The Story of the Ellsworth Homestead in this Number.
THE WINDSOR TOWN CRIER

AROUND THE TOWN

At the annual meeting of the Windsor Veteran Battalion, G. A. R., the following were elected officers: Commandant, Lorenzo D. Converse; vice-commander, Fred B. Fenton; secretary and treasurer, Lorenzo D. Converse. A committee on speakers was appointed, consisting of Edward B. Grinnell, John A. Dubon, J. D. Converse. The battalion has accepted an invitation from Rev. W. B. Cornish of the Methodist Church to attend a memorial service in that church on the Sunday preceding Memorial Day.

The lamprey eel season closed on May 15th. The catch has been a very unsatisfactory one. The shad fishermen have had fair success only. There seems to be little question but that the pollution of the streams in various ways is slowly but surely ruining the fishing industry. It seems unfortunate that a condition which is so necessary can not be remedied by sane legislation.

Band concerts again this summer! That is surely welcome news and we hope that Bandmaster B. W. Elliott will secure enough subscriptions so that his excellent Windsor Military Band will entertain us early and often. If you haven't contributed your share, Mr. Elliott will welcome it at any time.

The Tunxis River Canoe Club is planning a most attractive and unique program for its Annual Opening Day which is to be celebrated from two till six. At about 4 o'clock there will be a tug-of-war between two canoes, each with a crew of two. At a signal both canoes paddle to a log floating in the river. Ropes are tied to this and then the canoes pull against each other for five minutes. Another stunt will be the pipe race in which each contestant inhales a big tin cup. An orchestra will be present and there will be dancing all the evening. During the afternoon a program of land and water contests is scheduled a tug-of-war between two. At a signal both canoes pull against each other for five minutes. Another stunt will be the pipe race in which each contestant inhales a big tin cup. An orchestra will be present and there will be dancing all the evening. During the afternoon a program of land and water contests is scheduled.

The Commencement exercises of the Campbell School are an important feature of the spring social life of the town. They will begin with the Senior Prom, June 18th, in the new Campbell Hall, a beautiful little hall which has not only proved a most useful adjunct to the school, but has added a long felt want in the town.

Sunday, June 11th, Rev. William F. English will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon in the old Congregational Church, and a memorial service will be held by the pupils of Miss Clara M. Coe's School of Oratory.

A. B. Drumm will raise 50 acres of tobacco this year. Last year he raised twenty-five.

Roscoe W. Nelson, a son of Reverend Roscoe Nelson of the Windsor Congregational Church, member of the senior class at Harvard was recently awarded a fellowship on account of attaining the highest honors in modern history during examinations.

Miss Madeline Huntington of Poquonock took the part of Mrs. Dodd, at Parson's Theater, June 11th, where the play, "The Maneuvers of Jane," was given by the pupils of Miss Clara M. Coe's School of Oratory.

At the town meeting May 12th, $4,000 additional was appropriated to care for the cost of the school buildings in Districts One and Nine. Also $750 of the money appropriated for the new school building on the Griffin-Neuberger plantation was transferred to apply on the school buildings in Districts Eight and Nine.

The building committee awarded the contract for the Poquonock school to T. A. Garry of Hartford for $10,925, the heating contract to Libby & Blinn of Hartford, and the plumbing contract to A. Wilbraham of Poquonock. The contract for the new school at the Griffin-Neuberger tobacco plantation was awarded to Jameson & Sons of Bloomfield for $2,750.

A Windsorite served a jury a few years ago in a case in which he felt strongly that a serious injustice had been perpetrated on an old man who had brought the suit in an effort to obtain wages due him. Observing that a majority of the jurymen appeared to be members of the same secret order that the defendant was a prominent member of, and that after frequent whispered conferences these men seemed to agree to stand by the defendant without regard to the evidence given at the trial, this man, after a few moments thought, wrote out and offered to one of them, the following verses:

Your voice—like the wireless—
Through the air along you go.
How far may it go I declare
I don't know.
It may go to a sphere—
Where the Lord sits on high
To judge of your deeds
In the sweet bye and bye!

W. D. Cummings of Springfield who has been working here organizing an order of Loyal Order of Moose, has met with great success. One hundred and eighty have already signified their intention of becoming charter members.

On a recent visit to the Sage-Allen Company store, the Town Crier observed a queer contraption that looked to him like a cross between a bird cage and a lamp shade. Ap- parently it he timidly ventured to ask the nice young lady in charge what the thingamajig might be. Shade of our great grandmothers! He was told that the article was the very latest thing in "hip hoops." What's a man going to do now for a seat in the trolley car?
Dr. Clyde A. Clark tells The Town Crier the following story, and he vouches for the truthfulness of it: A certain Windsor lady whom we will call Mrs. Jones, recently said to the colored man who worked as a cook and servant in her home, "I have some collars belonging to my husband that he cannot wear, William. If they will fit you, you may have them. What size do you want?"

"Oh," was the astonishing and comprehensive reply, "I wear fourteen, fifteen, sixteens, seventeens, eighteens--mos' any doze sizes, thank you, ma'am!"

Whenever The Crier has an opportunity it likes to attend a play by local talent and come up to the editor has found that Windsor is particularly fortunate in the number of capable amateurs who live here and that excellent entertainment is usually of good quality and class of plays presented. He knew that the Delta Alpha Club play, "The Mischief Makers" under the direction of Mrs. Grace Olimsted Scouten would be well worth seeing so he could not go. So he sent the Dramatic Editor in his place—the Dramatic Editor knows how to write glibly and that is a swell front. He always makes a good appearance at any function. He was just as tickled most to death when he sat down and took out his pen and note book everybody in the audience looked at him and was imitated by each other and said: "That fine looking fellow over there is the representative of The Windsor Town Crier." But after the play was over that came up to the editor, told him all about it and said, "you write it up." So here goes:

The comedy "The Mischief Makers" was successfully presented by the Delta Alpha Club in the Windsor Town Hall, Friday evening, May 19th. The members of the cast took their parts very well, much laughter being provoked by the antics of Wilhelmina Lamb who played "Shiny" and the droll humor of "Hank's" philosophy. The latter part was played by Henrietta Hall, Gertrude Williams, as "Wanda." and Florence Centen who played "Amos North" were the realistic villains of the play. However, they were foiled by Evelyn Peterson as "John Willett," and all ended happily in the engagement of the two couples "John" and "Kate," "Amos" and "Wanda." The part of "Kate" was well played by Etta Ransom who was especially charming in an exquisite old-fashioned dress; "Sally Webb" and Faith Hawey as "Helen Conway" were charming as college girls, and good friends to Kate in her time of trouble.

Mrs. Lulu Albee Lord was greeted with much enthusiasm, and her several solos were heartily encored. The selections of the Tempo Orchestra, under the capable leadership of W. Clayton Simon, were also thoroughly appreciated. Mr. Simmons also acted as Ice Cream announcer in a most effective manner.

Many thanks are extended to all who assisted the club in any and every way, by Miss Florence Grimshaw and Miss Helen Seidler, who efficiently managed the production. The next time the Delta Alpha Club gives a play The Crier will not allow anyone else to go in his place.

Willie with a thirst for gore, Nailed the baby to the door; Mother said, with humor quaint, "Willie, dear, don't mar the paint." From "Little Willies."

The annual meeting of the Windsor Library Association was held Tuesday, May 9th. The old officers were re-elected as follows: President, the Rev. Dr. F. W. Harriman; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah A. Tuttle; secretary, Frank V. Mills; treasurer, E. Pomerooy; executive committee, the officers and Dr. E. E. Case, George E. Crosby, jr., and John Garvan; auditor, Arthur W. Tryon; book committee, the Rev. Roscoe Nelson, Miss A. M. Still, Miss Emma Morgan, Mr. Ruel Crompton Tuttle, Miss Jennie Loomis and Miss Kate Safford. The Association has a fund of $5,485.70, besides the building and land, and there was a gain in cash during the year of $397. The library has been open 129 days since June 1 last to May 1 of this year. 5,912 fiction and 721 non-fiction books, and 554 periodicals, a total of 6,388, have been issued, and the number of borrowers was 807. Fiction books, and 554 periodicals, a number of families represented estimated at 360, an increase in borrowers for the period of 132, representing an increase of forty-two families.

The Hayden station branch has been discontinued during the winter as Miss Louise Osborne was away. It is hoped that it will be opened soon. Mrs. C. Robert Hatheway reported for the Poquonock branch from July 1, 1916: Number of books and magazines issued being 1,301. The library is open twice a week with few exceptions. Mrs. Hatheway is extremely interested in the work and her work cannot be too highly praised. Her services are gratuitous. The appropriation for the town for the library association is now $400 per year.

During the month Contractor A. Lambo finished the laying of mains to Wilson's and now the people of that end of the town have the same excellent service that is supplied in other parts of Windsor by the Windsor Water Company.

The dedication of the new building of the Church of St. Gabriel, on Broad street, Windsor, was on Sunday, May 14th. The Right Reverend John J. Nilan, D.D., Bishop of the diocese, officiated, assisted by Rev. Lawrence A. Guinan, Rev. M. P. Macauliffe, A. M., Rev. John E. Fay, and conceived by Rev. John J. Fitzgerald, the present pastor, who, shortly after coming to this parish four years ago realized that the old church, which had been used for nearly fifty years, was too small. In the interval the difficult task of raising the money for a new church has been accomplished so well that a building representing, with its furnishings, over $35,000 with but a small encumbrance, is the result. Many prominent men of Windsor of all denominations, attended the ceremonies, which were most impressive.

The annual meeting of the Winnop Fish and Game Club was held at the club house, Friday, May 19th, the reports of the officers showed that the year had been most prosperous. Not only have the members of the club taken the greatest interest in the association, but other associations, both locally and out of town, President Austin M. Bond, the report, and he was unanimously re-elected, as John H. Ramsey, secretary, and Charles B. Searle, treasurer.

The Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth Chapter, D. A. R. has been asked to propose the name of the resident of the south end of the town, of years past, to apply to the new school at Wilsons. This request indicates a very gratifying continuance of a plan of naming schools that started when the High School building was named in honor of Roger Ludlow.

Forest Fire Warden Norman T. Edson has announced the following list of deputies as follows: F. E. Clark, Farmington River Power Station; Jacob Lang, Farmington district; Charles O. Clark, Hayden's Station; James F. Norris, Thralltown; Chief James J. Dillon, Windsor Fire Company, Windsor Center; Frederick W. Kimberley, Wilson Station.

The Windsor Baseball Team will play this year under the management of F. J. LaFleur, who has recently been taking subscriptions to buy uniforms for the Club. It is proposed to have the first game of the season at Sage Park on the morning of Decoration Day, before the races. The team has recently ordered uniforms from the Gustave Fischer Co. of Hartford.

Better telegraph service is promised for Windsor in the delivery of messages by arrangements which have been made by the Public Affairs Committee of the Windsor Business Men's Association.

Windsor is to have an improvement to its village mail delivery service. Within a short time mail boxes for collection will be put at convenient places.
The Windsor Town Crier

A Monthly Medium of Chronicle and Comment
Published by THE TOWN CRIER PUBLISHING CO., WINDSOR, CONN.

(To copy payable to above.)

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Single Copies 5 cents each
Advertisements: Rates on Application

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We do not intend to print advertising that we cannot endorse. We will not publish local or 0-0-0 advertising, and reserve the right to comment on any subject, whether it concerns an advertiser or not.

CONTRIBUTIONS: We shall welcome suggestions and short contributions of news of coming events, or other items of local interest at any time.

Advertisements or any copy must be in our hands on the 16th day of the month preceding publication.

Hartford Office: Pariss & Joseph, Printers 720 Main St. Tel. 4682
Windsor: Mason C. Green, Business Representative 48 E. Main Street Telephone 170
The Town Crier will be for sale at stores in Clarks, Bantam, South Windsor, Wethersfield, Windsor and in the Gustave Fischer Company's store in Hartford.

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Trains Leave Windsor
GOING SOUTH—WEEK-DAYS Morning 6:12, 7:57, 8:21, 10:54 Afternoon 4:43, 6:05, 7:20, 9:00
GOING NORTH—SUNDAYS Morning 10:54, 12:21 Afternoon 4:43, 7:20, 10:00 Twelve Minutes To Hartford.

GOING SOUTH—WEEK-DAYS Morning 5:57, 8:15, 9:53, 11:29 Afternoon 2:13, 4:50, 5:37, 6:29 11:35

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MEMORIAL DAY—MAY 30TH.

Windsor's diminished Veteran Battalion, G. A. R., will again conduct the annual decoration of the graves of those Windsor soldiers of the great Civil War who have passed on to answer their last roll-call.

During the year 1915, 238 members of the G. A. R. in Connecticut have died, leaving the total membership in the state at the end of that year, only 2,181. The proportion of deaths increases, naturally, every year.

A splendid privilege it is, therefore, to feel that we still have with us a small band of survivors of those men who left their homes over fifty years ago, prepared, if necessary to sacrifice their lives for a principle they believed in.

It is a pathetic fact that in our busy lives we overlook, except on such occasions as this annual one, the opportunity that this generation has —but another one will not enjoy—of having personal contact with surviving members of the great civil struggle. We should take off our hats reverently as our veterans pass by, remembering that they stand for the spirit that has saved us, and will save us, as a nation when such bitter strife faces us as they participated in.

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Let the sons and grandsons of veterans, the Boy Scouts and every one of us make the most of the privilege and opportunity Decoration Day—and every day—yet gives us, to show these men how we honor them and are proud of them. Let us begin this coming 30th of May to share the noble duty of carrying on the work to which the Grand Army of the Republic is consecrated—the fostering of patriotism, the loving care and consideration for surviving veterans—and the decoration of the graves of those who save in spirit, perhaps, are longer with us. Let Our Veterans see, and feel, what we know—that they will never be forgotten.

The July Town Crier Will Be Worth Reading. Don't Fail To Get It.

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On Tuesday, May 23, The Connecticut River Waterway Association was to hold its annual convention in New London. A party of two hundred representative men of the state was taken on the Steamer "Zephyr" from New London on a tour of inspection of the harbors and government works included New Haven Harbor and all the harbors and government works of the Connecticut River. A landing was made at Saybrook Point and the steamer continued up the Connecticut River to the city of Middletown, where, after greetings from the Mayor of that City and representatives of its energetic Chamber of Commerce, a few speeches by prominent men, a shad dinner was served. This trip was a practical effort to inspire new interest in the development of Connecticut Waterways, and as a representative from the New London office of the War Department was on board to explain the work to be done in the Connecticut River, arrangements for that purpose were made.

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The Hartford County League News states that interest in soy beans, either as a green manure, soil ing or ensilage supplement, is very marked. The County Agent W. A. Cook of Windsor is cooperating with a number who are trying this crop for the first time. Records will be kept as to the cost of growing and its subsequent feeding or manurial value. It is also hoped that summer trips may be arranged to inspect these plots.

A well known business man whose home is in Windsor but who spends a great deal of time in traveling through other towns has found it a practice to sound prospective customers as to their opinion of their home town. He long ago learned to be cautious in his dealings with men who criticised and found fault with the town they lived in. He considers it about as creditable to a man to "raost" his own father and mother as to pick his own town to pieces—and yet continue to live there. He has avoided many bad debts by following his theory to its logical conclusions.

In a sleeping-car one night, after everybody had turned in and the lights were low, a loud voice called from an upper berth.

"Porter, got a cork screw?"

The porter came hurrying down the aisle. "Yes, Boss," he said, in a scandalized tone, "we don't allow no drinking in the berths. It's against the rules.

"Oh, it's not that," the voice answered; "I just want to dig out a pillow that's sort of worked it's way into my ear."

Credit Lost.
KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE
(By James Whitcomb Riley)

This poem is one of the compositions unknown productions of Riley, possibly on account of the fact that only the child who grows up in the country can appreciate the joy of day and gazing up at the sun and sky, lazing in a daisy field on a warm June day and floating clouds. The verses that follow certainly convey the exact spirit of such moments.

Tell you what I like the best—
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine—some afternoon
'Bout a jest! I jest and rest,
And not work at nothin' else!

Orchard's where I'd rather be—
Necessity didn't in fer me—
Jes' the whole sky overhead,
Like he ort, and kind o' has
Elbow-room to carelessly
Sprawl out len'thways on the grass,
Where the shadgets thin and soft
Are a-silky as the bed
Mother fixes in the loft
Alius, when they's company!

Jes' a sort o' lazin' there—
'Slaxy 'at you peek and peer
With the winnowin' leaves above
Like a feller 'at's in love,
And don't know it, ner don't keer!
Everything you hear and see
Got some sort o' interest—
Maybe find a bluebird's nest
Tucked up there conveniently
Per the boys 'at's apt to be
Up some other apple-tree!

Watch the swallers skootin' past—
Ketch a shadder down below,
Fer the boys 'at's apt to be
'Long about knee-deep in June,

'Tell you what I like the best—
Jes' a sort o' lazin' there—
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Long about knee-deep in June,

'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Long about knee-deep in June,
THE WINDSOR TOWN CRIER

THE STORY OF THE OLIVER ELLSWORTH HOMESTEAD.

By N. R. Clark.

There are countless incidents and traditions recorded in connection with the beautiful old historic Ellsworth Homestead and its distinguished owner, Oliver Ellsworth, Chief Justice of the United States. Because of its priceless collection of antiques as well as the valuable service of Oliver Ellsworth to his country, visitors have been attracted from all over the world.

The first settlement near the site of the Ellsworth Home was about the year 1635 when Mr. Francis Stiles and a party of twenty men were sent by the "Lords and Gentlemen" of Enfield to select their clearing for this site. Mr. Stiles built a "suitable house" which was probably at first a dugout or log cabin, such as were built by the earliest Windsor settlers. A few years ago, when Mr. Fowler built his house a few rods north of the Ellsworth Homestead, a corner of the old Stiles house was unearthed. Remains of an old fort are still visible in the hollow of a cellar a few yards south of the Ellsworth Homestead, also there is a well indicating about the location of the first Ellsworth house.

The land was sold three times before March 31, 1665 when it was purchased by Josiah Ellsworth, grandfather of Oliver and it remained in the family for 239 years.

A portion of the present house was built by the father of Oliver about 1740. The ell facing the south was probably built about 1780 by Oliver Ellsworth after he had been to France and in preparation for his daughter's wedding. Later still the colonnade or porch was built by the "Lords and Gentlemen" of Windsor. The house as we see it today is characteristic of its former owner—simple in exterior, yet substantial and imposing.

It has fourteen rooms in which are many souvenirs of his trip abroad, old-fashioned, elegant and substantial furniture—fine life-size portraits of the Chief Justice and his wife. A quaint piano harmonium is a source of wonder and delight to the visitor; while the "Court Cupboard" built in Holland in 1698 is of more than passing interest. There are wonderful candlesticks, mirrors, pictures, an old corner cupboard, an old clock with an eagle on top, and many more interesting things which make it one of the most remarkable homes in Windsor.

Standing like sentinels guarding the secret traditions and intimate lives of the house are the famous trees. Among them is the stump of the old cedar "Hunt Tree" which until it fell some years ago was known as the oldest tree in Windsor. Tradition says that this was one of the original forest trees. For several generations it was the rallying spot for hunters when they started on a general hunt. "High in its branches hung an immense tail of a deer's antlers which disappeared about seventy-five years ago. Under this tree the original settlers of Windsor and Connecticut made their treaty with the Indians.

Oliver Ellsworth planted thirteen elms, each named for one of the thirteen colonies that formed the original Union. According to the family story lightning struck and blasted the South Carolina elm when the state for which it was named ceased from the Union. The Ellsworth House was presented to the Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution by the Ellsworth heirs and was formally dedicated October 8, 1903, when a public celebration was held at the home. Governor Chamberlain, escorting the Foot Guard, was present and also Mrs. Sara Kinney, the Connecticut State Regent, as well as many state officers, members of the D. A. R. and guests.

The D. A. R. of the state renovated and redecorated the house with the exception of two rooms which remain unchanged. On the walls of one of these rooms, called the Lafayette Room, is the wall-paper brought from France by Chief Justice Ellsworth. It is peculiar in that it is put on in very short pieces instead of the unbroken lengths of the present day. Also it was the first wall-paper to be used in the state. General Lafayette slept in this room when a guest of Judge Ellsworth.

Twelve rooms were made to look nearly like the original as possible. The day following the dedication Mr. and Mrs. Edwin R. Holman became the caretakers, occupying a portion of the Home and they have faithfully and conscientiously discharged their duties since. Mrs. Holman charms her visitors with her fund of information and anecdotes in connection with the Homestead.

So much for "Elmwood," the attractive house and its surroundings where Oliver Ellsworth lived and died, but it is not as interesting as this distinguished man who had "visited many countries, yet liked his own the best; who had been in all the states of the Union and found Connecticut the best state, Windsor the pleasantest town, and his own home the pleasantest place in the town of Windsor." Oliver Ellsworth was born April 29, 1745 and was the son of Captain David Ellsworth and his wife Jemima. As a farmer's boy he was accustomed to frugal fare, simple amusements and hard, wholesome tasks. He was familiar with the doctrines and observances of the Congregational Church, the established church of the Colony, which inculcated in him deep religious convictions that controlled his life.

Connecticut from a very early period had maintained an excellent school system supported by taxation, consequently his early schooling was as good as could be had anywhere in the colonies. His father prepared him for the study of the ministry and when seventeen years of age, Oliver entered Yale College where he remained for two years. For some misdemeanor he was "dismissed from being a member of this college." It is said that he went to Princeton and was graduated from there in 1766. He continued studying for the ministry but his teachers and his father were finally convinced that his mind and tastes were better suited to the bar, to which he was admitted four years later.

When he began to practice as a lawyer, he was in debt, but someone has said that "poverty and early marriage make the best beginning of a lawyer's life" and both were his portion.

In 1722, one year after his admission to the bar, he married Abigail Wolcott of East Windsor. A story is told that when Oliver made his first visit to the Wolcott house, he called for an elder sister, but that the black eyes of Abigail who sat demurely carding tow in the chimney corner made him change his mind and the next time he went there he called for Abigail. She was only sixteen at her marriage and was said to be beautiful, also an uncommonly loving and lovable woman.

Oliver Ellsworth and his wife began life together on a farm in Win-tonbury (now Bloomfield) which belonged to his father. The farm was his main support until his increasing practice caused him to move to Hartford. He was too poor to hire help.

(Continued on page 8)
THE WINDSOR TOWN CRIER

The Campbell School

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REASONABLE RATES
WINDSOR

Don't Fail to Get The July Town Crier—Out June 25th.

HE WASN'T MAKING MONEY

He was a renter, and at least every other season he was occupying a different farm, says Argonaut. By a friend's advice he had moved the year before into an entirely new field, a dozen miles from his usual haunts, and had not been seen for several months. When the friend did see him at last, it was quite by accident, business taking him into the old man's neighborhood. The farmer hailed him from the cornfield and came out to the fence.

"Hello!" said the friend. "Is this your farm?"

"Yes; and I jist come over to tell you, sir, that I'll be ready to pay part of that claim of your'n before long."

"You must be doing well."

"I think I'm doin' just fine, and I'm powerful obliged to you, sir, for keepin' me from the fence."

"I am always glad to help if I can."

"I knowed that sir, and that's why I come away over here so far from home. It's kinder strange to me, but as long as I am doin' as well as I am, I'm goin' to stand it."

"Are you making any money?"

The old man's face brightened perceptibly. "No, I ain't sir," he replied hopefully, "but I'm losin' it slower'n I ever done in my life before."

A Cent A Word Advertisements.

Ordinary Want, for Sale, For Rent, Lost or Found Notices will be inserted under this heading at one cent a word, name and address included, but no ad. will be accepted for less than 25 cents. Send one cent stamps or coin.

WANTED—Five shares stock of The Windsor Trust and Safe Deposit Co. Will pay substantial premiums. Address "History" care of Town Crier.

WANTED—Would buy twenty or thirty acres of good grass standing the coming season. Address Geo. G. Ford

WANTED—To purchase a two-volume set of Stiles' History of Windsor. Please state price and address; "History" care of Town Crier.

FOR SALE—89 foot windmill in good order. Also hot air pump engine in good order. Price right. T. M. Wilcox, Station 28, Windsor.

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'Phone 57-3
POQUONOCK
so worked the farm himself and became a taciturn and intelligent farmer. When court was in session he walked twice a day, the ten miles that lay between his home and his office in Hartford. Once a wealthy neighbor passed him in a carriage and remarked that a man of his position ought to ride rather than walk, Ellsworth replied that every man had to walk some time during his life and preferred to walk when he was young and strong. Of course, the story goes, that the time came when he rode and the neighbor walked.

Oliver Ellsworth and his beautiful wife were sincerely devoted to each other. Their eleven children were born to them. The two youngest were twin boys, one of whom graduated from Yale and his daughter married men of prominence.

A story is told of his sending his son Martin to Hartford to invite General Washington to lunch with him at "Ellwood." The General accepted the invitation and upon arriving at the homestead was shown into a room upstairs that he might remove some of the dust of the journey. He was gone so long that Mrs. Ellsworth and her husband to see what had become of him, and it is said that he found him holding a child on each knee and singing the "Dilly Dilly" to them.

His greatest temptation was the snuff-box, used constantly in his later years. Thinking to diminish the number of pinches, he would take it to the top of the garret stairs, so that he would have to climb two flights every time he used it. Needless to say it was not long before he abandoned this difficult task, and returned the box to a handy pocket.

While Oliver Ellsworth was a forceful and eloquent speaker, he was not a very prolific letter writer. Even his letters to his wife were few and usual, we are told that she finally received a missive. She adjusted her anxious over a silence longer than usual, we are told that she finally received a missive. She adjusted her speed, opened the packet and read—"One week, and then another.

"Ellwood" The Oliver Ellsworth Homestead

Time and space would fail in attempting to tell all of the interesting things recorded of Oliver Ellsworth in connection with his family, town, state and nation. He was an ideal husband and father; practical, yet indulgent; stern, yet kind and sympathetic. His early years, also his declining ones were spent in the Home-town from which he had been born. Of course, the story goes, that the time came when he rode and the neighbor walked.

The new Warham Street was named with a fine appropriateness on account of its proximity to the Old Warham Mill, (now Lewis's), and to the former residence of Reverend John Warham. We should like to see this street even more definitely designated as "John Warham" or "Reverend John Warham," Street. It may take longer to say it but wouldn't it mean more to the people living on it or to strangers, who often appreciate Windsor's wealth of historic associations more than the mass of our own people do? What a practical education in local history and what an inspiration of pride in their home town would be furnished—not only to children, but to the elders-by such a system of street and locality names consistently carried out!

It seems too much to hope for, but if street signs might, in addition to the names, bear a brief explanation of the significance of those names, an innovation would be introduced that would be of perpetual value and interest to everyone.

Finally, we suggest to future developers of real estate, that, popular though the name "Jones"—for instance—seems to be, it will never so definitely inspire local pride as would a "Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth Street" and on that account it would be a very practical thing to give a new street a name that will mean something to everybody — and will stick to it.
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Veranda Furnishings
The furnishing of your veranda is a matter that needs as much consideration as any other part of the home. Begin now to plan on what you will do to make it a place of real comfort and enjoyment this year.

A visit to this store will prove especially helpful. You will find here everything necessary to make your veranda outfit exceptionally satisfactory.

There are extensive assortments of furniture from which to choose—in reed, Chinese grass, rattan, fiber-rush and maple; several different kinds of rugs that will lend a cool atmosphere on warm days, and couch hammocks with all the accessories.

You will find that our stocks afford a wide range of qualities and prices from which to make your selections.

C. C. FULLER COMPANY
40-56 Ford St. Overlooking Capitol Grounds
HARTFORD, CONN.
A SUMMER IDYLL

They rowed about the pleasant lake
Along its wooded shores;
Her eyes were fixed upon the moon,
While she was lost in dreams.
Her dress was a washing-rag,
His kneecaps were bruised and sore.
His chin was like a punching bag.
From contact with an oar;
As they traveled 'round the lake,
His glasses were full of squashy mud;
A. R. BREWER

all that dirt back in the hole again?"

keeping right on with his work, "as

holes and the boss came along to size

up the job. "How are you making

joking responded the boss; "but do

examining the hole.

"not as it is now sor; but it's me in­

foine as silk," answered Pat,

trainer Eaton of Stockbridge, Massachu­

setts, who is a well known dramatic critic

and lecturer.

A canary bird fell in love with a

steam radiator in the room where its

cage hung; fascinated by the musical

head and listen to the singing of the

whistle of the escape when the pres­

tor's song died out, too. The bird

steam subsided, of course the radia­

singing to each other—until a few

days ago, when the fire in the heater

was allowed to go out, and as the

steam bled, of course the radi­

tor's song died out, too. The bird

kept up its singing, intermittently,

tor's song died out, too. The bird

steam subsided, of course the radia­

singing to each other—until a few

days ago, when the fire in the heater

was allowed to go out, and as the

steam bled, of course the radi­

tor's song died out, too. The bird

kept up its singing, intermittently,

for a while, and would stop and listen

for the familiar response. No re­

sponse was forthcoming. After a while

the bird stopped singing, altogether,

and gradually dropped and pined until

it died, as its mistress fully believes,

of a broken heart.

A BIRD'S LOVE STORY.

One of the several sons of a poor

colored couple in the South, by much

sacrifice, was sent away to one of

the larger cities to be educated at an

industrial school conducted for the

young people of the race. On his re­
turn home to the cabin for his vaca­
tion he was clad with relative sumpt­

uousness and had a very superior air

in haughty silence and did not speak

to Booth for two days.

The angered tragedian stood forth

in lofty indignation.

The Prisoner—"There goes my hat.

shall I run after it?"

Policeman Casey — "'Phwat? Run

away and never come back again?

You stand here and I'll run after your

hat."

Credit Lost.

One of the several sons of a poor

colored couple in the South, by much

sacrifice, was sent away to one of

the larger cities to be educated at an

industrial school conducted for the

young people of the race. On his re­
turn home to the cabin for his vaca­
tion he was clad with relative sumpt­

uousness and had a very superior air

that caused the family to observe him

with awe. One little pickaninni

brother was the exception, however,

and while they were sitting down eat­

ing, he called across the table, "Pass

the 'lasses, Rastus!"

"Don't say 'lasses," said Rastus,

"say mo-'lasses."

"Huh," said his brother in disgust,

"Whaffo' I say mo' 'lasses when I

ain't done had none yit?"

A. Wilbraham & Son.

A BIRD'S LOVE STORY.

The following touching little anecdote from

the Connecticut Western News will appeal to

every nature lover. It is said to have eman­
ested from "Twin Doors," the home of Walter

Pritchard Eaton of Stockbridge, Massachu­

setts, who is a well known dramatic critic

and lecturer.

An elderly lady who rather plumes

herself on her sharpness and general

knowledge went to a church sociable.

"Good evening, auntie; we are glad

you came. We are going to have

tableaux this evening.'

"Yes, I know, I know," was the re­

ply, 'I smelt 'em when I first came in."

Credit Lost.

THE NURSE.

Irving contributed to the gaiety of a

supper a story about Lawrence Bar­

rett. One night Barrett and his old

friend, Edwin Booth, met at their

club in New York. Barrett, after a

brief greeting, bustled toward the

door with every appearance of remem­

bering a pressing engagement, accord­

ing to the story as related in the

Strand Magazine.

"Halloa! Where are you off to?"

Booth asked.

"To a rehearsal," said Barrett.

"What's the play?"

Barrett said it was "Romeo and

Juliet."

"And what part do you take?"

Booth asked in sudden access of inter­

est.

"There is only one part for me in

the play," Barrett said, drawing him­

self up in lofty indignation.

"Oh, ah, yes," said Booth; 'I know

— the nurse!"

The angered tragedian stood forth

in haughty silence and did not speak

to Booth for two days.

Grabbed.
IS IT RIGHT?

Said the judge:
'I know you. You are a good citizen. You shall not have to tell your story to any man, and it shall not pass this door.'

And that is how this Jean Valjean found a judge with bowels of mercy. 'But,' you say, 'would any one hinder the reform of such a man or hurt his prospects, a man who has suffered his punishment and now is living an upright life?'

Listen to this tale. I personally know it is true:
An ex-convict of exemplary record was paroled by the state board of pardons and went to an Iowa town where he had lived in all good conduct and joined a church. He was asked to take part in the program of a church entertainment.

Now, there was a certain woman. This woman learned by some means that the man had served time in prison, whereupon she withdrew from the entertainment committee.

Well.

Learning the woman's action, the poor man said he would step aside. It was in vain the best people urged him to stay, averring they preferred to let the woman go out of the church rather than lose him. He was firm.

What else could he do?
He wrote to the parole board, told the story and asked to be permitted to comply with your demand for five hours employment at a twelve hour salary.

'Yep, that's right.'

Then, as you imagined, we got rid of all our officers who would not contribute a thousand dollars apiece to defray the expenses of your strike?

'Yep.'

'Is there anything more that you can think of which would make it easier or more pleasant for yourself and the other gentlemen whom you represent?'

Leader, (thoughtfully) "N-O-P-E."

'Well, may I hope you will consider returning to work,' (hastily correcting himself), 'I mean to your employment with us?'

'Nope!'

'May I ask if you have any reason—any further complaint?'

'Nope!'

'Then please come back.'

'Nah, we won't!'

'Oh, please?'

'Go t'ell!'

'Just for a few days?'

'Nah, do' wan' ter.'

'Just for one day?'

'Nah, dry up! youse make me tired. Wat d'yer take us fer. D'yer tink we'll work for a baldheaded ol' dude what wears a silk hat. Nah!!'

--Credit Lost.--

DOWNTRODDEN LABOR ASSERTS ITSELF

(The following occurrence, although reported by a Windsor man, did not, needless to say, take place in Windsor.)

Scene: In front of office of Eureka Manufacturing Company. Crowd of striking workmen in yard. Time, '1916. A. D. The President of the Corporation standing in doorway of office removes his silk hat and appeals to the leader of the strike with tears in his eyes. 'My dear Mr. Szofetl, you gentlemen deemed it to your interests to relinquish your positions in our factory. May I respectfully suggest that possibly it was because you preferred a general increase in salary to the amounts you had been receiving?'

Leader, (who is spokesman also). 'Yep,'

'Now I will ask you—did I not give you the desired increase?'

'Yep.'

'Then we were honored in being able to comply with your demand for five hours employment at a twelve hour salary.'

'Yep, that's right.'

'Then, as you tered, we got rid of all our officers who would not contribute a thousand dollars apiece to defray the expenses of your strike?'

'Yep.'

'Is there anything more that you can think of which would make it easier or more pleasant for yourself and the other gentlemen whom you represent?'

Leader, (thoughtfully) "N-O-P-E."

'Well, may I hope you will consider returning to work,' (hastily correcting himself), 'I mean to your employment with us?'

'Nope!'

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'Nah, do' wan' ter.'

'Just for one day?'

'Nah, dry up! youse make me tired. Wat d'yer take us fer. D'yer tink we'll work for a baldheaded ol' dude what wears a silk hat. Nah!!'

--Credit Lost.--

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There is enough work in my line in Windsor and vicinity to keep a good man busy—Keep me busy.

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Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing

From Maker to User
"Occident" Flour

COSTS MORE.
WORTH IT.
Ask Your Grocer.

"Lewis the Miller"
DECORATION DAY, MAY 30
WILL BE
A GREAT DAY AT SAGE PARK

Three Big Classes!  Fast Horses!

2:14 Pace $200 Purse  2:19 Pace $200 Purse  2:24 Trot $200 Purse

The First Big Race Meet of the Season!
DON'T MISS IT!

SPECIAL NOTICE: In the morning there will be a Baseball Game between the WINDSORS and the SKATS (the old “Ben Hurs” of Hartford) that will be worth seeing. IT WILL PAY YOU TO COME EARLY AND MAKE A DAY OF IT.

Admission 50c Including everything—Ball Game and Races  Grand Stand Seats 25c

Remember the Big Race Meet during Fourth of July Week will be at Sage Park.

ARE YOU?
Hundreds of other Windsor people are reading
The Hartford Times.
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THE TIMES contains all the news of home and abroad, no matter whether it is the war in Europe or a social function in your own home town, it is all there.
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IMPRESSIONS OF WINDSOR

By a Native of the Town Who Revisited It After an Absence of Thirty-Six Years

Sometime last February, Gilbert H. Ellsworth, a native of Lincoln, Nebraska, passed a day in revisiting the scenes, and such of the friends as were still living, of his boyhood. Following a request from the Town Crier, Mr. Ellsworth sent a letter concerning his visit. The letters of the writers mentioned seemed to call for additional comment and Judge D. Ellsworth Phelps, who knew Mr. Ellsworth intimately, was requested to furnish such comment—and very kindly did so.

Judge Phelps' acquaintance with Gil-ebert Ellsworth was first established vividly in connection with an experience he had as a boy with William E. Ellsworth, the grandfather of Gilbert Ellsworth, when the Judge and Dwight Phelps, (brother of former Selectman Albert E. Phelps,) were going to the old house by the west gate on the Pearson place. (about opposite the present club-house of the Windsor Locks railroad.) William Ellsworth spent the two boys and asked them if they would like a treat. They could not say no, of course, and they were led to a large tree not near the river's edge, where some "Jack-In-The-Pulpits" grew. One of the plants was pulled up by the roots and the attractively shaped bulb appeared. Both mixed into the bulbs without hesitation and then—wild turns of the bulbs proved to be the hottest, pepperiest delicacy (?) a boy ever put into his mouth, both made a wild, simultaneous dash for the river and threw themselves down at its edge and as Judge Phelps says: "Tried to swallow the whole river in an effort to wash out the effect of that pep-pervous mouthful." The letter follows:

Lincoln, Neb., April 11th, 1916.

Editor of The Windsor Town Crier;
Windsor, Conn.

Dear Sir:—

Thirty-six years ago, the writer, then a boy of 15, bade farewell to Windsor, the home of his childhood, and moved with his parents to the young state of Nebraska, to grow up in a schoolhouse not far from the young city. Fifteen days after the stormy day last February, came the rare privilege of visiting the old home, and you have asked me to record some of the impressions that filled my mind that day.

Of course, things looked changed. Windsor has grown, many new features appeared, many of the old landmarks were gone. I looked in vain for the Methodist church on the corner, where my mother used to sing in the choir when she was a girl. The bright, red building, changed in name but not much changed in appearance. The old academy where I went to school was gone and a neat looking schoolhouse in its place. Many of the houses and business blocks were to be seen. The big open field south of the Bloomfield road had been turned into a prosperous looking modern residence section. The Pooquonock road, too, was suddenly burnt up and was much changed. But the old green was still there; at least, it would have been green at a more auspicious time of year, and the magnificent old elm trees.

Distances seemed to have shrunk greatly and nothing seemed half so large as it had been pictured in my memory. People had grown too accustomed to the boundless vistas of the Nebraska prairies and everything seemed cramped here now. The little triangular park from the old academy looked all too small for a base ball field, but what exciting games we boys used to play there.

Of course the trolley line looked new and strange: They were undreamed of in those days when I used to drive the old mare along the road from Hartford. As I came into town on that trolley, the conductor proudly told me of the Loomis Institute and told me about it, and I called to mind that nearly half a century had passed since that refining of that great Institute, just lately made an accomplished fact.

The first "old bell school-house" was called to my mind that nearly half a century ago we were looking forward to the beginning of that great Institute, just lately made an accomplished fact. I started north on the Windsor Locks road, on the old causeway and through the old covered bridge over the Farmington, and I looked down the scenes where in the spring time the men would draw the seine and pull in the shad. What exciting times those were when we were children together.

I saw the Fenton store, just as it was to be when good old Alva Fenton and his kindly wife were living there and with their customers there and gossiped with the neighbors when they dropped in.

North of the bridge I found less change during the years and the landscape looked almost natural, except for that same impression of having shrunk in size. The old homes were there and I could have named them all as they used to be, but doubtless many were changed now. The old cemetery was there behind the Congregational church and doubtless its population had increased steadily year by year.

Many of the old houses had grown weatherbeaten with the lapse of time but they had defied the storms for more than a century, perhaps, and with their oak timbers, were good for centuries more with just a little care.

I called at the home of cousin E. Ellsworth, the grandfather of Gilbert Ellsworth, when the Judge and Selectman Albert E. Phelps, (brother of former Selectman Dwight Phelps,) were childrf'n together.

Very sincerely yours,

GILBERT H. ELLSWORTH.

The Methodist Church referred to in Mr. Ellsworth's letter was the one called the "Clark's corner" to the childhood home. It was the childhood home of the Ellsworths, the name of which had come to New York whither I had come on the business trip which had enabled me to take that all too brief visit of a night in the childhood home of the father who gave me a few weeks of boyhood.

The Noonan House on Sugar Street was the house which has since been made into the house occupied in recent years by the family of Bradley Clark, spending four or five years here, and then moving back to New York. It was the house which was childrf'n together.

The "big open field south of the Bloomfield road" was once the farm of the Clinks, the farm now owned by Mr. Rainey. The farm is owned by Mr. Rainey and he lives on the farm-house on this property.

Mention of South Carolina's colored representative in Congress recalls the fact that the "Carpet-Baggers" of the South. Rainey was one of the colored men these patriots (?) sent to Congress to help them overturn the defeated Southerners that all men must be free and equal—in the South! Rainey lived as a gentleamn of leisure in the house occupied from about 1911 to 1917 by the family of Bradley Clark, spending four or five years here, and then moving back to New York.

The first "old bell school-house" stood on a space about 30 by 50 feet now marked by a large grove of pines and by a hedge of bushes, just south of the present Merrill Place, (which was formerly the Congregational Parsonage.) This space was earlier occupied by the house of Matthew Grant—the third Town Clerk of Windsor—whose descendants are still living in the village. Some of the remains of the house may be seen near the present Merrill Place. Tradition has it that Mr. Holcomb rang the bell to spread the alarm, until the house burned and fell to the floor. Then, how a court raged over the location of the new school house and how one night, just as the handsome new building was nearing completion, it too was burnt down by the mob. The present structure was erected on the foundations left in the ruins of the first building.
THE WINDSOR TOWN CRIER

BREAK-NECK CIGARS

UPPER “B” 10 Cents
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“BEN BREE” 5 Cents

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Horticultural Products

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Peas and Strawberries
Ready June 15

ERVINE F. PARKER

POQUONOCK

Telephone 6-5

At the Simmons Block fire in Poquonock recently the volunteer firemen did splendid service. It was quite a stunt for James McKeever to handle alone for some time—as circumstances made it necessary for him to do—a fire hose with one hundred pounds pressure at the nozzle. According to report Joe Phalon went to the fire with his umbrella—it being a rainy night—and beneath its shelter was said that while the firemen were working on one side of the building, one of the foreigners who lived there got a ladder up to a second story window and with a lantern hooked over his arm, climbed up and into the house in the hope of saving some of his goods. As he reappeared at the window with his arms full of bundles, and veiled in smoke, Joe Phalon—or somebody suddenly discovered the dim light of his moving lantern and yelled, “Boys—the fire has broke out here. Hurry up with that hose!”

The firemen rushed around with the hose, aimed the hundred pound stream at the moving lantern and brought forth an agonized shriek from the foreigner, who came tumbling down off the ladder with his armful of bedding, crockery and lantern, and who when he got his breath ungratefully and angrily inquired, “Whatta ‘1 you try to do?” Nobody ever answered him.

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CLIPPINGS FROM OTHER PUBLICATIONS THAT WARN US TO BE CAREFUL.

R. B. Barbier, 2014 Lafayette street, employed by the Wildwood builders, was removed to the Lutheran Hospital yesterday, where he will undergo a surgical operation.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 o’clock at the residence, 425 Greenlawn avenue. —The Fort Wayne (Ind.) Journal Gazette.

A. O. Lundquist, who was married three weeks ago, is able to be out again and will likely be able to assume his duties as carpenter and contractor soon.—The Montezuma (Coln.) Journal.

Harry Mahan of Covel has bought a cow and is now supplying his neighbors with butter and fresh eggs.—The Lincoln (III.) Star.

Mrs. J. S. Perrine is seriously ill at her home on Chester avenue.

Silverware were presented to her, as she was wished “Many Happy Returns of the Day.”—Mooriestown (N. J.) Chronicle.

Tomorrow evening Miss Phyllis Bedell makes her final appearance at the London Empire, where she has danced without interruption for nine and one-half years.—The Bristol (Eng.) Times and Mirror.

Victim Had Both Lower Jaws Broken.—Headline in the Okmulgee (Okla.) Democrat.

John Albott has been caring for a very sick horse for the last week, but is better at present.—The Montpelier (O.) Enterprise.

Mr. Sykes has been married fifty years and his war stories are well worth listening to.—The Lansing (Wis.) Banner.

A RUSSIAN AD.

The reason why I have heretofore been able to sell my goods so much lower than anybody else is that I am a bachelor and do not need to make a profit for the maintenance of a wife and children. It is now my duty to inform the public that this advantage will shortly be withdrawn from them, as I am about to be married. Therefore I do well to make their purchases at once at the old rate.—Petrograd Otogoloski.
FLOUR SALE

BALANCE OF MONTH
Barrels, cotton $7.30  1-8 Sack 92c  Triangle and Queen Quality Brands

EXTRA GROCERY SPECIALS
A good time to stock up for your summer cottage

Evaporated Milk .......................... large cans 9c, 3 for 25c
                          small cans 5c, 6 for 25c
Large Fat Prunes ................................ 18c lb 3 lbs 50c
Medium Size Prunes ............................ 15c lb 2 lbs 25c
Small Prunes .................................. 7c lb 4 lbs 25c
Evaporated Apricots, large fancy .................. 15c lb 2 lbs 25c
                              small ................................ 10c lb
Best Carolina Head Rice .......................... 10c lb 3 lbs 25c
Quaker and Mother's Oats ......................... 3 pkgs. 25c
Purity Oats ...................................... 3 pkgs. 25c
Lighthouse Cleanser ............................. 6 cans 25c
6 cakes P. & G. White Naphtha Soap ............ 25c
4 pkgs Sheet Toilet Paper ...................... 25c
4 pkgs Roll Toilet Paper ....................... 25c
Pea Beans ............................. 7c lb  Dried Lima Beans 8c lb
Canned Tomatoes ...................... 12c can 1.35 doz
                              "  " .................. 10c can 1.15 "
"  "  " 12c can 1.35 "
"  "  " 10c can 1.00 "
"  "  " 13c can 1.50 "
"  "  " 10c can 1.00 "
"  "  " 18c can 1.90 "
"  "  " 20c can 2.25 "
"  "  " 20c can 2.25 "
"  "  " 15c can 1.65 "
"  "  " 25c can 2.75 "

THE HARTFORD MARKET CO.  *PHONE CHARTER 700  HARTFORD

Consider The pleasure of living in a home of your own, where the landlord cannot say, "We have sold the house." "You must move out the first of the month."

Have you ever had such a notice? Most people who rent houses have had, and here is the reason: All improvements you make about the place belong to the landlord, and hurries the day that you must move, because the improvements help to sell the place.

Let me sell you a home in Windsor, the best town near Hartford. I have listed several new houses; six, seven and eight rooms, with all modern improvements. After you have looked them over, I am sure you will agree with me that they are good values for the price.

I could fill this paper telling about the real estate values in Windsor, but I can't afford to buy all its space. If you are looking for a suburban home, or a farm, or wish to place insurance, consult the man who makes a specialty of the business.

ALBERT H. HOUSE

Hartford Office:  Rooms 703-705, Conn. Mutual Bldg.
                 *Phone Charter 5122

Windsor Office:  25 Maple Avenue
                 *Phone 85