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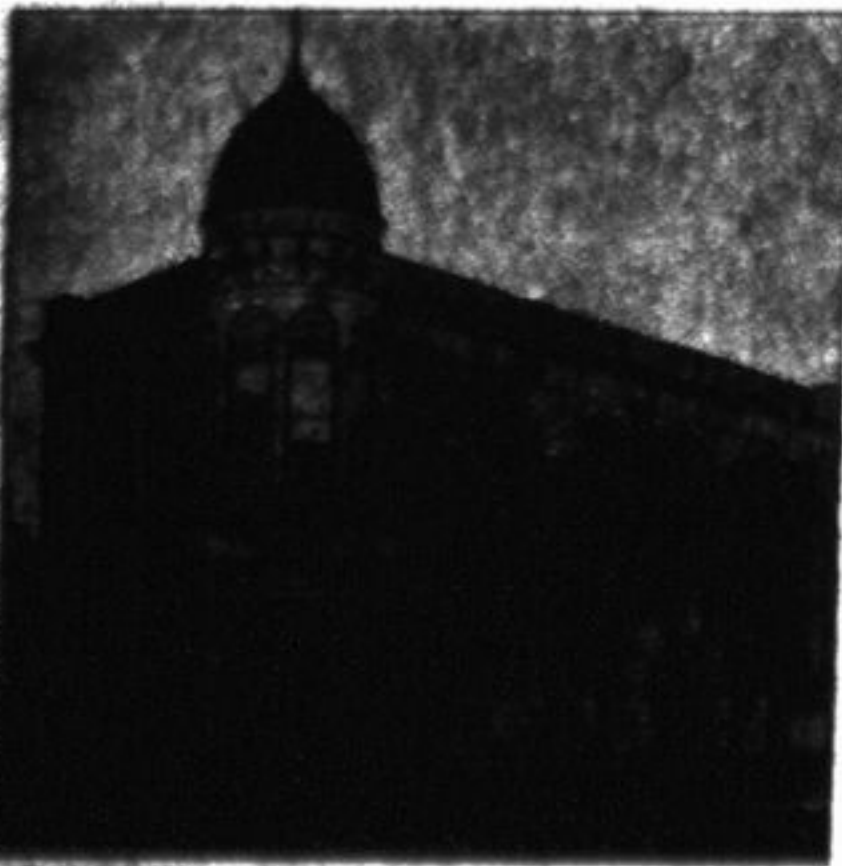
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"Does one Fish live in this building?" Janitor—Yes, third floor, but his name's Herrick.

"I am looking for a husband." "How would I do?" "But you are married?" "All husbands are."—Houston Post.

First Newporter—Was it an informal dinner? Second Newporter—Very. The flowers only cost \$2.50.—Puck.

"Since Mauld's engagement how bright and happy she looks." "Yes; a match lights up a girl's face."—Life.

Mrs. Chatham—I believe I shall have to give up bridge. Miss Frank—Really? Wasn't the game worth the scandal?—Puck.

"Nature plans well for mankind's needs." "I should say so. What could be more convenient than ears to look spectacles over?"

Old Lady (in a shoe shop)—Have you felt slippers? Squall Boy Assistant (solemnly)—Yes, ma'am; many a time!—Comic Cuts.

"Was it your wife who called you up this morning?" "No; that was aunt. It was my wife who called the doxa."—Baltimore American.

Solemn Man—Do you hear the clock slowly ticking? Don't you know what day it is ever bringing nearer? Cheerful Man—Yes, pay-day.

Professor—I've come to see your collection of curios. Merchant—Pardon. If I introduce, first of all, my wife and daughter.—Megendorfer Blatter.

"Opportunity calls just as often as in years gone by." "But with us, all huddled up in flats, opportunity is liable to whistle up the wrong tube."

Minister—And the child's name, madam? Mother (frankly)—Name him Frederick Robert Cook Peary Smith. I'm not going to take any chances.—Puck.

Barber (to customer, whom he's cut up)—Would you mind going out the back way? So many people might see you in the main street.—Megendorfer Blatter.

Suitor (on bended knee)—See, in me, my love, your most humble and devoted servant. She—If this is your first piece, I'll engage you for life.—Lustige Blatter.

"Will that young man ever go home?" demanded the irritated head of the house. "I guess so, father," replied the mater familias. "He always has."—Washington Herald.

Professor's Wife (to cook)—My husband has received a call to Heidelberg. Will you go with us? Cook—I feel highly honored, madam, but I cannot accept the call.—Lustige Welt.

Poet—When I finished that poem I was completely exhausted. Editor—I can sympathize with you, old man. I was in the same condition when I finished reading it.—Philadelphia Record.

He (nervously)—Er—er—Margaret—er—there's something has been troubling on my lips for the last two months. She—Yes, so I see. Why don't you shave it off?—Princeton Tiger.

"She belongs to one of our best families." "Did her ancestors come over in the Mayflower?" "Oh, no. She's much more exclusive than that. She's a daughter of Discoverers of the North Pole."—Life.

"You women never keep posted on current events." "Why, yes we do. I've been reading all about the finding of the pole. But, John?" "Well, what?" "How did the pole happen to be lost?"—Public Ledger.

"Say, Casey, it's a hard red wurker ye are. How many holes in mortar hev ye carried up that ladder today?" Casey—Hush, man. I'm fooling the boss. I've carried the same hod up and down all day, and he thinks I'm wurkin'."

Senior Partner—Keep a sharp eye on Holdfast. I'm afraid he's robbing the firm. Junior Partner—Eh? Is he living extravagantly? Senior Partner—Well, I passed him in the street yesterday, and he was smoking a cigar that didn't smell at all bad.—Tit-Bits.

"I must warn you, dearest," he said, "that after we are married you will very likely find me inclined to be arbitrary and dictatorial in my manner." "No matter," she replied, cheerfully, "I won't pay the slightest attention to what you say."—Presbyterian Standard.

"Has that feller Pinkley returned home yet?" "Nope. He's been gone two years now, and nobody knows a blessed thing about him." "Well, deened if I shouldn't think you'd be afraid he'd come home some day and claim he found the South Pole."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One of the wittiest of Parisians, in a friend's box at the opera, was listening to "Thais" or rather trying to do so, for his hostess talked incessantly and dandened the music with her shrill voice. At the end of the opera she invited him to the next subscribers' night. "With pleasure," replied he; "I have never heard you in 'Faust.'"—Exchange.

"How is this?" asks the brutal husband, looking over his wife's accounts. "Here's a bill for \$10 for two switches. I thought I heard you and Mrs. Magoooin talking about how glad you were that the new fashions had done away with rats and pompadours." "So they have," explains the fond wife. "But don't you see, the switches take the place of the rats and pompadours."—Chicago Post.

One of them.

"My dear," Judge makes the caller say, with a smile, to the little girl who occupied the study while her father, an eminent literary man, was at dinner, "I suppose you assist your father by entertaining the boys?" "Yes, sir," said the little girl, gravely. "Please be seated."

The vice of New York, although so numerous and terrible, and never then thought except during an election.

WHAT INTELLIGENT PEOPLE SAY.



RHEUMATISM—Mrs. Dr. Taylor, a well-known lady and church member of St. Paul, Ill., for fifty years, was crippled up with rheumatism in her upper and lower limbs in 1888, all over, with joints enlarged and hard, so she could not dress or undress, nor get up and down stairs. She had then given up all hope of even being benefited, to say nothing of a cure. Finally on May 29, 1901, she yielded to the persuasions of her friends to try Prof. Wright's method, which they told her had done so much for them. She began to improve from the first, and she was frequently mistaken for her only daughter, running up and down stairs. On Nov. 8, 1906, she was in Prof. Wright's office with a lady who was talking treatment and she said: "This Wright, I want to see the doctor, and danced fourteen times, and was the best of me for four years ago."

CHRONIC COLIC—For twenty years Mrs. Fugitt, a popular and wealthy member of society of Streator, Ill., had doctored all the doctors who promised a cure, time used every remedy she had heard of and had taken, but months of Colic, and without the least relief. She had traveled over Europe, and with no relief. When, on May 21, 1907, after a friend of hers had been wonderfully cured, she decided to try Prof. Wright's method as a final resort, and to her surprise and great joy she found herself cured within less than three weeks. One evening, while treating her husband, four years later, she said: "Doctor, I am enjoying perfect health, and I give you all the credit for it, since you treated me four years ago."

FEMALE TROUBLE—Miss Nellie O'Day, a young lady of Streator, 22 years old, suffered almost the pangs of death every month, and terrible hemorrhages for more than a week, when on Sept. 21, 1901, she came to Prof. Wright for treatment. After a week's treatment she passed her period in less than four days without a pain, and no hemorrhage. She said that she was delighted and that she never thought it possible to pass them in so short a time, and with no pain or hemorrhage. On Dec. 16, 1905, Prof. Wright met her the first time since treating her. She was bubbling over with health and happiness, as she said: "Well, Doctor, I have had no need of doctors since you treated me, four years ago. Don't I look it?" And she certainly did.

RHEUMATISM—Mr. L. D. Howe, a very prominent hardware merchant of Streator, Ill., was the youngest soldier discharged from the army at the close of the Civil war. At that time he was crippled up with rheumatism so he had to be carried on a stretcher, and for forty years he has been troubled with it, finding nothing to do it any good, when on Nov. 4, 1905, he couldn't walk and was brought to Prof. Wright, where he took his treatment, then got up and walked away. In a short course of treatment he was entirely free from pain, and could sleep all night, which he had not done for a long time. He was entirely cured.

RHEUMATISM—A prominent and popular bus man of Streator, Mr. Phil O'Halloran, was crippled up with rheumatism in his feet so he could not walk or wear his shoes for several weeks, and was growing worse. Prof. Wright began to treat him Aug. 7, and after a few treatments the swelling and pain were gone, and he could wear his shoes and walk without crutch or cane and went to work. He was cured.

BLADDER TROUBLE—A very prominent aged lady of Streator, Mrs. Hurford, suffered terribly with scalding and burning sensations; was entirely cured by a few treatments by Prof. Wright.

What the Hon. Fawcett Plumb, ex-Congressman and President of Streater National Bank, says:

To Whom It May Concern:—I have made use of Prof. Wright's method in my own case and take this method of testifying my high appreciation of his method. I feel confident from benefits I have received that the system of Magnetic Massage has great merit and would recommend others to try this plan of treatment. Very truly, F. PLUMB.

What the Hon. Frank Ryan, ex-Government Canal Commissioner and Vice-President of Streater Union National Bank, says:

I have taken the Magnetic Treatment of Prof. Wright and heartily endorse and recommend his method as the best and most successful I have known. I had tried several others prior to his. F. M. RYAN.

Prof. Wright uses no medicine, no knife, no electricity. No pain. His treatments are soothing, healing and pleasant to the most delicate and sensitive system. He is now treating, with great success, in Downers Grove, old chronic cases of many years' standing, which had baffled the best medical skill and other methods, and were growing worse until Prof. Wright began to treat them, when with a few treatments they improved beyond the most sanguine expectations. Come to him now, while there is hope, a certain cure and happiness at your door. It may soon be too late. Ask for references. Charges according to each case.

PROFESSOR WRIGHT, 29 Maple Avenue, Downers Grove.

Warrington Dawson, correspondent with the Roosevelt party in Hampton's. This farm contains more game, and a greater variety, than any other piece of earth owned by one man in the world. Roosevelt and his party were to be the guests of Sir Alfred as long as they cared to stay.

All over the country could be seen the various spoors of the different game. Kermit got the first shot. About 200 yards ahead of him a fine buck darted into view and, like a flash, Kermit fired and the handsome beast fell dead. Col. Roosevelt smiled, examined the bolt of his Springfield rifle, and shoved the safety over in a way that indicated his intentions toward the next inhabitant of the jungle that showed up. He had not long to wait to try his luck. A small herd of wildebeeste, with shaggy manes and vicious horns, galloped across the track. Col. Roosevelt spurred his horse into a favorable position out of range of the caravan. As of one accord every man, white and black, stood still and watched. Roosevelt's Springfield went to his shoulder, and crack! crack! and down went two of the bounding wildebeeste.

The night before the party started on safari, when all were around the camp fire, the ex-president had declared that he was a very poor shot. When Cunningham saw the two wildebeestes drop in their tracks he cried with a smile on his bewiskered face: "Pretty bad shooting, that, eh, colonel?" "You pulled our legs beautifully last night." The colonel smiled, too, and without comment rode over to watch the shikarees skin the game.

A little later in the day a beautiful Thompson's gazelle stood out on the open, presenting a fine target, although at very long range. Col. Roosevelt got off his horse and took a kneeling shot, with the result that the gazelle is now being stuffed for the Smithsonian collection.

In France.

"Lend me your revolver." "What for?" "Too shoot myself with." "Rather not." "Why? I'll give it you back."—Bon Vivant.

Sport Notes.

"Many a man," said Uncle Eben, "thinks he's havin' a tremendous big time as a sport when he is merely going through de imitation of de 'Down-and-Out Club.'"

A Misfortune.

"Mine is a sunny lot." "Then why do you look so glum?" "Because that's just the reason I can't sell it."—Baltimore American.

ROOSEVELT, HIS HINROD

The vice of New York, although so numerous and terrible, and never then thought except during an election.

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