

The

24

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Illustrated



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THE CEYLON CAUSERIE.

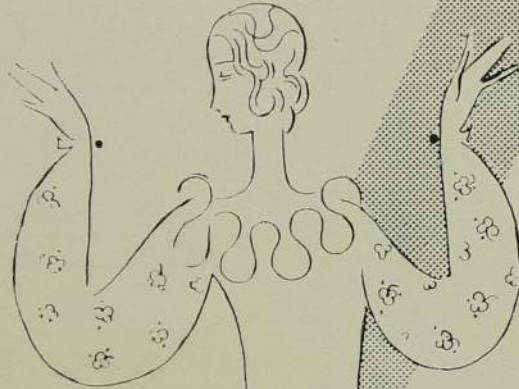
COLOMBO, SEPTEMBER, 1936.

NAVAL COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.



Photo by Plâté Ltd.

His Excellency Vice-Admiral the Hon'ble Sir Alexander Ramsay, K. C. V. O., C. B., D. S. O.



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THE PASSING HOUR

By The Editor

THE case for the abolition of that portion of the Export Duty on tea, which is levied for revenue purposes, is so strong as to be almost irresistible. But it is doubtful if the appeal of the tea interests will meet with success, as it comes at an in-



The Hon'ble Mr. G. C. S. COREA, who will leave for England shortly on the important mission of obtaining better trade facilities with India.

opportune moment. It is a pity action was not taken last year, when Mr. Senanayake, acting Leader of the House, introduced the Budget for 1935-36 with great expectations of a very rosy future for the Island's finances—so much so that the Death Duty was abolished in spite of many protests and misgivings. That was the time to have pressed for the abolition of the Tea Duty which has nothing to commend it today, no matter how right and proper it may have been at one time. When similar relief has been so ungrudgingly given to the coconut and rubber producers, it is difficult to understand

how it can be refused to the tea industry, which is in as bad a plight, as the coconut industry was in, some time back. The convenient excuse however can be trotted out that with a dwindling revenue it is out of the question to consider proposals for sacrificing revenue. It is at best a poor excuse but if the Board of Ministers choose to say "No" to the suggestion there is no way of obtaining relief from this burdensome tax. But that does not mean that all efforts should be relaxed. On the contrary, the Ministerial opposition should be *fired* till it *withers* to nothing!

It was deplorably bad tactics on the part of Mr. Bandaranaike, the Minister of Local Administration to have opposed the motion empowering Mr. Corea, the Minister of Labour, Industry and Commerce to proceed to England, with the Financial Secretary as his adviser to lay the case for better trade facilities between India and Ceylon, before the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Mr. Bandaranaike is, we fear, proving a thorn in the side of the Ministers. The trouble is that he considers himself as the *homo-genius* of the homogeneous Board of Ministers and therefore feels that he can play many parts and all of them better than the actors to whom those parts have already been assigned. But in trying to queer the pitch of the Minister of Labour, Industry and Commerce, he has merely placed himself in a position where it is possible for his enemies to say that he was actuated by motives of jealousy on the one hand and a superiority complex on the other. For it was no secret that Mr. Bandaranaike, though that he himself should go to help the backwoods man from

Chilaw, who would doubtless feel like a fish out of water in the rarefied atmosphere of Downing Street! And further, if the mission proves a success, the credit could be shared, which would of course be preferable to Mr. Corea gaining all the kudos for himself, and laying down another peg to his claim for the Leadership of the State Council—some day, a position which Mr. Bandaranaike too aspires to occupy. That is why we feel that it was very bad tactics for Mr. Bandaranaike to have opposed the motion.

The so-called Communists in our midst are, we doubt not, greatly pleased by the serious attention paid to their verbal pyrotechnics in the State Council by a section of the evening Press. No one who knows the stuff of which these pinchbeck Lenins and Stalins are made, will stop to waste breath or spill good printers' ink in criticising them. It is surprising therefore to find a newspaper, which ought to be only too well aware that all the wild talk of these cardboard Bolshies is mere sound and fury, signifying the nothingness which lies beneath their skulls, going off the deep end, and



The Hon'ble Mr H. J. Kuxham, Financial Secretary who accompanies Mr. Corea as Adviser.

suggesting all manner of dire evils and dangers for British rule in Ceylon! What a pity we have no Sydney Low to show up these poor self-deluded "heroes" in their true colours. It will not be red!

A Sports Causerie.

THE COMING CRICKET "TEST."

Representative Ceylon Team Chosen.

By "Kay."

ANOTHER quest for the "Ashes" has begun.

On Saturday, September 12, there started from Southampton England's cricket ambassadors, led by G. O. Allen, on their journey half way across the world. The good ship "Orion" which carries these Knights of the Willow to their destination, the land of the Kangaroo, puts into



F. A. Waldock, who will lead the Ceylon side.

Colombo on October 3 and on that day will take place the time honoured half-way-house match against All-Ceylon, a fixture which every team from England or Australia accords Ceylon on the outward journey.

Hence all this great present activity in local cricket circles. What is little more than a limb loosener on a lengthy journey for the tourists is a match of great import to us and the honour of representing Ceylon

in this fixture is a prize that is eagerly striven for.

The forthcoming match with the M.C.C., therefore, is an event that dwarfs all others in local sporting circles, and preparations against October 3 have been going on apace for over a month past. First came the picking of Ceylon's Captain and the appointment of a Selection Committee. An unofficial test and three official trials for the selection of the team were fixed and played and with keen competition to find a place in the team, bright cricket generally has been the order of the day recently.

At the conclusion of the final trial F. A. Waldock, the Ceylon Captain, and his two co-adjutors, H. B. Kannangara and C. W. VanGeyzel sat down to a picking of the team. Their's could have been no enviable task, for a wealth of talent must have embarrassed them to a considerable extent in considering the claims of individuals. While it was humanly impossible for them to pick a team which would completely satisfy all the critics, it will be generally admitted that they have done their job well and that the side they have finally chosen is representative of Ceylon cricket, which is certainly more than could be said of some teams that have been chosen within recent years.

The team is particularly strong in batting and has also good bowling strength. Eight of them F. A. Waldock, W. T. Brindley, C. Clover Brown, C. E. Allen, S. S. Jayawickreme, V. C. Schokman, E. Buultjens and B. de Kretser have played against touring M.C.C. or Australian



G. O. Allen, the skipper of the English team.

Most of the team selected have done particularly well in cricket recently, none more so than the Ceylon skipper, whose continued success has been one of the features of recent cricket and indicated that even if he had not come into the captaincy so narrowly he would have been one of the first choices for the team. Other consistent performers have been Allen, Clover Brown, S. S. Jayawickreme, B. de Kretser, V. C. Schokman and A. H. Gooneratne. G. S. Hubert, E. W. Buultjens and R. Senanayake appear to have played themselves into the team with their batting performances in the final trial and W. T. Brindley's selection appears to be based mainly on his reputation for invariably rising to a big occasion.

Public interest in Ceylon cricket has been growing rapidly recently and has not been so keen for many years past as at present. The approach of the M.C.C. match has provided a big fillip to cricket and the playing of two-day trial matches



A. H. Gooneratne, who is playing in these "test" for the first time.



G. S. Hubert, is another player who is making his debut.

has helped to foster that interest, providing a refreshing contrast to the customary inconclusive Saturday afternoon matches. To judge from the crowds that have displayed an interest in these trials there should be a gathering comparable with the best in the past on the C. C. C. grounds to see Allen and his men in action, in spite of the counter-attraction on the racecourse. Incidentally it is a thousand pities that a race meet should clash with the visit of the M.C.C. cricketers.

Allen's team is a judicious blend of experience and youth, and should give a good account of themselves in Australia. Ceylon has had opportunities in the past of seeing Allen, Hammond, Wyatt, Barnett, Verity, Duckworth, Leyland, Voce, Simms and Worthington in action. Strangers to Ceylon are Fishlock, Fagg, Farnes, Robins, Copson and Hardstaff. Wally Hammond, of course, will be the star attraction of the side and Ceylon hopes that he will figure in the match against the local team. When he went through with Jardine's team, Hammond did not play. On the previous tour with Chapman's team he played in Colombo but did not get into his stride. It is to be hoped that the English skipper will accede to the special request of the G.C.C. already cabled out to him and include Hammond in his team against Ceylon.

The visit of Allen's team to Australia is of all the more interest in that it is the first since that bitter

bodyline controversy which arose from Jardine's tour and which gave rise to so much cabled correspondence between the governing bodies in England and Australia. Time has softened harsh feelings and enabled both parties to obtain a clearer perspective of the whole question, while Woodfull's team on the occasion of their last visit to England did much to heal the breach. The visit of Allen's team to Australia is generally expected to eradicate any remaining vestiges of bitterness. Voce has made his peace with the M.C.C. and having placed himself unreservedly at the disposal of that body has been selected and accompanies the side. But Larwood, the bodyline specialist, is apparently standing fast by his declaration in the summer of 1935 that he has no desire to play in any first class cricket except for his County.

Allen and his stalwarts are certain of a rousing reception in Colombo weather permitting. The rains have however begun and if it keeps on, the prospects of this match coming off are very doubtful.



R. Senanayake, too will receive his "baptism of fire" in October 3rd.

RUGGER SEASON ENDS.

Ceylon's Rugger season has now definitely ended. The final match of the season was staged at Darrawella on September 20 when a vigorous game between

Blair's XV. and the C.H. & F.C. ended in a pointless draw.

Earlier in the month outstanding matches were the final of the Clifford Cup and the local international between England and Scotland. For the second time in the series did the final of the Clifford Cup necessitate a replay. The United Services with the inclusion of Naval players were quite a different proposition to the all Army XV. that gained an unexpected victory against the Ceylonese in the semi-final. The first encounter between Low-country and the Services was a terrific scrap between two sets of forwards resulting in a pointless draw. In the replay too forwards loomed largely, but eventually Green's speed and the opportunism of Rennison and Evans turned the scales in favour of Low-country, while but for a bad misfit, at stand-off half the Services should have fared considerably better. To Lieut. Billson is due all the credit for the splendid bid made by the Services to wrest their first Clifford Cup. Earlier in the season there were rumours that the Services intended scratching from the competition, but Lieut. Billson undaunted by the lack of material took the R.A. Soccer team, added a few more Gunners and built up a side, which went to the undoing of the Ceylonese. In doing so he discovered at least three stand out performers in Guy their full back, Wilkinson, a speedy winger and Ainsworth a clever forward. And Billson himself was the star performer in all three matches played by the Services in the competition. Another interesting rugger match was at Darrawella. Noel Gratien took up a XV. from Colombo to meet Dikoya and Dimbula combined. The hills-men swamped their opponents by 30 points to 11.

In the other representative rugger match England defeated Scotland in an exciting and rousing rugger scrap. England threatened to swamp their opponents in the early stages of the game. Then came a fine rally by Scotland and it was finally by the narrow margin of 11 points that the Sassenach gained the day.

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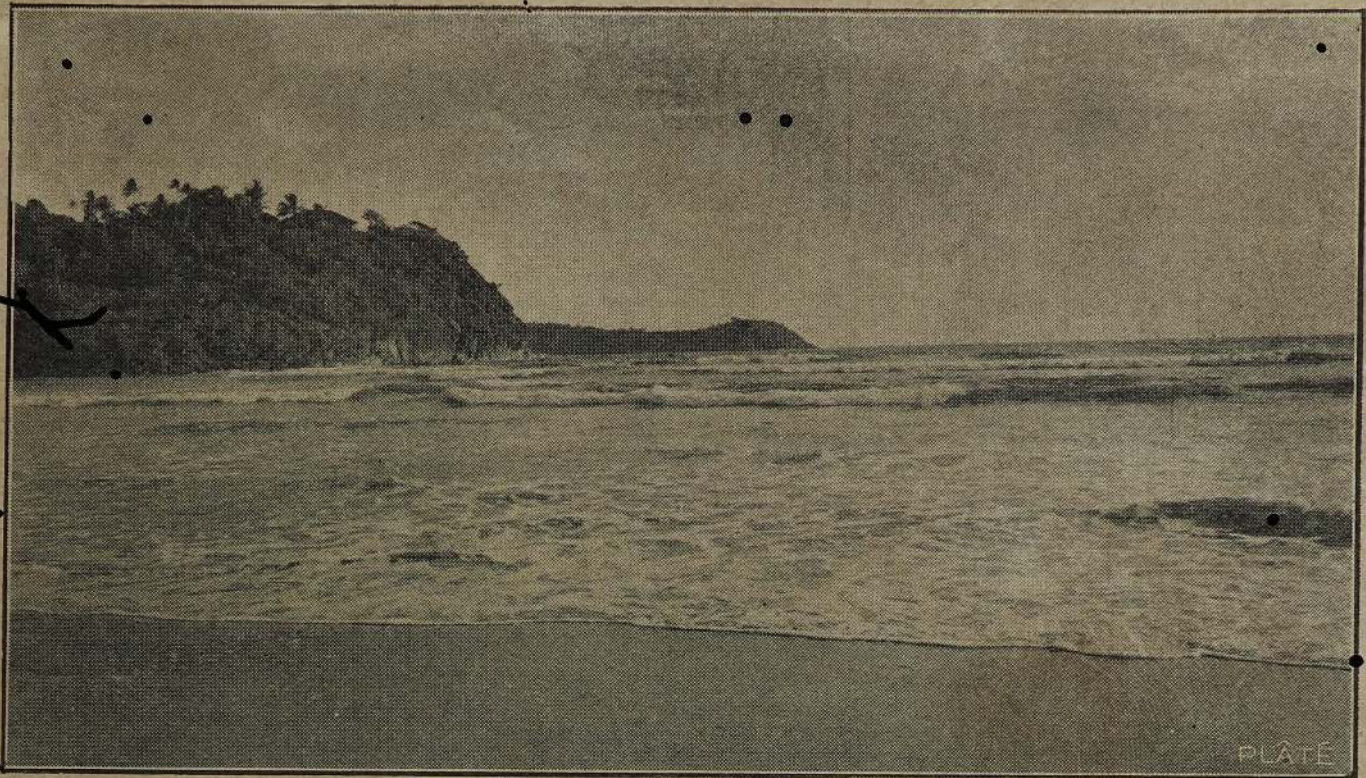
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A distant view of Watering Point.

Roomaswala of Lovely Legend.

By W. M. O. P.

SINCE I came to live in this unchanging town that is called Galle, I had promised myself a visit to Roomaswala, which also goes by the names Buona Vista and Watering Point. But like a shy girl, beautiful but very modest, it has avoided my sight. Meanwhile...I have enjoyed other scenes and other sights that Galle and its surroundings offer. While boating from the Wakwelle Rest House to Gintota along the placid Ginganga; on tramps to mist-clad Hiyare where wild romance pervades the hills; amidst jaunts across the Kottawa forest where the wind howls eerily, entangled in the foliage of giant trees that have stood for decades, I have often thought of Roomaswala.

But it was only a few days ago that I paid my first visit to this retreat of my dreams. When I rubbed off the last wink of sleep from my eyes that morning I thought that I

was to have my worst disappointment of a holiday. Rain clouds cast a gloom over the sky and earth. Intermittent rain, interspersed by short spells of sunshine, fell on the land. Having taken my morning tea I was leisurely turning over a picture magazine. Was this trip to Roomaswala to be prevented by the elements, as other trips arranged by me there, had to be abandoned for some reason or other?

Those intermittent showers, strangely enough, were but the heralds of a very fine day of sunshine and the joys of a holiday that will live in my memory. The Galle-Matara highroad from Galle to Buona Vista is the worst kind of road imaginable for a hiking party. Dusty, narrow, buses and cars whizz past on it in unending line. So we took the only other possible route, namely the railway line, which was certainly of more use to us than

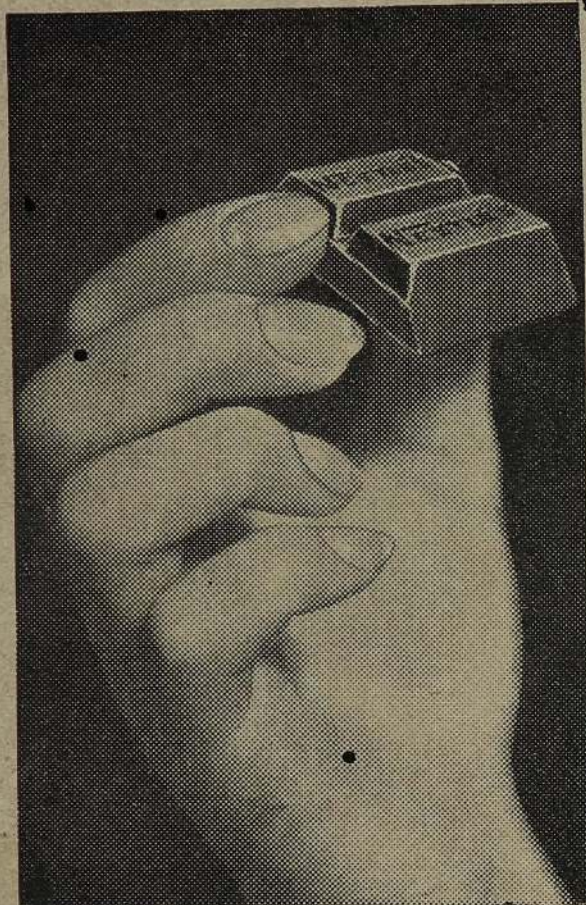
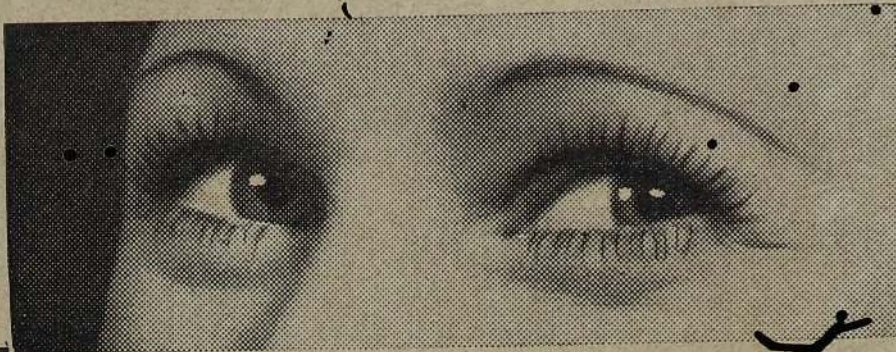
the C. G. R. to the National Exchange. We roamed all over Roomaswala, lunched in the headquarters of the Boy Scouts' Association and left the place with regret at our all too short stay.

* * *

Elusive Roomaswala!—Roomaswala of my dreams, who was it that named thee with a sense of artistic rhythm and poetic appreciation?

You have been like a maiden, beautiful and fair, much talked of by those who have had a glimpse of you; but with a perverted passion for avoiding some, like me, who wished to see and enjoy you loveliness.

But when at last you allowed me to see yourself I was filled with the joy of a child that had, for the first time, managed to toddle a short



**I'll
tell you
something
I've found out!**

I feel I'd like to run and shout to everybody in the street, "Here's something scrump-ti-ous to eat!" Perhaps you have already guessed? Its flavour cannot be expressed by 'rich,' 'pure,' 'good' or simply 'nice'; but nobody need ask me twice to have a piece of Nestlé's Choc. I'd eat a whole shop out of stock!

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distance. I was determined to visit you again and again.

Roomaswala! To me the very name sounds with legendary romance, tinkles like the sound of tiny bells heard across the hush of twilight.

I seldom like to call Roomaswala by its two other names. Buona Vista is too mild an epithet for the place. Some European of old who knew the elementary principles of the Latin language, on first seeing this place, must most probably have burst into raptures with "Bona Vista Est". "Est" would certainly go to make a superfluous place name with three words. And there you are, you have Buona Vista!

Watering Point was a very convenient and not a bad way of naming a place where ships used to anchor for supplies of fresh water. Now the exact place where ships obtained water is carefully marked, only to remind hikers that here is a place with a history.

Watering Point is quite a historical name. Buona Vista is a less historic name. Roomaswala is no historic name. But we like the third of them most because it sounds with legendary romance, like a distant drum across a silent river.

Roomaswala is now in the possession of the Ceylon Boy Scouts' Association. It is a fitting place to lead the outdoor life in close communion with the future. Camping out here would be a joyous experience,—an experience that has been enjoyed by hundreds of scouts of the Southern Province who avail themselves of the opportunity at frequent intervals.

Through the primeval forest that composes the greater part of Roomaswala lie lonely foot-paths, on either side of which one often finds berries like "madan" and "gandapana," fruits such as guava mango and "sapodilla" growing wild in profusion. The many varieties of date-palms here makes one sometimes wonder whether this really is a part of Ceylon. Giant "suriya" trees with yellow flowers, and swaying

coconut trees skirt the sea-beach. And there is the story of that strange herb Kalu-nika, which when eaten by a young man is said to make him infirm and old, when eaten by an old man is said to restore him to vitality and youth.

A chat with Pathinayake who is in charge of the place proves of absorbing interest. He has been here since this place was handed over to the Boy Scouts' Association by the Government. When I talked to him his eyes gleamed with pleasure, his face beamed with a smile of superior wisdom gathered through experience of men and matters. Fidgetting with his "konde" made of the last few grey hairs of a head running bald with a vengeance he told me a story of his youth, amidst other observations.

When Pathinayake was clearing a part of the interior of the forest, he came across a plot of huge trees similar to those of "Kohila" but very much larger than any "Kohila" tree he had seen. He stood there wondering. It was not "Kohila" either, for they, like paddy plants, need plenty of water at their roots. This indeed was the Kalu-nika of lovely legend. But even in his youth Pathinayake was not in any hurry, even though it were to take home a plant, on eating which, time would roll back to his grand-parents! He thought of carrying it home when he had finished clearing what he had come to clear. But when he came to do so it had played the vanishing trick to poor Pathinayake's utter disgust. And so he returned home glad at having seen this seldom-seen plant, sad at having been unable to bring it home.

It was here, on this verdant mount, that Hanuman, the mischievous Monkey Captain of Rama dropped down from his aerial flight that needed no aeroplane. And though he soon departed on his mission of seeking Sita, the Eastern Helen of "Ramayana" fame, he is the man (or more correctly the half-man, half-monkey) who is credited with having introduced the Kalu-nika to Roomaswala.

A hike to Roomaswala without a sea-bath followed by young coconuts

is like a modern Sinhalese wedding without the printed invitation cards and where champagne is not served. But the sea that girdles the coast, like the arm of a youth round his lover, is rather dangerous. The Hikers, therefore, make it a point of not going too far for fear of the strong currents, and as the shallow sea near the coast at once descends to great depths.

When one sits on the verandah of the bungalow of the Boy Scouts' Headquarters, looking out to the horizon, time flies back with the waves that roll back to the sea after dashing on the coast. The Galle Harbour in the distance, with one or two sailing boats, was once the busy chief port of the Island where ships from Arabia and the East Indies and India came for trade. From here were exported pearls and peacocks, ivory and spices and cinnamons.

Gibbert island, nearer Roomswala, is a perfect symbol of Galle's insularity.

The peninsula that is Roomaswala is a queer mixture of legend and history, ruggedness and picturesqueness. Its name sounds with unforgettable romance, its beauty haunts one like the last words of a dead friend.

A Negro who had been exploring chicken coops heard that the sheriff was after him. Hastily he sought the railway station and asked for a ticket to the end of the line on the fastest train,

"Our fastest train left just ten minutes ago," he was told.

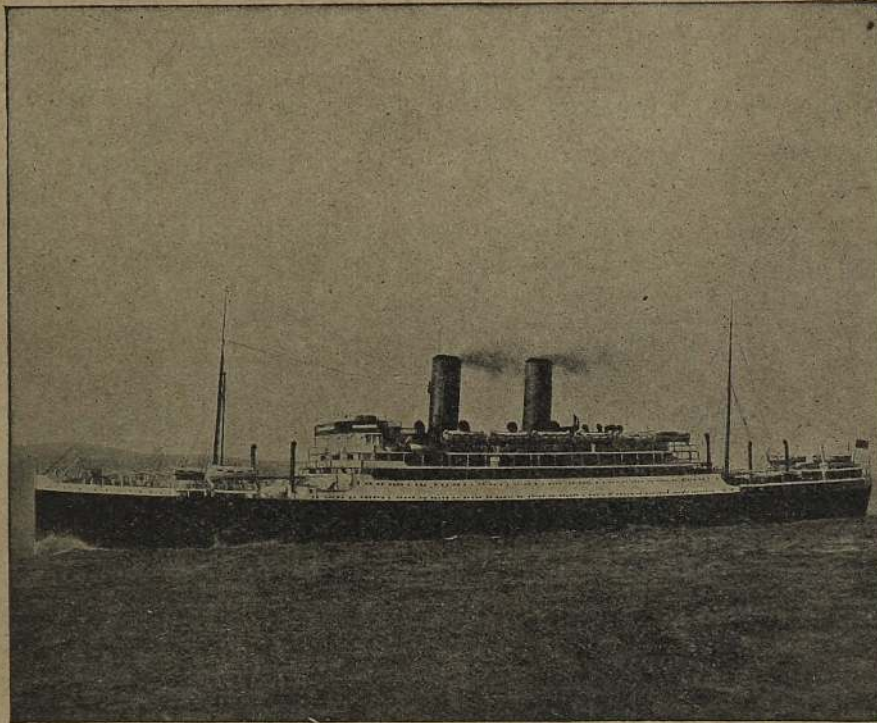
"Well," gasped the would-be tourist, "jes' give me 'a ticket an' point out de track!"

A little boy was taken by his mother to the studio of a well-known artist to make arrangements to have the child's portrait painted.

After discussing various details, and settling upon the proposed pose of the boy, the artist said that he would like to start the sittings next week. Whereupon the little boy, opened his eyes wide in surprise, and, turning to his mother, said; "Am I to sit on eggs?"

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The Cobra in Village Lore.

By Mabel Fernando.

OF all the reptile tribe the Cobra enjoys a peculiar measure of veneration in Ceylon.

This may be partly a grateful tribute inspired by the legend that when the Buddha was in the forest wrapt in meditation a king Cobra shielded him from the sun and the rain with its hood.

But there is no doubt that much of the awe and respect with which this reptile is regarded by the ordinary villager, can be traced to a deep-rooted local superstition which maintains that departed ancestors, who are favourably inclined towards their posterity, are born again in the form of cobras to watch over the destinies of their descendants.

Hence the reason why the entrance of a cobra into a village dwelling is not repelled as an inconvenient intrusion, as happens in the case of other reptiles. The inmates rather treat it with all the respect due to a reincarnated ancestor, addressing it humbly as "Nai-Hamy" or "My Lord, the Cobra", and regaling it with saucers of fresh milk if they think it needs refreshment.

Very often a cobra who has been thus hospitably received continues to frequent the house of its courteous hosts, and thus their belief in its kinship with them is confirmed, while any good that befalls them is laid to the credit of the cobra.

But woe to the unwary or reckless ones who dare to provoke a co-

bra or offer it violence, for it will take vengeance not once, but as many times as it dashes its hood on the ground. That is why most people who attempt to kill a cobra wish to despatch it on the sudden and at one blow so that they may be saved from its curse.



The Viper lost its temper and vigorously stung the child.

The female of the species is supposed to be specially an adept in this form of cursing, and hence its local name—"happinna" or "the dasher". It is also said to be the more persistent of the two in following up its revenge, and there is a common belief that if any injury is done to it or its mate the she-cobra would hunt out the culprit from wherever he may conceal himself, and take a signal vengeance.

Incidentally this is the explanation why a woman, whom it is difficult to appease is often forcefully described

as being "as persistent as a female cobra."

But these occasional bursts of temper do not spoil the good feeling existing between the cobra and the villager. The latter in fact welcomes its presence in his vicinity for a weightier reason than the sentimental one of their fabled kinship.

This is a belief that has persisted here from ancient times, and it is one prevalent in other countries also where the reincarnation theory is widely accepted—that cobras are the guardians of hidden treasures.

The idea may have originated from the barbarous practice of olden days. When any great building was erected, in those bad old days the workmen who were employed in the task were usually killed so that they might not themselves rob or reveal to others the treasure which was customarily buried in a secret vault underneath.

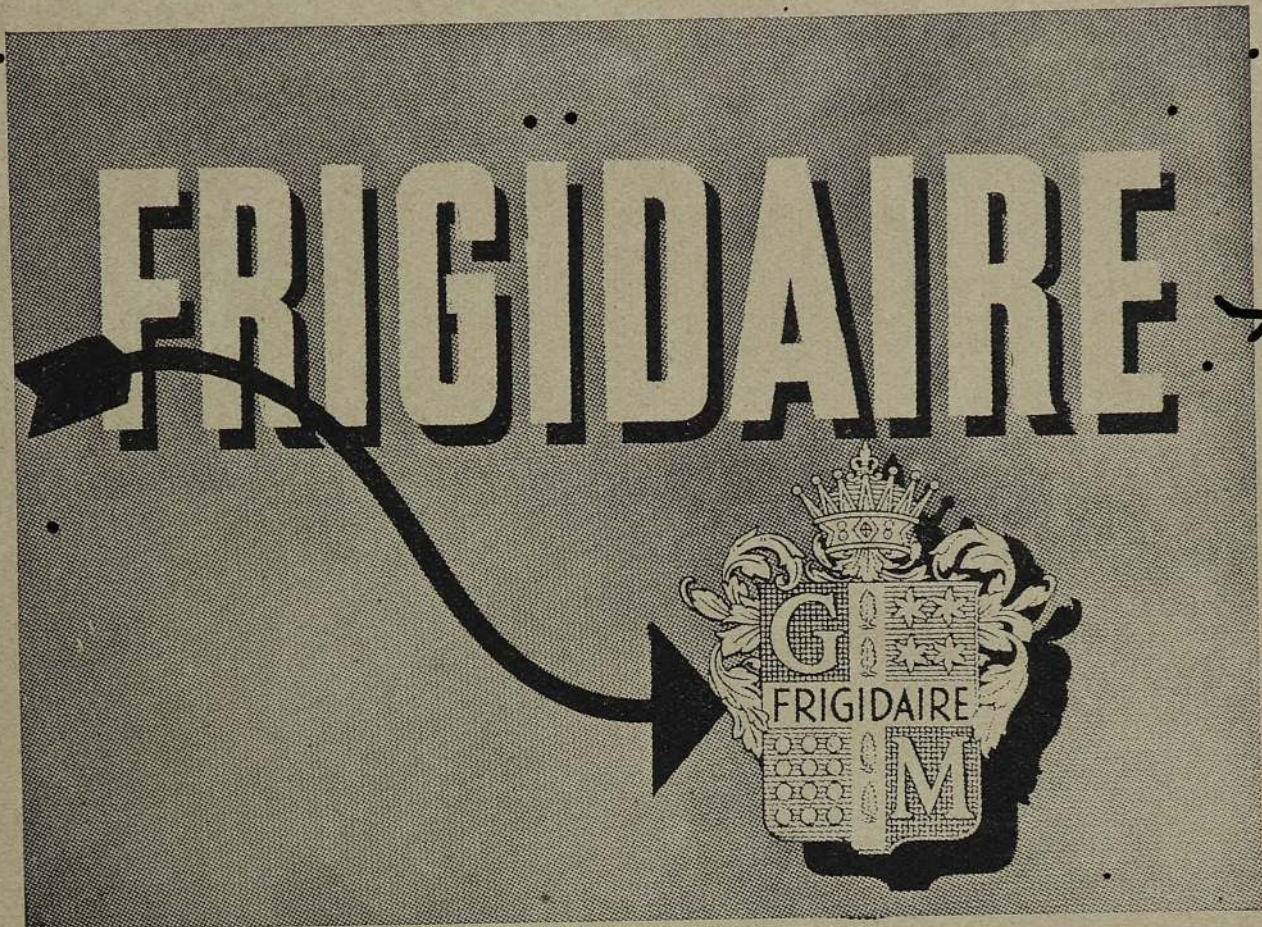
In course of time when these buildings fell into decay they became the haunt of cobras, which popular opinion however persisted in regarding as the spirits of those early victims, reincarnated to guard the treasure which had cost them their lives.

Rex van B.

From this superstition grew the habit of accepting the cobra as a sort of divining-rod to indicate buried

wealth, and with the passage of time the belief has taken such hold on the common mind, that now any villager, who finds a couple of these reptiles making a nest in his little plot of land, will rub his hands with glee at the prospect of the wealth which his cobra friends are sure to reveal to him at some auspicious time.

There are still some who are not so optimistic as to hope that they would be helped to a secret treasure. But they like to cultivate the cobra's



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RECENTALITIES.

By K. L. M.

COLOMBO in September is always dull—a natural reaction after the hectic month of August. The main events in September appear to be: (1) Accountants and clerks of stores and hotels have incessant headaches through trying to get the August bills out on time; and (2) all others (except Directors of Companies) get headaches wondering how on earth they are going to pay their bills. There are only two classes of people who revel in September, and they are chemists and company promoters. The former sell more aspirin in August (on account of festivities) and September (as explained above) than during all the rest of the year; and Mr. Company Promoter makes his August bills—and especially those for Mrs. C. P.'s dresses—an excuse to exercise his fell trade. Having snapped up 75% of the new shares, he sells them a fortnight or so later at a terrific profit!

* * *

There have been a good many letters recently in the daily press about the S. P. C. A. We shall dismiss the subject with the brief remark that we always take the greatest care to avoid running into buils and stray cattle when driving, especially at night, so as not to hurt the dear little fellows!

* * *

Someone wrote recently in a daily paper that, if all the V. As. lined up, they would reach from the bar of the G. F. H. to that of the Colombo Club. A further perusal of the daily press makes us state without any hesitation whatever that, if all the poets and free-lances who contribute to our daily papers were lined up together and put where they belong, there wouldn't be room for anyone else in Angoda!

* * *

Rabies are very fashionable in Ceylon canine circles. Our Tame Muse's dog went rabid, and he had to leg it to the Pasteur Institute. Here is his yowl on the subject:

Seated alone in an armchair
Weary and quite at ease,
My fingers petted my tripehound
As he scratched at his myriad fleas.

My wife was stretched on a sofa,
And the lights on her henna'd locks
Shone bright as a Turner sunset
While she mended a pair of socks.

A scene of peace and contentment,
And only a week ago;
Yet now the poor tripehound's buried
And I am infected too!

I seem to remember a wallah
Who undertook to prevent
Yourself from the scabies,
Your dog from the rabies,
Your ayah from babies—
His absence gives cause
for lament!

* * *

The chief event in September is usually the golf meet at Nuwara-Eliya; but this year it has not materialised. Yet there is one piece of golfing news. Our tame Muse, who has a Golfing Wife, has been commanded to take up the game. So he has purchased a collection of clubs, and his golf has to be seen to be believed! He is badly bitten with the game, and sends us the following pæan.

Golf is the game to give you
muscle,
Patience, control and the will to
fussle!

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You fix your eye on the spheroid
white
And waggle until your stance
is right;
Then slowly you take your baffle
back
And give the ball a resounding
whack!
Away it wunkles thro' realms of
air
And comes to rest on the green-
sward fair;
Then, seizing a mashie, you
ship it in—
Or anyhow somewhere near
the pin.
I can't play enough but ever
want more—
Yoicks! Tally Ho! And
likewise FORE!

* * *

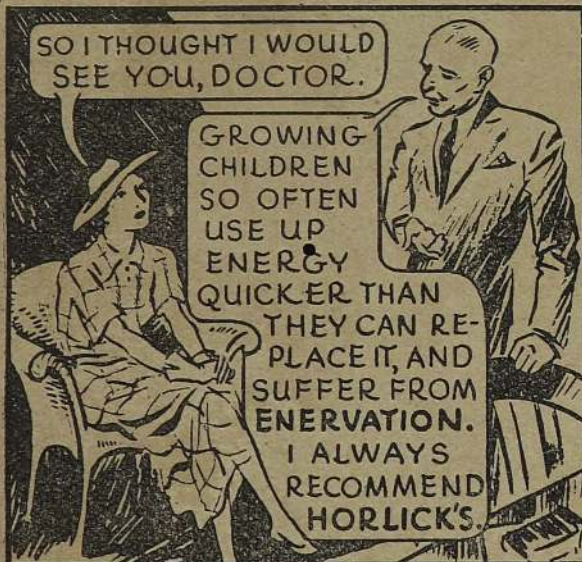
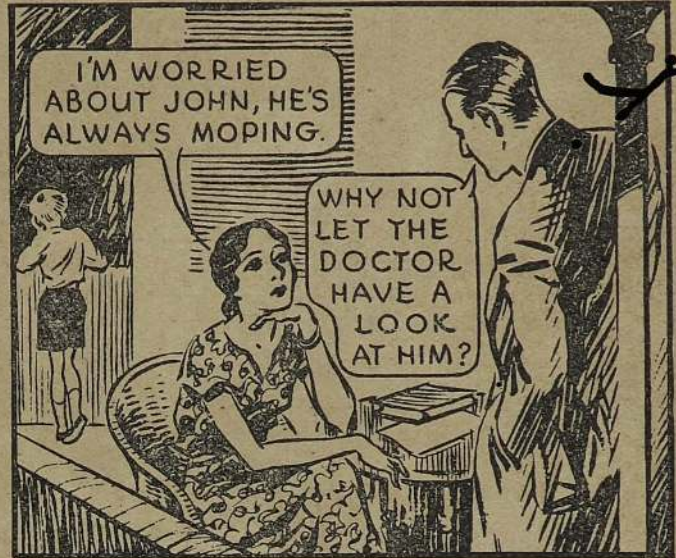
Going Home on furlough is apt to be exciting, as one never knows when a Spanish aeroplane may decide to drop a few bombs on you. Since a P. & O. skipper got a decoration (we forget exactly what, but believe it was the Order of the Spanish Onion) for having his ship bombed accidentally-on-purpose, discriminating travellers will do well to choose a ship with an unambitious skipper!

* * *

Gampola has had a Perahera—more power to its elbow! As it's on the main Nuwara Eliya-Colombo road, one was apt to meet elephants thereon. Our Team Muse *did*! The following is the result. Do you believe the poor squimph?—

Driving at 30 miles per hour I
skittered round a bend
And saw ahead—I couldn't stop
—an Elephant's Big End.
I blew my horn; he blew his
trunk and turned across the road,
Altho' his mahout swore at him
and plied a sprightly goad.
Believe me or believe me not, I
never lost my head,
But drove straight on (as thro'
an arch) beneath that quadruped!

ALWAYS LEFT OUT!



Children often overtax their ENERGY RESERVES

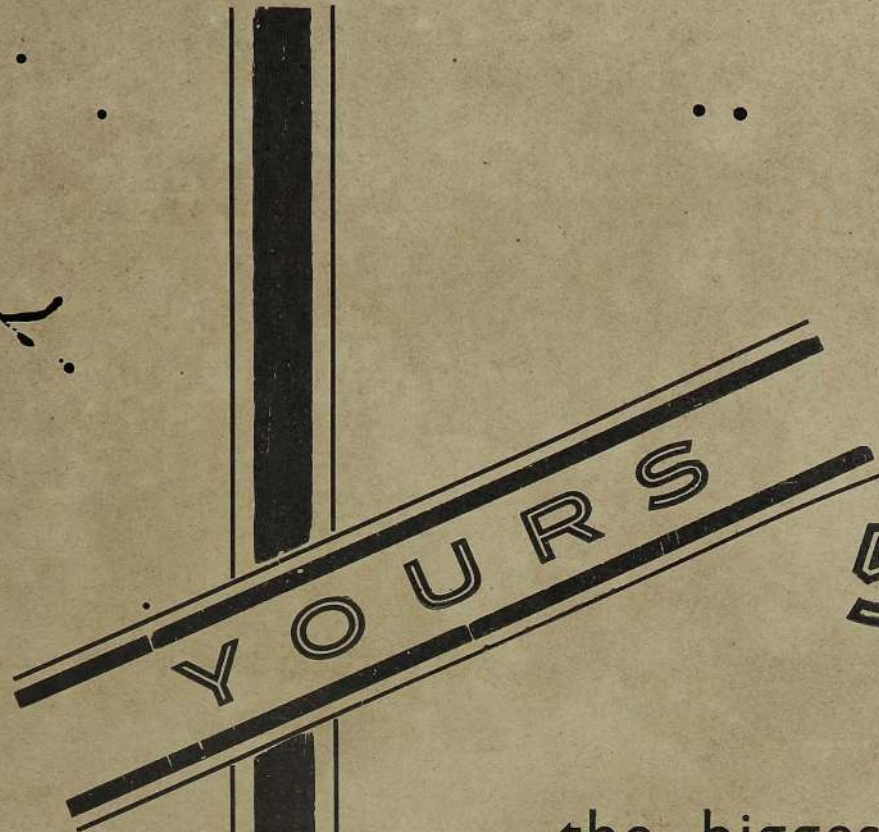
If a child is listless and tired it's so often because he's overtaxing his energy reserves—suffering from ENERVATION. You see, in addition to growing, children use up more energy for their size than grown-ups, just in playing and running about—no wonder the

strain is sometimes too much for them.

Horlick's given regularly at mid-morning or at bed-time provides children with just those vital nourishing elements they need for growth and extra energy. They like its taste, and it gives them a new sturdiness and vigour.

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2nd 125
3rd 75

For full details see page 26.

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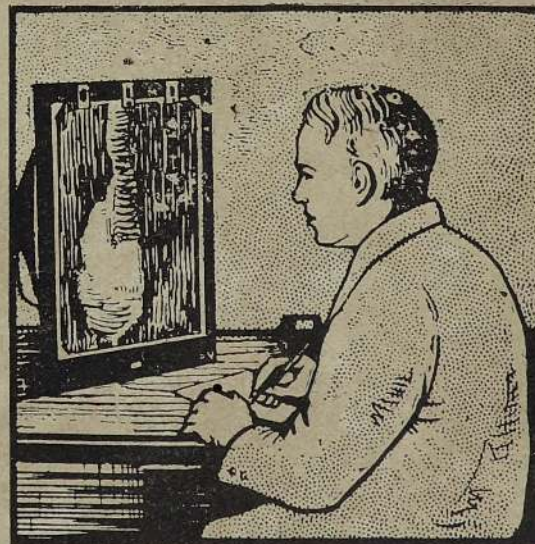
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AND THE COLONIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC Co., York Arcade, Fort.

Musings From The Bar

By "Neethi."

I HAVE been reading last week about Sir Hardinge Giffard a former Chief Justice of Ceylon. His career is romantic. He started practice in Ireland and fought a duel there with a rebel leader. He arrived in Ceylon in a sailing vessel in 1810 and in 1812 was Advocate-Fiscal. In 1820 he became Chief Justice. He wrote a number of poems, including one entitled "Kandi". A poem entitled "Wedded Love" has two allusions to the Kelani-Ganga under the name of Mutwal river. He lived in Mutwal at Rock House, now the home of big guns. He collected minerals and possessed a lapidary's bench. He founded the Ceylon Literary Society and presented a turtle seven feet long to the Governor. He died on board-ship in 1827 leaving behind five sons and five daughters. I remember his nephew, Lord Halsbury, referring to him at a Law Students' Dinner in London as having introduced Habeas Corpus to Ceylon, and Professor Lee said that he laid the "firm foundations of the system of law which every Chief Justice after him has developed." Would that the Chief Justices had developed some of the other branches of his activities too!

* * *

The learned Chief Justice paid a graceful compliment to my "musings" at a teachers' luncheon when he called it a "very readable article". He also stated that he was not aware of having criticised the grammar of the members of the Bar but that he endorses the words of Sir Philip MacDonnell. That is indeed very heartening.

He has been taking a great interest in athletics and has even appeared on the films. I wonder whether he took the photographs himself. Will he ever, with true judicial ignorance say, "What are the Talkies?" "Where are the Olympic Games?"

* * *

It is indeed a pity that a Chief Justice has not presided at the

Colombo Assizes since Sir Anton Bertram. The Colombo Assizes are the chief assizes in Ceylon and I hope the present Chief will sit at Colombo and break this long spell. It will certainly gladden the heart of Gate-Mudaliyar Gunaratna, our ex-registrar.

* * *

The retirement of Mr. Justice Akbar is impending. A very unfortunate circumstance as he is our senior puisne justice, with practically unique experience. It is hoped that he will soon use his gifts of eloquence in the cause of his country. This retirement will leave Mr. Justice Poyser as Senior Puisne and Mr. Justice Maartensz, whose judicial experience is unparalleled, as the next. It is said of Mr. Justice Maartensz that none of his decisions have been upset in the Privy Council. He is the last of that old stock of judges whose absence is deplored. He and Elliot, K.C. are also the last of the original Voetlights in active connection with the law.

* * *

The Voetlight Society has not dined for quite a long while. It should, I think, have a guest night for the guests will be numerous. The Chief Justice should be wined, and so should Moseley J, and the New Attorney. The Society has had a romantic history. Years ago when Bawa, Elliott, the Jayawardenes and VanLangenberg, etc. were juniors they formed the Honourable the Society of Voetlights for said they "the juniors of today were the seniors of tomorrow."

That morrow has come and gone, the Society lingered, a pale shadow of its former self, and then *redivivus* a new chapter in the minute-book was opened and E. H. T. Gunasekara was the Scribe. Today the whole Bar are members but dinners are not too frequent. Perhaps the Golfing Society rather overshadows it. The Society like Voet refuses to die and a search

must be made for the photograph of Voet that used to be toasted. Perhaps a new photograph will be presented and toasted.

* * *

The Municipal Magistrate has taken a lawyer to task for not wearing a black coat. Probably there would have been no rebuke if permission to appear had first been obtained. It is said that O'Connell once was driven 90 miles through "abrupt gorges, past magnificent vistas, enormous shadows and waving woods" to defend three men on a capital charge. He apologised for his unprofessional costume and proceeded to secure an acquittal.

The Recorder of Reigate, however, intimated lately to a member of the Bar that he could neither hear him or accede to his request to appear in unprofessional garb.

E. W. Jayewardene when District Judge intimated to Weinman once that he could not hear him. Weinman spoke louder and louder until someone pointed out to him that he had forgotten his bands!

Lord Carson, however, got the better of a judge before whom he appeared for the first time as K.C. without going through the usual preliminaries. The judge said "I cannot hear you" Carson said something rude. The judge "What's that! Do not be rude". Carson, "I thought your Lordship could not hear me!" and the argument went on.

Wood-Renton C. J., nearly refused to hear Advocates who appeared without wigs. He insisted on all his brother judges wearing wigs though the days might be sweltering hot but Walter Pereira in his masterful manner threw his wig away calling it the invention of the devil.

Today most of the judges take their wigs off when on the bench except the Chief, Soertsz J. and Dalton J., when he was here. Hayley was the last advocate to argue a case in Ceylon in a wig.

* * *

Rumour has it that a well-known Colombo Magistrate will soon be going to an outstation and that his place will be taken by an advocate now on the judiciary. It is a change that will be welcomed and one that will give the Magistrate a chance of rising.

*We do not claim to show the best every week.
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*(Complete Picture in English)
with*

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FRANCES DRAKE and
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Adapted from Victor Hugo's World famous novel, this picture surpasses all previous attempts.

“Produced, directed and acted with competence...of the various versions of “Les Miserables” which have reached the screen, this one is the most successful. It flings the salient episodes of Hugo's narrative on the screen in sweeping strokes”

...FILM WEEKLY.

“TALE OF TWO CITIES”

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Just as Dickens' “David Copperfield” swept to fame, this picture depicting the immortal story of love and sacrifice against the seething background of revolution—comes as one which will be hailed as “the best loved film of 1936.” It's the modern generation's most exciting dramatic event!

GEORGE ARLISS in “CARDINAL RICHELIEU”

with **CEŠAR ROMERO** and **MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN**

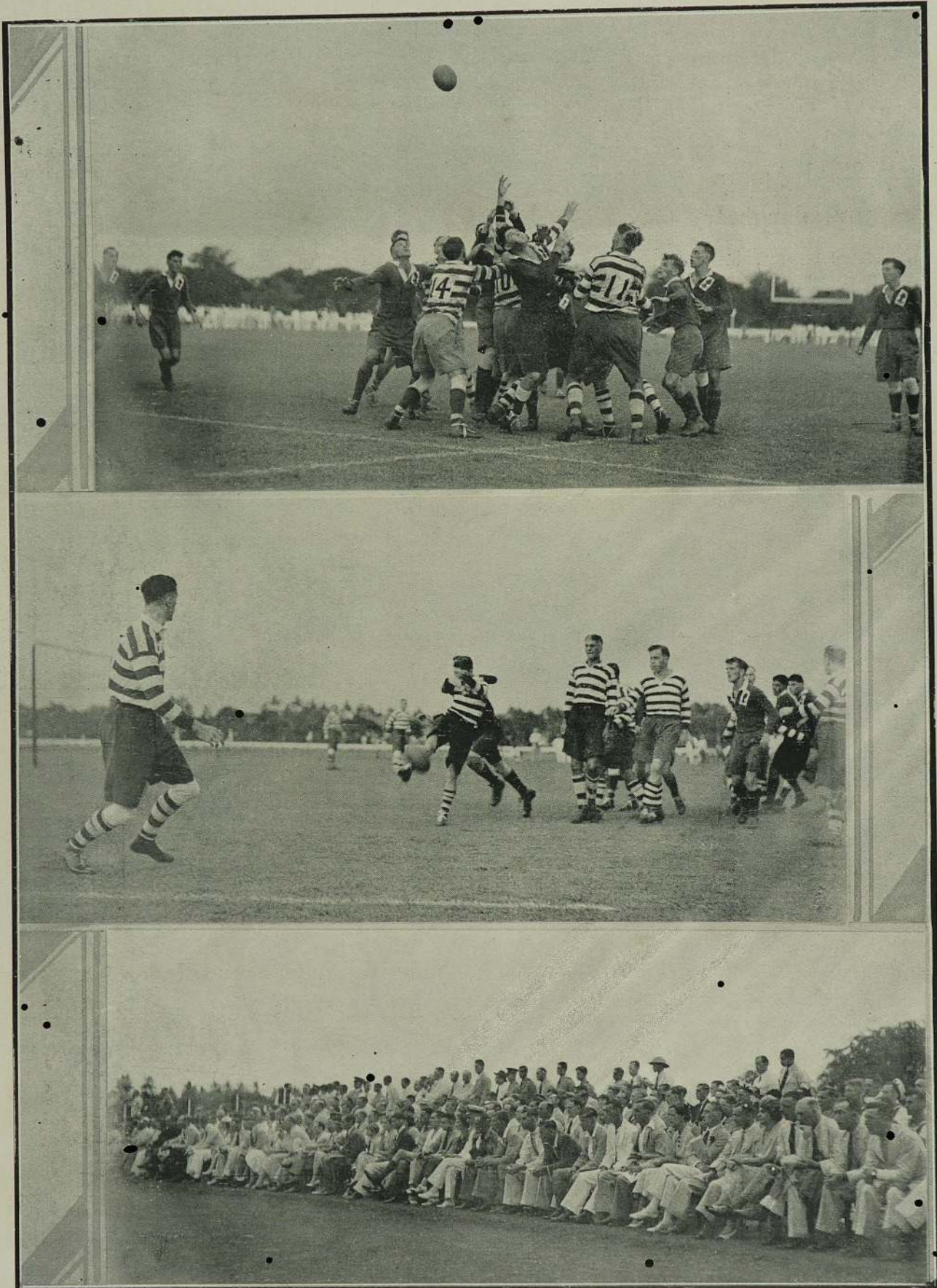
You can imagine for yourselves—what Arliss could do in such an important role. All we can tell you is that he was never seen to better advantage on the screen.

Miss Nimala Devi Amara-
dasa Jayaweera, daughter
of Mr. C. Amaradasa, the
well-known Artist who was
married last month to Dr.
C. L. E. P. Samarasekera.



Miss Vimala W. Goonewardene, daughter of
the late Mudaliyar T. W. Goonewardene C.C.S.,
J. P. and Mrs. Goonewardene, who is to marry
Mr. Theodoré Abeyasekera, Proctor of Kegalle,
on October 1st.

RUGGER—CLIFFORD CUP FINAL.



Two interesting snaps of the play and (below) a section of the spectators.



A SCENE FROM THE PLAY.

“LIBEL.”

Another Amateur Dramatic Club Success.

IT was quite a pleasant innovation to see a little human play acting, after the surfeit of entertainment provided by the numerous Picture Houses, and the Dramatic Club is to be congratulated once more upon a very good production.

I think it will be generally admitted that the selection of the Play was not quite a happy one, for whilst it is certainly one that is easy to stage, it needs really first class professional Actors to make it anything like a complete success.

Something of a lighter nature, containing more amusing incidents would be much more likely to appeal to a normal Colombo audience.

The most difficult character was undoubtedly that of Sir Mark Loddon, and this was most successfully rendered by C. G. C. Kerr. The two K.C.s Vincent Cox and R. H. Marks were equally good, although perhaps both were a trifle too serious. W. Needham Clark as Emile Flordon, and Eileen Moriarty as Sarah Carleton gave a spirited rendering of their

respective parts, introducing a good deal of humour which was much appreciated and went a long way towards making the effort such a success. J. G. Hume as William Bale was good, but here again the character was taken too seriously. Ida Hume as Lady Loddon successfully carried through a difficult part, and all other members of the cast sustained their various parts with success. The whole play went with a swing being well received by an appreciative audience.

On the first night of the Play, although “God Save the King” was printed at the foot of the programme, and the audience stood to attention for some little time, nothing happened, so eventually the gathering dispersed to some light gramophone music.

“Pouter.”

Regalia of the Last King of Kandy.

THE Sceptre, Sword, and Cross Belt of the Kings of Kandy, which were returned by His Gracious Majesty King Edward VIII this month, were evidently seen by Pybus when he visited the Kandyan Court on 24th May 1762. In his diary we find the following entry:—

"I had a very indifferent view of the King, to distinguish particularly his dress; but the upper garment seemed an open robe of gold tissue, with a close vest underneath, and a broad belt richly embroidered with gold round his waist." (Italics mine.)
 "He had upon his head a cap of scarlet cloth embroidered with gold, much in the form of an Armenian cap, upon the top of which was a small Crown set with precious stones; several rings on his fingers; a short dagger in his left hand, the hilt of which was gold, set with precious stones; and on his right side was a large broad sword, not girt upon him, but resting against the Chair of State; its hilt likewise, was of gold richly set with precious stones." (Italics mine.)

The Sceptre which is now on view at the Colombo Museum is a beautiful piece of workmanship and can hardly be reconciled with Pridham's description of a rod of iron with a gold head, an extraordinary but just emblem of his Government. The Sword of State has clamps of gold on the scabbard which is inlaid with blue silk.

The Cross Belt is not shown in the group photographed by Mr. Jessop and appearing in the "Idler" of June, 1895. In that group the Crown brought to Ceylon by H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester in September, 1934 is placed on the seat

Where are the State Carriage and Palanquin?

By J. A. Will Perera.



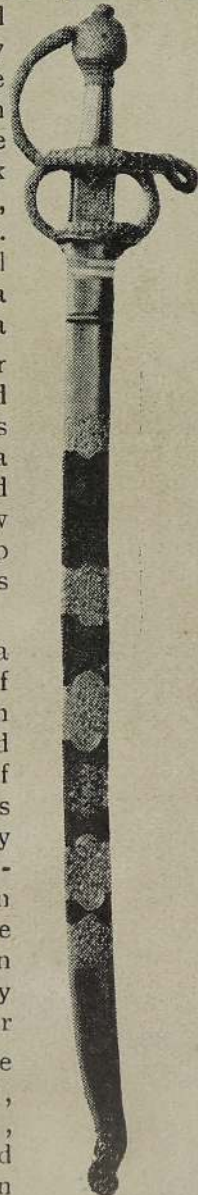
The Cross-belt.

of the Throne restored to Ceylon by the late King George V. Behind the Throne on a tall stand is another conical Crown, possibly the Celestial Crown (Sidna) of Ceylon either side of the Throne are four corn whisks, brushes, Footstool tuwa is placed on the Scent Sprayer.

Other Regalia famous in England of Sinhalese origin regard the following Chamberlain's 1925:—

"The famous Cat's Eye of the King of Kandy, which was carried with it to the right of the Isandford formerly by the Governmentally purchased by the Government."

On the 12th of October, 1815 the Crown, Sword, and Sceptre were brought to England as



The Sword

trophies to H.R.H. the Prince Regent. The same day saw the Royal Standard of Kandy carried in public procession to be deposited in Whitehall Chapel.

Two months and five days after the final departure from Ceylon of the last King of Kandy and five weeks after his arrival in Madras, there was put up for public auction within the Fort of Colombo the wood and iron work of his State Carriage, its silver hinges and nails. The advertisement given below was prominently displayed on the front page of the "Ceylon Government Gazette" No. 758, Wednesday, March 27th 1816.

PRIZE SALES.

"On Saturday next the 30th instant, the Wood and Iron Work of the late King of Kandy's State Carriage, as also the Silver Hinges and Nails thereof, will be sold to the highest bidder, by Mich. Loughlin, Auctioneer for Prize Property at house No. 9, Baillie Street in the Fort.

"The Sale to commence at 11 o'clock forenoon.

Conditions of Sale as Usual.

Colombo, 20th March, 1816."

It is presumed that these "remains" of the Kandyan State Carriage which went under the hammer, belonged to Sri Wikrama Raja Sinha's Golden Chariot in which he used to be drawn by eight horses along the streets of Kandy during the last five nights of the great annual Esala Perahera. In addition to the elaborately ornamented sheets of gold that were fixed on the wooden framework, various portions of the regal car were

studded with large, costly gems that sparkled in the light of myriad flares and dazzled the beholders.

Galagoda Mubandiram Nilame who held the Office of Aspantiye Mudandiram Nilame (Master of the Horse) walked beside the Royal vehicle, while eight postillions in splendid livery walked in slow tread beside each gaily caparisoned horse holding the bridle.

This State Carriage did not bring up the rear in the magnificent Perahera organised by Sir Robert Brownrigg when he restored the Sacred Tooth Relic to the Dalada Maligawa in April, 1815. The King it was who rode last in the annual religious pageant. The traitor Ehelepola took His Majesty's place in the 1815 Perahera, but he did not ride in the Chariot. In Lieut: W. H. Lyttelton's account the scheming ex-premier appeared 16th in the nearly 2 mile procession "on horseback, with a numerous and splendid suite."

What happened to the sheets of gold and the priceless gems? Were these sold by public auction or by private treaty at a prior or later date? Or, were they sent to the Prince Regent as trophies? If they were sold who were the original purchasers? With whom are they now! Did the descendants of the original purchasers donate them to a public museum in Britain? If they were presented to H. R. H. the Prince Regent, are they now in any Royal Palace?

Perhaps Dr. Paul Pieris who has, with commendable zeal, procured the ex-King's gun, may be able with the help of friends in the British Isles to locate the plates of gold and gems that belonged to the Royal car. Were these articles sold with the 100 odd items (that belonged to the Sinhalese Royal Family) auctioned by a Mr. King at his Great Room, 38, King Street, Covent Garden, on Tuesday, 13th June 1820, at 1 o'clock? Are there any portions in the British Museum, or are there any documents there which may help trace these relics?

Is there any painting, engraving, or sketch of the State Carriage in any local shrine or temple library?

Does our museum possess any manuscript or old book showing the likeness of this vehicle of Sinhalese monarchs? Can any reader help in any manner whatsoever?

As far as the aware, he does exact shape of whom it was a gift ties in Ceylon, bellishments varieties and gems with studded, the out of which was construc

The Indian two - wheeled, and four-wheeled, drawn by a single horse, four steeds. open, while of awnings. The wood orna "three meta silver, and copper befitting exalted position owner. Perhama's carriage South Indian the Vel Car, carved, canopy slowly by eight can only con

According to the last Kan Peacock Thr Chariot were Cape of Good Hope when the ship in which they were being conveyed to Britain in a violent storm. Is this the ship insured its name? We recovered or ed ashore? be able to thr on this alleged which year

The Sceptre.

pped and in which month of that or the following year was the ship wrecked?

writer is not know the the chariot, by made, whether from the British-Dutch authorities what the em were like, the number of which it was kind of wood the framework ted, etc.

chariots were three-wheeled led, drawn by a pair and by Some were hers had rich bodies were of nted with ls," viz: gold, per, in a man the rank and tion of the ps Sri Wikage was a car resembling heavy, richly ed, and drawn horses! We jecture at best.

oral traditions dyan King's one and Silver lost off the Hope when which they nveyed to Bri in a violent true? Was ed, what was re any articles were any wash-Will Lloyds ow any light disaster? In were they shi-

Another vehicle of the last King is mentioned by D'Oyly. It is the Kunama or Royal Palanquin with its bent pole and silver roof decorated in Kandyan style and encrusted with gems. D'Oyly has the following entry under date March 29th 1815:-

"Liyan Appu and the Messengers returning from Eyliyade in Dumbara, report that the property is not to be found—Silver Roof of King's Kunama, said to have been removed from thence by the Detachment."

Where did the Detachment remove the Silver roof to, and what was its final destination? Where is it now? Was this too sent to the Prince Regent or was it auctioned in Colombo. Perhaps it may be in the British Museum or in a provincial museum in the British Isles, if it is not in a Royal Palace or in a private collection. The Silver Chariot spoken of as being at the bottom of the sea near the Cape, may, after all, be the Silver Roof of the Palanquin.

In this instance too it is hoped Dr. Paul Pieris will enlist the services of British helpers, and try to trace this article as well. Both the State Carriage (whatever remains of it today) and the Silver Roof of the Royal Palanquin should be acquired for our Museum. Efforts locally may succeed in tracing the present whereabouts of the wooden portions of the Palanquin. Raja Singha II's Palanquin is in Dodanwela Devale, and it is quite possible that Sri Wikrama's may also be in some Kandyan temple or devale, unknown to the present generation.

Some one well versed in ancient things may be able to tell us whether the Palanquin at Dodanwela is of Raja Sinha II's period or of Sri Wikrama's time. The latter used to retire to the Devale where he had a decorated pavilion. The monks of Dodanwela joined him in his flight to Medamahanuwara in 1815.

Contract Bridge.

By K. L. M.

IV.

THE PLAY.

HAVING arrived by easy stages at the playing of the hand, I shall endeavour to show you how easy this is. You can be either the player, a defender, or dummy. If you are dummy, the best thing to do is to get up and help yourself to another.

Defensive play is much easier than offensive, as you don't have to think so much. Sitting back at your ease, you follow suit until you get a trick. Then pull out all your winners, regardless of your partner's scowls, and you don't need to worry about anything for the rest of the hand. Too easy!

Offensive play, when, deserted by your partner (who has dumped his hand on the table), you have to try to make your contract, is often nerve-racking. Add to that, that you are continually trying to squint at your opponents' hands as opportunity offers, and you will see that you have to be on the *qui vive* quite a lot; at least, I find it so. The good player endeavours to place the important cards in his adversaries' hands. This means that you have to find out, by hook or crook, who has the king of clubs when you hold the ace, queen. In the first chapter we discussed marked cards and mirrors; and, as neither appears to be of much use, we must devise other means.

The best method is, undoubtedly, to see one of your opponents' hands for yourself. If he hasn't got that king of clubs, it is probable that Sherlock Holmes would deduce that his partner has it. So, Watson, make a careful note of that. And, as seeing is believing, endeavour to see for yourself. There are various ways of finding out—seeing and otherwise:

1. A well-trained and conscienceless partner: His job is to stroll round (after helping himself—see paragraph 1) and signal the main cards in each hand. This is child's play, if you confine information to aces and kings. Left hand stuck in coat, right hand straight down side—ace. *Vice versa* for king. Hand in right coat pocket—spade; right trouser pocket—heart, &c.

2. A futile partner with a conscience: leave the wretched gimp alone and proceed on your own. Try to get a dekko at one of the hands. If the dirty dog persists in holding his hand up, try one of the following:

3. Select whichever of your opponents appears most prone to corns and stamp smartly on his toes, at the same time murmuring something about a mosquito-bite on your ankle—you must have an excuse of sorts. This is quite an effective method, as he will probably drop all his cards, whereupon you immediately claim that they are exposed, in the hope that he will be fool enough to agree and leave them face up on the table.

4. Upset your drink on his lap—but take a good swig first, as there is no sense in wasting more good liquor than necessary. According to that world-famed player, Mr. Cuthbertson, 66.666666% will put their hands face downwards on the table; but your opponent may be one of the remaining 33.333333%. Worth a trial, anyway.

5. Get up suddenly and brush an imaginary cockroach off his collar. If you are quick enough, you should get a good view of his hand.

If you utilise the tips I have given you, bridge will be easy. Once you have placed the important cards, you know which way to finesse, which suits to avoid, and roughly,

how much you are going down. This brings us to the next wrinkle:

Should you find, fairly early in the hand, that you are going down badly, drop a card surreptitiously under the table, place your foot over it so as to cover it completely, make a great show of counting your cards, and then remark that you are a card short. When they have failed to find the missing card, palm it (under pretence of scratching your leg), secure the pack that is not in use, and produce the missing card therefrom. The person who shuffled that pack will probably say "I must have packed it up when I shuffled; so sorry." Simple, isn't it? Why lose at bridge?

Finally, if the cards are dead against you hand after hand, make such pointed references to sharp practice, &c., that your opponents get fed up and refuse to play any more. This will curtail your losses, as cards are the devil, once they have turned against you.

If you require any further information, please apply to the publishers, carefully omitting your name and address.

(The end.)

"George," said Mrs. Newlywed, running into the room, "just look what a bargain I have got from the jumble sale!" and she displayed a huge brass plate bearing the name O'Halloran. "Just think of it; it only cost me one shilling."

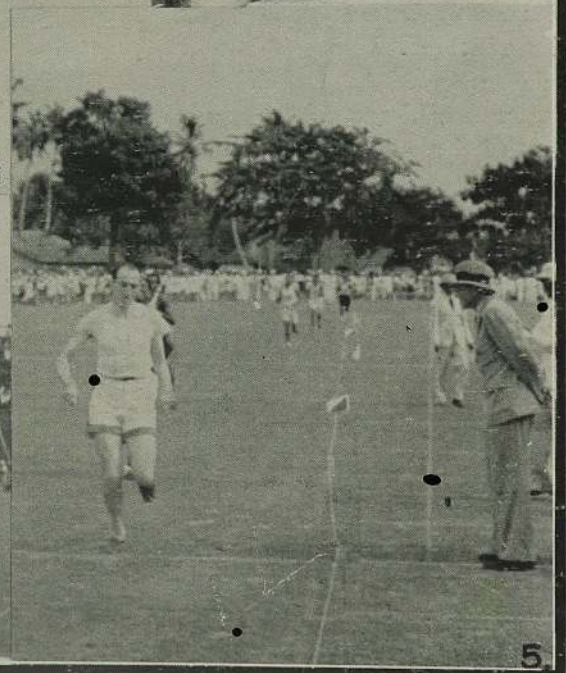
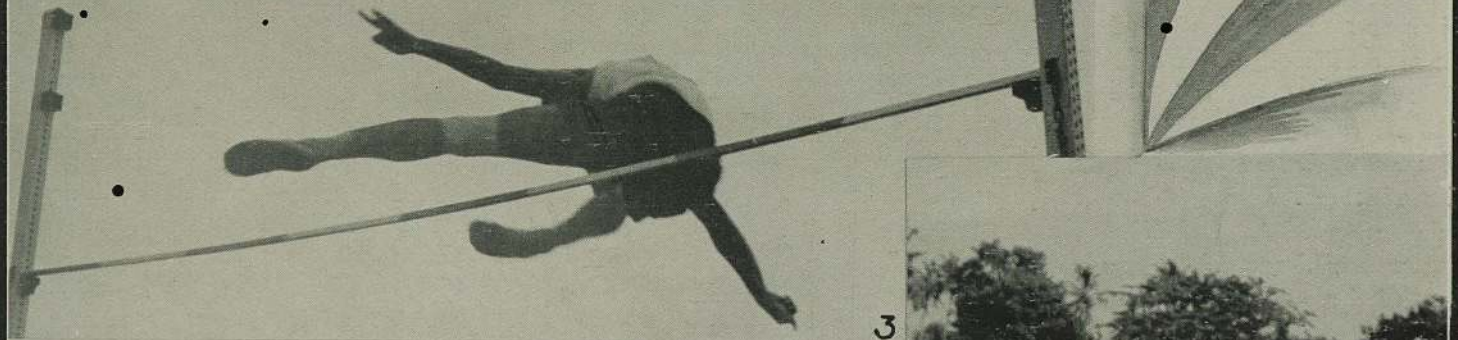
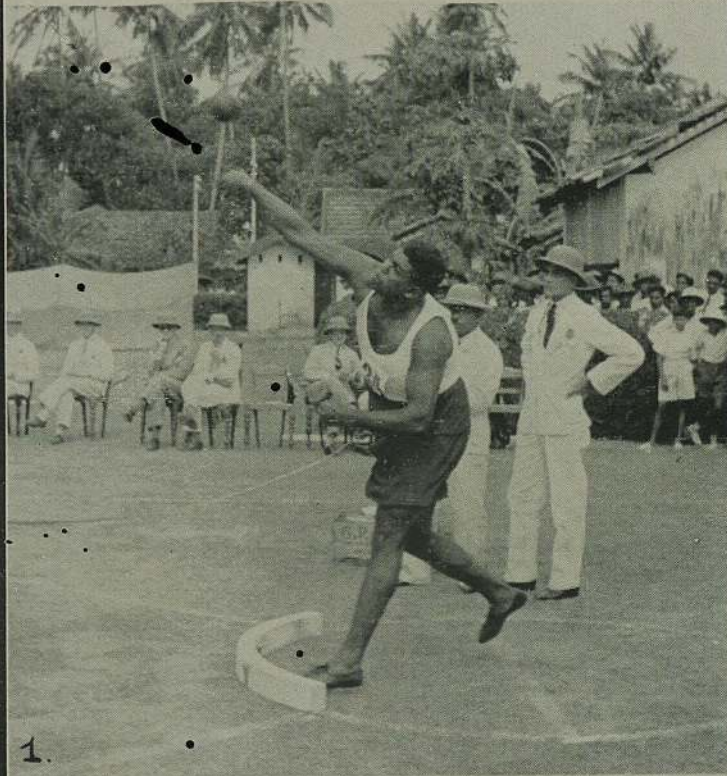
"Yes, dear," said her husband, "but what use is that to us, since our name is Jones?"

"But," said his wife, "just let us suppose, dear, that you should die, and then if I were to marry a man named O'Halloran, what a bargain it would be! Look how much I would have saved."

* * *

The portly and pompous chairman rose to tell a funny story. He told it dully, long-windedly, and without a vestige of humour. Yet when he sat down at the end of ten minutes' chronic narration, the roars of laughter nearly split the ceiling. Somebody had put a tack on his chair.

A. A. A. CHAMPIONSHIP MEET.



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2. These Entry Coupons will be found on the adjoining page and will be repeated in the October issue. Cut the Coupon along the dotted lines:—Write your name IN BLOCK CAPITALS, and address to, Competition Editor, Ceylon Causerie Intelligence Crosswords, P.O. Box 127, Colombo or if delivered by hand, forward same to the office of Messrs. Plâté Ltd., Colpetty.

3. Write your surname only in block capitals on the outside of the envelope and state the number of paid Entry Coupons enclosed.

4. Entry fees can be sent by Postal or Money order made payable to Ceylon Causerie Intelligence Crossword No. 1. Postage Stamps will not be accepted in payment.

5. A prize of Rs. 300 will be awarded to the Competitor who sends in a Solution which agrees with the Official Sealed Solution which has been deposited with the Manager of the National Bank of India Ltd., Colombo, and will not be taken before 12 noon on November 8th.—the closing date for entries for this Competition.

6. Should no all-correct Solution be received the prize will be awarded to the

Competitor who sends in the nearest correct Solution. The two remaining prizes of Rs. 125 and Rs. 75 will be awarded to the runners up.

7. In the event of a tie or ties the prize money will be equally divided.

8. The correct Solution will appear in the November Issue.

9. Employees on the Staff of the Ceylon Causerie and Messrs. Plâté Ltd., the Printers and Publishers will not be permitted to participate.

10. No responsibility can be accepted for any entry coupons lost, mislaid, or delayed in the post. No correspondence can be entered into or interviews granted. The decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Competition is absolutely final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry.

11. In no case can any entrance fee or money sent with entrance fees be refunded or credited to another account.

12. Any entry which does not comply with these rules and conditions is liable to disqualification.

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CLUES ACROSS.

1. Most of us enjoy these while spending a holiday in the country.
4. It is likely you find this in lonely places.
6. An opponent.
7. Severe cross-examination may sometimes catch a witness on this.
9. You may find these in unexplored country.
12. The prevailing fashion.
14. This sweet maid is in Uncle Tom's cabin.
15. One who cripples.
16. Hide.
18. May show rapid advancement when forced.
19. Freeing a boat from water.
20. You, and me.
21. A measure of length.
25. A messenger is sent to run these
27. The life of this is often not all it seems!
28. Bags of letters,—for men only?
29. Boat used for practice rowing.
30. It waits for no man.
31. Most of us welcome this.

CLUES DOWN.

1. This will often be found where pioneers have blazed the trail.
2. Free.
3. Belongs to the equine species.
5. The man who possesses it is generally proud of his.....
8. Those who can, should do this to alleviate distress.
9. The gambler's income.
10. Ceylon is part of the British one.
11. A well-known sewing machine.
13. Eyes.
17. None of us like to be this!
19. Uncovered.
20. One of the bones of the forearm.
22. If you are innocent and gentle you can well be described as this.
23. Islands.
24. We do this with food.
26. You should be properly clothed to do this.

Intelligence Crossword No. 1.

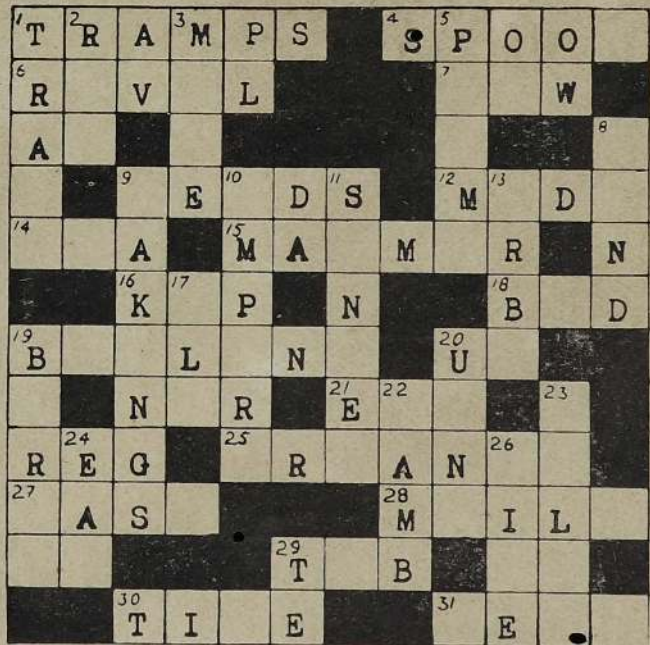


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WIT AND WISDOM OF THE SINHALESE

The Crow.

The crow is best known as a scavenger, the ransacker of garbage who goes unmolested.

"I eat the flesh of every one," says the crow, "but no one eats my flesh."

"Better is crow's flesh that is at hand than peacock's flesh that is far away," shows the wisdom of accepting what is available now than relying on bigger promises of the future.

Insensibility to the suffering of others is indicated by the saying "what has the crow to do with the pain of an animal's wound."

Sinhalese stage parlance of the present day has a happy expression when it describes the union of an Othello and Desdemona type, specially with reference to colour, as being "like the crow that perched on a bunch of king coconuts."

"Like the crow who died by feeding on the carcass of an elephant," describes the fate of the glutton.

(A crow who came across the carcass of an elephant floating in a river greedily pounced on it. In gorging itself, it quickly forgot its bearing until the carcass was carried far out to sea. By the time its feast was over it was so far away from the land and it was so full that it could not fly back and was ultimately drowned.)

The Deer.

The deer was admired for its beauty, while at the same time it was looked upon as a pest by the cultivator. Though there may have been surreptitious killings there were no organised hunts among the people. It was the sport of Kings and Princes only.

"Will the deer change its spots albeit it leaps from that jungle to this jungle?" is the Sinhalese way of expressing that what is bred in the bone cannot be changed.

Some Proverbial Sayings.

By Arnold Gurusinghe.

(Concluded from our last issue.)

The parallel English saying is, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard change his spots?"

"When the deer trespass on his field, he comes home and beats the deer's skin," displays disappointment at inability to retaliate.

The Dog.

The dog is the oldest of human associates. It was domesticated by man at a very remote time, long before history. It was probably domesticated first as a pet, and later developed into kinds suitable for use in hunting, herding, guarding and burden-bearing and the like.

In ancient Ceylon the dog has been reared mostly as a pet and a watcher, hunting being against the tenets of Buddhism. The Veddahs and their neighbours of the same type of course had their hunting dogs.

Futility is thus expressed :

"The barking of dogs does not frighten elephants."

"The barking of dogs will not make the mountain small."

Speaking of those who talk disparagingly of the great we have :

"Dogs bark at the moon."

"The teeth of the dog that barks at those full of merit will fall."

There is also the classic example of the dog's tail, similar sayings being current in many lands. The Sinhalese have two versions :

"Like it being impossible to straighten the dog's tail.

"Even if you keep it in a piece of bamboo a dog's tail will not straighten."

The only Sinhalese colony to boast of is the Maldives and in spite of Arab and Indian influence the people of these atolls appear to retain a portion of the characteristics of their original language. Here's the Maldivian version ;

"Drag at a dog's tail as long as you choose."

"Effort to straighten it will be of no use."

Among numerous other sayings regarding the dog are the following :

"A tailless dog cannot show his love."

"Though a dog bites one's leg its leg will not be bitten in return."

"The dog that has been brought up in the smithy is not afraid even of thunder."

"Though the dog has no work it never goes slowly."

"When the dog is present there is no club, when there is a club there is no dog."

"If one personates a dog, he must go whenever he is whistled for."

"Even if a dog is washed he will roll in the dust."

"What is the use of coconuts with husks, for dogs?"

The Elephant.

Size and strength in the superlative degree are expressed with reference to the elephant. No procession of the Sinhalese was complete without the elephant ; and in poesy the pachyderm was invariably compared to a moving rock and when garbed in its processional paraphernalia to a moving rock over which a mine of gems had been spread.

Thus its size and strength coloured the proverbial sayings:

"Lost wisdom cannot be brought back even with the help of elephants."

"To pull an elephant out of the mire a stronger elephant is needed."

"When one elephant fights with another the *tora* shrubs lying between them are bruised."

A comparison in size was between the elephant and the snipe.

"The snipe you get today is better than the elephant you hope to get tomorrow."

"Snipe also go on the same round on which elephants go."

"Even if an elephant gets lean he cannot be bathed in a *Koraha*."

"Spectacles are not necessary to make out the foot-prints of an elephant."

"Like fiddling to a deaf elephant."

Failure to grasp the essentials of a question and give an intelligent answer is "like the description given of the elephant by four blind men."

The quaint humour displayed in the story fully merits it being retold.

Four blind men who were anxious to find out what an elephant really looked like were one day brought near an animal. The first blind man felt a leg of the beast and exclaimed at once "Ah! the elephant is like a mortar." The second felt the ear and thought that the animal was like a winnowing fan; the third who got a hold of the tail thought it was a lean creature and compared it to a walking-stick; while the fourth who struck against its body expressed the belief that the elephant was like a rock.

The Fire-fly.

"Like a person once beaten with a fire-brand running away on seeing a fire-fly," says the Sinhalese. The Maldivian draws the simile from a red-flower :-

"He who has known the hurt of fire's power.

Feareth the sight of nature's red flower."

"How can a fire-fly shine in the sun?" is a saying that swelled heads should heed.

The Frog.

"Even in a lotus pond there are frogs:"

"Like a frog in the well" is the description of the narrow minded.

"However much it may rain the water will not rise above the frog's nose."

The Goat.

"Even the goat offers his chin to an inexpert barber," describes the spineless.

The Horse.

The horse was not so very familiar as the elephant, not being a native of Ceylon. That it was swift and expensive was recognised.

"A horse is wanted for two pies and it must also jump across the river," condemns the spirit of cheap bargaining.

The Jackal.

Nariya, the Jackal, is the principal character in an innumerable number of Folk-*tales* not only among the Sinhalese but among other nations as well. The Jackal was the symbol of cunning and craftiness.

Its pet weakness was poultry and hence "Like killing a fowl and giving it to a jackal to clean."

But the jackal too finds itself sometimes outwitted and then it is left to lament its fate: "Like a jackal stranded on an island."

The belief among the Sinhalese that the jackal has a horn and that any one possessing it proves himself to be exceptionally lucky has given rise to the sayings:

"You must carry a jackal's horn with you if you want to get anything from him," spoken of getting something from the close fist; and "Are you having a jackal's horn with you?" a question asked of a lucky winner at game of chance.

The Lion.

The lion is the emblem of the Sinhalese. Lions, except as curiosities kept by kings, have not been found in Ceylon. But its nobility and royalty were always proudly acknowledged.

"A golden vessel is needed to hold the lions' fat."

"However hungry a lion may be he will never eat grass."

"Like the story of the lion, the Jackal and the wild Boar," refers to an anecdote dealing more with the proverbial craftiness of the jackal and the denseness of the boar.

An old and decrepit lion who could hunt no longer contrived by the aid of a jackal to bring a wild boar up to him on the pretext of making the boar his successor as King of the forest. Having killed the boar and leaving the carcass in charge of the jackal the lion went to have his usual bath. In the meantime, knowing the lion's weakness for brain, the jackal removed this dainty morsel from the boar's carcass and appropriated it for himself. Returning after its bath the lion tore up the skull of the boar, searched for the brain and finding it missing questioned the jackal.

"Ah! My Lord, if this animal had a brain would he have come so close to your lordship?" was the wily Nariya's reply as he swiftly took to his heels.

The Leopard.

The *Kotiya* of the Sinhalese is the leopard there being no tigers in Ceylon. The striped specimen is peculiar to the *terai* at the foot of the Himalayas and we are used to speaking of the "Royal Bengal Tiger."

"Rouse not sleeping leopards" is similar to "let sleeping dogs lie" of the English.

"Though the leopard roars on the roof yet you need not fear if you have the cattle in the field," is reminiscent of this ever present danger to the farmer's stock.

"What is the use of being a leopard if it has no claws."

"Like getting hold of the leopard's tail."

The Cobra in Village Lore.

(Continued from page 9.)

acquaintance for the sake of the precious jewel which it is reputed to carry in its head.

There are conflicting opinions regarding the appearance of this wonderful stone. Some affirm that it is like an ordinary small pebble, while others are equally certain that it has a radiance which enables it, like the Golden Fleece, to illuminate the night.

But however they may differ regarding its form, all the enthusiasts are agreed about the amazing talismanic powers that this gem possesses. Apparently those who are fortunate enough to obtain it need nothing else in the world, for it is supposed to bestow on the happy owner success in love and litigation, immunity from all poisons, triumph over adversity, and unlimited wealth and prosperity.

This does not however exhaust all its virtues. It has another magic power, and this is that it would disappear mysteriously if the reptile is killed to obtain it. So anyone who covets the gem must wait for his opportunity till the cobra brings it out voluntarily, as it sometimes does to partake of a meal.

Seizing such an occasion it would appear that the daring thief should quickly hurl a lump of cow-dung on the jewel, for this would be a defilement, and after that the cobra, being a cleanly reptile, would disdain to touch it again.

History however gives us only one recorded instance of this fabled stone coming into man's possession, and then it was not stolen, but willingly presented.

The story of this unique gift as related by the Mahavansa writer makes delightful reading. To put it briefly, it appears that when the King-Physician Buddhadasa was going to bathe in the Tissa tank he saw a cobra wriggling in agony on an ant-hill.

Being a kindly man he examined the sufferer, and found that it had a tumour on its belly. With his ready

compassion the King wished to relieve the pain, so speaking in soothing tones he requested the cobra to put its head inside a hole in the ant-hill till he attended to the sore.

The intelligent reptile obeyed him, and patiently endured the pain while Buddhadasa lanced and dressed the sore. Then when the operation was over it deposited its gem at the King's feet in graceful token of thanks.

Unfortunately however the King did not care to test the famed virtues of the stone, for he promptly set it as one of the eyes in a statue of the Buddha, and thus posterity lost a possible reliable testimonial of the powers of the Naga's jewel.

But even if it is not to be credited with its fabled gem or its legend of previous births, the cobra must still be acknowledged as the aristocrat of the reptile tribe. It naturally fits into this rank, for not only is it musically-minded and an apt disciple of Terpsichore, as the snake-charmer's art reveals, but, if report is to be relied on, it possesses such ennobling qualities as intelligence, kindness, generosity, and gratitude, though its temper certainly cannot be relied on under provocation.

The villagers according to their wont have woven many an interesting folk-tale about this singular reptile, and these are suggestive of their estimate of it as well as of what had been observed of its nature and ways.

Here is one which is perhaps the most familiar of these tales, just as it is the one which shows the cobra at its best.

The story goes that long ago before the cobra and the viper became sworn enemies they were both feeding together in the jungle in a time of severe drought.

Being very thirsty the cobra went to look for water and came to a clearing where in front of a little hut a child was playing in its bath.

The reptile approached the vessel and drank its fill, goodnatureedly unheeding the blows which the child playfully rained on its head.

When it went back to the jungle its friend enquired where it had ob-

tained water. But the cobra, knowing the viper's fierce and vindictive nature, was reluctant to direct it to the child's bath.

At length extracting a solemn promise from the other not to harm the child it gave the viper the necessary directions, but being still uneasy in mind it followed its friend at a distance.

The viper meanwhile went to the bath, but as it attempted to drink the little one gurgled and struck it playfully. When this happened for the third time the viper lost its temper and viciously stung the child.

The watching cobra then hurried up and sucked out the venom from the wound. Then stirred into righteous indignation it pursued the ungrateful viper, fought a battle royal with it, and killed it.

It is thereafter, says the local story-teller, that the cobra and the viper cannot endure the sight of each other, but fight whenever they meet.

The plumber was a mild sort of man, but he could not get away from the fact that his assistant was constitutionally lazy. For a long time he said nothing, but at last he could contain his exasperation no longer.

"Lumme, Bill," he complained, "you get on my nerves, standin' there with both 'ands in your pockets! For 'eaven's sake take one of them out!"

* * *

Two women, who had been at school together, met after many years, "Are you married yet?" asked one.

The other looked sad and thoughtful.

"Not yet," she replied, "but I had an ideal once."

Her friend looked sympathetic.

"I suppose your ideal was shattered?" she asked.

"No, only broke," returned her companion.

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The Elusive Black Diamond.

THE SECRET OF THE KEYS.

By George Stanley.

VI.

ON the morning following the murder of Tim Martin, by The Black Diamond in the house at Brockley, Detective-Inspector Dan Wayne sat at his desk at Scotland Yard.

He had cleared the top of the desk and spread out before him on the polished surface, were a number of strips of faded wallpaper bearing a design of pink rosebuds. One by one he picked up the strips and examined the purple-stained scrawl which they bore in indelible pencil. He scrutinised each strip, and as he did so, made copious notes upon a writing pad. As his notes increased, he gave vent to a series of exclamations.

At last he had examined them all, and, placing them very carefully in an official envelope, he filled his pipe and lay back in his chair, turning over the sheets of the writing pad.

Satisfied at length that he had fully mastered all the details upon the pad, he took from his cupboard a portable typewriter, and began to work.

Upon the report sheet before him, a story began slowly to unfold and when, at the end of two hours, Dan Wayne pulled the last sheet from the typewriter, he breathed a sigh of relief. He sat a moment mentally reviewing the intricate case, pondering over the problem, which, although now almost cleared of the fog in which it had been enshrouded, still required several important details before it could be brought to a successful conclusion.

The sound of the telephone bell awoke him from his reverie. He lifted the receiver from the house telephone, and heard the voice of the Assistant Commissioner.

"That you, Wayne?] I want you to come along here and bring all the latest details of The Black Diamond case."

"Where are these pieces of wall-paper?"

"Here they are, sir," said Dan Wayne, tipping out from the envelope the shreds of dingy paper.

The Assistant Commissioner picked up one or two of the pieces and examined them curiously.

"Funny thing," he remarked. "Here's an astounding secret, yet inspired by revenge at the treatment he has received, Tim Martin gives the whole thing away rather than let it fall into the hands of the man who has injured him."

He picked up the Detective-Inspector's report and eyed it dubiously.

"Leave that with me," he said. "I've got to see the Chief in a moment. When I've finished with him I'll have more leisure to read this book you have written."

He swept the pieces of paper into a drawer, together with Dan Wayne's report, and rose from his chair, to make his way, with Dan Wayne, from the room. He paused outside his door.

"Come in and see me this afternoon, about three," he said. "Then we can discuss the case."

Dan Wayne returned to his small room and began to deal with his routine work, while the Assistant Commissioner passed on to his conference with his Chief. After an hour he was again at liberty, and, returning to his room, he pulled the pieces of wallpaper from the drawer in which he had locked them. Like Dan Wayne, he studied them with growing interest. Then, filling his pipe, he lay back comfortably in his chair and began to read the report which Dan Wayne had handed to him.

It ran :

THE BLACK DIAMOND CASE.

The arrival of The Black Diamond, accompanied by the kidnapping of the millionaire, Helmerstreame, with the following unusual developments concerning peculiar keys and pieces of map, all relate, as we originally suspected, to the 'bullion smash' in which Tim Martin was involved.

According to the information now to hand, there were seven men concerned in that job. Tim Martin, Joe Sturmer, Wilson, Charley Mount, Lefty Cohen, Storey and Brancker. Several of these seven have served sentences, and they are all recorded as dangerous men who carry guns. Apparently they were satisfied that they could engineer the bullion smash successfully—they were right as events have proved—but their one trouble seems to have been the disposal of the stuff when they had got away with it. Each man, with one exception, suspected his colleagues. The exception, was Tim Martin, whom they all trusted. They were all agreed that it would be futile to try and dispose of the stuff within a year, and finally they agreed that Tim Martin, who was one of the cleverest men in any country at safe-smashing,—he served a sentence for it years ago—should arrange about the disposal of the stuff.

Martin devised a scheme. He built an ingenious safety-vault in some place known only to himself. That vault had seven different locks, and one of the keys was handed to each man. In addition to this precaution, he drew up a map, which was skilfully divided into seven portions. For his safety-vault was of a clever design. (It will be remembered that he had to guard against men who were, some of them, experts at safe-smashing.) The safety-vault could only be opened by the use of the seven keys at the same time, and the use of a cord word. Martin warned all the gang that any attempt to open the safe without the use of the keys and the code word, would blow the whole of the safe into the air, as he had guarded against any attempt at safe-smashing by the use of high-explosives.

The gang were very satisfied with Martin's invention and the bullion smash took place, the booty was removed to Martin's safety-vault under his supervision, unknown to the gang. What arrangements they made I do not know. The stuff safely secured, Martin handed to each member of the gang his particular key and a portion of the map.

The map served a double purpose. It gave the location of the place where Martin had concealed a box, containing the code word which would open the safety-vault, and also the position of the safety-vault itself.

Thus, one year after the bullion smash, the gang were to gather together; and, by piecing the map into one whole, they would find the position of the spot, where the box containing the code word and the location of the safety-vault, was concealed.

Having obtained these details they had to go to the safety-vault and, each producing his key, the safety-vault would be opened and the bullion removed and disposed of.

At first sight, the scheme seems almost fantastic, but it must be remembered that all the seven men were dangerous criminals, each suspecting the other; and I have no doubt that, with the exception of Martin, none would have scrupled to rob his comrade.

There was one thing that the gang had not guarded against, and that was the human element. A year does not seem long, but in this time many things could have happened and as it turned out, before the year was up, many of the original gang had died. But Martin was still left, and it was he who had devised the whole scheme.

Someone discovered the secret of the gang. That person we know by the name of The Black Diamond. He saw that if he could get hold of Martin, he might be able to rob the safety-vault, and the gang, without getting the keys and the map.

With this end in view, he kidnapped the millionaire, Helmerstreame, and held him as hostage for Martin. But, like most crooks, he was too sure of himself; at the same time he was after Joe Sturmer, whom he had discovered to be in possession of one of the keys, and a portion of the map. His scheme was ruined when he released his hostage and robbed him of Sturmer's key and portion of the map.

He next tried Mount, another member of the gang, and managed to get hold of Martin, through the assistance of Magree and Harris. We spoiled his scheme again by seizing Mount's key and map portion, and obtaining one other key and map portion, which he had in his possession. (Stolen by Sprange from The Black Diamond's pocket.)

Now, we have full details of the reasons for the arrival of the mysterious Black Diamond on the scene, but who he is is still a matter for conjecture.

Of the original seven members of the gang, only one is remaining. For, from Martin's information, and enquiries, I find the following result:

- (1) Tim Martin murdered by The Black Diamond.
- (2) Sturmer, alive, and in our hands.
- (3) Charley Mount killed by the Black Diamond.
- (4) Storey was hanged. Shot a man in Houndsditch.
- (5) Wilson died in hospital.
- (6) Lefty Cohen died through injuries.
- (7) Brancker went to America. He was killed in a shooting affray in Chicago. He was a killer.

As regards the possession of the seven keys and pieces of the map which are essential to completing the case, we have in our possession the following:

- (1) Sturmer's—taken at Norwood.
- (2) Charley Mount's—found at his house.

- (3) One taken from The Black Diamond by Sprange.

This leaves four sets still to get. But, according to Martin's statement, he has his own and those of Storey, who was hanged, concealed in a cottage which he owned. The remaining two are Lefty Cohen's and Wilson's. Cohen gave his to Wilson before he died, according to Martin's statement and, therefore, it is probable that both Wilson's and Cohen's sets will be among Wilson's effects. We are trying to trace Mrs. Wilson, and efforts will be made to obtain the two sets at Martin's cottage.

With the possession of the remaining sets, it should be simple for us to locate the safety-vault, the code word, and the bullion. But I fully anticipate that our actions will be hampered by the activities of The Black Diamond.

Danl. Wayne,
Detective-Inspector.

The Assistant Commissioner sat for a moment, when he had finished the report, pondering on the astounding case.

"Remarkable," he muttered. "We received enough kicks over that bullion smash from the Press. If we recover it after all, it will be a feather in our hats!"

He picked up the house telephone and rang through for Dan Wayne, and the Detective-Inspector soon arrived.

"I've read that report of yours on the Black Diamond case," said the Assistant Commissioner. "It certainly looks as if we shall be able to get hold of that bullion. What hopes do you think we stand of finding Mrs. Wilson? She seems to be the key to the whole thing. That is, of course, provided that you do discover the two sets which Martin says are in his cottage."

"I see no reason why we shouldn't pull it off, sir," replied Dan Wayne. "But I don't want to rush things too much, with this fellow moving about on our backs. I've put two of our best men on to track Mrs. Wilson.

Until they find her, we can do nothing there. Publicity is the last thing which we want in her case, because as soon as there's anything like that, The Black Diamond will be on her track. As regards Martin's place in the country, I'm moving in that direction as soon as I can. Fruby and I plan to go down there to-morrow night. Nobody but ourselves should have any clue to the place, and The Black Diamond should still be searching for the rest of the keys. If he's still on the watch, he may be keeping his eye on me, and if I set off at once, he might follow."

"I agree," said the Assistant Commissioner. "Easy does it. We only want to lose one piece of the map and we are beaten. Once we find the location of the safety-vault, the experts should be able to get it open. The map's the most important thing. Have you any clue from the pieces which you already hold?"

"No, sir," answered Dan Wayne. "It was too cleverly divided for any one piece, or I should say, any two or three pieces, to give a clue to the piece. Martin certainly made a very good job of it."

"Then the only thing to do is to get the portions from Martin's cottage as soon as possible, and to spur on the search for Mrs. Wilson. Let me know if you want any more help. The Commissioner will be immensely pleased when I tell him of your report."

Dan Wayne withdrew to his room feeling that his work was receiving some appreciation. He continued with his task, his subconscious mind dwelling on The Black Diamond case, and suddenly into his mind there flashed a thought. It concerned the portion of the map and the key which Sprange, the informer, had stolen from the mysterious criminal himself.

He stopped his work for a minute and considered the point. Then he drew from a drawer a telegraph form and studied it for a moment, as he meditated on the precise wording of his message. Satisfied, at last, he picked up his pen and addressed a telegram to The Chief of Police, Chicago.

He had dispatched the telegram, and had again turned his attention to routine work, when the door was opened.

He stared at the face of his assistant, Fruby, who was peering round the door, grinning.

"What are you grinning like that for?" he asked. "Has someone left you a fortune?"

"No," answered Fruby unabashed. "I've done it—all on my own. I've found Mrs. Wilson, she's living at Plumstead. I think, if you're agreeable, we might take a run down there and see what we can discover, before a certain nasty character gets in ahead of us."

"That's a good idea," agreed Dan Wayne. "We'll get down there at once. Did you see Mrs. Wilson?"

"No," said Fruby, "I found out that she'd had a telegram to say that her mother was ill, and that she'd left at once for Sutton, where the old lady is living. That looks suspicious to me, but it might be genuine. I left a man keeping his eye on the place."

"Good work," said Wayne, as he led the way from his office.

They left The Yard, and, boarding the Detective-Inspector's car, set out for Plumstead and Mrs. Wilson's house.

They ran slowly down to Plumstead, held up by the busy traffic stream, and when at last they arrived in the locality, Fruby directed his chief until they had nearly reached their destination.

At Fruby's request, Dan Wayne stopped the car at the corner of a road in the vicinity of the house. From here they made their way on foot, until Fruby had found the man whom he had left to watch the house.

"What's the news?" asked Fruby.

"Nothing's happened," said the watcher. "The woman hasn't come back, but a man's gone into the house, a short while ago. Her husband I expect."

"What!" snapped Fruby. "How did he get in?"

"He opened the door with a key," said the watcher. "He's still in there. I haven't see him come out. Why? Did you want me to pinch him?"

"No," grunted Fruby. "You're sure that he hasn't come out?"

"Positive!" replied the man.

"We'll hang on and watch events," broke in Dan Wayne. "If he comes out, we'll grab him. It's a thousand to one that he is The Black Diamond, but we'd better go carefully in case he's the lodger."

They waited, keeping watch on the house from a concealed position, until dusk began to creep over the street. Several persons passed up and down the road, but none went near the house. Then they saw a woman turn the corner of the road and hurry along towards the house. She inserted a key in the lock, vanished within, and the door closed behind her. Then a light appeared in the hall, followed by another in the front room. The woman's figure appeared at the window as she drew the curtains. A few minutes elapsed, and the front door was suddenly flung open and the figure of the woman appeared in the lighted doorway.

"Police!" she shouted. "Burglars!"

The three detectives were across the road and at the gate before she could shout again.

"What's the matter?" snapped Dan Wayne. "We are police officers."

"There's is a man in the house," said the woman. "It's a burglar!"

Leaving their companion to deal with the woman, Dan Wayne and Fruby dashed inside. The Detective-Inspector ran rapidly up the stairs, while Fruby remained on guard below. As Dan Wayne gained the landing, he heard the click of a key as it turned in the lock of one of the rooms. He rattled the handle and heard a noise from within the room.

"Open this door!" he shouted. "It's the police."

He received his answer in two bullets which splintered the door panels almost in his face. Undismayed, he took two paces back and hurled his full fourteen stone at the door.

The flimsy woodwork gave at the impact, and flew into pieces, leaving the remainder of the door hanging drunkenly by one hinge. He hurled the wreckage aside and dashed into the darkness, expecting the whine of a bullet to greet him. Then, as his eyes fell on the open window, he realised that his quarry had escaped.

He poked his head from the window, saw the stack-pipe which ran down the wall, and hurried down stairs. A call to Fruby, and the sergeant shouted to the watcher. They dashed from the house, but in spite of an immediate search the burglar seemed to have vanished.

Leaving the local patrols to continue the search, Dan Wayne and Fruby returned to the house.

"We are from Scotland Yard," said Dan Wayne, to the woman. "You are Mrs. Wilson, I believe? Your husband died in hospital a few months ago. Is that correct?"

"No," answered the woman to Fruby's astonishment. "That was my sister's husband. You see, my sister and I are twins, and, funnily enough, we both married at the same time two brothers whose name was Wilson. My sister's husband died in hospital. This was their house, and as she couldn't stand it after her husband died, I took it over. My husband is up in Manchester at this moment.

"Could you tell me where your sister lives now?" asked Dan Wayne. "I should like to see her if possible about a personal matter into which we are enquiring."

"Certainly," replied the woman. "She lives at 979, Frinders Park-Avenue, Beckenham."

"Thanks very much," said Dan Wayne, and, accompanied by the disgruntled Fruby, he made his way from the house.

(To be continued)

Woman—Her Charm and Power.

"Mammoform" as Beauty Agent.

For centuries woman has had to become resigned to the fact that there was no possibility of furthering the development of her body or regaining its lost elasticity. In olden times there was no need for women to consider appearance as today. Opinions, however, have changed, and a beautiful figure became more than before a standard by which to measure the beauty of woman. The modern woman can no longer afford to ignore this ideal, and must attempt to attain it. The observer who keeps in touch with the literature having to do with beauty will have noticed how much importance is attached to beautiful contours. The well balanced figure of woman thus dominates the ideal and the conception of beauty today. An intelligent woman will not look with envy upon those of Eve's daughters who have a well-formed figure neither will she postpone from one day to the next the first steps toward remedying her defect for each additional day means a greater loss of beauty and of self-content. Every thoughtful woman is well aware of the fact that her chances in life are dependent on the harmony of her contours.

"Mammoform" apart from creating rounder contours and an increase in weight is at the same time a beauty agent for the skin. The skin assumes a fresher complexion, it "breathes" better resulting in a much younger appearance of the whole individual. In recognition of the outstanding quality and scientific accomplishments, the Gold Shield of Honour and Diploma were bestowed on the Manufacturers "Aeskulap" Chémpharm Fabrick, Berlin, for their product. "Mammoform" at the International Exposition in Bologna (Italy) "How can I attain a Perfect Bust" a well-written and fully illustrated booklet on the subject is obtainable from the local agents of the manufacturers. Messrs. Hector Mather & Co. whose advertisement about "Mammoform" appears in this issue,

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

My dear Children,

I am glad we have so many poets among our numbers. But are you all quite, **QUITE** sure your work was original? I felt rather doubtful in one or two cases, but I am sure the two verse-writers who have been awarded prizes sent unaided work, even though it was not so "grown-up" as some of the other entries—Frank's sad verses about the Floods are very tragic, but then it is a tragic subject. There were two other nice little verses, one about a pet squirrel which died, and the other about a Cricket Team, which I would have liked to reward with prizes, but, alas, we can only give the three prizes each month. It was interesting to find that the majority of those who chose the prose subject decided they like their own age best, though a few liked the idea of being a baby again. One nice essay described how the writer longs to be an old, old lady, with lots of grandchildren, but most of you seem to dread old age! What I think, is that every age has its own compensations and joys, and each age, as it comes, should be equally happy and interesting, just as the year has its seasons, all delightful, in different ways.

A word about the Class B. Competition. It's simply amazing what a number of words can be made with those ten letters—Francis sent a list of no less than 531—But I found that 59 of those words were doubtful—at least they are not in my dictionaries, and I don't think they can be considered English words—but even so, with those doubtful words excluded, he heads the list easily, with 472. Bravo, Francis!

Venice, who gets the other prize, had only 140 words, but they were all nice, straightforward words, and neatly arranged. Many other children had more words than Venice, but they were not so nicely arranged, nor so well written.

I wonder whether any of you are taking part in the Shirley Temple

Scholarship Competition. I shall feel so proud if one of my nieces happens to be the winner. As there's been so much talk about Shirley, in connection with the Competition, I thought many of you would like a Competition about her,

PRIZE WINNERS.

CLASS A.

Order for Rs. 15.

NINON JOSEPH,
(Age 16)

Glenosmond,
Jawatte Road,
Colombo.

Order for Rs. 10.

FRANK PEREIRA,
(Age 16)

New Haven,
Mt. Lavinia.

Order for Rs. 5.

BERNIE FLOOR,
(Age 12)

Max Cottage,
Nuwara Eliya.

CLASS B.

1. **FRANCIS ARNDT,**
(Age 10)

Wusterhausen,
18, Madangahawatte Lane,
Wellawatte.

2. **VENICE DE SILVA,**
(Age 9)
Hillside,
Fort, Galle.

this month, but you'll see there is an alternative subject for those who do not go to the Pictures.

Goodbye, dears, till next month,

From Your loving

Auntie Mary.

Answers to correspondents:—

Marjorie (Kurunegala):—Sorry I received your p.c. too late to answer your question. I'm afraid the Editor will not accept coupons from

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old numbers of the Causerie, but you can get additional coupons each month, if you write for them—Most families do this, where more than one member wishes to compete.

Robin:—Any kind of snap-shots of nephews and nieces, and their pets too, will be greatly appreciated for our Page.

Justin:—So nice to hear from you. I am glad you still take an interest in our Page, though you are one of the "Old Brigade" as you say! Yes, I, too, am a very keen Picture goer, and I go to almost all the Pictures in Colombo.

Ismail:—Thanks for your nice letter. How splendid that you came First in Chemistry, especially as you started the subject so recently—Such a pity you were ill for the rest of the exam. Better luck next time.

Sumana:—As you live at Ratmalana, the "Causerie" would have to be sent by post, but I think the postage is only 3 cents for newspapers. You could write to "the Manager" asking him to send the Causerie by post, regularly.

I am so proud that we have so many competitors from your school, and such successful ones, too; it is really splendid, and shows what clever girls you are, at the Convent.

Competitions for September.

CLASS A.

An essay on either (a) "Shirley Temple". Describe any Film you have seen of this charming little Lady's, and tell us your opinion of her.

or (b) Imagine that you have a next-door neighbour, who has a very bad-tempered, savage dog. It is your unpleasant duty to write to your neighbour (whom you don't know, but who is said to be a very hot-tempered personage) and request him to keep his dog under better control. How would you express your letter?

CLASS B.

(a) A little essay about "Shirley Temple".

or (b) Write a list of as many proverbs as you can think of. You

all know what a proverb is—"Look Before You Leap" is one, or your mother will explain just what it means if you ask her—Remember that neatness is taken into account.

Class A. 1st Prize.

THE AGE I WOULD CHOOSE TO BE.

I sometimes feel I want to follow Peter Pan's resolve never to grow up—But again there is that feeling that I do not want to be curbed by nursery rules and school discipline all through life.

The age I should like best to be is seventeen. The age when the early teens are left behind, awkwardness has faded away, short frocks are discarded, and one has reached the starting-point of life and steps out radiantly to a future full of promising opportunities. It is the age when one's school career is drawing to a close and the idea of a profession or some occupation is in one's thoughts—And with what eagerness one is able to look forward to more wide-spread liberties and a realisation of cherished dreams! It is the age when one is able to choose between right and wrong, and everything beautiful and heroic seems to become possible, and duty, beauty, and all things noble seem to glow in one's veins.

It is the borderland between the known and the unknown; when one is still unfettered with exacting duties and weighty cares, and when one has not lost hope through disappointments and regrets; when ideals are still ideals.

Sweet Seventeen! How it bewitches a girl, with the future hung with a myriad magic moons and stars, and makes her feel it is glorious to be alive!

Ninon Joseph.

Class A. 2nd Prize.

A FATEFUL NIGHT.

A host of clouds together gathers fast,

The moon in shyness sheds a pale dim light

The land deep hushed, only a great wind's blast—

The scene does tend to make a

PREDOMINANCE!



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COLOMBO

Here, at this time in many a
 mud-built house
 Poor peasant families sleep calm
 and fast.
 Their sleep, how'er the flood must
 soon arouse
 And Angel Death will blow his
 bugle's blast.

Behold! at last the weak soaked
 walls do fall,
 Now here, now there a house 'neath
 water goes.
 The people first in vain for rescue
 call—
 Then slow to Hell their souls grim
 Charon rows.

Thus quietly at the dead of night
 did they,
 Poor people pass away beyond
 this Earth,
 No man to help them or to moan
 the day,
 For they were lowly, yes, of little
 worth.

Frank Pereira.

Class A. 3rd Prize.

OUR PAGE!

Poems and essays, paintings too,
 Let's all see what we can do,
 And try to win those vouchers Oh!
 Truly such prizes rare!
 Enter your names now every one,
 Sending them in with work well done,
 "Caus'rie's" really a book of fun,
 And Plate's are straight and fair.
 Under its rule we quickly learn
 Success is their's who success earn,
 Encouraged by leaders good yet stern,
 Rendering us their aid.
 In time we grow each in our turn
 Endeavouring, bright and staid.

Bernie Floor.

Class A. Highly Commended:—

Helen Jansz; George Arndt;
 Naomi and Lorna Beling; Robin
 Ebert; Stanley Molligode; Roseen
 Swan; Pauline Swan; Eileen Moli-
 godde; Edward Weerasinghe; N. G.
 Pablis; Erica Fernando; S. Sittam-
 palam; Neville de Silva; and Eric
 Ranasinghe.

Class B. Highly Commended:

Sheila Goonetilleke; Daphne and
 Bede Muller; Neville Ohlmus;
 Margaret Gunasinghe; and Miriam
 Beling.

RULES.

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

And these are the lovely prizes the lucky boys and girls will win:—

Class A boys or girls under 17. First Prize. An order for goods to the value of Rs. 15. Second Prize. An order for goods to the value of Rs. 10. Third Prize. An order for goods to the value of Rs. 5.

Class B boys or girls under 12. Two lovely prizes. One for the best entry sent by a boy under 12, and one for the best entry sent by a girl under 12.

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Name.....

Address.....

GUARANTEE.

I certify that the attached is the original and unaided work of the competitor who is.....years and.....months.

Signature of Parent or Guardian.....



Our Competition Page

CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 76.

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

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

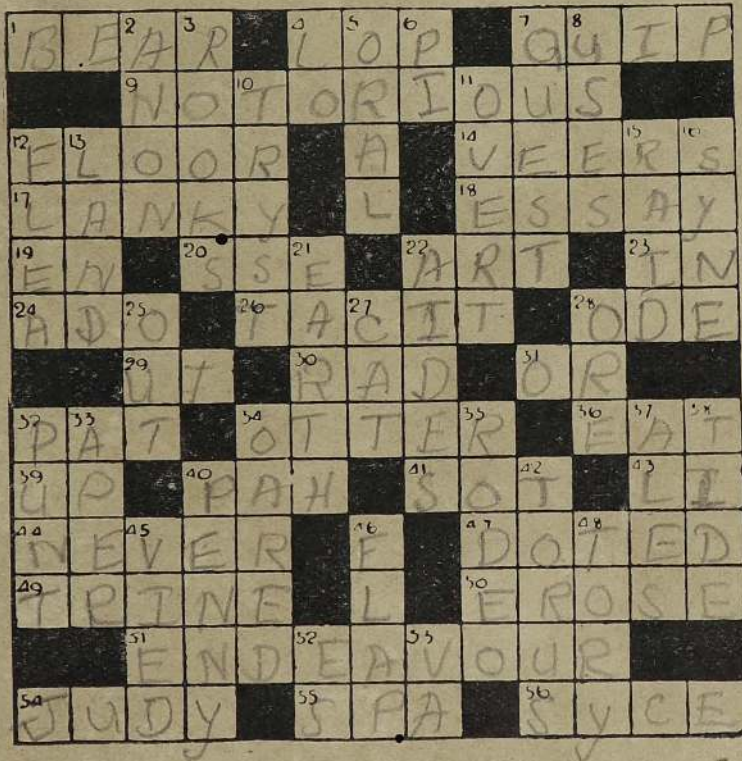
CROSSWORD, P. O. Box No. 127, G. P. O., Colombo.

Entries delivered personally or by messenger should be addressed:—

CROSSWORD, Pláté Ltd., Colpetty, Colombo.

All entries must reach this office by 12 noon on October 12th 1936.

The Editor's decision will be final.



Name _____

Address _____

Winners of August Crossword Competition.

1st Prize—Rs. 10.—Mrs. Foster Stave, Theatre Road, Wellawatta.

2nd „ „ 5.—Miss Mildred Jansz, "Y. W. C. A." Union Plac., Colombo.

CLUES.

HORIZONTAL.

1. Carry; 4. Cut 7. Witty retort; 9. Manifest; 12. Knock down; 14. Shifts; 17. Lean; 18. Try; 19. Printer's measure; 20. Direction; 22. Skill; 23. Not out; 24. Fuss; 26. Silent; 28. Lyric poem; 29. Note (Music); 30. Radical; 31. Ere; 32. Opportune; 34. Aquatic mammal; 36. Consume; 39. To a higher place; 40. Exclamation; 41. Habitual drunkard; 43. Chinese measure of weight; 44. At no time; 47. Was foolishly fond of; 49. Triple; 50. Gnawed; 51. Try; 54. Punch's wife; 55. Mineral spring; 56. Groom.

VERTICAL.

2. Immediately; 3. Birds; 4. See! 5. Spoken; 6. Greek letter; 7. Search; 8. Employs; 10. Appointed meeting; 11. Open; 12. Insect; 13. Country; 15. Hostile incursion; 16. Long ago; 21. Clay; 22. Assistants; 25. Away; 27. Animal; 28. Precious metal; 32. Boat; 33. One who mimics; 34. Having oars; 35. Rounding-up of cattle; 37. Liquors; 38. Time; 40. Coin; 42. Semi-circular moulding; 45. Contended; 46. Beat; 48. Conservative; 52. Plural suffix; 53. Go on (Music).

Solution to Puzzle No. 75.

Horizontal

1. Scents. 5. Ceorls. 9. Orotund. 10. Boer. 11. Bids. 12. Do. 14. Nereids. 15. In. 16. Eli. 18 One. 19. Rid. 20. Plate. 22. Ass. 23. Voe. 24. Ist. 25. Ail. 26. Kodak. 29. Tis. 31. Ens. 32. Sly. 33. Re. 34. Poacher. 38. Ss. 39. Berg; 40. Idol. 41. Gleaned. 42. Eraser. 43. Enseam.

Vertical.

1. Spider. 2. Noon. 3. Tree. 4. Sorrel. 5. Cubist. 6. Enid. 7. Odds. 8. Spines. 13. Olive. 15. Instils. 17. Idols 18. Oasts. 21. And. 25. Aerate. 27. Onager. 28. Ashine. 30. System. 34. Pegs. 35. Orle. 36. Eden. 37. Rods.

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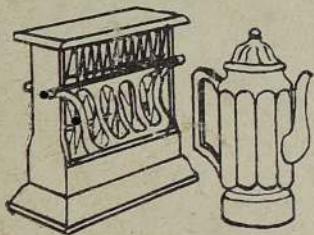
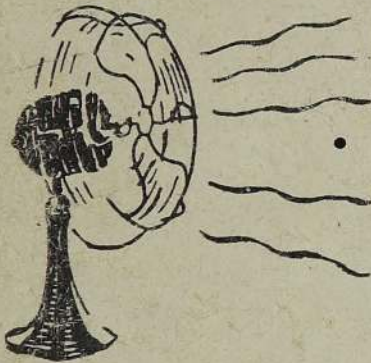
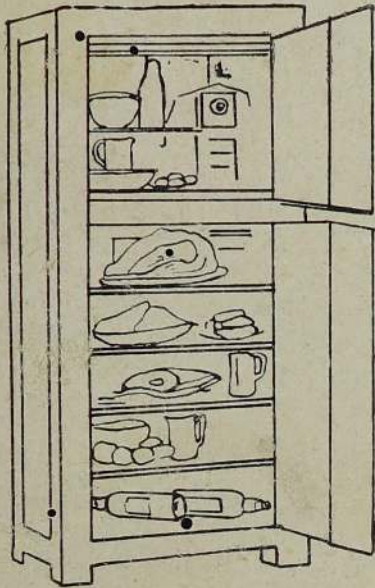
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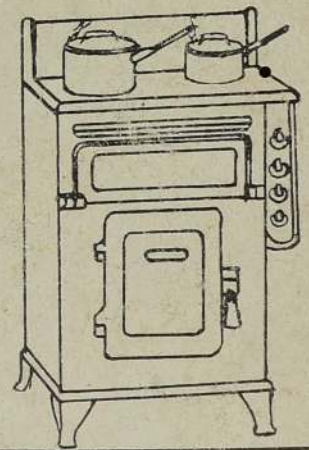
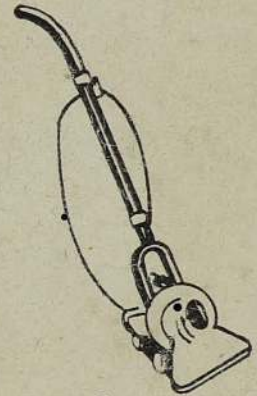
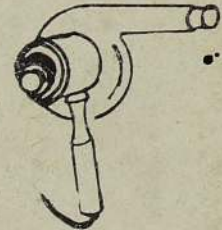
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