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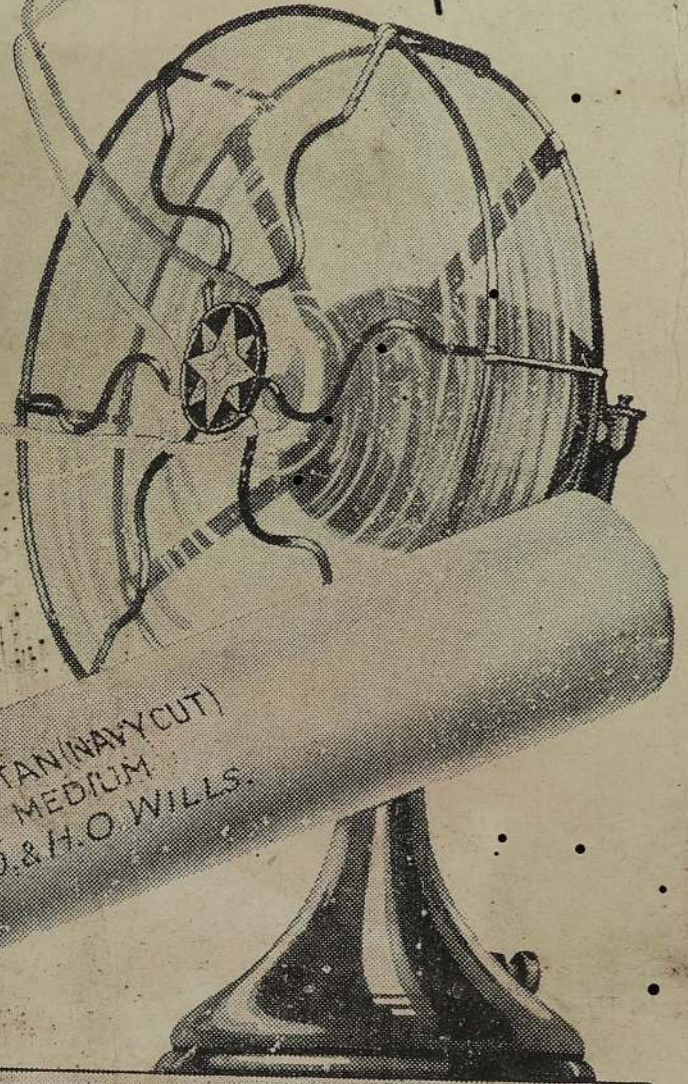
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COLOMBO, OCTOBER, 1934.



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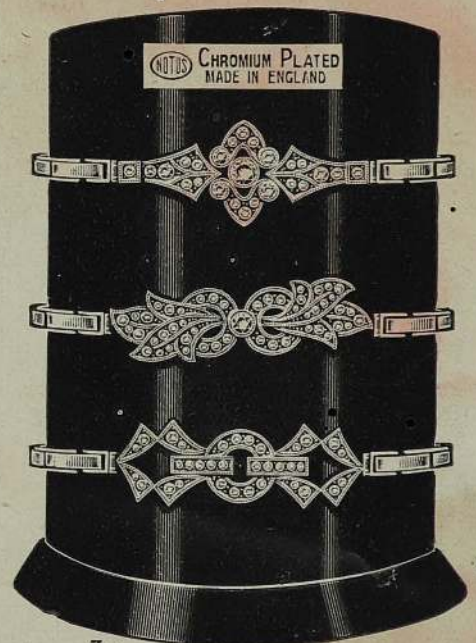
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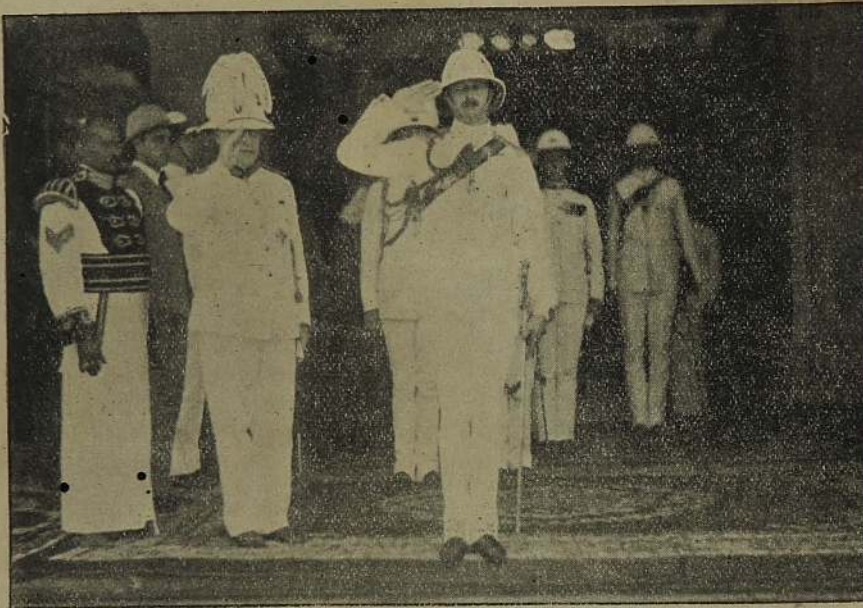


# CEYLON'S ROYAL WELCOME TO H. R. H.

Scenes of Unparalleled Enthusiasm.

**BRILLIANT PAGENTRY AT KANDY: A  
"FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS."**

By H. de Z.



H. R. H. standing at the Salute.

Photo by Platé Ltd.

political power of the Sovereign, has contributed, paradoxical as it may sound, to the same end. So that today, the popularity and prestige of King George and the other members of the Royal House, is something for which no parallel can be found in their long history.

It is this popularity which explains the enthusiasm with which His Royal Highness was greeted by all sections of the people, during his brief stay in this Island. And what enthusiasm! It had to be seen to be realised. The Police have been blamed for failing to regulate traffic. But what regulations could have kept under control the enthusiasm which appeared to burst all bounds on the 20th, when at the close of day the night was changed to a brilliant scene of multi-coloured lights. Could the Police be blamed for failing to anticipate that all the motor cars imported into the Island during the last ten years (or so it seemed!) would converge on a few streets within and leading to the Fort area, at one and the same time, just for another glimpse of H. R. H.?

\* \* \* \* \*

NEVER before in this Island's rugged story, has a Royal visitor received such a rapturous welcome as was accorded to H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester. From the moment he entered the harbour of Colombo, to the moment when he left it, his progress was a truly Royal and triumphal march.

There is no doubt that his mission had something to do with it. The return of the Crown and Throne of the last King of Kandy, stirred the hearts and imaginations of the people, and invested the visit with a degree of interest and importance which no previous Royal visit could command. But this appeal might, in a sense, be considered as being confined mainly to the Sinhalese and may explain their enthusiasm. But not that of

the rest of the population, unless enthusiasm is to be regarded as an infectious disease!

There is however another explanation. It is one of the most astonishing features of this age of unrest, that the bigger the slump in kingship on the European continent and elsewhere, the higher rises the "stock" of the British Royal House. The personal popularity of Their Majesties and the members of the Royal family has widened and strengthened with the passing years. Every revolution or upheaval which has shaken the foundations of other thrones, and hurled some of them to the dust, has only served to establish the British Royal House, more securely and firmly on the surest of all foundations—the hearts of their subjects. The curtailment of the

Or at Kandy, on that night of nights, when for a few brief hours the tens of thousands who poured on to her streets, gave themselves up to the witchery and magic of the hour. He must in truth have possessed a heart of stone and an eye of glass, who could have gazed on that scene and remained unmoved. Once again, for just one night, there was re-enacted something of the pomp and pagentry of the great days of Lanka, when her Kings, clad in the panoply of State, held high revel to celebrate some great event. One had a faint glimpse of what those "festivals of lights" must have looked like, as darkness fell, only to be driven back by the multitudinous lights festooning the city and sending long piercing shafts through the waters of the lake.

And that crowning moment in the ancient Audience Hall of Kandy's



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Kings, when with the rolling back of the heavy curtain that veiled the Throne and Crown, Time itself seemed to roll back. . . . The memory of that moment will remain etched in the minds of those who were privileged to witness it, when all other memories have faded away.....The jewelled Throne..... the jewelled Crown, gleaming in a pool of golden light.....symbols of a dead past, emblems of a departed glory, but still precious possessions for that very reason,.....the Royal Ambassador, royal in stature and bearing.....the whole setting worthy of the unique occasion.

And outside,.....the surging crowds.....the glittering lights from myriads of electric jets.....the torches in the Perahera procession.....the ancient and the modern mingling together.....the beat of drums.....the slow majestic tread of caparisoned elephants, conscious in some dim way of the historic nature of the occasion.....such was Kandy on that Festival Night.

The scene changes—the long, long road to Colombo gleams in the sun light on the day following. A tropic sun beats fiercely on a parched earth. But from the adjoining hillsides, from Hamlet and town, the villagers come streaming out to line the great highway—for the Prince is passing by! It is mid-noon, but that is a detail. Old men and old women, maidens and youths, girls and boys, stand cheerfully bareheaded, in animated groups all along the route. Every little hut, almost, has its little arch of tender coconut leaves, while at regular intervals, broad pandals, decked as only oriental pandals can be decked, span the road. And so they watch and wait while the minutes mount to hours. At last! The toot of a horn is heard, the throb of a motor—and the Police patrol is sighted. Even he gets a cheer! Excitement mounts to fever beat! Here he comes at last! Cheers rend the air, as with a smile and a bow, the great Prince passes by.

Through seventy two miles of cheering humanity, H. R. H. rode along, on a day that will be memorable for both Prince and peasant. What a story for the youngest to relate, when they grow old, to their children and to their children's children.

Once again the scene changes. It is night time in Colombo and the hour of the Duke's departure draws nigh. The city springs to luminant life .....the buildings are a blaze of coloured lights.....the streets are streams of molten humanity..... of throbbing motors filled to capacity with eager sight-seers...all impelled by one common impulse—the impulse to do honour to the Royal Duke. And then the final scenes as the Royal car passes along the thronged streets.....the salvos of farewell cheers, which will surely linger in the ears of H. R. H. for many a day to come.

The last handshakes at the Jetty and H. R. H. is God-spiced as his launch puts off for H. M. S. "Sussex." And then Colombo witnessed a glorious sight, as the searchlights from shore and the warships in harbour, stabbed the darkness overhead and vanquished it.

The last scene of all.....the Sussex steaming through a lane of torches borne aloft by the toilers of the deep. . . . .

A Royal welcome.....a Royal stay.....a Royal departure.

The scene changes once again..... a lone pedestrian moves slowly along the dark and empty streets of the City feeling like one—

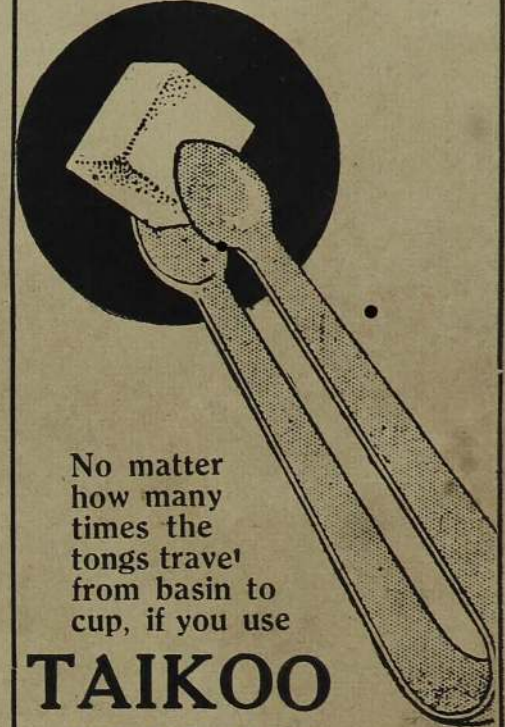
Who trod alone  
Some banquet hall deserted.  
Whose lights were fled,  
Whose garlands dead—  
And all but he departed.

**A CORRECTION.**

C. K. C. SHOW.

In our last number it was stated that Mr. Donald Obeyesekera's "Lady Bess" was adjudged the best Bull Terrier in the Show. This we learn is not correct. The honour belongs to Mrs. E. Blacker's "Champion Avonia Great Boy" who was also the best terrier dog of all breeds. The error is regretted.

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# The Beloved Physician.

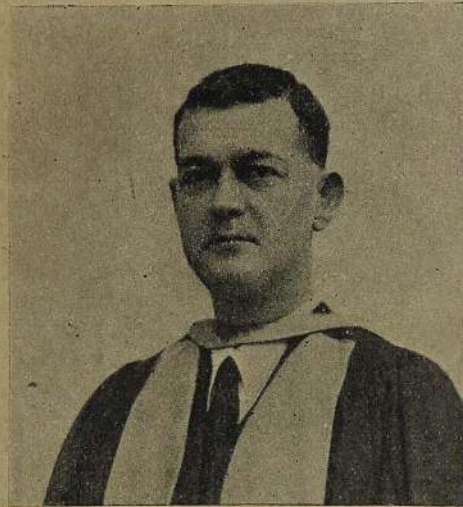
THE LATE DR. GARVIN MACK.

By Hugh Gunewardene.

ON the walls of the Royal College there are several panels, and on these are names which adorn the hall. They perpetuate the achievements of old boys for the inspiration of the new, the ambitious of whom, as they pass upwards from the first form, dream of the days when success might attend their efforts and their names appear below those who have gone before. Looking through the inscriptions on these long black boards, one finds a name common to practically every one of them. That name is E. G. Mack. Many a youth must have said to himself, "This fellow must have been wonderful," almost despairing that another would do the same thing again. What a list as we have it in the College Magazine of 1902!

Entered College January, 1894.  
 Reading Prize for Juniors, 1894.  
 First Prize, Form iii. I. B. 1894.  
 First Free Scholarship Dec. 1895.  
 Passed Junior Cambridge Local 1895.  
 First Fourth Form Scholarship, 1895.  
 First Prize Lower Fourth Form, 1895.  
 Second Class in Junior Cambridge Local with distinctions in English, Latin and Mathematics, 1896.  
 Junior Mathematical Prize, 1897.  
 Old Boys Prize Junior, 1897.  
 First Junior Scholar, 1898.  
 First Class, First Division in Junior Cambridge Local with distinctions in Latin and Mathematics, 1897.  
 Rajapakse Prize, 1898.  
 Junior Mathematical Prize, 1898.  
 First Upper Fifth Form Prize, 1898.  
 First Remove A Prize, 1899.  
 Reading Prize for Seniors, 1899.  
 Passed London Matriculation in First Class, Jan. 1900.  
 De Soysa Science Prize, 1900.  
 Passed Senior Cambridge Local in Second Class with distinctions in Mathematics, 1900.  
 Shakespeare Prize, 1901.  
 Old Boys' Prize, Senior, 1901.

Sixth Form Prize for Mathematics and Science, 1901.  
 Passed Senior Cambridge Local in Second Class with distinctions in Arithmetic, Mathematics and Applied Mathematics 1901.  
 Senior Mathematical Prize, 1901.  
 Turnour Prizeman, 1902.



DR. GARVIN MACK.

English University Scholar, 1902.  
 President of the Royal College Literary Club, Editor of the R. C. M.'

Even in those days he had erratic ways which one does not generally associate with an aspirant to the University Scholarship. His contemporaries marvelled at the way 'he did it.' The old college peon, Gunesekare, used to say to a most successful scholar of that time, a few years Mack's senior: "What is this, Sir, your face is pale, your eyes are sunken, you are so thin, working too hard I suppose. Why not do it like Mr. Mack? Look at him, fresh and fat and fooling." A very true reference, as I understand to his effortless style. The most ungenerous I think will call him a genius. The day before his 'problem paper' in his scholarship examination, he was not home until the late hours of the night, and then not before his faithful servant, hurried in search of him by his father, interrupted his game of billiards in a local hotel. Of

the two boys who did well in that paper, Mack was one.

When he left college to study medicine, he had already made his reputation, and none doubted that he would keep it. Under the guidance of the master minds at University College, and University College Hospital, he passed his examinations as they fell due. At the former place he won the Silver Medal for Organic Chemistry. In his later years he won the hospital prizes for Surgery and Midwifery, making up for any earlier slackness by getting double honours in the final M. B. of the University of London. While working for the Doctorate of Medicine he served as a House Officer to such famous men as Risien Russell and Bilton Pollard. In his last year he worked with Sir Thomas Lewis, who may be ranked with Professor Wenchebach of Vienna, as the best known cardiologists of today. With the former, he published one of the earliest papers on the newer knowledge of a very common, and at the same time serious form of cardiac irregularity.

If he had chosen to spend his days in the almost natural atmosphere of research which University College Hospital was in those days, as it is now, we would in these times find his name in medical literature as frequently as those of his contemporaries, Charles Bolton and T.R. Elliot.

His academic qualifications won him the admiration and respect of everyone in this country. But he was loved deeply and widely for other reasons. His laurels introduced no pride into his life; indeed, humility was one of his outstanding characteristics. Among his colleagues he remained, throughout his career, beloved and respected. His diagnostic acumen was often bewildering to those who sought his advice, both inside and outside the hospital.

The general practitioner looked upon him as an ideal consultant and to the students he was a sympathetic master inside the class room and a sincere friend outside, adored for the simple way he subscribed to, and joined in their fun. He is missed not only in his consulting room but in so many other places, where his skill, his wit, and his exhilarating presence is now wanting.

To so many his absence will for long years to come, be a source of immeasurable sadness.



British Pioneers of Ceylon.

## Sir Samuel White Baker,

M. A., F. R. S., F. R. G. S.

*The Man Who "Made" Nuwara Eliya.*

By C. A.

SIR Samuel Baker ranks high among the noted explorers of the world, one of his many big achievements being the discovery, in Equatorial Africa, of that great Inland Sea to which Baker gave the name of *The Albert Nyanza*. He explored the Blue Nile and traced the course of the White Nile, also the tributaries of the Nile in Abyssinia. He had much to do with the suppression of the Slave Trade in those regions and, later, made a complete exploration of Cyprus.

He was a many-sided man and his great prowess as a game-hunter was wide-world knowledge.

His books on Ceylon—*With Rifle and Hound in Ceylon* and *Eight Year's Wanderings in Ceylon* (1855) show that in his earlier years he was also a very successful colonist. They prove that although he was, primarily, a great explorer, he possessed an undoubted *flair* for colonization, and the giving up of eight years of his life to the making of a Settlement in Ceylon, in the "Newerra Ellia" district, demonstrates how alluring was the call made by this Island.

This was in 1845 when he was twenty-four, and the occasion was a shooting-tour in Ceylon. He already possessed ambitions regarding exploration and these could be combined with sport. He came to the Island in no official capacity—merely a free lance on pleasure bent!

**Arrival in Nuwara Eliya.**

It was towards the end of his first year of sport in Ceylon that a bad attack of jungle-fever sent him to convalesce in the cooler air of the mountains, to Nuwara Eliya which even in the early eighteen-forties was

looked upon by the Government and Military authorities as possessing a fine climate for recuperation after fever. But, in those days, it was an extremely rough-and-ready, poverty-stricken place, with a dirty uncomfortable Rest-house. Tough steak, black bread and potatoes the only fare—"a land of starvation!" Yet in a fortnight the desperately weak convalescent had made a complete recovery. The reason? The wonderful climate! Just to breathe in that pure air ensured improved health and vigour.

To live in this place as a *pié-a-terre* whence Baker's love of sport and exploring could be indulged in, by means of trips into the jungle, became an obsession. Then came the big idea:—Why not make "Newerra Ellia" a rival to the Neilgherries Station in India? Start a really fine and well-planned Settlement among these highest Hills of Ceylon? A former, very energetic Governor, Sir Edward Barnes, with the valuable help of his great "aide of the roads" Major Skinner, had opened up a road to Nuwara Eliya and carried it on down the same line to Badulla. This was all to the good. But with the advent of a new Governor, who took little interest in the place, further improvements had ceased.

The natural resources were manifold. Splendid timber and good building-stone! Why throw up miserable huts of stick and mud when such good material was close at hand for substantial houses! The quantity and quality of the water were undeniable. There were so many 'Ayes' to the proposition that Baker's spirit responded enthusiastically. The place was crying

out for reformation and the outer district calling for cultivation.

**What Enthusiasm Can Achieve.!**

The enthusiasm lasted. On Baker's return to England it was communicated to his brother, with the result that the two young men came out to Ceylon in 1848, with a well planned programme for a Colony in the Hills, and with a wonderful equipment therefor. In fact, an English village in miniature (with squire, bailiff, blacksmith and emigrant labourers complete) was to be transferred *en bloc* to "Newerra Ellia". Some enterprise! Especially when the great difficulties of the transport relating to those days are considered.

But the great assets to ensure success were all there—the *vim* and enterprise of the leader and the willing spirit of the emigrants.

The first start was the purchase from the Ceylon Government of a very large tract of land at twenty shillings an acre. Farming implements and machinery of the newest type, "Saw-mills" etc., and seeds of all kinds were to be brought out. Then, the live stock! Horses, including a pedigree stud-horse; a valuable Durham cow; some pedigree bulls; pedigree rams; a *small pack of fox-hounds*; and a few grey hounds. The hounds were intended for hunting elk, wild-boar, red-deer, bear, &c.,

Baker's brother took charge of this unusual assembly, including the party of emigrants, and they all sailed from London in September 1848, in the ship "Earl of Hardwick". The respective little families of the two brothers sailed by the same ship.

Samuel Baker had started in advance by the overland route, to make the necessary arrangements for the reception of this large outfit. His great difficulty was to choose the most suitable site for the Settlement. After much wandering he decided on a spot at the eastern extremity of the Nuwara-Eliya Plane close to the sudden descent to Badulla. Here the land was fairly level, with no near mountains to enclose it. With eighty men at work with axe, saw, hammer and digging-fork, a great change soon



appeared. He had managed to rent a good house and, before long, white cottages were appearing in the forest. The jungle was rapidly being converted into good agricultural and garden-land, and by the time the emigrants had arrived things were in fair order. The party had achieved an excellent voyage, with the loss only of one hound. But then came the arduous journey Up-country.

The first great trouble was the transit of the expensive cow—a beautiful short-horn, weighing thirteen hundred weight. A van, said to be strong enough to carry an elephant was secured. But that cow's *entrance* and *exit* were as one! Too dramatic! As she obediently stepped into the van there was a crash, and she immediately *exit-ed* through the bottom. So she had to travel on her hooves, with the common herd of horses, sheep, bulls, and hounds. Ten miles a day were to be the limit.

The emigrants went up by coach while the Baker's own little party drove up in the "Clarence," newly arrived from England. This carriage must have been if a waggonette-type drawn by a pair of horses.

Four Government carts drawn by elephants took the machinery and farm-implements, while a long line of bullock-bandies dealt with the lighter stuff. And a tame elephant was waiting at the foot of the Pass to help in carrying up the maid-servants and baggage. (*What splendid pictures for Film production!*)

With the exception of the cow's *contretemps*, an excellent start! But at the Ramboda Pass the "Clarence" was found too heavy for the horses to draw up the Pass. The carriage was left at the Rest-house, while the party went on horse back for the remaining fifteen miles, and all arrived safely at the Settlement. The next day, a groom, Henry Perks, was sent down the *Pass* with a pair of horses to get the carriage from the Rest-house. Unfortunately, this otherwise excellent groom had a liking for strong drink and he was probably finding this new country a thirsty place.

On the following day Baker received a dirty, badly-spelt letter. "*Carriage and osses is tumbled down a preccippice, the osses is got up but*

*are very bad, the carriage is on its back and we cant stir it. Plese come nd see whats to be done.*"

Nothing could be done! A brand-new, very up-to-date carriage and a pair of fine Australian horses had all been smashed up! Perks had driven at full gallop round a corner and they had all gone over. Quite naturally the delinquent was unhurt.

On Baker's return to Nuwara Eliya he found a letter awaiting him to say that his valuable cow had halted at "Amberpasse" dangerously ill. A second letter brought the news of her death.

Came yet another disaster. The blacksmith, who had decided that the body of the carriage might be useful as the nucleus of a new one, had been left to superintend the salvage, and the "carrier-elephant" was sent back to haul it up from the precipice. Perks, with many warnings, was also sent to help.

#### An Expensive Groom.

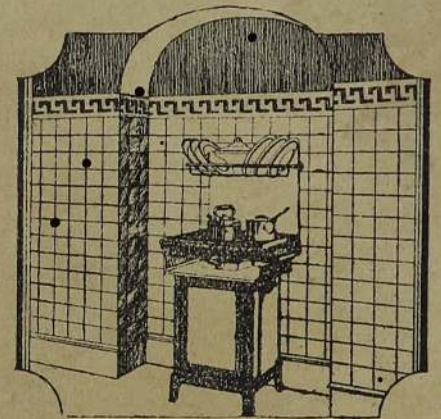
Being more accustomed to riding than walking, Perks determined to ride the elephant. He did not approve of "elephant pace" and insisted that the mahout should put the animal to a trot. In spite of the mahout's reluctance Perks was soon swaying along at full trot. To use his own words, he:—"tooled the old elephant along till he came to a standstill." He managed to force the elephant up the steep pass for seven miles until it dropped, and soon after died. A most sagacious and valuable animal was lost and Perks could boast that he was—"one of the few men who had ridden an elephant to death!" But it was an ignorant and barbarous piece of work. At the first intolerable urge beyond his usual pace, that elephant should have seized the groom in his trunk and flung him over into the *Kud*. It would have been a justifiable action.

These recorded misfortunes are only a few of the ills that tried but did not daunt Baker's spirit. The next trouble was with a few of the emigrants who openly defied the bailiff's authority and these were sent to gaol. This drastic action proved an excellent incentive to better behaviour, and the work proceeded smoothly again.

(To be Continued.)  
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## CONDITIONS OF ENTRY.

The competitor who names the three Authors, in the correct order, or the nearest thereto, according to the voting, will be adjudged the winner.

No entries for this competition will be accepted unless accompanied by competition coupons which will be found in the October and November issues of the Ceylon Causerie.

The Editor's decision will be final, and no correspondence will be entered into regarding this competition.

Results will be announced in the December number of "The Ceylon Causerie."

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# My Memories of Oxford

## When Horatio Bottomley Attended A Debate.

By S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike, M. S. C.

### XI.

THOSE of us who had been in rooms in College for two years were asked to find lodgings outside, in order to make way for freshmen. I have a vivid recollection of the agony of that hunt for rooms. I was determined to be as near College as possible, but it is very difficult for Orientals to obtain lodgings in the more central parts of the town.

I used to tramp round, trying every house which had a board up "rooms to let." I usually received the answer that the rooms had just been booked by someone else, or more frankly, was told that they did not like to have Easterners. It was in vain that I pleaded, in some cases, that those who had already booked lodgings were my personal friends.

Indian students have generally to be satisfied with rooms in the out-lying areas, such as the Iffley Road. I would not say that this reluctance on the part of landlords was altogether unjustified, though in the vast majority of cases it was pure colour prejudice. One instance I remember, needless to say a very exceptional one, when two Indian youths, in the absence of their landlady, seized the maid and tied her by the leg to a bed-post, as a punishment for some impertinences, and went out. Later on the mistress returned, found the poor girl in hysterics, and released her. The Indians were asked to leave immediately by the indignant lady, who failed to see the humour of the practical joke.

I sometimes found that Eastern students, freed from the trammels of the rather strict discipline of their own homes, were apt to behave in England in a manner that was likely to be misunderstood.

While the good behaviour of the majority passed unnoticed, the misconduct of one received an undue

emphasis and prominence. This, after all, is to be expected. An Englishman's misbehaviour here would be equally emphasized. Some Eastern students do not quite realize their responsibilities to their fellows.

I was finally fortunate in securing rooms in Pembroke Street, just opposite Christ Church, and there I reminded for the rest of my stay at Oxford. Of my landlady, Mrs. Heath, I need only say that she was a fat, motherly person, usually garbed in a black, tight dress, that made her bulge at various points. Her husband was a much more interesting character. Mr. Heath was a small, pale man, with a sensitive aquiline nose, and a constant cough. In the house, though efficient and active, he completely effaced himself. But behind Heath the landlord, there was another Heath who had the spirit of a knight of the round-table. He belonged to some sort of friendly society called The Free Foresters, of which he was a high official. On the occasions when he had to attend a function of this society, he would appear transformed, dressed in a frockcoat, the numerous chains and badges of his office about him, his eyes flashing in his pale face, and his sensitive nostrils aquiver: a Galahad setting out on some high emprise or a Napoleon leading his armies across the Alps. He used to come and listen to me at the Union. After my second speech on India, amid a general hub-bub of congratulations outside the debating-hall, the little man marched up to me with short, tripping steps, and solemnly shook me by the hand. I valued that tribute more than any other I received, for I knew that it came from one who had the soul of an artist.

It is an admirable custom at the Union to invite one or more distin-

guished visitors during the term, to take part in debates. One such visitor, before I began to speak at the Union, lingers in my memory. During the Presidency of Beverley Nicholls, Mr. Horatio Bottomley came down for a debate. During the War, his name had been one to conjure with, and even at this time his prestige was scarcely dimmed. He was a member of Parliament, and was trying to form an Independent Party. We were all agog to see him and hear him. In appearance he was terribly disappointing; short, with almost the shortness of a dwarf, thick-set, with a large head covered with straggly grey hair, set on square shoulders. His face was a blotchy red, pouched and lined with many years of loose living, but with a certain power in it. His speech was even more disappointing than his appearance. He started with a laboured preamble of how he had read somewhere that one of the amusements of Oxford undergraduates was to chase hares, and that he supposed on that occasion he was the hare to be chased. This evoked a laugh, more at him than with him; the rather stout, unwieldy Mr. Bottomley's resemblance to a hare was, to say the least, very remote. He looked most like a toad.

He went on to criticise the machinery of Government, and the conventions of the House of Commons in particular. He drew vivid pictures of various refreshment rooms in the House, where many members spent most of their time, the younger ones swilling drinks, and the older swallowing slops.

When a division bell rang, the former scampered off, the latter tottered away with their coats still spattered with bread and milk, to vote according to the order of their respective Party whips. He told us how he would alter this deplorable state of affairs "if I were Prime Minister".

He was followed by Hore-Belisha, the present Minister of Transport, an ex-President of the Union, in a brilliant speech. He pulled Bottomley to pieces and wound up with a scathing reference to his prophecies of what he would do if (and when) he was Prime Minister: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio....." The House rocked with laughter.



# The Parsis in Ceylon.

## History Dates from Time of the Nestorians.

### REMINISCENCES.

By K. D. Choksy.

FIFTY years in business brings strange experiences. But before I recall some of these, I should like to touch briefly on the "great little Parsi community," as ours has been described.

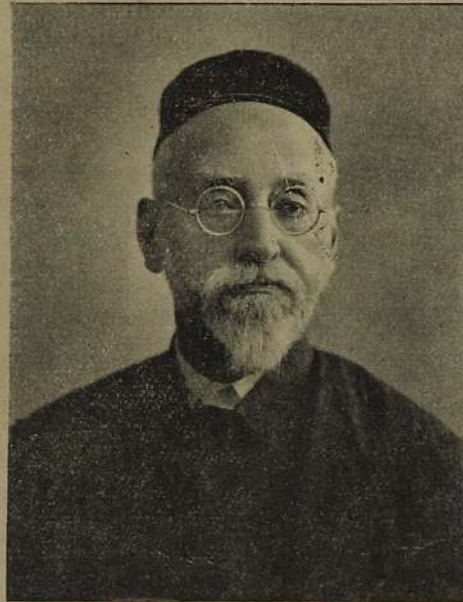
Yes, we have an ancient history on the neighbouring continent. It is many, many hundreds of years since our "Dastur," like Moses of old leading the Israelites, headed a small band of Parsis on their arrival in India, following on the Arab conquest of Persia. It was on that historic occasion that he greeted the ruling Prince of Sanjan with the words "Hami Hindustanra Yar bashim!" and I am glad to state that to the present day, whether in India, or Ceylon, that pledge "We will be friendly to the whole of India!" has been fulfilled to the letter with that scrupulousness with which a Parsi honours the sanctity of a promise.

Our numbers, all told, do not exceed a hundred thousand. Yet we have excelled in every phase of political, mercantile, professional, and philanthropic activity and the followers of the Great Zoroaster have carried the light of peace and good will everywhere they listed and in every circumstance.

But it is about that section of our community who have made their home in Ceylon that I desire to tell you. Their connection with this country may be traced back to the time of the Nestorians, who have left evidence of their association with this Island. These early influences, however, have been obscured by the fluctuations of power of the Sinhalese, Tamil, Arab, Portuguese, Dutch and British in this country.

As far as it would suffice for the purposes of this brief sketch, the earliest mention of our community in British times is that of Parsi

Dady Muncherji, general merchant and commission agent, of King Street, as Queen Street was known then—in 1815. The firms of Messrs. Cowasjee Eduljee and Hormusjee are almost as ancient,



MR. K. D. CHOKSY.

featuring largely in the newspapers of those days as one of the first subscribers to the Kandy Mail Coach Co., which followed in the wake of the coffee industry, soon after Governor Barnes' great road to the Hill Capital was opened.

Then there is the firm of Framjee Bhikhajee Khan and partners, which traded under the name and style of Framjee Bhikhajee & Co. The founder of this firm, with which it has been my privilege to be associated for the past fifty years, arrived in Ceylon about ninety-five years ago in a sailing vessel. The establishment is the oldest Indian concern in Ceylon today. Cowasjee was a wealthy merchant and owned ships and coffee estates and Hormusjee kept a store and bonded ware-

houses in Baillie Street. K. Hormusjee who succeeded him was also an enterprising pioneer. He made a serious attempt to manufacture cane sugar on his estate in Ceylon, having engaged the services of the late Mr. John Walker, who later founded the firm of engineers that still bears his name.

Framjee set up in the Pettah and soon built up a flourishing business in wheat flour, rice, sugar, China tea &c. China tea was sold in Ceylon in those days for as much as five shillings a pound, the rupees and cents currency not having been introduced till 1872. Under his and his brother's sons even still greater strides were taken and a large import and export business developed with Europe, Australia, America, China, Japan, &c. They were also owners of the Colombo Oil Mills under the management of the Leechmans, and after themselves taking over control of affairs, inaugurated the practice of exporting coconut oil in steel drums, which superceded the cumbersome teak barrels. It was my pleasure during my connection with the Mills, to be associated with such giants in the local commercial world, as Mr. G. B. Leechman, previously Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce and a member of the old Legislative Council, and Mr. R. F. S. Hardie, also a Chairman of the same Chamber at a later period. It may be apposite in this connection to add, that Framjee Bhikajees was the first Indian firm to be elected to membership in the Ceylon Chamber of Commerce.

Framjee and his brother's sons, the Khans, have also left their mark in many ways. B. D. died in 1898 and P. D., B. F. and M. F. carried on business here and in Bombay, taking turns at the two establishments. Each of them was in his day nominated to membership in the Municipal Council and the Parsi connection with the Corporation is maintained to the present day in the person of Famroze Dadabhoy. In 1903 P. D. Khan was made a Justice of the Peace and was appointed, with Mr. H. L. Crawford, to inquire and report on the allegations of corruption in the local Police Force.

There were the riots of 1915, during which my community was singularly immune

(Continued on page 24.)



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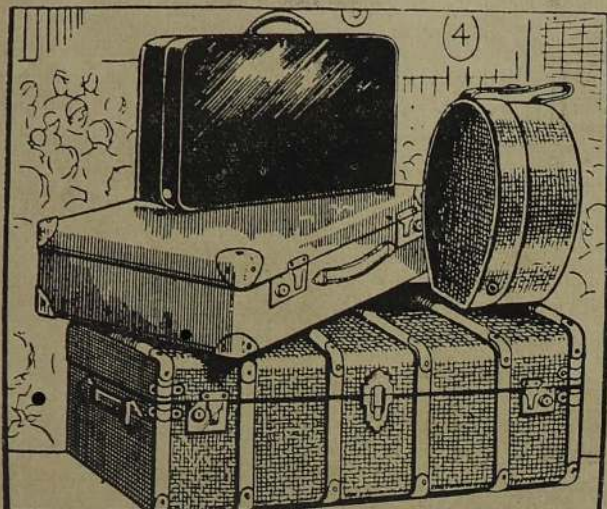
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# Archaeology in Ceylon

## SOME NOTABLE FEATURES.

By G. C. Mendis.

WHEN one hears of archaeological work, one is apt to think of the excavations carried out in Egypt and in Crete and at such places like Harappa and Mohenja-

quartz and chart which belong to the palaeolithic age. They were probably used by the Veddas before they came in contact with the Aryan immigrants who came to this Island

There are people, however, who believe that excavations will reveal a pre-historic civilisation. Their belief generally depends on two assumptions. One is that Ceylon, before the coming of the Aryans, had a civilisation of some importance, and the other is that Ceylon had trade relations with foreign countries from very ancient times.

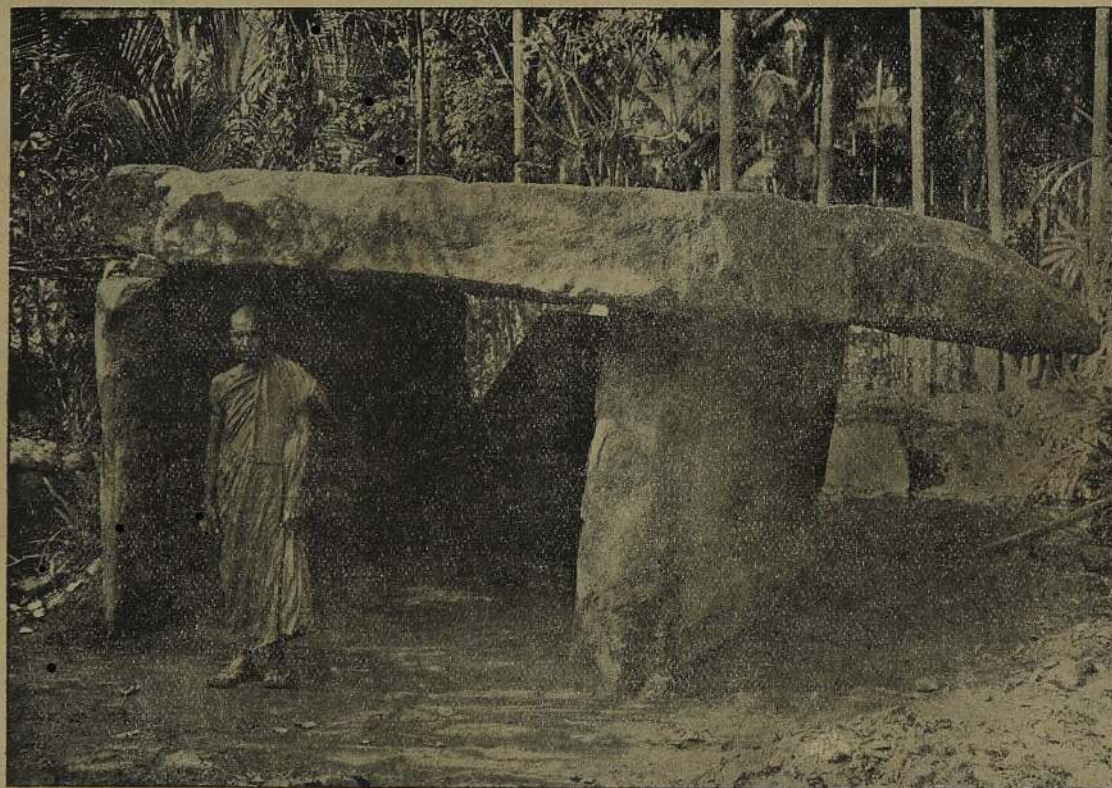
The belief in a pre-Aryan civilisation is based mainly on the stories of the yakkhas and the nagas, given in the Mahavansa. Many people think that these yakkhas and nagas were the earliest inhabitants of the

Island and were peoples who had reached a very high standard of civilisation. What really counts is not what we consider them to have been, but what the author of the Mahavansa meant. According to Hindu and Buddhist ideas, the yakkhas and the nagas are not human beings, but *amanussa* or non-human beings. They are creatures of other worlds, who often assumed human forms and lived on this earth, and may be compared to such beings as angels and devils, described in semitic lore.

There is no reliable evidence to prove that Ceylon had a very ancient trade. In the Buddhist work *Milinda Panha* (Questions of King Menander) a book not earlier than the first century B. C. there occurs

a list of countries in the East which a shipowner might visit, but Ceylon is not one of them. The *Jatakas*, or the Birth-stories of the Buddha, refer to ports visited by merchants, but in them Ceylon is mentioned as a mysterious Island about which mariners, ship-wrecked on its shores, related marvellous and impossible tales. Mantai, in the North-West of Ceylon, is generally considered the most ancient part of Ceylon, but the excavations carried out by Mr. Hocart in this place, shed no new light to prove its existence before the Christian Era.

The Archaeological Department, therefore, has almost entirely to deal



The Dolmen at Padiyagampola.

Daro in India, which revealed pre-historic civilisations of which little or nothing had been known. The Archaeology of Ceylon belongs to quite a different category and does not deal with any such unknown civilisation. Its work often demands other methods and its interpretation sometimes a different type of knowledge.

In fact the most striking feature about the Archaeology of Ceylon, is that it has hardly anything to do with a prehistoric civilisation. The only certain evidence so far discovered of the existence of men in pre-historic times in Ceylon, is a collection of rude implements of

about the fifth century B. C.

The late Mr. Frederick Lewis once drew attention to a dolmen which stands at Padiyagampola, a few miles away from Rambukkana, and Mr. Paranavitana, the Acting Archaeological Commissioner, noticed a few years ago some cists or primitive altars in the Batticaloa District. Dolmens and cists are structures that belong to the neolithic age, but it has yet to be proved whether those discovered in Ceylon actually belong to the new stone age or were put up in historic times by a people who kept up the practice.



with a civilisation that falls within the historical period. This has certain advantages as well as disadvantages.

In ancient and mediaeval times Ceylon formed a part of the civilisation and culture of India, and it is well-known that in architecture and sculpture she has in the main followed Indian forms. In fact most of the ruins so far restored can be traced to prototypes in India, and no structure of any note has so far been discovered for which there is no parallel in India or in a country, the civilisation of which has been influenced by India. Hence the excavation and conservation work in Ceylon is not so difficult as in most other places, since we have at our disposal the experience and the knowledge gained in India. Had the Archaeologist in Ceylon to work in a healthier climate, his work of explorations, excavation, and conservations would have been comparatively easy.

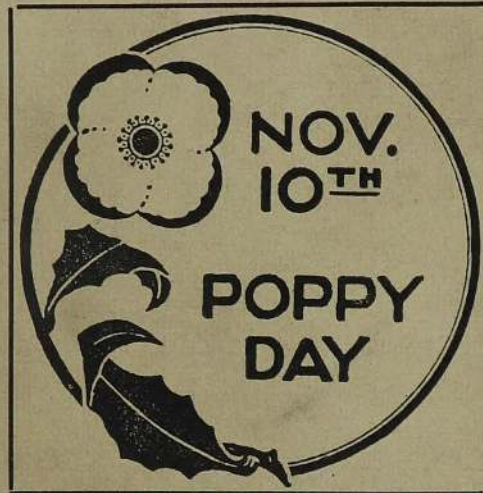
On the other hand since almost all the ruins fall within the historical period, the Archaeologist in Ceylon must also be a linguist. He has to acquire a knowledge of Sanskrit, Pali, the ancient Indian dialects and Sinhalese. He has also to be well-versed in Buddhist and Hindu Literature, as otherwise the work of interpretation will by no means be easy. When the cists which appeared to belong to the pre-historic period were discovered, their purpose was understood with the help of a passage in the Pali commentary to the Buddhist work called *Sutta Nipata*, which describes such structures.

There is another feature in which the Archaeology of Ceylon differs from that of most other countries. In Egypt and in Crete, pottery was most helpful in disentangling the various stages of their ancient civilisation. Pots of clay easily break, and as new ones are constantly made, one can trace through them the changes that occur in a civilisation. "Pottery," wrote Sir Flinders Petrie, "is the greatest resource of the Archaeologist. For variety of form and texture, for decoration, for rapid change, for its incomparable abundance, it is in every respect the most important material for study, and it constitutes the es-

sential alphabet of archaeology in every land."

But this is not true at all of Ceylon. Pottery in Ceylon has so far brought to light no hidden secret or helped towards a decision of any importance. "The excavation at Mantai," wrote Mr. Hocart, "though now carried down to a depth of nineteen feet, have exhibited little change in the character of the pottery."

The key to archaeology in Ceylon is epigraphy. For Sinhalese characters like pottery in other countries, show a change from century to century. Very often a letter left on a



brick or a stone by a mason as his mark, has revealed the century in which a dagoba or a temple had been constructed. Inscriptions, even when they give no dates, have been helpful in deciding the dates of various forms of architecture and sculpture. Mr. H. C. P. Bell's success as Archaeological Commissioner, was partly due to his ability to read inscriptions. Mr. Hocart was no doubt handicapped by his ignorance of Sinhalese epigraphy. "The accession of an epigraphist to the Archaeological Department," he wrote in the *Ceylon Journal of Science* of December 1928, "has made better progress in chronology than was hitherto possible."

In short the archaeology of Ceylon is very similar to that of India and can be best understood by one who is well acquainted with the architecture and the civilisation of ancient and medieval India.

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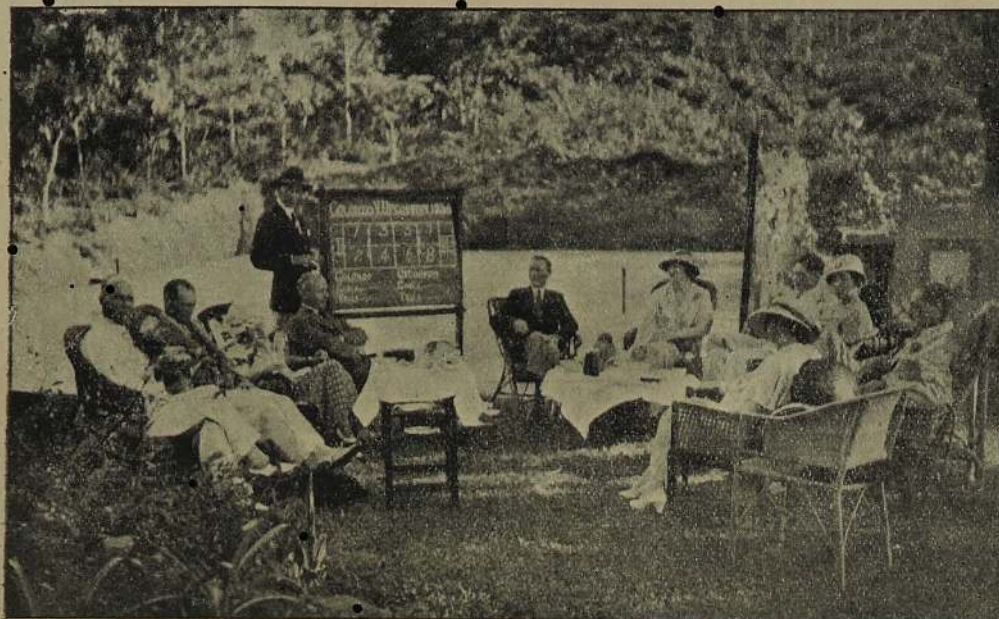
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## Wireless Up-Country

By Catherine Adams.

### Broadcasting the Arrival of H. R. H. The Duke of Gloucester.

THE sequence of dates is not to be considered where Royalty is concerned, and pride of place must be given to the very successful Broadcast of Commentaries on the actual arrival at the Jetty of the Duke of Gloucester.

These descriptive commentaries by Mr. Leslie de Saram were excellent, and we obtained a wonderful reception. And wasn't it good to know that we were listening to what was taking place, *at the very moment* that it happened.

After a general description, the Commentator began to mention the names of the many people waiting on the Upper and Lower Jetty. This was just before the Prince arrived.

The first names mentioned in this Broadcast were those of the Puisne Judges, who were described as being on the Upper Jetty, close to the steps. These names came through very clearly, as also later, when the presentations of the Judges and their wives were made by the Chief Justice, Sir Philip Macdonell. We concluded that a microphone must

have been very near the steps. It was most interesting to hear the various presentations being made, and quite a thrill when we recognised the names of certain friends and could realise the actual moment of each hand-shake.

These are some of the events that caused us to feel that we were really participating in that big and very loyal welcome so many miles away down in Colombo.

Congratulations to Mr. de Saram for making the commentaries so vivid, and also to the Colombo Station for such A. I. arrangements!

### Mrs. Clement Black's Programme.

This was given one Sunday morning (Sept. 16), a *morning* transmission being arranged very kindly for the benefit of Up-country listeners, who were not able to listen to a former Programme on account of atmospherics. The Programme was in the nature of an Operatic Concert and it came through very clearly. A great success as to reception. In "Part I" we were given the lighter types of opera and the Second Part was devoted to Grand Opera.

Having a somewhat elastic taste I thoroughly enjoyed the whole Programme. The selections from light operas were delightfully tuneful and not at all hackneyed, possibly the Messenger and Offenback items were the more welcome. None of the Gilbert-Sullivan Operas were included, the reason probably being that though so popular, we receive a liberal number of these Records in other programmes.

### Grand Opera. (Past II).

To several of these selections Mrs. Black gave short, dramatic descriptions of the various *scenarios*. These were declaimed in excellent style, enhancing the interest considerably. We heard Chaliapine in "The Aria of the Miller" ("Roussalka" and again in an Aria from Glinka's "Russian Ludmila" which was referred to as a *Patter-Song*, but, personally, I think that the famous one sung by Figaro in "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" is better.

Joseph Hyslop's voice came through beautifully in a Solo from "The Meistersingers," and Elizabeth Rethberg in two big *Scenas* from "Aida" was wonderful. Her voice is one of the purest and loveliest of this age. Even the highest notes, (sung *messa voce*) are always in the absolute *centre* of the note and with no suspicion of a *tremolo*.

There were some marvellous Wagner records included, the London Symphony Orchestra with Vocalists, giving some realistic passages from "Das Rheingold" and the State Opera Orchestra, Berlin, with Frederic Schorr in the Finale of the same work.

In spite of *Punch's* sarcastic comments *re* the *Forging of the Gold* music in "Das Rheingold"—whatever the instruments and other means employed to represent the welding and hammering of the gold, it did sound like the *ring* of that metal. Not iron, nor tin, but good gold beaten by a stone anvil on solid rock. That's how it came through Up-country "Mr. Punch"!

Lastly, best thanks to Mrs. Black for a highly interesting programme,



The Lure of the Orchid.

## CYMBIDIUMS.

By "Orchidophyl."



CYMBIDIUM ENSIFOLIUM.

CYMBIDIUMS are very useful orchids, being easy of cultivation and generally of decorative merit both as regards flowers and foliage. The genus is not very large, about fifty species being known, but of recent years many handsome hybrids have been introduced.

These orchids have a fairly wide distribution from Africa and Madagascar to India, Burma, Annam and the Malay Archipelago, as far as Japan, China and Australia.

The genus embraces two distinct groups of plants, one epiphytic the other terrestrial, and we have a representative of each type in Ceylon, the epiphytic *Cymbidium bicolor* and the terrestrial *Cymbidium ensifolium*, both pretty species well worth including in any orchid collection.

Cymbidiums are evergreen orchids, most of them growing in tufts or clumps and presenting a neat and tidy appearance as pot-plants. A few of the species have well defined pseudobulbs, but in the majority these organs are insignificant in size and are often hidden by the ensheathing bases of the closely set leaves. The foliage varies in type,—some species have stiff, long leathery leaves, others have short, fleshy ones, while a few, have grassy foliage.

These orchids are in general free-flowering in character and the flowers are of good size in most species, while many are very useful for decorative purposes, on account of their long-lasting properties. The flowers are borne on spikes varying from a foot to three or four feet in length, in some species erect, in others arching or pendent. The segments of the individual flowers are free and spreading, the sepals being more prominent than the petals. *Cymbidium* flowers present a varied range of floral tints and the best horticultural species owe their popularity to this.

Coming from countries which differ widely in their climatic conditions, we find some *Cymbidiums* need cool conditions while others revel in warmth.

*Cymbidium bicolor* is one of the commonest epiphytes in the low and mid country districts of Ceylon, being a familiar and conspicuous sight along most of the roads in these parts.

This orchid always grows in clumps, which sometimes reach considerable proportions. The leaves are rigid and narrow about 12 to 18 inches or more in length, bluntly notched at the tips with a distinct mid-rib running down the centre of each.

The flowers appear three or four times a year, sometimes oftener in well-cultivated specimens. They



are borne in numbers from graceful drooping racemes which issue from the base of the plant, and are about an inch and a half across, creamy yellow, striped with reddish-purple along the lengths of the sepals and petals. This orchid looks its best when it carries a number of spikes in full bloom. It is a free-rooting species and requires plenty of accommodation for its numerous, fleshy roots.

The most suitable receptacle is a large teak or jak basket made of strips of wood. Over a drainage of crocks a layer of semi-decayed leaves should be laid. The compost should be of a retentive nature to cater for the profuse roots of the plant. A mixture of seasoned coconut husk, bracken roots and bark chips chopped up fairly small and mixed with small pieces of charcoal, brick and bone, suits this orchid very well. When new growth appears, the plant may be stimulated by weekly doses of liquid manures containing some bone meal. A few pieces of dried cattle-dung packed among the roots with a sprinkling of bone-meal may be employed for the purpose. *Cymbidium bicolor* is a very grateful orchid and even a small plant, if kindly treated, will in time grow to form a handsome clump never failing to bear its floral tribute throughout the year. This orchid is very commonly grown on garden trees tied on with a little coir-fibre as a root dressing. In such cases too the orchid may be given the manurial treatment described in order to stimulate its flowering powers. For this purpose, and also to allow its roots to absorb moisture with greater facility, the orchid should be set up in the fork of a tree where possible.

*Cymbidium ensifolium* is a terrestrial species found growing in the cooler parts of the Island about the 3000 ft elevations. The specimen illustrated was photographed from a plant grown in Colombo and is the variety *Haematodes*, described by Trimen. This orchid has thin grassy leaves which also grow in a tufted manner from short stems. They are two to three feet long and fleshy and are produced in profusion, spreading in all directions just beneath the surface of the ground.

The flower-spike is erect and strong about 18 inches or more

in height and carries several very attractive fleshy flowers about two inches or more across. The sepals and petals are creamy-yellow in colour, delicately veined with reddish-pink, while the lip is mottled with pink and orange. The flowers are fragrant and every ornamental as cut-flowers.

The cultural requirements of *Cymbidium ensifolium* are as for any terrestrial orchids. A well-drained pot containing a compost of river-sand, leaf mould and finely crushed charcoal mixed with bits of brick to keep it porous should be used. The stimulant treatment recommended

for *Cymbidium bicolor* should be applied for this orchid too during active growth. When grown in the low-country this species must be protected from overhead sun and too much heat, and it must be remembered that it thrives in humid atmosphere which must be imitated, by keeping its surroundings moist during active growth while the roots too must be ensured of a liberal supply of moisture during this stage.

Both the Ceylon *Cymbidiums* are in bloom at the time of writing, and the recent warm weather appears to have exerted a stimulant action on the flowering of both species.





# A Sports Causerie.

By "Wanderer."

TENNIS teeming with thrills was provided at the Garden Club when the returning Australians were witnessed in action. Pinto and Gunasekera did a notable thing in securing a set off Crawford and Hopman, even if it is urged for the latter that they were still carrying their sea-legs. Nicholas and W. L. Rutnam did not strike a happy partnership against Turnbull and Quist and were easily beaten. Mrs. Hopman and Quist, after being stetched in the first set by Miss Sansoni and Pinto, won the second comfortably. Miss A. Rock and Hopman quickly fitted themselves into a sound combination to easily account for Mrs. Marrs and Gillespie. Miss N. Obeysekere, the Ceylon titleholder, beat Mrs. Hopman in straight sets. In view of the fact that Mrs. Hopman was not quite fit, not much credit has been accorded the Ceylon champion, but it must be said that she displayed tennis of a high order.

The tit-bit of the evening was provided when the four Australians appeared on the Courts in a doubles, Crawford and Hopman partnering against Turnbull and Quist. The former won a gruelling first set at 6/3 and it was a pity that the enthralling display that was being put up while the second read 3 all, had to be interrupted to permit of their timely return to their ship.

## C. A. A. Meet.

It was a pity that the Amateur Athletic Meet held on the 15th of September should have been marred by wet weather. It emerged, however, that the standard of local athletics is still on the up-grade, for in spite of existing conditions, one record was broken and another

equalled. The former came in the Pole Vault, where young W. W. Tambimuttu added another inch to the record he had registered earlier in the year, in clearing 10 ft. 6 ins. Because of this performance, which



Hopman "caught" by the Camera in a characteristic stroke.

was voted the best in the Meet, this painstaking athlete was deservedly awarded the Wilton Bartleet Challenge Cup.

When he ran the 100 yards in 10.15 secs. W. de Silva of the University equalled the record that is shared by six other sprinters viz. F. J. P. Roberts, Col. R. Savage, C. R. Lundie, D. K. Kodagoda, V. M. Joseph and O. S. de Silva. The same runner took the 220, there too beating D. K. Wilson in a close finish. He thus shared with D. E. Colonne of the C.L.I. the distinction of being the only competitor

to secure doubles. This Infantoyman, taking the Quarter and Half Mile events in fine style, was a walking (or running?) advertisement to a devotion to training.

H. S. R. Gunawardena, last holder of the Bartleet Cup, came very near to a repetition of his performance of last year, running first in the 120 yards Hurdles, second in the Quarter, and first in the 220, yards Low Hurdles. He was, however, disqualified in the last named event as he had knocked down four hurdles.

The defeat of N. Matthews, the holder of the mile record, by a young schoolboy of Nalanda College, P. A. Paul Perera, was a highly creditable achievement. The performances in the two new events the Hop, Step and Jump, and Discus Throw, were promising.

## Association Football.

Everything is clearly not as it should be in local Soccer circles. Else why did some of the Clubs playing under the aegis of the Colombo Association Football League form themselves into another Association? It cannot be denied that the existing body has shown a certain degree of lethargy in certain directions or that there are other contributory causes for dissatisfaction, but surely the remedy for such lay in the hands of the Clubs concerned to have their house put in order. I do not intend to go into these questions, not being quite *au fait* with all that is happening, but would merely point out that some consideration is due to the soccer-loving public before anything like an upheaval is considered. Not another game in Ceylon today counts so many thousands of enthusiastic votaries—nor in any game has the standard improved so visibly in recent years as in soccer. It behoves those concerned therefore to put their best efforts forward to have the League re-set on a sound basis, with harmony once more restored.



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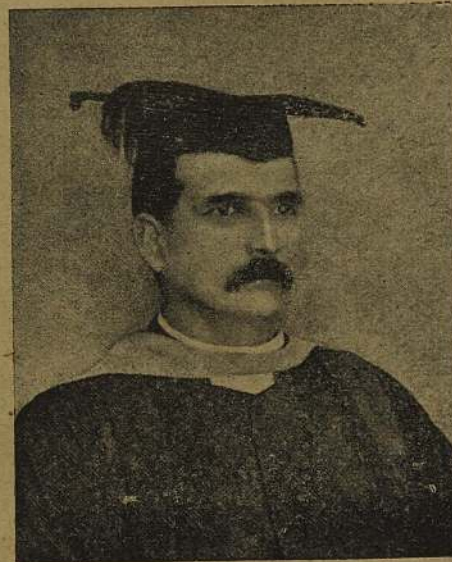
# A Distinguished Sub-Warden of St. Thomas' College.

THE LATE REV. G. A. H. ARNDT.

By An Old Pupil.

THE death of the Rev. G. A. H. Arndt, the retired Sub-Warden of St. Thomas' College, has removed a link with the past. Mr. Arndt was one of the greatest Head Masters produced in Ceylon, and the impressive and reverent demonstration to his memory at his funeral was a *monumentum aere perennius*. It was an eloquent and striking tribute to the memory of a great personality, who had lived in retirement for 26 years, by many who had only heard of him. Mr. Arndt was a born school-master and his striking strength of character, and immense influence as a disciplinarian, had a marked effect on generations of Thomians who passed through his *regime*. Mr. Arndt joined St. Thomas' College, the great nursery of almost every member of the Arndt family for the last sixty years, in the year 1872. He had for those days a brilliant career, which culminated in his getting his M.A. degree as the Calcutta University, where he won the Cobden Gold Medal for History. In 1878, Mr. Arndt joined the staff of St. Thomas' and was ordained Deacon in 1882. In 1883 he was appointed Head Master of the College, a post in which he moulded the characters and shaped the destinies of many distinguished Thomians. In 1896, he was appointed Sub-Warden, the first Ceylonese to be elevated to so high a post in the Educational world. Mr. Arndt, in his private life, lived a life of great simplicity, and he never spared himself in his work. In 1906 his health failed him, owing to the strenuous life he had lived for 28 years, during which time he had laboured without a holiday. In December of that year his retirement from the staff of St. Thomas' College came as a great shock to all who knew him, and it was a source of great disappointment to him, as he knew no other life than that at S. Thomas' and he never got

over his severance from the place he loved so well. After a few years of Parish work, he definitely lived in retirement for the last twenty years. Mr. Arndt never liked ostentation and his chief characteristic was the humility of true greatness. In this respect, he was like his friend and school-mate, the late Mr. Justice H. L. Wendt. Mr. Arndt had no



THE LATE REV. G. A. H. ARNDT.

interests outside St. Thomas', and even in his last years he listened to anything about his old school, with great interest. The early part of the burial service was taken by Dr. G. B. Ekanayake, one of his earliest pupils at the Cathedral, with which he was connected for 40 years, and where his beautiful melodious voice enriched the Choral services at a time when the Cathedral choir was the best in the East. Mr. Arndt was Precentor of the Cathedral, and led the singing. Mr. Arndt was the trusted and faithful adviser of many Wardens. He went on as a fixture while Wardens came and went. Warden Miller, Warden Read, Warden Buck and Warden Stone each in turn went to Mr. Arndt, in any time of difficulty.

Mr. Arndt's greatness was reflected in his own family which has produced some of the most distinguished Thomians of all time. His eldest son George had a brilliant career, winning the University Scholarship in Classics, in 1903. After obtaining a Classical degree at Cambridge, he read for Holy Orders at Cuddesdon, Oxford, and followed his father's vocation. He was working at the Parish of St. John the Divine in Camberwell, near the Oval, when he was summoned home owing to his father's illness in 1907.

Another son, Laurence, won the University Scholarship in 1906, and after getting a First Class in the Bar Final, passed a most brilliant examination for the Indian Civil Service, scoring the most marks yet obtained by a Ceylon student.

His son Leonard, who was equally distinguished as a scholar, attained to as great heights as his brothers, but missed the University Scholarship. Four of his sons, George, Ernest, Laurence and Leonard, played in the College Cricket XI at a period when St. Thomas' had the leading cricket side.

The Arndt family were steeped in Thomian tradition, and it was therefore appropriate that Warden R. S. De. Saram, representing a new generation of Thomians, and his boys should have taken so prominent a part in the last rites and paid their last humble tribute to the memory of one who for sixty years had been an out and out Thomian. It was an eloquent tribute not merely to Mr. Arndt's memory, but to the strong tie that binds St. Thomas' and its sons, no matter of what time or age.

Mr. Arndt was Hon. Secretary of the Old Boys' Association for over twenty years, and the crowds of old Thomians that assembled at the grave side seemed to stir many memories of the past. The funeral was on a Sunday evening, on a beautiful October day, and the last hymn sung, the silent crowds who wended their way home were greeted with church bells of various churches, which seemed to join in wafting their sad message of farewell to the memory of a great, but simple life, well lived and well loved.



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WE have a very attractive parcel of books to review this month, indeed too many to do all of them justice. Several, however, call for special mention and to these we would draw the attention of all readers. To those whose choice would be the romantic, we would put forward Rafael Sabatini's new romance—"The Black Swan". A new Bull-dog Drummond story by Sapper; Stephen McKenna's novel "The Way of the Phoenix", two little stories—one unfinished, by the late Arnold Bennett, "The Brothers", by L. A. G. Strong, and last but by no means least, "This Brave New World," by Aldous Huxley. A large number of minor novels we can give but a passing reference, and almost, if not all, are good and well worth reading. "Life Without End"—Graham Seton, "Yuan Hee See Laughs", Sax Rohmer, "Secret Sentence" by Vicki Baum, a wonderful description of Germany after the Great War and *Der Tag* can only be whispered—, "Squire" by Oliver Sandys and "The Shadow Man", by John Goodwin.

**"Dream of Destiny" by Arnold Bennett**

How sad that an intellect scintillating with wit, humour and satire, should have "passed on" so early in life, and at the height of his success. Arnold Bennett must have been working on "Dream of Destiny", whilst producing at the same time, that brilliant work "Imperial Palace", and the greater novel calling for more attention, has resulted in this story being unfinished. He must have often smiled to himself, for his descriptions of a certain phase of society must have been written with his tongue nicely tucked into his cheek. And his descriptions are as true as they are clever: what end would he have brought the dilettante bachelor, Roland Lane Smith to? No one has attempted to finish this novel. It is left to the reader to

imagine it for himself. The second story published with the unfinished novel, "Venus Rising from the Sea", is brilliant, written round a one time "star", and is all too short, when it is remembered that these are probably some of the last, if not *the* last, publications we shall read of this genius of the pen. His description of a first night behind the scenes, of a play that is obviously a "flop", is one of the most satirical and clever things he has ever written.

**The Way of the Phoenix by Stephen McKenna.**

A very brilliant political thesis on the World's condition, during those memorable years 1914—1919. All the old shibolleshs, the old catch phrases, are exposed, many of them in all their naked stupidity. How childish such catch phrases as "The War to end the War"—"The Kaiser shall hang"—"Homes for Heroes" and so on, in ad-finitum, sound *now*, when all the world is still seething in the pot!! And Ireland today, rebels from the Imperial Crown, as they did in the old days of 1913, when Galloper Smith and his friends were shining lights in the rebellion, which apparently was only postponed, not stultified. Yet with all "The Way of the Phoenix" is brilliant in its conception as all Stephen McKenna's books are. A little heavy to read perhaps, more like history than fiction, it will be more than enjoyed, however, by all his vast reading public.

**The Return of Bull-dog Drummond**

by Sapper

Another brilliant story written by this wizard, who holds you spell-bound from the first page of the book until the last. All our old friends are here, Hugh, Peter Darrell, Ted Jerminham. Teeming with hair-breadth adventures, the three—so reminiscent of those delightful characters we meet with in Dornford Yates' "Berry & Co.", strive to unravel the murder of young Martin,

only to bump up against the ubiquitous Irma, with a new Lieutenant, one "Hardcastle", who might be described as "Hardcase"! for he definitely is one. How Hugh unravels the mystery must be discovered by that large following of Sapper, who, doubtless, with us will thoroughly enjoy this story.

**"The Black Swan" by Rafael Sabatini.**

Here is a magnificent story, filled from cover to cover with romantic adventures, amongst pirates and amid sub-tropical island scenery of the most beautiful type. The hero, one Monsieur Charles Bernes, is a figure such as Sabatini loves to paint—romantic, brave, dare devil and swordsman of the type so attractive to the idolizing reader of these dull days. Charles Bernes fills the story with his gallantry. No wonder Priscilla gives her heart into his keeping after spending her young life with only her father and her dull dog friend, Major Sands, with his infernal "Stab Me's." One neat description by Bernes of the pirate Chief will remain long in the memory of readers. "Forsooth: amongst *pirates* he was considered a swordsman, but to a swordsman, he was but a *pirate*." A story we highly commend to all lovers of the romantic age.

**The Brothers by L. A. G. Strong.**

Sheer stark life, beautiful in its simplicity, gaunt in its horrors, terrible in its results. This picture of crude fisher folk, in the Western Highlands, lives mixed with vice and religious fervour, makes a story which grips the reader with its intensity. The chief characters, the Father, Hector Macrae, the two sons, John and Fergus, and the adopted daughter Mary, make up in their lives a story which for stark drama it would be difficult to surpass. The language throughout is beautiful, to quote but one paragraph. As the Father is dying, the priest says—"Go forth Christian Soul... ..and so on the wings of the noblest apostrophe mankind has framed, the soul of Hector Macrae rose from its earthly simulcrum and was received from time into eternity." What an exquisite description of death! To all readers I recommend "The Brothers," as one of the finest publications of 1932.



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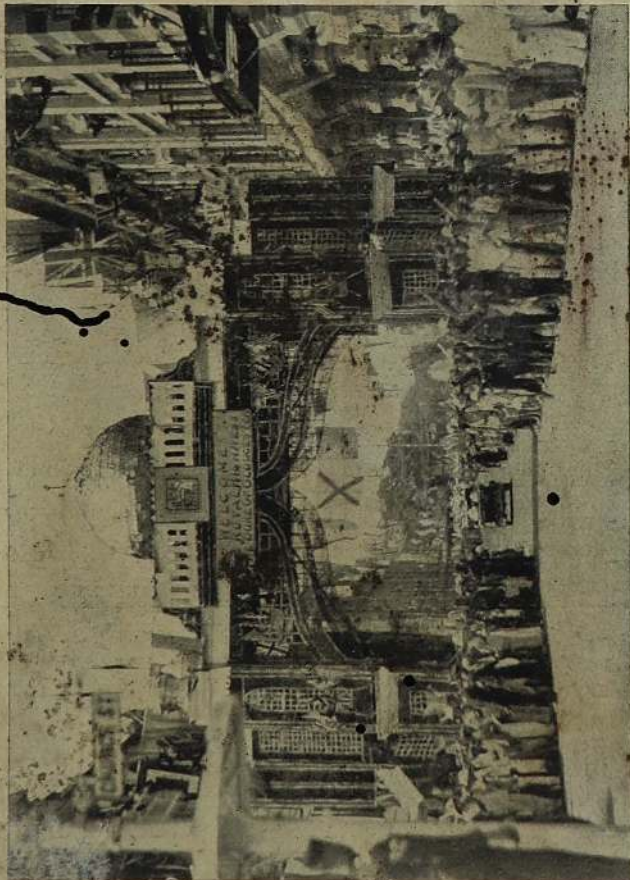


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THE PRESENTATION OF THE  
CROWN AND THRONE.

The culminating point in H. R. H's. visit to Ceylon was reached at Kandy when the presentation of the Crown and Throne of the Sinhalese Kings was made in the historic Audience Hall.

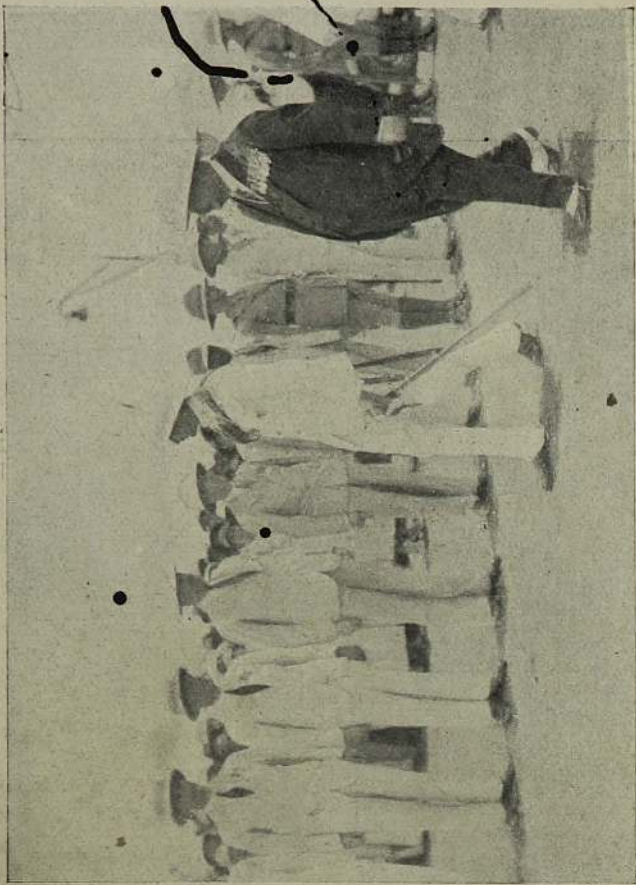




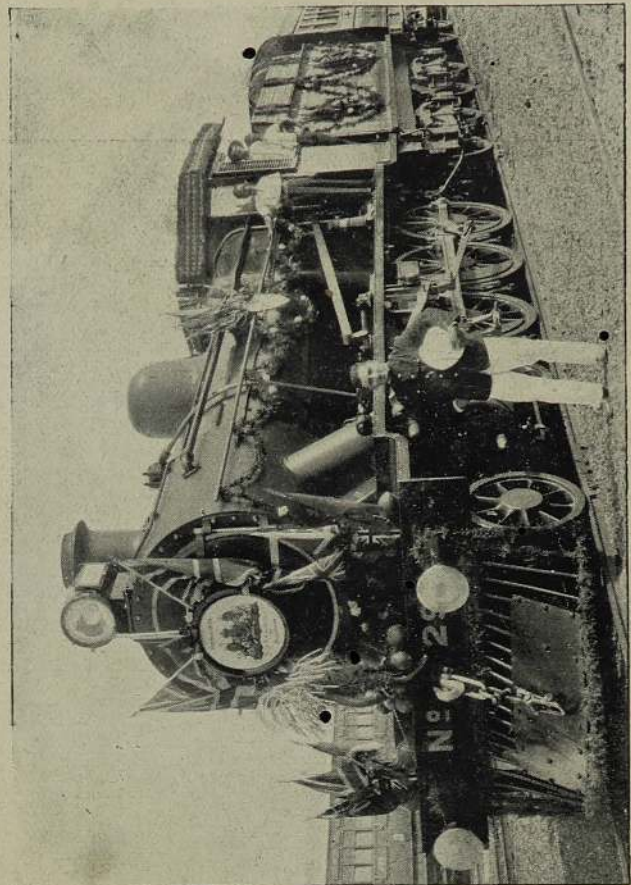
The beautiful arch which spanned York Street and a glimpse of the crowds which lined the street on the day of the Duke of Gloucester's arrival is seen in this picture.



Polo is H. R. H.'s favourite game. He is here seen resting after a strenuous "chukkur" on the day of his arrival.



War veterans being presented to H. R. H.



The gaily decked engine and train which carried H. R. H. to Nuwara Eliya.

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THE AFTERMATH.

By Ian Dickson.



SINCE H.R.H THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S VISIT SOME HUSBANDS MUST BE FEELING THE FINANCIAL STRAIN.



BUT CHEERS - ANOTHER GOOD TIME IS COMING WHICH SHOULD CAUSE A LITTLE MORE DAMAGE ..

IAN DICKSON



# CHATTY BITS.

By "Old Clay."

"There now, I told you so!"

**SCIENTISTS** have at last discovered that it pays to relax when at work. They recommend that during the rather tedious job of adding up Ledger accounts, one should close one's eyes and conjure up some idyllic moonlight scene, complete with fairy-like forms &c. It all helps, they say, to buck the Boss's business up.

**Memories!**

Well, talk about unappreciated prophets after that! As a matter of fact we discovered this particular tit-bit of science years ago, and can well remember the day when, with our big feet on the Boss's mahogany desk, we were trying hard to ginger up his business with the requisite idyllic moonlight scene, sylph-like forms, and the rest of 'em.

**My Ascents Into The Stratosphere!**

But the Boss had no soul, except the thick, hard, leather one which he used somewhat vigorously when firing us, and, while suffering from shell-shock we had plenty of time in a nursing home to continue our scientific reflections!

**Honeymoons in K skunhalalas!**

The (em)bracing air of Kiskunhalalas in Hungary not having the desired tonic or solfa effect, it was decided to present all honeymoon couples with a free bee-hive with real honey and bees in it. This proved to be an unqualified success, and the Kiskunhalalas Town Clerk reports that a swarm of newly-married couples was actually seen to bee keeping company at last!

**"Close Up, Boys!"**

A London newspaper, referring to

the National Sun and Air Association, says that its object is to promote nudity as a means of mental and physical culture. Members are requested not to bring their kodaks with them as all proceedings are



He—Why child you are walking without a hat? You will get sun-stroke.  
She—I, oh, my son never striking me. Only my husband beating me sometime.

generally held in camera!

**Sight-seeing in Colombo.**

The other day an old lady Tourist, very much interested in the Temperance movement, pitched into a Taxi driver because the poor fellow confessed complete ignorance of the whereabouts of Colombo's "Pure Milk Drive"!

**New ideas in "Cradle" Songs.**

The sight of a cradle arouses our tenderest emotions. It sometimes raises our hopes, yet oft-times dashes

them to the ground—when it's built for two, or perhaps more. At the strains of "My Cradled Sweetheart", love—sick youths and maidens melt into each other's arms, and the mention of the "cradle of civilisation" brings geological tears to the eyes of the most stony-hearted scientist.

**The latest "Coon" Croon—**

We have all heard of, and possibly felt, "the hand that rocks the cradle", but the other day the rocking was reversed. A West Indian baby began talking perfect Spanish as soon as it was born, and though little stragglers (so we're told) generally come in with a squall, yet this one immediately started prophesying calamities and predicting earthquakes—the young varmint!

Needless to say, both parents are now suffering from—"cradle shock," and the infant, who prefers a real seismograph to toy soldiers, crows and gurgles with delight (in perfect Spanish, of course) as he watches the needle jog devastatingly up and down and across this much-shaken world of ours!

**"You are my Honey, Honeysuckle, I am the Bee"**

Lancashire, reeling under the distressing cult of nudity, is not only manufacturing slogans for "more and more clothes", but is industriously taking to apiculture, and intends establishing a chain of "Bee-Hives" or "Apiarist Distributing Stations"

which will be able to effectively deal with the alarming increase of Nudist Colonies, and nip in the bud or other equally tender spot, any tendency of the general public towards the "Nudies!"

She: Did you see in the papers that some people were poisoned through eating chocolates?

He: I fancy I did, but what about?

She: Nothing, except that I was thinking—er—how safe we are.



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# Our Competition Page

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 53.

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

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

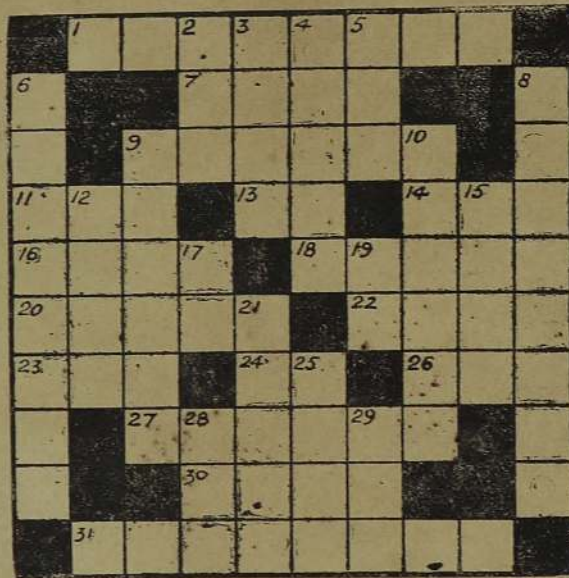
CROSSWORD, P. O. Box No. 127, G. P. O., Colombo.

Entries delivered personally or by messenger should be addressed:—

CROSSWORD, Plâté Ltd., Colpetty, Colombo.

All entries must reach this office by 12 noon on Thursday 25th Oct. 1934.

The Editor's decision will be final.



Name .....

Address .....

### Winners of September Crossword Competition.

1st Prize—Rs. 10.—Miss Yvonne Overlund, "D. lmar" No. 5, 57th Lane, Wellawatta.

2nd .. — , 5.—Miss H. M. Serpanchy, Allen's Avenue, Dehiwela.

### CLUES.

#### HORIZONTAL.

1. Musical instrument.
7. Freedom.
9. Poles used for walking.
11. Weary.
13. Direction.
14. River islet.
16. Language of the Cape Dutch.
18. Race.
20. Bury.
22. Bore.
23. Exclamation denoting contempt
24. Printers' measure.
26. Implement.
27. Soils.
30. Urn.
31. Agitate's.

#### VERTICAL.

2. Hinder.
3. Murderer.
4. Little island
5. Encountered.
6. Mean Villains.
8. Concern.
9. Ice shoes.
10. Animals.
12. Indian Queen.
15. Animal.
17. The. (Fr.)
19. Military Unit.
21. Kingdom.
25. River.
28. Hill.
29. Girl's name.

### Solution to Puzzle No. 52.

#### Horizontal.

1. Honour. 4. Afraid. 9. Tutti.
10. Hinders. 11. Atlanta. 12. Elsie.
13. Psalm. 15. Storm. 20. Cabin.
22. Praised. 24. Masters. 25. Sidle.
26. Natant. 27. Versus.

#### Vertical.

1. He-man. 2. Nettles. 3. Union.
5. Fondest. 6. Abets. 7. Dispel.
8. Phial. 14. Lantern. 16. Resides.
17. Acumen. 18. Spasm. 19. Add-ers.
21. Besot. 23. Aisle.



# The Indian Rope Trick

"I SAW IT DONE" SAYS C. D.

MUCH has been written about the rope-trick, since a responsible body of scientific men had the temerity to declare that *it has never been done*. But what is extraordinary is that there should be so much mystery about it; that there are so few people who have come forward to declare that they have seen it done; and that the trick, which was apparently common enough at one time, is not being performed in the present day.

My object in this communication is to announce to your readers—and the world in general!—that I have seen the rope-trick done.

As a little boy I lived in a house in Mutwal—then the popular residential quarter of Colombo,—called "Belle Vue"—a spacious bungalow standing on extensive grounds.

It was here that I witnessed a performance given by an Indian juggler, whose repertoire included the mango-tree trick, and other illusions associated with itinerant "magicians;" but whose *piece de resistance* was the rope-trick, which I then saw for the first time.

I am not aware that the performance cost a great deal of money,—as some people who are offering to repeat it try to make out,—and I remember that it was witnessed by a goodly company.

Besides the members of the fairly large household, who occupied "Belle Vue," there were also present a number of friends, and neighbours.

Since the discussion on this subject was started, I have done my very best to discover some one living to-day who was present on the occasion, but without success. So that I have no constructive evidence to offer in substantiation of my statement; but that does not worry me in the least. It is a truism that those who have lived long in the land have a clear recollection of events that occurred in their early youth, while incidents which took place in later life, are not recalled

with the same clarity of mental vision.

The fact that I saw the rope-trick, so indelibly impressed itself on my mind, that never, at any time, did the recollection of it fade.

Imagine, then, a crowd of people sitting or standing round the juggler in an open space in the garden of "Belle Vue," and closely watching him going through his programme.

It would appear that this trick varies somewhat in detail. In one account it was said that the rope, when hurled aloft vanished into thin air, together with the urchin that climbed up it. In another the boy's limbs were said to have dropped down in instalments. But let me describe what I actually saw taking place on the occasion referred to.

On the juggler throwing the coil of rope up, it stretched itself taut, and stood perpendicular, apparently against the law of gravity, so allowing the urchin—a very small boy—to climb up, till when he reached the top he entirely disappeared from view. Then the rope dropped flaccid to the ground.

Upon this the juggler called to the boy, who answered as from a distance, and soon after came trotting from the far end of the garden, to the amazement of those present.

How the trick was done, it is not for me to say,—whether by "black magic" or with the aid of mesmerism or by any other means. But I can only affirm that *I saw it done*.

In later life I saw Maskelyne and Cook's wonderful illusions in the Egyptian Hall, in London, and found them not less confounding than the rope trick.

As scientific investigators are probably aware how the former tricks are done, they have nothing to say about them; but as they do not know how the rope trick is done, they declare that it has never been done. That is hardly fair, and I am here to contradict them and say that

I have seen it done, whatever the explanation may be of the mystery.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since writing the above, I have met with an interesting reference to what is known as "Mass Suggestion," in the columns of the *Sunday Observer* (London) of July 1st, where Mr. Sidney Kingsley, the author of that successful play, "Men in White," has something to say on the subject.

During the realistic representation of a scene in an operating theatre, the audience thought they detected the smell of iodoform, presuming, no doubt, that the antiseptic was employed to give "local colour." But Mr. Kingsley assures the public, that neither iodoform nor any other smelly chemical was used on the stage.

Apropos of this, he tells us of a trick that used to be performed by Tichener, Professor of Psychology, who pretending to cut his hand, held it out to show the blood upon it. But what he did was to smear it with green paint.

This trick, says Mr. Kingsley, goes to prove that, in moments of sudden shock, people will surrender themselves to the general impression, and become completely oblivious to minor impressions.

I do not say that the rope trick is done by means of mass suggestion, but leave it to your readers to speculate on the possibility of its being so performed.

C. D.

---

## In Lighter Vein.

"And are you a good cook?" "I should say I am, ma'am. Why I was sacked from a boarding-house!"

Harry: "Darling, you are the breath of my life." Hilda "Well, why don't you hold your breath?"

An Aberdonian went into a grocer's and asked for a box of Test Matches. "I don't stock them," said the grocer. "What kind are they?" "The kind that last five days!"



# The Australian Cricket Tour.

By "Wanderer."

WHEN, in order to write this article, I sought out what I had written at the start of the tour, I found that I had anticipated as follows: "I venture to prophesy that the team will return covered with glory: with the 'Ashes' regained; and what perhaps will be best of all, with the unction to lay to their souls that they were the means of demonstrating to the British Public what Brighter Cricket really is."

I modestly claim that Woodfull and his team realised all these anticipations. They lost only one match—the Second Test. Never once were they even headed on the first innings by any of the counties, though Hampshire and Yorkshire came very near to doing so. This perhaps is a little thing for a touring side and not worth bothering about, but I mention it to indicate the team-work that distinguished Woodfull's side throughout the tour. There must have been times when the team ran into ticklish positions but they came through everything without the slightest marring incident. They will soon be home again, having accomplished what they set out to achieve in the most modest manner.

I am not going to rake up any talk of leg theory or body-line, as I think that it will soon be history, that Woodfull's last tour succeeded in nipping this threatening bogey in the bud. Grimmett and O'Reilly, who were mainly responsible for England's loss of the Ashes proved that the game can yet be played and won without the introduction of shock tactics.

As this must be *short*, let me confine myself only to the five Tests. The first was won by Australia on the stroke of time almost. They certainly had, with the winning of the toss, the better of the little luck that was going during those four days, a little early rain, and a

wearing wicket towards the end. But it was a very timely declaration by Woodfull, wily bowling by O'Reilly and Grimmett, and last but not least, whole hearted fielding throughout, that made a victory possible. In the second Test Australia were, at the end of the second day, giving back as much as they had got, when the Clerk of the



DON BRADMAN,—the hero of the side.

Weather took a hand in the game, enabling verity of Yorkshire to make the most of his intervention. Nothing could have saved Australia when the game was resumed on Monday, for the conditions they were faced with were absolutely foreign to them. Still this was all in the game. In the Third Test there was at one time the distinct possibility of England's forcing the issue in the allotted time, and thus practically making sure of a retention of the Ashes. But Chipperfield's spirited emergence from a sick bed and the timely production of Australia's Kangaroo tail, aided largely by our epidemic of missed catches, saved Australia from the humiliation of having to follow-on in two successive tests. The match had then only one conclusion and was left drawn. England quickly got her *quid pro*

*quo* in the Fourth Test. For, when everything was set for an Australian victory, torrential rain prevented any play on the last day,

Much has been said about England's inability to find a set team, and also to the effect that the side that took the field at the Oval was not representative. However much truth there may be in these assertions, I think that it would have required a Martian side to defeat the Australians, after Woodfull had made that successful call of the coin—the Aussies seized their opportunity by both hands, and—I may be wrong—their first innings total stopped where it did just owing to the exigencies of the game, and through a proper summing up of the strength of their opponents. Had the prospect—which later materialised—of a second successful finish on the skipper's birthday anything to do with it?

In any case the Australians proved their superiority in every department, but most particularly in fielding. It is true that nearly all the runs were made by Bradman and Ponsford, while Grimmett and O'Reilly took the English wickets. But it was in the field, where even though there were such shining lights as Bradman, Brown and Chipperfield, the rest worked so untiringly as to bring about an equal division of the honours.

## Smile Awhile.

Mother-in-law: "I'm late. Did you think I was lost, Horace?"  
Horace: "No; I never was an optimist."

Tom: "Yes, I think Molly's an awful brick."  
Maud: "Why, has she begun to throw herself at you now?"

They met at a party. After a while they became more friendly, and the young man decided to put the great question to her.

"You know," he said in a burst of confidence, "you look just the sort of sensible girl I'd like to marry."

She smiled coyly. "Nothing doing, old sport," she replied. "I'm just as sensible as I look."



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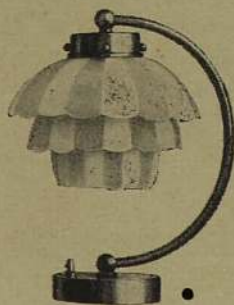
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# “Trials of a Bishop.”

A DRAMATISED VERSION OF SCENES FROM  
“BARCHESTER TOWERS.”

(IN FOUR ACTS.)

By C. D.

## SYNOPSIS.

[In Act II. we saw the Bishop between two fires,—the domination of his interfering wife, and the persuasive influence of his ambitious chaplain. There was another reason, why Mrs. Proudie had a ‘down’ on Mr. Slope, viz, his neglect to appreciate the charms of her own daughter, and his preference for the company of other ladies, such as the Countess Neroni,—“that Italian woman.” This increased her resentment against the chaplain for presuming to advise the Bishop on questions of patronage and preferment, which, in the opinion of the lady, was a right she strictly reserved for herself.]

## ACT. III.

**Scene.** Sitting room in the Bishop’s Palace. Mrs. Proudie discovered sitting at a tea-table, knitting.

**Mrs. P.** I wonder what makes the Bishop so late for tea.

[Enter Bishop and Mr. Slope talking in an under-tone.]

Ah! Here you are at last.

**Bishop.** Come and join us in a cup of tea, Slope.

**Slope.** Thank you, My Lord.

**Mrs. P.** (Handing the tea cups to the gentlemen). I do hope you won’t find the tea too cold.

**Bishop.** Well, I mustn’t complain if it is, for it is my fault not being in time.

**Mrs. P.** What news now, Bishop? Anything fresh?

**Mr. S.** I have just been telling His Lordship that I saw

Mr. Quiverful this forenoon, and that he has made me understand that he is abandoning his claim to the Hospital appointment in favour of Mr. Harding. Under the circumstances, I have strongly advised His Lordship that Mr. Harding should be nominated for the post.

**Mrs. P.** (Flurried) Mr. Quiverful has not abandoned anything. His Lordship’s word has been pledged, and it must be respected.

(Bishop looks round uneasily).

**Mr. S.** Perhaps I ought not to interfere, but yet—

**Mr. P.** (Severely). Certainly you ought not.

**Mr. S.** And yet I have thought it my imperative duty to warn the Bishop that, if Mr. Harding is not appointed, His Lordship will have to encounter much ill-will. I should be sorry to see the Bishop act inadvisedly in this matter, and his action publicly criticised. In the interview I had with Mr. Quiverful—

**Mrs. P.** What business have you at all with interview? Who commissioned you to interview Mr. Quiverful? Will you answer me, Sir?

**Mr. S.** Mrs. Proudie, I am aware how much I owe to your kindness. I am also aware what is by courtesy due from a gentleman to a lady. But there are higher considerations than either of these, and I hope I shall

be forgiven if I allow myself to be actuated solely by them. My duty in this matter is to His Lordship, and I can admit of no questioning but from him. He approves of what I have done on his behalf; and you must excuse me, madam, if I say that, having his approval, I want none other.

**Mrs. P.** (Shaking with anger but trying to be dignified, and speaking deliberately) Mr. Slope, I will thank you to leave the apartment. I wish to speak to My Lord alone. (Mr. S. makes no move.)

**Mrs. P.** (Looking at Mr. S. fixedly and speaking firmly,) Mr. Slope, I wish to be alone with My Lord. (Bishop looks round helplessly and twiddles his thumbs.)

**Mr. S.** His Lordship has summoned me on important diocesan business, and my leaving him at present is, I fear, impossible.

**Mrs. P.** Do you bandy words with me you wretched, ungrateful man? My Lord, will you do me the favour to beg Mr. Slope to leave the room?

(Bishop scratches his head and looks up at the ceiling).

**Mrs. P.** (Stamping her foot) My Lord, is Mr. Slope to leave the room or am I? (Bishop looks down at his boots.)

**Mrs. P.** (Vehemently). My Lord am I to be vouchsafed an answer?

**Bishop.** (Looking at Mr. Slope) Well, my dear, (with a feeble smile) Mr. Slope and I are very busy at present.

(Slope gives Mrs. P. a look of triumph while she bustles out of the room, and bangs the door after her.)

**Mr. S.** I shall go and see about the writing of that letter, My Lord.

[Leaves the room. Bishop sinks his head in both his hands, looking the picture of misery.]

END OF ACT III.

(To be continued.)



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# CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Don't Miss Our Interesting Competitions!

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My Dear Girls and Boys,

FOR some reason, the boys have done much better than the girls this month, in Class A. I wonder why? It is very gratifying that so many of my nephews can write verse, and with some measure of success. I am not sure whether the pupils in Ceylon schools write verses regularly, but I know of at least one school in England, where verse-writing is done as regularly as ordinary composition—and some of the children, after a little practise, write extraordinarily good little poems. I should like to see verse-writing introduced into our Ceylon schools.

You will note that all three prizes in Class A are awarded to boys this time! Well done, nephews! Now, girls, you aren't going to let the boys beat you, are you?

In Class B however, it is just the opposite! Not a single boy sent an entry which merited a prize.

Some of you are inclined to be rather too fond of lofty-sounding phrases. For instance, in the nice little poem on "Ceylon" which wins the second prize you will see the line "Fair garlands hang from every tree." Well, of course, it is quite right to be more fanciful in writing poetry than in prose—but still, one should be quite simple, both in words and ideas. Even when the Duke of Gloucester was here, we didn't see garlands hanging from every tree!!!

I hope you will like the competitions this month. Do not describe how you came to be ship-wrecked. I want to hear about your adventures on the Island, and how you managed to make yourselves as comfortable as possible. We will assume that

there was a nice stream of pure water.

## PRIZE WINNERS.

### CLASS A.

Order for Rs. 15.

**FRANK PEREIRA,**

(Age. 14)

"New Haven,"

Watarappola Road,  
Mount Lavinia.

Order for Rs. 10.

**HERMAN KENRIC DEUTROM,**

(Age 14)

Kensington,

Kensington Gardens,  
Bambalapitiya.

Order for Rs. 5.

**L. H. DOUGLAS De SILVA,**

(Age 15.)

"The Chalet,"

Bagatelle Road,  
Colpetty.

### CLASS B.

Best Girl.

**DELIA SCHOKMAN,**

(Age 11)

11, Park Avenue,  
Maradana.

Competitors in Class B, too, have a subject on which I am sure, they can write very interestingly.

Remember, in future, not to exceed the correct number of words, in your essays: that is 250 words for Class A, and 150 for Class B.

Now I must end my long letter with many thanks to those of you

## BROUGHAMS TOY DEPARTMENT





who wrote to me; it is always a pleasure to hear from you.

Your affectionate,  
Auntie Mary.

### October Competition.

#### CLASS A.

Imagine that you and two of your friends are wrecked on a desert Island in the South Seas. Write an account of your experiences there, during the three weeks which elapse before you are rescued.

#### CLASS B.

A short essay on "What I see on my way to school."

### November Competition.

#### CLASS A.

The bravest deed you ever heard of.

Choose the bravest deed you have heard, or read of, and describe it in your own words.

#### CLASS B.

"My Garden."

Describe your own garden; or the garden you would like to have.

#### Class A. 1st Prize.

##### SONNET TO THE STARS.

Ye stars that from my window here I see,  
Dear silent friends, how many a happy year  
Have you in this sad home looked in at me,  
Like Angel-Spirits in the darkness clear.  
Oft at my casement by the orange tree,  
Through the green boughs that touch my window near,  
I've lingered to behold your company  
By turns upon the heavenly track appear.  
As ships upon the eternal deep ye move—  
First great Arcturus and blue Vega bright,  
The bird Altair that most of all I love,  
And Solemn Pegasus, the mighty square,  
And warlike Aldebaran's fiery light—  
I watch you sailing onward, wondrous fair

Frank Pereira.

#### Class A. 2nd Prize.

##### "CEYLON"

There is an island in the seas,  
Fanned by the breath of every breeze,  
Where palms droop over the sandy shore,  
Unharmed by gales or ocean's roar;  
And many a ship carrying by,  
Comes safe within her ports to lie.

The ruby and the pale moon stone,  
Lie buried in her mountain zone  
The amethyst and the sapphire rare;  
And pearls like drops of morning dew,  
Lie deep beneath the wavelets blue.

Her vales and gardens set with flowers,  
Her pathways rich with gorgeous bowers,  
Fair garlands hung from every tree,  
And nourish butterfly and bee,  
And birds of dazzling colours fly,  
From tree to bush, from earth to sky.

Hermann Kenric Deutrom.

#### Class A. 3rd Prize.

##### TO THE DUKE.

O Prince, of the house of Windsor,  
Oh! tall son of our great King,  
Who did land on our shores with splendour  
And did our regalia bring.

T'was a Royal visit we'll remember,  
For many more days to come,  
For the gay decorations we rendered,  
Were all by *our* fingers done.

We wish thee, all joy and gladness!  
As you journey across the sea,  
And hope that you return in safety,  
And live for many more years to be.

L. H. Douglas De Silva.

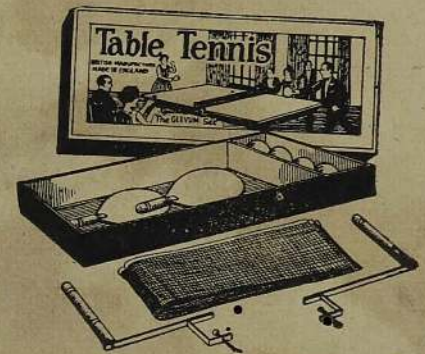
#### Highly Commended:—

##### MUMMY'S SMILE.

1. My Daddy gives me everything  
Oh! bats and balls in piles;  
And while he gives me all these things,  
My Mummy only smiles.
2. My Daddy takes me in the car,  
And buys me all I see;  
And Mummy smiles at us, and says  
My Daddy's spoiling me.

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3. Yes! Daddy gives me everything :  
 Yet I know all the while,  
 That all the things in all the world  
 Are 'nt worth my Mummy's smile.

Frederick Jayatilleke.

**Class B. Best Girl.**

**THE SWEET-MEAT MAN.**

Soft, white and curly is his hair,  
 Brown and wrinkled is his skin,  
 Such a smile is on his face,  
 When to our garden he comes in.

Oh! his basket is a'laden  
 With such lovely coloured sweets.  
 Coconut rock and pumkin roses.  
 Devilled kajus such a treat.

We have money, pocket money  
 Mummy gives us once a week  
 For you see, we are a'learning  
 How to buy our own sweet-meat.

Delia Schokman.

**Highly Commended :—**

**OUR PUPPIES.**

1. We have six little puppies,  
 All black and brown and white,  
 When playing all together,  
 They are a pretty sight.
2. At eve, when I return from school,  
 I join them in their play,  
 It does seem such a pity  
 To give them all away.
3. But Mummy says we must, dear,  
 We've got big doggies too,  
 So, when we distribute them,  
 Shall I send one to you?

Miriam Beling.

**RULES.**

1. Please write on one side only, of the paper.
2. Essays in Class A under 16 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 16, or Class B, under 12, and attach a Competition Coupon which you will find below to your essay.

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## The Parsis in Ceylon.

(Continued from page 8.)

from any damage or injury but the happenings of those dark days are best forgotten. Looking back to an earlier period, I recall the experience of close association with a real live Tibetan Lama. He hailed from the district near Lake Baikal in Siberia, and carried letters from the Foreign Office in London. In Colombo he was at first accommodated at Rozenberg's—the old Hotel de Europe at the Fort end of Main Street. Mr. Stcherbatchoff, the Russian Tea Merchant, felt that the distinguished visitor should be better housed and Mr. P. D. Khan gladly placed Framjee House, Colpetty, at the disposal of the Lama, at the instance of the Russian. The Lama was a picturesque figure, stalwart and up-standing, in yellow silk gown and tall hat and knee length cavalry boots. I remember accompanying the Tibetan to High Priest Sri Sumangala who was ill at the time. The visitor was a great physician who had a number of small silken pouches from which he picked out leaves, twigs, roots, powders, etc., having been a herbalist of repute in his own country. We attracted a lot of curiosity and attention whenever we went out together, either shopping, or to take the air.

A link with Ceylon which the Parsi community will always remember for the charming generosity and kindness of the people of this country, is the discovery here of the works of Anquetil Du Perron. My son, who was working with the De Saram's, informed me that that enthusiastic bibliophile Mr. Leslie de Saram, had in his library three of Du Perron's volumes, and one of Harlez, which deal with the Parsi religion. I lost no time in communicating with my friend and school fellow the late Sir J. J. Modi, L.L.D., C.I.E., etc., President of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bombay. Modi was ecstatic and Mr. de Saram generously parted with his precious possession. One of the volumes contained the author's autograph and Modi later took it to France, where he delivered a lecture

on the subject to an audience of scholars and orientalist.

The Parsi benefactions in Ceylon are indeed well-known whether in regard to sport, humanitarian and charitable endeavour, or the promotion of academic research and scholarship, in medicine and other subjects.

My memories of Colombo go back to the time of the bullock bandy, the bridge of boats on the Kelani river, the Negombo steam boats and the ferry service across the old Beira lake. The City has been practically transformed since then; and there is much that I can say about the changes that have taken place; but I fear that the editor will not permit any further intrusion on his space.

## The Sinhalese Regalia.

The Editor,

"The Ceylon Causerie,"

Dear Sir,

On page 9 of your Special Souvenir Number (September 1934) I find that the Padikara Mudaliyar has made an incorrect statement, viz:—

"I need hardly say that these are objects of historical importance, discovered by me in England for the first time with the rest of the Sinhalese Royal Regalia, since they left Ceylon in 1815."

It may interest you and your readers, also the Padikara Mudaliyar, to know that it was not he who first "discovered" these articles in England. So far back as the year 1819 the Editor of "The Ceylon Magazine" saw them at Charlton House, London.—vide September 1840 issue of "The Ceylon Magazine," page 15, Political sketches &c. Part I, Note VII.

It was, however, left to Mr. Ernest M. Jessop to "discover"

them in the year 1895. In that year the late Queen Victoria granted special permission to Mr. Jessop to make illustrations of the Sinhalese Royal Regalia to illustrate his article entitled: *Some Royal Treasures: The Private Apartments at Windsor Castle*, which appeared in "The Idler" of June 1895 (Chatto and Windus.)

If the Padikara Mudaliyar thinks he is the first Ceylonese or Sinhalese to have seen these Regalia in Windsor Castle, he is mistaken. Writing to a local daily on 28th June last, the Mudaliyar stated that he saw the Kandyan Throne "on the 28th September 1910."

Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy saw the Regalia before the Padikara Mudaliyar. Mr. Fortescue allowed him to examine them in Windsor Castle in 1907 or 1908.—vide "Medieval Sinhalese Art," by Dr. Coomaraswamy.

Mr. E. W. Perera, M. S. C. tells me that he saw the Regalia at Windsor in 1908 or 1909.

From the above it will be seen that the Padikara Mudaliyar has written what is incorrect.

Please insert this letter in the next issue of your popular monthly, otherwise the impression will remain in the minds of your numerous readers that the Padikara Mudaliyar "discovered" the Sinhalese Regalia when, in fact, he had been forestalled by Messrs Jessop, Coomaraswamy, and Perera.

Yours faithfully,

J. A. WILL. PERERA.

No: 394, "Sinhapura,"

Timbirigasyaya Road,  
Colombo.

Pat got a free ticket for the pictures. He was puzzled about the words "Not transferable" on the back. He asked Mick what they meant. And Mick with superior knowledge, explained:—

"Sure, an' it's plain enough. It manes that if ye don't go yerself, ye can't get in."



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who writes as follows :—*

To Messrs. PLÂTÉ Ltd.,

I am enclosing a copy of a Snapshot.....the film was  
a Kodak Verichrome : Exposure one minute. No Flash Light was  
used. The building was lighted not with white bulbs as would  
appear from the picture but with coloured bulbs. The successful  
result is no doubt due to the excellence of the film.

J. M.,

Colombo, June 19th, 1934

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...me they'll want to know the reason,  
...ur, that is so delicious,  
...y from Colombo to Mauritius.

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