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For the Year 1936-1937

NACANO

BY
HERBERT G. DE LISser,
author of
"THE WHITE WITCH OF ROSEHALL,
"REVENGE," Etc.

CHAPTER ONE
SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1942

Nacano sprang lightly out of the hammock that swung suspended from two of the crossbeams of her hut, yawned slightly, stretching her long limbs with a little tremor of luxurious enjoyment. She was completely nude, a girlish figure light brown in hue and pretty, even if judged by conventional European standards. She ran over to the other hammock in the room and shook the young fellow in it into wakefulness. "It is light," she said, "and we have much to do."

He woke with a bound, came down to earth, and stood beside her. They had almost children, he fifteen, she a year younger, but they had reached adult state in their little Arawak Indian community and had now been married for about three months. This but was theirs, he had built it with the aid of his wife’s relatives. A frail structure, yet in a semi-conscious fashion he was proud of it. He was proud of himself too, for his girl-wife was the daughter of the village cacique or chief, and it was admitted that she was the most beautiful girl to be found for miles around.

"Nacano, Cota-m," she said, and caught him by the hand.

Together they went down to the seaside, where already a number of other people were assembled. None of these wore a stitch of clothing. None was aware of any feeling of strangeness or immodesty because of this; none gave it a thought, for it was the custom of the country.

With loud, joyous cries the village folk dashed into the water that seethed into silver as the waves came on one after another to pamper with a kiss upon the white and yellow sands. The morning air was cool and stimulating; a light breeze wafted down from the mountains to the south, stirring the leaves of the dense woods that clothed hill and vale save where clearings had been made for the settlement, with its houses of red and thatch and its patches of cultivation. The village stood adjacent to the shore, but protected from the occasional heavy winds or "northerns" by a belt of trees that screened it from approach by the sea. But it was well within the sound of voices on the shore, and those older members of the tribe who were now preparing to join their younger friends and kinsfolk could with little effort convey a message to anyone standing on the edge of the vast expanse of water which now, momentary, was flushed into delightful colours as the sun’s level rays darted along its surface.

Inland and higher up clumps of mist were rolling hither and yon. The mighty backbone of the mountains seemed to tower into a blue and opal sky adorned with golden streamers; thick underbrush fought about monster roots and trunks for space in which to live. Palms sprang gracefully into the air, slim bodies crowned with green and glittering fronds. Silk cotton trees of enormous height and bulk, huge giants from whose limbs depended parasitic plants that lived upon them from generation to generation, dominated the rest of the encircling forest. Through that forest ran narrow trails, communicating with neighbouring villages inland, but it was the sea coast and the sea itself that the villagers most used to visit one another, and in their canoes these people could go swiftly and safely from point to point.

Nacano and her boy husband swam sturdily out to sea.

They took no notice of the water’s wonderful colouring, its deep and pale blues, sable pinks, its heavy, dazzling bars of silver. They had no word for all this beauty, yet they enjoyed it as part of their lives; the vivid green and the grandeur of the mountains that formed the background of their home, they looked at daily as something which had always been and would always be there: these too had become a part and parcel of their existence which they would not willingly do without. Life was easy for them on the whole, though there would be sickness now and then, and death, and famine when a drought happened, and destruction when one of the terrible West Indian hurricanes swept down upon the

"It is the island of which we were told in Juana," said the Admiral to a man who stood beside him, as the pale outlines of the distant Jamaica highlands broke upon his eyes.

"Yes: it probably is," this man answered, and, "they say it is full of gold."

"That may or may not be," said the Admiral thoughtfully. He had heard the same story about Juana, as he called Cuba, and about Espanola, as he had named Hayti, and bitter had been his disappointment. But he had disguised his feelings. To the sovereigns of Spain he had promised riches in abundance and he must not be thought now to have become disillusioned in regard to his expectations. He did not believe he would find much gold in the country they were now approaching; why, he could not have said. It was a conviction that he had. Still, it was a new land to be discovered, part of that great eastern territory of China and Japan to which he was convinced he had found a new route by sailing west. He would take possession of it in the name of Spain, and later on would see to it that its inha-
P L A N T E R S' P U N C H

1936-37

 bitants became Christians. And if there should be any gold, he could claim it in exchange for the lives of the men and women who had been sold into slavery. He would celebrate this victory with much joy and pride, for it was a great honor for him and his people. He was determined to show the world that they were not afraid of the Spaniards and that they were not going to surrender their gold, and their women, too, when these were needed, and obeyed implicitly every com- mand of their chief. What a strange experience for this wife! What a savage man or woman anyway?

The girl stood there, crying, as the sea gulls soared overhead in the sky. She had seen the caciques' daughter and wanted to go ashore to make play with them. But the Admiral was unsympathetic.

He had no idea what he was doing, and he could not be heard by the Spaniards. In his excitement, he had exclaimed, "What a good sport!" and looked up at the sun, and thought, "I will give them a show," but did not know what to do. He had tried to send arrows into the packed canoes, these grounded, and the Spaniards gained the upper hand, but the lesson had been taught more sharply. A bloodshed had broken out in one of the canoes, and the victorious Spaniards had landed upon the scene of the slaughter. An armada of Indians had been assembled, and they appeared to be on the point of doing something decisive. They were shouting, waving their spears, and hurling stones at the Spaniards. The latter had not the least intention of being conquered. They held their ground firmly and continued to shout defiance at the Indians.

The Admiral was greatly impressed with the courage of the Spaniards. He thought, "These men are brave. They will not give up without a fight. I must do something to stop them." He then ordered his men to attack the Indians, and the Spaniards attacked in force. The Indians were not prepared for such a assault and were quickly driven off by the Spanish forces.

The Admiral was pleased with the outcome of the battle. He felt that his men had shown great courage and determination. He believed that this victory would serve as a warning to other Indians who might consider attacking the Spanish forces. He was also pleased that his men had won the respect of the Spaniards, and he hoped that this would lead to more friendly relations between the two cultures. He felt that this was an important step towards the establishment of peace and prosperity in the region.

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that of her husband; but her eyes were fixed upon two approaching objects, strange and yet seen before, and her memory suddenly recalled the coming of singular creatures with red wings, something that had occurred so long ago that at times the thought of them had seemed to her like a dream.

"Acanonas!"

This time she answered.

Two were quick, Cotaban; the pale strangers who came so many, many moons ago are returning; come quick.

Cotaban heard and came running to the beach. With him ran also a number of men and women, youths and maidens, attracted by the cry of Acanonas, some of them too young to remember when Columbus and his caravels had sailed into Santa Gloria nine years before. But they had heard of that event, had heard also that because the strangers had been treated hospitably they had given presents and had been kind. They were their friends, their chief had said, to those of the land who were friendly, but terrible to those who received them with hostile demonstrations.

It was June, and a brilliant sun lighted up sea and country, bringing into radiant relief the lovely colours of dancing waves and the varied greens of the thickly wooded shore. Out of a sky of blue and gold, the summer sky of the West Indian tropics, the ardent rays of the god of day, to whom these Indians vaguely attributed power over sea and animals and life, poured dazzling down upon the world.

The crowded ships drew closer to the land, labouring heavily, deep-sunk in the water, but they were not making for exactly the same spot where Columbus had anchored so many years before. They were moving, almost drifting, a little way farther east, towards a tiny cove which was to be known in future as Don Christopher's Cove. From the beach the waiting In- dians could see this clearly. At a sign from Acanonas they too began moving quickly in the direction of the Cove.

"If they are inimical we are done for," said Columbus grimly to a young man beside him: "If they fight like those savages we encountered on the mainland we shall starve and die. These ships are finished. We must beach them."

"But you have given an order to all your men, Admiral; and surely they will obey. They will not molest these creatures."

"I can always depend upon you, Diego," replied Columbus kindly, "and on some of the others. But what of the rest? You know what has happened in Espanola and elsewhere. They disobeys and defy me when they can. And they turn the natives into enemies instead of into useful workers."

"But all will know better than to indulge in such folly here," protested Diego Mendez. He was still young, with a frank, handsome countenance, a resolute countenance also: out of his clear blue eyes looked courage and determination. He bore himself erect. He knew that the Admiral depended upon him as so often of the many score of men on these two small ships, save his own brother and his little son, and he was resolved to be true to the man he followed and with whom he sympathised. He real- ily wished that the Admiral was right, for he had heard ugly rumours among the crew of adventurers again and again. But he must encourage the discoverer whom he had once so fervently rejoiced in the accom- plishment and disappointment; who, if he had found a man-made paradise on earth, had found gold in the air and for him had reaped sufficient quantities to satisfy the expectations and cupi- dity of his masters at home.

among the others they know better," questioned Columbus bitterly. "Well, we shall see. The ships must lie side by side on the beach, Diego, and we shall live on them all the time we may have to remain here. We must lash them together and build a shelter for ourselves upon their decks. No one must go ashore without leave; no one must take anything he force: above all, no one must interfere with the Indian wo- men. Impress it upon our people that it will be easy at any hour for these Indians to set fire to the thatch with which we shall roof our rude cabins on the decks.

Diego nodded comprehension, then hurried off. He scanned the faces of the adventurers who had left Spain some time ago to find wealth, and who now saw themselves likely to be marooned forever in a wild and savage land. For the caravel- lons on which they had come would never sail again. The sea worms had seen to that. They were sink- ing by the side, the wind favouring, the two ves- sel were driven on the beach. The glistening blue water lapped them gently, the lapping hand on either side, rising clear out of the sea, seemed to embrace them, the In- dians on the shore were cry- ing out a welcome. These had made the journey to this place quickly; and although Columbus could not recognise a single face, he guessed that among these women and men must be some whom he had seen nine years before. One woman especially was waving to him; but he did not know. He could not pos- sibly recognise in the full-grown figure, with the little cotton apron hung in front of her, the girl who had stood up stark nude in the chief's canoe, on his first visit to this country and had made him to a friendly gesture with her arm.

He had but given her a glance at that time, had forgotten her almost immediately afterwards. But even had he been able to fix her form and features in his memory, that would not have helped him now. For Acanonas had changed, had grown from hopping girlhood into womanhood, had developed in body, though still retaining a slightness of phy- sique rare in the Arawak woman, and was more chaste than plain, but just as virile when she was a child. She wore the cotton apron sometimes affected by the weaving of her people; but her rounded bosoms were exposed, and her ample flanks and body showed none of that soft flabbiness so common among the Indian women of more than twenty years of age. She was athletic, was this girl, had always loved walking and running and swimming, and so had kept herself in excellent condition. She had preferred a fish to a cassava diet, which merely fat- tened; and she had borne Cotaban but one child. Other young women of her age that already had six or seven children, perhaps more, of whom had died in infancy, and by the time that they were eighteen they had lost all pretensions to such good looks as they might once have boasted of. With With and seductive beauty—she was the brightest of the three—she seemed far younger. Something in her mind had impressed itself upon her face and figures, for thought of the child, and the spirit manifests itself in walk and carriage and facial aspect. She had always thought of herself as a child's daughter, her eldest, his favourite, and that increased the pride and self-regard with which she had been born. She thought highly of herself, was, in a way, a great lady in a village community essentially democratic. The other girls and women, looked mean beside her. In her father's absence she might easily assume, and without rivalry, the leadership of her tribe.

But if Columbus did not recognise her, neither did she know him. At most she had had but a glimpse of him quite long ago; but then he had seemed a godlike, commanding figure. Now it was an old man that stood at the prow of a beached, half- rotten caravel and looked down upon the wildest of the people below. An old and broken man, though not yet fifty-five, with beard as snow-white as his hair, face lined with care and thin, with body bowed and long, deep set out in gallant and gay attire. While the crews of the two vessels were busy lash- ing them together, he ordered a ladder to be lower- ed, and called Diego Mendez. Diego, like him- self, now spoke some Arawak learnt in Espanola. They could understand and make themselves understood by the people of the western islands.

As Columbus and Diego waded ashore the crowd shrank back a little. Not so Acanonas, who stood erect waiting for the strangers to approach. Her father was away at a neighbouring village, hav- ing been invited there, with some of his comrades, to a feast; he had no son or nephew; it seemed quite natural to all that Acanonas should function in his absence. As for Columbus, knowing that an Indian woman had once questioned it in Espanola, he saw nothing strange in this apostle of the pretty girl who stood calmly waiting for them. But his quick eyes noted one thing. Her gaze was fixed upon young Mendez, not upon the old sick lead- er who was already known as the great discoverer. But he spoke first. Christopher Columbus was never the man to forget what was due to himself, or willingly take second place for anybody. "Lady," he said in her language, "we have come back again as friends. We were here long ago, and we gave you presents. We established here the sovereignty of our master and mistress, the King and Queen of Spain, and you are now their subjects. But they ensure you through me the full possession of your lands and all the privileges you enjoy. You must, however, provide us with food, for which we will pay you liberally."

He repeated this last sentence slowly and em- (Continued on page 25)
Life and the Pictures

YOUR younger generation of Jamaica has an education. They will all own their own car, be the first of their generation. The very name of automobile, the sound of one is much like that of another; but not so the other. They have an uncanny knowledge of cars. They have acquired an appreciation of the car which astonishes the uninstructed.

Indeed I am certain that the Mrs. Solomon never went out of the house for a walk, and could not possibly have gone to no picture shows in old Jerusalem. Not that there were any harem property resident in Jerusalem; but that the custom of the East must have affected, in practice if not in legal and social theory, the very highest circles. So that while the ordinary lady of Palestine could and did go for a walk if she wished, the King's wives didn't. They stayed at home—heres had ample grounds in which to move about—and they advertsied themselves for the decoration of their husbands to a great extent. But, in our day and generation the girls array themselves in all the beauties of whatever the staff may call the modern age. And where you meet them, it is most attractive in a moving picture show.

THese young women, and many of the young men also, have an uncanny acquaintanceship with film actors and actresses. The vast majority of them have never seen a living film star in all their lives; but to hear them talk of Sylvia Sydney and the other film stars, William Powell and Ginger Rogers, Helen Vinson and Herbert Marshall, Eileen Park and Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich and Myrna Loy, the girls and the boys who know them, you would think that they knew these people personally, had gone to the point of helping them. Indeed, it is one of the ways of the modern generation. And as in the old time, so it is now. The girls in Jamaica, of the better classes, and even some of the lower classes, are the most enthusiastic viewers of the moving picture at an early age and will continue until death do them part to see the pictures. Here is the one grand form of the social entertainment that appeals to young as well as to old; and while some come to see the "dying moving picture," no one of any intelligence today has the time to utter about "the dying moving picture show."

I LOVE to sit in the front row of the gallery of the Christie or the Royal at Kingston on a Sunday night and watch the crowd stream in. The men walk with a sort of carelessness and rather5 slow air for the street affair; the women are more conscious of the value of appearances, hold themselves erect, move step after step with a self-satisfied air, fully aware of their charms. The men pass them. They are well dressed; their clothes fit them finely. No one seems to notice them; they are the life of the fashion. Two or three years ago, they could not be against them. That sort of thing has been said about the women of some of the leading families of Jamaica, and about them. They are a person, as Aldons Huxley. Huxley remarks that while women take the lead, the women in Jamaica are clothed in the latest creations of Paris and London. British Indians are content with outmoded costumes, not knowing the difference between what is and what is not. They have dared a longer skirt or a shorter, a higher waist or a lower, or no waist at all. But Huxley did not say that. He had been refrained from criticizing us on a basis of information. Anyhow, the women have spoken for our fashionable feminine attire as he spoke of that of Barbados. He simply couldn't.

OUT women, in fact, are pretty up-to-date when one sees them, and they wear; and if they do not follow Paris, as Caracas do, at any rate they keep well abreast of New York and of London, and I defy anyone to say that the female sex of New York are dully. These women of ours study fashion journals as they never dream of studying the Bible; and they have another medium of education also. They note the styles in the latest films shown in Jamaica, and so adopt are they at this sort of thing that they can date a film by the kind of frocks worn by the women performing in it. Of course there are plays in which the dresses are made to be imagined, or described, as such a lot in the way of clothing has been left to the imagination; even so your Jamaica girl is quite accurate to what epoch any dress belongs; she knows whether her Sylvia Sydney or Moma Barrie is wearing the latest thing and whether she wears it well or ill. She matches one film with another, and I believe she even goes to see a picture in order to see the frocks. The picture show in Jamaica, in a word, is, amongst other things, a fashion magazine for thousands. And that is one of its aspects which ensures its wonderful popularity here. As for Jill, she is even more precocious than Jack. How her heart beats when Gary Cooper prances into the play, or Warren William is just about to throw himself from the fifth floor of a New York skyscraper! She is wise enough to know that at the last moment Warren William will be prevented from lunging himself through the window, for handsome film actors who are the heroes of plays are invariably rescued just in the nick of time. This is all to Jill's satisfaction; here is the love which is confident that no harm can come to the wonderfully beloved; she is conscious also that he is immortal, that he can never die, and that all ways will she continue to love him—until her affec6 tions are claimed by some other hero of the films. She studies her shadow boyfriends far more accurately and as most correctly that she can. When she arrives at the age of sixteen she knows all the actors and the actresses, the old and the new, with an astonishing familiarity. Subconsciously indeed she begins to look after her for a boy lover who will resemble some one she has seen upon the screen, a William Powell, a Clive Brook, a George Raft, a Robert Taylor. And she finds him. You, of course, would never be able to see the slightest resemblance between the young fellow who haunts her presence and any moving picture person one whatever. Except that they both have heads, arms, bowels and legs, there is no perceptible resemblance. But she perceives the resemblance; she has created it in her mind. And doubtless she too sees in her something of the charm which she has realized it in Miriam Hopkins or in Jean Harlow, in Anna Sothern or in Ruby Keeler, in Kathleen Burke or in some other darling. They are both of them film stars in each other's imagination; she to him is "glamorous"; he to her is full of sex appeal.

SUSPECT, too, that the films in Jamaica are educating the younger generation of Jamaicans in a new technique of love-making; in fact I am sure of it. In former days, when a young man visited at a house it frequently took him something like a couple of three years to make up his mind to make definite love to the girl he had been going to see. His amatory approach in those days was gradual and circumspect. First of all, he felt it was his duty, and also that it was wisdom, to be most pro\datory to papa. Papa perceived the symptoms, and, if the younger man was eligible, felt proud of the position he occupied as the father of a desirable girl. Papa would be condescending, tremendously
digested, gracious at times, and ready always to
express the young man’s time and attention. Papas
who usually thought very highly of himself in re-
lation to the young man—though nobody else may
have thought very highly of papa—was certain of
having at least an audience of one who would pre-
tend to hang upon
his words, find
wisdom in his
slightest utter-
ance, and humour
in his stalest
joke. The young
man knew that
papa could forbid
him to come to
the house, and
what would Millie
or Molly do in
such circum-
stances? So he
was careful to be
to papa,
whom he
no
doubt thoroughly
detested, and to
win the approval of
mamma, who
as a rule was
much easier to
deal with. Then,
after having
proved his devot-
ation by innum-
erable acts, by go-
ing to the fam-
ily church on
Sunday nights, by
bringing little
sacrifices of chomp
sweets to lay on
the altar of his
beloved, and by
dancing with her
whenever a friend
gave “a hop” at
which a rather
tuneless pianist
provided the only
available music,
he would one day
propose to the
young lady and
then
write mamma and papa for permission to become
engaged. This was the old technique. The results
of course were considered highly satisfactory.

There is a new technique today, it has origin-
ated with the picture show. Your youthful Ro-
man meets a girl somehow, perhaps downtown in
the office where she works, or at the house of a
friend, or at the moving picture theatre. He either
owns a secondhand car which he has purchased for
$20 and repaired and repainted to look like new, or
he can borrow one, or hire one. He knows all about
cars. He knows how to drive, and papa, and the
knowledge is not at all complimentary to the
older gentleman. In fact he ignores the older gen-
tleman, for he notices that that is how the thing
is done in your most modern moving picture
shows.

Millie, too, has no longer the fear of the patern-
al frown under which her mother grew to matrim-
nony. She dresses herself in the afternoon, and
after dinner she casually mentions that she is going
to the pictures with Tom (or maybe the name is
Tim). Her parents utter no word of protest. Mil-
lie is working. And even if Millie
is not working, Millie knows that
here is the way of the silver screen;
world, and Millie approves of that
way.

Papa and mamma are well
aware that should they not
themselves in revolt against these
modern principles of the screen
they would simply be regarded as
tyrants by Millie and Tim who
are strong believers in democratic
and newer social practices. So
they say nothing, and presently
the tooting of a horn is heard outside. That is Tim. He is in a hurry.
If he has time he will run into
the house to shake hands with
mother and father; if he has no
time he will sit in the car until
Millie rushes out and joins him,
when they will speed off to the pic-
ture show. This is considered
“action.”

Or maybe it is a party of them
that is to visit the show tonight.
Some of the party will come in the
car; others will be with Millie;
they will all pile into the vehicle,
which is invariably licensed to
carry more than it conveniently
can, and mother and father will
see nothing more of them for the
next couple of hours at least. But
mother and father have learnt
something in the meantime also;
they too have been going to the
picture shows. They too love this
form of diversion. So they too
leave the house after strictly in-
forming the resident servant to be
careful to keep watch and ward
over the precious possessions left
in her charge. This of course the
servant neglects to do, even if for

ARE Millie and
Tim yet en-
gaged? Nobody
quite knows. But
the assumption is
that they are, and
Millie assumes it
also. She kisses Tim. Tim kisses
her. Is not this
how it is done
upon the screen?
Then without any
formal proposal, and
it is decided
without writing a word to mamma
and papa. Tim be-
gins to talk about
when they will get married and
where they shall live. It all comes
automatically; the preliminary man-
oeuvres of thirty years ago
are quite neglect-
ed. There may be a
formal
announcement of
their engagement
some day, after
everybody is de-
finitely certain
that they ought
to be engaged;
there may even
be a quite quick
marriage because
marriages happen
quickly on the
screen. It does
not take Ann
Dvorak a year
to prepare for
her wedding.

Katharine Hep-
burn does not require months to
purchase her trousseau. And Millie knows that these are the days when
quite dainty ready-to-wear dresses and underwear can be bought at the shops, and that any of our
fashionable dressmakers will turn out a spanking
wedding dress and other accessories within a couple
of weeks. Millie has some money of her own—she
has been saving. Tim has been saving too. He
may even have joined a Building Society to avoid
paying rent, or he may have rented a house in the hope that he may be able to avoid paying the rent. Or the young people may have made up their minds to live for a while with their parents, who will be glad to have their company. Such things are done in the moving picture, and life is based on the moving picture even more than the moving picture is based on life.

NOW while all these things are happening, des the moving picture shows in Jamaica are quietly being onducted on a business basis. You have a Board of moving picture directors who import films and exhibit them to the pub-

lic, and all these are men who are probably un-

aware that they are changing and moulding feelings and customs while catering for the pub-

clic's amusement.

I have never been to a meeting of this Board. But I am certain that you do not have the members of it wondering whether Norma Shearer, by shooting at the wicked man who is merely trying to kiss her, will lead to Millie of Jamaica drawing a revolver at some wicked local man who wants to kiss her. For in the first place Millie hasn't a revolver, in the next place Millie would not consider as wicked any man of a good class who wanted to kiss her, and in the third place Tim or Tom is doing all the kissing that is required. And Tim or Tom cannot be considered wicked. At any rate, not by Millie.

W HAT affects this Board is whether a partic-

ular play will be popular, and whether the Company is being asked to pay too much for it. I can see the members carefully consid-

ering the charge and deciding that, though high, it is worth incurring if the picture-goes are to be pleased. Mr. Audley Morais, the Managing Director, has read all about the play, which is described as gorgeous, glorious, glamorous—a sort of 3-G's combination—and, inevitably, as the best drama ever put on the screen. There can be no doubt about its being the best. A dozen others have also to be selected at the same. Each one is better than the last. Every play that is ever produced is the best, nothing but superficialities are attempted by moving-picture makers. But just as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so the excellence of the play is determined by the audience itself. My friend Mr. Edwin Charley, for instance, may think "Gorgon's Gore" a wonderfully attractive pic-

ture. It is all about murder, and Edwin is one of the most peace-loving and peace-loving of living men. That perhaps is why he so much like "Gorgon's Gore." (D. M. DaCosta, who is very argumentative, might prefer "Little Bo Peep." But when the "Gor-

gon's Gore" and "Little Bo Peep" are "released" at our theatres the public may utter gory words about the former and become unnecessarily vehement in its condemnation of the latter. Hence the anxiety of

these selectors of plays to judge what will appeal to Jamaica from the viewpoint of interest and amuse-

ment. So they select the most promising of the plays offered them in a prayerful and even a tear-

ful mood, hoping that what has satisfied audiences in New York and London will not displease Jamaican.

before the eyes of thousands scenes of a life that is exotic because, in this tropical island, that life is unknown to most. Many people in Jamaica travel. But they can only be a minority. The rest of them see the streets of New York or of London, the opulent avenues of Paris, the great buildings of strange countries, only on the screen; they hear the voices of men and women they have come to know, and even to love, in this way only. They see the latest fashions displayed in mannequin shows before their eyes; aspects of the world unfold themselves in rapid succession in strik-

ing "travelogues" while they sit in comfort under the stars. They knew the pictures when they were silent and jumpy: that seems to them to be ages ago. They now hear the charac-

ters talk, and they are aware that later on they will see those characters in actual life-like colouring, a development which is even now occurring, and which became an eventual cert-

ainty when "technicolor" was first invented. And just as a silent picture seems strange to us now that we have become accustomed to vocali-

zation on the screen, so will the shadow shown in customary chiaroscuro appear to us a queer and ancient thing some five years hence.

A NOTHER development of popular entertain-

ment is expected in the future; just as we now can hear the voices of men and women singing thousands of miles away by the simple turning on of a radio, so it is predicted that a television instrument will enable us to see, in the years to come, what is going on in other parts of the world. And this will mean the disappearance of the theatre and the screen. There will be more and more people who will not in every habituation, for many a decade to come, will not be content with television, with transmitting sights as well as sounds in such a way as to satisfy our cravings for verismili-

tude and human companionship. The large screen will be a necessity for the former, the crowd of our fellow creatures for the latter. For men and women will always love to share their amusements; the gathering together for amusement is part of that amusement.

M EANTIME moving picture audiences are be-

coming more and more critical, and under the pressure of this awakened faculty of criticism the pictures continue to improve. And always new stars rise and fame in the firmament of the moving picture world. The moving picture, the "Silver Screen," has changed life in Jamaica more deeply than the super-

ficial think. It has transformed a drab monoton-

ous existence into a colourfull existence—it and the automobile. There have been a pre-motion picture existence and a present motion picture era in Jamaica. The latter still endures and will endure. The difference, to those who have known both, is staggering. It is the difference between two worlds.

K A T H I N E  H E P B U R N

A N D as a rule the latter is not displeased. Naturally some plays are a flop: they do not thrill, they do not amuse. Even a franticly humor-

ous play may fail to "put it over": but that is the sort of thing you have to expect now and then. Get a drama, however, with some well-known "stars" in it, all these beautifully dressed and acting their parts in gorgeous drawing rooms and in bedrooms so exquisitely furnished that no normal human being could ever sleep in them, and your audience goes into raptures. A great and taking picture, too, is a strong and determined villain who at the last moment sacrifices his life because of his love for a girl who belongs to another. That brings a Jamaica audience to thunderous applause. They forgive his villainy; in fact they strongly approve of his having been a vil-

lain, in view of his noble gesture at the end. Of course he has to get shot, that being considered a much finer climax to villainous life than lingering for years after-

wards with the pangs of a hopeless love aching the erstwhile villain-

ous heart. So he is painlessly shot while murmuring the maid-

en's name. In actual life of course the average villain would much prefer some hopeless love pangs, which would be speedily forgotten. But the stage villain has his part to play and he is expected to be true to tradition. Incidentally, it may be mentioned, the moving pic-

ture has not influenced villainy in Jamaica in this particular or any other respect: it may be that we have no such extraordinary vill-

lains here, or that they refuse to sacrifice themselves. I suspect the latter reason. It is to be commend-

ed as eminently practical. The picture-show brings
The Romance of the Lindo
Brothers' Commercial
Adventuring

F you go today to the town of Falmouth, on the northside of Jamaica, you will notice there houses which must have been built over a hundred and fifty years ago. You will observe that the upper stories have balconies, ornamented iron work in front of the windows, an arrangement not usually seen in any other part of the island. It strikes one as Spanish, and undoubtedly some of the houses of this northside town must originally have been patterned on neighbouring Spanish-American domestic architecture to a certain extent.

The town of Falmouth, too, was laid out with a square in its centre, which the Spanish would call a plaza. It differed from the usual Spanish-American plaza in that the buildings on its four sides were mainly for commercial and not for governmental or religious purposes. There was no Cathedral on one side of the square, no block of Administration buildings; there was no flowering shrubbery in the centre. There were shops and stores and some residences on all four sides of it: in the centre was a huge water tank (still standing) which supplied the town with water; by the tank was an open air market-place where the slaves at first, then the peasantry afterwards, used to squat on the ground or in small booths to dispose of produce from their fields. To-day a corrugated asbestos market has been set up in this square, and the whole appearance of the town has been altered for the worse.

The family that was to make its fortune in the Spanish-American Republic of Costa Rica was born in this semi-Spanish-American looking town of Falmouth, which long before their birth had seen men from the neighbouring Spanish countries trading with the British people of the town. This is merely a coincidence, but a coincidence interesting to observe.

The sea was always within sight of the young fellows who worked in Falmouth. To the east was mangrove peopled with tiny scuttling crabs and infested with malaria mosquitoes. To the west, on the road to Montego Bay, was swampy land on either side, on which grew stunted trees and underbrush of dark green colour; to the south was thickly wooded ground that looked like jungle. Vegetation compassed the town, west, east and south: only to the north spread the open sea with its glittering, changing surface and health-giving breezes.

Four brothers lived and worked in these surroundings at the beginning of the nineteenth century. At that time Falmouth, in spite of what must have been its unhealthfulness, was a prosperous centre of commerce and trade. Trelawney was the leading sugar parish of the island; the estates were small but numerous, the price of sugar very high; the Falmouth shops and stores were stocked with things required by the planters and the people of parish and town; the houses were inhabited, the open harbour was filled with the sailing ships which brought the goods required by the inhabitants of Trelawney and beyond, and took away the sugar and the rum manufactured. Money could be made there, and in those days the standard of living was lower than and different from what it is today.

Work in a leisurely fashion proceeded during the hours of sunlight: heavy eating, drinking also for those inclined to it, an occasional dance—there was little else in the way of acknowledged activities at eventide during the term of the secular week. So men and women were content to eat and drink and sleep and work and gossip, making a living, or fortune if there should be any rather than in these times.

The four brothers we have spoken of, Abraham, Frederick, David and Henry Lindo did well, all things considered; indeed, all things considered, they did extremely well. Abraham was a journalist as well as a merchant; David devoted himself to chemistry, though he too was in the mercantile line. Frederick and Henry were also in business;
brothers on the spot; within a few years the eight young men were together in Costa Rica. They had known what were the conditions in a tropical sea-coast town; they had known Puntarenas and Port Antonio in the unanticipated, malarial, dreary days. Yellow fever too was in Jamaica at that time; dullness and dreariness were the commonplaces of Jamaica life. But nothing the young men had known was equal to what they had to face and to endure on the Atlantic slope of Costa Rica. Their one solution was that nobody was better accustomed than they, that the conditions were the same for all. Minor Keith himself, with his three brothers, was fighting for very life in the midst of the most unprosperous and disenchanting surroundings. Port Limon was a sparsely inhabited patch on the foetid, fever haunted tip of the Atlantic slope of Costa Rica, and you had to take it as you found it, or get out. It was life in the raw.

THE young men stood together. They all lived in Port Limon, which was to be their headquarters for very many years. In Port Limon there were torrential rains which apparently ceased to give place only to less torrential rains. The streets were mud courses, no effort had been made to render them passable, the Spanish owners of the country lived in the highlands and looked down on and despised the people on this tropical littoral. But something was happening in those lowlands, as Cecil Lindo, with the eye of the man who sees opportunities, immediately perceived. Minor Keith and his brothers, with indomitable energy, were constructing the railway.

United States. The workers on these banana farms, the railway labourers, lived in or on the outskirts of Port Limon. The shacks were gradually becoming more numerous, shops to supply the people with imported and other foods were multiplying; this meant development; the day would come when thousands of dollars might be made where now one had to be content with but a few. The important thing was to make some money now and put it to productive use. To continue as an employee would never do; and Cecil very early ceased to be that. He had already determined upon his course; he had resolved to grow with Port Limon. Therefore he had set up a small mercantile store, which still stands today near Port Limon with his name boldly displayed on its facade; and because he could organise and could select stock wisely, because he could think in terms of the future, prosperity turned his way.

MEANTIME his brothers who had gone to Costa Rica as young clerks, the three who followed after, were also learning their business by experiment and experience. If banana planting would pay other people, why should it not pay the Lindo brothers? Land was to be had for the taking. In those days you did not need to purchase it, you "denounced" it. This is a curious word, its meaning as applied to land must be explained. To "denounce" a certain area of land in any part of Spanish America is to declare to the authorities that you are taking possession of it for developmental purposes. You were allowed to do this in Costa Rica on the understanding that you would make good your word; the authorities helped by means of an export tax to benefit the Treasury through your efforts, and in any case the coast soil to them was absolutely worthless unless someone could put money and energy into it and make it pay. Mr. Cecil Lindo was making a fortune by the sale of different commercial transactions would be completed. So for a number of years the nickel money was collected from the Jamaican labourers, was exchanged for a draft given by the Keith brothers, which draft was sent on to Jamaica by Mr. Cecil Lindo at the same time that his cheques to the labourers were transmitted. And at the Jamaican bank the cheques would be paid, while the draft itself went on to New York and was duly honoured there. The bank made a profit. The labourers were facilitated—this was the only way in which they could send over cash to help their relatives in their homeland and purchase property in that homeland also. Mr. Lindo too made a handsome profit; his commission was half-crown on every pound sterling cheque. He computed that two thousand pounds a fortnight was sent to Jamaica by the peanut growers in Costa Rica by means of his cheques. He had already begun to make money; yet even then he was but at the beginning of his remarkable career.

A LONG the line of the slowly progressing railway his banana farms began to take shape and to develop. But the land was flat, the jumble difficult to clear, the rains torrential, the diseases omnipresent and menacing. Sometimes the rivers would overflow and the Lindo's labourers would have to take refuge in huge trees if they would escape from drowning. Then Cecil and his brothers would obtain boats and push out into the farms now inundated to rescue the people working for them.
They did this themselves: always they have ever believed in vigorous hand labor, never shirking labors, no matter how menial or dangerous. They could picture them in their rescue boats rowed up to the front line, veteranized into the forest on their way to their farms, the rain beating down pitter-patter, the sun blotted out by the dark clouds above. They got drenched to the skin, of course; but that they didn't notice. They took the risk of losing their lives; yet the spirit of adventure was in them, and this matter of business was also something of a risk. But it was not anything of a risk when nature demanded its price. "Yes, young man," used to say Mr. Merr, then American Minister to Costa Rica, to young Americans who came to him to ask whether it was true that huge profits could be made out of bananas cultivation; "yes, it is quite true that you can make from twenty-five to thirty per cent, on your capital if you start a banana plantation here. The Company can well afford to take your fruit at a price which assures a profit. However, young man, I should not be fair if I did not tell you something else. You must consider that if you are not dead at the end of five years you may be such a physician for yellow fever, malaria that your fortune will do you no good. This to those who had gone to Costa Rica from the temperate climate of the United States or the North, looking at the Lindo brothers after they had been many years in the land of the Golden Coast would at first have imagined that they had had to pay dearly the price of their temerity. They seemed fit and healthy and strong. But they had not escaped.

DOUBTFULLY, having been born and brought up in the environment of Jamaica, they were physically and mentally accustomed to adverse tropical influences and conditions. As a real exception, they had acquired some immunity from tropical diseases. Nature works in such some way; she kills off the weak and supersedes them. "To-day, we have yellow fever, the Lindo brothers paid it. Oscar and Howard Lindo died in Costa Rica from the autochthonous fever of the country. Cecil went down with yellow fever, contracted malaria, had attacked at various times, and has also been ill. Again and again they fell ill. But they recovered. In their habits they were temperate; their mental buoyancy preserved them from despair or prolonged depression; they were fighters who believed that to them would be the victory in the end. Years afterwards, when he was one of the richest men in Costa Rica, a member of the Costa Rican Government said to Mr. Cecil Lindo, pleasantly—for the Costa Ricans welcome energetic foreigners—"You foreigners come here and do extraordinarily well in my country." "Yes," retorted Mr. Lindo swiftly, "but at the risk of our lives. Now I will make you an offer. You go and live six months on any of my lowland farms, on any one of them that you may choose, and at the end of that time you can take it as your own property. But you must live on it as we have done." The Costa Rican gentleman laughed and declined the offer. He was not willing to take such a hazard with his life.

THINK of it. The building of the first twenty-five miles of the railway from Port Limon to San Jose cost four thousand lives, mainly workers from Jamaica. The length of the whole line is but a little more than a hundred miles; it required nineteen years to complete the work. Fever-stricken jingoes had to be penetrated, preciptices had to be skirted, rivers bridged; but as one went higher the risk from tropical diseases became less. It was not until 1907, however, that Mr. Cecil Lindo and his brothers went up to San Jose to live and to embark on business there. His banana planting enterprises had begun in 1891, eight years after he landed at Port Limon. He and his colleagues and partners, all close blood relations, all working as one, had run the gauntlet of the seen and unseen dangers of the Central American tropics. But in 1912, just twenty years after they had launched out on banana planting, the Lindo brothers owned twenty-five thousand acres of land paying five million dollars to the United Fruit Company for five million dollars, one million pounds sterling—a solid cash transaction.

ALL of the brothers, as has been indicated, had begun by working for other men when they first went to Costa Rica. Mr. Cecil Lindo's wages at the beginning were ten dollars, or two pounds, per week. It is true that they did not long remain employees; men who are going to make a fortune, usually at an early stage of their career, manager-to-ass, are means of taking the profits of an enterprise for themselves; and Cecil Lindo had early determined upon that. Still, from two weeks a year in 1891 to the closing of a deal for five million dollars in 1912 was a striking achievement in a land very sparsely populated. Nor did the banana plantations represent all the undertakings and possessions of Mr. Cecil Lindo and his partner-brothers. There was also the mercantile business in Port Limon. There was the bank. And along the line to San Jose were other ventures still. Along the line to San Jose itself ice factories were owned and operated by this fraternal firm.

RUPERT LINDO

Partner-brothers. There was also the mercantile business in Port Limon. There was the bank. And along the line to San Jose were other ventures still. Along the line to San Jose itself ice factories were owned and operated by this fraternal firm.

CLARENCE D. ELLIOTT

THREE ASPECTS OF MR. C. VERNON LINDO

THE lumber was there for the cutting. Wood was needed for building; the railway could draw the planks hither and yon; the erection of a mill seemed a matter of course to Mr. Cecil Lindo. Wheat could be obtained cheap from Chicago. The milling of this wheat into flour appeared a very simple operation to a man gifted with ability to see far and see accurately. The bran from the milled wheat was shipped over to Jamaica for cattle fodder or sold in the country itself; the wheaten flour was sold and was consumed in Costa Rica. So were the sugar and the rice. Percy Lindo, the youngest of the brothers, the baby of the family, was doing work in all the factories and the mills; Stanley was in charge of agricultural operations, and is so to this very day. Augustus went sometime ago to live in America, having severed his connection with Costa Rica. It was in 1914 that he went away. But the other three of his brothers, came back to Jamaica. But he never wholly disassociated himself from an acre of land in Costa Rica, where he is still engaged in business. There he still grows sugar and cocoa, and produces some of the finest Costa Rican coffees, sugar, cotton, and banana. He passes in which he does not spend some of his time in that country, which as said above, it was in 1907 that he transferred his headquarters from Port Limon to San Jose; he has his bank in San Jose today; that has grown out of all recognition from the nickel exchange business it once was. But the latter rendered a more intimate, and perhaps a more useful service than any ordinary bank in Costa Rica does today; for one thing, banks are plentiful in settled countries, but for Cecil Lindo's foresight and determination the Jamaica labourers on the Atlantic side of Costa Rica might for many years have been obliged to have their earnings on things they did not really want, instead of sending them over to Jamaica to assist their relatives and to provide for themselves or their descendants a competency in agricultural land.

THE relations of the Lindos with the authorities of Costa Rica were uniformly pleasant. They did not interfere in the country's politics, they went about their business a living, solipsistic business, and it seemed that they could do much more than that. But politics was not their business. They did not emigrate from Jamaica as critics have accused them of being a British-born privilege of finding fault with conditions in a foreign country, to the annoyance of the foreigner; they did not say that if they did not prevent then from having a good deal of it did not fit them, and they did not say that they had Spanish-American will not tolerate for a moment what he considers to be an impudent or mischievous meddling. In their own country, they have respect for men who have proved their worth and ability, and is willing to regard them as identified with his native land.

Costa Ricans must soon have perceived that Mr. Cecil Lindo possessed an unusual brain. In him they saw a man of first-rate organizing talent, great financial capacity, untiring energy, hope, faith and courage. As a result of it he had his brothers a band of men of marked ability, with a singular temperamental capacity to work together, to be loyal to one another, to be devoted to a distance by a sense of enduring in the face of hardships, to be patient as well as capable of decisive action. Without such assistants Cecil Lindo—he himself proclaims—had never been carried as he did. But Cecil Lindo was the organizing leader of this exceptional group. He believed himself; he believed in his brothers. He had and has too a sort of instinct which enabled him to judge the changes before these begin to manifest themselves. He had no doubt that land values would not explain how this is so; yet those who have followed his career cannot be certain that it is indisputably so.

HERE are two instances. He sold his banana holdings to the United Fruit Company in 1912. This was just when the market had definitely begun to appear in Costa Rica. But no one regarded it as wise. He purchased large holdings in 1914 on "The Conquest of the Tropics," Mr. Frederick Adams saw Costa Rica as permanently producing great quantities of bananas; and remember his book is all about the origin and enterprise of the United Fruit Company; it is a work of which "a large portion of the information as to the capabilities of the United Fruit Company" is the courtesy of officials of the United Fruit Company. Yet we know that Mr. Lindo purchased as a banana producer in Costa Rica for some years longer the value of his properties would steadily have been reduced. But Mr. Lindo had purchased large holdings in Vere, St. Catherine, in Westmorland and clamps and clamps. Prices soar high and sugar prices rise like a sky-rocker. But in 1929 he disposed of his Claremond and St. Catherine holdings, and he purchased those of whose he owned in other parts of the island—for a very large unexplored holdings. His properties are undoubtedly of considerable value, and will remain so, and will probably increase in value later on, there is no doubt that land values shaped in Jamaica shortly after Mr. Lindo had given up

(Continued on Page 26)
Ellis Calmly Marches On

THE Hon. Ellis Levy does not stalk and does not stride; yet somehow his walk gives one the impression that he is making a quiet triumphal procession through the street, or the hall, or through life, and that he is fully confident that no one wants to impede him, since he has not the slightest intention of impeding anyone.

I REMEMBER him thus on a certain day in Montreal. It was at the Mount Royal Hotel, and I was sitting in the lighted lobby listening to the murmur of hundreds of voices coming from every quarter of that crowded room. Presently I saw a figure passing along, tall, erect, immersed in its own affairs, for certainly the head moved neither to right nor left and the eyes seemed irrepressibly fixed in front of them. The pace did not seem a quick one, but it was carrying the man who made it very swiftly on his way. I also overtook the walker, but it was not until I touched him on the arm and said, "Well, see," that he became aware of the existence of any other person in the world, or in

about other people, would much prefer to think of them in the highest possible terms. But his heart cannot keep his mind in an inferior position; the mind laughs at the heart and asserts itself. Therefore I have heard Ellis Levy depict the real disposition of persons we both know with a precision, a clarity, and depth of knowledge, an understanding of motives I had formerly considered to be entirely beyond his range. Not that he doesn't still continue to hope and expect the best possible from such persons: his optimism in this respect is unshakable. But don't imagine he doesn't know you and me and many others besides. He is perfectly aware of his understanding of individual acquainances. This insight must be very disconcerting to those who try to deceive him. They must regard him as Public Enemy No. 1, especially as he does not open himself to a counter-attack by being small and revengeful.

ELLIS is conscious of wishing well to everybody; no but everybody is also conscious that Ellis can be a resolute fighter if you try to do him ill. "Let brotherly love continue," he seems to say as he proceeds through life—for Ellis, tall, erect, full of natural dignity, does not merely go through life: he actually proceeds. "Let brotherly love continue; but, if you won't, I must retaliate, not with hate, but in a gentle admonitory spirit." So he seems to say, but he says it with droll.

There are two or three stories about him which illustrate this once, when he was a very young man, a close relative of his gave a party. There was one young chap there who had evidently forgotten where he was: the wine must have been too plentiful. His actions were not quite suited to his environment, his voice was lifted too loudly: Ellis noticed him in sorrow, and apparently without anger, and determined to be of assistance to him. So he proceeded to the room wherein hats and sticks had been deposited and found that young man's adornment for the head and his support of the arm. And I have a sort of idea that Ellis carefully dusted the hat. It was the sort of thing that, symbolically, you would expect him to do.

Then he walked up to the young man, and, tapping him gently on the shoulder, took him out of the sight and hearing of the others, handed him his hat and stick, and said gently: "I believe you want these things." The fellow made an impatient gesture, was about to retort sharply, but at that moment he caught the sort of apologetic look in Ellis's eye, a look that seemed to plead but that at any instant might do something else not quite so pleasant. So the young man took the hat and stick and admitted that he wanted them badly, had indeed never wanted anything so badly in his life. And he left by a quiet exit, his mind being all the way home perplexed by his endeavour to elucidate just what the gentleness of Ellis's tone portended, and what was the meaning of that pleading but peculiar look in his eye.

A NOETHER story. There was a meeting some years ago between representatives of the sugar planters and three men representing the Jamaica sugar merchants. One of these three was Ellis.

And among the party of the first part was one planter who clung to the old Jamaica idea that the planter, because he was a planter, must necessarily be an angel free and chartered to indulge in insult when addressing a merchant or anybody else. He divided the world into two sections: planters who

the hotel, at that moment. A smile broke over his countenance. "You are the third unexpected man from Jamaica I have met in the last twenty-four hours," he said; "and Julia, after I had met the other two, predicted there would be a third. She says these things always run in threes. And here you are. Shall I meet you in England?"

I assured him there was not the slightest chance of our meeting in England, as I had no intention of going over that year—this was in 1931. "But we may," said Ellis, "you never can tell. I am leaving within the next hour or two."

WHEREUPON we shook hands and parted, just as though our encounter had taken place in King Street, Kingston, and Ellis resumed his Progress towards the Door. He had been glad to see me, but had shown no surprise; unknown to himself, perhaps, he has a habit of taking things as they come, as though they were all to be expected, unless they happen to be an honour to himself. Then, though he may be gratified, he never assumes that he has fully deserved what he has got, but does assume that nobody objects to it because all are so kindly disposed towards him. He actually takes for granted the friendliest and most generous feeling in the hearts of other people, giving to some of his fellow-creatures credit for sentiments perfectly foreign to them. The truth is that he himself entertains these sentiments towards most persons. So he deliberately reads into their character feelings that are really only his.

But you would make a cardinal mistake if you imagined Ellis to be so keen reader of character: I myself know no better. In a manner of speaking, he does not wish to be. That is to say, he would rather not know anything detrimental

were perfectly honest and honourable—a phenomenon—and merchants who were all dishonest and dishonourable—a possibility. And in this belief and tradition he spoke, hearing reproach upon reproach, though there seemed nothing whatever to justify his vehemence, except the desire to indulge in vehemence. And the other planters listened without uttering a word of dissent, while the merchants sat stunned by the unexpected volley poured out upon them.

SUDDENLY there was a diversion. A close observer might have noticed that Mr. Ellis Levy's figure had been growing stiffer and stiffer, more and more erect all this time. And now his mouth was opened and he began to speak in a still small voice; but he wasn't uttering still small words. No. He was telling the men at that meeting that he entirely resented the language the speaker had been using, and was not prepared to tolerate it. Not for a moment. Indeed, he was not at all keen about handing a sweet product that could give rise to so much personal bitterness, and even impropriety, and he wanted that to be clearly understood. Was that clearly understood? Was it? Was... It was.
ROSE DISAPPEARS

I DON'T understand it," observed Mrs. Joselyn thoughtfully. She and her husband were at lunch. He had come in a few minutes before from returning from the planters' association.

"I have noticed it too among the plantation labourers. They seem to be frightened at something," was her companion's reply.

"My girls decidedly are," Mrs. Joselyn added, "I'm talking to Mary Ann only this morning; we were at the chicken house near the parochial path to the main road. They seemed quite collected and calm, but suddenly a man came along the road. I was startled at the change that came over the girls. They shrank back and cowered, instead of erecting before me. I thought they would have screamed, I believe they would have screamed if they had been capable of uttering a sound. I got frightened myself."

"And what happened?"

"Nothing. The man went on his way; he did not even glance at us. He looked neither to right nor left, but kept staring in front of him with fixed wide-open eyes, almost as if he were a machine. I noticed that, because I knew it was his appearance that had startled the girls, and I wanted to see if he had done anything whatever to account for their terror. But he hadn't; they might have been dead so far as he was concerned. It looked to me as if he hadn't even seen them—or me."

"You asked them what was the matter?

"Of course, Hubert; but they said it was nothing; they simply were erstwhile a stranger. But he hadn't been quite the same since, and I know now that there has been some change among them, for I am certain that they are not the same family that I have known for the past year, or two, and I have been quite private with them."

Mrs. Joselyn, "Mary and Ann told me immediately before you came in that they are leaving Hampden and going to Kingston: a very sudden determination."

"The whole neighbourhood is unsettled," said Mr. Joselyn grave.

"I have heard reports from other planters in our vicinity, and it is all the same. The labourers are frightened out of their wits, but they are keeping silent about the cause of it. There has been and is such a sudden general concealment before."

"You don't think they are planning a rebellion, do you, Hubert?" asked his wife anxiously.

"I doubt it, Hubert. He was a young man, not more than thirty-four; his pretty English wife was six years younger. He knew Jamaican familiarities by heart, and had a quick wit. But never before had any thought of danger entered her mind; during the term's rest he was regarded as Hampden, the fine citrus fruit property which belonged to them and which her husband cultivated successfully, she had been the centre of every group of the working people, who seemed on such excellent terms with their employers, were in any sense a potential source of peril. But now? Well, she felt it for a man to wonder, and there was a sudden stirring of fear in her heart."

Hubert's unaffected laugh reassured her. He was the sort who, in any case, grew grave again. He refrained from saying anything further, however, while James, the brown boy who served at table, came in and handed to his wife and herself some chicken cutlets.

He laughed again.

"So you see, darling, you have no danger to worry about; only a little inconvenience, if Mary and Ann do go. I suppose they are giving two weeks' notice?"

"They have begged me to let them off the notice. Hubert. They want to leave as quickly as possible. They would go today if I allowed it."

"That means," said Hubert Joselyn quietly, "that they will decide to stay."

"And if they leave like that, the other servants are unlikely to follow their example if they too have caught the vapours. It is simply can't have that sort of thing; we had better go and speak to them before I leave for St. Ann's Bay."

There came a knock at the door as he ended this speech. Mrs. Joselyn looked round to see her little girl's nurse standing in the doorway to the left with a strained expression on her face.

"Come in, Martha, what is it?" she asked the woman.

"Please, ma'am, I come to see if Miss Rose is with you."

"Why, no, Martha; she has been with you since morning. What do you mean?"

"I leave her in the nursery about ten o'clock, missis, and went out to look after her clothes, as I always do. She was gone, and it was after twelve to give her her lunch, and she wasn't there. I thought as she didn't come from the house last night, she might be with you in the garden, or in the room. . . . I wondered . . ."

The voice trailed off into a frightened silence.

Normally Mrs. Joselyn would have laughed at this very obvious corners, and her delight at being discovered after the proper degree of fear search had been made for her, while she still thought that her eyes, in their manner. But some influence is holding them back. It wasn't, thank God; they are going out with it presently. They can't keep whatever it is to themselves any longer. They must talk or burst.

"Nonsense," was his comment; but he followed his wife as she ran out of the room. Crowded outside in the corridor, he found all the house servants whispering, with the eyes starrc terror stared. They were of the unrest at Hampden, both in the house and on the farm, must have come out and dealt with once and for all."

In a few seconds he was with his wife in the nursery. This was to the rear of the spreading bun-

galow, with two sash windows that gave upon a flower garden, the farthest boundary of which was a grove of grapefruit trees now heavy with bing-
green fruit. Two of the little girls were moving about this grove, with pruning-

knife. They had but recently returned to their work after an hour's rest for the midday meal.

A flight of three broad steps, each terrace nine inches in height, led from the threshold of the nursery door into the garden. A little child could clamber down without any assistance.

There was no one in the nursery. No one in the garden either; so much could be seen in an in-
stant. But there were no fruit trees on the child might be hiding; mother, father and nurse ransacked those, and inspected the place. He called to the little one as they went through."

"She may have wandered into the grounds," said Hubert Joselyn, "but if so, we shall see her in a little time. We'll find her immediately." He beat back resolutely a feeling of inexplicable dread that he suddenly felt, and went through with his wife from breaking down.

But now the nurse was sobbing, and a rumour of what had happened had spread among the field-
men nearest to the house. Those were leaving their work to gather about the door; that the woman quickly emerged from the front door to send for them, they were already on the spot. He saw that they knew. But as a little girl of four could not wander far away, and as there was no pond on his property into which she might fall and so be
drowned, he was a trifle impatient at this demonstration. Why did they stand there instead of unfastening the covering, as fathers do when they see their children just like them—loving a fuss and with nothing initative whatever.

"You're commanded," he said. "Miss Rose has not got out of the house and is somewhere near here. One of the negroes pranks as usual. Just bring her in, will you?"

But neither man nor woman stirred. First of all, they always obeyed an order, or at any rate appeared to obey it. Next, they were all very fond of the child and loved to play games with her when allowed to do so. But now they were making no effort whatever to find her, though they must know quite well that it could do her no good to be left out in the sun during the hottest hours of the day. Hubert Joeslyn had been searching for the lost girl during the last couple of weeks.

He was about to break into anger when a middle-aged man in a brown suit, with a truculent, determined cast of countenance, stepped up to him. His grasp was gripped by the arm consolingly. There was a look in the arm's Negro face she had never seen there before.

"Mr. Joeslyn," he said quickly. "I'm Hubert Joeslyn."

"Yes, I know you, Mr. Joeslyn," said the black man quietly asked. "She is not here. Some- where about. Only God knows if you will ever see her again!"

Mrs. Joeslyn screamed. There was something different in her tone. Then there was silence. There was still truculence in his face, but it was not directed at her husband: she saw that now. This was all before, this was her words. There was a note of horror and of anger also.

"What in hell do you mean, Thompson?" de- mand Hubert Joeslyn.

"I am going to tell you," said the man dogged- ly, upon which a murmur arose from among the people standing by, and one girl, his daughter, evi- dently hisest. "I am going to say what I know, if the devils kill me. I am going to say it, and I am going to tell them all what you are doing."

"Yes," that bewildered woman cried, "I saw him myself—at least, I think it must be the same person you mean."

It was the same one, missis; the same person. And he was a dead man?"

CHAPTER TWO
THOMPSON SPEAKS
HUBERT JOESLYN threw up his arms in a gesture of despair.

"Are we all mad?" he cried. "First, two of the seventeen negroes left to guard the King's house, and now Mrs. Joeslyn and I have been discussing the matter. Is that any way to act?"

Martha comes and tells us that Rose has dis- appeared. Then Thompson says that we may never see our child again—which is rubbish—and that a man who has been seen walking about alive and in the street with all the fear that he has been babbling about, seemed to have been a Voodoo priest from Haiti, though he had tried to tell our child to tell no one about what he had seen. He had threatened to say nothing about her talk about him to me he told me. But I said to meese. I could not do nothing; how could I guess he could bring death to life, could use a jumbe to take away Miss Rose? He threatened to say nothing, he would make me free—he can try. By God," shouted Thompson, breaking suddenly into vehemence. "You have no idea what there has been a hint of fear, "if he ever try to harm me because I will tell you, I will chop his heart and his liver to pieces! How are you going to give that woman a child, and I shoot down four Turks with my own hand as you promised?"

I do not know. I did not know."

I do not know."

Thompson said. "We must get the police, Bill; but the mistress must not know. You have just told me. It would only frighten her more."

"She wouldn't believe about the dead man."

"No, she wouldn't believe."

"But if you do not understand, white men who are born like you in this country are not so unbelieving as Englishmen are; we can guess at the things that have happened."

"You have no idea what that Joeslyn said;"

"I am going down to the Bay. I will see the sagenet of police there and get him to send men there to get the body brought to the Police Headquarters in Kingston for detectives; these will come promptly. And you must keep a sharp eye on everything, and we must watch them. We haven't an hour to lose."

"Tell her, Mr. Joeslyn, Rose, but don't say anything about the dead man—yet."

"Why not? You are afraid?"

"No, I am not afraid."

"But if you talk too much about him in public maybe—you want your little daughter back alive, don't you?"

"I don't suppose she won't even do for this Haytian and his gang to know that you have said anything to me."

"I believe they will hear that," answered Thompson grimly. "Plenty of people were around when I told you about the dead man walking; but they saw that you didn't believe me. Let everybody go on thinking you don't. As for me, I am not afraid."

They reached the house. Hubert's heart was as water when he met his wife's questioning glance. "What's the matter, you look as though you have seen a ghost," she said. He had been bearing up bravely enough till then; now she utterly broke down, prostrate with grief. "I have been a fool," she said. "I could not bear the thought of losing you and the two women whose every look, every gesture, was an overlaying of the Voodoo superstition, of the black night, the night of the Voodoo, the night of its from the Negro women; they were all sharing a feeling of malice. They gasped upon her as if a curse had fallen upon her head and might fall upon theirs also.

"I am going to the police, May," said Hubert quietly; "and you had better come with me: you would be better off, perhaps, if you were."

"You think that Rose is—?" Thompson interfered. "You can be sure of that."

"But where?"

"I don't know what I am going to find out, dear," her husband answered, "Now get your hat. And when you see the Voodoo priest, just say, 'Thank you, Mr. Rosses at Mount Vernon. They will be glad to put you up for a day or two.'"

"I think you are overwrought, my dear," Hubert Joeslyn gently. "What is going to happen with me away? Why? "Your house servants are not likely to remain here, May, unless it is forbidden to do it by the police; and even then they can only be conned, I sup- pose, not to leave the neighbourhood, if they are suspected. They are demoralised; they will be of no use in the house for a little while, though they may come; we must get them away."

Presently she was driving with him in the car to the St. Ann's Bay Police Station. It was already noon and there was an hour's journey at least before there was a stir among the officers in the little parish town. Then he took May back to Hampden, where she packed a few things. Afterwards he drove her over to the home of the friends where she was to spend a week at least. "The country in York would go on as much as usual on the property if he were as on the spot; he knew that; and the boy-butter could al- ways be got for him. The whole village would not care for the whole affair should be over. He must keep his men together; they might even hear things and pass them on to others; he must keep the ex-sergeant and war veteran, upon whom he could rely, from hearing about the peculiar and sinister forces recently at work in the neighbourhood but who was not afraid of them at all. He guessed why little Rose had been stolen from him, though he strove to keep the realisation of the thing from his wife. It was a ploy that had been used in Jamaica before. It was a trick against a driving impulse to seek out at once the friend to whom he owed the money, to demand from them his child at the point of a pistol, and shoot them out of hand if they refused to surrender her. But reason came to his aid. He knew that there were at least three or four of those who had been three and who were prepared to use violence, that he had as yet no evidence whatever against them, nothing except Thompson's story; and it occurred to him that this was a real reason why that innocent life might be sacrificed at once in re- venge. He must be cautious.

Thus the mix of influence and pow-
er such as had never been known in Jamaica be- fore was used in the interests of the ex-sergeant and some of the others were already terrified, but they were not the willing followers of the man who had been the only powerful man in the district. They felt as if innocent life might be sacrificed at once in re- venge. He must be cautious.

Chapters Two and Three

GENERAL ALEXIS SAM

O N the wide balcony verandah of a house that stood at the corner of a street in a chaste, tree-shaded, smoking a cigar reflectively. Upon this verandah a man and a woman were sitting in the late afternoon sun. The light filtered through the windows and open door to the verandah, relieving the grooms, men and women, who were of a place of age that had once been the principal resi- dence of a thriving coffee property. In front of it stood a verandah, from which you could see the verandah, the verandahs of the old houses were, and it was warm in there on a day like that.

(Continued on Page 32)
The Varied Story of Myrtle Bank... 

Originally an Arawak village then a watering yard, the scene of Mr. James Gall's Heterogeneous Business and finally Up-to-date Hotel

Elusiveness of Thought and Purity of Ornament.
Therefore of all places, Myrtle Bank is the best for procuring Valentines which will prove Persuasive Winning Overpowering Convincing Acceptable.

If a Valentine arrives for any member of the family, "where did it come from?" is one of the first questions put by everybody, and, as was observed yesterday to Uncle George, it was wonderful to see how the attentions of his morning bell when they discovered the valentines which had been sent them had not been purchased at Myrtle Bank. "If any man he added "does to make an impression upon my daughters, he can really miss his mark if he selects his Valentines any where than at Myrtle Bank."

A PARENTLY the Myrtle Bank Emporium was prospering, and soon it endeavoured to give in the gentle art of love, as well as to cultivate (for a consideration) a taste in literature. For instance we find this announcement made in 1872:

FLIRTATION MADE EASY at all seasons by the aid of the Fan—Handkerchief—Glove—and Parasol—Send for the little Pfbrit—Price Is. post free 1s. 2d. to be had at Myrtle Bank.

EIGHTY WAYS OF FASCINATING, besides general hints for those who are in love—Price Is. post free 1s. 5d. to be had at Myrtle Bank.

And also this:

Circulating Library, at Myrtle Bank, is open every day from 7 to 12 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening, for the exchange of books. Subscribers for one book in a month may give to seven o'clock in the morning and from four to seven o'clock in the afternoon, and are not kept out of the Library longer than eight days at a time. NON-SUBSCRIBERS pay 6d. per volume, and are allowed six nights to read it.

But already it was taking on the character of a public resort. The sea lapped its shore, as a Morning Bath was opened for some the fifth of June, five to seven o'clock in the morning and from four to seven o'clock in the afternoon, but it was rather difficult to imagine the Jamaica gentlemen of sixty and more years ago waking up as early as five or six o'clock for the purpose of going down to Myrtle Bank to have a bath. A seashell is at Myrtle Bank today, Sea-bathing is one of its attractions. But
The Front View of the Main Building of the Present Myrtle Bank Hotel

The site, it was proudly stated, possessed an abundant supply of wholesome drinking water from never-failing springs. It was first called upon to pay an exorbitant water rate because its proprietor had previously given unpleasant remarks on August 3rd, 1878, "on the discovery of a dead horse at the Water Works, and more recently a dead goat which was found in the Reservoir at Cavalleria." There seems to have been fifty years ago about the dead horse and the dead goat in the Kingston water supply. The word paper should have said anything about this was quite clearly an unfortified Alps on the slopes of the Aultman. They were very close at hand, but the water had never been raised to four times what it had previously been!

The end of the matter was that Myrtle Bank reverted to its old type of supplying its guests with simple drinking water and being constantly replenished by the streams from the White’s Hotel. This eventually caused the Water Company to give way: Myrtle Bank had won its battle.

Now containing a number of fires on the ground floor, a coconut grove by the beach, many trees and shrubs, and a lawn where music was played a West India Regatta was occasionally rendered. Its Christmassy New Year Fêtes were used up in New Year Revels are famous throughout Jamaica, and beyond the island's confines, and still it maintains its lawn, its growth of tropical trees, its coconut grove by the beach, its marine bath, and even a well for the pumping of water. But the water from this well was not that used for culinary purposes or for bathing, it is utilised by the gardeners, it enables the lawns and gardens to keep fresh and green; it moistens the soil, it grows and spreads;

For many years now, ever since the buildings were purchased by the United Fruit Company, Myrtle Bank has been described as an American hotel, and when it was owned by the Rootman, James Goll, over fifty years ago, he too described it as an American hotel.

Not that its system was anything but that even half a century ago the belief was gaining ground in Jamaica that Americans would only patronise this island as a tourist resort and should be provided for. Mr. James Goll now threw the responsibility of cooperating with the New London and the American to the proprietors. He was at least for that.

For the development of Myrtle Bank Hotel proceeded without interruption and even after a few years, the proprietors thought just. Myrtle Bank then arose in its wrath and swore to the Commissioners with violent words. It pointed out through its proprietor and manager that the introduction of a water pipe into the premises in 1876 was through no actual domestic necessity, but merely for the convenience of having a summer bath, a primitive way, what it has since become; for still its Christmas dances, its Sunday afternoon, and still the New Year Revels are famous throughout Jamaica, and beyond the island's confines, and still it maintains its lawn, its growth of tropical trees, its coconut grove by the beach, its marine bath, and even a well for the pumping of water. But the water from this well was not that used for culinary purposes or for bathing, it is utilised by the gardeners, it enables the lawns and gardens to keep fresh and green; it moistens the soil, it grows and spreads;

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hoped that visiting Americans would like to find themselves mixing with the literati. As a matter of fact, a periconce it had always pre-
ferred the nobility.
However, what interests us at the moment is that already it was perceived that Jamaica would be-
come a wintering resort for Americans, just as from the United States, so in 1879 the following statement was issued to the island and the world:

"A Company is being formed in the city for the purpose of converting the Myrtle Bank Sanitarium into a large American Hotel, to be conducted by an American Firm on American principles. The Company pro-
poses to erect suitable buildings on the present site. Dining Rooms, a Ball Room, a Skating Rink, a Bowling Green, Baths, a Marine Parade, an Iron Jetty, and Public Landing Place. The institution will then be leased to American Con-
tractors so as to induce Ameri-
can tourists and invalids to come to Jamaica, as there are now at the Victoria Hotel, Nassau."

This Company, apparently, was never formed, this American Hotel never constructed. Kingston had to wait for another twenty years for anything like a hotel con-
structed and operated on fairly modern lines. It happened this way:

Sir Henry Blake was Governor of Jamaica and he too, as Mr. James Gall had done before him, looked into the future. Human eyes could see from America streaming down to Jamaica to enjoy its beauties, to indulge in a rest cure by dancing up to a late hour of the night and touring the island during the day. He thought that a Jamaica Exhibition would advertise the is-
land abroad and he called upon all public-spirited men to come to his assistance. But there had to be two hotels for the hotel inns respected from other countries. He planned four of these, one to be on the site of Mr. Gall's miscellaneous hotel, the Myrtle Bank, su-
other to be at Constant Spring, six miles to the north, a third to be at Mona in St. Ann, and the fourth in Spanish Town on the bank of the Rio Cobre. He even went farther. He foresaw that a number of people from the country would flock into Kingston to attend the wonderful Exhibition. For-
these there must be a hostelry provided, so one would be built in the centre of the city: a poor man's room to which was to be given the distinguished name of the Queen's Hotel. £100,000 was to be set aside for all these purposes, the larger part of the money to be spent on Myrtle Bank and Constant Spring.

These four hotels, with the cheap hotel with a hall, the two Queen's, and the Río Cobre, Myrtle Bank was built all of brick, Constant Spring was built of stone, the Río Cobre Hotel of wood, and the Queen's Hotel of wood also for the most part. The last named was the first to go. It went up one night in flames and the site is now a sort of Paddy's Market. The Constant Spring followed in flames, but has since been rebuilt by the Canadian and Jamaican Governments and is now owned and operated by the Jamaica Government. Mona's Queen still exists and is a popular place of call; the Río Cobre Hotel was transformed into an institution for taking care of children. The Myrtle Bank Hotel changed bands more than once. But just as it was a popular village in the time of the Arawak Indians, so it has continued to this day as the chief Jama-
ic centre of American and English tourist life, and as the favourite pleasure resort of Jamaica resi-
dents.

But these changes were not foreseen when the island talked of nothing but the Exhibition which was to open in 1891. Day and night the work of building the new Myrtle Bank Hotel was proceeded with; it was planned as a central and two side structures; it was three storeys high. On the ground floor were the reading and dining rooms, on the floor above were the drawing rooms, with verandahs, on the highest floor the bedrooms were situat-
ed, and the rates at that time were but ten or twelve shillings a day, with a reduction if one engaged to stay for a week or more. It was advertised that as many as 1,580 persons had been registered as visit-
ing the hotel from the 1st of October 1890 to the 15th of March 1891, a period of nearly six months. The American public was informed that the visitors to}

Jamaica spent the afternoons "very profitably," resting on the Myrtle Bank Hotel verandas until the cool of the evening, when "a short drive can be taken about the city and up to Park Camp." If all this was intended to give an im-
pression it was certainly successful; but the motor car had not yet appeared here, the roads leading out of Kingston to different parts of the island were not easy to negotiate, and after dark there was practically nothing to do in Kingston. The tourist busi-
ness was yet to develop; it had as a matter of fact hardly as yet been
seen anywhere in the world. So the hotel did not succeed. Very few persons were ever to be found rest-
ing, profitably or otherwise, on its verandas. We read in a report printed on February 11th, 1911, that "there are at present at the Myrtle Bank Hotel forty-six board-
ers; last week there were as many as seventy." A year after this, during one week, there may have been as many as seventy; hardly more. The time was rapidly ap-
proaching when the hotel would be advertised for sale by the Govern-
ment, with no one to make a bid for it. And when Constant Spring was let out, the Constant Spring Hotel, it was taken over in 1901 by Messrs. Elder Dempster and Company, of Eng-
land, who established the first direct line of fruit and passenger steamers between Jamaica and Avon-
mouth and who spent £50,000 in improving it. It was improving both hotels, putting in new furniture, re-
decorating their interiors, and employing expert ho-
tel managers to control and operate them.

But still they did not pay. Still were the tour-
ists few. Then in 1907 an earthquake solved the problem of the then existing Myrtle Bank Hotel by smashing it to pieces.

It had looked solid enough; and destructive earth-
quakes are of such infrequent occurrence in Ja-
maica that no one had thought of anything like a de-
stroying earthquake proof. One does not usually remem-
ber what has occurred in some two hundred years be-
fore; the lesson of Port Royal's destruction had been quite forgotten. But as in Jamaica one very rarely tears down a building to replace it by something better, and as the hotel needed a great deal of re-
modelling, it was perhaps just as well that an over-
whelming calamity befell it. And as a kind of destiny had marked out the site for a hotel, as for that purpose it would never be abandoned, not long after the somewhat gloomy structure was shattered we find an American hotel man, Mr. E. R. Grady, forming a syndicate of local people to put up a new and better-planned building. This is the hotel which now functions as the Bank has as many visitors from abroad in one week as visited the Myrtle Bank Ho-
etel in six months some thirty years ago.

They do not all stay, of course, as residents; they are brought by cruise ships. Many of them merely lunch or dine, attend the nightly dances, patronize the swimming pool, are constantly going and coming; but they make of the hotel during the winter season as lively a spot as one can find within a radius of two thousand miles. Visit a fashionable New York hotel in those days, or a similar place in Havana or Bermuda, and you will not find it quite so crowded, more animated, than Myrtle Bank Hotel on a busy day during the Jamaican tourist season. One sees in the cooler months of the year the hotel's enlarged dining room crowded to capacity, while at the entrance stands a long queue of persons waiting. The clamour of their talking and laughter completely drowns the sound of the orchestra as it plays. The grounds are dotted with moving figures, pretty girls dressed in light summer clothing, men in tropical wear, sports-shorts and bareheaded; the bar is thronged, the pier is crowded, and in the large tiled swimming pool, with the water a gleaming blue, yellow and old and middle-aged disport themselves with much diving and splashing and laughing and exclamations of joy. All over the hotel grounds, in fact, and out of doors, people are at the hotel on one of these days. In the harbour three or four tourships lie at anchor. They may be in port for a day or two, but others come to take their places; and still others and others; and so it goes on week after week until spring is well advanced. The development hoped for and believed in by the old Scotsman, James Gall, and the Irish Governor, Sir Henry Blake, is being realised at last. But the men who hoped for it are long since dead.

It will proceed very rapidly now, even if it took long years to begin. Mr. Grabow and his company kept the Myrtle Bank Hotel going, helped by the advertising of Jamaica's attractions in the American press, which was undertaken by the United Fruit Company. But when 1914 came, and the War, people who had begun to travel ceased to do so; the wars were upon us. Preparations were all for battle; once again the Myrtle Bank Hotel fell upon evil times. It struggled on, most of its rooms empty, its then much smaller dining room occupied day after day by a few local people and one or two transient guests. It had no ball-room; when a dance was given the dining room had to be cleared, and on its polished flooring of cement couples would dance to the music of a local band. It had no swimming pool. The former hotel company had not built one. Mr. Gall had offered it the open beach fenced in. Yet its grounds were still attractive, and still it endeavoured to maintain its status as one of the leading hostries in the Caribbean region. The struggle to exist, however, became harder and harder; the place was not what it used to be. It was in debt; the prospect was that its doors might close at any time. At last, in 1918, a worth

of crisis was reached. This was the last of many crises of its chequered career. The local company that owned it thought of raising new capital among its existing shareholders to carry on; this plan was not successful. Then someone—it may have been Mr. Grabow himself—suggested that it might be sold to the United Fruit Company. The late Sir John Pringle was Chairman of the Hotel's Directors; he and his colleagues could not guess when the war would end. Would the world conflict last for another year, or two or three? How long, above all, could the owners of the hotel afford to put money into it in the hope that some day their losses would cease and some profit ensue? No one could answer these questions. The decision was arrived at to sell the hotel. The price was eventually fixed at £23,500, and the deal was closed. Within a couple of months the war had ended and a multitude of people from England and America, eager for change, began to pour into Cuba and Jamaica and other tropical countries!

The United Fruit Company had taken a chance which had proved successful. But it knew it time could possibly have done so. It was during the renovation and rejuvenation of Myrtle Bank, too, that the first Constant Spring Hotel went up in flames, and that of course considerably assisted in increasing the popularity of the hotel that stood upon the site where Arawak Indians had once lived for generations.

Nearly everyone now began to take seriously the island's tourist trade. The figures of visitors arriving in the island yearly commenced to be studied. They were seen to show a steady increase; hence a Tourist Bureau was established, and, recently, a plan was laid down for the greater publicity of Jamaica in England, Canada and the United States. During the last season 50,000 visitors arrived. This was an unprecedented number, and was partly the result of the desertion of Mediterranean resorts because of the Italo-Abyssinian war and the threatening aspect of the European situation. But it was also a consequence of the better publicity obtained by Jamaica, and it has led the United Fruit Company to take stock of the tourist question as it affects Jamaica, and to begin to think out new lines of development for the hotel that it owns.

Something has been said about this in a previous paragraph. If the plan is carried out, the main building of Myrtle Bank will be completely demolished, a new and a finer structure of reinforced concrete, towering high and standing on firm foundations, will be reared in its place. Thus there will be a new Myrtle Bank Hotel, of a type of over seventy years conserved. From an Arawak village to a grazing ground, from grazing ground to bathing house, "emporium" and what not, from this to the Government hotel, then a private hotel, then the United Fruit Company's hotel, and lastly, to the new hotel which will still be the property of the United Fruit Company. The evolution is interesting; and one may safely prophecy that a century hence there will be on the same spot a Myrtle Bank Hotel in Jamaica. What has become of Myrtle Bank in Edinburgh, from which the name of the Jamaican hotel is derived, one does not know. The name alone survives, and the name itself, as well as the hotel itself, is one of the most attractive in all these West Indies; indeed, in all the lands washed by the Caribbean Sea.

So at least this writer thinks, and he has visited many a tropical land. As he pens these last lines, sitting in the bar of the pavilion that overlooks the bathing pool, his eyes wander seaward to where is anchored a great tourist ship; the ship fades, an Arawak canoe stands in its place. He sees a vision of the past. Then the ship reappears multiplied. That is the vision of the future.
A Tale of Brothers Six

The Henriques Brothers and their splendid record of Development and Enterprise

The six brothers are Emanuel, Rudolph, Vernon, Horace, O. K., and Fahlan. Of them below I sing—

"Sing Heavenly Muse, that on the mountain top—
No, that is what Milton wrote, and there are pernicious persons everywhere who will not fall to remind me that I am plagiarising. So I have decided not to sing, but merely to write about a band of brothers well known throughout Jamaica, and with whose name is associated conspicuous success.

These are the Henriques Brothers. And four or five hundred years ago there must have been a Henriques in Portugal from whom they are descended. Unfortunately I do not speak Portuguese, so when I was in Lisbon in 1935 and asked a man there if he knew of any Henriques, he merely bowed to me most courteously and offered me a cigarette. That was enough for me; I could not associate even Emanuel with a cigarette, he not being of such slender and delicate proportions. Nor any of the other boys. So I gave up my investigations into the family during my brief stay in Portugal's capital. After all, that was not important, since my particular Henriquesses are very much Jamaican, going back for generations and generations.

The name Emanuel means "God with us," so that is perhaps why we all call him Manny. We are not so debonair as might be of being forever with the Lord. The name Manny sounds much more comfortable and comforting, and I personally have never addressed the eldest of the Henriques boys as anything but Manny. Rudolph is the next in age, and they call him Dossie. Yet Rudolph looks the youngest. How does he manage it? Is it because he is in temperament an artist, dreaming dreams of things beautiful in his spare moments instead of about things business-like, and so keeping his soul refreshed, with a consequent effect upon his face? I cannot explain the matter. I only know that it is difficult for me to believe that Rudolph is the second and not the youngest of the six brothers who have made a name for themselves in Jamaica, and I sometimes think that I should have preferred Rudolph to have given all his time to sculpture and painting instead of most of it to practical architecture and construction work.

Rudolph, or Dossie, might have done some notable work in the plastic arts if he had been entirely absorbed in them. He went to no school of painting and sculpture; he has had really little time for these pursuits; he has not even had good models to work by. There are no such models in Jamaica; even the most patriotic of us would not compare Kingston with Paris or Rome or London as centres of artistic culture. Not one word of this is meant in disparagement of Kingston; you can obtain excellent mangoes here in the season, and mangos are sometimes distributed along the pavements for facilitating the fall of the haughty and the destruction of the strong. But lovely statues and paintings that take the breath away with admiration—these you do not find in this city or island of ours. So Dossie, an artist by nature, is a practical man by profession, but still in middle age he conserves the soul of the artist, perhaps still hoping that some day he will find time for the work he really loves.

Vernon comes next. I remember well that when Vernon and I were boys there was a position as assistant vacant on the staff of the Institute of Jamaica. The Institute then existed, as it exists to-day, for the encouragement of literature, science and art. The position possibly offered opportunities to those who aspired to become literary or artistic or scientific workers; in the concrete the work of the assistant was to hand out books to those who wished to read them. The salary attached to the post was 12/- per week, and in those golden days of considerable employment (these being evidently the more degenerate days of unemployment) only eight young fellows applied for the job—only eight youngsters after 12/- a week! Amongst them stood prominently Master Vernon Henriques, amongst them also was another aspirant and candidate now better known as H. G. D. In this literary rivalry we ran, and the viva voce examination of the candidates was such as hardly a University undergraduate would be compelled to undergo to-day.

We were asked by a committee, presided over by the late Rev. Wm. Gillies, D.D., whether we had any knowledge of books, any acquaintance with Latin, any familiarity with the Higher Mathematics. I suspect that Vernon was a little more scrupulous in his replies than I. Business is business, said I to myself, and you would have thought from my answers that Latin was my mother tongue and that I was born the greatest mathematician of the world.

So though Vernon may have stood second among the candidates, I came first, and then I was launched into the literary life on the magnificent salary of £36 8/- per annum, and sat down resolutely to read every book in the Institute's Library. Meanwhile Vernon faded from the literary scene, to reappear hereafter in another sphere of practical endeavour.

Grace was the fourth of the boys. Horace was not very strong, but he was exceedingly studious. He had a good business brain, understood statistical work, and during the long years of his subsequent illness gave himself over to reading until he became well acquainted with a number of subjects in which many people take but a cursory interest. Horace is dead, and I write of him with remiss reverent. We liked one another, and because he was a student there was a great deal between us. He had knowledge, which he loved for its own sake, knowledge which could not be of the slightest practical or financial value to him, but of the highest worth as a means of intellectual expansion and personal delight. I shall have something more to say of Horace a little later on, as of the other brothers, but I like best to think of him as the literary student that he was. And I know that, because he loved to read and to study and to think, he was happy when he could indulge in the desire of his heart.

Then there is O. K., the fifth of the brothers, and there is Fahlan the youngest. In my youth I knew these less than I knew the others; to-day I suppose I know O. K. much better than all the others.
I do not quite remember my first meeting with O. K., but it must have been at least twenty years ago, since when we have been close friends with but one trifling disagreement between us. I will not go deeply into this subject—it was about the singing of O.K.'s "Poor Little Girl"—I was not impressed, since when he has never sung again. But let me now come to Fabian.

FABIAN may be described as being, in his youth, more than a match for many of the boys of his age. There was a reason why today he is "more than a match" as manager of the Darling Street Beacon Match Factory. I never see much of Fabian, as you very well know, the original Fabian policy was always to avoid decisive encounters—in that way did the great Fabians of ancient Rome eventually get the better of those opposed to them. Fabian did not find the Fabian Society of which our old friend Lord Olivier was and is still their ruler, but Fabian is distinctly that, if not known as the Silent Man, for you hear very little about him. But make no mistake; he is a very active worker, nothing wrong with his business but knowing a good deal of what is going on around him. So from Emanuel, whose name means "God with us," to Fabian with his classical designation, which perhaps has influenced his procedure, we have the six brothers who have become a power in the business and industrial life of Jamaica. Have they a motto? If they have, it should certainly be, "Let Brotherly Love Continue."

LIKE to think of those boys when they were young. For even in their youth they had of course their ambitions; though those ambitions have been quite different from what they are today. In later life, Did Emanuel, remembering the significance of his name, aspire as a boy to be a rabbi—a rabbi, said he, a rabbi. And he has been. In later life, Did Emanuel, remembering the significance of his name, aspire as a boy to be a rabbi—a rabbi, said he, a rabbi. And he has been.

CURIOSLY enough, Did Emanuel had arrived from Colon in Jamaica the day before the earthquake struck his brothers Rudolph and O. K. on the Irishman. I do not say that anything different would have happened if Van On had arrived on the day of the earthquake or the day after; but it does look just as though he was in time for the earthquake, even if he did not arrange it. Did Emanuel was already here, and shortly before that Emanuel had come from the Irishman for a short holiday in Jamaica. Thus there were two of the brothers abroad and four at home when the memorable trembling of the earth took place. I am told that on the day and at the hour when the earthquake occurred, Emanuel, weary and in need of repose, had retired for a siesta. The earth trembled, the roar of the breakings rent the air, Emanuel, unconscious of his sleep to find the walls of the room in which he was sleeping swaying outwards. Many walls fell inwards, but luck was with Emanuel. Young Fabian, on the other hand, was in the very centre of Emanuel's Lyons and Son's store where an explosion took place: in a structure which collapsed like a pack of cards and in which many persons were killed. But Fabian was true to the historical implications of his name. He avoided the worst. He evaded death. He escaped without a scratch. At the moment when the earth was shaking, too. Hорace was in the building of His Majesty's Customs, which came smack down, though that did not prevent His Majesty's Government in Jamaica from collecting import duties as usual. So the four brothers, Emanuel, Horace, Fabian and Vernon, were joined by Rudolph and O.K., so, at the time. And within a couple of days they had laid plans to undertake the rebuilding work in Kingston that was so urgently required.

VERNON, the aspirant for Institute of Jamaica honours, and the former young journalist, was now working at the Jamaica Railway. He promptly resumed his situation. All the brothers resumed their positions; though Fabian's position had really resigned him. In the prompt, general restoration of those fellows you see an illustration of a faculty which makes for success. The average person likes security. That is natural. The taking of risks is attended with risks. Many a man

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PLANTERS' PUNCH 1936-37

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RUDOLPH also went to Panama. O. K. went to Panama. Vernon went to Panama. They said that they were travelling in the wake of Columbus. O. K. was only seventeen when he migrated to that scene of toll and glamour and romance—how well I remember it—and the then Auditor of the Panama Railway, with accounting work as part of his duties. He was a bright lad, with a brain which was sufficiently efficient to make him a force and factor in affairs in his own country. He was in Panama when the earthquake of 1931 took place in Kingston to the ground, and the keen insight of himself and of his brothers caused them to realize that in the shattered condition of the country there were opportunities for young men who knew how to work and how to render conscientious and efficient service. His American chief wanted O. K. to stick to his Panama job. But O. K. could not even then be much farther than most men.

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O. K. BEING KIND TO MADAM ELIZABETH

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RUDOLPH, too, went to Panama. The Americans had begun to build the great Canal, and Manny did not see why he should not be with them. Why should he not also build the Canal? He determined to build the Canal.

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EMANUEL went to Panama. The Americans had begun to build the great Canal, and Manny did not see why he should not be with them. Why should he not also build the Canal? He determined to build the Canal.

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S EVEN was a lucky number among the ancients. Joshua's army marched seven times around the wall of Jericho before those walls very nearly fell upon and exterminated it; for it is now understood that when Jericho was besieged and the walls were coming down, and Joshua a little nearer there would be nothing but a short march to Jericho. The same thing is true of the men in the Elevated Railways, except that the walls have been allowed to remain for centuries, and Joshua is the man in the Elevated Railways to continue marching. In seven years, too, the psychological effect of the march was such that the city was taken. The people of those days knew that they did not have to fight, but that all that was necessary was to walk around the city seven times, and the city would fall. And so it was with the Elevated Railways. The people knew that all that was necessary was to walk around the city seven times, and the city would fall. And so it was with the Elevated Railways.

But these builders and contractors and ironworkers had still other aims in view. O. K. had keenly perceived that this was the age of rapid transportation; he knew that there was a little man who was building a tremendous amount of cars upon the market. O. K. did not believe that he could afford to neglect Henry Ford. He didn't. So the Henriquez Brothers became Henry Ford's agents.

THE HENRIQUES BOYS PURSUING THEIR EARLY AMBITIONS

in Jamaica. Lizzie became a popular name in Jamaica. A Tim Lizzie was cheap. It could go anywhere, make any amount of noise, it was thoroughly democratic. O. K. undertook the management of Lizzie, and as the years went by Lizzie developed into Elizabeth. And if you speak of her now by any feminine designation it is as Madame Elizabeth (with all respect) and the gentleman of the family is named after no less a President than the greatest ruler of the United States, for a Lincoln must surely be dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Indeed I am almost tempted to say that Lizzie has become not merely Madame Elizabeth but Queen of the Appellations very frequently develop. At any rate, no one ever talks of a Tim Lizzie in these days. That would now be a sort of sacrilege.

Grace, as accountant and statistician, also possessed managerial ability. He used to take over the management of the Industrial Garages in O. K.'s absence. He understood that the truth is that each of these men understood the various businesses they dealt in. O. K. himself is not a civil engineer by training as is Emanuel or Vernon, yet I have been told by several good judges that he can draw up an estimate of engineering work with remarkable accuracy. He has never done anything in painting and sculpture like Rudolph, yet he is an excellent draughtsman and has dabbed now and then in water colour work. He is interested in the hardware and lumber business of this city. The Jamaica Marine Insurance Company owns its origin largely to the initiative of O. K. Henriquez. Then came the big Match Factory. Then and there came a great controversy in the land.

WE will not write here on the merits or demerits of this controversy or on matches. The story of it all is not written in the columns of the press. But I may be allowed to say, without acute dread of unnecessary assassination, that this factory was the result of a law passed by the Legislative Council during the administration of Sir Edward Washborne, the Governor and Council desiring that Jamaica should manufacture her own matches. The protection afforded gave an opportunity to the local manufacturers to make such a stick that would not snap when struck against any surface. The Henriquez knew a means of making such sticks; they possessed the capital; they certainly had the energy and courage. In Darling Street, to-day, stands the completed enterprise.

Previously they had established electrical works in Montego Bay, for lighting that town, which Mr. Phillip Library has modestly described as the Empire's Imperial City. In Montego Bay also, in connection with this electrical undertaking, they manufactured ice. But this business was sold perhaps to the Jamaica Public Service Company, which has the monopoly of the supply of ice and electricity to those who want to be electrified. Still, the opportunity of electrification in Montego Bay was undoubtedly first perceived by the brothers, and if

They set up a great foundry in Darling Street with one forge and two innumerable assistants. It was called by itself a blacksmith's shop, and the forge had one big bellows, and the bellows sometimes gave Vernon a great deal of trouble. I have been informed that when it would not concentrate sufficient wind upon the coals to make them glow, Vernon would bury his face among the coals and blow upon them. Now mark the sequel. Opposite to where the forge once stood now rises the Kingston Industrial Works, the biggest iron works in Jamaica. And, I think, in the British West Indies. When I go through that building, with my ears deafened by the hiss and clamour of machinery, and observe the countless implements being made, and the money of men at work, my mind goes back to the solitary forge where the bellows and I worked. But all of the efforts has gone towards the accomplishment of this success.

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Intimate Glimpses at the Characters of Mr. Russell Bell and Mr. Alfred Nichols

Have you noticed that this may be described as the biographical issue of "Plante's Punch"? Have you observed that the life-story of many a man connected with the magazine is contained in this number, briefly for the most part but yet set forth with exquisite grace and vividness? Is it "Plante's Punch"? Has it also struck you that even our first Jamaica story gives you the history in fiction of a certain Arawak lady called Anaconaa, and a glimpse of Christopher Columbus during his visit to St. Ann's, and something else about Diego Medina, who was as actual a character as Don Christopher the Admiral? Biography, indeed, may be described as the theme or the motif of this present and particular publication, whether in the form of fiction or fact; hence the general idea is merely continued if in this sketch I deal with two men who have for some time now been much connected with Jamaica. Let us begin, then, in proper biographical fashion.

Many years ago there was born in America a man who was christened Russell Davenport. The surname of his parents was Bell, his grandfather having been a Belfast Scotishman, which is to say a Scotch Ulsterman, a man Scotchish by blood, but born and brought up in Northern Ireland. This fact is looked on most babies do when they are very young, but I am certain that his parents did not think so. To them the blood of the Scotchman would prove his belief they were right enough, since every human being is himself alone and therefore unique. Our hero, however, was born in the Great Smoky Mountains, where as little as in little, one finds always something of the Scotch-Irish. Hence the late Mr. Russell Bell was a man of the mountains, and certainly one could not say he was not Scotch-Irish. He was Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish.

The story of his life is as full of adventure and intelligence by a series of yells which, to the obsolete outsider, may have seemed exactly like the cries of the old man of the mountain. Russell Bell was a man of the mountains, and certainly one could not say he was not Scotch-Irish. He was Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish.

Thus, Frenchman, German, Buben, or any other national, he was always Scotchish. He was the hero of many a story, and the hero of many a tale. He was the hero of many a song, and the hero of many a ballad. He was Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish.

The story of his life is as full of adventure and intelligence as a series of yells which, to the obsolete outsider, may have seemed exactly like the cries of the old man of the mountain. Russell Bell was a man of the mountains, and certainly one could not say he was not Scotch-Irish. He was Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish.

NOW take Mr. Alfred Nichols. He was born in Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, educated in Cheltenham, and when he was eighteen years of age he sailed across the sea and went to Jamaica. He was the hero of many a story, and the hero of many a tale. He was Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish.

But let us return to our hero, Mr. Russell Bell. When he was twenty-five years old, he married a beautiful Spanish girl, and they had six children. The eldest was a boy, and the youngest was a girl. Russell Bell was a man of the mountains, and certainly one could not say he was not Scotch-Irish. He was Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish.

They lived in a cottage in the mountains, and they were happy. Russell Bell was a man of the mountains, and certainly one could not say he was not Scotch-Irish. He was Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish, Scotchish.

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These businesses would not have wanted him had they thought nothing of his directing and orga- nizing ability, of his foresightedness and far-sighted- ness, of his aptitude and the strength of his charac- ter. Naturally a reticent man, Mr. Bell is always thinking over some aspect of his undertakings that

treat, who has drilled him into a proper regard for exterior physical appearance. But even if that is true, the lesson has been so well learnt that he is now a mettulously well-dressed, clean-living, careful dresser. To anyone who has seen him in his white shirt-tail and black tie or in full tails or normal lounge suit, he always stands out as well but quietly dressed; and, of course, the thoroughly well-dressed man must not by any emphasis draw attention to his appearance. Mr. Alfred Nicholas thought that this writer that it wasn't only the clothes of a properly groomed Britisher that counted, but the little ac- cessories that matched them: the ornamental pocket handkerchief, the type of shirt, the tie, and the shoes.

I t was in 1923 that he bought the West India Electric Company from the late Mr. James Hutchin- son and formed the present pub- lic service company of which he has been the Presi- dent ever since. He is the anti- thesis of the late Mr. Hutchinson. The latter was a short, stoating, with a rather Ger- manic face, rampa- ping voice and entirely devoid of tact, while Mr. Nicholas is a quiet and cool man, good and kind to all the ill of the dead. But Mr. Hutchinson him- self would not have objected to this descrip- tion of himself; he hasn't very much tact and made that known quite clearly. Yet with- out it one creates a sort of personal ob- stacles and blind- rances for oneself, one makes ene- mies of neutralists and ene- mies of friends. Some- thing would have happened here to the West India Electric Com- pany, Limited, in the way of its transfer from Mr. Hutchin- son, whether Mr. Bell's Cour- t was present or not.

Mr. Nicholas has long been connected with a great and successful organization in America. In 1939 he had entered the services of Messers. Stone and Webster of Boston, a firm which was well reg- ed for executives for large public electrical and other undertakings. He had been studying engineering; he had been a man who was very useful to his associates and who was in the manager of one of their utilities, and thenceforward his rise was rapid. In 1923 he became Manager of American Public Service Company. Had he ever entertained the idea of coming to these West Indies, he must have had his day dreams as he went from one part of the United States to another; did they ever include Jamaica? He already had a million dollars, the tropical West was something altogether differ- ent. It must have seemed to him, if he ever thought of it, a place intensely romantic in its history, warm in its climate, a resort in the winter months for tourists; but as the scene of his longest endeavor and as a permanent residence—one doubts if prior
to 1923 he ever envisaged Jamaica as that. Yet he was the man whom, looking among their staff for a competent manager and organizer of the electrical and transportation work of the new Public Service Company, Messrs. Webster and Stone selected. They knew that the job to be done was no easy one: they had heard of the former company's unpopularity. They must have been aware that the man on the spot would have not only to undertake difficult technical duties but have to eliminate as much as possible the existing ill feeling. With all this knowledge in their minds they chose Mr. Alfred Nichols. And he sailed south and west on a personal discovery of this country.

"I came, I saw, I did my best." That may summarise Mr. Nichols' own pronouncement on his work—a modest phrasing. He found the equipment

obeyed, for men have to work for their living. But
the other style, if you have the right material to deal with, is much the better; the man puts his heart into his job and the achievement is thus far more satisfactory. It has been in Mr. Nichols' power to bring out the best in the men associated with him in responsible positions; he is not niggardly in appreciation; hence those who work under him are not niggardly in their interest and their efforts.

O NE feels that the Public Service Company is once again on the eve of mechanical changes. The transportation services of Jamaica are going to be reorganised; the necessities of the situation compel that, and when necessity drives it must be obeyed. Both Mr. Bell and Mr. Nichols and those associated with them have long since perceived this and the change will take place quietly and effectively. But

the shore—and he envisages the landing there of Andrew Jackson and of Penn and Venables, the capture of Old St. Jago de la Vega, the check thus administered to Spanish domination in the Caribbean, the development of British sea power, the growth of the British Empire. His mind works in this orderly sequence, but it works practically also in the maintenance of historical monuments, as we see by what has been done entirely through his instrumentality at Rockfort.

T HIS fort, established in 1694, and long since abandoned, was up to recently overgrown with trees and underbrush—a mere ruin. The sight of it was an affliction to Mr. Alfred Nichols. He wanted it cleared and cleaned, and put in order so that the best surviving example of British defence works in Jamaica should be perceptible to a glance to visitor

of the Company at its lowest level. The light supplied was often inadequate and sometimes feeble. The machinery was worn and obsolete, the accommodation in Upper Orange Street was limited and inconvenient; practically everything had to be built up from the bottom. Mr. Russell Bell had great confidence in him; but people seeing the young man with the pale blue eyes and golden hair wondered whether he would ever be able to put things in shipshape condition, to raise and support what was weak, illuminate what was dark. He set about doing it. It is of his temperament that he is a very quiet worker, hardly giving any impression of exertion but yet managing to get things done with efficiency and with dispatch. This result indicates organising capacity; it also shows ability to obtain full co-operation from others. It would be impossible to imagine Mr. Nichols saying to any capable subordinate in a tone of command: "Go and do this or that!" You rather imagine him saying "Do like a good fellow, fix this thing up this way, as I know you can do it so well." A command would doubtless be

men do not live by practical achievements alone, and if you would know them you must also know their subsidiary tendencies and interests, the things they like, the games they play; in a word, their hobbies and recreations. I have said something about those of Mr. Bell. We find that Mr. Nichols is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, a member of the Society's one of the Governors of the Institute of Jamaica, a member of the Executive Committee of the Kingston Technical School.

H e is deeply interested in archaeological and historical subjects, and can be worked up to considerable enthusiasm by the discovery of a mass of skeletons somewhere along the Palisadoes protecting Kingston Harbour, or by some old monument of the early occupation of the English in this island. A primrose by the river's brink may be a primrose merely to him as to others, but not so an old Fort. The Fort brings to his mind many vivid historical associations. Mention to him Passage Fort—which today is nothing but trees and underbrush along the

and resident alike. He undertook this work of restoration, and said he was doing so on behalf of the Institute of Jamaica. As a matter of fact what was done did not cost the Institute a penny, it was accomplished entirely by Mr. Nichols himself. He did everything in connection with it, and by so doing he has set a splendid example in the way of the preservation of such monuments of earlier times as are still here and there to be found about Jamaica.

Mr. Nichols, of course, has resided in Jamaica since 1923; Mr. Bell pays a yearly visit and remains for two or at the most three weeks. Mr. Bell says that the pleasantest occupation of his annual routine is this visit to Jamaica in the winter, and he claims that he is an enthusiastic in so far as the island and its people are concerned, Mr. Bell has two children both Canadians, the elder is a gentleman cadet at the Royal Military College in Kingston, Ontario; the other is a little fellow now about eleven years of age and is fair and fat, but the fatness will probably disappear in later life. Mr. Nichols has one son and he was born in Jamaica. His childhood days are now up to him so far as Jamaica also; he is therefore not only technically a Jamaican but he is being influenced inevitably by the Jamaica atmosphere and associations. He will go to school in England later on, but Jamaica will have made its impression on him. One wonders whether, in after years, he will have a career in the island of his birth That has happened to many a youth of outside parentage who was born and, during his impressionable days, brought up in this country. They come back in the future to the land their fathers knew and in which they themselves first saw the light of day.
ANACANOA

(Continued from Page 3)

phatically, well aware that most of the other part
of his speech would fall upon uncomprehending ears. But
his voice, for a man so young and a land that did not belong to him or to Spain must be
done always in proper form and with the dignity
deserved by the land.

She caught the gist of some of the words, though
the accent was queer. Then Diego struck in.

"Queen," said he with a winning smile, "we want nothing,
but you can have food and wine till the ship returns. My
wife was here before, and perhaps you saw him then.
You know how good he was—Diego hoped she had bathed him in
his own tears, and"—For you, and will not let him out.
She what a man this was, and he spoke, however peculiarly, her language. A
slow smile broke over her face, and she answer-

"My father, the chief, is not here; but you can
have food and wine till the ship returns. And
shelter. Will you live ashore?"

"We live on our canoes," he replied, "but we
shall be among you often. We shall be friends."

"You," she said eagerly, "can have a hammock
in my house, like you. My husband will like you
also."

Diego laughed.

"But your husband would not like me to live
in the same house with you," he pointed out.
"You must be careful, and see, my master grows impatient. Let your people
begin to make the return journey."

"He seems to have taken a fancy to you, my
son," remarked Columbus, as they walked thought-
fully down the beach where the men were already, in spite of their weariness
and hunger, beginning to erect a shelter on the decks.

"That should not be," you said."

"But her husband, Admiral! He—"

"He does not care, he is reserved," said Columbus; "he is evidently a person who does
not count for much, while she is the chief's daughter. Her husband is a
man of the people, you know, and a husband here is not like a husband in a Christian
country; though, he added with a half-smile, "I have known some spouses in
Spain and Portugal who seemed strangely complais-
ant, who have come here to look after all the
Don't offend the girl. I see that she can be of much
use to us. Honour her as much as you can.

"You should do so; perhaps you will again
habit her?"

"No; that might cause the others on our ships
to demand the right to sleep ashore and mix with
despite these. But you can be nice without
d.Fortunately, you do not have her with you.

"There isn't any difficulty about being nice to
her, Admiral. I like her; she is the finest look-
ing girl I have seen in these parts. And above them
all in intelligence."

"I think you had better join her now to see
that the food supplies come in quickly."

Diego turned back; the Admiral went on to his
ship. Anacanoa, who had been watching them, ran
to meet Diego, and with her came her husband. Cove-
ted, but he has no more of you than a slave was
the way, and perhaps half a dozen of us. They
believe in being gentleman, and were resolved to appear as befitting
their status, as much as possible, even if far away from

Spain.

"And if you remain we shall have a son," in-
listed Anacanoa, as she and Diego Mendez walked
along the beach that night, to the water's edge of
the cove, with the waves breaking in surf upon
the shore.

"And if you ever go away you must return to
see him."

Only today the Admiral was saying some-
thing of the sort. They do not leave your land.
I shall travel towards the sunrise."

"And if you go you will come back?"

"To me?"

"Of course a doubt."

"And I will think of you as my husband until
you really become that. And I will tell my father,
and he will go to see you, and to your chief. And
Cotabua must find a new house."

Diego was silent.

"That is good. Why should you wait till you
come back," she added plaintively, then fell silent.

Had she pressed him further then, the young
Spaniard would have taken her point of view.

CHAPTER THIRD

DIEGO CONSENTS

DIEGO MENDEZ had dressed in some clean linen
underwear he had saved for ceremonial or special occasions; he wore his hose but had discard-
ed his doublet and cloak. He had shaved this morn-
ing; his face shone with good humour and vivacity, the
good-looking, courageous fellow devoted to his chief.

Anacanoa was dressed in a tiny white apron
which hung from a string of hand-woven cotton
tied about her waist. Round her neck she had put
some ropes of the nut of the coco de mer; the beads
that the strangers had given to her the day before. Her
long black hair was wound about her head and
fringed her forehead, and now with Diego in a canoe,
in which sat six paddlers who were to send the
light craft speedily silently towards the quarry
they hunted.

There were many people in the shallow water
of the beach; ragged Spaniards bathing, while some of
their comrades watched over them with ready

(Continued on Page 25)

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23

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ANACANOA

(Continued from Page 25)

cross-bows in case the Indians should attempt treachery; Indians, too, of both sexes, innocent of any clothing; and the scene might have seemed to be a picnic, and was indeed really something of the sort.

For the newcomers and the natives were familiarizing; there was peace and harmony between them. From the thatch-covered deck of the half-sunken Nina Columbus watched them thoughtfully. The village caique stood next to him, deferential, but wondering at the change in the appearance of the white man who had set sail so magnificently a fortnight before when he first had come to these parts. It was an old, sick man to whom the caique, who had arrived this morning, was talking now.

The canoe in which were Diego and Anacanoa was fast disappearing from sight beyond the cove. The caique called the Admiral's attention to it.

"My daughter likes that young stranger," he said with a slow smile. "Her husband is no good; he drinks the piwari all day now; they have only one child. If you stay here long she may take your man and have other children." He spoke as one making a commonplace remark about the weather or the fishing.

Columbus answered diplomatically, "How long we stay I cannot say now; but my men must respect your women and not injure your husbands." Bocchio: "I am here to protect, not to harm you."

The chief did not quite understand how Columbus could be there to protect him, since it was the strangers who were the weaker in numbers, with their winged canoes out of action. But he agreed that the rights of his people should be respected. In regard to his daughter, however, both she and he could determine on her conduct.

"It would be all right if she put away her husband and took your man," he assured the Admiral, "I could give her to him. I could give many of your wives."

"If a woman is already married she belongs to her husband forever," returned the Admiral gravely, "nothing loth to spread Christian doctrine at the moment, but even more immediately concerned with keeping Diego free from any foreign entanglements. Diego was too precious a sibyllina to tie himself up with even a chief's daughter within a day or two of his landing. There was some important work for him to do: there always was. He must be friendly with Anacanoa, but intimacy might be dangerous."

Bocchio did not press the point; he was not in the habit of thinking much or deeply on any subject. Doubtless he felt that Diego and Anacanoa would settle their affairs for themselves, without ostentation, if they were so inclined.

Meanwhile the canoe was being paddled towards the open sea, eastward, where the Arawaks believed that turtle would be found basking in the sun.

In a large gourd or calabash, filled with water, Anacanoa carefully nursed a curiously shaped fish near to him in length, whose underside was flat and deeply serrated. About the head and fins of this creature a cotton net was attached, and a long string of cotton, neatly woven, was fastened to this net. Diego already knew the purpose of this sucking fish, or remora as it was called, and watched with the interest of a sportsman as Anacanoa threw it into the water when one of the Indians, pointing to a dark object floating on the water's surface, indicated that the prey which they had been seeking was found.

The huge amphibian, with a carapace more than three feet long and almost as broad, floated sleeping. Its back slightly arched. Sullenly the sucking fish darted towards it, slipped upon the shell, pressed its underside or suckers down and clung with a tenacity more powerful than that of any leech. The men in the canoe raised a shout of delight, and began to paddle back to land. Anacanoa held in a firm hand the string by which the remora was fastened, and before the turtle was awake it was being drawn towards the cove. It made no resistance; suffering no pain, there was no adverse reaction on its part to the pull exerted on it. It was only when the canoe had arrived in shallow water that it drew close to the animal: then one of the paddlers exchanged his paddle for a long stone-tipped spear and made a skillful thrust at the turtle's eye. The weapon sank deep, the maddened creature almost leaped out of the water, a desperate struggle began. But by this the other men had jumped out of the canoe and soon had turned their victim on its back. Thus with all its softer parts exposed, it was easily vulnerable to the stabs from the stone-tipped spears. Presently they were hauling it ashore, dead, to be presented to the strangers for whom so large an amount of food was needed.

Diego would have gone with the men, but Anacanoa detained him. She called to some other Indians and signalled to them to take the paddles. "Let's go there," she said, indicating somewhere towards the east.

Diego agreed. This might mean more food, and only the night before the Admiral had expressed his fear that the local food supply would not be adequate. Which would mean suffering, and mutiny perhaps, unless the deficiency were made good.

So eastward they went, the sun beating down fiercely, but the heat tempered by the coolness of a wind that came from the thickly wooded land upon their right. Now and then the shore curved into long graceful indentations; here and there there was no beach and the trees came down in serried ranks to the very water's edge, a waving barrier of green against whose base lapped blue waves of sparkling water. Sometimes great rocks stood out into the sea; against these spray and spume broke high. Elsewhere little streams could be splashed murmuring unceasingly and emptying themselves into the Caribbean that twenty years before had been unknown.

After they had gone some way, hugging the shore as they paddled, Diego noticed a trail of flowing white that issued from between long lines of trees, a river as he saw directly that came swiftly down to join the sea. At one Anacanoa motioned with an arm, and the paddlers turned the nose of the canoe to the right bank of this river. It grounded; she and Diego leaped to the beach, and she began to climb upwards, pushing her way along a trail which had been trodden out by generations of nacked feet.

And now they were in the forest, with a dense unbranched canopy above their heads and moist heat all about them. He saw high trees with leaves of burnished green on one surface, of glistening brown on the other; he saw trees bearing a light mauve flower; he saw palms that sprang upright into the sky, their heads in the fire of the sun. He heard a steady roar. It was the thunder of falling water, the voice of a cascade somewhere in front of them, and presently, as they turned leftwards to the river's edge, and came out upon clearer ground, a tumbling mass of water burst upon their view.

It fell shantily towards them, over rocks and ridges, between massive century-old trees; it slid down terraces formed by its own action, and in the shower of sunlight that streamed down upon it it flashed into azure and white as though turquois and diamonds had been splintered and Sung into it by careless, generous hands. The sound of it was
A Fraternity of Success

(Continued from Page 9)

banana planting entirely, and also sugar production to a considerable extent. On the other hand, with¬
out doubt, he now and then makes a loss in some minor enterprise or the other. But he is of the type

of men who cut their losses quickly, and push ahead with larger enterprises, confident as ever.

He remembers vividly how as a young man in Costa Rica he wanted a thousand pounds to carry on his business. He went over to New York and saw a banker there. This banker said to him: "I have heard very good accounts of you. Mr. Lin¬

do was moved to candonur, stirred by a sen¬
timent of pity for his pretty, confiding girl.

"They don't eat men and women?" she enquired
anxiously.

He laughed. "No, that you need not fear. But sometimes they can be very cruel."

"You will prevent them," she assured him con¬
fidently, leaning against him. "We have no fear with you among them. Besides, we could beat them."

"Once, long, long ago, a big canoe of man-eat¬
ers came here. They came from there;" she pointed
vaguely in the direction of Hayti, where a colony of Caribs had established themselves, sailing origin¬
ally from one of the small, distant Carib islands.

"My people fought them and killed them all except one. She was a woman, and very beautiful, and my father's father's father's father was her father. The man-eaters never came back again."

"In part, in a descendant of the man-eaters?" he smiled.

This puzzled her at first; but presently she understood. "But I am not a man-eater," she cried in horror.

"I know that; I only meant to say that you have some of their blood in your veins, Anacana;" and to himself he said that perhaps explained why she seemed much braver, more intrepid, than most of her people; why perhaps she was somewhat taller too than they.

"The man-eaters never came back, but we shall come again and again," he spoke aloud, with a touch of recklessness.

"That is good," she laughed gleefully.

"He replied nothing; but rose from his seat.

"He was strange, this man, she thought. Why did he not immediately make her his own? What was there to prevent him? But she was very in¬
telligent; so she concluded that he was restrained for the present by some custom which he re¬
spected. She did not observe the sadness in his face when he looked at her.

Three days later, at dawn, Diego stood with three Indians ready to set off on a journey and the coast on foot, to the eastern part of the is¬
land. Already the food supplies were falling off. Other tribes must be persuaded to send in provi¬
sions, and the Admiral had already selected Diego for this mission.

"Let me go with you," pleaded Anacana.

"It cannot be," he said. "But I will not be long away. You can help me and your father to look after the children and the sheep; and the Admiral will pay them well. And tell your women folk to keep away from our men, and our men to not quarrel with ours. You understand? You will do what I ask?"

"Yes, and when you return?"

"Then you may become my wife, Anacana," he answered; and this time no one spoke.

Such an alliance might help, he had already concluded; indeed, the matter had been discussed by him and Don Christopher. The latter had de¬
filed himself in desperate plight. No one in Espanola knew where he was; no Spaniard in all the world except those there. And now some of his creditors and fed, being about to grumble, being only kept in awe by the loyalty of his men, and the loyalty of his women, however, which might not always endure.

The immediate need was supplies and peace; Diego was about to set out with the prisoners and the caciques for the former, and it might be that if Diego took this village chief's daughter to wife, as

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26 PLANTERS' PUNCH 1936-37
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HOW TO MAKE SURE YOU WILL BE HAPPY WHEN OLD

If you wish to be happy when you are old, you must finance your old age. If possible save enough to keep you from being dependent, so that you may never know how bitter the bread, and how steep the stairs in another man's house.

the sea hour after hour from one of the arms of the narrow cove; saw the sun go down evening after evening, and no sign of the man she lov- ed. At last one afternoon as to the west, in a blaze of scarlet and saffron, of purple and pink, the ho- ribile and the sea lit up in the swift-passing twilight of the tropics, a canoe with Diego was de- scribed. She knew not whether to go or to follow her kindly, then went straight to the Admiral on his ship to make his report. But the Admiral knew already of the news. For in sufficient quantities, bought with tramp meat, things had been coming in from the opposite shores with which Diego had traded. Don Christopher shook Diego by the hand warmly, and thanked him.

"The go, " said the young man; " she is waiting for me. I promised her..."

"It is best so, as I told you before, my son, no man can go away," said Columbus calmly. "Neither you nor I wanted this, and we strove against it. But it cannot be helped. You may stay aboard."

"It won't be for long," thought the Admiral, but wrote the word right into his heart with blood.

With mixed feelings, for present gladness was tainted with fear and doubt as to what the future might bring, Diego hastened back to Anconanoa. There was no sort of Arawak wedding feast. Already she looked upon herself as his wife.

CHAPTER FOUR

DIEGO GOES

HERE is no other way," said the Admiral.

Diego was thoughtful. Much was being asked of him, but he was pledged to duty. Then he glanced at Anconanoa, and his heart sank.

"I think the great moon of the tropics silvery forest and sea, dimming the flashes of emer- o light from the treetops that formed among the thick trees beneath whose branches the two adven- turers stood, with the girl not far from them. They spoke to each other in that, so that she could not understand. They had drawn away from the rest of their fellow, those the Admiral did not wish to know the ideas he had in mind.

"There is no other way, Diego, and this is a de- sert. Not even, God knows. Yet who can suc- ceed, if not you? You could sail in one of our best canoes to the eastern tip of this island, then push off to Spain; by Our Lady's help you will arrive safely. The chief here will give us paddlers; Ana- cananoa will help us to that. Then you must go to the Governor in Spain and send me a ship, otherwise we must perish here.

"I repeat, there is no other way..."

"I see that, Lord Admiral," replied Diego slowly; "but I would rather I could go on to Spain with your letters. Why shouldn't I return?"

"Because, Diego, you are not only my son, but my own brother, whom I can trust to take my letters to Spain. And my brother is older than you and not as likely to go on such a mission. Tell me, my son, is it not because of this woman that you wish to come back?"

"I care for her, Admiral, and she loves me. And now it would be a crime to leave her forever. Look, she is starting at us now as though she knew what we are talking about, though that is not pos- sible."

And, indeed, Anconanoa was gazing at them, a rapturant sense of something concerning her life in her eyes.

"Take her with you," said Don Christopher suddenly; "she may be of help. I feel that she will gladden you."

"There is her child," murmured Diego; "her lit- tle daughter."

"The child has grandparents, and you will come back to this country from Spain, Diego, you and she. I shall see that you have a position here; our sovereigns will not refuse me that. But if you wish to leave her behind..."

"I will give her the choice, Admiral; and I will leave it to your men to say if any of them will go to Espanola instead of me. You do not object?"

"No," said the Admiral with a little smile, for he knew that with Diego put the question to the other soldiers would be none to choose the peril of a long sea voyage in an open canoe to Espanola. They would gladly leave the honour and the danger to the intrepid young man. And so it was as Columbus had thought, when, next day, Diego asked who would sail on the Admiral's mission. But he too had known beforehand what the decision would be.

Anconanoa had guessed that something was afoot; but had asked no questions. These strangers were known to her as the men who had come to her at the plot on the island, and with them she was good; and would be great among the strangers' sons and her own people also; he would rule the villages from west to east and their objects would be subject to him. She had been to Fili-Fili, and there had, indeed, this girl. Something was stirring in her blood, the fiendish, conquering Carib strain... and it affected her brain.

Diego came to her after his speech to his com- rades: he took her aside, to a little glade among the trees, and put his arm around her waist and drew her to him.

"I am going away, Anconanoa," he said to her; "I am going across the seas, to get help for my chief. I may be many, many moons away."

"Do you come back with the help?" she queried, a frightened look creeping into her eyes."

"No, but I shall come back some time after he leaves; and I many others."

"And me; what about me? Do I remain here alone?"

"But -"

"Why can't I come with you, Diego? Why do you wish to leave me?"

"I do not wish to leave you, Anconanoa; but the way is long and over the water, and the perils are many, may be."

"I shall wait to die, too, if you do. And if you go alone I shall never know what has become of you. Take me, Diego.""

And your little girl?

"She will be safe with my father. And I love you better than I love her."

"If she should say, carissima, he replied, and thought she did not know what was to come; she felt and believed it was a term of endurance.

The next day they started. There were six In- dians with them to do the paddling. Her father took stoical leave of her, as did her mother. There was, forced, no fuss whatever about her going, among her own people. As for the Spaniards, they thought it only natural that Diego should take his woman with him, since she was so good-looking; but there was one of them, Captain Francisco de Porras, who showed jealousy.

"Why not stay behind with me? he asked Ana- cananoa as she was waiting to embark; surely I am as good a sailor as you."

He had seated her by the arm and was laughing away at her face, when she whispered something to him, and then before he could seize her again he found himself in the grip of Diego Mendez.

"Look, Francisco," Diego growled; "I am the Admiral's servant, and he wants no brawling among us. Besides, we may never meet again.

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ANACANO

(Continued from Page 27)
again, here or in Espanola or in Spain, and the girl may be there too—who knows? Until then—"

"You are mere carrion," scoffed Diego, and walked off.

Indians and Spaniards alike watched his canoes disappear from sight.

The Admiral, worried, disappointed, looked haggard when he was told some days later that Diego and the Indians were entering the bay. He had hoped, of course, that Diego had not gone to Espanola after all! This was terrible. He hurried out of his improvised canoes and joined the party in the bay and in a few minutes his emissary was telling him a story of frustration and failure.

"We sailed to the east," said Diego; "but we were captured by a powerful cacique and his men, on one of our landings. That night we were bating what should be done with the stores we had, and they had made up their minds to kill us. Anaca- noa overheard this. She crept out of the hut into which they had put us; she guarded the entrance only, and so I cut a hole in the rear wall with my knife for her to creep through. She insisted on it: she is a brave and loyal girl, Admiral.

"Yes, my son, I know; but go on with your story.

"She listened outside the chief's house and heard them talking. She came back and told us their plan; it seems that they could not agree about the details of it. We waited for no more. We stole out of the hut by the hole, and went quickly but quietly to where I had left my canoe when I landed in that part of the country. It was safe. We embarked; and here we are. I have failed."

"It is not your fault, Diego. You can always be trusted to do your best.

The young man flushed with pleasure at this praise. "I have a plan, Admiral," he said.

"Yes?

"I will go again to the eastern end of the is- land by water, and from there I will strike across to Espanola. But along the coast line you should send a body of armed men to prevent any of these savages from putting out to capture me before I arrive. I have come from the Jamaica shore. Can this be done?"

"Admirably suggested," cried Don Christopher. "Without you, Diego, we should not be saved. It shall be as you say.""

"The other thing, Admiral.

"Yes, my son?"

"Anacanaa"

"Whatever you wish."

"She must not go with us this time. It is going to be too terrible hard for men; it would be much worse for a woman. She will understand that now. But I am asking you to promise me two things: one is that you will see she is not molested by any of our people— I would especially mention Francisco de Porras."

"A villain at heart, Diego; he and his brother."

You know it! The next thing is that when you leave this country you shall bring her with you. Bring her to Spain, her and her little child. I shall be there. If, through the good influence of Our Lady of the Sea, I am successful. In any case she must not be left behind when you go, Admiral, for she would pine and die, I know. You will promise?"

"Wendily, Diego, and all the more so because she was not really married to that fellow. Cotahan."

Which remark showed the Admiral to be something of a casuist.

Diego left his presence with a feeling of relief. It would be some time before Anacanaa could join him in Spain, but that reunion was now certain if he should achieve the hazardous journey to Espanola. And he was too brave and young and hopeful to doubt that he would.

What would he do with Anacanoa in his own country? He did not yet face that question square- ly; but at the back of his mind was the idea that they would not be long in Spain, that they might return to this part of the world, that he might then be given a high position in and over this Island, as the Admiral had promised. He might be his own-gover- nor, and she, a chief's daughter, would make the submission of the people all the easier. And if she had this he sheltered over prophesying. . . . Vague- ly he wondered what little creature would look like.

He went straight to her to tell her of his plan. And this time Anacanoa had to yield to his decision without much argument.

He would not risk her life on an expedition which even she would find hard and difficult, but assured her; she would follow him with the Admiral, whose word could be trusted. There was only one little bother.

"Is nothing!" she exclaimed. "He is nothing here. He is under your great chief, and if he at- tempted to lay hands on me my own people would

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But he found his voice as the canoe slipped by and called out to her: "We shall meet again in a little, corazón-de-mi-almir!"

He heard no answer.

Days passed, the Admiral's brother and his band of armed men returned.

"We saw them depart safely from the extreme eastern end of the island," reported Bartholomew Colines, "we waited until there was no possibility of their being pursued. Then we came back."

"You spoke to Diego before you sailed for E- spanola?" questioned Don Christopher.

"I did. He had nothing to say. But he bade me remind you to take good care of Anacanaa."

"He seems to love her," mused the Admiral. "I must ask the friar with us to instruct her in the principles of our holy faith, and to baptize her. She will thus leave this country a Christian."

"That will be splendid," agreed Bartholomew."

"I shall see to it at once. Happily, the good father knows enough of her language."

So when Francisco de Porras approached Anaca- noa a couple of days after, intent upon curtiling, he found her under the tutelage of a priest who frowned at his interruption. He laughed and swag- gered away. There were other girls in the village
and the neighbourhood. And some of the Spaniards were already, though surreptitiously, forming hiais with these.

CHAPTER FIVE.

THE MUTINY.

"My child, I cannot tell you. But I believe that if you have learned nothing else than that many moons, Diego is safe and well. He is under the special protection of our Blessed Mother."

"It is weary waiting," moaned Anacona.

"For both of us," sighed the Admiral. "And I am sick and old."

He was lying on his bed in the thatched structure on the Nina's deck which he called his cabin. Fever had prostrated him, but not to the extent of all his men; and the last few months had elapsed since Diego Mendez had sailed in a treuil vessel for the shores of Espanola. No word had come from him. And the men outside were saying that Mendez was dead.

He might be. Who could be certain he was not? But who could be certain that he was, thought the man whose faith and indomitable perseverance had led to the discovery of a new world? How long as there was a glimmer of hope he would not despair. Besides, there was this girl to comfort; and during these months she had in her turn been a comfort to him.

She was the only woman allowed to enter the Admiral's cabin as he lay confined within its narrow space. He looked upon her in the light of a daughter now.

"There is something I have to tell you," said Anacona; "there is danger being prepared for you."

"I seem to have known hardly anything else these many years, my child. What is it?"

She lowered her voice. "Francisco Porras and his brother plan to take your canoes, with some of the crew, and set sail for the place they call Espanola. They may attack you. They have been talking about it for some days."

"How do you know this?" harshly demanded the Admiral, half rising from his recumbent position.

"Francisco had been drinking much when he came boasting to me today what he was going to do. He said I should go with him. I spurned him. He warned me that he would kill me if I told you what he had said. He swore that Diego is dead."

"Diego is not dead," cried Columbus; "but Francisco and his worthless brother may be if they persist in their treason. Go back now to your fatherland quickly; you must not be here when I deal with these men. I will send for you when I want you. And when the ship comes for me, you will go with me as my daughter. Send my brother here."

She was the Admiral at this command. It was New Year's Day, though she knew nothing of the white man's holidays and festivals. The sky was brilliant with great stars which seemed more thickly strewn about the floor of heaven in these cooler months than when the summer's heat was smiting the land and the sun ruled with fiery splendour. The atmosphere was cool, delicious, and the odour of the smoothing had dispelled the all-spice indigenous to the country, pervaded everything, its very leaves aromatic. She turned her eyes towards a spot where a group of men stood talking.

Francisco de Porras, his sword unsheathed, was already on the Nina's deck. "I must see the Admiral at once," he thundered, "I have to tell him—"

"What, Francisco?"

The white-haired discoverer had appeared at the doorway of his cabin. With a mighty effort he had risen from his bed of illness. "Is this mutiny, Francisco?" he demanded, his eyes narrowed and his tones suffused with indignation.

"We want to return to Spain," blustered Porras.

"We have been here six months, and there is no word from Espanola. Diego Mendez is either dead, or has left us in the lurch. You have canoes; we can get away in them. You are staying here because you are in disgrace in Castle and are afraid to go back: you want us to live and die here. I give you a chance to come with us; but if you choose to stay, we go. Speak at once!"

"Francisco—"

"For Spain, for Spain!" shouted Francisco de Porras, who wished for nothing less than that Don Christopher should sail with him. His plot was to represent the Admiral as distrusts of keeping them forcibly in the island. He beckoned to a few of his men who now sprang on the ship at his gesture crying, "We are for Castle! we are for Castle!"

(Continued on Page 46)
When I showed Mr. Owen Turvill the picture of Ellis crossing the street with a mass of vehicles bearing down upon him, Owen asked—

"Am I the vehicles?"

A matter of fact, Ellis Levy has no better life than Owen Turvill. And because Owen knows this he could ask the question I have recorded. But the question itself was illustrative of Owen's comprehension of a certain salient aspect of his own disposition: for every now and then Owen is anxious to know whether it is a private affair or would be permitted to take a hand in it? Not waiting for an answer, but assuming the affirmative, he leaps into the arena and with a terrific warcry he immediately begins to lay on upon all sides, his bitter complaint being that there are not enough people to fight. He ought, think some, to have made a host of venemous enemies in Jamaica. Obviously he has not.

On more than one occasion, on many an occasion, like a bolt from the blue, has Owen descended upon me to do battle, and it has been usually in a case in which I felt that I ought to fight; so I naturally was obliged to suspect this, for everybody says I am, though they also generously add that I am not quarrelsome. There is a difference, for instance, between fighting and a quarrel. Owen, for instance, is distinctly belligerent but he isn't really quarrelsome. He is fighting, not nagging, he is out for a war, not merely to indulge in a display of nurtured unspeakable malice. I never mind a scrap with Owen, though at times, for the moment, I am right enough annoyed. He never makes me bitter, though he undoubtedly stirs in me a hereditary desire to beat him to a frazzle— which is exactly how he feels about me. Even while he is engaged in an effort to prove to the world, from some public point of view, I must necessarily be a villain because he takes a different point of view, we can meet quite often and be still the personal friends we were; indeed, the moment we meet the old friendship is re-established.

I am afraid that Owen is by no means playful when it comes to controversy. At any rate, not more playful than a bulldog who has got his teeth into another dog and is doing his best to pull that other down. But he is not mean and malicious, not a hypocrite, not treacherous; therefore he makes a clean fighter. And you will find him fighting in the stake not long ago because I had offended against some holy (and obsolete) economic law in which he fervently believes. Men of this sort cannot be satisfied, even though they till doomsday; I understand them pretty well, and a good comprehension of the other man's character makes a great deal of difference in your attitude towards him. Owen was born to head charges and even to be leader of forlorn hopes; like the warhorse in the Book of Job, he smelteth the battle from afar, he lifteth up his head and cries "ah, ah!" He is, so to speak, always crying "ah, ah." He ought to be Irish. He is, instead, English. But surely his name came originally from France? I feel certain that one of Owen's ancestors fought at Agincourt and was the first to attack the patiently waiting English. Owen was in the cavalry, of course; you could never imagine him a passive infantryman in that particular encounter. Centuries later, at Waterloo, he may have fought on foot, but when Wellington cried, "Up, guards, and at them!"—how many could possibly have heard those words with all that noise about?—Owen was the first to leap forward. He did not know it. It was of him that Macaulay wrote these lines:

The Sery Turvill comes
With his clarion and his drum.

Macaulay knew Owen well.

You see it all in his face. I once attended a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce at which was present Mr. W. E. O. Turvill, one of that body's vice-presidents. Mr. Ellis Levy was in the chair, Mr. J. B. Stiven was in attendance also. And lots of other people. It was a full house. In the room before I realized that the meeting was dead set against me, dead against anything I might have to say. Two men there were not; but the other eight or ten had made up their minds that I was wrong if not indeed secondedly poisonous and heretical. Owen showed opposition in every feature of his countenance; I looked at him and read eternal disapproval. I looked at the others, and discerned a ferocious disagreement. I looked toward the door and realized that I could not remove myself at a single leap. I was so situated that I must pass through the ordeal of a sort of adverse eccen-

trical and the curious part of the whole business was that nearly all the present was a personal friend of mine. But it was Owen's face that signaled hostilities most at that moment, though I hardly said a word throughout the entire meeting. I looked at him, I looked at Ellis Levy, I looked at J. B. Stiven; I gazed at all the others; and then when everybody thought I was beaten, I knew I had to fight, and I triumphed gloriously. For it flashed upon me that three illustrated sketches of the three leading men there, all friends of mine, might make an admirable feature. So I am in the issue of Planters' Punch, I laughed aloud, and no one understood why I was so merry at the end!

I have heard many a man say that it does one's business no good to take any part whatever in public affairs. I do not agree. Consider the case of Mr. Owen Turvill; how has he or his business suffered by his participation in matters that concern the island? I admit it would be different if people were talking maliciously, then there would be onomatopoeas and reprints, and no one can face that sort of thing continuously and be successful. But it is the participation in public affairs that does harm, it is the spirit, if an evil spirit, that informs one's activities. If you are a fighter and give heart and honest blood, no one will hate you. But if you are believed to be persistently vitriolic or malcontent, instead of there being hostilities, you will never lack for friends. That is the case with Mr. Turvill.
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ZOMBIES
(Continued from Page 12)

semi-circular formation before the house swept a driving path, down to which, from the verandah, came a broad flight of stone steps with an ornament- al iron balustrade on either side.

This verandah was built high above the ground. It faced the north, it extended round the eastern and western sides of the building. Thus it com- mandcd a considerable view of the surrounding country.

Behind this residence, to the south, rose a high range of mountains.

The man who was smoking could be seen but dimly as he reclined. For all the sound that house, he might have been alone.

At the end of nearly an hour since he had taken up his position in the close-long footsteps sounded on the newly-laid gravel of the carriage-way. The man stirred, then rose. He walked to the verandah’s entrance and waited, peering into the dark. A tall figure detached itself from the surrounding obscuri- ty in less than half a minute and stood below, be- fore him.

"Come inside," he ordered laconically, speaking good English, but with a slightly foreign accent.

Both passed into the sitting room. The light fell full upon them, and the contrast between the two men was immediately apparent.

It was not a contrast of colour. Both were black; though even a casual observer would at once have noticed a difference in the texture of their skins. The man who had just entered was of a coarse integument which matched his heavy, unpre-possessing features. He was a big fellow; tall, and broad in proportion; not more than forty-five years of age, with big, heavy nose, beetling brow, eyes rather small for his large head and set too closely together. The chin receded a little; but this, in- stead of giving the face an appearance of weakness, lent to it an expression of pugnacity which fitted in with the indications of his eyes and lips. He was dressed in a jacket and trousers of dark tweed, the suit having evidently been fashioned by some nondescript town tailor; but it was not the sort of garb that the poorer classes could afford to wear. His feet were shod with a stout pair of black boots; his soft white shirt was crowned with a collar a lit- tle soiled, and round this he wore a ready-made black bow tie of ancient lineage. He carried a black bowl- er hat in his hand. Anyone who knew the Jamaica countryside and its customs would have guessed that he had been attending that day or night some sort of special function.

At this moment, under the lights, he looked anxious, even nervous.

The other man was short, sturdy, thick-set, sa- ble in complexion, but with a skin as smooth and fine as velvet. It shone as though it had been polished. Pull out firm lips, the lower lip slightly pro- truberant, both closed together in an expression of habitual determination, were set above a square and ruddy chin. The cheek bones were high, the eyes of normal size and well placed, with scanty eye- brows. There seemed nothing about them at first glance; but now, as they were fixed upon the newcomer, they flashed, and at once the whites of them were suffused with red, as though the veins had become suddenly charged with blood. And, in- deed, there was always more than a suggestion of crimson about those eyes, contrasting sharply at times with their pupils of piercing black.

But it was this man’s nose and the upper part of his head that drew attention at once. The nose rose high and aquiline, hinting at some Eastern ancestor, Arab or Indian. No first-line blood, but proclaiming such a relationship. And the head was like a dome. Balance had been left at work upon that skull for some time now, the hair left was scanty and arranged like a sort of fringe. But it seemed fine and soft though it curled, and glittered as though oiled. One might imagine a semihalo of gleaming jet.

A striking, commanding figure in repose, was this man with the foreign accent. He looked no older than fifty; in reality he was sixty years of age. His hands and feet were small, even delicate; he was dressed in a well-cut suit of white, and his shoes were white, but one incongruous article of his apparel on him was the silk necktie he wore. That was of vivid scarlet—an offense against good taste. He noticed at once the other one’s anxious demeanour. "Sit down," he said briefly.
to give the police a hold on you. I cannot have my servants suspected."

Jerome evidently did not like to hear himself described as a servant; a shade of resentment swept over his face. "No, my other man saw it, and looked square into his eyes.

"I have use for you living," he said calmly; "but I don’t like you dead. You know that. Do you prefer to serve me living or dead?"

Jerome was seized with a sudden panic. "This is an awful threat. I am obeying you in everything you order, General," he cried. "Why do you doubt me?"

"You Jamaicans are not used to obedience, I fear. You think you can do what you please so long as you escape being discovered by your police or trapped by your law. I am accustomed to absolute obedience, and must have it; besides, what you can hide from your Government—which is a joke—you can never hide from me. I find out everything. Do you grasp that?"

He was studying every alteration of expression in Jerome’s face. He saw and understood the question in the man’s brain through the look in his eyes. He felt that this was the proper moment to demonstrate his claim to be able to read other people’s thoughts.

"You are wondering," he added, "why I, who claim so much power, should have had to leave my own country. Perhaps you have heard that I was compelled to leave. Well, what does that mean? How do you know that I did not arrange it so; how do you know that I cannot go back when I wish? Can’t you see, my good man, that if I can kill as I choose, and raise the dead, I can also compel the living, even if they be members of a Government, Haitian or other? You do not know anything about me; but I think you realise how dangerous it is to doubt or disobey me. You have worked well up to now. Continue to do so."

"General," whimpered Jerome, "I am afraid."

"There’s nothing to fear, except myself."

"But everybody in this parish, everybody in the island, will be looking for the little girl. And when one, two, three people die suddenly, and then are seen even in the day by any number of men and women, I can tell you one thing more," Jerome added abruptly.

"Thompson was like a madman at the grave. When we filled it in with dirt and put flowers on it, he raised his hands to heaven and swore that he would never rest till the men from Hayti who had killed his child were in the grave themselves. He said openly, he didn’t care who heard him. Mr. Joselyn was standing beside him, and gripped his arm when he cried out. So I think Mr. Joselyn must have heard too.

A little flutter of his eyelids would have indicated to a very close observer that this last piece of information had disturbed the strange looking man who had more than once been addressed as General. There was now a note of anger in his voice as he spoke.

I suspected that someone would talk, and again it is Thompson. He said too much yesterday. Joselyn’s child disappeared, and punishment fell upon him. Evidently he has not learnt his lesson yet."

"You’re going to...?" Jerome’s voice sank, and, though he usually was a rough, domineering character, there was terror in it.

"It is a wonder you are not a member of six,“ sneered the other man, who seemed amused, but he thought a moment, “if you should hear anyone asking about my religion,” he resumed, “you might say I am a Roman Catholic and therefore cannot attend Protestant services. Most of the people in this country are Protestant.”

"Yes, sir."

"Then they will be satisfied with that explanation. As to their seeing dead men walking in the daytime—that no one will see again. There was no other way yesterday; it will be different in the future."

"It is only ten o’clock,” he continued abruptly, dismissing the subject on which they had been talking. “We have another couple of hours to wait."

Jerome nodded. He had been waiting for this turn to the conversation, and waiting with dread.

"You are frightened, my friend; but all will be safe. Go and sit on the verandah; but first have a drink. You prefer rum, as usual?"

The General rapped on the table; a tall woman, patently a foreigner, came into the room. She bore on a tray a bottle of rum and two glasses; she must have been waiting in the adjoining room for the signal to bring these things in. Her eyes were wide open and seemed unseen, her step was mechanical, she might have been made of material other than human flesh, and moved by levers.

(Continued on Page 35)

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ZOMBIES

(Continued from Page 55)

There was something uncanny about her appearance. Her lips were drawn partly open, and between them her teeth gleamed white. But her eyes it was that held and startled those that might see her, for they were not the eyes of the living.

Jerome glanced at her swiftly, then turned away his head with a sharp movement. Fear shook him, in the pit of his stomach was a sensation of nausea, his teeth chattered. And he was not a squeamish man.

The tray with the things it contained were placed on the table, the creature turned and paced slowly out of the room. Jerome suddenly became aware that he was being laughed at.

"And you, you have been practising what you call obeah for these ten years!" cried the General. "You have been inducing the foolish people around here to believe that you have power to protect them from injury—for money. You have talked to them about ghosts, about the dreadful ones, about magic spells and mysterious omens; you have come to be regarded as a man to be feared and propitiated, while all the time being a pillar of the church and respected as a person of property. And yet you tremble at—what? Answer!"

"That thing wasn’t living," gasped Jerome, swallowing avidly the neat rum poured out for him.

"No," agreed the Hayitan simply; "she is dead. And yet she lives, you see, because I will it. And you also see, don’t you, that men like you, wizards as you profess to be, are merely frauds. You know nothing, can do nothing, can only cheat. I control elemental forces; I have the secret of life and death!"

"And so, henceforth, men and women like you, and all others, will be subject to me. For that I am in Jamaica. I shall be your real ruler; my right comes from my power, from the authority I establish over people, over the dead as well as the quick. I shall rule in this country under the very eyes of your Government, and among the police will be my adherents. Who can check me? Who can prevent? Who can know? A few months hence, at a word from me, every labourer in any part of this island will lay down his tools though his employer may be ruined. At another word from me they will all return to their tasks without a murmur. I will be a Labour Leader, if they choose to call me so; that is how I may openly appear. But my hold on the people will be supernatural; they will regard me as a god and will obey unquestioningly, I shall be their Master."

He had only an audience of one. He knew that this fellow Jerome already held him in wondering awe and dread. But so great was the man’s vanity, so overpowering his urge to impress others, to talk about himself and his power and his plans, to speak his own praise, that even the impostor before him was welcomed in the capacity of auditor. General Alexis Sam—for that was the Hayitan’s name—could be reticent, self-contained, silent for days, even weeks, then he would be seized by an irresistible craving to compel admiration, veneration, worship, fear. He must strut and display himself at times before some sort of audience, whatever the risk might be. He must boast, though that should kill him. He would not restrain himself.

But he felt assured that now he ran no risk. This man was entirely under his thumb; this Jerome knew that his life was at his master’s disposal. He had seen the dead brought back to life and to see yet stranger things.

The General lapsed into silence, and took Jerome out to the verandah, where he made him sit in an easy chair. The night was dark; no moon, and the stars were hid by thin floating veils of cloud. It was close and warm, and the countryside slept, and the evergreen trees stood motionless, and the crickets and other night insects punctuated the darkness with their peculiar sounds. About midnight the General rose out of his reclining chair; he called to Jerome. “Have another stiff drink,” he counselled; “you may need it. The car is at the back of the house; Pierre Nord will join us there. You know the way to the cemetery and can drive; take us there as quietly as possible. The grave-earth is loose; I have in the car implements needed for opening the grave and raising the coffin to the surface. Also the screwdrivers for the coffin. It will be a mere nothing to open the grave, take the body of the girl out of the coffin, put back the coffin and cover it again. We will not destroy the flowers on the grave, but remove and replace them. No one will suspect tomorrow—not even Thompson or his wife—that the grave has been disturbed.

“Pierre Nord will assist you; the two of you will be sufficient for the work. He knows all about it; he is stronger even than you are. I shall wait for you in the car.

“I want you to get all this distinctly,” he con-
tinued after a pause, “for there must be no talking when we arrive at the cemetery; no voices must be heard; if by any chance anyone should be near, voices might be identified. As much silence as possible there. There will be no need for talk or for any directions if you know in advance exactly what there is to do.”

He paused again for a moment to let his words sink in.

“Ready?” Jerome nodded his head, not able to articulate.

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CHAPTER FOUR.

WHO WAS HE?

The parish of St. Ann rises steeply from the sea-shore into high ranges of mountains interspersed with stretches of rolling countryside carpeted with glistening grass. Its extended coastline curves into little bays and are indented by sheltered coves; its narrow margin of beach is beaten incessantly by waves rolling shoreward from the blue and purple deep upon whose surface shimmers like silver the tall of some passing boat, and on which are seen, in the middle distance, the white ships that take fruit to distant countries.

Built on these hills and through these and within sight of the sea runs the great road that winds for hundreds of miles around the island's coast. Behind these towns and the road are villages, townships, small settlements of people, with highways connecting them, with schools, churches, sometimes police stations; and everywhere are the properties of cattle, pimento, citrus fruit also, with sugar cane on the restricted lowlands and some farms of bananas. And through woods and over the mountains pass narrow trails or paths.

A part of Jamaica this, renowned for its sylvan beauty, celebrated too for its neat, orderly appearance, its fenced cattle pens, its tended pastures. The rivers flowing down its high mountain sides and through its forests are easy to ford, its waterfalls flash into lovely colours as they tumble over the rocks, its air is stimulating, its soil almost always refreshed by grateful rain. Its inhabitants call St. Ann the Garden of Jamaica. Into this garden a serpent of evil had entered.

About four months before the disappearance of the Josleys' baby a foreigner had come to the parish, had travelled over it looking for a suitable residence with land attached, and had finally decided upon purchasing Mount Inferno, so called because of its wild background of mountains and because also of its steepness and the difficulty of gaining access to it in former times. The Spanish owners of Jamaica had first given this part of St. Ann the name which had become transferred and confined to the property in later days, just as on the hill over whose shoulder the traveller must pass in going into St. Ann from the south-eastern side of the island they had bestowed the name of Devil's Mountain or Mount Diabolo, on account of the awful toil and the danger entailed by its negotiation in an age when white men went about on foot or only with the aid of horses.

The new purchaser of Mount Inferno may have taken an ironical delight in its name, which, as he knew, had existed before he was born. But a name alone would not have decided him; it was only after he had looked over several other unoccupied premises that he had made his choice, and that choice was decided only after he had explored the country and the hillsides around with a good deal of care and with the assistance of one of the men who had come with him from his own island of Haiti. He was attended by no one else. He was looking for something that, he believed, he must find in Jamaica, which was much of the same geological formation as his own country. He had been to Jamaica more than once before, knew well its history, had visited parts of it to which few if any of the local people ever went. On those former visits he had not imagined that he would return to the island to live. But Haiti had now become to him a place of residence forbidden, though the embargo had been secretly imposed.

Who exactly was he?

"What we know about him," said the head of Jamaica's Police Force to Hubert Joselyn, in the office of the former in Kingston, "is not to his credit; indeed it stamps him as a dangerous man. But all that does not connect him with the strange disappearance of your little girl in such a way as to warrant our arresting him. There is, of course, Thompson's story about being bribed by this man to steal your child; but it is Thompson's word against his, and who would believe that this foreign General could actually have sent a dead man to your place to kidnap a baby? You see, Mr. Joselyn, how foolish the whole thing sounds?"

"There was no reason why Thompson should lie, Inspector-General; had he not been offered money to steal Rose, why should he have made this charge?"

"He might have a grudge against the Haitian: that is at least quite likely."

"His own daughter is dead."

"Of heart failure, the doctors say, and at once we hear from Thompson again about a prowling dead man and the sinister Haitian. Whatever happens, your man is inclined to impute it to this Haitian."

"You don't believe, then, that this fellow, Alexis Sam, has anything to do with all the hell we are having now in St. Ann?" demanded Hubert.

"I wouldn't say that; the truth is that I do. We have learnt something about him in the last two weeks: we had heard something before."

"Will you tell me what?"

"In the circumstances I believe I am justified, Mr. Joselyn. Alexis Sam—fancy some of these Haitians have—a direct descendant of one of the first Haitians who fought under Dessalines to free their country from the French. He did not favour the pacific methods of Toussaint L'Ouverture; he believed in exterminating the whites, razing the cities they had built, rooting them out of Haiti altogether. This was Dessalines' own policy; the man who so strenuously seconded it naturally soon rose in his favour. This man became a general of the Haitian army of liberation, he was given great grants of land, he hoarded wherever and whatever he could. It is believed that thus he acquired the immense wealth which his family have conserved to

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this day, for in money matters they have always been prudent."

"Yes, Alexis Sam seems to be well off," commented Josteyls.

"He is more than well off; he is very rich. His father and grandfather, became aristocrats in Hayti after its freedom from the French; attached themselves to the army. They were generals. Under Dessalines the family's founder was made a count; Dessalines, as you know, became the first Emperor of the North of Hayti. The name Sam they took, Heaven only knows why, the title they had to drop when all Hayti was united under a republic. But they remained top-dogs and very formidable persons in their own territory; and the last of them, our present suspect, was sent away when a boy to be educated in France and in England. He was well educated too. I am told he is a Greek and Latin scholar, that he speaks German quite well, and Spanish; and we all know that he speaks English as well as we do. He studied medicine in Paris; holds a doctor's diploma from England also; evidently a wonderful sort of a man. But a devil."

"That is the part about him I want to hear," said Josteyls tonelessly.

"It is said that while he was out of his own country he visited Africa and there mixed much with the heads of secret societies whose cult is a mixture of Satanism and murder. That, at any rate, is the story which the Haytian Government tells, though not loudly. When he went back to Hayti, after his education and his travels, he plunged at once into the practice of magic, of voodoo, thus setting against him all the people of his own class, who were shocked that a man of his learning and position should join hands with the terrible men and women who plague the lives of the superstitious peasantry and rule them as the Government itself is never able to do.

"But they soon came to fear him. They found that those who offended him, who affronted his self-esteem or wounded his pride might soon suffer some awful misfortune. In one huge district he had organised the whole voodoo fraternity, and these priests and priestesses, each a small potentate, gave him unquestioning obedience, recognised him as their master. That had never been known before. But Hayti was in a troubled condition in those days, and as a rule this man, Sam, stood by the side of the Government that was actually in being. That helped him."

"He loved blood. There were rumours about his ruthlessness and cruelty all over Hayti; they said that he gloated on the suffering, mental and physical, of his enemies. All this may be exaggeration, of course, but it is certain that in 1915, when the then President of Hayti, realising that his downfall was at hand, determined to slaughter his political prisoners in the big jail of Port-au-Prince, Sam was one of those who directed the massacre. The infuriated mob tore the President to pieces; Sam escaped. But it was years before he could venture to return to Hayti. In that interval he was in Jamaica for some months. But nothing extraordinary was imputed to him here.

"With the Americans in charge of Hayti he managed to go back at last; he could claim that he had merely acted under orders from the President whose officer he had been. But after a while strange stories about him again began to get about in Hayti, and after the withdrawal of the Yankee soldiers these stories grew more frequent. Then--"

The narrator appeared to hesitate. Hubert Josteyls noticed this. "Then..." he prompted, "Tell me exactly what happened."

"A white child, a German's child, disappeared from its home in Port-au-Prince one day."

"But it was found," continued the Inspector-General hastily; "it was found. It had undoubtedly been kidnapped, but its disappearance was discovered almost immediately, and the gendarmes scouring the neighbourhood and, by good luck, came upon a man who was taking the child out of the city at early dawn. He had to conceal it, you see, for some hours; that delay assisted the searchers."

"Whereas Rosa was kidnapped in the country, where a man might choose unfrequented paths, and in any case would not excite any notice or comment anywhere if he were seen with a white child," muttered Hubert.

"The child was safe," the Police chief continued. "The man was arrested and put in jail. But before he could be examined he died—of poison. He died within a few hours. His jailer was suspected, but there was no proof against him. He was dismissed, however."

"So the man had no opportunity of confessing?"

"None. But the Haytian authorities knew he had been one of Sam's servants, so they decided to act at once. They sent for Sam. They told him they desired no scandal, but that a sentence of exile had been pronounced against him. He must go, or they would find some means to deprive him of his property and wealth; it was even hinted to him that, though there might be no legal evidence against him, his life might not be safe. There were some prominent people in the capital who had lost relatives through as, they believed, the agency of Alexis Sam; these would risk all the terror of his occult powers to kill him if once they understood that the Government would not be keen to find out}
the cause of his death. He took the hint and came to Jamaica. Here he has lived, apparently, like any other law-abiding person."

"It is two weeks since Rose disappeared. Do you think, Inspector-General, that she is dead?"

The officer looked frankly into the drawn, haggard face of the young father. He wanted to impress upon him that he was speaking the truth. "No," he replied; "and I will tell you why. As you know, we sent a man over to Hayti by plane to gather information, and he learnt among other things that when these evil priests steal a child for their rites, they never . . . . they keep it for some time safely. It may be two months, it may be a month; but for some time at least the child is safe. I want you to hang on to that."

"Thank you; I am glad at least to have something to hope for. And now, what is your next step?"

"What do you suggest we should do, Mr. Josey-

len? We cannot arrest this Haytian, you know; we have nothing against him actually. My detectives have been spying upon him but they have learnt nothing."

"What about a search warrant? After all, you have Thompson’s statement, and that is something. This man’s place should have been searched the very day Rose disappeared; but your police hesitat-
ed and have delayed since then. Even now you hesi-
tate, though you at last have got some damning in-
formation about the man. Why not search his place? My child must be somewhere—if she is still alive!"

"The search may result in nothing; but we can make it. Unfortunately, it may only put the old devil upon his guard," replied the policeman.

"But we must do something, man, don’t you see? If it were your child—"

"I understand, Mr. Joseylen. And now I will question your foreman."

The Inspector-General rang a bell, a smart-look-
ing policeman appeared instantly, saluted, wheeled sharply round and left the room to summon Thomp-
son, who had like his master been summoned to Kingston to see the head of the island’s Police.

The Inspector-General glanced keenly at the man. He saw a decidedly clothed person of military bearing, the face that of a fighter, open and hon-
est, the eyes holding a smoldering hate. He knew the type. He had met it in the Force. A very seri-
sous kind of man who could be depended upon to do his duty, but who had little mercy to show to any-

one who crossed him."

"Have you anything to tell us, Thompson?" asked

the inspector-General; "I have had your story from Mr. Joseylen."

"Yes, Inspector.

"Go on!"

"Yesterday after the squire have come to Kingston, where I was to follow him today, I took a thought, and I asked some of my friends to help me. We went to the grave of me poor daughter and opened it. The body was not in the coffin."

"Good God! I hadn’t thought of having that done!" exclaimed the policeman. "We must open every other grave the occupant of which is supposed to be walking about. This is no longer mere superstition we are dealing with; it’s some-
thing else. And your daughter, Thompson, er, well, has anything been heard of her?"

"Nobody seen her if that is what you mean, Ins-

pector; nobody seen her once. But I believe that if you open other graves you won’t find the bodies in them either. They are all gone."

"This Haytian is a doctor," mused the Inspector-

General. "Do we have here a case of bodysnatch-

ing for medical purposes?"

"No;" Thompson’s voice was decisive, "No, sir. It’s something more than that."

"You still believe in that zombie theory, then?"

"Mr. Joseylen believes in it too."

"I said I did that day I was looking for Miss Rose, Thompson, but now I am puzzled," Joseylen interrupted. "How should a human body be drawn out of the grave to become a ghost? A spirit— if there be any such thing—is a spirit."

"But a spirit may want a body to do certain things, Squire; and those who can raise the spirit can raise the body too; why not? The body is dead, the spirit don’t die. But the body can be under the control of the brute that rule the spirit. The only thing that bothers me," continued Thompson, wrinkling his brows in thought, "is this: Cecilia was a good girl and she loved Miss Rose. Cecilia was only nineteen; she didn’t do a thing that she could lose her soul for. Then how is it that this Haytian man has managed to get hold of her?"

"Her mother and I talk over that till we tired," the man went on with despair in his voice. "We don’t know what to make of it. Her mother is in bed, sick with fear and grief. She may die herself; I wouldn’t be surprise. All day she do nothing but cry and talk about poor Cecilia."

The Chief of the Police thought it advisable to turn the conversation.

"Well— I said briskly, "we are going to fit Ann to get a search warrant from the Resident Majes-

trate there, and we will search the premises of this

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(Continued on Page 52)
I was in 1909. Mr. J. B. Stiven had been recently married. Mr. and Mrs. Stiven were taking a trip over to Havana. I was on the ship that was carrying them to Havana, and feeling that I was ever so much older than J. B.—in experience, I mean—I made up my mind to look after him, to watch over him, to take care of him, and to bring him back with his better half safe and sound to Jamaica. And I did it. If you doubt it, just call on him any time and see if I did bring him back from Cuba safe and sound.

I wondered what would have happened to him had I not been on that voyage. I shudder to think of it. They might have forcibly dragged him out of the hotel and made him President; they might have taken him to the cuartel and shot him for a spy or simply on general principles; they might have insisted that he should change his religion, which consists in being Scotch, and become a Cuban. He wouldn't have done it. No; J. B. would rather have died or have run—he would have tried running first since one can always die. For J. B. had passed his youth in Scotland, having there been brought up in the fear of the Lord and the worship of Haggis, and no man who has gone through such an experience can easily become a renegade to his faith. Not J. B. anyhow. Scotland has produced some great martyrs and much whisky, and the Scotch have been known to die rather than give up what is dear to them. J. B. would so have died, but there was no necessity. I was with him in the neighbouring republic, and where I was there was safety.

I had known him before. Indeed, now that I come to think of it, I can't remember a time when I didn't know J. B. Stiven. Yet he cannot have been in the island for so long as I have lived; it must simply be that I met him very shortly after he arrived and have known him ever since; and because our first meeting took place a good many years ago I have forgotten just when it was and have gone about with J. B. continually in my mind. Now, why should I have done this? We have been friendly; but we have never piddled in the burn. He has never taken the high road, with me taking the low road, and neither of us have been in Scotland before the other, because we have never been there together. Come to think of it, I don't even know from which part of Scotland J. B. hails. But I do know that when he pays it a periodical visit he looks about him with a proprietary air, which is not at all reciprocated, for they look upon him there as a stranger.

And naturally, for you cannot spend the best part of your life in Jamaica and not become at least largely Jamaican, and you cannot live most of your days out of Scotland and still think you own the Tweed when I was crossing it—and have eaten the haggis in its native haunts. I have tracked the whisky among the dark glens and hobnobbed with Andl Rob Roy: Clan Alpine and I are bosom cronies. I have seen the dagger crest of Mar; I've seen the Moray's silver star. I have attended twelve St. Andrew dinners in Jamaica, spoken at seven of those, and have been tippys at none. The last thing is, of course, disgraceful. No true Scotman can quite forgive me for it. But I feel certain that J. B. remembering our old friendship of the Cuban days, will come as near to forgiveness as any Scotman can.

But here's a coil. The last time I met J. B. before I sat down to compose this poem was at a cocktail party, and there, to my surprise, he told me that he knew I did not like him. I was startled. Did that mean that he didn't like me and so was reflected in my mind and heart feelings that were in his own? But why that thinness? what had I done to him or he to me that there should be dislike between us? I racked my brain; presently it dawned upon me that this remark was a speculation of the palyk humour of Scotland which I had read about but had never understood. I had spent hours and hours in J. B.'s company for years and years, had discussed every subject, and speciality that sacred function known as St. Andrew's Day long before the day itself came round again. J. B. never believed in treating it as a day only, but as a great and reverend and protracted event. It was he who invited me to my first St. Andrew's Dinner; it was I who, from memory once, gave a whole page report of that function in the Glasgow when some reporter failed to put in an appearance, or perhaps was prevented by a body of envious Irish or English from attending. So why should I not like him? Why should he not like me? I do; he does; it was all palyk humour. And now I must get somebody to explain to me what palyk humour is.

J. B. has retained his Scottish accent, and, I think, his Scottish outlook upon life. But this is tempered and modified by the West Indian influence and environment. He has the caution of the Scotman, the perseverence, the democratic outlook. He is a good friend of Owen Turville's, a warm admirer of Ellis Levy's; and the three of them respectively are President and Vice-Presidents of the Chamber of Commerce. I remember that over ten years ago that body attacked me violently but indiately. Ellis Levy was not an executive officer then, and Turville had nothing to do with the organisation—anyhow, he was not more than an ordinary member. J. B. was of the Council, but of all the men who started out to get my scalp, he was one of the fairest; indeed, he didn't make any effort to get my scalp—which was just as well, for I have been semi-bald for years. The amusing part of the business was that I had had nothing to do with the matter that I was being criticised about; so could sit still and grin and wait until the facts were known. I was glad, however, that J. B. was not prominently identified with that onslaught upon me, for, after all, had I not saved him from becoming President of Cuba?

J. B. could have been President of the Chamber of Commerce more than once. Mr. Levy wanted last year to nominate him for the position. But he would not have it; he preferred to support Ellis Levy. He wishes the Chamber to be useful and influential, but he has no personal ambitions. He desires to work, but is content with being less than chief leader. He still always faithfully supports the man who he believes is doing his best in any position. He is very active in spite of his seventy years, and he is honest and trustworthy. He takes a keen interest in Jamaica affairs. So I am glad that I brought him safely back from Cuba some twenty-six years ago.
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ANACANOA
(Continued from Page 39)

Don Christopher was at that moment very near to death.

But now his brother, Bartholomew, came hurrying from the other car, and Bartholomew, like Francisco, held a drawn sword in his hand. "Take the Admiral inside," he shouted to three or four loyal men, and swung to face Francisco. "Aid you get to hell from this deck, or I send you there," he snarled to the leader of the mutineers. "Off now, off you go, you sweepings of the gutter!" For Dios, I will slit you as you stand if you say another word, you dog!"

Francisco sprang back; he knew that Bartholomew was in deadly earnest. He would deal with him another day; he thought; would kill him hereafter, but never before. "For Spain, for Spain!" he cried again, and scrambled aboard. Some fifty men swarmed to his side, "Seize the canoes," he ordered, "and take as much food and water as we can carry. Let us leave the sick and the fools behind." "Let them go," said Bartholomew to the Admiral who lay prostrate on his bed, listening to the wild cries without; "we are better without them. I hope they drown." The rest of the crew looked on, some angry, some in consternation, most with indifference, for many were sick in body and sick in mind also. Food to which they were not well accustomed, strange fowls, weariness, above all a gnawing despair brought about by dreary months of waiting for a deliverance that did not come, had broken the spirit of most of them, so that they cared little about what Francisco de Porras might do. He and his following had already seized ten canoes and had hastily killed them with provisions. They were starting eastward, taking the route which Mendez had taken; one, two, three of them pushed off, then Francisco signalled to two of his men.

These had not yet embarked. Suddenly they ran towards a body of Arawaks standing not far from them, scattered them with a few rough blows, and swung Anacanora on her feet. The surprise was complete. Before she quite knew what had happened she was dumped into a canoe in which sat Francisco de Porras, and his strong arms were holding her down. "Off!" he commanded, and then laughed wolfishly, "So it seems that I have got you at last, Senora Mendez," he mocked.

A long piercing scream broke from Anacanora; she had no doubt what this outrage meant; she uttered the Admiral's name. The Admiral heard her, knew her voice. "Good God, Bartholomew," he gasped, "they are injuring Anacanora or taking her away! I promised Diego to have care of her; and her father is chief of this place. This is terrible. You must stop it, brother; you must rescue this girl at once."

"It is useless," protested Bartholomew, "We cannot fight these men for an Indian girl; even our loyal followers would not do that. They will shed no blood for her."

"I think of her as a child of mine," said Columbus bitterly, "and I promised Diego to bring her with me to Spain."

"You have nothing to blame yourself for, Christopher. And it may be that none of us will ever see Spain again."

He walked out of the cabin. The Admiral struggled to rise again, but fell back exhausted.

Francisco, meantime, was struggling with the girl. She was strong, she fought like a wildcat, biting, scratching, and soon he divined that if once she got free of his hold she would throw herself into the water, dive, and swim half-for- leather to the shore. He laughed as he grasped her intention; but he must still her violent movements or the canoe

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CHAPTER SIX

I WILL LEAD THEM

She watched their preparations with a listless air.

They were a strange party, she thought, and would leave her here, in a part of Jamaica she had never known before, but it was not this that mattered to her. She could get back safely to her own place and people. But they might find Diego and tell him lies about her, and he might never want to see her more.

She was crouching near the shore, sheltered from sight by the tree ferns that grew profusely in the dark, dank forest. Francisco had given up leading her in leASH by now; after a while she had followed blindly. For she had heard talk that they intended to go to Espanola, where Diego had gone, and the mere sound of that word had drawn her like a magnet.

She heard a step on the ground just beyond her shelter. Peeping out, she saw it was made by a Spaniard, one Fernandez, a middle-aged man of kinder disposition than most of the other desperados. He knew some Arawak, and she had by this time picked up some words of Spanish. They had now and then talked with one another; he had long

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might overturn. So he bade one of his men pass him a long coil of cotton rope they had in the canoe, and with this, literally sitting on Acanacana's body, he tied first her legs together, and then her hands behind her. So bound, and stretched out, and held down, she was helpless. True, she could curse him, rail at him, threaten him, even the very sight of Diego.

"Diego is dead," he jeered, and "I am sorry for it for this reason: they will have to cut your flesh until you have got you at last, and I could wish to treat him like the dog he is. I must be content with you alone, as it is.

He was explicit enough for her understanding. And as his men laughed at his salty, Acanacana realized her utter helplessness.

They paddled for miles. At this time of the year muscular exertion in the open was not unpleasant, and these men were glad of labour which they might consider exercise. They knew there was a village in the vicinity of a waterfall which already called themselves the Rouring River, and to which Acanacana had taken her white lover many months before. For this settlement they now made, and when they reached it Francisco at once assumed the air of a master.

He had united Acanacana's feet, but her hands were still bound, and she was led by the cotton rope, a captive. Just before entering the village he bound a piece of coarse native cotton cloth across her mouth.

He summoned the chief man of the place before him; this cacique was independent of Acanacana's father. With the authority of this chief, Francisco, using words of his own invention, said: "I need hats for my people to sleep in to-night," explained Francisco, "and food, and women, for those who want them. Do you understand?"

The cacique glanced at Acanacana, whom he knew, observed her plight, stared at the armed strangers and asked which him to know that I. Women had never been demanded from his people before, and food had always been paid for. He would provide

"The Big Chief," he began, referring to Columbus, but Porras cut him short.

"The Big Chief," he said, with a wicked laugh, "has sent me; I am obeying his commands. This will make it hot in time for Master Christopher," he called out in Spanish to his gang, and they too laughed. It was in for a penny, in a pound with them, and they were bent upon making things as uncomfortable as possible for the Admiral and his comrades whom they had deserted.

"I see you don't believe me," he went on, addressing the chief. "Very well, men, let us give him a touch of discipline. Tie him to that tree!"

They grasped the bewildered, startled Indian; in a trice he was lashed on a log and bound from a heavy stick were showered on his body. "That's how they use 'em, and worse, in Espanola," laughed one of the Spaniards; "shall we light a fire under his feet, Captain Francisco?"

"It might be as well to set a good example at once," agreed Francisco slowly, seeing the eager flame of cruelty lighting up the faces of the brutes who were binding the captive, "shall we light a fire under his feet, Captain Francisco?"

"I could not question him about this, was not given to self-analysis. He had simply want-

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Together they hurried to where Francisco and some of his men stood overlooking the final preparations for their embarkation for Espanola. Indians were sedulously loading the canoes with water and provision—no, they knew that they had been impressed to paddle the strangers a long way over to an island of which they had heard but never seen, and they dare not disobey. At first there had been a refusal; but one of the Spaniards had drawn his sword and swept from his shoulders the head of the man who had first voiced objections. And then, out of sheer deviltry, three other Spaniards had tried the edges of their blades on the necks of some other Arawaks as these had run by them yelling. Six dead bodies had testified to the power and ruthlessness of the masters: after that a feeling of impotent dread and terror had settled upon the people of this village. They were slaves; they must obey any command delivered to them. They were toiling now in utter silence, but their eyes were like those of animals haunted by the fear of death.

"I want to go with you," said Anacanosa, boldly approaching Francisco.

"Do you, do you?" he answered, staring at her.

"But I don't think I need you any longer. Where we are going there are a lot of other girls quite as pretty as you used to be, and they will be glad if I smile at them.

"So here you stay, my girl, which is the place for you. I wonder that you should want to come with me!"

"I can paddle as well as any man; and I have heard how Arty is to be reached; you haven't.

"I don't believe you. You have another reason for wanting to go. Santa Maria, I know it.

He turned with a great burst of laughter to his friends. "She is thinking of joining up with Diego Mendez. I always hated that fellow! I wonder what he would say if I took her along. That might show him that I have been more than a match for him, and if he attempted to kick up a row about how I took her from him—well, he would only get the worse of it, I think. I'll show him: it will take him down a peg; and if he still wants to have her now that I have done with him I may.

He turned to Anacanosa and spoke in halting Arawak. "Very well, you can come along; but understand, you will paddle and do your share of work.

Without a word she ran towards one of the canoes, and, by chance, it was the one in which Francisco himself was seated, and his friend Fernandes also.

In another hour's time they were off. From the eastern extremity of Jamaicay they set out, a little fleet of canoes manned mainly by Indian paddlers, though some of the Spaniards also were in one. Mile after mile they pulled, and the sun shone fiercer and fiercer, and wind and sky were a blaze of gold and blue. It was gruelling work, with over a hundred miles to go. And when the land behind them had sunk out of sight at last, there was a feeling of effortlessness, a weaver of waves that ran tumultuously in all directions, as it seemed, and then the hearth of the craft to which they had entrusted their lives.

The canoes tried to keep close together. But now and then some heavy wave, mightier than the rest, would strike and scatter them, and from one canoe to another would come shouts and ejaculations—curses, prayers, even screams, for now these men began to fear that they were faced with death by drowning. Looking around them as far as they could see, the water's surface was one broken marching of foaming whitecaps. Francisco exclaimed Francisco de Porras at last, "we shall die if we go on at this pace."

"Turn about," he signalled to his paddlers, and the poor creatures were glad to obey. His man and Espanola, the girl he had set out with him; one by one the canoes turned again towards the shore. But steadily the wind rose, and now it was a race between them and what appeared to be a gathering storm. And the canoes laboured harder, as though they might founder at any moment.

There are too many people on board," growled Francisco.

"We must say goodbye," he was about to add, when as he spoke he seized an Arawak paddler, tore from him his paddle, and, lifting him bodily, hurled him into the sea. Three others followed; now and the signal had been given for a general mayday. Pitched into the water, the frightened wretches screamed, swam frantically landwards, never losing touch with the canoes. The Spaniards paddled desperately; in the event of Francisco's canoe Anacanosa sat with pinched lips awaiting death. Indeed, she might have been the first to be thrown overboard, as a woman of less use than a man, but that she was near to Fernandes who had kept a hand upon her shoulder and that started at those who would have sacrificed her with murder in his eyes.

She stared at her people swimming and struggling in the water. She had never thought of them as her people before; for now she felt that she was a part of the island, strangers, foreigners, to her. But now she had a sense of oneness with them; a feeling of unity that had been growing in her heart for weeks came fully to life at last. She and they were one, and these brutal pale-faced men were of another breed altogether. They were bad, vile, terrible...except Diego. And the old man who had been chief of them all. And this other old man, too (so she thought of Fernandes), who was so strangely kind to her. But all the rest... Suddenly she screamed. One of the struggling Indians, exhausted, on the point of sinking, had seized the gunwale of the canoe. He hoped by that means to be dragged through the water to safety.
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ANACANOA

(Continued from Page 42)

One or two others had instantly followed his example. Swiftly a Spanish sword rose and a clinging band was severed, then another and another; and with agonised cries the frantic wretches sank out of sight, the spurring blood immediately obliterated by the resurgent waves. All around a similar tragedy was being enacted. Anacanoa dropped her paddle and buried her face in her hands.

"Send her to join the others!" roared a rough, harsh voice; it was that of a man who sat near to Fernandez.

"Touch her, and you go first, you cowardly hound," snapped Fernandez; "no harm comes to her in this boat while I live."

They left her alone after that, and pulled vigorously for the shore, and as they approached it the waves became less hostile, and the wind died down. When they landed, they fell to earth, worn out, exhausted, maddened by the thought that they had had to abandon their enterprise. They paid no attention to Anacanoa, who walked from among them and went to crouch again in her damp shelter of tree fern. One awful feeling, a conviction, obsessed her mind and tore her soul with grief. Diego. Diego had gone the way these men had attempted, and had never come back, he and those who went with him. What had happened to them? She could see them with her mind’s eye, braving wind and wave, fighting a hopeless battle against the raging elements, upset, struggling for a few desperate moments in the water, sinking forever. It must have been so; had she too not nearly lost her life on this same sea? She rocked her body in grief and despair. He was dead, and all her hopes had died with him.

By a curious twist of mind she connected his death with these men who had injured her, and then with all the strangers. He had gone away on their behalf; had he not been sent he would be with her now. He might, he would have remained with her forever. They had sent him to his end, had deprived her of him, just as they were slaying her people, working havoc in the country, and had degraded her, the daughter of a chief, into a thing of no value. And this was only a beginning: she felt it. Swiftly her thoughts turned to suicide, as were to turn the thoughts of so many of these primitive Jamaicans in the days to come.

But no, she concluded; one could always escape that way if one wished. Surely one should strike a blow at these enemies first. But how?

If only her people would think, all would be well. She would try to make them do that; at the very least they could starve the greater part of the strangers, and not sending food to the stranded ships: the others could be dealt with afterwards. It was Diego who had worked so that they should have food, and they had made him go to his death. If she could, she would undo his work, and he would be pleased if only he could know of it.

That evening she slept under the shelter of a great tree some miles away; the next morning early she set out for one of the settlements that Francisco had harried on his journey to the eastern side of the country. She asked for the chief, and he took her to his hut. He was visibly relieved that the white men were not with her.

"Chief," she began abruptly, "I have escaped from those evil ones. They tried to go to Aytu, but failed. They will come this way again, and will make slaves of your men and will use your women as they please, unless you resist them. That is the only way of safety for you."

"But we are weak and they are strong," wailed the chief. "They will burn us or cut us to pieces. We are helpless."

"They are few and we are many, and they are divided. Some are there—she pointed east—"the others are at my village, and many of them are ill. If our people gathered together and attacked each party in turn they would disappear."

"My men have not fought an enemy for ever so long; they are discontented. No, since the war began they came back have we done battle with anyone. And these men are not like us; they are so powerful that we fear to look them in the face. They cannot be conquered."

"I have been with them, and I know that they feel fear as you do; I have heard them scream in terror of the waters. Send out some of your men to other chiefs, and bid them say that these chiefs should meet you to talk about the saving of themselves. If you don't, you will perish every one of you."

The man made a gesture of impotence. Energetic action and concerted effort was something clearly beyond his compass.

Anacanoa saw it. "Very well, then," she continued; "but why continue to supply the strangers at my village with food? Stop that, and your example will be followed. I will go to the other chiefs and tell them what you have resolved to do, and they will do likewise. Then, when the men who live where my father lives have starved to death, it will be easy to deal with those who are nearer to you."

The chief knew that his people were already grumbling at having to supply the strangers with food, and a policy of ceasing supplies, a purely negative policy, appealed to his lethargic mind. "I could do that," he agreed; "but I have heard that the big chief at your place is a good man, and kind. Would you have him starve to death?"

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"Yes," she answered firmly, "if that is the only way of saving ourselves. But he is kind, and many of his own men hate him. And he is sick. He may die at any time. His, however, can secretly be supplied with food; I will see to that. And there is one man over there—again she pointed east—whom I would save. But all this you can leave to me. Remember, too, that even if all the strangers die, it is better that they should than that we should. We must not stop at anything."

"They say that long ago, Anacanoua, your mother's mother's mother was a man-eater from AySTORE," remarked the chief with a glint of respect and admiration in his eyes. "And you talk as she might have talked."

"I want to act as she might have acted. Had your fathers been only a little bold no man-eaters could ever have taken them for a meal. I will stay here for the rest of this day, and tonight, and then go on to the next village. If you will not fight the strangers, starve them. Perhaps the men elsewhere in Jamaica will fight."

"They have no leader," said the chief.

"I, the man-eating woman, will lead them," replied Anacanoua proudly.

The next morning she started again on her long journey. And now, day after day, she trudged it from one settlement to another, always suggesting active measures, answered always with words of hopelessness and despair. They had no idea of combination. They were timid, afraid, physically weak also, and imbued with the belief that the Spaniards were unconquerable. But they could cease to supply foods and medicines to the Admiral and his men on the stranded ships; they could say that their stores were exhausted. They would be glad to do that. They were emphatic in their rejection of this proposal. That was something, thought Anacanoua; much. When many of the strangers began to die, the people of the island would see that the rest could be fought, after all.

On and on, alone, she pursued her object. Rumours came to her by wandering Indians, or men sent purposely to tell her what was happening. The Spaniards had made a second attempt to leave the country by canoe, but had failed again. They were moving about now, taking what they wanted, seizing the women in the face of the men, ill-treating, killing, at the faintest suspicion of resistance. They were spreading the report that all that they did was done at the orders of the Admiral. They were even advising the Indians to sweep down upon him and kill him.

That determined Anacanoua. She made straight for her own settlement, arriving there after dark one night. She went to the Nina and asked to see the Admiral. He was ill, in bed, she was told. She asked a man on the deck to send in her name to him. In another minute she was standing in front of the ship.

She stood before the Admiral. She was startled at his appearance. His cheeks were paler and more drawn than they had been before; his eyes were pools of suffering. He, too, had difficulty in recognizing the pretty, merry, dashing girl he had known but so short a time before. Her face had grown hard and thin and set; there was now something wild and cruel about it. But she looked at him kindly enough.

She told him what she had heard about the mutineers, what she herself had seen. She did not tell him it was she who had been inducing her people to starve the Spaniards. The erstwhile ingenue savage had been rapidly transformed into a woman with a subtle, calculating mind.

"Leave this canoe, Admiral, and come with me; I can hide you," she advised. "Bring your brother and your son: they will be safe. Otherwise, you will all die." She spoke vehemently.

"We are in God's hands, my daughter, and, besides, I am the chief of all these people, even of those who have dared to wander away from me," returned the Admiral. "I am not afraid of their threats of intended violence; the Blessed Virgin protects me. But they have angered your people, and these are sending in no more food. That is my main trouble now."

She was silent.

"Do you know, Anacanoua, how your people can be brought to let us have food again?"

"No. They will not give you any more food. But you yourself, and your son, and—"

"We stay here," replied Columbus firmly, "until help comes from Española—Arty as you call it."

"Help will never come. Diego was drowned."

"I spoke with a sob.

"Help will come. Diego was not drowned."

"Columbus asserted this in a confident tone of voice. "I have a dream of him last night. Do you never dream of him, Anacanoua?"

"Yes," she answered softly. "And isn't it always of a man alive and in good health?"

"Yes."

"Then why doubt?"

"I know I shall never see him again. In my dreams he has told me so."

"Hum." The Admiral changed the subject brusquely. "So you think we shall get no more food, do you?" "I am sure of it, chief; but you can be saved, and—"

"You can aid me much, Anacanoua. You say that my deserters are plotting to attack me. I am not surprised. Can you or any of your people keep in touch with them so as to gain knowledge of their movements and get me word of them? They are not far from here now. Could you do this?"

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“You are a good Christian, my daughter; I am glad I had you taught our faith, and baptized.”

“But you will starve all the same.”

“We shall not starve; you will see. And now go back to your house and sleep. I have some work to do.”

She left him, impressed by the certitude of the old man; yet when she had gone there crept over his face a look akin to despair. The men with him were on short rations now; in a little while they would be almost entirely without food, and then they would mutiny as the others had done, and would spread through the island burning and robbing. They would kill him too. There was only one chance left to him on earth.

He dragged himself to a rough shelf in his cabin and took from it a book; it was the astronomical calculations of a German who called himself Reclus- montanze. This man had calculated that there would be a total eclipse of the moon on the night of January 29, 1544. That was five nights away. Was Reclusmontanze correct? If he was not, the end of him, Christopher Columbus, was at hand. Pray God and the blessed saints that the German had made no mistake! Everything depended now on the coming of that predicted eclipse.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE MOON AND DARKNESS

The moon sailed vivid through a dark blue, irradiated sky, and the long rollers of the outer sea flashed back a reflection of its silver light. On distant mountains tops and lowland clearings great trees sprang into clear relief in the midst of all that shimmering, heatless illumination from above. The lofty background of the coast reared itself into a prominence impressive and distinct; the little winds that from the near by shore stirred them still gently, as though aware that the occasion was one for watchful silence, for almost breathless expectancy.

Thousands of people were clustered on and about the ground fronting the half-submerged caravels of Columbus, thousands of savages, hate in their hearts, bitter fear, a feeling of awe and superstitious terror also, for had not the strangers’ chief sent out to say that this night he would ask his god to blot out the light of the moon because the people of the land would let him and his men all starve to death? That was the warning and the threat that had been circulated by his messengers these last few days; these had hurried from village to village inviting the people to be present at this astonishing proof of the white man’s power, and the villagers had now obeyed the call. They had doubted, they doubted still. Who could blot out the moon? Yet the older ones amongst them had a dim recollection of some such eclipse in the past, and they remembered it had been claimed by their priests that only because of the latter’s supplication had light been given to the people again. Their priests, however, could not avail against these strangers who should succeed in taking away the brightness at night which in their own dumb way the savages loved. And—dread thought—if the light of the moon could be put out, might not that of the sun be obliterated also?

Anaconao had been one of the first to hear of what the Admiral intended. The very next morning after her return to Santa Gloria, and but a few hours after she had seen him, Columbus had sent for her, intending to make her his chief emissary to her countrymen. He had by this thought out his plan. He must act now by stratagems, using a calculated eclipse to terrorise the savages, as others were to use other eclipses for the same purpose hereafter, both in fiction and in fact.

“Anaconao,” he had said gravely, “since your people have determined to starve us, I must punish them; but I will not do so by means of weapons, though I easily could—

“Most of your men are sick,” she swiftly interrupted, “and if the strong ones die you will be at the mercy of Porrans and his friends.”

“A keen brain,” thought Columbus; “possibly even a dangerous one. But she has cause to be dangerous, poor child.”

Outwardly, he appeared to treat her interruption as irrelevant and absurd. He continued without taking overt notice of it.

“Without killing any of them, I will punish them. On the night of four eunices from now I will pray to my God to take from you the moon; later on I may cause everlasting darkness to prevail.”

“Because we won’t feed you so that you may make us be less than the dirt you trample upon? Is that just, great chief? Are you too no better than the man I have escaped from and who seeks to kill you? Are you all alike?”

She choked with indignation. But behind it was also apprehension.

“Was Diego like Francisco de Porrans?” asked the Admiral softly.

“No! He was different; but he was only one.”

“There are others, daughter. But just as you do not wish your people to be killed and enslaved, so I cannot wish to see mine starved to death. Go now and tell them what I have said, go as far as you can, but be back in time to wish you for yourself. I have sent for your father and others.”

“You cannot put out the moon,” she stormed.

“We shall all see,” he answered gravely, then turned away to indicate that she must leave him.

She wanted to disbelieve in his power. For if he should succeed, what hope could she have of ridding her country of these terrible pests? She had witnessed with her own eyes what they had done in the east; and that, she felt, was but the beginning. She prayed now that they could kill the moon, her people would die like dogs beneath their yoke without lifting a hand in their own defence.
She dashed out of the cabin; and in a flash of revelation it came to the Admiral that it was not so much the thousands of simple-minded creatures that he had to fear as this one girl who, through some strange freak of inheritance or soul, had a brain to think, perhaps to understand, and might even succeed in time in getting her plans put into execution. It came to him suddenly that it might be she, that indeed it was she, more than anyone else, who was responsible for his perilous plight. She was his friend, yet she was also his enemy. She would save him and two or three others, if they agreed, but she was bent on slaying the rest. That was the inner meaning of all that she had said the night before, of her tempestuous anger. A bold idea on her part, and if the German aristocrat should prove, as the Admiral firmly felt of realization, this young woman would of a surety be able to laugh the inhabitants of the shore, call upon her people to strike at them, and lead them to the attack in person.

Why had all this not occurred to him before? If it had he would have retained her by force; prevented her from further combinations; now she was gone — but perhaps not far. He hurried out on deck and swept the shore with his eyes, but saw nothing of the girl. He called to her again, and sent them to bring her back if they could find her, but not in such a way as to arouse her suspicions or penetrate her disguise. Once she was aboard, he could find some excuse for holding her there. But if she suspected his design before she was locked away, there might be serious trouble at once.

She had not seen his father and some other of the elders; they told her the Admiral wished to see her. Impulsively she started to fol-

dom them, then paused. Why did he wish to see her? He had declared that he must assist his own people and punish her for protecting themselves; what more could he now say, what else could he then help them? Yet yes, he was again pes-

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(Continued from Page 31)

ter from the stars overhead. Columbus relaxed. There was laughter in his heart, but his mien was solemn, though he knew he was not seen. His voice rang out to the chiefs, who had all been gathered very close to his ships. He would accept their sub-
mission, he assured them, would pray to his God to send back the light, but there must be no further disobedience, no failure on their part to do their duty. Cesar only retired to his cabin. He did not believe that from the Indians of the island he had anything more to fear.

They waited, still waiting; presently their la-
mentations changed to a new note, for something was happening in the heavens. The light was com-
ing again. The white chief had been merciful and they thanked him. With a heavy heart Anacoa
walked to her hut. Nothing mattered now.

For a long time, because she was industrious and loved action, she had been weaving out of the wild cotton of the country a long pliant rope, not sure that she would find any use for it. She took it up now, handling it curiously. Only the other
day, in one of the villages that Francisco de Porras had invaded, she had seen an Indian dangling from a tree-branch; the man had hanged himself. That, he had felt, was the only way of escape for her also. Perhaps it was the only way of escape for her also, she thought; the only way now, and the best. Her child stirred in its hammock.

She walked over to the hammock and gazed at the little girl. The very image of her, Diego had said, and bearing her own name. The child would be cared by her parents if she died; she knew not. She guessed it not be better if the child too died with her? She had seen enough in the eastern villages to guess what would be the fate later of girls like this one; they would be ravished, made use of for a while, then put insensit-
ably to death. Swiftly they would fall under the bur-
den. There was no hope for them. The rope and the tree might be their only means of escape.

But she could not find it in her to hang her little one with her own hands. And she would not leave it alone—not yet. She would have gone with-
out it to Diego; she loved Diego better than any-
thing else in this life; but when he was here she had seen nothing to fill her with dread, with terror and with loathing; the strangers had not yet shown themselves for what they were. Diego would have been able to prevent them, she felt sure, but he was dead. The old chief on the winged canoe had lied to her; he knew that Diego was dead.

She crouched, speechless, by the child's hammock. She was still there when her father came in to see her at daybreak.

"The chief spoke truth," said he, "but he gave us back the light.""If you had killed him in the darkness the light would have returned," she answered miserably; "but you only begged." "He would have slain us all," retorted the old
man, shocked. "We are as nothing before him."

"You are as foolish, and he knows it."

"He may have heard that you tried to stir the tribes against him; is it safe for you to stay here?"

"I stay. I do not fear him—or any with him. It is all over now, for me, for you, for all of us. Look at the sun," she rose slowly to full height. "It is beautiful once. Am I beautiful now? What have Porras and his men made of me, your daughter, the daughter of a chief? I am as nothing to them, and so it is and will be with all of us. We are finished."

But her father could not think in terms of the future and of the fate of a people. He only believed that she was in danger from the Admiral's ven-
gence, and wished her to escape if that could be. But he knew her. If she would not go, he could not make her. And she would not go. Day after day she saw his kinsfolk and others, others from distant parts of the island, taking food to Columbus and his men. They walked with humble propitiatory demeanour: unused to sternness toll, they worked with feverish anxiety; and already some of them were breaking beneath their task. But she did nothing, and she made no effort to avoid the eyes of Columbus, though she did not go near his ships. She saw her now and then. But her power was shattered, he knew, and now that he was safe from anything she might attempt, now that he had ceased to fear her, his old liking and commiseration for her returned.

Grudgingly he girded her, wished that he could help. Though he could not foresee it, there was to be erected in his memory a great bronze statue of him with his arm thrown in protective gesture over the shoulders of an Indian girl. This statue would stand near the entrance to the Panama Canal, a mute testimony to the fact that he at least had had pity for the people he discovered. He would not allow them to hank him, but he would not wantonly destroy them. He felt thus towards Anacoa now. She was broken, in her very walk he could read her utter humiliation and despair. It hurt him. But he made no move towards her. Something told him that that would be of no effect.

And he too, on his part, was being attacked by a somewhat similar feeling of despair.

What had become of Diego? Was he dead? Or had he reached Espanola? He had been gone some eight months now; did the Governor of Espanola intend that the Admiral of the Indies should be abandoned for ever and left to perish? Mother of God, it seemed like that!

Then one day a word went round that rescued to wild enthusiasm the desperate Spaniards and brought Anacoa flying with delicious joy to the isle of the vassals.

On the sea, in the middle distance, distinct and growing, with assurance, sailed towards the little cove a Spanish ship.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

"I WONDER . . ."

A QUARTER of a mile from the cove in which lay the stranded ships the caravel came to a stop and a boat was let down from her into the sea. It pulled towards the ships; the Admiral watched it anxiously. Anacoa, from the beach, gazed at it with straining eyes. It reached the Nina, stopped, and a Spaniard in it rose up and began talking to Columbus, who stood on the deck above him. He handed the Admiral two letters; presently a cask of wine was hoisted from the boat to the deck, and a side of bacon. The Admiral, on receiving his letter, retired to his cabin to answer it; he soon reappeared, passed the reply down to the messenger from Espanola and began a conversation. Would not Cap-
tain Escolar charge his mind and come on board? Escolar would not. Then the boat suddenly pushed off. That was all.

Diego was in the boat. Was he in the big canoe out yonder, Anacoa wildly asked herself, though she could not believe that her lover would have come back and not have sought her. But she must make certain, she must leave no room for doubt. She ran to a little canoe, and, scrambling into it, seized the paddles and began to pull vigor-
ously towards the ship in the offing. Columbus, still standing on deck, saw her action and divined its purpose. His voice rang out, commanding.

"Anacoa!"

She heard, looked in his direction, paused, and he spoke to her.
"Diego is not on that ship. And you must not trust yourself to those men. Diego has sent you a message. Come up to me, and I will give you what he has sent to you."

She detected a kindly note in his voice; it was a friend, not an enemy, who spoke. In a few minutes she was standing before him; in spite of her own distress she could perceive that he was troubled.

"Come with me," he said briefly.

He took her to his cabin, and at once lay down in the bunk from which he had by an effort of will risen some time before. His face was pale, his hands trembling.

"Diego has sent you this," he said, handing to her a piece of paper on which was drawn in ink a portrait of Diego. There was no mistaking the face: the man in Espanola who had done the sketch had in him the makings of an artist. There were some marks scored on the paper which meant nothing to the girl; but Diego knew that the Admiral would tell her what they said. "From Diego to Anacanoa. We shall meet soon," the Admiral read. "You see daughter," he went on in a tired voice, "I was right: Diego is not dead."

"Why has he not come?"

"Didn't he tell you he was going on a long journey for you? Have you forgotten?"

"No; but much time has gone since then. He could have returned."

"There have been difficulties. There still are. I expected two ships at least to take me away from this island, and I would have taken you with me, if I have promised. But you see how it is. Anacanoa. One little ship comes and it sails tonight. The white chief on the next island is an enemy of mine, and the man you saw me talking to just now is another enemy. He came to see how I stood, perhaps hoping to find me dead. I shall not die. The holy saints will preserve me. Diego will see that I am rescued; I can depend upon him. He is good and true."

"Yes," sobbed Anacanoa.

"And he loves you and remembers you. He has sent you a picture of himself."

Her eyes had never wandered from the portrait; it seemed to her something wonderful, though she knew, of course, that some men of her own people could carve crude representations of the human face on wood and stone, that there were rock drawings here and there in her own village which were the work of the primitive artists of her race. But this was too lifelike! And it was done on a flimsy sheet of something like stiffened, woven cotton, and sent to her from over the sea.

"He remembers me and loves me," she whispered softly. "You spoke the truth, Admiral, when you told me this long ago."

"And now we are friends again, Anacanoa, though I know well that we were enemies when I had to blot out the moon. But I forgive you, for you have had much wrong at the hands of some of my people. So have I. We shall be friends now until the end, and I may still want your help as I have wanted it before. I shall try again to bring Francisco and his men back to me. If I fail it will probably mean war between them and me. You must still seek to find out their intentions and let me know."

"Cannot you kill them at a stroke, as you blotted out the moon?" she asked.

"It was God, really, who blotted out the moon: I should have made that planner. And God would not wish men to be killed without being given a chance to repent. You understand that, don't you?"

She shook her head, puzzled.

"I see that you don't; you need further instruction in our faith. Meanwhile find out everything you can about Francisco. That may save our lives—yours as well as mine."

She rose, taking her precious drawing with her. It was bitter that Diego had not returned, though he had never promised to do so. On the other hand a great weight seemed lifted from her heart, and as she walked towards the village there was a new spirit in her, a new feeling; she knew that she had settled down upon her was dissipated. Diego remembered her, Diego loved her.

He had sent her a message. He had sent her his face.

She would make a pouch for his portrait; she would carry it with her. And, moreover she went. That night she wove a titty receptacle and slung it by a bit of cotton cord around her neck so that it rested just under her left bosom. She felt then that, in some sort of way, she had Diego with her.

Next morning she went to the Admiral's ship and showed him what she had done. He smiled kindly, perhaps rather foolishly, at the sudden gesture, that he sank on her knees before him and exclaimed—

"I love you too.

"Yes, now, I understand, child.""

"I love you, as I love my father. Better. But not as I love Diego."

"I understand. It is queer, isn't it, that you would have killed me, and I you, only a little time ago?"

"Why speak of that now?" she asked.

"You are right; we shall speak of it no more. We shall forget it. It is the Blessed Virgin, we are like father and daughter again. I have no daughter of my own, Anacanoa..."

The light came through the unbraugones trees a luminous green, and the subdued roar of the waterfalls in their ears.

They stood together, Anacanoa and Fernandez, the friend who had saved her from death in the boat some time before, and who had stood by her when she was little better than a slave in Francisco's service. The Englishmen from Farquhar's Fort had settled down on Santa Gloria—your place—in a day or two. There will be murder done..."

(Continued on Page 6)
Sketches By Doris Evelyn

THAT HOLIDAY

"No dear, I won't forget your groceries." "Yes, dear, I may be late this evening." "No dear, I won't go up to the shop." "Oh dear, it's five o'clock already." "Good-bye dear." Thus my answers to Mabel, who is always question- ing me where I am and what I am doing.

Bother the bicycles, I thought; Drat that dog; What a pest pedestrians are! What a drag it was I have to go down the road every morning . . . same old formula on the doorstep . . . same old monoton- ous face . . . same old old houses . . . It might almost be the same old dogs, bicycles and people . . . always in the way. Instead of riding my own work. Then the old car wouldn't start, and everything imaginable got in its way when it did . . . and then by the time one got to the office one was always in a temper. Yes, there it was . . . same old Briggs, sitting at the side of the old school door . . . getting prickly about practically the same things every day. And the same old heat, undoubtedly. One must really have a holiday and get away from it. No wind ever seemed to come in at that window. Same old weather . . . and, outside, the same old Kingston.

We decided on the holiday that night, and one morning, a few days after, found us preparing to set out for the country.

I suddenly felt extraordinarily chival- rious towards Mabel. Mabel is my wife. A wife with whom I have lived in rather imperfect harmony for the last ten years. Nevertheless, my chivalrous instincts could hardly help being roused by her many vain attempts to disentangle a bunch of keys from an annoyingly cling- ing nest of hair nets. And those same instincts, plus some others, could certainly not help being roused when I saw her tug extra hard at one specially unextric- atable key, then and there with her originally less unextricable, but which was made much more unextricable by that unsung for tug, then seize upon a mesh of hair net that had up to then taken no part in the struggle, and finally kick the dog. The time had certainly come to intervene, I decided. Apart from anything else, it was definitely bad for Mabel to let her temper get the better of her. For once it got the better of her, I felt it might be rather inclined to get the better of me too.

However, was usually the case, Mabel began to say something just as I dozed off, and then her voice got londer and she had her say, while my voice dwindled away altogether and I do not have the least notion of what she said.

"George," said Mabel, "what about the dog?"

"All over, darling," from me in a tone of brisk cheerfulness and affection which I am afraid is not generally at- got no nearer to convincing Mabel. "The bathing suits are in, the bathing towels are in, your sun hat is in, the camera is in, the picnic basket is packed . . ."

And that without any doubt, "The mackintoshes!" (Dismal thought.)

On this page are published two sketches by Miss Doris Evelyn, a very young Jama- ician writer of promise of whom we should hear more at no distant date. She has style, humour; she loves writing; she will one day produce work of credit to herself and this country.

Miss Doris Evelyn is Jamaica born, was educated at Wolmer's, then went to an Eng- lish school, completing her secondary career in Switzerland. She has a passion for litera- ture; she has been taking a course of study in journalism; one or two of her sketches have already appeared in English papers.

Her two sketches in "Planters' Punch" this year show, one, a real sense of humour, the other, a keen sense of observation. And both are charming.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

It is ten o'clock on New Year's Eve in a Jamaican country village. A full moon has crept up from behind dark, swaying hedge of bamboo. The road is left to look down on the little huts and houses strag- gling beside a twisty white road. Groups of people have gathered. There are old men carrying torches. All are wearing strange look- ing masks and brilliantly coloured dancing. They are talking to each other with a strange tensity as shouting and singing are heard in the dis- tance. The village is surging back and forth in one direction, and in a great blast of torchlight John Canoe and his procession come into sight. How much the original is, I don't know, but the procession takes place. The leader is invariably nicknamed John Canoe, and the black people believe that the Old Year can end or the New Year begin without the same strange rites being per- formed.

Twelve men form the nucleus of the procession. Their appearance is to say the least of it, weird. John Canoe himself is an amazing sight. He has a large horse's head on his shoulders, wears brilliant red trousers and carries a stick about eight feet long, at the end of which is a large hook. It is a very grotesque hat to be chosen to indicate the New Year. John Canoe and lead the New Year procession, so he is greeted with loud cheers which can be acknowledged bowing on all sides as he walks along. The effect is ludicrous. His horse's head wobbles on a panical way, but from his shoulders down he is bowing with the enthusiasm that is needed to tell how much he is reveling in his triumph.

Behind him are his eleven followers who are no less grotesque in appearance. As they file madly across the road their weird masks are illuminated by the flickering light of the torches. For a second the eyes are lost on some Hideous grimaces on others, then disappearing in some dimness they leave you with the impression of having seen wild spirits, who have come from some dark world to play their part in ushering the Old Year out and the New Year in.

As the procession advances it be- comes larger. After the roasting welcome they have given John Canoe the spec- tators feel that they are entitled to join his followers and take an active part in the evening's work. We all get wilder, and the shouts louder and more convulsive. And so it floats on, there is a seething mass of people, falling over each other, and knocking each other back among tall palm trees, to blue bay glit- tening beside white, crowded, colourful sands. Suddenly my heart sank. Horror spread over my face. I drifted frantically into all my pockets, dashed to the dress-circle and turned my wife's bag upside down. And all the time my heart was beating faster and my spirits were right down to zero. "Mabel," I said with heroic calm. In spite of myself my voice sank to a whisper. "The keys are still at home."

I dug out the same old road back . . . and, yes, it was the same old Mabel.
ZOMBIES
(Continued from Page 76)
not because he was more suspected than anyone else. He was not deceived by the pretence, but accepted very graciously the gesture of politeness.
"Naturally," he said, "the premises are at your disposal; you are in charge of them at the moment. Would you have me accompany you, or do you prefer to be alone?"
"Please come with us," said the Inspector-General, and the Haytian acquiesced with a bow.

They went into every part of the house, then through a range of outer rooms in which lay, in separate compartments, a few men and two women on neat iron beds. The arrangement of these inmates showed at once that this outbuilding had been fashioned as a hospital. The local Inspector recognized two men whom he knew as residents of St. Ann. They spoke to him cheerfully.

This outbuilding was situated on lower ground to the left of the principal residence, or great house as it was called in a former day. It was a comparatively modern addition. It faced north; between it and the house ran a path taken by vehicles going to the rear. The bulk of the big house concealed most of the back yard or ground from those within the wooden annex.

"My little hospital," explained the General, "is very ugly, but if I can for these people; incidentally it helps me to keep in touch with medicine."

"You attend to them for nothing, I believe," remarked the Chief of Police.

Those that come as outpatients, yes. But I don’t supply them with drugs as a rule: they buy drugs at the chemists’ shops in the towns. The people whom I admit to hospital pay something—not much, but just a triffe. It doesn’t really help these folk to get everything for nothing. The hospital patients have to be fed; it is for their food that they pay. But they don’t stay long—sometimes only a couple of days. Some of them are going out today.

He laughed: "The Jamaican is peculiar. I think he likes sickness and treatment. And he prefers a private to a public hospital; I suppose the former makes him feel more independent or something. One or two of these patients are sleeping; would you like me to wake them up?"

"By no means," said the Police Chief, and the General bowed and turned away. Every inch of these rooms was searched, policemen peered under the beds, no patient lay covered with the bed clothes. Under a sheet a child might be concealed lying next to a grown person. But there was no such concealment here. Everything was visible to the naked eye.

Yet the General relaxed just a little when they all moved away, for one of the-recumbent people was the automaton whose appearance had frightened Jerome many nights before. She lay there as one in slumber, and no one attempted to put any questions to her. Alexis Flan had calculated on that.

The nine men of the search party now stood looking down at a beautiful fountain of water which welled up continuously from underground into a pool situated not more than fifty yards from the rear of the house. The water was of a hyaline blue and came upwards with a constant silent bubbling, then spread into ever-enlarging circles so that the surface of the pool was in perpetual movement. This tiny reservoir was replenished also by streamlets that gurgled into it through vents in the rock which sloped gradually for a few feet, then rose high to form the mountainous background of the property, while through an outlet flowed the water downwards in a banked stream until, a mile lower down, it sank again beneath the surface, to discharge itself somewhere along the coast into the sea.

"I didn’t know you had a ‘blue hole’ on this property, General," remarked the Chief of Police, as, with a feeling of frustration, he watched the lovely bubbling water as it rose and spread itself into circles. "I know the one near Kingston, and there are others, of course. This one, though small, is very beautiful."

"Beautiful and convenient," agreed General Sam, "for it ensures me a never-failing supply of water. I suspect that that is why this house was built just here: the nearer the source of the water, the more protected it is from human pollution. But I filter what I use for drinking purposes. I can’t take the risk which a former generation of your people took so easily—there didn’t seem there was any risk from water, as a matter of fact."

"No; we are quite learned now in the matter of germs and bacilli."

"But as credulous as ever in regard to ghosts and the like," laughed the General, "though I am that my own people have yours beaten to a frazzle. One of my outdoor patients believes he is being haunted, swears he has seen a dead man tracking him. That he has seen something is quite evident; his eyesight is being distorted by alcohol. A different and much more malignant form of spirit! And now, I wonder if there is any other part of the property you would like to see."

"We have some other men outside Mount Inferno whom we shall join presently. We’ll look around a bit further—matter of duty, you know," said the Inspector-General.

He and all his following had noticed how General Sam had brought up the story of dead men walking. That he had done so deliberately they could not doubt. But why?

There was a pause. The search party cast one further look about them. There stood the back of

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by taking a squat through it. In my idle moments I amuse myself by surveying the surrounding country through it. I happened to be doing so while you were on your way here, though, of course, I didn't know at first that you were coming to see me. But I am glad that you have come, gentlemen, for I had heard that my name is being mixed up with the disappearance of Mr. Joselyn's little girl, and as a stranger, a foreigner, and especially a Haytian, I realise that such a suspicion can do me no good. Well, you have seen that the child is not here; and that, from my point of view, is satisfactory. But not from the point of view of her unhappy parents, unfortunately. Frankly, I wish that I could help them, though they might not care for any help from me.

There was a space of silence after this bold speech. The General seemed bent upon discussing a subject upon which, it might have seemed, he would desire to keep as quiet as possible. But he was not ended yet.

"Shall we go downstairs now?" he asked. "Of course, inevitably, I am in your hands and at your commands."

"We might as well go," agreed the Police Chief. From a corridor behind the General's room a flight of stairs led to the dining room below. Arrived there the General studied towards the front verandah. At the entrance of this the care of the search party were waiting.

"It is strange," he remarked, "if I may be permitted to say so, that up to now no reward has been offered for the recovery of this child. Has that never occurred to any of you? The people around here are mostly poor. A hundred pounds would be a fortune to them. Make the reward two hundred, and you would have, not a few policemen only, but the whole countryside on a search. No one who had any suspicion of where the little one was would hesitate about trying to earn so much money, especially if the police promised to keep his name a secret. Has not that occurred to you, Mr. Joselyn?"

"I will do it," said Hubert Joselyn; "but what if the people are terrorised into silence, as I know that they have been?"

"The terror, if it exists, might be very effective up to a temptation of twenty pounds; would it be so where two hundred pounds was the prize? Think, sir: you know these people better than I do. And remember, it could be promised them that their identity would never be disclosed, or disclosed only when the kidnapper was under lock and key."

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“And what if my child be dead?” demanded Hüber
passionately.

“Then at least you might have the satisfaction of
seeing her murderer brought to justice. Is that
not something? Frankly, gentlemen, there is no-
thing that I myself would wish more strongly than
that this mystery should be cleared up. I am in-
volved in it, as your presence here today only too
fully proves. I know quite well that you cannot
connect me with this crime, since I have had no-
thing to do with it; but there is such a thing as
reputation, isn’t there, and self-respect? Your visit
and search here today, though conducted with all
possible courtesy and regard for my feelings, never-
theless—well, you can add the rest. There are also
Mr. Thompson’s accusations, I have heard of them.
I could bring him up for slander; but the suspected
foreigner would then be accused of using his money
to persecute a poor, unfortunate, bereaved native—
a son of the soil! I believe the expression is. That
the foreigner has feelings does not, of course, ap-
pear to matter.”

“Now that you have brought this matter plainly
into discussion, General Sam,” said the Inspector-
General, “may you know that we have opened
two graves—one early this morning—and found the
bodies missing. In those graves were buried the
man Williams and Thompson’s daughter. The bo-
dies are gone. Nothing of the sort has ever oc-
curred in Jamaica before.”

The General seemed to stiffen; at least, so
thought the two Police Inspectors who were watch-
ing him closely. But whether this was from sur-
prise, or because he believed he was being identified
with the disappearance of the bodies, they could not
guess.

But he did not hesitate for an answer.

“Indeed?” he said; “this is very interesting.
And you say that this sort of thing has never hap-
pened in Jamaica before. How do you know that?”

The Inspector-General stared blankly at the
questioner. How indeed could anybody know
whether bodies had been taken out of graves before
or not? Who had ever opened coffins after the fun-
erals to find out what had happened to the corpses
interred? How could such a thing ever have been
thought of?

“I have heard,” resumed the General, noticing
the blank look on his interlocutor’s face, “that there
is still plenty of obeahism in this country—a mild
sort of witchcraft, is it not? Eh bien, is it not true,
that the books you are writing are always saying, that
dead men’s bones form part of the implements of
your obeahmen—who, I suspect, are only dishonest
frauds? How do they get these bones? And, frank-
ly, Inspector-General, how much do you and your
police know about these obeahmen? They carry on
their disgusting practices in secret; it is only now
and then, I should imagine, that you catch up
some of them redhanded. What about those who are
never even suspected? Some of them may be members
of your churches! I have heard of such things. Of
course, it does seem very queer that two graves
opened one after the other should be found empty;
that cannot be mere coincidence. I believe the
truth is, I think—I say this because you yourself men-
tioned the matter—that these graves have been vi-
tilised precisely because it is easy now to cast the
blame for anything unlawful on persons but lately
come into the neighborhood of these few unfor-
unate Haitians. But, naturally, you would expect
me to say this.”

“At the way, General Sam, you speak of a few
Haitians. But we find you all alone here. May I
ask where are your companions?”

“Gone out on some business. We don’t remain
in this place all the time without stirring forth,
though I can see we may have difficulty about
leaving freely around if the countryside is against us.

“Since you are speaking of devils, Inspector-
General, here comes one of them.”

The sound of a car was heard just then. In
half a minute it came into view and swept towards
the rear of the building. Driving it rather clumsily
was a gaunt-looking man, coal-black, old from his
appearance. He did not glance at the people on the
verandah.

“That is one of my friends, Gustave Napoleon.
He understands English fairly well. Would you like
to have a talk with him?”

“No, thanks. And me let me say this, General
Sam: though we have a duty to perform, and must do
it, we hate to have any sort of unpleasant suspicion
thrown upon anyone in Jamaica, and strangers most
of all. We regret it, but you yourself must see—
Perfectly, Inspector-General; as a matter of
fact, even when four of your men were looking under
my house I felt that you could do no less. Speaking
of something else, I hope that some day the head of
your Medical Department will do me the honour of
inspecting my little hospital. I should like to
think I had his approbation.”

Neither side offered to shake hands. General
Alexis Sam, however, accompanied his official in-
quisitors to their cars, watched them drive off, then
turned and re-entered his house. But once inside
he clapped his hands sharply, and the gaunt Hay-
tian, a man of tremendous physique that belied his
aged countenance, appeared quickly on the scene.

“The telescope, quick, Napoleon,” commanded the
General: “we must see where those chers are going.
For the next two hours you must watch, as I did
today, and then Nord will relieve you. They are
not finished with us yet.”

“They saw this thing?” asked Gustave Napoleon,
his eyes fixed to the sight of the telescope.

“I spoke to them. The Chinaman noted it, but
said not a word about it, so I told them about it
myself. Nothing to hide, you see.”

“Were they satisfied?”

“No; only puzzled. They explored one of the
shallow caves. I had thought they would.”

(Continued on Page 57)
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CHAPTER SIX

THE APPEAL

THREE men crawled on hands and knees into a yawning hole in the mountain side, crouching thus not because the aperture was too low to admit of their passing through it at full height, but because they wished to conceal their presence as much as possible with the surrounding scrub and trees.

Inside the vast cave all was dark. It was but about five in the afternoon; outside the sun still lighted up the surrounding country, but into this hollow echoing space of rock its rays failed to penetrate; for the sun was westering now, and jutting buttresses of the mountain obstructed and refracted its light.

Not that even at noon tide did that light reach far into this place. For, once its entrance passed, the cave widened suddenly and became a gloomy cavern, far wider and lofter than could be guessed outside from the size of its restricted entrance.

The men moved cautiously. They could not see above their heads as far as the uneven roof, their shod feet slid and almost slipped on the ground, which gave forth a pungent and unpleasant odour. Indeed, all the cavern was filled with this piercing, evil smell, as though inhabited by some dwellers of the pit who exhaled noxious vapours from their bodies and their souls. The three men kept close together, not exactly afraid but apprehensive of something they did not understand. Two of them had now taken revolvers from their pockets. The third, the man who led, was armed with a dangerous-looking machete.

Now and then as they went farther and farther they would pause to listen for some sound. But except for an eerie rustling from above, a stir that sounded as though a thousand wings were moving slightly, they heard nothing.

Thompson, the man with the machete, spoke at last.

"We better turn on the electric torch now; we come far enough and we don’t hear a thing. Let us see where we are going,” he said.

The others agreed; both of them drew large electric torches out of their pockets and flashed the light about them. At once they were enveloped in a cloud of creatures uttering shrill, piercing little cries, things which dashed themselves into their faces and against their bodies, which flew wildly about in all directions and in thousands upon thousands: a myriad of frightened bats awakened suddenly and maddened by a glare of light they had never seen before.

The suddenness of this attack, the glimpse of further darkness from out of which still issued screeches of the noisome, foetid bats, the increasing odour, shattered the nerves of the searchers. “Good
One of the greatest beauty assets is a lovely smile—but no smile can be lovely without healthy teeth and gums.

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VERY OLD MAHOGANY FURNITURE.
And will there be others every day and night in the future? If so, I see that I shall enjoy neither privacy nor rest, for there is no living on earth without both. And this Mr. Thompson here has been your guide to this place, eh? But he didn’t tell you that the cave is full of bats, that the place is simply infested with them? Why, I bought Mount Inferno partly because of this cave and its bats.”

“So that you could hide anything you like in it, and think that nobody would search it, eh?” demanded Thompson triumphantly. “Well, I can tell you . . . .”

“I bought this place, Mr. Thompson, not to hide anything in it, as you have suggested, but because the purchase money of the property was already hidden in that cave and nobody realised it.”

“Spanish treasure?” eagerly demanded one of the detectives, his thoughts at once flying to the popular legends about hidden Spanish gold which are to be heard all over Jamaica.

“No, not gold, but bat guano,” laughed the General. “For centuries the bats have been inhabiting this cave, the floor is covered thick with their droppings, and these are among the most potent fertilisers you can find. Strange that nobody ever thought of that before! I did, when I went over this property some time ago. I am going to sell the guano to the great banana and sugar companies that have been established in my own country, and to other companies elsewhere also. There are hundreds of tons of the stuff waiting to be dug out and carted away. The cave is greater in dimensions than you imagine, though I have not thought of exploring it thoroughly. When I went into it the first time, however, I went at night, for at that time it was almost free of bats. These creatures have to retire by day, though even then, there is a constant night in search of food; it is then that you should enter this hole with a light. Why not wait until later, anyway?”

“We don’t need you to tell us what to do,” retorted the other detective, “we know quite well.”

“But that is exactly what you do not know, Mr. Thompson; what you do know is how to be impertinent. You led these two men into a bat-infested den and had to come running like whipped curs out of it. That is not the way to perform your work; you ought to search the cave thoroughly, though how any little child could remain hidden there for days, and be alive, or why she should be killed there if some miscreant planned her death, I cannot understand. But do what you please. You may rest assured, however, that creeping about like four-footed animals in the daytime will not aid you, for I can see at a glance the use diurnal through my telescope. And I keep a watchman for night duty—I do not wish to be robbed. And now allow me to wish you a pleasant hunt, gentlemen.”

He bowed ironically and turned away, his men following him. Not twenty yards further was the small car in which he had driven to this spot. In a minute it was off, and the three men were left staring at one another.

“Working in there,” commented the chief of the two detectives, jerking his arm towards the cave. “We could look through it tonight, but we wouldn’t find a thing. This place is quite alive about that spot. I would bet a pound that that poor child, if she still alive, is ten miles away from here. He wouldn’t keep her so near to him as this.”

“So you think that they do have Miss Rose?” asked Thompson dejectedly; he was bitterly disappointed that his suggestion that they should search this cave, made with the Inspector-General, had proved so humiliating a failure.

“Sure of it,” the detective answered. “That man talk too gibb and is too cocksure to be innocent. But he is not afraid of us, and what he says about this guano is true. You watch, and you will find he will begin to ship it shortly. He wants to laugh at us, and that’s one way of doing it.”

“He has plenty of confidence about here,” said the other detective thoughtfully; “if the law only gave us power to beat up one or two of them properly, we might get justice.”

“We have no power at all,” agreed his companion bitterly; “we see some funny characters going up to this man, Rose’s house, but we can’t even ask one of his best friends to come and question him. It’s a shame! But I think we will have to hold one of them if we get the chance, all the same. Do it quietly so that no one won’t know: for Thompson here wouldn’t open his mouth to talk.”

“I am with you heart and soul,” promised Thompson; “I would like to kill the whole lot of scoundrels.”

“That would be against the law,” said the first detective severely; “and I don’t want to have to arrest you, T. But if we can beat one of them quietly and get him to give us a wink, that will be different. It is not only man’s work we are doing now, it is God’s work against wickedness and bad people; and we mustn’t stick at trifles if we are to serve God properly. I am going to try and catch one of these scoundrels round here who is always going to see General Sam, and give him such a private flogging that he will be glad to tell us what he know. I am going to get.” he added, “in self-defence, for that man is going to attack me. My action will then be perfectly legal.”

Having thus arranged to act legally and in the service of God as well as man, by beating up a re-calculating potential victim on the ground of necessary self-defence, the detectives and Thompson took their departure from the scene of their discomfiture.

Meanwhile General Alexi Sam had reached his residence.

As the car drew up in front of the verandah he

(Continued on Page 63)
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to most of those—to himself he said to any of those—she had met in this country. She knew him for a great man. His heart swelled with pride. But he felt humiliated.

"I am an unfortunate refugee in Jamaica, that is all, Mrs. Joselyn; and only today my house and property have been ransacked by the police who are looking for your child. I don't blame the authorities; it is their business to do their utmost. But I can hardly be expected to feel pleased at being regarded as a kidnapper or a child-murderer, for that is the matter amounts to, expressed in plain words. I have, however, suggested that a reward should be offered which, if it mightn't tempt those who took away the child, would surely tempt any of those people who might know something about the kidnapping. Indeed, only half an hour ago I suggested to some of the detectives prowling about my property that if they want to search hat-infested caves they should do so when the bats are out of it, a plan which did not occur to them. What more can I do?"

"You mean that you cannot help me?"

"What can I do?"

"And my little darling, she is so sweet—if she is still alive!"

"I can see no reason to believe that she is anything but alive, Mrs. Joselyn; why should she have been killed?"

She looked at him with eyes that expressed the horrible thought in her mind, the belief that her little baby had been taken to form the chief sacrifice at some abominable rites of a devilish cult. But she started humming her fear into words. She only muttered: "my little darling, she is, was—I don't know if she is still living—but such a dear baby, so friendly with everybody, so full of love and affection: how could anyone wish to harm her?"

"How indeed? You should let that thought be your consolation, madam. You should not abandon hope.

You agree with me about Rose?" she said quickly. "Have you ever seen her?"

"Oh, yes. You used to take her out for drives in your car. I have seen you both. A very pretty little one. Yes, I have known her by sight.

"And now, please let me, as a doctor, give you a word of advice. You must take yourself in hand or you will have a nervous breakdown. Don't give up hope, don't give way to despair. Your situation is very distressing, I know, and it is all the more distressing because of your terrible uncertainty. If your child had died, you would have become reconciled to the fact; now you don't know what to believe. Well, believe the best. I don't see that you have any good reason for believing the worst.

She bowed in return. At the top of the verandah steps she turned and put out her hand, and he took it. "I can only pray now, to my God—and yours," she murmured. "He will help. And I believe that in all this country you are the only man who, under God, can help. I trust God will use you as His instrument."

A slight smile hovered on his lips as he heard her speak of him as God's agent, of him who thrilled with pride as a high priest of Satanism, and who aimed to rule the minds of the people around through terror and fear. But again he bowed courteously, and walked with her to her car.

"O General," were her last words, "my sweet little girl . . ."

The car started abruptly. It was now dark, and Alexia Sam looked about him a little disconcertedly. "What a day!" he muttered to himself; "and now it is too late to see little Rose. The first afternoon I have missed doing so . . . Yes, madam, she is a sweet little thing, and for that very reason I took her, and for that reason . . ."

He left the sentence unfinished.

CHAPTER SEVEN

ROSE AND THE SNAKE

THE Great House of Mount Inferno and its sur- rounding grounds were quiet; it was about four in the afternoon; and the little hospital was empty. The zombie woman sat huddled in a corner of the kitchen, her eyes staring vacantly, her grinning teeth displayed. About the property prowled Gustave Napoleon and his comrade. From his bedroom window the General swept the surrounding country with his telescope, then slipped silently out of the house and into the backyard, and walked towards the ever-bubbling blue pool.

Facing him to his left, about ten feet from that entrance into the mountain which had been explored by the police the day before, were two apertures not unlike the one that fronted the pool, but smaller. Both opened into hollows that ended in a wall of rock; the interior of both could be viewed quite easily by anyone standing outside. And this had actually been done by the police the day before; their eyes had not missed these openings. But there were scores of others in these mountains. They were not caves.

Yet, cautiously stepping backward, it was into the farther one of these two entrances that General Alexia Sam slipped this afternoon. He went carefully until he reached the wall of rock. Then he stopped.

The passage from the outside, though short, was not absolutely straight. The wall to the left bulged slightly for about five feet. It might not be noticed by anyone who went through the opening casually; it certainly would not be by anyone standing at the entrance. But it was sufficient to conceal from outer eyes a hole in the rock, not more than three feet high from the level of the ground, and of about the (Continued on Page 68)
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ANACANOA

(Continued from Page 59)

"It's a shame," muttered Fernandez.

"Leave Porras. Come with me."

I dare not. I would be jeered at. And somehow, my child, I fancy that I shall never leave this country. I have a feeling that way."

"You feel...?"

"I see you don't understand what I mean. No matter. You could warn the Admiral if you wished. Have you thought of that?"

"I have been warning him, Fernandez."

"You don't tell me! So that is why you have been telling Porras so much about Porras's camps! Well, I can't blame you. He treated you like nothing."

"And the Admiral has been kind. He is now my father. I will ask him to forgive you."

"It's no use, cara mia; I think my time has come. I have been feeling so for weeks. I wish I could see a priest, but we haven't one with us, we are such a heathen lot in this camp. I must have caught one of your fever's."

"So Porras is going to fight very soon," she asked.

"The sunrise after the next he will attack," answered Fernandez, and she slipped away from him.

She made no pause on the long way until she stood in Columbus' presence. Very briefly she told him what would happen so shortly. She was positive. He could not doubt her words.

He sent for his brother, his chief lieutenant.

"I think you had better see Porras once more, Bartholomew," said the sick commander, "and try to bring him to reason. We must avoid bloodshed if possible."

"It is no longer possible, Christopher; Anacanoa knows that. The day after to-morrow, at dawn, I march against Francisco."

"He is stronger than we are."

"There will be fifty of us against his fifty; only our brave men will I take."

"And I will show you a way through the woods that will be safe for you," interposed Anacanoa, "and some of my people will be present to help you, should you need help."

Bartholomew withdrew, to make preparations; Anacanoa looked down upon the Admiral lying recumbent in his bunk.

"We shall defeat them," she said.

" Doubtless," he replied, "the holy saints will be on our side. But Spanish lives will be lost, and I wished to avoid that. I will send my priest with my men, however, and at the last he may save souls. You are going too, Anacanoa?"

"I will be there."

She left him with his thoughts, and went to her father. Quickly she told him of what was impending; she asked that on the morrow a band of the younger men of his and the neighbouring villages should be collected to aid the Chief Bartholomew. This, she put it cunningly, would ensure that never again would the moon be blotted out.

Sixty Arawaks were assembled, a sufficient number. Anacanoa declared herself their leader. Then, with these going in advance, she took Bartholomew and his band through the secret, sheltered ways she knew.

They climbed a gentle slope, where the land came down to the seashore in easy gradation. They ford a river which a little farther down became the waterfall she loved so well. They were now on the other side of this waterfall and before them was an open space, a green dell shadowed by great trees, a place of sylvan beauty, with the voice of the falling water singing in their ears. The attacking force would come this way. As they emerged from the opposite track into the open they could be taken by surprise.

"You would make a good general, my girl," said Bartholomew Columbus, with admiration. "If her people were like hers," he said to himself, "we should not be losing the battle."

She drew her own men apart to another side of the open space and hid them among the trees.

Within an hour the sound of trampling was heard, and the first pitched battle on Jamaica soil, the first hostile encounter between rival bands of Spaniards in the New World, was about to begin.

But Francisco de Porras had made his arrangements also. He and five others were to launch themselves on Bartholomew and kill him as soon as he came in sight: everything else was secondary to that. Francisco had been certain that there would be a fight, and that Bartholomew would be in command of the Admiral's men: there was no one else to be. And if Bartholomew were killed, he shrewdly calculated, the Admiral's followers, most of whom were sick of their inactivity and of their marooning on this island, would accept Francisco de Porras as their leader. Everything, then, depended on one fighter's life. The one great, necessary tactic was to kill Bartholomew Columbus.

But, unknown to Francisco, Bartholomew had moved to meet him.

Out from among the trees came Francisco with his picked bodyguard, and behind them marched the others. Before these had time to emerge, a wild shout rang out and Bartholomew and his soldiers were racing across the clearing to launch themselves on Francisco and his people. Completely taken by surprise, these nevertheless remembered what they had to do. The six chosen fighters hurled themselves upon Bartholomew. In an incredibly short space of time he had struck three of these in blood to the earth.

Then every armed man on both sides threw himself into the fight. The air resounded with their
yells, and with the sound of swords striking against shields. Men who had once been friends were now at one another's throats in death grips; hate glared from infuriated eyes, curses flew from hideous, snarling, twisted mouths. Anacaonoo had now brought part of her own force into the open, armed with spears and bows and arrows, with stone hatchets and with clubs, and these looked fearfully on, wondering to see the strangers at war among themselves. They stared amazed, and the girl, glancing at them, realized once again with a sickened heart that she might call upon them in vain for decisive action. They were not warriors. They shrank from striking a defensive blow, though they could die by their own hands in despair, as she had known them do. They stood behind her, shrinking, tined, ready to flee away. They were in utter awe of the white men. She could have struck the nearest to her in the face.

Bartholomew realized that he was in great danger. He grasped the tactics of his enemy. Fighting desperately, he nevertheless was obliged to give way, three men attacking him at once, and his desperate retreat brought him close to those trees about which clustered the Arawaks led by Anacaonoo. He struck at Francisco with his sword and missed. Francisco whooped in glee and brought down his sword with full force on Bartholomew's shield. The blow half-split the shield, but the weapon stuck; Francisco wrenched fiercely at it, but vainly. It was now Bartholomew's turn; but quick as lightning Francisco sprang backwards and drew his dagger. He would rush in under his own shield and pierce Bartholomew to the heart. It all occupied a few seconds of time; and as Francisco sprang forward Anacaonoo did likewise. He was within two yards of her. In her hand she bore a heavy wooden club. This she brought down upon the head of the rebel leader who, as he staggered in her direction, turned against her the dagger he had intended for Bartholomew. It pierced the girl's side, ripping through the little pouch in which she carried the picture of Diego Mendez. She sank to the earth.

Fernandez, fighting halfheartedly with the Porras faction, was a witness of Anacaonoo's fall. With an angry cry he threw himself towards her, to save her if he could. His one wish was to put himself between her and any of the avenging Francisco party, whose leader was now surrounded. Bartholomew saw his move, misunderstood it, lunged forward and plunged his sword into Fernandez. The stricken man tumbled prone beside the dying girl he loved.

She saw him, raised her right arm and laid it upon him as if in benediction. He knew she understood.

And now, because Francisco de Porras was a prisoner, his men turned swiftly to flee in wild disorder. They disappeared like lightning, and the victors let them go. The battle was over.

It had been a matter of minutes. Bartholomew knelt beside Anacaonoo, and the priest he had brought with him, and who had a rude understanding of what is called first aid in these days, came hurrying up. He had taken no part in the fighting. His work was now to begin.

He turned to Fernandez first, but Fernandez pointed faintly to Anacaonoo. Her wound was staunched with strips of cloth the priest had brought with him. Then he gave his attention once more to Fernandez. There was no hope that Fernandez could live to be carried to Santa Gloria; and none of Bartholomew's followers was in such need of immediate attention.

The man made his confession, with Anacaonoo's arm still resting lovingly on his body, received absolution, looked at her and murmured: "It's adios for me, chieflainess."

"And for me too, Fernandez," she said, with a sob in her voice. "I shall never see Diego again."

"In heaven you will, my daughter," the priest

(Continued on Page 69)
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same width, that gave ingress at an angle into the bowels of this towering limestone mountain through which, for ages, water seeping through innumerable fissures all over its surface had gathered into streams to flow towards the sea.

Alexis Sam crept into this opening, which widened and heightened as he went, until he could resume an upright posture. He stretched himself with a sigh of relief, he hated crawling and hiding. Suppose, he asked himself for the twentieth time, the young Inspector had happened upon this passage yesterday. He might have gone along it for a while, but finding nothing would probably have returned. The chances were, however, that he would hardly have taken notice of the hole in the side of the rock; there were so many of them to be found.

The General drew a torchlight out of his jacket pocket—he was no longer dressed in white but in an old lounge suit. He walked on quickly for some twenty minutes. He had been going east; the tunnel—a very ancient water course—now turned abruptly west. He followed it for another ten minutes; suddenly it widened into a large cavern, well lit by rays of light that filtered down from above. He had walked for nearly a mile. And the way he had come had risen gradually, but steadily, so that the rocky roof immediately over him was part of an easy slope of the outer mountainside.

A glad cry from an infantile voice, a joyful clapping of hands, greeted his appearance. There was a rush of little feet in his direction. In an instant the arms of Rose were clamping round his legs, the next instant he had stooped and lifted her in his arms.

"You didn’t come long ago," she protested, meaning that he had failed to come to her the day before, and he shook his head apologetically. "I couldn’t, little one, but I am here now; and you are glad."

"Yes; but at once the face puckered. "Mummy, I want mummy."

"You will see her soon, Rose; she’s gone away for a while; that is all. And she says you must be a good little girl while you are with me. Now see, I brought this for you."
whom he was associated knew very little, were in mortal terror of him, and realised that whatever they suspected would instantly be followed by their death—the living death of the zombie, of the creature whose soul was gone and whose body and brain could be played upon like any base instrument! As to his Haitian companions, they as priests of the Voodoo would be as silent as the grave. And the zombies were dumb.

Williams was the dead-living slave who looked after the strange temporary habitat of the white girl-child destined for early sacrifice. Cecilia he had himself struck down and then had torn from the grave to be the constant servant and attendant of Rose. Williams had been with him that night when the girl, leaving her father's house to visit a friend near by, had suddenly seen appear before her a man whom she and others had known in his lifetime and now knew to be dead; Williams had been seen by others too: that visitation had been arranged by the General himself. But since then Williams had completely vanished, and no eyes of those who had known her had been set on Cecilia. The two lived here, with Rose Jostey, and even had they been met and questioned by anyone about him or the child they could have answered not a word.

Twice a day had Alexis Iam come to see the little girl, carefully solicitous about her health. Her cavern-room was not unhealthy; it was warm, and sunlight penetrated into it. But it was dull and dismal for a child, perilously so, therefore he had devoted much of his time to her, though he knew that he was a poor substitute for her father and mother and nurse. She was brought up in his own bed, under her morning and afternoon runs on this open mountain space, with him to tell her stories and keep her from becoming too lonely; and to see that she was properly fed and bathed and looked after, was some assurance that she would not fall ill. She had become very fond of him too; perhaps because he would talk to her in no dead fashion as Cecilia did, and bring her presents, and tell her pretty tales. She was very fond of him. She vividly remembered her parents, but he knew that, given sufficient time, the memory of these would fade from her mind. He was becoming everything to her in her weird and peculiar existence.

That existence could not last very long now. In another week it would be full moon—and then a sharp cry of alarm from Rose roused him. She came running and crying towards him. He jumped up from his rough seat, extremely agile for a man of his years, and ran towards her; she clung to him, pointing with her hand to a great stone not far away, by which she had been playing. He lifted her up, then walked to see what had so frightened her. He perceived it immediately: a black snake, not more than three feet long, slowly gliding along the ground, its forked tongue swiftly flicking in and out as it moved. It was one of the rare, harmless snakes of the country, non-poisonous and never disposed to attack even babies. But it had startled the child, and she cried out against it with passionate intensity. Alexis Iam, though knowing all about the innocuous Jamaica python, was suddenly seized with a fierce paroxysm of uncontrollable rage. He lifted his right foot and brought the heel of his shoe down on the head of the snake with a vicious stamp. The whole of the little, sinuous body of the creeping thing rose convulsively and lashed the air, then writhed itself round the leg of its destroyer. The General shook it off impatiently, and returned to his seat, petting and soothing Rose. He put her on his knee to talk to her:

"There now, that's all over; and it doesn't harm. Only like a cat or small dog, little Rose."

"It bit me," said Rose positively.

"Not you; it wouldn't have bitten you."

"It would, but you wouldn't," answered Rose curiously.

"So you think it was bad, but I am not, eh?"

Rose nodded, "I love you," she said, "so you love me."

"And the snake had no reason to love either of us," laughed the General. "But there, there: haven't I told you you are never to touch my necklace?"

"It's pretty and I want to look at it, Daddy."

"It's a piece of the bracelet of the queen of the scarlet tie was a sufficient reason for her disobedience."

He was about to take her hands from it when, he paused. She had just been frightened; what did it matter if she should handle what was really the symbol of his secret priesthood, the tie he always wore, though he knew how ill it comforted with his usual attire. He had been taken for a violent socialist or a communist elsewhere, because of that incongruous necklace, and that was sometimes convenient; but it was not proper that this child should make of it a playingthing, as so often she had shown an inclination to do. But now a concession might be made. Indeed, he had already made a far greater concession by slaying the snake, for the cult of the Voodoo is the cult of the serpent, and it was an animal sacred to the mysteries of his awful religion that he had just been compelled to death with his heel.

What was more, the tradition was that the thing the snake touched should be regarded as devoted

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ANACANOA

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interrupted, "You are a Christian; I will hear your confession and absolve you. Your last act was to save our commander's life."

She had little to say; her conversion had been perfunctory, her instruction elementary; but the priest was satisfied. "God will forgive her much, because she has loved much," he muttered. He had understood far more than had been thought.

"We will take her with us," commanded Bartholomew; "make a pelasgian for her."

"Tell Diego." she whispered, and Bartholomew nodded, not trusting himself to speak. "And the Admiral," she added.

"Tell my father to look after my little child, and remind Diego of her. I wonder...

What was in her mind? No one about her could guess at that moment or ever afterwards, for those were her final words. Fernandez died before they lifted her up to bear her away. She died as they did so.

They took Francisco de Porrns a prisoner with them. They took also the dead body of Anacanoa. That night she was buried by the seashore with Christian rites, and the sick Admiral himself stood beside her grave; "it is the least I can do," he had said to his brother. He looked like a man who had suffered an intimate loss.

He had taken from her the bloodstained pouch containing Diego's portrait. "Please God," he said, "I will give this to Diego with my own hands."

And so he did when he met Diego Mendez again in Spain. Francisco de Porrns had been set free by the Governor of Espanola. The other rebels too had gone unpunished. All but the Admiral had forgotten Anacanoa. And Diego, He never forgot.

Diego remained unmarried. Years after, his nephew, another Diego Mendez, was to go out to Jamaica. And he was to land at Santa Gloria and meet there an Arawak maiden called Anacanoa; but this Columbus could not guess.

When the young man was setting forth for the West Indies, his uncle bade him seek out the girl whose mother had been Anacanoa, and who had saved Don Bartholomew's life. "Tell her I knew and loved her mother," said the older Diego. He looked at him keenly, thoughtfully.

"I wonder..." were the words that passed through his mind.

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Zombies

(Continued from Page 67)

ed to sacrifice. It had probably touched Rose. And he had killed it!

That act affected his feeling. As the child pulled out his tie and fingered it, glad to be allowed at last to do the thing she had long wanted to do, the man brooded over the occurrences of the last two days. Of course he had expected a visit from the police; of course he knew that suspicion would attach to him. He had made some mistakes. He had tried to bribe Thompson, never dreaming that the latter would defy him; he had misconstrued the persistence of the local police. He had, it is true, established a hold on hundreds of people here, presently it would be on thousands, but it was dangerous to live in an atmosphere of watchful eyes. Yesterday he had not been able to come once to see this child, and he knew that his visits and these excursions to her mountain playground were most necessary to the continuance of her health. Yet if he should be closely spied upon, how would he be able to evade the watchers? Well, something must be left to chance; but he did not like the killing by him of this snake—be it of persons should never have done that. What would Gustave and Nord think if they should ever know of it—though they never could. They would regard him with a sort of horror. And now the scarlet tie which, like a streak of blood, he wore continuously round his neck, was being played with by a baby destined to be offered as a supreme sacrifice to Hell itself on the night of the full moon, but seven days away. Such things were not right.

That snake—he could not put it out of his mind. Was it only what it seemed? Might it not have been an incursion of something sent to warn him? His companions would have thought that. And they might be correct. Yet, to warn him about what?... Well, he had killed it. Had he not done a foolish, a pernicious thing?

But what was done was done.

But why had he felt and given way to such a spasm of rage? Why he angry because the little one was frightened? That was imbecile.

He roused himself from these thoughts.

"It is growing dark now," said he to the little girl: "we must go below."

She was getting sleepy; she nodded her head contentedly and settled it against his chest, still clutching the tie.

Very carefully he descended the step-ladder, when his head was below the surface of the ground he reached out his hand and pulled the withered branch over the aperture, though he knew that that precaution was unnecessary since no one would come this way. He delivered the already sleeping child to Celicia, gave some orders to both the zombies, and then retraced his steps to the far-off entrance to this cavern. It was dark when he cautiously peeped out; there was no one to see him. He strolled about the grounds for a time, as though he had been doing so for quite a little while, then entered the house from the front.

The next day a small band of labourers were busy digging the guano out of General Alexis Sam's cave. They were for the most part natives from the surrounding districts, but among them could be seen some strangers from other parishes, and these occupied the position of supervisors.

Jerome was one of these supervisors: he was the boss of the gang. He really had nothing to do; in any case the work was simple. The guano when dug was packed into gunny sacks and then despatched.

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The best moderate priced set on the market.
Prices from £10 upwards.

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(Continued on Page 72)
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The following are only a few of the outstanding photo-plays which Jamaica Theatres Ltd. will present for the entertainment of Jamaica during 1937:

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"THE LADY CONSENTS"
— Ann Harding, Herbert Marshall
"THE BRIDE WALKS OUT"
— Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond
"BEEN, KEEPS TO BALDPEATE"
— Gene Raymond, Margaret Callahan
"THE WITNESS CHAIR"
— Ann Harding, Walter Abel

JAMAICA THEATRES LTD. brings the world of entertainment to you!
THE first thing that strikes a visitor to a Cana-
dian National hotel on entering one of the bed-
rooms, is an advertisement of the beauties and at-
tractiveness of the British Caribbean colonies. This
is placed on the telephone stand by the head of one's
bed; none can fail to see it, unless of course he hap-
pens to be blind; in which instance it will probably
be read out to him so that he might not lose the
information. The announcement tells one that from
Halifax or Montreal or Boston one may travel in
luxury to Jamaica or the Bahamas, to Trinidad, or
any other colony served by the palatial "Lady" ships;
and when it is remembered that hundreds of thou-
sands of persons are guests of the nine great hotels
and residences, and located in populous centres from
Halifax to Vancouver, it will at once be understood
what a magnificent advertisement this is for the tour-
ist trade of British countries to the south of the North
American Continent.

Nor is this all. As I write I have before me
various publications in which appear illustrated pub-
llicity referring to Jamaica, Bermuda, Nassau, and
the other colonies. This is intended to induce people
from the West Indies to visit Canada, but more par-
ticularly to induce people in Canada to visit the
West Indies and British Guiana, Bermuda and the
Bahamas. Indeed one may say that the appeal is en-
tirely to the latter, since it is they who read these
advertisements, since the proportion of Canadians
visiting the southern British possessions, as com-
pared with the proportion of West Indians and other
tropical British people visiting Canada, must be at
least 100 to one. The Canadian Government, there-
fore, spends annually a large sum of money in ad-
vertising the attractions of these colonies, with the
result that year by year a larger number of Canadians
visit Jamaica, Barbados and our other islands—this
region of perpetual sunshine—during the
Canadian winter season, to find themselves in an
environment entirely new, strange, and of an appeal
of which they speak to their friends on their return.
Canada is all the while building up a great deal to the
West Indian tourist trade. Which is not the least of
many benefits that have resulted to us from the Canada-West Indies trade treaty.

Long before the West Indies agreed to arrange
reciprocal preferences with Canada, that country
made important trade concessions to us. It was not
until 1919, for instance, that Jamaica determined
to become a party to the West Indian trade agreements
with the Dominion, yet in the interval all the con-
cessions granted by Canada under the terms of the
then existing treaty were extended to Jamaica; and
when the treaty between us and the United States of
1925, Canada has purchased an increasing per-
centage of West Indian commodities. The sugar of
Trinidad, of British Guiana, of Barbados, of Jamaica,
of St. Kitts and Antigua, have their best market in
Canada. Canadians now consume Jamaica bananas
almost wholly; the quantity that goes into the Cana-
dian market from Fiji and other countries is almost
negligible. The greater part of Jamaica coffee goes
to Canada, Trinidad looks to Canada to purchase a
large volume of her cocoa. In return we take from
Canada such products as flour and fish, some manu-
factured articles, while of course the newsprint that
we use is originally Canadian, no matter where its
port of destination may be. But when we sum up
the situation the conclusion is inevitable that Cana-
dians are a far more important market for the West
Indies—in which I include all the colonies in this part of the British Empire—that the West Indies are of Canada; and yet, although undoubtedly the Canadians would like
to see a better balance established, the impression
which a West Indian visitor to Canada is that the
Canadian Government and people have been glad
of the opportunity to afford to these parts of the
Empire a good market, even though at some expense
to themselves.

But, of course, business is business, and it must
be recognized that it is distinctly to the advantage
of the West Indies that they should purchase as
much as possible from Canada in order that the trade
benefits to each of the two parties may become equal
and therefore completely satisfactory. We must regard Canadian trade interests in this part of
the world as our own interests, which in matter of
literals fact are we. We want and need the
Canadian market; we have secured it for certain
of our commodities by a reciprocal trade treaty; our
effort must be to increase the products of the British
Empire which our customers require, and to increase by 59 per cent while on the other hand purchases by
these countries from Canada were only 13.2 per cent greater.

Canada asks that importers in these British Crown Colonies
carefully consider the origin of the goods they purchase, and
to give preference to Empire countries that purchase from them,
quality and value being equal, buy products of the different
British Crown Colonies. In the last fiscal year Canadian purchases
from these countries totalled $17,189,253 and her exports amounted
to $10,526,252. Canadian purchases increased by 59 per cent while on the other hand purchases by these
countries from Canada were only 13.2 per cent greater.

Canada and the British West Indies (by
fiscal years)
Imports. Year. Exports.
$19,898,611 1931 $9,245,461
14,558,431 1932 9,833,237
17,189,253 1933 10,535,357

Canada seeks to extend her inter-Empire trade.

Canada is one of the best customers of the British West Indies,
Bermuda, the Bahamas, British Guiana and British Honduras,
purchasing nearly 50% of the products of each of the
British Crown Colonies. In the last fiscal year, Canadian purchases
from these colonies totalled $17,189,253 and her exports amounted
to $10,526,252. Canadian purchases increased by 59 per cent while on the other hand purchases by these
countries from Canada were only 13.2 per cent greater.

BUY WITHIN THE EMPIRE

Canada asks that importers in these British Crown Colonies
carefully consider the origin of the goods they purchase, and
to give preference to Empire countries that purchase from them,
quality and value being equal, buy products of the different
British Empire countries from those with the Caribbean, the
Canadian Government has assisted in providing reasonable transporta-
tion services and by trade treaties.

CONSULT CANADIAN OFFICIALS

Canadian Government Trade Commissioners are located at strategic points to cover this extensive territory. Their services are at the disposal of all merchants and importers and they are
available free of charge to facilitate the freer exchange of commodities from the Dominion.

HON. W. D. EULER, M.P.,
MINISTER.

1936-37
The Jamaica Home of
The Famous Ford Car and Truck

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1. The Up-to-date V-8 Ford Car is the last word in Motor Car Design and fills every requirement you can ask of a Modern Automobile at the minimum first and subsequent cost. From past experience many further substantial improvements are to be looked for from time to time.

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6. The Lincoln Motor Car—America’s Best Automobile in every way.

7. Fordson Tractors for every Agricultural and Industrial purpose.—(Made in England). Obtainable with McDowall Crawler.


9. Genuine Ford Parts. Always available here and throughout the Island. Consequently we are the only Automobile Dealership that can offer Island-Wide Service. Use none but Genuine Ford Parts and refuse Substitutes.

10. Henry Wallis “Germ” Process Motor Oil (British). In all grades, the Best you can buy.

11. Quaker State Motor Oils and Greases.

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13. Repairs to Cars of any make undertaken in our Up-to-date well-equipped shop. Skilled workmen under skilled supervision ensure a good job. Our Breakdown Unit is despatched promptly to any part of the Island.

Many Country Residents make it a Practice to call in and see us when they come to the City. We hope that you will join their number and whether you live in town or country that you will frequently call in at

THE KINGSTON INDUSTRIAL GARAGE
for Every Motoring Requirement

THE HOUSE BUILT ON INTEGRITY.
ZOMBIES
(Continued from Page 79)
to the seaport by motor trucks. There it was load-
ed into boats and rowed out to a ketch which lay
anchored some distance away from the shore. This
vessel had arrived early in the morning from Hay-
ti, with papers all in proper order. It was some
proof that what the General had said about his cave
and his intentions was true.
It had been arranged that a few of the chief
men working on the guano deposits should reside
on the property; rooms in the improvised hospital
were placed at their disposal. They were under
Jerome. They hated to have to work in a place in-
fested with bats, but these creatures were for the
greater part far within the gloomy cavern, and the
guano near the entrance would require some time
to remove. Jerome explained that when they had
to move further within they would work before few
hours at night, when the bats would have, as usual,
vacated their dwelling place in search of food.
The superior workers who were to live at Mount
Inferno, it had been settled, could bathe in a pool
near the cave after leaving their labours, change
into their ordinary attire—which of course they
doffed for a different sort of clothes before starting
on their job—and either go where they liked for
dinner or could be supplied by cooks stationed at
the spot. They were not expected at the Great
House before eight, and need not be there before
eleven. Altogether, some twenty persons had been
hired. But those who did the actual digging were
but twelve.
During that first day of work the Inspector of
Police for St. Ann and more than one policeman and
detective travelled up to the bat cave to give a glance
at what was happening. They saw enough to leave
no doubt in their minds that a bona fide business
operation was in progress, and subsequent communi-
cation by cablegram with Port-au-Prince fully con-
firmed the evidence of their own observation.
"There is nothing in all this that is suspicious," said
the Inspector on the following day to the two
detectives who had been sent from Kingston to aid
him in his search for the lost child, and who were
still retained in St. Ann's Bay. "Nothing."
"No, sir," replied the senior of the two, "except
this. From what I hear, that man Jerome is a
obeehman on the sly, and your own police up here
show me two other people working for General Slam
that they suspect are obeehmen also. That sort
don't work if they can help it; then why so many
of them working in one place now? That look
fany.
""Damned funny," admitted the Inspector.
"There are two policemen permanently stationed
at this guano cave, ostensibly to prevent any rows
among the workers," that officer continued; "but
they cannot follow the people to their different
homes. And we can't put a watch over General
Slam's house; he could appeal to the Attorney Gen-
eral for protection against such an interference with
his privacy; he is entitled, you know, to British
justice. In fact it seems that we can do nothing.
We haven't a shred of evidence against the man."

The two black men, clever at bringing ordinary
criminals to justice, but completely baffled now, very
gloomily agreed.
The work at the cave went on; the night of the
full moon came.
As usual, men from the ketch pulled ashore that
night, but it was seen that they did nothing of a
suspicious nature. The ketch had been searched
two days before, it would be searched again, but
while parties of the men did go up to Mount In-
ferno Great House now and then, in the evening
as well as in the day, the spies who followed them
had discovered that they never even saw the Gen-
eral. They met Nord and Gustave in an outrow; they
made no effort to conceal their movements.

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KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.
Wholesale Provision Merchants.
PLANTERS' PUNCH

General took on his visits to the child. At the rear of this single-file procession walked Gustave.

The Great House itself was in darkness; but usually its lights were extinguished at ten o'clock, so in this hour there was a strange silence.

Twenty people were with Gustave Napoleon and Pierre Nord, and these had never yet entered the hollows in the mountain that towered far above them. With wildly beating hearts they pushed their way along subterranean passages towards the scene of some dread ceremony to which they had been summoned by the man whom they acknowledged now as master. They were all practitioners of the forbidden cult of obeah, dabblers in magic, feared by their neighbours but fearful themselves of a police who would not spare them, and conscious that they were only frawds who fattened upon the credulity of dupes. It was Jerome chiefly who had brought them into contact with Alexis Sam, and they had found to their surprise and delight that instead of lying tribute upon them Sam had given them a share of his money, had made it well worth their while to associate themselves with him. In addition to this they understood something of his power. They too had seen dead men walking and feared that they might become like these at the will of their enigma, terrible leader.

Oh, on they went, in silence. To what? Some asked themselves this question, a few guessed at the answer, but thrust that answer out of their minds. They put no questions to the two great, grim Haytians who were both their guides and their guards; they dreaded these men. They were strangers, they spoke a different language, there were about them something that inspired distrust and awe. They were the same two men whom the slaves knew the supernatural secrets, who could work wonders, men under whose glare one quailed. So these Haytians, violators of the law every one of them, held guilt of many crimes, felt nevertheless that the foreigners were dreadful creatures, criminals, slave drivers. And they felt that they themselves were the slaves.

Gustave Napoleon turned the electric torch he had been carrying towards a hole in the rock-wall of the passage, and, silently stooping, led the way through it. They had not gone more than half the distance to the chamber in which the zombies lived with Rose. This was, in fact, the way to another cavern; for no one, before, had ever brought light from a roaring fire that shot up high, a fire that came from an enormous, blazing pile of hardwood upon which, as the fierce interminable charred, its rays had been h¢dious, indicated, petrol had burned out but a little while before. The entrance to it was wide, so that the entire group of people saw at once the scene set out before them. Involuntarily, they halted and stared with astonished eyes. It was Jerome chiefly who had brought them into contact with Alexis Sam, and they had found to their surprise and delight that instead of lying tribute upon them Sam had given them a share of his money, had made it well worth their while to associate themselves with him. In addition to this they understood something of his power. They too had seen dead men walking and feared that they might become like these at the will of their enigma, terrible leader.

To the right, but facing them, shone the great fire in the open in front of it, elbowed, all in scarlet, with a turban of scarlet on his head, the mysterious General stood. Heat made the atmosphere infernal, and down his cheeks ran streams of sweat. In the lurid glare that lit up the space about him his eyes shone red as blood; he moved with two supple limbs. He, excitement, his arms as the little crowd appeared; he did not cease at its appearance, but continued his strange ritual. And be chanting something. The same chant might be heard on the deck of the vessel out in the roadstead tonight, the chant of sacrifice and death. Pierre and Gustave motioned the Jams to their places in front of the General, now transformed fully into a high Priest of the voodoo, and these suiting on their haunches before him, as though at a signal. Then the two Haytians disappeared into a little recess behind the place of the flames and in another moment emerged in their full ceremonial attire. Red from head to foot they came, clothed in brilliant blood-colour as was their chief, and each of them took his stand beside him. Gustave Napoleon was to his right, Pierre Nord to his left, and they joined their deep bass voices to his in the chanting, and swayed their bodies, and moved their arms in ritual gesture. And soon the body of every man and woman in that hall of rock was swaying in unison with them as though compelled by an irresistible attraction.

What was it that these priests chanted? What anthem did their voices swell? Africa, or perhaps descended from a time when the statues of Moloch stood in the red heat of the sun he came to their temples, and frenzied women thrust forward the children of their wombs to be offered in honour of the god. How strong was the chant, how mad was the ritual, how compelling to a wild hysteria; and the monster blazed and the canary of an air that hung so motionless above, the darkness on either side of the cavern to which light did not penetrate—for this hollow in the rock was vast—and the knowledge that something terrible was to come, wrought upon the nerves of these worshipers until they panted and groaned in utter abandonment to the influence that pounced upon them from the dominant figures of the involuntarily priests.

And now there was a change in the chant. The two assistants, the lesser hierophants, had ceased; only Alexis Sam continued. The flames and the chant began again, but this time they were using words that the men and women crouching and swaying before them could understand, words in English which they had heard before, and one might hear a story without associating it with one's own life. "The goat without horns! Master, give us to the goat without horns!" And again theDemand was repeated, and the tones in which it was uttered were tones of thunder.

The goat without horns! The human sacrifice.

The life of a little child, the white child stolen and mysteriously made to disappear. No one there but believed that this was meant, and through those men and women on the ground a fearful shudder ran. Their worst, their ultimate apprehensions were about to be realised, They were to be initiated by blood baptism into the innermost circle of the voodoo, they were by a solemn act of murder to be made one with these men from over the water who would rule in this country by agencies from the Pit. A sound of sobbing broke out, a wail of fear. The child, the little child; two or three of them had seen her. And she was to be slain before their very eyes. Involuntarily both men and women pressed closer to one another, and even the muscles of the hardened Jerome tingled and twitched. But every eye amongst them stared unblinking at the three priests and at the flames that rose behind them.

A gasp of wonder, of terror. What was that seemed to be rising out of the fire, that tall column that looked like the body of a snake, a sinuous, twisting body of flame whose apex swiftly resolved itself into the semblance of a leering head, snake-like yet human, a head which swayed to the chant and from one to two three little lightnings flashed into one's soul. An instant of fire with features strangely human and yet terrifically demonic: surely this was the vision. Again and again the demand was repeated, men half crazed. But now the two lesser priests were bending their bodies towards it as though in adoration while the chief priest continued his chant. And louder than ever came the cry of the two: "Master, give us to the goat without horns!"

Terror had reached its culminating point. Suddenly it seemed to be transformed into another feeling. Two or three of the men in the crowd glanced at one another, and each read something in the other's eyes. The thought of a human sacrifice, the strongest had ceased to grovel and their jaws were set with a grim determination. The Devil was before them, and this place was a cavern of hell. But they themselves were not yet entirely of hell.

A shriek, wild and piercing, rang up to the roof; it came from the lips of the youngest woman in that crouching group. It was an invocation also,

(Continued on Page 76)
THE GREATEST BARTENDER OF THEM ALL

"I have been a bartender for more than 40 years— at old Martin's, Rodney Tyler's Oyster House, John L. Sullivan's Cafe, Cafe Savarin, the Hoffman House and the Hotel Knickerbocker. I served for years old J. Pierpont Morgan, Jay Gould and his family, "Bob" Ingersoll, Anthony Biddle, Sr., Mark Twain, Lillian Russell, Dave Warfield, Oscar Hammerstein and many others whose names will never die. I feel I have enough experience to express my preference as to liquor. I consider Jamaica rum the best drink of them all—straight, mixed or any way you want to take it. And from then till to-day I have never discovered a rum to compare with DAGGER RUM."

John Anthony "Tony" New

Dagger Rum the experience and integrity of the distiller mean much to those of your customers who love and understand aged liquors. Wray & Nephew have been making DAGGER RUM for over a century. DAGGER RUM was acknowledged by our fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers as the finest rum in the world. It is today so recognized by those who understand rum.

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22-28 Port Royal Street, Kingston.
ESTABLISHED 1825.
YOU CAN PROFIT BY THE RUM TREND

You can best capitalize the popular trend toward Rum by stocking and recommending J. Wray & Nephew products. Every bottle makes a friend—and friends call again.

Business needs such friends today. Theirs is the force that will carry you safely and profitably over the long haul.

With J. Wray & Nephew Rum you have a constant repeater, an adequate profit, and liberal sales cooperation.

A recipe booklet contains many alluring concoctions to tempt your customers’ hearts and palates. A generous supply to all J. Wray & Nephew dealers. Write today for sample copy.

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DAGGER RUM
J. WRAY & NEPHEW LTD.
22-28 PORT ROYAL STREET, KINGSTON. ESTABLISHED 1825.
Zombies

(Continued from Page 73)

but in tremendous discord with that which had hitherto been heard. It sounded like a challenge to all there that was evil. "Lord Jesus," the woman screamed, "Lord Jesus, help, have mercy!"

The chanting ceased abruptly, swiftly the flames died down and darkness took possession. The demonic figure vanished. The name of Christ had been spared, a heritage from one who had done evil things but was not altogether evil, and an echo of it was heard in his heart by everyone who was of that company of iniquities. It served them for the struggle; for when they had understood that call for the goat without horns, had grasped that it meant the sacrifice of the little stolen child, some of them had resolved that this at least they would never suffer. Not the death of the poor, innocent little one; never that. The religion in which they had been bred, which they had floated and ignored for years, now suddenly imposed its influence upon them with overpowering force. They would not give a little baby to the powers of Hell, even though they might have to fight desperately to save both themselves and her. For the moment they forgot the power of Alexis Sam, or resolved to get themselves against it. They would call upon their God for aid.

For an instant, after the woman's wild echoing cry, there was deadly silence. Then, as from far away, came a deep rumbling sound and at once the solid ground and the walls and the roof of the cavern were rocking in an earthquake's grip. Once, twice, thrice, came the shock, and the men and women sprang to their feet and stared frantically about them for some place of safety, while from every lip came loudly the prayer, "Lord, have mercy!" Even Gustave Napoleon and Pierre Nord looked startled and muttered to themselves; Alexis Sam alone appeared unmovet. The rumbling sank to silence, the earth ceased trembling, the General's voice was heard in the dinnsess, dominating the scene. He shouted a loud command; then, in quieter tones, spoke to the people about him. "The earthquake is over; it was nothing. You need not be afraid now. You have allowed your apprehensions and imagination to get the better of you; see, there is the goat without horns."

Everyone turned to watch the figure that was approaching out of the gloom. The General gave a signal to one of his men, and petrol-splashed fuel was thrown upon the smouldering fire. It blazed up fiercely once more.

They saw the Haytin zombie woman come forward. And in her hands was a white kid without horns.

A sigh of relief was heard, but Pierre and Gustave exchanged astonished glances. They were taken completely by surprise. They gazed white at the zombie handed the kid to the chief priest: the congregation, still shaken and afflicted with dread, looked on in silence while, with a sharp knife, Alexis Sam cut the struggling animal's throat and drained its blood on the burning wood. It was an anti-climax.

For surely that satanic face had been seen, and that writhing serpent body, and surely the goat without horns was not to have been but a little kid.

The ceremony was now over; the General was speaking.

"You will go to your several homes as quietly and as quickly as possible," he ordered, "and you will speak to no one of what has happened here tonight. To do that is to invite unescapable punishment. You understand me, Go?"

Led again by Gustave, they made their way to the entrance by the blue hole or pool, and one by one they sneaked away. The General and his two assistants watched them go, and then went into the Great House together.

In one of the rear rooms they turned on a single light. The General sat down. The other men stood before him in the posture of acusers.

"There was no sacrifice," said Gustave.

"Yes, there was, my friend, the ordinary sacrifice, though not the one you expected. I prepared for possible developments, you comprehend?" That was the reply of Alexis Sam, given in incoherent tones.

"But why? You have the child, but she was not in the place where we met tonight. So you did not intend to offer her up, though the Master himself was there."

"Gustave, the child was not far. But I suspect the spirit of those Jamaitans, and I was right. Did you not notice how they looked when they called for the goat without horns? Some of them would have thrown themselves upon us if they had seen that little one; they would not have allowed her to be sacrificed. Happily for our safety, I had thought of the possibility of that and so had a kid as a substitute. Not one of those people can now be certain that the child is in our hands. Considering their calibre, that is just as well, I feel that they are dangerous."

"But," interposed Pierre Nord, "that means that your hold over the people here, the spread of our worship, is over. You abandon everything, and we have followed you to this country, and run great risks, in vain. Is that not so?"

"It is not so, Pierre Nord. What we have to do now is to get these folks more accustomed to us and our methods, we must not try to take them too far at once. I feared that from the first; I saw it too. A little patience, my friend; that is what we need."

"That is not what you told the Brotherhood in our country," retorted Nord; "but now it seems to me that you have never done anything but talk and make fine promises."

"Are you speaking to me, Pierre Nord?" came the General's voice reply.

"Yes. Here we seem to be your servants; but you know, Alexis Sam, that we are not. We are your brothers. We have the right to speak."

"But I am chief, my friend, and I do not tolerate insubordination. You are priests of the voodoo, yes, and when you have my brain, my learning, my ability to plan, you can aspire to be leaders in a foreign country like this—not before. I would advise you to remember this."

"Let all that pass," advised Gustave. "We need not quarrel now. What of the child, Alexis Sam, and the real sacrifice?"

"Well, the night of the full moon is almost over now; the next full moon—"

"We will not wait for that."

"Indeed? Then what do you suggest, Gustave?"

"Offer the sacrifice before us and some of our brethren on the ship. They can come up here for that. Leave those Jamaitans people out of it, if you think that is wiser: they are all cowards and fools."

"And they will never know," added Pierre Nord.

"But if we do not sacrifice, harm will come to us: you know that. All our plans will fail, our lives will be taken from us, we may become like the living-dead, or worse. The Master never forgives."

"The General glanced from one man to the other: they were both giving orders now; he realised that. And his arrogant mind revolted against this, all his pride was offended. They had taken the leadership into their own hands; they no longer trusted his ability to spread the voodoo cult through this country as he had boasted to them and to others like them that he could do. He knew that they

(Continued on Page 74)
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ZOMBIES
(Continued from Page 76)
would have risked anything that night, that they would have trusted in the power of Satan to aid them against the insurgent Jamaicans. But their faith and courage had not been in vain. Yet how argue with fanatics like these?

"Very well," he answered, "I will go to him as you have asked and see if I can help him."

He put her back on her bed, walked some distance away, and called the zombies to him. To each of them he handed a loaded revolver, then gave them an order slowly and in clear, simple words. Sometime in the evening they would hear his voice, he said, and when they heard it they were to come to him. The next day there was no return of the crowd, and the inhabitants of the house were left in peace.

She did not quite understand him, but knew he was talking about her going somewhere.

"With you?" she asked, clapping her hands.

"Perhaps," he answered, "I too would have gone.

He put her back on her bed, walked some distance away, and called the zombies to him. To each of them he handed a loaded revolver, then gave them an order slowly and in clear, simple words. Sometime in the evening they would hear his voice, he said, and when they heard it they were to come to him. The next day there was no return of the crowd, and the inhabitants of the house were left in peace.

He did not believe that Gustave or Nord would try to take the child away, but the improbable sometimes happened. Death would be the result of any such attempt.

CHAPTER NINE
THE POLICE AGAIN
Through the streets of the little town of St. Ann a woman ran screaming. People rushed out of houses and shops, startled by the harrowing cries; for though they were used enough to noise and vexation, there was a different quality in the ultimatum and discordant exclamations of this woman; there was frenzy in her voice, that was the utterance of madness.

"The goat without horns," she declared, "the fire! the fire! Lord Jesus have mercy; save us from hell!"

She ran about aimlessly, dogs pursued her barking, men and women joined in the pursuit, they knew not why, for no one attempted to touch her. But when they heard her babbling something about "the little girl, the devil from Haiti," they began to escape frightened glances. What did she mean? Was this madness merely, or was it a confession of something devilish?

A policeman appeared upon the scene. The woman found herself held firmly by strong arms, and a commanding yet persuasive voice said, "Come this way, and don't make any more noise." She glanced at the speaker with eyes distrustful, recognized the uniform, grew quiet, but muttered continuously. Then, very near to her caught the words "Mount Inferno," the goat without horns." They repeated them to others in the crowd. A murmur of wonder in which there were undertones of anger spread through the throng, which increased as it took the way towards the police station.

At the threshold of the station the policeman waved back the surging, disquieted people, ordering them sternly not to block the street. But they paid no heed to his command, though they did not attempt to invade the precincts of the building. By an instinctive movement of the mass mind they had connected this woman's ravings with the disappearance of the Roselynn child; they had hoped to the situation that she knew more about the matter than she had told. Was she not a person suspect, a woman living alone on the outskirts of town, who favored in witchcraft, known indeed by some in this crowd to deal in charms and to hold communities with the spirits of the dead? And now she had gone mad and was uttering strange but significant things, things about the fire and the house of the General who lived above the town, and the goat without horns. Was this but simple madness? Or was she not suffering some (frightful) retribution for a hidden wrong that she had done?

Momentarily the crowd increased. From somewhere near the centre of it rose an old woman's quavering voice, "Be sure your sin will find you out!" and from the people came a deep and dismal groan and the cry, "There is wickedness in the land, and we seeing it today." Fortunately, the Inspector for the parish was in the station at that moment, and he was a man of decisive action. "We must clear that crowd," he said to the sergeant in charge, and went out himself with the sergeant and a couple of officers to speak to the excited men and women.

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Zombies
(Continued from Page 78)
certain she had? He was a white man, English, a
fine man but surely ignorant of some of the things
it would be well to have a knowledge of at this
time. He had not been able to find the Joselrn baby. He
had not been able to trace the bodies that had dis-
appeared from the graves that had been opened—
for by this time everyone knew of the rified graves
and of dead men who had been seen walking about
as if alive. For weeks terror had gripped this town,
this parish, and had indeed spread far through the
island, and with terror had grown resentment and
an impulse towards revengeful action. The Haytians
from the ship may not have been aware of it, but
when they went about they were eyed savagely, as
foreigners always are in any country suffering from a
species of hysteria. Had Pierre Nord and Gustave
Napoleon ever been allowed to overhear the remarks
made about them when they were seen in St. Ann
they would have guessed that very little was needed
to let loose upon them a mob of superstitious, infuri-
ated people who had come to believe that they were
identified with the kidnapping of little Rose Joselrn
for some vile and sinister purpose. Enough time had
not yet elapsed for this feeling to exhaust itself and
die away; and now that a woman had given utter-
ance to rambling words which nevertheless had a
certain coherence—Mount Inferno, the goat with-
out horns—all the fear, all the anger, all the horror
of the people was surging up towards active expres-
sion. The Police had understood this well. There
was trouble in the air.
He watched the crowd disperse slowly, then sent a
policeman to prevent too large a number of persons
from assembling in any one spot. He understood
the people far better than they imagined; more, in
his heart he sympathised with their feeling deeply.
They felt that murder had been done, the murder
of an innocent baby, and they thirsted and hungered
for the punishment of those guilty of that crime.
They wanted both justice and retribution, and also
an end to the uncanny dread that gripped at the
hearts of all of them. They were not wrong; but
they must not be allowed to act as their passions
might dictate; order and law must be preserved.
But everywhere in the colony the talk was still of the
lost child, and still the newspapers and people won-
dered at what they considered to be the infidelity
of the police. He must do something. But what
was he to do?
The two detectives from Kingston were in the
station. With them and with the sergeant the In-
spector interviewed the demented woman.
He tried to question her gently. He had learnt
her name from one of the policemen.
“What do you mean by ‘the goat without horns’?”
he asked.
“The devil,” she moaned, “the fire, the devil
out of the fire. The sacrifice.”
“Yes, the sacrifice,” prompted the Inspector,
“where? Where was it?”
“In hell,” she muttered, “in hell, and the earth-
quake come, and the man, the Haytian man, he—”
“Yes! The Haytian man, Mary, don’t you re-
member what he did and said?”

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We want to find out something about the Joesley child.

So then you do not know what happened here last night?" said the General. "And the assertion that you did was only—well, what shall I call it? Never mind— I can tell you what happened last night. We retired at about ten o'clock as usual, and had a good night's rest. But of course we had dinner before going to bed; I hope dining is not an offence according to your Jamaicawell?"

"It is not, sir," said the Inspector, "and go back to your homes. But as a matter of fact the men now staying here are employed by me. You will find them at the batcave."

"We call there before coming on here," said the detective—it had been arranged that he should take part in the impromptu interrogation—and they look very scared and tired, and they give us a hint of the reason.""And that hint was—?"

"You know quite well, General Gam.

You are suggesting that I know that these men drink, and are afraid that I should hear of it? You are perfectly right. But you have come with another search warrant, of course. May I suggest, Inspector, that you execute it and leave me in peace? I have made up my mind to complain to your Government about all this. I am being subjected to direct persecution by the police, and I resent it. Your lamentable failure to protect the unhappy parents and children of this parish is no excuse for continual raids upon my privacy."

"He turned and walked away as he spoke, perfectly confident that the police had heard nothing that could put them on the trail of Rose, though undoubtedly they must have come upon some information today that had aroused their suspicions anew. And this he grasped, was dangerous.

Pierre Nord was on the premises: he the police did not trouble to question. But when they came upon the woman, the zombie, with her glassy eyes and grimy teeth, they were startled. The Inspector went to the General. "Who is this General," he said.

"One of my Haytian servants, she's slightly off her head, but perfectly harmless. I hope to cure her in time."

There was nothing more to be said. For though the Inspector, who knew some French, tried to talk to this woman, he gave up the effort quickly. She merely stared unblinkingly at him, and answered not a word.

There was nothing suspicious in the house, in the yard, in the outbuildings. Not a sign that anything had happened in those premises that night that demanded explanation. When the search was drawing to a close Gustave Napoleon came in, and stood watching the police. He had known they were going on to the Great House after their visit to the guano cave.

At last, when the Inspector and his men were about to take their departure, the General approached them. "I have said," he observed to the Inspector, "that I shall have to make representations to your Government; very probably they will take no notice of what I say. But please understand, Mr. Inspector, that I shall not be complaining of you and your men personally: you have to do your duty, I suppose. Only, I should like you to remember that I am at least entitled to be spoken to politely by your officers."

The Inspector, seeing that he had found nothing against the man, was aware that he was not in the strongest of positions. He was conciliatory in his reply. "It is all right", he remarked, "I am sorry that we have to trouble you but—"

"Duty, duty," murmured the General; "yes, I understand, I see that you are offering two hundred pounds reward for any information that might lead to the discovery of Mr. Joesley's daughter, or her kidnappers. Do you know that that suggestion was mine?"

"No!" exclaimed the Inspector, genuinely surprised.

"I made it to Mrs. Joesley when she came here to see me some days ago," said the General; "and I am glad to see that it has been acted upon. You might speak to Mrs. Joesley and her husband about it, and there is something I should like to add. I happen to be a rich man; would I be allowed, do you think, to offer, privately and through the police of course, another two hundred pounds reward? Believe me, I am very sympathetic to the poor parents, and a couple of hundred pounds doesn't mean much to me—don't I say this by way of ostentation, Inspector. So if your chiefs will allow it, I will send the Government the money at any time today if necessary. Believe me, a large reward is certain to tempt anyone here who knows anything about this unfortunate incident, and it is high time the mystery was solved."

"Thank you," said the Inspector genuinely moved, "Impulsively he held out his hand; "I feel that—""

"Say no more, Inspector; you are very generous in your attitude to a foreigner, after all. Pardies, I will make no representations to your Government, not if you come here every day with a search party! And why not? After all, if you don't show the people here that you are active, they will accuse you of indifference and neglect. I feel that, in my annoyance, I have been rather unreasonable where you are concerned, Well, au revoir."

"The two men shook hands, the others watching this scene silently. The faces of the detectives registered strong disapproval, those of Gustave and Pierre were solid masks. The police went back to their cars and disappeared; the General turned to his two assistants.

"Well," he laughed aloud, "I have sent away that young fool and ashamed of himself and satisfied that he has treated us very badly. Not a bad piece of work, mes amis."

"Admitted Gustave; "but suppose any of those people who were here last night should talk; you yourself said they were not to be trusted."

"Well, someone seems to have been talking already, hence this last visit from the police. I knew I was right Gustave, and so do you now. But what can they say? They haven't a chance. I have not even a sprinkling of ashes, to indicate what took place last night; the three of us will see to that at once. The zombies cannot speak. The three of us (Continued on Page 85)"
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ZOMBIES
(Continued from Page 82)

will swear, if anything is said by anyone of these people about our society, that it is nothing but a costumes party; that if you may depend upon it that after what happened last night the police will keep us closed. The man or woman who denounces us will be repudiated by the others, who will have no share in the enterprise. In the end, they will get what half of the reward has been offered by myself—for those policemen who talk—and in the hands of anyone personally, he will feel that I have set a trap for him. That is what we intended—partly. You see what we have brains, my friends? What would you two have done in this country without me?

"Nothing, General," replied Gustave respectfully; "yet we have decided that we cannot keep the child, and you have agreed.

"Precisely. This evening you will go down to the Bay, and, as quietly and secretly as you can, will take a few of our people up here. I don't ex-
pect any further trouble from the police for quite a few days; that Inspector will now be comminut-
ing with what he has found, and, in the mean-
time, we must get our things out of the way. We will not be here tomorrow evening. If any of you return, I shall be at the Mix, No. 4, as usual. If you see me, you shall give me the message which I shall leave you. I shall return, and you will find me waiting at the Mix.

"We must burn the body," continued the General. "Burn the bones as well as the flesh to ashes, and remove the ashes; the stream in the cave will carry it underground to the sea. That will be easy enough. An hour or two after the sacrifice, Gustave, there will be no trace of evidence against us, and, remem-
ber, unless the body of a person killed is found, there can be no prosecution for murder.

"It shall be as you say," agreed Pierre Nord. "If the sacrifice of the goat without horns is made, we shall become powerful in this land. You will be its ruler." 

"Exactly. And now we must find out who has been giving any sort of hint to the police about last night. It may be Jerome; but it is no wo-
man. Women's nerves are weak. If any one of those who were with us last night has spoken, she must be silenced.

"As for you two, you will please refrain from speaking to me as you spoke last night. I forgive you for that insolence, but never again will I put up with it. I suppose you see now what would have happened had we offered up the white girl in the presence of those Jamaican police. There could have been no escape for us, and we have saved our lives, mes amis. Never forget that.

"The two men bowed submissively, and the Gen-
eral smiled with propitiated vanity. They were his servants once more, no longer presuming to equality. Before them he had defeated the police, and, the Inspector had departed a humbled man. The two detectives—he knew they were im-
placable enemies. But they were under orders, and by tomorrow this time there would be nothing to fear from them."

CHAPTER TEN
DEFEATING EVERYTHING

PIERRE NORD went back to the guano deposit to inform the men who were given lodgings in the annexe of the Mount Inferno Great House that they must not go there tonight as some repairs were being planned for the place. They would have no difficulty in finding places to stay at in St. Ann's Bay. Always thorough, the General put Gustave to rigging the rigging part of the building, and the work was proceeding, he snatched a couple of hours' sleep.

At about eight o'clock that evening he dispatched both Nord and Napoleon to the town. These two could row, and in a little sheltered cove along the shore, about a half a mile west of the town, a boat was kept. He now and then conveyed them to the kettle anchored in the roadstead. They were to take the boat and bring back four of the men on the following night to a place known to them east of the voodoo. They were to move about the town as usual for a while; then, on the pretense that they wanted to go a drive, come on to Mount Inferno. But they must not come direct. They were to strike the road to the right at that point at some distance out of the town. He would not ex-
pect them back before eleven.

He watched them go, and went himself into the mountain tunnel and toiled towards the cavern in which Rose was kept confined. He was weary; he felt that all this exertion was too much for a man of his age, strong and healthy though he was. "But this is my last journey," he muttered with a grim smile.

The child was sleeping when he came to her; the zombie had heard his voice and had made no effort to prevent his entrance. But he noticed that her hands still grasped the revolver he had placed in them early that morning, and he knew what would have happened to anyone else who had at-
tempted to enter that place.

He gave his orders to the zombies. Cecilia lift-
ed the sleeping child carefully and followed him, the male zombie, Williams, brought up the rear. When they came to where they must stoop and crawl, the General took Rose from the zombie's arms; the child stirred uneasily but did not awake. At last they stood in the open; in the pale light which the rising moon diffused, within sight of the beautiful pool that bubbled blue and silver, with the great mountains towering behind and the forest-
covered land stretched out for miles behind them.

Into the house they went; the Haytian zombie seeing them pass, unheeding. The General took them into his own room that looked out upon the paths and the sloping ground in front. No sound came from below.

The zombies paused before an open window. There were no screens to this window, no curtains to be drawn in a tropical country house. Yet had Alexis Sam been less preoccupied with what was in his mind he would have remembered that the room was lighted, that those within it, standing where they did, could be seen from some distance outside, and that though he heard nothing, that did not mean that there was nothing to hear.

And it happened that two men were looking up at the house at that moment, Jerome, and the senior detective who spied on the movements of Alexis Sam.

Jerome had received orders not to be at Mount Inferno that night, and his curiosity had been whetted. Why this command? he had asked him-
self. He would not have given it a thought had it applied only to himself, but it had been categori-
cally comprehensive. Why? He knew of the re-
ward offered by the police for any information that might lead to the discovery of Rose or the capture of her kidnappers. He remembered vividly the scene of last night. He had no doubt that the sac-
cifice of the girl-child had been intended but had been prevented by something—he was not quite certain what. There would have been a fight; some, if not all, of the Jamaicans in the sacrificial cave would have broken into open revolt had the little one been brought forward. He would not have been one of them; he knew too much about the powers of Alexis Sam, was too careful of his own skin. But he had been sickened at the idea of the
human sacrifice, and during that day he had been wondering whether, in some way or other, he could not safely bring the police to a knowledge of what had happened but a few hours before, and whether this might not earn him the reward. But would it? And how could he speak and yet remain undetected by the terrible General? If he were once suspected he would be doomed. He would be doomed—and he had seen the living-dead and had no wish to share their fate.

Yet, to-night, his intense curiosity had driven him up to Mount Inferno. He itched to know what might be happening there. So he had donned a pair of rubber-soled shoes and had crept like a thief into the ground in front of the house to spy out what he might. So had the detective who was watching the Great House at that moment.

The two detectives had not been at all impressed by the show of candour and cordiality exhibited to the Inspector by Alexis Sam that day. They had considered it but playing-act. They disbelieved more than ever, if that were possible, in his profession of innocence. But without another search warrant they could make no further raids up on his house; and no magistrate would grant two such warrants in a single day, knowing what would be said everywhere if nothing, as was practi-

cally certain, came of the second search. The detectives, however, felt that there were some things which they might attempt without any explicit authorisation; and to his colleague the senior detective had whispered his intention of probing about the grounds of Mount Inferno that night to see if anything might be learnt. "I will be a trespasser," he had laughed, "but if anybody find me I will say I only came to pay a visit to the General. And I will leave my revolver behind at the station to prove my peaceful intentions. There is no reason why I shouldn't go to see the General to ask him to help me—he is very fond of offering to help people!"

Standing concealed by a tree, he had heard Jerome approaching. He had noticed the darkness of the house, the sudden illumination of the room, had caught a swift glimpse of men, a woman, and of something in the arms of the woman that looked like a child. At that instant Jerome, coming up stealthily and hugging the shadows, had stopped dead in his tracks. Then the picture framed by the window swiftly disappeared, for the people had withdrawn somewhere into the room.

Jerome turned suddenly to find the detective by his side. He was startled. But he knew he dare not raise the alarm, for what could he say about his own appearance at that spot after receiving the General's explicit orders? The detective, on his side, had prepared his plan of procedure. "Not a deep out of you," he whispered fiercely, "and remember I have a pistol and a revolver. I have two men not far from here. Besides, if you act sensibly, you will get the reward."

At the word "reward" Jerome pricked up his ears. "Did you see anything?" he asked softly, and in a friendly tone.

"Let's move back," suggested the other man, recognising that Jerome was not disposed, at the moment, to make trouble. They quietly withdrew farther from the house, then the detective paused.

"You saw the child in the woman's arms?" he questioned.

"Something like that," Jerome admitted; "but I couldn't see it well, and it mightn't be the same child... But it might be."

"You never saw Mr. Joselyn's daughter in this place."

"Never, I swear to God. If I had," continued Jerome virtuously, "I would have been the first to tell the police."

The detective sniffed. "Well, I believe it is the same one; and it isn't dead. Can I trust you to go inside and get it?"

"Good God, man, do you know what you are saying?" demanded Jerome in horrified tones. "That man inside can murder you a living corpse there is one of them there with him now. You don't know human nature."

The detective recalled the zombie and shuddered. Yet something had to be done. He cursed himself for having left the revolver at the station. How many persons were in this house; how could he cope with them; how far did he dare to trust this sconned at his side:"

"I would be a dead man if I went inside," Jerome whispered. "The General is a bad man; O

God, only last night I saw him raise the Devil himself from the pit. Others saw it too..."

"Then something did happen up there last night?" the detective demanded swiftly.

"Not at all. But the child wasn't there. I believe that she is still alive."

"What happened?"

Jerome grasped the arm of the detective. Not very far from him, to the left, there came a sound, a scream of people walking, a slight indication of movement. It died away. "What is that?" whispered Jerome hoarsely.

"It may be an animal; it may be a person; I can't say," muttered the detective, "Perhaps there are others up here tonight besides us two. We could follow them..."

"I won't go without you, me friend," thought the detective, "for I not letting you out of my sight this night."

Besides, he added rapidly to himself, it was not his immediate business to hunt for the meaning of sounds which might be made by anything. It was his job at the moment to find out if the thing he had seen in the arms of the woman by the window was the Joselyn child, and, if it was, to rescue it.

He made up his mind. If the child were still alive, it clearly was in no imminent danger. If he alone went into the house it would be hidden away before he could get into that lighted room, his warrant demanded, and nothing practical effected. Jerome would not go with him and could not be coerced. But he could hurry down to the town, get the police hear, and, on the way, squeeze all the information he could out of Jerome. He would use violence with this man, as he and his colleagues had once plotted. Jerome was not only stronger than himself but would be dumb and inimical. Jerome, he went on, he said to that worthy, "I can see you are going to get the reward after we arrest the General. When we arrest him you will be safe.

Jerome was much cheered by this prospect, though the detective was secretly determined that, if he could prevent it, there would be no reward for Mr. Jerome. Rather, there would be a term of imprisonment.

Had they known it, they had missed Rose by the hair's breadth, as she shot away. The noise they had heard had been made by the passage of those who were bearing her away.

After the General had passed, with Cecilia and Williams, before the open window, he had stepped out of its range, more through the automatic influence of a reasserted sense of caution than because he imagined that he could be seen. Indeed, it was the zombies who had gone towards the window in the first instance. And that was always left open to admit of a view.

General Alexis Sam fixed the two creatures standing before him with stern commanding eyes. Slowly, clearly, he gave them their simple orders. Mount Vernon was but half a mile away; there Mrs. Joselyn still was, and often at night her husband

(Continued on Page 89)
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THE KINGSTON INDUSTRIAL GARAGE
ZOMBIES
(Continued from Page 86)

went to stay with her. The Resses, kind, sympathetic friends, would not let her return as yet to her house of harrowing memories. The General knew all this. In half an hour these zombies could reach Mount Vernon. They were to take the child inside, and then to leave; they must slip away even if an effort were made to detain them. Each must go back that night to its own house, "not to your graves," he commanded significantly, for he knew that, unless specifically instructed otherwise, their inevitable impulse would be to seek the spot in which they had been buried. He knew they would be questioned; but they would and could answer nothing. They would not mention him, or Mount Inferno, or even remember the little girl. The living-dead know nothing.

He shook Rose slightly, and she awoke and held out her arms towards him. He took her from Cecilia.

"Well, little one," he said, and there was a strange note of tenderness in his voice, "you are going back to mummy and daddy. You will be glad to see them. Goodbye."

"But you coming too," insisted Rose; "daddy and mummy will love you."

"I can't come, not tonight, darling. But you must go."

"Then kiss me goodnight," Rose ordered.

He kissed her, then—"Look in my eyes, dear. You will forget me and this place and all these people, and everything when you awake. You will remember nothing. But when you are grown up and a much bigger girl, a memory of me will come back to you, and I think you alone will remember me then, and will love me. Now sleep."

She opened her lips languidly as if to say something, but her eyes closed. Compelled by his hypnotic power, she had passed into unconsciousness. "You will awake half an hour from now," the General murmured; "and will be far from all danger." He took the zombies out by the back door of the house, set them on the path they must follow, and went back inside to think out his further plan of action.

In one of the rear rooms of the building he sat down wearily.

"I couldn't. Her mother said to me that little Rose was sweet and loving, and I had found that out before. Am I growing sentimental? me. Alexis Sam, the terror of Hayti, the man who never knew fear? Am I growing old? But I have never done all the things that rumors attributed to me; I have never assisted at a human sacrifice—it was not I but Gustave who had that German child stolen. I have killed many men, yes, and will again if necessary; I will not have dogs baying at me and ears crossing my path. I am a fighter, the bravest that there was in Hayti; I am a warrior, a statesman, I am born to rule. I could bring this country under my command; if these fools of papalots will be obedient I will do it yet. But I will not murder children; and I loved little Rose."

"She is of the white race. I hate her people. What did they do for mine in Hayti, save make them slaves? How have they treated me? I hate them. But the little girl... I wonder how she will grow up, what she will be fifteen years from now. I wish I could know. I am rich, I could do a great deal for her; she deserves everything that is good in this world, I should not have taken her. Well, she is safe enough now and will remember nothing for many a long year; perhaps I shall never see her again."

"What will those angels of mine say when they find that she is gone? I may have to face open revolt: I am prepared for it. I will not tolerate it. It is for me to make decisions, it is for them to obey. I will again, tonight, publish my supremacy over them. I will have them at my feet."

His thoughts shifted to another aspect of the problem before him: it had all along been at the back of his mind."

"The Master," he whispered aloud, "the Master. Will he not demand vengeance for this?"

"He appeared to us last night; he came in fire and in the form of a serpent. All saw him. It was no fancy, no illusion; though never had I seen him before. I felt the Great Powers about me, though he himself alone was visible; I felt and defied them. There was war between them and me; I knew it, they knew it too. Alexis Sam, a human being, defied the Great Hosts, the Master himself—was there ever anything like that before?" This question he uttered loudly, in a voice suffused with pride, as though he had achieved a victory unparalleled in the annals of demoniacal necromancy. "For that time at least," cried the General proudly, "I was greater than He."

He sprang erect as he spoke, and lifted his right arm in a gesture of defiance.

He listened intently, muttering, but heard only the sound of his own voice.

He sank into silence, and resumed his seat.

There was sweat on his brow; the violence of his emotion, the exertions he had made, the experiences he had passed through during the last twenty-four hours, had told upon his strength. And the parting forever with the child he had come so strangely and so tenderly to love had touched him more than he imagined.

(Continued on Page 91)
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ORDER
ZOMBIES
(Continued from Page 88)

"The snake that I killed," he mused, as he had often mused since that incident, "it was a messenger to mark Rose for the sacrifice, I have realized that; perhaps I even raised it in a kind of horror when I stamped upon it. I tried then to persuade myself that I did not understand the meaning of its coming, the fear of the child, which it must have touched, my own unoverlong rage. I understand it all now; it is all quite clear to me.

"But if it was a messenger sacrificed by me, and if I have also defied the Master, then I am as completely cut off from Hell as from Heaven, an outcast from both, pursued by both with hatred and vengeance. So be it, I have never feared either. But I should have feared the look in the eyes of little Rose had I taken her roughly in my hands to offer her up as a sacrifice. And had anyone else attempted to do it I would have died defending her.

"What are the words that I have sometimes heard quoted here—yes, I remember: 'The lion shall lie down with the lamb, and a child shall lead them.' I am the lion, unique I believe, for where else can be found a man like me? But I shall lie down with no lamb: that is not my nature. Yet a child has led me—I wonder to what fate?

"The Master wanted Rose. Alexis Sam denied him. And now I will defy him to the end."

His head had sunk between his hands, his elbows resting on his knees. Swiftly now he rose, for a noise to which he was not accustomed broke upon his ears. It was the howling of horns, the fierce shouting of human voices. These were not his own people, who were but few and who would never dare to shatter the stillness of the countryside with such discordant clamour. Then what was this? His thoughts flew to the girl entrusted to the monsters. Surely she had not been discovered before reaching her destination? But no; and that would not have brought this approaching crowd to Mount Inferno; this then was something different. This seemed like an attack. He became his normal self again, a man of decisive action, ready to face anything, ready to pit his brain or his courage against opposing forces. He walked quickly through the house, turned on the lights, and, throwing open the front door, stepped out upon the verandah.

A mob of cars and people was pouring up towards him.

CHAPTER ELEVEN
THE SACRIFICE

All that day, in St. Ann's Bay and beyond its confines, men and women had been talking of but one thing: the strange action and "confessions" of the woman now under medical observation, her references to the child, the devil and Mount Inferno.

Suspicion had been aroused, it developed into conviction; scores of people believed that up at the Great House on the hill there had happened, was happening, something wicked, criminal, devilish; just as a spark falling among feathers may lead to a blaze, so this belief crystallized into a feeling that now or never was the time to seek out the evil thing that hung a dreadful menace over thousands, and end it forever.

When work was over that afternoon, men and women began to gather here and there to ask what should be done. What were the police doing? Could they alone cope with the danger? And what of the little girl? Was she, still alive, to be left a victim to awful men?

Some of the townspeople wandered into nearby villages to discuss the situation. They told of what they had heard that day. They magnified it. Then, perhaps because the idea had been suggested by someone at random, or because it had occurred to many of the people, there was developed an impulse to march upon Mount Inferno to see whether Rose Jonkyn was there, or to find her remains. There was a craving, an urge, to do something.

No one of these folk would have dreamed of going to the Great House by himself. No couple would have thought of such an expedition but as madness. But ten might go in safety, twenty better still. No movement was made, however, until some persons caught sight of Pierre Nord, Gustave Napoleon and four of the men from the ketch wandering about the town. Then at once it was suggested that their destination was Mount Inferno—a mere guess, but in this instance absolutely true.

The Haytians were not molested. That would have brought out the police at the double-quick. But those who owned motor trucks and cars of a sort—ancient vehicles but capable of service—went quietly to the work of going up to Mount Inferno: some mounted on horses and mules, others began to set off on foot. In a very little while the young Inspector of Police (who in these days remained in the town to watch events) was informed of what was proceeding. He decided to act immediately.

He could not prevent these people from moving about as they pleased. They were making no riot, breaking no law. Only until they committed a trespass or actually threatened life or property could be dispersed them by order or force. But if he could arrive at the place to which they were bound before them, or with them, he would probably be able to dominate their actions and compel them to keep the peace. It would be a difficult task, he knew, but his duty was clear.

He hastily obtained a car, piled into it four policemen, the detective left at the station, and himself. All were armed. Such a force against a couple of hundred people, if not more, would be laughable.

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able if arms alone were to be depended on; but it was not the influence of arms that he thought chief. It was on the moral authority of law that he counted, and on the usual disposition of the people. They must not be made to think that the police were against them; they must be taught to trust the police and co-operate with them. He would appeal to the crowd in the name of their King, for the sake of the good reputation of their parish and country. That should work. For the crowd of tonight consisted of no city hoodlums or criminals, but of decent men and women made bitterly angry by suspicion and fear.

Swiftly the police car sped towards Mount Inferno, imperatively hoping for right of way on encountering any vehicles in front, and there were many. Soon over a hundred persons had arrived at Mount Inferno.

General Alexis Sam watched this demonstrative mob rolling up in front of his house. He stood clearly revealed in the glowing moonlight, and against an illuminated background. He had taken his stand at the entrance to his verandah. Anyone who would enter his house without permission must push him aside, and he did not intend to be pushed aside by anyone that night.

The people saw him, and, as they clambered out of the motor trucks and cars or dismantled from males and horses, paused irresolutely, not quite knowing what to say or do. He was absolutely alone; but calm and unafraid. What did they actually propose? Now that they were on the spot, they could not say; but General Sam was well aware that if the people of the town were to make a surge forward, or even to fling a stone, the rest would swarm upon him crazy with a sudden lust for destruction. That was what the mob acted. He knew it from experience.

But the police, if not the first to arrive, were on the scene almost immediately after the first comers. Headed by the Inspector, they shouldered their way up to General Sam: he did not move an inch. The Inspector, however, was equal to the occasion.

"Let me stand beside you, General: we are here to protect you," he said. "And it must not appear as if you were resisting or obstructing the police."

"As you say, sir," replied the General, and moved slowly to one side. The Inspector took his stand beside him. His little band of men ranged themselves in front.

He waited until most of the people had arrived. Then he raised his hand and began to address them. He spoke simply, and with the quietness of a man who was surprised at this action of yours," he called out loudly. "What exactly is it that you have in view? Don't you know that you are breaking the law?"

"What about the little girl, Inspector?" screamed a woman's voice from somewhere behind. "We come to look for her. You can't find her; perhaps we can. You are protecting this man; we want to protest. The Josyes child."

The Inspector's heart sank. What could he answer to this? He was saved the necessity of answering. At this instant the General took the initiative.

He made a gesture with his hand: the gesture was one of command. Those who could see his face noticed that there was nothing in it that indicated fear or cringing, or even an effort at propitiation. Rather his look was arrogant, his attitude that of a superior addressing persons who were infinitely his inferiors. "I suppose," he thundered, "that you know you are breaking the laws of your country; but that, like the cowards you are, you are hoping to escape on the plea that you are interested in the fate of a white child. That plea will not avail you if you are pros- ecuted by me; it will not prevent this Inspector and his police from firing upon you if you make an attack upon me. But do you imagine, in your poor simpletons, that I have no means of protecting myself? Do you think that you can harm me? If you do, I will come among you now, and you can try. Make way there!" he ordered the police, and thrust forward as though he would break through the crowd. At this there was a perceptible backward movement among those persons who had pressed to the front. There was something about the man's appearance, about his words, that was threatening. And there was his reputation. He was not afraid of them. And he was challenging them to a struggle and defeat.

"For God's sake, General Sam, be careful what you do and say: you don't know these people," whispered the Inspector.

"I know myself," retorted the General, and "I will not be insulted by dogs. Will your police let me pass?"

"No! I am in charge here, and if you make a move I will arrest you for obstructing the police in the execution of their duty. Ah—"

This exclamation was the result of a resolute movement that had been started in scorn by one of the policemen that stood between him and the murmuring mob. And, in a flash, the Inspector realised what it was that was needed for a solution of the immediate problem.

"I arrest you, General Sam!" he called out loudly, placing his hand on the General's shoulder; and hearing him, seeing him, the crowd gave vent to a mighty cheer. This was action, swift, resolute, imperious action. They felt that their storming up to Mount Inferno had not been in vain.

The General was now in the grip of the law. They would see what he would dare do to rescue himself. To their amazement, Alexis Sam laughed. He had realised at once what was in the Inspector's mind. He knew now, he knew the effect this arrest would have upon his own people. He would not now need to explain to them why he had released Rose Jossey. They must believe that he had had to do so to save them as well as himself. In a flash his difficulties were dispelled.

But he laughed for another reason also. He laughed because he would not have the crowd imagine for one moment that he was afraid of them or their police.

"I must take you with me to the station," said the Inspector loudly, when the cheering had subsided. "And you people will quietly return to your homes."

There was another cheer at this. A better humour had immediately supervened. The chase was on. A car had swiftly driven up along the western semi-circular

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driveway. A man, a white man, descended from it and now was thrusting his way towards the veranda. "Is the devil is this now?" asked the Inspector of himself. "More trouble!" For in the newcomer he had recognized Hubert Joselyn.

Joseelyn knocked on the door of the veranda. "Please let me pass," he said to the police, and at a certain moment when there was a sudden silence, the surprise of everyone there he held out his hand to the General. "My wife has sent me specially, at once. And General Sam, for our little girl," he said; "she is convinced that you did it. She bade me say to you that she blesses you from the bottom of her heart.

All heard. The words came like a thunderous revelation to them all. "Who are they?" Sam they had been. One of as a kidnapper, perhaps a murderer, had found the child: at least that was what Mr. Joselyn said. It was not a word, it was unaccountable. It was almost unaccountable. Yet here was Mr. Joselyn himself shanking with his hands inside his pockets, a man who was not a police officer by any means. The General and the Inspector turned inquiring eyes on the woman. "Go on," said the General, "and now — God!"

He pitched forward on that cry, and like a pack of hounds the men were upon him. He had been stabbed to the heart through the back.

He had not seen the zombie creep up behind him when Gustave had raised his arm. She had been given her instructions, she had watched for the signal, it was for her to obey the order of a papalto, not comprehending what she did. She was the serv- ant of each and all of them, a machine to be used by anyone of them; but this the General had not borne in mind, so accustomed had he been to giving the final orders. She had obeyed Gustave, had done exactly as he had directed and at the signal he had arranged. She now stood, staring indifferently before her. Then the stooping men rose from around the General's body. "He is dying," said Pierre Nord. He was dying. He knew it, for he was conscious; and after that involuntary exclamation as the glittering knife pierced him, he had closed his eyes so as not to see the wolfish faces bending over him. But he muttered something, though they were not concerned to hear. "I am the sacrifice," he mut- tered, "I am the substitute for little Rose. I have given my life for her. Farewell, little one..."

"Come," said Gustave to his colleagues. One of them caught the zombie by the arm and hurried her away, them, an automatic act, for it did not matter much to them what might become of her. Into the car they piled again, and drove rapidly down to where their boat lay drawn up on the beach. Then they pulled out to the ketch, and the diesel engine, with which it was equipped, was set in motion, for new sails would not convey them fast enough away. The town was silent; the few per- sons still awake and about were not scanning the roadstead, and even had they been they would have thought nothing of it that a ship in the middle distance should silently depart at that hour of the night. By the time pursuit could begin, the ketch would be nearing the Haystan coast, if indeed it would not have arrived already there, taking shelter in some cove unseen. Alexis Sam would lay for..."
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many hours in his blood before his body would be found.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE ZOMBIES

THREE weeks later, on an afternoon when breezes from the south made pleasant the broad verandah of Hampden, four persons sat at tea. One was the Inspector General of Police, who had that day paid a visit to the parish and had especially called on the Josleyns to talk over recent events. Another was Dr. Tyson, a resident physician of the parish and an able man. Hubert and his wife completed the quartet.

Not far away and in full view of this little company Rose was walking, amidst the citrus trees, holding by the hand Cecilia. Not far from these stood Thompson, Hubert Josley’s foreman, and with him in amicable conversation was Williams, whose soul Thompson had not so very long before solemnly condemned to perdition.

“We have never heard a whisper about those fellows who escaped in the ketch,” the Policeman was saying, “though the vessel itself was found grounded somewhere on the southern coast of Haiti. They have disappeared, vanished completely. We sent over a man, but the Haitian Government could give us no assistance. Perhaps, as only Alexis Sam had been killed, they thought it wise to let the matter rest as it was.

“I have wondered ever since the man’s body was found,” the Inspector General continued, “which of his people actually killed him. A woman’s shawl was found in the blood by his body, and I remember that some of those men must have belonged to the ‘Cult of the Dead’—as they are called in Haiti—even as Alexis Sam himself did. They would know how to use an absolutely passive instrument. We have no proof, of course, but I think that Sam met his end at the hand of the zombie. Otherwise, what was the shawl doing where it was found?

“If I am right,” the doctor concluded, “there was poetic justice in the end of Alexis Sam. He died by the hand of one of his own created Instruments.”

“At first the people here believed,” broke in Mrs. Josley, “that zombies were dead men and women brought out of their graves to be the slaves of their masters; but here is Cecilia now completely recovered, and Rose became attached to her so much at Mount Inferno that I have had to employ her as a nurse. Rose simply won’t be parted from Cecilia.”

“Zombies are not dead people,” laughed the doctor, “and the Haitian authorities know it. In the Haitian Criminal Code it is set out that any person who employs any substance which, though not causing actual death, produces a state of coma, or imbecility, more or less prolonged, and causes the victim to be buried, shall be considered a murderer. But I do not think myself that it is so much a material substance that is used by the members of the Cult of the Dead as some peculiar form or power of hypnotism. The man thus hypnotised loses all consciousness of himself, of will, of reasoning faculty, and becomes a mere automaton; is indeed an animated corpse.”

“But if that is so, how do you account for the fact that zombies are supposed to have an irresistible inclination to return to the graves from which

(Continued on Page 102)

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"Have a care, young man, have a care," said an old man who overheard them. 'For love can be sharper than the desert stones, and bite more fiercely than the desert wind.'"

"(Arab Tale.)"

'To me, among the many aspects of travel, not the least fascinating is the purely human element that runs like a colour thread through the web of life and varying conditions. Alongside one's intellectual and scientific interests in the study of unknown or little known countries and peoples one comes in touch with the loves and hates, the virtues and vices, the dramas of pride and passion, jealousy and sentiment that for all the differences in the manner of their happenings are, in the essentials, so curiously alike among people of all degrees and phases of evolution.

Birth, love and death! These are the great fundamentals of humanity when artificial trappings have been discounted. And they are the same everywhere, whether among conditions of the most refined civilization or of the profoundest primitivism. Especially love!

In unknown countries, woman psychologically interests me more than man, for man may show one the mind of his race, but woman shows one its heart. And being, for all my boots and breeches, but the veriest female myself, I am as keenly interested in the human element as is my primitive sister. Perhaps, just because one is a woman, one gets down to this same human element, at any rate in the wild, more easily than would a man traveller in the same circumstances; for primitive woman will not confide in man, her hereditary master, but another woman of no matter what shape, size or colour, is, to her way of thinking, a sister, an equal ally in the great war of the sexes, and to her she will confide on the smallest encouragement, her secrets, her ambitions and her hopes.

"The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady . . . " Kipling knew of what he wrote! Especially in matters of love! As I have listened to, or assisted in the little love dramas of the bush, baring a few insen- tional details such as a killing or two, or a spot of witchcraft, I might have been listening to the confidences of a bosom friend in London or Paris over a cocktail with a cherry in it! Sometimes it is almost startling to hear from the mouth of a veiled brown woman in a harem or from a nearly naked, closely black savage of a remote equatorial forest, discussions on the same problems as have puzzled white women throughout the generations. Black, brown, white or yellow; women remain the same underneath. It is only the man-made standard a man has set upon that changes, and that, in each country, woman copes with or counters for her own ends.

Love among the brown men is a hard, jealous passion, with little tenderness and nothing of trust. It is of the "curse you, I love you!" brand. The object of it is kept under lock and key. Only, sometimes, love laughs at locksmills!

It happened a few years ago, that I was in the Northern Sahara at the time when Mustapha Kemal, among other Western innovations, laid down an edict that Turkish women were to go unveiled, and I discussed this happening with an educated Arab friend. He shook his head disapprovingly.

"It is well with us, and our women are content, so why should we seek to change things?" he queried, adding, with a knowing smile, after a moment's reflection: "The Turk may do as he will, but it is not good for a virtuous woman to show her face. May be our men are bolder lovers than the Turk, and--well, we know women!"

He seemed sure of his statements and satisfied with their results, but I came upon another aspect of the question when later, I discussed the same subject with his good-looking wife. "You would be glad to give up the veil that hides your pretty face, would you not?" I asked her. She looked at me with an incredulous expression. "But no, Madame," she answered emphatically. "Why not?" I probed, suspecting some revolt of Moslem modesty.

"But, Madame, if we no longer wore the veil, how then could we deceive our husbands?"

This, to me, was a new angle of the matter, and I pressed for details.

"Here in these little towns the walls have eyes, and the wind a tongue," she elaborated. "If a woman shows her face in the street, the town knows where she goes and how long she remains. But if she is veiled she can brush the hem of her husband's burnous in the street without his recognizing her. Or if, being over-fearful, she thinks he may recognize the outline or texture of her garment, she can borrow that of a friend."

Certainly love laughs at locksmills and at the other clannish contrivances of man for dealing with women! I often think of that crafty shoe-eyed beauty when I see the self-satisfied flourish with which the Arab carries abroad the enormous key that he has just turned upon some unprotesting, secretly-smiling wife! For the brown woman derives her husband, very frequently, not from love, or even from excess of temperament, but as a matter of habit, as the sole possible "kick" to be extracted from a monotonous life.

She has many willing suitors, too, for two women, or more, of a household, however much they may dislike each other, or may quarrel upon every other subject, will always hang together when it comes to deceiving a man. There is also a lucrative rôle filled by at least one old crone in every village, called in some districts an 'arifa, or, go-between, who, among other reprehensible services, in return for generous presents, will contrive opportunities and arrange clandestine meetings between bored wives and their lovers.

But vengeance falls heavily in brown man's countries on the woman who breaks the eleventh commandment, and the white authorities sometimes are obliged to shut official eyes to little dramas of outraged jealousy. One woman I know, through the (Continued on Page 59)

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LOVE IN AFRICA
(Continued from Page 97)

assistance of her arfia, escaped dreadful punishment for her marital infidelity. She lived in Constantinople in Algeria, and, when I knew her, was about 40 years old, but still she took a vicarious pride in her adventurous youth. There is a point on the precipitous rocks overlooking the great Rummel gorge from which, as the guides will tell you, in the old days before the coming of the French, it was the practice to cast women caught in adultery to drown in the fierce rushing waters below. This woman had sought and found, within a few hours, covered on the brink of the dreadful cleft. There was no time to pray; she screamed as rough arms raised her and she felt the rush of wind in her face, and her white robed figure fell into space like a great fluttering bird... But the arfia had not wasted a moment; she had rushed to warn the woman's lover who, with his friends, launched a small boat in the swirling waters of the oued, where it lay concealed behind a jutting boulder. Those above could not see what happened. The white figure hit the water, ten seconds' delay and it would have been dashed to fragments on the rocks. But quick, skilled hands had flown to the oars and the little, bruised, unconscious body was caught and carried to the tender seclusion of the young man's house. For long years, unknown to the people of Constantinople, the happy couple lived in the south, till on the death of both her lover and former husband, old and forgotten, the woman returned to end her days in the home of her youth.

Among the primitive people of the West and Central African bush, love, like other important matters, is inextricably mixed up with magic, and not the least of the witch-doctor's offices is to concoct spells to gain or retain the love of his husband or lover, or to put an inconvenient rival out of the way. To the primitive woman's mind, a man's kindness and relative fidelity seem to be more in the nature of an occult phenomenon than a natural human event. Once, on the Guinea Coast, a young native woman asked me, among a number of intimate questions, whether my husband beat me; on my answering in the negative, she pondered the matter.

"What spell do you give your husband, then, to retain his affection?" she asked.

Only occasionally some more practically minded black daughter of Eve pins her faith in more personal spells. In another West African village, a woman related to me a sad little story of her marital misfortunes.

"The husbands of white women are kind," she ended. "Perhaps if my skin were white like yours my husband might no longer neglect and ill-treat me. Give me some of the soap with which you wash yourself, that I may be white too, and retain his love." For the bushwoman seems firmly to believe that it is the soap we use that makes our skin white, and when on trek one has to take strong measures to ensure that one's precious stock of soap is not stolen, or wheeled from one's servants.

In two bush dramas of illicit love I not so long ago played a small part; once, even though innocent, to my discredit. In the first it happened that on the eve of my departure from a village I had been invited to take my evening meal with the elderly Chief of the district. During the afternoon his wife, who was pretty and sweet, came to my tent with an ingratiating smile. She knew, she said, that like all white people I was rich and generous, and she begged of me to give her husband the gold safety-pin I was wearing. Such a request was not unusual, for the native has a passion, not only for jewellery of any kind, but in particular for safety-pins, even the common or garden sort. As she examined the pin admiringly, turning it over and over in her hands, taking it to the door to look at it more closely, I congratulated myself that the problem of the inevitable present had been settled for me, more especially when she added:

"And in return, I know my husband destined for you a gift that will rejoice your heart."

That evening I smiled to myself a little, as I noticed that the Chief, a trifle besmirched with many bowls of palm-wine, was rather clumsy in his manipulation of the safety-pin, scratching himself several times as he adjusted it in his "boi-bou." And I was pleased when his wife, in joining her thanks to his, presented me in return with a carving in black wood, of the kind I was collecting.

It was only a few weeks later that I heard the tragedy of my little gift. The day after my departure the Chief had been seized with violent pains and had died before sundown. The "smeller-out" had diagnosed the death as due to scratches from a safety-pin steeped in the rankest poison, and his wife, before suspicion could actually fasten upon her, had fled to another part of the country with the lover who had been the motive for the murder, with whom she had been in love before being forced into marriage with the elderly chief who had paid generously to her parents. Whether she thought by utilizing her safety-pin to fasten on me the blame in case of detection, I do not know, but more probably she merely believed—as so many primitive people believe—that any spell or poison administered through the medium of a white person is more sure and certain in its results.

These repeated occult powers of the white man

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landed me in another sordid little drama of illicit love on one occasion "way up" the Niger River, of which I myself ran a chance of being the victim. This time, with the best intentions, I was deliberately trying a spot of "white" magic on a young man, otherwise perfectly well, who, according to his own story, had gravely offended a powerful pori, or tree-spirit of the forest, that had taken possession of his body and who believed in consequence that he was doomed to die before the new moon. In parenthesis, I should say that this is not an uncommon occurrence, and that by some process of self or auto-suggestion a perfectly healthy but superstitious native can will himself to die within a given period. In this case, my patient so firmly believed my story to the effect that the entire contents of a bottle of sal volatile with which I had dosed him really contained a sentient "spirit" stronger than the one that haunted him, that he actually recovered within twenty-four hours, and most exuberantly exhibited his gratitude.

It was then that I became somewhat puzzled by the behaviour of M'Bay, the local witch-doctor, who having previously shown himself strongly opposed to my presence in his village, and having cursed me by every horrid curse he could devise, suddenly assumed great respect and affection for me, constantly inviting me to his house, and sending me magnificent presents of fruit and vegetables and rice. Suspicion and subsequent sleuth work on the part of my head-man, finally revealed the little horneet's nest into which I had unwittingly plunged myself. M'Bay was covetous of the young man's good-looking wife and of a nest-egg of money he was reported to have buried in his garden; he had concocted the whole story of the pori and its curse, and now was furious with me for having ruined his carefully-laid plan, and for having made him look a fool in the eyes of his friends. The fruit and other edibles he sent me were poisoned, and of their owner, I soon learned in turn to be kept in a kind of watch over my water jars at night. Such situations got on one's nerves alone in the bush, and it was with relief that I left that village as soon as circumstances permitted.

Love at times and things and people too, than lockjaw. One winter, among the swamps of the Guinea Coast, I met a buxom ebony matron whose lips were painted even the blackest magic of the African witch-doctor. It was in the Nalon country where reigns supreme the sinister secret society of the Simons, whose priests live alone in the haunted depths of the forest with their black carved fetish idols, and who, by their reputed powers of magic, enforce their reign of terror over a primitive credulous people.

A young man of that district had fallen in love with a beautiful girl of the Sonson tribe, who had come on a visit from the south, but the elders of his village, and in particular the society of Simons, had set their faces against his marriage with a girl of an alien tribe. Love waxed with fear in the young man's heart, till one day he had a summons to visit the sanctuary of the Simons in their secret hiding-place. Not daring to disobey, he set off at nightfall through the forest, armed with rich, propitiatory presents, but somehow or other the girl guessed or heard of his quest, and followed him. Before midnight she caught up with him, and so it was with the powers of her charms and blandishments that his quest ended in nothing but kisses. Before dawn they had fled to the southward, bet on their heels the myrmidons of the Simons, furious at the loss of a victim. But before they could be captured they had passed beyond the swamps, to comparative civilization near the coast, where the powers of evil could not touch them. And when I met them, fat and prosperous, and smiling in their hat of mud and thatch, surround-ed by a rapidly increasing family, I realised that, despite the gibes of cynicism, in many instances it lover makes this incongruous world continue on its time-honoured orbit.

I have said that primitive love is a polygamous affair. Polygamy was man's earliest solution of the sexual, social, economic and political problems, and it holds still, not only among primitive peoples, but among many highly enlightened and civilised races of Africa, Asia, and elsewhere. Leaving out its practical and personal conveniences for men, it was, and is, approved and encouraged by women. To the African or Oriental woman—who is little given to sentimental or proprietary jealousies—polygamy spells a decrease of labour and an increase of freedom and leisure. Where a man has several wives, each one does her share in the numerous household duties; in the care of children, the preparation of food, and in the work of the fields; so that no one is overworked, but each has leisure to indulge in her own pursuits and amusements. Each one has a share of the fruits of her labours in the general good, so that the husband is no economic loser, but should a woman elect to leave her husband, he must restore or replace the original property with which she came.

How often have I heard a woman, brown, black, or purty-coloured, exclaim: "I have been married for several years and have borne children. My husband's estates, and responsibilities, increase. It is

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hard work and I am tired. It is time that my husband took another wife, to share the duties of the household and give me a little time for rest and enjoyment."

As the history of the world, it is curious to observe how ultra-civilization—or rather ultra-sophistication—in matters, both great and small, has been produced by the extremely simple or primitive. I sometimes wonder whether the modern all-encompassing problems of love, marriage, and family life would be solved by the age-old institution of polygamy?

Luckily, even though sometimes it may be un-

happy, love runs less violently in our modern cities than among the hot-blooded races of the South. A silhouette I saw, playing cricket at an encampment of Tomarere of the southern Saharan near Timbuktu. The Tomarere, those mysterious veil-wearing negroes of the most distant deserts, the immemorial impenetrables of the desert, living by brigandage and raiding, one of the foremost races of Africa, come across as a curiosity; almost entirely, almost entirely under the thumbs of their women-folk. Socially speaking, the Tagant woman is much as the tent of the desert she so freely entertains her numerous fierce brown admirers with its music and the recitation of verse. She is coquettish to her finger-tips, and yet whatever jealousies she may excite, it is considered the worst breach of manners to quarrel in her presence.

One burning starry night I sat in such a tent, watching my beautiful hostess as she laughed in the face of a ring of brown men with eyes like birds of prey, veiled in dark blue cotton to the cheek-bone. I noticed, too, that she was flirting with a new admirer, a handsome boy, a stranger to the encamp-

ment, playing him off against her accepted lover who was not present. She intended eventually to marry. I saw two pairs of fierce black eyes meet sometimes and clash like steel on steel, but no angry word or gesture passed. Half-way through the evening, during a pause in the music, I saw the older man touch the boy on the shoulder and silently they left the tent together.

A quarter of an hour later the older man re-
turned and repeated himself. I was only some time later, when a change of position shifted his drag-
party, that I noticed a large red stain on the blue cotton. Other eyes also, I think, noticed the sin-
ister red stain, but nothing was said. Our hostess, I saw it, but shrugged her shoulders imper-
cisibly and stirred up a fresh air on her head. It was a look of love.

At dawn when, with the rest of the encamp-
ment, I awoke, I was told that the body of the hand-
some young stranger had been found in the dust, beyond the tents, horribly mutilated, stabbed in a dozen places with the eyes turned out.

A sad victim of love I know in a little North African town that shall be nameless, for in the spring, there are so many tourists. A Frenchman in the prime of life, formerly he held the position of judge and was a high-sounding member of the little white community. A few years ago he fell madly in love with an Ouled Nai
dancing girl, lowest of the low, beautiful in a coarse way, but mercenary and heartless after the manner of her kind. He became as a man under a spell. To her he gave up his life and his honour, he left his wife and child, and spent on her all his money. Soon the boy had lost all his love in a cold manner and he strolled away with another lover to Algiers. He followed her, but again she gave him the slip, and for months he was never heard from. He treated her with no respect or affection, sometimes he beat her. The Europeans of the place merely deplore the irregularity, lack of dignity of the situation, but the brown men of the market-place aver that for his own mercen-

ary ends the man placed on her a spell that made his helpless slave.

Another such case I know. The woman, part of the usual age of indiscretions, abandoned one night her closest woman friend in her death-bargain, to seek out a brown man she nearly knew. She herself described the curious force that impelled her as she sat by her friend's bedside; a swimming of the head, the sudden sensation of all pitiful or affectionate instincts, the sensation of an unreason-

ing, irresistible urge that deprived her of all cog-

nate consciousness, till she found herself in a by-

street tapping at a door that opened to engulf her for ever.

All of which sounds absolutely fantastic, and one is forced to express my incredulity to a highly-educated Arab friend.

"It is true, Madame," he said gravely, half re-
luctantly, "there are such spells."

"Spells?" I queried. "Under a different name, "love potions' can be bought in any European chem-

ist's shop."

"I know, Madame, but it is not such spells that I mean. These spells are not chemists' drugs, or at least the principal ingredients are not."

"What are they then?"

"Certain writings and drawings, certain phrases that are talismans, certain objects with a more than natural power."

Allah forbid that I should know the details myself, but I have seen such spells at work and I know their power."

"Superstition and credulity!"

"Not entirely, if at all, Madame. There are men in this place who practice such spells, spells that would work on the most civilized, even one with a strong mind and heart, such as yourself, Madame!"

Perhaps the happiest man I ever knew was the man who once and for all had shaken off love tu-

mors. He was an old dark-skinned Arab of the South who, day in, day out, squatted against a sun-

baked wall, a narrows stuck behind his ear, doing nothing! He did not work, but sometimes when a friend had been generous, he smoked a pipe of kif till the dreams deepened.

"What would you, Madame?" he said to me. "I am poor because I do not work. But why should I work? I want nothing, except now and again a pipe of kif. I am happy because I want nothing."

"No, when I was young the blood ran hot within me. I desired greatly many things, especially women. Greatly I loved women, but they were false as the mirage and betrayed me. One woman I married. I loved her. She's got 64, with my heart, and I trusted her. But she deceived me with a man who had been to me as my brother, and for her sake he stab-
bled me in the back while I slept. Then I foreswore riches, and friends, and women, and love, and when I had done so Allah smiled on me and sent content to my soul. I am happy because I want nothing. What would you, Madame, I am happy?"

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THE COMMUNITY PLAZA STORE
Jamaica's Favourite Groceries.

Zombies

(Continued from Page 34)

they have been disinterested? asked the Inspector General.

"Easy enough," said Doctor Tyson, "that inclination is implanted in their minds even while they are being hypnotised, and their respiration suspended. It helps, don't you see, to strengthen the prevalent belief that the zombies are really dead people. Which is what members of the Cult of the Dead wish to be believed.

But what happened," the doctor went on, "on the night Alexis Sam was killed. Joselyn here tells us the Roses would not allow Williams and Cecilia to Mount Vernon after they had brought Rose safely back; they kept these two dazed persons there, though they showed every disposition to leave. Then, sometime about midnight, a distinct change began to come over them. As though they had been wearing a mask, their faces changed. They ceased to be zombies, they began to talk intelligently, and in another week they had completely recovered their last reason. The fact is that the power of Alexis Sam over them was broken with his death; they were zombies only so long as he was alive."

"He was an evil creature," remarked the Inspector General, "but one of the subtler I have ever heard of. A thorough bad man if ever there was one."

"Do you think so?" queried Mrs. Joselyn softly.

"He was bad enough, I know. It was he who had Rose taken away; and Jerome has said enough to convince us all that Alexis Sam planned to bring the people of this country under his control. Yet he spared Rose and was good to her; he loved her. She loved him too; she is always asking about him. Evidently he told her that his name was Sam, which she regards as his Christian name, so now she enquires for 'Sam' as she would for a playmate. She became more deeply attached to him than she has ever been to anyone except her father and me."

"Undoubtedly he spared her," commented the Doctor, "and I believe he paid for that act with his life. Yes; there must have been something decent in him for the child to love him as she does."

"I feel no resentment towards him now," said Mrs. Joselyn; "indeed I feel deeply sorry for him. Somehow, the afternoon when I went to see him, although he was very enigmatic! I yet had in my heart a feeling that Rose would come to no harm if he could prevent it. If he was a bad man, there was also good in him, and he impressed me as having in him the makings of a great man."

"He was a great doctor, from all that I have heard," said Dr. Tyson.

"He was a bold fighter," said the Inspector General. "The Haitian Government knew that well; they feared him. But here comes Rose and her ex-zombie nurse. Let us ask Rose her opinion of Alexis Sam. What was your friend Sam, Rose?" queried the Inspector General playfully.

"A good man," replied Rose promptly; "he was nice. I want him. Why doesn't he come back?"

"He has gone on a long journey, darling," said her mother, taking her from Cecilia and carrying her inside. Mrs. Joselyn did not care that Rose should dwell too much upon the absence of her strange friend.

Cecilia was moving off, when the Inspector General called out to her.

"You are a lucky girl, Cecilia," said he, "the £500 reward offered for the recovery of Miss Rose is to be divided between you and Williams, for both of you returned Miss Rose. The Government has decided that. So it is worth while to have been a zombie for a time, isn't it?"

Cecilia curtseyed and laughed with glee, then ran to tell her father and Williams the wonderful news. The gentlemen on the veranda laughed in sympathy.

"And nothing has happened to Jerome?" asked the Doctor; "do the police intend to take any steps against him and his colleagues?"

"No," was the reply; "they all say that they were merely dupes, and played no active part in the scene in the cave on the night of the earthquake. Besides, it is true enough that they would have fought even the terrible Haitians had Rose been brought out to the sacrifice. That is certainly to their credit; no one would condemn them after hearing that. And what is there against them legally? I think, too, they are a group of very frightened people. They have had a grim lesson."

Then Mrs. Joselyn rejoined the group and the conversation drifted to other subjects. Perhaps there was no one except a little child to regret deeply the death of Alexis Sam. And she was only to learn of that event many long years after.

THE END
STIRVATION

By

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

The Author's party was running a survey

through the Canadian wilderness for a new

canal. They were "over" water, from anywhere when food became exhausted,

and fresh supplies failed to materialize. Then it began to snow! If you have ever won-

dered what starvation is like, this little story will give you a pretty good idea of it.

WE were running what is called a "trailing line" for a railway officially known as the Fort Arthur, Duluth, and Western, otherwise the "A. D. & W."

Our line—ones of several—was run in winter time be-

cause, with the lakes, rivers and streams frozen, and the leaves off the deciduous trees, one could walk anywhere, and it was much easier to see ahead than in summer. Also, there were no mosquitoes.

These were the advantages as compared with summer work, but against them had to be counted the fact that the days were very short, so that we were obliged to leave our constantly-moving camp before sunrise in order to be at the instruments as soon as there was light enough to see. We would stand while the light lasted, then make our way back—often by moonlight and sometimes in semi-darkness—over the newly-chopped line to the nearest point to where our tents were pitched.

There were twenty-two of us men, and about twenty dogs. The former were of all nationalities, the latter "huskies"—big, strong brutes with large, well-padded feet and uncertain tempers.

The country we travelled was the usual Can-

adian bush with lots of big timber, unexpected

lakes and rivers, cedar swamps, clusters of white birch and warm green clumps of spruce. For some

reason there was very little game, especially fur, and accordingly trappers were scarce in the district. The nearest settlement lay a long way off, and that

during our journey we would hunt and fill our stomachs. We had tea, but no sugar. At the last mile before X—we had finished our pork and flour. For days we had had little sleep.

There was corn-meal for the dogs, and a little tal-

kow. Nothing more.

Arriving at X—we at noon a certain day, we found there were no provisions awaiting us! It was no wonder why the thing had happened. We were doing our best, and, confronted with this grave situation, it was necessary to make a quick decision, for in these latitudes in winter the body is like a furnace that needs constant stoking.

X was a long way from the nearest settle-

ment, and the going was heavy with new snow. Just then I remembered that a Hudson Bay dog-team was due to pass about thirty miles south of X, drawing supplies to a trading-post further inland.

It being dark when I reached our Indian pantry to get my tent, we had a pow-wow, as a result of which it was decided that the two best teams should try to intercept the Hud-

son Bay train and secure, from it enough food to feed us till we could get help from the mainline of the C.P.R., which lay another eight miles to the

north-east. We provisioned these two teams with corn-meal and tallow, and they struck off across the frozen lake on which we were camped.

I was left with eighteen men, ten dogs, and a hundredweight of meal. The night temperatures reached forty five degrees below zero by a spirit thermometer.

Immediately there presented itself another

important question: If we sit still in camp, neither of us trying to keep warm, our swirling would undoubt-

edly suffer. Also, there was the matter of proportioning food. With regard to the latter, it seemed that the larger the man, the more food he was en-
titled to get, and therefore, after a great deal of pondering, I decided to give each member of the party as much food as he could eat in a day, as much meal as he could consume in a day, as much meal as he could eat in a day, as much meal as he could eat in a day, as much meal as he could eat in a day, as much meal as he could eat in a day.

This, I admit, was only a rough expedient, but it was as near as we could get to anything that would keep us all round, and at the back of it was a certain basic fairness that raised not a single ob-

jection. men. So, it seemed wiser to do something, however little, than nothing.

The first day was a clear one. The temperature had risen till there were only some thirty degrees from frost, but snow was in the air as we struck out for the line. I could hear the men joking about the situation—ordering imaginary banquetts. Our strength was still with us, so things did not go so badly, but a "lunch" of hot tea around the noon fire left us feeling rather hollow. At night, return-
ging to camp hungry as wolves, we discovered our cooked handful and smacked. I observed that there was rather less talk.

Snow fell all that night—eight inches by morn-
ing—and still it fell. We ate some meal and went out. The same procedure was repeated, but the work went more slowly and there was only an occasional joke. Skipper developed into rather a sombre affair, and for the first time we felt rather cold—the body tents were beginning to slacken! I slept but little, for there was a lot on my mind and the responsibil-

ity was great.

By the morning of the third day there were fifteen inches of new snow—and still it continued. Not the big flakes of a passing storm, but a fine, dry, persistent fall that told of more behind it. The skies were uniformly grey, with nowhere a break. Work now hardly progressed at all. The men staggered a bit as they lifted their burdened shoes clear of the floeey surface. Some faces began to look pinched, but from one end of the line to the other.

(Continued on Page 165)

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Constant Spring Hotel is famous for its cuisine. You may choose from typical Jamaica dishes or the finest cosmopolitan fare.

It's cool night and day at the Constant Spring. Make this modern Hotel your headquarters when you vacation in Jamaica. Open December to April. Write or wire the manager for reservations or an illustrated booklet giving further details and rates including views and information on the Island in general.

Manager: HENRY HEWER (late of the Langham Hotel, London) ● Cables: CONSPRING, JAMAICA.
STRAWBERRY
(Continued from Page 195)
other there was no complaint. The thing was not our fault, and we were all in the same boat.
Corn-meal, coffee, sugar milk, and in very limited quantities, is not to be recommended as a continuous diet. It lacks taste and substance, vanishes when swallowed, gives no sensation under the belt, and makes one want a great many other things, which no men would have anything to do with, so we talked matters over again. They assured me that what had been done was right. But what was desired Simon Pinace, the head-packer, and his dog-team?
A. The man was Simon—big, strong, and straight as a string. His father had been with Wolseley in the Red River Expedition, and there was no more dependable chap in the woods. Simon knew the gravity of the situation. He had perished gone through the loco? I doubted that. I, being very unlike an Indian to get into such trouble, so could only put the delay down to heavy weather. And all the time still more snow kept falling.

Hungry is a queer thing, and after a while as careless to be recognizable as more hunger. It generates a small, constant, persistent pain, and there arrives a time when the frantic desire for food passes away, to be replaced by a little "hot spot," always in the same place, which feels as though one had swallowed a live coals. You have to get used to it.

On the fourth day we could make but a pre
tence of getting scared. We went out to look for some wood, but the woods were empty and we found nothing. There were twenty inches of new fallen snow, light as down, but it made walking a torture because it tumbled in on the wide shoe-covered show. We developed pains in our thighs, and frosteats—usual things among experienced woodsmen, I suppose. The dogs, famished like ourselves, grew wary, and regarded us with human eyes. I still remember the fruitless hours we spent on the line, and the badly-made trail through the bush. The chopping was not clean; the skilled axe man would swing at a tree and miss it entirely. The men went to work at level and theodolite making a pretence at work, their feet numb and their fingers stiff.

It was the harder job, because they moved less than the rest of us. Perhaps the cook had the hardest job of all. For me, I developed a very bad pain at the base of my neck—always a sure indication.

SUGAR-FREE ON THE ASPHALT LAKE
walks. Once there were no sidewalks at all, although the original Building Authority made provision for them. Finally the question had to be tackled; so gradually the sidewalks in the lower or commercial portion of the city have for the most part been lev
teled, have for the most part been paved. But in those parts of the city north of Central Park, and on the east and west also, most of the sidewalks are still in a very rudimentary stage. Where concrete curbs have been built, the paths themselves are rough, uneven, mainly below the surface of the curbs or grown up in grass.

It was estimated some time ago that to concrete them would cost a very large amount of money, more money than the Municipality could possibly afford at one time or over a considerable period of years. But lately the happy idea has occurred to our civic authorities to pave these upper and farther-off eastern and western sidewalks with asphalt, with a light covering of grizzly asphalt. This is now being done, and already the change is remarkable.

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Telephone 4277

WEST INDIA COLD STORAGE.

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SUGAR-FREE ON THE ASPHALT LAKE

TRINIDAD AND ITS ASPHALT LAKE

When one of these earth sidewalks receives a light covering of asphalt, so prepared that the surface is not slippery, and walking therefore safe and easy, not only do the pedestrian benefits but the appearance of the neighbourhood singularly changed. Instead of looking disreputable, in spite of the really fine houses it may contain, it becomes trim, neat, clean and decent. The difference is as great as that between wearing a soiled and raged dress and something clean and whole. And the cost is small. It is estimated that this asphalt paving of the upper and sub
dergrade of the metropolis paid off in the first year at least at ten years. It will certainly solve the side
walk problem of the residential area of Trinidad.

In some places it is true, the asphalt surface has not been as neatly laid down as in others; the asphalt has not been allowed to run over the concrete curbs, which looks untidy. This doubtless will be avoided in the future. It can be avoided hereafter.

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ering come? Everybody knows the answer: Trini
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ducts of the world.

Over three hundred years ago Sir Walter Raleigh noticed the overflow of asphalt from the Trinidad asphalt lake into the sea and at more perceived its value. Of a point he landed at, which he says the

DIGGING AND LOADING THE ASPHALT

PAVING WITH ASPHALT LAKE

Indians called Piche, and the Spaniards Tierra de Bu
goy. Perhaps more important is that these Indians not
only pinto really worth using, so Trinidad possesses the finest asphalt in the world, perhaps the only asphalt really worth using, which is expressed to the shipmen as a hot summer. She will have this paving material for a hundred years at least. It is not true that the deposit in her Pitch Lake renews itself steadily, welling up continuously from underground. There may be a year or two of no supply; but, while it is not true that the asphalt is hard and better than this other stuff, hence its steadily increasing popularity everywhere.

Trinidad may justly boast that just as Jamaica has the best pineapple in the world, the only pimento really worth using, so Trinidad possesses the finest asphalt in the world, perhaps the only asphalt really worth using, which is expressed to the shipmen as a hot summer. She will have this paving material for a hundred years at least. It is not true that the deposit in her Pitch Lake renews itself steadily, welling up continuously from underground. There may be a year or two of no supply; but, while it is not true that the asphalt is hard and better than this other stuff, hence its steadily increasing popularity everywhere.

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STRAWBERRY
(Continued from Page 195)

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STAVRATION

(Continued from Page 185)

tion that one has little strength left to draw on. Still there was no sign of the returning dog-team, and still the snow fell inexorably. There were nearly thirty inches of it now, on top of the old fifteen.

On the fifth night I did not sleep at all. Our daily handful of meal would last just two days longer—no more! What then? There was no game to be found. The moose had herded up somewhere, and we saw no tracks. It seemed, moreover, to be no rabbits, and later we discovered that this was one of those "one man, seven" winters when some mysterious disease attacks that furry tribe and nearby wipes it out. There were beaver under the ice, but we could not get at them. And not a man in camp could have walked four miles through that clinging snow to save his life.

We began to have visions—to see trees walking like men—and queer things came into our heads. We looked at the tools of our trade and wondered why we should have carted such lumber all this distance for no little purpose.

When things looked really black we tried to kill a dog for food, but the beasts, themselves half mad with hunger, were too wary and got away, damaging the outskirt of the camp and keeping in the thick bush. They knew what we wanted! Curiously enough, they did not attack one another, perhaps from weakness, perhaps because dog does not eat dog.

On the sixth day I came to the conclusion that something serious must have happened to the packers. After a fall of some thirty-six inches, the snow crashed and the weather became much colder. There was no further pretense of work but, moving very feebly indeed, we got out on the line as much as we could—principally because the sight of the empty camp stove was objectionable to us.

There remained just two handfuls of meal per man; the dogs had had some for twenty-four hours. Our "hot spots" were now burning, our lips cracked and our cheeks hollow, our fingers too thick to take any real grip on axes. The intense cold, steadily sapping our lowered vitality, was doing its deadly work.

Next morning, before sunrise, I was awake, shivering in my rabbit-skin blanket although fully dressed, when I heard what I took to be a timberwolf barking some two miles away on the far side of the lake. There was nothing unusual in the sound, but at the moment it seemed uncalled for. A few moments later I heard it again, very faint but quite clear, a tiny vibration that travelled far in the keen, coldniss air. This time I lay quite rigid. Was it a wolf? I was afraid to move. I had heard it. I learned afterwards that the others had heard it and done exactly the same.

For the third time the sound came; and then my heart gave a leap. It was not a wolf! Simultaneously I caught the fine-drawn echo of a man shouting at his dogs; "Mush!—Mush!"

I sat up, shaking a little, rolled out of the rabbit-skin, and crawled to the cook camp. The cook and his helper were already busy, stuffing fuel into the stove. They knew! Thirteen other men staggered in, their sunken eyes keen. We looked at each other and waited. Someone made a joke; but it fell flat.

Presently, out on the lake and quite unmistakable, we heard Finsane and his packers, the Yelp of dogs and the scrunch of tobogans as they slithered over the freshly-broken trail. "Mush!—Mush!"

In ten minutes we saw them—black specks on a crystalline counterpane flooded with silver moonlight. We gave a sort of weak shout and Finsane's answering call came back to us in full-bodied strength.

He brought—how clearly I remember it—a pig, frozen and solid, split open and lashed down on its back. In addition he had tea, flour, baking-powder, salt, syrup, meal and tallow. He even brought prunes! And there he stood, nodding at us, with a smile on his strong brown face, while his men quickly unloaded the food and a circle of starving dogs closed in and cautiously eyed their well-fed brothers.

There was now the danger of excess to reckon with, and it took prompt measures. When the cook gave his melodious call of "Come and get it!" only a quartering was issued to each man; then we turned in. We slept for twenty-four hours solid; then a half-ration was dished out. Another twelve hours' sleep, then everyone got a full ration, but no more. With that we were all right again, and became once more upstanding men.

I asked Finsane how he had fared. He told me: "We strike trail Hudson Bay team. They pass may be one day before. Me go after them quick, catch them, say Survey party must need grub. They say 'Go to H—'; trader at Post much need grub too.' Me point gun, take what we want. They say: 'No; not pig—pig present from chief Factor for trader.' Me laugh and take pig—big snow fall, bad trail, dogs tired—but me 'Mush!—Mush! all time.'"

This was the tale Finsane unfolded while the smell of fresh-fried pork filled one with enjoyable anticipation. It was quite true; he had held up the dog-train at the muzzle of a gun, but we put that part of it right later on.

Two years later, over breakfast, I looked up from a dining-car table, and saw through the train window a well-remembered spot. The place where our tents had stood was overgrown with young alders, and the lake was now a shimmering expanse of blue, but in fancy I heard again Finsane's 'Mush!'—‘Mush!’ and the Yelp of straining dogs.
A Faded Appetite

is born of unattractive catering.

If your kitchen is well planned and you have accurate control of the cooking there can be no reason for dull meals.

It is so much easier to produce tempting dishes when an Electric Refrigerator keeps foodstuffs in perfect condition; an Electric Range accurately controls cooking temperatures, and an Electric Dishwasher, with water heated electrically, makes it easy to have dishes spotlessly, greaselessly clean.

The advantages of an All Electric Kitchen are many. It is clean and easy to keep clean. There is no smoke nuisance—no smell of food cooking. And it is so handy to be able to take one's friends to the Kitchen for that late snack.

At the Electric Shop in King Street we have a model Kitchen with the larger Electrical Appliance in miniature. This is called a 'Kitchen Planner.' The models can be moved about until the Ideal arrangement is obtained. Let our experts help you plan a kitchen that will be both useful and beautiful.

- Electrical Cooking is accurate cooking. The new Ranges will maintain just the temperature you need for just as long as you require it, and automatically switch off when the dish is ready. Cooking utensils keep clean and last longer. And, in addition, the Range is so cool that even when baking you can rest your hand on the oven.

- The Electric Refrigerator is the guardian of your family's health. By keeping foodstuffs at a fixed temperature it prevents the breeding of germs and stops decay. It minimises waste and makes possible many delicious cold dishes. It is safe, economical and silent.

- Just put dirty dishes on a rubber tray; place it in the Electric Dishwasher and touch a button. That is all washing up means in the Electric Kitchen, and it is safer for the water is hot enough to sterilize, and remove all traces of grease. Dishes are really hygienically cleaned.

- It is a curious fact that in a tropical country one feels cooler and more refreshed after a hot bath than after a cold one. An Electric Water Heater will maintain a constant supply of hot water in your home. It is indispensable if there are children, and invaluable in case of sickness.

In order to help you Electrify your Kitchen, we are prepared to spread the cost over five years—the only condition being that you buy at least two major appliances chosen from the following list.

RANGE REFRIGERATOR WATER HEATER IRONER DISHWASHER CLOTHES WASHER

Any number of smaller appliances, such as toasters, may be included in the 5 year plan.

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Every drop of Myers’s “Planters’ Punch” Brand Fine Jamaica Rum spends over 8 long years ageing and mellowing in oak casks. For over 8 years it rests in the Government Bonded Warehouse... while its fire is subdued to a gentle glow and its flavour is developed to full rich goodness.

A long time—a tedious time—but worth every minute of it you'll agree, when you mix your favourite drink with Myers’s “Planters’ Punch” Brand.

FOUR POPULAR RUM DRINKS

MYERS’S “PLANTERS’ PUNCH”
“Out of Sugar” (one part of fresh
“Lemon Juice”)
“Two of Sweet” (two parts of Sugar)
Mix together, then add
1 part Myers Fine Old Jamaica Rum
“Four of Weak” (four parts of Water
and Ice)
Add a dash of Angostura Bitters, if desired. Shake well and serve very cold.

MYERS’S “OLD PLANTATION” COCKTAIL
2 lemon juice
4 Myers Fine Old Jamaica Rum
5 teaspoonful sugar for each cock-
tail. Add a dash of Bitters. Plenty of
ice. Shake thoroughly and serve
with a cherry in a cocktail glass.

MYERS’S RUM COLLINS
Use a large tumbler filled with ice.
Add the juice of a lemon.
One teaspoon sugar.
One finger of Myers Fine Old
Jamaica Rum
A dash of Bitters.
Fill up with Cold Water and stir.
Decorate with a Cherry and a thin
slice of lemon. Serve with straw.

MYERS’S RUM OLD FASHIONED
Place in an old-fashioned glass—a
jigger of sugar — 10 drops of Bitters
— 2 teaspoonfuls of Water—a
bit of lemon rind. Crush and dis-
solve sugar. Add a couple of cubes
of ice and fill up with Myers Fine Old
Jamaica Rum. Add a cherry and serve in the same glass.

MYERS’S FINE OLD JAMAICA RUM

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