

C. & N. W. RAIL ROAD TIME CARD, BARRINGTON

A-Trains marked with prefix "A" leave from Annex, Wells Street Station. All other trains leave from main train shed.

WEEK DAY TRAINS				SUNDAY TRAINS			
Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive
7:45am	8:55am	8:30am	9:40am	9:30am	10:40am	9:30am	10:40am
8:05	9:15	8:45	9:55	9:50	11:00	9:50	11:00
10:45	11:55	10:30	11:40	11:50	1:00	11:50	1:00
1:00	2:10	1:45	2:55	12:45pm	1:55	12:45	1:55
*11:20pm	*12:30pm	2:30	3:40	1:00	2:10	2:15	3:25
11:30	12:40	2:45	3:55	1:15	2:25	2:30	3:40
3:27	4:37	3:00	4:10	4:45	5:55	5:45	7:00
4:55	6:05	3:45	4:55	6:40	7:50	8:5	9:45
6:12	7:22	4:00	5:10	8:25	9:35	9:15	10:25
6:54	8:04	4:15pm	5:25pm	11:45	12:55		
7:56	9:06	4:30	5:40				
8:40	9:50	4:45	5:55				
8:57	10:07	4:55	6:05				
8:55	10:05	5:00	6:10				
11:05	12:15	5:15	6:25				
A14:25	15:35						

*Saturday only.

BARRINGTON REVIEW

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M. T. Laney, Editor and Publisher

Subscription price \$1.50 per year in advance. Advertising rates upon application.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1908

A Chance to Protect Labor.

Dispatches from the old country state that the result of the national election here was celebrated in many parts of Europe where there were returned immigrants in great numbers. Moreover, these immigrants promptly packed their chests to return and get another slice of our prosperity. When leaving us in the dull time they carried away over \$100,000,000 of our money, and having disposed of it, they are coming for another big haul, cheered by the stay at home, who profit one way and another by the venture.

No doubt the foreign steamship companies had agents in the front ranks of the shouters during these public rejoicings, some of which, we are told, were zealously encouraged by the local authorities. The demonstrators were not for America at all, but for the gold that is to be found here. When these raiders land here again they should be shown that America is for people who believe in the country they stand by through thick and thin. We have unemployed labor here, and no alien should get a job so long as there is an American citizen ready to take hold.

This is a legitimate method of protecting our own laborers. The wages earned by this class will be invested here. At the height of prosperity a few years ago we were glad to see the stevedores coming over. Their muscle was needed. But now that we are at the turning of the tide, with thousands of native and naturalized citizens out of work, employers should see to it that those who are called to American soil, so to speak, get the best employment before these fair weather laborers are taken on. Let immigrant laborers see that America takes care of its own first. They need the lesson, and if they go back home in a silk so much the better. American prosperity should light upon Americans first.

Nature Still Crops Out in Football.

The announcement on the eve of the great football game that President Eliot would shortly retire from Harvard was followed by a stirring of players in the Yale team. Perhaps the boys of Eli thought the announcement was a ruse to "throw a scare into them." If President Eliot, who has championed "democratic" athletics of all kinds for college students, the cause it must be because Harvard men refuse to give up kicking and gouging, and challengers should prepare for a brutal game. Instead of taking it as a scare, the Yale men accepted it as a dare.

The protests of Dr. Eliot and others of influence in the college world against brutal football or too much football and other sport have possibly aroused false hopes as to the taming of the gridiron. Over 200 casualties, including several that proved fatal, in the first ten months of 1908 seem a heavy toll to exact from the little bands of brave boys who make "sport" for the crowd out of sheer loyalty to college colors.

Boys and Farming.

The Maine Farmer advises boys to stick to the farm as a business proposition. The argument is not new, but there is certainly some justification for it now. The value of agricultural land generally is increasing, and the farmer can often make more than a "return," even though he only supports his family, by improving his acreage and selling out at an advance. The real boy days are the hardest ones to live through on a farm for a boy of spirit. His work is measured by the work of older and stronger hands, and he naturally thinks he could do better in some other occupation. Farm associations, especially where transient hands are employed, are not always good for growing boys, and if the boy fails to see it his moth-

CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Cook Street near South Hawley Street.

Telephone No. 261. A cordial welcome is extended to all services.

O. F. MATTHEWS, Pastor.

10:30 a. m. Preaching

11:45 Sunday School

2:00 p. m. Junior League

6:45 Epworth League

7:30 Preaching

Wednesday M. W. Week-Prize and Prayer Service 7:30 p. m.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society meet the first Tuesday evening of each month.

The Epworth League business literary and social meeting the last Tuesday evening of each month.

Parsonage corner Cook and S. Hawley St. Extension of Holy Days and Morning Mass, hours subject to change.

St. Ann's Sewing Circle, Tuesday, 1:30 p. m. (Rev. FRANK E. J. FOX)

SALEM UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH

Sunday school, 9:15 a. m.

Preaching services, 10:30 a. m.

Keynote League, 6:15 p. m.

Preaching service, 7:30 p. m.

Work Week Night

Tuesday-English Translating, 7:45

Wednesday-German, 7:30

Friday- Choir meeting, 8:00

Monthly meeting

Mission land-1st Sunday, 1:30 p. m.

V. P. M. S.-1st Sunday, 7:45 p. m.

Church Missionary Meeting-1st Wednesday, 1:30 p. m.

W. M. S.-1st Thursday, 1:30 p. m.

Visitors are cordially welcomed at all the services of the church.

Phone No. 261. EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

Sunday morning service, 10:30

Phone 374. REV. G. H. SPANER, Pastor

SLANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

Sunday, Mass, 9 a. m.

Observation of Holy Days and Morning Mass, hours subject to change.

St. Ann's Sewing Circle, Tuesday, 1:30 p. m. (Rev. FRANK E. J. FOX)

ZION CHURCH

Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.

Morning service, 10:30 a. m.

Evening service, 7:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.

V. P. M. S. business meeting first Tuesday of each month, 7:30 p. m.

Woman's Missionary Society second Tuesday of the month at 7 o'clock.

A cordial welcome to all.

J. WIDEN, Pastor.

It sees it and encourages his ambition to get away. Boys of this school where they cannot learn something useful and they will dislike farm life that is not an advance for them.

The Battleship to win.

Recently this country launched "the largest battleship in the world." Not long ago England did the same thing, building Japan, which before that she had first place. There is still room on the ocean for the fleets of commerce in spite of these monsters, for the added largeness is often only a few feet more of length or width or a couple of thousand tons increase to displacement.

We will have to wait for a well fought naval battle or perhaps a series of battles before knowing which is the most efficient battleship in the world, but it is all probability that one will not be the largest. Naval gunnery and gunnery are improving as fast as battleships are waxing in size.

That package of cigarettes which was in the right spot to save a man's life was even better than the usual flask, but neither of these is as reliable in such a crisis as a pocket edition of the New Testament.

Not a single member of the recently elected Porto Rican legislature is favorable to the American connection. And up to date the Americans have neglected to admit Porto Ricans to full citizenship.

Anna Gould's price sends every one of his collars to the laundry sixty-four times. Probably none the money saved that way for cigarettes.

"Traup colonies" sounds fine, providing we can get a soft name for the big stick which is to make colonies hustle for rations.

Look for a "bill to put some sort of "daisy-tramp" hops on the ship-ship business among the freak legislation this winter.

Election's aftermath keeps us guessing, too, so we have no rest, whether it is coming, going or gone.

There's a crowned head recruit waiting for the "let us alone" movement to hit camp in Germany.

ON TIME.

By JANE LEE.

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A slight, girlish form enveloped in a long, loose evening coat restlessly paced the broad veranda of Greymere Inn.

Grace O'Rourke was lovely at all times, but tonight her Irish blue eyes flashed an unusual brilliancy, which made her positively irresistible, which "Better join us," called Elizabeth Dwyer as the latter left the porch escorted by a like youth.

It was the night of the annual mid-summer ball given to the summer guests of Pine Grove. Grace bestated for a moment.

"Oh, I shall be along soon, Elizabeth," she cried. "It's late, as usual, but we'll meet you at the dance later." Other couples followed the first, but still Grace O'Rourke, the belle of Greymere.



"HAVE ME, JULIAN, DEAR!" SHE PLEADED

mere lun, paced the veranda. Finally a man's voice greeted her.

"I say, Miss O'Rourke," he suggested. "Let me cut out that tardy Hawthorne, won't you? Come along to the dance with me?"

Agatha hesitated. Down in the farthest corner of her heart she really and truly cared for Julian Hawthorne, but he was never in time for any appointment, and here was a choice opportunity to teach him a bitter lesson.

Then, too, Charlie Rice was a splendid dancer. Impulsively she accepted his offer, and without seeming to find them in the midst of the summer crowd dancing and apparently oblivious of all else around.

The bell rang at its height when Julian Hawthorne entered the room. In the doorway he leaned against the sill and physically tried, and the lids were heavily over his thick eyes.

As Alice and Grace passed him lost in the ecstasy of a dreamy waltz his gaze followed the two closely, and a patient smile spread over his face.

When the dance was over Hawthorne slowly crossed the room.

"May I have the next dance, Grace?" he asked, without seeming to notice Rice, who stood by her side.

"Do you think you could be on time to claim it?" parried Grace, withathing sarcasm.

"I am here now, waiting," Hawthorne answered as he extended his left arm.

If men but knew the power they have over women who truly love them! There was something within Grace O'Rourke that night which told her to reject the arm he extended, but that greater something—love—made her accept it.

In another moment they were whirling round and round the room.

The night was warm, and when the dance was half over they walked out into the spacious grounds surrounding the big hotel.

"I want to tell you why I was late tonight, Grace," Hawthorne began.

"But I don't want to hear," interrupted Grace. "It's always some excuse, Julian, and I'm tired of it all. It's not the office it's the train, and if it's not the train it's something else."

Hawthorne lighted a cigarette, and said nothing. If Grace expected that she would be forgiven for her wantonness of Grace's step as they returned to the house nor the trembling notes in her voice when she spoke.

He loved her well enough to know

her through and through. He was a man who took few chances in life, but he would have wagered that Grace O'Rourke loved him at that moment despite her cool rejection of his suit.

Hawthorne led her to his, who was waiting to claim his dance, and then went up to the smoking room. Long he sat and smoked in silence, when suddenly he realized that the dressing rooms were filling up with guests preparing to go home. The dance was over. A man suggested that he smelled smoke, but the host was languidly laughing in reply.

"I guess it's Hawthorne's bitter root cigar that smells like fire," sang out Charlie Rice. And the listeners all laughed in reply.

Hawthorne slipped on his light overcoat and snatched toward the closed door that led into the hall. He opened it upon a curling cloud of smoke. At the same instant screams came from all directions. Men and women were in pandemonium. Rice was the first man downstairs, his one leg being a self-preservation, but above the roar of screams Julian Hawthorne's voice rang out clear and loud.

"Please keep back. Calm yourselves, and no one will be hurt."

They gave him no heed. Madly they fled about the building like maniacs. All made for the main stairway. Gowns were torn, arms were broken and ankles sprained in the effort to get out of the burning building. Once more Hawthorne raised his voice above the hum.

"I beg of you!" His voice stopped short, for clinging to his arm was Grace.

"Save me, Julian, dear," she pleaded. Silently he dragged her into one of the dressing rooms and opened a large door leading to a back staircase.

"I've tried to head them all off this way, but they would not listen. But if I can save you, darling, I will have been on time just once."

Grace gave him a loving little hug, which meant more to the man than all the words she could have uttered. Close to each other they descended the dark stairs which led through the servants' quarters.

The rooms were deserted, and they easily reached the back door. Hawthorne turned and held Grace close for a moment. There was no time for words now.

Then, Ann, standing alone in the darkness, she watched him rejoin the ranks of fire fighters.

Executor's Sale.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned, under the power and authority vested in him by the last will and testament of Millus B. McIntosh, deceased, will on Saturday, the 5th day of December, 1908, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises hereinafter described, in the village of Barrington, sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash, the following described parcels of real estate, to wit:

Lot two (2) in the Resubdivision of the South half of Block nine (9) in the Town of Barrington, in the North East quarter of the North West Section one (1) Township forty-two (42) North, Range nine (9) East. This lot improved with a frame dwelling house, formerly occupied by M. Mark McIntosh as a residence. The building known as the "Bee House," partly on said lot, will not be included in said sale.

The South thirty-four (34) feet of the North thirty-nine (39) feet of Lot, four (4) in Block one (1) in the village of Barrington, improved with two-story frame buildings rented as stores. The two store properties will be sold separately, if desired.

That part of Lot three (3) in Block one (1) in the village of Barrington described as follows:

Commencing at the South East corner of said lot; thence running North along the East line of said lot to a stake thirty-five (35) feet South of the North East corner thereof; thence West parallel with the South line of said lot thirty-one (31) feet; thence South at right angles fifteen (15) feet; thence East parallel with said South line five and one half (5 1/2) feet to a stake thence South eighty-two (82) feet to a post on the South line of lot one (1) twenty-five and one half (25 1/2) feet West of the South East corner thereof; thence East along the South line of said lot to the place of beginning, improved with a small frame building used as a police magistrate's office.

The title to said premises will be sold free and clear of encumbrance, but subject to existing leases, and the purchaser will not be furnished with certificates of title issued by the Registrar under the Torrens system.

JOHN ROBERTSON, Executor and Trustee under last will and testament of Millus B. McIntosh, deceased.

Castle, Williams, Long & Castle, 35 1/2 Attorneys.

A friend once sought to learn what in Lord Avebury's opinion, was the most suitable pet for the ordinary home.

There was a twinkle in the genial scientist's eyes as he replied: "If you are going to get people I think the best pets by far are children."

Said a poet to an unfortunate speculator: "Don't you think that the opening lines of Tennyson's little poem, 'Break, break, break,' are plaintive and sad?"

"Yes," was the melancholy reply. "But I think that 'Broke, broke, broke,' is a good deal sadder."

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The Tone You Can't Forget

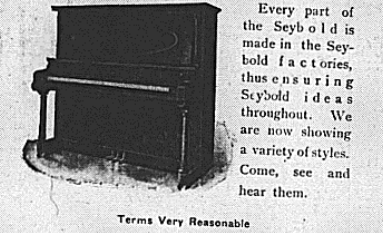
PASS through an art gallery and how many pictures do you remember? Only one or two stand out distinctly.

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tone is different, distinctive, remarkable in its richness and brilliancy. It is the masterpiece of piano tones of its class. It appeals to your ear just as a fine painting appeals to your eye. You can't help but remember it. Everyone in the home circle loves it.

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I also carry a large variety of fancy pipes. Come in and see them. Ice cream furnished to order for all occasions.

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BEEF Sirloin steak, per lb. 12c Porterhouse . . . 13c Round steak . . . 10c Pot Roast per lb. 5, 10c Rump Corn beef . . . 10c Beef sold in quarters for per lb. . . . 5 1/2 to 8c

PORK Pork roast . . . per lb. 10c Pork chops . . . 12c

Half or whole hog . . . 7 1/2c All kinds of home made sausage and hamburger 3 lbs. for 25c Lamb, Veal and Mutton at lowest prices. All kinds of Fruits and Vegetables on hand. Orders called for and delivered. Phone 491

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