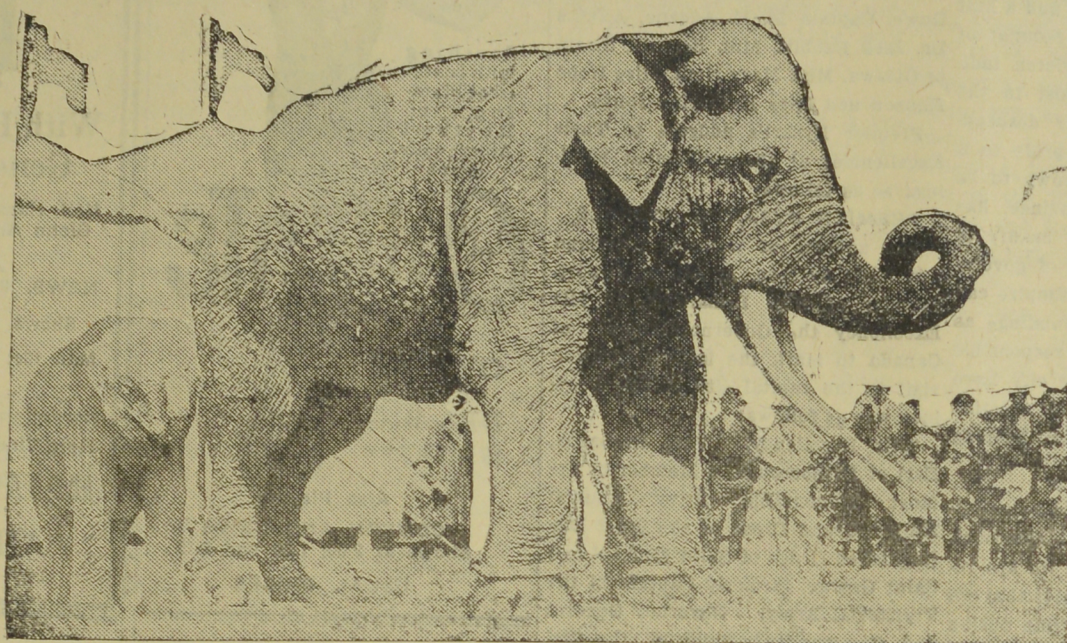




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Of Interest to Women

GOOSEBERRY HAS NEW WAY TO CHARM

(By Katharine Baker)

The poor old gooseberry has started to come into its own on fruit cupboard shelves. The days when dumplings or tarts were its chief outlets are over since the new gooseberry jam has become known. There is a zestful tartness to this jam and its colour suggests the coolness of the berry on the bush. Gooseberry jam will undoubtedly be popular as a breakfast sweet and it is a refreshing change with biscuits at tea time or late evening buffet.

The recipe given here has been carefully tested and makes perfect jam of the same delicate shade of the ripe gooseberry.

Gooseberry Jam

4 cups (2 lbs.) crushed fruit
½ cup water
7½ cups (31-4 lbs.) sugar
½ cup bottled fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, crush thoroughly or grind about 2 pounds fully ripe fruit; measure into large kettle; add ½ cup water; stir until mixture boils. Simmer, covered 15 minutes. Add sugar, mix well, and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in pectin. Skim, pour quickly. Paraffin at once. Makes about 11 six ounce jars.

HOUSEHOLD USES FOR SALT

The medicine cabinet is useful but not particularly pleasant home equipment. Most children, and most adults too, dislike the taste of many medicines which are necessary for their health. A pinch of salt taken beforehand frequently masks the taste of a bitter medicine and makes it less uncomfortable.

TRUE BEAUTY JUST CAN'T BE BOUGHT

"I can't spend money on expensive preparations, but I do want to have nice skin and hair," writes a girl. "What should I do to keep my complexion lovely through the years?"

The best answer is the old rule—Keep Healthy! In addition, make the most of beauty aids which cost a negligible amount.

Fresh water (eight glasses a day), a reasonable amount of exercise, eight hours sleep each night and plenty of fresh air are the best beauty treatments in the world. They cost nothing, yet they practically guarantee rosy cheeks, shining eyes, glossy hair and a supple figure.

To take a daily bath involves so little expense per month that it would be silly to try to set it down on paper. However, cleanliness is one of the first requisites of loveliness and the woman who bathes daily, using a bath brush on back, shoulders and arms, is sure to have a certain fresh charm that is close kin to beauty.

Smiling eyes and a nice disposition have an infinitely more important bearing on beauty than any amount of preparations that are to be rubbed on the surface. If you get enough sleep, take exercise and eat the right food, there's no reason under the sun why you should go around with a sour expression. Learn to think pleasant thoughts about people you know, the situations you are forced to face. Remember that mere prettiness can be painted on the surface, but true beauty comes from within. Stop worrying about lack of money to spend on creams and lotions and do the best you can with material that costs little but which is more effective.

THIS ARTICLE IS GRUESOME AND FULL OF HUMAN GORE BUT YOU NEED IT

(Continued from Page Two)

human body will make a neat hole in the stuff with its head—the shoulders stick—the glass holds—and the raw, keen edge of the hole decapitates the body as neatly as a guillotine.

Or, to continue with the decapitation motif, going off the road into a post-and-rail fence can put you beyond worrying about other injuries immediately when a rail comes through the windshield and tears off your head with its splintery end—not as neat a job but thoroughly efficient. Bodies are often found with their shoes off and their feet all broken out of shape. The shoes are back on the floor of the car, empty and with their laces still neatly tied. That is the kind of impact produced by modern speeds.

But all that is routine in every American community. To be remembered individually by doctors and policemen, you have to do something as grotesque as the lady who burst the windshield with her head, splashing splinters all over the other occupants of the car, and then, as the car rolled over, rolled with it down the edge of the windshield frame and cut her throat from ear to ear. Or park on the pavement too near a curve at night and stand in front of the tail light as you take off the spare tire—which will immortalize you in somebody's memory as the fellow who was mashed three feet broad and two inches thick by the impact of a heavy duty truck against the rear of his own car. Or be as original as the pair of youths who were thrown out of an open roadster this spring—thrown clear—but each broke a windshield post with his head in passing and the whole top of each skull down to the eyebrows, was missing. Or snap of a nine-inch tree and get yourself impaled by a ragged branch.

None of all that is scarce-fiction; it is just the horrible raw material of the year's statistics as seen in the ordinary course of duty by policemen and doctors, picked at random. The surprising thing is that there is so little dissimilarity in the stories they tell.

It's hard to find a surviving accident victim who can bear to talk. After you come to, the gnawing, searing

pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collarbones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered, your right arm broken in three places and three ribs cracked, with every chance of bad internal ruptures. But the pain can't distract you, as the shock begins to wear off, from realizing that you are probably on your way out. You can't forget that, not even when they shift you from the ground to the stretcher and your broken ribs bite into your lungs and the sharp ends of your collarbones slide over to stab deep into each side of your screaming throat. When you're stopped screaming, it all comes back—you're dying and you hate yourself for it. That isn't fiction either. It's what it actually feels like to be one of that 36,000.

And every time you pass on a blind curve, every time you hit it up on a slippery road, every time you step on it harder than your reflexes will safely take, every time you drive with your reactions slowed down by a drink or two, every time you follow the man ahead too closely, you're gambling a few seconds against this kind of blood and agony and sudden death.

Take a look at yourself as the man in the white jacket shakes his head over you, tells the boys with the stretcher not to bother and turns away to somebody else who isn't quite dead yet. And then take it easy.

Phil Duey avers that the most helpful factor in improving one's voice is being one of a large family. Phil, the youngest of 11 children, claims that although his parents thought his singing was pretty swell, the other little Dueys were frank in giving him the razz if they didn't think he was always up to par. Now they are all big boosters of "the kid brother," heard with Leo Reisman's band accompaniment on WEAJ at 8 p.m., Tuesdays.

The Daily Mail is the only "daily" in New Brunswick with a full radio page and programme.