only Smiths who gave dinners were the Algernon Smiths, and they lived 20 blocks away.

Three policemen strained their voices shouting after Grampell's taxi as he shot through the streets. He was host at the opera party and would be late as it was. Dashing up the steps of the Algernon Smiths, on whom he had not a calling acquaintance, Grampell was ushered in. From the dining room came the clink and hum of a large dinner party. Presently Smith appeared. He was polite, but decidedly curious. Most evidently he could not recall having invited Grampell to dine. Also Miss Tripps was not there.

It was very awkward. Grampell had the consciousness that Smith would tell the servants immediately on his departure to watch the upstairs windows and the silver safe. Once outside Grampell wiped his wet brow and gazed wildly about in the cold night. Where in creation was Jeanette? Finding a drug store he called up Jeanette's house. Nobody was at home. The maid he had talked with was out. The other maid didn't know anything about it.

Grampell arrived at the theater pale and melted as to collar and he slunk down to his block of six seats like a criminal. The four persons already there greeted him with becoming hauteur and said: "Sh!" when he agonizedly started to apologize.

Something was happening on the stage, but Grampell never knew what it was. He was picturing the wrath of Jeanette waiting, hopelessly waiting for him at some mythical "Smiths'." Waiting and growing to hate lifa. Then the curtain fell and the lights went up.

Directly across the aisle from him, two rows down, sat Jeanette! Turning her head she saw him and smiled sweetly. It was not at all a look of indignation. Jeanette's mind seemed quite at peace. Grampell reached her side in three strides.

"Where were you?" he inquired, "Why didn't you wait for me? And what Smiths were you at?"

"What are you talking about?" demanded the young woman. "Didn't you get my letter? I wrote you that I had already promised to go to the opera tonight. The Smiths? I had was a message I left for the superintendent of my mission—he was to go to the Smiths for some books we had collected for the children. Isn't the music lovely tonight?"

Ancient Fountain Pen.

An illustration of an "everlasting" pen found with description in a manuscript dated 1726, and signed by Sieur Bion, "purveyor to the king and maker of mathematical instruments," Paris, appears in "Popular Mechanics." Like the modern fountain pen, it was made with three principal pieces. The central section contained the ink, which flowed to the pen through a perforation. The lower cap had a threaded rod in its center, which closed this perforation in the ink container when screwed into place. The upper end of the ink container was closed by a checked cap provided with a hand [illegible] point covered by still another cap.

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