





"THE FORGOTTEN CHORD,"
ART PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS DIANE PLÀTE.

Photographed and Engraved by
Mr. A. W. ANDREE,



Hopetoun Studio,
Colombo.

19207
MAY 1907

THE

CEYLON REVIEW

A Monthly Magazine of Literary & General Interest.

VOL. VI. JULY, 1899. No. 3.

Yearly Subscription Rs. 4 (post free). Single copies 40 cts. Overland Subscription, post free, yearly, Rs. 5-00.

Printed and published at THE CEYLON REVIEW OFFICES, Colombo, Ceylon.

All copy for Advertisements should reach the Publishing Offices not later than the 12th day of the month. Alterations in standing Advertisements must be made not later than the 1st of the month.

Contributions of interest are solicited and will be paid for according to merit.

Editorial communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, "The Ceylon Review," Colombo.

Here and There.

Tea in Italy.

THE practice of drinking tea is extending very much in Italy, but, says Mr. Consul Neville-olfe, a good deal of the tea sold is not only very poor in quality, but very dear. Italy affords now a field which an enterprising house might take up with considerable advantage, for not only do hotels and public houses, but in all the towns and cities, strangers are found shops where the business consists largely in providing tea for travellers. In Italian private houses, too, the fashion of tea both in the afternoon and after dinner is spreading notably, and recently the members of one of the principal clubs in Naples gave a five o'clock tea to their lady friends. Many English families obtain their supplies by parcel post from London, the duty charged being about 60 per cent. on the original cost.

In statu quo.

THERE was recently a delightful skit in the *Washington Star*, representing what might possibly be the view of a Filipino or South Sea native on the process of civilisation. "As I understand it," said the heathen, "you propose to civilise me." "Exactly so." "You mean to get me out of habits of idleness and teach me to work." "That is the idea." "And then lead me to simplify my methods and invent things to make my work lighter." "Yes." "And next I will become ambitious to get rich so that I won't have to work at all." "Naturally." "Well, what's the use of taking such a roundabout way of getting just where I started? I don't have to work now."

CONTENTS.

- Here and There.
- Frontispiece—Art Photograph of Miss Diane Plâté.
- "The Forgotten Chord."
- The Highest-Gearred Machine in Ceylon. (Illustrated.)
- The Game of Croquet.
- Gray Blight.
- An Epidemic of Kisses in America.
- Cyril Silvester.
- Toilet Notes and Aids to Beauty.
- Our Local Sporting and Athletic Record: Cricket.
- Our Calendar for July.

Boots and Shoes in India and Egypt.

THE importance of developing the markets we already possess cannot be too much insisted on. The *Boot and Shoe Trades Journal* points out that India is one of those markets the wants of which are poorly catered for, and we are told that, as regards the new provinces of Egypt the foreigner has already found a footing ("footing" is good), but no English shoe house has founded a connection there. According to the last census the population of India was, in round numbers, 290,000,000, or seven times that of the United Kingdom. Since then the population has increased by 70,000,000, and if only one-fourth of the people wore shoes, no matter how common, what a demand there would be! The machinery of the country would be totally incapable of supplying them. Shoe men, our contemporary thinks, might show a little more enterprise in prospecting the markets where competition is not quite so keen, instead of always wanting to fish in the same pond as their rivals. India was never in a more prosperous state than it is to-day. Its finances are sound, its national exchequer shows a surplus, and the country is in ever-increasing demand for a good deal more attention than it receives. British manufacturers and exporters of boots and shoes, and this is applicable to all other goods besides boots and shoes.

A Hated Recipe.

THE recipe used by the famous singer, Jenny Lind, in making her favourite soup, has just been discovered. She believed that it had much to do with the preservation of her voice and keeping her throat and chest in good condition. She would entrust its manufacture to no one, preferring to see to it herself that it should be made precisely right. She soaked forty-five grains of pure sago in cold water for several hours. She then put it on the fire to boil in fresh water, and when it had reached the boiling point, poured cold water over the sago in a sieve. Then it was cooked for twenty minutes with one and a half spoonfuls of bouillon and carefully skimmed. A little salt, pepper, nutmeg, sugar, and cut up parsley were added, and finally the yolks of two fresh eggs and eight spoonfuls of hot cream made into a sauce were put into the soup through a strainer after it had been lifted from the fire, and all thoroughly worked with a large spoon.

Now it was ready to be eaten or drunk. Singers who take soup like this will find their voices will stand great strain and retain their sweetness by its aid.

Knowing Too Much Scripture.

IN the course of his sermon the Rev. Mr. Newby, new pastor of the Christian Church at Guthrie, Oklahoma, interjected the question, "How many of you have read the Bible?" Fifty hands went up. "Good!" said the preacher. "Now, how many of you have read the second chapter of Jude?" Twenty-five hands were raised. A wan smile overspread the minister's face. "That's good; but when you go home read that chapter again, and you will doubtless learn something to your interest." Of course, they found that there is no second chapter of Jude, and, of course, no matter how they may attempt to laugh it off, the victims of the clerical pleasantry are not likely to love their pastor any the more because of the "rise" he took out of them.

A Romance of Ceylon.

The London *Daily Chronicle* criticises in the following scathing fashion Mr. E. O. Walker's book.

This appears to be an extremely conscientious and almost a painful effort to present an accurate picture of Cinghalese native life and manners under the influence of European taste and culture. We say "painful," because the complete failure of it to give us any real impression of Oriental thought and feeling makes us quite uncomfortable. These Cinghalese are British Quakers with Eastern names. They are unlike any Orientals of whom we have hitherto heard or read. If Mr. Walker's natives are the real thing, then those of Mr. Kipling, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Duncan, and of a host of other notable writers, must be the poorest sort of counterfeits, and that we really cannot make up our minds to believe. Moreover, Mr. Walker's romance lacks every romantic quality. He has done his best to draw a contrast between the beautiful Cinghalese maiden Kirimanica and the transcendently lovely Helen Agnes; but Helen is every bit as unreal as Kirimanica. She is the "Unhand me, Cholmondeley!" type of heroine, although she permits herself to receive and encourage the attentions of a man whom she knows to be over head

and ears in love with her. Personally, we have a good deal of sympathy with her husband, who, when she went off on a fifty-mile expedition with another gentleman and did not re-appear until next morning, came to the conclusion that Helen was scarcely the ideal he had sought. Mr. Walker introduces a religious thread into his story by converting the Cinghalese girl to Christianity, and then letting her undertake the theological education of Helen. There is no animation in this narrative. We never get so much as a glimpse of a native interior, and Mr. Walker has been as sparing of description as though he had never visited Ceylon.



The Bicycle and Public Officials.

THE BICYCLE, says the *London Cyclist*, as an aid to the performance of public work in Ceylon is being recognised. We learn from the *Ceylon Independent* that the success of the Inspector-General of Police in his application for bicycles for a few of his men seems to have encouraged his brother of another department, viz., that of the road engineer, the Hon. F. A. Cooper, to go and do likewise, but, it appears, not with the same success. "There is" (adds the paper in question) "no better way of working up provincial and district engineers (especially the older ones who have got callous to bad roads) than to condemn them to ride bicycles on the roads in their charge. They would then have a fellow feeling for the public who complain of the badness of roads. Perhaps with cycling district and provincial engineers on our roads, occasions may never occur for complaints. Mr. Cooper has cut the Gordian knot of the difficulty of keeping roads in good repair. Government should speedily, we beg to urge, accede to his request.



The Tiff in the Tea Trade.

AFTER continuing for six or seven weeks, the dispute in the Tea Trade has finally been adjusted amicably—for one year, at least. We (*Commerce*) need scarcely inform anybody, at this time of day, what the late dispute was all about, nor why the dealers and blenders were up in arms against the custom of the importers, who were so generous as to give a pound over with every chest sold into England. All that is now matter of history. Suffice it to us, then, to say that the dealers

and blenders gained their point "hands down," and now are, doubtless, chuckling slyly to think how they "swopped" teas amongst themselves to keep up the consumption. Moreover, if anybody ever imagined that, as a result of the dispute, the taste for pure Bohea was going to lessen on the part of a public who drink it while other folk dispute about it, those persons have been considerably wrong. As a matter of fact, more tea is being imbibed to-day than ever; more will, in all likelihood, be consumed to-morrow than was drunk to-day. Of course, the late dispute has influenced the Custom-house receipts adversely. That was inevitable; but after all, if the revenue can stand it, why, everybody else can. Meantime, the difficulty in one quarter has been the opportunity of another. From China, which, was becoming almost a "dead letter" in the tea trade, the imports have been heavier than usual, and for Indian blends there is an enhanced demand. The gross quantity this year is a ten per cent. advance upon the whole of that for 1886, and very close upon the totals for the full year 1887.



Doctors.

THE least of the legal profession says "The Lancet," of the medical profession. The clergy of all denominations, whatever their sharp theological differences, all agree on the necessity for a good month's or six weeks' holiday. In law the whole machinery of the High Courts is suspended for a long vacation, and the law's delay takes almost an absolute form for two or three months. But with the medical profession it is altogether different. Not a few medical men never sleep away from home, and when at home they lie with the ear open for the night bell all the year round. A very large number of practitioners content themselves with a week, or at most two weeks, of holiday in the year, and are only forced to that by indications of breakdown which they dare not disregard.



The Author of "The Forest Lovers."

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT, the author of that distinctly excellent and much-read book "The Forest Lovers," has been, as was inevitable, advised by his friends to give up his regular work in the Civil Service and to throw himself frankly and absolutely upon

literature as a means of support. Never was advice more inappropriate or more dangerous. Every one who has read and admired Mr. Hewlett's work—including that most delicately attractive story "Madonna of the Peach Tree"—must realise that the very source of its great and impressive charm is to be found in its leisureliness and its occasionalness. Let Mr. Hewlett continue to write in his spare time, and he will give us of his best, and we shall be proportionately grateful to him; but if he should mistakenly allow himself to make literature his sole profession he will lose his chance of becoming such a living force in the world of books as his rare and decidedly original talent gives him the right to be.



Ho British Saints?

NOTHING is sacred to the statistician. No, not even the men and women who have been sainted and beatified by the Church of Rome. An Italian newspaper gives a very interesting and suggestive table of those who have thus been exalted during the last three centuries. Thus of actors and actresses who have lived and died between 1600 and the present day, there were 1,000 while during the same period only 20 mortals were beatified. The following table shows the nationality of the sainted and beatified members of the Church militant:—

76 Italians.....	28 sainted	48 beatified
66 Spaniards.....	17 "	49 "
37 Portuguese.....	1 "	36 "
14 French.....	6 "	8 "
13 Dutch.....	12 "	1 "
5 Belgians.....	4 "	1 "
4 Germans.....	2 "	2 "
2 Poles.....	1 "	1 "

Strange to say, the majority of these pillars of the Church are men, only fifty-eight women being among them. And where are British in this galaxy?—"Westminster Gazette."

The Shamrock Tie.

These are the days of the topical tie. There have been the "Alliance tie," the "Dreyfus tie," and now there comes the "Shamrock tie." The newest design in men's neck-wear is, of course, christened after Sir T. J. Lipton's yacht. In little squares of cream colour a tiny green shamrock is introduced, the effect being very pretty.

"The Forgotten Chord."

MR. ANDREE'S SUCCESSFUL ART PICTURE.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

We have pleasure in reproducing in our present issue one of the most charming pictures of the interesting collection exhibited at the Ceylon Art Exhibition of 1899 by Mr. A. W. Andree, the enterprising proprietor of the Hopetoun Photographic Studio, Slave Island. This was entitled "The Forgotten Chord" and represents Miss Diâne Plâté, the talented daughter of Madame Plâté, artistically posed, awaiting memory's return before commencing one of those classic selections which have so frequently delighted Colombo audiences in the Public Hall and elsewhere. The conception of the picture is as good as its portraiture is life-like and excellent, and Mr. Andree is to be congratulated upon the success which he has achieved in what we believe to be his first art reproduction.

A few particulars of Miss Plâté's musical career will not be without interest to our readers. To give her full name—Miss Diâne Blanche Plâté was born in Brighton on the 3rd October, 1879. As a child she evinced a great passion for music and first learnt the piano under the tuition of her mother, making such rapid progress that at the age of six years she made her first appearance in public at a concert held in the Brighton Town Hall, where she played Schulhof's valse as a duet with her mother. At that time Madame Plâté was a fair performer on the violin, and it is evident that her eldest child must have had an instinctive liking for the same instrument, for shortly after the concert above spoken of the little girl managed to get hold of a violin and was observed by her parents to be completely absorbed in the effort to extract what Shelley has described as "profuse strains of unpremeditated art." Our information does not disclose how far those earlier performances were removed from the ideal or how long she might have continued the delightful task of trying unaided to scrape out tunes, but noticing the pleasure which the instrument gave her, her parents resolved to get her a violin and she received her first lessons from the hands

of her mother, with whom she studied until she was far enough advanced to have a master. At the age of twelve we find her figuring in an orchestra at Largs, a Scottish watering place. From there she was sent to Trinity College, London, where for two years she applied herself assiduously to increasing her knowledge of the violin and made rapid progress under M. Schwerarnoski. In the meantime her father—the late Mr. Gustave Plâté—having left for Ceylon, the family left England for Germany and in Dresden Miss Plâté did credit to the excellent training she had received at Trinity College, her proficiency being so great as almost to startle some of the Professors in the German City. From that time they evinced the greatest interest in her studies. Playing at the Conservatoire examinations Miss Plâté was the recipient of first class certificates and the Head Professor, Herr Rappoldi, having been apprised of the short time which his favourite pupil had to remain in Germany, prior to her leaving with her family for Ceylon, gave her some valuable hints. About this time, too, Pablo de Sarasate, the world-famed violinist, who was an examining Judge at one of the examinations, honoured Miss Plâté with the request that she would allow him to instruct her in his masterpiece,—the violin arrangement of *Faust*. Miss Plâté, nothing loth, became for a time an enthusiastic pupil under this great *Maestro* and not only studied his *Faust Fantasia*, but other difficult works by Spohr, Wienawski and Ernst, some of which are still a musical treat in prospective for Ceylon audiences.

We need not recall the great blow which alighted upon the family within a few days of their advent to Colombo, how her father was struck down and carried off by typhoid fever within a fortnight of the family reunion and what a gratifying measure of sympathy was evoked on behalf of his widow and children. Madame Plâté at once opened an Academy for the teaching of languages, music, painting and drawing and the family, each member of which is blessed with one or more talents, have been greatly *en evidence* before the public since the calamity which befell them. Miss Diane Plâté especially has made herself a great favourite in local musical circles and has shown herself over ready to place her rich musical gifts at the disposal of local charities. Many have resorted to her for instruction in the violin.

Miss Plâté is as successful a teacher as she is a performer on the violin. She has the knack of making her pupils thoroughly interested in their studies, so much so that the most difficult come to be regarded more in the nature of a pleasant pastime than as a hard uncongenial task. In this respect she has greatly profited by the easy methods of her own instructors. It is a pity that Colombo does not seem to afford full enough scope for the practising of her profession. At the present time Miss Plâté is prospecting in search of what musical talent exists in the Sanatorium and it is quite on the cards that she may establish her class in Nuwara Eliya. She has already, we are pleased to hear, met with great kindness and sympathy and is arranging to give a Violin Recital in October at which by special request she will play the *Faust Fantasia* by Sarasate. It is, we believe, Miss Plâté's pet idea to open an Academy of Music for Ceylon, modelled and conducted on the lines of Trinity College, London. No one will gainsay that Colombo would be the richer by possessing such an Academy. This Academy, it is proposed, should have its quarters in Colombo and pupils should be allowed to a moderate distance. Accommodated on the Academy premises, it is proposed, if the scheme is carried out, should present themselves for study three times a week, in order to preserve continuity of instruction and maintenance of interest. The scheme at present is only in embryo, but we trust soon to hear that the details have been perfected and that the Ceylon Academy of Music will shortly become an accomplished fact, and so preserve to Colombo the talented services of this young and enthusiastic Music Professor. Otherwise if the prospect does not become sufficiently alluring there is some talk of the family seeking a home in Australia.

Colonial Patriotism.

It is to be hoped that the singularly short-sighted Imperial policy in regard to accepting offers of the services of colonial troops will not be preserved in respect of the Transvaal. Whether war there is a certainty or not, the British Government should accept in part, at any rate, offers from all colonies. Say, 2,000 men from Australia and New Zealand combined. They could be picked troops, all good shots, good horsemen, and not too youthful. There is constant effort in England to draw the different parts of the Empire closer together, and there is no better method of cementing the various sections than by permitting them to stand shoulder to shoulder on the battlefield, shedding their blood in a common cause.—"Sydney Sunday Times."

THE
Highest-Geared Machine in Ceylon.

Ridden by the Local 5 Miles Champion.

OUR illustration (by Messrs. W. L. H. Skeen & Co.) is a reproduction of the portrait of Mr. H. W. Cole, a prominent member of the Ceylon Cyclist Union, taken with his "Serendib" bicycle, which was recently altered by Messrs. Walker Sons, & Co. to admit of a large chain wheel, 13 inches in diameter, geared to 140 inches with a half inch pitch roller chain being put in. There is nothing out of the ordinary about the machine beyond the gear, (which is the highest ever ridden in Ceylon) and the long wheel base of 48 inches. The wheel base of an ordinary machine is 44 inches and the present extension was necessitated to admit of the large chain wheel shown in illustration.

The rider of this machine is one of the most enthusiastic cyclists in Ceylon, was born at Invergorbie, Scotland, in May 1877, but was brought up at a business, whither his parents, moved shortly afterwards. After leaving school he was apprenticed to the wine and spirit trade, and learnt his business with the premier firm in the North of Scotland, Messrs. MacDonald and Mackintosh, the latter by the way being a brother of Mr. P. A. Mackintosh, our local Railway Consulting Engineer. After serving his time Cole came out to Ceylon in December, 1896 and joined the firm of Messrs. Miller & Co. Although he had been cycling for the last seven years he did not make his *debut* on the racing track till the Diamond Jubilee races, organised by the Ceylon Cyclist Union when, on a borrowed machine, he won the One mile Novices' Race, the Two Miles' Handicap and rode a good second in the Three Mile Handicap, being beaten by W. Innes, the erstwhile 10 miles' champion of Ceylon by about a yard. The following year Cole had a "Serendib" bicycle built for him by Messrs. Walker, Sons & Co., on which he won the One Mile Open Championship of Ceylon, beating such crack riders as Innes, Luschwitz and Gnapp, and the Three Mile Handicap. He rode also second in the Two Miles Handicap, being

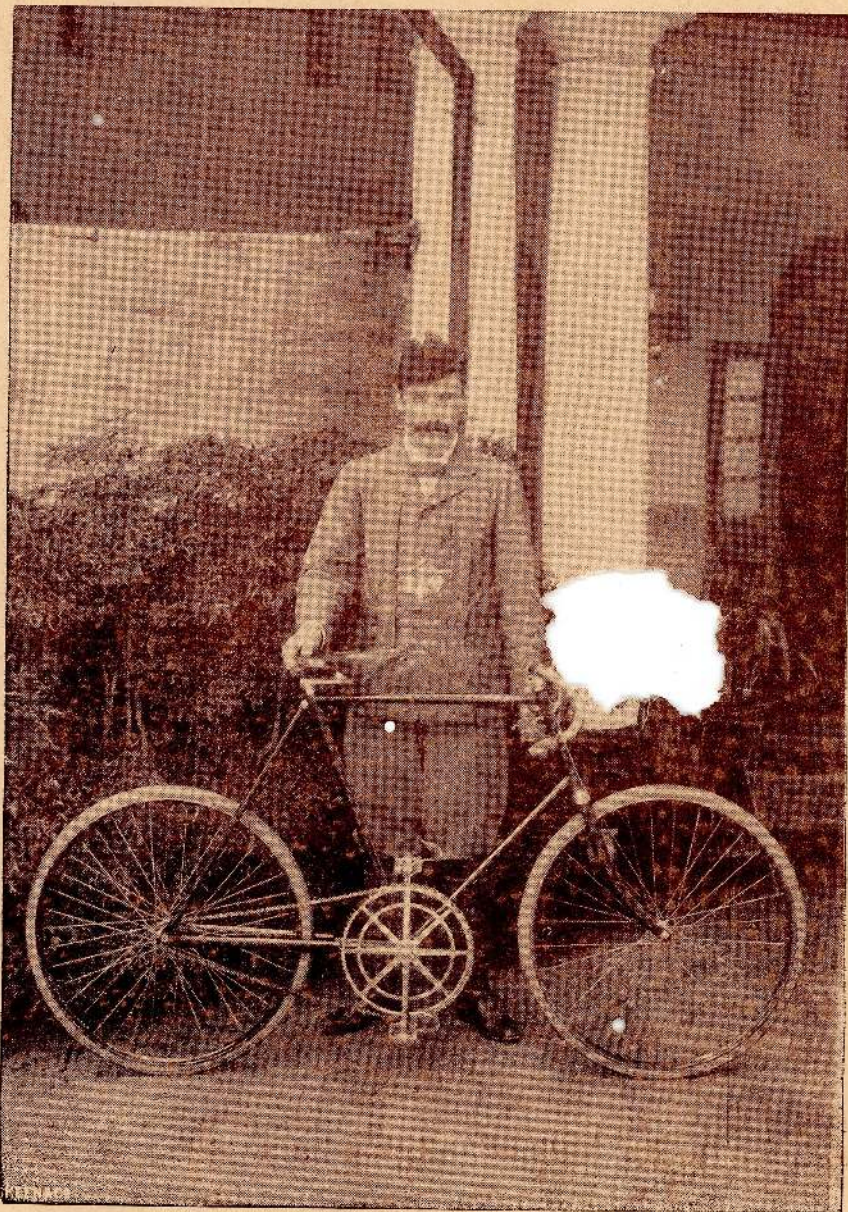
beaten by Gnapp. In August of the same year at the races held in connection with the Horse, Dog and Cycle Show, he won the One Mile Handicap, beating Innes, hands down, and also the Double Bicycle Races, getting second in the Quarter Mile Scratch Race. In January of this year he tried to beat Luschwitz's One Mile record, but failed, sustaining a nasty spill at "Danger corner" of the track. He made two other attempts to beat this record but on each occasion failed to come off, the reason, perhaps, being that he had not thoroughly got over the remembrance of his previous accident. He subsequently, however, beat Luschwitz's record for the Five miles by almost a minute. With the machine he is now bestriding he hopes to do some further record breaking when Colombo has a track fit for such a high rate of speed as it is possible for him now to attain. Cole also takes a keen interest in Association football and he is a prominent member of the Fort Association Football Club whilst the Colombo Association Football League, of which he is the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, practically owes its origin to him.

Dreyfus and Mercier.

But before this definitive blow General Mercier had undergone a humiliation which is the great event of the day, and is, indeed, bound to be one of the most remarkable of the whole case. The general had finished his explanations. Throughout he had not looked once at Dreyfus, from whose chair he was separated by not more than six feet. The prisoner, on the contrary, had kept his eyes on him from the beginning to the end. In these conditions the calmness of the ex-Minister, the really stupendous coolness, unless, indeed, he really was blindly convinced of the guilt of Dreyfus, seemed really beyond belief.

Dreyfus the Accuser.

Dreyfus could stand this apostrophe no longer. He was on his feet, and with a gesture of magnificent energy, bringing his right arm round with clenched fist in front of him, he exclaimed, in such firm spontaneous accents as we had not heard before, tones which seemed to express the whole accumulation of wrath and pent-up hatred for this man who has all but murdered him:—"That is what you ought to say"; and as he stood there, nay, although he stood there, the General went on:—"And I would do all that is humanly possible to repair my blunder." "It is your duty!" said Dreyfus, his eyes flashing, and he seemed as if about to rush upon his executioner.



The Highest-Gearred Machine in Ceylon.

MR. H. W. COLE AND HIS "SERENDIB."

Photographed and Engraved by



Messrs W. L. H. Sheen & Co. Colombo.

The Game of Croquet.

(Compiled from various sources.)

"Sir Walter Vivian, all a summer's day,
Gave his broad lands until the set of sun
Up to the people; thither flocked at noon
His tenants, wife and child, and thither half
The neighbouring borough". . .

TENNYSON'S PRINCESS.

AMONG out-door games of modern introduction, Croquet holds a very high place in the estimation of all who delight in Athletic exercises. It is one of the few games in which ladies and gentlemen can play together; and hence it is very popular in all parts of the country. Croquet is an adaption of the Pall-Mall of our forefathers; the game, indeed, which is the parent of Troco, Hockey, and other like pastimes. Croquet made its first appearance in its present form about twenty years ago. We learn that it was brought over from Ireland by a Miss Macnaghpen. The game which most resembles Croquet is Billiards and Croquet has often been called "lawn billiards." If Croquet be considered as a rival to Cricket, there is the important difference between the two games, that while twenty-two players are required for a complete game of Cricket only two are necessary for Croquet in its best form. Besides, ladies cannot play Cricket, while they can, and do play Croquet, and often very well too.

Thus, though Billiards and Cricket have some merits peculiarly their own, it must, I think be admitted that, in several respects, Croquet is superior to both. It affords excitement enough for public matches, and it is without doubt health-giving, affording good but not severe exercise in the open air, and it is the only out-door game in which both sexes and nearly all ages can join. With only one player on each side, on a large lawn, there is quite enough of exercise, on a pleasant day, at any time of the year, a good lawn, small hoops, and good players, will make a game which, for pleasure-giving, cannot, I think, be surpassed. Croquet played according to scientific principles, and under a definite code of laws, is a very different thing from croquet as formally played.

Modern Croquet affords the pleasant excitement of a contest in public matches, the

victory being well fought for, and each player putting forth his utmost skill.

In 1598 just five years before James I. ascended the throne, Sir Robert Darlington, in his book "A Method for Travel" writes: "Among all the exercises of France, I prefer none before the paille maille, both because it is gentlemanlike-sport, not violent, and yields good occasion and opportunity of discourse, as they walk from the one marke to the other. I marvel, among many more apish and foolish toys which we have brought out of France, that we have not brought this sport also into England." The game, however, was not generally played until the reign of Charles II.; as in a little work, "The French Goarden for English Ladies" published in 1621, occurs the following passage: "A paille maille is a wooden hammer set to the end of a long stoppe, to strike aboute with, at which game noblemen and gentlemen in France doe play much." The game was very popular during the reign of the Merry Monarch there can be no doubt, as the King is often described as excelling at pall mall, and evidently was a zealous player. The poet Waller in his poem, "St. James's Parke, as late presented by his Majesty," witnesses to the fact in the following lines:—

"Here a well-matched ball gives us the joy,
To see our prince's matchless force employ,
His manly posture and his graceful mien,
Vigour and youth in all his members seen:
No sooner has he touched the flying ball
But 'tis already more than half them all;
And such a fury from his arm as got,
As from a smoking culverin' were shot."

The Duke of York, afterwards James II., was also a good player, as, in fact, were most of the courtiers. Pepys records in his diary for April 2nd, 1661: "To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York at pall mall, the first time that ever I saw the sport in this country." Taking Waller's poem as an authority, many writers state that Charles II. introduced the game into this country, where as we know it was occasionally played in the reign of James I., as already stated. Mr. Pepys, however, tells us that the contests were often so keen, that people sometimes stripped to their shirts.

On the demise of the King, the game died out in England almost entirely, although it continued to flourish in France, and lives there to this present day. On the death of Charles II., all traces of this pastime soon became lost in this country, until about thirty years ago, when a game sprang up in

Ireland. There are now in the British Museum a pair of mallets used in the reign of the Stuarts, which, according to Mr. John Timbs were found in 1854, in a box, in the house of the late Mr. B. L. Vulliamy, No. 68 Pall Mall. This contained four pairs of mallets and one ball. Each mallet was four feet long, and made of lance-wood; the handle, which was very elastic, was bound with white leather to the breadth of two hands, and terminated with a collar of jagged leather. The ball was of box-wood.

That the game of Croquet has during the last few years become very popular is an indisputable fact. A short time since but very few knew that there was such a game; and now, not only everybody seems aware of its existence, but almost every person can play at it, and, what is more to the point, finds very much enjoyment in the sport. The next question, therefore, to be considered is, what are the chief causes of the great popularity that this game has achieved in so short a time? Cynical old bachelors and misogynists aver that the reason why men like this game is, because in it girls show their ankles; and that the reason why women like it is, because it fosters the vanity of allowing them to prove their superiority to the "lords of the creation." The style of argument usually adopted by those who know little or nothing about this game. The prevalent idea with regard to it, in the minds of such people, is that people play at it merely for the sake of flirtation, and that the process of knocking the balls about is quite a secondary consideration. Now in a game of Croquet, played by energetic people, such a state of things would be impossible, as each player would not only keep a watch on his ball, but would also pay attention to the progress of the game, and he is unable to participate in a dialogue for even two or three minutes. For, although the present writer would be the last to deny that the participation of ladies in the sports adds an indescribable charm to Croquet, yet it is manifestly absurd to say that their presence is the main attraction. Good players of either sex can find enjoyment in the game, whether it is played solely by gentlemen or solely by ladies; and most men would undoubtedly prefer playing entirely with players of their own sex, rather than have the interest of the game spoiled by a lady who knows little or nothing about the rules.

Some suggest the word Croquet is derived from the French verb *croquer*; about that

there can be little doubt. There is an expression called *croquer le marmot*, which means to dance attendance upon; and this, we think, is the nearest and best derivation we can find of this delightful game. Surely people dance attendance upon one upon the other at Croquet. Are not the balls continually running after each other all over the ground? And do they not, when they meet, often receive that rebuff which generally falls to the lot of those people who are fond of dancing attendance upon others? Taking, therefore, this term as the most probable definition of the word, we beg to recommend our readers not to talk about croqueting, but to use the term croquing, which is to imply the performance of the Croquet.

If has been stated by some writers, who lay claim to be authorities on the matter, that the game of Croquet is of very modern origin; indeed one writer on the subject goes so far as to assert, that the game, as such, was "quietly introduced some four or five years ago." That the game was again re-introduced into England about that time, we are free to admit, but that the game itself is a modern one, we deny; and we have ample evidence to the contrary, for we find that the game of the "Mallet and the Ball" gave the name to one of the most fashionable quarters of London, viz., Pall Mall and such, in fact, is the name by which this game was then known in England, when Charles II was King.

Croquet is now unmistakably the most attractive recreative pastime of the day, and possesses social attractions, which we in vain look for in those other amusements which have so long held sway in almost all circles of society. No sooner had the game made its way into aristocratic circles, than it was warmly welcomed on the lawn of our country, so popular indeed did become in a short time, that, immediately after its introduction, several sets of Croquet were seen in vigorous play every evening. The rapid progress which the exhilarating game made in public estimation is doubtless to be attributed to the favourable notice which was taken of it by the press in general, and by our facetious friend *Punch* in particular.

Croquet is emphatically a game in which considerable and healthy exercise is given to the intellectual faculties, and one which requires a certain amount of thought, and moreover one which, under proper direction, is calculated to produce much good, seeing

that both sexes may join in it, and thus the refining influence on the minds and habits of the sterner sex.

What a slow death the old game of Croquet died!

And what a vigorous start the new game has made!

A year or two ago no one thought that the time was near when the Croquet Mallet would have to be so scientifically made, and would be as carefully chosen, as the Golf Club or Tennis Racket. Yet this has almost suddenly come about and a new game of Croquet is just the rage.

The revival of Croquet during the last year or two has been so great, that we have felt the necessity of making arrangements to enable us to produce Croquet of such a quality as to support the demand for a thoroughly high-class article.

Any Offers?

An old lady has offered Mr. Balfour a considerable allowance if he will promise never to play golf on Sunday.—*Daily Paper.*

Is there no lady in the land
Of open heart and open hand
To offer me an income grand

To keep a Godly way?
If such an one there chance to be,
No more of Sunday golf for me;
No sinful smiting off the tee
Upon the Sabbath Day.

The fozzled drive, as I'm aware,
Too oft by far begets the swear,
And thus pollutes the summer air
Which wanders o'er the links.
And if the day be wet or dry,
The golfer needs must wet his eye;
And this absorbs a large supply
Of alcoholic drinks.

Yet, give me but a thou a year,
And I will pledge my word to steer,
In spite of all attractions, clear
Of Sunday club and ball.
Lay down the strictest kind of laws
And I will keep to every clause:
Temptation I defy because
I don't play golf at all.

The Dangers of Excess.

It does not matter, Dr. Yorke-Davies declares, whether it is excess in eating or excess in drinking, but, undoubtedly, excess of any kind means the wearing out of the different organs.

In the case of over-eating the patient becomes corpulent, and by thus overloading the heart with fat, weakens its structure, and eventually dies from the oppression that such a condition entails, or from some congestive disease due to want of tone, a state always present in the obese.

Gray Blight.

THE following is the outcome of the investigations into Gray Blight undertaken by a Ceylon planter:—

Yield is affected, but apparently principally in low-country estates of light soil. There is a tendency to blame Gray Blight for shortages caused by other conditions: such as, drought, followed by continuous wet, starvation expenditure during the late lean years, too fine plucking, overplucking, and letting tea run too long between prunings, etc. I have heard it stated that some 40 to 50 lbs. per acre represents the maximum damage attributable to Gray Blight alone.

Cause.—This is mysterious and has been attributed to Indian seed, and to imported castor cake.

Cure seems difficult, but burning of prunings has had some effect. Burying of prunings is being done, but this is expressly, I understand, suggested by Dr. Watt, unless the prunings are accompanied by an application of some agents like lime and other caustic germicides, like sulphate of copper, bichloride of mercury, etc.

Effects seem luckily not permanent, and fields badly affected have recovered and given increased yields after the attack had passed away.

Source.—Jungle trees are badly affected and grevilleas and gums and garden plants (roses, etc.) suffer badly. This would seem to indicate that the disease has been always present, and is merely following the usual rule which makes these pests manifest themselves most markedly after abnormal seasons.

The local origin is also distinctly indicated by the fact that the places most affected are often in close proximity to jungle and tracts of uncultivated chena.

Future.—With regard to the future of the pest a more hopeful tone obtains, and it is not generally believed that in any way will its ravages approach those of *Hemileia* in coffee.

Remedial Measures.—High cultivation is regarded as now essential everywhere, for although manuring gives no immunity from the disease (may even cause it if castor cake is to blame) it nevertheless keeps the trees in heart and enables them to throw off the

disease, and to return to good flushing, when the attack has passed away.

Handling.—A Pussellawa planter has in your columns made a suggestion that old leaves should be handled off—midway between pruning and pruning—and this would be a distinct discouragement to blights of this sort, which attack mature leaves and not the young flush.

The objection has been raised that this could not do any good, as a fresh attack has been observed on tea within three months of its having been pruned down on account of Gray Blight. But the Gray Blight was not (in one instance of the kind) to be noticed on the new leaves formed since pruning, although the leaves left by the pruners were (as might be expected) severely affected. Had these leaves been handled off before pruning, there would have been no place of lodgment for the attack until the fresh flush thrown out after pruning had got hard and prone to attack.

Airtight Bags and Baskets.—The use of airtight receptacles for diseased leaves, such as waterproofed bags and baskets, seems impracticable.

Sources of Infection.—The pruners and clothes of every coolie who enters an affected field would disseminate spores. Weeders are always moving from place to place—from diseased to healthy patches—and necessarily from their stooping position are in constant actual contact with any diseased leaves that may be on the trees.

One good windy day would infect more bushes and scatter more spores to leeward of a blighted grevillea or gum, than could be bottled up in several hundred waterproofed coolie sacks or baskets covered with oil skin.

Another source of danger is from coolies carrying away prunings from pruned fields for firewood through fields as yet unaffected. On many estates this is the only firewood available for use in the lines, and it is impossible to burn infected prunings on the field.

These sources of contagion are so numerous that the attempt to prevent the spread by using airtight bags or baskets seems useless. Remedial measures are thus reduced to—

I. High cultivation (a) Manuring; (b) Digging.

II. Pruning of infected areas followed by IV and V.

III. Handling out mature leaves as a preventive.

IV. Burning prunings.

V. Burying leaves (preferably with (a) some Detergent like Quick-lime, or (b) some Disinfectant like Carbolic Acid).

VI. Collecting and destroying diseased leaves, either from the trees, or where lying on the ground, but without pruning down.

VII. Keeping the ground free of the litter from grevillea trees, &c.

VIII. Keeping trees free of moss and lichen.

IX. Applications of curative chemicals such as white wash-lime, Bordeaux Mixture, &c., all of which will probably be too expensive for general application.

X. In extreme cases uprooting of hopelessly diseased trees and patches of tea.

“Love in Reserve: Rondeau.”

NO more did I when first we met
Than pay due courtesy his debt:
I simply bowed to her that day
In best reserved and British way,
The Incarnation of Debreth.
She knew not what there latent lay
Beneath that cold, well-mannered clay
And calm of feature stony-set;
No more did I.
And when I saw her eyes of jet
Raised to my own, with love-drops wet,
And a bewitching curl astray
Caressing near my fingers play,
I smoothed it from her brow: and yet—
No more did I!

OLIVER ONIONS.

The Power of Music.

The late Dean Stanley was very fond of Jenny Lind, but when she stayed at his father's palace at Norwich, he always left the room when she sang. One evening Jenny Lind had been singing Handel's "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Stanley, as usual, had left the room, but he came back after the music was over, and went shyly up to the great singer.

"You know," he said, "I dislike music. I don't know what people mean in admiring it. I am very stupid, tone-deaf, as others are colour-blind. But," he added, with some warmth, "to-night, when from a distance I heard you singing that song, I had an inkling of what people mean by music. Something came over me which I had never felt before; or, yes, I have felt it once before in my life."

Jenny Lind was all attention.

"Some years ago," he continued "I was at Vienna, and one evening there was a tattoo before the palace performed by four hundred drummers. I felt shaken, and to-night while listening to your singing, the same feeling came over me. I felt deeply moved."

"Dear man," Jenny Lind used to say, when she told this story, "I know he meant well, and a more honest compliment I never received in all my life."

An Epidemic of Kisses in America.

I. ANGLO-SAXON RESERVE.

THE doughty deed of Lieutenant Hobson, who scuttled the *Merrimac* in Santiago Harbour, and freely risked his life in the bold project of locking the Spaniards in their own port, is fresh in the memory of all. We are told that when, after the war, the gallant sailor gave an account of his exploit at Vassar College, a lady who was at his lecture expressed a wish to kiss the hero, and her example was followed by all the ladies present. Hobson subsequently lectured in all the leading cities of the United States, and in the course of his tour he was kissed by no less than ten thousand women!

Now when we consider the reserve of the Anglo-Saxon race in expressing its enthusiasms, when we consider the modesty of its women, when above all we consider the self-possession and hard-headedness of the American citizen, this phenomenon appears so striking as to call for some examination from a pathological standpoint.

In the Anglo-Saxon race kissing between men is an absolutely unknown phenomenon; their warmest enthusiasms arouse a power of inhibition which precludes any over-vivacious ebullition. There is a touch of the sublime in the record that when, after several years of fruitless search, Stanley found Livingstone in that remote recess of Darkest Africa, they shook hands like acquaintances meeting casually in Piccadilly after a few days' separation. So, too, Nansen, with a self-control no less characteristic of the Norwegian than of the Anglo-Saxon, meeting in Arctic regions the Good Samaritan who saves him from the gravest perils a man can encounter, does not fall on his neck and kiss him, but simply grasps him by the hand.

Starting from this point, it is difficult to account for a frenzy of enthusiasm which discharges itself in ten thousand kisses.

II. MATERNAL ORIGIN OF THE KISS.

It is, however, to be noted that these kisses were given by women, and not by men; that, inasmuch as she is superior to the other white women of Europe, the Anglo-Saxon woman is more sensitive to suggestion, more readily excited by man; also that the kiss being originally a maternal act, woman is far more predisposed to it than is man. In my *Femme Criminelle* I have clearly demonstrated that the kiss is a gesture which appeared very late in human development. Not only is it unknown to the yellow and negro

—who rub noses* instead of kissing—-but down to Homeric times it bore a solely maternal significance. Thus, in Homer, *Kaveos* meant only the kiss of father to child, or the kiss of the supplicant, like the Proci who kiss the hands of Ulysses. The kiss never occurs in the love scenes between Venus and Mars, Ulysses and Circe, or Paris and Helen (*Iliad* iii), nor yet between Hera and Laos, who are distinctly depicted as in the bonds of love (*Iliad* xiv). In the scene with Andromache, Hector consoles her not with a kiss but with a caress of his hand. Even in the ancient Egyptian the definitions of "kiss" (excepting *hach*, which is an obscure point) refer to "embrace," and not to kissing with the lips.

In ancient Sanskrit poetry, again, the kiss is always maternal, and the *kusami* (Sanskrit for "kiss") is exclusively filial; although later books go so far as to differentiate twelve varieties of the kiss.

The wife of Califa in the *Ramayana*, bewailing his death, recalls the hand, not the lips, that caressed her. So also the wife of the King of Cambodia; whilst the father Bali kisses his son. And again: "And the mother licked her son's face with her tongue, and made lamentation like a yearning cow bereft of her calf, the father fondling him the while." (Gorresio, vol. i., p. 393.)

It would seem, then, that the kiss, which amongst ancient and civilised peoples is unknown as a tenderer of love, sprang from the entire want of feeding commonly practised, and very frequently too by savages. It is said that the Fuegians do not use any kind of cup, but assuage their thirst by sucking up water from the spring through a reed. A child would die of thirst if the mother did not supply his needs by filling her own mouth with water and thence introducing it into the mouth of her babe. From this act the first kiss was probably evolved—a kiss not amorous, therefore, but maternal. Children kiss only when they have been taught to do so, and not before they have attained the age of six months.

With the ever-increasing sentiment of love which was primarily materialistic, it is noteworthy how the lips and breast, from being exclusively maternal organs, became the organs of love. The same is true of the kiss; but it remains less characteristic of the man than of the woman. The wife is the basis of the mother, and when a woman feels the need of expressing her highest admiration and love it is more natural to her than it is to a man to do so by means of the

* "In almost all the Oceanic races kissing consists in rubbing noses and sometimes cheeks together. In many parts of Europe women kiss each other in this fashion, saying the while 'How do you smell?' which is equivalent to 'How do you do?' The Burmese call their salutation 'inhaling the odour.' In Africa, as in Lapland, they kiss with the nose, and to kiss means 'to smell.'" (Andree—*Ethnische Parallelen*.) Some islanders of the Indian Archipelago smell or rub the hand by way of greeting, and kiss by gently rubbing their noses together; they call kissing "rubbing noses." The inhabitants of the Friendly Islands take each other's hands and rub their noses and mouths vigorously together. The native of Ohtagong presses nose and mouth against his friend's cheek and draws in his breath. Smelling, kissing, and saluting for him, as also for the Malay, are one and same thing.

kiss. Kissing between men, I repeat, in the Anglo-Saxon race at all events, is so rare as to be almost phenomenal.

III. SUGGESTIBILITY OF THE CROWD.

In the case of Hobson's ten thousand kisses the strangeness and unconventionality of which were heightened by their publicity, the most striking fact is that he was addressing a crowd of specially *elite* persons.

So far back as the year 1870, in my book *Delinquent Man* I established the fact since corroborated by Sighele, Ferri Tarde and Lebone that in a crowd the character of the aggregate by no means corresponds to the sum of the units of which it is composed; and that even in the most select crowd, how virtuous soever the individuals, the mass may yet be depraved. As the old saying has it: "The Senators are good fellows; the Senate is a wild beast."

He who has studied man, or better still himself, in the midst of social groups of even the best kind, must have observed how he is modified by them; how from the modest and virtuous individual of the domestic hearth he becomes licentious and immoral when he is associated with a crowd or with a large number of men. In a club or university meeting, he is never so select and wise, how many men, seized by panic, have stood by and heard friend or master insulted! How many have basely thrown the blame on the very person whom formerly they had loved! A step or two further, a man who is an honest man amongst revellers, becomes a novice at cards or flinging stones amongst the most repulsive licentiousness, from a sense of fellowship.

This tendency is accentuated in proportion to the numbers associated: from five or six rustic school-boys robbing an orchard to mill-hands in their thousands exasperated and egged on by some irate drone, pulling down their employer's house; or the masses of people which the most trivial cause will assemble in the streets of Naples or Paris—masses whose clamour may swell into a sentence of death.

An indirect proof of this theory is furnished by the slang used in coteries, which assumes an increasingly complex and ignoble character in its course from the comparatively innocent associations of school and college life to parties of emigrants, vagabonds, itinerant merchants, and especially criminals. But, setting aside the criminal element, this intensification of bad language is to be noted merely as a result of association in large numbers.

Men in association, as Galileo said, are like chariot-horses whose harness has given way; they damage each other by the mere fact of their connection. Human emotions intensify in direct ratio to the number of persons sharing them at the same time and place, so that courage, cruelty, admiration, all multiply and acquire extraordinary momentum, forming, by the potency of numbers, a veritable psychological upheaval, in which the elements of hereditary passions, stifled and suppressed by education, start up from the depths to the surface. The same thing happens in the animal kingdom. Forel, in one of his beautiful experiments, has proved that the contentiousness which impels ants when numerous to quarrel violently ceases altogether when they are parted into groups of seven or eight.

The crowd is a domain in which the microbe of evil develops more readily than the microbe of good, because the good elements of the individual are eliminated by numbers, or by the presence even of a single morbid element. Disturbances arise mainly from the stronger influence which the few depraved persons in a crowd exercise upon it; for being of an active nature, they overweigh the virtuous, who are by nature more passive. Thus Taine sets forth how, in 1789, a worthy and peaceable cook was influenced by a crowd to kill Dr. Larcey and to stick up his head on a spear; and how a loyal soldier tore the heart of Labau from his breast and sucked the blood.* *

This baleful influence is yet more marked in a crowd of women; partly because it includes a larger proportion of hysterical persons who give and receive suggestion more readily than others, and partly because, aside from hysterical tendencies, women are more open to suggestion, more inclined to run to extremes, than men. In evil times, amongst debased races, in crowds where the criminal element preponderates, the most incidental cause would be likely to result in violence and bloodshed. In a highly cultured race, in a crowd where women preponderate, and under conditions of the most justifiable enthusiasm, the outcome albeit no crime, was nevertheless a breach of social decorum, a violation of that sense of modesty which is so keen in the Anglo-Saxon, for whom the price of a stolen kiss may amount to a heavy fine.

A subsidiary cause of this breach of decorum may have been that sort of imperialistic-military ardour kindled in the United States by the infamies of Spain, with its absurd and impolitic result of the conquest of the Philippines, so contrary to American feeling and tradition.

VI. THE KISS: A SYMBOL OF VENERATION.

Human gestures have many meanings. The smile, for instance, may mean joy, fun, friendliness; clapping the hands may mean applause or summons. The action of the American women loses much of its indelicacy when we remember that the kiss may bear many interpretations besides that of love. It has been said that the kiss is the symbol of love and respect, of friendship and gratitude; that it is a token of peace and charity, that it has somewhat the nature of a pledge. We see, therefore, that above and beyond the maternal and the amorous the kiss is a symbol of respect and veneration, and we may add of fellowship. St. Paul exhorted his followers to kiss in token of fellowship: "Greet ye one another with an holy kiss" (1 Cor. xvi. 20.) Amongst the ancient Romans the kiss was a sign of salutation.

As a mark of reverence it is yet more common. "The Persians," writes Xenophon, "kissed all whom they held in veneration. The Syrians and Phœnicians directed kisses towards the statues of the gods, towards the sun and moon." Job, too, reaches out towards the sun and kisses his hand. Samuel, anointing Saul, kisses him in sign of homage. Lucian says: "The rich offer sacrifices to the gods, the poor worship them with a kiss." And princes were kissed in sign of submission. Amongst Christians, or rather amongst Catholics, the kiss was a symbol not only of fellowship but of adoration; they kissed relics and pictures of the saints. In

* * Sighele, *La Foule Criminelle*, 1898. Third Edition.

Rome pious pilgrims kiss the blood-saints of Christ, which are reverently protected by glass, on the steps of the Scala Santa.

Inasmuch as woman is less strong and more excitable than man, whilst her passions are more demonstrative than his, the more prone is she to express her admiration; and her readiest outlet is a kiss. Man gives vent to his admiration by applause and shouting.

Margaret of Scotland, daughter of Louis XI., passing through a room where the eloquent French preacher Alain Chartier lay sleeping, kissed him on the mouth. "It is not the man that I kiss," she said, "but the mouth whence issues such sublime discourse." When Garibaldi rode through Italy after the Sicilian victories, women were tramped under the horse's feet in the attempt to kiss him, and they had at last to content themselves by kissing his garments. The Italian populace has even been known to beg the favour of kissing the clothes—nay, the very handkerchief—of Don Bosco, who was only a half-canonised saint of our own times!

A year ago when Zola's famous letter *J'accuse* appeared, I myself heard a young and beautiful Italian lady, throbbing with enthusiasm and admiration for his fearless conduct, exclaim in a large assembly: "If he were here I would kiss him!" and I have no doubt that the other ladies present would have followed her example.

V. HOBSON WORTHY OF ENTHUSIASM.

Few men are so worthy of admiration and enthusiasm as Hobson, whose *Merrimac* exploit is one of the bravest deeds of our own times; and the account of it, given by the hero himself, was bound to foment the enthusiasm of his hearers, who must have felt as though they had been actually present. Under these circumstances the kissing phenomenon loses much of its pathological aspect, more especially as women are always warm admirers of military valour. The very prosaism which permeates our times, especially in America, makes these exceptional deeds the more provocative of admiration and enthusiasm. It would augur well for the glory of the Great Republic on which at this time the gaze of the whole Liberal world is fixed, if, in the flush of victory, the military ardour of your American cousins had restricted itself to this single act. It would augur well if, having set one people free, they had refrained from girding on the sword to force another into slavery!

C. LOMBROSO.

Mother's All Right.

The Chicks of the Empire are flapping their wings,
And training their beaks for the fight;
A cluck, and the brood to her bosom she brings
A flutter, but mother's all right.

It isn't an eagle—a Frank or a Russ—
That feathers should frill at the sight.
Then why in the yard all this flurry and fuss?
Don't worry her. Mother's all right.

Would'st peck at the African beetle or worm
She going to crunch—but a mite?
Nay, nay, though its got quite a thick epiderm.
Don't clutter so. Mother's all right.

—"Adelaide Critic."

Cyril Silvester.

A TALE OF CEYLON SCHOOL LIFE

The Author of the *Mudaliyar's Daughter*.

[All Rights Reserved.]

PART I.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

Cyril and Arthur.

THE first term of the year, known at St. George's as the Lent term, was coming to a close, and the long Easter holidays drawing nigh. Signs of the approaching holidays were visible everywhere. Boys in general were now more lively and full of fun than during the early part of the term; the class-rooms and study-halls more unmanageable, especially where young inexperienced masters presided; and the dormitories more boisterous, presenting every morning a bustling scene of animation—the inmates up earlier than usual. Some of these were busy talking over their intended doings during the holidays. Others were merrily humming "Dulce et Decorum" were commemorating in chorus the fallen hero's valour knapsack of Mr. John Brown, and still, without much regard to harmony, were chanting the praises of the immortal "old King Cole" and his three fiddlers, whilst the masters whose prerogative it was to enjoy the luxury of a late nap, were at their wits' end cursing in bed the astounding lung-capacity of these vociferous sons of mischief, who in a score of voices were making the dormitories a veritable Babel of inharmonious sounds. Even the school-walls bore unmistakable evidence of the near approach of the happy season. They were scribbled all over in pencil and charcoal with such announcements as "Hurrah for the holidays!" "only one week more for the holidays!" etc., much to the disgust of the Principal, who had had the whole place white-washed only three months before,—during Christmas. Similar expressions of pent, up-boyish mirth were exhibited everywhere at St. George's, and among those that were happy no one was more so than Cyril.

It was the last Sunday afternoon of the term. Cyril and Harry Silva were out for a long walk among the green rice-fields when they met Laurie Maclean, and the three boys enjoyed a pleasant stroll in company, talking of the coming term examination and the prospect of the long holidays. The prize-examination at St. George's was in June, and there were no real term-prizes for the school. But Mr. Sterling used to offer a prize at the end of every term to his class, which had hitherto been easily carried off by Maclean, and with little or no competition. But this term

it was different. In the fortnightly examinations Cyril had shown great ability, very often beating even Maclean, so that there was now real competition between the two friendly rivals. Neither of them, however, was jealous of the other. Each freely lent the other whatever help he could give, and for the most part the two boys, whenever they could meet, worked together. As they now talked over the examination they were both excited. Maclean in his usual modesty said that Cyril would get the prize; and Cyril, equally modest, acknowledged Maclean the superior, adding that it was a foregone conclusion that the prize was Maclean's. Harry Silva, who did not really mind it's going to either, asked them both to "shut up," reminding them that they must not quarrel on the way over the prize, and further expressing the wish that they would both get it.

From the subject of the examination they turned to a topic more agreeable to all, viz, the holidays. Cyril told them how he intended to go out angling and bird-nesting, and invited them to Piyagama to spend a week of their holidays with him, assuring them both that his father and mother would be delighted to welcome them to "Palm Grove." Both vaguely joined in the hope of seeing him during the vacation. Thus the three boys proceeded talking when they became suddenly aware that it was time for them to return.

"Look sharp," said Cyril, "unless you mean to get late for school, the three of you had better turn back."

Maclean parted from Cyril on his way, having to go home to get ready for school, while the two boarders arrived on the premises ten minutes before time. When they came to the Church-gate Cyril sent Harry Silva to bring his prayer book, while he, too lazy to go up himself, sat on the top of a grassy knoll by the foot-path leading to the church, where already a knot of idle boys had assembled to make remarks on the honest folk that were going to Church. As they were looking down from their eminence they saw a remarkably stout old lady, accompanied by her two daughters—one a little girl of about ten, with close cut hair, carrying a prayer book in her hand, the other a young lady in her teens walking next to her mother, and displaying a wealth of auburn hair flowing lightly round her neck, of which she was evidently not unconscious—going to Church. The younger daughter was following behind. The party immediately attracted the notice of those who were on the hill.

"Look at that chick," said Arthur Gunaratne, pointing to the younger of the two, "how she struts along by the side of the old hen!"

"The old girl," remarked a thoughtless senior boy, "would make a nice match for old Pickwick or Vouter Van Twiller or some such lazy, fat and oily philosopher!"

"The young lady," said one of his companions, "looks like mournful Ænone, with her flowing hair, wandering to Church forlorn of Paris!"

"I hope she will meet her Paris in Church," remarked another, "and go out a wiser and

sadder young girl much edified by the parson's lengthy homily!"

Cyril had not yet learnt to take part in such vain frivolous talk, and therefore sat silently by, not altogether disapproving but somewhat admiring the utter meaningless cant of his silly school-fellows. The three ladies in question in the meanwhile, happily unconscious of what was going on, went in and unfortunately sat in a pew reserved for the boarders. Nobody felt inclined to show them another seat. So they remained there till the end of the service. When the second bell rang and the boarders began to enter the Church in a long file, Cyril and a few of his class-mates who usually occupied that pew, without disturbing the ladies, sat in the seat just behind. Everything went on well for some time, notwithstanding the efforts of Arthur Gunaratne who, seated between Cyril and Harry Silva, was constantly telegraphing over their heads to White and Weeragoda to draw their attention towards the ladies. But when prayers were over and the sermon commenced, Gunaratne began to make little knots in the hair of the unconscious young lady which was abundantly trailing behind, and to them he fastened little bits of paper, while White and Weeragoda who were now alive to what was going on, sat tittering. Cyril this time heartily despised their conduct and tried to look away and with much difficulty remained serious. Once or twice the younger girl hearing the tittering, inquiringly turned round. But Arthur Gunaratne instantly took his hands off the hair and stared at her with such admirably well-suited mock-gravity and innocence, and so seriously directed her to listen to the sermon, which, poor innocent thing, she did unsuspectingly, that Cyril not being able to preserve his equilibrium any longer burst into an explosion of irresistible laughter, which again he quickly suppressed. One or two other boys also tittered aloud, and the Principal in the middle of his discourse catching sight of their levity stared them into silence and order. Arthur Gunaratne maintained an extremely religious air for the next few minutes, during which time the devil put into his head a new method of mischief.

"I say, Cyril, hand me your pen-knife," he whispered.

Cyril innocent of what it was meant for and not willing to disoblige him, carelessly put his hand into his pocket and gave it to him whispering, "there take it!"

Arthur Gunaratne took it, and what is still more cut with it a few stray locks of the young lady's hair which he carefully put inside his prayer book to be afterwards exhibited among his admirers as the only remaining relic of "Mournful Ænone."

When service was over Cyril went out of church with a conscience heavy, he had, though indirectly, joined in his school-fellow's impiety, being frightened besides that Mr. Evans, who caught him in the very act of laughing, might bring him to task for it. But Arthur Gunaratne went out with an easy mind and forthwith began

to distribute the "relics of Eneone" to the intense delight and admiration of a select circle of friends whose already high opinion that Gunaratne was "no end of a brick" was mightily strengthened.

The following morning was the term examination. Although Cyril, through guilty fear, avoided looking straight into the principal's face whenever the latter appeared, there was no alteration in his looks visible, and no allusion was made to the misconduct, so that every boy concerned thought that nothing would be said about it. But the same evening a circumstance happened that not only undeceived them but went greatly against the offenders. Mr. Alwis, in the course of his afternoon constitutional, chanced to pass the house of Mrs. Jones, the mother of the aggrieved young lady, and she calling him in and gave him a true account of what had transpired in church. Her little son, who was seated behind them and had seen from the background everything that took place, added his testimony. Mr. Alwis blushed to hear the recital of it, and with an apology to the lady and her daughter said, "I hope you will not think ill of us, Mrs. Jones. I shall put the whole matter before the principal directly and have the offenders severely punished." So he did that very evening after dinner. But Mr. Evans was in a good humour and took a light view of the case at first. "What business had they," he questioned, "to sit among the boys? And suppose you go back five years of your life, Mr. Alwis," he added smiling, "and I ten, would we not have been tempted to act in some such way had we been placed under like circumstances? I shall, however, cane them both after prayers."

That evening when Mr. Evans came down for prayers he brought his cane with him. Every boy knew that it was the signal for something terrible and cast anxious, inquiring looks around. As for Cyril he could hardly hold his head up, and scarcely knew when prayers began or when they were over. But Arthur Gunaratne sat unconcerned. He had a vague sort of idea that he might be called up for a thrashing. But he cared very little for it. He had had his cake, he consoled himself, and was now fully prepared to pay for it.

As soon as prayers were over, the principal beckoned the boys to sit down. Every boy took his seat without a whisper.

"Arthur Gunaratne and Cyril Silvester, stand out," he said. The two boys came forward with their heads hanging down.

"I have been sorry to hear," he sternly announced, "that both of you have been acting in a most disgraceful manner in church last evening. One of you, I caught in the very act of laughing in that sacred place, and the other has been guilty of something even more serious. Arthur Gunaratne, you have been insulting a young lady who sat opposite you in church by deliberately cutting some locks of her hair; and you, Cyril Silvester, have not only lent your pen-knife to the offender wherewith to do it, but by

openly laughing, you have encouraged and abetted him in the crime, which is equally wrong! I must, therefore, punish you both."

Gunaratne, accordingly, received eight cuts and Cyril six. Gunaratne only felt the physical pain, but not the disgrace of the caning. He had very often been caned publicly before this and did not therefore much mind it. But it was different with Cyril. He could well endure the pain, but not the disgrace. It was true he had been caned before, but not in the presence of the whole house. He was, therefore, too ashamed to show his face or talk with anybody. So he went up at once to his room, galled with a spirit of rebellion, and without saying his prayers got into bed seeking to hide his shame upon his pillow.

A little while later Arthur Gunaratne stood at Cyril's bed. "I am sorry, Silvester," he whispered, "to have brought all this trouble on you. It was all my fault, you know."

"Never mind, Gunaratne, we shall also get our chance some day!" he replied in a vague sort of way. From that moment Cyril determined to admit Gunaratne as his friend, in order simply to show to others that he joined him through spite.

Among those who were sorry for Cyril's disgrace there were none more grieved than Mr. Sterling. That night before retiring to bed, the faithful Sabbath-school teacher on behalf of his charge wrote a letter to the principal, with a feeling of pride and rebellion against himself. Mr. Sterling prayed to God for a more submissive penitent heart.

Early next morning when Cyril awoke he found himself still nursing the flame of resentment, as his earnest faithful prayer of the master was of no avail. God in His Wisdom takes His own time to send answers to the devout prayers of righteous men. Cyril's character was to be further tested and assailed, and he was therefore allowed to sink deeper in the quagmire of temptation before the prayers that had gone up to heaven on his behalf received any answer.

When Cyril went to the examination room that morning a more subtle temptation was laid for him by the devil. He utterly disliked "cribbing" and had once or twice spoken to Maclean about the disgraceful manner in which boys "cribbed" at the fortnightly examinations. Both of them with their joint wisdom and deliberation did not know how to suppress it. Of course they did not like to inform the masters, they considered it "telling tales." More than three-fourths of the boys of the class thought "cribbing" at examinations to be the right and natural thing for boys to do. The most conscientious of them therefore, even Maclean, though he never "cribbed" himself, thought it best to wink at it when he saw it in others, for fear he should be misunderstood as a sneak. He pacified the qualms of conscience with the lame excuse that it was unmanly to "tell." One of the commonest ways of "cribbing" in vogue at St. George's was for boys to carry into the examination room dirty scraps of paper torn from printed books, small

manuscript notes, etc., hidden inside sheets of blotting paper and other convenient receptacles, from which they copied wholesale without shame or fear, while Mr. Alwis and the rest of his fraternity who fully trusted to the boys' honour indulged in reading novels or newspapers. This morning the fourth form had their History paper. Mr. Alwis was to have set it. Cyril, ready to take down the questions, was seated between Gunaratne and Weeragoda. While Mr. Alwis was looking over the questions before giving them to the boys (he had evidently got a senior boy to set the paper for him) Weeragoda passed a little note to Gunaratne in which was scrawled,—“I say, could you manage to send me your dates?” Gunaratne at once understood the meaning of the missive. He took a dirty scrap of printed paper from inside his blotting paper, and signalled to Cyril to pass it on to Weeragoda. Cyril did not like displeasing Gunaratne; and also wished for an opportunity to do a kind return to Weeragoda, who though not on sporting terms yet was nevertheless less hostile than before; and at a fortnightly examination while looking over his slate, which for convenience' sake. Mr. Alwis always got the boys themselves to do, had given him ten marks over and above what he had actually deserved. Cyril did not care for the additional marks. Mr. Alwis was not of it unfairly and going to the school by its means had been a great deal of a nuisance to him for the whole of the night. But it was evidently meant to be a step to friendship on Weeragoda's part. Cyril was not unwilling to recognise it. He wished now for an opportunity to return the compliment. When therefore Gunaratne signalled him to pass the dirty scrap of paper to Weeragoda he put out his arm and took it with nervous fingers, and without even deigning to look at it, was about to pass it on. At that very moment it so happened that Mr. Alwis looked up. “Misfortunes never come single spies, but in battalions.” The master at once guessed from the embarrassment in Cyril's face that there was something wrong. “What is that paper, Silvester, that you have in your hands?” he inquired.

“Nothing sir,” Cyril replied, quickly shoving the guilty paper inside his blotting paper.

“Bring your papers here,” the master thundered.

Cyril stammered and hesitated.

“Bring me your papers here, Silvester; will you?” he repeated louder.

Cyril turned pale and went slowly with his papers, while the rest of the class looked surprised that Cyril Silvester of all boys should be suspected of dishonesty.

“This is not the first time, Silvester,” shouted the master angrily, after surveying the dirty paper which he took out from inside his blotting paper and held between his two fingers, “this is not the first time you have tried to deceive me. I have never yet reposed any confidence in you, and I find you to be the most untrustworthy boy I have ever had to deal with!”

“But I did not mean to copy, Sir,” Cyril timorously put in.

“How dare you defend yourself behind a lie! you shall forthwith go to Mr. Evans and explain yourself to him.”

Mr. Alwis wrote a note in pencil and sent him with it to the Principal.

Mr. Evans came down with his cane a few minutes later in cap and gown, and after a short conference with Mr. Alwis addressed the boys, Cyril with his head hanging down stood in the midst of them all, the scape-goat of the sits of the whole class.

“One of your number stands here,” the Principal said, “charged with having had in his possession, while in the examination room, a dirty scrap of paper, from which he evidently intended to have cribbed. He does not say how he came to possess it; and although he denies having brought it with any object of cribbing, and no explanation is forthcoming, he will be punished. It is a very serious thing for a boy to crib. It is downright dishonesty, should any boy be again found cribbing or attempting to crib, he will not only be publicly caned but expelled from the examination,” with that short homily against the peril of cribbing, Cyril was caned on his back in the presence of the whole class.

For the remainder of that day there was less cribbing in the fourth form.

After the boys had given up their papers Maclean sought out Cyril whom he found sullen and angry.

“How came you, Cyril,” he asked, “to have that paper in your possession?”

“Why, Laurie, I would have explained; but that brute Alwis is never happy except when he has put me into trouble,”—and he gave him a true and faithful version of the whole transaction. Maclean did not justify Cyril's action under any circumstances in trying to help another boy to crib. But confident that he did not mean to crib himself he was sorry that Cyril, should he come out first, would lose much of its credit. So he told the whole occurrence to Mr. Sterling who himself was much relieved to learn that Cyril had not actually meant to crib: for he had already heard an account of Cyril's trouble from the boys and been grieved about it.

The next day was a half-holiday. After winding up the work of the term the boys were arranging for a concert that night. But Cyril was miserable. The recollection of his disgrace made him hesitate about joining the rest in their amusements. So he remained in his room packing his things for the holidays, while he was thus engaged Harry Silva running to him breathless with excitement and exclaimed, “Let me congratulate you, Cyril!”

“Congratulate me? what for?” demanded Cyril in astonishment, holding in his hand the books he was about to pack.

“Why, you goose, because you are fourth form prize-boy!” said Harry Silva, shaking him warmly by the hand, and in his enthusiasm upsetting a number of books on the ground.

"You don't really mean to say that! And Maclean?" he asked doubtfully.

"Why don't I mean to say it? You and Maclean come out bracketed; and dear old Sterling is in a funk having to give away two prizes!"

"But doesn't he think I don't deserve a prize because of the cribbing?"

"No fear on that score, my boy. Maclean has explained your innocence to him."

"How good of him. And you, Harry?"

"Oh! I am third; more than I expected."

The above conversation carried on hurriedly between the two boys raised Cyril's spirits for the rest of the day. When therefore the concert began he found himself in a tolerably good humour to enjoy it, though still he refused to take any part in it.

The next day the term reports were given by the Principal. After receiving these, the class went to Mr. Sterling for his parting benediction. He spoke very encouragingly of Maclean and Cyril's steady work and also made honourable mention of Harry Silva. He hoped that they would work as steadily in the future. He then spoke of each boy's work individually, and pointed out their several weak points. Last of all he gave them a few practical words of advice, as to how they should conduct themselves during the holidays, and to crown all he called Laurie Maclean and Cyril Silvester and gave them each a prize for general proficiency.

Thus ended Cyril's first term's experience at St. George's School.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

Home Again.

WHAT a bustle there was from an early hour next morning!

Only a very small number of the boys were able during the night to enjoy the balmy influence of sleep, and even the few who slept short intervals were often disturbed by the greater number who had taken it into their heads to make the night alive with their mirth. Being the last night of the term there was a general relaxation of rules, and the masters did not trouble themselves much to preserve order and interfere with the jollity of the boys so long as they did not fall into any mischief. They were, therefore, permitted to chat and laugh in the dormitories and keep the lights burning till morning.

Upwards of thirty boys, including Cyril, were to catch the 7 a. m. train, and some of these were up and ready to start from such an early hour as 1 a. m., impatient for the dawn. Before day-break they stormed in a body the mighty fortress of the Principal himself whom they succeeded in drawing out of his bedroom in his long dressing-gown, in which habitment he looked even more terrible to some of the younger ones who had already learnt to regard him with considerable fear and awe. He shook hands with each boy bidding him good-bye and wishing him a very

happy time during the holidays. A very happy time indeed it was the moment they were able to get out of his awful presence and leave him behind in his glory, with his dressing-gown and all.

Carriage-wheels were then rattling over the stony path-way conveying to the railway station their merry young occupants who in no way loth to leave the deserted buildings to the "moles and the bats" and unable to contain themselves for very delight, were shouting good-byes to one another, waving handkerchiefs and making a thousand and one other gesticulations. When the carriages drew up at the station, and the wondering half-starved steeds—Rozinantes and Gunpowders of our towns—incarnations as they appeared of the ill-favoured and lean-fleshed kine of Pharaoh—stood soberly inhaling the vigorous morning air, there was work enough for the railway subordinates who knowing by previous experience that the young gentlemen were very liberal with their parents' money vied with each other obsequiously to do them service. They took out of the carriages and labelled to all parts of the country all sorts and conditions of articles. Huge corded boxes among which the reader would recognize our old friend Obadiah's now historic coffin-shaped wooden box, scrawled over more than ever with that youth's hieroglyphs and looking like an auctioneer's notice-board; little rough-made cages in which tiny sun-birds, bulbuls, *minas* and many parrots were imprisoned, disclosing a tale of what school boys can do for their afternoon rambles; flower cuttings robbed that morning from the Principal's own private flower garden—these and many more were promiscuously huddled into the brake-van, while their owners went about pillaging the Stationmaster's flower beds. As soon as that functionary arrived on the platform to start the train, one of the boys in a loud stentorian voice cried out, "three cheers for our worthy Stationmaster," which announcement was heartily responded to by the rest. With a like reception they honoured also such other Stationmasters on the line as, by their department, they thought more worthy of notice than others. But some being of choleric natures did not quite appreciate the greeting. To such when they considered themselves fairly out of danger, they made odd faces and grimaces followed by repeated volleys of cheers.

By common consent all the boys had got into a third-class carriage. The Stationmaster, as a return for the compliment they had given him, excluded other passengers from it. As the train begins to steam out of the station they renew cheering, and one proposes three cheers for St. George's. All the thirty merry lusty voices join in shouting, so that you expect the very roof of the carriage to be blown off into the air. Then they begin to play such pranks on each other and the simple minded rustics they meet on the line, gazing on them, pleased, as they rattle past, that had not the special Providence which watches over sailors and babies taken care of them, some

of their number would surely have come to grief that day.

At the next station, in spite of all their remonstrances that the whole carriage had been paid for by them, a huge rotund corpus of "jolly" dimensions protruded itself into their midst. The boys did all they could to shut him out. But when their efforts failed they not only let him in, but like the donkey that held its tail to the hail-storm when it thought it best to endure where there was no cure, they made his advent the occasion of a fresh volley of cheers. The rotund corpus was the fleshy tenement of a Tamby who was going to be present at an annual festival in honour of the Prophet. He was carrying with him a bunch of plantains and two fowls. These they readily admitted into the carriage with open mouths and flooded him with questions as to where he was going to, how many stones he weighed, in what name he rejoiced, whether he was any near relative of Kuppa Tamby, the great Lexicographer whose Dictionary is well known among Ceylon schoolboys,—on none of which points however the Tamby would deign to enlighten them. Pakeer Bawa—for that was the name by which the Tamby was known amongst his co-religionists—was not fond of speaking. He was moreover of a philosophical turn of mind, and, if we are to judge from his reflective habits, was a follower of those redoubtable professors of science at Lagaddo. He therefore, when the boys shoved the fowls and bunch of plantains under the seat, and, without uttering a word, made a single monosyllabic fall into a comfortable position. This position, together with the rocking of the carriages, soon lulled him to sleep, and before the next station was reached Pakeer Bawa was found sonorously snoring.

One of the little rogues finding him asleep stealthily walked up to where Pakeer was and cautiously bringing to light the bunch of plantains from its place of hiding, disturbing in the act the day-dreams of the two fowls, held it up with much gusto over his head, crying aloud, "who is game for this?" Six or seven youngsters who could get to the spot rushed at it, and each walking away with as many of the ripe delicious fruits as he could carry, the bunch of plantains disappeared in their hands, leaving behind only the skins. With these they then proposed to declare war against the inoffensive jolly Tamby who was yet soundly snoring.

"What say you fellows to have some fun?" asked Charles Grieson. "We'll 'skin' the old Tamby!"

Now, to "skin" a person, according to the phraseology in vogue at St. George's School, was to molest the enemy with plantain skins.

"Capital!" cried a dozen merry voices.

"Well then, get ready," said Grieson, "to discharge at word of command. Only let Islam catch it hot about his plump cheeks! But mind you don't expend all your ammunition at the first round!"

The boys held up their plantain skins ready to

discharge, while "Islams" felicitously unconscious of what was going to happen, was indulging in deep nasal music—a prelude perchance to the quite different tune he would presently have to sing.

"Now then ready," said Grieson; "fire!"

Whiz went a dozen plantain skins flying in the air and hit right on the broad full-fed face of the Tamby.

Pakeer Bawa awoke uneasily. But before he could collect his thoughts or ascertain the cause of this most unexpected and mysterious sensation, another volley was discharged, after which plantain skins began pouring in from every direction, stinging him all over.

It took a few seconds for the Tamby to realize the exact situation he was in, and when he did realize it, he was indignant beyond words, and roared in his indignation like a grampus. He threatened to take them all before a magistrate. But the boys little heeded the threat and annoyed him further by cheering him, and drowning his voice every time he sought to speak, by their triumphal shouts. At the next station Pakeer Bawa laid a formal complaint against the boys before the Stationmaster. But that officer, who happened to be an old St. George's boy, pacified the wrath of the irate Pakeer by asking the boys to pay damages, which they readily did, subscribing among themselves, and paying him more than four times the value of the bunch of plantains. When Pakeer Bawa left them at the end of his journey, the boys voted him the jolliest card going, and sent him off with deafening cheers.

Nature abhors a vacuum. As it were in conformity with this universal law, a close-shaven Chettiar carrying a wicker basket full of Jaffna cigars that he was vending about rushed in with breathless haste to occupy the empty space left vacant by the departure of Pakeer Bawa. The Chettiar, like his friend the Tamby, sat squatting on the seat. But unlike him, instead of going to sleep, he pulled out from his basket a rich fragrant Jaffna cigar, and by way of an advertisement of the wares he was vending, began smoking it. The Georgians bought cigars from him, for which some paid, and others did not, and they too smoked. Cyril watched all this with evident pride. He had heartily joined his school fellows in their exploit with the Tamby; but as yet he had not smoked, although at heart he thought smoking a very nice and manly thing for boys to do. Some of the younger ones however smoked for the first time that day, and also found out by experience that Jaffna cigars were not so enjoyable as at first imagined.

Gradually the number of Georgians who travelled grew less. When Cyril alighted there were only a very few who had to go further. He bade these a merry good-bye, and bounding out of the train before any of the other passengers got into the carriage that was waiting for him. Oh, what a joyful moment that was for Cyril! He forgot all at once the cares and sorrows of school-life, and in the happy prospect

of the holidays that had already begun, and the exuberance of his pleasure and excitement, overpowered his faithful servant, who was at the station to escort him, with a host of questions about home and anecdotes of school, most prominent among which was their recent adventure with Pakeer Bawa. As he narrated them he assumed an air of dignity and importance, which the attendant very modestly was willing to recognise.

They were now flying along familiar spots. There were the well-known fields and meadows, lanes and alleys; and there he saw the old church and the primary school. Every now and then he met the familiar faces of his old acquaintances,—village boys with whom he had associated and romped about through the length and breadth of the neighbourhood, and who now looked pleased to see him back and greeted him with their broad grins. It seemed to him as if an age had passed since he last fraternized with them, and what a man he felt himself now to be in their presence! Country maids and matrons, too, who had so long missed the smiling presence of the playful boy were now leaving their work to see the child pass by and stood gazing, glad that he had once more come amongst them. And now he comes to that portion of the long silent cart-road from where he could catch a glimpse of home. Far off at the end he sees a little figure impatiently on the look out for him. It moves along towards him and comes nearer. Yes, it is she, his little sister Daisy, who breathless with joy and excitement cries aloud to him. He springs out of the carriage, and embracing Daisy gives her a hearty kiss. The two children then, with arms confidently thrown round each other, run towards home. Daisy had given the alarm before running to meet Cyril, and so Mrs. Silvester had come to the verandah and was standing there ready to receive her darling. Oh, what a joyous meeting that was! How we all like to cherish the memory of those happy moments! And no wonder, for they give to us mortals here on earth short glimpses of the bliss of heaven. Mother and child are locked in one embrace. The next moment the father comes out and heartily shakes him by the hand.

"You have grown quite big, Cyril!" he says. Cyril recognises it with a smile. "I am first boy, fourth form, father!" he announces, and bounds off with Daisy to the garden, where above all things she insisted on showing him how well she had taken care of his pet animals.

"Oh there's Brown. It has not forgotten me," says Cyril as the Spaniel comes wagging its tail and barks for joy. "And there's Pussy," he adds; "how very cunning she looks. By the way what a goose you were Daisy to send me by post those nasty sweets of yours; and what a fuss you made about nothing at all!"

Daisy's face coloured. She was evidently hurt. Cyril noticed the change.

"Oh no, Daisy, I only said it in fun. We all liked your sweets, and some of the fellows there

said they were exceedingly nice."—And he turned round and kissed her.

"Now then, Daisy, where is my spotted lamb—the fellow with the bell?" Cyril inquired.

"No, I won't show you," Daisy answered, her sweet face still puckered up in anger.

"How silly you are, Daisy. I was only joking."—And he stooped again and kissed her, throwing his arm lovingly round Daisy's neck. The transient cloud vanished from Daisy's face. The two children were reconciled.

Before Cyril had seen every thing that Daisy had to show him, Mrs. Silvester called the boy in to tiffin. "You must be feeling hungry now, Cyril," she said, "take your tiffin first and then go."

Cyril went in with an appetite sharpened by his long journey, and forthwith set to eating the delicacies provided by the loving thoughtfulness of a mother—the like of which he had neither tasted nor even seen during his whole term at St. George's School.

After this he visited some of his old acquaintances, whose simple heads he astonished with long school yarns; and at night went to bed with the sense of a great, inexpressible joy, which was only interrupted by dreams of school life. But early next morning all fears vanished on his realizing that they were only dreams; and he awoke quite refreshed and happy. It was a lovely morning. Everything looked balmy and green; and the geese were in the water-troughs. As the sun was shining on the merry village of Piyagama, the children were seen running along the banks of the stream with the feeling of a joy, new-found. The father and sister proposed to themselves a very happy time of the holidays.

Later in the day when the family met for breakfast, Cyril told his mother of his intention to invite his two friends, Maclean and Harry Silva, to "Palm Grove" for a week during their holidays. Both parents were glad at the prospect of knowing personally Cyril's friends at school, of both of whom he spoke with such glowing enthusiasm. But Mrs. Silvester, when she heard the name of Maclean entertained a secret fear that Cyril had made a dangerous selection of a friend. It was not that Mrs. Silvester disliked her children associating with anybody in particular, whatever that body may belong to socially. Cyril and Daisy were allowed—nay, even encouraged by both parents—to mix freely with the poorest and the commonest of the village children at Piyagama, so long as they were morally untainted; and they had found them all the better, nobler and imbued with more charitable Christ-like sentiments for such company. But Mrs. Silvester entertained a notion that her children might be morally spoilt if they were influenced by foreign lads from the town. She was however undeceived and her worst fears laid to rest when she actually came to know the nature of the boy Cyril had selected as his most trusty friend at St. George's School.

By the next post Cyril wrote to Willie Maclean and Harry Silva asking them both to Piyagama

and they wrote him back accepting his invitation. The two boys by agreement came together, and they very soon became great favourites at "Palm Grove." Their pleasant affable manner won for them the sympathy and good-will of all around them. It was specially a source of great comfort to Mr. and Mrs. Silvester to know that their child had been wise in the choice of his friends. Daisy too liked her brother's friends. In their company she was very talkative. The two boys also in their turn grew fond of her. The children often spent pleasant afternoons in the fields hunting for wild flowers or birds' nests. On one occasion the boys were out on a shooting excursion under escort of a trusty domestic of the Silvesters, and were overjoyed at bringing home a hare as their only trophy. But they very wisely avoided any discussion as to who killed the hare, for if the question had been proled to the bottom they all knew that none of them would get the credit of having bagged it. Sometimes they tried angling by the fern-fringed bank of the lagoon, but the fish were too wary for them and scarcely took the bait.

One morning, however, they hit upon a new plan. They had been out bathing in the lagoon and, all three of them being good swimmers, swam to the furthest extremity of it. Here they found a little sheet of water (transparent as glass as the sun was then shining clearly into it) very nearly cut off from the main body of waters by a strip of low land. They looked into the bottom of the sheet and saw that they were amazed to find beneath the ripples large beautiful fish, reflecting in their bodies all the glories of the rainbow, moving lazily among the jewelled pebbles.

"I say, Cyril! Oh, I say!" exclaimed Harry Silva as he stood gazing on that marvellous shoal of fish.

"We'll empty the water" cried Cyril in his eagerness.

The other two in their enthusiasm jumped at the idea. All the three forthwith heartily set to the task. They raised an embankment of earth and twigs at the narrow neck that connected the lakelet with the main body, and getting into it, breast-deep in water, began the work of emptying it with buckets obtained from a neighbouring farmyard. But the self-imposed task was not so easy as in their enthusiasm they first imagined. Much of the water they succeeded in pumping out. But large quantities were also oozing in: After some minutes of unremitting toil, Harry Silva gave it up as hopeless, and stretching himself on the soft moss close by said despairing, "You fellows had better think of procuring slate and pencil and going to old Alwis with a jolly tough problem before again attempting any such thing! If three boys, for instance, empty sixty bucketfuls of water from a tank in twenty minutes, and at the end of every five minutes ten bucketfuls get in; how many fish will they have caught in the end?"

"Oh do come, Harry; you are shamming," entreated Cyril, throwing out with labour another bucket of water.

"There's only a little more water; don't give in," said Maclean, who was not the kind of boy to turn back after once putting his hand to the plough.

"But it is impossible," said Harry Silva.

"Nothing is impossible for a St. George's boy," retorted Maclean. "And be true to your motto. *'Nil desperandum.'*"

"And *'labor omnia vincit.'* as some old Roman sage has it!" remarked Cyril. "We shall soon have the fellows if you only look sharp."

"But you are forgetting what another of his fellows says—*'Tempus fugit.'*" replied Harry Silva, pointing at the sun that had now passed its meridian.

Here were these three public school boys wasting in the excitement of their pleasure the fragrance of Latin quotations in the desert air of Piyagama, quite oblivious of time.

"Oh, how late it is, Cyril!" said Maclean in alarm. "What shall we do?"

"Never mind. We'll finish the work. I am sure they won't mind our being late a little. Anyhow they won't set us a task for going late. Oh, Harry, do come and help us like a good boy."

All the three again set to work. They contrived with much labour to exhaust as much of the water as was necessary. The bottom was now seething with fish, which deprived of their element were trying timorously to crawl among the pebbles. The boys caught them, wriggling in their hands and shimmering like bar-silver in the sun-light, and put them into the bucket—a good collection of the choicest and most beautiful. Then hastily running back by land along the banks went home exultant with delight. On the way they met Daisy who was watching for them.

"Oh where were you, naughty boys," she questioned with the tone of a little mistress; "mother has been anxiously waiting for you!"

"You won't call us naughty when you see this, Daisy!" Said Cyril, lifting the lid of the bucket just enough to let Daisy get a glimpse of the beautiful fish inside, that were struggling among themselves for the little water in it, and appearing in all probability to an outside fish that did not happen to know their real feelings (if such a course were really possible!) as if his fellows in the bucket were enjoying a grand piscatorial waltz.

"Oh, how did you catch them, Cyril?" she exclaimed in delight.

"Never mind that just now. But tell us whether mother is really angry with us."

"Of course, she is," Daisy answered, annoyed that she was deprived of the pleasure of witnessing the fun.

"Don't look such an old granny, Daisy!" Cyril retorted.

When the children came home Mrs. Silvester chid them for their thoughtlessness. But they were too happy with the day's success to think much of it. Cyril and Daisy put the fish into large glass jars, and found much pleasure in watching them moving in the water among aquatic plants they previously put in. It was a great delight, especially to Daisy to feed the fish every morning and evening with rice, fruits and berries and little flies that she went about with the boys collecting.

All the time Maclean and Harry Silva remained at "Palm Grove" everybody was happy; particularly the two younger ones. When they left, a temporary gloom was cast over the house. Cyril spent the remainder of his holidays quietly, occupied for the most part with the fish in the jars.

(To be Continued.)

NAMES THAT ARE 'SPELLS.'

We take the following from the *Globe* of the 18th August:—

MERELY NOMINAL.

[Extract from a report on an examination in Ceylon.]

RUMARAKULASINGHE

Was syntactically weak,
But his knowledge was unequalled
When in English he might speak.

Savundaranayagam

Kan him very close indeed
With an excellent discursus
On Lord Verulam, his creed.

Only Obeyesakara

Was "moderate in tone"—
For his title to distinction
Had six syllables alone.

Simla Story of the Viceroy.

A good story is going the rounds of Simla society just now. It seems that an unfortunate clerk in one of the Government offices, with twenty-three years service, recently took leave and overstayed his leave by nine days. He was called upon for an explanation, and in the end the secretary ordered him to be dismissed. The clerk thereupon appealed to the Viceroy, who called for an explanation of the circumstances. The secretary showed that the man had not only overstayed his leave for nine days, but was hopelessly incompetent as well. His Excellency thereupon ordered the man to be reinstated, and wrote across the secretary's explanation that he considered the hopelessly incompetent man was the one who took twenty-three years to find out the other's incompetence.

TOILET NOTES & AIDS TO BEAUTY.

HOW TO OBTAIN A GOOD FIGURE.

(Continued from May Number.)

AS I am sure it is every one's desire to possess a good figure, let me try and give my readers a few hints on how to obtain such.

The first thing necessary to a good figure is Symmetry—and one point is important to mention here that the size of the waist should be in proportion to the rest of the body. If a waist be tightly laced it naturally shows the hips and shoulders are out of proportion. The line of the waist should be a very gradual curve and in those who tight lace it will be seen to be sharp and abrupt. The shoulders to be beautiful in a woman, should be round, white, smooth, and gently slope from the neck and they must be flat without projecting shoulder blades. If the shoulders, braces will be found they should be slightly elastic and band should be enough to reach the band of the skirt which they should be buttoned. Another better thing is plenty of good drilling, dancing which tends to make one also walk more gracefully, and an hour a day could well be spent in gymnastics. Swimming should also form one of a girl's accomplishments as every muscle is then brought in action.

Where there is a want of fulness in those muscles which give the shoulder a graceful slope, skipping will be found to develop them, as also will lawn tennis, which keeps the arms extended, the muscles of the neck and shoulders are at the same time used. Swinging by the hands from a rope or bar is also an excellent practice.

Beautiful arms—and who does not wish to have them—again exercise is absolutely necessary for the development of the arms. One does not want very large arms, these suggest coarseness. No, we want arms which gradually decrease in size from the shoulders wrist, the outlines being marked by those inward curves which are noticeable in well-formed shoulders. The wrist must be slender but not thin, the outer bone must be well covered and indicated by dimples.

The roundest arms would fail to be

beautiful though if they be red, but this fault is seldom found with the arms of ladies, which are so constantly kept covered as to be protected from the influences of the weather. The best way to keep them white and smooth is to use plenty of cold water which should be soft and rub afterwards roughly with a towel, they may appear red just after this treatment, but it is certain to make them white if persisted in.

Nothing is better for the purpose of reducing flesh than to exist exclusively on a meat or vegetable diet. Sweets, starches and greases must be eliminated. If the meat diet is chosen, it should be well-broiled chops, trimmed of all fat, slices of underdone roast beef, perfectly lean mutton, lamb, and the like. If the vegetable diet is chosen, potatoes and starchy foods should be carefully avoided, and green vegetables and fruits should be eaten freely. If a mixed diet is chosen, it should be of the same sorts of meat and vegetables. Pastry, puddings, cream, milk, butter, and the like are absolutely fatal to sylph-like proportions.

ELAINE.

Our Local Sports and Athletic Record.

* CRICKET. *

RETURN of Matches played in Colombo and elsewhere from 1st August to 31st August, inclusive:—

COLOMBO.

August 11th and 12th:—Up-country *vs.* Colombo C. C. Played on the C. C. C. ground. Won by Up-country by ten wickets.

Total Scores.
Up-country 302 and 4 (for no wickets.)
Colombo C. C. 144 and 161.

Highest individual scores:—Up-country, A. L. Gibson 170 and G. H. Aste (2 not out.); C. C. C., H. M. Waldoek 46 and E. R. Waldoek 34.

August 12th:—Kalutara Buck's C. C. *vs.* Mr. H. C. Heynsberg's Team. Played at Kalutara. Won by the Kalutara Buck's by an innings and 138 runs.

Total Scores.
Kalutara Bucks' 240.
Mr. H. C. Heynsberg's Team 54 and 48.

Highest individual scores:—Kalutara Buck's, Claude Orr 132, Mr. H. C. Heynsberg's Team, S. P. Foenander 31, and L. Barbett 14.

August 16th.—St. Thomas' College C. C. *vs.* The Dallas-Musgrave Theatrical Company. Played on St. Thomas' College ground. Won by St. Thomas' College, by an innings and 101 runs.

Total Scores.

St. Thomas' College 139.

The Dallas Musgrave Theatrical Co. 25 & 13.

Highest individual scores:—St. Thomas' College D. L. de Saram 38; Dallas-Musgrave Theatrical, Co., W. H. Brown 7 and 5.

August 25th & 26th.—Volunteers *vs.* Sports Club. Played on Galle Face. Won by the Volunteers by 149 runs.

Total Scores.

Volunteers 261 (for 6 wickets.)

Sports Club 112

Highest individual scores:—Volunteers, C. E. Perera 65 (not out); Sports Club, Dr. Browne 25.

August 26th:—Kalutara Bucks *vs.* Central C. C. Played at Kalutara. Won by the Kalutara Bucks by 38 runs.

Total Scores.

Kalutara Bucks 52 and 97.

Central C. C. 48 and 63.

Highest individual scores:—Kalutara Bucks, Claude Orr 27 and E. D. James 39; Central C. C., J. S. Perera 12 and D. Joseph 32.

CALENDAR.

FOR

July, 1899

- 1st.—Bank holiday. Colombo Library: Meeting of the Ceylon Family Benefit Association. Havelock Racecourse: Rugby Football, Colombo *vs.* Kandy. Colombo Garden Club, Entries close for Tennis and Croquet Tournament. Cricket St. Joseph's College *vs.* Royal; College; H. L. I. *vs.* Tamil C. C. Grand Oriental Hotel: Football and Hockey Dinner. Galle Face Hotel: Guest Night. St. Paul's Boys' Schoolroom: Concert. Meeting Rakwana Planters' Association.
- 3rd.—Meeting of the Agra Tea Company, Limited. Railway premises Maradana: Sale of found and unclaimed articles. Polo on Havelock Racecourse. Meeting Eadella Estate Company, Kandy. Association Football on Galle Face.
- 4th.—Public Hall: Miss Diane Platé's Violin Recital. Galle Face: Rugby Football, practice game. One hundred and twenty-third Anniversary of the Declaration of the Independence of the United States.
- 5th.—Princes' Club Assembly Dance. Chamber of Commerce: Tea Sales. Polo on Havelock Racecourse. Grand Oriental Hotel: Guest Night. Theatre, Racquet Court. Public Meeting *re* Waste Lands Ordinance.
- 6th.—Hockey on Galle Face. Barrack Square: H. L. I. Sports. Victoria Park: Volunteer Band. Death of Chavalier Abeyesundara, (Galle.) Arrival of the H. M. S. "Eclipse."
- 7th.—Departure of Mr. & Mrs. A. Philip for England. Polo on Havelock Racecourse.
- 8th.—Meeting of the Warf and Warehouse Co., Ltd. Ceylon Volunteer Association, Twenty-Fourth Competition for "Review Cup", Hunipitiya. Galle Face Hotel, Guest Night. Meeting Nuwara Eliya Gymkhana Club.

- 10th.—Colombo Supreme Court Criminal Session begins. Meeting, Colombo Sailing Club. Polo on Havelock Racecourse. Price Park: Volunteer Band. Cricket, Sports Club vs H. M. S. "Eclipse." Arrival of the Lieutenant Governor from Kandy.
- 11th.—Departure and arrival of the Lieutenant Governor to Galle and back. Galle Agricultural Exhibition Opening day. Galle Face: Rugby Football, practice game. Galle Face: Cricket, Sports Club vs H. M. S. "Eclipse." Meeting of the Chamber of Commerce and the Tea Traders' Association vs the battle of the 1 lb draft. The "Marathon" arrives from Tuticorin.
- 12th.—Galle Agri-Horticultural Exhibition, 2nd day. Public Hall: H. M. S. "Eclipse" Entertainment. Chamber of Commerce: Tea Sales. Polo on Havelock Racecourse. Maskeliya Fishing Club, Meeting of Subscribers. Inspection of the Royal Engineers by the Major-General. Prince's Club Regimental Band. Death of Mrs. Emma Stewart.
- 13th.—Galle Agri-Horticultural Show 3rd day. Weddings: Holy Trinity Church; Mr. P. E. R. Vanderstraten—Miss Ethel Cramer; All Saints' Church Galle; Mr. H. Thornhill—Miss Dorothea de Vos. Barnack Square: Cricket H. L. I. vs. the H. M. S. "Eclipse."
- 14th.—Galle Agri-Horticultural Show, 4th day. City Council Meeting. Victoria Park: Ceylon String Band. Wesley College Hall: Lecture by Mr. G. B. Leechman on "William Carey."
- 15th.—First Entres close for Horse, Dog and Cattle Show. Meeting Penrhos Estate Co. Cricket: Kandy Sports Club vs Gampola Sports Club. C. C. C. vs Combined Colleges; Sports Club vs Railway C. C. Colonial Medical Library: Meeting of the British Medical Association. Galle Face Hotel: Guest Night. St. Benedicts Institute, Musical and Dramatic Entertainment. Entries close for G. O. H. Billiard Tournament. St. Paul's Boys' Schoolroom, Pettah: St. Paul's Juvenile Temperance League 10th anniversary. Galle Face, Association Football: Fort Club vs H. M. S. "Eclipse."
- 16th.—Lady Cox in Colombo. Arrival of the Orient Mail from London. Return of Mr. G. C. Walker.
- 17th.—Council Chamber: Civil Service Examination. Meeting Dickoya Planters' Association. Racquet Court: Sale of Horses. Galle Kachcheri Sale of plumbago lands.
- 18th.—Entries close for Colombo Agri-Horticultural Show. Price Park: Moonlight Music. Galle Face: Rugby Football, practice game. Galle Face: Cricket, Sports Club vs H. M. S. "Eclipse."
- 19th.—Entries close for G. O. H. Billiard Tournament. Walles' yard Kollupitiya: sale of Horses. Grand Oriental Hotel: Guest Night. Chamber of Commerce: Tea Sales. Galle Face: Cricket, Sports Club vs H. M. S. "Eclipse." Gordon Garden: Moonlight Music. Special General Meeting, Tea Traders' Association. His Excellency Rear Admiral Bosanquet entertains his predecessor in office to a farewell dinner, G. O. H.
- 20th.—St. Michael's Polwatte, Wedding Mr. Chas. Peris—Miss Maud de Mel. Exhibits for the Agri Horticultural Show to be sent before 4 p. m. Wolfendahl Sunday School Anniversary and Service of Songs. Departure of Admiral Douglas. Hockey on Galle Face. Sir John Lister-Kaye in Colombo.
- 21st.—Official landing of His Excellency Rear Admiral D. H. Bosanquet. Bank holiday. Vale festival, Gordon Garden Moonlight Music. Public Hall: Concert. Boat House: Meeting Colombo Rowing Club. Colombo Golf Club first ties to be played. Opening of the Colombo Agri Horticultural Show.
- 22nd.—Colombo Agri Horticultural Show, 2nd day. Havelock Racecourse, Colombo Gymkona Club meet. Special meeting Wharf and Warehouse Co. Weddings Galle Face Church, Mr. E. B. Creasy Jr.—Miss Mary Shaw; Christ Church Cathedral, M. Paul Pieris—Miss Hilda Obeyesekera. Meeting Ceylon Steam Navigation Co., Ltd. Victoria Park: Moonlight Music. Galle Face Hotel: Guest Night. Cricket Kadapola C. C. vs. Nuwara Eliya C. C. Trinity College vs. Royal College, Kandy. Sports Club vs. Railway; Colombo C. C. vs. Nondescripts; Bloomfield C. C. vs. Technical College. Football D. A. C. C. vs. Kandy at Radella. Fancy Bazaar and Magic Lantern Exhibition, Cathedral Girls School.
- 24th.—Annual General Meeting, Pettah Library. Galle Face H. L. I. Band. Dance at Garden Club. Volunteer Band at Mutwal. Departure of "Marathon."
- 25th.—Galle Face: Football, practice game. Derby: Arthur Alvis, two Misses Alvis add to Europe.
- 26th.—Prince's Club: H. L. I. Band. Galle Face: Association Football, Wesley College vs. Royal College. Chamber of Commerce: Tea Sales. Grand Oriental Hotel: Guest Night.
- 27th.—Meeting Chamber of Commerce, Public Hall: Variety Entertainment. Cricket, Royal Artillery vs. Tamil C. C.; Bloomfield C. C. vs. Technical College. Hockey on Galle Face. St. Lucia's Cathedral Kothona: Wedding, Mr. D. S. Arseculeratne—Miss Margaret de Silva. The engine of the 6 a. m. up train from Colombo to Polgahawella breaks down.
- 28th.—Public Hall: Variety Entertainment. Price Park: Wesley College Home and Home Match. Bloomfield C. and A. C. Meeting. Association Football on Galle Face.
- 29th.—Rugby Football C. H. and F. C. vs. Dickoya at Darrawella. G. O. H. Billiard Handicap Entries close. Colombo Museum Library: Meeting Royal Asiatic Society. Galle Face. Hotel: Guest Night. C. C. C. vs. Nondescript. Bristol Hotel: Dinner to Mr. G. Straube. Wesley College Old Boys' Day and Sports. Meeting Patupurela Tea Co. School of Agriculture: Proctors Examination commences Meeting Clyde Estate Co. Presentation to Mr. G. Straube, at the Galle Face Hotel.
- 31.—Colpetty Wesleyan Church, Twenty Fifth Anniversary Meeting. Public Hall: Sign of the Cross. Second Entries close for August Races, and Third Entries for Turf Club Plate. Presentation to Mr. J. Wollen, Bristol Hotel.

