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VOL. I. No. 24.

FRIDAY, 22nd AUGUST 1947

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MOLAMURE SWEEPS AWAY OPPOSITION AT BALANGODA

N. M. Perera's Defeat A Certainty



Mr. A. F. Molamure

MR. FRANCIS MOLAMURE, who is contesting the two-member seat at Balangoda with Mr. E. W. Mathew, has got down to work in earnest. The opposition is being rapidly dissolved. Wherever he goes the people rally round him. He is certain of victory as is Mr. Mathew himself.

As was foreshadowed in last week's "U.N.P." journal, the Ruwanwella seat is a "gonner" for Sama Samajist big-wig, Herr Doktor N. M. Perera. Imbulane, the U.N.P. candidate, will now romp home. Imbulane is well ahead with key villages in his area voting en-bloc.

A surprising feature is the absence of other "red" big noises. Apparently there is a tacit understanding between the Communists and Bolshevik-Leninists that the best way to knock N. M. Perera's dictator-complex off is to let him lose his own election.

Next month we shall hear N. M. Perera denouncing the new Parliament as the "symbol of the Senanayake Betrayal"—that is, after he fails to get in.

MAHA AMARASINGHA.

Nominated



Mr. A. R. A. M. Aboobaker
(Muttur Seat)

KANDY RALLIES ROUND "APAY" GEORGE

MR. GEORGE E. DE SILVA has visited 25,000 houses in his electorate. Only in 98 of them did he find opposition. The people in the other houses all assured him their support.

The most touching feature was an old woman of 72 who wanted Mr. de Silva to send her a cart to take her to the polling station as she could not walk more than a few yards at a time.

Mr. de Silva's meetings have been well attended. He still remains "apay" George, the people's George—a factor the Godamunes and others should remember.



Mr. George E. de Silva



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Maha Amerasingha Warns

"A NEW IMPERIALISM WILL RISE IN INDIA"

"We have nothing to fear if we do not sleep"

THERE has been much rejoicing throughout Asia over the great event of August 15—the granting of Dominion Government to Hindustan and Pakistan. Ceylon also gave expression to the general feeling of satisfaction over this unique occasion.

As I went round the city of Colombo I was amazed at the number of Indian flags that decked the frontage of houses and boutiques in various quarters. It was a reminder of the Indian problem.

I rejoiced with the rest of the Asian people that such a vast land as India which had felt the heel of the conqueror for nearly two centuries had at last taken its place with the Sovereign States of the world. But at the same time my fears crystallised and I could not help pausing to look into the future.

I can see trouble ahead. I can see grave peril to the freedom of Asian countries outside the Indian States. And I would like to warn my people to take heed of the lessons of history.

I have great faith in the magnanimity, statesmanship and sense of justice of a man like Jawaharlal Nehru. He is, perhaps, the greatest living personality in the world. He has a feeling for humanity in the mass, he has an understanding of the process of historical change. If he had his way he would make every effort to give equal opportunity, equal protection to all peoples living on the Indian Continent. He is capable of leadership and is fit to guide the decisions of Asian countries. But he is as mortal as anyone else. With his death there will be no successor with that same breadth of vision and that sensibility. Hindustan will be dominated by an ever narrowing clique of power hungry medocrities. Indian finance capital will dominate the Indian Government. There will be no justice for the rest of Asia from a powerful and power-mad Indian Raj.

People tell me that India has suffered so much from the heel of the conqueror and has known enough of the corroding effect of enslavement not to wish to inflict similar punishment on other peoples.

India has not suffered as much as some of the Indian leaders have. Those who cannot feel cannot suffer and it is only the sensitive and the refined soul that can understand the agony through which a mind like Nehru's has passed in his effort to fight the whole might of a Western Empire.

What has the average Indian suffered? He does not himself know. You can whip a buffalo with a fine cord and not make him feel anything more tangible than the touch of a fly whisk. But that same blow on the hand of a child will bring pain and tears. That is the analogy that comes to my mind when I hear lip-service to human suffering from the platform of public meetings.

All Indians are not to be judged from the standard of Jawaharlal Nehru. The average Indian is no saint. He is as barbarous and as savage as any other human being in any other part of the world. We must take these factors into account and see the reality of the situation. What we may wish is not necessarily what we shall have.

WHAT does the process of history reveal? The German people divided into thirty-two different states under the iron heel of Prussian Imperialism must have known enough of the suffering of subjugation. But that did not prevent an united Germany under Bismarck from waging war—a war of imperial conquest—on the rest of Europe. A united German people used that unity to enslave others.

The French Revolution is reckoned to have released from degradation millions of downtrodden Frenchmen. That movement of liberation, with all the fanfare

of "liberty, equality and fraternity"—the slogans of 19th century liberalism, led to the greatest war of conquest then known to mankind since Attila swept across the Russian Steppes and flooded Northern Europe.

Then again, the peoples of America fought for their independence and the blood of many heroic young people drenched the soil of their battle fields. They who fought for their freedom have now become the most ruthlessly imperial of nations in the world. They produced that vicious principle of the Munro Doctrine and declared to the rest of the world that one half of a hemisphere must be set apart for their conquests and exploitation. They have kept under their power all the South American nations and races. Their puns menace every movement for liberty that raises its head in South America.

NOW the wheel has turned Eastward and we have a new menace right at our door. The time will come when the 800,000 Indians in this country will be an excuse for future Indian aggression. Your sons and mine will be told that it is necessary for the Indian armies to walk in here in order to "protect the rights and liberties of Indian citizens abroad." All the might of an industrial Indian Raj will be against us. The ideals of liberty, and of national sovereignty for which Pandit Nehru and Mahatmaji gave the finest portions of their lives will be as the dust of their bones. The savage, unlettered Indian will be the gunda of the future.

THOSE of us who have not given much time to this problem and are only conditioned by the influences of nationalism have developed a feeling of general affection for India as a whole. Our admiration for her leaders and the personal magnetism of Nehru and Gandhi possessed our minds and excluded every other consideration. On the cultural side we have not thought differently from the general currents of Indian thinking. When Rabindranath Tagore won the Nobel Prize for Literature we felt our pulses quicken with pride. We were delighted when an Easterner produced a piece like the "Gitanjali," and being a poetic people we responded warmly to the spirit of the new age.

We must admit that the cultural renaissance in India contributed largely if not wholly to the cultural renaissance in our own country. That is why our dancers and artists went on pilgrimage to Northern India, particularly to Santiniketan in the lifetime of Tagore. We learned much; above all to be proud of being an Eastern people and we began to look back for inspiration to the buried civilizations of our Golden Age. Every prominent Indian leader who visited our shores was welcomed by large masses of our countrymen. Every great Indian met with a warm reception. We hummed Indian musical airs, wrote lyrics to them in our languages and in general we were subjected willingly to a flood of Indian propaganda until our minds became possessed with an Indian mentality and a worship for everything that come from that country.

And now a silent revolution has taken place. India has broken free from the fetters of imperial rule and like a child playing with a loaded gun begun to look around her for occasions where she could demonstrate her new found power.

Those who have been to India and have kept their minds alert to the atmosphere will realise the significance of my warning. There was Dr. Khare, one time member for Overseas Indians in the Central Assembly, who said that Ceylon was like a ball at the foot of India. Perhaps this gentleman was thinking of a new game of political football but did not realise that we are as fleet of foot as any other race on the mainland and that every "champion" who has tried to score a goal on our soil has found the business rather trying and USUALLY

ending in bloodshed far in excess of his original estimates.

There was Rajagopalachariar who with assumed politeness and with his usually sleek tone, told a Madras audience: "We have been to Lanka before and we can go there again." Mr. Rajagopalachariar has a reputation for being a writer and poet, but perhaps, his study of Indian History has been coloured by a pro-Indian view, for otherwise he would not have failed to read of the battles fought on the soil of this country. My answer to him is: "We drove you out before; we can drive you out again."

THERE are people in Madras and Bengal who imagine that our country is a playground for their nincompoops. Their patronage and superciliousness may be good enough for some tribes in their country but we are not likely ever to be intimidated by the sounds of rattling swords. Indian businessmen have told some of my countrymen who were in Madras recently: "You wait till we become free and we shall put you in your places."

There was a time when we knew our place. We knew of it from the lips of great Indian poets who spoke of Lanka as the brightest jewel on the diadem of Mother India. That phraseology has changed and now we become a football for Dr. Khare and a playground for Indian merchants in Madras.

This is the situation and it indicates

the dangers of the future.

I do not wish to excite the hot blood of my people. They are too impulsive to be fed with exciting words. My only purpose is to rouse them from their complacency.

We must not be short-sighted. We must never be unworthy of the cultural heritage that is ours to protect. We must seek to make our position clear to the broad mass of the Indian people. They are as much in the dark about Ceylon as they are about their own rights and liberties. There is one bond that is common to all mankind and that is the bond of learning and literature. We cannot forget that the time is long past when we can hope to live as an isolated people closing our doors to the rest of the world. We must not let our prejudices turn our heads nor must we be afraid to insist on taking our rightful place in the family of nations.

We must not be afraid of numbers. It was never superiority of arms that brought our armies low in days gone by. I do not think that any other country of the size of Ceylon and any people so scarcely equipped as we were in the 18th and 19th centuries would have fought and survived as many battles as we fought against such formidable forces as were ranged against us. That same spirit still throbs in the nation. Those same hearts still beat proud and strong. We have nothing to fear if we do not sleep.

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CEYLON'S LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

IT is a long, long way to Kan-kesanturai. Two hundred and fifty miles from Colombo, this little spot of Beauty and Quiet lies nestling amidst the tall, majestic-looking palmyrah palms silhouetted against the deep blue sky. To those who are heart weary and to those who are tired of the fever and fret of existence it is a Paradise. Here peace blossoms everlastingly like the "red, red rose that's newly sprung in June....."

A mile away from the Railway Station overlooking the azure of the sea and the sky, with groves of palmyrah palms scattered helter skelter there stands a neat looking row of buildings—the Sanatorium ideally situated in close proximity to the sea.

My first glimpse of this Sanatorium enchanted me. Like some Princess Beautiful from an old world legend it cast on me a mysterious spell which was very difficult to shake off. You see the Sanatorium and you are absolutely captivated by its deep serenity. You cannot help thinking that here at last is the blessed spot on earth you have long dreamt of, the "Lake Isle of Innisfree" of every man's dream, come true.

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The life of a T.B. patient is tinged with a sadness too deep for human tears. Cut off from his (or her) nearest and dearest, and compelled to live in such isolation for endless months or may be years, it is usually a story of a heroic struggle against terrible odds. It is no peaceful rhapsody, no bed of roses. Oft times the way is dark, and there seems no light in all the world. It is then that life unfolds the pain in existence, the eternal coldness in all things that are born and which must perish in the end.....

Election Cameos—3

COMPLETE with a blue-curtained background and the glare of footlights, last week's election highlight was the well-rehearsed stage act put over at the Colombo Town Hall by the political bikkhus.

Let it be recorded to the lasting credit of the laity present, that this performance was received with a stony silence that was eloquent of the dignified disapproval of the "pantomime" staged by the saffron-robed actors on the stage.

Did I say silence? Yes, but I nearly forgot to mention the periodical outbursts of the cheer-leaders and their followers who were placed in strategic positions in the audience. Even this performance was amateurish to the point of being positively clumsy. The speeches from the platform were punctuated with a too-well-rehearsed precision to make the cheering spontaneous.

The audience might well have been amused at this spectacle if not for the fact it was more revolting than amusing.

The desecration of the saffron robes against the blue-curtained background and in the glare of footlights, provided for the public stage performance of a well-known Indian dancer who was to appear on the same stage a few hours later in the evening, kindled mixed feelings of indignation and disgust among the audience which the almost obscene

By
A. S. Ranasingha

One group of girls was engrossed in a game of carrom. Another set of them was engaged in an absorbing game of cards. Some were knitting with rainbow coloured wool. In another corner some were busy dress-making. Here then was no picture of despondency of misery and heart-ache. On the contrary, those smiling faces of girls who were for the most part just on the threshold of youth were a vivacious picture of buoyancy and hope.

One thing they lacked, I observed, was Music. In spite of the radio set I could not help thinking what a real delight it would be to those who are afflicted a good radiogram which could provide good music. Here is an opportunity for a charitable benefactor to make good a long felt need in this Sanatorium. A radiogram will add much colour to these brave young smiling lives.....

* * *

I UNDERSTOOD arrangements had already been made for a recreation room and work on a Buddhist Shrine-room has already been begun. The present Buddhist Library had been donated by Mr. Daya Hewavitarne. The first Medical Officer, Dr. George Ranawake, now Medical Superintendent, T.B. Campaign, whose name is still green in the memory of so many has donated the reading room. Will some generous-hearted Catholic provide a Chapel for the Catholics—a real need.

I left the Sanatorium with a sense of profound joy to hear that the Medical Officer, Dr. J. R. Wilson, has been selected to proceed to the United Kingdom to qualify still further in T.B. work. The experience he has already gathered during the past will stand him in good stead and on his return to the Island with fresh laurels acquired from the field of modern medical research he will be a live-wire in the intensive island-wide drive against T.B. to be launched shortly. His selection, I felt, was an honour and a well deserved tribute to one who had been so consistently and so selflessly and heroically devoted himself to the preventive and curative work of T.B.

orations of the bikkhus on the platform merely aggravated.

And what was the burden of their song? Let me quote from the presidential "piece": "Political bikkhus are not restrained by the Vinaya from taking an interest in politics as a science in itself." This was the defence for being the dramatic personnae in this one-act drama.

And how did they proceed to demonstrate their "interest in politics as a science in itself?" Casting aside even the flimsiest pretensions of restraint and dignity, which traditionally have been associated with the Sangha, the speakers at the Town Hall tamasha indulged in orations that touched a "new low" in abuse and invective, which one has hitherto been accustomed to hear from the professional political stooges who sell their wide-mouthed venom for a pittance to deride and decry the claims of contesting candidates at election time.

And what may we ask, was the provocation for all this abuse and invective? As is always characteristic of advocates who fight lost causes, resort to these weapons was made by these speakers to urge their audience to "lend a hand" in preventing the smashing victory of the United National Party leader, Mr. D. S. Senanayake at Mirigama.

(Continued on page 6)

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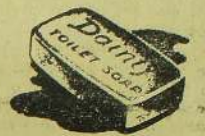
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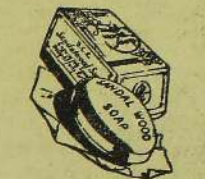
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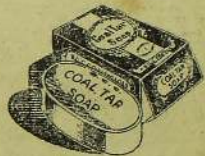
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u.n.p.

Friday, 22nd August, 1947

THE INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE

A PHENOMENON of the General Elections is the arrival in the political arena of the Independent candidate. There was every justification for independent political action under the old Donoughmore Constitution which demanded no Party allegiances and therefore no particular ideological complex. Any effort to work as a Party would not have come to any good under that Constitution because the necessity to divide the Council into several separate Executive Committees would have dissipated the energy of those who formed that Party. Unless such a Party seized power in a few Executive Committees by having preponderous majorities in all of them and they also had the power in the open House to confirm the decisions arrived at in Committee there would have been no purpose in working a Party system. There would have been innumerable occasions when compromise would have been the only solution to various problems of Committee Government. That, therefore, was the day for the Independent Candidate.

We know how difficult it was to produce the results we desired by working such a system of Government. We agitated for a reformed Constitution in order that we may have an opportunity in this country of working a Party system because that is, as far as political thought has advanced in the world, regarded as the most efficient method of running the affairs of the country.

We have obtained such a Constitution, and the greatest need of that Constitution is the creation of a vigorous Party system. We can understand those who oppose the United National Party, however unfounded the grounds for that opposition may be. We are resolved to fight that opposition but we do not deny to them the right to oppose. But we cannot understand why so many as nearly a hundred people in this country who are public spirited enough to come forward as candidates for Parliament should describe themselves as "Independent." Perhaps they may have the view that in no existing political party can they find the principles that meet their approval. This attitude of intellectual conceit is not likely to help the electorates they seek to represent. If a person imagines himself to be the fountain spring of all political wisdom he is handicapped at the very outset in his endeavour to be of service to his fellow countrymen. He is

not likely to have that degree of humility which is demanded of those who enter public life.

We are no longer in the Middle Ages when the individualist fashioned the destiny of the State. In those days it may have been possible for someone to gather together a few people around him and influence the political movements of his time. Today such personalities cannot dominate politics unless we have a Fascist Regime which has the power to carry out the wishes of a particular individual. Democracy, as it operates in 1947, functions through the representatives of the people and in that way carries out the wishes of the people themselves. Anyone who presumes to know more than the average person is not only guilty of high presumption but is unfit to have the confidence of an electorate which enjoys the inalienable right of adult franchise. It is undoubtedly the privilege of anyone to think of himself in any way he or she may wish. Private views of that kind, however, must be restricted to that particular person and must not become an article of public faith.

Another kind of Independent candidate is the person who probably joined one of the several political parties in the hope that he might secure its backing and its nomination for the purpose of winning a seat in the Parliament. When the Party concerned denied to him that nomination and that support he may have felt piqued and decided to try his fortunes as an Independent. Such people have betrayed an alarming lack of a sense of democratic morality. When someone joins a Party and accepts the constitution of that Party he binds himself to follow the decisions of the properly constituted authority that is set up for the administration of its affairs. If he rebels at the very outset against a decision that may have gone against him he stands self-condemned; and for such people there could be no place in a country which desires to make of itself a self-respecting and honoured land in the world. We must realise that those who cannot be members of a Party and work together with others for a common purpose are unfit for democracy and even more unfit to represent thousands of fellow-citizens in so important an assembly as the Parliament of the land. No one in the world can regard himself as indispensable to his fellow beings. Otherwise death would be a tragedy of far greater import than it would seem to those who understand the inexorable march of time. If a country is to progress it cannot afford to pin all its hope on one single individual and risk all on the unpredictable fortunes that might attend his life. It is wiser to pin our hope whether as a country or as a Constituency on a Party which aims at functioning in a democratic and just manner.

In the modern world there are sufficiently well marked differences between the political organisations that set out to ask for the vote of the people. These differences are accentuated in Ceylon by the emphasis that the United National Party places on the achievement of Socialism in the democratic way and by the emphasis that is placed by the Marxists on the achievement of a Totalitarian Workers' State by the process of revolution and civil war. Surely there is sufficient ideological merit on which the decision of anyone can be made and the choice of anyone can be based. It is therefore unnecessary, presumptuous and dangerous for anybody, however celebrated he may be, to think that he is so far above the rest of humanity that he cannot, in all conscience, give his allegiance to one party or another. We appeal to the country, therefore, to consider the approach of Independent candidates in this light, remembering all the time that what is important is not the temporary gain or loss of one party or another but the effect it will have on the making of history.

When we exercise the sacred right to vote, we have to bear in mind that we are not merely expressing a personal wish but by our act deciding the fate of generations yet unborn.

OF MEN & THINGS

American Poets and Ceylon

CEYLON has been mentioned many a time in the poems of English writers, the most famous being the reference in Keat's poem: "Isabella or the Pot of Basil." But how many American poets have referred to Ceylon?

At a recent Colombo party this question was asked as part of a quiz. But the best answer received was "I remember Longfellow mentioned Ceylon in one of his poems."

The fact is Longfellow had two references to Ceylon and Whittier three. In Longfellow's "The Iron Pen" (or "The Iron Pen made from a fether of Bonnevadr, the Prisoner of Chillon, the handle of wood from the frigate 'Constitution' and bound with a circlet of gold inset with three precious stones from Siberia, Ceylon and Maine") Longfellow writes:

"When you gave it me under the pines
I dreamed these gems from the
mines
Of Siberia, Ceylon and Maine
Would glimmer as thoughts in the
line."

In "The Hanging of the Crane," Longfellow refers to a member of the household absent from home:

"One is a wanderer now afar,
In Ceylon or in Zanzibar
Or sunny regions of Cathay."

Soya Beans

WITH the flour position not too satisfactory, why don't our bakers have soya bean flour for bread, asks a reader. I have tasted soya bean bread turned out at a Jaffna bakery and found them delicious.

Soya bean bread must be nutritious, for the soya bean contains about four times as much protein as any other cereal and five times as much as that of rice.

But first let us give them the beans!

(Continued on page 5)

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TO MY FELLOW TAMILS

CEYLON is getting Dominion Status even as India has got it this year. The British Government has already announced that Ceylon will get its Dominion Status early next year.

The Dominions "are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate to one another in any respect of their domestic or external affairs." (Balfour Report). The Statute of Westminster provides that "no act of Parliament of the United Kingdom passed after the commencement of this Act shall extend, or be deemed to extend, to a Dominion as part of the law of that Dominion, unless it is expressly declared in that act that the Dominion has requested, and consented to, the enactment thereof."

Under this scheme the British Government has no power to veto or amend, or even to consider, any Bill passed by the Parliament of Ceylon. Any Act of the Parliament of Ceylon becomes the law of the land in Ceylon and there can be no appeal whatsoever against it to an outside authority.

NO MORE DEPUTATIONS

Under these conditions the "All Ceylon Tamil Congress" can no longer think of going on deputations to London with their appeals or reforms. Nor will there be any Commission, Royal or otherwise, coming here to draft a constitution for Ceylon which is getting her inherent right of full responsible self-government and of framing her own constitution. Thus whatever measures we desire, whether for the good of the Tamils or for the good of all poor people of all races, the Ceylon Parliament has to pass them. And in this Parliament the Sinhalese, having the largest popu-

By
C. Coomaraswamy
(Retd. G. A.)

lation of all races, would naturally be in a majority—communally speaking. Therefore it goes without saying that unless we as Tamils get a share in the Government by co-operation with the Sinhalese we cannot hope to ameliorate the poor economic conditions of the Tamil people.

A WAR CRY

The "All Ceylon Tamil Congress" sounds a war cry against the Sinhalese. If the Tamil Congress candidates are returned to Parliament they can never get the support of the Sinhalese and create communal hatred, for hatred begets hatred. They can never hope to secure any benefits for the Tamils, for these can be obtained only with the co-operation and goodwill of the Sinhalese. Hereafter there will be no higher power outside Ceylon for the Tamils to appeal to.

To create communal bickerings and to ride on the tide of the communal wrangle to fame is very easy. Hitler rose to power, intoxicating the German masses with the idea of the superiority of the Nordic Race and their Aryan descent; and this great German nation is now paying for its racial arrogance, lying prostrate and biting the earth. The Japanese boasted of their descent from the Sun and claimed the whole world as theirs by birthright, and this proud race is today licking the dust trampled under the foot.

LIVE TOGETHER

My countrymen, we have only this small Island of Ceylon to call our own. For good or for ill, the Sinhalese and we, Tamils, have lived together side by

side for centuries and for good or for ill we have to live and work together for ever and ever. We do not want Tamil-Sinhalese riots in Ceylon. You have seen with your own eyes how the Tamil Congress is adopting Hitler's methods of disturbing meetings. These methods may ultimately pave the way to communal riots.

It is not merely seats in Parliament, and jobs for the Middle Classes that we are concerned with. There are many important problems for our national leaders to grapple with. Unemployment is increasing day by day. Disease and starvation are taking heavy toll. The bulk of the population is still illiterate. Can we then afford to spend ourselves out in inter-communal squabbles for loaves and fishes?

Whatever might have been our attitude during the period of constitution-making, now that the question has been finally settled, and Dominion Status is about to be conferred on our country we have to look at the whole question from an entirely different point of view and to do what is best for us in the altered circumstances. Let us forget the past and look to the future. There is no use raking up old grievances fancied or real, nor is this the time to think of possible intentions on the part of the majority community. We can think of action to be taken if and when the necessity arises. It is only when co-operation fails that we should think of other methods.

My countrymen, I speak to you as a Tamil, as a son of Jaffna and as one of you, feeling from the bottom of my heart for your welfare and interest. Whoever amongst you marches with the Tamil Congress in its present attitude is making the Tamils court ruin and disaster. Therefore when you go to the polls to exercise your sacred right to vote, I am sure you will prove yourselves worthy of your race.

A. P. Jayasooriya

By P. Rengaswamy

THOUGH still under fifty, he has had a diversified career: Lawyer, Chairmen of Commissions, Educationist, Organiser of social movements and above all a friend of the poor.

He ever reminds me of Abraham Lincoln and with him I am sure he would say:

"Die when I may, I want it said of me By those who know me best, that I always

Picked a thistle and planted a flower Fellow citizens you know whom I am, I am

Plain A. P. Jayasooriya, my politics Are short and sweet like the old woman's dance

If elected, I shall be thankful, if not It will be all the same."

The boys of the L.S.S.P. who swear by Soviet Russia dare ask in one of their pamphlets "What good did Mr. A.P.J. do to his constituency?" During the eleven years of his stay in Council the services he rendered to his constituency in particular and the country in general are too numerous for an article of this nature to recount.

A.P.J.'s book "My Services to My Constituency and to My Country" rocks the imagination. It baffles one to think how soon the Sama Samajists have forgotten the days of old when behind prison bars they shed crocodile tears. Let them remember that it was A.P.J. who led the move to set them free.

Mr. A. P. J. represents the submerged tenth of the Horana Constituency as no one else does. Enriched by a selfless service with his incomparable richness of intellect and imperishable sincerity will surely serve as our right leader, a beacon light to guide us all.

OF MEN & THINGS

(Continued from page 4)

Tagore Festival

BOUQUETS to Raju Coomaraswamy, Producer of the Sinhalese translation of the Tagore Play, "Post Office." It was a fine effort. Every member of the cast came up to scratch.

What is significant is that this play was in Sinhalese but was directed and produced by a Tamil, and the main inspiration came from Dr. W. Balendra, another Tamil. It occurred to me that in this we saw the unity and breadth of cultured minds. The leading roles in the play itself were taken by Sinhalese, but the role of flower girl was played by Kamala Balendra. She spoke Sinhalese without the trace of an accent.

This is the kind of thing we must develop in this country. I would now like to see a Tamil translation of the play produced by a Sinhalese. It is the petty minded, savage, unlettered people who cling to racial self-importance and imagine that all other races are inferior."

"Dravidian Head"

BEAUTIFUL Mrs. Rajasingham has been beautifully painted by the gifted portrait painter Mrs. (Maisie) M. W. M. de Silva. Much thought was given to the title of the picture and the solution was found by the sitter herself who suggested "Dravidian Head," which, I think, is a perfect title. It is now in the Colombo Art Gallery.

A little bird tells me that some "cats" have been catty about this. When I identified these felines I was not surprised. Even the canvas would protest if anyone tried to paint them. Good looks are not their strong point.

Heroic Indonesians

THE Indonesians, who were again subjected to bullying by their Dutch imperialists, are a heroic people. It will be remembered that

they were among the first Asian nations to attempt to overthrow the foreign yoke.

In the first serious revolt, led by the Indonesian hero, Diponegoro, against the Dutch (1825-30), the Indonesians inflicted heavy damages on the Dutch. Later revolts were witnessed in 1849 and 1888.

These were impelled by the attitude of the Dutch, who immediately after the first rebellion, imposed a most iniquitous "forced culture system" of exploitation, under which the Indonesians were obliged to enter into contracts with the Dutch Government only, which fixed the prices and exploited them mercilessly.

The iniquitous Dutch have not changed much, since then.

Who's a Gentleman?

WHO'S a gentleman? I asked this question from a woman worker. "There's none to talk about," she retorted. Her main grievance was that the age of chivalry was dead. "Not a man gets up and gives me a seat when I travel in the tram to office," she added. I asked a few characteristic "gentlemen" how they react when a woman enters a tram. Here is a summary of their views:—

Mr. X: "Women do the same jobs as us. They have found equality. I find no difference between us. So I do not get up at all. I prefer to read a book than attend to a woman."

Mr. Y: "Let them hang!—strap-hang, I mean. If they could claim equality with men, they cannot again expect us to treat them gently. They cannot have it both ways."

Mr. Z: "I don't care for the flapper type that flits into trains and trams. But I do respect the gentle sort, whom we can spot out by instinct."

Which leaves us still with a hope that chivalry is after all not so dead.



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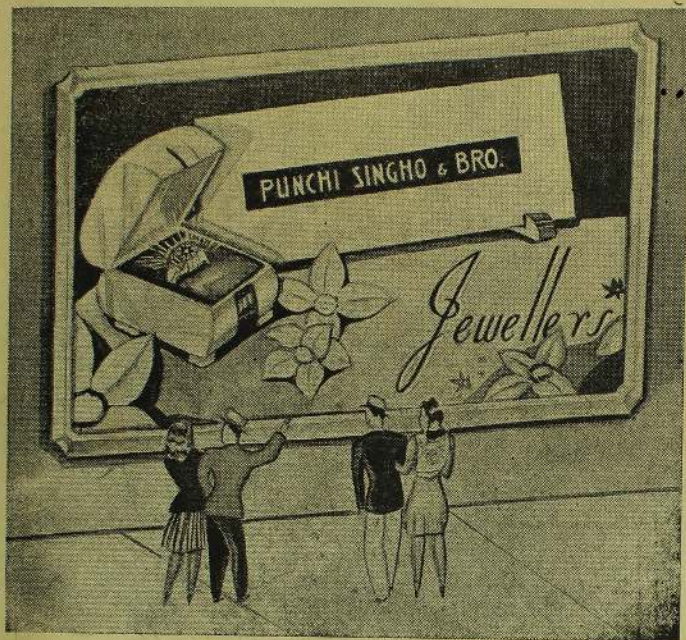
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ANTICS OF THE "TIMES OF CEYLON"

"THE Times of Ceylon" in an editorial on Tuesday, August 19, professes great consideration for the "dignity and fairness of this Island's political life" and the "freedom" of the Buddhist Sangha to take part in politics.

The United National Party attitude on this question is strongly condemned. "The virtuous indignation of the U.N.P. against the so-called political bhikkhus is a little difficult to understand." It is well known to the newspaper reading public of this Island that the wisecracks on the staff of this paper have rarely been able to understand any of the problems that have faced us from time to time. It is fortunate for this Island that we do without the platitudes that are doled out in a column and a half every day in this newspaper.

To quote again: "Nothing, in our opinion, is more hollow or pretentious than the persecution campaign that the U.N.P. have launched against the bhikkhus who refuse to share that Party's political views." Nothing, in our opinion, is more hollow or pretentious than this affected pose of grave concern for the Sangha that comes from this paper. We have not forgotten its record of the near past, a black record indeed, when it campaigned every day against the Sinhalese, not because it had any particular affection for minority communities but because its one objective was to create internal communal dissension in Lanka so that imperial interests could continue to dominate this country on the ground that we were not fit for self-rule owing to the lack of national unity.

The "Times of Ceylon" has played its full part in creating communal trouble in Ceylon. It was responsible in no small measure for encouraging the egocentric outpourings of Mr. G. G. Ponnambalam. Ponnambalam was a good man, a patriot and a capable leader. The "Times of Ceylon" and a few of his not

so bright followers like Dr. Naganathan egged him on to more and more excessive demands until he found he had gone too far and that retreat was impossible.

The other day this paper tried to whip up the communal feelings that had died down by devoting several columns of its space to the translation of articles that appeared in the Sinhalese Press. There was no doubt at all that the "Times" was waiting for some kind of an opportunity to create conflict between the communities.

One would have thought that with the arrival of a new Editor the old game of Imperialism would have ended and the policy of the paper would have become worthy of the highest traditions of journalism. We still have faith in the present Editor's sense of fairplay and justice. But, perhaps, the infection of the old regime has not been completely removed from the minds of some other members of the staff. It is a peculiar phenomenon of a slave country that one should find brown Imperialists much more self-opinionated and patronising than the Whites themselves. This is a malady of course that does not affect the really intelligent people. The petty chap is usually the one who creates a great deal of noise by trying to make everyone believe that he is carrying the Island's reputation on his shoulder. That kind of creature possibly still lurks here and there.

The time has come when no one can stop the progress of the nation. To the credit of the European community in Ceylon it must be said that they have accepted the new status of Ceylon with good grace and a willingness to cooperate. It is a pity that a handful of scribblers should set out to haul us back to the pre-Donoughmore era. Their crocodile tears will not deceive the people. If they do not watch out the people will soon begin to take "direct action" on their own account. Those who seek protection behind the facade of "privilege" and anonymity must realise that they cannot distort facts and invent stories every day and get away with it.

Election Cameos—3

(Continued from page 3)

One need hardly wonder why the guns of the political bhikkhus are turned on Mirigama in particular and the U.N.P. in general. The answer is that the assured victory at Mirigama and at the other constituencies at which the U.N.P. will sweep the polls, will also be the death-knell of the political bhikkhus in this country.

This incongruous mushroom spectacle of the political bhikkhu which reared its head to desecrate the traditional reverence and the dignity of the Sangha, will be wiped out by the will of the people who will return candidates who oppose the indulgence in politics by members of the Sangha.

Will it then not be a strange irony that the political bhikkhus who seek to justify their activities by the cloak of "taking an interest in politics as a science in itself," should be liquidated by the boomerang of a mandate to quit, in the shape of a verdict at a political general election?

THE LIMITS OF FREEDOM

By Victor C. Perera
(Proctor, S. C.)

WE are on the threshold of a great venture in the realm of Government. It is well therefore for us to examine what the word 'Freedom' means and what it stands for. The sense of freedom is perhaps one of the most intoxicating of human emotions. To win it men have been willing even to sacrifice their lives on the altar of liberty. The very word "Freedom" conveys to us an idea of spaciousness, of boundless possibilities. All the more do we need to understand it, and above all how much of it is good for us.

One of the first lessons that Nature teaches us is that there are limits to freedom. We are under her reign of law, and we defy the great natural laws at our cost, and sometimes what a cost

(Continued on page 7)

FLOOD SITUATION IS HELD—BUT WORK MUST GO ON

WE commend the Government for its prompt action with regard to the flood distress in the country. The vigorous action taken to render every possible assistance to those who have been forced to abandon property and homes must be continued until all traces of distress are removed. It was heartening to see those of the members of the Board of Ministers who happened to be in Colombo meet promptly on receipt of necessary information about the situation in the country.

I am personally aware of the vast scale on which damage has been caused. I do not think that those thoughtless people who went round in cars with their families sight-seeing realised what distress and heart-break had been let loose upon thousands of people. I surveyed the flooded areas by air. I saw one vast sheet of water after another with, here and there, a few spots of land no more than the size of a pocket handkerchief dotting the landscape below.

This was a panoramic view but in terms of human suffering it told a story of tears and blood. It is a terrible thing to be washed out of your home. It is a more terrible thing not to be able to know the fate of those members of your family who have been separated by the sudden onrush of water. There are still hundreds of families in this plight. More than food and water these people need the comfort of information about their dear ones.

The flood has taken its toll of the dead and many will yet die of pneumonia and kindred diseases. We must prepare for that.

I wish with all my heart that it would have been humanly possible to have removed every person in danger from the threatened areas. I went into this question and I found that a very natural human desire to remain in one's home until the eleventh hour was responsible in a great measure for the marooning of large numbers of people even on the banks of rivers where ordinary common-sense should have indicated, the flood waters would have reached first. I do not blame such people. You cannot blame anyone for being human and responding to natural instincts.



HOWEVER that may be, the Government must face the result of that situation. Those who have the money and the leisure should also be of whatever service they could to those in distress.

Thousands of them do not have a single article of clothing except the home clothes in which they ran out of their houses. Every bit of clothing left behind has perished in the waters. Every ounce of food in the family larder has disappeared; household articles are of no value and must be replaced from the kitchen to the verandah.

One has only to picture oneself in this condition and calculate the cost of such replacements to realise what colossal sums of money will be necessary to meet the needs of the moment. Clothing and food are items towards which the individual can make his contribution.

An opportunity for co-ordinating efforts in this direction is available because of the Governor's Relief Fund. I hope that the public of this country will contribute at least a million rupees. I am sure that no one can remain unmoved if he would only think a little of the

plight of these thousands of our brothers and sisters. I hope, if any more persuasion is necessary, that they will think of the little children, from the babes in arms to the toddlers of 2 and 5, who do not possess anything but the little baby linen on their shoulders.

Beyond this I do not think the public contribution can be effective and it is then that Government must take upon itself the full responsibility for the rehabilitation of the homeless. I do not urge that the houses of landlords should be rebuilt at State expense although a general and fairly generous subsidy may be warranted by the circumstances. But I do urge that the little homesteads of wattle and daub which crashed and became rubble in a moment's onrush of water should be rebuilt anew for the

By
Col. J. L. Kotelawela

peasants. We cannot have thousands of our countrymen without a roof above their heads.

It is not, I insist, a question of power politics or mere propaganda. I would hate to see anyone trying to make political capital out of the nation's distress. In my view anyone who seeks to triumph over the sufferings of the multitude can never come to a good end. There must be prompt and swift action to achieve these colossal tasks so that the aftermath of the flood may not be worse than the flood itself.

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THE LIMITS OF FREEDOM

(Continued from page 6)

it is! These natural laws, so long as we obey them, are wholly beneficent. But once we break them, they will wreak their vengeance on us. We might feel what a glorious thing it is to jump down a precipice. The jump may be exhilarating, but it would come to an end when we reached the bottom. And what obtains in the natural realm is also true of the spiritual. There, too, we are confronted by eternal laws against which there is no appeal. We might give way to our basest instincts, to debauchery and vice. We have perfect freedom to do so, but so surely as night follows day, punishment comes swift and sure. Plainly the universe in which we live, the system which will outlast all democracies, all our revolutions, is a system which holds our freedom within very rigid boundaries.

And if this is the way in which our universe is governed, surely it is a very plain hint as to how our social and national relations should be governed. Here, too, we are under the reign of law, laws which were made long before the human race even came into exist-

ence. Man, as Aristotle says, is a social animal. He cannot get out without his brother. As long as he stands for himself, he is a poor creature. Man seems to have found out early in his existence that he is a social animal. Away back in the dawn of history we find him gathering into tribes and clans. Primitive man found that to pull down a tree or to build a canoe, two are better than one. And as man got higher up in the scale of civilisation, we find this mutual dependence becoming even more important. To make war, to build huts, to fashion tools and to use them, organisation was needed, and that, it was discovered, involved discipline, leadership and the word of command. And as long as the human race lasts, these words and what they stand for, will remain. This same principle runs through the whole of creation. Some great thinkers are of opinion that man first learnt his lessons of community life from the animals. The wild herd taught him the tribal system. Long before man had learnt the lessons of organised government, the bees had known the benefits of disciplined industry. A bee-hive is a wonderful object, lesson of the benefits of organised government, discipline and ordered life in a great community.

(To be continued)

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