

The

29
Ceylon
Comserie
Illustrated



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THE CEYLON CAUSERIE.

COLOMBO, OCTOBER, 1936.

GOVERNOR'S PRIVATE SECRETARY WEDS.



PLÂTÉ

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Mr. P. Renison with his bride Miss Elinor Gibb.



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Speckled Red, Speckled Green, Speckled Orange, Mottled effects in Green and Black, Red and Blue, Mahogany, Walnut.

Finished with a brilliant polish requiring no special cleaning. Set consists of Jug, Tray, and two English Crystal Tumblers.

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No. 34	1 Pint Jug only	...	27-00
No. 44S	1 Quart Set	...	40-00
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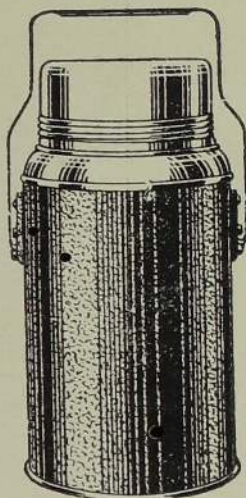
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1½ "	...	12-50



Journey Jar.

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In Aluminium.

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No. 03 1 Pint	...	8-00
No. 04 1 Quart	...	10-00



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In Aluminium.

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No. 045/4	2 Quarts	...	31-50



No. 045

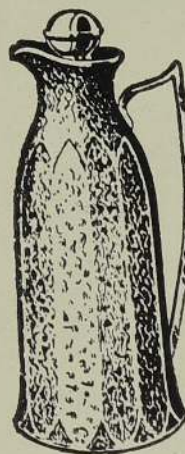
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A very handy Jar for butter, ice cream, chopped ice, soups, curries, porridge, etc. Made in heavy gauge Metal with black crystalline finish and lacquered inside to prevent rust. Large Aluminium cup and shoulder, bail handle with wooden grip.

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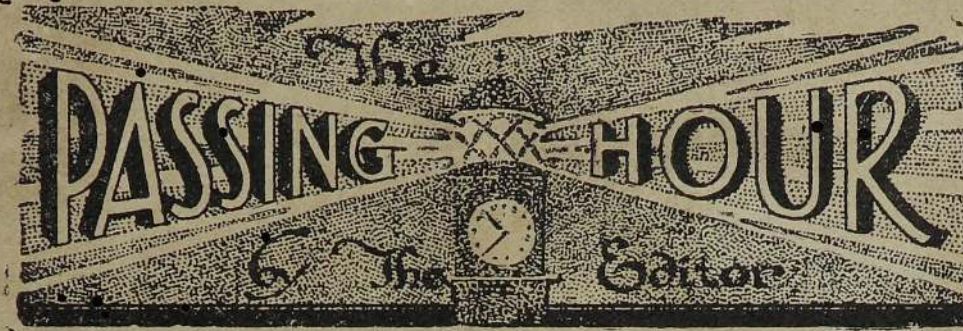


No. 607



No. 24

MILLER'S Silverware Department, Colombo.



WE do not know whether the number of retirements from among the higher officers of the Public Service during the latter part of this year constitutes a record or not, but certain it is that their number is high enough to evoke comment. The Judicial Service has lost the ripe experience and skill of three puisne judges—Messrs. Barber, Dalton and Akbar. Mr. Dalton it is true was transferred to another Colony as its Chief Justice, but his two colleagues have retired from service. Mr. Barber it has been reported, will revert to the Bar and practise at Kandy. Will Mr. Akbar do the same? Or will he decide to devote his time to Social Service work. In re-organizing and helping forward the Anti-Crime Movement, which he himself helped to bring into being, he will find a congenial occupation and thus prove of even greater service than in the past.

The retirement of Sir Graeme Tyrrell from the office of Chief Secretary will leave a distinct gap in the public and social life of the Island. There was no movement for the betterment of the people among whom his lot was cast, in which he was not interested and which he did not encourage with practical advice and material assistance. And in Lady Tyrrell, he found a help-meet in this direction, whose boundless sympathy for the poor and the destitute has won for her a permanent place in the affections of the people.

As an official Sir Graeme earned a reputation for efficiency and thoroughness in everything he did, and this brought him recognition and rapid promotion, until he reached the topmost rung of the ladder, when he was appointed Chief Secretary. As Chief Secretary, he had perforce to enter the arena of politics, being one of the three Officers of State in the State Council. Sir Graeme was not a great debater, but he was equal to

the best of them on the floor of the House, and often gave just as hard knocks as he received.

Sir Graeme and Lady Tyrrell will carry away with them the very best wishes of all classes and communities in the Island.

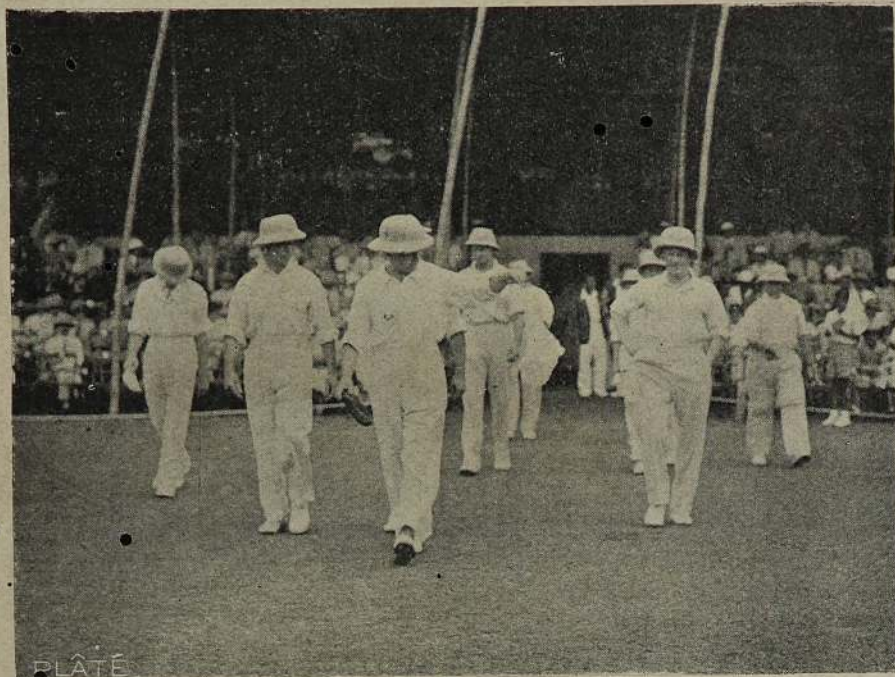
Another Official who will be retiring shortly is Sir H. L. Dowbiggin, Inspector-General of Police. Sir Herbert has revolutionised the Force—raising it from a mediocre body of men to a highly efficient and smart corps who can be depended upon to acquit themselves in any emergency with credit to the Force and to the satisfaction of the public. This does not mean that the Police Force cannot be improved still further. Particularly among the rank and file, there can still be found men who, harbouring an exaggerated sense of their importance, are more inclined to harass than to help, certain sections of the public. Bribery and corruption too have yet to be checked, but its incidence is, we believe, considerably less than before. But these facts do not detract in any way from the credit which is justly due to Sir Herbert for the splendid manner in which he has fulfilled his duty as Chief of the Police Force.

While on the topic of retirements we must not forget that of Dr. Paul Peiris, whose appointment as Ceylon Trade Commissioner in England, terminates this year. There appears to be considerable difficulty in filling this post. Dr. Peiris has belied the doubts of those who criticised his appointment and has made such a success of Ceylon House, in London, that his successor will have to be a man of outstanding qualities to merely maintain the interest of the British public, which Dr. Peiris has succeeded in creating, by his own unique methods of propaganda. There are critics who maintain that

the appointment of a Trade Commissioner has not resulted in a large flow of orders for Ceylon's products. But such criticism fails to take into account the fact that Ceylon must be made well-known to the British public first. It is a very essential preliminary to establishing business connections. Dr. Peiris has succeeded admirably in "boosting" Ceylon, and we think the authorities cannot do better than extend his term of office for another year or two.

Will the recommendations of the Railway Commission, when they are formulated and published, prove the salvation of our Railways? High hopes are being built on the labours of the Commissioners, and when the consequences of a continuation of the existing state of affairs is realised, it will be seen how important their task is. Many criticisms have been offered as regards the cause of the dwindling revenue of the Railway. The motor bus and lorry competition is said to be the main cause, and there is no doubt that it has proved a very formidable rival to rail transport. But if the former is to be successfully met, it will have to be, in the main, by the imposition of taxes which the motor interests will consider as harsh and iniquitous.

Attention has also been drawn to what has been described as the "top-heavy establishment charges," but the General Manager has been at some pains to prove that establishment charges constitute only 2 or 3 per cent. of the total expenditure. This may be so, but statistics of this sort are very deceptive. The fact remains that for a mere 900 odd miles of railway the number of Staff Officers appears to be extraordinarily high. It must not be forgotten however that the multiplicity of such posts is the work of the unofficial majority in the old Legislative Council, composed almost entirely of Ceylonese, who agreed to their creation because they would be filled by Ceylonese! It is however idle to blame anyone now. The Railway must be rescued from the quagmire it is floundering in and however unpleasant the task may prove to be, sheer necessity, we expect, will force the Council to adopt whatever recommendations the Commissioners see fit to make.



The English team going out to field.

A Sports Causerie.

The All-Ceylon viz. M. C. C. Match.

Athletics: Will Ceylon Enter Next Olympic Meet?

By "Kay."

CRICKET and athletics recently overshadowed everything else in the way of sport in Ceylon.

Early this month we had the visit of Allen's team on their way to Australia, marking the climax of a big revival of public interest in Ceylon cricket, and not one of the thousands who flocked to the C.C.C. grounds to see that match will lose their recollections of what was one of the finest encounters in the entire series between All-Ceylon and a visiting side, from every point

of view. Firstly it was a perfect setting. The C.C.C. grounds were at their best. Next it was a glorious day, belieing the forebodings of a fortnights rain. Then there was the cricket itself, in which the Ceylon team more than justified the judgment of the selectors and there was a stage in the match when the might of all England appeared to be challenged. This was when after a sporting declaration by F. A. Waldock, the Ceylon skipper at 149 for four wickets, England faltered at the opening and three such not-

able batsmen as Worthington, Fagg and Wyatt had come and gone for only 23 runs. Then after Hammond and Fishlock made something of a stand, England's Captain and Hardstaff were associated in a scintillating exhibition which added on an unfinished partnership of 140. They were somewhat on the cautious side till the Ceylon total was passed and then gave the delighted crowd a display of care-free batsmanship. Ceylon's bowling however was in no way disgraced. Except for the last spell when Allen and Hardstaff were completely in command, they commanded the respect of the English batsmen. And there was one inspired spell by A. H. Gooneratne, while C. E. Allen, Jayawickreme, Bultjens and de Kretser also did well with the ball. Ceylon's batting too had been impressive. Clover-Brown and Brindley laid the foundations of a good total towards which R. Senanayake, Jayawickreme and Waldock contributed materially.

It was thus a day of joyous cricket unmarred by any discordant note, and Ceylon cricketers and the cricket loving public too carried a well-deserved mead of praise not only from the tourists themselves but from the galaxy of famous English Pressmen who were accompanying them on their tour.

Not the least satisfactory feature of the match was the financial success of the match for the coffers of the C. C. A. were at the time at their lowest ebb.

ATHLETICS:

Following hard on the heels of the Amateur Athletic Championship of Ceylon, which was such a big success last month, came the Public Schools Championship meet this month, with the group meets in between.

The weather gods were kind once more and another big gathering thronged the Police Park to see our young athletes give of their best. Though only one school record was broken, and in the Club

Relay the Excise Department clipped off 1/40 of a second off the existing record, the standard of athletics displayed by the schoolboys was uniformly high. Jumping events particularly provided keen sport of a high order.

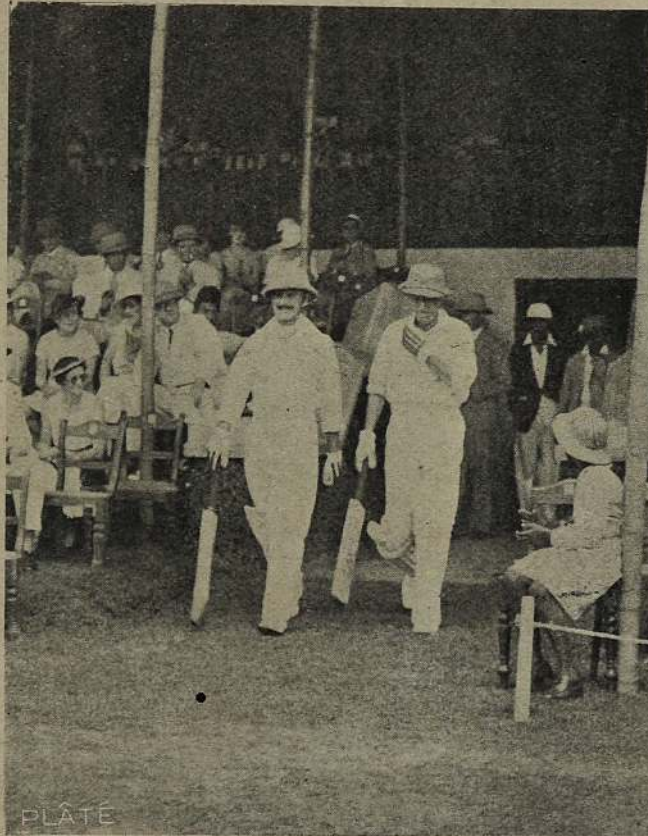
It was not all smooth sailing at the meet, and there was a disqualification of St. Peter's team in a re-run of the 4 x 110 yds relay, which cost them the Tarbat Challenge Cup. St. Peter's had reason to feel all the more sore about it, as they won the original race in which a Trinity boy got into the wrong lane, with the consequence that a rerun was ordered for, later in the day. Whereas there were four in the original, only two teams finished in the re-run, St. Joseph's having withdrawn and St. Peter's being disqualified. I am glad to see Trinity forging once more to the forefront in athletics. They annexed the Tarbat Challenge Cup for the first time. The gap though between them and St. Peter's was very small.

The question of Ceylon Athletics and the possibility of Ceylon's representation at an Olympiad was referred to once again by Sir Sydney Abrahams, on this occasion at the annual dinner of the Government Service Sports Society. Sir Sydney has been impressed by the promising material we have in the field of athletics and sees no reason why Ceylon should not be represented at the Tokio Olympiad in 1940, particularly as the Western Olympic Games at Afghanistan in 1938 will give them an opportunity of gaining useful experience.

RACING.

On October 3, while the M. C. C. All-Ceylon match was in progress, across the way on the Havelock Race Course, the Ceylon Turf Club was bringing its 1935-36 season to a close with the final day of the September Meet. In spite of

the counter attraction there was a good attendance. A card of nine events provided good sport in brilliant weather. Punters did well, no less than four first favourites obliging. There were some thrilling finishes, particularly in the two chief events for thorough bred and Arabs. In the thoroughbreds event, the Goodwood Plate, Nagasta beat Ballinbeg after a gruelling race by a neck and in the Dolosbage Plate, the Arab pony Shaiban came through from nowhere to beat Kafoor on the post



Ceylon's opening batsmen—Clover Brown & Brindley.

and pay out the biggest dividend of the day Rs. 78.

Trainer Wallis saddled no less than 6 winners, three of which ran in his own colours. Ward and Daniels piloted three winners each.

There will be somewhat of an exodus of Ceylon horses shortly for Madras to participate in the big Meet, that opens there in November. About 50 Ceylon animals are expected to go across in batches from the beginning of next month.

DOINGS AT RATNAPURA.

Ratnapura is out to place itself prominently on the map of Ceylon sport. Two big events fixed for the month were a rugger match and Rifle meet, each the first of its kind staged in the City of Gems.

The rugger match points to a growing interest in the game in the Valley and following the K. V.'s fair showing this season, augurs well for their prospects next year. The match arranged was between a fifteen led by G. H. T. Billson and the Valley team got together by Bourne. The C. H. & F. C. skipper took up a strong side. It was a pity that Bourne himself was unable to turn out for the match and that owing to the late arrival of another player the Valley were one short throughout. Still the latter put up a rousing show and though they scored first, the superiority of the Colombo side prevailed, Billson's team winning by 18 points to 6.

The Rifle Meet will be an accomplished fact by the time these notes appear in print. Organised by the local branch of the C. R. A. this whole day "Invitation" meet promises to be a success, as there are a number of enthusiastic and prominent marksmen in the district.

BOXING.

An event to look forward to next month is the Amateur Boxing Association Championships which will be held at the Town Hall on November 14, and with the continued improvement in the standard of boxing another good meet should be witnessed. A preliminary to the Championships is the Intermediate meet to be held at the Police Training School for which a programme of 10 bouts in semi-finals and finals has been arranged. The meet forms a qualifying competition for the Championship meet and boxers who do well here will have the opportunity of contending for the Ceylon Titles.

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AT THE REGAL ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW!

First with the best!

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"THE KING STEPS OUT" Grandest of all Musical Dramas; with GRACE MOORE the Glorious Star of **"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE"** thrilling the World Anew with her Golden Voice, with FRANCHOT TONE.

"POT LUCK" The inseparable, the irrepressible British Comedians, TOM WALLS AND RALPH LYNN'S new screen Triumph. BEN TRAVERS again supplies scintillating dialogue.

"ANTHONY ADVERSE" A Warner Bros. Romantic Spectacle with FREDRIC MARCH, OLVIA DE HAVILLAND and over 100 featured players, from HERVEY ALLEN'S celebrated Romantic novel of the age. Love flowering under the Skies of France, flaming under the son of Italy, smouldering beneath the Stars over Cuba—throbbing to the tom-tom in the jungles of Africa.

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"WHERE THERE'S A WILL" A mirthquake with HILL HAY Funnier than "GIRLS WILL BE BOYS"

"IMPROPER DUCHESS" A British Film with YVONNE ARNAUD and a British Cast.

"PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND"

A 20th Century—Fox Darryl F. Zanuck production with WARNER BAXTER. The Greatest Dramatic Film of the year!

"THREE MAXIMS" A Herbert Wilcox Production with ANNA NEAGLE, & LESLIE BANKS. A Dramatic Story set in a French Locale!

AT THE MAJESTIC

"MEN IN WHITE"

A Thrilling Love Story with CLARK GABLE and MYRNA LOY. A-M-G-M Picture.

"NAUGHTY MARIETA."

A Great Screen Musical with JEANETTE MACDONALD and NELSON EDDY. Another M-G-M Hit;

"DAVID COPPERFIELD"

The Best Loved Motion Picture with FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW AND LIONEL BARRYMORE and a cast of 65 players. An M-G-M Super!

"COLLEEN"

A Warner Bro's. Big Parade of Stars and Laughs with DICK POWELL and RUBY KEENER.



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Finds forgetfulness in Battle & Solace in Caresses!



VICTOR MCLAGLEN

To Him The Past is dead and the future is Death!



ROSALIND RUSSEL

Mocks at emotion till Strong arms turned her Heart to fire!



The Editorial Lion in His Den.

By K. L. Murray.

WHEN first I arrived in Ceylon—I forget exactly when this was, but it feels as though it were during the Naughty Nineties—I eventually struggled through a sea of touts to a pub.—beg pardon! I mean, hotel; thence—again eventually!—to an estate. Two days after my arrival there I received rapturous letters of welcome from that great trio, Gargoyles, Gristers and Sniff, Camels; and, curiously enough, each begged to be allowed the privilege of supplying me with a complete tropical outfit. Payment, apparently, could be made when I retired through senile dementia—at any rate, it was obviously a very minor detail. *Eheu, fugaces!* That was fifteen or sixteen years ago!

Editor: But you said the Naughty Nineties, did not you?

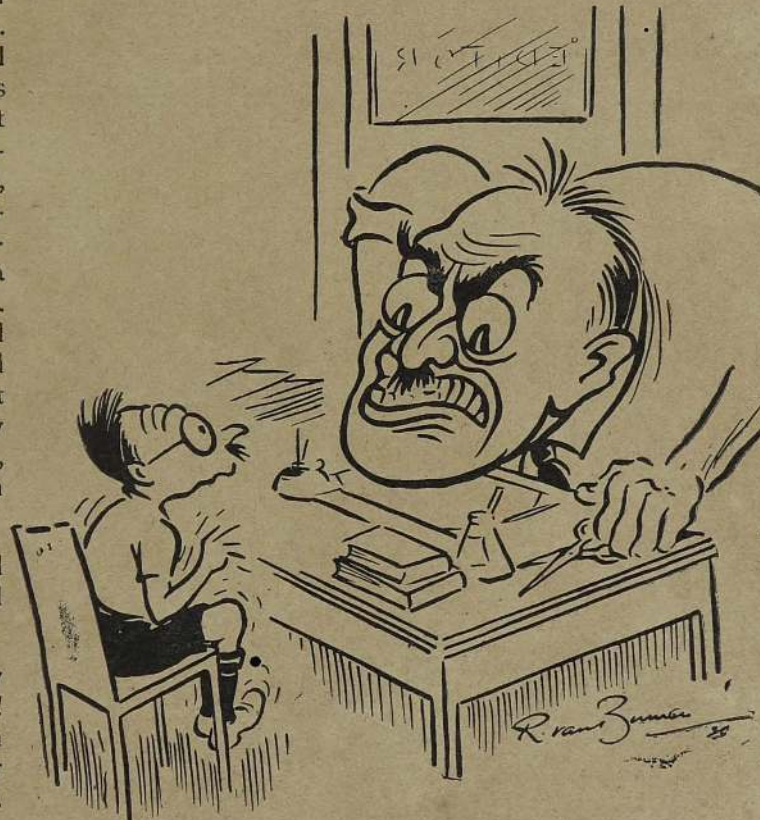
Oh yes; the Nighty Naunties—er—you know! That was what the French call *facon de parler*—in other words, a slight exaggeration.

(That's the worst of these editors—one has to be so infernally accurate. I had called at the Editorial Office—capitals for the *Sanctum Sanctorum!* where I was dumped into a chair and commanded to tell of my early struggles, what time a stenographer stenographed, mainly all wrong. I have his versions here, and the above and following are extracts.)

Editor: We see. You certainly do not appear to us to have come to Ceylon quite so long ago as the Nineties, after we have made due allowance for the fact that you are in Colombo on leave—we believe your technical term is “on the bust,”

is not it? So we accept your apology.

(Why do editors invariably call themselves “We”? And isn't it like an editor to accept an apology that isn't given! They always take



Editor “We are busy. Cease burbling and get on!”

such a darned high line; and we wretched ink-slingers have to kowtow or get out. No *via media!* However, to resume:)

Thank you—er, *thank* you. Apology accepted. I am charmed—I mean, obliged; and I trust your acceptance of this apology will—

Editor: We are busy. Cease burbling. GET ON!

Yes, certainly, Sir. I had reached the time when I had received letters of welcome from Gargoyles, Gristers and Sniff, Camels. I replied, of

course, and enquired the maximum of time for settlement and credit allowed. Gargoyles replied that they placed no limit to time and no limit to my account; Gristers, replied that they placed no limit to time and no limit to my account; Sniff, Camels replied that they placed no limit to time and no limit to my account. But I was new to the Island and wished to be fair. The firm offering the best terms should have my patronage. So I cogitated.

Editor: We suppose you know what you are talking about? We do not. What has shopping to do with your early struggles?

Merely this, Mr. Editor: I didn't possess a bean—

Editor: How could you? As a learner, you did not possess a bungalow of your own; and, this premise being accepted as correct, you therefore did not possess a garden; in which case it is extremely probable that you did not possess a kitchen garden; so how could you possess a bean?

(Oh, Hades! Aren't editors literal!)

No, Sir; you are right. I did not possess a kitchen garden, and so did not possess a bean, nor an onion, nor a turnip; but what I mean was that I hadn't any cents—

Editor: We always knew that! We never yet met a free-lance with sense!

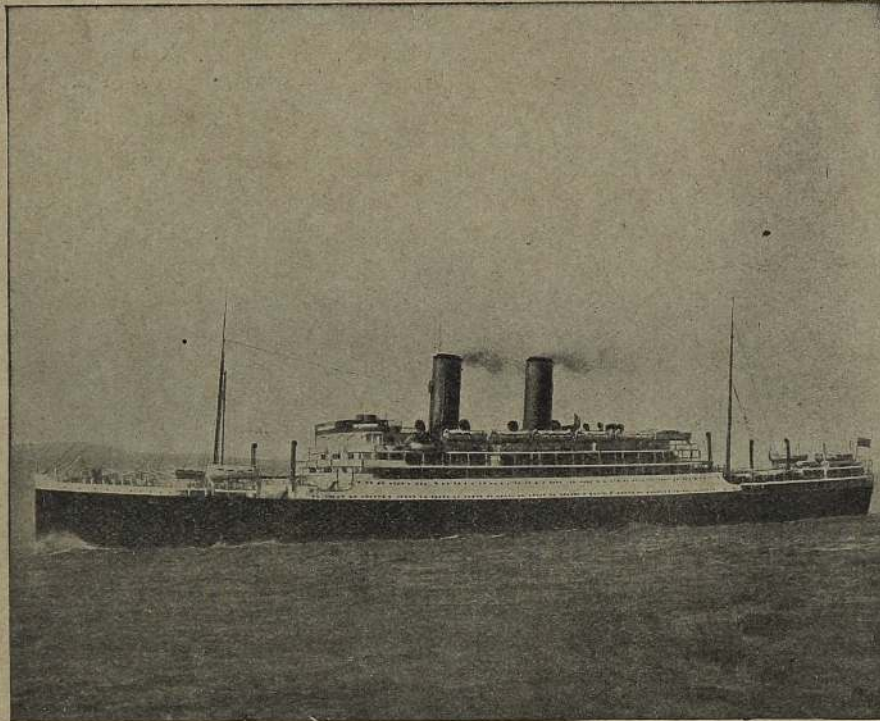
Er—yes, Sir; yes, Mr. Editor. You are perfectly correct.

Editor: Of course we are correct. Who ever heard of an Editor being wrong? But continue.

Well, Sir; after due cogitation I decided to distribute my favours with the strictest impartiality; so I ordered one third of my cutfit from Gargoyles, one third from Gristers, and one third from Sniff, Camels. Four months later I received registered proctors' letters on behalf of Gargoyles, Gristers and Sniff, Camels—separate letters, I mean, but they all arrived—

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Editor: Oh, do stop drivelling about your confounded outfit!

Certainly, Mr. Editor; but it's all part and parcel of my early struggles. I threw myself half-heartedly (Confound that stenographer! I'm sure I said whole, not half) into my work. I learnt Tamil and talked to K. P.s. and such, and they talked to me; and neither understood the other.

About this time a problem began to protrude itself. I played various games at various clubs, and got tired of cadging lifts, and still more tired of getting duns for hiring-cars. Despite the fact that Gargoyles, Gristers and Sniff, Camels were sedulously paying proctors to write me registered letters, I invested in a motor-bike.

Editor: Refrain from slang, please. Motor-cycle sounds better.

Yes, Sir, quate-er, I mean, quite! I was thus independent, and went to clubs whenever my boss was absent. Shortly after my third crash, Gargoyles began to get impatient, Gristers began to get impatient, and Sniff, Camels began to—

Editor: Get impatient?

My dear Holmes, how can you possibly say that? Wonderful!

Editor: Elementary. We have to keep our wits about us. But our name is not Holmes; and, if it were, there is such a thing as the prefix 'Mister.'

Yes, Sir; but Holmes was a famous detective in fiction.

Editor: Very good. We accept your apology.

Thank you, Sir. After creeping for eight months, I—

Editor: Eight months? Good Heavens! Why and whither did you creep? We understood you had purchased a motor-cycle, so utterly fail to see why you should elect to creep about.

It is a technical expression for learning planting.

Editor: Oh, slang? Kindly refrain from such expressions while in Our Presence. You should have said "After mastering the art of planting." However, get on to

your first billet and tell us of your experiences, if any.

Yes, Mr. Editor. S. D.! What joys it conjured up for me, while creeping—er, that is, while mastering the art of planting! After eight months, I became an S. D.

Editor: S. D.? That is short for *sine die*, is not it? We see nothing to brag about in *that*!

No, Sir; S. D. is short for Assistant Superintendent.

Editor: Really? How strange! We should have thought A. S. more appropriate. Add another S in your case, and it is more appropriate still!

Ha! Ha! I appreciate your humour, Mr. Editor.

Editor: We are *not* being humorous; we are merely stating an obvious fact.

Er, yes, Sir. As a matter of fact—that is, matter of fact, S. D. is short for the Tamil rendering of Assistant Superintendent, which is *Sinna dorai*.

Editor: We *said* it stood for *sine die*, so why on earth do you contradict us as well as yourself? Try and talk coherently.

You have not heard me quite correctly, Mr. Editor, if I may presume so far. *Sine die* means 'without day': i.e., He slacks. *Sinna dorai* means 'without pay': He lacks. Ha! Ha! You will, I trust, appreciate the subtlety.

Editor: We are not amused. Proceed with your early life as an Assistant Superintendent.

Well, Sir, I became S. D., if I may use the word in my sense, on a tea estate upcountry at a salary of Rs. 200/-.

Editor: We had no idea that young planters in their first billet were paid so generously. We ourselves do not draw very much more after years of toil.

Great Scott! Do you only get two or three hundred a month?

Editor: Did you say *month*? We had thought you meant Rs. 200 per diem, which is a reasonable salary. We should be interested to know how it is possible for a man even a

free-lance-to live on so microscopic a sum as Rs. 200 a month. We had not considered it possible.

It is quite possible, Sir, with care; and I beg to be allowed to give you details:

To Beefbox and stores,	
approximately	Rs. 60 00
„ Servants' wages	30 00
„ Clubs (average)	100 00
„ Gargoyles, Gristers	
and Sniff, Camel, Rs. 25/-	
each monthly by arrange-	
ment with proctors	75 00
	<hr/>
Total	Rs. 265 00

Upkeep of motor-cycle, including petrol and oil, charged to Pruning and Mossing; dentist, &c., charged to green manure; Colombo jaunts and other such things charged to Manure and Draining; Expenditure over salary (i.e., Rs. 65/- above) is charged to cash works, chiefly plucking.

So it's quite easy, you see, Mr. Editor; it only requires a little thought and manipulation. My K. P. was a good fellow and quite understood. The arrangement was that, if he never interfered with me, I never interfered with him.

Editor: But you had a heavy responsibility, and so you *had* to watch and, occasionally, check your-er-K. P., we think you called him, did not you?

Oh, yes, Sir! Of course I did. I had to see that he didn't play the fool and upset my-er-arrangements; so I gave him a pretty free hand.

Editor: How do you mean? Be more concise.

Well, Sir, the poor chap had to have labour to attend to his simple wants, such as getting his firewood, cutting grass for his cattle, looking after his house and garden, and doing odd jobs generally. You can't expect a high caste K. P. to pay for such things himself.

Editor: We see. Blackmail?

Nothing of the kind, Sir, if a worm may turn so far as to say that. Call it a Mutual Benefit Society!

(Continued on page 19)

FOR GROWING CHILDREN



NESTLE'S Malted Milk is an easily digested nutritious diet. It contains just those substances necessary for the greater development of bone and muscle from the age of 7 or 8 months when children require something more substantial than an all-milk diet.

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NESTLE'S MALTED MILK

RECENTALITIES.

By K. L. M.

OCTOBER 1st, saw pheasant shooting open in England. We in Ceylon don't worry about little things like that; if we want a pheasant we shoot a p—c at the Cold Storage. But on that date we catered for another kind of sport. A member of a prominent Fishing Club's committee went to Colombo to see about landing 30,000 embryo trout—he called them fishes' eggs and we, who had hitherto regarded them as spawn, bowed to superior knowledge. They came from Australia and had to be kept nice and cool; in fact, the main thing appears to be to drop ice regularly in the tank (or whatever it is called) that contains the eggs, which are destined for Nuwara Eliya. When the fish grow up they will be tickled by caddies' feet and fed on a diet of golf balls!

Apropos of the above, we understand that the Customs had some difficulty in classifying them. Among the various suggestions put forward were Eggs (Domestic fowl's); cold storage goods; caviare, and Moth balls. And, anyway, how the dooce did they check the 30,000?!

At the beginning of the month the B. B. C. gave us a delightful sketch about Tea, from the Coffee days to date, and included a specimen of an auction. Our Tame Muse listened in, as usual; and—also as usual!—wrote a lot of tripe about it. Here it is;

I heard the commentator describe the fall of coffee—

I wouldn't live in suchlike times, as schoolgirls say, for toffee!

He then went on to talk of Tea, and that's more interesting;

His mimic auction sounded good; in fact, 'twas quite arresting.

For prices in this auction were just what the doctor ordered;

In fact, we heard some B. O. Ps. that on four shillings bordered!

O, si sic semper! What I mean is, why this high pretence,

When all I get is not near that—it's round about twelve pence?

Admitted, 'twas Darjeeling tea, which gets a lot in season;

But all my interest's Ceylon, and so to grouse I've reason!

We are told that, in a well-known town in the south-west, there is a child with two heads, four arms, &c., but only one trunk. An earnest Shipping Agent writes to us that that is the kind of passenger he likes—most of them have far too many trunks!

Our Tame Muse has his tail between his legs. The reason is that he has been reading the correspondence recently in the local press on the subject of Colombo Girls. While Mrs. Tame Muse was visiting friends in another part of the Island, our one and only wrote the following; but she returned ahead of schedule, as you can see. He managed to send us the stuff, but we fear he got it where Auntie put the gee-gaws—in the neck!

Colombo Girls! Colombo Girls!
How I love all your dinky curls!
A dirty dog has besmirched your fame
And tried to give you a rotten name:
Dilatory, slack and I don't know what;
No social assets, but smoke a lot—
If I were a larger man I'd plonk
A revengeful fist on the grouser's conk!
But, as it is, dear Colombo Girls,
Your lips are rubies, your teeth are pearls

That's not original—never mind,
I'm a widower (grass), so you will find
Me waiting tonight at the Galle Face
dance,
With a roving eye on whate'er may
chance
And after that, 'neath the brilliant moon
My Hat! My Wife! She's a day too
soon!

* * *

In August the only Up-country win in the tests was the Ladies' Golf for the "Puffin" Cup. That cup is now proudly displayed in the Ladies' Pavilion at the N. E. G. C. on important occasions. Our Tame Muse, who, as we told you in the last "Recentalities," has taken up golf, saw it. Mrs. Tame Muse was one of the victorious team, so he wrote the following. Tell it not in Gath, but it may also be a sop to the Colombo Girls Cerberus!

My wife is a hefty golfer
And pastes the ball on the meat!
In August she and some others
Gave Colombo its sole defeat.
The result can be seen in Nuwara Eliya—
The Ladies' Pavilion, to wit—
Where the Puffin Cup stands in its glory,
And its donor delights to sit!
The Cup is a handsome trophy,
In shape like a Grecian urn;
And inscribed on the face is a precept
Each golfer must strive to learn.
I'm told that my golf is futile
And it causes me great distress;
But that precept will make me better:
*Keep your head down and do not
press!*

The following pictures, which represent the Cream of American and British screen craft will be shown during November, 1936

AT THE NEW OLYMPIA

(Where there's always a Good Show)

"NELL GWYNN"

with

ANNA NEAGLE
and
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE

British and Dominion picture, produced and directed by Herbert Wilcox who was responsible for such big British Pictures as "The Blue Danube", "Good Night Vienna", "Bitter Sweet" etc. The Story of "Nell Gwynn" is based on a period of the life of King Charles II.

"RENDEZVOUS"

with

WILLIAM POWELL
ROSALIND RUSSELL
BINNIE BARNES
and
LIONEL ATWILL

Picture based upon the actual happenings of the famous American Black Chamber in world war time. A film that has a laugh and a thrill every other minute.

"BONNIE SCOTLAND"

with

LAUREL & HARDY

Our old friends have "Gone Scotch" this time. We need not tell you how amusing the picture is—but we leave it to your imagination. We can only tell you that these inimitable comedians have never been seen to better advantage. They are a riot in this.

CHAS. DICKENS'

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES"

with

RONALD COLMAN, ELIZABETH ALLEN
BASIL RATHBONE & EDNA MAY OLIVER.

Cut from the same cloth as "David Copperfield" but of a vastly different pattern. Set against the background of the French Revolution—this picture with all the epic qualities is a classic that will live for ever in the memories of all who see it.

"THE DARK ANGEL"

with

FREDRIC MARCH, MERLE OBERON and
HERBERT MARSHALL

A perfect, romantic drama with a brilliant Star cast produced by
Samuel Goldwyn—Directed by
Sidney Franklin. Flawless in every respect.



Walter Catlett, Donald Woods, Ronald Colman in
"A Tale of Two Cities"

November Attractions at New Olympia.

Dicken's Immortal Tale to be Screened.

JUDGING from the selection of pictures the New Olympia Theatre is bound to draw crowded houses during the month of November.

"A Tale of Two Cities," faithful adaptation of Charles Dicken's immortal story has Ronald Coleman in the stellar role, supported by Elizabeth Allen, Edna May Oliver and Basil Rathbone. Now "A Tale of Two Cities" eclipses even that classic work in romantic appeal, dramatic action and spectacular

production. Set against a vivid background of revolution in France in the late eighteenth century, the story singles out a group of characters and follows their loves, their adventures, their joys and their sorrows through a period of fifteen years.

Those familiar with the book will find it faithfully translated into action on the screen. Those who do not know the book will find that it combines every element of entertainment, and on such a scale as the

screen has attempted but seldom. Six thousand extra players were used in some of the more spectacular sequences, notably the storming of the Bastille by the revolutionary mobs. Colman, the star, gives the finest performance of his career,



Merle Oberon and Fredric March
in "The Dark Angel"

transcending even such pictures as "Clive of India," "Bulldog Drummond" and others which have made him an international favourite.

Laurel and Hardy have gone Scotch in their new laugh hit "Bonnie Scotland." This is said to be the funniest and most ambitious of the feature-length comedies this popular pair has appeared in.

With a wee bit of delightful romance and heaps of good old-



fashioned Laurel and Hardy hilarity, the production serves to bring the two famous funsters together again after a brief separation which,

Fredric March, Merle Oberon and Herbert Marshall will appear in "The Dark Angel." This powerful and beautiful love story, set in a

loves, while the other loves her.

A great emotional climax is reached when the man she loves comes to a realization of his love for her. Their happiness is short-lived, however, as the relentless forces of a life tear them apart. Years after, when the girl has resigned herself to a betrothal to the other man, a kindlier fate intervenes and the lovers are reunited.

"Rendezvous" with William Powell, Rosalind Russel, Binnie Barnes and Lionel Atwill in the leading roles. The story is really that of Major Herbert O. Yardley, who elevated the counter-espionage service of the United States from a hick detective agency to one of the most scientific spy-catching institutions in the world.

Colombo will also have the good fortune to see Anna Neagle and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in Herbert Wilcox's British and Dominions picture "Nell Gwyn."

In all "Nell Gwyn" is a vivid picture of the rise of the frank and beautiful Orange girl, the only woman of whom King Charles II never tired, the woman who loved him and was loved by him until his death.



Laurel and Hardy in "Bonnie Scotland"

for a while, threatened to end disastrously for their legion of fans throughout the world.

lovely, quiet corner of rural England, reflects the hearts of a woman and two men—one of whom she

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13-2000 Metres **Rs. 175**
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Sir Graeme Tyrrell, K. B. E. who retired from the Office of Chief Secretary on the 28th of this month.



PLÂTÉ

Photo by Plate Ltd.

A group photograph taken on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. P. Renison, Private Secretary to His Excellency the Governor with Miss Elinor Gibb, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L. Gibb of Hove, Sussex.



PLÂTÉ

Photo by Plate Ltd.

On September 17th at St. Peter's Church, Fort, the marriage was solemnized between Mr. F. H. Cressy of the Colombo Commercial Company and Miss Dorothy Helen Fraser, only daughter of Sir Hugh Steuart Fraser and Lady Fraser of Chislehurst, Kent.

... There is always

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reproduced on anti-lustral ground.
- **2** CHARMING PORTRAIT STUDIES
in photogravure.

NOTE ALSO— **THE LITERARY CONTENTS**

EXILES (<i>Poem</i>)	... Margot Knight	THE VEDDAH WAY	
LEGENDS OF CEYLON		WITH ELEPHANTS	... J. A. Will Perera
RIVERS & LAKES	... R. L. Brohier	"COMEEAR" THE CART DOG	Philip Fowke
THE CURIOUSLY		CAVE-MAN	... Joyce Kingdon
WROUGHT DAGGER	Mrs. H. S. Hamer (<i>Woolmer Gatty</i>)	TEA & TIGERS	... K. L. Murray
HOW RUBBER WAS		THE WILD FLOWERS	
DISCOVERED (<i>Poem</i>)	... "Kaips"	OF CEYLON	... P. T. Cash
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All-India Cricketers Visit Horlick's

Presentation of Autographed Bat.

ON August 19th, the day following the last Test Match at the Oval, seventeen of the All-India cricketers paid a flying visit to Horlick's Malted Milk factory at Slough, Buckinghamshire.

The cricketers were accompanied to Slough by the team manager, Major Brittain-Jones, and on arrival at the factory they were officially welcomed by Sir Peter Horlick, Bart. In his speech, he read out a telegram

The happy-looking girls dressed in spotless overalls or white trouser suits, the almost human machines which label, wrap, corrugate, and seal 25 bottles of Horlick's a minute—these were some of the features which evoked particular comment.

In the packing room a pleasing ceremony was performed. A cricket bat, autographed by every member of the team, was presented by Major C. K. Nayudu to Mr. W. R.



When a party of All-India cricketers visited Horlick's factory at Slough on Wednesday, August 19th they presented a cricket bat, autographed by the whole team, to Horlick's Cricket Club. In the group are (L. to R.) S. J. Bannerji, Sir Peter Horlick, Bart, L. Amar Singh, Major C. R. Nayudu, D. D. Hindlekar, and W. R. Bowden, Captain of Horlick's cricket team.

from Lt.-Col. J. N. Horlick, Chairman of the Company, deeply regretting his enforced absence, and conveying his best wishes to the Indian cricketers.

Then, accompanied by Sir Peter and several officials of the Company, they made a complete tour of the factory and were able to see how this famous product, on which the Indian cricketers and many other athletes train, is manufactured.

The visitors were quick to comment on the absolute cleanliness of every department, and were keenly interested when the various phases of the manufacturing process of Horlick's were explained to them.

Bowden, Captain of the Horlick's cricket team. This bat will be kept in the club-house as a Souvenir of the Indians' visit. Arrangements had been made for the Indians to have a knock-out on Horlick's famous cricket pitch, but heavy rain made this impossible.

After the tour the visitors were entertained to tea, with Sir Peter Horlick as host.

The cricketers who visited Horlick's were:—

Major C. K. Nayudu, L. Amar Singh, L. P. Jai, G. Gopalan, G. R. Maheromji, J. Jehangir, Khan, Mohammed Hussain, S. J. Bannerji, Amir Elahi, Baqa Jilani, C. S.

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Nayudu, C. Ramaswami, Mustaq Ali, L. Hadi, D. D. Hindlekar, P. E. Palia, Lieut. Syed Wazir Ali and Major Brittain-Jones.

Gaumont-British cameramen took a film recording the cricketers' visit from beginning to end.

CHOPIN.

Chopin is probably the best known of the composers who have left us a glorious collection of compositions particularly suited for the pianoforte. Although he is best known through the many pieces played by pianists he did not confine his works to this one class of music, but wrote for practically all the then known combinations of instruments; these have been adapted in many cases to modern instruments in a variety of combinations unknown to the old masters. While some of these adaptations have gained favour through the tones of the instruments when combined, many more have retained their hold solely through the beauty of the music, and often in spite of the arrangements by later musicians.

Among the most popular of Chopin's works are the Studies, and Preludes, which contain some of his finest compositions, ranging from the gay melodies bubbling over with joy and life to the sad, sombre, wailing of a lonely heart such as is heard in the Prelude, which has been called "Raindrop Prelude." Raindrops have a beauty in music and a beauty of their own when brightened to iridescence by sunshine, but they can, at other times, cause the fairest colours to be marred and spoilt. Spoilt colours can be renewed by the proper application of paint or distemper supplied by Plâté Ltd.

I apologise to the many lovers of good music who may have been deceived into reading this column, also to the great master Chopin; and bow my head to receive the hard knocks and blows which may be directed at me!

W. Dalziel.

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A Frenchman at the Court of Kandy

A courtier's secret love affair with the Queen of his Sovereign—its disclosure as the result of an indiscreet remark—a king's wrath and a husband's revenge—imprisonment—verses exchanged with the Queen while in prison—and final execution—these in brief summarise the story of a romance which ended in tragedy, and in which Gascon Adigar, popularly known as "Daskon Adikaram," soldier, poet and trusted courtier of Narendra Sinha, the last Sinhalese King of Kandy, is the principal actor.

According to the Sinhalese tradition Gascon was one of the chief Adigars of King Rajasinha II. This tradition is recorded at length by the late Mr. James de Alwis in the introduction to his English translation of the "*Sidath Sangarawa*." There had been a protracted struggle between the Sinhalese and Portuguese and the King was successful in driving the invaders back to the maritime provinces. Mr. de Alwis writes: "A day after the capture of Don Constantine, a child was found under a tree. He was apparently of European extraction; and was presented by the King's courtiers to the reigning Prince, the father of Rajasinha II., who, in his clemency, directed that every attention should be paid both to his health and education, directions which were strictly attended to by the ministers. Perhaps the fact of his having been found under a tree, and also of his name answering to the Sinhalese name of a "Kong-tree," *gas-con*, has given rise to the tradition now current in Ceylon, that he derived his name from the above circumstance, but it is generally believed that the child was recognised by certain of the King's Portuguese subjects, and was called after his father, a Portuguese named Gascoigne, who perished in the battle which had terminated immediately

Adigar of the King: Lover of the Queen.

By Arnold Gurusinghe.

preceding the period of which we are now writing, A.D. 1640."

* * *

Rev. Fr. S. G. Perera, S.J., has pointed out that contemporary documents existing in the Torre de Tombo show that this story of the poet's origin, nationality, and times are grossly inaccurate. These documents are, according to Rev. Fr. Perera, authentic letters written by the Catholic priests who were in Kandy and who knew and conversed with the poet-Adigar, specially a letter of Father Ignacio de Almeyda, the Oratorian, who was in the King's Court at Kandy and Hanguranketa, and who, after his letter was written, was seized by the Dutch in Colombo and transported to Holland; and another of Father Jacome Goncalves, the great Catholic writer and poet, whose literary studies and writings in the Sinhalese language brought him in touch with Gascon. In one of these letters it is stated that Pedro Gascon was the son of a Frenchman who had come to the Kandyan Court in the company of the ambassador sent by the French Admiral de La Haye from Trincomalie, another member of the embassy being de La Nerolle, whose descendants are still living. The father of Pedro Gascon had married a *mestico* woman in Kandy and had by her a son, the Adigar, and a daughter. "Thus from contemporary writings it is clear," writes Rev. Fr. Perera, "that Gascon Rala was the son of a Frenchman, not of a Portuguese; that he was born and bred in Kandy, and had a wife, mother and sister in Kandy; and that he was Adigar under Narendra Sinha (1707-1738). There is no

data sufficient to determine the date of his execution."

* * *

The Sinhalese tradition as well as contemporary writings agree that Gascon was a learned and a clever man. He had become proficient in Sinhalese and his poetic turn of mind found congenial recreation in the study of the Sinhalese Poets. A few of his writings which are extant show that he himself was a poet of no mean order. His accomplishments added charm and grace to his already attractive personality. Having found favour with the Court he soon became a faithful follower and friend of the heir-apparent. Soon after the death of King Wimala Dharma Suriya some of the Disawas and other Chiefs had raised the standard of revolt and had attempted to place one of their favourites on the throne. During this period of unrest the legitimate heir to the throne had left the capital and sought shelter elsewhere. In this enforced exile Gascon was a faithful attendant on the young prince. The populace was not in favour of the intruder and the revolt was soon quelled. Returning to the capital in triumph, the young prince was crowned as Sri Vira Narendra Sinha. For his faithful services and for what he had suffered on behalf of the King, Gascon was made Adigar—a signal honour, for none but a member of royal lineage or of the aristocracy was raised to this position.

* * *

Rev. Father Perera's contribution to the *Ceylon Literary Register* (3rd. Series, Vol. III), does not however give any information with regard to the tragic end of Gascon. But contemporary records have now been found in support of the traditional story of his *affaire d'amour* with the Queen. In a letter of that great Apostle of Buddhism in the eighteenth century, the Very Rev. Weliwita Saranankara Sangaraja, which has been obtained from Mal-

watta Vihare, Kandy, by Sir D. B. Jayatilaka, it is recorded that Gascon Adigar was found guilty of an intrigue with an inmate of the King's harem and was executed. This reference is undoubtedly to the incident which tradition has recorded.

* * *

The traditional story of Gascon's intrigue with the Queen forms one of the most romantic episodes in the history of the Kandyan Kingdom. True to the Latin type romance was in Gascon's very life-blood. Tall in stature and handsome in appearance he looked much younger than the king: for, it is recorded, that of the many presents that were sent to him by the Dutch, the King appreciated most the wigs that were sent for his personal use because he had aged prematurely. Gascon, on the other hand, was a gay dashing courtier, wit and poet. His hair was jet black without a single streak of silver; his teeth were superb and his noble brow was free from wrinkles. His manners and conversation were invested with all the charm that a poetic intellect could supply, not only as the King's chief adviser but also as his friend and associate he was permitted free access to the Royal Household. His attractive personality and charm of speech are said to have rivetted and secured the affections of the Queen. A considerable amount of clandestine correspondence appears to have been carried on between the lovers, and two verses, which were the last to be exchanged, reveal the intensity of feeling displayed.

* * *

One day the Queen fell badly ill and the best medical aid of the times proved of no avail. As was customary the astrologers were consulted. They declared that the illness was due to evil planetary influence and recommended the performance of a "Bali" ceremony. The King ordered that their wishes should be carried out immediately, Gascon being requested to supervise the work. The *Kattandiyas*, or the performers of the ceremony, arrived the following morning and began to fashion clay images of the various planetary gods, as well as of the Royal patient.

When they had almost completed the work Gascon inspected the image of the Queen to ascertain that it was a true likeness of the patient, as, otherwise, the ceremony would not have the desired effect. He noticed at once that a mole in a certain part of her body had been omitted. His anxiety for the Queen's early recovery was so great and sincere that throwing discretion to the winds he ordered the necessary alterations to be made to the image. This incident, unfortunately for Gascon, was brought to the notice of the King whose suspicions were thereby aroused. An inquiry led to Gascon's imprisonment. The Queen was so deeply afflicted by the cruel fate that had overtaken Gascon that she attempted to console him by writing to him in prison. The King had imprisoned Gascon on suspicion, there being no direct evidence of the intrigue. The correspondence between Gascon and the Queen was now utilised by his enemies to aggravate his offence in the eyes of the King and his execution soon followed. Out of this fatal correspondence two verses have been recorded. As to their authenticity there is considerable difference of opinion. But as revealing the Queen's feelings for her unfortunate lover and Gascon's philosophic calm in the face of death, they are interesting. The following is a translation of the verse attributed to the Queen, as given in James de Alwis's "*Sidath Sangarawa*."

"As the honey loving bee,
heedless thro' the forest flies,
Where the many coloured
flowers tempt him with their
rich supplies,
And by fragrance strange allured
on the tusked head alights
Victim of the flapping ears all
amid the stol'n delights;
Thus adored love, art thou
captive of thy King and lord;
Yet, dash sorrow from thy brow,
cease to mourn my dear
adored."

Gascon's reply is befitting the man. There is no whining and whimpering. His guilt is admitted: but he feels that he can die happy:

"Lanka's giant† enthral'd, only
by beauty's sight,
Laid down his twice five heads,
uncropp'd the flower of
love's delight;
Then why should I, a happier
swain, who with the God's above,
Have revelled at the banquet
rare of thy ambrosial love,
Repine with my one head to atone
for my bold adventure,
To gain what sweetens human
lives as long as they endure."

The Editorial Lion in His Den.

(Continued from page 7.)

Editor: Well, get on!

It was a case of get out, I fear—
not get on! My P. D.—

Editor: Your what?

Superintendent, Sir. We didn't see eye to eye; and so, being thoroughly B-M—

Editor: Will you be more explicit? What is B-M?—

H'm-Broad-minded, Sir. Anyway, I found myself on the cold, cruel cartroad. Alas, that Gargoyles must forego their monthly twenty-five chips! Alas, that Gristers must forego their monthly twenty-five chips! Alas, that Sniff, Camels must forego their monthly twenty-five chips! I sorrowed for them as I did for myself. I returned to my original boss, where I had mastered the art of planting so successfully, and asked him to do what he could. He did it most adequately for about five minutes nonstop; so I ran down to Colombo, in order to let him cool down a bit.

While there I called on Gargoyles, Gristers and Sniff, Camels, and explained—

Voice from door: Master ringing?

Editor: Yes, Watchman; we rang. Seize this poor sap, this wretched goop, this unparalleled squimph, by his hair and throw him out.

† The reference is to Ravana's abduction of Sita who was later rescued by her husband Rama after a fierce struggle in which Ravana was killed.

Book Page: What the Critics Say.

New Books Expected.

The Golden Vagabondage
Rosita Forbes

No Hero—This
Warwick Deeping

Rose Deeprise
Shelia Kaye Smith

Laughing Gas
P. G. Wodehouse

Crocus Neil Bell

Time Piece
Naomi Jacobs

Sir Percy Leads the Band
Baroness Orczy

The Kidnap Murder Case
Van Dine

The East Wind
Compton Mackenzie

The Somersets
Alec Waugh

**Dr. J. Cronin's New Novel
In the Steps of Saint Paul**
H. V. Morton

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War. Memories of Lloyd George.

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THE two concluding volumes of Mr. Lloyd George's historic War Memoirs will review the general military situation as it stood at the end of 1917, giving both the facts known to us at the time and those which have recently come to light in post-war revelations. An account of the tentative peace moves at the beginning of 1918 will be recorded, reviewing Mr. Lloyd George's statement of the British aims, President Wilson's Fourteen Points, and the views of Germany and Austria.

The story of the speeding-up of the supply of American troops to France is dealt with, and their effect on the final victory of the Allies is analysed. The events that led up to the unity of command are fully commented on; the situation on the eve of the great German offensive of March, 1918, and the account of the German offensive and break through by St. Quentin, leading up to the Doullens Conference and Marshal Foch's appointment, are described in detail.

Domestic politics obtrude themselves in General Maurice's attack on the Government and its outcome. The aftermath in Russia tells the story of the Murmansk, Archangel and Vladivostock expeditions up to the Autumn of 1918. In a chapter subtitled "Dawn breaks in the East," the much-criticised "Side-shows" of Salonika, Mesopotamia, Palestine and North Italy are dealt with, and the influence of the collapse of Bulgaria, Turkey and Austria-Hungary is reviewed.

The final summer campaigns with the German drive against the French front and the victories in Champagne are described, together with Foch's counter-stroke of 18th July, and Haig's blow on August 8th.

The memoirs end with the approaches to peace, leading up to the signing of the Armistice and the termination of hostilities. There is a review of the final issue of the War and its features and lessons.

In the final volume there is a very full index to the whole work.

THROUGH ITALIAN AFRICA.

Translated from the Danish by Helga Holmboe. Illustrated, 12/6 net. Knud Holmboe was a young Dane who embraced Islam and spoke fluent Arabic. In 1930 he conceived the idea of driving a car through North Africa from Morocco to Egypt garbed as an Arab, and studying Arab culture as he journeyed. As soon as he entered the Italian colony of Tripoli he was regarded with suspicion, but eventually permission was granted for him to proceed. In the uninhabited coastal region south-east of Syrtis the car broke down and for ten days they wandered about in the Libyan Desert suffering terrible agonies from thirst and hunger, until Holmboe staggered into an Italian fort. Later, when he crossed into Cyrenaica he experienced the full shock of Italy's imperialism. General Graziani was Governor of the colony. To him the Arabs were "dogs"; executions of "rebels" took place at the rate of thirty a day. Graziani personally forbade Holmboe to continue his journey from Benghazi, but eventually allowed him to start for Derna. On the way his car broke down, and he was captured by Bedouins, who spared his life on finding that he was not an Italian and that he could recite from the Koran. The Italians now accused him of being a spy and when he reached Derna he was arrested and deported to Benghazi in a small steamer. From Benghazi Holmboe sailed to Egypt: he had failed to complete his pioneer journey, but he had collected information of much more practical value to the outside world.

THRILLERS & NON THRILLERS.

Though I am no lover of thrillers I can understand their popularity. People fly to them, and quite intelligent people too, as to a refuge from the flood. It is certainly more profitable to spend a quiet hour or two with "The Corpse in the Yellow

"Pull-Over" than eight hours over the protracted life-struggle of the hero or heroine of the average long novel. There are worse things than murder. Indeed, "Murder in Manchester" (or Milwaukee) is, in a fictional sense, a less reprehensible crime usually than "Sex in Sardinia (or at Slowcombe-on-the-Stench)". Our writers of thrillers have made murder a very jolly and innocuous affair. They are the purveyors of the modern fairy or "escape" story. They plunge the sober-living citizen into a delightfully bloodstained world of make-believe. They remind him doubtless of the "penny dreadfuls" (how very harmless they were!) of his youth. Murder is transformed into a sort of picnic, and death has about as much significance as a pot of strawberry jam" writes Christopher Quill in Books of Today.

In the thriller unreality reaches its zenith. Murder is simply used as a peg on which to hang a problem in chess or mathematics. Even the following up and piecing together of clues, has little relationship with the reality of crime. In the tangible world things do not work out like that. The thriller is the movie of literature. And I have yet to see a realistic thriller on the screen. In the tightest of tight corners, a detective has "I'm O. K." written plainly all over his celluloid features. One feels that the final scene has been "shot" out of sequence and that the actor has taken no pains to disguise the fact. Then again the director builds up dramatic situations only—as often as not—to tumble them over into the comic. He invites one to laugh when he ought to be making one tremble. Of course he knows what he is about. Murder on the screen (or for that matter in a book) must be made a good deal less than "foul" before the public will stand for it—in queues. When I am reading a thriller I am conscious all the time that it has been concocted solely for the purpose of deceiving me. I don't object to being deceived by a conjuror at a music-hall, or even by horses on a racecourse, but I dislike having my leg pulled in books.

To those, however, who enjoy them, thrillers must be a god-send in a book-world pre-occupied with

matters of sex. The shelves of subscription libraries are stacked with the frivolities of the flesh. ("Lust to lust, pashes to pashes....!") It is quite an adventure to discover a novel (other than a thriller) whose predominate theme is not sex. For that reason I should like to recommend *Not too Narrow.....Not too Deep*, by Richard Sale (Cassell, 7/6). The "blurb" informs us that it is "an astonishing performance," and for once the "blurb" is not far wrong. Mr. Sale is a young man and this is his first book. It is a short book, which I hold to be a virtue in these days of padded-out sagas. Those who consider that 7/6 is too much to pay for 248 pages—with only 26 lines to a page—will of course seek their money's worth elsewhere. Goodness knows they have a wide enough choice of monsters! Mr. Sale's book tells the story of the escape of ten convicts from a penal settlement in French Guiana. The convicts include Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Americans, and a Spaniard. The offences for which they have been convicted appear against their names in a list at the beginning of the book. With the exception of the narrator Philip LaSalle, an American doctor convicted of manslaughter, they are a pretty tough and depraved lot. They make their escape in a sloop, and with them as tenth man sails Jean Cambreau, on whom not one of the convicts has ever before set eyes. He appears out of the jungle—from nowhere. It is this man's influence serenely exercised yet potently felt, which subdues the "beast" in this mixed crew of criminals, enabling the sloop to reach port in safety, in spite of jealous quarrels, privations and bad weather. Some call him angel, some devil, because of his strange ability to foretell the future as it concerns each one of the party. He is a mystic, a symbolic figure representing an intelligent and humane Christianity. One might describe him as a divine mirror in which these poor dregs of humanity see reflected their lost spiritual selves. For the escape of the convicts is not merely physical, Jean Cambreau's influence opens the way of escape from themselves, and from their terrible and destructive pre-occupation with self.

New Books in Plâte's Circulating Library.

Farewell Romance

Gilbert Frankau

Eyeless in Gaza

Aldous Huxley

Our Marie

Naomi Jacobs

The Weather in the Streets

Rosamaud Lehmann

The Walk in the City

J. B. Priestley

No Place Like Home

Beverley Nicholls

A Prayer for my Son

Hugh Walpole

Far Forest

Francis Brett Young

Portrait of a Lady

Lady Eleanor Smith

Summer of Life

Beatrice Kean Seymour

PLÂTE'S CIRCULATING
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Income Tax Notes and Views.

Appeals Against Assessments.

Assessors and Their Qualifications.

By Mentor.

SINCE my last notes, when I incidentally happened to mention that an A.C.R.A., is a poor qualification for an Income Tax Officer, I have received several communications from readers expressing surprise that an Associate of a third grade body, should be raised to the status of an assessor to look into and adjudge on matters that require much practical experience and academic qualifications. It would be in order if the A.C.R.A., was coupled on to at least some years of practical experience, so that one can overlook the deficiency in academic qualifications, which is compensated for by practical knowledge. In these circumstances, I can only express my own surprise in addition to that of my correspondents. Certain readers have asked me to publish the qualifications of assessors and assistant assessors. I do not propose to do so in this issue for want of space.

IT'S ASSESSMENT TIME.

Assessment notices go out with every mail during this season and correspondents desire more particulars, require help and assistance in cases where they consider the assessment excessive. Appeals against assessments are provided for under Section 69 of the Income Tax Ordinance. Income Tax Appeals and their conduct are rather matters for technical hands and I can only quote from a notice issued by Mr. K. Candavanam, Income Tax Advisor,

Queen's Street, Fort, some time back.

"According to the provisions of the Ceylon Income Tax Ordinance, any person who is dissatisfied with his Income Tax Assessment by the Income Tax Department, should appeal against such assessment within 21 days of the date of the notice of assessment. If the appeal is not so filed the assessment would be final and the tax mentioned in the notice will have to be paid."

In concluding he states "Why pay more when you can legally avoid it?" Quite so.

ADVISOR TO A.A.C.

Mr. K. Candavanam is the official Income Tax Advisor to the Members of the Automobile Association of Ceylon and in accordance with arrangements made by the Association with Mr. Candavanam, members can have one free consultation with him in regard to their assessments. As appeals generally revolve on points like casual profits, depreciation on machinery etc., losses, bad debts, interest paid or payable, allowances claimed but not allowed, I would advise readers to consult an Income Tax Advisor.

PROCEDURE ON APPEALS.

There appears to be a general impression that Income Tax Appeals

are discussed in Court. One correspondent wrote to me the other day "I cannot go to Court and waste time. I therefore thought I would pay the tax." This is a very erroneous impression. Income Tax Appeals do not require even the presence of the appellant. The appeals are dealt firstly by the assessor, then by the Commissioner and finally by the Board of Review. These are matters that could be left in the hands of an Income Tax Consultant.

80% SUCCESS.

According to the Administration Report of the Commissioner of Income Tax for 1934—35, 1,631 appeals were filed out of which in 1,286 cases the assessments were reduced or cancelled by the assessor himself, in 26 cases the assessments were reduced or cancelled by the Commissioner and in six cases by the Board of Review. So that, in 1,318 cases out of 1,631 cases, the appellants succeeded without going to Court.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. M. Doulton, Commissioner of Income Tax and Mrs. Doulton, returned to the Island after a short holiday in the Straits Settlements.

Mr. E. R. Sudbury, c.c.s., Administrative Secretary to the Income Tax Department and Clerk to the Board of Review was appointed by H.E. the Governor to act as Manager, Government Electrical Undertakings and Mr. C. A. Speldevinde, Assessor, was appointed to fill the vacancy.

Early this month, Mr. I. Rasanayagam, one of the Senior Assessors of the Department left on a holiday for India and Japan with Mrs. Rasanayagam.

Mr. C. VanLangenberg acts for Mr. I. Rasanayagam as assessor Unit 1.

BETROTHED.



PLÂTÉ

Miss Violet Perera, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. B. Perera of Nanuoya, who is to marry Mr. Robert Eheliyagoda.

WEDDED.



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1. Dr. J. C. B. Gunsekera and Miss Noeline Goonetilleke. 2. Mr. J. H. de S. Wijeratne and Miss Nalini Goonewardene. 3. Dr. Clifford Misso and Miss Verna Misso. 4. Mr. Noel Bowen and Miss Dorothy Nicholas.



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Musings From The Bar

By "Neethi."

ELLIOT, K.C. and Maartensz, J. arrived in Ceylon together. It is quite like old times seeing these survivors of a generation past and gone. Elliot's silver hair introduces to the Library a note of dignity, while Maartensz J's unrivalled experience will be an acquisition to the Bench.

* * *

It is rumoured that Lady Abraham's Court while that wing is being built up. Why should not the Remand Jail and its quarters be built upon? What has happened to the proposed broad road from Lock Gate to near the the present Jail?

Queen's House has been rebuilt at a fraction of the cost of a new building; that principle should be applied to Hulftsdorp.

* * *

The new appointments have caused a lot of heartburning. Rightly too, Mr. E. A. L. Wijewardene, a first-class lawyer left the Bar to become Public Trustee. Was it right that he should have been brought back? Should not some of the plums of office be reserved for the Bar. What about the undertakings of Sir Henry Gollan that the District Judgeship and the Solicitor-Generalship should be reserved for the Bar? The Public Trustee cannot be said to be from the Bar. The Assistants to the Legal Secretary have been from Crown Counsel. The result of these appointments is that juniors, by mere seniority, capture the plums of office, while practitioners hardened by the rough and tumble of the Bar get no reward. It may also be a moot point as to what percentage of the arrears is due to inexperienced juniors placing every available scrap of evidence before the Court and not the mere essentials. The de Mel murder case and the Seneviratne case are exam-

* * *

Various proposals are in the air about Hulftsdorp and the Courts. The proposal to shift the Courts to Slave Island is ridiculous. Lawyers' Chambers today are bad enough without having to be housed in boutiques. The mere shifting of

the Courts is not sufficient. What about the various appendages? What people seem to forget is that Ceylon is a poor country. Grand buildings should not be put up at the expense of the peasants. Hulftsdorp, today is hoary with tradition, need all that be wiped out? Surely it would be possible to build wing by wing. The Chief Appellate Court and Mr. M. W. H. de Silva's Court can easily be divided and made to house Mr. Crossette-Thambiah's Court while that wing is being built up. Why should not the Remand Jail and its quarters be built upon? What has happened to the proposed broad road from Lock Gate to near the the present Jail?

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les. The first should have been over in a day and the second was adversely commented upon by the Privy Council. The length of these criminal trials keeps Judges away from appeal work. Surely crime in Ceylon has not increased so much as to require four Judges for criminal work?

A proper corrective at the top of the official side of the Bar is badly needed and it is hoped that Mr. Wijewardene will fill the post adequately.

It is said that Mr. R. L. Pereira and Mr. H. V. Perera were offered the two posts. It is peculiar, if this is true, that two who were sure to refuse were asked.

* * *

Mr. W. H. Perera's elevation has evoked great satisfaction. He is even developing a dry wit which considerably enlivens proceedings and "Upjohn K.C." and Sandarasegara K.C. in a divorce case kept the Court in considerable good humour.

* * *

Mosley J. in a very silent manner is quietly getting legally acclimatised and we hope that we shall soon have from him Judgments filled with learned extracts from the Roman-Dutch authorities. It is becoming quite a lost art today, and hopes are expressed that the Chief will revive the glories of the Roman-Dutch Law as Bonser C. J. did before him. Today the Bar has sacrificed everything.

Apart from standing before the Legal Secretary's room like a lot of school-children, Counsels' arguments rarely carry the learning of a Dornhorst, Sampayo, Bawa or A. St. V.

It would be entrancing to listen to an argument on the origin of a law instead of listening to the bare recital of an Ordinance. Bertram C.J. used to reserve questions from the Assizes for a Full Bench so that the law might be elucidated! That is a tradition that is being lost.

(Continued on page 27.)

The Sinhalese Dictionary.

Second Part to be Issued Early Next Month.

Encomiums from Oriental Scholars.

“A Dictionary of the Sinhalese Language,” which is being published under the auspices of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and the First Part of which was issued last year, has been highly praised by Oriental Scholars both in Europe and in India. The Second Part of the Dictionary is now in the Press and the Editors hope to issue it early next month.

The value of this publication to all students of the Indo-Aryan Languages was emphasised by Professor Suniti Kumar Chatterji, Professor of Linguistics at the Calcutta University, during the course of his Presidential address delivered before the section for Indo-Aryan Languages at the Eighth All-India Oriental Conference, Mysore, held on 30th December, 1935. Referring to Ceylon he said :

“Although Ceylon forms a different political administration, the Island is really a part of India, geographically and culturally. Ceylon has two languages, Sinhalese and Tamil, and thus linguistically, it is a part of both Aryan and Dravidian India. The study of Sinhalese is a part of Indo-Aryan Philology. So far, we have had to be content with Abraham Mendis Gunasekera's Grammar, Geiger's *Litteratur und Sprache der Sinhalesen* and his *Sinhalese and Maldivian Studies*. Ceylonese scholars have now seriously taken up the study of their language, and with Government support, the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society has begun to compile and publish *A Dictionary of the Sinhalese Language*, the first faciculus of which appeared this year. This is a bit of news which will be hailed with real pleasure.”

After referring to the Editorial Board, Professor Chatterji further said : “These scholars are also engaged in editing Elu or Old Sinhalese texts, e.g. the *Dampiya-atuwa-Gatapadaya*, the oldest prose work in Sinhalese (10th. century). For those Indian scholars who are interested in Sinhalese and yet are not familiar with Sinhalese script, the use of the Roman trans-literations in the Dictionary is a great blessing. This now becoming the rule in all scientific works relating to Indo-Aryan Languages,.....It is to be hoped that Sinhalese scholars in editing important early Sinhalese texts, would give Roman transcriptions throughout, if they wish their labours to be thankfully utilised by workers in the sister-languages.”

Messages of congratulation and encouragement have also been received from several European scholars. Professor George Morgenstierne of the Oslo University, Norway, writing to the Dictionary Managing Committee states :

“My heartiest congratulations on the beginning of the publication of this most important work, which is of the greatest value to all students of Indian Philology and Linguistics and of Buddhism. I have read the introductory essay about the Sinhalese Language and Literature with great interest, and wish you every success in the continuation of your arduous task.”

It may be mentioned here that the Sinhalese-English Dictionary is specially meant for those with a knowledge of English. The want of a scientific Dictionary of this type was deplored by Dr. Reinhold Rost, the eminent Orientalist and Librarian of India Office, so far back as

1884. He referred to it as the greatest need felt in Ceylon. That the present Dictionary is appreciated by students of comparative Philology; as supplying this need, is shown by the extracts already quoted.

The Dictionary Managing Committee, however, has not been neglectful of the requirements of those who do not understand English. Hand in hand with the English section the compilation of a Sinhalese Dictionary has been carried on. The first part of this Dictionary will be issued before the end of the current year.

(Communicated.)

Musings From The Bar.

(Continued from page 26.)

The dry bones of the District Court were vivified the other day when Counsel reading a paragraph from an answer said that the defendant denies that he was the father of the twins, or *of either of them!* While in a lower Court an obvious tough was acquitted and the Judge stated that he could leave the Court without the slightest *additional stain upon his character.*

A few days ago a corrective was applied to verbose Counsel who insisted on repeating his questions.

“How many children have you?”
“Two.” After a few other questions.

“You say you have two children?”

The Judge:—“He told you a few moments ago he had two children, and there are scarcely likely to have been any fresh arrivals since your first question.”

A young Barrister who assists Counsel in a case for little or no reward except the opportunity of gaining a footing is termed a “devil.” A fledgling Barrister applied to his senior the other day for a fee, in a case in which he had no right to one.

“But you are the son of so-and-so (naming a well-known lawyer).”

“Yes” was the reply.

“Then I need not explain to you what a ‘devil’ is.”



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The Elusive Black Diamond.

AS arranged with the Assistant Commissioner, on the day following the fruitless visit to the house of the wrong Mrs. Wilson at Plumstead, Detective-Inspector Dan Wayne and his assistant, Sergeant Fruby, set out for the cottage which the dead man, Tim Martin, had owned.

From the details in his possession, Dan Wayne knew that the cottage lay in the tiny village of Aldnwick, at a road leading to the sea, and that its name was "PNOM PNEH." With this meagre information, they had, not only to find the cottage, but discover the hiding-place where Martin had presumably concealed his precious possessions.

It was shortly after eleven as their car ran through Horsham, heading for the Sussex coast and the seaside resort of Brighton, near which lies the little village of Aldnwick. The coast was clear, and Dan Wayne trod on the accelerator to some purpose. Before one o'clock they were sitting at lunch in a restaurant at Brighton, and before three o'clock, the two detectives were strolling round the little village of Aldnwick, searching for Tim Martin's cottage.

They found it eventually, tucked away in a secluded, sea-road, standing back isolated some twenty yards from the road, with open fields stretching on each side.

"Not much chance of interference here," remarked Fruby. "We could do the job now, without anyone being the wiser."

"Don't be too clever," answered Dan Wayne. "We'll leave it till dark."

"All right," agreed Fruby. "I wonder what made him pick on a name like that for his house. 'PNOM PNEH,' funny sort of label for a cottage."

"It's the name of a city in the East," replied Dan Wayne. "It

MARTIN'S LEGACY.

By George Stanley.

VII.

was the capital of old Cambodia; must have been a wonderful place too. I looked it up in the library, because I thought there might be some hidden meaning in it. How Martin came to select it I can't imagine, unless he came across it in some book and picked it out on account of its peculiarity. Well, we've got the lay of the land all right. We'll run the car into that field and round to the back of the hedge. It won't be seen there. Then we can get into the cottage. If we are interrupted, we can say we're friends of Martin's and that he's lent us the cottage. Come on: let's get back to Brighton. We'll have some tea and go to the pictures. Then we'll get on with the business."

They strolled back to the village, boarded their car, and drove slowly back to Brighton. There they garaged the car and sought a quiet cafe for tea. After an hour spent in discussing anything but their work, they made their way to the local cinema where they passed a further three hours.

It was nearing ten o'clock when they took out their car from the local garage and very slowly turned it in the direction of Aldnwick.

Silence and darkness shrouded the village soon after ten o'clock at night, for most of the inhabitants retired early. Thus, nobody saw Dan Wayne's car, when, a few minutes before eleven, it ran through the village and turned into the lonely sea-road.

Dan Wayne turned it off the road on to the grass, and steered it behind the hedge he had noted during his visit in the afternoon. Then he switched off the lights, and accom-

panied by Fruby, made his way down the adjoining field until he had reached the garden near the

secluded cottage.

They climbed over the fence and approached the front door, barely discernible in the gloom. Presently, the flickering ray of a torch illuminated for a fitful moment the key-hole of the cottage door.

Dan Wayne played the lock for a few minutes, until it turned with a click which sounded like a shot in the stillness of the country night. He listened a moment. Then he turned to his assistant.

"All right, Jim," he whispered. "Get round to the back and wait for me to open the door. I'm going in."

He stood, listening, until his companion had vanished into the darkness. Then he opened the door and moved slowly forward into the house. Step by step he advanced, searching each room under the pencil ray of his torch, until, satisfied, he reached the back door. He opened it as quickly as possible, and answering his soft whistle, Fruby emerged from behind a bush and joined him.

Fastening the back door, they made their way to the hall, and after bolting the front door, the detective-inspector mounted the stairs, leaving his assistant on watch below.

Dan Wayne moved up the stairs of the deserted house with increasing caution, for there was always the possibility that The Black Diamond knew of Tim Martin's little cottage and what it contained. He realised what a smashing blow to his hopes it might prove, should the mysterious criminal be there and obtain the clues to the whereabouts of the bullion hoard, which Martin's house was believed to contain.

The upper floor of the house, however, proved as empty as the lower.

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Satisfied, Dan Wayne called quickly to his companion to join him.

"No signs at all of anyone having been in here," he said. "Look at the dust." We'll get to work right away for we don't know how long the job's going to take. Good thing there are curtains over the windows. You start from the back rooms, and I'll begin at the front. Remember that we don't know in what cunning hiding-place he may have concealed the stuff. It may even be staring us in the face. Martin was no fool."

Fruby vanished towards the back bedroom, and Dan Wayne passed on to the front to begin his search.

He pulled out every drawer in the room, and examined the interior of the framework. Then he inspected the contents of the drawers before replacing them. The small wardrobe was similarly treated. The ornaments and the pictures were taken from their positions and scrutinised with an expert eye. He even examined the bed, in case Martin had slit up the mattress, but without result. Then he rolled up the carpet, and, as he bent to search the floorboards, a hope sprang up within him. For one of them showed signs of recent removal and as he peered more closely, he saw that a short section of the board had been neatly sawn off and nailed down again. He remembered how they had discovered the secret hoard of Charley Mount, Martin's confederate, under a floorboard, and, pulling out his jemmy, he inserted it under the plank.

Slowly, under the leverage, the piece of flooring began to rise. Then, suddenly, the board lifted.

Dan Wayne stared, disgusted, into the cavity which was revealed, for it was obvious that the board had merely been sawn away to permit of gas piping being laid.

He put back the board, and, replacing the carpet, rose to his feet.

For a moment he stood looking round the room to make sure that he had not overlooked any possible place of concealment. He heard Fruby busy at work in the back of the house, and then, making his way to the back rooms, he continued his scrutiny.

Several hours passed before the two detectives had completed their examination of the top floor of the house; several hours of fruitless work.

They made their way down to the ground floor, searching the landing and stairs as they descended, and even pulling pictures from the walls for a possible clue to some secret receptacle, but again they were disappointed.

They reached the ground floor, and, after a short respite, continued their labours. They had each been at work on different rooms for a short while, when there resounded through the house the rat-a-tat of the knocker at the front door.

"All right," said the detective-inspector to his assistant. "I'll go. It's probably the locals come to arrest us!"

He strolled to the front door, and, jerking back the bolt opened the door, ready to meet the accusing voice of one of the local constables.

To his surprise, the doorstep was unoccupied, and, as he stepped out from the hall and peered into the darkness, he could see no sign of any person in the vicinity.

Hearing no sound of voices, Fruby emerged from the back of the house where he had been waiting. He joined Dan Wayne at the porch.

"That's funny," remarked Fruby. "What d'you think that was, eh? Mysterious knocks on the door in the dead of night. What about spooks?"

"Someone knocked on that door, you idiot,—that I'll swear," said Dan Wayne.

He stared suspiciously into the blackness, but, although they remained listening for some moments, they heard no sound of movement.

"Well, spooks or not," said the detective-inspector, "we'll go back and get on with the job."

He moved towards the front door and stood staring at the white panels. Then, flicking the ray of his torch before him, he muttered under his breath. Sergeant Fruby muttered too, and stared doubtfully behind him into the darkness of the garden.

For there upon the white painted panels, roughly drawn in heavy, black pencil, was the outline of a black diamond. The mysterious criminal was watching them.

"Playing his funny tricks!" muttered Dan Wayne. "If that bird's about, we can reckon that we're getting distinctly warm. Come inside, and we'll go on with the search."

They entered the house, and Dan Wayne bolted the front door again. Then he and his assistant resumed their labours.

Practically inch by inch, they carried out the closest scrutiny of the lower floor. On several occasions it seemed they were upon the verge of a discovery, but at last, when every part of the premises had been examined, Dan Wayne threw himself, exhausted, into an easy chair, and lit his pipe.

"Not a sign!" he growled. "That stuff is here in some place or other and we daren't leave it while that merchant is hanging about in the neighbourhood."

He sat a few moments in deep thought, his active mind running over all possible contingencies, only to realise the fact that none of his theories would hold water. Then, suddenly, he slapped his leg in excitement.

"The name!" he exclaimed. "I thought that there was some reason for it. There's a book on his shelves about Cambodia. I'll bet that gives us a clue!"

He rose to his feet, strode into the small, back room, and, jerking a thing book from the bookcase, threw himself into a chair and set eagerly flicking over the pages until he had found what he wanted.

"Here we are!" he jerked at last. "PNOM PNEH!"

He scanned the pages rapidly. Then he turned to his assistant.

"Have you seen any snakes, or pictures of snakes, with seven heads, anywhere?" he snapped.

"Yes," replied the astonished Fruby. "There's a big wooden box on a table in the other room. It's made of teak I should say. It has

got seven, funny-looking snakes on it, all joined together. I opened it, but it was empty—”

“Where is it?” asked Dan Wayne, with scarcely veiled excitement.

He followed his assistant from the room and bent to examine the box which Fruby had mentioned.

It was as he had stated, for, skilfully carved upon the lid, were the seven-headed cobras mentioned in the book as emblems connected with the ancient city of PNOM PNEH!

He opened the lid, and, as he began to feel in the inside of the box there echoed through the house once again the rat-a-tat of the front door knocker.

“Let him knock himself blue in the face!” growled Dan Wayne. “I think that we’ve got it!”

He began to feel around the box, pressing the sides and trying to turn the snakes’ heads.

Suddenly, under his efforts, a section of the interior of the box sprang open, and in the false bottom beneath he saw the two keys and a small envelope. He seized the envelope, and, opening it, shook out on to the table the two pieces of the mysterious map for which they had been searching.

The knocking on the front door continued, but Dan Wayne placed the keys and two map portions carefully in an inside pocket. Then he fastened his coat.

“I’m going to get the bird,” he said. “I’m going out the back way. You get to the front door with your gun handy. When you hear me call, jerk open the front door and we’ll take him. If I get a packet, you know what to do with the keys and the pieces of map. Come on, let me out the back door and then shut the door.”

Fruby opened the back door, saw Dan Wayne slide into the darkness, and, locking the door again, made his way to the front.

The Detective-Inspector crept round to the front of the house, and was about to spring at the dark figure standing at the front door, when the man suddenly shone a light upon the key-hole, and he saw, in time, that it was the local police patrol.

“What’s the matter?” he called, and the policeman spun round at the sound of the voice from behind him. He flashed the ray of his torch over Dan Wayne’s figure.

“I saw a light inside the house,” he said. “Mr. Martin’s not here usually at this time of the week. He only comes down for week-ends. He’s asked me to keep an eye on the place for him. Who might you be, sir?”

“I’m a friend of Mr. Martin’s and I’ve called in to get some important papers he left here. Actually I am Detective-Inspector Wayne of Scotland Yard. Here’s my warrant card.”

He produced his identity card, and the constable turned his light upon it.

“Why are you down here, sir?” he said. “Is there something wrong?”

“No, nothing is wrong,” explained Dan Wayne. “I just called in to pick up the papers as Mr. Martin couldn’t come himself. They’re wanted urgently. Mr. Martin has a lot of acquaintances in the London Police. I and my companion,” he added, as the door began to open, “—came down by car. We left it over there by the hedge. We’ll be going back soon.”

Fruby stood listening in the doorway until he understood his part. Then he joined in.

“You don’t know where Mr. Martin keeps his beer, do you?” he asked.

“Well, sir,” replied the constable, hesitatingly, “There’s usually a stock in the back room cupboard. Mr. Martin often asks me in to join him, when he’s down here. Very sociable gentleman, he is.”

“Then we’ll do the same,” said Fruby. “Lead on to the bar, Sergeant.”

The constable, satisfied, entered the house, and, leading the way to the back room, pointed to a cupboard.

Dan Wayne fixed his assistant with an accusing eye, for Fruby had already examined the room, and, if he had not found the beer, it was a very surprising thing in view of his very thorough search.

Unabashed, Fruby took a large bottle of beer from the cupboard and

poured out three glasses. They had finished their drinks and the local constable was about to depart when again their sounded through the house the rat-a-tat of the knocker.

“This place is haunted! jerked Fruby. “What’s the game now?”

The three made their way to the front door, only to find once more that there was no sign of the person who had knocked.

Then, as they stood peering into the darkness, there came the sound of an explosion, and a sheet of flame burst in the field outside, lighting up Day Wayne’s car.

“The rat!” snapped Dan Wayne. “He’s fired my car!”

Instinctively, the three ran towards the rapidly-dying flame, and, as they ran, the smell of burnt petrol came to them on the breeze. By the time they had gained the scene of the fire, the blackness of the night was again complete.

They prowled round the car, the local constable switching on his torch, but, so far as they could see, it had suffered no damage.

Then suddenly, from out of the darkness, Dan Wayne felt two powerful hands clutch him by the throat from behind stifling his warning cry. In an instant he was fighting fiercely for the possession of the prizes he had discovered in the house. Silently the two powerful men struggled in the darkness, until the fortunate arrival of Fruby scared off the Detective-Inspector’s assailant. But the immediate search brought no result. The mysterious attacker had disappeared again.

“Come back to the house,” said Dan Wayne, at last. “We won’t give him any more chances. We’ll stop there until morning. It’s nearly daylight now. What a night! My throat’s nearly pulled out! I’ll get that bird before I’ve finished and I’ll get him properly too!”

They returned to the house, leaving the constable to continue his patrol, and waited until light in the sky heralded the dawn. Then, after raiding Tim Martin’s larder for a cup of coffee, Dan Wayne and his assistant boarded their car and sent it whizzing towards London though keeping a careful watch for any further attempts by their daring and sinister foe.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

My dear Children,

I was rather disappointed with the Essays this month, on the whole. Though there were a number of entries, they were not of a very high standard.

With regard to the letters you were asked to write to an imaginary neighbour, complaining that his dog annoyed you, most of you were far too "long-winded." A short and pithy letter would be much more suitable, in such circumstances, than a long, and flowery one.

Geoffrey Joseph—the youngest competitor in Class A—writes just the sort of letter required, and wins a prize.

As for the "Class B" Competition, you found such a marvellous number of proverbs, that I am wondering whether the Editor will be able to spare us enough room to print them!

John quotes a great number of proverbs from the Book of Proverbs in the Bible, and a few every-day ones. He has 55, while Lloyd heads the list with no less than 75. Lloyd's are beautifully written, and arranged, too.

Many of you are now working hard for the Cambridge Junior, and just a few of you for the "Senior," though not very many boys and girls are ready to take the Senior before their seventeenth birthday. However, I hope most of you will be able to spare the time to enter for our Competition. I am always quite disappointed if I miss a familiar name! Some of you are so splendid about competing every month, with un-failing regularity. I do appreciate the kind letters you write. So many of you asked me to arrange Pen-Friends for you, but we are not able to do this at present. Perhaps we shall be able to, later on.

I expect some of you older ones will be trying for the big "Causerie" Cross-word Puzzle, with its tempt-

ing prizes. It will be lovely if one of you wins one of them.

Au revoir, till next month,

From your loving,

Auntie Mary.

PRIZE WINNERS.

CLASS A.

Order for Rs. 15.

KINGSLEY WICKREMASINGHE,
(Age 13)

Carismere,

Peradeniya Road,

Kandy.

Order for Rs. 10.

RENE JAYAWICKRAMA,
(Age 16)

Sylverine,

Sea Beach Road,

Matara.

Order for Rs. 5.

GEOFFREY JOSEPH,
(Age 12)

No. 8, Barnes Place,

Colombo.

CLASS B.

1. **LLOYD EBERT,**
(Age 11)

c/o Mrs. de la Zilwa,

Pendennis,

Badulla.

2. **JOHN RATNAVALE,**
(Age 11)

Regent Street,

Colombo.

Answers to Correspondents:—

Robin: Thank you for your long and interesting letter. It was very nice and unselfish of you to give the coupon to your brother, and you will be pleased to see that he has won a prize. The snap-shots are excellent and will appear in the next issue. But you have not titled the pictures. Please write direct to the Editor regarding the titles. I am afraid a snap-shot competition would not be popular, as so few of you take photographs.

CHILDREN'S DAINTY WEAR

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1-50** nett

MILLER'S COLOMBO

Rene: Thanks for your letter. So glad you were pleased with the birthday card. I send a birthday greeting to all those who let me know the dates of their birthdays.

Erin: I am so very sorry your dear little Rufus is dead. What a wicked cat to kill the dear little fellow. But that's the trouble with squirrels—one gets so fond of them, and they nearly always meet with a sad fate.

Ismail: Thanks for your letter. I am glad you enjoyed the M.C.C. match. It is good that you are keen on games, as well as on your work.

Competitions for October.

CLASS A.

An essay on *either* "Should Armistice Day be observed or not?" giving your views about it, fearlessly or an account of a visit to the Museum to see the Throne of the Sinhalese Kings.

CLASS B.

Write an imaginary letter to a little friend, inviting him, or her, to your Birthday party, telling about all the fun you hope to have.

Class A. 1st Prize.

ESSAY ON SHIRLEY TEMPLE.

Shirley Temple! that name is very familiar amongst all of us. The lilt of her laughter and her smiling blue eyes, have brought her fame and admiration from everywhere. I went to see one of her pictures last Saturday. It was called "The Littlest Rebel." The story is based on the days of the civil war. The opening scenes of the picture display Shirley holding a birthday party for her friends. When they are in the midst of merriment, war breaks out, and Shirley's father becomes one of the generals in the rebel army. Shirley and her parents were loyal supporters of the losing confederacy.

Shirley was longing for the time when her mother and herself would see their father. One day Shirley's mother fell ill. Shirley was very sad on the day that her mother finally succumbed from the hardships of war. Her one inseperable companion was "Uncle Billy" a Negro slave. Shirley's father was caught by a Yankee officer, but he surrendered himself to them because of Shirley's charms and tried to help across the line so that Shirley could be safe, but they were caught in the attempt and both Shirley's father and the officer were imprisoned. But Shirley managed to use her charms on the President of the Union and they were pardoned and were given freedom. Thus the picture ended happily. Much of the tenderness and pathos of the picture was about Shirley and her mother.

Kingsley Wickremasinghe.

Class A. 2nd Prize.

A LETTER TO A NEIGHBOUR.

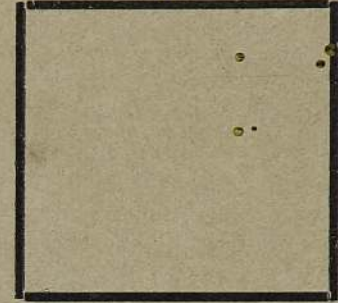
Dear Mr. Silva,

It is with the deepest of regret that I sit here to pen these lines, moreso as I have not had the opportunity of a previous introduction to you. Nevertheless I imagine it is my bounden duty, on behalf of my poor palsy-stricken neighbour on the right to go through the unpleasant task of informing you that Mike is proving an intolerable nuisance to our neighbourhood. I was victimised for the fourth time yesterday, and this morning my poor neighbour just had a hair-breadth escape from the jaws of death.

Last week the post-man was snapped-at; but for the timely intervention of our chauffeur a terrible calamity was averted. I just heard that the cocker spaniel belonging to Mrs. White, who lives opposite, is in a critical condition due to the severe mauling he received from Mike. As a piece of friendly advice let me inform you that if you do not take precautionary measures, either to chain or muzzle him up, you will be the unfortunate recipient of a host of serious complaints.

YOU CAN GET

A



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COLOMBO

No doubt this letter will perturb you, but I trust that you will give it due attention. I do not for a moment think Mike did these acts deliberately but being a rather vicious dog, it is up to you to take preventive measures. Concluding let me ask pardon for the inconvenience I may have put you to.

Rene Jayawickrama.

Class A. 3rd Prize.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry to have to write and complain, but I am sure you will agree that the complaint is not groundless when you hear some facts.

Your dog has been terrorising the members of my household for some time; they cannot get out of the gates without being chased or attacked: tradesmen refuse to come within a hundred yards of the place. One day, the egg seller was attacked with the result that he dropped his basket and smashed 68 eggs, and I had to make good the loss. He attacked me when I was starting out for a walk the other day, and tore my trousers in three places. You will admit that it is getting beyond a joke.

I trust you will realise that besides the inconvenience caused to me, the dog is a danger to the public, and should be kept under control, or I shall be forced to the unneighbourly act of reporting the matter to the Police, which I am very reluctant to do.

Geoffrey Joseph.

Class A. Highly Commended :—

Erin Muller; Carlyle de Silva; Sumana Cooray; Sydney Perera; Lorna Beling; Philip Stephen; Stanley Molegode; Eileen Molli-godde; George Arndt; Sheila Swan; Erica Fernando.

(Continued on page 36)

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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COLPETTY.

CEYLON CAUSERIE. CHILDREN'S PAGE COMPETITION COUPON.

Class Age

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.....

(Closing date Nov. 12th.)

Children's Page.

(Continued from page 35.)

Class B.

LIST OF PROVERBS.

A bird in hand is worth two in the bush. A bad workman quarrels with his tools. A rolling stone gathers no moss. A drowning man will catch at a straw. A friend in need is a friend indeed. A full purse never wants friends. A stitch in time saves nine. An eagle does not catch flies. As you sow, so shall you reap. All that glitters is not gold. A little learning is dangerous. A penny saved is a penny gained. A proverb is the wisdom of many and the wit of one. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Barking dogs seldom bite. Better late than never. Boys will be boys. Charity begins at home. Cut your coat according to the cloth. Coming events cast their shadows before. Don't beat about the bush. Don't count chickens before they hatch. Do not holloa till you are out of the wood. Empty vessels make the most noise. Every man is the architect of his own fortune. Every dog has his day. Fortune favours the brave. Few things but good. Great is the force of habit. Honesty is the best policy. Habit is second to nature. Deeds not words. It's better to eat to live than live to eat. It's too late to lock the stable door after the steed is stolen. Look before you leap. Little drops of water make a mighty ocean. Labour conquers all things. Make hay while the sun shines. Make the best of a bad bargain. Money lightly gained is lightly spent. Necessity has no law. Necessity is the mother of invention. One man's food is another man's poison. One good turn deserves another. Out of the frying pan into the fire. Now or never. Penny wise, pound foolish. Paddle your own canoe. Prevention is better than cure. Rome was not built in a day. Slow and steady wins the race. Still waters run deep. ~~Something~~ is better than nothing. Spare the rod and spoil the child. Too many cooks spoil the soup. The

more they have the more they desire. The middle of the road is the safest. Too much of anything is good for nothing. The weaker goes to the wall. Throw not good money after bad. Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown. Waste not want not. While the cat is away, the rats are at play. Work while you work, play while you play. Where there's a will there a way. Wilful waste makes woeful want. Don't build castles in the air. Stones have no eyes. Familiarity breeds contempt. What cannot be cured must be endured. Take care of the pence and the pounds will save you. Silence gives consent. Think twice before you speak. Idleness leads to temptation.

Lloyd Ebert.

"PROVERBS."

As cold water is to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast. Every fool will be meddling. A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance. A wise son maketh a glad father. Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall. He that toucheth the pitch shall be filled therewith. A three-fold cord is not quickly broken. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. In the multitude of counsellors there is safety. Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots. Perfect love casteth out fear. Even a child is known by his doings. Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Train up a child in the way he should go. Where no wood is, the fire goeth out. Whoso keepeth the fig tree shall eat the fruit thereof. The wind bloweth where it listeth. It is more blessed to give than to receive. The hand of the diligent maketh rich. Let him that thinketh, he standeth take heed lest he fall. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. The wicked flee when no man pursueth. The sleep of a labouring man is sweet. The ox

knoweth his owner, and the ass his scrib. Of the making of many books, there is no end. In the place where the tree falleth, there shall it be. Unto every one that hath shall be given. A soft answer turneth away wrath. Evil communications corrupt good manners. Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the vultures be. The labourer is worthy of his hire. It is as sport, to a fool to do mischief. He that tilleth the land shall be satisfied with bread. Go to the ant, thou sluggard consider her ways and be wise. As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool. Seest thou a man diligent in his business he shall stand before kings. A stitch in time saves nine. A rolling stone gathers no moss. A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he. If the blind, lead the blind both shall fall into the ditch. Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. A living dog is better than a dead lion. Fools make mock at sin. Where your treasure is there will your heart be. Look before you leap. Nobody looks after a man's affairs, so well as he does himself. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. An apple a day keeps the doctor away.

John Ratnavale.

Class B. Highly Commended:

Rupa Gammanpala; Francis Arndt; N. M. Zackariya; Miriam Beling.

A motor lorry had broken down in one of the busiest parts of the city, and for half an hour or more the driver had had his head tucked beneath the bonnet trying to locate the source of the trouble, but without success.

An ancient-looking street trader, who had been watching the proceedings, suddenly suggested:

"Try flooding her, mate!"

The lorry-driver, who had tried flooding the carburettor and everything else he could think of, raised his head, looked round at the other watchers, and murmured:

"Ark at ole Noah!"

INTELLIGENCE CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 1.

Rs. 500 in Prizes.

SPEND YOUR MONEY WHERE YOU EARN IT:

The Intelligence Crossword Puzzle which appeared in the September issue is reproduced on the adjoining page in this Supplement.

This puzzle carries with it prizes to the value of Rs. 500, but it is hoped that it will soon be possible to offer four and five figure prizes. Our slogan is:—"SPEND YOUR MONEY WHERE YOU EARN IT." We are confident our readers will adopt this slogan too, and participate in this competition in ever increasing numbers.

Book your copies with your news agent. Ask him to communicate with us and we will send him your copies monthly, or write to us direct and the Causerie will be delivered to you regularly.

Read the rules and conditions given below carefully and send in your coupons early. **NOTE WELL THE ALTERATION IN THE CLOSING DATE,**

1. The entry fee for this Competition is one rupee for every entry Coupon, which entitles you to one Free Entry Coupon. Competitors can send in as many Entry Coupons as they desire.

2. These Entry Coupons will be found on the adjoining page. 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 9th.—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.

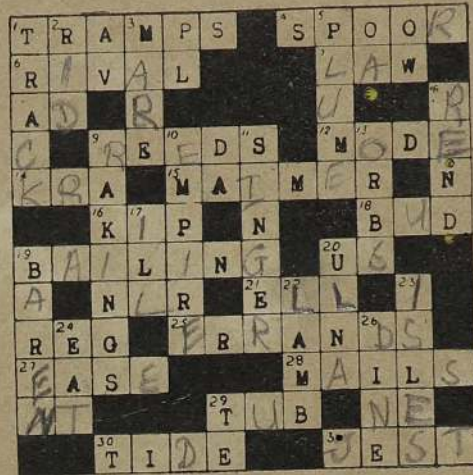
11. In no case can any entrance fee or money sent with entrance fees be refunded or credited to another account.

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

KEEP THESE COUPONS WITH YOU.



KEEP THESE COUPONS WITH YOU.



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.

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.

CLUES DOWN.

1. This will often be found where pioneers have blazed the trail.
2. Free.

23. Islands.
24. We do this with food.
26. You should be properly clothed to do this.

Intelligence Crossword No. 1.



No. 1.

Surname and Initials } Mr. _____
 } Mrs. _____
 } Miss _____
 Address _____

Postal or Money Order No. _____ Coupon No. _____

Intelligence Crossword No. 1.

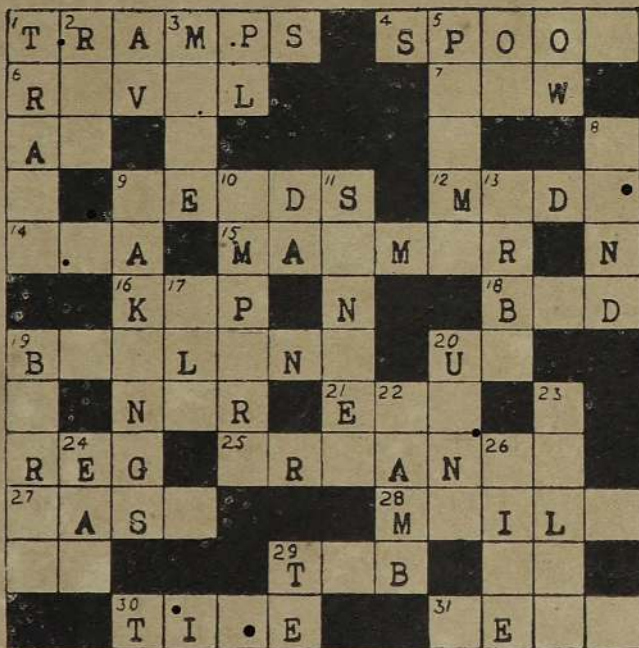


No. 1.

Surname and Initials } Mr. _____
 } Mrs. _____
 } Miss _____
 Address _____

Postal or Money Order No. _____ Coupon No. _____

Intelligence Crossword No. 1.



No. 1.

Surname and Initials } Mr. _____
 } Mrs. _____
 } Miss _____
 Address _____

Free Entry Coupon No. _____

Intelligence Crossword No. 1.



No. 1.

Surname and Initials } Mr. _____
 } Mrs. _____
 } Miss _____
 Address _____

Free Entry Coupon No. _____



Our Competition Page

CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 77.

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

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

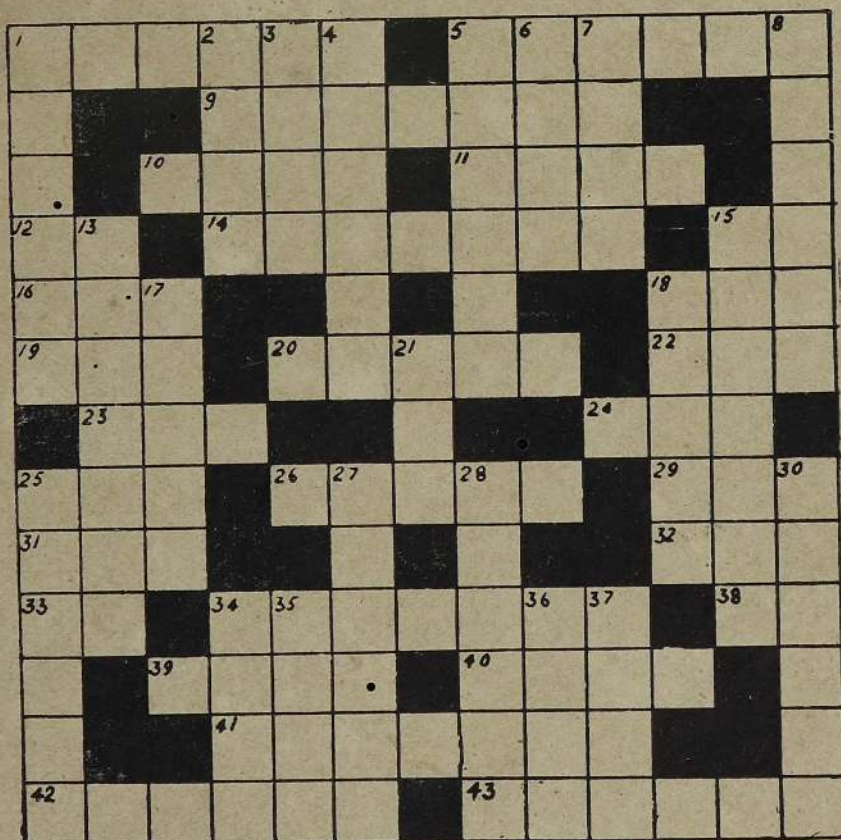
CROSSWORD, P. O. Box No. 127, G. P. O., Colombo.

Entries delivered personally or by messenger should be addressed:—

CROSSWORD, Pláté Ltd., Colpetty, Colombo.

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

The Editor's decision will be final.



Name _____

Address _____

Winners of September Crossword Competition.

1st Prize—Rs. 10.—Thomas J. Emmanuel, St. Sebastian's English School, Madampe, N. W. P.

2nd „ — „ 5.—Mrs. Geo. Hermon, Cattarattenne Estate, Rattota.

CLUES.

HORIZONTAL.

1. Patterns; 5. Outline; 9. Cosmetics; 10. Emperor; 11. Steals; 12. Measure; 14. Originate; 15. Pronoun; 16. Disseminate; 18. Pronoun; 19. Letter; 20. Mohammedanism; 22. Insect; 23. Number; 24. Animal; 25. Offer; 26. Crockery; 29. Toy; 31. Frozen; 32. Uncle; 33. Steamship; 34. Humped; 38. Suffix; 39. Capar; 40. Smooth; 41. Germans; 42. Dry up; 43. Kind.

VERTICAL.

1. Chaste; 2. Other; 3. Soil; 4. Strews; 5. Instrumental composition; 6. Unite; 7. Girl's name; 8. Sincere; 13. Science of the intellect; 15. Charming; 17. Lanky; 18. Hurry; 21. Grass land; 25. Brown pigment; 27. Strive; 28. Bird; 30. The track of a wounded beast; 34. Magnificence; 35. Thought; 36. Bone; 37. To stay.

Solution to Puzzle No. 76.

Horizontal.

1. Bear. 4. Lep. 7. Quip. 9. Notorious. 12. Floor. 14. Veers. 17. Lanky. 18. Essay. 19. Eu. 20. Sse. 22. Art. 23. In. 24. Ado. 26. Tacit. 28. Ode. 29. Ut. 30. Rad. 31. Or. 32. Pat. 34. Otter. 36. Eat. 39. Up. 40. Pah. 41. Sot. 43. Li. 44. Never. 47. Doted. 49. Trine. 50. Erose. 51. Endeavour. 54. Judy. 55. Spa. 56. Syce.

Vertical.

2. Anon. 3. Books. 4. Lo. 5. Oral. 6. Pi. 7. Quest. 8. Uses. 10. Tryst. 11. Overt. 12. Flea. 13. Land. 15. Raid. 16. Syne. 21. Earth. 22. Aides. 25. Out. 27. Cat. 28. Ore. 32. Punt. 33. Aper. 34. Oared. 35. Rodeo. 37. Ales. 38. Tide. 40. Penny. 42. Torus. 45. Vied. 46. Flap. 48. Tory. 52. Es. 53. Va.

ARE YOUR ROOMS DULL & DREARY?

THEN BRIGHTEN THEM

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(SANITARY WASHABLE)

BEAUTIFUL PASTEL SHADES

GIVE BRIGHT YET RESTFUL ROOMS

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Kandy,

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SHE COULD EAT NOTHING...



IT'S NO USE - TAKE IT AWAY. I CAN'T EAT IT

BUT YOU MUST EAT SOMETHING



WHAT CAN I GIVE HER TO EAT, DOCTOR? SHE WON'T TAKE ANYTHING

WHY NOT TRY HORLICK'S. IT'S EXCELLENT IN ILLNESS



AND SO

THIS HORLICK'S IS NICE. I FEEL IT IS DOING ME GOOD



LATER

IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU UP AGAIN

YES, THANKS TO HORLICK'S

When convalescence is slow

IT is so often a problem what to give the invalid; it is difficult to tempt the appetite, and yet nourishment is vital. Horlick's has been recommended in illness and convalescence by Doctors for over 50 years because it so admirably fulfils requirements. It is light and

easily digested, placing no strain on the system. It is 100% nourishment, is quickly assimilated and helps to replace wasted tissue. Horlick's has an intriguing flavour and appeals to the jaded palate when all other food is refused.

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