

THE CEYLON CAUSERIE.

COLOMBO, AUGUST, 1935.

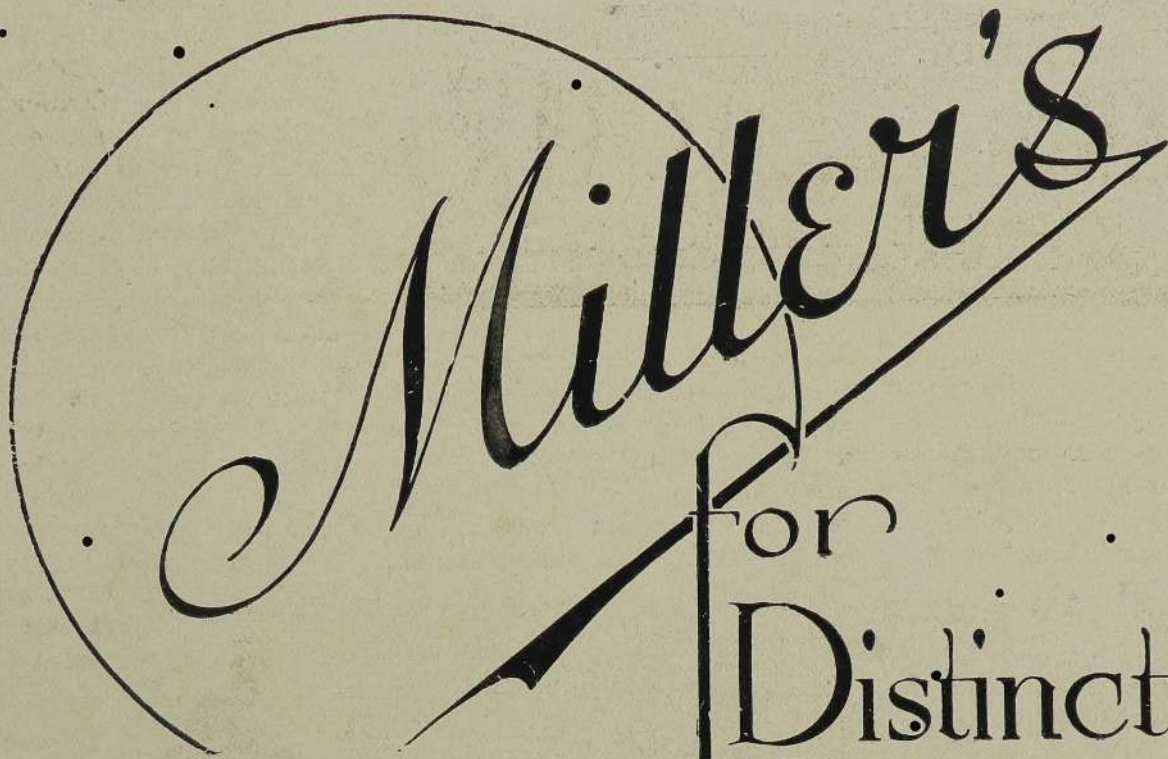
THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

19



Photo by Plate Ltd.

Silverton—winner of the Governor's Cup being led in by his owner Mr. C. A. Laing.



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PASSING HOUR

AUGUST "Week"—so eagerly looked forward to, has come and almost gone, with its high hopes, its thrills and its disappointments, leaving many with that feeling described by the poet as,—looking before and after and pining for what is not! But *not* Mr. Laing! For he succeeded in winning the coveted Governor's Cup—for which he must surely have pined, as every enthusiastic race-horse owner should. It is perhaps as well that the trophy should have gone to one who had never won it before and Mr. Lyon must, we feel sure, have been among the many who rejoiced with the owner of Silverton, on his winning the Cup for the first time.

Cup Day however was not the beginning or end of the so-called August Week. With its wide variety of sporting fixtures; with its dances and other forms of entertainment and with that gay spirit of revelry animating everyone, the crowded hours of this rather lengthy "week" is something to be thankful for in a City which has such few pleasures to offer to the resident or the visitor. Long may it continue to bless, even though it sometimes burns!

The last Budget of the first State Council is not likely to be forgotten for many a year to come. Scarcely anyone expected, in view of the anticipated deficit, that the

Board of Ministers would be in a position to remit taxes, which, in the aggregate, will be found to total a few million rupees. The surprise was so great, that the first reaction, in certain quarters, was one of querulous dissatisfaction.



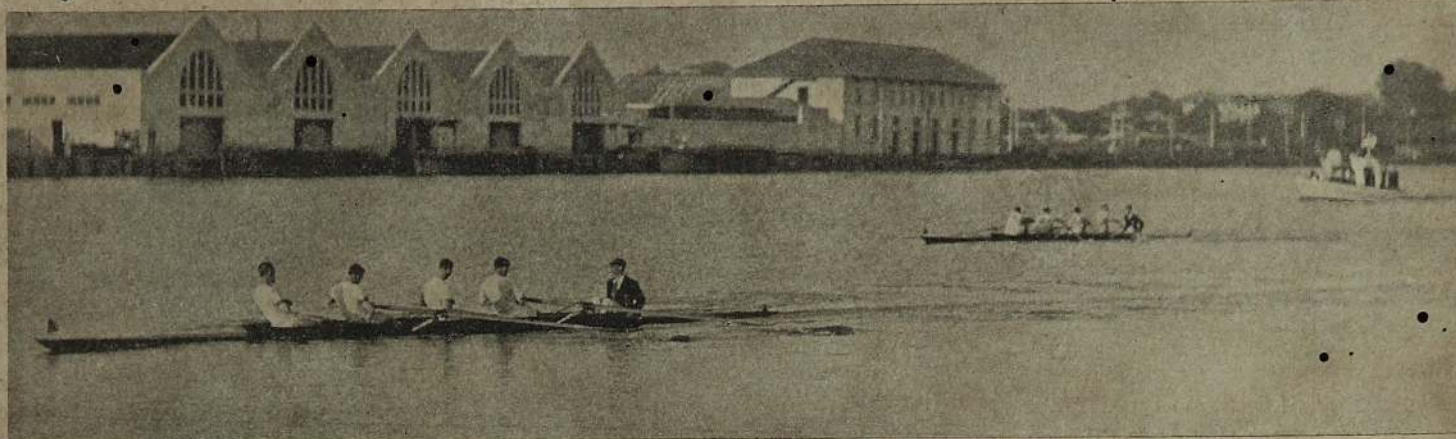
His Excellency Sir Graeme Tyrrell, Officer Administering the Government, being received by the Stewards of the Turf Club, on his arrival on the Course on Cup Day.

There was perhaps a sub-conscious feeling that it was all too good to be true and the news had therefore to be criticised adversely, lest it prove a delusion! But all said and done, we feel that there is good cause for satisfaction and thankfulness for the small (?) mercies which the Board proposes to dispense. The criticism that the rich man stands to benefit more than the poor man, will not bear examination. The abolition of the iniquitous death duties benefits the middle classes as much as the rich "upper ten", as every person whose property was valued at Rs. 5,000 came within the ambit of this death tax. As a rule, the economic position of this class of property owner was that he was forced into

debt, not perhaps to pay the actual amount due as duty, but to meet the incidental expenditure involved in submitting valuations and the other fees in connection therewith. The reduction of duties on textiles and other articles too, are of direct benefit to the poorer classes and was as much as could have been expected at the moment, while the abolition of the Irrigation Rates is an undeniable boon to the poor cultivators. But we certainly feel that a greater measure of relief should have been given to the tea industry, which fully deserves better treatment. Perhaps something may yet be done to induce the Board of Ministers to take at least a few more cents off the pound.

Whatever the criticisms as regards the specific proposals for remitting taxes, there can however be no two opinions that the 1935 Budget is a triumph for Mr. Senanayake, who, as Acting Leader of the House, had the opportunity offered him to shape it according to his desires—and grasped it with both hands! His sense of the dramatic has been

proved to be perfect and his analysis of the financial position of the Island, was a revelation, even to many veteran politicians, who never realised the sound position the Island was in, until it was so lucidly expounded in his Budget speech. As a consequence of Mr. Senanayake's masterly handling of what appeared at the outset to be an unsatisfactory Budget position, the State Councillors can go to the polls enveloped in a halo of glorious achievements! Many of them—some of whom are on the Ministerial bench—are in sore need of this reflected glory, but whether it will help them is rather a doubtful proposition.



Colombo winning the Inter-Club Challenge Fours from Madras which was the main event in the Rowing Club Regatta held last month.

A Sports Causerie.

EVENTS IN JULY.

By "Kay."

JULY, as usual, has been a month of preparation for Ceylon's annual carnival of Sport in August. The three day Meet of the Ceylon Turf Club was more or less a rehearsal for the big events in the August Meet, while trials have been held in various branches of sport both in Colombo and Up-Country, and selection Committees have waxed mighty busy in the picking of teams to do battle in the August Week Tests.

In addition to these preparatory activities there have been several noteworthy sports dates in July, amongst them being the South West Monsoon Regatta of the Colombo Rowing Club, the local International Golf Competition, the final for the President's Cup at the Royal Colombo Golf Club and the exhibition of tennis by Henri Cochet, who flew over to Colombo from Madras to keep his appointment in Ceylon.

THE REGATTA.

The main event of the Rowing Club Regatta was the Inter-Club Challenge fours between Colombo and Madras, it being the South Indian Club's turn this year to be the visitors. Colombo went out favourites for the race and fully justified the confidence of their sup-

porters, coming in great style three lengths ahead of their opponents, and thus regained the trophy which they lost last year at Madras. Colombo displayed better team work. Voehringer, their new stroke, got them away at a rapid rate of striking and kept them at it right up to the finish. Madras laboured under the heavy handicap of inadequate training, having had considerable difficulty in getting together a crew, and having no more than five opportunities of rowing together, while Colombo's crew have been on the water frequently during the past two months.

Another big race in the Regatta was the Sculling Championship in which the Madras Challenger was completely outclassed and Colombo's Champion Sculler, J. T. Perry won with effortless ease by 7 lengths.

The Rowing Club were "At Home" on Saturday, the 20th July when the finals were rowed off. The Acting Governor, Sir Graeme Tyrrell, who was himself some years back one of the most prominent oarsmen in the Colombo Rowing Club, distributed the prizes.

ANDERSON WINS ANOTHER TROPHY.

T. K. Anderson, Ceylon's Golf Champion, collected yet another

trophy when he won the President's Cup at the Royal Colombo Golf Club defeating W. R. N. Philips 4 up and 2. It was a game in which the Champion's remarkable steadiness stood him in good stead and enabled him to pull back a lead of 2 up at the 7th, winning six holes in succession to stand 4 up at the 13th. Having to give away, under the handicap, four strokes and early errors costing him the first two holes it was an uphill fight for Anderson and the manner in which he surmounted this obstacle stamped him once again as a worthy holder of the Title. Philips is a powerful driver but lacks control in his short game. It was here that Anderson repeatedly scored.

DIMBULA'S FALL.

Dimbula came down to Colombo with a record of unbroken success in the inter-district rugger competition and great things were expected of them in their encounter with the C. H. & F. C. But the match was frankly disappointing and Dimbula went back with a staggering defeat, the Colombo team gaining the verdict by the broad margin of 41 points to 8. It was a rude shock to Dimbula's supporters who expected better things of Blair and his men. The fault did not lie with the forwards who did their fair share of work in spite of the fact that they had a formidable pack opposed to them, but their back division failed to come up to expectations. The C. H. & F. C., on the other hand, displayed perfect combination. The speed, ready anticipation and thorough understanding amongst their threes was the deciding factor, while the forwards

were not slow to join the back division in attacking movements whenever the opportunity offered. Cameron and Billson provided some of the high lights of the match with their swerving runs and clever backing up of each other, while Colombo's speedy wingers frequently left Dimbula's defenders totally in the rear.

The C. H. & F. C. went on to score another smashing victory when the Uva XV. came down to Colombo, the half time score of 21 points to nil suggesting an even bigger victory than that against Dimbula. Uva, however, tightened up their defence in the second period, playing an extra three quarter, and the final score was 35—3.

There is apparently nothing that could stop the triumphant march of the C. H. & F. C. this season and they are certain to finish up with an unbeaten record. The next team to crumble before them were the Low-Country Ceylonese who after a plucky first half in which they gave as good as they got were forced to utter rout.

A second string of the C. H. & F. C. visited Talduva and beat the K. V. almost on the post after a game in which fortunes fluctuated throughout.

Kandy gained their second success for the season once again at the expense of Dikoya who are still on the down grade.

Casualties amongst the ranks of the C. R. & F. C. kept many of their prominent performers out of the game in July, but with most of them having recovered now the Ceylonese should be able to field a workmanlike side together with Kandy players for the forthcoming Clifford Cup Competition, and should at least travel as far as the final. The C. R. & F. C. fared badly against Uva, who after their grueling match against the C. H. & F. C. made some amends when they won at Longden Place the following day by 18 points to 3. The Ceylonese Club travelled to Talduva this month and won as they liked against the K. V.

THE SOCCER COMPETITION.

A keen race for the Soccer Title in the Amateur League is in progress. Two military teams, the R. A. and the C. L. I. are at present at the head of affairs with the Police not far behind. The leaders, however, had their biggest surprise the other day when they went down to the Old Josephians who are an improving side. The C. H. & F. C. still appear to be in the throes of team building and have not made much of an impression this season. The Railway are a team of bustlers and have met with moderate success. The C. R. & F. C. have been displaying in and out form and are still capable of springing a big surprise. The United Banks have good material but do not appear to make the best use of it. The Sports Club have, in spite of Naval support, not come up to expectations while Galle, too, of whom great things were expected when they entered the Competition, have proved somewhat disappointing. The Staff and Department are a team of veterans and are being badly left behind in the race with more youthful and energetic teams.

The standard of soccer in the Competition has seldom been high and with one or two good exceptions matches have provided but little excitement.

TENNIS EXHIBITION.

Ceylon tennis enthusiasts have been privileged to see at one time or another most of the tennis stars of every nationality except perhaps the Americans, in action in Colombo, but the Exhibition given by Henri Cochet last month on the Lawn Club Courts provided one of finest displays of tennis. Cochet's opponent was a local professional, Jansz, who played as well as he was allowed by the Frenchman, but the match served the purpose it was meant—that of providing Cochet with an opportunity of displaying his artistry. Gracefulness, accuracy and wonderful control were the keynotes of Cochet's display. There was seldom anything spectacular, but he showed his complete mastery over every kind of stroke.

The Exhibition deserved far bigger support than it did.

RACING.

Twenty-four races were run during the C. T. C. July Race Meet which was favoured by splendid weather throughout. The going was rather on the slow side on the first day but improved considerably on the other two days.

Starting was once again very indifferent on the first two days, for in an endeavour to avoid delay at the post, the fields were in many instances let off to very uneven starts and in several races the favourites got away badly. There was, however, a very welcome improvement on the last day when level starts were the rule rather than the exception. Regarded as a final rehearsal for the Big Meet the best pointer for the Governor's Cup was furnished on the second day when Why Worry carrying practically the same weight that he would have to bear in the Big Meet, won the Chilaw Stakes as he liked, to secure his fourth successive victory. The Black Buck Stakes on the final day was expected to provide yet another

(Continued on page 42.)

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and

Ginger Rogers

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"ROBERTA"

George Arliss

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MATHESON LANG

— IN —

"DRAKE OF ENGLAND"

"BOTTOMS UP"

"DAMES"

"MADAME DU BARRY"

"HAPPINESS AHEAD"

"BULLDOG JACK"

"FIGHTING STOCK"

ETC.

The above list of pictures are selected for screening during the months of August and September at the Regal, Majestic and Empire Theatre, Colombo and at the Empire, Kandy and Clifford Pavilion, Nuwara Eliya.

'THE NEARER OUTLOOK'

By THE LATE
MRS. CATHERINE ADAMS

THE Book says—"Lift your eyes to the mountains!" Yes, but our hills are on the other side of the bungalow, so I must turn my eyes to the nearer outlook and oh!—

Two Golden Orioles!

There they go, flying very slowly, low down, and closely into the window, almost touching the bow of it. She going first, as is but seemly. He, such a gorgeous personage with his wonderful new Spring plumage, comes sailing along royally, quite ready to fit into the picture of the fresh, pale-green shimmering of the deciduous trees, now re-mantling for "the season."

"Boy" says he saw the Orioles yesterday very busy, hovering over some tall shrubs. And now I am glowing with a triumphant satisfaction, because the return of the Orioles signifies a return of all the other birds who have nested here for many seasons. This is a real famous victory over a small colony of voracious crows, who tried hard last season to build nests while they carried on ferocious attacks on all the birds and their young ones. A terrible massacre of the innocents.

* * * * *

The Big Jewel.

If you look long enough, things most beautiful will suddenly emerge from the quite ordinary. Take dew drops for instance. What millions show after rain, or after a heavy fall of dew! Usually brightest in the long level rays of the early morning sun. When the sun rises they

appear as a veil of brilliant diamonds covering the pastures and shimmering over the trees and shrubs. An every day affair in the showery weather. Then why refer to them? Just because they were responsible for one of nature's smaller miracles and which, for me, may never happen again. Very simple too. These myriads of dewdrops had just begun to flash and sparkle, when the sun came round from behind some trees with a roving eye. On one very long stem of Bougainvillea, were clustered, closely, a long row of dewdrops hanging precariously. Suddenly a trembling of the stem sent them running down, a whole cascade of diamonds, until they fell into a little nest of thickly growing leaves, there to lie cupped in a pure, still light, until the sun found them and turned them into a flashing, magnificent Koh-i-noor!

Unbelievable that this wonderous jewel remained perfect for six minutes, by the clock, flashing and scintillating brilliantly. The most fascinating sight. Then the dewdrops began to part, falling away, one by one. No, not falling, they were gradually becoming absorbed by the sun. Finally, there was one tiny gleam left. With the arrogant gesture of a once reigning beauty there was a decided wink towards the sun and then—nothing.

* * * * *

Why are you up here, Sir Kingfisher?

We really have not had a drought, and there must be plenty of fish about in the river and streams. A

change of diet? Anyway, I am delighted to see you, especially when you spread wings and flash that lovely royal-blue across my little horizon. And I admire your "front," the short front that looks so comic as you face about on the cable that stretches from battery house to bungalow. You only need one blazing diamond stud to make you look like an old-time comedian. No, Claude Hulbert is quite a different type.

But what an eagle-eye is yours, Sir Kingfisher! Some chickens have just un-earthed a colossal worm, so big that each chick waits for his fellow to give the *coup-de-grace*. Aeroplaning down at express speed, here comes Sir Kingfisher—a splash of blue in their midst, and snaffles that worm. He shoots up again to the cable where, in full view of the common crowd (the chickens and me) and like another royalty, King Louis XIV of France, he breakfasts in the public eye. Clever too, how he manages not to make any crumbs, and very clever the way he *chortles* his approval of the *piece-de-resistance* while engaged in swallowing it!

* * * * *

The Snow-White Migrant.

Where? and whither? you beautiful thing! When I saw him in the first dim light of this morning, I thought that a tiny bunch of hankies had been left on the line and got twisted by the wind into a ball. As the light increased I could see a very small white bird. Just a ball of white fluff with his beak well tucked

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under his wing. Presently a little beak of fawn colour appeared and twinkling eyes. What's the world like this morning? Too cold yet. Another little snooze. I slipped to the window. I must watch the full awakening of this tiny stranger.

Presently he stretched and yawned, pressing his feathers prettily. Next, he spied me watching him. He returned the look; not at all shy! A full minute of inspection on both sides, then off to the nearest big tree, and as he flew I could see how very pure-white he was, only a faint tint of pale fawn in the extreme tips of his wings. We noticed him later on several occasions. If he had a mate with him she must have been well-hidden. He only stayed a few days, then onward, and to what goal? And from what great distance had he come? In spite of his tiny size he seemed to belong to the distant Himalayas—a bird of the snow-line. Again, little white migrant, I ask—whence? and whither?

* * * * *

Training a Jungle-Crow.

She is there for the the third year, in the very centre of a Madras—

thorn tree which a Bougainvillea has covered up magnificently. So close to my window, too, I could touch some of the stems with a long stick. She is a beautiful bird, with plumage very akin to that of an English cock-pheasant, but the bronze feathers are brighter. It's a lovely home she has chosen in which to rear a family, and it is a perfect stronghold with all these long thorns of the Bougainvillea as a protection.

How can I endure the noise? There isn't any? When she and her mate arrived that first year, the order went forth—:

"These jungle crows must be shot." But a small deputation from the domestic staff interviewed the "lady."

"Lady, please ask master not to shoot jungle-crows. Jungle-crows never building so close to bungalow. Great good-luck for master to have this nest close to bungalow, instead of in the jungle." It was during the worst of the slumps, good-luck was needed. Also, there was already a nest. The "calling" was incessant.

There was no idea of *training*, but in sheer desperation, I would go to the window clap my hands vigorously, and hiss "Sh—!" In about three days she was much quieter, then the "calling" practically ceased. And she would be quite content to give one very subdued call to her mate early in the morning, which meant—"hurry up with that breakfast!" But I never interfered with her chuck-chucking when the family arrived, for that was quite musical. Then in a few weeks they all went back to the jungle.

The marvellous sequel is that coming a second time, and now a third season, the mother should remember her training—and only needs one gentle reminder on the first day of her return.

The good luck? A little for me that first year. For the first time in my life *I drew a horse, and it ran!* An acceptable little sum was the result. Be the luck *in*, or *out*—I enjoy the company of my jungle-crow. She is an amenable lady and has fallen into line very cleverly.

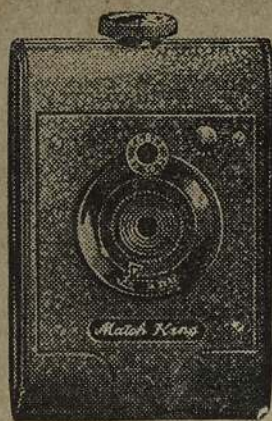
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Who Would be a Planter?. II.

P.D.'s I Have Loathed.

VIEWS OF A SINNA DORAI.

(In an Interview.)

(WE thought it only fair to give the younger generation a chance of replying to "Veteran's" slashing indictment of S. D's, published in our last issue. We accordingly instructed "J. J. B." to seek out the Chairman of the recently formed Sinna Dorai's Association and obtain his views.)

The Chairman, a refreshing young man in green shorts and a sky blue vest, met me half way up the mountain side. I was suddenly aware of a series of mechanical snorts and a powerful motor cycle leaped round the corner, taking me full in the waistcoat.

"Frightfully sorry," its owner shouted as we shot into adjacent drains.

"Quite all right," I assured him, scrambling painfully on to the road.

"Not hurt, old man?" he inquired. "Sure you're quite O.K."

"Quite sure," I faltered.

"Right-o. Well, just hoist yourself on the back of this stink wheel and we'll be up at the bungalow in two shakes."

After a sharp struggle for self-mastery, I perched myself on the motor cycle as suggested. Several violent explosions occurred and we had arrived at the Chairman's eyrie.

"Beer?" the latter suggested.

After the second bottle I was sufficiently restored to broach the object of my visit. "I thought," I ventured, "that you might be willing to give me your views on P.D.'s."

The Chairman upset his glass over his Check Roll in his excitement. "P.D.'s," he snarled, "are the curse of planting. Take my own case. Here am I, a vertebra in the backbone of the planting industry, and yet I can't enjoy a doss in the afternoons unless there's a thunderstorm."

"A thunderstorm?" I queried.

My host indicated the telephone on his desk. "D'you see that vile invention?" he demanded. "That links me up with the outside world, which unfortunately includes my P.D. I can only put it out of action by Noor's Foundation. What a life!"

I agreed it was. "Then you don't care for planting?" I suggested.

"Planting's all right. It's P.D.'s that get us fellows down. But all that'll be changed before long. You've heard of our new Association?"

I admitted I had. "Tell me more about it," I invited.

"Well, I'm Chairman, for one thing, which is really quite a good show because I think I'll be able to wangle a certain amount of free beer. But, apart from that, it's a sound scheme. We S.D.'s band together, you see, and if any of our members get treated badly we'll all jolly well go on strike."

"What do the P.D.'s think of that?"

My host laughed. "Not much," he admitted. "I have been threatened with the sack already. But who cares? Good Lord, I've been sacked before!"

"Who was your worst P.D.?" I asked.

The Chairman called loudly for some more beer. "The presnt one's pretty rotten," he informed me, "especially as he's got a mania for *kanaks*. I seem to spend my life adding up figures. But I have come across worse. There was old 'Bluster' Brown, for instance—I expect you've heard of him. He sacked me for insolence because I laughed when his horse shied at my motor bike and chucked him into the drain. Dashed funny it was too!"

We both laughed. "I should think so," I agreed.

"Then there was that old cripple, 'Tiny' Smith. He was a nasty bit of work. Used to come prowling round when he ought to have been having his afternoon sleep." My host gave a sudden start. "I say, what's the date?" he inquired.

"The 7th," I told him. "Why?"

Before he could reply the telephone rang out. The Chairman sprang to his feet and howled for his 'boy.' "Tell him I'm out in the field," he whispered.

We sat in tense silence while the message was given. "What did he say to that?" the 'boy' was asked.

"Master asking for Check Roll, Master."

My host groaned. "The darned thing's not finished, and now it's floating in beer," he murmured. "Curse it, I s'pose this means the cart road again."

"J. J. B."

Wonders of Aquatic Life II.

The Home Aquarium.

DAZZLING BEAUTY OF MARINE FAUNA.

By *Milanius de Almeida M.D., M.R.C.P.*

IN the present article I propose to show that the ornamentation of one's home or garden with a pretty Aquarium is not so formidable a task as may be imagined. Most of us have, or can find, a little leisure to spare, and many too, are gifted with some talent for things mechanical. Given these two valuable adjuncts, the rest ought to be easy; and the pleasure and instruction derived would amply repay one for the expenditure incidentally incurred.

Have you not often seen children revelling over a few tiny fishes which they have collected in a little pool by the water-side, or carefully—perhaps over-carefully—deposited in a glass of water? It is a healthy amusement born of the instinctive delight taken by the intelligent mind in the creations or the products of a kindred or superior mind. Such innocent joys should not pall on us with age. The wisdom of growing years should only teach us to combine pleasure with useful instruction. Such, as I have found from actual experience, is the function of the Home Aquarium.

The bowl of water, the pie dish, the basin or even the coconut shell, in which the child stores his precious finds, is the primitive Aquarium wherein you may for a time keep many of the little creatures you inveigle out of their native home. But if you want your specimens to live long, you must provide them with quarters of another kind. Your Aquarium should be of fair size, sufficiently aerated, and kept clear of accumulations of dirt. Provided these primary conditions are satisfied, you have a considerable variety of Aquariums to select from. With a little ingenuity you may construct

your own Aquariums to suit your own tastes and requirements.

Generally speaking, a good rule is to make the Aquarium in the form of a double cube—that is, a rectangular



Electric Light—with an Aquarium in the form of a Container.

tank of equal width and depth but with a length twice the measurement of either. For practical purposes, too, it would not be advisable to have the width, or the depth, exceed 24 inches, as a greater volume of water would show a tendency to cloudiness and then the fishes within would not be seen quite clearly.

By way of helpful hints I proceed now to describe briefly some particular specimens of Aquaria.

A. Aquaria for Fresh Water Fishes.

1. *All-glass square aquaria.*—These can be imported or bought,

occasionally, from Pettah merchants.

Another all-glass Aquarium is the *Witch Bowl*. When this is in use care should be taken to have a large air surface above the water.

2. *Aquaria with metal frames:* Window glass of double thickness may be used for Aquaria of this description up to a capacity of 25 gallons. But plate glass $\frac{3}{16}$ " thick gives a much better effect and does not cost much more. For the frames, angle iron or brass is recommended. Take a pair of angle iron of sufficient length; make three cuts in each; bend them to form two rectangles, soldering or rivetting the ends—and you have the upper and the lower sections of the frame. Attend now to the corners of each section. Rivet them through connecting elbow pieces on the inside; and lastly rivet the two parts to the uprights—and your work is over. $\frac{5}{8}$ " angle iron is a reliable thickness for an Aquarium of 25 gallons, while for aquaria of 50 gallons and 75 gallons respectively, the use of iron frames of $\frac{3}{4}$ " and 1" thickness is advisable.

3. *Concrete Aquaria.* Use preferably a cement mixture, one part best cement to two parts clear sharp sand. The cement mixture should be wet enough to admit of being poured out; and it should be well tapped so as to free it from bubbles. Steel reinforcement rods, $\frac{1}{4}$ " in diameter, are essential, especially round the top edges. At the bottom the bars should be wired so as to form 4" squares. The whole contraption should be moistened for a day, and allowed to stand for two more days, if removal of the forms is likely to cause any undue strain. Glass should not be embedded directly in the concrete; provision should be made for setting it later with Aquarium cement.

Aquarium Cement. The chief requisites of an aquarium cement are: resistance to water; adhesiveness; moderately quick settling with no tendency to becoming stone hard; non-poisonousness. A cement combining these qualities may be found in the following compound: one quart fine sand, one quart plaster of

Paris, one pound litharge, two ounces powdered resin mixed with double linseed oil to the consistency of a putty for glazing. This cement has been found to be good for both fresh water and marine Aquaria

4. *Ponds and Pools.*—These are of three types, each suited to a different set of conditions.

The first, which is also the simplest, is merely a hole dug in the ground. This is ideal for gold fish breeding, as these fishes thrive extremely well in Aquaria with a soil bottom—probably better than in those which have a cement bottom. If the soil is porous, water must be available. Where water is deficient the surfaces must be

have this disadvantage, that they expose their fishes to attacks by snakes, frogs, rats, etc.

The third type of pond has vertical sides of reinforced concrete. They may be at ground level or raised above. Water lilies should have the crown of soil about 8 or 10 inches below water level. The ten should be 6 inches thick and the walls 5 inches. All concrete ponds should have six changes of water during a period of two weeks before they are stocked with fish or plants.

I cannot recommend fountains or removable pipe drains. Running water chills the plants and drains are an ever present source of danger and will often become leaky. Have a

today are disposed to laugh at the enthusiast will change his mind tomorrow if he shares in the experience of the latter.

One who wishes to make a marine collection should at the start employ a local fisherman familiar with the haunts and the habits of the fishes. Later, however, he should, if possible, make the collection himself. If this is done the collection will prove doubly attractive as well as more useful.

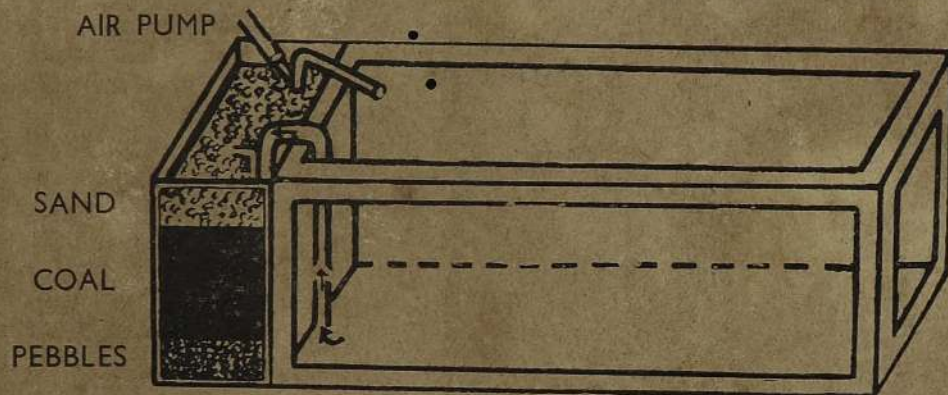
The specimens collected should be transported in an abundant quantity of sea water which must be artificially aerated by a hand pump.

The maintenance of a marine Aquarium is, as a matter of fact, much simpler than is generally supposed; and if people but realized the great charm and the unlimited possibilities of a marine tank, the number of those interesting themselves in this particular form of hobby would certainly be much larger than it is today. Those in particular who live within easy reach of the sea shore, would find their frequent sea-side jaunts doubly attractive if they took to this delightful pastime.

Aeration. There are just a few points of radical difference between fresh water and sea water Aquaria. Both sea and fresh water fishes require oxygen to live. In the fresh water Aquarium the oxygen can be obtained from aquatic plants grown in tanks, and the oxygen thus secured is sufficient if the tank is not overcrowded—hence the saying that the Aquarium must be “balanced” or “reciprocal.”

Conditions are different in a salt water Aquarium. Marine plants, with a few exceptions, are all algæ. These algæ are short-lived and are apt to decompose readily in salt water. The *ulva* or sea lettuce is the most satisfactory of the commoner sea plants.

In the sea-water Aquarium, then, we cannot have plants yielding oxygen—without which however, our fish will not live. There are two ways of dealing with this problem: the first is, substantially to reduce the number of our specimens; the second, to provide a mechanical device for supplying the life-giving oxygen.



Marine Aquarium with Filter.

puddled with clay. The depth of the pool should be about three feet, of which only two feet should be filled with water, so as to avoid overflow in rainy weather. In order to maintain the water at a level of two feet, a spill should be provided. Soil bottom ponds may be of any size, ranging from 30 to 40 feet. It should be noted, however, that in a pond with a mud bottom the fishes lose their silvery shine and become cloudy, while it is a messy job to clean out such mud-bottom pools.

The second type is a concrete tank with sloping sides, about 2 or 3 feet deep, with walls about 5 inches thick. Reinforcing is not necessary. Wooden forms need not be inserted unless it is desired to form a ledge for holding earth for bag plants which add beauty to the pond. Lily pots should be 15 to 20 inches wide by 8 to 10 inches deep. A very pleasing effect will be produced if the upper edge of the pond is provided with a coping of natural stones set in cement. Ground level ponds

low below and a siphon for emptying the water, at the top. If a pool is already constructed a bog can easily be made by placing a hollow square of teak board within the pool, on a side, at the desired distance from the walls. The top ledge of the board may be either above or below the surface of the water; for the water seeping through from the pond will keep the ground moist even if raised several inches. This scheme really offers an advantage in that one may also have in such a pool moist-situation terrestrial plants, such as ferns and fancy-leaved caladiums. ●

Marine Aquaria.

Ceylon's marine fauna is extremely rich. In its dazzling beauty, brilliancy of colour, variety of forms, it is perhaps unsurpassed by the fauna of any other country. The various kinds of sea-forms and coral fishes make a marine Aquarium such an attraction that one can hardly attempt to describe it without laying himself open to the charge of exaggeration. The uninitiated who

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1/3 extra energy

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TOP WEIGHT

CATCHING THE JUDGE'S EYE

THE TREBLE

AN UPSET

A GOOD BACKING

THE LAST LAP
Rexraw 3-
 35

CUP DAY INCIDENTS AS SEEN BY OUR STAFF ARTIST.

AT THE RACES—CUP DAY.



Photos by Plate Ltd.

1. Silverton winning the Governor's Cup.
2. The Queen's House Party—Mr. O. E. Goonetilleke, Auditor General, (on left) is seen in conversation with Lady Tyrrell.
3. Presenting the Cup to Mr. Laing.
4. Spotting the Winner—Dr. P. J. Chissel indicating his choice.

17TH JULY

I HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE OF SEEING TO-DAY **HENRI COCHET**

THE WORLD RENOWNED PROFESSIONAL TENNIS STAR

THERE WERE A FEW BRIGHT SPOTS, BRIGHTEST OF ALL BEING **MADAM COCHET**



PITTED AGAINST **JANSZ** THE LOCAL PRO:

WHO SEEMED TO THOROUGHLY ENJOY THE GAME ESPECIALLY WHEN JANSZ GAVE COCHET NOW AND THEN A SITTER AND



CONVERTED HIM FOR THE NONCE INTO A **LAPLANDER**

ALTHOUGH HE PLAYED REMARKABLY WELL I THINK HE MIGHT HAVE DONE BETTER IF I SAW A PART OF HIS ATTIRE LIKE THIS



SOME OF THE SPECTATORS FELT MORE NERVOUS THAN THE PLAYERS, AT ANY RATE, I WAS!!

Rex van B.
35.

A SWEET SINGER OF TO-DAY.

By C. D.

POETS, artists and musicians are, as a rule, not as other men in appearance, but the tendency of this class to pose and dress in a manner peculiar to themselves would seem to be wearing off; and today one cannot guess their vocation by the general impression they create.

A portrait of Tennyson, for instance, does not suggest anyone but a poet; but a photograph of Drinkwater might indicate a railway magnate or a captain of industry instead of a mystic, seer, dreamer or visionary. This may be due to the fact that he had two sides to his character, and was a man of the world, as well as a writer who possessed extraordinary powers of imagination.

Unlike Oliver Goldsmith, he never languished in a garret, nor became the prey of rapacious creditors. On the contrary, he may be said, like Byron, to have waked up one morning to find himself famous.

Fame came to him first through his poems; and later his plays brought him both fame and fortune; so that his experience was somewhat different from that of the ordinary run of poets, of whom Alfred Noyes wittily remarked, that they are born—not paid!

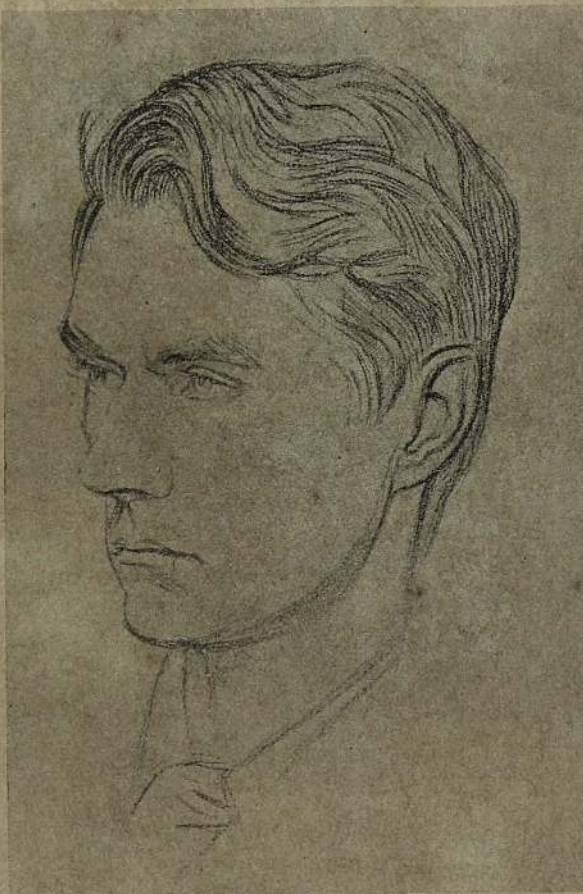
Though "Abraham Lincoln" had a long and successful run, both in the United Kingdom and America, it must be admitted that compared with Oscar Wilde's brilliant productions, it was "thin." The shorter plays are unquestionably his best work, and entitle him to a high place as a dramatic poet. Unlike many of his contemporaries, Drinkwater refused to follow the tracks of older verse-writers, but hewed a channel for himself, and broadened and deepened it: so that he may be described as a poet both born and made.

He was educated at Oxford High School, after leaving which he did not proceed to a University, but worked in an insurance office, at the

same time earning an income by his pen.

That he held the great seats of learning, to which he was a stranger, in reverence, is to be gathered from what he wrote in reference to Oxford University—

"Daughter of dreaming, lady of learning, mother of wisdom,
Lend us Thy peace."



JOHN DRINKWATER.

With Sir Barry Jackson, he founded "The Pilgrim Players," which ultimately developed into the Repertory Theatre, and produced many of his plays.

In 1919, Birmingham University conferred on him the honorary degree of M.A.

In 1923, he edited "An Outline of English Literature."

In 1926, he dramatised Thomas Hardy's "Mayor of Casterbridge."

A volume of his "non-dramatic poems," written between 1908 and 1914, was published in 1917.

Many instances could be given of how Drinkwater impressed the common things of life into service. Take, for example, the following passage referring to the little grey man that lived in Lady Street, and plied a trade.

"Of many coloured merchandise,
.....brown filberts there,
And apples red with Gloucester air,
And cauliflowers he keeps, and
round
Smooth-marrows grown on Gloucester soil,
Fat cabbages and yellow plums,
And gaudy, gay chrysanthemums.
And times a glossy pheasant lies
Among his stores—not Tyrian dyes
More rich.....
And times a prize of violets
Or dewy mushrooms satin-skinned,
And times an unfamiliar wind
Robbed of its woodland flavour
stirs.
Gay daffodils this gray man sets
Among his treasures.

His stall

Of many coloured merchandise
He makes a shining paradise."

In the "Morning Thanksgiving." We have another instance of how he beatifies "common things," thanking the good Lord for such gifts as "good bread," "the honey in the comb," "brown-spotted eggs," and the like, in a sort of matutinal grace.

Among his warpoems the most admired is his tribute to "The Heroes," of which it has been said that "no more noble, moving and beautiful threnody has been penned." Here is a verse taken from it:

"Into the lonely silences you go
And death is your imperishable
deed;
We bring you honour, and you shall
not know,
We bring you music and you shall
not heed."

But for real charm I would choose the lines inspired by an inscription which the poet found in a country churchyard, commemorating Anthony Crundle, Farmer, of Dorrington Wood, who died at the age of 82, (who "delighted in music") and his wife Susan, aged 86. Here we find Drinkwater at his best:

(Continued on page 15.)

A Sweet Singer of To-day.

(Continued from page 14.)

"Anthony Crundle of Dorrington
Wood,
Played on the piccolo. Lord was
he,
For seventy years, of sheaves that
stood
Under the perry and cider tree—
Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

And because he prospered with sickle
and scythe,
With cattle afield, and labouring
ewe,
Anthony was uncommon blithe,
And played of a night to himself
and Sue—
Anthony Crundle, 82.

The earth to till and a tune to play,
And Susan for 50 years and three,
And Dorrington Wood at the end of
the day :—
May Providence do no worse by
me!
Anthony Crundle. R.I.P."

It has been said that most poets are content that their stream of songs should run on conventional lines; but sturdier souls are not thus content. They must be themselves, and only themselves. Of this company is John Drinkwater, the stream of whose song runs pure, pellucid and crystalline. Of this brilliant modern verse-writer it might be said, as was written of an ancient poet—"the well of English undefiled; on Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be fyled."

Smile Awhile.

In Passing.

Schoolmaster: And what is three times eight?

Boy: Twenty-four, Sir.

Schoolmaster: Good

Boy: Good be damped! It's perfect.

'Ruddigore.'

"How's Bloodygore going?" asked a friend of Sir W. S. Gilbert. "You mean Ruddigore," corrected Gilbert. "Same thing," said the other. "Indeed? Then if I say I admire your ruddy countenance (which I do), it means I like your bloody cheek (which I don't)."

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“EN PASSANT.”

By Wayfarer.

Mr. Wagn's Orchestral Concert.

IT is said that the opportunity makes the man, whether he be an eminent politician like Ramsay MacDonald, or a celebrated musical conductor, like Henry Wood or Thomas Beecham; but, of course, capacity and personality are also essential elements in the making.

Rupert Wagn, in spite of his credentials as a “master of music,” was fortunate in arriving in Ceylon, at a time which may be called its musical renaissance, to take the place left vacant by that much lamented pioneer in orchestral work, Mrs. W. G. Sinclair, whose work as a teacher came to him as a legacy.

Rising to the occasion the opportunity offered, Mr. Wagn, became the “maestro” he is today, by founding an Orchestra that has brought him distinction.

The Symphony concert held at the Royal College on the 11th July, furnished ample evidence of the astonishing progress made by his Philharmonic Society, in the comparatively short time it has been in existence, and considering the material at the disposal of its organiser.

The Orchestral part of the programme was very creditably rendered, while Mrs. C. H. Jones' charming vocal contributions gave a pleasing variety to the entertainment, and met with an enthusiastic reception.

We would congratulate Mr. Wagn on his achievement, and sincerely trust the public of Ceylon will continue to extend their patronage in support of a promising movement, calculated to infuse into the rising generation a spirit of musical appreciation and enthusiasm, which is bound to materially contribute to their future happiness.

Advertising Ceylon.

A great deal of attention is being directed, by those who have the welfare of this Colony at heart, to the question of how to popularise Ceylon—especially as a winter resort,—so that travellers from abroad who are able, may indulge in the

pleasure of sojourning in “pastures new,” and so make the most of their lives. By the aid of advertising, many congenial places in the tropics have succeeded in attracting the happy band of “globe-trotters,” and thereby securing advantages, which Ceylon,—never too enterprising,—has missed. But, happily an effort is about to be made to bring the beauties of this Island to the notice of the travelling public, and by catering to their comfort and pleasure, draw them thither in large and increasing numbers.

Racing.

There is a certain class of people who are very persistent in their condemnation of horse-racing, and are never tired of marshalling their arguments to prove how it demoralises its votaries; but, as a recreation which has its social advantages, this kind of sport hardly deserves to be classed as un-moral. Unfortunately the betting mania has tended to vitiate an otherwise exhilarating form of diversion, which is popular even with the highest in the land, who would not like to be associated with any amusement likely to detract from their reputation for probity. It is for the law to see that proper safe-guards are provided to keep horse-racing, and indeed all other forms of sport, free from the taints that threaten to soil them.

Agricultural Development.

The general interest being evinced in agricultural development by the thinking section of the public only goes to show how lax our administrators have been in the past. Had we a more sagacious public 50 years ago, what progress may we not have made in the development of the Colony's natural resources? But in the old days, the efforts made to foster agricultural education were alas, scouted by public and private individuals in authority, and allowed to “fizzle out.” Happily things are very different today. With a

progressive Minister of Agriculture, and a number of far-seeing laymen ready to support any scheme directed to attract the masses to the land, the outlook is decidedly brighter. It is sincerely to be hoped that a change of Ministers, not unlikely to take place during the coming Election, is not going to upset the present settled policy of the Government, which promises so much to the Colony.

Charles Dicken's Films.

The filming of Charles Dickens' stories should lead readers of fiction who have almost forgotten them to renew their acquaintance with the works of the great novelist.

One does not expect much more than enthralling plots of Dickens, but the reader not infrequently comes upon passages that are well worth remembering, such as the following two taken at random from “Great Expectations.”

“Heaven knows we need never be ashamed of our tears, for they are rain upon the blinding dust of earth over-lying our hard hearts.”

“All other swindlers are as nothing to the self-swindler.”

It is such *obiter dicta* that reveal how great a student Dickens was of human nature.

Telephone Calls.

In a contribution made by Mr. Harper, Acting Chief Engineer, Ceylon Telephones, to the Journal of the Post Office Engineering Association, the writer claims that our telephone calls are cheaper than elsewhere. In England, he says, a subscriber pays an annual fee of £5. 4s, and in addition a penny for each call; while in the case of local subscribers, the cost per call, when calculated out, is between 1 and 3½ cents.

With the introduction of automatics, when every call will be automatically metered and charged for, it is probable that rentals will be reduced.

Though there are bound to be complaints at first by those who prefer to entrust the setting up of their calls by the “sweet souls” who used to attend to them, it is expected the initial difficulties will disappear and the new system will come into general favour.



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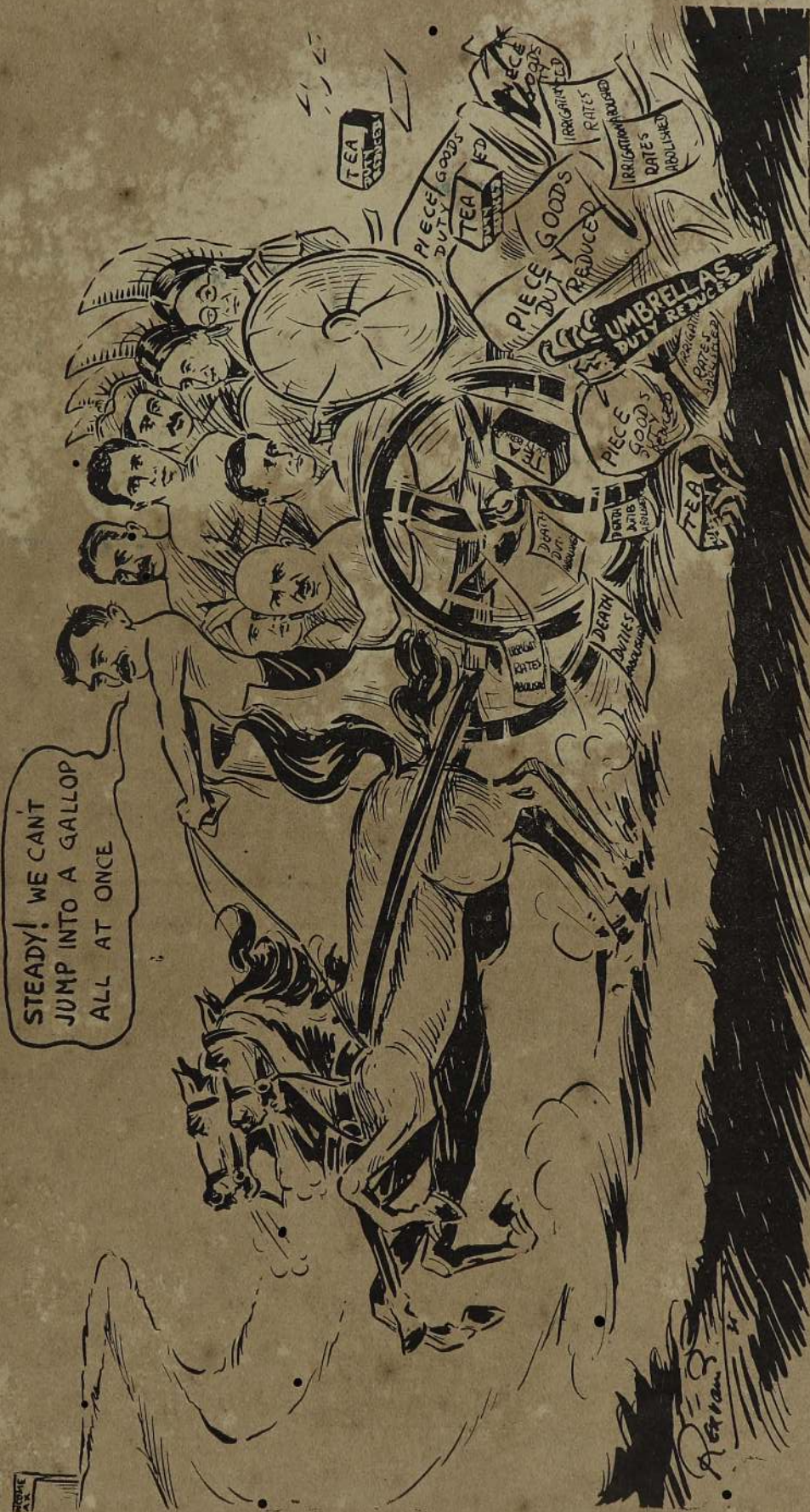
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THE CEYLON STATE CHARIOT.



In his Budget speech in the State Council last month, the Hon'ble Mr. D. S. Senanayake, warned the country against proceeding too fast. "After a comparatively steady trot year after year," he said "it is not possible for the steeds of the Chariot to break into a gallop at once."



CEYLON TO BE

AN IMPOR

AS a great strategic unit of the Empire, Ceylon has a great part to play in the future. Lying right athwart the most important shipping route of the East, she is also destined soon to be a vital junction on the air lines of the Indian Ocean.

A few years ago the very idea of an oceanic air service, spanning the vast spaces of the Indian seas, would have been dismissed as the phantasmagoric dream of a writer of imaginary tales. But today, thanks to the amazing advances of aeronautical science and the terrific speeds and remarkable airworthiness of modern air machines, the prospect of a direct Indo-Australian air link is now almost on the point of realisation.

In February next year, an experimental flight of flying-boats will take place between Singapore and Ceylon across the Bay of Bengal, a distance of 2,000 miles. The flying-boats will touch at only one point on this epoch-making trip—the Nicobar Islands, which possess, very fortunately, a splendid natural, land-locked harbour, large enough for a whole fleet to anchor in. This

harbour will, in the near future, become an air port for flying-boats *en route* to Australia and the Far East. Thus has nature very kindly provided the airman with a convenient stopping place on the route to the Antipodes.

It may be asked:—What is the need for a new air route to Australia? Is not the existing one, via Siam and the Malay States, good enough?

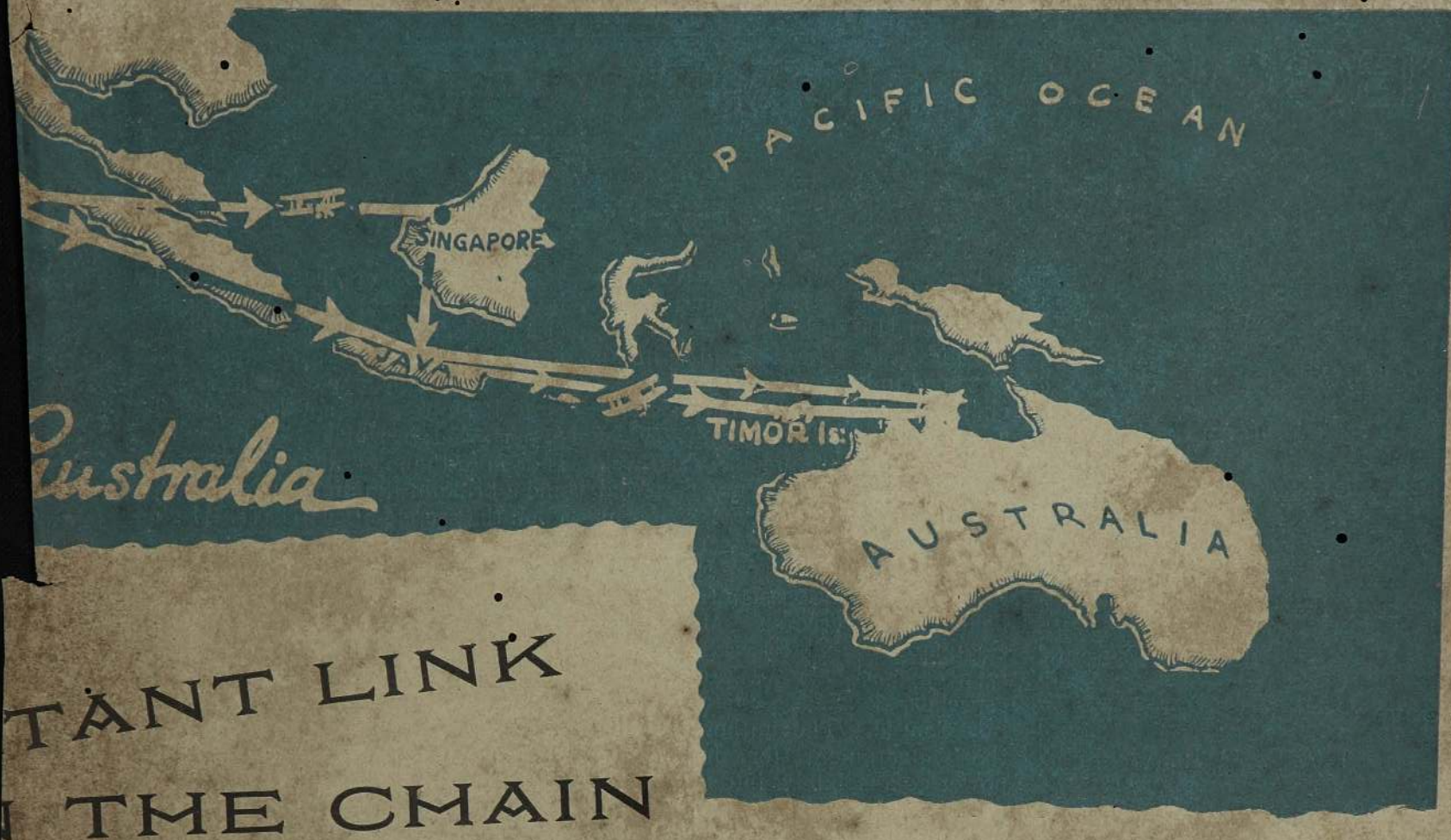
It is precisely because it is not good enough that a new and a better route is being sought. The present air highway to the Antipodes, to begin with, is too long. Other objections to it are:—that it passes through Bangkok, which is non-British territory, over vast tropical jungles where emergency landing places can hardly be found, and through Monsoon-ridden regions where flying conditions impose a terrific strain on air pilots.

A sea air route, however, across the Bay of Bengal, using heavy flying-boats with a high turn of speed, presents fewer difficulties,

provided the right type of machine is used.

The way has already been paved for the opening of a sea air route to Australia. H. M. S. Endeavour, a few months ago completed, a thorough hydrographic survey of the whole Indian Ocean as far as Australia on one boundary and Africa on the other. What is now needed is an equally thorough meteorological survey of the same region. This is likely to be carried out very soon. A meteorological station will be established at the Nicobar Islands for this purpose.

When that happens the projected air service will be well equipped with information relating to weather conditions along the whole of the contemplated route, with the aid of the meteorological stations in Java and North Australia.



TANT LINK THE CHAIN

To begin with, the new air highway to Australia will be via Singapore and Java. That will mean that air lines flying from England to Australia will land at Karachi, proceed straight down the west coast of India to Trivandrum in South India where an air port is being opened, then step off for Colombo.

From Colombo, that is the Ratmalana aerodrome, some connection will have to be made with the proposed flying-boat base in Ceylon—wherever that is to be—and the air passenger bound for Australia will then continue his journey in a plying-boat, which will speed to the far Antipodes across the seas to the Nicobar Islands, touch at Singapore and Java reaching North Australia just 26 hours after leaving Ceylon, provided the flying-boat maintains a normal flying speed of 200 miles an hour and no

time is wasted at stopping places on the way.

With the proposed speeding up of the air service from England to India, so that the journey may be done in only two days, instead of four days as at present, Australia on the oceanic air route will be brought within less than four days' distance of the Mother Country.

But this will be only the beginning of the new order of things. The ultimate goal is an even more direct air line to Australia from Ceylon. The route of this line will be as follows:—Ceylon, the Nicobar Islands, Java, Timor Island; Australia. Such a course will bring Australia within about 16 flying hours' distance of Ceylon. With a two-day's flying service from Croydon to Karachi, a passenger leaving England on a Monday morning, say, at 8 o'clock, will be in North Australia in time for afternoon tea

on Thursday. Jules Verne, that great predictor of scientific marvels, should have lived to see this miracle come to pass.

Two years ago, if anyone had suggested a four-day's flying service to Australia, he would have been laughed to scorn as a crank and might have been kept under careful observation by his friends for symptoms of a more serious mental aberration. Such is the speed of air progress.

But, of course the significance of all this for Ceylon is this:—that the greater the increase of an aeroplane's speed, the wider its cruising range, the easier does it become to surmount the difficulties of wide open spaces. This little island, therefore, holds a key position in the Indian Ocean as a jumping-off place for the faster and faster England-Australia air services of the future.

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Book Page: What the Critics Say.

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A HINDENBURG BIOGRAPHY.

Did the Army Desert the Ex-Kaiser?

HINDENBURG, SOLDIER AND STATESMAN, by his nephew, Major Gert von Hindenburg (Hutchinson, 18s.) is very informing, despite its tendency to get too far ahead in the chapters and the failure to provide a map. The preliminary history of the late German president is well known, but here many internal aspects of the Great War, so far as the chief control is concerned, are given additional clarity. It appears that even on the Russian front Falkenhayn (succeeding Moltke as Commander-in-Chief) was constantly at loggerheads with everyone, especially the clever Austrian general, Conrad. The author blames the Government for letting the power go absolutely into the hands of the supreme command (rather late for it!) and so being unable to make peace at the proper time. It is astonishing how often it appears, from this account, that the Allies almost broke through, and it is obvious that after the 1918 offensive the German man and gun power was unable to continue the war. It is related here that at a conference of the Kaiser and the generals, in November, 1918, the former intimated his firm decision to march in an orderly manner back to Berlin at the head of his troops. General Groner rose to speak and "his speech was curt and concise":

"The army will march back home in an orderly and disciplined manner under their commanders and generals, but not under the command of Your Majesty. The army is no longer at your back."

"The Kaiser was dumbfounded... the idea was incomprehensible to him."

The book is well illustrated with photographs and fills a gap in the history of the war.

Haig. By A. Duff Cooper. (Faber and Faber.) All the biographical material in the Great War

Diaries and Letters, has been placed by the Trustees in Mr. Duff Cooper's hands, and no restrictions of any kind have been imposed upon his use of these documents. The result is a book of extreme interest and importance, in which equal justice is done to the man and the soldier, and a brilliant illumination is thrown upon the secrets of the British High Command.

The first volume, which is to be published shortly, covers Douglas Haig's career from boyhood up to the middle of 1916. It closes on the eve of the Battle of the Somme. It deals in particular with his services in the Soudan and South Africa, with the Mons, Marne and Aisne Operations, the First Battle of Ypres, and the Battles of Neuve Chapelle, Festubert and Loos, also with the events that led to his promotion to the post of Commander-in-Chief. Besides being the unique British document of the War, this book is the intimate portrait of a great man, revealing a Haig whom few even of his own contemporaries really knew.

Mr. Justice Avory.

"Himself incapable of swerving one iota from the path of duty, either through fear or favour, he made one proud of the strength and integrity of our English system of trial." This fitting tribute to Mr. Justice Avory was written some little while before his death by Mr. Gordon Lang for his *Mr. Justice Avory*—a careful and balanced study of the Judge himself and a very interesting account, of perpetual appeal, of the famous trials over which he presided—trials which included those of Jabez Balfour, Hatry, and, amongst murderers, of Mahon, Allaway, and Browne and Kennedy.

In the course of his introduction to his book, the author points out that while Mr. Justice Avory did not share the popularity of film stars or Test cricketers he was as well

known to the man in the street as any of them. He was in fact a national figure, widely regarded as the embodiment of the English Criminal Law. This book shows the wonderful skill with which he operated the Criminal Law; and demonstrates the wealth of dramatic narrative which is inherent in the trials recorded here. *Mr. Justice Ivory* is published by Herbert Jenkins at 10/6.

(Available Pláté's Circulating Library,
end of August.)

I have been reading *The Jury*, by Gerald Bullett (Dent, 7/6) writes Christopher Quill. Like hundreds of other people—gongs and dinner gongs must have sounded more than once because of this novel, and I have no doubt that it has been a source of profit to electric light companies. Myself, although I found the book enthralling, I finished it feeling that the last few ounces of distinction were lacking. There is machine-made and there is hand-made, and the difference between them still exalts the hand as a superior creative instrument. While it would be unfair to suggest that Mr. Bullett's novel is the manufactured, rather than the created article, the inspired workman is perhaps more in evidence than the inspired artist. But if the book falls short of genius, it is most adroitly pieced together, and none will dispute Mr. Bullett's ability to investigate and illumine human motive and desire. As a thriller, it makes even the better ones in the crowd looked like shoddy. *The Jury* is one of those rare novels that can be enjoyed by almost anyone, for even if we have never served on a jury there is always the possibility that it may be our turn next; and as the book is an implied criticism of the jury system, its appeal is nearly universal, quite apart from its merits as a story, which are considerable.]

(Now Available at Pláté's Circulating
Library.)

Ernest Raymond's novel, **WE, THE ACCUSED**, (Cassell volume of 629 pages at 8s. 6d.,) is, whichever way one regards it, an outstanding

book. In essence it is a reconstruction from life of a quiet little schoolmaster of fifty who has married a hypochondriacal woman of some means, who never lets him forget it. He has fallen in love with a younger woman. Over the next few years one watches the wretched progress of the necessary petty deceits, the inevitability of gradualness in moral decay owing to the unhappiness, sordid and unchanging, and the monotony of the occupation and home; compared to the few moments of relaxation, enjoyment and satisfaction outside them. He poisons his wife. Thereafter, as, in fact, throughout, the spectator is behind the scenes as the poor wretched fellow, Paul Presset, is hunted by police and press, is under the scaffold when he is hanged and at the bedside of those praying for him at the stroke of fate.

It is comparable with Dreiser's "American Tragedy," written in better taste and style; more than a shade like the career of a certain little malefactor in our criminal history. It will appeal particularly to those fond of the morbid and curious realities of our social environment. The reader will observe, on reflection, that the whole trouble arise from "the other woman" wishing to save the wife unhappiness (!), so preventing her lover taking advantage of the facilities which the State provides for such contingencies.

ANCIENT IRRIGATION WORKS IN CEYLON. By R. L. Brohier. The late Mr. Herbert White, in his "Ceylon Manual," wrote that the scale upon which irrigation in Ceylon has been practised, considering the size of the island and the difficulties it presents, is truly surprising, and the subject is one of much interests to its inhabitants. But, since the publication of Sir Emerson Tennent's celebrated book which deals at some length with the nature of these astonishing works, no serious attempt has been made to tackle the subject *in toto* by a student of history, with the necessary technical knowledge that qualifies him to undertake so stupendous a task.

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noolaham.org (continued on page 42.)

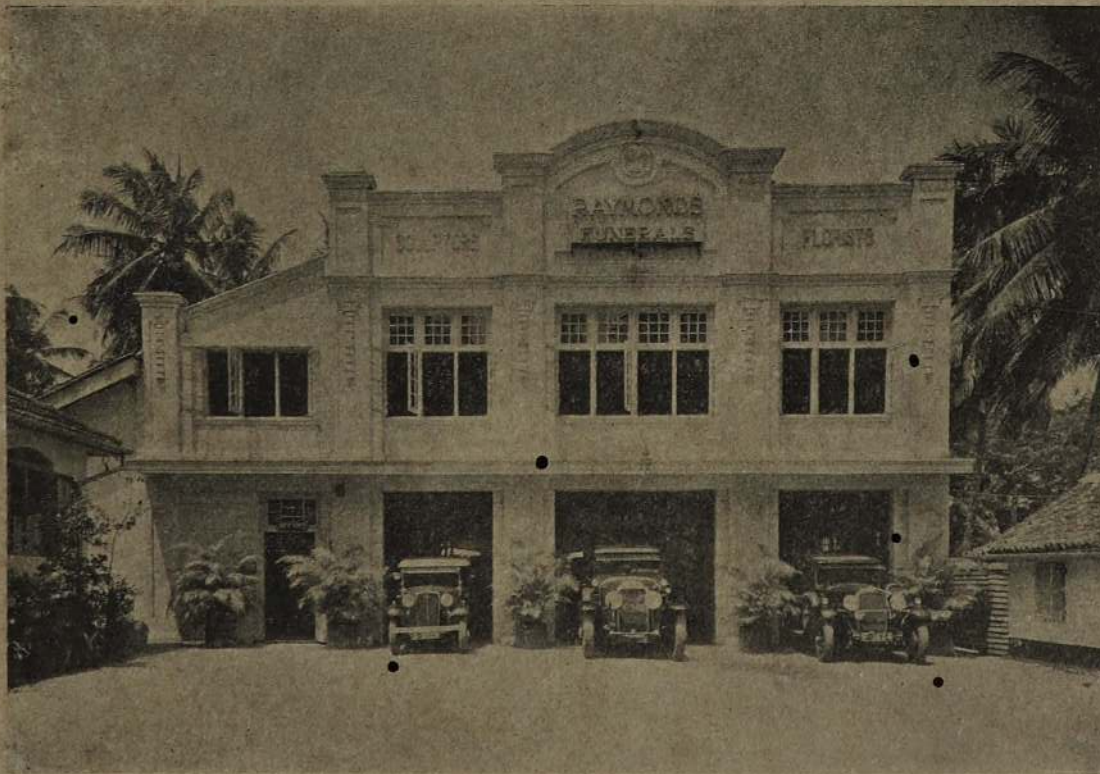
Books Received.

- :0:—
- Mundos**
By Stella Brown
- The Gypsy Vans
Come Through**
By Ursula Bloom
- The Jury**
By Gerald Bullett
- Blood Relations**
By Sir Philip Gibbs
- The Letters of Napoleon
to Marie Louise**
By Philip Guedella
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PROGRESS



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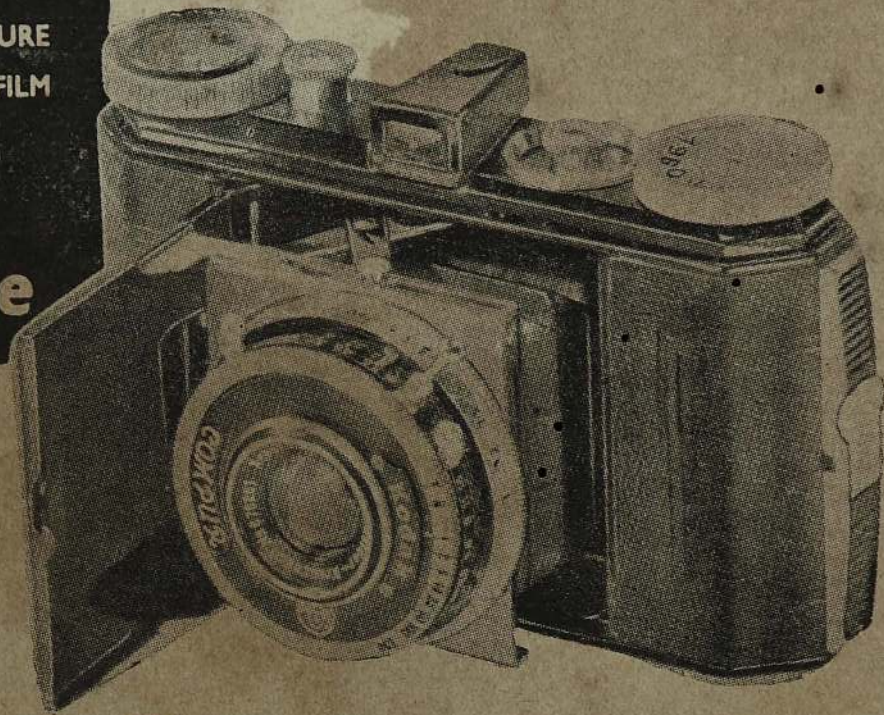
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Messrs A. F. RAYMOND & Co.

Fiftieth Anniversary of Firm.

FEW local business establishments have such a record of steady progress to show, as the well-known firm of Funeral Directors—Messrs. A. F. Raymond & Co., of Colombo which celebrates its 50th anniversary this month. When the late Mr. A. F. Raymond established the business in 1885, such things as motor-hearses; Derma-Surgery and Plastic-Surgery were not known in this country at least. For twenty five years the late Mr. Raymond carried on his business and under his wise direction the Firm soon began to be identified, in the mind of the public, with efficient service.

In 1909—an year before his death—he was joined by Mr. F. W. Rodrigo, as manager, who together with Mr. A. A. Raymond, the eldest son of the founder, continued the business on the death of the latter, in 1910.

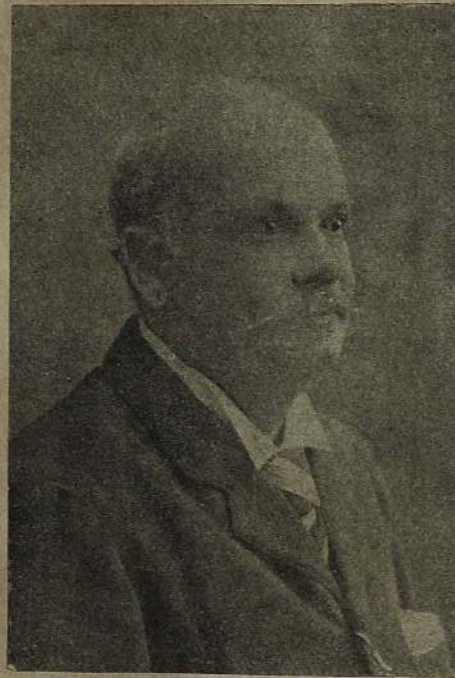
Seven years later Mr. Rodrigo too had passed to the Great Beyond, and Mr. A. A. Raymond assumed full control of the business. He was joined by his brothers S. R. and L. L. Raymond and under their able guidance, the Firm grew in the confidence of the public.

Efficiency and progress were the keynotes of their policy and true to the traditions set up by their father, they were the pioneers in Ceylon in providing motor-hearses in place of the horse drawn vehicles, which today can only be found, perhaps, in some remote towns. But this was merely one of many improvements which they effected.

While in England in 1918, whether he had gone on War Service, Mr. Colin Raymond, another brother, seized the opportunity of visiting the most up-to-date funeral houses and gained first hand knowledge of the latest developments and improvements in the trade. On his return from England in 1919, he was admitted a partner of the firm and a couple of years later, the fifth and youngest son of the founder, joined it.

By this time the Firm had gained an unrivalled position in the trade and this fact received due recognition when it was elected to member-

ship of the British Undertakers Association, and affiliated with the Order of the Golden Rule. It may as well be explained, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that this Order is an International affiliation of the most up-to-date and efficient Firms of Funeral Directors.



THE LATE MR. A. F. RAYMOND.

Since then the Firm has continued to keep pace with the improvements and innovations which have been introduced in other parts of the world. The addition of a Motor Ambulance, which is the last word in comfort, with its specially constructed folding cot has proved a boon to many. The work of embalming, is also undertaken by the Firm and Mr. L. L. Raymond, who is in charge of this side of the business, returned from England last month, whether he had gone earlier in the year, to obtain the Diploma in Embalming, Derma-Surgery and Funeral Directing as well as in Plastic-Surgery and Restorative Art.

During these years of expansion, it was inevitable that less enterprising Firms, in the same business, should have been gradually eliminated. In 1915 the business of Swaine & Co. was acquired and in

1922, the funeral department of that well-known Firm of Messrs. A. Pate & Son was taken over. So too in 1928, when the Firm of Messrs. S. W. Wallis & Co. closed down their Funeral Supply Department, it was taken over by Messrs. Raymond & Co.

Thus fifty years after its inception, the Firm of A. F. Raymond & Co. is being carried on with conspicuous success by the five sons of the founder and there is every reason to expect that in the years to come, it will continue to maintain the high reputation it has earned for prompt, smooth and efficient service, reverently rendered in the hour of need.

SPARKS FROM THE FLINT.

"Methodist Gothic."

Sir George Lunn, Chairman of the Newcastle - upon - Tyne Education Committee, presenting a recommendation for the completion of Rutherford College (a secondary school), said: 'When the College was built it was incomplete; in fact, it was like that species of architecture known as "Methodist Gothic," the main feature of which is lack of finish owing to funds!'

Second Thoughts.

The editor of a paper in a small western American town, moved to indignation at what he considered the unfair placing of certain municipal contracts, headed an article 'Half the City Council are Crooks.' Threatened with a libel action, he consented to withdraw this suggestion contained in the headline. In his next issue a revised headline appeared: 'Half the City Council are not Crooks.'

A Mere Trifle.

A woman who had given notice of marriage attended at the Registry Office to fix a date for the wedding. Upon referring to the notice and repeating to her the names of the parties, she said, 'No, not him, but so-and-so,' mentioning a different name from that contained in the notice. Upon being informed that she must give a fresh notice, she replied, 'But it's the same wedding ... only a different man.'

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WOMEN
CAN'T BE WRONG
In choosing
NDK
DENTRIFICE**



THEY are perfectly right! And more! They are convinced. Their experience is the best testimony for 'NDK' the super scientific and marvellous dentrifice cream. They knew that good looks and prepossessing appearance are nothing if their teeth and gums are affected or their breath is foul and objectionable. They are shunned in society.

But 'NDK' has brought them back all the admiration they desire.

Everyone who uses 'NDK' marvels at its prompt and efficacious action.

Here is another glowing tribute sent unsolicited from the Hony. Secretary of the Victoria Home for Incurables, who finds words insufficient to describe.

“ Somutu ” De Fonseka Road,
Bambalapitiya, 8.5.35

Dear Sir,

It was with great anxiety I passed several nights to avoid the dentist and to my surprise I read of your 'NDK' and the relief it gave to a Lady and I immediately sent for a tube. I was greatly relieved after two applications and now the decay and pain completely cured. I shall be happy to recommend it to all my friends and very gladly write of its marvellous and complete Cure.

(Sgd.) Mrs. J. Jayasuriya.

Dental decay, tender gums, pyorrhoea—even if these dread troubles have already got you in their grip, 'NDK' will save the situation by killing bacteria, neutralising poisons, clearing up septic conditions, tightening loose teeth and firming spongy gums.

'NDK' stands for a new era in oral hygiene as one of the most potent enemies of the Pyorrhoea germ.

SOLD BY LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES

Price of a tube Rs. 1-40. Large Jar Rs. 2-50.

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X. P. PAIVA,

Consistory Buildings, Front St.,
COLOMBO.

Also at our Bambalapitiya and Dehiwala Branches.

END DECAY WITH 'NDK' AND END DECAY

**NDK
WINS DAILY**

Kurundu Hena,
Kegalla,
3rd March, 1935.

Messrs. X. P. Paiva,
COLOMBO.
Gentlemen,

I have great pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of N.D.K. It has done a world of good to my wife and children who were suffering from dental disease.

My wife had some sort of abscess forming on the Gums and severe pain that she could hardly close her mouth to chew her food or even talk.

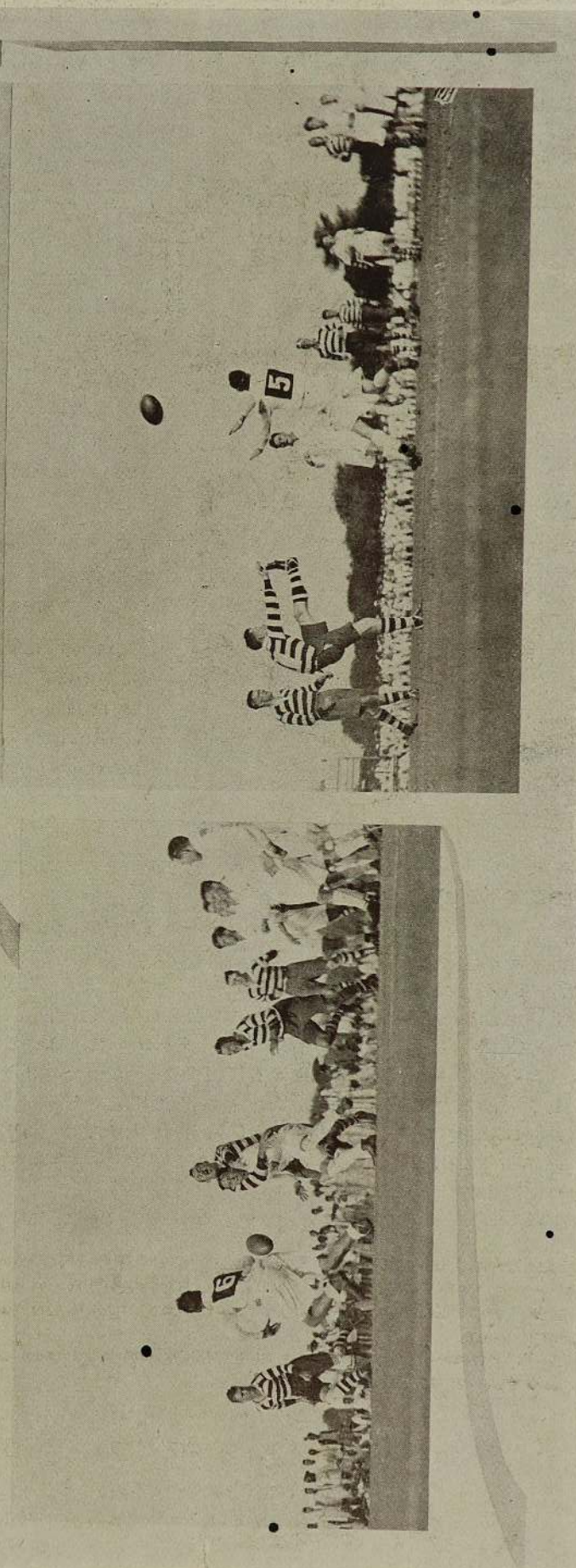
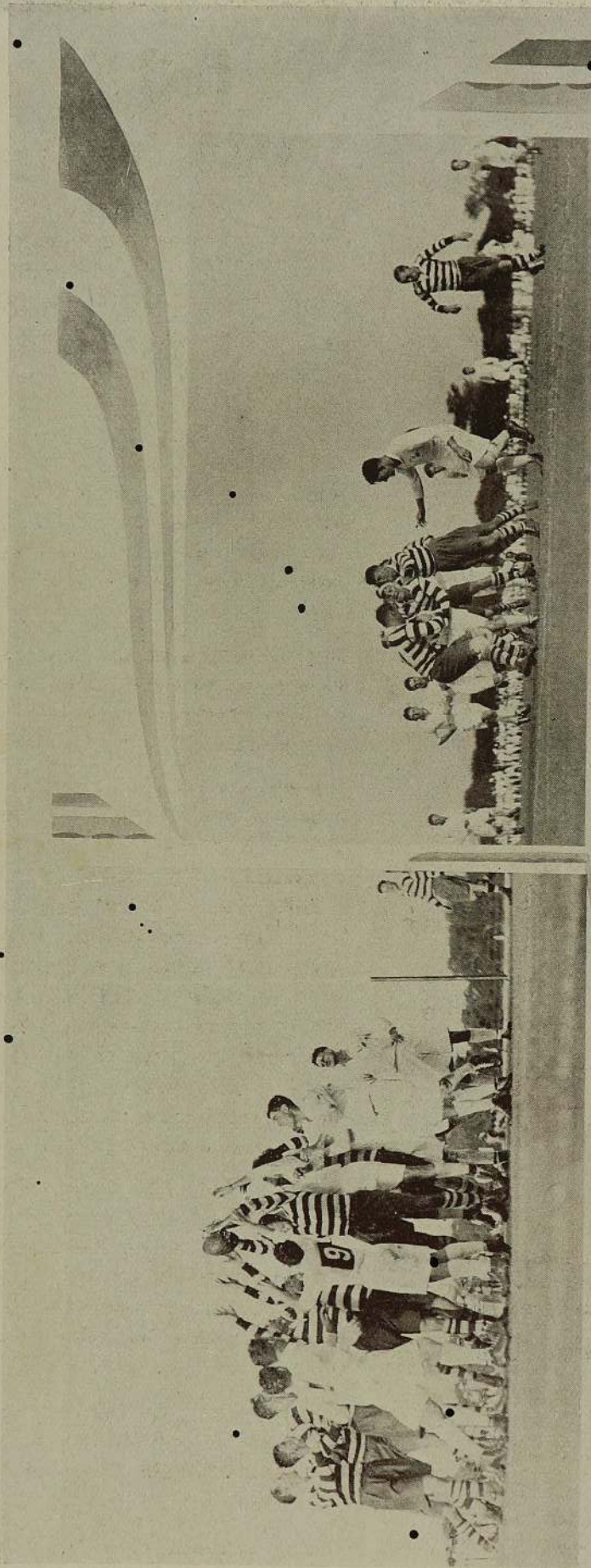
I was on the point of making arrangements to take her to a Dentist and have her bad teeth extracted. On reading the "Daily News" of the 24th Jan., '35, I came across a letter from a resident of Jaffna, and wrote at once for a pot of N.D.K. After 3 days' use the abscess gradually decreased and softened and after a week it disappeared. She tells me her teeth are quite sound and has no pain whatever.

My son for whom a part of the pot of N.D.K. was sent (as it was not available) wrote me that his friends in College do not try to avoid him since using since N.D.K. His teeth were bad and breath offensive are now quite alright.

You may use this letter if necessary for publication as I am sure it will help a lot of like sufferers.

Yours Very Truly,
(Sgd.) COLLIN DIRCKZE,
Govt: Surveyor.

AUGUST WEEK RUGGER.



Some remarkably fine Snaps of the Up-country vs Low-country match which ended in a win for the former.

Photos by Platé Ltd.

WEDDED.



Photos by Plate Ltd.

1. Mr. Hector A. Perera, Proctor of Colombo and Miss Rae Pieries. 2. Mr Leslie Perera, Planter of Horana and Miss Dorothy Peiris, daughter of Gate Mudaliyar Edmund Peiris and Mrs. Peiris of Panadura 3. Mr. M. Mornington and Miss Lilian Thyne daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Thyne. 4. Mr. E. D N Dassenaiké and Miss Venetia Nellie de Livera, daughter of Gate Mudaliyar and Mrs. Edwin de Livera. 5. Mr. K. Amarasuriya, Proctor of Galle and Miss Ida Munaweera, daughter of Mrs. C. P. Munaweera of Ambalangoda

The Brotherhood of the Bats.

DOCTOR KRONPRINTZ'S MISTAKE.

By George Stanley.

VI.

Stabs of flame—groans—the crash of a body through the window, and then light flooded the room as one of the Bats rushed in with a lamp.



"Power, I've got a message for you, from Spikins" said the dark figure which stood on the fire-escape.

WHEN Lew Saggett and his partners raided the London and consolidated Bank and cleared a profit of one thousand pounds in notes and negotiable securities, they laughed at the ease with which the job had been worked.

But someone more unscrupulous than the police and more dangerous, had learned of the project, and as Lew and his merry men drove fiercely through the night towards the pleasant little house Lew owned in Surrey, a powerful car packed with armed men followed discreetly on their tail.

Lew sprung the car up the drive and into the garage. They carried the suitcase containing their booty into the house, put it on the table and Lew opened the case to look at the notes within.

"Well, we've earned a drink boys," he said, pouring out a round of drinks. "Here's to Paris!..." He stopped dead as the door crashed open, glaring balefully at the menacing guns of the six men who were crowding into the room.

"Saggett, isn't it?" remarked one of the men. "Keep 'em still!" he snarled. "The Chief of the Bats...a pleasant organisation of which I am a member...has instructed me to collect your ill-gotten gains....."

Lew was no coward; nor were his companions. Suddenly Lew dashed his whisky into the face of the leader of the Bats. One of his partners crashed out the lights with a snap shot, and in a minute hell burst loose in the room.

Four of the Bats lay on the floor. So did two of Lew's partners, but Lew and one of his gang had gone, taking some of the money with them. They vanished in the Bats' car which flashed away from the gate, carrying Lew Saggett burning with hate and revenge. As Lew searched the car he found the means to satisfy it. A map with certain peculiar markings on it. He grinned as he studied it and slipped it into his pocket for further examination.

Two miles away from the house they raced. Then, as soon as he knew that they were not being followed, Lew stepped the car.

"Well, Tony?" he jerked grimly.

"Hijackers, eh?"

Can you beat it.

If that bunch think they can knock me like that

and get away with it, they've got another think coming. We'll park this car within easy reach, and get back and watch. O. K.?"

"You've said it!" gritted Lew's companion.

They drove back by a circuitous route and then stole through the back garden towards the house. Lights were shining through the windows, the Bats were still in possession. Then, as they watched, two men came from the house carrying the suitcase which contained the stolen money.

One of them ran Lew's car from the garage and started the engine. The second placed the money inside.

"Watch that case!" he snapped. Then he turned and re-entered the house. The remaining man stood

with his hand in his pocket evidently on the alert for trouble.

Lew hissed something in his partner's ear and they separated, melting into the shadows.

Suddenly, before the guard could move or cry out, a black object whizzed heavily through the air and struck him violently behind the ear. He sank to his knees with a faint moan and fell forward on his face.

Lew mounted the driving seat of the car and let it run silently down the slope of the drive to the road. His partner swung up beside him

and in a second they were away with the booty.

At the noise of the engine, the gangsters raced from the house only to remain staring futilely at the receding car. Their leader stared too, panic in his heart, for there was one thing that Doctor Kronprinz, the head of the Bats, did not forgive, and that was failure.

He stood a minute deep in thought, then he ran back into the house, seized Lew Saggett's telephone and called a number.

"Is that W 1?" he asked anxiously. "C I speaking...Have to report a failure. L. S. got away from house with goods in his own car heading towards London. Have lost four men. What is the order?"

"Get back to town and report. Leave the bodies in the house and set fire to it. We will see to Saggett," came the ominous reply.

The unfortunate C I despatched one of his men on an old bicycle which was in the garage for another car. Then, flooding the house with petrol, he began to arrange things as he had been ordered. Hardly had they begun preparations when to his surprise a car drew up at the door. It was their own. In a few sentences the messenger explained how he had discovered the car standing deserted where Lew Saggett had left it.

C I suddenly rushed to the car. Felt in the door pocket and stood like a man sentenced to death. For the map had gone from the pocket. A map, whose disappearance meant a worse punishment for him. At the best, death, or...imprisonment in the Terrible House where Doctor Kronprinz kept his "doped" killers.

He ordered the gangsters into the car. "Drive back to town," he commanded. "Report to your section head W I. I'm following later after I've got rid of the house."

The gangsters climbed in the car and it sped from the spot while C I walked into the house terror-stricken.

He drank several whiskies and smoked a cigarette. Then, his mind evidently made up, he pulled an automatic from his pocket. Suddenly he flung a match on to the

petrol-soaked paper. As the flames belched into the air there came the crack of an automatic and the lifeless body of C I fell forward into the flames. Death was preferable to the tortures of Doctor Kronprinz.

No organisation of crooks can exist for long without the underworld being conscious of it, and the Bats were no exception. Lew Saggett realising that he was up against big trouble, took steps to remove the booty to a safe place.

His idea of a safe place was peculiar. Upon the map which he had taken from the Bats' car were certain markings, which indicated, as Lew rightly surmised, meeting-places or centres of the Bats' organisation. He journeyed, secretly, to one of these one night and planted two guards, having found the place deserted. Then he concealed the bulk of his portable property in one of the rooms of the crumbling manor. His funds secured, he came out into the open.

Two attempts the Bats made to get him. Then a third. At the third attempt Lew and his men caught the two gangsters who had attempted to kill him. Before he let them go Lew read a little lecture.

"You two birds can get back to your chief," he snarled, grimly. "You can take a letter with you and...see that it gets there. The next little Bat that tries to pull anything on me...gets his!"

The two unhappy Bats hurried away, gained their leader by a circuitous route and presented Lew's letter. It was characteristic of Lew and read:

The Chief of the Bats,

Lay off me. I am not interfering with you. If you don't, I'll stage a come-back that will knock you plenty.

Lew Saggett.

The section head passed the letter higher and when, to the report of the failure was added Lew's message, Doctor Kronprinz laughed with cold-blooded humour. "A quaint specimen," he said. "We must add him to my collection."

There followed a shooting affray in the West End. Two dead bodies were found in an alley in Soho. One of these bore the imprint of a bat burnt into his arm, and the result of the police enquiry was passed along to Colonel Cavanagh the head of the Secret Service section which was tracking the Bats. Colonel Cavanagh passed on the information to Detective-Inspector Dick Power, who joined in the search for the man who had killed the two Bats. Not for the purpose of leading him to the scaffold, but to ascertain what had caused the trouble.

Knowing most of the crooks in London, Dick Power knew where, for the expenditure of a fair sum, he could obtain information as to their activities.

Two nights later he turned into a darkened alleyway in the salubrious quarter of Clerkenwell, made his way to a dingy doorway and gave three peculiar knocks on the door. It opened after a short delay. Although the dimly-lighted hall was deserted he walked in. The door closed automatically behind him, and then a voice spoke.

"Up the stairs.....Room Number Fourteen....." it said.

The detective mounted the stairs and entered the room described. It was brilliantly lighted but there was nobody there. Sitting down he produced his pipe and calmly began to fill it, his senses on the alert.

Suddenly a pandal in the wall slid back and a short, yellow-faced little man slipped into the room. "Detective Inspector Power eh?" he said softly. "The police seem to know even the secrets of my little house."

"Mr. Spikins," answered Dick Power. "I am not associated with the police in this matter. Two nights ago the bodies of two men were discovered in Soho. Someone had shot them. You know me, and that what I say goes! I want to tap the sounding-board and get in touch with that gentleman. He will not be arrested or interfered with in any way. He knows something that I want to hear about those two men. You can put me in touch

with him. As an evidence of good faith, how would ten pounds speed along a message?"

"I might find someone who could help you," answered the little man, "and ten pounds would probably bribe him to find your man, but I can't guarantee that he'll come forward."

"That's understood," replied Dick Power. "Your assistance in this matter won't be forgotten Spikins. I'll leave the arrangements to you. My flat is at....." He gave the address of his flat and left the dingy, dangerous house.

Dick Power's message must have been flashed by wireless, for the following night, shortly before midnight, he heard a rapping on his window. He jerked his automatic from under his pillow, pulled on a dressing-gown and, approaching the window carefully, suddenly flung it open.

"Power I've got a message for you from Spikins," said the dark figure which stood on the fire-escape outside.

"Come in quick!" snapped Dick, and the figure stepped inside, while the detective jerked the catch of the window and watchfully led the way into his sitting-room. He flashed on the lights and examined his visitor.

"Lew Saggett! he remarked. "What about a drink, eh?"

"O.K. with me," grinned Lew. He tossed off the drink, lit a cigarette and sat down on a chair.

"It's understood I think," he said, "that what I tell you lands me in no jam? No secret stenographers listening-in on the dictaphone, eh?"

"There's no strings on this, Lew," said Dick Power seriously. "If you're the man I want.....all you say to me is strictly, on the quiet.....I want the Bats!"

"That's all right with me then," said Lew. "Now, listen. A little while ago my bunch pulled off a big job. We got clear with the dough right out of town. Somehow this Bats crowd got wind of the job. They tried to hijack me. They put

two of my boys stiff, and they tried to get me because we beat 'em. I've warned this bunch, but they won't listen. Now I'm going to put them where they belong..... Somehow... It don't matter how, I got to a sight of a map which shows some of their hideouts. One of 'em's at Grame Manor in Kent. I'll give you all the pointers and you can go and collect 'em. Then perhaps they'll let up on me!"

He drew a rough map on a sheet of paper, explained the various points and left the house as secretly as he had come.

Dick Power remained studying the map for several hours until he was thoroughly conversant with its details. Then he made his way back to bed.

Next morning he paid a visit to Colonel Cavanagh. After the production of the map and the addition of further details which had been obtained for him, Colonel Cavanagh nodded his head in approval.

"That should effectually close that bolt-hole," he said. "But how will you know when to raid the place?"

"I've got two men down there now," explained the detective "and I've organised the raiding party, subject to your agreement, to be ready to move at any hour. The two men and their reliefs are to telephone immediately there is any sign of activity at the house. Then I'll phone the raiding party who will go by car. We rendezvous on the road down there. Is that satisfactory?"

"Quite," replied Colonel Cavanagh.

.....
Two nights later, Grame Manor, a deserted old country house in Kent, would have presented to a watchful eye an astounding scene of activity.

One by one, cars without headlights drove silently along the deserted highway and slid secretly into the huge and apparently crumbling stables which ran at the back of the manor. Lights glimmered faintly from the gloomy building as doors were cautiously opened and closed.

Then gradually stillness reigned within the dwelling and in the deserted gardens. Two watchful eyes scanned the proceedings with intense interest. Along the road which ran at the rear of the house, a dark figure pedalled furiously on a cycle, racing madly for the nearest telephone box.

Dick Power tumbled from his bed at the first shrill jingle of his telephone bell, and at the sound of the voice which came to him over the wires his senses jumped to the alert.

"Good man!" he exclaimed, "It's on? They've just gone in? Right. We'll be down at the double. Take care that they've not got guards out. If they have.....meet us at the cross roads."

He rang off, dialled several numbers in quick succession and snapped a series of short commands. Then, throwing on his clothes, he took an automatic and a roll of fine tools from a drawer, slipped them into his pockets and hurried from the flat to the street below.

As he gained the pavement a car drew up at the curb and a half-clothed man sprang out.

"Smart work, nip inside, Joe," said Dick Power. "You can finish dressing as we go. I'll drive." He raced the car through the deserted streets. On into the remoter parts of Kent they tore at racing speed. At a junction of roads he pulled up and waited.

Cars began to arrive, gradually converging on the spot, and within a short space of time a powerful raiding force was proceeding towards Grame Manor.

Up and down the switchback of road, rushed the mobile body, until at last they neared their destination and Dick Power eased up.

"Park the cars here," he whispered. "Follow me, and when we get to the house surround and carry out instructions. Don't forget.....three blasts on the whistle for the raid!"

Flitting from cover to cover, the men cautiously surrounded the building, while Dick Power and two companions stole to a boarded-up window at the rear of the premises and commenced operations.

Beyond the faintest of creaks as the rusted nails gave, while the boards were being forced away, there came no sound to warn the inmates of the danger which threatened them.

Off came the last board. Silently they placed it on the grass, and with a stealthy spring the detective-inspector was in the house, his companions following silently.

They listened. No sound of movement came from the blackness within.

Along a corridor they passed. Suddenly Dick Power hissed a warning which brought his companions to a halt. A man was coming towards them. The light of the cigarette which he was smoking betrayed his presence. Three more steps the gangster made, humming a snatch of song. Then suddenly the song ceased and a gasping,

choking cry, stifled at its birth, rose to his throat as powerful hands almost choked the life from his body. In a second, gagged and bound, he was pushed into one of the deserted rooms.

They crept along another corridor and at the end from beneath a door a crack of light showed.

Silently they gathered outside. Then Dick Power crashed back the door, and, under the ominous muzzles of three evil-looking automatics, the dismayed gangsters stood hesitating, waiting for someone to make a move.

Three blasts on Dick Power's whistle and their chance of escape vanished as the raiding force charged into the house.

Panic-stricken the gangsters made no move and in a short space disarmed and handcuffed, they were

herded into a small room, while the Secret Service men made a thorough search of the house.

It yielded little of interest to aid them in their fight against the Bats and, after a final personal survey of the premises, Dick Power gave a word and the convoy moved off with their closely-guarded prisoners.

Another stronghold had fallen.

From a concealed position three men watched the proceedings with great satisfaction. When the convoy had vanished in the distance and all was again silent, they crept from their hiding-place.

"That'll show 'em!" growled Lew Saggett to his companions. "Now perhaps the clever Bats will realise they made a mistake in interfering with us!"

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GOLF VII.

The Mashie Niblick and Niblick.

By Alfred Perry.

Ryder Cup Player.



"Follow through on the line of flight and keep the head perfectly still."

WHENEVER one refers to a mashie niblick or a niblick, there immediately occurs to mind a shot from a bad place in the rough or the deepest bunker. That is not really surprising, because the very appearance of these two clubs with deep faces and the tremendous amount of loft they impart, seem to inspire confidence to recover from difficult places. It may be possible, with an exercise of considerable skill, to recover with another club, but the average player seldom feels the same confidence about playing such recovery shots with other clubs.

The mashie niblick and niblick are not the tools to hack the ball out of bad places by sheer force. It will repay the ordinary golfer to learn to play these two clubs well from the fairway, as well as from the fringes of the course. Only very rarely does one see the ordinary golfer playing a niblick on the railway. If he does, it is probably in order to carry a bunker just in front of the ball. It will be agreed that a shot of this kind, with a niblick, will generally be played with greater confidence than it would have been with a mashie, but even without an intervening hazard a niblick can, in certain circumstances, be the only possible club to play.

When the putting greens are fast, there is a better chance of stopping the ball with a niblick than with a mashie, if a pitch shot is played.

This, of course, may not be the type of shot to play, it may be better to play a pitch and run, and when this shot is played with a niblick it must be remembered that the shot will be nearly all pitch and comparatively little run. It is not always wise to play a mashie niblick or a niblick pitch to the greens in the Summer time when greens are frequently hard. The ball may pitch on a slope and shoot away into trouble and it may be wiser to run the ball. But in ordinary circumstances it is possible to stop the ball with a mashie niblick or a niblick quicker than with any other club.

APPROACH WORK.

Both clubs can be invaluable for approach play. They will save more shots than any other club in the bag. Expert golfers agree that more shots are wasted or saved within about sixty yards of the hole than anywhere else on the course, and therefore any club that can save shots in that area is a friend. It demands a certain amount of confidence to hit the ball right up to the flag, but when the greens are slow you can do this with either of the clubs to which I am referring, without any danger of running over the green and frequently place the ball near enough to the hole to be confident about holding the putt. But it is no use attempting to play a shot of this kind without confidence in yourself and in your club. Remember, in speaking,

the ball will not run far after it has pitched because of the back spin which is imparted by the loft on the face of the club. When employing the mashie niblick or niblick for approaching, the distance has to be covered in the air, and the higher the trajectory of the ball the shorter distance it will run. Therefore, it is fairly obvious to anyone that the niblick approach shot will need to travel farther in the air than a mashie-niblick shot.

Do not fear to take a niblick from the fairway whenever you consider that the club will do the work better than any other in your hands. It is a foolish pride to attempt to play a short with a mashie, when you would be more confident with a niblick. I know there are players who never carry a niblick. Well, I can admire them. I daresay I could manage to do without it if I wished, but I see no reason why any player should handicap himself by failing to take advantage of an easier shot with a niblick, than what I am prepared to agree would be a more skilful shot with a mashie.

THE STANCE.

In playing approach shots with either the mashie-niblick or mashie, the club should not be gripped so tightly that you cannot feel the head. Grip firmly with the fingers, but not tightly. The position of the ball in relation to the feet will depend upon the type of shot demanded. We will assume that rather

V A L S E .

*T*HE low lazy notes of a valse float across
To the dancers who swivel and sway:
Like bubbles of smoke they burst on the floor
And are silently swept away.

*From the brilliant globe that revolves from the roof,
Tinted butterflies flutter and flee
O'er the coats and bare shoulders that surge down below,
Like a swirling and speckled sea.*

*The lights' tender glow, the music's long wave,
The sweet touch of limbs intertwined,
The fragrance of women, the mists of Romance,
Build a dreamland where Reason is blind.*

*For Romance is alluring, but damnably false,
When set to the time of a slow, drifting valse*

Johan Leembruggen.

than play a spared shot with a mashie-niblick a niblick is used. If it is desired to obtain a good deal of back spin so that the ball will stop quickly, such as may be the case on fast greens, it is as well to have the ball slightly nearer to the right foot than to the left. Thus the ball will be struck a downward blow. On the other hand, if the first consideration is height, stand well behind the ball so that the club head meets it at the lowest point in the swing. Remember that the loft on the club will stop the ball very quickly without the aid of the player.

A common fault when playing shots with these clubs, is to raise the left shoulder or "fall away" from the ball. You must follow through on the line of flight and keep the head perfectly still. If you do that you will not fall back on the right leg as you strike the ball. It may be useful to handicap golfers to try to get the habit of watching the divot mark. Make up your mind that you will not look up but that you will watch the place from which the ball was struck, you can see it quite clearly. The blow with a mashie-niblick or a niblick should be firm and decisive, not half hearted; therefore there should be very little wrist work about it and quite a lot of fore-arm power.

In playing little chip shots with these clubs there is very little more wrist work but the stroke is slower. If you make up your mind that you

will keep up the head of the club in contact with the ball as long as possible after striking, it will help to a more effective shot.

Everything I have said about playing approach shots from the fairway with these clubs applies equally well to making recoveries from the rough. First appreciate the situation. It may be wiser to chip out to the fairway with a niblick than "have a go" with a mashie niblick; but quite as much depends upon the power and skill of the player as anything else. That must be a matter for him to decide.

BUNKER PLAY.

If you master bunker play the deepest hazard will have no terrors. The first thing to do when in a bunker is to get out. Distance and sometimes even direction, are comparatively small matters compared with the necessity of getting out with the least possible expenditure of strokes. There are several methods of playing bunker shots, and I cannot go into them all in this brief space, but we can deal with the ordinary shot from the sand when the ball is lying fairly well.

Stand with the feet fairly close together, if that is possible, and not too far behind the ball. Since you may not ground the club, stand a few inches closer to the ball than you may think necessary. If the ball is lying well and the green is some distance away, stand with the ball about opposite the left foot. Do

not overswing or lose balance, but follow through without falling away from the ball. No great force is necessary for a shot of this kind, but it is easy enough to waste energy in bunkers.

When a ball is lying in a bunker at the edge of the green, or half buried in the sand, it may be necessary to play an "explosive" shot. To do this one must strike the sand two or three inches behind the ball and explode the ball out under the force of the sand. This necessarily is a powerful blow because quite a lot of sand must be moved as well as the ball.

For a shot of this kind, when distance is not the object, do not stand behind the ball, but rather in front of it. Have the ball in about a line with the right heel. It is sometimes wise to stand with a closed stance, that is with the left foot in line with the right instead of a few inches behind it as when playing approaches. With the closed stance it will be possible to stop the ball so that you may now have a whole-hearted bang at it even if only twenty-five yards from the flag.

One important thing to remember about playing every shot with the mashie niblick and the niblick, is that the club face will supply the loft, and no endeavour should be made to help the club. A common fallacy to be avoided is the tendency to scoop up the ball.

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CHILDREN'S PAGE.

JOIN OUR HAPPY BAND OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

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My dear children,

I felt I was being taken on a world-tour, while I was reading your essays, this month! England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Burma, Australia, New Zealand, Japan! Especially Japan, for that country was easily the favourite, and so many of you long to visit the land of the Rising Sun. I was glad one of you, and a prize-winner, chose the Isles of Greece as the country he most wishes to visit.

Very few of you decided you would like to settle down in another country, and perhaps it is best for most of us to live in our native land. It is cheering that travelling is becoming easier and less expensive every year, and now that we are to have aeroplanes in our own beautiful Island, in the near future, some of you may be able to realise your ambitions, and visit the lands you describe so feelingly.

Holiday time has come round once more, and I believe another Drawing and Painting Competition will appeal to many of you, now that you will have more time for Competitions.

With love, from
Auntie Mary.

Answers to correspondents:—

Irene (Kalutara.) Thanks for your letter. I am delighted to have you as a new member, and hope to see you entering for our Competitions regularly. Your pen-name "Marigold," is very pretty, but we are not using pen-names at present, as it would make it so confusing when we send the prizes, and might lead to mistakes.

Aysha. What an anxious time you had with your dear father so ill. I am so very glad he is better. Yours was the only essay about

Arabia, and I like it very much. I hope you will have your wish, and go to Mecca, some day. I'd love to go there, too. Have you read "Lawrence in Arabia"? It is

PRIZE WINNERS.

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(Age 16.)
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Wellawatte.

CLASS B.

Best Boy.

FRANCIS BELING,
(Age 11)
Station Road,
Mount Lavinia.

Best Girl.

CHANDRA GUNASEKARA.
(Age 10)
Ascot, Union Place,
Colombo.

wonderfully interesting, and tells one such a lot about that romantic country.

Delia. I am so glad you like the story-book: we always try to choose a suitable one. You had a jolly time at the Vel. It was news to me that people think they will get strong if they use an elephant's

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Competitions for August.**CLASS A.**

A drawing or painting, to be called "All in a Garden Fair." You can interpret the title as you please; for instance, you can send a study of flowers, or trees; or you can have a child playing in a garden, or anything you choose, so long as the title fits it.

CLASS B.

A drawing, painting, or crayon-painting, to be called "Play time" A picture of a little child at play or animals romping, or a few toys, just as you prefer.

Class A. 1st Prize.**SWEDEN.**

The problem of life's happiness is still a mystery to us all. The mysteries of life would naturally tend to create different whims and fancies, which have their implications manifested in the decisions we make in life.

The country I would like to visit would, consequently, be the choice of my fancy; and as to whether I would like to settle down there, depends on how long its novelty, its charm and beauty would continue to magnetise my desire to remain.

The country of my choice is Sweden, where canoeing is the popular recreation of the healthy, happy, Swedish damsels, whose fancies are kindred to my own. Beautiful Sweden with its network of waterways, beckons to the canoeist to come across to the paradise of her dreams. Ninety six thousand lakes, ranging from lake Vener—a vast stretch of water more than 9,100 square miles—down to numberless little tarns hidden in the forests and dales. Little streams connect these lakes, one with another, thus affording the canoeist an opportunity of seeing the beautiful scenery of the country, over a vast area of both town and countryside.

A canoe-trip from Stockholm to Gothenburg will enable the canoeist to enjoy herself, to her heart's content, the pleasures of her quest. You may not find tea-houses along the lake-fronts or river banks to make the night gay with Chinese lanterns and music, but the balmy breezes, wafted from the clouds, which dot the pale blue heavens, bring with them melodies and Nature's romance.

Isabel De Silva.

Class A. 2nd Prize.**GREECE.**

Readings of Greece have stimulated in me a burning desire to visit that country and oft in my dreams has the place been pictured in my mind. This choice should not in the least appear singular, for though the real glory of Greece is to-day all but dead, yet it must surely be a privilege merely to see those many places that have moulded history. Here we could see the site of the Parthenon, there the Olympian abode of the gods of the classics, and we will not walk a few yards without being faced with something of note. Though only a tour of the place will not render me satiate, yet I will not let slip the slightest chance of visiting the long-desired Greece.

The culmination of my hopes, however, will not be reached until I can settle down there for good. According to Geography, Greece is in a mediterranean clime and hence very favourable to live in. One could better imagine than describe the delight in living in a beautiful valley, midst lofty hills, in a place where green vegetation luxuriates, where gush eternally crystal streams and where we can lie down on the soft, green, fragrant grass. The poet Byron showed his reverence for the aged Greece in these words:—

"And yet how lovely in thine age of woe
Land of lost gods and god like men, art
thou!

Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee nature's favourite now;"

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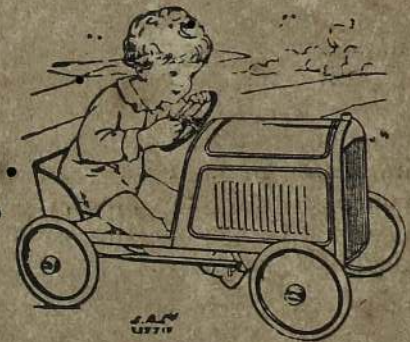
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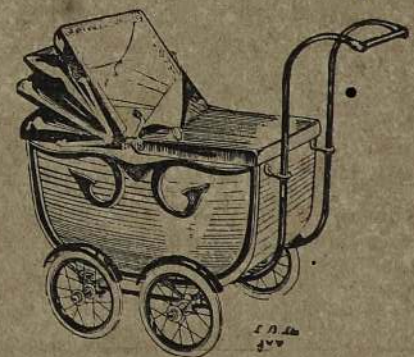
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Class A. 3rd Prize.

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

The country I would like best to visit is Japan. It is sometimes called "The Land of Sunrise", and is often called "The Britain of the East". The beautiful pictures we often see, illustrate to us the beauty of Japan; and I often wish to go there for a short holiday at least. But I would never wish to go there and settle down for life, because I have always heard about the disastrous earth quakes, which often occur there, and the numerous volcanoes, which during eruption, take away so many lives. The most famous volcano is the Fuji Yoma, which is over 12,000 ft. in height and is a sacred mountain to the Japanese. It must be a wonderful sight to see a volcano in eruption.

Japan is best known for its silk. Mulberry trees are grown for the silk worms, the leaves of which the worms live on. In pictures we often see the splendour of Japan. During summer, when all trees are in bloom, Japan may be looking like a bed of roses. No wonder I love to see the beauty of Japan with my own eyes, and I am sure everyone else does. Then the dress and the many coloured fans which the beautiful Japanese women wear, help to make Japan more beautiful and more enticing than ever.

The Japanese make beautiful toys and ornaments which are painted in beautiful scenes, with all the colours of the rainbow. In short Japan is the most beautiful country in all the world.

Eric Hunter.

Highly Commended:—

Aysha Ismail; Erin Don Carolis; Joan Muller; Sydney Perera; Leonard Arndt; Patricia Thomasz; Ruth Muller; Irene Abeywickrama; Justin Molegode; Esme Jayawickrama; A. M. S. Perera; and Lorna and Naomi Beling.

(Continued on page 40.)

RULES.

1. Please write on one side only, of the paper.
2. Essays in Class A under 17 must not exceed 250 words in length.
3. Essays in Class B, little people under 12 years of age, must not exceed 150 words
4. All work must be the original and unaided work of the competitor.
5. Don't forget to sign your name, age, and address at the foot of your essay, and write clearly on the top left-hand corner of the envelope to which Class you belong, Class A. under 17, or Class B. under 12, and attach a Competition Coupon which you will find below to your essay.

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Signature of Parent or Guardian.....

(Closing date August 25th.)

Children's Page.*(Continued from page 39.)***Class B. Best Boy.****A LETTER.**

My Dear Auntie Mary,

I am writing to you about the Scout Film Show. I first went by train to Bambalapitiya to the Majestic Talkies. There I bought a ticket and took a seat and very soon the show started with Australia.

The first picture on the screen showed us orchards of apples, lemons, oranges and peaches. The next showed the Great Railways and the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

Then there was a great Jamboree Camp. A ship arrived bringing thousands of Scouts from other lands. They pitched their tents, and in the morning the lazy Scouts were pulled out of their beds. A great march past was held in alphabetical order of the countries to which they belonged. Then they went on a hike through the Australian Bush and saw koala bears and golden orioles. The next day the tents were taken down, and the Scouts returned to their ship which took them home.

Francis Beling.

Class B. Best Girl.**CATS.**

Dear Aunt Mary,

I am fond of cats as pets. They can be almost as loving as dogs. Cats, unlike dogs, are very fond of the houses and neighbourhood they live in. I shall tell you of a cat we brought up as a pet.

My mother brought a cat from Alfred Place in a box which had many holes to let the air in. The cat was as large as a middle-sized dog. We all took a liking to it as it had a coat of tortoise-shell coloured hair. We had it tied with a strong cord and we were surprised when it was not to be found in the morning. My mother met the cat's former owner a few days later and was quite surprised to hear the cat had returned to her house which was so far from ours.

Chandra Gunasekera.

Highly Commended:—

Corinne Kelaart; Miriam Beling; Delia; Bede.

The Home Aquarium.*(Continued from page 11.)*

The water of the tank at its surface absorbs enough oxygen to maintain a few fishes, no more. If then our ideas are more ambitious, it will be best to instal an air pump electrically driven. The air thus pumped in is delivered to the tank through rubber tubings, celluloid pipes and air diffusers; while the flow of air is controlled by air taps. Such a pump with tubings, celluloid tubes and diffusers may be had from the Germania Trading Co. "Melhurst," Moratuwa. If it is desired to keep the water crystal clear, a small filter should be attached with the air pump to the side of the tank.

Sea Water. In supplying our tank with sea water—which may be collected at flow tide—we should remember that the specific gravity best suited for marine life is between 1.017 and 1.022. If the specific gravity of our water is higher, distilled or rain water should be used to reduce concentration.

Construction. Metal frames, as already described, with sides and bottom of glass are the best. If a small Aquarium is desired, an all-glass vessel will be good enough for the purpose.

Lighting. Another point of difference between the fresh water Aquarium and the sea water Aquarium is that the latter requires considerably less light. On the surface of the sea the sun is indeed reflected with dazzling brightness; but a few feet below, the light is so absorbed as to produce a very subdued effect. It is hard to realise this; nevertheless such is the case. And since our marine Aquarium must produce as closely as possible the natural conditions under which marine fishes live, the light within our tank must be proportionately reduced.

Cleaning Marine Water. It is desirable to keep the marine Aquarium crystal clear, both for the benefit of the inmates and for the pleasure of the observer. To this end: Start with clear water; do not overcrowd or overfeed the fishes; use subdued light; quickly remove decaying plants; Distilled by Noolaham Foundation, noolaham.org | aavanaham.org

occasionally siphon off the bottom and after settling pour back the clear water or release it through a special filter.

Feeding of Aquatic Life. Fresh water fish thrive on chopped worms or meat, vermicelli, whites of boiled eggs, mosquito larva, algæ, chopped lettuce.

Most marine animals are carnivorous chopped oysters, prawns, fish, crab meat, scraped clean meat, shrimps form a good diet given once a day or every other day.

Anemones or Sea roses should have small bits of food offered them with forceps, lightly touching their tentacles with the offering.

Microscope and Aquarium Work. There is a whole world of marine and fresh water forms visible through a microscope only and which escape our normal sight. Many of the most exquisite beauties of the sea, the zoophytes, for example can only be examined through a microscope.

Collectors' Outfit. A fisherman's basket with seven pickle bottles and empty tins are amongst the first things to secure. A good net of small mesh, a foot deep strung on a pointed frame should be obtained. For getting specimens of sea roses, or limpets off rocks an old chisel will be necessary. To preserve sea specimens a bottle of fresh water must be taken in which, strange as it may seem and sound most sea specimens die immediately without losing their colours. At home they can be transferred to a bottle of water containing 10% formalin the best of all preservatives for marine forms.

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Our Competition Page

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1st Prize Rs. 10; 2nd Prize Rs. 5.

Please note: That all entries sent by post should be addressed as follows;

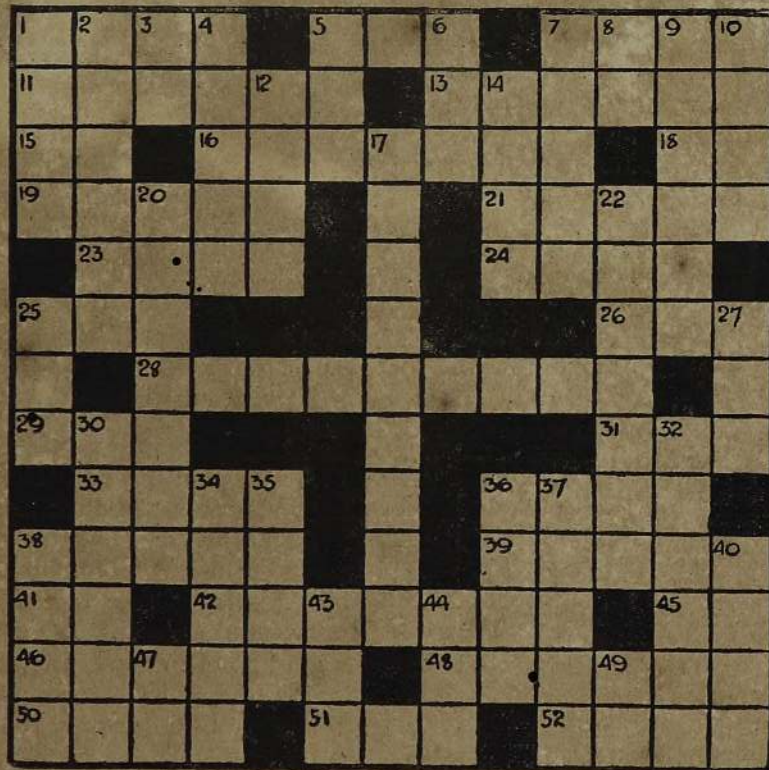
CROSSWORD, P. O. Box No. 127, G. P. O., Colombo.

Entries delivered personally or by messenger should be addressed:—

CROSSWORD, Platé Ltd., Colpetty, Colombo.

All entries must reach this office by 12 noon on Monday 26th August 1935.

The Editor's decision will be final.



CLUES.

HORIZONTAL.

1. Renown; 5. Dread; 7. Every one; 11. Vigour; 13. Seller; 15. Negative; 16. Natives of Normandy; 18. Direction; 19. Cloth made of goats' hair; 21. Brushes; 23. Soft; 24. Fish; 25. Greek letter; 26. Precious stone; 28. The Sanctuary of a Church; 29. Newt; 31. Suffix; 33. Girl's name; 36. Slit; 38. Regal; 39. Say; 41. Whether; 42. Gaudy; 45. Automobile Association; 46. Hurt; 48. Foolishly; 50. Emperor; 51. Whichever; 52. Worthless fellow.

VERTICAL.

1. Placket; 2. Consecrate; 3. Pronoun; 4. Eagles; 5. Scottish County; 6. Girl's name; 7. Follow; 8. Advertisement; 9. Nucleus; 10. Cuts; 12. Barbarian; 14. Finishes; 17. Diving duck; 20. Brutal; 22. A section; 25. Evening; 27. Carpet; 30. Endowments; 32. Goes silently; 34. Light beer; 35. Man's name; 36. Large Indian deer; 37. Dealing with morals; 38. Uproar; 40. Beams; 43. Mount in Asia Minor; 44. Plant; 47. Note; 49. Greek letter.

Solution to Puzzle No. 62.

Horizontal

1. Dismay. 6. Simple. 11. Rot. 12. Gelid. 13. Eon. 14. Enamel. 15. Llanos. 16. Slave. 17. Reed. 20. Seer. 22. Yarrow. 23. Rundle. 24. Delves. 27. Roughs; 30. Erie. 31. Trip. 32. Raids. 34. Rueful. 36. Iodine. 38. Inn. 39. Ideal. 40. Ned. 41. Sasins. 42. Leases.

Vertical.

1. Dreary. 2. Ion. 3. Staler. 4. Ages. 5. Yellow. 6. Silver. 7. Idle. 8. Penned. 9. Loo. 10. Ensure. 18. Eater. 19. Drove. 20. Snout. 21. Elchi. 24. Debris. 25. Linens. 26. Scalds. 27. Radial. 28. Grains. 29. Speeds. 32. Ruin. 33. Sole. 35. Una. 37. Nee.

Name _____

Address _____

Winners of July Crossword Competition.

- 1st Prize—Rs. 10.—G. W. P. Reimers, 22, Castle Lane, Bambalapitiya.
 2nd „ — „ 5—Miss Patricia Ludkens, Sainy Villa, Clifford Place, Bambalapitiya.

A Sports Causerie.

(Continued from page 3.)

indication for the Cup but Why Worry was scratched from this event and Silverton, another much fancied candidate, was also an

absentee. The race however provided a close finish, Fortune Teller winning by a neck from Butty in a field of five.

Fayik scored a splendid victory on the opening day, his fourth successive win, carrying 9.7, but found the impost of 10 stone too much on the last day and finished last in the Kolhapur Handicap. This event was expected to provide a pointer for the Robert's Cup but heavy scratchings left in only three Roberts Cup hopes, Fayik, Prince Ghazi and Talaat, in the race, and of these only one, Prince Ghazi, figured on the board.

Favourites were generally out of it during the Meet. Altogether three century dividends were paid out on the Tote, one on the first day on Mozan and two on the second day on Head First and Salal Ahmar.

Doubles and trebles paid out handsome dividends on the second day. The treble gave Rs. 4,258 to each of 4 ticket holders while the second Rs. 5 double paid Rs. 1,732 to one ticket holder and the second Rs. 2 double of Rs. 1,932 was carried over for the following day.

Twenty owners shared the winning stakes in the Meet, only five of whom obtained two firsts. Mr. W. B. Bartlet heads the list of winning owners, Rs. 50 ahead of Mr. G. L. Lyon, while Mrs. Wallis and Mr. Aru come third. Not a single thoroughbred earned more than a single bracket. Fortune Teller was the most successful horse with Why Worry next and Heather Warden third. Bahnood was the only animal to secure two wins and is easy first amongst winning Arabs. Grand Duke in three outings succeeded each time in finding a remunerative place on the board, though he has not a single win to his credit.

Baker, with four wins, five seconds and 3 thirds is the most successful

jockey in spite of the fact that owing to being injured in a fall in the fourth race on the last day was unable to ride in the last four races. Burn and Townsend too have each secured four victories, each. Fenwick was the most successful trainer, followed by Coomber and Wallis.

BOOK PAGE.

(Continued from page 23.)

The first part of Mr. Brohier's treatise on the Ancient Irrigation Works of Ceylon, dealt with the North Eastern part of the island; Part II, now issued, treats of the Northern and North Western Section. Like its predecessor, the present volume reveals a thoroughness, that redounds to the credit of the author, whose local knowledge is so prodigious, that his reports are bound to be sought after by future generations. A number of plans and other illustrations go to enhance the value of the technical information provided, which is further seasoned by a sprinkling of folklore.

Regarding the vexed question of the population of ancient Lanka, during what is generally referred to as its "Golden Age," the author remarks that that question is never likely to be satisfactorily determined. In his view the evidence based on the tanks themselves, hardly supports the contention that it consisted of "teeming millions," for one reason, among others, that these stupendous works were not constructed during the same period.

We are disposed to think that the result of Mr. Brohier's study and research will make an appeal, not only to the official elements, but also

to all laymen who take an intelligent interest in the Island's history.

"AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY IN INDIA" by "Reflex" (Thacker & Co. Ltd., Bombay) is beyond doubt the best of its kind we have read. The chapter on modern hand cameras is dealt with extensively and is exceedingly well treated, while that on making the exposure is most lucid, so that any Amateur, after reading it, cannot go wrong. "Reflex" knows what he is talking about and explains this most important subject most convincingly.

The chapter on tropical developing, printing and enlarging, we are not quite so certain about. According to "Reflex," it is all so simple, but is it? In spite of what the author says, we think the average amateur will find it cheaper in the long run to send his D. & P. to a good Professional.

The tips given on composition and the class of lens to use, should be very helpful to all Amateurs who are anxious to make a little money out of this fascinating hobby. Cinematography is dealt with and advice given as to the best subject to catch the Judges eye. The last chapter is on miscellaneous queries, and a lot is to be learnt from these questions and answers, for they deal very concisely with subjects that are certain to crop up.

We congratulate "Reflex" on the production of a most useful book of instruction. The only thing we have to grumble about is the very poor quality of the blocks used to illustrate the work. A very coarse screen has been used in their production and consequently they have a tendency to depreciate the value of the book.

EVERYTHING IN PRINTING

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