Domino Syrup

Delicious for table use—just right for cooking.

American Sugar Refining Company

"Sweeten it with Domino"

# FRECKLES

**Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength**

This preparation for the removal of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

## BRIEF STATE NEWS

**New Britain.**—Stanley post, G. A. R., and allied war organizations will attend the memorial service in church Sunday morning, May 30, Memorial day, at 11 o'clock.

**Bristol.**—The meeting of Bristol lodge of Elks was held Thursday night and they initiated a class of six. This brings the membership to 500.

**Southington.**—Thaddeus Jennings proposes to learn to ride a bicycle at the age of 85. He is pretty spry and is employed at the factory of Peck, Stow & Wilcox Co.

**Cromwell.**—Rev. A. E. Elmquist and family expect to make a visit to the Scandihavian countries during the summer. They will leave Cromwell in the early part of June to sail on S. S. Stockholm.

**East Hampton.**—Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Barton received congratulations from a large number of relatives, neighbors and friends Monday on their 50th wedding anniversary.

**New Haven.**—Alleging failure to carry out a contract to deliver more than 1,000 bags of sugar, Miner, Read & Tullock sues the Paragon Sales company for $25,000 in the superior court.

**Waterbury.**—During the recent tree-planting campaign that has been started in Waterbury, 1,200 evergreen trees, 3,000 shrubs and numerous vines and rose-bushes were given away. To those who desired it, thousands of pounds of fertilizer was distributed to promote the growth of the seeds.

**Greenwich.**—Edward M. Weimer, a son of Mrs. Laura Weimer of Byram Shore, Greenwich, and Miss Emille Ward, a daughter of Dr. A. J. Ward and Mrs. Ward of Havemeyer place, Greenwich, were married Tuesday afternoon in Notre Dame Roman Catholic church, Morningside Drive and West 114th street, New York. There were no attendants. They will live in Hagertown, Md., where Mr. Weimer is superintendent of the aircraft department of the Pressed Steel company. He is a graduate of Columbia, class of 1918.

**Middletown.** — Miss Gladys Wilbur, teacher of biology in the high school, has an exhibition in her class room a beautiful specimen of a black crowned night heron, a rather rare bird, caught in a trap in North Cromwell by one of the pupils. On the bird's leg is a tag saying "Notify the American Museum, New York city." The bird weighs nearly two pounds, is dark blue with white underneath, and white plume. Since being caught it has laid a blue egg, nearly as large as a hen's egg. The bird will be sent back to New York by John Hoffman, who found it.

**Won't That Be Nice,**

After a while wages may get to be so high that men won't have to work more than a day or two a week, and perhaps not as much as that.—Philadelphia Press.

Be Rid of Painful Corns

"Gets-It" Makes Them Loosen Up So They Lift Off Painlessly.

There's no more pain after a few drops of "Gets-It" lands upon corn or callus and instantly dries.

In a day or two you lift the old misery-maker right off without even feeling it. That's the last of Mr. Corn and the last of your misery. Millions who have lost their corns the "Gets-It" way say it is the only common-sense way to get rid of the pests.

"Gets-It," the never-failing, guaranteed money-back corn remover costs but a trifle at any drug store. Sold by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.

## IT'S DOING WHAT WE CAN REGARDLESS OF OBSTACLES THAT MAKES FOR MANHOOD

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

"Did ye ever see sich a spring?"

That's the question of the hour in the country and on the farms. One hears it from all sides, from all ages and conditions of men.

"Did ye ever see sich a spring?"

Well, taking the question literally, I don't think I ever did. Nor do I suppose anyone else ever did. For the reason that no two seasons are ever exactly alike. Indeed, no two things in nature are ever exactly alike. No two pine trees are exactly alike. No two strawberries are exactly alike. No two cows are exactly alike. No two faces are exactly alike. There used to be a pair of twins in my neighborhood whom none of the neighbors could tell apart. But their mother could tell Susan from Sarah as far away as she could see them. "Why," she used to say, "they're as different as can be."

Nature seems to have certain types to which she adheres with some closeness. But, within the permissible range of type variation, she finds almost infinite room for creating the unlike in the like. This is as true of weather and of seasons as of trees or stones or animals.

As one star differeth from another in glory, so one spring differeth from another in tribulation. So far as the farmer is concerned one spring may be called the frying pan and another the fire. It makes small difference into which he jumps—or, rather, is dumped. Whatever the year Anno Domini; whatever the century; the spring—every spring—is to him a season of care, anxiety, solicitude; of annoyance, vexation, irritation; of mingled dejection and disappointment, often combining into something akin to despair; and seemingly born of actual malignity.

When I was a small boy attending the district school and had to "speak a piece" every Friday, I soon learned that something on the order of "Spring, spring, beautiful spring," pleased the virgin fancy of the sentimental spinster who had charge of the ferrule and the "Reward-of-merit" cards. So I used to put on as cherubic an expression as is possible for the face of a drother-to-fishing youngster, drone off the silly rhymes from the dais and then, when released from the ascetic of hyperlay, plunge outdoors and stick my tongue in my cheek and just fairly squeal.

You see, even then I knew how my elders felt about spring and what my father, especially, thought about it, though, like a prudent parent, he much modified his language in my presence. Since then I have had first-hand experience of the, farmologically speaking, primal spring duties of plowing and planting, etc. Nor do I see any earthly reason why the opinion I have long held privately should not be expressed publicly. Within the limits of "what is fit to print," of course.

That opinion is, adopting the form of the bishop's famous dictum about the strawberry, that "doubtless God might have made a better berry but doubtless He never did," that doubtless God might have made a meaner season than spring but doubtless He never did.

In these days of the feminization of literature and life, it is queer to me that the on-coming woman's party hasn't put in its platform a peremptory demand that spring be no longer alluded to as "she." That's the pronoun by which the season is almost always personified. Artists as well as poets have fallen into the habit. Did you ever see a fancy picture of April in an almanac? Wasn't it always a somewhat misty but much affoting maiden? Yet it is hard to conceive of a more dastardly insult to any sex. A few years' experience and a few minutes' reflection would lead most any farmer man to conclude that the first personifying of spring as a "she" was the spiteful ebullition of some henpecked rhymester who sneaked out behind the barn and pencilled on helpless white paper the sarcasm he didn't dare put into words in the kitchen.

Especially during "housecleaning time!"

From the time when the first false dawn of the new year deludes us—usually some time in March—into the belief that we are to have spring at last, all through the "sugar-snows" of the rest of that month and the soaking, sopping, souring squalls and catspaws of April and the whiffling, barring, frost-threatening vagaries of May, the average spring is to the average farmer a season of catch-as-catch-can—and of let-go what he's caught about four times out of every three!—It is a time of hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick; a time of either too much rain for soil-working, or too much cold to warrant planting, or too drying winds to permit seed-germination. One spring tips the buckets of heaven upside down and spills their drenching contents over the plow-lands day after day and week after week, till the due seedtime has passed forever and the farmer's best laid plans have all gone astey. Another spring dumps all those buckets over the North Pole or the central Pacific, and his land plows into arid dust in which his seeds can no more germinate than in the sands of mid-Sahara. Another spring starts off with a week of summery, sunshiny weather early in April, followed by four to six weeks of cold winds and ice-making nights to kill all the kindly hopes he had planted in that delusive false dawn.

This particular spring, in my part of the country, has been something of a soaker. We thought, up here, that the spring of 1919 was about the wettest and coldest and sourest and latest ever. This season has been all that 1919 did along that line and has gone it several points worse. Up to May 1st we have had just two days of decent ground-working weather. No oats are yet sown; no ground is even plowed for them. A little, a very little, garden work may have been attempted, but, so far as real farm-work is concerned, it is waiting, with no gleam of present hope showing over any horizon.

My windows face on three sides. For several weeks, now, my chief occupation has been to gaze out of the west windows on my gardens, a sopping, sticky, squashy expanse of cold mud; or out of my south windows along the dirt road, a tortuous maze of rain-filled ruts concealing ankle deep sink holes; or out of my east windows on the mowing lands ankle deep in almost ice-cold water. Even the grass, which usually welcomes wet, is slow to green and its coloring is tinged with a sickly and ashamed yellow.

Meanwhile the rain it raineth every day; sometimes all day, and sometimes only three or four times a day. Shakespeare once remarked that "The spring came slowly up this way." It isn't coming slowly up my way; it's coming down in buckets' full and ponds' full. What he meant was, doubtless, the good old summertime. That, assuredly, is approaching with great deliberation, if, indeed, it be headed this way at all.

Sometime, when I can afford a new lead pencil and a few sheets of paper, I'm going to write some real "spring poetry." Here's a little starter that I worked out with much head-scratching, the other day, after we had been driven from the fields three times by the rain, and I had nothing better to do, unless I went to bed. Which did not seem the appropriate thing to do at 2.15 p. m.:

My soaking country, thee,
Land that I seldom see
Beneath the flood:
Down all thy reeking hills
Gush forty thousand rills
Till every valley fills
With knee-deep mud.

"Let water fill the breeze
And drip from all the trees
Like anything!
Let thunder-storms awake;
Each swamp become a lake;
Let clouds in deluge break—
We'll know it's spring!

Oh, well, what's the use? We go through this or some other form of bedevilment every year. If it isn't one thing it's another. Talk about "kindly Nature!" You might as well talk about "kindly" cyclones or "kindly" volcanoes. They are what they are. And Nature is what she is. They aren't, any of them, running their engines for the sole benefit of us farmers. What they're after and what their purpose is, they haven't happened to mention in my hearing. But it is perfectly clear that they are not sitting up nights and working Sundays for the sake of my cabbages or your spuds. If I can save the makings of a little sour kraut, and you can salvage a few bushels of potatoes, well and good. We take our chances and we gets what we can. After all, whatever may be said about it theoretically, the only working philosophy of life is that which admits that things might be worse, and rejoices that they are not.

I'll admit that I've made much fun of that phrase, and that it comes a long way short of satisfying my ideas. But, especially in the spring—a New England spring—there doesn't seem to be any other to fall back on. We'll have to be Philistines—so long as we continue to reside in Philistia.

Of course, there are numerous high moral lessons which the abstract metaphysician can derive, even from a cold, backward spring. Perhaps that one at which I have hinted above may be most apparent to the common mind, and not wholly devoid of practical bearing, to wit, namely, that is to say: The lesson that what I want and what you want; that what farmers want and what tradesmen want ;that what we all want, indeed, is not by any means what we're going to get. Nor, necessarily, what is best for us to have. Above all, that neither what we want, nor even what might be best for us, must, perforce, be best for the great universe of which we are, combined, but a pitifully unimportant part.

It isn't the waiting for clear skies to enable us to do what we want that makes for manhood. It's the doing what we can, even when we don't want to, and the doing of it in face of seemingly insuperable obstacles that builds something more valuable than crops and better worth while than profits.

THE FARMER.

## LEONARD BRIDGE

The death of George A. Mills, 67, occurred Saturday evening, he having been in failing health for over a year. Mr. Mills was prominent in the affairs of the town, having held many town offices. As selectman, assessor and health officer he was ever faithful to his duties. He was a kind husband, loving father and one who held the confidence of the community. The funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock at the Exeter church and were largely attended. The floral tributes were beautiful. Rev. John H. Knott of the Liberty Hill Congregational church conducted the services at the church and at the grave, where a committal service was read. The bearers were Charles Briggs, Karl F. Bishop, John Clark, David W. Pitcher, Fred N. Taylor and William Clark. Burial was in Exeter cemetery. Mr. Mills is survived by his wife and two daughters, Mrs. James A. Thomas and Mrs. Olive Baldwin, and by four grandchildren.

## SALEM

Church services will be held at the usual hour next Sunday morning.

Lawrence Spencer of the New London Vocational school is spending a week vacation at his home here.

James Lane and Donald A. Fraser attended the democratic convention in New Haven Wednesday and Thursday as delegates.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Robinson and daughter Myrtle of Portland were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rogers.

Miss Harriet Lane of New London is spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Lane.

Meyer Schnuckler was a recent visitor in Hartford.

George Moore and James Lane were New London callers Sunday.

Miss Alice Rix was a recent caller in Norwich.

Helen Rogers of Norwich spent the week end at her home.

Mrs. Ernest Spencer is home after a few weeks spent in Lyme.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Standish and daughter Sidney visited Mr. Standish's parents in Westchester Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Clark, Gilbert Murray and his son Ronald of Colchester were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Collier entertained relatives from New London Sunday.

Mrs. Thomas A. Day and Mrs. Edgar Standish were Colchester visitors Monday.

Mrs. Gilbert Murray and Mrs. Phebe Robinson of Colchester were guests Sunday of Mrs. Syiphia Tibbetts.

Charlie Littlefield and Carl Rogers were recent callers in New London.

A Christian Endeavor social is to be held Saturday evening.

William Rogers of Norwich Town was a guest Sunday of his uncle, J. F. Rogers.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mitchell and daughter Margaret and Miss Hattie Frost were New London visitors Saturday.

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We are qualified to serve our clients in the following manner:

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We cordially invite you to talk over with us your estate and trust matters. Our facilities for service in every fiduciary capacity are at your disposal, and we believe they can be utilized to your satisfaction and profit.

## EAST THOMPSON

Mrs. Jennie Robinson is recovering slowly from her recent illness, although still confined to her bed.

Miss Wood, home demonstration agent, of Putnam, will speak at the King's Daughters' hall Wednesday, May 12, at 2 o'clock. The meeting is public.

Vernon Jepson has disposed of his household effects and started Tuesday morning for Norfolk, Va., where he will join Chester Robbins, who has been there since Jan. 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Morse, who have been in Thompson all winter, have returned to their home here.

Rinaldo Hoyle of Lowell, Mass., was at home for Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. John Miller visited their daughter and her family in Eastford on Thursday and called on Mrs. Sarah Bradway, who was 102 years old Friday, April 30. Mrs. Miller remained until Saturday.

There was a variety of weather to hult all Tuesday—rain, hail, sunshine and a thunderstorm. Hail fell in the yard at Ellsworth Bixby's to cover the ground white, and remained so for several hours.

Morey Sheldon and his mother started for New York city Wednesday morning where they will remain indefinitely. Mrs. Sheldon is in poor health and it is hoped the change may prove beneficial. Many friends are sorry to have her go.

## BOLTON NOTCH

Dr. C. W. Hale of Springfield, with his mother, visited at Dr. M. M. Maine's Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Maine were in Hartford over Sunday.

Albert Skinner's little daughter Laura was taken to St. Francis' hospital Sunday. She has pneumonia.

Blanche Reemer from Clark's Corner is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Maine.

Ellery Strong from Manchester was a caller here Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Brownell has returned from visiting her sister, Mrs. Sarah Hale, in Springfield.

Miss Mildred Sumner and her brother George of Rockville were guests of their grandfather, M. W. Howard, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hunt of Rockville visited at Dr. M. M. Maine's Sunday.

Mrs. Ida Fuller was a Hartford visitor Saturday.

## ABINGTON

Mr. Lane of Hartford preached Sunday at the Congregational church.

A military whist wwas given by the lecturer of Wolf Den grange at Abington hall Monday evening.

Several from Abington attended the funeral services for Mrs. John Johnson at Pomfret Center Saturday at 1 p. m.

A quartette sang We're Going Down the Valley and Abide With Me. Rev. Mr. Voorhees conducted the services.

Tuesday evening at the hall on Pomfret street was held the speaking and spelling contest for this district, comprising Ashford, Eastford, Union and Woodstock and Pomfret. The prize in speaking was won by an Ashford boy and in spelling by a girl of Pomfret. There was singing and folk dancing by Pomfret school children, an address by Mr. Warren of the trade school at South Manchester. The meeting was conducted by Mr. Greer, supervisor of schools.

A teaching meeting was held at the Center school Wednesday at 2.30. Demonstrations were given by Miss Green of Elliott school in geography, grade V, and by Mr. Pratt of Center school in history, grade VII.

Mrs. C. P. Grosvenor is still confined to her bed.

Charles and William Gallup left Monday for California.

The girls of Pomfret attending Putnam High school gave a dance at Pomfret on Friday evening and cleared $85 to be added to the graduation fund.

John Peale is very ill at Day Kimball hospital.

Miss Gordy, teacher in Thompson, spent the week end with Mrs. Seymour Peal.

Mr. and Mrs. Covell entertained relatives from Pawtucket and Thompson Sunday.

Our Specials

FOR SATURDAY, MAY 8th ONLY

"Better Value For Less Money"

Men's Genuine B. V. D. Union Suits $1.49
Children's Heavy Ribbed Hose.... 43c
Ladies' Ipswich Mercerized Hose, seam back ..... 69c

NOTE—These Specials We Offer Are No Seconds or Job Lots.

"Walk and Save Money"

SALOMON'S

GENTS' FURNISHINGS, HATS, SHOES AND BOYS' WEAR

100 Franklin Street Open Evenings Norwich, Conn.

A Few Steps From Franklin Square

**Wild Beasts Kill 50 People a Day**

Not a day passes of your own life but somewhere in India some fifty people have died through the action of wild beasts, says A. W. Howlett, writing in the Manchester Guardian. It is not to be supposed that efforts are not made to destroy these monsters. Standing rewards are offered by the government for the killing of all the more dangerous types. But so wily and impenetrable are their haunts that it is impossible to do anything except to keep their numbers within bounds in the more populous districts.

HOUSEWIVES, HERE'S A WAY TO CUT YOUR EGG AND BUTTER BILL IN TWO

Serve Snowflake Marshmallow Creme as Desserts — Tasty Delicious — Snowy — White

Eggs and butter are expensive, but there are many ways in which a housewife can save many dollars and have even better desserts by using Miss Curtis' Snowflake Marshmallow Creme.

Showing Curtis' Snowflake Marshmallow Creme over cereals.

Miss Curtis' Creme can be thinned and used instead of cream for coffee, or cereals, as a sauce for puddings. Or use the heavy Snowflake (without thinning) on strawberry jelly. This makes a pretty dish with the snowy cap of Creme on the red jelly and the most delicious flavor.

With cake, pies, fruits, dates and candy frosting and a number of different ways Snowflake Marshmallow Creme, if on hand, is always ready to make every dessert a little more delicious.

A demonstration of this product is now being held at H. C. King's, Franklin and Main Streets, Norwich, Conn. See her and learn more about making these simple delicious desserts.

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SALE BEGINNING FRIDAY, MAY 7th

An opportunity to save $10.00 or $15.00 on any of our

Suits, Coats or Dresses

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SPECIAL SALE OF

Men's Suits, from $29.50 up

STARTING TODAY

Sensational Sale of Women's and Misses' Suits

A SPECIAL PURCHASE OF 175 HIGH CLASS SUITS

AT LESS THAN ORIGINAL WHOLESALE COST

SUITS $29.50 Actual Values to $55.00

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Not an accumulation of odd stocks, but the very newest and smartest styles—most distinctive and highest class suits in every particular

ALL SIZES FROM 14 TO 46

COLORS—NAVY AND BLACK ONLY

We term this sale as sensational, because the values are unheard of for suits of this high character. Think of buying these suits now, in the height of the season, at these prices. We call it an event!

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