

# THE CEYLON CAUSIERIE

COLOMBO, FEBRUARY, 1933.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



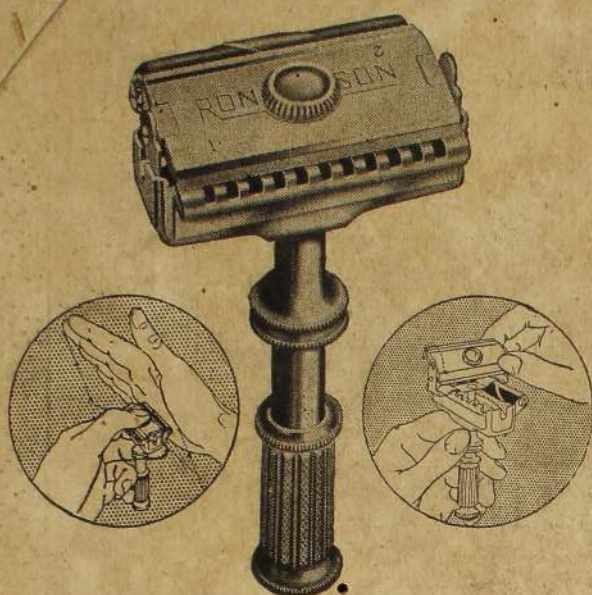
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Mr. HADEN WATKINS,  
who has succeeded Mr. J. J. Flockhart as Head of the Colombo Branch of  
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# The PASSING HOUR

By The Editor

THE appointment of Mr. Haden Watkins to be Head of Messrs. Mackinnon Mackenzie and Coy., Colombo, will be welcomed by all. Mr. Watkins came out to Colombo in 1909, and in 1931 started the activities of the Ceylon Publicity Committee, so that the Island is largely indebted to him for making its attractions known to tourists and the world of commerce. Though no more than fifty years old the career of Mr. Watkins has been eventful, and the account of his adventures reads like a romance. He is as familiar with windjammers, as merchant sailing-ships are popularly known, as with modern steamers. He has sailed to both the Western and the Eastern coasts of South America as well as to Australia. Tiring of a life on the boundless wave, or perhaps "having observed the luxurious demeanour of the landlubbers who boarded the steamers at various ports," he took up an appointment in the London office of the P. and O. Company before coming over to Ceylon.

His Excellency the Governor's advice to our cultivators at the opening of the Mirigama Exhibition was opportune and his weighty words should be pondered over not only by the cultivators but by the officers of the Agricultural Department. His Excellency warned the cultivators that if they did not follow the best methods of cultivation and know how to combat disease, they would fail and lose the market in local products. It may be regarded as an axiom that no one is obtuse against his own interests. The village cultivator may be a psychological problem but it is up to the officers of the Agricultural Department to understand him, to reason with him and to guide him aright. If better and more paying ways of cultivation are demonstrated to the village cultivator in the fields of his own village, he will undoubtedly

follow these, though lectures, leaflets and meetings will fail to carry much conviction. The proper handling of the village cultivator is a matter of urgent necessity. We commend the problem to Dr. Youngman, the enthusiastic head of the Agricultural Department.

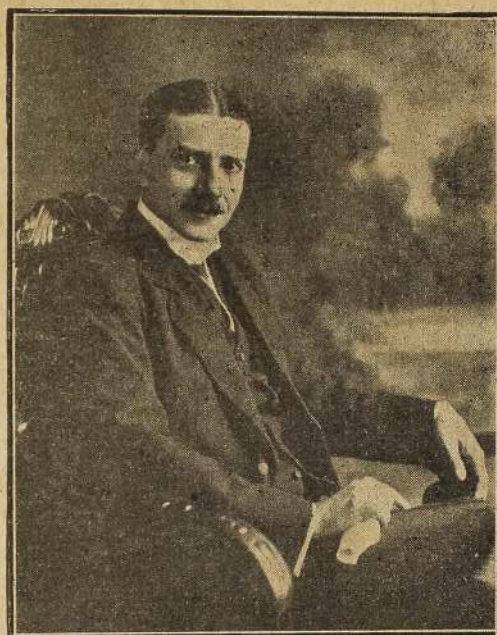


Photo by Platé Ltd

THE HON. MR. T. F. GARVIN, K. C.

The Hon. Mr. T. F. Garvin, Senior Puisne Justice, goes on leave in March, and Hulftsdorp will have its usual changes in our legal world. Rumour has it that Mr. L. M. de Silva, K. C., the brilliant Solicitor General will be elevated to a seat on the Supreme Court Bench during Mr. Garvin's absence on leave. Mr. de Silva's place as Solicitor General will, it is said, be filled by Mr. J. W. R. Illangakoon. No successor to Mr. Justice Lyall Grant has been appointed, but it is surmised at Hulftsdorp that Mr. L. Maartensz who has acted for the past six years on the Supreme Court Bench will be confirmed as Puisne Justice. It will be in the fitness of things if this happens as Mr. Maartensz will

be only getting his just due for a most excellent record of service on the official side for over thirty years.

"Punch" is an embodiment of English life which is as characteristic of England as St. Paul's Cathedral or the London Policeman. The late Mr. John Harward, Director of Education, observed that when he had read "Punch" he knew all the English news that was worth knowing. The pages of "Punch" enshrine not merely clean English humour but the writings of the keenest intellects of the day. The retirement of Sir Owen Seaman, the distinguished Cambridge scholar and athlete, and the Editor of "Punch," is therefore a fact of world-wide significance to the men and women of this generation. Sir Owen Seaman's facile pen had illuminated the pages of "Punch" for over thirty years.

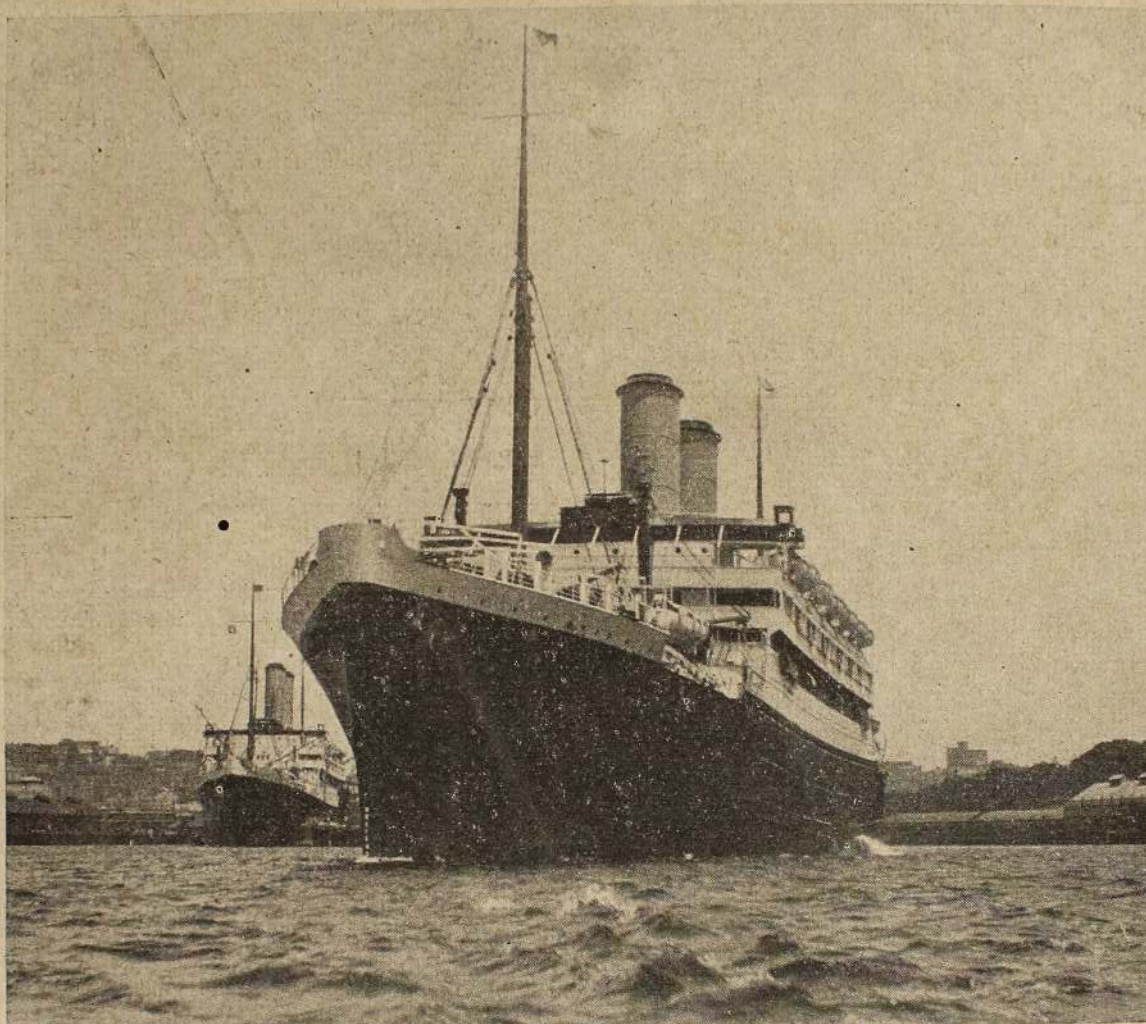
Preference or Free Trade offers a very wide field for debate, but the compromise which the State Council accepted after long discussion is a satisfactory solution of this vexed question. After all, matters involving the interests of this island can be settled only by the consideration of what would best advance these interests. One cannot close one's eyes however to the fact that there are often wider interests, which rise above the consideration of rupees and cents, and that the bonds of sympathy and good will are great assets which make for the progress of a country.

It is surprising that the vast opportunities open to the enterprising agriculturist in Ceylon are not used. Large quantities of imported oranges find a ready sale in our shops while a well-grown local orange is greatly superior both in flavour and sweetness. Five tons of Ceylon grown tobacco were exported to London last year and fetched a good price. There is a great demand in London for more Ceylon grown tobacco. Australia is prepared to buy regular supplies of Ceylon grown plantains. The chillies, onions and ginger imported to this country could be easily grown in Ceylon. It must be realised that while the people in Ceylon are excellent followers, they are somewhat timid and indifferent pioneers.



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# Ceylon Celebrities

by 'Causer'

SIR Hector van Cuylenburg, who was fourth in line of descent from Wilhelmus Philippus van Cuylenburg of Rosendaal, who came out to Ceylon in 1739, is an outstanding instance of success in life, achieved by industry, ability and *bon-homie*.

His father, Petrus Henricus van Cuylenburg, one of the first batch of Ceylon students to receive a local medical training in the military hospitals under Dr. Kevett, an Army Surgeon, was stationed for the greater part of his service at Kalutara, and was a well-known figure in the bounteous days when Lorenz visited "Teak Bungalow."

Passing out as a Proctor early in life, Sir Hector formed a partnership with his illustrious brother-in-law, the Hon. Mr. F. C. Loos, C.M.G., and the firm of Messrs. Loos and van Cuylenburg soon became one of the best known firms of Proctors practising in the island.

But even the strenuous demands of a busy lawyer's office were not enough to contain the energies of the aspiring young proctor, who had tasted the delights of English literature and had acquired a charming and persuasive style of writing. He conceived the idea of a penny paper for the people, a paper which would not be beyond the means of the poorest home in which the English language was understood.

And so Sir Hector van Cuylenburg started "The Ceylon Independent," the first morning paper in Ceylon and the first to be sold at the popular rate of five cents.

The paper was an immediate success and was a landmark in the progress and education of the people. Sir Hector shewed great generalship in attracting to the service of his paper men of first rate ability. The greatest of these was George Wall, in his earlier days planter, merchant and legislator, who with Lorenz and his illustrious band of unofficials, made history in the Ceylon Legislative Council. The most notable triumph which "The Ceylon Inde-

pendent" achieved under George Wall's editorship was the repeal of the paddy tax.

Mr. J. Scott Coates, Mr. E. H. Joseph and Mr. Aelian Staples, to mention just a few other names, helped to make name and fame for



SIR HECTOR VAN CUYLENBURG.

"The Ceylon Independent," and it is certainly a feather in Sir Hector van Cuylenburg's cap that he was the successful pioneer of cheap and popular journalism in Ceylon.

Sir Hector van Cuylenburg had the urge to military service in his blood, for his great ancestor Wilhelmus Philippus van Cuylenburg had borne arms in his day in the local militia as Captain of the Burgery. So when the Volunteer Force in Ceylon was initiated in 1881, he was one of its earliest and most enthusiastic recruits. He rose step by step in the Ceylon Light Infantry, retiring finally with the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

When he foregathered with his friends, he had many a racy tale to tell of the pioneer days of soldiering and of marching with stout hearts and blistered feet along the

rolling downs of Urugasmanhandiya.

"Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay  
Urugasmanhandiya!"

wakes memories of fifty years ago.

Sir Hector van Cuylenburg's great popularity with the members of his own community received signal proof at the very first election of a member to represent the Burghers in the Legislative Council, when he was returned at the head of the poll. Seldom has there been a worthier or more accessible member in the Council of the State. For although Sir Hector took his seat as Burgher member, his interests and sympathies were wide-reaching, and like his paper "The Ceylon Independent," he worked for the interests of the people. Sir Hector's attitude in Council was one of sturdy independence and his ability to marshal and present facts in a convincing manner made him invaluable in debate.

Sir Hector van Cuylenburg was elected President of the Dutch Burgher Union, in 1913, and was thus the accredited leader of his people both official and unofficial.

So distinguished a man had well and truly earned the right to a public honour and when his appointment to a Knighthood was announced, it was received with wide-spread approval. Indeed, earlier in Sir Hector's life, it was widely believed that no journalist could aspire to a Knighthood, but Sir Hector achieved the seemingly impossible by combining a wealth of public activities, well and truly performed in the service of the people.

Sir Hector married his own cousin Joseline, daughter of Sir Richard Morgan. It was Lady van Cuylenburg who was immortalised in one of Lorenz's poems, of which the opening verse was:

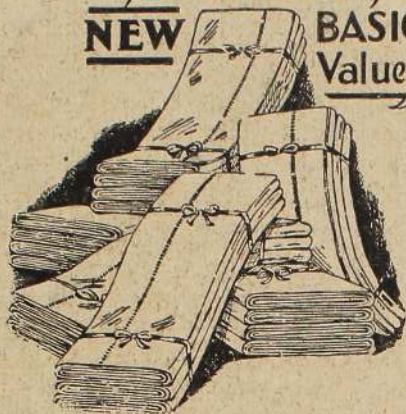
This handkerchief, when new and clean,  
With flowers at all its four ends,  
Was offered unto Joseline,  
A birthday gift from Lorenz.

Sir Hector van Cuylenburg died on the 10th December, 1915, aged sixty-eight years and was deeply mourned by all sections of the Community. Although he realised he was seriously ill at the end, he placed no restraint either on his public or his social duties and then he passed bravely from life to death, leaving behind him a high example to his countrymen.



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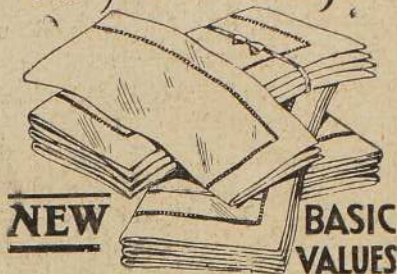
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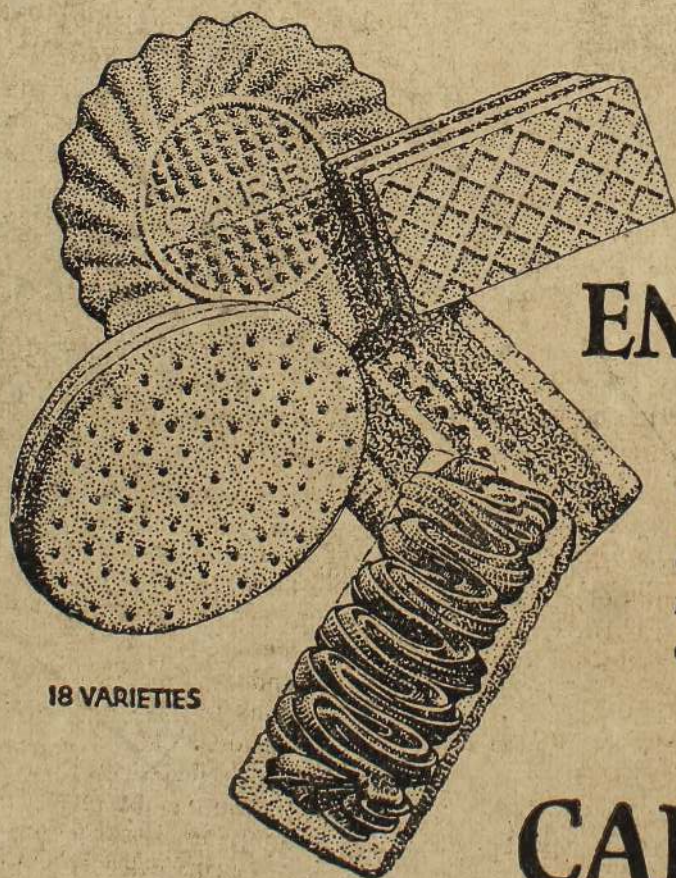
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chocolate coated - - all delightful.*

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# CARR'S of CARLISLE



# A HOLIDAY DOWN SOUTH.

## VARIETY OF SCENE AND INTEREST.

**H**OLIDAY-SEEKERS in Ceylon too frequently forget that the Low-country has as many charms as the hills. Take a trip in a car down South and you will get a pleasant reminder that for variety of scene and interest it is as attractive as any excursion Up-country, or through the wilds to Trincomalee.

Eight restful and refreshing days spent thus in a jaunt from Colombo

battling successfully here against tremendous odds.....And so through Matugama and Agalawatte to Dalkeith Estate, delightfully situated on an eminence, commanding a fine view of hills. Here Mr. P. R. May gave us the warm welcome, which all those who visit Dalkeith are so accustomed to.

At Kalutara we were given more than a glimpse of the good work that



*Photo by Plâte Ltd.*

The Hillman Minx at Dondra.

Matara's old-world charm next detained us, and after passing through Tangalle, we reached as satisfying an end to our itinerary as the most jaded tourists could desire. The town of Hambantota needs to have its praises sung, or such a delightful spot would be sadly neglected. The writer will not easily forget the sense of restful comfort conveyed by every aspect of this quiet haven from the rush and cares of city life. Its well-planned buildings laid out on a hill are a feature of this progressive and attractive resort.

As we approached Hambantota from Tangalle, we could not help realising the truth of Mr. W. W. A. Phillips's recent warning regarding the disappearance of Ceylon's wild life. Of beasts and birds that once lent particular thrills to journeys through this part of the Island there was hardly any sign. The hand of wanton destruction had done its fell work. This was the one jarring note in an enjoyable trip for which we had to thank those many kind friends on the way, whose hospitality was in no way cooled by the rigours of these stringent times. Another impression that lingers is the air of well-ordered cleanliness which most of the coastal townships have developed as a result of the activities of the various Urban Councils. This makes a holiday trip on the Southward track all the more agreeable and nobody who is given the chance to take one should miss it. Our trip was rendered doubly enjoyable owing to the comfort we experienced in covering nearly six hundred miles in a car which afforded us the most satisfactory form of transport for such a journey. The British Motor Manufacturer has truly provided in the Hillman Minx a car which combines the utter reliability with the maximum of comfort and economy. Wherever we journeyed this remarkable British light car was universally admired, and those who had the opportunity of joining us in short runs were most enthusiastic and full of praise for a car which they confess will be greatly in demand from now onwards.

to Hambantota and back have left many pleasurable impressions. The run from Colombo to Panadura held no special thrills, but branching off to Horana and entering the rubber district, we felt we were experiencing quite a different atmosphere from that depicted by those whose thoughts constantly dwell on the depression. Here was no distressing spectacle of stricken and abandoned acres. On the contrary, there was an effect of well-tended holdings gallantly struggling against adversity. This impression was strengthened when we got across the Anguruwatota ferry to Vogan Estate, Neboda, where Mr. F. R. Dakeyne, of Rugger fame, refuses to be anything but optimistic. Rubber and tea both seem to be

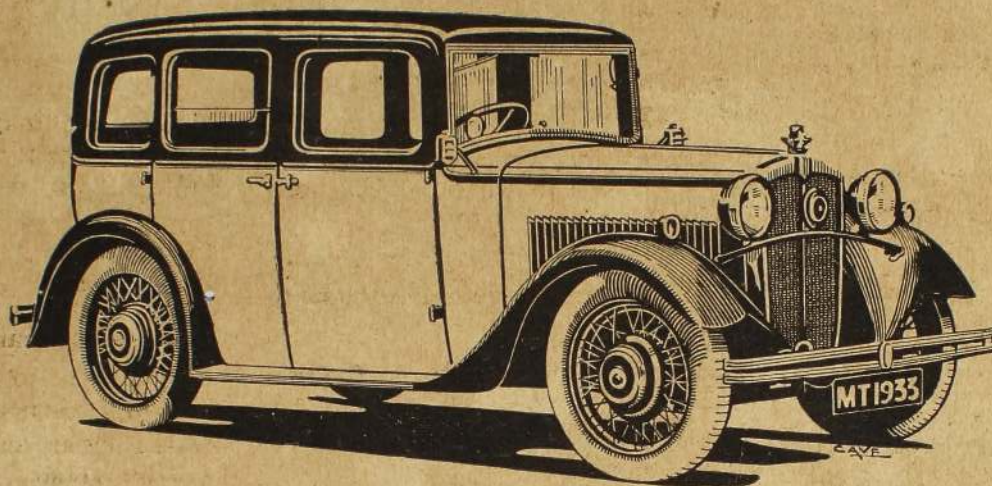
can be done by retired public servants who have helped to form the nucleus of a new landed gentry. Mr. E. H. vander Wall, the retired Chief Inspector of Schools, makes profitable use of his leisure in healthy surroundings which will be the envy of many hemmed-in townfolk.

Thus far the smooth-running and reliable Minx in which we made the trip had served us exceedingly well and helped to whet our appetites for what was to follow. A steady run to Bentota, Ambalangoda and Galle, and we were then ready to make pleasant excursions into the interior, and were struck everywhere by the signs of rural prosperity and plentiful crops. Things did not seem half as black as they are painted.



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# Rather Good

HUMOROUS AND OTHERWISE

THOSE who wished us a Prosperous New Year are now explaining that the wish applied only to the last eleven months of 1933.

The safest prediction for February is that the month will end sooner than usual.

Government servants are said to be worried about another temporary salary cut.

Soon they will have nothing left in which to effect a permanent cut.

One way of economy: visit your barber less frequently. But what about larger hats that will be needed to cover shaggier heads?

Jaffna is now said to be in two minds about the wisdom of her boycott move.

It would not be a bad idea to make the State Council go to Jaffna, if Jaffna will not come to the State Council.

An Australian cable did not make it quite clear the other day whether the Board of Control was still against body-line bowling.

To the burning question, "is the Leg Theory cricket?" the obvious answer is: "It is and it isn't."

Ceylon allowed herself to be beaten by India at the first International Soccer match of its kind.

But that is, of course, no reason why New Delhi should withdraw all objections to a reduction of the Minimum Wage on Ceylon estates.

At a recent district planters' meeting it was suggested that the members might have to follow Mr. Gandhi's example of Passive Resistance if wages were not to be cut.

The next step would be for Estate Superintendents to "fast unto death" in the presence of well-fed labourers.

Australian Aborigines are reported to have resolved at a mass meeting to ask the Cricket authorities to devise a deadlier form of bowling than the body-line stuff.

It would be less cruel to batsmen who are now disabled to kill them outright.

"Grand Hotel" has come to Bambalapitiya.

A man who regularly develops a keen thirst between Galle Face and Mt. Lavinia remarked that it was high time it did.

For the benefit of those who failed to notice the fact in the daily newspapers, it is necessary to mention here that among recent visitors to Ceylon was Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

But the Island's scenery remains unaltered, despite the dramatist's utter indifference to its charms.

A Persian mystic who visited Ceylon has not spoken a word for eight years.

State Councillors might take a similar vow of silence as a protest against the Retrenchment proposals being scrapped.

In appreciation of Ceylon's refusal to discriminate against foreign cotton goods, Japanese manufacturers are said to be building a new village which they intend to name Manchester. There is already a little place in Japan called Sweden where cheap matches are made.

Several great writers have died within the last few weeks.

A local paragraphist confesses that he himself is not feeling very well.

A new Woman's Club called the Soroptimists is likely to be formed in Colombo.

Men might retaliate by forming an Association of Sorry Pessimists.

The teacher at a prep. school wished to demonstrate a feat in Arithmetic but found he had not sufficient pennies to perform it. He said, "Hands up every boy who has a penny." Every boy made the required move except one. "Come along, McKay," the teacher said to the small Scot, "haven't you got a penny?" "Yes, Sir," replied McKay, "but what is this? A hold-up?"

The Captain of the Golf Club said to the Secretary, "What sort of fellow is this new member, Smith?" "The Secretary replied, "If you see a couple of men in conversation, one of whom can't get a word in edgewise and looks bored to death, the other one is Smith."

Which recalls the tale of the elderly gentleman who became somewhat worried about himself and went to see a doctor. The doctor listened and smiled. "My Dear Sir," he said, "this little habit of talking to yourself isn't anything to worry about." "Isn't it," said the patient indignantly. "You don't know what a damned bore I am."



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# GOODYEAR

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# The Bicentenary of Warren Hastings.

"THE GREATEST ENGLISHMAN OF ALL TIME."

By C. D.

THERE are some great men,—a small minority,—who prefer to be known throughout their lives by their baptismal names, rather than lose their identity by being made peers of the realm. Warren Hastings was one; William Gladstone, John Bright and a few others make up the remainder. Hastings would have lost as much of the glamour that surrounds his name, had he been created Earl of Daylesford, as Shakespeare would have done had he been elevated to the peerage as Lord Stratford. Happily, in the past, there was not the same hankering after honours and titles that we find to-day. It was William Wycherley, "the restoration dramatist," who anticipated Burns, by saying, in sober prose: "I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the King's stamp can make the metal better." And no honour, however great, could have enhanced the fame which Warren Hastings won for himself.

The bicentenary of Hastings, who was born on the 6th December, 1732, was enthusiastically celebrated in England on Tuesday, the 6th Dec., last,—a circumstance which would go to show that his memory still remains green, in spite of the fleeting years. As a cable from London informed us, addresses were delivered at his old school by the Dean of Westminster, Lord Reading and Sir John Marriot; while a meeting, presided over by Lord Lothian, at the Royal Empire Society, drew a distinguished company. At both functions high eulogiums were passed on the work of Hastings as a Pro-Consul and Empire builder. Lord Reading, his successor in the administration of India, acclaimed him as the greatest Viceroy in history. Sir John Marriot declared that if British Rule in India represented one of the most brilliant achievements of the British race, Hastings

was one of the greatest Englishmen of all time. Professor Dodwell vindicated Hastings' character with considerable warmth of feeling. And thus it has happened that, after 200 years, this great pioneer in the administration of one of the most difficult countries to rule, who "tackled his job" with almost super-human courage, and, in the end, suffered grievously at the hands of his own countrymen, has had his meritorious services acknowledged in no uncertain terms. Those who are acquainted with the biography of this extraordinary man, cannot but marvel at what he achieved, in spite of the hostile attitude of his rivals, and in the teeth of almost savage treachery in India. Left an orphan at seven, he determined, even at that tender age, to recover the family estate which had passed out of his father's hands. After studying at Westminster school, he went out to India, then the Eldorado of the East, where grew the Pagoda tree, to seek his fortune, at the age of 17, joining the East India Company, that wonderful Mercantile-Political organisation with which so many adventurous spirits were associated. Without following his Eastern career in detail, suffice it to say that he ultimately became President of the Supreme Council of Bengal, which office later came to be designated "Governor General of India." The methods Hastings adopted, with a view to putting the finances of the Government on a sound footing, would scarcely be approved of in these days; but, in judging of his political morality, one has to take into consideration the kind of people he had to deal with, and the necessity for meeting a difficult situation with repressive action—that almost amounted to cruelty, if Britain's foothold in India was to be maintained. "Against the blemishes of

his administration," says his biographer, "must be placed his great public services," which, in spite of the difficulties placed in his way by the Home Government, and the opposition of a disturbing faction in his own council, brought about the consolidation of the British Empire in India, and its preservation from its foreign and domestic enemies. When Hastings finally turned his back on the East, to return home, after a regime of 12 years, he left the country in a tranquil state. On reaching England, though cordially received by the King, a storm was in the brewing which, in due course, culminated in the thunderstroke; for, at the instance of the Whigs, he was impeached at the bar of the House of Lords for high misdemeanors. The trial, which, from first to last, occupied the best part of 7 years, and cost Hastings £76,000, is familiar to every school-boy, through Macaulay's brilliant essay, as the most famous in the annals of the law, and gave scope for the full display of their powers to such distinguished orators and advocates as Burke, Sheridan, Fox, Windham and Grey. In the end, Hastings was acquitted; but the mental and financial strain he suffered was a terrible ordeal to one who was born to rule, and carry everything before him. He went into retirement a broken man, and passed the evening of his chequered political life at Daylesford, his old home, in Worcestershire. His day-dreams, during those last years, must have been of a vivid character, calling up, as they must have done, kaleidoscopic pictures, in endless variety of form and colour, illustrating his romantic career in the gorgeous East, where he was a king in all but name, and experienced the pomp and pageantry of an Eastern monarch. It has truthfully been said of him, that no other man, unless possessed of the same wonderful courage and masterfulness as himself, could have achieved what he did for Britain in the East. He died, as he lived, plain Warren Hastings,—"the most distinguished Viceroy in history," "the greatest Englishman of all time," as posterity has acclaimed him.



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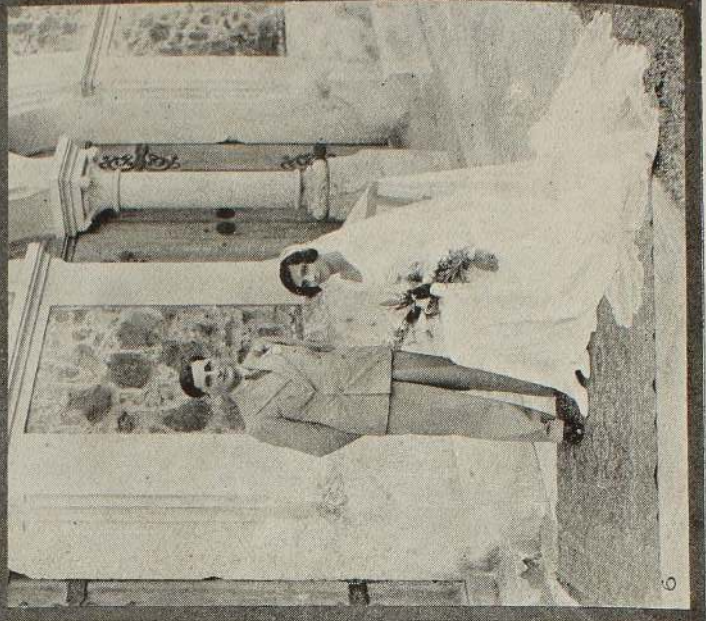
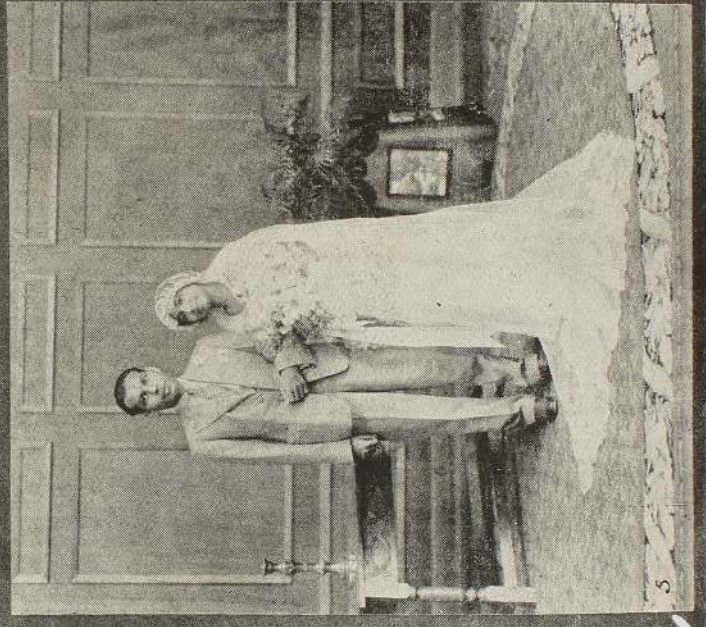


MARK HAMBOURG.

Mark Hambourg, the celebrated Pianist, will appear at the Regal Theatre on Monday and Tuesday, the 6th and 7th February, and his recitals will no doubt attract crowded houses as the opportunities for hearing musicians of his calibre are all too rare in this Island.



# WEDDED.



1. Dr. A. E. S. La Brooy and Miss Mary Wendt.  
2. Mr. A. E. Jayatilke and Miss Dorothy Wilson.  
3. Mr. Wensley V. A. Piers and Miss Gunawathie N. Jmendradasa.

4. Mr. Cyril Fernando and Miss Stella Charles.  
5. Mr. D. C. Andries and Miss Augusta de Silva.  
6. Mr. T. E. F. Mack and Miss Lily Andree.



# The Golden Age of Military Adventure in Ceylon.

## TRADITIONAL TALES FROM DUMBARA.

By Rev. R. Siddhartha,

(Lecturer in Oriental Languages, Ceylon University College.)

WHEN I read the account of Tennewatte Disawa of Hakmana and Koonammaduwe Lekama of Kurukohugama, in the article under the above heading written by Mr. R. L. Brohier, F.R.G.S., published in the June number of your journal, there arose some curiosity in my mind to know who these two patriots were, and whether their patriotic deeds are remembered by the people of the locality, because I myself was born in the neighbourhood of those villages. So, when I went home last time to see my parents I sent for some old gentlemen of my village and inquired if they had heard anything of the above named Disawa and the Lekama. I was very glad to find that the memory of these two great patriots is still fresh in their minds. They began narrating one by one the stories connected with the patriots and their last struggle for the freedom of their mother country. All of them unanimously referred to a Mayila tree still standing in the Wahalawela (king's field) at Kurukohugama as the tree on which the Disawa was hanged publicly. They also referred to a gentleman named Tennewatte Walawwe Mutu Banda of Hakmana as the great grandson of the Disawa in the direct male line. I felt no less pride when they referred to my father also as a descendant of the Disawa. This information increased my curiosity more and more and I wanted therefore to inquire into the matter further. So, the same evening I called at Niligala Walawwa at Udispattuwa and questioned Mr. H. B. Rambukwelle, the Ratemahatmaya of Uda Dumbara, in whose division the villages Hakmana and

Kurukohugama are situated and which are very near to his Walauwa. He said that he knew the whole story but to satisfy me better he

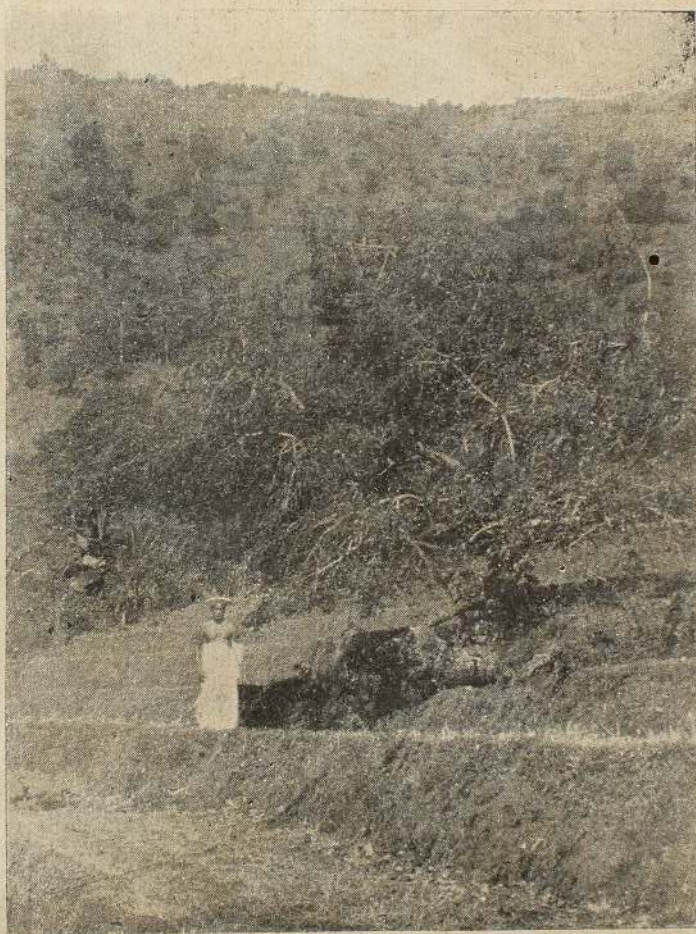


Photo by Rev. R. Siddhartha.

The historic Mayila tree.

sent for an old man of the very village Kurukohugama, whose name was Boralupole Dingiri Nayide, and who was said to have known the story and the connected incident very well. He came in a short time and when questioned gave out all that he knew corroborating the statements of the old folk of Rambukwella whom I had consulted the same afternoon.

Thus being sure of the facts and the site of the execution of the Disawa, I decided to visit this place myself next morning. I also requested the Ratemahatmaya to come

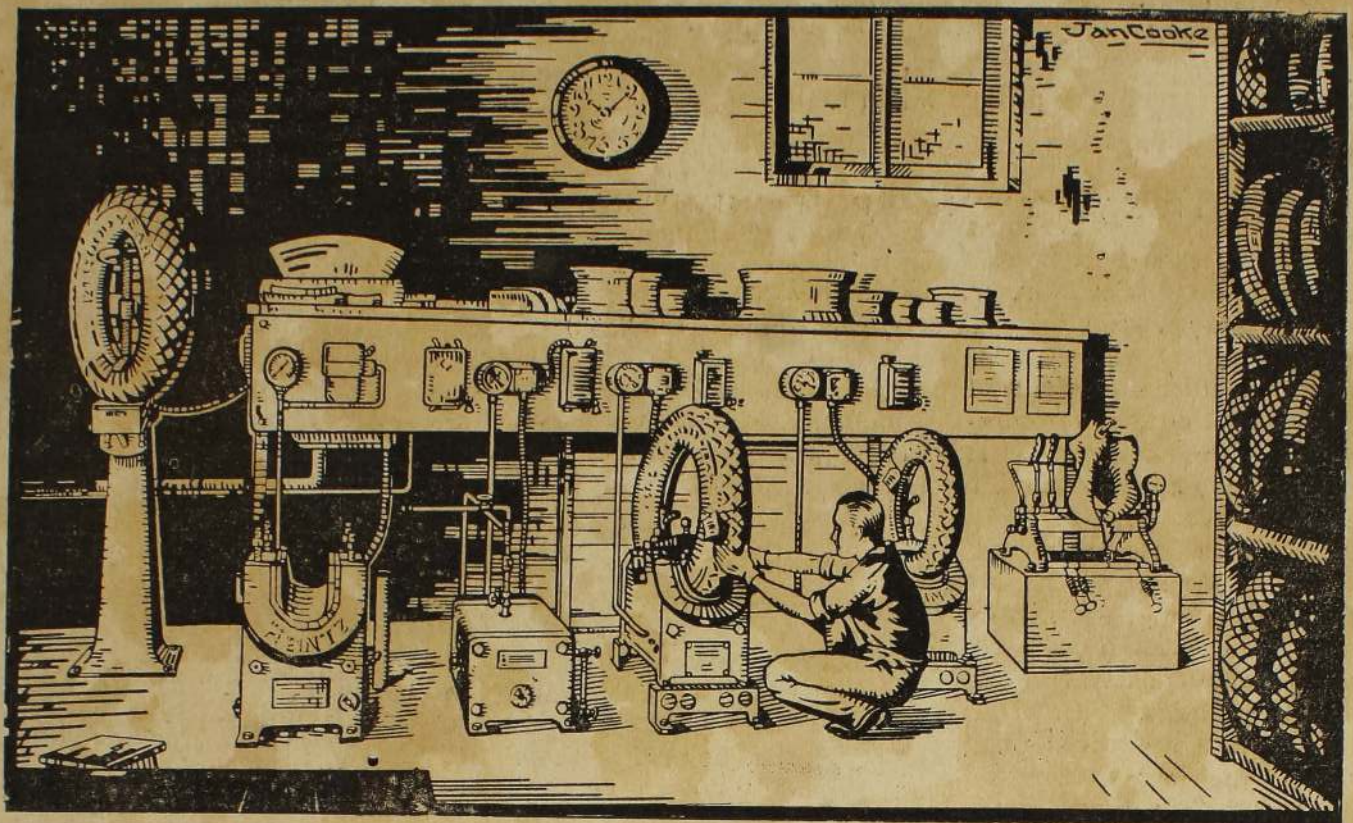
there and he readily consented, not only for my request but also for the feeling he was sharing with me.

Next morning, I, accompanied by my father who is now about eighty-one years old, and a younger brother of mine, started from Rambukwella for the historical place. In a few minutes my father ordered the driver to stop the car saying that we had arrived at the foot path leading to the village Doraliyadda, the Gabadagama of the field Wahalawela. The inhabitants of Doraliyadda, he said, still perform the Rajakariya duties of the field which is now a property of the Daladamaligawa. We all alighted from the car and got into the foot-path which I found was lying through a jungle on the right bank of Galmal Oya, a tributary to the Maha Weli Ganga, meeting it at a spot called Demodara about four miles to the south of Rambukwella. The uphill path being very narrow and overgrown by wild thorny plants and creepers it was very difficult for me—a man of Colombo!—to clamber up. But while pushing my way through I was quite released of the discomforts, troubles, and the fatigue by the stories narrated by my father who was walking easier and faster than myself. These stories were connected with the surrounding jungles, villages, hills and mountains of which, he knew, I had no occasion to hear. We could see at a distance the Meda Maha Nuwara rock where was situated the stronghold in which the kings of Kandy took shelter in days of troubles; the village

Bomure where in the shelter in days of troubles; the village Bomure where in the house still known as Udupitiya Gedara the last king of Ceylon, the lord and master of the Disawa whose place of execution we were going to see, was captured; the notorious Medasiya Pattuwa where the inhabitants were made outcast more than seven times by the Sinhalese kings for their mischievous deeds; the historical Weediya connected with the life of king Senarat who was also born in

(Continued on page 17.)





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## The Golden Age of Military Adventure in Ceylon.

(Continued from page 15.)

this locality, and who gave up his robes for the throne and wife (Dona Kathirina) of his brother, and who built the Idam Ge (modern Idame Waluwa) at Rambukwella as his rest-house on his way from Alutnuwara to Senkadagala Nuwara; and many other things interesting historically and geographically. It took me more than an hour to walk up the path of about two miles or less and at last full of new information and fatigue we arrived at the village Doraliyadda (commonly called also as Dolliyadda). Here some villagers noticed us and out of respect or curiosity followed us though they did not know the object of our visit. Going through huts and cowsheds with their natural smells which were familiar to me in my childhood but a contrast to a street in Colombo we arrived at the field from its lower edge. Just when I stepped into the field of which the last harvest was taken away about two months ago I noticed the Mayila tree situated at a prominent place in the upper part of the field, which sloped down hill, and two men standing under the shade of the tree one of whom I at once recognized as the man who on the previous evening gave me definite information about the tree, and the other, as I came to know afterwards, was the gentleman whose grandfather was hanged on the very tree under the shade of which he was taking rest at the moment. The very sight of the tree made me forget my fatigue of the tedious trip and with increased speed I walked up from Liyadda to Liyadda jumping over each Niyara as easily as a sportive youth and arrived in a few seconds at the foot of the tree, the main stem of which now inclined along the ground as if owing to the weight of the body of the patriot who was hanged on it though the upper portion is still standing erect. I sat down on the stalks of paddy grass recently cropped as I had almost lost breath owing to my walking up the field with increased speed. I recovered soon and after greeting the gentlemen whom I met there I looked up the

tree and around the field and the hills and mountains lying far and near. My mind began wandering over the stories I had heard overnight and the ghost of the Disawa appeared to me in a vision. I saw, I thought, how the body of the patriot was hanging loosely while the horrified villagers were looking at it from the distant hills and fields while the Sepoys and the British soldiers under an officer in charge with their rough faces, threatening looks and vindictive attitudes were standing near the tree in the open field under the scorching sun of October.

In a few minutes arrived the Ratemahatmaya followed by some five or six men who most probably joined him on the way as being informed overnight about our visit. They too claimed knowledge of the history of the tree and some of them also rightly claimed descent from the Disawa. As it was then about 9-30 a.m., I wanted to take some photos before the sun rose higher, so, arranged some groups and one by one I took their photos of which only three are sent herewith.

I then noted down some account given by the elderly descendants of the Disawa, and turned to the crowd of men numbering about thirty or forty who gathered there in the short time, partly out of curiosity to know what we were doing there, and partly out of respect for their very popular Ratemahatmaya who happened to be there without any previous notice, and addressed them on the importance of the tree and requested them to protect it as a historical monument of the hero of their locality in the days of troubles who sacrificed his life for the freedom of his country, along with their own grandfathers, whose names, unfortunately, were not recorded, being unimportant in the eyes of the historians. We were then entertained by them with young coconuts and beetle with much kindness and respect, which tasted sweeter than ever before in my life as I was so very tired, and I thanked them heartily and departed from the spot as the time for my only meal of the day was fast approaching.

The most interesting story I heard on the spot is that that field was reclaimed by Pitawala Ratemahatmaya, the brother-in-law of the Disawa who

was then in the Beenna at Tennewatte Walawwa who made a present of it to king Rajadhirajasinha. While reclaiming he left this Mayila tree standing there in the middle of the field though all the other trees big and small were removed. In less than twenty five years his beloved brother-in-law was hanged publicly on it in his presence.

Pitawala Ratemahatmaya himself was banished to the Isle of France but after the death of the deposed king in 1832 he, along with many other state prisoners, was allowed to return to Ceylon. He loved reclaiming lands into paddy fields and there still exist many such fields reclaimed by him. One of them is the field known as Bogaha Kumbura at Rambukwella which he reclaimed and offered to the Rambukwelle Vihara with the permission of king Rajadhirajasinha in the year 1717 of the Saka Era. There are some descendants of him both at Hakmana where he lived at Beenna in Tennewatte Walawwa during the Sinhalese regime, and at Pitawala, his own village, where he resided after his return from the Isle of France.

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# WIRELESS, UP-COUNTRY.

By Catherine Adams.

## A Notable Month

NO apology need be made for referring back to the last month of 1932, because December was one of the most notable months in the annals of Wireless. It brought us the great event of the year—the inauguration of the British Empire Broadcasting Service, i.e., the Daily Transmission of news and programmes to all parts of the Empire. A wonderful undertaking and a very fine gesture on the part of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Visualising what it all means—it represents a much closer unit of our great country with all those who live under her flag in the far-flung lands of her Empire. This event has been referred to as—"Britain's Christmas Gift to the Empire!" There could not have been a finer one. Incorporated with this gift and made possible by it, was the Broadcasting of the King's Speech on Christmas Day, His Majesty's own voice sending Christmas Greetings to his people throughout the Empire from his own Christmas hearth at Sandringham.

## The Inauguration.

On that memorable evening of the 19th December, we heard the deep boom of Big Ben's voice resounding through the bungalow. Immediately the reverberations ceased—"God Save the King!" played first by the orchestra, then full chorus. Next followed the speeches by some of the chiefs of the British Broadcasting Corporation, Mr. Whitley, who made what we considered a very appropriate reference to Wireless as—"This Great Gift of Providence to Mankind!" Then Sir John Reith followed with a fairly long speech, and again there was an arresting phrase:—"Do not expect too much!" This practical advice would make an admirable slogan for all amateur wireless operators, especially beginners. Some lovely music next, broadcast from the ordinary afternoon programme of the London Regional. On the 20th December, music from the Savoy Hotel, and on the 21st dance music.

## Christmas Day Broadcasting.

Naturally, the King's speech was

the very special event of the Christmas Day Programme. A very big thrill when the announcer said very impressively:—"His Majesty the King!" Immediately after this the King's voice came through, most distinctly. His Majesty spoke for about five minutes and in those few minutes what wise and kindly thoughts, what sympathy expressed for his subjects!

Previous to His Majesty's Speech there had been a wonderful programme which might well be called—

*Round the Empire!* A breathless, most exciting tour! *Calls to—and Replies from* stations all over the Empire. Christmas greetings exchanged and most interesting *Talks* from those very far away places. We were told what their Christmas programmes were to be, or *had been*, or were in course of fulfilment according to the great difference in the time on this Christmas Day of 1932.

The first "Calls" were to stations in the British Isles—Cardiff, Belfast, Dublin, Edinburgh. Next a ship in the Atlantic—"The Majestic" very interesting to hear how the passengers and the crew were spending Christmas. "All classes will have Christmas dinner served in the evening—" said the "Majestic." On to Halifax, Quebec, Ontario, Niagara, away to Western Canada, with Winnipeg replying. Winnipeg's announcer was extraordinarily distinct and he gave a delightful description of the distant prairie with the morning sun shining on the snow and turning it into crystals.

Vancouver being "called" was asked:—"Are you awake, Vancouver?"—"Yes, we are awake! Father Christmas only just gone." A big jump followed—to Australia, Melbourne, with messages to and from the cricketers of both teams. Sydney, Brisbane, Wellington (N. Z.) where a Maori sent a message after the English one, and here a lovely extra greeting from that wonderful Carillon of the War memorial. Such silvery bells! Cape Town with its old African Greeting:—"All will come right!"

Next, a Call to Port Said Harbour—"Hello, London!"—came the reply. "This is the Empress of Britain."

"Who is speaking?" called London. "The Captain is speaking" answered the "Empress of Britain."

We decided that the Captain of the ship deserved first-class honours for his very distinct replies. Asked to give some details as to the long Pleasure Cruise the ship was now taking, also details as to how the passengers were spending Christmas Day, the Captain replied that a good number of the passengers had gone to Bethlehem and Jerusalem for Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, and that probably a good many would be having their Christmas dinner in Cairo. He gave a whole list of ports-of-call, including Colombo, finishing up with Honolulu.

A more wonderful Wireless Tour could not possibly have been undertaken. Though the inauguration of the Empire Broadcasting had come through to us direct from England on the 19th—on Christmas Day we made use of the Relay provided by the Colombo station. This was most successful and came through splendidly.

## Not in the Programme!

One can always appreciate little "interludes," not in the prepared programme, such as when the London announcer finds a spare minute or so, before, or, after the "News," he fills them up with a remark like the following:—

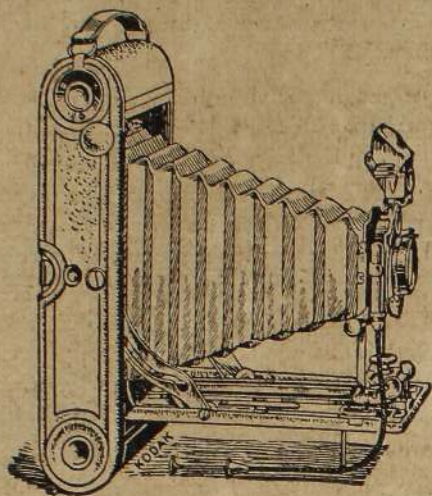
"The windows are wide open and the sun is shining into the room, but a change in weather conditions is intimated and then we shall be like Mr. Mantalini's Mangle—'dem'nd damp, moist, and unpleasant!"

Someone in the room thought the Announcer had said—"Mussolini's Mangle"—which raised a laugh.

## Seventh Birthday of Colombo Broadcasting Service.

This occurred on December 16th and it was the occasion for hearty congratulations upon seven years of good and progressive work. We listened in to the message of congratulation from the Bombay Broadcasting Station. This was replied to by the Ceylon Minister of Communications and Works, the Hon. Mr. H. M. Macan Markar, in a very interesting speech which had the advantage of being very distinct.





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# THE COLOMBO MUSEUM.

By Lyn de Fonseka.

THE Colombo Museum is the premier Institution of its kind in Ceylon. It is the national repository of collections of the Antiquities, of the Natural History and the Arts and Crafts of the Island. The entire collection is insular except the Maldivian exhibits.

The Museum owes its initiative to the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. This Society, which is affiliated with the parent branch in Great Britain, was formed on the 7th February, 1845, "its general aim being to institute and promote inquiries into the History, Religions, Languages, Literature, Arts and Social conditions of the present and former inhabitants, with its Geology and Mineralogy, its Climate and Meteorology, its Botany and Zoology." No provision had been made for a Museum in connexion with the work of the Society, and, perhaps, curiosities of all kinds sent to the Society by Members and well-wishers from all over the country, prompted the Society to start a Museum, in the absence of such an Institution.

The Society's Museum dates as far back as 1847, and in it there were exhibited "a small but not uninteresting collection of objects of Natural History, as also the commencement of a cabinet of Minerals and a cabinet of Coins."

The want of a suitable building for the Society's Library and Museum at the time had been a great drawback, as the Museum was gradually enriching its collections now from donations received mostly by the Society's members, as well as from those wholly unconnected with it, and thereby it gained confidence as the proper depository of all that may conduce to illustrate the condition or development of the Island.

It had by this time occupied quarters with the Loan Board, but this was insufficient owing to rapid expansion of the size of the collections—a systematic arrangement for which was made possible by a willing band of helpers suitable to the task. The Government looked to the Society to collect specimens for the Exhibition of 1851.

The first proposal to erect a Museum with the aid of the Government was made in 1852 by Dr. E. F. Kelaart, the only Zoologist or Naturalist of any note whom Ceylon can claim as her own. Writing to the Secretary, Royal Asiatic Society, (Capt. W. F. S. Neill), in a letter from Kadugannava, dated 22nd November, he says:

"It gives me great pleasure to find you the successor of so worthy a man as the late Secretary, whose untimely death no one could deplore more sincerely than I do, and it is to be hoped that your period of office will be a longer one, and that before it is terminated, you will have established for the Society what is now wanted viz:—A Museum of all the Zoological products of the Island. Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, have each a Museum—Ceylon none, or only apologies for one. The Society alone could not support an Institution of the kind, the aid of Government is required and surely the Legislative Council will not hesitate to vote £100 a year for so laudable a purpose."

But nothing came out of this proposal.

The question of suitable accommodation for the Society's Museum had been long felt and a deputation, therefore, waited on the Governor, Sir Henry Ward, and explained fully its object. He gave the members the strongest assurances of aid and a grant of £200 from the Public Funds was given over to the Society to enable it to extend and improve its Museum and Library. As a result of this interview, a paper drawn up by the Hon. the Chief Justice, was forwarded to the Governor who in addition to the favours above-mentioned gave permission to the Committee to transmit through the Medium of the Colonial Secretary to the Government Officials at outstations, a circular drawing attention to the many ways in which persons in different parts of the Island might assist the Society in its labours, by information, by papers or by objects for its Museum. At the Annual General Meeting of the Society held on the 12th September, 1859, the following resolution was passed as a mark of appreciation to the services rendered to the Society, proposed by Hon. W. Carpenter Rowe and seconded by C. A. Lorenz:—

"That the thanks of the Asiatic Society of Ceylon are eminently due to Sir H. G. Ward, as the first Governor of this Island, who by assigning a public building exclusively for a Museum and Library and by a grant of public money in aid of its funds has given to the Society the position of a Colonial Institution."

Efforts were still made for a suitable building and in 1862, the Military Medical Museum at Hospital Street, Colombo, was taken over by the Society. In 1863, the Governor, Sir Charles MacCarthy, sanctioned a vote of £513, which was the estimated cost of enlarging the premises occupied by the Society, in order to receive the Museum of the Military Medical Dept. On the faith of this promise made by the Governor, the Society paid £502 out of its own existing funds to the Medical Dept., but, however, the vote already sanctioned was withdrawn, tho' it was included in the Supply Bill for 1864. A second application to Government for a sum of £100 to enable it to receive even a portion of the Military Museum proved futile. Still a further move was made in 1872 for a public Museum, when a deputation consisting of Major Fyres, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Capper, Mr. Macvicar and Mr. L. de Zoysa, waited on the Governor, Sir William Gregory, to request H. E. to be the Patron of the Society. He assented to their request and alluded to his intention of "erecting a public museum in the Circular Walk in which provision might be made for the Society's Library."

Major Fyres thus referred to the proposed Museum at the Anniversary Meeting of the Society held on the 7th November, 1872.

"I am happy to say that H. E. the Governor has entered warmly into the subject of providing a good Museum for Colombo. A design has already been prepared, and an estimate framed, and before many months have elapsed, I hope we may see the foundation stone of the proposed building laid in the 'Circular.' The Museum has been carefully designed and will contain specimens from the lowest organisms to the highest Vertebratae found in the Island, also Inscriptions, Ancient Literature and a good Library of Scientific works.....The Asiatic Society will be given room to meet in, and, the books will be kept in charge of the Society's Librarian. There will be, as there always are in similar Institutions, certain reserve days, on which the Public will not be admitted to the Museum, but Members of the Asiatic Society will be admitted on all days."

(To be continued.)



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# THE YEAR'S BIOGRAPHY.

By Clifford Bower-Shore.

**T**HE year 1932 has witnessed the publication of a number of biographies which are destined to take their places as authoritative and permanent monuments to their subjects.

Biography being the most delicate and human of the many branches of writing, it is essential that a study should record the author's responsiveness to the life and habits of his subject; it is necessary that it should reveal a warm intimacy, a definite attitude of sympathetic understanding. The genuine artist does not choose his subject. On the other hand, the subject forces its will on the biographer, and he becomes a willing slave to that monopolizing compulsion. Consequently, in addition to the authentic picture of the subject, there is also a subtle revelation of the biographer himself.

The most potent influence on contemporary biography is the corrosive work of Lytton Strachey. Beneath Strachey's imaginative thought, biography became a medium open to the thrilling manifestations of the novel. But Strachey's work, unlike that of his many imitators, had no strangling bias. It was personal, but not unduly prejudiced. His colour was firm and subdued.

Figures of the past whose lives are eminently suitable to vivid treatment and interesting narration, have become a godsend to many writers who, lacking creative and critical inspiration, have yet the faculty of elaborating facts and over-colouring incident. To such *artisans* the writing of so-called biography is child's play. The result is often reminiscent of the nursery.

The popular biography of the day competes with the novel in the affection of the reading public. It has allied itself rather with fiction than with history, and the biographer's creative imagination is allowed to soar unchecked. The fancy of the novelist, the poet, and the dramatist may be allowed to wander almost unrestricted, but the biographer should be confined to that which has happened. He should write as an historian, not as a philosopher. It

is an ironical paradox that the average biographer is unable to make his subjects live—because they have lived!

It is curious that in these days of realism, veneration not only permeates but saturates many biographies. It is refreshing to come across a work which embraces honest venom and strong attack. Despite the frankness of the modernists, Whitman's petulant complaint that no biography in our present state of reticent conventions can be a true story of a man, is still justifiable. The grotesque distortion of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century biographers is just as gravely offensive as the melodramatic colouring of the ultra-moderns. Hero-worship is nauseating; the warped

perspective and resultant ill-natured cynicism is to be equally despised.

The writing of political biography is a difficult craft, particularly if the subject's death has been recent, for a true interpretation of his living is hampered by the need to forgo evidence which may injure the feelings of his surviving relatives. Usually biographies written by kinsmen fail because they desire to be more than kind. This cannot be said of the two volume *Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith*, by his son, Cyril Asquith, and J. A. Spender, which automatically takes its place as one of the most important and interesting studies, not only of the year, but of the decade. Then Sir Charles Mallet's memoir of Herbert Gladstone is a keen and sympathetic study of permanent worth and charm; an acute expression of a personality.

In the biography, written with his customary individual verve, by Cecil Roberts, Alfred Fripp, one of the

(Continued on page 24.)

## W E D D E D .



Photo by Plâté Ltd.

The Hon. Mr. G. C. S. Corea, Acting Minister of Home Affairs, and Miss Kamanie Chitty.



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# MORRIS NEWS.

## Bright Prospects.

**MORRIS MOTORS LTD.**'s export sales, which increased by more than 40 per cent, last season, have maintained the same satisfactory rate of progress during the first four months of their current season (September-December).

Particularly encouraging has been the reception accorded to their 1933 models in India, where Morris business (handled by Morris Industries (India) Ltd., Bombay) shows an increase of 109 per cent.

## "As good as the best"

The following extracts are taken from a letter from Mr. F. Jordan, of Mosul, Iraq, which recently appeared in *The Autocar*:

"When on leave this year, after a good look round, my choice fell on a Morris Isis sportman's coupe. I drove this car for over 10,000 miles in England, and have recently driven it out here without the slightest trouble of any kind. I never dropped below 20 m.p.h. over the Simplon Pass, and did most of the climb on third speed—'no photographs,' except at the summit. I did from 50 to 60 m.p.h. wherever possible all the way from Calais to Brindisi, and never used a drop of water in spite of a very much overloaded car.

"The only time it needed water was on an appalling portion of the desert between Aleppo and Dier-ez-zor. In 2520 miles neither the gearbox nor the back axle needed oil; petrol consumption was over 22 m.p.g., and lubricating oils about 1000 m.p.g.—not less. The car attracted great attention wherever we stopped, particularly in Italy and Syria, and I had to answer many questions as to its performance.

## Ahead in Malaya

Statistics reveal that for the last seven years more Morris cars have been imported into Malaya than any other British make.

## Nyasaland Record

What is claimed to be a new motoring record for Nyasaland was set up recently by Mr. St. John Sutherland, who drove a Morris Minor from Mandala Garage, Blantyre, to Mandala Store, Zomba, and back, in 1 hour 52 minutes.

The average speed throughout was 43 m.p.h.

## 12,000 mile Cowley Holiday

Mr. C. A. Blake, of Alexandria, Egypt, has described to us an interesting three months' holiday trip undertaken by himself and for passengers, in addition to luggage, in his 1932 Morris-Cowley saloon model.

Having taken boat to Naples, the party proceeded via Rome, Milan, the Mont Cenis and Paris to Calais, whence they crossed to England. Both Scotland and Ireland were toured before the car returned to Egypt, by way of Switzerland, the Simplon Pass and Genoa.

The engine "ran splendidly," the only involuntary stop being caused by a puncture. The total distance covered was practically 12,000 miles, but "no trouble whatever was experienced."

# The Year's Biography.

(Continued from page 23.)

leading surgeons of his day and pioneer of the Frothblower movement comes naturally to life. Robert G. Curtis's *Edgar Wallace* was a vivid memoir, revealing Wallace the man rather than Wallace the master of the detective story. Ivar Kreuger, by Trevor Allen, was a starkly penetrative study of an unscrupulous swindler. Violent and bitter, Roland Wild's *Amanullah* presented a thoroughly human portrait of a colourful and complex personality.

Among the historical biographies comes *Imperial Majesty*, Alexei Tolstoy's exuberant study of Peter the Great which vividly revealed the emergence of a New Russia. The glowing pageant of eighteenth century life lay open to the eye in *The Cyprian*, by Grace Thompson, whose earlier work, *The Patriot King*, was an interesting portrait of William IV. An intimate picture of a complex personality, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, was reflected in the pages of *Napoleon and Eugene*, by E. A. Rheinhardt, while E. M. Oddie, whose *Marie Louise* had a considerable success, traces, in *The Bonapartes in the New World*, the history of that branch of the family which settled in America. Lucienne Ercole's *Gay Court Life* centres round the dissipations of Louis XV and Louis XVI, while in *The du Barry* Karl von Schumacher has succeeded in the difficult task of recreating the dynamic personality of the du Barry herself.

Of the more critical studies, *The Life and Work of Goethe*, by J. G. Robertson, was an acutely penetrating piece of writing which succeeded in its aim of presenting Goethe and his work together in a satisfying proportion: while Neff's *Carlyle* was a competent biography of a crusty genius. *The Life of George Eliot*, by Emilie and Georges Romieu, was a florid, slightly spectacular piece of work, but then so are a number of Hollywood's creations. Hugh Kingsmill's book on Frank Harris has been one of the successes of the year. A libertine and debauchee, a brilliant critic and better editor, hated and loved as few men have had the misfortune, to be, Harris was at heart a gallant fellow.



# Stage & Screen

By "Thespian."

THE Ceylon Amateur Dramatic Club have just completed the performances of one of their most successful efforts. At the time the play was mooted, the Committee felt that the attendances might be limited, in view of the fact that hardly a year had passed since the picture version of "The Middle Watch" was shown to crowded houses in Colombo. Fortunately, however, this did not deter the Club in its efforts to supply entertainment to their clientele. Bumper houses for the matinee, and the two night performances, must have caused regrets that this delightful comedy was not played for a third, if not a fourth night. Expensive though the production was the financial result can have left nothing to be desired. Of the individual acting much has been written and we will therefore not say more, for where practically all were excellent, in their portrayals of their individual parts, it would be invidious to particularise.

One thing stands out—the desirability of the Club staging plays, sufficiently broad in their conception, to give general opportunity to the actors, at one of the larger Theatres in Colombo. Intimate plays, written round one or two of the players, will not attract large audiences, similar to the one which filled the Regal Theatre to overflowing on the Saturday night. Crowds will flock to see Gerald de Maurier, or Marie Tempest, but they will *not* do so to see their amateur impersonators, however clever those amateurs may be. In closing we offer a thousand congratulations to all connected with "The Middle Watch," from "noises off" up to the Producer himself.

Madan Theatres Limited have set up a remarkably high standard of pictures for 1933, by offering to their patrons such a superlative production as "Grand Hotel". This picture, however, is another example of how spent money usually earns money. The cost of the production must have been enormous, but what is the result. As we go to press, crowds are being turned away from the Majestic Talkies at every performance. Amongst such a galaxy of stars it is difficult to pick out one in particular, but the magnificent acting of Lionel Barrymore definitely places him "premiere" amongst them all. Joan Crawford too outshines even the star herself, and the Garbo will definitely have to look to her laurels, for the younger woman is making tremendous strides, and improves in every picture in which she appears. All the others are great and we can dub this picture without waiting to see what the next ten months bring forth, as the picture of 1933 Colombo productions. We sincerely trust that Madan Theatres Ltd., will not think of taking it off for at least another week.

I have just been reading a very interesting review of the stars which flashed across the Film Firmament during 1932. Excellent as have been many of the pictures shown in Colombo during that period, there have been others, many of which will reach us this year, and are indeed already doing so. Outstanding pictures which did reach us were: "The Shanghai Express," with lovely Marlene Dietrich, "Private Lives," with equally lovely Norma Shearer, "The Smiling Lieutenant," with beautiful Claudette Colbert, "Susan Lennox," with the Garbo, (so preferable in *that* picture, to the much advertised "Mata Hari") and "Dance Fools Dance," with Joan Crawford. To add to these I must not fail to make mention

of the consistently outstanding acting of Marie Dressler. Of the outstanding men I put at the head of the list Lionel Barrymore. People have said to me: "He is always the same." Yes: he *is* always the same, that being magnificent. I know of no other who can thrill the listener as Lionel Barrymore, and it is fine to see him in his superlative part in "Grand Hotel." Others who have amused and entertained have been Robert Montgomery, Alfred Lunt, Clarke Gable, Sydney Howard, Lewis Stone, Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Jack Hulbert, Herbert Marshall—nay their name is legion, and I must cry a halt for fear of wearying my readers. And from both these lists, I have omitted far too many lovely ladies, and clever actors, most of whom are stars of the first magnitude.

• A film to look forward to is "Strange Interval," starring lovely Norma Shearer and Clarke Gable. This picture I hear takes over an hour and three quarters to run. It is the talky version of the play by Eugene O'Neill, entitled "Strange Interlude". The play itself occupied over 5 hours—the audience leaving the theatre to dine, and then returning for the last two acts. It almost borders on the methods adapted on the Chinese stage, where the unfolding of a drama often occupies *weeks*.

But Colombo picture fans need not look so far ahead, for some excellent pictures are promised for their edification and enjoyment in the near future. Madans Ltd. have on the tape Tom Walls and Anne Grey's amusing comedy "Leap Year", and another which is bound to be one long laugh "Mischief," with Ralph Lynn and Winifred Shottler. What a pity that an apparent rift has come in that lute, whose piping brought sheer joy into life in "Thark" and all its confreres. Then too that inimitable couple Marie Dressler and Polly Moran will shortly be seen in "Politics." At the Regal, the outstanding pictures promised are Marlene Dietrich in her great success "The Blonde Venus", Gene Gerrard in "Out of the Blue" (which will probably be playing as we go to press) and The Cohens and Kellys—George Sidney and Charlie Murray—who have often amused Regal audiences in the past.

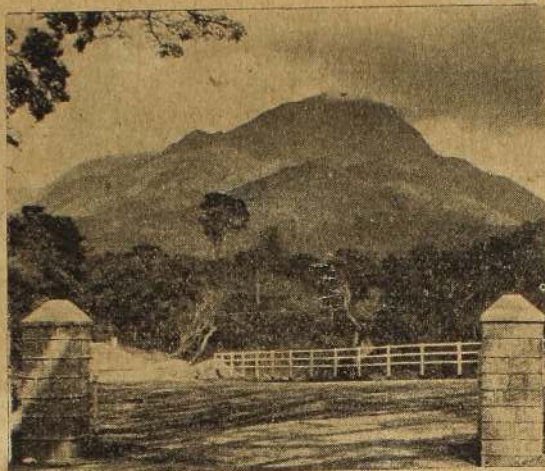


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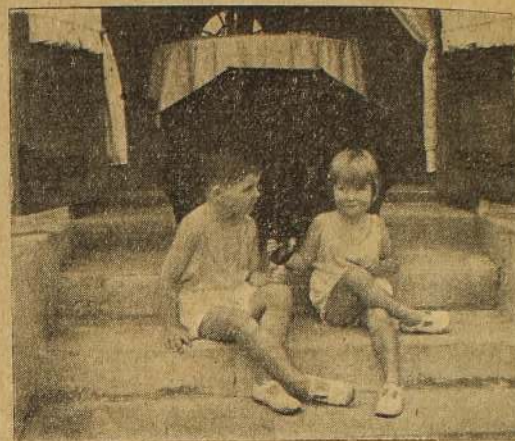
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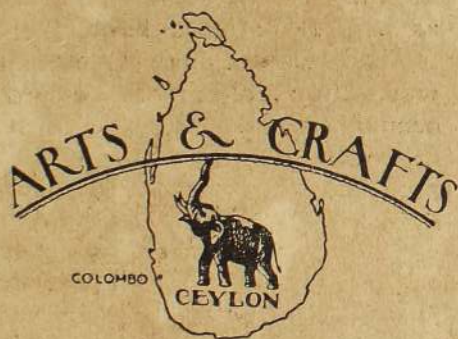


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# OUR HOUSEHOLD ZOO.

## ADDITION AND SUBTRACTION.

By P. T. C.

**A**LTHOUGH subtraction is considered to be a less simple operation than addition, I may perhaps deal with it first. But what—someone may ask—have these elementary arithmetical principles to do with 'Our Household Zoo.' The answer is as follows—some members of our Household Zoo subtract materials from the abode in which they are uninvited guests, whilst others add to the sum total. It is only with one class of these carriers out in practical life of such simple operations that I intend to deal now, however. And that class is the broad one which contains bees and wasps—known to the slightly initiated as Hymenoptera.

The only subtracter that need be introduced at present is that buzzing blue-black busy borer (forgive the alliteration, what can one expect when writing about 'bees?') known as the Carpenter Bee or *Xylocopa*.

He works at the very edge of the Household Zoo, and makes his presence felt during the mid-day heat of sunny days. He—or should we write 'she' makes a neat cylindrical burrow in the timbers of the verandah roof perhaps; if research be conducted into her operations when they are complete, it will be found that this burrow leads into paralld galleries in the wood—all of which have been carefully prepared by our subtracter. In these galleries are cells, each separated from the other by partitions consisting of a compote of wood and the product of the salivary glands of the bee. These cells at first contain the eggs and later the larvae. A few weeks after the eggs have been laid, the perfect insect emerges. And there are more *Xylocopas* in the world ready for further subtraction. Very considerable depredations may be made on the borders of our Household by these creatures, though they are ready to adopt and adapt old burrows upon occasion without so much additional damage.

The legs of *Xylocopa* are richly hairy as a rule and he has a general resemblance to one of the aeroplaning beetles that sometimes makes night hideous for us by his noisy

takings off and his many crashes on the bedroom floor. The resemblance, however, is very superficial.

But on the whole wasps are more in evidence than bees in our houses. They engage in the operation of addition and add to the materials to be found on our walls and amongst our valued documents.

We are searching for 'that lost receipt,' for the bill has been presented twice. How many rolls of paper there are to be examined! Other lost things turn up, but not the missing receipt. Then we open up another roll of papers. And we find a line of earthy cells perhaps diminishing in size by regular intervals. In those cells there is perhaps a host of Attid spiders—either dead or paralysed, and amongst them already may be there are papery looking grubs with dark coloured heads. A solitary wasp has been at work. She has brought in mud from outside and constructed those nicely geometrical cells, then has laid her eggs there—after furnishing each cell with its store of Attid spiders. We have met these Attid spiders before. They are the little fellows that haunt the walls, visit out tables and desks, and pounce upon unwary flies, sometimes bearing them off bodily before our eyes.

They have met with this miserable end. The fierce and relentless wasp has sought them out, pierced them with her dreadful sting and prepared them to be food for the unborn generation she will never see.

A whole family of spiders known as the Pompilidae seems to have selected spiders as their special prey and it is a large family too.

The skill of the wasp is very evident. The cells just fill the space that she found available and the patten of dried mud that falls upon our newer papers when we make the discovery is another evidence of the mysterious effectiveness of instinct. There were no examinations which the wasp had to pass in cell-building. She was furnished with her full abilities as soon as she was mature. And she builds for a future she will never see!

Then more familiar still are the

mud cells which sometimes look as if they had been carelessly thrown against our walls.

Who amongst us has not found pleasure in watching the engineering activity of the solitary wasp engaged in building the home for her young?

She is probably a member of the great family Eumenidae. Journey after journey from the selected spot which may be almost anywhere in our house, is made by the careful and patient builder. At last a cell is completely ready for its occupant. First the food must be found. It will probably be a caterpillar or rather many caterpillars for each cell. When the food has been provided, the egg is laid amongst it, and the cell is sealed. Next another cell is built on to the first, and still another until several cells have been completed and the whole mass is neatly covered in and finished off by the absorbed and enthusiastic mother.

Meanwhile we observe this addition to our walls or to our furniture, which is often so little appreciated that the servant brushes it off and destroys the whole structure. But if the mother whose work had been really completed saw the catastrophe, it would concern her not at all. She has obeyed the mandate of Dame Nature and fulfilled the purpose of her life and may now pass away, her little existence justified.

Then there is the familiar little wasp that makes its burrows in crannies and chinks in our noble abodes, sometimes in keyholes. This little fellow furnishes the burrow with a caterpillar and closes the cell with chunam from our whited walls. Sometimes this makes it far more conspicuous than it would otherwise be. This is the case if the spot selected by a keyhole, but if it be a chink in the plastered wall then the burrow is fairly well concealed.

In the case of at least some of the Eumenid wasps the egg is not just laid amongst the caterpillars, but suspended above them, so that when they still have life and can wriggle, the egg will not be destroyed. It is also provided that the larva of the wasp may remain suspended and at least commence its meal from a position of vantage above the wriggling mass of caterpillars. In all this we see that the additions and subtractions are for the purpose of multiplication after all, which indeed is one of Dame Nature's commonest ends.



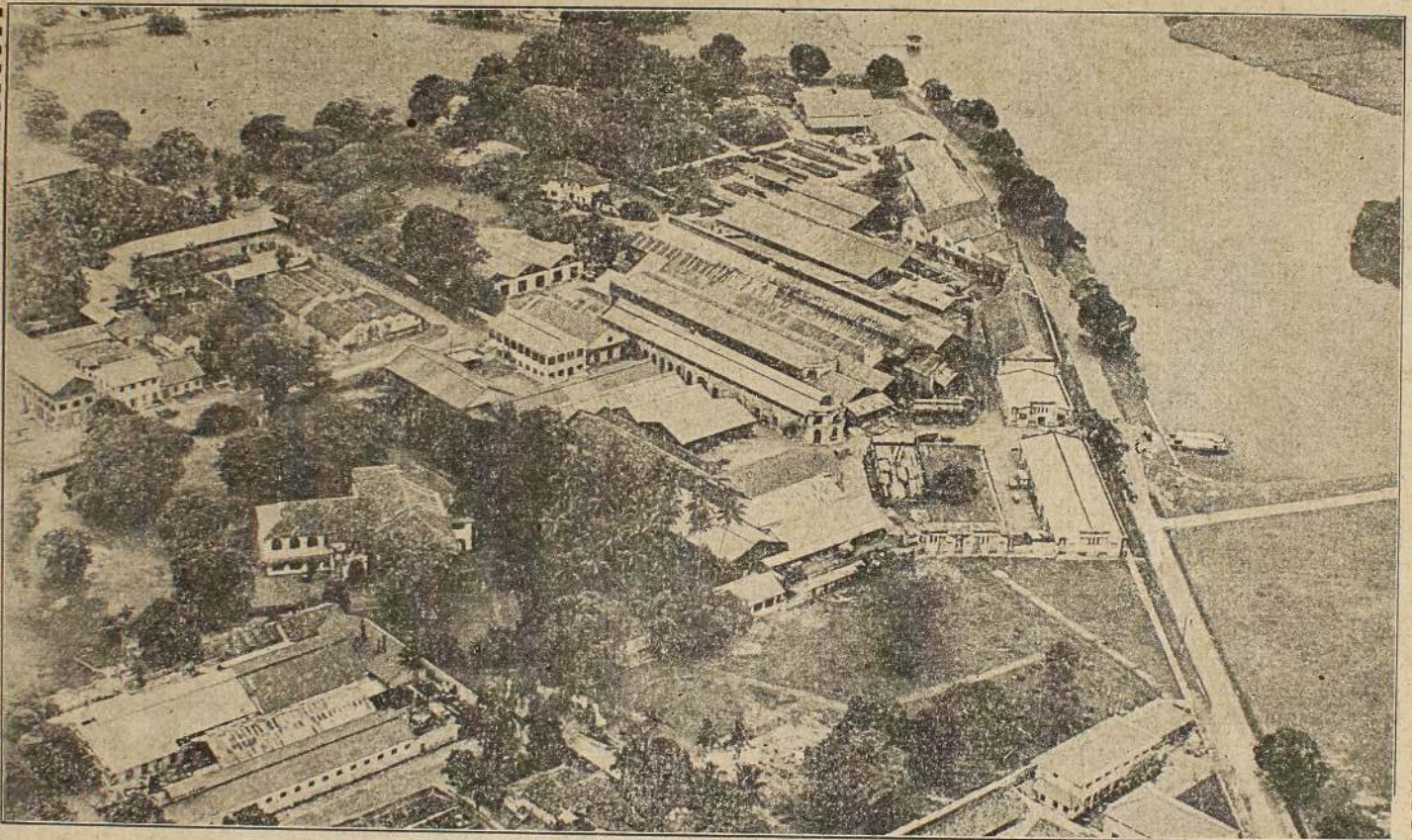
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A CORRESPONDENT enquires how it is that some fruits—such as certain varieties of oranges,—have no seed. This is a question that I would like to submit to a scientific expert—like the Economic Botanist—for his opinion. The Washington Navel orange is known to have originated as a freak or sport (*lusus naturae*) in America, and propagated by vegetative methods, such as by budding or grafting. There is a variety of mango, known as the “Maha-mudaliyar Mango,” or “puhu amba,” in which the seed is almost suppressed. Good cultivation also tends to the disappearance of the seed, as in the case of the banana, which in the wild state contains well-developed seeds.

In the plant world there is an inherent tendency for propagation of the species before the death of a plant. This is well illustrated in the case of starved or injured plants, which invariably make a strenuous effort to produce seed before their extinction; while with highly cultivated plants the tendency is towards sterility. One may recognise a corresponding condition in the animal world; and, among humans, it is generally found that the poor and ill-nourished have large families, as against the small families of the rich.

Some flowers only supply pollen to insect-visitors, and contain no honey (e.g. *Spiraea* and *Clematis*), having probably gradually lost their honey-secreting organs. The secretion of honey is carried on by special organs, called nectaries, situated, as a rule, at the base of the flower. In some cases they occur on the receptacle, as in *Malva* the *Compositae*. Sometimes the honey is secreted by the outer surface of the calyx, as in *Coronilla varia*, a leguminous plant, or by the petals, as in *Ranunculus*; or the stamens, as in the *Cruciferae* and *Caryophyllaceae*; occasionally by the carpels, as in *Allium* (the onion genus).

The Olive family (*Oleaceae*) gets its name from the genus to which the Olive belongs (*Olea europea*). To the same family belong the Ash (*Fraxinus*), Lilac (*Syringa*), various species of Jasmine (*Jasminum*), Honeysuckle and Woodbine (*Lonicera*), the “Sorrowful tree” (*Nyct-anthes arbor-tristis*) the Sinhalese “Sepalika,” and the familiar “Indian Privet” (*Ligustrum*).

The order *Styracaceae* is only represented in Ceylon by the genus *Symplocos*, of which we have 20 species, the most familiar of which is “Bombu” (*S. spicata*). The order is sometimes called the Benzoin Family, and is more or less confined to three centres of distribution, viz. Brazil to Peru and Mexico; Virginia to Texas; and Japan to Java. A single species (*Storax officinalis*) is found in the Mediterranean. It yields “Storax,” a resin much used in ancient times. *S. Benzoin*, found in Sumatra and Java, yields the fragrant “gumbenjamin” or “benzoin,” obtained by cutting notches in the bark. It is used in perfumery, in pastilles, for incense, and court plaster; and its compound tincture is familiar as “Friar’s Balsam” or “Jesuit’s Drops.”

The Grass family (*Gramineae*) includes from 3 to 4 thousand species. Among these are several affording farinaceous seeds (*Cereals*), of primary importance to the human race. The chief of these are Wheat (*Triticum*), Barley (*Hordeum*), Oats (*Avena*), Rye (*Secale*), Rice (*Oryza*) and Maize (*Zea*). The Sugar cane (*Saccharum officinarum*) is another important member of the family, to which also belong the millets, (*Sorghum Eleusine*, &c), the essential oil grasses (*Cymbopogon*), and the various fodder grasses.

A good deal has recently been said about the virtues of *Hydrocotyle asiatica* (gotu-kola, S.) as a preserver

of human vitality; and I know at least one person, resident in N’Eliya, who has arranged for a weekly supply of “gotukola” leaves from Colombo, for daily consumption, as a concomitant of bread and butter sandwiches. *Hydrocotyle* belongs to the order *Umbelliferae*, to which also belong many familiar plants, e.g. Celery Carrot, Coriander, Dill, Anise, Parsnip, Carraway, Parsley, and Hemlock (the state poison of the Athenians). The plant has a wide distribution, and is common in India, tropical Africa, South America and Australia.

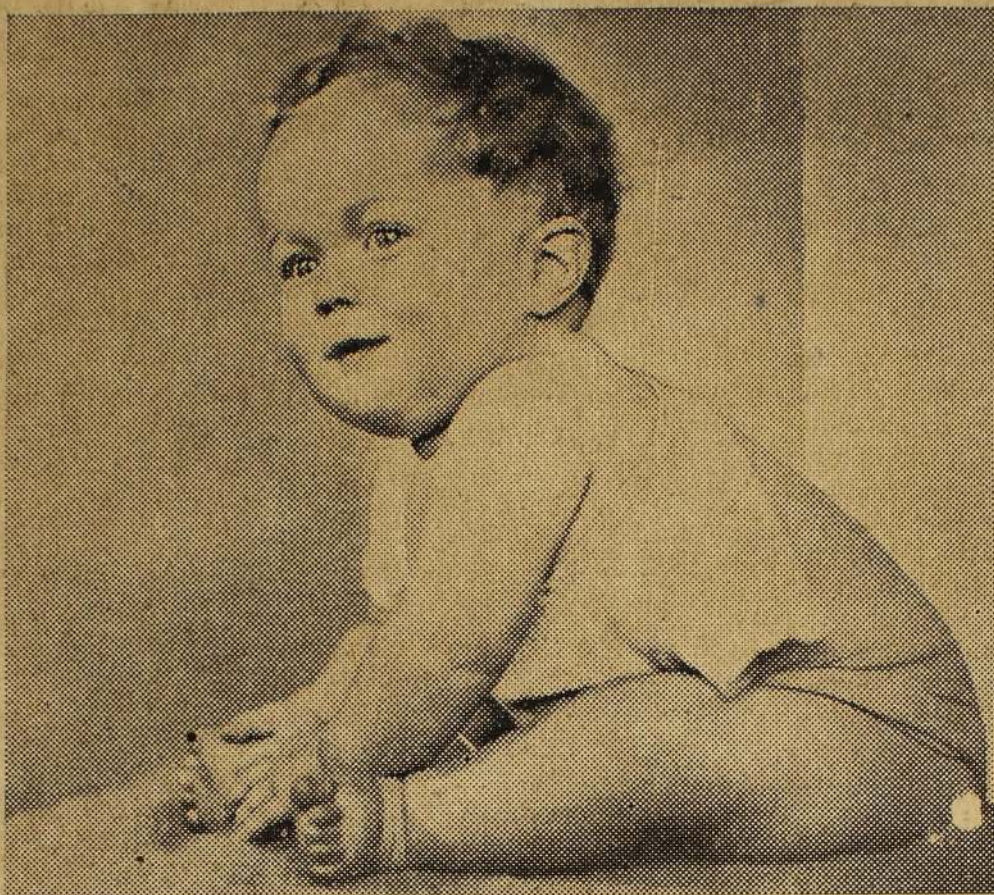
Another well-known plant, of high repute in indigenous medicine, is *Aerua lanata*, known by the peculiar vernacular name of “Pol-kudu-pala,” which signifies coconut powder plant owing to the resemblance of its flowers to scraped coconut kernel. It belongs to the order *Amarantaceae* which includes the different species of *Amarantus*, the common border plant, *Alternanthera*, the Coxcomb (*Celosia*) and Bachelor’s button (*Gomphrena*.) Several *Amaranth*s are edible.

An order represented in India, but not in Ceylon, is *Salicaceae*. It consists of two genera, viz. *Salix* and *Populus*. Some species of *Salix* are arctic and alpine. *S. Viminalis* is the Osier, whose twigs are used for basket-making, and *S. babylonica* is the weeping willow. *Populus alba* and *P. nigra*, the white and black poplar, yield useful timber. *P. tremula* is the aspen. Scott in “Marmion,” refers to woman as being “variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made.” There is a legend that the cross of Jesus was made of this wood, and that hence its leaves were made to tremble, a circumstance referred to in the following old ballad:

“Ah! tremble, tremble aspen tree!  
We need not ask thee why thou shakest;  
For if, as holy legend saith,  
On thee the Saviour bled to death,  
No wonder, aspen, that thou quakest;  
And till in judgment all assemble,  
Thy leaves accurst shall wail and tremble.”

The wood of *S. tetrasperma* (willow) is used among other things, for making cricket bats and charcoal; and a willow board is said to sharpen knives and other tools as well as a hone.





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# THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE ADVENTURES OF JILL AND ROBIN.

By M. E. G.

(Continued from our last issue.)

THE cave was certainly not a very inviting place. It was very damp, and rather stuffy, and there were all sorts of crevices and crannies which looked as if they might easily be the home of unpleasant creepy-crawly folk. To tell the truth, Jill and Robin felt rather inclined to go back, without any further investigations. But neither of them liked to admit it. So, rather unwillingly, they went on, lighted by the electric torch. The cave was narrow, but high enough for even a grown-up to stand up-right near the entrance. After walking some ten or twelve steps, the roof was much lower, and it became just a tunnel.

"Well, it's nothing much after all!" said Jill. "Anyhow, we've explored it and we'll go back, shall we, Robin?"

But Robin was flashing his torch into the tunnel, and he cried excitedly.

"Oh, look, Jill, there seem to be some steps! See—we'll go down!"

Yes, some rough steps could clearly be seen leading down to some inner cave, or passage. But the steps, such as they were, were very steep, and very damp, and looked both shiny and slippery.

"Don't you think we've explored enough for one day?" said Jill, doubtfully, "and it looks so very damp, and horrid! It must be almost under the river, down there."

"Yes, and we don't know what's there, do we? P'raps—I'll tell you, Jill, we won't go down—we'll just look down from the steps!"

They had to stoop, as the overhanging roof of rock was so low, but it was only a step or two, and then they very cautiously descended two of the rough stairs, and stood gazing down into what appeared to be a dark hole.

And then a dreadful thing happened.

Robin slipped on the slimy rock step, and fell, with a loud scream. There was nothing whatever to hold on to, and he fell right down the rough stairs into the dark and gloomy cavern below!

"Oh! Robin, Robin," screamed Jill, "Oh, are you hurt? Oh, Oh, what shall we do?"

"Oh, I'm dying!" wailed Robin from below, "Oh, save me Jill! I'm dying! My leg's broken! Oh, Mummy, Mummy, come!"

Jill was terribly frightened. She immediately began to crawl down the slippery steps.

"Flash on the light, Robin! Please do try to!" she begged, for the torch had got switched off in Robin's fall.

"I'm dying! I'm dying!" the poor little boy kept moaning, and indeed he was in great pain, from a badly twisted ankle. But he felt around with his hands, and luckily found the torch, and flashed it on. Otherwise Jill, too, would probably have fallen, for the bottom step was very much steeper than the others, being, in fact a drop of about three feet in depth. Jill did not hesitate for a moment. She jumped down beside her brother, and by the light of the torch tried to see what was wrong.

"My leg's broken, I tell you!" he roared. He could not stand up, and Jill could see in a moment that it would be quite impossible to haul him up those slimy steps, even if the three-foot drop at the bottom could have been negotiated.

She looked round the cavern. It was a dark and dismal cell, with its rough rocky walls, with innumerable crevices and fissures, from which water was dripping in trickles in

some places. The ground was muddy, and there were some little pools of water in the corners.

Now, what was to be done?

"Robin, dear," Jill said, in her most coaxing way, "will you try to be brave, while I climb up? I'll be as quick as I possibly can, and scream, and scream for help, and get someone to come and get you out?"

"Oh, no, no, no! Don't leave me here alone, Jill! I'll be dead before you get back! Oh, my leg, my leg! Oh, Oh, it hurts, me so! Oh, Jill, why did we come to this rotten cave?"

"Yes, I know, Robin, but we *must* do something! No one knows we came here, and no one ever comes here—we mightn't be found for weeks, you know, unless we do something! Do try to bear up while I go to get help!" and she tried to get a grip on the slippery bottom step, to pull herself up in spite of Robin's protests that he was dying, and could not stay there alone.

But although it is easy enough to jump down, it is quite another matter to clamber up a three-foot gap, when the ledge to hold on to is slimy and slippery. Jill simply could not get a proper grip, though she tried several times, until her hands were bruised and sore from the sharp rock.

And then another calamity happened! The light of the torch had been steadily growing dimmer, and suddenly it flickered out, altogether, and the children were left in total darkness. Such dreadful, awe-inspiring darkness, like a black velvet curtain pressing against them. The two children clung together in terror. Jill—brave little soul—tried her best to comfort her brother. "Oh, Robin, darling," she said, holding him very closely, "and Mother told me to take care of you because I'm the eldest! But I'm sure God will send someone to help us! We'll say our prayers, shall we?"

And the two children did as children all over the world are taught to do and they prayed that they might be kept safe, and not be allowed to die in that miserable prison.

(To be continued.)





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# Current Topics

## By "Vigilant"

SIR D. B. Jayatilaka has played many parts in his life. He was first a schoolmaster and then a lawyer. But it was as a politician that he found his *metier* and captured the imagination of the public. He has great powers of oratory, especially in Sinhalese, and he realises his ability to sway the multitude to his way of thinking. He plays with a hostile assembly with the relentless force of his logic, his biting satire, his apt similes and his moving appeals and he frequently ends by converting sullen foes into ardent supporters. If such a man has great powers, so also has he great responsibilities. Sir D. B. Jayatilaka is far too astute a man not to be aware of this.

Let us look at facts in the face. The *fons et origo* of the Donoughmore Constitution was the complaint of our late Governor, Sir Hugh Clifford, that the disabilities of the late Legislative Council did not permit him to govern. It was inevitable that an important plank in the new constitution should be a strengthening of the Governor's hands and that all doubtful issues should be definitely settled. In the meantime, the grant of universal franchise and of ministerial portfolios to elected members of the State Council was a new democratic gain, while it remained clear that the Council would function ordinarily as a consultative, and not as an executive body.

If our politicians looked forward to some definite advance in responsible Government, they were doomed to disappointment, and they were not slow to express this disappointment on the platform and in the press.

The Donoughmore Constitution immediately roused the opposition of Sir D. B. Jayatilaka and the fiery cross was sent round the country, stirring the opposition of thousands to the new proposals. Various amendments were proposed, when the Secretary of State brought matters to a speedy termination by announcing his irrevocable "Take

it or leave it" decision. It is needless to enter into the discussions which have torn the opposite political camps in Ceylon, but it is sufficient to record the bare fact that, on further consideration, Sir D. B. Jayatilaka accepted the Constitution and converted vast numbers of the people to his way of thinking.

Now, quite apart from the members who entered the State Council "to mend it or end it," and these are comparatively few, the large majority are those who follow



SIR D. B. JAYATILAKA.

Sir D. B. Jayatilaka and are out to give the Constitution a fair trial.

It should have been clear at the outset to Sir D. B. Jayatilaka and his followers that the Public Service was definitely removed from the control of the State Council and that any attempts to assume such control would necessarily compel the Governor to intervene. Situations created over such incidents are therefore purely artificial, and are no proof that the constitution is not working smoothly.

There are periodical flutters and threats to resign, but one fact emerges with unmistakeable clearness and that is that the last thing the State Council will do is to resign. True the resignations threatened, on at least one occasion, sounded *bona fide*, but the resignations were to be tendered only in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. For, it was expected that the grateful electors would return the

same candidates unopposed for their valiant adherence to principles, which safeguarded the interests of the people.

Once again, there are rumblings of discontent, for the recommendations of the Pereira Retrenchment Commission have not been accepted by the Secretary of State and the visit of Sir Samuel Wilson, Permanent Under Secretary of State, has filled our politicians with a vain hope. But the fact that, whatever befall, there is no likelihood of the seats in the State Council either falling or remaining empty, will not be lost on the authorities. There seems to be very little doubt that the main provisions of the Donoughmore Commission will remain unchanged for some time to come.

What then of the future? Under the leadership of Sir D. B. Jayatilaka, the majority of the State Councillors undertook to give the new Constitution a fair trial. Let them bend their energies to this task and give a faithful account of their stewardship until the term of the present Council lasts. Under certain limitations, the present constitution offers a good deal of scope for useful work and it is possible to achieve much in this direction that would be of service to the country.

Amendments in the Constitution to facilitate work are almost certain to follow, but any movement to extend the bounds of freedom by sudden flight and to win wider responsibility in Government will not succeed at once. Such development will only be gradual.

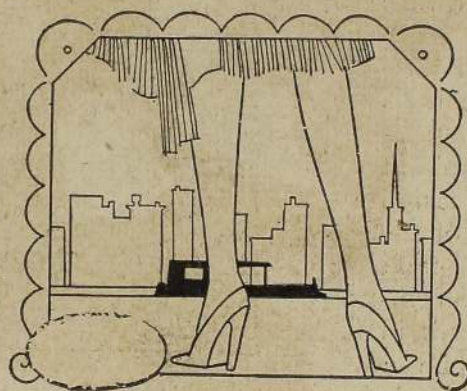
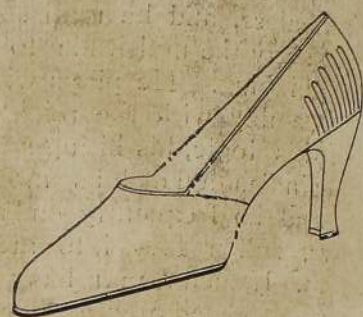
It is just as well to realise that self-Government cannot be had for the mere asking. The Americans are, politically, a very advanced race, but the final emancipation of the Philippines is still a distant goal. That it will one day be achieved there is no reason whatever to doubt, for like the Israelites of old they will finally reach the promised land, after much wandering in the desert.

In the meantime the Governor continues to govern, and practical-minded patriots will realise, that while an independent agitation for progress may very well be carried on, there is much more to be gained by the State Council pulling its full weight with the Governor than against him.

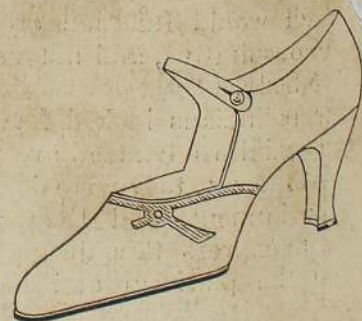


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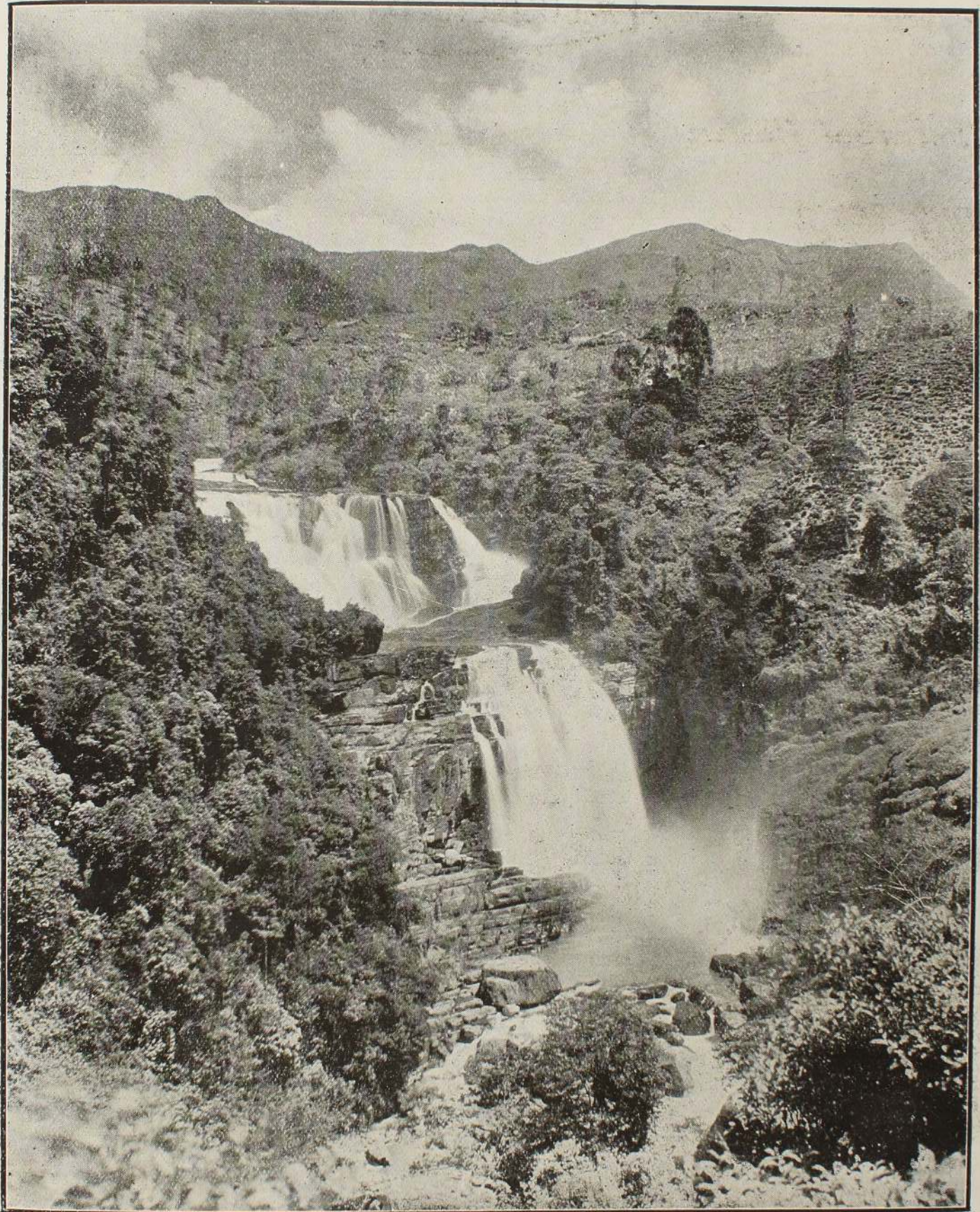


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# THE INDIAN SOCCER TEAM IN CEYLON.



Photos by Plate Ltd.

1. India vs. Ceylonese. 2. India vs. Europeans. 3. India vs. City League. 4. India vs. Ceylon,



# The Indian Soccer Team in Ceylon.

## AN EXCELLENT COMBINATION.

By "Centre-Half."

**B**EFORE commenting on the visit of the Indian Football Association team it would be of interest to trace the events that led to the tour.

Soccer, the most progressive game in Ceylon, because it was conscious of its defects, and certainly the most popular, was, at the same time, threatened with stagnation and an "insularity complex." However paradoxical it may sound, Soccer, the game that had made such vast strides within recent years was yet only marking time as far as the standard of play was concerned. This was due to the fact that, unlike other branches of sport in Ceylon, Soccer was never brought into contact with the game as played in the country of its origin, through the medium of visiting teams or even individual star players.

Keeness and a desire to improve were alone insufficient for there were but few players who had any other conception of the game beyond the local standard of play. Owing to the lack of an organisation such as a Ceylon F.A.—a body whose formation is now a necessity—St. Michael's, to whom Soccer in Ceylon will ever be under a debt of gratitude, took it upon themselves at a considerable monetary risk, to invite a team from India. The Club got into touch with Mr. P. Gupta, who had previously made his acquaintance with Ceylon Sport as Assistant Manager of the Olympic Hockey Team. With his assistance the tour which, incidentally, created as much enthusiasm in India as in Ceylon, was carried through.

Looking back on the tour as a whole the Indians, though they preserved an unbeaten record, yet left a sense of disappointment behind. This was mainly due, one is inclined to believe, to a false estimation of their capabilities, based somewhat unreasonably on the form shewn by their Hockey team of world beaters.

These Olympic Champions unrolled to us a vision of brilliant hockey and we expected that their team of footballers would do the same. It was owing to the hope that they would reveal something uncanny in the way of football that their failure to do so proved disappointing. Judged impassionately these Indians have certainly developed a higher standard of Soccer than that pertaining in Ceylon but they have not eliminated some of those faults which local Soccer and particularly barefooted Soccer are prone to. The greatest soccer crime common to both is "gallery play" and among the Indians it is emphasised owing to their admitted superiority in ball control. Conscious of their art they straightway abuse it. Is the Eastern love of display to blame? they have adapted the game to suit their physique and their habit of playing barefeet. They, in fact, take pride in being able to play without the aid of boots and registered a triumph for the non-booter when they beat the heavy European booted side so convincingly.

Despising all stereotyped forms of play they attack in a series of short passes. The player with the ball is never at a loss for a pass for he invariably finds two others ready to support a movement. For barefooters that line of play is admittedly the best, but the Indians have yet to carry it to perfection. Two faults stand in the way of this development. Past masters as they all are in the art of dribbling, a few of them take a childish delight in juggling with the ball forgetting in the crescendo of cheers that such capering arouses, that the basic principle of their play is the "first-time" pass. The other fault, also to be traced to the same evil, is that all their forwards seem to prefer to walk the ball into the net rather than finish up a movement in a manner more in keeping with the spirit of the game—a rousing shot at goal. And it is not to say that they cannot shoot, it is merely the desire for tinsel glory. If they carry out

their movements more crisply without any unnecessary dallying and if they shoot within reasonable distance of goal these Indians would have been a team of champions.

It must on the other hand be remembered that they embarked on a very strenuous tour when they were quite out of touch with the game. The Soccer season in Bengal ends in July and for five months these Indians had not played football. They betrayed symptoms of lack of practice in their first match against the Ceylonese in which they snatched victory almost on the post and demonstrated in doing so that they were players of class. The experience they gained in this match stood them well against the Europeans and it was in this encounter that all that is best in their game came to light. Samad, one of the veterans in the team, scored two goals in ten minutes dancing with "a light fantastic toe" through the entire defence. Samad is one who bides his time and then flashes through gathering momentum in his run with the ball glued to his foot in a maze of intricate movements.

It was one of the curiosities of Soccer that the Indians should find their most formidable opponents in the barefooters but their failure to force a win against them in the first match was due chiefly to the speed, lasting power and spoiling tactics of the local barefooters and incidentally to the fact that the tourists in whom their success over the Europeans had created a sense of over confidence, took the game too light heartedly at the start.

The Indians were given a great reception, at Galle, where they succeeded in defeating the local team by 2 goals to nil. In their final match against a team of barefooters, representing the De Mel League, the visitors had to be content with a draw. Had the De Mel League team taken advantage of their opportunities they would undoubtedly have won.

The tourists, an unassuming body of men, met with favour wherever they went and it is to be hoped that Ceylon players will in time renew their acquaintance by returning their visit and ensure therefore a regular series of international matches.



## "The Indian Evolution."

The Padikara Mudaliyar has published a thesis on "The Indian Evolution" with the object of explaining the Indian situation to Englishmen. "To an Easterner," he says, the prevalent ignorance in England of Indian aspirations and problems is staggering and unbelievable". He has striven to write impartially, and he succeeds in presenting his case without offence to English or to Indian sentiment. He attributes the unrest to six causes, among them being the wrong type of education and the Anglo-Indian Press. We trust that his work will be freely circulated and help to bring about a reconciliation between East and West.

## The Dutch Burgher Union.

The striking success of the twenty-fifth Anniversary celebrations of the Dutch Burgher Union of Ceylon calls for our congratulations. Through much misunderstanding and opposition the Union has been a tower of

strength to the community it represents. The Children's Party, which took the place of the S. Nikolaas Fête, was numerous attended, and thoroughly enjoyed. It was held on the 18th January, the date of the Anniversary, and a Dinner, attended by a hundred members and guests, took place on the 20th January. Dr. Leembruggen presided and proposed the loyal toasts. Mr. S. W. Dassanaike proposed the toast of the Union, and Mr. E. H. vanderWall the toast of the guests, to which Mr. E. W. Perera replied.

## The Small-Pox Epidemic.

We have for so many years placed such implicit reliance on the methods adopted to preserve Ceylon from the pestilences that ravage India, that the present wide-spread epidemic of small pox has taken us by surprise. While emphasising the need for vaccination, and re-vaccination, we would suggest the need for greater vigilance on the part of the authori-

ties to save us from a real and ever present danger. Even if it means increased individual inconvenience, the safety of the people must remain the supreme law. An infected port means the loss of considerable passenger traffic, which is an important item to reckon with, in these days of depression and depleted incomes.

## Ceylon Kennel Club Show.

Arrangements are well in hand for the Ceylon Kennel Club Show, which is to be held in the Peradeniya Chocolate Factory on February 25th. The venue is an ideal one for an exhibition of this nature and several valuable trophies are being offered. The usual concessions will be given by the Railway and exhibitors are assured that their dogs will be well cared for as Mr. J. D. Aitken has agreed to attend to the matter personally.

The show will be opened by Sir Solomon Dias Bandaranaike and Mrs. H. Kaufmann will give away the prizes.

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## MARK HAMBOURG.

### RURAL RUSSIA TO COSMOPOLITAN LONDON.

THERE is hardly an important orchestral organization in the world with which Mark Hambourg, the famous Russian pianist, has not appeared as soloist. In New York he has played with the Philharmonic Orchestra and the New York Symphony as well as with the Philadelphia Orchestra at home and on tour, the Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, and several other celebrated organisations.

In Paris he has played at the Conservatoire, Colonne, Lamoureux, and Societe Philharmonique concerts. In Berlin he has been soloist with the Philharmonic. In Leipzig with the Gewandhaus, in Petrograd at the Siloti, Moscow and Societe Imperiale and in London with the Royal Philharmonic and Queen's Hall Orchestras.

To this imposing list may be added the Society Philharmonic in Madrid, the Concerts Ysaye in Brussels, the Concerts Halle in Manchester, the Classical Concerts in Liverpool, the Museum Concerts in Frankfurt, the Societe del Quartetto in Milan, the Concerts d'abonnement in Geneva, the Concert Gebow in Amsterdam and the Concerts Diligentia in the Hague. This astonishing summary of appearances is a tribute not only to Mr. Ham-

bourg's high standing as a musician but also to his consistently fine playing.

Mark Hambourg has been a naturalised Englishman so long, that were it not for his funny little accent one would never suspect that he was a Russian. Fifty one years ago he was born at Bogantchar in South Russia, and he made his debut in Moscow as a boy prodigy of the piano. Unlike most prodigies, his work actually improved as he grew older, and before he was thirty he was a world famous virtuoso. It is twenty-five years since he married the Honourable Dorothea Muir Mackenzie, daughter of Lord Muir Mackenzie, and his own daughters of whom he is immensely proud, have been brought up on the most modern English lines. They take great interest in athletics, politics, and literature. Immensely fond of life, Mr. Mark Hambourg loves travel and his recent tour of India, was in the nature of a wonderful holiday task. All who hear him will wonder at the breadth of his style and the lucidity of his expression when he appears under the management of the Regal Theatre on Monday and Tuesday, February 6th and 7th.

### The Mercantile Cricket Association.

#### NEW PRESIDENT.

We congratulate the Mercantile Cricket Association on the choice of its President for 1933. Mr. P. J. Parsons, the retiring President, has rendered yeoman service to the Association for a number of years, and the various units that form the Association cannot be too grateful to him for the remarkable interest he has always shown in all its activities. In Mr. S. Barker Johnson, the newly elected President, the Association has secured a very live wire. Apart from his devotion to the game—he regularly turns out for The Colombo Gas & Water Co.'s team—he is the embodiment of thoroughness in everything he under-

takes, and his enthusiasm knows no bounds. The mantle of Mr. P. J. Parsons has indeed fallen on worthy shoulders.

### Old Boys' Day at St. Thomas'

Old Thomian are known to possess the traditionall gift of gathering round their old school, in a manner peculiarly their own. This year's reunion, which by the way was the forty-seventh annual gathering, passed off with tremendous enthusiasm, and Warden Stone, who spent 25 years of his life as Head of this great school, was honoured by having an oil-painting of himself hung alongside the portraits of the distinguished Headmasters who preceded him. There was a large and distinguished gathering to do honour to one of the greatest Schoolmasters of all time.

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# ANECDOTAGE.

By E. H. J.

## II.

### Rugby Football.

MANY were the interesting experiences and humorous incidents connected with my Rugger days, but they will not all bear reproduction and some I cannot at present recall. I do remember, however, a particularly lively and enjoyable match played against the K.V. in the days before the diminutive Iron Horse, drawing the baby trains, was introduced into the Valley. We, the Colombo team, drove down in specially chartered waggonettes and were put up partly at the Rest House and partly at the "Belle Vue" Hotel, then run by Mr. Melville Bell. We drove straight to Talduva, arriving there in good time for lunch. The hospitality was prodigal and resistance of it very difficult. But we were determined to be as abstemious as possible in view of the prospective game later on. As it was raining as heavily, as it knows how to in the Valley, just before the time the game was to start with no apparent prospect of cessation, it was decided to have a preliminary game in the Pavilion! This was great fun, but luckily before any damage was done to men or material, the rain unexpectedly ceased and an adjournment was made to the field of play where the match took place, Colombo just winning, in spite of the mud and slush to which they were more strangers than the home side. A dinner followed at the "Belle Vue"—a sumptuous repast, guests and hosts being attired in *deshabillé*; mostly pyjamas, but not of the beach order. One good sportsman of the Colombo team, a hefty Scotch Banker, who had been billeted at the Rest House came to dinner in a wonderful combination costume—a pepper and salt morning coat (where he raised it was a mystery), a dress waistcoat and a pyjama suit. He solemnly climbed up the fifty or more steps leading to the Hotel, and bowed in most courtly manner to the assembled multitude.

Someone collided with him and he made a forced retreat, going "bumpety-bump" down the whole flight of stone steps. Why he did not break his neck is a marvel—I suppose because sturdy Scotch necks are not so easily broken. Be that as it may, he amazingly got on his feet at the bottom step, made another courtly bow and solemnly retraced his footsteps to the Rest House, where he shed his upper garments and later rejoined the crowd at the Hotel in his pyjamas apparently none the worse for his drastic exit. A lively 'smoker' followed the dinner and most of those present who had not provided themselves with beds, being obsessed with the idea "Where I dines I sleeps," found accommodation in all sorts of unaccustomed places. But all were merry and bright for early tea.

### Cricket

The yarn I am about to relate will be a "chesnut" to many of my friends, as indeed some of the others may be. After all it is well nigh impossible to reproduce yarns which no one or very few have heard before.

The Nondescripts, captained by that incomparable skipper Herman Loos, who was "one of God's own," were playing the Kurunegala Town C.C., at the City of the Elephant Rock. The latter were a very useful side and the ground, though much on the small side, was quite a pretty spot next to the Church and in the heart of the Town. The umpire for the home side was Sergeant Patrick—a brawny son of Erin, as signified by both his Christian and surname, (which I have purposely omitted). He was the Drill Instructor of the local detachment of the C.L.I. and though a loyal Irishman was not averse to a drop of Scotch even at times, as a premeridian pick-me-up. When he took up his position behind the wickets he was, though steady as the Kurunegala Rock itself,

in the happy state of being able to see six stumps at each end, at least two balls at the same time and an uncertain number of batsmen and fielders. There was a very confident appeal for a glaring l. b. w. or a catch. I cannot remember which, and the Sergeant—they were not styled Sergt. Major in those days—said "not out"—Hermann Loos, not having heard the verdict politely asked the Umpire what he had said. Back came the emphatic and forcible answer "I said not out" and even if me mither-in-law were batting at the other end I wad say "not out." Obviously that closed all argument. It was, I believe, in this match that Mr. H. R. Freeman, the doughty champion of the goiyas of the N.C.P. in the State Council, made one of his first appearances, if not the first, on a local cricket field, playing for Kurunegala, where he was stationed as a cadet in the Kachcheri. I well remember the handsome youthful cadet astonishing all and sundry by his partiality for stopping, behind the stumps, even the swiftest deliveries with his shins. He disdained pads even when batting—a very rash risk on a wicket which was by no means too true. It will thus be seen that he injured himself to knocks quite early in his local career.

In a cricket match being played by a prominent Ceylonese Club against the D.M.C.C. at Darawella, the visiting wicket-keeper had a most exasperating habit of making a running commentary on the strokes of the home batsmen. Most of them, though doubtless fuming inwardly, said nothing, but one of them was not so complacent. He was a really good batsman, but even his best strokes did not fail to evoke unfavourable comment by the irrepressible little wicket-keeper—one of the best men behind the stumps that Ceylon ever produced—and unable to contain himself any longer the young planter burst out "Look here you young blighter, if you do not stop your remarks I will stop your rice!" The technical significance of the threat may have been lost on the "keeper," but the manner in which it was delivered was, evidently, so impressive that the offender ceased his commentaries.

(To be continued.)





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# The Ceylon Cricketers in India.

## SOME LESSONS OF THE TOUR.

By F. L. Goonewardene.

THE Ceylon cricketers returned from India a couple of days before they were scheduled to do so. The last match of the programme was cancelled, which accounted for the earlier return. When the achievements of the team were last reviewed in the *Causerie*, the last match had not been played, so that a passing reference to it will be appropriate. The last match played was against Madras, which Ceylon lost by 5 wickets. The Madras team included H. P. Ward, the old Oxford Blue, and C. P. Johnston of Kent, and was quite a good side, but not nearly as strong as some of the sides the Ceylon team had met before, and the general opinion was that the visitors were not up to form as they were a tired side, after all the travelling that the crowded programme entailed. Madras won the match by 5 wickets, mainly owing to some excellent bowling by a right hander bowler named Gopalan, who accomplished the amazing feat of taking four wickets in an over, in the first innings. Ceylon made a good show in the second innings, thanks chiefly to Jayawickrama, whose form was a fitting *finale* to a wonderfully consistent record of batting throughout the tour. Gopalan again bowled best for Madras in this innings, and, as he made 37 runs before being run out, he had an altogether successful match.

The Ceylon team's record is a highly meritorious one, and exceeded the anticipations of their warmest admirers. It is one which Ceylon may well be proud of, and one that sets the seal of class on Ceylon cricket. Very divergent opinions were held as to the class and standard of the cricket played in Ceylon, but this tour has definitely demonstrated that the first-class players in Ceylon, given the opportunity, would develop into first-class players anywhere else. The wonderful success of Jayawickrama, who towered head

and shoulders over the rest of the side, was astonishing. He averaged 54 per innings, and scored the largest number of runs. How much the team owed to this brilliant young cricketer can be understood when it is remembered that the second man on the batting list averaged under 25. As Jayawickrama was also one of the bowling successes of the team, his all round excellence will be always associated with the first tour organised by the Ceylon Cricket Association.

Bakelman's bowling must rank next to Jayawickrama's all round success as a contributing factor to the success of the Ceylon side. Bakelman has been in the forefront of Ceylon bowling ever since he played for St. Benedict's over a decade ago, but this tour has earned him much fame, and has definitely enhanced his reputation. The success of Bakelman emphasises the value of including a left-hand bowler, when building up a team. A reference to the captaincy of the side must be made, and Ceylon was lucky to have a cricketer of Dr. Gunasekera's experience and personality to lead the side, and the success of the team is perhaps due largely to the way Gunasekera handled his team, and kept them together. It was bad luck his being recalled on the morning of the Delhi match, but his mantle fell on worthy shoulders, in the person of Edward Kelaart, whose acknowledged all round ability, coupled with the modesty and humility which characterise true greatness, made him a worthy successor to Dr. Gunasekera.

The tour will benefit Ceylon cricket tremendously. It will no doubt be the starting point of many reciprocal contests between India and Ceylon. The tourists had a great time, and visited some of the most historic and renowned cities of India. They met all types of people, and the educational value of the tour

will be immense. The most pleasing feature of the tour was the clean health bill. The lads returned well and fit. The chief lesson of the tour is that in future tours the programme should be less strenuous. India is a vast continent, and a country of distances. This is not easily understood till one is faced with the weariness of long journeys in a hot climate, and in future there should be more breathing time between these strenuous matches.

## The Storm in Australian Cricket.

For some weeks past, the clouds have been lowering in the cricket firmament of Australia, where the flower of the world's cricket are engaged in what is always the first game in the world. The clouds burst after the Third Test Match, at Adelaide, when the Australian Board of Control cabled their protest against the methods of the English fast bowlers to the M. C. C. The complaint against body bowling is fraught with delicacy and difficulty. The protest involved and implied charges of intentional battering, which, of course, no sportsman, be he Englishman or Australian, would countenance. Those making the protest are presumably people who realise their responsibility. Those associated with the incident, like Woodfull, are names held in the highest respect. On the other hand, the Manager of the English team, Mr. Warner, is one of the greatest names in Cricket History, and had deprecated body bowling last Summer, when one of the present English team played at the Oval. It is therefore almost inconceivable that Mr. Warner would be a party to anything objectionable. Mr. Jardine himself is a sportsman and a man of peace, and when the M. C. C. in their dignified and diplomatic reply to the protest, said they had the amplest confidence in the Manager and the Captain, they hit the nail on the head. At the same time it is to be sincerely hoped that the ball will refuse to bump, and injure any more players, be he Australian or English, and we hope, that the spirit of the game will be restored. This is what is paramount. Hang the victory!



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# THIS LEG THEORY BUSINESS

WHERE IT ORIGINATED.

By M. M.

THE discussion is still raging over leg theory bowling. Every day fresh cases of violence and assault are seen in the papers. Friendships started in the Lower Shell which have even withstood, in later years, the bitter antagonism aroused by the annual struggles of our great public schools and universities, have now been broken upon the treacherous rocks of leg theory. Those whose friendship it appeared nothing could ever have been guilty of offences against the criminal laws of the State, and I am told, on the best authority, that the prisons, now full to overflowing of cases of personal violence, present a scene of unparalleled chaos.

Gibbering faces can be seen thrust between the bars of their narrow cells—voices explanatory, argumentative, protesting, insulting, resound through the stone passages; frantic fingers aching to reach the throats of their adversaries, grip and shake the bars in thwarted frenzy, whilst all night long the heavy thud of bodies impotently hurling themselves against the walls of their dungeons—whether imagining them to be Larwood's cannon balls, I cannot say—have disturbed the well-earned rest of the harassed sailors for weeks on end.

The sudden disappearance under the sea of the British Isles, or perhaps even more exciting, the announcement of the engagement of the Prince of Wales, would be limited to a small paragraph in the personal column—the denouncing of the leg theory, the impassioned championship of it, unnecessarily facetious articles about it, would continue to fill the papers to the exclusion of all else. Treatises will be written upon it—round table conferences will be held—commissions will be sent out to investigate the matter—further commissions will be sent out to report upon investigations. What, we shriek as we wake in the middle of the night sweating with fear at our latest nightmare of

Larwood taking his own head from under his arm and bowling it at us—what will be the outcome of it all? A world war and the destruction of civilization?

My readers may think that this article is being written from a purely impersonal point of view by one of these people who seem to take a strange sort of pleasure in seeing their idiocies in print and in listening to the sound of their own oratorical voices. I am afraid I was not destined to be a councillor. No, my interest is genuine if unique. How could I help taking a very special sort of interest in something which, up till now, I had always thought exclusive to my old school. At Narkover, (or was it Borstal?) we had developed the leg theory to a fine art—surely everyone not so privileged must realize that? I mock when I hear my acquaintances hold forth upon the origin of the leg theory—little do they know the number of old scores I have been able to pay off in one of our friendly bouts. I am proud, though, proud and flattered to think that our dear old school game should have been adopted for international matches.

People will not imagine for a moment, I hope, that it is only at cricket at which we are adepts in the leg theory and its variations. We could show you all a thing or two at Rugger; I and some colleagues were discussing it in its relationship to polo and racing only last week end. Imagine how it would revolutionise croquet?

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