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Norwich, Tuesday, April 20, 1909.

WHY WE SHOULD PRINK UP.

Norwich need not be ashamed to admit that she has been negligent of many little things which would make a more favorable impression upon the people had they been attended to and the anniversary year is a good year to reform. We must make some things look better or this generation will be written down as slovenly housekeepers by visitors of cleanly habits and fine tastes.

Milwaukee is planning for a home-coming of its sons and daughters in the Fall. The Journal of that city says:

"The homecoming is the immediate reason for activity along the lines of tree planting, but it is not the big or ultimate reason. All over the country cities are awakening to the opportunities for making themselves beautiful, and more and more they are giving their attention to questions of aesthetic improvement. Nothing plays a larger share in these plans than trees. Trees are beautiful in themselves. When well chosen and artistically planted, they can make the most ordinary street attractive. They create cleanliness and comfort as well as beauty. A city of trees is a city of homes; a city of happy and healthy children. Surely Milwaukee cannot have too many of these."

The city conscious of its faults should move to correct them. This is progress, and it is the little details well attended to which give the most permanent fame. Norwich is going to have a great home-coming on July 5th and should begin to make things look inviting now.

THE ONE ISSUE.

The anthracite coal issue is all settled excepting the one point of the operators recognizing the union. The operators' reason for declining to do it is a good reason and will so impress the country. The operators point out that the union in question, in reality, is one of bituminous miners, with comparatively few anthracite members. In short, the hard coal mine workers are asking their employers to recognize a union dominated by employes of another line of business, which, in a commercial sense, is antagonistic to, because competitive with anthracite interests. It is not at all improbable that if the anthracite miners cut loose from their organization and formed one of their own they might find their request meeting with more favorable treatment.

The effort made to involve President Taft in the matter ought not to succeed, for the simple reason that the issue is nothing compared to that of six years ago, and is more private than public in its nature.

Since the men can organize a union of anthracite mine workers with a good chance of being recognized, it is up to them to recognize the objections of the operators and to eliminate the objectionable features.

It is not at all likely that the president will consider favorably the movement to draw him into the fight.

ODIOUS COMPARISONS.

A voice from the west recognized as that of Senator Albert B. Cummins of Iowa surprises as well as offends us by its comparison of men. He tells the country that "Nelson W. Aldrich is an abler statesman than Daniel Webster, Theodore Roosevelt outranks George Washington and William Howard Taft by 1913 will be the greatest American in history."

His opening averment is enough to shock Massachusetts and to elate so much of Rhode Island as the senator owns. Daniel Webster made undying fame as a statesman and as Mr. Aldrich has not finished the game of life yet it is a little too early to reach such a conclusion. The estimate of Senator Aldrich must be made up later on. As for Theodore Roosevelt, he is not George Washington and no man as a military leader and statesman has or is likely to outclass him. What is said about President Taft may prove to be true, but it were better as a conclusion after his work has been done than in the dawn of his administration. It really isn't necessary to belittle any popular statesman or hero in order to magnify the status of the living men of today.

TARIFF MAKING PURE BUSINESS

The tariff as a pure business proposition is becoming more recognized by the leaders of both great political parties, and it is now said that the prospect for a tariff commission was never brighter.

The tariff is a bunch of business issues which do not work for political unity. The diversified business interests of the country make the matter complicated and sectional rather than national.

It has been well said that "the time is past when the tariff should be revised at one tremendous effort. It ought to be adjusted from time to time; but such a thing as a complete revision at one time is as barbarous as the effort to improve social conditions by having a revolution and a terror. Revision of the tariff is the industrial and financial reign of terror. We have had enough of it in this country and ought to take steps to avoid it in future. Let a tariff commission measure be passed as the most important and enlightened section of this year's tariff measure, and the country will regard it as fair compensation for the other shortcomings of this legislation.

"The whole country now wants such a measure. It has been educated to the matter at a marvelous speed. It understands the impossibility of present conditions continuing, and is convinced that the commission is the plan which, as it has proved successful in other countries, would most certainly better conditions here."

A carload of infested lumber from Massachusetts has sent gypsy moth eggs into New Hampshire and Maine, which indicates that the war on the pest will not soon be over.

Canada is about to open to new settlers an area of cultivatable territory larger than all New England with the expectation that another province will be developed.

WHAT CALIFORNIA DESIRES.

California has made a success of raisin culture and now has on hand 20,000 tons of last year's crop which it desires to sell in the American market and it has in hand a campaign to make the people acquainted with the value of raisins as a food and to encourage a more general use of them.

April 30th in California is "Raisin day," and this is what the San Francisco Examiner had to say of it:

"That is the motto that should be kept in mind and purpose by every Californian. Also he should spread it to the furthest confines of the United States.

"There are fifty million pounds of raisins in the San Joaquin valley waiting for buyers. There are ninety million people in the United States who would get pleasure and benefit by eating these raisins. Now, let's see what can be done to bring them together.

"The first thing to do is to look out for your own raisin supplies. The next is to urge your friends here and east to do the same. It will do good to yourself; it will do good to your friends; and it will do good to one of the leading products of our state.

"Raisins are good to the taste, and they are good for the health. They are good eaten as they come in the box. They are good to use in adding flavor to dozens of dishes in cooking. They can be had in layers, as they come from the curing houses. They can be had with the seeds removed—and all at a price that makes them a cheap as well as a palatable food.

"It is important to the interests of California to have the last year's crop of raisins cleared up before the new crop comes on. It can be done in a day, if every family in the country will buy a few pounds. It can be done by a far less number if they will eat, buy and eat, as many raisins as are good for them for the next month or two.

"Get ready to eat raisins on Raisin day. Get in practice before, and keep it up afterward. Thus you will favor yourself and the California raisin growers."

We all should eat more raisins, of course, and more apples and we should all enjoy better health for doing it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The grand list of Chelsea, Mass., increased three millions last year, which shows that it is thrifty and coming.

A Los Angeles man has been discovered who never heard of Roosevelt, and he is not reported as being deaf.

What is a tariff? Why, protection for a few men and a tax on many, of course. But we have flourished under it.

The action of the Tafts has given tone to everything at Beverly Cove, and cottage prices there are skyscraping.

So long as Hartford had the legislature it did not need a freshet. Two such disturbing incidents at once are too much.

New York is to have a Hudson-Fulton celebration the coming fall and proposes to spend over a million in celebrating it.

It is pleasing to note that the wages in the Connecticut woolen mills are going up at the time the price of bread is rising.

The Maine cider mills run just as steadily as the cider mills in states not standing for prohibition, and their sales are livelier.

Boston is asking of the Hartford Times "What is a legitimate thirst?" That is the only kind of a thirst that Hartford recognizes.

Happy thought for today: When it comes to "peace on earth," the fighting nations have never yet become reconciled to the biggest piece.

The Maine sentiment is said to be in favor of a merger for the Consolidated and the Boston & Maine, because it would mean better service there.

The United States fishing schooner Grampus is on an eight months' cruise for the study of the movements of the schools of mackerel in the Atlantic.

The old saying that "a girl is so small you can put her in your hat," has become obsolete, and the reason for it is too apparent to need explanation.

The profit of the wheat gamblers is stated at from three to thirty millions. Better men than those who corner breadstuffs and distress a nation are in prison.

If Mrs. Sherman has excited the wrath of the D.A.R.-ters, she knows that they will become calm and dignified after the election of officers has been settled.

The orange growers of Florida and California are trying to get together. If it means the production of better oranges the fact of better prices will not be so disturbing.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Maxim Noiseless Arm.

Mr. Editor:—In view of the agitation that has appeared in your state against the so-called "noiseless gun," I would request space in which to give you reasons why this agitation is, to put it very mildly, ill-founded.

The criticism of the so-called "noiseless gun" is that it shoots in silence and therefore in secrecy. Those of us who are untrammeled by facts jump to the conclusion that any gun which shoots thus means that anything can be killed thus—in silence and in secrecy. Upon this they build a lurid story of death and extermination. If it were only that the facts could be ignored, this might be so. But fortunately facts must be taken into account. Now I would suggest that these facts be considered.

I have found a way to silence from 95 per cent. to 99 per cent. of the noise made at the muzzle of a rifle. It might be thought that this cuts out all the noise of firing, but this is where the wrong conclusion is jumped. It does not cut out nearly all the noise. There is a lot of very curious noise left. I say curious, for it is very curious, and cannot be described by words. It seems to be a general, all-pervading, reverberatory sort of noise, coming from nowhere in particular. One of its astonishing properties is that it seems to depend upon the configuration of the country over which you shoot. For example, a .30-40 rifle fired up into the air makes less noise than a boy's air rifle. The same gun brought down and fired across a field in which there are trees and bushes makes a loud, curious reverberation which may be heard a long distance. Fired in thick woods, the noise is like that which comes after a flash of lightning and just before the arrival of the thunderclap. It suggests a "tearing" or "ripping."

Now this is news to a surprising number of people. I have experimented for a long time, and I have found that this noise is entirely apart from the gun. I call it "ex-gun noise," because it has nothing to do, is outside of, the gun itself. It is made by the bullet tearing its way through the air. Most people think a bullet makes a whine, a whistle or a screech. It does at old-fashioned, low velocities. At modern, high velocities it does nothing of the sort, however. It, on the contrary, makes a loud "crack" or explosive "snap," if you will go down the range and listen to it. Anyone can prove this by taking up a position say 200 yards from a rifleman and letting the latter shoot so the bullet will pass him, say as near as 50 or 60 feet. Let him hide behind a rock if he cannot trust the man with the gun. When the bullet passes he will hear a loud crack which will astonish him. It sounds directly over his head, no matter how he may be standing. If the gun has a silencer fitted to it this "crack" of the bullet is all he will hear. If the gun has no silencer, he will first hear the crack, for the bullet gets to him faster than the sound of the gun can, and after an interval he will hear the crashing boom of the gun.

I have made many hundreds of silencers and sold them all over the world, in fact the Maxim Silent Firearms company of New York are regularly supplying silencers for all calibres of guns to the shooters of the country, but I have yet to find one man who has known about this bullet noise until he began using a silencer. The thing which seems particularly surprising is the fact that the noise which is heard seems to come from "down the range" back toward the gun, instead of directly from the gun itself. Now this is just where the only advantage which the silencer gives over game comes in. The noise heard by an animal being fired at is no different than has ever been the case, excepting in the one respect of the boom of the gun itself. Game will not hear this, and when startled by the bullet noise they may run toward the gun. There are many other directions which they may choose, however, so in reality the chances of advantage are really very slim. This is absolutely all there is to it, as far as effect on game life is concerned. A silencer makes a gun shoot "sweetly," as the president of the National Rifle association has said. It annuls the muzzle noise and the recoil, but does not make shooting by any means silent.

Now this is all ignored by those who have gone off at "half-cock." Editors in many influential papers have written columns about the absolute necessity of passing laws prohibiting the use of a silencer, and have actually worked up a degree of hysteria which has resulted in numerous bills having been introduced in several state legislatures aimed at the punishment by imprisonment of anyone found with such a harmless little device as this in their possession, regardless of whether it was on a firearm or not. If it were not for the effect it has in driving out of the country a growing industry it would be a huge joke.

In the case of the revolver of the assassin, there are more facts which should be taken into consideration before concluding just what the effect will be of one of my silencers fitted to a revolver. In the ordinary revolver there is a considerable space between the chamber and the barrel. If the gas cannot get out through a silencer on the muzzle there is no reason why it should not take the open space referred to; but now suppose that a revolver were made with no chamber or space. Could this be silenced? Actual tests show that it cannot, with any gunpowder that we know of today. The reason is because the short length of the barrel enables the bullet to get out before the powder is burned. The burning powder inside a silencer entirely annuls the action of the latter. Thus, while it may be disappointing to many of our editors, the fact remains that we do not know today how to produce a quiet-shooting revolver.

HIRAM PERCY MAXIM.
Hartford, Conn. April 17, 1909.

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY

COURTING THE GRACES.

Greeley, portly of figure and somewhat shiny as to top of head, paced the reception hall meekly, although he was beginning to feel too warm in his overcoat. Ordinarily, after waiting so long for his 18-year-old daughter, he would have been calling reprimands up the stairway, but this was different.

Edith was calmly and deliberately dressing for the evening. Dances were an old story to her, Greeley reflected humbly as, alone there in the dimly lighted hall, he laboriously tried his waltz step, over and over, counting one-two-three, one-two-three, under his breath.

Greeley had never learned to dance in his youth, but now, at the age of 46, while Mrs. Greeley was visiting her sister in California, a dancing epidemic had swept the neighborhood, and he was having a severe attack.

The particular class into which he had been urged by his friend Hallett was made up of married couples—some of them persons who "hadn't danced for twenty years," but most of them beginners like Greeley. The youngest person attending with the exception of Edith Greeley—who, in her mother's absence, was dutifully co-operating with Greeley in his serious gambols—was probably 40 years old. There had been several lessons, but tonight was the first real dancing party, and the occasion was one of importance to Greeley.

The truth was that Hallett, ever since the lessons began, had assumed an irritating superiority because of alleged dancing that he had done years before. He boasted that it "all came back" to him as soon as he felt his feet on a waxed floor again, and the reason this was trying was that Greeley suspected him of diligently practicing twosteps and waltzes in his office behind a locked door for hours every day. Perhaps one reason Greeley suspected this was that he knew what he himself was doing in his own private office.

A step sounded on the stairs and Edith Greeley handed her party cape to her father.

"Aren't you going to wear it, my dear?" he asked, scarcely recognizing in this new role the devoted daughter who always jumped to help him with his overcoat.

"Of course, but if you take me to a dance you must put it on for me," she instructed him gently.

"Only to think, daddy—it's your first dance!" she cried, mischievously. Aren't you excited? I remember I was at mine."

That evening the painstaking capers of the serious men and women, each filled with a solemn determination to frolic, and each well able to see how absurd every other couple was, must have given enjoyment to any onlooker. When it was over Greeley considered the dance a failure. No one had noticed how much better he danced than Hallett did. Not only this, but once during the evening when the two men found themselves together in the dressing room, Hallett, mopping his red face and actually puffing for breath, had had the effrontery to boast that he had melted only three collars up to that time.

"That's your fourth, isn't it, Greeley?" he had asked complacently. "You mustn't make hard work of it, even if you are so heavy. Now, I am light on my feet, naturally, and I've danced before. I don't think there's any use of my attending the class after this, but I shall make it a point to take in these dances. They're great relaxation!"

Whereat Greeley, standing before the mirror, ground his teeth and muttered something ferocious.

This was Saturday night. The next dance was to be one week later. On Monday morning, in his office, Greeley began the day's work by calling up Mrs. Isabel Scott, the dancing teacher, and arranging to take an extremely private dancing lesson for the next seven days. Not even his daughter Edith was to know about it.

Saturday came again. The dancing teacher had informed Greeley that his only chance for a private lesson that day would be from 8.30 to 9 o'clock in the evening. The dance was to begin at 9 and she had another pupil from 7.45 to 8.15. Accordingly, after dressing early, Greeley slipped away for one more stealthy half-hour of private instruction.

He had some distance to go to his lesson and back to the house after Edith. They missed the first two numbers but Greeley felt that he would be repaid for his trouble. Hallett and his wife were late, too; it happened that he and Greeley laid off their coats in the dressing room at the same moment, and, apparently in careless amity, turned together toward the brilliantly lighted hall, where the music for the second number had just ceased.

Suddenly Hallett stopped short. "I say, what's that?" he demanded, pointing to Greeley's shirt front.

Greeley looked down. There, on the broad expanse of white, was a curious blotch as if a pigeon had dipped its claws in aniline ink and then walked round and round on the polished linen. Bewildered, he lifted his eyes.

"Wh-what's that!!" he exclaimed, pointing. On Hallett's capacious shirt bosom was another purple mark, a twin to his own.

In the doorway of the dressing room the rivals halted and started at each other.

Just then the sprightly dancing teacher caught sight of them. "Oh, there you are!" she called. "I need you to make up a set. Mr. McBurney," turning to the portly man with whom she had just been dancing, "let me present Mr. Greeley and—why!"

She broke off with an astonished gasp, for Greeley and Hallett, after one sight of a big purple mark on McBurney's shirt front, and one illuminating glance at a huge dewy bunch of violets pinned to the dancing teacher's gown, had burst into roars of laughter.

Explanations were in order, and, though the dancing teacher hastily removed her violets in an effort to hush up the matter, it was only a very short time before everybody in the hall knew how the rivals had found each other out.—Chicago News.

The Secret of Prize Winning Pastry.

Fourteen prizes (nearly all of them firsts) out of fifteen entries of cakes and fine pastry is a record that any woman might envy. This was the showing made recently by Mrs. J. H. Chastain, 299 S. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga., at the Georgia State Fair. Her explanation of her success is decidedly interesting; she writes—

"I entered nine cakes and six pies at the Georgia State Fair, Atlanta, Ga.—won eight first premiums on cake, three first premiums and two seconds on pies, also first premium on general display. I attribute my success in cake making altogether to using COTTOLENE and not butter."

Mrs. Chastain is the wife of the Master Mechanic of the Western & Atlantic R.R., and enjoys a high local reputation for her fine cooking. Not only does she use COTTOLENE in making cakes or crusts, and other pastry; but for frying chicken, fish, etc., she finds it unequalled. For over nine years she has not had a pound of lard in her house, using COTTOLENE exclusively.

Governor Lilley Has Comfortable Day

Gov. George L. Lilley's condition remains practically unchanged and last evening Dr. Frederick G. Graves said that the governor was as comfortable as could be expected. Dr. Graves said that he should return to Waterbury this morning and leave the governor in charge of Dr. Charles C. Beach. He stated that he would not return to stay with the governor again unless there should be a change for the worse in his condition.—The Courant.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"I'd Rather Die, Doctor,

than have my feet cut off," said M. L. Bingham of Princeville, Ill., "but you'll die from gangrene (which had eaten away eight toes) if you don't," said all doctors. Instead—he used Bucklen's Arnica Salve till wholly cured. It's cures of eczema, fever sores, boils, burns and piles, astound the world. 25c at Lee & Osgood Co.'s.

We often wonder how any person can be persuaded into taking anything but Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung trouble. Do not be fooled into accepting "own make" or other substitutes. The genuine contains no harmful drugs and is in a yellow package. Lee & Osgood Co.

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$3.50 to $5.00

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The most successful business man is the one who knows every detail of his business and does not depend upon a pull for his success. Each day this is better understood. In no business is a detailed knowledge more essential than in the Building Trade. If you want an estimate on any work in my line, I'll be pleased to give you the benefit of my many years experience.
C. M. WILLIAMS,
General Contracting and Building,
218 Main Street.
'Phone 370. aug19d

NOTICE
Dr. Louise Franklin Miner is now located in her new office, 21 Main St. (Kenyon Block).
Office hours, 1 to 4 p. m.
Telephone 659. feb16d

DR. C. R. CHAMBERLAIN,
Dental Surgeon.
In charge of Dr. S. L. Geer's practice during his last illness.
161 Main Street, Norwich, Conn.
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Have You Noticed the Increased Travel?
It's a sure sign of good weather and fine roads. People like to get out into the open air. We furnish the best method, and if you'll take one of our teams you'll say the same.
MAHONEY BROS., Falls Avenue.
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SPECIAL RATES to Theatre Troupes.
Traveling Men, etc. Livery connected.
SHETUCKET STREET.

Ladies Travel Miles
to come to our store for the bargains in DRESS GOODS. The fact that we buy direct from the manufacturer, saving the middleman's profit, is being appreciated more every day. Our customers get the benefit. May we add your name to our increasing list?
BRADY & SAXTON,
Telephone 366-2. NORWICH TOWN.
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Lawn Seed
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THE JACKSON AMUSEMENT CO. MANAGERS.
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CRIMMINS & GORE,
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"Like Mother Used to Make."
LABELLE CLARK
And Her Dancing Horse, Grand Duke.
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Refined Vocal Duo.
MARR & EVANS,
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KELLY & CATLIN,
Character Comedians and Dancers.
Latest and Best Motion Pictures—changed Monday and Thursday.
MATINEE, 10c to all parts of the house. EVENINGS, 10c. A few Reserved Seats, 10c extra.
Matinees 2.15; Evenings 7.15 and 8.45.

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3 Shows Daily 2.30, 7, 8.45
Week of APRIL 19
VAUDEVILLE and Moving Pictures
FRENCELLI & LEWIS
OPERATIC SINGERS
ED ESTUS . . Equilibrist
CUNNINGHAM & DEVERY, Eccentric Dancers
CLIFFORD & DAHL, in an Original Piano Act
ADMISSION No Higher 10c
Ladies and Children Afternoons 5c Except Holidays
PICTURES CHANGED EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY.

Roderick Theatre
Feature Picture—Brahma Diamond.
Miss Heffernan Singing—It's the Pretty Things You Say, Dear.
Mr. O'Neill Singing—There'll Come a Day.
Admission, afternoon and evening, 5c.
327 Main Street, opp. Post Office.

Change of Time
In Effect April 7, 1909.
Norwich & Westerly R. R. Co.
For Westerly, 6, 7, 8.30, 9.45, then quarter before each hour until 7.45 p. m. Last through car, 9.30 p. m. Extra cars to Hallville, 6.15, 8.30, 10.20 p. m. 6 o'clock car leaves from Preston bridge. The cars leaving Norwich at 7 a. m., 12.45, 3.45, 4.45, 7.45, connect with N. Y., N. H. & H. train for Providence and Boston. For return connections, see timetable or call telephone 601-4. Use short route—save time and money.
apr5d

BREED'S THEATRE
Charles McNulty, Lessee.
Devoted to First-class Moving Pictures and Illustrated Songs.
Thrilling War Moving Picture, "SOOTS AND SADDLES,"
By same firm as "Stirring Days in Old Virginia."
Five other monster comedy and dramatic pictures.
Madam Morelle in high class songs.
William Delaney in illustrated songs.
Doors open at 3 and 7. Performances at 2.30, 3.45, 7.30, 8.45. Special attention to Ladies and Children.
Matinees, Ladies and Children, 5c; Evenings, 10c.
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LEON,
Ladies' Tailor.
Workmanship and Fit Guaranteed Entirely Satisfactory.
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FISHING RODS, LINES, ETC.
STOVEINK—will not burn.
POTMEND — mends enamel, crockery, etc.
SPECIAL SALE
No. 7 Wash Boiler, copper bottom 75c
No. 8 Wash Boiler, copper bottom $1.00
No. 9 Wash Boiler, copper bottom $1.25
No. 7 All Copper Tea Kettles 89c
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Men's Summer Weight Union Suits,
perfect fitting and popular priced.
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taste better, set better, *are* better when served with
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DR. King's Restoration Method
What It Does for Toothless People

THOMAS JEFFERSON KING, D. D. S.,
Originator of Dr. King's Restoration Method for the natural restoration of teeth—originator of the King Safe System of Painless Dentistry and Inventor of the "Natural Gum" Set of Teeth, Etc., Etc. All rights reserved.
By means of this wonderful method we are able to give back to a patient the full set of teeth he or she started in with in the beginning. All we require is two or more teeth in each jaw to work from, and we shall not resort to plates or ordinary bridgework in the process of the work. Your mouth will be free from incumbrances.
Before we accomplish this result we put the gums and the natural teeth in a healthy condition, tightening the teeth which may be loose and curing pyorrhea if the patient is afflicted with that dreadful disease.
All of the teeth we supply are practical teeth; each set in its own socket following nature's plan, so that the strain is equally divided. One is able to bite on these teeth and use them in exactly the same manner as he would his natural teeth. They match nature's teeth so closely as to deceive experts. They are beautiful to look at and a source of constant delight to the one who wears them.
APAINLESS PROCESS
An impression has gone forth that there is some surgical operation connected with this method of restoring missing teeth. Some people have written in to know if we bore down into the bone and put the teeth in on pegs!
Others have an idea we set the new teeth into the sockets where the natural teeth were originally.
It is quite natural that some unthinking people would ask such questions, and in order that they may be fully answered we will state that there is no boring, no cutting, no implantation about this method, nothing about the work that is painful while it is being done or afterward.
Patients leave the office with these teeth in place and at once begin chewing meat, eating candy, toast, or anything else with the same comfort they would enjoy if every tooth in their head had grown there.
If we couldn't promise this and make good on the promise, the Restoration Method would not be a success. It would be no better than ordinary bridgework or partial plates.
WE ARE GENERAL PRACTITIONERS
All Forms of Dentistry Treated by Experts.
While the Restoration Method is our great specialty we are general dental practitioners as well. From the simplest filling to the most intricate piece of porcelain work, our experts are at the service of the public.
Naturally we would do such work well, much better than it could be done in a one-man office, for the operators employed here are all men of the very highest skill. They need to be to do the Restoration work. Bunglers would not be tolerated in our office for a day, neither would dental students. We demand the finished craftsman, both at the operating chair and in the laboratory.
KING DENTAL PARLORS,
Dr. Jackson, Manager. Franklin Square, Norwich, Conn.
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