



Peaceful Nights

WHEN day is done how good it is to know that you will enjoy a night of deep, restorative sleep. To many thousands, refreshing sleep comes as a matter of course, helped by a regular bedtime cup of 'Ovaltine'. Try a cup of delicious 'Ovaltine' to-night and realise why it has a world-wide reputation as the ideal night-cap. It has a soothing influence on nerves, brain and body and quickly promotes the conditions favourable to sleep.

While you sleep 'Ovaltine' provides easily digestible nourishment to help rebuild the energy and fitness you need for the new day. It is for these reasons that 'Ovaltine' does so much to give you deep, refreshing sleep of the best kind.

Free sample sent on receipt of name and address, together with 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, to Salmond and Spraggons Ltd., P.O. Box 662, Wellington.

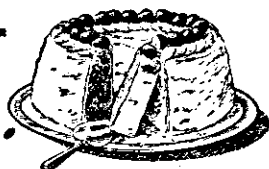
Ovaltine

Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer

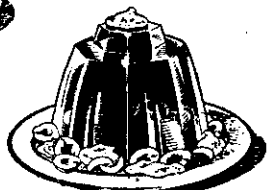
Listen-in to "The Ovaltine Show", 6.15 p.m., Saturdays, all ZB Stations.

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**you
make...**



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HANSELL LABORATORIES LTD., MASTERTON.

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AT THE CIRCUS

(continued from previous page)

nothing of frequent glimpses through arcades of elephant legs of an intrepid soubrette being knelt down on, gently cradled in two trunks, or softly swinging her legs from one, like a fairy esconced in the crescent moon. ("They never forget," says the Man Behind). The horses were much more democratic, spending as much time playing to the six bobs as to the 11/2 reserves. There was something definitely endearing about the horses, though they might well have depended on looks alone. Four beautiful white Arabs, pink and quivering of nostrils, with modest and demure expressions, they tottered manfully on hind legs, swirled to the Blue Danube, often took a wrong turning and were rewarded with lumps of sugar. ("It's all done by kindness," said the Man Behind.) Their fallibility was refreshing in a world where men stood on their heads on trapezes as if it were the natural thing to do and contortionists fell effortlessly into impossible poses, and no sugar at the end of it.



"MEN stood on their heads on trapezes as if it were the natural thing to do"

HALF-WAY through now, and we're glad we brought the cushions. The children show a tendency to Kneel Up, and have to be called to order by the Man Behind, who doesn't believe in the sugar technique. I distribute paper toffees and hollow in the sawdust a hole for my hip. And now, with Eastern music pulsing softly from the loud-speaker, the lights go out ready for the performance of the Great Illusionist. (Muffled curses from the firemen, counting the glowing tips of sly cigarettes). In the centre of the ring a man after their own heart is eating fire. An appreciative hush fills the house.

"Mummy," says the little girl beside me, "I want to go outside."

"Hush, dear," says Mother. "Look at the funny man pulling streamers out of his mouth."

"Why is he?" asks the child.

"Hush, dear," says Mother.

AND now it's clowns again, and then the Queen of the Air disports herself within touching distance of the canvas. Then a juggler, one foot on a slack wire and his other limbs a maze of whirling rings.

"Mummy!" says the child urgently. "I want to go outside."

"Later, dear," says Mother, looking a little frantic.

THE Ringmaster has come forward to make an impressive announcement. The last item, Ladies and Gentlemen. The Flying Waynes, fresh from America! Risking their lives for our entertainment. He casts a cold eye on the restive canvas-sitters at ringside edge. "The slightest movement, ladies and gentlemen, may distract the artists. You are requested to keep your seats till the performance is over."

The strains of the Blue Danube once more take the air, the trapezes are synchronised, the performance begins.

"Mummy!" wails the child.

"Look," hisses the Mother despairingly. "Look up there at the funny men!"

It is over. The audience's indrawn breath is thankfully released. The Flying Waynes network.

"Now, dear," sighs the harassed mother.

"Now can I go outside and see the lions?" asks the child incredulously.

"God Save the King," and I stagger to my feet, feeling more than usual kinship for him as I try to restore the circulation. Two children, three cushions, two rugs and a deflated balloon. We seem to have everything.

OUTSIDE at last. I look at the children. They have the dazed expression of those who have supped too full of delights. (Or it might have been sleep.)

"Did you like it?" I asked.

"I loved the funny man," said my son.

"The funny man with the red nose and baggy pants?" I asked hopefully.

"The funny man who played the drum and those round things. He was there all the time right near me."

"I liked the funny man who sold ice-creams," lisped my daughter.

"Twenty-six and sixpence!" wailed my husband, stooping to retrieve a cushion.

In stiff-hipped silence we tottered to the car.

Honeymoon Special

"NOBODY could accuse the nationalised British Railways of being soulless and heartless—at least not after what happened the other day. They've got a new express running from Newcastle to King's Cross, here in London. The headplate of the locomotive was unveiled by Esther MacCracken, the Tyneside playwright who wrote the famous box-office success *Quiet Wedding*—a title now borne by the engine—the train's now known as *Honeymoon Special*. Just to round off the job and show that even nationalised railwaymen can be just as romantic and sentimental as anybody else, the train conductor was told on the trial trip to look out for honeymoon couples and give them the privacy of a coupe—one of those small, separate compartments you find on some British trains."—Robert Reid in the BBC programme "In Britain To-day."