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### HEAD NONSENSE

"How often does your car kill a man?" "Only once, gu'nor!" replied the chauffeur.—*Tit-Bits.*

Foot—Did she think my sonnet was good? Friend—She must have. She didn't believe you wrote it.—*Kansas City Journal.*

"I want one of the new spotted face veils, please." "Yes, madam. Speckled, spattered or spotted?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"I ordered a love of a hat sent up to the house and asked hubby to buy it for me." "Did he?" "No; my love was returned."

Mr. Henpeck—We're going to remove to the seaside, doctor. Doctor—But the climate may disagree with your wife. Mr. Henpeck—It wouldn't dare!—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Pat—Could yer give a man a job, yer honor? Barber—Well, you can repaint this pole for me? Pat—He jabsers, I can, sor, if you'll tell me where to buy the striped paint.—*Punch.*

"You say you are in love with Miss Baggot?" "I sure am." "But I can't see anything attractive about her." "Neither can I see it. But it's in the bank all right."—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Night Nurse—Has that medicine come that the doctor promised to send. The Day Nurse—Not yet. The Night Nurse—Then I guess the patient will live through the night.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"After all, there's only one thing absolutely certain in this world." "Indeed, what?" "That fashion will never increase the size of women's shoes, as it does their hats and sleeves."—*Boston Transcript.*

St. Peter (to applicant)—What was your business on earth? Applicant—Editor of a newspaper. St. Peter—Big circulation, of course? Applicant—No, small; smallest in the country. St. Peter—Pick out your harp.—*Epoch.*

The small son and heir had been sent into the garden to fetch a stick with which he was to be punished. After some delay he returned, saying, with a sigh: "Couldn't find a stick, mover; but here's a little stone you might frow at me."

"I can say one thing in favor of Mr. Featherly," remarked Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady; "he never takes the last piece of bread on the plate." "No, indeed, Mrs. Hendricks," assented Dumley, cordially. "Featherly ain't quick enough."—*Bazar.*

"Here, I say! Be a bit more careful with that razor; that's the second time you've cut me." "Well, well, so it is; but there! I always deduct a ha'penny for every cut. Why, it's nothing for a man to go out here having won foudpence off me."—*The Tatler.*

Returned Explorer—Yes, the cold was so intense at the pole we had to be very careful not to get our dogs. Miss Youngthing—Indeed! Why was that? Returned Explorer—You see, their tails were frozen stiff, and if they wagged them they would break off.—*Boston Transcript.*

Bridget—Will yer have your dinner now, sorr, or wait for the missus? Head of the House—Where is your mistress, Bridget? Bridget—There's an auction beyond the corner, sorr, an' she said she'd stop there for a minnit. Head of the House—Have dinner now, Bridget.—*New York Sun.*

Traveler—What do you think of the tariff? Old Farmer—What they doin' to it? Traveler—Why, haven't you read the papers? Old Farmer—Well, I used to, but 'bout a year ago I stopp'd 'em off. They got to be too frivolous for me. Since then I've been took up reading a book.—*New York Sun.*

"Your husband has been ill," said the caller. "Yes," replied the little, worried-looking woman, "he has been feeling very badly. I do my best to please him, but nothing seems to satisfy him." "Is his condition critical?" "It's worse than critical," she answered, with a sigh, "it's abusive."

Willy—You see, it was this way. They were all three so dead in love with her, and all so eligible, that to settle the matter she agreed to marry the one who could guess the nearest to her age. Arthur—And did she? Willy—I don't know. I know that she married the one who guessed the lowest.—*Life.*

"I hear that your church has installed a phonograph stuffed with sacred music?" "Yes. Had to do it. Choir had struck." "New scheme work all right?" "It's beautiful. Never quarrels with itself, has no skirts to rattle, doesn't fret about the angle of its hat, refrains from giggling or powdering its nose, and if it gets out of order a mechanic can repair it."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"It makes you look small," said the saleslady to the elephantine woman who was trying on a hat. Sold! "It makes you look plump," she said to the cold, attenuated damsel. Sold! "It makes you look young," she said to the fair-fat-and-forty female. Sold! "It makes you look older," she said to the slate-and-sums miss. Sold! "It makes you look short," she said to the lamp-post lady. Sold! "It brings out your color," she said to the feminine ghost. Sold! And of course all the hats were exactly alike.—*The Sketch.*

*Poetry and Prose.*

"What a beautiful sight it is, Mrs. Bates, to see your two little boys always together!" the summer boarder exclaimed, in an ecstasy, on the approach of Bobby and Tommy Bates, hand in hand. "Such brotherly love is as rare as it is exquisite." Mrs. Bates nodded in pleasant assent.

"I tell Barty," she said, "that they're as inseparable as a pair o' pants." A boy's idea of brotherly love is to have his nose and ears every day.

### WHAT INTELLIGENT PEOPLE SAY.



**RHEUMATISM**—Mrs. Dr. Taylor, a prominent society lady and church member of Streator, Ill., for fifteen years was so crippled up with rheumatism in her upper and lower limbs, in fact, all over, with joints enlarged and hard, so she could not dress or undress, nor get up and down stairs. She had long since 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 19-year-old daughter running up and down stairs. On Nov. 8, 1905, she was in Prof. Wright's office with a lady who was taking treatment, and she said: "Dr. Wright, I was at the club dance last week, and danced fourteen times, and was none the worse for it; in fact, I felt fine afterwards." She has taken no treatment since, more than four years ago.

**CHRONIC CONSTIPATION**—For twenty years Mrs. Finlin, a popular and wealthy member of society of Streator, Ill., had doctored with all the doctors who promised a cure; had used every remedy she had heard of, and had taken five months of Osteopathy treatment without the least relief. She had traveled over Europe considerably with no relief. When, on May 21, 1901, after a friend of her's had been so wonderfully cured, she decided to try Prof. Wright's method as a final resort, and to her surprise and great joy she found herself a cured woman in 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 Streator 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 Streator 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.

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**A NEW LONDON.**

The Big City Is Being Rebuilt as Rapidly as New York.

London is being rebuilt as rapidly as New York, but it is so much vaster than the American city that the process is less conspicuous. Nothing is being done to-day that stands out so prominently as the great bridges over the East River, nor is there any analogue in London to the irruption of hotels and office buildings above the normal sky-line in New York, the nearest approach to a "sky-scraper" — Queen Anne's mansions, Westminster — varying in height from eleven to fourteen stories only.

Of governmental projects perhaps the greatest is the buying out of the companies that supply London with water. Their claims amounted to about \$250,000,000, but radical cuts were made by the court of arbitration appointed to adjudicate them. It is unlikely that the Metropolitan Water Board will do as well, financially, as eight companies, for the city's needs are growing with its population, while one of the chief sources of supply — the Thames — has been gradually dwindling for the last twenty years, so that it will be necessary to go far afield, before long, for a supply of water that can be depended on in times of drought. Next comes the proposed improvement of the port, and its control by a single body exercising the powers now divided between the Thames conservancy and other authorities. The commerce of London has not grown as rapidly of late as the city itself. Last it should continue to lose ground, a royal commission has reported, the river channel must be widened to from 60 to 1,000 feet, and deepened to 20 feet at low water. The estimated expense of this improvement is \$12,500,000; and new docks are recommended at a cost of about \$22,500,000.

The principal public improvements of the last fifteen years have been due to the county council, which superseded the Metropolitan Board of Works under the local government act of 1888. One of the least conspicuous but most costly of its single undertakings is the Blackwall tunnel, which, when opened in 1897, had swallowed up \$7,000,000. The next undertaking of the sort (the tunnel from Rotherhithe to Hatzeliff) is expected to absorb nearly as much. The Tower bridge, completed in 1894 at a cost of \$5,000,000 — the most conspicuous of London bridges — the one farthest down stream and the only one provided with a draw — was the work of the corporation of the city of London; and the same body is now widening Lon-

don bridge, the most famous and still the most traveled of the many roads across the Thames. The cost is estimated at \$500,000. The corporation before long will probably lower the crown of the Southward bridge — a task which will virtually involve rebuilding, and is expected to swallow up \$1,750,000. The sway of the county council begins somewhat farther up the river, where \$1,500,000 is being spent to replace Vauxhall bridge with a structure of steel — Century.

**ACCIDENTAL NONSENSE.**

It is not surprising that the gifted inventor of such classic imaginative nonsense as "The Jinnies" and "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat" took a keen delight in the real nonsense of real life whenever he chanced to encounter it. During a doleful stay in a dreary little mining village where it rained all the time, and he was not well and could not accomplish the work he had set his heart on doing, the late Edward Lear, although a good and decorous churchgoer, found his source of cheer in the parish clerk.

"O beloved clerk!" he wrote gratefully to a friend. "He reads the Psalms enough to make you go into fits. He said last Sunday 'As white as an old salmon,' instead of 'White as snow in Salmon.' 'A lion' for 'alien' — 'to my mother's children,' and 'they are not guinea-pigs,' instead of 'guiltless.' Fact: but I grieve to say he's turned out for the same, and will never more please my foolish ears."

Even funnier was the erratic English of a foreigner, which once endeared for him the prolonged formalities of an official dinner.

"Sitting next to the captain of an Austrian frigate at Sir H. Sterle's on Thursday evening," he recorded, "the German officer said to a subaltern — the conversation was about the good looks of women — 'I do think the Englishwoman conserves her aperiens galship (girlhood) longer than all the women; even as far as her antics (antiquity, age).'

"The subaltern withered with confusion till I ventured to interpret. The Englishwoman preserves her appearance of youth longer than all women — even if she be old."

Many a noodle is stumbling through the world on crutches because he couldn't learn anything from his mistakes.

"They will be done on earth" will mean nothing in the church on Sunday unless it means something in the shop and the store on Monday.

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