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fresh & wholesome**

F. O. Stone

1 CENTS TO PARTICULAR PEOPLE

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Late Popular Songs and Instrumental
Selections, Friday and Saturday only *10c the copy*

Fresh After Dinner Mints and Har-
lequin Jellies *10c the pound*

Popular Fiction at 10c a copy *25c for three*

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The famous Black and White Cigar—the best five
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DRY AND DEEP. CAUGHT A SEVERE COLD**

These Symptoms Call for Dr. King's New Discovery, With a Re-
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Dr. King's New Discovery is not a cure all. It is prepared to treat and relieve every kind of cough and cold of infants, children, adults and aged. It was originated during a severe cough epidemic 43 years ago, was an immediate success and is probably the most used cough and cold prescription in the world. Your money refunded if Dr. King's New Discovery does not relieve you.

Don't put off getting relief. Buy a bottle from your drug-
gist today.

"It cured me of a dreadful cough," writes Mrs. J. F. Davis, Stickney Corner, Me., "after doctor's treatment and all other remedies had failed." Excellent for coughs, colds or any bronchial affection.

Mrs. A. F. Merz, of Glen Ellyn, Ill., writes: "I had a hard, stubborn cough that I had doctored for over six weeks without my getting any better. Our druggist finally recommended Dr. King's New Discovery and my husband bought a dollar bottle. After using two-thirds of it my trouble eased down, and it was not long till I was completely cured. Dr. King's New Discovery surely deserves all the praise it gets." Sold by

BARRINGTON PHARMACY

**BRIEF MENTION OF
NEWS ABOUT TOWN**

ON THE WRONG TRAIL

BY FRANCES SMITH.

Agropes of the leading incident here is related. I will say that I was never other than a theoretical expert.

The only excitement I ever had, except getting enough to eat, was a love affair with my early twenties. The object of my affections was a little brunette with more brains than either I had two rivals; Mr. Bonny, minister, whose physique, finances and prospects were light; Mr. Madge, grocer, whose physique, prospects and finances heavy.

When my ardor had reached the speaking point, I said:
"Madge, will you marry?"
"Yes," said Madge.
"That's fine," I murmured, "how I love you."
"Well," she murmured back, "what of it?"
"Why, we are going to be one, aren't we?"
"It appears to me that you are already won," she smiled. "Who is the other one?"
"You."
"Who?"
"You."
"Yes, me—I mean you!"
"Oh! At last she understood.
"Where are we all three going to live?"
"You know," Mr. Bonny—
"A horrible idea!" "Great heavens!" I cried, "is he going to marry you, too?"
"That's what he said," averred Madge.
"He never shall!" I swore. "I'll kill him like I would a buffalo."
"I think Madge laughs too much sometimes."
"The idea of you k-i-l-l-i-n-g a b-u-f-f-a-l-o! I'll tell you what I'll do— I'll marry the first one of you that k-i-l-l-s a b-u-f-f-a-l-o!"
I would rather Madge had accepted me in a more conventional manner, but suppressing all selfish considerations, I cried: "Done!" and was off to challenge Bonny. He accepted readily.

A week later found us camped in the then sparsely buffalo-settled region of Colorado. The first day we spent trying to get suggestions relative to buffalo hunting. These suggestions were discussed over our coffee that evening.

"Cowboys (all men west of the Mississippi were cowboys to him) are cowards," said Bonny. "I asked one of them 'if you were I where would you go to hunt buffaloes?' 'Where I would be least likely to find them,' he replied. 'My good man,' said I, kindly tell me how you do bring down a buffalo.' He took another chew of tobacco and squinting one eye, replied: 'I shoot them in their tracks. That is the best place for you to shoot a buffalo, young man, right in its track, and the older the tracks are, the better.'"
My own information had been more practical. I had been told to lasso my buffalo and tie it to the nearest tree, where I could shoot it without danger, at least to the buffalo, my informant added absent mindedly.

Unfortunately, I forgot my lasso the next morning and had to depend entirely upon my gun.

While we lunched Bonny was apparently seized with an attack of delirium tremens.

"Buffalo, buffalo!" he shrieked, and danced about.

"A cluster of them?" I asked.

"Only a solitary," he shouted, "but it's mine and mounting his horse he backed rapidly away, presumably to keep the buffalo in sight while he circled it. Rival as he was, I had to admit that it was the tactic of a bravo man."

As for me, I bodily started toward the buffalo. I had gone but a short distance when I came an old dugout which had partly filled, leaving enough ingress for a man nearly half my size to crawl through. The animal, scenting danger, approached me. Fearing lest I frighten it away, I got as far as I could into the dugout. The buffalo came on, its head lowered, its tail furiously lashing at the flies on, until it was within twenty feet of me! I slipped the rest of the way into the dugout, and though my heart beat like a sledge hammer, I coolly put my gun to my shoulder, braced myself firmly against the farthest wall, and with bated breath watched the majestic creature move slowly by and out of range of my gun. He seemed to pursue, but found that it would require an hour's work with my knife to enlarge the ingress sufficiently for me to get out, and the buffalo had escaped, and in the distance I beheld Bonny spurring his horse to full speed. I was disgusted with Bonny. Why should he sit easily on his horse within a mile of the buffalo, let it escape him, and then exhibit such trepidation because it had done so?

On the return I found a couple of men skinning buffaloes. I bought a hide, went on and was first to reach camp. Fresh soon Bonny arrived.

"Well," said he.
"Well," said I.
"What do you think of that?" and he unrolled a fresh hide.
"I think you are about as smart as I am," I gravely answered. "Where did you shoot your buffalo?"
"Right in its tracks!" said Bonny.
"While we were at such other a 'colloc' telegram was brought us. It read:
"Don't say buffalo. I have married Madge—B. Bonny."

Edward Ahlgrim visited relatives at Butternut, Wisconsin, Sunday.

R. G. Munday returned Tuesday from a business trip to Aurora.

Bert Henderson of Harvard visited friends and relatives here yesterday.

Mrs. P. Jacobson and daughter Miss spent Sunday in Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Mrs. Herbert Bowen and Mrs. Era Meier were Chicago visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Balnes of Winnetka were callers here the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Melners of Lake street visited the C. C. Bruns family at Elgin Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Stalk of Chicago visited Sunday at the Wagner home on Grove avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Gottlieb Helmerding spent Sunday in Chicago with Mrs. Ernest Helmerding.

A. S. Henderson and son Rex and C. R. Boyce attended the funeral at Harvard Sunday of Mrs. Bert Henderson.

Misses Winifred Oils and Natalie Gillette attended the Chicago-Illinois football game in Chicago Saturday.

Charles Abbott returned to his home in Imogene, Iowa, Saturday after a brief visit at the home of A. L. Robertson.

Mr. and Mrs. Peake and Mr. and Mrs. Orr of the Hawthorne farms attended a banquet in Chicago last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Alexander have moved from the Brookway house on Cook and Russell streets to the Klison flat on Station street.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Bodt left Tuesday for Lexington, Oregon, where they will spend the winter with their daughter, Mrs. Chris Christensen.

The members of the Merri Octavus card club are arranging a series of dances to be given this winter. The first one will probably be held in a few weeks.

Mrs. August Klein spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. George Landwer of Irving Park, who has just recovered from an attack of diphtheria.

The local Order of Eastern Star will give a "hard times" party at their hall Friday evening, November 21. Gentlemen will be included and many outsiders will be invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Maynard have moved from the Marshall house to the house in the rear of Schauble's shop recently vacated by Mr. Maynard's mother, who has moved to the Peack flat on Station street.

Miss Grace Freeman entertained a large company of her friends at her home at a halloween party last week Thursday. Quite elaborate preparations had been made and everyone seemed to have a good time.

Mrs. A. E. Benton has left Smith Center, Iowa, where she has passed the summer with George M. Church, and is now visiting with her brother, Charles Church, at Osage, Iowa. She writes under date of October 30: "We have had considerable snow and it is very cold here for the time of the year."

Marshall Peters secured Charles Hutchinson and F. J. Kramer to serve as night watchmen halloween and the evening passed off very quietly. The only act of vandalism committed was the removal of a sign belonging to Mr. Munday from his sub-division to a down town corner. Several parties furnished amusement for the young people.

A team of horses belonging to W. I. Martin and driven by one of his men, ran away while in town last Saturday morning and broke a city water hydrant on Walnut street. When informed of the affair Mr. Martin signified his willingness to pay for the hydrant and cost of installing. His wagon was damaged slightly but neither horse was injured.

Two New Tailors.

There is no longer any excuse for Barringtonians going about with shabby clothes and baggy trousers at the knees, for the towns supply of tailors has been augmented by two. Mash Peack has secured a helper and William Francis, manager of the men's furnishing goods department of A. W. Meyer's store has employed a tailor and that store is now ready to do repairing, cleaning, pressing and drying as well as furnishing new clothes.

Saved His Foot.

H. D. Ely, of Bannock, O., suffered from horrible ulcers on his foot for four years. Doctors advised amputation, but he refused and reluctantly tried Bock's Aural Balm as a last resort. He then wrote: "I tried your salve and my foot was soon completely cured." Dear reader, get a box today. Only 50c. Recommended by Barrington Pharmacy—Adv.

**MOVING
PICTURES**

at the
VILLAGE HALL

Every Wednesday
and Friday night

2 Shows, 7:15, 8:30 p. m.

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