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An endless chain, so to speak, and the merchant who doesn't advertise and advertise regularly is doing nothing if he isn't breaking links in this endless chain.

Simply Dial 3-9661 Mt. Joy, and a skiled ad writer of The Bulletin, a newspaper brimful of reader interest-about everything that happens in this community-will be glad to place your merchandise before the reading public.

y you don't believe me." Burt was mightily pleased with ster Fellowship, last Sunday evenry you don't believe me." himself. Moreover, it gave him a ing, the following officers were elcertain feeling of superiority, appeased his vanity.

Thus having satisfied himself that Lynn was once and for all definitely cured and having promised himself that he would never again break down when she offered her excuses, it was something of a shock to return home two days later and find her stretched full length on the couch.

"Well," he roared, "what is this, a game? There's plenty to be done around here, yet you seem to find time enough to take a snooze. Just what is your excuse this time? Now don't tell me you're sick or something. That gag's worn out." But Lynn didn't move. She lay there, very still. And presently Burt came nearer, bent down to peer at her face. A horrible, sick, ening fear clutched at his heart; a wretched sense of shame and guilt and self-condemnation. For Lynn had an iron-clad excuse at last that was flawless.

Everybody reads newspapers but NOT everybody reads circular advertising left on their door step.



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