An Interesting Account
of the Founding of the Jamaica Mutual Life Assurance Society in the year 1844.

[This article was written by the late Mr. Herbert G. de Lisser, who up to the time of his death was one of the Directors of the Jamaica Mutual, as will be seen from the picture below, which was taken at the time the article was written.]

FOR a local Society beginning with nothing, the Jamaica Mutual Life Assurance Society has done very well indeed. In fact it has done extremely well, and this year, which is its centenary, it may boast that it is the only Life Assurance Society ever established in Jamaica, with not a penny of capital, or anything except faith in its few Directors and a firm belief in God, that has made such extraordinary progress.

How did it come into being? We are told that its founder was Mr. William Wemys Anderson, a Scottish lawyer, who had come to Jamaica from his native land in 1833. He was a man of strong, independent character, an ardent liberal and democrat; and he had not been long here before he noticed that the risks for life insurance applicable to residents of Jamaica were prohibitively high. A mutual society appeared to offer the only proper relief, so he induced some of his professional and business friends to join with him in founding the Jamaica Mutual. Although the Society was formally founded on the 21st of March, 1844, it took some considerable time before coming actually to birth — there had to be much talking about it; but under any circumstances there would have been much talking, since the Jamaican or the man connected with Jamaica hates to do anything before an adequate amount of talk has been expended — he determining what adequacy is — and one's mind fully made up yet again.

Wemys Anderson of Scotland, then, is the chief founder of the Jamaica Mutual Life Assurance Society, and people have wondered why he was not made Chairman of the newly formed Directorate. But Wemys Anderson apparently was by way of being a living a sort of an official; he had been appointed Protector of Slaves, and slavery was not finally abolished until August 1838. Technically, of course, it ended in 1854, giving place to what was then known as the Apprenticeship System; anyhow it is evident that what Mr. Wemys Anderson was really concerned about was having in Jamaica a really beneficial institution, something solid, well founded, reliable, that would be more and more of a benefit to the island and especially to people of ordinary circumstances. He must have known that other such institutions were certain to spring up as the years went by, but he also felt, not unnatural, that Jamaica should have a Life Assurance Society of its own, and that the Jamaica Mutual should be the first.

Wemys Anderson was right in many respects. The Jamaica Mutual had not been founded for more than three years when the Standard Life established a branch in Jamaica. Many years further were to elapse before another rival came into the field, and today there are many similar competitive organisations. But the Jamaica Mutual stood the strain of competition splendily, and from a commencement with nothing (so far as money was concerned) may now claim about 8,000 policy-holders and a capital of nearly one million pounds.

Who was the first Chairman of the Jamaica Mutual, who was its first policy-holder, and where did the Society begin its work? A Mr. Alexander Barclay was named its first Chairman, a Mr. Thomas Bland its first Secretary, and on the 1st of May 1844 its first policy was issued to Mr. Edward Charles Mowat, a Kingston solicitor, for £500.

So far as is known, Alexander Barclay was a Scotman. Mr. James Davidson, another Director, was evidently Scottish, either by birth or by descent. He was a prominent businessman of the period. Mr. Robert Fiddes Charles Mowat and the rest may have been Englishmen or Jamaicans — the record telleth not, except that Mr. Henry John Komble's family came from New Jersey, U.S.A., but he himself may have been born in Jamaica. I suggest, however, that the first Directorate of the Jamaican Mutual was a mixture of Scotch, Jamaicans and English, and were men in business, professional or political life in Jamaica, probably in Kingston and Spanish Town. They were, in fact, persons who a few years before the founding of the Jamaica Mutual Life Assurance Society might have been considered members of the political organisation known as the Town Party (so named because they were known to be of Liberal tendencies and either lived in Kingston or in Spanish Town). The other Party, the Country Party, as it was called, were planters who lived on their estates and considered themselves the salt of the earth. But the members of the Town Party, or to be specific, the members of the Jamaica Mutual's Directorate in those early years of existence, and their like) also considered themselves to be the salt of the earth. In fact it is the tendency of every one and any disposition to consider themselves the salt of the earth.

The Town Party, however, kept their spirits up by being strictly active; the Country Party, on the other hand, preferred isolationism and thus, unless the individuals amongst them were men of outstanding ability, faded away into insignificance. It is not that the planters of a hundred years ago did not every now and then try to establish something, whether it was an institution for the defence of the Established Church — membership of which was quite open to atheists and other profane people, or any-
thing that one could think of which would make a showing, and, at any rate for a time, a little noise. But—and this was the unfortunate thing about the efforts and methods of those whom I might consider as belonging to the Country Party even before the Party existed and long after it had been forgotten—nothing that they sought to establish ever endured.

They began with a bang, and often ended with a crash. They died, and no one knew that they were dead until they were so very dead that only the historian could find out anything about what they had stood for. The merchants and leading politicians of Kingston (with whom lay the sympathy of the officials) were more fortunate or able; hence what they did usually had the seeds of a long life in it. Prominent among those things has been the Jamaica Mutual.

Among its first Directors was Edward Jordan, of whom we are hearing more in these days than we have done at almost any other time since his death nearly eighty years ago. I think, too, that another of its Directors, Henry John Beken, was a man who would be considered a democrat; he was the Kemble that became Custos of Kingston as Edward Jordan has become himself. Nor can we forget that Mr. Charles Darling, then a member of the House of Assembly, but afterwards Sir Charles Krishna, Governor of Jamaica, was a good friend of the Jamaica Mutual and assisted it greatly. Charles Darling was not, of course, a Jamaican, but it is evident that unless he had been of the official attitude of mind he would not have become Governor of Jamaica after having served in the local and still tumultuous House of Assembly.

Jamaica, in fact, in the 1840's was changing steadily in its attitude towards men and things, or perhaps one could say was becoming more clear-cut in its distinctions between men and their attitude towards public and also private matters. Jordan, for example, was known in those days as a coloured man. In these days, if one referred to his colour at all, he would probably be designated as a white man; even those who knew him differently—and they would not be many—would simply not dream of expressing their knowledge in words or in writing, of the matter at all. Jordan was not only one of the first Directors of the Jamaica Mutual, but was also its second Chairman. He became Chairman in 1861, which position he retained until he died in 1869. Of course by then he had been appointed a Companion of the Bath, and had been Mayor and Custos of Kingston, as well as the Island's First Secretary; what in those days we call the Colonial Secretary. But there was another Director of the Jamaica Mutual about whose parentage and origin there could be no doubt, and who must be taken as representing a certain type of the population then rapidly developing in wealth and significance.

Reference is here made to George William Gordon. Everybody in Jamaica knows that Gordon was hanged for sedition, though his guilt is more and more fiercely denied as time goes on, and was denied also by the Court that tried the man chiefly responsible for his death, Governor John Edward Eyre. Gordon was a mutiato: his father white, his mother black. He was possessed of a great deal of energy; he acquired a large amount of landed property for those days, even if he did not pay taxes. He was said to have died owing at least £40,000, which was more than equivalent to £100,000 today. Yet the fact that he could have become a Director of the Jamaica Mutual Life Assurance Society, while he was living, was a matter of respectfully and even enthusiastically in the then existing Jamaican Monthly Magazine (the editor of which was with the first and last the Jamaica Mutual, and represented it as though it were alive and flourishing) showed how the times were changing and money was of far more importance in Jamaica than blood alone.

Gordon, however, was hanged; the editor of the Magazine referred to went to prison for forgery; but the Jamaica Mutual stood unmoved amidst all these storms, representing as it did a sound business faculty undisturbed by political questions or any other question, although it actually did represent a change from the attitude of not so long ago when a missionary was considered to be a scoundrel by many dominant spirits in the island simply because he was a missionary when men fought for the Church simply because they felt that the Church stood for their interests and could not foresee the advent of an Emancipation. The Jamaica Mutual, however, must strive to make its great denomination not only a popular body amongst the very poorest classes of the country but a leader in religion and not primarily political work.

It would seem that the Jamaica Mutual a hundred years ago, was a very different country from the Jamaica of today so far as the temperament of its leaders, personalities, or the expression of that temperament, was concerned. This is affirmed by Colonel H. M. Burke, who joined the Jamaica Mutual as a lad in 1888, or over sixty years ago, and worked with it for many years. At the centenary meeting.
of the Society in April of this year, he mentions several names still familiar to living persons of sixty and over, men of position and influence who were identified with the Jamaica Mutual either as Directors or as large policy holders.

Two of these may be recalled. One was Mr. G. H. Pearce, who became head of the General Post Office, the other was Mr. A. C. Sinclair, the head of the Government Printing Office, and both of them were Jamaican.

I knew them both in my youth. They were said to be disputatious and even cantankerous individuals, and I think that Mr. Pearce especially merited these adjectives and was proud of them. But there were others even more belligerent and disputatious than these two, and they were all for "improving" the Jamaica Mutual, which perhaps, had they had their way, might have led to the early demise of the Society. But perhaps there was a sort of Genius or Providence directing the Society’s affairs, and certainly during the last thirty years of its existence those affairs have been conducted smoothly, quietly, peacefully; perhaps it is that as the responsibilities of the Jamaica Mutual grew, a sense of responsibility developed more and more in the minds and hearts of those charged with the conduct of its business.

I have said that it began with nothing. The arrangement actually was that should any policy become a claim by death on the Society end of that year there had been taken out fifty-three policies for a total of £31,450.

The amount increased the following year, it still further increased in 1846 and so on. Steadily it mounted upwards; by the close of 1861 the number of policies had risen to 439, and the total assurance in force to £176,512; and there were 909 policies representing a total insurance of £259,576 at the end of 1884. At the close of last year the Society’s policies, nearly 8,000, had a face value of £2,533,068, or a million pounds more than it stood at some nine years before.

Meantime the Society had had its share of natural vicissitudes and calamities. It had been housed at 10 Port Royal Street for about two decades when the great fire of 1852 swept down upon the building it occupied, and hundreds of others, reducing them to ashes. Port Royal Street was evidently a favourite site for business organisations of a certain type in those days, however, for we find the Mutual still housed in that thoroughfare, and at the same place, for many years in the future. Then a little past three on January 14th 1897, there was a rear which seemed to approach from the East, and the seemingly solid earth heaved and cracked, walls apparently built of substantial brick tumbled downwards like card houses, and, of course, the Jamaica Mutual’s building, not to create any feeling of jealousy, went with the rest.

But it was only partly destroyed. Some parts of it were left standing, and here it was decided that business should be conducted as much as usual as possible until the necessary certain floating balance in the Bank in order to meet any claims made. It provided too for a bonus to be paid to the policyholders every three years, and from this programme it has never deviated. It arranged for an investigation of its financial affairs every three years and found that what the bonus on the last three years and elections shall be. There have been times when this bonus has reached a considerable figure indeed; but this last war and the general reduction of interest and shrinkage of the normal field of investment it has affected the Ja.

Present Home of the Jamaica Mutual, in Barry Street, Kingston.
maica Mutual as it has every other like institution, bank and investor. Nevertheless, in spite of this, bonus year continues to be a good one with the Jamaica Mutual and is looked forward to by thousands of persons long before the actual date for the distribution of the bonus has arrived.

The Directorate of the Jamaica Mutual consists today of nine men, the Chairman and eight other Directors. A picture of these appears on page one of "Planters' Punch," the present Chairman, Sir Alfred H. d’Costa, coming first, with the Secretary, Mr. E. B. Nethersole, seated next to him. The first Directorate consisted of the following gentlemen: Alexander Barclay, Chairman; John Samuel Brown; James Davidson; Nathaniel K. Darrell; Henry Franklin; Edward Jordan; Henry John Kemble; Edward Charles Mowat; John Vincent Purrier; with Mr. Thomas Bland as the first Secretary. It will have been noticed that the number of persons comprising the first Directorate a hundred years ago is exactly the number the Directorate consists of today, and certainly James Davidson, if not born in Scotland, must have been of Scotch origin, while it is definitely known that John Samuel Brown was a Jamaican.

No person was eligible for insurance in the Jamaica Mutual unless he or she had resided for over two consecutive years in the Island, and even in the third, fourth and fifth year of residence there was an extra charge of £1 1/; on every £100 of insurance above the amount charged for the first two years. Perhaps it was then felt that the Jamaica climate was pestilential—which it was—but it gradually ceased to be that with the passage of the years, and today nothing whatever is heard about the local pestilential climate or conditions. The Society has always been fortunate too in its Chairmen: they always were men of high standing in the community. Here is a list of them from 1844 to the present time. Alexander Barclay; Edward Jordan, C.B.; Robert Russell, C.B., LL.D.; Henry Forbes Colthirst; Simon Samuel Pietersz; Francis B. Lyons; Sir John Pringle, K.C.M.G., M.B.; the Hon. Leonard DeCordova; Colonel A. H. Pinnoch; Sir Alfred H. d’Costa.

The late Archdeacon Downer was a Deputy Chairman and was actually offered the Chairmanship of the Society but declined it. In that same year he died. His son Hon. Lindsay P. Downer, O. B. E., is now the Deputy Chairman.

The Jamaica Mutual has had five Secretaries; its present Directors are, with the Chairman the Hon. Sir Alfred H. d’Costa, P.C., Hon. Lindsay P. Downer, O.B.E.; Deputy Chairman; the Hon. Sir William Morrison; Mr. Percy H. Lindo; the Hon. George Seymour, O.B.E.; the Hon. O. K. Henrique; Mr. Basil Parks; Mr. James Henderson; and the Hon. Rudolph Ehrenstein, who was called to the Board to succeed the late lamented Mr. Herbert G. DeKisser, C.M.G.

And it no longer meets in Port Royal Street, nor has done so for many a long year. Kingston was slowly being rebuilt after the earthquake of 1907, so the Jamaica Mutual built itself new offices; these it needed even though there had been no destruction of its property caused by the earthquake of 1907. For its staff had grown and the indications were that the staff would continue steadily to grow with the development of business. The number of its employees, from the Secretary downwards, is now 26, a very different showing from the one or two employees it possessed a hundred years ago. Its new building stands in Barry Street, facing the Cenotaph erected to the memory of the men of Jamaica who fell in the first Great World War. It has at last offices for the conduct of its business. The Society has always been conservative; it has never had to use any of its investments to meet calls upon its funds, and it has always been able to boast of the support of the Society public. It may be true that a prophet hath no honor in his own country, but a society like the Jamaica Mutual cannot say that it shares the usual fate of a local prophet. If progress in the community in which it was born without one shilling of subscribed capital be any proof of popular confidence, it has always enjoyed the confidence of the Jamaica people. And it always has remembered that the assistance of the small men is its primary duty, and that as much attention must be paid to one able to insure his life for only £50 as to the man who wishes to insure his life for £4,000, the maximum amount in these days.

Its ideal is to obtain the best medical examinations obtainable, the best medical referees, and courteous clerks to deal with the general public. This was its ideal a hundred years ago, and it has not changed. It is safe to say, therefore, after its hundred years of work and experience in the interests of the country, that this ideal will not change.

That it has a future even more satisfactory than its past has been is the general opinion both of people in Jamaica and outside of the country.
CHAPTER I

MR. SQUALLITONE BRINGS THE NEWS

I awoke startled. There was noise everywhere: in the house, in the street, in the neighbourhood. The servants, who for the first time in my life had been left to themselves, were whispering in the hall, perhaps planning a revolt. I tried to dress, but it was impossible. I went downstairs; the hall seemed to be on fire. I saw a man standing in the entry, smoking a huge cigar. He was Mr. Squallitone, the new manager of the Planters' Punch. He had been brought here in a kind of triumph, and I could tell from his manner that he was even more interesting to them than it was to their elders, because of its political basis, for politics now is everybody's business, and not merely the special interest of the few as was the case before. If anything, the story is more suited to the man of today than ever. It was written. For there was never a time when there was more talk of forms of Government for Jamaica — some of them drastically new. Mr. De Lisser anticipated them all years ago and went the length of making Jamaica a republic. The story, as may be guessed, is a humorous one, written in the author's best humorous vein.

Months before he died Mr. de Lisser had planned this issue of "Planters' Punch," and the first thing decided on was the republication of this story "Triunphant Squallitone," which was first published twenty-five years ago, and so may not be known to many readers. But his story is no less interesting to them than it was to their elders, because of its political basis, for politics now is everybody's business, and not merely the special interest of the few as was the case before. If anything, the story is more suited to the man of today than ever. It was written. For there was never a time when there was more talk of forms of Government for Jamaica — some of them drastically new. Mr. de Lisser anticipated them all years ago and went the length of making Jamaica a republic. The story, as may be guessed, is a humorous one, written in the author's best humorous vein.

I heard one voice of decidedly semi-masculine quality. "That's Mrs. Squallitone!" I exclaimed, "and she's taking it up to the chairman, and there was no mistaking that decreeing — that peremptory piece upon the stairs.

"Come now, that's somewhat unmindful in answer to a cup at my door," said Mrs. Squallitone, coming in. "He was a stout, white-bearded, red-faced, red-headed gentleman of tropical suns, with resonant voice and presence. He was a woman of character, very excitable in speech and action, and therefore, in a way, almost a man. Mrs. Squallitone was a thin sunburnt man of middle height; his eyes were pale-blue and vivacious; his nose an indeterminate form, his mouth large, his voice extraordinary. But he and his wife were of the same age, fourty-five. But Mrs. Squallitone, witnally, was the original character. He was a man with his out in existence, but as a beaver of impossible news. He was a man who had existed, having never actually existed as such. You are not a man of Squalitone, but you won't last long.

"Mr. Crooks," said Squalitone firmly, "I am the last man in the world to tolerate an affront unless it be in the arena of local politics, where of course, one expects to be insulted. But I cannot forget that you are Mrs. Squalitone's lodger, and that your bills are not regularly paid. Your regular payments cover a multitude of sins, and a man with a steady income must be allowed latitude of speech, especially when he believes that he is dreaming. But if you imagine you are dreaming, try not to have your money convincing yourself that you are very much as such. That will be difficult. In fact, if you listen you will hear enough to make sure that no one could remain asleep in such a house.

"There seemed a lot in this argument: I considered it a moment."

"A man might dream about noise," I said at length.

"Try something then. Stick yourself with a pin."

"Ah, yes," said I, "that might do." And I rose and went to the dressing-table for my scarf-pin.

Then it occurred to me that this test might be a painful one. To stick myself, even in sleep, might not be a pleasant experience. On the whole it was an experience to be avoided. Still, something had to be done. Why not stick Squalitone with the pin? The effect upon him would go far to convince me of my condition; if he continued to appear calmly he would be a nightmare that could not be got rid of until I awaken; for nightmare is not to be dissipated with pins. The idea seemed brilliant. I stooped down and jabbed the scarf-pin into the cowl of Squalitone's leg.

If you have had a violent earthquake you will have no conception of what happened at that moment. With a scream of agony he tore himself off in an instant, and made a rush at the door. He kicked over the chair as he went, breaking it to the floor, tore open the door, disappeared through it, slammed it behind him and went roaring down the stair.

The suddenness of his disappearance and the way he dressed made me shriek with laughter. Then I sobered suddenly. If I were really awake I had certainly done a very unkind thing. In the dressing-room the Fashion down-stars. Girtha voices exclaimed in wonder. Then I heard a voice of distinctly semi-masculine quality. "That's Mrs. Squallitone!"
which she expected me to observe, republic or no republic, she was once more in her ordinary frame of mind, and one evening, while I was down-stairs. The stairway from the upper storey led down into the dining-room; there I found Squail-
tone. He was just how I had made the alleged murderous attack upon him. I did not recognise the incident at all. He was, as I was expecting, that there was political motive behind his behaviour, and that my intention had evidently been to incapacitate him from taking a part in the political campaign which was now im-
pending: Squaitone saw nearly everything through political eyes, and his criminal intention was disposed to view even my insinuous self as a very fair opportunity for a let-off, and himself was always in the throes of a present, or future political contest, and a long record of unsuccess-
ful canvassing; I could see from the expressions of his face, and the attitude of his body or other had filled his soul with sus-
picion.

The girls were laughing heartily, for they knew their father well. It was their sense of humour and not their sympathy that he touched as he pathet-
ically described his agony of mind and body when he felt his leg pierced by a lethal weapon which, not wishing to embroil the matter with a small dam-
ger. He stopped in the midst of this recital as he caught sight of me, and the girls burst into another peal of laughter. I surveyed the group with becoming gravity.

"Well, Mr. Crooks," said Squail-tone, looking as if determined to retreat be-
hind hastily prepared defences if I should give indication of another attack upon him, "are you still of opinion that you can take this matter in hand?"

"I am not quite sure yet," I replied; "I am going down-town to see."

"Of course, I have no friends nor no doubts, Supporters, Men of the moment! Well, I am sorry we are like-
ly to be on opposite sides, and I don't know what will happen."

"And what side may yours be, Mr. Squail-tone?" I enquired.

"I can't say," he answered, "I know Bertha, the eldest girl, "Papa never quite knows what he is on till he is beaten, and then he is on the losing side."

"Never mind these girls, Crooks," said Squail-tone; "they have their joke at my expense now, but some day they will have to face their father, and I'm going to be a candidate for anything!"

"There is to be a candidate for," I replied dryly.

"There'll be lots of things; I'll tell you about them presently. But first you and I have got to come to an understand-
ning, and I don't like to keep you waiting too long. I'm just a little while ago that a stupendous change has taken place in the local political arena, and you stood by me with a — something. That looks like an expression of personal and poli-
tical animosity. But why personal? We have al-
ways been good friends. Why even political? We can surely work together. But I must have a clear under-
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"Well, not for much longer, then. My oppor-
tunities are closing. If you don't take a stand short-
ly, there will be no necessity for you to work in an office. And you two girls [addressing the older of the two] who are looking after — my father is not so young as he used to be, and as you were born to live, without having to help your mother to slave her life out. We shall short-
lly have to go out, and that's only taking of mind.

"And starve!" asked Bertha bluntly.

"When have you ever been in danger of starv-
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I don't think I'll do any work to-day; we shall shortly be in the throes of a general election, and I must keep my mind clear. Are you ready, Crooks?"

"Here Mrs. Squail-tone entered the room, and, to the solemn warning which I knew she was about to utter, I said to Squail-tone that I would start at once. We left the house together, turning our faces southwards. As we went along Mr. Squail-tone enlarged upon his plans."

The house in which Squail-tone lived was his own. He had inherited it as a young man, short-
ly after his marriage, and his wife had prevented him from parting with it, which, but for her, he certainly would have done. In earlier days he had been an accountant of good salary. But he had developed a taste for politics, and his remunerative voc-
tion did not agree with indulgence in public affairs. Some one had said that work interferes with pleasure, give up work. Mr. Squail-
tone's work gave him up. Even the mildest of employers could not tolerate a clerk, who would insist upon becoming an electioneer ing agent when he was otherwise occupied. The balance of power to deliver impromptu speeches could not be re-
strained during office hours.

So Squail-tone had drifted from position to po-

tion, the best-looking of them, and in sinking to a lower place every time. After a while he had ceased to be regularly employed by the Government, but补足内容。
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PLANTERS' PUNCH

HERBERT GEORGE DELISSER, C.M.G., was the founder of the famous Planter's Punch. This magazine was started in 1920 and is unique among journals of the British West Indies. Its contents are of a literary, a personal, an agricultural, an industrial, an economic and humorous character. As a writer of each of these aspects of life in the West Indies Mr. Delisser stood head and shoulders above his contemporaries. Not only was he the possessor of great stores of knowledge, but he was also the master of a style which made the dry bones of hard facts live and attract the attention of the most indifferent reader. Mr. Delisser's wit and appreciation of the humorous side of life made him a favorite among the people of the island. His "Random Jottings" which were written in the columns of newspapers such as the Jamaica Advertiser, were among the most popular in the island.

Jamaica, "Says Proudhon," and "Under the Sun" show that although Mr. Delisser could depict the serious and tragic side of life, he could also deal comically with it, and in his humorous writing he left an indelible mark on the history of Jamaica. His articles were enjoyed by people of all ages, and his writing was such that it was enjoyed by everyone, regardless of their social position or intellectual level.

As a journalist Mr. Delisser was acknowledged on all sides for his brilliant style, which was admired by all. He had a unique quality of writing that was admired by all, and his writing was such that it was enjoyed by everyone, regardless of their social position or intellectual level.

We believe the readers of this magazine will be pleased to learn that it is contemplated to continue its publication in the future.

The presence of a Scottish regiment or company in Pennsylvania may be called) of soldiers in our midst brings prominently to the forefront of discussion the question of lowering the age of military service and assigning such proportions before, for never has the present generation witnessed a number of soldiers in the ranks as the soldiers we have without the struggle. The sight has a different effect on the younger generation as it is more exciting and exhilarating. Others inspire it with curiosity. We are so accustomed to trou- ers, that we have given up anticipating any impression on the subject of the Scotch soldiers.

The Scotchmen wear kilts. The kilt is a skirt of sorts. It is short and exposes the knees to inspection. It is pleated and therefore in the fashion, for the ladies still pleat their dresses. When a Scotchman arises from his seat he passes his hands over his kilt exactly as a woman would pass her hands over her skirt to smooth it down; and the Scotchman is usually given the necessary picturesque touch that appeals to our colour sense.Curiously enough, these kilts have not been seen in Jamaica yet. In England, there is an ardent demand for the kilts. Among the throngs of Scotch soldiers who are being advocated. The idea is that we should wear "shorts" or breeches—the breeches do not give the same effect to the eye that the kilts do. The Scotchmen, when they return from their duties, go to the pub or the restaurant.

I have already mentioned that the Scotch soldiers are divided into two sections—those who are from Scotland and those who are from England. The Scotchmen are more formal in their manners, while the English are more informal. The Scotchmen are more reserved, while the English are more open and friendly.

The Scotchmen are also known for their bravery and their courage. They are not afraid to face danger and they will do whatever it takes to protect their country. The Scotchmen are also known for their loyalty and their devotion to their country.

The Scotchmen are also known for their sense of humour. They are not afraid to laugh at themselves or at others. The Scotchmen are also known for their love of the outdoors and their love of nature. They are also known for their love of music and their love of dancing.

The Scotchmen are also known for their love of food and drink. They are known for their love of whisky and their love of beer. The Scotchmen are also known for their love of good food and their love of good wine. The Scotchmen are also known for their love of good company and their love of good friends.

The Scotchmen are also known for their love of the countryside. They are known for their love of the fields, the forests, and the mountains. The Scotchmen are also known for their love of the sea and their love of the ocean. The Scotchmen are also known for their love of the sun and their love of the sky.

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ed a spurrier but I am convinced it is a survival of the fig leaf. It has ceased to be a necessity—the trousers and the kilt have superseded the fig leaf. So it has become an ornament and we call it a spurrier. If the Highlander were, through some misfortune, suddenly stripped of his kilt, he could still feel that he was protected by his spurrier; it would be better than nothing; he could shelter behind it for a while. The Scots are a most radical but also a most conservative race; they change, but they keep what has been proved to be good. A Scotman, therefore, if he wears a kilt, would never think of going into Society without his spurrier. He never knows what may occur and so he prepares against the worst.

OUR GRIEVANCES

It is when an election is approaching that the people begin to realize what they have, but which most of them have apparently never fully realized. That is why I always read the addresses delivered at election meetings. I have a burning desire to be informed of all the disabilities from which I and my fellow-citizens suffer. I don't live in No. 4 Urban Ward—at least I don't think so. I am not sure, for I have never had a political degree, but my life is interesting; it puzzles the very life out of me. But I do know now that No. 4 Urban Ward possesses no political existence; there is no life in it; one should have, for I have been told so by many public men of influence. And I am very properly indignant.

A LITTLE MISTAKE?

There was a political meeting, or an electioneering meeting, or something of some sort, in No. 4 Urban Ward on Friday night last, and the Rev. Morris Abadiid presided. In introducing the Rev. gentleman the first speaker said that they were proud of him. "He had always been connected with the different denominations in that Ward, labouring for the uplift of humanity. He had steadfastly held the public humanity is such a mighty work, one requiring such wonderful energy."

I would like to call attention to a mistaken charge that any man who undertakes it must have my respect. But surely the introducer claimed too much for the Rev. gentleman, for I am not one to praise the Rev. Abadiid, for I do not see how one man can be misjudged with all the others; unless he has gone from one to the other of them, changing his faith slightly in the process so as to accommodate himself to each religious creed and atmosphere? And even then he could not claim a present connection with all of them; their names are legion, and one of them he clearly must be a has. However comprehen-

sive may be the religious sympathies and activities of the Rev. Abadiid, therefore, I fancy that the first speaker at last Friday's meeting allowed his enthusiasm to lead him too far. But no harm has been done. Neither politics nor religion has suffered.

THOSE HEAVY SALARIES

Mr. Abadiid himself delivered a most stirring address. He has read and he is very good at it. Among the several things he has done by way of uplift, Mr. Abadiid has served as a member of the City Council, and now he says that, having been a member of the old City Council, he "knows the interior of the Government. Such secrets and intimate knowledge of the interior must be a great help to anyone in discovering the sinfulness and weakness of the Government, who, of course, will strive to cloak them before the face of the almighty populace. Another point touched upon by the Rev. chairman was most interesting; it was that money is being wasted by "the paying of big salaries." I have never seen an objection to big salaries. He wouldn't accept one himself. He is a believer in Sparrow; working the love of the work, in eschewing all but what is strictly necessary to life. Many other of our public

men, especially Members of Parliament, are often in want of the money, take much the same view; unfortunately the men who have to work the love of the work, are a most unremunerative desire for big salaries. What then are we to do? The problem seems insoluble and I do not pretend to undertake themselves the technical jobs that have to be carried through.

STILL ON THE WATER.

Passing to more particular matters, Mr. Abadiid announced that Mr. Fernandez "had borne the burden of lack of water as they had done." Who is his suggestion? I have never heard of Fernandez having had to go without water? The "burden of lack of water" is carried very lightly by some persons: many women do it without any burden. Still, lack of water is a serious evil, and I am delighted to see that all the talk about a general provision for water may serve some useful purposes besides those of cooking and washing the clothes. We are told that the question is looked upon from no merely culinary point of view. I also endorse the Abadiid's appeal to the peoples-ery and amalgamate. I don't quite see myself how they are going to amalgamate, but I want them to do it. As he told his audience, they were "people whose faculties were high." So, no doubt, they know how to amalgamate. I gather, they will elect the right and proper representatives to the Mayor and Corporation. They will also obtain a larger number of gas-lamps, if they have any at present, and a small pension if they can get a bit of one.

AND EVEN THE ANGELS.

The next speaker was Mr. Gore, he who won to fame recently by climbing "in a righteous cause." He spoke of lighting facilities and the lack of them in No. 4 Urban Ward, as of course any man would do who was partial to gas lamps.

I like his speech—the report of it I read. It was plain, simple and to the point. He told his hearers the tale of a city of gas lamps; but they must now arise and shine for the light has been given them. I have no doubt they could not have meant that. For the general complaint is that there is not a sufficiency of gas lamps, that the city is airless, and that, by virtue of these speeches being being delivered; there are not enough gas lamps either for the giving of light, or the breathing of air. Mr. Gore is a bit檀tant. This appears to be the case, in spite of Mr. Gore's assertion, the light is not coming. But that need not prevent the people from following his exhortation to arise and shine. In the absence of a gas lamp the human eye might afford a little illumination. In the absence of gas from coal, the gas of romantic might become the symbol of life. It is true, like all the other things, Mr. Gore is his certainty and his extraordinary range of information. Thus he asserted on Fri

Admitting too much.

Without wishing to be censorious, I must say that Mr. Logan's address disappointed me. Jamaica produces a brand of eloquence all her own, and a very little of it goes a long way. But Mr. Logan allowed his eloquence to lead him to say that, if he had been in power, he would hardly be made, and should even be denied. For instance, he would have "the understanding that "he understands that thirty fire boxes have been ordered, and that he hopes that some of them will be in Robertson Place by the end of the month, and that the manufacturers, coming forward as a candidate, has awakened the fears of the serious grievances thereon which have not been able to receive water bountifully will do so at an early date." That the eyes of the Government have been awakened I am delighted to hear, but I don't quite make out what the Government! has to do with the administration of municipal affairs. But when people are told that, as the eyes of the Government are already awakened, there would be a yet received water bountifully will shortly do so, I am inclined to think that some of those people— I mean the members of the City Council who have not already accomplished his work by mere- ment's eyes. This might cause them to be bale toward going to the polls some time in Nov

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said that she was very properly treated, because she ought never to have looked back. But why ought she not to have looked back? Come to think of it, she did a most natural and very popular thing. She was a woman with a grateful, affectionate mind; she had the right spirit. Yet she became salt. I ask you was that quite fair to her?

A HUMAN WOMAN.

But of course you are prejudiced. You have been taught up to believe that God's wife did nothing wrong. Of course she did: which is what any right-thinking, right-thinking, right-thinking, right-thinking person and member, we have never had the facts set out by any friend of ours: we have only heard one side of the story. Now I put it to you: you were a young woman of, say, not more than about thirty or thirty-two years of age, for they married very early in those days. She had a pleasant time in Sevon, even though the people were wicked. She herself was not wicked, and her family, which included Abraham, were highly respectable people. They had all prospered; they worked and formed a merry, devil-may-care society, morally reprehensible but socially (no doubt) quite charming and affable. The city was pleasantly laid out; it was the sort of place where one could be happy, and Lot's wife had enjoyed the years spent there. Then came the word that she and her family must flee. They depart; fire flies from heaven on the cities and they begin to go down in flames. The lady's heart is touched; she is very human; she cannot but feel sorry for some of the girls and women she used to know. They are dying: involuntarily she turns to cast a last look of farewell in their direction. And at once she becomes a pillar of salt.

KINGSTON AN ILLUSTRATION

But, you will say, the reason why she looked back was because she regretted having to leave the city. Well, suppose that was the reason. Did it merit a solemn punishment? Take Kingston, which many people say is the wickedest city in the world. A family lives here for years, criticizing the gambling about us, the mixing with us, and enjoying our hospitality. That family is suddenly called away. It realises that, after all, it has not had such a bad time here, and perhaps it begins to depend upon members of that family that nowhere else are they likely to be so handsomely treated and entertained. There are many cases like this. They have always said that they would be glad to leave Jamaica, and now they are going at last; yet they (however superior in moral feeling) see the water-front of Kingston receding and the town growing small, will not they give just a little glance of regret, or affection, or something decent before it is too late, then disappearing city and looming hills, seen perhaps for the last time? Now imagine something worse. Imagine those people most safely on the ship and the ship in flames. However much they may have curbed Javanaica, can they not wish that they will not gaze upon our fate heat-stricken and with tears in their eye? They may say that we deserve our end (which is my opinion) but, like Lot's wife, they will give us that last pitying. Shall we think less or more of them for that?

DID SHE DISOBEDY?

But, you argue, that Lot's wife was disobedient. She was told not to look backwards and she disobeyed. And so got more salt that she had ever bargained for. You may say that she disobeyed the Lord and ought to have been, as she was, severely punished. Now just hear me suggest that you stop! Don't you talk about being punished for disobeying the Lord, for that is what you do every day and yet expect to wear a crown in heaven. Besides, how do we know that Lot's wife thought she was disobeying the Lord? Who informed her that she must not look back? Her husband, or cousin Abraham, or someone else; and the good lady knew that these gentlemen were always claiming to be in personal communication with the Lord, and might easily get mixed up a bit. She believed, of course, that they did get word from the Lord now and then; but sometimes they gave their own views and said they were the views of the Lord—we all more or less imagine that we are inspired even when we are saying the most ordinary things. They being human beings, wife must have caught them tripping at times; consequently, although one or more of them had told her not to look back leaving the city, she did not regard this as a divine injunction at all. And even if her act were one of disobedience, it was such a natural, even generous, act, that I contend she must not be condemned for it. I stand today as a defender of her character.

WE MUST LOOK BACKWARD.

When I am told that it is no use looking backward, no use regretting the past. I want to know what the past—does not look backward. But, whatever, my detractors may say, I am not a rabbit. The past is our life.

The present is but a moment; the future—there may be no future. Think of it. The past is our life. Am I not to glance back at it, especially (as I may imagine) I am leaving it for ever; am I not to find in it that which was sweet and worthy and of good report, as well as much that was regrettable? The idiot that tells you "press onward! forget what is behind! my only rest is talking as an idiot should; but who wants to be an idiot? I want to be a philosopher, to be the echo of my own life. I have, unlike Lot's wife, thought of it.

I want to see the conflagration of my dead hopes. I wish to drop a tear on the grave of my buried illusions. Was it a Punishment?

And now that I think of it! am I sure, are you sure, that Lot's wife was punished? May she not have been highly rewarded for that sweet, wasted act of leaving forever, for that kindly, yearning, tearful, long lost look that she cast at the home where she had lived so long? Let us think it out. She was not burnt to death. She was not stricken down with paralysis to linger miserably until the inevitable end overtook her. No; at once she became a pillar of salt. Now salt is a preservative. It is used for corned beef. It flavours and savours almost everything. Why, in the East, you are given salt—and the Lot family lived in the East—you will always be well treated: a covenant has been entered into with you: a covenant of amity and mutual assistance. "He hath eaten of my salt" is a word of high social and moral significance; still, indeed, has a mystic as well as a physical quality. And this most precious, most symbolic of substances did Lot's wife become. Surely there is a hidden meaning here.

JUSTICE AT LAST.

She was the one person who, with what in these days we call Christian love, looked back in pity and regret at the doomed city. And because that fine action on her part it was probably allowed her to escape, but not to perish as it deserved. She became glorified. That is, she became safeguarded. She was preserved from an ordinary death. She did not lose her salvation; she was all awash. There she stood a glittering white pillar of substance so highly prized and revered in the East; and as they afterwards passed that pillar of salt would make obeisance and say: "There is Mrs. Lot. A fine woman that. She's got a monument such as we can never hope

(Continued on Page 16)
Triumphant Squilitone

(Continued from Page 8)

such as get up to church with a commendable degree of regularity, behaving properly and decorously, changing their clothes in the evenings, offering kola and cake to visitors at least once a week, singing in the piano at a modulated tune of voice, keeping their garden in order, and criticizing their neighbours with that amount of asperity which only truly respectable people can show. When a stranger came into the neighbourhood, there was considerable anxiety as to his standing in society; for it was felt that an amiable resident would reflect discredit on it. If he happened that the newcomer was not "quite the thing," the older inhabitants would wonder what the neighbourhood was coming to, and would deplore this evidence of its further degeneration. From this it appeared that degeneracy had set in some time before, and that the neighbourhood had once been the delight of very select persons, who had submitted to an invasion of lesser persons against their will.

Ten years before, Squilitone had been one of the select. He was scarcely that now. But his wife and daughters still maintained the old standard, and their virtues covered his sins, which, if not forgiven, were sometimes ignored. He was a failure, and failure cannot be light; excused in a progressive world. Squilitone, if the truth must be told, would have been much happier in modest circumstances, according to his natural aspirations. But Mrs. Squilitone firmly sat in the saddle of her position; she was not to be driven from her pedestal by the convenience of paying guests. The two bedrooms on the lower story were occupied, one by Squilitone and his wife; the other and much larger one (partitioned into two smaller ones) formed the parlor of the residence. There was a drawing room, in front of which was a verandah; a passage leading from the drawing room took you into the dining room. There was a second bedroom, a parlor. Mrs. Squilitone's bedroom, and opened on the yard. The rental value of this house was between five and six pounds a month, and with its little garden, and the locality in which it was situated, it was generally considered a desirable residence, cool, quiet and eminently respectable.

Mrs. Squilitone had three paying guests. There was myself; the other two were young men, Englishmen both, who had joined the family about a year before the date at which this record was taken. Henry Gresham, the elder of the two young men, worked in a large commercial house down-town, where he was gaining experience in Colonial trade and commerce. He had a little money of his own; his salary was three hundred pounds a year; and it was whispered that ten years hence, when he would be thirty-eight, he might be promoted to the upper ranks of his profession. Mrs. Squilitone had already started to the young man to look out for his own interests. She was a handsome fellow, with a straight, strong nose, well-formed chin, pleasant grey eyes and a mass of dark hair of which he seemed to be proud. He wore glasses, which gave him rather a distinguished appearance. He was otherwise about twenty-four years of age, fairly good-looking, but with none of that distinction of appearance which made Henry a "very good-looking man" at more than once. Augustus Ferguson rose in the Government Service. I think Squilitone was strong of opinion that the Government was going to be a couple of years' time he would make a desirable husband for her second daughter, Margaret. Henry Gresham, she had her eyes down for Bertha. But in her way she was a wise woman, and not by word or deed did she ever let it be revealed that she had seen through the pretensions of others.

I was friendly with everybody in the house; indeed, I made it the rule of my life to be friendly to everybody I knew, as far as possible. Mrs. Squilitone sometimes confided her troubles to me. She had had a hard struggle to make two ends meet, and in later years the educating of her younger daughters had sometimes presented itself in the light of a problem. Squilitone's earnings varied from one pound to two pounds a week now, with a decided tendency to an average of shillings. It was a good thing for them that the Squilitone had no house rent to pay; even as it was, the financial battle had to be waged incessantly. I sometimes, having a small but certain income, acted as banker to Mrs. Squilitone, to steady her dollar and dimes when bills had to be met; and I must say that she was fairly punctual in repayment. To Squilitone I lent nothing, after some experience of his habits as a debtor. I never knew a man who, when he made a promise, failed to keep it; his code of honour, in this regard, was of the highest. But it remained for me to discover whether his words and deeds were in accord. Various sums of five shillings advanced to him during the first two years of our acquaintance had been met, and I noticed that whenever Squilitone referred to the amount of his indebtedness, which he had talked about after every six months, he deducted something from the total. This was pure absent-mindedness; at the same time a creditor does not like his money to be paid merely by effusion of time. In the ordinary course of events, a debt grows by the accumulation of interest; a friend Squilitone system it was peddled out simply by the passage of years.

I never lent Squilitone money now, and he had ceased to borrow, or even to hint at borrowing. Of course, the girls knew nothing about this; perhaps they would learn when they were older, for it would have humiliated them. Indeed, I am sure that Bertha would almost have starved herself to repay me.

For about a year she had been working at a wage of thirty shillings a week in a dress shop. She was teaching her sisters shorthand, and Margaret would soon be going out to work. Maria, the youngest, was the most in need. Mrs. Squilitone had to go home to help her mother, but with two daughters working the financial situation would be little improved. My wish, however, was that the girls should marry well; I shared Mrs. Squilitone's desires to the full in this respect. Gresham and Ferguson were two men I had thought, and though Squilitone might not be the most desirable of fathers-in-law, still he would be a good provider. We shall see how many of the young men were never borrowed money from the young men; some of them had already made their minds up to it by the time they were over twenty. I saw in my own feelings, effectually prevented that. He and I were middle-aged, and did not, as he probably was, have any plans or plans to be peaceable. I guessed them; but an elderly unmarried man may well be wrong in his estimate with some insight into motherly naure.

When I got home after my experiences related in the preceding chapter, I had little difficulty in scoring the likely progress of events. So far, there had been no change worth speaking of. He was still the same outbreak, and the people did not seem to realise what had happened, the Government continued to govern as before; an uprising, such as police in tropical republics are apt to have, did not seem to have a political significance which employs them. But, of course, the Republic had still to be officially proclaimed. And there was already a press candidate for the presidency. In a day or two, then, we might witness some extraordinary changes.

I wondered what Chaloner would have to say to Squilitone, who had parted from me down-town to go and see him. Squilitone had denounced Chaloner as knowing no algebra, and this was a severe indictment from his point of view. Chaloner had, like a true Englishman, and some major local politicians, held himself free to change his mind according to his fancy; and at all surprised at his turning to Chaloner as the only means by which to change his political or social position which he had so long and so vainly sought. I determined to ascertain from him that he was going to meet with the greatest of the earliest opportunities.

I remained in my room all the afternoon; only when my bride was thirty did I go down. We soon were all at the dinner-table and in our rooms. Mrs. Squilitone had, her husband at the foot, Margaret and Alice on either side of me, and Bertha sitting between the two beautiful girls. The third girl, Martha by name, was in attendance. I noticed that Martha was a very graceful and beautiful girl; Mrs. Squilitone, always somewhat stern and unapproachable, in dinner was more than usually unapproachable. Soup was served. The Squilitone soups were a concession to the popular: dorie of two or more courses at dinner, and were probably intended to have the taste of the appettite towards the end of lunch. The latter weeks of the month they were good; during the last six or seven days they languished for lack of sustaining meat and vegetables. Soup was composed of water. At this period of the month Mr. Squilitone was always abundantly busy with the men, with relish, as something exceptionally good in the way of food. The young men of the house from the kitchen were all busy discussing the startling news of the day. They seemed to think it a joke. "We shall hear nothing of Miss Margaret being married, has been some mistake in the telegrams and that there will be no change of Government in Jamaica.

"Could you expect any hing else?" asked Bertha, tossing her pretty head.

"Father doesn't quite believe the news." They were all corrected, or mistook my dear," said her father gravely. "We are a new republic, or shall be in a couple of days. We are in the thrones of a new queen, and we have a very important part. I am already moving."

"Then I wish your'd be careful how you move," observed Mrs. Squilitone, "for Mr. Gresham, Martha; Mr. Penrose, won't you have some rice? I hope you will be careful, for a republic is a pretty risky institution. Like yourself, like you can onlylegibly admit that safely with a well-established check. Long may the British Government in Jamaica, you can do and say anything almost; it seems to encourage. Can you do anything in the Republic is established, that you have a family?"

"I shall be part of the Government," my love, said Squilitone. "No harm for no good for.

"Ah, Squilitone!" I sternly...

"May I ask—Martha, do you want to drop that dish? You will if you hand it over to a young man who is not going to be a nice thing for Jamaica to become like Haiti?"
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"In Hayti, my dear," replied her husband, "the political situation is entirely different. It may indeed be said, that there is no political situation in Hayti; there is only a military situation there. The army dominates everything. The Haytian Army consists of about sixteen generals to every private soldier, and that disturbs the equilibrium of the social order. In Jamaica we shall probably have no army at all."

"Let us hope not," said Bertha; "but I thought that all republics had armies, more or less ragged."

"They have worse than armies," said Mrs. Squillatone. "They have equality. Perhaps your father thinks it would be a pleasant thing for some General Pigs or other to marry his daughters, he seems so fond of this republican idea. But in my opinion any country that can have people in it with the name of Pigs and Peter Sam should not be allowed to continue independent."

"But we have no Pigs in Jamaica," her husband ventured to remark. "Pigs is entirely a Haytian name and General Peter Sam had a distinguished career in his own country. I believe he was assassinated."

"We shall have Pigs in Jamaica if we have a republic," Mr. Squillatone, answered his wife. "If we have a republic we must have equality, and if we have equality we shall have Pigs, and they will want to marry into respectable families."

The lady said this with the air of one who has concluded a logical demonstration.

"Well," said Mr. Squillatone tentatively, "Chalkner is hardly a man who would not be considered respectable; he is one of our distinguished men. Besides," he added, as if this disposed of his wife's objections to a republic, "Chalkner is already married."

Mrs. Squillatone was curving a round of corned beef, and it must be said, as a testimony to that great woman's fixity of purpose, that not even the thought of her husband's causing her to relax in her effort to reduce the obdurate mass before her to slices of respectable thinness. But Mr. Squillatone's semi-championing of Mr. Chalkner could not fail to affect the firmest character, Mrs. Squillatone's attitude towards that gentleman being considered. Martha, the new servant, was allowed for one full minute to do exactly what she pleased around that table.

I saw Bertha's brow go up in indignant astonishment. A peculiar look passed over Harry Gresham's face. There was silence for a space, in the midst of which the slices of corned beef were passed to each of us with rigorous impartiality.

Then Mrs. Squillatone spoke.

"Is it Mr. Chalkner a candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Squillatone?"

"Yes," I replied, wishing to take some part in the conversation; "I heard at the office of the Telegraph Circular."

Mrs. Squillatone ignored me. "And may I ask if you intend to support Mr. Chalkner, Mr. Squillatones?"

"How could papa do such a thing?" demanded Bertha indignantly. "Papa must remember that he and his friends have something to do with a man like that. And he knows that at least half of the people here don't know who they are and where they meet us anywhere. Support him, indeed! Who is he that should be anything in Jamaica?"

"There is no doubt about it, Mr. Squillatone," said Mrs. Squillatone with ominous calm. "Well, my dear," said Squillatone hesitatingly, "as a public man I am bound to be moved only by public considerations. Private matters and social questions are not nice and pleasant places to interest demand it. But I am pledged to nothing, and of course I shall take your objections into consideration. Mrs. Chalkner and her daughter will have to be polite to you in future. In a republic we have equality, with a view to modifying Gresham's praise of Chalkner and also to remind the young man, that he, Squillatone, was a classical scholar.

"Even if he had studied the classics, and every other language," said Mr. Squillatone, "that would make no difference to me. Mr. Chalkner may be wealthy, he can't be a scholar."

"Ellas Chalkner thinks herself better than we are," said Margaret.

"Let her think what she likes," said Mrs. Squillatone. "I have never approved of your father's political ideas; I have never seen that he has got out of it, and I know he has lost a lot by working for this ungrateful country. But if he succeeds again, "and they rail at his ambitious," I will say that he has not altogether wasted his time and education on public affairs.""

"Well, you know," said Harry Gresham peacefully, "I don't think Chalkner a bad sort at all. You are a little hard on him, I think. Mrs. Squillatone."

"Do you know him?" asked Bertha, glancing at Harry.

"Slightly. I have met him once or twice in business, and I met him the other night at the Chisholms'."

"Was Elia there?" asked Bertha quickly.

"Yes, both her and her mother. Mr. Chalkner introduced me to them. He invited me to spend an evening at his home, in fact, this evening, I think."

"Oh, it doesn't matter at all," said Bertha pouted. "We expect such things; people who have come down in the world must expect them. I am sorry, if we have said anything to your friends; of course we couldn't know—"

"But you have said nothing," interrupted Gresham "and they are really not friends of mine; merely acquaintances."
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CECIL B. FACEY LIMITED.
168 HARBOUR STREET,
KINGSTON.

"I see," said Bertha coldly.

If the corned beef was a true test before, it was untenable now. Of a sudden the Chalkner influence had invaded that united household and threatened to prove disruptive. Young Perowne became moody. He was a nice young man, but he naturally felt that he too might fittingly aspire to be recognised in the higher society; yet he had never been invited to the Chisholms', and though he had often met Mr. Chalkner, that gentleman had never once expressed the desire to have him as a guest. Mrs. Squalitone thought of Mrs. Chalkner with her two motor cars, her carriage, her beautiful house a few miles out of Kingston, and her daughter. And Bertha thought also of Ellen Chalkner, the girl who had been at school with her, who had been sent to Kingston to finish that education which had only been superficially begun; a girl who had wealth, society, good looks too, and a father who could do so much for Harry Gresham.

As for the younger girls they wondered, I felt sure, whether Harry would care for their circle in future if he became a friend of the Chalkners; and I, though of course not affected by all these petty considerations, was conscious of a dislike for the very name of Chalkner. Mr. Squalitone was silent. I suspected that he was kindly disposed towards Chalkner just now, but desperately afraid lest his wife should have some inking of his feelings. Harry Gresham realised that, with his entrance into the Chalkner circle, he had struck something of an alien in that reduced but respectable home.

We finished dinner in silence. I made some attempt to discuss the prospects of the Republic, but the new social danger pressed more upon my mind than any impending political change. The latter we could not bring ourselves to regard in a serious light. But it was indisputable that Harry was going to spend that evening with the Chalkners.

Bertha reddened and paled by turns. I had guessed her secret before; I knew it now. Harry had paid her attention, nothing extraordinary, so far as I could see, but they had pleased her; and if you throw a young man and young woman together and both are eligible what can be the one of them that should fall in love with the other? Harry, having greater opportunities for meeting people, could think of the several girls he knew, as a butterfly flits from flower to flower. But Bertha knew intimately but few young men, and none of the others could bear comparison with Harry. She had kept her feelings well under control; now she controlled her feelings very well, though she could not prevent those flushes passing over her face. But I watched her keenly, with the privilege of an elderly man. And as I liked Bertha and had made up my mind that she was going to marry Harry Gresham, I was more convinced than ever that Mr. Chalkner was not a man who should be President of the coming Jamaica Republic. I felt that Mrs. Chalkner had set up meanly in pressing Harry to go and see them. I began to determine to oppose Chalkner.

"Crooks," said Squalitone suddenly as we sat alone on the verandah that night, "I have determined to sacrifice my political inclinations and work for Chalkner. I will make the sacrifice! Nothing is too much to do for my family. The girls must marry, and unless their social position improves, whom are they to marry? Can a man and a father allow his daughters to share the fate of a poor and respectable man? Should he not make sacrifices for his offspring? I have made up my mind to do it; I have seen Chalkner—just for a moment: he couldn't spare me any time. There is a meeting at his principal place of business tomorrow, and I and other leading politicians of this city will wait upon him there to persuade and press him to come forward to save the Republic; he has arranged everything. Chalkner will do nothing for me—nobody else is likely to do so. I embrace Chalkner as a last resort—for the sake of my girls. I will not boast about it, Crooks, but, somehow, I feel that I am a martyr.

I looked at the hypocrite keenly: "And what will Mrs. Squalitone and the girls say?" I asked.

"They must know nothing about it, Crooks; at least, not yet. The secret must be kept from them as long as possible, though, of course, with the newspapers at work, it is certain to leak out. Women don't understand politics, and it is only when they see me in a good position that they will realise all that I have done for them. Perhaps if the passing of warrants had remained a lucrative calling I would not have sunk to the level of Chalkner. But even a public man has to think of his children."

"So you are going to meet Chalkner to-morrow?" I asked.

"Yes, publicly; and you can go with me. I hope you will go: give me your moral support."

CHAPTER V

MR. CHALKNER CONSENTS

On the upper storey of a large building in the city was one of Mr. Chalkner's offices; it was a large room, capable of accommodating some five hundred persons standing, and it was there that Mr. Chalkner had decided to meet the deputation which was to impress upon him that it was his duty to come forward and save the Republic. It was not quite obvious what the Republic was to be

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RANDOM JOTTINGS

(Continued from Page 11)

for; that shows what unsocialness can lead to."

These old people were right; but the generations succeeding them entirely misunderstood all the circumstances relating to Lot's wife, and have cruelly misrepresented her. Happily, I am here to do her justice.

A GLORIOUS SPECTACLE!

As for Lot and his two daughters, all I have to say of them is that they paid a slavish regard to the doctrine of Safety First. All that they thought about was getting away as quickly as possible to a place of refuge. They did not walk, they ran; I don't believe they even knew when Mrs. Lot, to the eternal glory, became a pillar of salt. They were so selfish that they never glanced at her; to have done so would have been to look back, and we have every reason to believe that Lot never looked back once. I have an idea that he did not get on very well with Mrs. Lot. A word or two about his history convinces me that he was given to drink, and of course his wife didn't like that at all. So when he was running away, he might have wished that something would happen to her; and when he had arrived at a safe place and found she had been left behind, he probably was not at all sorry. As for the girls—well, we all know how selfish young people often are. The least we say about those two the better. I do not want to be scandalous. But my duty, as Mrs. Lot's latest biographer, compels me to put the case for her in its right perspective. She was an excellent woman, one of the best, and I hold her up for general admiration—a white, glorious, shining pillar of salt, which might easily be taken for marble or alabaster.
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Triumphant Squalitone

(Continued from Page 16)

be saved from, or by whom it was threatened; in- deed, it was by no means evident that there was as great a threat in the Republic as in the country. But it was the opinion of many that the still non-existent Republic was in urgent need of salvation, and, according to Squalitone, Chalkner himself had arranged that he should be persuaded to become its saviour.

Nor did Chalkner yield to allow the golden moment to escape him. At ten o'clock this morning he was at his office; and Squalitone and I were among the first to present ourselves to him. He appeared somewhat surprised to see us; he appeared to me to be somewhat surprised, it was, presumably, a morning of surprises for him. Apparently, he was ignorant of the purpose of everybody's visit. Squalitone had persuaded me to accompany him, and pointed out that that bound me to nothing. From Squalitone's conversa- tion on our way down, I had gathered that Mr. Chalkner was delighted to have such a man as Squalitone on his side; but from Chalkner's recep- tion of Squalitone, I could not but conclude that the great man managed to conceal his delight with perfect lack of effort. I was astonished on my part, to be greeted very cordially by Mr. Chalkner, who observed that he had seen nothing from my pen in the "Daily Magnifier" of late, and that he always read my letters and special articles with peculiar pleasure.

As I looked round the fast-filling room, and noticed all sorts and conditions and complex- ions of men gathering to do homage to Chalkner, it came to me that the popular opinion, that the highest tradition in the Republic was open to every- one, was the greatest fallacy ever entertained. It may be so in America, which is a country of strange possibilities. It is not so in the West Ind- ians or in South Central America where com- pliments, chipmunks are not the men to allow and have always counted for almost everything, and where the theory of liberty, equality and fraternity is tempered by practical considerations. So here we were this morning, all ready to proclaim Mr. Chalkner somewhat surprised to see everyone of the richest men in the country, and one of the most successful.

I had met him before. But I looked at him closely now. I thought I improved under a penetrat- ing inspection. He was a tall, thin man, with a suave manner and gentlemanly appearance. His enemies said he was not a gentle- man, but certainly he looked very much like one. He had aquiline features, his eagle nose denoting energy, his prominent chin and firmly compressed lips, bespeaking strength of character. He was a man born for success. And he could make a pleasant impression on those who met him. I confess that I appreciated his reference to my writings; he must have read them or, surely, he could not have spoken about them. I revised my early opinion of Mr. Chalkner.

We sat in the rear of the room, so placed that while sitting at it he could see anyone that entered at the opposite side. The first oilers that morning had found him at work, as though he had expected no deputation. When more peo- ple had arrived, he went amongst them express- ing wonder at this demonstration. Had he heard of it? Oh yes, something had been said to him about it, but he had not taken it seriously, could not bring himself to believe it. They were jest- ing! Hadn't they seen that morning's paper? An- other man, as well as himself, had been suggested for the Presidency. That man, and not he, would surely be the popular choice.

He was right about the appearance of a rival candidate. In two anonymous letters in the "Daily Magnifier," the name of Mr. William Bloodstoll had been mentioned in terms of the warmest appreciation. Bloodstoll was another of our distinguished men, and his friends were busy on his behalf. But he and they were slower than the Chalkner party, and that already had put them at some disadvantage. Mr. Bloodstoll had been mentioned in the editorial columns of "The Magni- fier" as well as Mr. Chalkner. The "leader" drew the country's attention to the appearance of these two gentlemen in the political arena, it spoke of both in terms of appreciation. It appeared that each one possessed to the full the qualities which the other seemed to lack. The conclusion a stranger would draw was that the country would be wise to elect both of them as President. The truth was, of course, that "The Magnifier," with that political talent, was carefully hedging, was waiting to see which way the cat would unmistakably jump before coming out for one or the other candidate. It concluded by firmly adjuring the country to rally to the side of the man who would do most for the Republic, but gave no hint as to whom it considered that man. At this point Mr. Chalkner, in a formal campaign, had said that thoughtful persons felt that "The Magnifier" was handling the situation with masterly ability.

"Well, gentlemen, to what do I owe the honour of this call?" asked Mr. Chalkner, when he believed that everybody who was coming had now arrived.

"Hear, hear!" cried Squalitone enthusiastically, and a number of elected officials, who look- ed upon elections as the harvest-time of their lives, glanced at one another in an ecstasy of ad- miration. They wished to signify that, in their opinion, Mr. Chalkner had struck just the right note, with that "infinite art" with which all sove- reigns, princes of the blood and prospective presi- dents are born, according to the newspapers.

A well-known public man, orating on Mr. Chalkner's question, now stepped in front of a group of gentlemen with whom he had been in consultation, and held up his hand for silence.

The audience waited breathless.

"Mr. Chalkner," began the speaker, "Jamaica has entered upon a new era."

I knew the words before he uttered them. He was a very popular speaker, a leader of thought, and he had distinctly perceived the dawn of at least half a dozen new eras in the course of a dozen years. He could not possibly fail to perceive this one, and had naturally, to mention it.

"A new era, which we view with mixed feel- ings and with emotions which can be better imagined than described. Yesterday we went as a Republic. Has it come to this?"

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"What did I think? What indeed!"

He paused, as if waiting for an answer to his question. An appreciative "Ah!" escaped from scores of people. This was a safe way of expressing the exasperation of a profound reflection which they could not possibly anticipate by any manner of guessing.

"What did I think? Shall I tell you? I thought this—if we are to have a republic, if we are to draw down, with tears, the glorious Union Jack, the flag, which for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze, to hoist independent national colours, it shall be on one condition only. And that condition, gentlemen, was this: That Arthur Christopher Chalkner should be President of the Republic; that he should come forward to guide the Ship of State through the perilous waters of political adversity into the calm haven of peace and prosperity; that he should steer us, as only he can steer us; and I could not rest for a moment until I had put my determination before my friends, who all replied as one man, 'Chalkner is our choice!'

This was the moment for tempestuous applause and there was tempestuous applause. The gentlemen cried, "Hear, hear," those of an inferior order cried, "hear, hear," the representatives of the working classes howled, "hear, hear." One of the latter wanted to ask a question, but was promptly informed that if he interrupted he would be put out.

"And that gentleman, is all I have to say. I hear to Mr. Chalkner a mandate from the people. I tell him that we will not have the Republic if he does not come forward to guide the Ship of State. Think of who he is, gentlemen. Gentleman, he is Arthur Christopher Chalkner."

The fact that Mr. Chalkner was Arthur Christopher Chalkner seemed to burst upon the audience as a sort of revelation. You would never have believed that they knew it before. Squalitoline in particular seemed to have been quite unaware of it. He welcomed the information. He cheered it to the echo. And he had taken good care to stand where Mr. Chalkner could see and hear him.

"And now, gentlemen," said the leader of the deputation solemnly, "we ask respectfully for Mr. Chalkner's answer; we wait to hear whether or no we shall have the pleasure of addressing him soon as President Chalkner. On him depends the success of the Republic. He must save it. If, through any sense of false modesty, if, through any mistaken opinion of his own great worth, he fails us at this crisis, we shall hang our heads in terror and dismay. Gentlemen, the country will be lost."

They cheered him once more. The issue was Chalkner or Ruin, Chalkner or no Republic. The seedy-looking individuals in the crowd assured one another that the loss of the country was something which they would make any effort to avert. Their services they would place, for a consideration, unreservedly at the disposal of Mr. Chalkner.

Silence fell again when Mr. Chalkner indicated that he was about to speak. I thought I saw something like a twinkle in his eye; he was mid to have a sly sense of humour. But he spoke with the utmost gravity.

"Mr. Pepkins, gentlemen, and friends!"

"Three cheers for Mr. Chalkner!" shouted Squalitoline, and the room resounded to the plaudits. Order being restored, Mr. Chalkner continued.

"This is the greatest honour of my life." ("Hear, hear.")

"It is an honour entirely undeserved." ("No, no," from the crowd, but a deaf man, not quite catching what Mr. Chalkner had just said, vociferously approved the last remark, which was somewhat disconcerting.)

"What have I done to deserve this call of my countrymen? Gentlemen, you all know me. I began at the foot of the ladder;" ("Financial ge-

"(He read the classics, asserted Squalitoline.) "I devoted myself to business, in my spare moments I endeavoured to improve my mind. You are pleased to say that I have succeed-

"But does this success qualify me for leadership?" ("It does!" was the enthusiastic answer.)

"Gentlemen, it takes much to make a statesman. I realize my inexperience. But I will not deny that I have thought much and long on the problems of this country. I will not deny that I think I understand those problems. I am bound to say that, had I the power, I would show the will to solve those problems."

He halted here, so that patriotic enthusiasm should express itself. The solution of one of those problems, I thought, would be simple, if Mr. Chalkner could find official positions for a few thousand good men and true, of whom my friend Squalitoline was but one example.

"Various measures can be taken for the en-

"(Hear, hear.)" "There are individuals amongst us whose merits call for recognition." (At this point it was impossible to hear the speaker, so wild was the cheering that arose from those with merits calling for recognition. Squalitoline especially asked for three extra cheers for "President Chalkner.")

"This is not the moment to go into details; there are rival candidates in the field; we must not allow them to steal our thunder. But, to come to the point, since you have asked me, since you press me to come forward as your candidate for the Presidency of the Jamaica Republic, what can I do but consent!" ("Hip, hip, hurrah!" "For he is a jolly good fellow!" "Chalkner for ever!") "To refuse (Continued on Page 32)
When ships can be spared...

FOR more than forty years, ships of the Great White Fleet have played a vital part in the development of trade and commerce between the United States and the Caribbean.

Thousands of men and women sailing on these American flag liners have travelled within these countries ... promoting good will through science, government, business and the arts.

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Today, this traffic is greatly changed. The United States are sharing a common stake in the United Nations' struggle for victory. It is a war that must be won no matter how great the sacrifices or how difficult the disruption of peacetime economic patterns. Global war is making terrific demands on United States shipping. Men and materials vital to the actual war effort must be moved first.

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∗ ∗ ∗

Today, as always, the Great White Fleet is proud to be serving the Americas ... proud to be wearing wartime gray as it carries out government orders necessary for Victory and the protection of the entire Western Hemisphere. Tomorrow, it will be ready to resume its place in the trade and travel between the United States and the Caribbean.

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For more than forty years ships of the Great White Fleet have been manned by staffs who combined the highest traditions of seamanship with a specialized knowledge of Caribbean waters...knowledge that resulted in the efficient care and prompt delivery of invaluable cargoes.

Today ships of the Great White Fleet are dressed in fighting gray. Their passenger accommodations and refrigerated holds contribute to the successful prosecution of the war. And the men who served aboard them in times of peace still tread their decks, giving to the grim war effort the same qualities of experience and steadfastness to duty as in the past.

The travel public and the merchants of the Americas alike look forward to the day when these gracious American Flag liners may once more ply a peaceful Caribbean. Meanwhile, all honour to the officers and men of the Merchant Marine. Theirs is the strength and courage that delivers the goods of war be the going ever so perilous. These men are heroes all. We of the United Fruit Company are proud of them...as is every red-blooded American!
Triumphant Squalitone

(Continued from Page 19)

would be to show that I am grateful to my country and to you. I have made my wealth here. I must now place it at the disposal of the country. Yes, I must place my wealth at the disposal of the country."

Everybody became enthusiastic at this declaration; it created an excellent effect. Mr. Chalkner was not going to try to make money out of the Republic. His wealth was placed at its disposal. But other candidates could be accused of dishonest intentions; and the average elector hates a politician he suspects of dishonest intentions. The average elector knows only too well that he can but gnash his teeth with impotent envy.

"But gentlemen," continued Mr. Chalkner; abandoning rhetoric and suddenly speaking in a bribe, businesslike way, "where do we stand? Where is the Republic? What is the Governor doing?" So far as we know to the contrary, we may be breaking the law at this moment. Friends and supporters, I am going to see the Governor to-day!"

The last words were so uttered that they might be capable of a double interpretation. I took them as meaning that Mr. Chalkner wanted to hear from the Governor what steps the latter was likely to take towards helping on the establishment of the Republic. But the noisier part of the deputation evidently imagined that Mr. Chalkner was about to present an ultimatum to the Governor. "What courage!" exclaimed some. "A statesman, sir, a statesman!" loudly muttered others.

Mr. Chalkner was satisfied. He had gained a new hold on his supporters by merely mentioning that he was going to see the Governor. The Republic, apparently, was about to march.

CHAPTER VI

CHALKNER AND SQUALITONE

Having announced that he was going to see the Governor, Mr. Chalkner brought his speech to a close and began to shake hands with the men who crowded up to him to assure him of his ultimate success. He intimated that they would hear from him shortly, and they began to leave. I noticed, however, that there were a few, about twenty, who congregated in a corner waiting. Squalitone watched them with interest.

"They are waiting for the spondulicks," he explained; "they are going to popularise Chalkner with drinks."

I understood. These were persons — agents they were called — who looked upon elections as opportunities for assisting the country by obtaining from candidates doles and grants to be spent at the rum-shops to the greater glory of his name. They might safely be expected to expend on the average about one-half of what they should receive, the remaining moiety being retained as compensation for praise rendered in and out of season.

I wanted to go, but Squalitone whispered to me to remain. When only the agents and ourselves were left in the room, Mr. Chalkner beckoned the men towards his desk, and we could see that money was changing hands. One of these agents, who hinted that he was the man whom I had seen arrested the day before, The Police may have liberated him, and now he was leader among them and inquiring of Mr. Chalkner that he would bring him in with a thumping majority. "It would suit to the point, if you kept yourself out of trouble!" I heard Chalkner say to him, dryly; and when this man passed me I observed that he did not look very contented. Evidently Mr. Chalkner strongly disapproved of what the young policeman had called "a sedition.

I saw Chalkner glance in our direction once or twice, especially at Squalitone. But Squalitone clearly possessed some notion of honour. He knew that Chalkner would have no objection just then to enrolling him among the enthusiastic agents at the cost of a few pounds, but he refused to consider himself as a mere singer of praises at the rate of so much per week. Squalitone would never go from house to house soliciting votes for any one; he had been in the habit of employing one or two agents himself at election time: an unnecessary waste of money, since they had always gone over to the enemy when convinced that nothing more was to be gotten out of Squalitone.

But some instinct warned me, as I stood there waiting that Chalkner would have no particular use for Squalitone. He would flatter him, but he would entrust him with no important mission. He knew that Squalitone had been a success, and Mr. Chalkner did not put confidence in failures.

The last couple of agents were leaving, crying about that prosperity was coming to the country, being led to that way of thinking by the extraordinary prosperity that had just befallen them. I said to Squalitone that, positively, we must go now; there was nothing to stay for. As we started towards the stairs, I heard my name called.

"Don't go without saying good-bye, Mr. Crooks," said Mr. Chalkner pleasantly, as he came up to me. "I see so little of you that I don't want you to hurry away like the rest of my friends. I hope you will make it convenient to lunch with me some day."

"Well, you are so busy just now," said I.
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"I am busy, but never too busy to spend an hour with anyone whom I am bound to admire. I hope to read some more of your excellent articles in 'The Magnifier'."

"Under your direction, Mr. Chalkner was a man of literary taste and discrimination. I felt that I really must write some more special articles for 'The Magnifier'. A brief sketch of Mr. Chalkner, with sundry delicate remarks on his urbanity, his polished manner, and the general excellence of his literary taste, would, I thought, really be very entertaining.

"I must drop you a note one day this week about our lunch," he went on, smiling. "As for my old friend, Mr. Squalitone, I know he will do his best for me. Upon men like him a great deal depends.

"Squalitone seized the opening. "I can tell you at once," he said, "as a man who has often been in the throes of a political contest, that most of these objects are unanswerable; you giving money to any one going to rob you. They will sit all day at a rum shop door and the next day they will bring you a list with the names of people who, when they tell you, you have got to vote for you. But they wouldn't dare even whisper a hint at the gate of those people, for the very dogs would want to bite them at sight. I know this too.

"Knowledge gained by painful personal experience, eh?" said Chalkner pleasantly. "Well, I am not entirely unaware of the habits and intentions of those gentlemen myself. But, you see, it is better to have them sit at the door of a rum shop, or any other shop, at any rate, than sit there and speak against me. Still, I will be on my guard. Meanwhile, I hope you will come and see me again. Do come." He said this so earnestly that for a moment I believed that he had arranged Squalitone's assistance as the first requisite of success; but whereas he had arranged with his leading supporter the place and hour of their next meeting, he extended to Squalitone only a general invitation.

We said good-day to Mr. Chalkner, and went out into the busy street together. In this, the main business thoroughfare of the city, there was plenty of activity at this hour, a good deal of movement up and down, with their huggies and motor cars on their way to the shops; gentlemen, some of whom had been at the Chalkner meeting, were standing on the sidewalks discussing present and coming events; scores of people, black, white, and of every intermediate shade passed up and down, and the crowded cars and the cabs contributed to the liveliness of the street. As far as I could gather, the hour of the people, having recovered from their excitement of the day before, were going about business or pleasure as usual without giving a thought to the Republic or Mr. Chalkner. The policemen still showed themselves here and there, visible proof that the Union Jack still floated, to the evident contentment of the citizens. Squalitone was in a meditative frame of mind. "What do you propose doing, Crooks?" he asked me.

"I will keep your company," I said; "I have nothing particular to do with my time."

My offer did not seem very welcome; he hesitated, then said: "Come along then."

He led the way to a cross-street, along which we went for a couple of minutes. Then he halted a little distance away from a shop where bread and cakes were sold. These cakes, large, made of cheap flour and brown sugar, are sold at the uniform price of three-farthings each, were known as fourcrakes generally, and as buttercracks satiffly, probably because they had never been within two yards of butter. No one above the status of a child or a worker cured to be known as an eater of buttercracks, and no man liked to be seen buying them. I observed that Squalitone cast one swift glance at the tray in which the cakes were exposed to the eyes of possible purchasers, and also to the dust and flies of the street. Then he looked carefully about and beckoned to him a lad about twelve years of age.

"How are you, my son?" he enquired paternal.
using it up...?
That's the thing to do in war-time. Eat every bite of food, save every scrap of soap, make a patriotic habit of stretching all the supplies in the house so they go further, last longer.

Making it do...?
Before you spend a penny in wartime, ask yourself, "Do I really need this? Or do I have something now that will do?" As you patch and darn and tum and mend, remember, you're keeping prices down.

Wearing it out...?
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with a casual movement as though he were stroking his finger gently over the heads of the readers. Some of them were also thoughtfully stroking mustaches. Here and there, against walls and book-cases, the warning "Silence" was displayed in red letters. This was regarded by some of the people as an invitation to animated conversation. Squalid one-hour, ear-consumed about half his cake, looked up from Agriculture and said to me—"Chalkner invited you to lunch, Crooks."

"He asked you and see him, too," I replied.

"Yes, but not to lunch with him. I couldn't but notice that. Well, I don't mind. I am down, and I don't expect to be invited to lunch nowadays. There was a time when I would have invited Chalkner to lunch; so we are quits."

He returned to Agriculture for about half a minute. Then—"Don't let me go to see him, but did he mean anything by that? I saw him yesterday. He said I could be at the meeting to-day. I was there, I encouraged him; many times when he was hesitating for a word, and might have shown the poverty of his mind, I led the cheering and gave him time to recover himself. Do you think that man is deceiving me, Crooks?"

"I said I felt sure he wasn't."

"He is quite capable of it. He wouldn't have been a success in this country if he wasn't capable of every deception. However, I will stick to him. I will not desert him, until he proves himself unworthy of my support. But he has nearly attacked a political factor like me as simple commoners; would have dictated."

There was a movement behind the book-case partition. Through the door at that end of the room two gentlemen were coming in. By peeping through the gaps in the rows of books I could see them very easily. I recognised them as two of those I had noticed an hour before at Chalkner's meeting. They were well-known professional men of Kingston. They stood by the table, searching among the magazines. One man continued the conversation in which they had evidently been engaged on their way to this place.

"I went, of course," he said, "because I promised Pegkins to go. But I really take no interest in these elections. I don't want to make an enemy of Chalkner however, and I suppose he is as good as anyone else. But how long will he last?"

But that I cannot say," observed his companion. "He is very popular now, perhaps, but that means nothing; he may become unpopular six months hence.

"And then there will be a revolution?"

"We shall not be allowed to have that experience, unfortunately. Three days ago we were a Crown Colony with semi-representative institutions. To-day I don't know what we are. A week hence we shall probably be a Crown Colony Republic."

"What in the name of reason is that?" asked the first man, and I heard him laugh.

"A Republic with the present Government in full possession—as usual."

"Let us hope so. But talking of Chalkner: what do you think of Bloodstone?"

"A very good man if he were a little more active."

Then the two men went upstairs.

Looking round again at Squalid, I found he had deserted Agriculture, and had been listening with ears, eyes and mouth.

"Did you hear that?" he whispered: "Bloodstone is a very good man. Lacks activity. If that could be supplied by an energetic friend who understands elections?—"

Squalid was already picturing himself as an Angel of Energy quickening into electoral activity the excellent but somewhat lethargic Bloodstone!

Chapter VII

A Meeting of the Council

Flaring headlines in the "Daily Magnifier" and in its rival the "City Truth" announced next morning to the country that His Excellency Bloodstone, Governor had summoned a special meeting of the Legislative Council for 9 p.m. that day. This was unusual; ordinarily the legislators were given at least a week to prepare for the session. But the customary routine of life was supposed to be gravely disturbed just now, and the first editorial in "The Magnifier" warmly commended His Excellency for taking the country by surprise. "We do not need to think now," said the editor; "what we need to do is to act. Let us do something, no matter what. The country will be delighted with this activity, and the main aim at present should be to keep the country in a pensive frame of mind."

I decided that I would attend that afternoon's meeting of the Council. My article on Chalkner appeared front page. I am not without compliments during the day, and when I met him later on he would be sure to thank me. There was going to be a contest between him and Bloodstone; "The Magnifier" said so, and, in its second leader, "The Magnifier" showed a tendency to support Bloodstone. The reason was obvious; Bloodstone's friends were moving in his behalf; there were high, baton-toting letters from prominent persons commending Mr. Bloodstone to the country as the only man who could save the Republic. By these writers, Mr. Chalkner was alluded to in terms of commiseration, whereas Mr. Bloodstone was lauded as a man of incomparable and astonishing merit. It is wonderful how a man's good qualities are discovered at election time. "The Magnifier" was one of those behind me and I saw the gentleman mentioned coming slowly up the broad flight of steps that led from the yard to the verandah. He looked about sixty and, though not as tall as Mr. Chalkner, was certainly of dignified appearance. His carefully-waxed mustache, his short, well-trimmed iron-grey beard, straight nose, grey-blue eyes and lofty forehead impressed one favourably. His face expressed pride, but, though mustache and beard hid it somewhat, his mouth gave indication, if not exactly of weakness, at any rate of no great degree of determination. Chalkner was the stronger man. But this man had at least four generations of family behind him, and the letters in that morning's "Magnifier" showed that he was not without a powerful backing. On the whole, it was just as well I had not signed my published appreciation of Mr. Chalkner.

A subdued cheer greeted Mr. Bloodstone as he came on the verandah, and a score of persons stepped forward to shake hands with him. He evidently enjoyed his popularity; he was smiling, gracious, yes, more than gracious, for I saw him listen far for as long as half-an-minute to Squalid, who suddenly appeared from nowhere and made a vigorous assault upon Mr. Bloodstone's good nature. "Mr. Bloodstone," he said, "you are about one of those I pretended not to see him. It is all very well to be friendly with a man in private life, but he cannot possibly let you into this house when a number of distinguished persons are near."

No sooner had Mr. Bloodstone entered the Council Chamber than from the street came the sound of cheering. An elegant motor car had run up to the outer steps, and from it two ladies and...
All would have been well if the young member had not used the words "serious mistake." But those words implied a sort of censure on the Clerk of the Council, and he was the last man in the world to put up with that. Therefore, in a tone of voice very different indeed from that in which he had read the minutes, but which he apparently intended to be merely a whisper designed for the ears of the erring one, he said: "If you think you can punctuate better than I, you can try to teach me!" This of course was most irregular. But then the Clerk of the Council was afraid of no one, was intellectually the equal of anyone, and was certainly not going to allow a new member of the Council to talk of him as he liked.

"I will not stand this, sir!" shouted one of the older members of the House, springing suddenly to his feet. "My honourable friend on my right hand—not, on my left hand—may be, it is true, a new-comer in this House. But I submit, sir, and I am going to ask for a ruling on this point that he has a right to make corrections without being caught up so sharply by the Clerk. There is no man who has a higher opinion of the Clerk than myself. I have known him for years, and I recognise his great ability. Time and again we have discussed political procedure together, as it is laid down by May for the guidance of the Mother of Parliaments. And, sir—"

"Order, order!" interrupted the Governor, "the honourable member must confine his remarks to the subject. I believe he was discussing a comma. He must confine his remarks to com-

"And to semicolons, sir. Commas are commas, and semicolons are semicolons. I lay it down as an incontrovertible principle that there is a great deal of difference between the two. My legal friends, with whom this House abounds, will support me when I say that there is a great deal of difference between a comma and a semicolon. I believe that my legal friends do not use stops at all; that is for the purpose of occasioning ambiguity. But, sir, is this Council to wink at ambiguity? Are we here to-day for the purpose of wink-

"We'll be winking and sleeping presently if you don't stop and let us get to business," was the sharp remark of an elected member who had been impatiently listening to his colleague's speech. But the speaker was not daunted.

"Sir," he continued, "these idle interruptions (Continued on Page 27)"

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(Continued from Page 25)

will but persuade me to go over the whole ground again. I have said that a comma is a comma—

"Really?" said the Governor, rising de-

precatory wave of the hand, "Really, I must ask

the honourable member to abbreviate his speech.

We have a great deal to do to-day, and we can't

spend all our time over a correction of the

minutes. Will the honourable member who first

spoke be satisfied if the Clerk puts a semicolon in-

stead of a comma in the sentence?"

I think so, too," said the Governor dryly, and

the Council laughed. So did the more important

visitors. But when the ordinary Chinese sailor

calld the ventres to laugh, the protesting policeman

nearly fell flat.

"Any notices?" asked the President, when

the matter of the minutes had been disposed of.

Every elected member rose, one after the

other, and gave notice that at the next meeting of

the Council he would ask some member of the

Governor side of the House "the following ques-

tions." As it is likely to be the last sitting of the

House, I could not see how those questions could

ever be answered. But the members did not

seem to worry about them.

Any petitions?"

Every elected member rose at one and the

same time with a petition in his hand, and the

Clerk of the Council reminded the President that

the Committee on Petitions had not yet been

appointed.

That is quite true, sir," said the Attorney

General. "But I beg leave to point out—"

But I think, sir, that we have all been a little ir-

regular to-day: we are always irregular on the

first day of the month. I speak open to correction—

that it has always been the cus-

tom of the Council. But Excellence, in opening the

Council, to read your speech" in the minutes of the

last meeting are read and the regular busi-

ness is transacted. If you will

say this has been done on this occasion. I don't

assert it as a fact; perhaps my attention was taken

up by some foreign affairs at the moment your

Excellency was delivering your highly interesting

speech. But if I am right, sir, then I am afraid

that we have been—well, not wrong, that would

be too strong a word, but a little off the custom-

ary line of conduct.

He bowed courteously to the Governor and

said, "Sir, the Governor became the Colonial Secretary to him, and there was a friendly nod to one another, engaged in an animated con-

versation.

Then nearly everyone in the House engaged in a

subdued but animated conversation. The ordi-

nary business of the business—on the minds of

their heads seriously, being absolutely persuaded

that the thing was to be done. But at the same

time there was much talk about what seems to

threaten the safety of the country; the elected

members conferred earnestly, as though this was

a business of their political lives.

The Governor particularly was seen to

be making mistakes; two of the official members

took advantage of the moment to fall asleep; while

the other official members kept on whispering to

show that, anyhow, they had the

interest of orderly procedure at heart.

The conversation between the Governor and his

chief lieutenant, the Colonial Secretary, came

to an end at last. The latter retired to his seat;

the former, before they had time to talk to the

whole Council rose, stood to attention. There was

the silence of respect.

"If I must thank the Honourable Attorney Gen-

eral for calling my attention to the lape on my

part," said the Governor quietly. "These are

times when one is led to forget customary proce-
dure; our minds are disturbed and our thoughts

distracted by strange events which occur in an

irregular rapidity; we are living in a whirlpool of

change, and the best of us are not infallible. I there

fore;

am grateful to the Council for my min-

stration, and will proceed to read my speech.
"

He paused, and I glanced at Mr Chalmer.

I had glanced at him several times during the past

half-hour; there was a slightly cynical smile on

his face, all the while. I had not looked at him as

true, I think, Chalmer seemed to be mocking at

everyone and everything. But only a keen observer

would have perceived that. I wondered why, with

such great prospects before him, he looked so un-

concerned.

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CHAPTER VIII

THE GREAT DEBATE

The Governor swept the Council Chamber

with his eyes, cleared his throat slightly, and took

up his written speech.

"Honourable Gentlemen," he began—"[You

could have heard a pin drop," said the newspaper

which reports the next morning] "I have specially

summoned you here by telegram today, to place be-

fore you the commands which have come to us

from His Majesty's Imperial Government. The

general sense of those commands you have already

read in the daily newspapers. For reasons which

have seemed to His Majesty sufficient and

good, the ancient and loyal colony of Jamaica is to

be transformed into a Republic.

Other Governors, gentlemen, have assisted

at inaugurating different forms in this colony. I

never expected, when I came to Jamaica, that it

would fall to me to assist at the birth of the Ja-

maica Republic. I, however, will do my best to

institute the new order of things, and I am sure

I can rely upon your loyal co-operation and sup-

port.

My orders, I may say, are very brief. They

amount to the following instructions:

"To establish a Republic.

Republic. I have wired back for further general

instructions, but in the meantime I have thought it

wise to make such arrangements as I think nec-

essary in the interests of the Republic. The Col-

onial Secretary will send you supplementary

estimates of expenditure which I shall ask you to

pass without delay. You will notice that the first

item is £30,000 pounds for increasing the

Police Force.

"Honourable Gentlemen, I need hardly say to

you that the foundation of a country's morality

is a strong Police Force. It is the safeguard of

the honest citizens, and it helps materially to keep

the dishonest out of the way of temptation. As a

necessary corollary, I am asking you to vote

other £30,000 for the enlargement of our General

Penitentiaries. I do not foresee that we shall have

a larger number of inmates than before; I hope,

but we are obliged to recognise that the butwark of all orderly industrial development is

a sufficiency of prisons; the building of peniten-

tiaries also gives us an opportunity of indulging

in our laudable ambition to see the city and towns

of this island endowed with imposing monuments

of architecture.

"You will be expecting me to say when I shall

hand over the Government to the President and

National Assembly that our elections will be

Frankly, I do not know. No precise instructions

have yet come to me on that point. But the elec-

tion will take place shortly; the date will be an-

nounced in the Official Gazette in a day or two.

The nomination of candidates for the Presi-

dency will take place.

"I think you will agree with me that we must

go slowly. The principle of 'watchful waiting' is

one in which I thoroughly believe. It is a safe

rule in politics never to do to-day what can be

put off until to-morrow; this often renders it un-

necessary for you to do anything at all. You may

think that I contradict myself by asking you to

increase the Police Force at once. It is not so.

The policeman is supposed to be watchful, and he

is tolerably watchful. Untrained crews of the

Police Force have even suggested that he is usually

waiting at the wrong place.

"I am sure the Honourable Gentleman, you will, I

know, ac-

quiesce in this decree of His Majesty's Government.

You have been contented as colonists. Try to be

contented as republicans. I expect that you

will set an example to all neighbouring Re-

publics. If the constitution of this country is likely

to be entirely different from that of all other known Republ-

ics; the Clerk will read to you Messages from me

in regard to other items of expenditure. Cer-

tain Bills will also be placed before you. I un-

derstand that it is the wish of this Council that no

controversial matters shall be brought forward at

this session, and that is also my wish. I do not

think that the legislation to which I shall invite

your consideration will be considered controver-

sial.

He ended, and the Council sat down. It was

clear that we were to have a Republic, but it was

decidedly not clear what sort of Republic we were

(Continued on Page 30)
TODAY all the resources of the giant Ford Industry are hurled against the common enemy.

RIGHT THIS MINUTE, the brain that conceived the mechanics of the Ford that has served you so well these many years, are linked with America's mammoth war production producing superior motorized units than the Enemy can boast.

THOUGH resources will remain directed at the common foe until the bells of victory ring out all over the world.

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(Continued from Page 27)
to have. But the elected members would deal with that subject. We waited in breathless suspense.
The Colonial Secretary rose and asked leave to move that the Standing Orders of the Council be suspended in order to enable him to move that certain supplementary estimates be considered. The preliminaries were gone through speedily, and we came to the estimates.
Then the Colonial Secretary moved that a bridge should be devoted to the strengthening of the Police Force. The Attorney General seconded.
"I rise to oppose the vote, sir," said one of the older members.
"I rise to oppose the vote!" Ah! here was opposition at last. The battle royal was to be opened.
There was an impulsive pause.
"I have listened, sir," said this elected member, "to all that Your Excellency has said. You have appealed, sir, to our loyalty, and expressed to us the belief that we shall quietly acquiesce in the decision of His Majesty's Government that a Republic shall be established here.
But, sir, loyal though we may be, we are also men. Now when, at the last session of this Council, I asked that a new bridge should be provided for my parish, I was told that there was no money, and yet I am asked to-day to sanction the expenditure of £30,000 for more policemen! Rather do than rush, I shrink from all policemen! And is a Republic means more money for policemen, I say—away with the Republic! Who has asked for the Republic? And what is a Republic? Nobody here knows except myself.
A Republic, sir, is a place where they have a poet laureate, a platoon of yellow-fever, cock-fights, bull-fights, desecration of the Sabbath Day and payment of legis-
lator. The payment of the one is the only point about a Republic. That is an example which Jamaica should follow. But we can follow it with- out being a Republic and it will cost this nation much less than £30,000 a year. That money, sir, will never be voted by me for the purpose mention-
ed.
He resumed his seat, framing himself vigorously with his handschief. His face expressed unalterable resolution.
Five other men sprang up to speak: two official and three elected. Silk and gold were nodded to one of the latter.
"We support what our honourable friend has just said," began this speaker; "but he has not gone far enough; Sir, the elected members are not being fairly treated by the Government. We are all suffering body of men, and some of us can be easily flattered by pleasant remarks; but the worm will turn, and I am turning now. Have the mem-
bers on this side of the House carefully considered their supplementary estimates? I do not doubt—it they will have discovered that while we are asked to vote huge sums of money for unne-
cessary purposes, there is not a word or expression of set down for providing ice-water for the members of the Council. I shall be said, I am thinking of our personal comforts and not of the interests of this colony; but when we come here day after day, and only given hot water to drink, it is time that a solemn protest was made.
"Let any member go to the ice-pitcher for the ice-water. What will the Eel-playing Fish say? No! I don’t say that some ice was not originally in the pitcher, but I do say it was a very small quantity. But for the water now is simply undrinkable. I have a glass of it before me as I speak. £30,000 for po-
licemen and not a penny for ice! Are these the sort of estimates to be placed before this House? I pause for a reply.
"To say that this charge against the Government created a sensation would be to put it mildly. It is true the ladies present seemed inclined to laugh, but the official members especially knew that the matter had to be dealt with in a serious spirit. On the Colonial Secretary rose hastily, "I call a point of explanation, sir," said he. "The hon-
ourable member who has just addressed us will allow me to explain.
"Ice is provided, though it is not specifically put down in the estimates. In any case it would never be put down in the supplementary estimates. The expenditure on ice goes under the heading of Miscellaneous, and this is the first time I have heard of any complaint on the subject. I shall have it enquired into without delay.
"The House will see that the matter has been taken up, then, if it likes, appoint a committee to enquire into the subject."
"That is all very well," retorted the complaining speaker bitterly, "while you are enjoying, we are suffering." An ironic laugh from the other elected members showed that their anger was aroused.
A crisis was imminent. Would the elected members rise and leave the House in a body? They had done that before. It is true they had come back, nevertheless it was considered a very serious thing. The Attorney General thought he would throw oil on the troubled waters.
"If the House will permit me, sir," he began with gentle earnestness, "I may be able to make things easier. It is only a matter of two or three weeks, and the Government has never meant to ignore the threat of the elected members. We all know that when you speak, Sir, there has been some carelessness somewhere, but I am sure that you are not going to pass a resolution of this kind. The matter will be carefully enquired into—it must be—and in the meantime I would beg honourable members on the other side of the House to exercise a little patience and be content with warm words.
The Superintending Medical Officer was ris-
ing, presuming for the purpose of assuring the House that, on the whole, the water was a very healthy drink, when the Governor waved him back to his seat and assumed himself the office of peacemaker. The members became all ears. We all felt sure that His Excellency would find an excellent way out of the difficulty.
"Ever since I presided over this Coun-
cil," he said, "my one thought has been to admit by word and deed the rights and privileges of the elected members. One of their most important rights—I might almost say their most important right—has been and is the right of freedom of speech. And therefore it distresses me deeply to know that, at this critical period of our history as a Council and Colony there has been a doubt cast upon the established right. Will honourable elected mem-
ers take it up again?
"I admit that the Government has had to be very economical of late. But I shall very care-
fully go over all the Votes of Expenditure, and I have no doubt that I shall be able to effect suffi-
cient saving out of some of them to provide the £30,000 for ice-water. The Council meets. I think that sixpence a day, for a couple of weeks, would cover the cost of ice-water. I shall be able to get that out of the Education Vote. I give the House my word on this; meanwhile I think that, after my promise, honourable mem-
ers will not refuse to pass the Votes for police business or other necessities in which I have placed before them.
It was a mastery speech: full of diplomacy and tact, and it was received with silent applause. (The newspapers said the next day, anyhow.) And it had its effect.
On the following day, amid great enthusi-
asm, Mr. Chalkner and Mr. Bloodome were nomi-
ated for the Presidency of the Republic in the House of the Legislative Council of Jamaica. Five hun-
dred persons assembled for the function. The votes were also counted the number at about ten thousand.

CHAPTER IX

BERTHA'S DECISION

"Why are you avoiding me, Bertha?"

"I am not avoiding you, Mr. Gresham, and you must not call me Bertha."

"I have permission to do so.

"And I told you not to."

"No, you didn’t; you said I mustn’t let anybody hear me."

"Well, somebody might hear you now; and anybody here except the President that I don’t want to name."

"There! That is just what I said. For the last couple of days you have been avoiding me, and now you say I am not to call you Bertha. What is the matter?"

I was an unwilling eavesdropper. Bertha and Harry were talking in the garden, and their sub-
divisional voices could not be overheard; but how could I help hearing? Squallone and the young Martyn were somewhere in the rear. For the sake of economy the electric light in the drawing-
rooms had been switched off, and sitting in my chair in my usual chair in my usual corner of the ver-
andah, I could not easily be seen, the vine screening me from their gaze.

"Nothing is the matter," I heard Bertha say coldly. "Those who are avoiding us, not I who am avoiding you."

"Nonsense. Why should you avoid me?"

"You give yourself airs on Tuesday evenings, but you weren’t last night."

"I was busy," was the cause of that. "I had to go to my office."

"And on Monday night you had to go to the Chalkner’s."

"But to-night I am here.

"That’s only because you have nothing of im-
portance to do."

"Now look here, Bertha, be reasonable. We haven’t been very close friends that I don’t want you to think badly of me. You know quite well
I would rather be here than anywhere else. Haven't I told you that often before?

So it had gone as far as that! And I hadn't noticed it! He called her Bertha in private, and he let him do it, and he had told her that he preferred to be where she was than anywhere else. Was it a private engagement? It didn't sound like one. Was it only a strong flirtation? But I objected to Bertha being the object of a strong flirtation merely. Perhaps she expected it would lead to something else, and, meanwhile, it was pleasant to have a little secret like this locked up in one’s heart. But I thought of Ella Chalkner’s dashing appearance and undeniably handsome face, and I wondered if my little girl would have a chance against her.

Harry’s reply seemed to mollify Bertha. She didn’t answer him directly, but in a softer tone of voice she asked him if he had been to the opening of the Legislature that afternoon.

“No,” he replied, “I hadn’t time, and in any case I don’t take any interest in Jaminian politics.”

“Ella Chalkner was there; Mr. Crooks and father told me.”

“And what has that to do with me?”

“Nothing perhaps, but I thought you might like to know. Some people think she is very pretty—don’t you?”

But Harry was a diplomatist. “It all depends upon comparison,” he answered gallantly; “compared with you…”

“Flattery is not a compliment, for it is not sincere; a lot of people believe that you will fall in love with Ella.”

“Do you believe that, Bertha?”

“Why not?”

“Well, if I am to fall in love with anybody, I certainly would not have far to go, and I would never think of going as far as the Chalkner mansion.”

“You have been there already, and will go again; wait and see.”

There was a moment’s pause, then I heard Harry say—

“I wonder what took Miss Chalkner to the Council?”

“Don’t you know?” asked Bertha scornfully. “I heard Mr. Crooks saying that she must have gone out of curiosity, but father knows better. Ella Chalkner is helping her father to win the election, and that is why she went with him. She smiled to the crowd in the street to-day, though she wouldn’t have looked at them a week ago. Mr. Chalkner will take her about with him, and she will cost him a great deal more than a hundred dollars for the time being.”

“Bitterly she continued: “I don’t suppose she will have much difficulty in doing that, for men are very foolish. She won’t give them a second glance when her father is President.”

“She can be very fascinating when she likes,” Harry admitted imprudently, “and if she is going to assist the old man she will be a source of strength to him.”

“Oh, so you think she is fascinating!” cried Bertha. “And I amfather is so clever, isn’t he? Well, I hope he won’t be elected, that’s all. I am going inside.”

“But, Bertha—

“Miss Squalitone, please,” and Bertha walked away quickly and ran up the front steps, not even glancing in my direction. Gresham remained a little longer in the garden, and when he was passing me, paused, and stared in my direction. But he never thought I was asleep for the name called my name I did not answer. His walk with Bertha had not been intended for my ears.

When at half-past nine we all assembled at supper, Harry fixed his eyes on my face with a penetrating stare, but learnt nothing from my uncommunicative expression. Bertha held her head high and would not look at him. Her sister and perhaps her mother might have noticed that something was wrong between the two young people but that Squalitone came to the rescue with a recital of his adventures that day, and completely monopolised their attention.

I had seen him talking to Mr. Bloodstone for about half a minute at Headquarters House that afternoon. He now described that brief interview as nearly an hour’s private conversation, in the course of which Mr. Bloodstone had expressed his irrecoverable determination to fight to the bitter end, secrecy as he had now secured the invaluable aid of Mr. Squalitone. When Squalitone made this announcement he glanced triumphantly at his family and paying guests. Mrs. Squalitone fixed her eyes penetratingly upon him.

“From some remarks you made on Tuesday evening, I was fearing that you thought of supporting Mr. Chalkner,” she said surpisingly. “Have you changed your mind, Mr. Squalitone?”

“I have not,” he assured blandly. “I retract nothing that I have said in favour of Chalkner; the poor fellow has such few good qualities that I can afford to be generous to him. But at one time—’he looked at me warningly—’at no time have I contemplated giving him my support. If we must have a President, let him be a man of good family and of natural inclinations are all towards aristocracy.”

“I am pleased to hear you say that at last,” said his wife, relaxing a little. “It would have been awful for you to have chosen the wrong side in politics again.”

“Which is the wrong side?” asked Penrose, displaying an unusual desire for information.

“The side that loses,” said Mrs. Squalitone with conviction. “And I should be very much surprised if Mr. Chalkner won this coming election.”

“Hasn’t the ghost of a chance,” said Squalitone decisively. Money is not everything as I am going to show him; it is not to be compared with birth and position, which Bloodstone has, and with education, which I possess. I am glad, my dear, that you think I am acting rightly. You know how little I value your approval of my political conduct.”

“This is the only occasion I have been able to agree with your decision, I am afraid, John,” said his wife; and her tone expressed the pleasure that she felt. She helped her husband to a choice slice of roast chicken. He observed the valuable concession and cautiously proceeded to defeat Mr. Chalkner in advance.

“When on the public platform I let the electors know just what I think about Chalkner, he’ll be surprised, I can tell you. Support him? I could never support a man like Chalkner; I never could so completely sacrifice my political principles. But I am going to work my way into the confidence of his supporters; I am going to find out all his plans and use them against him; we can’t be too particular when we are in the throes of a presidential contest. I told you to-day that his daughter was helping him, didn’t I?”

“Yes,” said Bertha eagerly, looking at her father.

“I hear that she is organising a body of ladies to assist. They are going to make rosettes and write letters to the electors, and even go to see some of them; Miss Chalkner learnt that sort of thing in England. I don’t know that I quite approve of it; seems to me that women had better leave electioneering alone. But we must do in Rome as the Romans do, and only an hour ago I advised one of Mr. Bloodstone’s supporters to take a leaf out of Chalkner’s book. Our side is going to have ladies too.”

“Father!”

Bertha was looking at her father intently; she was excited. “What is it, my dear?” asked
Squalitone uneasily, wondering no doubt if his daughter was about to condemn his valuable sugges-
tion.

"Do you think I could be of any use on Mr. Bloodstone's Ladies' Committee?"

I was astonished; Mrs. Squalitone was thunder-
struck—so other word suffices to express the emo-
tions of that usually collected woman, for she laid
down her knife and fork and stared at Bertha with
wide-open eyes.

Harry, Penrose, and Bertha's sisters were as
much surprised as any of us, for Bertha's indif-
fERENCE to public matters was known; for her they
did not exist. And yet, now—

But Squalitone was looking at his daughter
with a degree of pride I had never seen him ex-
hibit before. For some moments he could not
answer. Then—

"Bertha, do you mean it?" he asked.

"Of course. Ladies help candidates in Eng-
land, don't they? And Ella Chalkner is going to
help her father. If I can be of any service, why
shouldn't I be? There's nothing wrong in it. But
perhaps they wouldn't want me," she added,
lowering her voice. The difference between her
position and Ella Chalkner's occurred to her for-
cibly just then.

"Not want you!" said Squalitone; "not want
you? Who is not to want you? If they don't
want you they won't want me, I can tell you; and
I don't see how Bloodstone is going to win the
election without me. Not another man on his
side knows the ropes; they think an election is like
banana planting, but Chalkner will soon show
them a thing or two. Bertha, I appoint you a
member of the Ladies' Committee at once. I will
have a talk with Mr. Bloodstone on the subject
tomorrow."

"Bertha," said Mrs. Squalitone solemnly,
"you are grown up and you are working, and there
fore I cannot prevent you from doing what you
like. But have you reflected on what it is to go
on the hustings?"

Mrs. Squalitone really did not know what the
hustings were, though she had heard her husband
use the word. Nor did Bertha. But Bertha, know-
ing her mother, replied with finality in her voice:
"I have, mamma."

"Jamaica is not England, Bertha."

"I am aware of that, mamma."

"And I hardly think a young lady of good
birth and breeding should have anything to do
with public affairs in this country. With a man
it is different; he can lose money, as your father
has done, but he cannot be insulted as a woman
may be; and the sort of abuse showered upon de-
cent persons during an election is simply fright-
ful. I always skip it when reading the papers."

"But father has said that other ladies are go-
ing to help, and if Ella Chalkner can do so, why
-can't I?"

"Well," said Mrs. Squalitone, relenting, "if
Miss Bloodstone is to be on the committee, that
will be different. She will be a desirable person
to know."

"There is no Miss Bloodstone," said Squali-
tone. "I regret that that omission on Bloodstone's
part but he has no daughter."

"And yet you think, Mr. Squalitone, that your
daughter should do what there is no Miss Blood-
tone to do? Is that fair to her, or to me? Is it
the proper thing?"

"It is all right," said Squalitone; "Bloodstone's
friends have plenty of wives and daughters, and
they'll all be assisting. I'll be amongst them some-
times, and Bertha can very well hold her own."

Looking at Bertha just then, I concluded that
she could indeed hold her own; her eyes were
sparkling; her face expressed a degree of resolu-
tion her father had never shown. It was not of
Mr. Bloodstone's success that she was thinking, not
for the Republic that she cared. This contest was
for her a fight between two young women, and
she hoped to beat Ella Chalkner.

As for Mrs. Squalitone, she offered no further
objection. Though she would not go so far as to
express assent. Ladies went electioneering in Eng-
land; that was a respectable precedent. Ella Chalk-
ner was going to try to win support for her fa-
ther; that was an act which might be condemned
as unladylike. But the wives and daughters of the
Bloodstone party were going to assist Mr. Blood-
stone, and Bloodstone moved in the very best so-
ciety. On the whole, therefore, the perils of the
hustings might be safely faced by Bertha in such
excellent company.

CHAPTER X

BERTHA PROVES HERSELF A FACTOR

"Uncle Joe," said Bertha to me the next morn-
ing, "I want you to do something for me: won't
you?"

"Well, what is it, my dear?" I asked.

"Did you see that silly article in yesterday's
'Magnifier' about Mr. Chalkner? The one signed
'An Admirer'?"

"I saw the article you spoke of, Bertha, but
I didn't notice anything silly about it; it seemed
to me a very well-written article indeed; it must
have done Mr. Chalkner a lot of good," I said
this decisively.

"Oh, it was silly! Spoke a lot about his at-
tainments and his success, and all that; and praised
him to the skies. You wouldn't have written about
Mr. Chalkner like that, I know, would you?"

"It is always difficult to foretell the actions
of human beings," I replied, as if discussing hu-
mility in general; "but what do you want me
to do, Bertha?"

"I want you to write a nice article about Mr.
Bloodstone. Speak of him as a gentleman, Uncle
Joe, as a member of one of our best families. Praise

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him as much as you can. Do you think you can write an article every day?

"I suppose I could, if I had to do it. But I don't know Mr. Bloodstone, and I don't see why you should want me to advertise him."

"I want him to beat Mr. Chalkner," said Bertha firmly, "and you must help me. Do you promise?"

I reflected. The editor of the "Magnifier" had come out that morning rather strongly in favor of Bloodstone, the "City Truth," on the other hand, was calling upon heaven and earth to witness that Mr. Chalkner was the one man worth thinking about just now. I had praised Chalkner yesterday, but the virtue of anonymous writing is that you can change your views without anyone except the newspaper staff being any the wiser. And why should they object? Newspaper men were never yet thrown out of any settled opinions inside.

"I will see what I can do, little girl," said I. "Now when are you going to become an electioneering agent?"

"I am going to ask for leave today, and tomorrow, if father arranges it, I will go down with him to where Mr. Bloodstone's committee meets. It will be fine fun, Uncle Joe!"

"I don't know," I said doubtfully, "let's wait and see." Then she went off to her work, and I retired to my room to write an article on Bloodstone.

I couldn't refuse Bertha anything, and I threw my whole soul into the work. I signed the article "One Who Knows," and hinted that an attack might easily be made on Mr. Chalkner, the writer if it were worthwhile. Then I sent it to the editor of "The Magnifier," saying that he had read his latest articles on the political situation with great interest, and that his arguments had convinced me that Mr. Bloodstone was the man whom Jamaica should choose. He probably would not believe me, but I had to give some sort of reason for my change of front.

The next morning Bertha was ready to go down with her father; she had got leave easily. My article on Bloodstone had appeared and had been referred to in the editorial column. The editor called special attention to it as coming from the pen of a man who was in a position to speak with authority on Mr. Bloodstone, a man who was financially independent, who had no axe to grind, who was an Englishman with a profound knowledge of the needs and circumstances of Jamaica.

Bertha was delighted with these comments and with the article, but I warned her to say nothing as to its authorship to the people in our house. I assured her I did not care for publicity or praise. And then, of course, someone might mention to Chalkner that I had praised him, if Bloodstone once heard about it, But I did not tell her that.

If it was arranged that later on in the day I should call at the Bloodstone Committee's hall to see how Bertha was getting on, I need only say that I wished to see Miss Squirrel, and I should be admitted.

At about one o'clock I called. Mr. Bloodstone had obtained the use of the upper story of a large building in King Street, not far from that of Mr. Chalkner. This was to be his Kingston headquarters; here much work would be done, and he would meet the general body of his supporters. But he had, like Mr. Chalkner, an inner circle of supporters, the bigger men of the country who worked with important step and looked mystery all the while; these he conferred with at his house, a few miles out of the city.

It was a busy scene that met my eyes when I got upstairs. The room was filled with ladies and young men: it was lunchtime, and some of the professional men, supporters of Mr. Bloodstone, had dropped in to keep the workers back and express their unshakable faith in the victory of Stakhovs, certainty and virtus, as replacing Mr. Bloodstone, and the defeat of low cunning and unscrupulosity, as represented by Mr. Chalkner. But they took care not to mention the latter's name.

I was occupied about Bertha. There was a large number of little tables about the room, at some of which as many as four ladies were working. There was only one table that was occupied by but one worker; and she was Bertha!

She had not noticed my arrival. Her face was beamed, her lips compressed; something about her stiffened attitude told me that she was exerting every little bit of her will power to appear absorbed in her work, composed and indifferent. But I saw how it was. The others had left her alone, had formed tiny sets among themselves and isolated her. She was not in their circle. They did not know her. Consequently she did not exist socially.

And that was the "great fun" she had promised herself! I stood hesitatingly near the door. I knew that I too should count for little if I publicly proclaimed my connection with Bertha by going up to her. I also would not exist, would not be visible to the naked eye of Society, so to speak. But I would not mind that: I was determined not to mind it. I had, however, to prepare myself for my courageous self-inflicted social extinction. While preparing myself I heard one of the young men standing near by exclaim to a young lady who was talking to him, "And who may that lady be?"

He indicated Bertha with his eyes. I "really don't know her," was the answer.

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The elderly lady I had been talking near the door, had come up to us a refined, kind-looking woman as I noticed, with good breeding expressed in every movement of her body.

"Pardon me," she said, addressing Bertha, "you are Miss Squallstone, are you not?"

"Yes," said Bertha.

"I am sorry I could not meet you earlier, Miss Squallstone, but I only came down a while ago. I am Mrs. Bloodstone."

We had stood up while she was speaking. She put out her hand and Bertha took it. She took a chair at the table, and we sat down again. I was certain now that she had overheard, as they had hoped she would, those aristocratic young gentle- men's remarks.

"It is very kind of you to come and help us," Mrs. Bloodstone went on, quite naturally. "I met your father with Mr. Bloodstone yesterday; he is very enthusiastic; if all Mr. Bloodstone's friends work as hard as I know your father is going to do, our chance of success will be great.

Bertha's face coloured with pleasure. She suspected that her poor father was often laughed at, she knew that in politics he had been a negligible quantity. Yet here was Mrs. Bloodstone, speaking quite sincerely about him, and praising him. For Bertha's sake I was glad that this was so.

"Have you had luncheon yet?"

Mrs. Bloodstone asked, after Bertha had murmured her acknowledgment of the compliment paid to her father.

"No! Well, neither have I. We must have some together. Your friends?"

Mrs. Bloodstone turned to me with an enquiring look.

"Mr. Crooks," said Bertha. "He wrote that special article on Mr. Bloodstone which appeared in this morning's 'Magnifier'."

"I don't think Bertha had intended to say anything about the article; she mentioned it on the spur of the moment. The revelation of its authorship was dictated by her subconscious self. Something had been done by her for the Bloodstone cause; therefore she was not altogether a negligible quantity. There was vanity in the information given. After all, we are all determined in some way to assert our social existence."

"You wrote that very fine article, Mr. Crooks?"

Oh, I can't say how much it pleased me when I read it this morning," cried Mrs. Bloodstone. "It was so true, so sincere. How did you come to know so much about Mr. Bloodstone?"

If you praise a man, attributing him to the most splendid qualities, the wife of his bosom, if she cares for him, will be certain to find truth and sincerity in your remarks. Mrs. Bloodstone, like all persons who cannot write, regarded writing as a sort of magic performance. I saw that she was pleased. "You must thank this young lady for the article, if it is worth any thanks," I modestly replied. "She is a great supporter of Mr. Bloodstone. She asked me to write it."

"We are very lucky," smiled Mrs. Bloodstone. The 'City Truth' had some very unkind things to say about my husband this morning; I will never read that paper again. But your article, Mr. Crooks, quite answered the 'City Truth.' Will you come to some lunch with me?"

"No, thank you," I replied, "I have lunched already. Shall I come back for you this afternoon, Bertha?"

"Oh, I can take her home in my car," said Mrs. Bloodstone, "unless you particularly want to come back?"

"No?"

"I said hastily, 'that will do nicely.' The social triumph of a ride home in Mrs. Bloodstone's car was something I would not have had Bertha miss for worlds. Those young men would be witnesses of it; it might cause Harry Gresham to make up his mind quickly. I said good-day at once."

But I lingered by the door long enough to see Bertha and Mrs. Bloodstone pass together behind the screen where the refreshment table was. I saw scores of eyes fixed upon them. I knew that Bertha would no longer be left entirely alone. In that room, already, she had begun to exist socially. And she had the Will to social existence.

CHAPTER XI

WHAT'S WRONG WITH BLOODSTONE?

"Bulletin! bulletin! bulletin!" Half-a-dozen newboys rushed up to me as I appeared on the sidewalk, offering me the special editions of the city papers, which had just been issued. I bought a bulletin and learnt from it that an official 'Gazette Extraordinary,' sent out that afternoon, had fixed the Presidential election for a date two weeks hence; a month after that the election of the National Assembly would take place. The President, of course, would appoint his own Cabinet; there was to be only one Legislative body, the National Assembly. For another six weeks, therefore, the present Government would continue to
true that Mr. Bloodstone’s first public meeting was to be held at the Theatre. He had told it was true. Then he caught sight of me and alarmfully accompanied me out of the newspaper office.

"But surely you are in the counsels of your party?" I asked him. "You didn’t know of this meeting?"

"I did," he replied, with something like despair in his voice, "and I tried my best to induce them to have it in the open air. It isn’t Bloodstone who has decided on this foolishness, it is some of the big men with him who think they know everything. I have been looking for Mr. Bloodstone all over the city for the past two hours, and can’t find him. His friends took advantage of my absence to send out the notice about the Theatre meeting. But I may stop it if I can find Bloodstone before night."

"But why should you want to stop it?" I asked, astonished.

"How many people can the Theatre hold, Crooks?"

"About twelve hundred."

"Good, and you want to have twelve thousand or so if you can get them. Who are going to the Theatre? Big men. Gentlemen. But a gentleman’s vote isn’t worth more than the vote of a Strombow, and Chalkner is certain to point out to the crowd that Bloodstone doesn’t want to talk to the common people. How will that sound?"

"Hum!" I exclaimed.

"This is what comes of having big men to humbug your business for you. They are so ignorant that they believe they know all about elections; I nearly had a fight with one of them to-day. As for poor Mr. Bloodstone, he thinks that all he has to do is to look pretty and shake hands with everybody! He is a good, kind, soft, foolish, hopeless sort of a candidat; and unless I can smash up Chalkner’s meetings, Bloodstone is going to get beaten."

"But how could you think of such a thing?"

"Why? You? Then we’ll get beaten like gentlemen; and it doesn’t matter whether you are a gentleman or a ruffian when you are beaten: you feel the same way. A gentleman has to put gen-
tility aside, Crooks, when he is in the throes of..."

(Continued on Page 35)
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KINGSTON, JAMAICA
Triumphant Squallitone

(Continued from Page 35)
a political contest; if he can’t do it, he’d better become a Sunday School Superintendent and leave politics alone.”

“What are you going to do now?” I asked.

“Try to find Bloodstone. I don’t know what is the matter with him; he seems to have something on his mind since yesterday. He should be at his committee room now, but he hasn’t been there since morning.”

“I saw him at Bibbink and Coovawal’s today,” I said; “and you are right, Squallitone, he was looking worried.”

Squallitone stopped. “Then something is up,” he said. “I don’t like this. Crooks, what can be the matter?”

“You ought to know more than I,” was my answer.

“And I don’t know anything, except that it must be Chalkner who is behind all this. What a man!”

What a man! The words were spoken admiringly. The political cunning of Mr. Chalkner had wrung a tribute from the heart and lips of Squallitone.

“Thinking of going over to him?” I remarked derisively.

“No, he is another who thinks he knows everything, and I can’t change now. But he is cute, and I’ll have to work very hard to beat him.”

“He doesn’t know the classics,” I jeered.

“Crooks,” said Squallitone confidentially, “the classics alone aren’t going to be a patch against Chalkner. He knows something better than classics just now.”

“And what may that be?”

“The common or garden voter. The man who is going to decide this election.”

CHAPTER XII
BACHELOR MATCH-MAKING

That evening Mrs. Squallitone confidently predicted at dinner that we should have visitors later on. She said it with an air of resignation which did not altogether disguise the feeling of satisfaction which she strove to repress.

Bertha had been taken home by Mrs. Bloodstone in her motor car, and many eyes in the neighbourhood had perceived and noted that fact. It was an event, it was news; and news concerning one must have a rapid circulation amongst one’s friends, otherwise it fails to be of interest.

Mrs. Squallitone knew that some of her friends would want further information about the motor car, about Mrs. Bloodstone, about Bertha’s connection with Mrs. Bloodstone. They would seek the quickest way of obtaining same. They would call that evening.

The lady’s forecast was justified; by eight o’clock Mrs. Fijooce had called, Mr. Moravis, and Jim Lescombe, and a couple of other people. Our own two young men were at home, and all the girls. Squallitone had gone off to Chalkner’s first meeting, principally with a view to disturbing its peace and harmony if possible.

I thought this was a favourable opportunity to heighten Bertha’s worth in the eyes of Harry Gresham. “You were the centre of admiring glances to-day, Bertha,” I said teasingly, “All the young men I saw in the committee room were admiring you.”

“Are you making fun at me?” was what her eyes said, as she heard my words, but she wisely made no comment. I saw one of the visitors perusing some vinegar to season my remarks, but before she could speak—

“That is to be expected,” said Lescombe, a young man who admired Bertha, with gloomy gallantry; “Miss Squallitone will always be.admiring Bertha.”

Bertha rose promptly and went to the piano. She did not desire that Jim Lescombe should openly make love to her. But my heart warmed towards the young fellow; his aid was valuable just then. He offered a song, and he sang “In the Gloaming.” It had a deploring and blood-red meaning.

I went out into the garden to smoke a cigar, but even there I could hardly contain the laughed at Bertha not to think bitterly of him for leaving her lonely, which she was not in the least likely to do. In fact, I suspected that, after he was gone, she would not think of him at all. Ten minutes afterwards a Mr. Moravis began to sing, and I heard someone come out into the garden. It was Gresham.

“I got away to smoke a cigar,” he explained. “You did me a good turn to-night, Mr. Crooks; that odious woman wanted to make them all think I was a coward.”

“I don’t think we should all have thought so,” I replied; “I could see that Bertha was snubbed.”

“She is a very fine girl,” he replied warmly; “different from all the others. It is a pity—”

He paused. “What’s a pity?” I asked, probing him.

“Why she is mixing up herself with Bloodstone’s politics. Her father is not much thought of, I believe; he would be in a respectable position now if he had only left politics alone.”

I was determined that the sins of her father should not fall all upon poor Bertha. “Gresham,” I said seriously, “you really don’t know Squallitone. He is a man of genius, political genius, but it hasn’t yet been perceived.”

“It will require great power of perception to perceive it,” he replied dryly; “I didn’t think his daughter would want to follow his example.”

“Miss Chalkner is doing more than she is.”

“But Miss Chalkner can afford to do a lot of things that Miss Squallitone cannot afford to do.”

I would not admit it. “I think it is rather good for Bertha,” I protested. “She is meeting a lot of nice people, and she must get married some day, you know. Mrs. Bloodstone likes her, and that means a lot for her.”

I had despatched a keen arrow. It found its mark. The project of remark about the admiration Bertha had evoked that day had not been without its effect; that effect I had now followed up.

“I suppose you are right,” said Harry, after a pause. “You know, I believe she has refused that fellow Lescombe.”

“I feel sure of it,” I said, “she can and should marry a man in a much better position that Lescombe, and I don’t think that’s the reason she refused him.”

“But isn’t it a mistake for a young man to marry before he has made his way in the world, as said Harry. “Marriage may be a handicap.”

It disturbed the woman.” I said warmly. “Where a girl like Bertha, any, is concerned, marriage would be a help. I strongly recommend marriage before people are too old to know their own minds. What are they waiting for?”

“Well, you are a bachelor, you know.”

“And I regret it,” I asserted, quite untruthfully. “Domestic happiness, life-long companionship, the sharing of troubles, the thoughtful care

(Continued on Page 60)
The VANISHING BOTTLES
A Race-Day Incident of Bygone Days.

Below is an amusing story written by the late Mr. E. A. Glen Cameron, many years ago, the manuscript of which was found among some papers given to a friend. It concerns the old days of racing at Cumbernauld Pen, a celebrated race course forty or fifty years ago, which old stagers still remember with the characteristic geniuses. "Glen" was an excellent raconteur, and everyone will enjoy this bit of posthumous reminiscence.

A Norman Englishman arriving in Dublin for the first time was being conveyed in a dog cart along the west bankment of the "Liffey", when the well-known disgusting odour from that quarter assailed him with full force and effect. Covering his nostrils with his handkerchief, he said to the coachman. "What is that?" "One o' the sights o' Dublin, nor," was the reply. You will not think it curious therefore when I tell you that one of the principal features of Cumberland Pen races was the "stick licking." The driving leader of many a hard fight was a Kingston "badman" named David Wood. Whenever there was a clash of Spanish Town and Old Harbour "badman" versus Kingston, you could bank Kingston with the last dollar if Dave was in command. Big William, of Sollas Market fame, Joe Byden and Natty Byden from Hannah Town, Black Nurses and other noted toughs gladly took service under him. No race meeting was considered a success by the common people who flocked to Cumberland Pen in those days unless it was converted into a kind of Donnybrook Fair. The conduct of these "badmen" became so outrageous that the strong arm of the Law had to be invoked against them to put a stop to this scandal. On one occasion of a free for all fight, the very policemen and their Inspectors were badly mauled in the presence of the Governor, Sir Henry Blake, at Cumberland Pen. The Government therefore indicted a large number of them for rioting. They were tried at Spanish Town and received exemplary sentences.

The particular day of this story was a rather quiet one. The races went off with much success and the Policemen could relax their usual vigilance. So much so that they were given permission to remove their jackets. This peacefulness was due to the fact that the leaders of the "bad" gangs were absent in prison. The horse dealer, one who could always be depended on to uphold the tradition of Kingston, was in the Hospital nursing a broken skull, received in a brawl at Ned Francis' Town in Princess Street. The Police therefore had little to do and could well afford to enjoy the event as a day's outing. It was a fine day. Everything went on smoothly and the Police were in high spirits. After one of the races was run, the keen business eye of the caterer in charge of the bars and the Pool, observed two or three bottles of rum were missing from the shelf. Another race and he missed a third bottle. This gentleman was a most genorous trait of character, but he was not prepared to convey liquor to Cumberland Pen for the benefit of thieves. He therefore borrowed a coco macaque stick from a Haytian named Thaddeus Lilly and engaged the services of Raye Naar as watchman. After he had stationed Naar under cover behind the bar, he passed over the coco macaque to him and gave him a "double" with certain instructions. The next race was a handicap of one mile. Six horses faced the starter. They got off splendidly, and within two hundred yards from home there were three in the finish.

Every neck was strained to see the winner. Shouts rent the air as the horses thundered up the straight, neck and neck, stride and stride. You could spread a sheet over the trio. The call is "Kiss-a-way!" then it is "Dutch Oven!" as backers yelled to the tops of their voices the names of their favourite horses. A tremendous shout went up "Annie Douglas! Annie Douglas!" as the gallant little daughter of the great Annie shot past the post a winner by a shank of a bit. It was during the last moments of the "Titanic" struggle, when excitement was at a fever heat, that Raye Naar observed a hand coming through a aperture at the back of the booth, aimed at a bottle of Daggie Rum.

Whack! The coco macaque descended and it finished up some one.

No Spartan could surpass Corporal Brown (that was not his name but for obvious reasons I cannot disclose it).

He bore the pain attendant on a broken hand that day like a stoic, and his nearest friend did not know that something serious had happened to him.

It was getting dark when the last race was over (the days are short in January).

People were rushing to the station, and the Police were mustered and marched off to be entrained for Kingston. Personally, I could never understand why a passenger train in a station cannot remain stock still without the backward and forward jerks that I have experienced sometimes. Corporal Brown awaited this opportunity; he got near the buffer, and as the motion described occurred, he threw himself cautiously on the gruss and cried out that his hand was crushed.

A comrade rushed to his aid. His hand was crushed indeed. From Kingston Railway Station he was hurried off to the Public Hospital.

The skill of the doctors saved the hand, but he had to leave the Force, poor fellow. After the usual parley of lawyers on both sides the Railway Company sent him a cheque for £150, with which he opened a small business.

Some years afterwards I happened to meet him. He remembered me well. After we had exchanged a few pleasantities on the old days, I went to inquire of his broken hand and his business. He was changed instantly. He sighed, and said, "Ah, Mr. Glen, here is the hand; to this day I can hardly use it, and all the Railway gave me was a naked £150. That's how they take advantage of poor people!"

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MANAGER & SECRETARY.

Triumphant Squalitone

(Continued from Page 28)

of a loving wife—you don’t know what they mean,
my dear boy.”

Neither did I, nor did I want to know; but
my eulogy had some effect upon the young man.
He stared at the star, and smoked thoughtfully.
I complacently reflected, when I went to bed
that night, that an old bachelor might become a
very good match-maker, if only he exercised him-
self enough.

CHAPTER XIII
SQUALITONE’S MASTER-STROKE

The Kingston or Ward Theatre is situated, as
all the world does not know, in the Central
Park of Kingston. The other theatres possessed
by the city are devoted to moving-picture shows; but the Ward Theatre is used only for
opera and dramatic performances, patriotic de-
monstrations, political celebrations, and other
like important functions.

Against the advice of Squalitone, Mr. Blood-
stone’s leading supporters had determined that his
first political meeting should be held in this thea-
tre. They wanted to issue tickets of admission
but Squalitone strenuously protested against this,
even to the point of becoming personally
abusive, that they yielded in the matter of the
tickets and invited all the public to be present,
assuring them of a hearty welcome. The meeting
was to begin at four in the afternoon. At about
that same hour Squalitone and some of the lesser
lights of the Bloodstone party were at the entrance
to a gathering of the intelligent electors at the West
End of the city.

Squalitone asked me to accompany him to
this little meeting, which he promised should be
over early enough to enable us to get to the Thea-
tre before the great demonstration should be more
than half-way through. “But first,” said he, “let
us take a look at the Theatre to see what arrange-
ments are being made. I suspect Mr. Chalker
is not going to leave them alone.”

When we got to the place, Squalitone’s keen
eyes noticed a slight wooden structure that had
been erected near the iron railing of the Park, and
almost facing the main entrance to the Theatre.

This structure was a light movable platform
standing four feet above the ground. The space
in front and on either side of it could accommodate hundreds of people; these could gather with-
out obstructing the public thoroughfare, for the
ground immediately surrounding the Park is not
a portion of the streets. When performances are
given in the Theatre, hundreds of idlers some-
times assemble on the southern side of Central
Park to watch the gaily-dressed play-goers as they
arrive in their carriages and motor cars. The po-
lace do not interfere, for the police have no right
or reason to interfere. Here it was that I saw the
platform I have mentioned, and a couple of men
placing chairs upon it.

“See there!” cried Squalitone, then added:

“Chalker.”

“A rival meeting?” I suggested.

“Of course. And with music. There is no law
against it, and if the police interfere, Mr.
Chalker and the ‘City Truth’ will say that the
law is a mere piece of legislation, and that Mr.
Bloodstone will call the police together to
prove the law is not fair. All the time that the
people in the Theatre won’t hear a word that
Bloodstone is saying. Some of those who were going
in will stop out here, and some who have gone
in will come out. Half of them will prefer
‘Sweetie Charlie’ to all the political speeches in
the world.”

“Sweetie Charlie” being a rather obscure,
popular song, I was persuaded that Squalitone had
not misjudged the taste of some of the citizens.
And then the best of the Theatre at that hour had
to be taken into consideration.

“What is to be done?” I asked ruefully.

“Nothing, Crooks. We have begun badly, that
is all. And if there is anything I hate, it is to be
on the losing side.”

I looked about me. To the north was the big
reinforced concrete Theatre, on the opposite side
was the Park, with its lawns and parterres and
leafy trees, its flowers and its fountains. To the
east, in the same street in which the Theatre
stood, and not many blocks away, were the Police
Depot and the chief Fire Brigade Station of the
city. To the west the street ran straight for some
distance, then ended in a lane running from north
to south. By walking down this lane for a few
minutes you came into the Spanish Town Road, one
of the highways of the island. It was in the first
section of the Spanish Town Road that Squalitone
was to address a few resident voters, who had
just then trying to make up their minds as to the
presidential abilities of Messrs. Chalker and
Bloodstone.

We hailed a cab and drove off to our meet-
 ing, my landlord musingfully wondering at the fate
of his daughter. But unfortunately, he was not at all friendly
when we arrived. At first he would not make his appearance; when he did so, after messages of
persuasion, he greeted me as he did the Biblical phrase,
“the labourer is worthy of his hire,” and looked to see how we took the question. Squalitone confided to me in a whisper that one of Chalker’s
agents must have bribed the man to go back on
his word, but Squalitone himself could easily rise
to an emergency of this kind. He earnestly dwelt
on this particular householder’s absolute disgustless-
tedness, his love of freedom, his wish to do all he
could for his country. He expressed a passionate de-
 sire to entertain that particular householder just
there, but regretted he had not the time. But he
asked the householder to entertain himself, and
privately pressed five shillings into his hand. Af-
er that, friendliness became apparent once more.
One or two other speakers turned up, and the
citizens came out. I counted thirty, all of them
black or brown. Eleven were women. Six were boys. Of the thirteen men, three resolved
themselves into supporters of Mr. Chalker by
beginning the interruptions which were to be
maintained throughout the meeting. Amongst the
remaining ten I saw the man Blackley who had
so openly spoken sedition in King Street some
days before, but he held himself aloof from the
Chalkeres. Nine proudly free and independent
electors, were to listen to our addresses.
Perhaps not four of them really had the right to
exercise the franchise, but

BUT SQUALITONE did not seem depressed.
On the contrary, he spoke as though he were address-
ing a mass meeting of intellectuals. He reminded
them of Manna Charla, for which their fathers
had fought and died, and of the French Revolu-
tion, in which, he assured them, some of their
ancestors must have taken a leading part. He

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asked them if they would be content to dwell under an olive grove. But the second group, where the word protested that they could not think of it. He hesitated to believe that Mr. Bloodstone was sincere, and his heart misgave him, and the boys promised to take his request into consideration. Indeed, they denounced people who went into politics only through their political ambitions, and he supposed they would be more so with an admiral of disapproval of impartiality, seeing that it was a price to be paid to save the identical pledge in regard to Mr. Chaloner.

Then he declared the meeting closed. He excused the scanty attendance. There was no speaking, for which they looked profoundly disapproving. Chaloner jeered and set off at a rapid pace eastward, and Mr. Bloodstone, who was under the impression of disturbing Mr. Bloodstone's meeting effectually. Sequel showed that the friendly householder, and expressed the hope that more men of his fine character were to be found in Jamaica, but he and his son should have a talk with them some other day. Then we went off to get a cab, he explaining to me on the way that a more unconfirmed iniquity than that householder he had never met in his life.

"How could you speak as you did to that wretched crowd?" I asked him, as we pushed on.

"I have to make the best of every opportunity now, Crooks," he replied. "People may be at a big meeting another day, and if we have pleased them, they will lead the cheering, especially if I use some words they do not understand. It was a good thing I thought of oligarchy—an inspiration. Always speak above the heads of your audience. You will be sure of applause."

Walking quickly, we came up the three scalawags in the pay of the Japanese government, who had interrupted our meeting with impatient remarks. They had stopped for a moment to look at a small blaze in an open yard to the south of the street. Some resident was burning his rubbish, and the smoke was out of all proportion to the fuel. Of course there was not the slightest danger of the fire doing any harm. But Squatson paused as he saw the little blaze, and our hecklers, polite and respectful now that they were no longer on political duty, touched their hats to us; one of them said to us:

"If they're not careful, sir, a fire like that may be dangerous."

The remark was made merely for the purpose of saying something. The fire was definitely dangerous.

But Squatson stared at it with a glint in his eye which I knew foretold some wild action on his part. The man, Blaekly, had followed us, and was now standing nearby. A few other persons had also gathered, wondering to see the curious thing starting at a burning rubbish heap in an open yard. Then a cab came in sight.

"Come on, Crooks," cried Squatson quickly, and we jumped into the cab. He bent over and whispered to the driver.

"The Fire Brigade Station. Quick."

"What are you going to do?" I demanded.

"Call the Brigade out for a thing like that? Are you crazy?"

"Yes, silly," he snapped; "a fool; anything you like. But so far as I have never been in the throes of a general election, you may be in the throes of a Bloodstone in my own way." Then he urged the man to drive faster.

Straight on the cabin drove, and in a few minutes we came to the Theatre. Two meetings were in progress. The Theatre doors stood open, a rapid glance showed me that the building was crowded. But outside the Theatre, and even partly obstructing the view, there were about a thousand people, and on the movable platform there was a group of about thirty, all talking to each other. Stationed a little farther off were four mistresses with musicians, who were playing horns and beating drums with sufficient noise truly disablistable. Squatson was right.

The Theatre's meeting was assuredly spotty, a failure.

"And when they have smashed up our meeting," he said, "we turn them out, and our audience, instead of finding their own outside, and all our audience will be driven away with us. Chaloner proposes, but Squatson will dispose this afternoon."

In another couple of minutes we came to the Fire Brigade Station.

The cab stopped; I flung the man a shilling and we jumped out. We rushed into the station; the superintendent was standing immediately by a pillar, awaiting the advent of fire.

"The Fire Brigade Station. Quick."

"What is the alarm?" ordered the sub-supervising inspector.

I told him the whole story of the great gong echoed through the building and the street. Then the order that had reigned a moment before transformed itself into fierce activity. Of their own accord a noble pair of horses came trotting towards the big fire-brigade wagon, a belted driver sprang to the seat of a motor-wagon, men appeared from everywhere and clambered into these vehicles, at full speed the horses dashed out of the station, followed by the motor-wagon, behind them came the superintend-ent himself, and as they all flew towards the scene of the fire a police van crowded with police-men wheeled round the corner and joined the flying procession at full speed.

"Fire! Fire!" the gongs of the fire brigade sounded the alarm as it dashed forward. "Fire!" the people caught up the cry from one another and hurried breathlessly in the wake of the flying fire-wagons. We were following too, in a cab, and as we neared the Theatre I saw Squatson's eyes gleam. "Fire!" the gongs warned the crowd in front to make way, for the brigade would halt or turn aside for no one, would slacken its speed for no one. "Fire!" Even political gatherings must give place now to these hurrying fire-fighters.

Right along the street, the gongs now going more furiously than ever, dashed the fire brigade. To right and left scattered the crowd, frightened, and out of the Theatre came streaming a number of startled people, anxious to know if the danger was near. The crowd scattered, but a glance behind me showed that the crowd was now following. Men and women and children were running in one huge mass, after the fire brigade. The dust rose, choking us. Noise and confusion bewildered us. But I heard Squatson's voice declaring triumphantly: "No political meeting can stand up against a fire," and now I realised fully that he was paying back the Chaliker party in its own coin. They had almost smashed up Bloodstone's meeting. He had smouldered up theirs!

Soon we reached the spot where the smoke from the rubbish heap was rising; the superintendent of the brigade took in the situation at a glance. Still, there was something of a fire, how- ever insignificant and harmless, and no one had the right to burn rubbish in an open yard within the limits of the city. So the hose were coupled the water turned on, the brigade went to work with a will, in a couple of minutes the fire was extinguished and the brigade was preparing to go back again to the station. The crowd, having run itself out of breath, was much disappointed at the smallness of the conflagration. Some expressed their dissatisfaction audibly. But the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, not displeased with the excitement, for which they considered themselves in some way responsible, loudly expressed thanks to Providence that the brigade had arrived. (Continued on Page 47)
Special girl,

Special boy,

Special treat—

Gold Flake

Treat yourself to a Better Cigarette...

W. D. & H. O. Wills'

GOLD FLAKE
Cigarettes.
Triumphant Squalitone

(Continued from Page 1)

in time, otherwise (they said) there was a good chance what might not have occurred. Then half the people who had followed the brigade turned back to go to another Chalkner gathering. But the other half went home.

We were amongst those who took our way to the meeting. When we got back we found the Bloodstone supporters leaving the Theatre, and about a hundred of the men were gathering around their platform. But Mr. Chalkner himself was not there. Squalitone called to a man in the street and asked if Mr. Chalkner had come. The man replied, "What a clever man!" exclaimed Squalitone.

An attempt was made to rally the crowd to an interest in the approaching election. Some of the men talked about the candidates but the citizens were tired and inattentive. Squalitone was standing on the Theatre, and was talking in a tone of passion that was intended as such. "Chalkner! Chalkner! Three cheers for Chalkner!" The shout went up, the people cheered. At that moment the camera was out of its place. Squalitone saw the men and were prepared to speak.

He mounted the platform, and raised his hand for silence. "Citizens," he began—his voice rang out clearly and distinctly—"some of my friends organized a meeting to be held at this spot this afternoon to discuss the matter at hand. It has nothing to do with Mr. Bloodstone's aristocratic gathering in the Theatre; I am and my friends are content to meet the humblest citizens anywhere. I did not think I could be present; at any rate, I did not arrange to address you this evening. But here I am, and while I received your address I telephoned the man who telephoned me. It was a kind of Squalitone and I went up to break up your meeting—the people meeting.

That was bad enough. But fellow citizens worse was attempted. I was told that a new Squalitone and I went up to break up your meeting—the people meeting. That was bad enough. But fellow citizens worse was attempted. I was told that a character more known than respected had malignantly called the Fire Brigade and summoned the brigade to the place. That disgraceful character knew that the brigade must drive the crowd out. The citizens, there were women and children in the crowd!"

Mr. Chalkner passed to let these words sink in.

"In order to break up your meeting, this hiring of Mr. Bloodstone's did not hesitate to risk the lives of your wives and children," Mr. Chalkner continued bitterly, "I asked and I heard his name. When I came up in my car I saw that man standing before the Theatre. He has no doubt he is there now. His name is a byword in Kingstong, known but not respected; he trumped up the false alarm of fire to earn the money he could not earn by decent industry. When I say Squalitone, fellow citizens, you will know the sort of thing that aconteed."

"It is a lie!"

They were not as the fire, and fierce, even as Chalkner spoke the words. And yet, Squalitone, frightened out of his wits, had not spoken a word.

Again the words were thundered out, and looked eagerly to see who had spoken. I perceived the man Blakely waving his light arm at Chalkner.

"It was Squalitone and Banana Brown, two men in Mr. Chalkner's pay, who first called attention to the fire. I was there and I heard them speak to Mr. Squalitone, and others. But other people heard them. I can bring witnesses. What Mr. Chalkner says is not true!"

Blakely stated insolently at Mr. Chalkner, who stared back in surprise at this unexpected challenge. He probably did not even recognize the names of the two men who had been employed as common hacklers, but some of the crowd knew them, and voices called out, "Squalitone is here, Banana Brown is here." Blackley's boldness had evidently some influence with the crowd.

"Let them deny what I have said, if they can," shouted Blackley, perceiving its importance; "but two men, confused no doubt by his charge, which they could scarcely deny, remained silent. The people began to murmur; I am open to the charge, but after all, so much in the right as he claimed to be.

He saw that he had to say something. "I know nothing about this, fellow citizens, and I do not believe he has any interest in the matter. He is asserted with dignity."

"I was all at first, but I am not going to make any. In politics you can't be particular.

"But what can a man like that do?" I asked.

"Do what he did a little while ago; help to make the crowd. That is a most important part of a political campaign."

CHAPTER XIV

THE BLOODSTONE MYSTERY

The next morning a "City Truth" account announced that Mr. Chalkner had left for his round over the country but that Mr. Bloodstone had been detained in the city. The paper hinted that Mr. Bloodstone had matters to attend to which would keep him forever out of the political arena, where, it assured him, he was a conspicuous failure. The "Magnifier" also admitted that Mr. Bloodstone had not yet been able to leave the city, but maintained that it was the welfare of the prospective Republic that compelled him to remain in Kingston just now.

The announcement in the newspapers came upon us with startling effect; in an instant it seem to

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Triumphant Squalitone

(Continued from Page 2)
ed to dash our cup of joy to the ground. Identi-
tified as I was with the Squalitones, what affected
them affected me, and I had retired to bed on
the night before with a feeling of elation which
bore a direct relationship to Mr. Bloodstone’s pro-
spective triumph, with which he had been
immediately fortunes of Bertha and her father were now so close-
ly connected. Let Mr. Bloodstone continue to
fight his battle with some show of vigour and
Squalitone could gladly proceed with the smashing
of political meetings and that sort of thing, actions
which were now being considered highly meritor-
ious by persons who a few weeks before would have
denounced them as the quintessence of big-

levy Brothers
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Happy Xmas
Prosperous
1945

‘The man worth while is the man who

Thanks
for everything

PLANTERS’ PUNCH
1944-45

TO SPEED THE WHEELS
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THE UNDERWOOD ELLIOTT FISHER &
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“DRIVER” LINE POWER WOODWORKING
MACHINERY.

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consequently we have not been able to supply your many re-
quests. We only ask your indulgence until the fight is won,
when we can promise you bigger and better service.

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J.S. WEBSTER & SONS
BREEZY CASTLE, KINGSTON.

inism. And the higher Squalitone rose in the
estimation of that section of the public which
supplied its support, the more people in good social position think of Bertha, who, by
her bearing and manners, was actually supporting
her father’s claim to be considered a gentleman,
even though a professional politician.

But if Mr. Bloodstone were going to act in a
mystifying manner, show the white feather, leave
the campaign to his opponent, neglect his obvious
duties as a presidential candidate, and thus bring
ruin and disgrace upon his party, where in the
name of all that was good did we come in? For
the past couple of days he had been acting strange-
ly. Now he had, apparently, drawn back when
he should be touring the country like a man pos-
essed of demonic energy. What did it all mean?
What did it portend?

To say we were indignant is to put it mildly.
We had long since begun to think of Bloodstone
as a mere cipher and of ourselves as It; Blood-
stone, in our view, existed for our purposes and
it was disheartening to think of his not fulfilling
his destiny in a proper and respectable way. In
this opinion we were not singular; all those who
actively assist a political candidate feel that that
candidate is a sort of puppet in the hands of the
wonderful geniuses who support his candidacy.

That probably explains why, after every election,
we are bitterly disappointed at discovering that
our man has some mind of his own and refuses to
be dictated to on every subject under the sun. But
this is by the way. The jeering tone of the “City
Truth,” the spidery sentences of the “City Mag-

Ziner,” showed only too plainly that our candidate,
for some reason or other, was weakening. Even
the fact that Squalitone was described as a mer-
cenary sound-drum in the columns of the first
paper, by a man of great public spirit by the second,
because of his exploit of the previous afternoon,
gave my good friend no comfort in our present
distress. A man of ardent temperament, he was
as quickly depressed as elated, and now he was
swamped into the depths of woe. Bertha shared
something of his despair, but looked more self-
possessed.

“To think of all I have done for that man,”
moaned Squalitone, “and to think he should have
decieved me in this manner! What am I to make
of human nature, Crooks?”

I answered that perhaps human nature would
not care what we made of it.

“I do not,” said Squalitone. “It is by no
means a decent thing for men to come forward
into public life, induce loyal supporters to sacri-
ifice their principles in their behalf, then, at almost
the last moment, draw back and leave us in the lurch.
My position is a terrible one. I expected the elec-
tion to meet Bloodstone. I brought off a political
cloup yesterday that struck terror in the hearts
of our opponents. Men’s eyes are fixed upon me;
they are asking, what will Squalitone do next?
And what am I to do? All that I want is that
Mr. Bloodstone shall second my efforts. I looked
forward to hearing that this morning he was well
on his way to some large country meeting where,
most of the people knowing nothing whatever
about politics, all he would have had to do was
to make a few foolish remarks and see that every-
body present got a good drink of rum. I told him
so last night. ‘Rum is your best friend,’ I said;
‘you have no idea of the political potency of
rum.’ But that would be bribery and corruption,”
he answered. “Well, as Chalkhouse is going to
be the man to fix us, corrupt,’ I said, ‘you had bet-
ter look like doing the same and doing it more,
unless you are riding for a fall. But don’t call it bribery; ask the
people to drink your health. There’s no harm in
people drinking a gentleman’s health, and the
more often they drink it, the greater will their de-

tire for your improved physical well-being become.
Mr. Bloodstone smiled and said he would think
of my advice, but I noticed he was gloomy. Some-
thing on his mind. He didn’t tell me, though, that
he wasn’t going on his tour. Now we are down
and out, and no mistake.”

But father,” said Bertha, “it must be some-
thing serious to make Mr. Bloodstone act as he
is doing. Couldn’t we find out what it is? Per-
haps we could help him?”

“How am I to find out? He won’t tell me. Could you ask Mrs. Bloodstone?”

“She wouldn’t like it. I don’t know her suf-

Then it’s all up a gum-tree. What an un-
fortunate man I am, Crooks! Just when a new
order of things makes its appearance, and my
great organising faculties are beginning to be ap-
preciated, with a prospect of receiving adequate pecuniary reward, the man whom I selected
to exalt to the highest position in the land turns
bad and runs away. I was all very well for War-
wick the Kingmaker to say, ‘Put not your trust in
princes,’ but what was his plight compared to
mine? I am ruined. I shall be laughed at. My
reputation will be completely destroyed. I al-

lowed Bloodstone to beguile me into supporting
him. I allowed him to induce my eldest daugh-
ter to pass anxious and laborious days in making
his Rosettes for the electors. Who will now wear
those Rosettes? It is a good thing I drew ten
pounds from him for out-of-pocket expenses yest-
erday, or I should be facing the jail after this!”

“Let that ten pounds be your consolation,”
I remarked; but I too was feeling sad. Bertha,
however, showed more spirit. “There must be a rea-
son for Mr. Bloodstone’s peculiar conduct,” she
said. “I wonder how far out we might be able
to help him. Can’t you do something, Uncle Joe?”

“What am I to do, my dear?”

She thought a moment, then came out with a
suggestion.

“You, sir, the editor of The Magnifier, may know more than we do. Why not go and ask
him. The newspapers know a lot, don’t they?”

“The editor of ‘The Magnifier’ is a highly cul-
tured man,” said Squalitone. “Let us see again
what he said about me this morning: ‘ah, here
It is.”

“Never mind that now, papa,” said Bertha;
‘you have already read it several times. I am
going down to the Committee room. If I hear
anything I’ll tell you. Both of you should go right
away to see the editor, and then perhaps we can
be more decided. I am not going to allow Ellis
Chalkhouse to win if I can help it.”

Being able to think of nothing better, we de-
termined to follow Bertha’s advice.

The editor, when we got down to the office,
received us at once. “I suppose you have come
about Bloodstone?” he asked.
"Yes," said Siquillone, "there is something peculiar about his attitude. There must be an explanation for it, don't you think?"

"Mea ning that you yourself are dying with curiosity," said the editor dryly. "Well now, look here, Mr. Chalker, if you are speaking very plainly to you. You have been doing some very good work for our side, and I think you have gone too far with that."

"I will not hear such talk from any man!" indignantly replied Siquillone.

"You will, from me," said the editor. "Rightly or wrongly, the impression prevails that you are to desert what you think to be a losing cause. Popular impressions are not invariably right, however, and I must say that you have shown more energy and real knowledge of local conditions than most of Mr. Bloodstone's good friends. Money is going to be a serious matter. But I want you to remember that I say what I say to you is under the seal of secrecy, and if I hear that you have whispered one word of it to anyone—and I shall certainly hear if you do—I will publish a broadcast that you are a man nobody can understand and do my best to finish what little is left of your not very successful political career."

"After that, I think I must withdraw," said Siquillone loftily.

"You haven't the slightest intention of withdrawing," said the editor. "And I want you to understand that you must continue working. Mr. Bloodstone may be able to win out yet."

"Ah! Then all is not lost!" cried Siquillone.

"No. If I tell you why Mr. Bloodstone is undecided now, it is because he may be able to fight his way out of his present difficulties, and if you and your other associates continue working as if there were nothing to disturb you, that may help to save the situation. In a word, Mr. Bloodstone owes Mr. Chalker a great deal of money, and he is being used as a means of terrify ing Mr. Bloodstone into giving him the nomination."

"Phew! It is more serious than I thought," said Siquillone. "If you owe a man like Chalker money, you had better say your prayers at once. Bloodstone is a dangerous man, and I didn't think he had money. What a hopeless case!"

"He is certainly not a hopeless one, and it is only within the last few days that he has known of his indebtedness to Mr. Chalker. After the hurricane, Bloodstone had to re-establish his ruined bananas plantations. He could easily have borrowed from the banks at six per cent, but he went to the other six creditors, offered to lend at five. That was an inducement. Chalker and Coowalk are really Chalk ner's financial agents, and they act for Chalker when he doesn't want to appear prominently on the scene. Bloodstone borrowed from them, and now he is ready to pay the interest."

"It is much the same with me, too, sir, and I am not in the least surprised at it," said Mr. Bloodstone. "Mr. Chalker will have my full support in this.
Mr. Bloodstone; "my principal supporters have apparently deserted me";

"Their room is better than their company: when they think you are winning they will come back and support you, but if you are indispersed that lie is as good as any other."

"What's your plan?" asked the gentlemen when they had been rudely suppressed.

"My plan is simple. I am going to fight Chalkner with real election and then, like a man, shall see the old lady revive. That will teach future political candidates to respect women. They have as grandmothers. Mrs. Chalkner's grandmother used to sell poultry; she kept fowls. The probabilities are that she cheated. I shall bring her to bear upon Mr. Chalkner, with dire results to his reputation."

"When I have done this, and more, you, Mr. Bloodstone, will come after and address the people. I have been made acquainted with Mr. Blakley's family history. There is nothing against your family or yourself, and in any case I am yours."

"I would."

"Go about in style. Let several of your friends accompany you in motor cars: a procession of automobiles will be regarded as indicative of sound political principles. Address the men in the audience in addition of the ugliest women, and be careful to speak of all of them as the 'ladies'; they cannot be distinguished. Above all, have a few people to treat the crowd to drinks. Show generously at the right moment, and you will be all right."

"I go to prepare the way for you. Chalkner is great, but not as great as you."

He dominated them. We all eagerly sat down to draw up our plan of campaign, and Squalitone was ipso facto invited to sit at the head of our group. He was unreserved in his praise of the."

I mean to follow Mr. Chalkner wherever he goes, that I will fight him step by step, contradict all his lies, prevent him from deceiving the people over-much, and come back in triumph to the election in Kingston. I mean to hold counter-meetings wherever I can; and you, Mr. Bloodstone, are prepared to leave me to organise this campaign?"

"It seems that I can do nothing else," said Mr. Bloodstone.

"Wouldn't it be better if Mr. Bloodstone took the Southside parishite's" suggested one of the latter's friends.

"And give Chalkner the chance of speaking after him, and destroying any effect he may create?"

Mr. Bloodstone, are you prepared to leave me to organise this campaign?"

"I have determined not to take you in," Mr. Bloodstone replied.

"You must not forget to-morrow morning; wherever Chalkner has spoken you must be there."

"Woudn't it be better."

"To the last! they exclaimed, they would have stored laughingly at him but a month ago, but they left, and he took Bertha and me and said: he was not going to walk to the polling place with me."

"It is all right," said he to Bertha; "we have got the true story out of the editor; Mr. Crooks will tell us the truth in the Morning Chronicle."

"But be careful Paps," warned Bertha.

"My dear, it is only by being bold that I can win."

I was glad that I did not go with Squalitone on this political expedition, as he said he would, and he was handsomely supplied with funds. He went in a motor car, and with him he took the representatives of Blakley, Bloodstone and some of his friends left on the following morning, and in every parish, town and district of the island meet s were held simultaneously.

Bloodstone had mustered sufficient courage to put up a fight; he was strong in the country, and the planters were doing their best for him. But it was Squalitone's progress that followed with keenest interest, and the three persons that one read most about in the papers were Chalkner, Blakley and Bloodstone."

Handsome property with funds, my friend was now able to show what he could do. No longer fighting for his own election, he could at last be taken seriously: Mr. Bloodstone's name was worth a great deal. He was an old campaigner, and it did not seem that Squalitone's methods were exactly respectable. The "City Truth" blazed forth that wherever he employed the rufes of the district to disturb Mr. Chalkner's meetings, while a man by the name of Blakley was proponent as an impertinent heckler whose stentorian voice could be heard above the roar of the crowd. The "City Truth" passionately realized a feeling of personalities, though it indulged in them rather freely. The "Magnifier" could see nothing unlity personal in the attacks on Mr. Chalkner and his party though it admitted that the sober truth might be very unsympathetic to some persons. Meanwhile while it was apparent enough that Chalkner was winning handsomely. He did three times as much as Bloodstone was able to get through, but, work as hard as he might, move as quickly as he could, Squalitone hung on his flank and redoubled his efforts, he was no"
I too had something in my mind, something that I longed to talk to Harry and Bertha about, but could find no way to do so. The two young people could not come to me after dinner and supper, and Harry was scarcely ever in the drawing-room now, and Bertha took care not to be in the garden if he happened to be there. He either stayed in his room or went out in the evening. I was now in a mood to turn on the other side; she believed that he preferred Ella Chalkner's com- pany. I felt a strange hurt that she would not see him when he bowed.

My sympathies were chieflly with Bertha. It was persuaded that Harry had weakly allowed himself to be attracted by Ella, and had felt too much satisfaction at being seen in public with the latter. He had been helped by his ready recognition of us when we were passing him, but I could not expect Bertha to take this into consideration. He should have been with her, not with Ella; that he was with Ella was a triumph for Ella because he was between the two. It distressed me, but what was I to do? Un- less either of them broached the subject, I dared not venture on it. Bertha, I knew, would never speak of it; while, when Chalkner did mention the Chalkners to anyone, it was to say of Mr. Chalkner or Mrs. Chalkner, or upon some other occasion.

This campaign, the lightning campaign it was called in the papers, was to last eight days. But only six days had elapsed when, to my consterna- tion, both city papers announced that Mr. Blood- stone had been obliged to cut short his tour by a day and return to Kingston. I thought I knew the reason; the sword suspended above his head by Chalkner was about to fall; Chalkner's agents must have spoken precipitately. Squaltine had been too successful. Chalkner had begun to fear that, unless he employed every weapon in his arsenal, he might be beaten at the polls.

CHAPTER XVI
SQUALTINE'S GREAT PLAN

Mr. Chalkner came back to the city on the morning of the eighth day of his political tour; in his wake came Squaltine, who, true to his de- termination, had followed the would-be President every step of the way. I saw him at about ten o'clock in the forenoon; I had expected him to appear modest, subdued, the picture of a beat- en man; instead of that he was jubilant and bursting with self-confidence, and the first thing he did was to assure me that he had had the time of his life.

"Day before yesterday," he said, "I received a telegram from Mr. Bloodstone ordering me back to Kingston. I knew then that his nerve had fail- ed him, that Chalkner's bluff had succeeded in im- timidating him; but I would not allow myself to be influenced by banana debts or score telegrams. Bloodstone telegraphed that he was returning to Kingston. I told all the people I could reach that he was Bloodstone and hurried back to Kingston for the express purpose of preventing Mr. Chalkner from carrying out a deep-laid and diabolical plot against country; there is something about that statement in this morning's papers."

"There is," I said, "but how will that help?"

"I don't know yet, Bloodstone may come to the scratch again; if he does, my explanation will probably help him; people will see in him a man who roused the certainty of election in order to be at the danger point to defend their interests. We must get the editor of 'The Magnifier' to suggest this."

"I am afraid it is no go," Squaltine, I felt compelled to observe. "Bloodstone's heart was never in this election; his friends know it; we all know it; and perhaps Chalkner already knows that our man will withdraw at the last moment. The 'City Truth' is already hinting pretty plainly at his withdrawal."

"But if Bloodstone has taken no definite step up to now, something may be done to strengthen his position. If Chalkner were to disappear, now..."

"If the moon were made of green cheese!" I contemptuously replied. "Chalkner is not the man to give a face on a cloudy night."

"I spoke of his disappearance, not of his giv- ing up: the wreath wouldn't give up a brass farthing to save his life."

"He could only disappear by being murdered," I exclaimed passionately. "He would be murdered in some other coun- tries," said Squaltine; which suggests that Brit- ish and other officials are often policed by private \- possessions at certain crises. However, I am not thinking of murder. I am temperamentally averse from violence of that sort."

"Then what are you thinking of?" I asked, surprised, for he did seem to have some plan or idea.

"Never mind," he replied; and I did not see him again until evening.

He dined cut; and I had also dined and was nearly in to see him when he came in to see me. He was labouring under some excitement; he spoke at first of trivial matters, though I knew him too well to imagine that those had brought him to his apartment. He did not mention the all-absorbing topic of the day. Therefore I knew that it obsessed his mind.

"What do you think of the police of this city, Crooks?" he asked suddenly, after an insinu- remark about the price of bread being affected by the war.

"I haven't been thinking about the police, ex- cept in so far as they seem to have allowed you to do pretty much as you liked in the country," I answered.

"They could do nothing less. But I was allude- ing to their vigilance particularly. There was a large burglary in this city during my absence."

"Well, yes, there was; one of our leading stores was burgled.

"I congratulate the burglars," said Squaltine thoughtfully; "they have done a very creditable piece of work, from their point of view. Burgl- lars are interesting people, and they often set an example which the rest of the community would do well to imitate."

"Now," said I, "you are talking nonsense. A burglar is nothing but a common thief. How could you want people to become thieves?"

"I said nothing whatever about thieving, Crooks, but as you have mentioned the subject I may remark that whether or no I want people to become thieves they will become so, or rather, they will remain so. Thieving is quite a common human characteristic; our prisons are always full of the unsuccessful rogues. I have no opinion of the unsuccessful rogue. He ought to be in prison.

But your successful burglar is quite another mat- ter; he brings patience and skill, energy, perser- vance and a knowledge of human nature, to bear upon the problems of his profession. He succeeds because he deserves to succeed, and so he com- mands my respect. I should like to read a book written by a burglar about the police. It would be interesting and instructive, more entertaining than the average novel, and full of moral instruc- tion for the young."

"What are you driving at?" I asked, looking at him curiously. "You are not talking like this for nothing."

"Perhaps not. By the way, did you observe in the report of this last burglary how the burgl- lars entered the stores?"

"I did. They were extraordinarily ventur- some. They entered by the front door."

"And why shouldn't they, Crooks? What were doors made for? If they had entered by the water-pipe or through the keyhole I should see

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something to be surprised at; but considering that they used the means of ingress provided by the proprietor, I contend that they acted like rational human beings and did what every intelligent man would do. How would you have gone into the store?

"I don't break into people's places at night," I replied. "These burglars did. And it does seem to me extraordinary that burglars should be able to enter a man's store by the front door in our principal business thoroughfares, even if they did so at night. Where were the police?"

"Ah! We have come back to the police, have we? I was directing my remarks towards them by a round-about but perfectly logical course. What do you think the police are for, Crooks?"

"Why, to protect life and property, of course. And especially to prevent misdemeanours."

"Wrong as usual. The business of the police is to give us a feeling of security, which is perhaps not the less valuable because it happens to be perfectly fallacious. When you retire at night it is with the comfortable reflection that if a thief should attempt to enter this residence there will be a policeman at hand to prevent him. But you are wrong. The policeman may be on hand when there is no danger, knowing that his uniform presence is conducive to the peace of mind of timid folk. But when there is danger, and the policeman knows it, he very wisely determines that his life is quite as valuable as anybody else's, and he retires into seclusion until convinced that he has nothing whatever to fear."

"Have you come up here to talk a sort of mad socialism, Squalitone?"

"No; I have come to talk practical politics, as you will presently find out. You have noticed, haven't you, that most of our burglaries take place in the main commercial centre of Kingston?"

"I have."

"Where, it should seem, the chances of detecting the thieves are numerous, where the need for protection of property is greatest, and where a few alert, courageous policemen, seriously bent upon preventing crime, should be thoroughly efficacious in doing the work the police are popularly supposed to do?"

"Yes, that is so."

"Now you yourself just told me that on Sunday night burglars entered this King Street store by the front door. You will notice, in the first instance, that they acted like gentlemen. There was nothing underhand about their actions. They wanted to get inside—a perfectly reasonable desire from their point of view—and they opened the door."

"Well!" I said, feeling decidedly bored, "what's the moral of all this?"

"The moral is that if burglars can break a store in the heart of the city, entering by the front door, a courageous body of men could, with the greatest ease—but you must give me your word of honour not to breathe to a soul what I am going to tell you, Crooks."

"I promise," I said; "it can't be anything very wise, though."

"The wisdom of an act lies in its success. Chalkner lives on the Long Hill Road; his nearest neighbour is a quarter of a mile away."

"Yes?"

"You will remember the plot against President Amador of Panama; it was reported in all the newspapers a few years ago, you remember?"

"I have some recollection of it. Some of Amador's political opponents invited him to dinner in the city with the intention of kidnaping him, taking him out to sea, and forcing him to abdicate his position. But he got wind of the plot."

"We will not invite Chalkner to dinner; we will go to his house, take him quietly away, hide him for a few days, until the election is over, and then Bloodstone ejected, -what on earth are you looking like that for, Crooks?"

"For I was staring at him with surprise and consternation depicted on my countenance. I knew now why he had in his own way, poured ridicule on the police and exalted bold though criminal attempts. He wished to persuade both himself and me that this enterprise of his would be easy and successful. To my mind, he was qualifying for the prison. Of all his wild schemes this was the wildest, maddest, most dangerous."

"Does Mr. Bloodstone know of this?"

"I demand."

"No. It would be fatal for him to know; he would refuse to have anything to do with it. I confess, Crooks, that the idea is not mine, but it is my brain that has perceived its possibility and provided even against failure itself: that is where genius comes in. Blakely suggested the plan. He was in Panama when they attempted to kidnap Amador; in fact, he was one of those who were to take Amador out to sea. He is a ruffian, and after the election I shall of course have nothing to do with him; but at present he is a useful tool and not altogether devoid of a sense of political experience."

"And are you going to capture Mr. Chalkner yourself, Mr. Squalitone?

"No such foolishness! The carrying out of this plan is entrusted to Blakely. With about four men in a commodious motor car he will go to Hamsworth, Chalkner's residence, and ask to see Mr. Chalkner, who will come out to him. Oh, it's all nicely arranged. Chalkner's butler is an old friend of Blakely's; he used to work in a hotel in Panama. He is in the plot; Blakely saw him to-day, and his co-operation has cost me thirty pounds of our committee's money; we have promised him a hundred pounds after the work is done. Most probably he won't get it. Mrs. and Miss Chalkner are not at Hamsworth just now; they went to Manchester three days ago; Mr. Chalkner was born in that place, and for that reason it is believed that Manchester will vote solid for Chalkner! Chalkner's chauffeur, and the butler will be in the house; but the butler will drug the chauffeur in a drink. The butler will summon Mr. Chalkner to the door, and it has been arranged that we shall kidnap the man also to save appearances; he wants to go back to Panama, so he will be no trouble. We will surround Chalkner and force him into the motor car; he will not be harmed, for he will see the futility of resistance. The women servants, except one, do not live on the premises. That one will be in bed by the time we begin operations."

"And where do you propose to hide Mr. Chalkner, sir?"

"Ah, that's our strong point. He has a house in St. Andrew, which has been put up for rent for some time now. It is farther away from office residences than Hamsworth is. Well, we take him there, and lock him in. Our assistants, masked, remain secreted in the building, provide him with food, and see that he does not escape. No one will look for him there: no one will look for him at all—especially the police. The rumour will go about, Chalkner has absconded! Why? Why do people abscond? Because they fear something or can't face something. Anyhow, whatever is thought, Mr. Chalkner will not be around, and a candidate who is missing hasn't the ghost of a chance of being elected."

"You have a high sense of morality, Squalitone: do you think Mr. Bloodstone will approve?"

"If we succeed, yes. If we fail, nothing would save us from the righteous indignation of the Bloodstone party—I know them. But we can't fail, Crooks. I have arranged the attack. I have also
provided for retreat. I am not going to be among the kidnappers: you cannot touch pitch without being defiled. But I am going to be near, on the watch and alert, wherever I can stand and see the whole business. And the moment I fear that things are going wrong, I give the alarm with that.

I went to the station.

"A shrill sound will pierce the air, as they say in detective stories. Blakely will pause. He will know that he must not proceed. He will at once change his tactics and deliver to Mr. Chalker a blow below the belt. The situation, for his past opposition and humbly offering his service to Mr. Chalker is in such a state that he cannot change that line of action; great, isn't it? You see, if Chalker suspects something, he has in the political arena no doubt of being brought to account. If Blakely has committed a blunder of any sort, I imagine he will go to his house for the purpose of offering him the explanation, and I am bound to thank him. To go otherwise is to advertise a point that no one who has no use for the humblest classifiers. I have thought the whole plan over.

"Has it occurred to you that one of your men, after kidnapping Mr. Chalker, may inform the police," said Squalitone.

"I suggested something of the sort to Blakely; but he assures me that they are trustworthy enough; they are men he has often worked with in the past in his railway transactions. If we had to wait a couple of weeks I am sure they would do some dangerous talking. But each will have ten pounds at once, and that is a great deal of money for a contingent. And Blakely has promised them fifty pounds each after the election. Chalker's friends won't care for the rewards for the discovery of Chalker for another week, at any rate, before they know how they do things in this country, don't you? And by the way, if you go to Chalker, say I am complete.

"Still, you are wrong to trust those men," I insisted. "Any number of unpleasant things may occur.

"Blakely is not afraid and Blakely runs the main risk, not I," he answered. "Besides, one must take risks in a case like this. In any political contest I wish you wouldn't harp so much upon Chalker, Crooks; it gets on my nerves. Let us hope for the best.

"If I hadn't promised you to keep silent..." I began.

"But you have promised," said Squalitone.

"And is this a defiance of my orders?" I asked.

"To-night.

"To-morrow.

"Yes.

"And why have you told me of it, Mr. Squalitone?"

"Because, Crooks, I want your moral support."

CHAPTER XVII

HOW THE PLOT WORKED

"I want your moral support." I repeated the words earnestly, though any support I could give him in my undertakings, I thought, must be purely of an immoral character. I alone his brute himself, looking steadfastly, looked never up. I could not explain the words to the youthful Republic and our future career be marred by the machinations of scoundrels. There is but one way I can make Chalker's end I have in view is good, and surely the end justifies the means. Chalker will lose nothing, except that which he has no right to, and which he is trying to gain dishonestly. Now all that I am asking you to do is to go with me to the scene of our great political coup. I shall not expose myself; it is stipulated that, whatever happens, my name shall not be mentioned. Only Blakely and I know of it, and even other men do not know of my connection with the plan. I have to keep the dark side of things to be safe from trouble. We hide while Blakely does his work. Our presence will not be suspected.

"When Mr. Blakely and I have gone to the Smiths' on Oxford Street, the Republic will be established. I shall of course let him know when he can have his position; and I shall mention that you played a prominent part in this venture, thus sharing my reward with you. To be sure, you will have to go about me while I have been going through the throns of this contest, you will prove no friend of mine, with a little goodnatured woman, my wife, to come and give you right. I am not leaving this house, I haven't the nerve, and I am a proud man."

"Oh, indeed," I said scornfully; if it were not for Bertha's sake I should leave you severely alone. Are you sure we shall not be seen if I accompany you?"

"Quite sure. If we leave now, we shall get to Chalker's house before Blakely arrives, and we shall be able to place ourselves in a position of safety."

I hesitated. I really was curious to see how this kidnapping could be done three or four miles away from the city, and in a country still governed as a British Colony. The project sounded like a scene from a moving-picture scenario. Yet, except that the consequences of it might be painful to the conspirators, it seemed feasible enough. Then there could be no doubt that Mr. Chalker had brought unfair pressure to bear on our candidate. I allowed curiosity and a sort of recklessness to get the better of my customary prudence.

"Well, I began.

"You are coming?" said Squalitone joyfully, and I could not deny that I had decided to go. Five minutes later we had left the house together.

"I took the high road to Blackheath, and then go up into the rooms of the lower storey opened. The upper story was in darkness; there were lights in the drawing-room, and another to the right, which I thought must be the dining-room. The silence was appalling.

"The road was, even in the daytime, a deserted one. On our way to this spot we had met a soul. But we were careful; we wished to no risk of being seen, so we kept in the shadow of overhanging trees whenever possible; and as we came near to the house we had crept cautiously along the edge of the opposite side of the road. Happily, just opposite to Chalker's house were two or three large trees growing near the bank; we immediately made for these and found, that, once behind them, we could not possibly be seen, or passing by anyone passing or in anyone in the house. Squalitone whispered to me that this was a precaution which reflected great credit on his ability for organisation; we did not want our movements to seem night to be known to strangers. Blakely put us down at a junction of two main roads known as Mary Brown's Corner; we turned to the right and walked rapidly on for another mile. Then we came to Chalker's house.

"It was a handsome residence standing near to the road, with a low iron fence running in front of it. A short flight of balustraded stone steps led up to the drawing-room door; there were, to the right and left of this, two somewhat smaller flights leading to side verandas upon which the rooms of the lower storey opened. The upper story was in darkness; there were lights in the drawing-room, and another to the right, which I thought must be the diningroom. The silence was silent.

"We took a cab and drove northwards, making our way through the north of London, and entered the outskirts of the city. Happily, the country was not thickly populated; we passed a couple of hamlets, and then entered a more open country where the fields were larger and there were few trees. We drove on towards the north, and then entered a small village. I drove on towards the north, and then entered a small village."

"That was foolish; a good lunch might have made you my friend for life, especially if he had asked you to this house. Do you think he intended to ask you up here, or merely take you to a hotel?"

(Continued on Page 34)

Our Policy in business has always been first to satisfy the demands of our customers. During this past year, if we failed to do so it was not because we so desired; prevailing conditions forced us to do otherwise.

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“War cargo instead of bananas now, Jim,” says Steve, supervisor of freight loading on this bustling dock. He gives the highball sign to the winchman and another big case swings over the side.

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Triumphant Squalitone

(Continued from Page 51)

"How am I to know!" I grumbled. "And what do I care?"

"The effect of a little social attention is great in politics," insisted Squalitone. "If Mrs. Chalkner had been polite to my wife, and Ella Chalkner had known how to treat Bertha properly, those two would never have heard of my helping the cause of Bloodstone. I am above that sort of thing, having a mind far removed from social amusements, but women are different. Mrs. Chalkner has ruined her husband. It is the story of Adam and Eve all over again." "Sh—! I hear a motor car! I muttered, and fell to listening.

I was right. The sound came nearer; presently a large motor car, its lights illuminating the road for over a hundred yards, drew up almost before the gate of Mr. Chalkner's house, and some men alighted. In the fierce glare of their electric lamps we could see that their hats were pulled down over their foreheads, and that their jacket collars were turned up. But I recognised Blakely distinctly; I should have known him anywhere. I was devoutly thankful to be hidden behind my tree trunk then!

Squalitone spoke, and his voice was agitated. "Good heavens, Crooks, why didn't the fools turn off the light?"

"You should have thought of that before," I whispered bitterly. "They are simply giving themselves away!"

"And perhaps we will give me away—along with them! I did not dream of warning them against that. Perhaps they will now—But Blakely and his companions, knowing the loneliness of the road, and stung by rancour no doubt, never paused to turn off the lights. They opened the gate and walked boldly in; mounted the steps, and then we heard the faint sound of an electric bell."

This seemed completely to unnerved Squalitone. How could the decisive moment have come here! I was discovering that herculean action was not at all in his line. "This is horrible," he stammered, "where is my whistle?—I must warn Blakely in time. There may be danger!"

He pulled out the whistle with trembling fingers, was conveying it to his mouth, when, unfortunately, I gave a start. My arm struck against his. The whistle dropped to the ground.

"Blow!" I whispered, "blow at once! I swear that there are people coming round the side of the house."

For I had seen them, hence my sudden movement. Yes; I had opened the door-bell that I perceived some figures creeping round on the left, where there was a birch at the back of the dining-room to be. At once I understood what was happening. Blakely had been warned, and Blakely had his finger on the door-bell. "Blow! You idiot," I whispered fiercely, and Squalitone went down on his knees to grope blindly for the bell with what was left of the wailing sound that was to tell the conspirators that danger was nigh, with the sense of something that almost started me out of my senses. Squalitone's hand had come in violent contact with this step; the door was opened, and a dozen thorns had plunged into his sensitive flesh.

I waited to see and hear no more. The gap in the wall was our only chance of salvation now. Stooping low, I shot through it, determined to go in peace. In front of the house was a large bush, and Blakely, his face red as blood, with a dozen thorns in his beard, so great was his haste, came Squalitone.

The gap opened on a sort of path, which was fortunate for us, for this was a grass-plot, at the bank of a small stream; a land devoted to guinea grass which grew to a height of three or four feet, the edges of this long grass being white, like little waves. If we had had to plunge through the grass our hands and faces would have been lacerated. As it was, the path could not be seen from Chalkner's house, and the grass prevented our hurried movements from being noticed, if indeed anyone was paying us attention just then. We went in a stopping position, huddling on as rapidly as we could. I did not know if I still had that last bit of energy in me. I did not know where I was going. But I was certain that I was going somewhere. I was pretending to put space between me and the General Penitentiary, and that knowledge was enough.

Suddenly we came upon a clear space; and I blundered upon something huge and soft which moved violently and suddenly rose from the ground with an angry snort and a kicking motion which sent me flying into the grass immediately behind. "I am dead now!" I heard Squalitone gasp. I believe he was the innermost part of the grass, and I was at once an enormity of snorting, belching noises, what looked to be gigantic forms were rising all around. "Cattle!" I ejaculated. "Wild bulls!" wailed Squalitone. "If we don't fly out of this at once, we shall be gored to death."

If there is one thing I am afraid of, it is cows. They never know what they are going to do. And Squalitone was even more afraid of them than I. Yet a malignant fate, fighting against us and Bloodstone, had led us by a cattle path into the midst of a recumbent herd of brutes which, for all we knew, might be half-bred Indian cattle, a race of creatures that is never thoroughly tamed. They were filling the air with their hideous bellowings; I imagined they were looking for us, futile and mighty at any moment discover our whereabouts. This meant a cruel, ignominious death, with subsequent publicity of a most disgraceful character. We must try to escape.

Squalitone was near. But he was crawling stealthily away, a base act of desertion. I wriggled to him, and laid hold of his sleeve. "You must remain close to me," I said wrathfully; "if it means death you have got to die along with me. You are entirely responsible for this."

He made no answer, but continued on his way. We found the path again, but blending it stood a big animal with the most terrific pair of horns that ever adorned the head of a bovine. His hind quarters were turned to us; he stood so still that you might have supposed that he was still deep in meditation. He was surely a bull, and a bull most probably bent on business. We slunk back into the grass. There is nothing to do but to wait till he chooses the path that would ever move. We must have waited about half-an-hour, though at the time I thought it was some hours. The bull had ceased, the cattle had retired, their calm and they were lying down again, not far from us. Then the bull, weary of standing sentinel or perhaps with no particular feeling in the matter, swayed his head too and fro, shook himself slightly, and stood his ground in the direction of the herd. When he had disappeared we came out upon the path, hoping to meet no more of his kind on our journey. But his marks and face were smarting, for we had not this time escaped the edge of the herd. But this time the forms were little to complain of at that moment.

We came to the gap at last; there was only one slight receding curve, Mr. Chalkner's house now, and that was on the second story. It must have been his bedroom. There was no one on the road; but Squalitone reminded me that policemen and detectives might be all around for what we knew, an observation that did not greatly tend to

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liven my spirits. But it was impossible to remain in hiding till the morning. We should then be recognised by dozens of persons. We could not seek another route home through the cottage pen. The memory of that bull put that resources entirely out of the question. The risk of arrest would simply have to be faced, there was no alternative. So we crept into the road, and hugging the shadow made off as quickly as it was prudent to go. For the first quarter of a mile we went with our hearts in our mouths. That distance traversed, it dawned upon us that we had no danger to fear immediately.

But what about the morrow? For what had become of Blakely and his gang? That was an awful thought, and it was not rendered the easier to entertain by the weary tramp home. We had to walk every step of the way, and it was lucky for us that Squallone in these times was in the habit of going home at any hour of the night. There was no one waiting to see us in our disagreeable condition; we let ourselves in, and stole softly up to my room. Squallone looked a wreck. He was haggard, his face was marked with tiny slivers, his clothes were covered with bits of grass and twigs. I was in no better case. And the morning might dawn with a warrant for our arrest, to say nothing of an explanation to Mrs. Squallone!

I cleaned our clothes as well as possible, and Squallone invented for his wife's edification a sensational story of an attack upon us both by a murderous cat which had gone insane. It would have to do, he said, as an explanation of his face. Then he left me, and I went to bed, but not to sleep. I bitterly regretting having allowed Squallone to persuade me that the police were entirely negligible quantities in the judgments of order and law. I thought of nothing but policemen all the rest of that night.

CHAPTER XVIII

SOMETHING TO PUZZLE US

But the morning brought no policeman. Aching in every limb, tired, sore, with face disfigured and feeling that my degeneration was proceeding space, I went downstairs early to learn the worst from the papers. Instead of Squallone I saw his wife; she was on the watch for me, and no sooner did I appear than she accosted me solemnly and forthwith accused me of a willful desire to corrupt the morals of her husband.

She had not been deceived by Squallone's tale of the lunatic cat; only a lunatic would have been. With evident persistence, she had warned out of him the story of the night's misadventures, and he had been weak enough to confess to her his fears that we had broken the law and might be called upon to pay the penalty. Whereupon Mrs. Squallone had declared that she had been expecting just such developments, owing to her husband's lack of firmness in resisting the temptations I had so seductively spread out before him.

So it was I who was responsible for everything! And when Mrs. Squallone emphatically asserted that "this must cease," I could only reply that it had ceased for me in the cow pen on the night before. In a few minutes I concluded that it had also ceased for all those who had been silly enough to embrace Mr. Bloodstone's cause.

For the papers contained a story that did not make cheerful reading for those who had been opposing Chalkner. To mention our own particular business first, it appeared (from what we afterwards learnt), that Blakely, primed by Squallone as to his course of action, had heard the latter's shriek and had recognised his voice. A whistle was to have been the signal for diplomatic tactics, but Blakely guessed that the danger must be serious indeed when Mr. Squallone could thus betray his whereabouts; and so, as the door opened and Mr. Chalkner appeared on the threshold, Blakely drew from his pocket a typewritten address and began to read it to the presidential candidate in a voice of thunder.

Neither he nor his men appeared to perceive the policemen who were standing around, and Mr. Chalkner, fully prepared for a show of violence, was taken aback by this unexpected development. Others besides Blakely and his men had heard Squallone's shriek. But naturally they did not know what to make of it; it might have come from an idle boy in the neighbourhood; anyhow, occupied with what now appeared to be a political deception, it never occurred to them to search the neighbourhood. And when Blakely had finished reading his address, and had pledged himself and the island in general to the support of Mr. Chalkner, he gratuitously offered to share all his knowledge of Mr. Bloodstone's plans with Mr. Chalkner, and implored that gentleman to forgive him for having ever presumed to act in opposition to one who was so plainly destined to be the Republic's saviour.

I don't think Mr. Chalkner was at all deceived by Blakely's ruse. The butler, upon whom Blakely had placed so much dependence, had played him false. The conspiracy had been promptly made known to Mr. Chalkner, who had arranged to defeat it by the simple expedient of having a body of policemen with a sub-Inspector concealed about his premises. But for the thoughtful preparation of a political address, the precautions taken were wisely adopted, and the promptness of that sconceul in acting after the warning received, and his men would certainly have been arrested, and Mr. Bloodstone, Squallone, and I myself perhaps, might have been implicated in a serious charge. But Chalkner, although suspicious, could do nothing at the moment with a man who stood before him with a written offer of devotion and even though that offer was made at eleven o'clock at night. Mr. Chalkner therefore thanked the deputation, promised to be pleased with their conversion at the eleventh hour, hinted drily that he believed designs were entertained against his person by his opponents, and that consequently he had amply provided for his safety; then he despatched Blakely and his men to the office of the "City Truth" with a note to the editor of that journal. All this we learnt afterwards; in the meantime, before our eyes, in heavy leded type, was the flattering address which Squallone had prepared and Blakely delivered, and that address earned Mr. Bloodstone in terms unsparing, and boldly announced that even those who had fought for them were now aware that his day was done and that the hope of being elected President of the Republic had passed out of the mind and even his infatuation.

While I had been reading the "City Truth" Bertha and Harry Gresham had come into the dining-room; Harry was about to go down to his work, but Bertha, I noticed at a glance, was evidently not going out that morning. One or two remarks from them impressed me that they knew all about our adventures of the previous night.

"You have given the whole show away," I said to Squallone.

"Mr. Bloodstone did that before me," he retorted defiantly. "Read 'The Truth's' editorial and its announcement on page three, and read 'The Magnifier,' before you say that I have harmed the cause."

In five minutes I had learnt a lot. Both papers announced, "on the highest authority," that Mr. Bloodstone had abandoned the presidential
campaign. The "City Truth" was jubilant, "The Magnifier" subdued and said, "The Magnifier" expressed the hope that Mr. Chalknor would make the best of his victory and his position, explained that it had fought for all that it could do to be the lesser interests of the country, but insisted that its position had never been nullified by base and pernicious efforts.

"So you see," said Squallitone, "that the game was up before we exposed ourselves to a herd of bit-bite, Blakely and his men out of his presence last night. They can neither help nor harm him now."

"He was in deep soup," said Garesha thoughtfully; "read the telegrams and 'The Truth's' second leader, Mr. Crookednose."

I did so; it seemed to me that there had never been so much interesting news in the papers before. A long dispatch from London set forth that, after a short recess, Parliament had reassembled, and both in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords questions were being asked about the plan to convert the British West Indies into republics. Strong opposition to the idea had developed, and Mr. Philipbert Hickern, M.P., who had once lived as long as three days in Jamaica, and who regarded himself, in consequence, as an authority on the West Indies, was denouncing the Government for having sacrificed the prestige of the Mother Country and the true interests of the West Indian Islanders in a foolish endeavour to prop up the Government of the British Colonial Government were false. Mr. Hickern considered that this was the worse case of all to bring to the German the idea that he had ever heard of; he called upon the Government to have done with this, and to inter all the Germans then at liberty in England, and also more vigorously than ever to prosecute the war in all its theatres. The same views and sentiments were expressed by Mr. Mr. Squallitone and Mr. Squallitone, of Durnbell in the Upper House, and both60 speak of the time, had mad a profound impression in England.

The Government's reply, though said by the Conservative journals to be not as satisfactory as it might have been, was nevertheless taken to indicate that His Majesty's Government were not indisposed to see the question of the future of the West Indian Republics, but that nothing could be done in a hurry, because which it would not be expedient to state.

"What on earth does this mean," I asked, bewildered.

"Read the editorial," said Garesha quietly.

"It was a great deal of it on the telegrams. It was not an adverse comment. It concluded with the statement that "Mr. Squallitone, known as a man of the highest intelligence and the highest patriotism, would have no idea, as a citizen of Jamaica, and it reminded its readers that the people had given Mr. Chalknor a blank cheque to be drawn in their name, and innumerable votes of confidence.

We went on to the other.

"There is more behind all this than we can guess," said Harry.

CHAPTER XIX

SQUALLITONE PLAYS A TRUMP

"The mystery is explained," cried Squallitone.

"You were right," I said, rather surprised.

After reading of the certain triumph of Mr. Chalknor, he had hoped about it. In the meantime of us had left it, our personal appearance, apart from our feelings, compelling us to seek seclusion. Squallitone said, "I don't care if you give up horses, I mean of us, you, we did not intend to discover the hidden meaning of the "City Truth's" absolute dependence upon Mr. Chalknor to satisfy the British government as well as the people of Jamaica; and now, this morning, he greeted me with the exclamation: "Can you solve it?""

He was up in my room, dancing about as if on set springs. "Chalknor declines the Presidency!" he cried. "Chalknor informed the Governor yesterday that, in view of what has been said in Parliament, he, as a loyal and patriotic British subject, willingly withdraws from a position which, as all the island knows, is his for the taking. The people have left it to me to make suitable apologies. I deem it important for my interests," said Squallitone, "and I know that this loyal population will with one voice approve of my action; I declare for the continuance of English rule in Jamaica, I sacrifice personal ambition for the altar of true patriotism. I do to-day, of my own free will, what both Jamaica and the Mother Country will heartily approve." There is a lot more of the same sort, Crookednose; it appears exclusively in the "City Truth." Chalknor has played his trump card, and the mystery is explained.

"Explained?" I cried, "deepened, man, you mean! What on earth does a man like Chalknor put his head for? Is it not in him to do that, is it?"

"Not for nothing, no. But don't you see, Crookednose, he has been in a huff for two weeks, and this time? Oh, he is a clever one, he is a deep one. I don't believe now that Chalknor ever has one, my head for nothing. There has been a doubt in most people's minds."

"You seemed to take it seriously enough," I said.

"I hoped for immediate benefits, Crookednose, benefits which I expected. The Government tended to use the Republic to secure honour. He has driven Bloodstone out of the field. Day after day the election comes. He would have done so with a parade of his loyalty. The discontent has come sooner than he expected. He shows his patriotism by withdrawing a free and independent government, which he has the right to do. Believe me. I believe in that all the time."

"Yes, I would," I answered."

Mr. Squallitone will faint for joy the first time she hears herself announced that way. Her enemies, who have known her not a week, will let the whole/Jamaica know she is a great Patriotism pays Chalknor. Already the "City Truth" is praising him as the avenger of his country. It

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CANADA.
seems that, whatever he does, he brings salvation. He must have paid the editor well.

I must show this to Mrs. Squallton and Bertha," continued Squallton, "they haven’t seen it yet. Come down as quick as you can, Crooks."

When I got downstairs I was struck by the expression on Mrs. Squallton’s face. She looked as though she had suffered an unforseeable personal injury. Her husband had explained to her the "mystery," and though a mere President she might not understand to a depth, a solid humor from Chalky Chalknor was a magnificently real man, ranking with Governor and Chief Justice; and a Lady Chalknor also, that was too terrible for words. Indignation possessed the worthy woman. The world was built upon injustices and inequities. Nothing was right and fair in the secular universe. Baseness flourished. Mr. Bertha stood beside her mother with flashing eyes and lips compressed; this was the triumph of Ella Chalknor, and Harry was to be her slave.

Squallton paused. He alone did not seem cast down. On the contrary, he looked jubilant. His wife saw his expression, and scorn was in her eyes.

"Something appears to make you happy, Mr. Squallton," she said; "I am glad to see you enjoying yourself. You will, I suppose, be the first to congratulate Mr. Chalknor."

"I shall be the first to congratulate Mr. Bloodston, my dear, as President of the Republic. That thought makes me happy."

"But, father," cried Bertha despairingly, "I have already told you that Mr. Bloodston will not fight, and now it is too late. There will be no election."

"Only a man of political genius, it seems, can perceive the true bearings of this situation," said Squallton complacently. "The papers have announced Mr. Bloodston’s retirement from the contest. Mr. Bloodston has issued no manifesto to that effect; he may have said he would, but he has not formally said so, over his own signature, anywhere—nothing to that effect. It is a lack of decision, to say nothing of his being something of a coward. And you told me yesterday that his son arrives this morning."

"Yes," said Bertha, "but..."

"Never mind the but, my dear. Quick, Crooks, get your hat! Mrs. Squallton, give me your blessings! Come, Crooks, come!" And he dragged me out of the dining-room with him before I well knew what he was about.

Into a cab, our destination Mr. Bloodston’s Committee room. An attendant there told us that Mrs. Bloodston would probably be at the Railway Wharf to meet their son, and to the Railway Wharf we hurried. But the ship from England had arrived early that morning, and her passengers, with the friends who went to welcome them, had gone home some time before. There was nothing for it, said Squallton, but to go to Mrs. Bloodston’s house.

We took an hour to get there. Arrived, Squallton sent in his card after a little waiting a message came out from Mr. Bloodston to say that he could see no one on political business that day, but should be glad if Mrs. Squallton could make it convenient to call at the Committee room to-morrow about noon.

"Must think that I want to see him about something," said Squallton. "Tell Mr. Bloodston," he ordered the servant, "that I must see him now, and that I should also like to see Mrs. Bloodston and Captain Bloodston. Say it is not a matter of politics, it is a matter of life and death."

The man went off with the message; as for me, I did not like the idea of Mr. Bloodston’s refusing to see us, but there was nothing to do but wait. Presently the servant came back with the request that we should follow him to Mr. Bloodston’s study.

"Father, we went. Mr. Bloodston coming to the door to greet us. He looked sheepish: his de- tion of the cause was perhaps the reason why he had not wanted to meet us that morning. Mrs. Bloodston was gracious, as indeed she always was; the old man introduced us to a tall, handsome young man, dressed in khaki, who shook hands warmly. Then Mr. Bloodston asked us to be seated, and glanced from Squallton to me with enquiring eyes. Our faces must have made the family wonder.

Squallton addressed Mrs. Bloodston.

"My Lady," said he, "I beg that you will excuse this intrusion, but the matter could not wait. I was obliged to see Sir William as early as possible."

Parents and son stared at Squallton, surprised.

There was not the vestige of a smile on his face; what is more, he sat and spoke like a gentleman.

"I didn’t hear that father had been made a knight," stated Captain Bloodston after a moment’s wondering gaze.

"Not yet; but he will shortly be," said Squallton calmly. "And in the meantime I cannot wish you, sir, or yourself, any harm from giving myself the pleasure of addressing him by his future title. After he has resigned the Presidency..."

"Really, Mr. Squallton, I don’t think it is quite fair of you to mock at me," interrupted Mr. Bloodston with much dignity. "I have withdrawn from the contest for very good reasons, and I see by this morning’s ‘Truth’ that Mr. Chalknor has likewise withdrawn. The Republic was only a joke, you know; and if I had been elected I should have done just what Mr. Chalknor has done at the first word from England. I think better of Mr. Chalknor now than I ever did before."

"And I think worse of him!" volleyed back Squallton. "Mr. Chalknor intimated you—goaded me, but I am going to speak out—in order to use the Republic as a means to obtaining a knighthood. Mr. Chalknor employed base means against you, the people’s choice, the man who would have reflected credit on Jamaica, in order to keep himself. He guessed what was coming in England. I have enough of it; in fact, I knew it all the time. But I felt for this country; and whether as President or as Knight, I know that the feeling in Jamaica was that you should stand as its chief and foremost representative. Jamaica wanted her best to represent her to the world."

A glow of pleasure slowly spread over the countenance of Mr. Bloodston as he heard Squallton’s words, uttered with every appearance of sincerity. Mrs. Bloodston’s eyes dwelt with pride upon her husband’s face, too good, in her opinion, could ever be said of him. Captain Bloodston looked gratified.

"What did you do?" continued Squallton, as if he had remarked nothing. "Disgusted with Chalknor’s meanness, not wishing to encroach upon your son’s patronage—Oh, I know the whole story, Mr. Bloodston; what is it that I do not know?—feeling that it was beneath you to fight for something for which you personally had no desire, knowing that the Presidential chair could not add to the dignity of your family or the laird the honoured name, you felt that you would leave the seat to any man who would stoop so meanly as to elevate himself. I understand your sentiments; more, I respect them. You told some of your friends, even the editor of ‘The Maroon,’ that you would not contest the election. But you did not specifically inform the country. So with statesmanlike deliberation, you hesitated. You were thinking of the people who had so enthusiastically rallied to your side, I ask you, Mr. Bloodston, if you were not thinking of the people?"

(Continued on Page 95)
Trade between Canada and the British West Indies is not a thing of today or of yesterday. About ninety years ago the possibilities of its expansion were being discussed both in Canada and in Jamaica. In 1885 Jamaica sent to Canada an official trade mission to explore the question of reciprocity, and this move prepared the ground for subsequent developments, which are well known. During this war Canada has been an important supplier, to the Colonies, of essential foodstuffs and many other commodities.

HAND IN HAND

This is no one-sided affair but a cooperative enterprise. Canadian products, Canadian banking, life assurance and other financial services have an important place in the Canadian economies. Canada values these connections, on the building up of which much effort and money have been expended; and the Colonies themselves have the Canadian market for the disposal of many of their products which Canada needs and is glad to have.

“THE MORE WE ARE TOGETHER”

Readers of Planters’ Punch need not be told what are the concluding words of this familiar tag; but some, perhaps, seldom reflect that it has a serious besides a convivial import. “The more we are together” — not alone the merrier but also the better-off, the happier and, alas, the safer we shall be, and industry and trade, which supply the material instruments of civilized life, have further contributions to make in the future towards the welfare, the happiness and the safety of the human race.

In this worthy task Canada and the British West Indies will play no insignificant parts.

AFTER THE WAR

Canada’s present output of consumers’ goods is many times that of 1906 or 1907; and, when peace returns, the products of her factories and fields, her mines and seas, will be shipped to the ends of the earth. On their part the West Indies are in a process of economic, sociological and political development at which much is hoped; and reasonably, Canada wishes not alone to retain but also to expand her trade with these ancient Colonies; and her Department of Trade and Commerce, of which her Trade Commissioner is a branch, will continue to work diligently towards that end.

Department of Trade and Commerce

Hon. J. A. MacKinnon, M.P., Minister

Ottawa

Oliver Master, Deputy Minister (Acting)
Triumphant Squallonte

(Continued from Page 57)

"I was," said Mr. Bloodstone, but not very heartily. I guessed he had been thinking that the people are not much interested in anything about him for ratling at the last moment.

"I knew it," said Squallonte, his eyes fixed on me as he spoke. The Emperor's new statesman takes time to make up his mind. You have not yet issued a statement to Jamaica. You have been too busy with your supporters that you do not intend to come forward on any public question, and you are not expected to appear in the papers. It is not in your disposition, Mr. Bloodstone, to desert a whole country.

"I can only hope that at some future time I shall be sent to the papers to-day. I wanted my son to see this.

"Will never be sent," said Squallonte firmly.

But--

"Mr. Chalkner has publicly withdrawn, anxious to show his patriotism, which he would willingly sell for a knighthood. His letter is already seen in the Evening Post. And within one day more he would have beaten us. But he was too quick to seize the gorse; his intellect is not sufficiently developed. But what can you expect, Captain," he turned to Captain Bloodstone—"from a man with an interior education? Mr. Chalkner is not your father, he does not know one word of the classics, and his mind has never studied the higher mathematics. We who have had other advantages know the influence of a sound classical education upon the development of the mind.

With a sweep of his arm Squallonte included Bloodstone amongst those who, presumably, had been prevented from exercising their finest faculties.

"Well, Chalkner is now out of it. He thought, Sir William, you will not have an opportunity to think about things when you are not in the House of Commons. But he thinks a great deal. He thinks too that the law will punish him. It is only a question of time.

"He is a man who has no heart. I know him. He is a man who is not fit for Parliament. He is a man who has no heart. But he has been appointed to the most important position in the country. I--I will not say any more.

"You will not have my support," I said, laughing.

"I know it," said Squallonte. "You are a man who is not fit for Parliament. You are a man who has no heart. But I will not say any more. I will not have your support.

CHAPTER XX

THE DAY OF ELECTION

The chief polling station of Kingston was crowded; from nine o'clock nothing happened until the hours of the presidential candidate who had so thoughtfully undertaken to convey them to the polling station in carriages and motor cars. It was impossible for them to have walk to their homes and places of business; nevertheless, a free ride is not to be despised, and the prospect of one greatly influ- ences a free and independent elector to exercise his right of choosing the best government for the state. The voters had been coming in a steady stream, and bands of music had been parading the streets, and the paraphernalia of a great election was being displayed and utilized, and all the election agents were in a frenzy of excitement, due almost entirely to the liberal consumption of intoxicating liquors.

Tears of patriotic enthusiasm were shed that day after the health of Bloodstone and the Repub- lic had been repeatedly drunk. Those who wished to express their undying devotion to the cause of republican institutions sang God Save the King and Rule Britannia, and insisted that it was a long, long way to a place called Tipperary, where the election was going as well as the Bloodstone party could wish, it was universally felt that something was lacking. To the very last moment some proposition from Mr. Chalkner had been expected. Not to be taken in, Squallonte had induced Mr. Bloodstone to warn the whole island not to be deceived by any repentance of Mr. Chalkner at the eleventh hour, while the "Magistrate" had openly accused him of wishing a reward from the British Govern- ment as the price of his desertion of Jamaica. All necessary arrangements had been made to cope with any dramatic move on the part of Mr. Chalk- ner; hence the bands of music and the organiza- tion of an army of agents to bring the elections to a close.

On the great day of the election Mr. Chalk- ner had given his critics a surprise of the kind they did not expect. Both city papers contained his last manifesto, and he had telegraphed the sub- stance of it to every parish and town in the colo- ny. It was difficult to read with simple dignity. What he had done he had done, said Mr. Chalkner. He was persuaded that he had acted for the good of the country, and not to vote for him. If elected he would not serve as Prime Minister.

It was four o'clock; professional men and mer- chants, leaving their day's work, were coming to congratulate the man who had deceived him. Mr. Bloodstone had been greating electors of the be- stial constituents, and his hours of the day, but he was unable to answer the call of his various friends, and squallonte was now being admitted within the inner circle of congratulating friends from which poor Squallonte was rigidly excluded. I saw Mr. Pepkino, who he had publicly invited Mr. Chalkner to come forward and the Repub- lic. He shook hands with Mr. Bloodstone enthu- siastically, then murmured audibly to those around him, and I saw Mr. Bloodstone was William Augustus Bloodstone, with the air of one who has made an important discovery. I saw men who had fled from the first rumour of his impending withdrawal from the contest; now two or three persons of influence had been formed around him and patronized their inferiors. But for Squall- onte none of them had any use. He suspected that he was the living spring of Mr. Bloodstone's
"A subject that has been dealt with at length in innumerable volumes. I don't think you could add anything original to what has been already published. Well, you see, we win at last." The editor laughed gaily.

"Yes," said Squallone, "and whom do you thank for it?"

"Chalkner first; you afterwards. I am thinking of praising Chalkner to-morrow; he is a suitable man, and a safe one. Now that the fight is over, it will be just as well to become friendly with him once again."

"And what will you say about me?"

"You will be generally included amongst those who did good service. Your name will not be forgotten, nor your brains never counted. Perhaps I speak too plainly; but it will be my financial ruin some day; but it's just as well to say the truth—sometimes. By Jove—there's Chalkner!"

And Chalkner it was. A hundred pairs of eyes were fixed on him. Some twenty voices cheered. Even then, when it was quite impossible, there were still some in that room to think that Chalkner might yet do something to prove that they had reelected all who had believed that he would turn out to give up a fight if once he entered. But Mr. Chalkner was going up to Mr. Bloodstone, who was immediately made for him. He put out his hand, and Bloodstone grasped it warmly. He looked at Captain Bloodstone, and an introduction took place. Wonder! A wondrous Chalkner has come to congratulate his rival. "You see," said the editor significantly. "What could Squallone claim now? Who would pay any attention to his claim? I am going back to the office; that appreciative article on Chalkner must be written."

He nodded to us, and hurried away, smiling cynically.

It was o'clock was approaching apace. A great crowd was gathering outside the polling station; we could distinctly hear the savage murmur of the excited multitude. Mr. Chalkner, after having talked some ten minutes with Mr. Bloodstone and his son, addressed a part of those present whom he knew personally was quietly moving about the room. Friends and opponents, he greeted courteously; there was no shadow of jealousy or disappointment on his face.

"The time has come when we stand alone; I have not been going to notice us."

He put out his hand, I took it to my surprise he shook hands with Squallone, and there was a smile on his face.

"You are right, Mr. Crooks," I said, "but suppose you haven't been home since morning."

"That is true," I answered; "I've been down town for hours."

"Naturally. I asked the pleasure of your company at lunch some days ago, but have been so rushed with work since then that I could not before this name a day. I have written to ask if you could go to Hanworth to lunch to-morrow."

A young friend of yours is expected. Can I count on him?"

"Well," I said, confused, "of course, at this time."

"Ah, yes; you mean this—he glanced round this political business. But it will all be over by tomorrow, I think. Well, I hope I shall see you. I'll look for you."

I murmured a sort of acceptance.

"You are splendid, Mr. Squallone," he continued, turning to my friend, whose face was just then the picture of dejection. "I must congratulate you on your triumph. The fight is over now, and I suppose, we can be friends."

Squallone plucked up. "Well, I have done something," he returned modestly. "My name should live in history."

"It should," said Chalkner dryly.

It was five o'clock. Thousands of voices were cheering like mad. Mr. Chalkner slipped away unnoticed, especifically on the platform was preparing to address the crowd. I heard the words, "His Excellency the President," in the mouths of hundreds, and I knew that on the outskirts of that great demonstration the bands were playing furiously.

"Bloodstone forever, hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Three cheers for President Bloodstone!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"We had better go home now," I said to Squallone.

"They have no further use for us here."

"Mr. Bloodstone will have to pay me out of pocket expenses to-morrow, or I'll sue him for 'em," said Squallone viciously.
"Lighten our darkness" was the first primitive cry.

Children and savages are afraid of the dark. Instinct warns them against the unseen danger, the invisible threat.

The finger of light in the sky, the beneficence of the sun, the clear luminance of the moon, the glimmer of myriad stars... by these Nature relieves man of his primeval dread.

Civilisation goes further—it illuminates the dim earth, sends searchlights of brilliance across the night sky, brings the clarity of daylight to the dark room.

Electricity... the modern magician, the wizard that conquers the darkness... brings this miracle of lighting right into your home.

Jamaica Public Service Company Limited.
Triumphant Squalitone

We were nearly two hours at Hansworth; when we left it was with the feeling that, however high in the public regard Mr. Chalkner might stand, it was only those who had come to know him at his hospital board who could properly appreciate him. I concluded certainly never write against him again. I felt somewhat ashamed at having ever opposed him.

"Well!" he greeted me; "had your lunch?"

I dismissed the subject of lunch as one beneath the serious consideration of men like ourselves.

"Yes; I was now at the House," I replied, "and before I answered your note, I applied to some of the principal correspondents and agents, and was told that there had been a great deal of excitement in the country in consequence of the recent Treaties. We have been in the habit of hearing that the feeling of the people, of Bertha especially, for she knows the Bloodstones.

"Yes; I am afraid I was a fool to let Bertha know anything about this. I thought that if I hadn't, I couldn't have kept it without anyone being any the wiser. Now I must make the best of my forty-five. Dignity isn't worth that much, Crooks. Dignity has led many a man to the almshouse. I know he is a great man, and will be dignified, and they never are till they become rich. And some are not dignified after they are rich. Chalkner also had invited me to lunch with him to-day, considering that you supported them "Triumphant Squalitone." I said sternly, "Mr. Chalkner has the merit of being able to appreciate literary ability.

"None!" He is thinking of that K.C.M.G. he hopes for; and he doesn't want to hear anything about your party. He is so silly that he would be relieved if I found myself to be nice to everybody now. He's the cleverest man of the House.

Will you explain, then, how it is that he hasn't been nice to you?

"He didn't invite me to lunch—" I know that. And I suppose he thinks that the papers wouldn't publish any letters from me about his ambitions. Yet I am not sure that they wouldn't be very nice to me, after all. He knows me now."

Squalitone packed up his lunches and mood, endeavouring to discover, no doubt, some ways and means of inducing Mr. Chalkner to be nice to him.

I was free from any self-seeking point of view; I continued; "Harry doesn't interfere in public matters.

But he isn't going to waste time on any young fellow for nothing. Mrs. Squalitone that is, he was brought up without a daughter; that proves that women are very foolish. Chalkner can buy bigger fish than Grey- stone; he's got a good deal of money, and he is a very sensible girl; she isn't going to marry for love. I don't know why Chalkner should care for a woman."

Mr. Chalkner is a man of brains; he's no blooming philanthropist. Did you meet her husband and daughter to-day?"

"No."

"He took care that you shouldn't. Not too much interference, all the same."

"Yes; what are you going to do about it?" I asked. She said, "I am a bit short of family, and I explain to my family that Bloodstone could not possibly have meant to be insulting when he said that. I am a bit short of family, and I explained to my family that Bloodstone could not possibly have meant to be insulting when he said that. I have returned it to him, that would be an insult, and no gentleman has a right to insult another. I cannot hurt anybody's feelings."

"So you will keep it and be satisfied?"

"Yes."

I was not altogether satisfied, but I will not be satisfied. This must be the opportunity of my life. Bloodstone must show proper appreciation. I will see him there to-night; I will explain that I have nothing against you on a memos of my pleasant relationships with you—a new suit of clothes wouldn't affect me."

Then I will hint to him that my business has suffered severely during the week I spent in the country, and that I do not obtain some sort of position, which I am entirely unable to secure for myself. I shall have been made happy by the offer when he describes it to his father. That must settle him; he's such a softheart, unless my influences are brought to bear on anything. Courage, Crooks! Don't be downhearted. Rely upon me, and "you will see through it."

I didn't exactly see where I came in, or should be downhearted or otherwise. Then I remembered the letter, and that I might be/ tell him to-day without being bluntly told him of it.

He became grave on the instant. He was always surprising me by showing for more perception than anybody would ordinarily have given him credit for. There is something in that which made me think that he knew more about Bertha's feelings than he ever pretended to. And after all, his mind was made up. I believe he never will."

You must use your influence to prevent her, from going on, he said. "Delay is all that's necessary. She is a determined girl, but she will listen to reason. Take her to-day to New York, and give her a realistic thinking of a trip to New York yourself, and that she must wait until you are going. I know there is nothing that he never be, and she may go shorty unless we use diplomacy."

"Suppose we are to do that."

"I shall call upon Bloodstone within the next twenty-four hours, wherever he is to be found, he said. "And perhaps I shall want to run up against Chalkner accidentally. Something has got to be done to prevent Chalkner from marrying that girl."

"Not only alone, but the man of culture, with the domestic virtues strongly developed, must make great exertions at a time like this. I told him you, the httle bashful. This election, the choice included, has left me about seventy pounds to the good."
CHAPTER XXII

HOW THE BLOODSTONES ACTED

The English papers were very busy with West Indian affairs. The news of Mr. Chaloner's withdrawal from the presidential contest and the outcome of Mr. Bloodstone's election had been telegraphed to England; it was known that in another few days the Queen of West Indian Colonies would be visiting their presidents. And the Press was asking if the farse were to be allowed to continue any longer.

Mr. Chaloner's name was mentioned in flattering terms. His conduct was cited for admiration. And not only in England, but in the United States also, his action was commented upon; he had won fame by what was called in English conservative papers his statesmanship. The reception of what was best suited to the requirements of tropical dependencies. Mr. Bloodstone's motives were questioned: why had he not acted like his rival? And would he now be so hastily ambitious as to endeavour to cling to a position won through the blundering of a Colonial Office which, evidently, was bent upon betraying the interests of the Empire?

"The Magnifier" answered the English critics. They did not know the President, it said, (which was true enough, they never having heard of him before the last couple of weeks.) Let the British Government speak out, saying plainly what it required of the colony, "The Magnifier" suggested, and it would find that Jamaica and her President were as loyal and patriotic as ever they had been. "Which means that Bloodstone will get something as I told him," said Squillone.

This was the day after the receipt of the cheque. Squillone was going to seek out Bloodstone for the purpose, as Bertha believed, of returning the money, with the object, as I knew, of inducing Bloodstone to do something substantial for him. And Bertha was going back to her work. She hinted to me that in a few days she would probably give notice of her intention to leave.

Squillone came home in the afternoon; his courtesy assured me at once that he had not been unsuccessful.

"Well!" I asked.

"Nothing is settled yet; but the prospect is good. I saw Bloodstone; he had been up to the Governor to inform him that his own wish was to remain the devoted British subject he had always been. The Governor begged him not to disturb his mind. The Governor said that there was every certainty of Mr. Bloodstone's remaining a British subject.

"But your own affairs?"

"I told Bloodstone that I would devote the fifty pounds to keeping his memory green. I asked him for a photograph; I said I wanted to send it away to have a painting made of it, which should be framed in gilt moulding. I hinted that I would cost about fifty pounds, and that nothing would please me better than spending ten pounds extra for such a purpose. Mrs. Bloodstone was there. The old lady was tickled to death by what I said—I took care to call her Lady Bloodstone all the time. Then I talked about the need I had of a job. Bloodstone bit at once. There was the assistant clerkship of the City Council vacant, he said; it was only worth £200 a year, but the chief clerk was old. In a little while I might be receiving £60 a year—no so bad as things were.

"Well?"

"I said I would accept the position. He promised to use his influence; he knows some of the Councillors. But he pointed out that there were others to be influenced; he was not sure of those, though he would try to get someone else to back my application, and, of course, I must be a good accountant. He had heard I was.

"I have worked as accountant for Chaloner," I told him.

"But would Mr. Chaloner help you?" he asked dubiously.

"I don't know; I haven't told him to; I said, and that is where the matter rests at present."

"Why didn't you go and see Chaloner yourself, Squillone?" I enquired; "you used to do so.

"A man like Chaloner will prefer to be approached by a man like Bloodstone. That will make him feel important—President-elect asking him for a job. Chaloner still alive. Bloodstone: nothing will tickle Chaloner's vanity more than that."

"But think of Bloodstone's asking a favour of the man who might so gravely have embarrassed him." I cried. "Can Bloodstone so soon have forgotten Chaloner's action?"

"He wouldn't forget it if it had been you or I who had threatened to sue him for money; but such men do not indulge in long enmities. Superficial friendships suit them better. They will always unite to sit on the poorer men. And then, remember, Chaloner first held out the olive branch. Don't you remember what happened at the polling station?"

I nodded. "I am glad the Bloodstones were nice to you," I said.

"They could not have been otherwise, Cross; they owe me so much. And they recognise the general superiority of my character and intellect. Mrs. Bloodstone was particularly courteous. By the way, she gave me a letter for Bertha."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; she had it written when I called. Was going to post it, but thought I might hand it to Bertha instead. I can't open my daughter's letters can I?"

"You had better not!"

"Then we must wait till Bertha comes home before we learn what the letter is about."

Bertha read Mrs. Bloodstone's letter quickly, a smile of gratification stealing over her face. There was a proud glow in her eyes as she handed it to her mother. Harry Grahame had come in almost immediately after her; we were all standing in the dining-room. Squillone would not have been there at that hour but for curiosity.

"Mrs. Squillone read—no, that lady perused the massive; no other words would adequately describe the slow and solemn progress of her eyes as they absorbed the contents of Mrs. Bloodstone's letter. "You must go, Bertha," she said with an air of finality, when the perusal had come to an end."

"Go where?" asked Squillone impatiently; "you might let us know what Mrs. Bloodstone has written about."

"The President's wife," replied Mrs. Squillone impressively, "has invited Bertha to spend a fortnight with her at Madeville. She says she knows that Bertha must be worn out with her election work, and she should try to recuperate in the country. Her Excellency says that nothing would give her greater pleasure than if Bertha should accept her invitation; and," Mrs. Squillone added with a sort of shiver of delight, "she will be calling personally tomorrow morning for Bertha's answer. We must arrange the drawing-room from to-night!" Margaret and Alice clapped their hands with delight.

(Continued on Page 65)
Benito and Juan B. Machado came to Jamaica from Cuba in 1875 and, finding the climate and soil of this island similar to that of Cuba, foresaw the possibilities of a tobacco industry and began the manufacture of cigars.

The products of the firm founded by these cousins have today a very high reputation among cigar smokers all over the world.

In Jamaica the name Machado is not only synonymous with the finest quality cigars, but even the most discriminating cigarette smokers find, among the variety of brands of cigarettes made in the company's modern and hygienic factory, the cigarette most ideally suited to their tastes.

B. & J. B. Machado Tobacco Company, Limited
Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.
Triumphant Squalitone

(Continued from Page 63)

generous pleasure at Bertha’s good fortune. Harry looked pleased. “They are taking you up now, B.” Alice blushed out.

“Don’t talk slang, Alice,” her mother rebuked her. “Bertha cannot be taken up, for Bertha never was down. But I am glad Mr. Squalitone is not ungrateful. I am glad for her own sake,” Mrs. Squalitone added, as though ingratitude on the part of Mrs. Bloodstone would have seriously af

Mansfield, chief town of the parish of Manchest., observed Squalitone thoughtfully. “A small town. At present inhabited, along with others, by Mrs. and Miss Chalmers. They will call on Mrs. Bloodstone. Birds of the same richly colored feather display a tendency to flock together. Yes, you will meet Elia Chalmers, Bertha.

“And will compare more than favorably,” asserted Mrs. Squalitone. “Bertha, you cannot dis

CHAPTER XXII

THE GOVERNOR’S ANNOUNCEMENT

“Honourable gentlemen of the Legislative Counc.

The Governor was reading, quietly, calmly, a speech that appeared likely to be brief; the Coun
cill was standing with an air of expectancy, though every member knew what was coming; every inch of available space was occupied by the public, that public which, a month before, had heard His Excellency announce that the colony was about to be endowed with republican institutions.

Two weeks had elapsed since the presidential election, and many things had happened in the in
terval. The most important of all was already known, but it had yet to be announced in formal manner to the Colony’s Legislature. The members of this body were now awaiting the announcement with becoming gravity.

Mr. Bloodstone was present, Mr. Chalmers was there; all the leaders of public opinion had put in an appearance, and in the streets were many thousands of people. You heard the murmur of their voices, you had a sense of the feeling of that waiting multitude. For they had never asked for a re-

public, they had not been eager to become disco

mined, in however slight a manner, from the Em

pire of which Jamaica was one of the foundation stones. Realizing this—he had always realised it—the Governor proceeded confidently. He asked that the res

dolution to be proposed by the Colonial Secret

tary, a resolution expressing the Council’s appro
val of the House Government’s decision, should be supported unanimously. “The country,” he said, “approves fully. It is for this Country to give exp

ression to the country’s approval.”

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Then an elected member, deputed by his colleagues, slowly rose, deliberately cleared his throat, frowned at the ceiling, and began to address the Governor.

The Council, he affirmed, would endorse the action of His Majesty's Government. The Council had expected no other ending to the farce but this. But who was responsible for the farce? Was Jamaica always to be made the cat's paw of Downing Street? Or was it some benevolent influence nearer home that must be accused? He glanced across at the official members. A wall of blank faces met his eyes. "Has there been treason here?" he thundered. "We soon shall learn the truth."

His words were passed to the people in the street. A sound, wailing louder by the moment, drowned the voice of the Colonial Secretary, who was making a conventional reply. Cheers and cheers arose, a mighty thunder of sound; the crowd in the Council chamber itself began to cheer, forgetting itself in the excitement of the moment. "Do you hear?" called the elected member who had spoken. "That is the voice of the people." For once the saying was literally true.

"I have something more to say," he stated, when the noise had somewhat subsided, "and we must conclude our proceedings to-day in the usual manner. His Majesty, honourable gentlemen, has, as a recognition of their loyalty to his person and their country, been graciously pleased to confer on Mr. Arthur Theophilus Chalkner and Mr. William Bloodstone, two of our leading citizens, the distinguished honour of knighthood, and I have also been instructed to appoint both gentlemen to be members of my Privy Council. This Council will, I feel sure, join with me in congratulating both Mr. Bloodstone and Mr. Chalkner on the honour which the King has been pleased to bestow upon them."

"Hear, hear! Hear, hear!" All eyes were turned towards Mr. Chalkner and Mr. Bloodstone, and both those gentlemen endeavoured to look as though they were affected with deafness and could hear nothing. Knights, R.C.M.P.'s. So Squashion had been right all along!

And now the Councillor who had first spoken rose once more. He begged leave to congratulate the two gentlemen mentioned. Oh, yes, he would congratulate them. The elected members had for years borne the heat and the burden of the day, and had striven to do their utmost for the Empire. They had expected no recompense and that was just as well, since they would never receive any. But they would congratulate the two gentlemen upon whom had been bestowed the distinguished honour of knighthood. It was difficult to understand how that honour had been conferred, the country would never be able to understand it. Yet they must accept the accomplished fact. No doubt these two gentlemen had done something which a future historian might be able to discover. For himself, he was glad to say that there had been no revolution in the country, but for that the police exclusively. He had not, however, heard that the head of the Police Force was to be made anything. In fact, people who did useful work were never made anything; that was the tradition of the Empire, and they must all be content. But there was one thing that he would not be content with. He wondered whether the Governor had noticed how badly the electric fans in the Chamber were working? They had always worked badly, and he had never complained; but since honours were now being indiscriminately showered upon the undeserving, he would protest against the miserable condition of the electric fans, if he had to do so for years, and even if he stood alone. Until the grievance he protested against was removed, the Government might look forward to his determined opposition. He emphasised his statement that, if needs be, he was prepared to stand alone. Then he sat down and everyone felt that he had said very proper things about the mistake made in this last distribution of honours.

The atmosphere was now surcharged with envy. What, we all asked ourselves, had Chalkner and Bloodstone done? In what way had they deserved the honour of knighthood? Downing Street's blunders again!

Ten minutes more, and it was proposed that the Council should adjourn until to-morrow. But the member who had suggested the closing of that afternoon's proceedings with the National Anthem, being possessed of a good voice, would not allow his suggestion to be ignored. He rose formally and proposed it. He led the singing.

The people in the street were still singing when I pushed my way through them, homewards.

CHAPTER XXIV

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

"So you did meet Ella Chalkner?"

"Yes, Uncle Joe, and she was very friendly. I was determined to be cold when I met her, but she wouldn't give me the chance. She told Mrs. Bloodstone that we were old schoolmates, and what good friends we had been, and she asked me to go with Mrs. Bloodstone to see her. The Chalkners even invited me to their picnic."

"Well, you see, Bertha," I observed oracularly, "you have not been quite just to the Chalkners all this time."

She looked thoughtful. Perhaps not; after all, we drifted apart, and that wasn't Ella's fault. She insisted that we should call one another by our Christian names, as we used to at school."

(Continued on Page 78)
When, after much agitation in Jamaica and much correspondence with the Colonial Office in England a dispatch finally arrived stating that Jamaica was to be granted a New Constitution, conformable to the terms asked for by us, His Excellency Sir Arthur Richards, referred to the event in these terms: The Book of Jamaica is open at a new page; it is for us to write upon it what we will. These are wise words, excellent and true words, and they will not readily be forgotten; they will live in the minds of us all for many a long day.

The Book is now open. The opening took place on the twenty-fifth of November, 1944, when His Excellency Sir John Huggins, K.C.M.G., Captain General and Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica read the Proclamation dissolving the old constitution with its legislative appurtenances and promulgating the New Constitution, establishing a new order of Government, and extending the rights and privileges of the people through their Elected Representatives. The reading was in public, at the southern entrance of the Victoria Park, and was accompanied by pomp and ceremony befitting so great an occasion. There was His Excellency the Governor, attended by his principal officials, all in their ceremonial uniforms, there were the Judges in their robes of office, the Military and other Services in distinguishing uniforms, the Mayor and Aldermen, Members and Councillors, the Dignitaries of the Church, Dignitaries of the State—all these were there, and all these were necessary to take part in the proceedings and to signalise the importance of the occasion.

A vast concourse of people had assembled to hear the Proclamation and to bear witness to the great transaction taking place before their eyes. They had not assembled there out of mere curiosity, impelled thither by the fact that something unusual was taking place, bent on enjoying themselves and seeing the sight, matter-of-fact sight-seers, to be seen. They knew, they felt indeed, that something unusual was taking place, that it was more than merely something extraordinary and rarely to be seen, that it was something of deep significance to them individually and personally; and they were gravely aware of the import of the occasion. For great occasions make their presence felt even by the heedless and unthinking.

It is the circumstances under which these great events take place that arrest the attention of men and imprint their significance upon the mental world. Pageantry, ceremonial, ritual—it is at such times that we realize their vast and inestimable uses. Without their aid circumstances of deep importance will pass with little notice. They are the outward and visible sign of inward spiritual grace. We do not enthroned Kings proclaim new constitutions, establish new governments by plain and unadorned announcement. These are great occasions and the manner of their presentation must be such as righti will proclaim their greatness. Hence the pageant and ceremony. These strike the senses of the beholder, as the scene unfolds, and as the words he hears—not the common language of everyday affairs, but phrases sonorous and resounding—impinge upon his consciousness. They stir the blood and quicken the pulse, the heart beats faster, the imagination is alive and keen and impatient. We do not feel that we can stand still and look on only. We are restless to take part. We cannot take part in fact, but we can in fancy, and derive a vicarious satisfaction in so doing. We envy, though not uncharitably, those whose privilege it is to take an active part in the proceedings. We are not content to be witnesses only, we must be partakers also, in the great drama.

It is therefore well that important occasions in a nation's life should be observed with due forms and ceremonies, which by their spectacular suggestions teach the lessons we should learn and remind us in future days of those lessons, lest we forget them. In such ways we are made aware of the sovereignty of Princes and Parliaments and Peoples, the majesty of Law, the strength and stability of the State, the security of its Citizens, the high duties of the Church. It is true that these things subsist as a matter of end; that they have a practical aim and purpose in view. But while they are practical in incidence, they are spiritual in essence. And it is right and fitting that on an inaugural the spiritual and the symbolic should be most before us. For they warn us of duties and obligations and point us to a correct understanding of them; they furnish the High Precedents to which we shall turn for guidance in the years to come.

In such circumstances the new Constitution for Jamaica was proclaimed to the assembled multitude. In past times, on occasions of State, similar multitudes have gathered to witness the spectacle and hear the proceedings. But there is a difference. Then, as now, there has been the same appeal to the senses and the emotions of the attendant ceremonial; there has been the same response on the part of the people to that appeal. But, in past times the ceremony was all. The people felt, and perhaps strongly, the impress of the ceremonial, its impact on their minds; but the realities behind them, the practical purposes which they embodied and symbolised were but dimly appreciated. It is not so now. In late years our people have progressed swiftly along the road to knowledge of public affairs. There is an awareness of themselves as members of a free community, with rights and privileges appertaining to them in virtue of that membership. A deep political consciousness is developing. The emphasis is on the "Rights". It is well they should remember that those rights incur duties and obligations—a lesson they have not so aptly learned up to that way only can they be fairly earned. It is perhaps human and natural that we should consider our rights mainly; that is a human imperfection. But we should not merely acquiesce in that fact and regard it as the whole explanation; we must take arms against our imperfections lest they lead us into more and more temptation. The new consciousness may be misguided and misled.

The Proclamation ended, the dignitaries departed, what are the thoughts in the minds of the people as they quit the scene and take their way homeward? Is it difficult to estimate, but they should be these: A great opportunity has been offered us, let us not fail to use that opportunity rightly, and honestly to discharge the duties which it imposes upon us. These duties may not be done in public, and be seen, by men, but privately, in our relations and contacts one with another. In particular let us remember that we must find some way and some method of working together to uphold the Constitution in the five years in which it stands on trial, and that we shall contribute something to that end only if we remain in isolated and quarrelling groups. Little that is enduring in human affairs has ever yet been achieved but by the spirit of compromise. For no man born of a woman has ever been so indisputably right that he could dare to say that his fellows were as indisputably wrong. Let us hear that chattering thought in mind, and when on disputed ground endeavour to see what of good there may be in those who hold opinions different from our own, and how far we may go towards them. Only thus may we in some measure fulfill the great injunction that we are our brother's keeper: only insofar as that injunction, in some degree, finds expression in our acts, may we gain relief from our political affilitions. For this is both a commandment and a philosophy. It is, whether we recognise it or not, the germ and kernel, the root-idea, informing every effort, however and wheresoever made, for better understanding between man and man. And only thus shall we be able to strike together for that New Jamaica which we all so ardently hope for.

The Book is now open, the new page before us. What shall we write upon that page?
By J. B.

The sick woman turned an anxious look towards the door. Daphne should soon be coming now. It was weary waiting, and this was grievous sickness. Accustomed as she had been to battling alone through other bouts of illness, this time fear had gotten hold of her. A new and unwonted feeling, as of some mysterious premonition, had knocked at the portals of her heart and left her shaken and alarmed. But now Daphne her own firstborn would soon be here.

Strange how she had for so many years shunned the company of her fellow-believers, preferring the unlovely life of a solitary, preferring even that her own offspring should remain away from her, with only brief letters from time to time, and rare visits between, to keep alive the ties of affection. But it had seemed good to be alone; alone to meet the days' demands, and alone to look upon and breathe the stillness of the night. Even Daphne on her occasional visits would wonder at the long spells of silence when with eyes unseeing she would look far out across the years upon what she saw there. And now Daphne would soon be here. Daphne. Her thoughts, like a homing bird coming to rest, drifted softly on the child—now grown to young womanhood; and then, by an easy transition, from Daphne to herself at Daphne's age. That had been the best part of all her life, when in the prime of youth she had moved in swift silence and efficiency between the tables at the "Genova" restaurant, and noted with a flattered sense of pride how the best of the customers always endeavoured to secure one of her tables for themselves, the pick of all the waitresses, small and slender of body, trim, alert and very alive.

Such a medley of customers too. The silent ones, intent on the business of a meal; the greedy ones, taking the last penny's worth and never dreaming of giving a tip; the generous ones, particular as to the quality of the food; the conceit ed ones, laying down the law on every subject under the sun, and often evading the weekly settlement; the "fresh" ones, clumsily making effort to start an "affair"; the ill-paid ones, trying to spend a shilling to the best advantage. Ah, but it was an ill thing to be underpaid. She, Allegra, knew but too well about that; and so for these, whenever possible, an extra helping from the pantry server.

The "Genova"—and Kingston, with its lights and noise, its bustle and its sense of life and well-being. That was life.

Allegra. Why had she been so named? That had always been a subject of interest to so many of those who knew her. "Where did you get that name?" "Why were you called Allegra?" Ah, well, for all that came of it any other name would have served as well.

Yes, those years at the restaurant had been the very best of all, better even than her years of married life. Those had been happy enough, and her husband had been good, but his father with whom they had lived had been a dour man, always leaving her with the feeling that she was an intruder who, her mission of bearing his grandchild ren over, had no more place in the family scheme of things. And after her husband's unexpected and tragic death, the feeling had intensified to the point of being intolerable. And then that bitter year, the memory of which still scorched and seared, keeping at white heat that undying flame of hatred in her heart, linked to a chain of dumb impotence. For what could she have done? Who would have believed? Appearances were: all against her, the trap having been so cleverly laid the result so incredible. Ah, God, if even at this her last extremity it could be granted her to state that undying grudge and to kill ... kill ... kill. Her thin hands clenched in the imagined grasp. He, the beast, the ravishing beast. To kill ... kill ...

How well she remembered her first encounter with him. It had been during the first year of her marriage, on the train on her return home from a visit to Kingston. Little Daphne had been on her way then, and she had taken a seat by the window for the sake of the fresh air. The day had been warm, although the month was January. Now they were running into her own country, the land of the red earth. Between the patches of the sun-browned corn the train, like some monstrous dinosaur, moved languidly, labouring, winding its slow and sinuous course around the hills. A dust, a buzzard hung brown and motionless on the air, accenting the miles quieter by quarters for some small prey. Green-gold upon the hillsides the banks of rippled water glistened in the spray of the woodland that crowned the slopes, a symphony in colour. Beyond, in the far distances, the clouds玫瑰. The mountainous woods and knolls stood out on the heights like sentinels. Nearer, on the broad commons, the gracious orange trees each with its tender gift of golden fruit, while on a commanding height, shaded and encircled by tree and shrub, the man's dwelling nestled, its inmates secure all their lives from any material care or want, maintaining a comfortable ease by the exercise of a moderate diligence in upkeeping their inheritance. Ah, it was good to be nearing home.

But who was this late come passenger forcing into the seat opposite and leaning at her with foxy eyes from time to time between joyous moments with a vile cigar (She, Allegra, knew a good cigar). And what need to be accidentally touching her knees with his? Rough, a most unpleasant person.

She knew later, knew too well, that this was the new Public Works foreman for the district, hoping as he subsequently did no opportunity to ingratiate himself with her, impervious to rebuffs and insults, worming himself, too, into her husband's good graces.

And then, that never to be forgotten day after her husband's death, when she was lured by a storm into the trap and left to struggles unequally against the inevitable, and to end that day hating all the world, hating herself even above and beyond all, hating, hating, hating HIM.

Then, later, the incredible, the doubting, the relapse one-time reps of anxiety, and then the deadly certainty, the numb helplessness, the months of grasping care, the futile efforts at concealment, till all became self-evident: the lust of her father-in-law's bitter tongue, the burdens of false consolation, the fit of hot rage consumed her, rage against all the world and every mortal being in it, the horror of dumb stolidness from some forgotten Jewish ancestor or who could remain grimly silent under extreme torture keeping her lips locked behind an unyielding...
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Triumphant Squalitone

(Continued From Page 65)

"Another proof that Miss Chalkner's heart is in the right place. Of course, you know her better than I do. She's a charming woman."

"Yes; we heard the news yesterday. Mr. Chalkner telegraphed the news to his wife just after the Council meeting. Mr. Bloodstone is a knight, too, I see. Mrs. Bloodstone heard that yesterday; we got the news and told Mr. Chalkner when I got back from the bank's meeting. Mr. Chalkner came over to show us the telegram, and said she was sure Mr. Bloodstone was also a Sir. They are great friends now, you know."

"The Bloodstones and the Chalkners. I am going to tell you a little secret, Uncle Joe. Everybody will know it shortly, but you mustn't breathe it to a soul."

I always welcome little secrets. They make life pleasantly mysterious. "I won't say a word about it," I promised.

"It's going to be a match between Ella Chalkner and Captain Bloodstone. He has been very attentive to her, and she has been very kind to him—something. I am so glad, I like Captain Bloodstone very much, and I like Ella too—now. But he'll have to go back to the war, and that will be dreadful. Suppose he gets killed, Uncle Joe?"

"Don't think of that, dear," I muttered lamely; "more escape than are filled. So you think it will be a match?"

"I am sure of it. How quickly things happen in these days!"

And now I knew the secret of her new liking for Ella.

Bertha had returned that morning. She had spent a delightful fortnight with Mrs. Bloodstone. She had met some of the best people in Manchester, and they all had been exceptionally nice to her. Mrs. Bloodstone had never failed to mention the services of Bertha's father to the Bloodstone Cause, and when she received the telegram announcing that in future Miss Lawley Bloodstone, she had handed it to Bertha with the remark, "Your father was the first to bestow a title on me, dear."

Mr. Bloodstone too had been true to his word; he had exerted himself to advance Squalitone's claim for the post of the distinct agent of the City Council. And Chalkner had nobly seconded his efforts, giving it in writings as his opinion that a banner so distant than Squalitone was not to be found in the colony, and even making a reference to the benefits of a classical education! There was a touch of irony here, the only one that Mr. Chalkner allowed himself. But Squalitone pointed out that the irony would not be perceived, while the commodation of Mr. Chalkner would carry even more weight than that of Mr. Bloodstone.

"And if they made your father assistant agent," I said to Bertha, "your position will be better than before."

"But I shall have to go back to work," she replied firmly. "I couldn't sit at home in idleness, with all this work waiting for me."

I remembered, as Harry spoke, what Squalitone had said about Chalkner's kindly treatment of this young man. The young man was always working and was always establishing a new branch of his already extensive business; he managed the business very well, in a very considerate way, and had the reputation of being a very good man—so that I think it was well for me to meet him, "and you shall have a free hand. If you want into business on your own account, you would succeed. But you must also have a capital. If you haven't the capital you will succeed better with a man than with anyone else. In five years you will probably be earning a thousand a year, and all the risk will be upon your own account, you would succeed. But you must also have a capital. If you haven't the capital you will succeed better with a man than with anyone else. In five years you will probably be earning a thousand a year, and all the risk will be upon your own account, you would succeed. But you must also have a capital. If you haven't the capital you will succeed better with a man than with anyone else."

"And then—"

"Don't let me interrupt you," I interrupted, for I had stopped to finish my breakfast, and had no inclination to finish my remarks. I thought I knew what was going on. "You were saying—"

"Oh, nothing, nothing." He looked preoccupied.

My room was in a slightly disordered condition. I drew my attention to it, under the pretense of an apology.

"An old bachelor," said I, "cannot look after himself very well; you must excuse the state of my apartment. It represents one of the tragedies of a lonely old age. Could I in my younger days have anticipated the present condition of this room, I am certain that there would have been a Mrs. Squalitone. Indeed, there nearly was—but that story I have never told to anyone. Perhaps, some day—"

"Not for worlds," he said hastily, rising. "And so you would advise me to accept this offer?"

"I would. There is social position attached to it; there is comfort, security, a competence. What more would you ask?"

"I'll think it over," he said. "I rather like Chalkner. But I will consult with Bertha first."

"God bless you my boy."

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CHAPTER XXXV

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOTT?

Mrs. Squalitone and I were in conference. She was very serious. She had arrived at important decisions, and she deliberated carefully before coming to any single one of them.

She was giving a party—it was long since she had given one; this was her first since I had become her paying guest. She was about to invite persons whom she had known long ago, and with whom she still maintained a bowing acquaintanceship. In the gradual decline and fall of her health she had ceased to be on intimate terms with these persons; but, technically, she was still in their set, and now she found herself able, in a way, to patronize them. For this party was to witness the formal announcement of Bertha's engagement, and who could doubt that Bertha and Harry would shine like twin stars in the Chalkner social firmament? And in the Bloodstone firmament also they would solicitate; the world of fashion would be their natural element: they would be lights to lighten in the hearts of the less fortunate the fires of all car and truck owners. Whatever the make of your car or truck, it is our job to keep it rolling until Victory is won, and after. We have the trained help to do this. Is your car or truck getting the attention that an expensive mechanism deserves? When you consider it must last you for the war's duration, perhaps longer, there are things to be done that should not be overlooked. For best results, bring it to us.
this was one of the occasions when the utmost care must be exercised.

The invitations were sent out, the evening of the party came round in due course. And persons whom I had never seen in that house before, came then to congratulate Bertha and to express their hypothetical delight at her good fortune. Squatline had ordered an evening suit. Mrs. Squatline looked impressive in black silk, all the guests were elegantly dressed.

There was dancing. There was singing. Squatline had provided wine in plenty; in the little garden where tables were set out under Chinese lanterns, young couples sat to listen to the music of a hired quartette, and to enjoy delicious ice cream and cakes. Everybody congratulated Bertha and Harry; the engaged couple were radiant, happy. I was happy also; it was indeed the happiest evening of my life.

It was twelve o'clock before I left the merry-makers and stole up to my room. A twinge of rheumatism, an affliction which had become par- tisan since that night on which I had had to fly into a cattle-pen to avoid detection by police, had warned me that I should be best in bed. I was beginning to undress when I heard a rap at the door. It was Squatline: I bade him enter.

Usually, he was a most abstemious man. But that night he had had a good few glasses of wine, and his flushed face now showed its effects. His walk, also, was not perfectly steady.

He took the chair I offered him.

"The wine I have drunk to-night," he observed, stirring at me with preferential gravity, "has gone to my head. Wine never goes to my head. That is because I have a sort of head which nothing affects. I cannot give so good a character to my feet. Candour compels me to confess that to-night my feet are somewhat drunk. You will notice, Crooks, that I am a very candid man.

"I hurriedly assured him that he was. I wanted to go to bed, and he was keeping me up. I wished he would retire.

"And to think that I must shortly go through the ordeal of another party," he groaned, with the air of a martyr; "that is what I must now look forward to."

"The wedding, you mean?"

"No. That, of course, is a future infliction; but I am thinking of the function Mrs. Squatline will insist upon giving when Penrose proposes to Margaret and is accepted, for she isn't going to refuse him.

"You seem a bit previous, Squatline," I re- monstrated; "how do you know that Penrose will propose to Margaret?"

"How do I know? Do you think I am drunk in my eyes as well as in your feet? Why, he's been sweet on Margaret for months, and to-night he was watching her all over the shop. I saw him, everybody except yourself saw him; but then, you see nothing. If I had told you some time ago that Harry was in love with Bertha you would never have believed it. But I said nothing; the dignity of a parent forbade me mentioning such a subject. While I have been working to secure the position I now occupy, I have had my children's welfare all the time in my mind. I recognised that young men in good positions would hardly like to marry the daughters of a man who passed warrants for a pitance, even if he happened to be a gentleman by birth, so I determined to improve my social and financial situation. That's a good phrase, Crooks, 'Social and financial situation.' Would sound well in a speech."

He paused to repeat the phrase over and over, while I impatiently waited for him to say good-night.

"Yes," he resumed, "there will be another engagement in this house shortly. Engagements are like suicides, one influences the next; they take the form of epidemics. The old saying is perfectly true, 'one fool makes many.' As a bachelor you agree with me, eh?"

"If Gresham had agreed with you," I said tartly, "Bertha might have died an old maid!"

"No child of mine will die an old maid," returned Squatline with dignity. "I have endowed them with beauty, with grace, with the manners which good blood alone can give. Happy the man who marries one of them. Alice will be the only one left on my hands shortly, and with a salary of £450 a year I should be able to do something for her."

"I thought your salary was only £200 a year," I reminded him bitterly.

"You have no imagination, Crooks; no foresight, in spite of all the pains I have taken to develop your mind. The head clerk of the City Council is over sixty. It is true that some people are extraordinarily selfish, but surely he cannot expect to live much longer. You don't think he will live much longer, do you?"

He seemed very anxious on the point. Indignantly I answered that I hoped the clerk had still many years of life before him. Squatline shook his head sorrowfully. "I might have guessed as much," he sighed. "You are amongst those who envy my prospective good fortune, while pretending to be my friends. Well! And after all that I have done for you, too, after all that I have done for you."

"Look here, Squatline," I exclaimed, "that wine has got into your head as well as into your feet. You had better go to bed now. You are talking nonsense."

"That I could never do," said he, rising slowly, and steadying himself with his hands on the chair. "And I will not permit you to insult me.
AIR. You have attempted it too often. Let this be the last occasion, or I shall command Mrs. Squalline to rid me of your presence in this house. And where would you be so comfortable for six pounds per month?"

She soothed him. "You know I was jesting."

"Of course I knew you were, old boy," he cried, forgetting his anger in a moment. "Are we not friends who, in the arena of politics, have fought together for justice and right as represent- ed by that old dotard, Bloodstone? Could we for a moment allow an engagement to ruffle our mutual affection? could the hope for demise of a head clerk evert a barrier between us? Never, I say, never. And you are right, Crooks, it is time I was going to bed. My legs are not perfectly loyal to me, though my head is as clear as ever."

He wrung his hands warmly and opened the door. He was half way through when he turned back. There were actually tears in his eyes.

"There is one thing I forgot to mention," he said, "though it has lain upon my heart like a pall all this night. My thoughts go back to the past, Crooks, and I cannot help musing that my mother is not here to-night to bless Bertha. That explains my sadness. For hours I have been thinking only of my mother. The memory of her, rules all my thoughts. Crooks, have you ever known what it is to lose a mother?"

"But, good gracious, man," I remonstrated, "your mother has been a very long time dead now, hasn't she?"

"Crooks; only twenty-five years; and what are twenty-five years in the life of a man? This evening's felicity has been marred for me by the thoughts of long ago. My mother's presence would have filled my cup with joy. Alas! it was not to be."

"Good-night, Squalline," said I.

"Good-night, my dear friend. No, not good-night. 'Au revoir and not good-bye,' as that young fellow Lescombe sang to-night. He has a good voice, that boy; should make a dancing doctor. Did you know he was in love with Bertha?"

"Good night, Squalline," I repeated.

"Good-night. When shall we two meet again, in storm, in sunshine, or in a cattle-pasture opposite Chalky must have fallen asleep in my clothes, for when I started out of the semi-sitting position I occupied in the bed, the house was in complete silence. I undressed at once, wondering if I too, like Squalline, had indulged a little too freely through sheer lightness of heart. I fell asleep calculating who had gained most by the abortive Republic of Jamica. I concluded, before sleep again overcame me, that it was Squalline. Squalline, who, at the last, and in possession of a semi-official position, had found his happiness marred by the absence of a mother who had never mentioned to me before."

**THE END.**