

Barrington Review

M. T. LAMEY, Ed. and Pub.
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.

They can send the suffragettes to jail, but they don't seem to be quite able to shut them up.

Oregon produces a peach weighing 7 1/2 ounces. Cleveland has hundreds of 'em that average 135 pounds.

Prof. Starr denies that the Filipinos are lazy, and this Chicago takes the credit for settling another world problem.

It begins to look now as though balloons fall to earth not less often but more easily than aviators of aeroplanes.

Society, says Lady Randolph Churchill, has no brain. For society's rector read that sentence without the commas.

The New York Times says: "Old gas meters must go." Must? Great Scott, do the old things ever do anything else?

Exchange says: "Cranberries are a good liver corrective." But what possessor of a good liver wants any corrections made?

A Danish woman with 24 children has just landed in New York. A few more families like this from Denmark and the servant girl problem will be solved.

The crown princess of Germany is colonel of the regiment in which her husband is major. That's about the relative rank of ordinary married couples in this country.

So far there are 16 signs of a severe winter and only seven of a mild one. The old-fashioned forecasts are getting to be almost as mixed as those of the weather bureau.

In a recent address to the people of Sarvia Crown Prince George said: "I hope that in a few days we shall be able to give our lives for the king and the fatherland." The crown prince should take something for his liver and try to get over his pessimism.

A foreman at Stoughton is fined \$30 for conducting a raffle. He should learn the American method, says the Brockton Enterprise. He should run his raffle under the auspices of some church or society, call the prizes "donations" and snap his fingers at the law. It is all in the form, not the spirit, of the doing.

The smallest orchid grown has an imposing name. It is the Bulbophyllum Lemnicatoides. The B. L. would not make a buttonhole, as you can only see the blossom under a microscope, and it will be hard to get to the royal gardens for a manly decoration. Nothing has ever proved superior to that ideally fragrant flower.

Notice has been given to British subjects at Tangier, Morocco, by the British consulate that his majesty's government will release any British advance money as ransom in the event of their being captured by brigands either in or outside the town. This decision has been received with great indignation by the British colony.

New York has discovered a new and unique use for prisons. A man there who killed two very bad men in self-defense pleaded guilty to manslaughter, so he might be sent to prison, out of reach of the "gangs" of the men he killed. In other words, he saw no way of saving his own life except to be locked up. As havens of refuge this is a decidedly new role for prisons to play. And the incident does not speak in trumpet praise for the metropolis' ability to protect life.

William M. Chase, at the request of the Italian government, painted a portrait of himself this summer to hang in the saloon of modern painters in the Uffizi palace in Florence. The picture was done at a single sitting of three hours. It hangs opposite a portrait of John Singer Sargent, also painted by the subject at the request of the government. The only other portrait of an American painter in the gallery is that of G. P. A. Healy. The two saloons of painters in the palace contain the portraits of famous artists of all nations nearly all done by the artists themselves.

The French concern which has ordered aeroplanes to be designed by American inventors refuses to explain as to what use the flying machines will be put, saying the matter is a secret, but intimates in dispatches from Paris that the aeroplanes will be for naval purposes, and that hereafter such appliances may be expected to play an important part in war maneuvers on the water. And who are watching the experiments at Fort Meyer, Va., are certain the army must have flying machines. Things are being revolutionized rapidly.

No, the new coat isn't bob-tailed. Its causal appendage is not "naked to the visible eye," as Mr. Aldrich remarked to the telegraph operator who had his instrument turned on Venus, but it can be detected through a powerful telescope.

The New York Mail maintains that "Bulgaria" is the name of a sleeping car. The Richmond Times Dispatch is sure that "Herzogovina" is an order of goulash. Then Bosnia is a glass of silverite. This also encourages the Cleveland Leader to ask: Which can we Serbia?

What Is Hell? Whatever It May Be It's Not Annihilation

By REV. DR. ROBERT S. MACARTHUR, New York.



We do not understand our Lord to speak of literal fire. Literal fire could act only on material bodies, but the devil and his angels have no such bodies, and yet we are told that they are to suffer the torments of eternal fire. Neither do we suppose that streets of gold and gates of pearl constitute the essential elements of heaven, but they are symbols of the purity of heart and life, and the glory of the environment, of its blessed inhabitants. In like manner the material descriptions of hell are the best pictures of the unutterable wretchedness of its guilty subjects.

We speak of hell as a place, but its essential elements, as we have already implied, are found in the inward conditions and not the outward circumstances. The external and material description is the reflection of the internal and spiritual condition. If we study carefully the account of man's creation we shall see that his soul was made in the image of God and that it partakes of God's immortality. When God breathed into him the breath of life and he became a living soul he partook of the immortality of the Creator himself.

To assume that when eternal death is threatened annihilation is declared is to rob the word of God of its glory, and language of its true significance. We know that the world is to be burned up, but we know also that combustion is not annihilation.

In no instance are we warranted in saying that God will ever destroy a human soul. He certainly does not destroy Satan. Nowhere are we taught that death is a cessation of being. Annihilation, furthermore, is contradictory to all the passages of Scripture which represent punishment as eternal.

The interpretation which closes hell closes heaven. The exegesis which would end the sufferings of the lost must end also the blessedness of the saved; the reasoning which would make the sufferings of the wicked cease would bring the existence of God to an end.

Selfish Egotism and Wife Murder

By UGO OJETTI, Famous Italian Revoltist.

Which is the more respected, a deceived husband who puts his wife out of his house, or an assassin? At first, while the revolver is still hot or the knife still bloody, public opinion, at any rate in the primitive state of civilization in which Italian morals rest to-day, may be favorable to the wife-slayer, although an instinctive generosity makes it more favorable to one who kills a man, his rival, than to one who kills a woman, defenseless and ill.

But we must accompany the wife-slayer beyond his crime, beyond his trial, beyond his probable acquittal. He is a man condemned to live alone forever. Between him and his most intimate friends, if he still have any, there will always be the remembrance and the real shadow of his crime. In all men, even the freest, and in the vilest, the instinct of respect for human life, except in the fleeting intoxication of passion, is profound, unconquerable, constantly watchful, because it is founded on the most reasonable of selfishness—love of one's own self.

So long as the wife-slayer struggles, defends himself, despairs, and especially declaims, the listening crowd is moved. But when he has returned to his normal life, and with his emotions the emotions of the spectators have died out, then the assassin, even though acquitted and applauded, becomes again merely an assassin—that is, he excites a shudder which is a form of potential fear and is stronger than all grandiloquence about his honor and his crimes of honor. It is even felt that honor is nothing but a rhetoric veil of egotism; that the hero is rather he who in battle has killed thousands of persons in defense of his lives, our possessions, our present and future peace, and never the wretched man who has slain to defend his own caprice, his own passion, his own pride, his own property. Such a man, then, appears to us what he really is—a pitiful and crazy egotist.

And men never understand the egotist of others.

The Tramp and the "Transient"

By W. H. VERN, Detroit.

When the average citizen passes a ragged, shambling bit of humanity on the street, he is apt to repeat to himself: "Only a tramp," and to let him go at that. He thinks that he knows. He is not likely to reflect that the uncouth is "a bit of humanity," nor is he inclined to trouble himself as to the "why" of the man's condition. The word "tramp" is used to characterize a multitude of men who deserve a better name. Webster tells us it is "often used in a bad sense for a vagrant or wandering vagabond."

Those who come in close contact with the men of the country draw a line between the so-called "tramp" and the "transient." The former is a very small class compared with the latter. During 1907 the McGregor mission became the temporary home for 7,300 different men, which means that on an average of 20 new men were applied for a lodging each night of the year, and that does not take account of those who came back more or less frequently. It would be placing the figures altogether too high to say that the "three hundred" represented the number of bone dry tramps—the men who will not work, but who only work those who do work.

As a matter of fact, the real "gentleman of the road" does not often avail himself of the accommodations of a carefully managed mission or lodging house. He fears a too close contact with bath, fumigation or the woodpile. For him the "side-door Pullman" or the docks offer better attractions for a place in which to work Morpheus.

On the other hand, the "transient" welcomes what the tramp shuns. The former is grateful for the shower bath after his dusty journey, for the cleansing which his wardrobe receives, and he relishes better the food placed before him if he has worked for it, or knows that he can work for more.

JOHN HENRY ON LAWMAKERS

BY GEO. V. HOBART, ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bunch: I've been in this burg for a few hours mingling with the lawmakers, and it isn't such expensive mingling at that—only about 50 kopecks to the hour. This afternoon I was introduced to a couple of hand-made politicians, and they certainly did hand me a scream. These two language-killers have been political enemies for years, and every time they meet they simply stand around and throw worn-out words at each other.

One of them listens to the name of Mike, and the other will squeeze up to the bar and nominate his brew if you call him Rudolph.

Some of their last names—well, in the interests of good government I won't mention them. Suffice it to say that Mike bears the same relation to Albany politics that a mustard plaster does to a cold on the chest—even if he doesn't get there, he leaves his mark.

When Mike reached the age of discretion he decided to become a great man, so he opened a saloon and became "Bunch."

I was standing in front of the Ten Eyck talking with Mike when Rudolph, his lifelong opponent, bore down upon us.

Just to show me a good time, Mike immediately stopped Rudolph and asked him if business was good in his lemon.

"Ha! ha!" roared Rudolph, like an old war-horse answering the bugle-call: "I challenge you to a joint debate!"

"All right," said Mike; "let us go to my joint and have it."

They did so, and I followed on. Never before in Albany were there so many quick questions and loose answers.

"Two beers what will you have?" inquired Mike.

"Make mine the same," answered Rudolph.

"You are my opponent, I believe?" said Mike.

"Your belief gives me much pleasure," said Rudolph, with a tall, fat bow.

"How long have you been in politics?" asked Mike.

"Not so long as to be out," answered Rudolph, with a tall, fat bow.

"Score one for Rudolph," said the referee.

"One what?" asked Mike.

"Make it a beer," answered Rudolph.

"Do you know Demosthenes?" asked Mike, winking at the bartender.

"Yes; his first name is Abe, and he works in a sweet-shop near the N. Y. Central depot," said Rudolph.

Mike began to look worried.

"I wish to conduct this joint debate according to the rules," said Mike.

"All right," said Rudolph; "make mine the same!"

"Do you know Socrates?" asked Mike.

"Do you mean the guy that runs the factory?"

"One of Them Listens to the Name of Mike."

butcher-shop over at Troy" said Rudolph.

PE-RU-NA AS A LAST RESORT



MR. WM. F. VAHLBERG, Mr. William F. Vahlberg, Oklahoma City, Okla., writes: "One bottle of Peruina which I have taken did more toward relieving me of an aggravated case of catarrh of the stomach, than years of treatment with the best physicians."

"I had given up hopes of relief, and only tried Peruina as a last resort."

"I shall continue using it, as I feel satisfied it will effect an entire and permanent cure."

"I most cheerfully recommend Peruina to all who may read this."

Peruina is usually taken as a last resort. Doctors have been tried and failed. Other remedies have been used. Sanitariums have been visited. Travel has been resorted to.

At last Peruina is tried. Relief is found.

This history is repeated over and over again, every day in the year. It is such results as this that give Peruina its unassailable hold upon the world. We could say nothing that would add force to such testimonials as the above.

That people who have had catarrh and have tried every other remedy available, and relief in Peruina, should be the best argument that could be made.

COLDS FROM EXPOSURE

to all kinds of inclement weather are of such common occurrence that they are not generally considered dangerous. This is a great mistake. Serious illness often follows in the wake of a neglected cold.

DR. D. JAYNE'S Expectorant

has been successful for seventy-eight years in curing Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, and Pleurisy. It is also a standard remedy for Croup, Whooping Cough, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest and Asthma.

Cure your cold now—go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. Three sizes, \$1.00, 50c, and 25c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, which will cure your cold, cough, or asthma, is "down" from a severe cold.

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Over 10,000 settlers from the United States. New districts opened for settlement. 220 acres of land to each settler. 11c.—150 free homestead and 160 at \$3.00 per acre.

A vast rich country and a contented prosperous people. "Extract from correspondence of a National Editor, who said in Western Canada is a dream of a better life."

Many have paid the entire cost of their farms and had a balance left over. Spring wheat, winter wheat, oats, barley, flax and peas are the principal crops. The wild grasses bring to perfection the best cattle that have ever been sold on the Chicago market.

Sprinkled climate, schools and churches in all localities. Railways touch most of the territory, and prices for produce are always good. Lands may also be purchased from railway and land companies.

For pamphlets, maps and information regarding low railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the authorized Canadian Government Agents.

380 Acre Farm. Price \$1,000. 380 Acre Farm. Price \$1,000. 380 Acre Farm. Price \$1,000.

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