

## A RUMMAGE SALE COMBINES OLD CURIOSITY SHOP AND A RAG FAIR; THE BASIS IS SOUND

(New York Sun.)

If you have never been to a rummage sale by all means go. It towers high in memory above all other affairs by its supreme cheapness, its immense picturesqueness. It combines Old Curiosity Shop and Rag Fair. And like all creations of genius, it is so simple that one wonders why everyone does not attend one.

Every rummage sale is bound to be a success, in the first place, because it appeals to two of the most fundamental instincts of the human heart—the instinct for hoarding useless articles and the primal passion for bargains. The managers of such a sale appeal to all their friends to give them "some of the old things you have put away in the attic." Of course, everyone has something away in the attic, or hanging in the back of a closet, or down in the bottom of a trunk, that will never be used. It is, of course, not to be expected that people, however charitably inclined, will give all their useless things to the rummage sale, for that would be asking too much of human nature.

In one particular sale there were autoharps, art squares, artificial flowers, bagpipes, busts, books, canary cages, chairs, coats, clocks, dog baskets, dresses, doorknobs, engravings, egg beaters, furniture, forks, glass, gloves, ginger jars, hunting books, hourglasses, hoes, and so on down the alphabet, until a second-hand store was slowly evolved out of the apparent chaos, with the managers and their friends as saleswomen, and the appeal to the second great human instinct—that of bargaining—began.

None of this cherished rubbish, so carefully gathered, can be sold at full price, but as it costs the managers absolutely nothing, any price pays. Therefore there are bargains like unto none upon earth.

### Many Want Bagpipes.

The bagpipes were sold off in a moment after the sale began and were inquired for eagerly afterward by many comers. The sale pleased every-

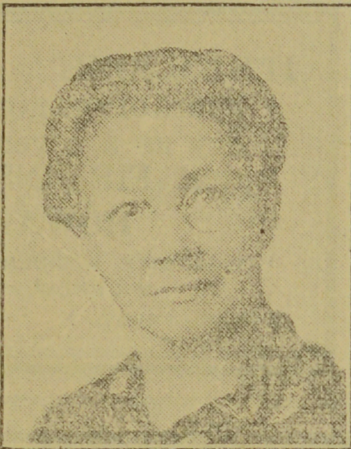
one. One woman said, "It was like the quality of mercy, twice blessed, which blesseth him that gives and him that takes." There were some awkward moments, however, as when one woman shopper held up a pair of infants' socks and asked the seller, in a sepulchral whisper, "Is them diseased?" Another woman, after buying a cape, a dress and a pair of shoes for her daughter, laboriously exclaimed that she "wouldn't think of letting her child wear cast-off clothing; no, never—she was only buying them for sou-

ceeners." Dresses and hats went with astonishing rapidity, and it was not safe to leave one's coat behind on the counters. One girl, who carelessly left her coat behind one counter while she stepped away to try on one of the bargains, looked across just in time to see it pinned up among the others, marked, "Only \$2," and she had some difficulty in rescuing it from an eager buyer.

Cook books and hymn books went like hot cakes. Nearly all the bric-a-brac needed repairs, but it sold readily. In fact, the whole sale was an unrivaled stroke of genius. For so many to give gladly what cost them nothing, and for so many to buy it joyfully at half or quarter price, and thus to clear over \$2,000, and everybody pleased all around, buyers and

## OPERATIONS AVOIDED BY THESE TWO WOMEN

They Tell How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Stood Between Them and the Hospital



MRS. SUSAN DAYMAN  
R. R. NO. 5, COLBORNE, ONTARIO

Colborne, Ontario.—"When I was first married I was very thin and weak. I suffered all the time and doctor and took medicine. Life became a burden, and doctors said an operation could help me, but my husband was opposed to that. I had seen Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine advertised, so I told my husband that I thought I would try it, that I might get some relief. I had not taken one bottle when I could feel it helping me. I took five bottles and had better health. Now I have three girls and a boy, and do all my

work. I am now at the Change of Life and owe my good health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. SUSAN DAYMAN, R. R. No. 5, Colborne, Ontario.

### Another Bad Case Remedied

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I am writing to let you know what the Vegetable Compound has done for me. My first baby died at the age of four and one-half months, and it was a year and nine months later that I had my second child. When my first baby died I was in a very weak condition with pains, headaches and weakness. I went to the doctor and he said I would have to be operated on. I did not want to be operated upon, for I hate hospitals. I spoke to my mother about the operation, and she said, 'You do not need it! I was told the same thing when I was young, but I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and was all right.' My grandmother said the same thing. So I took the Vegetable Compound and used the Sanative Wash. After taking the first bottle of Vegetable Compound I felt fire and when I was taking the sixth bottle I was on the road to recovery and my pains had disappeared and the weakness had ceased. Now I have three healthy boys and am never doing praising your medicine."—Mrs. CAROLINE NAGY, 2717 Sears Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## A LIKING FOR PICKLES IS SAID TO BE A SIGN OF YOUTH; OTHER ENJOYMENTS RECALLED

Eating pickles is a sign of youth.

Many a man goes back to the pickle dish in his middle age to find that his pickles have lost their savor, says a writer in the Washington Star.

The fault lies not with the relish but with the man.

He sits down at the table some evening intent on enjoying a good meal, takes a look at the container and decides that the pickles therein look very good.

He samples one.

"These pickles are no good," he announces, bluntly.

"I guess the liking for pickles is a sign of youth," comes the reply.

Surely that is the answer to it. Children have a number of decided preferences, none of which is more decided than the taste for treated cucumbers.

First comes the liking for the large sour pickles of infancy and early school days. To watch a youngster eat one the beholder might think that it was a bon-bon of some rare and exquisite species.

Later he goes in for fancy sweet pickles turning finally to chow-chow and such concoctions. The time will come, however, when he ceases to take any particular gustatory interest in all this.

Then he may know that middle age has him in its grip.

### Other Juvenile Pleasures.

There are other signs of youth, too, which deserve mention now that we have started upon it. We hope we will tread upon no one's mental toes, as it were, of course anyone to feel that we are slandering deserving things or practices.

Consider those old time telephone conversations with one's best girl of the moment. Blessing upon the "best girl!" She was an anchor in the windward, and how one loved to talk to her over the telephone.

As one looks back upon it the performance was nothing short of amazing. For sheer flow of words there was nothing before nor has there been anything since to compare with it. We have a suspicion that much the same sort of linguistic marathon goes on today, at several hundred thousand cross-angles, in all parts of the United States.

Anyone can recall as much as two solid hours spent with the left arm hooked to permit the receiver to meet the ear, while the arm grew numb and more numb and the words grew longer and longer. It was the matter of the fraternity dance, perchance, to be held next week. There were several million details to be discussed, every one of which had to be gone into thoroughly. Nothing must be left to chance. In the sublime conceit of youth this was a real affair with the eyes of the town upon it.

Today one manages his telephone conversation more conservatively as it were. One is more suave about it. The old urge is lacking. What is the use of spending an hour on the phone when two minutes will settle all the details? And those hour-long good-bys!

They were (and are) a sign of youth, too. For in discussing these things one cannot forget that it is only his own youth that has vanished, other youths are in their heyday. Let us never forget this, lest the vaporings of the new versions strike our aging eyes as silly and worse.

### Telling Mabel Good-By.

Recall the evening it took three hours to tell Mabel good-by. The clock in the tower had struck 11, the lights were our all along the block. Several well placed coughs from above stairs had indicated what you already knew, that it was time to go.

"Good-by," you said.

"Good-by," responded Mabel.

This was but the beginning of it, however. Many highly important matters had to be discussed. It took one an hour to get as far as the porch steps, another hour to get to the bottom of them and yet another to get to the gate.

sellers, is a remarkable record. Like the inhabitants of the New Hebrides, who, according to the undergraduate, "gained a prosperous livelihood by washing one another's clothing," the inhabitants of every city and town can now support any number of charities by selling one another's clothing.

Once at the gate there was nothing to it but to proceed, and this you did, as the clock in the steeple was sounding the hour of 2 A. M. How did it get so late? To this day you don't know.

An overwhelming interest in watermelons is a sign of youth.

Today a man may look a watermelon in its rosy face without a qualm. He even may be critical in his inspection.

"Not much of a watermelon," he says, poking at it gingerly with his fork.

"Not sweet enough to suit me," he goes on after the first bite. His interest in this glorious product is merely academic compared with the enjoyment which was his in the days when once his heart was young.

What a prize a watermelon was then.

Books by the late G. A. Henty were another good sign of youth. This designation, of course, included similar works of boyish adventure.

One has to be young to appreciate Henty. We old-timers have lost our sense of literary appreciation. We go in for Wells and Sinclair Lewis and other discontented gentlemen who are hard to please, just as we, their readers, are hard to please.

If you are of the masculine persuasion you will recall "The Lion of the North" and "The Cat of Bubastes"; if feminine, the little Peppers and one Elsie. Our literary tastes are more refined, perhaps, but, honestly, are they any better? Being in the real sense? We doubt it.

There are other tastes of youth which everyone will recall, and the passing of which he may lament. These few samples we have given are memory sparks struck off on a cloudy day. May they help kindle the fires of recollection and may they be pleasant ones!

## THE YEAR 1928 WILL BE ONE OF ANNIVERSARIES

(Continued From Page Two.)

McCrea, author of "In Flanders Fields" on Jan. 28, and of John Ross Robertson, proprietor and founder of the Toronto Evening Telegram, on May 31.

### Notable Days of 1927.

Jan. 7—Wireless telephone communication, New York to London.

Jan. 9—Fire at moving picture theatre, Montreal, 78 children perish.

May 12—British Government raids Soviet headquarters, London.

May 20-21—Lindbergh flies alone across Atlantic.

April 16-May 30—Floods in Mississippi Valley.

May 23—Terrific earthquake in Japan.

July 1—Canada celebrates Diamond Jubilee of Confederation.

July 20—King Ferdinand of Rumania dies.

## INTER. PAPER MAY BUY THE EDDY COMPANY

Montreal Jan. 9—The future disposition of the pulp and paper making sections of the E. B. Eddy Company's plant at Hull, Quebec is still undecided. The match making end of the business recently passed into the hands of Bryant and May, which is controlled by the big match trust—namely, the International Match Corporation. It is understood that the Eddy Company has received several attractive offers for its pulp and paper plants but none has yet been accepted. The general opinion in the industry is that Eddy's paper making plant will be sold eventually to the International Paper Company as it is understood that organization already owns 49 per cent of the shares of the E. B. Eddy Company.

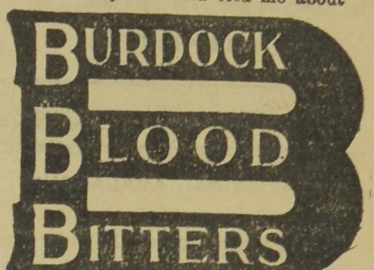
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"One day a friend told me about



and advised me to give it a trial. I decided to do so, and after taking a few bottles I found it had done me a world of good, and I haven't had any headaches for a long time now."

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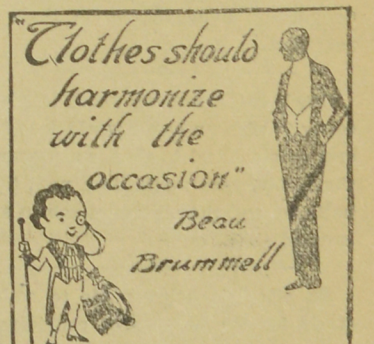
- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Hospital.
- 8 Children's Aid Home.
- 12 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 Queen and York Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 St. John and Aberdeen Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore St. and University Ave.
- 55 Brunswick St. and University Ave.
- 56 Lansdowne St. and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey St. and University Ave.
- 112 Smythe and Aberdeen Sts.
- 113 Argyle and Northumberland Sts.

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