

CEYLON OBSERVER

1927



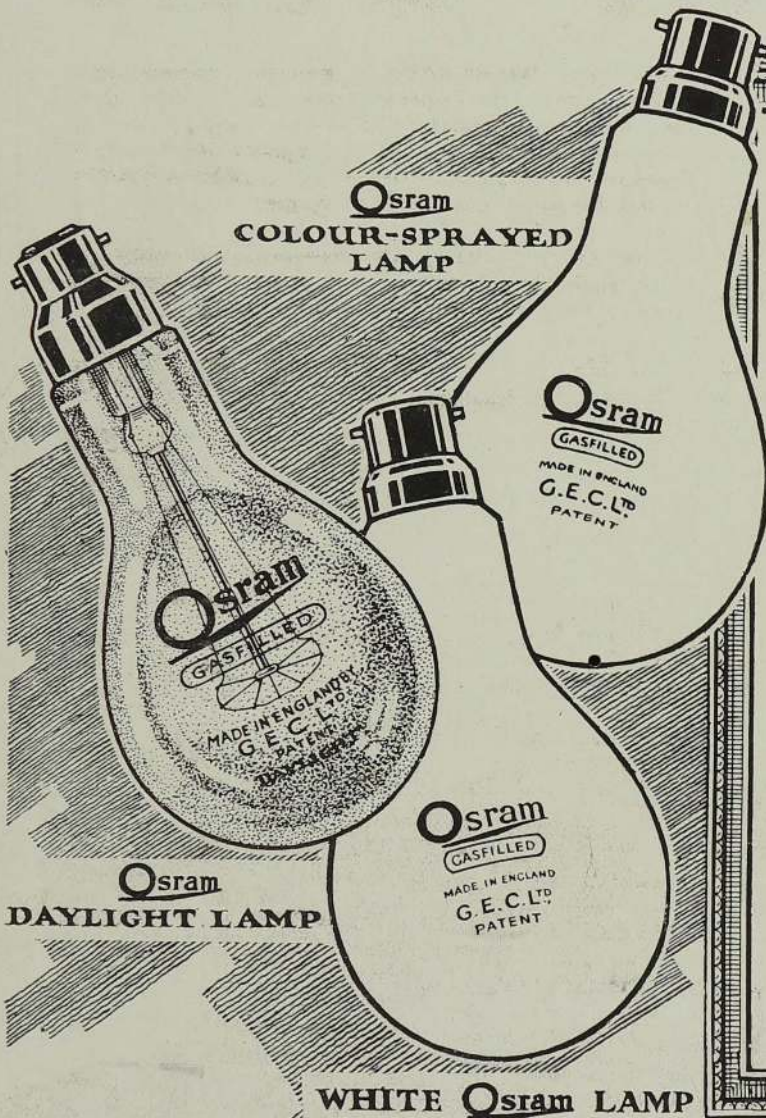
ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS NUMBER

PRICE —
— RE. 1.50.

Osram

G.E.C

GASFILLED LAMPS



BUY
BRITISH
LAMPS

**COLOMBO ELECTRIC
TRAMWAYS AND
LIGHTING CO., LTD.**

CONTRACT DEPT.

TEL : 914.

UNION PLACE.

Dependable!

for Economical Transportation



World's Lowest Ton-Mile Cost

Tens of thousands of users have learned by actual comparison that Chevrolet provides the lowest ton-mile cost* in the history of the commercial car industry!

This matchless economy is due to advanced modern design... extremely low operation and maintenance costs.....exceptionally slow depreciation.....and the most amazing price ever placed on a modern, gear-shift truck—a combination of economy features found in no other commercial car in the world.

Whether you operate one or many trucks, come to our salesroom and learn for yourself how Chevrolet is designed and built to save you money. Go over the chassis, unit by unit. Note the advanced, modern

* Ton-mile cost is the cost of transporting a ton of material one mile or its equivalent.

engineering—typified by a powerful valve-in-head motor, with three-speed transmission and sturdy single-plate disc-clutch. Mark the rugged, quality construction throughout; heavy channel steel frame—massive banjo type rear axle—long, extra-leaved, heavy steel springs, set parallel to the frame.

Then, go for a trial load demonstration—and see how perfectly Chevrolet meets your own haulage requirements!

**1/2-Ton
Truck Chassis**

Rs. 1,800

1-Ton Truck Chassis Rs. 2,600

1-Ton Truck Chassis with Cab Rs. 3,200



ROWLANDS GARAGES LTD.

*You'll enjoy smoking
even more if you
smoke*

CAPSTAN
Navy Cut
CIGARETTES

W.D. & H.O.
WILLS



BRISTOL
& LONDON

Telephones : 144 & 1609.

Telegrams : "COUPON," COLOMBO.

THOS. COOK & SON, LTD.**ESTABLISHED 1841.***Managers of Tours and Excursions, Forwarding Agents, etc.,***GRAND ORIENTAL HOTEL BUILDING,**

Head Office :
**BERKELEY STREET,
 PICCADILLY,
 LONDON, W. 1.**

**COLOMBO,
 CEYLON.**

Branches at :
**BOMBAY, DELHI, SIMLA
 CALCUTTA, MADRAS,
 RANGOON & SINGAPORE.**

AND OVER 150 BRANCH OFFICES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

HAVE a trained and competent Staff, conversant, through the experience of years, with all the details of Travel in INDIA, BURMA, and CEYLON, and respectfully invite all visitors to Ceylon to call at the Colombo Office to make arrangements for their Tours.

RAILWAY TICKETS issued over all Railways of India, Burma and Ceylon, and throughout the World. Ceylon Residents booked from Colombo to India. Full details of trips single or return furnished on Application.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS issued on all Lines around India and throughout the World.

MOTOR TOURS arranged.

PACKAGES of every description stored and shipped as cargo to all parts of the World, at lowest rates. Passengers' Baggage shipped on steamers at lowest rates. Insurance effected.

THOS. COOK & SON (Bankers), LTD.,*Head Office :***Berkeley Street, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.**

CURRENT ACCOUNTS opened for approved clients; interest allowed on minimum monthly balances over Rs. 1,000 at 2 per cent.; per annum.

FIXED DEPOSITS :—Interest allowed on deposits at fixed rates 7 days' noticed of withdrawal.

LOANS CONSIDERED and granted against approved securities.

FAMILY AND OTHER PERIODICAL REMITTANCES made under standing instructions.

INSURANCE PREMIA paid.

DRAFTS, LETTERS OF CREDIT AND TRAVELLER'S CHEQUES, FOREIGN CURRENCIES. Bought and sold for all parts of the world.

THE

INDO-CEYLON

Phone 292.

Tgrms. "ARU."

TRADING Co., LTD.

MANUFACTURING
JEWELLERS AND
SILVERSMITHS.

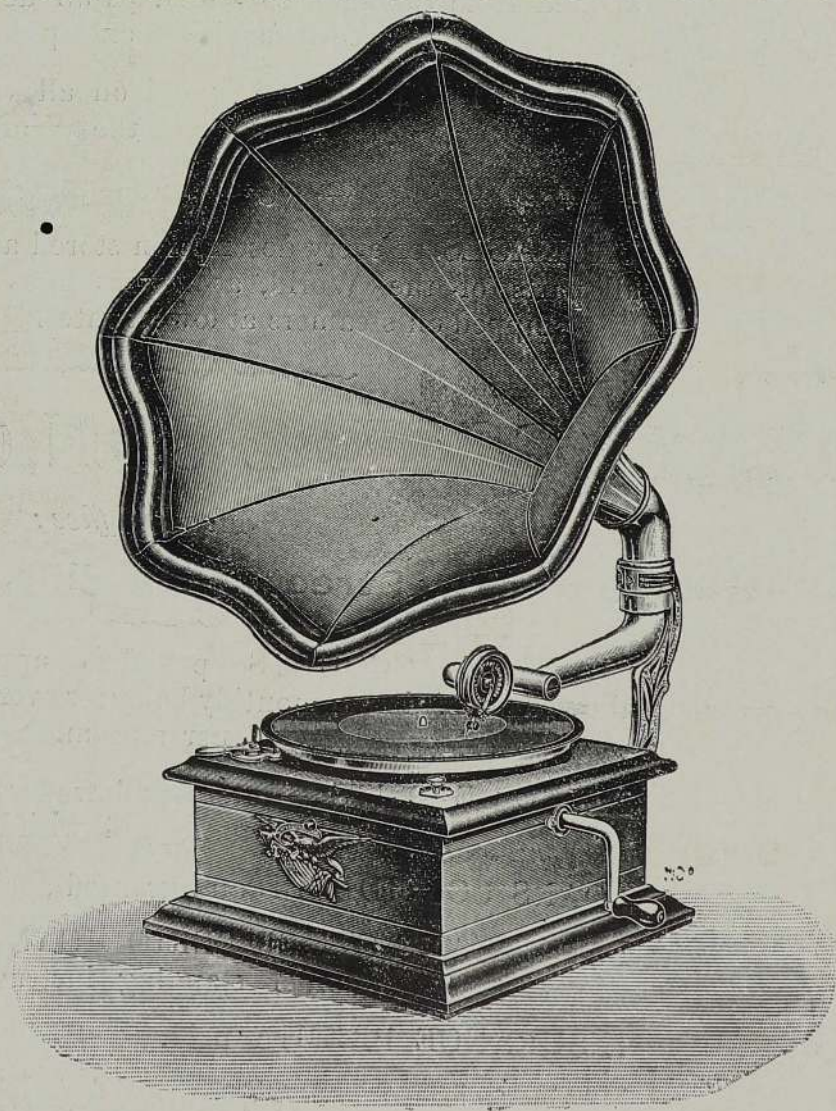
SILVER AND E.P. GOODS,
SUITABLE FOR
PRESENTATIONS.

ENGRAVING
ELECTRO-PLATING
WATCH REPAIRS.



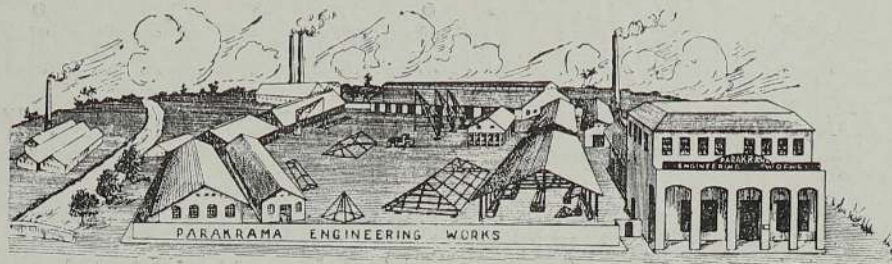
ODEON GRAMOPHONES
AND RECORDS
IN ENGLISH,
SINHALESE,
TAMIL, ARABIC,
HINDUSTANI,
TELUGU, ETC.

NEW RECORDS
WITH SONGS
SPECIALLY
COMPOSED.



**ODEON
TALKING
MACHINE Co.,**

48, BAILLIE STREET,
COLOMBO.



PARAKRAMA ENGINEERING WORKS.

**Undertake
Complete Installation
of**

**Industrial Buildings, Factories, Mills, Aerial Rope-
ways, Hydro Electric and Electric Installation.**



Expert Design,

Accurate

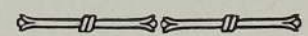
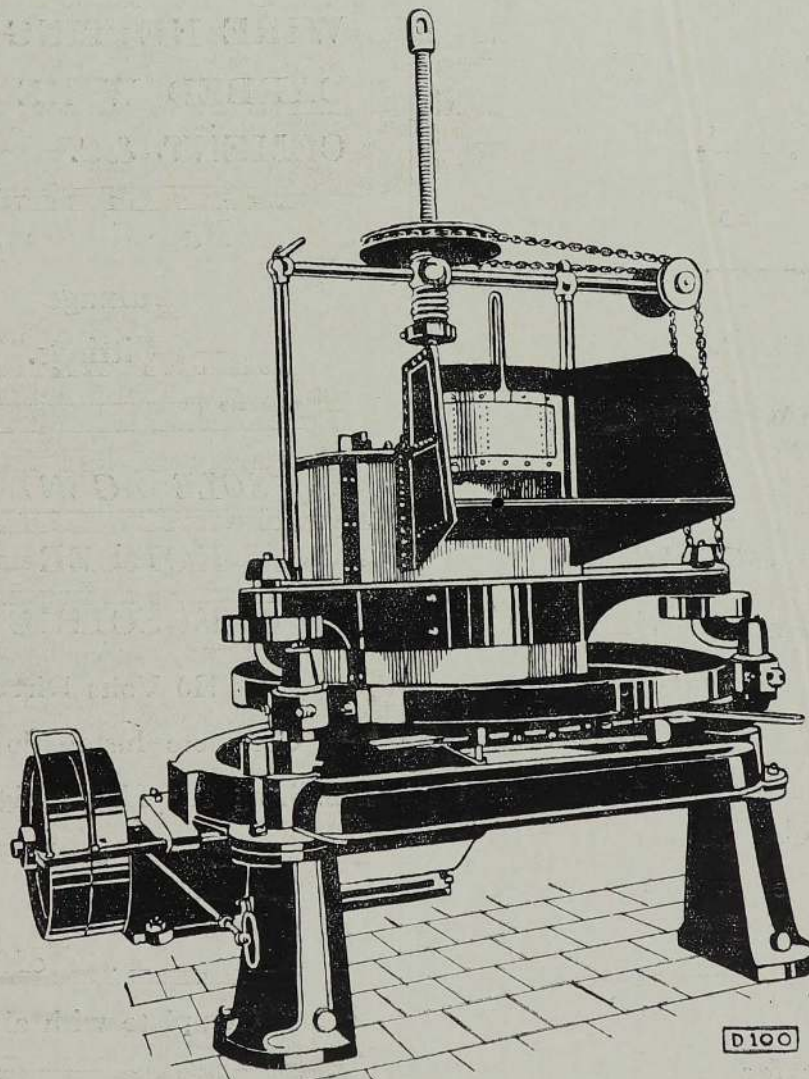
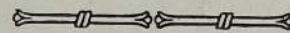
Workmanship

and

Straight forward

Dealings

Guaranteed.



All work carried

out under

the

Supervision

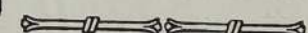
of

British qualified

European,

Ceylonese and

Indian Engineers.



SOLE AGENTS for the World's best Engines, Tea and Rubber Machinery.

For further particulars please apply to:—

J. S. PARAKRAMA, M.I.M.E., A.M.I. Min.E.

Consulting Engineer, Architect and Engineers' Agent

SKINNER'S ROAD, (South) COLOMBO.

Tel. Nos. 177 & 4254.

Extension to all Departments.

Telegrams, "PARAKRAMA"
Panchikawatta.

Eando-Eastern & Oriental Trading Co.

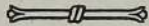
Proprietors of **GENERAL TRADING COMPANY**

DEALERS IN

ALL ESTATES SUPPLIES, MOTOR CARS & TRUCKS,
ELECTRIC LIGHTING PLANTS, WIRELESS SETS, &C.

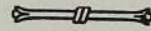
SOLE AGENTS FOR

NASH CARS
MATHIS CARS
HANOMAG CARS
CLYDESDALE TRUCKS
UNITED CHASSES.



All Motor
Accessories in Stock.

TAPPING KNIVES
PLOUGHS
DISC HARROWS
MAMMOTIES
FELLING AXES
WIRE NETTING
BARBED WIRE
CEMENT, &C.

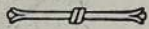


Full Stocks of
Drainage and Sanitary
Fittings.



SOLE AGENTS FOR

“SALONIT” ASBESTOS
CORRUGATED & FLAT SHEETS
FOR ROOFS & CEILINGS.



“AVENARIUS CARBOLINEUM”

The original wood Preservative

“CARBOLINEUM
PLANTARIUM”

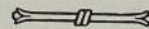
The best treatment for
bark diseases

SOLE AGENTS FOR

KOHLER AUTOMATIC
ELECTRIC PLANTS

110 Volts Direct Current.

Complete Installations undertaken.
Wiring and House Lighting a specialty.



DAIMON WIRELESS SETS
of 2, 3 & 4 Valves.

Complete with all accessories.

“CLIMAX” OIL ENGINES.

GENERAL TRADING COMPANY

COLOMBO.

OFFICES AND SHOW ROOMS:—

DARLEY ROAD,

Tel: Nos. 22 47, 2248.

EANDO EASTERN & ORIENTAL TRADING CO.,

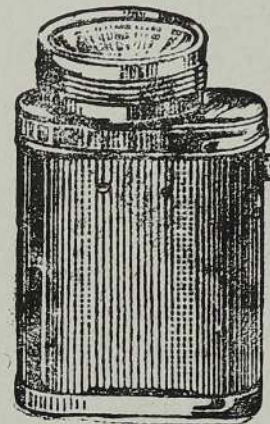
13 BAILLIE STREET, FORT,

Tel: No 573.

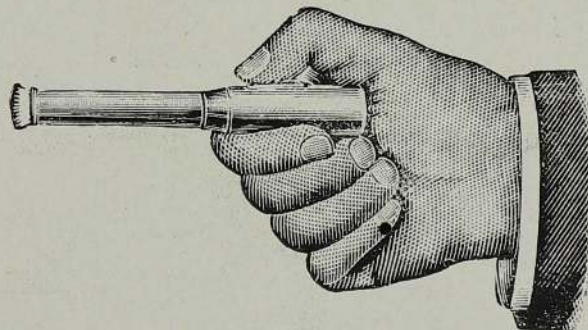
BRITISH "EVER-READY" ELECTRICAL SPECIALITIES.



Standard Pocket Lamp Battery.
4.5 Volts. Price 80 cts.



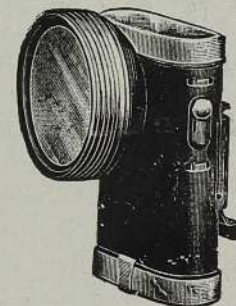
Spotlight Pocket Lamp.
Range 300 ft. Rs. 4.50 complete.



"Fountain Pen" Torch.
The handiest pocket lamp made!
Clips to the pocket like a fountain pen.
Price Rs. 3.00 complete.



Photographic Lamp.



Bicycle Lamp.

N.B.—To ensure customers getting fresh and efficient supplies, the British Ever-Ready Co. has now opened a branch in India for the manufacture of batteries, which are imported by us weekly.

Ceylon Distributors :—

FENTONS LTD.

**ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS AND CONTRACTORS,
COLOMBO AND GALLE.**

DUNLOP

CORD MOTOR TYRES

MADE WITHIN

THE EMPIRE

For every tick of the clock someone buys a Dunlop, the greatest tyre of all time.

DUNLOP CORD
STRAIGHT SIDE
HIGH PRESSURE

DUNLOP CORD
MEDIUM PRESSURE
WIRED TYPE
WITH BUTTRESSED
TRIPLE STUD TREAD

DUNLOP CORD
BEADED EDGE
HIGH PRESSURE

DUNLOP CORD BALLOON
WIRED TYPE
WITH BUTTRESSED
TRIPLE STUD TREAD

DUNLOP CORD
COVER for HEAVY
COMMERCIAL
VEHICLES
REINFORCED FOR
HEAVY SERVICE

Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd.

"DUNLOP HOUSE," 1, LAKE ROAD, COLOMBO.

The Ceylon Observer

Illustrated Christmas Number

1927.

Contents.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
THE COLOMBO LAKE IN 1909 (Coloured)	<i>Frontispiece</i>	FIRES UNDER COCONUTS (Coloured)	<i>Facing page</i> 50
CHRISTMAS: ITS LEGEND AND ORIGIN—By Theophilus	... 11	CEYLON SPORT IN 1927	... 51
THE CAGED LEOPARD—By Woolmer Gattey	... 13	A MOTOR TOUR IN FRANCE—By R. L. Spittel	... 59
THE DRAGON OF MANNING TOWN: A PUTRID POEM PURPOSELY PERPETRATED—By Mustapha Tri...	... 16	LEGENDS OF THE PEAK—By R. L. B.	... 65
CHINESE NEW YEAR—By Bella Sidney Woolf (Mrs. W. T. Southorn)	... 19	NESTLE'S PAINTING COMPETITION	<i>Facing page</i> 70
GLORINDA'S DREAM: A STORY FOR CHILDREN—By L. Forbes Agar	... 22	ON THE RAMPARTS—By Mary E. Gunasekara	... 71
REAL THINGS—Poetry—By John Still	... 25	MANY WATERS—By Mrs. A. S. Bobby	... 74
THE GHOST OF THE G.-H.—By Bob Penny	... 26	BARRY MAKES GOOD—By H. M. B.	... 75
SUBLIME VERSES ON A SUBLIMER SUBJECT, OR NOISES OF CEYLON—Poetry—By Cecil E. L. Rolfe	... 30	A NIGHT OF HORROR: A SOUTH AFRICAN MYSTERY—By C. H. J. D.	... 80
DEMONOLOGY IN CEYLON—By Mrs. H. H. Dulling	... 31	COOL CHRISTMAS CHEER—By D. R. Lodge	... 81
THE WONDERFUL WOMAN—By R. H. B. (Illustrated by K. Clarke)	... 35	A FEW HILL BIRDS—By G. M. Henry	... 83
CULINARY CURIOSITIES—By P. M. W.	... 35	CEYLON VIGNETTES: EVENING—GIANT'S TANK—By E. S. Wasey	... 89
THE MAGIC OIL—By Frederick Lewis	... 41	RESTFUL RESTHOUSES—By St. Nihal Singh	... 91
AN UNCONVENTIONAL TRIP ACROSS SIBERIA—By Walter Buchler	... 49	THE REPTILES OF CEYLON—By P. E. P. Deraniyagala, M.A.	... 95
		RABBITRY—By Suma	... 98
		HALLOW-E'EN SUPERSTITIONS—By M. E. G.	... 100
		WEDDING BELLS—Poetry—By D.	... 100
		PUPPET—By C. D.	... 101
		TRINCO—By a Day Dreamer	... 102

IT is our pleasant privilege, in presenting the Christmas Number for 1927, most sincerely to thank the contributors who have made this year's Annual a "Ceylon" publication in every sense of the word. With two exceptions they are either Ceylon residents or ex-Colonists, and the stories, articles and poetry deal almost exclusively with this country. A wider range has been covered this year than ever before and we feel sure that there is much in this number to suit all tastes.

Our readers will be delighted to renew acquaintance with such old friends as Mrs. W. T. Southorn, Mr. John Still, Mr. Fred Lewis, R. L. B., R. H. B., Woolmer Gattey, Mrs. H. H. Dulling, Dr. R. L. Spittel, Mrs. A. S. Bobby, Mr. Douglas R. Lodge ("Ni-Yara"), "Bob Penny", P. M. W., and others, and will extend a cordial welcome to such able writers as St. Nihal Singh, Mrs. E. S. Wasey, Mr. G. M. Henry, Miss Cecil Rolfe, Mr. P. E. P. Deraniyagala, Mrs. Mary E. Gunasekara, and "Theophilus" who are contributing to the Annual for the first time.

A special effort has been made this year to cater for the little ones and we trust that our good friends of the "Tinker Bell Club" will find much in the pages which follow to amuse and entertain them.

To our readers both in Ceylon, at Home and in all parts of the world we extend our best wishes for

A Merry Christmas and
A Happy New Year

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

Second block of faint, illegible text, also appearing to be bleed-through.

Third block of faint, illegible text at the bottom of the page.



Christmas

ITS LEGEND AND ORIGIN

BY THEOPHILUS.

ONCE a year Santa Claus (the treasured name, by the way, is American) pays us a joyous visit. In every country, regardless of climate, his red, fur-tipped coat is seen. From the Arctic to the Tropics, his reindeer clatter over roofs of slate or tin, sloping roofs and flat ones alike; and even the absence of chimneys will not prevent the determined old gentleman from forcing an entrance to the bed rooms of sleeping children, there to gorge tiny socks with delectable gifts.

Whence comes this delightful figure? What is the meaning of Christmas? I do not refer to the religious meaning—but rather to the historic or legendary origin of the festival: for it is certain that every custom is based upon some tradition or other. Nothing in this world is so rare as originality. Indeed there is really no such thing. Every thought, every act on our part, is suggested by something that has gone before. The pudding we are about to eat, the “tree” we are going to attend, are not our own ideas. They come to us from the past—from our Ancestors.

Let us consider for a moment the early history of the Church, before its unity was disturbed by the conflict of creeds. It was two little words in Constantine’s Creed of Nycene (A.D. 325) that produced the most important divisions of opinion. The Ex-Emperor William of Germany was (or thought he was) a versatile character—a painter, a patron of art, a hewer of logs, a master of politics and strategy. Constantine was very like him: and in the exuberance of the moment he threw off a creed which set the Christian World a wrangling. By A.D. 1053 Christianity was definitely divided into a Latin or Roman Church, and a Greek or Byzantine Church.


In the earliest years of Christianity, its adherents not only had no buildings to worship in, but their rites had to be performed in secret. It was under these conditions of fear and persecution that various secret symbols were evolved, of which seven belong to the earliest period—about A.D. 200.

The commonest of these symbols was the Fish (Ichthys), of which the Greek letters furnish the initials of the words “Jesus Christ of God, the Son, the Saviour.” At a later date the fish came to denote a convert to Christianity. “I will make you fishers of men”.


The “Ship” emblem is the ship of the Church, by which the Sea of Life is crossed into the Haven of Eternity. The “Anchor” was the symbol of “Hope.” Other signs were the “Shepherd and Lamb” the “Lamb and Circle,” and the “Palm Branch” signify-


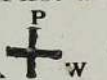
ing Victory in the strife between good and evil. The “Dove” denoted the Souls of departed persons, and not, as later, the Third Person of the Trinity.

The other Christian symbols are of a later date than the seven enumerated. The “Vine” represents “Holy Communion” and the “Peacock”, because it sheds and renews its gorgeous plumage, is the emblem of Immortality.

Of the Christian monograms, the Chi rho 

is derived from X the Greek letter “chi” and P the Greek letter “rho”. It appears as above in the fourth

century, after which the abbreviation  occurs.

The idea of “Alpha and Omega”, the “First and the Last”, is suggested thus  or 

often with a circle round them indicating “eternity”. The monogram I.H.S., formerly supposed to be the initials of “Jesus Hominum Salvator,” is now recognised by antiquarians to be Greek, not Latin. The Greek long E is written H. So the monogram is correctly Greek, and I. E. S. Such are the meanings of the symbols which will surround us in Church on Christmas Day.

The early history of the Church is, of course, intimately associated with the fortunes of Rome and Byzantium. Rome was destroyed by Nordic invasions in A.D. 476. Byzantium, or Constantinople, survived for a thousand years after that, till its overthrow by the Turks in 1453. The barbarian hordes who overran Europe mingled their civilization with the older and higher culture of Rome and from this mingling arose both Western Civilization and the modern races of Europe. And, as we shall see, this barbaric influence is not wanting in our Christmas observances.

The Byzantine Church had many daughters, such as the Churches of Russia, the Balkans and Egypt. Egyptian Christians were the Copts, through whom Christianity in its fourth century form was passed on to the Abyssinians. Coptic architecture had a considerable influence on that of Europe—the trend of architectural styles having been from east to west. The clothes that were in every day use with Copts were retained by the conservative clergy when fashions changed, and remain still as church vestments. The long Coptic gown, called “tunica”, survives as the surplice. An over-tunic, called “dalmatic”, is the prototype of one of the King’s coronation robes: their “pallium” is the scarf still worn by Archbishops; while the seamless dress called the “tasula”, which falls

down the back and front with just a hole in it for the head, is the special clerical dress for Holy Communion.

Now, with all this symbolism, there crept in a good deal of the corrupt and often lascivious symbolism of the Pagans, which St. Francis Assisi set himself to eradicate. The association of Pagan and Christian symbols, however, was common in earlier days—an association recalling that permitted to-day in the Buddhism of Ceylon of various Hindu symbols. In Europe the mixing of Venus and Eros with Christian Saints is represented in the celebrated Esquiline Treasure. And, by the way, some of the harness of that treasure has new moons upon it, suggesting the origin of the brass moons now seen on the harness of English cart horses.

It seems that the first bells used were hand bells, or cow bells shaped like the modern Swiss cow bell, to draw the attention of audiences. Bells of a larger size were introduced in the 7th and 8th centuries, the idea of a belfry being rather a western than an eastern conception.

The Roman occupation of Britain lasted from A.D. 43 to 410. Christianity was probably established in England by the beginning of the 3rd century, though nearly all traces of it were swept away during the subsequent invasions of pagan Saxons. Relics of Christianity of that early period are scarce. The "Chi rho", however, is found on pewter vessels attributed to the 4th century.

At the time of the departure of the Romans, England was probably all Christian; and missions had been sent to Ireland under Palavius and St. Patrick. The latter did important and consolidating work, and the date of his mission is stated by some to have been 432—i.e., very soon after the Romans had left England. St. Patrick was a terribly energetic fellow. He wrote 365 manuals, built a vast number of churches, and appointed about fifty Bishops. Certainly his mission was thoroughly successful, and it is of special importance because the Saxon invaders of England were pagan, and the Christian Britons were soon driven by them into the far western districts of Devon, Cornwall, Wales and Cumberland.

Saxon invasions continued intermittently from about A.D. 449 up till the 6th century, and, of course, most of England relapsed into paganism. The Britons of Devon and Cornwall were so harassed that many crossed over to Brittany, where the Celtic tongue survives.

The re-conversion of England to Christianity came from two sources—Ireland and Rome. Of these, the first was from Ireland, whence missions were sent to Wales and Cornwall; the latter under St. Piran landed at New Quay in A.D. 490. Ireland, it should be noted, was then the home of the Scotts, who crossed to Scotland in about A.D. 500. (Till then Scotland was occupied by Picts, who are now believed to have been not Celts, but a relic of some Neolithic people).

In 563, St. Columba established an important mission on the Island of Iona on the west coast of Scotland; and in 635 a mission under Aidan was planted on the east, or Northumberland, coast at Lindisfarne.

Meanwhile, in the south of England, Christianity was reintroduced by St. Augustine of Canterbury, who came over from Rome in 597 with forty Benedictine monks. St. Augustine eventually founded the see of Canterbury; while the northern Church established it

self at York. By A.D. 700, Anglo Saxon England was all Christian.

There were, therefore, two distinct Churches in England—one English and one Roman; and, as might be expected, they came into collision. To settle their disputes, a Council was held in 664 at which the spiritual authority of Rome was recognised. The later history of the English Church is more generally known, but, in any case, it is not our purpose here to trace it further, since our interest is limited to the Christmas festival.

It seems that the real birthday of Christ was never known, even to the early Christians. The merits of the material birthday, as opposed to the spiritual birthday or baptism, were much discussed by them, and resulted in one of their inevitable controversies. In A.D. 386 Antioch celebrated only Epiphany and Easter, but in Rome an imperial rescript of about A.D. 400 includes also Christmas amongst the three main festivals; and the celebrating of the material birth was encouraged during the 4th century to counteract Manichaeism, a heresy which taught that Christ was a phantasm. Opinions varied in favour of the 25th December, 6th January and other dates. The first certain mention of the 25th December occurs in a manuscript dated A.D. 354.

Now, in Britain, the 25th December was a Saxon pagan festival from which, no doubt, is derived the element of merriment now associated with Christmas. The Yule Log, candles, holly, mistletoe and pudding, are all of pagan origin, drawn from the Sun Festival, or New Year, of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and adapted to the Christian Nativity festival when its date was fixed to coincide with the ancient holiday.

Whether the Christmas Tree is of Teutonic origin is uncertain. It may have been introduced into Germany by Roman legions as part of their Saturnalia, or annual frolic. In 1644 the Puritans forbade such celebrations by an act of Parliament. The feast was restored by Charles II, but the Scotch adhered to the Puritan view.

"Father Christmas" originates from Saint Nicholas, whose Dutch name San Nicolaas was corrupted in America to Santa Claus. He is a semi-mythical figure, but seems to have been a Continental Bishop who was persecuted in the time of the Roman Emperor Diocletian. On one occasion he gave dowries to certain poor girls, and it became the custom to make gifts to good children at his festival on December 6th—a custom gradually postponed till Christmas, until it became finally associated with that day. Nearly four hundred churches in England are dedicated to St. Nicholas. He is the patron Saint of Russia, but essentially he is the protector of children.

This subject or origins is a very interesting one. The fusion of Buddhist rites with those of older religions are numerous in many countries, and I would suggest to my Sinhalese readers that a study on these lines might lead to valuable results. In Burma, the Buddhist water festival of "Tagoo", when water is thrown about, is most certainly based on some pre-Buddhist cult for invoking rain. The indigenous godlings, or Nats, have to the number of thirty-seven, been admitted to the rank of Buddhist Saints. In Buddhist Ceylon itself, I have observed much that is obviously of Hindu origin, and I do not doubt that the much older cults of the Veddha aborigines still survive in many modern customs, could we but recognise

The Caged Leopard

BY WOOLMER GATTEY.



HE was a biting, scratching little thing of lithe grace and shining amber, furious at this interruption of his normal activities. Great human hands grasped him in places where he could not retaliate, and he was soon tired out with the struggle. Then they let him go, and he made a bound for freedom. Alas, he crashed into iron bars, and fell with a soft thud. He tried another direction, but the same obstruction met him.

Another and another; then hopelessly back to the first, until his poor little yellow head was aching with the bumps. Then he crouched on the hard, smooth ground, slowly switching his tail from side to side, a little quiver of rage and disappointment fluttering its black tip, although he pretended with half closed eyes to have forgotten he ever wanted to bound away.

In the back of his brain sprang up a hope that his mother would come and help in this difficulty, as she had so often done before—his strong, beautiful mother, with one blow of whose paw any annoyance had hitherto left him.

The moon rose up behind the palms, and the palms were again, to him, behind those inevitable hard, iron bars. And he thought of the moon in the jungle, filtering through the lacework of darkling creepers to seek out the little creatures that hunt by night. Little Leopard dozed fitfully, and every time he opened his glinting yellow eyes, he saw those dreadful iron bars.

They threw him a little raw meat when the day came, but it had not the same succulence as that which

his mother had freshly killed, nor had it the same "tang" to it as of a kill that they had hoarded. But because he was hungry he ate it. He walked round and round the confined space they left him, where he almost became giddy because of the constant need to turn. And oh, how every limb, and every muscle, every quivering hair even, longed and ached for a long lithe prow through the dark, close undergrowth of the jungle.



During the day he was altogether unhappy, but at night friendly voices seemed to come to him from his past. The moon painted mock pictures of lonely water-holes where timid deer drink, throwing up their antlered heads in sudden fright, of tanks where crocodiles slip silently through the silvered water to lie log-like on the bank. The night wind wafted him the scents of damp, hot, fallen leaves, in untrodden glades, of mossy crevices, of rain on parched foliage, of heavily odourous jungle flowers. The Palms rustled like sambhur stepping softly, bear shuffling, and large snakes slithering under great rocks. The dawn-wind

sang him the songs of waking birds, of hunting animals going back to hiding, of a jungle world greeting the day.

One night—one wonderful night—his mother came in reality and called him softly from outside the bars.

"Why hast thou left us, Little Son?"

"Alas, a magic has placed me behind these iron bars, and no longer am I my own master," he whispered.

"The jungle is empty without thee," said his mother sadly.

"Do the sambhur yet drink at the lotus pool?" he asked pitifully.

"Yes, and little spotted deer."

"And do monkeys fling themselves from branch to branch, as when I used to stalk them in play?"

"Even so they leap along all day."

"Is the jungle all soft, and warm, and damp, and smelling sweet?"

"Soft green, damp fallen leaves, and a warm sweet air in the jungle."

"Alas!"



For many nights she came thus, always going back before morning. Little Leopard only lived for her visits, although they were but cold comfort, and only made the ache in his heart more acute, only intensified his great longing for jungle ways.

Then came the dry weather, and his mother had to go far afield in search of water, and it was impossible to get down to see her son and be back in the safety of the jungle before the dawn. And after that ruthless hands cut down and burnt much forest, which drove

her still further away. So it was a very long time—years—before she saw him again.

He grew to manhood—but not so fine as his mother had been in her prime—and got used to his cage, and his bit of meat, and his circus-like walk.

Then one night, when there was no moon, his mother came once more to see him, for she had never forgotten. She was old, and almost toothless, and mangy, and her eyes were a little ashamed for she had taken to killing man, since she had become too slow for the swift silent deer.

"Little Son," she said softly.

He blinked his yellow eyes at her indifferently.

"Where have you come from?" he said.

"Oh, Little Son," she cried, "The jungle is still damp and green, the water-holes are full, and deer drink at night."

"It is naught to me," growled the Little Leopard, "I get my meat."

All night she talked of the jungle and begged him to come away with her, but he lay stretched and yawning with lazy insolence. And so before dawn she left, sadly. She would never come again to see the Little Son.

"For," she wailed, "Thou hast lost even the Memory of Beautiful Things. And that is the very worst loss of all."

But Little Leopard shivered slightly as she went away, for in his very heart he had not quite forgotten.

Pitiful behind the bars,
 Padding soft at funeral pace,
 Eyes like lambent yellow stars,
 See the tawny crouching grace,
 Drooping head he seems to hide,
 Where, oh where his erstwhile pride?

Pitiful about the cage
 See him softly, slowly prowl,
 Never savageness nor rage
 Curls his drooping, slaving jowl,
 Only passive misery
 Accompanies captivity.

Once he roamed the Jungle deep,
 By secluded pools he drank,
 Gained his meal in one swift leap
 Where the buck browsed on the bank,
 By the river running clear
 Stalked the sambhur and the deer;

Heard the jackal's hunting howl,
 Made the monkeys chat with fear,
 With reverberating growl
 Warning them that death was near;
 Sunned and groomed his glossy flank
 Where the patna flourished rank;

Trickling through the lacy green
 Flickered on his dappled hide
 The sun; and through a fretted screen
 Of tangled undergrowth beside
 A placid tank, he loitered while
 He watched the sleeping crocodile.

Memories of jungle ways
 Cloud the amber of his eyes,
 Splendid, regal, vanished days,
 Strength that fails, and hope that dies!
 Pitiful in this small space,
 See his tawny, crouching grace.

Meet the demands of modern life

**MADE IN A
MOMENT WITH
HOT OR COLD
WATER**

**HORLICKS MALTED MILK
CO. LTD
SLOUGH, BUCKS. ENG.**



YOUR store of vital energy has many calls upon it, but the joy of life is yours if you build up brain and muscle with the full-cream milk and malted barley and wheat of Horlick's Malted Milk.

Take a cup of Horlick's when the strain of modern life leaves you weary; take it in the morning to give you strength for the day, and at night to bring you restful sleep.

Remember, there is boundless energy for you in

**HORLICK'S
THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK**



The Dragon of Manning Town

A PUTRID POEM PURPOSELY PERPETRATED

BY MUSTAPHA TRI.

WAY back in the good old Ne-o-lith-ic Age
 When dresses and skirts of ferns were all the
 rage,
 When people dressed only in leaves and in grasses
 Which doubtless were quite good enough for all classes.
 At least fifty thousand or more years ago
 When mammoths and suchlike roamed in Col-om-bo.
 In days when they knew not of jazzing and jumpers
 And dinosaurs kicked up in Mutwal a rumpus.

Long ere Orange William got gout in the knees,
 And there was no Ice Co. and nothing to freeze.
 When ples-i-o-saur-us-es roamed in the dark
 And did as they pleased in Victoria Park.
 When stegosaurus snaffled the halt and the lamed,
 The wise ones said "Hop it" and were not ashamed,
 And any Vidane would soon put a gag on
 You if you dared speak of the Manning Town Dragon.

Of course you'll have noticed my rotten old rhyme
 Makes not the least mention anent Christmas time,
 But willy or nilly we always prefer
 Our flesh to go 'goosey' this time of the year.
 The young generation will hearken with zest
 If you spin the yarn of the 'old oaken chest,'
 And even the puppy dog's tail gets a wag on
 At hearing the tale of the Manning Town Dragon.

As ugly as sin, he gave everyone shocks,
 Each foot was as big as the biggest beefbox.
 A head like a hippo; a neck like a crane;
 His rudder was longer than Seventeenth Lane.
 His eyes phosphoresced with a ghastly pale light
 Like Will -o-the-Wispes seen during night,
 For one shone deep red and the other shone green
 'Bove jaws like a whacking great shearing machine.

The brute was possessed of a great appetite.
 He'd roar and he'd bellow the whole of the night
 And yell for his dinner. He wasn't a sport.
 You couldn't persuade him that rations were short.
 The King, quite regretful, his shoulders would hunch
 Then serve up the citizens, ten in a bunch.
 Selecting the old ones who didn't much matter,
 Especially those who had claimed for their batta.

The dragon demanded a nice cold collation.
 The King then sent out quite a large deputation
 Of proctors and others I also might mention as
 Retired railway porters and Civil List Pensioners.
 He worked off a number of chronic old croakers
 And thinned out the ranks of the unlicensed brokers.
 He emptied the gaols of all pickers and stealers.
 There was no Restriction for poor rubber dealers.

The King was reviewing his bank book one day
 Then suddenly shouted out loudly, "I say,"
 Or something just like it in Neolithese.
 All knew what it meant, for they shook at the knees.
 "The Crown has gone broke. Now explain, if you
 please,

This shortage of forty-three million rupees.
 The Hydro-Electric Scheme's being built free.
 We don't spend so much on the P. W. D."

A Councillor tremblingly answered him, "Sire,
 If I tell the truth, then the fat's in the fire."
 "I do want the truth and I want it, 'ek dum,'"
 The Councillor answered again, "Well—er—hum,
 The Dragon last Saturday night made a raid
 And gobbled up thousands whose rates were not paid.
 The Municipality curse him with zest,
 'Cause forty five thousand ratepayers 'went West.'"

At this news the King very nearly went mad,
 He swore such strong oaths that the plantains turned
 bad.

Said "Bother" and "Blow it" and things just like
 that

Then strode to the kitchen and kicked the poor cat.
 He swore by the grass on his grandpapa's grave
 That he'd put an end to the darned scurvy knave.
 "Why how dare he chew up my citizens true,
 Especially all those whose rates are still due."

To all of his subjects, no matter their station,
 He issued the following Grand Proclamation.
 "We Offer You One Hundred Rupees Reward.
 (For that was as much as the King could afford).
 As well as the hand of Our Daughter Maud Kate.
 P.S. The bold winner must pay for the freight.
 To anyone causing this Dragon's demise.
 We offer One Hundred Rupees as a Prize."

Not far from the Palace, to wit, Kotahena,
 A hefty young chap lived, his name Sirisena.
 Was not a bit frightened, to judge by his talk,
 Of any old thing that could run or could walk.
 He claimed coppersmithing was his usual trade,
 He'd undertake any old job if it paid.
 The Police knew him best as the Kitulgalle Kid,
 Though they never knew what he actually did.

As funds were quite low and his rent day drew nigh.
 To win the reward he decided to try.
 A hundred rupees; the King's daughter for wife.
 What wonderful visions of his future life.
 Next morning quite early he rose from his cot
 And heated his soldering iron red hot,
 Some coke in a can, put his comb in his hair
 Then wended his way to the Dragon, his lair.

Not knowing the Kitulgalle Kid had now come
 The monster was sleeping as tight as a drum.
 His snores were so loud that the Kid said, "My word,
 For this job I think I'll charge time and a third."
 With caution the Kitulgalle Kid drew him nigh
 Quite ready as always to do or to die.
 He took out the soldering iron from its wrapper
 And biffed the great brute such a zonk on the napper.

The Dragon woke up with a horrible wail,
 His rudder went slashing about like a flail.
 He roared out, so loud that the neighbourhood rocked.
 I've a dim recollection that somebody knocked."
 He spotted the Kitulgalle Kid and enquired
 With icy politeness just what he required.
 "Are you the young person who gave me that biff?"
 "Not 'arf," said our hero, the bold coppersmith.

The Dragon ejected a puff of blue smoke
 And murmured, "But this is too much of a joke.
 Twice armed is a man when his quarrel is just
 But thrice armed is he who gets his blow in fust.
 You have the advantage. Now let's see you fight."
 The coppersmith grinned and then answered, "All
 right."
 The Dragon led off at a terrible pace
 And never stopped once for a short breathing space.

They fought all the day and they fought all the night,
 No word of a lie, 'twas a horrible sight.
 Attacked and retreated from ten until four
 Then stopped for a breather and did it some more.
 The Kitulgalle Kid soon heard nine o'clock chime
 And reckoned he'd have to charge up overtime
 As neither was willing to stop for his meals.
 For miles round the folks heard the Dragon's loud
 squeals.

Vibrations were felt in the Dumbara Valley,
 Much further than that, even far Haputale.
 Still further away in a most distant clime
 Were earthquakes recorded sixteen at a time.
 The Dragon he snarled and retreated a pace
 Then blew out hot coals at the coppersmith's face.
 Instead of retreating before the attack
 Our jolly old hero just blew them all back.

The Dragon was noticed at last to turn pale.
 He knew that his strength was beginning to fail,
 There's many a slip twixt the lip and the cup
 And also he knew that his number was up.
 He turned up his tail and at last knew no more.
 Though really he'd known very little before.
 "My word," said the Kid, "there's no doubt he was
 tough, it
 Took such a long time ere I forced him to snuff it."

He heated his soldering iron bright red
 And started to burn off the Dragon's great head.
 He thought, "As a trophy, there's nothing to match
 it,
 I wish I'd remembered to bring out the hatchet."
 He brushed himself down, put his collar and tie on
 Then packed up the Dragon and soldering iron.
 And knowing full well that the Dragon was dead.
 He called up a taxi and went home to bed.

Next, feeling quite rested and thinking of Maud
 He went to the Palace to claim the reward.
 The King met him gleefully, pleased as could be,
 "Brave chappie," he burred, "you must stay to tea.
 I trust that your hurts are not very severe.
 Now what can I get you? Some coffee or beer?
 My daughter Maud Katie of course you will wed,
 Unless you prefer to take poison instead."

The next thing that happened, the Kid was an Earl,
 Because he had chosen to marry the girl.
 His arms are a soldering iron, 'tis said,
 A barrel of beer and a Dragon quite dead.
 The King wouldn't hear of the slightest delay.
 The wedding took place on the very next day.
 The King gave a feast for the hero so plucky
 And everyone thought him exceedingly lucky.

But sad to relate, he soon found out the snag,
 His wife was a terrible person to nag.
 And once every year you will see the young feller
 Deposit a wreath on a grave at Borella.
 And if you creep close you will hear him say,
 "Friend,
 I'm sorry I caused you an untimely end.
 I've found out that winners don't get all the fun,
 Believe me, dear Dragon, I wish you had won."

Rothmans Cigarettes.

DIRECT FROM LONDON'S
CLUBLAND.

FIVE GRADES TO SUIT ALL TASTES
AND POCKETS.

"PALL MALL" PIPE TOBACCO,
COOL AND FRAGRANT.

*If your dealer cannot
supply you write to*

Wakefields "Castrol"

(MOTOR OIL.)

A GRADE FOR EVERY CAR AND
EVERY SEASON.

WHY BUY CRUDE AMERICAN OILS
WHEN A REFINED BRITISH
OIL IS OBTAINABLE.

LUBRICATING INDEX FREE ON
DEMAND,

*If your dealer cannot
supply you apply to*

E. B. GREASY & Co.

56-60, Baillie Street,

COLOMBO.

Phone: 2565.

Telegrams: "GRESKO."

Forwarding Agency.

SHIPMENTS TO ANY PORT IN THE
WORLD. CHARGES PAYABLE
AT EITHER END.

GOODS CLEARED AT CUSTOMS,
BONDED, STORED OR SENT
UPCOUNTRY.

REGULAR TEN DAILY SHIPMENTS
TO THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Estates Requisites.

MOMI CHESTS, VENEER CHESTS,
HOOP IRON, NAILS, TEA LEAD,
WATER PIPING.

CORRUGATED G. I. ROOFING,
CEMENT, COAL TAR.

JEYES DISINFECTANTS, CYLLIN,
FLUID AND POWDER.

Chinese New Year

BY BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF (MRS. W. T. SOUTHORN).

THE first sign of the approach of Chinese New Year is a heavy toll of "advances" to the servants. The festival which falls about the end of January or beginning of February is the occasion for the Chinese to pay his debts. He is also anxious to appear in fine plumage and his family too. Moreover there are dinners and ceremonial visits involving expense, so advances among the less prosperous members of society are inevitable.

Some who cannot raise sufficient money to "owe not any man" put valuables in lacquer, porcelain and brass into the great Fair which is held in the Chinese quarter of Hong Kong.

It is an amazing sight, and since the Chinese adore noise, it has an amazing sound too. In England one accepts the Chinese lantern and Chinese cracker as an object probably mislabelled like Axminster carpets, but when you live in China you realize that it is the birth place and the permanent home of both the lantern and cracker. More beautiful than lanterns that penetrate to England are the great white lanterns emblazoned with red characters carried in wedding processions, and hung outside shops to show the owner's name or to invoke good luck.

As for crackers, one could dispense with them. The Chinese do not let them off by twos or threes, but by thousands and tens of thousands. The amount of money that goes off in crackers would be astounding if it could be reckoned. One huge wheel in which crackers are packed cost \$5.00 and then bunches of them tied together forming a good stout pole of crackers are let down from balconies and go off with a noise like a bombardment. Sometimes they are let down from high buildings and hooked across the street on three poles. When these are exploded over \$100 goes west. The ornamental head of the cracker goes off with a huge bang after a short interval of silence. The streets are ankle deep in fragments of red paper and the acrid smoke hangs above the Fair.

Most attractive of all is the street in which flowers are sold. It could compete with those wonderful flower markets of Southern Europe, and the surging crowd is more interesting, with men in long silk padded coats with sleeves hanging far beyond the hand, girls in delightful vivid blue coats and trousers, long black pigtails and piquant ivory faces, adorable babies hanging on a scarf slung from their mother's back, wearing vari-coloured caps with little ears like "bunnies" sticking up from them and gay little coats embroidered in red—for red is "good joss" all over China. Between stalls laden with flowering plants the crowd rolls up and down in its leisurely Oriental way, through an avenue of yellow and white narcissus, which the Chinese call "the water fairy flower." They

grow it in a very attractive manner with the leaves curled round the bulb like crabs' claws and the flower stalk only a few inches in height. The bulb then flowers profusely in water in flower bowls. There are thousands of pots of pink peonies, wine-coloured dahlias, orange-trees in full fruit and the yellow fruit called by the Chinese "dragon's eye." There are masses of orange marigolds and branches of the "bell-flower" (*enkyanthus*), with its delicate pink flowers—the New Year flower most valued by the Chinese.



Photo by

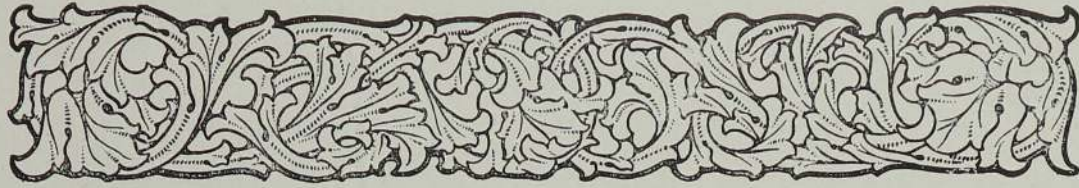
THE GREAT WHITE LANTERNS EMBLAZONED WITH RED CHARACTERS.

Mr. Petzr Dragon.

The flower market leads to the fruit and vegetable market which bursts upon you with a blaze of orange and yellow. Pyramids of oranges and tangerines, pumaloes hanging in rows, ginger swinging on strings, bunches of bananas together with lettuce and cabbage and yams, heaped up on every side.

Beyond lie those sinister food shops in which strings of gruesome sausages dangle in the breeze, and dried duck flattened out till they look like nothing so much as tennis racquets swing to and fro by the score. Report has it that the flatness of these strange apparitions is obtained by sitting on them.

We hurry past this portion of the Fair and find ourselves among the "variety" stalls ranging from



P. M. SHANKS & SONS, LTD.
BOOK, NEWSPAPER, MUSIC AND
GENERAL TYPEFOUNDERS



ISH to call the particular attention of all advanced Printers & Advertisers to the fact that their very extensive selection of specially designed Modern and Old Style Book and Display faces is cast on the now generally accepted British-American Point System of Bodies,

¶ That they have recently devoted a great deal of time and care to the designing of a number of beautiful letters intended to assist in the production of up-to-date Art Booklets and Catalogues,

¶ That they are frequently adding to their already numerous series of thick, thin, wide and condensed faces of Sans-serif, Gothic, and Doric,

¶ That the maintenance of their established reputation for Hard Metal and accuracy of workmanship receives their constant and unremitting attention, and

¶ That the large stocks kept enable them to execute promptly all orders sent to the Foundry in Red Lion Square, London, W.C. 1., England.

¶ Latest Specimens sent on application.



TYPE USED IS DOLPHIN OLD STYLE
CAST IN TWELVE SIZES (6 to 60 POINT).

household goods to sandal-wood dust for incense. It is rather sad to see stalls laden with cheap Birmingham and Japanese "junk", ready to disfigure countless Chinese homes. Even the curio stalls have to be searched for the grain of wheat among the chaff. There are lacquer stalls, pewter stalls, goldfish stalls, China stalls, picture stalls.

There is the usual difference between prices asked and expected. A gentleman with an acute business countenance demanded \$70 for a china plaque and eventually agreed to dispose of it for \$15.

Dusk falls and the fascination of the scene increases. The great red and white lanterns are lighted and the shop boards gleaming with their gold and red characters make a weird avenue framed against the deep blue sky.

We leave the surging happy crowds and laden with flowers, goldfish and oddments make for home. "Kong hay fat choy" (A Happy New Year). How many million times are those words being said in China?

The finale of our New Year is humorous. It is customary to give all the servants a "cumshaw" consisting of a portion of their wages. We, as newcomers, have evidently given more than was expected.

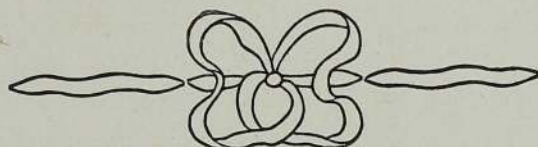
On the morning following New Year, No. 1 boy comes with a mysterious parcel, which he presents to me. I open it and find a china figure of the "Smiling Buddha"—Fook Luk Sau—who represents Health, Prosperity and Long Life. "Oh you shouldn't spend your money on me," I said, "It's most kind of you, but—"

"You and Master give so good present, cook and I must also give," he replies.

But there is better to follow:—

Later in the morning the No. 1 house cooly comes in. He beats his chest and stands chuckling with delight:—

"Too muchee cumshaw—too muchee cumshaw," he cries, and then shoulders his broom and departs.



THE LIGHTFOOT REFRIGERATION Co. Ltd.,
 SKINNER'S ROAD, NORTH
 COLOMBO.

Telegrams :—
 LIGHTFOOT

PHONE
 No. 1957

OXYGEN

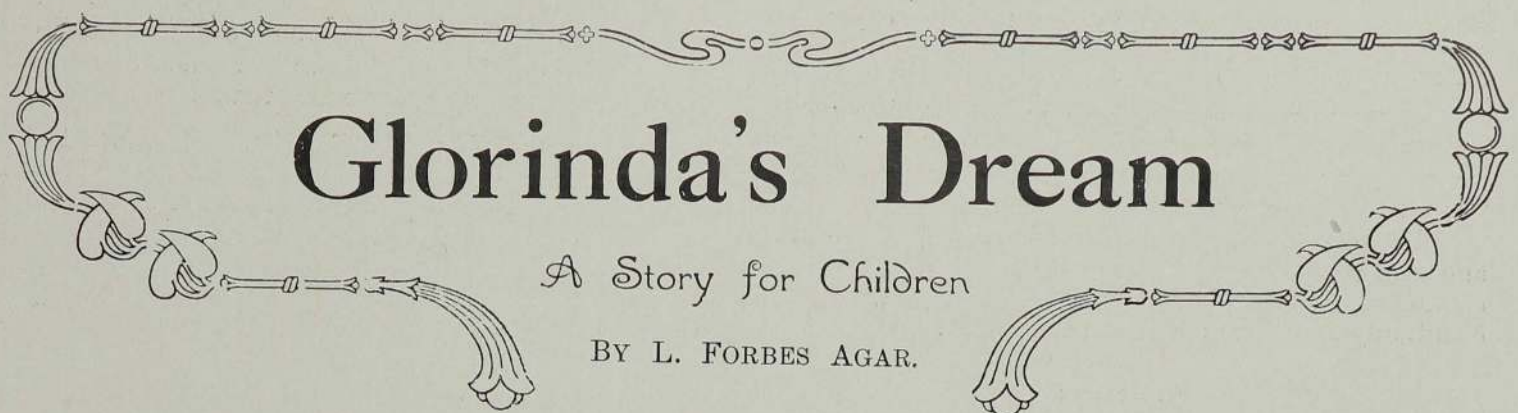
OF HIGH PURITY

INDUSTRIAL

MEDICAL

MEDICAL OXYGEN **STOCKED** BY ALL LEADING CHEMISTS

CONSULT US WHEN YOU HAVE **BROKEN MACHINERY**



Glorinda's Dream

A Story for Children

BY L. FORBES AGAR.

GLORINDA was sitting on a little stool, in front of the drawing-room fire, and in her arms lay Supinella. They were waiting for Mummie and Daddy to come home, so that they could kiss them and say good night.

They often waited like this, but to-night it seemed a very long wait, and the house was very quiet, and the room was very warm, and Glorinda, who had been out to tea, felt very tired.

She looked down at Supinella. She thought Supinella looked very sweet in the new blue dressing-gown Mummie had made for her. Then she thought Supinella winked at her, and, as that was a thing she did not allow her children to do, and yet she did not want to scold her, just when Mummie was coming home, she turned her eyes away from Supinella, and, pushing out one red-slippered foot, began making up stories about the pictures of white bunnies on the toes of her slippers.

Supinella gave an impatient shrug, or Glorinda thought she did.

"What is the matter, Supinella?" Glorinda asked crossly, and then she stopped, for Supinella was gazing at her with eyes that were getting bigger and bigger, and brighter and brighter, and bluer and bluer, until Supinella disappeared altogether, and Glorinda found herself standing outside a wonderful palace, built of some bright blue sparkling stone.

Glorinda caught her breath. She had never seen anything so lovely, and, as she gazed, she heard the sweetest music, and the great doors of the palace swung open wide, and out streamed a swarm of people, all lovely to look at, and dressed in the daintiest, filmiest garments of the brightest and gayest colours.

They danced and sang as they passed Glorinda, and they all seemed so happy, that she began to feel a little lonely.

Just then the loveliest little lady, with flowing hair of palest gold, bound with a circlet of dewdrops, came riding by on a large green butterfly. When she saw Glorinda, she called to the butterfly to stop, and leaning towards her,

"Little girl," she said, in a voice like silver bells, "What are you doing here?"

"I don't know," said Glorinda, "I just came here, and I am very lonely."

"Oh, you must not feel that," cried the lady. "Come, mount on the butterfly with me."

Glorinda had never ridden on a butterfly, and she felt very doubtful as to whether it would carry her. However, she did as the little lady told her and was soon flying above the heads of the laughing, happy throng, who danced and sang, and made sweet music.

"What is your name?" asked the lovely little lady, and when Glorinda told her, the little lady said: "What a pretty name. My name is Supinella, and that is my palace, and these are all my people, and we are all going to tea with King Fluffypuffykins, who is, you know, the King of the White Rabbits."

Glorinda felt so happy, she did not care where she went, and she and Supinella chatted merrily.

"You know it is curious your name should be Supinella, because I have a doll named that," said Glorinda, and Supinella laughed and said she would like to see the doll.

Presently they came to a green glade, all spread with little white tables, on which were laid the most fascinating things to eat, and hundreds of white bunnies frisked and scampered about.

At one end of the glade, on a throne made of ferns and bluebells, sat King Fluffypuffykins, and, as Supinella's butterfly sank to earth, he stepped down to greet Supinella and Glorinda, and a magnificent mantle of green velvet flowed from his shoulders, and two small white rabbits carried it carefully.

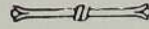
King Fluffypuffykins conducted Supinella and Glorinda to seats near his own, and two little bunnies, carrying trays of gold, brought them delicious cakes and drinks.

Oh, it was a happy party! Glorinda danced and sang, and ate and drank, and the moon came out and laughed at the frolic, and she was just thinking she had never been so happy, when there was a terrific bang, and she saw King Fluffypuffykins had fallen off his throne, and was lying on his back, with his legs wildly kicking in the air, when someone caught hold of her arm, and she looked up to see

Mummie holding her tight, and Supinella, her doll, lying on the ground.

"Wake up, Glorinda darling," said Mummie, and she stooped and kissed Glorinda, as she put Supinella in her little arms, and then Daddy picked them both up, and carried them to bed.

"I really believe you are truly the Fairy Queen, Supinella, dear," whispered Glorinda, as she cuddled her doll in bed, and again she thought Supinella winked, and Glorinda was much too sleepy to correct her.



There came to small Glorinda.
A vision bright and gay,
Of shining, bright blue palaces,
And merry laughing fay.

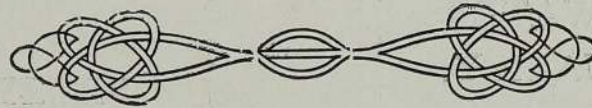
She joined in their mad revels,
She romped, and joined the dance,
And went to tea, with the rabbit King,
Now wasn't that a chance?

The King was Fluffypuffykins,
A monarch fine and grand,
Whose state is really regal,
The greatest in the land.

The party was simply wonderful,
Such laughter and such thrills,
With music ever soaring,
In chords and runs and trills!

And when the fun was highest,
She woke up with a start,
She sat in her own nursery
With her doll clasped to her heart!

She turned her head round slowly,
And looked all round about,
And found sh'd just been dreaming,
There was no slightest doubt.



Best for Baby

If you cannot nurse your Baby, Lactogen is the BEST and most suitable substitute, as it is made from PURE COW'S MILK which has been altered so that the QUANTITY and QUALITY of each component part is similar to those contained in human milk.

"LACTOGEN"

with its greater quantity of FAT or CREAM resembles mother's milk and is superior to other milk powders because it contains nothing which is not found in human milk.

Give Your Baby the Benefit of "Lactogen"

Obtainable in 3 lb., 1 lb. & ½ lb. Tins.

Further particulars on application to

Nestle & Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co.,

P. O. Box 189, Colombo.

Telephone :

No. 1575. 3 Lines.

Telegrams :

"ICELAND, COLOMBO."

**THE
CEYLON ICE AND COLD
STORAGE CO., LTD.**

Manufacturers

OF

**ICE & AERATED WATERS
OF THE BEST QUALITY.**

Bottlers of Orange,
Lemon and Lime Crushes.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE

Orange Crush Co.

*Aerated waters supplied in Crown
Cork Bottles.*

**Importers and
Distributors**

OF

FROZEN MEAT,
BUTTER, MILK,
POULTRY, GAME,
FISH, HAMS AND
BACON, CHEESE AND
OTHER REFRIGERATED
SUNDRIES.

Local and Foreign Fruits.

**STORAGE OF PERISHABLE ARTICLES
ARRANGED. RATES ON APPLICATION.**

WORKS AND DEPOT:

COLPETTY, COLOMBO.

Real Things

BY JOHN STILL.

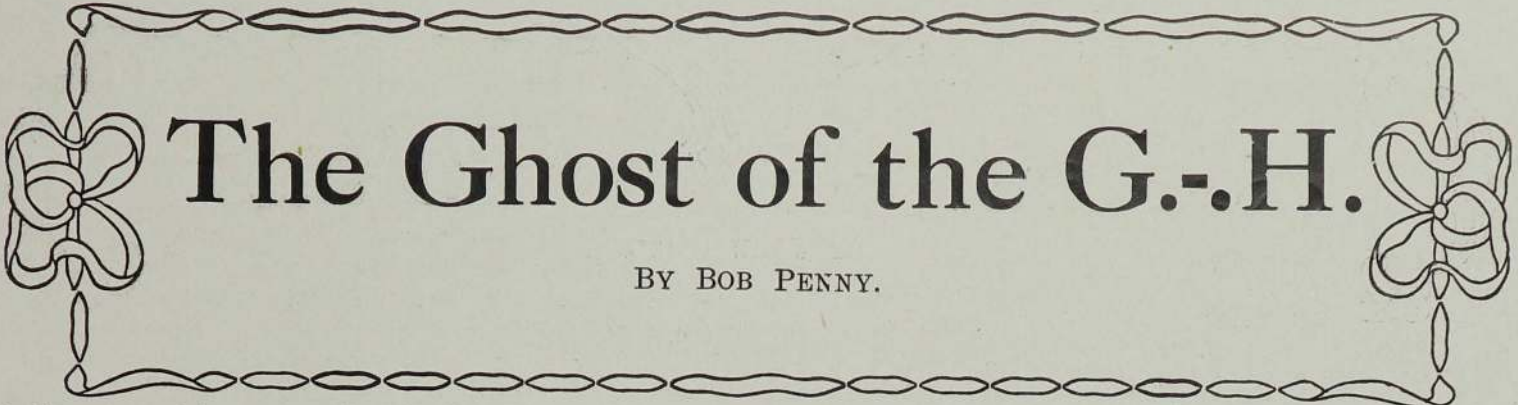
I HAVE followed adventure, and looked in the mirrors of death;
 Strange eyes they were sometimes, with always a secret behind,
 That was hidden in fear, or in wrath, as a leopard whose breath
 Mingled mine where we fought in a tree, until suddenly blind
 Went those searchlights of fury, and told me the fight had been gained.
 Then, scoring the bark as they slipped, his curved talons gave way,
 And he fell to the earth with a thud, all his colour retained,
 And the marvellous curves of his muscular form where he lay.
 So I laughed in the tree, as my forerunners laughed when they fought;
 Then grew silent and lonely, and wondered what lacked to my joy:
 For it might have been I who lay dead, and what else had I sought,
 But the skin of this creature to give to a girl as a toy!

I have looked in the eyes of a bear, little furious eyes,
 Partly hidden, and piercing a curtain of ragged black hair,
 As she roared when she rushed, with her mouth gaping wide in surprise,
 At my look, and my smell which enraged her and tainted the air;
 And the white of my smooth naked chest, and the gleam of my arms,
 Where I stood at the door of my tent, under vertical sun,
 But enraged her the further, as maddened with hate and alarms,
 She charged on, and came straight for my face in a swift awkward run,
 With her fangs shining white as I struck; and then swiftly her head
 Turned and bit at the wound, as though that was the cause of her pain,
 Till my second shot plunged through her heart, and she crumpled up dead,
 Just a robe of black fur on the leaves, and a sticky red stain.

I have looked in a buffalo's eyes, and have trembled with fear,
 When I followed through thorns on his blood-trail, and crawled through the brake,
 With the sweat running streams down my arms, as I slowly drew near
 To each thicket in turn, and could see and could feel my hand shake,
 Though the conquering force that compels and is master of man
 Drove me on, and forbade me to halt, if my heart could but last
 Through its clamorous thumping.
 For I saw there was froth in the blood,
 And I heard the strange guttural grunt of a lung-smitten beast.
 So I knew he would turn before long, and come back like a flood,
 Irresistibly onward till death loosed his knees and he stopped.
 Then it happened.

All suddenly.
 Out came a head from the thorns,
 And his pain-maddened eyes glared in mine while I aimed.
 Then he dropped;
 And I looked, and saw earth and not blood on the spears of his horns.

Stranger mirrors than these have I seen, and their eyes have found mine
 The last vision they had of this world, before death claimed his own;
 For I crawled in the dark through a cave, till I saw the light shine
 On the marbled grey eye of a crocodile hiding alone,
 In a hole where the earth kept the torturing sunlight at bay.
 For a second we stared. Then I fired, and hot smoke filled the den,
 And I heard the death scurry, and laughed as I wriggled away,
 And came back to the light, and the birds, and the voices of men.
 But no thoughts can I read in the eyes of a reptile, or learn
 If he hates me, or fears, or is cognisant only of life;
 For a cobra I caught in my hand when he rose from the fern,
 Never altered his eyes till he died, and thus ended the strife.



The Ghost of the G.-H.

BY BOB PENNY.

THE silence of the night was shattered by a series of piercing screams that echoed and re-echoed through the long corridors of the great hotel. Then followed the quick soft padding of bare feet as the night watchers hurried to the scene, the sound of opening doors and a babel of voices raised in anxious enquiry by the suddenly roused neighbours surrounding the woman whose screams had now faded into fitful sobbing breaths.

"A ghost! It was a ghost!" she moaned hysterically, setting her hearers' nerves on edge at the mere thought.

"Ye Gods," said Jimmy Taunton, the big Fort broker, "a ghost? The old town's waking up at last. Very seasonable too, seeing that this is Christmas Eve, or rather Christmas morning. It's close on two o'clock."

By this time Miss Gallin had been taken into her room, from whence the strong odour of eau-de-cologne and the sounds of soft voices, showed that friends were trying to soothe her fears.

In the corridor others were discussing the matter of the ghost.

"Do you really think she saw anything? She was one of that very noisy party in the dining room this evening, and it is possible that she may have had more than was good for her," asked Miss Pronton. The speaker was a lady of uncertain age and negative attractions. She had a reputation for extreme virtuousness. A Colombo cynic had once remarked that opportunity was the controlling factor in life.

Before anyone could reply, Miss Gallin's room door opened and Mrs. Thorgan hurried out, exclaiming in a nervous excited whisper, "She swears it was a ghost, and of all strange things, the ghost of a policeman."

"Holy Smoke! A policeman," queried Jimmy. "This is certainly up to the C.I.D. Anyway, we ought to let the manager know, so that he may decide what to do. This affair will be bad business for the hotel."

He hurried to the staircase, descended to the first floor and made his way along the corridors towards the manager's room. Turning sharply into the corridor where the manager's room was situated he saw, less than six feet away, a figure approaching him. He hesitated then stood still, but the figure, in absolute silence, continued its progress towards him, right up to him,—and right through him. And the figure was that of a policeman.

Jimmy's nerves were pretty good, but such a happening was too much for them. He felt the short hairs lift at the base of his skull and a horrible sensation of icy coldness crept down his spine. With the wind up badly, he made a flying leap for the manager's room, thudded against the door and flung it open with a crash that was enough to wake the dead. He switched on the electric light, as the manager flung himself out of bed and snatched up a chair to defend himself against the startling intruder.

"Ease off, Mac, it's only me" said Jimmy huskily.

"Only you, ye big loon, What devil's stunt are you working off now?"

Jimmy and the manager, McHinery, were the best of pals and were often in each other's room for a chat and a final 'peg' after the bar had closed below.

"Not a stunt," said Jimmy, "it's a ghost."

"Gordon Highlanders! A ghost. Ye're drunk. Go to bed."

"No, Mac, I'm dead serious. We both saw it. I mean Molly Gallin and myself."

Jimmy's agitation caused McHinery to realise that this was no half-drunken practical joking. Producing glasses and a bottle, he poured out a stiff peg and bade Jimmy drink it. He did. Appreciatively.

The whisky steadied Jimmy's nerves and enabled him to pull himself together. So, with a shame-faced grin, he began to explain.

"I woke up suddenly, hearing screams. Sounded pretty close, just outside the door. I hopped out quickly and found Molly Gallin yelling like billyho. Couldn't get anything out of her at first, then she said she had seen a ghost. Sounds Christmassy, doesn't it? She must have had the devil of a fright. Other folks turned up and some of the women carted Molly off to her room. Presently Mrs.—er—whatsheername—Thorgan came out and said it was the ghost of a policeman. Could hardly believe it, but I thought I'd let you know about it. So I left them cackling and came along. Just turned the end of the corridor when I saw something coming. I stopped, but IT didn't." Jimmy grasped the manager's wrist fiercely and McHinery realised the wrought-up state of his nerves by the tenseness of his grip. "Mac, IT was a policeman

and IT walked right through me. Lord, I was in a funk. I made one dash for your door, and you know the rest.'

He began to feel a dull aching pain in his hand and glanced down at it, then raised it to McHinery's gaze. "Look, I barked my knuckles on your door."

McHinery thought a while, then said, "Let's prowl round a bit, if you are feeling better now"

"Good enough. I'll be all right with you. Besides, I'm more prepared this time."

They set off together on a tour of inspection and finally arrived at Miss Gallin's room. They were told that Mrs. Thorgan had arranged to stay with her through the night and that she was now quietened though still very nervous and upset. After expressing his sympathy, the manager decided that nothing would be lost by waiting for daylight for investigation and, after a 'bracer' in Jimmy's room, he returned to his bed.

* * *

In the morning when Miss Gallin put in a somewhat belated appearance in the breakfast room, she found herself surrounded by a host of excited enquirers who showered questions upon her from all sides. A Police Inspector was also waiting to hear details.

She explained that she had been somewhat merry and excited during the dinner party on the previous evening. After the party had broken up, she had retired to her room but was unable to sleep, owing to the state of excitement, coupled with the heat. After tossing restlessly on her bed for some time, she had remembered having heard that to hold one's wrists under running water was a good method of getting cool, and she had gone to the bathroom along the corridor for this purpose. On returning, she had seen a policeman moving in her direction down the corridor and was surprised at his presence at such an hour. She had called out to him asking what was the matter, but received no reply. She had become nervous as the figure approached nearer in absolute silence and was terrified when the figure was on the point of colliding with her. But, to her further horror, the figure had walked right through her and she had felt nothing. She remembered that she had screamed and believed she had fainted. On being pressed for a description of the figure, she vehemently asserted that it was a policeman in uniform and with a long white beard.

At this moment Jimmy excitedly chipped in. "That's right. He had a long white beard. I remember the old johnny now. He's the chap who used to be on point duty at the corner of Turret Road. An old chap with a patriarchal beard and with a wide grin. A curious old bird. Used to swing his arms about like a semaphore and I'm sure he hadn't the faintest idea what he was doing. And now I come to think of it, I haven't seen him for a long time. I suppose he must be dead. But why his ghost should want to haunt the G.—H. beats me hollow."

* * *

The police spent the next few days in trying to discover the identity of the mysterious policeman, and eventually found at the Office of the Registrar of

Deaths for the Slave Island District, that Charlis Singho had died at 1.50 a.m. on the twenty-fifth of December, 1925. And Charlis Singho was P.C. 49, known throughout the Police Force as the man with the longest service and with the curious nickname of "The Inspector."

As soon as these facts were published, a member of the staff of the "Ceylon Observer" recollected that his paper had announced the death of the constable, and a search of the back number files brought to light the following paragraph in the issue of the "Ceylon Observer" dated 27th December, 1925.

DEATH OF P. C. 49.

P.C. 49, Charlis Singho, died at his home in Slave Island on Christmas morning.

He will be remembered by many Ceylon residents as the policeman with the long white beard and cheerful grin.

He held the record for long service, having served continuously for a period of 38 years.

Several years ago his fellow constables bestowed upon him the nickname of "The Inspector," and he soon became a well known character throughout the Force. The reason for this nickname, we understand, was that he was always anxious to gain promotion and talked so much of one day rising to the rank of Inspector, that the title was given him in derision. Though ambitious, his attainments were such that he never was able to accomplish even the first step towards his ambition, and he died still a constable.

* * *

• Although the ghost had not been seen again since its appearance on Christmas morning, the management nevertheless realised that its visit had been a stroke of bad luck for the hotel as many of the residents had departed to other quarters, and by the middle of January the number of guests had dwindled to less than half the normal.

A suggestion put forward by Jimmy and conveyed to the Directors by McHinery was at first ridiculed but finally adopted on the principle of "any port in a storm."

A friend in Calcutta in writing to Jimmy had spoken enthusiastically of a spiritualist touring the East delivering a series of lectures. Assisted by his medium he had arranged some wonderful manifestations. He would leave Calcutta shortly and proceed to Rangoon.

Jimmy's suggestion was that the spiritualist be asked to come to Colombo and endeavour to get into communication with the spirit of the dead constable with a view to "laying the ghost," and if possible to obtain some explanation of its mysterious appearance.

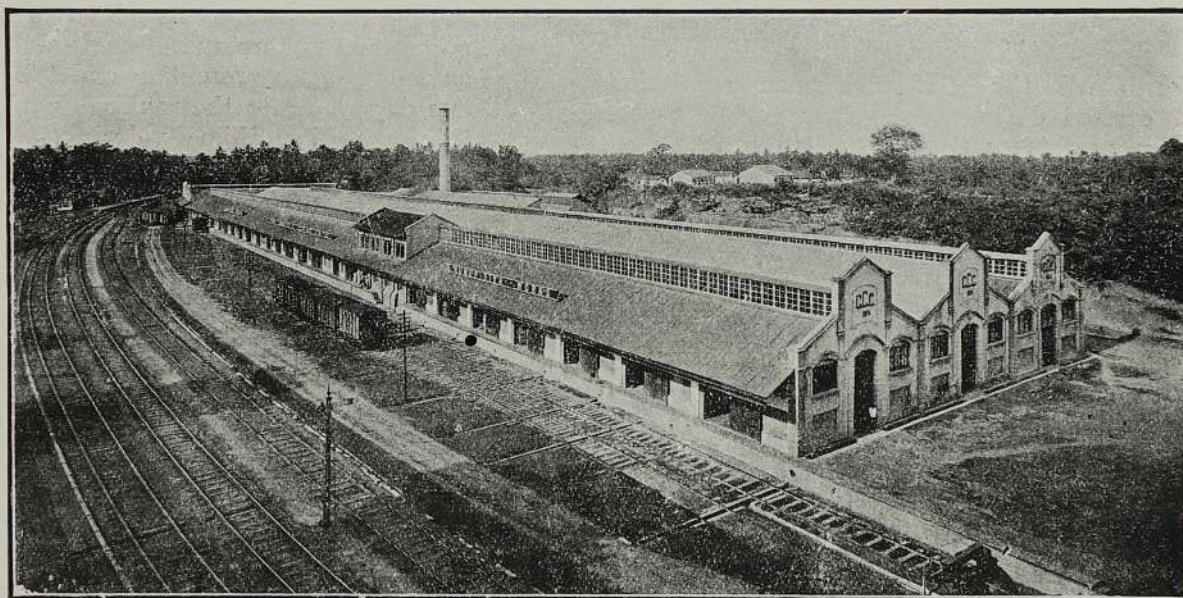
A cable was despatched to Rangoon briefly setting out the facts, to which the spiritualist replied that the case interested him deeply and he would consent to the journey to Colombo on completing his lectures at Rangoon on condition that the Hotel Company agree to pay his expenses for the journey.

Colombo Commercial Co., LIMITED.

COLOMBO OFFICE	-	-	} <i>Slave Island, Colombo, Ceylon.</i>
MILLS	-	-	
ENGINEERING WORKS	-	-	
LABORATORY	-	-	

Branches - - **Badulla, Kandapola,**

Fertiliser Works { **Hunupitiya, (Hunupitiya Station.)**
K. V. (Nawinna Station.)



HUNUPITIYA WORKS.

MERCHANTS, ESTATE AGENTS AND ENGINEERS.
SUPPLIERS OF ALL
ESTATE REQUISITES AND FERTILISERS.

LONDON OFFICE. --Thames House, Queen Street Place, E.C.

About a month later, Professor Seethings, with his medium, Madame Ida Knott, arrived in Colombo from Rangoon.

In spite of every effort on the part of the Directors of the hotel to maintain the strictest secrecy in the matter, the news of the coming of the spiritualist had leaked out and the hotel was consequently besieged by a host of the credulous and curious.

The majority of the deserters now returned to the hotel and took up their old quarters, so that the mere presence of the spiritualist was a fine advertisement and the Directors were more cheerful than they had been for many weeks.

It was decided to hold the seance in private in the large room on the first floor, but so many of the influential people of Colombo had, on one pretext or another, managed to obtain permission to be present, that quite a large crowd had gathered by 9.30 p.m., the time fixed for the seance.

The spiritualist very naturally objected to the presence of so many people, all of whom could not possibly be in full sympathy, but he was eventually persuaded to give way on the understanding that absolute silence should be maintained. Nevertheless several ladies of the audience found it impossible to keep the promise they had given, as whisperings from different parts of the room testified.

Communication with the spirit world was established three times only to be broken off immediately by excited ejaculations from some of those in attendance. After an hour and a half of fruitless effort Professor Seethings announced that it was utterly impossible to obtain results while such an unsympathetic atmosphere pervaded the room and that he would make no further attempt that evening.

Next morning Professor Seethings very bluntly informed the management that there would be no other seance unless they were prepared to guarantee the strictest privacy. He pointed out that he was receiving no fee nor did he desire one and as he was giving his time solely in the interests of the hotel he considered his request was quite reasonable, with which line of argument the management was forced to agree. Having gained his point, the Professor stated that he could quite understand how everyone would be on tenterhooks to learn the reason for the visitation, in the event of a successful seance, and he was prepared to announce the results to any who were interested.

The management therefore decided that the large dining room on the ground floor should be placed at the disposal of those sufficiently interested to await results whilst the seance was being held on the first floor.

Professor Seethings had requested the presence of Miss Gallin and Mr. Taunton at the seance, on the ground that both had seen the ghost and therefore, most certainly, would be "en rapport."

As on the previous evening the seance was held at 9.30 p.m.

Downstairs in the large dining room an atmosphere of breathless excitement prevailed which

gradually changed to one of restlessness as time passed and the expected announcement had not been made.

Finally, however, at twenty-five minutes to eleven Professor Seethings appeared and everyone knew that the seance had been successful, owing to the pleased expression of his face.

He entered the dining room to the accompaniment of a subdued scuffling which subsided into hushed expectancy as he began to speak.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, no doubt you have already realised that the seance this evening has been successful. With the assistance of my medium, Madame Ida Knott, I established communication with the spirit which manifested its presence in this hotel last Christmas morning.

As already surmised by the local Press, the ghost was that of one Charlis Singho who had served for many years as a member of the Police Force in this Colony.

I was able to obtain verification of the overwhelming ambition of this constable whose desire to become an Inspector in the Force had resulted in his being derisively dubbed "The Inspector," and it was this unfulfilled desire that held his spirit earth-bound, nor could it be released from its earthly tie so long as that desire remained.

Generally, such desire is prompted by sentiment, as in the case of a spirit which returns to earth to watch over and guard a dear relative or friend; or in the case of a murderer, whose spirit is anxious to make recompense for the evil deed. But in the present case the desire was of a less worthy nature, merely one of personal betterment, promotion. Yet it had become in this man's later years the sole object of his life, an obsession, taking possession of his mind to the exclusion of all else and having so strong a hold on his mentality that death could not allay. That ambition, that consuming desire, has now been satisfied and the opportunity has been given to me to-night to make known the method of its attainment, a method which I can only describe as the acme of subtlety. The appearance of the ghost was the proof of the fulfilment of that desire and Miss Gallin and Mr. Taunton are living witnesses of that proof."

The audience had hung on the Professor's words with bated breath and the upturned faces were one in their expression of tense expectancy which instantly changed to alarmed amazement as the Professor burst into uncontrollable laughter with an underlying note of hysteria.

The audience settled into their seats again as the Professor recovered his composure and continued to speak.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, your looks of blank astonishment caused my laughter, for I know that not one of you has comprehended. Again I tell you that the ghost's appearance was the proof of fulfilment, and by a method childishly simple yet of Machiavelian cunning.

An hotel is an inn; a ghost is a spectre; and P.C. 49 is at last an INN-SPECTRE.

Sublime Verses on a Sublimar Subject

OR

NOISES OF CEYLON

BY CECIL E. L. ROLFE.

IF Ceylon is an island of spices
'Tis an island of noises as well;
And often we send those who make 'em
To the depths of the nethermost hell.

First of all comes the crow with his cawing,
(And he has a great deal to say),
You will hear him first thing in the morning,
And at many odd hours in the day.

His appearance is nothing to boast of,
His voice makes your throat feel quite sore;
If only he'd dry up a little,
You feel that you might love him more.

If the hens do their duty as hens should,
They make such a hullabaloo,
You would think they had laid ninety-nine eggs,
Instead of—well, just one or two.

There's a bird that consorts with the devil,
Or at least has a devilish voice,
Which it raises up higher and higher,
Whenever it tries to rejoice.

There's another that has snobbish instincts,
And incessantly asks "Who are you?"
And I doubt, if this bird should e'er meet you,
If he'd deign to say "How d' you do?"

The dogs must be all Hydra-headed,
For I cannot believe that one head,
Could keep up such perpetual barking,
When you're trying to rest on your bed.

The pussies like ten thousand demons,
Can give you the jim-jams at night,
And the noise that they raise 'neath your windows,
Can scarcely be termed a delight.

The boys of a school that is near me,
All make such a terrible row,
That you swiftly consign them to regions,
Far hotter than those they tread now.

The motor-bikes down on the Galle Face,
Or anywhere else I might say,
Let off such terrific explosions,
You think they would burst on the way.

The tom-toms are beaten with gusto,
Especially when folks have gone west,
And the Spirits of those who've departed,
No doubt feel quite cheered if not blest.

There's a band that makes very strange noises,
(There really is no other word)
The instruments all have lumbago,
To judge from the sounds I have heard.

There are trees of most flamboyant colours,
And flowers of quite a loud shade,
And sunsets beside which the glories,
Of Solomon surely would fade.

All these you might call "silent noises,"
And "loudest" of these, I should say,
Are one or two "screaming" concoctions,
That folks in their dresses display.

The insects all join in the chorus,
The frogs add their croakings as well,
But the cricket has so many "innings,"
Their number I never could tell.

If any choice sound I've omitted,
Dear reader, please add them to mine,
And they ought to make up a sum total,
That no one could say was not fine.

Demonology in Ceylon

BY MRS. H. H. DULLING.

Demonology plays such an important part in the lives of Eastern races, and in every religion, including Christianity, that it is of interest to attempt a little sketch of its influence in Ceylon.

The earliest History of the Island begins with Demonology, or "Yakkas" (devils) and with "Nagas" (snakes), who were supposed to be its inhabitants on the arrival of Vijaya, about the year 543 B.C., and yet it is an interesting fact that every form of superstition existing in the Island to-day can be traced to the religions of India. This, however, is accounted for by the invasions of the Tamils, who not only converted the inhabitants to Hinduism, and Brahmanism, but caused them to absorb their beliefs and superstitions, in addition to their own.

Lesser gods, planetary influences, and supernatural agencies were the natural beliefs of an early civilisation which knew no other religion, and embraced anything that it could not comprehend as being something to adore or to appease. We can therefore picture the ancient inhabitants of Ceylon, with their fear of demons, camouflaging themselves as devils on the approach of Vijaya, in their desire to repress him and his invaders, and thereby earning the reputation of being a population of "Yakkas," as their history states, though the general theory is that they received the name in contempt, for worshipping devils and snakes.

Buddha is supposed to have visited the Island on three occasions before his religion was finally established, but even with this enlightenment, there has been a form of dual religion throughout the ages—the adoration of Buddha, and the appeasing of Demons, though the latter takes a very secondary place in the fervency of the worship of the true believer.

Buddhism, like other religions, acknowledges the existence of devils, and believes in eight Hells. These

Hells are "Concealed under the abyss of the earth, and are under hellish water, and there the winds blow stronger even than a hurricane can do upon the earth." We are told that the enclosure of these places of woe are "square, and made of iron, the walls being 36 miles thick, and the ground and roof of the same thickness."

There are many Classes of Demons, and six in particular, comprising the following:—

1. Infernal demons in torment.
2. Demons also in punishment, who die, and are born again.
3. The demons who follow the chief of the devils.
4. Demons of the hells.
5. The divine and magic giants.
6. The ordinary devils of the Island.

In addition there are demons of sickness, lust, blood, graveyards, fatal-diseases, serpents, rivers, passions, cattle, divining, cruelty, each of which has his special duties to perform, and his particular sphere of action.

Amongst the foreign demons of the islands there was a devil known as the "Moratuwa Yakka." This demon is supposed to have come to the island from the Malabar coast, and selected his abode in a tree at Moratuwa, where he began his power by inflicting so much sickness on the inhabitants that it was said that the whole district was filled with mourning throughout the year. All attempts to exorcise him were unsuccessful,

until, at last a very wise Magician, expert in the arts of Necromancy was able to persuade him to remove himself and his activities elsewhere. Peace and health were once more restored to the afflicted district, and the Magician was well rewarded for his ability.

Amongst the better class demons is the "Calu Yakka," or the black devil, so named on account of his



Kaloo Koomara The black Demon.

dark colour, and with whom all women fell in love when he was in a state of materialisation. During a visit to the country of a race of Amazons, he was so much admired by the women that hundreds of them seized him at once, to claim as her own, but he was so roughly handled that he was torn to pieces in their grasp. His spirit assumed the form of a Demon, and he spends his days in avenging his wrongs upon the female sex, and upon their children.

The most respectable Demon on the list, and the most inoffensive is the "Calu Cumara Dewatawa," or the Black Prince, who has appeared in many apparitions on earth, and has always been tormented by passions of love. Young and fair women are the objects of his desire, and his attacks, and during one of his materialisations, he fell deeply in love with a beautiful maiden, but his passions evidently so consumed him that his powers of the supernatural became exhausted, and he was unable to materialise himself again. This so broke his spirit, that he died of a broken heart, and became a Demon. He is always depicted as being of a dark blue colour, and wearing black garments.

"Demons," we learn, "as their name implies, are the spirits of deceased men or women, born as demons in consequence of some demerit when living as human beings or of some feeling of animosity or hatred, which was uppermost in their thoughts at the moment of death." As a rule their skins are of a black colour, and they have large protruding eyes, hanging lips, and long teeth—of which those called the canines, in some demons project out of the mouth, curved like a pair of sickles. "They sometimes wear about their persons venomous serpents, especially cobras. They are invisible to men, but have the power of making themselves visible."

Demons are not credited with birth, but are supposed to spring into existence from the shoulder or arm of a female Demon, though Demons may marry if so inclined. There are occasions, however, when a Demon enters the body of a woman, and she gives birth to a monster which dies, and renews its life as a Demon, but why a poor woman should be so afflicted is a mystery only understood by the Demon himself, and is probably due to spite and venom.

Mudaliyar Silva Gooneratne speaks of a woman in 1865 giving birth to a so-called Demon in his time. "A poor woman", he says, "of our native village gave birth to a child about 23 or 24 years ago. The infant, which was a male, had all its teeth as well developed as a child of 5 or 6 years of age. Its head, too, was covered with hair about an inch long, its face was unusually long, and its mouth broader than usual in children of that age. The appearance of the child was not prepossessing, and all thought that it was a Demon. An hour or two after its birth the grandfather dashed its brains out with a stick. Another child was also sacrificed to this same superstition about 25 years ago, in a village near Barbeyn. In this case, the child was nailed to the stem of a coconut tree and so left to die, the best punishment, as they thought, for a Demon, who had had the impudence to be born of a human mother."

There have been many monstrosities born since those days, however, but a human law prevents such drastic punishments being meted out to the poor little

innocents whose malformity creates such disturbance of mind. No grandfather "dashes their brains out with a stick"—and it is more than likely that, in his new condition of enlightenment, he attempts to keep the babe alive as long as possible for the commercial value it would have in a private peep-show. It was very recently that the newspapers gave a description of a monstrosity born near Anuradhapura, similar to that described by the Mudaliyar, and which died shortly after its birth. As far as I can remember, it was said to have had a boar's head, tusks and all, and two or three eyes, and other extravagancies, but no photographs were sent in support of the story. It can be said that Demons do not leave it to human beings alone to give birth to horrors, for the unoffending beasts of the field sometimes produce Demon-like offspring, and an egg may hatch a freak.

Devils can materialise themselves to the detriment of the beholder, and Gooneratne states a case where he and some friends were on the sea-shore until late one night, and when passing a haunted tree in the darkness one of his companions gave an unearthly shriek and fell unconscious. When the man recovered consciousness, and was questioned, he declared that he had seen the hideous face of a Demon, and once more relapsed into a serious state of illness, and with evidently a slight attack of brain fever.

During the reign of the last King of Kandy, young and beautiful virgins are said to have been annually sacrificed as brides to the "Yakka Bahiwarā" on the hill, so named after the Demon. The ceremony took place at night, with great pomp, and it was only after the British took possession of Kandy, that the ceremonies ceased, or the Demon was supposed to have disappeared. It appears that the Queen was unable to give birth to children, being disappointed before every occasion, and upon consulting the Soothsayers, Astrologers, and Magicians, it was discovered that she was under the influence of this particular Demon, who caused her babes to die a few months after pregnancy, and who would only remove his influence if a young virgin was sacrificed to him every year, on the summit of the Bahiwarā hill.

Before the date of the ceremony, the country was scoured for the most beautiful maidens, who were assembled before the King for selection. The elected girl was bathed in scented waters, and arrayed in magnificent bridal attire, and was attended by the other beautiful girls, as maids, when the appointed hour arrived. Conveyed in a gaily decorated palanquin, and accompanied by the King and Queen, and the Royal Court, with an elaborate Perahera and flaming torches, she was conveyed to the summit of the hill, where the priests removed her from her palanquin in a condition of semi-coma, and carried her to the altar. Here she was tied to a stake, with strong bands of creepers, and the "mantras", invocations, and chanting, to the accompaniment of tom-toms, made an impressive ceremony. The Magicians called upon the Demon to accept her, to drink her blood, and to eat her bones, and after thoroughly alarming her with the rites, in which all manner of "Yakka" taming—or appeasing—ingredients were used, the unhappy maiden was left alone in the dark, terrified and ill, and haunted by superstition. As a rule the girl died from fright and exposure during the night, but some had a lingering death, and on one of the last occasions the

maiden was rescued by a Minister of the King, who had fallen in love with her, and who unbound her when the procession disappeared, and carried her secretly to his house, where he married her. In 1865 she was spoken of as being an old woman, still living in Kandy.

All cases of sickness are attributed to the influence of Demons, and Devil dancers are called upon to exorcise them. These men chant "mantras" all night, to the accompaniment of tom-toms, in their effort to discover the particular Demon in possession of the invalid's body. On occasions, the patient jumps up in a frenzy of delirium, and supplies the name, which simplifies matters, but if he is too ill to speak, or to move, the magician must solve the problem himself. As some devils are supposed to desire the blood of their victims, a fowl is geneerally killed, and a few drops given to the Devil via the mouth of the patient. The Devil doctor's remedies are simple in nature, consisting chiefly of garlic, saffron, and other harmless antidotes to say nothing of the ubiquitous ginger—a favourite panacea for all ills.

Demons are not content with taking possession of the bodies of the long-suffering inhabitants of the Island, and stoop to such mean and cowardly actions as those of trying to alarm travellers at night by throwing sand and stones at them, or by making crashing noises in the bushes to make them imagine a wild beast is after them. Sometimes Demons may materialise at dusk, and appear in the form of a beautiful young man or woman, as a cobra, a boy, a hen, a virgin, a glow worm, a peacock, a coconut beetle, an old man or woman; a boar, a hornet, a rock bee, a Telegu man, a lion, a mad elephant, a dog, a young woman with a babe in her arms, or as Lightning, or as a firebrand, and when one ponders over the list, it seems possible that some of us have seen some of these apparitions, quite unaware of their diabolical portent!

Some people are so alarmed by superstitious fears that they drop senseless when something uncanny has happened, and have been carried home in a hopeless cataleptic state, and some die without recovering consciousness. Mr. Frederick Lewis gives an instance of a case, with which he came in contact, in his interesting book "Sixty years in Ceylon", and I, too, have heard of a girl suddenly crying out whilst picking firewood from a fence, and falling into an unconscious condition. The Devil dancers were unable to exorcise the demon for a couple of days, and, finally, when the girl recovered, she could in no way account for her alarm, beyond stating that it must have been due to a Devil.

In every case of Demon ceremony, charms and spells are used, invocations are muttered, and offerings presented. According to an authority, almost every charm begins with the words "Ohng Hreeng" which is a Sanskrit invocation to the Hindoo Trinity, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, but, as the magicians mumble their words inaudibly, and repeat many "mantras" in succession, it is possible that those who do not understand them, consider them a form of invocation full of magical properties. The words are added to Sinhalese charms, after which follow words of adoration of the Buddha.

It is said that there are about 240,000 different charms and spells belonging to Necromancy, and many

are so dangerous to prepare that magicians have died whilst making them, or have become raving lunatics. It is therefore unwise of the uninitiated to attempt to make a charm, and only those who have studied under Magicians for a year or longer can make the venture, and then only with very great caution and ceremony. Should the shadow of a Demon fall upon the charm in preparation it has no efficacy, and it is therefore the business of the magicians to thwart the Demons, and that of the Demons to prevent his object being attained, and to render the charm innocuous. Most Charms require ceremony after their preparation as well, but one of the simplest and most favoured charms is the "Araksa nool", which is a charmed thread, dipped in saffron water and resin, tied in knots for every incantation, and tied upon the arm, the wrist, or the neck of the wearer.

Charms are made for happiness, for love, for good fortune, and for evil of all kinds, including the gradual wasting away on an enemy. The latter charm takes many forms, but the favourite is made in the shape of a figure in wax, or in wood, with the enemy's name written thereon. After being stuck with pins in the vital parts of the body, the charm is concealed in the roof of the victim's house, and he will become insane, or waste away, until the image is found, removed, and thrown into a stream.

The "Pilli" is the most dreaded of all charms, and according to Dr. Perthold, is the Sinhalese "killing charm". In the preparation of one particular charm of this type, called the "Cumara Pilli", and about the third on the list of about 18 or 20 "Pilli charms", the corpse of a male infant, and the firstborn of its mother, is essential. This is first submitted to a sort of embalming process, and then, having been dried by the heat of a fire made with sandal and "pas pengiri" wood, is locked up in a box made of "Cohomba" or Banyan wood and placed in some spot unfrequented by women. At the Jeewama, two knives are placed in the right and left hands, and the charm is then pronounced over it, during the three yamas of a Sunday, on a grave not more than three days old.....When the charm is perfected, the mummy becomes animated and stands up. Then certain other charms being pronounced over it, the name of the intended victim written on an ola is tied around its neck or wrist, and then flies through the air like lightning to the man who is to be destroyed."

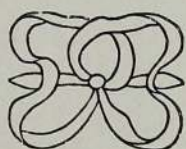
Once the "Pilli" charm has taken effect, no charms, or Demons, or ceremonies of any description can help the victim. His doom is sealed, and he dies a sudden death—by murder, by accident, by a snake bite, by a wild animal, or by some other immediate agency.

So much are charms dreaded, that, on occasions, alarmed victims have appealed to the Court for protection against the evil intentions of an enemy. I have frequently come in contact with various charms, and, though amusing to a Christian, there is nothing but serious disaster in them for those of other religions. The villager leaves the unbeliever with scorn in his heart, and laughs at your ignorance, and "at the same time pitying you for being a Christian, for he is sure that the moment you leave this world, you will go to the worst of hells, the "Lokanantarika Narakaya."

In conclusion, and as an instance of my belief in the efficacy of charms, I offer readers a simple charm for curing a headache:—

Take a little oil, and stir it incessantly with a piece of iron, and pronounce the following charm, "Oh Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva! I make my adoration to you! When Ginires dewati (the she Demon of fire) who resides in Ginires Coville (the Temple of Fire) in the country of Geniris Daysa (the Land of Fire) complained to Mangra Dewiyo of the fire which was burning her head, he (the Mangra Dewiyo) sent for milk from the breasts of the Seven Mothers of Milk, and with it put out the fire which was burning in her head: for which he had received Wurrun from sixty-four persons. By the power he exercised that day I do this day command that the headache, which troubles this person do quit him instantly—do flee, flee this moment."

(I have taken my notes from Knox, Dr. Perthold's Essay, "Journal of the Anthropological Institute, Vol. 38, 1908." "Notes on Sinhalese Magic" by N. L. Hildburgh, and also from "Upham's Buddhism", which includes the illustrations).



A CAR for your LEAVE?

Those going home on leave next year will be thinking now about the car they intend purchasing. You cannot do better than get your car from Leave Cars Ltd, a company devoted entirely to the sale of cars to people from abroad.

Any make of cars new or second-hand, supplied with a written guarantee to repurchase, at a liberal

pre-arranged price, when your leave expires.

Write your requirements and we will have a car ready for you on your arrival.

Extended payments arranged to suit your convenience. Free garaging. Cars packed and exported to all ports. Write for our booklet.

LeaveCars^{CO}

LEAVE CARS LTD.,

Under the distinguished patronage of Field-Marshal Sir Wm. Birdwood, Bart., G.C.B., &c., Commander-in-Chief in India.

7, UPPER ST., MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C. 2.



"—I began to pick up"

A grateful Sanatogen user writes: "This is just the story of the experience—so far as Sanatogen is concerned—of a very ordinary, prosaic, matter-of-fact man, who happens to work rather more with his head than with his fingers.

"I was beginning to get flabby, mentally, to hate the very thought of work, when I struck Sanatogen. Either Sanatogen or Providence—or perhaps in common gratitude one should say Sanatogen and Providence—has or have put me right again. For the first week I perceived no difference but from the end of the second *week* I began to pick up. Since then I have built rapidly."

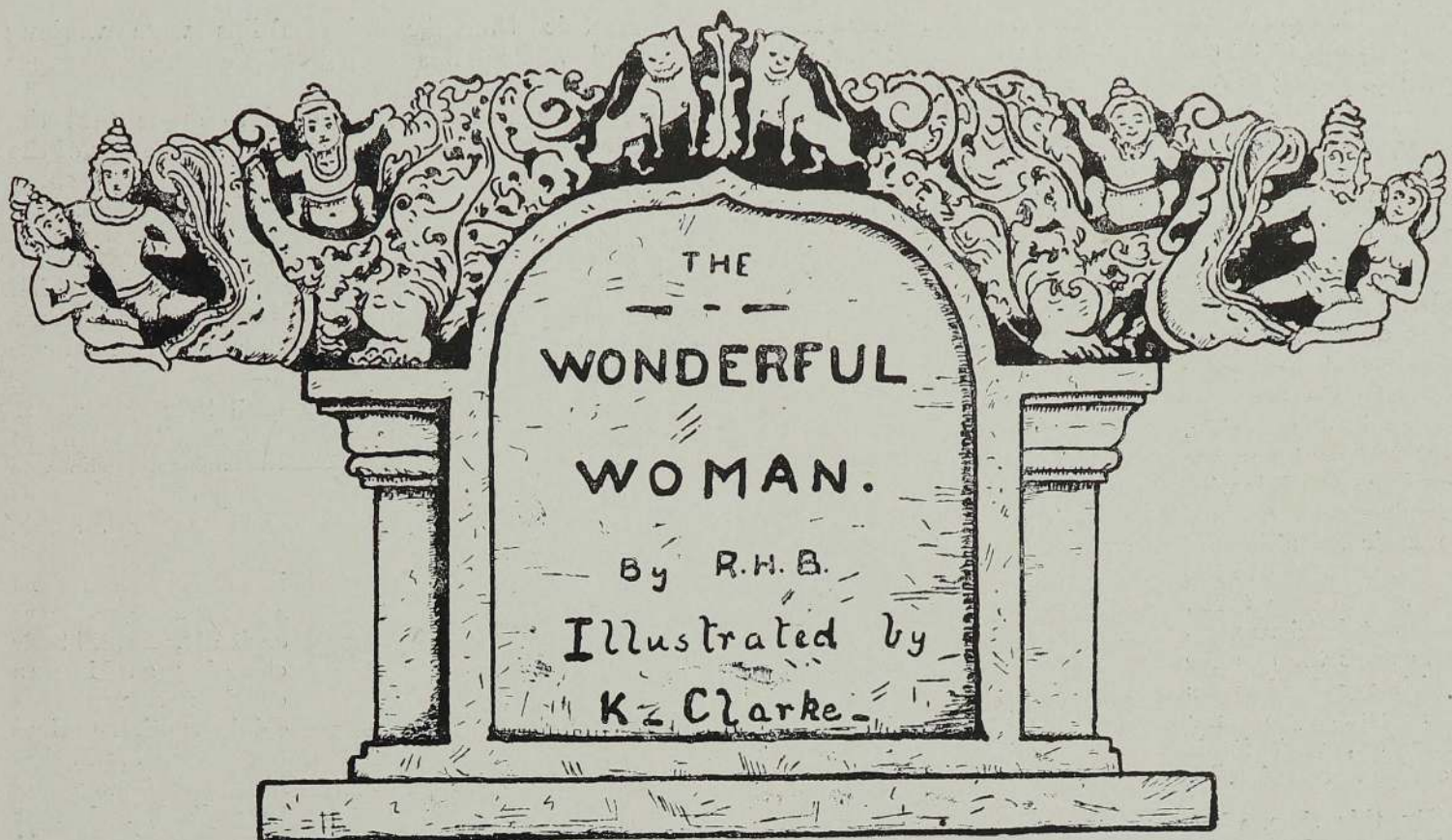
This is far from being an isolated case. Hundreds of thousands of people take Sanatogen and benefit by it—thousands of physicians daily prescribe it because they know from experience how quickly Sanatogen helps to recover lost strength and how very effectively it works in combating nervous debility by building-up new health.

In fact—Sanatogen *must* help you. It may not be as soon as the second week that you begin to pick up, but the goal, splendid health, is nearer than you may think.

SANATOGEN

The True Tonic-Food

At all Chemists and Stores.



THERE was once a king, whose only child, a lovely daughter, was the solace of his declining years. No extravagance was too great to be lavished upon her, yet, in her twenty-first year she was struck suddenly dumb, to the intense grief, not only of the king, but also of all his subjects, whose affection was captured by the princess' charm and kindness. In despair the king offered his daughter in marriage to anyone who could cure her of this dire affliction. The morning after the proclamation of this offer the gates of the palace were besieged by a dense throng of eager aspirants for the task and its reward, whose conduct became so unruly that matters looked very serious until the king ingeniously added that anyone who failed to make the princess speak, after undertaking her cure, would be forthwith beheaded. It was fortunate that the state executioner was already married, or the additional edict might have been bereft of its executive power. On hearing this final clause the crowd rapidly melted away until, to the king's dismay, not a single dauntless suitor was left. The penalty of failure seemed to be fixed at too severe a standard, but after a day or two, such is the power of a beautiful woman's attraction, two learned physicians presented themselves, confident that they would succeed in making the lady speak. Both lost their heads. During the interval of a year there were two more casualties; then, although the face and figure of the princess grew even more lovely in her misfortune, there was a complete slump in magicians and astrologers willing to risk their lives.

At last a courageous prince from a neighbouring kingdom, where, after diligent and careful experiment, he could find no woman sufficiently attractive to suit him, decided to risk the attempt. With only one devoted attendant, he presented himself at the palace of the afflicted princess, where he immediately gained admission. The prince began his campaign by relating to the princess the marvellous and fearsome adven-

tures that had befallen him upon the journey that he had just accomplished, but even his most pathetic experiences drew no sympathetic word. However, his declaration that he would endure again ten times the hardships that he had braved in order to remain in her presence, was rewarded by a slight gladdening of the lady's eye. No doubt the prince set about the job in the right way, although one or two of his more startling anecdotes were inclined to strain the bounds of probability.

He was quite prepared to marry her, dumb as she was, in fact he would have preferred it that way, but the old king would not hear of this, and told him to get on with the cure, or the executioner would have to be called. With another week to save his neck the prince, in the intervals of very successful courtship, did some solid thinking. By constant association with her, the prince had, besides falling in love with the princess, come to know her very well, and realised that like most ladies she would enjoy intervening in an argument with a crushing dictum that would squash both the contending parties flat. So he arranged with his attendant to hold in her presence a discussion of which the futility was so patent that not even superhuman agency would prevent any nice woman from cutting in. The next day the attendant remained in the room at the beginning of his master's audience with the princess.

"Fairest Lady in all the earth, I repeat again—I love you", began the prince, (he knew how to knock them). "but before your adorable beauty mixes up everything in my head, I will tell you a story containing a problem that I cannot solve, although probably your pellucid brain will perceive the solution in a moment." He then went on hurriedly to the main theme, without allowing himself to be distracted from the matter in hand by the way she was looking at him; although her tongue wouldn't work, her eyes made up for the deficiency. "Four travellers—a Carpenter,

a Painter, a Cloth Merchant and a Jeweller—were resting together in an ambalam, when the Carpenter, seeing a good log of wood on the floor, set to work and carved it into a woman's figure, so beautiful that there is only one form would ever excel it in perfection." The princess blushed rosily with pleasure; there was no mistaking the fact that the handsome young prince had improved her health no end.

"Then the painter," continued the prince, "painted the figure so artistically, and in such detail, that they all were overcome with embarrassment and the cloth merchant hastily clothed it in his most expensive materials. Not to be outdone, the jeweller decked it with his finest gems, when, to their astonishment, the figure came to life and stood before them, the most delicious morsel, except the one for which my head rests insecurely on my shoulders, that it is possible to conceive."

By this time, what with love and pleasure, and shyness about what the painter did, the princess was so tractable that the prince could do anything with her, except make her talk, but he persevered stoutly with his plan.

"Then" he went on "a fierce argument arose concerning to whom the wonderful woman should belong. 'Well! I made her' said the carpenter, 'so I ought to have her.'

'Yes! But she wasn't very inspiring till I painted her,' rejoined the painter, 'then I made her look so life-like that she had to be dressed. It is I have the best claim, therefore, now that she is alive?'

'You were all so shy though, that if I hadn't been here with the clothes you would have gone away and left her still a lump of wood', argued the cloth merchant 'I saved her from that, so she is clearly mine'.

'What's the use of a woman without jewels?' shouted the jeweller, 'why it was my act in putting the jewels on her that brought her to life; she's mine'.

"Now you are a man of some wit", said the prince to his attendant, who was ready for this cue, "to whom do you say that the woman should have belonged".

By this time the princess' lips were working feverishly and she was signalling for a pencil and paper to be brought to her, but the prince pretended not to notice. The attendant proceeded to argue that the woman belonged first to one and then to another of the four travellers, but each suggestion the prince countered with some trite or unanswerable argument.

The princess was now standing up in her distress at being unable to bring out the obvious solution which would crumple up both of them, but, as the argument continued, both master and attendant simulated an-

noyance with each other, until they appeared to have forgotten all about the princess, who was nearly choking herself in her efforts to speak. The two controversialists began to abuse one another more and more excitedly, and still their charming audience could not vent her opinion, until the prince began to be afraid that his worst fears would be realized, and that the contention would reach its climax without breaking the spell that bound his Lady Love's tongue.

"You haven't the sense of a crocodile" shouted the prince, "And it would appear as if your Highness was braying like an ass" replied the attendant, who was rather enjoying his liberty of speech.

"You are both of you fools," suddenly cried the princess, "the woman belonged to the owner of the log she was made from, of course, anyone but an idiot would have seen that at once."

Although this was exactly what they had been working for, their argument was so completely shattered by the clarity of the correct conclusion, uttered

in such a startling feminine outburst, that the prince and his attendant stood for a moment, dumbfounded by their success, as if they deserved the epithets the princess had bestowed upon them. Then, as realization dawned, incoherent with joy and forgetful of his equally delighted attendant, the prince seized the princess in his arms and kissed her passionately in all the usual places, asking her again and again a very old question, which she answered in the affirmative, with maidenly coyness, but no vocal impediment.



THE PRINCE SEIZED THE PRINCESS IN HIS ARMS AND KISSED HER.

Having sought out the king, the princess, in a clear voice, asked his permission to marry her benefactor, in accordance with the proclamation. The old man, overcome with joy, willingly consented and they were married at once amid scenes of the wildest rejoicing.

The princess was a delightful wife who always had some fresh guile, even in her old age, to charm her Royal Master, while the prince proved to be one of those rare husbands who are both faithful and devoted, yet never monotonous. His wife, to whom he afterwards explained the simple scheme by which he had cured her dumbness, sometimes wondered where he acquired his profound knowledge of women.

PURE CEYLON TEA AT HOME.

Guaranteed unblended with other
growths.

Quantities of 4 lbs. and upwards
promptly supplied and sent
carriage paid to any address
in the United Kingdom.

Price List on application to :-

HINDS, MEGGINSON & Co.,

(C. G. Megginson, late of Colombo)

TEA MERCHANTS AND IMPORTERS,

51, The Mall, Ealing, LONDON, W. 5.

Telephone : Ealing 0269.

OUR LONDON OFFICE MANAGER

will gladly furnish information to those
desirous of visiting

CEYLON,

Phone: CITY, 7340.

Write or Call

Ceylon Observer

180, FLEET STREET, E.C. 4

ASK TO SEE

CHILPRUFE SOCKS



CHILPRUFE For CHILDREN LADIES & MEN

One examination, one trial of Chilprufe will suffice to convince you of its special fitness in preserving your children's health in the severest or most changeable weather. Its soft, pearl-white, Pure Wool fabric, so supple and finely knitted, is an effective guard against insidious chills, yet never brings irritation to the youngest skin. Each garment—infant's boy's or girl's, is hygienically modelled.



CHILPRUFE for LADIES

Combining grace of design, exquisite smoothness of texture and absolute health-safety in all weathers and occupations. Modelled to harmonise with all the season's best gowning. Unspoiled by regular use, yet the slightest detail in the finest taste.



**CHILPRUFE JERSEY
SUITS FOR BOYS AND
DRESSES AND
KNICKERS FOR GIRLS**
*Attractive in shape and
colour.*

Send for particulars to:

CARGILLS LIMITED,
COLOMBO. ALSO KANDY AND NUWARA ELIYA.
THE CHILPRUFE MANFG. Co., (John A. Bolton, M. I. A.
Proprietor), LEICESTER, ENGLAND.
Shipping Office: 79881, FORE STREET, LONDON

Culinary Curiosities

BY P. M. W.

FOOD! Lives there a man or woman with soul so dead whose eye does not glitter at the thought of good food? I am convinced that the popularity of Dickens is partly due to the excellent description he gives of succulent meals. The supper ordered for herself by Mrs. Gamp, when engaged in nursing a patient at the Bull Inn, Holborn, always makes me feel a little hungry.

"I think, young woman" said Mrs. Gamp to the chamber-maid in a tone expressive of weakness "that I could pick a little bit of pickled salmon, with a nice little sprig of fennel, and a sprinkling of white pepper. I takes new bread, my dear, with jest a little pat of fresh butter and a mossel of cheese. In case there's such a thing as a cowcumber in the 'ouse will you be so kind as to bring it, for I'm rather partial to 'em and they does a world of good in a sick room. If they draws the Brighton Tipper here I takes that ale at night, my love, it being considered wakeful by the Doctors. And, whatever you do young woman, don't bring more than a shilling's-worth of gin and warm waters when I rings the bell a second time, for that is my allowance and I never takes a drop beyond!"

Then there's the picnic basket provided by Mrs. Lupin for Tom Pinch, when he rolled away on the coach to seek his fortune in London, as you will remember. "A cold roast fowl, a packet of ham in slices, a crusty loaf, a piece of cheese, a paper of biscuits, half a dozen apples, some butter, a screw of salt and a bottle of old sherry." Sometimes, when the cook has failed more signally than usual, I can hardly bear to read this passage!

Love of good food binds all men together. I have seen a dull, flat dinner party, composed of dull flat people, and dull flat food, galvanized into an eager chattering crowd when some genius has asked the magical question: "If we were dining in Town to-night, what would you choose?"

I recommend this particular question to any hostess who, having desperately tried the latest scandal, run through the details of her last operation, and talked hens, dhobbies, and babies, finds her hearers (now in a state of coma) flagging more and more. Try it at your own table. Instantly you will see the tired face of the man next to you brighten up. Incidentally you will find many amusing characteristics developing. There is the man who plumps for Roast Beef every time. "Good old Roast Beef and lashings of Yorkshire Pudding and horse radish sauce." He asks no more. "You can't get it in Ceylon!" is his pathetic cry. He is right, you

can't. Nor can you get Yorkshire Pudding fit to eat; the average Appu having a fancy for saving trouble by putting in baking powder instead of beating the stuff, one reluctantly eats sodden sponge cake instead.

You hear amid a strife of tongues magic words like "Simpson's," (this is the Roast Beef-cum-saddle-of-mutton Man) "Pall-Mall," "Toni's" "Kettner's." From others "Chez Henri," "Paillard's," "Drouant." These are the fortunate few who know their Paris, and can air their French accent at the same time as their knowledge of famous restaurants. Then the conversation will turn to wine and drinks in general, and by the time the ice is reached the dining table is gay with talk and laughter. Your Ceylon attempt at food has gone down well for

"Each on honey-dew has fed,

And drunk the Milk of Paradise."

Each has dined on the Sole Meuniere, the Roast Beef, the bit-of-salmon-and-a-pheasant of his fancy, while, instead of your inferior whisky, he has rolled upon his tongue the Chambertin, Montrachet, Barsac, Champagne, Beer, or Cider he loves best, and everyone is happy merely because of that little cunning question.

One assumes that each has spoken the truth. Some there are who talk of champagne and pheasant when in truth they really prefer the homelier dishes. What is better for lunch on a cold day than liver and bacon, with rich brown gravy and chip potatoes? or a calf's head with sauce vinaigrette? or the hot brown bursting sausage on its snowy bed of mashed potato, with a little apple sauce, washed down with a draught of iced lager? There are many people who love these unpretentious dishes, and yet would fain hide their love because of the scorn of their friends. Such culinary snobbishness is deplorable. I say snobbishness advisedly for I have seen sorry samples of it recently. In the course of a discussion on simple foods the other day I happened to mention that I liked tripe, and was amazed and amused to see the looks of loathing, disgust and horror depicted on the hitherto kindly and virtuous faces of those around me. If I had admitted to having murdered my mother, or robbed a Bank of a large sum, or having set fire to the Deaf and Blind School, it would undoubtedly have shocked and upset them, but not within worlds of the shock caused them by this simple unabashed admission of mine. Pure snobbishness! for half of them admitted "the sight of it was enough for them." Sight of it? Why? Trimmed with carrots, onions, and masked with a thick brown gravy or a snowy sauce it looks, and is, food for a king.

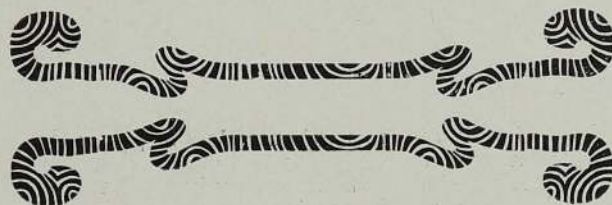
E. V. Lucas in discussing this particular food (and praising it passionately) says "And now we come to the word of dread; the word you have been fearing; the word which leads to the most deplorable exhibitions of affectation of ignorance: Tripe ... let those who are wise eat it and be thankful for a preparation at once so nourishing and so delectable. A restaurant that always kept tripe seethed in milk, with its proper companions, and let the world know it, would prosper."

How right he is! I contend that if this culinary snobbishness with regard to tripe could be overcome there would be more happiness in Colombo this day.

I am proving my words. I have founded a Tripe Club in Colombo. (Sensation!) It has a President, a Secretary, Town Members, a few Country Members,

and three Associate members. (consisting of the dog, the cat, and the kitten; the latter's views on the question are particularly sound). The membership is increasing daily. The Club meets and eats Tripe on Sundays.

I can see the day coming when Mulligatawny Soup and Jaggery Pudding will cease to disfigure the tables and destroy the Sunday peace of most homes in Ceylon. Master will be less like an infuriated bull as he wakes up, when Mulligatawny Soup and indigestible curry are no longer tearing at his liver; Lady, without the sickly sweetness of Jaggery Pudding sinking into her soul, will no longer bite the ear of the Ayah who brings her cup of tea; for the simple succulent and inexpensive dish of tripe will have laid the foundations of a far, far better rest than they have ever known.



PAIN IS EVIL

and must be banished IMMEDIATELY

Pain—it matters not from what cause—exhausts the patient's resources, physical and mental, and there is no excuse for allowing pain to continue. *That is one of the soundest principles of medical practice.* In the hands of a skilled physician, many drugs may be given to relieve pain. *But for every-day use in every home by the General Public, doctors recommend GENASPRIN.*

MEDICAL OPINION

"The Lancet" states: "The claim is substantiated that this preparation (Genasprin) is a particularly pure specimen of acetylsalicylic acid."

"The Medical Press" states: "Clinical trials have confirmed that Genasprin's administration is free from the irritation commonly associated with other preparations."

Genasprin has been selected by medical men because it is absolutely *pure, safe, and efficient.* It is the **ideal pain-reliever** in a wide variety of conditions which include :

HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM, NERVE PAINS, FEVERS, Etc.

Genasprin is not touched by hand during the process of manufacture or packing.

Go now to your nearest Chemist or Bazar Dealer and get a supply of Genasprin—in bottles of 35 tablets. These wonderful pain-relieving tablets will make a most valuable addition to your family medicine chest.

GENASPRIN

(The **SAFE** Brand of Aspirin)

Made by GENATOSAN LTD., England.


Please address all Wholesale enquiries to:

MARTIN & HARRIS LTD., Graham's Buildings, Parsi Bazar St., Fort, Bombay 1; and 8, Waterloo St., Calcutta.

PUBLIC OPINION

Mr. Matheson Lang, the famous actor, writes: "I have had occasion to take Genasprin for Neuralgia and acute Nervous Headache, with the most remarkable results, and no trace whatever of any after-effects."

Miss Phyllis Bedells, the gifted dancer, writes: "I have always found Genasprin very beneficial, especially for Headaches and Muscular Pains."



Restores after Illness

The Supreme FOOD BEVERAGE for Health!

There are many thousands of people in India and the East who drink delicious "Ovaltine" daily, because they know that it is without equal for maintaining mental and physical fitness, and for warding off the ill-effects of the trying climate.

This unique concentration of the nutrient properties of malt, milk and cocoa is prepared in the form of a delicious beverage. The method of manufacture is exclusively employed for "Ovaltine" and ensures that the full values of its constituent ingredients and the essential vitamins are retained unimpaired.

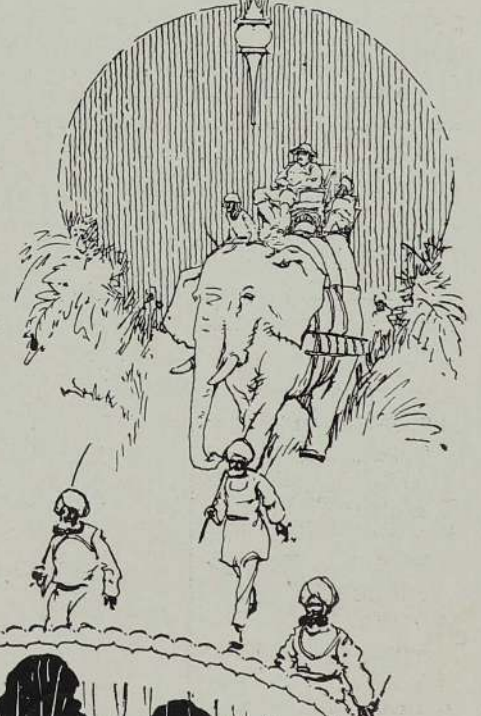
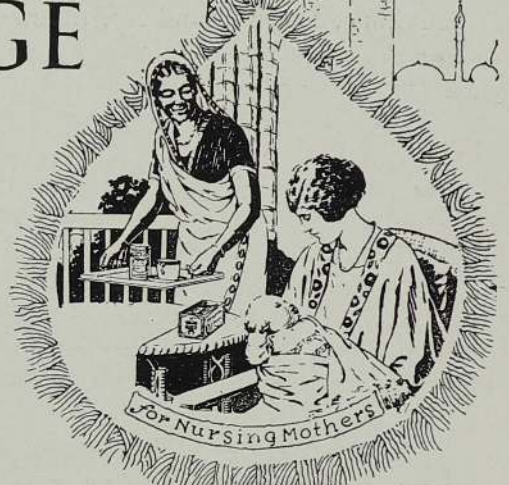
"Ovaltine" imparts strength and endurance in all conditions demanding prolonged physical or mental effort. Its ease of digestion and high nutrient value make it indispensable for building-up health after illness. Children thrive and become robust and sturdy when "Ovaltine" is their daily beverage. It enables a nursing mother to breast-feed her baby by ensuring an adequate supply of rich milk. A cupful of "Ovaltine" taken before retiring assures sound, natural sleep.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout India and Ceylon. Manufactured by A. Wander, Ltd., London, England. Agents for Ceylon: Cargills, Ltd., Colombo.





The Magic Oil

BY FREDERICK LEWIS.

I.—THE SUBJECT.

DINGIRI Banda had always been an unhealthy person from his infancy. His frame was thin and weak, and his limbs almost devoid of muscular development. A large head with rather sad eyes, shaded by long drooping eyelashes, marked the chief characteristics of his face, and an air of languid apathy seemed to fill his soul.

He was a sorrow to his parents, for they could make nothing of him, and in this he contrasted most unfavourably with his brothers Ranhamy and Kalu Banda. These two were his seniors by two and three years respectively, in this family of three.

"Dingiri Banda is very ill to-day," said his old mother, looking at him anxiously. "When your father comes back from the Gansabhawa Court, I will tell once more to speak with the Veda Mahatmaya about you."

"Why Amee?" replied the sick youth. "He came last poya day and gave me 'Kassaya' but it did no good. He wanted to put a fresh thread round my arm in place of the old one, and I told him not to. I think the Veda Mahatmaya was angry because I said that; better not call him."

"Why, my son, did you tell the Veda-Mahatmaya not to put a fresh thread on your arm?" said the old woman; "he knows best, and not you!"

"Yes Amee, he does, and he also knows our secret, for he is old enough to remember my Grandfather, but, for all that, call him not."

The old dame was about to answer, but she paused as if to think. "Good," she said, "I will tell your Father, for he is friendly with the Veda-Mahatmaya ever since he gave evidence for him in the cattle theft case."

The old woman went out to the little patch of Ginger plants that grew in the corner of her unkempt garden, where grew the usual assortment of cottage plants and weeds. The Ginger would do good to the young man, so she collected some, driving her gnarled old fingers into the ground to pluck up the favorite remedy. As she did so, her quick ears heard the "chink chink" of a Gecko on the wall of the cottage behind her. The omen was bad, so she dropped the freshly gathered Ginger, almost as she had plucked it. "Our fate!" she said, while something of a shiver ran over her bony frame: "Our fate!"

She returned to the cottage, and picking up a broom began to sweep the compound, just as her husband arrived, carrying a few bread-fruits in his hand.

In contrast to his son, the man was a well built example of his race: tall, muscular and hairy. He

might be any age from his appearance; his raven-black hair not having a single silver thread to break the monotony of its colour. His beard alone showed a strand or two of smoke-stained white, but otherwise he might be 30 years of age, and no more.

"Did the case go well," said the old woman, "that you are back so soon?"

"Yes, quite well! Kira has to pay Rs. 2 as a fine! Had I not spoken, Kira would have got off, but then you know. . . ." the rest of the speech abruptly stopped, as a figure approached.

It was Kira, and his face meant business. "Because you told the President that you saw me stealing Unga's arecas, I was fined," said the outraged Kira. "Mind! be careful! It is not only the Veda-Mahatmaya who knows your secret. I know it, thou liar. I can wait, and I will get more than two rupees by what I know!"

The elements of a row appeared to be there, and row there would have been, had it not been for the old woman, whose reputation for violence of speech made Kira think again before advancing. Except to spit violently on the floor, Kira, strangely enough, said no more, and turning on his heels, walked off, mumbling to himself as he retreated.

The head of the family looked troubled. He knew too well that Kira would not forget, nor forgive, and the secret of the family was in unsafe keeping. The old woman too felt this, and she knew that, when her husband went to the Gansabhawa Court, he did so with a purpose. To stop Kira's mouth would not be easy; it would be more difficult to keep him from his revenge.

"Speak with the Veda-Mahatmaya again," said the woman, "our child is more ill to-day than before."

The master of the house at first seemed deaf to his wife's command for, without answering her, he meditatively withdrew his betel-pouch from his waist cloth and deliberately prepared a "chew," to aid him in the contemplation of the Kira problem. Stuffing this into his capacious mouth, he entered his house, and slowly advanced into the little room where his sick son lay upon a mat. He stood silent for a moment, then addressing the boy he said, "Is it hard with you to-day, son?"

A feeble movement at first was the only sign of reply; then, as if awakening from a restless sleep, the boy replied, "Very hard Father, I cannot rise, I have no life."

"I will go," replied his parent, "and bring the Veda-Mahatmaya, and we shall put upon you a fresh thread, yellow with new saffron. Drink some 'Kendawatura,' and it will be good with you, while I bring the Veda."

Without waiting for another word from the sick lad the man went out, taking with him a short-handled katty, that had rested in an angle of the room. His eye gleamed as he picked up the tool, for his instincts told him that it might be useful, as Kira had to be reckoned with, even though he did not live near the village Doctor's cottage. It might prove useful, that keen-edged tool, and, after all, he knew some creepers had to be cut to repair a gap in the fence round the field.

For all that precaution, so easily excusable, the man was troubled. He knew what Kira meant when he spoke of the "secret"; the Veda-Mahatmaya knew it too, and the Veda-Mahatmaya had not *always* been his friend. If two people knew it, might not three, four, ten, twenty people know it?

The Veda-Mahatmaya was old, and he knew the village people and who their parents were. Might he not know something more? for surely he knew the danger there was in being the third son of a third son, of a third son! The danger to Dingiri Banda was very great if he died, and this Kira might do between the waning and the waxing of the present moon! The difficulty was where to hide Dingiri Banda's body when he died: he did not care to think that it might be stolen for the mystic oil his head would yield, or for the third joint of the third finger of the lad's right hand.

These were the thoughts that passed through the mind of Anotha Hamy as he followed the track to the Doctor's home in the little village of Gallagama.

II. THE HURRIED CONSULTATION.

"Why have you come, Anotha Hamy?" cried the little dried-up old Doctor, "is the boy no better for my 'Kassaya?'"

"No better, Veda-Mahatmaya: very hard to-day, he cannot rise from the mat, and can hardly speak," was the answer. Then after a pause: "If the Veda-Mahatmaya will come again he will cure the lad, for does not all the world know the greatness and the wisdom of the Veda-Mahatmaya, who saved Podi Rala after he had been stung by a 'Tik-polonga'; and Kiripinna, after she had fallen down the well and broken her back, and six teeth besides? All good people know of Veda-Mahatmaya's goodness, and how he can cure 'all' diseases; even the sickness that cannot be cured in Government Hospitals!"

Anotha Hamy paused to see the effect of this little speech in praise of the village medico. It would help to improve his friendship, so a little "piling on" would do no harm! There was, besides, very much to gain by being well in with the Doctor: it was a sort of Holy Alliance against Kira, so that was the game to play.

The Doctor rubbed his stubbly chin with his hand, and pressing the two first fingers of his right hand against his lips he shot a copious expectoration, with well directed aim, into an unswept corner of his compound. Then he arose from his squatting attitude and yawned, and once more rubbed his chin. For a few moments there was silence, then another yawn, and the man of drugs and charms turned towards an old table, the legs of which looked decayed with age, and freckled with many lime smears. Pausing for an instant, as if to look for something, he let his hand fall on a battered biscuit tin, from which he withdrew a bent and time-worn key, with which he opened the

only drawer in the rickety old table. The drawer did not seem to pull out easily, it seemed to be a bit rheumatic, but with a second tug it came forward disclosing as it did so a mixed assortment of rubbish, and a few smoke-stained and crumpled papers.

The doctor eyed his visitor narrowly, and closed the drawer back quickly, as if its contents were too precious to be profaned by his client's vulgar curiosity, as to what was hidden there.

"I can't come to-day Anotha Hamy, I have too much to do. The Arachi's wife has fever, and I must find a herb for her, and this is only to be found in the forest. Then I must collect some fresh 'Wada Kaha' for your son's medicine, and this is hard, because it only grows near Pelis's field, and that is far. You go, and I will come, but remember to have ready what is good. How did Kira's case end? Was he fined, that bitch's pup?"

Anotha Hamy was about to reply, when suddenly Kira himself arrived upon the scene so, remembering the episode of a little time previously, Anotha Hamy withdrew, gripping his katty fondly in his hand.

"Why did he come to the Veda's house?" thought the man. He means no good to me, I know, but I am not afraid. I'll....."

The thoughts in his mind were shaping fast now, but there was danger, unless the headman could be persuaded to see him through. So this new idea began to grow when, at that moment, up dashed Ranhamy, breathless, but eager to speak. "Come quickly Father, he is dead, even as you crossed the field, he died!"

III. THE BURIAL IN THE WOOD.

A little knot of onlookers and sympathetic friends had gathered round Anotha Hamy's cottage. A low crooning wail from a handful of women filled the air with a tone of sadness, while from the dead boy's room issued forth the sounds of an old woman's louder lamentations.

Anotha Hamy, to do him justice, seemed deeply moved as he looked into the glassy eyes of his dead child, and tenderly drew a cloth over the pain-strained face. With a sign he drew away and mingled in the crowd, for a few moments, with sorrow, and deep thought within his soul.

He knew that the time had come for quick action, or it would be too late to save his child from what he felt was a revolting act of desecration. He must prevent that if he could, but even there he knew that he must get some assistance. To whom could he look for help, without its being known?

Instantly he thought of his eldest son: he alone might help him, but the task was difficult.

A hurried vision passed through his mind in a moment, and he decided what action he would take; but first there was a little formality to be observed in reporting to the Registrar of Deaths, that the lad had died. The Registrar lived about two miles away, so there he would go first, taking his eldest son with him, and the opportunity would be useful to speak in secret.

Putting his thoughts to work Anotha Hamy quickly called aside his eldest heir and bade him follow to help in giving information to the Registrar of Dingiri Banda's death, so that when the two were out of

hearing of the party at the house, they could converse upon the measures Anotha Hamy had planned already "My son", said the elder man, "you know that I am a third son, and moreover you know my father was a third son, so Dingiri Banda must be buried in secret, or his grave will be robbed!"

"I know that," replied Ran Hamy, "but I feared to speak with you, while others might listen."

You know that Kira will repay himself, and do that well, and now that by what you said in the Gansbhawa Court he was fined two rupees, he will not forgive you, and he will get the charm that astrologers seek for at so high a price. He knows that the Veda Mahatmaya can sell that little bone for fifty rupees to an astrologer in Colombo, and his brain-oil is worth much more than that, even for three drops! He is friends with the Veda Mahatmaya and they will take shares in this large profit. To them it is no shame to dig up the body after it has been buried, but to you, and me, it is different, for the "Sanni Yakka" would smite us if we removed a particle of the boy's body, because he is of us."

"I know, son, what you say. It is true. Hear me, and I will tell you what we can do", was the parent's reply. After we have told the Registrar of the lad's death, you go to Kalu Baas, and get him to give you a few planks of Rukkattana wood, and some nails, and we will make the coffin and fill it with earth. This we will bury while the people look on, and you can get Carolis and Barnis to help you to dig the grave. We will hide the body, and after all have gone away and it is dark, you come with me to the forest, and we will bury the boy where nobody will find the grave."

A few moments of silence followed this proposal, when Ran Hamy suggested that cremation would be the easiest way out of the difficulty.

"You know that cannot be done", said the older man.

"We are not rich people to do such things, the field is under mortgage as it is, so we cannot borrow enough on its crop to pay for such an expense; so do not speak of this. We will do as I said; it is good."

The couple had by this time reached the little office of the Registrar and there they told him of Dingiri Banda's death, so that what formality had to be observed was finished with. Excusing themselves on the score of ceremonies to be performed, both father and son quickly disappeared, the latter bending his steps towards the residence of the village carpenter, where too resided the comely Muttu Menike, who had a romantic attraction in Ran Hamy's estimation, so that the prospect of getting a few planks seemed within easy reach.

The carpenter was a jack-of-all-trades, and a good natured fellow besides. He was rather fond of Ran Hamy, and on good terms with his family, so he raised no difficulty in obliging the young man with the few things he needed, and thus the first difficulty was got over. Meantime Anotha Hamy had returned and had made a few more arrangements to further his design. The family had been instructed what to do, and the following day a little party issued forth carrying a rudely built coffin towards the tangled piece of bushland that served as the village place of burial.

A small knot of people loafed around: it included the Village Headman, the Veda Mahatmaya, and... Kira. Kira seemed to be the least interested person among the spectators, but his eyes were busy, and seemed possessed of a singular air of satisfaction and ill-disguised joy. He avoided looking at Anotha Hamy and appeared to be more interested in the village doctor's movements than in anything else that was going on. As the last lump of soil was shovelled on to the little mound that covered the dead boy's coffin, Kira moved away as if to return to his own home, but he knew full well that all he wished for was a secret talk with the doctor. He had not long to wait, for soon that old worthy joined him, and as pre-arranged, they met alone.

"Did you see the track of sand that fell from the box?", said Kira. "I saw it! It will be no use watching near that place, for Dingiri Banda is not buried there. His box is, but he will be carried away to the forest, Veda Mahatmaya, so we must watch there! What will you give me for that third joint of his third finger bone? For you know it is valued in Colombo."

"Let us see", replied the doctor. "We do not know what may be done with the body, so you keep watch and bring me word, while I will arrange for the other medicine that is wanted before I can make the "Anjanaeliya" oil. See you speak not to the Arachchi, but get him to come to me for a new medicine for his wife, and I will find out if he saw the sand you spoke of. When we get what we want, I will pay you a good sum. You watch the forest and see who goes there; then speak with me".

Kira accepted these instructions and set about their accomplishment by following a cattle path that led back to the village. All that day he restlessly cut creepers as if to repair the hedge that bounded the field he had a ninety-sixth share in. This occupation took him to the forest, where as he knew there were sound mighty rocks from which he could get a bird's-eye view of a little valley through which he calculated the dead boy's body would be carried. Nor was his guess far wrong. On the morning of the third day following Dingiri Banda's death, a little party of three were to be seen carrying a bundle that was strapped with vines to a pole. Kira watched it with every nerve in his body twitching with excitement, as he hid himself behind a mass of rock. Swiftly the little party moved on with their load and Kira waited motionless and scarce breathing, lest his presence should be discovered. He waited, it seemed an age!

Presently a sound as of some one moving, and Kira peeped again over the edge of the cliff to see, to his delight, the same party returning and bringing with them a "momatey" and the pole they had so recently carried up.

He waited, aching with anxiety, that the three might soon be gone. Not daring to breathe he watched till the last sign of the little party had disappeared, and the bushes and the trees had completely hidden their retreat. Slowly and noiselessly Kira got down from his hiding place, and with keen eyes and rapid steps he followed a faint trail that ascended the valley he had been so intently watching. A newly broken plant, a fragment of a twisted twig, all pointed to recent passers by and Kira was doubly sure that he had struck the right track. The scent was fresh and he followed without a sound. Presently his eye fell on a fresh

HOTELS RECOMMENDED FOR VISITORS TO ENGLAND.

LONDON

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM **KINGSLEY HOTEL**

HART STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, LONDON.
FIRST CLASS TEMPERANCE HOTEL

200 Rooms ... Modern Arrangements.

REFINEMENT. ECONOMY.

Bedroom, Breakfast and Attendance.

From 8/6 per night.

Illustrated Booklet on Application

Telegrams: BOOKCRAFT, LONDON.

Tariff Card from "Ceylon Observer," Colombo.

LONDON

ARTISTIC
BEAUTY

LUXURIOUS
COMFORT

HOWARD HOTEL

The meeting place for visitors from Ceylon.
EVERY BEDROOM

is fitted with running hot and cold water, central heating and telephone.

THE RESTAURANT

serves the very finest of foods and wines in the brightest and most attractive of surroundings. The lounges are spacious and luxurious.

Bedrooms from 10/6. Inclusive terms arranged.

NORFOLK STREET, STRAND, W. C. 2.

Telephone: Central 3242.

Extensions to all rooms.

Cables:

Howdotel, London.

Tariff obtainable at "Ceylon Observer" Office, Colombo.

LONDON

The Hotel which is a rendezvous for visitors from Ceylon and where you will possibly meet your friends who are also visiting England.

The Lancaster Gate Hotel.

HYDE PARK, W.2.

Old-established First-class Family Hotel for European visitors from Ceylon.

The finest and healthiest position in London; close to the world-famous Hyde Park, convenient for all the big stores and everywhere else by 'bus and tube railway, yet away from all the noise of the traffic and the hustle of the crowded streets.

Magnificent large reception rooms, billiard room, 80 bedrooms; suites of rooms with private bathrooms,

Noted for the excellent cuisine and quiet solid comfort.

Moderate terms arranged for families visiting England.

LIFT

NIGHT PORTER

GARAGE

Telegrams: --LANCASTOME, LONDON.

Telephone: - PADDINGTON 6041, 6042.

For Illustrated Booklet Apply, "Ceylon Observer" Office Colombo.

LONDON

NEW MANSIONS RESIDENTIAL HOTEL.

Under strict personal supervision of resident Proprietor, giving refined comfort with economy.

38 & 39, LANCASTER GATE, HYDE PARK, W. 2.

Overlooking the beautiful Kensington Gardens, but away from noise of traffic; perfectly quiet by night and day. 1½ minutes only from tube and buses to all parts of London.

Gas fires in bedrooms, Constant hot water, central heating, Night porter. Only the best English food cooked by a French Chef is served.

Inclusive terms are from 3 gas, wkly (Special terms would be quoted for English families visiting England)

Tariff Card can be obtained from "Ceylon Observer" Office, Colombo.

LONDON

KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS HOTEL,

(Facing Kensington Garden and Hyde Park.)

Single bedrooms (including baths, lights and attendance) from 7s. 6d. Double bed rooms from 12s. Enclosed suites from £8 8s. per week, including attendance. Residential terms by arrangement.

Write to Manager,

Kensington Palace Mansions Hotel, London, W.8.

Telegram: "Apartment, London." Phone: Kensington 3675 (6 lines.)

or Apply

at "Ceylon Observer" Office, Colombo, for Tariff Card.

LONDON

THE MANSION HOTELS, LTD., **MANOR HOTEL,**

32, 34, 36, WESTBOURNE TERRACE, W.

Two minutes from Paddington and Lancaster Gate Tube Stations, convenient for everywhere. Over 70 bedrooms, permanent hot and cold water to most rooms, gas stoves, electric lift, six reception rooms, billiards, wireless, bridge.

**Terms from 3½ guineas per week inclusive
Bed and Breakfast from 8/6 per day.**

Telephone: Paddington 4556.

Tariff Cards from "Ceylon Observer" Office, Colombo.

LONDON

Dawson Place Mansions Hotel, PEMBRIDGE SQUARE, W. 2.

Telegrams: --"Mancipio, Nottarch, London." Telephone Park: 2369.

The largest and most select RESIDENTIAL HOTEL situated in a quiet, beautiful square, free from 'bus and motor traffic. Three minutes Nothing Hill Gate, Tube and Metropolitan Stations, Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park, Ten minutes from all principal Theatres and Shops. Passenger lift. Exquisite cuisine, Separate tables

BEST ENGLISH FOOD FROM OUR ESSEX FARM.

A Luxurious and Large Lounge, Lofty Dining and Drawing Rooms, Comfortable Smoking and Card Room.

En pension from £2 17s. 6d. single, } Weekly.
5½ guineas double, }

Tariff Card on application to the "Ceylon Observer" Office, Colombo.

clod of soil, and signs of some light sweeping of dead leaves. Yes! there it was—a newly dug grave, over which some forest debris had been hastily thrown to hide the remains of a third son of a third son of a third son!

This was enough for Kira. A rich reward lay there, enough and to spare, to pay for the Rs. 2 he had been fined, though not enough by many thousands to quench his thirst for vengeance against the man who had given him away in the Gansabhawa Court! No! money could not pay off *that* score, but, . . . and Kira smiled. There are other ways of killing a dog than drowning him!

Late that evening Kira waited his opportunity for a secret confabulation with the doctor, but many things seemed to hinder him, just as the moment arrived when he thought the coast was clear. At last the doctor was alone buried in his meditations that seemed to oppress him. At this moment, Kira coughed that cough that suggests attention, without saying so. It had its effect and the doctor turned towards the visitor.

“Yes, Kira,” said he, “and did you find a new cattle track in the forest?”

Well understanding the veiled suggestion, Kira replied, “Yes, Veda Mahatmaya, there are the marks of *four* cattle, one of which did not return.” All four were bulls and they went one way; but the young bull stayed behind, and I know where he stayed! If the Veda Mahatmaya wants the young bull, I can find it, but the Veda Mahatmaya must pay me for my trouble.” He grinned suggestively.

The doctor looked uneasy. He knew well enough what profit he could make and so did Kira that was the trouble! If he “drove” too hard a bargain, Kira would refuse and Kira might easily go to the Doctor’s business rival, and tell what he so coveted for a nice little sum, and thus rob him of a small fortune, so easily made. Whatever he did, he must do it quickly, or his chance was gone, probably for ever.

“I will tell you, Kira,” said the man of medicine, “listen carefully. I know a man in Colombo who will give me the proper price. You do not know him, no, you do not even know the way to Colombo, so leave that to me. Help me to-morrow night, when I will go with you after the moon is well risen, and we will get what is required, after which I will go to Colombo and sell it. Then I will share with you, *after* I have deducted my expense.”

“Good”, said Kira, “this shall be done, even as you say; but the Veda Mahatmaya must pay me first a little money, for does not the Veda Mahatmaya already know that I mortgaged my field for Rs. 50, and I want to pay that back, so that I can raise more money! The field is good as Veda Mahatmaya knows and if I do not redeem my debt, the priest will get the field and make the profit I should have.”

The doctor thought again.

“Yes Kira, I will; but first we must do our work together and *then* will I pay you.”

When needs must the devil drives and both were in the same boat, but Kira knowing the influence of the older man and his own necessity besides, he consented, and the bargain was struck.

IV. THE PRIZE AND ITS SEQUEL.

The moon was well up in the sky where hardly a fleck of cloud broke a perfect dome of blue-black intensity. A faint breath of warm air now and again caused a few topmost branches to flicker in the forest. All was silent, but for the whirr of insects, or the muffled beating of a bat’s wing. Silence and sleep seemed to reign supreme in this heavily wooded valley, up which two men were stealthily wending their way, bearing with them a large chopper, a bottle containing some dark oil, a sheet of tin like a tray, and a small box, the contents of which were not apparent. Slowly they moved onwards, till at last the couple reached a small piece of flat ground where there seemed to be a pile of dead leaves.

“There it is!”, said one of the two men, “that is the place and near that tree yonder you will find a stave that I left to dig with”.

The elder of the two men advanced and pulled aside some of the dead leaves, beneath which was piled some freshly cut earth, scattered with a few rough stones. He was satisfied, and the two men began their task, undisturbed. After a little digging in the loose soil the body was found, roughly tied in stained cloth, that by now had become partly stuck to the already decomposing flesh.

A few wrenches and tugs sufficed to bring the corpse out of its shallow pit. But more than this must be done, though somehow, even though these two ghouls had fearlessly unearthed their prize, each seemed to look to the other before they could complete the object of their mission.

“Both hands”, said the doctor, “cut them off close to the wrist, and see that no blood stains you, even if there is any.”

“And the head”, asked the younger man. “Will you cut it off, or shall I?”

“You do it, Kira”, said his companion, “I have to see to the preparation. You cannot do that, so be quick.”

Kira seemed to be unnerved, but spurred on by the feeling of revenge against the dead lad’s parent, and the prospect of his financial reward, he braced himself to his task. Snatching up the large sharp knife he had carried and passing the stave he had lately used for digging under the dead boy’s wrist, with a single blow he severed the hand from its arm. Repeating the process with the remaining limb, left him possessed of two thin bony hands, that he quickly flung into a bag that he had brought with him. Next he heaved the body across the open grave, and with a mighty slash he severed the neck as clean as if he had split a carrot.

A noisome fluid slowly oozed from the decapitated head, spilling itself on the ground, that Kira, even though he felt a deadly fear creeping upon him, carefully avoided contamination. The danger lay not in its risk to health, but the possibility of identification. Kira’s hate was deep enough to carry him through with his sickening work, but his fears of future complications were stronger, and impelled him towards caution.

The doctor seemed to give a shudder, but he quickly stifled the emotion. “Come”, said he, “carefully split the skull, like as if you were breaking open a coconut, but be careful not to spill the brain. I am

ready with the box to receive it, but we must first make ready the soot."

A fearsome operation followed. The doctor lit a small candle and this served him for the necessary light required to see by, even though the moonlight shed alternate patches of light and shade upon this uncanny scene. A piece of rag was next saturated with the oil from the bottle that had been carried here by the two ghouls and the rag in turn was ignited from the candle till it blazed, giving forth as it did so a dense resinous smoke, over which the two men alternately held the tin plate already referred to. After a few moments of exposure to the black smoke, a few drops of the oil were dropped upon the plate, after which a second repetition of smoking took place, and the plate was carefully put to one side while Kira performed the operation of cracking the dead boy's skull, and removing the partly decomposed brain upon the plate. The brain was then rolled and kneaded on the metal till it absorbed the oil and soot and was finally transferred into a small dark jar, that was closely fitted with a stout plug, the whole being tightly wrapped in a coarse cloth, after which the two people hastened to obliterate all traces of their dreadful night's occupation. Their movements had to be rapid, for already the night was far spent, and the grey of dawn was creeping across the eastern horizon and the moon hung low and pale. They had, too, to camouflage their prize and to do this required rapid movement. A few creepers must be cut to cover the parcel, and the doctor must appear, should anybody meet them, as if he was carrying fresh shoots of "Penala" and other medicinal herbs. As for the grave with its handleless and headless body, that was easily dealt with! Besides it was unlikely that any would revisit it, and jackals were plentiful.

The business was done, and the party had returned undisturbed. Kira only had to be compensated before he could be got rid of, and this difficulty troubled the doctor considerably as he did not like parting with his hard-earned money. However, there was nothing for it if the doctor was to win, but to find a few soiled and battered rupee notes, which with solemn promises of more, the Veda Mahatmaya unwillingly transferred to the impatient and menacing Kira.

"Now go", said the doctor, "and when I return from Colombo, I will give you much for your assistance, but you had better bathe yourself quickly, for I see upon you still the stains of last night's work."

V. THE SEANCE.

In a well built house, hidden away among feathery palm trees and hedged with a stout fence of Hibiscus, lived a little family of five—two of these were lodgers, and the remaining three consisted of myself, my wife, and my little daughter.

One of the lodgers, I shall call G. He was an excellent fellow, and worked hard in an office in the Fort. The second was an Engineer who devoted himself from morning till night with his business; and in the evenings he solaced himself with his flute, though perhaps he was a self-conscious musician.

It was a peaceful little household, but one day a misfortune happened, which gave me great concern. G had been robbed while he was at his work!

He called me aside as he did not wish to distress my wife and he told me that a Rs. 100 note had been taken from his room while he was away.

I went to G's room with him, to see if there were any signs of burglary, but nothing in the room seemed out of place. G explained that he used to keep his money in an ornamental card-board box, and this he placed within a writing case, which in turn was kept in his almira, of which he always carried the key. He showed me the whole arrangement, and certainly nothing appeared to be disarranged, and the almira, too, seemed to be in perfect order, so that it was evident that the money must have been abstracted by somebody who knew G's methods of disposing of his possessions.

I decided on prompt action and called all my servants together, when I informed them of what had happened, insisting, moreover, that each should be examined as to what he possessed, either on his person or in his boxes. No time was lost, and a personal examination was made by me at which G was present.

Except for a few rupees and a couple of Savings Bank Books, in which the latest entries were a month old. Nothing was found, far less a Rs. 100 note. My head servant particularly asked that his possessions should be examined as he contended that as he had been trained from his boyhood by my wife, he felt it was up to him to prove his honesty.

I sent for the Police, and the examination was repeated, equally fruitlessly. There was no clue, but the police promised to watch developments. G was satisfied that all that could be done had been done, and resolved in the future to take better precautions with his money. After the police had left, the head servant came to me and said that he wished me to do him and the other servants a favour by my allowing an astrologer to come to the house that evening, to hold a seance, as he would be able to tell who had stolen G's money. This was not very convenient, as my wife had invited three people to dine with us that night, but in consideration of the circumstances, she agreed, and I shared, as she did, our general scepticism of the benefits that might arise from what seemed a ridiculous idea.

Our guests arrived in due course, and we privately told them of what had happened and that a real seance was to be enacted at 10 o'clock that night! After dinner was over, my head servant whispered to me that the Astrologer and his assistant had arrived, and might the proceedings commence immediately. This was agreed to, though one of our guests hinted that he thought I was rather weak in allowing such a childish performance to take place.

The Astrologer was invited to come in and all eyes turned on this sickly looking individual who stepped nervously into the room. He was a tall thin man of sallow complexion, with skinny arms and large flat feet. His face was weak and uninteresting, while his general appearance suggested a famished existence, and general wretchedness. The assistant was a youth of about 18, who appeared to be more robust. Their outfit consisted of a small wooden packing case, a few Ixora flowers, a little and a very dirty bag, and a bicycle lamp,—that completed the impedimenta. As I speak Sinhalese, the Astrologer asked me if I would allow the lamps to be dimmed and to permit him to have a teapoy, on which he wanted to place his

paraphernalia, and would I interpret for him? All this being agreed to, the man placed the little packing case on the teapoy, with the open side facing away from the rest of the room. Into this he introduced the Ixora flowers in the form of a small circle, in the middle of which he placed a minute saucer. Next he withdrew from his bag a tiny bottle of dark colour, which he opened very slowly and poured out a large drop of a black, tar-like fluid into the middle of the saucer. He next proceeded to light the bicycle lamp, placing it in such a position that its light should fall on the fluid in the saucer. He then produced from his coat pocket a crumpled paper-bound book, which he gave to his assistant, and after asking me to request the audience not to talk or to laugh, he ordered his companion to read.

The youth began what seemed to be a wailing chant, while the Astrologer kneeling, bent forward, towards the box, and gazed fixedly upon the black bead within the saucer. The chant did not last more than a couple of minutes when the astrologer said to me without removing his eyes from the saucer, "I see the huna (Gecko), it is moving, I hear it. I see a tall gentleman with dark hair, he is in his bath; he has a small fresh wound upon his right-foot on the ankle, he is now dressing, he is now in his room opening an almirah, now he is lifting a small case from the corner of the almirah; he is opening it; it has inside a small box; he is looking in the box; he is taking something, I cannot say what, it is like paper; the gentleman is shutting the almirah quickly; he is going away, angry."

There was a pause, after I had interpreted this disjointed narration broken only by G. saying that the morning he had discovered his loss (but before he knew of it) he had slipped in the bath-room and had slightly cut his right ankle!

"What more do you see"? said G and I interpreted his question. "I see a short man with very curly hair; he is walking fast, he is now going into a plantain garden; he is going to a small house; there is a cot on the verandah, and a man sleeping on it; there is a young woman there she is fat; she is now speaking to the short man with the curly hair; he is giving her something; it is like paper, but it is not clear; she is now hiding it in the thatch of the roof; she is going out; the short man is going away; he is going fast he is climbing through a fence; he . . . I can see no more, as he is lost in a crowd of people!"

"Where is this plantain garden you see?", two or three quickly asked in unison. "I do not know", was the reply, "except that it is in the North and has only a track leading to it."

A good deal of excitement followed my interpretation of the Astrologer's disjointed oration. The man seemed utterly tired, and declared that he could see no more, and that it was useless his trying to do so. The light on the bead showed nothing more but a bright spot reflected from the bicycle lamp. The only thing that was significant, was that during dinner "G's" boy—a short frizzy-haired Sinhalese—was not to be found in the kitchen nor had he been seen to go away. He had vanished!

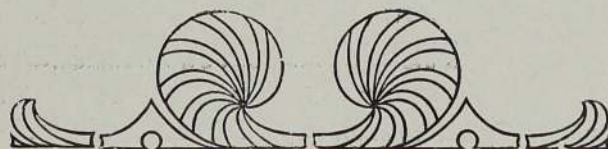
The party expressed a good deal of astonishment particularly over the detail about the wound on G's foot, of which he had said nothing to anybody, as it was so trifling.

The next morning the Police were again called in and informed of the previous night's seance.

They not unnaturally laughed at what was told them, and seemed annoyed at what had been done, but as G's servant had decamped they set about tracing him. After seven days had passed, a rickshaw coolie whom G sometimes employed to take him to the Fort, stated to the Police that on the night of the seance he had taken G's servant to the Railway station, at about the hour that the night mail left. He also knew that the servant used to go to a cottage about two miles out of Colombo. The police were trying to find the cottage, but the rickshaw coolie's description was vague. A day or two later, G was called upon to identify a Rs. 100 note that had been found hidden in the thatch of a cottage, and which, by a thousand to one miracle, G was able to identify, as he had put down in pencil on the back of it a few figures connected with something he had in mind when the note was handed to him at the Bank counter!

The subsequent events need not concern the reader, this bare history being sufficient to leave him to think on the arts of Astrology, and something more about the material used.

One word more. Can anybody give us the origin of the terrible methods of mind that could have originated in the use of so weird a means as that which I have tried to describe? What could have suggested such an idea? If any can tell us, I am sure the X'mas Number for the coming year will gladly publish it!



"He needs protection
Mummy"



Protect your Children by the form of Cod Liver Oil that is ALWAYS enjoyed!

The exceptional benefits of cod liver oil in preserving health and warding off winter ailments have been known and recommended by doctors for generations. But its use has been limited by the fact that the nauseous odour and taste are repellant to the majority of children. Administration by force is almost useless, because the stomach revolts and the oil is not then properly assimilated and its great benefits are lost.

The unhappy experiences with regard to taking cod liver oil preparations need no longer be dreaded. Give "Jecomalt." Children just love the delicious powdery granules, owing to the complete absence of either odour or taste of the oil.

The specially prepared cod liver oil in "Jecomalt" is rendered more valuable because it is combined with "Wander" Dry Malt Extract. This renowned malt extract itself possesses highly nourishing properties, but more important is the fact that it ensures the easy digestion and assimilation of the oil.

"Jecomalt" is prepared from more than double the quantity of cod liver oil than is usually contained in "Malt and Oil" preparations, yet it is completely free from fishy odour or taste.

Children, adults and old people all take "Jecomalt" with enjoyment and the greatest possible benefit. It is widely recommended by doctors, and is in daily use in leading hospitals and institutions.

The New form
of Cod Liver
Oil—clean,
delicious,
super-nourish-
ing granules—
"Jecomalt."



The Old
form of Cod
Liver Oil—
nauseous
and messy.



JECOMALT

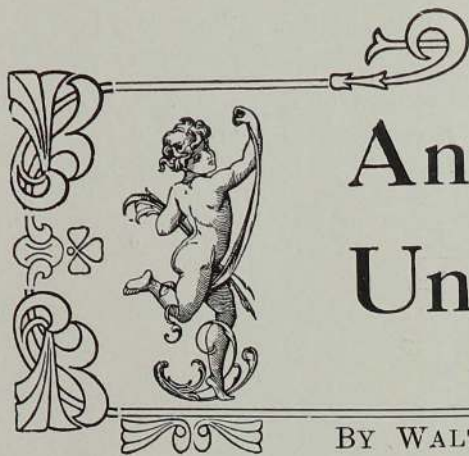
BRAND

**COD LIVER OIL & MALT EXTRACT
PREPARED IN A DELICIOUS DRY FORM
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.**

Manufactured by A. WANDER Ltd., London England.

Agents for Ceylon: CARGILLS Ltd., Colombo.

**For Babies, Children and Adults where an increase in weight
is desired "Jecomalt" is the ideal preparation.**



An

Unconventional Trip

Across Siberia

BY WALTER BUCHLER.

TRAVELLING over Siberia is not so difficult as some people imagine. With all the necessary visas arranged, and with the minimum of luggage, no difficulties should be encountered.

I left Shanghai on the 28th May by steamer, spent a few hours in Tsingtao, and reached Dairen on the 30th. Tsingtao is one of the summer resorts patronised by those anxious to escape the heat in Shanghai and in the interior of China. Dairen has a pretty harbour, and its principal hotel, the Yamato, is both comfortable and reasonable in price. The express for Changchun left punctually at 8 the following morning, and after a comfortable journey, we arrived there the same evening, then changed on to the Chinese Eastern Railway. Harbin was reached the following morning (1st June). Harbin appears to be a happy-go-lucky town, none too well-off, but still making the best of life. The local agency of the Wagons Lits Co. supplied tickets through to London, except for the stretch from Manchouli to Moscow, which were obtained at the former frontier town. The writer and a German from Shanghai decided to travel third class from Harbin onwards, in order to "see what it is like."

The weekly "express" connecting one up with the Moscow train leaves Harbin every Wednesday at 8-50 p.m. Our compartment—one of many of a long train packed to choking point—held six persons. The sleeping berths and seats are of hard wood, and one has to provide one's own bedding. Not knowing this, we had to be satisfied with our own devices. I used my mackintosh as upper sheet and cover, while a few towels together with a spare pair of pyjamas served as pillow. It was 98 degrees in the shade and sleep was impossible. The country passed through is mostly undulating pastures, few cattle, some horses, not much cultivation and few people about. The "express" stops at most stations, which enabled one to buy food and fetch hot water for tea. The stationmaster sounds the bell (like a ship's bell) twice and the train starts. Imagine seven persons in a compartment, with three collapsible bunks on either side, four of the company being girls, and you will get an idea of how we travelled.

We arrived at Manchouli at 8-30 p.m. on Thursday. No one was allowed to leave the train until all passports had been inspected. One small booking office served by one elderly official, who had to write out by hand every ticket, was all the organisation provided for the weekly crush of Trans-Siberian travellers coming from China and Japan.

The Customs' Examination also took a long time all through lack of organisation. It was here that the only really bad impression of the Bolsheviks and their ways was formed. Otherwise, the rest of the journey was all plain-sailing and without a hitch.

The Russian "express" left to time. The train was crowded, first, second, and third class. Russian compartments appear to be arranged something after the style of an apartment house: not a bit of room is wasted. There are four berths to a compartment and outside in the corridor there are two more berths, one lower and one upper. These are of hard wood, just like in the Chinese train from Harbin. I will now continue with extracts from my diary in chronological order.

4th June. All stations have a brick house with boiler, which is accessible to the public to fetch hot water free of charge. As soon as the train came to a halt, there was a general rush for hot water to make tea, which Russians seem to drink all day long. It was my task to fetch hot water besides doing the shopping, which consisted of buying bread, milk, cheese, butter, fish, honey, all of which were cheap and good.

The scenery up to Chita, the first important station since Manchouli and which was reached at 7 a.m., consists of forests of birch trees; horses with full grown manes were very much in evidence. Chita looks a dead city: no factories, no activity of any kind, except that it is the headquarters of the Siberian Railways' Administration. New railway sleepers lie all along the line to replace those worn out. The train travels at an average speed of 25 to 30 miles an hour. At Chita a restaurant car was attached to the train and was well patronized, though food sold at the stations is cheaper. The corridors were thoroughly patrolled by guards all armed with revolvers. Standing on the platform (where one steps on to the car) and throwing anything out of the train—from water to burnt matches—was strictly forbidden and punishable by fines; these, however, were not enforced.

5th June. The evening was cold, the night very chilly. Morning found us travelling along the shores of Lake Baikal, a wonderful sight, a lake that never seemed to end; the snow-capped mountains look imposing, and one could imagine oneself either in the Austrian Tyrol or in the Swiss Alps. The stations are far-apart; the villagers are poorly dressed but the Soviet soldier and official look smart in their uniforms. Forestry appears to be the main industry; many trees

seem to have been cut down by the burning method, which leaves charred stumps, not a pretty sight when spread over a large area. After what seemed an endless run along Lake Baikal, we arrived at Baikal Station. It has a small harbour, and there were several small steamers by the jetties. In the afternoon we arrived at Irkutsk, so far the largest and prettiest station and town we had come to. Its buildings and Churches (Greek Church) with their round domes and white green and red colours stand out most picturesquely. Women boarded the train and the floor of every compartment was thoroughly scrubbed in double-quick time. At some stations, old passenger trains and goods trucks are used as living quarters by Russian families.

6th June. More herds of sheep and cows were to be seen grazing tended by women or children. Krasnoyarsk was reached at 5 in the afternoon. It is a large and important town. It has numerous Churches with painted domes, buildings in different colours; it is, in fact, more picturesque than Irkutsk. Just outside the town, there are stretches of barbed wire, which show that there used to be fighting here between Reds and Whites. Krasnoyarsk and the immediate surroundings presented a more civilized aspect than Irkutsk: there is more life about, some factories, many more Churches, more cultivation, more cows, sheep, horses, and more peasant life (red and blue being their favourite colours in their attire); the pastures which stretch right up the slopes and hills appear most fertile. The best Siberian butter we bought at Krasnoyarsk, at 50 Kopecs—about a shilling—a pound.

7th June. At Novo-Nikolaevsk, which we reached at noon, a powerful, 1925 model American engine was coupled on. At the principal stations, of which there are on an average one a day, the train stops for half an hour. At less important stations—about one every two or three hours—it stops just long enough to take in a supply of water. This enabled those who wished—and the majority did—to lay in supplies of edibles and hot water for tea. We passed a lot of railway stock (engines and carriages) which looked pretty ancient and were evidently waiting to be scrapped or turned into living quarters. The houses along the line are mostly farms made entirely of wood. Their occupants have a shaggy appearance; the womenfolk look clumsy, but their multi-coloured costumes give them a touch of prettiness. We reached Omsk late that night.

8th June. The stretch from Tiumen, where we arrived at 2-30 in the afternoon, right up to Yekaterinoburg (arrived 6-30 p.m.) is simply a wonderful sight; magnificent forests of fir, birch, red-beech, and larch trees stretch for miles and miles; and the railway track forms a kind of avenue in between. There did not appear to be any wild life where we passed through; not a bird, not even a rabbit. Here the trees are evidently more valuable, for they are felled by hand, not by burning. Yekaterinoburg is already Russia proper, the first large station and town outside Siberia. Here stones, ornaments, and all manner of fancy decorations made of "precious" stones can be bought on the station at station prices.

9th June. Was the first warm day since leaving Manchuria. So far, there had been no rain and every day had been bright with the sun shining (sunrise at 2-30 a.m. in Siberia). It rained heavily

for a good many hours and the weather was generally dull and depressing.

10th June. We arrived at Moscow at 11 a.m. The environs are woody and much frequented by the towns people, just as is Hampstead Heath. It was Russian Ascension Day. Not a shop was open; the whole town was holidaying and in the streets. I have never seen so many churches in one town; we were told that in Moscow alone there are 400 Churches: it is their coloured domes that make them so prominent. Moscow's streets are mostly cobbled, the town has an efficient and cheap service of trams and taxis, which are both clean and spacious. Moscow seemed crowded: we were told that people come from all parts of Russia to the Capital, so that Moscow has become to Russia as London is to Great Britain. Everything can be bought in Moscow; the shops have brilliant but costly displays. They are spotlessly clean and artistically arranged. Prices, however, are high. People live in apartments, and though poverty is not to be seen at first sight (the majority appear well though simply dressed), there is no doubt, on closer observation, that there is a lot of misery about. What a wonderful sight does the Kremlin present from the outside! With its gilt domes, in fact, said to be of real gold. It being a festival day, we were unable to obtain necessary permission to enter the Kremlin. Lenin lies in an oblong shaped wooden edifice, about 26 feet high, just in front of the Kremlin. This structure is well lit up, and guarded day and night by soldiers. Steps lead to the top of the structure, from which one can look down on to Lenin himself, who lies there embalmed. A passer-by told us that the Soviet Government is not keen on people having a look at Lenin, as the embalment was not successful and is wearing off. Moscow is a very large place with many fine buildings besides Churches, a town where one could ramble without losing interest for many a day.

Leaving Moscow the same night at midnight, we arrived at the frontier town of Sebesch the following evening (June 11th) and reached Riga the next morning at 6-30. Then on to the German frontier station of Eydtkuhnon, a real Express train to Berlin (12th June), and then to Cologne, Brussels, Ostend and Dover. I landed at Victoria Station on the night of the 14th June after having been 16 days travelling from Shanghai to London, and, I might also mention, after having my luggage—one solitary attache case—examined ten times by Customs' officials at different places.

The cost of this trip was exceedingly low, as can be seen from the following account of my expenses en route including sundries:

	£.	s.	d.
Shanghai to Dairen 2nd class	4	0	0
Hotels at Dairen and Harbin	1	0	0
Dairen to Harbin 2nd class	4	0	0
Sundries, tips, food, etc.	4	0	0
Harbin to Manchouli 3rd class	11	0	0
Moscow to London	9	0	0
Manchouli to Moscow			
Total	33	0	0

In conclusion, I would remark that never before, though I have travelled quite a lot, have I had a more interesting trip than this one from Shanghai to London via Siberia.

Ceylon Sport in 1927

SPORT in Ceylon boomed more than ever in 1927. Local racing reached a higher water mark during the August Meeting. Ceylon cricketers had the visit of the first official M.C.C. team to India and Ceylon early in the year; Rugby Football attained a very high standard in the Clifford Cup Competition and the final match between Up-country and the Ceylonese was one of the most thrilling games seen on the racecourse; the Tennis Championships saw Pinto at his best wresting back the title from a worthy opponent in L. V. Loos; and the army of Golfers has assumed such vast proportions during the year that after the championship tournament, at which Kenneth Logan won the title, it has been suggested that in future qualifying rounds should be held to sift the players before the competition proper begins. These are but a few of the features that characterised sport in the island during the year and proved again that Ceylon is a sport-loving country.

RACING.

It is no exaggeration to say that in no other year has there been such an influx of so many horses of good class as were imported by Ceylon owners this year. This was probably due to the fact that the Turf Club had again included terms events in their regular programme and the local Derby, the Governor's Cup, was a terms event. Some of them arrived at the tail end of last year, but were not seen on the racecourse till the beginning of this year; while others who came in January and February, made their debut during the June and July meetings. But to the crowds that flocked to the August Meet, most of the names were unfamiliar and they were lost in a maze of new champions. There was also a big Indian invasion. The Maharajah of Kolhaphur sent out a big string, while Messrs. Seyed Fatah, Mustafa Talib, Abdulla Manna and others brought out strings of ponies who threatened to swamp all the Arab events. The local owners, however, were equal to the occasion, and not one of the principal events went to the invaders. The August meet proved an immense triumph for Mr. E. L. F. de Soysa who, again, was easily the most successful owner. John Clanchy won the Governor's Cup for him, while Miss Mount won both the Civil Service Cup and the Channer Stakes (the sprint Derby)—all in record time—and Young Gazelle annexed the Oriental Cup. Mr. J. G. Abeydeera carried off the Police Cup with Sah Luma and the Madras Cup

the ponies' St. Leger—with Vin. Mr. R. C. Patterson's Mesalliance scored an excellent victory in the race for the Turf Club Plate, while the sensation of the meet came when Mr. A. E. Ephraums' Jingle ran away with Clements Commemoration Plate to pay the big dividend of Rs. 454. The subsequent victories of this horse have proved that this was by no means a fluke and he has been sent to India where his exploits will be followed with interest by local turfites. The triumphs of Jingle, along with the victory of Pervis in the Arab Derby, have brought added glory to the "wizard of Peradeniya," Mr. F. T. S. Turner, and now hardly a race day passes without another success being gained by a horse trained by him.

The horse of the year, however, was Mr. E. L. F. de Soysa's John Clanchy. He won the three terms races in which he took part and it was only a real welter-burden that kept him out of the board in the race for the Clements Plate. It was he who finally deposed Cloughane, the champion horse of 1926, by beating him twice over and Jingle added the final touch by winning the Manning Cup at level weights with Cloughane only third. John Clanchy, too, is in India at present and he has already won a race at the top of the second division. Perhaps Jingle and he will meet in one or other of the Indian Classics and settle the question as to which is the better horse.

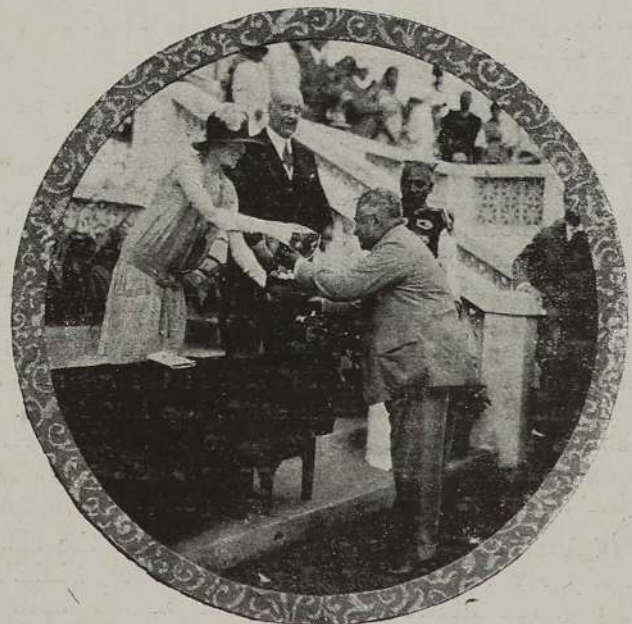


Photo by

[Plate. Ltd.]

Mr. E. L. F. de Soysa receiving the Governor's Cup from Mrs. Fletcher.

CRICKET.

The visit of the M.C.C. team to Ceylon early this year must leave an indelible mark on local cricket and headquarters could not have found a better set of missionaries than Arthur Gilligan and his men. They breathed the essence of good sportsmanship and they gave us lessons in all the finer points of the game. The "insouciant" batting of Sandham and the orthodox style of Wyatt will be the models of many a young local batsman, while even our more mature cricketers had much to learn from the enterprise and polish of Parsons. We did not see the real Tate till the final match against All-Ceylon, when, at a critical juncture, he wrought havoc among our batsmen and enabled the M.C.C. to score a definite victory; but he taught all our bowlers the lesson of saving up an extra little bit to be brought out in an emergency. The wily methods of Astill and the fast bowling of Mercer and Geary, too, were examples that local bowlers will do well to copy, but it was in fielding and team work that the M.C.C. XI. gave us the best object lesson. And one can with utmost sincerity say that in Arthur Gilligan we saw a captain of captains.

Coming close on the heels of the M.C.C. visit, the annual local Test match was in the nature of an anti-climax, but it was important in that it was another example of the glorious uncertainties of cricket. It was confidently expected that the Ceylonese, led once again by that redoubtable cricketer, D. L. de Saram, would score an easy victory. But a century by Brindley and good batting by F. A. Waldock and the rest of the European team, saw the Ceylonese struggling to avert a follow on. A sound innings by M. K. Albert, who scored his second century in the series, and unprecedented hitting by S. Saravanamuttu saved this calamity and the match ended in a draw—the honours clearly being with the Europeans.

W. T. Brindley gained further distinction by scoring another century in the annual C.C.C.-Up-country match in August Week, which was again left drawn; but the honours of the match were shared by A. E. Blair who has proved himself one of the standout batsmen of the year; he was, in fact, the most successful against the M.C.C. and heads the year's batting averages.

The New Zealand cricket team played a match in Colombo on their way back after a successful tour in England, but the match was productive of very ordinary cricket. Ceylon seemed likely to run up a mammoth total at one period, but they collapsed for just over 250 in an attempt to force the runs, Merrit, a slow bowler, performing the hat-trick, two of his victims being stumped. Then when New Zealand seemed likely to collapse for a small total Dempster and James stayed the rot and the match ended in a pointless draw, the last New Zealand man being in with 12 runs to get. Dempster's batting—and in a lesser degree Dacre's—was the brightest feature of a rather dull game.

Club cricket has proceeded apace and the championship for the year rests between the Sinhalese S.C. and the B.R.C. The second match between these clubs had yet to be played at the time of writing and on the result of that depends the final issue. A. E. Blair heads the batting averages as a result of his consistent performances against the

M.C.C. and continued good form during the year. S. Abeyasekera of the Notts is second on the list. S. Somasunderam, the Tamil Union cricketer who has been playing for his club for over 20 years, is at the head of the bowling, closely followed by L. V. Jayawera who bids fair to step in Horan's boots in the near future as the chief Ceylonese bowler. He bowls left-arm, and when Horan could not turn out against the New Zealanders, he was the obvious choice. No remedy has yet been found for the drawn games of Saturday afternoon cricket. Some clubs tried Sunday cricket, but that was only experimental and does not seem likely to be taken up in earnest.

FOOTBALL.

The Rugby code is now definitely the more popular, especially as the Ceylonese, too, have taken to the game in real earnest. Reference has already been made to the close match the Ceylonese gave Up-country in the final of the Clifford Cup match, after having defeated the United Services easily in the semi-final. The other semi-final is the annual Up-country—Low-country match in August week. This was a great struggle and ended in a draw, necessitating a re-play at Kandy, which Up-country just won by the only try scored in the match. The Inter-District matches were also very keenly contested and were notable for the fact that Colombo did not have everything their own way. They started well, but accidents laid out some of their best players, while a revival in the hill districts saw Dimbula, Uva and Kandy battling for the honours towards the end of the season. The issue was not decided till the final match between Kandy and Dimbula, and the latter by winning established themselves as champions, showing a most welcome return to their pre-war prowess after a long lean period.

The soccer season in 1927 will long be remembered for the domination of the barefooted players during the first half. The Police went off with a dash from the start, due to the excellent showing of their bootless forwards, and soon the Government Services followed suit. In fact one feared that the barefooters would swamp the League, but soon the wet weather set in and the tables were turned. The C. H. & F. C. showed a return to winning form, but it was too belated to give them a chance of retaining the championship. The C. L. I. and the R. A. ran a close race towards the end of the season and it was only in the last week that the former were able to prevail.

The Tamil Union kept up the reputation of booted footballers in the "B" division by beating the Sunbeam F. C. and winning the championship, while in the "C" division the R. A. were easy victors.

LAWN TENNIS.

The Championship meet at Nuwara Eliya this year turned out a brilliant success after making a modest beginning. The "stars" were few—the Alstons, Dr. Gunasekera, Balfour being absentees—but when in the latter part of the programme they began to scintillate, the tennis reached a very high standard. The tennis final was contested by L. V. Loos, the holder, and O. M. L. Pinto, the finest Ceylon tennis player of recent years. Pinto was afflicted by his usual cramp early in the tournament, but this year he was knocked out of the other events early and was able to reserve all his energies for the

singles event. In the final he produced tennis of a very high order indeed and beat his rival in straight sets. His form confirmed the opinion that he was the greatest tennis player produced by Ceylon in the present age. Mrs. Dewhurst won the women's final from Mrs. H. P. Williams and thereby retained her title, but did not enhance her reputation, for when she was in danger of losing, she saved the match by resorting to "pat-ball" tactics and wearing out her opponent. Mrs. Dewhurst has since turned professional in England and thereby forfeits her Ceylon title.

The Garden Club Tournament

as usual roused a great deal of interest. In the Men's event Rennie, who had created a very good impression at Nuwara Eliya, carried all before him, while in the Ladies' event Mrs. Williams could not play through the tournament and the title went to Mrs. L. McD. Robison.

The Lawn Club Tournament was notable for the defeat of Pinto by Dr. Gunasekera. The final match was a titanic struggle and in the final set Pinto held the lead when he was afflicted by cramp again and Dr. Gunasekera ran out the winner. It is feared that Pinto may have to keep out of tournaments in future.

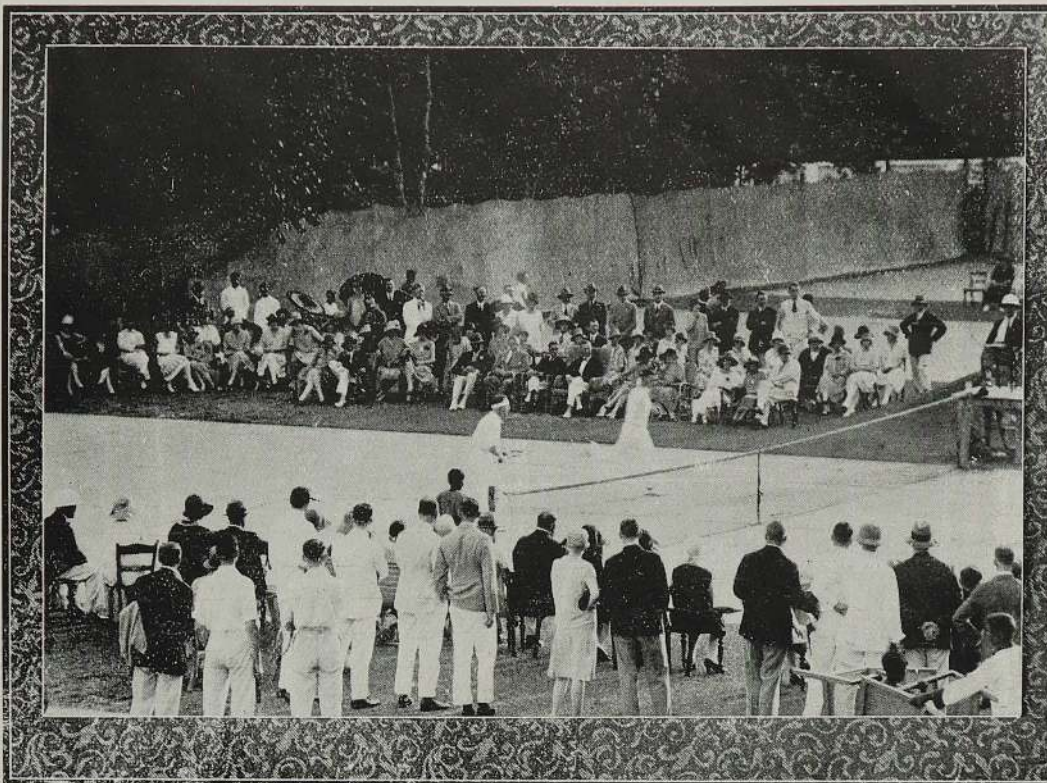


Photo by]

[Plate, Ltd

MEN'S DOUBLES FINAL in the Colombo Garden Club Championship Lawn Tennis Tournament.



Photo by]

Plate, Ltd

BURDETT TROPHY GOLF—The teams in the annual match between Colombo and Up-country for the Burdett Trophy which was played this year at Colombo and ended in an easy victory for the home team.



Photo by]

THE ENGLISH LADIES HOCKEY TEAM to Australia played a match in Colombo against a local ladies XI. The above is a group of the two teams.

[Plate, Ltd.



Photo by]

AUGUST WEEK HOCKEY MATCH.—The teams in the annual Colombo—Up-country Hockey Match in August Week.

[Plate Ltd.



Photo by]

[Plate, Ltd.

NEW SOUTH WALES RUGBY TEAM - en route to England played a match in Colombo against a Ceylon XV. The two teams with the Manager of the tourists as the central figure.



Photo by]

[Observer.

THE NEW ZEALAND CRICKET TEAM to England played a match with Ceylon on their way back. The above is a group of the two teams with Dr. C. H. Gunasekera, the Ceylon skipper, as the central figure.



Photo by]

CLIFFORD RUGBY CUP FINAL.—A group of the two teams, Up-country and Ceylonese, who were engaged in a tremendous tussle in the Clifford Rugby Cup Final. Up country just won by 11 points to 8. [Plate, Ltd

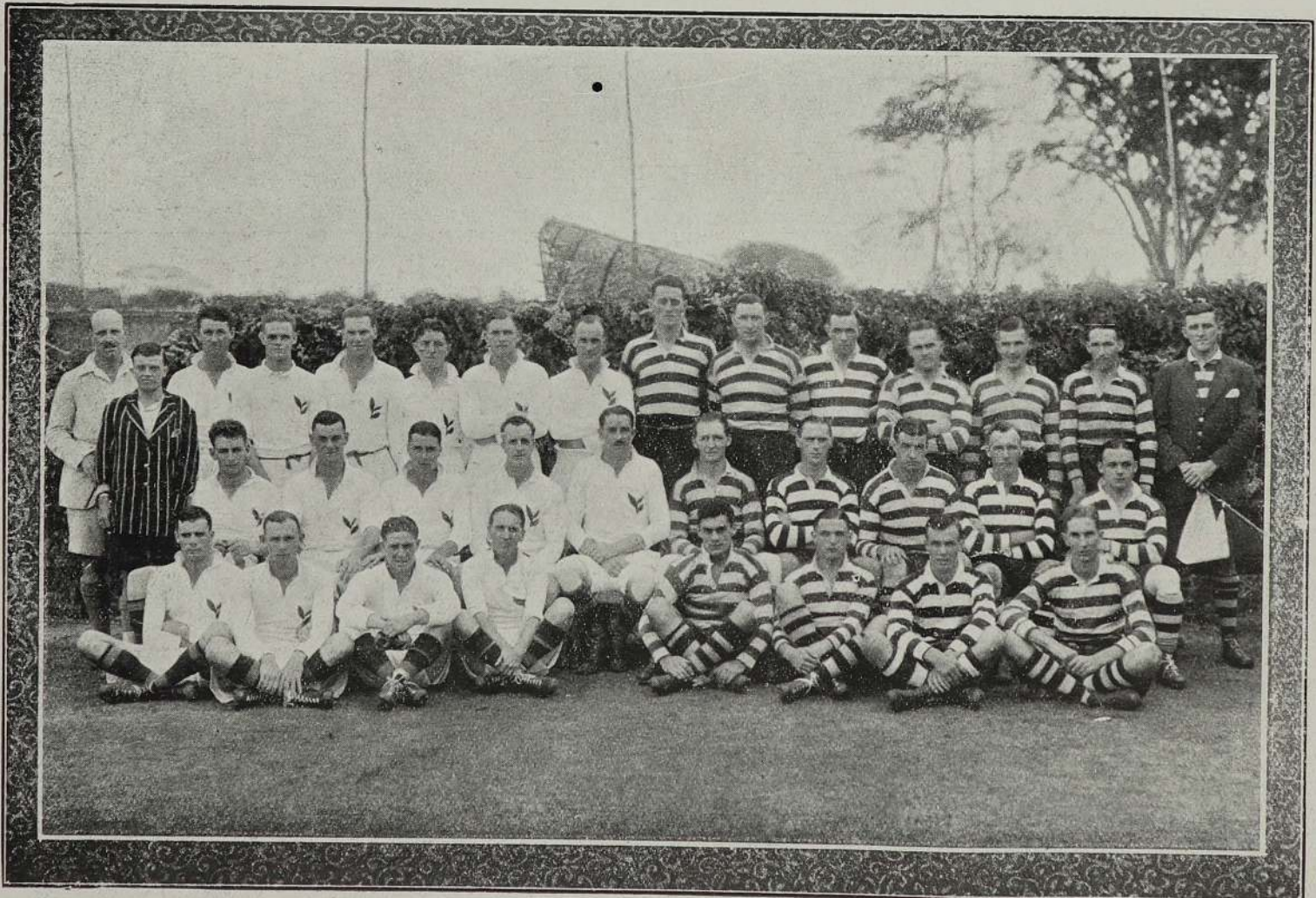


Photo by]

THE AUGUST WEEK RUGGER MATCH between Low-Country and Up country ended in a thrilling tie neither side scoring. the above is a group of the two teams. [Plate, Ltd.



Photo by]

[Plate Ltd.

AUGUST WEEK CRICKET MATCH.—The Colombo Up country Cricket Match in August Week ended in a draw. The above is a group of the two teams with the veteran Up-country cricketer A. L. Gibson as the central figure.



Photo by]

[Plate, Ltd.

AUGUST WEEK SOCCER MATCH—The teams in the annual Colombo—Up-country Soccer Match played in August week

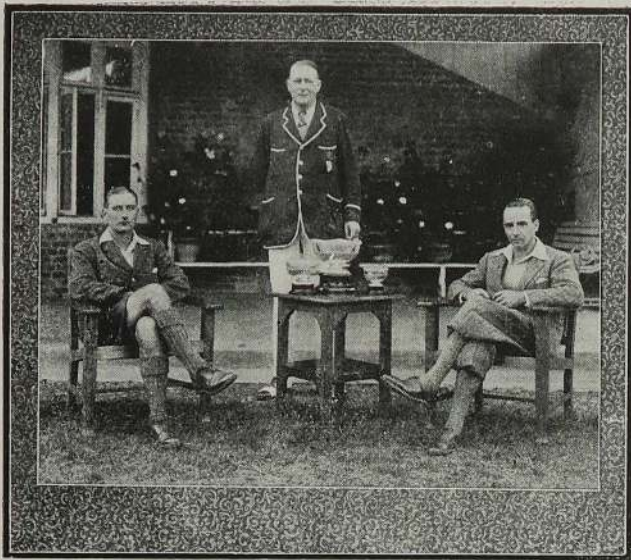


Photo by] [Plate Ltd.
CEYLON GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP—K. Logan (left),
 winner, and D. F. Fitzgibbon runner up in the Ceylon
 Golf Championship, 1927.

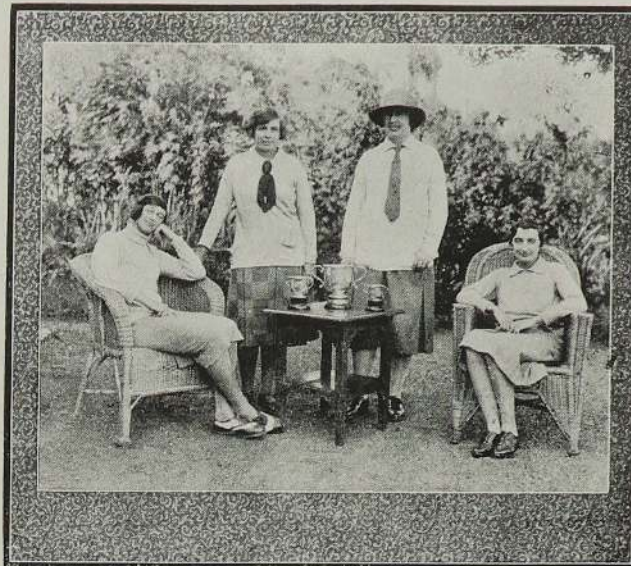


Photo by] [Plate Ltd.
LADIES GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP—Mrs. G. C. Thornton
 (seated left), the winner of Ladies Golf Championship,
 Mrs. T. Cuming (seated right) the runner up, and Mrs.
 Creasy and Mrs. Battams (semi-finalists.)

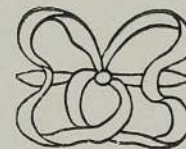
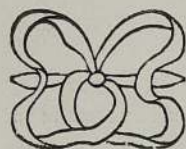


Photo by] [Plate, Ltd.
C. A. S. BOOTH.—the Colombo
 Golf Club Champion.

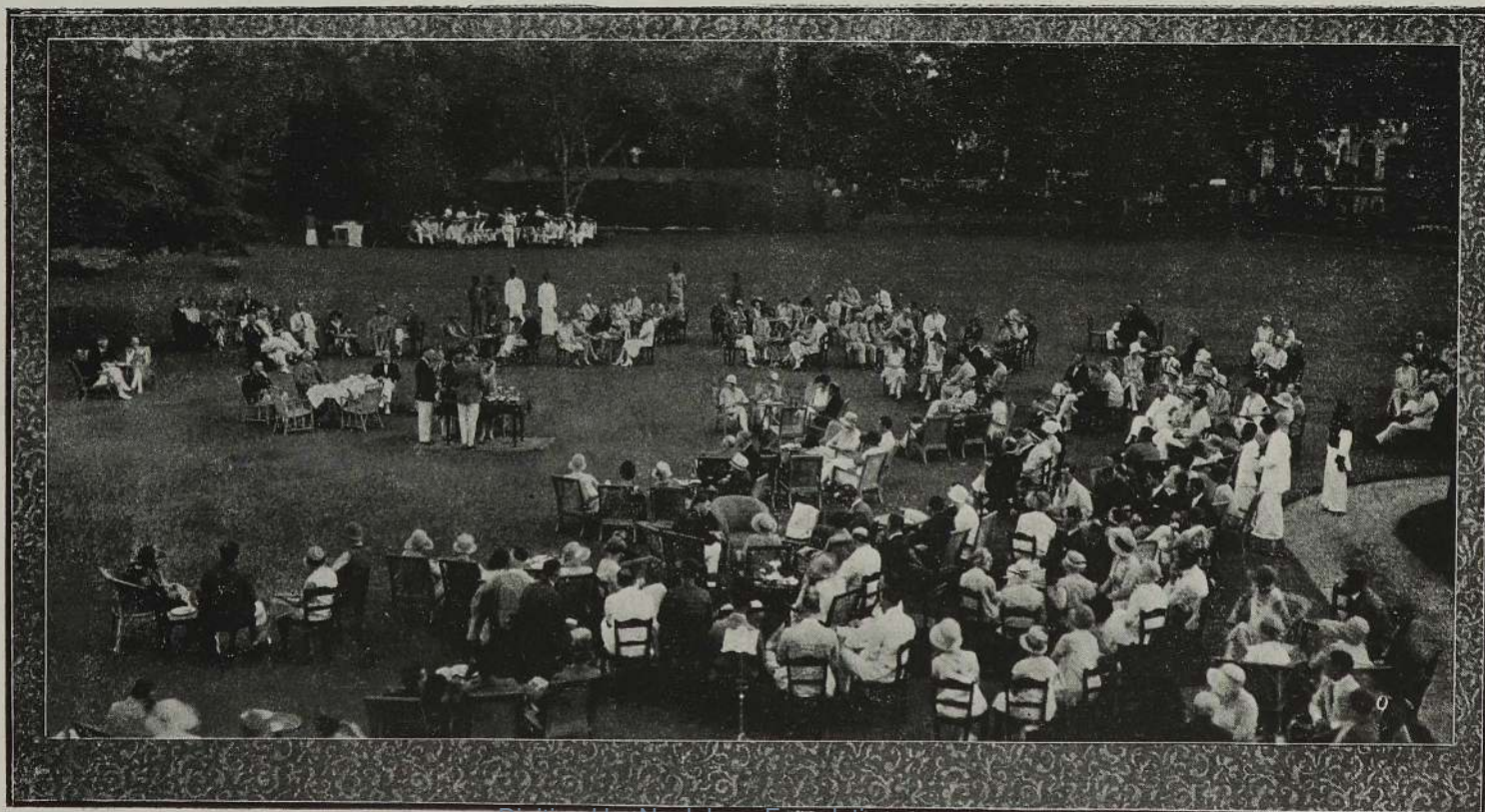


Photo by] Digitized by Noolaham Foundation.
COLOMBO GARDEN CLUB. Mrs. Fletcher giving away the prizes of the Championship Lawn Tennis Tournament. [Plate, Ltd.

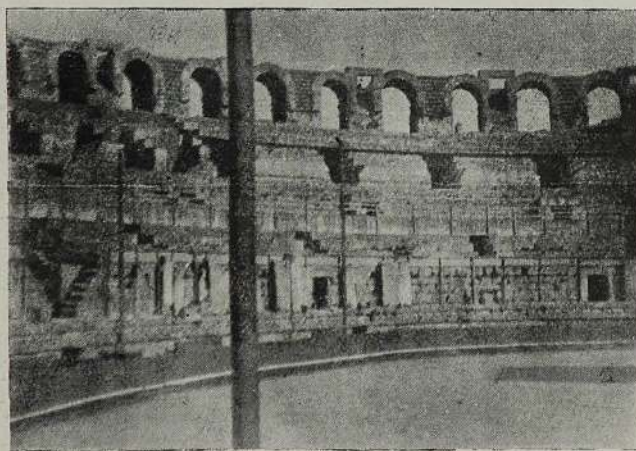
A

Motor Tour in France

BY R. L. SPITTEL.

DISEMBARKING at Marseilles we took the road to Paris by a way designed to lead us through the most interesting parts of France. We had a mishap at Salon, some thirty miles from Marseilles, but were amply compensated with the glorious songs of nightingales during our enforced stay there. Soon we were among the ancient Roman towns of Southern France—Arles, Nimes, and Avignon; for the Romans lived in these parts through many an eventful decade, reproducing the life of Rome in theatre, arena, and temple. Still they live these mighty monuments, defiant of twenty centuries, mocking our architecture of to-day, and imbuing the modern towns grafted on them with a wistful grace and wondrous grandeur.

The most imposing ruin at Arles—as wherever the Roman left his mark—is the colossal amphitheatre that stands stark to the skies and dwarfs the modern buildings that huddle around it. It has 43 tiers of seats with accommodation for 26,000 spectators. Here the gladitors fought wild beasts and each other, and the Christian martyrs bled, while the spectators watching from tier above tier gloated over the frightfulness of terrific death. There was the door by



ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT ARLES

which the defenceless Christians, with prayers upon their pallid lips and God knows what of hope and fear within their hearts, were thrust quivering into the arena; there the door by which the starved and bellowing beasts leapt in; and overlooking that door, that he may lose nothing of the fun, was the throne of the Emperor under which the gladitors also stood before the conflict and saluted—"Hail! Caesar, we who are about to die salute thee"; there the spoli-

arium where the bodies of the mangled dead were dragged and stripped of raiment and armour.

I see before me the gladiator lie:
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow,
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower: and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the
 wretch who won.

He heard it but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart and that was far away;
 He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he their sire,
 •Butchered to make a Roman holiday.

The lust of slaughter still clings to the place for it is the scene of bull-fights on sundays in summer; and the stuffed head of many a valiant bull and accoutrement of matador adorn the shop windows of Arles.

In the modern gallery of art at Arles were two masterpieces that arrested attention, one for its subtlety of expression, the other for its realism; the first a study of the nude in bronze representing a man dragging a seated woman backwards by the hand. The woman was the embodiment of coy yet pleased reluctance; the man's face wore a sardonic sneer that told he knew well a woman's ways. The wonder was that bronze could be made so eloquent. The second was a large canvas depicting a Moroccan soldier decked in his proud trappings with pistols at his belt, lying supine on the crags with a bullet wound in the forehead; and just about to settle on him, with wide spread wings and open beak, was a loathsome bald blue-headed vulture that would soon, with others of his kind, tear to shreds what was now but a filibustering brave, monarch of his mountains.

If Arles evokes a spirit of the past in the visitor, Nimes does so even more, for it undoubtedly is the most beautiful of the old Roman towns in Southern France. Its magnificent amphitheatre rivals that of

Arles, and like it is now the scene of bull-fights. But Nimes has this special distinction, that it possesses a wonderfully well-preserved Roman garden with beautiful baths and fountains and, scattered about the lawns, just as in the old days, exquisite marble statues, most beautiful among which is perhaps that of a youth and maiden with arms entwined just about to



THE BATHERS—NIMES.

enter into the water. Here also stands the temple of Diana stately in decay. On the flowered terraces above are seats where modern maidens fondle the faces of their lovers oblivious of onlookers, while the sun-bathed woods around are all of an echo to the gladsome songs of *rossignoles* (nightingales).

“Apart from Rome,” says the guide book, “no one can know anything about the Romans unless he has seen Arles and Nimes.”

Nine miles from Nimes, near an ancient cave of Bohemians, is the Pont du Gard, that Promethean Roman aqueduct, the finest of its kind in existence. It is built in three tiers of arches, and spans the vast valley through which the river Gard flows. This colossal structure was designed to convey water in a tunnel of masonry along the topmost tier of arches. Along the lowest tier is the present roadway. It is impossible to convey an idea of the immensity and grandeur of this work apart from a visit to it.

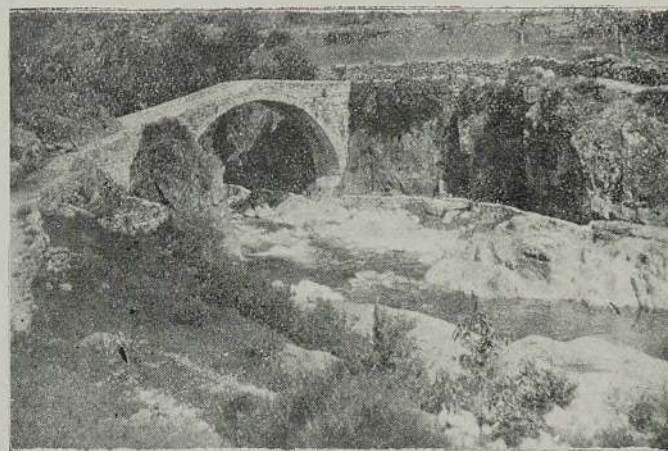
Our only recollection of Avignon, for we only touched there for lunch, is the magnificent Palace of the Popes redolent of sinister traditions. Palace, mark you—of the Popes; a far cry this from the humble beginnings of Christianity!

A charmingly situated restaurant on the banks of the Rhone attracted us to lunch. But the reality grossly belied the promise; for the feast, though the little fishes of the Rhone contributed towards it, was the most repellant we had in all our travels.

What with one thing and another we had been dawdling about the south of France for ten days; but from now on we made rapid headway northwards. Following the course of the Rhone and turning off Viviers we reached high Aubenas at nightfall and put up in a cosy little inn. , where to our surprise we

met friends from Colombo, who, like ourselves, were roaming off the more popular high-ways.

Next morning we climbed the Ardeche mountains through delightful scenery. Below us, as we wound



PEBBLED STREAMS SPANNED BY BEAUTEOUS BRIDGES.

along, were pebbled streams spanned by graceful bridges and flanked by farms with cattle, goats and pigs. We laboured up and up the high mountains leaving the valleys with their streams and beflowered lawns far below; pine forests stretched to the peaks where the barren rock allowed; an occasional lizard lazed on the stones by the roadside.

The gradient eased; greener became the land; and now we were on the plateau of La Charade, a more glorious place than which on such a fresh sunny day as this, it would be hard to find. Rosy-faced and flaxen-haired were the folk; and cattle pulled the ploughs.

We descended to Le Puy in the valley where, built on natural outcrops of stone, was some citadel, church, or effigy of saint. Women in old-world garments were seated in open rooms by the roadside making pillow-lace very like ours in Ceylon—for which Le Puy is famous.

Through pastoral scenes and desolate roads we made our delightful way. Beside a tree was seated a shepherd girl knitting while she tended her goats. Kneeling by her, her hand in his, apparently beseeching her love, was a boy as callow as she; he awkwardly ardent, she, the wily hussy, apparently doubtful of her mind. Blush not sweet lovers, nor disturb yourselves, for even as you do, the intruding car that took you unawares is but a speck in the distance. Such scenes as this: do they not belong to vanished eras and imagined tales? No they are here in the byways of rural Europe.

The roads which lead to Clermont Ferrand are superb, thanks to Michelin whose tyre works form the main industry of the town. In these days of motor-ing Michelin is a name to conjure with. The guide book you carry is his; the map you are continually consulting is his, the road signs warning you to beware of the dangerous corner or the ‘donkey’s back’ (*dos d’ane*) are his. It is Michelin, Michelin all the way.

Close to Clermont Ferrand are the famous chocolate works of Sevigny, Royat noted for its beautiful stones, and the Grotto de Chiene. The lapidaries of Royat are famous throughout Europe. At their fac-

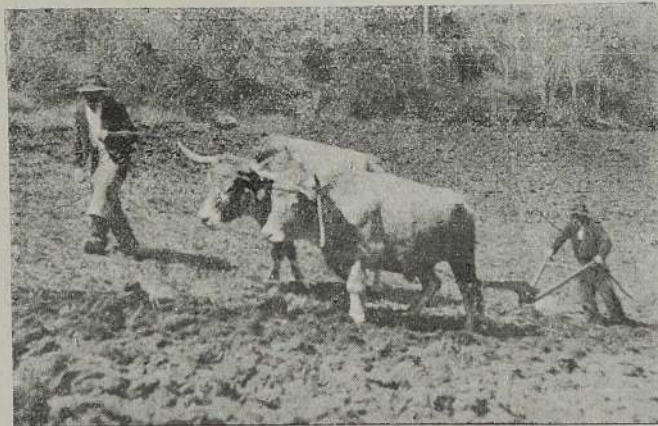
tory, one group of them lie on their faces all day long, holding rough fragments of quartz to revolving wheels and evolving therefrom the daintiest of curios, gorgeously tinted and marvellously veined. One of the show-pieces here is a translucent freak-stone showing a quivering droplet of water imprisoned within it for centuries.

The Grotto de Chiene owes its name to the fact that dogs entering it die of suffocation from the carbonic acid gas that incessantly exudes from the floor of the cave. One is conducted into it on a platform raised a few feet off the ground, for the gas being heavy gravitates to the bottom and is led off by a downward sloping flue. A candle, lowered to the floor of the cave, is instantly extinguished; and a pailful of the gas poured on a flame puts it out. You may, if you like, descend momentarily from the platform to test for yourself the suffocating effects of the gas. A petrified human being of the stone age, barely distinguishable from the rock around, is exhibited here. A crude painting depicts how he and his skin-clad fellows had vainly fled from the flowing lava and asphyxiating fumes of a volcanic upheaval to which the cave owes its prehistoric origin. The region about here is highly volcanic.

All this country is rich in wines and mineral waters. St. Etienne, Royat, Evian, Vittel, and Perrier that yields the champagne of table waters, are all within easy distance of each other; and besides, many a little village supplies its own bottled waters. In French hotels and restaurants it is the limit of bad taste to ask for *l'eau ordinaire*; and some hotels impose an enhanced charge on a meal unaccompanied by wine.

Travelling north, we still have the road very much to ourselves; for both pedestrians and vehicles are few. How different this to the roadways of England choked with automobiles.

Vineyards and farms with their goats, geese, and pigs fly past us. Milk-white cows graze in emerald meadows. Here and there an old woman sits knitting while she keeps an eye on a solitary grazing cow or goat, perhaps her main sustenance. Furrowed acres and green harvests spread out far and wide, but the labourers who wrought the wonder are few. Often one sees but a single ploughman and his team, and far around him stretches the evidence of his toil in furrowed land or gladsome harvest. The women work as hard as the men: the sight of a woman at the plough



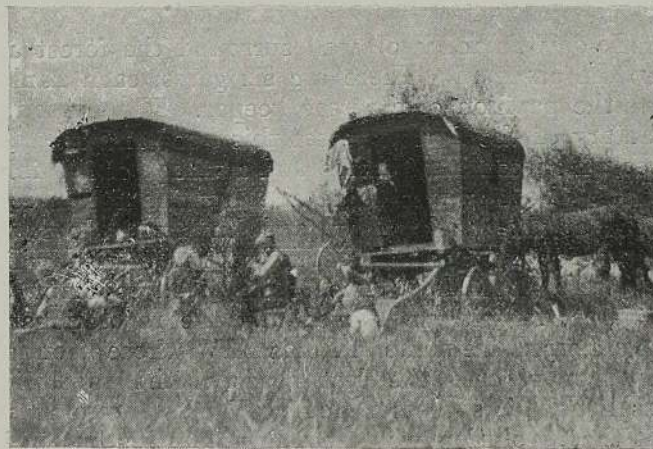
CATTLE PULLED THE PLOUGHS.

is not uncommon. Cattle are used for ploughing as much as horses; often the teams are quite a

or a mule for instance may be seen yoked with a cow or a donkey! About the only combination there remained for us to see were a dog and a goat pulling a plough!

The small French farmer, is an affluent, contented and industrious fellow, working on his beloved land from dawn till dark. It is the ambition of every Frenchman to own and work his own acres—at least so the chauffeur told us, and even he, though he hailed from fashionable Cannes, had this for his ambition—but how much of it was prompted by the atmosphere of quietness and contentment these pastoral scenes imbued, and the fact that he contemplated matrimony in the near future, we could only guess. The day is long passed, when the people of these lands were but vassals to the puissant nobles and proud princes, whose magnificent chateaux bespatter the country—exquisite but empty and outlasted things now only of historical interest.

There are a folk, however, to whom possession of land is less than dust—and they are those inconsequent, happy-go-lucky fellows, the gipsies to be seen in every country of Europe—whether in France, Italy, Austria, or England. Here by the roadside, we would pass an outspanned waggon with a gipsy and his wife seated on the grass, weaving baskets; there two or three waggons by some stream or in a meadow with the entire community of them fashioning their withies or eating a simple meal of bread and salad; their grimy, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed little urchins tumbling over each other on the grass or rolling and somersaulting about; while their ponies cropped other's fields. Sometimes we passed them en route, the whole family plus their entire belongings, packed tightly into the waggon; a man or woman walking alongside the pony that draws them; and slung to the back of the waggon, a bundle of osiers, a bicycle, and most winsome touch of all, a bird in a cage. Careless loiterers of the pathways though they be, they are under the surveillance of the law like the rest of us, for their waggons are licensed and numbered; and they are not allowed to enter towns owing to their foul and thieving ways.



GIPSIES AT MEALS.

The shade trees of France are mainly chestnuts, occasionally cherries; while in some places the towering popular avenues are quite the most graceful feature of the landscape.

The gates at level crossings run on wheels like bicycle wheels, or lift vertically up on pivots activated by the turn of a crank.

We were now nearing the series of magnificent chateaux along the bank of the Loire-Valency, Chambord, Blois and the rest. Some of these still contain priceless paintings, tapestries, and relics. In their day most of them were strongholds, with moat draw-bridge and battlement, which had stood the brunt of many a siege. During the revolution they were attacked and pillaged mercilessly and their owners sent to the guillotine. The scars of these happenings may still be seen on some of the walls. Storied chateaux of the knightly days of France, the homes of pride and splendour and ruthless power, to-day, even like the mightier palaces of Versailles and Fontainebleau, on exhibition for a few francs.

Those of the smaller chateaux now in occupation belong, not to the descendants of the old nobles, but to some rich merchant or manufacturer, for the nobles are too poor to maintain them.

The chateau de Valency is the first we visit. It, singularly enough, is owned by the present Duc de Valency. But when he is away, as he usually is, his butler shows you round in a manner worthy of the setting. On the beautiful lawns strut peafowl, some of them white. Fine trophies of the chase—the chateau has its own park and forest—adorn the walls of the hall: great boar heads and deer heads with twelve magnificent tines that would rival those of the lordly moose. The carpeted rooms hold many a matchless treasure: there are a painting of the young Madam de Brun by herself (how fond she was of being her own model), a marble bust of Napoleon by Canova, trappings of the gorgeous Tallyrand (ancestor of the present duke and friend of Napoleon), his club-foot shoe, and the last pen with which he wrote.

Chambord comes next. It is perhaps the finest of the chateaux here, but from a distance it assumes fantastic form with its jutting spires, turrets, and chimneys. It was built in the 16th century for Francis I; and was the hunting box of Louis XIV and of many another before him. The ladies of the Court, sitting on the balcony overlooking the forest across the spacious lawn, used to watch the hunt.

To-day 20 miles of wall surround the forest and keep the game in. There are six gates, each flanked with the pavilion of a forest keeper. The Cosson, a tributary of the Loire, crosses this woodland of 12,000 acres which contain 6 farms and a village of 300 inhabitants. Parties who lease the hunting rights foregather at the inn hard by, and hunt with dogs, the boar and deer, pheasants, and partridge with which the forest abounds. The castle itself is empty of treasures, for it was sacked by the revolutionaries who abhorred the name of Louis XIV, whose licentious splendour planted the first seeds of the revolution. Was it not his successor Louis XV who foretold truly that the revolution would come, not in his but in his son's time?

The chateau of Blois is on the other bank of the Loire. Here that cruel Queen Catherine de Medici passed away amid gilded splendour (1589). Her oratory and study are still preserved, the latter covered with 237 carved wooden panels, all of different design. Dark tragedy haunts the place. It was here, in the bedroom of King Henry III, that the Duc de Guise was trapped and assassinated, while the hiding king watch-

ed the treacherous deed on his guest. That same night was the Cardinal of Lorraine, brother of Guise, slaughtered in the dungeon, and even as he lay mortally wounded the king went up to him and stamped on his writhing face saying he would look more majestic dead than alive. Chateau still alive with memories of splendour and crime.

It was our way to avoid big towns and and put in if possible at little ones. Cold and lonely was the road flanking the Loire; and just as it darkened we were fortunate to happen on an attractive little inn in the village of Vouvray just outside Tours. "Restaurant du Pont de Cesse", it was called, and certainly it was one of the very best that fell to our experience. Between the inn and the Loire was the road and a strip of woodland from which, even as we dined, came the notes of a cuckoo and a roosting nightingale whose song we heard all night through fitful awakenings. The wine of Vouvray is famous. The attention we had at the inn left nothing to be desired.

Better the clean and comfortable little inns of France where you are a welcome and honoured guest, than the fashionable hotels of the great towns crowded with tourists and staffed with a superfluity of over-attentive and grandly liveried servants whose one concern is to mulet you of whatever they can, despite the 10 per cent. added to your bill for 'service'. The smart little pages open the doors for you; the hall porter helps, and summons a couple of under porters to take charge of your luggage; the concierge is all graciousness, the waiters the very soul of attention—all exceedingly pleasing and pandering to your sense of self-importance—if you could only forget (which you dare not) that all this assiduous interest is inspired not because you are a fine pleasing fellow but because of the tips you are good for. How hollow is all this once you taste the quiet joy and willing service of the delightful country inns where you are wont to meet, not travellers like yourself, but the folk of the country you have come to see.

At a modest little inn in La Chapelle the landlady both cooked and served a delectable repast of herb-omlettes, steak and salad, home-made peach jam, strawberries fresh from the garden, and lemonade, Vichy, and cafe noire to crown it all. The basement was a dancing hall, where the village folk gathered and frolicked once or twice a week. Many of the houses along the Loire are built into caves in the side of the low cliff, and trailing roses rich with bloom lend elegance to the rudest homes.

At Nantes we reached the western coast of France and the mouth of the Loire whose picturesque bank we had hugged ever since striking its source near Clairmont Ferrand long miles away. Leaving Touraine we entered Brittany—the land of orchards and pastures, of old-world wind-mills and of quaintly capped women. Fruit trees lined the roads. Oaks and hedges divided up the meadows yellow with buttercups, very much as in England. In amidst the orchards the potato crops sprouted. Apples are said to be so plentiful here in season that much of it is left to rot on the ground despised even by the pigs. Cider is a popular drink, but more so is "calvado" the fiery cider spirit the hard-throated Breton loves, a liquor of which sets your head a buzzing.

GOODYEAR'S GREATEST TYRE

Coming from a Company the size and character of Goodyear, the statement which heads this advertisement is doubly significant.

It is issued only after testing and weighing its full meaning in terms of the highest public interest.

It is outstandingly the newest, tested reason why more people ride on Goodyear tyres than on any other kind.



GOOD YEAR



The Empire's Healthiest Children *are fed* on "OVALTINE" Rusks

Weaning time is always a difficult period in a child's life. The natural food which the wise mother has hitherto herself supplied needs to be supplemented and, in time, substituted by more solid food.

Baby's needs are greater, his digestion is stronger. More and more nourishment is necessary.

There can be no better food for the weaned baby than "Ovaltine" Rusks.

This is because "Ovaltine" Rusks are made of the finest flour—not the chemically bleached, adulterated and devitalised flour often used for bread and biscuits. They contain "Ovaltine"—the delicious food beverage—which considerably adds to their nourishing value and makes them more easily digestible.

At teething time "Ovaltine" Rusks are invaluable. They break up readily in the mouth, whilst giving just that assistance needed to bring the little teeth through the gums.

Many mothers who have entered photographs of their little ones in competitions for the Empire's Bonniest Children have told us that to "Ovaltine" Rusks must be given the credit for the health their children enjoy.

Every boy and girl should have these delicious rusks with his or her cup of fragrant "Ovaltine".

"My little boy is eight months old and weighs 22 lbs. He has had no difficulty in getting his three teeth through, and I am sure this is due to 'Ovaltine' Rusks. I have entered him in the 'Daily Sketch' competition and I think he will have as good a chance as any."

Leek, Staffs.
"I am enclosing a photograph of my baby, fed on 'Ovaltine' Rusks. I had tried all the patent foods, but all to no use. Since I tried her with 'Ovaltine' Rusks she has had nothing else. She is now splendid, and no one can believe she is the same child—even the Doctor. He says she is a beauty and will easily win a prize in the beautiful children competition."
"The photograph I am enclosing was taken when she was 9 months and 3 weeks old and she had 4 teeth."
"I have recommended 'Ovaltine' Rusks to several mothers, and they have told me how grateful they are to me for the recommendation." Signed (Mrs.) W. J. Sargeant

"My little baby is now six and a half months old. People remark on her physique and I tell them the secret is 'Ovaltine' Rusks. She has already cut three teeth and is splendid. All you say about your Rusks is absolutely true."

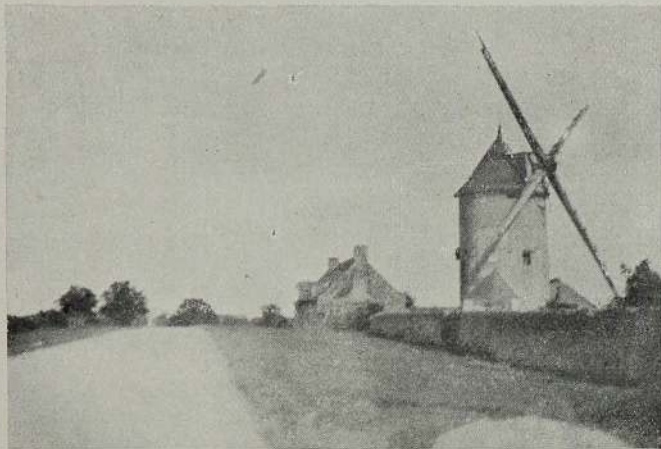
Sold by all Chemists and Stores
OVALTINE
Rusks
APPETISING
DIGESTIVE &
NOURISHING

Manufactured by
A. WANDER Ltd. London, England.

Agents for Ceylon:

CARGILLS Ltd.
COLOMBO.

This is the drink that renders the Brest fisherman the most truculent folk on earth; and as they loll about the roads half-drunken, your car must await their



IN BRITTANY.

pleasure, for did you but touch them it would be as much as your life was worth. At least so said our man at the wheel feelingly—he knew!

Brittany is rich in chateaux and churches. The people are devout. Though we missed one of their remarkable "Calvaries" we found that on Ascension day—a day devoted to the dead—every single soul we met on the streets was clothed in black. The Bretons are a distinct race speaking a Celtic dialect and perpetuating tenaciously antique tradition and custom. Brittany is to France what Cornwall is to England.

We sped up north towards the Channel coast in the biting air. At Bain de Bretagne we entered a typical Breton inn—the "Hotel de Quatre Vents." The lunch was substantial—lobster, ham and tripe sausage (andouillette), radish, plump capon served with pathetic feathery head, salad, beans, butter as yellow as daisies, cider, and calvado if you wished.

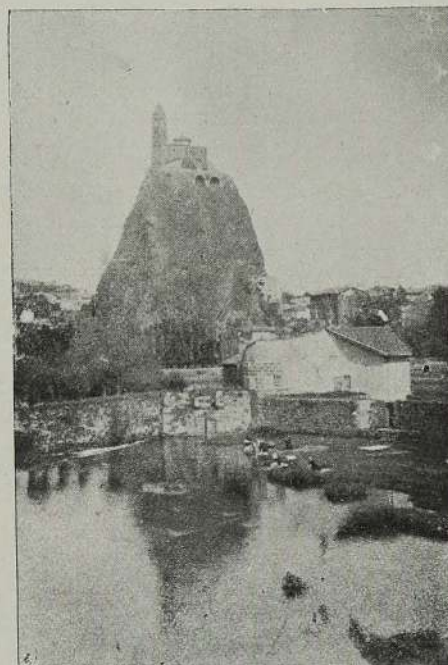


A BRETON INN.

St. Malo on the Channel coast is ramparted, walled and intersected by narrow and tortuous streets; old and beautiful it is, but none too clean, and redolent of the odour of rotting weed. Just across the long and narrow estuary of the Rance lay Dinard. To reach it by car would have meant a circuitous detour—we chose instead the ferry, which took us across, car and all, in a few minutes. Dinard is hilly and therefore enchantingly picturesque. Like most of the towns on this coast it is a favourite resort of English tourists. We

were lucky to reach it at the inception of the season and not at the flux. A small train plies its narrow streets and frightens you out of your wits as it rattles by. At Dinan is a superb equestrian monument to the valorous Bertrand du Guesclin (1314-1380). Normandy is more picturesque than Brittany because it is hillier, and hills create vales and slopes that hide away the landscape beyond and intrigue the fancy. Pink and white may and orchard trees were in glorious bloom giving colour to the land. Those who have not seen these parts may well picture them:—snow-white sheep and magnificent pied cattle—jet black and white, or rich brown and white—grazing in emerald meadows beneath blossom-laden trees: all fresh and green and lush and vigorous, the like of which is not seen in the tropics.

A negligible deviation as we ran parallel with the coast through Dol brought us to where Normandy and Brittany meet, and to that sight unique in the world—Mont St. Michel—a barren island rock surmounted



MONT ST. MICHEL.

by a towering abbey surrounded by a shoal and treacherous sea. The mount rises 160 feet and lies half a mile from the coast, but is now connected with it, alas, by a causeway. Cunningly has the graceful Benedictine Abbey, which goes away back to 708, been wrought into the rugged contours of the crag. Ever and again has it been destroyed by lightning and fire, as often has it been rebuilt to emerge more splendid each time. It need hardly be said the place is a Mecca of tourists. The packed little hotel there provides famous fare: for there is lobster in plenty and a light omelette for which the place is noted even in France, the land of omelettes. Labouring up the narrow cobbled paths flanked by little curio shops you walk past a great crucifix up the grand stairway and enter the gate of the chatelet; thenceforth forgetting the cupidity outside, you wander amid Gothic glooms graceful beyond compare. Attaining the heights you survey the shoal sea alive with quicksands, the awful genius of which has been embodied in a famous piece of sculpture representing the hideous agony of a fisherman being sucked alive into the quivering depths.

Normandy gave England William the Conqueror nine centuries ago; it was from Harfleur he sailed

with his adventurous band. This ancient duchy is rich in Norman church and Gothic building and historic castle; it also provides the gayest of seaside resorts. Through many a beautiful landscape and peaceful Norman village we came to Deauville, now asleep, but soon to awaken to that riotous frivolity which has earned for it the name of the "most fashionable hell on earth"; for here in the season Mammon is king; and beach and casino and race course and promenade are replete with his moneyed devotees. At Deauville as at Dinard and Trouville and many another town on this coast are golf courses and tennis courts—sure sign that it is favoured by the game—enamoured Britisher who will carry his racket and club, not merely across the channel as here, but to the ends of the earth. The half-timbered houses of Normandy are the prettiest things one could see for variety and subtlety of architecture and decorativeness of design, with an added quaintness of touch presented by the storks and cats of China that bstride the spires and roofs.

The Frenchman, we were told, is no great traveller. His inclination is to stay at home, however rich he be. Who can say he does not choose wisely. For never does one cherish one's homeland and its serenity more than when one has travelled far. Was it not a citizen of the world who said?—

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee.

We left in the glorious morning sunshine for Rouen, the capital of Normandy; but soon chill winds caught us and occasional rain. It is often so in these parts, you have the sun at one moment and rain the next in contrast to the sunny south. The wind strikes you breathless and its chill needles pierce your heavy clothing to your skin, and you snivel at the nose: the enjoyment of the landscape is therefore not all serene.

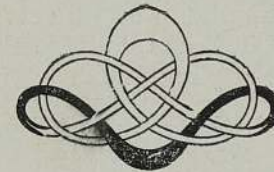
We entered that famous Gothic church, the Cathedral of Notre Dame, during service. The silver voices of the choir and the thunder of the organ reverberated through its great and gloomy spaciousness tinted with the ruby and sapphire shafts of its stained glass windows. Here is preserved the heart of Richard Coeur de Lion, and the tomb of Rollo, the first duke of Normandy. The service over, a father and his two mites of two and three years, come into the empty church. In turn he lifts each little one up to the fount of holy water; the younger dips her hands and touches her forehead seriously, the elder makes the sign of the cross. When religion ceases to linger in such edifices as this, then indeed will her day be past.

We followed the zig-zagging Seine towards Paris. The three great rivers of France had befriended us. First the great Rhone down south by Arles and Avignon; then the Loire flowing west; and now the Seine on which Paris stands, performing circuitous antics all the way from its source at Nemours to its mouth at Havre.

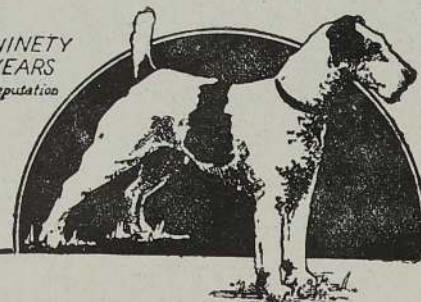
We spent the night at Versailles redolent of kingly destiny and romance. The next morning, rapidly leaving behind us the quiet suburbs, we were making our way to Paris along a road whose surface was like that of a razor-strop, and raced by cars speeding at well over 70 kilos an hour, all converging towards the capital.

And now we are in the very heart of Paris entangled in a maze of cars, each steering for vantage of the other and striving to make its impossible way. Every minute or two the whole pack of us halt ten abreast. What a galaxy of cars, and how smart they look. Lordly Panhards, Isotta Fraschinis, Rolls Royces, and Hispano Suzas by the dozen; but Citroens and Raynaults easily the commonest, not only here in Paris but in all France. Little racing torpedoes and cycles wind in and out of the crush heedless of peril. He must be bold and cool to drive in Paris, for, unlike London, the traffic control is poor and each driver is more or less a law to himself butting adroitly into the smallest opening and attempting to shoulder competitors off. Is it a wonder that amidst the hoot of horns there is incessantly the hair-raising racket of creaking and grinding brakes, and that one out of every two cars, even the costliest, has its mud guards dented. That is the sign by which you may know a Paris Car.

The night life of Paris, is it not too well known to need comment. A dusky demimonde, for the time the rage appears on the stage, stark but for a meagre girdle of bananas round her loins, and treats the audience to the lascivious movements of a tempestuous hip dance exhausting to watch. Then a little drama combining so ingeniously the macabre with the vulgar that it is robbed of much of its offensiveness, and the most adamant prude, shocked to her foundation at first, remains to laugh. But why go on? For though this is the side of Paris no tourist ever seems to miss, there is a mightier, a sublimer, and a truer Paris that this pen trembles even to touch.



NINETY
YEARS
Reputation



BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE.

The Most Reliable Tonic and Original Medicine for Dogs.
Invaluable in Hot Climates.

BENBOW'S Dog Mixture is recognised as the one Sure Remedy for Distemper, Jaundice, Worms, and the ailments common to all breeds of dogs. There is no other "just as good."

ALWAYS ASK FOR "BENBOW'S."

Of all Chemists and Druggists everywhere.

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE CO., 2, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1

Legends of the Peak

BY R. L. B.

*“There stood in that romantic clime
 The mountain awfully sublime;
 O'er many a league the basement spread,
 It towered o'er many an airy head. . .
 Pure in mid-heaven that worshipped cone
 A diadem of glory shone;
 Reflecting in the night-fall'n sky
 The beams of day's departed eye;
 Or holding, ere the day begun,
 Communion with the unrisen sun.”*

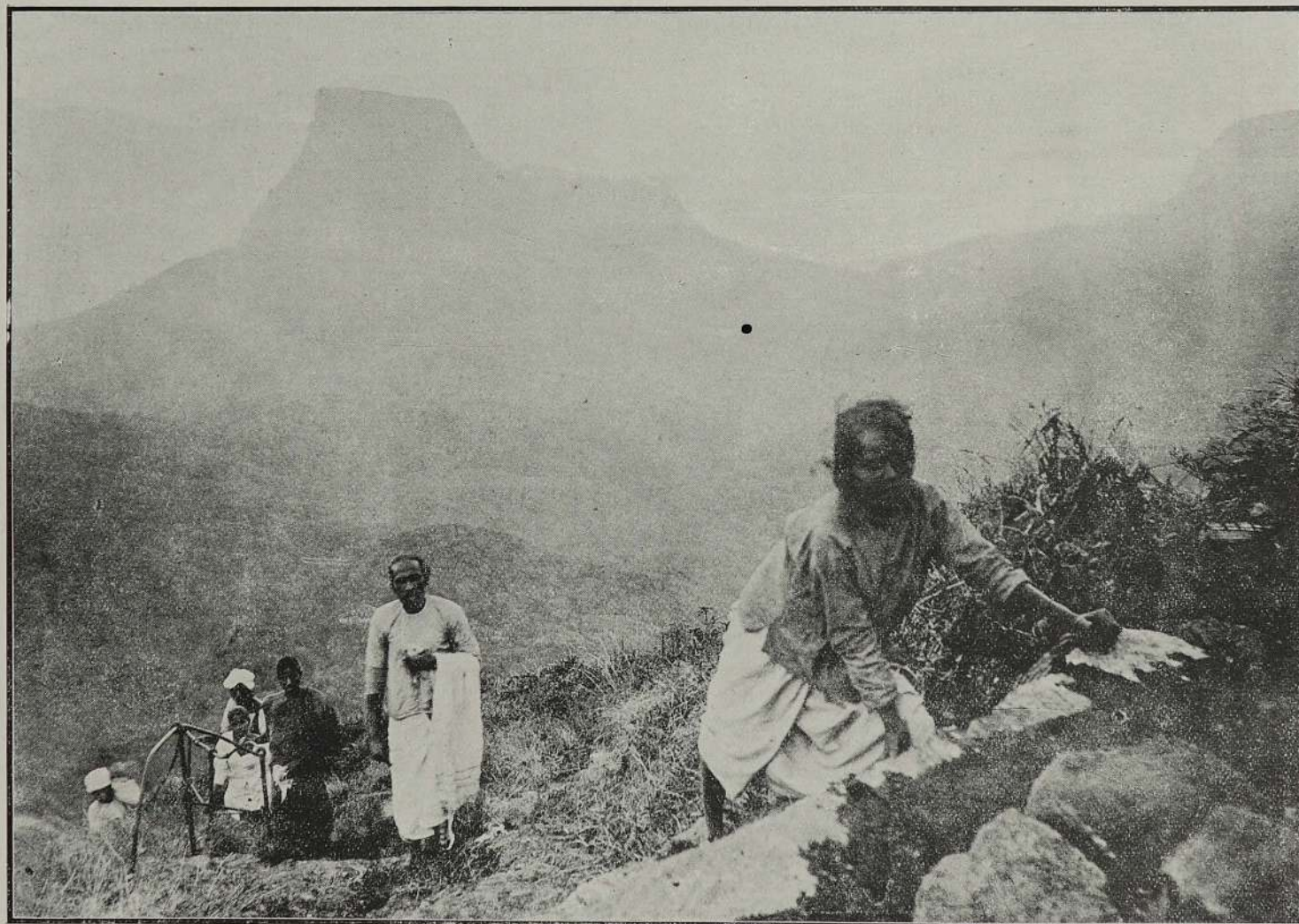
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HATTON railway station—an early morning in the month of April.

The red tail-light on the rear engine of the up-country mail vanishing in the distance, as the train,

handful of luggage, we take our way to the waiting car—to cover the first stage of the journey.

The route from Hatton to the Peak is a popular approach. A motorable road covers the first seventeen miles, and ends abruptly on Dalhousie Estate.



VIEW FROM SUMMIT OF ADAM'S PEAK: PILGRIMS COMPLETING THE ASCENT.

having dropped a large number of passengers, puffed its way up the steep gradient on its disciplined course.

There is an unusual stir and bustle—very unusual for this early hour. But then—it is the pilgrim season.

To reach the summit of Adam's Peak is a project we had for a long time nursed. So, collecting our

Here we join the pilgrim throng. It is the day before the full moon and they journey in great numbers—some returning, others on their way to the temple on the summit. Dalhousie is nearly at the foot of the Peak Range. We are so near, every feature of the rocky bell-shaped point is clearly visible. The files of white-clad pilgrims appear like strands

of ribbon fluttering down the steep sides of the cone. They picturesquely mark the two approaches—the one from the Maskeliya end, the other from Ratnapura—which are lower down lost in the dark, haunted, forest-clad gullies.

At the boundary of Dalhousie we leave the land of tea. The path crosses a mountain-ravine spanned by a wire suspension bridge and rises gradually till we reach the first ambalam erected for the use of the pilgrims. Nearby there is a large cave formed by a mass of overhanging rock.

If we refer to that wonderful chronicle of Ceylon's early history—the Mahawansa—we are told, concerning Kirti Nissanka, that "being moved thereto by faith this ruler of the land went up Samantakuta with four divisions of his army, and worshipped at the shrine."

Tradition tells that to mark this pilgrimage, the king buried a great treasure, including his regalia, beneath a boulder on the mountain-side. Accordingly, some suggest that this was the spot called the cave Nissangala Lena, while others say that the true Nissangala Lena is nearer the summit.

Leaving the rock behind, we enter the cool forest so shut in, that, with hardly any warning, the path emerges on to the bank of a stream. The Sitala Ganga is a holy river which takes its name from the icy coldness of its waters. Here the pilgrims must stop and bathe, purify themselves and put on clean white apparel before continuing the ascent to the Peak. It is firmly believed that if any one of these observances is neglected the merit gained by the pilgrimage is lost.

We linger here a little and turn up the shady valley through which the Sitala Ganga flows. The sloping banks are forested with weird trees, their gnarled trunks and forked branches festooned with long beards of white moss. The rocky ledges are carpeted with masses of pink begonias, and the river, as we hear it, gently murmurs as it flows over a series of cascades. Occasionally, there are deep glassy pools, as clear as crystal, where mysterious shadows linger even at noon. Here, some say, the Veddah Princesses of old were wont to bathe. The legend originates from the following passage in the Mahawansa: "Fleeing with speed they went from thence to Samantakuta. The brother, the elder of the two, when he grew up, took his sister, the younger, for his wife and, multiplying with sons and daughters, they dwelt with the King's leave in Malaya. (The central mountain regions of Ceylon.) From these are sprung the Pulinda (barbarians meaning Veddahs)."

Returning to the path we continue the ascent. Up . . . up . . . over a rough surface which has but recently been converted into a series of steps. They are so very irregular in height that, if anything, they make the climb more fatiguing. For some distance there is no special feature. The path leads through the gloomy forest, the very atmosphere of which is impregnated with a mysterious feeling of awe and sanctity.

We emerge from the gloom, at length, on to a rocky ledge, on one side of which a number of ambalams have been built. This rock, which marks out the base of the cone of the Peak, is called by the Tamils Usimallai and by the Buddhists Indi-katu-pana.

Resting awhile, as do the pilgrims, we may here look on at one of the little ceremonies which have

come down the misty ages. Indi-katu-pana means the needle rock. An early legend asserts that the Buddha, when on earth, sat on this spot mending his robe. Mara, the wicked tempter, noticing this, caused a flood to rush down the mountain side. To his wonderment, as the waters reached the spot where the Teacher sat, they parted and ran on either side of him. To mark this incident the pilgrims, as they pass up the Peak, make an offering of needle and thread. The needles are stuck into the soft bark of the few trees in the vicinity or are hurled down the giddy depths; the threads, in knotted masses, fill the crevices of the rock, while loose strands, carried thither by the wind, cob-web the branches of the shrubs, and the lamp-post opposite the ambalam.

The upward climb from Usimallai to the summit is the most difficult part of the whole journey; and sets of chains and series of iron railings and ladders help the climber along the side of the precipitous rock. A description of this route by a Moslem pilgrim, written many centuries ago, suggests that, at the foot of the pinnacle designated "the place of the gateway," were once iron pins on which chains were appended. There were ten chains in all, the last of which was called "the chain of the profession of faith," so named because a person who had reached it and looked back would be seized with panic, and for fear of falling, would recite the words "I bear witness that there is no God but God and Mohamet is his Prophet."

The rock on which the summit shrine is built, is enclosed by a low parapet wall with two openings to let in the pilgrims who come up the two approaches. This quadrangular enclosure is called the "Maluwa". We enter the "Maluwa" at one o'clock in the afternoon, having spent four hours in the actual climb. The enclosure is choked with pilgrims drawn from every race, caste, and creed; and of all ages. Amidst the grey-bearded patriarchs and doddering wizened dames are tiny infants who cling to their mothers. We see the lame, the halt and the blind. Some have spent days creeping up the inhospitable path; others, more fortunate, have been borne thither on the shoulders of stalwart relatives. Yet bodily weariness is all forgotten, and, in the midst of the appreciable din and confusion, above which ever and anon there rises the cry of "Sadu!" or "Arovra!", all gather round the object of common adoration, and, as did their forefathers of old, perform their respective ritual of prayer and praise.

Sir Emerson Tennent suggests that this sanctity, in all probability, dates back to the days of the aboriginals of Ceylon. The sublimities of nature, awakening the instincts of worship, impelled them to do homage to the mountain. Under the influence of such feelings, the aspect of this solitary alp, towering above the loftiest range and often shrouded in storm and thunder-clouds, converted awe into adoration. As various creeds developed, each in turn was drawn to claim some association with this sacred mountain: the primary object of veneration being an alleged foot-print.

Saman is believed by Buddhists and Hindu alike to be the tutelary divinity of the mountain range. The sacred Rhododendrons, which grow on the slopes, are dedicated to him and, in his honour, the butterfly takes the name of Samanalaya. The story is told, when large flights of them are seen going in one direction, that they are all making for the Peak, where

they go to dash themselves against the precipitous sides and to die!

The early Sinhalese legends impute that it was on Saman's special entreaty that the Buddha visited the Peak and there left his foot-print. The Mahawansa records the event as follows:—"When the Teacher, compassionate to the world, had preached the doctrine there (at Kelaniya) he rose and left the traces of his foot-step plain to sight on Samantakuta and, after he had spent the day as it pleased him on the side of the mountain with the brotherhood, he set forth to Digahavapi." (Turnour).

This tradition has become an article of faith.

A curious story is told as to how the sacred mark on the summit of the Peak was discovered. King Walagambahu, who ascended the throne a century before the Christian Era, was driven out of the capital by Malabar invaders, after he had reigned five months. For years he wandered a fugitive in the mountain fastnesses, living on herbs and fruit and by means of the chase. One day, while in a cave on the slopes of the Samanala mountains, he saw a deer in the distance. He stalked the animal to kill it. But, strangely, the deer kept just beyond his reach, slackening or increasing its pace, or stopping altogether, just exactly as the King did in his effort to approach it. They had reached the top of the mountain. Suddenly the deer vanished. Walagambahu hurried to the spot, and there discovered the mark. It was then revealed to the king that, in this strange manner, the guardian divinity made known to him the spot on which Buddha had left the impress of his sacred foot.

Another popular belief is that the true impression was left on a precious stone (menik-gala) produced for the purpose by Saman and that this relic lies buried beneath the large rock on the summit.

The exposed hollow is imputed to be an artificial print cut on the order of Kirti Nissanga, the first of the Sinhalese monarchs who undertook a pilgrimage to the Sri Pada.

The belief of the Hindu is based on the legend, that Siva, in one of his manifestations, retired to this mountain for the performance of certain devotional austerities, and that, on their conclusion, to commemorate his abode there, left the impress of his foot.

This memento of the presence of Siva on the spot came to be called, by the Hindu Sivaites, Sivanoli-padam (the sacred foot-print of Siva). The mountain was accordingly known to them as Swargarshan (the Ascent to Heaven). Holy Sanyasis still continue to search, as did their forerunners, for the plant "Sansevi", the tree of life and immortality, which was said to grow on the slopes of sacred mountains; but, nevertheless, these Hindu traditions are not universally accepted, for they are not contained in the Puranas. The beliefs probably date from the Solian invasion, A.D. 1025, when the Maya, of Mountain regions, were in the possession of the Hindu race.

The traditions which connect Adam with the sanctity of the Peak may be traced back to the fourth century. The belief was, no doubt, fostered by the wondrous tales of the Arab voyagers—"Not least in interest among the marvels told would be those

THE Standard Motor Stores,

67, Fourth Cross Street, Pettah,

COLOMBO.

Dealers in all kinds of Motor Accessories.

Carry Stocks of Firestone, Tyres, Goodyear Tyres, Dunlop Tyres, Continental Tyres, Michelin Tyres, Lamps, Horns, Bulbs, Oils, Greases, Hardware &c., &c.

and undertakers of all kinds of Electrical Repairs.

TRIAL SOLICITED.

PRICES MODERATE.

Phone: 2246.

The Ceylon Wharfage Co., Ltd.

Telephone Nos. 2190, 2191, 644 & 2526 Head Office: London.
Telegraphic Address:—SHOREWARD.

CLEARING, FORWARDING, BONDING, SHIPPING, AND MOTOR TRANSPORT DEPARTMENT.

Agents for: { Geo. W. Wheatley & Co., Ltd. London, Paris, &c.
Gerhard & Hey, Ltd. London Liverpool, &c.
Sewell & Crowther, London.
Anglo-Indian Carrying Co., Calcutta.
Draeger Shipping Co., Inc., New York, &c.
Claridge Holt & Co., London.
Harding & Co., London.

The Ceylon Wharfage Company is prepared to clear Goods, Passenger's Luggage, &c., through the Customs on receipt of Bill of Lading and Invoice or Memo of Contents with value, and

- I.—Forward them to any part of Colombo.
- II.—Deliver them at Railway Station for transmission Up-country.
- III.—Store them in their bonded warehouse to suit the convenience of owners.
- IV.—Place them in their transshipment warehouse for re-shipment on most favourable terms.

Agency One per cent. Charged on Invoice Value, Minimum Rs. 3'00.

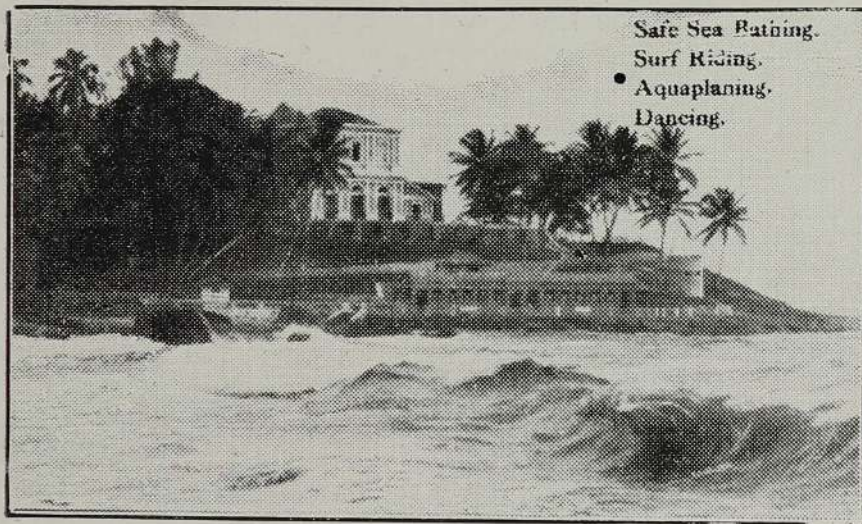
Parcels of any size or weight shipped at favourable rates to all parts of the world. Special terms can be arranged by the Manager with Mercantile Firms or others who may wish the Company to conduct their Clearing, Forwarding, Shipping, or Transport Work.

CEYLON WHARFAGE CO., LTD.,
COLOMBO.

W. Y. FLEMING,
Manager.

GRAND HOTEL MOUNT LAVINIA.

Mount Lavinia—the Biarritz of the East, offers at once to visitors, a charm and beauty of surroundings without equal in Ceylon.



SAFE SEA

BATHING

SURF RIDING

DANCING



FOR TARIFF

APPLY TO THE MANAGER.

respecting the mysterious relic on the summit of Al-Rohoun," so called from the Rohuna division of the Island in which the Peak is situated. The idea fixed itself on the mind of the Moslems "that the mountain of Serendib sprang from the site of Eden's garden and was that sacred spot whence Adam was permitted to take his last lingering look at the abodes of bliss from which he was for ever expelled." According to other traditions, it was the pinnacle on which he alighted when he was cast out of the Paradise of the seventh heaven, and where he remained standing on one foot until years of penitence and suffering had expiated his offence—so forming the foot-step.

The sacred relic, from which so many legends spring, is sheltered by a small quadrangular building called the "ranhil-ge", meaning the golden crowned house. It is bedecked with strands of cloth and flags offered by the pilgrims.

Below this temple are two bells, the constant clanging of which never fails to attract attention. The legend tells us that the bell proclaims the purity of the pilgrim, who clangs it as many times as he has made pilgrimages to the Peak, but that if it is rung by an unclean person, or a greater number of times than the ringer's record permits, the bell will refuse to sound.

We spend the night on the summit. The wonderful sunset, the everchanging panorama, defeat description, so, as our gaze rests on Bena-Samanala, we fall back on legend and tradition.

In the gathering shadows this mountain-top appears more plainly than ever to over-hang its base, leaning over in the direction of the foot-print. It is rigidly believed by many that it stoops and bows down in silent adoration.

The story goes that the summit of Bena-Samanala is demon-haunted and that no human being may reach it. The legend is told "that once a priest, confident in his sacred character, ascended so far that the light was observed which he had kindled at night beneath this over-hanging summit of the haunted mountain; but that the next day he returned a confirmed maniac, unable to give any account of what he had seen."

Through the moonlit night we keep awake. It is impossible to sleep. The din and confusion dies down only to be rekindled as fresh bands of pilgrims press into the enclosure; already uncomfortably crowded. Thus, resting, yet keeping vigil, the night wears on.

Day break—and all are alert. All eyes turn towards the rising sun which, in its dazzling brilliance, gives rise to the belief that it salutes the foot-print seven times by dipping below the horizon. Cries of "Sadu!" greet his appearance over a purple range of hills; then, hurriedly, all rush to the opposite side, where the mysterious shadow of the Peak awes the beholder.

We descended on the Ratnapura side, by the "Gilimale Para" as it is generally called. It is much more rugged and precipitous and the perils are apparently greater, for down the side of the cone there are many series of chains and iron railings to help the pilgrims along. At the base of the cone along this route, is Manik-lena, signifying "the cave of gems", and a little lower down the mountain-side Heramitipana. It is from this spot that the ascent is most diffi-

cult and the pilgrims usually get themselves a "herametiya" or staff to help them to climb. Hence the name given to this rock.

At Dharmaraja-gala there is a flight of steps said to have been cut by a King who himself made a pilgrimage to worship at the shrine. A legend suggests that these steps can never be counted correctly—possibly no attempt was ever made to do so, numbering as they do over a hundred.

Diyabetme stands on a level water-shed, where the ruins of a little bungalow may be seen to this day. It gives rise to modern legend which tells how it was built for the wife of a Governor—Sir Robert Brownrigg.

Nili-hela, the next ambalam, is perched on a narrow ledge of rock, which curves round a deep gorge. It is from an appealing legend concerning this cliff that the place takes its name. "Niliakka" was a young mother and she lived on this spot, in a small hut which was a never-failing refuge for travel-worn pilgrims. One day, having placed some clothes to dry on a hedge which grew on the brink of the precipice, she sent her little son to fetch them. In his effort to do so the boy climbed the bushy trees. His mother watched him from the door of the hut. Slowly the hedge leaned over with the added weight. It bowed towards the edge of the cliff. The mother saw the danger. Running forward she clasped the child to her heart. It was too late—the hedge still gave way. Locked in each other's arms they were hurled through space—down—down into the giddy depths below, where the waving tops of the great big forest trees hid them for ever from view.

As the pilgrims pass and repass over the heights of Nili-hela, this story is told. Leaning over the cliff they shout "Niliakka"! and from the apparently bottomless depths, there comes back the reply "Nili...akka.....liakka.....akka!" The lofty crags take up the cry, they throw it hither and thither until—in the end—it merges in a hum of fleeting sound.

She will ever answer says the legend! Undoubtedly, the spot has a wonderfully eerie echo.

Palabaddala, a little hamlet which is the highest inhabited spot on the route to the Peak, must, as a matter of course, enshroud itself with a mysterious story.

Long, long ago, a pilgrim to the Peak, who was very, very poor, took some leaves wrapped in a plantain leaf, to eat on the way up to the Sri-pada. Having arrived as far as this spot he was preparing to eat the food when he found that the leaves had, by a miracle, been turned into rice. Hence the name Pala-bat-dola.

A few miles lower down, and we arrive at the village called Gilimale. Literally translated it means "mountain swallowed up," and it possibly takes its name from the fact that the Peak of the Holy Foot-print is at this point hidden from view.

So here we fittingly leave the mystery mountain of Ceylon. Many more legends are associated with the solitary eminence, shrouding it in romance as do the morning mists. Some have gone beyond recall—new ones took their places. So will it ever be through the successive ages as the ceaseless pilgrimage continues.



"The Major"

The Man who Knows

That only pure *Golden Virginia Tobacco* wrapped in ribbed rice paper, with the water-mark name, is used in the manufacture of

Army Club

Cigarettes

50 for Rs. 1-65.

Sole Agents: LIPTON LTD. Colombo.



On The Ramparts

BY MARY E. GUNASEKARA.

THE Bibby Liner "Bedfordshire" was ploughing cheerily through the Indian Ocean. It had been an uneventful voyage, and she would be in Colombo Harbour in three more days. It was the off-season, and there were only a few passengers on board. The usual Bibby Boat crowd, Civil Servants, planters, and what not. The female of the species in inevitable preponderance. Some pink and prosperous infants with their more or less sea-sick, but flirtatiously-inclined "nannies". One or two brides, radiant and dainty, coming East for the first time. Joan Pennington was one of the most popular passengers. A charming, fresh-faced girl of twenty-five, she was coming out to Ceylon to marry Richard Osborne, a rising Civil Servant.

She was leaning back in her deck-chair, after a game of skittles, sipping an enormous glass of iced lemonade, and chatting with a planter's wife.

"And so you're going to Galle?" this latter—a jolly-looking girl, and the mother of two of the pink babies—was saying.

"Yes, and I do so want to hear all about it. What sort of a place is Galle? Dick has hardly been there at all, he tells me. He was at Kandy for three years, and before that at Jaffna, you see," said Joan.

"Why, I've only been to Galle once, myself," replied Mrs. Henderson, "it seemed a very old-world, sleepy sort of place. Rather a good Hotel, I remember. And there's a harbour, and some ramparts where one goes for walks. It was an old Dutch town, you know, and most of the buildings and things are Dutch. Oh! yes, and lots of Moorish people, and houses all closed up, because the ladies are in the Purdah, and so on", she added rather vaguely.

"Is it Galle that you're so lucidly describing?" inquired her husband, a typical planter, burly of frame, perspiring of face, as he flopped into a chair, "Well, Miss Pennington, it's really a most interesting old town. But as for living there, I'm afraid you may find it more than a bit dull. However, Osborne will be sure to be transferred to Colombo before long. By the way, there's an old gentleman from Galle, who joined the boat at Port Said. Perhaps you'd like to meet him?"

Joan was delighted at the idea of meeting someone who hailed from the town where she and her husband were to spend at least the next year or two of their lives, and eagerly accepted the offer.

The gentleman from Galle proved to be an elderly Sinhalese land-owner. A dignified and charming personality, one of the old school. He was a veritable mine of information on the subject of Galle. Its history, its position, its

tory and vicissitudes, and Joan spent some interesting hours in his company. She became quite fond of the old man, with his courtly manners, and he, in turn appreciated the frank kindness of the simple-hearted English girl.

On the last evening on board, Joan was surprised by his asking her to grant him a favour.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Wickramanayake," she said, stumbling a little over the unfamiliar name, "But we'll be seeing you in Galle I hope? I want to meet your wife and daughters."

"No, Miss Pennington, I do not think we shall meet," said the old man, gently, "Our paths are not likely to cross. Your husband will be the District Judge . . . one of the big men of the place. And I . . . I'm only a plain countryman! You will not mix with us, socially, and perhaps . . . it is better so." The old man paused, and passed his hand wearily over his forehead.

"But the favour—you will grant me, this one favour?" he went on. "It is this. Promise me you will not walk alone on the Ramparts, in the evening. Will you give me this promise, Miss Pennington?"

Joan gave a merry laugh. "Why, Mr. Wickramanayake," she said, "Do you think someone would try to abduct me, or are you afraid I'll fall over the Ramparts, or what?"

But the old Sinhalese did not laugh.

"Not so", he answered gravely. But our old Island is an ancient, in some ways, a strange land. In an old town like Galle, there is much that is mysterious. It is not good that you should run risks."

"Oh, do please explain, Mr. Wickramanayake," begged Joan, "What can you mean? Are there ghosts on the Ramparts? Well, do you know, I've always longed to see a real ghost! But why would it be worse for me to see them, than for—my husband? Or don't the Galle ghosts appear to mere men?"

"Ah, I cannot tell, I cannot tell," said the old man, "but—there are stories, . . . traditions. Your bungalow . . . the Judge's bungalow, is situated on the Ramparts, as I told you. It is a lonely spot. However, I do not wish to alarm you. I only beg you not to wander alone on the Ramparts after dark. Remember an old man's warning."

Joan felt slightly chilled; it was as though some premonition of coming trouble stirred in her.

"I wonder what the old dear meant?" she thought, as she went to bed that night, "I don't suppose there's anything at all in it." She looked round

the cabin, littered with the paraphernalia of the next morning's early departure. Tomorrow would bring Colombo and . . . Dick.

But the impression was made, nevertheless.

A few weeks later, the Osbornes were settled in the Judge's bungalow at Galle. Joan had been enchanted with her first sight of Ceylon. The three weeks honeymoon at Nuwara Eliya had been wonderful, and she had come down to Galle full of enthusiasm.

But now that the novelty was wearing off, she was beginning to find life in a Ceylon country-town outstation somewhat of a disappointment.

Her husband was at work at the Law-Court most of the day, and, when he returned in the afternoon, there was barely time for him to change and take Joan to the Club for a game of tennis. It so happened that there were very few young Europeans in Galle just then, and, though Joan had had several callers, there were hardly any to whom she felt attracted.

The Judge's bungalow, a huge and gloomy-looking house, dating from the Dutch days, was damp and cheerless, and remained disconcertingly barn-like, in spite of the efforts of its new mistress to make it home-like.

The weather was damp and oppressive. Every afternoon great banks of clouds were massed up, and there were occasional wild gusts of rain . . . forerunners of the over-due monsoon.

Joan and her husband were standing in their compound, only by courtesy could it be called a garden, since not even the hardiest of flowers could survive long in that sandy soil. It was a stormy evening, in early October.

A few yards of scrubby grass-grown ground separated their compound from the sea-wall, against which, far below, the sullen waves were dashing with a dull booming sound.

The wind sighed and moaned, and numberless bats came from their hiding-places as the short, tropical twilight closed in, and wheeled around.

Why is it that bats give such an indescribable sense of dreaminess to a scene? Joan shivered slightly.

"Feeling dull, my darling?" asked her husband. "Well it's not a very cheery scene, is it? What a god-forsaken place it is, to be sure. Let's go indoors, and have a peg."

But Joan still lingered in the rapidly failing light.

"Dick", she said, "do you see that sort of mound out there, on the Ramparts, just beyond our garden wall?"

"Yes, I see it. What about it?"

"Oh! Dick, it looks so much like a grave. I never noticed it particularly till this evening. But somehow I feel sure it's a grave, . . . and . . . oh, I hate that mound, Dick!"

"My dearest girl," said her husband in real concern, "I do hope you're not getting morbid. I don't suppose for a moment it is a grave. The Ramparts are full of rough rocks, and heaps of earth, and mounds and things, that might easily be mistaken for graves. But, even supposing that it is a grave, dear, what is the harm? Some long dead-and-gone Dutch soldier, perhaps. You're surely not superstitious!"

"No, no, Dick, I don't think I am. But that grave—I'm sure it is a grave—has such a sinister sort of look. I'm sure some wicked person was buried there!"

Dick Osborne put his arm round his wife, and drew her towards the bungalow.

"I don't want you to get the blues, my darling," he said, "It's this beastly monsoonish weather that's upsetting you."

But Joan could not get the thought of that lonely mound out of her head.

That night she could not sleep. The wind howled around the bungalow, and the windows rattled and shook at every gust. From somewhere in the distance came the long-drawn howling of a dog. She did not want to disturb Dick, who, long inured to tropical conditions, slept peacefully the sleep, if not of the just, at least of the purveyor of justice.

The clock on the Rampart Tower struck twelve. It seemed to Joan that she had been lying there for countless hours. Indeed, in Galle, as in most tropical stations, early hours are the rule, and by nine or ten o'clock few lights are to be seen.

At last she could stand it no longer. She felt an irresistible impulse to see that mysterious mound again. The moon was almost at the full, and now and again, as the clouds drifted, everything became illuminated by the weirdly brilliant moonlight of the tropics, bright as the day for a few moments, and then as swiftly obscured, as the clouds closed again.

Joan went softly to the verandah window, from whence a view of the Ramparts, and beyond, the sea, could be obtained.

Yes, there was the mound, clearly to be discerned.

Joan gazed at it fascinated. Was it fancy, or was it some strange effect of the shadow of the clouds? It seemed to the over-strung girl that she could distinguish a figure lying on the top of the mound, a form dim and shadowy. She felt that, in some mysterious way, that shadowy form was summoning her, some force impelling her to it.

She felt no fear, only a great longing to see that dim figure, to look in its eyes . . . to learn its secret.

Just then the moon became obscured by the scudding clouds, and the rain which had been threatening all the evening hurled itself against the windows in a burst of fury.

With a moan the girl crept back to bed, and fell asleep, to dream of strange and evil things, of hands that beckoned, always beckoned to her, of red lips that smiled, of a soft voice that whispered. . . . She woke to find the sun shining and the sky blue. Dick had already gone across the Ramparts and down to the sea for his bathe, and thither she followed him, pausing to look at the mound on her way.

On close inspection, it proved to be a roughly piled heap of earth, grown over with the coarse grass of the Ramparts. It was about six feet in length, and even in the bright morning light seemed to Joan to have the unmistakable appearance of a grave.

Stooping over it a little, she saw something that sickened her, lying adjacent to the mound, and at

what would be the head of the grave, there was a little pool of blood, and the grass around was stained with it.

"Perhaps some cat caught a bird, and killed and ate it, here" said Joan to herself. But she shivered, as she turned away, and she did not speak of the matter to Dick.

From that time, the lonely mound became almost an obsession with Joan. Day by day she felt herself irresistibly drawn towards it. Night by night she would creep noiselessly from her bed and spend hours at the window, gazing at it. And always she seemed to see that shadowy figure, those dim, beckoning hands.

Her health began to suffer, and Dick to fear that she was one of the English girls to whom life in the tropics was an impossibility. It grieved him to see little Joan with her white face, and the shadows under her pretty eyes.

The weeks dragged on slowly. At Christmas, there would be leave, and he planned to take her to Kandy for ten days' holiday.

It was the middle of December. Another moonlight night. As was her custom now, Joan rose from bed, and throwing on a light wrap, stationed herself at the verandah window to gaze at the mound.

How gorgeous the moonlight was to-night. The fury of the Monsoon had passed, and the sky was calm. She thought of Rupert Brooke's beautiful lines

"All the earth grows fire,
White lips of desire
Brushing cool on the forehead, croon slum-
brous things.
Earth fades;"

And, as she stood there bathed in the moonlight, it seemed to the girl that a voice murmured in her ear; "The time has come," it said, and Joan felt no sense of fear, but rather joyousness . . . fulfilment.

Softly, softly she opened the outer door, crept across the sandy compound. Out through the gate in the wall she glided, a little wan, white figure; out to the mound on the Ramparts.

The bats were swooping in undulating circles, encompassing her, a sinister cloud of witnesses. But Joan did not see them; she saw only the mound, and on it, distinct in the moonlight, something lying, a pale shape, draped in a shadowy white garment, which flowed back from the rounded arms; hands which beckoned; a dim white face, with red, red lips which smiled. Ah, dear God, what a smile! I think it is with such a smile that the devils in hell welcome lost souls.

And a soft voice, honey sweet, like the tinkling of glass, whispered: "At last, at last! Little sister of my heart, I have waited so long for you. And now, now the weary waiting is over, and you have come to me, as I knew you would come. And you shall be even as I am, little sister, one of the never-dead! Ah, come, come, to my arms which wait!"... And Joan crept nearer, nearer to those beckoning

hands, those wicked, smiling, blood-red lips, nearer to the grave of . . . the Vampire!

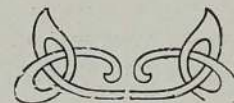
They found her lying there, in the dim dusk, just before the sun rose, next morning. She had been lying in the damp for hours, and at first they thought she was dead, so white, so wan, she was, as they carried her into the bungalow.

But Joan did not die. Loving care and attention brought her back, after a long and serious illness. She could give no coherent account of what had happened on that terrible night.

She only remembered standing at the verandah window in the moonlight; all the rest was a blank, mercifully. They supposed that she had fallen asleep there, and, walking in her sleep, had wandered out on to the Ramparts, and fainted.

But it was very long before Joan recovered, and she was a mere shadow of her bright self, when she embarked for England, with her husband, the following March. For Dick had resigned his post in the Civil Service, as the doctors were of the opinion that Joan would never again be fit to live in a tropical climate.

. Is that the end of the story of the lonely mound on the Ramparts, or is it only . . . the beginning?



H. W. Caslon & Co.
LIMITED
TYPEFOUNDERS
MANUFACTURERS OF PRINTING
MATERIALS, MACHINERY

*Caslon Types excel
in originality of
design, character
quality, and value*

Every Requisite for the Printer

AGENTS FOR CEYLON:
H. W. CAVE & CO.
COLOMBO.

• *Head Offices: 82 Chiswell St., London, E.C.1*

Set in Caslon Nicolas Cochin Series, with 6-pt. Border No. 51



Many Waters

BY MRS. A. S. BOBBY.

THE lives of the Kelani valley dwellers must always have in them an element of uncertainty unfelt by us in our more solid dwellings. To them, at any time, a "flood-tide of disaster" may drown the careful labour of the year and the rising flood sweep away in its wet embrace dwellings, crops and paddy fields. Flood schemes have done much to alleviate matters but here, as elsewhere, Mother Nature takes a peculiar pleasure in thwarting "the best laid schemes of mice and men"; and even an enterprising Government is not proof against her sudden swift rebellions—her disastrous upsets.

During the recent floods an errand of mercy was undertaken by the Ladies of the Ceylon Social Service League and I was asked to join them in their distribution of rice and curry stuffs to a little group of marooned villagers.

Cars took us the first 20 miles and then we were told we should continue our journey by "Government Barge". Swiftly to my mind rose visions of all the stately pageantry of the water. The King's Barge and its gallant watermen sailing the broad waters of the Thames; Greek Frigates and Venetian Gondolas and I alighted from the car blithely humming the "Volga Boat Song". Alas! for dreams. How often the ice-cold breath of fact sends frail Fancy shivering away. My eager eyes fell on nothing more romantic than—two planks nailed rather crazily across a swaying raft, two empty packing cases for seats, two knarled and grizzled "watermen" crouching down over their oars. "Government Barge" proclaimed our guide and, nothing daunted, the sari-clad ladies stepped lightly on board and, surrounded by bags of rice, dried fish and curry stuffs, we sailed to the rescue.

By now "Fancy" had returned, for though, quick as a cat to fly dogged reality, as swiftly does she return and mew round till you give her house room in your heart. This time she insisted we were discoverers of a new world, a mixture of Robinson Crusoe, Christopher Columbus and Captain Scott—with a touch of Noah and his ark thrown in. Everywhere the world was made anew by water. Around us on all sides its blue stretch concealed green paddy fields, high hedges, small trees and kadjan dwellings. Now and then a tree poked up a protesting head, the roof of a hut bewailed its fate and twigs and branches crackled protests at us as we sailed by.

So we sailed on till eventually we reached our destination—a school-room raised some feet above flood-level, where families, some hundreds strong, had taken swift refuge. After some agile balancing on mud-splashed planks that oozed ominously at every step, we climbed to safety and soon were seated with bags of rice before us ready to begin the distribution. "Fancy" now was well content for she had much to occupy herself with in the motely crowd assembled

before her. Old men, shrivelled and bent; old women crouching under the weight of years; young men with flowing hair and scanty garments; young women merry-looking and brightly clad; young women anxious-looking with tightly clasped babies and everywhere children peeping between their elders, running boldly out to stare or looking with unabashed longing at the tempting food-stuffs. Everywhere dark eyes were fixed on us and "Fancy" stirred. There is an indescribable thrill in the meeting of human eyes—eyes that look at you from strange faces; eyes that are everlasting witnesses of a common humanity, of the "unity in diversity", "windows" of souls that would otherwise be closed to you.

Now "Fancy" sat back and let "Fact" take her rightful place. And "Fact" was busy with the mathematical problem of dividing her stores in due proportion amongst the multitude. For each adult a full measure, for each child a half measure and now it was surprising the numbers of off-spring with which each householder found himself blessed. It needed all the official facts of the "Register" and the local witticisms of the village "wag", who kept up a running fire of comment to the joy of the villagers and the amusement of "Fancy" (to whom all languages are as one) to keep the "family" within reasonable bounds. First came forward the "oldest inhabitant", a bent and aged creature who claimed to protect beneath his flood-drowned roof 20 adults and 10 small children. When the Register had diminished his estimate to more likely proportions he was rewarded for his industry by a full basket of rice, fish and curry stuffs. Followed in turn the rest, the elders first with their ripe records (into which "Fancy" usually managed to implant a child or two of her own), the younger men with their more modest claims, the younger women, child-surrounded and lastly the proud eldest brother or sister, acting-parent of a little flock of smaller folk.

Some came prepared with baskets and bags, some unhesitatingly pulled off well-oiled head dresses to receive their bounty, while others were content to hold out a fold of their clothing for the filling.

At last, somewhat weary with stooping over the sacks, a little dizzied by the smell of dried fish and damp, crowded humanity, slightly deafened by the chatterings of the "rescued", the shrill laughs or sudden wails of the children, we found our task was done, the sacks emptied, the multitude fed and we straightened up and returned oozily to our waiting barge. Around us stretched the all-enveloping waters, behind us stood the bright-eyed crowd smilingly watching our progress, and well pleased. "Fancy" taking her last flight before sinking down to her night's rest, murmured "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

Barry Makes Good

BY
H. M. B.

BARRY'S mistress and her brother's V. A. sat on the lawn and waited for the tea-tray. James Reeson, as became a hard-working planter, had not returned yet from "the field."

"Be particularly nice to the old bird if he comes, Sis," he had said before going out, "I want to touch him for a rise."

So Miss Reeson was doing her best to be nice, which was not difficult, for the "old bird" was a real good sort—as V. A.'s go. He had been due to lunch with them and to stay the night, but for reasons of his own he only arrived at five o'clock, after Miss Reeson, thinking that he would not come that day after all, had decided to have a ride.

Thus it happened that when the V. A. came he found the girl habited and booted—sitting on the garden seat, awaiting a cup of tea and the intimation that her mare was ready.

The V. A. had greeted his hostess and sat down beside her.

"Going out for a ride, my dear young lady?" he asked. "That's right—that's right! Nothing like a ride for rosy cheeks, eh?"

"Jimmy 'll soon be here, Mr. Fielding," she said, "I was going to wait till he came to have tea, but we won't wait now." She signed to a passing podian to bring it. "Yes, I meant to have a little gallop and give Barry a run too. He and my pony are eating their heads off and running to fat!"

"Don't let me keep you—when you are ready to start. Halo, old man!"

Barry, the girl's great wolf-dog, had hooked his paws over the back of the seat between them and demanded a share in the conversation. The V. A. stroked his head and got a friendly lick in return.

"You still determined not to let me have him, Miss Reason?" he asked playfully.

Every time he visited he asked his superintendent's pretty sister the same question and got the same reply.

"Yes!" laughed the girl looking over her shoulder at the huge silver-grey Alsatian, who, with an indelicate expanse of tongue hanging from between a double row of teeth that would have done justice to a timber wolf, was trying to attract attention to himself. "What would I do without my Barry?"

Barry, in acknowledgment, laid a pad like a leg of mutton on the brim of her riding hat and knocked it off.

"You naughty boy!" she cried, replacing it, "I think I'd really be better off without you after all!"

Barry licked her chin apologetically and gurgled. "You should hear him trying to talk, Mr. Fielding. Barry-boy, whose lad are you?"

"Oo—oo—oo!" said Barry.

"You're a naughty boy, aren't you?"

Barry arched his neck and looked knowingly. The V. A. was ready to swear that he winked at him.

"Are you a **good** boy, then?"

"Oo—oo—oo—oo!"

"I've grave doubts on the point! Still, let it pass! Now, whisper in my ear, laddie."

Barry's nose burrowed under the brim of her hat and knocked it off again.

"I declare the feller's almost human!" exclaimed the V. A. admiringly while Barry smiled happily and Miss Reeson readjusted her abused head gear. "I will tell you what, my dear young lady", he went on archly, "I—I'll double my last offer. Six hundred rupees for Barry!"

Miss Reeson knew he did not mean it, but she shook her head and laughed.

"I wouldn't part with him for a thousand," she replied, looking fondly at the affectionate doggy face so near her own.

"What, wouldn't part with him for a thousand? Hoots". The V. A. assumed an air of paternal jocularity, "I will bet—" he began, stretching out his arm to lay a fatherly hand on the girl's shoulder, but his sentence got no further. Sheer amazement silenced him, for Barry, with all sign of smile gone, closed his jaws quietly but firmly on his wrist, over the back of the seat. No one, however friendly, should lay a hand on his beloved mistress with him there to prevent it.

"What the dev—, let go, sir!"

Startled, the V. A. tried to pull his hand away, but Barry's grip, though as gentle as if a fold of velvet lay between his teeth and the imprisoned wrist, was one of steel. He looked at his mistress as though for instructions.

The blood had fled from Miss Reeson's face—her eyes dilated with horror. She did not know that Barry was merely holding the wrist, nor his motive for it; nor that his Police Dog ancestors had bequeathed him the power to do such things painlessly. She was only aware that her dog was biting a guest—of that guest's professional importance she did not think.

This, then, was what people meant when they spoke of Alsatis being treacherous. Barry had

been so friendly with the V.A. a second earlier and now he was attacking him. The moment she had subconsciously dreaded ever since she got the so-called wolf-dog had arrived.

"Keep still, Mr. Fielding," she said in a tense, hurried whisper. "Please!" Then she turned steady eyes on Barry.

"What d'you 'mean' sir? Let go at once!" At the stern, authoritative tone, Barry unlocked his jaws, drew his head back and looked puzzled. Surely he had done right? His obedience was instantaneous—yet his mistress looked angry. Why? It was a queer world, this, for a dog. He had only taken a natural step to prevent somebody else's hand from touching her and she was unmistakably incensed. The steely glint which he associated with misdemeanours on his part, was in her eyes, but he was unconscious of any at the moment to merit it.

The girl raised her riding whip, a flimsy little affair of whalebone and silver, but possessing a sting like a scorpion, and brought it down twice, sharply, across his wondering face.

"Take that, sir!"

The first cut surprised him and he did not flinch—the second stung him unbearably, for he realised that he was being punished—and for an unknown crime. Before a third blow fell he snatched his paws away from over the back of the seat and sprang away with a whimper of pain.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Fielding," gasped the girl, her face pale with terror. "Let me look."

"Oh, he didn't hurt me at all, Miss Reeson!" said the V.A. kindly, noting her distress. "Really he didn't. I was only taken aback for a moment."

She took the old man's hand and examined the wrist carefully. Not a tooth mark showed on the sunburnt skin and she drew a breath of relief. Only now did she have the time to remember the fact that he was the V. A.—an awkward person for a planter's relative to offend! She recalled her brother's words:

"Be particularly nice to he old bird, Sis, I want to touch him for a rise."

And now Barry had done this.

"He must have understood—what you said—about buying him!" She said with a pitiful attempt at levity, when the Big Man assured her again that he was unhurt.

"Perhaps he did, the young rascal!" They glanced at Barry, who, with a mournful face sat beyond reach of the riding whip and meditated on human inconsistency. That *his* god should behave like an ordinary being! Why, such an act was just what he might have expected from the other human who shared her house—which was how he thought of Reeson.

"It's more probable he resented my touching you" laughed the V. A. good naturedly. "Some dogs are like that—besides, such a consideration would be in his Police Dog blood—you shouldn't have hit him, though—it'll only serve to make him remember it."

"I sincerely hope it will! He doesn't like even my brother to touch me, but he's never snapped at him yet. If he did such a thing to Jimmy he'd thrash half his life out of him."

"It's natural in his breed. They are exceedingly faithful pals."

"Jimmy doesn't look at it like that. If I speak sharply to a servant Barry bristles and glares too, which even Jimmy thought was a good thing. But—oh! I hope he won't start biting. I shan't be able to keep him if he does."

"I don't think he meant to bite—he could have given a nasty bite if he'd wanted to. He only 'arrested' me in obedience to his instinct. I didn't even feel his teeth except when I tried to pull my hand away. I don't think you need fear that he'll turn out a wanton biter—with careful training he should be a valuable, trustworthy, watch dog."

"It's awfully good of you to take it like that," said the girl gratefully. "It isn't everyone who would."

"Oh! I understand his mentality—that's all. Now, you might let him know he's forgiven."

The tea tray lay neglected. Miss Reeson's heart was beginning to feel sore at the remembrance of the punishment she had administered to her pet. Barry sadly watched developments from a distance. Suddenly he realised that his god was speaking to him.

"Barry—boy!"

But that riding whip was still in her hand. Barry looked pointedly at it and slowly wagged his tail; whereupon she dropped it and held out her hand.

"Come here, lad!"

With a bound the great dog covered space. Gone was the memory of the two cruel blows which, though not penetrating below his fur, had seared their way down to his very heart, because he deemed them undeserved. He only knew that his god, who had been angry with him, was angry no longer.

He heaved half his bulk on to the girl's lap and buried his forehead and nose in her habit, quivering all over his body.

"It couldn't be helped boy," she said, with an arm round him, "you should never have done such a thing. I had to beat you to make you good! Now shake hands with Mr. Fielding and beg his pardon."

Barry was solemnly concluding this ceremony when Reeson strode across the lawn.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked after greeting his V. A., with a glance at his sister's face still chalk-white after her fright. He listened to the tale in ominous silence.

"Is that what you're cuddling the worthless cuss for?" he demanded angrily when it was finished. "He's going to get something now that has been long overdue!"

He seized the riding whip and stretched out a fierce hand for Barry's collar. Miss Reeson flung herself protectingly on the animal.

"Leave him alone, Jimmy, I've punished him already."

"I know what your punishments are worth. He's got to get a good hiding. Let go."

No."

"Stop it, Reeson!" interposed the V. A. "There's no need to rub it in; and if you did beat him now he wouldn't know why it was. As a matter of fact you should be proud of him!"

"Proud of him!" Reeson reluctantly withdrew his hand. "The spoilt brute! I'm always in a blue funk that he and his wolf-blood will land us in some serious trouble."

"It's not wolf-blood, but irresponsible mortals like you that have given Alsations such a bad name. A high-spirited dog like him would have been quite justified in turning on you, if you whipped him now," said the V. A.

"He'd better attempt it!" retorted Reeson. "You won't be able to keep him much longer, that's one thing certain."

He nodded to his sister and changed the subject.

After tea, Reeson put his sister into the saddle with a muttered brotherly growl:

"If I get the sack, its your precious Barry I'll have to thank for it!"

As Miss Reeson cantered down the estate road, with the Alsatian racing her mare, the words troubled her ears, till her depression was somewhat dissipated by the exhilaration of rapid movement.

It was dusk when the rather jaded horse, hound, and rider, slowly approached the factory on their way back to the bungalow. Something strange about the building impelled the girl to pull up and flash the electric torch she drew from her pocket, along the lines of windows.

Yes, a window upstairs was open—though, as she was aware, there was no work going on that night. Something overturned inside with a crash—a glow of light showed for a moment. . . . What should she do?

While she debated the point the wandering beam of her torch rested again on the open window, and the live end of a cigar, set in a white, down-bent face, was revealed in the illuminating disc. At the same moment she sensed a shadowy figure at her mare's head.

"That you, Miss Reeson?" The V. A.'s voice floated down, scattering the eerie feeling which the discovery of the open window had induced, for there had been many mysterious thefts at the factory recently and a village "habitual," just out of gaol, was suspected of them. Besides, she was abroad later than usual.

"Yes," she called back. "is anything wrong?"

"I don't think so. We're hunting for burglars."

"Burglars?—at this hour? It's not seven yet!"

"Not *my* fault! The watcher heard a spook or something and came up to the bungalow to tell us. Your brother's searching the rollers and sirocco at present." The laconic voice was frankly sceptical. "But come along inside and walk back with us. Your horse-keeper's somewhere about; we brought him and some others to help secure the thief."

"He's here—but what about the burglar?"

"Oh, we'll see that he doesn't get you; we've got guns!"

The girl laughed.

"I'll be up in a moment."

There followed a light thud on the ground, as she slid from the saddle, and the lusty patting of a horse's neck. The syce lit a lantern and handed it to her, and led the mare away. Reeson joined her and they went upstairs, followed by Barry, and two coolies with another lantern.

"No burglar anywhere there," reported Reeson. "We'll just squint round the other two lofts again. You wait here with Mr. Fielding, Sis."

"Was this floor examined properly?" asked the girl.

"It was gone through with a fine-toothed comb," said the V. A. "Get on with it then, Reeson, if you must."

Reeson and the coolies disappeared up a flight of steps. Enclosing three sides of the square opening at the first-floor landing was a convenient rail, on which the V.A. and Miss Reeson leant their elbows looking down on the silent machinery below. A large number of withering-tats had been dismantled for repairs, creating an airy space before them. Behind, along the glazed weather-boarding, where the open window which had attracted the girl's attention was situated, stood two rolls of jute hessian for renewing the tats; and the old tats themselves lay piled nearly, just as the carpenters had left them after work. Alongside the hessian, several dozens of topless and bottomless tea chests—the four side-hooks nailed together and placed diagonally above each other, to air—towered like enormous pillars. A three-foot passage lay between the wall and the landing rail on the side.

Barry nosed about among the tats.

"Jimmy's often had false alarms of burglars in the factory," said the girl, "but he's never found one yet."

"I don't think he'll find one to-day. The place was being locked up when I passed, which was quite early, and unless someone was hiding inside it then he couldn't have got in undetected afterwards. It was still quite light when the watcher came with his tale of having heard a sound inside."

"All the same *someone* is stealing tea, and it is worrying Jimmy. It's not anyone in the factory,—he's sure of that."

"He was telling me about it," said the V.A. gravely. "Also that he had fined the watcher for it—which, no doubt, is the cause of this wild-goose chase."

"Perhaps the watcher wanted to impress the Agent-Dorai and show him what a good man he is! But there's something there, Mr. Fielding."

Barry had whined excitedly. Miss Reeson turned and flashed her torch about among the hessian scraps.

"A rat probably—yes, there he is! Just hold the lantern up, Miss Reeson. I'll pot him."

The V.A.'s years fell away from him at the prospect of some sport. Miss Reeson gingerly carried out her part, having pocketed her torch and wrapped her habit about her. The rat vanished round an unopened keg of nails and needed some judicious stimulation to show itself; then the V.A.'s revolver spoke deafeningly, causing Barry, who had been busy in quite another direction, to spring nervously into the air.

The rat crept back behind the little keg, leaving a crimson trail, and the V.A., his dignity forgotten, hunted it like an eager school boy.

"Hullo!" shouted Reeson, peering over the upper landing. "What's the matter?"

"Only a rat, Jimmy," replied his sister. "Mr. Fielding shot it. What are you laughing at?"

Reeson had doubled over the rail with merriment.

"I might have known it was a rat," he grinned, "from the way you're hugging your petticoats!"

The girl hastily dropped the handful of skirt she held.

"A riding-habit is *not* a petticoat," she retorted with dignity. "Have you found your burglar?"

"Nary a one. I'll just look round the top loft and then we'll go home." He disappeared again.

The V. A. hunted his rat, but Barry would not help him, though urged to leave the skeleton tea chests and search under the hessian. He disobeyed his mistress so determinedly that eventually she went to see what interested him; she flashed her torch for a moment and then sprang back to the V. A.'s side.

"Mr. Fielding," she whispered, "there's a man there—between that nest of boxes in the corner and the roll of hessian. Call Jimmy."

But Barry's powerful scrabbling precipitated matters. The corner pillar of boxes tottered, swayed and tumbled, and from the litter sprang a man in the absolute minimum of clothing. The V.A.'s revolver was in his pocket, and, hampered as he was by the fallen boxes, his clutching hands slipped impotently on the oiled body which fled by. It looked as if he would gain the stairs and escape, but Barry raced round the landing rail.

What instinct prompted him? As the intruder slid round one end of the rail Barry slid round the other—his body sped through the air like a projectile—met the fugitive fair and square in the chest and laid him flat on his back. Then, without any attempt at biting him, he removed his paws from his prostrate victim and turned away, locking bored. Again his breeding told.

"Endiril!" snapped the V.A., revolver in hand. The man obeyed. He backed towards the wall, his hands groping behind him.

"Now, my son," the V. A. spoke in English, if you move so much as the tip of your *kudumbi*, you now what to expect."

The hefty, crop-haired Sinhalese had no *kudumbi*, but that mattered nothing. The V.A.'s revolver covered him as he raised his voice; for Reeson, two storeys higher up, had evidently heard nothing. The girl pressed herself and Barry against the rail. An object slid to the burglar's right palm with practised ease, from his waiststring behind. . . .

"Reeson—Reeson—come here, we've got him!"

Directing the shout upwards, for a second the V.A.'s eyes strayed upwards too.

There was a scuffle—a shot. The burglar had struck the revolver up and was grappling with the old planter, who was full in the man's line of flight. The unarmed girl stood petrified.

"Look out, Mr. Fielding," she cried sharply, "he's got a knife: oh! go for him, Barry—at him!"

A blade flashed by the V. A.'s shoulder, grazed his neck, then rattled harmlessly on the floor.

Barry had obeyed.

For the second time that day the Alsatian had grasped a wrist. And he retained that grasp till Reeson and the coolies had overpowered its owner.

"Old man," said Reeson condescendingly that night, at a belated dinner, "you really didn't do badly for a first attempt. I didn't think you had it in you!"

Barry forgivingly accepted a proffered scrap of bread with a huge paw on Reeson's shoulder.

"Do badly, indeed!" cried the V.A. "But for him my number would have been up."

"I can't get over your unconsciously standing such a long time within arm's length of that burglar," shuddered Miss Reeson, "before Barry and I joined you, I mean."

"He wouldn't have stirred if he hadn't been discovered: it was only when he found himself at bay—so to speak—that his knife came into action. But—I apologize most humbly for the unpleasant experience *you* have had, Miss Reeson. I am exceedingly sorry—"

"That's alright, Mr. Fielding. If I hadn't been there Barry wouldn't have either, and Pina would have got away with some more tea. But—you said that floor had been searched—what made everybody overlook such an obvious place of concealment?"

"Its very obviousness, I expect," said Reeson. "Neither of us really believed the watcher's tale, though I thought it best to have a look round. It seemed so incredible that anyone would have the brass to go 'burgling' so early. But for the rat perhaps—"

"Not at all," interrupted the V.A. "It was entirely Barry's discovery. He wasn't a bit interested in the rat—we thought he was hunting it, but all the time he was smelling that feller between the hessian and the boxes. He couldn't get near at first because of the other boxes. Next time I'm round he shall have the first collar procurable in Ceylon—and a medal suitably inscribed. Yes—I mean it!" as the brother and sister laughed at his vehemence. "He saved some tea and he saved my life. But for his promptitude, that knife would have been in me."

"Don't you dare taunt my Barry with wolf-blood and treachery again!" said Miss Reeson triumphantly to her brother. "Have you, then, quite forgiven him what he did to your wrist, Mr. Fielding?"

"I never quarreled with him over it, my dear young lady—we understood each other. He was only practising apparently—from his later achievement, eh, old chap!" Barry was at the V.A.'s side now, with a paw on his shoulder. "What's amusing you, Reeson?"

"I thought of my sister and the rat!" laughed Reeson. "However masculine women may pretend to be, when there's a rat about—Oh! Sis, if you could have seen yourself!"

"I never pretend masculinity", retorted Miss Reeson, looking down at the very feminine evening

dress that had replaced her riding habit, "but I *wasn't* afraid of the rat."

"Nor of the burglar either," put in the V.A. enthusiastically. "By Jove, she was a little brick! She set Barry at him in the nick of time. And he obeyed instantly. A pair of bricks, both,—bless 'em! Give Barry a training, Miss Reeson, he is worth it."

The next afternoon the V.A. warmly shook the girl's hand when leaving, and reiterated his appreciation of Barry's prowess.

"Are you quite sure you won't part with him?" he asked, at the end, teasingly.

"Not for all the world!" she replied fervently.

"Well, well. I suppose the man who wants Barry will have to provide himself with a special license—a bishop's license they call it here—and carry off his mistress as well." His eyes twinkled. "I wish I could do it!"

Miss Reeson thought mirthfully of the lady, rather larger than life, who V.A.'ed the V.A. more rigidly than he did any of his superintendents.

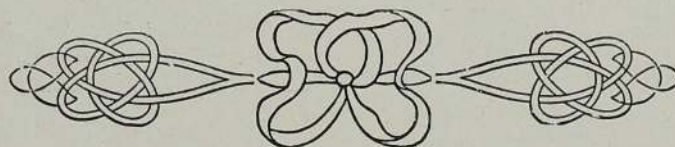
"Give my love to Mrs. Fielding," she laughed.

"I will. Goodbye. Goodbye Reeson—I'll see what I can do about that rise. I think I can promise that you'll get it!"

"If the old bird is as good as his word, Sis," began Reeson when the old planter had gone.

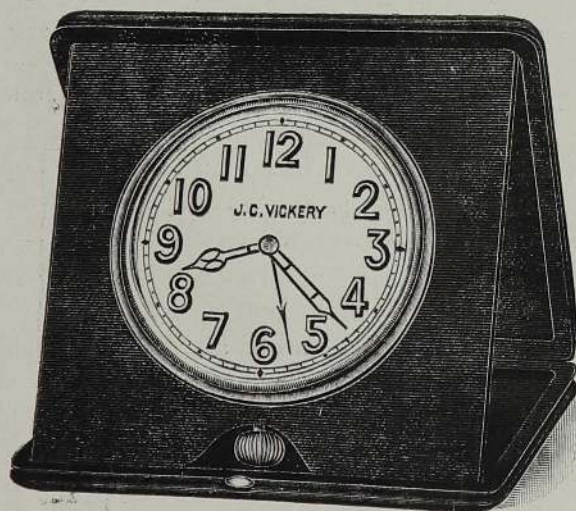
"It'll be my precious Barry you'll have to thank for it," put in his sister. "So don't let me ever hear you call him a worthless cuss again!"

And Barry, descendant of a long and distinguished line of carefully-bred, Continental Police Dogs, looked as if he understood exactly what his mistress said.



Vickery's the House for Gifts.

The finest selection in England
Write for Illustrated Catalogue.



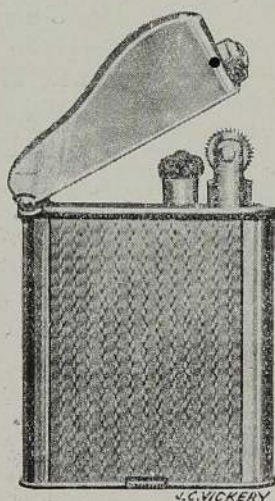
No. L 307.

First Class Luminous Alarm Clock in Flat Folding Case for Travelling or Bedside.

Most Reliable Movement.
Size, 4 by 4 in.

Moss Green, Royal Blue Morocco,
£3 15s.

8 day Ditto Pigskin, £6 10s.; Crocodile, £7 7s.



No. L 907.

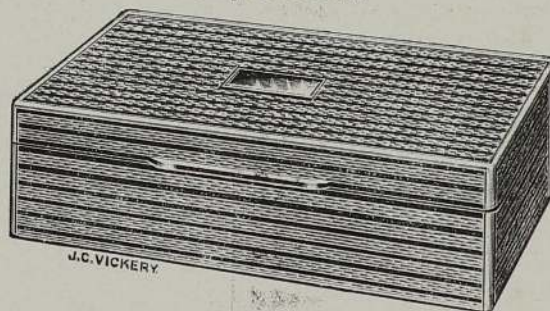
Sterling Silver Lighter, small and compact for man's pocket or lady's handbag. Only 35/-.

Solid Gold, £10 10s.



No. L 200.

Very Charming Diamond and Platinum Wrist Watch. Fully Jewelled. Best Lever Movement. Only £25 10s.



No. L 393.

An Inexpensive Series of Beautifully Engine-Turned Sterling Silver Cigarette Boxes, lined Cedar Wood.

To hold 75	£3 13 6
" 00	4 17 6
Plain Silver,	£2 18s. 6d.	and	£3 10s. 6d.	



A Night of Horror

A SOUTH AFRICAN MYSTERY

BY C. H. J. D.

THE following story was told me by an old Dutch farmer with whom I happened to be spending the night. Not an imaginative man, and the very last who might be accused of suffering from nerves. But the fact that he had a boy on guard all night, outside the farm, aroused my curiosity, resulting in the weird tale I am about to relate.

"See that hole in the bottom stair? Funny place for a hole you'd say! Yes, and funnier still—that's a bullet hole—which was made ten years ago, on an evening whose happenings changed me from a staid, sensible being into a craven coward, and made me an old man before my time.

"I'd had a long gruelling day down in the mealie fields and had just got back, dog tired, and was sitting on the stoep having a sun-downer, when I thought I heard something moving, just about at the head of those stairs."

He pointed to the staircase that led to the lumber room or loft. On the right hand side was a wooden wall, and on the left, half hiding the stairs, was a strip of hessian hanging from the ceiling. At the top, just by the landing, was a large rent, which had evidently been made a long time ago.

"Now this is a queer country and you run across strange things when you least expect them, so I caught up my rifle which was by my side, went inside and sat down in a chair facing the staircase, and waited. A few minutes had gone by and I was beginning to think I'd only imagined the noise, when, all at once, I heard it again—a dull shuffling—and then, to my surprise, I saw a red eye glaring at me through that hole in the canvas at the top. Now a red eye at night may be one of two things, either a leopard or a baboon—both unpleasant customers to meet when they are aroused. Slowly I raised my rifle, and in a flash the eye disappeared. So I sat in waiting. It was now nearly dark, the last faint rays of the sunset were fast fading into the deep wonderful blue of the African night, and over all brooded that silence which is the forerunner of the myriad undecipherable sounds that go to make up the chorus of nightfall on the veldt.

"It was eerie to say the least of it. I expected, I don't quite know what, but it was something uncanny, beastly. All at once the eye appeared again. Once more I raised my rifle, but once again I was forestalled. Then I had an idea. I went to the cupboard, got out a saucer and a bottle of milk, poured some out and put the saucer down at the bottom of the stairs. Then I sat down again, ready for what I thought was bound to happen. Ten minutes, a quarter of an hour, half-an-hour, until, just as I was dozing off, I saw the red eye again, staring at me through the slit; and then very slowly and in absolute silence, the creature, whatever it was, crawled down the stairs. As it reached the bottom stair above the milk, it raised its head and looked straight at me; and never till my dying day shall I forget the appalling ferocity and absolute devilish evil of that stare. Then it started to drink! Slowly, my hand shaking so much that I could hardly hold it, I raised the rifle, and—Bang! With an appalling shriek, the creature leapt, in one bound, from the bottom to the top of the stairs; shrieked again, and then crawled through the landing window out on to the iron roof. I rushed outside, and there, outlined against the rising moon, was something. As it caught sight of me, it started to shriek, at the same time beating a devil's tattoo on the corrugated iron roof. Yell after yell of insane mocking laughter rang out, and then, it scrambled down the other side and disappeared. I tried to follow, but I couldn't, my rifle fell from my nerveless grasp, and I collapsed shuddering on the ground.

"When I regained to some extent my self-possession, I went inside, lit the lamp, and sat all that night in the chair with the rifle in my hands, watching, hoping, praying for the dawn. As soon as the first faint streaks coloured the Eastern sky, I got up and started to search for some trace, hair, blood spoor, anything that might give me the slightest clue of the identity of my ghastly visitor. There was absolutely nothing. Could I have dreamt it? Possibly, but there, as if to give the lie to such a suggestion, was the hole in the bottom stair, and below it the saucer of milk; and from that day to this, for ten long years, a mystery has lived with me side by side, darkening the sunshine of summer days and filling the nights with an endless fear."

Cool Christmas Cheer

BY D. R. LODGE.

A HAPPY X'mas to you all, gentle ones, and may the gods give you strength to keep cool under the strain of celebrating the same if it is possible out East? Cross-word puzzle fans will doubtless flap their wings and feel the pull of their heart strings on finding that yours truly has chosen to pen a few words on a problem equal to their own dry pastime. "Can one keep icy at Yuletide?" shout the crowd. "Yes, it's seasonable," shouts little me. "No" shout the crowd—and so to bed!

Anyway, thank goodness, we all know of one solution if we feel all hot and bothered, but, mark you, be patient in your endeavours. Don't be dashing—look before you leap for life into the back entrance of the Ice and Cold Storage in case you may have forgotten to put on those Jaeger "doings" Mother so kindly sent you last mail for Christmas,

Some brain-panicky nib blustered sweet nothings at me the other day about climbing the Clock Tower at frequent intervals on Christmas morn in order to gain full advantage of the invigorating and bracing draughts to be inhaled during periodical leaps to earth into the seething mass of traffic below. This *modus operandi* for gaining that frosty feeling I do not recommend in earnest, as it is apt to enhance the obstruction caused by a sea of barrels, policemen, and other Christmas surprises which, from time to time, are parked there.

All the same I seriously advocate the following recipe for causing a cold and ghostly shudder to traverse the length and breadth of your sun-dried spine—a sensation most essential to the proper cele-

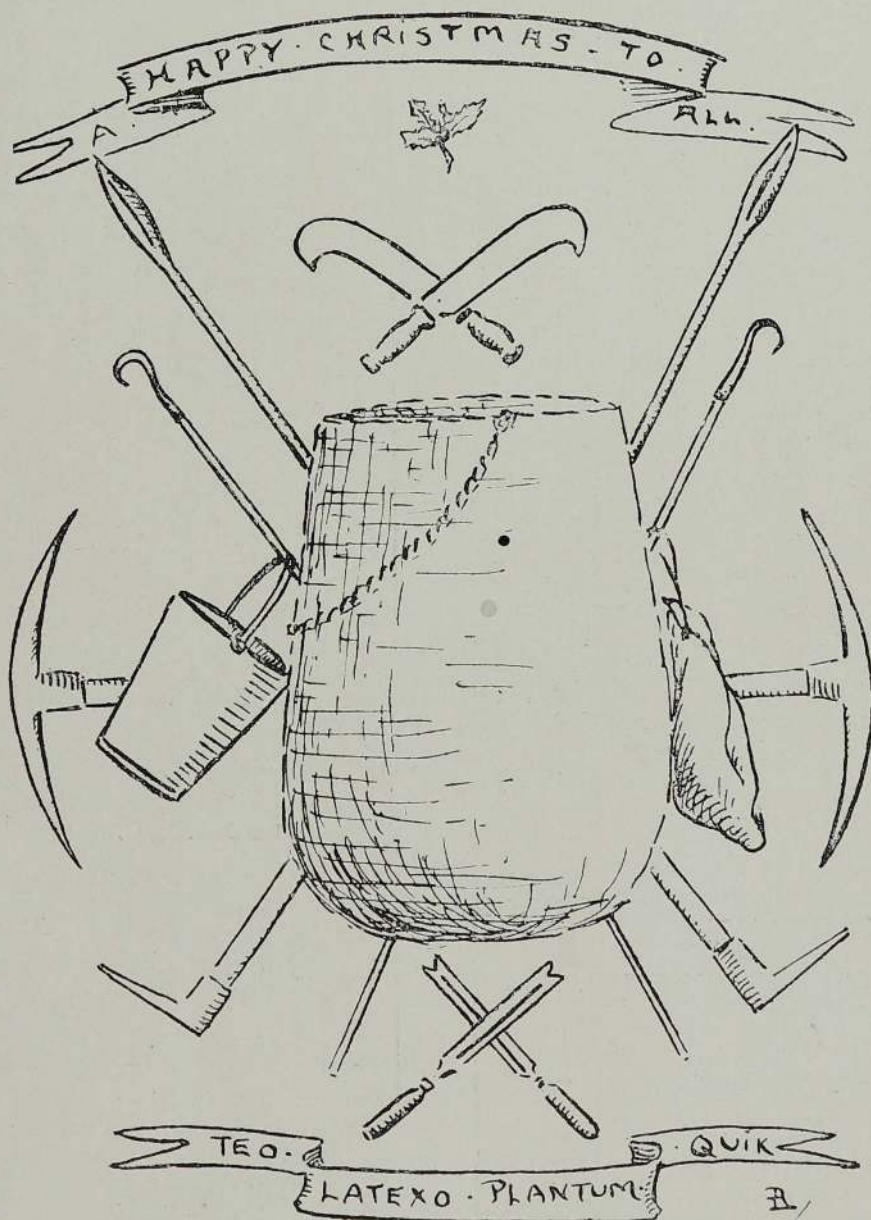
bration of Christmas Eve according to old tradition. Speed ye with much haste to your nearest railway station and when the first train in has come smartly to the halt crouch ye down by the guard's van and with the dexterity of a cantaloupe make a noise like an ice-box and keep cool. The result is instantaneous, as I found on tryin' the experiment

last year when I caught a chill into the bargain which cost me six dozen handkerchiefs, a tin of mustard and a red nose. What could be more seasonable than a red nose, dear ones, but there, I forgot for the moment that there are methods of gaining this jovial colouring which a cold chill improves!

We all know about "Eat more fruit," "Take salts at cock-crow," and other hints to aid coolth; but this, my hearties, is Christmas 1927, when the finest and most up-to-date models in scientists are sweating their brows to pulp in aid of Progress. (Cheers and applause.) Good enough, and one for their knobs, for they certainly seem to have succeeded to the heights of Freeziology on earth just in time for Christmas Day, for I read in the Press that a Colombo man (with half the alphabet lashed to his name for life) has pronounced water the last word in cures for keeping cool on all occasions. Something tells me this gentleman, bless him, has not suff-

ered from corkscrew-elbow or revellers-knee. What think you? "Sip it, drink it, drain it," he screams, and should your supply of 'aqua pura' fail run at the double to the nearest Resthouse and ask for a cup of tea!"

The female sex certainly have one up on us this time, my Brothers of the Tannin Tea Leaf and Latex



Basket, and might almost be described as shivering under our tropical sun. In fact, I am quite prepared to see a few skates and mufflers being carried about on Christmas morn. Fashion notes have blazened for the last five years the fact that "skirts are to be longer"—I don't think. Doubtless, if the truth were known, the mind's eye of the fashion controller is ever Eastwards, in sympathy with the fair ones, guzzling hot Christmas pudding and dozens of mince pies under a tropical sun. Have you not noted that the latest 'slip ons' (or "slip offs"), I forget which at the moment) are worn well above the hocks, thus allowing good whirling capacity in hot places. All the latest models allow for a good air cooling system out East, in other words a general wind-up.

This all leads me to feel that the males should follow suit. How about bow-ties and bathing slips to fit where they touch? That would make Bond Street sit up and take nutriment wouldn't it? Think of the economy, too, at Christmas time to be able just to pop a collar stud into dear Uncle Crusty's stocking with Christmas greetings. Do you not recall the old time-worn problem as to why a cold was the mother of a collar stud. What! You don't know it? Well, to be quite straight, a cold is a necessity, isn't it, and a collar stud an invention, eh? We all know necessity was the mother of invention, therefore, a cold was the mother of a collar stud. Q. E. D. Better this than the man I saw walking down Queen Street the other day with a lump of solidified H_2O on his head singing "Ours is an ice house, ours is!" Preparing for Christmas festivities for a certainty. What a death!

Personally I have been prompted to get my haters (what!) Messrs. Dunnin & Dunfor, to make me a patent topping topee as a Christmas present to myself, from myself given by myself. This aforesaid lid to be fitted with the latest three speed internally combustible spray to suit all temperatures. The mixture broadcasted must, of course, be little drops of Rose du Barri, mixed with Icing Sugar and Garlic. If this does not cool me down below zero I intend entering myself for next year's Academy and remain tightly packed in a cucumber frame all the year through until the following Christmas Day arrives so as to ensure a seasonable nip of Yuletide cheer.

NOW READY
COOLY TAMIL

BY
W. G. B. WELLS.

FOURTH EDITION
REVISED AND ENLARGED.

PRICE Rs. 5.00 Plus Postage

THE CEYLON OBSERVER.

P. O. Box 116, Colombo. & 180, Fleet Street,
London, E. C. 4.

Motor Cars

FOR THE

HOMeward BOUND,

You require help and knowledge to purchase a motor car if you are to secure the best value for your money.

We have the experience with twenty-two years' information at your disposal, and can give our advice free. You will be under no obligation to buy from us, if you prefer to do so elsewhere.

Deferred terms of payment are arranged to suit your outlay.

Second-hand cars are supplied at the lowest prices.

New cars are sold and early deliveries maintained.

Colonial requirements are understood.

New cars are sold for short periods if you are on leave.

MORGAN & COMPANY,

48, DOVER STREET, W. 1.

Telegrams : *Victoreska*, Fickey, London.

Telephone : Gerrard 7364.

A Few Hill Birds

BY G. M. HENRY.

IN general it may be said that the Hill-birds of Ceylon are better known than those of the low-country, and reasons for this are not far to seek. In the first place the great bulk of the elevated areas is cultivated with dreary expanses of tea and this fact has a two-fold application; it compels the birds to concentrate in the little oases of shrubbery and trees that embower most of the bungalows, and secondly it drives the planter to seek, unconsciously it may be, some relief for eye and mind from the surrounding dreariness. This relief is most readily furnished by the troops of happy little White-eyes, the agile, chubby-faced Gray Tits, the gorgeous Orange Minivets and other species that occur so commonly on all estates above, say, 3,000 ft.

Again, the number of commonly-met-with birds is smaller up-country than it is in the low-country, and therefore, there is not the same difficulty in becoming acquainted with them. Under these circumstances it becomes rather difficult to select a few species about which to write, without laying oneself open to the accusation of "teaching one's grandmother to suck eggs." How indeed should a "Colombo Wallah," whose almost sole source of inspiration in Avian matters is the odious crow, write anything worthy of print about the feathered inhabitants of those glorious regions where physical comfort is allied with magnificent scenery and innumerable other things that go to make life worth living? By "those glorious regions" I do not refer, of course, to the aforesaid dreary expanses of tea decorated with straight rows of guns and grevilleas, Albizzias and Dadaps, but rather to the montane forests, once so

extensive but now, alas! shrunken to a mere strip and even yet being encroached and despoiled constantly. O why cannot people leave Nature as God made it, and enjoy it as He intended they should?

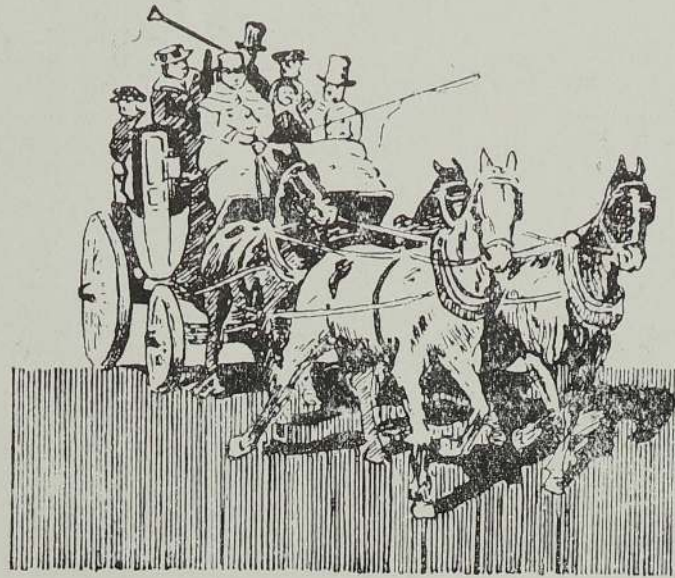
One of the less-known of our endemic birds is the lovely blue and chestnut Hill Magpie, a bird which is certainly becoming rarer in spite of its being on the "protected" list. Fifteen or twenty years ago

it was not uncommon on the outskirts of Nuwara Eliya itself and its lovely form might be seen swooping across a jungle valley, its chestnut head and wings and blue body and tail, the latter graduated and white tipped, forming a sight never to be forgotten. Nuwara Eliya has now, however, become too "civilized" for its liking (and for mine). The Jungles around are disgustingly thinned out or interplanted with wattles and other exotics and so one must go further afield nowadays if one would see this handsome creature. It is by no means easy to come across, however; even for those who know where to look for it is a shy and wary bird and avoids man and all his works. It would probably never be seen at all but for the fact that it has the common failing of the crow tribe to which it belongs:—it is a noise



YELLOW-EARED BULBUL.

bird. It usually travels through the forest in small parties, the members of which when not busy feeding, keep up a conversation of harsh chatterings and rasping notes. By careful stalking it is possible to get close enough to catch a few fleeting glimpses of the birds but as soon as they become aware of one's presence they disappear as if by magic. Under these circumstances it is difficult to glean much information as to their feeding habits and I have never been lucky



THE SPIRIT OF THE COACHING DAYS

IS IN ESSENCE THE SAME AS

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT DAY

AND IT MIXES EXCELLENTLY

WITH

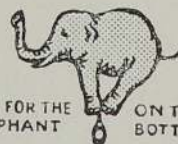
ELEPHANT
BRAND

MINERAL WATERS

MADE BY

The
NEW COLOMBO ICE CO L^{TD}

Telephone Nos:
2466/2467



LOOK FOR THE
ELEPHANT ON THE
BOTTLE

Telegrams:-
"Zero" Colombo.

ICE = AERATED WATERS = BUTTER.

enough to find the nest. Probably it is generally situated in the top branches of a lofty tree. What would I not give for a young one to rear?

The beak and legs are bright red and the eyelids which are curiously wattled, are red also, so that the "tout ensemble" is strikingly beautiful.

Our Hill Magpie ("Cissa ornata" to give its scientific name) is of interest because, although itself confined to Ceylon, it belongs to a genus which is otherwise only found in the Himalayas, Burma, Cochin China and Sumatra. They are all very beautiful but the other members of the genus appear to be predominantly green in colouration and to have their heads strongly crested.

No one who pays a visit to Nuwara Eliya or the patanas near it can fail to observe a dapper little black and white bird (brown and buff in the case of female) which sits on the top of gorse bushes and rhododendrons, jerks its tail about and whistles information of the intruder's movements to its mate. This is the Hill Bush-chat, and it may be regarded as the upcountry substitute for the merry little Black Robin that is so common everywhere in the Low-country. It is not nearly so lively a bird as the latter, however, and seldom seems to have any other occupation than that of playing detective.

No matter where one goes on the high patanas, there is sure to be at least one of these little birds watching one's every movement from some vantage-point and providing gratuitous warning of the same for the benefit of all and sundry. These efforts are of course redoubled during the breeding season which appears to be in April and May. So efficient is the little fellow as a "look-out man" that it is hard indeed to discover the nest, especially as it is built on the ground in a deep hollow beneath one of the low spear-leaved tussocky plants that grow so plentifully on the patanas. At least, the only two nests I have found were both in such a situation. At the very first sign of danger the vigilant little sentry whistles a warning note and immediately his dusky mate creeps stealthily from her treasures and makes her way circuitously to a distant rhododendron, from the top of which she pours out scolding and jeering noises at the disturber of her peace. Nothing will induce her to return to the nest until danger is, not only apparently but really, out of the way. Often have I tried to bluff the cunning little pair into thinking I had left the neighbourhood, but it has never worked, and one has had to acknowledge defeat at last and put up with the derisive remarks that one knows are being exchanged between the couple.

What a contrast this behaviour offers with that of, say, the Barbet. Who has not seen a Barbet industriously pecking away at its nest-hole in a dead branch a few yards away, completely oblivious of one's presence. Most tree-hole nesting birds show a similar nonchalance, but ground nesters, such as the Pipits, Game-birds and Hill-chats are very circumspect in their nesting arrangements. They know that concealment is their only safety; and so if you want to find a Hill-chat's nest the only recommendation I can offer is to carefully examine about 50,000 patana herbs and tussocks over an area of about a square mile in a place where a pair of these birds are showing more than usual interest in your movements.

A word here to warn my readers against the stupid folly of setting fire to patana grass for any reason whatever. Should you ever feel tempted to make a bonfire or for that matter a picnic fire or any other kind, on patana land, consider first the lives of the little birds and other innocent creatures that will be cruelly destroyed; and either desist from your fire-making or do it in such a way that there will be no possibility of the fire spreading in the dry grass.

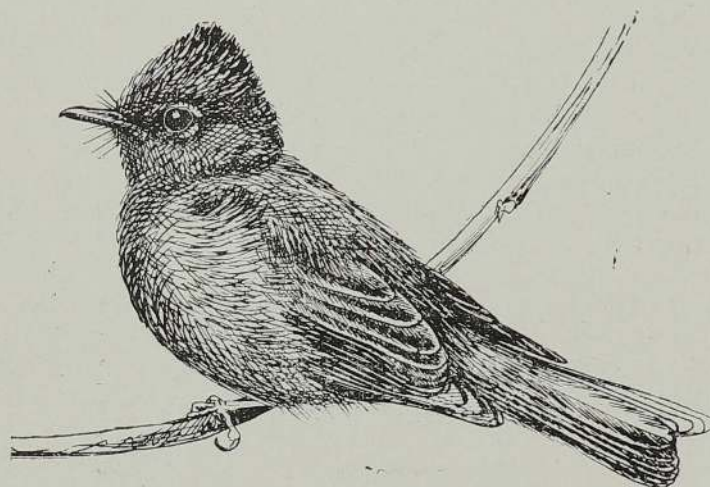
By the way, it is high time this business of firing grass lands received proper attention. In all parts of the country the pernicious practice is carried on in a light-hearted and uncontrolled fashion that is a disgrace to the community. The sole argument for the practice is that it causes the grass to grow up young and fresh and fit to be eaten by the herds of wretched tick-infested scrub cattle which are at once a prized (albeit useless) sign of the social prestige and opulence of their owners, and a pest to everybody else in the community. Against this doubtful advantage must be set the fact that patana firing ruins the soil, prevents reforestation and kills out thousands of nesting birds, and other useful and beautiful creatures every year. Never mind though, it is a custom of the country and must in no wise be interfered with! But I wander somewhat from my subject.

Amongst hill-birds a general favourite is the grey-headed Flycatcher—quite the "darlingest" little bird in Ceylon. Its manners are so confiding and its appearance and voice so pretty, albeit modest, that no one could possibly fail to be charmed with it. One feels that it has solved the problem of obtaining safety along lines totally different from those adopted by the Hill-chat; which, as we have just seen believes in regarding everybody as a potential enemy to be ceaselessly watched and kept at a distance. The grey-headed Flycatcher on the other hand has taken a leaf out of the book of the sweet cinema child in the Wild West film, who moves unharmed amongst the ruffianly cow-punchers, disarming them by her guileless innocence! It will perch on a hanging bramble, not two yards away, and look at one with an expression that seems to say "I'm sure you don't mean me any harm, nobody would take the trouble to kill an insignificant little bird like me, and anyway I'm going to trust you!" Then a midge or gnat of some sort flies past and our little friend dashes after it and seizes it with a loud snap of its bill—returning, in many cases to the very spot it had left. It utters a cheerful but weak little twitter but has no definite song. Nevertheless, its notes form quite a large proportion of the sound to be heard in the mountain forests, for it is a common bird in them, and a pair is generally within earshot no matter how dense the forest or how wet the weather. In fact it seems rather to revel in the gloom and damp of jungle ravines under monsoon conditions. Like many other species of birds, however, it is very sociable. One may walk for miles through the mountain forests without seeing a bird, but suddenly lively chirruping is heard and a flock of White-eyes appear as if by magic, flitting from tree to tree and searching every bud and bush for "poochies". They are the advance guard, and in a few minutes, especially if one keeps still, one will be surrounded with birds of many kinds, all busily hunting and each contributing to the cheerful babel

of sounds. There are sure to be some Grey Tits, performing aerobatics about the twigs and branches, a Sultan-bird (Orange Minivet) with his two or three wives (?) several Blue Nuthatches, jerking up and down round about the tree trunks. Presently a loud and sonorous call arises and is instantly answered by a different note, and a Scimitar Babbler pokes his long yellow beak round a near tree-trunk. He searches every cranny and examines under every strip of loose bark with the said inquisitive beak, and if we are still enough he may come almost within arm's length. Presently however, he begins to suspect that things are not what they seem and gives a searching glance in our direction. It is very amusing then to watch the change in the bird's demeanour. At first he can hardly believe his eyes that the universally acknowledged arch-enemy of jungle-life is actually within a couple of yards of him, but no sooner does the dread truth dawn on him than he hurriedly flutters off, letting off the rattling alarm note as he does so. This fetches his mate to see what the matter is, and the pair of them peer and pry at one from a safe distance, rattling their disapproval and talking together volubly about the disgustingness of it all that they cannot be left alone even in their own jungles. "Pawp-a-pawp" says the cock, his lovely white shirt front swelling out, while his indistinguishably attired hen instantly replies with a low "Ka-kree, ka-kree." After a few minutes of this they push off, but by this time their noise has brought up a troop of those inveterate little jungle sneaks, the Black-capped Quaker-Thrushes. These ridiculous

"low alarms" to each other and eyeing our sedent or recumbent form with their funny little pale coloured eyes, as they hop agilely from stem to stem of the tall Nilloo. Few happenings can take place in the jungle but what the Quaker-Thrushes know all about it and blab it out to everybody else.

Numerous other birds take part in these social gatherings, and the whole lot move steadily through the forest like a tidal wave, clearing the vegetation of pests and insects and generally making themselves useful. The Grey-headed Fly-catcher is always a member of such assemblages.



GREY-HEADED FLYCATCHER.

The nest of this bird is one of the "cutest" things (to borrow an adjective from our American friends) in Nature. It may be shortly described as a large lump of soft green moss stuck by means of cobwebs on to the trunk of a tree or on a bank. The top of the mass is hollowed to form a pocket and lined with fibres, and there you are! The nest is made of moss, the tree trunk or bank is covered with similar moss and the sitting bird itself is the exact colour of moss except for its head or breast, so no wonder the nest is hard to find. But what a good thing for the Grey-headed Flycatcher that there are no snakes to speak of in the jungles it inhabits! Its guileless air would afford poor protection against such an unsentimental foe.



BLACK CAPPED QUAKER THRUSH.

little birds, whose whole function in life seems to be making prodigious fusses about nothing (except when they are building their absurd nests), although, on second thoughts, I'm not sure whether this is an exception, for the nest might almost be described as a "fuss" consisting, as it does, of a huge, ill-kempt ball of dry leaves stuck in an open bush, where nobody can help seeing it. I have found dozens of nests but never an egg in one of them! Anyway, the Quaker-Thrushes poke and pry around us, rattling

In such a tidal-wave of bird-life as we have just described (referring, of course, to elevations of 4,000 feet or so and over) we are certain to see a party of Yellow-eared Bulbuls, which make their presence known by their sharp call of "White, white, white!" or by a subdued warning "Cherr, cherr." The Yellow-eared Bulbul, peculiar to the Ceylon hills by the way, is a stout and comfortable-looking bird, brownish-yellow-green in general colour, with dark head and face ornamented with curious spots and streaks of white and yellow. Its throat is white and it receives its name presumably from an erect tuft of soft pointed, yellow feathers growing above and behind each eye. The bird looks much bigger than it really is, because it wears its plumage much fluffed out.

Like most bulbuls it is a sociable and vivacious bird, a fruit and insect eater, and, while preferring jungle, it does not hesitate to enter gardens, provided they are not too far from forest. It is by no means shy and will unconcernedly pick the ripe berries off

a bramble-bush within a couple of yards of one, provided you attempt no concealment; but, like many other birds it gets suspicious if it discovers you hiding in the jungle and warns all its neighbours by loud, sharp whistles as it dashes off.

The nest is a large, thick cup of moss lined with fibres and set in a fairly open bush or small tree. I have never found the young though I should much like to, for I imagine they would make exceedingly nice pets.

On one occasion I came upon a large assemblage of these birds in a pretty gully in deep jungle. There must have been several hundred within an area of an acre or so and their cheery calls and whistles added a lively touch to a very beautiful scene. Presumably some tree was fruiting and the clans had gathered to the spoil. Several other species of birds were present too, but the Yellow-eared Bulbuls outnumbered the rest considerably.

The last bird that will be described in this paper is the Ceylon Warbler, also known as the "Ceylon Shortwing" and "Pallisers' Ant-thrush." It is somewhat of an enigma, ornithologists not being quite decided whether to regard it as a babbler or as a warbler, for its plumage and external characters are somewhat intermediate between the two families. It is a little greyish-brown bird, strongly suggesting a mouse in its actions as it creeps and hops about in the undergrowth. One does not see it very often, however, although it is common enough in Nillo jungle above 5,000 feet. One can always detect its presence from its sharp little alarm note which is excellently rendered by Legge as "Quitze." Walking along a path through Nilloo one is almost sure to hear this sound every now and then; and if one stands still it will be frequently repeated as long as one remains in the neighbourhood. Usually however, one can get no more than very brief glimpses of the birds (they are always in pairs or little family parties) for they creep about the densely growing stems very actively and seldom venture into the open at all. The best time to observe them is at dusk, for then, like many other birds, they seem to throw off much of their shyness and expose themselves quite freely. I have heard one produce a curious little rapid warble as it clung to a tall stem on its way to the roosting-place at dusk. Unfortunately I have never found the nest.

This bird has a genus all to itself and being peculiar to Ceylon, it deserves an especial share of interest.

In conclusion I would state my opinion that there is no hobby in the world like "bird-watching." One never gets tired of it, there is always something fresh to find out about any bird, and it requires no expensive outlay or previous knowledge. The only requisites are good eyesight, a note-book in which to record facts, and sufficient keenness to make a start. Given these, anyone can find endless amusement almost anywhere, and speedily acquire a fund of happy experience that will stand him or her in good stead when the advancing years begin to filch the power for enjoying more strenuous pleasures.



Easier for the Memsahib
No irksome moments for
the Sahib!

Knitting Yarns!

In 2oz and 4oz balls
ready for immediate use

These Yarns do away with the old tedious method of winding from hanks. Entirely pure wool, soft and elastic, they knit perfectly whilst their durability ensures lasting wear. Incomparable for Ladies' and Children's Coats, Dresses, Jumpers, etc.



Obtainable in the following colours.—

Biscuit	Deep Emerald
Khaki	Primrose
China Yellow	Eau de Nil
Azure Blue	Lemon
Royal Blue	Geranium
Coral	Shell Pink
Vermillion	Scarlet
Rose de Barrie	Bos de Rose
Jade	Apricot
Rose Pink	Emerald
French Grey	Purple
Champagne	White
Orange	Saxe
Lime	Pink
Cherry	Dove
Rust	Orange
Beech	Helio
Havana	Yellow
Navy	Lime
Blue Grey	
Betty Blue	Marie Antoinette
Heather	Terra Cotta
Amethyst	Daffodil
Natural Grey	Phantom Red

PLAIN KNITTING YARNS

White	Rs. 3-8	per lb.
Blue Grey	3-12	"
Natural Grey	3-8	"
Colours	3-12	"
Heather Mixtures	4-0	"

BERLIN WOOLS

White	Rs. 6-12	"
Colours	7-0	"

"SHETLEX FLOSS"

White	Rs. 5-4	"
Colours	5-10	"

SUPER MARLS Rs. 6-0 per lb.

SUPER FINGERING

White	Rs. 5-0	per lb.
Colours	5-6	"

"LUSTREX" WOOLS

	6-4	"
--	-----	---

"MARLEX" WOOLS

	6-4	"
--	-----	---

"CRIMPEX" WOOLS

White	Rs. 5-8	"
Colours	6-0	"

Write for free cards of coloured samples.

Packing allowed free on all Mail Orders.

Address your enquiries to Mail Order Dept. No. C.O.



The
NEW EGERTON
WOOLLEN MILLS COMPANY
(BRANCH OF THE BRITISH INDIA CORPORATION LTD)
DHARIWAL PUNJAB

De Reszke

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES



BY SPECIAL
APPOINTMENT TO



H.M. THE KING
OF SPAIN.

BY SPECIAL
APPOINTMENT TO



H.M. THE KING OF
THE BELGIANS.

Sole Agents: **LIPTON LTD.** COLOMBO.



Ceylon Vignettes

EVENING GIANT'S TANK

BY E. S. WASEY.

ALL day long the white birds have circled and screamed and fought above the reeds and bulrushes that fringe the Tank. All around stretch the plains, parched for rain, the long grasses golden in the sunlight silver under the moon. The bushes are sparse, stunted from lack of water, their branches twisted and warped and possessing but few claims to beauty. And, yet, beauty haunts this curious bleached land. Perhaps it is the golden grass, the vivid blue sky, and the straight white road stretching across the parched and thirsty plain. And now, after a long day of pitiless heat, the sun is slipping down below the horizon, leaving a sky still flooded with splendour.

From the reed beds the clamouring seems to increase, and a flock of egrets rise, circle for a few moments, and then string out in long flights against the evening sky. Soon the very air seems full of the stir of strong wings, the ring of strange bird-voices. The sky pales to faintest lavender and pearl, and the earth seems to revive after the agonizing heat of the day. The scent of the plains, borne with the first cool breeze of the evening, comes stealing over the grasses.

Overhead is a sudden rush, a beating of innumerable great wings, and flocks of cranes and cormorants fly overhead, wings far-stretched, necks a-strain, their forms painted black against the sky. Above them, their voices forever ringing in high-pitched cries, come teal and wild duck, their flight nervous and fast.....

“And I hear the clang of their leader crying
To a lagging mate in the rearward flying
And they fade away in the darkness dying,
Where the stars are mustering, one by one.”

From over the wasteland comes wailing the cry of a plover, most faithful and foolish of birds, calling in vain for his lost mate. In his mournful cry there is something desolate, a wailing as of a lost soul. His voice haunts the silence.....

The last pale glow of the sunset has faded into the clear emerald green of twilight. The first stars appear, and soon the moon will rise. Across the reeds and rushes across the pale mirror of the water, come slowly flying two great-winged black herons, their flight fearless and strong, the spirit incarnate of that lovely, lonely land.

“They are flying west, by their instinct guided,
And for man likewise is his fate decided,
And griefs apportioned and joys divided
By a mighty power with a purpose dread.”

DAWN IN THE JUNGLE—SIGIRIYA.

The woods are hushed and dark, the sky star-lit and still, with the moon hanging low, a narrow thread, a dream. . . . Through all that vast kingdom of Pan

there is no sound, no murmur of wakening life. The lotuses on the Tank are close shut, and there is not a ripple on the water. All is silent, still as a dream... Even the night-jar, most restless of all jungle birds, has ceased his weird, bubbling cry. Looming huge and black above the trees, Sigiriya, the Lion-Rock, towers up into the sky, vast, changeless as Time, strangely sinister, and yet, to the hearts that know its spell and charm, ever lovely, ever beloved.

From deep in the jungle comes the clear harsh cry of a jungle-cock, shrill herald of the dawn, flinging out his defiant challenge to an unseen enemy. Silence.....and then from far away comes back an answer, and then another and another, until the jungle seems a-ring with the harsh shrill calls. How proud and arrogant the voices sound among the dreaming trees!

But now the whole wood-land is astir. From some green forest glade we hear the sudden blurting bark of a red-deer, very distant but clear on the morning air. Then, thrilling through the aisles of trees, comes drifting the sweetest voice of all, the singer, the long-tailed robin. One can picture him, perched on a twig, his little throat pouring forth his welcome to the dawn. What thrills as of sunlight on water.....what sudden delicious bubbles of fairy-like laughter, now rising and ringing clearly as a chime of elfin bells, now falling, low, sweet and haunting full of the melancholy of the jungle shades. Shelley, in his immortal “Ode to a Skylark” was among the gods when he wrote what might equally have applied to this minstrel:

“What thou are we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see [melody.
As from thy presence showers a rain of

“Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought [not.
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded

“Teach me half the gladness
That thy soul must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow, [ing now”
The world would listen then, as I am listen-

The sky is flushed with the first blush of dawn, so wistful in its promise, so glorious in fulfilment. The lotuses on the Tank, as soon as the sun has kissed them, open their close shut buds, disclosing a snowy petal, or a rose-pink lip. Drifting amid their great glossy leaves, they look like mermaids' faces, tilted back against their floating hair. See where the wild ixora, with coral-scarlet flowers hanging in great glow-

ing bunches, stands knee deep in water, like a gipsy girl trying to see her own lovely face.

Like a living, dancing thing the sunlight plays among the trees, turning the spider's webs to tracteries of silver, dappling the grassy glades with a network of mingled light and shade, kissing the water-lilies until they open and deck the shining expanse of water until it looks like a daisy field in summer, or the sky when the stars are shining.

From the lake arises a sudden clamour, where water-birds, egrets, cranes and spoonbills, teal and black winged cormorants squabble among the lily pads. That is a hornbill, that heavy ungainly bird, flapping his slow way across the water. Hark to his mate calling from the trees...what a weird unearthly peal of sound, like hollow laughter, a discord carelessly struck in a grand harmony.

A sudden uproar among the trees close by awakens us from dreaming. What a crashing of branches...! What a shouting in unknown languages...! What furious indignation, cursing and vituperation! What is it.....? Monkeys, of course.....monkeys, thoroughly annoyed, why, we know not. Listen to them, shaking the branches, cursing in nearly human tones. Presently a single voice is heard, to be drowned a moment after in a storm of excited answers. But whether the other voices are in agreement with the first or not must remain a mystery. How tantalizing this jungle life is—so wise, so well governed, and so mysterious. Perhaps these little people are wiser than we and happier, for they live close to Nature, the Mother, and in her arms they must know peace.

"MOONLIGHT ON KALU-WEWA TANK."

The road to the Tank is mysterious, very narrow, and winding occasionally between huge boulders which, by moonlight, take on an uncanny appearance, like great sleeping prehistoric monsters. The moon is rising, and we catch fleeting glimpses of her through the trees. We feel that we may meet anything on the road, and the expectation fills us with a pleasurable fear. At the slightest movement among the trees, we start and look nervously around us. Nothing comes, but the expectation remains. A huge owl, drifting like a shadow through the branches, brings my heart into my mouth, to such a height of nervous anticipation am I brought.

The little car, grey as the shadows themselves, moves silently along the jungle road. We pass a huge Dagoba, the courtyard around it ruinous, carpeted with weeds. Grasses and ferns push their way between the stones and bricks of the Dagoba and the trees around press closer every year, every month. Before the small attendant Temple stands a great Bo-tree, planted perhaps by reverent hands when Anuradhapura flourished, and the Dagoba and Temple were thronged with worshippers. Now the glory is a memory, and monkeys play in the arms of the sacred tree, and deer stamp on the echoing paving stones. Soon the jungle will come in and take possession of a place where kings have prayed.

As we drive, we see before us moving two by two, eyes—gleaming for a second, then vanishing silently into the shadows. They are very ghostly those fiery eyes which seem disembodied. Now and again we catch a glimpse of a grey body, or we hear a sudden crashing by the side of the road, as a deer, or perhaps a larger animal, dashes away from the

rifying lights. Some of the eyes belong to birds, owls and nightjars. The latter deceive many people for their eyes gleam in the car-lights like great burning globes, seemingly much too large to belong to any bird.

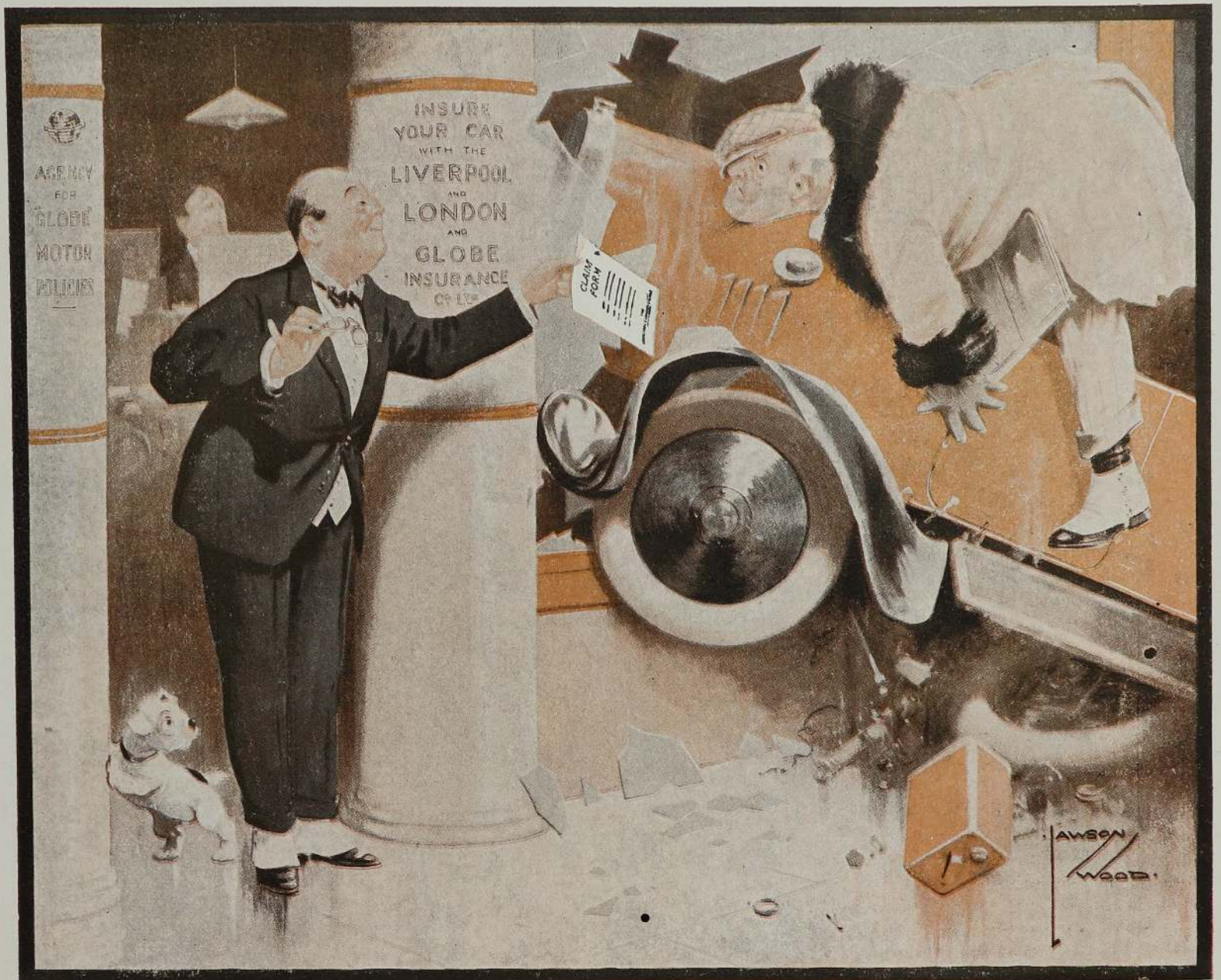
Presently we pass a few huts, an unexpected sight after miles of virgin jungle. Carts stand by the road, and great sleepy bullocks have to be prodded into wakefulness before we can get past. We are greeted with a chorus of barks and howls from the dogs of the village, but we see no sign of their owners.

After about half a mile we find ourselves driving along the bund of the biggest artificial Tank in Ceylon. It is a magnificent sight, particularly when seen for the first time by moonlight. As far as the eye can see is a great stretch of silver water, unbroken by island or sandbank. The jungle crowds down to the very edge on three sides, some of the trees actually standing in the water, and gradually—very gradually—dying. Here and there are great silver skeletons of trees, now the resting place of cormorants, which all day long perch among their branches, black wings outspread to dry. On the other side of the bund, far below us, stretches mile upon mile of jungle, silver and mysterious in the moonlight. Here and there are little paddy fields and clusters of palms, belonging no doubt to the village through which we passed. Winding through the fields and trees is a narrow gleaming stream, the channel by which the water is taken from Kaluwewa to Anuradhapura, a distance of nearly thirty miles and to other smaller tanks, some of them fifty miles away. The tank which was constructed in A. D. 460, contains seven square miles of water, and is twenty feet deep. It is now restored to its former grandeur, after centuries of decay had almost destroyed it.

At the end of the tank, the road descends suddenly and very steeply. Determined to follow it, we crawl down on second gear, wondering what we may find at the bottom. The bund looms high above us, and the road becomes narrower. Great rocks block out the jungle, and creepers and trees meet almost overhead. Rounding a corner, we come upon what appears to be a great ruined rock gateway, with huge pillars on either side. The road is paved from now on, very unevenly, which makes it hard to proceed. Slowly we drive between the pillars and stop, dumb-founded.....

On our left, is a high "stone spill", over which the water crawls in a slow silver stream. All around are great rocks, with shining pools of water between. There is no jungle growth, no trees or grass or flowers. The whole thing is terrible and unearthly. Worst of all, over all hangs a dank smell of decay, and everything feels cold and clammy and haunted. By daylight it would, perhaps, be beautiful. By moonlight it is ghastly, a place of fear, of shadows that seem alive, of whisperings of evil.

We had to go on, over broken pavements where stagnant water lay in pools, until we could find a place to turn the car. Then back we crept, through that echoing menacing gateway, up the steep little road, and on to the bund again. And then we drove—drove quickly—feeling terror behind us, thankful to leave the dark water, and the gleaming stones that shimmered of death.



Issued by the Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Co., Ltd.

“IT’S A WISE CAR THAT KNOWS ITS OWN INSURER.”

The Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Co., Ltd.

CHIEF AGENTS IN CEYLON:

SKRINE & Co.

Telephone No. 1593.
P. O. Box No. 144.

COLOMBO.

FIRE: LIFE; COMBINED DOMESTIC FIRE AND BURGLARY
BUSINESS, ETC. ETC. ALSO TRANSACTED.

“ONCE A POLICY-HOLDER.

ALWAYS A POLICY-HOLDER”



The
RUGBY SIX

As strong as a Bridge

Models

from

Rs. 2,950 upwards

Easy payments if desired

¶ Let the confidence in its strength that you feel when crossing Victoria Bridge remain with you after leaving it far behind, in the knowledge that your RUGBY SIX is just as reliable.

CEYLON **AUTO CARRIERS** **COMPANY**

HYDE PARK CORNER. Digitized by Noolaham Foundation.
noolaham.org | aavanaham.org

COLOMBO.

Restful Rest-Houses

BY ST. NIHAL SINGH.

Photographs by the Author.

WE were motoring, one summer evening, from Anuradhapura—Ceylon's ancient capital—to Trincomalee—her magnificent, land-locked, natural harbour. My desire to get the utmost photographic value out of the daylight had given us a late start. The sun had dipped below the western edge of

We had been driving for something like two hours when the white metalled road began to get a little rough and our chauffeur, who had been at the wheel the livelong day, began to show signs of weariness. He stopped the car in front of a string of shops—or *boutiques*, as they are called by the Sinhalese—and en-



Copyright Photograph

NAMBAPANA RESTHOUSE,

by St. Nihal Singh.

the world before we commenced our descent from the mount upon which, according to tradition, Mahinda—the son of an Indian Emperor who had turned monk out of compassion for the world living in misery—had landed in a “flying boat.”

Shortly after we got into the motor car and proceeded towards our destination we entered the jungle.

quired how far Trincomalee lay ahead of us and whether the road was good.

“You have forty miles to go,” said, in unison, the throng of curious people who had collected around us, “and the road is not so good as the one over which you have been travelling. But just a little way back

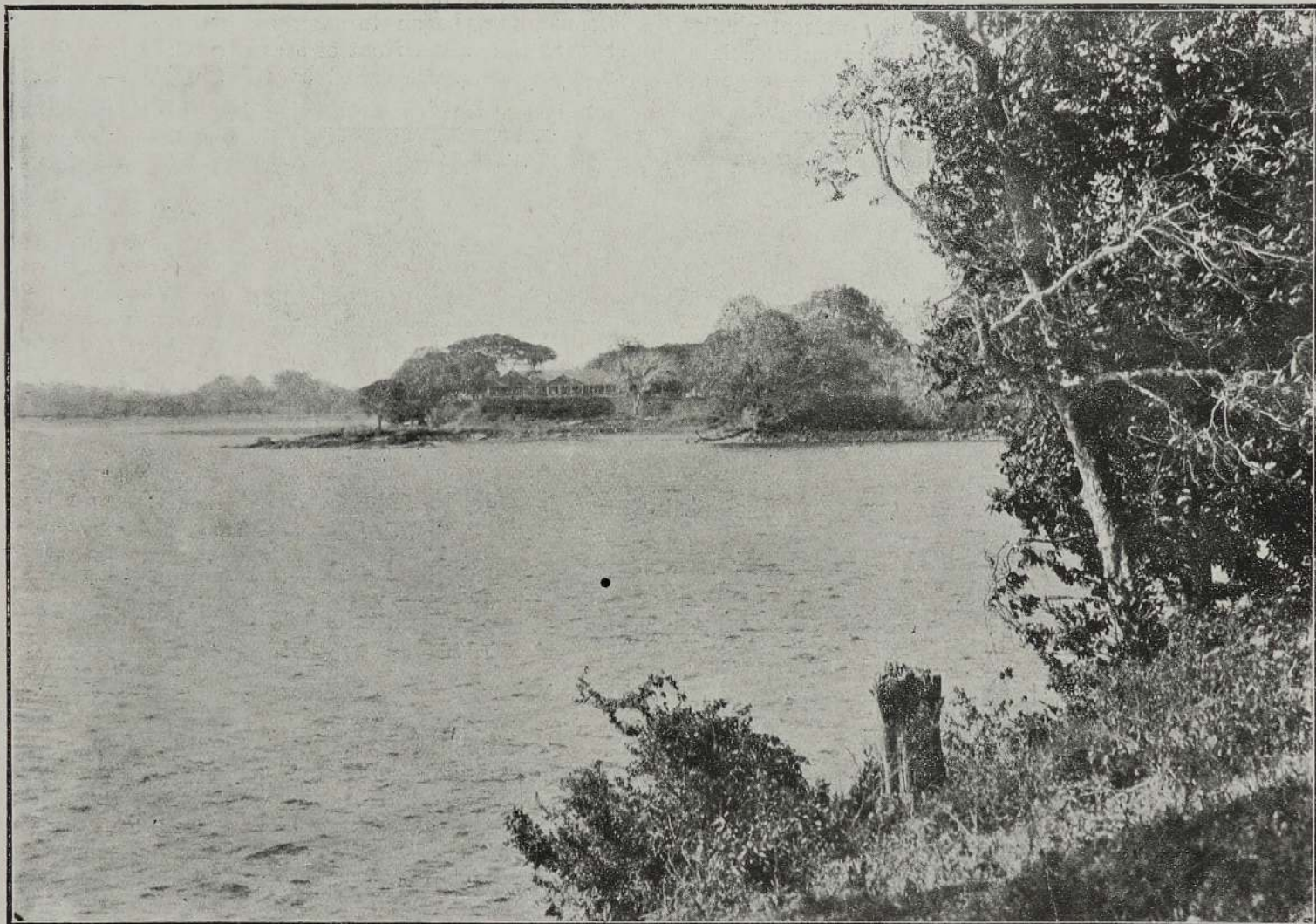
on the road is a rest-house. Why not spend the night there and start out again early in the morning?"

I was inclined to feel that the information was not entirely disinterested—that the shop-keepers were thinking of the profit they would be able to make out of selling comestibles to the rest-house keeper if we tarried there for the night. There was a lady in the party, however, and the prospect of rest and food appealed to her: so we turned the nose of the motor toward the point indicated by the crowd.

The powerful beam thrown by the lamps of the car revealed a low, wide-verandahed, tile-roofed building, with majestic trees spreading their branches protectingly over it. The whole scene was so wrapped

The chauffeur, hungrier even than we were, climbed back into his seat and took one of the rest-house men to the string of *boutiques* where we had encountered the crowd a few minutes before, in search of such articles of food as the rest-house keeper needed to supplement those which he could use from his own stores.

In the meantime we stretched out in long chairs, our legs over the arms, sipping tea and eating buttered toast which had been brought to us with celerity that even an establishment in America—that land of "hustle"—could not have beaten. They served but to put a keener edge upon our appetite, and we did full justice to the many-course dinner which presently was placed before us.



Copyright Photograph

POLONNARUWA RESTHOUSE.

by St. Nihal Singh.

in the sable mantle of the night that it was impossible to make out anything clearly.

The noise of the approaching motor had apparently caused a stir. By the time we drew up in front of the entrance, and the big lights had been turned off, a man carrying a lamp stood beside us. Another followed him with a still more powerful lamp which he set on a table on the verandah. The room behind, which later proved to be the dining room, became illuminated as if by magic.

"If you will give me just a few minutes," the rest-house keeper said, "I will prepare a meal that will please you."

As soon as the dinner was finished we went to our respective bedrooms and found our beds made up, with mosquito curtains carefully drawn. Accustomed as I was to the Indian *dak bungalow* system, which makes it necessary for every traveller to carry about his own bedding, I mentioned the matter to the rest-house keeper, who told me that throughout Ceylon bedding was supplied at these establishments, as well as the other necessary linen, the man in charge being authorized to make a small extra charge for such service.

A duet between two birds just outside my bedroom window, roused me almost immediately after I had retired—at least so it seemed to me. Yawning

and stretching, I opened the shutters. The light blinded my eyes—half filled, as they were, with sleep. My watch confirmed the news shouted by all nature, that the dim dawn had already yielded place to sunny morn.

The scene that a few hours before had been shrouded in mysterious gloom now spread out before me in an enchanting vista. From the edge of the road running in front of the rest-house a thick carpet of green sward, carefully cut, rolled gently downward towards clumps of bushes which bent over the still waters of an artificial lake, constructed in the middle ages by a Sinhalese king, and in looking down gazed upon their own lovely reflection. At one corner a log projected above the water, which, in mirroring it, gave to it the appearance of a crocodile with gaping mouth. The whole surface of the lake was dotted with lotus blossoms—rosy-pink and creamy-white—unfolding their loveliness in response to the warm wooing of the sun.

“This lake has seven sluices,” explained the rest-house keeper, who stood beside me as I was admiring the view. “The little village where you stopped and turned last night is named after it, and is called Horowapotana.”

“There is a stone bull at the back of the rest-house,” he continued. “People say that when the tank is full its head is turned in the opposite direction: but when the rain fails it turns around with its nose pointing towards the lake, and the rain never fails to come.”

I walked with the rest-house keeper to the back of the bungalow and examined the bull. It was carved out of grey stone, and reclined on a pedestal

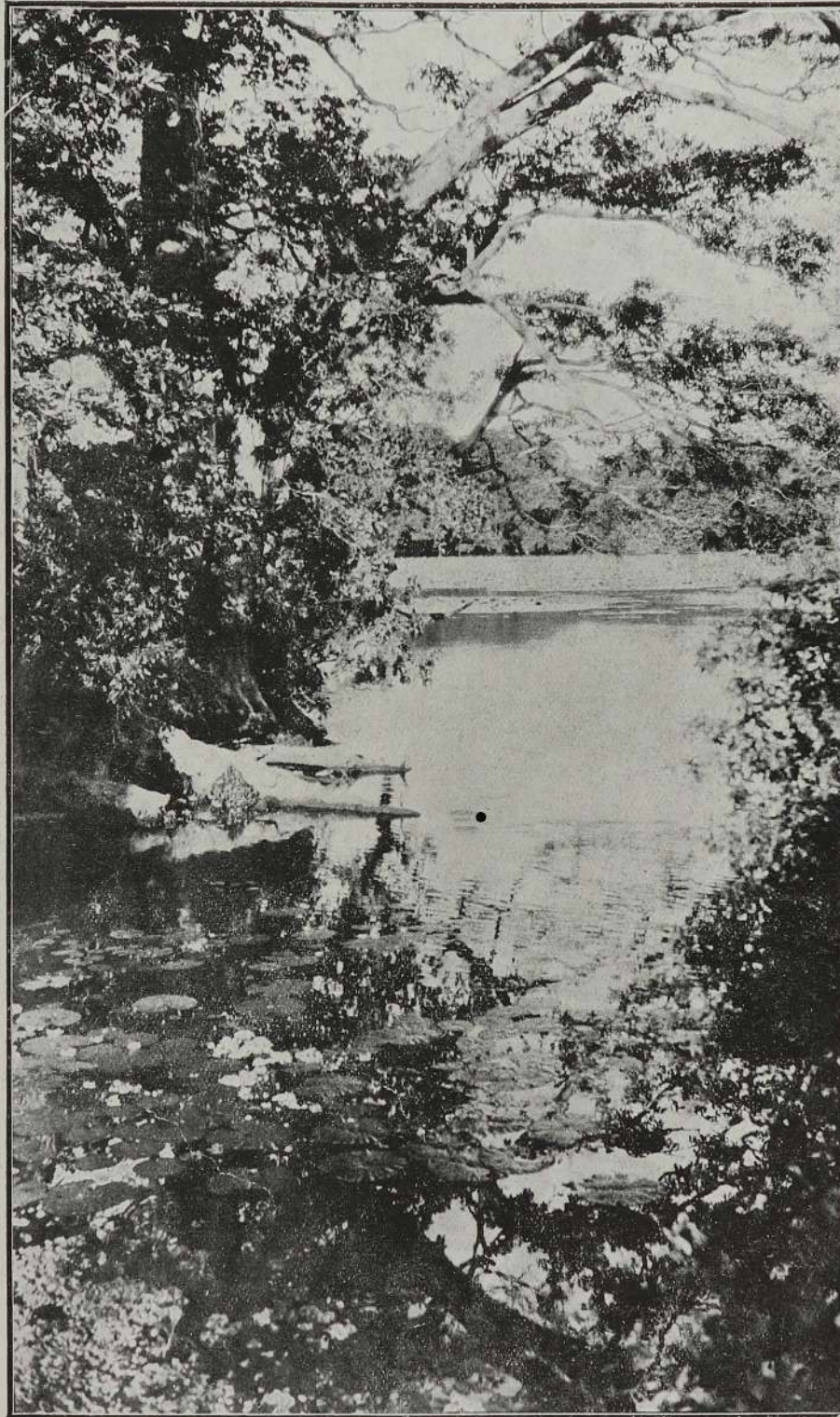
The image was directly in front of a little temple, showing that the Hindu influence must at one time have been exceedingly strong in that region. There was, moreover, evidence that though in ruins it continued to attract votaries.

The platform upon which the temple stood must undoubtedly, at one time, have served as the base of a much larger structure. The country round about must then have been thickly populated, and the water of the tank must have made it possible to support life with comfort.

Now the jungle has closed in around it. Game is abundant, and attracts hunters from far and near to the rest-house. Save for them and an occasional fisher or an official on tour, the bungalow remains untenanted, ready, however, at any moment to receive the traveller tired of treading the beaten track, affording him change in surroundings that rest the nerves and satisfy the soul.

It is not necessary for a person seeking rest in peaceful, beautiful surroundings to journey all the way to Horowapotana, for within easy reach of most towns in the island are situated rest-houses that are really restful. Within an hour of Colombo, for instance, is Kesbawa, situated on a road taking off from the highway leading to Panadure. The rest-house there overlooks a lovely, palm-fringed tank built centuries ago by a wise and benevolent king. It is an ideal spot to enjoy a cup of afternoon tea.

• • It is possible to have a wide choice between purely sylvan surroundings, mountain views or sea-side. Even tucked away in the heart of the jungle



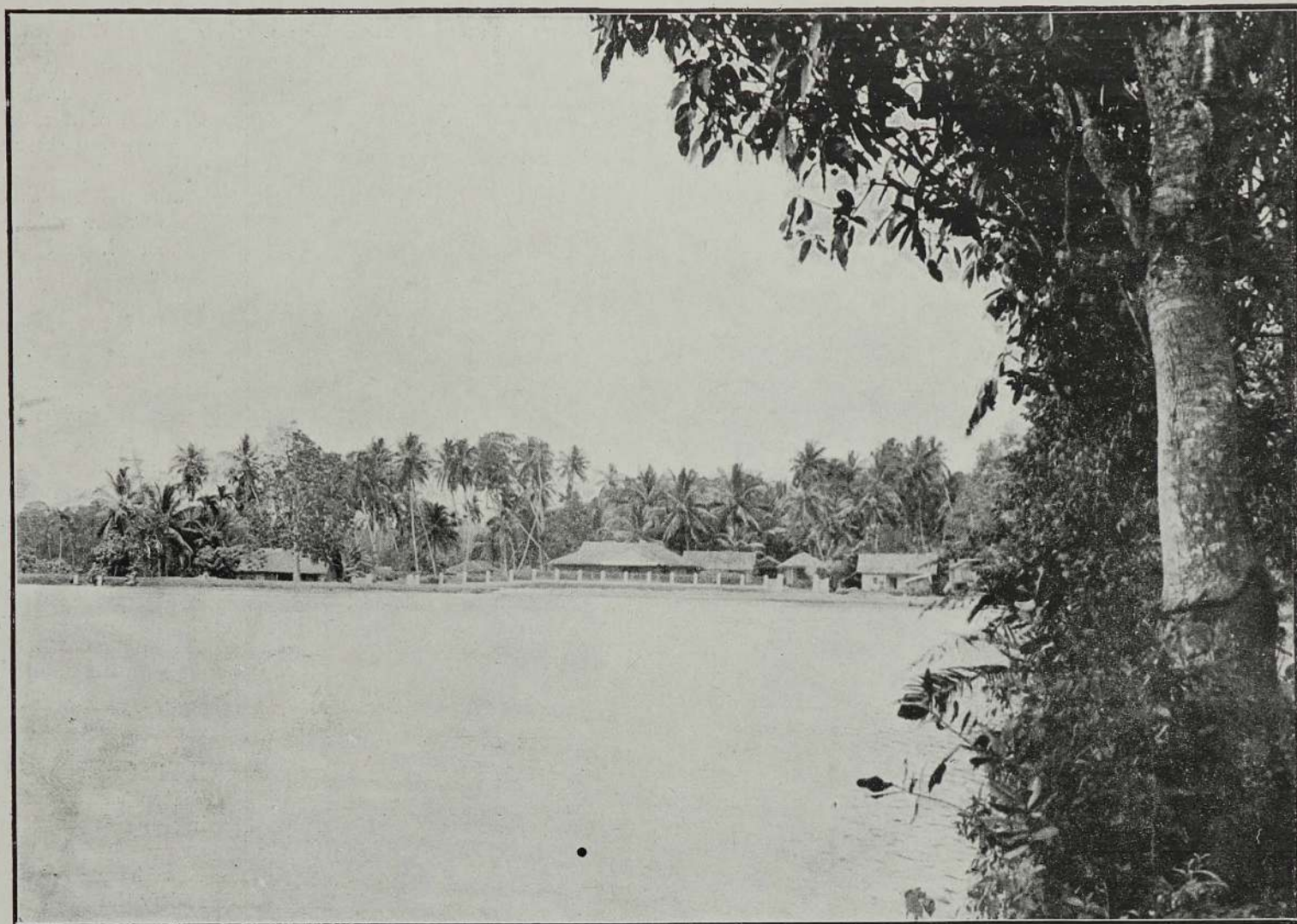
Copyright Photograph

by St. Nihal Singh

VIEW OF TANK FROM HOROWAPOTANA RESTHOUSE.

are to be found reposeful rest-houses, some of them set down in the midst of relics of Ceylon's bygone glory. In any one of them a person tired of the din and monotony of town life, or weary of the formal

To one accustomed to paying bills on the European or American scale, the charges made at the rest-houses are exceptionally light, and what is more, the rates are fixed, leaving no room for higgling and



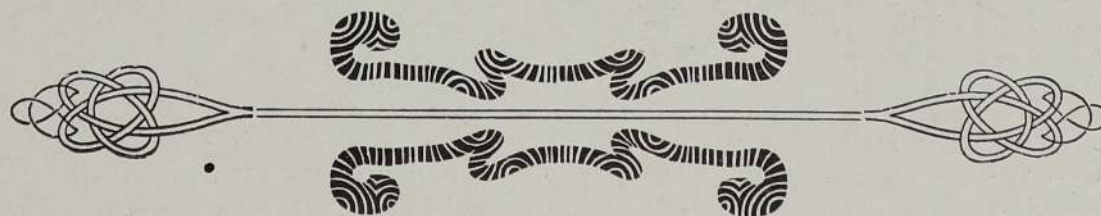
Copyright Photograph

KESBEWA RESTHOUSE FROM LAKE.

by St. Nihal Singh.

routine of first-class hostelries, may spend a few hours or several days near to Nature's heart, bathing in the sea, or fishing in quiet pools, nunting, walking or motoring, reading, or merely idling away the hours.

haggling as to the cost of accommodation, or even the price that may be exacted for breakage or damage to any article on the premises. Unique indeed is this Ceylon institution!



The Reptiles of Ceylon

BY P. E. P. DERANIYAGALA, M.A.

THE study of reptiles is as fascinating a branch of study as is the study of other animals. However, it is somewhat involved as the chief method of identification is by a study of the scales, chiefly those of the head, the claw and tooth arrangement, the general proportions, the eyelid, the cleft of the palate, etc.

This article, however, is intended as a guide to help the lay reader to differentiate between those of our more conspicuous reptiles with which he is likely to come within investigating distance.

To the scientist the smaller reptiles are often more interesting than the larger ones. However, the popular imagination is usually inspired by size; so the forms will be dealt with in diminishing order of size.

First and foremost come the Crocodiles, of which there are two varieties. The estuarine Croc, which is reputed to be the fiercest of the two, and the swamp Crocodile.

The estuarine Crocodile or Gatta Kimbula is not found far inland. It has a thin long snout with two bony ridges which run forward from each eye and meet near the nostrils.



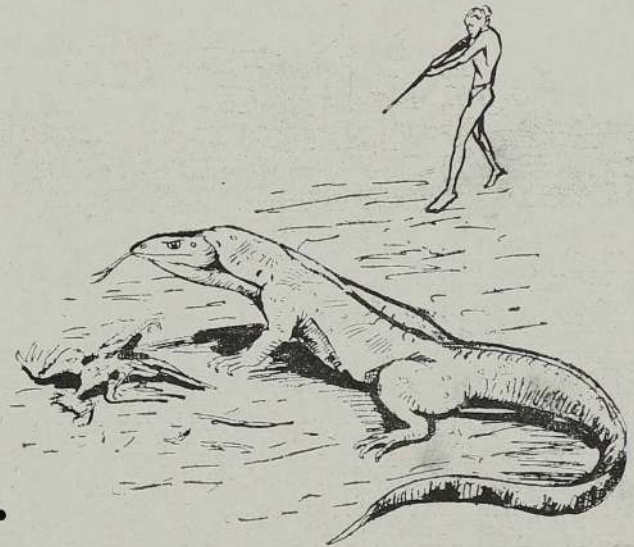
ESTUARINE CROCODILE [OR GATTA KIMBULA.

The marsh Crocodile or Ela Kimbula is thick set and has a flat broad head and is by far the commoner of the two and is found in both fresh and brackish water.

Crocodiles lay about twenty hard-shelled eggs which they cover up in a nest of leaves, while the mother lies near by until the young hatch out. They

are fast being exterminated for their hides and it will soon be a paying concern to collect their eggs and farm them, as is done in California, U.S.A.

The Varanus lizards are next in point of size and the Kabaragoya reaches to a length of over six

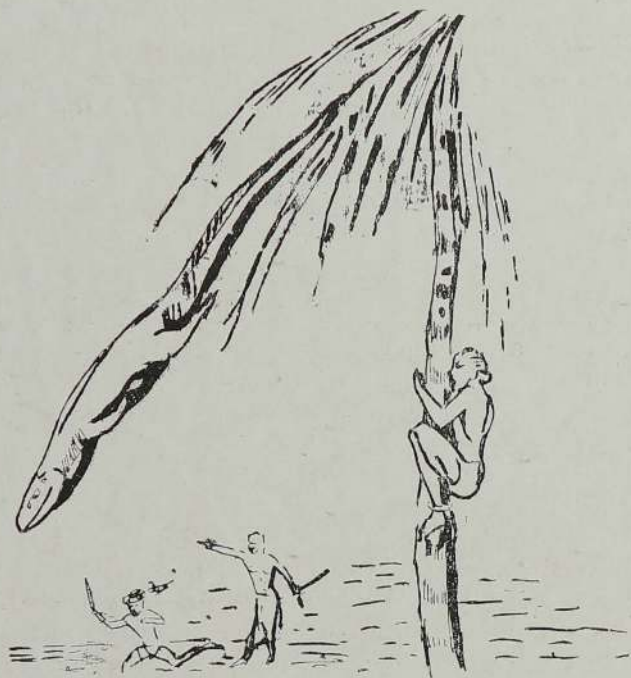


KABARAGOYA.

feet. He is a foul feeder, but is useful in destroying vermin and snakes. He is somewhat of a poultry fancier, too, and, in the process of swallowing a large chicken, turns the skin inside out as neatly as if done by an expert taxidermist. He is an excellent climber and swimmer and, when in the water, uses only his tail. As a fighter he can make the average bull terrier go all the way, as his tough, black, yellow-starred hide is not easily bitten into. The easiest means of separating him from his near cousin, the Talagoya, is by examining the position of the nostril which, in the Kabaragoya, is close to the tip of the snout, whereas the Talagoya has it near the eye. This lizard is edible and is more soberly coloured than his large relative. He is a burrow dweller and inhabits holes under the rocks or in trees.

Many virtues are ascribed to this animal. To chew the raw tail strengthens the gums, to swallow the raw tongue is to gain the eloquence of a Gokhale; the flesh is a remedy for convalescents and the animal itself is the friend of the farmer, a feeling which is not reciprocated. The jumping powers of both these lizards are extraordinary, and they can launch themselves off the crown of a coconut tree and land unscathed on the ground sixty feet below, as they break the force of their fall with tail and outstretched

After these lizards come the Chameleon (*Bodilya*) of which there is only a single variety. He is a sluggish fellow, having the cloven foot usually as-



TALAGOYA.

cribed to another world and the only speedy object in his possession is his tongue, with which he collects insects which, misguided by his lethargic appearance, approach to within range. His tail is prehensile, that is, he can employ it in clinging to twigs, and he is famous for his colour changes. However, other reptiles can change colour to the same extent and are often erroneously termed Chameleons, also known as Blood Suckers. There are many species of these lizards which belong to the genus *Calotes* (*Katusso*).

There are numerous cousins to this set. First there is the lyre-headed lizard (*Lyriocephalus*) which has a lyre-shaped device on the front of his snout and head. He is as large a lizard as the Chameleon. Next come the frilled lizards, *Gitana*, which have long hind limbs and prefer hot sand to shady trees. *Gitana* has dark diamond-shaped marks on its back and only four toes to each hind leg, which distinguish it from *Otocryptis* which has no ear hole visible and is larger in size. These lizards only puff out their frills when excited, but normally they resemble an ordinary *Katussa*, with long hind legs.

Ceratophora is the *Katussa* which carries a fleshy horn at the tip of its snout. There are two varieties: one with a pointed horn, the other with a blunt one. Both forms are common at Nuwara Eliya and, together with *Otocryptis* and *Lyriocephalus* are found only in Ceylon.

Geckoes, or wall lizards, form a very complex group and vary in length from two inches to nearly a foot. The eyelids are absent in Geckoes. The Huno, or Geckoes, are found in houses, and on trees and are differentiated by the pads under their toes, the pupil of the eye, which is usually a vertical slit, and the structure of the scales and claws. *Gehyra Mutilata* is the common house form, with a flat tail. In common with others of his class he

shows his disapproval of interference by casting off his tail at people while he scurries away at a greater speed than when encumbered with this appendage, which grows again in a few months. The pupil of the eye is vertical and he is brown in colour with pale yellow dots.

Gonotodes Kandianus is a delicate little lizard with very slender limbs and is of a pale mauve colour. He differs from the others in having a round pupil to his eye.

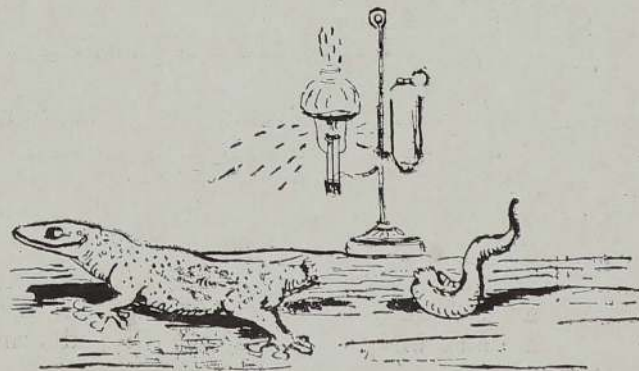
Hemidactylus frenatus has no thumb nails and very short stumpy thumbs. He has a somewhat spiny tail and often possesses red toe pads. The body colour is greyish with dark mottlings.



GITANA.

Gymnodactylus frenatus, or Kele Huna, is a forest dweller and is a giant, attaining about ten inches. All his toes are furnished with strong claws and he does not part with his tail as readily as do the others. He is greenish yellow with large dark brown cross-markings on his head, body and tail.

The Ceylon Skinks, or Hickenello, are an interesting group of sand lizards. Many of them have a transparent window in the lower eyelid to enable them to see with their eyes shut. The ears of some also possess protecting scales. Both devices are a guard against the entry of sand.



GEHYRA MUTILATA

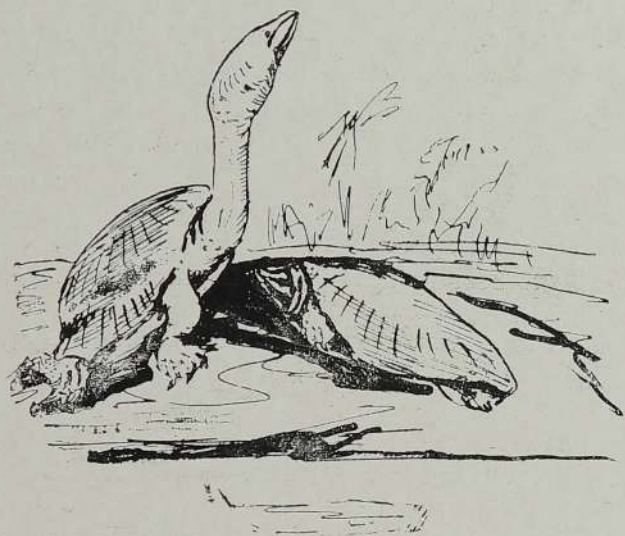
Skinks have a medicinal repute in China, Egypt and Europe, where they are at times boiled and eaten

as food. They are pretty animals, with glossy bronze-coloured backs which are marked with black and yellow.

The commonest form is Mabuya, which is the Hickenella. The elongated snake-like form with short legs is Lygosoma, the Heeraluva. Each of these genera contain several species, and, although harmless, the Skinks are considered to be very poisonous by the ignorant.

They live in crevices in the ground and under dry leaves and fallen tree trunks, from which they emerge when the sun is bright.

Tortoises are common in Ceylon. The ordinary black variety which has golden spots on head and neck is *Geoemyda*, the Gal Ibba. It is essentially a scavenger and is equally at home on land or in the



EMYDA CEYLONENSIS OR KIRI IBBA.

water. *Emyda Ceylonensis* is the Kiri Ibba, which is a soft tortoise. It has a soft white belly shield and cartilaginous flaps protecting its hind legs. The feet are webbed, the lips are full and fleshy. The animal is olive green in colour dorsally, creamy white ventrally. It is a nasty tempered creature and bites

swiftly and suddenly, using its sharp jaws with considerable effect. Specimens over a foot long are common at Tissamaharama. *Testudo elegans* is the starred tortoise or Maivara Ibba, which is a pure vegetarian and a land-dweller. His rich yellow shell is spangled with numerous black stars and he can exist for weeks without water. He is very pugnacious during the mating season, trying to get under the guard of his rival and so turn him on his back, when his efforts at regaining his normal position by waving his stumpy legs renders him too ludicrous to be regarded with affection by the Queen of Tortoise Hearts.

Sea Turtles are also common and are taken in nets and with the harpoon. The Hawksbill, or Pana Kesbewa, supplies tortoise shell. It is a small turtle with the shields of its back in overlapping scales. When captured it is said to bite fiercely with its hawk-like beak.

The Olugeddi Kesbewa is the Loggerhead, which is a large variety with smooth dorsal scales, as is the Gal Kesbewa or Green Turtle. The largest of the turtles is the Dhara Kesbewa or Leatherback which has long ridges on its back. It has no protecting shell or carapace, as have the others, and grows to a length of eight or ten feet.

Various items of food are prepared from turtle eggs, the best known being Pappada, while the Jaffna fishermen use almost every part of the turtle, including its blood, as food.

It is impossible to give anything approaching a full account of our reptiles without falling into Herpetological parlance and utilising a full volume of print. The field in Ceylon is very rich and numerous forms, which are apparently new to science, have been obtained as a result of spasmodic collecting in 1927. These new varieties belong to the Skinks, Geckoes and forest Katusso. Any uncommon specimens alive or, if dead, preserved in Arrack or 5 per cent. Formalin, which is obtainable at any chemist's, will be most acceptable in furthering knowledge with regard to Ceylon reptiles.

FERGUSON'S CEYLON DIRECTORY

THE STANDARD DIRECTORY OF CEYLON

Was first published in 1859 and is still

THE RECOGNISED BOOK OF REFERENCE ON CEYLON.

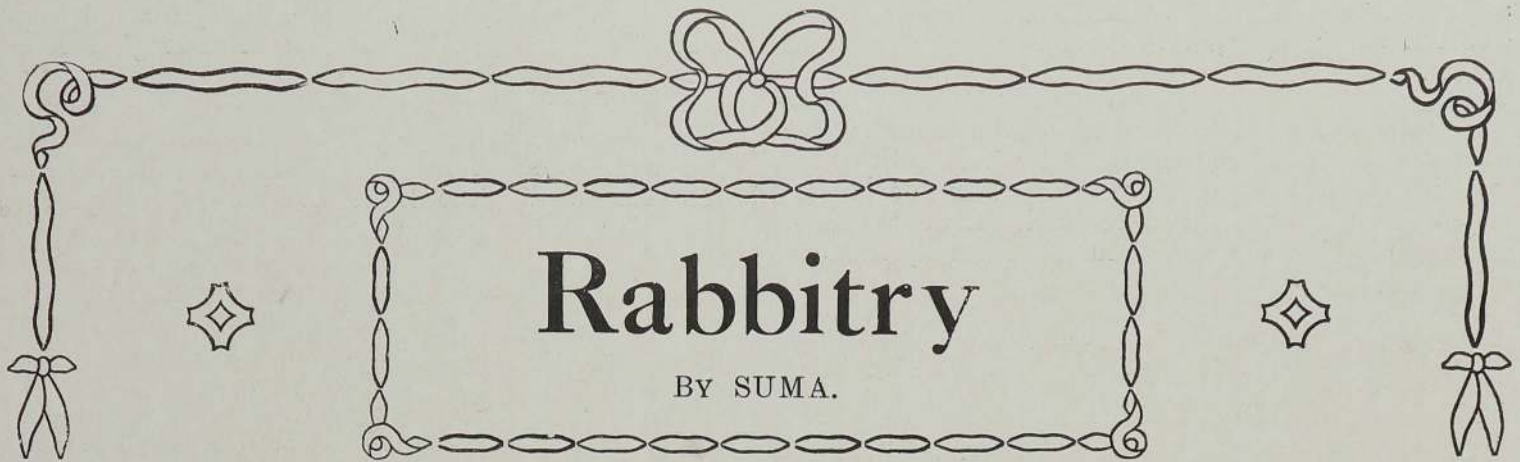
PUBLISHERS

THE CEYLON OBSERVER.

P. O. Box 116,
Colombo.

&

180, Fleet Street,
London, E. C. 4.



Rabbitry

BY SUMA.

AFTER a sojourn of six months in the Low Country, and a complete set of new teeth, an outlay necessitated by the Local Beef for which the Low Country is famous (or rather, infamous), I turned at last in sheer desperation, like the mythical worm, and remarked to my Ishpouse (Tamil for wife): "I am going to be a Rabbiteer!"

"Yes, dear," she replied without looking up from her Ukelele, "just tell the Appu, will you?"

"Why on earth should I consult the Major Domo in the matter?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh! because he'll have to look after them, I suppose, because I'm sure that 'you' won't" she added with considerable acumen.



"I am a Busy Man!" I began, with dignity.

"Yes, dear", she said in a non-committal tone of voice.

"It's like this, My Dear. I can't go on buying new teeth every six months—my screw won't run

to it, even with Bonuses! I am not a vegetarian either by religion or instincts and I should simply hate to die of dyspepsia before my next leave falls due! We simply cannot afford to patronize "Spitzbergen," or whatever the Purveyors of frozen viands style themselves, twice a week for life, unless we win a Galle Sweep or a Golden Ballot, either or both of which contingencies seem equally remote! But I have a sort of intuition, that the odd Rabbit-Pie, just now and again to whet a jaded appetite, might help one to bear up against this frightful beef!"

And so it was agreed that I should indulge in Rabbitry, for the sake of my digestion!

"Are you going in for Angora Rabbits or Belgian Hares?" Evelina inquired.

"I rather think a Bull Angora and a Cow Hare would be a good egg," I answered. "Judging from the Pi-dogs in Ceylon, that practically spend years of their lives under the wheels of buses and cars, it would seem that cross-breeding makes for a certain "hardiness", which is a matter of no small importance in a country like this! Look at our Monsoons, bus-drivers, Kalutara snails, and various other entities, all mimical to longevity! "Besides", I wound up, "don't you recall the famous advertisement that flaunts in every magazine—"Angora masters the Hare?"

"Don't be futile 'all' your life!" It's not Angora and the pun on Hair is rotten, if not putrid!" was Evelina's contribution to the conversation!

Feeling somewhat ruffled in my dignity, I lapsed into my perusal of the daily news-sheet, where my eye was promptly arrested (cross-word influence) by an advertisement offering a pair of White Rabbits for Rs. 1-50 Nett, E. & O. E., F.O.R. Tuticorin., S.I.

That being the sort of price that appeals to, and suits my bank balance admirably, I straightway sat me down and indented for "Rabbits, White, Pairs one, Planters, Pies for the propagation of," having got into the Military habit of mind while I

was a Boy Scout in the Great War. I enclosed a M. O. (no, not a Medical Officer—the other kind) and full instructions as to nearest railhead where the aforesaid conies might be delivered and met.

Within the week I received a small box covered with wire-netting, and containing a pair of small white bunnies, who both looked far too young to have attained to years of indiscretion!

However, being (originally) an incurable optimist (but not now!) I cajoled the estate carpenter-baas to erect me a small run, complete with housing accommodation for the Happy Pair (including a pandal with "Welcome" on it) and sat down to wait until they should grow up enough to realize the responsibilities of wedlock.

My wife came with me to see them installed in their new home and to make sure that they would be comfortable.

Suddenly she said "What do Rabbits drink?"

"The same as lions!" I replied.

"What's that?" she asked unsuspectingly.

"Stout and tonic" I said.

"Idiot?!" she fairly hissed!!

"Well," I said loftily, "I admit that I haven't met 'many' lions socially, but the few social lions I have encountered in this district.

"Oh! do shut up, I can't bear it" was her crushing rejoinder.

"What shall we call them?" said she, to take my mind off Stout.

"Well," I considered.

"Well? Why Well?" she asked.

I replied that I was merely considering the matter.

"As they're so white what about 'Lily' for the lady and 'Skinner' for the gent?"

"Lily and Skinner—the famous firm!" I suggested.

"You're getting quite bright, aren't you?" said Evelina.

So Lily and Skinner it was!

I then retired to my easy chair on the verandah and gave myself over to day-dreams, in which I saw vistas of rabbit-pie fading away into the distance of the future!

After about six months of weary waiting I thought that Lily and Skinner might be old enough

to consider the Pie question! But no pies occurred. So, being of a patient habit of mind, I waited another year—with the same lack of results! I then began to feel distinctly peeved at their obstructionist manner *re* pies, and had them sent before a Medical Board for examination. The verdict was that they were both females!



After that I really couldn't blame the rabbits for their moral turpitude. I felt inclined, however, to blame the advertiser, until I realized that he had only contracted to sell me a pair of rabbits—and so he had! A pair of females!! He hadn't promised to sell me a pair containing one of each sex!

Having eaten Lily, who contracted palsy or a "wonkiness" of the rear legs, I sent Skinner over to a friend who bred rabbits successfully, to spend a week-end with one of his bucks, and in about a month's time he (or rather she) presented me with a couple of little potential pies, white and furry! Mother and children were both doing well, until I strolled down to the warren one evening and found them all stretched out stiff and stark, and in the sleeping compartment of the hutch was coiled a perfectly good cobra, who departed this life in a hurry, in a short space of time! After this tragic denouement. I was a bit disheartened until another friend who was going on leave presented me with three or four young Belgian Hares, with instructions to do as I liked—either keep 'em or eat 'em! So I decided to keep them! We came to the conclusion that they were all bucks, and when after eight months' leave my benefactor returned to the Island, I kept one and sent him back the others, telling him they were all "gents"! And within a fortnight, one of the B'hoys gave birth to a fine pair of twins—just my luck!

I have now kept rabbits for three years, and I haven't had that pie yet!

Will any sympathizer send me a rabbit—with SEX plainly marked on the collar—or failing that—can anyone tell me whether guinea-pigs are edible?



Hallow-e'en

Superstitions

BY M. E. G.

THIS last day of October, the eve of All Saints' Day, known in various districts as Hallow-e'en, All Hallows' Eve, Cake Night, and Nut-Crack Night, is a day—or rather a night—apart. For is it, not the one night in the year when witches, spooks, and such-like ghostly visitants are abroad? The night of magic, of the weaving of spells and love-charms, the time when the inquisitive may have a chance to read the future, and see what fate has in store during the coming year.

In former centuries, there were great festivities on this night, and stores of apples and nuts were gathered in, in preparation for the games and rites in which they took a predominant part. In these prosaic days, alas, the old customs are rapidly dying out. But there are still districts in Ireland, and the North of England, where the Hallow-e'en superstitions still linger, where the girls light candles and eagerly watch to see whose candle burns out first. The girl who lighted this lucky candle will be the first to be married, whilst she whose candle burns longest may anticipate life-long spinsterhood!

"Ducking" for apples which float in a tub of water is an ever-popular Hallow-e'en custom; and in some parts of England it is said that if an unmarried girl eats an apple in front of a mirror, at midnight on Hallow-e'en, she will see the face of her future husband looking over her shoulder in the mirror.

The Nut-burning ceremony is one which is conducted with due solemnity, in some places. Each

girl selects two nuts, naming one for herself and the other for the man of her choice. They are placed side by side on the bars of the grate, in front of the fire. If both nuts pop, and fall into the fire, a speedy and happy marriage may be anticipated, but if they pop away from the fire the marriage will never take place! If only one nut falls into the fire, it is a sign that he—or she—will prove fickle!

To-night is a most auspicious time for telling fortunes; so if, perchance, one of the palm-reading fraternity should pass your way, do not hesitate to consult him!

It is said, too, that dreams which occur on this night have a peculiar significance. To dream that you see your lover dressed in blue is a good sign; if he is dressed in green, things are doubtful; and if in grey, then he will surely be faithless.

This is the time to make wishes, and if you would know whether your wish will come true, you should write it on a slip of paper and drop it on the fire. If the paper flies up the chimney, your wish will be granted!

Children born on this night are supposed to be singularly lucky, and to be gifted with "second-sight."

Coming as it does in the "season of mists, and mellow fruitfulness," the little festival of Hallow-e'en has a charm and fragrance all its own; and it is to be hoped that it will be a long time before it is entirely banished to the regions of limbo.

Wedding Bells

["For Hire—Bridal costumes, flags and other decorations; also motor car."—
Legend on a village sign-board.]

WALK up, ye swains and lasses who seek the married state,
I'll rig you up in all that's fine, and do it while you wait—
A veil, a wreath, a silver-robe for every blushing bride,
A dinky suit of lavender for the groom that's by her side.
I've flags to deck the nuptial hall upon your wedding day,
And paper flowers of every hue festooned in brave array.
No need, good Sir and Miss, for you in jolting carts to ride,
I have on hand a fiery Ford for you and your sweet bride.
So you'll elude the guests who fling pink rice on every hand,
And fly with her at top-most speed to honey-mooning land.
Walk up, walk up, you marrying folk, and I will do you cheap—
Just look inside and see my stock before you take the leap.

Puppet

BY C. D.

HOW he came to be called by this queer name I never was able to discover, but it suited him admirably. He was a small Scotch terrier given to me by G.G., a sadly reckless lad, who was down on his luck, and, having "got the sack" from his planting billet, was—as he put it—"on the cart road," with a Red Indian motor-bike, a suitcase strapped to it, and some fifty rupees as his only assets; and with prodigious liabilities!

With these scanty possessions, he was going "on four," to look for another job—a pretty hopeless quest. But just before starting he said to me, referring to the dog, "You'll give him a comfortable home, Old Man, won't you? He's the only real friend I ever had, and rather than he should fall into bad hands, I would shoot him;" and I noticed that poor G.G.'s eyes were swimming.

"D'y up, and don't talk rot," I replied. "Keep your mind at ease, for you can be sure that I shall be as kind to him as you have been. You know me well enough, I think, to trust me to do that, don't you, G.G.?"

That made him smile—somewhat sadly—but smile he did.

"Hold on to the dog, Old Man," he said, "while I go off."

And without again looking back either at me or the animal, whom I held in my arms, where he struggled hard to get free, G.G. rode away on his fiery iron-steed, and I did not see him again for six months. In the meantime Puppet and I became great friends.

Though quite tiny, he was quick and intelligent, and ever ready for a run-out. Every morning saw him sitting outside at my bed-room door, waiting for me to appear; and, as soon as I did, he would race madly up and down the long verandah, like one possessed, in the irrepressible exuberance of his joy at the prospect of an open-air ramble which I never failed to give him.

Puppet was a perfect amphibian, and loved the water almost as much as the land. No matter how cold the weather, the first water-course he saw afforded him an opportunity for his morning dip. After that he would dash away, as though he had got the Kruschen feeling, and scamper about more energetically than ever—running far from and back to me in a spirit of sheer mischievous fun.

He had a keen scent, and sometimes would start a timid hare from out a tea-bush, racing after it like a greyhound, and yelping for all he was worth; but all to little purpose. With his tiny legs he was no match for the fleet bunny, who would gallop off leaving Puppet miles behind.

Many a time would I sit, after a weary climb, on an inviting tree stump by the wayside, and speak to him as though he were a human companion.

"Puppet!" I would say, apostrophising him; and instantly his ears would prick up, ready to drink in my every word, while his eyes looked up to me

quizzingly, as though trying to follow the trend of my thoughts.

"Puppet! you are a dear little doggie, very wise for your age and stature; but you are a fool for all that, and I'll tell you why."

And while I spoke Puppet would gaze steadily at me as if he were absorbing all I said.

"As I remarked," I would continue, "you are a fool, in that you will persist in racing after motor cyclists in an insane fashion as they scorch along the road. It's a risky business, I can assure you, and you will meet with disaster some day—that's certain. It is a very idiotic thing for any sane dog to do, and I am surprised that a well-born and carefully nurtured creature like you should behave in such a foolish and undignified manner."

On hearing this harangue, Puppet would wag his stump of a tail, as much as to say, "Of course, you can't understand why I do it, and there is no chance of my making you. You probably think it's only sheer cussedness on my part, but I tell you it isn't."

And so, whenever a cyclist flew by, Puppet would go after him like a bullet shot from a gun; but, after a short run, he invariably stopped, and, with a disappointed look, waited for me, ears and bob-tail hanging low, as though he would say to me: "Beat me if you like but I can't help it."

But I did not beat him, for I knew that no amount of beating would break him of the habit. I only held up my forefinger, and said, "You naughty dog;" and Puppet understood.

On the last day I saw him alive the air was tonic almost to intoxication, and the birds were more than usually happy and choral. Puppet and I walked, light of heart and springy of foot. I was castle-building, and scarcely conscious of my surroundings, when I was startled by the sound of a motor-horn not far behind. Quickly stepping on to the turf on my left, I waited for the cyclist to pass by on the other side.

The rider, who was travelling at a great speed, evidently recognized my figure, and turned round to wave a hand, oblivious of the fact that in front of him on the right lay an old road-roller that had been abandoned as useless. It was imbedded in grass and weeds, and the rider, not realising that he had to negotiate a sharp bend of the road to avoid it, and probably also losing full control of his machine in turning to look back, rode right into the obstacle. The cycle, in hitting it, rose in the air like a hunter taking a fence, and then fell into the rocky bed of the stream that ran a hundred feet below. Appalled as I was by the tragedy, what was my horror to see Puppet, who had put on a greater spurt than usual, follow the cyclist in his fatal leap, bounding into space like a football going over the goal posts.

The next day there was an inquest on the body of the man who was found dead, with a little dog, also dead beside him. He was identified as G.G.—Puppet's old master. The two friends had passed into the Great Beyond together.



Trinco.

BY "A DAY DREAMER."

I SUPPOSE everyone in the world has heard of Trincomalee. It belongs to the era of sea-romance along with Amboyna and Bencoolen: but I wonder if it conveys any mind-picture to those who have not actually seen it. With Malacca, Tavoy and Moulmein, it shares a glory of long ago, when the great ports of to-day were mere fishing villages. They are a tale that is told—these ports of an ancient fame. They are old and decrepit, but they have their proud legend. Without ambition, without regret, they sleep now beneath their venerable trees in the shadow of their frowning forts and batteries. Restless enterprise is but a smoke-smudge on the horizon: and the harbours which meant romance to our forefathers, are now but a hazy tradition.

As a matter of fact, the history of Trincomalee will hardly bear looking into. It has been singularly inglorious. The Portuguese showed no interest in the place whatever until 1622, when their position in Ceylon was already seriously threatened by the Dutch. The fortress they hurriedly built at Ostenburg was quarried from an ancient Tamil monument "The Temple of a Thousand Columns," which stood upon the promontory and which the Portuguese ruthlessly destroyed. Finally the Dutch took the place, but abandoned it without a blow to the French in 1672. The latter, however, were forced to evacuate for want of supplies and the present Fortress was built by the Dutch in 1676. In 1782 it was occupied by a British force from Madras, but the French surprised it, and the British were ignominiously taken home whence they came. At the end of the war Trincomalee was restored to the Dutch, and remained with them till 1795 when they surrendered Ceylon with hardly a struggle to the English. The history of Trincomalee, a place of great strategic strength, has therefore been one of unrelieved disasters—the reason of course being that Portugal and Holland, each in their turn, were conquered in Europe. Portugal was eaten up by Spain: the Netherlands succumbed to Napoleon: and these catastrophies at home naturally paralysed Colonial enterprises abroad.

Geography is one of the most important elements in history: and Natural features dictate the destinies of Man. Trincomalee is one of the outstanding exceptions to this law. The magnificent harbour, which has few rivals in the world, has never been used extensively for trade, nor, as we have seen, have its tactical features ever resisted attack. Colombo, a far inferior port, which has only been rendered safe

for ships by a lavish expenditure of treasure, has taken its place on the trade route, and is destined to hold it. Singapore is another key position that was only recognized late in time (A.D. 1819), and almost accidentally. But, once the genius of Raffles had lit upon it, its advantages were obvious. As he himself said:—"It is worth continents of Territory." Colombo owes its present grandeur to the most paltry of causes. "Its selection," says Tennent, "was determined solely by its proximity to the only district in Ceylon which produced the precious cinnamon. . . . And for years after British occupation they were influenced by the same motives as their predecessors."

Trinco reminds one rather of Malacca, though it is neither so large, nor so picturesque. But it is similarly roofed with red tiles, and the houses are antique and solid, embellished with stone gates and porches, deep verandahs and tall pillars, after the style of a more generous age, when people lived in the East like gentlemen. The "Old" Rest House, which claims to have been a Dutch office, has walls so strong that it is almost impossible to drive a nail into them. It still contains Dutch chests and cabinets, much treasured by their Burgher possessor. The Catholic Church (1752) is a practical building, with deep verandahs and a low, tiled roof. The interior is dark and inviting: and the door stands wide open: while that of the Protestant Church in the Fort is, alas!, characteristically locked. The roads of the town are neat with the tidiness of maturity, and are shaded with beautiful rain trees. At corners there are banyans, supported on clumps of roots, and casting grateful pools of shade. Angsana, gold-mohur and acacia rain their gracious petals on the streets. The "neem", "zibin" and "tanaung-bin" of Burma flourish here also, and the tamarind casts a restless tracery of shadows on the ground.

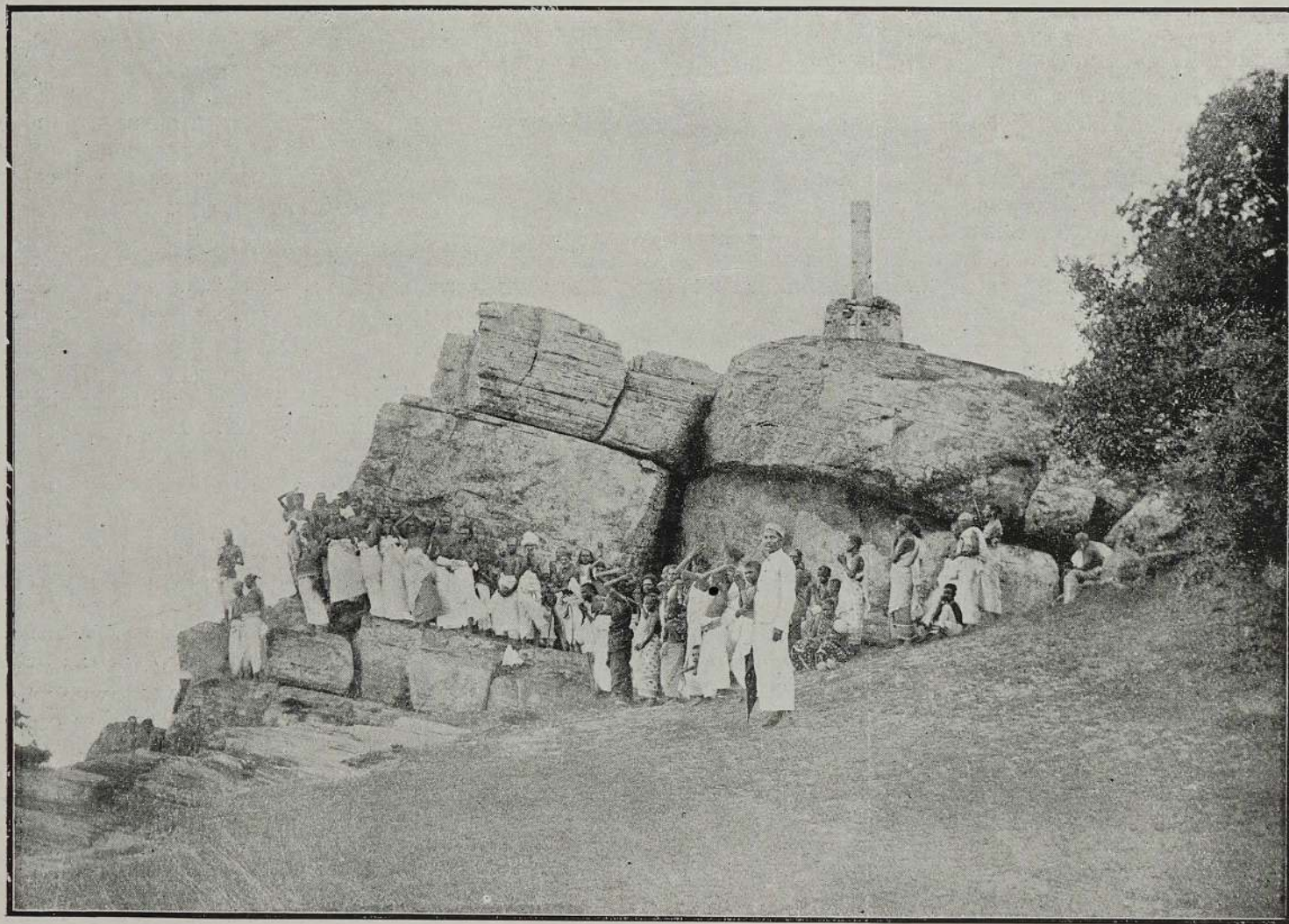
Trincomalee consists of an Inner Harbour—that which is renowned for its depth and security—and an outer coast. The two bays of the outer coast are separated from each other by a promontory on which stands Fort Frederick. Each of these bays in itself is an important roadstead, and on the neck of land that divides them from the Inner Harbour lies the town. The entrance to the Inner Harbour is some miles to the south.

Fort Frederick was built in 1676: and, as we have already mentioned, it is of Dutch origin, and

occupies the point of the promontory. Massive walls protect it on three sides. The fourth side—that towards the sea—is already sufficiently guarded by Nature; for the cliffs are high and precipitous, and a swell beats ceaselessly, along their feet. Swamy Rock, one of the finest of these precipices, has been an object of Hindu pilgrimage for centuries, and, as we have noted, the site was originally occupied by the "Temple of a Thousand Columns" till the Portuguese destroyed it in 1622, and from its material built the first works on the site now known as Fort Osterburg. To-day Fort Frederick fulfils the peaceful duties of housing the Offices of the Irrigation Department. Its ancient guns are used as posts, or for anchoring the flagstaff: and its cannon balls, once

bour. A mile away a school of porpoises frolics in the shining sea. The air is so still that you can hear the "flop" of their falling after every leap. A small stone column on the brow of the cliff marks the spot where, as the story goes, Francina Van Reede, the daughter of a Dutch official, threw herself over in 1689, while the ship that bore away her faithless lover was passing out of the Harbour. The inscription is now wholly obliterated, and few who pass that way know the tragedy of poor little Francina.

In the monsoon the bay below the fort is dangerous for swimming on account of the currents which sweep round it: but, without venturing too far, one may enjoy delicious early morning bathes from the



THE SWAMI ROCK—TRINCOMALEE.

nicely arranged in little piles along the roads, are now scattered over the ground like derelict pills. The casements, where formerly guns frowned from the heights, are now screened with cactus and the sweet-scented mimosa. I have always had a friendly sentiment for these useless old forts of the Indian Ocean since the days—ah! so long ago—when, as a boy, I used to play in Fort William, and tricycle on the cement roof of an old barrack. A Commander-in-Chief lent me that roof: and there was a dear old Adjutant-General who solemnly reprimanded me for firing my air gun near an East India Company's magazine.

There is a lovely view over the bays from the cliffs of Fort Frederick, and towards the

sandy beach. The bathing near the reef by the fort is perhaps better. The water is clear and limpid, and the friendly little waves, which break off short with a playful slap, are straight from the mighty deep. It seems that the sea must sink suddenly to a very great depth, for fish can be seen quite close in to the shore. I watched one fellow fleeing with frantic leaps from a young shark. The shark was clearly visible, travelling at lightning speed along a rising wave. The impression I retain is of a transparent green wave, high and tottering, and of the shark streaking down the length of it at an incredible rate, while the wave was in the very act of breaking.

On this same beach I was interested to see a "boatman" cast up by the waves. I seem to

have heard or read of these insects being found in the ocean, but I had never before seen one there myself.

* * *

The Inner Harbour—how shall I describe the beauty and grandeur of it? It is like a lake, for no open sea is visible. The low, wooded hills fold it to their bosom.

They say the whole British fleet might be there secure amongst the hills, and that the "Renown", when she put in with the Prince of Wales, was quite lost in that wide and incomparable Harbour. It has been suggested that its extraordinary depth, even close to the shore, is due to volcanic action. But the Harbour is empty, except for a few of those queer old hulks whose white wings have almost disappeared from the high seas, and which lie and die in Moulmein, Malacca and Trinco, and nowhere else in the world. Their jibs and spankers are set in the morning sunshine—but not for sailing. It is merely a caretaker's drying after the rain. Coasting vessels put in occasionally: but, speaking generally, no ships avail themselves of these safe waters. The Harbour is abandoned to the hulks and the "catamarangs". You may hire one of the latter and go out after mullet, but it is not very exciting. The views thus obtained of creeks and islands are more interesting: and after the sun has set, if there are high bright clouds, they sometimes reflect a strange bronze light upon the wavelets.

Away on the hills lie the bastions and batteries of Fort Ostenburg, which once commanded the entrance of the main Harbour. Their massive ruins lie overwhelmed by the jungle, and walls that were designed to resist powder and shot have succumbed to the fig tree, which here treats them with as little respect as it treats the monuments of Parakrama and Dutugemunu at Polonnaruwa and Anuradhapura. And no one will release these Forts from that fatal grip—at least not for a millennium, and until the British and the Dutch have become a picturesque legend. An old wooden door still hangs on its hinges, beside which, no doubt, sentries stood for decades, looking at nothing after the manner of sentries. Cactus and Neem have grown up in the roofless barracks where soldiers dressed their cots—the ancient sort of soldiers, now seen in Military

museums, eager to tell all who will charitably listen, about "When I was in Trinco in '51". A stone inscription (comparatively modern) marks the place where Gunner Redstone landed in 1888 after being blown from a gun on the battery above, during the salute of minute guns fired for the Emperor Frederick. A miserable way of dying—for a German Emperor too—and a dead one at that!

* * *

But while Trinco sleeps beneath its rain trees, the old world has swung the full circle. The Indian Ocean, once the key of the Far East, has achieved a new status of an English lake. Slowly, without design, the process has been effected, and is now an accomplished fact, though the British themselves are hardly aware of it. From the Cape to the Red Sea, Aden, the Persian Gulf and India, round by Ceylon, Burma, Malaya and down to Australia, lies an unbroken arc of British territory and British influence. And this English lake commands, in an undisputable way, all western entrances to that ocean of future destiny—the Pacific. In Trincomalee, the Sleeper Wakes.

* * *

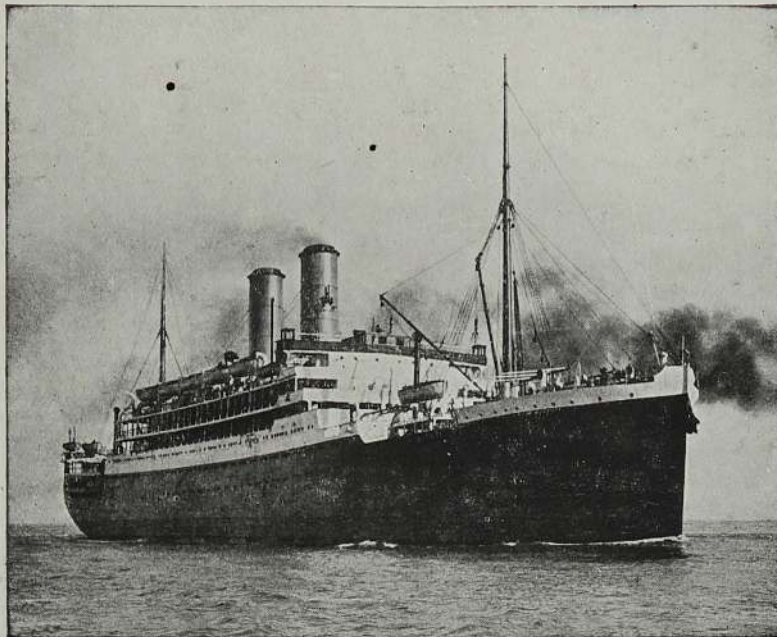
Rip Van Winkle in his long sleep—stirs. Is he about to rise? Trincomalee, the old, the neglected, is assuming a new energy. Signs of revival are not wanting. Since the 2nd of May the whistle of a daily train has been heard. The new oil tanks cluster like mushrooms amongst the hills. Trinco stirs; and one has an uneasy feeling that sacrilegious hands might be laid upon it, cut down its ancient trees, and disturb the mimosa upon the crumbling emplacements. After all, in a place like this, antiquity is an asset; and one would regret to see any more of the proud old guns ignominiously turned upside down and chained together for railings. One would resent to have the scattered cannon balls arranged in wayside pyramids, and dressed by the right, in the manner beloved of Military minds. The Vandal who made any such hostile gesture would be a disturber of the Peace. But who shall say if one day—pray God not in our day—Trincomalee, which belongs to the dead age of Faulkland and Juan Fernandez, will not step forth into Europe's morning paper head-lines; and people at home, so sketchy in their knowledge of the Empire, will look up 'T' in the index of their "Times Atlas."



FREUDENBERG'S FOR HIGH-CLASS CARS AND TRUCKS

ADLER
BEAN
OPEL
PAIGE (JEWETT)
WHITE
MORELAND
MERCEDES-BENZ

Telephone Nos.: 2376 & 2377. Telegraphic Address: "Frudenberg."



R. M. S. "ORAMA" (20,000 tons.)

ORIENT LINE

OF
ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS
TO
EUROPE AND AUSTRALIA
FROM COLOMBO

PASSENGERS BOOKED TO

**Egypt, Naples, Toulon,
Gibraltar, Plymouth,
and London (Tilbury.)**

HOMEWARD SEASON 1928.

	Tons.	1928.
S.S. "Osterley"	12,000	11th Jan.
S.S. "Orama"	20,000	25th do
S.S. "Orsova"	12,000	22nd Feb.
S.S. "Orvieto"	12,000	7th March
S.S. "Otranto"	20,000	21st do
S.S. "Ormonde"	15,000	4th April
S.S. "Oronsay"	20,000	18th do
S.S. "Osterley"	12,000	2nd May
S.S. "Orama"	20,000	16th do
S.S. "Orsova"	12,000	13th June

Minimum Fares from Colombo to
Toulon 1st Class £64, 3rd Class
£26, to London 1st Class £68,
3rd Class £26.

**Holiday Excursions
to Australia**

OUTWARD SAILINGS

	Tons.	1928.
S.S. "Orvieto"	12,000	14th Jan.
S.S. "Otranto"	20,000	28th do
S.S. "Ormonde"	15,000	11th Feb.
S.S. "Oronsay"	20,000	25th do
S.S. "Osterley"	12,000	10th March
S.S. "Orama"	20,000	24th do
S.S. "Orsova"	12,000	21st April
S.S. "Orvieto"	12,000	19th May
S.S. "Ormonde"	15,000	16th June

First Class Holiday Return Fares
Fremantle £59, Adelaide £61, Mel-
bourne £63, Sydney £65,
Brisbane £67.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS IN EUROPE AT SPECIAL EXCURSION RATES

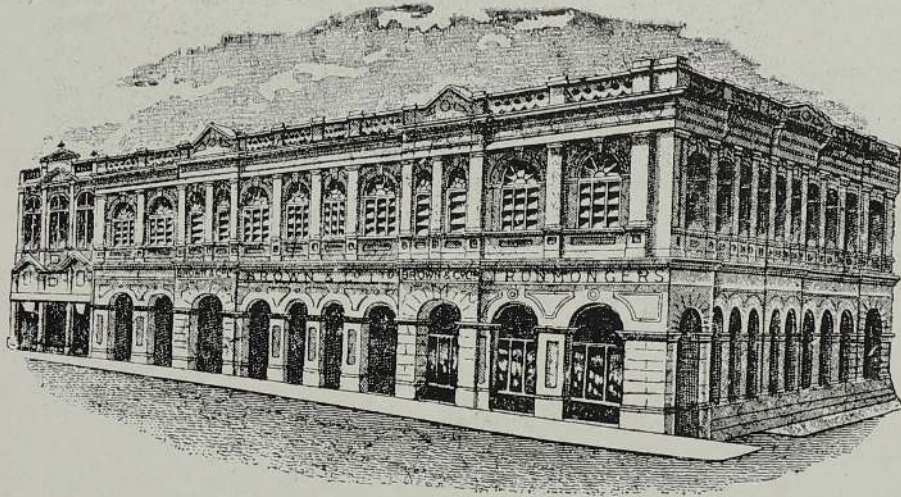
Cabines de Luxe, State Rooms with Bedsteads, Spacious Lounges, Electric Elevators,
Electric Laundries, Wireles Telegraphy.

WHITTALL & Co, Agents, Colombo.

BROWN & Co., LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED 1875.

Engineers,
Electricians,
Importers.



Hardware
& General
Merchants.

SPECIALIZE IN

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:—

METAL	COLOMBO
METAL	HATTON
METAL	NAWALAPITIYA
METAL	KANDY

CODES USED:—
A. B. C. 4TH & 5TH EDITIONS,
WESTERN UNION 5 LETTER EDITION,
BENTLEY'S MARCONI INTERNATIONAL
& PRIVATE CODES.

OIL AND GAS ENGINES; TEA AND RUBBER MACHINERY; ELECTRICAL PLANTS, MATERIAL AND FITTINGS; COCONUT MILL MACHINERY; WATER ELEVATORS, PUMPS AND FITTINGS; MOTOR CARS, TRUCKS AND TRACTORS; PUSH AND MOTOR BICYCLES; TYRES AND MOTOR & CYCLE ACCESSORIES.

TELEPHONES:—

FORT OFFICE & SHOWROOMS NOS. 666
4 LINES,
LANKA WORKS, NOS. 315 & 1160
MOTOR GARAGE, No. 39.
HORBURY HOUSE SOTRES, No. 652,
LONDON BUYING AGENCY:—
270, MANSION HOUSE CHAMBERS,
QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E. C. 1.

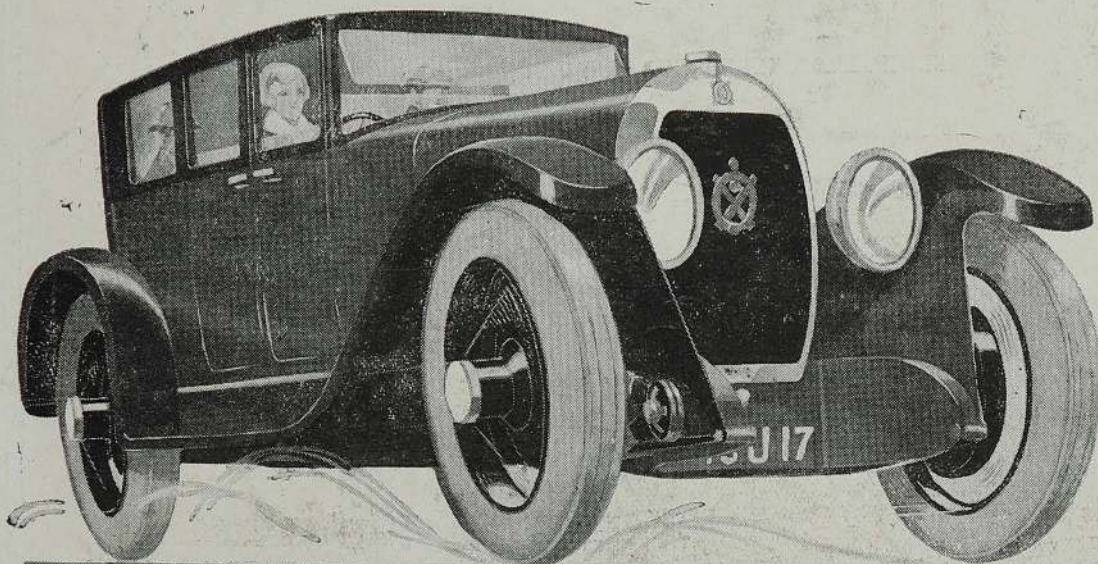
ESTATE TOOLS AND FACTORY REQUISITES; BLACKSMITH'S AND CARPENTER'S TOOLS; LOCKS AND BRASSFOUNDRY; BUILDING REQUISITES; WATERPROOF ROOFING AND FLOORING; SANITARY WARE AND FITTINGS; DISINFECTANTS AND PRESERVATIVES; OILS, PAINTS AND VARNISHES :

GENERAL HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE COOKING, HEATING AND DRYING STOVES; FIREARMS & AMMUNITION; TYPEWRITERS AND OFFICE APPLIANCES; STEEL SAFES AND CABINETS; SILVER, E.P.N.S. AND FANCY GOODS; &c., &c., &c., :

COLOMBO, KANDY, HATTON & NAWALAPITIYA.

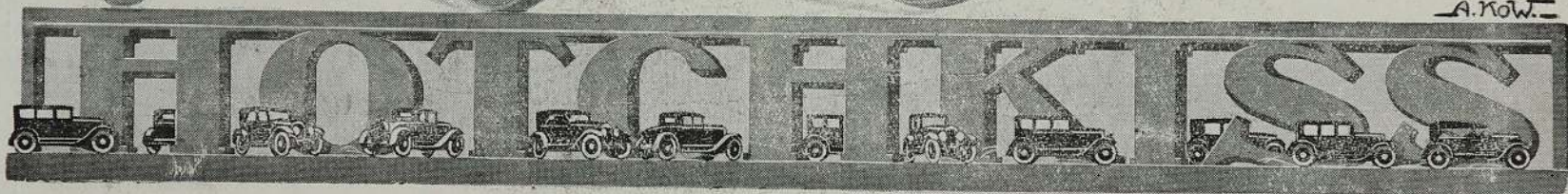
== THE 1928 12 HP HOTCHKISS ==

IS THE CAR THAT RIVALS VICTORIOUSLY WITH THE MOST REPUTED MAKES IN THE WORLD AND POSSESSES THE ADVANTAGE OF THE PRECISION AND HIGH FINISH OF FRENCH CONSTRUCTION.

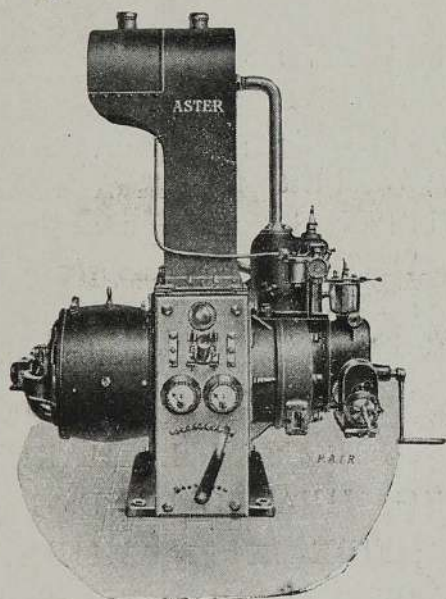


SHOW ROOMS
STEUART PLACE
COLPETTY.

—
ALL MODELS AVAILABLE
ON
EASY TERMS.

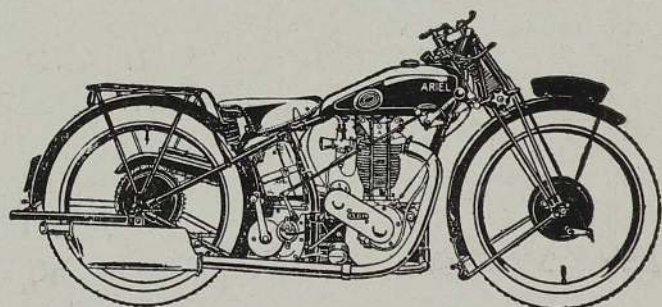


A
S
T
E
R



L
I
G
H
T
I
N
G
S
E
T

SIMPLE AND ECONOMICAL.



ARIEL
THE MODERN MOTOR CYCLE.

One touch and

20

horses leap to your service.

ALL MODELS IN STOCK.

ARISTON GARAGE,

Agents for: PEUGOT, RENAULT, UNIC, AMILCAR, SIZAIRES FRERES.

Automobile Engineers., Electricians and Welders.

Phone 2156.

STEUART PLACE,

COLPETTY; COLOMBO.

Telegrams:
"SELECMOTOR."

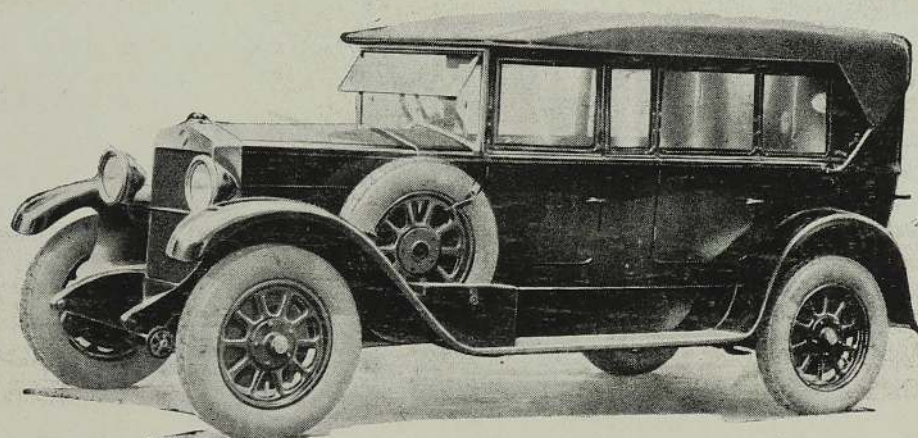


**4
Cylinders**

9 H.P.

12 H.P.

15/20 H.P.



**6
Cylinders**

17/45 H.P.

20/30 H.P.

40 H.P.

**EXCEPTIONAL SERVICE
BY AGENTS WHO HAVE
REPRESENTED THIS
MAKE FOR THE PAST
16 YEARS.**

Outstanding Economy: Reliability.

The Progressive Culmination of 26 Years of
Engineering Genius.

Unequalled quality price advantage

FIAT ranks fourth in Ceylon in order of
Sales of any make.

The Colonial Motor & Engineering Co., Ltd.

COLOMBO.

Digitized by Noolaham Foundation.
noolaham.org | aavanaham.org



SHELL SPIRIT & OIL



*"The Perfect
Complement"*