

TATTOOING STILL AS POPULAR AS IT WAS IN THE ROARING NINETIES; BIG PRICES SOMETIMES PAID

(Boston Traveller.)
Are you tattooed?
Please don't ask the writer to repeat the question. It's a hard word to spell, and even after you've spelled it, you're not sure of it.

Passé? Indeed No.
You may think that tattooing is no longer the vogue. Ha, ha! A couple more ha ha's! Latest reports from Tat-tow row, which lies to the northeast of Court street, show that tattooing is quite as popular as it was in the roaring nineties, when the bold, brazen bloomer girls caused a more than mild stir along the main stems of our more sprightly villages.

And, who, you pause to inquire, is being tattooed these piping days of 1926.

You'd be surprised.
Both who—and where.

While we are on the subject of where persons are being tattooed, we'll relieve the strain by telling you right now that the most popular place to be tattooed is in the general vicinity of Scollay Square. Finding a tattooer—and there's a word for you to spell—finding a tattooer is an easy proposition. You may look in vain in the yellow section of the telephone book. All you'll find is "tanks, tanners, tape dealers, tar products and just when you expect to come to tattooers, you find taxicabs. But just walk down to ward Scollay square and pretty soon you'll hear a gadget buzzing against a glass show case and that will mean that here tattooing is done.

You will enter and find a tattoo parlor with a lot of pretty pictures and a man who plies a thing that looks like a fountain pen with a tiny electric motor on the rear. That is the tattooer himself, in person.

Some Nice Choices.
What kind of a picture would you like? An Anchor, Rock of Ages? In Memory of Mother? Hands Across the Sea? For the Love of Elsie Jane? A Sea Serpent? Your name and address? A ballet dancer?

The modern flapper may think she is just about right with her boyish form and straight lines, but not so for the tattoo addict. He likes his gals shapely. A fat lady in tights adorns the chest of many a noble sailor. Hal-liday Witherspoon's Liverpool Jarge would look with scorn upon a blue and red picture of a flat-chested, straight-lined flapper. No, sir! And let it be known that as compared with the costume of the bathing girl at Humarock or Duxbury, the tattooed ballet girl in

tights is dressed for Arctic exploration.

Perhaps you think that sailors are about the only persons who are tattooed. You'll be amazed to learn that locomotive engineers run them a close second. Why a locomotive engineer gets tattooed is beyond most persons. Take a sailor, for example, he can go to all parts of the world in a shipload of mates and show off his picture gallery. But who is there to admire the tattooing of a locomotive engineer unless it is the fireman in the cab with him? However, it may be a libel on the brotherhood. If one only knew the favorite bathing place of locomotive engineers, the question could be settled.

Plenty For Your Money.
To be tattooed one pays from a couple of dollars to a couple of hundred. For a couple of hundred you could get a serpent running all the way from your neck to your heel. There is a big lawyer in town who has a hobby on being tattooed. He is a big corporation lawyer. He is tattooed so much that there is practically nothing left to tattoo unless it be his face and hands. What he has tattooed upon his hide is a secret between him and the tattooer. Perhaps it is the revised laws of the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

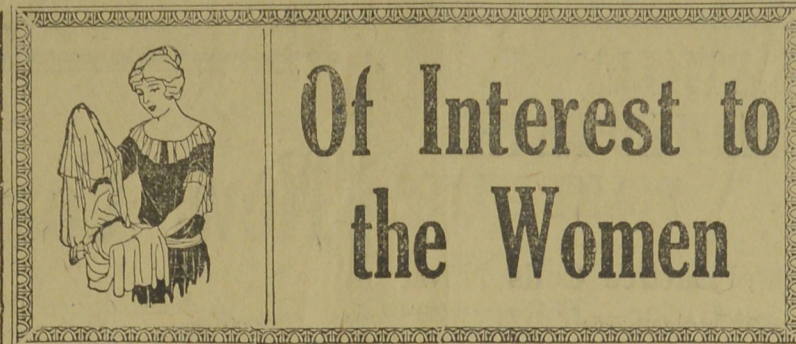
The three best known tattooers in Boston are Fred McKay (at 16 Hanover street; Frank Howard, 153 Court street, and Sydney Wright, 115 Court street.

They'll all tell you that the noble art of tattooing is flourishing. They'll all smile knowingly at the old story of men having names of girls tattooed on their chests and then having the names erased and changed.

They'll tell you, too, that now and then a woman comes in and gets a tattooing job done. One woman had a pair of garters tattooed.

Old Glory Popular.
But they all agree that the old-timers in tattoo popularity, Admiral Farragut, Admiral Dewey, the battle of the Monitor and Merrimack, and kindred inspiring subjects are falling into discard. The bleeding heart is still popular, but perhaps the most popular of all are Old Glory and the head of the girl made famous by Gibson, the one entitled "The Eternal Question," showing a girl with long hair forming a question mark.

The girl with bobbed hair is no question mark.
She's an exclamation point!



Of Interest to the Women

HANDKERCHIEF STYLES.

Fashions come and go in handkerchiefs, as in everything else. From chaste white linen the beau monde changes to silk squares bright enough to flag attention anywhere then back to white, but by a rather circuitous route. For the newest kerchiefs have cut work, by way of decorations, raised motifs of color on white, or some irregularity of border, often the result of fancy scalloping.

For evening, the chic Parisienne has returned to the all-white handkerchief, but for sports she is still addicted to color. Even crepes are scalloped at their edges and are given to embroidery in contrasting colors, black being lavishly introduced in one of the more striking effects.

A little affectation, which it pleases some women to countenance is in having the decorative garter—often so visible, since worn below the knee—match up with one's handkerchief. Which brings to mind that ultrafashionable young women with a flair for the eccentric are wearing diamond and gold lucky charms dangling from their garters.

Some of the newest stockings have as their decorative motif a lace medallion or some embroidery, perhaps only a monogram, placed just below the knee. Many women are prejudiced against lace inserted stockings, claiming that they are not flattering to the ankle so the new position of the decoration has some thing to be said for it.

PEACH CUSTARD.

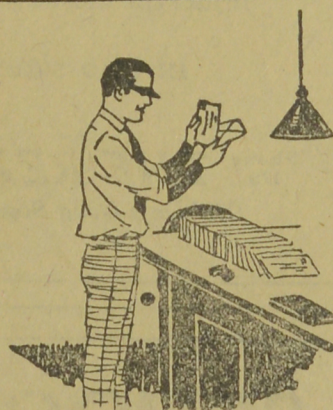
Sliced, stewed peaches (canned ones might be used)
½ cup peach juice
1½ cups scalded sweet milk
2 or 3 eggs slightly beaten
¼ cup sugar
Few drops lemon extract
Pinch salt
Place two or three slices of peaches in an oiled ramekin. To eggs add sugar, flavoring, salt, hot milk and peach juice. Pour over fruit in ramekins and bake in oven at 325 deg. F. until firm, about 35 minutes. Apricots may be used instead of peaches.

If you are putting up grape juice and happen to have a cupful left over, why not use it in gelatin? Of course, the commercial grape juice does very well, but if it's fresh it will have an added flavor which you surely will enjoy:

Little Billie—May I ask a question teacher?
Teacher—What is it, Billie?
Little Billie—Are the Sandwich islands ham or beef?

stopping the vehicle just before it passed the point of balance and for 15 minutes she sat there, poised over death many feet below, while rescuers, who knew full well that even a slight jar would cause the car to plunge, figured out a plan to save her. This was finally done by means of ropes. But she didn't drive her car home.

BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?

One of the many annoyances that the postal service has to contend with is the receipt of bundles of carelessly sealed letters, many of which are stuck together. Since letters can be run through the cancelling machines only one at a time, all those stuck together must first be pulled apart by some postal employee. This may result in mutilation of the addresses or in placing the letters to one side until other mail has been handled.

GRAPE GELATINE.

1 package ready to use lemon gelatine
1 cup boiling water
1 cup grape juice
Dissolve gelatine in boiling water add grape juice and place in mould rinsed in cold water, to set.

BEET SALAD.

Cook new beets and cut in match like strips. Serve on lettuce or cress with the following dressing:

½ cup salad oil
4 tablespoons cider vinegar or lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon powdered sugar
¼ teaspoon paprika
Speck cayenne
1 tablespoon minced chives or young onion tops.

Another salad which goes nicely with a fish dinner, or luncheon is this carrot salad; its color, too, livens up the neutral tone of fish and, besides it really is a bit unusual and very, very good:

CHOCOLATE COOKIES.

½ cup butter, or margarine
1 cup sugar
1 egg well beaten
¼ teaspoon salt
2 ounces chocolate, melted
2½ scant cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ cup milk
Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, egg, salt and chocolate. Beat well and add the flour and baking powder, sifted together thoroughly, alternately with milk. Chill, roll very thin then shape with small cutter, first dipped in flour and bake at 375 deg. F.

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THE OLD ORDER AT CONEY ISLAND HAS UNDERGONE A CHANGE

New York, Sept. 7—Again has old order changed at Coney Island and now the old-timer finds it more unfamiliar even than when he first encountered the board walk. The metabolism has occurred right in the heart of Coney.

The barker is gone. The barker indeed has been a Coney Island institution, one of the mainstays of the greatest show on earth itself, an integral part of every holiday. It was the barker who stood in front of the wonders and proclaimed them to the passerby, holding the most hur-

ried by the fervor of his eloquence. It was the barker's business to draw crowds and the Coney Island barker did it.

The crowds caused his banishment. They impeded traffic and cluttered up the island. So by police order, the barker was banished from his final stronghold in the city, eliminated and cast out. Coney doesn't seem the same and it isn't the same.

It will be even less so when another season opens. When the time of cold arrives and the Coney throngs are but squads, then wreckers will begin tearing down and removing. Landmarks are to be pushed back or erased and again there will be a general disturbance similar to the one of a few winters ago when more streets were cut through to the sea that the boardwalk might have additional feeders.

The same thing that caused the elimination of the barker is the cause of the contemplated change—congestion. Surf avenue is Coney Island's main street and Surf avenue during the present season has been so choked with traffic that fire apparatus has been blocked. And so Surf avenue is to be widened, which means of course more alterations to Coney.

Traffic accidents of Manhattan are not all chargeable to congestion the hoggish propensities of the drivers of many motor cars and narrow streets. Added is another element or danger—viaducts and cliffs. A few days ago a car plunged through the rail guarding a steep descent in the Bronx and fell 40 feet, the machine being wrecked completely but the eight occupants escaping with their lives. Some time before that a taxi-cab went through the guard rail on the viaduct at Riverside Drive and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street the passenger and driver being killed. Then only a short time later a car driven by a woman went through that same rail. She succeeded in

NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given that there will be sold at Public Auction at the Department of Lands and Mines, Fredericton at 12 o'clock noon on Thursday, the 9th of September, 1926, a number of rifles, shot guns, revolvers and traps, the same having been confiscated for violation of the Game Law during the past two years.

C. D. RICHARDS,
Minister of Lands and Mines.

THE DAILY MAIL

Is on Sale at the following places of business in the city:

D. H. GROWLEY, 612 Queen Street.
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ALONZO STAPLES, 100 York Street.
A. J. HANLON, 83 Regent Street.
W. GRIEVES, Cor. Regent and King Streets.

RAY BARKER, Cor. Carleton and King Streets.

WESLEY ERB, 266 York Street.

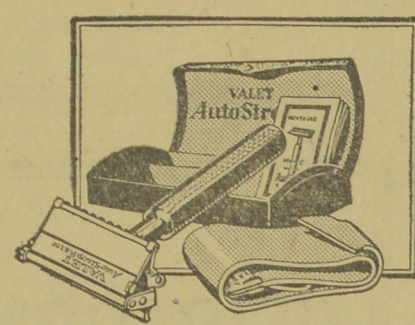
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