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Agent Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.)

**C. E. LUTZ, ELIZABETHTOWN, PA.**

GET IT AT

**GRISSINGER'S E. Main St., MT. JOY, PA.**

**CHAS. HELLER MASTERTSONVILLE, PA.**

# You Can Depend On The Man Who Advertises

NINE times out of ten you will find that the man who advertises is the man who most willingly returns your money if you are not satisfied.

He has too much at stake to risk losing your trade or your confidence. You can depend on him.

He is not in business for today or tomorrow only—but for next year and ten years from next year. He knows the value of good will.

You get better merchandise at a fairer price than he could ever hope to sell it if he did not have the larger volume of business that comes from legitimate advertising and goods that bear out the promise of the printed word.

Don't miss the advertisements. This very day they call your attention to values that tomorrow you will be sorry you overlooked.

Far Cheaper Than You Can Build

## VERY MODERN HOME

On an 80-foot front lot, house has 8-rooms and bath, slate roof, large porch, hot water heat, oil burner, hot and cold cellar, all cemented, possession any time. This is one of the best built homes in Mount Joy. Only reason for selling, but one person in the family. I will cheerfully show this property. No. 442.

## Modern 7-Room House

On a 60-foot lot, corner, bath, oil burner, slate roof; house recently painted and papered. 2-Car Garage, poultry house, fruit, etc. Come and inspect.

**JNO. E. SCHROLL, Realtor**  
 MOUNT JOY, PENNA.

### DO YOU KNOW WHY --- You Can't Tell What'll Happen In A Cabaret?



### OWL LAFFS Our Komic Kolm



BY A WISE OWL

A flea and an elephant walked side by side over a bridge. Said the flea to the elephant, after they had crossed: Boy, we sure did shake that thing.

A certain Mount Joy street mother gives the following as her definition of a boy: A noise with dirt on it.

George Mumper, up at Florin, says he has the laziest roosters in the state. In fact, they're so lazy they wait for the roosters next door to crow.....and then they nod their heads and say "ditto."

No wonder a hen cackles when she lays an egg, for she's done something which may turn out to be a SON that never sets.

The train came to a sudden grinding stop, causing the passengers to jump. "What has happened, conductor?" cried a nervous old lady from Maytown. "Nothing much.... We ran over a cow," replied the conductor. "Was it on the track?" asked the old lady. "No," replied the disgruntled conductor, "we chased it into a barn."

A lady from town was complaining to a minister about her husband when the minister said: "You must remember you took him for better or for worse." "Yeah, I know," remarked the lady. "I took him for better or for worse, but he's a whole lot worse than I took him for."

During the final examinations in our grade schools a child was asked why his essay on milk was only half a page while the others wrote eight or nine pages. And the child said: Teacher, I wrote about condensed milk.

That child's too smart for the grade schools. He should lend some of his smartness to one of his classmates, who when told to read the book, Little Women, said: Say, I'll like that. I always did like to read about midgets.

Here's a little matrimonial play in three acts taken from the life of one of our local families. First act. He talks....she listens. Second act, one year after marriage: she talks, he listens. Third act: one year after that and from then on: They both talk and the neighbors listen.

I asked Abe Faus why he always smokes cigars without bands and he replied: I enjoy a quiet smoke.

Edgar Hagenberger says that man is but a worm. He comes along, wiggles about a bit, then some chicken gets him.

There's a man on New Haven St. who hasn't spoken to his wife for 6 months....he hates to interrupt her.

Here's one I just learned about that occurred several weeks ago while Joe Detwiler was attending the horse races.

As the horse Joe bet on passed the grand stand he looked right up at Joe. Joe pointed and shouted to him: They went that way.

But there are slower horses than the one Joe picked. Another fellow from town who was at those races, bet on a certain horse in that same race and the next day they had to chase it off the track before the races could start.

This week our Dumb Dora would like to know if whales change their oil every five hundred miles.—Will some kind garageman enlighten her, please?

A surgeon at one of the Lancaster hospitals was terribly excited, when ask what the trouble was, and exclaimed: "I've just operated on a man, but I'm afraid I used too much cat-tail to sew him up. Before the operation his stomach growled, but now it meows."

Modern man owes much to his

1st Veteran—Did you ever eat any horse meat?  
 2nd Ditto—No, I always remember the fate of poor Dugan when he was in the war. He was eating some horse meat in France when someone said "whoa!"—and he choked to death.

Pastor—I touched them rather deeply this morning, don't you think so?  
 Deacon—I'm not sure; I haven't counted up the contributions yet.

Stranger—What sort of a case is being tried?  
 Court Clerk—A woman is accused of shooting her husband.

Stranger—Is the defendant beautiful?  
 Clerk—I wouldn't want to say; the jury's verdict will settle that.

Photographer (to woman sitter)—Look pleasant, please!  
 Sitter—I get the idea.  
 Photographer (click, click) — Now you can resume your natural expression.

Cutajar—Do you think that our Wall Street bankers are likely to form?

Spoof—No; a leopard can't change his spots, you know.

Cutajar—Yes, but he can have the spots knocked off of him.

Timothy Hay—Yes, I've seen a few bad crop years in my time, too. One year our string beans were so poor that the crop didn't even pay for the string.

Al Falfa—That's nothing, Tim. In '34 our corn crop was so bad that my old dad, who had a very poor appetite, ate up 14 acres of corn at a single meal.

Newly Wedded Man—By George, Lucile; these biscuits of yours look exactly like those my mother used to make, 20 years ago.  
 Wife—How delightful! I'm so glad! Man (biting one)—And by George I believe they ARE the same biscuits.

Tommy—Dad, what is meant by writers' cramp?  
 Dad—It's being cramped for money, my son. All writers suffer from it.

Bingo—What is thi thing they call technocracy?  
 Stingo—It seems to me it's foot-and-mouth disease on the brain.

#### A BIRD NEIGHBOR

**The Indigo Bunting**  
 These beautiful birds are a common summer resident in Pennsylvania arriving here late in April and departing for the South in late September. The male birds generally arrive several days in advance of the females, but when they go in the fall, it seems they all go together.

The male Indigo Bunting is one of our most brilliant birds, being azure blue with the outer part of the wings brownish, while the female is a dull brown in color and may easily be mistaken for another species of sparrow. The Indigo Bird inhabits briary thickets along roads or the edges of woodland, where they may be seen gathering their favorite food, the seeds of weeds. They also eat berries and some small fruits, but should be forgiven for this, as they destroy so many of the seeds of destructive weeds.

The nest is a cup like affair, suspended in a bush three or four feet from the ground and the four eggs are pure white and unspotted.

There is no better way to boost your business than by local newspaper advertising.

ancestors and he is trying to owe a lot to his descendants.

On Monday Mr. Potter, our local Ford salesman, received a letter from a young lady to whom he had sold a car a month ago. At the time of the deal he had promised to replace all busted parts, so in the letter the lady wrote for one pair of ankles, one short rib, an ear lobe, one square foot of cuticle, a box of assorted finger nails, three teeth and a funny bone.

Time tells on a man, but it shouts at a woman.

A newly married husband came home to dinner on Monday to see a very odd pie on the dinner table. He inquired: What kind of pie is that, wife? And she answered: That's coconut. Yes, so it is, he said, but what's that big lump sticking up in the middle? And she replied: Why, honey, that's the coconut. But may be I should have taken the shell off before I cooked it.

Golf without hazards and bunkers would be monotonous. So would life.

A WISE OWL

### "THAT LITTLE GAME" Inter-nat'l Cartoon Co., N.Y.—By B. Link



AND HERE'S HOW IT ENDED:  
 ONE BOOSTER HAD FOUR DEUCES PAT. THE OTHER DREW ONE AND MADE AN "ACE FULL", WHILE THE POOR FISH IN BETWEEN DREW THREE, CAUGHT THE OTHER TWO JACKS, RAKED IN THE POT AND THANKED THE BOOSTERS FOR MAKING IT SUCH A NICE ONE.  
 SO IT'S NOT ALWAYS UNFORTUNATE TO BE CAUGHT BETWEEN.

### HEALTH TALK

WRITTEN BY DR. THEODORE B APPEL, SECRETARY OF HEALTH

At this time of year outdoor sports come into their own. Tennis, golf, baseball and swimming are now daily adding thousands of seasonal recruits. However, it perhaps might be well to temper superenthusiasm with a bit of caution. For while sports and play are of immense constructive value, like other good things they can be overdone with a consequent loss of their definite advantage, states Dr. Theodore B. Appel, Secretary of the Health.

Already there have been reports of accidental drownings. Investigations of these cases, with but one or two exceptions, indicate that egotism or downright carelessness were to blame. In fact, a number of the drownings involved expert swimmers who, sold to their prowess, attempted feats beyond their capacity to endure. Others, under the temporary intoxication of the sport, carelessly went beyond their depth and sank before help could reach them. This latter fact indicates that it is most unwise to swim in isolated spots and thus deprive one's self of help in case of need.

Pennsylvania has hundreds of well supervised, well regulated and sanitary outdoor pools and the bathing beaches. Serious accidents seldom occur at them. These usually take place at the isolated spot or in out of bounds areas in lakes and the ocean.

Thus, swimming, one of the best of sports from a health standpoint, needs to be indulged in with a proper respect for the possible hazards involved. Incidentally, middle aged and older persons should be physically checked up before engaging too strenuously in this form of activity.

Even tennis, baseball and other recreational activities that demand maximum effort should be handled with a measure of restraint by those no longer young. Abruptly to step out of a winter's sedentary life and over indulge in violent exercise of any kind is throwing a strain upon those of middle age that is quite unjustifiable. Numerous instances are on file where such practices have resulted in serious illness and then have proved fatal.

Therefore, while it's common sense to make good use of the summer days in outdoor recreation, it is not common sense to go to extremes. Many bodies that have done their work excellently for forty years or more can still take a lot of punishment, but wisdom prompts reasonable caution. In this way many serious and some fatal back fires can be avoided.

ARM CHAIR BATH TUB  
 Bath tubs seldom change much in style. However, reports from Germany say there is a radically new tub on the market there. It is called the "arm chair" tub. In it the bather sits down with his feet down in the bottom and the water up around his shoulders. Such a tub is said to be ideal for small apartment house bath rooms. They take up very little room and besides being quite comfortable, a fellow can give himself just as good a scrub-down as in a full-length tub.

### "Bulletin" Advertising Is the Key To Success

## Who Wants A Bargain?

Compare this with anything you've seen or heard of in cheap real estate.

- 40 Acre Farm
- Bank Barn
- Stone House
- 3 Springs, 1 Well
- Tract Woodland
- Running Water
- On State Road
- Electric Current
- Hangs 5a Tobacco
- All Taxes \$48 Year
- All Southern Exposure
- For Trucking and Fruit
- 1 Mile to Market
- Price Only \$3,000
- 2/3 Can Remain at 4% Possession Any Time

**Jno. E. Schroll**  
 Mount Joy, Penna.

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