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Norwich, Saturday, May 8, 1909.

"KEEP ON THE WALK."

The new signs on the New Haven green read "Keep on the walk," which is just opposite from the old signs, "Keep off the grass!" But will the great American free citizen ever do either? There is no existing evidence that he ever will or can. The American does neither. He moves quick—he is in a hurry. The short cut is always inviting to him, and if permitted he makes it at the street corners across private lawns and on public grounds wherever an opportunity for a short cut presents itself. In our cities the diagonal wire fence from the house corner to the edge of the walk stands as the only means of prevention known and resorted to as a protection to private property. The newsboy, the milkman and the grocer's clerk all cut across wherever they can to save steps, and that accounts for the worn and beaten tracks all over the private property of New England. No doubt every American would like to "keep on the walk," but he can't—he is in a hurry and seems to be painfully conscious of the fact that "time waits for no man." To save steps is to save time, and while it may also mean "is to disfigure a lawn," what does he care for that—or "a town green," why should he worry about that? The popular American motto is "Get there!" and isn't he getting there? Could he get there if he followed the walk instead of the short cut? Hardly. "Keeping on the walk" is left to those who have time to do so.

THE CHILD AND THE PURSE.

The child who has to earn money puts a higher value upon it than the child who has coins of small and large denomination given to it, and the season is now at hand when the small boy can be trained to do little jobs for pay—to do chores for the money he needs, with the prospect of becoming a better boy and man in consequence of these little habits of industry.

The lad who cleans up the yard, rakes the lawn and runs the lawn mower in these days for nickels and dimes, has a conscious pride of being a helper and an earner. He is learning what it is to earn money as well as to spend it; and he does not get to be a little spendthrift before he really knows what the word means.

Encouraging a child to earn money is doing one's duty by him. To train them to think that coins come for the asking, and that there are plenty more where the others came from is to do him a personal injury from which he cannot easily recover.

The practical information which a bright boy can gain by industrious habits and systematic methods will be of use to him to the longest day that he lives, and to neglect such training is to deprive him of a preparation which must tell favorably for him in every employment of life.

This is a small matter, but the importance of it is self-evident. To be started right in life is to have a great advantage over those who have not been.

BACK TO CORN.

It is recognized that the way to a more rugged manhood and womanhood for this country is to return to the coarse and simple foods of other days. Wheat flour has been ground and sifted and bleached until its adulteration has become such an injury to the people that the government has forbidden the sale of the bleached article. How puny the people of today would look in contrast with the corn-fed Americans of half a century ago. To be changed from a nation of dyspeptics to a nation of sound stomachs and true hunger we need to go back to the days of goober bacon and corn pone.

There are only a few women today who can take a cupful of cornmeal, a bit of water, a pinch of salt and a portable oven, and create corn bread which would please the palate of a connoisseur; but that was a feat which was common when this country was young and had as sturdy a manhood as any country could boast of.

Appendicitis was not common in those days and the demand for insane asylums was not greater than the supply. A return to a coarse and nourishing diet is the way to less adulteration and better general health.

The American people know what corn meal is, and as a wholesome and nutritious food it will hold its place, for it agrees with the leanest purse and the most delicate stomach.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

It makes no difference about improved industrial conditions, the army of unemployed is constant and so far as observation is to be relied upon continues to increase in numbers. It is independent of the army of tramps, and is composed of the lazy and the self-incapacitated—those whose habits have robbed them of their manhood or their strength, and left them to be rated as bummers and loafers. They number hundreds of thousands, and they do not pine for employment, simply because they have learned that it is possible for them to live without work and even without worry. It matters not to them that the prediction is made that the next ten years will be the greatest industrial era this country has ever known. Between drink and bad habits they have become unconscious of shame and bereft of ambition, and are willing to be classed among the hangers-on and the leeches. The young men of today who are spending too much time and money in the saloons, who are guilty of debasing excesses, are the recruits who will join the ranks of these ne'er-do-wells. It will take energetic measures to keep this great class of idlers from becoming a menace eventually to the peace of the country. The courts deal too tenderly with them in the incipient stages of degeneracy.

If there is a soul in Norwich that can tell why ice should cost twice as much per 100 pounds here as in Worcester, and 20 cents more than in New York city, speak up.

JEFF DAVIS' PORTRAIT.

The people of Mississippi propose to put the portrait of Jefferson Davis upon the silver service which is to be presented to the battleship Mississippi in the name of that state, and it strikes many patriots as being as absurd as the raising of a mouument in memory of Wirz; but the southern loyalty to Davis at this late day does not endanger the peace of the country and in the interests of harmony will probably be humored.

Congressman Hollingsworth of Ohio, who served in the union army, protests against it, and is amazed at the spirit which would make, if possible, rebellion honorable. The country in its feelings coincides with Congressman Hollingsworth and the policy of tolerating such a spirit is being seriously questioned by sane and safe men.

In the interests of the union much that is distasteful to the majority of the people has been and will be submitted to. The one feature of these compromising acts is that the more that is granted the more is demanded; and the question must eventually be asked, Where will it all end and where shall the line be drawn?

Through this line of submissiveness we are gradually drifting towards the point where the nation will be asked to make Lee and Grant equal before the people and the world—equal in the hearts of true Americans—and that can never be. The attempt to destroy the government must ever remain a stain upon the history of all concerned in it.

GARDEN BLUEBERRIES.

The cultivated blueberry appears to be an assured fact because it has been learned that it thrives upon a sour soil and that it can be fostered where most plants cannot be. The chief botanist of the agricultural department at Washington has found that the roots of the blueberry carry a beneficial fungus, enabling them to assimilate the food which it draws from an acid soil. The retention of this acidity through suitable ground covering, on nearly worthless areas possessed of the proper soil elements, seems to furnish the key to the new cultivation.

With bushes six or eight feet high, closely set, the yield per acre of this berry will be many times that of the product which now reaches the market. So much of the hill country of New England is good for little else that the prediction is freely made that the blueberry, repeating the experience of the cranberry, will witness a development limited only by the absorbing powers of the consuming markets. Its producers will not have to plough their soil, a distinct advantage to them in rocky and hilly country.

The endeavor is not to make larger blueberries, but better. It is believed that the flavor can be greatly improved, and that the crop can be more than doubled. The experiments, carried on in New Hampshire, with the berry have proved to be most encouraging, and the day of garden blueberries is not so distant as one might suppose.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

When it comes to Massachusetts high schools, 40,000 pupils start and only 10,000 are in at the finish.

Mrs. Taft is making fame as a well balanced ruler of the White house. She entertains foibles for no one.

In opposition to high trolley fares, the Philadelphians form "I-Walk clubs" and wear a sprinter's badge.

It never helps any town to attain fame as a topnotcher in prices. It is the reasonable price that is always inviting.

It is estimated that there are eleven thousand poets in Ohio; but there are more than ten times that number of politicians.

A quarter of a million of bushels of oats for the American market from Argentina were among this week's importations.

Happy thought for today: While we are yearning for warm days, do not forget that we shall soon be yearning for cool ones.

So many people are salting down eggs for future use that it is not easy for cold-storage speculators to get a corner in them.

'Old Virginia regards Tag day as "the supremacy of poor form and bad manners," never mind what the pretext for it may be.

Massachusetts is about to spend a quarter of million dollars upon her state roads for repairs. They must be preserved to pay.

It takes 5,000 elephants a year to furnish piano keys for civilized people. The piano business appears to make music for them.

Madame de Stael would recall her statement that "architecture is frozen music," could she see some of the modern Norwich specimens.

Walter Wellman is again off for Norway, and it really looks as if he was going to join Andre. It is not likely that he will find Peary.

Philadelphia claims that it will soon have its own story of "The Wise Men and the Fools." Other cities are showing ambitions in this direction.

Do not say that you cannot plant anything on Arbor day. If there is no chance outside, drop a good seed-thought into your midst. Get there!

The finest eulogy it is possible for the general assembly of Connecticut to deliver upon Governor Lilley is to carry out the reforms which were nearest his heart.

Rutland, Vt., is yearning for a get-together banquet at which 500 citizens may discuss city needs and come to a better mutual understanding. Isn't that worth while?

The Tamed Railroads.

It is remarked that of late there has been a surprising change in the relations between the public and the railroads. The Vanderbilitian policy so emphatically enunciated is no longer followed, even on the Vanderbilt roads. On the contrary, the railroads are trying to find out what the people want and getting ready to give it to them. Some of them are going so far as to appoint agents for this precise purpose. That the new policy is a good one requires no argument. The roads and their patrons should get along together. Their interests are identical. If both obey the Golden Rule there will be no trouble. If each is fair to the other everybody will be happy. The advances for a better understanding come from the railroads, as they should, and they will find the people ready to meet them more than half way.—Lowell Courier-Citizen.

THE MAN WHO TALKS

It has been said "to think rightly is to create—all things come through desire!" You cannot see it? You are not alone. If more people could see this the world would be a better place to live in. It is principally what we cannot see that makes the pitfalls of life. We could see more if we would, but we must have faith to do it. To be faithless is to be shiftless, and shiftlessness is one of the glaring faults of the people. The world, as blind as it seems to be, knows too much, and does too little. It is not knowledge that achieves, but action with the light of knowledge upon it. What we know is given concrete form by what we do. Knowledge alone is not power, but followed by action it is the unsubdueable force. Think right and do right and the world will move for you.

Our old friend "A. J. C." believes in cheering the living rather than placing emblems of appreciation upon the casket of the dead; and the Man-Who-Talks rather expects his "Write on! Talk on! Thou canst not toil in vain!" He has been with us all these years, and that which fires our heart fires his. We seem to respond to the same vibrations—to be moved along parallel lines. He is receptive to the truth and he realizes in a broad sense how the truth makes one free. It sometimes seems to us as if he could talk better than we do. He lets us know that he sees sermons not hot air in this column, and does not lose sight of the practical value of much of it. May he "never thirst or hunger for the bread of life."

Why should a person who knows the catechism, says his prayers and reads his Bible act like a man who doesn't? It is so common to live skim milk six days in the week and cream of a Sunday that a great many people think that it is religious living; but it isn't. We are a peculiar lot. We can't feel real pious or wear a serious face unless we have our go-to-meeting clothes on. We make ourselves children of circumstances when it would be more to our credit if we didn't. Now is the only time to live right, so we need not think that we are going to live right next week. If we do not get in the habit of doing things now there is no assurance that they'll ever be done.

The press of the state said a great many good and true things of the late Frank T. Brown, and gave him high standing as a lawyer and as a public official; but it was left to his clients, who knew him heart to heart, to say the nicest things of him. In his profession he served the least client with the same faithfulness that he did the greatest; and when it come to compensation he was never extortionate. Where he disappointed clients of moderate means was by the moderation of his charges. He gave to everyone his best counsel—he charged according to their ability to pay. The reasonableness of his charges now seem to be his finest memorial. It was the Elder Pliny who said "It is godlike for men to assist men, for this is the way to eternal glory."

The Norwich which is about to celebrate its 250th anniversary July 5th is not the same old Norwich of '59. It is an electric trolley center now, with a Washington square and a Union square such as it did not dream of then. Things come to Norwich by chunks. Between '69 and '73 the water works were established and the new court house and City hall built, the soldiers' monument erected; and when the late James Lloyd Greene was mayor the Breed elm was made the center of Washington square, it had before stood on private property; and Market street was widened and the crooked places taken out of a dozen streets. The placing of the court house was the birth of Union square, as we see it today, with its modern buildings. It is the municipal center of Norwich. The progress between '69 and '75 marked the beginning of a modern 20th century Norwich.

I have a fondness for the man who shows a faint heart rather than be brutal. It may be a mollycoddle spirit in the eyes of some persons to weaken before the mute pleading of a dumb brute cornered. I know a man who killed one lamb and it was enough—I know another who killed one deer and then ceased to be a hunter. He said he broke the animal's leg with his bullet and went up to despatch him with his knife—when the pleading eye and almost human wail of the game made it painful for him to take its life. The spirit of mercy baptized him then and there, and he made an oath that in the name of sport he could not do such work and never would again. To this day he says: "I would not go through that experience again for a wagonload of money."

We have paid the license fees for our dogs and they wear the state's brass protection badge if they are not regarded as property by the courts. Some people who keep dogs do not regard them as property, either. A man who had just paid his dog's license said to a friend: "I didn't want the dog—I've tried to give him away. Like a bad penny, he always returns. I owned his parents and raised him. When friends call at the house he bites their heel and tears their trousers to show his worth. He seems to be a nuisance to me until he looks me straight in the eye and, wagging his tail, seems to say: "You are my best friend and the only god I know," and then I know I haven't the heart to hurt him. I could put a bullet into myself as easily as I could put one between those honest eyes. Sometimes I catch myself wishing that he might get lost or unbeknown to me fall a victim to a trolley car or automobile so that I could honestly mourn his loss."

The aspiring young man should remember that the eyes of his employer are usually upon him; and that his habits are for or against him. One of the weakest reasons for an increase of salary is that one cannot live upon what he is earning. We have in mind a young man who was paid on Saturday and had not a penny left Monday morning; and when asking for an increase so informed his employer. "That's why I don't increase your pay," he was told. "If I gave you more money you would spend more money and you would be no better off. You've got the habit of spending all you earn. When you show me that you realize the worth of money and know how to handle it, I will gladly increase your pay." More money would do him no good until he had a better conception of life.

At last we have authentic information that Henry Ward Beecher was the author of "The Rose of New England," and Edward T. Clapp was the perpetuator of it. In the year 1850 or 1851, when the late Henry B. Norton was returning from abroad on an ocean liner, he made the acquaintance of Henry Ward Beecher, whom he invited to visit him at Norwich. Mr. Beecher was then a contributor to the New York Independent, and while spending the day with Mr. Norton in Norwich entered the greenhouse at the foot of the garden and wrote the letter to that paper which first called Norwich "The Rose of New England." Mr. Clapp, recognizing the beauty of the title, emblazoned it upon an arch across Broadway in 1859 in honor of the 200th anniversary of the town, and it impressed itself upon the hearts of the people and promises to endure so long as Norwich shall last.

While we recognize that "each day has its care," we should not forget that "each care has its day." If we come into a full consciousness of this we shall keep the day right and the care right. Our cares should only be

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY

TIME LOST

"Yes, I can't help agreein' with Joe Cannon that the Panama canal is goin' to cost the country something awful," said the lean man who sat next to the lodging-house stove. "If they had give me a chance to explain my idee I could have saved the government millions of dollars.

"When I was boss on the Alcala section I had a crew of Spaniards. Spaniards is the best workers there is down there. They have one drawback, though.

"I had an interpreter, of course. When I'd say, "Move up," he'd wave his arms as a preliminary like, shrug his shoulders, turn his palms upward at an elevation with his shoulders and say—and I know, because I had him write it down: "Si servase ustedes caballeros hagan me el favor de avanzar sobre la linea." That is nearly the same as saying, 'If it pleases your worships, gentlemen, do me the favor of advancing along the line.' Sometimes he got in even more agony.

"Any sort of announcement, any sort of order, had all that fuss and frills and palaver about it. The men always stopped when the interpreter began, because you couldn't take in a long and important commuication like that without givin' it considerable attention, and they didn't git to goin' right off after the proclamation had been made, but stood lettin' it percolate through their understandin's.

"One night when I was lyin' awake thinkin' how I could help Taft make a success of the canal I had the great idee I mentioned. I seen how to save millions. And I seen, too, why the broad empire of Spain had gone down to nothin'. What licked them Spaniards when they owned half the world? Cowardice? No; they was fine fighters, just as brave as the English, who was principally responsible for startin' 'em goin' downhill. It was all along of the Spanish language meetin' up with the English.

"Sea fightin'? Why, what show had them Spaniards? 'Si servase ustedes caballeros do me the favor to elevate the sails,' says the Spanish cap'n. 'H'list sails,' says the English cap'n. 'Fire!' says the English cap'n, but the Spanish cap'n sends a long-winded sentence around Robin Hood's barn and asks their worships gentlemen if they would be so kind as to favor him by shootin' off their escopetas. Jest think of the time lost in the single item of sayin' escopeta instid o' gun! The English sailors would pile on to a Spanish ship and cutlass the caballeros before they had got through hearin' the whole of the polite, refined, courteous request of their cap'n and started to get busy. While they still had their ears cocked to git the rest of the paragraph, the English removed ears, head and all.

"The Spanish language killed Spain and I seen it was killin' the canal and maybe in time would kill the republican party. Here we was, dependin' on Spanish labor to dig the canal, had 16,000 Spaniards and hoped to replace all other labor with 'em. Every day, each Spaniard lost seventeen minutes by bein' spoke to in the Spanish style, and that was five cents a man and for the whole 16,000 it was $800 a day! If we doubled or tripled the number, it would be $1,600 or $2,400 a day! Then the longer it took to dig the canal the more interest had to be paid on bonds and the longer the wait before tolls could be collected.

"'Now,' says I to the interpreter, 'we'll revise them formulas of yours, cut out all that 'si servase' business and references to worships and come down to a simple, direct, explosive 'git!' or 'scat! 'Beat it!" will take the place of another rigmarole, and so on, economizin' time by savin' words.'

"Well, we installed this abbreviated system on the Alcala section and I wrote a long report about it and sent it to headquarters. But they never paid no attention. Fact is, they fired me not long after that. Said I didn't git along with my crew—wasn't polite enough. What's the use o' workin' out big reforms when nobody appreciates them!"—Chicago News.

SUNDAY MORNING TALK

THE SENSE OF WONDER.

An intimate friend of the late Prof. Henry Drummond of Scotland told me not long ago that one of his most beautiful traits was his keen delight in new experiences. He never outgrew his capacity of wonder and surprise over the curious unfoldings of life. Yet he was a noted scientist who had penetrated into many secrets, who might have become, as many a college professor does, an unenthusiastic, academic sort of person. Nevertheless, almost to his last day, Drummond kept the edge of his interest in the world and human life keen.

Over against him I would put a boy of whom I learned the other day, who at 14 is distinctively blase. He has traveled over a considerable portion of this country and of Europe, stopped at a great many first class hotels, gone to any number of theaters, ridden on merry-go-rounds, owned a vast collection of automatic toys—in short, has had almost everything conceivable that might fall into the lap of a modern youth brought up in the midst of wealth and luxury. Now, at 14, the world has practically lost its charm for him. In comparison with him, the country lad brought up 20 miles from the railroad, who may not have seen a locomotive more than half a dozen times in his life, is to be greatly envied. For the sense of wonder is one of God's greatest gifts to man. Watch a healthy, merry child for half a day and see how many exclamations of surprise and wonder escape his lips as he encounters one thing after another which to him are strange and extraordinary, but which have become to adults the commonplaces of existence. And he who can keep his sense of the wonder and glory of the world, as he goes on in youth and middle life and even to old age, possesses a fountain of almost infinite peace and joy. Life cannot possibly become cheap and dreary and tawdry.

It is only the self-centered life that loses the capacity to feel and express wonder, for the universe is throbbing with interest for those who will look away from themselves, and up to the star-studded night sky, or out upon the waving forests or the sparkling sea. Moreover, the world is constantly growing more interesting as men discover more things in it and learn how to apply the results of their research to art and industry. Horseless carriages, the wireless telegraph—such inventions as these which our grandfathers could hardly imagine within the reach of their imagination are enough to excite attention. There will be more such inventions and perhaps even more remarkable ones, as men become more skilled in handling the forces of the world. The possibility sends us to our daily papers constantly expecting startling news.

To one who does not let his sense of wonder fall into disuse the revelations of human personality become more and more fascinating, especially in these days when the subconscious mind is under investigation and psychical research is enlisting the powers of many trained minds. If we think that we have discovered all that is within us, it is because we have not looked deep enough to take the real measure of our emotions and aspirations, the fluctuation of our moods, the strength and weakness of our will.

Wonderful as is this external universe and the mind of man, the being of God is still more wonderful. If we have ceased to be moved by profound awe in the presence of that spiritual being "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns and the round ocean and the pleasant air," it is because we have allowed this capacity of responsiveness to the divine life to grow weak within us. The last words of Frances Willard, the great advocate of temperance, were: "How beautiful God is!" Anyone who stops to reflect on the power that has brought this universe into existence is thrilled by the thought of his marvelous nature and his loving kindness to the children of men.

Blessed be the sense of wonder, the consciousness that we have not yet begun to explore the world and ourselves and God. It redeems our existence from monotony. It gives dignity to each new day, for at sunrise we say: "Some wonderful thing we shall see or hear, some wonderful experience we shall have ere sunset."

THE PARSON.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Henry Miller will try another play by Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House." It is named "The Idol Breaker."

Busoni, the pianist, unheard in America for at least ten years, is to return for a short tour next January playing with the chief orchestras and appearing in recitals in the larger cities.

One of the most interesting items on David Belasco's schedule will be the presentation of David Warfield in a new play on which the famous playwright-manager is now at work.

Announcement is made by Manager Charles Emerson Cook of the Hartford theater that for the week beginning Monday, May 10, Frank Keenan will appear in "The Warrens of Virginia" and that the entire Belasco production, which was seen in New York other large cities, will be brought to Hartford.

The honor of starting the musical season at Queen's hall, London, fell to an American, Francis MacMillen, the violinist, who had the co-operation of the London Symphony orchestra, under Dr. Cowen.

The Hess-Schroder quartette purposes to increase the number of its concerts in Boston next year from five to six. The Kneisels have already announced seven, and the Flonzaley quartette three.

It is hinted in New York that much singing into talking machines has contributed to the impairment of Caruso's voice. The makers paid him largely for records and he has sung into them for hours at a time.

Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe are preparing "Romeo and Juliet," "Twelfth Night," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet" for their appearance together at the end of the present season.

Rosa Stahl, whose great success in "The Chorus Lady" is a matter of stage history in America, has received at the hands of the London public what an American first-nighter describes as "the greatest welcome ever extended to an American actress."

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.

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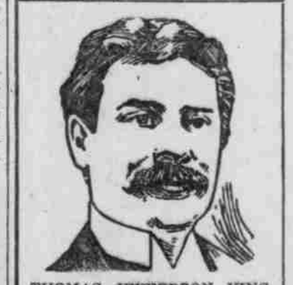
Change of Time
In Effect April 7, 1909.
Norwich & Westerly R. R. Co.
For Westerly, 6, 7, 8.30, 9.45, then quarter before each hour until 7.45 p. m. Last through car, 9.30 p. m. Extra cars to Hallville, 8.16, 8.30, 10.30 p. m. 6 o'clock car leaves from Preston bridge. The cars leaving Norwich at 7 a. 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

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.
apr13TuThS

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See our handsome line of Spring Hats.
O'CONNOR'S, 278 Main Street,
mar26d May Building.

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 669.

The grape illustration is to remind the reader of the fact that this healthful fruit gives to Royal its active and chief ingredient. From the grape

ROYAL
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derives those prime qualities which make it unique as a raising-agent, a favorite with all who desire the finest, most healthful food.
Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Rosy Cheeks or Pale Ones?
A moment's reflection with your mirror will give the hint as to the condition of your system. Pale cheeks, muddy complexion, dull eyes, show a poverty of blood. You require something to make a plentiful supply of rich, red blood course through your veins. To ensure this take
BEECHAM'S PILLS
the wonderful little blood-makers. Whatever your blood may need the stomach will supply from the daily food when it is in good working order. Beecham's Pills aid the stomach to digest its food and to assimilate the blood elements. They increase the supply and improve the quality of the blood. If you are pale, weak, languid, or anaemic, a few doses of Beecham's Pills will
Make all the Difference
In boxes with full directions, 10c. and 25c.