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Some Beauties of Jamaica

"It is rather difficult to say what my favourite pastimes are, because I like everything really," wrote Miss Agnes Crum-Ewing in answer to a query sent to her and to some others of the younger ladies of our Jamaica Society by the editor of this magazine. "I think dancing and tennis head the list, but I am also very fond of golf, riding, reading, sewing, drawing, painting and gardening." A diversified catalogue, and the writer of it, remember, lives in what is called "the country" in Jamaica, lives at Rosehall, Linstead, many miles from the metropolis.

From Prospect, St. Thomas, Miss Jean Harrison wrote to say that her pastimes are tennis, riding and open-air bathing and that she is very keen on golf. Black-and-white sketching, swimming, tennis, long-country walks, amateur acting are Miss Pearl Coke's favourite recreations and pursuits: Miss Coke lives in Mandeville. We need not quote from other letters. In every one received some form of physical diversion is mentioned, tennis certainly, dancing invariably. Some speak of sewing, but that is evidently regarded as work. For these ladies, being typical of the educated classes of today, do not pass their hours in idleness or chiefly in swimming and playing tennis; do not sleep away the greater part of the sunlit day, as did their sisters of even some fifty years ago. They work as well as play, exercise their minds as well as their bodies; and though they are lovers of gaiety, the old idleness and indolence characterising the Jamaican girls of their class at a former time would be abhorrent to them.

IMAGINE an observer with an adequate acquaintance with present-day Jamaica setting out to write a description of the maidens and youthful matrons of local society. He would first of all describe them as pretty, graceful, and, considering climatic conditions, extremely vivacious. Pretty; for that is the term of admiration applied again and again to those daughters of Jamaica with whom the outsider, the visitor, comes mainly into contact; again and again one hears the exclamation, "What pretty girls you have in Jamaica?" And at balls and parties in any part of the island the same sentiment is made by the stranger, whose impartiality may surely be assumed.

This general impression is not to be dissipated or even modified by any critical analysis. Flawless features, unblemished brilliance of colouring, figures without defect, and all the rest of the stock-in-trade of a novelist creating a heroine of physical perfection, one very rarely if ever found in actual life. The novelist, like the sculptor or the painter, may create something possible for the purposes of art; but the greater writers, with a regard for actuality and realism, often eschew the statue's perfect figure as too rare in nature to be considered truly representative. The Jamaican girl has not this fictional regularity of features and sculpture-like quality of form; but she possesses her full share of beauty; and perhaps climate and associations have added to her something that the girls of some other countries do not possess. However that may be, the encomiums passed upon the daughters of Jamaica have come from too many quarters and have been too consistently pronounced to be taken as a genuine tribute. And these good looks, this vivacity, this charm of manner do not disappear with the passing of the first blush of youth, with the emergence of the girl from her teens.

The Mexican girl of the upper class is said to be the most beautiful of her species. But at twenty-five she is a fat and middle-aged woman. She flowers early and she fades as early: a brief florescence and then the tragedy. One fancies it was much the same in Jamaica even half a century ago: when one reads of the ladies of that and of previous periods, the picture that rises to the mind is disquieting. It is not so in these days, and one reason of this is the healthy life of exercise, the hearty indulgence in sport which prevents the deterioration of the modern Jamaica girl. You cannot swim, play tennis and golf, ride, dance, move about energetically, and exercise your mind as well as your body—for intelligent work is an exercise of the mind—and become slothful and fat or scrappy and discontented. Good looks are not merely physical; they are also spiritual and mental in the sense that they are to some extent an expression of thought and feeling; their continuance at any rate to some extent depends upon thought and feeling. A vivacious personalit, the result of an active activity, is an antisepctic of the ravages of time; such an antisepctic the daughters of Jamaica have found, but their grandchildren hardly knew it.

They have a natural instinct for dress, have these youthful ladies; hence the tasteful and attractive appearance they make at social functions. In the cool of the evening, when arrayed in soft satins and silks, in harmonising colours, with their eyes sparkling in anticipation of enjoyment, their hearts beating high with emotion, they are indeed worth gazing upon; and their manners are natural, if sometimes a trifle casual, and their desire to please is genuine. See them too at a bathing party. They don the modern bathing suit, which exposes so much of the body, with a total lack of selfconsciousness. Clad in the tightly-fitting clinging garments, with legs and arms and part of the bust uncovered, barefooted, they swim and dive among the men with peals of laughter, with animation and endurance, in a setting of sparkling blue sky and sea, with a sun beating down upon them that might have frightened their mothers to an instant retreat. Wherever there is a cove or a beach fit for bathing you will find these girls of Jamaica, they will ride down to beach or cove, or to baths such as Bournemouth and the Myrtle Bank and the rest, morning or noon, and even when the sun is at its fiercest.
disregarding complexional niceties for the pleasure of the exhilarating recreation. The open air and not the darkened room has won their suffrages.

In Jamaica no young lady thought much of exercise in the olden days, and for them to have engaged in mixed bathing would have been considered almost an act of immorality. Dancing, yes. All the ladies of Jamaica danced when they could, the quadrille being long a favourite, and riding was also undertaken, but mainly as a mode of locomotion. Golf was unknown, tennis was never mentioned; even those girls who were sent to England to be educated, and remained away some eight or ten years, fell back into the routine of a monotonous existence after a while, since there was nothing else that they could do.

Today most of the towns have clubs, with tennis lawns and golf links attached, and the roads are good, and no one thinks anything of driving thirty or forty miles to attend some social function or even to play a game of golf. And because travelling is easy your modern Jamaican damsel who lives in the country can visit friends and go to parties in her own or in a neighbouring parish with the greatest facility. Her life has been changed from that led by her mother by an instrument which has wrought a revolution in social habits ever since its popularisation. The motor car has minimised distance. It has also brought the capital of Jamaica within a few hours of the farthest part of the island.

Thus at a ball in Kingston or Lower St. Andrew, or a fashionable garden party, or the Knutsford Park races, or polo at Up Park Camp, one sees scores and hundreds of society folk from every parish of the island. In the cooler months of the year, from December to the end of April, Kingston is thronged with them; and indeed these rural dwellers visit the capital in any month of the year. And when at Montego Bay some ball is given, or there is a social festa at Port Antonio, we find that the attraction has drawn society from its several habitations everywhere. The young lady of the period can probably drive a motor car as well as her brother, and as she either has parents in a good financial position or is earning money of her own, she can patronise expensive festivities and so run no risk of becoming the parlous country cousin her grandmother may have been. They live a gay life on the whole, these society girls of Jamaica. Yet when they marry they make admirable wives. They have not been spoilt by gaiety.

Two novelists who have visited Jamaica, Somerset Maugham and Alex Waugh, have confessed that they saw in this country nothing amongst the women of this class to give plangent point to some story of the "triangular" variety. Naturally, to say that there was nothing whatever would be an exaggeration: how could that be? But taking it by and large, the marital life of the upper-class women of Jamaica is as exemplary as the marital life of any similar class of European society still organised and conducted on something like the later Victorian model.

Yet the revolution which has taken place in the position of women within our own time, and even in this post-war period, has not left the upper-class girl of Jamaica un influenced. She has grown up during that revolution; she is perhaps so much its product that she could not possibly recognise the difference between her status and activities, her freedom and independence, and those of her mother when she was a girl. Thus many ladies work in these days, not merely at home but in offices. They lose no prestige or respect by doing so, they are not less in society because they earn money, and any effort made by the few, who are absolutely removed from the necessity of working, to establish a sort of superiority over the others, is not only regarded as the last word of snobbishness but actually as a phase of mental inferiority. For amongst the younger lady workers of the present day in Jamaica are many who don't sit idle at home if they cared, trolling in easy chairs, stretched out on couches, waiting merely for a husband, living the life of their predecessors of a century ago. But they refuse to live so idly. Either in the home or outside of it they must find some occupation. The curse of ennui they desperately dread, the desire for independence is in them an impelling force. The girl of the upper orders of Jamaica today may, in the way of employment, either work professionally or in an office; or perhaps assist her father or mother, or both; but even in the latter case she is well aware of the value of her assistance, and so are they. She assumes in regard to them a position of real equality; she is to them a great aid; they have for her what amounts to a feeling of respect, although that feeling is never perhaps very consciously defined in their minds.
This is perhaps one explanation of something we frequently hear in these days: namely, that parents have no longer the old authority over their unmarried girl children. The girls, however, are no longer children; they are certainly young, but they have acquired a distinct status which has to be recognised. This recognition is partly indicated by the disappearance of the chapron. "Mother knows best," is a saying which used to be translated into action; that action meant that "mother sees best," and that it was best that mother should see everything. But the unspoken understanding today seems to be that there is really no necessity for mother to see anything; since there is nothing that daughter cannot see very well for herself, being quite fitted mentally and in character to take good care of herself.

Indeed, chapronage seems to have disappeared, not merely with the tacit consent of the older folk but with their active assistance. It almost seems that they it was who realised that there was no good reason for a continuance of the custom, and that unless they themselves were, in a party, participants equally with others, and not chiefly guards, watchmen and admonishers, they were decidedly out of place and contributors to their own discomfort. They therefore quietly, perhaps unconsciously, abdicated a position which had become illicit to some to themselves. Perhaps, too, the women of this century have become younger in spirit and in outlook than their predecessors. Whatever be the particular explanation, there is an equality established between feminine youth and middle-age today such as was certainly unknown in Jamaica a quarter of a century ago. This is one to be constrained to think, has brought about a greater frankness in the relations of everyone with everyone else. If authority has been weakened to the point of disappearance, comradeship or the possibility of comradeship has largely supervened.

In former days the gentlemen of Jamaica were notorious for their capacity to consume alcoholic beverages, their indulgence being a frequent cause of early death, the ladies on the other hand were noted for their abstemiousness. They could drink wine, chiefly Madeira, and sangaree, and even rum punch; but observing commentators on the habits and customs of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries noticed that temperance was the rule with our women while intemperance was the mark of the men.

In the middle and later Victorian times the habits of the men became modified; drinking was more moderate, saner ideas as to diet began to come into vogue. But both men and women still ate rather more than was good for them; a really sensible change is of very recent origin. Men today, with better ideas as to health and economy, no longer load their tables and their stomachs with a variety of highly seasoned meats and poultry; there is a comparative simplicity in feeding. Women, thinking perhaps more of their figures than of their health, are by no means gourmandisers. They are intelligent in the matter of eating.

The former Jamaica girl of the better class usually slept late, rising at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, when she consumed her breakfast, which was called "tea" or "coffee." This consisted of tea or coffee with bread and fruit, and in the remoter country districts, at a remoter period, roasted yam often took the place of flour bread. She had "second breakfast" at about noon. Then she ate the famous pepper-pot of Jamaica, a highly flavoured soup, with plenty of meat, boiled or roasted, in addition, and vegetables and cakes—a tremendous meal in fact. Dinner was usually at five in the afternoon. But after a young woman had stuffed herself at noon she as a rule could but trifle with the afternoon meal; her lack of exercise and her siesta between "second breakfast" and dinner were sufficient reasons why her appetite could not rise to the occasion of further heavy eating during daylight. At eight o'clock there was supper, a cold supper usually, with coffee perhaps; after dinner tea only became an institution with the middle class when a light lunch was substituted for the old "second breakfast," and seven or eight in the evening became the hour for a dinner of a civilised description.

Afternoon tea is still an institution in Jamaica, but the tendency of some of the younger people is to substitute for it an afternoon cocktail. The girl who would not have thought of a cocktail or of any strong drink ten years ago, now, regards one of these in the afternoon as quite a normal indulgence. In fact the Jamaica upper class girl of today can swig cocktails with anybody. She rarely seems the worse for it, however, and she never drinks in private. She does not shun the eye of the parent as she swallows the mixture; and as she eats less and exercises more than her grandmother did, and uses her brain as grammie never thought of doing, and hardly indulges in wines or cocktails to the point of excess, one cannot conduce that a verdict of degeneracy should be passed upon her.

She takes her cocktails, indeed, or other beverages as part of the ritual of gaiety which she observes, not through any special craving for alcoholic stimulation. It is fashionable to be fashionable, as it is to wear silk stockings, or long skirts or short skirts, according to the mode of the moment. She will even take a whisky and soda, though the more prudent girl realises that this sort of liquor is inimical to the feminine constitution. But this indulgence is not a daily feature of her life; it is confined mainly to social events, to dinners and dances, parties; there is little drinking in the home among the women of Jamaica as a usual thing. She still loves ices and lemonade, orange crushes, and other aerated waters. If it became a fashion for girls to drink nothing "strong," the society girls of Jamaica would not be conscious of any particular deprivation. What would affect them sorely would be a necessity to be behind the fashion in the matter of dress.

When intercourse with the outside world was rare, to be a year behind in the feminine fashions was nothing strange; it was indeed the custom. To be six months behind today
would be a form of torture. The fashion journals arriving weekly indicate the changes in modes before they actually occur and illustrate these when they do occur. The latest moving pictures show the latest forms of dresses, the newest hats, the last models in the way of shoes. Men may afford to disregard some trifling alteration in coat or waistcoat decreed by London tailors intent upon evoking orders for new suits; women are still slaves to the modistes who decide on the length at which dresses are to be worn this winter, next summer and so forth. And because it is known in Jamaica what is being worn in England or New York, what is worn in those cities is worn in Jamaica today. To be old-fashioned is to be depressed, and your local society girl abhors such spiritual depression. She knows little or nothing about the shibboleths of art or literature; the latest thing in art or literature is for the most part an unexplored territory where she is concerned. But there is no unexplored territory of dress. She does not permit herself to be merely a backward struggler after the pioneers in this particular sphere of human activity.

And here one comes to the question of the modern Jamaican educated girl's intellectuality. She is intelligent, she is bright, but a serious study of literature or art for its own sake is pursued only by a few individuals of her type and class in Jamaica. The average girl reads; she reads novels and magazines; she hardly ever goes beyond these. For newspapers of any kind she has but little use: the politics of the country she takes for granted, the speeches of public men anywhere she takes as read, and for this there is a good deal to be said. Many an educated young woman will tell you quite frankly that the column in the newspaper which she peruses generally is that containing announcements of births, marriages and deaths; the rest of the paper makes but little appeal to her. Births, marriages and deaths are vital matters; surely the most important matters affecting human beings. But their interest is not intellectual, it is not literary, it is not artistic; it must therefore be said that while there is plenty of intelligence and brightness to be found in the younger feminine social circles, there is very little development of literary or artistic taste. Capacity awaiting development may exist, is there were few good schools for girls in Jamaica; a hundred years ago there was none at all. So that the majority of the girls of the better classes once grew up largely ignorant, terribly restricted in outlook, proud, arrogant because of their superior position, but painfully conscious of inferiority when meeting any cultivated person, and too often careless and slatternly in their homes. All that is changed today.

Those who have read that interesting picture of life in Jamaica written at the beginning of the 19th century—"Lady Nugent's Journal"—must have noticed how infrequently Jamaican ladies were present at important dinners given either by the Governor and his wife in the Governor's residence in the Jamaican vernal or in the Jamaican vernal or in the Jamaican vernacular when not on their guard, using "his" and "her" for "this" and "that" sometimes; she also sometimes found that in their homes they were often "perfect visitors," never speaking but in the most imperious manner to their servants, but (the Jamaican commentator may add) not aware that they did so, because they were merely conforming to a habit they had formed from early childhood. They would rail against their servants, but in a moment would change to smiles and good humour on the appearance of a stranger; they were not unkindly at heart, they were mainly unpolished. They did not visit one another very often, their correspondance consisted chiefly of such local scandal as came their way, of their household worries, of their illnesses or the illnesses of their husbands and children: no wonder that when they came into social contact with some great lady they were mute in her presence and ill at ease.

Miss Pamela Edwards, of St. James

Miss Edwards' favourite recreations are travel, swimming, dancing and tennis.
No wonder that they avoided such intercourse when they could. Those of them who had been educated abroad must have felt all this terribly at first, but gradually they accommodated themselves to local conditions and became much as their uneducated sisters were.

It was the same with the European women. After a few years in Jamaica they presented little if any difference from the creoles; they adopted the prevalent drawl, if not the Negro English of the others too, and lived and died as though they had never known anything better in their lives. But what could one expect when visits to Great Britain were few and far between, and with many never undertaken, when to travel from one parish to another, and even from a plantation to a neighbouring town, was a matter of difficulty owing to bad roads, and when in the town there was practically no more for a woman to do in a social way than there was on a pen or farm?

But with the facilities now existing in the island for imparting to girls of the upper orders a good education, there is not the same necessity to send them to England for their training as in a previous time. Yet many are sent. And even of those who do not go away for a year or two's final schooling—eight or ten years is no longer thought of—many visit and spend some time in England, Canada or America before or shortly after marriage. Travelling is an obsession with most Jamaicans, some acquaintance with distant countries is desired and therefore attained. Nor is a visit abroad the one event of this kind in the life of each girl: these visits are frequent and in their way they are an education. A good scholastic foundation, however, can be had in Jamaica; the local educational institutions for ladies are admittedly good; and here too we observe a change.

For whereas mistresses had formerly to be brought out from England, the schools today are largely staffed with Jamaica women who have taken degrees at Oxford, at London University, and other celebrated seats of learning. You may at anytime today exchanging badinage with some young lady who is a B.A. or an M.A., and who decidedly is no blue-stocking.

Now and then one of these girls studies medicine and takes a medical degree. She is efficient, she practises, but as a rule she marries in a little while and other duties demand her attention. There has been only one Jamaica lady (Miss Edith Clarke) who, so far as this writer knows, has embarked upon a definitely scientific career, studying sociology and ethnology with real earnestness. But it is little room Jamaica can find for such high accomplishments. And here, perhaps, we find a reason why art and literature are not thought of as serious pursuits by Jamaica girls.

So what there is of artistic activity in Jamaica is of the dilettante sort, and not very much of that. A few girls have published collections of verse in which there is merit; but no Jamaica woman has yet won a name as a poet outside of Jamaica. And none up to now has produced a novel or any prose work of merit. What they can and do accomplish, however, is to make social life bright, entertaining, charming. And that, after all, is an art in itself.
CHAPTER ONE

THE STRANGE CROCODILE

The young man in the pupil cast a rapid glance over the congregation seated before, noted the golden pavement and the black flagstone, and rustled slightly the silk of his ample black gown which bestowed upon him so dignified, and as he held the impressed an announcement, and announced his text.

"There shall not be found among you any one that speaketh strange language, or an enchantor, or a witch, or a charmer, or a sorcerer, or a sorceress, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination to the Lord; and because of these abominations the Lord thy God drive them out from before thee."

He paused impressively and some members of his party for a moment in expectation of the sermon to follow. It had been bruited about that Mr. Carson was about to introduce a program of powerfully driven and to-day a strange character was set to speak. He migrated around the city and the island too, of, but, and had been heard—about others are to be heard, nothing is to be heard of men who were about to speak of anything which conveyed knowledge to the hearer a bit of information.

The story was that at different times, and always between midnight and about three o'clock in the morning, a crocodile had been seen in places where no human crocodile could be expected. It was known that in the swamps of the east and of King's, by the sea shore where the mangrove grew in dark and dense profusion, there might be crocodiles, or alligators, as the people usually called them, but there had been no records of them being observed or seen among the crocodile or its relatives and it was not in any way connected with the strange animal in the city.

It was a night much feared by a couple of wild young men. Indeed, anyone actually seen the strange spectacle about which everybody was now talking found himself in the city, as far north as Lower St. Andrew; and a few of those who had glimpsed them said that they did not always run on all fours as is the fashion of reptiles, but sometimes assumed an upright posture and moved noiselessly with a human voice.

What did all this mean? Was there any truth in it? Or was it merely a horrid being played by a couple of wild young men? Indeed, anyone actually seen the strange spectacle about which everybody was now talking found himself in the city, as far north as Lower St. Andrew; and a few of those who had glimpsed them said that they did not always run on all fours as is the fashion of reptiles, but sometimes assumed an upright posture and moved noiselessly with a human voice.

"A man also or a woman that hath a familiar spirit or that is a wizard shall surely be put to death; they shall burn them with stones; their blood shall be upon them."

The words rolled successively from the minister's mouth and electrified a congregation already abashed by his rhetorical declamation. Mr. Carson affected not to believe that this elusive crocodile was anything supernatural and evil, indeed his sermon was partly a denunciation of any such belief. But he knew, he said, that there were crowds of people in the country who still clung to superstitious fancies, and he was well aware that some of his parishioners believed that he, as a clergyman, and not only robbed the more credulous ones, but endeavoured to fasten upon the minds of these letters of a degrading superstition. Therefore, even while condemning anything like an acceptance of a superstitious belief, he had probably only a trial. If, indeed, he insisted, there were anything at all definite there was, he had created such a discussion—be he blamed those wicked crooks who dealt in obeying and sought to show why and how that this was the case.

But he knew, he said, that there were crowds of people in the country who still clung to superstitious fancies, and he was well aware that some of his parishioners believed that he, as a clergyman, and not only robbed the more credulous ones, but endeavoured to fasten upon the minds of these letters of a degrading superstition. Therefore, even while condemning anything like an acceptance of a superstitious belief, he had probably only a trial. If, indeed, he insisted, there were anything at all definite there was, he had created such a discussion—be he blamed those wicked crooks who dealt in obeying and sought to show why and how that this was the case.

Mr. Carson was conscious of a faint feeling of disappointment. Though he had foreseen the difficulty, he had neither supposed that anything so connected with the strange apparition of the crocodile would be a matter of public concern. If ever there was an occasion for which the new administration as that now offered was forthcoming. Unbeknown to himself, he had hoped that there was a chance of effecting a settlement of the thing. But for the time being, he wanted to wrestle with the Devil and not to be sidetracked by the worst of evil powers and overthrow them. He felt quite capable of that. His sermon had been a powerful blow to all evil beliefs, but it was not unlikely that the crocodile's story could be conceived as concrete wickedness here and now manifesting itself in a
A TALENTED ARTIST

MR. W. N. MANLEY

Mrs. Manley, the charming and talented wife of one of the ablest lawyers the West Indies have produced since lawyers appeared in this part of the world, is a sculptor of merit whose work has been exhibited in London and has won commendation from qualified English critics.

Mrs. Manley belongs to the new School of Art, and must be judged according to the standards of that school. She works in wood and stone, in an environment which contains but few persons able to appreciate her achievements; she, however, works mainly to satisfy her own desire for self-expression—the impelling impulse of the artist to do this she has to find time in the midst of her ordinary domestic vocation. In the portrait which we have the pleasure of publishing on this page we see Mrs. Manley in her sculptor's overalls; there is in her face the look of concentration which she doubtless wears when fashioning out, of wood or stone, the conception in her mind.

Mrs. Manley's help is frequently sought as a large of garments pertaining to art, and that help is always given. She is an intellectual without any affection of highbrowism. She loves sports also, is in the patroness of the races, and takes an interest in social pastimes. An Englishwoman, Jamaica is now her home, and she is an acquisition to Jamaica. Amalita, brightness, spontaneity—theses are among her outstanding characteristics. They go to explain her great popularity.

In calling attention to himself, which is what no thief ever want to do. Then why should a thief wear a alligator skin, and stand upright in it, when that can only humbling him if he is trying to escape quiet.

"Well, he wants to frighten people away," suggested Mr. Caron.

"A few ignorant black people, perhaps; but you can run if you see it escape?"

Towardly, Mr. Caron was not so sure. After all, a fifteen-foot crocodileearing itself upright would be a sight to scare white men as well as black housemaids. But he answered quickly:

"I should hope so.

"You wouldn't believe it was a real alligator, and you would know it was a man, unless you thought it was something else.

"Nonsense," Mr. Pembroke observed. Mr. Moncles, the minister would not imagine it to be something else; it would either have to be a specimen of the genus Homo or a veritable living creature."

The old man shook his head. Perhaps he had noticed that little conversation, though quietly conducted, had attracted the attention of everybody in the room. Everyone was silent, listening intensity. This was the first time that a member of that congregation had suggested in the parson's presence, or seemed to suggest, that there was more in this crocodile story than ordinary explanations would cover. A faint hint of something dark and sinister was coming now from an aged man whom no one had ever thought to be a fool."

A conspiration might get as far as Halfway Tree at night," he said positively, and thief don't try to help you catch them.

"Then what is it, Mr. Pembroke?" asked the parson smiling. "What is your explanation?" After all, you never know when a horse has been broken into and things stolen. That's evidence enough of burglary, isn't it?

"Yes, parson, sir. But suppose the thing, whatever it is, you want to believe is it only an ordinary thief?"

The suggestion had the effect of startling some of the members of the congregation. It caused even Mr. Caron to open his eyes wide; certainly was not the sort of actions that did, when one came to think of it, appear extraordinarily peculiar. Why indeed should a man be so bold as to call his best to call attention to himself? And what if, in truth, an attempt be deliberately being made to suggest burglaries? He remembered now that though the crocodile—some crocodile—had been killed, no one actually seen for some time, there had or been any robbery of any importance reported within the last three months. And only after there had been a lot of talk about this crocodile...

"You are starting us all, Mr. Pembroke," laughed Yvonne. "Do you think us of ghosts and devils and all that sort of thing. You don't believe in ghosts yourself, do you?"

The old man shook his head dubiously:

"What about Evil Spirits, Miss Yvonne?"

"Well, yes, I suppose there are evil spirits, but I don't think in these days they don't go about."

"Why not, ma'am?"

"Come, come," interrupted Mr. Caron, with a touch of authority; "this will never do. We know of course that there are devils; but their proper habitation is hell, not earth, and they are certainly not burglarious crocodiles. Now, Miss Yvonne, will you give us a song? I'll play your accompaniment."

Thus he put an end to a discussion the serious turn of which he did not like. Yet, he was strangely indifferent. Pembroke had said that there was something that could be dealt with only by prayer and faith and a resolution would to come for his own ears. It must be impossible to think of this, he thought, that those Negroes were necessarily belong to the supernatural; for that might lead some of the weaker ones straight to superstition. But this was too much of that already in the land.

CHAPTER THREE

THE JOY RIDE

The reunion was over; everybody began to leave the meeting-room. Yvonne lingered while Mr. Caron shook hands with men, women and child. This feature of the evening terminated—

"Can I give you a lift home?" she asked him. "That's very kind of you. Thank you for it."

It was a new two-seater, a really small car of the more expensive sort. Mr. Caron got in at one side, she in the other, and off they started at a fine rate down the street.

Some of those left standing on the broad steps, of the yard in which stood the meeting house, watched this little scene with eyes that did not hold approbation. "Some people," one young man observed by a few that Mr. Caron paid her perhaps a trifle more attention than was necessary or was altogether to the exception of the social means, which enabled her to support the church lib-

The young man who had taken him off before the faces of other and other members of the church, and he had gladly accompanied him to the end yet...

Mr. Joslyn, the father of two girls who were attched to St. David's, thought it would have fitted in much better with a proper scheme of things if Pembroke had walked to their home, or (still better) had strolled along with himself and his daughters. Mr. Joslyn was white, an upper class man.
Soldier Riots of the Past

Their Humorous Side; And Some Interesting Notes on the History of the West India Regiment

There is now no longer any West India Regiment, though there are still living in our midst hundreds and even thousands of men who passed through its ranks. It was a brave company with a fine record for fighting. And in times of peace it indulged in unpeaceful demonstrations in the streets of Jamaica's capital. These were known as "soldier riots."

There are civilians who remember being indirectly involved in some of these demonstrations. Sir William Morrison, member of the Privy Council, of the Legislative Council, and of other grave and revered bodies besides, is one of them. That experience of his is well worth recalling, now that we are casting a glance at the Regiment's story.

He was not Sir William then, but simply young Mr. Morrison, and he had only just begun his career of presiding at public meetings and expressing his appreciation of that particular form of boredom. So one night he sat on a platform beneath a pulpit, in the principal chair on the platform, a raised chair, a sort of episcopal throne; only, as this was a non-conformist church, it knew nothing of thrones or of episcopacy.

To be precise, the church was the Congregational conventicle of Kingston, situate at the southeast corner of North and Francis Streets, where it still stands and is to be seen to this day. Young William Morrison, presumably on account of his plucky, certainly because of his facility in making speeches, and indubitably because he liked to preside at meetings and make himself generally agreeable, had been invited to take the chair at this particular function. It was a gathering to celebrate the success of military efforts in heathen lands, and one has no sort of doubt that young Morrison, at an early stage of the proceedings, pointed out the contrast between Jamaica and less favoured countries, in that peace, harmony and goodwill prevailed in Jamaica; whereas, elsewhere, there were tumults, riots, bloodshed, with a dash of cannibalism and a lamentable lack of true religious feeling.

Having spoken, the youthful chairman called upon someone else to follow in the same vein of congratulation; but as that speaker proceeded to draw further comparisons, all complimentary to the superior conditions in Jamaica, there was heard had been done to show him special honour—now made him the object of all observers and the butt of interlocutors busy in disturbing the peace. A cold, cold wave, beginning somewhere at the North Pole, travelled down to Jamaica and crept up young William Morrison's ague. A certainty of impending death possessed his soul. He knew that his end was come, and he could do nothing about it. He dared not leap wildly down from his episcopal throne—no bishop ever did that sort of thing, and he was by way of representing a sort of bishop that night. There was nothing to do, nothing, except await the advent of death. At that moment Mr. Morrison must have felt that all missionary enterprise was a waste of time and money, and ought to be suppressed by law as an unbearable nuisance.

In the meantime the missionary speaker, having shifted his position so that, if any stones came through the window, they should strike the chairman and not him, continued bravely his exhortation to men and women to face the worst in whatever form it appeared and never to flinch or falter. He insisted upon the necessity of one's sticking to one's post, not moving an inch. Morrison felt that he would like to shift, not an inch but a mile, and he knew that all this exhortation was only intended to induce him to remain where he was and be killed, one sacrifice being all that the soldiers would probably demand. And so the tumult and the yelling outside continued, and the missionary speaker brought his exhortation to a speedier close than he had originally intended, and it became the duty of the chairman to announce the next hymn.

That had been selected days before: it was "Ov-ward, Christian Soldiers, marching as to War." This was irony in the worst possible taste. Morrison was convinced that the moment the singers in the street heard the strains of that insipid, warlike hymn, they would be enticed to still greater inflammable efforts. But again there was nothing to do but one's duty, come what might. So the hymn was given out, and the congregation began to sing it in a time and tune of voice that suggested a lullaby for the lulling of spirits to sleep. But the brave Christian soldiers were so quietly and peacefully exhorted to march as though to war. The chairman himself was observed to keep his mouth shut and his eyes direct-

COLOURS OF THE WEST INDIA REGIMENT. THE MEN ARE IN ZOLAYE UNIFORM.
el at that window through which it was probable that the first stone would be hurled. Perhaps he prayed.

And then the miracle happened. It may have been the hymn, it may have been the result of silent but fervent prayer; whatever the cause, it is an historical event that, as though impelled by some force not of themselves, the rioting soldiers and warring civilians in the street began suddenly to rush lower down into the city; the first verse of "Owvard, Christian Soldiers," had not been finished before every actual soldier had vanished from the vicinity. The congregation gasped with amaze- ment, felt that the hymn had moved the soldiers to march onward, and now screamed out the words in a mighty volume. The chairman joined in the singing. He did so to assure himself he was not dead. Later on he brought the proceedings to a close in a masterly manner, left the building, walked quickly through the stricken field, and so home. In other parts of Kingston the battle continued. The soldiers, not Christian, were marching, and the word went everywhere that another soldier riot had broken out. But William was at home.

So much for the experience of Sir William Mor- rison in the days when we had the West India Regiment with us, days past and gone, when the Regiment itself: days that will never come again. These riots broke out occasionally and, when you came to sum up their effect, did no great harm. But they didn't seem so harmless at the time; popular fear attributed to them all sorts of horrors; the word "soldier riot" was one sufficient to strike terror to the heart of Kingston. The writer remem- bers one occurred this during which he found him- self in the streets at about eight o'clock one night, and concluded that the proper hour for retiring to rest was surely seven. He was walking on the eastern sidewalk of the Victoria Park when a running led breathlessly shouted the warning: "Soldier com- ing, soldier riot!" To run with the lad was, the work of a moment, and how could I know that there were two or three parties of soldiers converging upon one another from different directions; how could I guess that I was running into one of these parties? Yet that is what I did, but the moment I saw the cream and scarlet uniforms approaching I had the presence of mind to drop into a wait and stroll along as though I knew that I was perfectly safe and had nothing to fear.

Presently there came behind me, straggling, about twenty brave, and in front there were about the same number. Two or three of those coming up from the rear looked at me suspiciously; and my feet become as lead. The reason of this was that my heart had fallen into my boots and the additional weight was an impediment to easy loco- motion. Something had to be done. I must dis- arm suspicion. So I turned to the nearest soldier and boldly asked him the time, assuring him in the same breath that I had left at home a watch I had never owned. The uniformed gentleman bade me go and ask the time in a place where, from all that I had read of it, was timeless and of a cen- tral belt. This was not encouraging, and it might be followed by a further derision of belligerents. But another soldier, discerning no doubt that I was no enemy, told me that he thought it was about eight o'clock, and added: "some of us are too ignorant," meaning thereby the man who had answered me so rudely. I assured him of my gratitude and narrated aloud that I had forgotten an appointment at a place in the opposite direction, whereas I turned and began to retrace my steps as rapidly as discretion suggested. But it seemed that that night all the able armies of the world were in Kingston's streets. I hadn't waited more than five minutes before I came upon another party of soldiers, about ten this time, and there was no evading their eyes. It was a bright moonlit night, with a clear sky and soft breeze blowing, the sort of night you hate when you wish to walk about concealed. I stood revealed; I could only walk on as though innocent of all evil intention, and feeling that confidence which im- mense is supposed to inspire, but never does. The soldiers halted. "We born to die!" shouted one of them at me, and I sincerely hoped so, and wished that the death might occur immediately. But I wished this in my brain, and replied in these words: "You brave defenders of our country will fight many a foe and be victorious yet. Death is far from you." This pleased some of them; the others seemed to be wondering whether I might not as well be consider- ed a foe to be there and then victoriously dealt with; but apparently decided that I was not a forman worthy of their belts. I was sure I wasn't; and on this unspeakable mutual agreement we parted. But the encounter might have ended differently.

For I have heard of a very different termination to a brief talk between rioting soldiers of the old West India Regiment and one or two pedestrians. I have been informed that, during the very last de- monstration of the young bloods of the Regiment in Kingston, a number of them met two or three grave and sedate persons who were perambulating one of the upper and less frequented ways of Kingston. One of these persons was a staunch defender of the Regiment, a man who never wearied of insisting upon its virtues and of showing that its defects were but as spots upon the sun. When therefore he heard the customary warning ring out, "soldiers coming!" he refused to follow the example of his companions, who incontinently took to their heels. With scorn in his breast for those who could so misjudge men he was accustomed to speak of as "our brave defend- ers," he calmly continued his walk, and in another minute or so the soldiers were upon him. "Who are you?" they demanded—there were only three or four of them. He mentioned his name with pride; he assured them that he regarded them as brave de- fenders and was proud of them. "Kick him," said one of them incautiously. No sooner had the words been spoken than the soldiers stripped off their heavy belts and proceeded to "kick him." The blows rained thick and fast upon that courageous and trusting person; the brave defenders had become transformed into cowardly attackers, and the only possibility of a surrender from pain seemed to be by way of flight. Whereupon, emitting sounds that did not appear to be cries of joy, the beaten man entered himself for a Marathon race and won the prize of all the world that night for a new record in speed. He was pur- sued, but what soldier could overtake one whose whole being was animated with unshakable deter- mination to be anywhere that soldiers were not? When necessity demands, the human leg is capable of anything.

Then came the decree that the West India Regi- ment was to be abolished: this was less than ten years ago. How would the soldiers take their abolition? Would there be one grand demonstration, one last riot, something spectacular, never to be forgotten? Those who asked that question did not know that the Regiment now contains no new recruits, but only men who had been subject to long years of dis- cipline, men who had been made over in the hands of the Regiment and who now resolved to show a dignity which perhaps had not been expected of them. Their English officers, under an unmilitary exterior, were deeply sympathetic with them; it was as though they all, officers and men, were assailing at their own death and burial: a famous body of sighters, dating from the American War of Inde- pendence, was to be wiped out forever. But now there was not a deed at which reproach could be levelled, not a mourner. The Regiment did not per-
ish on the field, but it went out of existence with a demeanour worthy of its best traditions.

And the previous occasional "plots"? These were the mainstay of the discipline of the younger soldiers, the new men for the most part, and they were regarded as bad as frightened imaginations made them out to be. Perhaps there was a local fight between some soldiers and the police, between whom there was always enmity. Maybe some soldier had broken the law. He was arrested by a policeman. His comrades resented this; they attempted a rescue. Then sometimes there was jealousy over women. A soldier's pay was small and it was no great catch for a woman to have a warrior of the King's uniform as a sweetheart. He lived, too, in camp, and so his lady might carry on with someone behind his back; when he found out this infidelity he might take the matter into his own bands and punish it severely, and then there would be trouble.

The West India Regiment was a black force at its disbanding; it began as a regiment of whites and blacks. It was formed in America, in what is now the State of Georgia, by black and white loyalists, who flocked to the British standards after the capture of Georgia by British troops in the American War of Independence. It fought all during the rest of the war; when the Americans had made their independent white men, the members of the Regiment were given plots of land in British territory, the black members were formed into a Foot Regiment and called the Black Carolina Corps. This corps was amalgamated with others in the West Indies under the title of Whyte's Regiment of Foot, which soon became The First West India Regiment. And always it was fighting.

Its ranks at first were recruited in the West Indies from slaves. Men brought over from Africa were purchased and transformed into soldiers; West Indian slaves also became members of the Regiment. Its principal station was Jamaica early in the nineteenth century, and to this the slave-owning classes in the colony objected. They were afraid of these men; they said that the colony would be at the mercy of traited savages; they even offered to raise bodies of white troops to defend the island, on the understanding that the West India Regiment should be stationed elsewhere. And when, of fifty-four recruits at Fort Augusta, some thirty-three mutinied on May 27, 1806, and murdered two of their officers, the House of Assembly saw in this the justification of their fears and passed resolution after resolution demanding all sorts of abolition. But the Regiment was neither disbanded nor removed.

On entering the West India Regiment in the days of slavery, the officers were all born amongst Africans, a recruit was given a European name. While a soldier's brother might be called Callen— or Aristophanes, for Greek and Roman appellations were sometimes affected in civilian circles—the soldier himself would probably be called John Smith. For instance, a group of negroes who mutinied at Fort Augusta in 1806 were known as Thomas, Samuel and Richard Coats, Samuel Rome and William Liddel. They could not speak English. They knew so little about geography and distants that they believed that if their mutiny was successful they could walk overland back to Africa! Yet they answered to British names, and perhaps it was in the West India Regiment that the practice of giving such names to slaves originated. It might be added here that when the mutiny at Fort Augusta took place, some of the mutineers were set upon by the older soldiers and killed. The mutiny was but a flash in the pan, the great majority of the Regiment stood faithful. There has never been a repetition of that incident. The men proved true to their salt.

The West India Regiment, from the first to the last—and there were Second, Third, Fourth and other Regiments—was renowned for its fighting qualities; it fought in the Ashantee war and was highly praised by Sir Garnet Wolseley. It never was afraid of facing an enemy. In our time a sergeant of the Regiment was awarded the Victoria Cross for conspicuous gallantry, and the popular impression is that he was the only V.C. of the Regiment, but Private Samuel Hodge of the Third West India Regiment was also awarded the V.C. for bravery at the storming of a Mohammedan Stockade on the River Gambia in 1864. Colonel Sir A. B. Ellis tells the story. "A heavy fire from the concealed enemy, by which one officer was killed and an officer and thirteen men severely wounded, Hodge and another pioneer named Boswell, chopped and tore away with their hands the logs of wood forming the stockade. Boswell falling nobly just as an opening was effected." Whether Hodge was a Jamaican is not stated. He probably was. Boswell would of a surety have received the V.C. also had he lived.

The Regiment was stationed at Up Park Camp for a hundred years before it was disbanded. It had for some time been partly stationed at Fort Augusta, a hot, sandy, swampy, pestilential hole where the officers died from heat, drink, fever and boredom, and were buried by dozens in a cemetery wherein nobody ever visits in these days. Even for the men, more used to tropical conditions though they were, Fort Augusta was unhealthy. Unfortunately, Up Park Camp was no paradise either; the men thrived there. But in those of the recruits who died in the officers died like flies. "Tom Cringle," (whose "Job"

Up Park Camp is somewhat changed in appearance today from what it was for decades up to the occurrence of the great earthquake twenty years ago. The great silk cotton tree, already a giant when Tom Cringle described it and related a conversation overheard under its shade-giving branches, still flourishes at the entrance to the grounds, but its old brick buildings are now shattered by the earthquake. The new buildings are much lighter structures, "huts"; they would be called in England, even the garrison church is new. In one of the illustrations of this sketch we see the former barracks as a background to the band of the West India Regiment, and on formal dress nights, which for a considerable time were on Fridays, the band would play for some hours while the officers dined and afterwards strolled about, and outside of the inclosed enclosure the people from Kingston and St. Andrew were permitted to sit and walk and listen to the music, and vendors of cakes and sweetmeats and soft drinks assembled there and sold their delicacies to the soldiers and the civilian crowd, who enjoyed mess night quite as much as ever did the officers and their friends. It was a night pleasant this, something looked forward to by hundreds of persons. But this custom, like so many others, has disappeared. For many a year now Camp has been closed at night to crowds, and indeed there is no space at present available about the officers' Mess Room for a host of picnickers.

Now and then a report arises that the West India Regiment is to be reestablished; but that is an idle report. With a practical cessation of punitive expeditions in Africa in which the Regiment was largely engaged, and especially with the need for economy in military expenditure on the termination of the War in east War—which it hadn't—the War Office decided that for the West India Regiment no practical use could in the future be found. It was an Imperial force, and now the several colonies were to be called upon to provide local forces for defence at their own expense. And garrisons of white troops would be maintained in some of the colonies. Thus Jamaica has a few hundred white troops and also a body of militia men recruited from among the people. And so the old Up Park Camp is a reminder of a memory of which all Jamaicans is fond—for who cares about the occurrence of an occasional "riot" in the past. We see now that those demonstrations enthrall us and excite us. The civilmoom of a former day, however, did not always appreciate that liveliness.
The Beginning of Freedom Through the Apprenticeship System

For example, when the slaves had become apprentices, a number of them on one of the estates refused to work and fled in a body of ninety to the woods. Their escape had been anticipated slaves worked for a few years, in order, as it was expressed, to fit them all for their future occupation of making bricks instead of one at the cherry of emancipation. But the people ceased to be slaves on August 1, 1834.

The plantation's cattle. "But," said the investigators, "loaves can very easily be repaired." That was true enough, but the point was that they ought not to have been broken down! The investigators also urged that there was still left an abundance of yams which could furnish food for the whole body of workers for some time to come, those that were destroyed being chiefly young roots which would not have come to maturity for several months. The suggestion was that the master's cows had carefully abstained from eating the yams and other provisions that had matured, and had, with a dominion and forbearance surely unique and not hitherto perceived in cattle, selected chiefly the very immature edibles and other less appetizing articles of horrid diet! The truth probably was that some of the apprentices' foodstuffs was destroyed, but that the cattle were driven out of the grounds by the cultivators before they could work general damage; on the other hand the cattle had been let into the grounds of these people through pure malice and a desire to render them destitute, so that they should be compelled to toll harder than they had shown any inclination to do. This sort of friction was fairly common on the farms and plantations of the country, thus proving that there was really much more friction between slavery and complete freedom. The apprentices was not a slave but Apprenticeship could not peacefully exist where slavery had been. The slave-owner could not become a master purporting to take an intelligent interest in the training of men for their ultimate benefit as well as for his. So in four years Apprenticeship came to an end in this part of the dominant classes of Jamaica the apprentices became absolute masters, and legally equal in the eyes of the law to any other man.

The worst features of the institution of slavery had, of course, prior to Emancipation. It was 1807 that the Slave Trade had been declared illegal by England. Slaves could no longer be brought from Africa to these West Indies; and even before Emancipation the British Admiralty had begun to hunt down the slave ships which endeavored to evade the new decree. Prior to the outlawing of the Slave Trade, and as long as the produce of the estates brought high prices, it was often found cheaper to work than to try to conserve them, a most painful instrument for procuring wealth. One got as much out of him as one could, and then he was pitied. When it dined he was replaced: the slave ships were always busy bringing over new workers and the whip was always kept in sight to make the bawling of the bodies of these workers. There were only about three hundred thousand slaves in Jamaica. But from the beginning of the slave trade until that year over a million human beings had been brought to the West Indies. Many had been men, but there was always also a certain proportion which had never been men, and which had been allowed to function normally, would have provided the colony with far more inhabitants than it now does. But on the question of why trouble about the long life of the slave if it was to cease to be new workers among the masters who had to allow members of the chance of attaining old age and having to be supported by their owners? Still, even with this sort of brutal economic in practice, a certain softening took place. Masters had begun to set in to wards the close of the 19th Century, this being induced considering the question of human beings being kept in slavery and an attempt to suppress the horrors of this age.

Thus we find that in 1841 the Emancipation Act, which deprived the slave owner of the right of keeping off the care and use of the leg or arm of a slave by way of serious punishment, was no longer legal to equip a reluctant laborer, an enterprising colonist could legally do this, but the law was one thing and the practice another. Owners broke the law and suffered no penalty because of that. But what had been impossible to obtain more slaves from Africa, which it did in 1808, some care had to be taken of life and condition of the workers, both in terms of health and that of the slaves.

The people brought from Africa could not, however, have found much good in the terrible passage they were compelled to make three thousand miles across the ocean, from the coast of Africa to some island in the Caribbean Sea. An illustration printed on one of these pages shows a slave tetrahex which was purchased and captured in recently as 1845, which was well armed and carrying a crew of about sixty men, and which was employed in conveying slaves to Cuba. She was a rakish-looking vessel with two masts, one mast, and a long forecastle in a bit of piracy, though slavery was her principal occupation. She fought with English pinnaces and got away and became a galley for carrying slaves to British cruisers on the African coast. She was Spanish but her Captain was an Englishman and sometimes of the same size and sometimes smaller that brought over slaves from Africa for these West Indies. The Joesa Maracayana, a Spanish schooner of ninety tons, with twenty-one men, which sailed from St. Thomas, August 13, 1822, with 216 male slaves on board. The capture was at sea, about thirty miles from the coast, by Capt. Wolfring, a British cruiser, in the night of June 20, and a diagrammatical drawing below shows the Joesa's cargo of slaves, in which were described as follows: "It is with difficulty that the naked eye can distinguish the difference of colour between decks." The length of the dock of the Joesa from head to stem was seventy-two feet. In the hold of the vessel were barrels, containing water or rum, but perhaps also some rum; above this was a platform or deck, and on this platform, with an upper deck above their heads, lived the slaves during the
whole voyage from Africa which usually lasted for six weeks. They could not stand upright; for the height between these two decks was not four feet. They were not allowed to lie at full length, for that would have occupied far too much space. So they crouched close to one another, and those who were sea-sick were stuck on the side and all the officers of nature had to be performed just where these captives clustered, for the men were chained together, and also to the deck of the ship by chains fastened to ring bolts, though the women and children were left uncrowned. The slaves were brought up to the upper deck in batches during the day to stretch their limbs, so that they might be in fairly fit condition when they landed at their destination. During this brief period of exercise they were compelled to jump and dance, and if any of them exhibited any desire for dancing just then, not being in a particularly hilarious frame of mind, a taste of the whip soon convinced them that an expression of muscular gait had nothing whatever to do with a natural lightness of spirits.

The stench between decks was awful. It was said that you could smell a slave ship on the sea while it was miles away; on the ship itself the odour must have been paralyzing. Some of the slaves usually died on the passage, many contracted many diseases; as they were only allowed a pint of water and poor food for their daily diet, and were kept in such horrible confinement, bent over most of the time, they naturally died out and were carried out when they came ashore. Then they had to become acclimated and some died during this process; proving rebellious, were speedily done to death by work or punishment, but still the trade went on for years and generations until the horrors of the slave trade were stopped in England.

A emancipation drew nearer, the missionaries in Jamaica grew busier and noisier: it was not always possible for slave-owners to punish their slaves as they pleased. But there were plenty of towns in the island, and in these towns were what they called Houses of Correction, to which numerous lazy bondsmen could be sent for corrective chastisement. If the pictorial illustrations that have come down to us give a true idea of the customs of the time, it was considered economical to chastise many persons at once in a House of Correction; but one fancies that the pictures were somewhat overdrawn; they were all the work of violent anti-slavery agitators who were rightly concerned about arousing indignation against slavery in England. Nevertheless the tread-mill as a means of punishment was undoubtedly in use in the prisons of men, and flogging was legal. Turned the huge tread-mill with your feet while clinging with your hands to the bar above the wheel. If your feet slipped, your shin might be badly bruised; if you were very careless your leg might be broken; if you were normally attentive to what you had to do, you still were in a very painful and exhausting position, and there was always somewhere in the offing a gentleman with a whip to prevent you from imagining that you were at a society dance or a cocktail party. But the tread-mill was not considered particularly brutal in Jamaica; as a matter of fact it was still in use in the General Penitentiary of Kingston until Mr. Olivier (now Baron Olivier) condemned it utterly when Colonial Secretary of Jamaica some thirty years ago.
PLANTERS' PUNCH

13

She wears a flowing garment of one piece; it is thrown over her head and draped upon her left shoulder, her arms and part of her right bosom being exposed. Firn and ample breasts are clearly indicated, her features are European, although her complexion is dark; her face is delightfully oval; she wears a tasteful turban rather coquettishly fitted.

The year of reflection is at hand

AN EMANCIPATED FAMILY RECEIVING ON AUGUST

1st, 1838

The word for the reader cannot be

get along with aesthetic appreciation. The back-

ground is a rock on the side and on the edge of

which tropical ferns and other plants are growing;

on its smooth facade the word "Willeforce" ap-

pears. It seems to be a name of a woman and a child.

The woman's arm encircles the boy's arm three or four times, and has his hand clasped.

With her left hand the youthful shoulder points to the word "Willeforce"; and between her fingers she is so tenderly grasped. The group is praying to the great anti-slavery hero, there is a solemnity in her attitude and its setting and its mood.

What chiefly concerns us in the muscular well-fed body of the man, the chubby healthfulness of the child, and especially the luxuriant beauty of the youthful matea.
CELEBRATION FEAST ON AUGUST 1st, 1838, AT DAWKINS, CAYMANAS ESTATE, BETWEEN KINGSTON AND SPANISH TOWN

the 31st of July, knowing that on the morrow they would be busy sufficiently. But some went to church to worship in with religious ceremonies the Day of Days, while a few kept "la-la-la-ing" to the disturbance of the more sober citizens. It was admitted, even by "The Royal Gazette," that in Kingston the 1st of August passed in quietness. "The Churches and Chapels were well attended, and nothing but the occasional outbursts of those who had been regaled and were making merry towards evening seemed to interrupt the calm and peaceful state of the city."

On the evening of August 1nd there was a bonfire and a fireworks display at the Kingston Race Course, which everybody was said to have enjoyed; the order and decorum observed evidently surprised the newspapers and their upper class clients, who expected something different. These newspapers, indeed, were full at first of sweet things and nice congratulations; but, of course, this could not last. On the 4th of August "The Royal Gazette" launched at the Rev. William Kaibb a bitter gibe, an indication of the sort of controversy that was to adorn the columns of the principal prints during the next thirty years and more—:

"We have heard from several sources—and we are somewhat inclined to place credit in the correctness of the rumour—that His Holiness, the Pope of Jamaica, Father Kaibb, has issued a Bull, regulating the contribution to be made this day by the faithful (credulous). The scale is as follows: From head people and class leaders £4; from the second class £3; from the third class £2; and from the lowest of adults £1! 1! 1! The penalty for any short "coming on" in these matters will, of course, be excommunication."

Within three weeks walls began to arise from the owners of estates all over the country that the labourers would not work or that they were demanding too high wages, and that the outlook was gloomy in the extreme. And then began that long, bitter struggle between planters and workers which continued for half a century, and was the inevitable aftermath of slavery; but with labour disputes and the consequences of them this writing has nothing to do. All that appertains to that, is it not written in the social and economic history of Jamaica. It is, and nobody reads it.

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Procession of Baptist children and congregation under the leadership of Rev. J. M. Phillippus on August 1st, 1838. The procession was received by Sir Lionel Smith, Governor of Jamaica at the time. The Governor, the Rev. Phillipus, and the Bishop of Jamaica are standing on the portico of King's House (to the left). The building in the background of the picture contains the chapel in which stands Rodney's statue.
In the Days of Our Grandfathers

A Picture of Jamaica
Sixty Years Ago

This description of Jamaica in the latter half of the 19th century is taken from a series of travelogues of an historian dealing in events and dates, or of any sort of chronological table, which is the least interesting. Some of what he says is not particularly applicable to the time, but it is not surprising which he wrote was a time of less advancement elsewhere. Some curious memories are also revived.

"Well, I'm blessed!" said the man at the wheel; "them cajuns sissors once more. "Running up into the harbor, after a week of waiting, and the wind called, started to the hotel to which we had been recommended. This "hut" was not a very many of us were afraid of the rain, or more a Rain museum, but has a most curious and intri-
guinatingly built. It was, in fact, nothing more than a nest on wheels with poles attached to each corner, of bamboo, and a thatched roof of palm leaves. We were caught in a sudden, heavy storm, and somehow we found ourselves in the hotel for the last three weeks. The weather was hot, and the breeze blew out, and prosperous winds almost all the way. And now, in the clear bright light of a tropical morning, we were at last in sight of the Rain and Dreams!

Our first business on leaving the ship was to provide ourselves with lodging. So heling a "motel" was more easily done than said. A "motel" of bamboo, with a living room, and some bedrooms, was opened at the sea for all sailors, and we were left on our own to see what we could find in the hotel to which we had been recommended. This "hut" was not a very many of us were afraid of the rain, or more a Rain museum, but has a most curious and intri-
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PANTERS' PUNCH

1922-33

commonly reach a height of from seventy to a hun-
dred feet, is planted upon the highest ground and
sometimes eight or ten feet high, covered up to the
summit with wild pines and other parasitical plants,
and reaches the top of the highest branches. As timber it is worthless; but the body of the tree is almost as much a commodity
as sheets of paper. Pine trees of occasional forty feet
and capable of holding eight or nine hundredst of
sugar.

Comprising my mind as I was in the way of hurring my stick at the tree to
down it, and my thoughts being absorbed in my
action, I didn't do dat, massa, if you please.

"Ah, not throw my stick at the tree, Bob? Non-
seemed.

"For true, massa! No massa, I beg you quite
hard.

"But why not, Bob?"

"Massa don't understand dese things: but cotton
tree fall, billy goats fall, massa, and lay you and
that stick I ar you wouldn't 'll to de end of de year!"

Such was our first introduction to native superstition.

Chorus


Much the same situation as at the meet-
ning which is held on the first anniversary of a death,
when the friends and neighbors assemble to imgUrl
the dead man's tomb. Before this can be done it is
necessary "to lay his spirit," and when "it runs wild" he is not infrequently the case, this is some-
times not effected without difficulty. There is some-
thing all-inclusive poetical in the negro custom of burying
their dead in the night. Our English ideas the religion met too
with veryupers the hurubuse. The scenes that
occur at the mass grave are much like those which take
place in the island are almost blusheoms in their
abundance. At a respectable dissenting chapel in
Montego Bay a negro was called on to offer a morning prayer.
"Lord, me da gallop, ma no kno wa me da say: head is like a well chock full of
sitting!" And more he tend you we now? said a black preacher standing erect in the little wooden pulpit. "Yes, massa, we no see you!" was the muttered re-

response from his flock.

Suddenly disappearing behind the pulpit he call-
ed out "Breathin'!"

"No, massa, we no see you!"

"But, well, brethren," he continued, again appear-
ing to his congregation, "the test did make me so
miserable, massa, I can't stand it. So I'm likely
at the end of the day in the state of a man.

In the rural districts of Jamaica there are
some. But in most of the towns and villages are to be
destroyed, and a leader of the party is not made to
be knocked up at the door of our friend's house, and

disappear on the recess of his cool, dark, hospitable

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Rose And Her Electrified Marriage

By H. G. D.

It is very certain that Miss Rose Ephraim Delilah Hoskins-Jones is shortly to be married, for Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins-Jones have issued invitations to their two thousand friends and acquaintances to a wedding to be solemnized in the Blue Mountain Peak Cathedralt at 4 a.m. on Friday, the 13th instant.

The testimony of the gilt-edged invitation card is irrefutable.

Rose has naturally been looking forward to this event for some time; in fact, ever since she was thirteen years old. She is now twenty-five. She has been engaged a year. She met her present fiancé eighteen months ago, and after six months of passionate cocktail-taking, dancing, motor car driving and the like, he discovered that she was violently in love with her and could think of taking cocktails with no one else during the remainder of his life. Rose had come to the same conclusion some time before Horace Nebuchadnezzer Brown had done so. The fact is that at their very first meeting Rose had looked him over and decided that, in the language of Genesis, he represented a good piece of work.

She had thought he would do, so to speak, silently, almost unconscious of their very first cocktail together she had drunk and pledged to their future marriage. Yet, of course, she listened to his proposal with a certain easy expression of surprise, blended with a look of unspeakable devotion, assured him she would give him her answer later on, and then gave it to him on the spot. A week afterwards the engagement was announced. Horace Nebuchadnezzer went about expressing his perfect happiness and affirming earnestly that his life would be one long sweet song. That seems to be a habit with young lovers. The experience of married men means nothing at all to them.

But I have said that Rose had looked forward to this marriage of hers from the time she was thirteen. I am not sure I should not say from the time she was ten. But thirteen will do; at about that age a girl seriously begins to think of love and the future; at about that age she falls in love with the first hero who crosses her path. He may be the boy clerk in a boot-shop who filled on the daily shoes she is to wear at her birthday party. He may be the son of the next door neighbours to whom her parents never speak—there is a difference in salary, position or complexion—or he may be her brother's schoolmate who is spending a week at the house. Wherever he is, she loves him passionately; she buys him a handkerchief; she divides his sweets with him; he is a dear, splendid, handsome man of fifteen or sixteen years of age, and although his pocket money of half-a-crown a week is scarcely quite sufficient to support a wife and family, yet an optimistic girl might rightly cherish hopes of an early improvement in his financial position.

But somehow this youth shortly fades out of her young life, and there come another and yet another, until she reaches eighteen years of age and begins to realize more seriously than ever that life is real, life is earned, and the altar is its goal; eventually she comes across Nebuchadnezzer and he is her final and only love, and she is his final and only love.

The marriage has been arranged. Of course I am invited. I knew Rose's parents before they got married; Horace's father was one of my best friends; he told an awful lie about me one day at school. To the wedding I must go; a wedding present I must buy; and I must take an interest in the house where Rose and Horace will embark upon matrimonial life. Upon that voyage of perfect bliss of which we are to read in the novels of long ago, but of which no wedded couple seems to have had any personal experience. And it is just here that, in these modern times, we come upon the all-pervading influence of Uncle Alfred. For it seems that, in Kingston and Lower St. Andrew, and also in such towns as Montego Bay and Port Antonio, not to mention Spanish Town and even that lovely town Harcourt, are not without Uncle Alfred appearing somewhere in the offering and singing in celebration of your nuptials the unknown hymn—"Lead Kindly Light."" In my youth there was no Uncle Alfred. The best houses used gas or sputtered large handsome kerosene lamps with an expression of pride. There was electricity in Kingston, but very few of us knew anything about it, and, according to Mr. Harry Campbell, its chief purpose at that time was to endanger the security of the town. But in these days everybody uses electricity as an illuminant. There are many of the first things that the young husband does, on building a home for his darling, is to install it with electric wires and all the appurtenances of such illumination; or, if he is renting a house, to take care to see that it is fitted out with electric light. When I inform you that there are about 6,700 buildings in Kingston and St. Andrew consuming electric light (some of them owing for it, of course, for as long as they are allowed to) you will understand why the favourite hymn of Mr. Alfred Nichols is "Lead Kindly Light!" and I have even heard him describe Cardinal Newman, the author of that hymn, as the greatest man that ever lived.

But it seems that in these days the influence of Uncle Alfred over our lives extends even further. I remember him assuring me one day that this is the era of electricity, that all our thoughts are but forms of electricity, that an energetic man is rightly described as a "live wire," and that unless there is electricity in the home as well as in the heart we cannot make our lives sublime and the children happy. That is why, I suppose, every modern house more or less now installs something in the way of electrical apparatus, if it is nothing more than an electric fan.

Since electric fans have come into vogue in Jamaica, indeed, we have felt the heat cruelly. Our forefathers (who had only palm fans for the cooling of their fevered brows) never complained of the heat which we find so insupportable. Why, the people of those days could not even get ice regularly; ships periodically brought down a cargo of ice to Kingston, and this was advertised by men going about the streets with a sandwich board and a bell, and there would be a rush on the part of the better classes to purchase small blocks of it, which were preserved as long as possible in a large ice-chest or other receptacle, the children being solemnly warned that ice was not good for their insides, but fitted only to the more hardened and experienced interiors of their Uncle Alfred gives practical expression to his favourite hymn.
elders. To-day you can make your ice in your own house by means of a Fri-
gideaire!

WISHING to buy a new house and
bidding present for Elizabeth Upham, I dropped in
last week at the electrical
supply-house—that is, a little word—of the
Public Service Company in King Street, over which pre-
sides Mr. J. E. Callithes, and asked him to show me
the best ice chest he had in the place that would do
for a wedding present. He
led me towards the largest frigidaire on the floor and
explained that that could
be purchased for a mere trifling sum, a hundred dollars or so,
or a simple nothing to a man of my affluence, and
would he come into the house or would I take
it with me under my arm?

As it was as well sized, and
as though it weighed half a ton, I said that I would
take it under my arm; but first of all we had to
have it working exploitively to me!

(For although I had not the slightest intention of buying anything for New York that would cost more than three guineas, there
was no reason why I should not be induced into the mysteries of a frigidaire, since a little ice chest might come when I might want to manufacture my own while preserving my own meat.)

Well, Mr. Callithes
handed me over to a very
bright and informative young lady who was seated upon re-
garding me as a very old
man; though I cannot possibly see that she had any
justification for so doing.

"Tell me," said I, "what is the use of the frigidaire?
You can store your champagne," she firmly
repeated; "or your milk. And if you have a frigidaire
you need not go to market every day; the existence of
frigidaires has brought about a great economy in
domestic time and energy. Some people go to mar-
et three or four times a week, having no place in
which to keep their food fresh for any length of
time. But you can put a sufficient quantity of ice in
this frigidaire on a Saturday or Monday morning
and have it fresh to last you a whole week. The
temperature is cold and as regularly maintained; your
tongue or your fish does not spoil. Everything is
refrigerated as it can never be if you merely place your
food in an ice chest. I suppose you know that as a
block of ice melts its temperature goes up, don’t you?"

I have never put upon a block of ice so far as I
remember; but some I have had, and I should not think
of doing so at my present time of life. But I take
your point; and even let the lowering of the tempera-
ture, or the heightening of it, and I can quite see
your point. I gather from what you have said that
a frigidaire is a valuable ice chest; it is cold storage in
minuteness; it keeps ice and keeps food for a
length of time.

"That is it exactly," replied the bright young lady.

"I shall ask my friends to subscribe to give me
one as a birthday present," I concluded, in a spasm of
generosity.

"Now," said she, turning to another apparatus
which stood near by, "this is an electric stove. This
surface accommodates four saucepans or roasting
pans for cooking. You put what you have to cook in these

saucepans and you turn on the current. There is no
smoke, no soot, and you can do your own cooking
in your best clothes without fear of soiling them.

"I have a very nice morning coat and cap hat.
"I hastened to inform her, "But I would not do my
cooking in those. I did not buy them for culinary
purposes but to wear them at the funerals of my
friends. Still, I see what you are driving at. Please
continue your electrifying explanation.

"She opened the door of another section of
this electric cooking range.

"Here," she said, "you can roast your beef, or a
duck, or a turkey. You see this clock?"

"She took up an oblong enamelled clock with all
sorts of figures on its face and showed it to me.

I assured her that I saw it plainly.

THIS his clock, in addition to the ordinary face in-
ccluding time, has, as you see," she continued,
"two smaller circles with the hours and minutes
indicated. Suppose you want to go out, and you are
cooking something that will take a couple of hours.
You turn on the current, say at 1 o’clock; this part of
the clock therefore registers 1. You set this other part
of the clock at 3. When three o’clock arrives, the
clock is automatically shut off, as you have set it
to do; the dish is cooked and it is kept warm until
you shall need it; it will be nicely warm and fit
for eating when you come back to the house at five
of eight o’clock."

"I see," said I, "it is certainly very simple and
very effective; but, dear young lady, I have never
heard of any bit of beef, or duck, or turkey, requir-
ing as long as two hours to cook! Surely the thing
would be roasted to a cinder in that time."

"But I only said two hours by way of illustra-
tion," she replied; "and there are surely some
things that require as long as two hours to make
ready: rice and other funny things like that."

"Do not call rice a funny thing," I protested;
"do not depreciate rice in my presence; rice is with
me a very serious subject and forms the staple of my
diet. Besides, rice does not require two hours
for proper cooking. I believe that pears do. I have
been brought up in the faith of long hours for preparing
pears but not rice."

"Whether it be rice or peas, or rice-and-peas, or
turkey or beef, or stew or roast, or fried or frigidaire,
or both or all, this cooking range can accomplish it."

"She replied with fervour. "You put on your pots
and pans, and put in your pease, you set your clock,
you turn on your current, and electricity does the rest.
You can leave the house without any one in it—""

"Not so long as there are cats about," I inter-
rupted resolutely. "Besides, in Jamaica, as you
know, we all keep a cook; she may be a very ineffi-
cient one, but she ought not to be deprived of all
responsibility and be given every possible excuse for
stealing the meat and vegetables and saying that
a bandit came in through the window and possessed
himself of them. If I buy this cooking range for my
friends now about to get married, I shall do so on
the understanding that when they leave the house
there shall be at least one human being left in it
to keep watch and ward over stove and fuel. But I
thank you for showing me just how this range works,
and now I shall ask you to show me something else.
When I am furnishing a house I shall probably put
in one of these electric stoves; better still, when I
desert Myrtle Bank I shall ask Mr. Scott to make
me a present of one of them. He won’t do it, but I
shall ask him just the same. And now please show
me another of Uncle Alfred’s ingenious contrivances
for bringing electricity into our daily lives."

THIEK is this breakfast table," she said, "just
the thing for a newly married couple."

The table was a low structure in wood looking
like polished cedar, with a sort of tray-like surface, on
one side of which you put plates and cups, and from
which you eat. On the other side, about eight inches
below, stand some shining culinary implements: a
percolator for coffee, a large kettle for tea or hot
water, a toaster for toasting bread, and an electric
cooeholder. I had seen something of the sort in mov-
ing picture plays but not hitherto in ordinary
domestic use.

This table is equipped with a large drawer
in which can be kept plates and cups and saucers, and
knives and forks and spoons. The young housewife
takes her four eggs—young married couples have
quite an enormous appetite—and deposits them in
her egg-holder; she cuts her loaf and places the slices
in her toastor; she puts her coffee in the percolator
and allows it to percolate; in her kettle there is
water, and that is heated by the electric current pass-
ing from the wire attached to the electric lamp socket
or to the socket in the wall, and in a little while
everything is ready. She has prepared her own
break-
fast. Or, if she still belongs to the old class of Jam-

ees ladies, the class which believes that there is no sense in
doing anything for yourself that a servant can perform
for you. Jane or Mary is given appropriate instruc-
tions and accomplishes the little work required for
the preparation of the early morning meal.

But it need not only be an early morning meal;
a few friends can have afternoon tea or coffee around this table quite easily. It can be utilized for preparing a light supper, and it makes a very handsome piece of furniture. I was almost inclined to buy it for Miss Euphemia but decided that I would show it to a man who knows Euphemia and who, I thought, should make her a handsome present. I went to see him about it that very afternoon. He is a very wealthy and liberal man, a most large-minded man. He bought the breakfast table. He bought it for himself.

M'. mind goes back to the days when Miss Euphemia's mother got married. They lived in a nice large house in the upper part of the city, a much larger house than Euphemia will have. High brick walls divided it from the dusty street outside, a garden with rose trees and coloured shrubs bloomed in front of the two-story building, there was a commodious yard behind, and in this yard were the kitchen, the bathroom, the servant's room and other household offices. No one then thought of having a bathroom in the house. The very word "lavratory" was unknown. The kitchen was a small, dark and dingy compartment, with a shingled roof which now and then caught fire as the sparks flew upwards; you could not touch a board without smoke coming out of your fingers or clothes, and the kitchen dresser, although scraped regularly, was inevitably greasy, and there was always a mass of ashes and cinders on the fire-place.

The fire-place was built of brick, was about three feet high, and was large enough to accommodate about four pots and frying pans. We used wood as a rule, or charcoal. The wood was sold by a vendor who went about in a cart screaming "Wood--". The coal was delivered in bags to the better-class houses once a week or so; and it was always kept on the premises to split the bigger pieces of wood into smaller bits. The cook performing this labour and emitting a grunting like "Ham" every time she brought the axe down after splitting it over her head. She missed the wood once in every four strokes and seemed rather proud of her ability to do so. And she was always mislaying her axe.

We used iron stoves, too, and we lighted our fires with scraps of paper and bits of soft wood, there being at first much smoke and no fire, and then a steady glow and blare when coal or wood was properly ignited; and when the dinner was cooked to everyone's general dissatisfaction we drew the coal or the blazing wood into a heap on the ground and extinguished it with water.

Later on we evolved to the use of "American stoves." For the heating of these we employed wood and sometimes coal, and we do so still. These American stoves marked a development in conveniences; electricity was yet to come, for though we had begun to light our houses with electricity, the electric cooking-range, like the electric pot, and incandescent (or filament) had not yet made its advent into Jamaica. Most houses indeed still have the American stove and the old cooking range, we are but on the threshold of making electricity perform the mental work of the household. Yet the change is steadily coming, and under the same roof in some houses to day there is an electric stove, there is a Driusilite, there is beef or poultry being refrigerated, there are, in a word, conveniences such as you will find in an American apartment or a Canadian flat; and fewer servants can be employed, and these present an appearance far less slatternly, far neater, than their predecessors did; and everything is white and shining and clean, and meals can be prepared in a minimum of time.

A sit writing these words an electric fan is circulating the air of the room and enabling me to work in comfort. An enamelled basin is fitted with two shining taps; if I want water I have only to turn one of these taps instead of sending to an outside pipe for it. Suppose I want the water hot. I unscrew one of the electric bulbs in my room, screw on a hot spot, dip the point into a jug of water, and in a few minutes the water is being boiled. I can do this at any time of the day or night. I can make tea or coffee; I can fill my hot-water bottle if I am suffering from a pain in the stomach, and you will get pains in the stomach sometimes if you eat too much. If it happen to be hungry, and fancy some toast, I can turn on the electric light and make a piece of toast in my room, and I can leave my electric toaster for the night. If I fancy an egg in my room at two o'clock in the morning, I can boil it by means of the hot point or in an electric egg-boiler. I can do all this without leaving my room or calling on anyone for assistance. And whether you serve yourself or get others to do so, the means to meet culinary contingencies is at hand in these electrical days.

I keep a hot point in my office. A hot point is a piece of steel a few inches long with a cord for the transmission of electricity that goes down to it. You fix the metal end of this cord into the socket of your lamp, deposit the hot point in a pot of water, and there you are. I did this for weeks when I was suffering from laryngitis. I was told that inhaling hot water would cure any laryngitis, so I tried it. I am now very free from that unpleasant ailment, also present my wife with a hot point to help her in her experienced working hours. Those who at first saw me making water hot and inhaling the steam thought that I was off my head. It had not occurred to them that that inhalation might quite as well be accomplished by men who are not working hours. Those who at first saw me making water hot and inhaling the steam thought that I was off my head. It had not occurred to them that that inhalation might quite as well be accomplished by men who are not working hours. Those who at first saw me making water hot and inhaling the steam thought that I was off my head.

Over my head as I write—the room is dark and today is Sunday—is a hanging fruit. It is attached to the head of my bed, and I could have a movable electric lamp if I desired and by the side of any chair. I sit in, and so accommodate my eyes while using any part of the room I desire. For the laryngitis patients the parastis are essentially mobile things, and the use of electricity is not only to increase comfort, but also to economise energy. There are actually electric drink mixers in Jamaica, although I have never hitiiero discovered anybody who needed electrical aid in mixing a whisky and soda. I even know men who refuse to mix liquor with anything. Still, if you have to prepare punch or cocktails for a number of persons, an electric drink mixer will no doubt be convenient, but what is supremely more convenient is the points of view is the electric iron, that blessed invention which all women attribute to the American who discovered electricity (but did he really?)

I have made up my mind to give Miss Euphemia two electric irons. Other friends will of course have a hot-water bottle that will wash her teeth at receiving so many of these helps to domestic industry, but I often wonder what would happen if you could follow her good example and get married. For give for it you can only do your best. I have a few times passed when the old hand-iron, heated at a coal stove, liable to develop a burning, scorching, burning, scorching, burning, scorching surface, growing cold quickly, and having to be put back on the fire every now and then, was the only instrument which a girl could use to press her own clothes.

As a matter of fact she very rarely used it. The trouble was too great. But now it is no longer at all for a lady to smooth out some delicate silk garment. I think particularly the garment, it is any one of those she might wear. Once a rich, titled woman said to me that her beautiful silk was so tightly soided, she was going to find a tailor who she could go with herself with a little lux and her electric iron. This woman was thousands a year, but she did not admit she could not rinse her blouse at any laundry so long as lux and electric irons existed. I told her I was glad to see the usually woman's work or a laundryman's. The Chinese laundryman, although a man, looks with proper horror and indignation at any man who encroaches upon his province. But amongst a woman's duties to the certainty has a place, and the electric iron is now to be found in thousands of houses in Jamaica; I believe the lady even call it Dur-
proclaimed that "All great men have iron in their blood and all good women have iron in their hands." Thus he popularised the electric iron, and now the rumpled dress is hardly ever seen, or, if seen, is a reflection on the home. There is no longer any excuse in any residence provided with electrical fittings for a bodice to look rough-dried or a necktie to appear as though it had been used to strangle your wife with. Apply a little electricity to the articles in question, by means of an iron, and smoothness and glossiness are the natural result.

It is even said that since the advent of the electric iron, and taking advantage of its simplicity and absence of disagreeable heat, some young fellows have discovered that they can press their pants themselves, providing them with a triumphant crest and thereby disguising the fact that those pants had seen better days. They have not, however, essayed the coat. That is a job for more or less of an expert. But the coat, fortunately will preserve its respectability if the simple precaution is taken of keeping it upon a hanger when it is off duty. The principle is "look after the pants and the coat will look after itself." It is true that tailors look askance upon the practice of amateur pant pressing. They regard it as an invasion of their professional rights—and their professional income. They explain to the amateurs that they are simply ruining their clothes. But if that is really the case there is no harm done. On the contrary it is all to the good, for then will arise the demand for new clothes which means more work for the tailors, these clothes in due time to be subjected to the process of home pressing and again ruined according to artistic prophecy, using in the process more electric current and perhaps burning out the iron, which must be repaired or replaced, finally completing the full cycle of business, about which we are told so much and know so little.

I TURNED to the young lady who had been demonstra- ting to me the usefulness of chafing dishes, and electric floor polishers and things of that sort, and found that she had procured an electric vacuum cleaner which she said would make the interior of my car free from every speck of dust. I asked her confid- ently what she thought about Electric Chairs. And on the spur of the moment, of course without think- ing, she suggested that one might be a very good thing for me. And here again we see the usefulness and the universal applicability of electricity. I am informed by those who have had no experience of it that the Electric Chair is an absolutely painless form of extermination: all you have to do in some States of America is to commit a murder; then, if you are not wealthy and cannot appeal from Court to Court, you are sentenced to death and sent to the Electric Chair. You sit in the Chair, the current is turned on, and what happens afterwards is no concern of yours. Could anything be easier?

But electricity is also used for giving life. I knew someone who was suffering from nerve pain not long ago; that person got hold of an electric bulb which gave off violet rays, attached the usual transmission cord to an electric lamp socket and treated his arm for some days, with excellent results. All first class occultists use special electric lamps for examining the eyes; there are tiny electric bulbs employed for examining the throat and the nose; the interior of the human body can be temporarily illum- inated for medical examination purposes by elec- tricity. The lightning is electricity. When there is an electric storm in process the air is charged violently with electricity; at such times no athlete expresses the wish to be struck dead; instead, he retires as far from what he considers the danger zone as he can conveniently go. Everywhere now there is electricity and we can turn it on to light us at our various tasks, to look for us, to make hot water for us, to do the most trivial things—also to illuminate a great city by current generated hun- dreds of miles away.

And what is it? What is this electricity? No one knows. On this point the greatest electrician is as ignorant as you or I. We can use water power or fuel to generate it, or rather to cause it to manifest itself for the pur- poses we have in mind; it is used today to operate pumps to bring water to the surface; in a manner of speaking, some of our Jamaica bananas are being grown by electricity. And the time is probably com- ing when the growth of plants will be hastened by the application of electrical energy and a larger yield of food obtained through such energy, just as the pro- cesses of manufacture can be cheapened and multi- plicated by the uses of electricity. It is by means of the electric forces in the air that a whisper in some room in London or New York may be heard in Jamaica, that the rendering of some magnificent crate of cherries is hastened and may be enjoyed in a distant home in a tropical country. Ships sail- ing at sea, faced with imminent danger, threatened with destruction, send out in all directions a cry for help, and that cry is heard hundreds of miles away, and a dozen other ships at once turn their bows in the direction of the stricken one; and this is possible because of the electricity in the air. It is wonderful when you come to think of it; it is awe-inspiring; the physicists even say that all matter may be resolved into electricity, into electrical force, and they also say—but I was forgetting Rose Euphemia and Horace Nebuchadnezzar Brown.

I WAS forgetting them, but the voice of the young lady in the Electrical Shop recalled them to me and recalled me to ordinary affairs.

"You can buy some of these bigger things on a reasonable instalment plan," she was saying; "and we have a lady instructor who, if you require it, gives full instructions as to how these things should be used. There is no charge for her services."

"Thanks," I said, "I shall return when I have made up my mind what to give Rose and Horace."

I am going to buy for these two young friends of mine something electrical. I may much prefer not to give them any wedding present at all; if I followed my economical inclinations I might not. But convention, custom, decency prescribe that when a young man and a maiden assume the responsibilities of marriage, and embark upon that voyage of life the course of which is strewn thick with domes- tic quarrels, losses of jobs, debts, babies (making all due allowances for birth control), cocktail parties, deliberate and intentional abstention on the part of their friends to invite them to dinner, a curious lack of recognition of their superior abilities by those to whom it should be apparent, sickness, teething, whooping cough, and the other happenings incident to domestic life—convention, I say, and a sense of de- cency command that we should start these people off with good wishes and with something more material and valuable than more wishes. If I were rich I would give Euphemia and Nebuchadnezzar a house fitted with everything electrical that they require. Or at least I think so; if I were really rich I suppose I would not do it. If I were rich I might give them only a very trifling present, for wealthy people can afford to act morally and do so as a sort of second nature. As it is, I will help to electrify their house by giving them that from this Electrical Shop, and stipulate that Uncle Alfred's blessing shall accompany these presents; and when I go to the wedding I shall look to see if my gifts are prop- erly displayed on the table groaning under the wed- ding presents. Otherwise I shall feel that I have not been consistent with the respect to which my generosity entitles me, and I shall not attend the first christen- ing organized by Euphemia, and certainly that baby will have no christening present from me.
clerk, English, had lived over thirty years in Ja-
man; and since his strictest personal habits, etc., he
laid on it, and his daughters were also indubitably
what he was young; he was a bachelor; and it is not good
that man should live alone. He must marry soon;
the congregation enjoyed, and Milbourn was as well;
there were ready to his hand, so to speak, the Masses
was to look for, lest any of them should not occur to Mr. Joselyn, that whatever might be
the sterling virtues of his girls, beauty was not among
them. Mrs. Joselyn would have denied that a person had any right to think of beauty as a necessity in a wife.
Mr. Joselyn's social and financial position was quite as good as that of Mr. Joselyn was English; he had held social
position in St. David's Church was high.
And he too had a daughter, and she was of the order
looked upon, for she was not a bluestocking; no
looks, though she was not in this respect the equal of
Yvonne. Mr. Monples had thought, and his wife
had agreed, that it would not be a bad thing for
Eihil if Mr. Carson should see in her a soulmate
who would be able to undertake the duties of a par-
son's wife while at the same time exercising an
influencing influence on his life, and perhaps, eventually
for you never could tell—assisting him to become
something in the social as well as religious sphere,
for Ethel decided a devout and amiable woman. Ethel had
been at meeting that night, but had taken no
part in the talk above recorded. The truth is that
she had been dancing with Mr. Carson having shown a very
high and positive preference for Yvonne's conversation.
Ethel had been with his Miss Joselyn, and the
three of them had silently, unconsciously, formed a
league of defence against Yvonne. They had said
nothing to another, nor more. Mr. Carson had fallen
to miss Ethel; Ethel Monples turned to the
older Miss Joselyn with the remark: "Very nice and
copy in a two-seater car, isn't it?"
"Very," agreed May Joselyn with emphasis, "I
have to content with a taxicab or a bus."
"I am afraid yes," said Ethel, "and therefore
we cannot offer lifts to others and show off; but
I don't think I should like to take a young man home
myself."
"I thought it was a man who offered to take
a young lady home, not the other way about," com-
mented the younger Joselyn, whose name was Ger-
trude. Mr. and Mrs. Monples and Mr. Joselyn were
walking. The evening weather was pleasant, the air
along slowly behind for purposes of critical
oration. Ordinarily they might have felt that
they were alone, but there were others. But the pres-
ence of a common enemy they were of necessity
allies.
"Yvonne has changed the custom," said Ethel;
"but that is not the only way she acts differently
from Miss Joselyn; there is her Patrician
pronunciation."
She says her father was a Frenchman; then
why isn't she a Roman Catholic? demanded Ger-
trude Joselyn, who really imagined that all French-
men are Roman Catholics. Ethel believed that
daughters should follow the faith of their fathers
and leave Protestant parsons to Protestant girls.
"Yvonne has never come to church,
are not even members," May remarked; then
suddenly changed her tone, whether better or worse.
"What?" asked both the other girls simultane-
ously, as May paused.
Eihil. Nothing much. I was only wonder-
ning—well, Yvonne's been a member of St. David's
for only a few months, and that was after Mr. Carson
came.
"You mean," said Ethel, "that she joined because
of Mr. Carson."
"I wouldn't say so but—"
"Well, I don't know. She looks so Latin. Well, isn't it some
of them would do, and is she better or different?
She's been sitting her cap at him for a long time now;
he always does it. She is the one who has taken him away for a drive or something. It is funny how these foreigners come here and do as they like.
"She wasn't born here?" asked Gertrude.
Expectedly, Yvonne was not. Yvonne had come
to Jamaica a couple of years ago; we don't know any
thing about them. Well, I wish her Joy of the pentecost."
The wish was pronounced in a tone that sug-
mitted a menace. The three girls were throughly
angry with Yvonne. She in the meantime, not
giving them a thought, had suggested to the parish
that they might come out before dinner. It's early yet," she pointed out, "and a little run
out of the church."
Mr. Carson had consented, though not feeling
quite sure that a drive at that hour of the night with a
harness and with not even a chauffeur for chaperon, was quite the proper thing. He would have frowned upon it had he heard of it
in connection with any other young couple not en-
terested in making a name. "Ehil, that this sort of an at-
terrible too much indicated the laxity of these post-war
years. But for once, Eihil, it isn't Yvonne he could find
quite sufficient excuse; he was her minister, she was
an excellent church member, the hour was early
enough, the weather mild enough, the road was in
good repair, the horses in good shape, the coachman
lopping at no place; he did not clearly express in
his own mind another reason that weighed much
more heavily. He had not been in the habit, nor
was it likely to be seen by anyone connected with his
charge, of leaving church, with Yvonne, late at night.
Our last and final earthly resting place," said
Mr. Carson, as he waved an arm towards the ceme-
tery, but he said this with a cynicism; he had no
wish to improve the occasion by references to man's
brief mortality.
"Then you do not really believe in ghosts?" she
asked him laughingly, as they rushed past the burial
ground, "between us and me," urged Mr. Carson, "I
am not sure that there may not be something in his
view, though I could not publicly countenance it.
You see, we are rather too fond nowadays of at-
tempting to explain everything by rational standards;
we don't trust in a higher power of interfering with our
personal successes; and we naturally think the church
of our own creation.
"Then the next step is to doubt and deny that there
is a heaven, or a hell."
"There will be no further use for parsons."
"You are incorrigible," he laughed again.
"Why on earth not?"
Mr. Carson seemed to reflect on such serious matters.
It doesn't seem quite natural."
"It is quite natural for a person; do you mean
it isn't natural in a girl? But this isn't a joy-ride,
are we going to a dance. The members of St. David's
would not approve of either, but they wouldn't mind our talking about death and spirits.
I think I know why we are doing it, though."
"Why, Yvonne?"
"Because our minds are quite full of the peculiar
stories we have been hearing lately. Everybody is
talking and thinking of them, and so are we. Do you
like my name?"
"Why, yes, do you ask?"
"Because you have twiced called me Yvonne tonight."
"Oh, I didn't know! I beg your pardon. I sup-
pose—"
"But why didn't you call me Yvonne? It is a buttugle name and I don't object."
"Yes, but—"
"If any member of your congregation heard you
they would wonder—isn't that what is in your mind?
Well, why need they hear?"
"But wouldn't that be conceitul deception?"
"I don't see. We are not harming them, we are
doing no wrong, and it is none of their business.
You are their parson, not their slave. Besides, you
even talked to me last night, and it shows that you want to. Why not do what you want?"
They had come to Spanish Town, and now it was
darkness o'clock. "Do we turn back here?" asked
Yvonne.
You’d never think he was the same child

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THE CROCODILES
(Continued from Page 21)

miles of travel she turned of her own volition and began the homeward journey back. Thus, after a few misfortunes, she stopped and explained, "This is a nuisance!"
"What is it?"
"Punctuate. Can you fit on the spare?"
"I am afraid I don't know anything about an ear."
"Then go along until someone comes along and get him to help us! For I can't!"
"Do you think?"
"No; meanwhile we might as well take things easy. Tell me, Mr. Carson, do you like Jamaica?"
"Hm, yes, I should think so. Everybody is nice and friendly; the people of my church are a fine lot; and I have nothing to complain of. But you, don't you belong to this country, do you?"
"No; I was born in Martinique, a French colony. But I was sent to school in England, and then Paris, where I believe the original plan was to send me to Paris first, then to England, and then again to Paris. My father was a Frenchman, see, and he had means."
"He isn't alive?"
"He died when I was quite young, and my mother died before him."
"Then the lady you live with?"
"Is my foster-mother; she was employed to my mother as a nurse. I call her mother; she is really my guardian. I have never known any other, and I am twenty-five."
"I heard she was your mother, and have often wondered why she never comes to our church. I understand better now. But will you ever be able to induce her to come to St. David's; even if she doesn't care to join she might be an adherent."
"I'll try her," replied Yvonne indifferently; "but she isn't the church-going sort. She wanted me to join your church, however, even before I did. She saw you one day, shortly after you had come out, and she said to me that you looked a fine and sincere type of man, one that people 'could believe in', in her own words. She pressed me to visit St. David's, and now I am one of your congregation."
"And you are satisfied?"
"Supremely."
She said this with an emphasis that thrilled him; there was something personal about it. He was tempted to answer with a compliment of an equal personal nature, but restrained himself. That might not be proper in a person who had for the first time come out for a drive with a young lady member of his church.

The spot where they were stalled was a lonely one; for a quarter of an hour nothing passed them but a slow mule cart. Half an hour went by, an hour, and only a couple of other carts had come their way. Even Yvonne began to get anxious. "If it is only a cart that comes next," she said, "we'll have to get it to send out a car for us from some garage in Spanish Town. It is past eleven now."

They talked about trifling matters for a while. Mr. Carson became more at ease, and as the night grew later, the sound of an approaching car was heard. The parson prayed silently that it would contain no one who knew him, as he placed himself in the middle of the road to wave to the driver of the approaching vehicle. Luckily, this man heeded the signal, seeing that it was a white man and a minister that was signalling, and he readily consented to give a hand in putting on the spare tire.

In a little while the couple were ready to move, and the helpful driver had been delivered. "If you're going to Kinston, monsieur," he said, "I will take you straight home, madam;" and Yvonne, "I am sorry you have been kept out so late."

"That's all right," he said, "but perhaps, madam, it would be better if you dropped me when we get into Kinston: I should prefer to walk home."

"So as not to prevent anyone seeing and talking, eh? You are right. People are frightfully scandalous."

They rushed through Spanish Town, under a sky bright with stars; they passed the banana plantations with their masses of fruit-bearing trees, the man groves covered, the Ferry Lane; the moutainas towered to their left and before them, their lofty summits outlined against the starry sky. They were nearing Kinston on the new deserted road when suddenly both of them saw something that caused Yvonne to swear the car so sharply to the left. "But only because she was a practical driver did they escape running into the bank. In the light of the car's powerful lamps both as it, a long, swiftly-moving, horrible object that kept low to the ground, something huge and menacing, and it came the instant to the pursuer that there were two and even three of the dreadful things."

"God be with us!" she exclaimed, "it is the crocodile."

But they had passed it and did not know whether it had gone or if it was still to be seen. When Yvonne spoke her voice was trembling. "It is true, then. We both saw it, and we were not even thinking of it. I really didn't believe much in the stories that were going about, though I talked

about them like everybody else. But it is true: there is something terrible creeping about us at night."

"And on this road there is nothing that would attract a burglar, is there?" said the parson, in a low voice. "So that the burglar cannot have been the work of the crocodile, or was only a blind, as old Pembroke said."

"It is awful," muttered Yvonne; "what can it be?"

"Say nothing about it to anyone," earnestly advised her companion. "I will say nothing too."

She agreed; if anything were said there might have to be explanations, and these would be very difficult.

She slowed up and stopped when they came to the bridge at the western entrance to the city; it was midnight."

"Won't you come to see me sometimes?" asked Yvonne softly; "you have only called at my house once I have been going to St. David's, and then I wasn't at home, and you met no one. Come again soon."

He promised. "To-morrow?"

"I will try; but this week anyhow."

"Thanks. Goodnight."

CHAPTER FOUR

YVONNE'S house was not in a fashionable or even quite reputable quarter of the city. It was situated in the West End, and was the only considerable residence in a neighbourhood drowsy and in some places squalid. It had stood in that spot for over a hunred years, and it had been faced and backed by large grass-yards or pens, where guinea grass grew and was cut and sold as food for animals. Perhaps cattle had also been kept in the sties that had once formed part of the demesne, but as the city had grown and expanded, this section of it had been given over to the poorer classes and the house had been abandoned, those to whom it had descanted not wishing to live in it or to lose money by letting it out to tenants who would either not pay the rent or speedily destroy it through neglect or carelessness.

It was too solid a structure to perish in a generation or two. It was built of stone and hard wood; and though, through lack of paint, it looked disfigured when Yvonne's foster-mother made a bid for it. In Yvonne's name, it was easily repairable. In a month or so, indeed, it presented quite a respectable

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The main pathway up to the house was cut off from the other entrance, the side entrance, by a new wooden fence some six feet high; thus savants and people of the inferior sort had no excuse for using it. And they could neither see nor be seen by any who came up the great front door, nor by the gravelled walk running straightly through the formal gardens and bordered by variegated shrubs. The house itself was very large; the dining room, the drawing-room, Yvonne's bedroom and sitting-room were in front; the first two on the lower storey, the latter two upstairs, and all of them looking out on the garden. Her guardiana's bedroom was to the rear, and there was another bedroom furnished for her guardiana's sister, whose permanent home was in the country. These two women ate with Yvonne when no strangers were being entertained; otherwise they had a dining place of their own on the upper floor and at the nether part of the building. The house was almost two houses, in one, so arranged had it been.

The woman with whom Yvonne lived could have her own friends and follow her own life so much disturbing the girl in regard to whom she exercised the functions of a guardian.

From front fence to entrance the distance was about a quarter of a mile, the width about a furlong, and on three sides, north, west, and east, from gate to disused burial ground, the house and land were enclosed by the old brick wall, once sadly impaired by time and neglect, but now repaired and rendered serviceable. All this property had been purchased in Yvonne's name, and purchased cheap because of the locality.

Yvonne had been watching the gate for some time before Mr. Carrouz's carriage passed through it and came towards the house; she opened the door herself and stood at the threshold to welcome him.

Last night they had parted; she had not been certain that he would come to see her so soon, but she had half hoped, half expected that he would. So from three o'clock that afternoon she had been watching the gate. It was now four and he was here at last.

"Isn't it nice of you to keep your word so soon?" she exclaimed as he led her inside. "Shall we sit by the window?"

She had taken his hat, she indicated a very comfortable armchair, covered with a bright cover, and sat into it with a little sigh of satisfaction, for here it was cool and shady after the heat and glare of the outside sun.

She seated herself in front of him, in a smaller chair, and again, as on many previous occasion, his eyes wandered admiringly over her finely formed figure, her face with its golden complexion and European features, her raven hair piled high upon her head, her confident, self-assured pose. She was vivacious with health and lively spirits, she was physically wonderful. This afternoon she wore white, a delicate silk evidently, and her arms and neck were bare. Her bodice was brown, so that the swell of her bosom was distinctly visible. The arms exposed were round and soft, the bosom beautiful in his eyes; he thought she had nothing to lose by comparison with the loveliest while girl in all the land and these interior surroundings of hers framed her adequately. A glance around the room would show anyone that the furnishing of it had not been undertaken with economy in mind, and yet it cost but a few pounds. Delicious taste and good shown in the matching of the furniture and in the arrangement of it. But it was the girl that held his attention.

"Would you have come had I not specially asked you last night?" she said; "why did you wait to be invited?"

"I would have come without any invitation after last night. We became more friendly than we seemed to have been before, didn't we? Did you have any trouble with your people for being out so late?"

"Of course not; I am really my own mistress, you know. I went straight to bed, for my mother hates to be disturbed after ten o'clock, and I was up at seven o'clock sooner than ever. A couple of hours less sleep doesn't make any difference to me. Does it affect you?"

"I can't say it does. But look here, Yvonne, I want to make this a pastoral as well as a friendly visit. I want to meet your foster-mother and to invite her to come to you with St. David's. That is my duty, and I must not forget it. Could I see her this afternoon?"

"I will ask her. But tell me, is it duty or a wish to see me that has been responsible for your coming here today?"

A bold question! She was looking in his eyes to read his answer there. It was as if she had issued a sudden challenge. As her parson he was entitled to a certain deference and restraint on her part; but she was ignoring that part, being only to him. He had a serious sensation of being entangled in a net; he felt that she was drawing him on to something that he should not make, or at least which should not be so definitely solicited. His blood tingled. But he made an effort to temporize.

"Well both," he stammered, "both, of course."

"And if my mother had not been here you would have come so soon?"

"You know I would."

The truth had slipped out; the effort at caution had been thrown to the winds. Yvonne laughed gaily. "That is what I wanted to hear," she exclaimed. "Now I will find out if my mother can come in to join us."

She ran out of the room radiant, and he had a couple of minutes in which to collect his thoughts. Events had moved very rapidly since he had entered her car last night. They had spent a few hours alone together, he was here with her now, she had drawn him a declaration of feeling which he had made without reserve. All pretence that he had come to visit her and her family as a parson had been torn aside; she had at once made it an affair of man and woman only. There was nothing wrong in that; after all, he was a man; but would it stay at that stage? There was something about her look that warned him she did not intend that it should; there was something in himself that signified to him that he could not trust himself where she was concerned. He remembered the jeers when she gained so much at incantation at him a few moments ago, had he experienced so burning a desire to kiss her lips, her arms, the swell of her bosom exposed? He had had that desire; he

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could not lie to himself about it; it had been almost overwhelming. His infatuation was sudden, terrible; he seemed to have fallen head over ears in love with her from the moment of entering the house. He had always liked, always admired her. Now, in a moment, he had become completely subjugated to her. He had never experienced such sensations before.

He wished impatiently that she would return; she had been gone nearly five minutes now. And during the first part of the day, he had realized clearly, he had been longing for the hour when he could call on her; he had spent that day with one glad expectation, and the realization of his wish had surpassed his anticipation.

And yet, in spite of the revelation of her manner, the joy expressed by the light in her eyes when he had confessed that, with no sort of excuse whatsoever, he would have come to her that afternoon; in spite of all the exhilaration and delight in her presence, his desire towards her, there stirred a certain uneasiness in his heart. Surely there was nothing wrong in what he had said, in his being here, nothing wrong in caring for her, though there might and would be prejudiced criticism expressed if he should ask her to marry him. Then why was he conscious of this undercurrent of unrest, this dissatisfaction, why this vague sensation of repugnance? Was he, after all, a snob? A Christian minister thinking of colour difference because he was English and white and she had coloured blood in her veins? She was more white than black. She was beautiful, fascinating, educated, a good girl, and wealthy too, according to his moderate standards. Not even the Mornewhites, the best family attached to St. David’s, people wealthy and important, whose membership of St. David’s was almost an act of condescension, not even this family entitled Yvonne to liberality in the church. And they, though of course they were not socially intimate with Yvonne, and not expected to be, had always treated her nicely. Would they object to her as his wife? Would any of his congregation? Some would be jealous; he knew that; but then they would be jealous of anyone, except perhaps some girl out of England whom they had never known. There would, then, be little prejudice felt against Yvonne. And yet he was not satisfied. He knew that he loved her, loved her passionately, terribly; it was as though a fever had suddenly infected his blood and brain. He was exalted, delirious almost with a wild delight. But that cursed stir of uneasiness in his heart would not be quieted. Indeed, it seemed to him that with every minute that passed it grew.

She was rather long away. Why had she let him wait alone like this? Had she, perhaps, seen something in his manner that had warned her of his craving to seize and shower kisses on her face and body, and so had designedly allowed him time to control and compose his feelings? It might be so. He must take a grip on himself.

The door opened.

“I had to persuade mother to make herself presentable and come in,” cried Yvonne; “that explains why I have kept you waiting so long. Mr. Carson, this is Madam Herriot.”

A tall, dark woman stood before him, for he had risen at the sound of Yvonne’s voice. A woman of massive proportions, though not appearing heavy because of her height and of her obvious musculature. A splendid specimen of an Amazon; and though she might be fifty years old her complexion of light bronze was that of someone younger, the skin of her face smooth and firm, her features prominent. The eyes, spaced normally, were deep-set and glowed with vitality. The depth and fire of them reminded Carson of Yvonne’s eyes, though he knew that this (Continued on Page 311)
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How We Legislated Seventy Years Ago

In the Old J amaica Parliament

The very amusing and interesting picture of a meeting of the old J amaica House of Assembly or Parliament, which follows, will be enjoyed by many even by those who take but little interest in politics to-day. It may be a less a picture of the days of Anthony Trollope, who ranks amongst the greatest English novelists of the last century and for whom, in- fluent, humorous, attractive style makes all that he writes so well worth reading. It has to be admitted, one has often to look at the language in our two Houses of Parliament, before their abdication in 1846, did not care twopence for good behaviour.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE

QUEEN, Lords and Commons, with the full para- mount and absolute authority of kings, papa, and pappans, sit in the House of Assembly, and counting out, prevail in J amaica as it does in Great Britain.

It is a well understood that there is a Governor, representing the Crown, whose sanction or veto is of course given, as regards important mat- ters, in accordance with our Statute, the Colonial Office. The Governor has an Executive Committee, which tallies with our Cabinet, it con- sists at present of three members, one of whom be- longs to the upper House and two to the lower. The Governor is not a member of this meeting. He invites him to please him. These gentlemen are paid for their services, and oversee different departments, as do our Secretaries of State, etc. and there is a Most Honorable Privy Council, just as we have at home. Of this is composed the Governor, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Governor, seeing that they are elected for life.

The House of Lords is represented by the Legis- lative Council. This is a hereditary body, but the members sit for life, and are nominated by the Governor, and they are increased or decreased at that number. The Legislative Council can of course put a veto on any bill.

The House of Assembly stands in the place of the House of Commons. It consists of forty-seven members, two being elected by nineteen parishes, and two by the Senate, which is the House of Lords, or House of Assembly, which contains the towns of Kingston, Spanish Town, and Port Royal.

The Government House, which is the seat of this House of Commons falls short of the privileges and powers of our House at home. I should think no member of this House would have much difficulty in proposing a measure that would enable a member can make a proposition so much a year shall be paid for such a purpose. The govern- ment did not wish to be driven to exercise the in- vidious function of putting repeated vetoes on repeated suggestions for increased public expenditure; and there- fore this power has been taken away. But any honourable member can bring before the House a motion demanding that the Governor be requested to himself to propose, by one of the Executive Committees, such or such a money bill; and then if the Governor does not table it, the member can refuse his supplies, and may call the "red devil" with his Exchequer Bill, which it seems to come pretty near to the same thing.

At home in England, Crown, Lords and Commons, real power is with the House of Commons. The system has not a little about this way, some the other. Reform may, or may not be more or less necessary, but it is not a question of liberty, or liberality, and success; with at least a greater shadow of power, his position and his dignity has increased under the Act of Union. Each of the three estates enjoys the respect of the people at large, and a seat, either among the Lords or the Commons, is an object of high ambition. The sys- tem may therefore be considered as a success.

But it does not follow that because it answers in England it should answer in J amaica; that institu- tion which is in England, may be in J amaica, but the system wants a little about this way, some the other. Reform may, or may not be more or less necessary, but it is not a question of liberty, or liberality, and success; with at least a greater shadow of power, his position and his dignity has increased under the Act of Union. Each of the three estates enjoys the respect of the people at large, and a seat, either among the Lords or the Commons, is an object of high ambition. The sys- tem may therefore be considered as a success.

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they not by efforts of their own made themselves
greatly superior to others of their race, they
would not have been there. I say, this fearing that it may
be thought that I begrudge a black man such a place. I begrudge
the black men nothing that they honestly lay there; or, but I think that we
shall benefit neither them nor ourselves by attempting
with a philanthropy to make them out to
be other than they are.

The subject under debate was a railroad bill.
The railroad system is not very extended in the In-
land; but the talk was of a railroad which was expected
to be a railroad which was to be of great
importance. Indeed, the house I believe, had on
some previous occasion decided that it should
be prolonged, and the present talk was as to some par-
ticular detail. What that detail was I did not learn, for
I was present there one day and the talk was contin-
ual series of motions for adjournment carried on by a
victorious minority of three.

It was clear that the opposed majority of
say thirty—was very angry. For some reason,
apparently pertaining to the tactics of the house, these thirty
were exceedingly anxious to have some special
point carried and put out of the way that night,
and the three were inexorable. Two of the three spoke
continually and ended every speech with a motion
for adjournment.

And then there was a disagreement among the
thirty. Some declared all this to be "bosh," pro-
posed to leave the house without any adjournment,
play whist, and let the three victors enjoy their
recent triumph. Others, made of sterner stuff, would
not thus give way. One after another they made
impatient little speeches, then two at a time, and
at last three. They thumped the table, and
called each other pretty names, walked about furiously, and
condemned the three victors to the infernal gods.

And then one of the black gentlemen arose and
made a calm, deliberate little oration. The words he
spoke were about the wisest which were spoken that
night, and yet they were not very wise. He offered
to the house a few platitude on the general benefit
of railways, which would have applied to any rail-
way, on the strength of which the eggs and fowls
would be taken to market; and then he sat down. On his
behalf I must declare that there were no other words
of such wisdom spoken that night. But that relief
lasted only for three minutes.

After a while two members coming to the door
declared that it was becoming unbearable, and
carried me away to play whist. "My place is close by,"
said one; "and if the row becomes hot we shall hear
it. It is dreadful to stay here with such an object,
and with the certainty of missing one's object after all.'" As I was inclined to agree with him, I went
away and played whist.

But soon a storm of voices reached our ears
round the card-table. "They are hot at it now,"
said one honourable member. "That's so-and-so,
by the score." The yell might have been heard at Kingston.

"By heavens they are at it," said another. "Ha,
a ha! A nice house of assembly, isn't it?"

"Will they pitch into one another?" I asked,
thinking of scenes of which I had read in another
country, and thinking also, I must confess, that an
absolute bodily scrimmage on the floor of the house
might be worth seeing.

"They don't often do that," said my friend.
"They trust chiefly to their voices; but there's no
knowing."

The temptation was too much for me, so I
threw down my cards and rushed back to the As-
sembly. When I arrived the louder portion of the
noise was being made by one gentleman who was
walking round and round the chamber, swearing in
a loud voice that he would resign the very moment
the speaker was seated in the chair; for at that time
the house was in committees. The louder portion
of the noise, I say, for two other honourable members
were speaking, and the rest were discussing
the matter in small parties.

"Shameful, abominable, scandalous, rascally!"
shouted the angry gentleman over and over again,
as he paced round and round the chamber. "I'll
not sit in such a house; no man should sit in such
a house. By G—, I'll resign as soon as I see the
Speaker in that chair. Sir, come and have a drink
of rum and water."

In his angry wanderings his steps had brought
him to the door at which I was standing, and these
last words were addressed to me. "Come and have
a drink of rum and water," and he seized me with
a hospitable violence by the arm. I did not dare to
deny so angry a legislator, and I drank the rum and
water. Then I returned to my cards.

It may be said that nearly the same thing does
sometimes occur in our own House of Commons—
always omitting the threats of resignation and the
drink. With us at home a small minority may im-
pede the business of the house—by adjournments—
and members sometimes become loud and angry.
But in Jamaica the storm raged in so small a tea-
set! The railway extension was to be but a mile
or two, and I fear would hardly benefit more than
the eggs and fowls for which the dark gentlemen
pledged.

In heading this chapter I have spoken of the
government, and it may be objected to me that in
writing it I have written only of the legislature, and
not at all of the mode of governing. But in truth the
mode of government depends entirely on the mode
of legislature.

As regards the Governor himself and his minis-
ters, I do not doubt that they do their best; but I
think that their best might be much better if their
hands were not so closely tied by this teapot system
of Queen, Lords, and Commons.
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IN THE DAYS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS
(Continued from Page 16)

or crying "Yah! yah!" at intervals. Many of us have yet to learn that the negroes in the West Indies are an earnest work-day people, having their own characteristic faults and vices, it is true, and dissimilar to any other race in the world, but none less real and existent. To many a little thatch-covered hut, but usualations, broad-leaved bananas and scarlet-flowered Poinsettias, or over-shadowed with white-flowered coffee plants, or buried amid tangled "bank" and cleared-brushed brushwood, the letters which follow have doubtless brought pleasure and happiness, in particular, to persons who, as far as now, may even grotesque, as to us, but intelligible and real enough to their recipients, "that long bright future of which we dream.

"There is no pleasure like the pain
Of being loved and loving."

Pinned after the day's labour on the plantation or the parson, or amongst the yams and sweet potatoes of his plantation ground, are the genuine expressions of the writer's immured heart, the exponent of his most sincere sentiments. Here are a few examples:

"My Dearest Love, My Dearest Dove, I have taken the pleasure of writing to you, my love, to say that everything is going on as well as usual. I suppose you will be glad to hear that I am going to be back with you in a few weeks. I am writing from the plantation, but I will be back with you soon. I hope you will not be too busy, my love."

"My dearest love, I wish you all the happiness in the world."

"Dear Love, I write you a letter to beg of you to make me your lover, but you are not worth me."

"The rose is not sweet as a kiss from you, my love."

"Give me your love. Miss Lucy (toots teeth) so green I do not like one bit."

"Lad! I wish I never was born. Poor me, Garg! (George)."

"I love Miss Lucy to distraction. Yours truly, Jane Plummer. Answer me, love, love."

"My nearest dear,—It is with a perplexing heart of anxiety that I take up my pen to address you this time, having propos'd marriage to you. I am now anxious to know the full intention of your mind, according with parent. On my side, let me please you to believe me that I am desirous to oblige you in whatever thought or ways that you like. If you cannot step up this way, but rather to be in Saintecres (Santa Cruz), I am very willing to do so. I feel convinced that the merits of your family are not to be estimated by an ordinary standard, and that their most ardent wish is to promote your comfort and happiness, believe me I feel highly honour'd of being worthy elevated in such a family. In granting me this most noble and acceptable offer, I humbly beg of you not only dispel the peevish gloom which I am convinced will hang over me if I should be deprived of your society. My greatest happiness depends upon your immediate answer. Please speak a word of regard in your parents eyes, I pray you, dear Lesta, your's truly—19th 1. 64."

"Dearest Love,—I save the liberty of writing those few lines, hoping that it may find your heart [from] you winter [whether] you intend to make me a fool. If you intend to come before it is too late. If you write [with] you can come up, fear [for] I am not a p'ny show [puppet-show], that if you think you will find any better than me. My mother said that you must understand how you always come here and you not tell her any thin [thing] aloof me. I wish to send the yam bed (yam-heads for planting), but I do not know whether I will reap the benefit of it. Love is strong as death, Jezebel is as cruel as the grave, the rose in June is not so sweet, like to meet and kiss you, please to send me answer as quick as possible."

"Dear Eliza,—I take the liberty of myself to inform you this few lines hoping you may not offend as often as I had often seen you in my heart. Their are my-pleased in love for you. My loving intentions were really unto another female, but now the love between and I she are very out now entirely. And now his the excepted time I find to explain to my lovely appearance (presumably "apparent love"), but whether if their any be in you hearts or mind towards me it is far for I to know, but I take this liberty to inform you this kind, loving, and affectionate letter. I hope when it received into your hand you receive with peace and all good will, pleasure and comforts, and hoping that you might answer me from this letter a loving appearance, that in due time Boos of us might be able to join together in the holy state of matrimony. I hope that the answer which you are to send to me it may unto good Intention To me from you that when I always point to write you again I may be able to write, saying, my dear lovely Eliza.—Your affectionate lover, affraisd [afraid] F. H. Dear Eliza, whether if you are willing or not, please to sent me an answer back, my dear."

The Creoles have a prejudice, which they do not attempt to explain, against travelling by night. Not immediately after second cock-crow is an uncommon hour for starting, especially when the day's journey is likely to be a long one. Once or twice we were fain to adopt this practice, and it must be confessed that the extra exertion which it involved brought with it its own reward.

The cool, often chilly, morning air, the deserted roads, the calm and quiet of surrounding nature—with "the full fair moon" shining overhead, and the harmless lightning playing around—had all an indescribable charm of their own. And the many romantic scenes through which these morning drives led me have left an impression upon my mind which will not readily be effaced. Now the road wound through a wild savanna—profuse in naught but wiregrass—its wide desert-like expanse broken only by a few stunted guava bushes; now we were passing a negro village half hidden by the dense growth of brushwood around it; now travelling under an avenue of magnificent trees, through whose leafy roof the moonbeams in vain struggled for admittance. The graceful and varied character of the foliage cannot fail to be remarked by all travellers in the tropics. The feathery tufts of the bamboo, the dotted outlines of the logwood, the coral-like branches of the catalpa, the large palmate leaf of the broad-fruit, and the glistening arc-like arms of the cocoanut palm, never appeared to me so beautiful as when seen as profile against the morning sky, or when forming part of the walls of such an avenue as that which I have described.

But nothing struck me so much in these early morning journeys as the extraordinary stillness that seemed to fall upon all nature just before the dawn. Not a sound was to be heard except the monotonous tramp of your horse's feet. The shrill song of the grasshopper, the quick sharp chirp of the cricket, and the hoarse croaking of the bull-frog—all had ceased.
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THE CROCODILES

(Continued from Page 25)

woman was only Yvonne's foster-mother. Still, there was a resemblance, and even while shaking hands with her, Mr. Carson was conscious of himself that there might be some sort of connection between them. Some distant Herriot, he thought. Madam Herriot shook his hand, and then swept him an elaborate curtsy that looked like part of a splendid social ritual.

"Won't we all sit down and talk a while?" he suggested, seeing that she made no attempt to take a chair herself, or to drink coffee. "You look tired.

"Thank you, sir," she answered in a low, throaty voice and a distinctly foreign accent. Statistically she seated herself on a straight-backed chair which looked too frail to bear her weight. Her hands were folded on her lap. She waited to hear what he might have to say.

"Madam Herriot, your daughter—"

"Foster-daughter, sir; I am really Miss Yvonne's servant."

"Oh, mother!" Yvonne cried; "how can you say you are my servant? You are the only mother I have ever known.

"Yet, your real mother is dead, cherie; and she was a lady like yourself, not a humble woman like me. But you have always treated me as if you were my own daughter. It would be hard to find another girl like you anywhere.

Mr. Carson smiled appreciatively at this praise. He was certain it was deserved; besides it helped to assure him that he had not slandered in thinking highly of Yvonne. He had received many suggestions that she was not the best of young women, but he liked to hear that affirmed, especially by one who had served Yvonne as nurse and guardian for so many years. And this huge woman, too, was no more flattering dependent; Yvonne had once said to him that her mother was a woman of means. She was dressed like one, though somewhat grotesquely from the sober British viewpoint. For she was dressed like a Matronlice matron of her class, in a dressing gown, shirts, of pale yellow silk, with voluminous bodice, and on her hand was wound a yellow and scarlet turban of silk, with one end sticking upright like a broad feather, and two ends sticking out to right and left like wings: a fantastic headdress, the first of its kind that he had ever seen. Involuntarily he glanced at her feet. They were expensively shod in expensive yellow shoes, and he noticed how surprisingly small they were for a woman of her size. Her hands were also small and well shaped. An unusual woman, with features written all over her. Her manners were elaborate; if her words were humble and her attitude respectful, there was a natural dignity about her which Carson recognized. And her were eyes were eyes of power.

"Madam Herriot, I want to invite you to come to St. David's now and then with Miss Yvonne. I hope in time you will see your way to become a member of the church, but naturally you will want time to make up your mind about that. Meanwhile there can't be any objection, sir, to your dropping in to see us now and then, and join us in a word of prayer?"

"And what if I belong to another religion, sir?"

"That is all right, I shall not think of that. You are a Roman Catholic, perhaps?"

"I am not a Protestant."

"But, mother, I never heard you say you were a Catholic!" Yvonne cried.

"I have never said anything about my beliefs that I can remember, cherie," smiled the older woman; "but I thank Mr. Carson for his kindness, and some day I may avail myself of it—who knows? But you will understand, sir, Miss Yvonne has been brought up in the Protestant religion and it is right she should be a member of a church like yours. She is rich, she is educated; she is beautiful. She counts, but I don't. Still, I am very grateful to you for your thoughtfulness. If I may say so with all due respect, I have heard you are a great preacher; I have heard of the sermon you preached last Sunday. She was speaking with care, choosing her words.

"You mean my sermon about superstition and witches? Yes, I have been complimented on it, but it was nothing out of the ordinary."

"It was splendid," said Yvonne.

"Witches are out of the ordinary, is it not?" asked Madam Herriot; "and this talk about crocodiles running about your streets: that is ordinary, too?"

"But the talk is true," burst out Mr. Carson impudently, then remembered that he himself had wished nothing to be said to anyone about the strange appearance Yvonne and he had seen the previous night.

"You say not?"

"He could not exaggerate: he was a person, a man of honour, and Yvonne would despise him for lying. "I have seen the crocodile myself," he replied quietly.

"And what do you think, sir—pardon me if I presume, but I am an elderly woman, and curious—do you think it is a crocodile escaped from its lair, or what the people about here say it is: a ravenous ghost from the grave, or a zozole, a spirit from another world?"

"Mr. Carson thought a second or two, then answeder:

"It was seen by two people at a place that was plundered; could a mere crocodile have robbed money and jewels?"

"And what use would a zombie have for money and jewels?"

"But what if it were, as these people say it is, a wizard that has transformed himself into a crocodile, or is a spirit that has been sent on an evil mission by a witch or wizard?"

"I am asking you, sir," said the woman with a faint smile; "I am only an ignorant old woman. Do you accept such a theory?"

"You don't talk like one, Madam Herriot, and you are not one. You are asking me? Well, I don't know what to answer; but I tell you plainly that what the common people think may not be so impossible after all, and I am wondering whether it is not the duty of men who are leaders in religion to band themselves together and try to track down this horrible thing that is frightening and disturbing the whole city."

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"How would you do that?"

"That is a way a may be found; it may be found by prayer."

"It may lead to death."

"Why should you think so?"

"I said it may; I do not know. I did not expect to find an educated Englishman believing in witchcraft in these days; but then I do not know much. If, sir—the way as she spoke—take a word of advice from one much older than yourself, even if not of your race and your class. Leave alone what does not concern you. Leave it to others. You are young, you have your own business to attend to, your own future life to live. Why meddle with things you don't understand?"

"Mother!" ejaculated Yvonne, surprised at the tone taken with the parson by this usually reserved woman.

"Mr. Carson believes that the crocodile has something to do with the powers of another world, Yvonne; would you have him mix himself up with what might be dangerous?"

"Oh, not!"

"That is all that I take the liberty of advising him not to do. I am from Martinique. I have been in Hayti, in Africa, while you were at school in England and France. I have seen some strange and dangerous things in my time, and this crocodile may be of the same order of things—who knows? Why then should this gentleman interfere with it?"

"It is my duty," said Carson softly.

"It is your inclination," Madam Herriot answered. "You remember, sir, Saul wanted to see the prophet Samuel, who had long been dead, and he went to the Witch of Endor; it is all in your Holy Book. But when Saul saw and heard Samuel, he was afflicted to the heart. Be warned by me. Leave alone what does not concern you; it will be better so."

CHAPTER FIVE

FRUSTRATION

Mr. Carson walked briskly along the street, looking for a taxi. He had just parted from Yvonne, and it was now drawing towards six o'clock. After Madam Herriot had spoken to him, quietly refusing his invitation to attend his church—for he realised that her words meant that—and had warned him against taking any part in finding out the truth about the crocodile mystery, she had left the drawing-room, curtseying to him as she did so in her old-fashioned, stately fashion. He had been left alone again with Yvonne. Somewhat he understood that he would rarely if ever meet Madam Herriot if he should continue his visits to the house. She was only an upper servant, as she had been at pains to explain, and was not disposed to take advantage of Yvonne's kindness or his complacency.

And he knew he would revisit Yvonne, and often. When they were by themselves once more they had sat together talking at first about the earnestness of Madam Herriot, then about themselves. He had taken Yvonne's hands in his and held them, he had whispered to her how beautiful she was; finally, on remembering that he had an appointment for six o'clock, he had quickly yielded to the desire of his blood, and nerves and brain, and kissed her pretty on her lips. He might have continued, but she had drawn away, saying laughingly, "Leave something for another time, Henry," and he had asked her, "when?"

"Whenever you like," she answered, "it is for you to fix the time."

"I have nothing on this evening after dinner; do you think—"

"Yes; it will be all right. You could come after dinner and spend the evening with me. Shall I expect you?"

"Nothing will keep me away," he protested, and kissed her again.

At this hour the street, as he noticed on leaving the sheltering screen of the gate and wall, was crowded with equable humanity. The poverty of the quarter stood revealed, not only in its wretched houses and dingy shops, but in the men and women who slouched along in menial attire, in the babies that sprawled half-decked before the places where their parents lived, in the litter-strewn roadway, in the very character of the little pushcarts and other vehicles which were here to be seen. He saw hundreds and hundreds of faces; it came upon him with something of a shock that the was the only white one among them all. He had not yet ceased from feeling strange when he found himself the one white man in a large crowd, though that never gave him apprehension. He knew he would be treated with nothing but respect. Indeed, his clerical garb assured him more than usual deference this afternoon; but the contrast between the scene he had just left and that amidst which he now happened to be so acute that he muttered audibly, "why does Yvonne continue to live in such a neighbourhood?" This was an underworld in a real if not in a criminal sense; it was a world of people who formed the dregs of society, and amongst them a girl like Yvonne should not be, even if a house she owned was situated here and was in itself a residence of distinction.

He found a taxi and directed the man to drive him to a porspanage at the other side of Kingston, where he had an appointment with three brother ministers.

His mind was filled with a strange excitement. Those knees he had given to Yvonne; what would she think of them? They surely could mean to her one thing only: that he loved her and intended to ask her to be his wife. He had not gone to see her..."
with any such intention; he had left without uttering any word that could be construed into a definite promise or pledge. Any other man, by merely kissing a pretty girl, would not consider himself as bound; but he was not like other men in that he could do as they did and claim the same immuni-
ty. He could not kiss and ride away, carefree, with no responsibility. His calling forbade that: a kiss from him was a sacred pledge; Yvonne would so re-
gard it. Yet he was not about to speak words which could never be explained away. He said to himself that something had held him back. What was it? Prudence, perhaps? But was such prudence a vile thing in view of what he had done and what he knew he would do again? Was he worthy of his ideals, of his cloth, of his principles? Was he being honest with the girl?

She spoke, and so she cautiously raised the subject of her engagement. He thought of his en-
gagement to see his engagement to see her in another couple of hours. He would hasten back with all possible speed, and she would be waiting for him, and they would be even more alone than they had been in the car the night before. It would be safer so. It was easy to imagine to everyone, and the neighbours were one that he should ordinarily visit on an errand of mercy only or at the call of duty. The squeal of his car in his conduct also, there was something about what he was doing that was low, clandestine, sneaking. Somehow he felt xúcane.

He wanted her, yet he shrank from offering to marry her. There would not have been such a con-
flict in his mind, he reflected, even two days ago; what then had brought it about? If he had thought of her as a likely wife forty-eight hours before, there would have been neither a fierce, an almost inhuman delight in her company—though he liked her much—nor such a strange, inexplicable shrinking from marriage. Did he wish, then, simply to have her without any ties, to play with her, daily with her, and be free at any moment to desert her? But that would be to act as a villain, he thought, start-
tled, and he had entered her house with no such vil-
ality in his mind. What was this change that seemed to have come over him? He was distressed, torn, aruder between carnal desire and decent resolve, in a ferment of conflicting impulses. Never had he felt like this in all his previous life.

Arrived at his destination, he met the three par-
sons at the taxi stand as he came out, and in twenty minutes had settled with them the business that had brought them together. The matter-of-fact talk calmed him; when he went back to his house he ate his dinner and be-
came still more collected: he even wondered why he had been so wild. He was in a condition to look at things more calmly; he now attributed it to lack of sleep the night before, and also to his suddenly rel-
ted affection for Yvonne. For he cared for her; he acknowledged that to himself, and he would marry her. He had now made up his mind to that. She would be accepted by his congregation, though she was a stranger. Henceforth he must act towards her openly; every thing must be plain and above board. Unworthy temptations he would finally put away from him; thank God he had not actually yielded to any impulse to do any unworthy thing. He left the parsonage soon after with a feeling of satisfaction. If he had fallen in love after that, he would also act, he was resolved, as a man of God.

He drove to Yvonne's in a taxi, stopped at the gate and walked up to the house, where he found her waiting in the drawing room.

"Your foster-mother?" he enquired, mere out of
politeness than anything else.

"You won't see her to-night. She hardly ever meets my visitors—not that I have many. Where shall we sit?"

"Anywhere you like. The garden."

"If you prefer it; there is a comfortable bench out there. Come."

They went into the garden, and Yvonne found the bench she had spoken of, a wide, sloping-backed seat some seven feet long, built for comfort. It was placed under a great, umbreous tree, and round about were other trees, so that anyone sitting on this bench on a moonless night was completely in dark-
ness. They sat down, they were midway from the house and the gate, but rather nearer to the fences that divided the yard into two and separated the inferior entrance from that which was used by Yvonne and her friends. As they sat they scrutinised Mr. Carvon, beard, footstep, pace along the path that was screened from view, and thought they were those of servants coming in. It was cool in the open, although the wind was light. They could see the lighted house, though themselves unseen, they heard the murmur of the outside city, the raucous laughter of groups gathered in the street beyond or congregated in numerous yards throughout: above, the sky was thick with a multitude of jewels in a setting of dark vel-
et. And then Carvon became aware once more of that fierce impulse he had felt in the afternoon when sitting with Yvonne, that almost irresistible urge to take her in his arms, kiss her modestly, your passionate words into her ears, do anything, everything, care nothing about consequences.

He yielded to it so far as to throw an arm over her shoulders and draw her closer to him. She did not resist him. He kissed her again and again.

"How I love you!" he exclaimed.

"I hoped you would," she answered, "I wanted you to. But I thought I should have to wait for weeks, months; but now . . . ."

"I am yours and you are mine," he murmured, "and we are all alone together."

She waited for other words, but he did not speak them. He spoke of love and devotion, nothing else. She said nothing. He had loved her, was in his arms, and what did anything else matter at this moment? She gave her-
self up to the intoxication of her sensations; she answered his embrace by throwing her arms around

(Continued on Page 35)

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Permanent Guarantee Fund represented by Liquid Assets at
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THE HOUSE BUILT BY INTEGRITY
THE CROCODILES

(Continued from Page 33)

him; they were locked together, their lips pressed on one another, their arms clasping tumultuously in union.

A sound of footsteps, louder than that they had heard before, came to it; it did not disturb Yvonne, but to Henry Carson it seemed as if these steps were walking towards them. He drew away a little from the girl and sat up straight.

"It is nothing," she said, "only some people going to see my mother or my aunt. They enter by the side-gate; I never see them. But they can't see us either."

He regarded this as an invitation, and now thought definitely evil formed themselves in his mind. Why should he not live as other men, enjoy himself as they? Why must he be an ascetic, why let his profession keep him from drinking of pleasure's cup? This girl loved him; he knew that as much from the strength and passion of her embrace as from her admission of a few minutes before. She would do more than she would venture to say; she would deny him nothing. Why then not take what was his for the mere taking? Why hesitate, why suffer foolish scruples to deter him?

Scruples? They were very faint and feeble now.
He was hugging her again, kissing her wildly, and she was making no resistance. Her body was a blaze of passion, all her thoughts were fused into one compelling wish—to be his entirely. The very atmosphere about them seemed to be in collusion with their desire. They were alone, alone, and voices in the dark seemed to whisper to them encouragement, urged them to set aside every consideration save that of fulfilling their love, gratifying their craving. Scruples? Carson was conscious only of a surging up in his heart of a triumphant joy; she was sinking fast into a sea of absolute delicious surrender.

"Yvonne!"

The voice came from someone not twelve yards away, a deep, imperative voice, a note of anxiety in it.

"Yvonne!"

The call was repeated, louder than before, and now it was evident that someone was coming towards them. They separated hastily, drew a foot apart, and Yvonne, steadying her voice as best she could, called back.

"Yes, aunt."

"I thought you were here; it is so hot inside that I came out for a while. Good evening, sir."

A tall woman dropped Carson as elaborate a curtsey as Madam Herriot had done earlier that same day; but she did not appear to see his hand.

"My aunt," said Yvonne, by way of introduction."

"Yvonne's other nurse, sir," supplemented the woman. "My name is Dunne."
She curtseyed again
...
beginning to go too far; she was financially indepen-
dent of them, they were really but drags upon
her with their dark complexion and their curious
appearance and looks. She wanted this man and
she would have him on any terms; he would marry
her eventually, for she would not let him go. But if he
did not wish for marriage immediately, she did not
see why that should make any difference to her. She
would grapple him to her with the hooks of her pas-
sion and his desire and they would be one, openly
cle, when she willed...

She went into the house and up to her room;
presently there was a rap at her door and her foster-
mother and aunt came in.

They looked at her narrowly, she returned their
gaze with thunder on her brow. They sat down
quietly and Madam Herriot opened the conversation.
"Mr. Cairen is a very nice young man, Yvonne,
and I believe he cares for you."

"Yes? What about it?"

"We are glad. Do you think he is going to
marry you?"

"I didn't ask him."

"You couldn't, being a woman, unless he told
you he loved you. When he does you can ask him out-
right what he means to do. That will be best, don't
you think?"

"What I think is that Aunt Stephanie ought not
to come spying around us when we are having a
little talk!"

"It was not a little talk only, Yvonne," said
the other woman. "I saw everything; I was nearer
than you thought."

Yvonne flushed with shame as well as anger: she
sprang from the bed on which she had been sitting.

"Then you admit that you were spying on us?"

"Yes," was the calm reply, "and it was good for
you that I was."

"Let us talk plainly, Yvonne," broke in Madame
Herriot before the girl could empty the vials of her
wrath on the head of her aunt. "You will remember
it was I who advised you to join Mr. Cairen's church
and to make a friend of him."

"Well, what about that?"

"I wanted him for you, and so did my sister.
But not as a paramour, as a husband. He wants to
marry you too, and he will if you are careful. But
there are influences fighting against you, Yvonne,
and they will conquer unless you watch your step.
Yield to him as you were on the point of doing to-
night, and your chance is gone. He will go down
with you; he won't help you up. You must fight
your feelings; it won't be for long. Ask him to-
morrow, when he comes here to you. If he will marry
you at once: if he won't answer here, ask him to write
to you when he goes back home. He will do that,
for he loves you. Then you can get married in a
week; there is no reason for delay. It is a week too
long!"

"No!" Yvonne was delighted now. "I will ask
him, as you say. I know he loves me."

"And don't judge us too harshly, Yvonne, we
love you too. We are working for you."

"Working? How?"

"Never mind how. We saved you tonight—and
remember, if you commit any folly, the conse-
quences are going to fall on him as well as on you."

"But you are talking riddles, mother. You mean
he will lose his position?"

"That is the least. He will lose his life and his
soul."

"His life, his soul?"

"Yes; for he will try to desert you, and we will
kill him. And his soul will belong to the Devil, to
whom he will have given it. And you will be
ruined."

"That is all nonsense!"

"We don't talk nonsense."

"And what about you two, then, if we are in such
danger?" cried Yvonne scortchingly.

But the two women only smiled sadly, as they
took leave of the room.

CHAPTER SIX

AGAIN THE CROCODILE

They were out in the open road, speeding along
the seaside, out on the road that leads to Mor-
ant Bay. Presently they reached a stretch of ground
studded with coconut palms; to their right the dark
sea hooped itself upon the land with a rhythmic,
periodic roar and bursting of spray; to the left a
tiny waterfall caught a gleam of light from bright
stars overhead and fell with flashes of silver into the
pool beneath.

Yvonne slowed down her car and turned it into
the plantation of coconuts on her dexter hand; by
driving carefully she could make some way among
the trees, and by extinguishing her lights they would be
free from curious observation if any cars or
pedestrians should pass.

It was like this; last night, they had arranged
to come for a drive. They had followed out this
arrangement; but now both Henry and the girl had
a better grip on themselves than they had had the
previous night. Yvonne had been primed to a cer-
tain course and purpose by her people, and Cairen had
wrangled with evil impulses recognised for what
they were, and had prayed for help and strength.

Yet they had carried out a plan arranged the
night before. And though neither had mentioned
the reason of that plan, they had known it clearly
when making it. They knew it now. But now
they had made up their minds to fight themselves.
Temptation here seemed easier to resist than in
that darkened garden.

They descended from the car and strolled to-
wards the edge of the sea. The dark waters rolled
away to a darker horizon and the fronds of the
coconut palms waved and clasped as the seascapes
struck them. Here they were more absolutely by
themselves than they had ever been; here they need
fear no intrusion, no rude interferences; they were
lovers with the stars only for light and the sea to

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rushed to its rescue just in time. It was being con-
voyed away in the mouth of the crocodile, which had
gripped its clothes; at sound of shoot and shout the
animal had dropped the baby and rushed for the
open door. It had disappeared before another shot
could be fired. Happily, the little one was not in-
jured; it had been lifted as carefully as a cat litter
heretofore by the skin of its neck; there was not a
scrap on the body. But such a thing had not been
known in the country before, and now there could
be no relaxation of effort until this mysterious crea-
ture was captured or killed.

Carson read the news with agitation; there were two or
more of these strange reptiles, then, and not only one as at first been believed?
For surely the crocodile he had seen so plainly could not have been that which had attempted to steal
the child. Unless it could miraculously transfer itself
from place to place within an incredibly short space
of time? That might be; and now his mind was
made up. He remembered his sermon of so short a
time ago; he remembered the texts he had quoted.
If there was something devilish about, or rather
certain manifestation of evil presence and actively at work, it was his duty to assist in elimin-
ing it. There was always evil, devils existed, sin
was a fact. He himself had sinned greatly of
late, but might not that be because of some special
pervading influence which might be affecting him
and others besides himself. He had thought he felt
it more when at Yvonne's than anywhere else, but
maybe other people felt it more at different places
also; and if this influence were allowed to work its
will unchecked the whole community would suffer
horribly. But how to check it? That, precisely, he
did not know at present, but his duty was clear.
He must first of all set himself right with his con-
science; he must rely more upon aid from above
than upon his own strength, and he must offer his
help, such as it might be, towards clearing up this
so-called mystery. He had prayed and had writ-
ten the letter he had promised to Yvonne. This
evening, at prayer-meeting, he would take another
step that should help him to feel a decent man once
more.

And he did. Yvonne came to the meeting—
he was to take her home from there. He met her
at the gate of the meeting-house and there he an-
nounced to some members of the congregation with
whom he was on terms of personal friendship that
they were engaged. They all congratulated him, of
course, but some with a Luke-warmness which he
could not mistake for anything else. In a few min-
utes the news had spread to everyone. And when
the meeting over, he was walking with Yvonne to
her car. It was evident that the congregation was
divided into two camps: those who were favourable,
and those who were distinctly hostile.

He thought that the hostility arose from the
situation that he had mentioned he would be
married by special license and the next day, the
forenoon, it was announced that a deputation of de-
couns was waiting to see him in his study. He went
in to meet them. He had not spoken with Yvonne the
previous night, had only seen her to the gate. He
was discouraging himself; besides, he had a vivid re-
collection (and horror) of the peculiar sensations
and excitement he experienced when within those
walls. He therefore felt this morning strong and
rested and confident; he guessed that it was about
his approaching marriage that his deacons wished
to speak to him. He was correct in this surmise.
Mr. Monples was the spokesman.

"It ill beseems any of us to interpose in so
private a matter as matrimony, Mr. Carson," began
the gentleman of polysyllabic inclinations, "but
something more than personal predilections is in-
volved in the step which you announced to us last
night. We do not consider it seemly and in con-
sonance with propriety that you, our minister, to
whom we look for a good example, should appear
to be in such extraordinary haste to enter wedlock.
The carnal-minded will shoot their lips in de-
rision, the suspicious will wonder if there can be
any reason for such precipitancy. It will have a
lamentable effect upon our youth, who will pattern
themselves upon you, as they should. Having these
considerations in mind, we decided to approach you.
We ask, in the interests of the church, that you
should follow along more conventional lines in
fixing the date of your nuptials."

"But this seems to me a purely personal matter,
Mr. Monples," demurred the minister.

"What you do, sir, in such an affair, cannot be
purely personal; it affects the congregation. The
congregation would not feel satisfied to sit any long-
er under a pastor who should be thought to set a bad
example."

This was an ultimatum, and he knew it was
meant. He could defy them, but that might imply
severing his relations with the church. That was
not a step he was prepared to take; he had his liv-
ing to consider; he was not of the type that is satis-
fied to live on a wife's income. "What do you want
me to do?" he asked.

"I should like, you, sir," answered another deacon,
before Mr. Monples could answer: "We should like
you to marry after the banns are given out and
after everybody knows what you are doing. The
lady is a stranger; we want to know more about her.
Three months is not too long to wait—not for a
minister, sir, and that will please all the brethren
better than if you get married by a license. Of
course the other thing is appealing business, but..."

"I understand, Mr. Murchison, I understand.
Well, I suppose it must be as you suggest. I hope
you will all like my wife."

(Continued on Page 11)

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THE CROCODILES

(Continued from Page 38)

"That would have been my hope," remarked Mr. Momples darkly.

"And why shouldn't it be now?"

"I say nothing, sir."

Mr. Carson, not having been blind, had been aware for some time that Miss Momples had been setting her cap at him; perhaps therefore her father's present attitude was the result of the daughter's jealousy. But while he was shaking hands with the members of the separation, Mr. Momples made a remark which startled him, so significant was the smile he wore.

"You preached not long ago, Mr. Carson, on witches and their work. You quoted from Deuteronomy that we should have nothing to do with any- one who had anything to do with familiar spirits, or with witches or necromancers, for these are an abomination. Pray do not forget those words."

"But why should I forget them, or you particularly dwell upon them?" asked the amused minister.

"We hear things, sir. Within the last three days we have heard some peculiar reports. Good morning, sir."

There was a curious look on the faces of the other men as Mr. Momples spoke; Mr. Carson perceived it. But he said nothing though feeling vaguely troubled. He would have to acquaint Yvonne with what had taken place; he hoped she would grasp the difficulties of his position. He realised that there was something in the reminiscence of his daemon: after all, it was incumbent upon him, as the minister of St. David's, to do things decently and in order. As to the hint of Mr. Momples, he supposed that his night rides with Yvonne had somehow got to the hearing of some folk connected with the church, though what connection those rides could have with witches and necromancy he could not comprehend. But,—but perhaps he did have an inkling of it. He had seen the strange crocodile twice. And on both occasions he had been alone with Yvonne. Had she mentioned the circumstance in confidence to somebody, and had that person talked? Perhaps he should not have kept the incidents secret; that assuredly was not in conformity with the bold spirit of his sermon. Yet, he understood Momples now; but what Mr. Momples did not know was that he had made up his mind to report the matter to the police and, since he was one to whom the reptile had appeared twice, he would offer his services in tracking it down. He could not do this before he had made public his relations with Yvonne; now however there was no longer any reason for reference. He could go and come with her where and when he willed; secrecy was done with. And he would help clean the city of the taint of in- carnate deviltry from which it was suffering on St. Sagramo to-day.

CHAPTER SEVEN

UGLY RUMOURS

The engagement of the minister of St. David's church to Yvonne Gilbert would not have been a matter of importance outside of the circles of the church itself had the circumstances been ordinary. But they were not. He was English, she was col- ored. That would not have mattered had she been Jamaican and of good family; but she was vaguely West Indian, French West Indian, and no one knew who she really was. Her mother, or foster-mother, was a tall, dark woman who might be a heathen for anything that anybody knew; that sort of person, if it was plain, was not fitted to be the mother-in-law of Mr. Carson. Yvonne herself had generally been ac- counted a nice girl; but that did not mean that she was suited to be a minister's wife. She was too gay, apparently too worldly; besides, who was she? That was the question which Ethel Momples asked with bitter emphasis of everybody that she met. Hope deferred might make the heart sick, but hope shattered turns blood into gall.

Ethel went round to see her friends, May and Gertrude Joesly, two days after the announcement of the parish's engagement. "Did you ever hear of such a thing, my dear?" she enquired of the equally scandalised May Joesly, and both May and Gertrude admitted that in all their born days news of so ex- traordinary a character had never come their way. Yet, hadn't they been secretly dreading such a dis- aster?

"And who is she—that's what I want to know," cried Ethel. "Even a week ago it was different; but now—"

"Now she is your parson's intended," laughed Gertrude without mirth.

"I don't mean that, Gertr; haven't you heard what they are saying?"

"They? Who?"

"Everybody. Father heard it two or three days ago downtown; a clock in the Court's office told him."

"We haven't heard a thing," said May earnestly.

"What is it? Tell us."

"Well, they say that since all this talk about the crocodile the detectives have been busy watch- ing people they suspect of practising obeah, as well as the criminals. And they find that a lot of sus- picious people, and a good many people whom you would never suspect of anything, have a way of go- ing round to Yvonne's house at night."

"Fo Yvonne? Noh?"

"Not to her exactly; but Mr. Carson goes there."

(Continued on Page 5)
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From the depths of her heart the old woman had spoken—it was the whole truth as she conceived it. She glanced at one another. This was what at least some members of the congregation believed, and if they, others of their class also in the city would come to believe it, it was more than Mr. Carson's personal welfare, then, that was at stake. The reputation of the church was also threatened. This was scandal at its ugliest. It involved everybody.

The old couple, Mother Butler and went back to the sitting room. They knew they could do nothing but watch and wait. For it would be impossible for them to remain silent, having heard what they had. They were conscious also of a feeling of fear and of distress.

Later on that same day Mr. Carson carried his story to the congregation to conclude it, that he was stricken by a stroke of luck. He had come to the city, not to divulge to anyone—anyone—that he was working with us. Will you do that?” the Inspector asked.

“Nothing.”

“Very well. Now, first of all, you must not mention to any person whatever that you have been here today. Did anybody know that you were coming?”

“None.”

“Very good. Remember, there are to be no exceptions. Even if you were married, your promise would indicate your submission to authority.”

“Perfectly. As a matter of fact, I am engaged; but I will say no word to my fiancée about my work with you, although it would be quite safe with her.”

“Of course, of course,” the Inspector bluntly assured him; “nevertheless even your fiancée must not be told, though that need not prevent you from making use of her services to solve this mystery—if you think she can be of any assistance to you.”

“Just how can she help me?”

“You have told me that she was with you on the two occasions on which you saw the crocodile. She may have her own ideas as to what it is, and every theory may help. She may be an observant young lady—I am sure she is. Now, she may notice peculiar things about some of the people she sees—you never can tell. If she makes any remarks about these, you could let us know. You follow?”

“Clearly. But doesn’t that look as if I should be using herelligence behind her back?”

“Why, no. I don’t see it that way. However, it is up to you. You offered us your aid—”

“You are quite right, Inspector. I see your point of view.”

“Very well, Mr. Carson. Now, there’s another thing. You have twice seen this crocodile when we were living in the city. You seem to have been able to live near the seashore, near the swamps. Perhaps if you were rowing near the shore sometimes you might come across it—you never can tell. You might be able to track it; to mark where it goes. You can get permission to carry a revolver. If you can shoot; but only if your life is actually in danger must you use it. You understand that?”

“Yes.”

“You said, by the way, that your fiancée’s fostermother is Madam Herriot, whose sister is a Madam Danole. They, I am sure, are very intelligent people. Couldn’t you talk to them sometimes and let us know what they think about this crocodile business? Every little suggestion may be of use, you know.”

“I did talk to Madam Herriot about it only a few days ago,” remarked Carson, “but she solemnly warned me not to have anything to do with it. She said I should be in danger if I persisted in mixing myself up in any search to solve the mystery.”

“She said that!” The Inspector strove to keep his voice level, his attitude indifferent. “Well, that, I suppose, is a woman’s way of looking at the matter. I am glad you take a different view. And if I were you, and I had an opportunity, I would talk to her about the thing all the same, but you mustn’t let on that you are working actively in it. And look here, Mr. Carson, you had better write to me when you have anything to report; and when I want to see you I will drop in at your house—say at night. It would be better if you were not seen coming here again. We can’t be too careful.”

Carson agreed, and they parted. When he had left, the Detective Inspector called in a police sergeant and loudly ordered him to see that no roughs assembled near the St. David’s parsonage at night to看出 something to the effect that the decent people of the neighbourhood from sleeping. It was a shame, said the Inspector, that house hunters like the Rev. Mr. Carson should be put to the trouble of complaining about such nuisances. Thus he was at pains to conceal Carson’s object in visiting Police Headquarters. Then he fell to wondering whether Carson would be able to swim in the river, and whether Madam Herriot’s. His men believed that the Madam practiced oboah on a scale never attempted before. But how to prove it, how to bring her to book? For it was whispered that she had her spies even among the police!

CHAPTER EIGHT

SMOKE AND FIRE

The boat, impelled by the slow though vigorous strokes of Mr. Carson, glided smoothly through the water; Yvonne sat facing the rower; she was enjoying thoroughly this entertainment of (to her) a very novel description.

Carson had decided that this afternoon, instead of going for a ride in her motor car, he would give her an excursion on the water. He could row, and the chance suggestion of the Detective Inspector, made two days before, that if he were ever along the waterfront of Kingston he might keep his eyes open for the crocodile (which must have its hair somewhere near river and sea) had put into his head the idea that he might take Yvonne for a row in the afternoon and at the same time do some useful work of investigation. Not that he had the slightest notion as to how he should investigate, but he wished to do something or to feel that he was doing it in connection with this crocodile mystery. He was a young man of impulses with an ambition to be importantly helpful.

“There is a dead-set amongst some of the congregation against our marriage,” he was saying as the boat moved along the western shorelines, “but that is not the reason why I have deferred it. I want it to take place as early as possible; wish it, perhaps, more than you do. I hate a day’s delay. But you know what my people are: I have got to think of their wishes to some extent. That will make for future harmony.”

“I thought some of them would be opposed to me,” said Yvonne with an angry flush; “but when I told mother to-day that we should have to wait three months, she warned me that that was too long. She said we might lose one another if we waited so long. She told me to say this to you.”

“But why should we lose one another? What

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on earth can possibly happen to come between you
and me now?"

"I don't know, I don't believe anything cash.
But my foster-mother and my aunt are
disturbed; I suppose they think that your deacons will try to
get you to give me up. They don't want me. That's
plain!"

"I won't give it up. I would rather give up
the church."

She smiled triumphantly. "Just as I would
give up everything for you," she answered, "I believe you would.
And it is hard for me to wait, dearest."

"You have said that more than once, and yet
you are waiting. The other day you yourself thought
that a few months should elapse before--"

"That's what I said at the moment. But some
thing--it is my love for you--urges me not to wait
a moment. I don't think I can stand the three
months period of waiting. I am going to tell them
now--that a month is as long as I will consent to.
And if I had my way--"

"Yes?"

"It would be to-night."

"You love me so much, then?" she asked soft-
every day, every hour, every moment. My feeling is in-
describable; it is as if I were being urged, impelled,
overpoweringly tempted to do something wild and
desperate, to cast all consideration of consequences
in the wind--even to sin."

He dropped his voice. "I can say that, for you
know it already. I can tell you too that I have
fought against the feeling, knowing it to be wrong."

She recalled the night, so recent, when her aunt
had appeared in the garden in the very sick of time,
and also the wild gust of passion her lover had
displayed on the lonely beach of the eucalypt grove.
Her people had warned her against these violent out-
bursts of his; they seemed to know him well, though
they had seen so little of him; and she felt that
they feared also what she might do.

He was a minister, a man of the gospel, the
preacher of the day in Kingston! He, she thought,
of all men, should be strong in curbing his pas-
sion; and yet she was thrilled to know that he was
wild about her; was tormented with a desire to
trample upon every principle and precept because
of his love for her, his overwhelming desire to have
her as his. This was a tribute to her power, her
beauty, her charm; it was her triumph. But she too
must keep a grip upon her own feelings; much as
she loved him, she could not dismiss altogether as
folly the solemn warnings, the almost terror-stricken
look in the eyes of her foster-mother as she begged
and beseeched her to be careful. Independent and
courageous in spirit though she was, Yvonne had
nevertheless in her heart of hearts a certain dread of
the two tall, impressive women who had watched
over her ever since she had known herself. She had
always felt that there was something mysterious
about them. And again and again in the past they
had told her of what would happen, and they had al-
ways been right.

"We must continue to fight our feeling," she said
at last, identifying herself with his struggle, mak-
ing it dual and not singular only. "Four weeks will
pass soon enough. I will tell my people we shall be
married in four weeks."

"Do you know," he said suddenly, "that when
I was talking about you this morning to Mr. Mon-
plex--I purposely called to see him where he works
--he said bluntly that I was going on as if I were
bewitched!"

"But his daughter couldn't bewitch you, though
she tried hard enough, as everybody could see. He
wouldn't mind if she bewitched you."

"I suppose love is a sort of bewitching," he
mused, "so I didn't take offence at Monpler's words."

"But my witchery isn't the sort that you preach
against, is it, Henry? There is no evil in it, is there?
"

"How could there be, curing? Your witchery is
of the heart and is all of charm and beauty."

To their right lay the densely green shoreline
where the mangroves came down in thick and
tangled luxuriance to the sea. The water close to
the shore was an intense polished green, the sky
above a deep black; and above the leaves of palm and
crimson, and along the surface of the farther sea lay broad bands of
the reflected colour. The buildings of Kingston were
behind them, to the east they stood out white and
flat against the background of mountains whose
steep-sloping range dominated the scene. Carven slow-
ly turned the boat to reticere his passage; as he
swung round he observed a pillar of smoke rising
inland and drifting seaward under the influence of
a slightly stirring wind from the hills. Then he
noticed, casually, another gathering cloud of smoke.
"If I did not know that that smoke came from
the Kingston dump! I should imagine there were
some fires in town," he said. "But I believe that
the dump is always burning."

"It is; but talking about smoke and fire, Henry,
do you know that sometimes I have smelt smoke,
very faintly, but of a peculiar odour, coming from
the direction of the ground to the rear of my own
house? And one night, when I went upstairs to see
my aunt about something, I stood on the back ver-
andah and looked to the south, and I was sure I
had flashes leap up once or twice, very quickly, and
then die away. I thought that somebody was burn-
ing bush or something, though there is only our
land there, and the old burial ground, and, of course,
part of the seashore."

"There could be no bush to burn on the se-
bash," he observed; "so, if you were not mistaken,
the smoke must have come either from your own
land or the burial ground; but who on earth would
have lighted a fire in either place? What did your
people think of it?"

"Neither of them was there the night I saw
the fire. I spoke about it the next morning, and
they said I must have been mistaken. I suppose I
was; and yet my eyes are good, and my sense of
small things. I thought, from the distance of the
fire, that it was somewhere in the burial ground."

"The burial ground! But that is almost descru-
ination!"

"It hasn't been used for a hundred years, I am
told. By the way, we must be about opposite to it
now."

She pointed with her arm towards the beach.
This was partly covered with some sickly-looking
mangrove; there was hardly any sand.

He turned the prow of the boat towards the
land: "We might as well have a look," said he,
though the evening light was now fast fading.

Near to the shore, he rowed carefully, looking
for a spot at which to land. They found one, and
he forced the boat up to the beach, jumped out, and,
holding her hand, helped her to leap out without
wetting her feet.

The view before them was dreary and desolate.
Stunted shrub and mangrove grew all about, though
here and there the ground was bare, admitting of
a passage inland. It was evident that though smoke
might be seen in daylight from some fire farther
within, because it would rise in the air, it could not
be perceived at night, unless the moon shone bright-
ly and it rose in considerable volume. And Yvonne
had only small, not seen it. As for a fire, that
could hardly be seen from the sea unless it were of
appreciable size. For the land, in addition to be-
ing marshy, was low lying, and the scrub and man-
grove were high enough to form for the inner part of
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(Continued on Page 57)
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THE CROCODILES

(Continued from Page 35)

Now that we are putting ourselves to this trouble of making a bush road as the multitude of mosquitoes and the heat have pestered our way inward. "A chance remark of mine, and we come upon a fish that has never been seen for weeks. Why, the very ashes must have been blown away."

He laughed in turn. "I think," he said, "we have come for a walk and desire a sort of adventure. We shall find nothing, for the dark will be upon us in a few minutes. We will make our beleaguered in front of us. We are about to discover a pirates' den versus or a smuggler's hoard? I am not so aged that I cannot see a hoy.

"The old cemetery?" she exclaimed, by way of answer.

"Pirates and smugglers were buried here."

They had come to the remains of a ruined wall, where two persons had been buried not even marked by the graves. There had been some tombstones in this place also, but long since the mortar had crumbled, the brickwork had split and fallen, the marble had been breaking, and weeds and grass trees grew between those tombs and formed a warden of decay and of absolute neglection.

"We can go no farther, Yronne," said Henry, "after they had walked a few yards. There perhaps we should not have come, for there is nothing to see, and in the dark one may stumble and hurt oneself. Happily, we have no many snakes in Jamaica."

"There are crocodiles," she reminded him.

"By love, I had forgotten; but—"

"Henry! look!"

The girl almost cried aloud the words. Her head was thrust forward. Then he saw Glimmering through the trees at some distance away the glare a fire which seemed rising above the surface of the ground. And as they stared at it they seemed to see it in the heathen, a bitting, acid, curdly odour which was not of wood or coal. "The smell I noticed," whispered Yronne, "and the fire at first.

He took her arm and turned her in the direction where they had come. "I am afraid," he said, "that some persons are using this old burial grounds for purposes of their own: thieves no doubt. I must return this matter to the police. But why should they want a fire, and why that loathsome smell?"

"To frighten superstitious people away from here," she suggested, "though that seems superfluous, since none of the people around here wish to explore this cemetery by night or in the dark.

They got to their boat, and he rowed quickly to the Yronne's house. They took a taxi back to Yronne's house: he was dining with her this evening. She hurried dinner; it was decided that she would not remain after the meal was over as there was that night a meeting of a Minister's Fraternal which he had pro

me." She whispered, "I will come back to-night."

"Better not. You know why, I want you, dear, I want you to be with me, but it isn't safe.

"I will come back."

Her determination awared her, swept away her resolution.

When: what hour? When my people go to the country they leave the servants with the negroes with me. Our servants don't go to sleep early, and they'll be back."

"I can come at any time: midnight."

"I will be waiting for you; the gate and the door will be open," she whispered, "but, Mr. my love is it is wrong, and more wrong for you than for me. We shall regret it.

He didn't answer, for he felt that she was right. He hurried away: aimed and ashamed; did he dare, he asked himself, face his brother ministers that night, knowing what plans he had formed: knowing where should be after he left them? But he went to the meeting, and when it was over he found himself at a loose end. He still had a couple of hours on his hands: what should he do with them? He remembered the boat: he had hired it by the week for a couple of weeks: he could go rowing in the harbour. And then there came back to his mind a picture of the deserted, neglected churchyard, the fire glimmering through the trees, the mystery suggested by the pungent, curdly odour and the light smoke that drifted upwards from the screened lowly flame.

The thing intrigued him. Why should he not go back to the Yronne's house and see what that fire meant before speaking about it to the police? The adventure would distress his mind for the moment, and he wanted distraction. He did not wish to think. He desired while he could escape self-loathing and self-contempt, the horror of facing the fact that he was a hypocrite, deceitful, a man false to every principle for which he stood; and such escape could only be found for the moment in physical activity and concentration on some superior pursuit. He felt that he was on the brink of hell, and by his own volition, and he did not want to dwell upon the situation. He would not admit that he could not draw back even now: he said to himself that he could not. He did not pray to be saved from temptation. He did not want to be saved. He wanted to have Yronne lying in his arms that night.

CHAPTER NINE

REVELATION

Mr. Carson got down to the Victoria Market Pier, united his boat and put out to sea with strong, swift strokes. He went south for about a quarter of a mile, then turned west, gradually drawing nearer to the shore as he rowed. The ships in the harbor, with its elevated castles and its small sky of blackness: a long arm of laid, the Pulauwese, outlined itself opposite to the city, which now glittered with ten thousand lights and threw a bright glare up towards the sky. Now and then there appeared landward, to his right, long dark tunnels yawning: he knew these to be the city's THE TIMES DEPT STORE

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through the circus running from south to north. Overhead, the night was thick with stars.

He hugged the shore the further west he went; he had a good sense of locality and was sure he would know where he had beached his boat that afternoon. Presently he perceived the spot, landed, and prepared for his investigations. He did not imagine that any danger could threaten him from human beings; he might see the crocodile, but that was only one chance in a thousand, and he would rather welcome it than otherwise. For because he was prepared for it, he would go warily and endeavour to track down the mystery. He was by nature courageous; and as he had not now Yvonne to think of it would take a great deal indeed to scare him.

He reached and passed the ruined wall of the cemetery, and now, because of the unevenness of the ground beneath his feet, and the darkness, the fallen brickwork and the scrub and trees, he must go cautiously. Presently he felt certain that this was not the same path he had come by a few hours before; unknowingly he had taken a slightly different route, but step by step, feeling his way, he went forward.

A whiff of breeze stirred the topmost branches of the surrounding trees. Strong, almost overpowering, there came to his nostrils, with something like the force of a physical impact, an odour, a stench, so nauseating, so loathsome, that he staggered backwards. And then, a hundred yards away, a flame leaped up and died down swiftly, as fire does when a handful of incense is thrown upon a living coal. He halted. There was no doubt in his mind that he had come upon some obscure, obscene thing, kept purposely away from the sight of men, hid because it could not stand forth unshrouded in the light of the sun and before ordinary human eyes. He was convinced of this conclusion, even while a feeling of dread and horror gripped his heart. It was not the sight of the leaping flame that had sent so swiftly, nor the gases surrounding him, nor the darkness of the night that terrified him, but it was the overpowering odour of death and decay that pervaded the air, that sickened it, made it horrible to breathe. He experienced a spasm of physical nausea.

There was a loathsome putrefaction in the air—mercy, the effluvia of bodies long since dead but putrefying still. It was an odour as of flesh perpetually rotten and rotting, as though from every grave a host of ancient cemetery were emanating noxious exhalations, a nauseous, insidious poison. A sort of panic seized him; his impulse was to fly from the spot, find his boat, row rapidly away into the clean and purifying sea. But he held himself in hand and set his lips firmly. He would go through with this business, whatever it might be. And then he saw the flame leap up again, and as swiftly die away.

Cautionly, almost noiselessly, he crept forward. Soon he was among more open tombs than he had civilised passed. Perhaps, he thought, in the past city slaves had been buried here in the ordinary graves, while strangers who had left some means, however acquired, had had tombs erected over the places where they lay interred. Perhaps pirates and murderers and others had found here their final resting place. Whatever the reason, he was now within a space where tombs had stood, for their remains were scattered all around.

And on one of the tombs, either not broken down or else restored, there shone embers. The whole of the oblong surface of the structure was covered with living coals which sent forth little flames that flickered and subdued it, a fiery splash in the vast enveloping curtain of the dark.

He stood watching. Something—instant, premonition, whatever it was—something warned him that he had gone far enough. He pressed his handskerchief against his nostrils, striving to shut out the abominable stench that assaulted him. All to no purpose. He knew he must remain to note the meaning of this fire on the tomb and the occasional leaping flame.

It seemed to him as if waves of darkness rolled towards the fire, that a blackness not of earth, but of the P.H. enshrouded the cemetery; it seemed to him also as if the quality of the fire he gazed at was lurid with a hell-like intensity; red as though fed with blood. Then, as he stared, from the farther side of the tomb two figures rose slowly, as though they had been kneeling or been prostrated there. He could dimly discern them as they came to full height. They raised their hands above their heads and flung something on the flickering coal. The lurid tongues of flame leaped up once more, revealing the immediate surroundings in a devilish glow. And Henry Carson clutched at his throat in a wild endeavour to choke back a startled scream.

For there, naked as they were born, toward the two women he knew as Yvonne's foster mother and foster- aunt. The flames swiftly died down again. Once more the darkness abashed the women. But now they were chanting something; it was in French, an unknown tongue to many persons, but to them a native language. Henry Carson understood French. He could follow the words as they fell from the lips of those naked performers of a horrible rite.

"Not yet, Master, not yet; but soon. The child, the white child shall be found, and the sacrifice made to Thee as it should and must be made. Thy pity and forbearance we implore, Master, and Thy further help. Yet one but many of the children, the little white ones that have no fault, the innocents; we will obtain them and offer them on the altar we have made for Thee, on this tomb of one who served Thee in life and now is serving Thee in death."

"We are watched, Master, we are hindered and

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CHAPTER TEN

THE SISTERS SPEAK

MISS Gilbert is in the sitting room, sir. She wants to see you.

"Very well. Say I'll be out in a minute." The servant went back with Mr. Carson's answer. It was eight o'clock; he had not slept a second of the whole of the previous night. For some time he had been trying to make up his mind what to do. He had discovered the secret that had been pawing all Jamaica; ought he at once to inform the police? But Yvonne was connected with this miserable affair through the two women, and he with Yvonne. What must he do in such a crisis?

And now Yvonne, for the first time since he had known her, had called to see him, and the early hour of her visit left no doubt as to her having been sent by the women who, last night, he had seen with his own eyes worshipping the Devil. What had she come to persuade him to?

He had already attended to his toilet; he went into the sitting room to meet her. They both looked penetratingly at each other. He saw that she.

(Continued on Page 50)

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TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN

By COL. SIR ALEXANDER BANNERMAN, BART.

"I saw a little of them when I was there. Recruited from the sampan men, aren’t they?" I said. "Sampan men and pirates. Lord knows what they aren’t do in civil life, but they’re properly attested same as I was, and once in His Majesty’s Service you couldn’t find better chaps. First class! They’re born adrift, there’s nothing about boats they don’t know, and under water they’re as ‘appy as I’d be in a saloon bar. Work ‘ard, and never give trouble. First-class chaps, but you need to know them.

"You had British officers?" I asked. "Yes. A Major and three subalterns, and there were a couple of non-commissioned officers of the specialist work, but the rest were natives. I was electrician to the searchlights. Another of the corporals, Reddy, was in charge of the steam launch. Reddy lived in barracks near the pier, but there were three Chinese lived on board; Corporal Chong Sow, he was one; Ah Pong was deck ‘and; and let me see—was he? Yes! Ching Pat! Ching Pat ran the engine with one hand and stoked with the other. The other, the chappie, they called ‘er. Her real name was Sir Umphrey Clatterbuck—the British Army’s deck-hand all as to be named after famous warriors—you’d be—although there was a certain liveliness, as you might say, in Ching Pat’s engine-room that made them call ‘er the Clatter for short.

"One day in July word came across that there was to be a ‘ hele lot of pirates beheaded at 11 o’clock on the next Monday morning, and there was a Garrison Order came out on the Saturday, reminding the troops they wasn’t allowed to go. That night Reddy and I—we was chaps—was in Da Sonno’s absorbing lager beer and watching two big brassしている cock-reas for ten-cent bills. You ever raced cock-fights? You catch two of ‘em and put a spot of fresh on one o’ their backs so you can tell them apart; then you put ‘em under a glass in the middle of the table, lift the glass, and the first insect over the edge wins.

"Well, you know what Pong’s like in July. We sat under the punkah and sweated patches through our jackets, and somehow both of us began to think about the coming Order. We was neither of us ever seen a cock-fight, and we wanted to go. Reddy was always a great one for planning—he’d been sent for an officer in the Mercantile Marine, but only something happened—and you could see him thinking. He sat there and sat there, and it wasn’t till I picked up ‘is glass if there was anything wrong with ‘is beer that he woke up—there’d been a very old mouse found in a bottle of soda-water in the canteen, and it’d shook all our nerves.

"The Police’ll be watching all the piers," he says—"I’d say ‘er ‘is says it now. He was drowned nearly twenty years ago, but I remember ‘im sitting there as plain as plain. ‘The Police’ll be watchin’ all the piers,’ says. ‘We’ll save to drop off the Clatter when she does her nine o’clock trip to An Hul. Ah Pong’s got a brother that lives aboard a sampan.

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I'll have 'm waiting 'at a mile west of the Naval Anchorage—we don't want no brass-stit Admiral's watching, cos Admiral's won't come near 'tit. I've made it all the easier for us. We'd a detachment living there, and the Clatter used to go spin in the Alamo with anything that wanted taking over. On Monday the French Mail 'ud be in at daybreak, so there'd be the home letters to keep the officers from poking about too much. Ah Fong's brother 'ud land us on the beach in plenty of time to get us to go to the execution ground around eleven. 'I thought it over and I says 'Can do.' There's a leeky cove on An Hui, and I called my attention on Monday morning. But 'e will we get back! I says.

"There'll be time to catch the Clatter on her way 'ome if Chong Sow don't 'urry 'imself," says Reddy. 'E says Pat's engine broke to organize a breakdown."

"The thing was dead easy if some of the officers didn't take a fancy to make the trip with us. I left it all to Reddy, and on Monday morning, as per engagement, the Alamo letters for the chaps on An Hui, some odds and ends of gear, and a tin box of detonators that they'd been asking for to blast a root that was interfering with one of the new lights. The mail made us a few minutes late starting, but all the staff and generally 'e's in good spirits with 'em, so it didn't no 'arm. It was over the detonators we made the mistake. The box had been opened already and one or two scattered. Do you know the Number Eight Detonator?"

"I should think not."

"Well, it's a tin tube about the size and length of a penholder, painted with the best varnish paint that's brighter than a similar box. That lets anyone 'oo wants to monkey with it know there's a lively charge of fulminate waiting inside to pass 'em out all the trouble he needs."

"Why should anyone want to monkey with it?"

The Chief Engineer asked. "I should think—"

"Wait! I'm telling you. Where is? Oh, yes! We found Ah Fong's brother and 'e put us ashore all right. The signal was up showing a typhoon to the southward; there wasn't a breath of wind, and the air was full of dirty brown drizzle—you'd 'a been suspicious of the weather even without the signal. We 'ud a good look from among some 'ouses before we joined the crowd at the execution, but there wasn't a sign of police or anything unpleasant, so we walked up and we saw the chopping—seven of 'em spaced out in a row. The executioner walked down the line taking off their sapphires with one 'ipe while 'e slit their spade for frying, and the funny part of it was they didn't seem to mind."

The Chief Engineer nodded. "Just what struck me," he said.

"I don't think that I want to see it again," Mr. Ochs, "but as an example of lodgeredom it was remarkable.

"Ah Fong's brother was fusing on the beach when we came back. 'Typhoon come,' he kept saying, and worked it 'arf way to get across the Clatter's course. We could see her coming along leisurely, but by and by she spotted the sampan and came up for a look. Almost before we got on board Chong Sow started up. Mr. Evans—"Loo-

"More better you buy," 'e says. "Plenty much people lookee shop just now."

"Reddy!" I says. "The plot thickens!"

"It don't, 'e says. "Very little more and it'll be too stiff to slit. 'E sort it swallowed, and then 'e says: 'You supersaturated swine, 'ow much?'

"Five dollars," says Wong.

"I pretty nearly 'ad a fit, but Reddy 'e just swallowed again, and 'Fiver dollar catch negative!" 'e says.

"Negative fifteen dollar," says Wong, very promptly.

"That time I thought Reddy'd 'a had the fit, but he managed to choke it down and say: 'Can do. Juss now no got money. Too much playin' have got. Six o'clock come shop pay you.'"

"You juss now," says Wong, pretty loud and nasty, and we 'ad to 'and over five dollars for the photo and promise the other fifteen when we get the negative.

"That's turn it," I says when 'id gone. "Fifteen dollars!" I says.

"You leave it to me," says Reddy. "I'm not going to pay fifteen dollars nor anything like it."

"There was bound to be a Court of Enquiry on Chong Bow's face, and we were busy all that afternoon arranging all his case questions were asked. Reddy's having been to the typhoon shelter made it easier, but it took so much of our money that we couldn't 'a paid Wong fifteen dollars even if we'd wanted to. We'd about four dollars left between us. Reddy took the lot, and we went to the shop.

"'D'op for a chance of chokking Wong and getting the negative for nothing, but he'd got a lot of enlarged photographs of the execution in the window, and they were drawing such a crowd that we daren't try it."

"'Fifteen dollar,' 'e says as soon as 'e sees us.

"'Can do,' says Reddy. 'Lookee negative be- fore.'

"'Pay my before,' says Wong.

"'No brilliant face,' says Reddy, 'Lookee money' and 'e pulls a handful of silver out of his pocket."

"'Pay my,' says Wong.

"'Pay you three dollars, looksee, says Reddy.

"'Can do,' says Wong, and Reddy 'ands over the money.

"Wong went to fetch the negative, and we waited near the back of the shop where the people outside couldn't see too much of us. He came back with the negative, and as soon as we saw it was on a glass plate, we let out two Honanans and an Alleluia. Reddy took the plate in his 'and, 'ad one good look at it to make sure it was us, and let it drop on the brick floor."

"Oh, dear, what 'ave I done?" 'e says. "I am sorry, 'e says trampling about on the bits of glass with 'is tackety boots. 'This causes me unbrearable regret, you gambley gawdfart," 'e says, stamping two or three times more. "It's breaking my 'art,' 'e says, 'to think I shan't pay you another cent, and if I catch you alone I'll kick the august seat of your honourable pants out through your 'igh-born face.' 'E says, and we both of us gives an extra trampoline and away we goes.

"Wong 'adn't made all the fun you might expect, but Reddy pointed out that 'id ad eight dol- lars out of us for what wasn't worth one-fifty. 'And 'e know's when 'e's best, 'e says, which showed Reddy didn't know 'is Chinaman any more than me."

"The next Saturday they held the Court on Chong Bow. Reddy's albii worked all right; Ah Fong and Ching Fat stood up and lied like gentle- men, and the Court decided it was all Chong's own fault. Poor Chong 'adn't been eye for good and we felt quite sorry for him. Then we drew our pay.

"Out on the barrack square we run into Wong Kong An. He seemed anxious to meet us, and I begun to feel queer, 'cause 'e knew Saturday was pay day just as well as us."

"He slides up to us and says, 'You wanchy buy photo? Too much good photo. More better you buy. Seven dollar.' And 'e showed another of the pictures.

"One deen all-same," 'e says, looking at Reddy. "Blame before you show you negative. One piecey seven dollar. More better you-" Then Reddy fell on 'im.

"Just when they were all mixed up on the gruel, the Major comes round the corner with one o' the Section Sergeants.

"'What's this? What's this?" 'e says, and then 'e eyes lights on the photo lying face up where I didn't have to put my foot on it.

"The Court of Enquiry wasn't 'ardly over, and there wasn't much chance for us with everybody talking about Chong Bow punching the Number Eight, and me mixed up in proving 'ow Reddy's been on board all the time. 'Confuse with the prejudice of good order,' they called it, and the Court Martial found us both guilty and broke us, and the General 'ad a special parade and talked about the fault of an example and corrupting the simple Chinese. Simple Chick his Goodness!

"They offered to send us to another station, but we both said we'd stay in Pow Ling till our time was up. Reddy, 'e was drummed into a typhoon the following summer, twenty years ago."

"You're a long way from Pow Ling now," I said, to break the silence that followed.

"When my turn came for 'one,' said Mr. Obbs, "I bought my discharge and stayed out in the elec- tric-light works that Blake and Oller was installing. Good pay there; and there's not much in the Service for a Non-Com ox's been broke. I've been with B. & O. ever since; been about the world a bit; I'm on my way to Guatemala now. 'Ox says one before lunch!' I'm beginning to feel peckish. Seems to me the sea's getting less."
The New Ford Car
British Built (Canadian)


From The Motor Magazine.

A New Traffic Car

It would be difficult to select a more suitable car for rapidly threading its way through heavy traffic. The terrific acceleration is combined with light, fairly direct steering, a good lock and excellent brakes, while the overall dimensions of the car are quite moderate. Consequently, without taking any risks or employing tactics annoying to other drivers, one can get across the city record times. On the open road the car has a delightfully quiet half-throttle cruising speed of 55 m.p.h. or so, and performs always in the effortless fashion associated with a high power-weight ratio. On quite steep hills of the 1 in 8 type one can slow the car to walking pace and can then accelerate without hesitation, all in top gear.

Top-gear Flexibility

When driven in a more moderate manner, the car is quite a delight to handle owing to its smoothness and quiet running. The engine is so flexible that one can throttle down to about 4 m.p.h. on the top gear ratio of 4.3 to 1, and its quiet characteristic is retained at all moderate throttle openings. There is a slight tendency to roar during full throttle acceleration, but this weakness is so protracted that one can afford to avoid this fault in normal circumstances, by closing the throttle slightly.

An excellent characteristic of the car is its extreme quietness on the overrun. This is so marked that one wonders at first whether a free wheel is fitted, the impression being that the car coasts when the throttle is closed.

Before concluding these notes on performance it is only fair to point out that, checked throughout the range at Brooklands Track, the speedometer proved to be accurate. The performance of the Ford V-eight certainly needs no assistance from speedometer calibration.

The car tested was fitted with a short Tudor, four-seater body known as the Victoria coupe, this body will not, however, be sold in England. The radiator and general appearance are the same as in the four-cylinder type, but there is a special V-eight badge on the crossbar between the headlamps. Viewed externally, the car gives no hint of its exceptional performance, the bonnet, for example, being only 2 ft. 9 ins. in length, owing to the compactness of the V-type engine.

This engine, incidentally, is said to develop 65 b.h.p. at 5,400 r.p.m. and is a fine example of neat construction. The mixture is distributed from a single downdraught carburettor through passages between the banks of the cylinders.

At the front end there is a very neat, completely enclosed, ignition system with a pair of distributors for the two rows of cylinders. A water impeller at the front end of each block assists the flow back to the radiator, these impellers, together with a dynamo overhead, being driven by a single belt from a crankshaft pulley. An A.C. pump mounted between the cylinder blocks feeds the petrol from a rear tank to the carburettor. The fuel consumption was checked over a 90-mile run which included a great deal of traffic work and high-speed tests on the track; the figure of 16 m.p.g. obtained would no doubt be bettered under more usual operating conditions.

Synchronizing Gears

The general chassis specification follows the lines of the four-cylinder model with a unit constructed synchronizing gear box drive, transverse springing and welded steel-epoxied wheels carrying 24-in. Goodyear tyres on 19-in. rims.

The body is neat and practical and the controls display several ingenious features. The turn indicators, for example, are connected to a handy switch on the steering column. Farther down the column there is a lock with a Yale-type key by means of which both the ignition switch and the steering can be rendered inoperative.

Front seats are of the bucket type, slidable mounted and the driving position is comfortable. Visibility is, on the whole, quite good, although the near-side wing is not within view. Driven hard on a warm day the car remained free from fumes and engine heat.

Tabulated Data For The Driver

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<tr>
<th>ENGINE</th>
<th>SPEEDS</th>
<th>TOP GEAR</th>
<th>BRAKES</th>
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<td>STOP</td>
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<td>Overall length</td>
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<td>Weight</td>
<td>Unladen</td>
<td>1,033 lbs.</td>
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THE KINGSTON INDUSTRIAL GARAGE
THE CROCODILES

(Continued from Page 28)

was anxious. She observed his wild air, his feverish, frightened, grief-stricken appearance, and her look of apprehension deepened.

He shook hands with her, but did not offer to kiss her. She noticed that he had opened the conversation: "Why have you come?"

"Not a word that you are glad to see me, which means that you are not. You didn't come to the house last night as you arranged, Henry."

"Should you not be glad? You resisted my sug-
gestion at first—I will say that for you. It was a bad, an evil, suggestion. But you agreed after-
wards, and had I come I should have been guilty of a terrible sin, and you also, though perhaps you would not have minded that much."

"Are you going to insist, Henry? If I agreed that you should come to me, when I ought to have spurred your prudence, it was because I loved you and believe in you. I didn't doubt that you would marry me a few weeks' time, and so what we might do now, through love for one another, didn't seem to me to matter much. Yet this morning you talk to me as if I were a common girl. Have I been deceived in you, after all?"

"I have been deceived in you, Yvonne?"

"Just what do you mean? You are talking in riddles."

"Who sent you this morning, and why?"

"Nobody exactly sent me here; but my mother said she had noticed you hadn't been looking very well of late; she thinks there is something the matter with you. She wants to see you, too, but didn't care to write, so I said that I would come and ask you to go round to the house with me. Besides, you did not come last night as you said you would."

"I haven't seen your mother since the day she came into your drawing room with you—except, of course, last night. So I don't see when she could have noticed anything about me—except last night."

"Last night?"

"Yes."

He was studying her countenance, her slight gesture, her every movement, with inexhaustible eyes. Unless she was a superb actress, she was speaking and acting honestly. Evidently she knew nothing about what the two women really were, she was not one of their vile sisterhood. He had not believed that she was, partly because he had not wished to believe it. He felt immensely relieved. But now there was something awful and yet neces-
sary for him to do. He must tell her the whole truth. And she must decide to separate herself from these people and to leave that place of abomina-
tion without a day's delay.

"I was in the deserted cemetery last night," he said slowly, "and your foster-mother and aunt were also there. I went back some time after leaving you, and with my own eyes I witnessed an awful and terrible sight. Yvonne, your people are what is called in this country bushwhackers. They are worse. They are deliberate and self-declared devil-worship-
pers. And worse still, they use the crocodiles that have been trying to rob white babies to offer them up as a sacrifice to the Devil!"

"Good God, Henry, dearest, what has happened to you?" she nearly screamed. "You are ill, your mind is breaking down. You don't know what you are saying. Darling, it must be my fault. Your nerves are all shattered because of me. You are dreaming or imagining things, and you talk of them as if they were real. Poor Henry! But you must do something, darling. See a doctor and then go away to the country for a couple of weeks. And let me come with you—I could live in a different home, but I would in the daytime be company for you. You can't imagine how dreadful you look, and what hideous things you have been saying." She rose from her chair and went over to him, putting an arm around his neck. "Darling, this is a ner-
vous breakdown," she whispered soothingly to him. "My people say they have seen it coming on."

"Your people are lying," he said, standing up, so that she had to remove her arm. "You do not know what your people are, Yvonne—and I thank God that they are not really your own people. They have kept their true nature and their darker actions from you. I am going to inform the police about them."

"And get talked of as being a madman? Henry, what are you thinking of? And what about me? If you even hint at this stupid fancy of yours, people will talk, and they will talk about me and you as well as about the two old women you call mother and sister."

"They accused me of having changed hair, which was becoming anxious. She softened it, as though talking to one grievously sick. "You can do what you like, darling: don't think of me. But at least take a day or two to consider before you decide."

"And, for my sake, come and see my people to-

day, that can give you an idea. You won't want the dearest!"

Her eyes were wide with a starting anxiety; he could not doubt that she thought him crazed. She would if she were innocent. But if she was inno-
cent she must be helped, and it was his duty to stand by her. Yet he knew, from entering that house, the influence of which was to arouse to fury emotions and desires which once he would not have thought it possible for him to feel, and deep down within his heart he feared to face those two women whom he now thought of as almost evil spirits re-
carnated. There were, however, the obligations of his coolness, of his unhurried discussion, there was his old resolve to outface witchcraft, witchery, and coward now that he knew for certain that such things ex-
isted and were potent for evil? Should he act like a man or like a pitiful weakling?

"I will go with you," he said. "Perhaps that is the only way you can learn the truth."

She nodded, and he asked her to excuse him for a minute. He went to his bedroom, opened a box in which he kept his few most intimate belong-
ings and took from the bottom of it an old gold crutch which had been in his family for many generations before it had become noncompre-
tsant. It was a heirloom, treasured as such and not particularly because of its religious associations. But he remembered his impressions of last night, re-
membered how, instinctively, he had made the sign of the cross when believing that he was pursued by devilish agencies, and he saw good reason now why he should equip himself with a sacred weapon on go-
ing into the very citadel of danger. It was a mu-
terial thing, it was true, but it related to spiritual realities, and even Christ and St. Paul had stood in Christian- dom as the symbol of the mercy and protection of God.

He took his hat and went back to Yvonne. "I am ready," he said.

They left the house. Her carriage was waiting; in a moment she was in it, and he kept his few most intimate belong-
ings and together they went in. He felt as he passed through the gate that the old passion was being ex-
ited again, but with renewed fervor and urge. He attributed this to the knowledge he had gained in a few hours before, to his prayer during the long hours he had spent on his knees in his study, and also to his resolve to combat what he now felt was an overmastering enchantment.

"I will tell my mother you are here," said Yvonne, and slipped off the drawing room.

He waited absolutely after with both her foster-mother and her aunt. These women were dressed more or less alike, in the same sort

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Mr. John Crook

Mr. John Crook came of age in Jamaica this year, 1932. Twenty-one years ago he arrived in Jamaica, a quiet, energetic man, to take charge of an enterprise new to this country. For ten years he had been engaged in the manufacturing department of the National Biscuit Company of New York. In that organisation he had learnt thoroughly all that pertained to the manufacture of biscuits of every description, and he was selected by the promoters of the Jamaica Biscuit Company to be their manager and expert in the making of Jamaica biscuits. You may safely conclude that he made no particular parade of his knowledge and competence. Self assertion is not one of the marks of his character. But he must have very favourably impressed the men at the head of the new enterprise, for they gave him a free hand to go ahead. So he went ahead, and in a little while it was seen that the local Biscuit Company was headed towards success.

Year by year the business grew, and its products earned an increasing degree of popularity. The water-cracker, long the staple of many a child's breakfast and luncheon, became even more widely consumed than it had been. The flavoured biscuits, "sweet biscuits" as they are called in Jamaica— even the public's favour also. At the end of a decade Mr. Crook could feel that the foundations of the business he managed were securely laid.

But though a very quiet, non-asserting man, Mr. Crook possesses a great reserve of energy, and some of that energy he could devote to other undertakings. In 1920, therefore, supported by a group of well-known and able businessmen of this country, Mr. Crook embarked upon another enterprise. The Jamaica agency for the Dodge cars and trucks was obtained, and here again success was seen apparent. The headquarters of the Dodge Agency had, with the steady growth of operations, to be removed from the west end of Harbour Street to more commodious quarters in Church and Harbour Streets, the selling of the de Soto cars was added to the enterprise, and in 1921 the agency for the Austin (English cars) was also secured. This represents a progressive development, nor is it the story of the development complete until we add that Mr. John Crook also represents the Lister English trucks in this country, and the Firestone Tyres.

An unfortunate fire having destroyed the buildings in Harbour Street (in June last) Mr. Crook promptly secured premises in Hanover Street, and there the motor-car business of which he is the manager, is now carried on. Not a day's unnecessary delay was allowed to supervene and procrastination is not characteristic of Mr. Crook.

He is known to his friends, and they are many, as John. There is actually a cocktail that bears his name, the John Crook special. In his quiet way he suggested the mixture, and now if you go to the Myrtle Bank Hotel and ask for a John Crook special you will be served with a drink that you can get in Jamaica or anywhere else, the flavour of it is as genial as the man himself. This is an achievement. We suspect that it was an Italian who invented the Martini cocktail, but Mr. Crook must have been the first to suggest that the John Crook cocktail will not gradually make its way in the world. But John introduced it only to those he knew. And you will admit that when a man has a claim to popular regard as a reliable businessman, dealing in reliable cars and trucks, as a manufacturer of satisfactory biscuits, and as the inventor of a cocktail, that man is someone whom even strangers should appreciate.

Strangers, indeed, after they have become acquainted with John Crook, fall easily into the habit of regarding him as a friend. It is not that he goes out of his way to court their friendship; persons who do this are too often insincere, or insincerely, at a hallmark of John Crook's character. People like him because they perceive that he is a true sort of man, a transparently honest man, a genuine man. They know him now after twenty-one years of acquaintance. If a man is not yet known in this time, there is nothing to know about him, he is non-descript. And as defects are ever more quickly perceived than deserting graces, anything repellent or reprehensible in anyone it will not take you long to discover. But John Crook has stood the test of time, and in a small community very much interested in personalities; and at a time when crookedness in high places is in the general regard than ever he did. England, America and Jamaica have he lived and worked in, and everywhere he has made friends with whom he can count, because they also feel that he is one upon whom others can safely count.
THE CROCDILES

(Continued from Page 57)

saw the first from your very verandah one night and
caught the odors of yore's incense. She spoke to me about it.
That was what induced me to make a search—

"Is this true, Yvonne?"

"Yes, m—"," but everyone noticed that the girl
stopped herself from pronouncing the word "noth-
er." The elision indicated that she was drawing
herself away from the feeling of a confidence
whom so crushing an accusation had been brought.

Madam Herriot spoke—

"Oh, Yvonne, see for a moment what you took
to be a fire some distance off, and you smell
something—smell, are common enough in this
neighbourhood. I fancy. And you told your lover,
and he goes at night stumbling about a dark, de-
serted graveyard, of which he has hear of a tree and
is stunned, or falls asleep—he admits it was
late. He had been thinking about crocodiles and
stolen babies, and so had a nightmare, and now he
comes across two friendless women, whose
only fault is that they are foreigners, of being
witches and what-not? I could laugh if the matter
did not closely concern you, Yvonne. But when you
look into it, you see it for just what it is—

"The truth? The truth, Madam Herriot, is what
it is, and you know it. Will you and your sister
go now, immediately, with me and Yvonne to the
burial ground? I will prove to her what took place
last night."

"Certainly we will go with you, sir; I myself
would have suggested that if I had thought you
could continue to believe in your fantasies. But
after leaving here you should see a doctor about
your nerves. You have been working too hard
and are on the verge of a nervous collapse!"

Madam Herriot moved off at that, and the others
followed her. She passed through the house,
through her back yard, and came to the fence of
cactus and shrubs that separated the yard from
the cemetery. There were gaps in this fence here and
there. "For easy ingress and egress," muttered
Carson, and Yvonne began to cry quietly once more.

They were in the ancient cemetery. That
atmosphere of stillness, of desolation, of sadness, which
seems inseparable from any spot where men and
women have been laid to rest, pervaded this plot of
earth which had so long been devoted to the dead.
But now both Henry and Yvonne, perhaps because
their minds were more keenly attuned than ever to
the slightest impression, noticed that while in all
other graveyards in this country that they had
visited there would be birds sitting from tree
to tree, uttering their calls or chirps of joy, the broad-
ing silence of this one was unbroken by a single
innocent, cheerful sound. Not a bird could they see or
hear. The little creatures by instinct shunned
this place.

Presently Carson pointed to where two or three
tombs, built of a reddish but now age-darkened
brick, stood in a fairly good state of preservation.
They walked in silence towards them, look-
ing at each in turn. Except that the surfaces of

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"THE CONVENIENT PACKAGE"
THE CROCODILES
(Continued from Page 58)

waiting for anyone’s suggestion. They had assumed a new air, a dominant purposeful attitude. Yvonne had thrown herself, half prostrate upon a couch. Henry Carson remained standing.

"I think I should tell you, Madam Herriot," he said, "that in a minute I shall be leaving here, and I am taking the responsibility of sending in a policeman to see that you do not tamper any further with the tomb on which you burnt your hell-fire last night. Then I am going to relate what I know to the Inspector of Police."

"And your statement will result in your being examined fornication, madam Carson; that and nothing else. You are a fool, young man. What evidence have you against us? Something like coal dust on a tomb? Anyone may have put it there. You will swear you saw us turn ourselves into crocodiles? Who will believe you, and, even if they do, it is your unsupported word against ours—one against two. You will say that you saw us in the cemetery? But where were you yourself, and what were you doing there near to our house? You have been coming to visit Yvonne, you are to marry her; she has money, but most of it is in our keeping: will it not be thought that your proximity to this place at so late an hour was for no very proper purpose, and that your effort to get us indicted or obscured or witchcraft is motivated by greed, by your wish to get Yvonne and her wealth entirely into your possession? What do you take us for? Two ignorant coloured woman? My dear young man, we have not that reputation elsewhere. You can go away and say what you like, but no policeman will dare to arrest us. I would have dragged Yvonne’s name in the dust, and you would carry with you a curse that would bring you in terror to disgrace and eventually to death. The look on Madam Herriot’s face was one of ineffable contempt. She spoke as if it were her duty to make good her words.

"Do you admit that you have power to do evil things?" Carson asked in a strangled voice.

"Yes," replied Madam Herriot. "You see how easy it is to make good one’s words.

"To you that admit you have power to do evil things?" Carson asked in a strangled voice.

"To you that admit you have power to do evil things?" Carson asked in a strangled voice.

"If you marry her, Yvonne and I will have to be put away, and with you. She has nothing to do with it, and never will have if you marry her. You want marry her. Don’t you see, don’t you realize that that is the only way to save her. And you love her; that at least you will not deny."

"Listen," added Madam Herriot, "if you marry Yvonne we swear to leave Jamaica for ever. We will never trouble you. The crocodile will no more be seen, the children will be safe. Remember, Yvonne is rich. What she has will be shared with you. Only, you must remain in the ministry; you must not leave it and go in for a worldly career. For in it lie your safety and that of Yvonne." Carson’s eyes met that of Yvonne, and Yvonne saw, and she could not understand that clearly.

"You see, my dear, on the one hand, wealth, comfort, a beautiful bride; and you could have had all these without any dangerous knowledge or danger to Yvonne. On the other hand it is disgrace and ruin for Yvonne, and disgrace and a horrible death for you, and you may lose your soul forever in the bargain, if you fall us and this child at the last. For I can curse you. I have that power over you. You love Yvonne now, but at first it was me my sister and I, who willed that you should, who worked that you should. We put a spell upon you. It was strongest when you were in this place, waker out-side, but always it has operated. Break that spell completely, if you can, and the consequence must be on your own head. And on that of Yvonne. For, unhappily, we cannot prevent Yvonne from suffering, if you fall her, and it is to save her that we have toiled—even to secure white, innocent human infants as sacrifices for our most nefarious, you will accept your terms, you witch!" thundered the parson. "I liked this poor unfortunate girl; I might, without my influence from you, have come to love her. But the last you made her croke in me, or you yourselves croked by evil means, is a vile thing; I have felt it as vile; there has been nothing like pure love about it. And that is your curse, you turn even good to evil. It is last that you created in me, and in her, and—"

"And but because we watched over her very carefully, sir, you, a man of God, would have seduced her! Strange that your holiness was not of itself sufficiently strong to protect either her or you! But we watched. For short spaces of time, when we change our form, we can render ourselves invisible. One or other of us has been near to you both wherever you have been at night; it was a cruel mischance that you went walking yesterday by the wooded part of the estate, in our own natural forms by day and then cannot overbear your plans or follow you about. You see, we are, we think, you and Yvonne are not entirely invisible to us; we must tell you that is the one good thing in all our lives. It is all that remains to us, and you alone can save her. We love her, and we shall disappear. Do you agree?"

"I cannot, I can make no bargain with witch; it is forbidden by God. And if I did what you ask, if I remained in the ministry, that would not help Yvonne and me: God is not to be put off with appearances. You called upon Baal or Moloch last night; we who are servants of the Lord have been commanded from olden times to destroy the altars of Baal, to denounce and put to the sword the priests of Moloch. Whatever may be thought of my wisdom, I think I can recognize you to the police; at least they can investigate more carefully your career as charlatan and the fate of Yvonne. As for your faster-daughter, Madam Herriot."

"My daughter, My daughter by birth; flesh of my flesh, blood of my bone, born of my body. But not mind of my mind. Not pret-let us in spirit and practice, though doomed to it by tradition and descent unless you save her—and yourself. You feel, do you know who we are? Our fathers sacrificed to Baal on the altars of Carthage, the ancient Phoenicians do we descend. The lore and the mysteries of ages are ours; and if Satan is our Master, at least he endows us with power. I will tell you our story, for the sake of poor Yvonne. It is our love for her that is bringing us to earthly

ruin. Our souls were born even before she was born. Our efforts have been to prevent harm from be- ing done. For that we are suffering. Now and ever if in war with Him we have alway served. We un- content to be lost if only Yvonne may be saved."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

FOR YVONNE’S SAKE

A tense stillness followed, then Yvonne gave a gasp of horror. The revelation came to her with shattering effect; on the instant she felt that an impassable chasm had yawned between her and the man on whose face an intense aversion for the two women was so vividly expressed.

Yvonne had entertained always a true affection for these women with whom she had been associ- ated as far back as she could remember; but al- ways also she had been secretly gratified by the be- lief that they were no more Blood relatives of hers. That some relationship might subsist between them she had conceived to be quite possible, although both Madam Herriot and Madam Dumot had neither to claim the slightest consanguinity with her. Yet she had herself noticed the resemblance between her

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the link that bound us to the chain of our past. At last we—my sister—and I came to believe, to know that there was indeed one way in which that link might be broken. You, Monsieur Carson, may be the instrument of a great liberation.

"When Yvonne was born we determined that she should not share in the burden of the darkness from which we have come to know. It was true that we were poor, she was the daughter of a poor family, and that there were many other children of the same sort. But Yvonne, it was evident to us, was to be a different child. She was to be the instrument of our liberation. Our plan was simple. We would raise her as a Catholic, as a member of the Church and of the community, and she would be the key to our liberation."

"But surely you love her now, apart from anything we may have done or can do. Surely, had you known her only, and we been dead or far away, you would have come to love Yvonne without any effort of ours to make you do so, we were afraid to leave everything to the mere process of time. Yet we watched over her. One or the other of us was never far from her when she was with you. That night on the terrace, that night in the garden, that night by the shore, far from the city—all of us appeared at the moment of danger, though our master himself was tempting you both."

"But you knew her now, and why did you not tell her you are my mother?" cried Yvonne.

"To stop him from taking a step which could never be retracted, and the results of which could never be prevented: that is why. But let me continue."

"For some time we were seeking to find a man who would suit her. We found him at last in Monsieur Carson. At last, at last, we thought."

"It was at my suggestion that Yvonne attended your evening lecture. I brought you together. But you will understand that in all this we have been putting our wills against the will of our Master; he knows every effort we have made to save Yvonne; we know that he works to frustrate us. We have pleaded with him, but he demands that if Yvonne is to escape we must make him the sacrifice made by his priests in ancient Tyre and Sidon and in Carthage and elsewhere. That is why we have sought to rid children acceptable for sacrifice; their souls could not have been endangered. You have frustrated us. We cannot now succeed. Even so, Yvonne may be rescued from a terrible fate. That depends entirely upon you."

"Upon me?" asked Henry incredulously.

"Yes, Yvonne is innocent of any wrong; if you make her, you, a servant of God, you can remove her from evil influences."

"Evil influences are at work upon us every moment of the day, every second of our lives," answered the young man sadly. "I have been prey to them more acutely since I set foot within this house, and I am most unworthy. I can save no one; God alone can do that, and wishes to. Do you forget that we are endowed with will to fight temptation? Do you not see that even you and your sister may escape everlasting death if you but repent.

(Continued on Page 78)
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The Lost Safe

By CAPTAIN ANTHONY PARSONS

EARLY there, Breeze," called the native servant from the corridor, "I can see the houses!

"Stick" Johnson roused himself and stretched his gaunt height towards the carriage roof.

"Good!" he said, and followed by his companion, walked out into the corridor.

Although it was only eight o’clock, the sun had already cleared the tops of the ragged hills which blocked out the eastern horizon, and was beginning to make itself felt in the morning air. The two men stared towards the distant cluster of native houses, wreathed in the blue smoke of their cooking fires, and one of them smiled.

"Z— is all right for a holiday," observed Stick Johnson, "but give me Beragoo every day in the week. I’m really glad to be home again!"

John Lawrence, cashier of the Mina Plantation Company, shook his head doubly.

"It’s all right for you, with your own gardens and plenty of money," he said. "You can leave it whenever you feel like it. But when you’re placed like me—and stuck here all the time—it gets pretty monotonous."

"But you get out of it every month," objected the planter.

"Once a month—to go up to Z— for the native wages!"

The planter laughed and drew in his head. "You’re a grouch," he said, walking back to the compartment.

"When you’ve been as long in the country as I have, you’ll learn to take life as it comes!"

"Maybe!" The other’s voice was dubious.

"Maybe," he said again, as he got down on his knees and reached under the seat.

A sudden, stifled cry cut across the compartment. White-faced, the cashier sprang to his feet just as Stick Johnson swung round in alarm.

"What on earth’s the matter?" he cried.

"The safe, man!—it’s gone!"

"Gone! Gone where? What d’you mean?"

"It’s gone, Stick!—Si!—Sir! The cashier’s voice was almost hysterical. "It’s gone!"

"But— what?" the planter was speechless. He looked at the frightened face of the cashier and then felt under the seat for himself. "But it can’t be gone," he exclaimed. "It was here a minute ago. I saw the thing myself!"

"I know—I know. But it’s gone now!"

Stick Johnson rose slowly to his feet and looked round the compartment. "But it can’t be gone!" he repeated, solemnly. "It was only a moment ago that I saw it!"

A sudden jar brought both men’s eyes to the window. The train had reached the station. A moment later the door opened and a man who was the exact counterpart of Stick Johnson jumped into the carriage.

"Hello! hello!" he cried cheerily, but stopped abruptly as he saw the blank expression on the faces of the two men. "What the dickens is the matter with you fellows?" he asked, in a different voice.

For a moment neither of them spoke, and then the planter made an obvious effort.

"Morning, George," he said. "Someone’s stolen the safe!"

George Johnson stared. "What safe?" he asked.

"Stolen what safe? What do you mean?"

"Mine!" broke in the cashier, suddenly finding his tongue. "Mine! It was standing under the seat not five minutes ago—and now it’s gone!"

The newcomer glanced from his brother to the cashier in some bewilderment. "But who’s taken it?" he asked, at the same time looking under both seats.

Suddenly the planter stiffened. The first shock was past and once again he was the man of action. His voice was quick.

"Run and fetch the police, George," he ordered. "I’ll see the station-master and hold up the train till you get back. The things got to be found somehow!"

While his brother was away, Stick and the cashier ransacked the compartment from end to end. They went into every compartment in the one European coach, but not a sign of the safe did they find.

A Baffling Mystery with a Dramatic Conclusion

Twenty minutes later George came back with the inspector.

"Now what’s the trouble?" asked the latter, as he shook hands.

Very briefly the cashier outlined the extraordinary circumstances of the safe’s disappearance, and forthwith, as a precautionary measure, the inspector sent two native constables to search the train from end to end. That done, he stepped into the carriage.

"Where was the safe?" he asked.

"Under the seat there!"

The inspector got down and looked for himself.

"Well it’s certain that it isn’t there now!" he observed cheerfully. A single glance round the carriage and along the corridor, and he sat down. "When did you miss it?" he asked.

"Just now!" replied the cashier. "Stick and I went out into the corridor to have a look at Beragoo, and when we came back I put my hand under the seat to fetch it out—and it wasn’t there!"

"How long were you out in the corridor?"

The cashier glanced at the planter, who had dropped into the opposite seat. "How long, Stick? Not more than a minute?"

"If that!" agreed the other.

"A minute?" The inspector knitted his brows. " Doesn’t seem possible," he muttered. " And you were standing—where?"

"By that end window!"

"And how big was the safe?"

"About two feet long by one wide and one deep—roughly!

"Good Lord! A big thing! How heavy?"

"Well, there were, twelve thousand rupees inside, apart from the weight of the safe."

"What, in cash?" The inspector was getting more and more surprised.

"Half cash, half in gold and silver, and then a dollar and ten cents, replied the cashier.

The inspector scratched his head. He was a young fellow, and only eighteen months out from England. "You’ve no suggestion to offer?" he asked at last.

"All I know is that the safe was there when I (Continued on Page 66)
THE LOST SAFE
(Continued from Page 65)
went out into the corridor—and gone when I came back!" repeated the cashier, wearily.

"And there's not much help in that! What do you think, Stick?"

The planter lifted a puzzled eyebrow. "More or less, as Lawrence," he said. "I'm bound if I can give any explanation at all! As he says, the thing was there one minute ago and gone the next. Had it been a diamond ring, or a packet of bank notes, I should have suspected the boy, but with a thing like a safe—well, you can't walk off with a safe under your arm and not be seen!"

"What boy are you speaking of?" asked the inspector sharply.

"Lawrence's boy. He was standing in the corridor there. It was he who gave us first warning of our arrival, just before we went out to look at Berago."

"Ho!" said the inspector on his feet. "We'll nab him as a start-off!"

"What for?" asked Lawrence. "How does he come into it?"

"As I see the business, there is only one possible solution. While you and Stick were in the corridor the boy—or some boy—perhaps the same boy, Burt, and pitched it through the window."

"What window?" asked Stick.

The inspector glanced towards the window opposite the corridor. "That one, I should imagine!"

The planter shook his head. "Won't do, Grant," he explained. "That door is locked, and has been locked ever since we left Z—Last night we slept with the wooden sun-blinds down—and bolted—and they were still bolted until after we arrived at the station!"

"Well, then, the other side?"

Again the planter shook his head. "Lawrence and I were standing there," he said, "and the safe was a big thing."

"Well, it can't have fallen through the bottom of the train!" burst out the inspector testily. "If it isn't inside it must be out—that's obvious! And if it isn't lying on the line, the thing's still there!"

In the silence which followed this statement, Stick Johnson turned suddenly to his kit bag, lying open on the corridor seat. Without a word he un-packed a pair of pyjamas, a white suit, a pair of shoes, and was struggling with a coat-hanger when the inspector caught his arm.

"What the dickens are you up to?" he asked, curiously.

The planter turned, and when he spoke there was a sarcastic note in his voice. "If the safe isn't on the line," he said, "then it must be here! And if you look round this compartment you will at once observe that my kit-bag is the only possible hiding-place. I'd like you to be quite sure that you haven't got it!"

The inspector scowled as he looked at the tightly-packed bag. "It's help I want, not buttomery!" he remarked caustically. Then, turning back to Lawrence, he inquired: "Is that boy of yours trustworthy?"

"As far as I know—yes!"

"But it doesn't matter whether he is or not!" urged the planter. "Can't you see that if he had stolen the thing ten times over he couldn't have got rid of it from a moving train? As I said before, had it been a ring or a watch, it would have been quite out of the question."

He was interrupted by the return of the native constables who had been searching the train. Nothing had been seen of the missing safe.

"By the way, there was nobody else in the carriage, I suppose?" asked Grant.

"Stick and I were the only European travellers on the train," answered the cashier.

For a moment the inspector stood deep in thought. "Well!" he said at last, "I don't see that we can do anything further at the moment, and I don't want to keep the train longer than I can possibly help. Well let it go. You two must come along to my place, and we'll have the affair put into black-and-white so that I can make my report."

"Right you are!" said Stick. And stopping only to give his boys instructions as to the removal of his kit, he followed the other two across the platform.

"Many natives got off the train?" asked the inspector of the native-ticket-collector at the barrier.

"Only two. Buona. An old woman and a child."

"Any luggage?"

"Nothing at all. Buona!"

Ten minutes' walk brought them to the police bungalow, and there, over a cup of tea, they recited the history of the trip since the moment of leaving Z—until the arrival of the train at Berago station. The cashier explained how he had been up to the bank to fetch the native wages, as usual, how he had happened across Stick Johnson on the platform at Z—and how they had travelled down together.

"You go up to fetch these wages every month, don't you?" interrupted Grant.

"Every month," agreed the cashier. "But this month, I was bringing two months' wages, as August is our stocktaking and audit month. I don't want to have to go up then, you understand."

"Would anybody know if you were bringing double the ordinary amount back?"

"Possibly, though I doubt it. I don't think that
many folk—outside the company, that is—would be aware of the arrangement."

"Humph! I'd like to think you were right," growled Grant. "From what I can see of things this is no ordinary affair. The robbery has been carefully planned and amazingly well carried out. It's no haphazard pinching—mark my words! It's going to be a very difficult job!"

In that last prophecy the Inspector was fated to be even more accurate than he himself had bargained for. Every investigation failed, every clue broke down at the slightest touch. Try how he would he could find no single line of approach toward the elucidation of the mystery. Witnesses were examined, cross-examined, and then re-examined. The garments were inspected and detailed drawings made of its interior. The line was searched and the desert searched, but not a single trace of the missing safe was discovered.

Finally, had it not been for the established position of Stick Johnson, the cashier himself would have been suspected. As it was he moved under a cloud, but neither the Mina Plantation Company, who employed him, nor the Inspector of Police, who in his utmost heart was driven to suspect him, could get beyond the irrefutable evidence of the planter, who had been an eyewitness of the whole affair.

At the end of a month, with the mystery even deeper than it had been at the beginning of the investigation, the Mina Plantation Company, acting on their own initiative, wired to headquarters at Z—for the services of the best man in the force. A week later Assistant Commissioner Manton answered the wire in person.

He took up his quarters at the Inspector's bungalow and at once proceeded to put himself as fast with the robbery, as far as matters had gone up to that time. He had already read the reports of the Inspector Grant, and, to a certain extent, understood the position of things, but it was not until the Inspector and he had a long talk together that he began to realize something of what was going on against. In Z—the thing had looked merely difficult, but on the spot it appeared as though the greatest luck would enable a solution to be reached.

Almost his first act was to send for the cashier, and once again Lawrence recounted the events of the trip from Z to Berago.

"You did search the line?" asked the Commissioner, turning to Grant, who had been present at the interview.

"Every inch of it, sir, the very same day?"

"How long afterwards?"

"Not more than a couple of hours."

"And you found nothing?"

"Not a solitary clue, sir."

"Humph!" The Commissioner rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I'll go along and see Stick Johnson, I think. I know him slightly, and he may be able to give me an idea."

The planter, however, although more exact and concise in his recital of the details, was of no more help than the cashier. The gist of both men's evidence was: there one minute—gone the next, description which fitted the robberly well enough: gave the perplexed Commissioner no "ideas" at all.

"Well?" asked Grant, as his superior re-entered the bungalow. "Any luck?"

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THE LOST SAFE

(Continued from Page 67)
of sight of the safe for, at the most, one minute, so
that the safe could only have been flung out in the
space of a quarter of a mile. This quarter of a mile
here:
"And you didn't find it?"
"I didn't find it?" agreed Grant, "or even a trace
of it!"
"Well, send 'em out again, and tell them to best
every bush and prod every sandhill. And if we still
find no trace—"
"Yes," as the Commissioner hesitated.
"I don't know!" growled Manton. "In that case
I think I shall arrest Lawrence!"
At a word the constables separated and began
their search. As soon as they had gone Grant turned
back to the worried Commissioner.
"You can't do that, sir," he went on, resuming
the conversation where he had broken off. "There
is absolutely nothing against him."
"Then we'll have to find something! We've got
to arrest somebody. We can't write it off as witch-
craft!"
Grant grinned appreciatively, but suddenly stop-
ped. One of the constables was waving his hand.
"What's the matter with him?" he asked.
"By God, they've found something!" accused the
Commissioner.

The commissioner glanced to where he pointed, and saw the blackened embers of an old cooking-fire, just in the shade of the tree.

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"Fish?" he snorted. "That doesn't prove any-
things!"
"But you can't imagine twelve men sitting there
and not seeing the safe in the bush," protested the
inspector. "It's impossible! The truth of the mat-
ter is that it's been put there since we were here
before.
For a long time Manton was obdurate, but in the
end the logic of the argument beat him down, and
with a very poor grace he at last admitted the pos-
ibility. "But it's going to complicate matters," he
said.
"Why?" asked the other.
"Because it does away with the only reasonable
theory we've ever had—that the safe was thrown
from the train.
"From which side, sir?"
"The side opposite the corridor, of course."
"Then that idea is exploded anyhow, because the
safe is on the left of the line—and so was the cor-
rider. To be found here, it would have to have been
thrown from the corridor."
With a sigh the Commissioner abandoned his
only idea. "Very well!" he said. "We'll start work
again on the supposition that the safe has been de-
liberately planted here to lead us astray. If that is
so, the first thought that leaps to my mind is that
no native put it there. A native would almost cer-
tainly have buried it. Only a more subtle mind
would have thought of getting it back on the line—a
mind that understood the workings of our minds.
In other words—a white man!"

"In that I agree with you," returned Grant. "In
fact, I've held that opinion for some time past. The
finding of the safe may give us some definite clue
to work on."

Shortly afterwards, with the safe covered up,
the party returned to the police bungalow.
"You said half the thousand was in cash, didn't
you?" asked Manton, a sudden thought strike-
him.
Grant nodded as he placed the safe on the table.
"Then we can definitely be certain that it was
never thrown from the train," the Commissioner
went on. "If it had been, with what its own weight
and the weight of the cash inside, it would have
been very badly damaged, if not smashed to atoms. As
it is, you can see for yourself that beyond the damage
to the doors, it is hardly scratched."

"Then it must have been carried from the train
somewhere or other."
"And carried away at the station, too," added
Manton. "I think we are getting near home at last!"
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(Continued on Page 73)
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THE LOST SAFE
(Continued from Page 71)

"And this George Johnson has only been to Berago twice during that time?"

"So far as I know, yes."

"What kit were you carrying when you came back that day?"

"A kit-bag and a leather suit case."

"A green kit-bag?" The Commissioner's voice was casual.

"No, a brown one."

"Oh!" The Commissioner was disappointed.

"What was Sticks carrying?"

"The same—No! I believe he had two suit cases."

"Brown kit-bag?"

"No, a green one!"

"What?" The word shot from the Commissioner's lips, as he half rose in his chair. The next second he recovered himself, and reaching for the cigarettes pushed them across to the cashier. "Help yourself!" he said, gruffly.

For a moment there was silence while the men lit up. Then—

"Was that kit-bag of Sticks' of the average size?" pursued Manton.

"Rather bigger than usual, I thought, but it was so packed with clothes that its appearance might have been deceiving. You saw it yourself." Lawrence broke off, turning to the inspector. "You remember you looked inside it?"

Inspector Grant smiled wistfully. "Yes," he said. "I did look into it, and as you say it was wonderfully well packed."

"It was!" agreed the cashier. "I remember I said the same thing to Sticks. He ferreted out a box of cigars just as we left E—, and I recollect telling him I envied him the boy who could pack like that!"

In the face of this evidence there seemed no more to be said, and shortly afterwards Lawrence took his leave.

"You've got no nearer to the solution of the puzzle, I suppose?" he asked rather wistfully, as he shook hands with the Commissioner.

"I don't know for certain, but I rather think we have," said the officer. "How are things with you?"

"If you can find the safe and prove me innocent, I should be a great deal happier," replied Lawrence earnestly. "I'm not such a fool that I cannot see everybody suspects me!"

Manton slapped him on the shoulder. "Don't worry, Lawrence!" he said, trying to infuse a cheeriness into his voice that he was far from feeling. "We'll straighten things out, never fear!"

"I hope so—do indeed," breathed the cashier, fervently. "I've had about as much of this as I can stand. So long!"

"Cheerio!" replied the two policemen, together. (Continued on Page 71)

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B.W.I.
THE LOST SAFE
(Continued from Page 73)

"Well! What about it?" asked the Commissioner as soon as they were alone. Grant dragged a chair up to the table. "I thought you pressed him hard about that bag," he observed. "If only I'd known what line you were taking, I could have satisfied you myself, without mentioning the question to Lawrence. If he is guilty, it rather gave our position away."

"What happened, then?"

Very briefly Grant outlined the facetious action of Stiek Johnson in offering his kit-bag for inspection.

"And you're quite sure the safe wasn't there?" Grant asked. "Having seen the bag, I am absolutely certain," he said. "It was absolutely chock-a-block with clothes and odds and ends of all kinds."

"Well that upsets your idea of the safe being carried from the train in a canvas kit-bag but it still leaves mine."

"You mean that the thing was subsequently carried in a green canvas bag to where we found it?"

"I do! And what's more—right or wrong—I'm going to see that bag of Stiek Johnson's. Somewhere, if that is the bag we are after, a thread will be missing!"

The inspector nodded. "It's certainly worth trying," he said. "At any rate, it would be something definite to work on."

"I'll go up there one day when he's out," Manton went on, "and trust to luck to get a chance at the bag."

The opportunity was not long in presenting itself. In a roundabout way the officers got hold of the information that the planter purchased going over to another garden, and, in all probability, would be away all day. Immediately after breakfast on that day, the Commissioner set out for Stiek's house and, upon inquiry, learnt what he already knew—that Broune Johnson was away.

"All right!" he said to the boy. "I will go in and write him a note, and you can give it to the Broune the moment he returns."

Thereupon the boy let him into the house, and producing paper and pen, left him to write his letter. That was the first stroke of luck, because no sooner had the boy retired and left him alone than Manton was up and away into the bedroom with all possible speed.

A single glance round showed him a green canvas bag—no doubt the one at the estate. He searched the house, and Manton, hurriedly returned to the other room. Setting his pen he wrote—

Dear Johnson,

I'll be glad to see you some time to-morrow if you can look me up.

Yours,

J. D. MANTON.

He had hardly folded it into its envelope when the boy reappeared.

"Give that to the Broune," he said, hastily scribbling the name on the outside. "And tell him I called." -

"Yes, Sir," replied the native, smartly.

Two minutes later, wild with excitement, the Commissioner was racing back to the police bungalow.

"I've got it!" he cried, as he ran into Grant in the doorway. "It's the unexpected that always happens. Stiek Johnson is the culprit!"

"Does the thread fit?"

"Put it on like a bessed glove! Length right, colour right, everything right! I'm going to wire for a warrant to arrest him!"

The Inspector started. "So soon?" he asked. "Is the evidence sufficient? He's a big man, remember."

"Big or little, he's guilty."

"But is the evidence sufficient?"

"Of course it's sufficient! You folks down here are blinded by the man's reputation. He knows a heap more about it than we think he does. Mark my words!"

"I'd rather like to have made certain that George Johnson actually took that bag with him, and then sent it back—" as he must have done, since you found it in Stiek's house. That would have been evidence worth having."

"But the evidence of the scrape, man, and the thread!" protested the Commissioner. "I know, but I dare say if you look in my bag you'll find a scrape that would match your thread. After all, every white man in the country possesses a Willesden canvas kit-bag, and ninety-nine per cent. of 'em are green!"

"You're a Job's comforter all right!" groused Manton in an aggrieved voice. It was plain that the suggestion had undermined his enthusiasm. "Can you do anything to settle the point?"

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KINGSTON INDUSTRIAL GARAGE
THE LOST SAFE
(Continued from Page 72)

and that the servants had locked up the place and departed to their homes.

"But do they say?" cried Grant.

"They say that the Bussas has gone away for a very long time," reported the constable.

"Then, sir, as I said before, there is no need to worry about the things and cleared," broke in the Commissioner. "Now, how did the dickens happen that happened?"

"Most likely through the telegraph clerks. That's where all the news leaks out in this station!"

"Tell me, sir, about the time we had white men in the telegraph office," famed Manton. "One can't work like this! Anyway, out some men to pick up his trail, and we shall have to follow as soon as the warrant arrives. It's a confounded nuisance!"

Hardly had Grant had time to send off his police than Lawrence came in. He had come to report that his boy had disappeared the previous evening; he wondered, he said, if it had any bearing on the case. He knew nothing about Stikk Johnson, but he was painfully anxious to be of use in clearing up the mystery—and incidentally his own character.

"Do not worry, Stikk Johnson were in the corridor, where was this boy of yours?" asked the Commissioner.

"I don't know. I think he was in the corridor, too, somewhere," said Lawrence.

"What was he doing?"

"Put it in the window."

"In the doorway of the carriage, against the window. I remember passing him as we went out our window."

The Commissioner and Grant exchanged rapid glances. The mystery of who put the safe in the bag was solved! Lawrence's boy, while his back was turned, had picked up the safe and jammed it into the bag which Stikk Johnson—since "fer- rying out" those cigars—had left lying conveniently open upon the seat. Thus the last point was elucidated. Stikk Johnson had admitted his guilt by bolting, while Lawrence's boy—who had double-handed Stikk in his flight—had driven in the last nail of proof.

That same evening the police came in to report that Bussa Johnson, with only twelve boys, had taken the westward trail. "He's trying to make the Belizean Congo," said the Commissioner, when he heard the report. "That's the best news we've had. It's a long journey, and we ought to catch him up before he can cross the border."

Subsequent inquiries at the plantation which Johnson had gone out to visit elicited the fact that a boy had come running in during the evening and had a long talk with Johnson. The lad had then sent one of his boys back to his house, and, straightway borrowing a camp bed and cooking pots from his host, had taken the trail within half an hour. It was established that he had no tent or mosquito net, and nothing in the way of clothes other than what he stood up in. All of which gave great satisfaction to the Commissioner.

"The fool!" he laughed. "He must have lost his head completely. "He can't hope to make the border in that condition."

The next day the expected warrant arrived and then, two clear days behind, the police started off along the Westward trail at breakneck speed. For three long weeks they followed, and although they were often within striking distance their quarry always eluded them.

It was obvious—quite early in the chase—that Johnson's knowledge of the country was far in advance of that of his pursuers. He took advantage of every change of country, every river and ford, and every piece of rocky ground. In a game such as this the advantage is always with the hares, and when the hare knows the ground he is covering the chances are that he will ultimately get away.

Time after time the trail led them into densest districts where not a word of information could be gained. The only thing to do was to go forward and then, when they eventually reached a village, more often than not it was only to discover that Johnson had doubled back.

If he had been well equipped he would assuredly have shown the police a clean pair of heels, but as it was he was compelled to hug the villages in order to get food and shelter, and the villages, of course, passed on their information to the pursuing police.

It was only by twisting and turning that the fugitive maintained his freedom, but even so he was, by degrees, drawing ever nearer to the border.

The closer they got the faster the police travelled. They were probably covering half as much ground again as Stikk Johnson, owing to the rumour that came to their ears in the villages and which they dare not disregard. They were taking no chances, but by travelling faster and longer they hoped to catch up with him before he could get into the safety of the Congo Belge.

It was the evening of the thirty-second day of the chase, and the failing light was warning them that they had better call a halt, when the leading police-boy stifled in his tracks.

"What's the matter?" asked Grant, seeing the boy stop.

"Voiles, Bussa—over there!" said the police-boy, and he pointed.

The two men listened, but could hear nothing.

"A camp, I think," added the boy.

By now several other natives could hear something, so the white man decided to investigate.

"Lead on," ordered the Commissioner. And the "safari" went on through the trees in the new direction.

"It was here, somewhere," said the boy, after some quarter of an hour's march.

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THE CROCODILES
(Continued from Page 63)

...sincerely and throw yourself upon the mercy of your Maker? There is none so vile that He will not save, none so wicked that need fear that His grace will not be extended to them. Though your sins be as scarlet you shall be as white as snow if you but trust in Him. Let us kneel now, even at this moment, and pray for Divine guidance and strength and forgiveness. Surely the same God that has been the surcease of the world will hear and help us.

Henry Carson had spoken with deep feeling and utter conviction. There was no attempt now to create a rhetorical impression; it was the better part of the man that had come uppermost now; he was fulfilling his duty as a Christian minister and with an earnestness that perhaps he had never before attained to in all his life. But as he ceased he thought that he heard a hiss of derision, a low, subtile vibration of devilish contempt, though no one in the room had uttered a sound. He noticed also a peculiar solemnity in the atmosphere, an oppression abnormal; the blood was beating through his veins at a terrific rate; it was as though he might suffer a stroke at any moment.

He looked appealingly at the two women to whom he had spoken. They shook their heads, a gesture of hopelessness. Then Madam Dumo spoke.

"It has been written, Monsieur Carson: 'Ephraim is joined unto his idols, let him alone.' We cannot bring our hearts to the repentance you speak of; as we have lived so shall we die. 'It is your pride that causes you to speak like this!"' cried Carson, "pride, which is one of the deadly sins and is being fostered in you by the Evil One.' Again he heard that derisive hiss, and involuntarily shuddered.

"Think of Yvonne," broke in Madam Herriot. "Do not think of us. Will you save her?"

"If Yvonne calls upon God to save her she will be saved," answered Carson; "I am not an instrument in God's hands, and a weak one at that.

"Will you marry her and take her away?" Madam Herriot insisted. "I know that you do not intend to denounce us to the police; I see that in your face. You know for we have promised, that we shall cease our practices here, although we shall be punished for our neglect by Him whom we serve. It is therefore only of Yvonne that you have to think. Will you marry her?"

"I cannot answer that question now," said Carson firmly.

"Henry!" cried Yvonne. "I can say nothing more now, dear," he replied to that cry. "How could I be expected to? Give me time to consider what, knowing all that I know, my actions in the future must be. My immediate duty is clear. I must pray with you and for you. And you must leave this home at once. The very air is tainted. You should not remain within the atmosphere of unholy things. It is a blight upon the soul."

"You are deserting her?" exclaimed Madam Herriot fiercely. "All your fine words amount only to a slight protest."

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that. You are weak and a coward; if you were a man, and loved this girl as a man should, you would face all the powers of Hell for her sake and not merely talk by praying with her and for her while planning to leave her unaided in the ordeal she has to face."

"Leave him alone, mother," said Yvonne quietly.

"You have no right to ask him anything for me. It is enough if he permits you to go free. You will do that, won’t you, Henry?"

"Yes, I promise that. I could do nothing to bring disgrace upon you, Yvonne."

"And I will go with you; I will leave this house with you and find some other place to stay at until I have not our arms in a gesture of hopeless misery."

Understand, Madam Herriot," said Carson, "that though I will say nothing to the police, they will probably have their own suspicions. They can hardly know what I know, but they may know enough to prosecute both you and your sister for the practice of Obeah. I say this by way of warning."

"They will never take us," said Madame Demons scornfully. "We have no fear for ourselves, but for Yvonne there is everything to fear. Poor child, if the sins of her fathers should be visited upon her head she will pay for crimes of which she has been innocent. Take her away. Hard though it is, it is right that she should leave us, for here, now, there is danger. Goodbye, Yvonne."

"Goodbye, Yvonne," echoed Madam Herriot.

"I will see you again shortly," said the girl, looking at them with a look of tenderness now; "surely this is not goodbye."

"Goodbye," repeated both the women. Then Yvonne's self-control gave way and she broke into piteous sobbing. Henry Carson took her by the arm and led her out of the house.

CHAPTER TWELVE
DEFIANCE AND RENUNCIATION

"WHERE will you go?" Mr. Carson asked Yvonne, when they had passed through the gate. She thought for a moment, then: "I had better go to the Middle Bank," she said. "Dad on I can send here for some things I shall need."

"You have money?"

"Plenty. I have an account in my own name at the Bank."

He hailed a taxi; as she was getting into it she asked him: "Shall I see you later, will you come down this afternoon to see me; I want to talk over matters with you."

"I'll be there between four and five," he said; she nodded, and the taxi drove off. "Carson hailed another taxi and went on to his house."

In the room they had just left Madam Herriot sat gazing at her sister, who returned the look with an unblinking stare; both of them seemed to have aged within the last hour and were now like old women who had lost all power of initiative, all strength of will.

"This is the end then?" she said in a dull voice.

"Is everything lost?"

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THE CROCODILES

(Continued from Page 79)

"She has left us," answered Madam Herriot dubiously: "she will not return, and she is right. But is she safer elsewhere? That man will have nothing more to do with her, and our influence over him it should be exerted elsewhere."

" Completely?"

"I think so. He will pray now as he has never prayed before; he will not trust for a moment in his own strength; he will resist any impulse towards her that he can feel. It is the old story. His Master is stronger than ours."

Again the hiss that Henry Carsson had caught, was perceptible; the women heard it; they seemed to understand exactly what it meant.

Madam Herriot stiffened, and some of her old force of will displayed itself in the words she uttered next, uttered with a vehemence which showed that her fighting spirit was being reawakened.

"It is the old story," she repeated; "again we have deceived, as are all those who serve Satan; his promises are lies for he is the father of lies. He meant to deceive us from the first; he never meant to let Yvonne escape. He would have dragged her, and Carsson with her, into Hell, not being content with us two alone." She ceased, and the room grew murky as though smoke from an unseen fire were pervading it; outside the sun shone with tropical brilliancy, while the room was an unholy gloom which deepened and darkened, and the presence of something super-normal and dreadful might easily be sensed.

Madam Herriot rose to her feet and held up both arms in the attitude of one about to utter a curse. But her arms fell slowly, her head drooped, she sat down again heavily. She was as one beaten before the struggle has commenced; as one who perceives the hopelessness of the combat even before it has begun.

Madam Dumas spoke. "A thought has come to me," she said. "From Him?" asked her sister.

"Perhaps. None the less it is our last resource. Remember, Carsson said that he would not denounce us to the police, would not betray us. For Yvonne's sake he made that promise. That proves that he still cares for Yvonne; but he is afraid. He is afraid to run great risks because, perhaps, the reward does not seem to warrant them. He knows that Yvonne is not poor, but he has, he can have no conception of her wealth; she herself does not know it. Let him know how rich is the girl, let him know that all her riches will be hers now, immediately, and that he may have them if he will have her. Then his plans and resolutions may be shaken: he may even be willing to imperil his soul for such wealth and power as Yvonne can bring to him."

"That suggestion is from the Master, as I thought," said Madam Herriot; "but how could it help Yvonne if it gained the whole world her husband should consent to lose his soul? That would not save her; it would but involve the man and her self in a common ruin."

That may be; but, on the other hand, he may win to repentance. He believes fervently in the power of his God to save him, and at least Yvonne would have by her side someone who would be able to help her as we never can. It is a poor chance, but our last."

"I have done few good deeds in my day," said Madam Herriot; "the one really good thing that you and I have done is the effort we have made to save this poor child who is dumber to us than our own lives. And I think we should undo even that by attempting to bring this man, now that he knows the truth. The suggestion is from Satan. Let us resist this temptation, great as it is. Leave Yvonne to work out her own salvation, as her lover advised; I said that God would help her. We can do nothing more."

The room grew darker, and in that gloom it seemed to the two sorceresses that fierce angry eyes glared at them. A hissing as of serpents filled the surrounding space. They could hardly see one another.

"Is our time come?" asked Madam Dumas, and her voice held in it the accents of terror.

"Hardly yet, I think," said Madam Herriot. "It may come in disgrace; our Master may choose to expose us to the obloquy of a public arrest and trial before he finally smiles us down. We have failed to find the sacrifice he demanded; we are in rebellion against him; even now we can see him, and the fury of Hell is in his gaze. But I do not think, I do not feel, that this is our last hour. We have not long to live, but it may be that before we die we shall know that Yvonne is saved."

"By whom?"

"By God."

As she uttered the sacred name a peal as of sudden thunder shook the house, and the startled women were hurled to the ground. Then the room lightened, and they arose unharmed, though with a dreadful premonition of something terrible to follow. Yet, their will had been strengthened, not paralyzed, by the diabolical manifestation of wrath they had just witnessed. Love is stronger than death, and for the sake of the girl they loved they had irreversibly resolved to defy at long last the Master they had blindly and cruelly served all their lives. There was war between them and Satan, a revolt of slaves against One that had shaken the world.

Five o'clock came; Yvonne, seated on the pier of the Myrtle Bank Hotel, was informed by one of

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the bell-boys that a gentleman had called to see her. Except for her the pier was deserted; she decided that this was the safest place for her conversation with Henry. She told the boy to bring him down to her; in a couple of minutes he was seated by her side.

They sat on one of the beaches facing the sea. It was hardly conceivable to them that it was only on the previous afternoon that, light-hearted and happy, they had rowed in that same harbour, thinking of a future which was so utterly unlike the actual future that now confronted them. Then their thoughts had been of love and marriage and happiness, of brightness and of joy; now all that was in eclipse; every dream had been shattered by an awakening so horrible that it seemed incredible. They sat looking idly, uneasily, upon the sparkling water; in the midst of both was a vision of a deserted churchyard become a temple of devil- worship, profaned by two women who, surrounded by all the panoply of modern civilisation, practised the dark rites of an ancient and brandished faith. And in the minds of both also was the thought that one of them was connected with that faith by ties of blood and a chain of heritage reaching back into the unimaginable past. Yvonne felt that the man at her side was thinking at that moment that she too was a witch by destiny, and must become one actually in a very few years to come. She shuddered.

But in this belief she was mistaken. Henry Carson stopped short at thinking that Yvonne must of necessity fall the doom which, according to her own mother, had been the destiny of all her family. He could not believe that and believe also in the mercy and goodness of God and in the freedom of a human being to choose salvation or perdition. He was convinced that she need not be lost unless she willed it. Besides, he cared for her, and, caring, would not admit that, with her eyes fully open, she would deliberately decide to walk the path that her parents had taken.

It was she who broke the silence.

"Well?" she said.

"Yes?"

"You have thought over everything, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"What is your decision, Henry?"

"I think we both must decide to make a great sacrifice if we would save our souls."

"Are our souls in any danger, Henry? I have been thinking too, and I don't see why we should allow what others have done to blight our lives. Listen to me carefully, Yvonne. I came here to-day I sent a letter round to my mother asking her to pack some of my things and also asking her to let me know just what my position is financially. Here is her letter in reply; you read French, don't you? You will see that I am richer than ever I believed, that wealth stored for generations by my ancestors is mine. If you and I should leave this country and go to France, we should have nothing to worry us. Now why should we sacrifice all this happiness because of others; that is, of course, if you love me as you have professed to do.

"Do you know, Yvonne," he answered slowly, "that to-day the same thought came to me when I was thinking over our situation and wondering what to do? I knew that you had means, though of course nothing to the extent that is stated in your mother's letter. And I said to myself that with all this money, and with you and I caring for one another. It would be almost sinful for us to separate and go each of us our own way, especially as we might be able as much to help one another, and others as well. So I decided that we should not separate."

"Thank God!"

"You say 'Thank God.' But we have to thank Him for something other than that. For even as I made my decision, dear, it came to me, as though a voice spoke to me from without my brain and heart, that this was a temptation of the Evil One; that I was being tempted with wealth; then my eyes fell casually on the Bible I use when preparing my sermons. I opened it at random and read these words:

"And the devil, taking him up on an high mountain, showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time. And the devil said unto Him, all this power will I give unto Thee and the glory of them; for that is delivered unto me; and to whosoever will I will give it. If then thou wilt worship me, all shall be Thine."

"Then I remembered that I had quoted those same words to your mother earlier in the day, and I thought that my thought was a temptation, and I knew from whom the temptation had come. And I fell on my knees and prayed, and my way became very clear to me. How was this wealth acquired, Yvonne? By wicked practices, by deceit, by fraud, dishonesty also by murder, and so to it clings the misery and the tears of unfortunate women and children. It's evil in its source. How could it bring us good?"

"And how long do you think this mood of yours will last?" demanded Yvonne. "You talk about sacrifice. You talk about saving our souls. The money could only be tainted if you and I came by it dishonestly; as a matter of fact it is mine by right and if we reject it it will be used by others, and perhaps not put to as good a purpose as you and I would put it. And what is the sacrifice that we are to make? Our happiness? Are we called upon to do that? What crime have we committed, what sin, that such a terrible expectation should be expected of us? But if you don't want the money, let it go. What about me? Are you going to sacrifice me also? Am I to be the sacrifice?"

"You are right when you doubt whether my resolution would hold for long," replied Carson thoughtfully. "And that is why I have made up my mind to leave this country as soon as possible. It is the only way."

"So you don't love me? Or you despise me?"

"You know it isn't that; but I am afraid. Remember, Yvonne, that I have seen what you have not. To you as to so many others the devil-worship of your mother and aunt, and of your ancestors as far back as imagination can go, seems merely talk, a grotesque fancy, a deception practised on the credulous and to be punished only as fraud and not as having any intrinsic reality. But I have been in that cemetery, not a mile away from where we sit, when the powers of darkness have been loose, and when human beings have changed their forms into that of a leathenous reptile before my eyes. I think that no other man has been through such an experience as mine, and now in one day what I have seen, and I do not believe that, with the poor strength that I possess, I could guard you and myself from the incessant assaults of Hell. Your people made a mistake. I cannot help you. Perhaps I should only assist to hurry you to destruction."

"My mother was right," said Yvonne bitterly. "You do not really love me. If you did, you would face any peril for my sake, as I am prepared to face anything for your sake."

To this he made no answer. He felt that there was some truth in what she said. He cursed for her, but in his heart he did not love her. He felt a desire to traffic in magic, to dabble in witchcraft.
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THE CROCODILES

(Continued from Page 82)

and he knew that his strength would not be equal to such an endless struggle. Something within him cried out a warning.

"Then you are leaving me to fight alone?" she cried, "You are saving yourself; you refuse to help me?"

"I will help you all I can," he assured her.

"How?"

But to that he had no ready answer.

The role it looked down upon him. "Do I love a coward and a quitter?" she cried, "and not the man I thought. Very well, Harry. At least my own people have had courage. Those two women we left this morning are defying the need they have served all their lives for my sake. Perhaps also, could have thought of repentance, of helping themselves; but it was of me alone they thought, and they are coming to the end. Maybe I will be eventually as they have done, follow in their footsteps. You are afraid of the fate of your soul; I am strong enough to defy man and the devil and God Himself if needs be! I am not ashamed that my ancestors were priests of Baal. I am proud of it! I do not set such great store by my soul as you do; I will lose it if I please; but you will al ways know that you might have helped me, but failed me in my hour of need."

"You are unjust, Yvonne."

"Just? That's rather strange, Mr. Carson. You your self came round to my office and offered to assist us. You agreed that I should drop in to see you quietly when I thought it necessary, but now that I am here you are as close as an oyster, and that is certainly not because you have nothing to say. I don't mind telling you that within the last four days at least half a dozen unconnected persons have come round to the police with reports against Madam Herriot and her sister. They have come voluntarily, yet the number is so striking that it looks as though they had all been advised or impelled to the same course of action. It would look like a conspiracy but that the police themselves had been by the telephone and have been suspicious for some time and know quite well that those two women are not in the level. The peculiar thing is that the informants do not complain of having been cheated, as is usually the case when someone reports about women or oaths. They admit that what these women undertook to perform has been done. Of course they know that by reporting these foreigner they save themselves from being charmed with an offence against the law; they become King's evidence, but what has made them all turn informers? I cannot guess. However, we now have enough against Madam Herriot and her sister to summon them at any moment. But the crocodile mystery is not solved, although quite probably they have something to do with it."

(Continued on next page)
of witchcraft, for which, however, they seem to have charged abnormal prices, and I have quite enough evidence against them without having to drag you into the case. But I remember that you genuinely wished to help the police the other day when the crocodiles were wailing Kingston, and I can’t forget that you are a brother Englishman and a clergyman, too. Will you forgive me if I say that I think you don’t know how to do things with people of this description? There may be some unseemly discourtesy in court; it is quite possible that your name may be dragged in by someone. You must see this round here to suggest that the less you had to do with them the better. I know that it is none of my business, but one doesn’t like to see a fellow countryman in a nasty situation out here.”

“Thank you, Inspector,” said Carson; “but I am no longer mixed up in anything. I am leaving Jamaica within a week. I am sorry, though, about this case you speak of; I am sorry for the sake of Miss Gilmer.”

“She’s not going to be charged, Mr. Carson; there is nothing whatever against her.”

“But there is against her mother and her aunt, you see, and what affects them must affect her also.”

“Well,” said the Inspector, rising, “that cannot be helped. Are you going back to England?”

“To England on my way to Fiji. I have a telegram appointing me to a mission there. I am saying goodbye to Jamaica for ever.”

“A good voyage and good luck. I think you are doing a wise thing.”

After the Inspector had left, Henry sat down to try to think out some way of helping Yvonne. This case must mean disgrace for her, though, if conviction followed the trial, her mother and aunt might not escape imprisonment. He was well aware that these two women did not seem to fear anything the authorities might attempt against them; evidently they had been depending upon the extraordinary power that they wielded. But this coming forward of so many persons to charge them with practising witchcraft, what did that suggest? Surely that the master they served was himself delivering them over to destruction. It had always been so, thought Henry Carson; it was not true that the devil took care of his own. These women were in revolt; their one aim now was to save the girl on whom they lavished all the affection of which they were capable. This betrayal of them by their clients was the refusal of Satan: there was something more than mere human agency at work here. But he, Carson, had made no promise of secrecy to the Inspector; perhaps he could warn them in time. It was little enough to do for Yvonne’s sake. As for her, he would try to persuade her to let them go their own way if they could escape out of the country; and she herself might go to England, where he would recommend her to his family and friends. She had means enough to live without any anxiety, and his people would be kind to her if he should ask them.

He put on his hat hastily, left the parlour, and, taking a taxi, drove down to the house where Madam Herriot and her sister lived. A week had passed since he and Yvonne had left the place together; Yvonne was still living at the hotel; he had seen her only once since the afternoon when he had made known his decision to her. That last interview, which had taken place three days before, had been very brief. Yvonne had told him that she was making up her mind as to what she should do, but she had not disclosed her plan.

He had told her that the religious society with which he was connected was sending him out to a mission field; she had nodded her head, remarking: “Your determination would not last six months, Henry, if you remained here, so I suppose it is wise for you to run away.” He hated it to be thought that he was running away, yet he could not but admit that there was truth in this description of his action. Nevertheless, he was convinced of the wisdom of his decision. Any other alternative would be fraught, he felt, with terrible consequences ultimately.

Arrived at the house he sent his name to Madam Herriot, and she and Madam Dupont came into the drawing-room to meet him.

“Do you know?” he began abruptly, “that the police are about to prosecute you both on a charge, or on several charges, of obeah?”

“We know,” answered Madam Dupont calmly.

“Can I help you in any way? For Yvonne’s sake I will do my best.”

“You are a broken reed for anyone to depend upon, Monsieur Carson,” interrupted Madam Herriot; “besides, what could you do? We could stop the police if we wished; let us consent that Yvonne shall be what we are, and your courts in Jamaica could not affect us; we know that.” She paused, thought for a moment, then resumed. “I said a moment ago that you were a broken reed, but that was hard and unkind, for the last time you were here you said something which we have not forgotten, and that thing might help Yvonne more than any marriage with you might have done. You said that she herself, with the help and through the grace of God, might save herself from a terrible fate: we

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believe now that she has made up her mind to make that effort, and that your God is helping her.

"Not my God only," answered Carson. "Your God also. Though your sins be as scarlet you may become as white as snow."

"Perhaps you are right. But we are speaking now of a young girl in her face. On the afternoon of the day she left us you were talking with her at the Myrtle Bank, and she told you she had been christened a Catholic and that her soul was hers to lose if she chose.

"Yes, I remember what she said a terrible blasphemy."

"And now, Monsieur Carson. There was a Catholic priest near by at that moment; he seems to have overheard what she said. After you went on your way; only this morning she wrote to us the whole story. He ventured, he said, to address her because she had been christened in his faith, because, christened a Catholic, she belonged to his faith, and because it was a terrible thing for a young girl to talk of her own eternal damnation as though it were a trifle. I suppose Yvonne was brokenhearted at your desertion of her—oh, I do n't interject, Monsieur Carson, it is a des- ertion, even if you feel that nothing else is possi- ble; you must not, you will not tell me that I think now that you could not have saved Yvonne. Therefore your decision is wise, even if it be not of high courage; and if it works out to Yvonne's advantage, as I think it will, I must thank you for it."

"Then what has Yvonne decided to do?" asked the young man.

"She was quick to tell us that she has made up her mind to accept the faith in which she was christen- ed, and afterward, and during her convalescence. It is strange. She was a pretty educated and brought up in a con- vent, but we never wished to become an inmate of that at the age she is. She has made that decision for herself. Better so; and we shall pray to the last breath that her resolution shall hold. But I do not understand what this means from us. We, the descendants of priests who served the devil, and devils of our own flesh, are turn- ing at last to your God in supplication for—"

"Madam Herriot did not complete the sentence; her voice faltered and broke for the first and last time in Henry Carson's experience of her.

She fought down her emotion and resumed.

"It is strange. That priest told Yvonne that he had never been down to the hotel's pier before, had hardly ever gone there to the hotel. That after- noon he had been conscious of a desire to go there, to enjoy the scenery he thought, after a hard day's work. And he had arrived in time to hear her words to you, to see you leave, and to notice the terror that grew upon her face. It is strange. Then he had spoken. It seemed to him to be his duty to speak. He believes that God sent him, and day after day he has prayed for and with Yvonne."

"We stand alone," said Madam Drouoks took up the tale. "We suffer the tragedies of the damned. Yet we too are praying for our girl. Every word of prayer we utter is like the driving of a red-hot iron into our flesh; we are in a sense alive; and yet we shall persist, though we know that our prayers can be answered in any way."

"If they are sincere they will count with God," said Carson with firm conviction. "They will count for you, as well as for Yvonne. You yourselves may not even have been alive; and yet we shall persist, though we know that our prayers can be answered in any way."

"Let us pray together," he cried. "Let us kneel together at this moment. We shall be heard.

"Have a care!" cried Madam Herriot. "In this house you're very life is in danger."

"He who saves his life shall lose it, and he who loses his life for God's sake shall save it," answered Henry Carson. "I am not afraid. Not in my own strength, but in the strength of the Lord our God I will appeal to Him even in the stronghold of Satan. Kneel with me, even if this is to be our last pray- er."

"The atmosphere of the room had steadily thick- ened, as it had done on the last occasion he was there. Sulphurous fumes assailed his nostrils; looking through the open window he observed that the sun- light had waned, as though heavy storm clouds were drifting across the sky. A muttering of thunder was heard. A storm had come up suddenly, the trees swung their branches convulsively, and as Henry Car- son and the two women fell on their knees a flash of lightning stabbed through the gloom and the house seemed to split and tremble in the roar of thunder that followed. And now the lightning was incess- ant, and peal succeeded peal of thunder so rapidly that there was one almost continuous ear-splitting cacophony.

"The begins of Hell are about us, O Lord!" cried Carson aloud, "but they shall not prevail against Thee." His prayer continued, his voice lighting with the tumult of wind and thunder. There was no rush of rain; nothing but that terrific uproar and those furious fires; and in the midst of it all the two devils were writhing in the air and calling to Yvonne, to rescue her, to keep her feet upon a path that would lead through the house, storming through the fires and crying out in dismay at this swift and awful destruction by lightning. In a few minutes the two devils came rushing up to the scene with a shriek- ing of sirens; police cars followed; policemen hurried to the spot where the women and boy were, to a safer place. Carson followed. An ambulance was already on the ground. They lifted Madam Her-riot and her sister into it, then the minister said to a policeman nearby that he would accompany the wom- en to the hospital. "No need, sir," answered the policeman. "Both are dead."

"There is a calm, even a glad look on their faces," Henry softly whispered to Yvonne as they stood by the coffins in which were laid out the bodies of Madam Herriot and her sister. "You know, I believe that in that last moment of theirs, when they cried out to God for you, and for their own souls, we were distinctly repentant of their sins. I be- lieve so, and if I am right, they too found salvation. The devil had power over their bodies but not over their souls when they knelt to implore the mercy of God."

"I hope so," said Yvonne. "Indeed, I believe so. Truly they look peaceful enough; they seem smiling. Their end appears to everyone as terrific, but who can say that it really was so? In that last moment I think their contrition evoked God's mercy."

"I was glad that I was with them," Henry con- tinued, "for I know that they were in physical tor- ture, yet they were at that moment utterly unaf- fected, and their faith in God's acceptance of our prayers was as great as my own."

"What are you going to do now?" he went on. "They told me that you plan to enter a convent."

"We will talk of that after the funeral," she said.

"After the funeral he drove back to the hotel with her. They spoke no word on the way. When they (Continued on Page 89)
is a common enough failing, and one that is often apt to lead into rather awkward situations; to cite an extreme case, there is the preposterous predicament of the business man pictured above, who in a fit of absent-mindedness set out for the office clad in pyjamas and soft felt hat. Of course the temperature might have warranted such a procedure, but it is nevertheless just one of those things that aren’t done.

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get down to the plug she held out her hand to him:—
"I am leaving for England very shortly," she told him, "on my way to a convent in France. We shall never see each other again."

"I am not a Catholic," he muttered; "you cannot expect me to think that you are doing the best possible thing, Yvonne. I am in doubt."

"You made the sign of the cross when surrounded—by fiends in the desecrated cemetery not long ago, Henry; you told me that yourself. I wish to cling to the cross for the rest of my life. I became a member of our church for worldly reasons. It is an unworthy reason that actuates me now. Some day you will marry."

"No, Yvonne," he answered quietly, "I never will. Perhaps unworthy reasons are influencing me now. I shall think of you always, and at times you will think of me, though we shall never meet again. You told me once that I was a coward; maybe you were right. But, really, my fear has also been for you. Suppose I changed my mind now—"

"I feel that even if you changed your mind and took me, Henry, it would be a mistake; and I do not want you to change your mind. Our love wouldn't last. We are very different, you and I, and when you began to tire of me, and to regret what you would think of as your folly, my resentment would be bitter and life would be a hell for both of us. Does love last, Henry? Any love? The love of a monster, usually; the love of God, always; the love of a woman for a man, often; much more rarely, I think, the love of a man for a woman."

"Perhaps—" he voice grew deeper, there was bitterness in it—"perhaps no sexual love endures; regrets come after a while; we see others with whom we could we could have been much happier; the fires of our passion die; there is only left the ashes and dust of it. That would not do for me."

"So your decision suits me very well. I don't pretend I am not going to suffer: I am suffering now. It is not easy to give you up: it is a sort of death that I am passing through an awful sort of death. But better now than afterwards, when the consequences would be so infinitely worse for both of us."

"And do you think I am not suffering also, darling?"

"I believe you are; I know it. And that is why we can part in peace, and with something like love still between us. That is why, at this instant, I am so gentle, I am not unusually so."

"Oh God, have mercy on both of us!" exclaimed Carson in an agony of feeling."

"Heaven be clear. And now, goodbye!"

"No, Yvonne, not goodbye! Let us take our courage in both hands and face the risk we are flying from. In God we can do all things. In faith in me, my doubts of the protection of my Master, that has really been at the root of my cowardice to have you. I see more clearly now: I love you, darling, as I have never loved you before, with a love that at last shows me as it is true and tender. Dear, I want you, and nothing else do I wish in this world save the blessing of God."

"My dear," she whispered, "you have made me very happy by these words. I know now that I made no mistake in loving you."

"I was weak and vacillating, doubtful and selfish; now I am stronger and of better faith," he went on fervently. "I now see my way more clearly. These women, your mother and your aunt, because of their absolute repentance and trust in their last moments, were saved from the power of Hell: you believe, don't you?"

"Yes, I believe it."

"And you and I will be helped and guided and saved also. I see that too."

"Yes, dearest; but if, having chosen the way of self-sacrifice, we let ourselves be swayed by earthly love, the striving corrupts with words."

What do you mean, Yvonne?"

"Oh, Henry, don't you see that we are both again being tempted, though by our own wishes this time? I know that you love me, dear, love me truly, and will always love me; that is clear to me now. I am sorry as what I said in my bitterness and grieve a few minutes ago; now I believe that you will love me always. But not if we are both false to our higher selves, believe that. My mother and aunt despised damnation. But don't you see they never aimed at doing any harm to themselves, from any earthly point of view, in their last hour of trial? And we, who have passed through so much, is it not best that we too should renounce something of worldly and personal satisfaction for the service of God? Don't you realize that we have gone back to the religion in which I was christened? Did you renounce it for you, what would your professions be worth? how could I look for peace of mind?"
Safest First!  
A Study In Foresight

THERE was a day in September last, the 28th to be precise, (and also in November of this year) when all Jamaica was battening up windows and doors and thinking of doing the same. New hands had been brought to the Porto Rico had been swept by a hurricane; that our people there had been hit by a straight line from the sea, which would happen to a Haithian President, and they did not see in it an event to call for concern. In the eyes of the man who could blow away a Haithian President might rival the power of a Jamaican minister of finance, a man of the same rank as the Secretary of State, or a big-time sectional politician, or a man of the same rank as a member of the Senate or the House of Commons. The prospect of being wrenched from one to the other of these positions was therefore viewed with becoming seriousness.

What was the feeling amongst the planters and agriculturalists? That feeling was very much mixed. Or rather, it would be more correct to say that it was very different according to the position in which a man found himself. Some of the bigger banana men went about calm, quiet, not apparently in the least disturbed. They saw the situation as a matter of life or death, but they had a lot of bananas, but I am not worrying.”

Then who was worrying was the government, and many of the ministers. Perhaps Willie Goldme,' he replied, “just certainly not me.”

And those few words explained his equanimity to the rest of the story. No one knows better than a man that he is without his bananas.

This gentleman was insured. If a hurricane struck Jamaica and devastated his properties, he would lose. But of course; but he could lose anything nearly as much as he would be he not insured; and there were others like him. There has been an increasing number of such persons in Jamaica during the last few years; and that is why, in these days, when news of an approaching hurricane is published in this island, it does not spread the same consternation as in years gone by.

The other day, viewing in my head the fact that, for fifteen years, there has been no hurricane in Jamaica, while for about a half of that period they have been paying insurance, wonder whether it is good business to insure against hurricanes. But one remembers that in fifteen years, from 1908 to 1923 inclusive, there were no fewer than ten hurricanes. And no one can say what will happen in the coming fifteen years. As a matter of fact we all know that there must be hurricanes in Jamaica, since this country is in that region of the Caribbean sea over which these volumes of wind travel. Now and then we are going to be hit, sometimes devastatingly hit. That may happen in any of the next fifteen years, or the next five years, and it will make all the difference in the world to us whether we are insured or not.

If we are insured, the underwriters of the insurance will have to pay up. But it is actually to the benefit of the insured as well as of the underwriters that the longest possible period should elapse before the latter are called upon to pay. It would not suit us if hurricanes occurred here so frequently that no underwriter would risk insuring our crops. It would not suit us if after one expensive blow another should follow at an early interval. We want to feel that our insurance is permanent.

In business one must take safety into consideration. Insurance premiums are part of the price of intelligent trading. If a man has been in the banana business, or the coconut business, for ten years and has never known a storm, though all the time he has paid his insurance premiums, he has no reason to feel discontented; he ought to consider himself lucky. No other years to come.

We have never forgotten, for instance, how on the Old Consols High Street in Bridgetown they actually threw a cigarette on the floor and in a few hours the building went up in flames! If somebody had written this in a story, you would have said that that was the way things worked out in fiction but not in actuality. But it is the way in which many things happen in actual life; and that is why, in business conducted on sound and conservative lines, people do not hesitate to spend money so as to be protected against a sudden and calamitous event.

So all during this last Autumn, there were men who studied the bulletins and the skies with shrinking hearts, and others who were calm and quiet because they were not taking the risks. These latter were like the Wise Virgins whose lamps were filled with oil. Perhaps some of the uninsured muttered to themselves as did the Foolish Virgins: “Too late, too late; we cannot enter now.”

One Night in Mosul
An Epidemic of Crime And Its Solution

By R. J. C. SCOTT

AFTER a refreshing bath and a change into cool flannels, Ted Morton, at the close of a hot summer day, made for the cozy chair on his verandah overlooking the main street of Mosul. Close by was a small table on which stood a bottle of whisky and some soda sticks into a white enamel pan half filled with ice. He poured himself out a liberal "pep," and, filling the glass with soda, slowly lifted the sparkling drink with keen enjoyment. Then he lay back comfortably, enjoying the soft, cool breeze which had sprung up as the sun sank.

Closing his eyes, he listened to the drowsy hum of the distant banar and the soft murmur of voices from the banks of the near-by Euphrates. He was almost of the opinion that the loud voice of a Mohammedan priest, in the minaret of the mosque just a stone-throw away, boomed out with startling suddenness. The call ceased as unnecessarily as it began, and Morton became aware of the fact that someone was shouting to him from the steps below.

"Hallo there, you old loafer!" he heard. "Have you turned Mohammedan? I've been bowing myself almost hoarse trying to attract your attention." Looking over, he saw a cherie red face grinning up at him.

"Come along up, Mac," he invited, and then added: "Tell my servant to fetch some soda, will you?"

Harry Maedermot was very popular among the forty-odd Britons in Mosul, his cherie optimism and ready wit always making him a welcome visitor. Morton and Maedermot both belonged to the Telegraph Department, the former being in charge of the Maintenance Branch, while the latter was Superintendent of Traffic.

Mac soon appeared, followed by an Arab servant laden with soda-water, who noisily withdrew after placing a seat for the visitor. Morton pushed the bottle towards him, saying: "Hello, yourself. Morton, I'm sure you're thirsty. Where have you been?"

"Just returned from Zecho, and was chivvied for life by a band of Arabs about a dozen miles out," replied Mac. "It's getting fierce out in that direction. I don't envy Hallet and Sanders their jobs with that bunch of raw terries of theirs, with so much trouble brewing. You needn't be surprised if your Zecho water comes down one of these days! I saw some British dead lying around for the desert as I came in, they probably saved my bacon, by the way. Know where they're going?"

"Zecho?" replied Morton. "A company left today, and some more are going to morrow, so Hallet and Sanders will be all right, I hope." He paused reflectively for a moment and then went on: "Talking about risks, Mac, it is nearly as bad here in Mosul these days. You heard about Joe Kennedy?"

"No," replied Mac. "I have been so busy running that Amadis extension this past week that I haven't had a chance to tap in on the line even for five minutes; it is over a week since I saw either Hallet or Sanders, or that matter, any other Britisher. What's happened to Joe?"

He was found dead in his bed last Wednesday morning. The doctor thinks that, owing to the position in which he had been lying, he was suffocated after being sand-bagged. His house had been ransacked and some money and valuables stolen. In fact, it was just a repetition of what happened to Benson and Doane, only poor Joe lost his life as well as his property.

Mac's good-natured face assumed a serious expression. "That's three such cases in less than two months," he exclaimed. "Why, it will soon be too risky to go to bed! Have the police not been able to do anything?"

"Nothing so far," replied Morton. "Nor will they, in my opinion. I believe the majority of the native police are thorough rascals, and hand-in-glove with the evil-doers."

"I'm sorry to hear about poor old Joe," said Mac,

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thoughtfully. "How is Deane getting along in hospital?"

"Fairly well, and he'll probably be discharged pretty soon, but then he is to be sent home as unfit for further service. That will hit him hard, poor chap; he is very keen on his job."

"Things are certainly not too rosy," observed Macdermot. "The political murders are bad enough, but it's the limit when one cannot go to bed here in Montego with a reasonable hope of waking up safe and sound. Have you ever reckoned up, Ted, the number of fellows who have passed out during the past year? First there was Colonel Hartman, the Chief Political Officer; then his assistant and Mr. Powell at Almonds. A little later there were three zendarme officers, murdered by their own Levi's at Telshar, then Calvert at Hammamuli; and a few months ago Captain Finch of the Secret Service, whose body was found in a well in his own courtyard after he had been missing for a week. Now comes poor old Joe, not to mention the two Jews who were murdered near Quaywha, and Ashraf Bey, who came up from Bagdad just recently."

"Yes, it is a lengthy list, Mac," returned Morton, "and, as you say, things are getting into a bad shape generally. We ought to make some kind of effort amongst ourselves to settle the matter of these night-provokers in Montego. Surely, between us, we can devise some plan! What do you say to having a few of the boys up here to-morrow evening for a quiet talk about it? Mullan and Stanley would be a likely couple."

"That's a good idea," said Mac. "It may start things going. Joe Spencer would like to be included, I'm sure, if it's only to do something to avenge his pal Joe."

"Very well, then," replied Morton. "I will invite them all round to-morrow evening. In the meantime, say nothing about the matter to anyone."

They had another drink, and then Mac rose to go, saying, "I must be off now for a bath and a clean-up. See you later, Ted." He clattered off down the stone stairway, pulling the heavy door iron after him with a bang as he entered the narrow street.

Ted Morton sat quietly thinking for some time after his friend had left. During their conversation he had been on the point of suggesting to Mac that he should come and share his house, as there was plenty of room, but he hesitated in case Macdermot might think it was a case of premature funk. Looking at it from a commonsense point of view, however, there was ample reason for uneasiness, and both would certainly benefit by the arrangement. It wasn't as if one could bolt and bar one's doors and retire to rest satisfied that no intruder could enter. Owing to the peculiar way in which the Moule houses were built, one was at the mercy of one's neighbours in this respect. Morton's house, for instance, was situated at the corner of the main street and a narrow lane leading to a mosque which stood on the bank of the river.

Next door was the dwelling of one of his British supervisors, and beyond him, in the narrow street, that of a Mohammedan named Beshard Bey, a large, rambling building stretching back almost to the mosque. This house had several entrances opening on the front, back, and the side which ran parallel with the river.

Beshard had a large family and numerous servants who continually entered and left by several doors, which were always open. All the entrees did not give access to the house, but to his courtyard, and from there it was an easy matter for an active man to gain the flat roof; and as all the houses joined one another and were separated only by low mud walls, anyone could enter the courtyard, say, at the side near the river bank, and reach Morton's house at the other end of the street simply by..."
walking along the roofs and scaling these low dividing walls.

In Morton's quarters an open stairway led from the roof to a small inside veranda which overlooked a court in the center of the building. Mounted in two bedrooms, one of which led through a sitting-room to an outer veranda overlooking the main street, the only entrance to the house being through a heavy iron door opening on the narrow side lane.

It was customary and indeed, necessary, comfort during the hot summer nights for Morton to sleep on the inner veranda, which was open to the court-yard. Most of the houses were built in this fashion, and as they were usually occupied by large families, with servants of both sexes living in rooms on the ground floors, leaving off the court-yards, the risk of undesirable nocturnal visitors was negligible.

In these rooms many members of the administration of the various Government departments in Mosul during the early period of the mandate in Mesopotamia were soluble and convivial souls, and visited one another regularly in the evenings. On these occasions some of them, perhaps, were wont to indulge not wisely but too well in the cup-that-cheers.

A few of the white men shared a house in pairs, but there was no shortage of accommodation in Mosul others, like Morton and Mardermot lived alone, and if they slept over soundly left themselves very much at the mercy of uninvited guests. As already mentioned, Deane, Kennedy, and Hanston, officers of the local police, were all suffering in this way at the hands of nocturnal robbers within a period of two months.

Mindful of the danger Morton had approached his neighbor Raschid Bey on the matter of trying to keep his doors closed at night. Raschid Bey very civilly promised to do his best to oblige, but at the same time pointed out the difficulty of controlling a large family and numerous servants. Raschid had himself been visited by thieves quite recently, and he was as eager as anyone to put an end to the menace.

Resolute himself from his reveries, Morton prepared to go for a stroll, as was his custom every evening. Putting on a light flannel jacket, he slung over his shoulder a leather case containing a small telescope, and, reaching the street, made his way towards the bazaar, intending to cross the bridge of boats over the Tigris and take a walk in the direction of the ruins of Nineveh.

Of late he had been having trouble with the wires in the town, owing to the Arab women using them as convenient clothes-lines where they passed close to the houses in the bazaar. Morton's object in carrying the telescope was to examine the wires from the far side of the river, whence he could get an uninterrupted view.

Crossing to the opposite bank of the Tigris, he seated himself on the coping of a stone bridge which continued from the pontoon, traversing some level ground which was usually under water when the river overflowed. Idly he watched the swarms of women, standing knee-deep in the muddy streams, washing their family linen.

Presently, tiring of this, he drew the telescope from its case and, leaning on a pillar, trained the instrument on the closely-packed houses in the bazaar at the point where the telephone wires crossed the town. After a careful scrutiny he detected no signs of feuding anywhere, and was about to return the telescope to its case when a couple of figures squatted on the opposite bank attracted his attention.

They somehow seemed familiar, and after a closer inspection he discovered that one of them was a telegraph peon or messenger of his own, Hamid by name. The second man he recognized as a huge half-Arab, half-Negro, who had been pointed out to him by Mullan, the police superintendent, as the very shady character whom he was watching.

Wondering what business his peon could have with this evil-looking individual, Morton watched the pair for awhile. Hamid had once come under Morton's notice, quite by chance, when he had received a severe thrashing from an Anglo-Indian telegraphist from whom he had procured liquor while on duty.

Procuring liquor for the staff by messengers was strictly forbidden, and as Hamid had not reported the affair, Morton concluded that he must have deserted his punishment, as natives do not as a rule take abuse without making plenty of noise about it. Morton had also learned, after subsequent inquiry, that the peon had been of very doubtful character when in the old Turkish service, and accordingly determined to dismiss him if he again came under his notice for misconduct.

Now, seeing him talking confidently to this halt- bred rogue, Morton's instructive distrust of Hamid returned. He had always disliked the servile, cringing fellow, and he resolved in future to keep him under strict observation.

As it was beginning to get dark, Morton stowed away his telescope and retraced his steps across the pontoon bridge, noting out of the corner of his eye that Hamid was still in deep conversation with his humpy companion. When he reached the other side, however, the peon had disappeared, though the half-caste remained squatting on the sand, and eyed the white man insolently as he passed.

Apparently not wishing to be seen in his company, Hamid had slipped off on seeing Morton approach. Evidently he was under the impression that he had not been observed, for Morton met him, seemingly coming from the opposite direction, as he re-entered the bazaar, the peon giving him a deep salaam as he passed.

Pondering deeply over the incident, Morton struck off on to another road which led to his house by a circuitous route. He wanted to think and, if possible,
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Joe Spencer to his house next door, and when Heaton and Hamid leave you will quietly return to my place by way of the roof. We will then rig up a figure in my bed to represent me, and await developments. I feel certain that some native acts as scout for these thieves, night-hawks—and who is a more likely or convenient person than Hamid?

"It is well worth the loss of a few hours' sleep to put my ideas to the test. Next week, I figure, there will be a waning moon, which will be all the better for our plan. I contemplated approaching Has-chil Bey to suggest that he should have one of his doors left open, at the side of his house near the

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It was decided that Mac and Stanley were to be cut out on the roof at a point close to where the thieves would probably enter, while Morton, Mullan, and Spencer were to post themselves at the foot of the stairway leading to the veranda. All were to carry revolvers.

The two men on the roof were to allow the robbers to enter unmolested, but to move to the head of the stairway after they descended to the veranda, thus cutting off their retreat. The room in which the remainder were to hide would be between the books and the stairway leading to the street door in the courtyard below. The visitors would thus be trapped between two fires, as the door leading on to the veranda overlooking the main street would be securely fastened.

Morton's bed, with the dummy figure in it, would be placed on the inner veranda, only a few paces from the foot of the stairway leading from the door and the room in which Morton and the others were concealed.

On Wednesday night the guests arrived, numbering twelve in all, and it was not long before a card party was in full swing, Morton being a player. It speedily became apparent to everyone that Morton had been "crooking his elbows" earlier in the evening, for he was fast reaching a state of intoxication.

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As the play proceeded he kept a goodly pile of notes in front of him, and during the later part of the night had Hamild in constant attendance. The other four participants in the plot were also showing signs of having reached the limit of their capacity, and when at last the time came for “He’s a jolly good fellow,” and “Auld Lang Syne,” they were hardly in a fit state to stand on their feet. Hamild stood by benignly watching the proceedings.

Presently Morton—now very thick in his speech—sent the pons to the office for the supervisor on duty. He had previously arranged with this official not to come, but to detail Hamild to return on some pretext. When the pons had gone—Mullan, Stanley, Mac and Joe Speechie noddily backed the reminder, good night and made their way staggeringly out into the street and so to the latter’s house.

When Hamild returned, Heaton, the actemobe, was persuading the remainder to leave. After seeing them all off the premises Heaton ordered the pons to assist him in putting Morton to bed. Morton appeared to be completely overcome, but insisted on collecting his money from the table and stuffing it into his hip pocket, while Hamild looked on.

They laid him on the bed in full “marching order,” as it were, only removing his boots. He was already snoring by the time they left, after carefully covering him with a sheet, especially his head, in order to prevent mosquito bites.

After sending the pons out of the house, Heaton fastened the street door and went home. Spencer and the remainder lost no time in returning to Morton’s house by way of the roof, and speedily fixed up a good imitation of a sleeping figure in Morton’s bed. Mac found a round-shaped earthenware water-jar which he placed on the pillow to represent the head; then he covered it with the sheet, the whole giving a very lifelike effect.

Meanwhile Mac and Stanley proceeded to their post on the roof, selecting a corner which lay deep in the shadows and some few paces from the only

(Continued on Page 97)

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SPEED and yet more speed seems to be the goal of the times, and the short cut a thing to be hailed with shouts of joy. With this there can be no quarrel so long as high standards are maintained, for it has ever been the desire of man to achieve perfection with the least effort.

The appearance this Christmas of the bright little poetry Christmas seals is a potent reminder of the short cuts in fighting disease that science has discovered bit by bit after laborsome research and many heartbreaking attercoks; the priceless knowledge of how to protect health. Those who ignore that knowledge must pay the price. In the case of tuberculosis, which kills more persons between 15 and 45 than any other disease, this involves months and sometimes years in bed, with the consequent loss of income, emaciated to young men, hardship and worry to one’s family, and the knowledge that after recovery all violent exercise and heavy work are taboo under penalty of a second breakdown.

But Christmas seals bring with them a message of hope—the knowledge that tuberculosis is both preventable and curable; that it can be detected in children years before it becomes active and protection provided for them; that the research committee of the Tuberculosis League continues to search diligently for a specific cure, and that throughout the country there are branches of the League doing their utmost to fight the disease.

That is the message of the halfpenny Christmas seal. They are sold annually by the Anti-Tuberculosis League to finance their all-year-round work. For the past four years these seals have been forcing back the frontiers of tuberculosis. Through their efforts preventive hospitals, clinics, nursing service, health laws, and other forms of prevention, diagnosis, and treatment have been established throughout the island.

The Christmas seal that carries the double barred cross, which is the symbol of tuberculosis work, will come to you this month as a silent messenger pleading for your support and assuring you that it will work not only for those stricken by the disease, but also for your protection. Your answer should be “Yes.”
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One Night In Mosul

(Continued from Page 5a)

point at which visitors could gain entrance over the
mud wall from the adjoining house. Morton and the
remnants concealed themselves in the room below
and sat quietly awaiting developments.

For a long time no sound broke the stillness of the
house; then a faint noise was heard at the street
door, as if someone had tried to push it open. A
moment later all was quiet again. The minutes drag-
ged slowly by, and Morton began to think that
the carefully-laid plans were to be wasted.

He could hear the faint tinkles of music from
the banquet and the low croaking of frogs from the
river bank, and suddenly it occurred to him that it
was drawing near the time for the priest, in his
nimarut done by, to call the faithful to prayers. He
reflected that if the thieves did intend to pay him
a visit they would probably wait for the wazirri’s
summons, which would cover any slight noise they
might make in crossing the roof from the other end
of the street.

He whispered the tika to his companions, and
had barely finished when the sound "Allahu Akbar!" of
the priest rang out with startling suddenness, fol-
lowed by the long-drawn-out drone of the traditional
call.

Meanwhile Mac and Stanley sat in the deep
shadow of the mud wall, their revolvers ready for
any eventuality. They were not, however, prepared

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One Night In Mosul

(Continued from Page 97)

topped him over on to the stone flags of the courtyard below. He fell with a heavy crash and lay motionless. Runcier, at his post on the roof, heard the terrible sound, and wondered with a shudder, who was the unfortunate victim.

"The other Arab, a native of huge build, saw his retreat to the roof cut off, turned and darted like a hare past the bed and through the bedroom beyond. Finding the door which led on to the front veranda locked, he dashed his club through a window that also opened on to the veranda, only to discover that it was heavily barred on the outside. Then, realizing that he was trapped, he crept against the wall like a wild beast in bay.

Morton had now switched on an electric light and recognized the haggard native to be Hamid's companion of the river bank. He looked very formidable, but Mullan, waving the other back, confidently advanced on the thief, who immediately raised his club ready to strike.

Pat Mullan knew every trick of his trade, however, and when within reach suddenly feinted and lifting his foot, kicked the bewildered Arab squarely on the shin, causing him to drop the club from his momentarily paralysed hand. The two then grappled with one another, and a fierce struggle ensued, chairs and other articles of furniture being bowing over.

Spencer and Morton approached, watching for an opportunity to assist Mullan, when an ominous snap sounded through the room and the Arab suddenly sagged limply to the floor, writhing in pain. Pat had not been a policeman for many years without learning how to break a man's arm, even such a brawny member as this hag malefactor possessed.

We will now follow Mac in his dash across the roof. He sprinted after the fleeing Arab, firing as he ran, but without effect. The fugitive appeared to be uncertain of his bearings, as he first headed obliquely in the direction of Raschid Bey's courtyard, and then altered his course, making straight for the river bank.

Changing his mind once again, with Mac now in close pursuit, he dashed for Raschid's house—probably not making for the main courtyard, but a little to the right, and, springing on top of a low wall, disap-

peared over the other side. Mac thought he had lost him, but on looking over the wall discovered he had the fugitive safely trapped. The thief had jumped down about ten feet into a small courtyard, the only exit of which was securely locked.

Mac sat on the wall and fired his revolver—not at the thief, but to attract attention—and presently Raschid himself appeared at one of the windows overlooking the yard, obviously much alarmed. Mac hastily explained matters, assuring him that there was nothing to be frightened about, and requested him to send his servants to secure the thief.

After much hesitation Raschid complied, and when the servants appeared Mac climbed down and marched the cowering wretch back to Morton's house, where he was greeted with an enthusiastic: "Good boy, Mac! Were there any more of them?"

Mac shook his head, grinning proudly as he herded his prisoner alongside the other Arab.

"Then the whole thing has been a complete success," cried Morton excitedly. "That spells the end of sand-bagging for awhile, I fancy!"

"Where is the other fellow?" asked Mac.

"There be he," said Mullan, pointing to a heap in the centre of the courtyard, covered with a sheet. "His neck was broken."

Shortly after a party of police arrived, in charge of a Britisher, who led off the prisoners and arrang-

ed to have the dead Arab removed. It was now cut-
ting daylight, and a large crowd, scenting excitement, had gathered in the narrow street.

Mullan, who had detailed two of the policemen, now led Hamid in the crowd, and quietly instruct-
ed his men to slip out and arrest the poiss. This was accomplished, and the astonished native was aware of his danger.

"That's the whole bunch," said Pat Mullan, grin-

ning as they brought Hamid in. "And I now pro-
pose," he went on, "that we drink the health of the author of this whole clever scheme—even if it's with his own whisky!"

The others heartily agreed, drinking the toast heartily, and afterwards going home for a well-
earned sleep. Joe Spencer was heard to remark, as they bade each other good-night, or rather good-
morning, "I hope that rascal they carried out feet first is the one who struck poor old Joe!"

Ted Morton arranged many another cheery evening at his house, and his guests enjoying them-

selves heartily, confident that there would be no more burglaries in Mosul for a very long time.

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The Elephant Slayer

By C. B. CARR

On this particular evening, John sat in his chair and pondered certain matters in his mind while Arap Kiesti drooped on in his usual fashion.

"...and so Mahommmed bin Ali gave me eight heifers for the task," concluded the chief. John woke up with a start.

"Who gave you the heifers for the task?" he demanded.

"Mahommmed bin Ali," answered Arap Kiesti.

"Who is he?" asked John.

"He is the Arab trader who has a boma (enclosed village) in the plains down there."

The white man looked in the direction in which the chief was pointing. A vast sandy plain lay two thousand feet below them at the foot of the escarpment. The only sign of vegetation visible was the stunted camel-thorn, save where a line of darker green disclosed the course of the river as it flowed northwards to Lake Rudolf. The monotony of the plain was broken by pyramid-shaped hills rising abruptly from the level floor.

"Near that hill by the river is the boma of Mahommmed bin Ali," explained the chief.

"What did he do with the ivory that he got from you?" asked John.

"He came from the north many years ago," was the reply. "He is a very strong man. He has made all the people of the plains into his slaves. He shoots elephants and also traps them. The Trush he takes to the Hulis (Italian Somaliland). There he sells them for many rupias; he also buys gunpowder and lead for bullets. He is a very rich and powerful chief. He has many women and cattle."

"Would he buy ivory from me?" asked John.

"He would buy ivory from anybody, Pipe Tembo."

"I think I will go and talk with him."

"Be very careful. He is a bad man. I ask you not to go." The spirit of adventure in John was as strong now as it had been ten years previously when, reckoning under a sense of injustice, he had run away from a public school in England. Five years in South Africa and five years in "British East" had failed to cure him of it. Every single penny that he earned he had spent on his hunting trips. Now, at last, he saw a chance of making money out of them.

In spite of the warnings of Arap Kiesti, John climbed down the escarpment and the next day presented himself at the gate of Mahommmed bin Ali's stronghold, standing there alone and unarmed.

From the boma emerged a tall, hawk-faced Arab. One eye was missing, but the keenness of the other more than compensated for the loss.

"Jembo, Mahommmed bin Ali," said John, grave ly.

Mahommmed bin Ali stared hard at the white man, but John showed not the least sign of discomposure.

"Jembo, W'wanga (white man)," replied Mahommmed bin Ali at last.

"Call me not W'wanga," corrected John calmly.

"Call me Benna or Effendi. Where are your manners?"

The Arab looked at him still harder. John was the first Englishman he had seen. All his previous dealings had been with Italian officials in Italian Somaliland. This was quite a different type.

"What brings you here?" he asked, adding, after a short pause "Effendi."

"That's better!" said John, cheerfully. "Now we can talk."

"Enter my house, Effendi," continued the Arab.

"It is hot in the sun. I can give you tea such as the white man drinks. I am no Shenu (savage)."

Thereupon the two men entered the house. A large square but stood in the centre. It was the inevitable mud-and-pole construction, but was far better built than the usual native dwelling.

"This is my house, Effendi. You are welcome," John entered the house and sat himself down on the stool which his host brought forward.

In spite of his youth, Wills knew better than to plunge into his business straight away. He opened the conversation by asking if the Arab's cattle were in good condition, and a long discussion on this subject, lasting for over an hour, took place. The next

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The Elephant Slayer

(Continued from Page 29)

topic was big game. From this, the talk drifted quite naturally to the shooting of elephants and the disposal of the ivory.

Arrived at this stage, John thought that enough had been said for the moment and accordingly bade his host a courteous farewell, expressing the hope that Mahomed bin Ali would visit him at his camp.

The Arab, with the intimation of his race, had already scented the real object of the white man's visit. He was quite ready to trade, and he saw clearly that the advantage lay on his side, so that John would be more or less compelled to accept any price offered.

Wills, however, did not give in so easily as Mahomed bin Ali expected. Two full days of haggling ensued—swearing, blustering days—with the two bargainers sitting in the Arab's house and bluffing like a couple of poker-players.

"Effendi," said Mahomed bin Ali at last, "I am a poor man. I have many mouths to feed."

"Mahomed," returned John, "you are richer than any white man in Nambol. It is true that you have many mouths to feed, but they do not cost you anything. Your women do all the work."

"Effendi," the Arab went stolidly, "the Ittis, to whom I sell the ivory, are hard men. They give me a very small price."

"Mahomed," countered John, "if you will not give me the price I now ask, the matter is at an end. I will find someone else to buy the ivory."

The Arab thought for a moment. Then he rose to his feet and, with a gesture of some dignity, held out his hand.

"Effendi, no more shall be said," he declared. "I accept your price. May Allah assist us!"

John took the outstretched hand in his own.

"You are a hard bargainer, Mahomed," he said, "but I think you will carry out your undertaking."

The next day Wills returned to his camp, accompanied by Mahomed bin Ali and a reliefe of porters to take away the ivory already hidden in the forest. The tusks were weighed on the rough scales which the Arab had brought, the value calculated, the agreed-upon price paid over. Then Mahomed went his way and John returned to his hunting, happy in the knowledge that a sure market for his ivory was now established.

For two years the agreement between John and Mahomed bin Ali worked satisfactorily. With part of the money derived from the sale of the ivory, John joined an old South African friend, Billy Adams, by name, in a cattle-trading business, which was prospering well. The only fly in his ointment was that a steady flow of new settlers was entering the Protectorate. Soon, he realized, his hunter's paradise would be invaded. Then it would be good-bye to elephant shooting.

Already the vanguard of land-seekers was appearing; the trip on which he was now engaged would probably be his last in this district. Furthermore, Wills had been warned, unofficially, by his old school-friend, Dick Norcross, the constable at Kalomo, where John made his headquarters, that the Game Warden was on his tracks and was only waiting to obtain conclusive evidence before charging him under the game ordinance.

Since before sun-up John had been on the trail of a big bull elephant, which he had badly wounded late on the previous evening. The spur was easy to follow, and sundry signs showed that his quarry was not far ahead. The wind, always variable in the forest, was momentarily favourable, and John, followed by his gun-bearer, carrying his second rifle, moved rapidly along the well-defined track of the wounded beast.

Suddenly the "boy" stopped dead and signalled to Wills to do the same. They listened intently, and presently heard the peculiar rumbling noise that elephants make. Neither could see anything in the dense undergrowth, though the animal could not be more than a few yards away. John and the gun-bearer stood absolutely still.

The slight breeze, which had been blowing in their faces, faded away, and complete calm ensued. Then, as he stoop peering into the bush, John felt a coolness on the back of his neck. At once the elephant got the scent, and with a scream of rage and pain charged down on its pursuers. John caught one glimpse of its upraised trunk and open mouth. He discharged one barrel of his .500 Express straight into the beast's face, causing it to swerve; the other barrel he fired behind its shoulder as it rushed past. The elephant crashed a few yards into the bush, sunk gently to its knees, and then rolled slowly over.

Quickly the hunter seized his second rifle and cautiously approached the fallen beast. The second bullet, however, had gone through its heart, and the old tusker's days were done.
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pounds—six thousand quid safely stowed away in Durban, eight thousand rupees in Calambo, and this last lot buried in the forest till Mohammed is ready for it. If I want any more ivory I suppose I shall have to go to the Congo for it. Anyhow, I can always make a good living in the cattle business with old Billy Adams.

The sound of approaching natives' voices roused him from his reverie, and he sat up. To his astonishment—and somewhat to his consternation—the first person he saw was Dick Norcross, the burling young policeman from Kalambo.

"Hello! Dick," he cried. "What the dickens are you doing here?"

"You know as well as I do, John," replied the policeman, grimly. "I warned you, but you wouldn't listen. Now I've got to pinch you, you fool!"

"All right, old man," returned Wills, calmly, "You've copped me! There's the evidence in front of you; but I don't suppose even the Game Warden will want the whole caravan!"

"No ill-will, John; it's a rotten job to have to arrest an old school pal," continued Norcross.

The constable gave orders for the tasks to be brought to his camp, which he had made alongside John's, on the banks of the river, and the two men walked off amiably together.

"It supposes you will collate those tasks when you've used them as evidence?" remarked Wills.

"Anyhow, they can't prove more than this one against me, though they'll probably think a whole lot!"

"I shan't give you away more than I can help, John," replied Norcross. "Personally, I don't see why you shouldn't shoot as many elephants as you like in this out-of-the-way spot. Now that settlers are coming in, the elephants will go away."

They joined up the two camps, and captor and captive sat down to their evening meal together, afterwards discussing the local news by the campfire.

The trek to Kalambo was accomplished at a leisurely pace. Each night, as the two friends sat together, the talk would inevitably turn to elephant-hunting and John's manifold experiences. Dick was quite frankly envious of his friend's adventures, and often regretted the humdrum life he led in the police. By the time they reached Kalambo, indeed, the policeman would gladly have changed places with his prisoner, in spite of the charge hanging over him.

The news of John's arrest had reached Kalambo some time before the arrival of his safari. When the procession entered the only street of the little town, Wills was received with loud cheers by his friends, who had all turned out to meet him. Cries of: "Good old John!" and "Down with the Game Warden!" greeted him as he walked with Norcross to the magistrate's office. The crowd fell in behind them, and there was quite an imposing assembly when John went into the office to be formally charg- ed.

His partner, Billy Adams, was waiting, ready to deposit the bail as soon as the amount was fixed. The accused was then released until the Judge should arrive the following week.

The next few days were spent quietly by John in discussing new cattle deals with Billy. Their last few ventures had proved very successful, the advent of fresh settlers having created a ready market for even. Billy was anxious for his partner to give up ivory-hunting, on the ground that it was played out; moreover, his help was needed for the more legiti- mate business of cattle-trading.

"All right, Billy," said John. "I'll quit it for a bit; but I won't make any rash promises. They say, 'Once an elephant-hunter always an elephant-hunter.' I've done better than most of them, and I'm still alive. I'll come with you for six months, anyway."

In due course the day of the trial arrived. The magistrate's court was made an imposing as a bare,
corrugated-iron room can be, and extra benches were
provided.
Long before the appointed hour the court was
crowded to suffocation, the town having apparently
decided to public holiday. The entrance of the pri-
soner, escorted by a white policeman, was the signal
for shouts of encouragement from his friends. These
were promptly silenced by the police inspector.
All the spectators rose as the Judge, clad in his
red robes and wearing his wig, entered the court.
Everybody liked the Judge, who was a first-class
sportsman as well as a just and capable official.
After a few preliminary questions by the Judge
to the clerk of the court, the police-inspector read
the indictment, charging John Will with shooting
an elephant without a licence, contrary to the regu-
lations of the game ordinance.
"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the Judge.
"Not guilty, your Honour," said John, firm-
ly.
Dick Norcross, looking very smart and self-con-
scious, then went into the witness-box, where he
read off his evidence, which he had obviously learnt
by heart.
John listened carefully to the statement. When
it was finished he asked if he would like to put
any questions to the witness.
"Did you see me shoot the elephant?" he ask-
ed.
"No," replied the witness.
"How do you know it did not die of old age?" asked John.
A ripple of laughter—promptly suppressed—ran
through the court.
"I saw two bullet-holes in the carcase, one in
front and one in the shoulder." "You're sure that one was in front?" "Yes." "Whereabouts?" "In the head." "That's all I want to ask, your Honour," said
John, and Norcross, sweating at every pore, stepped
down from the box.
"That is all the evidence I propose to call, your
Honour," said the prosecutor. "Is it a perfectly
straightforward case?"
"Have you anything to say in your defence?"
asked the Judge, turning to Wills.
"Yes, your Honour," replied John. "I was walk-
ing through the forest, looking at the trees with a
view to obtaining a timber concession from the Gov-
ernment when I heard a crashing in the under-
growth. A huge fierce animal appeared. I knew at
once, from picture-books, that it was an elephant. I
stood rooted to the spot in terror. Determined to
sell my life dearly, I raised the rifle, which by chance
I was carrying, and pulled the trigger. The elephant
made a horrid noise. I was so frightened that I
fired again as it passed. By ill-luck I hit it in the
heart and the poor beast died."
A gale of laughter swept through the court. It
was only stopped by the Judge, himself chuckling
with mirth, declaring that he would clear the room
unless order were restored.
When quiet reigned once more the Judge, en-
deavouring to put on his most serious air, said—
"Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with a
serious offence under the game ordinance. There
has been a great deal of ivory-poaching in this col-
ony, and it is going to be stopped. Your plea of
self-defence I do not for one moment accept. It can
be ruled out. I shall not inflict the full penalty,
but I shall pass on you a sentence which I hope will
be instrumental in bringing home to you the enorm-
ity of your offence. That sentence is six months'
inimprisonment with hard labour or a fine of five
thousand rupees."
The audience gasped with astonishment. To
them it seemed a terrible punishment for what was,
in their view, a very minor offence.
"Will you pay the fine or go to prison for six
months?" asked the Judge, casually, as if the answer
were a foregone conclusion.
"I'll do the six months, your Honour." "What?" gasped the Judge. "You can't. We've
nothing to pay you!"
"Well, your Honour, I can't pay the fine." The Judge looked embarrassed. He sat consid-
ering, while a buzz of conversation ran through the
court unchecked.
"Look here, Willy," said the Judge, quietly,
after a minute's thought, "how much can you pay?"
"I might manage fifteen hundred rupees, your
Honour, if some of my papa will help." "I'll guarantee that amount, Judge," said Billy
Adams, standing up in his place.
"I will accept that," announced the Judge. "Your
sentence now reads: 'Six months' imprisonment with
hard labour or a fine of fifteen hundred rupees.
The money to be paid into court within twenty-four
hours. You are released from custody.'" The Judge rose and John stepped from the dock
amid loud and prolonged cheers from the specta-
 tors.
Hundreds of offers of drinks were shouted at
him, but he managed to get away from the crowd
at last, promising to join them later, and went off
with Billy Adams to their joint establishment. As
soon as they were seated, they filled their mugs.
Each took a long pull.
"That was a great idea of yours, Billy," cried
John enthusiastically. "You saved me three thou-
sand and five hundred rupees. I suggest that we put
this money into the next cattle deal and go halves. What
do you say?"
"Billy gropped John's hand. "It's a bargain," he said. "I know I suggest-
ed the idea; but I should never have had the nerve
to carry it out. Suppose they had put you 'inside'
for six months? What then?"

PRE-EMINENCE

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Impressions of Brazil

By BURNETT WEBSTER

T was at the moment before sunrise that I had my first view of Para, or Belem, a city lying on the bank of the Para river a tributary of the Amazon. The eastern sky was a shimmering gleam of pastel shades of pink and cream deepening into hues of gold, and in the foreground stretched a continuous forest silhouetted against the scintillating horizon with all the intricacy of the finest tracery. This picture of serene peace and beauty was further enhanced by the pagentry of numerous fishing boats gliding along the glassy surface of the river with sails of indigo blue, of crimson and of saffron, and in the bow of each there flickered a faint glow like the fairy lamps that adorn a gala scene.

A few hours later, after all the red tape and bother that awaited one entering a new port had been gone through, I made my way in a ramshackle old taxi and in the company of a customs official, who carefully guarded my one suitcase, along nine kilometres of very bumpy roads to the city of Para where new beauties awaited the stranger. There were boulevards with trees beautifully trimmed like umbrellas, whose fresh green foliage surprised one for a place only two degrees south of the equator. Everywhere one saw attractive buildings, old and new, and shops with the queenest curios sufficient to delight the heart of any tourist. And there were superbly broad pavements reveling in the shade of vaulted avenues, whose dignified arches reached a height of sixty to seventy feet.

The taxi drew up at the hotel where a room had been reserved for me. I was on the point of alighting when I saw a person coming out of the hotel entrance. A start, a sign of recognition on both our faces and I rushed and grasped his hand. "My God—how strange—Peter!"—were the only words of extreme surprise I could utter for a moment. He couldn't remember my name and even his surname was a blank to me. Then it all came back. Peter had been up at Oxford during my first year and it was over three years ago in a place over four thousand miles away that I last saw him. I had never forgotten the breakfast—Brazilian equivalent to our luncheon—I learned the reason of his unexpected appearance in such an obscure corner of the globe and was introduced to other chaps, who proved to be on the same mission as himself.

They were all English, mostly Etonians and in the early twenties. I knew that Peter Fleming—good as his full name—had been noted for his extreme versatility and ability at Oxford, where he was president of the O. U. B. S. as well as an active member and Editor of the J.E.B., and had gone down in the same year from the Varsity with a first class honours degree in English; but I was somewhat taken aback when I learnt that now he was a member of an expedition, which had braved the wilds and hardships of exploring the Matto Grosso, a state special "Times" correspondent for the expedition; Roger Pettitward, an artist, Robert Churchward of the Coldstream Guards and Neville Priestley, who happens to be well known in Jamaica. The objects of the British Matto Gross Expedition were to explore unknown rivers and territories in central Brazil and to discover information about the disappearance of Colonel Fawcett.

Starting in June of this year in Rio de Janeiro, the expedition went to São Paulo whence it travelled by means of cars and lorries to Leopoldina do Araguaia. This last trip though only about 1,200 kilometres took three long and arduous weeks owing to the outbreak in São Paulo of a revolution, which was to cause many future unpleasanties to the expeditionaires.

From Leopoldina they went in two shallow canoes or ubas and with a few Indian guides, up the river Araguaia, which is but little known to geographers, until they came to its junction with the river Itaparacú. This last river has never before been properly explored. In fact parts of it are totally unknown—and it was here that the expedition encountered particular difficulties. Owing to the dryness of the rivers—we must remember that it was (Continued on Page 106)

MR. BURNETT WEBSTER, B.A., OXON.

MR. Burnett Webster, son of Mr. J. S. Webster of the well-known firm of J. S. Webster & Son, paid a visit to the other West Indian Islands and to Brazil. Mr. Webster had a most interesting time in Brazil, that huge country of some thirty million inhabitants where the population is in some respects like that of Jamaica in that it consists of white, black and mixed blood people, with a certain percentage of pure Indians.

In the accompanying article Mr. Webster gives to readers of "Planters' Punch" some of his impressions of a Brazilian city and its surroundings, which he visited in October, 1932.

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Impressions of Brazil
(Continued from Page 165)

the Brazilian winter—the explorers had to push their low but long dugout canoes over sandbanks and fallen trees for more than one hundred miles. But reward came in the end for they discovered a new tributary of the Jaguarapé which Halliday made contact with the Jaguarapé Indians, who proved most friendly.

These huge children of Nature dubbed the Brazilian "ichicando" which means friend, companion, or anything which signifies bon alliance. They were excellent marksmen with their bows, and caught many a fish thus for the amusement and more material pleasure of the newcomers, with whom they delighted to clap shoulders and exchange other signs of good will.

Unfortunately, such friendliness on the part of the native tribe is not to be extended to the members of the expedition at every stage of their progress. For on their advance into the Chavante country, which has hitherto been absolutely unexplored, the Indian tribes of that part proved most hostile. It seems that these Indians are as aloof in their friendship as Nature is to them of size, for they are of small stature. After a few days spent in exploration here, the expedition was forced to retreat its trunks and to return down the Jaguarapé river owing to the lack of supplies and heavy rains, which started to break, and to the desertion of two of its Indian guides, who were afraid to venture further.

The Jaguarapé must have been a most thrilling river for these seekers after adventure. It was teeming with sting-rays, which wallowed in its dark and muddy bed and Yaguanos—a man-eating fish— which only lurked for the sign of blood to make a lightning-like dash and a fierce snap, which sent a dart of anguish to the very heart of its prey. However, these same rapids and terror proved excellent victims for the anglers. It was only necessary to cast a bit of raw meat, slap the water twice or thrice with it and wait a few seconds for a tug which would assure the sportman of a catch.

In addition to these there were numerous Otters, the Serpent animals which the river harbours. Some of them grow to a length of over six feet, a size unknown to zoological gardens and it was a lamentable misfortune that the two Otter cubs which Neville Priestley caught, died before they could be handed over to some zoo. Amongst the alligators also, there seemed to have been no birth control exercised. For Neville informed me that one

night while they were camping on the sandy river bank, he flushed a light on to the water and saw its rays reflected in twelve forty eyes, and even then he did not trouble to count them all. It certainly would not be pleasant to be seeing double on the wide and exposed banks of the Jaguarapé. However, these same alligators seemed quite tame and were absolutely undisturbed either in their daily swim or by the approach of strangers.

Journeying down to the mouth of the Jaguarapé the expedition, which was now paddling its own oars, proceeded to Cenexico where a pilot and a special crew of Indians were taken aboard to navigate the rapids of Cachoeira Grande. These were reputed to be the steeps and most hazardous rapids known to civilized man. Some idea of the force of the current can be gained by the fact that it took the expedition one hour to descend the rapids—a distance of five leagues or thirty kilometres—whereas it takes a motor launch, aided with ropes from the banks, eight days to ascend them. As the Amerindians would say "That's sure was some fast going."

Soon after passing the rapids they came to the junction of the Tocantines and Arapuás rivers and it was only on approaching Taparau that the rapids started to break seriously. From Taparau the expedition proceeded down the Tocantins or Pura (Continued on Page 107)

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- - Russia

"In a great many directions, everyday existence in Russia is for the mass of Russians pretty much the same as before." This is a statement that will be challenged by nine people out of ten. But it is made by a journalist of world-wide reputation, and it certainly rings true. It may be attributed to lack of knowledge, but because, as he says, nothing can suddenly alter the habits of a nation. The statement is made by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, who was war correspondent of "The Daily Mail" during the Great War, and who is now visiting the Russian of the Czars, able to make a comparison with the Russia of today.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, has, however, in an article in the "New York Times," given one instance in which Russia is not only different from what it was before but is different from every other country under the sun. This refers to the matter of books and reading—and in particular to the producers of books for reading, namely the authors.

Contrary to general opinion there is a very large sale of books. Everyone who studies the streets, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe writes, notes not only big towns but even in little ones, is struck by the number of bookshops. And if you go into them, you would be as surprised as I was by the number of buyers. This is something entirely new. The reading class in the old days was small. Now there is a passion for knowledge among a widespread class. You can verify this if you look at the books which are being bought by the simpler kind of consumer. They are books for the most part which convey information. Therefore, the best-sellers are not novels, but authors who serve up facts—or what pass for facts—in a pleasant, easily digested form.

"There would be an immense sale for Wells's "Outline of History.""—If Wells would agree to rewrite its view of the Communist Party chiefs. What the new class of reader wants is to be told all that has happened in the past and what is going on to-day—and the Government sees that the telling is done so as fit in with the doctrines of Marx and Stalin.

From the ideal point of view this is bad. The argument used in favour of it is that, practically, nothing else is at present possible. Of course, there are many Russian writers who chafe under the limitations set to their freedom of expression. Few of them suggest that liberty of opinion would work well (this may be due to caution). Whether they were Communists or not, their view seemed to me to be that the enthusiasm for the new order, including education, can be kept up only by making everyone think along the same lines. And they want education to continue because it provides them with an enormous reading public.

Not in the towns alone, but in the villages, one sees the effect it has already had. I can remember when it was rare to find anyone in a remote village, excepting the priest and maybe the moneylender, who could read and write. There are many peasants in that condition still, and town-workers too. But they are becoming the exceptions. They are rid of the feeling of being behind the rest of the world. Now it is a hurdle to catch up. Not the young only; many of the middle-aged and even old people are making pathetic efforts to turn the alphabet so that they may improve their minds.

If the simple books are, therefore, those which sell best. Fiction is not in great demand. Poetry "pays well, if it is directed to "useful ends." Let me give an example. Near Nishul-Novgorod is a tractor factory which, at the time of my visit to it, was in a state of disorders. It was turning out scarcely any tractors. Then it was shown leaflets which had been distributed by the thousand. On these were very distinctive a spirit of Betamenski, a robber, a murderer, a scribbler, but a man of wide repute. The verses satisfied the foreseeing of the workers. Hung at them on the "champions" and called upon the "shock brigades" to show them how work ought to be done.

There are no private publishing houses. There is a public corporation, which does all the publishing. It has its readers, who may make mistakes and reject works of genius, but they know very well the kind of books that are wanted. They take good care to recommend nothing that could be suspected of "free-thinking," or that would cast doubt on the perfection of the Communist regime.
ODD BITS

Girl at Football Game (watching huddle on the field)—"There they're at it again! I do hope Bill won't repeat that story I told him last night."

A smile cannot be bought, begged, borrowed or stolen, for it is something that is of no value to anyone until it is given away. Some people are too tired to give you a smile. Give them one of yours, as none needs a smile so much as he who has no more to give.

Mrs. O'Reilly—Good morning, Mrs. Murphy. I ain't seen your old man lately. Wot took him off?
Mrs. Murphy—A seizure.
Mrs. O'Reilly—Dear, dear, you never say. Wot was it—sort?
Mrs. Murphy—No, my dear—police.

MET HIS MATCH

Visitor—"I hear you've lost your parrot that used to swear so terribly."
Hostess—"Yes, poor dear, we found him dead on the golf links."

HEARD AT THE NAVY CREW RACE

Hiddy—"I suppose you've been in the navy so long that you are accustomed to sea legs?"
Middy—"Lady, I wasn't even looking."

Personal—"A young woman, to whom black is particularly becoming, would like to meet a gentleman in poor health; object—widowhood."

A LONG WAIT

"My dad, who deals in beef and hogs, says trade has tumbled to the dogs; my grandpa notes the world's worn cogs, and says we're going to the dogs. His grand-dad in his house of hogs, swore things were going to the dogs. The coveyman in his queer skin coat, said things were going to the dogs. But this is what I wish to state: the dogs have had an awful wait."

They had been married only a year and were very much in love with each other. Upon the young husband's return home one evening the young wife coyly snuggled into his arms, and hiding her blushing face on his shoulder softly whispered: "Oh dear, I have such a wonderful something to tell you. Soon—soon—there is someone coming, and then there will be three in our home."

"My precious one! Are you sure of this being true?"

"Oh, sure! Mother is coming to pay us a long visit."

A woman was having the upper rooms of her house painted and she fancied that the painter was slacking on the job.

"Painter, are you working?" she shouted at the foot of the stairs.

"Yes, ma'am," came the reply.

"I can't hear you."

"Well, do yer think I'm putting it on with a hammer?"

Jim—"So you are to be operated on, eh?"

Jan—"Yes, Doc said he wants to take out my appendix, but I think what he really wants to get out of me is a new car."
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