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7 1-2 Vine Ripened Tomatoes 4 med cans 25c

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BREAD SUPREME Large Wrapped Loaf 7c

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These Prices Effective in Our MOUNT JOY STORE

Wanta Buy a Business? None that's on the rocks either but a good, substantial honest-to-goodness proposition that is paying.

I have a proposition here that won't require a big sum of money to handle. Business will include dwelling, auto truck, etc.

Now don't sit and think, ACT. Come and see me or phone and I'll call.

JNO. E. SCHROLL MOUNT JOY, PA.

WHEN IN NEED OF COAL - COKE CHICK FEEDS POULTRY SUPPLIES

HARRY LEEDOM MOUNT JOY, PA.

PRODUCE & LIVE STOCK MARKET

CORRECT INFORMATION FURNISHED WEEKLY BY THE PENNA. BUREAU OF MARKETS FOR THE BULLETIN

Market: Receipts for week were practically all from local feed lots, only four cars arriving by rail, between grades predominating, none quotable above \$8.75.

Receipts: For today's market, cattle 1 car from St. Paul; containing 34 head, 344 head trucked in, total cattle 377 head, 161 calves, 530 hogs.

Range of Prices STEERS \$8.00-9.25

HEIFERS 7.00-7.75

COWS 5.00-5.75

BULLS 6.00-7.50

VEALERS 10.00-11.00

FEEDERS AND STOCKERS 7.50-8.75

HOGS 9.25-9.75

Lancaster Grain and Feed Market Selling Price of Feeds Bran \$31.00-32.00 ton

Jujutsu of Chinese Origin? "My old teacher told me," recalls Taro Miyenke, Japanese exponent of Jujutsu, in an interview in the Atlanta Journal.

Ancient City of Bergamo One of the most picturesque towns of Lombardy in Italy is the ancient little city of Bergamo, perched on a conspicuous hill and still redolent of the days when the Venetians made it one of their fortresses.

Forget Troubles Troubles magnify themselves too largely in fearful anticipation. The result is wasted worry.

Grow Early Vegetables Hotbeds and cold frames are valuable equipment for growing early vegetables.

TOOK PICTURES OF BEAR & CUBS

(From page 1) ter den of mother bruin and three little cubs. The trip, which started by automobile, ended in a twelve mile "trek" on snowshoes through the wildest of Pennsylvania mountains and against a driving blizzard.

The bear's den consisted of a hollowed out stump of a tree about four feet high and about five feet in diameter. Here the three young cubs were born about late January, for they looked to be about two months old and weighed approximately 4 or 5 pounds.

HEARING IS HELD ON POLLUTION

(From page 1) pollution measures would force many industries out of business, were made at a public hearing at Harrisburg Tuesday on several measures providing for enforcement of anti stream pollution laws.

The opponents of these measures spoke favorably of the administration stream pollution bill introduced Monday night in the Senate by Senator Mansfield, Allegheny, which provides for classification of streams.

The proponents of the measure told of pollution in the streams of state and referred to the Pittsburgh harbor as the Pittsburgh cesspool. Grover C. Ladner, of Philadelphia, cited the higher cancer death rate in Philadelphia as compared with Camden and asserted that the "dirty Schuylkill river," from which Philadelphia draws its water, could be partly responsible for this.

Opponents of the measure told of "the incalculable" harm which they said enactment of such legislation would bring on the paper, coke mining and other industries in Pennsylvania. They said they were in favor of anti stream pollution measures but did not desire a measure which would enable municipalities or counties to force them into heavy expenditures in a short time to avert stream pollution.

The Situation Here The editor of the Bulletin brought suit against Geo. Brown's Sons, a local manufacturing plant, for spring pollution and won. The violator immediately installed a filtration plant at their mill here and are making an effort to discontinue said pollution.

Fatal to Fish The public can get an idea of as to just what results this pollution has on fish. Several weeks ago the writer of this article bought a number of the largest gold fish obtainable, from 8 to 10 inches in length, and placed them in a spring

Eve Finally Fell for Gus

By GENEVA COOK

EVE DELBERT had her own little life. Eve Delbert found herself would brush back a wistful tendril of spung-gold hair, lift her wide violet eyes appealingly, and say: "Oh, but I couldn't think of getting married, really. Not for years and years. I really couldn't. Good-by, Jim . . . or Harry . . . or Bill . . . Only one part of the formula ever varied, and that was the name.

But tonight, for the first time in her brief life, Eve Delbert found herself faced with a formula that wouldn't form. There was something in the steady gray eyes of Gus Morton that made the words fade on her lips.

"I-I can't, Gus," she faltered. His voice was tender but firm. He said: "Why not?"

And then suddenly she was telling him why not, letting him, as she had let no one else, glimpse into her inmost soul.

"You see, Gus, it's because I'm looking for something romantic to happen. Why, it wouldn't be exciting at all to marry and settle down here with some one right from Jonesville. I want—I guess every girl wants—glamour and adventure and romance, along with love." Without stopping to see the expression in Gus' eyes, she rushed on.

Five hours later Eve Delbert sat alone in a palm-shrouded corner of the Manyana club conservatory. Against the white gleam of marble long folds of dusky tulle fell from her shoulders to her tiny black slippers, and a wreath of silver stars was in her hair.

"Star light—" Eve turned at the sound of a deep voice at her shoulder.

"Star bright—" There was something throaty, something magical about that voice that seemed to weave a spell over everything.

"First star—only star I'll see tonight—" She could feel deep eyes upon hers, but she could not see them for the man at her side was dressed all in deep black, and a black mask concealed his face.

"Wish I may—" The thrilling voice made her heart beat fast.

"Wish I might—" Know if you're the Queen of Night . . . ?

"I'm the Spirit of Dusk," breathed Eve, softly. "And you?"

His voice deepened with mysterious power, as he answered, close at her side, "I am Midnight."

By and by, as the music of the orchestra drifted out to them, they danced there together.

Once, as they sat together, watching the play of iridescent light on silver water, Eve stirred. "I ought to go find—some one."

"You'll come back to me?" he whispered huskily.

And she answered, "Oh, yes!" She had to look a long time for Gus before she saw him standing, tall and determined, in his blue denim overalls and straw hat, up against a pillar near the ballroom door.

"Oh, Gus! I'm having the most wonderful time. I've met—some one. He's dressed as Midnight."

Gus flung back his head with scorn. "Huh! Too bad he isn't the Big Dipper!"

"Oh, Gus," her voice was tearful. "You just don't understand. It's just as I said, you aren't romantic. You don't have the thickest bit of imagination. And I'll never marry you—never!"

She flung herself toward the door leaving him standing there, fumbling at a long piece of straw behind his ear.

Back in the conservatory all was still. Breathless, Eve waited for him to come. If—some-time—he should ask her what Gus had asked her tonight—, She reached up to brush back a wisp of soft hair—and suddenly he was there! His tall form was bending over her, his arms were around her—, He was lifting her in his arms, reaching the door in four long strides.

At her first cry, a firm hand was upon her mouth. She could not make a sound. She felt herself lifted into a car, a big black one. His voice, rough and important now, whispered in her ear, "The Charlot of Night. And you—you are going with me, my dusky-lover, where there is no day!"

Eve's breath came in great gasps. She struggled to free herself, twisting and turning in the strong, ardent arms of Midnight.

Oh, if only Gus would come. If only she hadn't been such an idiot, going into the conservatory alone, like that. Looking for Romance! No wonder he thought . . .

With one great wrench she loosened herself from his grasp, sprang from the car, and ran swiftly, madly, toward the club. With the sound of footsteps pounding the gravel behind her, she fled up the path, and through the door.

A long hour later, Eve, zoned contentedly into the steady, trustworthy eyes of Gus Morton. "No more romance or imagination for me, Gus," she whispered happily. "Just only You!"

Perhaps it was well for her that she did not see later the man with no imagination, alone in his room, lock securely the bottom of his trunk one costume of deepest black, with one black mask; and lock securely in the bottom of his loving heart, one secret—not so very black.

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