

# SCHOOL DRESSES

Ready made school Dresses of Plain Chambrays, 50c each.

Ready made Dresses of best quality Galatea Cloth, nicely trimmed, large buttons, \$1.00 each.

Women's House Dresses, good percales, 85c each.

**Flemish Suitings**

Material you should not fail to see as they are elegant for school dresses and only 10c a yard.

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A better grade, good weight and styles, 15c a yard.

**Cheviots**

The best material for boys blouses, Men's Shirts, Women's dresses and skirts.

## S. B. Bernhart & Co.

East Main Street, Mount Joy



**EVERY POCKETBOOK WILL WELCOME THE NEWS**

that our big Reduction Sale is now on. For now, with our prices cut to a fraction of the former size, each dollar will GO FURTHER—bring you much more REAL SHOE VALUE. And of this be assured—every shoe we offer, regardless of the extremely low price, is genuinely good. None but serviceable, honestly made as well as stylish shoes are sold by us.

**J. G. KEENER**  
West Main Street, Mount Joy, Pa.

**HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR DEAD ANIMALS**

WHICH WE REMOVE PROMPTLY BY AUTOMOBILE TRUCK.

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LANCASTER, PENNA.

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HAVE YOU TRIED  
**MAGIC KLEENER**

If not will you try the trial size left at your house today?

There is nothing to equal it  
**FOR CLEANING CLOTHING**

of Grease or Tar Spots, Cleaning Colors  
on Men's or Ladies' Coats

It is soon time for house cleaning and if you want to clean the woodwork or brighten up the furniture use a little of the trial size I left you so that you will be convinced that there is nothing better.

**For House Cleaning**  
We can sell any quantity you want at a very reasonable figure.

**Give It a Trial**

**Garber's Drug Store**  
East Main Street, Mount Joy, Pa.

### Her Postscript

By Clarissa Mackie

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

Billy Jeliff read Amy's letter three times. It was a very friendly little note thanking him for some lovely roses and asking him to come to tea that afternoon. That was all, but it was not enough for Billy Jeliff nor would it have satisfied any other young man who had indited seven pages breathing undying love and devotion and asking her for just one word of encouragement in return.

Amy had not vouchsafed even one word. Her customary: "Dear Mr. Jeliff," smote him coldly when he tore open the letter. The conventional tone of the rest of the message chilled him thoroughly and after he had read it for the third time he folded it carefully and placed it in his bill case where he cherished the first note he had ever received from her, together with a rosebud she had given to him.

"This ends the whole business," he declared solemnly and thereupon indited a formal note of regret for his inability to come to tea that afternoon and hastily packed a bag and cleared out of town.

It was very easy for Billy Jeliff to run away from the scene of this heart disaster, for he had plenty of money—if he had been a poorer youth he would have had to remain at his daily tasks, drilling through the monotonous grind of the wage-earner with nothing to still his aching heart.

But Billy had money and he had a friend who had started to hunt goats in the Canadian Rockies. Billy managed to overtake him at Winnipeg and without stating his particular grievance, announced that he had changed his mind about remaining in New York for the rest of the season.

Jim Channing found his companion singularly disinterested concerning the slaying of mountain goats. Jim would sit patiently for six hours crouching behind a jutting crag waiting for his shy quarry to pass by and would count himself lucky if he grazed the hide of a goat as it skipped past.

On the other hand Billy Jeliff would sit patiently for many hours, his eyes

Channing made no answer. It was time to return to camp, and he led the way down the narrow trail, Billy following dejectedly.

Billy prepared supper while Channing skinned and cut up a goat he had shot earlier in the day. While the juicy steaks broiled over the fire, Channing scanned the surrounding peaks with his strong field glasses hoping against hope that the giant ram might still be in the neighborhood.

The chances were against good luck. By this time the ram might be many miles away and might not cross their track for months.

"I wanted those horns," groaned Channing as he sat down to supper.

"I'll get 'em for you before I leave these regions," declared Billy, with murder in his eye.

"I promised them to Ethel for the dining room," went on Channing, whose wife was in Europe.

"You'll have them if I spend the rest of my days here," said Billy, doggedly.

"You'll never have another shot like that," predicted Channing.

"Perhaps."

Later as they sat before the campfire smoking in silence, Channing, who had been watching Billy's gloomily thoughtful face for some time, broke out suddenly:

"What's the matter with you, anyway, Billy?"

Billy exhaled a cloud of smoke and looked into the bowl of his pipe.

"Er—nothing," he answered.

"That means a girl," said Channing judicially.

Billy was silent.

"What became of the pretty red-haired girl you used to follow around last winter?" pursued Channing, confident that now he was on the right trail to the source of Billy's extraordinary behavior, for normally Billy Jeliff was an ardent sportsman.

Billy affected nonchalance. "I've followed so many girls around," he murmured with a wry smile.

"Oh, I can remember her name if I must! She was a chum of Ethel's at school—Amy—Amy Ray! Where is she now—married?"

"For all I know," murmured Billy indifferently, but there was that in his voice that told much to his experienced companion.

"Of course I don't want to butt in, old man, but if it will relieve your chest any to talk about it, tell it to me—I'm as safe as a tomb."

Thereupon with many haltings Billy unfolded himself to Channing even to telling about the letter he had written to Amy and of her cool reply.

"What do you think of that for a reply to a letter like mine?" he demanded taking Amy's worn little note from his bill case and giving it to his friend.

Jim Channing held the note close to the fire and read it, then, with the experience of the married, he turned the sheet over looked at the back, unfolded it and peered inside.

"Of course you read the postscript," he said. "What's the matter with that?"

"Postscript!" yelled Billy. "What? Where?"

"Why inside here—between the sheets—just where any shy little girl like Amy Ray would hide it. I'm going for a stroll. Don't kick yourself off the mountain before I come back!"

Billy did not hear him—he was reading the little postscript which Amy had tucked away inside the pages, confident that his sharp eyes would find it.

"I can't write what I want to say to you—but I will tell you when you come to tea, dear Billy! Yours, Amy."

Channing came back to find him brooding tenderly over the postscript. "I suspect I'll have to shoot here alone now," he grumbled.

"Not on your life!" promised Billy. "I'm going down the mountain to mail a letter tomorrow, then I'll come back and get that big goat for you. I've got to get a pair of horns for Amy, you know!"

"Ah!" grinned Channing. "I suppose the postscript to this affair will be wedding bells—eh?"

"I hope so," said Billy solemnly.



**His Eyes Fixed on Vacancy.**

fixed on vacancy, his thoughts intent on the questions that continually tormented him—why had Amy given him such open encouragement if she didn't care? Her sincerity had always been her greatest charm for him.

As he sat thus in the high places, his gun resting in the hollow of his arm, goats came and went undisturbed by him.

One day a giant ram perched on an opposite crag for ten minutes, had stared at him and Billy stared dreamily back at the handsome creature, thinking what a fine picture it made silhouetted against the blue sky—he wished that Amy had been there to see it, too!

Jim Channing saw the ram at the same time, but he was out of range, and as he wormed his way toward Billy's retreat, fearing that that youth was either dead or dying, the ram snuffed the scent and disappeared.

"Oh, pahaw!" muttered Billy as the picture vanished.

"What's the matter?" demanded Channing, pale with just indignation.

"Did you see it?" asked Billy, still dazed from his dreaming.

"See what?"

"The goat—finest specimen I ever saw—why—er—I suppose you think it funny I didn't bring him down," stammered Billy, suddenly realizing the enormity of his offense in the eyes of a thorough sportsman like Channing.

"Not at all," retorted Channing sarcastically. "We're not up here to shoot goats—merely to photograph them! Too bad you didn't have a camera along!"

Billy writhed, but he remained silent. There was nothing to say.

"That's the big ram I've been trailing for three days—I told you all about him last night after supper—and you let him get away!" Channing's voice was tragic, almost tearful.

"I'm sorry, old man," murmured the shamed Billy. "I should have stayed at home."

**The First Example**

Squire John Keener has notified Mr. Jay Nissley to be present at a hearing at his office on Friday evening at 7.30. He is charged with exceeding the speed limit and falling to give the proper signal at street crossings. High Constable Eli Williams brought the charges. This is the first offense since the caution signs have been posted.

**Elected a Trust Officer**

The regular monthly meeting of Mount Joy Borough School Board was held Monday evening, when the regular routine business was transacted. High Constable Eli Williams was elected trust officer for the ensuing year.

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Read the Bulletin  
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**SALUNGA**

Mr. and Mrs. John Peifer and Mr. Levi Shuman attended the funeral of Mrs. Annie Myers at Habecker's church, Manor, on Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Charles and Mrs. Wolgemuth of Lancaster, visited in the homes of R. D. Raffensberger and John Peifer on Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Reitzel and Miss Reinhart are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Weiss.

Melvin Newcomer and family visited John Garber's in Donegal on Sunday.

Mr. Samuel Rogers of Llanarh, a cousin of W. B. Rogers, visited here over Sunday.

Phares Nissley and Co. sampled their tobacco last week and the result was very satisfactory as it was nearly all sound and well sweated.

Geo. Way and family visited Dan Martin on the Seidig farm. Mr. Martin is farming 12 acres of tobacco single handed. That's going some.

Frank Strickler is raising his warehouse to admit of a cellar in which to store his fruits and other goods. His business is advancing and evidences of progress are manifest.

Amos Gantz is his name and he drives almost any thing of the horse kind. He neither beats nor scolds but argues the matter with a refractory horse until from pure conviction he does his duty.

How things have changed! A few years ago a man using a traction engine on the road had to send an advance guard on the road to protect pedestrians and drivers. Now the auto flies over our roads at from 40 to 60 miles an hour.

Mr. A. M. Garber, miller, farmer and all around good fellow has concluded to close out his business and settle down to a more restful life. Bills are out and Andy means business when he says all my valuable property goes for the high dollar.

Communion services were held in the M. E. Church, Salunga, Sunday morning. About forty persons availed themselves of the opportunity offered and the service was rendered pathetic and lovely by the kneeling of children at the communion altar by the side of their parents. Proper training of the young leads to everlasting life.

The funeral of Annie Malehorn, who died in St. Joseph's Hospital after an operation, was held in the Church of the Brethren on last Sunday. Rev's. Yoder of Lancaster and Hershey of Landisville were the ministers and both spoke most feelingly of the departed sister and extolled her many virtues and exemplary life. The church was not large enough to accommodate the many friends. Interment in the Menno-nite graveyard, Salunga.

**ORIGIN OF INDIAN RUNNERS**

Came From West Indies and Are Thought by Many People to Be Most Profitable of Duck Family.

(By ANNA GALLISHER, Ohio.)

It is only comparatively a few years since the Indian Runner ducks made their appearance in America. They came originally from the West Indies, where they have been raised for years, chiefly as egg-producers. They derive their name from their native land and race, upright carriage.

In color they are fawn and white, with yellow shanks and light-green bill; the latter being sometimes splashed with black.

The body is long and narrow and is carried in an almost upright position. Neck is long and thin, with finely formed head.

The Indian Runner is rather small, fully matured ducks weighing from four to five pounds. Drakes from five to six pounds, five weight.

But they grow very rapidly while young and are easy to raise. What they lack in weight is more than made up for in their other good qualities.

To begin with, they are very prolific layers; beginning when about six months old. Their eggs are pure white and a little larger than those of a Plymouth Rock hen.

They are superior in quality to any

**IMPROVEMENTS AT THE FAIR GROUNDS.**

Everything is Being Done for Convenience of Patrons.

Quite a number of improvements are being planned for the convenience of the Lancaster county fair. The popularity of the lunches and meals served by the Y. W. C. A. in past years has warranted the erection of a modern eating pavilion, 70 x 100 feet, with removable windows and concrete floor. Work on this building has already been begun, and it will be finished in ample time for the fair. Secred Deort Catholic church is also erecting a large eating pavilion along the Midway, where they formerly served lunches and meals in first-class shape. Plans have been drawn for a magnificent new entrance on the pike, and bids are now being obtained for its erection. Special efforts are being made to secure the services of two well-known athletes of international reputation to officiate at the county athletic meet on Tuesday. The opening day of the fair. The announcement of this meet is being received with remarkable favor, more than five hundred entries being already in sight. The Executive Committee is also making efforts to have Governor Wilson, President Taft and Theodore Roosevelt visit the fair, and make short addresses, with the favorable prospects of having at least two of the Presidential candidates accept. Many other features of unusual interest are being booked to make this the most interesting and entertaining exhibition the management has ever given.

**Indian Runner Drake and Duck.**

duck's eggs that we have ever eaten, and as a rule, they bring higher prices in the market.

The ducklings reach a marketable size when about twelve weeks old. When forced, they will weigh four to five pounds at two months.

The meat of the Runner is of superior quality; fine in the grain, juicy and excellent flavor. Hotels and restaurants pay fancy prices for duck lings.

The eggs are in good demand, also, in winter when eggs are high. The Indian Runner is "on the job." Any enterprising person can work up a trade among hotels and restaurants that should prove highly profitable.

There is no great danger of strong competition, as comparatively few poultry raisers have taken up this branch of the industry, notwithstanding the fact that nearly all kinds of poultry products are bringing unheard-of prices in the open market.

In summer the Indian Runner when given free range will find the greater part of his living in the fields. But of course when being fattened for market, they need some grain. It would be well to say right here that for best results the grain should be either

**POULTRY**

**ORIGIN OF INDIAN RUNNERS**

**IMPROVEMENTS AT THE FAIR GROUNDS.**

**Indian Runner Drake and Duck.**

**How About?**

**CALENDARS!**

Please bear in mind that we have the finest assortment of calendars ever shown in this town. We have anything from the cheapest to the best. Among them are novelties from some of the foremost manufacturers in this and foreign countries. If interested drop us a card and we will call with samples. Our prices are way below others.

**THE BULLETIN**  
East Main Street, Mount Joy