Charles A. Huntington

A native of Windsor, and one who is so well known to his towns-people that it is almost presumptuous in the Town Crier to try to introduce him. As a member of the local Masonic Lodge and of its allied order, the Eastern Star, Mr. Huntington has loyally served in all activities demonstrating the principles of these orders. He has been a good citizen and a successful business man, being one of the largest individual tobacco growers in town.

Like his brother, the late Henry A. Huntington, Charles Huntington is generous and helpful, his assistance in various war work activities in recent months having been of especial value to those initiating them. He is not always as serious when amongst his friends, (of whom there are many), as he was on the day the portrait on the left was taken—but it was even harder to induce him to sit for a photograph then than it would be today—and if you want to tackle something hard try to get him to do that now!

The Old Guard
Windsor Veteran Battalion, G. A. R.

WINPOQ BOWLING TOURNAMENT
SCHEDULE FOR DECEMBER

2. Windsor F. of A vs. Firemen.
3. Home Guard vs. Poq. F. of A.
4. Home Guard vs. Poq. F. of A.
5. Winpoq vs. Farmers.
8. Home Guard vs. Independents.

THE WINDSOR TOWN CRIER

WINPOQ BOWLING TOURNAMENT
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8. Home Guard vs. Independents.

The War Camp Community Recreation Fund Mr. Anderson, $25,000.000 War
Y. M. C. A. Fund both received substantial contributions from Windsor people.

Fred B. Bower and family have moved to New Haven. Miss Clarice
Bower is taking a post-graduate course in the New Haven High School.
Mrs. Hildur Peterson Anderson succeeds Mr. Anderson as organist at the
Windsor Congregational Church.

The causeway fence had a severe test when the automobile of Albert
H. House ran into it on November 7. The automobile was carried away,
considerably damaged. The fence remained where it was.

Many readers of the Crier will be pleased to learn of the engagement
of a former Windsor resident, Miss Clara L. B. Wrisley, to Clark F.
Andrews, son of Rev. Geo. A. Andrews D. D., Pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church of Los Angeles, Calif. Mr. Andrews and Miss
Wrisley are students at The University of Southern California.

Cards have been received in Windsor
announcing the marriage of Emily Robina Flanders to Rev. Lyon
don Smith Beardslee on October 12, at the residence of the bride's parents,
Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Flanders, in Springfield, Vt.

Tobacco growers have started sorting
the season's crop.

On November 5, the day no-license
took effect in Windsor, the Windsor Hotel closed its doors for the first
time in many years.

Through the thoughtful interest of
several Windsor ladies the Windsor boys “in the service” will receive generously filled Christmas packages.

FOURTY-TWO “LIVE WIRES”
WATCH THESE BOYS!!

Following is the list of Windsor boys who
have signed the Y. M. C. A. pledge to earn
$10 for the Red Triangle War Work Fund by
their own efforts:

Ralph Blodget
Joseph Krist
Ronald Burham
Ray Lanphier
Fred Carey
Clinton Merritt
Walker Charbonnier
Raymond Mills
Robert Chidley
John Murphy
Frank Cook
John Oles
John Greene
John Readette
Charles Cunningham
Joseph Rittinger
Francis Cunningham
Clifford Roberts
Frederick Dukin
William Simpskins
Everett Danichka
Harold Smith
Francis D. Engan
Sidney Smith
Philip Evans
Wolcott Smith
Theodore Ford
Ralph Spencer
Martin Freitacks
Simon Starges
Harold Granger
William Hastings
James Talisano
Reginald Thompson
Haskell Hayes
Royal Thompson
Clark E. Huntington
Arthur Tryon
Raymond Jarvis
L. F. Wilbraham
Francis Kennedy
John Wolfe

WILL YOU BE A "SEA MAMMY"
TO A "SEA PUP"?

The Town Crier has received a welcome
letter from H. Tudor White, who is serving
as a volunteer on a “mine sweeper” in the
navy, and who promises to send a letter shortly about the work of a mine sweeper
and the life on board one.

He writes particularly at this time in reference to a plan the members of the Navy Club For U. S. and Allied Sailors and Marines, at 409 Fifth Avenue, New York City, are working out. On the theory that there are many women who have no one in the service to write to and many boys who have no one to write to, he asks that any of the ladies of Windsor who would like to be a “Sea Mammy,” as they are called, to a “Sea Pup,” as they call the young sailors, send their names to the Navy Club. Mr. White writes that we have no idea how welcome a letter is to the boys when they come in from a sea trip and any ladies who care to send in their names will unquestionably give great pleasure and receive letters which will be of great interest to them as well.

That was a pleasant surprise meeting “over there” between Theodore Neithaus and George Williams, of Windsor. Mighty small world!

The attack made by the Home Guard on the chicken pie supper served by the ladies of the Poquonock Congregational Church on November 7, was admirably executed under the lead of Captain Henry Grimm. No quarter was shown that
cold would be spared.

The fair given by St. Joseph’s
Church of Poquonock was, as usual, a
great success. Everybody enjoyed it, and all were sorry that it was over so soon.

Harry Burks, of the editorial
staff of the New York Evening World, has a friend on the New York
East Side, who in turn, has a friend who is alleged to have lately arrived from Russia, after serving as color
carrier of a Russian regiment in the
campaign in Eastern Prussia.

When the newcomer reached the
genial atmosphere of a Yiddish
cafe on Allen Street he wore a large
medal on his breast, which he explained had been given to him by the express command of the Czar. Short
y after receiving the decoration he had become ill and was mastered out of service; hence his appearance in America.

“What did you do to win a medal?”
asked Burks.

“I brought in a German battle
flag,” said the ex-soldier with becoming
modesty.

“No wonder you got a medal!” said
the East Sider. “Were you shot in getting it?”

“No.”

“Well, did you have to kill any Germans to get it?”

“No.”

“Well, didn’t you run great personal
danger in getting it?”

“No.”

“Well, how did you get it, then?”

“Well,” said the hero, “I was in the
Russian trenches with my regiment,
and in the trenches just in front of us was a German regiment; and I saw the man who was carrying their battle flag, and he looked like a good
business man. So I waited that
evening until everything was quiet
and then I went over, all by myself,
when nobody was looking — and we traded flags.”

Saturday Evening Post.

Even the school children have undertaken to do their “bit" by signing pledges to refrain from the eating of candy.

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Latest Style of Hairdressing, Marcel Waving, Wigs and Toupees
Made to Order, Also Combing. Chiropody a Main Feature.
FOOT Troubles, Corns, Bunions, Weak and Fallen Arches Cured
by Our Special Treatment.

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Tel. CHARTER 239, HARTFORD, CONN.
What Might Happen IF
you should die without making a WILL?
Here is just ONE of the many things that might occur:
YOUR REAL ESTATE might be tied up so that no part of it could be improved, mortgaged, leased or sold—
AND WHO WOULD BE BLAMED?
Consult with this bank—let us tell you other reasons why you should make a will and also HOW to do it. We draw wills without charge where we are to act as Trustees.

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F. M. JOHNSON, Photography and General Portraiture
Telephone Charter 2514
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Main Street, Windsor Locks, Tuesdays.
MAKE AN APPOINTMENT NOW.
We cordially invite you to use our New Home Portrait Department. We send our artist to your home and guarantee as fine portraits as are made at our studio.

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Do You Want Trucking Of Any Kind Done, Light or Heavy? Do you require Long Distance or Short Distance Moving?
ASK ME FOR ESTIMATES.
JOHN M. LIDDLE Phone 120 WINDSOR
Children's Hair Cutting. Razors Consecrated & Headed
MASSAGE WORK A SPECIALTY AT THE Sanitary Barber Shop M. CHASCIONE & CO., Mason's Block, Windsor

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I'LL STOP YOUR TOOTHACHE FIFTEEN YEARS EXPERIENCE
When in need of painless dentistry pay us a visit. The system we use is absolutely painless. Numb-a-Minute as used in my office is a positive pleasure. Sanitary Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty. Every preference possible given to out-of-town patients. All work guaranteed.

DR. HERBERT J. LOCKHART
14 State Street. Hartford, Conn.
The Windsor Town Crier

Published weekly for the ultimate good of every one of the nearly 5000 inhabitants of Hayden's
Poequock, Rainbow, Welmon and Windsor by the
TOWN CRIER PUBLISHING CO.,
WINDSOR, CONN.
(Make all checks payable to above.)

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at any time.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

This will be the last issue of the
Windsor Town Crier until after the
war, or until business conditions re­
sume their normal status.

Because the people of Windsor and
their friends outside have been very
generous in their evidences of good
will and this publication has stead­
ily increased in circulation, we hope
that we have helped, at least, toward
filling a long felt want. Advertising is
the life blood of most publica­
tions. It has been of this paper. Just
as outside advertisers had begun to
appreciate the definite value of this
publication to them the tremendous
increase in the cost of printing and
materials made it necessary for them
to pay materially higher rates, and
so retrace in advertising. At the
same time the Windsor Town Crier
has had to face serious increases in
costs.

"Business as usual" is a pleasing
slogan but it is no longer deceiving
anyone. The people have become con­
servative, thoughtful and economical
and business is feeling it and will feel
it more.

We appreciate the loyalty and good
will of our many friends. We thank
our advertisers past and present and
assure them of our best wishes for
their success and prosperity in these
trying times. We thank our subscrib­
ers, who will receive, with this issue,
a remittance of all unearned portions of
their subscriptions.

We could not continue without giving
them less than they have a
right to expect and while we regret
the need we feel that in fairness to
them we are doing the right thing in
discontinuing publication for the
present.

THE SPIRIT OF GIVING

The many who have been soliciting
funds in Windsor for various war
purpose funds have noticed an inter­
esting and pleasing development in
the spirit of giving. Whereas in the
early days of the war solicitors were
met with complaints of the number of
calls for money, particularly con­
ected with the tremendous increase
in living expenses, gradually a splen­
did spirit of patriotism and self-sacri­
fice has become apparent. Solicitors
are usually greeted cheerfully and
with evident appreciation of the fact
that they are giving their time and
energy for the public good. They are
given a frank welcome, a cordial con­
sideration of their appeal, a contribu­
tion, or a frank statement of inability
to contribute. We are all learning
to give and we are all learning that
not only the solicitor is serving but
that "he also serves who only stands
and waits" ready to do what he (or
she) can, when called upon.

For instance, a solicitor was asked to
raise $33,000 toward the first Lib­
erty Loan of $2,000,000,000. We
raised more than 100% over our all­
lotment, or $70,700. When the second
Liberty Loan was announced it be­
came apparent that the powers that
be had concluded that they had under­
estimated the Windsor spirit for we
were asked to raise a minimum of
$216,000 toward the $3,000,000,000
minimum of this issue. The compli­
ment was obvious but when this allot­
ment was compared with that for
other Connecticut towns, (East Har­
ford, for instance, with a population
and grand list nearly twice that of
Windsor, being asked to raise a mini­
mum of $156,000 only,) the burden
put upon us might have been utterly
discouraging. The committee in charge
here refused to even consider the hopelessness of the task
set and raised twice the amount raised for the first
loan. This result was creditable to
the committee and to the townspeo­
ples and we believe it was not other­
wise regarded by the New England
District Committee which made the
allocations and which must appreci­
ate how large a proportion of coun­
try contributions goes to swell the
splendid amounts raised by the larger
towns and cities.

Unofficially, we are told that there
will be a third large loan in Febru­
ary, 1918. Let us begin to save for
it now, planning to subscribe IN
WINDSOR all that our financial ar­
cangements will permit us to.
As one Windsor man said, "THE
MAN OR WOMAN WHO CAN AF­
FORD TO AND DOES NOT HELP
IN THESE THINGS IS NO AMER­
ICAN!"

Be an American! Give, if you can,
and give cheerfully! "Give", as the
Wall Street Journal says, "until it
hurts—the Kaiser!"

The Town Crier sees by the daily
papers that the Public Utilities Com­
mission has ordered the street rail­
routes to try out the experiment of
having the vestibules of cars for the
benefit of the motormen. It won't
work, for if there is a single warm
spot in a trolley car all the passen­
gers will crowd so to get near it that
the motorman will not be able to
operate his car.

The Town Crier is informed, on
apparent good authority, that during
the past few weeks, options were
sought and one at least obtained, on
residence property on the main high­
way near station 111, by parties seek­
ing a new site for the Hartford County
jail. We cannot but feel that Wind­
ors owes a debt of gratitude to the
few practical patriots whose refusal
to give options defeated any plan to
plant such an institution at so con­
spicuous a location on our main high­
way.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." Well, who wants to?

It was recently stated by Joseph W.
Alsp that the remoter districts of
towns seemed to show the least inter­
est in the war and various war fund
subscriptions. In Windsor, some of
our most generous contributors live
farthest from the center.

A NOTEWORTHY STORY

Mrs. Granger's interesting account of old
Windsor highwars, in this number, is worthy
of the thoughtful reading it will undoubtedly
receive. It inspires two thoughts in particu­
lar; one, the great desirability of putting per­
manent markers at many places in Windsor
so that places of historic interest may be
fixed before all record of them is lost; the
other, the importance of a public reclamation
of all old "rights of way," particularly of those
leading to the rivers. In reference to
this point it is recalled that it was filed with the Selec­
tmen requesting an investigation into a re-opening to
the public, if warranted, of a public
landing place on the Farmington River
near the old Loomis Homestead. Dur­
ing laying out of the Loomis Institute grounds this
landing place and its approach from the old Hartford
Highway was grazed over and enclosed by shrub­
bery thus effectively intercepting its public
use. This was obviously done without reali­
sation of the long public use which uncoun­
tably made it a public "highway," but the
right to it and other public ways to the
rivers should be substantiated and recorded anew
as soon as possible, and not thoughtlessly al­
lowed to lapse through lack of interest, be­
cause the time may come when every such public
right will be of inestimable value.

Members of the Woman's Club of the
Congregational Church recently presented before a large and appreciative audience the comedy, "Rebel­
lious Jane." The Boy Scouts gave
an interesting exhibit during the
play.

No arrests for drunkenness in
Windsor during the first twenty
days under No-License! Does Prohibition prohibit?
On Friday evening, Nov. 23, at a public mass meeting in the Windsor Town Hall the following were unanimously elected the Executive Committee of the Windsor War Bureau, which will be a unit of the Connecticut State Council of Defense, and have charge of all war activities in Windsor: Wm. P. Calder, chairman; N. H. Batchelder, F. M. Case, Rev. Roscoe Nelson, Miss Agnes McCormick, Mrs. Marion B. Campbell, J. B. Stewart and A. H. House. This Committee was nominated, after conference, by a committee appointed by President Stewart of the Business Men's Association. The unanimous and enthusiastic choice of the meeting of Wm. P. Calder for permanent chairman of the important War Bureau was a most unusual and complimentary recognition of Mr. Calder's constant and efficient service in many war activities in Windsor for many months past.

It is certainly impressive to see the Hoover food pledge cards in windows of rich and poor throughout the town. The committee in charge made one of the most thorough canvasses ever known in Windsor, even the most remote houses having been reached. It isn't so much the pledge as it is the universal evidence of the spirit of helpfulness, that makes one proud of living in such a town.

In spite of the law requiring dogs to be kept in confinement or on leash there have been several prosecutions on account of violations. We have considerable sympathy for owners of dogs who dislike to keep their pets confined but we also have considerable respect for the citizen who recognizes the fact that the public has rights and endeavors to comply with the law. He's a poor citizen who does not.

The Business Men's Association accomplished a much appreciated thing when they induced the New Haven road to resume its stops of the 5:32 train at Hayden's. It was mighty thoughtful of the original petitioners to sign a letter of thanks to the Association.

Don't believe all the stories you hear reflecting on the integrity of Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., or government officials. A dandy crop of lies has been started and others are "planted" overnight. Remember that we have enemies in our midst who delightfully are trying to sow confusion and disaster to any and every effort designed to help make the world safe for civilized peoples. Ask for NAMES and for PROOF!

Some one has said that every man is a fool in spots. This is true, and it often happens that the older a man is the more spots he has and the brighter they are, until he looks like a coach dog without a blanket. He is a reprobate unto the foolish and a joke among the neighbors, yet he does not know it. The good die young.

Edward J. Kernan

Returning President.

EDWARD J. KERNAN

Who after a year of exceptional achievement declined a re-election.

President, Mr. John B. Stewart, who after a year of exceptional achievement declined a re-election.

Mr. W. H. H. Mason, Treasurer, and Mr. C. C. Maxfield, as Secretary were also unanimously re-elected. President Stewart made an earnest plea for the hearty support of members in the many difficult enterprises that the Association would undoubtedly be asked to undertake during the coming year. Messrs. Thomas J. Kearney, Edward J. Kernan and Dr. Clyde A. Clark were new directors chosen.

Do You Own a Building Lot?

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And get their estimate on the cost of building your house. The lowest prices possible consistent with thorough expert workmanship.

FOR SALE — 10 Planet or Bowling Alleys (3) at 3/4 original cost in good condition. For examination and further information Phone 40, Windsor, Conn.
The Story of Old Windsor Highways,

By Hattie F. Granger.

The first record of the division of lands in Windsor was, undoubtedly, a simple designation of lots by figures. Every General Court, however, in September, 1639, enacted that every town in the colony, should choose a town clerk or register, "who shall, before the General Court in April next, record every man's house and land already granted and measured out to him, with the bounds and quantity of the same," and the like to be done for all land hereafter granted and purchased by the inhabitants, or mortgages of land whatsoever shall be accounted of no value until they be recorded. To this order the first volume of Windsor Land Records owes its origin, and the earliest entry on its pages, is under date of Oct. 10th, 1640. In the town clerk's office is a little volume entitled "A Book of Records of Town Ways in Windsor" compiled in Aug., 1664 by Matthew Grant, who prefaces it with these words, "Pore as much as it hath been desired that I should enter upon record several highways that have been formerly laid out, to express what their several breadths were appointed to be, and so to continue for public use."

This record afforded considerable assistance in tracing out the plan of ancient Windsor. It seems Matthew Grant had much trouble in "running lines" for the first settlers and tradition tells us he was wont to say as he returned at sunset from his day's labor at surveying that he "wouldn't accept of all the land he had bounded that day, as pay for his labor." What would he say if he could see those same lands today under cultivation of tobacco and other crops? Evidence leads us to the conclusion that the Dorchester party first settled on the north side of the Rivulet, now called Farmington River. Matthew Grant states in describing the ancient Palisado, "that it was built by our inhabitants, on Sandy Bank," at the beginning of the Pequot war, on the northern bank of the Rivulet.

Evidence leads us to the conclusion that the Dorchester party first settled on the north side of the Rivulet, now called Farmington River. Matthew Grant states in describing the ancient Palisado, "that it was built by our inhabitants, on Sandy Bank," at the beginning of the Pequot war, on the northern bank of the Rivulet.

Previous to this there has been written, a most interesting paper on the old Palisado. Roads which at first were barely passable, were located where they could be most easily built. Streams which needed bridging or swamps were to be avoided at the expense of distances. From Palisado Green, the veritable shrine of Windsor history, north, the road was along where it is at the present time, and continued to the present Bissell's Ferry road. The serpentine curves were because of swamps, but as each of the first settlers north of the Palisado built his house and barn near the brow of the Meadow hill, the road was built to accommodate the settlers, rather than the travelers who were to come after them. Land thus far had been occupied by Thomas Dewey, Capt. Aaron Cook, Ellwood Pomeroy, Wm. Horford, Nicolas Denielow, Mr. Stephen Terry, Mr. Geo. Hull, Thomas Buckland, Wm. Rockwell, Joseph Clark and Robert Whipple.

Mr. Jabez Hayden writes thus:—A little below the "Ferry" the meadow hill diverges again from the river at the head of the "Great Meadow"; this meadow is about 2 miles in length and averages about one-half mile in width. Along the brow of this hill the first settlers lived, to be near the only land then ready for cultivation. The record of this highway says, "the road that runneth north and easterly from the Palisado shall be 4 rods wide as far as any house lots are laid out (2% miles) that is to the upper portions, one of stone and the other of wood. The stone part which was probably the older was constructed of heavy uncut stones, pierced with two small diamond paned windows set in lead, and numerous lurking port holes, which peeped out from under the eaves of the high, peaked roof. At the east, or back part of the house, was the door, framed of heavy oaken timbers, strongly studded and clinched with iron spikes, and bearing sundry suggestive hacks and cuts of Indian tomahawks. Bissell's Ferry was established chiefly to accommodate those making the journey between Connecticut and the Bay, (Boston and vicinity). It only required a road 3 miles from the Ferry, along the east side of the river to connect with Pynchon's road to Springfield. Later on, the road to Northampton became the great thoroughfare to Springfield, as well as north and west. Ebenezer Fitch Bissell, son of Ebenezer Fitch Bissell of Revolutionary fame, kept the Bissell Stage Tavern in the house now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Bond. I have been told that the south front room was the barroom, and today, marks and dents on the doors, made by the stage drivers
cracking their whips, while waiting for drinks, can be plainly seen.

William Hayden's house, the then "out post" of Windsor settlement on the north, stood near the residence of Mr. James Hayden, a man well known to us all. He owns the site of the old Hayden house and is a descendant of Wm. Hayden. Above the north, stood near the residence of the old Hayden house and is a cracking their whips, while waiting for refreshment, whether the plains east side of the present Broad St. From the ferry the old road passed West, through the little meadow till it came to a "meadow gate," about where the Rowland house stands. From this point it turned south to the south corner of Dr. Bray Rosser's house lot and then turned abruptly west. Thus it will be seen, it was the original of a road many will remember "running" from the causeway, past the Rowland house and west past the General Electric Factory via now Union St. to Broad St. That road was closed a few years ago when the addition was built to the General Electric factory. These lots extended from the Rivulet to the

Working On The Highway. The Late Judge D. Ellsworth Phelps Is Seen In The Yard Of His Home.
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Merchant Tailor
FOR THOSE WHO WISH
FIT, VALUE AND IN
DIVIDUALITY IN THEIR
CLOTHING:

Each order is executed on
the premises by thoroughly
competent workmen under
my personal supervision.

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Great Satisfaction at a Little Cost.
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Saves Nine.
Insure Against Loss
Tornado-Hail-Fire-Automobile-Liability-Theft-
Compensation-Tobacco.

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FILLING STATION
Best Gasoline at Market Price
When in need of anything electrical or of supplies for your
car, call on me. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FRANKLIN R. SMITH
15-15 Broad Street
Agent for Eureka Vacuum Cleaners. Free demonstration in your home.
mouth Meadow is the meadow lying through Plymouth Meadow. (Plymouth of the Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth Institute buildings). At the bend of the river near the old Loomis Homestead (the present home of the Regent of the Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth Chapter, D. A. R.) was a landing in use for many years. An interesting story is told, "that when Grace Episcopal Church was built, the stone for it were brought from Portland by boat. At this place the water is not so deep, and the boats heavily loaded with stone grounded. To lighten the boat stone were thrown overboard until the boat floated. They proceeded nearer the landing; the boat soon grounded again so more stone were thrown overboard and so it continued until the boat could make the landing. Some of the stone were taken from the river as needed but doubtless many had sunk deeply in the mud and perhaps are still resting there. Pleasure boats came to this landing and I am told of one boat load who attended a political wide awake parade in Hartford, also of a boat which carried the teacher of the 4th school district and his pupils to Hartford to attend the celebration of Battle Flag Day, Sept. 17, 1879, and brought them back at night. North of Good and the home of Mrs. Tuttle) passed westward to the wood lots. That road was just south of the residence of Mrs. Remington. The upland road to Hartford was constructed in April, 1638, by order of the court. It commenced from Mr. John Withfields corner, (the site of Grace Episcopal Church and the home of Mrs. Tuttle) passed westward and southwest around the corner near the Windsor library, and then along to Hartford in the line of the present road, and could those early settlers see the fine new cement road now in use, the comfort and convenience of the trolley cars in comparison to the early days; once make the little journey to Hartford in this day of rapid transit and in the modern means of conveyance, they would be shocked and amazed at the progress of their fine old town. As to the beginnings of this Broad St., we find that when Mr. Warham and his wife made over the dwelling house and land of Mr. John Brunker, deceased, (Mrs. Warham's first husband) April 1, 1664, it "bounded east by the highway on the bank or against the little meadow, on westerly against or by the highway, as it is appointed to range", proving that, at that date, the highway on the east had not been changed to its present place; and one would infer that what is now Broad St. was then only "appointed" or set out and not in use. Broad St. was

The Loomis Homestead On "The Island". Built On The Site Of One Of The First "Dug Out" Dwelling Places Of The Plymouth Settlers.

until the boat floated. They proceeded nearer the landing; the boat soon grounded again so more stone were thrown overboard and so it continued until the boat could make the landing. Some of the stone were taken from the river as needed but doubtless many had sunk deeply in the mud and perhaps are still resting there. Pleasure boats came to this landing and I am told of one boat load who attended a political wide awake parade in Hartford, also of a boat which carried the teacher of the 4th school district and his pupils to Hartford to attend the celebration of Battle Flag Day, Sept. 17, 1879, and brought them back at night.

The pond set back nearly to the back of the house which was across the brook at that time and was the stock barn. The dam for the silk mill was further down near the river. Nearby stood an old house, a sort of hotel or boarding place for the silk mill workers. On the brook just west Mr. Richard Niles had the silk mill which gave employment to the young women from all the nearby families. Near the Brookside switch one Horace Hoskins had a blacksmith shop which later was moved to where it now stands near the Poquonock Town Hall. A Bill Wheeler had a wagon

[Continued from page 7]
THE NEW HART

In a short time we will announce the formal public opening, after the Largest, Most Attractive and Most Up-To-Date Announcement Will Be Made In Hartford.

WATCH

THINK THIS OVER!

Our New Store Containing 34,130 Square Feet of Floor Space Of Which 8064 Square Feet Will be Devoted To Sales and Display Purposes; 9674 Square Feet To Storage Space; 3062 Square Feet To Bakery Manufacturing; 2204 Square Feet To Cooling and Refrigerating and 3062 Square Feet To Shipping. Every Modern Idea Of Sanitation and Convenience Insures Cleanliness and Promptness In Serving Our Patrons.

QUEEN QUALITY FLOUR

Bbls., Wood $13.75, Bbls., Cotton $13.50
½ Bbls., Cotton $7.00, ½ Sack $1.75

PAstry OR CAKE FLOUR

Bbls., Wood $13.00, Bbls., Cotton $12.75
½ Bbls., Cotton $6.50, ½ Sack $1.65
RYE FLOUR ½ Sack $1.50
GRAHAM FLOUR ½ Sack $1.40
ENTIRE FLOUR ½ Sack $1.50
ROLLED OATS 7c. lb., 4 lbs. 25c.
HOMINY GRITS 7c. lb., 4 lbs. 25c.
YELLOW CORN 7c. lb., 4 lbs. 25c.
OLD FASHIONED BUCKWHEAT 10c. lb.
WHITE CORN MEAL 7c. lb., 4 lbs. 25c.

FRESH CEREALS

Quaker Oats Per Pkg. 12c.
Purity Oats Per Pkg. 10-25c.
Quaker Oatmeal Per Pkg. 18c, 3 for 50c.
Scotch Oatmeal Per Pkg. 18c, 3 for 50c.
Cream Cereal .20c, 3 for 55c.
Pillsbury Vites 18c. Pkg., 3 for 50c.
Malt Food .22c. Pkg.
Ralston Food .22c. Pkg.
Wheatena .18c, 3 for 50c.
Quaker Puffed Rice .15c, 2 for 25c.
Quaker Puffed Wheat .15c, 2 for 25c.
Cream Farina .22c. Pkg.

SOME DECEM

THE HARTFORD M.

Extensive Dealers In All

Telephone Charter 700.
months of extensive alterations and re-building operations of this Food Department Store in the State of Connecticut. Courant, Hartford Times and Hartford Post.

FOR IT!

THINK THIS OVER!

"We give honest values and do exactly as we advertise" and on that understanding we invite the patronage of food consumers who appreciate the importance of getting the best value for their money at all times and particularly at times like these when every dollar spent must bring a dollar's worth of value.

BER SPECIALS

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<tr>
<th>CANNED GOODS (Vegetables)</th>
<th>CANNED GOODS (Fruits)</th>
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<tr>
<td>Blue Label Peas ...........</td>
<td>Del Monte Sliced Pineapple .. 30c., $3.50 doz.</td>
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<td>Blue Label Corn ...........</td>
<td>Del Monte Cherries ........</td>
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<td>Blue Label Tomatoes ......</td>
<td>Del Monte Apricots .......</td>
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<td>Alice Rose Corn ...........</td>
<td>Del Monte Green Gage Plums .. 25c., $2.75 doz.</td>
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<td>Alice Rose Succotash ......</td>
<td>Libby California Peaches ... 25c., $3.25 doz.</td>
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<td>Caroline Corn .............</td>
<td>California Bartlett Pears ... 30c., $3.50 doz.</td>
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<td>Colonel Corn ..............</td>
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<td>No. 1 Cans Peas ..........</td>
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DRIED FRUITS

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<td>Large Fat Prunes ..........</td>
<td>20c. lb.</td>
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<td>Large Table Prunes ..........</td>
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<td>Good Eating Prunes ..........</td>
<td>15c. lb.</td>
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<td>Good Stewing Prunes .......</td>
<td>2 lbs. 25c.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fancy Apricots .............</td>
<td>25c. lb.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Choice Apricots ............</td>
<td>22c. lb.</td>
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MARKET COMPANY

Varieties of food products.

Main Street

HARTFORD, CONN.
LETTERS FROM OUR OWN BOYS IN THE SERVICE

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM JOHN GRIMSHAW, SON OF MR. AND MRS. HUG M. GRIMSHAW

At Sea, October 21, 1917.

We have had a quiet and uneventful trip so far. The weather during the first part was very nice. There's quite a good deal cooler and our overcoats come in handy.

We are very closely protected and guarded by our own guns running along on the outside of our small fleet, one or two ahead and I think there are also some in the rear. They made the round on each side of us. I think it would be hard for a submarine to get through. These destroyers are not very wide across the beam, and consequently roll very much in the water; sometimes the whole bow is out of sight and the next minute it is in the air.

Of course the principal topic is submarines. We are in the danger zone now and one is likely to show itself any minute. We have boat drills every five minutes and we have to watch our life belts all the time. We are also advised to wear our heaviest and warmest clothing all the time as if we were torpedoed the grunts would be from freezing as there are life belts for everybody.

Last night I went down in the lower region of the ship and saw the boiler room and the pump room for the refrigerating plant. They have to feed coal to the fires above five minutes.

The fellows doing the stoking have had some strange experiences, and one of them told us he was on the Lusitania when she went down. He happened to be off duty and was in his bunk. Most of the waiters at our table have some time or other been on ships which have sunk and it isn't unusual for a man to have been on a couple of ships that have gone down. We asked one of the cabin boys if he had been on a ship that was sunk and he answered, "Yes, but only once, sir." Our Captain has been on four ships that have been sunk, (pretty fair record)

The sleeping accommodations are fine and the food is good. We have hot salt water baths every afternoon, and I believe they are great.

Before we got to the danger zone we had music from the band twice a day, and in the afternoon we had some dandy wrestling and boxing matches. Some of the men have of course to do guard duty as at present eighty men are on guard, forty on each side of the ship.

No lights are lit on the ship at night and it is not permitted to light a match or a cigarette on deck. We were told that a lighted match could be seen for three miles, less eighty yards, and a cigarette could be seen for three miles, less eighty yards, and a cigarette could be seen for three miles. However, down below every thing is lit up. There is a nice smoking room and also a reading and writing room.

We have a bulletin board on which news is posted every day. The wireless operators get the news and all they are allowed to publish is part of the daily board. We have heard quite a lot about the American destroyer which was torpedoed, (one man killed and five injured), and which was able to get into port.

There are about 150 civilians traveling second class, and some of them are very odd characters indeed. We have with us a great big Scotchman. He firmly believes that every night or so some civilian goes over board. We told him the other night a man had gone over, and he made 21 in all. Of course the civilians are able to buy intoxicating liquor. One night this Scotchman got pretty nearly drunk. We saw him coming down the corridor with a cat under his arm.

He had the cat's tail in his mouth and was playing on it the way he would on a bagpipe. He turned the cat's foot every little while and it would let out a yowl. An Englishman, (Who I'll tell you more about in a minute) said, "Pretty soon the old fool will light the cat's tail thinking it is a cigar." The Englishman and the Scotchman did not get along very well together.

This Englishman I have mentioned was educated at Durham University in England. He doesn't seem very interested about his personal appearance and to look at him you would think, "Well, I guess he doesn't know much and I can have some fun with him". The first night we started in to kid him, but it wasn't very long before his problem could be fun with him. This first night we started in to kid him, but it wasn't very long before his problem could be

Add total darkness to it and then think of rain for a long time.

(The following extracts from letters from Linford E. Brown, who is in the French Foreign Legion service, are very interesting as they give us a clue to the series published last month. These letters are particularly agreeable reading because of the freshness and cheerfulness, manifesting splendidly the spirit in which our young soldiers are doing their bit. Editor).

T. M. 397 Convoy Autos,
Paris, France,
Sept. 14, 1917.

Will write now of our last trip to the front. Were called at four o'clock in the morning and left camp at half past four for lunch. Left again at one with lunch to be eaten on the road at dinner time. One hour and a half of steady driving before we took our second lead. That sounds like a short time and it is, compared with most of our driving, but you've never tried it on a two ton truck going twenty or twenty-five miles an hour with dust so heavy you can hardly breathe, so you probably won't understand what I mean. Those of us who write those articles for the Hartford paper. He must be making up a lot of stuff.

He has to wear our overcoats come in handy. A few women and children traveling second class. This isn't very usual on a ship of this kind just now.

This is certainly a unique experience for us all and it is something which we shall remember for a long time.

Don't know whether I'll get a crack at it or not as I've been reported three times for inattention and back to the cook, but the fellows are picked from every section every three weeks to be sent to an officers training camp here in France so that they can command the American convoy sections sent over.

Well, I'll tell you about in a minute) said, "They're easy shells, better than any thing I've had since leaving France. I talk as though I thought I was a veteran, but I'm not."

I think there are also about ninety in the year. Why I tell you about in a minute) said, "They're easy shells, better than any thing I've had since leaving France. I talk as though I thought I was a veteran, but I'm not."

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I don't know what to think of that fellow who writes those articles for the Hartford paper. He must be making up a lot of stuff.
night I had two hours guard duty which kept me up until midnight. At three o'clock Sunday morning we were called again and did not get back to camp till six yesterday morning. That made a twenty-seven hour stretch and then they let us sleep five hours. At two in the afternoon we went out again, getting back in time for supper, so you see how good it seemed to have a few hours to myself. We went out this afternoon right after dinner, for I don't know how long. I should worry, though, as I feel like a new man now.

We government doctors come to examine us today and hope to pass well enough to make aviation. If I can't they probably transfer to the ambulance since there is not enough action in the transport to suit me. Your story of the Yankee soldier is good, but as yet I've seen very few French maidens that I cared to flirt with and none that I'd care to be acquainted with. For the greater part they are an immoral crowd, made so care to be acquainted with. For the greater part they are an immoral crowd, made so care to be acquainted with.

If I, had made a bee line for the dugout but it was so crowded that I decided to take my chance outside. Went back to bed again and hadn't any more than got settled when friend Boche came back and dropped some more bombs. Our batteries started firing again and there was another race for the dugout, this time without me. I initiated the ostrich and pulled my blankets over my head until the noise had ceased and peace once more reigned in camp. Believe this is only a forerunner of what is coming as there are large bodies of troops all around camp and the Germans can't help but see them as they raise such an awful amount of dust, being on the move continually. Our batteries have been busy all day keeping away Boche planes and I guess they'll be busy tonight.

I wrote of the good time I had in town a few days ago and now I'll tell you of the experience I had the next night. Left camp at 6:30 with a load of ammunition and was soon on the road to the lines. Wagon and motor convoys, ambulances and ambulances, making a great traffic on the road and the camion in front of us lost sight of the leading truck and followed a French camion which took a road to the left. We could hear shells bursting near us but could not see them as there were hills on each side of us. We had only gone up the road a short distance when we had to step. We got off to see what the trouble was and directly ahead was a wagon convoy minus the drivers. A sudden crash warned us of our danger and enlightened us as to the whereabouts of the drivers. They had taken to the dugout alongside the road as shrapnel was bursting a short distance ahead. We knew then we were on the wrong road and beat a swift retreat to the main road and in half an hour caught up with the leading truck which was waiting for us. All together we again went forward very slowly, shells bursting on our right and left and also in the park where we were to unload. Just as we reached the park every French battery within five miles of us started firing and for fifteen minutes there was a continuous sheet of flame and roar of cannon and shells. Guess it must have quelled the Germans for they did not fire again while we were there. No men or camions lost although five Frenchmen had been killed an hour or so before we arrived. Got "home" at two o'clock and was glad to have a bed to tumble into.

The government doctors have arrived today and have examined a few of the fellows. Out of twenty-seven only fourteen passed, most of them being unable to see well without glasses. Suppose I'll be barred on account of color blindness as the examination is very strict.

Expect to have a pretty busy time of it during the coming month and if what the French drivers say is true, will be on the road two or three days at a time. Our longest run to date was twenty-seven hours and to me it was a stunner. But then, "C'est la guerre et pour la France" as the French say when anything has to be done.

If I fail in my physical examination believe I shall try to get into an ambulance unit being formed in France for service in Italy and Russia. May come home for a visit but doubt it.

Don't know when I'll be able to send a card from Paris as we are a long way from there now and the Lord only knows when we will be there again.

This is all for now as it is so dark I can hardly see.

COMING TO HIS OWN
Written For
THE WINDSOR TOWN CRIER
By
JAMES HENDERSON
Boston Representative of "The Scottish American"

Judging from what we read each day Within our daily paper; E'en should the major part of it Be reckoned naught but vapor There yet is left enough to show The Kaiser from his throne, Is gradually slipping earthward And coming to his own.

He and his ruthless staff have now Began to realize The job that they set out to do Has much increased in size, That "World Power" they had dreamt was theirs By right of "God's Domain", They now have doubts they ever will Be able to attain. Their claim that they were forced to fight Is false, like all they say; If that were so, why did they toast From year to year "The Day"; That day of days, when Zeppelins Would cross the Dover straits, And bring the power of Germany To Britain's very gates: A Power, that they for forty years Had labored to complete; And which they felt would far outclass The famous British fleet.

So when three years ago they felt That "Day" was near at hand; The moment psychological, They fired and pillaged Belgium's homes In the name of German Kultur. The bugle sound proclaimed "The Day", When like a hungry vulture, They fired and pillaged Belgium's homes Such power to him hath given; Who claims that he has been Anointed by the God of Heaven To reign on Earth Supreme; Will soon find out that this same God Will prove to be the Prince of Hell, Not He who reigns in Heaven.
"Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves." We don't see how the dollars are going to be self-supporting now when all the pennies are going for six cent fares. Perhaps "The Young Lady Across the Way" may be able to figure it out, but we can't—so far.

The attitude of our Great-grandmothers towards calories, protein, etc., would probably have been that of the old lady who requested her grand-daughter to kill the error in the Bible "before it et something": And yet their families managed to proceed as much from trying to rush the hill of Life "on high" as expenses so prevalent in this day may. And yet their families managed to be seen wearing.

One of the Erie's swell coats would seem to have started life as a sleeping-lag cut too short for comfort and so was adapted to street wear by cutting a couple of holes to let the wearer's feet out. We read recently an advertisement of "Hand-knit mittens for infants with extra long wrists." Of course, it is very unfortunate to have children with such deformities, but what a blessing to be able to buy something to cover them up!

These are hurrying times when women haven't time to dress as they used to; dresses are being made now with a hole to stick the head through and a belt that can be fastened on the jump, a la fire-horse harness style. The Town Crier has long wished for a hat, but in our humble opinion it would take a mighty brave woman to be seen wearing one.

Seems as if there ought to be a gun and a coon-skin cap with the tail left on to go with those Natty Bumpo spread-eagle, shoulder furs, that look as if the wearer had just shot the critter and was carrying home the skin with head, legs and tail attached.

We understand that ladies' pajamas are made with buttons now. Well, we say nothing is made in vain and it sure does give one the nightmare to sleep on the back.

These cross-over waists make the Town Crier think of the days when his manly spirit chafed when he was sent out to play with a small plaid shawl crossed over the front of him and its ends knotted behind well up out of the reach of his eager hands.

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The men seem to be given a delightful choice this fall between overcoats that look like mother hubbards or others that appear to have been fitted over a Gossard corset. So far we have not been able to make up our minds which is the worse.

The Town Crier crossed Pratt Street recently for a closer view of what seemed to be a colony of little hedgehogs in a show window. Disappointed again, nothing but hats!

We understand that ladies' pajamas are made with buttons now. Well, we say nothing is made in vain and it sure does give one the nightmare to sleep on the back.

It doesn't seem just safe in a no-license town to say you saw at the dress-silk counter in a shop, a bright green silk with scarlet leopards chasing bright red deer over it; nevertheless it was there, because we went up and laid hands on it.

The funeral was over, so Sinclair Lewis says. The elderly widower, having returned from the cemetery, sat on the front porch of his small New Hampshire cottage, whistling softly to himself. A neighbor passed, and saw the solitary figure in the shadow of the porch, and halted his team.

"Well, Uncle Gil," he said, striving to put sympathy into his tones, "how air you bearing up?"

"Pust-rate, Eth," said the supposedly bereaved one cheerfully. "Dun't know as I ever felt better."

"I thought mobbe you'd be missin'—her," said the startled neighbor. "She was a good wife—tuck keer of your home and raised your children, and always done mighty well by you durin' all the thutty years you lived togerther."

"Yas; I know that," stated the widower. "She done all them things and I lived with her thutty years, jest ez you was sayin'; but, gol dern it, I never did like her!"

Saturday Evening Post.
Wise, Smith & Co., Hartford.

FREE SOUVENIRS
Do you know that the Free Souvenirs at our 20th Anniversary Sale include hundreds of articles suitable for Christmas Gifts? Save your souvenir coupons.

Wise, Smith & Co.

Extremely Special Offerings in WOMEN'S RICH FUR COATS.
The most reliable addition to a woman's wardrobe is her Furs—and they should be purchased from a reliable source. The woman in quest of Fura and Fur Garments and interested in dependable furs at the most reasonable prices is invited to investigate these offerings.

NATURAL MUSKRAT COAT. These pelts have been carefully selected and perfectly matched. 45 inches long and very wide sweep with collar and cuffs of Hudson Seal. Special Anniversary Sale Price $89

NATURAL MUSKRAT COAT, beautifully matched skins, very large collar and cuffs of same, 46-inch long and extra wide sweep, lined with brocaded silk. Special Anniversary Sale Price $95

NATURAL MUSKRAT COAT, made of very heavy pelt skins with workmanship and linings of the very best. 44-inch in length and 25-inch wide sweep. Special Anniversary Sale Price $109

EXTRA KOLINSKY DYED MUSKRAT COAT, made up of extra heavy skins, finished with border around bottom, 47-inch in length, and lined with Skinner satin. Special Anniversary Sale Price $115

MOTOR COAT of Natural Raccoon, made of perfectly matched skins, 48-inch long, very large collar and lined with Skinner satin. Special Anniversary Sale Price $139

NATURAL RACCOON COAT, 52-inch in length, made of long and deep fur skins, extra wide. Special Anniversary Sale Price $159

HUDSON SEAL COAT (dyed muskrat), 44-inch in length, made with large collar and cuffs of same and lined with brocaded silk. Sale Price $159

HUDSON SEAL COAT (dyed muskrat), very special and fine selected pelts, wide collar of natural skunk trimmings, 48-inch long and very wide sweep. This garment was made to sell at $350.00. Special Anniversary Sale Price $198

WHEN MOTHER READS A STORY
* When mother reads a story jes' befo're we go to bed, There's not a one of all of us that is a sleepy-head; We gather round and crowd up close about her rockin' chair, An' as she reads I watch the light a-glowin' on her hair. Oh! Jimmy's eyes get big as plates an' Mary sometimes squeals, An' Betty sits with tear-stained face because she sorter feels Real 'sorry for the dragon when the hero kills him dead; When mother reads a story jes' before we go to bed.

When mother reads a story jes' before we go to bed, I lean up close an' hold the book so she can pat my head; For when the giant's yellin' fierce, it's awful nice to know That mother's arm is holdin' you an' will not let you go! Oh! Buddy's mouth falls open most, he gets so filled with fear, An' Helen's eyes glow bright like stars; an' when the end is near We hear the words, "They happy lived forever—it was said." When mother reads a story jes' before we go to bed.

—Margaret E. Sangster

Deaths

Oct. 6. Wm. H. Ellsworth, formerly of Windsor, in Milwaukee, Wis.

Oct. 10. Frederick Fitch of Suffield.


Oct. 15. Edward E. Googe, age 60.


Nov. 2. Mrs. John G. Shepard.

Nov. 2. Mrs. Austin F. Hawes at Burlington, Vt. Mrs. Hawes was a former resident of Windsor.


Above is noted the death in Milwaukee, Wis., of Wm. H. Ellsworth, a native of Windsor, and the brother of Horace H. Ellsworth. William Ellsworth was born in Windsor, the son of Wm. H. and Emily M. Ellsworth on October 18, 1842. He received his education in the Windsor Public Schools and the old Windsor Academy, taking the course at Hamann's Business College in Hartford also. He left Windsor for Milwaukee in 1863 marrying Miss Theresa Matthew. Two children, Jennie, now deceased, and Wm. H. Ellsworth, Jr., were born to them. It is said that Mr. Ellsworth went West at the suggestion of a former Windsor boy who promised to obtain a position for him but failed to do so when he reached there. However, he obtained a position as clerk, was promoted to salesman, and finally formed a partnership under the name of Straw, Ellsworth Mfg. Co., to make hats, caps, gloves, and fur coats.

Mr. Ellsworth was a great sportsman, having hunted nearly every kind of game in this country. He had one of the greatest collections of Indian relics in the country—a collection started in his garden in Windsor, when a boy. He was a great lover of flowers. Mr. Ellsworth was one of the founders and first president of the Wisconsin Archaeological Society.

Marriages


Oct. 15. Frank P. Gilligan and Miss Catherine M. Daley, in Broad Brook, Conn.


Oct. 27. James P. Diessel and Miss Helen B. Scarbrough, daughter of George F. Scarbrough of Windsor, in West Hartford.


Our New Population

Oct. 12. Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kranic.

Oct. 16. Maria, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry DeForge.

Oct. 28. Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Kardokas.

ODDITIES IN PRINT

Lester Stone left Saturday for Seattle, where they will visit kinsmen. He bought the tickets from a party that backed out and they consider it a good bargain, such as he always makes.

—The Porter (O.) Sentinel.

A. J. Bartling, of Greenwood avenue, one of Oakland's oldest residents, has sold his petashshrmwqubjazzixix.

—The Camden (Ga.) Courier.

Mrs. Allie Smith, on the Fairbanks lease, purchased the Felix cottage in South Taft. The property is opposite the Brooke undertaking parlors and is a desirable location.

—The Taft (Oal.) Midway Driller.

Following the murder, Schupp rode to New York on a truck and sat for some time on a park bench. Feeling remorse for what he had done, he returned to Newark and went into a saloon at Clinton and Mulberry streets, where he sang until 2 o'clock in the morning.


With the Oakes sisters Monday evening was a coagulation of friends and around the bridge tables a gleaming of pleasures for the nonce and days to be. Half or more of this evanescent element is the retrospection, the remainder introspection.

—The Le Claire (Pa.) Item.

Joe Mullins came into our office on Monday and said sarcastically, "Some newspaper this is, ain't it? Didn't you know there was a big son down to our place a fortnight ago?" We did not doubt Joe's words in the least, but some parents are so touchy, it is not our custom to publish such items hastily. However, our society editress will look into the matter.

—The Belmont (Mass.) News.

Anyone or any town that begrudges a few dollars worth of estables to an old lady 90 years old, who has been a good jovial citizen in the township of Noble, a widow all her life, surely has the love of humanity in cold storage.

—Cor. of the Burr Oak (Ind.) Acorn.

Miss Grace Taylor, the charming young hostess of Freedom, entertained most delightfully with a formal two-course dinner the other evening. Covers were laid for thirty-five and maple sugar and pickles were served.

—The Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

An auto loaded with several dogs came from Akron early Monday morning and spent the day hunting rabbits around Pawnee. —Shawnee Cor. Medina County, O., Gazette.

For Sale—Plymouth hens ready to lay $1.25 each.


PURITY

For three quarters of a century this has been the prime consideration in the making of

Kibbe's CANDIES

Finest materials: a clean factory: modern machinery: skilled workmen.

You're Sure They're Pure.

Kibbe Bros. Co., SPRINGFIELD, MASS
THE WINDSOR TOWN CRIER

The Town Crier's Own Scrap Book

SELF DEPENDENCE

(Credit Lost)

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
O'er the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou be as these are?
Live as they.
"Unafrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.
"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Ah, once more," I cried, "Ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
"Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

O air-born voices! long since severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear;
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery!"

works near, also drove the town hearse, and at a town meeting, in telling of the need of a new hearse, said, "it nigh tipped over and killed me and the corpus' too. Elm Grove School House was the dining room below, with dance hall above, of a hotel kept by Mr. and Mrs. Cicero Phelps. A whipping post stood near the forks of the roads. The main highway at or near the center was very near the river, and led on down the hill with a sharp turn into a covered bridge, which was burned in 1868-69. There have been 5 bridges over the river at this place. The bridge burned in 1868-69 was the third. Where the Hartford Paper Company is now situated was a grist mill and the original buildings were burned.

Mr. Daniel Buck was one of the promoters of the railroad from Windsor to Tariffville. Had a survey taken and stakes set and the present brick stock house of the Hartford Paper Co. was built for the railroad station. That necessitated moving the road, which is the present one, built on land that was a pasture of Mr. Soper. The stone of which the Tunxis mill was built was quarried from a quarry back of where Mr. Joseph Holcomb lives. After the burning of the grist mill, Mr. Daniel Buck attracted by the water power came from Hartford and started the plans for the railroad. He drove from Hartford each day and kept his horses in what is now the barber shop. Lack of funds dampened his enthusiasm and the railroad failed to go through. The early settlers endured many hardships and privations while making their homes and rearing their large families. Many of their homes are still standing and occupied in this day, while many of the old time names are no longer heard. Windsor was the town of their making. The old church where they worshipped is still in use today. The schools, the roads and all town work and responsibilities were discharged in those days, for the benefit of their population, to the best of their ability and means of that period. Let us prove ourselves true descendants of those patient, patriotic, home-loving people and emulate them in our willingness to honorably discharge all the obligations of our present day needs, and one and all work for the progress, prosperity and wholesome life of our fine old Wind-

sor, considered by one of its honored and notable sons — to be "The best town, in the best State, of the best country in the world."

THE STORY

A little joy;
A little strife;
Hope, fear, hate, love—
And this is life.

A little pain;
A shortened breath;
Ease, rest, peace, sleep—
And this is death.

The song, the sigh,
The evening call—
Thus live, thus die,
Thus pass we all.

Arthur J. Burdick.
THE WINDSOR TOWN CRIER

GENERAL ELECTRIC NOTES

By "Shunt"

Ninety-two employees of the local branch of the General Electric Company proved themselves good Americans by subscribing to Liberty Bonds of the second issue to a total amount of $5,355. Total subscriptions to both Liberty Loans from this plant amount to $13,000 to date. The list of the ninety-two subscribers to the last loan, from here, follows:


We are accustomed to listening to sudden outbreaks of joy, but all records, (as well as many windows) were shattered when the big air com- pressor "pom" a while ago.

While there was a good deal of dust, broken glass and smoke blowing around for a few moments, no one was injured and in a short time every- thing settled down to normal.

Ben Carter explained just how it happened, as he knew just what had happened, when it did happen, but he hasn't explained why he started for Hayden Station in such a hurry. Some one said it was to take up a collection to pay for the "blow-out."

Harry Osborne broke all speed rec- ords in gesticating from his station in the center of the building to the rear win- dows where he joined the other girls in singing, "Where Do We Go From Here."

Pete Rettinger went up stairs four times and came down again, giving different instructions each time.

John Cook made two complete trips around the plant—outside, ripping off all the window screens on the lower floor—"to let the dust out"—so he says.

Several of the "high school" girls in Chief Norrie's department started to give a Douglas Fairbanks stunt on the rear fire escape, and Charlie Cornelius wouldn't speak to anyone all day just because he didn't wake up in time to see the show.

The Assemblers squad, headed by General Peter Palosey made a hurried exit through J. Laverty's window, taking sash and all. As it was impossible for Bert Elliott and his two lady assistants to get through at the same time, Bert quit the race and went back to work.

It certainly was lively while it lasted and gave visions of submar­ines, air raids, etc., etc., all on ac­count of hot air. We might mention that "Bill King" didn't hear the exp­losion at all.

If some of their shop mates could have seen Miss Mullane and Miss Chagason on Halloween Night they would have had to guess twice as to who the handsome looking "young men" were who went calling on the "boss" that evening. Miss Lizzie White acted as chaperone.

The two "Johns" went shooting last month: one brought home the prize score from the Home Guard rifle range, while the other brought home a hard cold—at least that's all we've seen.

Alice Hathaway has worked most two weeks without a vacation.

We take more than a mere freight train to stop Miss Stonholm from coming in the front door. The way Celita can hurdle freight car bumpers would make some of our young men athletes jealous.

Burt Elliott is with us again and seems perfectly contented in his old department. Burt has a "pull" somewhere; how can we otherwise ac­count for his being favored by two young lady assistants.

What will Mable Bennett do if the government puts a ban on the use of sugar in making candy?

Dan Harrison isn't the only one who can boast of a "beauty parlor."

Just take a glance into Ben Carter's Sunday-school class!

George Saylor, bass drum solo­ist, has visions of a factory band one of these days. Let's hope his dreams come true. Tutu Tutu!

Jack Norris wishes they would stop driving the Sage Park "water wa­gon" through the streets at dinner time. It's hard enough to bear as it is—and the town water "fishy" at that. Well—the dinner hour DOES seem longer to some now-a-days.

"Pinky" Furlong has finished another other sweater. How do you find time to do it and keep Mr. B's correspond­ence straightened up.

"Art" Williams wishes his desk faced the other way. We don't know why?

If Miss Elliott should attach all order slips to P. O.'s before sending out to "Please check" the stock clerk wouldn't have any excuse for making a daily call on the "M. O."

Have you heard the Thompsonville girls sextet? Rehearsals on the stairs 12.45 P. M. Some song birds! "Pop" Goddard has just completed Winding Machine No. 6. From now on we expect "Pop" will act more natural.

The blacksmith shop has again re­sumed its popularity, though prices are higher than in the past.

We're wondering what makes Miss Zauche seem so distant now-a-days?

"SHUNT."

"HOLD-UPS"

[His latest photograph]

What a change has taken place in the appearance of the men folks since the fair sex has invaded our ranks: Clean shaves, clean collars, new neckties, fancy (dollar) shirts, etc., have taken the place of last sea­son's clothes and overalls. Even first mate Kuhnley has had his linen duster washed.

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"SHUNT."

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UPPER BREAK NECK PERFECTOS

DOCTOR JACK

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at Ye Olde Grist Mill

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THE WINDSOR TOWN CRIER

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Victor Corn, Fruit and All Crops ........................ 2-10
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Victor Top Dresser for Grass and Grain .............. 6-8
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MAIL US IN YOUR INQUIRIES.

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