

# THE CEYLON CAUSIERIE

COLOMBO, MAY, 1933.



Photo by Plâté Ltd.

MR. S. P. HAYLEY

Head of the Firm of Messrs. Hayley & Kenny, and Consul for Sweden, who was recently awarded the decoration of Chevalier First Class of the Royal Order of Vasa, by the King of Sweden.

SAUER



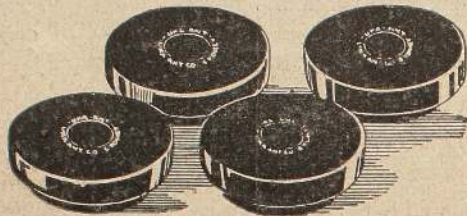
# A BOON TO HOUSEWIVES

## UKA-ANT

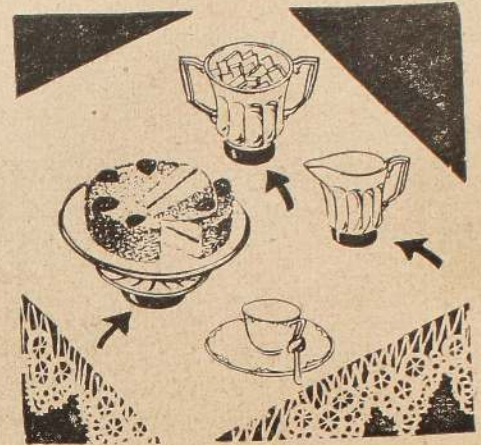
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The New  
Ant Proof  
Device



Set of 4.



PROTECTS FOOD AT ALL TIMES AGAINST ANTS WITHOUT THE AID OF WATER, CHEMICALS, Etc., AND WITHOUT FURTHER ATTENTION OR EFFORT

"UKA-ANT" Supports are small inverted metal cups, unbreakable and hygienic. Guaranteed EFFECTIVE. This wonderful little device positively prevents small ants getting into Meat Safes, Ice-chests, Dining tables, Children's Cots, etc.

Very useful in every Kitchen, Pantry and Dining Room and for Hotels, Boarding Houses and Hospitals.

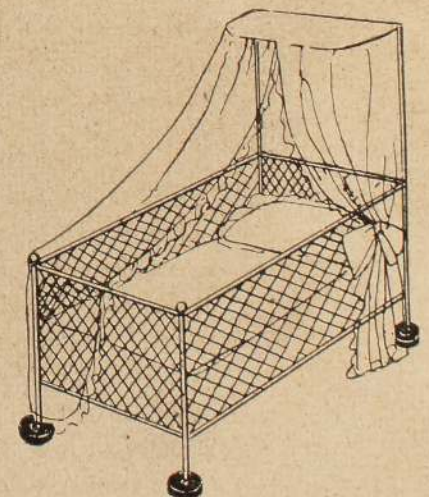


*Three Important Points  
to remember about  
the "UKA-ANT"*

1. EFFICIENT
2. ECONOMICAL
3. HYGIENIC

**Rs. 3-50**

NETT  
PER  
SET OF 4.



Offers Long and Efficient Service at the Minimum Cost.

**MILLER & Co., Limited.**



## OURSELVES.

*I*N spite of the Financial Depression, and in spite of the fascination of the Cinemas, there has been a slow but quite evident return to Literature. A student of Philosophy might well pause to enquire whether it would not be as correct to say "because of" as to say "in spite of." For when one is depressed and shut out from other enjoyments, one turns, or has to turn, to literature, and the Cinema pictures may possibly induce the reading of such books as the pictures deal with. Then there is the advance of Education, or at least the popularity of the Cambridge Locals, which compels a resort to English books in spite of the national claims of Vernacular literature. But the continued existence of such Societies as the English Association, and the springing up of Literary Associations everywhere, shew that readers are increasing and that sometimes a book might find sufficient actual buyers to pay the printer. For there is a decided difference between **buying** a book and praising it.

Even periodical literature seems to be at least eking out an existence. Most of our monthly and weekly magazines are political in character, since the brightest intellects of our land are engaged in working out a Constitution which shall have none of the defects of the Donoughmore Constitution. Some of these magazines have their day and cease to be. But we can say for ourselves that **The Ceylon Causerie** has justified its existence both to ourselves and to the public of Ceylon. It is non-political, and takes no sides in politics. It caters to all tastes, as our readers well know. In its pages will be found contributions from the best literary writers in Ceylon, both English and Ceylonese. Personal information of the right kind is freely given. Natural History, Sport, Antiquarian and Historical Research, Travel and Adventure, are all given room and scope. The principal events of each month are faithfully recorded and are of the utmost advantage to public men, since they are so easily accessible for references. Our illustrations—and these are by no means few—are easily superior to anything published locally. And all this for Twenty-five cents! An Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Ceylon for Two Rupees and Fifty cents a year!

So useful, so attractive, and so inexpensive a Magazine can only survive if it has the support of a large number of subscribers and advertisers. We have survived for **FOUR YEARS** and are now beginning our Fifth Volume. That is something to be proud of in a country like ours. It is a proof that our subscribers and advertisers have confidence in us, and know a good thing when they see it. But we shall not be satisfied till we have secured double the number of subscribers. Those we now have are to be found in every part of the Island, even in out-of-the-way districts, and we would urge them to recommend **The Ceylon Causerie** to their friends, and also to give us the benefit of their advice by suggesting ways in which the paper might be made even more useful and popular.

THE EDITOR.





# SIME'S FOR TAILORING

Sime's are famed throughout Ceylon *for Quality and Value.* Our aim has always been to provide a consistently high standard of quality at the lowest possible price.

Never before have we held such a splendid range of materials for Gent's Tailoring and never before have we held such a splendid range of materials for Gents' Tailoring and never before have our prices been so low.

Latest Tweed Suits in smartest shades and designs. Light and medium weight, excellent quality.

From Rs. **49-50**

A high grade Dinner Suit, made from good quality Barathea. Perfectly tailored by our own craftsman, and finished in best possible manner. Style and fit guaranteed.

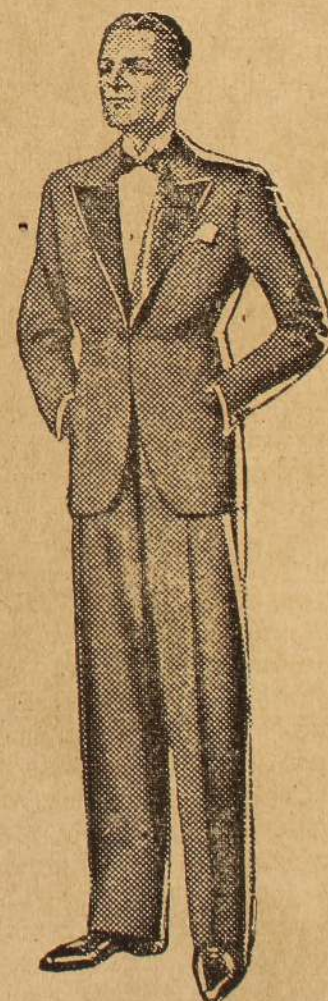
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Specially well tailored Blazers, in extra quality smooth Melton flannel. Made to measure with best gilt buttons and patch pockets.

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All wool flannel trousers. Perfectly cut to the very latest style, from specially selected Flannel Trouserings. A soft and good quality material. In grey, silver grey and fawn.

From Rs. **12-50**



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**CEYLON'S CASH STORE.**



# THE PASSING HOUR

By The Editor

THE chief obstacle that has stood in the way of an effective scheme for furthering the interests of the Tea and Rubber Industry, has been the lack of co-operation between Ceylon and the Netherland Indies; and the decision to send a representative from this Colony to meet the Dutch authorities in the East, bids fair to remove this obstacle and establish a liason between these two great producing countries, which will be to the mutual benefit of both. The representative selected is Mr. G. K. Stewart, whose qualifications for the mission cannot be questioned. As Chairman of the Tea Propaganda Board, Ceylon Estates Proprietary Association and, for a time, of the Tea Research Institute, besides being the Deputy Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Stewart is better fitted than anyone one could think of for the difficult and delicate task he has undertaken, viz,—to discuss the details of the proposed Tea Propaganda and Tea Restriction Schemes, and also come to some satisfactory agreement with regard to the best means of meeting the situation affecting Rubber.

The Count de Mauny, in his charming home "Taprobane," in Weligama Bay, has shewn what a single man, gifted with an artistic imagination, can achieve. There are other locations on the South Coast, which have practically unexplored



Photo by Plate Ltd.

MR. G. K. STEWART

attractions, while the wide yellow shore with its palmyra groves of the North, under a clear blue sky, affords variety. For those who love the hills and their cooler air, there are Kandy, Bandarawela and Nuwara Eliya, while our ancient cities and our vast forests offer great possibilities for the development of the North-Central Province. If it is true that the East cannot be hustled, we have to seek the development of our pleasure resorts from outside sources.

From recent communications to the Press on the subject of the Burghers in Ceylon, one fact that

emerges with unmistakable clearness is that in the matter of education they have a definite grievance that calls insistently for redress. This grievance the Burghers share with other communities who have elected English as their mother tongue or home language. The Government provides free education in their own language to pupils whose mother tongue is Sinhalese or Tamil. The Government cannot with any show of justice refuse the same facilities to English-speaking children.

The responsibility for this unequal treatment cannot be placed on the recently-elected Members of the State Council or the Executive Committee of Education. It is an inheritance that has come down to them from the past. But theirs is the opportunity to prove that the claims of minorities to just treatment do not suffer at their hands. If the persons who are interested in English-speaking children press for facilities for free elementary education in English for their children, it is inevitable that the Government should yield to such a demand.

It is well for the Government to realise that increased taxation as a means of securing increased income is all very well in theory, but that there is such a thing as strangling or even killing the goose that lays the golden egg. The report read at the last general meeting of the Ceylon Motor Traders' Association should provide the Government with some food for thought. The report states that the result of the increase in the tax on petrol in February, 1932, from 50 cents to 65 cents per gallon, is a reduction in consumption, and that the ultimate effect will be a decrease in revenue, instead of an increase. The total sales of petrol in the Island in 1931 were 9 per cent. less than in 1930, and a further 6½ per cent. decrease on the 1931 figures took place in 1932.

Another effect of the increase in the price of petrol is that heavy cars are being taken off the road and light cars of the Baby type substituted. It is safe to assume that the revenue from petrol will keep steadily decreasing unless Government takes some steps to relieve the situation.

Only those who have travelled outside Ceylon realise what a city of deadly dulness Colombo is, especially to the visitor from the West. There are the Cinemas and the recently established Zoo at Dehiwela, but these are about the only attractions we can offer our visitors, who seek in vain for the recreations which the large cities of the world usually provide. It is therefore encouraging to know that a big scheme to popularise Ceylon as a holiday resort and to attract visitors from Europe is being considered by influential interests outside Ceylon. There are beauty spots in Ceylon, which, under proper direction, should be as attractive as the Riviera or Switzerland, which draw their thousands of visitors.



# The PRIDE of the INDUSTRY!

The Releases of these will go down to the  
History of Motion Pictures in Ceylon as  
~ ~ events of Paramount Importance! ~ ~

**YOU MUST SEE THEM.**

NOW BEING SHOWN

## “JACK’S THE BOY”

WITH

**JACK HULBERT**

The Finest British Comedy yet produced

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*From Friday, 5th May*

## “ROME EXPRESS”

England’s Proudest Achievement.

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### “DEVIL AND THE DEEP”

Co-Starring

**TALLULAH BANKHEAD**

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**GARY COOPER.**

### “LOVE ON WHEELS”

With **JACK HULBERT**

---

### “MAID of the MOUNTAINS”

---

### “TROUBLE IN PARADISE”

And many more of High Standard ! See them all at the **REGAL**



# Rather Good

HUMOROUS AND OTHERWISE

"FURTHER heat is likely."  
That seemed to be the safest weather forecast for April.

May Day was celebrated with due "eclat" by the local Labour Party for the first time.

Now we are sure it is May.

Isn't it time somebody predicted that the Monsoon will shortly burst?

There will, of course, be the usual "depression" in the Arabian Sea—and in the produce markets.

There has been some talk of restricting the production of cinnamon.

Something has to be done to make Ceylon less spicy, or more hymns may be written about us by visiting Bishops.

Ceylon's Tennis Champion is now a New Zealander.

A Ceylonese should make amends by becoming Ping-Pong champion of British Guiana.

Nearly everybody was "up" at Nuwara Eliya last month.

Except on Race Days, when most of them were "down."

A firm favourite that is just a year too old for this year's Derby is, of course, *The Ceylon Causerie*.

But it is running away with the Popularity Stakes.

A philanthropist tells us it is far better to give than to lend.

But isn't it usually much the same thing these days.

Thousands of mangoes have gone from Bombay to England.

Our own Bombay mangoes prefer to remain in our back-garden.

Vesuvius was recently reported to be on the verge of eruption.

But Signor Mussolini sternly refused to sanction the event.

There is likely to be a referendum on the question as to whether all Jews should leave Germany.

The "Nose" ought to have it.

## To "THE CEYLON CAUSERIE."

(Aetat 4.)

*How fast the years have sped away  
Since first you saw the light!  
You're four on this your natal day,  
And look quite smart and bright.*

*What if dark clouds surround this Isle  
To keep our spirits down?  
You come each month with radiant smile  
And all our troubles down.*

*Good luck be yours where'er you roam,  
And as you grow apace  
It's certain that in every home  
You'll find a resting place.*

*And while you pile up year on year  
And reach maturer age,  
The pleasure that you monthly bear  
Will glow through every page!*

C. D.

We always thought the animal was a big bounder.

The British Budget takes a little off beer.

We are afraid the coming Ceylon Budget may take a little off all of us.

Who is a golfing genius?

The man who can make two blades of grass go where one went before.

A scientist says that alcohol tends to increase the size of the face.

Is that why they say "Chin-Chin?"

The Happy Mean—those who take a pleasure in saving all their coppers.

A centipede was discovered the other day in a Mt. Lavinia 'bus.

Why didn't somebody tread on the creature's feet?

A pandal was burnt down at a political meeting in the North not long ago.

The Jaffna Boycott is still a burning question.

Even Nuwara Eliya's temperature was above normal last month.

Obviously due to tennis fever.

The Railway authorities are wondering how to make train travel more attractive.

What about free buns and a cup of tea for every third-class passenger?

The nervous bridge-player was roped in to make a fourth. His apologies to his partner were loud, humble and continuous. "My dear chap, I'm really most frightfully sorry," he stammered a score of times. Finally, satiated with these supplications, his partner said "Look here, is this contract-bridge we're playing, or contrite-bridge?"

Even in these days of motor cars and 'buses, says a writer, the horse has his place.

Not when we backed him at Nuwara Eliya.

Our new Tennis Champion has advised local players to rule out the "cut" stroke.

Government servants particularly dislike it.

A Ceylon visitor to Australia wrote home that in his opinion the kangaroo was a perfect gentleman.

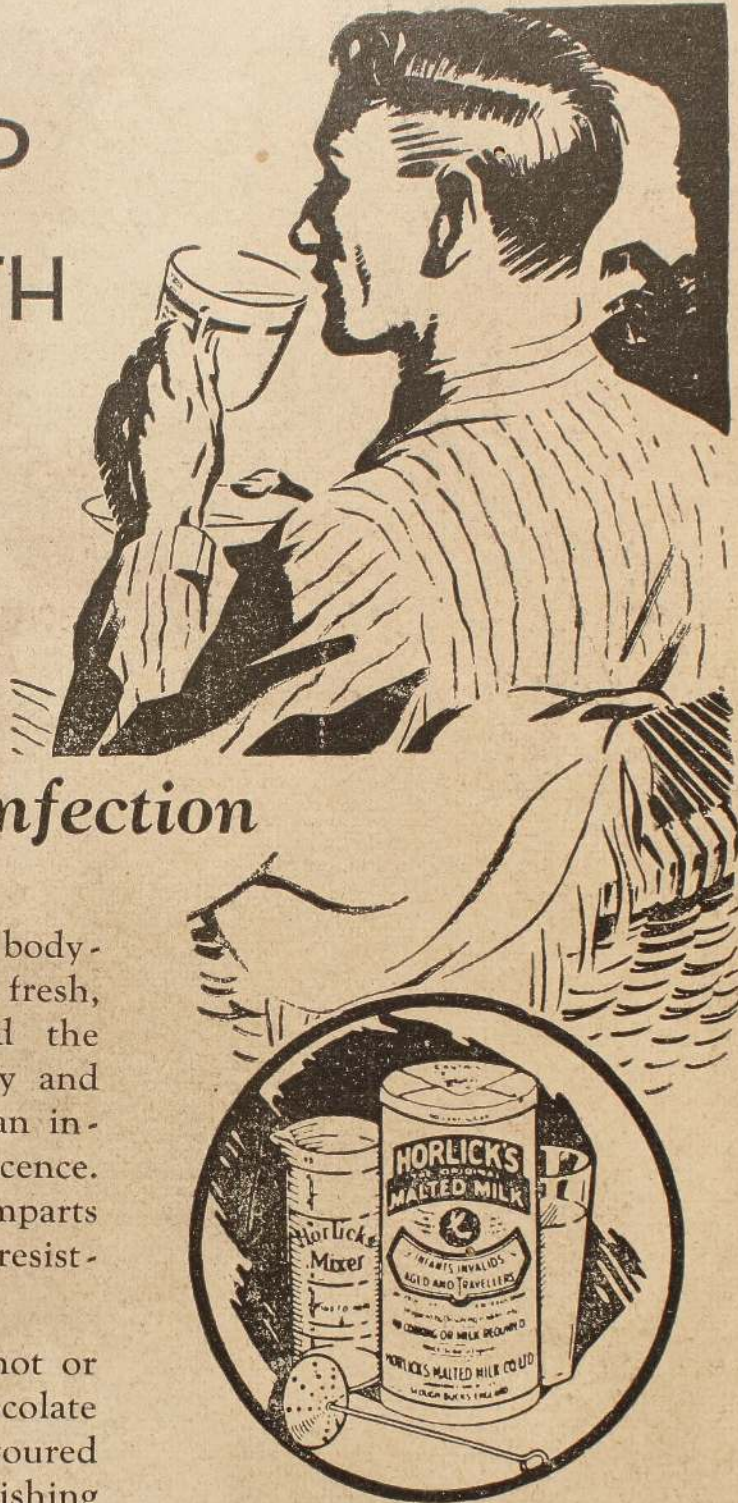


# BUILD UP YOUR STRENGTH AFTER ILLNESS

... guard  
against Infection

**B**ECAUSE it provides the rich body-building nourishment of fresh, full-cream cows' milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat, Horlick's Malted Milk is an invaluable tonic-food for convalescence. It quickly restores wasted cells, imparts new vitality and helps to build up resistance against infection.

Horlick's can be taken either hot or cold. And if you prefer a chocolate flavour ask for Chocolate Flavoured Horlick's — it has the same nourishing goodness as ordinary Horlick's.



The best way to prepare Horlick's is with the Horlick's Mixer — obtainable at all stores or from Messrs. Miller & Co., Ltd., Colombo for Cents 75 in stamps

## HORLICK'S

PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOURED

THE  
ORIGINAL  
MALTED MILK

Available Everywhere

Messrs. Miller & Co. Ltd., Colombo,

Please send me, free of charge, your leaflet "Horlick's in Convalescence", giving recipes of dishes for invalids.

Name .....

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# Ceylon Celebrities

by CAUSEUR

JOHN Ferguson was one of the greatest British Colonists who ever sailed East of Suez and one of the makers of modern Journalism in Ceylon. After receiving an education at the Tain Academy, where he greatly distinguished himself, John Ferguson arrived in Ceylon on November 7th, 1861, a lad who had scarcely reached his nineteenth year. He immediately assumed duties as Assistant Editor of the "Colombo Observer," a paper of which his distinguished uncle, A. M. Ferguson, was Editor and Proprietor. Six years later the "Colombo Observer" changed its name to the "Ceylon Observer," a newspaper which, after a long and honourable career, will celebrate its centenary in February next year.

In those far-off days Ceylon Journalism was conducted in a personal and somewhat rancorous manner, but John Ferguson soon changed the temper and tone in which differences of opinion were expressed and won the undisguised admiration of the public.

In 1869, J. Prins, a well known Proctor and Notary of his day, addressed an Ode to him, couched in the language of Burns, of which the following was the first verse:—

John Ferguson, my Jo, John,  
When uncle gaed awa'  
And gied you the old paper,  
You'd mickle deal to say:  
But what you had to say, John  
Gin it were frien' or foe,  
You said it like a gentleman,  
John Ferguson, my Joe.

It was not long before John Ferguson became Joint Editor and part proprietor of the "Ceylon Observer," and made his outstanding personality felt by extending and improving the paper in various ways. On the death of his uncle, he succeeded to the position of Editor-in-Chief of his paper.

He founded the "Tropical Agriculturist," a monthly Journal which found its way into all parts of the sub-tropical world, besides having a wide circulation in Ceylon. He held a leading place in literary production and was the author of numerous

manuals and handbooks, among which his "Illustrated Ceylon" holds pride of place.

His services as a lecturer and speaker were in continuous demand and among the various assemblies he addressed on different occasions

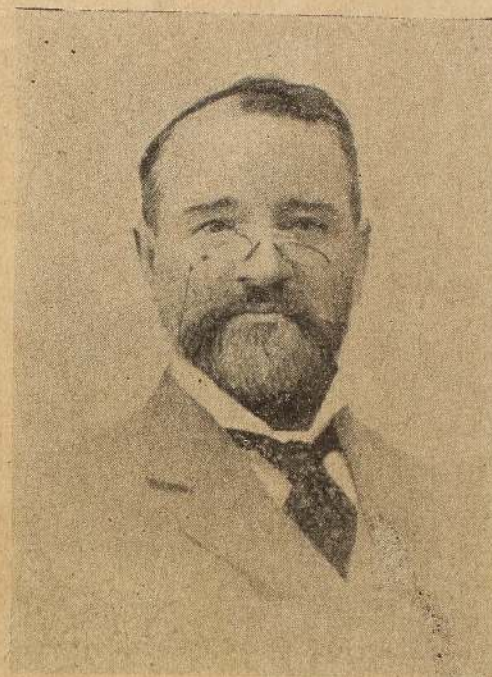


Photo by Plâté Ltd.

THE LATE MR. JOHN FERGUSON, C.M.G.

were the Royal Colonial Institute, the Society of Arts, the London Chamber of Commerce, the Royal Geographical Society in Edinburgh and Glasgow and the Historic Society of St. Louis and Washington, U.S.A.

John Ferguson's outstanding position in his community led to his appointment as a member of the Ceylon Legislative Council in 1902. In him the Governor and the people obtained an adviser of unquestioned ability, integrity and judgment and the year following his appointment he was worthily awarded the decoration of C. M. G. He was President of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, which received much stimulus and encouragement from his richly-dowered mind and his interest in matters relating to the history, the customs and the literature of the people.

John Ferguson always obtained

his information first hand by means of extensive travel. He went twice round the world in different directions, but Ceylon, the land of his adoption, was his chief concern and so early as in 1865 he travelled extensively through Uva and acted as reporter when the Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, paid his first visit to this ancient principality. At various times he travelled through the hill and the coastal districts of Ceylon and when the Railway was opened to Matara in 1895, the charming accounts were from his pen.

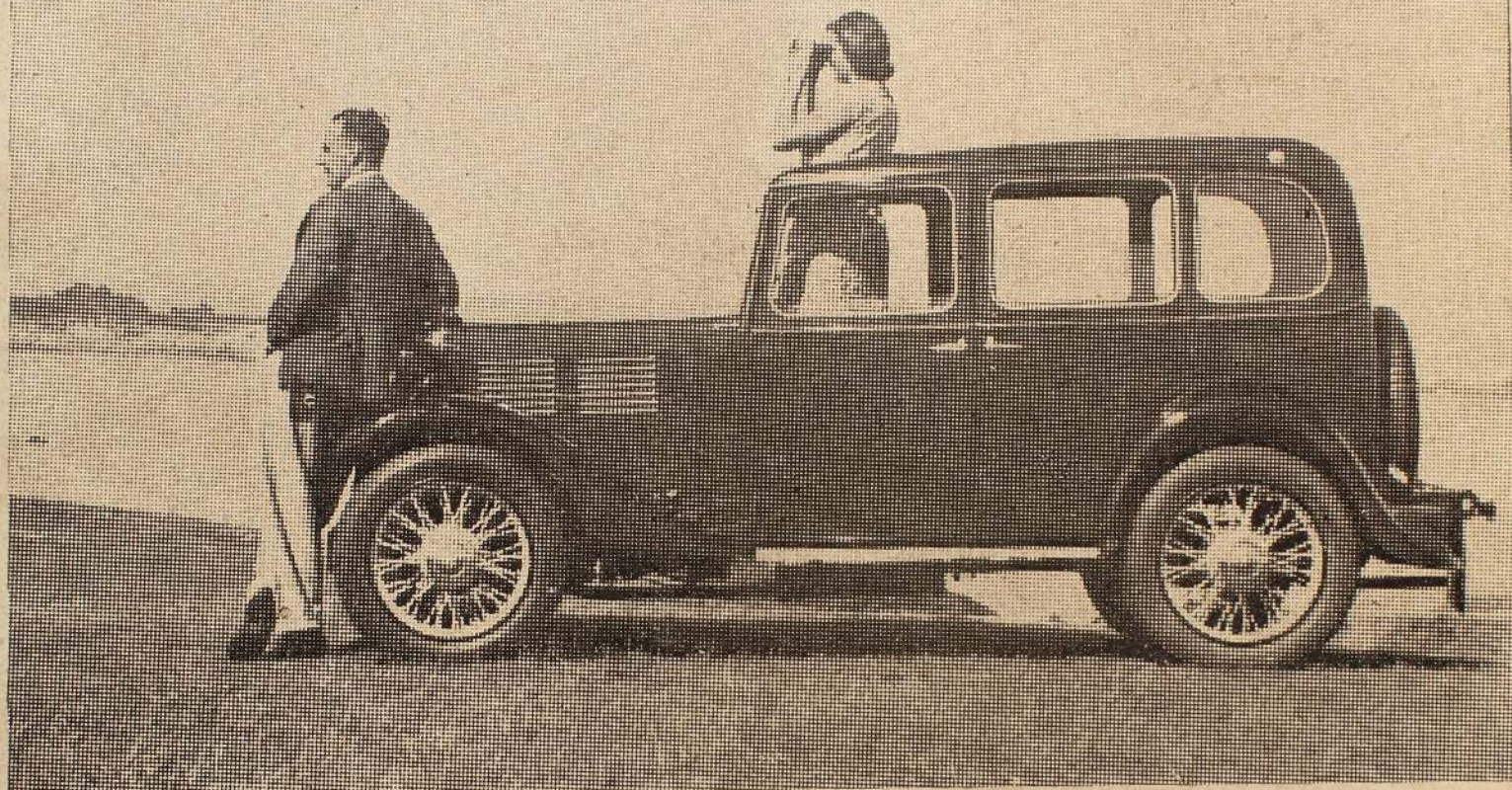
He was one of Ceylon's representatives at the St. Louis Exhibition, contributed largely on Ceylon matters to the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" and for over thirty years was Ceylon correspondent to the "London Times." His vitality and his aptitude for work were little short of marvellous, but it is impossible to conclude a sketch of his life, however brief, without a reference to his religious and social work. He was an Evangelical Free Churchman and from his earlier years was a regular Sunday School worker. In 1868, he arranged with the late R. V. Dunlop a united excursion, by the newly-opened railway to Kandy, of all the Protestant Sunday School children in Colombo, of all races and classes. These gathered at the former Audience Hall of the Kings of Kandy, when they met the children of the Kandy Sunday Schools. A memorable occasion with a memorable historic setting.

John Ferguson was one of the earliest social workers in Ceylon. The people of Ceylon will remember him as a man who worked for this Island with an equal interest in all the communities of which they are composed. He had a strong sense of justice and could put up a valiant fight both in the press and on the platform to secure it. He was greatly impressed with the need to extend the privileges of the Legislature and to promote education among the people.

He died in retirement at Chilworth, Surrey, on October 17th, 1913, at the age of seventy. It is sufficient to say that the foundations of the British Empire rest on the lives and the achievements of men of John Ferguson's type. Loved and respected by all, he has left us the inheritance of a name, which can inspire and support the Colonists who follow him.



# THE WHOLE WORLD HAS WELCOMED IT!



**YOU MEET THEM EVERYWHERE—**  
*these 1933 Standards. Climbing formidable hills with nonchalant ease. Cruising comfortably and silently at 60 m.p.h. Moving along in top gear at 1½ m.p.h. Stopping dead from 30 m.p.h. in 30 feet.*

"Little Nine"	4 cyl. Saloon	Rs. 3150/-
"Big Nine"	4 cyl. Saloon	„ 3950/-
"Little Twelve"	6 cyl. Saloon	„ 3550/-
"Big Twelve"	6 cyl. Saloon	„ 4250/-

*They're capable of dealing with every problem of the road—these 1933 Standards. They give you confidence. More than that, they instil you with pride. Pride in a thing of so much duty and efficiency, pride in yourself—that you bought it at so low a price!*

## 1933 STANDARD CARS

**PART EXCHANGES ACCEPTED—TERMS ARRANGED TO SUIT ALL.  
 SPECIAL DISCOUNT FOR CASH.**

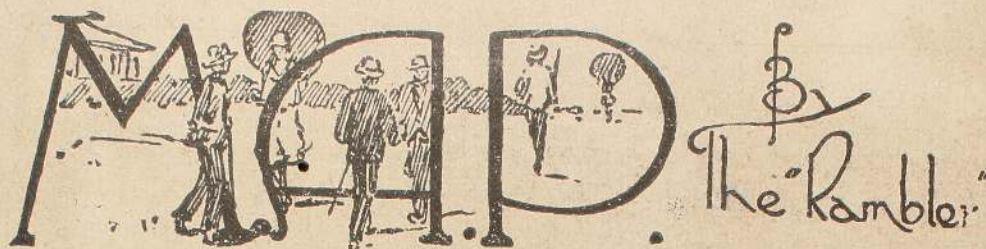
*Communicate with Sole Distributors:*

**MOTOR DEPT.**

**Brown & Co.**  
ENGINEERS & MERCHANTS  
**LTD.**

**UNION PLACE.**





THE appointment of the new Puisne Judge to fill the vacancy created by the departure of Mr. Justice Lyall Grant is interesting, because although our roll of Judges has often included great scholars, we have so far had no Judge who has won distinction on the battlefield. Major Kenneth Eliston Poyser, K. C., who is now appointed Puisne Judge, has a distinguished war record and was awarded the D. S. O., in 1917. He has had Colonial experience since 1920, when he was appointed Puisne Judge of the Leeward Islands, but Ceylon will give him his first introduction to the East. We wish him a useful and successful career in our midst.

The appointment of Mr. F. H. B. Koch, K. C., to act as Puisne Judge till the return from leave of the Hon. Mr. T. F. Garvin, K. C., in October, has been received with a great deal of satisfaction by the members of the Colombo Bar. This will be the first occasion on which Mr. Koch will sit on the Supreme Court bench, although he has previously acted as Solicitor-General, and District Judge, Colombo. On the occasion of his being sworn-in recently as K. C., Sir Philip Macdonell, the Chief Justice, remarked: "You have appeared in most of the big cases within recent years, and if there is one thing in which your forensic powers are most noticeable than in another, it is your masterly power of marshalling facts."

Mr. F. L. Goonewardene, who left for England by the Japanese boat on the 10th April, on hearing of the serious illness of his daughter, Miss Lorna Goonewardene, is expected to return to our midst about the middle of the year. As an ardent old boy of St. Thomas' College he had a good deal to do with the greatly improved form shown by the Thomian eleven this season. The record gathering at the Old Boys' celebrations in February last was a

tribute to his popularity and his organising genius.

The veteran Squire of Horagolla celebrates his seventy-first birthday, on the 22nd May,—

"And so, Sir Knight, we wish you all the joy  
That Life can give, and many, many years  
Of sweet content amidst your rural charms."



Photo by Plâte Ltd.

SIR SOLOMON DIAS BANDARANAIKE,

K. C. M. G.

We congratulate Mr. Steuart P. Hayley, Consul for Sweden, on the decoration of Chevalier First Class of the Royal Order of Vasa, which has been conferred on him by the King of Sweden. Mr. Hayley, who is a leading light of our commercial world, has been for many years head of the firm of Hayley & Kenny, which is connected with the old established firm of Charles P. Hayley & Co., in the ancient city of Galle. Mr. Hayley has established as honourable a name in business as his brother Mr. F. A. Hayley has in our Courts of Law. He was twice Chairman of the Ceylon Chamber of Commerce and still takes a prominent part in Mercantile affairs. Educated at Bedford School, Mr.

Hayley is keenly interested in athletics. He is one of the finest Lawn Tennis players we have had in Ceylon, having won the Ceylon Championship in 1905 and 1906 and again in 1909, 1910 and 1911. He also figured prominently at English tournaments and won the Men's Championship at Winchester in 1922. Mr. Hayley was for a long period an officer in the Ceylon Artillery Volunteers, now the C. G. A., and also took an active part in the Town Guard Artillery Section during the War. The honour Mr. Hayley has just received is recognition of nearly two decades of service as Consul for Sweden.

Two well-known Ceylonese passed away in the course of last month. The Hon. Mr. W. M. Abdul Rahiman, J. P., was son of the well-known business man, Mr. Wappichi Marikar, and inherited a good deal of his father's practical ability. He served in the Ceylon Legislative Council for sixteen years and though he seldom made speeches his shrewd common sense was held in high esteem both by the Government and his fellow members in Council. He took a great deal of interest in Muslim education and sports. His son, Mr. A. R. A. Razik, is the member of the Colombo Municipal Council for the New Bazaar Ward,

Mr. R. E. S. de Soysa was the youngest son of the well-known family of brothers, who were the sons of the great philanthropist, Charles de Soysa, and of Lady de Soysa. He received his education at the Royal College in the plenteous days of John Harward and immediately afterwards commenced his great agricultural career, developing his large estates, among the best known of which were the Hanguranketta and the Haragama groups. At one stage of his career he was one of the biggest arrack renters in the Island. He was a keen supporter of the Ceylon Turf and at one time kept a big string of horses. He imported the famous Orange William, but parted with this "wonder horse" to the late Mr. Arthur Ephraums, who made quite a fortune as a result of his phenomenal successes in the Indian classics. Like his father, Mr. R. E. S. de Soysa gave liberally to charities.



# FASHION

F L A S H E S

## FOR BRIDES

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**NEWEST ARRIVALS** in Bridal Requisites to suit modern individual taste now on view in our showrooms and marked at prices equally attractive.

**LATEST STYLES** in Silk Tulle Veils from **Rs. 15-00**

Wreaths from **2-50**  
 Keyser Silk Stockings **3-75** a pair  
 Silver Brocade Shoes **12-50** a pair  
 Ostrich Fans **7-50**

Silver Embroidered White Silk  
 Georgette **Rs. 75-00** per 5 yds. length  
 Etc., Etc., Etc.

and all that is newest for brides and bridesmaids' requisites  
 Complete bridal trousseaux.

### DRESS MAKING

undertaken at very moderate prices and finished in up-to-date styles.

**F. X. Pereira & Sons.**



Brass

Model

**Rs. 35-00**

and a

Nickel-plated

Model for

**Rs. 25-00**

A Pyrene Fire Extinguisher  
 is a necessity for every  
 Motor Car, Lorry and  
 Engine Room,  
 Defeats Blazing  
 Oil and  
 Petrol!

*Sole Agents in Ceylon:—*

**HAYLEY &  
 KENNY**

**COLOMBO.**



## ROAD TAR

A THICK Road Tar identical to the English tar imported by local firms is manufactured in special plant at the Gas Works...

THIS Tar is admirably suited for road work and other purposes and is equal in every way to English Road Board Tar No. 2 specification...

THE Tar is despatched in 40-gallon steel drums (rebate given on all sound empties returned), and the covering capacity is approximately 80 sq. ft. to the gallon.

### IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

Why pay more for imported Tar when you can buy it from the local Gas Works cheaper?

**COLOMBO**

**GAS & WATER CO., LTD.**

**P. O. Box 64.**



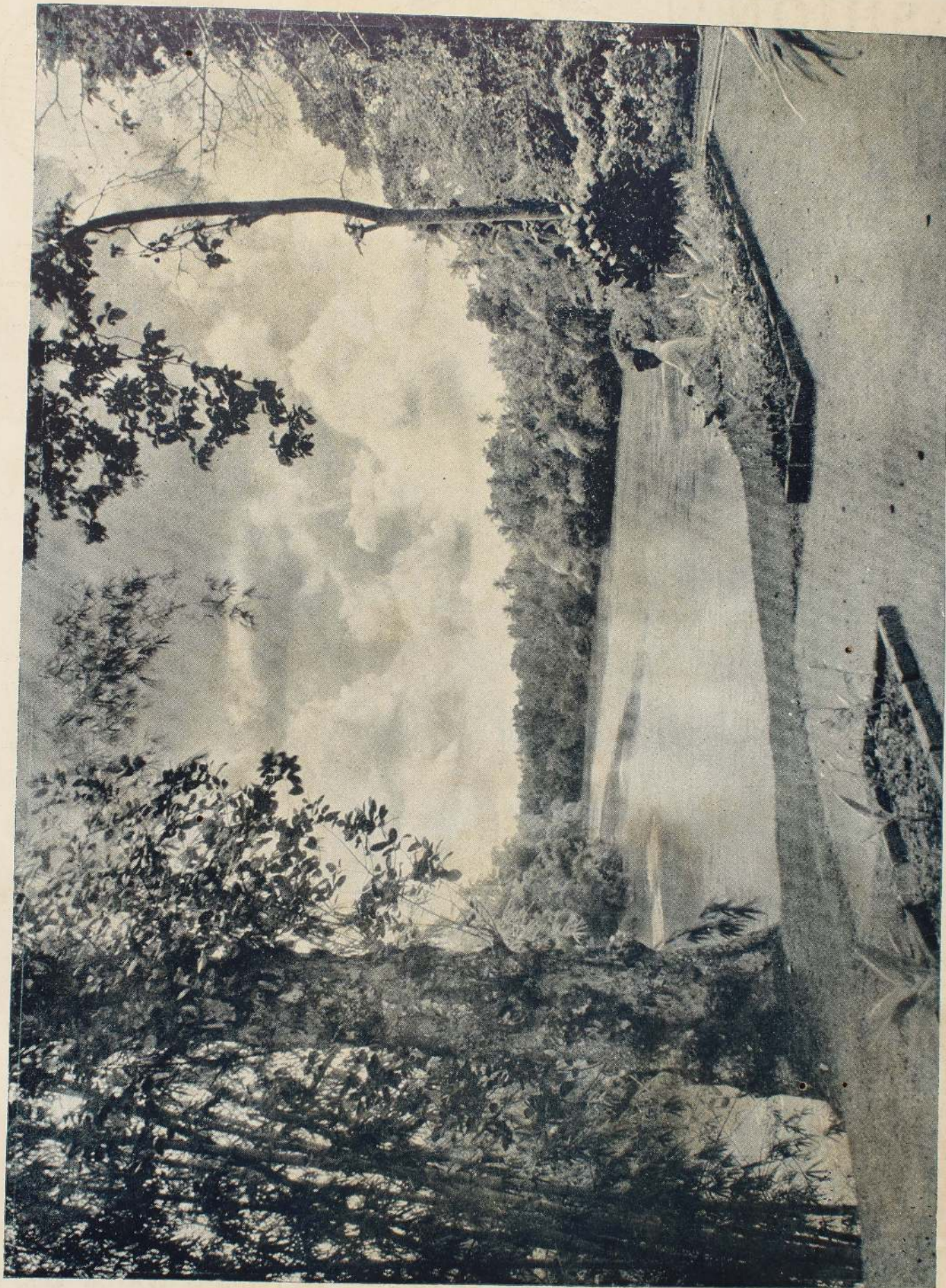
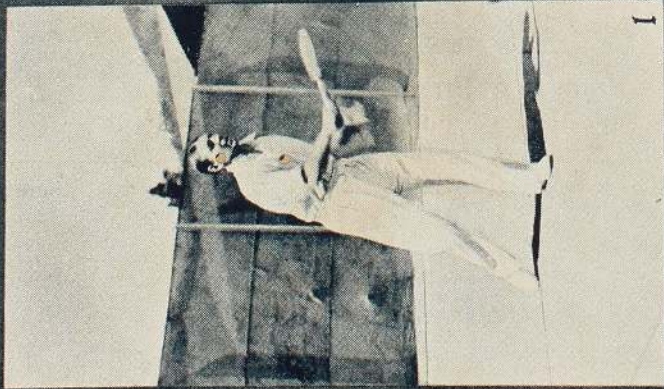


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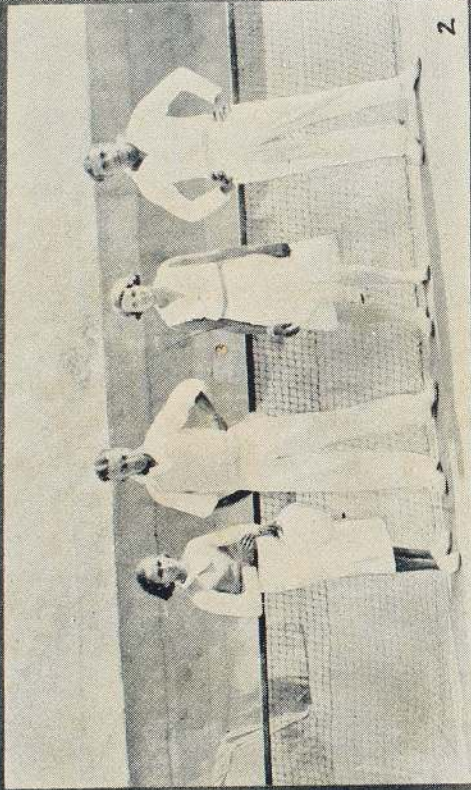
A View from Hanwella Resthouse.



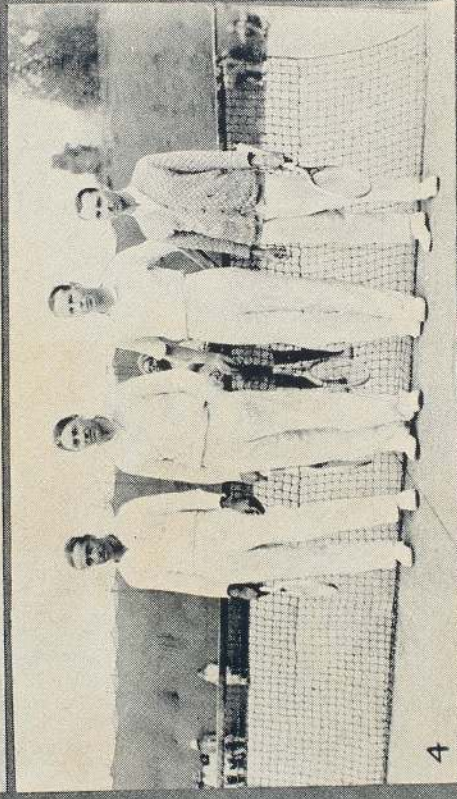
# The Recent Nuwara Eliya Tennis Meet.



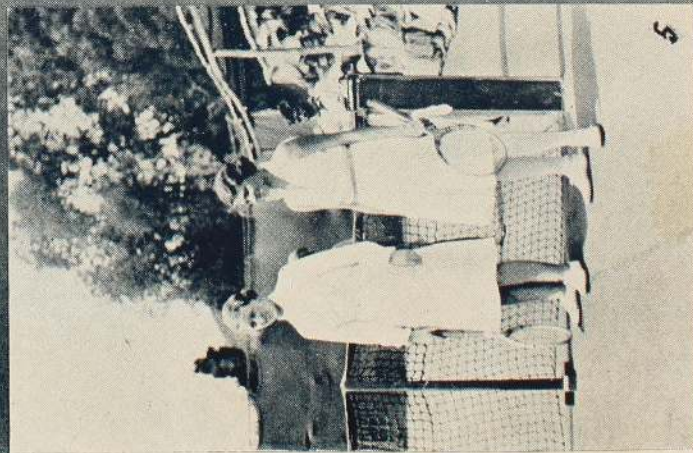
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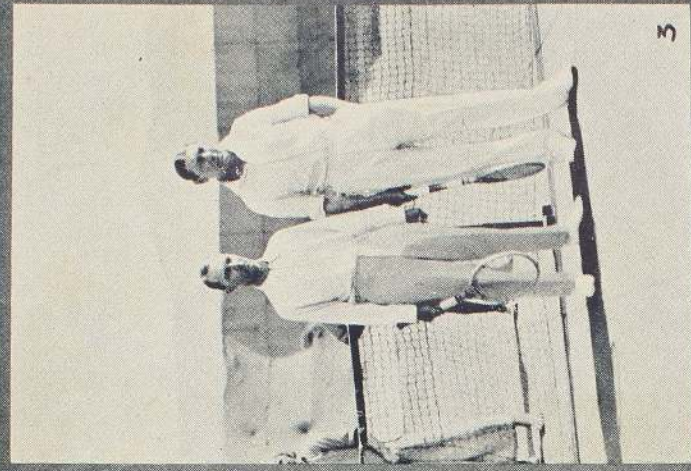
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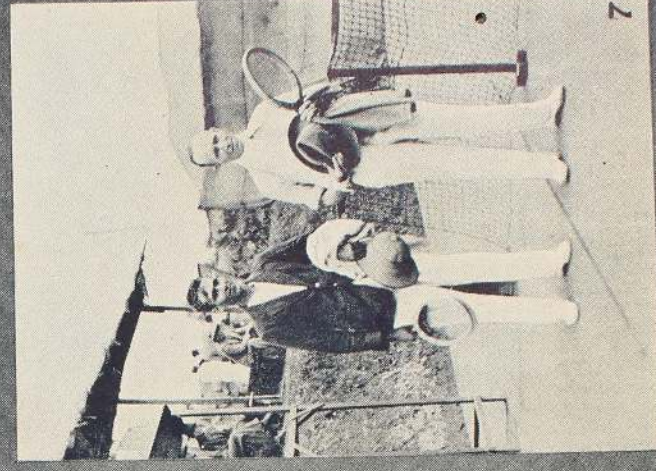
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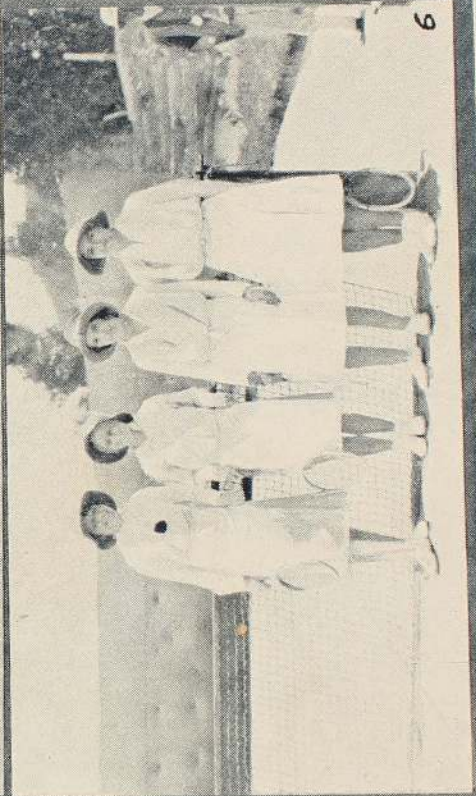
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1. E. D. Andrews (Men's Champion of Ceylon) ;
2. Miss M. Peiris, F. de Saram, Miss Sansoni and O. Pinto, (Finalists in Open Mixed Doubles) ;
3. G. O. Nicholas and E. D. Andrews (Finalists in Men's Open Singles) ;
4. O. Pinto, E. D. Andrews, A. Stedman and G. O. Nicholas (Finalists in Men's Open Doubles) ;
5. Miss C. Wright and Miss Sansoni (Finalists in Ladies' Open Singles) ;
6. Mrs. C. Owen, Miss E. Wright, Mrs. Hall-Hall and Mrs. G. M. Rennie.
7. Dr. Allan Rutnam and G. M. Rennie (Finalists in De Saram Plate).



# The Nuwara-Eliya Tennis Meet.

## • A COMMENTARY.

By H. H. H.

THE weather was ideal, the courts in excellent condition, the entries satisfactory, the arrangements of play in very capable hands and everything worked smoothly throughout the Meet. But what of the Tennis? Well to generalise I was a trifle disappointed. Double faults were the order of things, and many sets were lost that might have been won by a more reliable service. There also appeared to me to be a lack of courtcraft, and none of our outstanding players seemed to have risen to the occasion, many of them frequently attempting impossible strokes. A careful study of Andrews' play should prove a very useful lesson, for it clearly illustrated, amongst other things, the futility of attempting a hard drive from a low ball near the net.

With almost all our best players, it seemed to me that every stroke was a more or less half hearted attempt at a winner, with nothing much better to come when the opportunity offered. Such play was, quite naturally, useless against a player like Andrews, who steadily worked up his rallies, having a decided winner ready when the right time came.

Several of the Junior players showed great promise, and if they will only give the game serious thought and study, as well as practice, we shall hear more of them in the future.

Miss C. Wright is still the stand-out Lady player, and our Ceylonese Ladies will have to improve considerably if they are to win top honours. At present they appear to do best in the Mixed Doubles, where many of them give excellent support to their partners.

One of the most interesting games I watched was that where Mrs. Gourlay and Andrews were opposed to Miss M. Pieris and F. de Saram. De Saram as usual was not serving too well, but he kept Andrews thinking all the time, and some brilliant



Photo by Pláté Ltd.  
E. D. Andrews and A. Stedman.  
*Doubles Champions of Ceylon.*

shots by his partner helped him to a very creditable victory, which was extremely popular.

The match between Pinto and Nicholas was somewhat painful to watch and the climax was reached at a critical stage when Pinto had unfortunately to all but retire, owing to a severe cramp in his hand.

One of the greatest surprises was to see Gunasekera and Rennie go under to the two juniors, Muttucomaroe and Goonewardene. Both these youngsters are very capable players.

the latter having an excellent service. It was evident, as the tournament proceeded, that Rennie was not playing up to his best form, and he was lucky to get through in the De Saram Plate, which, however, he fully deserved.

I had been looking forward to the final in the Men's Doubles, because I thought the Ceylon couple would give a good account of themselves, but here again was a disappointment, for Nicholas and Pinto seemed to start with their tails down, and played a defensive game right through, returning weak lobs continuously, which in almost every case lost them the rally. Had they adopted attacking methods they would certainly have done better. The couple I should have liked to see pitted against Andrews and Stedman were Dr. Gunasekera and Sansoni, for I feel sure this combination would have proved much more successful.

If these future Meets are to be entirely successful, it will be necessary to arrange for some more comfortable seating accommodation for the No. 1. Court. This might possibly be more easily accomplished by making the present No. 3. into No. 1. With a limited number of permanent seats, which could be secured for the day at a cost of say Re. 1/-, there should be a good additional source of income for the Association.

There was a fairly brisk business done at the Bar, even though the call for water was much in evidence, but in view of the valuable services rendered by Mrs. Mc Lachlan, there should be a comfortable margin of profit for the C. L. T. A.

I don't suppose we shall have an "Andrews" or a "Stedman" with us next year, so let us hope there will be some local surprises in waiting. There is still plenty of room for standout players, and I spotted one or two amongst the new comers who might easily qualify.





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## A Famous School-master Passes on.

THE death of Mr. Clement H. Kriekenbeek, on May 27th, has removed from our midst a familiar figure and a striking personality, which will be sadly missed by his many friends, and the large number of pupils who passed through his hands. Mr. Kriekenbeek was an alumnus of the old "Colombo Academy" (now Royal College), and joined its staff of teachers after spending many years in England. It is interesting to note—a fact not generally known—that for a time he was on the London stage. But it is as a teacher that he will be best remembered; for his capacity as such was of a high order. It is not the ablest men who make the best teachers, and Kriekenbeek knew the art of imparting knowledge, which is the gift of the successful Schoolmaster. It has been said of him that he was as greatly loved as he was feared,—which is ample testimony to his credit; for a teacher of weak personality, however able, hardly impresses his pupils. The old type of School Master, of which Kriekenbeek was a shining example, is fast dying out; but the memory of these men survive. It will be a long day before "Krick," as he was familiarly known to his friends, will be forgotten.

C. D.

### ANOTHER TRIBUTE.

By E. H. V.

Old Boys who recall with pride the golden age of the Royal College under the Principalship of the late John Harward would have received



Photo by Plâté Ltd.

THE LATE MR. C. H. KRIEKENBEEK.

with keen regret the news that Mr. C. H. Kriekenbeek passed away last month.

Mr. Kriekenbeek was a tower of strength to the old school and when,

after a long period of service, as an Assistant Master, he was appointed Inspector of Schools, he left a hiatus on the staff which was indeed difficult to fill. But he left also a standard of work and duty which has been an inspiration to many who followed him.

He will be remembered best as one of the finest Fifth Form Masters the Royal College ever had. Trained in the literary tradition, Mr. Kriekenbeek excelled in the teaching of English and Latin, but when the duties of a Mathematical master were entrusted to him, he rose to the occasion and was soon equally proficient in teaching this subject.

He was a strong force in the life of the old Royal College and it was an education to be in his class and to come into contact with his inspiring personality. He had a fine command of English which set a standard to his pupils, and his energetic and picturesque class teaching stamped him as one of the greatest schoolmasters of his day.

He did a good deal of useful work as an Inspector of Schools, and retained so much of his vitality even after retirement, that he filled with much acceptance the post of Superintendent of Examinations until a few years ago.

## The Acting Warden of St. Thomas' College.

(Communicated.)

THE appointment of Mr. O. P. Gooneratne to the post of acting Warden is a welcome sign of the times and is thoroughly in keeping with the principle, now freely recognised, that men who have borne the burden and heat of the day must not be refused their reward. No profession in the world has received so little recognition as the schoolmaster's. Everybody admits that it is the noblest, but only those who have been teachers themselves and given their lives to the task can tell what sacrifices the work involves. Men of the highest education and character in the country have preferred the poverty and obscurity of the teacher's desk to the wealth and

fame offered by the other learned professions. There are, of course, compensations, but these spell only cold comfort when the prospect facing most teachers is a penurious old age.

In spite of salary scales and pension schemes which have gone some way towards mitigating the hardships of the teacher, the fact remains that teaching is not the career that young men of education and ambition would care to follow. All honour then to those who have laboured so unselfishly in the field when they might have done better for themselves in other walks of life.

Mr. Gooneratne was educated at the Royal College and joined the

staff of S. T. C. in 1906, after a two years' course at the Training College. In 1924, he became Headmaster of the Lower School, but he has always taught in the Upper School where he has been able to turn his knowledge of the classics to good account. Mr. Gooneratne is not one of those trained teachers, of whom unfortunately there are too many, who think that they have nothing more to learn once they leave the Training College. Mr. Gooneratne has all along been a learner, he keeps an open mind, is ready to receive impressions and even to revise his former opinions and methods in the light of recent experience and research. He is thus the ideal schoolmaster. Nobody will rejoice more in his appointment of Acting Warden than his Colleagues on the Staff who ought themselves to feel greatly honoured

(Continued on page 25.)



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## STRANDED.

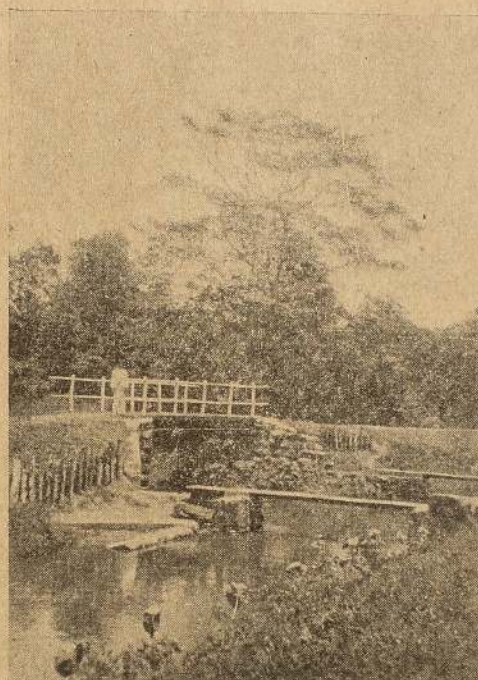
By Kathleen Hawkins

TO sit for half an hour by the side of a jungle road, does not sound a very exciting method of passing time; and yet this quiet session was the immediate result of a little adventure which yielded something of the undoubted thrill which comes from any contact with the life of the wild.

There is always a charm about an abandoned path. "The old lost road through the woods" keeps its queer attraction, even if the woods in question be a Ceylon jungle rather than the Sussex coppice and heath of which Kipling wrote; and despite the fact that instead of "seventy years ago", it is a mere three since the track of which I tell was rendered useless by the construction of seven miles of straight new road in the Southern Province. The new road runs direct, and its surface is good; the old road was curly by reason of the fact that it followed the windings of the channel which conducts water from the right bank of the Leangostota Anicut, and for the same reason the surface was bad, portions of it being apt in rainy weather to become inextricably mixed up with the waters of the channel. But always it was beautiful, and, as its curves met the straightness of the new trace about two miles from the place of severance, I said that I would walk down it; whilst the car took the rest of the party on to the point of meeting, where there was a chance of work for the guns.

A farewell toot from the car reached me through the dividing bushes as a last note of civilization; and then the silence of the jungle wrapped me round as completely as if I had been a thousand miles from civilization. For the wild reclaims her own very quickly here; the abandoned, roofless shelters that had probably been put up to shelter some carters, the blackened stones where their curry chatties had rested over the fire, seemed only to emphasise the hot, green loneliness of the place. The water at the bottom of the deep channel flowed evenly between ranks of plants with great,

dark, arrow-shaped leaves; the steep red banks were scored with the foot-prints of beasts who had gone down them to drink; and heat seemed to radiate from the tangles of lantana that were fast stretching out branches to cover what was left of the track. As it was ten o'clock, the concert of the birds was stilled; only



The Channel near where it leaves the Anicut.

one barbet called incessantly from the jungle across the stream: Ker-chuck, ker-chuck!

And the adventure, if such it could be called, was an affair of absolute silence, just the turning of a corner, and the noticing of movement under the drooping branches of a tree that stood some little way down the track. To meet an elephant on the main road never fails to wake a tiny thrill of excitement, which may date from childhood's days, when the sight of a great grey beast on an English highway was always the forerunner of the delights of a circus. To watch an elephant at work is interesting, and instructive, but to meet an elephant alone, in his own wilds—that is quite a different matter; and the best way to deal with it seemed to be to beat a hurried, and, if possible, an unnoticed retreat. The return journey to the main road

was accomplished very much more quickly than the outward one; and the grassy bank where the two roads divided was greeted as a haven of refuge; the fact that the car had gone on gave time for a certain breathlessness to abate; and the time spent on a level with the road itself yielded entertainment that can never be found in the usual place from which to view this country—a seat in a quickly moving car.

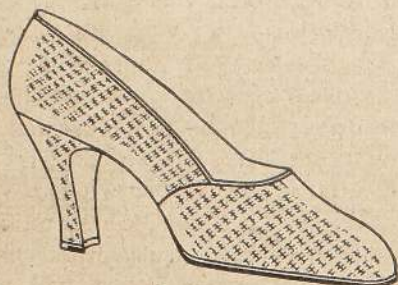
For a while I and that noisy barbet had the road to ourselves; then a grey-whiskered resident appeared, took one long look at me, realized that something was wrong with the landscape as he knew it, and, with one tremendous leap, gained the lower branches of a palu tree, and vanished amongst them with loud crashings and shakings. And then the small boy appeared: he was very small and slight, and the pingal across his shoulder had a basket at one end and what looked a heavy black jar at the other. He must have been glad of an excuse to halt, and he stood looking at me, and rubbing one dusty foot against the other. Yes, his father was working in one of the coast villages, and he was going to see him. As the coast lay eighteen miles down the road, it seemed that this small person was already doing his share of the world's work; but he was woefully lacking in the modern worker's keen eye to the main chance. A small coin was held out to him, and he stared at it doubtfully, was even doubtful when it was explained that the money was for him. "But what for?" "To buy sineballes", it seemed the easiest answer; and at the word the universal child showed in a flash of white teeth. But the gift of fortune was evidently so unprecedented an event that it had to be treated with due respect. He put down the pingal, slowly unwound the length of old red cloth which had been twisted to form a shoulder pad, tied the bit of silver into one corner of this and tested the knots with minute care. Then the pad was rewound, the pingal lifted, and, without a word or a look, he pattered off on his long journey. Sineballes waited at the end of it.

The wood gatherers came next, three of them, emerging from a tiny

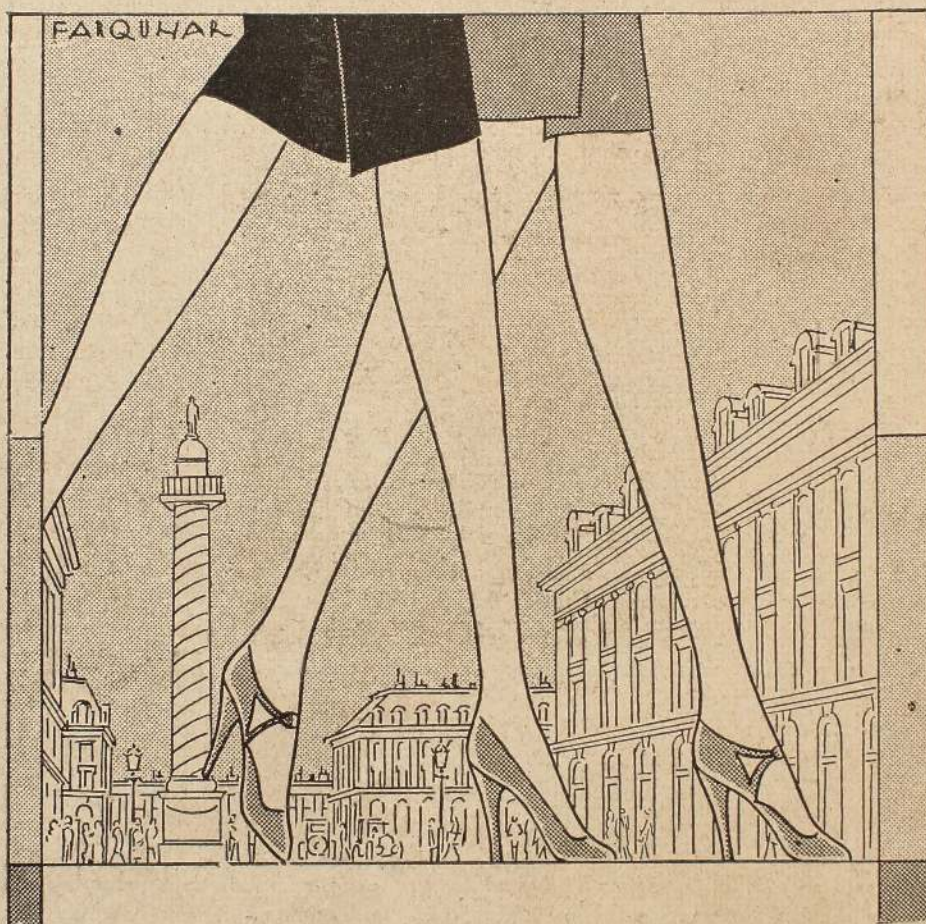
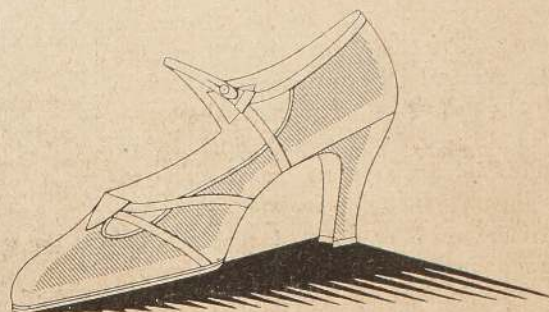
(Continued on page 21.)



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## STRANDED.

(Continued from page 19.)

track that pierced the jungle. They were women neither young nor pretty, but evidently possessed of their full share of the feminine attribute of curiosity; for they put their bundles down, settled themselves on the grass on the other side of the way and stared. But I pardoned them because it was from their chatter that I learnt the one interesting fact about my next visitor. He was an old man with a fine, thin face; he came slowly along carrying a large bottle-shaped gourd, and the youngest of the women greeted him as "The Rajah." He came and stood before me, enquiring, with the gentle courtesy that seems to belong to the village men of these parts, what had happened. "So you have been waiting for a long time, you will be thirsty?" "Very," I said, suddenly realizing how very attractive was the thought of a long cool drink. "But I can wait until the car comes," I added hurriedly; for this is not a "curumba" district, and I had no wish to sample the local drinking water.

"I will fetch you a melon; my garden is near."

He swung up the road, the heat increased, the woodcutters rose, and solved one problem which had always puzzled me. How did they get those bundles poised on their heads? I had wondered. Now I saw each one bend her neck till the small thick pad on her head came against the centre of the tall faggot which she held vertically with its end on the ground, a friend raised this end, and the thing was poised. A wonder as to how the last one to take her burden would manage without this friendly "hoist," was set at rest by the reappearance of the old man, accompanied by a small boy, who gave the necessary push.

But my attention had shifted to the promised melon. It was split in two by a large knife which looked as if it might have slit many other things in the course of its existence: but I had forgotten to be particular, and the rosy, crystal pulp of the fruit was marvellously cool.

"Why did they call you Rajah?" I asked looking up from a huge slice.

"I do not know: but always the men of my family; my father's father and before that, have been called so. It is from something that happened in the ancient times, but we shall never know what."

It was like reading a tantalizing page out of a story that is lost for ever, and it was whilst I was wondering if it was to this vague tradition of kingship, that the grower of my melon owed anything of his dignified serenity, there came down



"The Rajah."

the road a reminder that this country is full of unexplained stories. It came first in the form of an unpleasant howling chant, "Arohara! Arohara! Arohara!" It is the pilgrims, who shout to Siva," explained "The Rajah." "Pilgrims?" There was none of the joyousness of the shouts of "Sadhu! Sadhu!" about this, nor was there any of that pleasant air of combined holy-day and holiday which marks those who go to Adam's Peak, and the little group that presently came down the road showed no white bodices, miraculously clean after days of travel, no red patchwork pillowcases. In fact the members of it all looked dirty and draggled and weary. But it might have been that odd cry, uttered at intervals by a man with matted hair and ashes upon his forehead, which gave to the whole party an air of wildness.

"They go to Kataragama. Many take the bus as far as Tissa, but after that all must walk far; the temple is deep in jungle."

The pilgrims drew level with us, and passed on, bound for the same goal as Ribeiro and the hundred and fifty Portuguese, who, in the spring of 1642, set out in search of the fabled riches of that "pagoda held in great reverence by the Gentiles." So "deep in the jungle" was it hidden that they never found it; for he tells that the five guides whom they took in turn all went mad; and though they reached the hill on which the temple stood, "this we wandered round and recrossed many times and we were forced to turn back the way we had come without even seeing the pagoda," which so remained almost the only shrine of importance in the Island which was unravaged by Portuguese greed. A fact which apparently so impressed Dom Ribeiro that it evoked the moralizing remark: "All things of this world are mere shadows and the reality is always different from that which shows itself to us."

Notwithstanding which truth, I was presently delighted to see the appearance of the car which came to pick me up.

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# MONTH AFTER MONTH

WE cordially welcome Sir Wilfrid and Lady Woods on their return to Ceylon after a well-earned holiday. We would also offer our congratulations to Mr. C. W. Bickmore on the effective way in which he maintained the traditions of his office during Sir Wilfrid's absence.

It is odd that so great a man as William the Silent should be popularly known by an epithet which does not rightly apply to him in the popular sense. William of Orange and Nassau, his proper designation, was not usually a silent man. He was the "best of good fellows" in ordinary life, but his one "silence" has made him famous. The King of France casually revealed to him his designs against the Protestants, designs which culminated in the massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day. William told no one about the King's plans, but he made his own, and the final result was the establishment of the Dutch Republic.

The local celebrations of the Four Hundredth Anniversary of William the Silent's birth would have been on a larger and more enthusiastic scale if they had been earlier advertised. As it happened, the Dutch Reformed Churches and the Dutch Burgher Union did what they could. On Sunday, the 23rd April, reference was made to the event in all the Dutch Reformed Churches. On the 24th, the Anniversary, Mr. G. O. Grenier delivered an eloquent lecture in the D. B. U. Hall, where there was a large attendance of Dutch Burghers and others.

The return of Dr. D. M. De Z. Wickremasinghe to Ceylon from England must not pass without a warm welcome. For very many

years he resided in Oxford and London, engaged in teaching the Sinhalese and Tamil languages, and in historical research on matters connected with ancient Ceylon. His work on the "Epigraphia Zeylanica" has established his reputation as a careful and sound scholar historian, by whose labours most modern writers on Ceylon have largely benefitted.

The death of Sir J. A. Swettenham, who retired from the post of Auditor General in 1907, removes one of the oldest pensioners from our Civil List.

Sir J. A. Swettenham will be remembered not only as one of the most efficient members of the Public Service of his day, but also as a scholar of established reputation.

A question of pronunciation was once brought up before the late Mr. John Harward, Principal of the Royal College, and a dictionary was produced to contradict one of his decisions. "I would rather," said Mr. Harward, "be guided in matters of pronunciation by such men as Bishop Copleston (R. S.) or Mr. Swettenham than by all the dictionaries in the world put together."

Mrs. E. Taylor has been appointed to a teachership in St. Thomas' College and the College is fortunate in having secured her services. She is a trained teacher, and has done excellent work, especially in Music and Singing, in the Royal College and in the Girton College, Nugegoda, in each of which her pupils won distinction—the Royal College securing the Shield for the annual Singing Competition for Boys' Schools in 1920, '21 & '22 and the Girton College the Junior Division Shield in 1930, '31 and '32.



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# WIRELESS UP-COUNTRY.

By Catherine Adams.

## Mephistopheles orders a Bath!

I was incredible that he should be present in our bungalow! There may have been occasions when he attempted to gate-crash, but our hall-porter has received an excellent training.

Seriously, Ceylon is a dangerous land of widely-open doors, windows, and spacious verandahs, with only an obsequious "Ramasamy" as a bulwark of defence.

One evening Saigon was giving us a very welcome transmission, Gounod's Opera—"Faust"—by a French Opera Company. This Record, after so many Records of "Faust" by Italian, or English Opera Companies, was an appreciated change. In one of the concerted items, however, we obtained a shock, a nasty thrill to our nervous systems. During that fatal duel between Faust and Valentine (Margarita's brother) Mephistopheles, a particularly robust Baritone, declaimed that sudden, ringing command to Faust.

Right away from the far distance came a new voice, apparently answering that sonorous command from his Satanic Majesty. It was terribly uncanny; for the thrilling reply—"Yes, Master!"—fitted the occasion most dramatically. What next?

The Opera proceeded, leading up to the tragic finale—Margarita's pitiful prayer; the mocking laugh of the arch-fiend; so realistic that I shuddered. Then, as the big final chords came—that other voice right through the music:

**"Bath, Ready, Master!"**

Quite the wrong time for a bath! But the podian had *heard* an order from that other "master" and carried it out to the best of his ability. That order for the supernatural thrust that killed Valentine had been mis-interpreted as *the order for a bath*. Someone remarked that it would take *some* bath with pounds of bath-salts to properly cleanse the personality referred to.

Did either of the listeners "look behind" after this episode? Perhaps! **The Microphone and some Women's Voices.**

It seems ungracious to grumble yet 'listeners' are asked to bring forward any criticism likely to help Broadcasting. Some women's

voices (especially *talking* voices) lack the right quality or *timbre*, to come through successfully. This is especially noticeable on the Indian Tone, as received Up-country.

We had been looking forward keenly to some *Talks on Books* given by Miss Delafield, a clever novelist, whose "talks" should have been very interesting. But, not a single word could we distinguish on either occasion, though the reception of other items was perfect. On the other hand—"The Week at Westminster," a talk by Miss Megan Lloyd George, came through very distinctly. She has a charming voice with delightful inflections, and her voice is not only on good terms with the Microphone, but also an excellent traveller on the Indian Tone. Since writing the foregoing paragraph, information has been received that Miss Delafield's Talks have been heard in Colombo—"with fairly good intelligibility." So now the question is—why not up here, when reception was good for the rest of the British-Empire Programme? The answer appears to be—the unsuitability of certain voices to get *all* through, successfully."

## Some Good Noon Receptions in Early April.

As expected at this time of the year thunderstorms interfere with reception. When switching on in the evening a perfect torrent of atmospherics will assail the listener. Yet the noon receptions may be perfect. Some particularly enjoyable programmes of Records were given during April, the outstanding ones being some Orchestral Records. On April 14th, pride of place was given to the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. From listening-in to so many orchestral records on the Wireless it is possible to recognise their various styles, and the "Philadelphia" sometimes appears to have an *ultra* dramatic element in its interpretation of dramatic music. This may be due to the Conductor's ability in recognising the composer's intention, and a truly artistic orchestra can quickly sense any change in the conductor's recognition of that intention, I noticed this particularly in the Orchestra's

playing of Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsodies."

## The Acting Warden of St. Thomas' College.

(Continued from page 17.)

in the selection of one of their own number to be the temporary head of this great school, and the Rev. R. S. de Saram has made a most welcome and popular departure from practice and tradition in obtaining the approval of the Board of Governors to this arrangement for carrying on the work of the College in his absence.

St. Thomas' College has been the most conservative of the public schools in Ceylon and has been slower than other institutions in adopting changes. It is the first time in the history of the College that a layman is at the head. The experiment of appointing laymen as headmasters of some of the great public schools in England has proved a signal success. Learning is no longer the monopoly of the Church as it used to be in mediaeval times and there can be no safer way of introducing the innovation into S. T. C. than by the appointment of a master who has shewn his worth by being faithful in the humbler capacity of a form teacher and who himself is steeped in the traditions of the old school.





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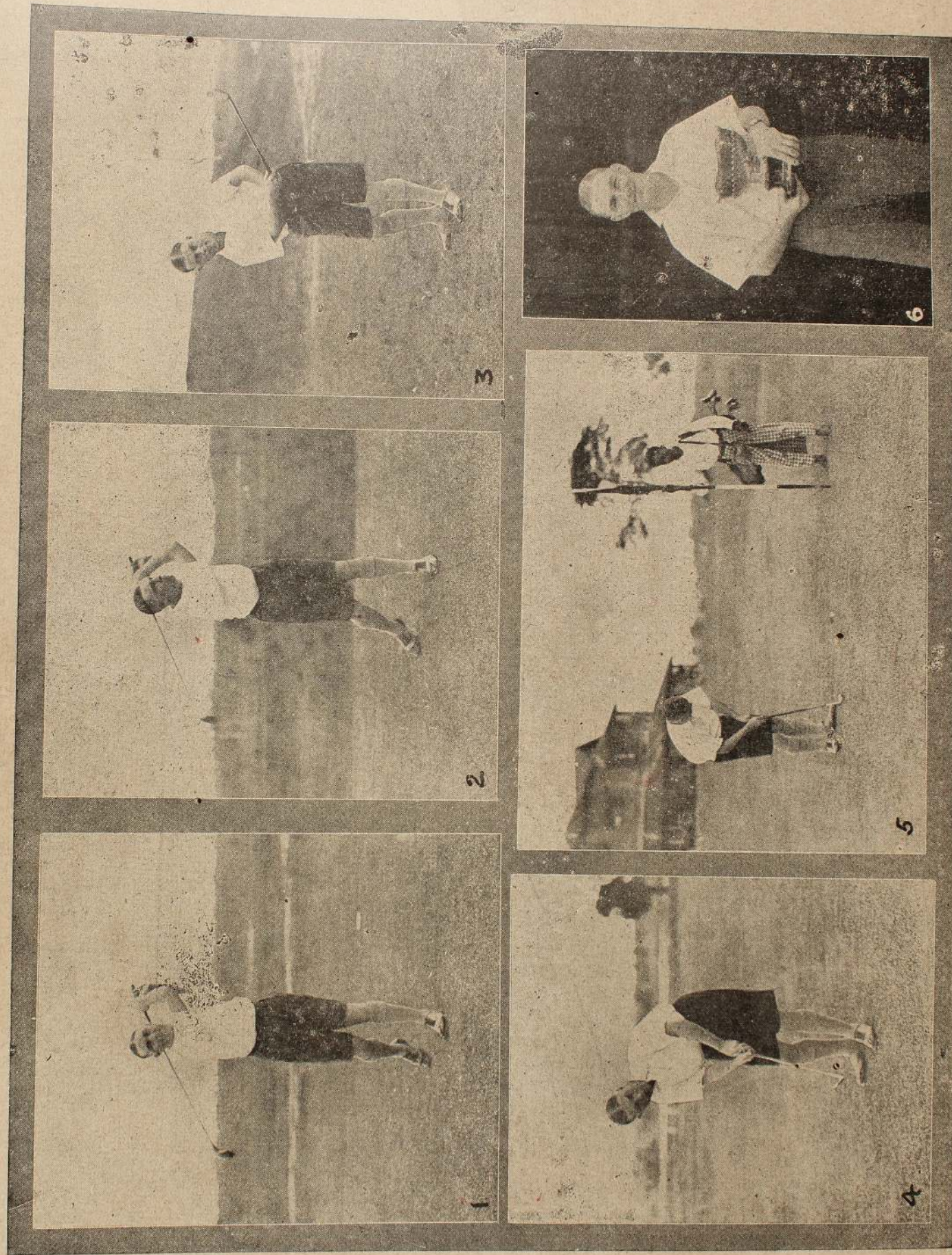
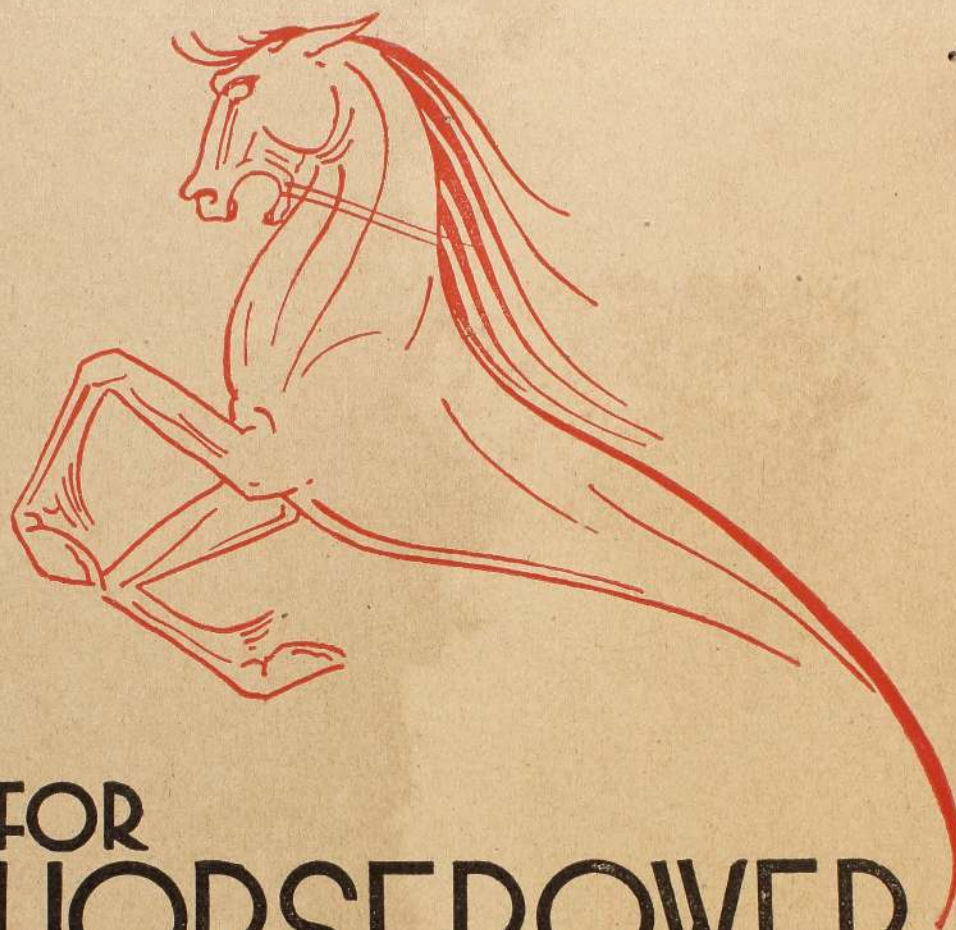


Photo by Plate Ltd.

Some action photographs of E. S. Danks, the holder of the title, taken on the Ridgeway Links.

1. Driving from 1st Tee;
2. An iron to the first green;
3. Recovering from the Cabook at the 18th;
4. A deadly approach;
5. Putting on the last green;
6. "Happy to have won it."





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# Stage & Screen

AN Up-country resident, who visited Colombo at the end of last month, after a considerable interval, writes from his mountain home: "It was most refreshing once again to get in touch with the Talkies. I was most fortunate in being able to see (and hear) no less than three stand-out films during my week in the metropolis," viz. "Unashamed," at the Majestic; "Lord Babs," at the Empire; and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, at the Regal. Every one, in its own way, was equally good, and provided ample compensation for the mortification of the flesh, which the torrid weather was responsible for.

"Up-country has the advantage of Colombo in its beautiful climate; but the mental elation which the Talkies can give to the jaded denizen of the plains is something for which he cannot be too thankful.

"I shall not fear Colombo so much now, with the tonic effect of the Talkies in prospect."

"Thespian," our esteemed Dramatic Correspondent, who is at present on a holiday in England, sends us the following interesting notes:—

"Knowing how speedily liberated films reach Colombo, I thought it might interest some of your readers if I mailed you short descriptions of the principal pictures being screened at present in London. First and foremost "Cavalcade," the screen version of Noel Coward's successful play of that name. That Mr. Coward is a genius is undoubted, but in "Cavalcade" he has surpassed anything he has previously produced. It is no exaggeration to say that it is an epic which should be bought up by the Nation and broadcasted throughout the Empire. In its dignity and reserve, its powers of teaching the horrors and above all the futility and uselessness of wars, are extraordinary. Scenes taken during 1913 1914, 15, 16, 17 and 18 are inspiring, and whilst suggesting the horrors,

cover same in a truly wonderful manner. Never have I seen an audience so thrilled; at the gradual fading out of the final picture, (a vast crowd shown singing in Trafalgar Square) the audience in the theatre itself rose en bloc, and joined in "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King." No eulogistic remarks of mine can describe that scene—I would not have believed it possible for a mere "movie" to have so inspiring an effect.

"Just before leaving Ceylon I heard there was little chance of Norma Shearer's great picture, "Strange Interlude" being passed by the Censor. This was another of the pictures I have seen, and I hasten to say how perfectly innocuous the whole production is. Such a decision (if it would occur) can only be described as bewildering and arrived at under a misapprehension. Norma Shearer has never acted so cleverly or convincingly in her life, and her constantly changing make up as she aged and passed from youth to old age, masterly. She is well supported by Clarke Gable, but his very strength of character re-acted against his make up: he did not grow old nearly so convincingly as did Norma. The new method of audibly recording the thoughts of the actors was a little bewildering at first, but soon grew on the audience. I hasten to add that as far as the Censor was concerned they were purity itself!!"

Mr. E. P. Todd, who has been Manager of Majestic Talkies for two years, has left for Calcutta to take up a new appointment with Madan Theatres Ltd., and his departure is keenly regretted by his numerous friends, who took the opportunity of according him a fitting send off. A man who understood his job thoroughly, Mr. Todd was always very courteous and his presence at the Majestic Talkies will be sadly missed by all patrons of this flourishing Talkie House.

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# MORE ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

• By E. L. Walker.

"CURIOSITY killed the Cat." Whose cat and what it was curious about no one seems to know. Neither does it matter, because the statement is not meant to imply that inquisitiveness is liable to be fatal to the feline tribe alone but is an oblique warning to us humans to mind our own business lest we meet the condign punishment meted out to the unfortunate cat.

It was lucky for John Jones that he was not a cat. For, in certain directions he was most inquisitive. His hobby was shooting rogue elephants.

On many previous occasions he had made up his mind to indulge his curiosity by performing a certain operation upon the next rogue he went after. But something or other had always frustrated his intentions each time. Either he had been too tired after the exhausting performance of finding, tracking and slaying his quarry, to say nothing of the very hard work in collecting the usual trophies, or there had been no time for the contemplated operation. There was also the ever present difficulty of getting the coolies to do any extra work after the arduous time they had had in following, carrying and cutting up.

This time, however, he was determined to let nothing hinder the operation and brought with him special surgical apparatus to render the implementing of his decision more certain.

It had always filled John Jones with wonder and disgust to contemplate that he had, in one twisted and tortuous length, 26 feet of intestine inside him. "I suppose it is all very necessary," he would say, "but from an engineer's point of view it does appear to me that there is something wrong with the design of internal combustion in the human machine. I feel sure there are many better ways of extracting nourishment from the food we eat."

John Jones was nothing if not inventive. He was also practical. Now these two qualities combined in one man have to be very carefully controlled. They either beget

a fortune or they lose one. Without the third partner called business acumen they are liable to lead the possessor along a thorny path of frustrated hope all his life and by degrees dispossess him of all his spare cash.

John Jones, though he refused to believe it, was travelling along this path, buoyed up at each turn by the firm belief that one day one of his bright ideas would turn red litmus paper blue.

On the occasion upon which we now meet him there was a combination of three factors that had sent him upon this expedition after another elephant. They were tyre troubles, golf bags and a conversation with a doctor. At first sight these items seems to be quite irrelevant to elephant shooting, but in this case they have a distinct bearing.

Some time previously on one of his shooting excursions John Jones had met at Dambulla rest house a doctor who was on one of his visiting rounds. With the embryo of an idea in his head John Jones led the conversation round to the subject of intestines and in the course of conversation learnt or rather had it confirmed that the length of the human small intestine was about 26 feet, the large one being very much shorter and bigger in girth.

"What," he then asked, "would be the length of an elephant's intestine." The medico, of course, did not know, but being a vegetable eating animal he opined it ought to be quite as long or longer than that of the human animal. It would appear that the more carnivorous the animal the shorter the intestine and "conversely" thought John Jones with hopes running high, the more vegetarian the animal the longer its intestine. Twenty-six feet or with luck thirty would make six inner tubes or twelve golf bags. Properly tanned in rubber latex the intestine should make excellent protection against these infernal punctures used either as an auxiliary or instead of the inner tube.

"If pigs' intestines make sausage skins why not elephant intestines

golf bags. The elephant being 100% vegetarian as against the human 50, his intestine, according to Mr. Medico, should be a good bit longer than mine," thought he.

These thoughts opened up vistas in the fertile imagination of John Jones, down which he gazed in rapture upon the brisk trade in golf bags that was about to ensue, omitting to observe in his myopic vision the thorns that bestrew his path and which were once more to puncture his inflated optimism.

And so, fired with ambition he went to the next killing, fully determined to lay out upon the jungle floor the small intestine of the biggest vegetarian on earth and settle once and for all time the question of tyre tubes and golf bags. Of what scientific interest the length of an elephant's intestine might be it booted him nothing; it was the commercial aspect that interested him.

To cut a long story short and without going into harrowing details it may be said that John Jones duly shot his elephant, performed his *post mortem* and laid bare the hidden secrets of that vast torso.

Perspiring in every pore and covered in all kinds of foreign matter (for he had had to do most of the autopsy himself) John viewed with mixed feelings the 68 feet of pinky-white, slimy, even-girthed and tortuous intestine as it lay, at last revealed to his wondering gaze. But, though the girth of nine inches was just right and the length beyond his wildest hopes, he soon perceived, on examination that it would never make leather even if the thick, tripe-like lining could be successfully removed.

Though his ambitions had suffered defeat he had, however, the small consolation of having satisfied his curiosity and *lived to tell the tale*.



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# ANECDOTAGE.

By E. H. J.

V.

## LEGAL

HE was a Supreme Court Proctor, of the old school, who left advocacy to what is known as the higher branch of the profession, whose members he retained when needed in the interests of his clients. His was an extensive *clientele*, especially amongst the mercantile firms of that day. He was a regular practitioner in the District Court and formed one of the distinguished coterie of Supreme Court Proctors practising there, of whom the then District Judge, Mr. T. Berwick, thought so highly. In the opinion of this Judge there was, apparently, no form of legal service which his select Proctors could not efficiently discharge. Thus, when Mr. Berwick was appointed a Commissioner of Assize, and the Registrar at the opening of the Sessions brought to his notice the number of undefended cases on the list, and also mentioned as usual the names of young Advocates who may be assigned to defend the accused in those cases, the Commissioner enquired from the Registrar whether there were no Supreme Court Proctors in Court. A search round was being made when the Commissioner spotted the Supreme Court Proctor whom I envisaged at the commencement of this yarn. He promptly said to the Registrar "There is Mr. J—, a Proctor of the Supreme Court, walking along the verandah. Please inform him that I shall be obliged if he will speak to me." The Registrar hurried out of Court and came back accompanied by the Proctor. "Mr. J—said the Commissioner, "I shall be grateful if you will kindly allow me to assign you for the defence of one of the undefended accused in a murder case." Surprise, consternation and a veritable gamut of such feelings registered themselves on the face of the Proctor, who in genuine discomfiture ejaculated, "O God, my Lord, I have an important engagement in the Fort." The Judge and the whole Court were convulsed with laughter

and the Judge said in quite a sympathetic tone: "All right, Mr. J—I will have to excuse you. Thanks, you may go."

## A KRAAL YARN.

I was an eye-witness to this episode in the famous 1902 Kraal, held in the Kurunegala District, when Sir West Ridgeway was Governor, and of which he was a most interested spectator. It is reputed to be the most successful Kraal ever held, Hulugalla Adigar being the chief organiser, and having as his co-adjutors all the principal Kandyan chieftains of the Province. No less than 102 elephants, among them being some babies, also attracted much attention and sympathy, especially with the ladies. The herd was a wonderful sight and were confined as much as possible to the centre of the stockade. Occasionally they used to make a more or less concerted dash towards the palings of the stockade, which they were never allowed to reach. The Adigar appeared to exercise a truly wonderful mesmeric influence over these wild pachyderms. He more than once placed himself in front of the incoming herd, faced them with his piercing eyes unflinchingly fixed on them, drew himself up to his full height—and he was a very tall man—stood stock still, raised his right arm to its full extent, with two fingers pointing upwards and strangely and weirdly the herd came to a halt. As the Kraal progressed, the visitors, with the familiarity that breathes contempt, invaded the inside of the stockade in increasing numbers, and when a dash of the elephants was imminent, they stampeded as fast as their legs and impediments in the shape of cameras, etc., would allow to the safety of the palings, under which the beaters were "housed" with their blunderbuses, to frighten back the herd if necessary, with the huge noise made in the discharge of these firearms back to the centre of the stockade. Among these visitors

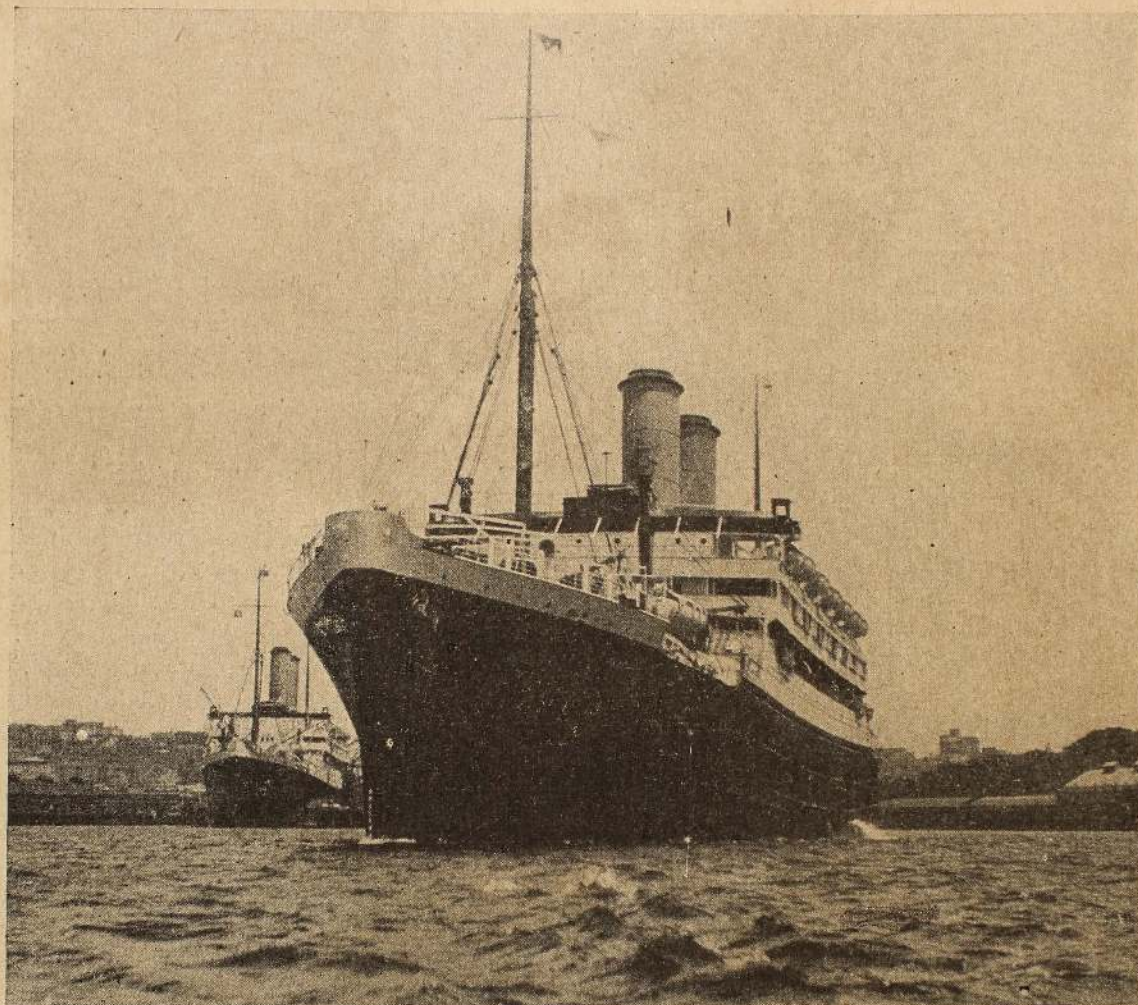
who ventured inside the stockade was an enterprising German photographer keenly bent on securing as many pictures as possible. He had done a good morning's work, to judge from his activities, and was in the act of taking another photo when the warning cry of a dash by the elephants came to his ears when he was under his black cloth, for he was armed with a large sized camera, tripod, etc. Unfortunately for him he was not in time to reach the palings, so he clambered up a somewhat small sized tree hugging his stock in trade. It was quite a creditable acrobatic feat done in record time and seemed to ensure safety for him. But his luck was dead against him, for one of the herd was overcome with a scratching feeling of his back, and being near the tree on which the luckless photographer was perched, stolidly set himself to relieve his itching sensation, by rubbing himself against that tree. The tree began to sway and the photographer to yell. The elephant, quite unperturbed, continued its scratching act, and the photographer's yells became more and more frenzied. Then down came the tripod. This was something new to the elephant, so it desisted from scratching to examine this strange device. His inspection was very thorough, and so was the destruction of the tripod. This accomplished, the elephant continued to scratch itself, and next came the camera. This, too, excited the curiosity of the elephant and by the time that curiosity was satiated, the beautiful camera and plates were in pieces. The poor photographer's wails were pitiful, but did not last very long, for he was now concerned more with his own safety, as the elephant again sought relief from the tree to its irritating back. The photographer hung on like grim death and before long, the elephant was driven off, and the photographer descended to view more closely with dismay the destruction of his property, and the sad end of his morning's labour. The whole episode really only took a very short time, but that period of experience must have seemed a lifetime to the victim.

(Continued on page 52.)



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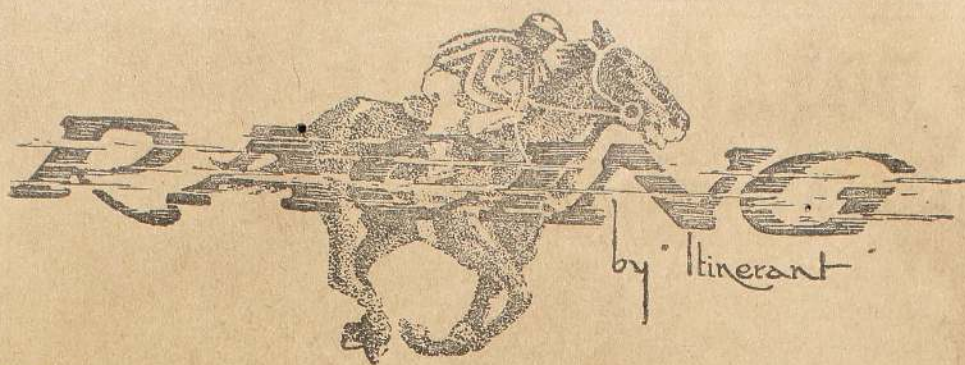
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### The C. T. C. Nuwara Eliya Meet.

Favoured by delightful weather on the first two days, the C. T. C. Meeting at Nuwara Eliya opened on Easter Monday in the presence of a very large gathering that included a great many racing people from the Low-country. On the third day, which was the big day of the Meet, on which the race for the Governor's Plate took place, the rain began to fall before the opening event and later it developed into a deluge that made conditions most unsuitable both for the horses and the public.

The Meet, in spite of the comparatively large attendance present on all three days, could not have been a financial success. There was only one Tote run this time and that on a Rs. 5 basis.

There was no Rs. 10 Pari Mutuel as in the past. Still the dividends paid out especially on the first day and on the Doubles and Treble were very satisfactory.

The principal event of the Meet was the race for the Governor's Plate on the final day. There was great interest centred in this local classic which was won by that very popular owner and sportsman, Mr. George Fellowes, with Blissful.

Mr. Fellowes had previously won trophies offered by the Governor with his old champion Willow Stream, but this was the first occasion on which Blissful gained a coveted trophy for him.

One of the features of the Meet was the excellent riding of Jockey Burn, who piloted 9 winners, besides riding a number of seconds and thirds. Burn was undoubtedly the rider of the Meet, has chief success

being gained in the race for the Governor's Plate.

Trainer Coomber also enjoyed a great personal triumph, having trained 8 of the winners at this Meet,

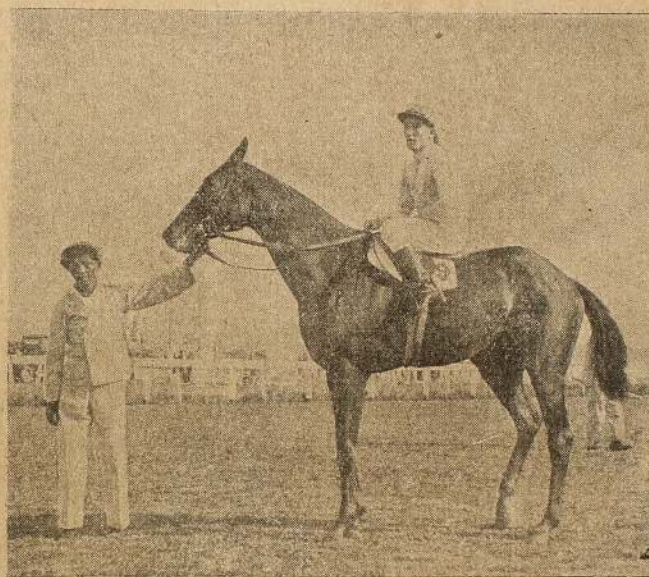


Photo by Plate Ltd.

### MR. GEO. FELLOWES' WILLOW STREAM

A triple winner of the Governor's Cup and other valuable trophies, who has worthily earned his retirement, has recently been shipped to England, where he will remain for the rest of his days.

including Blissful. Capt. Fenwick was the most successful owner, but Mr. Douglas ran him very close. The Meet did not provide the Walles' stables with their usual success. There was only one dead-heat recorded and that was in the race for the Pedro Stakes, in which Lady Sylvia and Louvello could not be separated by the judge.

One time record for the course was broken by Mozan, who ran a great pony to win in both his outings.

Another dual winner was Passion, who revels in the Nuwara Eliya weather. The success of Suaidan, on the last day, provided a mild

surprise, but the biggest upset of the Meet was supplied by Salonic on the first day, when Mr. Brooke's Arab won to pay out Rs. 125.

No one was able to name the Treble on the first two days and so the pool amounted to Rs. 4,512 on the last day. Only one lucky punter was successful in nominating Blissful, Mount Alice and Suaidan. The arrangements reflected much credit on Mr. F. G. Morley and those who assisted him.

### Racing at Headquarters.

With the commencement of the C. T. C. Monsoon Race meeting, on Saturday, 13th May, the form of the various candidates for the August Classics will be closely followed, and with each successive Saturday,—there will be racing on May 20th and 27th and again on June 10th, 17th and 24th—punters will be making their calculations for the two principal events of the year, the Governor's Cup and the Roberts' Cup. There will also be three days' racing on July 8th, 15th and 22nd, prior to the inauguration of the big August Meet on Thursday, 3rd August.

Last year Capt. Fenwick's Aroostook proved a real champion, winning both the Governor's Cup and the Clements' Plate—a double which stamped him out as an outstanding performer and one worthy to be ranked with the most famous Cup winners of the past. This horse will again be a popular favourite for the big event this year. On the opening day of the Meet Mr. P. J. Stanley's Suaidan, won his second

Roberts' Cup, ridden by H. Black. It will be remembered that Suaidan previously won the Roberts' Cup in 1930 for the late Mr. R. Alford.

In the other principal events, the Turf Club Plate was won by Mr. G. Fellowes and Major Fetherstonhaugh's Blissful, the Lawyers' Cup by Capt. Fenwick's Nigger Minsirel, the Madras Cup by Mr. C. A. Laing, for the second year in succession with Tawfiq and the Galle Cup by Mr. A. E. de Silva's Dilcrag. The result of the race for the Planters' Purse was a dead-heat between the Duke of Monaclear and Careless.



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by "Itinerant"

**A Memoir of "Ranji."**

**P**ERSONALITY and style in cricket counts for so much that one man at the wicket will draw on to the ground a hundred people, when another of equal scoring powers will hardly attract a dozen onlookers. In the case of Jam Saheb of Nawanagar—"Ranji" to the crowd—whose death at Jamnagar from heart failure early last month sent a shock through more than the merely cricketing world, this personality and style were all potent. Magicians are associated in the public mind with the East and therefore the magic bat of Ranjitsinhji was credited almost at once with possessing a power and grace beyond the blade of the plain Englishman and when centuries flowed from his weapon and it was seen that his keen eye could glance a fast bowler to leg with the smooth accuracy of mechanism, admiration sprang up in a chorus of praise which has now become a legend to the rising generation. Yet the great batsman who has died was only another proof of the theory that genius is partly born and partly the result of intense application. Jam Saheb seized every opportunity of getting cricket practice. He played for Sussex from 1895 to 1904, and for seven successive years headed the County batting averages. Apart from cricket Ranji was a capital exponent of the arts of shooting, pig-sticking, angling, and several ball games. As the Ruler of Nawanagar, he had carried out many reforms, having developed the railway, irrigation, education and the Sanitary Services to a marked extent. His nephew, Prince Duleepsinhji, who also plays for his uncle's old county of Sussex and who has developed a batting skill second only to that of his uncle, is not fortunate enough to enjoy very good health and is now recuperating in Switzerland. Prince Duleepsinhji's elder brother, Rajkumar Digvijaysinhji, who is well-known to the members of the Ceylon

team that recently toured India, having captained an Indian XI against them at Rajcot, has succeeded his uncle.

**A Chat about E. D. Andrews**

**T**HE 1933 Championship meet of the Ceylon Lawn Tennis Association will go down in history as one of the most noteworthy in the long series, for it saw for the first time the two leading titles, that of Men's Singles and Men's Doubles, won by two visitors to the island.

When it was announced more than a month ago that E. D. Andrews and A. D. Stedman, of New Zealand, were breaking journey in Ceylon en route to Europe, for the purpose of competing in the C. L. T. A. tournament at Nuwara Eliya, those who knew the capabilities of the two visitors felt sure that, for the first time, Ceylon players would be deprived of the two chief titles.

Two years ago E. D. Andrews came over to Ceylon on a holiday after a visit to India with the International Tennis Club team. While in Calcutta, Andrews had won the Doubles Championship with the old Cambridge Blue, M. D. Horn, and had been runner-up to H. H. Austin, in the Men's Singles Championship. Andrews has had a distinguished record at Tennis since he won the Junior Championship of N. S. Wales and of New Zealand, before he went to Cambridge University in 1927 to gain a Blue as a Freshman and to win the Doherty Cup in the Freshmen's Tournament.

Andrews created a sensation a few years ago at Wimbledon when in the first round he defeated F. T. Hunter, the U. S. A. Davis Cup player, ranked 2nd at that time to W. T. Tilden. Andrews won several championships in England in the past four years and has played on the Continent with the International Club. Two years ago in Ceylon he proved himself in a class by himself when he played at the Garden Club,



the Lawn Club, the Fort Club and at the Hill Club Courts in private games.

This year Andrews, who is accompanied by another old New Zealand Champion, Alan Stedman, decided to have a shot at the Ceylon title and so broke journey in Colombo, after having visited his home country and won the Singles Championship and the Doubles with Angus. In gaining the latter honour, Andrews and Angus beat Wilmer Allison and J. van Ryn, America's most famous Doubles combination of to-day. This pair have won the title at Wimbledon more than once.

In the International match played at the Lawn Club, less than a week after Andrews and Stedman arrived in Ceylon, both the visitors beat Ceylon's best Singles players, O. Pinto and G. O. Nicholas. Andrews was then far below his best form and not physically fit. At N'Elia, during the Championship week, Andrews was nowhere near his best form in the early rounds, especially in the Open Mixed in which he and Mrs. Gourlay were badly beaten by Miss M. Pieris and Fred de Saram, but as the tourney advanced Andrews began to show something of his real form and he beat Mc. Lachlan decisively, before knocking out Sam Pieris and then defeating his compatriot Stedman in the Semi-final.

Andrews is a versatile stylist, equally facile with forearm or back hand and skilful in his volleying and over head work. We saw him approach his best form when he met Nicholas in the final of the Open Singles. The latter put up an exceedingly fine show against a classier player, who had far more power in his strokes. Andrews played Nicholas at his own game and beat him decisively in straight sets.

Those who expected to see an Andrews-Pinto final were disappointed for in the semi-final Pinto had been beaten by Nicholas, who played extremely well. Andrews convinced the sceptics, both in the Singles and in the Men's Doubles Championship finals, that he was a cut above Ceylon's best. His game is based on sound methods and he thrives on pace. Stedman, who may not look very impressive, is a very sound player with an excellent service and powerful forearm drive.

In a farewell chat Andrews stated that the leading Ceylon players re-

lied too much on the chopped drive, which, while serving its purpose fairly well at N'Elia, would be ineffective abroad against class players. He advocated the larger use of the fast drive and more speed in all shots. He thought Ceylon would hold its own against Malaya and Hong Kong, but that the local standard was a good deal below that of India.

#### The Ceylon Golf Championship.

There is every indication of a keen struggle this week at Nuwara Eliya for the Amateur Golf Championship of Ceylon, for among the aspirants for the honour are at least half a dozen who have even chances of success. It remains to be seen whether the present holder of the title, E. S. Danks, will find the Nuwara Eliya course as much to his liking as the Ridgeways, but he is a doughty golfer and on his day will take a lot of beating. A. R. Aitken, who recently returned to the Island, appears to be playing as well as ever, and his familiarity with the Nuwara Eliya course and his undoubted class will make him one of the firmest favourites this week. D. F. Fitzgibbon is another excellent golfer who will have a good deal of backing, and A. E. Williams, M. H. Lushington and M. P. Davis are three others who must be reckoned with seriously. Two well-known golfers in G. Perrin and Capt. B. C. H. Gerty, have come over from India to compete for the Championship, and if they are as good as they have been described, the competition this year will be all the more interesting.

#### The Rugby Football Season.

With the advent of May, the Ceylon Rugby Football season will be ushered in and following the usual practice games in the opening fortnight, the Inter-District matches will be staged, culminating with the Clifford Cup Tournament in August. The season promises to be full of interest as most of the districts are well off for good players, and Colombo in particular will again be suffering from an *embarass de riches*. That popular player, W. A. Timmis, who was one of Up-country stand-out forwards last season, will very likely captain Uva this year as he is now at Haputale. C. A. Cameron, who was away on leave last year, will lead Colombo, and A. E. Blair skippers Dimbula.

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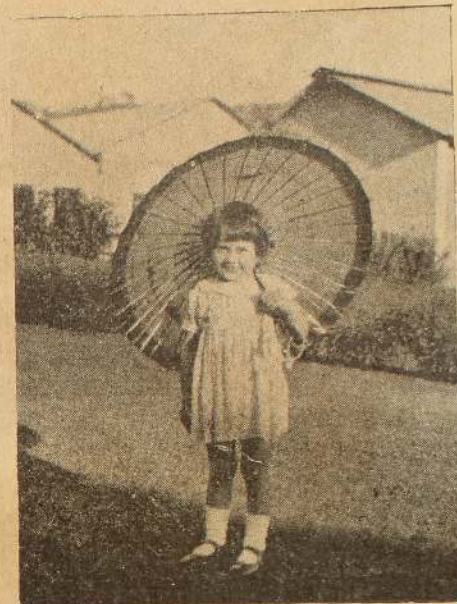
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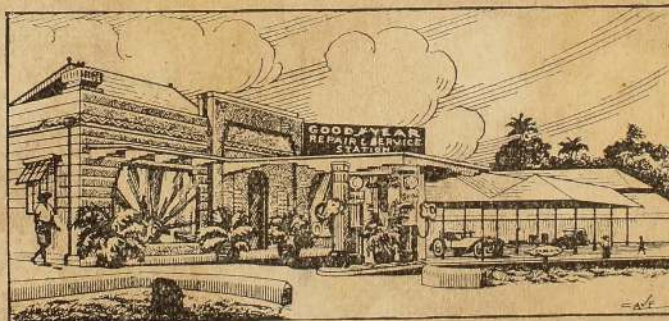
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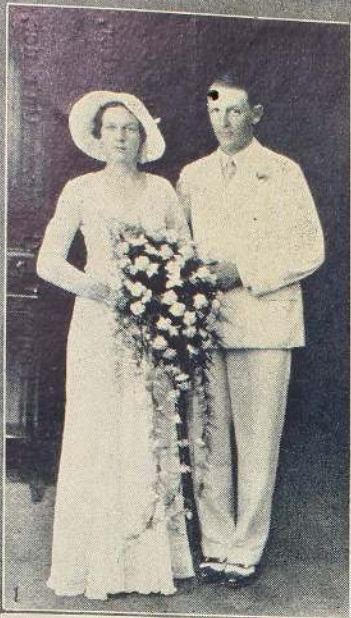


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1. Mr. H. S. Dyer and Miss Barbara Eileen Homewood;
2. Mr. J. Cedric Rose and Miss Kathleen Marion Harris;
3. Mr. F. G. Dawes and Miss G. H. Julia Pohl Pearse;
4. Mr. J. S. Weir and Miss Francis Angela Sipman;
5. Mr. J. T. Muirhead and Miss Brennen;
6. Mr. T. Hewavitarane and Miss Constance Goonesekera;
7. Mr. E. Joseph and Miss E. Austin;
8. Mr. Stanley M. Jayawardena and Miss Mopsy Amerasinghe.



# The Recent Farewell Polo Tournament at Ratnapura.



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*Back Row* :—B. R. F. Wilson, P. A. Clauss, J. Kotalawala, R. G. C. Pereira, Lt. Comdr. G. E. Lambe, H. D. Tollinton, G. H. Robins, V. C. Baker, R. H. Whitehorn, J. D. G. Hickley.

*Front Row* :—Capt. L. R. J. C. Wilkinson, C. A. Hall-Hall, R. M. M. Worsley, C. R. Brocklehurst, G. Fellowes, Cav. M. Pansa, Lt. Comdr. C. Gairdner, Capt. J. H. Swan Benzie, Major A. J. S. Fetherstonhaugh, E. F. J. Reilly, W. J. Craig.



## RIFLE SHOOTING—THEN AND NOW.

1864--1933.

By Louis Siedle

IT was in 1864, that I, as a lad of 12 years of age, a Cadet in the 28th Kent Cadets, fired my first shot at a small Range we had at the Chalk Pit, Charlton. We were armed with a smooth bore carbine (discarded by the Irish Constabulary, I presume, for the rifle).

I actually hit the Target three times in five rounds at 100 yards, though the weapon was sighted up to 300 yards. We poured the black powder into the muzzle of the carbine, jammed in a wad and then the round ball was rammed in and a cap (copper) on the nipple and we had to be at half cock until the word ready was called; then present when we were to count three before pulling the trigger. It was the kick we funkled.

I was sent to Germany, in 1865, and in 1886, while at school, I saw a good deal of the war between Prussia and Italy against Austria and the smaller states of Germany. It was the *Needle Gun* of the Prussians and their Breech Loading Cannons which settled this War where they put in six and seven shots against Austria and the South German States *one shot*. That War was all over in seven weeks, (but that is another tale), when I got home in 1867.

My next shooting was at the Butts in lower Plumstead, when I was Bugler of the 4th Kent Rifles. Our uniform was dark green, black belts, cross belt and cartridge pouch, waist belt and cap pouch, shako with black cocks feathers, same as the Cadets. Our weapon was the Enfield Muzzle Loader Rifle. Under the guidance of good Old Rixon, a Sergt. of Marines, our Instructor, I soon became a shot, and at the age of 16, I became a Marksman with a Badge on my left arm and three stars. I won the Triney Prize offered by our Company Captain, conditions 7 rounds at 300 yards, standing, at firstclass Target, with 7 inners—21 points out of a possible 28. It was considered good shooting in those days. We used to

look carefully at the date on the packets of ammunition served out to us. That of 1865 was better than 1867, for the plugs behind the bullets were box wood and those of 1867 and 1868 clay.

In 1868, I won the Country prize (Kent) at Milton range, 200, 500



Photo by Plâté Ltd.

BUGLER MAJOR LOUIS SIEDLE.

and 600 yards, 5 rounds at each distance. I was naturally excited and nervous. I went away from the crowd and amused myself watching the force and direction of the wind for it was blowing pretty hard down the Thames from a N. E. direction. By throwing empty cartridge cases in the air, I gathered its force and direction, so when it came to my turn to fire (I had noticed the Signal Flag, *miss right*) I aimed low left of the inner line, (now I think 11-35) and got on, the same at all the other distances. At 600 yards I aimed at a tuft of grass fully a yard to the left of the Target and got on. I tied with a Sergeant of the Bromley Company, which was decided in my favour as I had the least number of misses and Bull's Eyes. I was carried shoulder high by our men, and we had a good time at the Roshevile Gardens (which were then open), before we

entrained for Woolwich. I left the 4th as I thought I was too old and big for a Bugler and at Capt. Hughes' request I joined the 9th Kent Artillery, from the dark green to the blue and the Busby for the Chako. I did fair with the Carbine, but for shooting it was no match for the long Rifle. Besides in gunnery practice all depended on No. 1, and I was only No. 3, and seldom got a chance of sighting a gun. Once I did when the Officer called change rounds, and I did well. However, except for the fun we had at Thoeburgness Camp, firing for the Queen's Prize, in 1869, was a disappointment for our Sergeant who sighted was most decidedly not sober. Well that ended my Volunteering in England, and I did no more till they formed the Ceylon Light Infantry Volunteer Corps in February, 1881. I joined up under the Command of Col. John Armitage, and Adjutant Gwatkin. I was promoted as Bugle Major and here again we had no rifle range, and only occasionally fired at the Military range at Mt. Lavinia, an awfully difficult one in the S. W. Monsoon, so that it was not until 1885 or 1886 (I cannot remember exactly), we got the Hunupitiya Range, and began our Class Firing. We were then armed with the Schneider Rifle, while the Military 102nd Dublin Fusileers had the Martini, a much better weapon. The first time we fired here, Adjutant Gwatkin called out Bugle Major your turn. I said, "Sir do Non-coms have to fire too?"

Yes, every one. It was at 100 yards they started, Gwatkin stood alongside of me and fed me with the cartridges. I put on 7 bulls and 3 inners, not much to boast about, but remember we stood at one, two and three hundred yards on the left knee and four and five and only prone at 600, ten rounds at each. I finished up with 168 points, heading the lot. With the Schneider Rifle there was plenty of ricocheting at 500 and 600 yards. I cannot explain why now, but it was so especially at 500 yards. It may have been due to the shimmer over the water between the Ranges. Shortly after this I received a challenge from Capt. Stephens of the Rangoon Rifles to fire him at Hunupitiya for Rs. 100/- and ammunition. I replied that I did not know him and his

(Continued on page 52.)

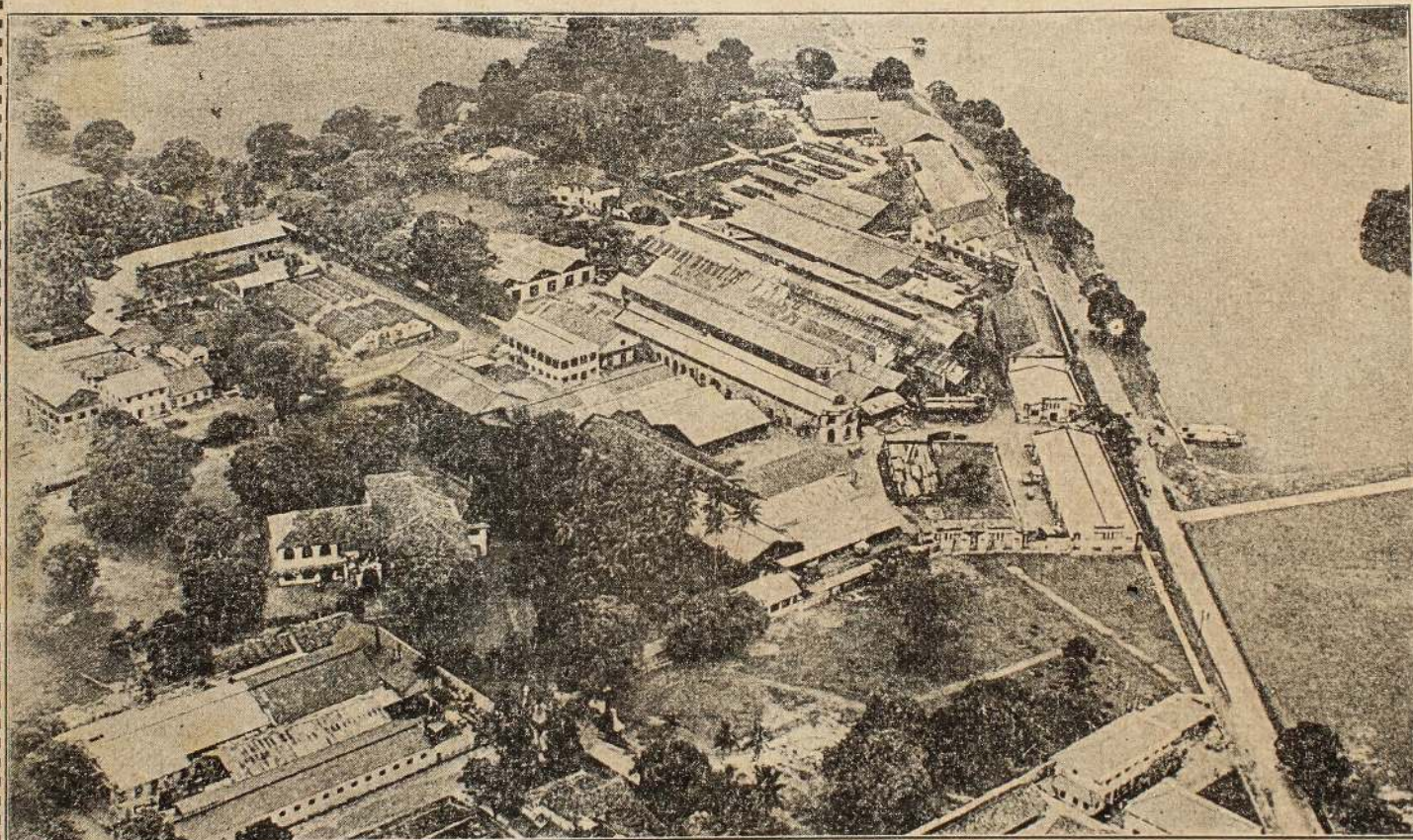


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THE formation of an Orchid Society should greatly encourage amateur growers. The promoters are recognised orchid-lovers. The President of the Society is Mr. F. A. E. Price, author of a useful little work dealing with the cultivation of these showy plants; and the Secretary, Mr. V. J. C. Jonklaas, the well-known collector. The objects of the Society, as set forth in the prospectus, are to promote orchid-culture, to protect indigenous varieties found in our forests, and to assist members to import and exchange plants. For further particulars application should be made to the Hon. Secretary, "The Knoll," Kandy.

Willis in his "Flowering Plants & Ferns" mentions that the orchid order comprises no less than 400 genera, with 5,000 species. A great many of the temperate forms are terrestrial, but within the Tropics the majority are epiphytic. Some orchids are saprophytic. These have no green leaves, but only a fleshy rhizome which grows beneath the soil feeding on humus. Of Ceylon orchids there are 60 genera and 160 species, of which some are very beautiful.

The snow-drop (*Galanthus nivalis*) is a modest little flower which grows in Nuwara Eliya, though not as robustly as in England. One of the British poets calls it "the venturesome harbinger of Spring." It belongs to the Amaryllis order, and is characterised by the presence of green grooves, which secrete honey, on the inner surface of the inner perianth leaves. Though the bud is erect, the open flower is pendulous, and adapted to bees, which, on visiting the flower, first touch the stigma which is prolonged beyond the anther cone; and, in probing for honey, receive a shower of pollen.

The beautiful blue *Anchusa* of

Up-country gardens, belongs to the same order as the "Forget-me-not" (*Myosotis*), viz. Boraginaceae. A *offinialis* was once employed in medicine, and is widely scattered as an escape in Britain.

Among Ceylon plants belonging to the same order is the Sinhalese "Lolu" (*Cordia Myxa*), whose fruits are known as "Sebestens." *Cynoglossum micranthum* (S. "Bukatuhenda") is sometimes called the Ceylon Forget-me-not.

As a fantastic popular name of a plant it would be hard to beat, "Dancing girls"; but this is what *Mantisia saltatoria* is called. The plant is often grown in hot-houses in England, for the sake of its curious flowers. It belongs to the ginger family (*Zingiberaceae*), and like the cardamom, (a member of the same order) produces its fruits near the ground. Other curious names are "Drunken Sailor," also known as Rangoon creeper and Jerusalem creeper, (*Quisqualis*. sp.); "Dutchman's pipe," (*Aristolochia*. sp.); "Blackeyed Susan," (*Hibiscus*. sp.) and "Love in a mist." (*Nigella*. sp.)

Such popular names as these are practically of no use for purposes of identification. Foreigners could scarcely recognise the "shoe-flower" by this absurd name, but would immediately identify it by its botanical name *Hibiscus rosa-sinensis*. In Ceylon the vernacular names of plants are often found to differ in different parts of the Island.

What has been described as a common fern about Peradeniya, and found also in the Western and Sabragamuwa Provinces, is the plant known botanically as *Schizaea digitata* indigenous to Ceylon. It may be seen springing up freely in rubber plantations in the Southern Province. The stiff character of the growth has brought it the vernacular name of "Kambi-gas," signifying "wire plant."

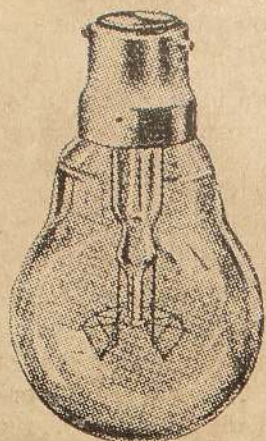
A correspondent to a gardening Magazine writing about tomato-growing, says that when the flowers fail to set, the plants should be gently tapped in order to induce them to shed their pollen. This is a common practice among growers. Sometimes they are hand fertilised with the aid of a camel's hair brush. The single stem method of growth is reckoned to give the best fruits, both as regards size and quality. Side shoots and those produced from the ends of the bunches of fruit should be removed as soon as they are seen. Stout props are needed to support the plants and the stems loosely tied on to them. Tomatoes can be successfully grown in pots after this fashion. Liquid manure or other soluble fertilisers must be given, and when watering has to be done the soil should be saturated, and the top-soil kept stirred. Mere surface sprinkling does more harm than good.

F. Lewis, referring to the tree known as "Ubberiya," describes it as an excellent building timber. Botanically the tree is *Carallia calycina*, closely related to "Dawata" (*C. integerrima*), both members of the mangrove family (*Rhizophoraceae*). The plant is endemic and is found in the valley of the Gin-ganga and Sinharaja forest; but nowhere in great abundance. The Baddegama Estate Bungalow, built over 60 years ago, is mainly constructed of this timber.

A common garden plant in Nuwara Eliya is erroneously called "Job's Tears," owing probably to its drooping inflorescence. Its proper name is *Ixia pendula*, and it is a member of the Iris family, (*Iridaceae*); while the genus *Coix* belongs to the grass order, (*Gramineae*). *Coix Lachryma* (the true "Job's tears") is to be found growing from the Punjab to Burma, and it is largely cultivated for food in the latter country and on the Khasia Hills. In China the seeds are used medicinally. Prof. Church, in his "Food grains of India" gives the composition of the grain, which he considers a useful famine food.

*Erratum.*—In the April issue of *The Ceylon Causerie*, paragraph 8, line 6, "native" should read "introduced"





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# Current Topics

## By "Vigilant"

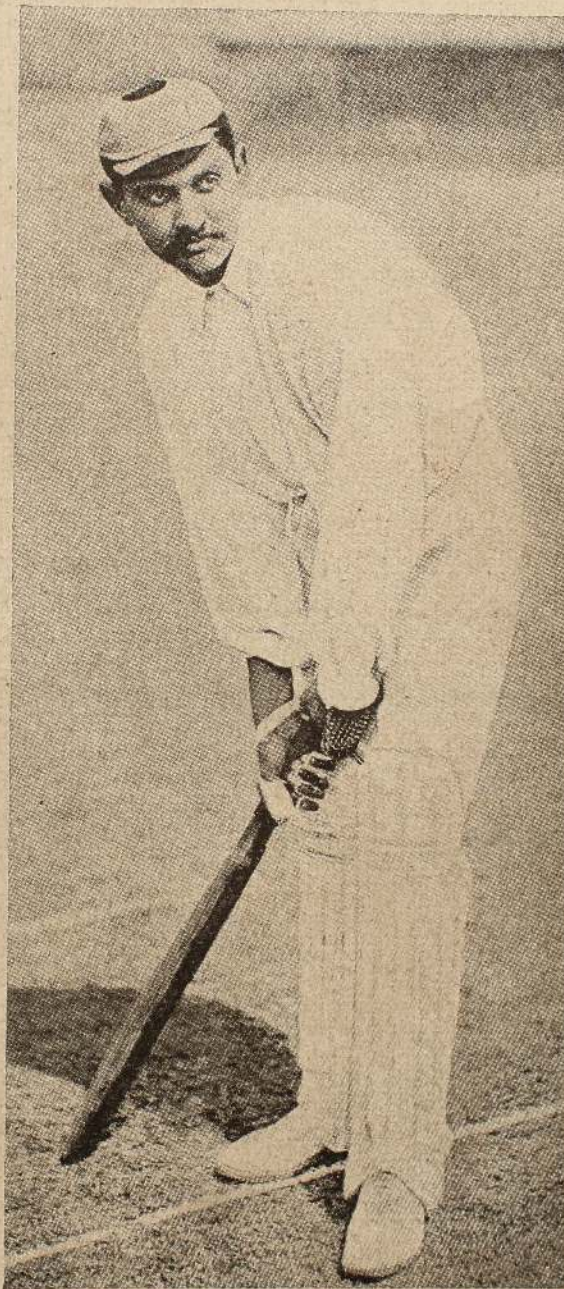
"OH, East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet," is a poetic fancy that is often repeated with an air of finality. But it is nothing less than the truth to say that East and West find points of contact in the field of sport, when "strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth."

Few men have done so much to create a good understanding between East and West as "Ranji," as he was affectionately known to the English-speaking world. Sport is not only a great leveller but it creates sympathy and understanding between man and man, who have learnt to play the game. Probably no cricketer of any race or country ever won so great a place as "Ranji" in the affections and the admiration of the people. It is well to remember that it was on the initiative of "Ranji," a high caste Indian Prince, that the social distinction which forbade Gentlemen and Players from lunching together was abolished. "Ranji" has won a permanent place in all that is lovely and of good report in the field of sport.

If the State Council built any hopes on a speedy and liberal advance in the present Constitution, leading to democratic control, these have been shattered by the recently published correspondence between the Ministers, the Governor and the Secretary of State. The Secretary of State's refusal to yield to the Council's demands is final and unequivocal. And indeed practical men should have foreseen that an appeal to the Secretary of State against a decision of the man on the spot is a barren adventure.

The Ministers were intrenched on impregnable ground. Without any consultation of their views, the Governor had increased the financial commitments of this Island by granting increased privileges to the Public

Service, in three major directions. The maximum pension of Public Officers had been raised from £1,300 to £2,000, the ten year commutation



"RANJI."

period had been raised for officers who retired prematurely and the point at which the option for the commutation of pension should be exercised had been altered from the date of attaining pensionable status to the date of retirement. And all this was done at a time of serious financial stringency when works of

utility for the public benefit had been cut down to the bone.

More than half the revenue of this Island is absorbed by the Public Service which is outside the control of the State Council.

The Governor decides what he should spend and the Ministers have to find the money and to balance the Budget.

This may be a sorry state of things but the Ministers who accepted the Constitution as providing seven-tenths self-Government have the least right to complain, nor can they expect the sympathy of the public.

This playing about with self-Government would not matter very much if it did not give rise to a very serious menace to the public.

At a time when the roll of the unemployed is steady on the increase and men are facing starvation, we are threatened with additional taxation. The Secretary of State makes the position abundantly clear and if further economies in administration are not possible, further taxation is inevitable.

The public will not readily forgive the men who have landed them in this sorry mess.

In political life, the only effective means of registering a protest against actions, of which responsible men disapprove, is resignations. But the last thing the Members of the State Council contemplate is resignation, a fact which is abundantly clear not only to the public, but to the constituted authorities of Government. Lukewarm protests to the Governor or to the Secretary of State are not going to carry us much further.

In the very unlikely event of Members of the State Council handing in their resignations, there will be others, anxious and willing, to fill the vacant seats, under any conditions whatsoever. For the fact cannot be disguised that the most

(Continued on page 47.)



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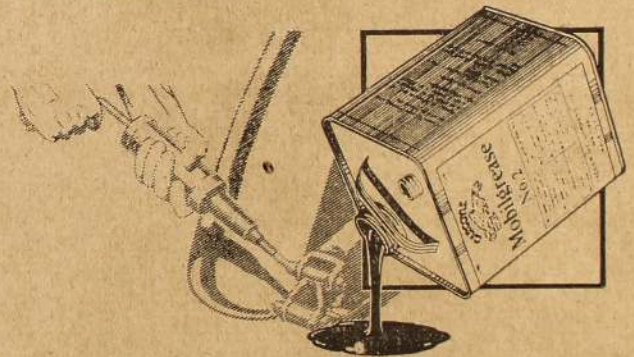
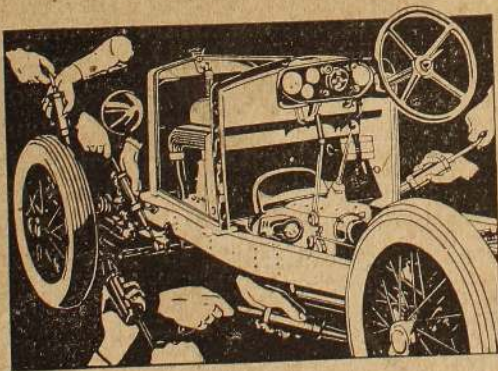
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"Far-off Things," by Dr. R. L. Spittel;  
C. A. C. Press, Rs. 8/50.

THE appearance of Dr. R. L. Spittel's latest work, "Far-off Things," has been enthusiastically welcomed by a large circle of readers. It is a literary *olio* of descriptive sketches on local subjects, on many of which the author has written or lectured before and which we have learnt to associate with his name. Ancient Ceylon history, legends of the past, descriptions of elephants and men, of veddas and devil-birds and a striking chapter on A Chieftain of the Wilderness, the picturesque and romantic Maduanwella R.M., follow one another with bewildering attraction.

The various chapters of which the book is composed were apparently written at different times for different purposes. The style therefore varies, though the author is at his best when he gets into his stride and writes in simple, direct prose.

G.W. Steevens, the brilliant young author, who died at the Siege of Ladysmith, has set a standard of descriptive writing, which is said to be like the effect of a great painter's brush. With a few short sentences he places a vivid picture before his readers. There are some passages in Dr. Spittel's work which have the Steevens' tang. Take the following:

"The brakes jammed and we leapt out. Overturned on the grass was our baggage car that had gone ahead, poised on its crushed hood, its wheels in the air, one shattered in fragments."

This is the author's best style. The book contains some well-turned verses, but the author's *forte* is prose and the public will welcome more of it.

The book is a valuable addition to a collection of works on Ceylon and deserves a place in every library, public or private. The illustrations are excellent and heighten the interest of the work.

The Golden Age of Military Adventure in Ceylon. An Account of the Uva Rebellion in 1817-1818, by R. L. Brohier, F.R.G.S.;

Published by Plate Ltd., Rs. 3/-.

Mr. R. L. Brohier is a comparatively young man, whose fine literary sense and charm of narration have won him a place in the first rank among Ceylon writers. The above work, which consists of a series of sketches, contributed by Mr. Brohier to *The Ceylon Causerie*, is an important contribution to the History of Ceylon and is of permanent value.

Ceylon abounds in historical sources. It needs writers imbued with the interest, scholarship and research of Mr. Brohier to extract from existing materials much that is useful and to present it to his readers in fascinating style. We trust Mr. Brohier will continue his interesting incursions into the realms of our buried history and provide further contributions from his pen for the instruction and the delight of his readers.

The present work was based on a collection of papers belonging to the late Mr. F. H. Modder, F. R. G. S., whose historical and literary contributions are so well known to the public.

The life and career of Keppitipola, the Uva chieftain, who struck for freedom in early British times, revive memories of William Wallace. The interesting details of men and matters of that period, which Marshall records, find further reference in Mr. Brohier's work. Mr. Brohier has an inquiring mind and is able to amplify the written record by many an investigation made by him on the spot in the course of his official circuits.

A Government officer's day is full and responsible, but it is the busiest men who can find the time for producing useful literature. J. P. Lewis, F. Lewis and H. Parker have an enduring place in the historical and literary traditions of this island. The verdict of public opinion gives Mr. Brohier a place in this illustrious roll.

## Current Topics.

(Continued from page 45.)

insistent voices that call for resignations come from those who aspire to fill the resulting vacancies. But the general public are frankly dissatisfied with the performances of the State Council and are certain to give vent to their convictions at the next Election.

There are a few members of the State Council who, in any circumstances whatever, would be the national leaders of the people. But there are many others who represent only themselves. Under the existing scheme of universal suffrage, any future State Council will be composed of similar men, no better and no worse. Can it be fairly urged that we have not got the kind of Government we deserve?

With every desire to be fair to the Public Service, it should be realised that the 10 per cent. salary cut imposed by the Government is a mere trifle to the great sacrifices made by others. The refusal of the Government to allow leave passages once in five years instead of in four will not satisfy the public conscience, when there are the sick, so sorely stricken, that they can neither afford a short local holiday nor even a doctor.

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# THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

COMMUTED KIND ACTIONS.

By Elisabeth Mayo.

"WHY are you playing with worms, Jennifer?" asked Daddy.

Jennifer was carrying a long, wriggly earth-worm, carefully balanced on a stick, from the gravel drive to the lawn. She put it gently on the grass, and then answered her Daddy.

"I'm not playing with worms! In fact, just the opposite. I'm doing my kind action for to-day. You see, worms haven't the sense to know that they'd get run over, on the drive."

"Yes, I see. And you have to do a kind action every day, don't you?"

"Yes. It's rather a bother, but it's a faithful promise."

"Aren't all promises faithful?"

"Ye-es-s. But some are faithfuller than others," said Jennifer decidedly.

Later on, when the little girl was going for a drive to the Galle Face with her Daddy and Mummy, she was very quiet and thoughtful. After a while, she asked "Mummy, what was it Uncle Alan said he was going to get?"

"I don't know, dear. Did he say he was going to get something?"

"Yes, Mummy—about his pension, you know. Something about when you get it all in a big lump, instead of little by little, every month, like Daddy gets his money."

"Ah, you mean a commuted pension! Yes, Uncle Alan is going to have a commuted pension. But why are you worrying your small head about pensions, Jennifer?"

"I was thinking," said Jennifer, in her serious way, that if pensions can be 'muted why can't other things be 'muted, too?"

"Why, yes, I suppose they could," Mummy agreed, "but, look, Jennifer—there are Pamela and Michael running about on the green—wouldn't you like to go and play with them?"

Jennifer ran off to join her two

little friends, but she was still thinking of a plan which had occurred to her. She tried to discuss her bright idea with Pamela and Michael whom she knew were members of the same Club as herself, and who had promised to do a kind action every day.

"Do you do your kind actions?" she asked, as three children walked briskly along the green.

"Oh, yes, I always do mine," replied Pamela, tossing golden curls out of her eyes, "but Michael is a naughty boy, he generally forgets!"

"I often do lots more than one kind action in a day—so that makes up for the days I forget," said Michael, cheerfully. "Come on, let's go and ask Daddy and Mummy to take us to 'Iceland,' and have some ice-cream. It's 'ceed-ingly good for us in this hot weather!"

"So the kind actions were forgotten for the time. But that evening, after she was in bed, Jennifer thought over her plan again, and it seemed to her an excellent one.

"It's such a trouble to do one, every day," she mused, "and if I do one huge, tremendous kind action, it will last, for a long time. It will be a 'muted kind action, like Uncle Alan's pension is 'muted?"

Here she began to grow very sleepy and it seemed to her that the pleasant, buzzy voice of the electric fan was singing "Muted pensions, 'muted actions! 'Muted actions, 'muted pensions!"

.....Next morning, Jennifer was full of her plan for doing a very big kind action. Now what was this wonderful deed to be? It must be something really exceptional, she decided, but what could a little girl of seven years old do?

Supposing she were to give all the money in her money-box to a beggar? But then she remembered that there

were only a few cents left, so that would not do. It would be nice to do something for one of those poor beggars who came on Saturday mornings, looking so pitiful. Mummy always gave them some money, but only a few cents each. Jennifer felt that for a commuted kind action something much more than a few cents was needed.

No, she hadn't enough money to do any good. But—well, there are other things besides money which beggars would like to have! Jennifer had thought of a lovely plan.

The next day was Saturday—the day that the beggars came on their rounds. Everything seemed to help Jennifer. Ayah was busy bathing Jennifer's baby brother, which always took some time, because he was a very splashy baby, and simply loved his bath. Daddy and Mummy had gone to play golf, and the servants were busy. So no one saw Jennifer as she crept downstairs, simply laden with—what do you think?

Well, you'll be shocked to hear that she was bringing down bundles and bundles of her nice clothes to the beggars!

And not only her own clothes—she went to the almirah where the baby's clothes were kept, and snatched up a great bundle of his pretty smocked, and embroidered frocks. There was an old beggar-woman waiting under the portico, and Jennifer handed the bundles of clothes to her. Of course, the old woman must have known perfectly well that something was wrong, and that a small girl like Jennifer had no business to give away all those nice clothes.

However, she was only too glad to take them, and she was just wrapping them up in some of her own dirty rags, when Daddy and Mummy luckily drove up in the car.

You may be sure they were horrified when they saw what had happened. They got back the clothes, and the whole lot had to be sent off to the dhoby's, of course.

The old beggar-woman was told not to come into the compound again, and Mummy explained to Jennifer what a naughty and foolish thing she had done. So the commuted kind action was not a success, and Jennifer went back to the old plan of doing one kind action a day.



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# ur Competition Page

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 36.

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

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

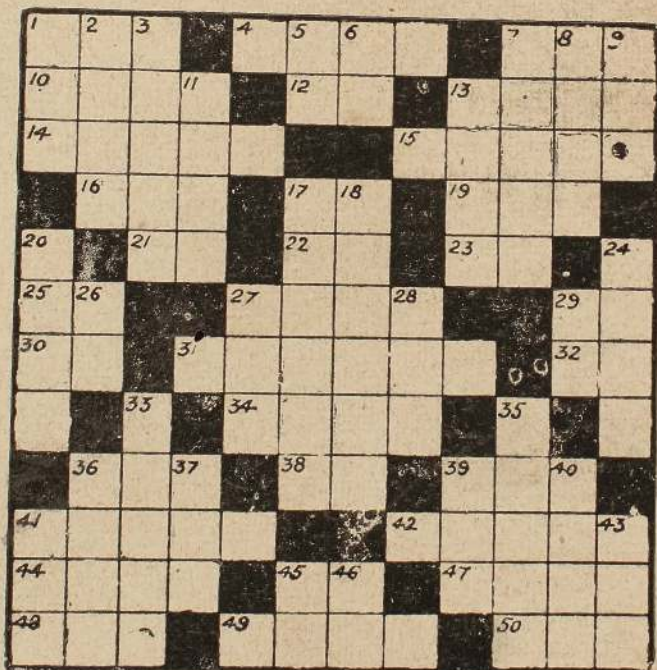
CROSSWORD, P. O. Box No. 127, G. P. O., Colombo.

Entries delivered personally or by messenger should be addressed:—

CROSSWORD, Plâté Ltd., Colpetty, Colombo.

All entries must reach this office by 12 noon on Saturday, 27th May, 1933

The Editor's decision will be final.



### CLUES.

#### HORIZONTAL.

1. Seed; 4. Pie; 7. Curse; 10. One; 12. Steady; 13. Host; 14. Startle; 15. Liberates; 16. Gossip; 17. Decoration; 19. Hostel; 21. Order; 22. Interjection; 23. Proposition; 25. During; 27. Dash; 29. Upon; 30. Perform; 31. Plane; 32. Egyptian God; 34. Island; 36. Snake; 38. Pronoun; 39. To dirty; 41. Bottle; 42. Lady; 44. Biscuit; 45. Near; 47. Long since; 48. Nevertheless; 49. Think; 50. Coin.

#### VERTICAL.

1. Matter; 2. Prince of Peru; 3. Instrument; 5. Coin; 6. As far as; 7. Lofty; 8. So be it; 9. None is; 11. Vehicle; 13. Time; 17. Obstinate; 18. Cot; 20. Domineer; 24. Growl; 26. Denial; 27. Prophet; 28. Born; 29. Gold; 33. Scorch at the fire; 35. Credit; 36. Colour; 37. Inquire; 39. Month; 40. Challenge; 41. Vex; 43. Troops; 45. Live; 46. Pronoun.

### Solution to Puzzle No. 35.

#### Horizontal.

1. Hornpipe. 7. Aura. 9. Aslant. 11. Ens. 13. Lt. 14. Era. 16. Calm. 18. Ember. 20. Lieds. 22. Year. 23. Ule. 24. An. 26. Tri. 27. Polish. 30. Nebs. 31. Cressets.

#### Vertical.

2. Ras. 3. Null. 4. Prate. 5. Ian. 6. Preclude. 8. Scarring. 9. Asleep. 10. Tebeth. 12. Nail. 15. Rear. 17. M.D. 19. My. 21. Sales. 25. Nibs. 28. One. 29. S. S. E.

Name .....

Address .....

### Winners of April Crossword Competition.

1st Prize—Rs. 10.—Mrs. Enid Leembruggen, The Baptist Manse, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo.

2nd „ — „ 5.—Mrs. E. A. van der Straaten, "Dorington," Inner Flower Road, Colombo.



## Rifle Shooting—Then and Now.

(Continued from page 41.)

capabilities as a shot, but if he meant sport only, I would fire him for Rs. 10/-. This he agreed to. Well we were pretty close up to 400 yards where I gained only a few points over him, but at 500 yards he failed awfully and so at 600, and I eventually won by 31 points. He was one of those shots who would get on any one's nerves. It would take him as long to fire a shot as it would take me to fire three. My motto has been when you've got on pull, don't hesitate and later the Boers' trick of opening both eyes. My first achievement in the C. L. I. was to win the Colombo Prize Cup for all who are and have been *Marksmen*, in 1886, beating Cantrell by 1 point. My next was the Bosanquet (Major) Challenge Cup. Look at the conditions.

1st Win handicap 3 points  
2nd Win „ 5 points  
3rd Win „ 7 points

to be won three times in succession or five times in all.

Martini Rifle to concede 9 points to the Schneider Rifle.

Well this Cup was fired for a year and a half, for whenever a man won it twice in succession, we were compelled to compete to prevent the cup being won outright. In this way I fired for it twelve times, and at last there were four of us (3 four-winners) left, Capt. Cantrell, Q. M. S. Morris (late 102nd Dublins) Crown Counsel Templer, myself and young Burnside (son of the late Chief Justice Burnside,) who brought a Schneider Rifle and to whom I had to concede 16 points. I won that Cup by "the skin of my teeth," as the saying goes, all through Templer making a ricochet at 500 yards. The Range was 200, 500 and 600, 7 rounds—possible 105. My average was on 87 points. Both these Cups are with me if any one would like to see them. What a change has come over the precision of our weapons since then. When I was in the Town Guard in 1918, I made a possible 7 Bulls (I was 65 then). Your recent article on the wonderful shooting of

30 Bulls in succession, Crownshaw, surprised me. In the old days he would have had a commission offered him at once. The Bugler before me in the 4th Kents who won the Queen's Prize at Wimbeldon got £100/- and was made a Lieutenant. The chap died of consumption, his name being Fred Holmes, Wellington Str., Woolwich.

I shall be 81 next May, and although I have not fired a shot since 1918, if you can bring a man my age and weight, I'll fire with him down the Range, for old times sake.

### Bee Keeping in Ceylon.

*In view of the wide interest being taken in Apiculture by all classes, we have arranged for a series of articles on this fascinating hobby from the pen of Mr. C. Driberg, who is one of Ceylon's acknowledged authorities on the subject. The first of these articles will appear in the June issue of "The Ceylon Causerie."*

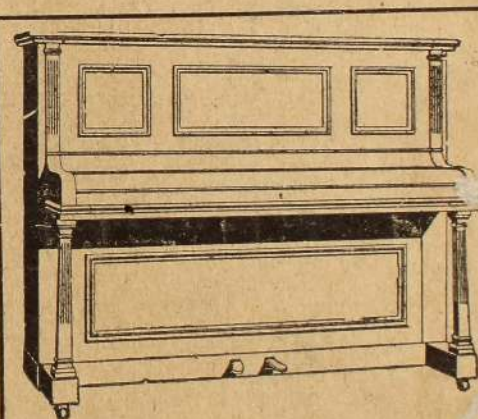
### ANECDOTAGE.

(Continued from page 33.)

I may add that, besides the Governor, a German Grand Duke and suite attended by members of the local German Consulate were present at this Kraal and had a palatial residence, opening on to the main street of the Kraal, erected for them. There were also members of the English nobility present. One of them figured in another incident. A stream ran through the stockade, as is usual I believe, to provide water for the herd. One of the elephants in going into this stream, or just coming out of it, unaccountably broke its leg, and fell partly into the stream. It was decided to put an end to its suffering, and the English Duke was permitted to administer the conge.

He may have been a good shot but did not prove so on this occasion. He made several attempts at giving the *coup de grace*, but failed in all. Another distinguished visitor was no less successful, and when this target practice became a bit too much like cruelty, a local shikar, of the villager type, was told to complete the slaughter, which he did with his first bullet. The public verdict was that the elephant was "drowned" in the stream, into which he had sunk, by the weight of lead pumped into him. This incident had a more serious sequel, as the water was evidently so polluted, that the remainder of the herd (after the captives had been removed outside the stockade), refused to drink this water and were so desperate with thirst that before all the animals could be secured, an appreciable number of them broke out of the stockade and scattered through the district, causing terror in transit to those who still remained in Kraal Town.

(To be continued.)



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