Times of Ceylon

Christmas Number, 1934 — Rs. 2

Jan Cooke.

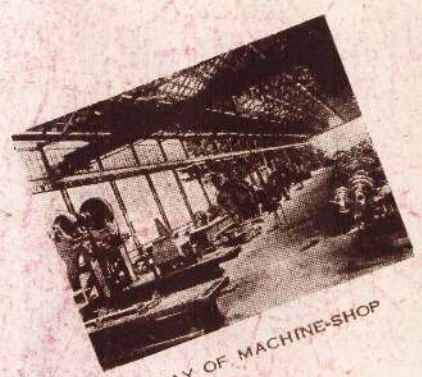
THE COLOMBO COMMERCIAL COMPANY, LIMITED.

MERCHANTS
ESTATE AGENTS
ENGINEERS

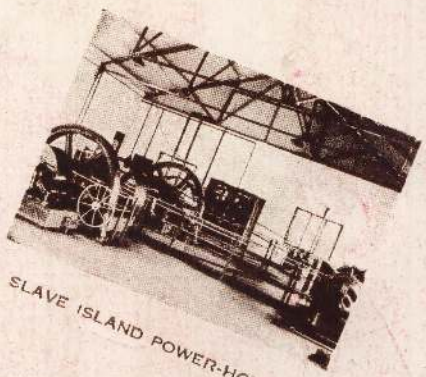
Suppliers of
ESTATE REQUISITES AND
FERTILISERS FOR ALL CROPS

EXPORTERS OF CEYLON TEA.

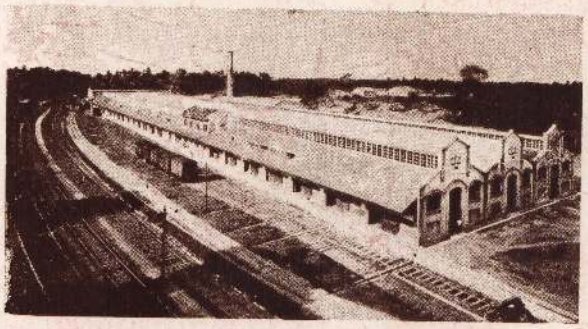
C.C.C.
ESTB.
1876



BAY OF MACHINE-SHOP

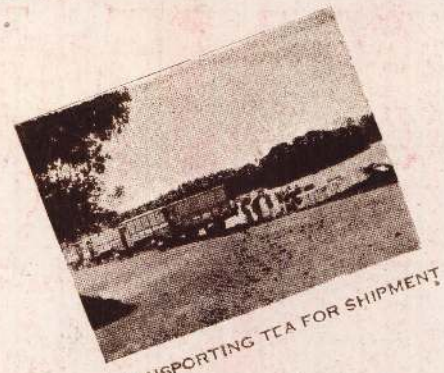


SLAVE ISLAND POWER-HOUSE



HUNUPITIYA FERTILISER WORKS

TEA TASTING ROOM



TRANSPORTING TEA FOR SHIPMENT

COLOMBO, BADULLA, KANDAPOLA and KANDY.

FERTILISER WORKS : HUNUPITIYA (HUNUPITIYA STATION)

LONDON OFFICE :
THAMES HOUSE, QUEEN STREET PLACE, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Thirty-first Year of Publication

The Times of Ceylon Christmas Number

Edited and Compiled by

P. J. MATTHEWS

CONTENTS

A Pandit's Tale.

KAMA AND KARMA

by

H. M. B.

TO-DAY, is it desired, O ratran, that I should tell a story for our Christmas Book, of love in olden times?

Such a tale will I tell, but sterner things than love must also mingle in its weaving. Jívitha and Marana, life and death, ever run side by side with káma, or the desire which we call love; but karma, or fate, decides the issue of all. And if my tale reeks of slaughter and the lust of battle, besides the tenderness of affection, let it be remembered that such is fate. For karma writes on imperishable tablets, with a stylus unsoftened and unblunted by tears or blood; and the fulfilment of the writing thereon may not be deviated by the width of a hair, and that is truth.

For the beginning of our story we must go back, O golden one, to the days of the coming of the prince from Sinhapura—Vijeya, the descendant of the Lion. It is known how he and seven hundred companions were outlawed and sent adrift in a ship from Lála by his royal father Sinhabáhu, for certain boyish exploits which angered the people of that country, and how they landed in the north-west of our Island and populated it.

Lanka was inhabited already, it is true, but the dwellers in it were Yakkhas (demons) and of little account. Vijeya won the heart of their princess Kuveni, a maiden of great beauty and power but a fierce Yakkhinni nevertheless, who would have devoured him and his followers were it not for the sacred thread bound on the left arm of each by an emissary of the gods as soon as they landed. This was in order to preserve them from that danger, so that in days ahead the religion of the Lord Buddha (who attained Nirvana on that day) should be great in our land. And by virtue of that charm was she defeated, for Vijeya, far from being destroyed by Kuveni, conquered her instead; and he was soon ruler of the country.

Before he was crowned king, however, he sent to his native land for a bride of his own rank, and a princess from the south of Dambadiva came out to marry him, and she brought with her seven hundred high-born damsels who married the seven hundred followers of the prince. And there was great rejoicing. But this first queen of Lanka gave Vijeya no heir to suceeed him—for which, later, there was much grief.

Does our ratran say that in this matter he was rightly served for the way he treated Kuveni and her two children? Nay, it is not for us to understand these things. Kuveni was but a Yakkhinni, and her children only half human—could a Veddah* rule the high-spirited princelings that the lion-handed Sinhabáhu found unruly? Moreover, it had been ordained that she should be done to death by her own people for betraying them, and that her descendants should be wanderers—it was her karma.

Now, when Vijeya was ripening in years he sent a message to his younger brother to come out to Lanka and to succeed him in the kingdom he had won; but the prince Sumittha was already king in his father's place, so he sent his youngest son, Panduwasa, who arrived a year after Vijeya had departed to the world of *devas*, and Panduwasa became our Island's second king. No consort accompanied him, but a sage of great renown prophesied that a beautiful princess disguised as a nun would come over the water to be Lanka's second queen—and thus was the prophecy fulfilled.

A son of the Sákya prince Amitthódana, who was the uncle of our Lord Buddha, had made himself a small kingdom on the sacred river Ganga (Ganges) and he had a daughter. Fair she was as the moon at its fullness, and the people of India sang of her beauty from south to north and from the

* The Veddahs are popularly supposed to be the descendants of Kuveni's semi-demon children.

side of the rising sun to the side of its setting. And seven powerful kings wanted her as a bride for their sons. But the king could not bestow his daughter on any one of them, for it was threatened that the six unsuccessful suitors would immediately combine to fight him and to wrest from him his hardly-won realm. So in despair he consulted the wise men of the land and acted on their advice, which they promised would bring happiness.

On a certain day the seven young princes were bidden to assemble by the river side for a festival of games, and the prize to be won by capture at the end of it was the hand of the lovely princess Baddhra-Kachayána. And on the river lay a richly-decked ship, from which the princess, dressed as befits a royal bride, watched with thirty-two of her maidens the games in which her seven splendid young suitors strove against each other for her favour. A rope was severed, and the ship moved slowly on the tide of the holy river. And the king cried out to his guests, "Behold thy princess ! He amongst thee who can overtake her, may claim her for his bride."

In their astonishment they let some moments pass, while the ship spread her sails. Seeing that they were meant to catch her if they could, however, all seven plunged into the water. But the ship sought the centre of the river and riding the current like a beautiful hansa (swan) it swept on towards the sea. And none was able to reach it. So the seven princes returned sadly to their different countries, somewhat afraid of the wise old king who, in defeating them all, had not been above sacrificing his own daughter.

The ship with the thirty-three beautiful girls in it, with no man to do ought for them, sped down the river and sailed forth on to the samudhra (ocean), the waves of which fell low to ease their path on its waters. The sun tempered its rays as they fell on them, and the moon, the wind and the night dews were gentle with them, so that the vessel carried its cargo swiftly across to Lanka, whither it came in twelve days. In the meantime the maidens had taken off their silks and jewels and put on the lowly garb of nuns as a protection. So when they were seen from the shore the people remembered the prediction of their sage, Kalavela, that a shipload of pilgrim nuns would land there, and they went forth in boats and brought them in. And couriers took the tidings to Panduvasadeva, who sent his prime minister to enquire into the matter.

Later the king married the beautiful princess Baddhra-Kachayána, who had come to him in the guise of a nun as was foretold ; and her thirty-two maidens were married on the same day to thirty-two high nobles of the land. *Ahay-my* ! They did things in a big way in those days, as thamunánsé says.

And now it is that we come to the tale I would tell to show the workings of karma. That which I have already told was but a preparation.

To King Panduwasadeva and his consort were born ten sons, and then after a lapse of time one little daughter. And the sages shook their heads. Beautiful as a lotus flower was this child, and the king watched her grow to greater loveliness with fear as he remembered the trouble his own queen's beauty had caused before she came to him. And compared with what her mother had been the princess Chitra was as the sun is to the moon. Her skin was as a golden coin and her slender grace like a young palm ; her eyes and hair were as blackest night, and her lips held the red of the tender leaves of the na (ironwood) tree. And her presence was such that it drove men mad. So that she was called Unmáda Chitra (Chitra the Charmer).

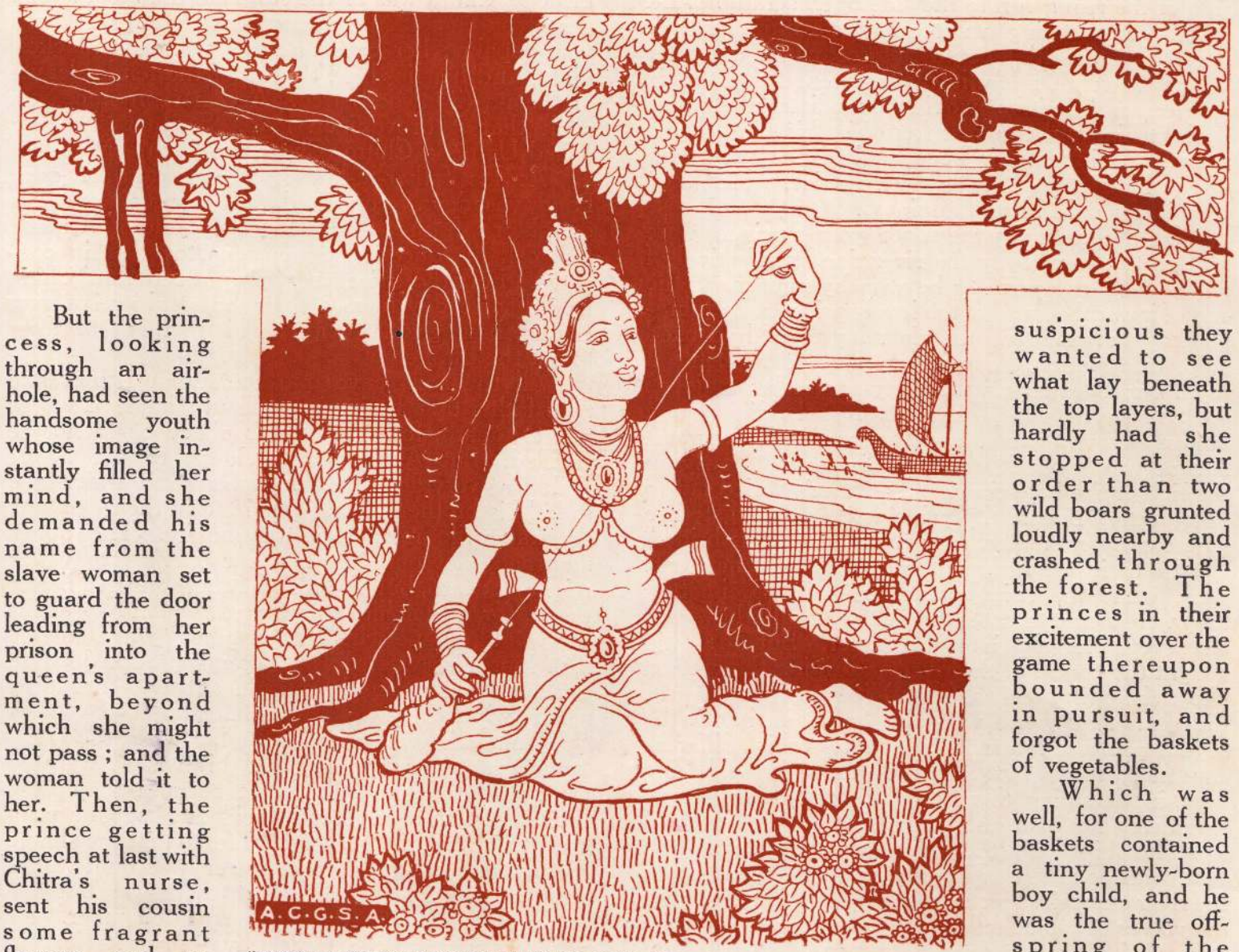
As his father-in-law had done in like case, Panduvasadeva consulted the sages on his daughter's future, and what they told him made him call his queen and ten sons together in conclave. For the wise men prophesied that Chitra would some day have a son who would reign over Lanka, having killed eight of his mother's brothers to get the throne.

All the sons save one thereupon importuned their father that their sister should immediately be put to death, for then the prophecy could not be fulfilled. But Abhaya, the eldest, to whom the child was very dear, drew his sword and threatened to kill his brothers if they persisted in their demand, so that strife reigned in the family. The queen mourned, not only for her daughter's fate which might be death, but also for what her sons had before them ; for if the child was spared, which two of the ten would escape when the prophecy was fulfilled ? The king also was sad and greatly troubled. And darkness fell upon the people at the woe of their rulers, which they could not understand.

Abhaya's will prevailed. He was the rája-kumáraya (crown prince) and his wishes weighed most with the king, no doubt because they were the same as his own. It was decided to keep the princess Chitra a prisoner all her life, so that she should die unmarried. And a great tower was built with a room at the top of it, to which there was but one entrance, through the queen's chamber. No windows were in the walls, save only slits for air, and in the darkness of this prison the beautiful child was placed, with a hundred guards round it to prevent any from approaching too near. And so some time passed, none knowing of the prophecy except the royal family.

But could karma be turned aside to suit the whims of kings or princes ? As well might they try to turn the wind, for no word of the writing might be expunged or altered even though the gods lent their aid in the matter.

Did I say that the queen had seven brothers ? An old man forgets...Well, when she and her thirty-two maidens landed, word having been sent to her parents of her safety, six of her brothers had journeyed thither and settled in Lanka. One was named Anuradha—who went to Anuradhapura—and another was Dighayu. And this last had a son in whose ears had been placed the tale of Unmáda Chitra and her beauty. And prince Digha-Gámini betook himself to the court of his aunt and uncle in Upatissa Nuwara, determined to win her for his bride ; for, be it remembered, his was the correct relationship and he had the right to demand his cousin's hand in marriage. But mystery closed round the girl and he never saw her even from afar, and he could get no word with or of her. More determined by these difficulties he took up a post in the royal household, awaiting his time, and even walked round the tower without learning anything.



"KUVENI, A MAIDEN OF GREAT BEAUTY AND POWER BUT A FIERCE YAKKHINNI NEVERTHELESS,"

But the princess, looking through an air-hole, had seen the handsome youth whose image instantly filled her mind, and she demanded his name from the slave woman set to guard the door leading from her prison into the queen's apartment, beyond which she might not pass ; and the woman told it to her. Then, the prince getting speech at last with Chitra's nurse, sent his cousin some fragrant flowers, and on the next day a letter written on a palm leaf which was concealed in more flowers of the richest perfume. After which, knowing nought of the prophecy and anticipating no harm in such cousins meeting, the slave woman and the nurse assisted the prince to see Unmáda Chitra in her tower.

And then arose much trouble. The two women were put to death, but that did not finish the matter. The prince pleaded with his uncle to let him wed Chitra under any conditions, and the royal refusal of sanction caused great unhappiness ; Chitra pined like a lotus bud that had been plucked, so that the queen wept over her only daughter as though she were already dead. And the ten princes were furious and nine of them again demanded their sister's death ; but Abhaya once more defended her against their wrath and the brothers were all incensed, one against the other.

Finally, the king decreed that the lovers should be married despite all prophecies, but to satisfy his sons he ordered that every boy born to the princess should be slain at birth and only her daughters spared. In due course word went round that Chitra had given birth to a daughter and her brothers rejoiced at the news. But while the younger ones were out hunting one day they met a woman with two baskets of vegetables, which she said she was taking to her people in another village. Being suspicious they wanted to see what lay beneath the top layers, but hardly had she stopped at their order than two wild boars grunted loudly nearby and crashed through the forest. The princes in their excitement over the game thereupon bounded away in pursuit, and forgot the baskets of vegetables.

Which was well, for one of the baskets contained a tiny newly-born boy child, and he was the true offspring of the princess Chitra. With the queen's assistance it had been arranged that should the necessity arise, another woman's girl child be exchanged for him who was doomed to death by royal command ; and while the princess nursed the peasant woman's little daughter as her own, she gave that baby's mother a thousand pieces of gold and specific instructions for her little princeling's disposal. She was to take him to a certain herdsman in a distant province who was to rear him as his own son, and the two wild boars were two Yakkhas who had invisibly accompanied the woman for the child's protection and who had used their powers of transformation to lure his bloodthirsty uncles away.

The queen and her daughter had named the infant after the king and his eldest son, both of whom had been ever partial to Chitra and protected her ; and as the wife of the herdsman to whom he was sent had just borne a son herself, information was given out that she had had twins, and the little Pandukabhaya became one of a lowly family. In the same year the old king died and Abhaya succeeded him.

For seven years all went well with Pandukabhaya, though the breast of the princess Chitra burned when she looked on the girl child she reared and thought of the beloved boy child she might never see. Ever she gazed wistfully on other

I-LTS 331 - 184A

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

women's boy children whom their mothers had with them, and her nine brothers grew suspicious at her constant, badly-hidden grief. And when their spies brought them tidings of a noble-looking boy in a distant village, who was said to be the twin brother of a herdsman's little son, they realized that they had been tricked over their sister's child and resolved to remedy the matter. Chitra's son, if he lived, would be seven years old, so if all the boys of about that age in the village were slain he would surely perish amongst them, and the prophecy might yet be brought to nought.

So one day when the children of that village held revel in a bathing pond a gang of men fell upon them and slaughtered as many small boys of about seven years as they could find, and word was carried to the princes of the successful massacre. But karma was not to be defeated. Pandukabhaya had playfully hidden himself from his companions in a hollow tree into which he could creep only by diving to its entrance under water, and that was where he was when the ever-accursed butchers slew the children. And he alone of all the party returned home to tell of what had happened, and he was now his foster-father's only child, as his supposed twin had been among the slain. And the herdsman, guessing the true reason for the deed of blood, hid the child from all eyes for a long time.

Five more years went by and again the brothers of the princess heard rumours that frightened them, of a herdsman's handsome little lad who was much above his station in appearance. And a plot was laid against him in case he might be their nephew. This time all the herdsmen were to be wiped out, so that Pandukabhaya might be destroyed with them; and one day, when the men had hunted and killed a beast which they were going to cook in the open field, a band of the princes' emissaries fell upon them and slew them. And again the brothers thought themselves safe.

But Pandukabhaya had been sent to his home for a light with which to kindle a fire, and, finding that his foster-father was ill, he had sent a burning brand to the hunters by another youth, so a second time his life was saved. Then the herdsman, knowing why his fellows had been killed, took the boy with him to another village for greater safety.

When yet another attempt had been made by his uncles to have him killed—for by now the princes had spies out everywhere to watch for him—the princess Chitra sent a trusted messenger to the herdsman with a thousand pieces of gold and a letter directing him to send her son to a certain rich and learned Brahman far away in the south of Lanka, where he would be safer. And before he sent him away the man who had reared and loved him as his own child told the young prince his whole story; and, boy as he was, Pandukabhaya trembled with anger as he listened to the tale of his uncles' oppression of his mother and of their enmity towards himself.

And so at length Pandukabhaya came to the wise Brahman named Pandula, who already expected him and adopted him as foster-brother to his own son Chandra. The boy was taught all the arts his station demanded, and Pandula carefully trained him as a warrior and for the position he might one day occupy on the throne predicted for him. And when he grew to young manhood and was impatient to regain his rights, Pandula gave him sixteen thousand pieces of gold. With this wealth Pandukabhaya raised a small army, and, taking Chandra with him, he set out to conquer the fierce uncles who had so often tried to murder him.

Now, one of those uncles governed a province through which the young prince marched with his growing army, and it happened that at the time he was supervising the harvesting of the king's grain crops in that province. And to the governor and his workers in the fields came the governor's daughter, a beautiful maiden named Swárna Páli, bringing food and refreshment for them in a palanquin. And Pandukabhaya, seeing her as she passed, was stricken with love for her, before he even suspected her to be his cousin. He begged of her some refreshment for his men, who were weary, and the girl immediately stopped her company and gave it to them, first handing something to him on two nigrodha (banian tree) leaves, which changed to gold in her hands.

Pandula, by his knowledge of astrology, had foreseen that Pandukabhaya would marry a maiden in whose hands leaves turned into gold, so the prince knew

DIGHA-GAMINI AND UNMADA CHITRA.

for GOOD PHOTOGRAPHY all-the-year-round

At all seasons of the year, and at all times of the day, you can safely leave it to Selo and Selochrome films to give you the best possible results from your camera.

SELO *The Fast* Roll Film

is ideal for everyday photography under normal lighting conditions.

SELOchrome *The Extra Fast* ROLL FILM

is multi-coated and anti-halo backed, and of such extreme speed that it will compensate for poor light and take care of errors in exposure. An ideal film for indoor pictures and highly sensitive to colour values.

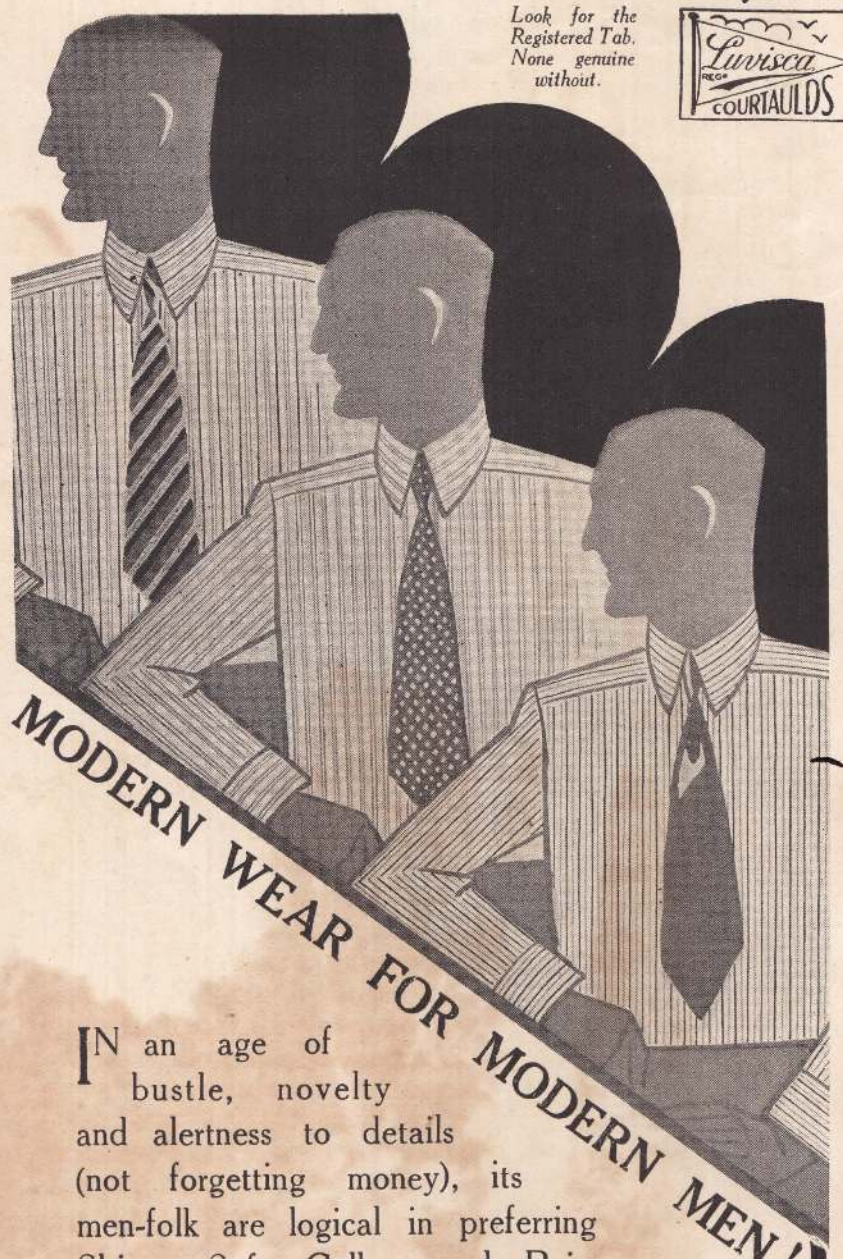
Both films are made in sizes to fit all cameras and can be obtained from

CARGILLS LTD.
COLOMBO AND BRANCHES

MADE IN ENGLAND BY
ILFORD LIMITED : ILFORD : LONDON

Look for the Registered Tab. None genuine without.

Luvisca REG. COURTAULDS



MODERN WEAR FOR MODERN MEN!

IN an age of bustle, novelty and alertness to details (not forgetting money), its men-folk are logical in preferring Shirts, Soft Collars and Pyjamas bearing the name "Luvisca." Comfortable smoothness, tailored cut, and enduringly smart colours distinguish the entire range. This is the choice of those for whom close comparisons of cost are a matter of course.

SOLD by Leading Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores.

A LUVISCA garment is a most practical Christmas present.

"Luvisca" REG. SHIRTS SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS

Ask for and see you get "LUVISCA." There is nothing just-as-good. If any difficulty in obtaining, write COURTAULDS, Ltd. (Dept. 159 M.) 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

that he had met his destined mate when he saw the miracle. And even as his ancestor the lion had carried off Suppa Devi, the daughter of the king of Kalinga, so Pandukabhaya wildly wooed and won Swárna Páli and took her away with him and married her. Straightway the youth made new enemies by this act, for the girl's five brothers gathered a following and pursued them. But Chandra, Pandula's son, slew the five, and Pandukabhaya's victorious procession through the land commenced. At about this time, too, he captured and subdued a beautiful white mare with red legs, which was really a Yakkhinni named Citiya in disguise, who promised to win him his kingdom if he spared her life. And as none had such a perfect war steed he was invincible.

Of what use is it to tell of all Pandukabhaya's doings? They make a tale that would take up the day's thirty * hours in the telling and still leave enough to fill the thirty hours of the night. What was written before his birth came about, but it took seventeen years of fighting before he was king of all Lanka. Abhaya, his eldest uncle who was king, first divided his realm with him, giving him sovereignty over the country on the right (south) of the Great Sandy River; but the other princes took Abhaya off the throne for that, and Pandukabhaya fought them all. Eight of the ten brothers were slain in battle as was foretold, and the two who were spared were Abhaya, who always befriended his sister and nephew, and Girikandasiva, the father of Swárna Páli, the queen. And Pandukabhaya went to Anuradhapura, the town of his mother's uncle, and that noble, who was getting old, gave the place to him, and Pandukabhaya made the Pure City the Maha Nuwara (capital). And because it had held two great men named Anuradha, and also because the city was born in the nakathe (under the constellation) called Anuradha, he decreed that it should ever be known as Anuradhapura.

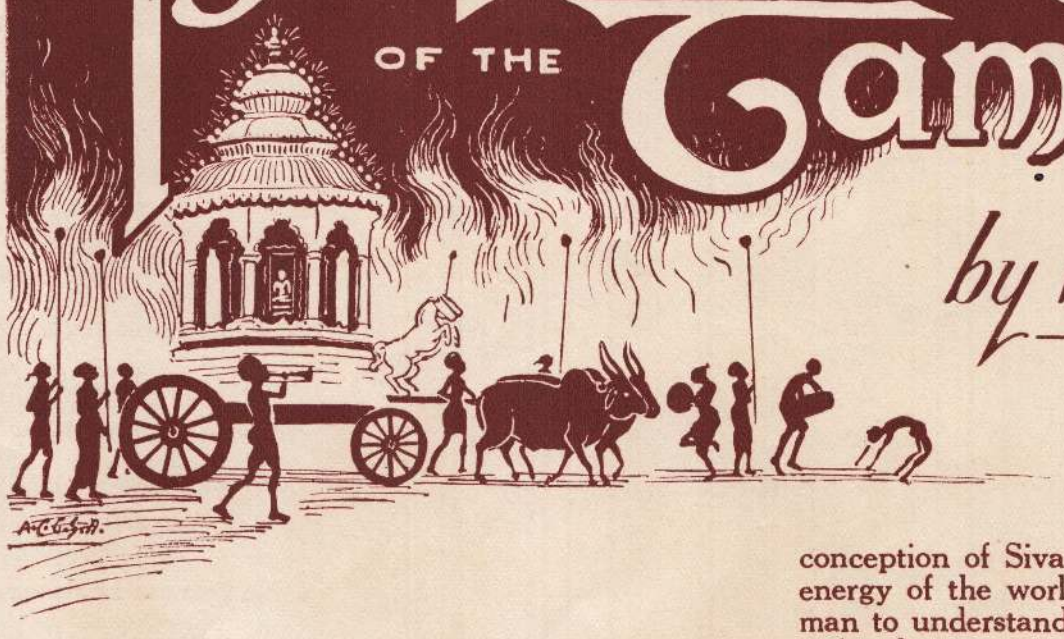
Nay, the tale of its being so named because it held ninety kings is not true—people do but say so. It had that name from the time that Anuradha, one of Vijeya's companions, settled there, and long ere ninety kings could be counted in Lanka.

Pandukabhaya built two great tanks in Anuradhapura, and he fixed the boundaries of all the villages in Lanka. He was a great ruler, and even the Yakkhas loved him. And in his greatness he forgot not the least person who had befriended or protected him when he was young and needed help. Chandra was made prime minister, and his uncle Abhaya he treated with great consideration and honour, giving him kingship over the city in the night time.

It was the love that Abhaya bore for his sister, it might be said, that brought about the fulfilment of the prophecy, and also the love of a mother and a grandmother for a new-born infant condemned to death. But said I not at the beginning, O ratran, that fate is more powerful than any careful planning of humans or gods? For the edicts of karma are engraven on lasting material, and no word of the script may be obliterated, though the erasing finger be dipped in blood or tears.

* The Sinhalese hour was twenty-four minutes long.

Popular Gods of the Tamils



by W. Balendra

A TAMIL temple ceremony is one of the oldest existing rituals fashioned by man to worship the Divine. Man is a creature of his traditions and traditions are fashioned by man himself. He follows a mode of living to suit his needs and energies and obeys the rules he ordains for himself. Traditions of the Tamil race are the will to work and the will to worship. Work and worship to the Tamil mean the same as work and play to the Englishman. Worship or play is a relaxation from the physical exhaustion of work ; one appeases in a spiritual sense, and the other soothes in a material way. This worship may range from primitive drinking orgies as seen at Muniandy festivals so commonly practised in Tamil working-class districts, to gorgeous temple rituals as seen in the annual Vél processions in Eastern cities such as Colombo, Madras and Singapore.

To understand the significance of these ceremonies one requires a knowledge of the origin of the Tamil race, and of its contribution to human welfare and civilization. The type of civilization the Tamil race has evolved is called the Dravidian civilization, and the recent discoveries by Sir John Marshall at Mohenjo Daro, near Karachi, in Northern India, has proved the antiquity of the civilization of this sub-continent. It is more than 5,000 years old. The Dravidians were civilized before the Aryans descended on India about 3,500 years ago, and Tamil culture retains the main features of temple worship unchanged during all these thousands of years. When Ramaswamy obtains permission from his *peria dorai* to visit the local temple for Siva worship, he desires to participate in a ritual which has remained unchanged for more than 4,000 years.

The cult of the worship of Siva is the most ancient faith existing in the world to-day. The conception of Siva as Creator depicting the cosmic energy of the world is one of the first attempts of man to understand the Unknown in a civilized and rational manner.

The contribution of the Tamil race in the march of civilization is to be found in the arts of mathematics, astronomy and religion. The Tamils' conception of religion is unique, as are their religious rituals. They neither attempt to standardize their conception of God, nor formulate any rigid rituals applicable in unalterable discipline to all human beings. They understand human nature in their own perspective and never attempt to unify man to one common ideal. The art of civilizing man is a slow process, and attempts to hasten this process end only in artificial and unnatural reactions in human behaviour.

In the Tamil temple ceremonies there is a conglomeration of all that is noble, refined and rational, along with those characteristics that are grotesque and repulsive to civilized observers. This contradiction might be explained in the light of Dravidian conception of civilization. Why force a savage to adopt civilized methods of life, if he does not voluntarily desire to be civilized? Therefore, the civilized Tamil has no objection to Munisamy conceiving his deity in terms of a stone, with a pot of toddy in front of it. Munisamy imagines that his god is represented in a crudely-fashioned stone called Muniandy, but he is rational in that he drinks the toddy before he worships this crude stone. For does not psychology teach us that alcoholic intoxication in many cases stimulates the latent faculties of love or hate? In Muniandy worship, apparently the qualities of Divine love are stimulated by the toddy and the stone in front of the devotee—a reasonable explanation, no doubt, in terms of modern scientific knowledge.

All Tamils are not satisfied with this Muniandy worship. It may satisfy a primitive individual, but not a person of higher mental development. The higher-caste Ramaswamy has a series of gods or goddesses to worship. There is the pot-bellied,

"When I suffered from sleeplessness and general debility, I tried Sanatogen, as I have tried so many other things, without expecting it to do me much good. Therefore I am more than pleased to have found at last the ideal tonic which really does, for me at least, do all the things it professes to do",

writes **Norma Lorimer,** the well-known Authoress.

youthful HEALTH for YOU, too

THERE is no doubt that Sanatogen *will* increase your health. The Proof? One of the most famous medical papers of the whole world, *The Lancet*, expresses its opinion on Sanatogen in the following words:

"There is abundant evidence of the value of Sanatogen as a restorative and food, and more particularly in cases of general debility"

You can trust Sanatogen entirely. It will do what it promises to do. It will

- **increase your vitality, strengthen your nerves, conquer sleeplessness,**

and will make you radiantly healthy again.

Feel better and look better by starting with Sanatogen to-day. Go now to your Chemist or Bazar keeper.

SANATOGEN

The True Tonic-Food

Not touched by hand

Sanatogen is now also obtainable in half size bottles at about half price

elephant-headed god called Ganapathi. He uses a mouse as a vehicle to ride on, yet is a giver of wisdom and strength. Those who aspire to gain these qualities worship Ganapathi every morning. Then there is Subramaniya, his brother. Subramaniya is a popular god to those who desire to overcome evil and achieve success in worldly matters. Subramaniya possesses two wives, and in temple processions the two wives always accompany him. When Karuppiah takes a holiday to attend the Kataragama temple, he mortifies himself to please the god Subramaniya. This penance is termed physical torture by Occidental observers; but Karuppiah states that this self-inflicted pain is in grateful acknowledgment of the help by god Subramaniya during his recent illness. This god rides a peacock, holds a silver lance in his hand, and is accompanied by his two wives. He exerts a strong fascination on numerous admirers who visit the different shrines dedicated in his honour. Subramaniya is a giver of practical things of life—love, power, money and health; and the thousands of labourers who visit different Subramaniya temples every year no doubt are sincerely convinced that these rewards are gained by pleasing the god.

There is a section of the people who require a form depicting the terrible. Tamil culture has supplied the want of this section by fashioning a goddess popularly known as Kali. This goddess depicts life in all its terrors, for is not life terrible to a section of humanity—a section not blessed with the good things of life but who meet and obtain all that is painful and sordid as their share of existence? This disappointed section of worshippers prefer the Kali-amma temple. The goddess is jet black in complexion, and her eyes project an omniscient expression. The body portrays energy and she is a protector of all who come to her when they are confronted with disappointment and disaster. Animal or human sacrifice appeases Kali best, and she revels in the sight of blood pouring forth from the sacrificed victims. Thousands of goats and fowls pay with their blood and necks to please this powerful goddess.

The modern Tamil devotee, however, does not dare attempt a human sacrifice even to please this exacting goddess. For if he does, he excites the wrath of a power swifter and more precise in its action than Kali's. This power is the law of the British Empire. The law is prepared to meet Kali half way; if only goats and fowls are sacrificed it raises no objection, for it is realised that the flesh of the animals is utilized in the end for the good purpose of feeding the enthusiastic worshippers. But the British policeman is prepared to pit his power against that of Kali if a human neck is cut in front of her, however powerful her devotees think she is!

Refined in living habits and elevated in their spiritual outlook, another section of the Tamil race refuse to be satisfied with deities of the Muniandy or Kali type, and are provided with Natarajah, an exquisitely worked out conception of the Divine in bronze. The statue of Natarajah portrays the cosmic energy in a dance representing the five activities of nature—the process of evolution, maintenance and involution, the embodiment of souls and their release from the cycle of life. The right hand holds the drum, which stands for creative sound, and the left hand gives out the flame of destruction. He crushes under his foot a hideous dwarf who stands for all qualities which are mean, sordid and vulgar. The face of the statue radiates peace, calmness and dignity.

The Tamils had reached a higher stage of civilization when they were able to conceive a work of art as depicted in the dance of Siva Natarajah. Approximately, this advanced stage was reached about 3,500 years ago, when Tamils were conversant with the workings

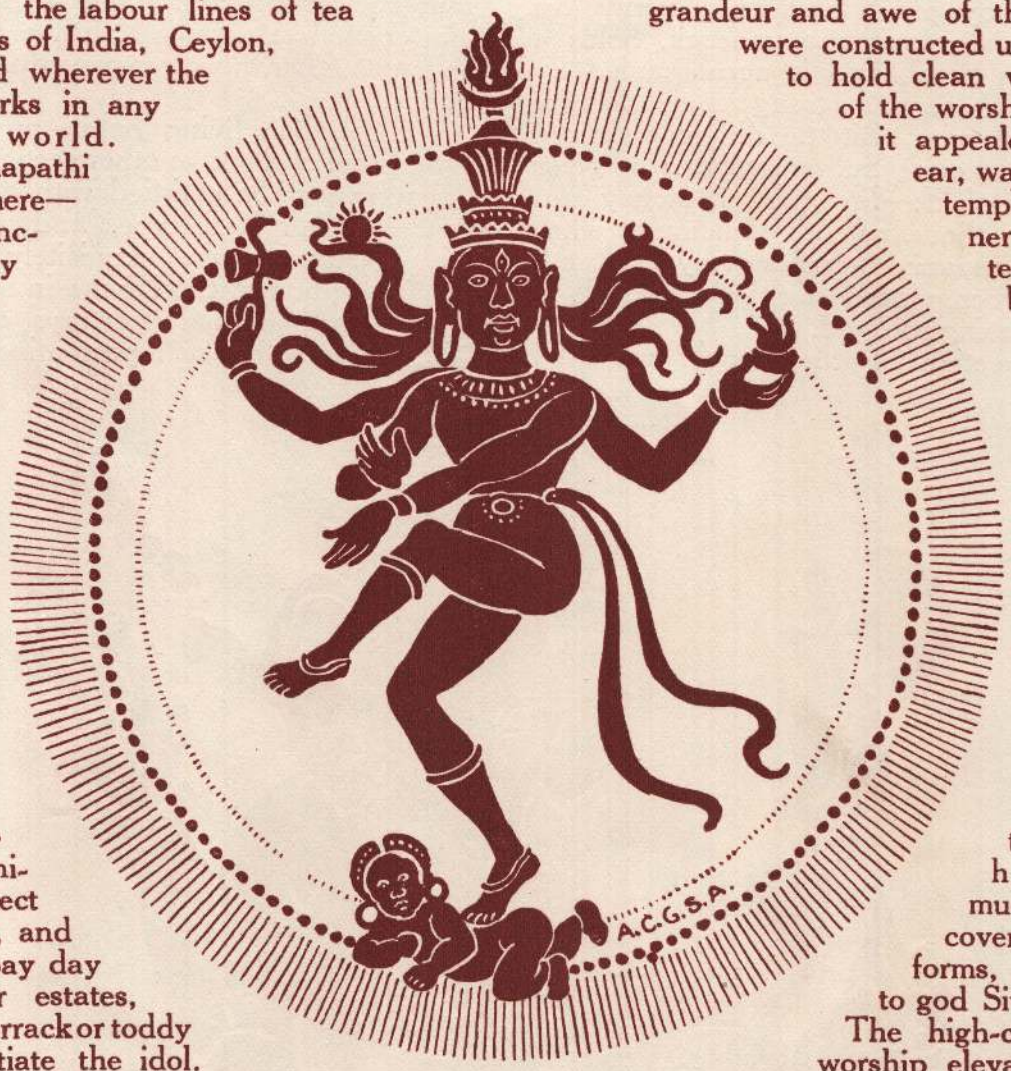
"THE ELEPHANT-HEADED GANAPATHI IS A GIVER OF WISDOM AND STRENGTH"

of gold, silver and bronze, and developed a profound knowledge of engineering subjects and constructed temples of enormous proportions, as are seen to-day in South India. The temples at Madura and Tanjore are well-known all over the world for the skill and technique involved in building them.

Muniandy Samy idol, grotesquely made of stone, may be housed in any old shed ; and if the requisite amount of arrack or toddy and the head of a goat are used for his worship, the devotees may enjoy his benediction every night. The alcoholic portion of the rituals ultimately finds itself into the stomachs of the worshippers and not onto the idol's head! This accounts for the great popularity of the god Muniandy in the labour lines of tea and rubber estates of India, Ceylon, Malay States and wherever the Tamil labourer works in any part of the world.

The god Ganapathi may reside anywhere—by a roadside junction, or under any unpretentious covering. He requires flowers, coconuts and incense for his worship and the worshippers who are on a higher plane of mental development prefer to invoke the aid of Ganapathi with flowers and incense, rather than Muniandy with alcoholic spirits. Muniandy does not object to Scotch whisky, and frequently on a pay day on tea or rubber estates, whisky instead of arrack or toddy is used to propitiate the idol.

The god Subramaniya with his two wives, or the Siva depicting the cosmic energy, require more substantial residences for their rituals. For them Ramaswamy *kangany* has to obtain the assistance of his *peria dorai* to build the structure, and even the *peria dorai* will not be able to build the temple to house gods Subramaniya or Siva, without the permission of his directors.



"NATARAJAH, AN EXQUISITELY WORKED OUT CONCEPTION OF THE DJVINE IN BRONZE"

Apart from the erection of a structure to house Subramaniya or Siva, the Brahmin with his mystic knowledge has to come to the aid of Ramaswamy and his friends. For gods Subramaniya or Siva do not become sacred to their devotees without Brahminic ceremonies. The Brahmins require special food, separate apartments and temple utensils. Thus we get the elaborate paraphernalia of temple rituals. The Brahmin, with centuries of religious training, knows the value of elaborate ritual in its effect upon the primitive mind. "The god Subramaniya or god Siva requires these ceremonies," he says to Ramaswamy and his friends. The cost of all these gorgeous and mystic rituals are borne by the poor peasant-folk. Flowers, incense, silks, copper utensils, processional cars, *nautch* girls and music are part of the temple belongings. Gods Siva or Subramaniya are not appeased till such rituals are performed.

The Tamil civilization developed fine arts in elaborating and mystifying temple rituals. Colossal temples were built in majestic proportions to impress the masses ; the temple towers rose several hundred feet into the air to stress the grandeur and awe of the Divine ; tanks were constructed upon a large scale to hold clean water for the use of the worshippers ; music, as it appealed to the Tamils' ear, was provided in the temples to soothe the nerves of the devotees ; incense was burnt and flowers were offered to perfume the temples and their surroundings ; silks in multi-coloured patterns were woven to adorn the gods and goddesses ; girls, beautifully bedecked with twinkling anklets, jasmine flowers adorning their shining black hair, and with multi-coloured clothes covering their beautiful forms, danced attention to god Siva.

The high-caste Tamil in his worship elevates himself, looks for all that is beautiful in human achievement, and suppresses all that is uncouth and grotesque. The temple rituals portray the civilization of the Tamil race. When the annual Vél processions in honour of god Subramaniya take place in various Eastern cities of the British Empire, they represent a pageant of the Tamil race, organized in the Tamils' own fashion. The chief modern contribution to the procession is electric light! But the Tamil preserves his conception of the Unknown, and in the ceremonies which are his own creation he repeats slogans every day without questioning the why and wherefore of things. When Ramaswamy leaves his work to attend the local Siva temple, he attempts to perpetuate ancient ceremonial rituals ; and who knows whether the Tamil will not unobtrusively carry on the rituals of his forefathers for thousands of years more ?

BIBBY LINE

FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS TO

Southern India, Sudan, Egypt, Marseilles, Gibraltar, Plymouth & London returning from Liverpool

BIBBY LINE M.V. "WORCESTERSHIRE"

THE BIBBY LINE was founded in 1821 and has steadily developed from the small sailing ships of which it then consisted to its present day fleet of luxuriously fitted motor and steam vessels.

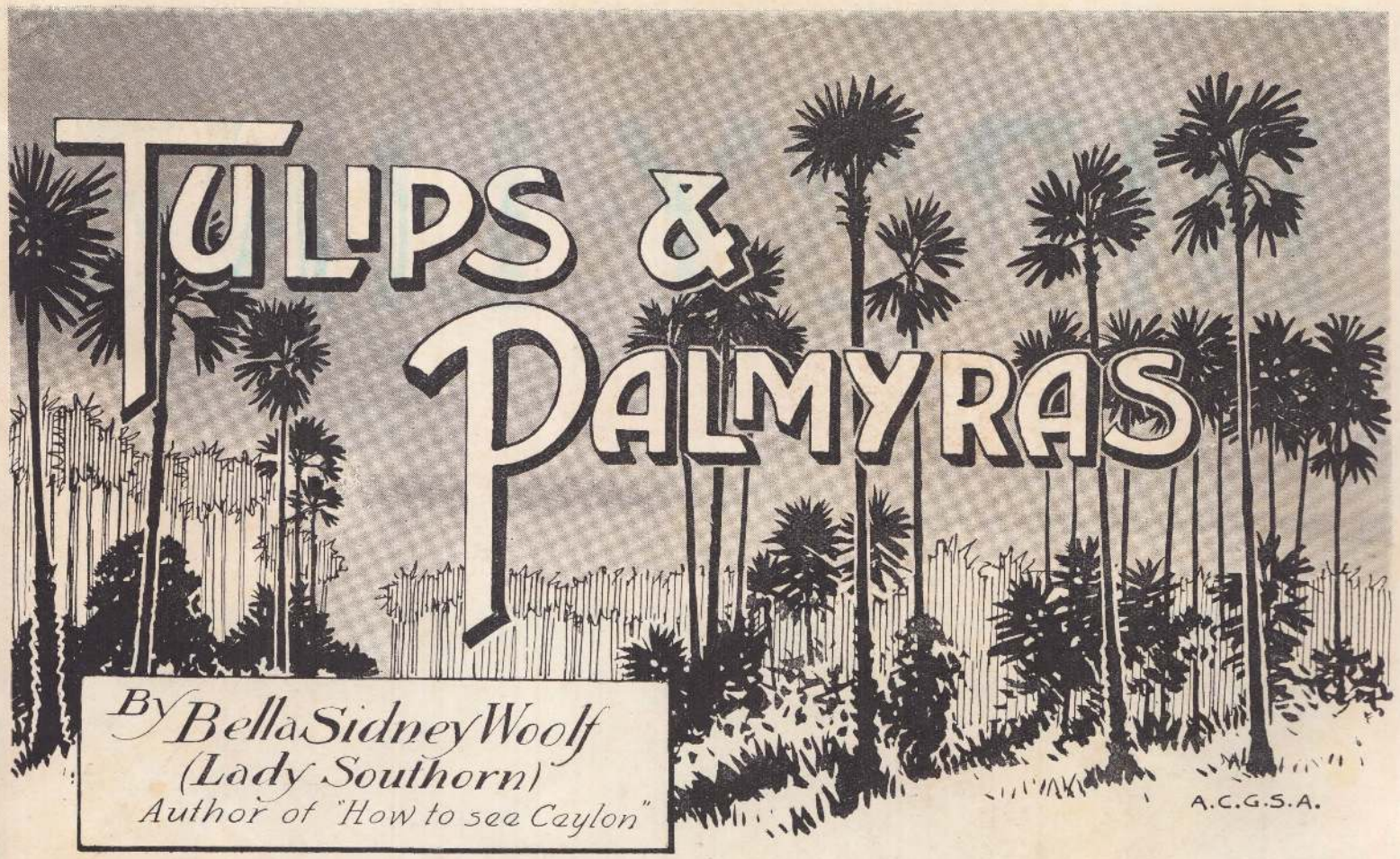
THE FLEET consists entirely of Twin Screw Vessels, all fitted with bilge keels, and specially built for this First-class Eastern passenger trade, and carries first-class passengers only, viz. :—

New Vessel * (building)	Ton. Cap. .. 15,000	"Lancashire"	Ton. Cap. .. 13,000
"Worcestershire"* ..	Ton. Cap. .. 15,000	"Oxfordshire"	Ton. Cap. .. 12,500
"Staffordshire"* ..	Ton. Cap. .. 15,000	"Gloucestershire" ..	Ton. Cap.* .. 12,000
"Shropshire"*	Ton. Cap. .. 15,000	"Somersetshire"*	Ton. Cap. .. 10,500
"Cheshire"*	Ton. Cap. .. 15,000	"Dorsetshire"*	Ton. Cap. .. 10,500
"Yorkshire"	Ton. Cap. .. 13,500		

* Motor Vessels.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY

CARSON & CO., LTD., Colombo. | **BIBBY BROS. & CO.,** MARTINS BANK BLDG., WATER STREET, LIVERPOOL, 22, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.



RAPTUROUS creatures like poets have sung of cooling streams and luscious fruits and draughts of Samian and other wines. Plain, red-faced men have expatiated forcibly on the delights of a certain long pull of beer at the "Pig and Whistle," after getting the Muddleton-cum-Dullbridge eleven out, just as the hour struck for drawing stumps. All these, in different ways, can convey a sense of exquisite refreshment, but none of them has told me of the freshness that runs through your fevered veins as you wake up in the dawn before you reach Elephant Pass and, leaning from the window of the night-mail, drink in the breath of the jungle.

There was never a draught purer, cooler, more fragrant. The trees and bushes and ground are steeped and drenched in dew; sparkling, glittering, twinkling, millions of drops flash into your eyes as the train passes. Birds dash out from the undergrowth, butterflies dart into the light and vanish. Here are cascades of white blossoms hanging from a tree-top; there a mantle of yellow flowers. You draw in great draughts of air as if you could never have enough of it, and at last, returning to your sleeping compartment to prepare for arrival at Jaffna, you feel one with him who

. . . on honey-dew has fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

As the train rolls on, you can see the jungle disappear and palmyra palms advance in battalions, their dark fans spread against the golden dawn. Then Jaffna station—the bustle of arrival—the crowd of Tamil passengers—the sorting out of luggage—and once again you are driving along the familiar streets, past the gabled Dutch houses, the neatly-pallisaded Tamil dwellings; along the white, dusty roads, marvelling at the strangeness and remoteness of this world from the riotous luxuriance and picturesque untidiness of the Low-country.

Truly, the Dutch set their mark indelibly on Jaffnapatam, and indissolubly linked in my mind are tulips and palmyras. If you sit out on the broad verandah of King's House, in the moonlight, you can see visions and dream dreams. You can hear the rustle of the voluminous petticoats of those "dear dead women" who, far from their own land made a new home for husband and children. Percival, in his history, is uncomplimentary to the Dutch women, but I have a fondness and an admiration for any woman who in those days shared her husband's fortunes in the East and braved dangers and discomforts.

You can picture these Mevrouws and Mejuffrouws dressed in their hot, unsuitable clothing, with their golden "oorijzer" covered with a lace cap, their corals and their massive earrings.

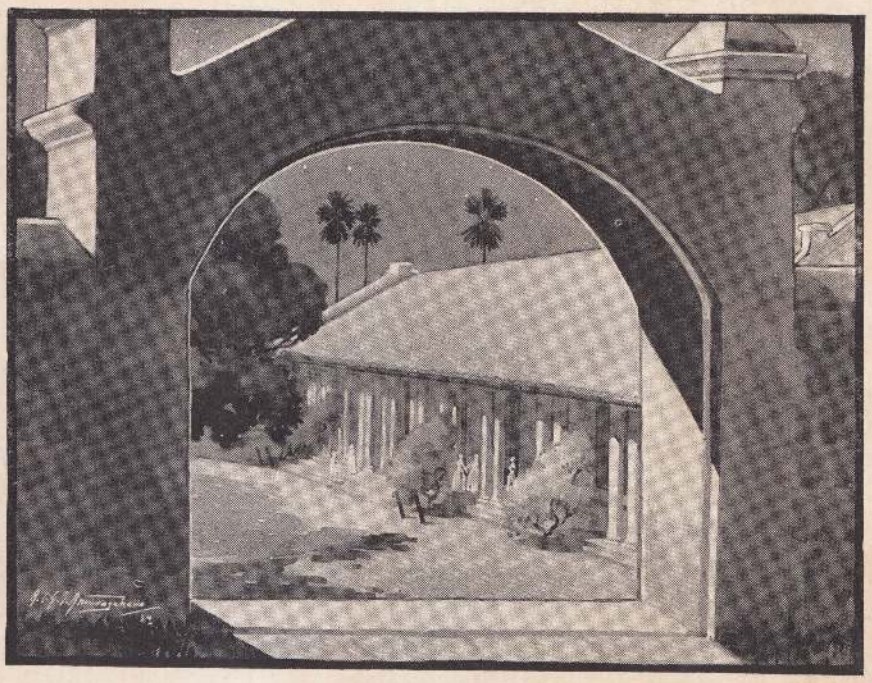
It is interesting to read Percival's reference to the type of costume worn by Dutch women: "On my first arrival in the Island they dressed in the Dutch manner, with long waists and stiff high stays which to me appeared very grotesque and awkward."

Evidently, the Dutch ladies were of the same opinion as Captain Percival, for he goes on to describe the sensible change which took place in their costume: "The dress worn by many of them, which is a mixture of the European and native fashions, is light and pretty. It consists of a piece of fine cotton cloth wrapped round the body and fastened under the arms, which forms the under-dress. Above it is worn a jacket of fine muslin or calico and a petticoat of the same; over the whole is thrown the *kabey*, or muslin robe, with sleeves fitted close to the arms and reaching down to the wrist,

with five or six buttons of gold or precious stones. A long or short *kabey* is worn, according to fancy. Some wear the hair loose, and others in a wreath round the back of their heads. These wreaths are fastened with gold pins known by the name of *condé*, very large, like skewers of a peculiar shape, and bent at the end like the handle of a table-spoon; they serve to fasten a plate of gold or tortoiseshell,* which compresses the hair and keeps it firm on the back part of the head. To this head-dress they frequently add, by way of ornament, a wreath of the Arabian jessamine, a small white flower of a most exquisite scent, which is also worn in garlands round their necks."

It is a pity that there were no artists to put on record the portraits of those who wore so picturesque a dress.

One likes to follow these folk in their daily life. Doubtless their kitchens gleamed with copper and brass and were as spotless as those of their native land. They cooked "wafelen" and "poffertjes" and other far less digestible dishes for their hearty spouses, who drank far more "Hollands" than was good for them and smoked like chimneys.



"IF YOU SIT OUT ON THE BROAD VERANDAH OF KING'S HOUSE, IN THE MOONLIGHT, YOU CAN SEE VISIONS AND DREAM DREAMS."

On Sundays they gathered in the Church, which is little changed from those days. Doubtless, during the long sermon, the children gazed with as much delight as we do on the quaint representation of King David, in an advanced stage of baldness, playing on the harp. This delightful figure on the organ gallery is alone worth a visit to Jaffna. The Psalmist is making music from a book of his own works written in Greek and lying on an eighteenth century reading-desk. There is no trace of the romantic slayer of Goliath about the elderly musician. Even David may not have restrained the children from whispering, as the sermon meandered on, and they were frowned on by their parents, who valiantly strove to keep from nodding themselves. After Church, everyone would gather in groups and gossip, some young ones lingering behind to exchange shy glances or hurried words of love before being swept home to the family dinner.

The lives of these men and women were short. If you read the inscriptions on their tombs you will see that among all those whose deaths are recorded in the Dutch Church, only one woman, Barta Augustin, reached the age of 56. The rest is a pathetic record: Margarita Romans, wife of the minister, Bartholomew Heynens, 18 years; Susanna Serringiers, wife of Commandeur Floris Blom, died at the age of 24. Susanna was born at Haarlem in 1669 and died at Jaffnapatam in 1693, so she made the long journey from Europe at an early age. She married Floris Blom in 1686. Susanna Anthonia van Pelt is the only one who receives the epithet "dear wife." She was the wife of Commandeur Jacob de Jong and she died at the age of 24. Maria Sophia Wirmelskircher is described as the "beloved wife" of Daniel de Bock, Secunde and Dessave. She was 45 years old. Hendrina Philippina Vos, wife of Thomas Nagel, lived only 20 years. Thomas consoled himself with two more wives. Johanna Wirman, wife of a merchant, lived to be 28. As stated, Barta Beckering reached the age of 56. She was the wife of Augustus Augustin. She must have appeared to be a Mother in Israel to her generation.

But it is useless to dwell too much on the sombre side of the picture. I like to visualise the families celebrating St. Nikolaas (the Dutch pre-Christmas festival, on 5th December) with all the zest that has survived for centuries—carrying into a foreign land the merry-makings for young and old. Doubtless they baked the same gingerbread figures, with currants for eyes and nose and mouth, as one buys in Holland to-day, and the children, little Mietjes and Jantjes, looked forward feverishly to the presents which Sinteklaas (we have adopted him as Santa Claus) would bring them.

There are few moments more magical on a moonlight night than looking out from the massive coral walls of the Dutch fort. Here, surely, ghosts of the past are round us. And yet in the brilliant scented moonlight there is nothing eerie or unpleasant. Here wandered Hendrina and Jacob and Margarita and Bartholomew; here they sat and talked, their thoughts far from the level lands of Jaffna, the reed-grown lagoons, the neat cultivation so reminiscent of their tidy native land. Pink and white oleanders shed their fragrance, instead of hyacinths, and suriyas or lotus flowers took the place of tulips.

When I first drove out to the salt-pans in Jaffna, a villager threw a bundle of lovely pink lotus lilies into the dog-cart—there were no motor cars in those days.

I believe that Magdalena or Petronella or Barta fingered the lotus lilies lovingly, as she put them in a vase and likened them to the pink tulips growing in her homeland.

"*Il ne change pas de pays qui voit toujours le soleil.*"

But the thoughts of the Dutch must sometimes have wandered with longing to the misty blueness of Holland, to the dykes and the "polders," the black and white kine standing in the rays of the setting sun, the yellow cheeses of Edam, the streets of Amsterdam and Haarlem, the "trekschuyten" floating lazily down the green canals, and the moonlight over the Zuyder Zee.

* Obviously the "oorijzer" as worn in Holland.

MAHADANAMUTTA

MOCK SAGE OF SINHALESE FOLKLORE

by T. R. P. Perera.

MAHADANAMUTTA, the Great Counsellor, is the mock-sage of Sinhalese folk-lore—an Oriental Don Quixote with five trusty Sancho Panzas supremely happy in the delusion that their Master was the wisest of mortals.

These mock-heroic adventurers are the Sinhalese counterpart of the widely-renowned wise men of Gotham, of great English fame. In local folk-lore the story of these wiseacres is perhaps only surpassed in interest by the enthralling anecdotes recorded of André, the celebrated jester of the Kandyan court.

A pompous external appearance which indeed accorded well with the typical sage of the ancients, to wit, a snow-white beard flowing almost down to the knees, a wealth of golden hair upon the head, a multi-coloured striped cloth around the loins, a great black coat worn ceremoniously with right royal dignity, a great comb wrought of the choicest of tortoise-shell passing muster for a coronet upon the head—these were the visible attributes of awe and majesty possessed by the Folly King of Lanka; while the wand which he carried magician-fashion was in the eyes of his quaint followers the sceptre of power and wisdom. Truth to tell, here was a human calamity of a sage—Lanka's greatest dunce of all time; while his retinue of five squires made up the giddiest group of motley fools ever known.

Pol Baa Moona, or the Oval-faced One, the greatest medical luminary of the age, was the physician of the company.

Kotukithaiya, or the Gaunt One, whose toils and lucubrations in the cause of science had militated against the lateral development of his person and had eventually left him long and lank, was the mathematical genius whose services were often of the highest importance in matters of calculation.

Rabboda Aiya, the Architect, whose achievements in his own sphere were of no mean order. Quite a mighty man was he, with strong and brawny limbs.

Puwakbadilla, yet another worthy without parallel in English fiction. An astrologer of high repute who, by his prognostications, unravelled the mysteries of dim futurity.

Idikatu Pencha, the Tiny Tot. This urchin was the page of the Sapient One. The last he was, but not by any means the least, of this group of formidable fools. With apologies to Chesterton, then, may I say:

"What time when the moon was blood
Then surely these were born!"

A peculiar phenomenon it was that their number never increased. No new recruit ever joined their circle or ever sought enlistment therein. Disciples withal were sorely needed by the Master. Were the portals so jealously guarded? Was there surely such a dearth of talent in the country? The Paragon of Wisdom, however, found a way out of this difficulty: "If disciples come not to us," quoth he, "then is it meet and just that we go even unto them." Sage counsel indeed!

Soon the company, led by the Sage, was on the march like six trusty Crusaders in quest of fairer fields and pastures new, where perchance the children of wisdom dwelt. After a long journey they encamped and the squires dispersed, each one going forth to fetch, according to his talents, the wherewithals for a meal.

At close of day the emissaries returned after fruitless labours. Pol Baa Moona, whose lot it was to provide vegetables for the repast, had exhausted the whole vegetable kingdom without finding any green thing, fruit or herb, fit for human consumption in harmony with the three principles of Ayurveda, to wit, air, blood and phlegm—the origin of all human ills.

A mathematical squabble over the retail price of a measure of rice and the wholesale value of the said commodity had been responsible for Kotukithaiya's rice-less return to camp.

Rabboda Aiya's fine architectural sense would not permit him to bring rude boulders of stone to make the fireplace.

The astrological prodigy, too, had returned empty from the plantain-grove whither he had gone to cut a few palms whereon to apportion the victuals, having been warned away by the ominous chirping of a common lizard.

The sequel was an enforced fast. But then quoth the sage: "Grand and truly glorious indeed

it is to obey the calls of science even though starvation be the price."

These wise adventurers had always harboured secret fears for water in general and for rivers in particular. Once in their peregrinations they had to wade across a river which, truth to say, they successfully accomplished by night when the river had gone to bed.

Once safely across, the Sage ordered a counting of his followers in order to re-assure himself that the treacherous river had not taken toll of any one of his retinue. But alack and alas! there were only five. Each one in the process of counting had left himself out of reckoning and the result always was "five." Then did they heap imprecations upon the wicked river. By bell, book and candle did they curse it. There were beating of breasts, and grinding of teeth and tearing of hair.

A passer-by who had seen through the antics of these idiots, feigning sympathy, offered to come to their rescue. He commanded them to call out the numbers in rotation as he set about with his magic wand upon their backs. The performance started—a veritable series of cudgellings. The poor fools' backs writhed with pain under the blows. But the final blow brought joy and relief. "Six," ejaculated the last and lost one, as the magic wand fell heavily upon his posterior. Quoth then the Sage again: "I fear the treacherous water even when it is asleep." Right cordially, too, did the six hate all rivers thereafter—far more fiercely than the Romans of old hated the Greeks.

The hamlet of Ovitigala, not far from the planting centre of Matugama, was the birthplace, some say, of these great heirs to fame. At all events, there is no doubt that they extended their travels there, for at Ovitigala, upon their advice, a great stag was buried with its antlers jutting out of the earth to enable the people to identify the spot and unearth the carcase when it was actually needed for a wedding feast—the stag having been hunted out and killed much too early for the nuptial celebrations which were yet quite a month or so off.

On another occasion this strange cavalcade of men, armed with great poles, ropes, and such-like implements, had sought the confines of Maggona, by the sea, to transport therefrom to their own village one of its delicious fountains. Maggona to this very day recalls the strange episode.

The five trusty squires obeyed their Master even to a fault, mechanically, literally, blindly. Once the great comb upon the Master's head had slipped down upon the ground, unnoticed by him, but none of the retinue had cared or dared to pick it up. When the loss was later noticed by their leader, they right loyally protested that they had not picked it up as there were no specific orders to guide them in the matter. Then quoth the Sage: "Verily it is the duty of every wise man to pick up without delay whatever drops down on the ground."

Thereafter the comedy began in right good earnest. The five spared nothing, but picked up and collected anything and everything whether deliberately discarded or inadvertently dropped by the Master. When, therefore, the Sage later sought for an explanation of the huge and nondescript pile of rubbish for which his honest men had been responsible, proudly did these heroes refer him to the "pick-up-all" principle so recently laid down.

Forthwith, the Master took the precaution of setting down exhaustively in writing all necessary rules, regulations and principles for the guidance of his disciples during the rest of their life-time.

A false step while walking one day had precipitated Mahadanamutta into a pool of mud, out of which, try as he might, he could not extricate himself. The disciples meanwhile looked upon his sorry plight as if nothing untoward had happened, for the very good reason that the written laws in their possession did not contemplate any such predicament. Calling for the incomplete parch-

"THE FOLLY KING OF LANKA"

ment, therefore, thus did the Master write : " When your Master sinks in the mire, make ye haste to help him out."

The story is also told of how these worthies emptied a whole pond of water with the object of seizing a horse that was living in it. Truth to tell, it was merely the reflection of a wooden horse (though not of Trojan dimensions) hung on a tree on the bank by the priest of a nearby temple, there being no room in the temple premises to accommodate this wooden propitiation to the deity.

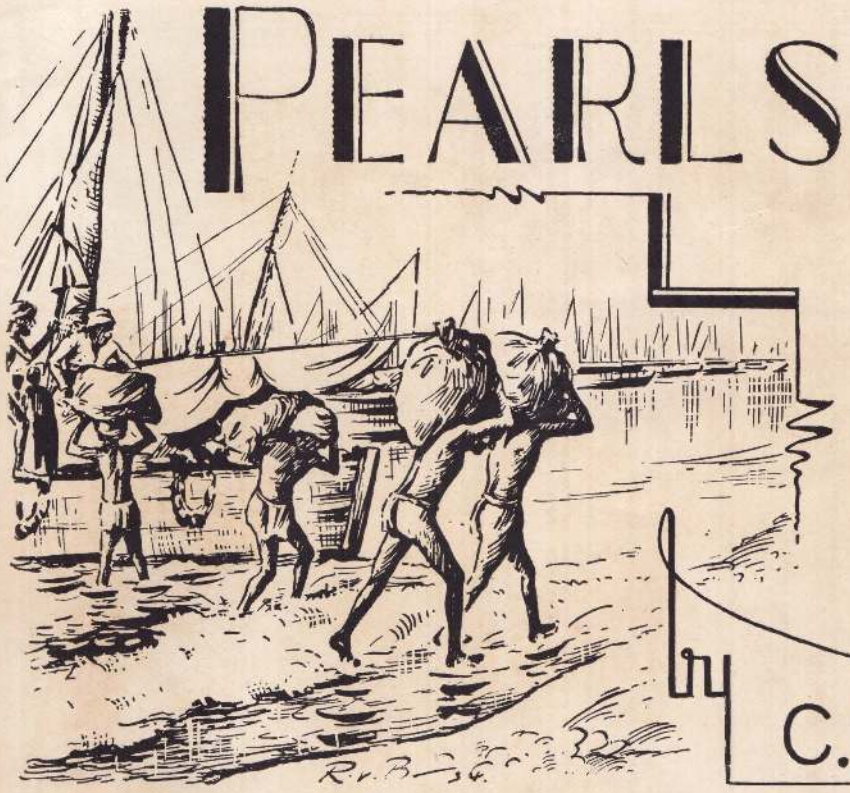
Once, one of the five, unable any longer to turn out cakes in sufficiently large numbers to meet the unceasing sale demands, sought counsel of the Master, who promptly suggested that the size and weight of the sweetmeat in question be increased so that customers in due course, smarting under the weight of their purchases, might gradually fall off.

A farmer's goat with its head encased in a large pot was once cutting capers upon the yard in blind fury. It had thrust its head into a pot of water for a drink and found it utterly impossible to extricate itself. The Sage was forthwith summoned to the scene and promptly ordered the severance of the head of the unfortunate beast from its trunk, while he completed the solution of the problem by ordering the pot to be broken to enable the removal of the head therefrom.

In later years Mahadanamutta is said to have gone about on his labours of love riding an elephant. Once, when his presence was required within a walled-in area the wall had actually to be broken down to allow them access—man and beast together.

One of the five once climbed up a tree and, perching himself upon the far end of a branch, commenced chopping it away near the trunk end—and that heedless of the warnings of a passer-by. When the inevitable fall occurred, man and branch together, his comrades gave chase to the passer-by who, upon seeing the pursuers, took to his heels. At last the quarry was brought to bay, only to be profusely thanked and admired for his prophetic prowess. Furthermore, the prophet in question was also requested to disclose to the five the day when their beloved Master would be called away to the land of the *devas*. " When the crown of his head shall grow icy cold," declared the man.

When at long last the day of parting came, everybody was unhappy. The Master had fallen headlong on a stretch of water and his " capital regions " were gradually becoming icy cold. He, therefore, prepared himself for death and burial. Making a bier, the five disciples placed their Master upon it and bore it along the great north road. But none of them knew exactly where the grave was to be. Coming to a great junction where four cross roads met, they gently placed the bier on the ground and began a long parley upon the means of finding out the right direction for further progress. By and by arguments became heated and a grave altercation was imminent. So the peace-loving Master raised his head to warn his disciples. Frightened by this apparition, the pall-bearers, leaving " corpse " and bier, sped away in all directions, whither no one knows to this very day.



PEARLS OF PRICE AND OF RICE

By C. BROOKE-ELLIOTT, K.C.

I HAVE never assisted at a pearl fishery at Marichikaddai, and never intend to—the scents and sounds and sights are more enchanting at a distance. Besides, pearls of price from the Indian Ocean are not unusual in the world of commerce. I prefer pearls of rice.

From very early times, and even later among the Dutch—a stolid race not over-full of bivalvic imagination—there has existed a belief that pearls never die, but contain in themselves the power of reproduction, in suitable surroundings, after separation from the parental oyster. This fascinating problem has always attracted me and I now propose to share the results of my research with readers of the *Times of Ceylon Christmas Number*; as a home-grown, bag-raised pearl is rather an unusual and jolly kind of present. To hand over a pearl tie-pin on a snowy morning, for example, saying genially, "Just a little product out of my black bag, old chap," makes Christmas morning breakfast a very cheery meal. It's almost as jolly as winning a Colombo sweep—provided the name of the city is not that also of the animal!

Many references to this matter of pearls can be found in books and papers in out-of-the-way publications. I have found several; but the one that put me on the track of profitable pearl-production turned up in a train between Florence and Venice some years ago. I think it was in a scientific magazine called *The Windsor*. I read it rather sceptically—as you may be reading this article. But I kept it in mind, just in case—one never knows when a bit of curious information may be useful. About a month later I dined in Town with friends from Ceylon. The husband had been a planter, with whom in the 'nineties I had often played cricket at Dimbula. He was a bowler of distinction, having once dismissed me for a "blob." Later, he migrated to Colombo, where he resided for some years before retiring. We had an excellent dinner at his flat in Albert Hall Mansions and naturally the conversation turned to Ceylon and then, somehow, to the subject of pearls in Ceylon. I referred to the article I had read in the train, and rather ridiculed the whole idea.

To my surprise, my hostess took the matter seriously. "Of course you can raise pearls like that," she said. "My cousin, who was Governor of the Straits Settlements, has done it most successfully."

I murmured something about a wish to meet the Eminent Official and learn more about the process, and my hostess said, "Come and dine here one evening next week and I'll tell A——to bring some of his pearls with him to show you."

This seemed convincing and I accepted with pleasure.

Accordingly, a week later we met the Eminent Official and his wife, who, I noted, was wearing beautiful pearls at her throat. My hostess's cousin was a typical retired colonial governor to his finger-tips and a jury would have accepted any evidence from such a dignified source with alacrity. Again we had an excellent dinner; but not till dessert did we talk of pearls. I then tactfully introduced the subject, and the Eminent One, with due deliberation, pointed to the pearl ornament his wife was wearing, and said he had himself grown the pearls of which it was composed.

I did not like to ask to be allowed to examine them, but presently the lady very kindly removed the ornament—it was a pendant, comprising three lustrous pearls of fair size—and passed it to me. Q.E.D., as Euclid used to say. And Q.E.F., too, as I was determined to own a black bag and grow pearls of rice myself.

The only question was—how? Eminent officials are not usually communicative, especially where secret information is required. But I tried very hard. As a "feeler," I mentioned what I had read in *The Windsor*, and tactfully invited the Eminent One to express his opinion. To my surprise,

he declared that what I had read in the train in Italy was correct. He then outlined the exact procedure by which he had raised the pearls that adorned the neck of his consort. It was apparently a very simple process in the Straits. All one had to do was to procure a black silk bag about twelve inches square, place inside it some rice, and introduce a few parental pearls. And in due season they would increase and multiply abundantly. Pearls of rice and of price could thus be produced at will—*provided it was a good breeding season!* The proviso is not unimportant.

The Eminent One next produced a packet of pearls from his pocket; and so far as my amateur eyes could see they were all that pearls ought to be in shape and lustre. So that was that.

I returned to Colombo, keen to start bag-pearling or pearl-bagging, as the case may be.

"SO WE HASTILY BURIED THE OYSTERS UNDER A COCONUT TREE IN THE COMPOUND AT 'BRAEMAR.'"

I had once long before purchased a couple of thousand fresh pearl-oysters through a Mohammedan client when there was a pearl-fishery at Marichikaddai. The client delivered the barrel of oysters in his smart victoria. Just at the moment of delivery, I remember, I was going to a wedding; so we hastily buried the oysters under a coconut tree in the compound at "Braemar," and went on to the wedding in the victoria. Two months later we dug up the disintegrated oysters, and found sixty-five smallish pearls among the then odourless shells. I had carefully kept these pearls locked up in a box, and they looked to me as if they might prove excellent stud-pearls—if it was a good breeding season.

The ritual of the black bag-cum-rice, as laid down by the Eminent One, was carefully carried out; and then I waited patiently for the crop. Eighteen months later, I opened the bag. But it had evidently been a bad season, for of pearl-babies there was not a sign.

The scene now shifts to the Galle Face Hotel, where one evening, at a dinner party with some Australian-Colombians, I met the Pearl King of Australia and his wife. They told me many most interesting things about pearling from a schooner, and I particularly recall a lurid tale of a huge black pearl, worth probably ten thousand pounds sterling, that a blacker diver had brought up. But as the King had been taking it from the diver's hand, on deck, the treasure had slipped overboard and had never been seen again.

At that favourable stage of the conversation I mentioned my pearl-growing plan, and the Pearl King told me that he had heard much about it, but preferred catching pearls to breeding them. I described my abortive experiment, which interested him greatly, and later we parted upon the most cordial terms.

Some weeks afterwards, a Ward Place postman delivered to me a registered and insured parcel from Australia. Inside I found thirty nice, shining pearls, and a letter from the Pearl King, suggesting that perhaps some fresh pearl-stock might do the bag-trick if I cared to try again.

The ayah said, "Why not give pearls to lady? What for this botheration making black bag and putting rice-grains?"

But ayahs are not scientific, and the protest was over-ruled.

So the great experiment began again. Then, for two years, I waited patiently, until at last came a day which seemed propitious. I opened the black bag, and found thirty nice pearls inside. Unhappily, they proved to be the thirty I had put in two years before! Again my labour was in vain.

And there I let the matter rest for many years, waiting for a good bag-breeding season.

* * * * *

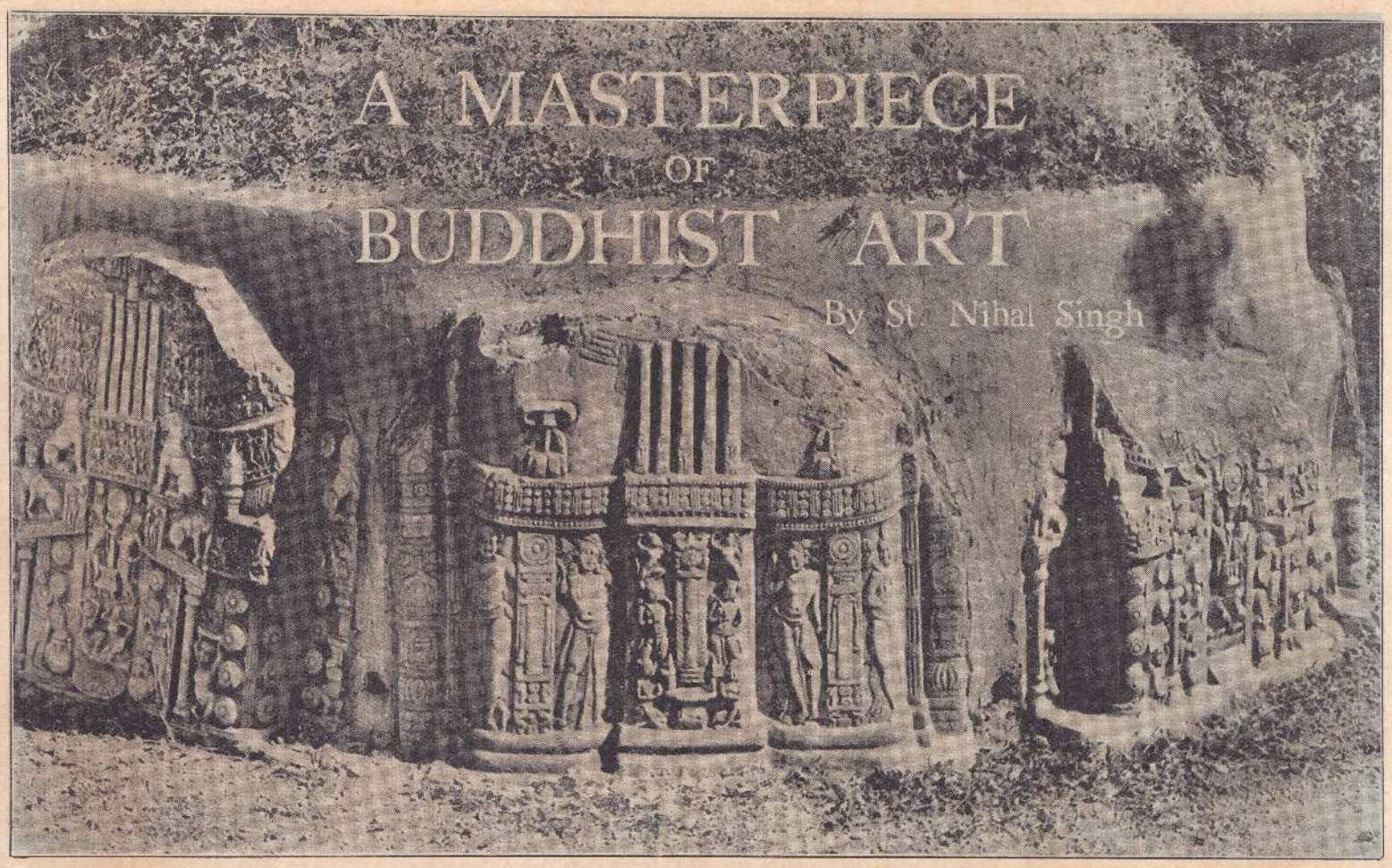
A Madras grocer has now solved the riddle for me. Last week I happened to go into his shop to buy some stores for camp, and asked the man, playfully, if he had any good oyster-food in tins.

"Certainly, sir," he replied instantly, and produced a tin of a well-known brand of patent pearl-barley.

So now you know—barley's the stuff, not rice. Tomorrow I start again. This time it is going to be a success. Book your pearls in time for Christmas, 1935!

A MASTERPIECE OF BUDDHIST ART

By St Nihal Singh



Copyright Photograph

Pairs of human figures, male and female, are to be seen in many of the sculptures at Amaravati. They are believed to have represented persons belonging to the royalty or nobility and give one an idea of the dress and manners of the ancient days in which they were carved.

ST. NIHAL SINGH

NOT so very long ago I stood in front of a *stupa* that for centuries had been the toy of wind and weather. The smooth, inverted-cup shaped dome had disappeared. From the uneven earth that crowned it shot up grass, strong and colourful, nurtured by the recent rains. A tree with dark, thick foliage bent above it, the wind-stirred branches and leaves casting shifting shadows over the ten plaques round its base, some 35 feet in circumference. To the carving chiselled upon these slabs had been imparted a somewhat longer lease of life. The figures and conventional designs had become chipped and roughened: but they retained, to a wonderful degree, the beauty with which the unknown sculptors of another day had invested them.

Men and women knelt in front of a tree—unmistakably a *bodhi*-tree. There were miniature *dagobas*, umbrellas, wheels set on high pedestals, pots, hares, lions and other motifs distinctively Buddhist.

Everything about me suggested Ceylon. In the heart of the Island, once populous, now filled with ruins, I have seen *stupas* in much the same condition, embellished with similar figures and emblems. Perhaps the only thing that was different was that instead of standing in a jungle, I was in an open country stretching southwards from the bank of the Krishna river, about sixty miles, as the crow flies from the Bay of Bengal into which it empties, and some twenty miles north-west of Guntur, the nearest railway station. The villagers called the place Amaravati. The ancients called it Dhanayakata or Dharanikotta. It had once been an important metropolis.

Buddhism penetrated to this spot in the third century B.C. and flourished here till the fourth century A.D. It gave such an impetus to building and carving that this place became one of the greatest art centres in India—and, in fact, in the then known world. The statues, statuettes and decorative designs created here possess an affinity with some of the work produced at Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa and other places in Ceylon. This kinship impressed me the minute I set eyes on the small *stupa* to which I referred at the beginning of this article. The more I examined it and the carvings lying about it, the more I was struck with this similarity.

At the right of the *stupa*, separated from it by a few yards, there stood, in a queerly slanting position, a statue of the Buddha that sent my mind back to the giant figure of the Teacher carved against the rock at Aukanna. The folds of the robe covering the body were carefully and neatly indicated in stone. One end of it fell at the left side much as it does in the Aukanna Buddha. The faces had been sadly battered by rain and alternating heat and cold: but the expression of serenity that some master-sculptor of old had given them with infinite pains still lingered.

Here and there, among the ruins, I saw designs and devices beloved of Buddhist sculptors of olden days. There was, for instance, a stone with rectangular holes cut in it, such as one sees near the ruined monasteries in Anuradhapura, known, if I remember aright, as Yantara-stones. There were pots carved against the slabs such as I had seen among the monuments at Polonnaruwa. Then there were elephants and deer and lions galore and,

VAT 69

Quality Tells—

. . . but there is something that neither the bottle nor the whisky tells you . . something that Wine and Spirit Dealers, Restaurants and Bars everywhere are glad to tell you . . VAT 69 costs no more than ordinary whisky.

It is the distinguished shape of the bottle that tells you at a glance . . . VAT 69. And it is the distinguished flavour of VAT 69 that tells you . . . genuine liqueur Scotch Whisky.

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863 BY *Sanderson's*

as I have already noted, many *bodhi*-trees. There were moonstones, smaller and less elaborately carved than the one at the " Queen's Palace " at Anuradhapura, but not without artistic merit. Figures and scenes sent my memory hurtling back to some of those depicted on the exterior of the Demala Mahaseya, beyond the Gal Vihare, at Polonnaruwa, or to those on the Isurumuniya temple at Anuradhapura.

Evidence is not lacking that intercourse existed between this place and Ceylon from remote times. According to the *Mahavamsa* (Turnour - Wijesinha edition) 360,000 *bhikkus* and lay disciples journeyed from this region (Kalinga, later known as Maha-Andhra or Andhra) to Anuradhapura under the leadership of the sage Mahadeva, to be present at the consecration of the Ruanweli *dagoba*. Even if the number is considered to be exaggerated, there is no question that the two countries were in touch with one another long before the birth of the Christ.

It may also be recalled that, according to the Ceylon chronicles, the great grandmother of Vijaya—the founder of the Sinhalese dynasty—was "the princess of Kalinga." Then, too, it was a Kalinga princess, Hemmamala by name, who managed to smuggle the left canine tooth of the Buddha out of Odivisa (modern Orissa) and convey it to Anuradhapura in the fourth century A.D. To do so without being caught in the act she disguised herself as a brahman priestess and secreted the relic in her long tresses. The Sinhalese king of the day—Kittissiri Meghavanna—received it with great gratitude and joy and, placing it in a chaste casket of *phalika* stone, enshrined it in the Dalada Maligawa—literally Palace of the Tooth—he specially built for the purpose. To-day it reposes in the Temple of the Tooth at Kandy.

Copyright Photograph ST. NIHAL SINGH

In carving the Dharmachakra—the symbol for the Buddha preaching his first sermon at Isipatana (now Sarnath) near Benares—and other emblems, artists at Amaravati sought to introduce variations, as can be seen from these examples taken from the small *stupa* there.

Kalinga figures in Buddhist lore from a period beyond the recognition of history. The ego whom we know as Gautama passed through many births, it is related, to be able to reach the stage of spiritual development that enabled him to gain *sam-buddhi* (enlightenment). In the penultimate incarnation he was the beloved son, of a reigning monarch, acclaimed as the Prince Vaisyantara or Vessantara, because near the palace in which he lived was the street of *Vaisyas*—merchant princes.

Suddenly envoys came to his father's court from the kingdom of Kalinga bringing tidings of a drought that threatened to wipe out men and cattle from that land. Ever generous to a fault, the prince was so affected by the story of distress that he presented them with a milk-white elephant. Showers poured down wherever it went. The people became alarmed at the consequences they fancied would follow in their own country through the absence of this wonderful animal and complained bitterly to the king about it. Upon their insistence he banished his son.

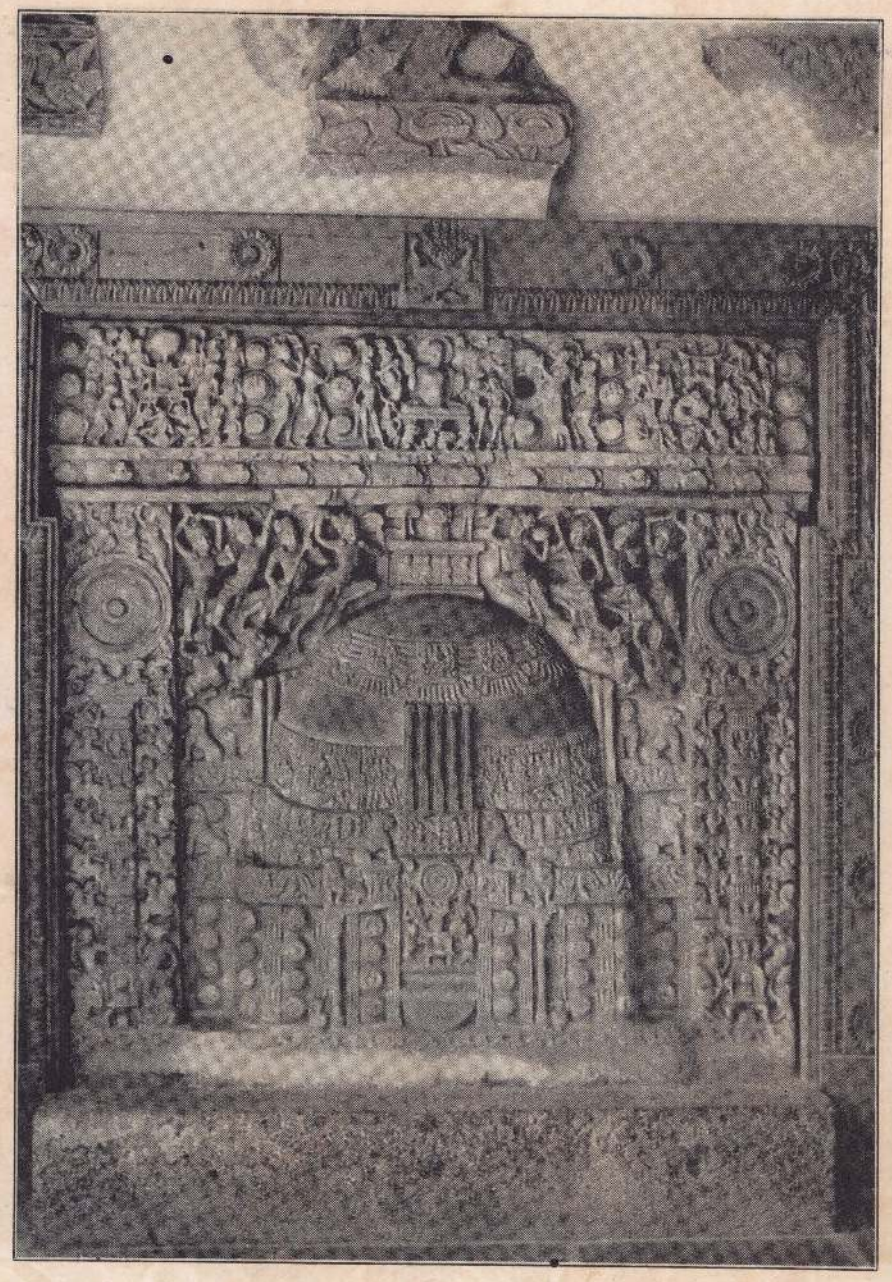
The punishment meted out to the young man served to intensify his spirit of benevolence rather than check it. As soon as he had entered the jungle he gave away, one at a time, all his worldly possessions—the chariot drawn by four horses in which he had left his father's capital and even his children and his wife, Madri by name. Little did he suspect that the mendicant upon whom he bestowed his spouse was none other than Sakra. That god, disguised as a brahman, had come to test him. Pleased at the spirit of self-sacrifice the prince had shown he immediately revealed himself and restored Madri to him ; and in addition conferred many other boons upon him.

The liberation of the children also came about without much delay. The priest to whom they

had been presented took them to the king, their grandfather, no doubt in the hope of reaping a rich reward. As soon as their identity was disclosed his Majesty asked them to sit in his lap. They, however, expressed their inability to do so until a price they named had been paid and their freedom secured. With the ransomed children as his guides, the king sought out their father and mother in the jungle and took the whole family back home, amidst great rejoicing.

Some three centuries after Gautama attained Buddhahood, Asoka —the Dhammasoka of the Buddhist chronicles— coveted the Kalinga country. In the pride of his manhood, yet lacking the restraint exercised by Buddhism, he marched down from his capital at Pataliputra (Patna of our day) in Magdha (modern Bihar) at the head of a host that, at first, met fierce resistance but, in the end, carried everything before it. This victory was won at such prodigious cost of human life that it preyed upon Asoka's mind and turned it towards the peace of *nibbana* (*nirvana*) made available for mankind by the Buddha. Embracing Buddhism, he bent his energies to spreading it in every direction, including Ceylon.

The land of the Kalingas was ready for the reception of the faith. It took root quickly. Within two centuries of Asoka's death it blossomed over the entire region.



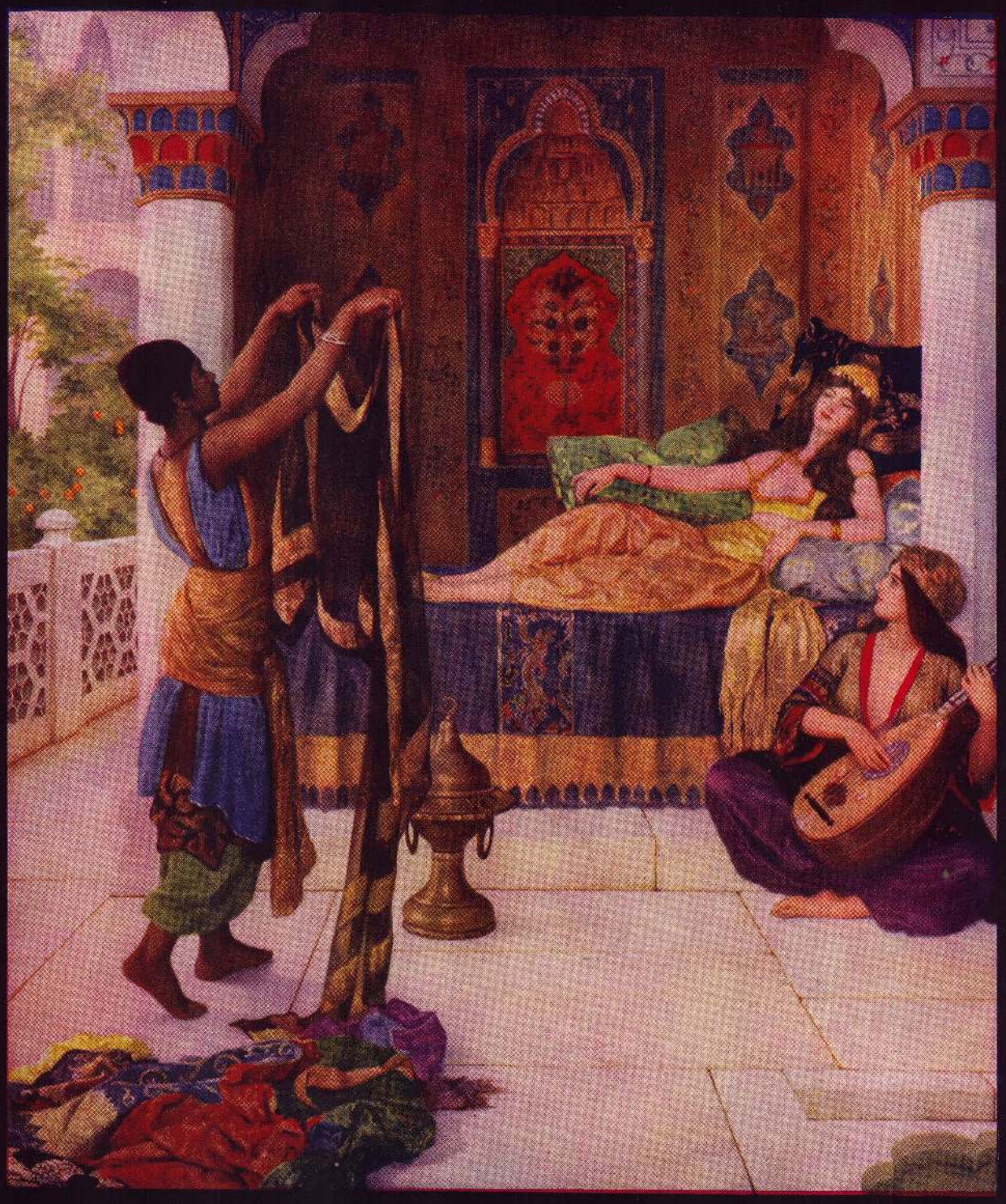
Copyright Photograph ST. NIHAL SINGH.
Slab from the great *stupa* at Amaravati now in the Museum at Madras. It is considered a masterpiece of art and is treasured as a priceless heritage from the past.

In this part of India, as in Ceylon and other lands, Buddhism stimulated art. *Stupas* were built and round them rails embellished with statues and statuettes and conventional designs. The "urge" for decoration proved so irrepressible that hardly a square inch of the stone surface was left uncarved. Nowhere else in the Buddhist world did this impulse show greater vitality than at Amaravati. No doubt the situation of the place provided the atmosphere needed for creative work. A little to the north of the monastic settlement flowed the Krishna river, imparting a suggestion of coolness to the surroundings and at the same time ensuring a plentiful supply of water for bathing and cooking. The spot, while sequestered, was near the capital, where, at the time, surrounded by nobles and officials, lived the Raja ; and where men and women who had vowed to subsist only upon the fare given to them could, with ease, repair, begging-bowl in hand. Though none of the dynasties that ruled from this capital during the six or seven centuries in which art flourished at Amaravati, appears to have professed Buddhism, at least exclusively, they, without exception, showed a sense of neighbourliness and hospitality towards the monastic institution, as is amply attested by records of the grants made that have survived the depredations of time.

The foundations of the *stupa* that served, during these centuries, as the centre round which religious life revolved and art found expression, were laid about the time that Devanampiyatissa (247 to 207 B.C.) was ruling in Ceylon and Mahinda and Sanghamitta (Asoka's son and daughter) were engaged in spreading the Buddha's gospel there. Its exact size as it appeared towards the end of the fourth century, by when it had received its maximum development, is more or less a matter of conjecture. Before measurements could be taken and drawings made, even the ruins into which the destructive forces of Nature and vandal man had converted it, had disappeared.

Dr. Jas. Burgess, who, as the head of the Archaeological Survey of Madras, examined the monument in 1881-82, came to the conclusion that the base must have been about 138 feet and the dome, most probably faced with marble, between 90 and 100 feet in diameter. This would have left a margin sufficient for two terraces of eleven feet or three of seven feet wide. The structure must have been 453 feet in circumference.

Fortunately we have not been left in doubt as to the actual shape and the character of the ornamentation of this *stupa*. Many sculptures believed to be copies, in miniature, of it have been discovered. A few of them are still on the spot while others are being taken care of in museums. One of the most perfect examples is in the Madras



MYRRH, ALOES & CASSIA.
BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

"ERASMIC"
Soaps & Perfumes.

Luxurious and Delightful.

Museum and is regarded as a priceless possession. The illustration reproduced with this article is from a photograph I made through the courtesy of Dr. F. H. Graveley, who has a keen perception of art and is greatly interested in archaeology.

The dome was surrounded by a double railing, each elaborately and beautifully carved. The pillars were formed of octagonal shafts, almost *in plano*, and were ornamented, in the middle, with elaborately carved full discs and at the top and bottom with half discs. The intermediate spaces were invariably divided vertically into three and contained figure scultptures of great variety. Dr. Burgess estimated that there must have been altogether 136 upright slabs and 348 cross-bars in the outer railing, on which rested 803 lineal feet of massive coping carved on both sides.

The inner railing, only about six feet high, is supposed to have been 521 feet in circumference, and to have contained 470 feet of carving. The *stupa* is believed to have been surrounded by small chaityas—copies in miniature of the large one. Circling these were the monastic dwellings of the *bhikkus* and the retreats of parapetic mendicants who flocked to the shrine from far and near.

Dr. Burgess believed that at night myriad lamps were lit all over the dome, converting it into a hill of light, from which it became known as "Dipaldinne." The illumination must have been specially brilliant on festival occasions, when, in addition to the lights, the dome was completely covered with festoons of flowers and fluttering flags right up to the square capital surmounting it.

To persons familiar with the Ceylon chronicles, the scene must have borne a strong resemblance to that created by King Bhatikabhaya, who delighted in devising decorative schemes for the Ruanweli *dagoba* at Anuradhapura. He once ordered it to be lit up with countless lamps prepared with wicks made of strips of stuff floating in clarified butter which had been poured into the courtyard after closing up all outlets, so that it stood ankle-deep converting the terrace into a lake of oil. In addition there were lamps fastened to the structure itself fed with *madhuka* and sesamum oil.

Copyright Photograph SI. NIHAL SINGH.
Fragments of two Buddha statues lean against a hillock on either side of an elaborately carved slab showing, at the bottom, the worship of the *stupa*, in the centre a frieze of running lions and at the top a row of double *trisulas* (tridents).

The work of carving began at Amaravati probably in the second century B.C. The early sculptures, at any rate, resembled those at the Barhut *stupa*, so far the earliest instance of Buddhist art. They do not betray any trace of foreign influence and are of high quality, proving that even at that period India had a well developed art tradition and Indian sculptors had evolved a free and easy style and acquired great technical skill.

A sense of awe appears to have prevented the artists, at this time, from attempting to carve the likeness of the Teacher. They confined themselves to drawing and chiselling emblems possessing an unmistakable meaning to persons versed in the symbology of their faith—the *bodhi*-tree, the foot-prints, the umbrella, the wheel of the law and the like. Traditions, particularly those connected with the pre-Buddha births of Gautama, also provided them with an almost endless variety of subjects.

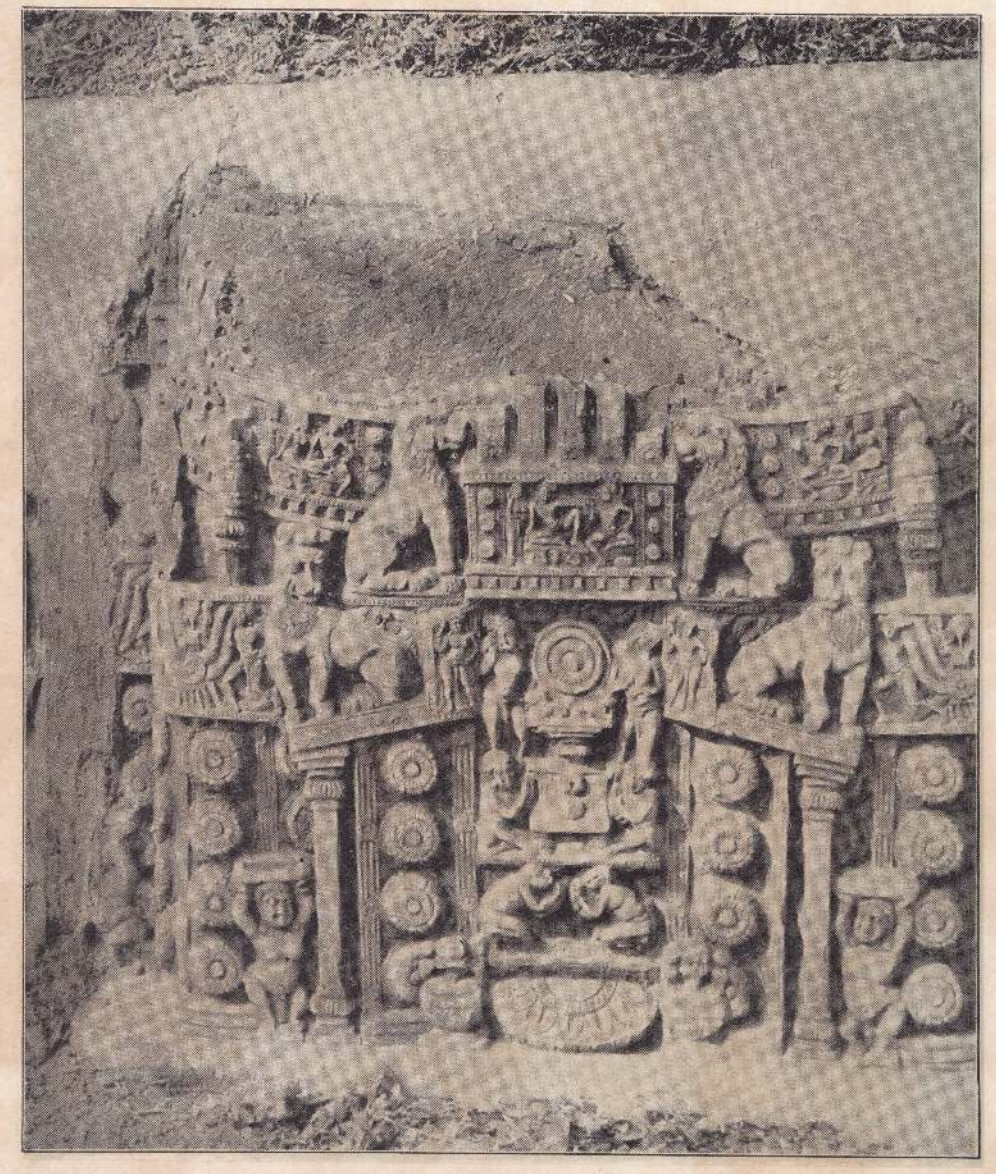
Towards the beginning of the Christian era foreign or semi-foreign influences appear to have penetrated to this region from the north-west corner of India, probably through Mathura (often corrupted into "Muttra"). A Bactrian kingdom had been established in what now is a part of the Punjab and stretching over the North-West Frontier Province of our day well into Afghanistan. In the wake of the political domination came a mating of Grecian and Indian culture. Probably the most vital expression of this commingling was the Gandhara school of art.

When this technique filtered down to Amaravati it seems to have intoxicated the artists of those days. They began to carve Apollo-like athletes, clothe them in toga-like robes, give them the attitude of a *yogi* and surround them with the symbolic devices of Buddhism. This intoxication lasted for a considerable time. Gradually, however, the traditions inherited from many generations of artists asserted themselves, bringing about a readjustment of values and the evolution of a new technique.

Since by far the greater part of the work, at least judging from what has survived, was done from the first to the fourth century A.D., it shows

foreign influence to a greater or less extent. With the arrival upon the scene of Nagarjuna, the famous Buddhist monk, about 60 or 70 A.D., a new era of activity appears to have begun and continued for some 200 or 300 years.

Of the themes attempted, some of the slabs delineating the *Jataka* (the pre-Buddha birth) stories are of special merit. The incarnation of the *Bodhisattva* (Buddha-to-be) as the six-tusked (*Chaddanta*) elephant seems particularly to have fascinated the artists. According to tradition, one of his elephant wives conceived such hatred of him that she had herself re-born as a woman so that she might wreak revenge. Married to the King of Benares, she plotted to bring about Chaddanta's death. She related to the Ruler-husband a dream in which she had beheld the vision of being cured of the malady from which she pretended to be suffering by the six tusks of an elephant. Hunters were despatched to the jungle in search of these tusks. One of them located Chaddanta, who readily permitted his tusks to be sawn off—even, it is stated, helping to perform the operation—and expired in the act. When the ivory was presented to her she died of a broken heart, realising the terrible deed she had committed.



Copyright Photograph ST. NIHAL SINGH

In th's design the sculptor combined the moonstone, the worship of the footprints on a throne and of the *Dharmachakra* (wheel of the law). This also shows the elaborate employment of knobs in the form of conventional lotuses as a framework and divisions between slabs. The rectangular carving between the two lions at the top is reminiscent of figures on the Isurumuniya temple at Anurabhapura.

The story told of the *Bodhisattva* during his Vessantara incarnation also is carved in several places, and invariably with great vigour and beauty. For some reason, the chariot drawn by four horses in which the prince is said to have gone to the jungle with his family is nowhere to be seen. Instead, a cart drawn by a pair of bullocks has been substituted. This is clear proof of the fact that as time went on the artists plucked up courage to use their imagination in interpreting incidents—actual or traditional—instead of stubbornly adhering literally to the version handed down from father to son.

That the highly developed quality of self-sacrifice of the Buddha powerfully moved the sculptors is shown also by the care they took to portray the *Sasa Jataka* on the railing. In this birth the *Bodhisattva*, it is related, was born as a hare (*Sasa*) and made his home in a jungle, where holy men dwelt. His chief companions in the forest were a monkey, a jackal, and an otter. He was possessed of so much virtue that the other animals learnt lessons of good behaviour from him and he, although among the lowliest of the lowly, was permitted to associate on equal terms with the king among them. He set them all a fine example by performing the supreme sacrifice of offering himself as food for a hungry holy man, who turned out to be Sakra in disguise.

Lack of space makes it impossible for me to deal with other themes carved at Amaravati. I must, however, add that the artists did not confine themselves to depicting sacred subjects. Judging from what remains, the sculptures, in their *ensemble*, must have constituted a veritable pageant of contemporary life, displaying in rich and precise detail the men, women and children of bygone generations, in all stations of life, their dress, ornamentation, manners, occupations, amusements and the like. In addition to their high artistic merit they therefore possess great historic value.

How sad that desolation should reign supreme where once this artistic wealth was enshrined! The decline appears to have set in soon after the removal of the capital from Dhanayakata and the consequent withdrawal of royal patronage from the monastic institutions. The resurgence of Hinduism, especially following the movement inaugurated by Sankaracharya in the 9th century A.D. accelerated the process of atrophy.

Such harm was small compared with the damage wrought by man once he discovered that the exquisitely carved stone, if burnt, yielded excellent lime. As if enough forces of destruction had not been loosened, pseudo-scientists arrived in the 19th century and their spades and pick-axes, hammers and chisels, helped to carry the havoc beyond repair. The wonder is that any specimens exist to attest to the marvellous skill that sculptors of olden days had acquired.

BIRTH-STORIES of the BUDDHA

and their Influence on Ceylon

by G. C. MENDIS

A view of a side of the Dimbulagala Rock (called Gunner's Quoin today) from one of its caves.

OF the books that were known in Ceylon in ancient and medieval times not one was such a favourite as the *Jataka Book*, the book of the birth-stories of the Buddha. It contains tales for all classes and all ages, for diverse tastes and temperaments; and it exercised in days gone by a profound influence on the life and the thought of the people.

The Buddha often during his life-time had to answer questions asked by people and comment on incidents that were brought to his notice. On these occasions, it is said, he sometimes by the special powers he possessed recalled incidents connected with his previous existences when he lived as a Bodhisattva. Buddha is the name he received after he attained enlightenment. Before that he was called a Bodhisattva as he aimed at becoming a Buddha; and as such, it is believed, he was born over and over again in the form of a bird or a beast, a human or a divine being. The stories that the Buddha related of these previous lives were carefully preserved by his disciples. At first they handed them down orally, and afterwards at a much later date they collected them and put them into writing.

One of the collections of these stories is the *Cariya Pitaka* which gives a number of them in verse. There is another collection in Siam called the *Pannasa Jataka* of which little is yet known by scholars. A third collection is the *Jataka Mala* written in Sanskrit by Arya Sura. This work has been made famous by the representation on stone at Borobudur in Java of every one of its thirty-four stories. The best known collection, however, is the *Pansiyapanas Jataka*, the Five Hundred and Fifty Birth Stories, which Rhys Davids called the oldest, the most complete, and the most important collection of extant folk-lore.

The preservation of these tales through so many centuries and their dissemination in so many parts of the world, depended much on their connection with Buddhism. Their popularity, however, is due not so much to these religious associations as to their own intrinsic value and to the deep human interest they possess.

Not many people in the West are ignorant of the famous judgment of Solomon. Two women came before him claiming the same child. Finding it difficult to decide whose child it was, he ordered it to be cut in two and divided between them. One woman then preferred to give away the child rather than allow it to be killed. Solomon realised from her tender feelings towards it that she was the real mother and decided in her favour.

There is a story among the Jatakas which is very similar and equally touching in its human appeal.

THE WISDOM OF THE BODHISATTVA

Once upon a time the Bodhisattva was famous as one who exercised great wisdom and helped people out of their misfortunes. At this time a woman, carrying her child, went to his tank to bathe. She first washed the child, and then stepped into the water to bathe herself.

At this moment a yakshini, a she-demon, noticed the child which was near the tank, and yearned to devour its flesh. She assumed the form of a woman, drew near, and asked the mother's permission to nurse it. The mother consented, and the yakshini after nursing it for a little while carried it away.

The mother, noticing what the yakshini did, ran after her, and cried out, "Where are you taking my child?"

"How can this child be yours?" answered the yakshini, boldly. "It is mine."

Quarrelling in this manner the two women passed the Judgment-Hall of the Bodhisattva. He sent for them, and asked them the cause of their dispute. Each of the women answered that the other claimed her child. To test who the true mother was the Bodhisattva ordered a line to be drawn on the ground. He asked the yakshini to take hold of the child's arms and the mother to take hold of its legs, and said, "The child shall be hers who drags it over the line."

As soon as they pulled the child, the mother noticed how it suffered. In great grief she let it go, and stood there weeping. The Bodhisattva then decided in her favour, and she, pressing her babe to her bosom, went away praising the wisdom of the Bodhisattva.

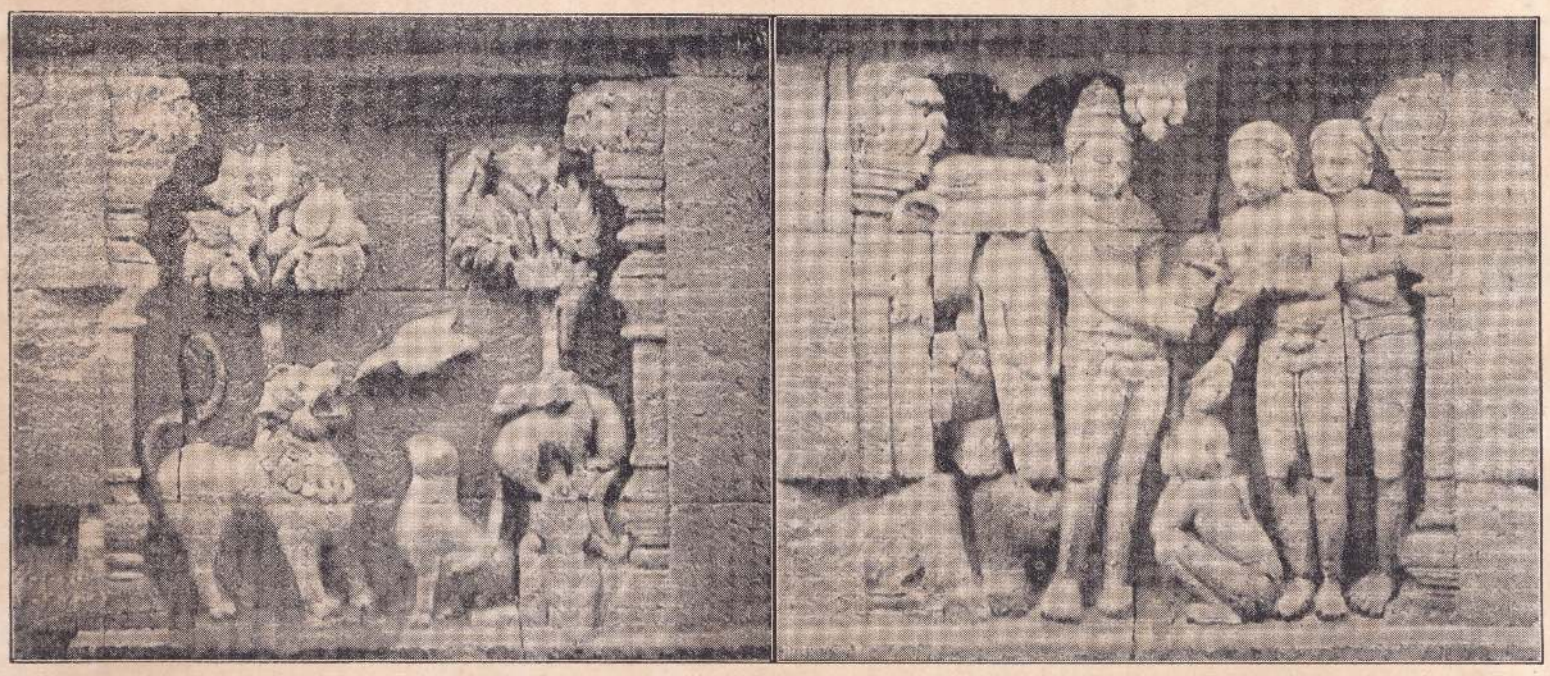
A story like this must have been related throughout the length and the breadth of this island. That the people were familiar with the other Jatakas too can be seen from the way a certain number of them have influenced the growth of some of the ancient tales of Ceylon. The story of Pandukabhaya, the legendary founder of the city of Anuradhapura, for instance, resembles the *Ghata Jataka* too closely to have grown uninfluenced by it.

There is a story in the *Mahavansa* which traces the origin of the Sinhalese to a lion. A lion, who lived in the forest of Lala, seized a princess who in disguise accompanied a caravan. He took her to his cave and made her his wife. In course of time a son and a daughter were born to them. When the son grew up and realised that his father was a lion, he took his mother and sister and escaped into his mother's country.

said nothing on account of her love for him. Another day he asked his father why his father's mouth differed from that of his mother. The brahmin replied that he was a human being while his mother was a yakshini who devoured human flesh.

After that the Bodhisattva expressed his unwillingness to live any more with her, and placing his father on his shoulder tried to run away. The yakshini caught them on the way and brought them back. Another time he got beyond the limits of her territory before she seized them, and thus escaped from her power.

This story is interesting as it reveals how the Jatakas influenced the growth of Sinhalese folk-tales. There are other Jatakas which influenced the life of the people by the moral lessons they contained. One such tale is the *Sasa Jataka*, which was, perhaps, the most popular story among the



Sculptures of the Satapatta and the Vessantara Jatakas (stories of the Woodpecker and of Vessantara) at Borobudur.

This story, in all its detail, appears to be nothing less than an adaptation of a story in the *Padakusalamanava Jataka* where a yakshini plays the part of the lion and a brahmin takes the place of the princess.

THE BRAHMIN AND THE YAKSHINI

Once upon a time the sinful wife of the king of Benares was born as a yakshini. She dwelt in a rock-cave in a vast forest. Through this forest ran the road from the eastern to the western border. When people came along this road, the yakshini killed them, and devoured their flesh.

Once a wealthy brahmin came that way with a large retinue. The yakshini suddenly rushed on him, and the frightened attendants fled leaving him to her mercy. Immediately she placed him on her back, and returned to the cave. There she conceived an affection for him, and instead of killing him made him her husband. After that, whenever she went out in search of prey, she closed the entrance to the cave with a huge stone in order to prevent him from escaping.

The Bodhisattva came to life at this time as a son of this brahmin and this yakshini. When he grew up he lifted the stone that covered the entrance of the cave and let his father out. The yakshini

ancient Sinhalese. It is represented on a wall of the Jetavana Vihara, which lies to the north of Polonnaruva, as well as on the side of one of the caves of Dimbulagala, the huge rock on the right bank of the Mahaveli Ganga. It is also the subject of the oldest existing Sinhalese poem, the *Sasadavata*, written during the reign of Queen Leelavati, the wife of Parakramabahu the Great.

The *Sasa Jataka* is the story of an act of self-sacrifice of the Bodhisattva when he lived on the earth as a hare. It incidentally explains why there is a likeness of a hare on the moon. In the West the spots of the moon are said to represent a man with a bush of thorns. In India they are taken as a picture of a hare.

THE JATAKA OF THE HARE

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares the Bodhisattva came to life as a young hare. After he grew up he lived in a forest in the company of a monkey, a jackal, and an otter.

On a certain day the hare observed the sky, and looking at the moon realised that the next day would be a *poya* or fast-day. He then addressed his companions, and said: "To-morrow is the *poya* day. All three of you observe it by keeping

the precepts. To one that stands firm in morality almsgiving brings great reward. Therefore, feed any beggars that come to you with a share of your own food."

The monkey, the jackal, and the otter readily consented, and spent the night each in his respective dwelling. On the morrow, quite early in the morning, the otter sallied forth to the bank of the river to seek its prey. There he discovered some fish that had been left under the sand by a fisherman. "Does anyone own these fish?" he cried out three times. No one claimed them, and quite satisfied he took them to his abode. He put them aside to be eaten at the right time, and lay down meditating on his own virtue.

The jackal, seeking for food, came to the hut of a watcher of fields. He saw within it two bits of roasted meat, an iguana, and a pot of curd. He too shouted out three times as the otter did and found no owner. Immediately he put round his neck the rope used for lifting up the pot of curd, grasped with his teeth the iguana and the roasted meat, and returned to his lair. He left them aside to eat at the right time, and lying down reflected on his own virtue.

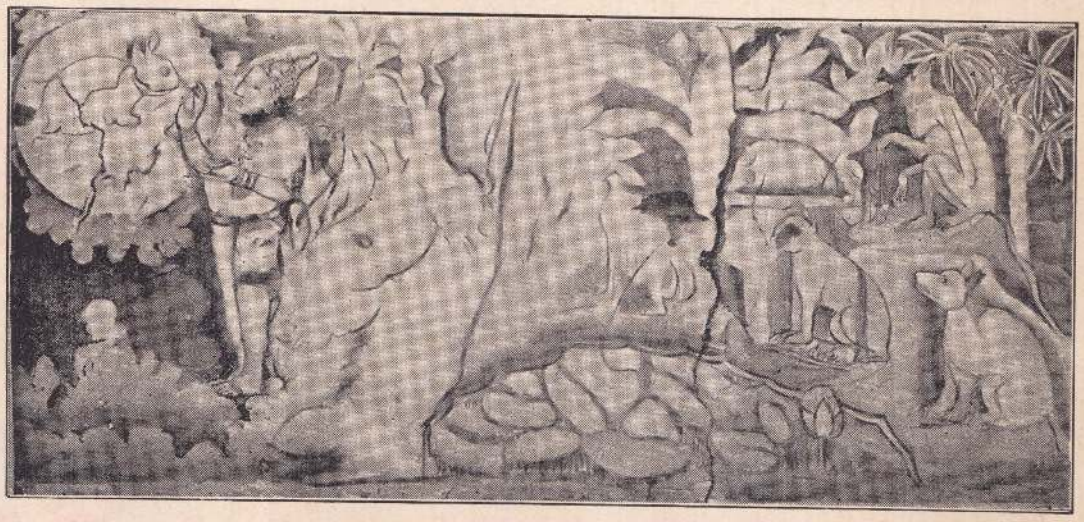


Photo THE SASA JATAKA. A fresco on a wall of the Jetavana Vihara, the northern temple, at Polonnaruva. ARCHAEOLOGICAL DEPT. OF CEYLON

The monkey brought a cluster of mangoes from the jungle. He, too, after placing them in his abode lay down and meditated on his own virtue.

But the hare who fed on grass thought, "I have no seeds or rice to give beggars. I cannot give them grass. If a beggar comes to me I shall offer him my own body for food."

Immediately the radiance emanating from the hare's noble decision warmed up the stone-seat of the god Sakra. He looked down and found out the reason, and decided to test the virtue of the hare. He assumed the form of a poor brahmin, and went in turn to the otter, the jackal, and the monkey. All three of them offered him food, but he asked each of them to keep his portion till the next day.

Last of all he went to the hare. The hare did not want the brahmin to sin by destroying life. So he asked him to collect some dry wood and set fire to it. When this was done by the brahmin he arose and shook himself three times to throw off all creatures that clung to his body. Then, springing up, he fell on the fire just as a royal swan falls on a cluster of lotuses.

But the fire did not burn even the smallest part of the hare's body. In surprise he asked the brahmin for an explanation.

"I am not a brahmin," replied the god, "but Sakra come to test your virtue."

Then Sakra squeezed a mountain, obtained its juice, and drew a form of a hare on the orb of the moon so that the hare's act of self-sacrifice might be remembered in all ages.

The tale of the hare is not the only one of the Jatakas that was chosen by a Sinhalese poet as a subject for his poem. There were many others, and of these the *Kusa Jataka* appears to have lent itself best for the composition of a great poem. In the thirteenth century "the all-knowing pandit," King Parakramabahu II, wrote this story in verse under the name of *Kavsilumina*. In the seventeenth century in the time of King Rajasingha II, Alagiavanna chose it once more as the subject of one of his poems. Alagiavanna's beautiful poem so impressed Thomas Steele of the Ceylon Civil Service that he wrote a translation of it in English verse, and published it about sixty-five years ago.

THE KUSA JATAKA

Kusa, the son of King Okkaka, was as ugly as he was clever and wise. When he became a young man he made an image of a very beautiful woman and said that he would marry only a young woman who was equally lovely.

The image was then sent round from town to town, and finally at Sagala a princess as beautiful as the image was discovered in Pabhavati, the daughter of the Madra king. Her parents promised to give her in marriage to Kusa, but owing to the ugliness of the prince his mother exacted the condition that until the conception took place the two should come together only at night.

But Kusa and Pabhavati could not subdue their desire to see each other. They tried various methods and were at last successful. The result was that Pabhavati went back to her parents as she could not endure such an ugly man.

Kusa was then filled with a longing for his wife, and decided to win her back at any cost. He travelled to Sagala and tried in various ways to meet the princess. He gained admittance to the palace as a street-player through his delightful music, as a potter through his wonderfully formed figures, as a basket-maker through his exquisitely made fans, and as a gardener through his lovely garlands.

Finally he obtained employment in the palace as a cook. He prepared a bone in such a way that its appetising smell pervaded the whole city. He brought himself to the notice of the king and thus gained opportunities to come into the presence of the Pabhavati. But every time he approached her she rejected his overtures with ridicule and scorn.

The god Sakra then intervened. He sent seven kings to woo Pabhavati and placed the Madra king in great embarrassment. If the king gave his daughter to one, the other six were sure to make war against him. The Madra king then called Pabhavati and told her that she would be cut in seven pieces, and a piece would be given to each king. In anxiety and fear she fled to Kusa who was staying in the palace as cook, and threw herself at his feet on the dirty floor of the kitchen.

Kusa now proved himself a great hero. Immediately he fought against all the seven kings and cast them in chains. Being a generous person he induced the Madra king to give them his seven unmarried daughters as wives, and he himself went home with Pabhavati whom he had won again.*

The popularity of the Jatakas was not limited to Ceylon. They appear to have been known in medieval Europe, and according to certain writers like Rhys Davids they were the originals of some of Aesop's Fables.

Once a crow, having stolen a piece of cheese from a house, flew up and rested on a high tree in order to eat it. A fox, observing this, sat underneath her, and began to praise her beauty. He referred to the delicate white of her feathers and the fine shape and graceful turn of her body, and said that if her voice was as fine as her complexion no bird would equal her.

The crow was greatly flattered by the remarks of the fox and, thinking that the fox was a little doubtful as to the exact tones of her voice, she began to sing, and dropped the piece of cheese out of her mouth. This being what the fox wanted, he immediately picked it up, and ran away laughing to himself at the easy credulity of the crow.

Rhys Davids is of opinion that the original of this fable of Aesop is the Jambu-khadaka Jataka, or the story of the jackal and the crow.

THE JAMBU-KHADAKA JATAKA

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisattva was born as a tree-spirit and dwelt in a grove of jambu trees. One day a crow sat on a branch of one of these jambu trees and ate jambus. A jackal came by, and, seeing her, thought that he might obtain some jambus if he flattered her.

"Who is this bird," he asked, "who sits on a jambu branch like a peacock and whose rich notes proclaim her the best of singing birds?"

The crow replied that it was only a well-bred young gentleman that would speak in such a polite manner, and referred to the jackal as one whose shape and glossy coat revealed it to be a tiger's offspring. Then she shook the branch of the jambu tree till the fruits fell and asked the fox to eat them.

The Bodhisattva, who heard these refuse-eaters uttering such falsehoods in praising each other, assumed immediately an awful form, and frightened them away from the place.

This Jataka certainly differs a good deal from the fable of Aesop. But Rhys Davids thinks that it underwent this change when the story was carried out of those countries where the crow and the jackal are the common scavengers and the humour underlying their speeches in mutual admiration can be appreciated.

THEIR POPULARITY IN ASIA

Whatever might have been the influence of the Jatakas in the West they were undoubtedly the most widely read tales in the East during the Middle Ages. They stirred the artistic impulses of Asiatic peoples as no other book did. In the countries of the Far East, like China and Japan, in Burma, Siam, and Cambodia in Further India, at Borobudur in Java in the East Indies, at Bharhut, Sanchi and Ajanta in Central India, at Amaravati in South India, and in many countries of Central Asia, painters and sculptors vied with one another in depicting these fascinating stories.

The influence of the Jatakas on the literature of Asia was equally wide. They were translated into the language of almost every country where Buddhism spread. They are the subjects of many a poem and have found their way everywhere from popular plays to chronicles and codes of law.

Their religious influence may be compared favourably with that of any other sacred book. "The Jatakas," says Miss Mabel Bode, in her *Pali Literature of Burma*, "are a possession common to the religious community and the lay world, the learned and the unlettered. From the days when they were rudely pictured on Taruk-pye-min's Temple walls to the date of the latest editions we find in the British Government's Official List of Publications, the Jatakas have been a Bible to the Burmese."

The interest in the Jatakas remains unabated even in modern times. In recent years with the growth of interest in folk-lore and Buddhism they have been translated into many European languages. Scholars have found in them a rich mine of information for the study of many a subject. The German scholar, Richard Fick, gleaned from them most of the facts for his description of the social organisation of North-East India in the time of the Buddha, and Professor Subbao Rao took them as his chief source for his small but scholarly work on the *Economic and Political Conditions of Ancient India*.

In Ceylon the Jatakas still play an important part. Numerous selections, and occasionally complete editions of them, have been published in recent times. The Buddhist monks freely use them as illustrations in their sermons, and they are known widely among the Buddhist laity, the young and the old, the ignorant and the learned. With the growth of the Sinhalese drama some of them have been dramatised and are now acted on the Sinhalese stage.

In the future writers will, no doubt, find in them, as the poets did of old, material rich enough for sweet romances and stirring dramas. For the interest in the Jatakas must needs live as long as the human race inhabits this earth.

* The Kusa Jataka is a long story covering about a hundred pages. What is given here is more or less an English translation of a summary of it written in German by Prof. Winternitz in his *Geschichte der Indischen Literatur*.

KODI PULI THE FISHER

A NATURE STORY BY CICELY LUSHINGTON

THE crisp sound of axes biting deep into living wood rang through the jungle, and echoed mockingly across the valley.

The work of clearing this block of forest on the crest of the hill had been going on for some weeks, and the creatures that made it their home were gradually being driven elsewhere. Every night saw an exodus of some of its inhabitants, and a growing uneasiness amongst those that were left.

The young tiger cat, that held fierce sway over all the animals in the jungle—with the exception of the wild pig—still clung to the only home she had ever known. Left there when hardly more than a kitten by her nomadic parents, she had found an easy livelihood, though she had only been able to indulge her hereditary love of fishing in a small way. A little stream had its source in this jungle, and Kodi Puli would spend hours beside its pools, trying to scoop tadpoles and other small fry out of the clear syrupy depths.

To-day her favourite amusement held no charms for her. She was sulky and hungry, for hunting in a decreasing population was becoming difficult and often fruitless. She slunk through the jungle, tail twitching and a savage light burning in her dark eyes—the eyes of the most ferocious representative of the whole cat tribe. Her grey coat spotted with black melted into the shadows and half lights of the thick nilloo growth, and the two white spots on the backs of her ears looked like fugitive splashes of sunlight. The short blunt tail was grizzled grey, but her head was singularly handsome, with its bold striping on jaws and forehead. She dozed away the sunny hours, and when night came her hunger had an unbearably sharp edge to it. She decided to make a foray on the cultivated lands in the hope of finding something to appease her appetite. Leaving her sadly reduced jungle, she hunted down through the tea, towards the twinkling lights of the coolie lines far below. Her hunting met with no success, but she went hopefully on, till the dark mass of the Planter's bungalow rose up like a great rock before her.

Here was the good smell of living things, fowls, rabbits, and—less enticing—dog! She prowled round for a bit, but all was quiet, and then an outlying fowl house caught her attention. The warm smell of poultry filtered through the chinks to which she placed her nose, and this sharpened her hunger past bearing point. Half an hour's hard work with strong paws gained her an entrance through the rotten boards sunk in earth. A glorious few minutes followed, in which she quickly dispatched the inmates. Their clamour was short-lived, and the house was too far away from the main building to arouse anyone. It was early dawn before Kodi Puli got back to the jungle, surfeited with the best feed she had ever had. Picking her way daintily along the deserted game path, she sought out her most secluded lair, where she could spend the day unmolested.

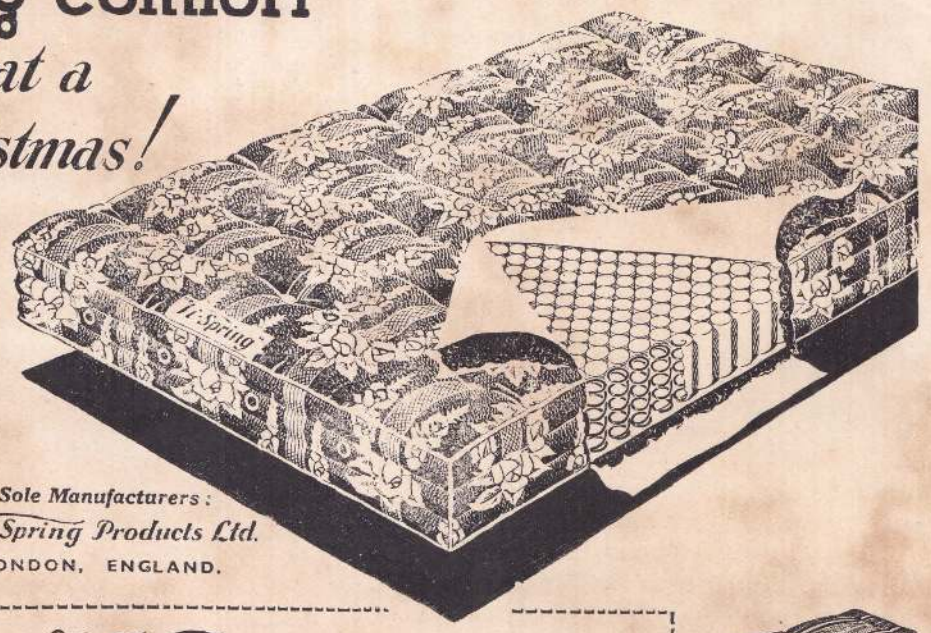
The sun had not risen very far above the Kududawulas, resplendent in their new mantles of chestnut and silver foliage, when the tonguing of dogs broke the peace of the morning. A sure instinct told Kodi Puli that it was her trail they were running. Still heavy with her meal, she slipped unhurriedly along towards the far edge of the jungle, where it merged into abandoned coffee land, falling steeply away from the crest of the hill. The dogs were some time in the jungle, but they eventually got on to Kodi Puli's out-going track and burst enthusiastically into the tangle of mana grass and bushes. The dusty grass confused the scent, and one by one they gave it up, till only a cross-bred beagle held on the trail. Kodi Puli had gone straight down the hill, but as soon as she realized there was only one dog after her, she lay up for him on a rock, angry and blown.

The terrier came slowly on, puzzling out the tricky scent, but as he passed under the rock a heavy body with red-hot tearing claws fell upon him. Before he could do much to protect himself his skin was ripped open along one side of his ribs, and his back was heavily scored. Yelling with pain and bewilderment he bolted back the way he had come, while Kodi Puli regained the top of her rock, snarling and grumbling to herself. It was no good returning to the jungle, so she lay up where she was for the rest of the day. When night came she continued her way downwards, not caring to return to her home, which she felt had become an unsafe harbourage. For many days she travelled through scrub and jungle, restless and unhappy, but picking up a living as she went. Her course was determined by the uncultivated lands, which fell in a series of hills and valleys to the plains of the east coast, and their level stretch of jungle.

The increasing warmth seemed strange at first, but she soon got used to it, and when sea-level was reached, she did not find it unpleasantly hot. Still she wandered on, finding no place to her liking, until a jungle-girt tank, not far from the coast, stretched across her way. Here she first tasted fish, and as game was plentiful, she decided to bring an end to her travels. She hunted one partic-

The finest sleeping comfort in the World ..... *What a magnificent gift for Christmas!*

Nothing will be so greatly appreciated as the gift of a 'Vi-Spring'—the Overlay Mattress that ensures nights of such luxurious rest and gives such sound service.

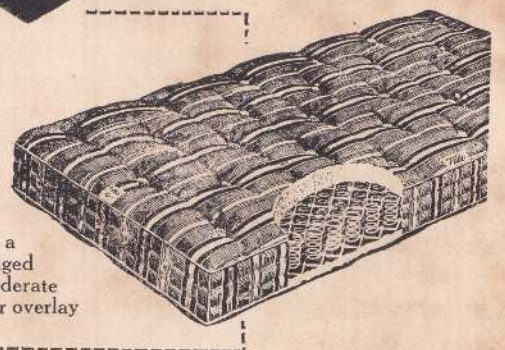


The Vi-Spring OVERLAY *Mattress*

No other Overlay Mattress is built with such a complete knowledge of the needs for restful sleep. Take, for instance, the scientific arrangement of its small springs—there are 1056 springs in a 4′ 6″ 'Vi-Spring.' Only expert construction can assemble such an amazing number with a skill that ensures perfect balance. Think also of the exquisite softness of every square inch of the 'Vi-Spring.' Only a thorough study of comfort can produce a mattress so luxurious, so reliable and one that gives such gratifying comfort and service. Even down to a wide choice of damask designs this famous mattress is built to please.

Sole Manufacturers:
Vi-Spring Products Ltd.
LONDON, ENGLAND.

The Vito Mattress



While the 'Vito' is not the equal of the famous 'Vi-Spring' for comfort, it is far more restful than many of the more costly mattresses. Its unique springs and their skilful assemblage give to the 'Vito' a strength that ensures years of hard service. Judged by its extreme durability and exceedingly moderate price, the 'Vito' is the cheapest spring-interior overlay mattress made.

Write for illustrated list and full particulars, sent post free on request to any of the following stockists :—

Manufacturer's Representative in India.
E. H. DODDRELL, Poste RESTANTE, BOMBAY.

COLOMBO APOTHECARIES CO., LTD., COLOMBO.
CARGILLS, LTD., COLOMBO.

A Real Hand made Shoe

FOR THE MAN WHO WILL HAVE THE BEST

HERE is a shoe made to your special order by British Craftsmen in Northampton; men whose fathers and forefathers made good shoes before them. We guarantee them REAL HANDSEWN THROUGHOUT. The materials used are the very finest obtainable. Undoubtedly a foot luxury, but to the wise man, the cheapest in the end.

These shoes are unobtainable in many parts of the World, as our correspondence proves, from those who have had them regularly.

WRITE FOR A COPY OF ILLUS. CATALOGUE.

45/-

Postage 3/-

No. 2 HS.

Made in TAN WILLOW, BLACK BOX CALF, PATENT LEATHER, GREY or BROWN SUEDE. In two shapes—pointed or medium.

C.O.D. We send C.O.D. all over the World, through any Post Office where in force or Bank. All C.O.D. orders must be accompanied by a Deposit of 5/- per pair always.

ABBOTT'S

Post Dept.: 58-60, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E. C. 4.
50 BRANCHES IN LONDON. **12 BRANCHES IN PARIS.**

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN

GOOD PRINTING INKS

YOU MUST BE INTERESTED IN

BORNE'S INKS

Write for specimens to :—

BORNE & COMPANY, LTD.

35-37, BANNER STREET,
LONDON, E.C. 1.

MANUFACTURERS OF PRINTING INKS FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

Enquire about the MECHANICAL CHALK OVERLAY PROCESS. A great saving in your make-ready.

ular stretch of jungle and shore-line and came to consider this territory as her own, giving way to none but the leopard, and only grudgingly to him. She was nearly full-grown now, and as large as a jackal, weighing some twenty pounds. The edge of the tank was her favourite hunting ground, for she was very fond of frogs and any sort of mollusc. Fish she angled for deliberately during the day, soon becoming an expert at the art, and they always ranked as first favourites on her menu.

When the moon was at the full, and the jungle was a fairyland of silver and black, she felt lonely and restless, and would prowl about seeking she knew not what. On one such night she came face to face with another of her kind, a large battle-scarred Tom. Filled with a sudden fear of this formidable creature with a smell so like her own, she backed away, spitting and snarling, and when he came towards her, she turned tail and ran. The Tom did not follow, but stood looking after her with lambent eyes. He explored her territory for a bit, and then went off, thinking to himself that he would pay it another visit later on.

"KODI PULI SPENT A GOOD DEAL OF HER DAY FISHING."

Kodi Puli spent a good deal of her day on a fallen tree that lay half in and half out of a shady arm of the tank. Here it was that she fished, scooping out many an unsuspicious quarter-pounder, as it cruised unsuspiciously past the old log with the still grey lump on it. A lightning stroke of her paw, and the fish would be flicked out of the water into the short swampy grass at the margin, where it was pounced upon and secured before it had time to flop back.

This fondness for fishing very nearly put an end to Kodi Puli's life. A young crocodile, who lived a bit further down the waterway, had noticed this habit of hers, and would often watch her without being seen. He would lie submerged with eyes and nose just above the surface and wonder what this creature would taste like. One day, when the water was rather thick, he drifted up to her log and lay a couple of yards away, well submerged, to wait for her. Before long a grey shadow glided out of the jungle and crept quietly down the log, where it settled itself into a shapeless grey lump. Almost imperceptibly the crocodile drifted nearer and nearer. Kodi Puli glanced once or twice at the three little knobs of driftwood that were floating sluggishly towards her, but did not attach any importance to them. They sank out of sight as they came near her and she dimly saw a long shadow steal through the murky water alongside her log. This must be the king of all fishes, she thought, or perhaps only a submerged branch. She made a downward scoop with her paw, more out of curiosity than anything else. To her terror a great long, brown snout rose instantly beside her, and yellow fangs clashed at the place where she had been. Quick as the crocodile had been, Kodi Puli was quicker. Like an uncoiled spring she had given a frantic leap backwards, saving herself by the barest margin. She landed in the swampy grass at the water's edge, but was out of it, and into the jungle in two great bounds. After that she found another place to fish where the water was shallower, and the crocodile got no further chance of deceiving her.

On wet nights she would pass quite a lot of time on the little used cart road that ran through the jungle not far from the tank. Here she could get away from the constant drip, which made the jungle an unpleasant place. Rain does not usually penetrate an animal's fur, but heavy drip does, and Kodi Puli could not bear being wet about the body. Other animals resorted to the road for the same reason, so there was no lack of game upon it on such nights.

It was after an evening of heavy rain, when the jungle was a continual drip that Kodi Puli wandered down the road till she came to its junction with the main one. She went a little way down it and then sat in the middle of man's broad game track, where a culvert spanned a hurrying little stream. She had not been there long when a strange vibrating hum mingled with the voice of the runnel, and an unusually bright moon seemed to be rising behind her. She saw her shadow shrinking rapidly in a most peculiar way, while the curious noise grew louder. Puzzled and rather alarmed she looked round, to see *two* moons rushing along the road towards her! She leapt away from them and dazzled by their rays she dashed along the road in front of them, held to it by their mesmerising light. Fortunately for her the camber on this stretch was bad, and the car could not do more than twenty miles an hour. At this pace she could keep well ahead, but could not gain much distance. Suddenly there

was a terrifying crash behind her, and a charge of shot went riccochetting off the road on her left; almost immediately there was a repetition of this frightening noise, and some pellets went singing over her head.

The road made a turn here, bringing salvation to the tiger cat, for she blindly raced straight on, off the road, over the drain, to crash into the jungle. The impact of the branches and twigs brought her to her senses; there was one more noisy bound and then silence. Her pursuers were still hopefully looking for her at the edge of the jungle, when she was half way home! When she was once more among familiar surroundings, she was aware that the stranger with a smell like her own had passed through her territory. This time she was not frightened, for she had begun to crave for the society of her own kind.

A few nights later, towards dusk, when there was a slim young moon in the sky, the Tom appeared again. Kodi Puli was sitting on the bund, listening to that low organ note that once in many moons comes stealing across the waters of a tank. A strange eerie sound, half sob and half sigh, which softly rises and falls. Is it the love song of crocodiles, or some hidden jungle romance? Kodi Puli was puzzling over it, when the low croon of the Tom sounded in the jungle behind her. Like a grey shadow she left the bund, and stole along to where he waited for her, and there, under the shadow of night's wing, they plighted their troth. The new moon glimmered her benediction on them through the tangled branches, while the nightjars babbled of love all along the jungle's edge.

IT'S Christmas! It's Christmas! Let love and
good cheer
Enliven our days in the hills;
With " beating the ball " and *bonhomie* and beer,
We'll try to forget we've got bills—
And that pudding is followed by pills.

If the teamaker tells you the factory's ablaze,
Don't curse or bad-temperedly shout;
Just say you'll be round in a couple of days
And see that it doesn't go out—
The factory's insured without doubt.

Let's welcome those neighbours who give us a pain,
Like Jones, that unspeakable " wet,"
And Mrs. de Totum, who cannot refrain
From quoting her friends in Debrett—
You're in the Green Book, don't forget!

Be kind, at the Club, to young Munchausen-Smith,
Who's done everything upon earth,
And do not imply that his yarns are a myth
Unless he was forty at birth—
And restrain your unmannerly mirth.

We've troubles and weaknesses every one—
We'd be a poor lot if we'd not;
So here's to a Christmas with plenty of fun,
And here's to a blessing we've got—
That we plant in a jolly good spot.

D. S. O'R.

IN the realm of farcical literature, it is perhaps difficult to pick out a more original and entertaining figure than the inimitable Sam Weller. This whimsical character has in modern times found a not unworthy successor in the person of that equally delightful, if more decorous, gentleman's gentleman—Jeeves. Out of the welter of our fast-changing social and industrial conditions, similar types are being continually evolved, who clamour for the pen of a Dickens or a Wodehouse to limn them into life and thus add a new lustre to their callings.

One such type that may be commended to aspiring authors is the Ceylon chauffeur, or "driver" as he is now prosaically called. In the infancy of motoring, however, the term "chauffeur" carried with it a certain elegance and distinction. Motoring then was considered a matter of high emprise, and the wizard at the wheel was popularly regarded as a superman. The marvels of aeronautics, the romance of the radio and other epoch-making discoveries have unfortunately relegated to the background what two decades ago ranked as the "sole symbol of swagger"—the motor car. It was then that the subject of our sketch seemed more than mortal in the eyes of those to whom the wonders of motor mechanics were a revelation. The hero, too, was not unconscious of the homage of the crowd and played his part to perfection. Nor was he altogether unfitted for this role, for in many respects he was the superior of his present-day successor. Recruited from a better class and possessed of address and personality, he assiduously cultivated the manners of a gentleman. Priding himself on something more than the rudiments of education, he commanded a higher salary, was immaculately groomed and carried himself with an air that lent distinction to the *tout ensemble*. In short, he was the personification of all the subtle graces of a versatile exponent of the new vogue in travelling. The grandiose manner in which he would crank up his engine and start off amidst a clash of gears was in itself a study in measured pomp of movement.

To contrast the driver of to-day with so stately a prototype is to exclaim, "Oh Lucifer, son of the morning, how hast thou fallen?" For the modern type is a hybrid. While the original office of "chauffeur" was almost exclusively identified with the driving of privately-owned cars, the role of his successor of to-day is of a diversified character in keeping with the variety of vehicles on the road, *e.g.*, the taxi-cab, the hiring-car, the omnibus, the lorry, etc. Under the common designation of "driver," therefore, there is a multiplicity of types differing from one another by subtle nuances—nuances determined partly at least by work and wages, environment, atmosphere, etc. It will be sufficient for our purpose, however, to deal with two outstanding types, who might be said to epitomize in themselves the broad characteristics of their class—the omnibus driver and the hiring-car driver.

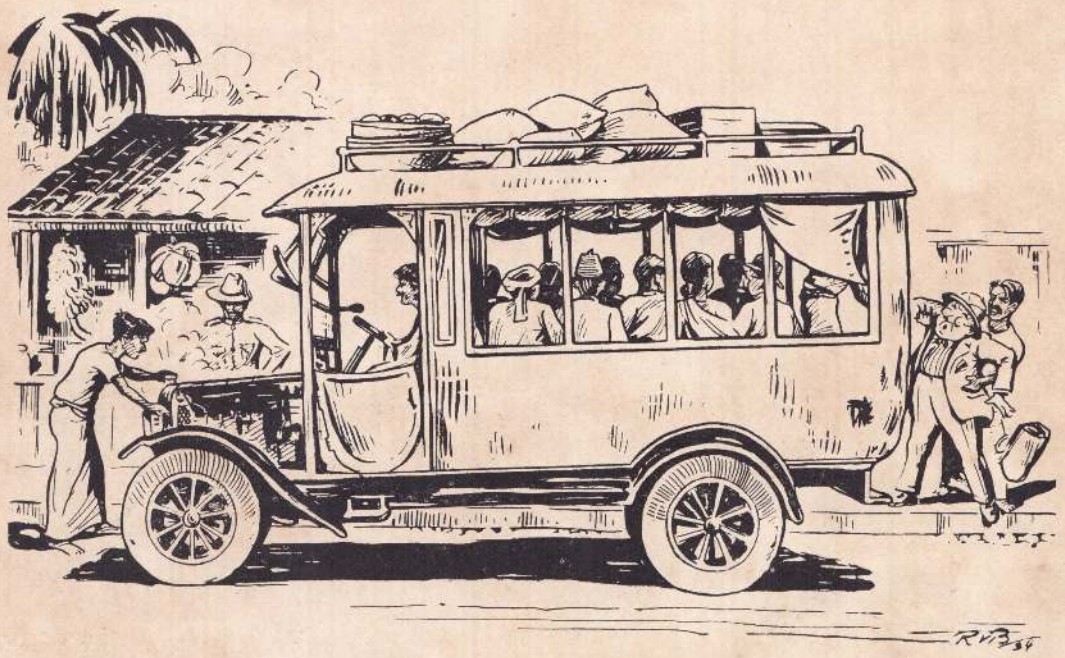
It is the fashion to regard the omnibus driver as a pestilential excrescence upon the body-politic—a fit target for the opprobrious shafts of police and public. He is stigmatised as a modern incarnation of Cain, with his hand against every man and every man's hand against him. In truth, though guiltless of Cain's crime, he has the hunted air and wary eye conceivably associated with the world's first fugitive from justice. Aggressive of mien, and loud of tongue, he is the modern autocrat of the road—the ruthless Robot that presides in passionless stolidity over the juggernauts that plough their way remorselessly along our thoroughfares.

Owing to the enormous increase in 'bus traffic, competition is keen and the securing of passengers involves a terrific tug-of-war between rival 'bus-owners. The wrangle sometimes developes into physical violence in which not only rival 'bus parties are involved, but even hapless passengers. This struggle occasionally has a ludicrous side to it. No sooner is a prospective passenger sighted than he is mobbed by ferocious-looking touts specially engaged in the interests of contending 'bus-owners. They pull him about this way and that, one taking hold of his umbrella, another his bag, while a third, not to be outdone, carries him off bodily into a 'bus ready to dash off at the psychological moment. The unfortunate victim of this novel application of the *Habeas Corpus* Act is too stunned to protest at

once. When he is sufficiently restored to sanity, however, he finds himself being whirled away in a direction diametrically opposite that intended, while his umbrella is being tauntingly flourished in his face by the disappointed conductor of another 'bus, and his bag is regarded as lawful hostage by a third.

Even the unfortunate passenger who has voluntarily entered a 'bus does not realise what he has let himself in for occasionally. Woe to him should the hour of his patronage tally with the slack time for traffic! He will then find himself, irrespective of the short and direct route to his destination, careering madly along disreputable parts of the town in the role of a stalking horse designed to lure reluctant passengers into the 'bus. Protests are of no avail; for, from being apologetic, the driver becomes argumentative and insolent. Nor can the exasperated passenger bring matters to a head unless he chooses to jump off the 'bus at certain risk to life or limb.

Although police regulations are now enforced with sufficient rigour to prevent this form of "hire by capture," the wily driver has other ways of circumventing the vigilance of the authorities. One method of collecting passengers is to gain time by the subterfuge of discovering an unexpected mechanical defect that either brings the vehicle to a standstill at the desired spot or prolongs its stoppage at the authorized halting-place. If a policeman happens to hover around, he is treated to an airy disquisition on the idiosyncracies of the engine or other esoteric aspects of motor mechanics. The "bobby" pretends to understand, but considers it essential to uphold his dignity by an imperative "move on." The wordy warfare continues until it is pushed to the verge of a threat of immediate prosecution by the now outraged limb of the law; when, deeming concurrence to be the better part of argument, the driver slowly steers clear of danger, but not before he has landed the fish he had been angling for so wilily.



"ONE METHOD OF COLLECTING PASSENGERS IS TO GAIN TIME BY THE SUBTERFUGE OF DISCOVERING AN UNEXPECTED MECHANICAL DEFECT THAT BRINGS THE VEHICLE TO A STANDSTILL AT THE DESIRED SPOT."

In spite of mutual jealousies, the drivers display admirable comradeship when it is necessary to combine against a common foe. Accordingly there is a well-understood system of signals by which warnings, prospects of passenger traffic *en route* and kindred information are exchanged between passing 'busmen. Incidentally, not a few 'busmen pride themselves on their English, despite a very limited vocabulary. But such English as they are obliged to use in the course of their work is a marvellous adaptation indicating a piquant mixture of phonetics and vernacular idiom. For example, "halting place" becomes "hold on place" or "holing place," while the ordinary expression "car behind" conveys no sort of warning to the driver, who takes his cue from the conductor only when told "behind car." This limited linguistic accomplishment, however, is only in respect of English, for the 'busman wields his mother tongue with a nimbleness and acridity characteristic of the most fluent Cockney cabman. His witticisms when obstructed by bullock cart, rickshaw or pedestrian are worthy of the classic efforts enshrined in literature.

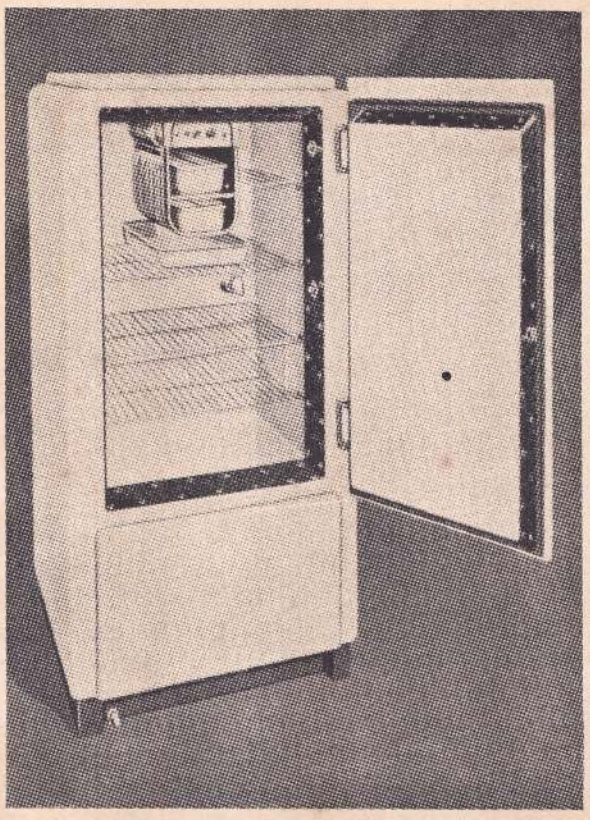
Comradeship amongst 'busmen is further evidenced in the unwritten law whereby they travel free in one another's vehicles; while the economic urge no less than the fraternal is perhaps responsible for the conventional habit of passing the same cigarette round from mouth to mouth until the butt finally disappears in smoke and ashes between the lips of the last sharer of the fragrant weed. *Camaraderie*, however, does not imply smooth sailing always, for differences arise which are more often than not settled with the crank handle or some other equally deadly weapon.

A somewhat attenuated edition of the 'bus driver is the hiring-car driver, who reproduces the virtues and vices of the former in a milder form. He is often distinguished from his brother of the 'bus by his partiality for hirsute adornment and his sartorial predilection for chromatic contrasts. The hiring-car driver cultivates a head of hair with the pride of a gardener raising a rare tulip or coaxing his horticultural exhibits into weird and wondrous forms of the fancy. A head of hair is to him his crown of glory. His tonsorial experiments are, therefore, daring in conception and display a versatility from the fuzzy-wuzzy type felicitously described by Kipling as an "'ay rick 'ead of 'air" to the many fantastic variations for which the Pacific Islanders are remarkable. In point of dress he seeks to strike a note that is characteristic of his fondness for vivid colour. Like that precocious infant of the advertisement hoarding, who obstinately refuses to be comforted unless propitiated with a particular brand of soap, he is never so happy as when decked out in a sarong of a single hue of all-pervading brilliance, which it is understood is now the vogue

in preference to the multi-coloured variety which once held the field. The wearing of this garment is an intriguing accomplishment, for to drape it round "decently and in order" is reckoned too conventional. There is an atmosphere of unrest and hurry in the occupation of a hiring-car driver which is translated in terms of *deshabille*. The sarong, therefore, is wound round the waist with every indication of haste, the upper portion draping over the belt in confused "gathers" and the lower sweeping the ground in a rakish effort to supplement the sanitary activities of the municipality.

The hiring-car driver is a complex personality —truculent, ingratiating, patronising or deferential according to his estimate of the type of passenger he has to deal with. He plys for hire on the principle that it pays to be "all things to all men." Accordingly he employs in turn such resources of intimidation, cajolery, obsequiousness, scorn, or persuasion as would best ensure his end in view. Sometimes he finds it pays to stage a sudden breakdown on some lonely stretch of road, which dramatic *denouement* creates an atmosphere congenial to the discussion of terms with recalcitrant or reluctant victims !

"OH ! GO AND ASK YOUR UNCLE DONALD—HE'S A TEA PLANTER !"



GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

FLAT TOP MODELS

Designed and developed by the Makers of the world-famous General Electric Monitor Top Refrigerators.

Modernistic in appearance and strikingly handsome, these Refrigerators are built to give years of dependable and economical service.

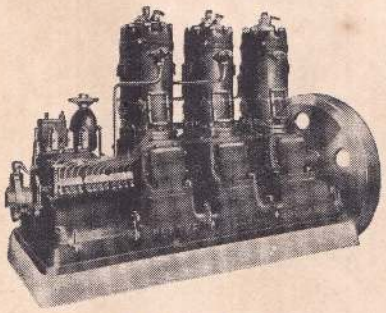
Prices: from Rs. 500/-

Models suitable for all Voltages, A.C. or D.C.

PETTER ATOMIC DIESEL ENGINES

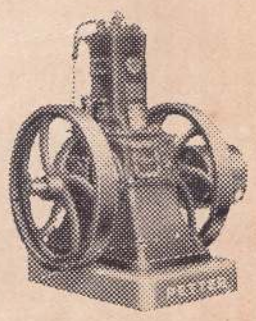
ELECTRICAL and INDUSTRIAL TYPES

5 to 540 B.H.P.



ILLUSTRATING
108 B.H.P. ENGINE

PETTER ENGINES ARE THE PERFECTED PRODUCTS OF 40 YEARS' MANUFACTURING EXPERIENCE.



ILLUSTRATING
5 B.H.P. ENGINE

IDEAL for TEA and RUBBER FACTORY DRIVES

COLOMBO ELECTRIC
TRAMWAYS & LIGHTING CO., LTD.

Agents :—BOUSTEAD BROS.

CONTRACT DEPT.
UNION PLACE,
COLOMBO.

Swamy Rock

by Joreth Ward.

THE toe of Betty's shoe tapped the polished teak floor impatiently.

"Very well."

The words seemed to me to have a grim, ominous ring about them. Betty's eyes—beautiful ones, I admit!—sparkled with angry fire and I realized that the fat was in the fire, or the kettle on the boil or my number up.

"Only two extra days, and if you can't do a little thing like that for me—." Betty's nose seemed tilted a little more towards heaven.

"Can't you see?" I reasoned. "I can't ask old 'Bristles' for any more leave. He's staying on the estate for Christmas, so that I can go away, which is rather decent of him, I think."

"You've only got to ask him for two more days."

"And I'm not going to ask him," I said, with a finality and firmness that surprised me.

"Then that settles it, doesn't it?" said Betty, a touch of resigned pathos softening her voice, though her eyes still glinted with anger. "We could have had such fun those two days, before the others came."

"Yes, it would have been fun," I reflected.

"Perhaps you don't want to come at all," she snapped. "If so, why not say so? I know lots of boys who would give a good deal to—to spend Christmas at Trinco. We can always fill your room."

I did not answer.

"When a girl's engaged," resumed Betty, "she does expect just a little consideration."

"And I don't see why a man shouldn't be entitled to a snack of it, too," I argued.

Betty turned a ring on her finger, half slipped it off and thoughtfully pushed it back into its place. "As I said before, don't come if you don't want to."

"No, of course not," I murmured, discovering for the first time a touch of unreasonable petulance in the girl I had promoted to a seat amongst the angels or goddesses aloft. We were both on the brink of a storm and the sky outside looked just as black as Betty's expression. I judged that the time for my departure had arrived!

"It's going to rain," I said. "I'd better be hitting the road."

"Of course, you mustn't get wet—poor darling."

I ignored this parting "hit" and shuffled down the bungalow steps to the garage, as near to complete huffiness and misery as possible.

It started to rain when I had covered but two of the ten miles to my bungalow and then the heavens opened. The rain poured down, the car hood leaked, and a thin mist did not help to improve my mood and made my progress slow. Rounding a bend, my head-lights lit up a dripping figure that unconcernedly stepped back into the cart-road drain, which was already a rushing torrent of water.

I pulled up because the man was entirely unprotected from the downpour of rain. He showed up in the glare of my head-lights, a thin figure in green shorts and shirt, an army pack upon his back. There was something about him that made me think he must be a soldier. He was upright and stiff as a poker. He declined my offer of a lift, remarking that he was on his way to Colombo, though he wasn't even on the Colombo road! At last, he reluctantly accepted my invitation to come to my bungalow, at least until the storm was over, and got into the car.

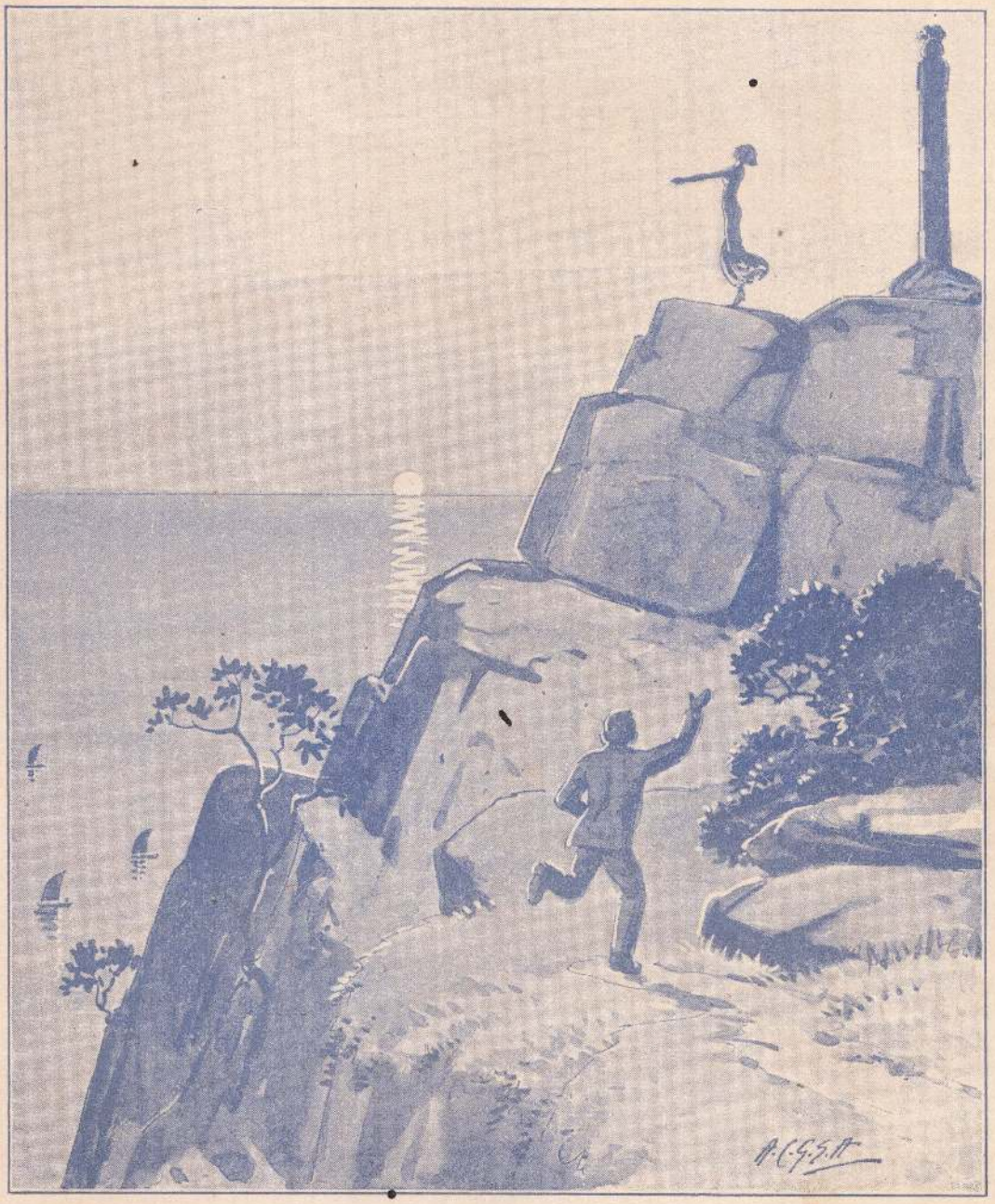
Once I had got my visitor to the bungalow and he had bathed and changed, I was able to take stock of him at my leisure. He was lean, keen-eyed, brown—the ruddy brown of a brick—but seemed reserved and shy.

His name proved to be Bates and I quite readily believed his story that he had recently been discharged from the Indian Army and was amusing himself with a walking tour—"a little route march," he called it—having a peep at the country before he caught a homeward-bound ship at Colombo. He wanted to go after dinner, but I again insisted that he should stay for the night. Warmed by food and a few whiskies and sodas, I became expansive and he a little more communicative. He knew Trincomalee, he told me, and had stayed there for a few days, some years before. He thought it was a spot good enough for a man to live and die in. However, his experience of the place had not been too happy. He had been stationed in Colombo for a few months and had had occasion to visit Trinco., as he was "chasing a 'bit of skirt' that happened to be living there."

"I remember the place well," said Bates, and then stopped.

I filled his glass, hoping it would loosen his tongue, for I judged he was the kind of man who had some interesting reminiscences stored away.

"A pretty little thing she was, was Molly," Bates resumed, presently. "But she did her level best to spoil the beauty God had blessed her with. It was that sun-bathing craze. She had got it badly and this isn't quite the climate for that game. Her back and her face and her arms were burnt to a dark brown, not half as pretty as the pink and white skin which I bet she'd been born with. But she was a wilful little witch, Molly, as contrary and obstinate as a mule and as I was in love with her up to the eyes, I reckon I didn't notice anything about her that didn't seem perfect. It was the real thing with me and I'd got it badly and if you've ever been taken that way, you'll know what it means. You say you know Trinco. Well, then, perhaps you know the Swamy Rock? Someone had been stuffing Molly up with yarns about this Rock, how it was haunted and a home for devils and that sort of tripe and one night she induced me to take her there, rather against my will, because at dinner on this particular night she'd been talking rather wild on devils and the like that was supposed to haunt the Swamy Rock—not that that kind of thing puts the wind up me. In the end I consented and after a good dinner I drove Molly there. But you can't drive all the way, so after a bit we got out and walked. You go up there some night. It's a spot you won't forget in a hurry. The Rock is perched up all on its own and it seems to me—mind you I only saw it at night—there's a dead drop down into the sea on most sides. You seem sort of stuck up aloft between heaven and earth and that night there were scores of fishing boats down below in the sea and their lights were twinkling almost like the stars up in the sky above. Pretty, if you like, I thought, but just then things began to happen. We were looking down at the sea and the lights of the fishing fleet when I suddenly felt Molly clutching my arm so fierce that it almost hurt. She had half turned round and was looking at the Swamy Rock, which showed up plain in the light of the moon, which was just setting, somewhere off the harbour mouth."



"SHE HAD STOPPED AND STOOD STILL, SWAYING A LITTLE, HER ARMS STRETCHED OUT TOWARDS THAT BLASTED ROCK."

"'Can you see anything, Jim?' asked Molly, whose voice was kind of hoarse and excited."

"I looked at the Rock, a bit shaken, as if I felt I ought to see something. 'I can't see nothing at all,' I said. I believe I was a bit disappointed that I couldn't!"

"'No, no, of course, you can't. But I can!' Her voice was raised too high to be pleasant and she suddenly threw my arm away. 'And you never will. Oh, my God, Jim—'"

"Before I had time to think or move, she had gone and was heading as fast as her little legs could take her towards the shrubs and trees, which, I believe, was all there was between her and eternity. As soon as I realized what had happened, I was after her. She had stopped and stood still, swaying a little, her arms stretched out towards that blasted Rock. I got up to her just as she was falling to the Lord-knows-where, and got an arm round her waist. We slithered down together and I wondered how it would be when we really began to drop and how many rocks we'd strike and what would be left of us when we plopped into the sea. But I landed up against a tree with a bump that

nearly knocked the wind out of me and I got a hold on to that tree with my left arm and prayed that the roots of the tree were well and truly laid. And there we seemed to hang for what seemed like a lifetime of hell."

"It was too steep for me to lug Molly up and she lay kind of limp and heavy and all she said was, 'Let me go, Jim, please let me go.' And she spoke as if she meant it. I thought of her falling and bumping down there and the mess she'd be in at the bottom and I held on, though my arm was beginning to feel as if it would be torn out of it's socket. Just as I was thinking it was going to break, I felt a change come over Molly—you see, I was holding her pretty tight. She put her arms round my neck, and though before she'd been keen enough to chuck herself into the sea, now all of a sudden she wanted to get away back to solid and level ground. She clambered up my back, stood upon my shoulders and started climbing up, holding on to bits of shrubs. I got both arms round the tree and then started pulling myself up after her. There was something about that Rock—at least it had a queer effect on Molly, because when I reached the top, she was standing, staring at it and shaking and scared as a frightened kitten. But I wasn't having any more nonsense. I took her in my arms and carried her back to the car, put her in, and drove her straight back to her bungalow."

Bates finished his drink and fell into silence.

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Yes, that's all. You can think what you like about that blasted Rock, but it put an end to everything 'twixt Molly and me. Maybe it was a touch of the sun—this damned sun-bathing, and so on—but Molly was never the same girl again. Queer in her head she went and her parents had to send her home to England and I've not set eyes on her since. It's getting late, isn't it? Guess I'll get between the sheets, if you've no objection. I want to get on the road early in the morning."

* * * *

I arrived at Trinco. on Christmas eve to find a happy and merry party assembled, but for me it was not so gay as I could have wished. Betty was cold and distant and had evidently not forgiven me for not joining the party earlier. Christmas dinner was as bright and witty as such affairs usually are, even in Ceylon, where the Christmas atmosphere is not too easy to create. I, a rather silent member of the party, felt I must make some effort in the conversational line, if I was not to appear the "skeleton at the feast," so I relayed the yarn Bates had told me a few nights before and it was received with the facetious merriment that I had expected.

There was a dance at the Club that night, but I had not been granted quite so many dances as usual with Betty. Still I had the supper-dance, the two before and the first extra after. When I appeared to claim my pre-supper dances, it was Betty who suggested that I should take her up to the Swamy Rock—"just to see the 'spooks,'" she said. It is a short walk from the Club to the Swamy Rock, but I didn't particularly want to go. However, Betty's taunts, hinting that I was afraid, settled the question and up we went, Betty stumbling a little in her high-heeled shoes and I helping her with some diffidence. It had been raining but the night had cleared and there was moonlight to guide us up the rocky road.

We arrived at the top and there was the Swamy Rock and down below the lights of the fishing boats, all just as Bates had described, and rather desolate and eerie as well. We stood there a while, saying nothing, until Betty took me by the arm. Her voice quavered a little and she shivered as she asked, "Do you see anything, Tom? There—there on the Swamy Rock?"

"Rot," I said, but I was staring hard all the same, 'though there was nothing to see but the rugged old Rock standing out black in the blue light of the moon.

It was Bates' yarn over again. Betty uttered a little cry and started running towards where the hill sloped away towards the dark shadows of trees and shrubs, which in many places hid a sheer drop of hundreds of feet. A cold fear almost stopped my heart beating and I ran after Betty, a wild, flimsy figure in her white evening dress. She stopped as she heard me running behind her and I seized her roughly by the shoulders, turning her round so that I could look into her face. She gazed up at me and I knew then that many things I had lately grown to doubt, were true. The gravity died from her eyes and she laughed softly.

"You, dear, stupid old fool—."

My fears gave way to a huge relief, but I said angrily, "You little devil."

"Aren't you going to complete the story," Betty asked, and her face looked distractingly pretty so close to mine.

"I am," I said, and I took her in my arms and carried her away, down the road from the Swamy Rock.

After all, it turned out to be a very happy Christmas!

IT'S THE LINES THAT TELL!

CONTRACTORS TO

His Majesty's Navy
The Ceylon Government
City Line
Ellerman and Bucknall Line
China Mutual Steam Navigation Co., Ltd.
Holland British India Line
Dollar Line
Royal Dutch Mail Lines
Swedish East Asiatic Co.
Hansa Line
Societa Veneziana Di Navigazione
"Italia" (Flotte Riunite Cosulich Lloyd Sabaudo/N.G.
Holland East Asia Line
Mitsui Line, &c., &c., &c.,
and Leading Colombo Firms.

→●SPEED
→●SERVICE
→●SATISFACTION

AT YOUR SERVICE

A LARGE FLEET OF CARGO AND COAL LIGHTERS, WATER TANKERS, STEAM BOILERS WITH PUMPS, STEAM TUGS, MOTOR LORRIES, TRACTORS AND TRAILERS FOR UNDERTAKING AND EXPEDITING WORK IN THE COLOMBO HARBOUR AND FOR PROMPT DESPATCH TO AND FROM STORES, WHARF, RAILWAY STATIONS, ETC.

THE CARGO BOAT DESPATCH CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1866)

P.O. Box 178, Colombo.

CABLES :—
"DESPATCHCO."
COLOMBO

CODES :—
A.B.C. 5th and 6th, Bentley's complete and 2nd Phrase & Private.

GENERAL WHARFINGERS, STEVEDORES, COAL CONTRACTORS, WATER SUPPLIERS, LANDING, SHIPPING, CLEARING AND TRANSPORT AGENTS, ETC., ETC.

LONDON REPRESENTATIVE :—
H. A. WILSON,
1, Bury Court,
London, E.C. 3.

"WHILE THERE'S LIFE——"

TEA IS NOW ROBUST, RUBBER IS "DOING NICELY," AND THE COCONUT INDUSTRY IS BY NO MEANS DEAD.

"WILD LIFE IN CEYLON IS SAID TO BE DYING OUT."

—*English Paper*

IN some of our villages, and the less sophisticated of the small towns, there is displayed, in a window, an unassuming little notice-board with the words, "Bridal Robes for Hire."

Sometimes a "Hiring Car" is advertised in the same window. But the hiring car does not intrigue the passer-by, because cars are so often hired. Yes, cars, and ever so many other adjuncts and etceteras of a wedding—chairs, plate, cutlery, flags, and what not. But to hire the wedding garment! This seems a chilling, and stoical procedure. No thrilling shopping expeditions with mother, grandmother, aunts, and sisters, shepherded by a chaperoning male member of the family, for the little bride who patronizes the "Bridal Robes for Hire" establishment. Surely she is being cheated of her most enjoyable prerogatives!

And yet, no doubt, the establishment is fairly well supported, and does supply a distinct need. For a wedding is an expensive affair in the villages, as well as to those in a more exalted rank. First of all, there's the question of the dowry to be considered. I believe that the French custom of saving up, year by year, from the time of a daughter's birth, for her dowry, is not usually practised in Ceylon villages. The dowry is generally provided in one fell swoop, a piece of land, or the share in a paddy field, being given in lieu of cash. But, not infrequently, the prospective bridegroom becomes obstreperous, and insists upon a good, round sum of money being given. He threatens, otherwise, to back out—a most humiliating contingency, and likely to be prejudicial to the chances of securing another young man for the bride, or her sisters. So money has to be raised, somehow!

Then, the man who reads the horoscopes has to be paid, and perhaps the man, or woman, who arranged the match will want a bit, too. And some jewellery is essential—for who ever heard of a Ceylon bride without some jewellery? There will be the expenses connected with the wedding ceremony itself—the registration fees, the reception afterwards, decorations, refreshments, perhaps a dreary-looking wedding-cake, all cardboard ornaments, and silver bells.

Dear me, yes, a hundred and one expenses. No wonder that there's very little left for a trousseau, and nothing at all for the wedding-gown. But that doesn't mean that Celestina is going to be married in her everyday costume, little white jacket, and gay, flowery-patterned chintz cloth, with her small brown feet bare, or in country-made sandals. A shocking idea! Brides must wear white-satin, and a veil, and orange-blossoms, and satin shoes. So Celestina is taken to the "Bridal Robes for Hire" people, and fitted out there.

And what manner of robes are they, one cannot help wondering, these robes that are hired? Something very dressy, in cheapest, cotton-backed satin, with bows, and bits of lace in unexpected places. There's a veil, of course, and a wreath of tired-looking orange-blossom, and a long, white ostrich-feather to be carried instead of a fan. And Celestina's feet will know the uncomfortable elegance of high-heeled, white satin shoes. Do they fit? Well, there they are, and if Celestina's feet happen to fit them, well and good; if not, let her learn, like the Little Mermaid, that one must suffer to be beautiful!

Celestina's long, well-oiled black tresses won't know themselves on the wedding-day, for they'll be puffed out and arranged in all sorts of coils and twists, and her nice little brown face will be plastered with highly-scented white powder, which ends in a sharply defined line on her neck—for powder mustn't be wasted on necks!

"*Aiyo*, the shoes are pinching me," perhaps she whispers, to her mother. But no one will take any notice.

Dear little Celestina, sister of all the brides the world over, what matters it that she looks so incomparably more attractive in her everyday clothes, with her hair in its lustrous kondé, and her face so smooth, and brown, and unpowdered? Why, it doesn't matter a bit; it is her wedding-day; let her have her hour; her white-satin and her ostrich-feather, and her shoes—the honeymoon wanes so soon! But to-day she is a white-satin bride—thanks to the enterprise of the village trader who hangs the little notice-board in his shop-window.

The Siege

A.C.G.S.A.

BY JOHN. KITCHING

Colombo was invested by the Dutch in 1655. The city capitulated after a protracted siege. It is reported that when the Portuguese were received in the Dutch camp, the Dutch Commander enquired when the main body would arrive. He was unable to believe that the broken handful of men were all that remained of the garrison.

* * * *

LUCIUS O'Hara wanted food. Something in the way of roast duckling, thick gravy and a good plateful of vegetables; then, of course, beer and apple tart with cream to follow! He sighed; food in Colombo was hard to come by in the year 1656. "Curried dog to-night," he told himself bitterly —"and lucky if we get that!" His thoughts strayed to the few remaining elephants and he wondered ecstatically how elephant steak would taste. But what was the good? The Governor had ordered that the elephants must be kept alive, as they might be useful in an attack.

Lucius O'Hara buckled on his sword, stuck his pistols in his belt and swaggered out of the solid, quiet house in which he lodged. The streets were dirty and they were empty. And in the air had begun to linger a faint sweet odour which made the young man shake his head gravely—people buried their dead while they had the strength.

As he approached the ramparts the young Irishman squared his shoulders. This siege was hardly his affair but as he had been drawn into it and now ranked as an officer of the garrison he must play his part to the best of his ability.

"Still here," he remarked pleasantly to a sentry at a gun emplacement.

The swarthy Portuguese scowled out over the plain towards the Dutch lines. "Still here, Excellency," he growled, "but only God knows what is to happen to us shortly. Even the rain that should fall at this season has been denied us, so that the land is like a dried orange."

O'Hara laughed softly and continued his rounds. As he approached a bastion at an angle of the fortifications he could see four men bending over something which lay on the dry grass of the rampart. Drawing nearer he saw it was a private soldier, his face the colour of putty.

"Came on suddenly," muttered a grey-headed man-at-arms. "Hey, Felippe, a little more of that *aguardente*. There is no more, you say? No food, no drink; our powder almost exhausted and, God deliver us, our force already reduced by two-thirds. How can we hold out longer?"

"What do you expect to do, then?" O'Hara asked brutally; "hand the city over to the Dutch? I thought you were soldiers, but it seems I was mistaken."

"As God wills, Senhor—" the old man began, then changed his mind: "We're not dead yet," he growled.

O'Hara left them; there was nothing he could do for the sick man, who was obviously dying. As he went he kept a watchful eye on the Dutch entrenchments. The camp beyond lay grilling in the heat and apparently deserted, but it was as well to be wide awake if one did not wish to be shot at.

Instead of completing the circuit of the ramparts to the sea, O'Hara descended a flight of steps at a point where the defence consisted of a solid stone wall. These steps led down into a garden, through whose shade the young man went as he approached a large house, built in the colonial style, with a high curving roof and an internal courtyard. Finding no one about, he sat down on a fallen tree and waited.

Presently his patience was rewarded, for a girl came out of the house. He watched her as she came towards him, admiring her slim form and the confident way she held herself.

"Without a hat at this time of day," he protested, in his bad Portuguese.

"Senhor, my hair is dark and there is a lot of it." She held out a lock for his inspection; black and fine spun, it invited the touch of jealous fingers.

O'Hara looked at the girl for a long moment. Her vivid mouth was smiling at him and her eyes echoed the smile, but the pallor of her face was on the border line where it would cease to be the clear pallor of health.

"How is the siege getting along?" he asked, abruptly.

"But it is I who should ask you that, Senhor."

"Ask *me*? A poor Irishman?

The girl's eyes danced. "You came here on your travels, Senhor, but now for the time being

Keep yourself and your family strong and fit with Rowntree's....

The delicious flavour alone is reason enough for the daily use of Rowntree's. Economy is a further inducement—a half-pound tin gives nearly sixty cupfuls. But, most important of all, is its high value as a digestive and health-giver. By a wide range of clinical experience in hospitals and sanatoria, Doctors have proved beyond question the fact that Rowntree's Cocoa definitely aids digestion. It is readily assimilated by young and old, digestion improves and health and fitness benefit in a truly remarkable manner.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

Actually helps your digestion

ASK FOR ROWNTREE'S Plain Chocolate, Extra Creamy Milk Chocolate, Motoring Chocolate (plain and milk), in ½lb. and ¼lb. Cakes, Squares, and Small Blocks.

● OBTAINABLE FROM ALL STORES AND BAZAAR DEALERS

Onoto Ink Pencils

FEDERATION 575

A hard-wearing playing card, attractively designed and printed in Red or Blue on White.

Sole Distributors of
"Federation 575" in Ceylon:—
A. V. R. A. Adycappa Chetty,
19, Sea Street, Colombo.

Agents for India and Ceylon:—
SPICERS (EXPORT) LIMITED,
19, New Bridge St.,
LONDON, E.C. 4.

Onoto Ink Pencils are ideal for making permanent notes, for ruling or copying.

There are no points to sharpen or break. Made from the finest materials, they are offered in Black or Antique.

WHOLESALE ONLY
THOS. DE LA RUE & CO., LTD.,
110, BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E. C. 1.

you are a Portuguese. You should have left Colombo while you had the chance."

"Then why didn't I?"

A shrug of the shoulders. "Who knows?"

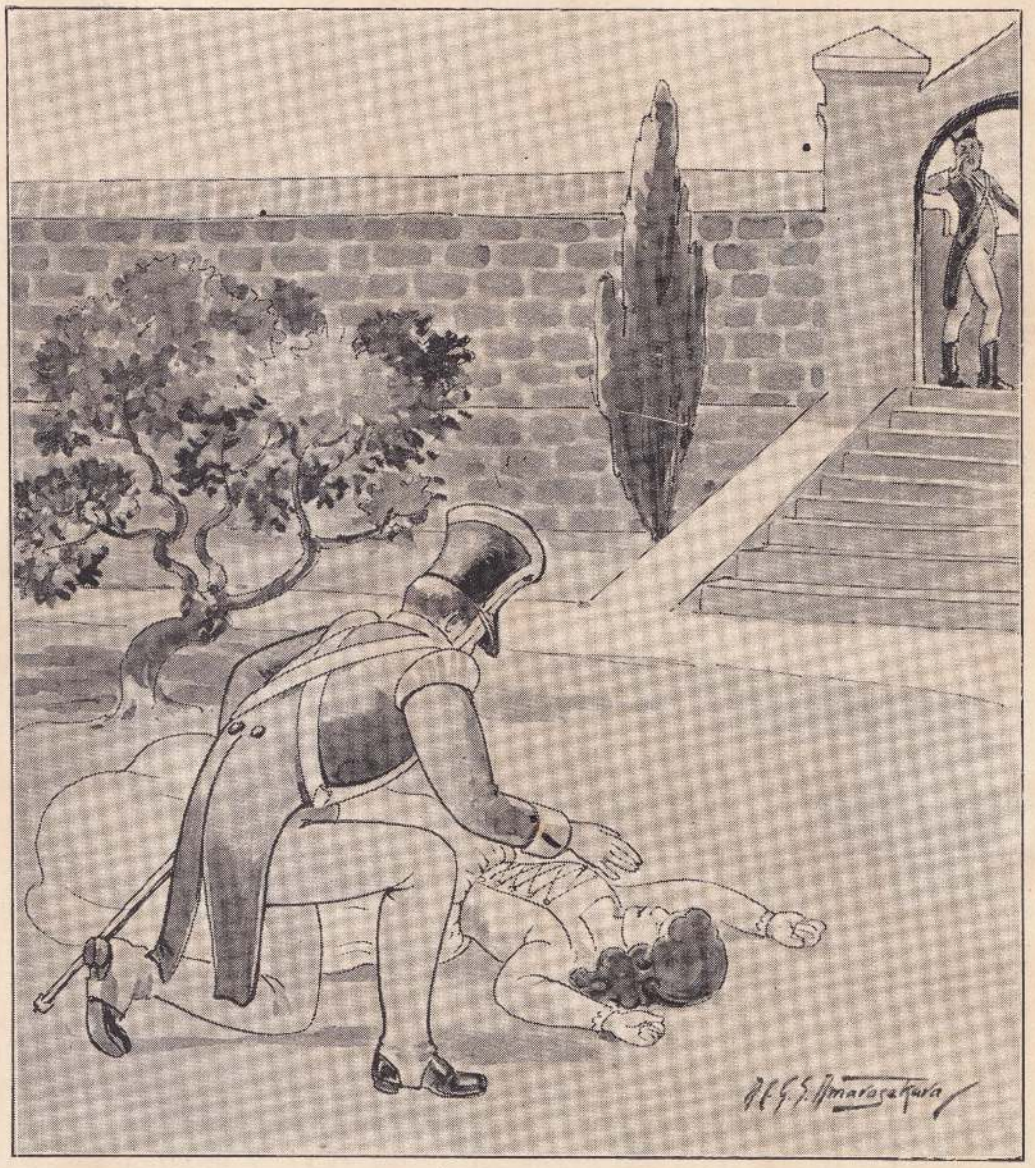
O'Hara shook his head in reproof. "You know," he replied, gravely.

At that she blushed. "Your father is a nobleman in Ireland." Her eyes were downcast." What should a poor girl who has lived all her life in Colombo know of the motives of the great?"

"The daughter of that renowned captain, Gaspar Figueira de Cerpe, can scarcely be described as 'a poor girl,'" O'Hara stated, with a twist to his lips. "But if you wish me to explain why I remained in Colombo——."

"Tell me how the siege is progressing," the girl commanded, imperiously, and O'Hara's face grew grave again.

He stared in abstraction at the deep shadowed verandah of the house, against which an orange tree splashed its contrasting colours. How was he to tell her the truth in such a way that she would not understand?



O'HARA FELL ON HIS KNEES. "SHE IS DEAD."

"When must we surrender?"

At this question, which followed when he did not reply, the Irishman looked up in consternation.

"When must we surrender?" the girl repeated, sternly. "Oh, it's no good trying to hoodwink me; my father thinks I don't understand, but I do."

"At any moment," O'Hara replied quietly, recovering his composure and glad of this solution to his difficulty. "A sudden attack by the enemy, a note from the Dutch tossed into our lines and offering favourable terms, an increase of the sickness which already has scourged the garrison; any of these might mean surrender. On the other hand, we might hold out for a fortnight, until there is no food and no powder, and very few men left alive."

The girl came up very close to him, taking his hand and O'Hara caught his breath at her touch. "Senhor O'Hara, if we could get food and powder?"

"There would still be the line of Dutch ships across the harbour," he said sadly; "It would only be to postpone the end."

"And I thought you were a soldier," she derided, unconsciously mimicking O'Hara's own words of an hour before. "I wished to ask for your help and you rebuff me with talk of what might happen in the future."

"By Heaven ——" the Irishman began in anger; then looked into the girl's dark eyes, which were so close to his. "Tell me what you want me to do," he said, voice unsteady; "whatever it is, I'll try it—— even if it seems impossible."

It was a very simple plan—too simple. Sitting in that garden on a dead tree Lucius O'Hara's heart sank as he listened, but sang again every time he raised his eyes to the girl's face.

"Let me repeat your plan," he said at last, to gain time. "You suggest a sortie of picked men at night now that there is no moon. A large body of non-combatants will follow the attack in the hope that the Dutch camp will have been thrown into confusion so that they are able to lay their hands on provisions and ammunition. Under cover of the general confusion the non-combatants make good their return to the city, followed by the sortie party. Is that all?"

At the unconscious accent on the word "all" the girl winced. "You don't think my plan a good one?" she said, wistfully.

"I think it is a fine plan," O'Hara lied, without hesitation. "I was just wondering what your father would think of it.

"I tried to tell him. He laughed at me. But you are an officer of the garrison and I thought you could arrange it without his knowledge."

Her dark head was drooping and the sharp lines of her face caused O'Hara a fresh pang.

"You won't fail me?" She looked at him in appeal and words surged to O'Hara's lips which he choked back with an effort.

"It might be possible to make the attempt," he muttered. "But to stage an attack over your father's head would be a thing unheard of."

"You see," the girl said slowly, tracing meaningless figures with her slim foot, "You are the only person I—trust; except, of course, my father. You won't fail me?"

The Irishman's discretion was swept to the winds and his face flamed. "No, by heaven, I won't fail you." He paused in the act of crashing down his fist in emphasis and his eyes jerked up to the glittering blue sky which lay in unbroken splendour over the doomed city of Colombo. A curious expression crossed his face and his fist hung suspended as if forgotten, while he glanced round him apprehensively.

"You can count on me," he said, in quite a different tone of voice. "But there is something else I must talk of now—at once, if I may?"

"Something else?" the girl's face showed her surprise, but as she read his intention, her expression changed and became frigid. "Senhor O'Hara, there is but one thing that matters now—the saving of our city. And you would dare to intrude on that with talk of your private affairs?"

"Let me speak," the Irishman pleaded urgently. "You don't understand. Can't you see that I must know now—quickly, while there is time?" He glanced round him apprehensively again, searching the corners of the garden and the gloom of the varandah. "Dolores, you said that you trusted me."

Like a puff of smoke her coldness vanished and a flush of colour came into her pale face.

But O'Hara became diffident as she yielded. "I was wondering—"; he hesitated and seemed lost for words; "I was wondering whether it is only 'trust' that you feel for me."

The girl's head lifted proudly and she looked intently into O'Hara's eyes. "I love you," she said. "That is what you wish to know?"

"Oh Dolores—darling." He was on his knees, clasping her hands, careless of a possible on-looker. "This blasted war. You here exposed to danger and the risk of plague, and every day less food for you. I see you growing pale and your dear face getting thin, and it breaks my heart."

She touched his face lightly and smiled at him. "Lucius—such a funny name is 'Lucius'—when it is over and we have driven out the Dutch, we will be married and will be happy. My father will be glad because he likes you. Then, my darling, we can have a house like this; you and I alone—." She stopped. "I am a forward hussy," she added, her eyes sparkling.

O'Hara looked deep into her eyes. "I love you," he said.

"What is it?" the girl asked in alarm, for her lover had sprung to his feet and had his back to her, his hand on his sword hilt and searching with his eyes the shadows under the trees.

"There is danger." O'Hara's voice was rough. "All this time I have felt it and now it is very near."

Silence. The sun blazing down. The stone rampart cut like a knife edge against the blue sky. From the direction of the Dutch lines came the sound of a few desultory musket shots and the roar of a cannon.

O'Hara stood taut, his sword on guard, his back to the girl. Then his eyes dilated with fear as he understood, and he lurched round towards her.

Dolores Figueira de Cerpe lay stretched on the bleached grass of the garden. In falling she had made no sound, but her white dress was already stained over the breast.

High up on the ramparts a bell started to clang. "Enemy attacking," roared a Portuguese voice from the S. Joao bastion.

O'Hara fell on his knees. "She is dead; that cannon shot; a fragment of the ball—through the heart."

He stayed there mute. "Dolores," he whispered, presently.

"Enemy attacking," roared the voice from the bastion. "Senhor O'Hara, they are upon us."

Lucius O'Hara bent and touched the girl's lips with his own. Then he stumbled to his feet and groped blindly for the sword which he had dropped.

"I'm coming," he answered.

COLOMBO BOUND—*By* J. P. de FONSEKA

She goeth along all in whiteness,
She glideth along all in spray,
In the sea-wind's balm and brightness
And the white foam all the way.

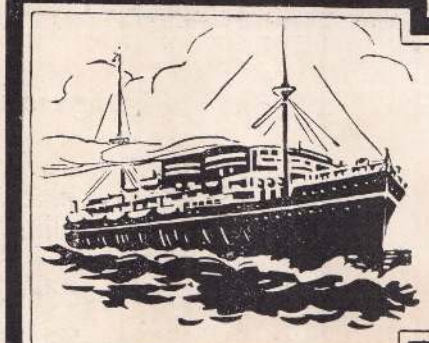
She keepeth her glad graceful motion,
She is true to the rhythm and rhyme
Of the fall and the rise of the ocean
And the lilt of the music and time.

She chanteth her hymn of the morning,
Her voice with the voice of the deep;
She's a grace on the waves all adorning,
Benediction she speaketh for sleep.

She winneth the kiss and the splendour,
There's gold on her sun-caressed brow;
The moon and the stars loving tender,
They silver her poop and her prow.

She floateth in calmness discerning,
Like a high damoiselle is her mien;
But deep in her heart hides her yearning
That is human and poignant and keen.

But she moveth full free from all sadness,
And she fleeteth along in her spray,
For the sea-song sings beauty and gladness
And there's home at the close of the day.



WHERE TO STAY WHEN ON LEAVE

PRINCE'S HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH. ON THE EAST CLIFF.

The most delightful and fashionable side.

WARM and COMFORTABLE, SECLUDED Yet CENTRAL.

Beautiful Food.

Handy for Golf and Tennis. Every Modern Convenience.

GARAGE. TERMS EXTREMELY MODERATE.

Tariff from "Times of Ceylon."

WIMBLEDON

SOUTHDOWN HALL HOTEL (A.A. R.A.C.)

LANSDOWNE ROAD, THE RIDGWAY (Wimb. 0811-2).

Tariff from Times of Ceylon

Countrified surroundings, yet only 15 mins. from London.

Facing South, in 3½ acres Private Grounds. Glorious Views. Magnificent New Wing. Luxurious Suites with Private Baths, Telephones, and Gas Fires.

Ballroom, Billiards & Card Rooms. Central Heating.

H. & C. basins in all rooms.

FULL HOTEL LICENCE

Large Garages.

Near 5 Golf Courses and 2 Polo Grounds.

Excellent Cuisine. Terms: from 4 gs

Under Entirely New Management

PITLOCHRY.

Fisher's Hotel,

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL.

THIS HOTEL is situated in its own grounds, close to the Railway Station. The Public Rooms are large and handsome, and, with the Private Sitting Rooms and Bedrooms, overlook the Flower Garden, which is allowed by all Visitors to be the finest attached to any establishment of the kind.

Excursions can be made from this Hotel daily to Pass of Killiecrankie, Queen's View on Loch Tummel, Falls of Bruar, Dunkeld, Rumbling Bridge, Rannoch, Braemar, etc.

MOTOR CARS FOR HIRE. MOTOR GARAGE. PETROL.

18-HOLE GOLF COURSE within 15 minutes' walk.

Hotel and Motor Garage Lighted throughout with Electricity.

Telephone No. 12, Pitlochry. *Address:* **MANAGERESS.**

Tariff from TIMES OF CEYLON.

LONDON or **COUNTRY**

In a central position with uninterrupted view over Hyde Park. Distinguished visitors from all parts of the World have found herein their perfect London Residence—in the heart of the West End. There are 150 delightfully appointed rooms and the terms are from 5 gns. a week inclusive. Running water telephone and central heating in all rooms.

ALEXANDRA HOTEL

Hyde Park Corner London S.W.1

For those who desire country surroundings within half-an-hour of London—'Oatlands' supplies the answer. An historic mansion in 60 acres of quiet parkland. Golf, Tennis, Swimming, Badminton, Billiards and Dancing are all free to residents. Each of the 150 beautiful bedrooms and suites have running water and telephone. The terms are from 4½gns. weekly inclusive.

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL

Weybridge Surrey

Fully descriptive literature from the "Times of Ceylon

Telephones: **26086 (5 lines).**

Telegrams: **"VENUS," EDINBURGH**

ROYAL BRITISH HOTEL

20 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

The most UP-TO-DATE HOTEL in EDINBURGH, Hot and Cold running water, Radiators and Telephones in Rooms.

THE R. B. GRILL

is renowned for CUISINE, SERVICE, and WINES, and is fully licensed until 11 p.m.

A.A. R.S.A.C. R.A.C.

Tariff from Times of Ceylon.

---

modern luxury - homely comfort

ASHLEY COURT HOTEL

Conveniently situated for every part of London; facing the Park Gates and within one minute of the Albert Hall, this latest luxury hotel of Kensington Gardens offers you every modern aid to comfort. Hot and cold water and telephone in every room . . . a cuisine deservedly renowned . . . night porters . . . garage, from which cars may be hired . . . and to every guest the manager's personal attention.

Inclusive terms:—from 12/6d. daily, or 3½ Gns. weekly. Room, bath and breakfast from 8/6d

Tariff from Times of Ceylon Office

Licensed Bridge Club on premises.

199-200 Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7

Telephone: Kensington **6615** *(5 lines)*

A well appointed and tastefully furnished Hotel.

100 Bedrooms with Hot and Cold Running Water.

50 Bedrooms with Private Bathrooms.

Radiator and 'Phone in every Room.

CENTRALLY SITUATED
(FACING HYDE PARK)

Fully Licensed:

KNIGHTSBRIDGE HOTEL

LONDON, S. W. 7.

Telephone: **Kensington 1400** (6 Lines.)

Telegrams: **"KNIGHTALLA," LONDON.**

Tariff from Times of Ceylon.

ON LEAVE

"LEAVE"—what extraordinary visions this magic word conjures up in the minds of those who are shortly to spend a long, enjoyable holiday in Europe! The eagerness with which Planters, Civil Servants, Professional Men and others look forward to their Leave, can never be appreciated by those Europeans who have not been resident in the Tropics. The Hotels which advertise on these two pages claim to cater for European visitors from Ceylon and tariffs can be obtained from the office of this journal. In dealing with any advertiser in this publication, it is in your own interests to mention the "Times of Ceylon." - - - - - - - - - -

WHERE TO STAY WHEN ON LEAVE

PARK LANE HOTEL

Piccadilly

LONDON, W.1.

The most beautiful site in London

Overlooking Green Park and Buckingham Palace.

Single Room and Bathroom from **14/6d.**
Double Room and Bathroom from **25/0d.**
Self-contained Suite from **42/0d.**

Send for illustrated Topical Tariff-Folder to "Times of Ceylon," Colombo, or Manager, Galle Face Hotel, Colombo.

Each of the 400 Bedrooms has a fully equipped private bathroom, a telephone, and central heating. Private Garage for 200 Cars adjoins. Sandler's Orchestra.

'Phone: **Grosvenor 6321** *'Grams:* **Keighbrace, Audley, London**

HOWARD HOTEL

NORFOLK ST. STRAND

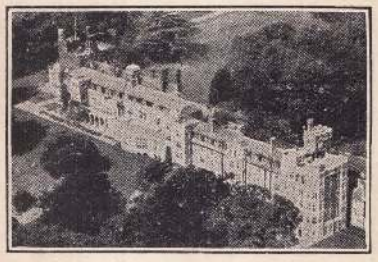
LONDON

A luxury Hotel, yet bedroom, bath and full breakfast for **12/5.** Every room has either private bathroom or hot and cold water, central heating and telephone. Luxurious suites. An hotel of distinction, modern and up-to-date, in the centre of London, close to all Theatres.

Obtain Illustrated Booklet from "Times of Ceylon," Colombo.

THE ROMANTIC TRADITIONS OF A BYGONE DAY

combined with Modern Luxury



AT SELSDON PARK you may enjoy free golf on a private 18 hole golf course (6,361 yds.) in our own park of 230 acres, over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills, Dancing, Swimming, tennis, squash—with a magnificent solarium and electric gymnasium—all free. Only half an hour from London. A De Luxe Hotel at **MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.** H. & C. water & 'phone in all rooms. Rooms & Suites with private baths. **Illustrated Brochures free on request from the offices of this Annual.**

under the same management
WICKHAM COURT HOTEL
WEST WICKHAM, KENT

The
SELSDON PARK HOTEL
SANDERSTEAD, SURREY, ENGLAND

A first-class Private Hotel, facing the beautiful Kensington Gardens. Hot and cold running water in every bedroom night and day.

Central heating, gas fires. Exceptional value.

Tariffs direct from Hotel or from "Times of Ceylon" Office.

NEW MANSION HOTELS

38, 39, 40, LANCASTER GATE, HYDE PARK, LONDON, W.2.
Also STUART HOUSE PRIVATE HOTEL
40 & 41, Leinster Gardens, Lancaster Gate, Marble Arch, Hyde Park, London W

SPECIAL TERMS TO FAMILIES.

Best English Poultry and Meat served. Bedroom, breakfast, bath, boots, attendance 6s. 6d. per day. Inclusive terms (4 meals daily) from £2 12s. 6d. weekly.

PARIS

GRAND HOTEL TERMINUS

108, RUE SAINT LAZARE,

Most Central and Best Situation.

500 Bedrooms with Private Bath or Running Water

Single Room from **Frs. 25** With Bath from **Frs. 45**
Double Room from **Frs. 35** With Bath from **Frs. 55**

Telegraphic Address: **TERMINUS-118-PARIS**

Tariff from Times of Ceylon

EDINBURGH.

THE ALISON HOTEL

MELVILLE CRESCENT

The Hotel is centrally situated in the West End of the City, convenient to Shopping Centres, Theatres and points of Historical Interest.

It is equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and good service.

PERSONAL MANAGEMENT

Telephone: **31295.** *Telegrams:* **"MELCREST EDIN."**

Tariff from TIMES OF CEYLON.

285 BEDROOMS. All with Hot and Cold Running Water, Central Heating and bed-head lights.

LARGE PUBLIC ROOMS

Telegrams: "Unafraid Westcent London"

SHAFTESBURY HOTEL

LONDON

GREAT ST. ANDREW ST., W.C. 2. (2 mins. Leicester Sq.)

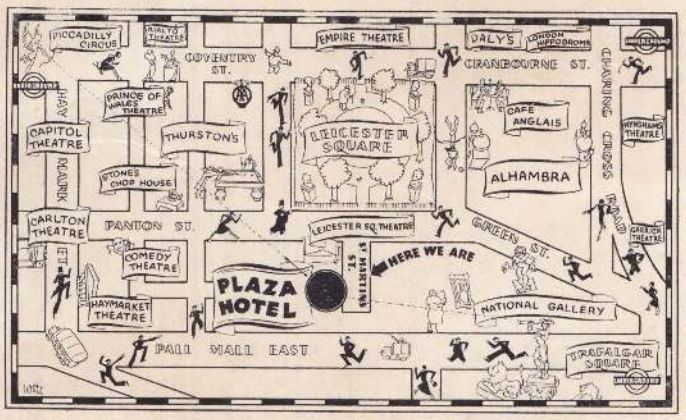
CENTRE OF BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

Telephone: **Temple Bar 6082-3-4**

ONE PRICE
NO EXTRAS
FULLY LICENSED

Bedroom, Table d'hote Breakfast, Bath **7/6**
(double room 13/6d.)

Tariff with map obtainable from Times of Ceylon Office.

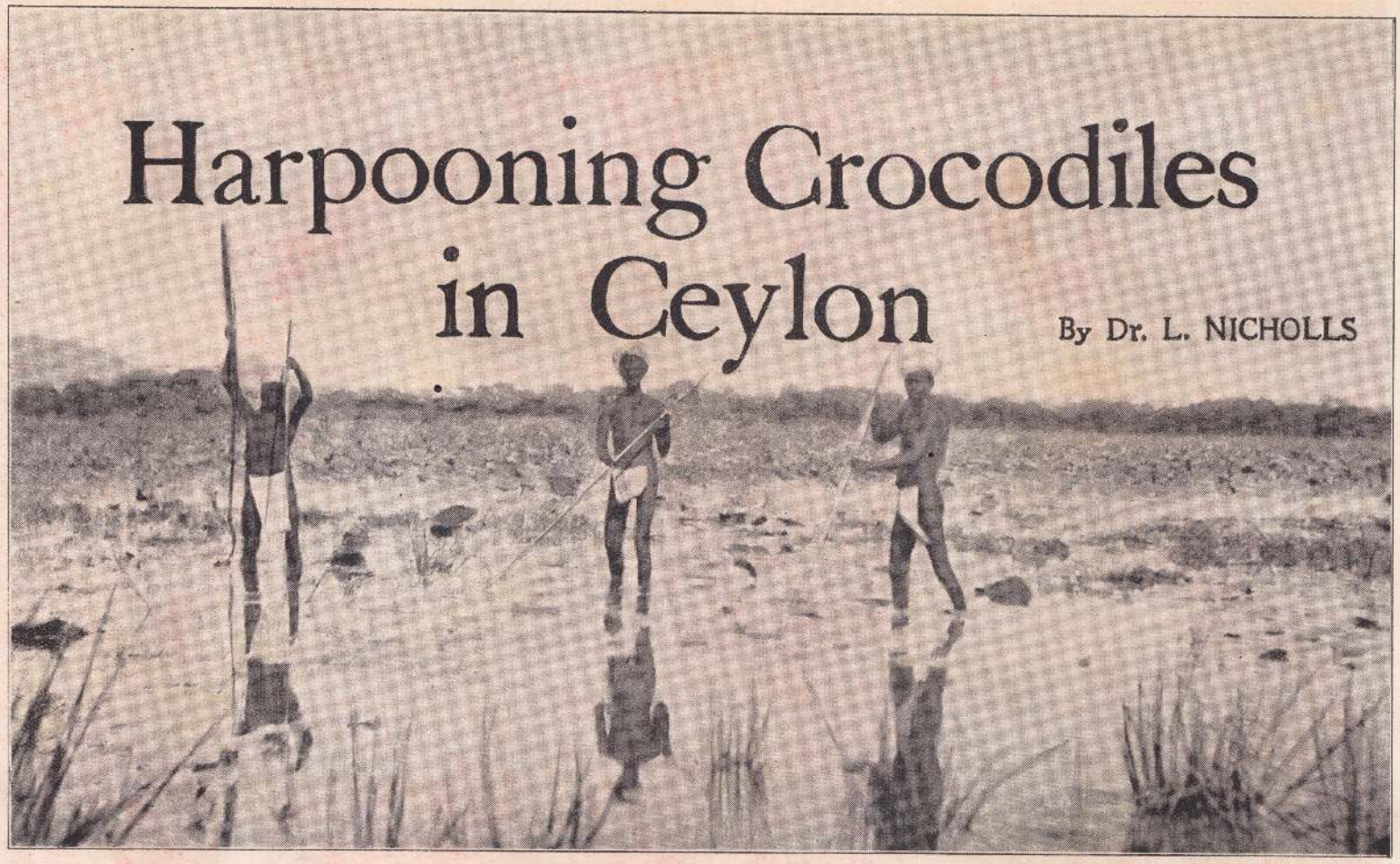


PLAZA HOTEL

TARIFF FROM "TIMES OF CEYLON"

Harpooning Crocodiles in Ceylon

By Dr. L. NICHOLLS



FEELING FOR CROCODILES. THE MAN ON THE LEFT CARRIES THE HARPOON.

A FEW years ago crocodiles were numerous in Ceylon, and many were to be seen in all the man-made lakes, called "tanks" in this country, where they did not fear to sun themselves by day, lying along the shores or on the bunds. To many of us they were a pleasing adjunct to the tropical scenery.

But a development of the trade in reptiles' skins has altered this, and crocodiles have become almost a rarity in many parts. At first they were hunted and shot during the daytime, but soon they became wary and concealed themselves during the hours of daylight, submerged or away from the borders of the "tanks." Then it was discovered that they could be shot easily in the light of an electric torch or an acetylene lamp affixed to the forehead of the hunter. A beam of light falling on the eyes of a crocodile reflects them a ruby red and the hunter may walk or wade to within a few yards of the dazzled creature to shoot him. In this way many "tanks" were being depleted of crocodiles, yet the insatiable demands from the tanneries further stimulated the ingenuity of the hunters.

The fishermen of the east coast of Ceylon have for many generations harpooned fish at night; they go out in boats and on reaching the fishing-grounds light torches of oil and fibre, which attract the fish to the surface of the water, where they are harpooned. Several sizes of harpoons are used, large ones for sharks and rays and smaller weapons for lesser fish.

This old fishing craft has been effectively developed for the slaughter of crocodiles. A few months ago I was camped near Katagamuwa "tank," which is twelve miles from a road and in the distant jungle of the Southern Province. Katagamuwa is an abandoned "tank" and is only half-filled during the rains of one monsoon. It was the dry season when I was there and the water had shrunk to a strip about one-hundred-and-fifty yards long by fifty yards broad, and the water was very muddy because

A CROCODILE WHICH HAS JUST BEEN LANDED, ALMOST OBSCURED BY CAUGHT-UP WEEDS.

Lovable Gifts from YARDLEY

For Her

Gifts of dainty charm which are sure to please . . . Whether you give her Yardley Perfume itself — sealed in shining crystal-cut glass . . . misty-fine Powder . . . cunningly designed vanities for her handbag . . . fragrances for her bathroom . . . or a combination of items in an artistic gift-case . . . you can be certain that your gift is of the very finest quality made.

Yardley Lavender — in Sprinkler bottles, larger Stoppered bottles and Pocket Flasks. Lavender Soap—'The Luxury Soap of the World' — Lavender Powder, Complexion Cream, Compacts, Lipsticks, Bath Salts. Perfumes—'Orchis' and 'Fragrance.' Powder—'in the Silver Box,' The Loose Powder Vanity Case, and the Vanity Case with Powder and Lipstick, etc.

And Gift Cases in delightful variety.

For Him

End of the quest for presents for the difficult male : The style and quality of the Yardley Gifts are always approved and they are made more acceptable by their fresh, clean fragrance of the Yardley Lavender.

Shaving Stick in holder case, Shaving Soap in wooden bowl, After-Shaving Lotion, Invisible Talc, Liquid and Concrete Brilliantines, Toilet Soap, etc.

And Gift Cases in great variety.

All the World loves a YARDLEY Gift

YARDLEY · 33 OLD BOND STREET · LONDON

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. THE QUEEN

elephants, buffaloes, and wild boar wallowed in it at night.

One evening a party of four wild-looking men visited my camp and told me that they intended to hunt crocodiles the next morning. I asked the leader how many crocodiles he thought could be obtained, for I had not seen any. He replied that they could kill all that were in the "tank," and perhaps there would be ten of fair size.

The next morning I watched the hunters and photographed them at work. Three men entered the muddy water, each carrying a light stick, eight-and-a-half to nine feet in length, by one inch tapering to half-an-inch in thickness. One of them also carried a harpoon, which had a sharp, barbed steel head four-and-a-half inches long by one inch across the barb. At the other end of the head there was an eyelet hole half-an-inch across, and through it a stout rope passed. The harpoon head was loosely socketed into a thick pole five-and-a-half feet in length, and the end of this pole was sheathed in iron.

DISPATCHING A CROCODILE.

The three men walked in line and at every few steps reached out the sticks in front of them and drew them back along the muddy bottom of the "tank." Very soon, a stick came in contact with a hard object and the hunter probed gently to discover the nature of the obstruction. A crocodile was quickly identified by the crests rising in several rows from the skin of the back. Then, holding the point of the stick lightly near the centre of the back, the hunter took the harpoon, drove it through the water, and impaled the crocodile near where the stick was resting. As the creature sprang to activity the head of the harpoon became detached from the shaft, the rope was seized and the struggling crocodile, lashing the water to a spume, was drawn towards the bank. Its struggles were impeded by masses of caught-up weeds, and as it was pulled out of the water it forced its snout up through the weeds and, opening its jaws, uttered loud, unearthly groans, the like of which I had never heard before. The creature was quickly dispatched by a blow on the head with the back of an axe.

Five crocodiles were killed in three-quarters of an hour, and two more during the next three-quarters of an hour. But the hunters continued to search the shrunken waters of the "tank" for another hour, before announcing that no more crocodiles remained.

When tanks completely dry up, the crocodiles enter the jungle and aestivate in caves and under rocks. Those which inhabit the smaller collections of water, which soon dry up, must remain without food or water for about six months.

Certain observations had led me to believe that very young crocodiles do not inhabit "tanks" which are likely to dry up, because they cannot endure the hardships of long aestivation. I asked the hunters if any small crocodiles could be found in the "tank" and they replied, doubtfully, that there might be a few. I offered a tempting reward for a young specimen, and they fished for some time with a cast net, but failed to obtain one. The smallest crocodile they killed was a female and measured six feet and ten inches; the largest measured eight feet and eleven inches.

The hunters pride themselves on being able to obtain all the crocodiles from any shrunken "tank" in the dry season. Not only so, but they visit the rivers when the waters are shallow and they are able to wade into them. They search for aestivating crocodiles because they are easily harpooned.

The villagers object to this wholesale destruction of the crocodiles in their "tanks," because the shrinking waters become teeming with fish, which the seasonal-feeding crocodiles devour in large numbers; and if this does not occur the fish die, and the villagers' only drinking-water becomes too polluted for consumption. These simple people unconsciously realise that one may not with impunity tamper with the balance of nature.

It must be seldom that an ancient craft has been extended beyond its wonted sphere. And the hunter who first discovered that crocodiles lurking on the bottoms of muddy "tanks" could be found by a tactile stick, and that a harpoon could be directed unerringly by the sense of touch, showed initiative and genius.

The hunters I encountered at Katagamuwa stated that they came from Batticaloa, one-hundred-and-twenty miles away and that around their neighbourhood they had exhausted the crocodiles—which must be true, or they would not have travelled to the far-distant jungle where I met them.

Reptiles are too easily slaughtered and too slowly reproduced for any trade founded upon them to endure for more than a season or two.

SPECIALISTS IN ALL WORKS OF FLORAL ART

They "Said it with Flowers"

IN CEYLON LET "TREVINE" DO IT

All Orders executed with extreme care and promptness

Wedding Bouquets and Presentation Baskets in all the latest London designs.

* * * *

You must not fail to see our Miniature African Rock Gardens for Table Decorations. A special feature as displayed at the Chelsea Flower Show.

* * * *

Cut Flowers fresh from the Hills twice daily.

* * * *

Pot Plants, Palms, Ferns, etc., Orchids, Cannas and Miscellaneous stock, always fresh and plentiful.

* * * *

Flower Seeds and Seedlings always in stock.

* * * *

A visit to our Gardens will convince you that "TREVINE" can and will satisfy.

FLOWERS BY WIRE—ANYWHERE—ANY PLACE—ANY TIME

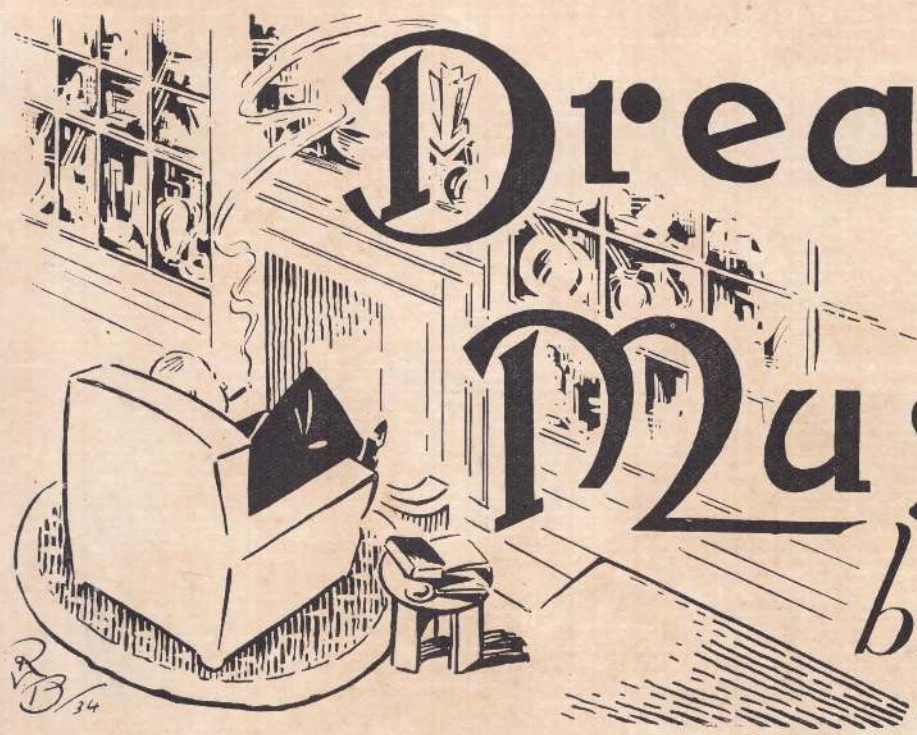
TREVINE FLOWER SHOP

LAYARDS ROAD
HAVELOCK TOWN
Cables : **"Trevine, Colombo."**
'Phone : **No. 4134.**

BONDED MEMBERS OF THE F.T.D.A.

WRITE. 'PHONE OR WIRE YOUR ORDERS

IAN E. OORLOFF, F.R.H.S.
From the London School of Floral Art.



Dreams in a Museum

by R.H.Bassett.

I HAVE a small "museum," filled with odds and ends that I have picked up in various parts of Ceylon. "Junk," some of my friends call it, but I find that my treasures recall many pleasant places and stories. Sometimes I am almost persuaded that a kind of emanation proceeds from old things which have been connected with sensational events in the past. Whether this is so or not, the historical facts which the odds and ends represent certainly facilitate the reconstruction of scenes contemporary with the period during which they originally functioned.

There is a good fireplace in my "museum," and a comfortable chair in which to sit and look, filled with the pride of possession, upon the things which, luckily, no one else wants. Each has its own story, but there are so many that it is difficult to decide which to take. I will begin with

THE BRONZE BOWL.

On the Island of Velanai, across the lagoon from Jaffna, I found, near a small mound, a beautiful bronze bowl or casket, with a crude design like a Catherine wheel on the lid. The wind had shifted the sand, which covers the whole Island in huge heaps, and left the bowl exposed. I was told by the inhabitants that in very ancient times a Queen called Allai Arasani came from India to find pearls, and liked Velanai so much that she settled down among its fertile fields, for in those days there was no sand on the Island. Near a harbour known still as the Kappal-adi, or Place of the Ships, she established her court, and built a mighty temple, where she indulged in a degraded religious cult of her own devising. It was on account of this temple that the sand came to Velanai.

The ruins of the temple are marked by the mound of sand-smothered stones near which the bronze bowl was unearthed. At night, on the spot where in olden times a perpetual flame was kept alight before the image in the shrine, it is said a light still burns. Determining to investigate this phenomenon, I sat up to see if the light would appear during the particular night I was there. At one o'clock in the morning there was still no sign of anything unusual about the mound, which was dimly discernible in the fitful light of a half moon, across which clouds were drifting . . . .

I sat, with my back against a palmyra tree, staring at the ruin, and thinking that the night was colder than I had expected, when in the same way that one becomes aware of a star without seeing it come, I realized that a steady flame was burning at the foot of the mound. Leaning forward with great interest, I found that, instead of peering between palmyra boles, I was looking into a spacious hall lined with massive pillars, behind which were gloomy alcoves.

At the end of the hall, on a dais mistily illuminated by the single flame, was the image of a male figure, slightly more than normal size, whose face was grossly expressive of evil lust and vicious indulgence. Its paunch was tremendous, resting upon its thighs, as it sat with the lamp burning in a small recess between its knees.

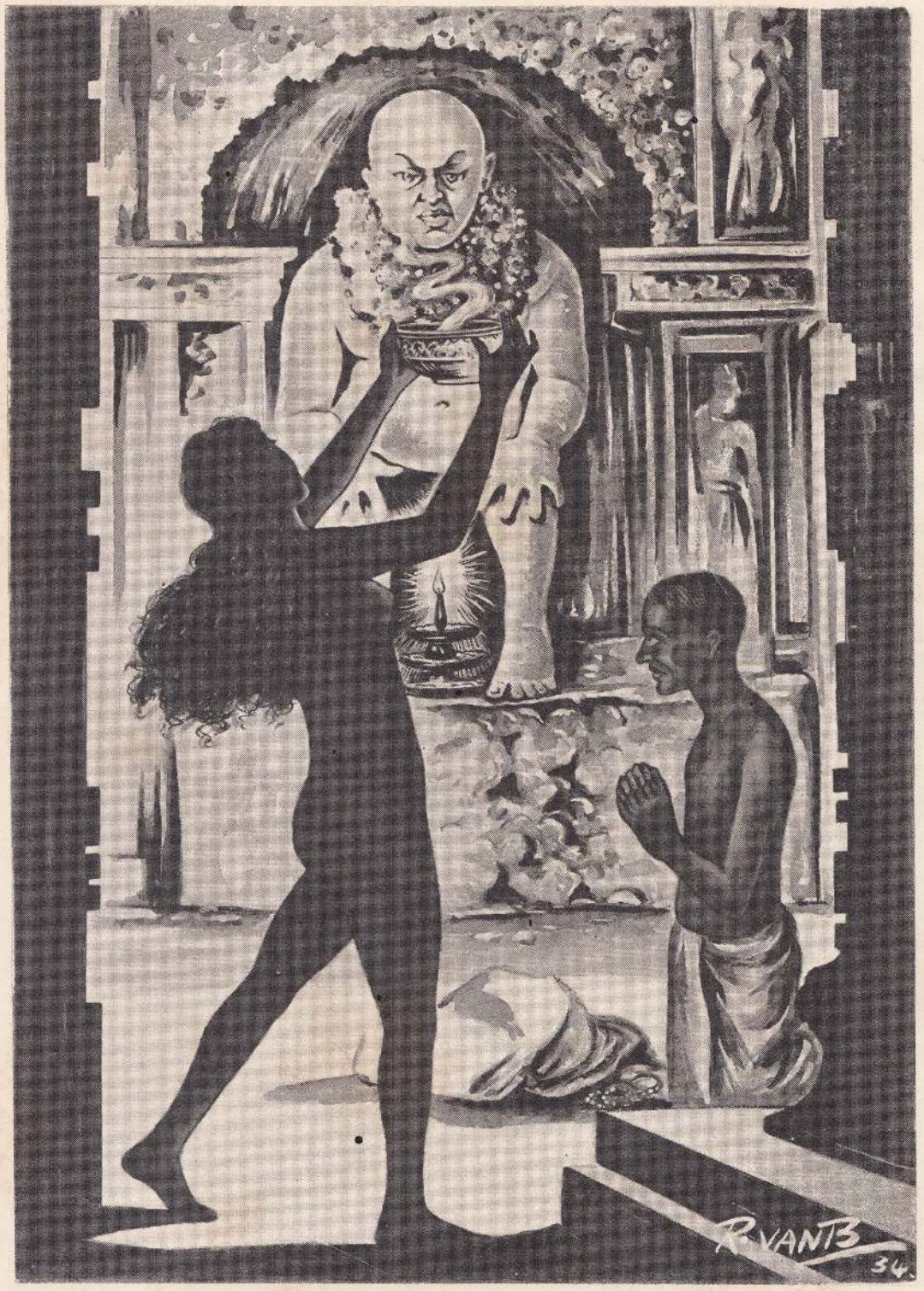
Several men, who appeared to be priests, entered the hall from the shadowy recesses behind the image. Their bodies were smeared with ochre and sandal-wood paste, while their faces vied with that of their deity in depravity of expression. They sprinkled the statue with perfume, and decked it with flowers, whose sickly aroma mingled with the scent of sandal-wood and a faint acrid smell of smoke.

More weird priests gathered before the image, conversing in low tones, and frequently glancing in an expectant manner at the great main door of the temple. A deep gloom shrouded the lofty hall, from which, in an unnatural radiance, the hideous statue stood out, staring over the heads of the dark throng of priests towards the massive doorway. From one of the dark alcoves low music emanated in a sensuous monotone, expressing appropriately the atmosphere of evil anticipation that haunted the temple.

At last a figure appeared in the black oblong of the doorway and advanced, followed at a respectful

distance by two satellites who were recognizable as priests of a high order. The leader of the party proved to be a woman of striking beauty marred only by something of the same bestial expression as that of the image, towards which she advanced with an air of deep reverence. Allai Arasani—for it was the Queen herself—knelt below the statue, close to the unflickering flame, motionless, while one of her followers intoned a deep incantation.

The music quickened in a pulsating refrain, to the beat of which the Queen's body began to sway. Slowly, as the feverish melody developed, she raised her head from the ground, and sitting back on her heels, gazed up into the gloating face above her, outstretched hands holding a small bronze bowl from which the smoke of incense curled in a thin blue wisp. Suddenly, placing the bowl on the ground, she tore the jewellery from her wrists and neck and cast it before her god in an ecstacy of devotion; then, springing to her feet, she removed, fold by fold, the cloth which covered her, till she stood naked, a figure of incomparable beauty, at the foot of the dais. As the throb of the hidden tom-tom leaped to frenzy in the scent-laden gloom of the temple, the Queen floated into a dance so perfect that it was fascinating in its genius, although revolting in its sensuality.



"SHE STOOD NAKED AT THE FOOT OF THE DAIS."

The priests were now all kneeling upright, watching with appreciation the utterly abandoned movements of the dancer; while I observed with horror that the eyes of the image no longer looked towards the doorway, but were directed downwards, upon the woman at its feet.

Amid the wail of the music a low monotonous moan became gradually more insistent, while gusts of wind caused the flame to waver, casting on the dim pillars grotesque shadows of the dancer. As the moaning of the wind increased, several of the priests rose in alarm, but, oblivious of, or frenzied by, the weird sound, the Queen's movements became more and more sensuous, as holding the smoking bowl before her, she advanced towards the image. The wind, now laden with stinging sand, howled through the great building as she approached the god. Whatever gross ceremony was about to take place was effectually prevented, as, with a deafening clamour, the full force of the hurricane, driving before it a fog of sand, struck the temple. As the flame before the statue was smothered I caught a last glimpse of the Queen, still holding the incense casket outstretched before her. Then the whole building crashed in a maelstrom of sand . . . .

* * * * *

The storm passed, giving place to pale moonlight illuminating the mound amid the dark palmyras. The Queen, with her shameful cult, was buried, leaving to perpetuate her memory only the legend I have related and the bronze bowl which I dis-

covered in the sand amid the ruins of her temple.

THE SIGIRIYA BRICK.

One day in September, when I was on the top of Sigiriya Rock, the bees swarmed, and I ran down into the "Queens' Bath," where I lay until the cloud of insects had passed. Close to my nose was an ancient brick, usually submerged, but then hot and dry owing to the drought. I studied its texture, which modern brick-makers cannot reproduce, and thought—partly in order to take my mind off the humming menace above—of the days when the brick played its part in supporting the palace of King Kasyapa.

The more I reflected upon the romance of those times, the fonder I became of the brick, until eventually, when the bees had gone, I took it away with me and have it still, on a shelf in my "museum." Its somewhat uninteresting outline always develops for me the same picture of a handsome young Sinhalese, standing in a dark corner, at the back of the queens' bathing pavilion, with a girl clasped in his arms . . . .

"Meghavanna, I don't think I shall ever be able to come here again. To-morrow I have to consent, before the King, to marry my cousin. I do not dislike him—he is a good man—but I love you, and him I do not love. Oh, why was I born the niece of a King? And even if I am, why shouldn't I marry the man I love? If we could get off this dreadful Rock without being seen, I would run away with you. But it is no good talking of that."

The young man, a charioteer in King Kasyapa's army, doing his spell of garrison duty on the Rock, could find no reply, except to press the girl closer to him.

"You will have to go and live in the town below, darling," continued Ehelamalie. "I can't keep away from you if you stay here; then we are sure to be caught, and my uncle will have you killed if he finds out I am meeting you—and me, too, probably."

"I don't mind if I am killed, if I can't have you," muttered Meghavanna.

Ehelamalie wept. "I won't marry my cousin—I will refuse. I, too, would rather die than submit to another man's caresses." And she smothered the sound of her sobs against her lover's breast.

The next day, King Kasyapa, after keeping his court waiting for two hours, took his seat upon the throne in the audience chamber. The chief item of court business was the formal betrothal of the King's niece, Ehelamalie, to one of his nephews.

From a corner of the hall Meghavanna saw his beloved enter the royal presence with a sad, but determined air, which endeared her to him more than ever, although he expected to hear the doom of their love within the next few moments. He had to admit to himself that Ehelamalie's suitor was man enough—in fact Meghavanna felt sorry for him in being fated never to win the love of so adorable a bride.

Meghavanna's reflections were cut short when the King commenced to address Ehelamalie, who stood with bent head, in an apparently submissive attitude. When the King had finished speaking, however, she raised her head, and said, in a tearful yet firm voice: "Your Majesty, seated like Sakra, ruling Lanka, I fear to displease you, but I cannot marry the suitor you so graciously propose for me."

At this disobedience to his command King Kasyapa abandoned himself to one of the fits of mad fury which occasionally possessed him. Screaming at the frightened girl, he demanded that she should consent to the betrothal. But Ehelamalie, though terrified, remained firm.

Suddenly, Kasyapa's paroxysm of rage gave place to cold, cruel malice. He ordered one of the officers of his guard to bring a whip.

"Now girl, will you obey me?" he asked.

Ehelamalie shook her head.

"Take her out and flog her," yelled the King, relapsing into fury. "Flog her, then shut her in her room till she consents."

Two guards led away the unfortunate girl, unprotesting, but still determined in her refusal.

Meghavanna, in his corner, had leapt forward when the King ordered this brutal punishment, but his companions, knowing the futility of intervention, and that interference with the King's wishes at that moment must result in execution, restrained him by force. His conduct, however, had not escaped the notice of his superior officer, who, considering that a young man of such headstrong character would get into trouble if allowed to remain in the neighbourhood of the palace, immediately transferred him to a post in the town that surrounded the foot of the Rock. The officer felt that he could not afford to lose so good a charioteer as Meghavanna, so at the same time he gave orders to the guard at the entrance to the gallery—which was the only means of access to the summit—that Meghavanna was not to be admitted.

Thus barred for ever from even a glimpse of his beloved Ehelamalie, and sickened of further service under King Kasyapa, Meghavanna deserted at the first opportunity, with the intention of joining the army which, it was rumoured, Mogallana, the King's brother, was raising to avenge the death of their father, whom Kasyapa had murdered.

Ehelamalie meanwhile remained at the Court on the summit of the Rock, under the royal displeasure, and virtually a prisoner. Her suitor no longer cared to marry a woman who had been so disgraced, and the King would not hear a plea for leniency, particularly as Ehelamalie refused to give any reason for her disobedience.

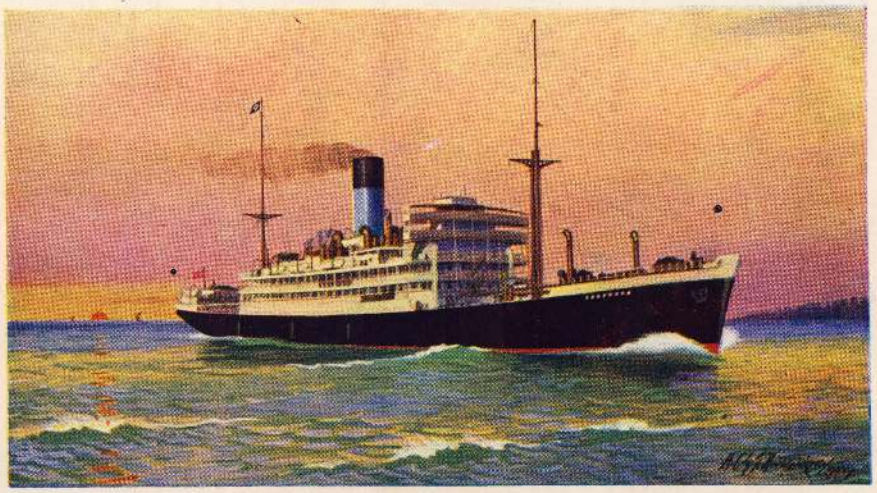
But the reign of King Kasyapa the Parricide, at Sigiriya, was drawing to a close. Mogallana, with a powerful army, besieged the Rock. For some time Kasyapa remained in his impregnable fortress; Mogallana did not waste men in capturing the strongly-walled town at its foot—the more mouths his enemy had to feed the better it suited his purpose. Eventually, the approach of inevitable starvation compelled Kasyapa to take the open field against his brother, and he led his men in person, according to the inflexible custom of the time, although he was no soldier. The battle was not of long duration. The army of Sigiriya was in flight when Mogallana overtook his brother, who, rather than be slain in single combat, slew himself, and lay dead upon his elephant.

So fell the fortress of Sigiriya, regarded as impregnable by its cowardly occupant, but reduced, as ever, by starvation.

THE BLUE FUNNEL LINE

FIRST CLASS PASSENGERS ONLY

ROUND THE WORLD TOURS



TOURS IN THE FAR EAST

FOUR WEEKLY FIRST CLASS PASSENGER SERVICE
AND
REGULAR WEEKLY FAST CARGO SERVICE

FROM COLOMBO TO

MARSEILLES, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL

SPECIAL OFF-SEASON RETURN FARES AVAILABLE FOR NINE MONTHS OF THE YEAR BETWEEN COLOMBO AND UNITED KINGDOM PORTS OR MARSEILLES REALLY EXCELLENT FACILITIES FOR CHILDREN ON EVERY PASSENGER VESSEL.

REGULAR FOUR WEEKLY SERVICE OF FIRST CLASS PASSENGER VESSELS FROM

*** LIVERPOOL AND MARSEILLES**

TO

COLOMBO, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, CHINA and JAPAN

SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS VALID FOR TWO MONTHS FOR TRIPS BETWEEN COLOMBO, STRAITS, CHINA AND JAPAN

* LONDON PASSENGERS TRAVEL TO LIVERPOOL ON SAILING DAY BY SPECIAL TRAIN AT COMPANY'S EXPENSE

ALSO REGULAR MONTHLY SERVICE OF FAST CARGO VESSELS FROM

COLOMBO to U. S. A. ATLANTIC PORTS

CARRYING A LIMITED NUMBER OF FIRST CLASS PASSENGERS

COMPREHENSIVE TOURS TO ANY PLACE OF INTEREST IN THE WORLD CAN BE ARRANGED BY APPLICATION TO THE **OWNERS:—Messrs. ALFRED HOLT & Co., LIVERPOOL** OR ANY LOCAL TRAVEL AGENCY

Local Agents:

DELMEGE FORSYTH & CO., LTD.

COLOMBO

. . . and a royal welcome at the QUEEN'S, the caravanserai of the connoisseur . . . stepping-off place for every travel experience the age-old and Nature-Loved Land of CEYLON can give . . . .

1,640 feet altitude.

"Week-Ends at the Queen's are one of my vices."
—*Ashley Gibson in "Cinnamon and Frangipanni."*

SUPERLATIVE COMFORT
COMPLETELY MODERNISED.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, KANDY

One of the earliest of the members of the conquering force to obtain permission to ascend the Rock to the palace was Meghavanna, now an officer of high rank in the army of Mogallana. Frantically he ran through the empty halls, searched the women's quarters, where terrified females cowered, and questioned everyone he met. But nowhere could he find Ehelamalie. He became panic-stricken lest Kasyapa might have killed her, until, with a flash of inspiration, he dashed to the secret corner behind the queens' bathing pavilion, and in a moment the girl was in his arms.

"I knew you would come here," gasped Ehelamalie, as soon as she could speak.

* * * * *

The old brick won't tell me any more, but it doesn't matter—one can so easily guess the rest.

THE GINGER JAR.

"This is good ginger," murmured Mejnheer Zieglaar, peering into a large three-handled china jar decorated with a pattern of deep blue flowers, and poking about in its depths with a long spoon. "I like your spoon, too, he added; "the forks so many people use are no good. One can't get the juice, and the pieces are split by the prongs. I don't like my ginger split, Claas; I like to put it in my mouth smooth and whole."

With this sentiment Mejnheer Zieglaar precluded further speech for a time by engulfing a succulent chunk of ginger and masticating it with slow appreciation.

It was Sunday mid-day, after dinner, a time when ginger and Hultskamp gin were serious considerations.

"Yes, it ought to be good, Zieglaar; I got it from Foochow, and paid for it, too," mumbled Mejnheer Hendrick Claas. "But then you can't get good ginger unless you pay. You can't (mumble) get it good unless you pay."

"We have much to be thankful for, Claas," continued Mejnheer Zieglaar, having disposed of his piece of ginger. "It may be a little hot (it was March in Colombo) but these little visits, with our gin and excellent ginger are most enjoyable—most enjoyable."

He nodded the night-cap that adorned his head, and adjusted his comfortable stomach more conveniently against the table. "Trade is good, Claas, and God is good," he continued. "I thanked Him very heartily in Church this morning, although I must admit that I dozed off during part of the Reverend Baldaeus' discourse. Very soothing words, he spoke, Mejnheer, very soothing—and what excellent fish you gave me just now! Pray tell me that recipe, that I may try my wife at it."

"You are indeed contented, Zieglaar. Would that I had the same peace of mind! But troubles are occasionally sent to afflict us, and even now mine rest heavily upon me. Ah, this piece represents the very best type of ginger—and what a jar! There is not another like it in the Colony, I believe. Yes, this has the real taste. As you say, we should be thankful for our blessings."

"I CANNOT MARRY THE SUITOR YOU SO GRACIOUSLY PROPOSE FOR ME."

"But what is this trouble to which you refer?" asked Mejnheer Zieglaar. "Surely not finance—your business prospers."

"No, not finance," replied Claas. "Business is good, I thank God. It is my daughter. Once I thanked God for her, but now I sometimes wonder. It makes me cross, Zieglaar, cross and hot—pray help yourself. Did I not provide her with a husband even more wealthy than myself, and she will not look at him except with disfavour. A man when he marries expects a wife, does he not? He complains to me with natural wrath that my daughter looks ever at that young pup in the Customs—young Pieter Coster, without a rix-dollar to his name, and not yet more than an onder koopman. Mejnheer Conrad Blom, my daughter's husband, has been wise. He made her submit to him, then shut her up. That will teach her. These girls nowadays need discipline, Zieglaar, that's what they (mumble) need."

"I agree with you," replied Zieglaar. "Although I have no daughter of my own, I had a little trouble with my wife to begin with; now, however, she obeys me."

"In Holland such conduct is unknown," said Claas. "It is the tropics that—What do you mean by rushing in upon us like this, Marietje? Begone, slave! I will not be interrupted after dinner. You know—"

A slave girl had flung herself into the room. "Mejnheer! Mejnheer!" she gasped. "The lady, your daughter, has gone. Gone from Mejnheer Blom's house with the young Mejnheer Pieter Coster, of the Customs. Oh, mercy! Oh, Lord! My little missy! What will the master do to her when he gets her back? *Aiyo Samy*! Why was she shut up? *Aiyo*—"

"Silence, girl! Is this true?" thundered Claas.

"Slay me here if it is false, Mejnheer," wept Marietje. "Would that I could say I lied."

Old Claas sat back in his chair, sweating and panting with shock. "My daughter," he murmured. "My daughter has deserted her respectable husband and gone off with an onder koopman!" He looked towards his friend for help in his distress.

Mejnheer Zieglaar pushed the ginger jar towards him. "We still have some blessings, my friend," he said, with a sympathetic smile.

Mejnheer Claas poked in the dark recesses of the jar with his spoon.

* * * * *

It is a lovely ginger jar, and of a most unusual pattern. I have it on a corner bookcase where its best features show in a good light.

THE REGIMENTAL BUTTON.

Private 4458 Willerman, of the 45th Regiment, leant against the wall of a square stone sentry-box in the corner of Kalupahana Fort, which stands on the boundary between Sabaragamuwa and Uva, gazing intently through the perpendicular slit at the landscape which he was beginning to hate in spite of its beauty.

The forest of Bintenna stretched away to the horizon in an unbroken blanket of trees, from the foot of the small hill upon which the Fort was built to overlook the military road to Uva. A tavalam of bulls wandered slowly along the road, from the direction of Muttetuwegama Fort, on their way up to Idalgashinna, where a strong stone redoubt guarded the pass into the hill country. The melodious calls of the drivers floated on the evening air—*Hoo-ho-hoo, Hoo-ho*—but their plaintive music was lost on Private Willerman. He was thinking morosely of the many similar sentry-boxes in which he had done duty during the previous six years, and wondering when he would get Home leave.

Kalupahana was a comfortable enough post compared with others he had known. That Fort up the pass at Idalgashinna was a cold place, if ever there was one; no proper accommodation to shield troops from the wind, but safer in this—— rebellion, when you never knew where the next shot would come from. Still, the hilly country was better than Calpentyn, down on the Puttalam lagoon. A year of that place, with its small garrison, which meant only two full nights in bed every week, and the little round sentry-turrets at each angle of the wall, from which one gazed out all day at the water shimmering among the palm trees, till one's eyes ached and bulged with the glare, was enough to do anyone in. Jaffna was very similar—just the same little round sentry-boxes and lagoon glare—but there one had some troops, and a bit of fun, more like Colombo. Fishing and good arrack, and the mechanic women, too! They were cautions! Private Willerman had seen enough of life to make him tired, but at the thought of some of the ladies of his past acquaintance he chuckled in the vault-like sentry-box. Nothing of that sort here, but still he had been in worse places—with old Hook at Galgedera, for instance, three years ago. Plenty of good men had gone out with fever and leeches there; he was lucky to have got through that show.

Who was that coming up from Muttettuwegama? A Corporal from the 73rd, it looked like; he had heard that a detachment of them had come in the previous night. Leaning forward to get a better view, Private Willerman scraped against the wall, and from his coat fell a worn button.

The Corporal brought news that the rebellion of 1818 was over, and two days later Private Willerman set off for the fleshpots of Colombo, leaving the Kalupahana Fort to rapid decay. It was never occupied again.

* * * * *

The button remained unnoticed in the dust on the floor of the sentry-box, where I found it one hundred and ten years later, defaced, but still identifiable.

Asia's Most Delightful Scenic Railway

By W. M. Fraser

Photo *P. J. C. Durrant.*

THE HUGE OVERHANG OF LION'S MOUTH ROCK MAKES A WONDERFUL PICTURE VIEWED FROM THE FOOTPLATE OF AN APPROACHING TRAIN. IMMEDIATELY AFTER ROUNDING THE CURVE THE GROUND ON THE LEFT FALLS AWAY IN A DROP OF 500 FEET.

IT was exactly eight o'clock in the morning when we steamed out of the Fort Station at Colombo to start on our journey over the greatest scenic railway in Asia. The heat was almost overpowering, and in the pitiless sun everything was aglare.

With the bustle of the departure over and the passengers settling down in their corners, there was a happy brightness about everyone, in keeping with the glamour around. A few late arrivals, whose tardiness had caused them to miss breakfast, were making jokes about it in the dining car as they scrutinized the menu; a little party of tourists, taking advantage of their ship berthing for a day in the Harbour, made noisy comparisons between what they now beheld and similar objects in the country they had just left, while a freckled little girl asked inane questions about bullock carts, which brought loud laughter from the adults of the group; further down the train a man in a Gandhi cap was discussing affairs of the day in a compartment full of Indians; and in the crowded third-class carriages at the end two or three hundred coolies, bound for the Up-country tea estates or on some pilgrimage, sat patiently and silently.

His right hand on the steam-lever, his eyes continually focused on the line ahead, the driver drew the express out from the platform slowly, stately, as a liner leaves the quay-side, to thread its way over the net-work of metals on to the up main line.

Gradually the speed increases, and the engine rocks slightly over the points. The siren screams as some distant signals fly past, and a little local train, going in the same direction, is left behind as easily as if it were standing still. Now we are travelling quite quickly, but the driver is not satisfied, and at the faintest touch of the steam regulating lever the big locomotive, one of the latest super-heating type, strains to answer.

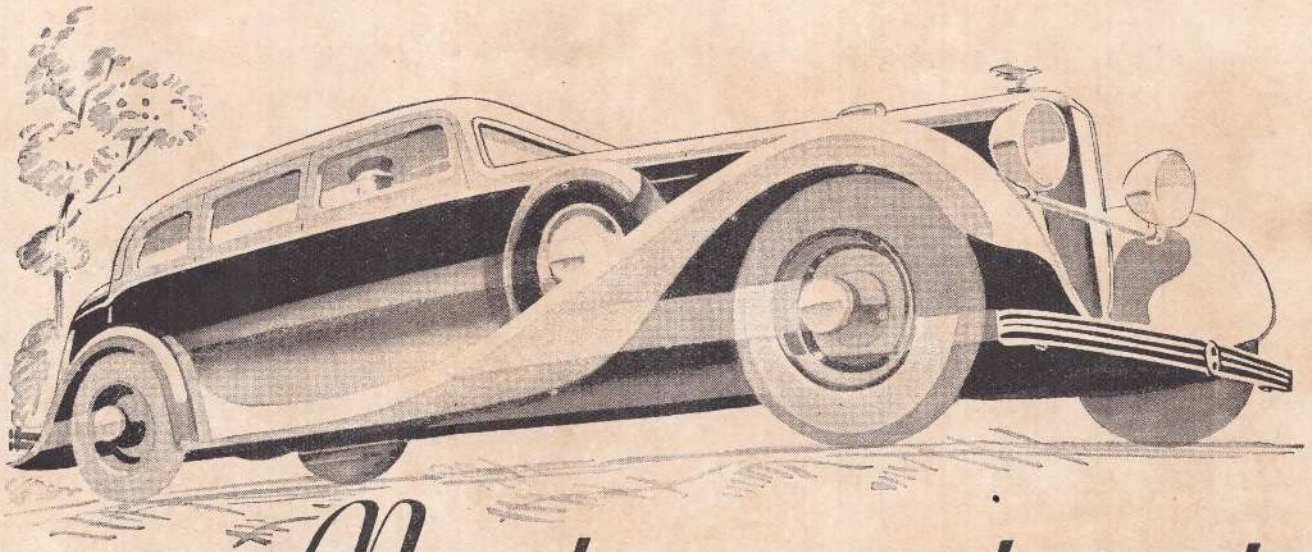
Actually, riding on the foot-plate of an engine is not the most comfortable form of travel; indeed a ride on a camel at a canter is less tiring. Besides the endless swaying or rocking movement which increases in proportion to speed, there is the peculiar habit of locomotives when navigating sharp turns. Instead of sliding gently round like the bogey-carried coaches, an engine bumps round in a number of sharp twists, most disconcerting at first, and each calculated to upset the unwary.

In addition, at each thrust of driving-rod, accompanied by its metallic clang, the loco takes a tiny bound forward. Those who have watched the apparently graceful ease of an express train rushing along, would, I am afraid, amend or cancel their opinions after a ride on that intricate piece of unrelenting steel which goes in front.

Here is the place one finds oneself in after agreeing to "go for a ride" in the driving cab, and then one is forced to suspect the origin of the phrase "bumped off." In this maze of copper tubes, dial indicators, valves, levers and similar hard and/or hot substances there is one wooden seat—not on springs. But to sit down in the midst of such an exciting journey is impossible, so one stands up, holding on to whatever bit of greasy, solid steel is nearest to the hand.

After a little while one gets "engine legs," just as one gets "sea-legs," and there are other things in common between the sea and trains.

Standing up also has its disadvantages, for ten to one you get in the way of the fireman, so that



Nearly twice the mileage and doubled safety, too!

DOUBLED SAFETY

No longer need you risk driving on smooth tyres. The new Avon Duo-Tread never wears smooth. As the first anti-skid tread wears off, the second one appears. In the diagram below, you see clearly how this unique invention, a tyre with a double tread, gives you doubled safety.

MUCH LONGER WEAR

Because the tread is nearly twice as thick and is air-cooled, much longer wear is obtained.

AIR-COOLED

As you may know, a tyre wears more rapidly in hot weather. But the new Avon Duo-Tread is always cool ; as it revolves, the holes compress against the road and force out the heat ; then, as the wheel turns further in its circuit, the holes open and draw in cool air. Thus, it is possible to have such a remarkably thick tread, such remarkably long wear.

AIR-CUSHIONED—INCREASED COMFORT

The unique cushioning effect, created by the patented holes, absorbs road shocks and makes riding more comfortable.

ALMOST PUNCTURE PROOF

No tyre is absolutely puncture proof, but, with a tread so thick as the new Avon Duo-Tread, the chances of punctures are practically eliminated.

WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU

The benefits are vital, big, definite . . . and exclusive. Briefly they mean safer, cheaper and more comfortable motoring

AVON

AIR-COOLED DUO-TREAD (Trade Mark)

TYRES

THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO. LTD. (*Est.* 1885)
EXPORT DEPT.: MABLEDON PLACE, ST. PANCRAS, LONDON, W.C.1
Registered Office & Works : Melksham, Wilts., England.

The Tyre with TWO Treads

when he hooks open the door of the fire-box, you find your knees somewhat singed ; or drawing gently to one side you come within effective range of a pressure valve tube, which every now and again blows off and leaks a scalding stream through the packing in its joints.

Obviously they do not cater for visitors on railway engines.

The first few miles, over the flat valley plains, are uninteresting, but the express, anxious to pit itself against the steep range, rushes along, and after twenty minutes we start to climb. But the incline is so gentle at first that it does not impede the train, and a stop-watch shows forty and forty-five miles an hour on the long straights, remarkable speeds when we remember that the engine is designed not for speed but to drag heavy loads up grades of more than one-in-sixty.

There is a habit among the people of Ceylon of using the railway as a road, and at every curve, almost every mile, the whistle screams its warning until it echoes back from the mountains. But the walkers are slow to move, and gape as the train passes, so that one imagines that they would like to dispute the right of way.

Ragama, where the line branches off to Negombo, is the first stop, but expresses are impatient things and soon we are on our way again. There is no speedometer on a railway engine, and the actual speed over any section of the track does not count.

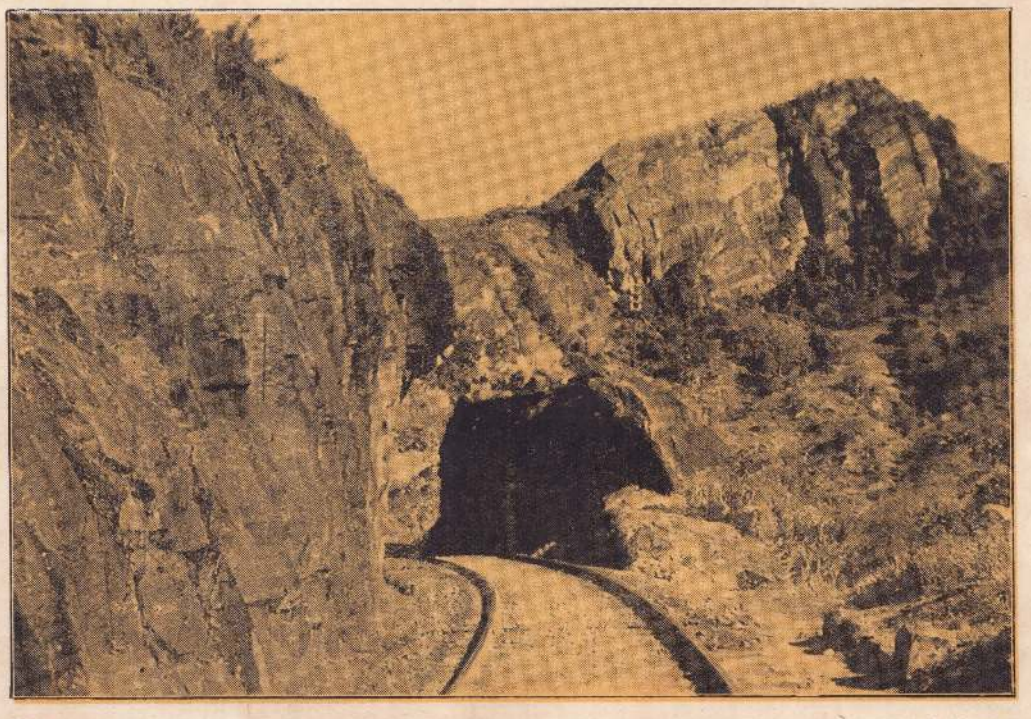


Photo *P. J. C. Durrant.*

"THE BLACK MOUTH OF A TUNNEL GAPES IN A TOWERING WALL OF ROCK."

The clock and the pressure gauge are the instruments of the five-foot way, and the most troublesome is the pressure gauge.

An engine crew in Ceylon consists of three men—a driver and two firemen—and when the train is in motion all three are engaged, one stoking and the others keeping that unending look-out which ensures the lives of passengers and trespassers alike.

Presently the country changes. The flat patchwork of the low-country paddy-fields, set in its frame of bamboos, gives place to soft rolling downs, the slopes of which are covered with rubber trees. On flies the express, and one's eyes are held in admiration of the fleeting panorama....

Suddenly, the siren shrieks on a louder and more prolonged note than usual, and there is the sharp jarring of brakes. The steam has been shut off, and we are pulling up quickly. The siren sounds again.

Through the "spectacles" of the engine one sees a man on the line holding a red flag in his hand, while just on the curve, more than a hundred yards ahead, stand the distant signals of a station, set at danger against the train.

As the engine draws level with the holder of the red flag it would seem that we are going to stop, but suddenly the man, unquestionably an official from his uniform, shows a green flag, and we proceed slowly.

At the "home" signals we are pulled up again in the same way by a man who, it is explained, belongs to the signal department. He hands a note to the driver, authority to run slowly into the station against the danger-pointing signals. It is also explained that between this station and the next a bridge is being repaired, and that there is single line working in force.

In the station a pilot man steps aboard the engine, and we continue our journey until another red flag warns us of the temporary structure of the bridge, over which we crawl. Soon we fly on again, and at the next station drop the pilot—the "human tablet," as he is sometimes called.

Now the country has definitely changed and the slopes of the mountains which we are to climb are close ahead. As the day grows older the heat increases, for in the driving cab there are no fans as in the carriages, and in addition comes the heat of the fire-box and boiler. The engine, even to the lay mind, can quite rightly be termed "superheating."

We are at Rambukkana before we realise it. Here we rest while the engine takes water and prepares itself for the climb which awaits it. Now the real part of the adventure begins.

Looking ahead one sees the line slowly rising, and on one straight stretch the incline is really appreciated to its full extent. It is steeper than one at first imagines. Already the line has started to curve, and from now until we strike the summit at Kadugannawa, one thousand seven hundred feet above sea level, the track winds its tortuous way ever upwards, sneaking between cliff and canyon, cutting straight through the heart of solid rock ranges, taking advantage here and there of little valleys to come again to its way along the slope.

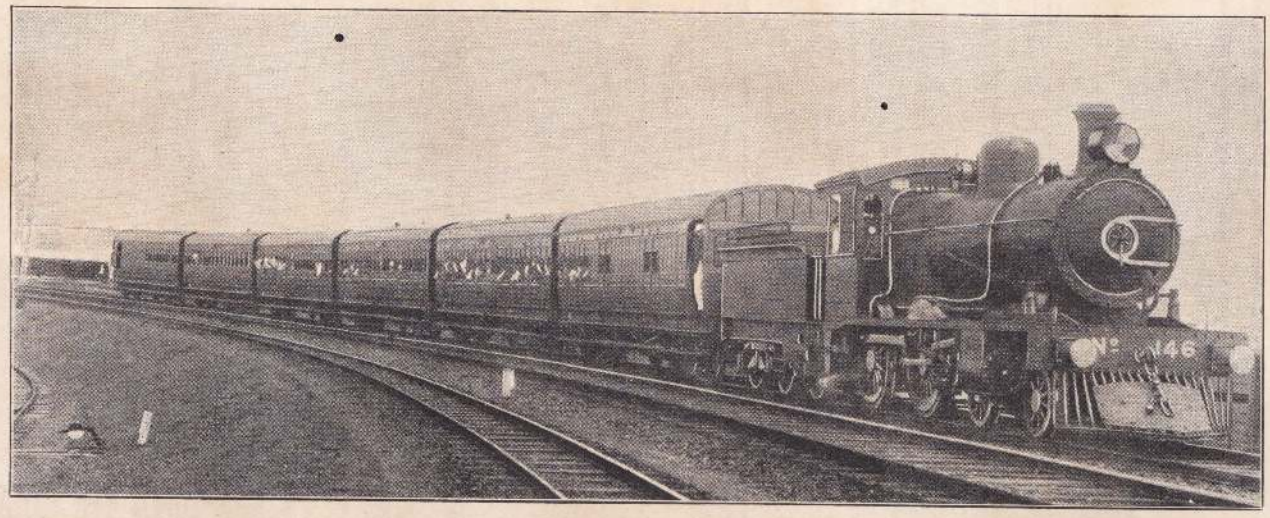
Far above one sees the line of railway stretching, so far that the telegraph poles crowd together until they appear like a giant fence ; down below, the track we have already covered drags and dodges among the tiny fields and palm groves.

CEYLON GOVERNMENT RAILWAY

THE PREMIER TRANSPORT SERVICE IN THE ISLAND

Radiates in all directions from Colombo to all parts of the Island

Capital Value : Rs. 226,379,400/- **Length of Lines : 951 Miles** **Total Employed : 16,330**



Offers unrivailed facilities for visiting interesting places in the Island—unique and varying scenery witnessed throughout.

Up-to-date Passenger Compartments and luxurious Sleeping and Dining Cars provided.

Passengers

Travel by train and get to your destination quicker in Safety and Comfort. Maximum fares are as under for single journey :—

	Per Mile First. Cents.	Second. Cents.	Third. Cents.
All lines above Nawalapitiya	10½	7	2⅓
All lines Nawalapitiya and below	7	4⅔	2½

Return Tickets

Return tickets are issued at the following specially reduced rates :—

	Per Mile First. Cents.	Second. Cents.	Third. Cents.
All lines above Nawalapitiya	18	12	4
All lines Nawalapitiya and below	12	8	4

These tickets are available for return within 3 days for distances 50 miles and under and ten days for distances over 50 miles.

Following are some of the many other concessions available :—

One and a half single fares for the double journey

Week-end Tickets between Stations 25 miles and over, issued from Thursday to Saturday, available for return till the following Monday.

One and a quarter single fares for the double journey

Excursion and Pilgrim Tickets between stations 25 miles and over, during festive seasons, for religious festivals, and on special occasions.

Pleasure, wedding etc., parties throughout the year.

Free

All children under three years of age.

Only half fare

All children three years and under twelve years of age.

Parcels and Luggage

Send your parcels by train. It is the safest and most economical means of transport for the most valuable parcel down to the smallest and less valuable package. Charges do not exceed—

Distance to be conveyed.	Not over 3 lbs.	Over 3 lbs. and not over 7 lbs.	Over 7 lbs. and not over 14 lbs.	Over 14 lbs. and not over 21 lbs.	Over 21 lbs. and not over 28 lbs.	Over 28 lbs. and not over 42 lbs.	Over 42 lbs. and not over 56 lbs.
	R. c.	R. c.	R. c.	R. c.	R. c.	R. c.	R. c.
1 mile and not over 25 miles	0 20	0 30	0 30	0 30	0 30	0 40	0 45
Over 25 ,, ,, 35 ,,	0 20	0 30	0 30	0 40	0 40	0 45	0 60
,, 35 ,, ,, 45 ,,	0 20	0 30	0 40	0 45	0 50	0 60	0 80
,, 45 ,, ,, 55 ,,	0 20	0 30	0 45	0 50	0 65	0 70	0 90
,, 55 ,, ,, 65 ,,	0 20	0 30	0 50	0 65	0 80	0 85	1 10
,, 65 ,, ,, 75 ,,	0 20	0 30	0 65	0 80	0 90	1 00	1 25
,, 75 ,, ,, 85 ,,	0 20	0 40	0 70	0 85	1 00	1 10	1 45
,, 85 ,, ,, 95 ,,	0 20	0 40	0 80	0 90	1 10	1 25	1 60
,, 95 ,, ,, 105 ,,	0 20	0 45	0 90	1 05	1 25	1 40	1 70

with concessions of half or quarter of the above rates, as the case may be, for poultry, perishables, country grown fruits and vegetables, newspapers, etc. Proportionate increases are made for parcels weighing more and for longer distances.

FREE

Following weights of luggage are conveyed free for each passenger—children with half tickets being allowed half the weight for each class :—

First Class	Second Class	Third Class
112 lbs.	84 lbs.	56 lbs.

Help the Railway and help yourselves by using the Ceylon Government Railway for all purposes of Conveyance. For fuller particulars and information, please apply to :—

THE GENERAL MANAGER,

Ceylon Government Railway,

COLOMBO.

Travel daily as many times as you like with monthly, quarterly, half yearly and yearly Season Tickets obtainable any time of the year at considerably reduced rates.

Goods

Use the Railway for all your Goods. It ensures safety, economy and quick despatch.

In Colombo, send them over to any of the following places and they will receive prompt attention :—

WHARF	Shipment Goods
Chalmer's Granaries (Colombo Port)	Rice
Parcels Office Fort	All goods (except explosives) to Kelani Valley Stations.
Colombo Crane Area Pettah	All goods (except explosives) to Broad Gauge Stations and the U.P.R.
Colombo Goods Sheds	All goods to Broad Gauge Stations and the U.P.R.
Maradana Kelani Valley Goods Shed	All goods to Kelani Valley Line Stations

Goods come under thirteen different classes for freight purposes, but almost all the major commodities fall under one or other of the classes one to four, the charges per ton per mile being:—

	First Class	Second Class	Third Class	Fourth Class
	c.	c.	c.	c.
Over the Main Line above Rambukkana ..	12	13½	15	16½
Over all lines below Rambukkana ..	8	9	10	11
Over the Uda Pussellawa Line ..	24	24	24	24

Specially Reduced Rates for bigger loads. Place all your requirements before the management and they will receive due consideration.

As we climb the country opens out. Palms give place to terraced paddy fields, a Dutch garden effect, stepped down for a thousand feet and more into the valley below.

It is an inspiring sight, these paddy fields, some of them not a hundred feet square, thousands in number and not two at the same level. Each with its little wall of mud round it to keep in the water, the very primitiveness of the irrigation scheme suggests romance, and the touch of centuries lost to history.

Except for the people on the railway line there is nobody in sight. The great valley seems deserted, and even the motor road is a white ribbon of emptiness. A little further on, alone in a vast panorama, stands an almost naked cultivator, thigh-deep in the mud of his paddy field, digging intermittently in the slime.

Bible Rock stands out, the sentinel of the canyon. At first it seems far ahead of us, and high above, but gradually it falls away behind, and we seem to be higher than it.

The whistle cries again. Through the "spectacles" the black mouth of a tunnel gapes in a towering wall of living rock. A moment later we are in blackness, except for a faint glare from the fire-box. Already all is black, for so tortuous is the trail that even the tunnels bend madly.

The heat is stifling, and we feel that to be outside in the sun would be a relief. The full force of the furnace and boiler is added to the heat reflected from the dripping walls. Suddenly there is a light ahead; we have rounded the corner of the tunnel and a crumb of sunshine gleams ahead, and dances along the metals towards us. In a few moments we shall be in the open again.

Through the tunnel everything has changed. Above us rise to dizzy heights peaks of the range, while the valley below is a glimpse of fairyland, and beyond, tier upon tier as far as the eye can see, are mountain ranges, quaintly reminiscent of the old print "Over the Hills"—a view that few could refuse.

"We are just coming to Sensation Rock," my conductor remarks. "Keep an eye on the line at the curve."

Then we get the first glimpse of that mile of railway which has made the Kandy line world-famous. Sensation Rock is the steep face of the mountain side along which the rail-road is cut into the living rock. In places the rock overhangs the metals, and the train passes under the granite canopy, or it twists grimly along the edge of a precipice that falls down a sheer thousand feet. It looks dangerous, but the beautiful is usually like that.

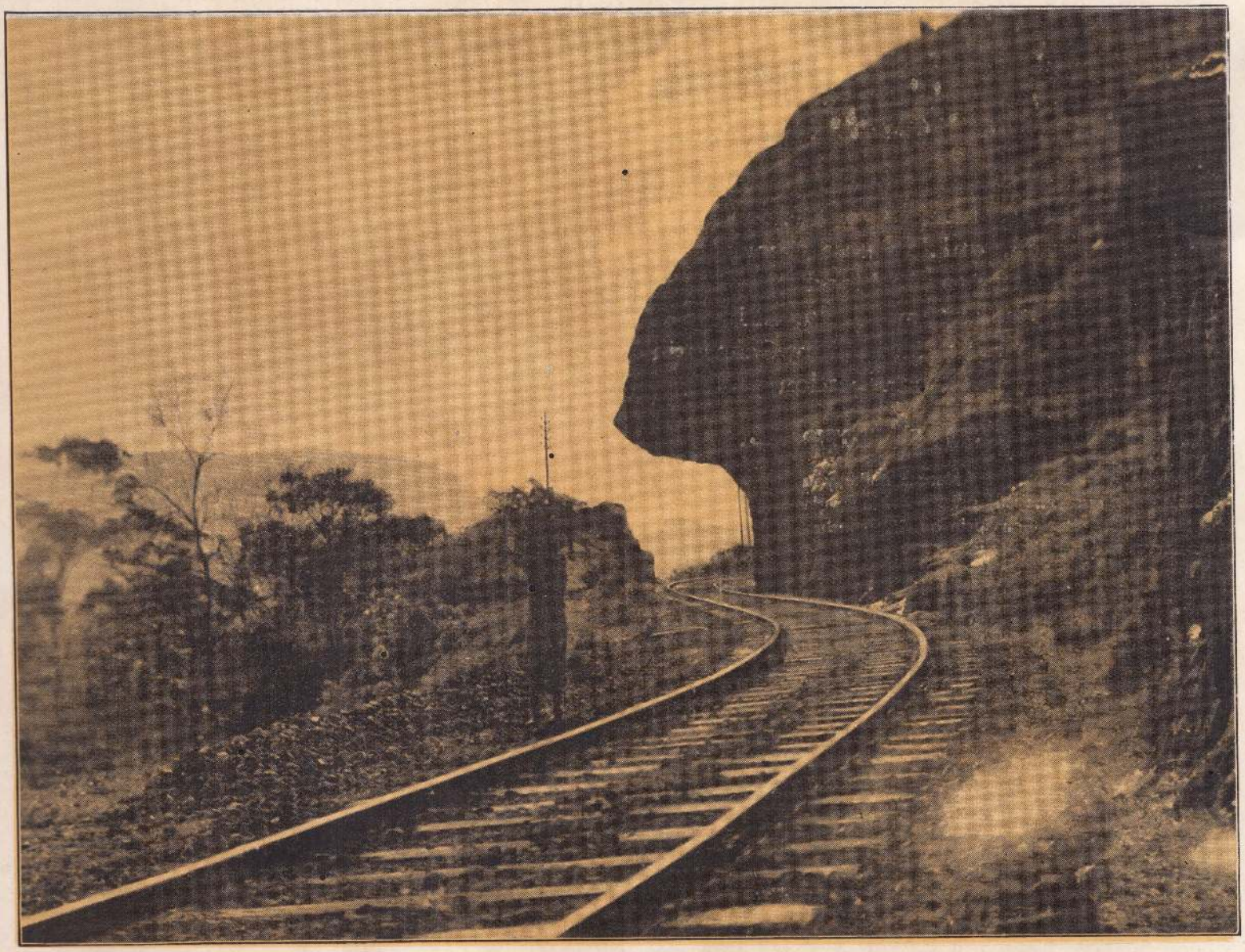


Photo *P. J. C. Durrant.*

"IN PLACES THE ROCK OVERHANGS THE METALS, AND THE TRAIN PASSES UNDER THE GRANITE CANOPY, OR IT TWISTS GRIMLY ALONG THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE THAT FALLS DOWN A SHEER THOUSAND FEET."

Under the rock we creep. From the engine nothing is hidden, and the majesty of the view is arresting ! Here is another tunnel, quite close to the edge of the face, but the engineers were not prepared to risk the line on the outside in this exposed spot.

All too soon we are past, but the spectacle remains. Glancing backwards it is almost impossible to realise that we have come up over that line, and ahead there is no break. The paddy fields are far below us now, like pieces in a jig-saw puzzle. There is a bleakness in the immediate surroundings, and the stunted bushes and bare trees bear ample evidence of the storms which sweep through the Pass.

Tunnels come quickly one after the other, and as we are leaving one a gang of plate-layers jump nimbly from the line ahead. They have little room to crouch between the rock walls and the train, but somehow they keep out of our way, while a foreman shouts for a "paper." For a brief second we catch sight of their camp by the rail-side, half hidden in the lantana.

Onwards we go over wonderful hill and valley scenery, and after almost an hour and a half's climbing we top the summit at Kadugannawa where the huge tower commemorates the skill of Captain Dawson of the Engineers who put the road through.

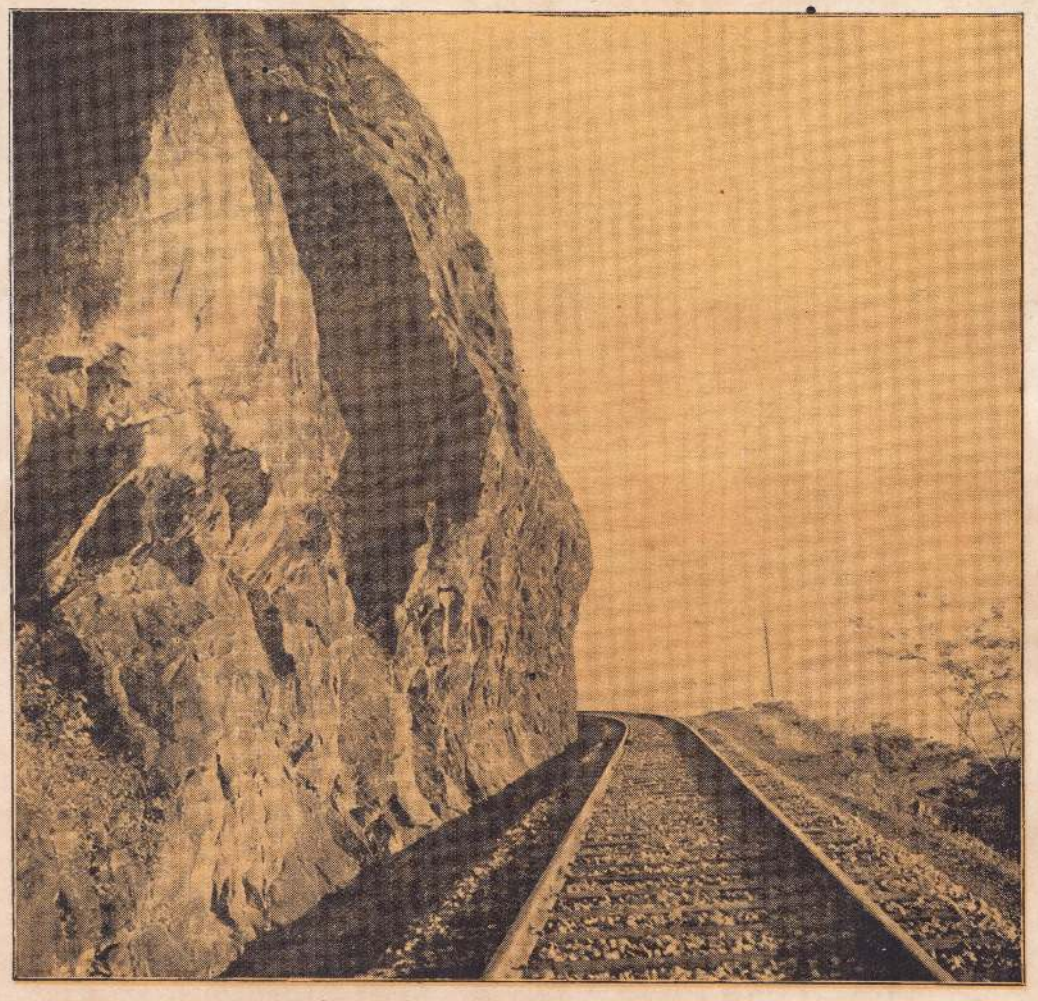


Photo P. J. C. Durrant.

"SENSATION ROCK....THE STEEP FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN SIDE ALONG WHICH THE RAIL-ROAD IS CUT INTO THE LIVING ROCK."

But no stone has been raised to the memory of the railway pioneers who have brought the line up one of the steepest and most picturesque Passes in the world. However difficult the road may have been the railway presented a task, which at first, must have looked almost impossible

One of the big boons for tourists is the observation car which can be attached to trains if special arrangements are made with the Railway Company ; from these cars the beauty of mountain and valley can be appreciated at its best.

From Peradeniya to Kandy a new atmosphere is noticed, and the tourist might be excused his call of appreciation when the first tea estate or elephant is passed.

Judged from the windows of the Mail train the native population of the Up-country plateau must be near to godliness, for open air ablutions seem the order of the day. In every little stream, surface hole or tank this process of washing goes on.

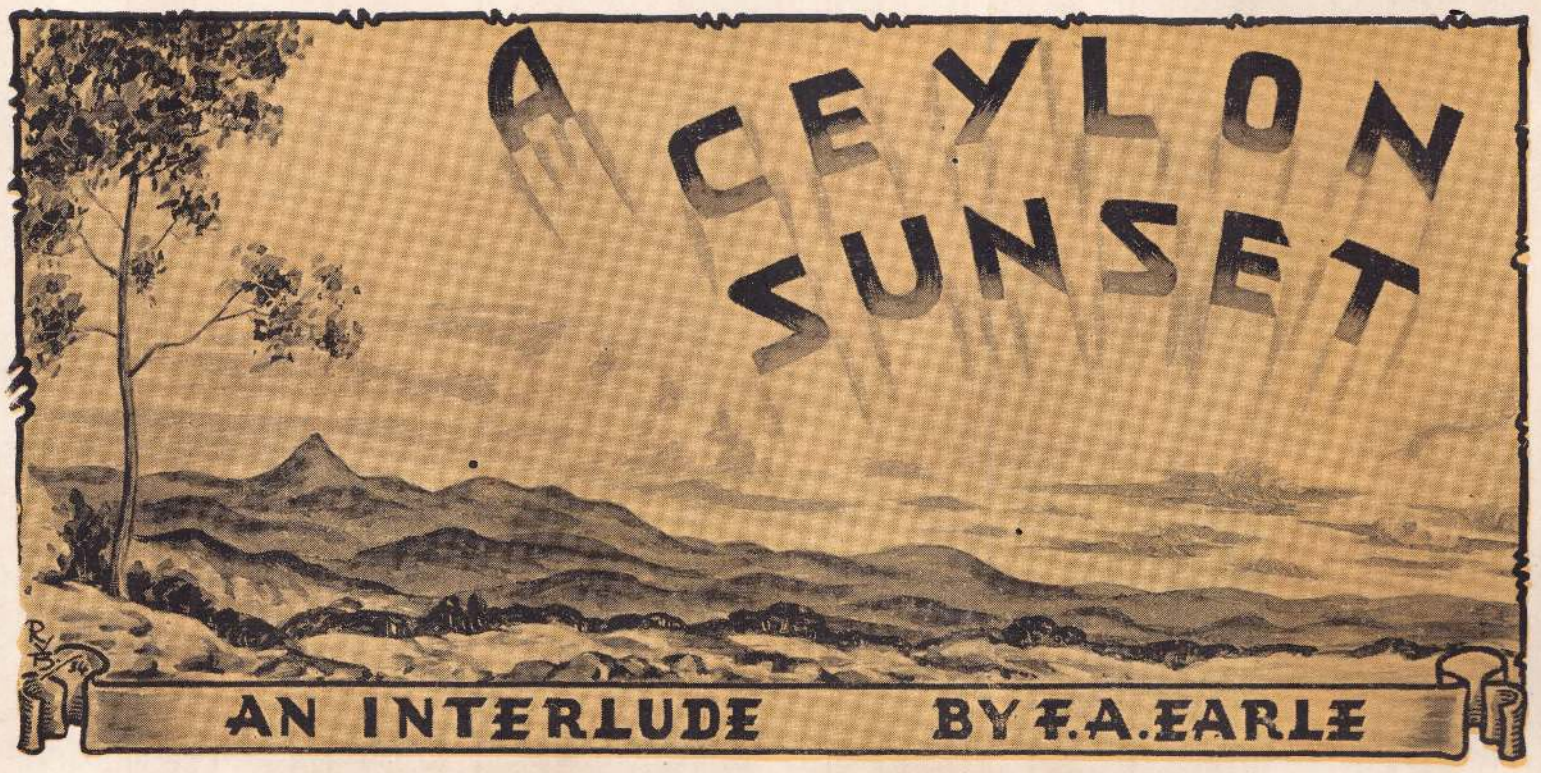
In the rapid waters of a brook men and boys are splashing noisily, and in one shady spot two baby elephants, a dog, several lads and the belle of the village all lie down, while the water ripples over their glistening bodies. The elephants seem dead as they bask mid-stream, where they are almost covered.

A little apart are gathered most of the women. An old "grannie" is beating a cloth listlessly on a rock, while round her legs some children play in the happy freedom of their birthday costumes. Their mothers stand waist-deep close by, but the maids are more modest and have retired into the semi-seclusion of a shady scrub where they are pouring pails of water over each other's heads, and turning big, almost too innocent, eyes on the train.

Kandy reached at last—three hours and twenty minutes after leaving Colombo--while a "sadder and a wiser (and a slightly shop-soiled) man," not an official member of the train-crew, steps down from the foot-plate of the big engine.

The school-boy's dream had come true with a ride on the foot-plate of a monster of the five-foot way, providing all the thrills—thrills denied to those who ride in comfort in the trailing carriages—of having beneath one's feet for more than three hours a living, throbbing thing, pitching and swaying with the quick motion of a dingy in broken water, eager to answer the driver's touch on the throttle lever, and angrily screaming when danger-set signals had barred its course.

As an adventure it was worth while. Apart from the constant reminder of a certain quenchable dryness of the throat, produced by coal dust and tunnels, two thoughts remain upmost in the mind—a reverence for the men who put the line through, and a deep appreciation for what is rightly called Asia's most delightful scenic railway.



HIGH above, the head of the mountain is lost in trailing mists which writhe and twist in the fitful breeze, the hoary, jungle-clad crown absorbing and retaining moisture for the thirsty valleys below.

Immediately beneath, spreads a wonderful panorama. The foothills, clothed in sheets of tea—a vivid green in the afternoon light—dotted here and there with labourers' dwellings, from the roofs of which faint plumes of smoke—evening meals cooking—are wafted gently skyward to join in the pearly grey haze which is stealing up the valley.

Beyond are the upflung masses of other mountain ranges, which vary in character from, on the one side, a far-distant silhouette of Adam's Peak, thrusting his conical crown into the pale blue sky nearly sixty miles away, to a series of rugged cliffs, outlined in deep indigo against the blue ; while away to the right may be seen, through deep gorges, a vista of the distant low-country, panting under a sweltering heat.

Right across the valley, some ten miles away, rise two noble peaks—sentinels of the immense jungles stretching away unseen behind them.

In the valley wave acres of paddy fields, a brilliant emerald in this evening light. Here and there little threads of silver—tiny streams that have caught up gleams from the brightening sky—wind their sinuous way in and out among the paddy fields, and, where a field has been flooded for further sowing, lies a miniature lake of quicksilver.

Patches of russet and gold enrich the tumbled middle distance—acres of rubber beginning to don its autumn hues preparatory to a short month or so of rest, when it will bedeck itself anew with foliage of the most delicate green.

The western sky is becoming shaded in the softest imaginable tones of grey, ranging from blue-greys as ethereal as a wisp of smoke, to the warmer hues of the dove's breast, showing a faint tinge of pale crimson in its depths.

The distant mountain ranges show up as faint outlines, picked out in the lightest of cobalt blues against the pearly background, and the valley beneath fills with amethyst-shaded dusk as the rapidly-falling sun sinks towards the far horizon.

As the huge disk approaches the rim of earth's surface, an illusory effect of intense magnification is produced, his size and rate of descent appearing to be enormously increased. Just before he takes his final plunge, he lights up the whole panorama of hills with a glory of crimson. All detail in the valley is blotted out, the contours of the lower hills being entirely lost in the pervading dusk.

The mass of tumbled boulders near at hand—some as vast as pyramids—assume a jet-black hue in this final glow, and the sky overhead—its infrequent masses of billowy clouds reflecting and intensifying the all-pervading brightness—is as an artist's palette; its mighty face daubed with mauves, orange, crimson, blue, and indescribable tones of green, shading from turquoise to emerald.

The distant ranges blacken as the sun sinks behind them, and stand out sharply against the flaming west, and, while night falls gently on the earth, the sun, now vanished, lights his passing with ineffable glory.

The colours fade from the vault of the sky, stars appear and lights twinkle in the valley below, and Nature once more surrenders herself peacefully to the hush of night.

As the heat of the day becomes fainter . . .
and soon . . .
The tired heart welcomes quiet and rest,
And the sun, who has cheered us all on our way,
Seeks his glorious couch in the West,
While his beams that have painted the Westering Sky,
With colours that fade all too soon,
Have died away at the close of day . . . but
have lighted the radiant moon,

'Tis thus with our lives at the " Close of Day,"
And we " Home " as a bird to her nest . . .
To lie there in peace till the brightening Dawn
Shall bring us eternal Rest !

THE WORK OF THE CEYLON TEA PROPAGANDA BOARD

MILLIONS of people are continually seeing the advertisements of the Ceylon Tea Propaganda Board's first campaigns, which are now performing their task in Ceylon, in Canada, in South Africa, and, jointly with the Indian producers, in the British Isles.*

A glance at these four pages of history and of anticipation will show that the Board is following the three-fold policy laid down at its inception, a policy that is repeated here.

(1) To increase the consumption of tea
(2) To increase the demand for good tea
(3) To associate the name of Ceylon with tea

* * *

Propaganda such as ours is, as the Board has always stressed, a long term investment, and it is, of course, yet too early to start looking for or gauging results, for the work is barely a year old. It is not, however, too early to say that our operations have begun well, and show every promise of producing those results for which they were intended and inaugurated.

Four pages are not sufficient space in which to present a comprehensive account of all that has been planned and done. The Ceylon Tea Propaganda Board is daily addressing audiences in all corners of the world, and in many languages. It speaks in Bantu, and in Afrikaans, in French and in English : it speaks to the people of Ceylon in their own tongues. But it does not speak only through the medium of press advertisements. Its kiosk on the jetty at Colombo has a powerful voice of its own ; its lectures and demonstration vans, its cookery schools and its films, its varied and complicated propaganda work with wholesalers and retailers, with hotels, institutions, caterers and schools, although they cannot be graphically portrayed here, are none the less important, and all contribute to the unceasing drive forward on behalf of the policies which have been stated earlier.

It only remains to add here that specimens of all the Board's advertising and display material form a permanent exhibition at their offices in the Chamber of Commerce Building in Colombo, and that visits from all who are interested in or contribute to this enterprise are welcomed.

** Owing to the necessity, imposed by technical printing difficulties, of delivering the pages to the 'Times of Ceylon' some considerable time before publication, these words are being written in July, 1934.*

FOUR ADVERTISEMENTS USED IN SOUTH AFRICA

CEYLON TEA PROPAGANDA

SOUTH AFRICA. Distributors, both large and small, have enthusiastically given support to the Board's work in the Union of South Africa. The specimen advertisements illustrated on the previous page can only give a slight idea of the work that has been done, for they are but part of a large and ceaseless merchandising campaign, in which lectures and demonstrations play a considerable part. Modern and lively in conception, these advertisements present the Board's message with an economy of words which makes reading easy, and with an attractiveness of design which makes reading essential. Between 4 and 5 million people in the Union have seen each of these.

South Africa likes good tea, and it likes Ceylon tea best of all. Out of every hundred cups drunk, eighty contain pure Ceylon tea.

CEYLON TEA PROPAGANDA BOARD EXHIBIT AT THE BANTU EXHIBITION JOHANNESBURG, 1934

AFRIKAANS. The two Afrikaans advertisements, completely different in style from any others employed by the Board, carry the message of good tea to the Afrikaans-speaking population of South Africa. They are but two of a series addressed to this economically and politically important section of South Africa's consuming population. For years coffee has been the favourite staple beverage of these conservative people, but the Board's aggressive yet attractive message is paving the way for a change. Its educational policy (of prime importance in its work) is illustrated by the panels which give the correct recipe for making tea.

BANTU. Among South Africa's huge native population, which is mostly illiterate, the Board's work is mainly carried out by means of graphic demonstrations. This phase of the work is the latest publicity manifestation to date (July, 1934), but although it has been in existence for only a short time, reports from S. Africa show that there is every reason to antici-

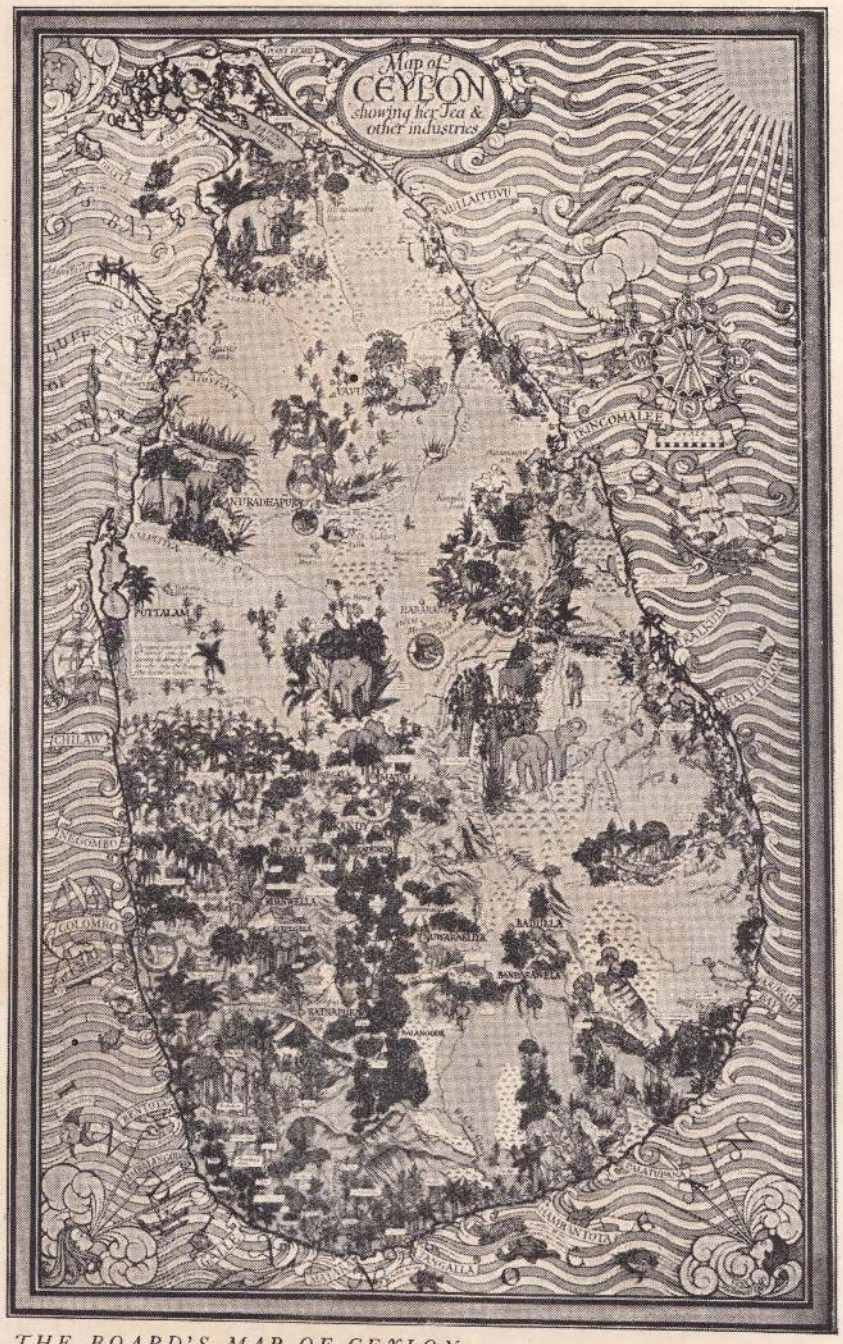
FROM THE CANADIAN SERIES

CEYLON TEA PROPAGANDA

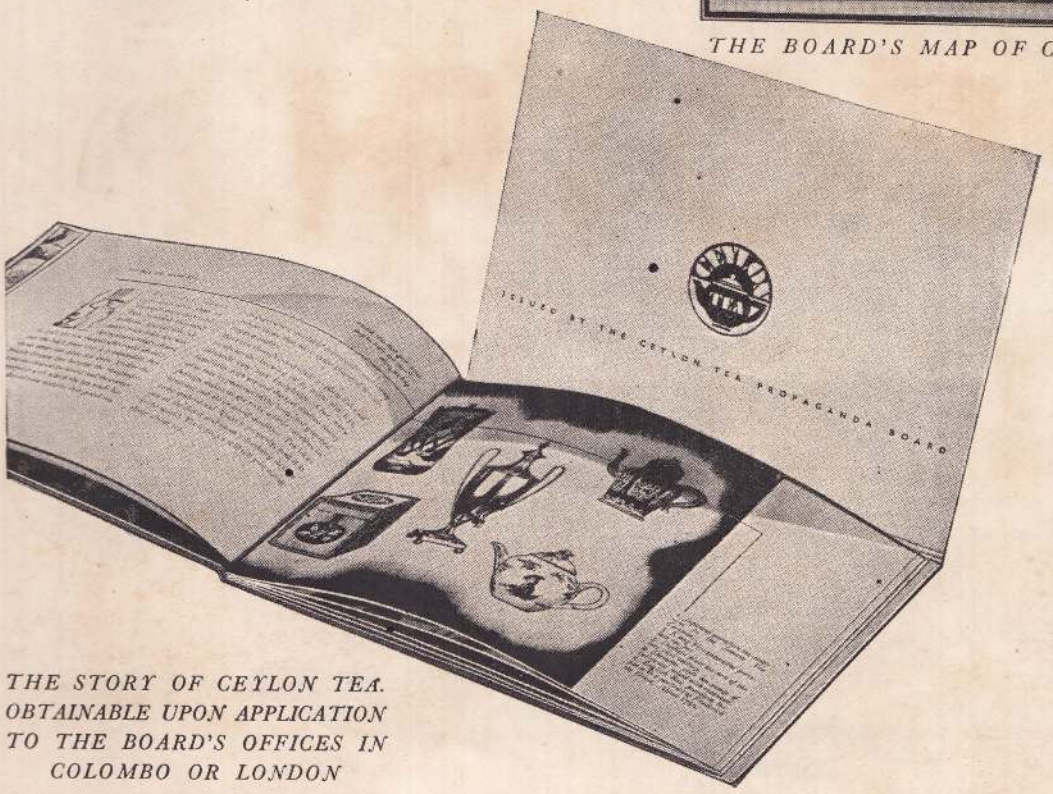
pate success. A photograph on the left shows one of these graphic means of conveying information to a people which should delight in tea. It is the Ceylon Tea Bureau's stand at the Bantu Exhibition early in 1934, at which considerable business was done. Not only is it by means of organised exhibitions, however, that the message of good tea is being carried into these wide territories. Lecturers and demonstration vans will be used, the whole time, to impress on the potential customer the economy and delight of tea.

CANADA. The Board's major field of development is Canada, where it has offices in four cities, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. Three of the Board's specimen advertisements (each of which addresses some 3,300,000 people) are illustrated here. They form part of a coast to coast campaign which has been operating throughout the year. Lecturers, demonstrators and merchandising experts have been engaged and are performing all the time those unseen tasks without which no advertising can ever be successful. " Any Time is Tea Time," says the symbol, which is now in use all over the world.

FRENCH-CANADIAN. " Le Thé se boit à toute heure." The simplicity and adaptability of the emblem lifts the French-Canadian advertisement " out of the page " and impresses it on the minds of Canada's French-speaking retail grocers. It ultimately affects an audience whose



THE BOARD'S MAP OF CEYLON



THE STORY OF CEYLON TEA. OBTAINABLE UPON APPLICATION TO THE BOARD'S OFFICES IN COLOMBO OR LONDON

purchasing power, although collectively limited, is individually among the highest in the Dominion ; and it sets forth clearly and with no unnecessary trappings the wisdom and advantage of supporting the Board's campaign. This advertisement links trade advertising with consumer advertising by the use of the symbol, by the heavy line at the foot with its universal slogan " nothing is so refreshing as a cup of good tea," as well as by its printing, in type similar to that used in the campaign to the public. " Le Thé se boit à toute heure." Canadians are rapidly learning this.

CEYLON TEA PROPAGANDA

MAP OF CEYLON. The Board's map of Ceylon, printed in two sizes and eight colours, has been distributed in scores of thousands all over the world. It is the most popular piece of propaganda material ever issued. It has been reproduced as a coloured postcard, and John Still has written a pamphlet about it, of which nearly 200,000 copies have already been circulated.

THE STORY OF CEYLON TEA. Ceylon's booklet, a copy of which can be had on application to the Board's offices in Colombo or London, tells the story of Ceylon tea. Printed in black and green, it is illustrated by a leading modern black and white artist. It contains recipes for making tea in different ways; a chapter on the superiority of Ceylon tea; and it traces in some detail the romance of this gigantic industry. It has been distributed in five continents. The recipes have been reproduced in hundreds of papers.

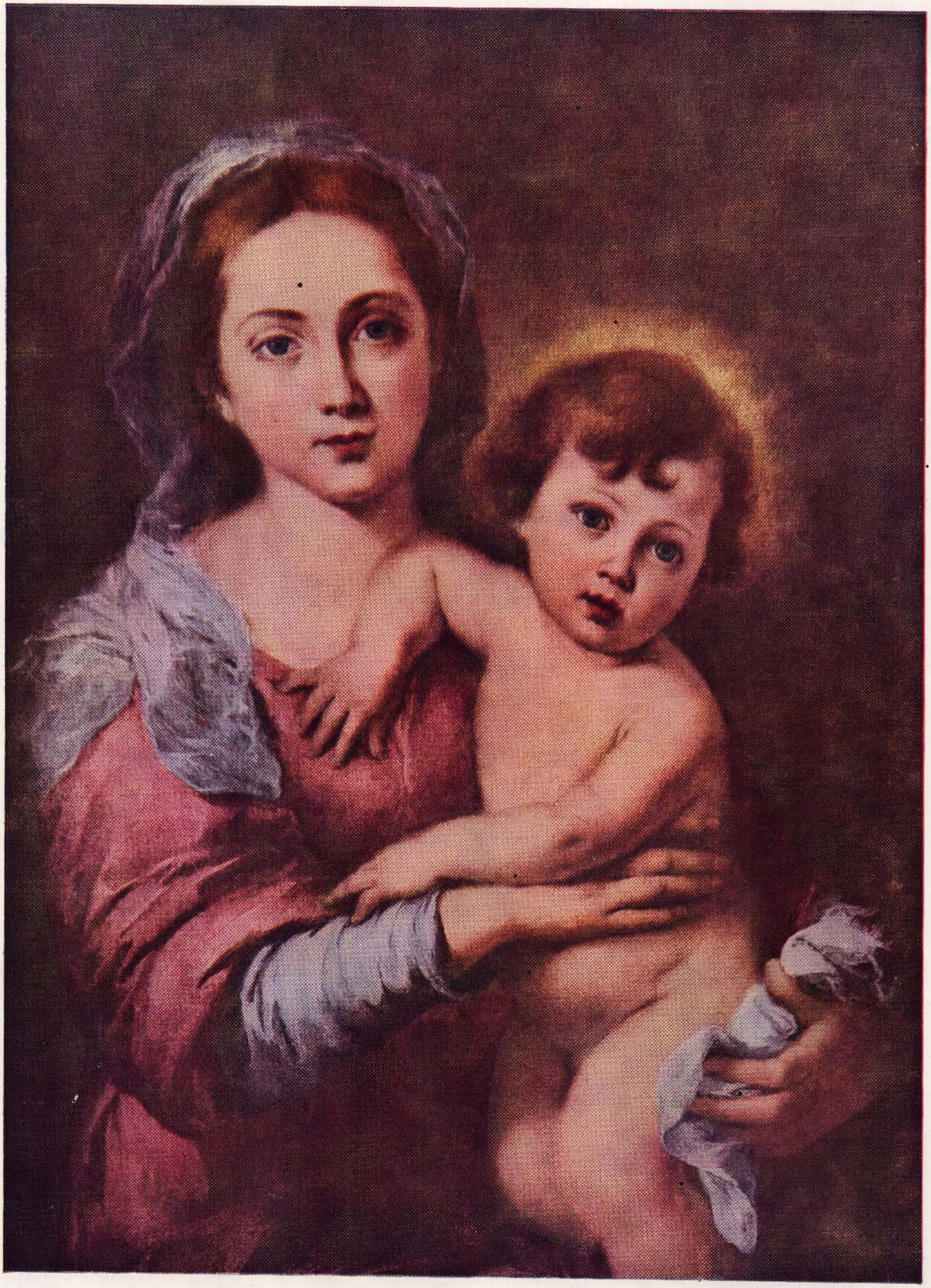
A "STILL" FROM THE BOARD'S SERIES OF FILMS

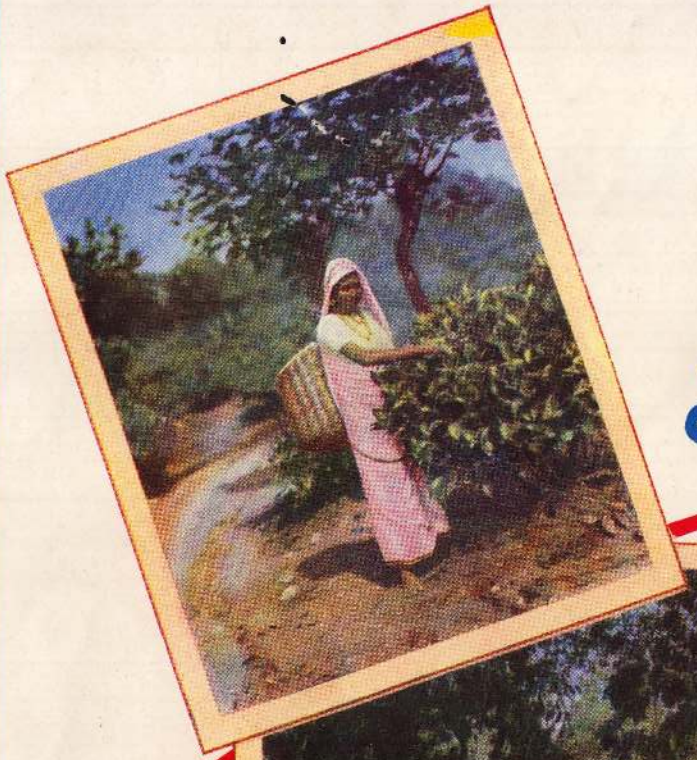
PROPAGANDA BY FILMS. On this page is one of the " stills " from the Board's series of films which were made in Ceylon early in 1934. By the time this is being read the films will be in distribution, and, of course, one of the first places where they will be shown is in Ceylon itself. Although it is too early to predict precisely what form the major film will take, those who have seen the work in its early stages report that it is likely to be the best film which the G.P.O. unit has ever made. In laboratories, cutting rooms and in sound recording studios experts are now busily engaged in building up the finished products. It is likely that there will be one long film (at present untitled) dealing with life in Ceylon, and four short films, all of them designed to further the work and policies of the Board.

GREAT BRITAIN. In Great Britain the Ceylon Tea Propaganda Board is operating jointly with the Indian Tea Cess Committee. The photograph at the end of this supplement, taken at the Ideal Homes Exhibition, April 1934, shows one of the more important of their enterprises. More than 300,000 people visited this exhibit of the Empire Tea Growers in four weeks, and 55,000 paid for admission to the Tea Room of the Future.

AT AN EXHIBITION IN LONDON

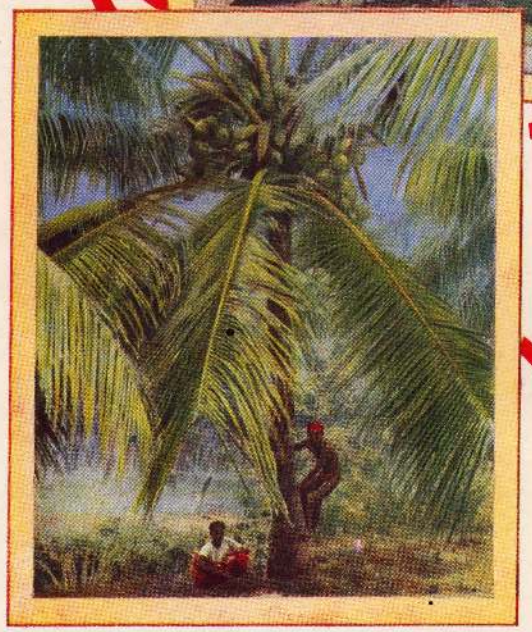
Issued by the Ceylon Tea Propaganda Board, Imperial House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, and Chamber of Commerce Building, Colombo





CARSON & Co., LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED
1857.

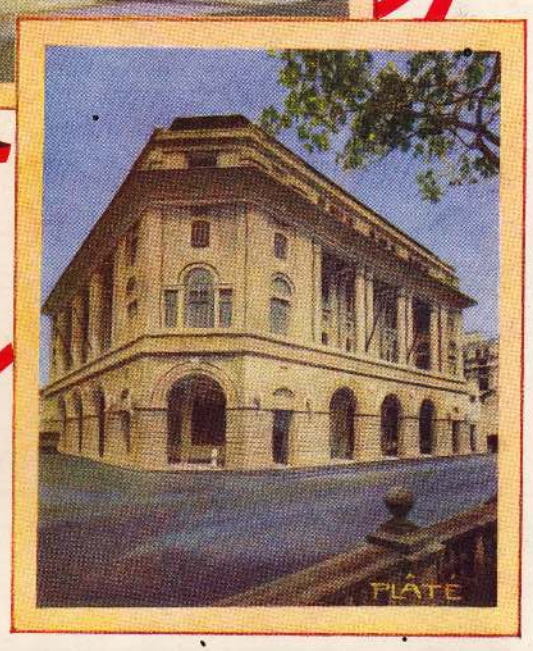


GENERAL MERCHANTS, IMPORTERS & EXPORTERS
OF CEYLON PRODUCE, ESTATE,
SHIPPING & INSURANCE AGENTS

Cables:—CARSONS.

P. O. BOX No. 24.

CHARTERED BANK BUILDINGS,
COLOMBO.



FATE—and a CROCODILE

A Story of Love in the Jungle

by F.A.E. PRICE.

DISTANT some ten miles from the township of Mihintale, the little village of Galwewa lies far off the beaten track, and the echoes of its comedies and tragedies are barely noticed as faint ripples on the restless tide of the larger world, from which it is screened by miles of dense jungle. There are some fifteen huts in all, just the usual mud walls with thatched roofs, two doors and no windows. The floors are of pounded earth, plastered over (by the more well-to-do owners, who possess one or more head of miserably small cattle) with cow-dung.

Galwewa, in common with most jungle villages, is extremely poor, and one often wonders why the wretched fever-stricken inhabitants continue to live in such cheerless spots. But the Low-country jungle villager, ill-fed, illiterate and fever-stricken 'though he is, is passionately fond of his little bit of ancestral property, and nothing short of a general upheaval will tear him away from the district of his birth, even 'though his flinty-hearted mother Earth gives grudgingly of her harvest; and he is often an exceedingly loyal, honest, civil and polite gentleman—an entirely unspoilt child of Nature, far removed from the busy tongue of the strife-provoking agitator. His scanty fare is wrung with ceaseless toil and tribulation from the pitiless soil, in which his own roots are firmly bedded; thus, knowing no other existence, he is fairly happy and contented, and who shall dare to criticise him for his attachment to his native home in the wild?

If rainfall is abundant, he fares moderately well, for his little paddy fields and *chenas* thrive, and his cattle—miserably small creatures at best—can get a sufficiency of grazing; while the full tank provides him with water. But woe betide him if the rains are a failure; the tank is then a fast-drying, muddy pool, and his womenfolk draw water where buffaloes wallow, and mangy dogs drink, while his paddy and *chenas* are a failure. That is the time when fever—that spectre of the jungle—stalks throughout the land, and man has to eke out a miserable existence on dry grains and roots, while the wretched cattle roam in vain over the clearings in search of dried-up vegetation to stay their hunger and clothe their gaunt frames—everything, alas! burned up by months of pitiless sun.

At the time of our story one of the little huts boasted a coat of whitewash—evidence of comparative wealth—and this was the dwelling of old Kalu Banda, the local vederala, whose *materia medica* included all manner of weird and wonderful drugs, incantations and potions, and who frequently made use of devil dancers in those cases which refused to yield to his ordinary rough and ready treatment. Many a poor unfortunate had given up his soul in agony, to the hideous accompaniment of a fiendish noise which effectually cloaked any sounds he might be presumed to make in *extremis mortis!*

Kalu Banda was not at all a bad old chap according to his lights, and was easily the most important person in Galwewa. Rumour had it that he had over Rs. 200 stored in the dark recesses of his hut, while he owned over half an acre of the best part of the local paddy fields, as well as four head of cattle and some ten or twelve goats; his garden also contained at least ten miserably-stunted coconut palms; so he was quite an influential sort of person.

By far his best possession, however—'though he could not quite look on her in this light—was his daughter, Meniki, a delicate-featured girl of sixteen, with large, intelligent dark eyes, and sleek black hair. Her tiny feet and hands would have graced a London ballroom, where her self-possessed dignity and graceful carriage would have made her a centre of attraction. But the largest town she had ever seen—the centre of her little world—was Anuradhapura, the famous city of a bygone age, now the City of the Jungle. Her visits there, even, had been on only two rare occasions, when some more than usually sacred Buddhist festival had taken her father there; and on these wonderful visits little Meniki might have been seen dressed

in her brightest green silk skirt, tucked carefully in at her slender waist, her lace-fringed muslin jacket and pale turquoise-blue silk shawl, her beautifully dressed hair resplendent with silver-gilt and jewelled ornaments, and a string of bright red beads around her neck—easily the fairest figure among the thronging mob of pilgrims in the age-old city.

Later in the evening, Meniki might have been seen as one of a band of pilgrims, several hundred in number, who had processed through the streets of the city to the famous shrine, shouting "*Sadhu! Sadhu!*", her innocent little face wearing a radiant look of devotion, and her heart beating high within her breast. When the tom-tom's throb had finally died down on the scented air, and the frenzied band of pilgrims had dispersed, one might have had a glimpse of Meniki—just a very tired child, sleeping the sleep of the young—lying on a litter of paddy-straw in a bullock cart lumbering along the jungle-walled road to Mihintale under the waning moon, until at dawn she was roused to walk the ten miles back to Galwewa ; and who shall say what dreams of magnificence she carried back with her to the tiny, jungle-girt village ?

* * * * *

It is a lovely evening toward the close of the rainy season—which has luckily been a success—and the verdant jungle is full of rising sap ; all Nature is alive, and, above all, the village tank is filled ! The sun is setting in crimson and gold over the water, and the sky is a flaming picture of rainbow-hued glory as Meniki goes, water-pot on head, to draw water for the evening rice-boiling.

As she walks down the repaired dam to where a few large boulders give access to cleaner, deeper water, she sees a youth—a stranger to her—sitting lost in thought, leaning on an old muzzle-loading gun, whose stock he holds between his bare feet.

The youth, who appears to be about 19 or 20, Kiri Banda by name, is from the village of Allia Galla, where his father, old and learned in jungle lore, is a watcher paid by the Game Protection Society. Young Kiri Banda, knowing full well the utter impossibility of doing this nearer his father's village, has come here to poach a deer over the well-known water-hole of Dhonigala, himself well hidden among the trees in the bright moonlight.

Meniki paused, and bade "Good evening" to the youth, who stood up as she approached, showing his fine, well-knit frame and curly dark hair, ruffled in the evening breeze.

"*Aiya bo,*" he replied, and he noted the slim, neat figure, the trim little head, tiny bare feet and hands, and the swelling curves of the young breasts, only half hidden in the triangular folds of a large handkerchief slung around Meniki's neck.

Shall we say that it was fate, inevitable, or that it was just proximity ? Anyway, there was no doubt that they were simultaneously mutually attracted, the one to the other—just two healthy young animals of opposite sexes finding favour in each other's eyes—and half an hour later, Meniki's evening rice-boiling entirely forgotten, they had come to the unalterable conclusion that they were intended for each other, and had fully determined to get married as soon as Kiri Banda could provide a hut.

The true jungle-dweller is fundamentally moral, and the wonder of the love that these two had suddenly found had in it no degrading taint; rather was it to be compared to the wooing of night by the dawn, or the sleeping forest by the caressing morning zephyr. Yet so strong was it that they parted—the girl to her neglected cooking and the youth to the jungle in search of deer—with their hearts beating high, and their sleeping passions aroused by the wonderful vista of life in store for them.

"Take care of yourself, O Lord of my heart," whispered Meniki as she clung to her lover, "and be careful not to get in the way of Walaha the bear, or Kottiyar the leopard, and do not disturb Alliya the great one !"

"No, my heart's desire," the lad replied, "I shall be more than ever careful now that I have you to think about, my lovely pearl." He hugged little Meniki to his heart, and in so doing, kicked over her water-pot ; it fell on the rocks and broke into a dozen pieces, which slid clattering into the tank.

"*Aiyo ! Aiyo !*" moaned Meniki, "now I shall get into trouble with my father, who is already angry with me for being so late."

"Never mind, dearest," consoled Kiri Banda, "I will go with you, and tell him our great news, and then come back with you to fetch more water."

They walked along the bund of the tank, hand-in-hand, as the stars came out and dusted the heavens with diamond light, and shortly afterwards Meniki pushed aside the little gate of her father's compound, and with her lover, went up the path-way to the mud verandah, where Kalu Banda was busily talking to a stranger.

* * * * *

The smoky light of a primitive oil lamp—just a piece of home-made wick thrust through a piece of tin and dangling in a bottle full of oil—threw flickering shadows over the verandah as the couple came into view.

"Oh ! wicked girl," said Kalu Banda as soon as he saw his daughter, "Where have you been all this time, and why have you not put the rice on to boil ?"

Then he caught sight of her companion. "And who is with you ?"

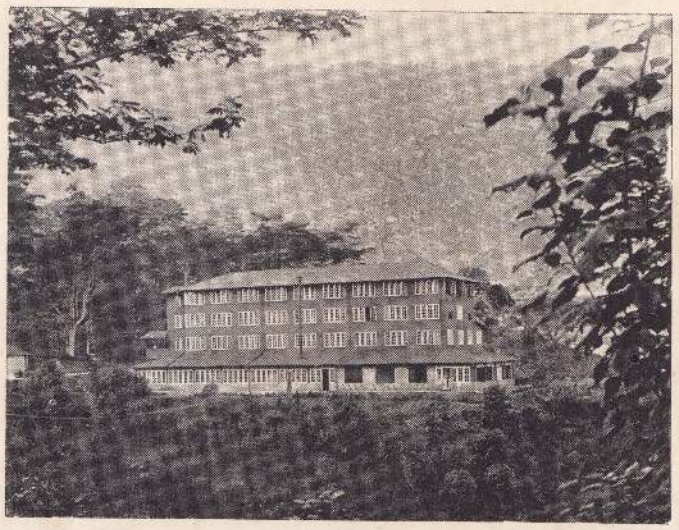
"Oh ! father," the girl cried, "I am so sorry to be late, but I really forgot all about the rice while talking to Kiri Banda, and until I broke my water-pot, I had no idea of the time. Father," she continued, leading the sheepish Kiri Banda into the lamp light, "here is a great friend of mine ; he wants to marry me—and I love him !"

Kalu Banda sprang to his feet. "Oh, miserable and wicked girl," he screamed. "*Aiyo !* have I brought you up for this, you ungrateful child ? Who are you to seek a husband for yourself ? I want no jungle-dweller for you, no wretched village peasant ; I have already arranged a really good marriage for you. Begone, young man !" he shouted to Kiri Banda and menaced the youth with a club he had picked up.

Meniki darted swiftly in front of her lover, her lips parted and her breasts heaving. "Oh, my father," she cried, terrified, "do not hurt my beloved ; he has done me no harm, and has only come now to ask your permission to marry me when he can

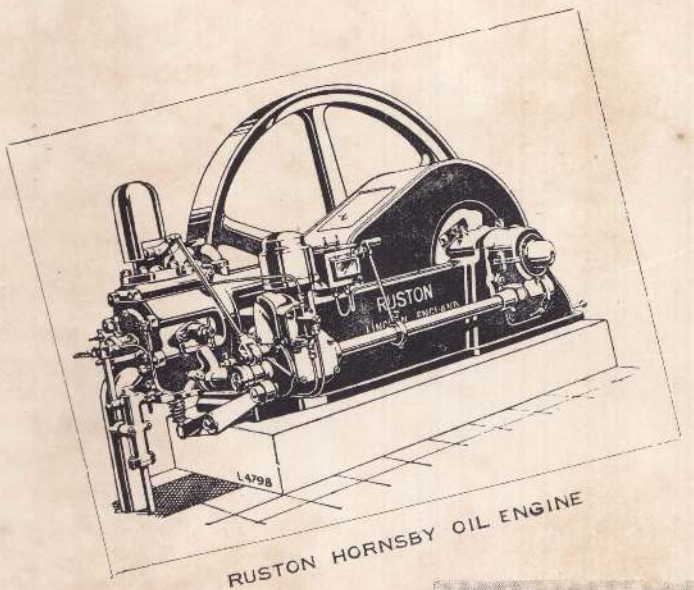
TEA AND RUBBER FACTORIES ERECTED AND EQUIPPED

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF ALL CLASSES OF TEA, RUBBER AND COCONUT MACHINERY

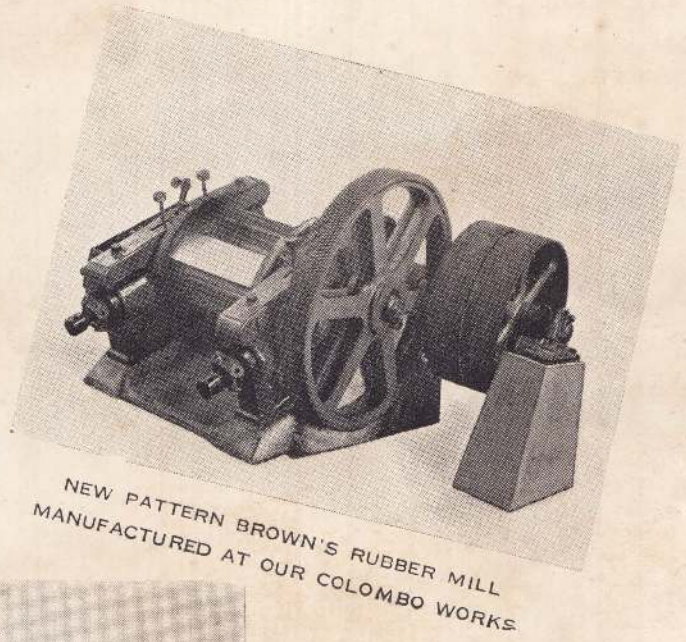


ONE OF OUR MODERN TEA FACTORIES

DESIGN AND INSTALLATION OF POWER AND LIGHTING SCHEMES UNDERTAKEN

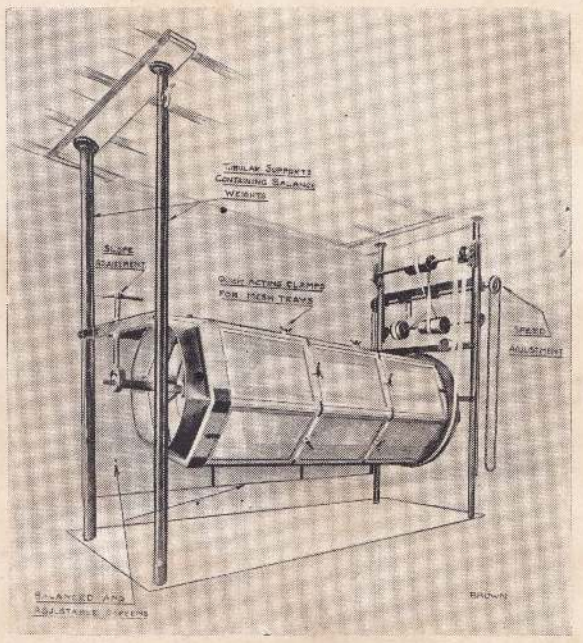


RUSTON HORNSBY OIL ENGINE



NEW PATTERN BROWN'S RUBBER MILL MANUFACTURED AT OUR COLOMBO WORKS

EVERY KIND OF MACHINERY REPAIR WORK UNDERTAKEN AT ALL BRANCHES



BROWN'S PATENT ROTARY GREEN LEAF SIFTER MADE AT OUR COLOMBO WORKS

WELL-EQUIPPED WORKSHOPS IN COLOMBO, KANDY, HATTON AND NAWALAPITIYA

BROWN & CO., LIMITED

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS AND ESTATE SUPPLIERS

COLOMBO & BRANCHES

provide a home for me. By your love for me, I beseech you to give your permission, for never can I wed another."

The stranger had by this time risen to his feet and was watching the scene with ill-disguised pleasure. He was a wizened, elderly man, with greasy grey-white hair and a mouthful of stained and broken teeth.

Meniki recognized him at once as Rankira, the principal trader in Mihintale village, for she had often made little purchases from him of salt, dried fish, and the other innumerable ingredients which go to make up a curry. He was reputed to be a man of great wealth, and had already lost one wife; rumour had it that she had thrown herself into the village well rather than put up with his meanness and evil temper, and Meniki instinctively loathed the old man.

"THE SUN IS SETTING IN CRIMSON AND GOLD OVER THE WATER.....AS MENIKI GOES, WATER-POT ON HEAD, TO DRAW WATER FOR THE EVENING RICE-BOILING."

"Hush, I pray you, Meniki," urged Rankira, "and do not anger your father, who surely knows what is best for you. See, I have come all this long way from Mihintale to seek you for my bride, and your father has, very wisely, consented to my request. I can give you money, silks and jewels—as much as you wish. You shall be mistress of all my possessions and the most envied woman in Mihintale."

Rankira rubbed his skinny hands together, like the miserable Shylock he was, as he looked upon Meniki's fresh young figure and flashing black eyes. She recoiled in horror from the man, and her lover put his arm around her in possessive protection.

"Go!" shouted the girl's father to Kiri Banda, "ere I break this club on your head, miserable low-caste, thieving jackal that you are, and don't come near my house again; and you, wretched girl, go in at once, and boil the rice for the evening curry." And he dragged the girl, weeping piteously, into the hut and slammed the door upon her.

Kiri Banda's eyes lit up in anger, and he handled his gun lovingly, his fingers itching to pull the trigger in the grinning face of Rankira. "Very well, *Mahatmaya*," he said to Kalu Banda, "I will go now, but I promise you that I will come again, and that I will take off, and marry Meniki with or without your permission." Picking up his gun the youth went out into the night, as old Kalu Banda in an excess of fury rushed towards him with uplifted club.

"Leave the young fool alone," said Rankira, "it is no use wasting time on him, and we have far more important matters to discuss. The sooner I take Meniki away the better, I think." And the two settled down to haggle over the amount that Rankira was to give Kalu Banda.

Rankira's temper had not been improved by having to go down to the tank for more water, and he determined to drive a hard bargain. After all, Meniki really was very pretty—and young—and the old man licked his lips as he decided that he might spring an extra twenty rupees. But he would see to it later that he got full value for his money!

Poor Meniki, busy with her cooking in the ill-lit hut, vowed tearfully that she would marry no man but Kiri Banda; surely her father couldn't be so cruel as to force her to wed the horrible old Rankira?

Far away in the dark jungle Kiri Banda sat over the rock hole, and just before dawn he shot an elk. All night long had he pondered on his love, so suddenly come, and yet so very real; and he racked his brain as to how he could win little Meniki. With the breaking dawn, an idea came to him, and, getting down from his perch in an overhanging tree, he dismembered the deer, and, after carefully hiding the remainder, walked off with as big a load of meat as he could carry.

* * * * *

A cloudless dawn breaks over the little village of Galwewa, rousing the jungle birds to song, while the few cattle low in impatience to be out grazing in the grassy verges of the tank, and the cockerels crow defiantly. Meniki has been up with the first light and has finished her ablutions at the tank.

A. F. JONES & CO., LTD.,

TEL. ADDRESS :
"AFJON"
COLOMBO.

COLOMBO

EXPORTERS OF

TEA.

BRANCH IN BATAVIA, JAVA

In the cool, bright morning glow, which has plucked the waters from their mantle of pearly mist and turned them into a placid lake of flaming colour, her heart is considerably lighter. She feels convinced that she can persuade her father to allow her to marry Kiri Banda, and in a few moments she is back again in her tiny kitchen busily rolling out the thin cakes of rice flour which will soon be frying in coconut oil for the morning meal.

Alas for Meniki! her father's first words plunge her into the depths of despair as he tells her that all has been arranged, and that she is to be married to Rankira on the night of the full moon in about two weeks' time. In vain she pleads with him; his avarice is too strong for her to overcome, and he departs later in the day with Rankira to make the necessary arrangements with the Buddhist priest at Mihintale.

That day is the blackest that poor Meniki has ever known in her short life, and she is in a state of utter despair, for she does not know how to get into touch with Kiri Banda. Towards evening, when her day's work is done and she has gone again to the tank for water, a tiny child, daughter of the village dhoby, toddles up to her and tells her that she is to be at the foot of the huge, solitary tamarind tree on the far side of the tank at sunset the next day. Meniki asks the child eagerly who gave her the message but the little one does not know; all she can say is that a strange girl told her. How is Meniki to know that Kiri Banda has pressed his young sister into his service to deliver the message? And why, oh, why, give such an important message to a tiny child, who babbles it all over the little village, until Kalu Banda hears of it on his return from Mihintale? The old vederala keeps the news to himself, but hurriedly makes his plans to frustrate what he feels sure is to be an elopement.

The sun is just about to set in a blaze of glory and the orchestra of cicadas is tuning up when Meniki, carrying a little bundle of her poor belongings, steals silently down the path of the little compound, and away from her home; tearfully, it is true, at the thought of leaving her childhood behind her.

As she makes her way around the bund of the tank, the sun's last rays bathe the jungle sea in a crimson glow, causing the tank to shine like burnished gold in his level rays. Shadows deepen as Meniki approaches the huge tamarind tree, growing in solitary state on the bund, his feathery crown etched in deep indigo against the last remaining light in the sky.

She sees Kiri Banda standing beside the tree and hurries gladly towards him; at the same moment, her father, old Rankira, and two other men whom he has engaged, appear from the jungle shade, and, despite all her tears and pleadings, carry her back to her father's hut.

Poor Kiri Banda! It was just as well he had not brought his gun with him, or murder would surely have been done in the shade of the tamarind that night.

The next morning, at daybreak, Meniki was hurried away to Mihintale, and there married at once to the wily old trader.

* * * * *

Mihintale—that ancient home of medical lore and of Buddhist tradition; now of ramshackle huts and tiny shops flung up helter-skelter along the sun-baked dusty high road; backed by dense jungle and lying prone at the feet of the Dagoba and Monastery-crowned mountains. Huddled beside the vast stone monuments and remains of a mighty civilization, the glory of Mihintale is gone, and now traders and mangy pariah dogs haggle and snarl on the skirts of the ancient town; while, over all, a pitiless sun pours down his torrid rays to light up a scene of squalor, relieved only by the silent relicts of a bygone age, and the timeless jungle.

Mihintale—sister in renown to the ancient and sacred city of Anuradhapura, which lies but five miles away—has seen her fair share of the pomp and circumstance of the past, but she now only occasionally lifts her eyes to the crumbling temples and dagobas above her—mute evidence of her former glory.

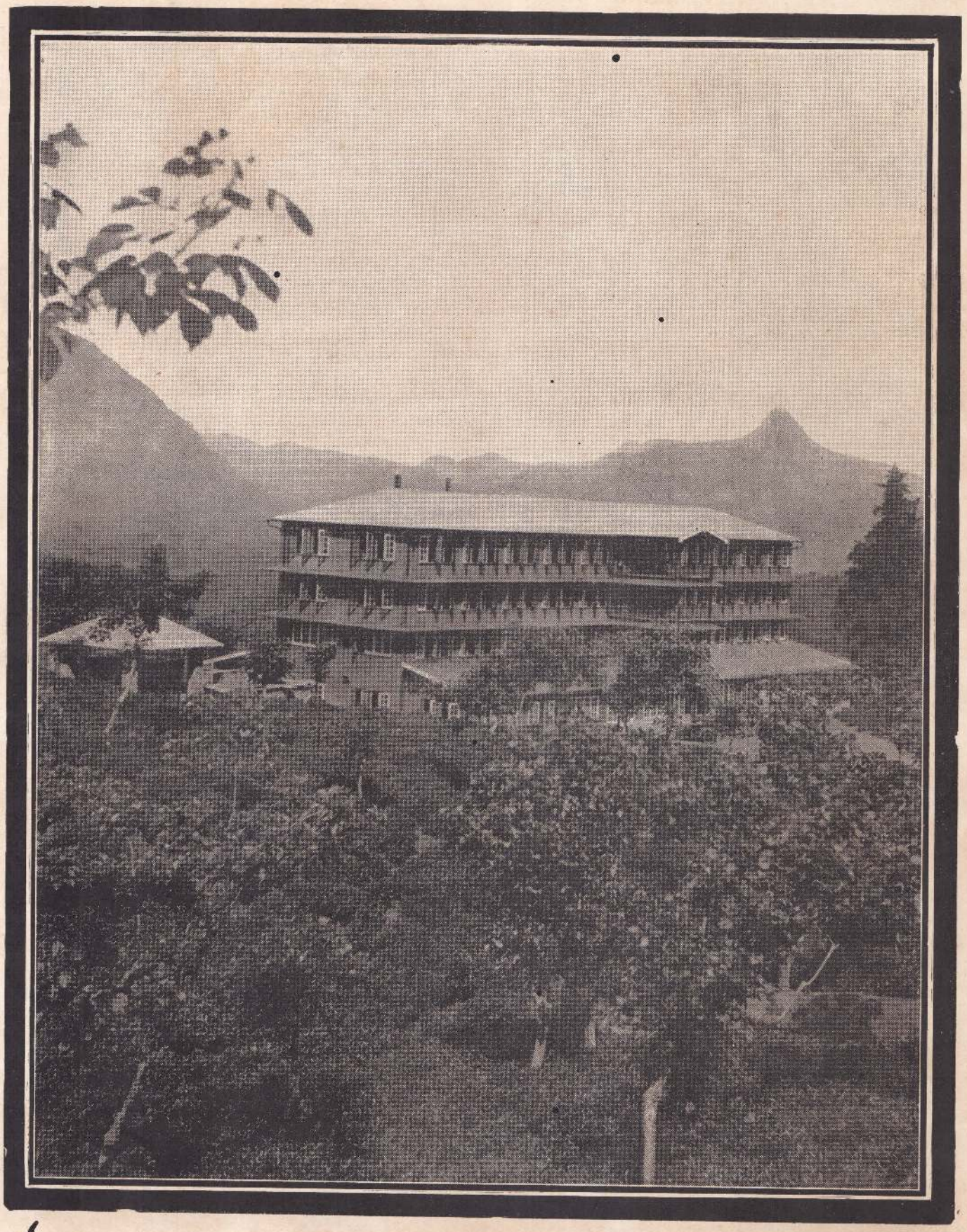
At the corners of the four cross-roads stand a score or more tiny shops, open-fronted to the road, from which they acquire their due quota of dirt and dust, boasting a weird and wonderful assortment of all manner of goods, from dried grains, salt, chillies, dried—and very malodorous—fish for use in curries, to cloths, brass pots, cheap glass-ware.

At the biggest of these boutiques—that one boasting an enormous, tin-throated gramophone, its petunia-shaped horn painted in lurid greens and reds—might be seen little Meniki when her domestic duties were over. A change has come over the little one; gone is her carefree childhood and gone all her jungle friends of those happy mornings at the tank. She now draws water at the village well in company with a lot of brazen-tongued women, and her childish expression is replaced by a care-worn look as if she bore the miseries of her small world within her bosom. For all her husband's vaunted wealth, she is no more than a drudge, a plaything in his household, and her evil-tongued sister-in-law does not spare her from morn till night. Always, when bending over her curry-grinding, she thinks of the happy days in the jungle village, so near and, alas! so inaccessible to her, surrounded as she is by jealous eyes and tongues. Poor child, she has fallen on evil days, and although her old husband loads her with gilded jewellery, and clothes her in brightly-coloured silks when he takes her to Anuradhapura, the lure of the city is gone, and she prays in the temples, and at the Sacred Bo-tree, with a heavy heart.

* * * * *

Kiri Banda has not been idle all this while, and ere two moons have waxed and waned he has formed a plan to get hold of Meniki—a far-fetched plan which is doomed to failure from the start; no less an one than breaking into her house one night and carrying her off with him into the depths of the jungle, trusting to luck being with them! Luckily for them both, perhaps, this foolhardy plan was not to be carried into effect, for Fate had so willed it that other, and stranger, methods, were to be used to attain the same end; mysterious Fate, who holds such unfathomable secrets of the destinies of mankind, and whose ways are inscrutable and often appear hard to those persons most affected by them

It so happened that at one night of full moon, old Rankira had decided to go into the jungle, hoping to shoot a deer over the great water-hole



TYPICAL CEYLON TEA FACTORY

Designed, erected and fully equipped by the leading firm of experts,

WALKER & GREIG, LTD.

Established 1854.

of Dhonigala—so named from its resemblance to a canoe, being fairly wide and deep in the centre, while at each end it narrowed down to sharp points. It was a favourite hole for poachers to sit over, as there were plenty of trees growing near the water, giving ample cover to the watcher, while deer and pig were frequently to be seen drinking there in spite of the annual slaughter which took place ; this probably being due to the fact that it was the only hole near a wide piece of " park land " where several herds of deer grazed in the wet weather, and after, so long as any grass remained green.

Rankira left Mihintale in the afternoon, to walk into the jungle, having told his sister-in-law to keep a strict watch over Meniki. He was in no great hurry, and a companion was to join him later at the water-hole, but as he at length reached the spot, he saw that someone was already there, and to his utter amazement and consternation, he saw that it was Kiri Banda.

"AND HE WALKED BACK TO THE ROCK, AND SAT DOWN....THERE WAS A SUDDEN SWIRL IN THE DARK WATER."

A quarrel immediately took place, and guns were raised, but Kiri Banda had the sense to know that murder would not help him in the least. Words ran high, and it looked as if the two men would come to blows; but what good would this do to either? At length Kiri Banda could stand the sight of the old man no longer. He picked up his gun, and taunting Rankira with, " You can stay here, you old blackguard, if you like, I am going to take Meniki away," he began to walk away.

" Stop a moment, Kiri Banda," called Rankira, " I have an idea for you," and his wily old brain hastily devised a method of doing away with Kiri Banda once and for all, and in such a way that no one would ever connect *him* with it.

" What is it, old man ? " asked Kiri Banda, as he paused a moment. " I am not going to waste any more time on you unless I am going to get Meniki at the end of it," and he walked back to the rock, and sat down. Rankira was busy making up a quid of the inevitable betel and having offered some to Kiri Banda, who contemptuously refused to accept it, he went down to the water's edge to wash his hands.

Then a terrible thing happened. As Rankira squatted over the pool, there was a sudden swirl in the dark water and an enormous, almost white, crocodile thrust his huge head and gaping jaws out of the water, grabbed the old man by an arm, and dragged him, shrieking, to the bottom of the water-hole.

Kiri Banda sprang to his feet, picking up his gun and shouting as he dashed to the hole. But the gun was useless—the youth could see nothing. The disturbed waters soon settled down to their customary quiet, and the horror-stricken young man stood motionless over the deep rock-hole, while the setting sun looked peacefully down on a scene of utter solitude.

Soon, however, there came an answering call to Kiri Banda's shout, and a man came running out of the jungle on to the rocky outcrop—Rankira's companion, who had come too late to see his friend's terrible end.

" What is the matter ; who shouted ; and where is Rankira ? " asked the man, breathlessly, as he made his way to the water-hole, where Kiri Banda still stood in silent horror. The man looked down and saw Rankira's knife and gun lying on the ground.

" Tell me where he is," he demanded again.

" In there," said Kiri Banda at last, as he turned slowly to the man. " A crocodile dragged him under as he was leaning over the water, and the shout you heard was mine. I saw it happen. It was horrible." And Kiri Banda turned away, for even 'though he hated Rankira, the old man's terrible end was worse than he could have wished for him.

The man looked slyly at Kiri Banda—there was no doubt in his mind as to the true story : Rankira and Kiri Banda must have come to blows ; later, knives had been pulled out, and this was the way in which Kiri Banda was trying to hide the murder. Well, he would see if the Magistrate would believe this tale ! The man picked up Rankira's gun and knife. " Come," he said, " we must go and tell the Aratchie at once," and he walked away, Kiri Banda following as in a dream.

Arrived at the little village, the Aratchie and villagers naturally refused to believe Kiri Banda's tale—who would ? Was it not well-known that Kiri Banda and Rankira were deadly enemies, for had not Rankira robbed the hot-headed youth of Meniki ?

At old Kalu Banda's instigation, Kiri Banda was arrested and lodged in the Anuradhapura gaol that night. The next morning he was taken before the Magistrate, who after hearing all the evidence—and there were plenty of people to testify to the feud between the two men—decided that things

looked black against the youth, who was remanded. Later, however, the Magistrate talked the matter over with the Superintendent of Police, a very keen sportsman named Granville, and they decided that it would be as well to go out at once to inspect the scene of the tragedy. For one thing, as Granville pointed out, the barrels of Kiri Banda's gun were quite clean, although he might have cleaned them after he had shot Rankira. Again, very little time had elapsed after Kiri Banda's shout before Rankira's friend had turned up, and—where was the body? After all, in a murder case, one of the most important productions was the corpse, and as yet no corpse had been produced.

So, later in the day, the Magistrate, Granville and the headman, two constables escorting Kiri Banda, and a gang of morbid villagers, went out to Dhonigala water-hole, lying peaceful and calm in the afternoon sunlight. It was difficult to picture a tragedy happening in this peaceful spot, and, of course, there were no signs of a struggle.

"There *may* be something in what Kiri Banda says," said the Magistrate, "the hole is very deep by the look of it, and I rather think it goes back some way under the rock at that end;" and he pointed to one end of the water-hole, where the rock seemed to overhang a deeper recess.

"Yes," answered Granville, "of course it is possible, and I have myself actually seen a croc. basking on the edge of a water-hole. But what on earth we are going to do I can't think, for here we have arrested an alleged murderer on his own quite innocent statement, and unless we can see the croc. he talks about, I don't know how we are going to prove him guilty or innocent."

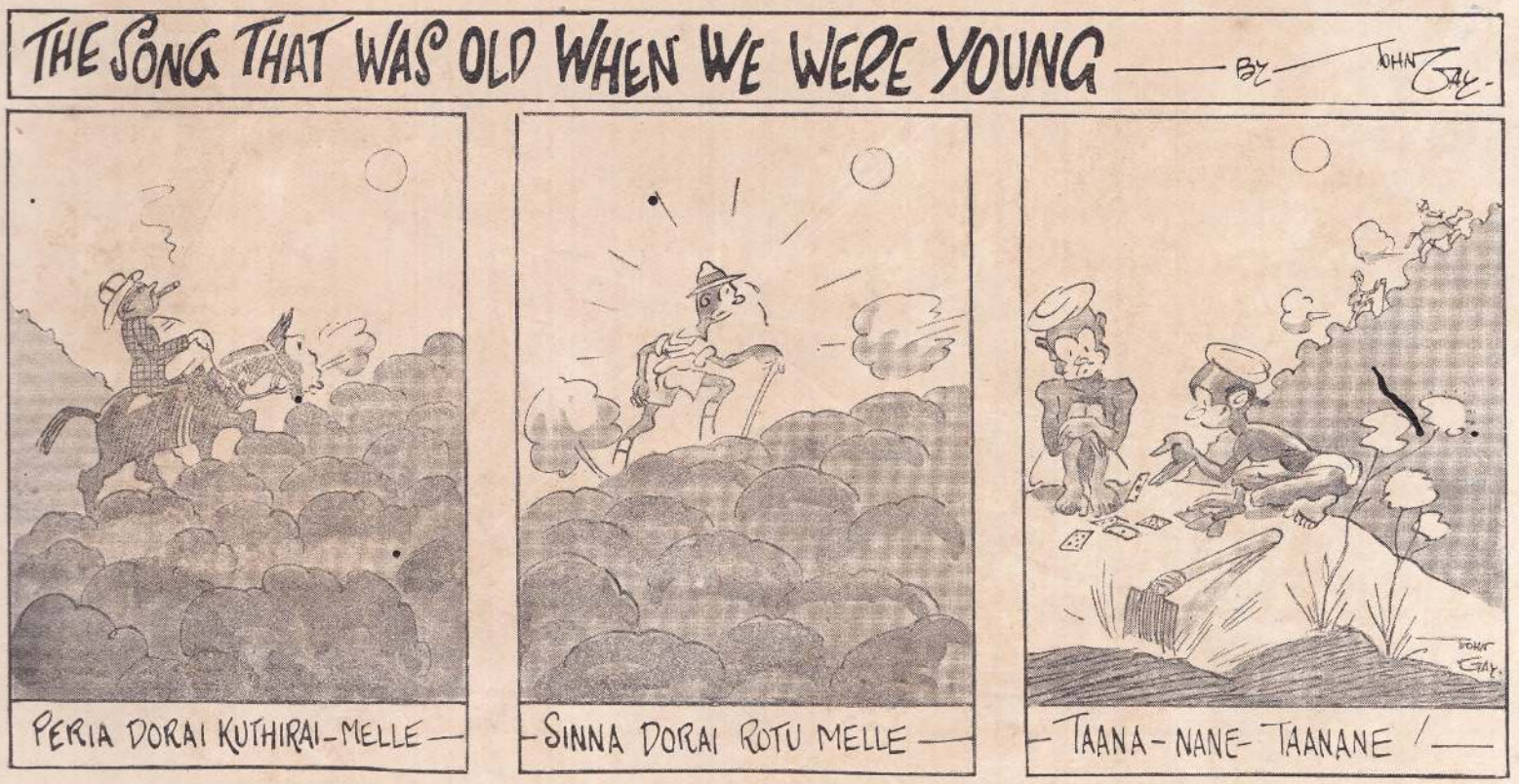
As the Superintendent spoke, the surface of the dark waters was suddenly broken and with a flutter of sodden red cloth, the sprawling body of Rankira rose to the surface, having been submerged nearly twenty-four hours.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Granville, "here is evidence," and he ordered one of the constables to drag the body carefully on to the rock. There was no doubt now of the truth of Kiri Banda's statement; the man's arms and one leg were missing and huge toothmarks showed gaping wounds in the shoulders, but there was no sign of either a gunshot wound, or of a knife wound in a vital spot.

Poor Rankira certainly was a ghastly sight. "I would like to bag that brute of a croc.," remarked the Magistrate, at length.

"Quite easy," replied Granville, "a couple of dynamite cartridges exploded under water would fetch him out at once, if they didn't kill him," and he immediately despatched a constable with a chit to the office in Anuradhapura, telling him to take his own car from the jungle edge. Within a couple of hours the man was back again with a rifle and some dynamite cartridges. One was sufficient, for hardly had the explosion died away, and the waters settled down again, when an enormous crocodile waddled out on to the rock and made off as fast as he could for the surrounding jungle, to fall at once to a bullet from Granville's rifle. Another bullet stilled him for ever, and soon the villagers were hacking through the tough hide to get at the contents of the stomach. At last the work was done, and the result was a motley collection: Poor Rankira's arm, silver bracelet on wrist, together with other pieces of jewellery, acquired goodness knows where or how many years before, and the bones of several animals which had fallen victim to the crocodile's rapacious maw. In all probability the reptile had migrated years before from some dried-up tank, and, on his way to another, had discovered this water-hole, which never dries up, and had promptly appropriated it for his own. But it was remarkable that no one had discovered him. Occasionally, crocodiles do take up their abode in the larger and deeper water-holes, trusting for food to the deer and pig which drink at its edge, and Fate had so decreed that this reptile was to play an important, if horrible, part in the lives of three people.

The afternoon's proceedings effectually cleared Kiri Banda, who was taken back to Anuradhapura to be formally discharged and, within a month he was happily married to little Meniki, whom he took to his own village.

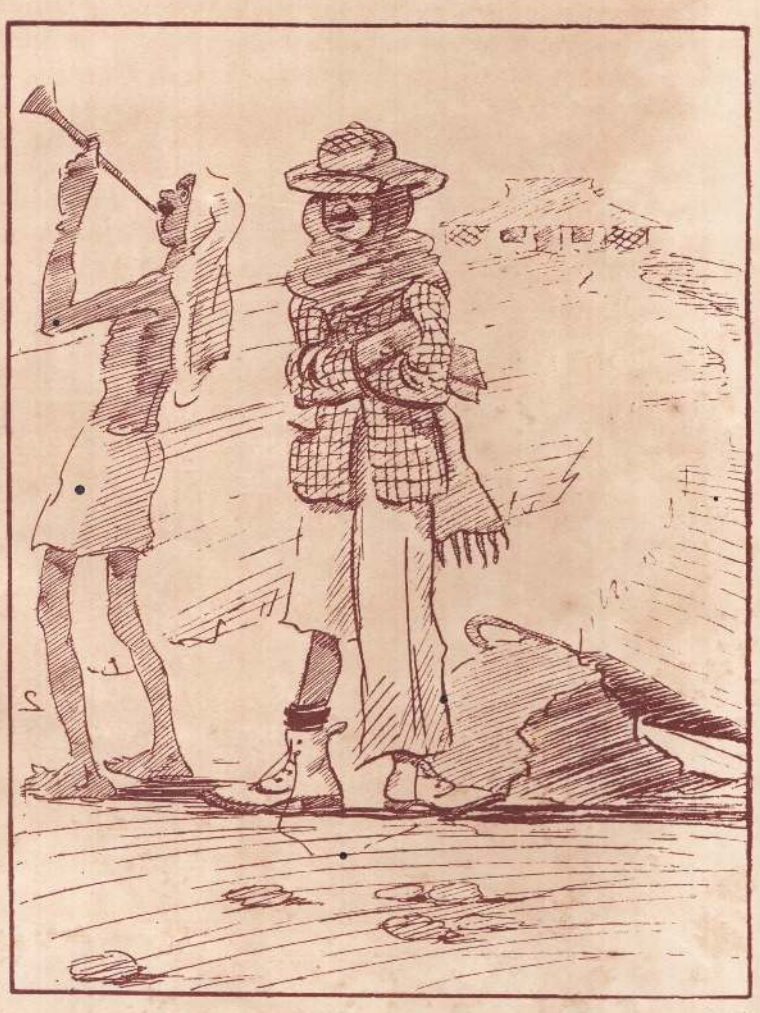


TOTEM TRAVESTIES

"BUDDING"

"MATURITY"

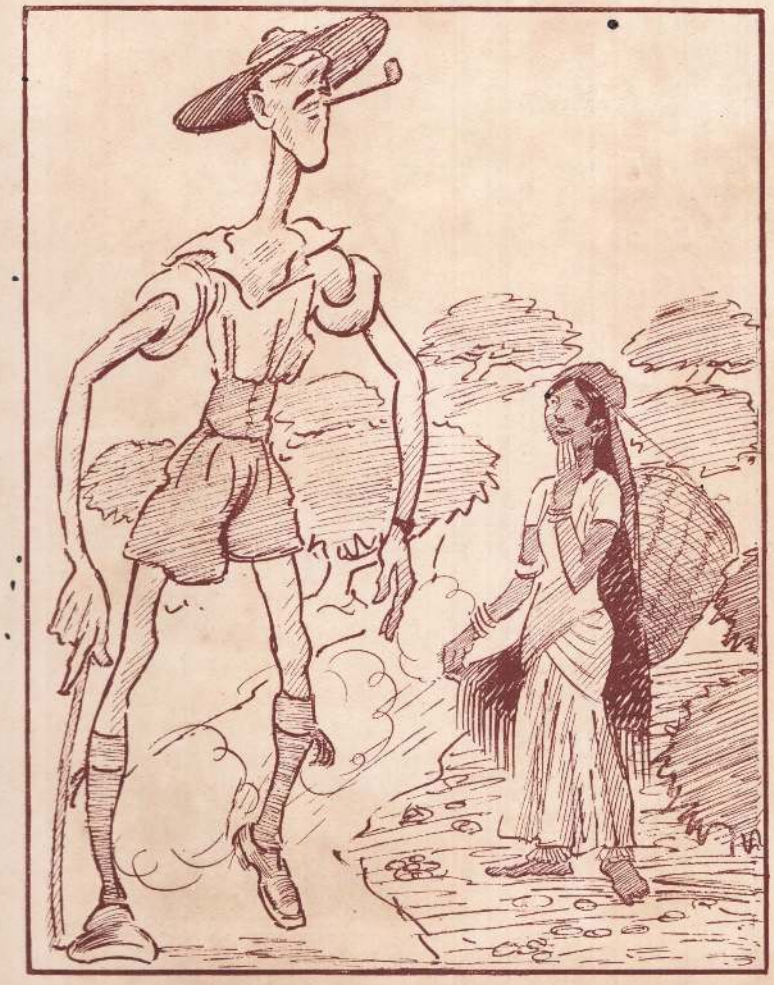
"GENERAL TRANSPORT"



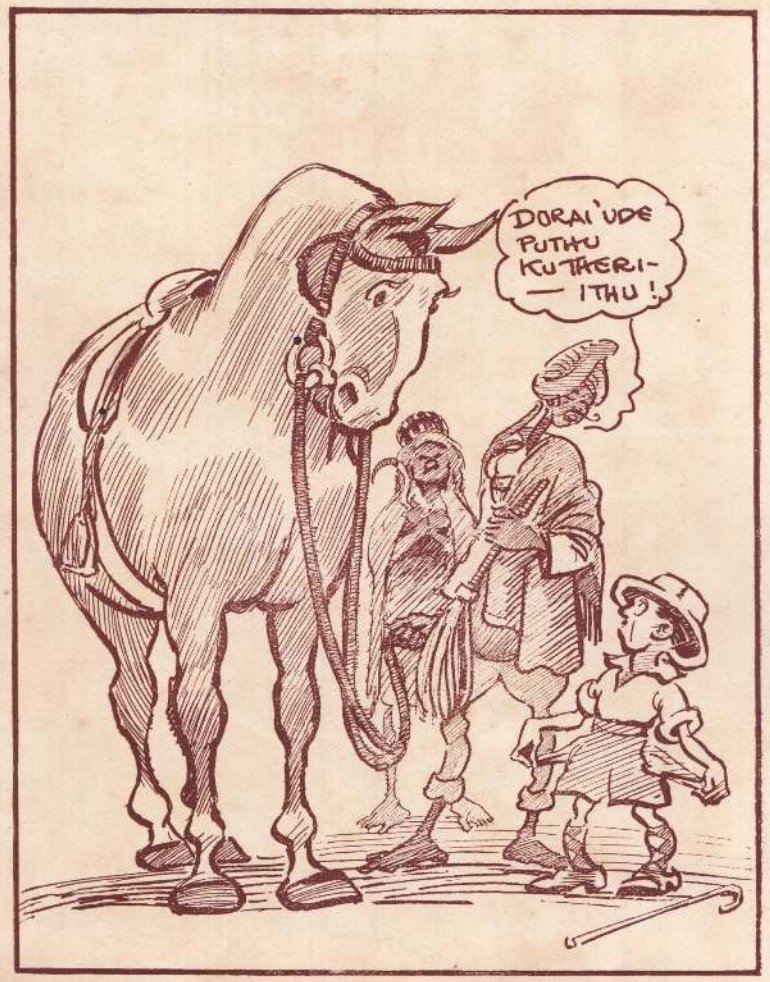
"MORNINGS HAVE BEEN COOL"

Specially drawn for the Times of Ceylon Christmas Number by JOHN GAY.

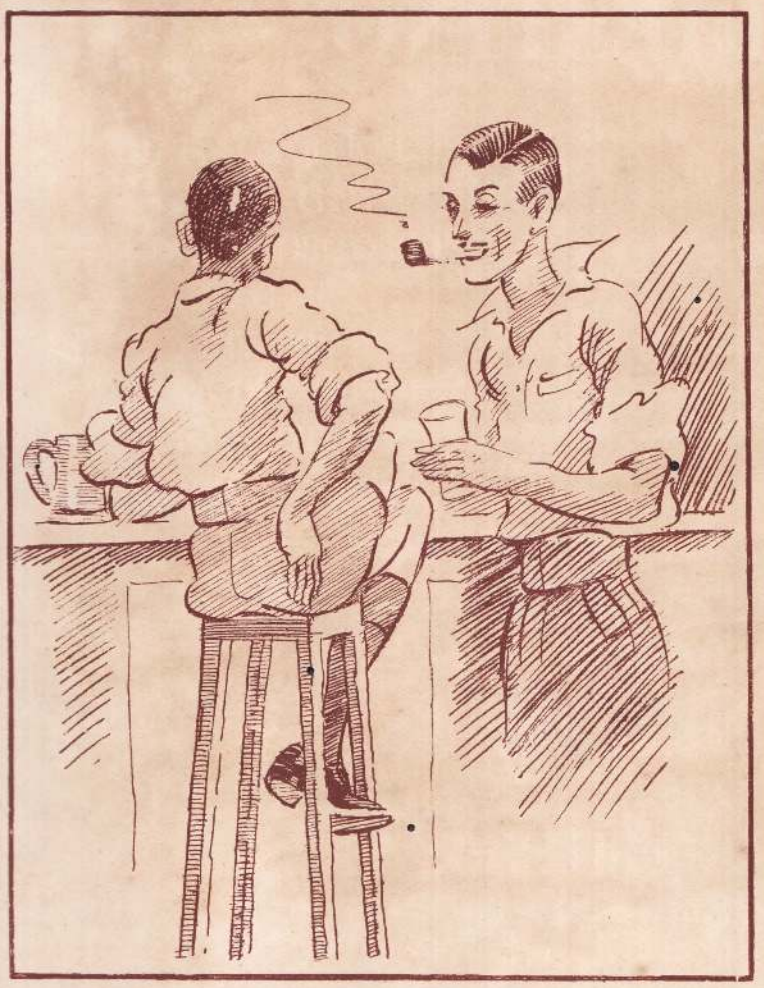
TOTEM TRAVESTIES



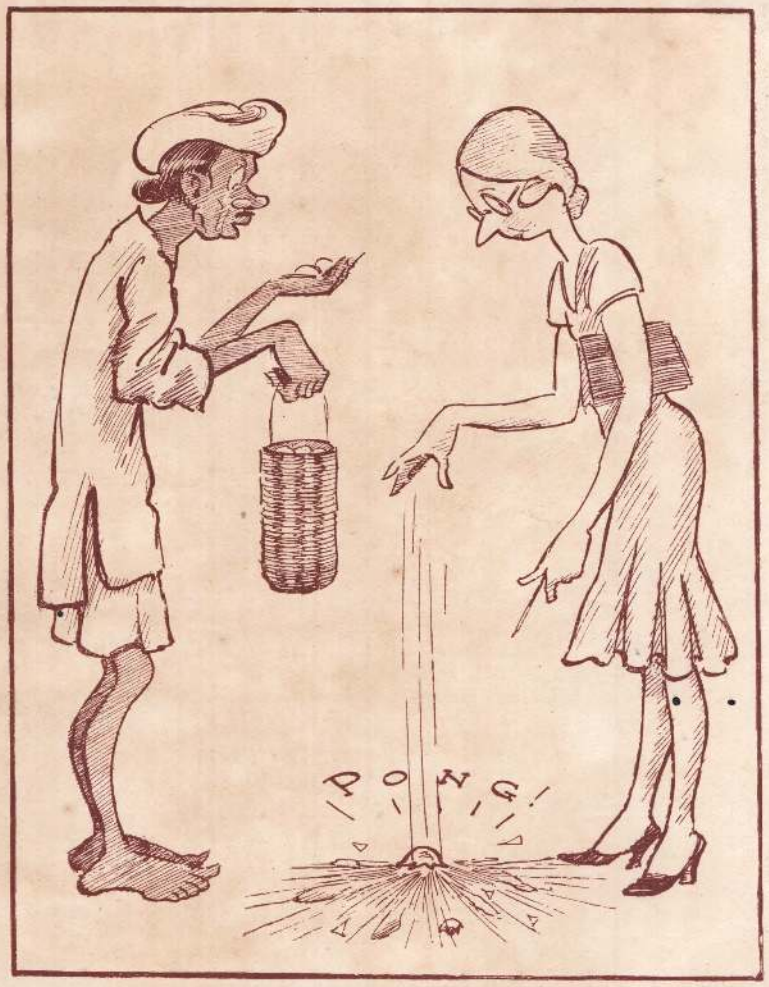
"VERY STALKY"



"HORSE ALLOWANCE"



"PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION"



"VERY PUNGENT"

Specially drawn for the Times of Ceylon Christmas Number by JOHN GAY.

Grand Oriental Hotel

SERVICE

Every ship is met by a European representative who will deal with all disembarkation details.

TRAVEL

The G. O. H. has its own Travel Bureau and fleet of cars; with experts to assist you with suggestions for seeing the beauties of the Island with the minimum of fatigue and expense.

AMUSEMENT

First class Bands and Cabaret Shows are a feature of the G. O. H.

ECONOMY

Though the Hotel terms are very reasonable, there is also the G. O. H. POPULAR CAFE & GRILL ROOM where visitors booking rooms only may take a-la-carte meals at PRICES MODERATE IN THE EXTREME.

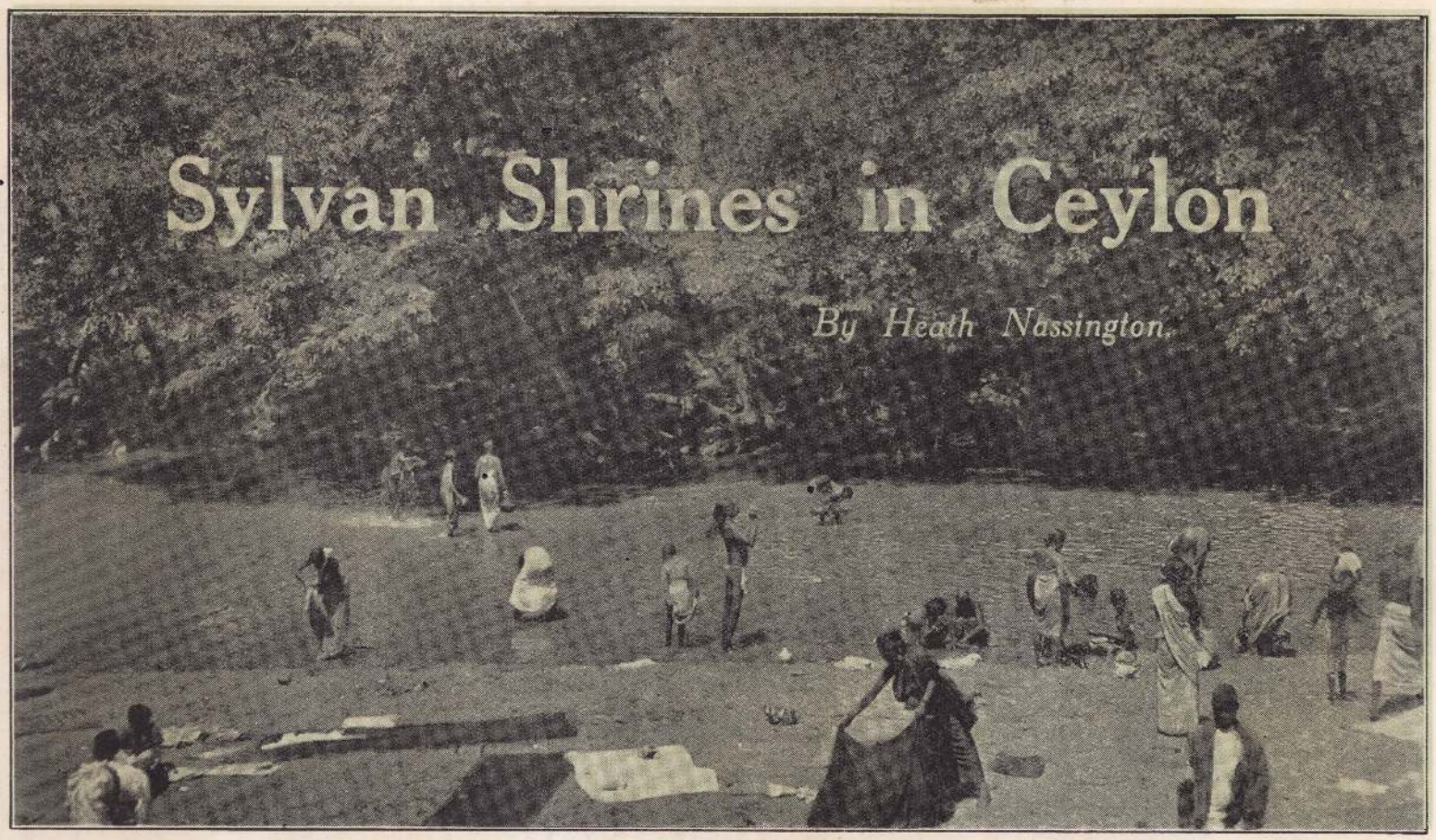
Just a step from the Landing Jetty; close to the shopping and business centres; yet enjoying ozone-laden breezes and a magnificent view of the harbour and open sea.

The G. O. H. is justly world-famous for its management and cuisine—its cool and spacious saloons and lounges, and comfortable, airy bedrooms, modern in every detail.

FOR COMFORT, CONVENIENCE AND ECONOMY STAY AT THE

G. O. H.

BOOK YOUR ROOMS BY WIRELESS TO "GRAND, COLOMBO" Ship's Bureau has the code. COST OF CABLE WILL BE REFUNDED.



Sylvan Shrines in Ceylon

By Heath Nassington.

Copyright Photograph ST. NIHAL SINGH

After trudging on foot through the jungle, for a distance of at least twelve miles from the rest-house at Tissamaharama, often much farther, the pilgrim arrives at Kataragama dusty, tired, perspiring and thirsty. The sight of the cool, crystal water in the river flowing at the edge of the place appears to him like a vision of paradise to lost souls in purgatory. The first instinct is to plunge into its depths, bathe and refresh himself, before worshipping at the temples of Kartikeya and Valiamma or the Buddhist or Muslim shrines.

OF amazing potency is the power of an image to tug at the heart, especially of an Oriental, even in this, the twentieth century. It pulls men, matrons and maids from the haunts of civilization into the sylvan retreats of the jungle, where jade-embowered shrines have arisen in the tree-girt palisades of Nature.

Persons who direct operations on a large scale in government or mercantile offices or on plantations of one description or another, forget, for the nonce, their sense of self-importance and betake themselves to the spot sanctified by their patron saint in stone, or their guardian god in brass, or their protective goddess in wood. Humbler folk, who toil and moil in field, factory or shop, clear their minds of the petty details of their inconsequential lives and fix them upon winning the blessings of their saviour, set up, in emblem, far away from the corrupting influences of the objective world.

They may have chosen a moment when no prying eyes follow their movements. Only the jaffa-orange orb of the setting sun, as it peeps through the holes in the uneven roof of the forest, bears witness to their devotional act. The birds are too wholly occupied with their evensong to waste thought upon a creature who regards himself as the lord of creation yet cannot rise above earth without bungling mechanical contraptions of prodigious proportions.

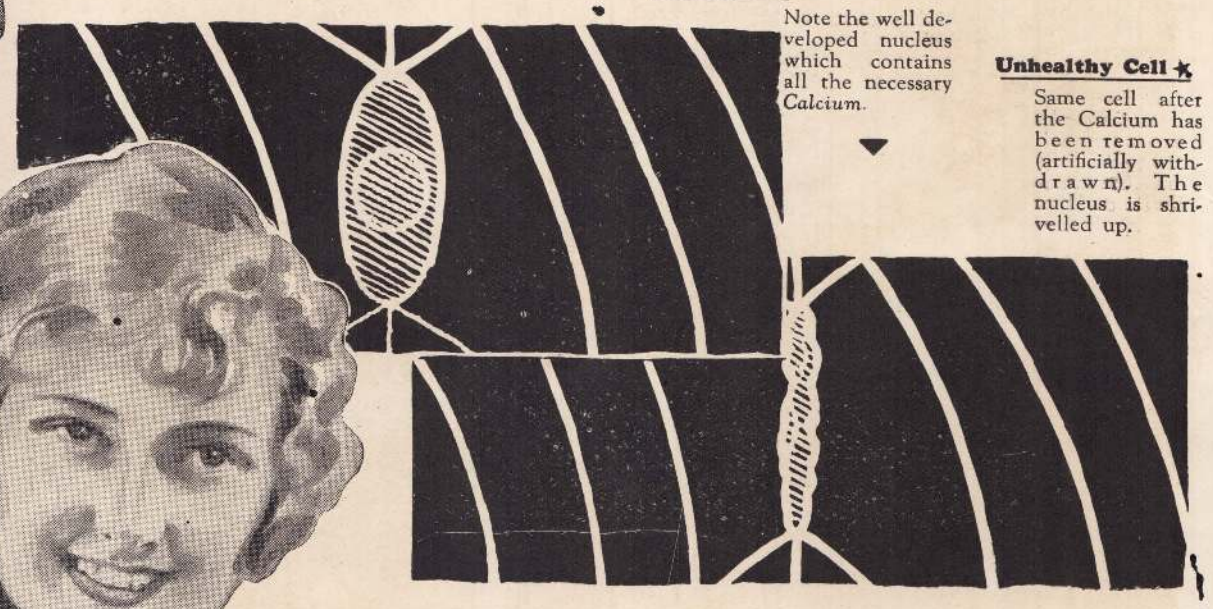
Or, what matters it if the day chosen be one when a multitude of human beings has broken into Nature's sanctuary and drowned, for the time being, the drone of insects and the chant of birds?

When one's neighbour to the right and to the left, in front and at the back, is bent upon the same pursuit, who minds being seen in a worshipful attitude before one's sacred image, begging for a boon of which no mortal may know unless he be considered worthy of being taken into confidence?

Of such sylvan shrines Ceylon has several. The soil seems to be peculiarly suited to them. They arise from it almost as naturally as the trees and underbrush which, but for man's incessant interference, would cover the face of the Island, as indeed it once must have done. These forest fanes do not belong to any one faith. Hindus, with their traditions of image worship, might naturally be expected to have them and, as a matter of fact, do have them. Buddhists, too, have them, perhaps more through accident than design, the hand of Nature having crept forward and buried in a green grave structures that once graced metropolises. Even Christians have their own sylvan shrines.

Perhaps the most fascinating fact about these sanctuaries set down in the deep recesses of the jungle is that often religions elsewhere unreconciled and irreconcilable meet and mingle here. It is, of course, not surprising to find Hinduism and Buddhism clasping hands in the cloistral light of the jungle glade, because they do so also in the glare of town life, as any one can witness, particularly at Kelaniya and Kandy. It is startling—certainly gratifying—however, to see Islam and Christianity rubbing elbows with these faiths in sequestered spots. I recall, for instance, going to a fane entombed in the depths of the jungle in south-eastern Ceylon. It was, as I shall presently relate,

LIVING CELLS, seen through microscope



Healthy Cell

Note the well developed nucleus which contains all the necessary *Calcium*.

Unhealthy Cell ★

Same cell after the Calcium has been removed (artificially withdrawn). The nucleus is shrivelled up.

Build up a strong Constitution

with KALZANA the Calcium-Food

In any of the following complaints Kalzana will give gratifying results, because it *removes the cause which underlies these troubles* — a *Calcium* deficiency in your body.

General Debility

Kalzana strengthens the cells of nerves, bones and blood — it increases your power of resistance against illness and fevers, and has a remarkable tonic effect on your health.

Weak Teeth

Kalzana makes the teeth strong and hard and prevents decay. Remember that your teeth are almost entirely built up of Calcium and any deficiency of Calcium in your body will bring about decay and weakness in your teeth.

Signs of Old Age

Kalzana lowers high blood pressure, strengthens the heart muscle and stimulates the action of the internal organs. *"Kalzana acts efficiently in reducing the blood pressure and in stimulating the glands secreting digestive juices,"* writes "The Practitioner."

BONES, blood, tissues, nerves—the whole of your body is built up of millions of living cells—and upon *their* health the health of your body entirely depends.

As the vital part of any cell—its nucleus—contains *Calcium* as an important part, it will be easily understood that a *deficiency of Calcium* immediately affects the health of your body-cells.★ Lack of Calcium is now known to be at the root of such complaints as general weakness, rickets, anæmia, weakness of the teeth, etc.

Only by supplying your body with extra Calcium will you remove the cause of your complaint and thus secure a rapid and lasting return to Health. Give your body the Calcium needed by taking Kalzana, the Calcium food.

Kalzana contains Calcium in exactly that scientific combination—sodium lactate and calcium lactate — which, unlike other forms of Calcium, is readily taken up and retained by the body-cells.

Start taking KALZANA to-day—it will give you a strong and healthy constitution. Give Kalzana to your children as well—it will provide them with strong, healthy teeth, prevent rickets, and increase their power of resistance to disease.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

Simply fill in your name and address in the margin of the paper, or send us a postcard, and you will receive a sample of Kalzana with an interesting booklet entirely free.

Write to Dept: T. C. A.
CARGILLS LTD.,
P.O. Box 23, COLOMBO.

YOUR NAME _____

YOUR ADDRESS _____

Kalzana

THE MINERAL FOOD FOR BETTER HEALTH

Obtainable at all Chemists and Bazars

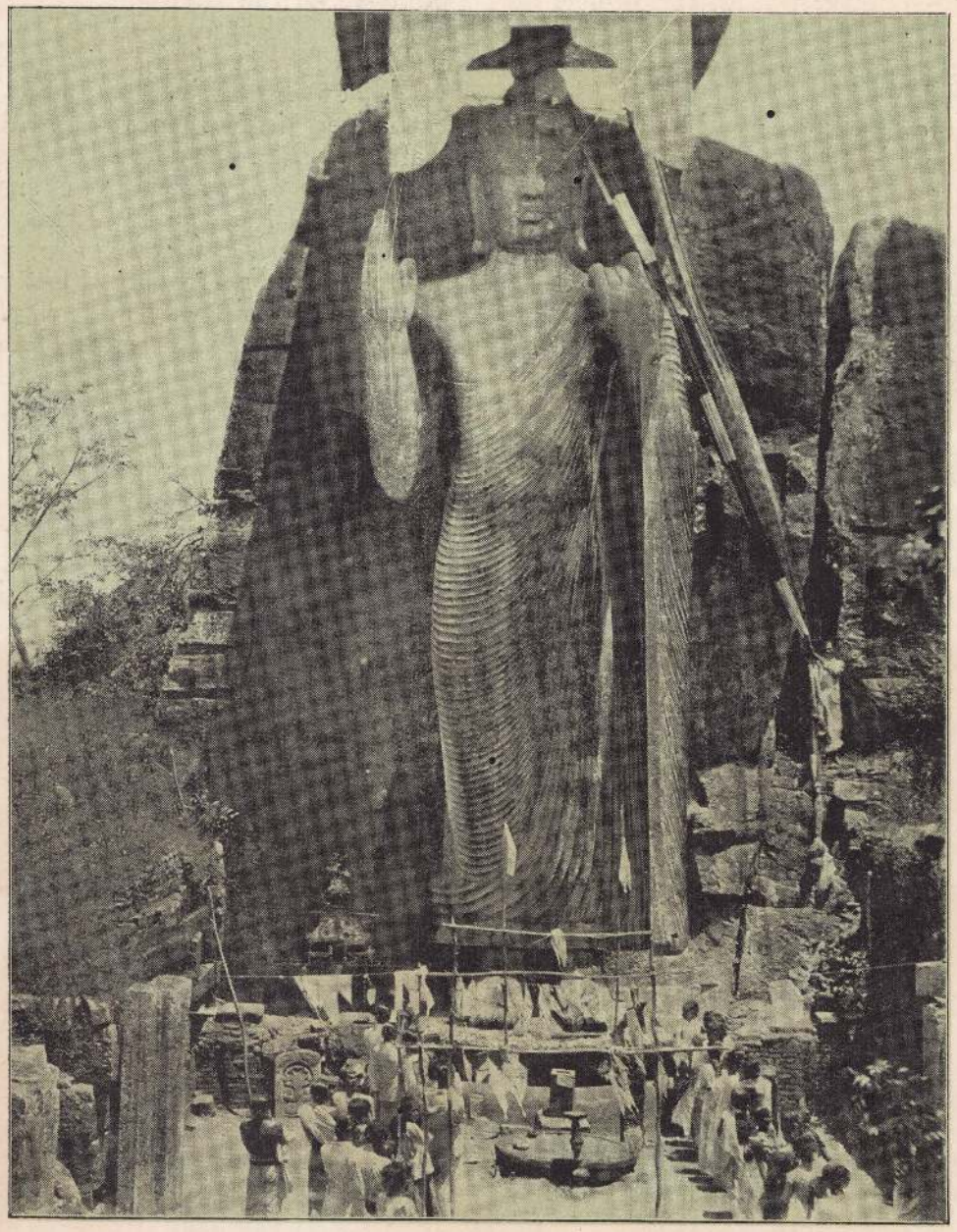
sacred to Kartikeya, the warrior son of the Hindu god Shiva, the mightiest in the pantheon embracing millions of deities. The first object that met my sight was the star and crescent of Islam flying from a pole fastened to a tree deemed holy by both Hindus and Buddhists. As I drew near I came upon men with their heads swathed in green cloth, proclaiming to the knowing ones that the wearers had performed *haj* (pilgrimage) to the distant places in Arabia sacred to the memory of the Prophet Muhammad. They had, in accordance with the centuries-old custom, let their hair grow until it fell in long locks below the tops of their collars. One man held in his hand peacock feathers and another a mace forged out of steel, chains depending from which jingled as he moved it. Above the music it made rang out the *marhabas* (bravos) of these men belonging to the holy Kalandar order. What a sight to witness—what sounds to hear—in a clearing in the jungle that could be reached only after many hours of toilsome trek from the nearest station of civilization !

A mile or so further into the forest I came upon the remains of a *stupa*. The circular structure rose from a high, rectangular plinth. A thunderbolt hurled by Indra, the mighty god ruling over the clouds and rain, had sent hurtling down thousands of the thin, small, red bricks in which the core had been encased. But so solidly had men built that even cataclysmic force had failed to shake the structure to its foundations.

Nature's heart, tenderer than the tenderest leaf upon the tiniest shoot yearning for life and expression, had been moved by the ghastly sight created by this catastrophe centuries ago. Immediately she had begun to apply balm to the gashes —to bandage and to heal the wounds.

At the time of my visit the sun was in Cancer. It shot down upon the earth rays like sharp arrows dipped in some chemical that scorched and burnt without producing a flame. The cunning web of greenery lovingly spread over the ruined *stupa* to hide the ugly scars looked sere and withered. But in my mind's eye I could see what a delightful picture it would make after Indra, ashamed of the destruction he had wrought, had sent down copious showers and sap and chlorophil again ran through the veins of the dun vegetation.

Upon enquiry I learnt that I had been gazing at relics deemed very holy by persons who plod the eightfold path blazed by Gautama the Buddha through the forest of life. On the very spot where the *stupa* was built the Englightened One had alighted in the course of all four journeys he is said to have made through the air to Lanka from India, the land of his birth and ministry. On each occasion he tarried no longer than the twinkling of an eye. But his presence had sanctified the place for all time to come.



Copyright Photograph ST. NIHAL SINGH.

The giant statue of Gautama the Buddha at Aukana, carved on the face of a huge boulder, draws to it, on auspicious days, devout Buddhists and persons professing other religious faiths, seeking, in this peaceful spot, liberation from the miseries of the world.

The principal fane of the Hindu god Kartikeya stands almost midway between the Buddhist *stupa* and the Muslim fane. The structure is neither large nor lofty. Even then its construction must have involved considerable labour and expense, for the materials had to be transported some thirty miles, partly by bullock cart and partly as head-loads.

The shrine looks upon a wide avenue that ends with a temple dedicated to Valiamma, Kartikeya's jungle love—of whom more later—a little way below the Muslim shrine. When I saw this thoroughfare the earth was baked hard and brown by the summer sun, as if it had just come out of a brick kiln.

The devotees of Kartikeya courted hardships. Such religious ecstasy had been raised within their breasts that I saw with my own eyes hundreds of men, bare-bodied but for a scanty cloth falling from the waist, lying prone upon their

faces upon this hot road, their minds concentrated upon the war-god and Valiamma. Many of them had thrust miniature *vels* (javelins)—the deity's emblem—through their arms and thighs and even their lips and cheeks. By mortifying the flesh they sought to turn their soul back into the straight and narrow path of righteousness from which the senses had deflected it.

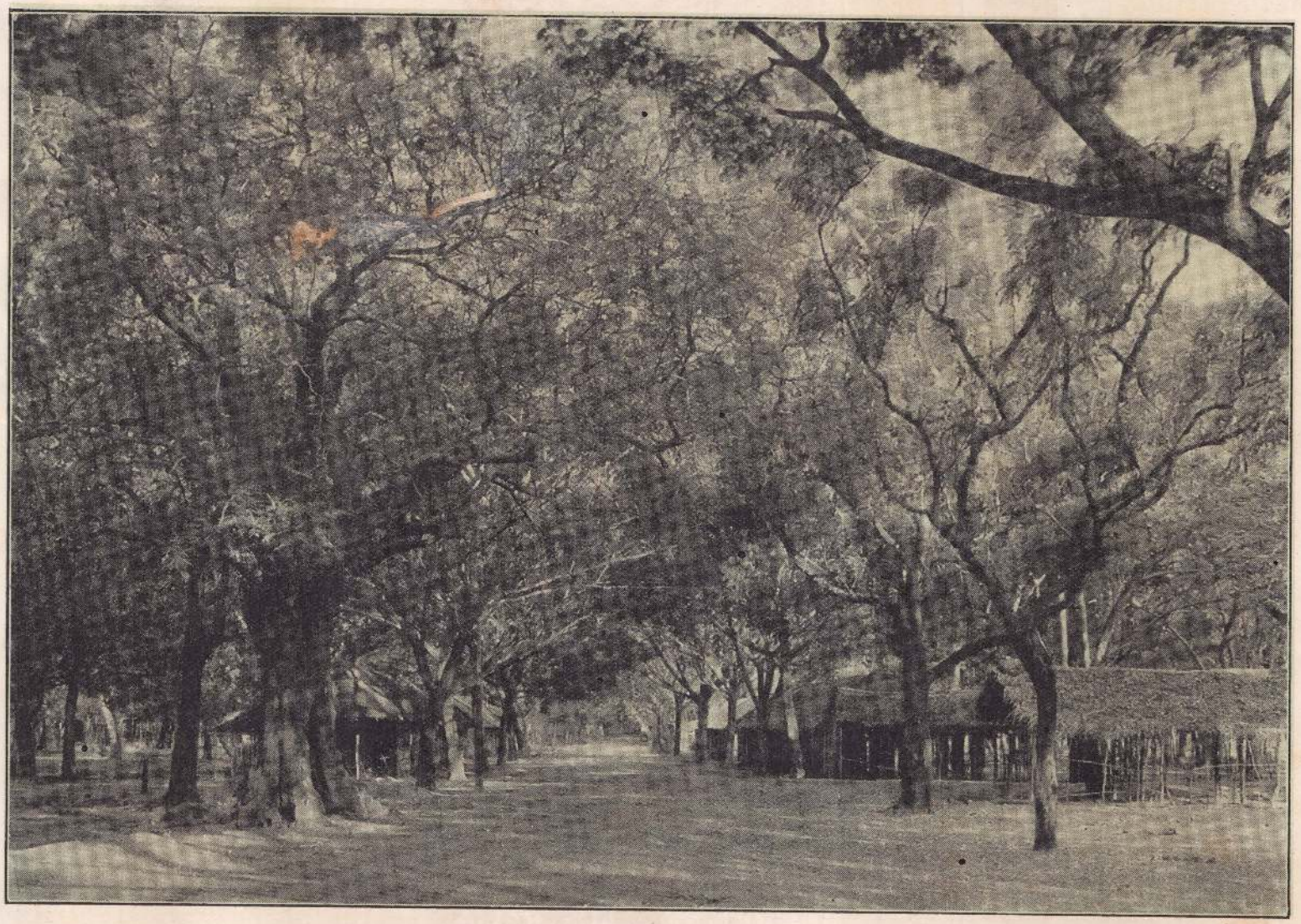
The laws of Nature that, in other places and in other circumstances, man may contravene at his peril, appeared to be broken with impunity at Kataragama. Burning camphor was being handled with *sang froid* that sent a chill scudding down my backbone. Over a lakh of rupees worth of it had been burnt, I was informed, during the procession from the Valiamma temple to the Kartikeya shrine. A Colombo girl unused to privations of any kind, had walked in the procession with an earthen pot full of burning camphor balanced on her bare head. She had not felt the heat, much less suffered from it, I was told.

A little later I fell in with a young Hindu who had won a coveted degree from a famous British University and cherished political ambitions. He had made the pilgrimage no doubt firm in the conviction that it would further that object. I found him seated in the verandah of the temporary dispensary set up by a thoughtful government. With him were several companions, so exhausted and footsore that they could hardly hobble. Some indeed had their blistered feet bandaged. But a little later, when this young man secured the preferment he craved, he must have felt that his faith in Kartikeya and his consort had been well founded.

For miles around, the jungle resounds with the echoes of a romance in which the god Kartikeya figured as the hero and Valiamma as the heroine. After leading to victory the hosts of the gods against the demon armies in a series of battles fought upon the banks of the twin-mouthed Kaluganga near the point now known to us as Kalutara but formerly famed as Velapuram—the settlement of the *vel*, his emblem—he set his face south-eastwards.

When he arrived at Dev-indra-puram, since Sinhalized into Dondra, he abandoned his stone craft and proceeded inland on foot. He had gone only a few yards when he sighted the diamond-studded, golden spire rising above the *sanctum sanctorum* of *Dev* (god) Indra, whose *puram* (settlement) he realized he had entered.

Pushing his way towards the north-east, he finally arrived at the forest glade that was destined to be called after him—Kartikeyagrama, since abbreviated into Kataragama. The beauty of the scene enchanted him and he decided to tarry there awhile. In this sylvan retreat he came upon a rustic maiden herding cattle along the margin of a pellucid brook. Forgetting that he was of the race of immortals and that his consort Devaniamma, a proud daughter of the *devas* (divinities) impatiently awaited him



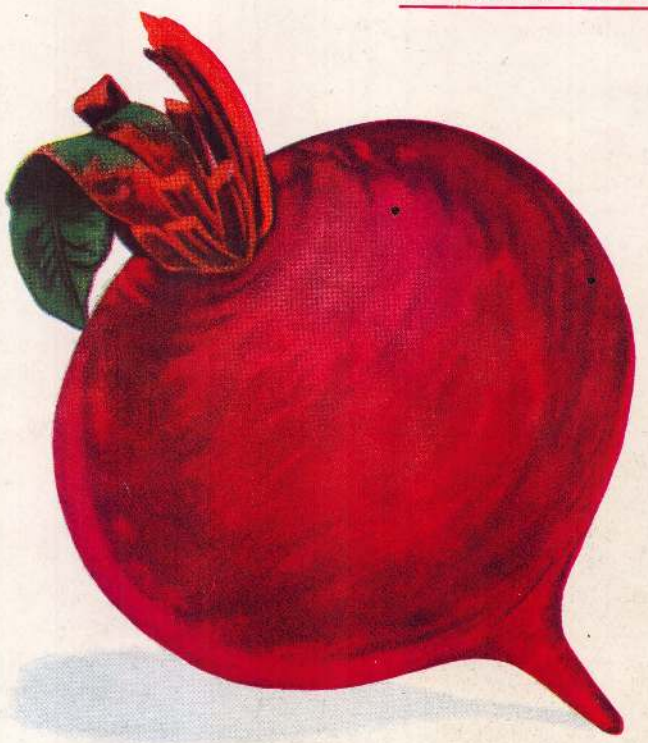
Copyright Photograph ST. NIHAL SINGH.

A little village of permanent huts has grown up around the Church at Madhu, for the convenience of pilgrims who do not wish to camp out in the open during their stay at the shrine. Arranged in the form of streets shaded by wide-branching trees, it is full of life and activity on festival days.

COOPER'S "RELIABLE" GARDEN SEEDS

IN WHICH QUALITY, SUPERIORITY OF OUR STRAINS, AND VERY MODERATE PRICES ARE LEADING FEATURES

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU



	oz.	lb.
BEET		
Crimson Globe	As. 6	Rs. 4
Lump of Sugar	As. 6	Rs. 4
CABBAGE		
Earliest Drum-head	Re. 1	Rs. 15
Copenhagen Market	Re. 1	Rs. 15
World Beater	Re. 1	Rs. 15
CAPSICUM		
Prize-Taker	Re. 1-8	Rs. 22
Ruby King	Rs. 1-8	Rs. 22
CARROT		
Early Nantes	As. 6	Rs. 5
Danver's Half-Long	As. 6	Rs. 5
Perfection Rubicorn	As. 6	Rs. 5

	oz.	lb.
KNOL KHOL		
King of the Market	As. 12	Rs. 8
Early White Vienna	As. 12	Rs. 10
LETTUCE		
Little Gem	As. 8	Rs. 7
New Romaine Cos.	As. 8	Rs. 7
LEEK		
Prize-Taker	As. 12	Rs. 8
PARSNIP		
Cooper's Champion	As. 8	Rs. 6
RADISH		
White Chinese	As. 6	Rs. 5
TOMATO		
Cooper's Monarch	Rs. 2	Rs. 28

Write for a Free Copy of Cooper's Annual.

N. Cooper & Company,

Seed Merchants, POONA, (India.)

By appointment to
H. E. THE EARL OF WILLINGDON

All the family Cheers!

Voted the purest, tastiest and most refreshing in India. Write for our free price-list of pickles, chutneys, fruit preserves and other delicacies.

when there's
LION BRAND

CRYSTALLISED FRUITS

A tempting variety, sent post free in sealed jars.

HARNARAIN GOPINATH, KHARI BAOLI, DELHI. & BAIRD ROAD NEW DELHI.

Now as Always

GUARANTEED PURE

ANTONY'S

Famous "Elephant" Brand

CEYLON TEA

FOR TEA PACKING
MOMI TEA CHESTS,
VENEER AND THREE-PLYWOOD CHESTS
IN ALL SIZES.

C. S. ANTONY & Co.

ANTONY BUILDINGS

22, Baillie St., Colombo, Ceylon.

Cables: **"ELEPHANT, COLOMBO."** *Phones:* **713, 919, 1073.**

back in India, he fell in love and carried the lady of the jungle to a cave in a hillock, where they dwelt as man and wife, forgetting everybody and everything save themselves and their *grand amour*. In time it transpired that she was not of common stock, but was a princess. A soothsayer had predicted that a stranger would come and carry her away. Her royal father had her adopted by a trusty cowherd in the belief that this ruse would foil all adventurers. But he had not reckoned with the war-god, whose dashing beauty he found as irresistible as his daughter had done.

The devout believe that Kartikeya still inhabits this region. There is a tree near a cavern in a low hill overlooking the fane which, in accordance with the tradition, is regarded as the god's abode to-day as it was millenniums ago.

Copyright Photograph ST. NIHAL SINGH.
The image of "Our Lady of Madhu," kindly placed outside the Church to make it possible for this photograph to be taken.

In the opposite corner of the Island I witnessed the same phenomenon of divergent creeds living side by side in friendly intercourse at a shrine built in the midst of the forest that marched south-eastwards from the verge of the Gulf of Mannar. It is tucked away in the jungle nigh to a lakelet rimmed with fine specimens of *terminalia alata*. A pond surrounded by trees of this species would be known in Tamil as *Marutha Madhu*. The fane, in consequence, is called *Marutha-madhu-cheba-walia-mada-koil*. Most non-Tamils find this long name jaw-breaking and content themselves with the abbreviation "Madhu."

On one occasion I chanced to visit this sylvan shrine on a feast day. Men, women and children professing various faiths were congregated near a huge cross set up in a wide avenue cut through the forest. They had come in cars and carts and by the railway, attracted thither by an image enshrined in a lime-washed Church built near the water-hole from which the place took its name. Hindus and Buddhists called the image *Mata* (mother). To the Christian it was known as "Our Lady of the Rosary," or, popularly, as "Our Lady of Madhu."

Pilgrims of whatever faith believed that any vow made—any wish expressed—before "Our Lady of Madhu" was certain to be fulfilled. Women desiring children went or were taken there by their relatives in the sure expectation that they would be blessed with progeny as the result of their pilgrimage. The lame, the halt and the blind crawled to the spot to pray to be made whole.

To revert to the feast day: I was startled at seeing a woman with dishevelled hair who was shouting incessantly *Mata*! *Mata*! Two women who, I understood, were her relatives, appeared from a distance to be belabouring her on the back with sticks broken off from some tree. Upon nearer approach it was clear that it was more of a case of patting than of chastising and certainly did the woman no harm. After a few minutes she sprang up and ran away. But she was brought back, made to lie down and was again subjected to "beating." This happened three times within my sight. Some ten minutes after my arrival she ceased crying out *Mata*! *Mata*!—and seemed to fall in a dead faint. Everybody present believed that the devil that had possessed her had been exorcised and had been driven back to hell from whence he had come to torment a helpless mortal.

The Catholic Church, I was told, did not encourage performances of this sort and everything possible was done to dissuade people from indulging in them. But many women refused to give up their belief in the efficacy of the practice, and it continued, despite such efforts.

I saw, too, many persons sitting on the bare ground in front of the Church, rubbing earth over their feet, legs, arms and bodies and heaping it over themselves as pleasure-seekers play in the sand at the sea-shore. They believed that in this way they could get rid of their ailments and infirmities. Some of them doubtless do. Faith is a potent healer! Even some scientists admit that, now.

In one corner of the churchyard, just outside the presbytery I came upon a huge pile of earth. Persons of all ages and both sexes were going up to it, scooping it up by the handful and taking it away.

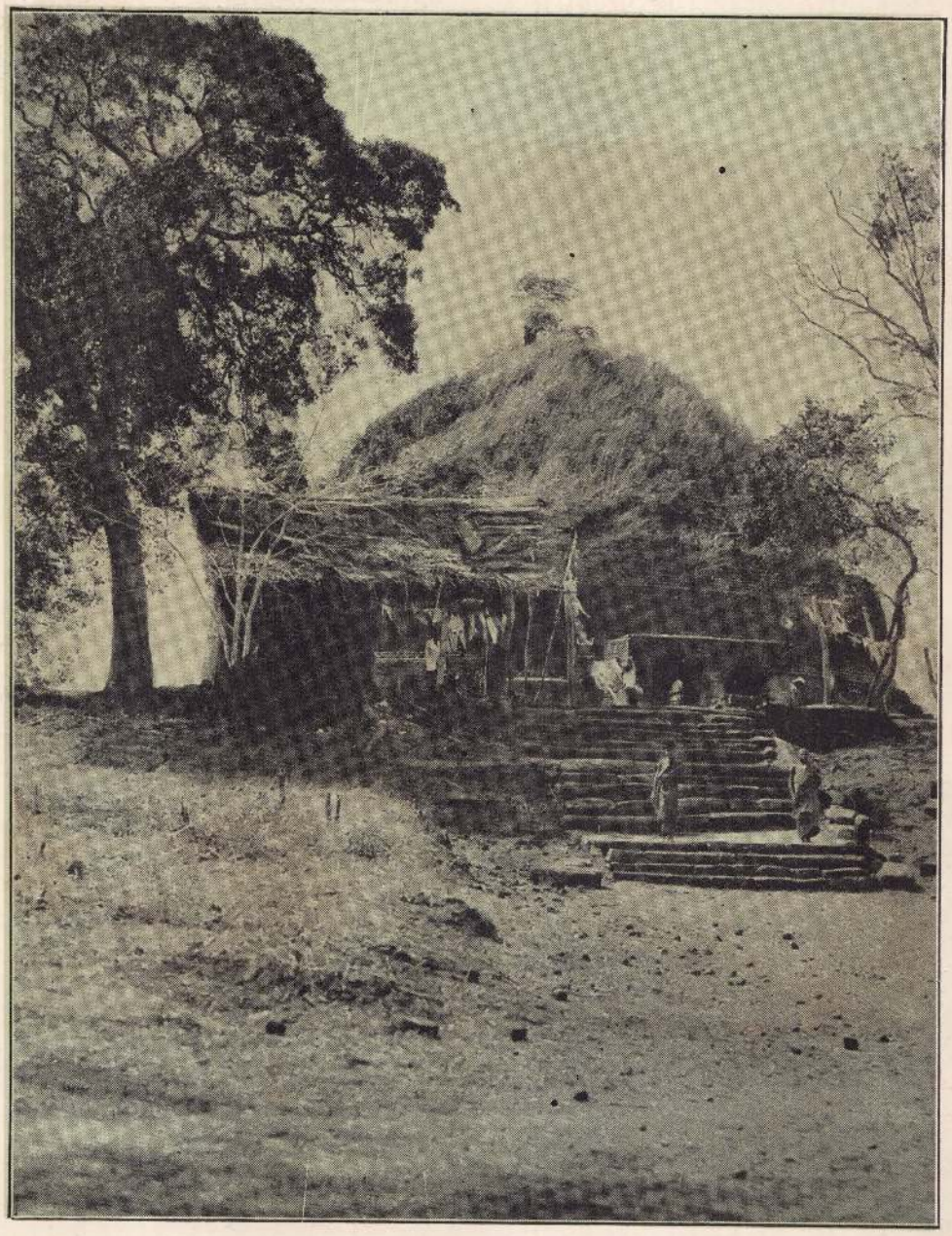
"Why are they doing that?" I asked an acquaintance whom I met.

I soon was initiated into the mystery. It was Madhu earth—believed to be very sacred and a cure for all the ills of man. Whether I believed it

or not, it was particularly a specific against snake-bite.

The scene within the Church on a feast day, once beheld, can never be forgotten. I had my first sight of it about eleven o'clock in the morning. The long, wide chamber was dim, even though outside the tropical sun had almost mounted to the meridian. Hundreds of long, lighted candles were being waved about in front of the altar above which, in a niche, was enshrined the image which had attracted pilgrims by tens of thousands to the heart of the jungle, six miles from the nearest railway halt. So solidly packed was the space from which the devotees were not shut out that I felt suffocated and had to get out of it as quickly as I could work my way through the throng.

The figure was not large—probably eighteen inches or two feet in height. Nor was it elaborately carved. The features, eyes and hair were indicated more by paint than by the carver's hammer and chisel. "Our Lady of Madhu" held an infant in the crook of her left arm, shading it with a tiny umbrella held in her hand. She wore a royal purple cloak elaborately embroidered with gold thread and coloured silks and edged with gold fringe. Round her neck hung necklaces, some of them falling almost to her feet: while on her head was a heavy gilt crown set with sparkling stones.



Copyright Photograph ST. NIHAL SINGH.

On the spot at Kataragama where this ruined *stupa* stands, Gautama the Buddha is believed by many persons to have tarried, for the twinkling of an eye, on the occasion of all four visits he is said to have paid to Lanka, whence he flew through the air from India, returning as quickly as thought to the land of his birth and ministry. His presence sanctified the spot for all time to come in the eyes of devout Buddhists.

Equally peaceful in the setting amidst which it stands is the giant figure of the Buddha carved in the living rock at Aukana or Awkana, some three score miles north-east of Anuradhapura. I visited it on a full-moon day. Leaving my car at Kekirawa, I picked my way along the railway track for a matter of a mile or so. It was not an easy journey. The sleepers were set wide apart. Instead of stepping from one to the other I had to walk over the uneven ballast. At one point it was necessary to cross a long, narrow, high bridge, with no railing by which I could steady myself. The sight of the water, far down below, glinting through the interstices, made me dizzy. Some persons avoided this risk by clambering down the steep bank, somehow making their way across the fast-flowing jungle stream and up the slippery slope on the opposite side.

A path kept clean and hard ran from the edge of the railway property through a stretch of forest. A seemingly unending procession of white-robed men and women, hatless and unshod, moved single-file, along it and were lost to sight behind the trees around a twist in the trail.

I followed in the wake of these pilgrims. After a space the earth rose, much as sea-water, churned by a gale, heaves into billows. Over it I climbed up a flight of steps fashioned somewhat rudely in the rock, and past some sheds. Here some pious Buddhists offered me tender coconuts, water, "sweet" (aerated) drinks and food.

On either side of the great, grey figure of the Liberator had been hung lengths of rich, stiff cloth. In front of the feet, carved in heroic size in conformity with the general conception of the work, had been erected a temporary altar. Small fires fed with coconut oil and unguents emitted sweet scents. Hundreds of candles burned, their pale flames, flickering in the breeze, hardly visible in the glare of the sun.

To speed me in my project for making a photograph, a young worshipper ran up the side of the boulder in which the statue was carved and held to one side the cloths with which it had been draped for the festival. Thus the face and figure remained uncovered during the fraction of a second the light-impression raced through the lens and registered itself upon the sensitive film-surface at the back of my camera. The pilgrims stood in a line at either

side of the stone figure, giving a touch of pure white to the grey of the rock and the green with which Nature had decked its immediate neighbourhood.

A friend with an archaeological turn of mind tells me that the size and general style of the statue and particularly the manner in which the folds of the robe are picked out, indicate that it must have been executed some time during the eighth century A.D. In that case the sculptor must have taken up his chisel and hammer long after Kalawewa, a couple of miles away, was built to supplement the water stored up in the smaller reservoir, Balaluwewa, and thereby ensure a plentiful supply of drinking water to the capital (Anuradhapura), some fifty-five miles distant.

The poise given to the statue at Aukana is worthy of the sage who liberated from *dukha* (misery) every human being who cared, in any clime or age, to heed his teachings. The expression of the face is not vacuous. Passion is dead. Even the joy-sense is gone. But an air of calm has been imparted that converts the cold, grey stone into a powerful sermon on the quintessence of Buddhist philosophy.

Seldom have I seen a sacred statue better integrated with the environment than this. At the back and at the left stretches the forest. Off to the right flows a stream of crystal clear water. In front is an apparently interminable stretch of land wrested from the jungle and sown to paddy. The right arm and hand of the Buddha are uplifted in the attitude betokening that he is conferring blessings. The land from which the forest has been driven, irrigated from the twin reservoirs, is certainly capable of yielding immense crops. The man from whose mind sprang this conception must have been a poet. He has left behind a monument that strews star-dust over the tank-builders' work.

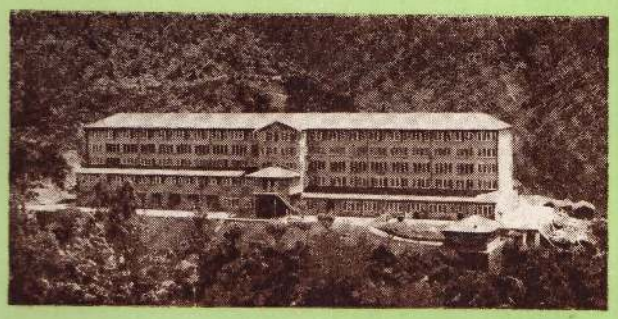
Alas ! the paddy fields in front of the statue do not stretch to the coast, as they seem to do. They end abruptly. And not so very far away the tall, dark forms of the trees, one standing close to another and all rising above a tangle of brushwood, suddenly constitute a rampart limiting the zone where man, goaded by a premonition of hunger, may drive the steel nose of the plough into the soil and, after a time, ply the sickle to gather the harvest raised with the sweat of his brow.

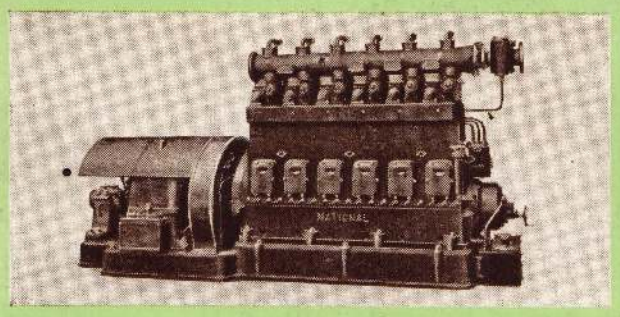
The spirit that presides over the forest has within it resistless creative impulse. It is ever awake and at work. By day and by night it weaves a green web under cover of which it is constantly forcing backwards the frontiers set up by man. One of the myriad forces of eternity, it has scant respect for the works of man unless he—a child of time and therefore finite and fallible—turns his mind away from things that perish and seeks communion with the Giver of Peace in the mellow light filtering through the chinks in the jungle roof upon one or another sylvan shrine.

"LOOK HERE—THIS STUFF I'VE INVENTED IS AS RESILIENT AS RUBBER!"
"TOO LATE——MY COOK'S BEEN DOING IT FOR YEARS!"

Walkers

FOR
ENGINEERING
AND
POWER EQUIPMENT
OF
EVERY KIND





WHATEVER
THE OBJECT, WE
CAN ACHIEVE IT

WALKER, SONS & CO., LTD.

COLOMBO — KANDY — TALAWAKELLE — BANDARAWELA — RATNAPURA — GALLE

Printed and Published at The Times Buildings, Colombo, by DAVID VAST, for The TIMES OF CEYLON COMPANY, LIMITED.