

THE CEYLON CAUSIERIE

COLOMBO, OCTOBER, 1933.

OFFICER ADMINISTERING THE GOVERNMENT.



Photo by Plâté Ltd.

His Excellency The Hon'ble Mr. F. G. TYRRELL, C. M. G.

SAUER

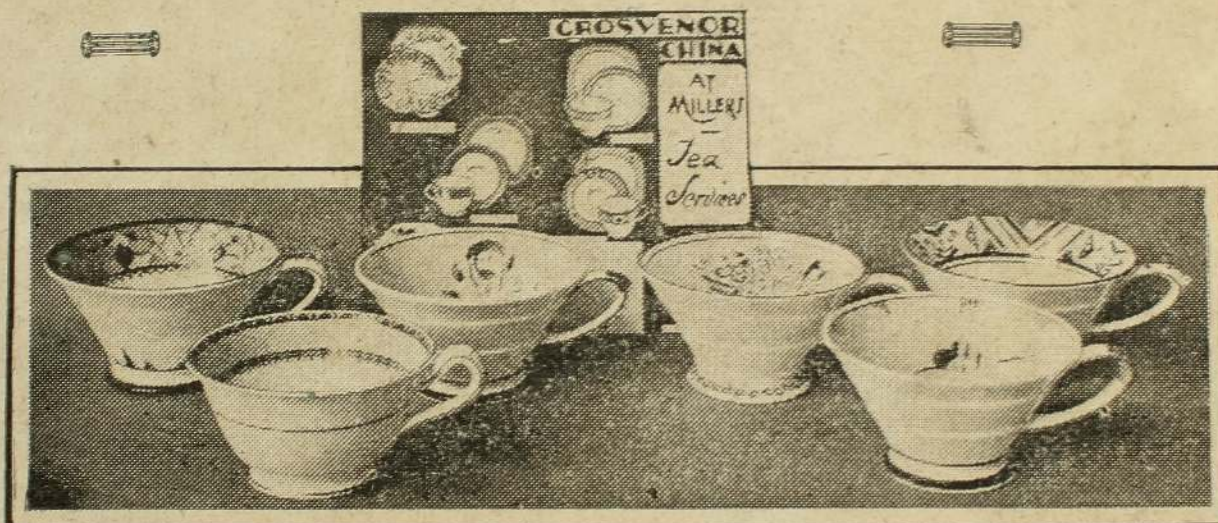
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The PASSING HOUR

To The Editor

IF history is past politics and present politics is future history, as Sir John Seeley the eminent historian contends, then indeed is history being written with every passing hour. The past month has witnessed a series of events of outstanding importance, following on the unexpected announcement that Sir Graeme Thomson had been summoned to Whitehall by cable presumably to confer with the Secretary of State for the Colonies regarding the working of the Constitution.

Perhaps the first and most remarkable happening, was that the Members of the State Council met on three successive occasions and acted consistently! A few of them hastily called together by Sir Baro Jayatilaka, met on September 3rd and decided that immediate action should be taken, to send a Deputation to Downing Street in the wake of the Governor, if the State Council demands for amendments to



Photo by Plâté Ltd.

MR. D. C. STEWART SMITH.

Order-in-Council are not to go by default. On the following day, when the State Council met to pass the third reading of the Budget, the opportunity was availed of, to hold an unofficial meeting of all the Councillors present, and the same decision was reached!

A special meeting of the Council was thereupon fixed for the next day, despite it being a Saturday, and *mirabile dictu*, the Councillors were still of the same mind!!!

Surely such an action

councillors deserves to be perpetuated in brass and immortalised in marble!

An equally remarkable and pleasing phenomenon, was the unanimity displayed by the diverse elements which composed the State Council on the need for such a Deputation. The resolution which was moved by Mr. E. A. P. Wijeratne, a territorially elected member, was seconded by Dr. V. R. Schokman, the nominated Burgher Member. It was supported by Sir Stewart Schneider, the other nominated Burgher Member, and by Mr. D. C. Stewart Smith, the nominated European member. The support of the latter was as welcome, as it was unexpected. It must be assumed

that Mr. Stewart Smith spoke, not only on behalf of the European group, if they may be so described, in the Council, but of the European community as well, or at least a



Photo by Plâté Ltd.

SIR STEWART SCHNEIDER.

majority of them, as he is the Secretary of the European Association of Ceylon. His support therefore is of the greatest significance and augurs well for the future relationship between the two communities—the European and the Ceylonese. The Secretary of State has thrown a wet blanket on the idea of a Deputation, but it is to be hoped that the urge which has brought the various communities and parties together, will keep them united in a new and lasting bond of sympathy and goodwill.

The decision that the cost of the Deputation should be met from public revenue, has given rise to a spate of unintelligent criticism, from quarters which should know better. The fact that previous Deputations were financed by private individuals or parties, is beside the point. Those were *Unofficial* Deputations—the proposed Deputation is an official one. And if it is right and proper that the State should bear the cost of Deputations for furthering the economic progress of the Island, why, in the name of all that is sensible, should it not foot the bill, for furthering its political progress, on the success of which, its economic progress too depends? Furthermore, if the State could have paid for the cost of the Donoughmore Commission to Ceylon, why should it not meet the cost of the "Jayatilake Commission" to England to redress the errors of the former?

NOTICE

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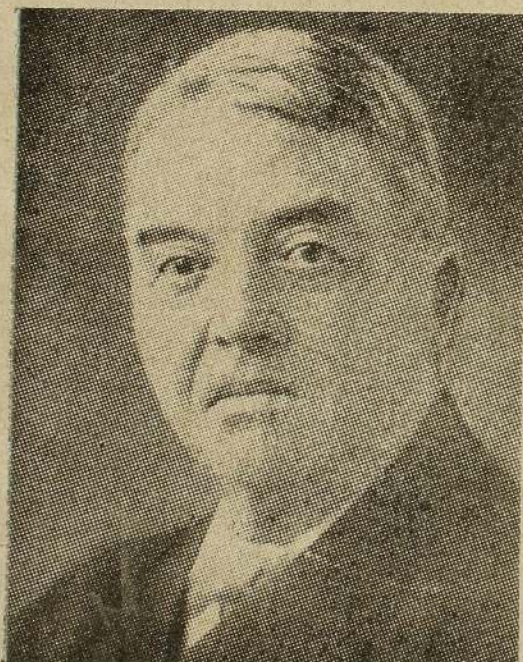
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Ceylon Celebrities

by "CAUSEUR"

PROMINENT among the factors which have contributed to the progress and development of this island, is the work of its great school masters. In the early days of British rule our school masters were, as a rule self-taught men, many of whom would have failed to reach the standards of scholarship, or of teaching ability imposed by modern requirements.

Success or failure is very largely a comparative estimate, and failure of the many provided the foil from which the success of the few shone more resplendently. But it must be added that then, as now, the



Ceylon Observer.

LORD FISHER.

James Anthonisz's most distinguished pupil.

schoolmaster was born and not made, and that there were men in the past in whose hands the torch of learning flamed as brightly as in the hands of any others who followed them.

One of the greatest school masters in Ceylon, judged by the tests of any age, was James Anthonisz, head master of the Galle Central School. He lived and died in the ancient city of Galle, which is imperishably associated with the name of Anthonisz.

Born on the 24th September 1825, he died in his ninetieth year, and was a familiar and much respected figure in the Southern Capital.

The following extract from a pamphlet on the Central Schools' Commission published in 1860 testifies to the popular estimate of James Anthonisz.

"By years of unwearying toil he raised his school to such a state of efficiency, that it now stands second only to Queen's College. He is one of the best teachers in the service of the Commission, and amongst the Burgher and Native masters he is certainly without an equal".

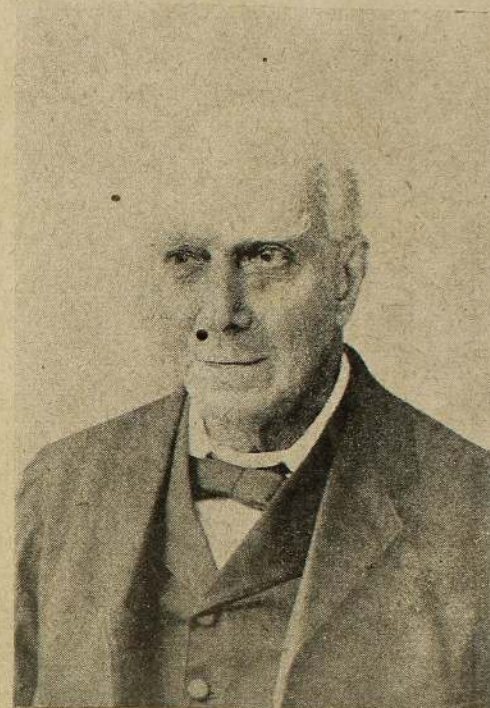
In spite of the long lapse of years, it may be asserted with confidence that a greater school master than Mr. Anthonisz has never arisen among the sons of the soil.

James Anthonisz received his training under the famous James Millar, Head Master of the Galle Normal and Central Schools. After his training he was "adjudged entitled to a situation suitable to a student of the *"First Rank"*, and was appointed to the staff of the old school. During Mr. Millar's absence from school during an illness, his choice fell on his young assistant, James Anthonisz, for the acting post of head master in which he was later confirmed. Great as James Millar's reputation was, it is only fair to state that his brilliant pupil, James Anthonisz, won a reputation that was still greater.

James Anthonisz excelled in many directions, but it was as a teacher of mathematics that he was most distinguished.

In those far off days schools were conducted on principles of strict economy, and no stationary ran to waste. James Anthonisz's *modus operandi* of setting his class to work examples in mathematics was excellent. The boys faced each other and took down on their slates a sum which he dictated. He worked the sum himself at his table, and

immediately stepped down from the platform to inspect the work of his class. The boy who finished first came up to the top of the class, while



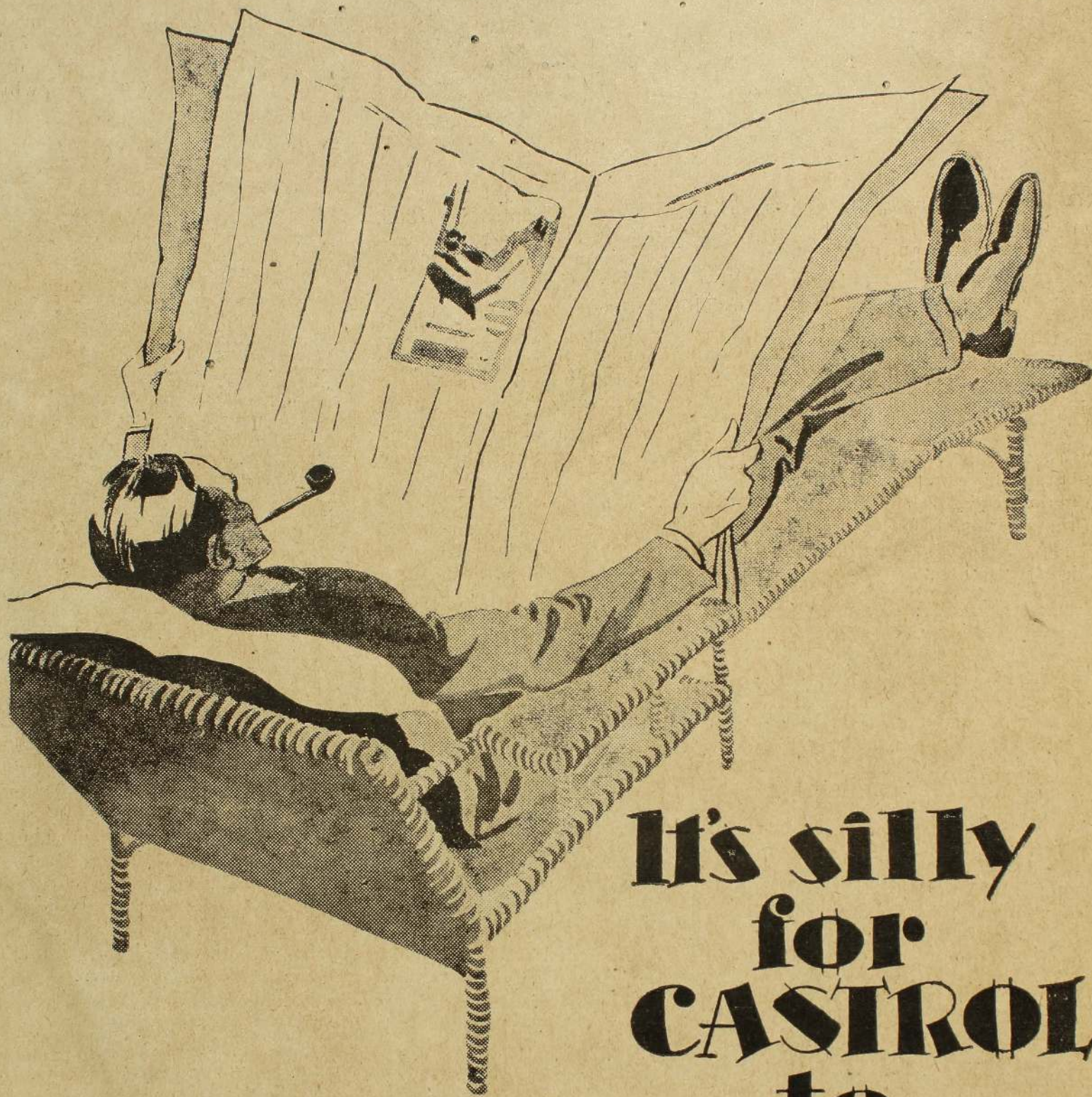
JAMES ANTHONISZ.

the boy who finished second took next place, and so on. If a boy had made any mistake, it was pointed out to him, and he had to go to the bottom of the class. The method adopted by James Anthonisz, stimulated the accuracy and rapidity which are desirable in mathematical work, rewarded successful competition and was economical. Every Friday there was a written examination on paper for two hours.

We hear a good deal now a days of the merits of hand and eye training. In explaining geometrical problems on the black board, James Anthonisz would draw a perfect side with one turn of his wrist, illustrating to his pupils the coordination between his hand and his eye.

Pupils trained by James Anthonisz needed only the top dressing of Queen's College, to win the English University Scholarship in open competition with the brightest intellects at the premier Government institution. James Anthonisz's son, J. O. Anthonisz was senior optime at Cambridge, and rose to much distinction in the Straits Civil Service. Other English University Scholars from his school, were Trutand Morgan and Arthur Joseph.

(Continued on page 40.)



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by now that there is no
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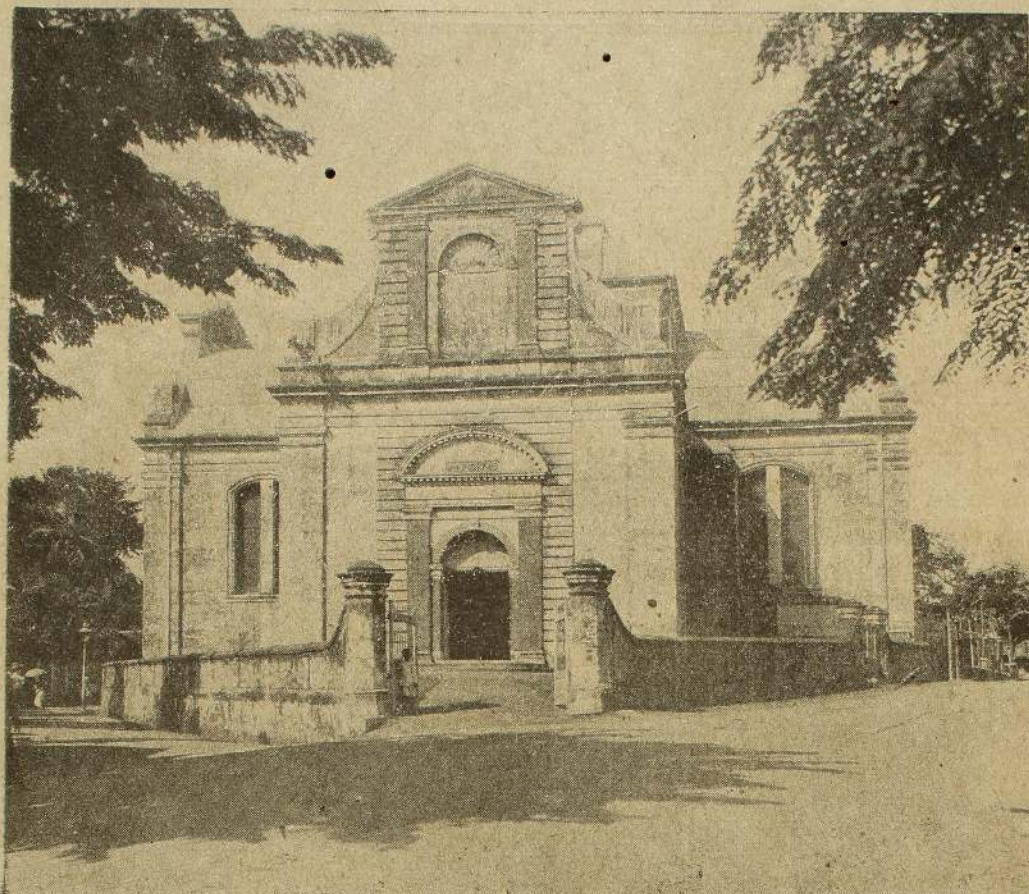


Photo by Plâte Ltd.

Built in the "Dale of Wolves."

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF WOLVENDAL CHURCH.

By E. H. V.

STANDING prominently on a hill facing Colombo harbour, Wolvendal Church cannot fail to strike the eye of the visitor who arrives by sea.

This venerable Church not only preserves the architectural genius of the Dutch, but is important as a great repository of history.

Wolvendal, or Wolvendaal, literally means the dale of wolves (jackals), and is testimony to the jungles which at an earlier period covered this portion of Colombo. Wolvendal is derived from the Portuguese name of the locality, *Agoa de Loup*, and the curious spelling Wolvendahl or Wolfendahl, is traced to the influence of the Rev. J. D. Palm, who was not a Dutchman but a German by birth.

The old Dutch Church in the Fort of Colombo, which stood on a site in the Gordon Gardens was falling into decay, and in its latter years stood without a roof. Permission was obtained from the supreme Government at Batavia to

build a new Church at Colombo, of which the foundation stone was laid at Wolvendal in 1749. This date, and the initials I. V. S. V. G., on one of the gables, associate the building with Governor Julius Valentyn Stein van Gollennesse, who administered Ceylon from 1743 to 1751.

A visitor to Holland would note with interest, that Wolvendal Church is almost the same in size, appearance and internal arrangements, as the Noorder Kerk, one of the smaller Churches in Amsterdam, and that both Churches were built at about the same period. Probably the one Church served as a model to the other. Wolvendal Church was opened for public worship on the 6th March 1757. Among the great assembly present on the occasion, were the incoming and the outgoing Dutch Governors, Joan Gideon Loten and Jan Schreuder.

The Church is cruciform in arrangement and holds about 800 seats, though on special occasions it has accommodated over 1000 persons.

At one of the angles of the nave stands the high pulpit with the lectern above it. Two other angles are occupied by the Elders' and Deacons' pews, while at the fourth angle is the Governors' pew, which was lined with crimson velvet.

The walls are paved with tombstones and hung with mural monuments, which furnish the history of a great past. The large numbers of coats of arms bear evidence of gentle descent.

The date of the Church shews that it was used only at the latter end of the Dutch occupation. The older tablets, together with the remains of distinguished Dutch officials and their families, were removed to Wolvendal in the early years of the British occupation.

To Wolvendal Church belongs the great bell at Kayman's Gate, in Main Street. This bell which was hung in what was then the chief residential quarter of the Dutch inhabitants of Colombo, summoned the congregation the services at Church.

The old Church in the Fort, which was built by the Portuguese, had numerous crypts and vaults, and continued to be the burial place of distinguished Dutchmen and the members of their families. Even the last Dutch Governor, Jan Geeraed van Angelbeek, who died in Colombo in 1799, three years after the British occupation, was buried in a vault beside his wife in this Church.

In 1813 the bodies of the Dutch Governors, their relations and other distinguished persons, were removed in one imposing torch-light procession, and placed in vaults prepared for their reception at Wolvendal Church. The tombstones and armorial bearings were removed at the same time and placed on the floor and the walls of this Church, which now guard much sacred dust.

In 1849 the first centenary of Wolvendal Church was celebrated with much pomp and circumstance, the Rev. Dr. Mac Vicar holding the commemorative service. Sixteen years hence, the second centenary will be completed, and will no doubt be the occasion for much thankfulness, not only from the worshippers of the Dutch Church in this island, but by all the descendants of the Dutch Colonists.

The Wolvendal Church was the parent Church of the Dutch in
(Continued on page 11.)



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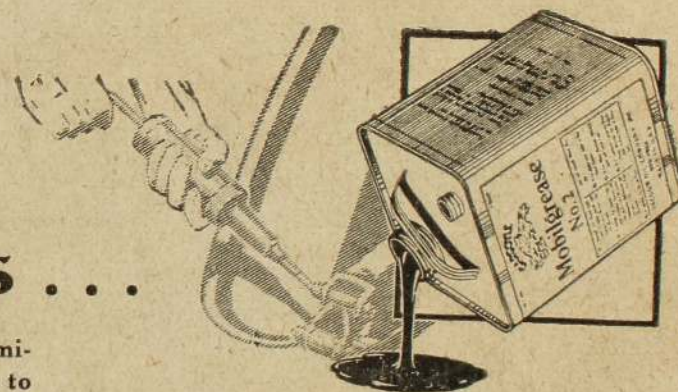
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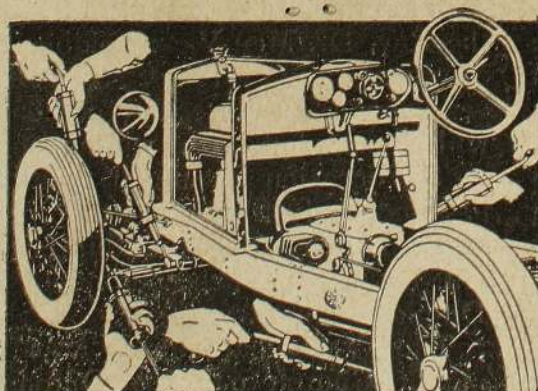
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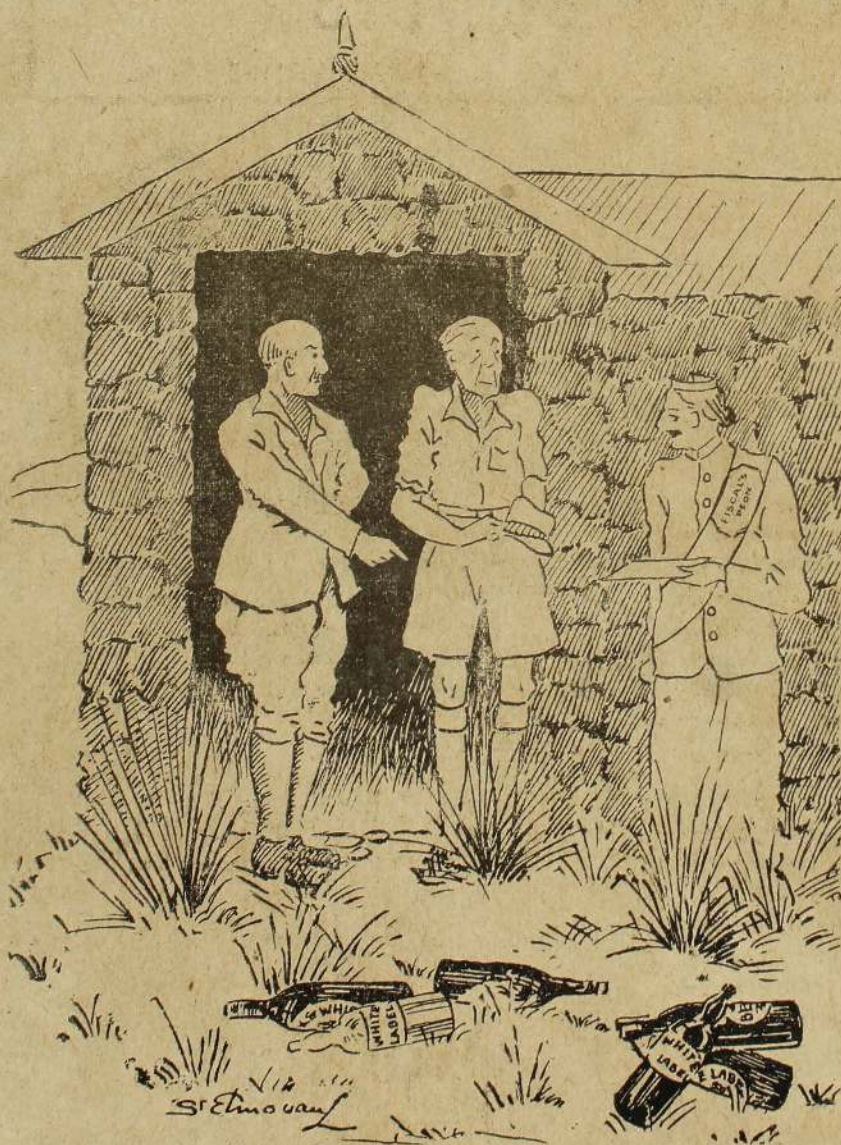
(A MEDLEY WITH A MORAL.)

Nineteen—thirty—two
Found James Fortescue,
An ex-Oxford blue
For ping-pong, shove-halfpenny and bowls,
As a junior S. D. on the small salary,
Of Rupees. 233—not enough, you'll agree,
For a failed B. Sc.
Of All Souls.

He'd bought a priceless motor-car,
("Priceless" please note, because,
The blighter travelled very far;
And all his travelling was
At the expense of those suppliers,
Who gave the car, and two spare tyres,
For a very small deposit:
It was hardly fair—now was it?—
To encourage James to be
A financial Pharisee).



"A Sapphire ring for The P. D.'s Daughter."



"Fired.....for debt dissipation and weeds."

Besides the motor-car, he'd bought a
Sapphire ring for his P. D.'s daughter;
They were engaged; poor James he thought
her

So divine, that when he'd caught her,
In his net, he thought he oughter,
Spend his cash like rushing water.

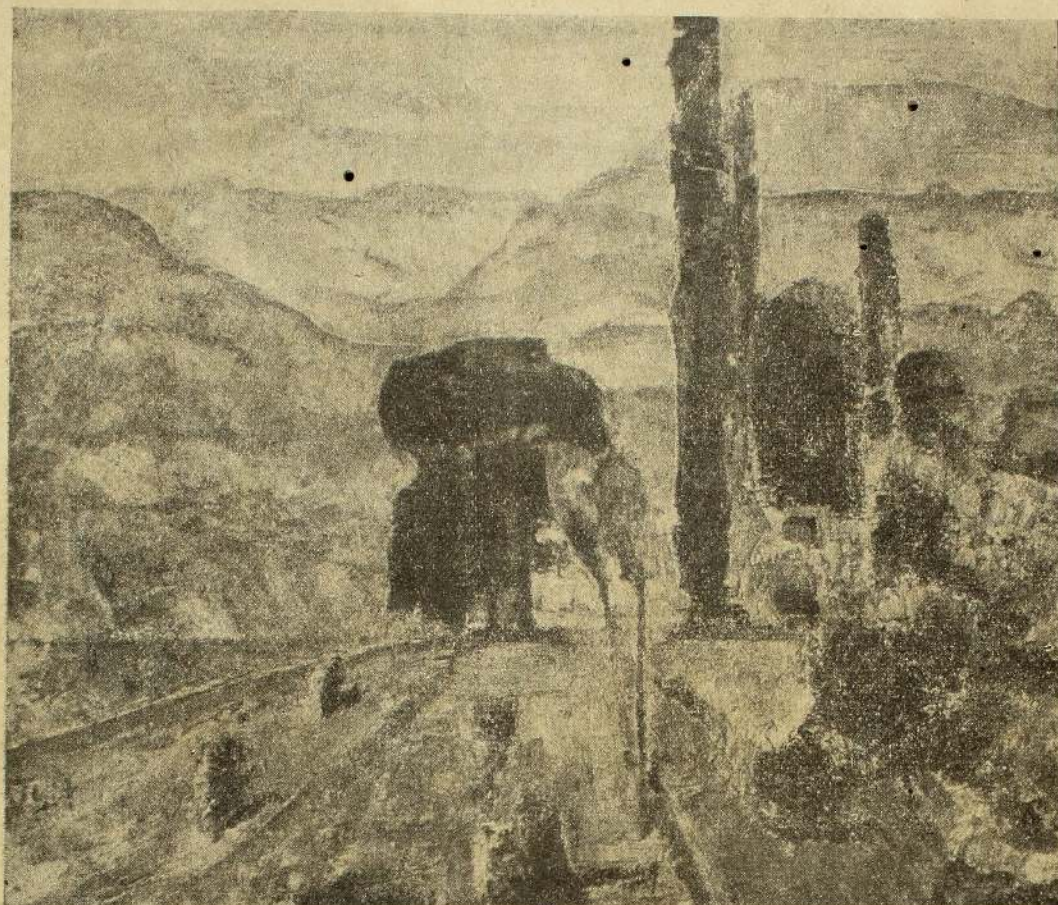
Nineteen-thirty-three
Finds James, the S. D.,
Fired from the C—
Tea Company
For debt, dissipation and weeds:
Remember, all of you—a matrimonial view-
Point really doesn't do, if an S. D.'s revenue
(Which'll have to do for two
Who can't live on love in lieu
In a "room" that's "new" and "blue")
Is composed of far too few
Chips, tanners, bucks or sous
(That's a rotten rhyme; can you
Find a slang-word that'll do?)
For his needs.

J. J. B.



"Upon Reflection The Best"





One of the pictures which will be on view at the Exhibition, of Mr. Scheinhammer's works from October 1st to 15th.

The Art of Otto Scheinhammer.

A PAINTER OF TROPICAL SUNLIGHT.

THE German artist, Otto Scheinhammer, who has been in Ceylon again for the past eighteen months, has completed a number of paintings, the subjects dealt with for the most part being Sinhalese. His style is quite new, and his work such, as is calculated to interest everybody here.

Otto Scheinhammer is not a newcomer in the world of Art. He has carried out a good number of exhibitions in Europe, and not a few of the collectors of Germany have been only too pleased hitherto, to acquire pictures from his brush. Artists who have made a name for themselves in Europe, recognise his work as being of a particularly high standard.

Most artists,—it is a strange paradox,—are conventional. Either they copy nature like photographers, or they paint what other people see and are anxious to see again. Otto Scheinhammer has enough of the gift of natural strength to follow his own style and instinct, and to eschew the conventional tradition. In the

course of extensive trips through Italy, Dalmatia, Holland and the East, he learnt to see the world and nature in their abundance of colour and changing light. It was under these impressions that he developed his art to its beautiful achievement.

He is a painter in the strictest sense of the word. He feels the vocation to express his soul in colour. He does more than merely illustrate—he conquers, as it were, the colour—individuality of the countries he visits and studies, for the purpose of his work. The keynote of his work is that he always seeks to characterise or emphasise the individuality of a selected spot, the atmosphere, the air, the charm, the very fragrance, of the scene he depicts. His landscapes are painted with a striking seriousness. At his forthcoming exhibition no works of casual or ordinary merit will be shown. On the contrary, the exhibition will be of pictures of high and rare interest, remarkable either for their quality or individuality, or both.

Otto Scheinhammer is from Munich—he proves again how efficient is the strength of the Munich school. He is the type of rare artist who is able, not only to see, distinguish and discriminate, but also to intoxicate himself with the greatness of Nature. He possesses the capacity to let the senses find expression by the filtration of undiluted reason.

Undoubtedly, Ceylon has been an important landmark for him. The Old Masters have shown him the way, but his works possess the lure of primary originality, the simplicity of a unique perceptibility. To him the Earth seems full of miracles and wonder, and permeated with a deep and enchanting force. His paintings will bring home to the mind of the visitor to the exhibition, the undeniable conviction, that here is an artist, not merely of rare and refreshing skill, but also of striking and unusual genius.

Built in the "Dale of Wolves."

(Continued from page 7.)

Ceylon, and is still so recognised, although the residential quarters in which it stood in the past, is now claimed by an extending business area.

Heavy bullock carts block the streets, once shaded by avenues of trees, and petty traders sit amidst noise and grime, in buildings that were once the clean and well kept homes of the Dutch.

Let us visualise a scene of past days. Mynheer and Mevrouw clad in their Sunday best, are slowly walking up Wolvendal hill from their home in the Pettah, while the old bell breaks the Sabbatic calm with its deep boom.

They linger by the door of the Church, greeting a knot of friends who have already gathered there. Suddenly the word goes round "The Governor," and a stately carriage draws up. Amid the respectful bows of the assembly, the ruler of the land in wig, knee-breeches and silk stockings, moves to his elevated pew.

The Predikant has not yet mounted the high pulpit, but the sonorous notes of the Krank be Zoeker are heard at the lecterns, reading the opening passages of the grand old service of the Dutch Reformed Church.

CHOOSE YOUR BOOKS

AS YOU WOULD CHOOSE YOUR FRIENDS.

A COMPANION

FOR EACH DAY OF THE WEEK.

THIS WAS ENGLAND	HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL
THERE'S ROSEMARY	H. H. PRINCESS SIENA
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THE CLUE OF THE EYELASH	CAROLYN WELLS
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WONDER HERO	J. B. PRIESTLEY
THE LORD OF LIFE	NEIL BELL

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"ICELAND,"

COLPETTY.

PEARLS OF WISDOM.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED.

(Being Extracts from the letters of Gordon Graham to his Son.)

A FELLOW'S always in the wrong when he quarrels with a woman and even if he was't at the start, he is sure to be before he gets through. And a man who's decided to marry can't be too quick learning to apologise for things he didn't say, and to be forgiven for things he didn't do. When you differ with your wife never try to reason out who's in the wrong, because you'll find that after you've proved it to her, she'll still have a lot of talk left that she has't used.

Of course it is't natural, and it is't safe, for married people not to quarrel a little, but you'll save a heap of trouble if you make it a rule never to refuse a request before breakfast, and never to grant one after dinner. I don't know how it is but most women get up in the morning as cheerful as a breakfast food advertisement, while a man will snort and paw for trouble the minute his hoofs touch the floor. Then, if you'll remember that the longer the last word is kept the bitterer it gets, and that your wife is bound to have it anyway, you'll cut the rest of your quarrels so short that she'll never find out just how much meanness there is in you.

Be the silent partner at home and the thinking one at the office. Do your loose taking in your sleep.

"After you've been married a little while, you're going to find that there are two kinds of happiness you can have—home happiness and fashionable happiness. With the first kind you get a lot of children and with the second, a lot of dogs. While the dogs mind better and seem more affectionate, because they kiss you with their whole face, I have always preferred to associate with children.

Then for the first kind of happiness you keep house for yourself, and for the second you keep house for your neighbours.

You can buy a lot of home happiness with a mighty small salary, but



".... She'll still have a lot of talk left that she had't used!"

fashionable happiness always costs just a little more than you're making. You can't keep down expenses when you are keeping up appearances, that is the appearance of being something that you ain't. You are in the fix of a dog chasing his tail—you can't make ends meet, and if you do, it'll give you such a crick in your neck, that you won't get any real satisfaction out of your gymnastics.

"Then when you've sweat along at it for a dozen years or so, you'll wake up some morning and discover that your appearances have't

deceived anyone but yourself. A man who tries that game, is a good deal like the fellow who puts on a fancy vest over a dirty shirt—he's the only person in the world who can't see the egg spots under his chin.

I don't care how much or how little money you make

I want you to understand that there's only one place in the world where you can live a happy life, and that's inside your income.

A family that's living beyond its means is simply a business that's losing money, and its bound to go smash.

More men get broke through bad management at home than at the office.

You want to end the wedding trip with a business meeting, and talk to your wife quite as frankly as you would to a man whom you'd taken into partnership. Tell her just what your salary is, and then lay it out between you—so much for joint expenses, the house and the house-keeping, so much for her expenses, so much for yours, and so much to be saved.

That last is the one item on which you can't afford to economise. Its the surplus and undivided profits account of your business, and until the concern accumulates a big one, it is not safe to move into offices on Easy Street.

A lot of fool fathers only give their fool daughters a liberal education in spending, and its pretty hard to teach those women the real facts about earning and saving, but its got to be done, unless you want to be the fool husband of a fool wife. These girls have an idea that men get money by going to a benevolent old party behind some brass bars, and showing a cheque at him and telling him that they want it, in fifties and hundreds.

You should take home your salary in actual money for a while, and explain that its all you got for sweating like a dog for ten hours a day, through six long days, and that the cashier

(Continued on page 40.)

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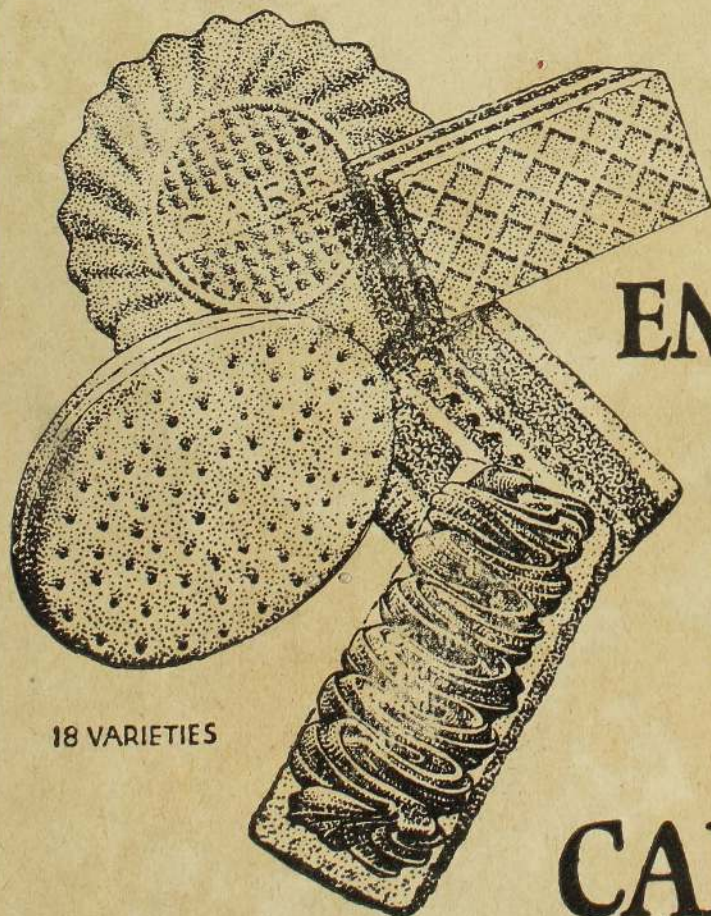
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THE GOVERNOR'S DEPARTURE.

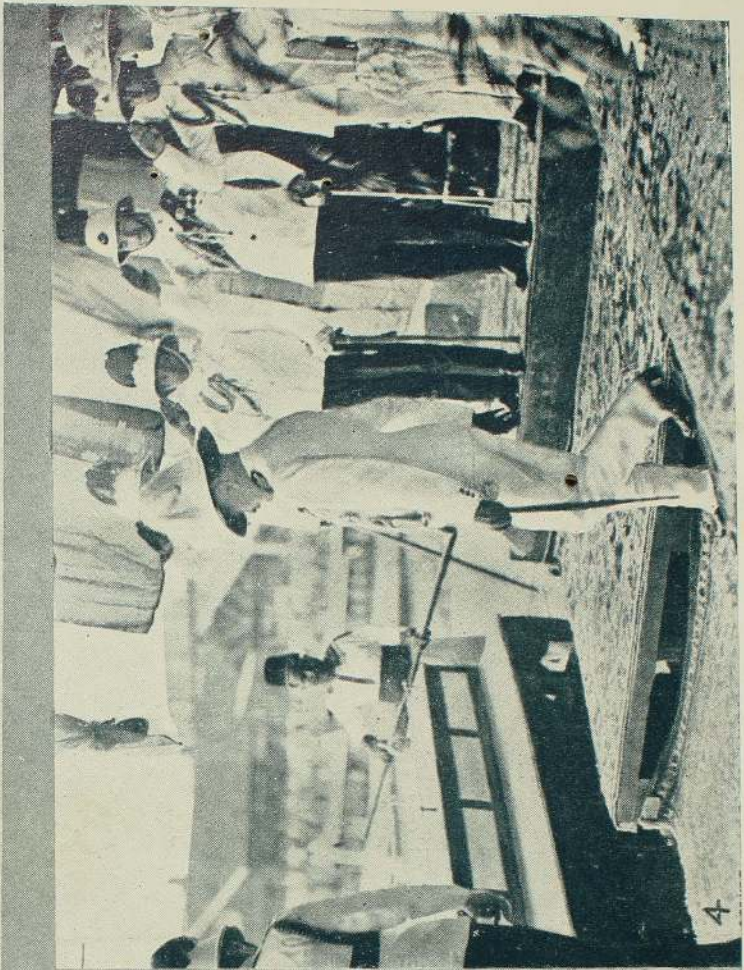
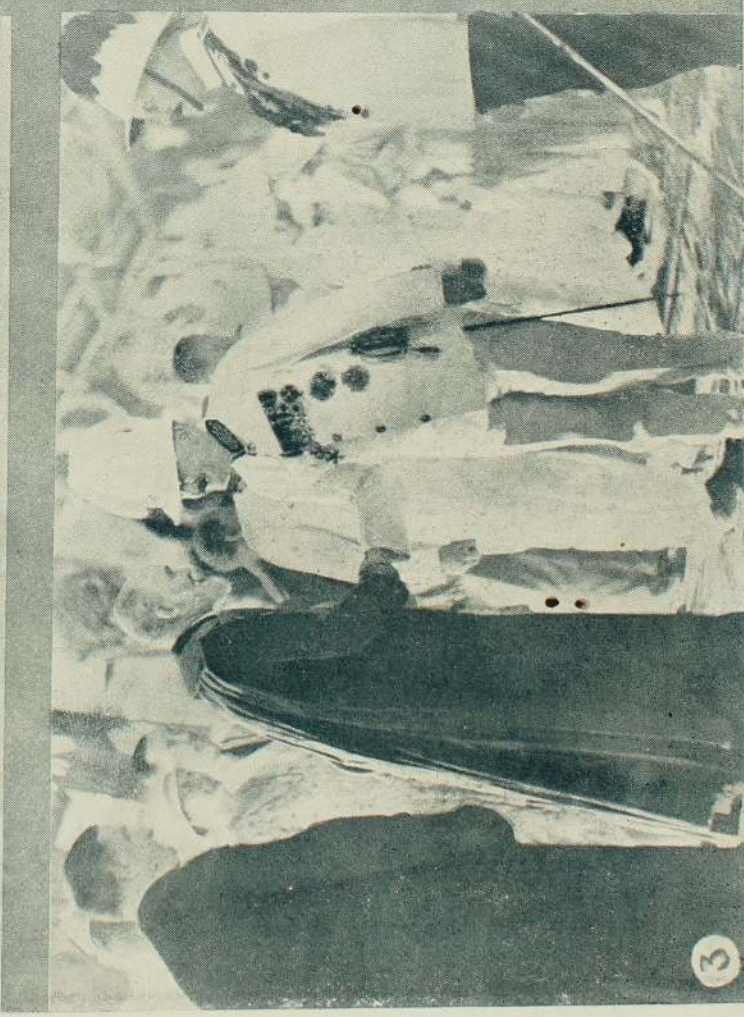
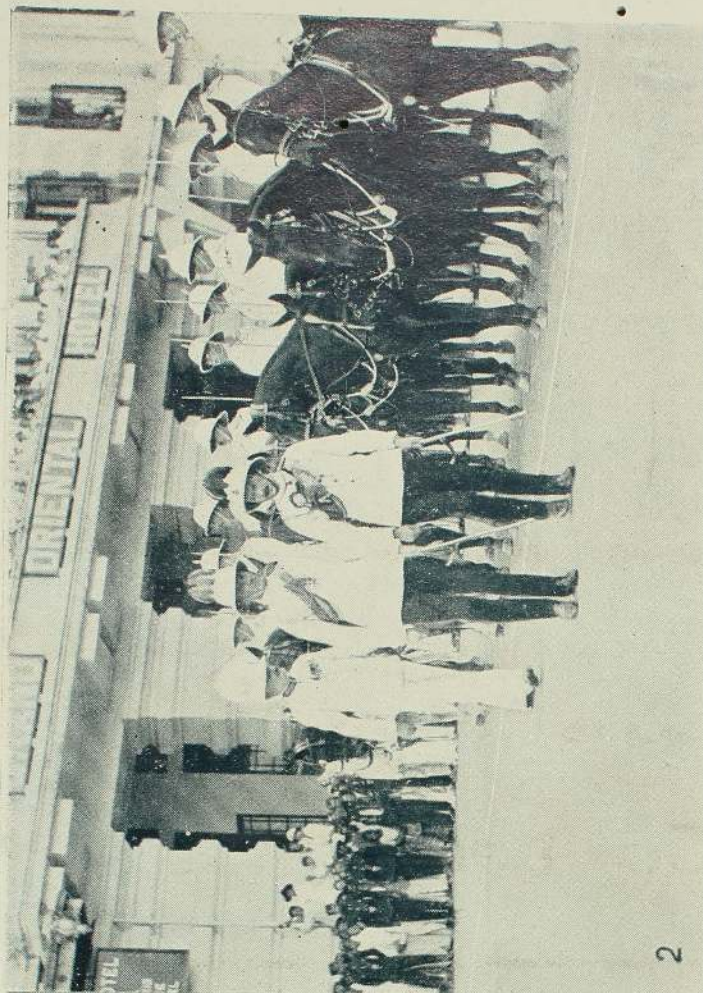
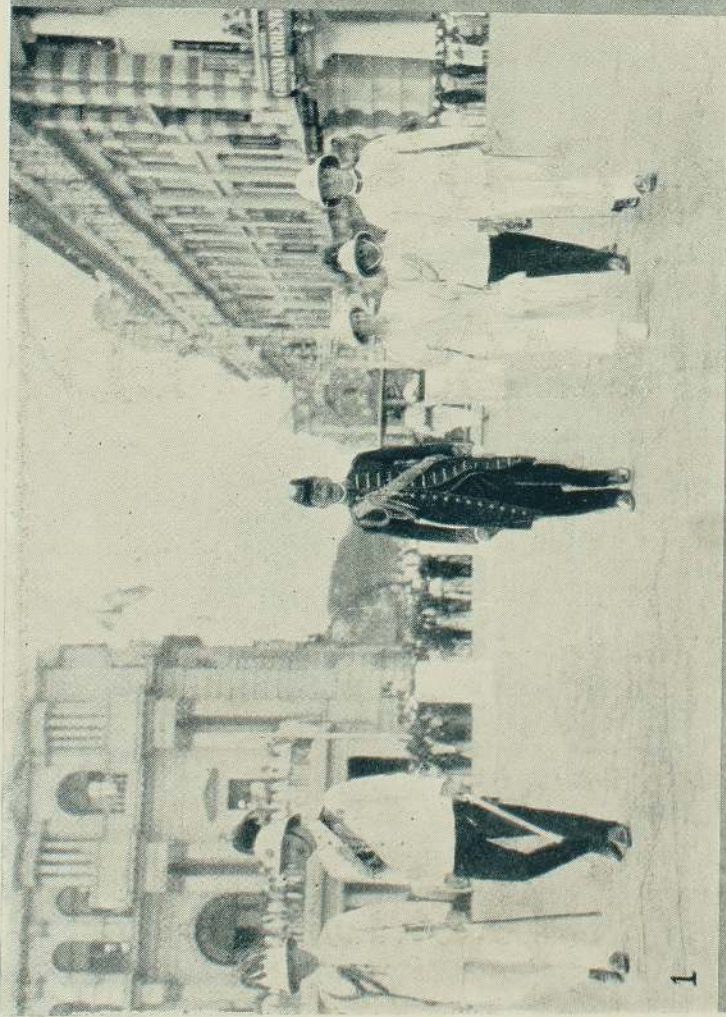


Photo by Plate Ltd.

1. Lady Thomson arriving at the Jetty accompanied by Maha Mudaliyar J. P. Obeyesekera, extra A. D. C.
2. His Excellency inspecting the C. M. R. Guard of Honour.
3. Bidding Goodbye to His Lordship the Archbishop of Colombo.
4. Entering the Barge.

These farewell scenes taken on the occasion of the departure of the late Sir Graeme Thomson, have a melancholy interest in view of his sudden death, at Aden.

SCOTLAND vs. ENGLAND.

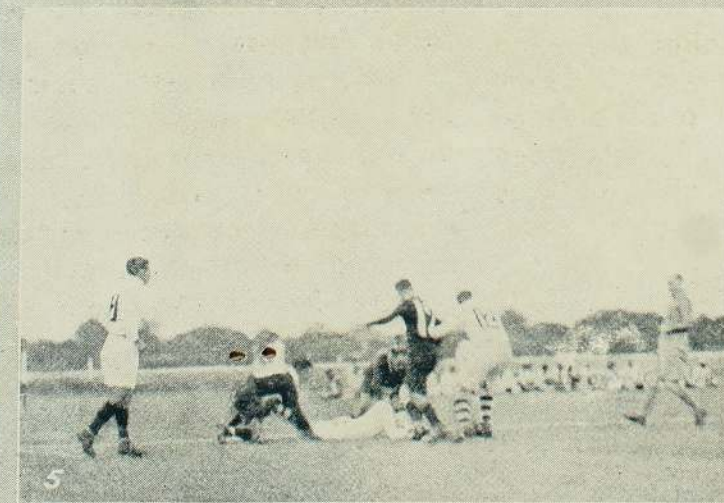
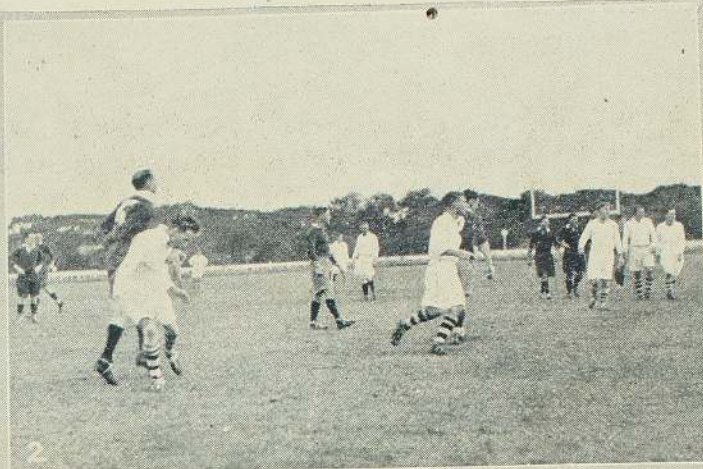


Photo by Plate Ltd.

Teams in the annual Rugger match (centre), with snaps taken during the play.

THE LATE HERBERT BOIS.

END OF A FULL AND VARIED LIFE.

IT is indeed difficult to believe that Herbert Bois is no more. Sixty years may not appear a short space in the life of a man, but it seems all too brief a time for one who lived such a full life, and preserved to the end, the vigour of mind and body of a much younger man. For although Mr. Bois had not been in the best of health for a little time before his death, his illness was not regarded as being of a very serious nature, and the sad news came as a severe shock to the large circle of friends whom he counted in the Island.

His death leaves a gap in the business and social life of the community which it will not be easy to fill. There were no interests within these spheres, which failed to find in him a ready and sympathetic supporter or adviser. But so wide were his interests, so ready his willingness to be of use to his fellowmen, that when the necessity arose, Mr. Bois consented to enter the political arena as well. As the representative of the European Urban Electorate, in the Legislative Council, Mr. Bois served for two years (1922-23), and his counsel and advice was greatly valued by his colleagues, both on the official and the unofficial benches.

The late Mr. Bois was born in Ceylon, his father being Henry Bois, who first came out to the Island to join the firm of J. M. Robertson & Co. founded by the well-known London firm, Baring Bros. It was not long before Mr. Henry Bois became a partner in the firm, and with the

retirement of the other partners, Mr. Bois was joined by his sons, Herbert and H. Gordon Bois. The firm thus came under the control of the Bois family, and since Mr. Herbert Bois' son is also in the firm, the continuance of its control by the family is assured.



MR. HERBERT BOIS.

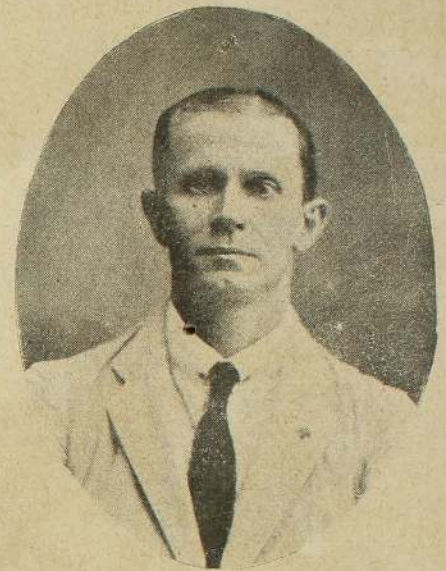
Some indication of how full and varied a life he lived, can be gleaned by a mere recital of a few of the organizations with which he was connected, such as the Estate Proprietors' Association, the Medical Wants Committee; and the Railway Advisory Board. In 1915 M. Bois was elected to the Chairmanship of the Chamber of Commerce, an office which his father too had filled before him.

The Chairmanship of this body is not a sinecure at any time, and during the war years, it called for special gifts, in handling the many new problems which arose. Mr. Bois was more than equal to the task, so much so, that in 1917, he was called in again to fill the office of Vice Chairman.

In 1922, as already stated, he entered the Legislative Council, and at the time of his death, his ripe experience had been harnessed to the Board of Appeal, set up under the scheme for the control of tea exports.

Mr. Herbert Bois has passed into the Great Beyond, but he will be long remembered for his high business principles, his wide sympathies, and his many unostentatious acts of charity.

Retirement of Mr. Vernon Grenier.



THE tribute paid to Mr. Vernon Grenier, Crown Counsel, on his retirement, which has been so deeply regretted not only by the Bench, but by the Bar, bear ample testimony not only to his eminent fairness as a prosecutor, but to his work as "one of the finest Christian gentlemen," to employ the words of one who knew him long and well. Mr. Grenier will carry into his retirement a splendid record of strenuous and devoted service, and the recollection of having added fresh lustre to a name that has been honoured at Hultsdorp for several generations. He filled the prosecutor's chair with that courtesy, impartiality and high sense of duty, that always inspire the highest confidence in the administration of justice, and his departure deprives the Bench, no less than the Bar, of one of its most loyal co-adjutors. While he was scrupulously fair to an accused, he could be, at the same time, extremely dangerous and effective in replying to Counsel for the defence, and many will recall those brilliant flashes, which were a witness alike to his close study of the facts of his case, as well as to his clean, cogent and masterly reasoning, which helped the Jury to arrive at a correct verdict.

A SPORTS CAUSERIE

By "Wanderer."

ATHLETICS are very much in the air now, and this is just as it should be, for apparently everything but the selection of the candidates has been decided, as to Ceylon's participation in the Western Asiatic Games, to be held in Delhi early next year. The Championship Meet, so eagerly looked forward to in view of its providing pointers to those most deserving to represent Ceylon, was held on the 15th and 16th of September, and was favoured by fine weather. It should have proved an unqualified success, had not more than one or two of our outstanding performers been put temporarily out of action, by strains and other minor accidents. This seemed to suggest an over-training, which is as much to be guarded against, as the tendency of some leading performers to take too much for granted.

When young Tambimuttu, emulating the performance of his father, emerged champion of the Tamil Union Meet held a week earlier, he put a Ceylon record to his credit, by clearing half-an-inch over 10 feet in the Pole Vault. I saw in this performance a harbinger of good things to come at the Championships in the way of a liberal lowering of records. These expectations were built on the knowledge of the steady and yet perceptible uplift in the standard of local athletics in recent years.

It would not come amiss in this attempt to briefly review the Meet, to put the credit for this improvement where it belongs. Much is due to that "organising genius" Mr. J. A. Tarbat not only for the enthusiastic and well-ordered man-

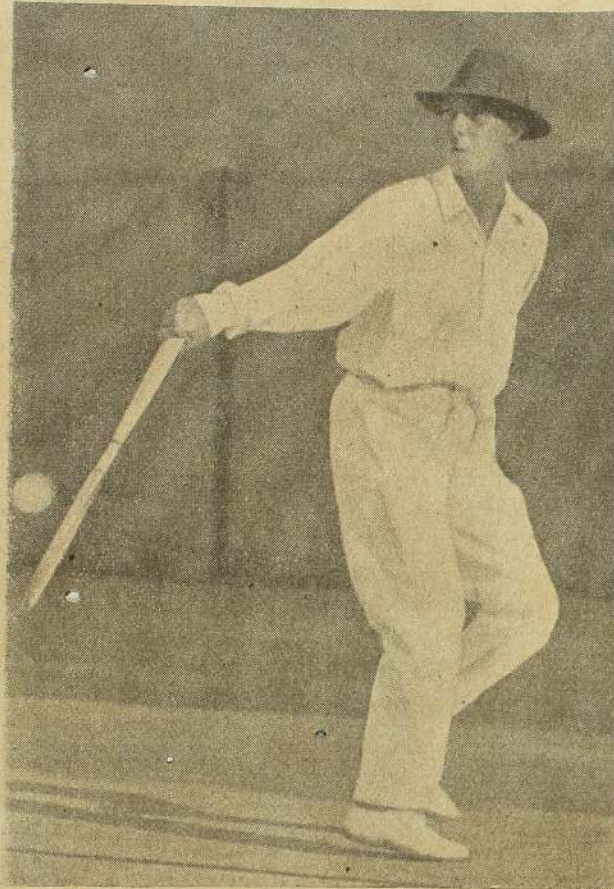
ner in which he set these Championship Meets going in the early years, but also to the fact that it was during his regime as President, that the C. A. A. A. got in touch with, and ultimately secured the promise of a visit from the celebrated German athlete, Dr. Otto Peltzer. During the short time this Champion was in the Island, he was able, with the aid of his young assistant and pupil, to give demonstrations as to how an athlete should train and per-

form. It is to be doubted, however, whether this alone would have had any lasting effect on the athletes privileged to receive instruction from Dr. Peltzer. It was the timely return to the Island soon after, of Mr. C. T. Van Geyzel, the Varsity Blue and British A. A. A. Champion, that gave local athletics a much needed impetus. The advice and instruction this participator in an Olympiad was able to give local aspirants, quickly bore fruit, and as long as he is able to continue doing so, the standard of local athletics must perforce keep its upgrade tendency. It was with great pleasure that I read of the possibility of Van Geyzel's being seen

again in action at the Games in Delhi.

One of the first stipulations—if my memory serves me right—Mr. Van Geyzel made at the first meet he attended and competed in after his return, was that intending champions should specialise as much as possible, in those events which they consider best suited to them. And adherence to this injunction has been more or less pronounced, and was fairly in evidence at the recent meet. That this concentration need not necessarily be confined to one particular event or even two, but could well be extended to three, was proved by young H. S. R. Goonewardena who, selecting the two Hurdles events and the Quarter Mile, won each in turn, and thereby emerged a deserving winner of the Wilton Bartleet Challenge Cup for the best athlete. He was run to a point by J. C. W. Obeyesekere who, winning the High Jump, running third in the 100 yards, and being nearest to Goonewardene in the 120 yards Hurdles, had to be content with second place in the Long Jump, with a jump yet to go, as he was unfortunate to strain himself. Perhaps he will drop the 100 yards next year. The eclipse of O. S. de Silva was regrettable, and would be taken as coming in the ordinary course of things, with the advancement of younger and fitter men. But as he was reported to have been out of training, it is possible that he will yet make a bid for Delhi.

Quite the best thing done at the meet was by the young school boy, N. Mathew of St. Joseph's. This lad created a big stir a twelvemonth ago, when he wrested one of the few remaining ago-old records by winning the mile in 4 min. 47 3-5 secs. The race this year was generally regarded as a gift for him, but few expected that he would improve, as he did, on his own showing by as much as 8 3-5 secs. It was a delightfully run four laps, the best being the last in 1 min. 7 secs. Next in point of merit came the performance of young W. W. Tambimuttu who put on an extra 3 ins. to the record he had set up a week earlier in the Pole Vault. He was also second to Obeyesekera in the High Jump, an event he won last



G. O. NICHOLAS.

Men's Singles Champion—Lawn Club.

year with a fractional better effort than this year's winning one. D. K. Wilson's win in the 100 yards in 10 3-5 secs. was another good performance especially as he had been suffering from strain. K. Duraisingham also a school boy, from Manipay Hindu College, did well to take the Long Jump for the second year in succession, improving on his previous winning effort by $4\frac{1}{4}$ ins. Except H. S. R. Goonewardena's winnings, the other returns were not comparable with the records. Yet all told, the meet provided a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon's sport, which was witnessed by a much larger attendance, in and out, than usually graces this occasion.

Tennis.

The Lawn Club Championships came to a close on the 20th September, when once again G. O. Nicholas met Dr. C. H. Gunasekera in the Men's Final—and retained the title. It was, as a match between these two players generally is, worth going a long way to watch. It went the full length, and though the incident of a wrong decision at a critical stage in the final set, seemed to give some people to think there may have been a reversal of the issue, this is scarcely fair to Nicholas or for that matter, to Gunasekera. On resumption from the rest, after the third set, there seemed to be only one possible result, and this eventually came.

Though beaten in this match, Gunasekera was easily the best player participating in the tournament. For, with Miss Gil de Saram he won the Mixed Doubles, and with H. C. Sansoni kept the Men's Doubles title.

Among the ladies, Miss N. Obeyesekera, living up to the promise she gave two years ago at Nuwara Eliya, achieved nearly as much as Gunasekera did among the men.

She took the Singles title from another young aspirant, Miss A. Rock; partnered Miss Weinman to victory in the Open Doubles; and was runner-up with Mrs. F. W. de Vos to Mrs. Keyt and Miss B. Keyt in the Handicap Doubles.

Soccer.

Though it was expected of the current soccer season, now over six weeks old, that it would provide thrills from start to finish, this has lamentably failed to materialise. As a matter of fact the standard of soccer produced during the early stages was generally so low, that it left one wondering whether a blight had fallen on the game in Ceylon. The most glaring defect was, easily, the weakness of most forwards in finding the net. Have perchance local sports dealers failed to include "shooting-boots" in their orders? Apart from the many instances of mixed chances,



DR. C. H. GUNASEKARA.

Runner up in the Lawn Club Singles Championship.

there was almost an epidemic of mixed penalty kicks. All of which went to prove that most of the teams entered the arena in a state of unpreparedness. This has been an annual complaint on the part of those who have the best interests of the league at heart, and must be eradicated if the game locally is to keep the fascination it has captured from the crowd. Of not one Club—the Police perhaps excepted—could it have been said that they had a settled team when the season opened. The C. H. & F. C. and R. A. generally have been ready to take the plunge into the vortex of the season with well found sides. But the former this year are in such a bad way, as regards the lack of talent, as it is difficult to recall their ever being before. The R. A. are threatened with changes to Diyatalawa. And so on, it would be found

(Continued on page 26.)

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STATE FAIR—described by the "Film Weekly" as the answer to a showman's prayer for something of Universal appeal. It is one of those must-see-its. JANET GAYNOR, LEW AYRES, WILL ROGERS, SALLY EILERS, NORMAN FOSTER, LOUISE DRESSER are among the cast.

COUNSEL'S OPINION—A London film production released by Paramount—with CYRIL MANDI, BINNIE BANNES, HENRY KENDALL, LAWRENCE GROSSMITH, HARRY TATE. To those that have seen "Grumpy" this will need no introduction.

CYNARA—A veritable symphony of tears and laughter. Highly emotional human drama featuring RONALD COLMAN, KAY FRANCIS and PHYLLIS BARRY.

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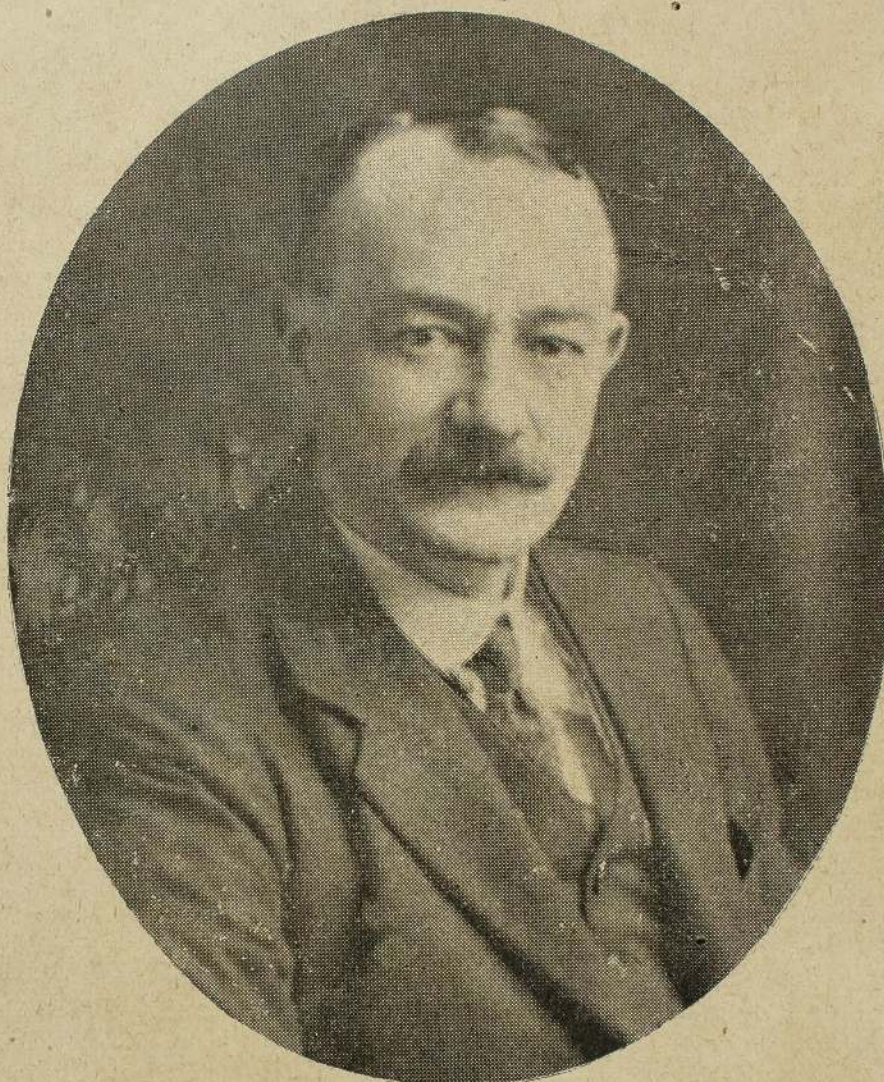
SUMMER LIGHTNING—A British and Dominions picture adapted from the story by P. G. Wodehouse. With RALPH LYNN, WINIFRED SHOTTER, DOROTHY BOUCHIER and FRED KEER.

TONIGHT IS OURS—Based on Noel Coward's famous story "The Queen was in the Parlour" featuring CLAUDETTE COLBERT and FREDRIC MARCH (stars of "Sign of the Cross").

CAVALCADE—The finest picture in the English Language. Too Big for words—Adopted from Noel Coward's highly popular story—Featuring an all British star cast including CLIVE BROOK, DIANA WYNARD and HERBERT MUNDIN,

DEATH OF SIR GRAEME THOMSON

G. C. M. G., K. C. B.



IT was with feelings of profound regret that we learnt, at the time of going to Press, of the sudden death, at Aden, of Sir Graeme Thomson, while on his way Home on leave.

Whatever differences of opinion there may have been between Sir Graeme, and certain sections of the public in the working of the Constitution, all are one in their unstinted admiration of those sterling qualities of head and heart, which carried him to the front rank in the British Colonial Service—all are one in their sincere sorrow, that Sir Graeme should not have been spared to see his homeland.

To Lady Thomson, bowed under the weight of her great grief, in a strange land, we offer our deepest sympathy.

RACING IN 1932-33:

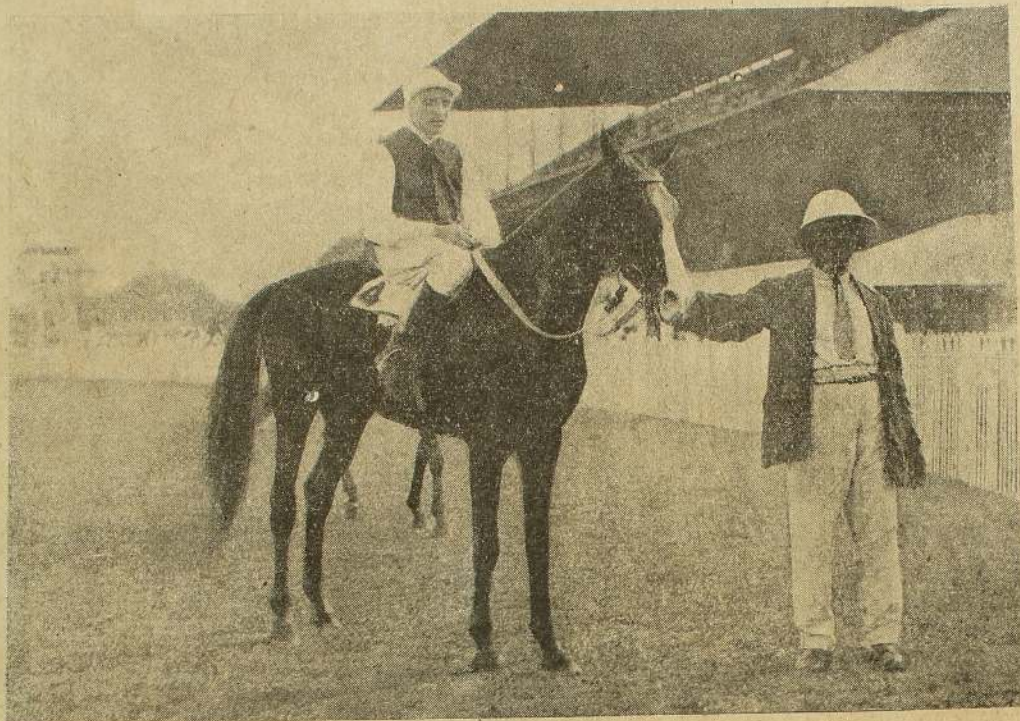


Photo by Plâté Ltd.

"Manik" who heads the list of winning Arabs.

THE racing year (1932-33) closed with the September Meet, and a brief review of the outstanding features during the past year will, I hope, prove interesting.

I feel I must give pride of place to the wonderful success of that lucky owner and still luckier trainer, Mr. Douglas, the wizard of the Turf.

Practically meet after meet, he has topped the list of winning owners, and we find him at the close of the year, prominently at the head of the list. With the attention he pays to the animals in his charge, and the ownership of a long and classy list of Arabs and horses, this result could have been predicted without the knowledge possessed by Crystal Gazers, and the gentry one meets on a race day with charts and diagrams, indicating "all the winners and even the places."

On going into details I find him again the leading owner with over Rs. 67,000 including Plates and the value of Cups, while Mr. G. L. Lyon is second with just over Rs. 40,000 (with value of cups). Mr. Laing is third on the list of principal owners with over Rs. 38,000 and Mrs. Wallis is a good fourth having won about

Rs. 35,000 in stakes. The Douglas—Wallis combination has secured over Rs. 100,000. The Fenwicks are also fairly high up on the list.

During the year under review Mr. Douglas's Manik heads the list of winning Arabs with Rs. 10,075 (including value of Cups) in Stakes. Other leading Arabs and country-bred horses are Mr. Douglas's Indian Juggler Rs. 6,500; Mr. P. J. Stanley's Suaidan Rs. 6,250; Mr. A. C. Laing's Sauket Rs. 6,100; Mr. Junaid's Ceylon Rs. 6,750; Mrs. Wallis's Firtashanur Rs. 5,625; Mr. Ismail's Mozan Rs. 5,100; Mr. Junaid's Nofal Rs. 5,250; and Mr. A. C. Abdeen's Swindler Rs. 5,050. Among the new Arabs worth watching are Manshad, Rezashah, Statesman and Swindler.

The following table showing how the Arabs and horses have fared should prove interesting:—

	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	Un- placed.	Total Sums.
Arabs ...	115	109	112	716	1058
Horses ...	141	137	139	563	980
Total ...	256	246	251	1279	2032

The apparent discrepancy in the 1st and 2nd places, is due to the

fact that there were five dead heats during the year, which no doubt reflect credit on the Handicapper, whose job is certainly no bed of feathers, with so many carping critics in the Press and outside.

In the principal meet of the year, Aroostook topped the list securing Rs. 6,750 in stakes, while in the previous August, the same champion was at the head of the list with Rs. 9,500 in Stakes. Beginning with Lord Beaverbrook, Aroostook has passed through various ownerships, and I think he is going to have a good time with Capt. Fenwick for the rest of his life. The leading Arab during the August Meet of 1932 was Mr. Stanley's Suaidan, while that honour has been wrested by Mr. Douglas' Manik this August.

The Principal Races and Their Winners.

The Southern Cup	...	Manik
The Governor's Bowl	...	Lyric
The Governor's Plate	...	Bissful
Robert's Cup	..	Manik
Bachelor's Purse	..	Moyola
The Lawyer's Stakes	..	Hunter's Moon
The Governor's Cup	...	Compris



Photo by Plate Ltd.

Mr. Douglas—the "Wizard of the Turf."

The Madras Cup	..	Suaidan
The Clement's Commemoration Plate	...	Aroostook
The Turf Club Plate	...	Aroostook

A REVIEW

By "Sweet William."



Photo by Ceylon Observer.
Mr. G. L. LYON, Owner of Compris.

In Compris and Hunter's Moon Mr. Lyon has two good animals. They are well-bred and full of promise. His many friends will join me in wishing him all success with these animals in the Indian Capital.

Regarding the recent reference in the daily press to Ben Rosen's unique record of six firsts and two seconds in one afternoon, a friend reminds me of a still better achievement by Coomber who won the card. There were eight races on the programme, one of which was for Gentlemen Riders. Coomber won the seven races allotted to the professionals.

No review, however brief will be complete without a reference to the retirement of Mr. E. L. F. de Soysa, who won the Robert's Cup 5 times, Bachelors Purse 4 times, Clement's Commemoration Cup 7 times, Turf Club Plate 8 times, and 15 Governor's Cups to mention only a few of a long list of successes, from racing in Ceylon which will be keenly regretted by a large circle of the sporting public. The well-known colours, green and gold, which have been dominant and prominent for so many years, were seen for the last time on August 26, when Jarny ridden by Ward, caught the Judge's eye—undoubtedly a fitting finale to a very interesting chapter in our racing annals.

While it is a task in itself, to do justice to a year's racing in the space allowed to me, I feel it my duty to make a reference to Mr. Morley the indefatigable Secretary, who has contributed materially to the success of the Ceylon Turf Club in recent years. It will be said in year's to come, perhaps more emphatically than to-day, that Mr. Morley saved the Club during the deepest depression within living memory. The introduction of the doubles, trebles and "all on's" has appreciably augmented the funds of the Club. The careful methodical and business-like improvements in many directions have been deservedly admired and applauded by the race-going public of the Island. As an ardent and enthusiastic supporter of the great sport, I take my hat off to Mr. Morley, and say, may his shadow never grow less.

The importation of new thoroughbreds from England both by the Turf Club and by Mr. Douglas will compensate for the unusually large number of removals during the year. Twelve more will be arriving shortly, and the new racing year is commencing with the best of auguries. A few years back the Straits Racing Association was obliged to place an embargo on importations, as there appeared to be too many horses for the racing requirements of British-Malaya. Such a state of affairs was never

reached in Ceylon, even in our halcyon days. During the year under review 102 horses and 97 arabs ran in the 33 days racing, with 251 races.

Among the horses Silvertown owned by Mr. Laing, leads the list having earned for its owner Rs. 14,650 in

Stakes, while Saver who won Rs. 14,350 came a good second. May Queen, Chatterneck, Mealagh and Cairngorn come next on the list, netting five figure sums in Stakes.

The following horses are worth watching during the coming season—Forfeit, Butty, Bristol Fleet, Heritor, Sorriso and Ritzzy. I have followed them carefully and was impressed with their recent performances, specially during the August and September Meets.

Ward is again the champion Jockey of the year, followed by Warren and Townsend who come close on his heels. Considering that Ben Rosen has been away for several months, I am inclined to think that he would have beaten Ward badly had he had as many mounts as Mr. Douglas'

chief jockey. During the two Meets he was in Ceylon, he secured as many as 16 wins, against Wards 35 for the whole year. Spackman is fairly high up on the list with 25 wins to his credit, but his star was not in the ascendant during the past few months.

The total value of Stakes and Cups won by horses and Arabs during the year amounts to Rs. 536,990 which rather spoils the idea that the Turf Club is not giving a good return to the owner—patrons of the Turf. The highest dividend

(Rs. 527) paid out during the year was

on "Off Guard," when he won the Beacon Stakes on the 2nd day of the November Meet, last year. Other notable dividends are Rs 365 for a place on Taffah, for Rs. 5; Rs. 256 on "Giorgione" in October last; and Rs. 388 on "Ole Kay" for a place at the August Extra Meet.

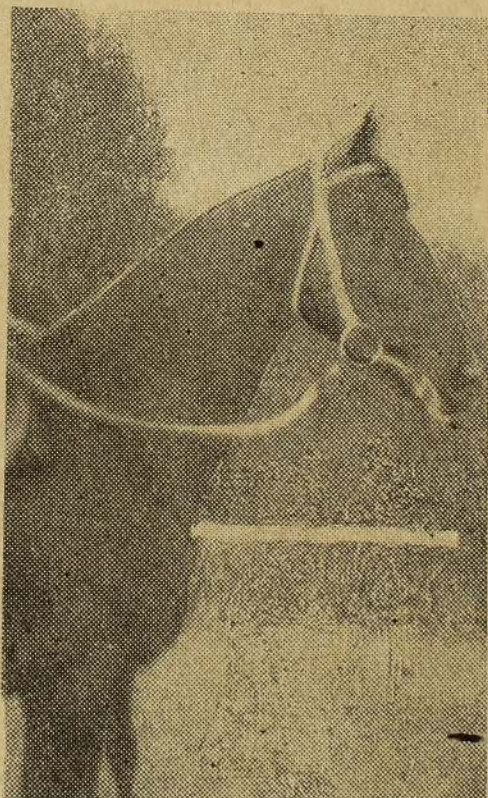


Photo by Ceylon Observer.

Compris Winner of the Governor's Cup.

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WIRELESS UP-COUNTRY.

•By Catherine Adams.

Some September Programmes.

SUNDAY morning (10th) provided an excellent Sacred Concert of one half-hour only, the prelude to this being two Hymns well rendered by the B. B. C. Choir.

This item sounds common place but was not actually so. When hymns are sung in this manner, the result can be wonderful. After the hymns, the Choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, sang Mendelssohn's "*Hear my Prayer*," with organ accompaniment. In this work the treble solo was sung by Grant-Anderson. Possibly, Longh's beautiful voice and unusual gift of expression have made us ultra-critical. Grant-Anderson's voice is very true and of a pure quality, but he sang the pathetic Aria—"Oh, for the Wings of a Dove"—too joyously, with no apparent longing "to build a nest in the wilderness." Easier to sense that he was longing for the playing-fields! This criticism endorses a long-ago conclusion, that only a woman-singer can give the requisite expression to this lovely solo.

The Post-Box. (A Contrast.)

A regular *volte face* on the part of the programme! Claud Hulbert and Company in an irresponsible playlet with music. Lacking vision of the action, we missed the farcical quality relating to that Missing Letter, and the songs and duets were too obviously interpolated.

As a Broadcast Record, *sans* Television! an hour's performance was too long-drawn. It must be conceded, however, that Claud and his Company were remarkably distinct.

Signor Mario di Giorgio's Orchestra.

During the evening of that same Sunday, this excellent orchestra played some charming music, relayed from the Galle Face Hotel. And now, before writing these notes, I have just read an announcement that in a few days we shall receive a "Farewell Broadcast from the Studio by the Galle Face Orchestra,

under the leadership of Signor Mario di Giorgio." I trust this is only a matter of "*Leave*," for we can ill afford to lose this bright little Orchestra.

New Composition.

Although those periodicals devoted to the World of Music, continually report quite favourably on the new works of our younger composers, it is an astonishing fact that these are persistently ignored by the Recording Companies and also by the B. B. C. either as regards Studio-Broadcast, or Relays of public performances. Surely some of these new works which have been stamped with the approval of our foremost critics, should find there way into some of the Programmes!

Instead, we receive, and are not thankful, for an endless stream of Selections and Medleys. Same old tunes, the only novelty being a fresh title.

For instance, quite recently, the B. B. C. Choir gave a very ordinary exposition of a Medley of old Songs and Choruses, which had to do with *Horns*. (I failed to catch the proper title.)—"D'ye Ken John Peel?" was one of the items. This old hunting-song is quite uninspiring when sung as a chorus by tenors and basses. But when a chorus of reedy sopranos takes up the theme and asks "if we Ken John Peel?" the effect is incongruous, deplorable. After the first rehearsal the "adaptor" should have cut out such an incongruity. I should add that the tenors and basses sang their allotted verses *robusto* and with the full-blooded element needed.

Mrs. Clement Black's Operatic Programme.

I am certain that listeners in Colombo must have had exceptional pleasure in receiving this programme. But the pleasure was, I regret to say, not for us. As regards atmospherics it was our worst time of the day, and they were in unusual force. It might have happened otherwise, but

the odds, Up-country, are rather against clear reception in the evening. Of course, there are exceptions, but we always hope to receive the more interesting programmes at noon, or earlier, as on Sundays.

Hardly believable that that evening was an especially *still* one, clear too! Surely, an ideal time, but it was a mysterious *inferno*.

The New Big Organ at the B. B. C.

No Cinema Organ this! It is of the "straight," type a really *noble* instrument. It has been said that the B. B. C. have too many Cinema-organs—and that some might now be scrapped. I devoutly hope they will be. This new Great Organ must be a marvel, according to the reception. As it has already been broadcasting it is hoped that listeners of the Indian zone may shortly be able to hear it—either by this means, or by good Records.

Verdi, Gounod, Puccini.

A trio of composers of Opera, difficult to beat. K. B. O. had made a first-rate Selection for the programme presented on Sunday morning, Sept. 17th, and we had a splendid reception of excerpts from—"Aida, La Boheme. Madame Butterfly, Faust, and Rigoletto. The Milan Symphony Orchestra, the New Queen's Hall Orchestra, and Mark Weber's Orchestra supplied the orchestral numbers, and the foremost singers of the day were at their best in the vocal items. A most enjoyable Concert.

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THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

CELESTINA RUNS AWAY.

By M. E. G.

THERE was once a little village girl called Celestina. She was as pretty a little maiden as you would wish to see, with gentle eyes, pale brown skin, and wavy black hair gathered into a tight little "konde" at the back of her head. Celestina generally wore a little white jacket and a coloured cloth; but she had a dreadful frock of bright pink silk trimmed with cheap yellow lace, which she wore on grand occasions. She looked ever so much nicer in her jacket and cloth, but she loved wearing the ugly frock.

Celestina did not go to school, because she had to help her mother, and take care of her younger brothers and sisters. They were very poor, and the father and mother both had to go to work. Suma, the father, was a carter, and the mother, Jane-Nona, worked on a rubber estate.

While they were at work, Celestina had to cook the rice, and what little curry they could afford, and have it ready when they came home for their midday meal.

You might think this was very hard work for a little girl of ten years old. But it was not really so hard as it seems, for their cooking was very simple, and besides, Jane-Nona always left things ready, before she went off to work in the morning.

Usually, Celestina had everything ready; and her father and mother were too tired and hungry when they came home, to worry much about whether their meal was nicely cooked.

But one sunshiny morning, Celestina took her little brothers and sisters down to the river to bathe, and to wash some clothes.

They splashed about in the shallow water, and Celestina hanged the clothes on the rocks, and chatted

with the other village girls who had come to bathe.

Celestina forgot all about the time, and she was sitting on a rock with her curly hair drying in the sunshine, when the sound of a horn being blown, in the distance warned her that it was half-past eleven.

And in a few minutes, Suma and Jane-Nona would be home—and the rice not even put into the chattie, much less ready to eat!

"Aiyo," lamented Celestina, jumping up in a great hurry, "aiyo come soon, Martin, Aggie, Punchi," and she snatched up the baby, and the bundle of wet clothes, and scuttled off home as fast as she could.

She had just time to pop the rice into the chattie before her parents arrived.

She had not even got the fire to burn properly, and she had not grated the half coconut which Jane-Nona had left on the shelf.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Suma, peering into the chattie, "why isn't the breakfast ready? Here your mother and I have been working since six o'clock this morning, in the burning sun, and you haven't even taken the trouble to get the breakfast ready. You ungrateful brat, I'll teach you a lesson!"

Suma was quite a kind father, and he worked hard to support them, but he was naturally annoyed that his meal was not ready.

I think he would have given Celestina a good thrashing, but she slipped past him, and ran out of the little mud-and-wattle cottage, leaving poor tired Jane-Nona to do the work.

"I'll run away," said Celestina to herself, "I won't stay and be beaten, just because I made a mistake about the time. It wasn't my fault! I just didn't know it was so late, that was all!"

Celestina ran for some way, and when she found that no one was coming to catch her, she went slower.

It was very hot now, and she was beginning to feel dreadfully hungry, but she still trudged on.

Presently she drew near to a big village, where there were nice houses, and a few shops. There was a Hospital, too, and, Celestina saw several people sitting on the verandah steps, so she joined them, and sat down, feeling very tired, and glad of a rest.

"What is the matter with you, little one?" asked an old woman, "you do not look ill, yet you come to the Hospital. What do you want?"

The other people looked inquisitively at her, and began asking endless questions, and soon Celestina began to cry.

One of the nurses came out and asked what was the matter. She was very kind, and as no one could tell her anything about the little girl, she took her in to the Matron.

They were able to question her in her own language, and by degrees Celestina told them why she had run away.

"Well, I think your father and mother will forgive you," said the Matron, smiling. "I will tell you what. I am going that way this afternoon, by car, and I'll take you home. But you must promise to be a good child after this, and do the work your mother sets you to do. Now come along with me, and you shall have your breakfast, for I expect you're hungry!"

Celestina's little brothers and sisters were thrilled to see her coming home in a car, like a grand young lady, and her mother was so glad to see her safely back, that she did not scold her much.

I wonder if Celestina kept her promise, to be good, and obedient, and trustworthy. Do you think she did?

A SPORTS CAUSERIE.

(Continued from page 17.)

on looking back that most of the clubs were spending the initial weeks in team-finding, and that it was not till about the week ending 23rd September, that the standard of soccer displayed, approximated to anything like what should be produced by a well-ordered league.

As this date synchronised with the opening of the Cup-Tie matches for the Times of Ceylon trophy, it may well be, that the remainder of the season will live up to the best expectations, and that there will be a complete shedding of the apathy that was noticeable in some quarters.

International Cricket.

Whether it was as the natural sequence of the threatened discontinuance of the England—Australia series of Tests or not, the idea was given birth to in the English Press recently, of an International Tour in England in the near future. It considers the presence in the motherland, at one and the same time, of teams representing Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, West Indies and India, who will all vie with each other and England in Tests. The motive behind it will quickly commend itself to all lovers of the game, and even to the politicians of these countries. But insuperable difficulties immediately suggest themselves to one, when England is taken as the venue, and it is certain that the idea will die a quick death. Should, however, it gain in strength and support, the proper and most adaptable setting for such a tourney seems to be India. If the trend of present events go for anything, it should not be long before the staging of such a tour in India, should come to be regarded as a possible means of saving a situation where other measures have failed. The game has its votaries in tens of thousands in every walk of Indian life, and though the realisation of this idea sounds too much like the near approach of the millennium, think of the Viceroy and Mr. Gandhi, seated side by side in the Pavilion

at New Delhi, or Calcutta, watching England play India at cricket! At the same time the crowds of Bombay should be treated to a tussle between South Africa and the West Indies, while the teeming population of the Madras Presidency would be watching the Australians taking on their less pretentious neighbours the New Zealanders! Hare-brained the idea, but surely less hare-brained than that which proposes to cut off, even for one season, the institution of County Cricket.

It is a pity, in view of the possibility of the above, that the M.C.C. authorities have found it impossible to send out for the coming tour, a team properly representative of England's present strength. That they intended doing so, became evident as soon as the team they entrusted to D. R. Jardine was published. But unfortunately several of those, who would have contributed largely towards making the tour a great success, have had, chiefly through health reasons, to decline. But this will not of itself divest the tour of all interest, for the Indian loves his cricket inordinately, and besides, it is now definite that Jardine will be coming out. It is true that a certain measure of disappointment is being evinced already in India, but when once the team has found its feet, and has got inured to the novel conditions of climate and wicket, this will evaporate, for it will be found that the tourists are quite capable of holding their own.

It is very encouraging to think that two of Ceylon's leading cricketers have already been remembered by India. The Maharaj Kumar of Vizianagram was visibly impressed by the way the game was played in Ceylon, when he was here two years ago. His judgment in selecting E. Kelaart as the best Ceylonese to award his colours to, was amply repaid by Kelaart's success on tour in India. Just so will he find that he has done well by asking S. S. Jayawickrema to be one of his team against the tourist in January. Both players will take the best wishes for their success in India from all cricket lovers in Ceylon, when the time comes for their departure.

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HINTS ON BEE-KEEPING.

V.

By C. Driberg.

SWARMING is the result of a natural instinct on the part of bees, with a view to reproduction of colonies. At a particular period the hive becomes over-crowded. At such times it will be observed that there is an excess of drones, and that the bees start constructing queen-cells. As a result the larger part of the colony, together with the old queen, leaves the hive, in order to establish a new colony.

The first swarm generally settles close to the hive, but later swarms ("casts")—accompanied by a new queen—as a rule fly to a distance.

When a swarm is found on the branch of a tree, the whole mass should be shaken into a convenient receptacle, which should be turned over and laid on a board. For capturing swarms a light box may be used, which, after the capture is effected, should be left in a shady place for a while, till the bees quiet down.

To hive a swarm, place in front of the hive a plank of about the same width as the hive, and level with the alighting board. Then gently shake the bees from the box in which they were captured, on to the platform arranged for them, so that they may enter the hive which should be slightly raised from the bottom board, to allow of easy entrance.

The swarm must, of course, include the queen, without which the bees will not settle down. When seen, the queen should be captured, and one wing carefully clipped with a pair of sharp scissors, before placing her in the hive. An entrance guard may now be temporarily employed to prevent the queen from getting out.

To divide a colony with a view to preventing swarming, shift the hive to another position about 6 feet away, and place an empty one in its

place. Then remove 3 frames of brood and bees, together with the queen, from the old to the new hive, alternating them with 3 empty frames; and replacing the frames removed with fresh ones. The queenless hive will, as a rule, raise a new queen.

Much of the success of bee-keeping depends upon the interchangeability of the frames. Decide on the hives you are going to use, and keep to them.

Select a good position for your hive. Shade, especially at mid-day, is an advantage. Do not place a hive too near a wall. Leave a path of at least 3 feet all round it. Keep the ground clean of weeds, and remove over-hanging branches that allow of ants &c., getting into the hive. The stand for the hive should be low enough to allow of easy examination.

Confidence and deftness are essential in the handling of bees, and the bee-keeper must practice the "large, slow gestures," of which Maeterlinck speaks.

A hive is easy to manipulate when honey is coming in plentifully. When the weather is sultry, the bees are inclined to be vicious. When the colony is raised to a pitch of stinging, it is wisest to close up and retire. Jarring is fatal to manipulation. Approach the hive gently from the rear. Raise the lid quietly without a sound, and put it away. Make no sudden movements, and do not let your breath enter the hive. If necessary give a few puffs of smoke to subdue the bees, after removing the lid of the hive. See that every frame before it is lifted is quite clear of its neighbours, and carefully avoid crushing the bees. Between 8 and 10 o'clock in the morning is a good time to examine a hive.

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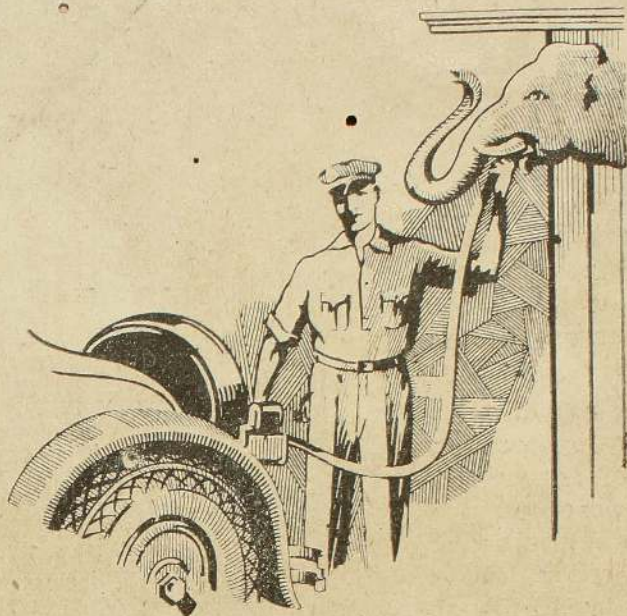
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YARNS OF CAMP LIFE.

By Eardly Leisching.

THE following are reminiscences of incidents which occurred in Camp at Diyatalawa, in the days before the War, when the members of what is now known as "The Defence Force" were called "Volunteers."

The gatherings in Camp were occasions to be remembered with pleasure. The strenuous and healthful exercises we indulged in during the day, were followed by cheery social evenings in the canteens, where we met old friends who had left our districts and gone to other parts of the Island, whom we never had a chance of meeting except at Camp.

Our daily manoeuvres were attended with sundry humorous incidents.

One of my earliest recollections of Camp, was the first time when, as a member of the C. P. R. C. we were marched out towards Black Rock. A certain well-known member of the Corps had been lately promoted to the rank of 2nd Lieut and the O. C. had decided to give him an opportunity of displaying his capabilities as a Commander. We were all standing "easy" while the Officers held a brief consultation as to the scheme to be carried out. "Now Mr. R. take charge and carry on."

Mr. R. promptly and smartly, (without taking time to consider what his orders were to be, and without even calling us to attention) "C. P. R. C.—As you. . . ARE!!"

Later on, in the canteen, when good-naturedly chaffed about his

unusual word of command, he was heard to explain that this was the new and correct pronounciation of the order.

"As you ware!!!"



THE "MAIN BODY."

".....he merely fell on them!"

Another well-known and newly created 2nd Lieut. marched his men at the double up a steep hill, and on arriving breathless at the top, gave the order:

"Mark time while I think"!!

The same officer then proceeded to explain, puffing and panting, and semi-confidentially, to his men, (it probably having dawned on him that, as a novice, his orders perhaps were not always strictly in accordance with the text book,—

"I say you chaps, huh-huh-huh—if I give you an order—huh-huh—which isn't quite right, huh-huh-huh, don't do what I tell you to do—huh-huh-but do what you know I ought to tell you to do"!!!"

A certain Sergeant of the C. P. R. C. was conspicuous for his size and bulk, and his appearance, on manoeuvres was often greeted by the C. L. I. with the remark "Here comes the MAIN BODY."

Nevertheless this same Sergeant was astonishingly active and mobile, and was never known to fall out, even during the most gruelling marches. On one occasion however, a kindly officer thinking to do him a good turn and relieve him from further effort, detailed him off as a wounded soldier. On examination of his card, it was discovered that the nature of his injury was so serious, that nothing short of speedy amputation of a leg would save his life. There being no operating theatre or implements at hand, this meant carrying him back all the way to Camp. The stretcher bearers looked alarmed at the prospect of the heavy task with which they were faced. Our friend must have weighed some 16 or 17 stone.

Great was their relief when they heard the Doctor remark.

"Ah! This I fear, is a very serious case. By this time he must have bled to death. It only remains to dig a hole and bury him."!

One day this bulky Sergeant was ambushed by three members of the C. L. I. who sprang out from behind a bush and attempted to hold him. . . . He merely fell on them!

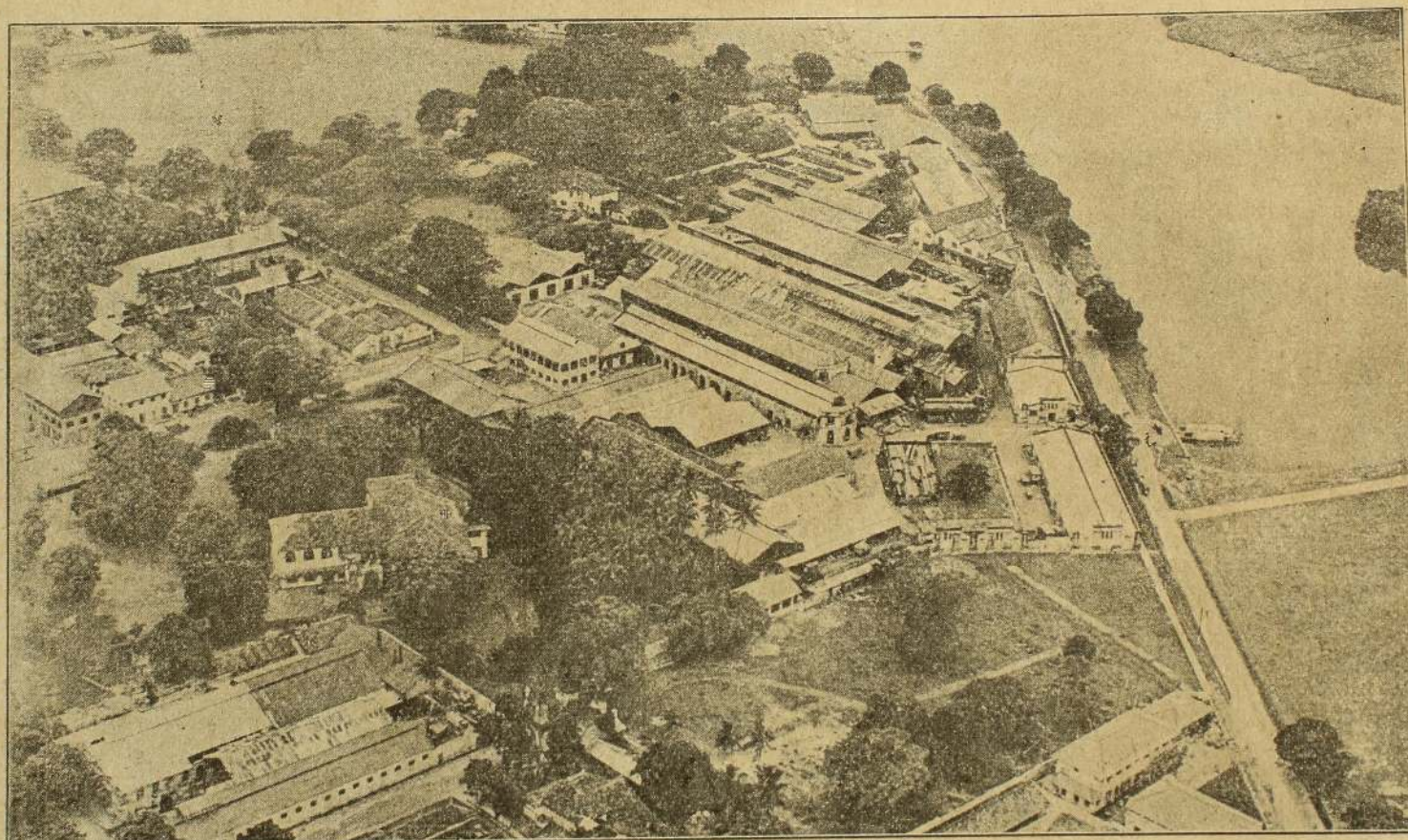
(Continued on page 40.)

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AT one time the bulky food given to cattle, especially milking stock, was strictly confined to grasses, and that, too, selected varieties; but to-day other forms of herbage are being drawn upon for this purpose. In many places *Mikania scandens* is extensively used, and as the plant grows with a rapidity which has earned for it the name of "a mile a minute," there is no scarcity of material. Even such plants as *Cestrum elegans*, so commonly found at high elevations, are utilised for cattle-food, mixed with grass. In the case of milch cattle, one must be careful that plants which import an objectionable odour and taste to the milk, are not utilised.

The idea that leguminous green manures ultimately prove harmful to perennial crops with which they are grown, is one that should not be taken seriously by those who are growing them. Planters who have kept regular records of the results of green manuring, can prove that the contrary is the case; and that a large increase of crop has followed the practice. It would be wise, however, to supplement green manuring with cheap fertilisers that supply phosphates and potash, so that the proper balance of the three main ingredients of plant-food may be maintained, and the nitrogenous elements of nutrition may not predominate, and produce a more or less unhealthy condition.

The order *Sterculiaceae* includes two important economic plants, namely Cocoa and Kola, botanically *Theobroma Cacao* and *Cola accuminata*. To the genus *Sterculia* belong two other familiar local plants, viz., *S. foetida* (Sin. Telambu) and *S. Balanghas* (Sin. Nava), the latter yielding a kind of lace-bark employ-

ed for hat-making. *S. acesrifolia* is the "Flame Tree" of Queensland, introduced into Ceylon in 1882. It produces a mass of brilliant red blossoms, when almost bare of leaves. The tree thrives best at high elevations, up to 5000 feet, but does fairly well at lower altitudes. It can be propagated by cuttings. A local species *S. colorata*, found in the Eastern Province, bears showy orange-scarlet flowers, also when leafless. It is said that the Veddas sing odes to it!

Plants that capture insects are of two kinds; one kind traps them for the purpose of nutrition, the other for ensuring fertilisation. The Pitcher plant (*Nepenthes*), so common in Ceylon, is able to digest ants and other small insects that fall into the pitcher, with the assistance of the fluid found within it. The fluid does not, as some people think, enter the pitcher from without, but is passed into it through the body of the plant. This is corroborated by the fact, that the pitcher is most full of fluid before its protective cap opens and allows insects to enter. The fluid contains a digestive juice which enables the plant to assimilate animal matter.

The case of *Aristolochia* is different. Here the peculiar structure of the flower allows insects to enter the bladder-like part of it; and having done so are unable to leave it. The male and female organs are so placed, that the pollen cannot come in contact with the pistil of the flower, except through the agency of insects; and the movements of the captured insects bring about pollination. Here there is no process of nutrition involved, as in the Pitcher plant. After fertilisation the flower fades, and the insects,

having served their purpose, also terminate their existence.

Vegetable oils are sometimes classified as "fixed," and "essential." Coco-nut oil, olive oil, and other such heavy oils, are spoken of as fixed. Essential oils on the other hand, contain volatile substances. To this class belong Citronella and Cinnamon oils. Lemon grass is also a source of essential oil. At one time it was a commercial product, but is now grown chiefly for culinary purposes and used as a flavouring agent. It is popularly known as "Sereh." Fixed oils are mainly employed for soap-making, while essential oils are used chiefly in perfumery, and as deodorising agents.

Rhodomyrtus tomentosus is also known as "Hill Gauva" a "Hill Gooseberry," but must not be confused with *Psidium cattleianum*, the purple ganva of up-country gardens. The blossoms, of a pale pink colour, are quite handsome; and the tree grows gregariously on up-country hills. Macmillan says that the small berries make a food jelly, which resembles apple-jelly. The shrub is indigenous to the mountainous regions of Ceylon, India and Malaya. An acclimatised ornamental species is grown in gardens at lower elevations for its handsome blossoms, which seldom or never set fruit.

The artificial colouring of fruits as described by Dr. Joachim, in the August *Tropical Agriculturist*, is another example of how science can help fruit cultivation by hastening maturation. It is well-known that cultivators of bananas and other fruit, employ crude methods of producing a spurious form of maturity, with the aid of smoke and quick-lime; a most objectionable practice. But if by the use of ethylene gas, maturity can be hastened without the fruit deteriorating, then the process is well worth encouraging, as likely to prove of considerable benefit to fruit-growers.

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Reminiscences of Over Forty Years of Rugby Football in Ceylon.

IV.

By Col. E. H. Joseph, V. D.

IN 1901, W. E. M. Paterson came into the picture. He was a versatile sporting genius and excelled in every game, representing Colombo in Rugger, Cricket, Hockey and Soccer. He also was a crack at Golf. I was delighted to see him looking so fit, early this year, when he was passing through on his return home from Australia. The burly W. S. Thornton was the Colombo Skipper in 1901, and A. L. Hine-Haycock, the hardy annual, again led Up-country to victory by 14 points to 0. This was his last appearance in these tests, and he had become almost an institution in these series; for he played in the first match when the series was started in 1892, and appeared continuously, with only one break when on leave, till this year 1901. For the greater part of these ten years he skippered Up-country and a better skipper it would have been difficult to find. For appearances in this annual encounter Hanna beat him by a short head I believe, T. Y. Wright and H. M. Waldock running them close. Hine-Haycock's record is a unique one. He played as a Three for Up-country in 1892, and from 1893 to 1901—except when he was on leave in 1895—he played forward. While on leave he played regularly for the Sidmouth team, which won the Devon Cup. He skippered the Up-country team from 1897 to 1901, and was also Captain of Dickoya during this period. In 1897 Dickoya under his leadership, had an unbeaten record scoring 97 points to 5—a wonderful achievement of which the District was justly proud. He was Captain of his home team at Wellington, where he received his 2nd XV. Colours as a three-quarter and his XV. Cap. as a forward. Two Up-country forwards of more than average merit, who made their first appearance for Up-country in this match were Stevenson of Kandy and A. E. Ogilvy—popularly known as "The Og." Stevenson captained Kandy and Up-country, and was a rattling good forward, so, very much so, was Ogilvy. The latter sportingly filled a gap in a District team, which came up to Badulla to play Uva not long before his widely lamented death about three years ago, and astonished everybody by the excellence of his play during the first half. He was a very prince of Sportsmen, and won the Golf Championship of Ceylon in 1901, and again in 1902 at Nuwara Eliya, being followed in this distinction in 1903, by his younger brother W. T. The elder brother has, I am glad to see, a son playing for Uva and I cannot wish him better than that he should follow his father's footsteps as a Sportsman. He is now Assistant on the same Estate, on which he was born, so, with the paternal tradition too, is preeminently an Uva man, and no better coterie of Sportsmen can be found in the Island, than those Uva produces.

Colombo was lucky in 1902 to enlist the services at three-quarter of another all-round Sportsman, Lieut. Rooke of the R.E. who after more than one term of Military Service in Ceylon, finished his career in the Island in command of the R.E. Rooke's name will long live in Ceylon, for besides his usefulness at Rugger, he was a stand-out cricketer, and one of the very best of good fellows.

In 1903 Up-country won by 10 points to 7, our present Inspector General of Police, Sir Herbert Dowbiggin who is, and always has been a great Rugger enthusiast, played for Up-country. He was a very keen and hard working forward, who later played for Colombo, being what General Pike calls a staunch "Colombite". He held the Presidentship of the C. H. & F. C. for many years and is now the popular Patron of that Club.

A. F. West, a most capable forward was another debutant of this year. He played for Colombo, which side he afterwards captained with distinction. Oswin Wickwar a distinguished local athlete, also played forward for Colombo this year as did T. H. Tatham, whose son is now one of the best C. H. & F. C. forwards.

In 1904 Colombo discovered an exceptionally reliable and indeed brilliant full back in W. M. Lockman. His fielding and kicking was wonderful, and his tackling reliable. The result of this match was a draw, and there were only three drawn matches between 1892 and 1933, one in 1893, the second in 1904, and the third in 1927. Lockman continued to play full back in the two following years; and cannot be held accountable for the defeats in 1905 and 1906. L. H. Coombe, who had played excellently previously for Colombo, led the side in 1904, and led it well. C. W. Mackie who played first in 1900, was one of his best supporters in the scrum, and was a glutton for work. He was no believer in "kid glove" methods. He gave hard knocks and took them too, though, perhaps not meekly. Dakeyne, after many moons, was without his invaluable *confrere* Bertie Knight at half for Upcountry, but found a very capable substitute in Williams, who partnered Knight, in the following years, in Dakeyne's absence on leave. 1904 would appear to have seen the last of that famous partnership at half between Dakeyne and Bertie Knight, which started in 1899. Such a formidable combination has not been seen since, and I doubt whether it will ever be seen again in Ceylon. Knight retired from the Island soon after his last appearance in 1905. Dakeyne, now also in retirement, in the Island, is still with us and there is no keener follower and critic of this annual fixture. He maintains his connection with Ceylon Rugger through his son-in-law E. N. Ewant, the very

capable Dickoya and Up-country wing "Three".

Up-country added another victory to their long test in 1905 but only by 2 points—7 to 5. Hanna, after an interlude, is again found in Colombo ranks. Dowbiggin this time played for Colombo. John Biddell and T. Y. Wright were still going strong, for Up-country, though neither Kruschen nor Voranoff were known in those days!


Up-country again re-asserted their undoubted supremacy in 1906, when they won by 21 points to 0. John Tilly, who had previously figured well in the "Three" division, found congenial occupation at full-back; and the old-stagers Biddell and Tommy Wright found a recruit after their own heart in J. D. Forbes, who is another of the Up-country Johnny Walker Brigade, and is happily still going strong in our midst. His advice on Selection Committees is invaluable and there is no better judge of rugger form. He has done more than his share in upholding the prestige of Dickoya at cricket. Dakeyne played for Colombo this year; as did R. Whittow at forward, who took part in more than one match of the series, while H. B. T. Boucher was not for the first time, among the Up-country Scrumpers.

"Right here" as our friends of the Stars and Stripes say, I would like to apologise for the omission of many names I would like to mention, of those who worthily helped both teams but an inexorable Editor, has sent me an ultimatum for compression and condensation, which not only seriously cramps one's style but makes anything but a potted review possible.

Colombo staged a long overdue victory in 1907 by 13 points to 3, and this synchronises with the first three appearances in these tests of one of the finest forwards Colombo ever had in R. A. Gray of the Bank of Madras, who skippered the metropolitan team in his last year.

Colombo owes a debt of gratitude to the Bank of Madras for the best three-quarter they ever had, in Black, and for their best forward in Gray. He had learnt his game in a hard school, but it was a good clean game, full of resourcefulness and dash. I think I can safely record that Gray had a very strong hand in this victory, and yet Up-country had a hefty pack doing duty for them with Douglas Norman, that doughty warrior, always wearing a smile that is "childlike and bland" assisting them for the first time. He is one of the worthy "Old Contemptibles" and also turned out with A. E. Ogilvy for the visitors in the match at Badulla, I mentioned above, a few short years ago. These old veterans were undoubtedly all of a good vintage. Among the Colombo forwards in this match was H. A. Burden, our retiring P. M. G. one of the few members of the Ceylon Civil Service, who played in these matches, two other Civil Servants besides Kyndersley and E. B. Alexander already mentioned, were H. W. Milligan, a most popular member of that service, who was a very nippy scrum half, played for Colombo in 1908. He met his death gallantly in the war. The other was D. W. Arnott. H. M. Grant Peterkin, F. C. Smith and D. Robertson were among the Up-country stalwarts who helped the hill tribes to win in 1908 by 13 points to 0.

(To be continued.)



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THE STORY OF DAVID.

By W. T. K.

(Special to *The Ceylon Causerie*.)

IV.

"DID you see me" screamed the ant through his megaphone as he came along.

"I didn't see anything but a thunderstorm, and a tree that knocked me over" said David.

"It was me, it was me!" screamed the ant, "I was pretending I was you, and you were me. I shouted to you to look at me, and then you tickled my foot and made me scream out. Didn't you hear? And then you wouldn't look, so I poked you in the back to make you look up."

"I didn't see you" said David. "And you ought not to have knocked me over when you were so much bigger" and he began to feel quite angry with the poor ant, and they might have quarrelled, only at that moment they both heard a great noise of boys shouting to each other, and running towards them over the sand. David knew who they were, and he went to meet them. They were the second form of Every College, Ceylon, and David was in the second form at Every College. They had soon laid down a mat on the sand and fixed up their wickets, and then they began to play as hard as they could, and to shout as loud as they could. They shouted this song all together:—

I say, man
Come and play man
Dont delay, man.
Take the bat, man
On the mat, man
With the chalk, man,
Mark the block, man.
You are bowled, man,
Got you cold, man.
Not my fault, man,
I am halt, man,
Got a cramp, man,
Due to damp, man.
So let me bowl, man,
I will roll, man,
He shall shake, man,
At the break, man,
I will make, man.

"Why do they keep saying man" asked David.

"Johnson says," said True, that when they were in the first form they were always hungry."

"Kee kee!" said the squirrel. He meant "hear hear" but nobody listened to him.

"And he says" continued True "that they all swallowed a page of his dictionary where all the words began with—man. So now whenever they open their mouths, a man hops out before they can catch him. There are only a hundred on the page, and when they are all used up, they don't do it any more."

David noticed that when Johnson was not there, True was always very polite to him, and rather rude when he was there. But then she was a lady, and David knew that what ladies do is always right, so he did not say anything.

"What would have happened if they had swallowed the whole dictionary?" asked David.

"Then" said True, "They might say anything from 'Come on Aft' to 'Come on Zoology,' which would do quite as well you know."

Just then, David heard a bell ringing in the distance, and slowly growing louder and louder.

Meanwhile the cricket song was coming to an end, but the boys did not give up. They shouted the last lines louder than ever,

Gave them innings,
Take your winnings.
What the hell, man
There's the bell, man,
We must go, man,
Cheerio, man,

and off they all went.

The bell went on ringing and getting louder and louder, and David wondered and wondered what it could be. Soon the whole beach and all the palm trees were listening to the loud "ting aling ling, ting aling ling" of the great bell that was

coming slowly, slowly towards David and his companions.

THE JUNGLE.

Then David found himself in the jungle. And the great bell was still ringing and still coming closer and closer.

David loved the jungle, he felt at home there, it seemed to answer all his questions, and to know all his thoughts. When it was dark and terrible he thought of the great cities and nations that had lived and died, and at last been buried in its gloomy shades; and when it was bright and polished in the sunshine, he thought of all the wonderful life that lived and grew under every leaf and behind every curtain of leaves.

David was not alone, for though the ant had gone, (he said he was a town ant and did not like wild places) True was there with her puppies, and Johnson was there, and David's squirrel. True and Johnson both loved the jungle, and went working, working, with their noses in every corner and crevice, and drank in the rich smells of wild animals that had passed that way in the night.

And there was someone else there who was not looking at the jungle at all, and did not understand smells, nor love corners and crevices. He was a little old man with long hair, that wanted cutting, and a very untidy coat that was covered with ink stains and dust and mud. He was a very curious old gentleman, for though he was in that wonderful strange mysterious place, he had his nose buried in a very large book. And as he read the tears flowed continually from his eyes, and fell splash, splash, into a large bucket that he always carried about with him.

"Who is that old gentleman?" asked David.

"Dear me, dear me" said Johnson, "Bless my soul, it's my old friend Professor Lamplight."

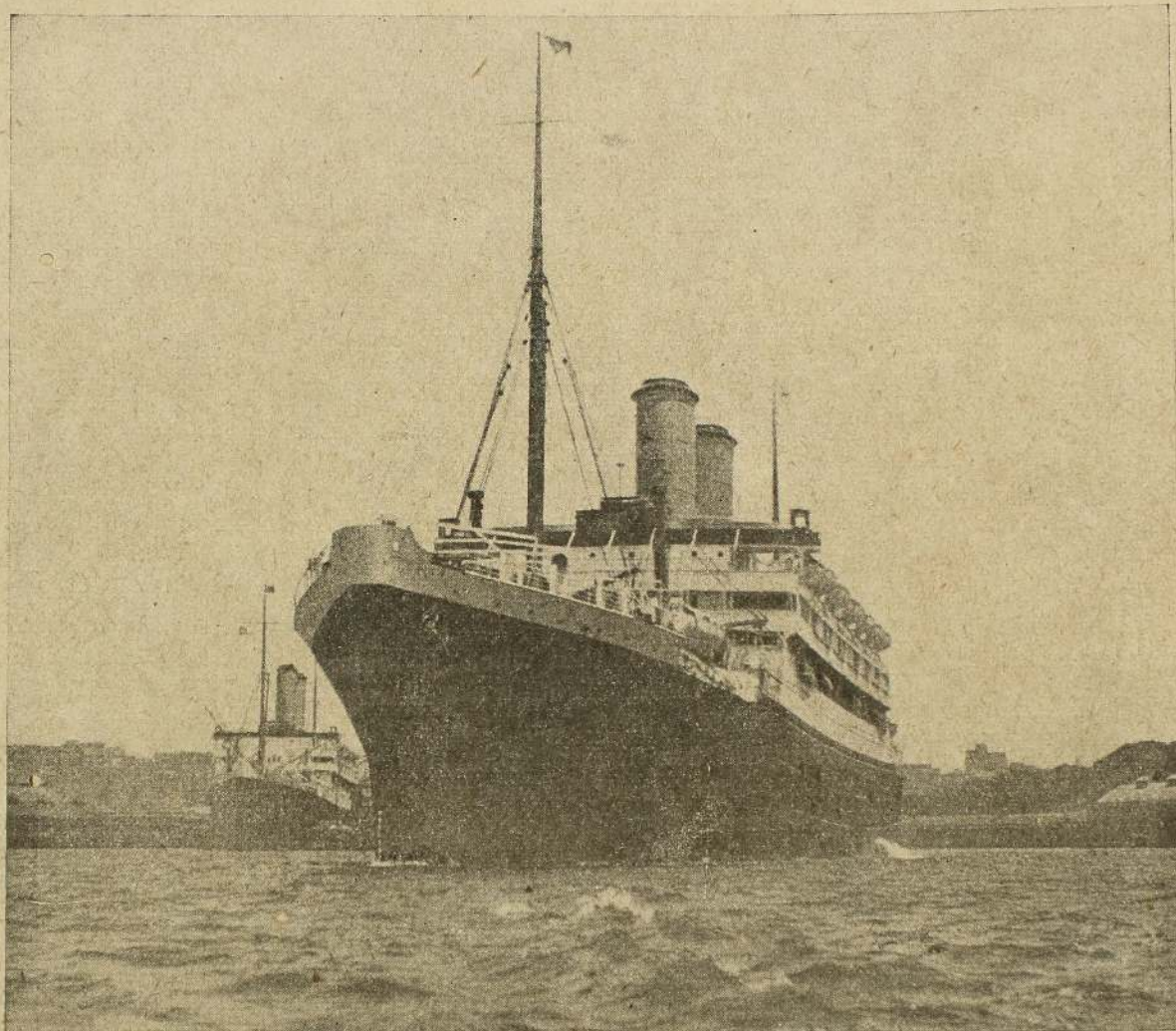
"What is he crying about?" asked David.

"You had better go and ask him" said Johnson, "He will be glad enough to tell you, I know."

(Continued on page 37.)

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The Story of David.

(Continued from page 35.)

So David went up to the Professor and said,

"Please, sir, why are you crying into that bucket?"

The Professor did not notice David at first. He was deep in his book and mumbling to himself all the time. "I can't find it, I can't find it. I made certain it would be on page three hundred and two. Now I think it must be on page four hundred and fifty. I must go on and see, I must go on and see."

"What have you lost?" asked David.

The Professor looked up with a rather kindly smile on his face, but still with a tear on each side of his nose.

"Have you lost something?" asked David again.

"I haven't exactly lost it you know," said the Professor, flicking a large tear into the bucket. "I have never found it you see, but it must be on page three hundred and fifty, that's where it will be" and he went back to his book and forgot all about David.

David wondered what he could have lost, so he began to shake the Professor very gently backwards and forwards, until his face came out of the book again.

"Can I help you to find it" asked David.

"Yes, yes," said the Professor, "Look in here" and he pulled another large book out of his pocket and handed it to David.

"But what are you looking for?" asked David.

"I'll tell you" said the Professor "I'm looking for happiness, that which causes the free passage of

libido from the complex buried in the subconscious, and brings it on to the conscious plain of human experience."

David did not hear any more, for at that moment the great bell came round the corner of the forest. It was the old camel bell that stood on the table in the hall at home. But now it had a real camel on it, and it was ringing away merrily "ting a ling ling, ting aling ling" as if it were Christmas morning, and every body had forgotten, except that one bell. It was like a great brazen voice in the jungle, crying aloud to all the world to come and see, to come and see, and certainly it was worth while to go, for the bell was at the head of a great procession of animals, guided by a tall lady with a branch covered with ripe fruit in one hand, and a black wand in the other.

(To be continued.)

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ur Competition Page

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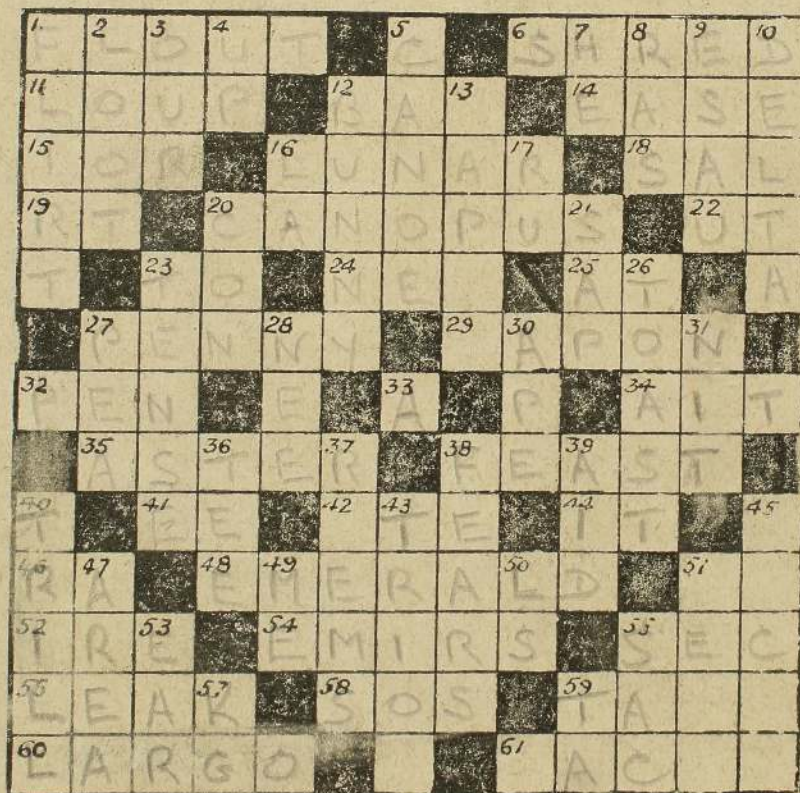
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All entries must reach this office by 12 noon on Wed., 25th Oct., 1933.

The Editor's decision will be final.



CLUES.

HORIZONTAL.

1. Jeer; 6. Strip; 11. Leap; 12. Proclamation; 14. Quiet; 15. Suffix; 16. Caused by the moon; 18. Salt; 19. Right. 20. Star; 22. Note; 23. Preposition; 24. Knot; 25. Preposition; 27. Coin; 29. Evergreen shrub; 32. Fold; 33. Indefinite article; 34. Island; 35. Flower; 38. Banquet; 41. Errors excepted; 42. Suffix; 44. Pronoun; 46. God; 48. Gem; 51. Army rank; 52. Anger; 54. Princes; 55. Dry; 56. Crack that admits water; 58. Distress signal; 59. Mineral; 60. Slowly (music); 61. Monkey.

VERTICAL.

1. Coquette; 2. Plunder; 3. Pronoun; 4. Adverb; 5. Boat; 7. Pronoun; 8. Cape; 9. Hairy man; 10. Greek letter; 12. Rabbit; 13. Strong ale; 16. Exclamation; 17. Football Union; 20. Learn; 21. Juice; 23. Rigid; 26. Drink to health of; 27. Vegetable; 28. Born; 30. Monkey; 31. Egg; 36. Golf term; 37. Raw-hide things; 38. Apprehension; 39. Help; 40. Warble; 43. One who attempts; 45. A socle; 47. A yard; 49. Pro-noun; 50. Left side (abb.); 51. De-cay; 53. Organ; 55. Pouch; 57. Order; 59. Thank you!

Solution to Puzzle No. 40.

Horizontal.

1. Ephebe. 6. Curfew. 11. Doe. 12. Enter. 14. Ale. 15. Item. 17. Day. 18. Ilka. 19. Ly. 20. Ill. 21. Ox. 22. To. 24. Ancoñ. 26. Re. 27. Strong. 30. Naevus. 33. Tang. 34. Main. 35. Veneer. 37. Aerate. 39. Or. 40. Rests. 42. Ye. 43. Ab. 45. Too. 46. Am. 48. Unde. 50. Run. 51. Saki. 53. Toe. 54. Fares. 56. Ial. 57. Ennead. 58. Doyley.

Vertical.

1. Edicts. 2. Pot. 3. Heel. 4. Be. 5. Ending. 6. Ceylon. 7. Ur. 8. Falx. 9. Elk. 10. Weaves. 13. Talc. 16. My. 18. Io. 23. Otter. 24. Anger. 25. Names. 26. Runty. 28. Ran. 29. One. 31. Ear. 32. Via. 35. Volute. 36. Retrad. 37. Atoned. 38. Eerily. 41. Sour. 43. Aden. 44. Be. 46. As. 47. Mail. 49. Non. 52. Kae. 54. Fa. 55. So.

Name

Address

Winners of September Crossword Competition.

1st Prize—Rs. 10.—M. A. E. Kalenberg, Malva Cottage, Kandy.

2nd „ — „ 5.—Miss Eileen Schokman, "Muresk," De Fonseka Road, Havelock Town.

Ceylon Celebrities.

(Continued from page 5.)

Among James Anthonisz's distinguished pupils were the two sons of Capt. Fisher, Superintendent of Police. One of these rose to be Lord Fisher of the British Admiralty and the other, F. C. Fisher of the Civil Service, died as Government Agent of the North-Western Province.

Parents who bear the heavy burden of school text books, would be interested to know that James Anthonisz's pupils were equipped with a minimum of these. He preserved an excellent series of note books in mathematical and other subjects, and as each day's work was explained, his pupils were expected to take notes for their own case.

His analyses of Geography, History, Grammar, mathematical subjects and particularly of Trigonometry were in great demand in several schools of this island.

Like most men of his day and generation, James Anthonisz wrote a beautifully clear and well-formed hand, which set a standard to his pupils. The education provided at his school enabled a large number of men to win outstanding positions in the professions and the public services.

He was a great disciplinarian, whose presence inspired order and respect, and who used his cane only when occasions demanded it.

Once, some unruly spirits in the Second Form greeted their master with a canopy of *habrala* leaves on his table. The whole form had clearly participated in the act, but an effort to discover the ring-leaders failing, the headmaster was notified.

He came down stairs cane in hand and sensing the position at a glance, called up the one boy in the class who was his boarder and caned him as an example to the rest. His own boarder should certainly have known better. That was elementary justice.

James Anthonisz insisted on accuracy of thought and statement. A school-boy placing his fees on the table was asked what the amount was. On his answering "Five

(Continued up.)

Shillings", James Anthonisz remarked he did not want so much. He needed only Rs. 2.50. He was remitting money to his son in England and knew to his cost that a rupee did not represent two shillings.

After a long and distinguished career as a schoolmaster, James Anthonisz retired, and immediately after was appointed Secretary of the Galle Municipal Council, a post he held for fourteen years.

He died on the 7th October 1914, and his name is still remembered with the highest respect and gratitude.

YARNS OF CAMP LIFE.

(Continued from page 29.)

The Navy frequently took part in the field operations. They had succeeded in dragging a heavy field gun, up hill and down dale, and over swampy ground, and had just established a position on the top of a hill, when they were suddenly surrounded by a largely superior force of the C. L. I. "Hi. Hi: you are our prisoners. We have captured your gun" chorused the delighted victors."

"Oh 'ave ye?" replied Jack, "then ye can bloomin' well take it back to Camp!"

On a big field day a party of the Navy had opened fire with a field gun when an Umpire rode up with the order. "Your gun is out of action, you are to imagine one of the wheels has been carried away. Cease fire."

The Umpire rode away, and Jack was much disgusted at not being allowed to carry on after having dragged the gun so far.

In about ten minutes the Umpire came back in wrath and indignation, on hearing the gun open fire again. "What the Dickens is the meaning of this. Didn't I tell you to imagine your wheel had been shot away, and your gun out of action!?"

"Its all right Sir" said Jack "we have imagined that we had a spare wheel and have repaired the damage"!!!

Pearls of Wisdom.

(Continued from page 13.)

handed it out with an expression as if you were robbing the cash drawer of an orphan asylum!

Make her understand that while those that have gets, when they present a cheque, those that have'n't gets it in the neck!

∴ ∴ ∴

Make your wife pay cash. A woman never really understands money till she's done that for a while. I've noticed that people rarely pay down the money for foolish purchases—they charge them. And its mighty seldom that a woman's extravagant unless she or her husband pays the bills by cheque. There's something about counting out the actual legal tender on the spot, that keeps a woman from really wanting a lot of things which she thinks she wants.

(More "pearls" next month!)

ERRATA.

Colonel Joseph writes—"I must correct a mistake I made in my Rugby Reminiscences—much curtailed owing to pressure on space—which appeared last month. I in advertently referred to Lawrence St. Geo. Carey as "Lionel." He was universally known among all his friends, whose name was legion, as "Lawrie Carey." I have also to apologise for the impish delight with which that abominable fiend, the "Printer's Devil," played with that contribution, especially with such names as Hine Haycock, Biddell, "Tamby" Rowsell etc., while Marlburian was metamorphosed into "Marlhinian" and "Clan" into "Class" Fraser. It was evidently quite a field day with my enemy the "P. D."