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MOUNT JOY

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CHAIN OF INDIVIDUALLY OWNED DRUG STORES

LOCAL RUSSIANS BARE RED FACTS

(From Page One)

trial stabilization is giving Mennonite farmers the alternative of exile to Siberia or renouncing their religion and living in a land of crushing taxes, paying \$2.50 a pound for butter and \$5 a bushel for potatoes according to smuggled letters just received by relatives in this country.

The Communist plan to promote industry, to grasp a doughy share of world trade and make every Russian worker prosperous, may perhaps be succeeding where manufacturers are concerned, but down in the Crimea, from which the local Mennonites emigrated eight years ago, conditions are pitiful and oppressive, according to word received here.

Most of the local relatives of these people have ceased to write, or at least the letters no longer arrive here. They must read between the lines of an occasional letter received by Mrs. Henry Eckert, of East Petersburg, from her sister in the homeland.

"Pray for Us." Is Plea

Mrs. Eckert's step brother and cousin, she learned recently were sent to Siberia, once the land of exile for criminals, now the fate of Christians and anti-Soviets. "Pray for us," the letter says, "this is so terrible. They have taken our ministers and holy folk into exile to do hard work. Pray that we may have strength to bear it all."

Conditions in Russia have grown steadily worse since the local Russians came to East Petersburg in 1923. Prices charged the farmers and small townsmen are prohibitive, the letters say. Butter costs five rubles a pound, which is equivalent to about \$2.50.

Potatoes retail at 10 rubles the bushel, or about five dollars. Sugar can be had for three rubles, or \$1.50 a pound. Soap costs four rubles, or \$2 a pound. Stockings sell for six rubles a pair, or \$3.

The Soviet, which seizes the farmer's wheat for the factory worker, still is taking the lion's share of farm products. "They bring things to the market, but one half is taken away, and sometimes the other half too," the letter to Mrs. Eckert says.

It is the theory of the Soviet that the farmer remains a capitalist by his ownership of land, which he has no right to own, and hence he is taxed to the limit. "If they do not pay the taxes, they go to jail or Siberia," the local emigrants explain.

Was Dispossessed

The Crimea is the peninsula of southern Russia which extends into the Black Sea and its flour mills once were the pride of the nation. That was in the Czarist days before the great Russian bear turned red. Then Mr. Eckert lost his position as foreman in a mill and was dispossessed of most of his property. With the aid of friends, the Eckerts hastened to this country.

"Now the mills are run by the Bolsheviks," the Eckerts explain. "And our friends cannot leave, as we did. The Soviet does not allow it. They must stay, no matter how much they would like to come to America or go to another country. Most of them would be glad to go anywhere to get away from the Bolsheviks."

Efforts to send money or goods to Russia have been found futile by the local people. The goods is returned by those for whom it is intended because the tariff imposed by the Soviet is more than the goods are worth or the people are able to pay. And there has been a strange silence concerning most of the money sent there which makes the local residents believe it was seized by the state.

According to foreign observers, the Communists have a strangle hold on Russia. The workers have been kept satisfied by fair wages and the glory of being the only voters in a land once tyrannized by royalty. A sizeable army has been maintained for the sake of internal peace. The old Czarist regime has been exiled, executed or suppressed, and most of the peasants in interior Russia have been reasonably satisfied with the return from crops and fear a change might bring back the dreaded landlord.

Make Own Shoes

But down in the Crimea, where Moscow rules with a distant but powerful hand, the peasant and townsman suffer. "They write that one day they have some food; the next day, nothing to eat," the Eckerts say. "They must save crumbs. There is no style in dress there anymore. They cannot buy shoes, so they make wooden ones."

How long this will last is problematic. Economists and historians predicted the Soviet's downfall "within a few months" ever since it began, but it appears to have grown stronger steadily. The Five Year plan, begun three years ago, satisfies somewhat the claims of Stalin and his ministry. Factories are being built and operated, employment is easy to find, world markets are being sought and American capital solicited. If the bulk of Russia is kept busy, perhaps such odd corners of the nation as the Crimea will feel only the power, but not the prosperity, of the nation.

The letters sent here are carefully written, the Eckerts say, and must escape the censorship of the Soviet. The distribution of news is closely supervised and the dispatches of foreign correspondents are carefully censored in order to keep Russia safe for the Communist government. A strict control is exercised over all spoken and printed matter.

11 Children Died

Only two of the Eckerts' 13 children are living, Elmer, aged eight, and John, aged six. The others died in Russia in the cold winters during

Little Parrot Caught Dotty's Eye

By JOSEPHINE DUKE

(Copyright)

ROSALIND ASHLEY entered the restaurant, chose a seat at a vacant table by the wall. She was young and pretty and wore a wedding ring. The day was only half done, and already she had explained to scores of amazed acquaintances that, no, she was not married; the ring was merely part of a sorority initiation. She was determined to eat her lunch in peace, and so she had chosen a restaurant where she did not expect to encounter any of her friends. Surely, if she were among strangers, a wedding ring could not prove to be a disturbing element.

A young man, pulling a small child by the hand, entered the restaurant. He sighted the table where Rosalind sat, with its two vacant chairs, and headed for it. He lifted the child to the seat next to Rosalind, and chose for himself the place opposite her.

It was rather nice, Rosalind thought, to see a father take his baby girl out to lunch.

The child squirmed, displayed dimples, caught sight of the green parrot ornamenting one side of Rosalind's smart turban. "Oo, oo, pretty, pretty," squealed the tiny tot in ecstasy. "Dot-ty bab, Dot-ty bab," and she extended eager fists toward the object of desire.

"Dot-ty, Dot-ty," the man admonished, affixing a restraining hand to the child's shoulder, but the gesture was without effect.

"Pretty, pretty," squealed the diminutive creature again.

Rosalind's face crimsoned; so did the young man's. He seemed to be enormously confused. Suddenly she inclined her head in the child's direction. "It's not to play with," she explained sweetly. "It's just a buckle See."

But seeing was not enough for Dot-ty. She uttered a cannibalistic shriek of delight, grabbed the parrot with both chubby fists, and tore it from its abode. A general confusion ensued. The young man endeavored to apologize; Rosalind endeavored to straighten on her hat; the baby waved the captured parrot enthusiastically from a nearby table some one dignified. A waiter appeared, deposited two menus, beamed on the child.

"You have stolen mamma's buckle," he said, grinning broadly.

Rosalind's face flamed and a dull red glow lit the young man's cheeks. Then suddenly he looked up boldly. "What shall we have, Mary?" he asked her. "Suppose we begin with consommé and order the rest later."

"I think that would be a good idea. John," he said, astonished and thrilled by the grip the stranger took on the situation.

Her answer produced the desired effect. The waiter bowed and disappeared.

"Now, give me the parrot," the young man commanded the child, but the small tyrant ducked the offered bird beneath the tablecloth. "I say, I'm deeply sorry," he apologized to Rosalind, and began to search for something in one of his coat pockets.

"What an adorable husband," thought Rosalind with something like a pang of regret for her own lonely heart. "He's the sort who would do anything for the woman he loves, even take his baby daughter to a public eating place. How did girls discover such husbands?"

Now he was thrusting a small white rectangle in her direction. "I'll make this thing right in any way you wish," he said. "Here's my card. I'm representative for Scott and Ashley bonding corporation. Perhaps your husband has heard of the firm."

"I'm sorry, but I haven't a husband," replied the confused Rosalind. "I mean I—I, this ring is only a part of a sorority initiation, and if your baby daughter likes the parrot she may have it. I know about your firm through my father. He is Albright Ashley, the president."

"Well, say now, this is luck," beamed the stranger. "But, by the way, this isn't my daughter," he protested, crimsoning again. "Dot-ty, here, is my sister Mildred's child. I'm Dot-ty's teacher uncle, Hugh Ripley. I'm trying to chaperon the young lady while her mother fulfills an engagement with a dentist."

Just then the waiter appeared with the consommé, and the meal which had suffered such a tempestuous beginning approached a satisfying conclusion.

Outwitted

"One of my ancestors won a battle during the Crusades by his skill in handling artillery," said the baron.

"But, my dear baron," said his friend, "at the time of the Crusades, gunpowder had not been discovered."

"I know that as well as you do, and so did my ancestor."

"How did he win the battle, then?"

"He brought the artillery to bear on the Saracens, and they, seeing the guns, supposed that powder had at last been invented, and fled in dismay!"—Dublin Opinion.

Tree Grew Over Spigots

A. F. Hunt, of Stroudwater, Maine, tapped a rock maple on the Mt. Tom farm 56 years ago and broke off the spigots when the season ended. A few weeks ago he cut down the tree and took to a natural history museum a section of the split ends of the spigots, sealed in under two and one-half inches of solid wood, made by the growth of the tree in the 56 years.

The World War and under the Soviet regime which followed. The Eckerts escaped in 1923, before the present stringent regulations were in effect, and have been thankful ever since.

"Times are good all the time here," Mr. Eckert says. "We cannot complain. There is much better than there was here. There is much better than there was here. There is much better than there was here."

They members of the Russian Mennonite colony in this country, he advises this country to beware of Bolshevik propaganda.

SALE REGISTER

If you want a notice of your sale inserted in this register weekly from now until day of sale, ABSOLUTELY FREE, send or phone us your sale date and when you are ready, let us print your bills. That's the cheapest advertising you can get.

Friday, Feb. 27—At the Florin Community Sale, at 8 P. M., real estate in Florin by Nathan B. Werner, Vogle, auct.

Friday, Feb. 27—On the premises, on the road leading from Manheim to Colebrook, near Old Line, 125 head of live stock consisting of 25 horses and mules, 15 cows, 10 bulls, 60 shoats, chickens and the entire line of implements, etc. by Allen H. Hoffer.

Friday, Feb. 27, at 8 P. M.—At the Florin Community Sale Florin, Pa., a lot of ground in Florin with brick house, poultry house, etc. by Mr. Nathan B. Werner, Vogle, auct.

Saturday, Feb. 28—At their place of business at Rheems, 25 horses and mules, ponies, shoats, etc., by Mummau Bros. See advertisement.

Saturday, Feb. 28—At Sever's Toll Gate along Lancaster Marietta State Road E. Hempfield township, personal property by John H. Harnish, Exec. of John B. Harnish, dec'd.

Tuesday, March 3—On the premises near Hessler's church, in Rapho township, live stock, implements and household goods by Harvey G. Becker, Frank, auct.

Tuesday, March 3—On the premises 1/2 mile north of Mountville, in West Hempfield Township, live stock, farming implements and some household goods by John M. Snyder, Wasser, auct.

Thursday, Mar. 5—On the premises the Bullmoose farm, in East Donegal, about one mile west of Donegal Springs and two miles north of Maytown, 14 head horses and mules, 16 cows, 12 sheep, 40 head shoats, implements and household goods, by Paul R. Bach, Frank, auct.

Monday, March 9—On the premises along the Marietta Pike, the former Harvey Nolt farm, near Siegrist's Mill, 2 miles north of Silver Spring, live stock, farm implements and household good lot of new furniture, by Norman H. Siegrist, Frank, auct.

Thursday, March 19—On the premises, 1 1/2 miles north of Mt. Joy on the road leading to Milton Grove, farm implements, live stock, good DeLco Light Plant and some household goods by H. W. Gutshall, Frank, auct.

Tuesday, March 10—On the premises near the borough of Mountville, in West Hempfield Township, live stock and farming implements by Ada Mae Smith, Wasser, auct.

Tuesday, March 10—On the road leading from Silver Springs to Salunga, about one-half mile from Former and 2 1/2 miles from Salunga, live stock, implements and household goods by Frank S. Nolt, Frank, auct.

Wednesday, March 11—On the premises in Rapho township, 2 1/2 miles southeast of Mount Joy, on the road leading from Mount Joy to Newtown, live stock and farm implements by G. L. Nissly, Frank, auctioneer.

Thursday, March 12—On the premises, the Getz farm along the Harrisburg concrete highway 3 miles west of Lancaster, live stock and farm implements by Martin E. Greider, Frank, auct.

Saturday, March 14—At his place of business in Mount Joy, big annual sale of new and used implements, etc. by H. S. Newcomer, Frank, auct.

Saturday, March 14—On the premises on Cooper Avenue, Landisville, large lot of household goods by Edith Heiserman and Annie F.eyer, Wasser, auct.

Monday, March 16—On the premises, the former Nissly farm, midway between Florin and Rheems, 20 horses, 4 mules, 10 stock bulls and 75 shoats by Irvin H. Kaylor.

Monday, March 16—On the C. Spangler Estate farm, one mile north of Maytown, three mules and a large lot of farm implements by H. N. Risser, Frank, auct.

Monday, March 16—On the premises on the C. Spangler Estate Farm, one mile north of Maytown, on the road leading from Donegal to Maytown, 3 head of horses and implements by Derwin Shumaker, Frank, auct.

Tuesday, March 17—On the premises on the road leading from Mount Joy to Mastersonville, near Hessler's Church, the S. T. Hollinger farm, lot of household goods and few implements by S. T. Hollinger, Kauffman, auct.

Tuesday, Mar. 17—On the premises along the Lancaster and Marietta pike, midway between Marietta and Silver Spring, large lot of live stock, the entire lot of farm implements by Wm. Eshleman, Frank, auct.

Wednesday, March 18—On the premises close to Maytown, stock and implements by M. R. Hoffman, Frank, auct.

Thursday, March 19—On the premises, 1 1/2 miles north of Mt. Joy on the road leading to Milton Grove, farm implements, live stock and some household goods by H. W. Gutshall, Frank, auct.

Friday, March 20—At their place of business at Salunga, big annual sale of new and used farm machinery, etc. by Kendig Bros. Frank, auct.

Saturday, March 21—On the premises 2 miles north of Mount Joy, on the road leading from Mount Joy to Milton Grove, the former Meckley farm, at Risser's Mill, 18 horses and mules, 40 head cows, 150 shoats, chickens, &c. by C. S. Frank & Bro.

Friday, April 3—On the premises near Mount Joy, big annual community sale by C. S. Frank & Bro.

"THAT LITTLE GAME" Ester-nat'l Cartoon Co., N.Y.—By E. Link

HOPE YOU DON'T LIE LIKE JONES DOES TO HIS WIFE. I SAW MRS. JONES TODAY AND SHE SAID, "MY HUSBAND IS ALWAYS FINDING MONEY, HE WENT BACK TO WORK AFTER SUPPER LAST NIGHT AND ON THE WAY HOME FOUND THREE DOLLARS! HE ALWAYS GIVES ME HALF."

HAW HAW! YOU DIDN'T PUT HER WISE, DID YOU? SHE'D RAZZ HIM TO THE GRAVE! HO-HO—SO HE TOLD HER HE FOUND THE THREE DOLLARS. HO-HO—WELL, IT WAS JUST LIKE FINDING IT, THE EASE WITH WHICH HE WON HERE LAST NIGHT.

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