THE FLAG GOES BY

By

Henry Holcomb Bennett

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and
great,
Fought to make and to save the state;
Weary marches and sinking ships,
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and days of peace,
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong,
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.

(Youth's Companion.)

SPECIAL FEATURES:
The Story of Windsor's Poet. By N. R. Clark.
TOWN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

County Agent Walter A. Cook and Mrs. Cook will be greatly missed by their many friends in Windsor. Mr. Cook has accepted the position of manager for Falcon Flight Farm in Litchfield.

The first lamprey eel of the season was caught on April 9 in the Farmington River by Mack and Sipple.

Seventeen Infantrymen are doing guard duty in Windsor at this time, being quartered in a car side-tracked near the General Electric Company's plant. Particular attention is being given the railroad bridge.

Miss Kate Crompton and her brother, William Crompton, have purchased the home of Assessor G. F. Davis on Windsor Heights and will shortly take up their residence there.

The work committee for the Red Cross is in need of supplies for comfort bags. If there are any not otherwise solicited who are willing to contribute to this work, they will kindly notify Mrs. George H. Maude, chairman of the comfort bag committee.

In accordance with the vote at the recent Town Meeting the School Committee has engaged the services of Miss C. Louise Dickerman of Hartford, as supervisor of music for the local public schools. Miss Dickerman will take up her duties at the opening of schools in September and will spend two days in Windsor each week, the rest of her week being divided between Manchester and South Windsor.

The annual meeting of Windsor Battalion, G. A. R. will be held on April 26th.

The Windsor Fire District has voted to purchase the water rights in Barber's Pond, owned by Charles F. Lewis, for $1,800.

A post series tournament of the Windsor Bowling League has just been started, to run until warm weather.

In the declamation contest of the High School Junior Class on April 6, George Tracy won the medal offered as a prize.

Copied from the Bridgeport Telegram:

The Rev. N. T. Merwin (a former pastor of the Poquonock Church) has recently received successful X-ray and surgical treatment for the teeth by Dr. George C. Fahy of New Haven, a dental specialist.

Many friends of Mr. Merwin in this locality will be glad to know that this trouble, due to necrosis occasioned by the diseased root of a tooth, has been entirely removed.

Miss Blinn's dancing class closed its very successful season with a very pleasant reception to the parents and about 400 friends of the children, in the Windsor Town Hall on April 5. The children's dancing proved an exceptional evidence of superior teaching, the several fancy dances being very gracefully executed. Most pronounced was the excellent deportment obviously the result of training for which Miss Blinn is noted. The hall was handsomely decorated with palms, ferns and flowers, music being furnished by Hatch's orchestra. The occasion was an altogether pleasant one and Miss Blinn's friends are already pleasantly anticipating her return next season.

The Hayden Station Social Club will hold its last supper and entertainment of the season at Hillside Casino on the evening of May 3rd. The Delta Alpha Club will present "The Mischief Makers" after the supper.

KILL FLIES AND SAVE LIVES

Kill at once every fly you can find and burn his body.

Observers say that there are many reasons to believe there will be more flies this season than for a number of years.

The killing of just one fly NOW means there will be billions and billions less next summer.

Clean up your own premises; see and insist that your neighbors do likewise.

Especially clean "out-of-the-way-places," and every nook and cranny.

Flies will not go where there is nothing to eat, and their principal diet is too filthy to mention.

Years ago, when shipping news were of supreme interest to every New Englander, the papers of the day used tiny pictures of a sailing vessel in connection with every item of news or advertising relating to marine matters. An aged colored man—an ex-slave—who lived on Cook Hill in Windsor, was found one day with a newspaper in his hands, indifferently pretending, (for alas he could only pretend), to be reading it. Some one who knew he could not read and noting that he was holding the paper upside down, joking asked, "Uncle Billy, what's the news." Uncle Billy with his eyes excitedly skipping about the page of marine news, exclaimed: "Oh, terrible times at sea, massa. All de ships done got turned bottom-up'ards."

A real nice old lady who lived in Windsor many years ago was taking supper with some neighbors one evening. After a while some currant buns were passed her. She took one and a few moments later her hostess noticed that she was busily, but unobtrusively, engaged in picking out the currants and laying them on one side of her plate. "Oh," exclaimed the hostess, "I didn't know that you did not like currants, Mrs. Blank."

"Well, well," replied the gentle lady, "So those are currants. Why, I thought they were flies."

When using a double thread draw it over a piece of laundry soap and you will find it draws through much easier.

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BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

Wear the Official Uniform

Don't buy imitations that never fit well, wear well or look right. Before you buy look for the OFFICIAL SEAL of the Boy Scouts of America. Don't buy until your dealer can show that seal on every article in the uniform.

SPECTACLES TO MOURN OVER

Senator "Gum Shoe Bill" Stone of Missouri, concerning whom certain unfortunate associates were once said to have mourdfully remarked, "We all sucked eggs, but Bill he hid the shells," lining up with the pacifists and filibusters in the United States Senate "for the good of his country."

Congresswoman Jeannette Rankin of Montana—the first woman elected to Congress—demonstrating to the joy of all "Antis" that "woman's place is in the home" by rising when her name was called to vote on the war resolution and sobbing volubly until impatient cries of "Vote! Vote!" forced her the never-to-be-forgotten utterance, "I want to stand up for my country, but I cannot vote for war."

Then, doing neither, a renewed attack of sobbing made her vote inaudible to an unsympathetic mere male cleric, who wrote it down as "No!"-

But To Offset these spectacles we have the scenes in the Congress of the Republic of Cuba, where the Senators, following one speech, unanimously endorsed and followed the action of the United States in declaring war on Germany, and the Representatives unanimously passed the same resolution immediately afterward.

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HARTFORD, CONN.

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4 Men In Attendance

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The Windsor Town Crier

The Windsor's Only Newspaper
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THE HOME GUARD

The organization of the local unit of the Home Guard was effected on Friday evening, April 13th—a combination of day and date called unlucky by the superstitious and lucky by those who recall that Columbus landed in America on Friday the 13th.

Seventy members constituted the Windsor Guard on the date of the meeting and from the first their unity of purpose was indicated by the unanimous choice of Henry A. Grimm as Captain, Edward S. McGrath as First Lieutenant, and George R. Reed as Second Lieutenant. Inasmuch as Captain Grimm had borne the brunt of the work of recruiting the company, and under conditions at times discouraging, his unanimous election was a testimonial of appreciation not often accorded unselfish service of the kind. The choice was practical as well. It was, in fact, the obvious one, for Captain Grimm has had much experience in affairs military, having been commander of the Hartford section of the Machine Gun battery of the First Regiment, C. N. G.

His recognized executive ability will very likely prove of great value to the Guard, should it be called upon for active service.

There has been much criticism of the slowness of the small towns in organizing Home Guard units, the fact having been ignored or overlooked in the excitement of suddenly re-inspired patriotism, that enlistment in the larger towns and cities, considering their larger voting lists, has been correspondingly slow, or slower. The feeling which inspires criticism of those who have enlisted as well as of those who have not springs from various causes, not all unworthy or worthy, or patriotic or unpatriotic. Some have doubtless joined the various Home Guard units, or the militia, or the Federal army, whose immediate duty was stronger elsewhere—some have not joined who ought. Who can say that all the "slackers" are outside the organized militia?

One Windsor man, eminently fitted for naval service and anxious to enlist, cannot obtain assurance from his wealthy employers that his position will be kept for him or that his family will be cared for. Where is the "slacker" in this case?

Others are in similar dilemmas. The farmers—"who must feed us all"—are at the beginning of the season for earning their living incomes. To plow all day and drill at night—even in a Home Guard—is a serious strain on others than "slackers."

Yet we shall be ready—every self-respecting citizen—to serve wherever and however we can when the time of real need seems approaching. We shall sacrifice all that we have a right to sacrifice and do so with a willing and loyal spirit. Till that need calls let us support and honor and express our gratitude to those who give up their time and energy in maintaining the effectiveness of such trained and patriotic bodies as this—our Home Guard.

If you wish to buy the Windsor Town Crier in Hartford, go to either of Roberts' Smoke Shops, at 697 Main Street or 106 Asylum Street. In Windsor it is sold by boys on the streets, who will deliver a copy each month at your home.

That part of the main highway between Wilson's and Hartford city line is in almost as bad condition at present as Windsor Avenue, south of the city line. The section of highway referred to has been in bad condition for some time but it is naturally worse after the spring thaws. If, as we understand, this surfacing was guaranteed for five years by the contractors, it would seem that the time had long been here when they should be called upon to "make good." We hope the Highway Commissioner will give his early attention to this matter.

The choice was practical as well.
THE WINDSOR TOWN CRIER

POEMS WORTH READING.

THE THREE BEST THINGS

By Henry Van Dyke

WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom;
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—
“This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done, in the right way;”
Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerfully greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall.
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

LIFE

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer:
So let the way wind up the hill or down,
Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
I shall grow old, but never lose life’s zest,
Because the road’s last turn will be the best.

LOVE

Let me but love my love without disguise,
Nor wear a mask of fashion old or new,
Nor wait to speak till I can hear a clue,
Nor play a part to shine in other’s eyes,
Nor bow my knees to what my heart denies;
But what I am, to that let me be true,
And let me worship where my love is due,
And so through love and worship let me rise:
For love is but the heart’s immortal thirst
To be completely known and all forgiven,
Even as sinful souls that come to heaven;
So take me, love, and understand my worst,
And pardon it, for love, because confessed,
And let me find in thee, my love, my best.

We should like to see the United States adopt, at an early moment, the plan successfully worked out in Russia, of forbidding absolutely the sale of intoxicants during war time. We understand that a movement is under way now, to secure such a law.

COMPLIMENTARY EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

One of our Windsor subscribers, Miss Lucy A. Howard, recently sent for our perusal two letters acknowledging copies of the Windsor Town Crier of September, 1916, which contained an article by the Reverend Roscoe Nelson, on “Windsor’s Ancient God’s Acre,” referring to the old Congregational Church cemetery. The brief extracts below, may be of some local interest:

La Grange, Indiana, Dec. 3, 1916

* * * I enjoyed reading the paper you sent me, all of it, but especially the article on the Windsor cemetery. It must be a beautiful place and I would love to see it. I expect I would find many ancestral names there. The Wolcott Family Re-Union next year will be right at your door, so to speak, in Hartford and Windsor. * * 

(Signed)

Emily A. Greenman.

Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 10, 1916

We received the Windsor Town Crier the other day and enjoyed very much reading it, especially the inscriptions on the old stones. The last time we were in Windsor we spent some time in the cemetery looking at the old stones. * * * 

(Signed)

Henry H. Decker.

A REMARKABLE PROGRAM.

For the NEXT MEETING

of the Windsor Business Men’s Association

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 1

WINDSOR TOWN HALL

Open to the Public

Everyone Invited

Through the initiative of Headmaster N. H. Batchelder of the Loomis Institute, the Committee on Speakers has arranged a most extraordinary program combining features of food and industrial conserva-
tion and military preparedness. The list of speakers follows:

Joseph W. Alsop, Chairman of Committee appointed by Governor Holcomb to prepare a plan for food produc-
tion and conservation in Connecticut. Mr. Alsop was one of a commit-
tee recently summoned to Washington by the Council of National Defence. Professor A. T. Stevens, Associate Professor of Horticulture at Storrs Agricultural College.

Daniel Howard, Superintendent of Windsor Public Schools.

J. E. Goodrich, Teacher of Agriculture at Loomis Institute.

And Dwight Phelps, Representing Colt’s Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., who will exhibit and demonstrate.


It is stated that the usual business of the Association will be side-tracked on this evening, and that the addresses will be brief, snappy and remarkable in the revelations of what Connecticut is doing, plans to do, and can do in the present crisis.

The April meeting, addressed most interestingly by Reverend Wm. B. Cary, Chaplain of the State Prison at Wethersfield, and by Warden Ward A. Garner, who accompanied Mr. Cary as his guest and was invited to speak, was an informative one to an unusual degree. Chaplain Cary and Warden Garner both answered freely many questions suggested by their statements and it was appreciated by most of the audience, for the first time, that the Wethersfield institution is a model reformatory instead of a mere house of punishment.
Edward Rowland Sill was born in Windsor April 29, 1841 in the house later owned and occupied for more than fifty years by the late Oliver Holcomb and his family.

Mr. Sill was descended from some of the foremost New England families, including the Grant, Wolcott, Edwards, Ellsworth, Rowland, Allyn, Newbury, Wacham, Loomis and Wyllys families. Elder Brewster of Yorkshire, member of parliament in 1613 and Auditor General of Ireland, or even farther back to Sir Nicholas Fynecheon of Wales—Sheriff of London in 1371.

His paternal ancestors were physicians and surgeons by profession. Among them was Dr. Elisha Noyes Sill who served with Gen. Wolcott's brigade at Saratoga and later in Captain Spaldings' troop. He was surgeon to the Connecticut troops during Burgoyne's invasion.

His grandfather, also his father, were physicians in Windsor—the latter. Dr. Theodore Sill, was one of the most beloved physicians of his time and his visits were so welcome, especially by the children, that they were sometimes suspected of feigning illness in order to get Dr. Sill to tend them.

On a tablet in the Congregational Church in Windsor are the names of his maternal great grandfather, Rev. David Sherman Rowland and his grandfather, Rev. Henry Augustus Rowland, jointly serving the church as pastors for nearly sixty years.

Mr. Sill's letters speak of his "comfortable bringing up in the staid, frugal, dignified village of Windsor, with its two or three hundred inhabitants," where "in the early spring mornings he used to go with the boys to the Little River to help take up the gill net for shad and with intense excitement haul in the line."

His mother died when he was eleven years old, this causing his father and Edward to leave Windsor for Ohio, where in a little more than a year, his father died, leaving the boy of thirteen to the care of relatives in Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Ohio.

At fifteen, he attended Phillips Exeter Academy which prepared him for college. At sixteen he entered Yale and while there, his literary ability was appreciated in some degree. After his graduation in 1861 he spent a few months in Windsor which he describes as "Sleepier than ever," "Lovely old place though," "Home of perpetual peace." "How green and peaceful that region is; corn fields and hay fields, elm shaded streets and maple shaded houses with green blinds, (mostly shut tight) and patches of their pretty woods."

"We have moonlight here—the full moon is a ripper, I tell you."

In December, 1861, with an intimate friend and classmate, he started on a voyage around the Horn to California. Here they stayed five years—a period of unrest and uncertainty as to his choice of vocations. As a man of genius and large possibilities, he would undoubtedly have succeeded in any one of his many accomplishments. He was passionately fond of music, having unusual ability in that direction. Art and literature also absorbed much of his time and interest.

When in the summer of 1866 he sailed from San Francisco with his inseparable friend, they planned to go to Harvard Divinity School to study theology. The term began the latter part of February. In the meantime Mr. Sill went to his uncle's home in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, where on February 7, 1867 he married his cousin, Elizabeth Newbury Sill, who survives him and to whom he was a most devoted husband. After his marriage he attended the Harvard Divinity School with the idea of becoming a preacher but although he finally decided that he could not preach because he could not solve the theological problems, he made this statement, "If I ever get money enough to live on, I mean to preach religion as I believe in it."

At Divinity School, he wrote a hymn commonly used in the Unitarian Communion, beginning, "Send down Thy truth, oh God! Too long the shadows frown; Too long the darkened way we've trod; Thy truth, O Lord, send down!"

In 1868 he decided upon teaching as the work he was best fitted to do, beginning in the district schools in Ohio. In 1871 he returned to California, first as teacher in the High School in Oakland. Later, he accepted the Chair of English as Professor in the University of California in Berkeley. One of his students has left a description of his teaching. It was that "He carried into the school room the same ideals that would have taken him into the pulpit."

"At every turn in the day's work, he referred everything to ideal standards—duty—eternity—and man's chief end." "His years of teaching were years of intense toil and a sort of sacrificial service."

After twelve years he left the land of his adoption and love, of which he writes after spending a winter in the East:

"Ah, give me back the clime I know, Where all the year geraniums blow, And hyacinth buds bloom white for snow."

He returned to his home in Cuyahoga Falls, henceforth devoting his time and waning strength to literary pursuits—contributing largely to the Atlantic Monthly, Century and other well known magazines.

In the Overland Monthly of April, 1887, an ardent admirer and student of Professor Sill, writes:

"On Sunday the 27th of February, in Ohio, died Edward Rowland Sill—a writer of a distinction not wide, but exceptionally real and sound; a teacher of extraordinary zeal and influence, a man of great and varied intellectual powers, of singular gifts and graces and peculiar nobility of personal character and appearance."
“Professor Sill was the foremost man of letters California has ever had, and has done more than any one else for the interest of literature here.” As critic, teacher, inspirer, his motto was, “what use is your living except to serve.” He made himself one with children, not often by bringing himself to their ability to make him known.” The expressions of regret for his untimely death were sent from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast by his admiring friends to a memorial meeting held under the auspices of the Berkeley Club in Oakland, California, April, 1887. Among the numerous letters received was one from Governor Baldwin of Connecticut, a classmate in Yale. Another was from Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. People with whom Professor Sill came in contact said of him: “He is so good, he is absolutely without a littleness.” His love of beauty was great—his love of truth greater; but the very foundation of his character, was laid in the New England granite of plain loyalty to principle.” “Life” was to him—Forenoon and afternoon and night,—Forenoon, And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon, and—what? The empty song repeats itself. No more? Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon—
sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night—
prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

(Founder’s Note—Edward Rowland Sill’s poems are in the Windsor Public Library and should be read by everyone who is not already familiar with them.)

GRISWOLD

Bridgman Griswold of the Windsor, Conn. line, was born 1791—and died 1836. He married Hannah—Children were Charles, Emerett, Friend, Truman, Bishop. Who were his parents? What was his wife’s family?

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GREENHOUSES

The Birth Place of Edward Rowland Sill

On Palisado Green

down to their plane, but by lifting
them to his. He believed their power of understanding and feeling to be underrated, and he talked freely with them of great thoughts, of lofty motives, etc.” His results justified his theory for the children always loved his talk, and, in some sort comprehended it and never altogether forgot it.” This theory practiced by Professor Sill more than thirty years ago was in advance of the times, as children were then taught “to be seen and not heard,” while now his theory is taught and practiced almost universally.

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### THE TOWN CRIER'S CALENDAR FOR MAY


**Wed. 2nd.** Red Cross class in surgical work at Town Hall 3:00 to 5:00 P.M. Meeting Palisado Lodge of Odd Fellows. Meeting Ladies Aid Society of Wilson in afternoon.

**Thur. 3rd.** Monthly meeting of Wimpus Fish & Game Club. Meeting of Poquonock Court Tunxis F. of A. Meeting of N. E. O. of A. Red Cross headquarters open in afternoon. Monthly meeting of Board of Fire Commissioners.

**Fri. 4th.** Arbor Day.

**Sat. 5th.** Meeting of Boy Scouts. Red Cross headquarters open afternoon and evening.

**Sun. 6th.** Meeting of Holy Name Society St. Joseph's Church, Poquonock.

**Mon. 7th.** Meeting of Loyal Order of Moose.

**Wed. 9th.** Palisado Lodge of Odd Fellows meeting.

**Tues. 15th.** Meeting Eureka Chapter O. E. S.


**Mar. 15.** George W. Vernon and Mabel A. Noorman. of Rainbow.

**Mar. 18.** Aline Francis Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Williams, Cook Hill.

**Mar. 23.** Robert King and Kathryn Brazel, by Rev. W. B. Cornish.

**Rev. Roscoe Nelson. Meeting of Washington Lodge No. 70 A. F. & A. M.

**Fri. 11th.** Red Cross class in surgical work at Town Hall from 3:00 to 5:00 P.M. Meeting Palisado Lodge of Odd Fellows meeting. Red Cross class in surgical work.


**Wed. 24th.** Red Cross class in surgical work at Town Hall from 3:00 to 5:00 P.M. Meeting Palisado Lodge of Odd Fellows meeting.

**Thur. 25th.** Red Cross headquarters open in afternoon. Thimble Club in afternoon. Meeting of Geo. L. Lilley Circle No. 1015 C. of F. in evening.

**Mar. 27.** Julia Coletti, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Coletti, of Poquonock.

**Mar. 26.** Louise Ambrose Norman, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Ransom, of Poquonock.


**Sun. 27th.** Meeting of Holy Name Society St. Joseph's Church, Poquonock.

**Fri. 25th.** 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 les than 25 cents. Send one cent stamps or coin.

**FOR SALE—Gas stove. 4 burners and 1 simmer. In...
Windsor had a much smaller population than at present. There was no trolley line connecting it with Hartford on the south and with Springfield and its suburban towns on the north, and it was very interesting, when I visited the section some ten or twelve years ago, to go looing along from Hartford on the trolley along a road over which I had ridden, driven and walked so many years ago.

What more beautiful than the Windsor Green, with its fine clms and long stretches of turf, on which the boys of my day used to play baseball.

In winter when there was coating, Stony Hill presented a lively scene, both after school and during moonlight evenings. We used to coast too, when the crust had formed, on the hill and through the fields just in the rear of the little red school house.

What skating there was, too, on the Connecticut and Farmington rivers, while in Spring, if a cold snap came after the freest, one could skate for miles and miles over the meadows. In Summer there was no greater enjoyment than boating on the Connecticut and Farmington rivers.

What a lovely row it was on the Farmington up to the cliffs, and what beautiful drives there were surrounding the town in all directions.
THE WINDSOR TOWN CRIER NOTES A FEW STYLES AND THINGS

Skirts, as skirts, have become a convenience, not a necessity. We saw one recently so built that it could be fastened around the neck and used for a cape or fastened around the waist and used as a skirt, wherever it seemed to be most needed for the time being.

Brighter times ahead for men, we should judge. The Town Crier saw some rose pink and some canary yellow shirts in a store lately. He has not met up with any on the street yet but has daily hopes now. Men have too long struggled to express their artistic souls in a mere dab of a tie.

The Town Crier saw a jersey suit the other day in one of our leading stores. Now if any woman of economical mind wants to copy that suit, she need only get from one of the men of her family a grey Jaeger shirt that is not working, add to it a large collar and a belt and she will, in the opinion of the Town Crier, have a running start towards that suit.

Talk of sport hats! We saw one recently that had a row of red, blue and yellow poker chips stuck around the crown. We didn't see any dice but perhaps it was because they wouldn't stick so well.

The Town Crier is overjoyed to know that you can now get real overalls for women. No frills nor flounces but sure-enough, common, workaday overalls. He sees no reason why a woman equipped with a pair of these should not relieve a man of many jobs like mowing the lawn, hoeing the garden, emptying ashes, etc.; jobs that irk the soul of man but should prove diverting and beneficial to a woman who is stylishly and properly dressed for the exercise.

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20 Union Street WINDSOR
Phone 4-3 F. H. Toller

We should think from descriptions that the best way to adjust the new sash would be to start it around your neck and then get some children to make a May-pole of you.

You can trail a corner of your colored handkerchief out of your pocket in the daytime and be right proud of it but if you are caught out after dark for pity's sake tuck it in, as it is an awful thing to be found with anything but a white handkerchief in your possession in the evening.

We are mighty glad to see now, at the fag end of the season when our elbows are wearing thin, that sleeveless coats are the latest caper. Fashion once in a while tempers her whims to the hard times.

Watch your step, men! Trains on evening dresses are in style again but you aren't supposed to ride on them.

We thought that Spring would give us a rest from these "Hi Holler" effects in neckwear, but no, some of the new sport coats have knit scarfs instead of collars.

Silk crepe handkerchiefs with net borders! Well, nothing is so bad but it might be worse. They might have had net centers.

We see that ladies' hats with removable brims are in favor this Spring. The Town Crier achieved several of these when he was a small boy, but if memory serves him right they never made much of a hit with the feminine members of his family in those days.

We have often wondered what becomes of these little yellow birds one sees wildly fluttering at the ends of strings held by street venders. We should judge that quite a number of them have found a nesting place on the front of ladies' hats this Spring.
THE WINDSOR TOWN CRIER

ODDITIES IN PRINT

Says an advertisement in the London Express: "Mary—Waited three hours at appointed spot until questioned by suspicious policeman. If this is the price of love it is too heavy a one for me to pay. Farewell, Potta."

Announcement was made at the banquet that the chapter has ordered a handsomely inscribed fraternity shield which will be presented to C. A. Ward, ’90, who has always been one of the fraternity’s most active alumni and who has moved to Dayton, O., as a mark of appreciation of his services to the local chapter.—Local item in an Exchange.

Noel Hawkins’ hen house burned down recently, but we have not learned the particulars yet.—The Two Buttes (Colo.) Sentinel.

Mrs. S. C. Van Antwerp will entertain today with a luncheon at the Hollenden, followed by a theater party at the Colonial for Miss Nadine Briggs, whose reinforcement and rebuilding takes place Wednesday.—Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer.

DEATHS

Mar. 21. James Mackay, Rainbow, age 64.
Mar. 25. Wm. W. Barber, Wilson, age 65.
Apr. 4. Louis J. Daniels, age 75.
Apr. 4. Thomas Moore Roberts of Agawam.
Apr. 5. Mrs. Cynthia Perkins, Bloomfield, age 69. (great grandson of Colonel Elisha Moore, Windsor 1819.)
Apr. 5. Mrs. Cynthia Perkins, Bloomfield, age 79. (born in Windsor.)
Apr. 6. Annie C. Christensen, Poquonock, age 69.
Apr. 8. Annie V. Rudick, Wilson, age 50.
Apr. 9. David Rourke, Hartford, age 54.
Apr. 9. David Rourke, Hartford, age 54. (motorman for many years on Rainbow line.)

"HE IS RICH THAT IS SATISFIED"

Those who have found out ALL policies in THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO. will do for them are satisfied not to look elsewhere for insurance. May we tell you about them.

Arthur J. Birdseye, State Agent
First National Bank Building, Hartford.

F. J. Harrington
Undertaker
Connecticut and Massachusetts Licensee
Experienced Lady Attendant
Telephone 121-2.
Winthrop & Ellery Bid.

THE TOWN CRIER (OLD & NEW)

Contributed to The Windsor Town Crier.

By Richard M. Summecorn.

In olden times when news was had A way they had for news to spread. Whether a war, an accident, or a fire The news was spread by the Town Crier.

The Town Crier then was what a man was called Who at every corner the news he bawled With sonorous voice, a bell, and a staff: The center of interest—the subject of chaff.

But today things have changed I am glad to say; We too spread the news—but in a different way.

And if it is something to buy or sell, news, or a piece of satire, We too spread the news through the Windsor Town Crier.

The Windsor Town Crier is an up-to-date paper Which gives us the news, and to our whims tries to cater.

News, Help Wanted, to buy, to sell: a LIVE little sheet Improved by criticisms—impervious to "heat."

BUILDING PERMITS

April 4, 1917. J. Viola, Poquonock Avenue, Alterations, $120.00.
April 4, 1917. A. M. Bond, Broad Street, Alterations, $100.00.
April 4, 1917. O. W. Olmeted, Poquonock Avenue, Alterations, $25.00.
April 7, 1917. Mrs. B. L. Bushnell, Alterations, $50.00.

 Vegetable and Bedding Plants
 COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS

John B. & Ervine F. Parker
Telephone 6-5.

Trucking and Moving

ALL KINDS

LIGHT OR HEAVY

JOHN M. LIDDLE.

Phone 120 REASONABLE RATES.

BOOT and SHOE REPAIRING

Both Hand and Machine Work Rubber Heels Attached Shoes Shined.

LEON ALFANO
15 Central Street, WINDSOR

HAY

For Sale

A few tons of choice hay at my barn
Not one drop of rain fell on that hay during the making.

D. J. ELLSWORTH
Trolley Station No. 48 Springfield Line WINDSOR

Land Surveying and Farm Engineering

Fire Insurance

THE OLDEST AGENCY IN TOWN

STRONG H. BARBER
Telephone 158-4.

C. O. SMITH, Harness Maker
Horse Goods of Every Description
Re-covering of Auto-Tops, Curtains Made and Broken Lights Replaced
If You Are Satisfied Tell Your Friends.
If Not—Tell Me!

14 Poquonock Avenue
Next to Viola's Store.

LAST CALL

The Hartford Electric Light Co's offer Closes April 30th, at 6 P. M. and that will be your last chance to take advantage of their Remarkably Generous Proposition. Several homes in Windsor are now enjoying lights that were installed under this offer, why not you?

No waiting for fixtures as we carry a good assortment, already to be assembled to your order.

Call us on the phone (No. 84) or write and we will call promptly.

THE THOMPSON EQUIPMENT CO.

161 BROAD STREET,
WINDSOR, CONN.

"THE BEST FIVE CENT CIGAR I EVER SMOKED!"

THAT'S WHAT EVERY MAN SAYS AFTER TRYING THE FINE FLAVORED, FULL SIZE, FIVE CENT CIGAR MADE BY MORGAN J. MCGRATH OF WINDSOR, and called THE "LOWER BREAK NECK".

This cigar is sold at practically every cigar stand in Windsor, and in Hartford it is sold by Raymond P. Berry, Inc. in the Arcade of Connecticut Mutual Building.

YOU TRY JUST ONE

"UPPER BREAK NECK"

If you follow these suggestions you'll never be sorry—mark our prediction!
The Hoffman Wall Paper Co.

The Latest Effects in Wall Papers Tend Toward the Plain.

We are showing a complete line including imitation grass cloth which vie with the original. Also for those who prefer the figured papers, we have a complete selection of tapestry effects made in pastel and stronger tones. You will find here a line unexcelled and a service which is second to none.

YOUR INSPECTION IS INVITED.

THE HOFFMAN WALL PAPER CO.

1136-1140 Main St. Opposite Trumbull St.
HARTFORD, - CONN.

VEGETABLES IN CANS

Tomatoes per dozen $1.75-$2.10
Corn per dozen $1.40-$1.75-$2.10
Peas per dozen $1.15-$1.50-$1.75-$2.10
String Beans per dozen $1.40-$1.75-$2.10
Lima Beans per dozen $1.40-$1.75-$2.10
Beets per dozen $2.30-$2.90
Succotash per dozen $1.75-$2.10
Beet Greens per dozen $1.75
Spinach per dozen $2.90
Carrots per dozen $2.10
No. 2 Cans Kraut per dozen $2.00
Cut String Beans per dozen $1.75

FRUITS IN CANS

White Cherries per dozen $3.25
Black Cherries per dozen $3.25
Apricots per dozen $2.90
Sliced Peaches per dozen $2.90
Half Peaches per dozen $2.90
Sliced Pine Apple per dozen $2.30-$2.90
Plums per dozen $2.30
No. 2 Cans Red Raspberries per dozen $2.00
No. 2 " Strawberries per dozen $2.00
No. 2 " Pears per dozen $2.00
No. 2 " Loganberries per dozen $2.00
No. 1 " Raspberries per dozen $1.35
No. 1 " Cherries per dozen $1.35

The Hartford Market Co. HARTFORD

Telephone: Charter 706