

I should do my washing today, too.
But my stomach's so upset...

My goodness, Nancy, take
Pepto-Bismol! Hospital tests
prove it relieves upsets.
And it's wonderful for
indigestion or nausea, too.



Pepto-Bismol works where soda, saltzars and "tummy-aids" fail!
For upset stomach, indigestion, nausea, or diarrhea—
Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes with
a gentle coating action. It works in both the stomach and
the lower digestive tract—where soda and alkalizers
never help. For children or adults, this wonderful pink
liquid helps control simple diarrhea without constipating.
Take hospital tested Pepto-Bismol... and feel good again!



Woman Screams As Feet Burn!

"Can't anything help—my feet are on fire," she cried as she took off her shoes. Too hot she didn't know about soothing medicated Ice-Mint with lanolin. Ice-Mint starts to work instantly to soothe and relieve tired burning feet—softens corns and calluses. Get Ice-Mint today.

WOMEN! TIRED EYES?

When your eyes are tired from a long day, soothe with cooling LAVOPTIK Eye Lotion. Promptly relieves burning, itching, inflamed eyes. Get LAVOPTIK Eye Lotion for home and office. 45 years' success. Praise by thousands. Your local druggist has LAVOPTIK Eye Lotion. Free Eye-cup included.

Get to the root of Athlete's Foot

or other fungus infection with

NP-27

...and the fungus
is dead forever!

Now, with clinically proven NP-27, you can kill the most stubborn, deep-bedded fungus!

Never again need those fiery, itchy fungi torture you. Unlike surface antiseptics, ointments, liniments, NP-27 penetrates to the very root of Athlete's Foot. Gets rid of dangerous dead skin. Promotes growth of new skin.

Guaranteed to kill the fungi, or druggist will refund your money.

Nothing relieves Athlete's Foot like
LIQUID NP-27



plagued?

Insects scoot from "6-12" Insect Repellent

Strong defense against mosquitoes, chiggers, gnats, and flies, black flies. Easy to carry and use. Lasting, pleasant, won't irritate delicate skin. Get some today!



- stick, 59¢
- bottle, 59¢
- spray, \$1.39

A BLACK EYE FOR MISS MILLINGTON

Continued from preceding page



AT GUN POINT they brought in the town's most prominent citizen

Uncle George Traps A Murderer

I'll tell you what's wrong. I'm walking along the river bank over the hill there—taking my regular afternoon constitutional—when I hear that fool dog galloping up behind me. Then I hear someone shout 'Stop!' I knew they weren't shouting at me so I paid no attention.

"Next thing I hear the crack of a rifle and—and my hat—this hat—was knocked clean off my head." He held out the hat, his shaking forefinger poked through a hole in it. "From seventy-five yards away this—this old fool—took a shot at me. Well, I stopped. He walked up to me, cool as a cucumber, and says 'You're under arrest!'"

"A private citizen has a right to make an arrest when he has evidence of a crime," Uncle George said, placidly.

"What crime?" Patrick Aloysius Molloy asked, his jaw jutting forward.

"Murder," said Uncle George, in the same placid voice. "The murder of Dave Champagne."

"Ha!" Mr. Twining snorted. "This man shot at me. It's criminal assault. I demand his arrest. It's time this old—old reprobate had his comeuppance."

"You can't shoot at a man with a deadly weapon," Gilligan said to Uncle George. "I didn't shoot at him," Uncle George said. "I shot at his hat."

"From seventy-five yards away! You could be sure of hitting my hat?" Twining shouted. "It's a criminal act, I tell you."

"Where did you get the cockeyed idea Mr. Twining killed old Dave?" Patrick Aloysius Molloy demanded.

"My dog followed his trail," Uncle George said.

"You heard Miss Millington's description of the killer?" Molloy asked, grimly. "Blue coveralls, blue shirt, soot-stained face?"

"Yes," Uncle George said.

"Yet you fired at Mr. Twining? Even at a distance you couldn't have made such a mistake. Take his gun, Gilligan. You can rest assured, Mr. Twining, I'll see that this man is prosecuted to the limit." Molloy gave Uncle George a tight-lipped smile. "You see, Mr. Crowder, we've already identified and arrested the murderer."

He nodded toward the Grabowski boy.

Trooper Gilligan had been around Lakeview a lot longer than Patrick Aloysius Molloy. He knew Uncle George. He was a little disturbed. He took a step toward Uncle George. His bright young eyes met Uncle George's cool blue ones for a moment. Then, quietly, Uncle George handed over his rifle.

"You're under arrest, Mr. Crowder," Patrick Aloysius said.

Uncle George looked at him steadily. "If I was to tell you the Lakeview National Bank is in bad trouble, you'd call me unbalanced, wouldn't you, Molloy?"

"I would," Molloy said.

"Stark, staring crazy," Mr. Twining said.

"If I was to offer you ten thousand dollars for that old coffee can on the shelf back of Dave Champagne's stove, you'd say I was unbalanced, wouldn't you, Molloy?"

"I would."

"And you've already indicated you think I'm unbalanced when I tell you I wasn't shooting at Mr. Twining—only his hat?"

"At seventy-five yards Annie Oakley couldn't be sure," Molloy said.

Uncle George sighed. "If I could prove you wrong in one instance," he said. "Maybe you'd listen while I broke you down in a couple more."

Joey Trimble was tugging at the old man's sleeve. "William Tell me, Uncle George," the boy said.

The old man's eyes narrowed. "Why that's a first-class idea, Joey," he said. "Now you run down to that apple tree across the yard. A good seventy-five yards, I'd say."

Joey went off on the run. It was Miss Millington who came to life first. "William Tell!" she cried. "You don't mean you propose to shoot an apple off that boy's head! Patrick!"

"Oh, I'm not going to shoot an apple off his head," Uncle George said. "He'd like me to. Real proud of me, that boy is. But I wouldn't. Might upset his father. I would like to show you, though, that when I say I was aiming at Mr. Twining's hat that's what I was aiming at."

Joey was down under the apple tree and