

THE GYPSY PHRENOLOGIST IS THE PAST MASTER OF THE GOOD OLD ARMY GAME

(Arthur Peterson in Toledo Blade)
Why are head bumps? Why do they lot the skull? What do they mean? What, if anything, lurks beneath? What, if nothing is beneath, holds them up?

There comes a tense period in every man's life when it is vitally necessary to learn the worst about bumps.

So, furtively, I went to a gypsy "phrenologist" Thursday and learned it. I am to live to be a "Remember When"—that is, past 80 years. Meanwhile a brunette and a blonde, one a man and the other a woman, are to go about here and there making trouble for me.

My "phrenologist" installed Thursday in a vacant store in Monfoe street is not so much a reader of the skull as she is an adept in the gentle art of extracting money from her client. Here is the "old army game," an occupation whose object is never to give a sucker an even break. "Phrenology" is her side issue. The black art of hocus-pocus, of penny-dreadful magic is her chief trade. The means to her end, money, is a variant of the third degree. Skillfully she combines the devices of monotonous repetition and touch; and never once is her subject permitted to escape from the stare of her cunning eyes. She is by times wheedling, abusive, scoffing and rude.

Gold Teeth Dazzle

My "phrenologist" had two of the most stunning gold front teeth I have ever blinked an eye at. Facing a spotlight they would be dazzling. She also had an abundance of flesh, an aroma as of a camel in the rain, a wide assortment of garish bangles, all inscribed with talismanic characters, and the shrewdest brown eyes that ever looked through a blue serge coat and saw a dollar bill in a breast pocket.

Having been ushered into a chair, this seeress of the skull indicated that a dollar would begin the seance. I proffered a bill. She took it, folded it and pressed it just above that part of the forehead where browse the eyebrows. She muttered blood-curdling words and presto! the dollar disappeared. The trick didn't impress me; I know any number of merchants who can do it as easily.

At any rate, she touched my forehead again and saw longevity ahead. She touched it again and prophesied luck in love. Having paused once before the hymeneal altar, I said that I already had found luck. She touched my forehead again and intimated with some heat that no gentleman would gainsay the word of a gypsy lady. I was to have luck in love—that was her story and she proposed to cleave to it.

Brood of Five

In the fourth excursion to my noble brow she found—but ah, how may one divulge delicately that five children, three girls and two boys, are to brighten his old age? In her fifth excursion she netted the treacherous blond and the dangerous brunet.

At this point the seance entered its second stage and my "phrenologist" forgot all about skulls. I had hoped for an explanation of the hills and valleys, the knobs and knolls, the swales and swells that billow and toss back of the forehead. I had hoped for thrilling terminology, for assurances that I would succeed in the sawhorse business, and for flattering references to my bumps of industry, perseverance and intellect.

Instead my "phrenologist" leaned forward, fixed her sharp eyes on mine and said that someone in the family had stomach trouble.

"Onnerstan?" she asked, almost in the tone of an order.

Luck Will Break

It was quite possible and I said so. She then poked me in the arm and told me that my luck in the past had been bad. "Onnerstan?" she asked. I admitted the charge and was poked in the arm again. Then, in rapid succession, broken by the peremptory "onnerstan" and pokes in the arm, I was told that my luck was due for a change in August, that my health would be excellent that I would enjoy a long trip (and that's no lie), and that, in the near future, wine, women and song would be available in quantity.

We now entered the third and last stage of the sitting. Intent on banishing the conditions which brought bad luck and ill health, the mistress of hocus-pocus demanded a coin and a handkerchief. I was told to blow on a corner of the cloth. After passing it over the forehead, heart and abdominal cavity, and at each step ordering bad luck to depart, she tied a knot in the corner. We went through the same process with the coin and it was tied into another corner of the handkerchief. She ordered the coin to be left where it was and spent only after three days had elapsed.

"You spend bad luck; onnerstan; bad luck go way, onnerstan!"

Bill Arouses Interest

Two keys, a street-car token, two silver coins and a \$5 bill were used to chase away more bad luck. The \$5 note seemed to arouse polite interest. In exchange for it the "phrenologist" proposed to perform an extra-special ceremony to keep bad luck at arm's length for the rest of my life. Five dollars, however, is five dollars.

Couldn't we strike a better bargain? I asked. She came down to \$3. I spoke of poverty. She descended to \$2. Still I was reluctant. At this point a swarthy associate arrived and added her arguments for the spending of \$2. Wasn't, she asked indignantly, such an extra-special ceremony worth it? I doubted it, and the price immediately dropped to 50 cents. Our bargain was reached at 25 cents.

The extra-special ceremony went like this: Clasp the quarter firmly in one hand, the gypsy took hold of my left ear with the other, whistled through her teeth and ordered bad luck to keep away. Seizing my right ear, whistling and shooting off ill luck again, she pocketed the quarter and rose in dismissal.

Out in the bright sunlight again, I fell to thinking that there comes a tense period in every man's life when it is vitally necessary to learn the worst about one's cranial bumps.

Some day I shall go to a phrenologist.

MOCK MINCEMEAT.

Two cups cooked rice
One cup raisins
Half cup currants
Two-thirds cup honey
1-4 cup candied orange peel
1 tablespoon melted butter
1-4 teaspoon cinnamon
1-4 teaspoon nutmeg
2 tablespoons vinegar
1-2 teaspoon salt
Mix thoroughly and use as filling for one double crust pie.

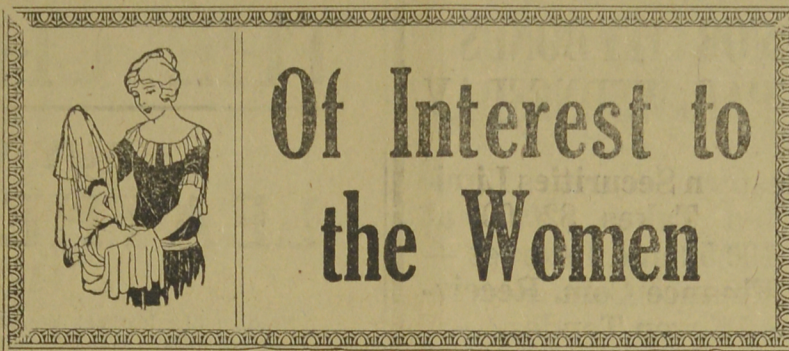
HURT IN WOODS.

Nackawick, Dec. 8—Harry McFarlane, of this place, was brought home from Christie's lumber camp last week, where he was working in the woods. He was suffering from a painful accident, having badly chopped his knee across the cap, which will necessitate him lying on his back for at least ten days. Dr. Jewett of Millville is the attending physician. The patient is doing favorably.

THE ELEPHANT.

The elephant's a lucky pup. He rumbles like a thrasher; His trunk is never battered up By any baggage-smasher.

H. P. LeBlanc of Moncton is in the city.



BEEF HEART MINCE.

3 cups finely chopped boiled beef heart
1/2 pound finely chopped suet
2 quarts chopped apples
3 cups sugar
3 cups raisins
1 cup soup stock
3/4 cup grape juice
3/4 cup boiled cider
1-3 cup lemon juice
Grated rind one lemon
1 cup currants
1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cloves
2 teaspoons salt
3/4 cup chopped candied orange peel
1/2 cup finely cut citron

Combine all ingredients and cook slowly for two hours if mixture is to be canned; if not, cook long enough to cook apples. In either case cook slowly, with frequent stirring.

MOLASSES MINCEMEAT.

1 quart chopped cooked apples
2 cups suet
2 quarts chopped apples
2 cups sugar
1 cup molasses
4 cups raisins
2 cups currants
1 cup finely cut citron
1 small glass currant jelly
1-3 cup orange juice
1-4 cup lemon juice
1 tablespoon allspice
1 1/2 tablespoons cinnamon
1 quart boiled cider
1 cup grape juice
2 teaspoons salt
Mix like the recipe above

MARMALADE MINCEMEAT.

1 pound lean beef cooked and chopped
2 quarts chopped apples
2 cups boiled cider
2 cups sugar
1/2 cup molasses
2 cups raisins
1/2 cup chopped citron
1-2 cup finely cut candied cherries
1-2 cup orange marmalade
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1-2 teaspoon salt
1 cup grape juice
Mix like the recipe above

MOCK MINCEMEAT.

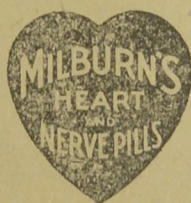
1-2 cup bread crumbs
1 cup raisins
1-2 teaspoon cinnamon
1-2 cup sugar
1-4 teaspoon allspice
1-4 teaspoon nutmeg
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 egg
1 tablespoon melted butter
1/2 cup molasses
1 cup chopped apples
1-2 teaspoon salt
Mix the bread crumbs with the raisins, sugar and apples. Add spices and melted butter to beaten egg. Mix vinegar with the molasses, then combine all ingredients, mixing thoroughly. Fill a pastry lined pie plate cover with top crust and bake. This is sufficient for one pie.

Myrtle—Marie went simply wild over that little dog Herbert gave her.
Jane—Gracious! Did it give her the hydrophobia?

Was So Nervous The Least Noise Made Her Jump

Mrs. W. H. Yates, Ashern, Man., writes:—"I was bothered very much with my heart and nerves, and the least noise would make me jump and almost stop my heart beating."

I told my mother about it one day, and she said that she had been bothered the same way and told me to get a box of



When I had taken the one box I felt quite a lot better and by the time I had taken three boxes I got relief.
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Of Interest to the Women

A STAR MAP.

(From The Bookman)

All of heaven in my hands—
With one finger I can turn
Till I sink Orion's bands,
And the Lyre begins to burn.

I can make a night of spring,
Shivering Spica, white Altair,
And above me I can swing
Slowly Benenice's Hair.

Winter evening, autumn dawn
Man has charged; I can see
How Midsummer Night moves on
Tranquilly and terribly;

Light lost in light, death lost in death,
Time without end, Space without bound—

I, whose life is but a breath,
Turn Infinity around.

—SARA TEASDALE.

HOLDS POST AS SUGAR SCIENTIST

Batavia, Java, Dec. 15—Miss G. Wilbrink, of Cheribon, Java, holds a rare position for a woman. She is the chief directorate of the important governmental sugar control station.

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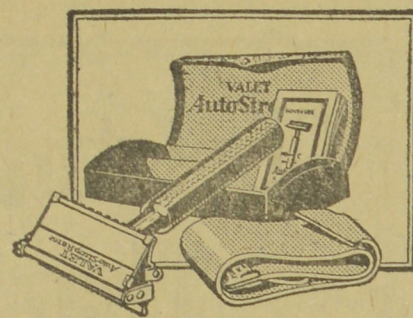
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