CHARLES T. WELCH
A Man With Many Friends.

There are few men in Windsor better known—or more favorably known—than the man whose portrait appears above. For sixteen years he served as Postmaster in Windsor. During that time his quiet, good nature, his invariably courteous and considerate manner and his efficiency, gained him many friends not only locally, but among those most critical of observers—the United States Post Office Department Inspectors.

Mr. Welch was born in Windsor and has lived here all his life. He knows the town and he knows its people as well as, if not better than, any other man in town. In an unobtrusive way he has befriended many Windsor men and women at times when his help and advice were of inestimable value. In such service his left hand never has known the kindness that his right hand performed, and that accounts somewhat for the fact that Mr. Welch as a private citizen holds, and will hold, the regard of all who know him.

SEPTEMBER 1916.

PEN AND CAMERA PORTRAITS
OF WELL KNOWN MEN.

PROOF THAT IT PAYS.

There was an old geezer and he had a lot of sense. He started up a business on a dollar-eighty cents. The dollar for stock, and the eighty for an ad brought him three lovely dollars in a day, by dad!

Well, he bought more goods and a little more space, and he played that system with a smile on his face. The customers flocked to his two-by-four and soon he had to hustle for a regular store. Up on the square, where the people pass, he gobbled up a corner that was all plate glass. He fixed up the windows with the best that he had and told them all about it in a half page ad.

He soon had 'em coming and he never, never quit, and he wouldn't cut down on his ads one jot. And he's kept things humping in the town ever since, and everybody calls him the merchant prince.

Some say it's luck, but that's all bunk—why he was doing business when the times were punk!

People have to purchase and Geezer was wise—for he knew the way to get 'em was to advertise.—Hartford Globe

SIX WINDSOR "LIVE WIRES"

The Boys who sell The Windsor Town Crier in the several sections of the town. Their efforts accounted largely for an increase in sales from 500 copies for the July number to nearly 600 for the August issue. The boys were most appropriately photographed in front of the building of The Windsor Trust and Safe Deposit Company, of which they are all depositors. Their ability to hustle and to save what they earn makes it safe to predict that later years will find them prominent among the stockholders and directors of the bank.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE WINDSOR TOWN CRIER BY R. CARLTON CHISDEY

SPECIAL FEATURES: { Windsor's Ancient God's Acre. By Rev. Roscoe Nelson { The Shark Fishing Cruise of the Tik Tok.
**THE WINDSOR TOWN CRIER**

The day for the opening of Windsor schools is nominally set for September 5th. On account of the infantile paralysis scare it may be deemed advisable to postpone the opening.

WILLIAM R. BEST

The Town Crier announces the sale of the cigar manufacturing business of William R. Best to Morgan J. McGrath, a well known Windsor cigar manufacturer. Mr. Best entered the business when he was 19 years old. He is now 80 and except for the years of his service during the Civil War, he has been actively engaged in the business for almost sixty years—a record seldom equaled. Mr. Best went to work for Esman & Haas of New Haven in 1888. About 1868 he came to Windsor and worked for Sam Case in the three-story brick warehouse owned by the late Colonel Phelps that stood where the New Haven depot now is. This warehouse was burned in 1869, the year the present Best Building was erected as a tobacco warehouse by a man named Tagg, of New York. Mr. Best worked under James C. McCormick for Case, and when Case failed and Colonel Phelps took over his business, workers worked for the Colonel in the same relations. Later Mr. Best worked for Eli P. Elsworth in a building which stood where Garvan Brothers store is located. After a time Elsworth, F. F. Curry and W. R. Best formed the Best Manufacturing Company—a stock company for manufacturing cigars. Henry Bidwell, Daniel W. Phelps and Wm. Cornwell became members of the corporation in later years. It was dissolved on the death of Mr. Curry about 14 years ago and Mr. Best has conducted the business alone since that time, in the building known as the Best Building and which was bought from Tagg when the Best Manufacturing Company was formed.

Mr. Best has been known to many as "Joe" Best—a nickname given him by agreement at a time when there were so many "Williams" working in one room that it became necessary, in order to save confusion, to give nicknames. Mr. Best was then renamed "Joe."

---

**Rapid progress is being made in the work of eliminating the "Death Trap," but the steel work contract for the new bridge had not been let at this writing.**

A few cases of infantile paralysis in town have shown the need of some sort of isolation hospital here. Hartford can't always care for such cases.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. have been doing a very practical and thoughtful work in providing flowers for the sick and "shut-ins," this summer.

Treasurer Wm. P. Calder of the Windsor Trust and Safe Deposit Company, who recently purchased a large block of stock of the Allyndale White Marble Company of East Canaan, Conn., was elected Secretary and Treasurer, and a Director of the company on Monday, July 17th.

Mr. Calder succeeds Major James P. Allen as Treasurer. The company is now producing shipping about one thousand barrels of lime weekly. The Allyndale quarry furnished the stone for the State Capitol in Hartford.

A Hayden's Station reader brings to our attention the following story, remarking that we should all be glad that the women of this good old town have no similar reasons for worry—A teacher was trying to elucidate the meaning of the word "recuperate" to one of the pupils. "Now, Tommy," she said to you father works hard all day he is tired and worn out at night, is he not?" "Yes'm," said Tommy. "Well, then, when night comes and his work is over for the day, what does he do?" "Huh," replied Tommy, "that's what mother wants to know."
Some thirty pupils from a colored college of Savannah, Ga., have been brought here by the Clark Brothers’ of Prospect Hill, Poquonock to assist in the harvesting of their tobacco crop.

The Ever Ready Circle of the Poquonock Cong. Church has recently contributed $10.00 to the Babies’ Hospital in Hartford, a most worthy cause, and we are glad these young ladies are ever ready to “lend a hand.”

Rev. Mr. Kendricks, son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. David Marshall, spoke most acceptably to a large and interested audience at the Poquonock Congregational Church on a recent Sunday.

The Friendly Few Club recently enjoyed a delightful outing at Unionville at the guests of Mrs. A. Crossay, the daughter of one of its members. The party left Rainbow by trolley. The basket luncheon was served in the open, near to nature’s heart,” which added zest to the bill of fare.

The annual mid-summer gathering of the Women’s Missionary Society of the Poquonock Congregational Church was a splendid success both as to attendance and enthusiasm. Members of the Sunday-school assisted in the program. The speaker was Mrs. Nellie Dean, head of the King’s Daughters’ home in Hartford who has recently returned from an extended visit in Hawaii. She spoke most interestingly of the transformation wrought by the self-sacrificing missionaries in the native life. Of particular interest was her explanation of the word “Aloha” — the present use of which many meanings, such as: “my love to you,” friendship, welcome, remembrance, a parting blessing, etc. She recounted the pleasure it gave her while travelling about on foot, horseback or otherwise, to be met everywhere along the road with cheerful smiles and the greeting, “Aloha!” the word with which a Hawaiian begins and closes his letters.

The cordial relations existing between the Windsor Fire Company and the Hartford Fire Department made it possible for Windsor’s new water system to be put to its severest test, outside of an emergency, when on Saturday afternoon, July 29, the new motor pump which is to be stationed at Engine No. 7’s quarters, Hartford, was brought to this place and gave a demonstration. The demonstration took place on “The Green.” The engine pumped from the hydrant opposite the Wilbraham Building. With the apparatus came Chief John C. Moran and Master Mechanic Charles A. Cutler, of the Hartford Department, President Horace B. Clark of the Hartford Board of Fire Commissioners and Charles Harris, of the American-LaFrance Company, the mechanic in charge of the machine.

Chief John C. Moran was in charge of the tests and Superintendent R. Turner of the Windsor Fire District made the gauge readings and noted the records of the tests. The tests were made by members of the Windsor company, Chief James J. Dillon being in charge. Four tests were made, the pumping engine figuring in the first three, while the hydrant stream alone was used in test No. 4. The engine test was with two, three and four streams, while the hydrant test was with four streams and the objective point of the hosemen seemed to be to measure the length of the streams on the dead elm tree near the watering trough. With the engine pumping, the streams went well over the tree and at the same time, tore off many of the old dead limbs, which can do less harm off, than on.

The accompanying photographs give a good description of the results, especially the upper one which shows the four streams from the hydrant without the pump being worked. The wind at times made a heavy spray of the streams and that is the reason that the streams in the lower photograph do not show up as well, at the same time it should be noted that the firemen who held the nozzles needed no bath after the test was over, for the heavy spray drenched them.

After pumping for one-half hour the engine was stopped and the gauge readings and the pressure. As noted before, the upper picture shows the hydrant streams without the engine and the lower photo the men who manned the pump would meet all requirements for the firemen who held the nozzles because the pump without the engine.

With the pump, at work it required the lower photo the men who manned the two test to hold the nozzles in the pipes are as follows, reading left to right, Third Assistant Chief Frank J. Harrington, Second Assistant Chief A. W. Norrie; Samuel Holden, George W. Albee; B. S. Carter, James T. Malone; First Assistant Chief Charles L. White, Howard L. Godes. The men at work in the upper photo, reading left to right, are Peter J. Rettinger, Second Assistant Chief James A. Harrington, Samuel Holden, George W. Albee; B. S. Carter, James T. Malone; First Assistant Chief Charles J. White. In the foreground are excellent rear-view portraits of Fred A. West and Hilliard Bryant.

It was the first time that a Hartford piece of fire apparatus was known to come to Windsor since 1869 when a conflagration was in progress and former Chief Henry J. Eaton with old Engine No. 4 came to Windsor and assisted in subduing the blaze. At that time the old hotel was burned, the quarters of the fire company and the company’s engine.

After the demonstration was over, comments were made by the visitors and Chief Moran said that with Windsor’s water system the motor pump would meet all requirements for many years to come. President Clark said, that in case of a conflagration, Windsor could handle the lower buildings, while with a pump assisting, the higher buildings could be taken care of.

Windsor’s fire apparatus is antiquated and the company is sorely in need of something better. Should a motor apparatus be installed, Windsor’s fire insurance rates would be reduced, and Windsor would be included in the Mutual Aid plan originated by President Clark of the Hartford Commission, and receive assistance without charge at any time the same was required by companies from that department.

In travelling about the state one is sometimes impressed with the rather discreditable appearance of some railroad stations—particularly of the toilet rooms. That at the New London depot presented a most repulsive appearance one day this summer. The depot at Hayden’s Station on the other hand is in splendid condition by Station-Agent Arthur Collins and the Windsor depot under the care of Station-Agent H. L. Woodward and Telegrapher. Pointer is as neat as a pin. The railroad kindly fixed up the Windsor depot for us and we may well take pride in the care it receives. That ticket window is too high, however. The only way a small person can get a ticket is by waving his or her) arms above the window ledge and “hollering” until the commotion reveals the fact to the waiting ticket seller that there is somebody there.

JUDGING A MAN

If you meet a man whose character is unknown to you consider him a good man rather than bad. There is little harm in mistaking a good man for a good. Nay, a bad man may become a good man through a false estimation of his fellow man. If a good man is mistaken for a wicked he will be lost to his friends, to his community and to his country.—Fukuzawa.
THE WINDSOR TOWN CRIER

A Monthly Medium of
Chronicle and Comment
PUBLICIZED FOR THE ULTIMATE GOOD OF EVERY ONE
OF THE INHABITANTS OF WINDSOR, CONN.
THE WINDSOR PUBLISHING CO.
WINDSOR, CONN.

(Make all checks payable to above.)

Subscription
60 cents Per Year
Single Copies
5 cents Each
Advertisements:
Rates on Application

VOL. I SEPTEMBER 1916 NO. 9

We do not intend to print advertising that we cannot endorse. We will not publish liquor or fake advertisements at any price, and reserve the right to comment on any subject, whether it concerns an advertiser or not.

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

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

Hartford Office: Forde & Joseph, Printers
74-75 Main St.
Tel. Ch. 4562
Windsor: Mason C. Green,
Business Representative
48 Telephone 179

The Town Crier will be for sale at stores in New London, Portland, Rainbow, Wilson's and Windsor and in the Gustave Fischer Company's store in Hartford.

TRAINS LEAVE WINDSOR
GOING SOUTH—WEEK-DAYS
Morning 6:12, 7:05, 8:21, 10:54
Afternoon 1:11, 2:13, 3:27, 6:30, 7:30, 10:00

GOING SOUTH—SUNDAYS
Morning 10:54, 12:21
Afternoon 4:43, 7:20, 10:00

Twelve Minutes To Hartford.

GOING NORTH—WEEK-DAYS
Morning 5:07, 8:15, 9:53, 11:29
Afternoon 2:13, 4:00, 5:37, 6:20, 11:00

GOING NORTH—SUNDAYS
Morning 8:35
Afternoon 2:13, 8:43, 11:53

Thirty-eight minutes to Springfield.

"GETTING EVEN" WITH PUBLIC OFFICIALS

At the close of a recent trial in Winsted, the defendant was charged with certain Fourth of July celebrations, one of the officials, whose oath of office required him to prosecute several young men against whom complaints had been brought, was beset by a mob of men and boys with jeers and hootings and emphatic assurances that they would "get him at the next election."

One of this was somewhat excusable in the boys because of the thoughtlessness of their age and because they were incited to it by men whose part in the affair was wholly discreditable, for this sort of thing has become bad form in Windsor.

According to data for anything the trial had been conducted with eminent fairness and the occasion of the offenses and the fact that they had been committed in a spirit of fun and without malicious intent, seemed to influence all the officials concerned in this trial with his unusual feeling of personal good will toward the unfortunate subjects of it. The whole situation was unusual. The Commissioners of the Windsor Fire District had anticipated possible indiscretions in the observance of the national holiday by advertising widely certain laws of the District which experience suggested might be overlooked or forgotten by abounding citizens celebrating the Fourth. They followed this up by appointing special officers to be on watch-duty the nights of the third and the fourth.

Several minor violations seem to have been wisely ignored but a few more important were noted and in due form the attention of the Grand Juror was called to them with a demand that the officers be issued and arrests made. In doing this the Commissioners felt, very properly, that they could not afford to sacrifice public safety in that it ever came to a test.

The unfortunate feature of the latter attacks upon them seems to be that neither fair or intelligent consideration of his position in the matter was given.

If such treatment as was accorded him is to be visited upon officials who sometimes find themselves called upon to perform duties opposed to popular prejudices, who will blame them if they ignore their oath of office and become time-servers, showing more regard for the unhinging plaudits of the crowd than for any considerations of right and justice and duty?

The Town Crier's acquaintance is sufficiently wide to warrant him in saying that if it ever comes to a "show-down" enough sensible and law-respecting Windsor citizens will be in evidence in the support of a public official who does his duty, to more than offset the influence of those who, for selfish, personal or political reasons, endeavor to vitiate themselves into the good graces of individuals affected by fancied wrongs, by deluding them with hopes of "getting even."

"There's no use in "starting something" unless you know what the final result will be to show well,—
To crow gently if in luck;
To pay-up— to own up—and to shut up If beaten?

In making slight changes and abbreviations to make the article fit the available space, Mrs. L. L. Wilson's interesting "Story of the Palisado Bridges" was included by an error, as the author was in no sense responsible. On Page 6 the Farmington River was referred to as follows: 'The Indians descended in earlier years upon the Tunxis and 'Sepose,' (or Little Crane,) River.' This sentence should have read, 'as the 'Tunxis' River or 'Sepus,' Tunxis meaning Crane and Sepose or 'Sepus' meaning 'River.'”

MUCH CONFUSION HAS BEEN EXPRESSED OVER THE ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE AUGUST TOWN CRIER OF THE DESIGNATION OF THE WEEK OF O'C. TO END AS DEMOVAL WEEK. OUR ATTENTION HAS BEEN CALLED TO THE FACT THAT THE LAST WEEK IN AUGUST IS THIRTY AND FIFTY TREES ALONG OUR HIGHWAYS, IN SUCH CONDITION AS TO BE A SERIOUS MENACE TO PUBLIC SAFETY. THE WEEK DESIGNATED MAY BE ALL TOO SHORT FOR THE WORK TO BE DONE. IT COULD DO NO HARM TO START ON THE JOB EARLIER.

Windsor has taken a step in the right direction by the recent action of the Town School Committee in increasing salaries of many of the teachers. The average has thereby been substantially raised. One is Justice of the Peace James A. McCann, a Democrat and the other is Grand Juror Carlan H. Gooley, a Republican. There are many other officers of the town who deserve well of their party and of Windsor but special mention is made of these two because their conscientious devotion to the duties of their office may, according to rumor, make them the object of attacks in their respective party caucuses. In the meantime we recommend that all good citizens keep in mind the importance of these part caucuses for the nomination of local officials, which caucuses will come in the latter part of September.

We can hardly be accused of partisanship when we state our strong conviction that at least two public officials of Windsor, deserve renomination and election. One is Justice of The Peace James A. McCann, a Democrat and the other is Grand Juror Carlan H. Gooley, a Republican. There are many other officers of the town who deserve well of their party and of Windsor but special mention is made of these two.
The Loomis Institute, as well as the Windsor Public Schools, has recently lost some valuable members of its staff. Miss Elizabeth Kempton, the house-keeper, who was personally liked and highly regarded in Windsor, resigned about the end of the spring term; Theodore M. Pease, teacher of English, who also has gained many friends here, resigned recently, and on August 15th announcement was made that Assistant Head-Master Daniel H. Fletcher had resigned to accept the Head Mastership of the Detroit University School of Detroit, Mich. Mr. Fletcher is a man of rarely fine character who has won the highest regard and personal good will of the large number of acquaintances he has made during his comparatively short stay here. Both Mrs. Fletcher, who is held in the same sincere esteem, and Mr. Fletcher, have interested themselves in town, civic and social affairs as well as in those concerning the Institute, and they will both be very keenly missed by our towns-people.

The newly organized Kiwanis Club of Hartford chose Attorney Royal W. Thompson as President and Dr. Clyde A. Clark as Treasurer. The name is stated to signify an Indian word meaning "to trade," and the club was organized for the mutual business welfare of its members. The requirements for membership are character, efficiency and good citizenship. The club now has over 75 members and is live and energetic. It recently celebrated its first "Ladies' Night" in the form of a boat ride down the Connecticut, one of the most appreciated features of the occasion being a basket picnic provided by the ladies. (Swastika Kiwanis! (Indian (?) for "Good Luck, Kiwanis Club!")—Editor.

POEMS WORTH READING.

THE LOST LEADER
By Robert Browning

(William Wordsworth the poet, changed his political convictions and allegiances when Browning was a young man and the action so strongly impressed the latter that he wrote the poem that follows.)

Just for a handful of silver he left us.
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat.
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others, she lets us dote;
They, with the gold to give, doted him out.

So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Hags—were they purple, his heart had beenproof!

We that did loved him so, followed him,
Honored him,
Lived in his mind and magnificent eye.
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!

Life's night begins: let him never come back to us.
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight.
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us.

Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

SPECIAL NOTICE!

WINDSOR BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION

THE FIRST FALL MEETING, SCHEDULED FOR SEPTEMBER 5th, HAS BEEN POSTPONED TO TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 12th.

THE SPECIAL SPEAKER will be

JOHN T. KIRBY
Special Representative, National Association of Manufacturers.

SUBJECT: "THE NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL CONSERVATION MOVEMENT."

BE SURE
And Note the Date and Come.
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th.
WINDSOR TOWN HALL

The Bald Head Club of America represented by President P. Davis Oakesy and other officers, including Secretary John Rodemeyer, met recently at the Allyn House and decided to hold the annual banquet in November—according to a bald report furnished us. There are a lot of brainy men in this famous organization—many of them so bald that you can almost see their brains.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING ABOUT WINDSOR

THE STORY OF WINDSOR'S ANCIENT GODS-ACRE

By Reverend Roscoe Nelson

Some months ago I was called to attend the burial of a Hartford man in the old Windsor cemetery. I assumed that he was a former resident of this town, or that here was the home of his ancestors; and for some such reason he was laid to rest in our burying ground. But in conversation with members of the family I learned that such was by no means the case. By no accident of birth or inheritance did this spot become his last resting place, but by his special choice. Walking about this God's acre of a Sunday afternoon he was so much taken by its beauty that he then and there made choice of it, and later purchased the parcel of ground needful to carry his choice into effect.

This is a testimony, similar in quality to others frequently heard, touching the charm that hovers about this spot of ground. The place has a varied beauty, a beauty beheld by the eye, and another—other—beholding only by imagination and thought. The spire-like cedars projected against the western sky at sunset make a picture that is more than beautiful—it is a symbol, a prophecy, a consolation. The arbor vitae, green in winter as well as summer, speaks its silent word of life. The situation as a whole, the plateau sloping off to brook and river on two sides and fronted by the old meeting house, the proximity, then the mingling of the generations of Windsor folk, not to mention the unmentionable succession of tragedy and sorrow for the nearly three centuries of Windsor history recorded here by a few interesting stones one must put first in view of the world, as being worthy of their imitation. "Thou destroyest the hope of man," said King James, and his difficult words of faith and immortal hope are found upon these ancient stones, though sometimes the gloom and tears of life's tragedies are expressed. "Thou destroyest the hope of man," is at the bottom of a stone commemorating the "unstable consonant of the Rev. Henry A. Rowland and daughter of the Hon. Roger Newbury Esqr," who died at the early age of twenty-three years. Her infant son is linked with her in the same memorial. No wonder the hope of man was felt to be destroyed. More hopeful expressions, however, are accustomed to be placed upon the memorial stones.

Here is an instance of a most tender pathos mingled with buoyant hope: "In memory of Anne Daugh't of Capt. Nath'l & Mrs. Anne Howard, who dy'd July 15th 1787 ag'd 2 years 1 month & Eleven days. Sleep safe sweet babe till Jesus comes and Raises all From Sleeping Tombs."

I have made no attempt in this brief article to call to mind the good and great of this silent city. Here are numerous persons whose lives were of great significance to this community in their generation, many whose name and service were not confined to Windsor or Connecticut. Here are soldiers of the Revolution and soldiers of the Union. Here are governors, clergymen and judges, and noble women not a few. Here, too, are little children whose early departure caused the keeneest grief at the time, and touches today the tenderest chords of pathos. And here are the sturdy rank and file who have made Windsor during the generations a stable community and the home of not a few persons of choicest quality.

(Warham was the pastor. How greatly he was esteemed by the little community and how indispensable he seemed to it is made plain by this noble inscription. The seal of Mr. Huit in the service of the settlement may be seen in this story which has come down by tradition. Thomas Hooker and Samuel Stone, Pastor and Teacher of Hartford, came to Windsor to call on Mr. Warham and Mr. Huit. Mr. Huit was at the time engaged in the construction of a bridge; the first one, without doubt, ever attempted across the Farmington river. He was so engrossed with what he was doing that he did not stop to entertain the visitors. Whereupon Mr. Stone dryly remarked, "Ephraim is joined to his idols. Let him alone."

The Wolcott lineage is marked by a group of horizontal stones of great interest, beginning with that of "Henry Wolcot, Sometimes magistrate of this jurisdiction, died 30 May 1655, Aetatis 77," and of Mrs. Elizabeth, who followed him the seventh of July in the same year. It will be noticed that the early spelling puts but one T in the name of Wolcott, while the name of Governor Roger has two which fact may be taken to suggest that the time of the bare necessities had been outgrown in a hundred years of colonial history.

The Hartford Courant published an extended sketch of the Governor, closing with these few words: "In short, we take this to be one of the few lives spent in so useful and exemplary a manner, that 'tis worth while to hold it up in view of the world, as being in general worthy of their imitation." On the tomb stone is this simple record and comment:

Hon. Roger Wolcott, Esq, for several years Governor of the colony of Conn, died May 17, 1767. Age 89. Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies."

And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

A stone that touches the chords of imagination and might give a clue to some young Windsor novelist is this: "Here Lyes ye body of Mrs. Elizabeth ye wife of Mr. Daniell Bissell who died June ye 9th 1749, aged 21 years. Also her father Captain Roger Newbury who died in the king's servis in the Spanish Westencers."

This is the only tombstone inscription I have ever seen with a postscript:

"Peter Brown, Aged 60 years. P. S. He dy'd the 9th daye of March 1692."

Near the Wolcott group is an ancient stone with this inscription:

"B. W., 1680. What once was writ hope in time he might find, not on this stone, but on the reder's minde."

The W would suggest the name of Wolcott for the person thus commemorated, but Wolcott genealogy yields no first name of that period beginning with B. His identity is as mysterious as his memorial is unique.

(Co>
A town is not a thing of today only, but of yesterday and tomorrow; and not a bad occasional exercise for the citizens of the present, to whom are committed both the treasures and duties of a noble inheritance, is a quiet walk among these memorials of the past in this historically significant and beautifully kept God's-acre.

*Note the word “Epistle,” in the epigraph was obviously intended for “Teacher” but a photograph and inspection of the stone shows that for lack of space the stone-cutter found it necessary to leave off the “e.” This is the first time, so far as the Editor is aware that this epigraph has been literally quoted. On many old-time stones evidence is found of the fact that the stone-carver thought it perfectly proper to leave much to the imagination of the reader—particularly when a limited space made such abbreviations desirable. Note the absence of an “a” in “reader’s” on the B. W. stone. This was possibly a customary spelling at the time but it is interesting to note that on the same line the cutter crowded a final “e” on “mind,” in a space barely large enough to accommodate it.) —Editor

The way of the philanthropist, of whom the author of “A Third Pot­pourri” tells, seems unduly hard. The philanthropist, who was a gentle old lady of Exeter, England, got hold of a new sailer, who moved her to great pity. To help him along she pur­chased a tray on which he was to ex­hibit goods for sale.

She gave him a start in ginger­bread, also the privilege of standing in front of the pavement in front of the most respectable residence and trade. Despite this sadly mixed cry, trade showed powers never before ex­hibited by salves of any kind. The Albany Knicker­bocker Press reprints a letter written by him to his faithless lady friend.

It is a hard thing to be borne and to suffer to the soul, after you have paid an­nouncements adorned with the name of some other he! What’s to be done? Men similarly placed have tried many ways of easing their broken hearts. It is left, however, for Clarence to find still a new one. Clarence is a rejected swain whose further identity is lost. The Albany Knicker­bocker Press reprints a letter written by him to his faithless lady friend. It reads thus:

Dear Friend Myrtle: I hope you a long and happy life, and many of them.

Also for your new fellow. You got to stick to him and forget all about me. I never will bother you.

I can’t think why you toore up my picture.

Well, I guess I will close as a friend.

Your amount to my debt is:

I let you have 50c.
I let you have 10c.
I let you have lc.
I let you have 1c.
To you $1.
To you $1.
To you $1.

Circus, $1.
For taking you to shows, $1.40.
And your birthday, $1.
F. P. Pay me before I send an officer.

Fortunately, remarks the Press, this headlong, wastrel career was checked before Christmas. It will cost Myrtle just $6.80 to be quits with Clarence. “It would perhaps be worth six dollars,”—Conn. Western News.

AWNINGS

for stores and private houses. Order your awnings early and avoid the rush. Drop a postal and our representative will call on you, show samples and give prices.

Decoration for Fairs and Carnivals

We also wholesale Electrical Goods.

GET YOUR AMERICAN FLAGS HERE

G. O. SIMONS, Inc.

240 Asylum Street HARTFORD

When you think of building your own home—ask Swanson Bros. Contractors and Builders

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The lowest prices possible consistent with thorough and expert workmanship.

WINDSOR, CONN.

E. R. CLARK COMPANY

Water Supply

FOR SUBURBAN HOMES

Operated by

Electricity, Gasoline or Hot Air Engines

Gas Lighting Outfits

Phone Ch. 4472

HARTFORD, CONN.
INTERESTING NEWS FROM THE MEXICAN BORDER FOR WINDSOR PEOPLE

Special to The Windsor Town Crier by Sergeant George H. Carter, Company I, First Conn. Infantry and Corporal George H. Williams, Jr., Machine Gun Corps

Nogales, Arizona, July 30, 1916.

The package of Town Criers for the Windsor boys here, was received, and the boys were very grateful for them. We were to write articles for the Crier — in fact Sergeant Carter had written to his brother, Benjamin S. Carter, in regard to making arrangements for same.

The Crier was quite right in stating that it was 110 degrees in Nogales on hanging on to a rope. After the dust had settled and noses were counted it was found that Corporal George H. Williams, Jr., was a big black mule with ten men in tow hanging on to a rope. After the dust had settled and noses were counted it was found that Corporal George H. Williams, Jr., was the boss of everything and chooses to refuse his services.

The Machine Gun Company has been placed in various sections of the Fire District. We'll need more soon.

OBJECTS OF SCHOOL TO DEVELOP AN ALL ROUND WOMAN:

- Careful supervision of study.
- Special arrangements for local students.
- A home school for girls of all ages. Beautiful suburban location.
- Principal: A. H. Campbell, P. D. & Principal

FRIGORIFICOS

CHOICE FRUITS

A FEW GOOD ONES LEFT.

The Windsor Town Crier Notes

A Few Styles and Things.

Heard at the shore, "Chifon-ade Salad Dressing," Oh, but you just have to try to use the "Voile Sauce Tartare!"

No sir! Men would never allow the frivolous fancies of women to influence their styles in dress! And yet how can we account for some of the suits from the hip to the shoe tops? Evidently they cannot be explained solely by mothers and wives having "forgotten to use wool soap," neither is it likely that in all cases a younger brother's trousers are being worn. No — he is merely up-to-date in style. Perhaps you may have noticed that skirts are being worn short.

Speaking of skirts reminds us that up-to-the-minute toppers have bathing suits with tiny skirts, while certain others are adopting one-piece suits minus skirts. Do these signs indicate a tendency toward a common style of trousers for men and women? We the comings and goings of equal rights? Where are we at?

Do you remember the pep top trousers of some seasons ago — also the pep top suit? We are on the way. For pity's sake let us just imagine barrel pants! Defend us from them!

Transparent rubber or oiled silk bathing suits for women — probably不用說—short for mens suits. Men's—no by no means the way we have always assumed that one went into the water to get wet, but it appears that a bathing suit is nowadays intended for exhibition purposes chiefly. We hasten to add that you are supposed to wear another suit under one of these transparent affairs. Oh my, yes!

DOCTOR'S BILLS

Your doctor's bill, as a general rule, reads, "For professional services rendered." That means that you are to pay for work done and not for miracles performed. If you hire a doctor to attend you in sickness you enter a contract to pay for his expert services, whether he succeeds in curing you or not. It would be unfortunate for both parties in the contract if the terms were otherwise.

Two things are not yet clearly understood by some people — first, a doctor's fee is collectable, and, second, a doctor is not legally bound to attend any one under any circumstances unless he wants to. You can't make a doctor work for a certain price, and you can't make him work at all if he chooses to refuse his services. — Chicago News.

And though a coat may a button lack, And though a face be sooty and black, And though rough words in speech may blend, A heart's a heart, and a friend's a friend. — Will Carleton.

The first U. S. mail boxes — four in all — to be used in Windsor have just been placed in various sections of the Fire District. We'll need more soon.
Fashion’s Approval has been set on Sports Clothes and every woman is wearing them whether she is a sportswoman or simply looks on. They are delightfully feminine and piquant, and

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS show them at their best. We ask you to call at our Pattern Counter and see the new

Pictorial Review Patterns NOW READY

The New Canaan Advertiser relates a yarn about a man who killed a cat and then buried it. Two weeks later his gardener, ploughing the garden, turned up the cat, which shook itself free of the clinging soil and made a beeline for the kitchen. Fed by the cook, it has now completely recovered.

Which recalls the exploit of a Bethel man who tried in vain to get rid of an unwelcome cat. He shot it to death, drowned it, poisoned it, chloroformed it, buried it alive, ran over it with his automobile, wrung its neck, and froze it to death in a refrigerator. But after every execution the cat came back. It seemed to bear more than nine charmed lives.

One day, desperately determined to un-cat his household by a sure method, he took the animal out into a swamp, chopped its head off with an axe, buried the carcass under a rock, threw the head into a brook and watched it as it floated off down-stream; then returned home, satisfied that he had finally disposed of the nuisance. Long after midnight he was awakened by a familiar yowling and scratching at the outside door. He got up and opened the door, and in walked that unconquerable cat, carrying its head in its mouth!—Conn. Western News.

LAST WEEK OF OUR AUGUST MARK-DOWN SALE OF GOOD QUALITY HOMEFURNISHINGS IS NOW IN PROGRESS.

An Opportunity to make Selections from our Extensive Stock of Good Quality Homefurnishings at Prices Reduced From 15 to 50 Per Cent.

HUNDREDs OF BEAUTIFUL PIECES OF GOOD FURNITURE FOR LIVING ROOMS, BED-ROOMS, DINING ROOMS, PARLORS, HALLS, ETC. ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF RUGS—Wiltons, Body BrusseLS, Axminsters, Velvets and Tapestries in Beautiful Patterns and Colorings ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.

40-56 Ford Street Hartford C. Fuller Company Over-Looking Capitol Grounds WHERE QUALITY IS HIGHER THAN PRICE.
ELIMINATING ACCIDENTS AT GRADE CROSSINGS

New Haven Railroad Urging Safety
First Campaign to Secure Co-operation of Auto Owners

With the object of securing the cooperation of motorists and drivers of horse-drawn vehicles, the New Haven Railroad is waging a SAFETY FIRST campaign to minimize accidents at grade crossings.

The campaign has been discussed and worked out at staff meetings of the Operating Department. Investigations are already under way to ascertain the importance of several grade crossings, and many individual drivers have been written to requesting their cooperation.

The principal cause of the majority of accidents at grade crossings is the failure of drivers to check their speed at the crossing and to yield to the approaching train.

As a result of the investigations so far made by the New Haven Road numerous letters have been written to owners of automobiles calling attention to the carelessness of drivers when crossing the railway tracks at certain crossings. The majority of these letters alleged that the drivers did not slow down when approaching a crossing, and that they drove over the crossing at a high rate of speed.

Many of the letters, however, disclose extreme degrees of carelessness. One driver approached the grade crossing at North Abington, Mass., and came to a stop within about six inches of the gates, which were down. It is suggested to the owner of this car that this was hardly sufficient clearance as a slight failure of the brakes by the approaching machine might result in a collision with the gates, if not a more serious collision with the train.

Another driver approached the crossing at Whitman, Mass., at a rapid rate of speed and upon perceiving that the gates were being lowered put on more speed in an endeavor to cross over before the approaching train. Finding that he would be unable to do this, he was forced to climb his machine into the freight yard in order to avoid a collision. A driver of a motor truck was unable to stop at the crossing gates at Quincy Adams and his truck collided with the gates. Many cases were reported of machines passing over crossings in disregard to the signal displayed by the flagman and despite the warning from the engine as the train was leaving the station.

A driver of a machine passed the grade crossing at Scituate with hardly a foot clearance between the machine and the train that had just stopped. Had the engineer of the train released his brakes and the train slackened back the machine would certainly have been hit. In the letter to the owner of this machine it was suggested that such a close margin is also dangerous to alerting passengers at the rear of a train.

Still another driver of a machine came to a dead stop on highway crossing at Allerton, three minutes before the train was due to arrive. The driver stopped in order to make several inquiries.

A large number of cases have been reported of drivers passing crossings without making any observations whatever as to whether a train was coming or not. Some of these drivers were engaged in converging with passengers in the machines, others waving to passers-by, while one driver was putting on his gloves and consequently did not have his hands on the wheel or brakes of the machine.

In the letters that have been sent out to owners of cars it is pointed out that if the speed of the machine is reduced and observations made in both directions to make sure the way is clear, grade crossing accidents will be minimized. The Company requests that all visible and audible warnings be heeded.

THE WARM BATH

Smythe's mistake, which is described in an English contemporary, must have been disconcerting, to say the least.

"You'll find your bath in the outhouse." Thus he had been directed the night before at the house where he was stopping, and that is why he was now, in his dressing gown, pushing open the outhouse door. It was dark, but there was the tub, and it would do. He hopped in. In the middle of his ablutions the red-faced landlord thrust his head in at the door. In the dim light he failed to see the man in the tub.

"Water quite nicely warm, thanks," observed Smythe, "but it's a trifle muddy.

"Muddy be hanged!" roared the landlord, bursting in suddenly. "Your tub's in the next place. Git out of it, you, blitherin' idiot! Not a word of this in the 'ouse! That's my 'ome, you're a-washin' in!"

"Somebody had left a neatly tied package in the car seat," remarked Miss Thuttywun, but I didn't pick it up when I came out. I remembered it was the first of April.

"Catch anybody fooling you!" asserted Mr. Makinbrakes, with a burst of geniality. "You're too old a bird to be—h'm—ah—entirely too smart I mean—you've seen too many April fool days to—to—h'm—they can't play such games, you know, on any body that's had so much experi—that knows what's what, you understand. It might have been worked on some giddy—or—young thing who—of course, I'm not saying that you, you know—or, anyway, I should think they could tell by looking at you—though that isn't exactly what | what I—mighty poor outlook for golf this Spring, isn't it?"—The Chicago Tribune.

RAISING "TOBAC."

Contributed to The Windsor Town Crier by Wm. T. Smith
(Note: The city man stated, "It sure seems to me there ought, in tobacco, much money to be."

The old farmer answered, "I then guess you're right. For more 's been put in than took out-by a sight!"

Yes, raising tobacco 's the thing around here. Especially early spring until late in the year. There's bedding, transplanting — of tobacco so lack. It keeps them allumping when rais ing "tobac."

Oh, raising "tobac!"

Means the clickety clack of the setting machine on its long, even track.

With two men on the seat, each endowed with a knock there's pleasure and profit in raising "tobac."

Of course there are drawbacks. Dry weather and hail—

Not to mention the cut-worm—prove it's not a plain sail.

Then windstorms approach and thunderbolts crack—

So there's more or less worry in raising "tobac."

Oh, raising "tobac!"

Means hand up to the rack, get it all under cover, dry out and then pack to cart to the warehouse where farm work is slack.

Yes—there's lots of hard labor in raising "tobac."

Now there are some things they would have to explain to a novice like me from away down in Maine. For instance: would I have to use a meal sack to hold all the money made raising "tobac"?

Oh, raising "tobac!"

If I'm on the right track I will purchase some land, build a shed and a shack; get a train-load of phosphate and then take a crack at the joys and the sorrows of raising "tobac."

FALL SHOWING

Soft Hats and Derbys
$2.50 upwards

GEMMILL, BURNHAM & CO.

The Service Store 66 ASYLUM ST.
HARTFORD, CONN.

A. MAHAN

Groceries, Fruits and Provisions

AT WHOLESALE PRICES

WITH A SMALL CHARGE FOR SERVICE AND ACCOMMODATION

POQUONOCK, CONN.
SEPTEMBER DAYS are here—to many people the most fascinating season of the year for auto touring. The dog day season with its intense heat past, September with its cool evenings, crisp, bracing mornings and mild, clear days calls to the open with its alluring charm.

To insure touring comfort and enjoyment it is essential that the tire outfit be in sound condition. We specialize in the care and upkeep of tire equipment. Jack the Tire Expert and his associates KNOW TIRES from the ground up. In tire matters you can do no better than to Entrust Your Tire Troubles to Us.

The Auto Tire Co.
129-137 Allyn St.
CHARTER 4641

ODDITIES IN PRINT

Albert Zabala of Soledad was here Thursday and accompanied Martin Iermimi to San Felipe to purchase a male cow.
—The San Juan (Cal.) Mission News.

Found—a gold tooth in a pie at the Iowa Union pie social the other evening. Owner please get same from H. B.—Glen Elder Cor. of the Phillipsburg (Kan.) Post.

Miss Julia Berger, of this place, who had the poem in the Cheyenne Leader, was over to Walker's Creek yesterday and was pointed out on all sides.—The Kelton (Wyo.) Tribune.

We are not going to tire our patient readers by naming those who are sick, but, with all respect to our sick, we will say those who were sick last week are slightly improved; exceptions however.
—The McConnellsville (O.) Herald.

Excitement coupled with fear prevails in the vicinity of Valley, in Butler township, caused by the appearance of a wild animal. It is believed to be either a panther or wild cat. It seems like a child. It has been chased by dogs and the dogs have been horribly mutilated. It has killed chickens and a calf. Saturday a number of Damascus people with a bevy of dogs started in pursuit of the stranger that suddenly invaded the Mahoning Valley.—The Lisbon (O.) Journal.

Through some error last week events were crowded forward for Arthur Bruce and Alfred Whiteside, and this column reported them as celebrating their wedding instead of their birth anniversary.—Sunshine Valley Cor. the Lusk (Wyo.) Herald.

Remains of the late Mrs. Sarah A. Majors, who passed away at her home in Columbus, Ohio, yesterday after a brief consumption. To settle the matter the members of the club each tossed a jitney into a hat and with the collection purchased a supply of crackers and cheese.—The Wheeling (W. Va.) News.

In our account of the Livingston-Hoff wedding in last week's issue our reporter intended to state that "after a brief wedding trip the newly married couple would make their home at the Old Manse;" but through a typographical error which escaped the proof-reader, and which we regret exceedingly, "Old Manse" was made to read "Old Man's."
—Weedsport (N. Y.) Sentinel.

After the cards, Mrs. Taylor delighted the guests with three silos.—The Ottawa (Kan.) Herald.

Word from the Morgans at St. Petersburg states that they have not been the best at the place this winter. Among other things they say Mrs. Brinkley fell and dislocated her shoulder. Other members of the family had not fared so well.—The Sahina (O.) News-Record.

To the end of a tiresome long play an actor came on in a prison scene and began picking at the walls of his cell with an iron bar. Pausing and wiping his brow, he said: "This will take years."
"Good night," said a youth in the gallery.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

One of our readers very kindly sent us the above picture of another town crier, from Provincetown, Mass. Earlier in the year we published the portrait of a Provincetown town crier. Until this picture was received we had not known that there was more than one actual town crier doing duty. We were glad to receive this picture.

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"Good night," said a youth in the gallery.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.
THE SHARK FISHING EXPEDITION OF THE FAMOUS CRUISER "TIK TOK"

By Dr. Clyde A. Clark and Alfred E. Taylor

According to the custom of all seafaring men we will relate our tale from the record of our ship's log:

July 29th. Left Hartford at 2:15 Eastern Time, (p. m.) arrive at Saybrook at 8:00 p. m. Our electric lights gave out and we were at a loss to know what to do. The ship's Cabin Boy, "Tim" Hollister suggested buying a lantern, so we rowed ashore and spent fifty cents for one—and it was worth these and a half pound of bacon apiece we felt like new men.

Captain Taylor, with the assistance of Jimmy Smith, the First Assistant Chef, made up the bunks, so that everything was in readiness when the rest of the crew returned, so that all could pile into bed without delay. When we were ashore the Ship's Boy woke everybody up because he was hungry and wanted something to eat. A bag of peaches was found by somebody and after the Boy had eaten them he let us go to sleep again.

July 30th. We turned out of our bunks at six o'clock and at 6:30 we were stowing away some of Chef Clark's flap-jacks. After eating about a dozen of these and a half pound of bacon we felt like new men. Then we left Saybrook and started for Wethersfield. We landed at Block Island this noon.

The ship's Physician and "Tim" Hollister looked pretty shaky and said they'd stay on board while we went ashore. "Doc." said he would stay to take care of "Tim" while we were ashore. "Doc." said that he was on his back.

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We arrived at New London about 11:00 A. M. and went up town to get some papers to see what had happened since we left home. We had to keep one eye each on "Doc." Turney and "Tim" to fear they'd get lost in the city of sailors and whalers. They didn't.

July 31st. We ran to Greenport, L. I. If there is one spot on earth that sailors love most it is Greenport. We hadn't any more than landed when the crowopped ashore and deserted the Tik Tok. Captain Taylor and Chef Clark finally had to call on the chief of police to round up the crew. "Doc." Turney was found sopping up milk-shakes with a young lady he said he was in love with but whose name he couldn't remember. He said he thought it was Miss Smith or Miss Brown or something like that. "Tim" had hit it exactly. Chef Clark cooked up a mess of black fish which he had caught on the dock with a silver hook. That night the Captain gave shore leave to all and we went to the "movies." "Tim" and Bart fell asleep and the usher woke them up and put them out. He said the people couldn't hear the orchestra. Tim told him he was hungry—that he was always hungry—or sleepy—or something and asked where there was a restaurant. Bart told him it was the best sleep he'd had since he had started from home and if he, the usher, would only show him, (Bart,) the road to Windsor Locks he'd start right home. The usher was unaccommodating however. He was not even courteous and Tim never to come into that theater again and Bart and Tim both told him that they wouldn't think of it.

August 3rd. Yesterday and the day before were just Tuesday and Wednesday—nothing doing. We landed in Block Island this noon. Tim and Jim walked over to the beach to see the ladies bathing. None of the ladies would speak to 'em but they kept on staying. The mystery of their conduct is still unsolved.

This noon, Chef Clark and the Ship's Physician cooked up some hamburger steak and onions. The crew all complained about the cooking declaring that the onions hadn't been completely smothered for the hamburger steak tasted onions. That night the crew all dressed up and while some of the men went up to the hotel the others were taken to the "movies" by Captain Taylor. While Jimmy Pig (Smith) piloted "Doc." Turney and "Doc." Clark through the hotel lobbies and verandah he entertained them by telling them the story of his life, including an account of his romantic meeting with a certain beautiful lady a few years ago. Finally the Ship's Physician got tired of listening and invited all of us but Jimmy to go to the Yellow Kittens and get some nut sundaes. From there we went back to the boat.

The H. T. Sextette rendered a few choice selections under the management of Chef Clark. "Doc." Turney's heavy bass attracted a great deal of attention from those on shore—in fact they wanted us to let them get at it. We finally pacified them by promising to sing the next morning and take him with us.

Friday, August 4th. Eggs and bacon and coffee for breakfast. "Timmy," the Ship's Boy and Barty, the Purser weighed anchor and we coaxed the engine to take us to Stonington. On the way over we saw a real man-eater shark — ask "Doc." Turney!

He got so excited he was going to jump overboard. He said he would get that shark if he lost his watch. "Doc." was an expert swimmer, who could tell whether the Haw-ford was fresh or salt by the feeling, but we finally subdued him. He said, "Boys, you have spoiled my one ambition in life. It has been to kill a shark without any weapons." We asked him how he proposed to do that and he told us that he would choke it to death.

We arrived in Stonington about 11:00 A. M. and Jimmy Pig cooked some swordfish and potatoes which we sat down to eat promptly at noon. In the afternoon we went clam digging and finally got about twelve quarts of clams, which "Doc." Turney (mostly) ate for supper. We also fought mosquitoes during supper. Afterward "Doc." Turney and Jimmy asked for the evening off. They went to Westerly about 2:00 A. M. Barty woke up to hear the ship's clock strike four bells. He ascertained that it was a NICE time—four o'clock in the morning—for those guys to be pulling out. Somebody told him to "roll over—that he was on his back."

Saturday, August 5th. This being the morning of our last day the boys begged Chef Clark to favor them once more with some of his famous flap-jacks and bacon. He granted their request. Then we turned and all cussed the engine until it started. We reached New London in record-breaking time, stopping to fish near the Dumpling Light. The Captain caught the only blackfish. To our surprise a lobster fisherman pulled up to our boat and gave us eleven fine lobsters. Some of them were salt and some said they were not—under legal size.

At New London we bought souvenirs for our wives and sweethearts. Then we cooled off for the night. The engine balked some but we finally got the best of it and at last we reached home tired but happy. No, we didn't get any sharks!
Entertain Your Guests
with Victor Music and you’ll find your home will be a popular one.

THE CUSHMAN MUSIC SHOP, Inc.
71 Pratt Street
RICHARD CUSHMAN, Prop. JOSEPH MULCAHY, Sec'y

TAKE A VACATION
LET US DO YOUR WASHING
Your Clothes are not marked or mixed with others.
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Bear in mind that Furniture Moving and General Trucking, Long Distance or Local, is my Business.

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JOSEPH & CO.
TAILORS
SUITs MADE TO ORDER $18
JOIN Our Suit Club
81 Asylum Street WINDSOR

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE
Wm. Stinson & Son WINDSOR

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES
(New York World.)
Stale bread crusts are very useful for removing finger prints from wall paper. If there are no finger prints on your wall paper, your children need the services of a physician.

Never use the ash after for sifting flour. It makes the bread too lumpy.
Vacuum cleaners should always be kept in a dry place. Otherwise the vacuum gets rusty and the machine is useless.

In putting up preserves of any kind be careful to put them up on the top shelf. They will keep longer there.
A sleeping porch inclosed in glass and heated by steam is the latest novelty. It enables one to be fashionable without sacrificing one’s comfort.

An economical friend of ours who is very fond of reading at night saves half his electric light bills by shutting off the current when the eye reaches the end of a line and turning it on again when he begins the next one.

If your hardwood floors are too slippery, the defect may be remedied by dragging a barrow over them. Another good way is to cover them with a mixture of sand and glue.

A good way to save money for Christmas is to let the butcher and the grocer wait.

A pretty mat for the center table may be made out of the crown of father’s old straw hat. Father may want the hat to wear in the garden next summer, but what do you care? It is to be kept in a dry place. If the bone is already rotten, just cover it with a mixture of sand and glue.

You can’t spend what you do not have. Money in the pocket burns. It is easy to say “no” to some alluring window or appealing advertisement when you have no money with you, but when the purse is full, how hard to turn away! You can’t go if you haven’t the price of a ticket; but how much better to buy them up and keep them in a dry place. They will keep longer there.

DO NOT CARRY YOUR MONEY WITH YOU
You can’t spend what you do not have. Money in the pocket burns. It is easy to say “no” to some alluring window or appealing advertisement when you have no money with you, but when the purse is full, how hard to turn away! You can’t go if you haven’t the price of a ticket; but how much better to buy them up and keep them in a dry place. They will keep longer there.

There is much significance in the following story of a conversation between two negroes.

"Sam," said one, "my wife pesters me 'most to death for money. It’s a dollar one day, and a half-dollar the next, and two dollars the next, and five dollars the next. I’m 'most pestered to death."

"What’s your wife done with all that money?" asked the other negro.

"I don’t know. I ain’t never give her none yit."

—Saturday Evening Post.
THE TOWN CRIER CATCHES A BIG 'UN'.

On the estate of Mr. F. H. Young near Greenwich, Mass., is as perfect a little jewel of a lake as may be found in many a day's journey. It is crystal clear, with a white sandy bottom. Tall dark pines and slender white birches surround it, growing down to the very edge of the water. Crowning all is a very beautiful little picturesque island that looks as if it had been made by a landscape gardener and set down lightly to float on the surface of the water.

In this lake are innumerable small fry such as perch, roach and--according to "old Settlers"—many pickerels of monstrous size.

In a comfortable, roomy, old farmhouse beside this lake a house party of several Windsor families recently passed the better part of a very pleasant week. Mr. Young was there and found in many a day's journey.

In the excitement of the moment he had long dreamed was right at hand; fish—big fish—big pickerel. One of the three ladies volunteered to make the boat to the best of her poor ability, one sat in the bow of the boat and every time the boat stopped, in an innocent way one thought there was a fish attached thereto. The Town Crier did not care. The life-time opportunity of which he had long dreamed was right there. The Town Crier saw one of these turtles walking toward him one day but he did not have the nerve to tickle its nose. He had his reasons. He finally caught it by the tail when it was not looking but it was too heavy for him to reel in. Mr. Young assured us that his method of catching is what caused these creatures to be called "snapping"-turtles.

The Town Crier saw one of these snapping-turtles. One of the three ladies volunteered to make the boat to the best of her poor ability, one sat in the bow of the boat and every time the boat stopped, in an innocent way one thought there was a fish attached thereto. The Town Crier did not care. The life-time opportunity of which he had long dreamed was right there; fish—big fish—big pickerel. One of the ladies volunteered to make the boat to the best of her poor ability, one sat in the bow of the boat and every time the boat stopped, in an innocent way one thought there was a fish attached thereto. The Town Crier did not care. The life-time opportunity of which he had long dreamed was right there; fish—big fish—big pickerel. One of the ladies volunteered to make the boat to the best of her poor ability, one sat in the bow of the boat and every time the boat stopped, in an innocent way one thought there was a fish attached thereto.
BREAK-NECK CIGARS

UPPER “B” 10 Cents
LOWER “B” 5 Cents

“DOCTOR JACK” 10 Cents
“BEN BREE” 5 Cents
“HALF-A-TEN” 5 Cents

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COSTS MORE.
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