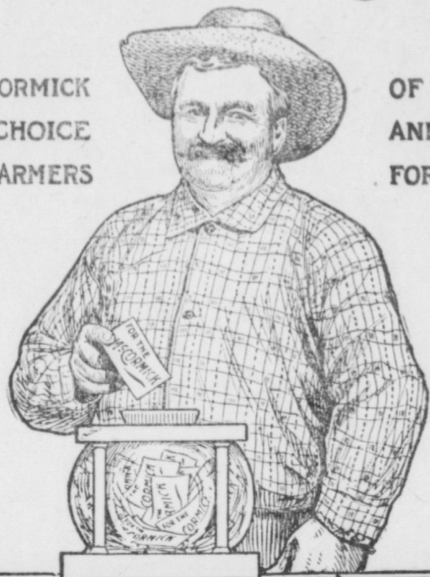


ATTENTION FARMERS

The Farmers Choice.

THE McCORMICK
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BEMIS TOBACCO PLANTERS
GASOLINE ENGINES
PERRY SPRING TOOTH
HARROWS
COLUMBUS WAGONS
STAR STEEL HAY CARRIERS
WITH TRACK AND ALL
FIXTURES
NEW HORSE LIFT CULTIVATOR
OR WITH TOBACCO HOE-
ING ATTACHMENT
OHIO PIVOT AXLE CULTIVATOR
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HAY RAKES

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MENT

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NEW PULVERIZING HARROWS
specially adapted for prepar-
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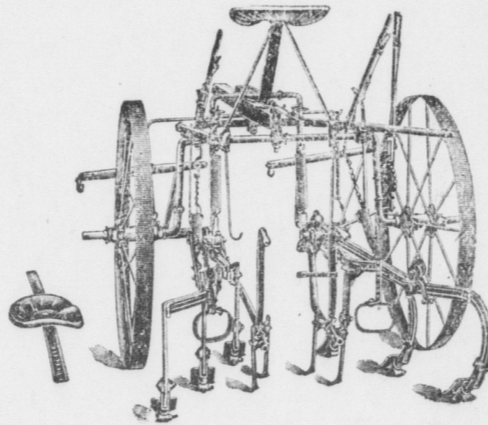
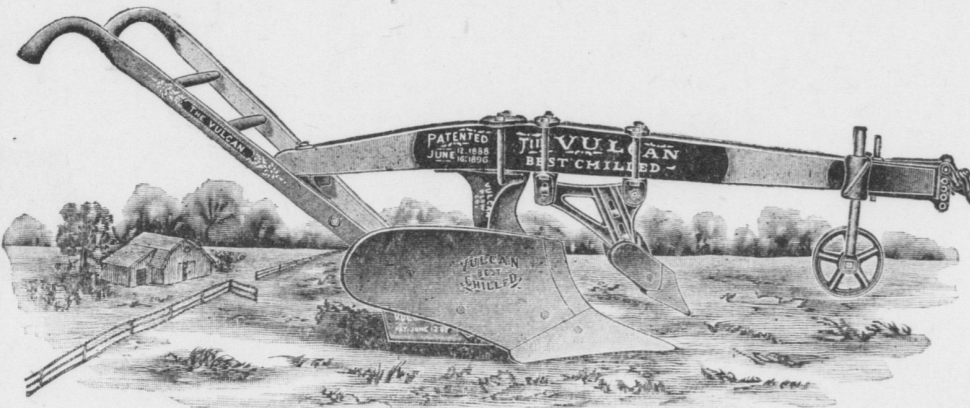
The vast majority of farmers choose the McCORMICK BINDER because it does splendid work in the field no matter whether the conditions are favorable or unfavorable. The McCormick has a record extending over a period of seventy-three years, which enables the farmer to reach a fairly accurate conclusion as to the merits of the machine. Read about the excellent points of the McCormick in the attractive book entitled "It Takes the Palm," supplied free.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER

FOR FIFTEEN DAYS WE WILL MAKE SPECIAL PRICES ON McCORMICK COMBINATION HARROWS AND 1-HORSE CULTIVATORS. WE HAVE ALSO TAKEN THE AGENCY FOR SULPHATE OF POTASH, RECEIVING IT DIRECT FROM THE MINES, THAT EVERY TOBACCO AND POTATO GROWER SHOULD MAKE INQUIRY ABOUT.

Vulcan Plows and Universal Cultivators With Tobacco Hoeing Attachments

ARE TWO OF THE MOST USEFUL PIECES OF FARM MACHINERY ON THE MARKET TODAY. DON'T FAIL TO COME AND EXAMINE THESE MACHINES BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE.



We carry almost any kind of Modern and Improved Machinery used by farmers. Call and see us.

M. L. Greider & Co., Mount Joy, Pa.



OUT OF DOORS
AGAIN!

YOU will be far more joyful this Spring if your new shoes FEEL right as well as look right—and they WILL if you wear the

Crossett Shoe

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"



This Crossett model is the most popular of all fancy cuts. It's a fine silky "Cadet Calf" with glove top and just a dash of embossing—on our now famous high toe "Marathon" last.

All of the many Crossett styles are skillfully moulded to the lines of the feet—giving solid comfort from heel to toe.

\$4 to \$6 everywhere.
Lewis A. Crossett, Inc., Maker,
NORTH ABINGTON, MASS.

FOR SALE BY

J. S. CARMANY

FLORIN, PENNA.

Read The Bulletin

BE SURE OF THE CLOTHING YOU BUY

DON'T TAKE CHANCES. Buy a Suit with the Foster and Cochran name in and you're positively safe, you have the best suit of clothes that your money will buy. You are sure of the style correctness; the material is strictly reliable; every detail of workmanship is perfect; your size garment fits correctly at every point. You are sure to find every feature right—the set of the collar and shoulders—the coat pockets are tailored so that they will not sag or bulge, and the trousers hang properly.

Styles Are Distinctively Smart

In every model so that you can readily understand why Foster and Cochran Clothes for men are universally popular. Style, Finish, Tailoring and the fabrics are of the unusual sort, they're different than others—they distinguish Foster and Cochran Clothes which are in a class by themselves.

\$8.50, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00 to \$25.00

At each of the above prices, there is plentiful variety and no matter how small or how large the price you are assured of the same genuine satisfaction. Clever patterns in the latest Spring shades among which are extensively represented the grays and tans—also plain and fancy blue serges. All handsomely tailored. All sizes for youths and men.

50 Dozen MEN'S SHIRTS 50 and 75c., Very Unusual Values

A bit of good fortune makes these shirts to us, they are such that many stores might ask a dollar for. They were purchased low enough in price to enable us to transfer a good bit of extra value to you at 75 cents.

All New Spring Patterns

Of good quality Madras and Percale; made with separate cuffs; cut full and well made. Neat stripes of black, blue, green, lavender and brown.

The Best 50c Shirt

We know of is ready for you today. Made according to our own ideas of good shirt making and good materials. A hundred different patterns in plain and pleated bosoms; regular or coat cuts; separate or attached cuffs. Percale and Madras materials, in figures, stripes and plaids; all the new colors, also black and white. Sizes 14 to 19; Price 50c. ea.

FOSTER AND GOCHRAN

32-38 East King Street, LANCASTER, PENNA.

TAMING A TERROR, PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, ECZEMA Etc., QUICKLY CURED.

By M. QUAD.
(Copyright, 1923, by American Press Association.)

For ten years Aunt Hannah Day, widow and resident of the village of Clyde, had been a sort of terror to most of the residents. She lived alone and was well to do, and she just doted on law suits. At the end of ten years Elder Thomas was about the only citizen of the town worth suing who had not been sued. His time was close at hand, however. He had two hives of bees in his back yard, and they had swarmed earlier than was looked for. Not finding new hives ready, they had passed over into Aunt Hannah's orchard and stung her and her cow and pig before going farther. She decided to start a suit for damages.

Elder Thomas had never had a lawsuit nor been summoned as a jurymen or witness. He had a dread of the law, and the knowledge that he was going to be sued set him trembling. It was no use for him to go over and see Aunt Hannah. She never changed her mind nor settled a case. He heard of her decision one morning, and he spent the forenoon worrying over it. He was still worrying after dinner when he set out with hoe on his shoulder to work in a cornfield half a mile outside the village. On the edge of the field was a creek, and on the banks of the creek was an old shed in a tumble-down condition. The elder had been hilling up corn for about a quarter of an hour when he raised his head and listened, and it called again. He dropped his hoe and took a few steps forward, and the voice cried out: "Stop, Elder Thomas! Stop right where you are!" "Who is it?" "It's me—Aunt Hannah!" "Are you in the shed?" "Yes."

"For the land's sake, but what are you doing way out here, and what's happened to you?" "You keep your place right where you are, and I'll tell you. I came out to pick some blackberries, and after I got here the fit took me to go in swimming in the creek. I undressed in the shed and paddled round for half an hour, and when I came out of the water I found that an infernal hog had chewed all my clothes to rags. There ain't a piece left as big as my hand. I've been waiting here a whole hour."

"But what are you going to do?" asked the elder as he scratched the back of his head. "Don't ask fool questions! I've got to get home, haven't I? And I can't get home without some clothes. I'd need clothes even if I waited till midnight." "I guess you would; but, you see, I can't lend you any of mine. All I've got is a shirt and trousers." "Who wants to borrow any of you? I don't, I'm sure. I want you to go home and tell your wife about it and bring me back a bundle of her clothes. You don't s'pose I'd go back to town in trousers, do you? What you sneaking up higher for?" "I want to sit down on that log and talk to you a minute. You sent me word this morning that you was going to sue me about the bees."

"Yes, I did. It was my fault, and you'll have to pay smart money for it." "It struck the elder as he sat down on the log that the situation was in his hands, so to say. The spot was a quarter of a mile off the road and very retired. There was hardly a chance of the woman finding another messenger for two or three days. Accident might enable him to accomplish what delegates and committees had failed to.

"Well, why don't you go?" asked Aunt Hannah after a long minute. "Do you think I want to stay here all the afternoon? There may be more'n forty hogs in my garden by this time. There are tramps around, and mebbe some of 'em are robbing the house."

"Yes, just as you say," replied the elder, "but I think we'd better have a clothes before I go after any clothes. Why should I go after clothes for a woman who's going to make me trouble?"

"You didn't take care of them bees." "And you didn't take care of your clothes."

"But I've never stopped a lawsuit and never will."

"And I've never lugged clothes for a woman fool enough to let a hog chew up her duds. I'll go back to work, and you can get some one else."

Aunt Hannah was spunky, and she stood out for half an hour. Then she called the elder back to the log and agreed not to begin suit against him.

"That ain't enough," he replied. "I've been thinking of you for a long time of folks lets of trouble. It's time you stopped the lawsuit business. If you can't see it that way you'll have to get out of this trouble as best you can. I'm going to start for home soon, and I'll be neighborly enough in case I meet any tramps on the way to send 'em here. They may lend you some clothes."

"Elder Thomas, you are a brute! Spousing it was your wife?" "My wife don't sue folks."

There were threats and arguments and entreaties, but the elder stood firm, and the victory was his. When Aunt Hannah had given her solemn word to give up the law, he went after the clothes. He not only brought them, but he brought his wife along as well and then retired into the corn and left the two women together. There were pledges and promises given, and for years it was a mystery to the relieved citizens of Clyde why Aunt Hannah so suddenly reformed. She died a few months ago, and so there is no longer occasion for secrecy.

Unclaimed Letters

Following is a list of the unclaimed letters in the Mt. Joy post office Wednesday, April 29th, 1910:
G. W. Robbins,
J. G. Hubbard (2)
J. J. McConnell,
W. W. Weaver,
Manno L. Hesse,
Elmer H. Helsey,
J. FRED FENSTERMACHER,
Postmaster.

"It is astonishing," remarked a well known authority on diseases of the skin, how such a large number of people, especially ladies, are by attractively written advertisements, induced to purchase some one of the many so-called Beauty Creams now on the market, not knowing of course that they mostly contain oily or greasy substances that clog the pores of the skin and are, for that reason, the very worst thing that they could possibly use. My treatment of Blackheads, Pimples, Biotches and all eruptions of the skin, are as follows, and has invariably proved very successful; Wash the face carefully every night before retiring with warm water and a little oat meal tied up in a small cloth bag, then, after drying well, use the following inexpensive and perfectly harmless prescription; which can be filled at any drug store: Clearola 1 oz., Ether 1 oz., Alcohol 7 ounces. Use this mixture on the face as often as possible during the day, but use night and morning anyway, allowing it to remain on the face at least ten minutes, then the powdery film may be wiped off. Do not wash the face for some little time after using. By following this simple treatment you will soon have a clear Brilliant Complexion.

THE PROVISION DEALER

By PAUL ORLOFF.
(Copyright, 1923, by American Press Association.)

A disguised policeman stepped into a provision shop in the Malaja Sadovaga street, St. Petersburg. The czar often passed that way, and the locality was kept under constant surveillance. Nearly every one in the street was a paid spy.

"What will you buy this morning?" asked the shopkeeper.

"Have you been here long?" asked the policeman, without replying to the question.

"No; I have just opened."

"You seem to have quite a number of customers, considering that you have only been here since yesterday morning."

"Oh, that is very easily explained. You see, in order to start trade I sell very cheaply. These fowls could not be bought anywhere else for less than 2 rubles the pair. I sell them for half that."

"I see. Where did you come from?" "I have been in America for three years past. It is there where I learned how to attract trade. A shopkeeper in that country will lower his prices when he first opens, get a good clientele, then gradually raise them."

"That is a great credit to the government. They have no 'little father' there to keep them in order—only a president."

The policeman went out thinking there could certainly be no harm in a provision dealer who had lived in America and yet who revered the czar. The shopkeeper looked at his retreating figure knowingly from the corner of his eye and knit his brows, busying himself at the same time in drawing a jug of train oil from a cask.

That day the trade of the shopkeeper (Kobozoff) thrived to a still greater extent. People were constantly running to his shop and out with parcels under their arms. The eyes of the spies were on the place, but Kobozoff was so jolly with his customers and gave such good weight and large measure that it was quite natural he should thus suddenly step into a brisk trade. Only his fellow tradesmen were jealous of him, and one of them shook his head and said the officials of the government had better look out—there must be something wrong about this provision dealer who was selling goods so low.

People who lived in the Malaja Sadovaga street, hearing of the low prices for which Kobozoff sold goods, began to go into his shop to purchase. For, though it had not been noticed, those who were continually running to his shop and out with parcels under their arms. But these would be purchasers of the neighborhood did not seem to find what they wanted. Either Kobozoff had not what they were looking for in his stock or his price on that particular article was as high as that of other dealers or of inferior quality. But the provision man went on selling people from other localities and kept everybody in a good humor by his jokes, his banter and his smiles. But one woman, who sold butter and eggs from her shop opposite, wondered how he could keep selling goods without any apparent replenishing of his stock. Going over, she asked him how he did it.

"Oh," he replied, "I get in all my stock in the early morning before my competitors are out of bed. I learned the business in America, where tradesmen hustle."

One morning a carriage stopped before Kobozoff's shop, and a young girl alighted. Kobozoff was waiting on a customer and started as she entered.

"I am told," she said to the shopkeeper, "that your pheasants are prime. How much the pair?"

"Will your ladyship wait a moment till I do up these eggs for this woman, and I will show them to you."

When the customer had departed the lady, leaning over a pair of birds she was examining, whispered to Kobozoff:

"He has changed his plans. He lunches with the Grand Duchess Catherine Michaelovna and will return by another route."

"Ach," replied Kobozoff, paling. "Then we, too, must change our plans but for our certain death."

"Have you all ready here?" asked the girl.

"The work is just finished. The tunnel is complete. From behind my wife's bed to the center of the street."

"And where is the earth you have taken out?"

"Carried away in parcels by supposed customers."

"What will you do now?" "Give our lives to the cause."

At that moment a boy with a basket on his arm entered the shop.

"I will take these pheasants," said the girl, handing Kobozoff a coin, and she went to her carriage, the tradesman following with the birds. Then she was driven away. She was the Countess Perouskaya, in league with the conspirators bent on assassinating Alexander II, by exploding a mine under Malaja Sadovaga street, on which he was expected to pass. She was one of those watching for indications of the czar's intentions and, having learned the altered arrangements, had given the information.

When the czar returned from lunching with the Grand Duchess Catherine Michaelovna four men were stationed

along the route he was driven, each with a bomb in his armpit. One of these men threw his bomb. Men and horses of the imperial coach were killed, but the czar was unharmed. He stepped from his carriage, and another bomb fell at his feet. His legs were shattered, and he fell as if mowed down by a scythe.

Later the police found the tunnel.

MANHEIM

Harry Lipp of Lebanon, spent Sunday with his brother, John Lipp.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Shelley spent Sunday among Mastersonville relatives.

Miss Bertha Mease, of Lancaster, is again staying in the home of William Gibble.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Young and son, Edwin and Thomas Hendricks, spent Sunday at Lancaster.

Miss Carrie Ginder of Ephrata, spent Sunday with her grandmother, Mrs. Rebecca Ginder.

Charles Rhoads, of Lebanon, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Penn Rhoads.

Harry Stormfeltz and sister, Miss Fannie, spent Sunday to Tuesday evening at Reading, guests of Mrs. Jno. Koch.

Miss Sadie Hallacher and Mrs. Jos. Mohr, of Rothsville, spent Sunday with Miss Katie Adams, at the American House.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Grove, of Lancaster, spent Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Grove.

With the houses in course of erection and those contemplated for a certainty, there will be twenty-one built this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Stonerod and daughter, Miss Edith, and Miss Helen Summy, spent Sunday at the Junction, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paris Rohrer.

On account of the inclement weather on Sunday the corner-stone laying of the new Lutheran church at Landisville was postponed to Sunday, May 8, at two o'clock p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Waughtel, of Reading, spent Saturday and Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Waughtel, and Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Hoffer.

On account of the inclement weather the attendance at the Germania band's fair on Saturday evening was small. The band boys will again have the fair open the coming Saturday evening.

Squire Danner on Monday filed the plans at the court house at Lancaster for the addition of 125 acres to the borough, which was formerly a part of Rapho township, and the people living in that section, about sixty in number, are now under the protecting wings of the borough.

In the suit brought by Burgess Shenck on behalf of the borough, against Walter Barr, of Lancaster, for speeding the automobile driven by him on Easter Sunday Squire Danner decided against the borough, claiming that the "Dancer, Run Slow" signs were not placed as required by the law.

The work of razing the Kline property to make room for the new U. B. church is progressing nicely. They expect to lay the corner-stone sometime in June. The executive committee of the church extension board of the East Pennsylvania Conference of said denomination, has endorsed the plans of the local committee, and granted them a temporary loan of \$2,000 all that they asked for. M. R. Evans of Lancaster, is the architect.

The graduating exercises of the Manheim high school will be held in the opera house on Friday evening, May 6. The class has passed the course of studies prescribed and the following are the class honors: Valedictorian, Emma Dissinger; salutatorian, Ellen Robinson; high school honor, Ruth Fisher. The other members of the class are: Elma Brandt, Lillian Hummer, Marguerite McCloud, Norman S. Showers, David E. Young and Paul E. Bomberger.

WE ARE

In the vernacular of the day "a fan" is an enthusiast. WE ARE ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT OUR PRINTSHOP. You also will be if you come in and let us show you the classy class of work we are doing in the printing of every thing printable.

Advertise in the Bulletin. It pays.