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Barrington
Local Happenings Told
In Short Paragraphs

Miles T. Lamey is the sole editor and publisher of the BARRINGTON REVIEW and the impression in some people's minds that the editor is other than he is an erroneous one. The policy of this paper is under his strict supervision.

Mrs. William Howarth on Monday started for a month's visit in Denver.

For RENT—On Madison street, 7 room house. City water. H. J. HOLLOFF, if.

On account of the Desplains camp meeting there will be no service in the M. E. Church for the next two weeks.

Miss Ethel Goddard left Monday for a visit in central Illinois in the vicinity of her former home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mack of West Chicago called on friends, and relatives here last Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. F. N. Lapham, here for a few days visit with Mrs. Snack at Lakeside, Ohio.

Work on Dr. Richardson's new house on Main street has begun. It will be thoroughly modern and for rent.

Mrs. Sanford Peck went to Edgewater Wednesday to visit for a few days with Mr. Peck's sister, Mrs. Good.

Miss Dora Stiefenhofer of Winnetka, Indiana, came Sunday to visit for two weeks at her brother's George Stiefenhofer's.

Mrs. S. E. Walters of Albany, Wis. is here to spend about two months with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Atkinson.

Call at Grebe's and examine their combination Range. It will burn wood, coal and gas, one stove will do your cooking and baking all the year around.

John Rookwood will hold a sale of household goods, Saturday morning, July 29th, at nine o'clock at his home on Williams street, in the former creamery building.

A real estate deal was recorded this week in Lake County as follows: A. W. Meyer and wife to T. J. Dockery, by L. Block 2. Applebee's addition, Barrington, W. D. 8590.

Mrs. L. H. Bennett entertained Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Lindsay and son Harold from Thursday to last Sunday. They are from Belle Plaine, Iowa, apt-Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Lindsay are sisters.

People from Barrington and Elgin were noticed driving and motoring across country the middle of the week to the three days racing meet at the Libertyville Trotting Association's track.

The company of H. J. LZgeschulte and George Hager are raising, enlarging and improving the barn on their Williams street property. They will use it as a ware house for lumber, oak and doors.

The ball game Saturday resulted in defeat of the Y. M. C. A. team. The Oak club of Chicago won by a score of 4 to 2. Saturday the Y. M. C. A. and the Barrington Base Ball club will play on Spunner field.

If you wish to take advantage of the two-cents a mile rate now given on all railroads, buy a ticket before taking your train, obtaining the conductor. It is required to collect three cents a mile for cash fares, as is announced on placards in all depots.

About twenty couple attended the Saturday night dance in the village hall given by Martin and Foreman. The dance was a nice party though small. Two dances at Lake Zurich attracted some away from here.

Leo Brinker who lives west of town was surprised by a party of twenty boys and girls Monday night. Grace Palmer and Laura Brommelkamp planned the surprise and all had a good time with games and supper.

If you painted your gasoline cans bright red, oil merchants and housewives? The law in effect July first demands this to ensure safety. Red cans for gasoline and no other oil in red cans. Lamey & Co. sell red paint.

The annual racket made by the Episcopal choir boys of Chicago who pass through here yearly to camp in Bang's lake was heard Tuesday morning in the down town streets. Before they and their baggage were packed in vehicles, the babies district was full of giggling, peeling boys.

Barrington will be favored with another Chautauqua this Summer. E. W. Chaffin will be here and other talent better than last year. From August 6th to 11th inclusive will be a week of entertainment and music and temperance. A larger tent than that of last year will be placed in Hollof field on Lake street.

Charles Thies has gone to Denver on a six weeks visit.

Mrs. Charlotte Ward of St. Charles is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ann Donlea.

Buy your paints, oils, varnishes, brushes, etc. at LAMMY & COMPANY.

Charles Winters and family have gone to New York to spend the summer at the seashore.

Some of the business houses were closed Thursday afternoon during the funeral of Frank Robertson.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Apply in person to Mrs. Arthur Weichel, Lake street.

Best Standard Binder Twelve, 30c per pound at Grebe's Hardware, get your order in before we are all sold out.

Last evening about sixty friends of Miss Lizzie Melners gave her a birthday surprise party. Games and refreshments were in order until a late hour.

A lawn party was given at the A. H. Hoehner home last Friday night by Misses Louise, Bechner and Myrtle Plagge in honor of their friend, Miss Illiana Reuteke of Chicago, sister of Mrs. Henry Miller of Walnut street. The young people numbered twenty-four. They spent the evening playing games, singing and making all the noise they pleased. The evening was a fine one for a lawn affair.

LAKE ZURICH

Try the Economy Fruit jars at A. W. Meyer's.

Miss Emma Schafer returned home after a week's stay at Cary.

Mrs. Dr. Piggott of Chicago is spending a few weeks at E. A. Ficke's.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blackie of Chicago visited at L. Selp's Sunday.

Miss Otto Frank, Lydia and Tillie Holmeyer went to Glenview Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Seip and son Bert visited at Roseville Saturday and Sunday.

Carl Ernst attended the funeral of Frank Robertson in Barrington Thursday.

Ladies Aid Society of the St. Peter's church are preparing for a picnic to be held July 29th.

Bathing has been good of late and many are indulging in the pleasure. Bathing Suits at A. W. Meyer's.

Wm. Rickman will give another dance July 29th at the Lake Shore Pavilion. A good time is promised to all.

A real estate deal is recorded as follows: C. L. Hokenmeyer and wife to John Hirt, lots 4 and 5, Clark's subdiv. W. D. 8299.

Services at Baptist Church.

Saturday evening, 7:30, prayer and praise service.

Sunday, 10:29 a. m., "The Majesty of Aggressiveness," 7:39 p. m., "The Eye of God."

Sunday School and I. L. N. at 11:45 a. m.

Young People's Meeting at 8:15 p. m.

You are all cordially invited to worship with us.

V. V. PHILLIPS, Pastor.

THE BOARDING HOUSE.

Advantages of Its Pacific Influence in Married Life.

"Oh, dear, but this boarding house life is simply awful!" said the sweet young thing as she stowed her hot chocolate at a Chestnut street soda counter in company with an elderly fair companion. "I really don't see how you stand it," she continued in the same plaintive voice. "At an age I shouldn't if I were happily married, as you are. I would have a home of my own, a cozy little place where there would be just myself and husband, serene and happy in our knowledge of each other's love." The older woman's eyes twinkled, albeit there was a somewhat grim look about the corners of her mouth, as she made reply: "My dear, you are very young and have lots to learn. Some unmarried philosophers on married life tell us that the boarding house is a feeder for the divorce courts and that it breeds discord for married people. Don't you believe them. When you have been married to a mere man as long as I have, you will find that the knowledge that your next room neighbor can hear if your voice is raised in anger and will tell your fellow boarders if you are heard to quarrel will have a valuable deterrent effect on not only yourself, but your lord and master as well, and many a cross word will be stifled in birth rather than have your disagreements published to the household."

Below Stairs

By Will A. Page.
 Copyright, 1927, by C. H. Sichel.

Evans, the butler, was industriously reading the newspaper out loud. On the other side of the table Mr. Mortimer, the coachman, was mending his work.

"The darling robbers then bundled up their booty and decamped," the pompous butler read very loudly, "leaving the detective officers baffled without a clue. As there was no evidence that the robbers had been forced or locked tampered with, the detectives were at first inclined to suspect the servants, but as Mr. Walcott declared he had the most faith in them the police were not allowed to search their rooms."

Mortimer, oblivious of the newspaper, did not reply when Evans started reading as though expecting some comment.

"I say, Mortimer, old chap, that isn't such a bad haul, is it? The paper says they got away with \$20,000 worth of silver."

"Bad haul?" queried Mortimer.

"What are you talking about?"

"Talking about," repeated Evans, disgusted. "Why, what else should I be talking about but the big robbery down the street at old man Walcott's house?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you were reading anything of importance." "I should say it was of importance. As the servants there are suspected, I had naturally picked you in an awkward position."

"What do you mean?"

"Are you all servants? And if one of the fashionable families takes up a feud with all the other fashionable families follow suit?"

"Nonsense, Evans. You're an old fool."

"I tell you," persisted Evans, "that if the Walcott servants are suspected of dishonesty the servants of every fashionable family in the city will have to clear their characters."

"Why, are you well known to the missus, I have been with her six years, yet you dare—"

"And Mortimer rose, flourishing his whip."

"I don't mean you," asserted Evans. "It's Miss Charlotte who is more likely to be suspected."

Mortimer resisted the inclination to strike the fellow, though he was strongly tempted. "Don't let her soundings then," Evans, with a muttered imprecation, rushed to a small mirror hanging on the kitchen wall, primed himself and looked elaborately to Charlotte, the maid newly come to service, who happened to be entering the kitchen at that particular moment.

"Now, then, you stupid," spoke in Charlotte, "you almost made me drop the china-ware."

Charlotte bowed, without speaking, to Mortimer, who commenced to inspect the wall with a doubtful anxiety. So fast herself at the gas stove making chocolate, and neither spoke a word for several moments. Then Evans broke in hurriedly upon them.

"It's a detective," he cried, rushing across the room toward the door which led into the front basement. "I seen it on the card he sent up to the missus. A. L. Walker, detective, Hokenmeyer's; that's what the card said. He opened the door into the basement."

"But what does he want?" inquired Charlotte.

"Just what I'm going to find out. There's a furnace pipe in there that is loose, and it opens right under where the detective is sitting. I can hear every word." And he disappeared into the cellar.

"I'm afraid Mr. Evans is not troubled by scruples, Mr. Mortimer," said Charlotte, turning to the gas stove again. It always thought letters a bad lot.

"I'm glad you think so," began Mortimer.

"Why, Mr. Mortimer, what do you mean?"

"Of course one can't be jealous of a butler," broke in Mortimer, dropping the whip.

"Jealous? Well, I like that!" with a toss of the head.

"Perhaps I shouldn't say jealous," continued Mortimer, stashed. "But, you see, I wanted to ask you—"

"If you'd spend your next evening out with me, unless you have some other engagement."

"Next evening?" Thursday?" said Charlotte coquettishly. "No, I don't think I'll have anything on my card."

"Then I'll put you down for next Thursday, Miss Charlotte. Thanks!"

"Oh, you say so for the grand opera, Mr. Mortimer?"

"No, Miss Charlotte; for the coachman's ball."

"Of course, my dear," repeated Charlotte enthusiastically. "Oh, how joy! I've always wanted to go to a coachman's ball. It's—It's rather exclusive, isn't it?"

"I should say so," answered Mortimer proudly. "Only those who drive for the west end families are eligible."

The sudden falling over of the milk interference with the pleasant anticipations of future happiness, and Mortimer was dispatched posthaste to the dining room to secure some chocolate. Charlotte, left alone, reached for her pocket and drew a letter in the pocket of her apron. Evidently she was deeply interested, for she read and reread the letter several times. Then she untied the handkerchief, disclosed a large diamond ring and tried it on several fingers.

"Cracky! A diamond!" cried Evans, entering suddenly from the cellar.

Charlotte hastily returned the ring to her pocket.

"It's my own," she declared. "It was given to me by a dear old lady who has just died."

"Start and nonsense!" broke in the man roughly. "It's the dirt and some one stole from the missus. I bear all about it through the stove pipe. The detective is looking for it now. He's going to search the house."

"But it's mine, I say—"

"Ah, your game is up, my girl. Give the ring and the won't let. Say you'll marry me. I can sell the diamond!"

"Let me go. You hurt me. Help! Let me go!"

"Perhaps you'll be good enough to oblige the lady," said Mortimer, striding down to Evans and giving him a twist on the collar. "He off with you!"

Evans withdrew, but she said slyly, "I'm going to tell the detective," he cried roughly. "Then we'll see whose turn it will be."

The man rushed out of the kitchen angrily. Charlotte's heart reeled. "Who is he going to tell the detective?" asked Mortimer.

"He—he thinks I have stolen this diamond," she answered, showing the ring.

"My God! Where did you get that ring?" cried Mortimer. "And he says you stole it? Quick—give it to me before the detective comes. I'll say I took it."

"But it's mine—really—"

"Then what does he mean? Ah, I know you wouldn't steal a ring, Miss Charlotte, you wouldn't steal anything more than you've already stolen, my heart—but if I can help you only say the word."

Evans entered a few minutes later at an unfortunate moment. He was decidedly gloomy.

"Fine joke, you people may call this, making game of a man," he muttered, crossing to the cellar door. "Who is the detective—you told him?" eagerly asked Mortimer.

"Yes, I told him. I goes upstairs and tells the missus and the detective just as he is about to leave that her maid says as how she stole the diamond ring and is waiting in the kitchen to be arrested. At that the detective and the missus commenced to laugh, and the detek he says: 'Guilty conscience, my lady. Watch that maid. Some day she'll steal preserves.' And he goes out laughing. And then the missus turns to me and says, 'Evans, the detective found my ring under the hall rug, where it had fallen.' 'All right, ma'am,' says I, looking out, for I saw something very queer."

"While on the subject, Evans," continued the missus, "perhaps you will explain just how you learned I had lost a diamond ring. I never told you." And so I was caught, and the best I could do was to say that one of the furnace pipes was loose and that I happened to be in the cellar by accident. Now the missus has given me orders to fix that furnace pipe."

And he gloomily plunged into the cellar.

"I'm really believed I had stolen the ring," said Charlotte.

"Not once, I was prepared to swear I had stolen it, because I love you."

A terrific crash from the cellar interrupted them again at a critical moment.

"What's that?" cried Charlotte.

"I think the furnace pipe must have fallen on Evans," answered Mortimer cheerily, taking her in his arms.

"Poor Evans," murmured Charlotte. "And we'll see my diamond ring as an engagement ring. We must save money now, you know."

Don't Sleep When You Read.

The habit of sleeping over a book reading or writing has a bad effect on most eyes and should be avoided, especially if one is nearsighted. When people approach the age of forty the reading paper is apt to appear blurred, and they complain the printing is getting bad. The trouble is they need glasses. If they do not get them, their eyes will deteriorate so rapidly they will be obliged to wear them all the time. On the other hand, if a person puts on glasses when the first warning of "faded eyes" is received, he will never be obliged to wear them the rest of his life except when doing the work.

A Winner.

Mrs. Goldfurner is an amiable girl, that you should propose to my daughter. You have not known her a week. The Why Sallor—Time, my farm. But I have known you for some time, and everybody says your daughter takes after you. (He got the girl.)

Forgetful.

Hostess—Oh, professor, haven't you forgotten your wife? Professor—There I knew I'd forgotten something—Punch.

Perhaps the most remarkable impostor was George Palmamator, who invented a language and wrote a literature in it.

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