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Kingston, Jamaica
A Born Leader

LADY DENHAM is the youngest Governor's wife Jamaica has had for very many years; indeed we have to go back very far to find any "First Lady of the Land" of a corresponding youthfulness.

Her graciousness of manner is known to everyone who has any acquaintance with her; pleasantness and courtesy are natural to her. But other qualities show themselves also. There is about her a firmness indicating strength of character, a directness which shows that she has her mind fixed upon definite objects and has resolved upon reaching these without any unnecessary circumlocution. These qualities indeed are indicated in her cultured but quite definite tone of voice, in her statements, in her very walk. Thus one easily understands, in dealing with Lady Denham, that she is of those born with a natural capacity for leadership, that she takes to leadership as something to which she is entitled by personal qualifications apart altogether from position.

In British Guiana she gained the reputation of being a very able organiser. She had not been one month in Jamaica before she set herself to enquire into the working of every institution with which she was asked to become connected. She attended meetings, and some of these meetings sometimes lasted for two hours. This was rather long, but it was noticed that she was enquiring into every detail, making herself familiar with facts which she believed she ought to know, perhaps also studying quietly the character of those with whom she would have to deal, semi-consciously if not of set purpose. Such a personality may be apt to be a little overpowering, and thus creative of antagonism or opposition, if it be not informed with a genuine graciousness and a true if unobtrusive geniality. But that is where the other aspects of Lady Denham's temperament come so happily to her assistance. For her pleasantness, and, let the truth be confessed, her good looks, constitute a charm that wins friendship and a willing co-operation.

Before Lady Denham came to Jamaica she had been, of course, in other tropical countries. As she herself said one day: "All my life I have been steadily going west." But the westering she has made has been towards larger fields of social endeavour and, we may add, greater opportunities for winning that admiration she so fully deserves. She does not know Ceylon. She had not become our Governor's wife while he was in the Colonial Service of that island. But she has been in Kenya, Gambia and British Guiana; and though Kenya and Gambia have each a larger population than Jamaica it is not quite the same kind of population, and neither has been a British colony for two hundred and fifty years. Neither, too, has developed socially as Jamaica has done. British Guiana, so considerable in area, has but little more than three hundred thousand people, and the men who would be amongst its chief leaders, the great sugar factory owners, live mainly outside of the colony. In Jamaica we have a somewhat complex society; at any rate nothing by any means so simple as one finds in Gambia. Our interests are various, our critical faculty is certainly developed, there is a respectable number of interests in this country, the field of endeavour for a Governor and his wife may therefore be considered large in the sense that it has so many aspects; there will always be plenty for Lady Denham to do, and that is of course as she desires it to be.

For she would not be happy in attending only to social functions during the season at King's House. She does that admirably; but one who is a worker, with knowledge, capacity and a belief in her own efficiency, must always wish for spheres of labour not of a merely domestic character or connected with entertaining only; she must, in a word, crave for opportunities for fulfilling functions requiring organisation and leadership. These opportunities are to be found in Jamaica to a greater degree, we think, than in any of the colonies of which His Excellency Sir Edward Denham has been Governor or Acting Governor.

But suppose Lady Denham were not the Governor's wife? She would still be a worker. And she would still be a leader. She would rise to the latter position automatically; even if she were not the titular head of a movement she would inevitably be one of the most important factors in it; perhaps, from the point of view of regulation and achievement, the principal factor. For it is of the very essence of efficiency that consciously or unconsciously it seeks realisation; and, however strong may be human jealousy, the tools go to those who can use them. But Lady Denham has no jealousy to fear in Jamaica. She is liked by the people of Jamaica; even by those who know her only by sight. The liking of the latter is inspired by her physical endowments; and one is not sure that, in a woman, a fine appearance is not after all the chief element in the winning of popularity. It was a face that launched a thousand Grecian ships against the City of Troy. A woman, endowed with grace, good looks and a charming manner, a lady, too, of high position, cannot but be an outstanding influence anywhere.

LADY DENHAM

Photo by Lafayette
From Legs to Wings

Development of our Means of Transportation

Some miles were bred here, and I seem to see a few heavy Spanish carriages lumbering along the rough ways and streets of Spanish Town, then St. Jago de la Vega, those were of no use on what then served as country roads. The trail from the carriages then which lumbered over the better roads, squeaking and jolting and progressing at a painful pace from point to point.

All this has long since been changed completely.

Stand for a moment in what used to be the centre of Kingston, on the western side of the Victoria or Central Park. It is the scene of a busy day, and a great crowd of people are assembled here, some of them stationary, others in constant motion. To the west stretch long lines of buses dispensed wares of various kinds, and along the road, along this thoroughfare, and pushing with a care through the thronging pedestrians, are trucks, carts drawn by horses, carts drawn by men, and little contraptions (once known as koggelhosses or donkey buses) drawn by a single horse and looking today like quaint survivals from another era. There may be another kind of commerce seen even in Kingston, but common enough still in the country roads though slowly disappearing. This is an ox cart, a walk drawn by six or eight oxen in double rows, these beasts of call plod steadily along, slow, ponderous, hauling a burden, the only inadequate to what you would take to be the strength of the animals did you not know that oxen are not nearly as strong as they seem. Surely the impatient hoots of a horn is heard, then another and still another. Huge vehicles, one painted red, another painted blue and still another, forcing their way through obstructions to the front. These are the motor buses, in some of them twenty passengers or more; and these may have come, as far as away as Spanish Town or even Pamplemous. But as they all emerge on Orange Street, they cut across this street, up and down, flow streams of vehicular traffic as well of crowds of pedestrians and larger than anything else that is going, mingling their songs and driven by alert and uniformed men, are the transmorses of the Public Service Company, running upon their double tracks, each with its quota of people.

Country women, too, either riding on their donkeys or guiding them with ropes and voices behind, boys and men pushing along tiny wooden boxes in the interiors of which are ice-cream buckets or the apparatus for making what are locally known as "snowballs." And still other carts are there in which are cakes and patties and the like, most of them bearing the painted exclamation to "Stop me and Buy One." So the old and the new methods of transportation meet at this spot, as indeed they meet at so many other places within in Jamaica, and there is always also the railway system. A man and a medley of means of transportation, in which the past rubs shoulders with the increasingly triumphant present.

There will always be different means of transportation. The railway will endure for ages to come, though eventually steam-propelled engines will give place to some other form of motor locomotive. The horse (as has been hinted above) will never disappear entirely, one does not see the donkey utterly out of the picture on our roads. But the internal combustion engine will largely provide the motive power used in island transportation in the years to come, as indeed
In the twelve months ending June 30th, 1931, it carried 1,850,289 passengers. Mules power was employed to draw the cars, two strong mules to each car, these being hauled by sturdy drivers armed with long whips. In the streets of Kingston, along with these cars piled "swells" for hire. These buses carried three passengers and a driver, and were

The tramway was a success from the beginning. At the end of about eight months after it commenced operations it had carried 833,320 passengers, pulled about, each, by one horse. They were frail vehicles, but they were aristocratic as compared with the democratic mule-drawn tramcar. As a rule, only one or two persons travelled in them at a time, and it became a sort of custom that if one person occupied with a bus no stranger should share the express permission of the original traveller. But in the trams of Kingston aristocrats as well as democrats travelled, all sitting cheek by jowl and not only sharing a cheaper mode of transportation but a quicker one also; for mules pulling a car upon steel rails could make better progress than a horse and buggy rumbling over ruts, ill-graded streets.

The tramway was a success from the beginning. At the end of about eight months after it commenced operations it had carried 833,320 passengers.

No one thought of the possibility of this tramway system changing. Mules and steam were considered the last word in urban transportation, and of course the situation would remain much the same. Suddenly came the proposal that the local tramway was going to be changed. It was going to be transformed by a Canadian organization which should run the tramcars by means of electric power. The transformation was effected, and, though there were many in Kingston who talked about a "new era" in popular urban travel, there were others who prophesied grimly that any number of disasters would be the consequence of this electric car. They foresaw a hundred times the ancient sound of singing the air of their song is forgotten, the words have survived, and yet no nonsense won't do for me. Someone is dying these days.

The West India Electric Company had also acquired the electric lighting rights of Kingston, and it was the turn of the 1890s.

It was not clear whether those who were to die all the time would be pedestrians going under the wheels of the new trams, or the labourers who were earning one shilling and sixpence per day at a job that at any rate would be steady for a while. But whatever the meaning of the song, the song itself encouraged muscular endeavour, and the network of lines grew and spread, and presently Papine became as near to Kingston as Halfway Tree had been, and the Rockfort Gardens were brought within easy distance of King Street, and land which had been in the past prior to the extension of the tramway now began to develop into townships; and it did not seem that, after all, the new system would not drive away the holocaust of victims prophesied.
Manager lives in Jamaica. With a practically perpetual franchise for electric lighting in the city, and an electric railway system, it must be regarded as a permanent local institution; the question that interests Jamaicans is its future and its relation to the transportation companies and individuals, and especially to the general public.

NC stands in Harbour Street, King Street or in Victoria Avenue and watches the trams go by. Sometimes they are packed, ordinarily they are half full, at times they are almost empty. But they must run. This public transport organisation which observes its schedule time or there will be trouble. Its fares are regulated by law; it must not abandon any route prescribed and agreed on its own sweet will and pleasure; if a hurracane destroys it, of course it is very properly expected to re-establish its transportation service at early a moment as possible. Yet this progress in terms of speed since the Jamaica electric tramway system was established, and what was looked upon as remarkable swiftness at the beginning of this century is regarded as at best but moderate velocity in these days: the criterion is the electric motor and the still swifter aeroplane, the latest word in the way of speed.

Yet tramways are not obsolete in even the greatest cities. You see tramcars on the Embankment of London to-day, they crash and thunder along some of the principal thoroughfares of New York City, they ply continuously in the narrow streets of Birmingham.

They are the pride and boast of Glasgow. They will all disappear in time, but that time is not immediate; meanwhile the internal combustion engine which propels the automobile and the motor truck has been placed within huge constrictions known as the motor bus and motor coach, and these require no steel tracks on which to run. With the result that many a little motor bus company has sprung up in Jamaica, as many a great motor company sprang up previously in England, and to-day, in Kingston especially, we have keenly competitive systems in existence.

For the Public Service Company is an owner and operator of motor buses also; these run along certain routes, serving Kingston as well as rural and Lower St. Andrew neighbourhoods. The service companies sometimes use the same routes as well as others. The private companies operate motor buses in other parts of Jamaica, from Kingston to distant towns on the north, on the west and the east sides of the island. There are in competition with the trucks, though it is doubtful whether the same class of people that use the trucks utilise these buses or coaches. The motor bus, too, as well as the trucks are in competition with the Jamaica Railway. There is a lively rivalry everywhere. If the fighters fall out another comes to take its place. Perhaps if the patient donkey ever learned to know which is occurring around him, and the disappearing male and horse also, and the phlegmatic ox, may say that in their palmiest day there never was between them a struggle for existence. But the donkey would probably declare that its may come, and buses may go, but I go on for ever.” For the donkey will never entirely disappear.

But speed is the order of the day, speed off the rails as well as on the rails: rubber rules, and the officer who will make his power now developed from gasoline may be utilizing some other yet undreamt of power in the future. Speed will move more and more be applied to conveyances which will be cheap and commodious, and which to be cheap must carry more than four or five people at a time. Most of our transportation will and must be on firm land for the next fifty years at least, if not indeed forever. The air will not play in that interval of half a century the predominant part it fills. But here is a difficulty; all these various forms of transportation complicate that they make but little or no profit. The unfortunate taxman can do but ill unless passenger traffic is frequent, even though not continuous. The drayman knows he is destined to fade away at last, as indeed he has been steadily doing in the past controversy. It was taken over by the Government, then transferred to a foreign Syndicate, then taken back by the Government at a heavy loss: it has been extended here and there; it will demand, spoken of as a liability; yet no one could hear of its abandonment. Nevertheless, it has been bought against truck and bus competition on the highways parallel to which it runs. It has brought this matter up against Aigas is the transportation controversy upon us.

What about the competition in Kingston and elsewhere? It is not to be imagined for a moment that private companies will arbitrarily be pushed off the roads and forbidden to operate, thus suffering heavy capital and other loss. No one has ever suggested such a thing. But there is a technical one which is now being applied elsewhere to certain forms of internal commerce, and also to the problem of bus transportation, on sea as well as land. The J a m a i c a transportation problem as it will affect the several local manufacturing industries. How? That is a question that is yet to be answered but has not been insistently put in Jamaica yet. It has hardly even been asked. In London, however, such a problem has been in existence and tackled; thus one reads on June 28th, 1932, the newly created London Passenger Transport Board took over practically all the transport facilities within thirty miles of Charing Cross. Henceforth, all of these are to be managed by a single undertaking so as to provide an adequate, efficient and co-ordinated system of transport service for the millions in and about the world’s metropolis. In London there are buses and coaches, tramways, underground railways, and the suburban lines of the great English Railway companies. These were once in compeition with one another; their management is now transferred to a single body, an organisation set up under the law, and arrangements have been made whereby one form of transportation co-ordinates with another, thus facilitating their integration.

The Jamaican Government Railway, for example, carried 492,980 passengers in 1932-34, the Public Service Company 53,750,352 in their trams in 1934, and 467,518 in their motor buses; but, of course, the Railway’s passenger traffic is not very far from the parallel. For example; other English speaking countries will study that example. One American authority has told his American readers that “the London experiment merits attention”; and that it will be brought to Japan, where it becomes more sensible for a better co-ordinated system of transportation service.

Meanwhile there is a form of transportation which perishes and has hitherto, happily, defied competition. On the docks of Kingston or of Bow- den one still sees the ‘helter-skelter’ or ‘battering ship’ holds on their heads. A primitive system no doubt, but it gives these labourers a living, and with their legs and their heads they make good against even the modern machinery.
Col. Inspector General Wright

Colonel the Hon. O. P. Wright, Inspector General of Police—no, I forget, he is not honourable, but he is in the Legislative Council of Jamaica, although he occupies one of the seats of the Minority. But by compliment he is a Colonel, as all Inspectors of Police are supposed to be, but Mr. O. P. Wright, head of the Constabulary Department, never does not know why the title of Colonel should be prefixed to his name. Yet as all Inspector Generals of Jamaica have been Colonels, anyone in Jamaica will be justified in addressing him as Colonel Wright; though I would suggest that they should never call him Col. Wright.

Wrighty is the same by which he was known to his friends before he was elevated to his present position. In strict privacy, he is still spoken of as Wrighty; but you cannot very well call an Inspector General "Wrighty" in public; it would not sound right. There would be a sort of derogation of dignity about such an appellation openly applied (except in "Planting Punch").

No one was more surprised than Wrighty—be it said, I mean Colonel Wright—when it was announced that he had been promoted to be Inspector General of Police. One day Sir Arthur Jeff, the then Colonial Secretary, sent for him and, speaking to him in a studied casual manner, which was intended to arouse in him a thrill of awe, astonishment and gladness, said: "Wrighty, you have been promoted Inspector General." Whereupon the heart of Mr. Wright sank to somewhere in the vicinity of his policeman's shoes, and he envisaged himself being deported to Barbados or the Leeward Islands, or to some far-famed distant country, or to some remote uncivilised land, with whose natives he was totally unfamiliar. He had spent many years in Jamaica that it was his home. He had become Chief of the Kingston Police and loved his work, his environment and general situation. He had reached the age of forty and was a single man: the prospects of exile to the remotest deserts of Grenada, or even to the wild mountain fastnesses of Trinidad, seemed to him to be promotion. He was not a man to lose anything of the nature of bashfulness. With a blank face he looked at Sir Arthur, in a weak voice, very unlike the stern and strikting tones of the Inspector commanding the Police of the Metropolis, asked stammeringly:

"Where am I promoted to?"

"Jamaica," replied Sir Arthur, as though he himself were aware of this island, and Inspector Wright stared at him with incredulous written all over his face.

"You are making fun of me, Sir?" he exclaimed, "you don't mean that.

"So the first thing you do after being promoted to be Inspector General of Police in Jamaica," laughed Sir Arthur Jeff, "is to tell me that I am a fool.

"No, no, of course not, I do not mean that," ejaculated Inspector Wright, "but you are just looking at me in a not uncommon way."

"But this," said Sir Arthur Jeff, handing him the order, "is not the usual way. But, even a Secretary of State for the Colonies, always looks upon himself as being the obedient servant of someone of whom he is the master.

Wright took in his hand the tablets (I mean the documents) and read. He pinched himself to find out whether he was awake or dreaming; then it came to his mind that in a dream he had pinched himself to find out if they dreamed, so that the feel was really quite inadequate. He thought of jarring his leg with one of his spurs, but hastily concluded that such a means of discovering whether he was awake or not would be disastrous if he should really happen to be awake. Spurs are worn, first, as an ornament of the feet, and are supposed to facilitate an arrest; or a Police Inspector may, when dancing with ladies who wear lengthy gowns and delicate silk stockings. Next, they are intended to good horses. Inspector Wright did not feel that he was a lady in a long dress, and he was perfectly certain he was not the custodian of any blue uniform before the police, so not to spur himself. He concluded that if he were in a dream he would wake sometime. So he arose and saluted the Colonial Secretary, and retired from the presence.

It was noticed by those who saw him on that occasion that he walked with a singularly subdued and bewildered demeanor. "Wright must have got the sack," said one of two startled observers. They could not guess from his appearance that Inspector Wright was now a Colonel, the master of the

The Inspector General Maintains Order at All Costs

This page as violently scattering a number of umbrellas who have ventured to disturb the peace and order of our Sovereign Lord the King. But this is the way Wrighty of the earlier Inspector days, hardly the Colonel of the Inspector General, who was always to be expected flashes of the old spirit, and I would warn all small boys to beware of attempting to subvert the Constitution without the Inspector General Wright in the vicinity. He won't have it, he says, he must have order and peace, and he will keep the peace, and in the interest of peace he would give a sword—preferably a stick.

I don't mean the Colonel of course in these days as I did when he was but a little man, and remained far more within the seclusion of his office than he did at a former period of his career. I follow his actions with a good deal of interest; and I have a sort of feeling that he follows mine. (I wish he didn't!) Both he and I may be seen in the words of the hymn,

To shine with a pure and clear light.

Like a little candle burning in the night.

Through the world's too darkness, that first shine,

Wright in his small corner, and I in mine.
We Still Have Bananas To-Day

WHAT sort of leaves did our first parents cover themselves with after they had eaten of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil in the Garden of Eden, and then suddenly discovered that they were looking rather foolish girls in a morning picture show? The Scriptures tell us it was fig leaves, but it is known that the leaves of a fig tree are quite unsuitable for either purpose. In fact, the word fig is used figuratively; and long ago learned theologians, botanists, travelers and the like decided that it was the banana leaf that Adam, and particularly Eve, employed to clothe their persons appropriately so that they should not give scandal to the beasts of the field. Thus Edward Long, in his learned and certainly most lengthy History of Jamaica, Volume III, page 781, (published in 1774), tells us that “the banana resembles the plantain, but has rather a softer, meliever taste, and more appropriate for tarts and fritters. The leaves of this tree are supposed to have furnished our first parents with the undergarment, or apron, mentioned in the Scriptures.”

The banana, therefore, first furnished clothes to man, and especially to woman, and has, mythologically at any rate, a most ancient and honourable lineage. But it has other pious connections also. You may not associate Mr. Sam Zemurray, the present big noise of the United Fruit Company, with religious emotions, nor has Mr. J. G. Kieffer, the Manager of the Jamaican Division of the Company, been especially distinguished for his evangelistic tendencies. Yet both of them stand firmly behind and before the banana, and the old Catholic Spaniards used to assert in speech and writing that the shaded arrangement in the middle of the banana, which you observe much like cheese, is a meeting with a knife, that is, of a Crucifix. Wherefore the Spaniards said that the banana was intended to symbolize the holiest events and facts of Christianity; and so impressed were they by the cruciform shaping of the interior banana roots that they always broke the fruit and never cut it.

But while Adam and Eve clothed themselves with banana leaves, and the conquerors of the New World brought the banana from the Old World as a sort of religious symbol as well as something to eat, we of the existing generation look upon the banana as an article of commerce merely and the earnest argument at sundry public and political meetings. We in Jamaica now think in terms of the banana as once we used to think in terms of sugar; and when a hurricane occurs we never dream of enquiring how many persons may have lost their lives, but that millions of banana trees have been destroyed. It is not that we are inhuman; but we feel that we can better afford to lose a few lives than a few million stems of fruit. For the loss of a few million stems of fruit may eventually mean the loss of many lives, and certainly the loss of many prospective motor cars— which is a matter of serious consideration.

SCRIPTURAL ANCESTRY OF THE FRUIT, AND ITS MORE MODERN HISTORY

NATURALLY, people in Jamaica believe that the banana was always here, and that the variety we now export grew wild in the days when Indians lived among our pleasant places and fed themselves with the fruits of the earth.

This belief is a mistake. Columbus found no banana here, and the food of the aboriginal Indians was chiefly casava and maize, with fish and turtle, when these were captured. Fanny, not a single banana plant to greet the eyes of the Spaniards, though these were already acquainted with the banana in the Canary Islands. They brought banana and plantain roots to these West Indies after a little while, however, and these took kindly to the soil and began to flourish. The plantain was more highly prized, for it was the staple vegetable food—though it is really not a vegetable—of the laboring population.

The banana, which at first was called “bano,” was used to make a fruit drink; also it was fried and converted into a sort of preserve. In other words, it was not taken very seriously; its inferiority to the plantain was accepted as beyond dispute. The plantain was cultivated; the banana grew wild or in peasant patches. It was the cheapest of edibles, and anyone who was compelled to consume a meal of green bananas alone generally concealed that fact, since it indicated that he had sunk to the lowest possible social and economic level.

These bananas were not the kind that we export today. There were three or four varieties here; the commonest being described by Edward Long as “Musa Proucti Breverlii Oogens.” A banana with such a name has to be respected; but apparently it could never have been conveniently exported. It was only in 1836 that a botanist from Martinique, who had settled in Jamaica some sixteen years before, introduced from the former island the banana that is now known as the Gros Michel. This gentleman was John Poynt, who owned a coffee property in St. Andrew, and after paying a visit to his old home he returned to Jamaica with a single banana plant. He deposited it in the soil and watched it grow. During the next twelve months there was no hurricane. So Poynty planted it, the rains watered it, and the Lord gave the increase; and Mr. Poynt cut the first bunch of Gros Michel bananas ever grown in Jamaica and sent it to the Agricultural Society of that time. The Society recognised it as superior to the other varieties with which this island was already familiar; it therefore awarded Mr. Poynt a doubledow for his services to horticulture and the new fruit became known as “Banana-Poynty.” But not for very long. For though, if virtue ever had its reward, the exportable bananas of the present day should be spoken of as Poynty’s, no one now ever hears the name of Poynt associated with the banana. Yet I shall never pass a Poynt without lifting my hat, for to that family, indirectly, Jamaica owes much; and as it is probable that it was from the Banana-Poynt of this country that Cuba and Central America obtained their Gros Michel plants, all generations of Jamaicans, Cubans and Central Americans should rise up and call Poynty blessed.

THAT one banana plant brought here in 1836 represents the beginning of the great banana trade of the Caribbean countries; and everywhere the fruit is known by the same name, banana, and this name is undoubtedly African. Originally the banana spread from Southern Asia; but it is the African apellation that persists. It was almost certainly from Africa, too, that the banana of modern commerce came; the roots were taken by the Portuguese and Spaniards to different parts of the New World, where it was eaten as a fruit or fed to animals, but rather neglected otherwise. There came a day, however, when a certain Captain Lorenzo Dow Baker landed at Port Morant to buy banan— and to get a rum punch— and he preferred to believe that it was more to get a rum punch than to buy bamboo. For though Captain Baker may have had many sins, he was certainly not a Prohibitionist, which is something absolutely awful.

It was in 1879 that Baker stopped at Port Morant, or just 65 years ago. Captain Lorenzo Baker had a little schooner, he was a tough New England sailor. Something—it may have been curiosity, it may have been just a passing idea— induced him to purchase a small quantity of Gros Michel bananas from some small farmers who may have brought them down to sell in the then wretched little country port. I take it that Baker and his crew ate some of these bananas on their way up north; it may even
be that he bought them partly as supplementary food for his men. But he was a shrewd Yankee; he understood the value of people’s "up home" would like the banana. So he took some sahoo, after making a trip of ten or eleven days from Jamaica City, and there he bought custom- ers for his fruit. This set him thinking. He did not know what to do. Then one day, in April 1871, he landed on Port An- tonio, he heard some of his-Latin hucksters, and he asked them what they would give, and he told them he would give the same as it could carry. He took on to Port Antonio a rough passage; but he said to himself, and he talked it over, that in his mind that good money might be made by estab- lishing a regular banana trade between Jamaica and Jamaica and Brazil.

In these days you considered you had made an ex- cellent run if you did the voyage between the United States and this island in fourteen or fifteen six- teen days was the ordinary time taken by a schoon- er. Naturally, in these circumstances, sometimes the fruit would rot, therefore, it is a wonder that after three years of banana trading Baker found himself with more and better schooners than before but on the whole with money lost as a result of his enterprise.

But he was a persistent devil—I beg pardon, I mean that he was a persevering man of God. So he persevered. And he took into partnership his brother-in-law, Mr. Elieha E. Hopkins, whom every man in Jamaica knows or ought to know. At the time that I write these words Mr. Hopkins is still alive, and long may he live amongst us to expose the vitality of Protestant theology and the benefits to the human body of brown bread, of an unpolished rice, although Mr. Hopkins has done much to spread the fame of unpolished rice. He has always been a propagandist, whether of ban- nas, of religious faith, or of some form of food ab- horred by the majority of human beings, or always he had been sincere—an essentially good man. The first time I ever saw him was down in Port Antonio many, many years ago. I was then a lad and not out of a job, and I had heard that in Port An- tonio jobs were to be acquired as easily as stray fingers of bananas. If you only possessed, or at any rate professed, a sufficient degree of piety. So I became pious; borrowed enough money to pay my train fare to Port Antonio, and arrived there one afternoon in time to see Mr. Hopkins arriving at the old office of the Boston Fruit Company, which then stood (if I remember rightly) opposite to the entrance of the wharf and pier now owned by the United Fruit Company. His carriage was drawn by a pair of fox boxes black, and he looked, as I thought, the vehicle Ugley and disappeared upstairs. I could not summon up enough courage to approach so great a man and ask him for a job. So I went to various persons below him, but still influential, and I was told that there were more "dogs than bones," by which It was suggested that the bones were situations and the dogs the people who wanted them and I was.

I obtained no position in Port Antonio. That night I sat on the Boston Fruit Company’s wharf watching the fruit being taken in boats by the little steamers that lay out in the stream, while the bananas carried charges and worked under the strain of their chaff, and the great electric arc-lamps shed a brilliant light upon the scene. I saw men and sky darkened cloudy bartsia in the cordu- ll atmosphere, saw men and women toiling cheer- fully, and I said to myself, "Now this is work that I could do; out from above, and pink, and safir and saffron flesh in the east, when shafts of morning light dispelled the floating mist. All night I watched the work of loading the banana ships; did so because, with not a penny in my pocket, it was impossible that I should seek a lodger for which a price was charged. I was not depressed by my experience then; I rejoice in it to-day, I will to another thrice make not me make an at-eaten. That morning when I left, I felt so no fortunate to go to meet an old friend of mine from whom I bor- rowed the money that would pay my train fare back to King- ston. But often I have wondered since whether, if I had secured a situation with the Boston Fruit Company, I might have been one of its chief shareholders in time. As it was, I took to literature instead of to bananas. Per- haps it is the same.

Bakft and Hopkins became L. D. Baker and Com- pany; but these were buyers and shippers. The bananas taken to Boston were being sold by a Com- mission house which had a certain Andrew Preston. Andrew Preston believed in the bananas, and Captains Baker believed in his President. Preston was impressed by the busi- ness ability and energy of the businessman who sold bananas at first to bars and afterwards in big-

came the United Fruit Company when Preston Bakk- ed up with Milton C. Keih of Costa Rica and Colom- bia. Baker was in the United Fruit Company just as Preston had been in the Boston Fruit Company; and this is true of other members who had connected with the Boston Fruit Company. The United Fruit Company really represented and re- presented a development on a considerable scale in the Boston Fruit Company; the Boston may be said to have been the Chill united, all sixteen within which the child has grown. And just as in grow- ing a man acquires new ideas, new friendships, new knowledge, so the greater organization hurled

into something far bigger than the organizers of the Boston Fruit Company had any conception.

But this development proceeded as a natural consequence of the fruits' enormous energy and ability. When the United Fruit Com- pany came into existence there were over twenty other banana trading companies, or shippers, between the Caribbean countries and America, and these twenty or more were not incorporated in the United Fruit Company; but, you see, we were outside of it. There were only four companies so incorporated, the Boston Fruit Company, what some people call the "mother company," and three companies representing the Minor Keith's in- terest in Central America. I read in one of the many books published on that great period, "prior to 1899, the year of the formation of the United Fruit Company, there was no literature, according to the best available information, not less than one hundred and fourteen companies or firms which engaged in the importation of bananas, the United States." There are several companies even now in existence, but the small importers, financially concerned of the last century had but an ephemeral life; they sprung up and died, or became merged in some larger commercial organization.

Andrew Preston was undoubtedly a man of a great ability in his line. When I came to know him he was old and had become something that believe that morality could be greatly advanced by pity ethically prccepts printed on slips of paper and distributed amongst the masses of the State. In this he showed the American passion for en- deavoring to improve the human heart by plans, but when it came down to business the real Andrew Preston undoubtedly possessed and demon- strated a morality even in old age. He was not likely to talk to the old gentleman about his early struggles. He loved the work he had done and had to do, he never abandoned it until he died. I fancy that in his later days the younger men associated with the United Fruit Company great with him of a old foes; yet it was only after his death that the United Fruit Company fell on evil days. It cer- tainly shows to the credit of the firm that his company was becoming stronger and stronger during all his lifetime of it, if they retained the momentum as it acquired that it reached the pinnacle of its prosperity in 1936, six years after Preston's death, when it shipped sixty million tons of fruit to different parts of the world.

I had resigned and disbarred, Victor Cutler had come into power; but even many years before Preston's disappearance from the scene there was a man of great influence, and his name was Zorumaru, as one with whom the United Fruit Company would have to reckon some day. His name was Samuel Zorumaru, and his field of operations was chiefly Spanish Honduras. I will not say anything more to say of this Zorumaru presently. Today I am the head of the United Fruit Company.

In the meantime, let us see how the aver- age bananasman regarded this new develop- ment of local indus-

At first he paid no attention to it. In fact, in the first few years the banana exportation from the island, what was happening moat nothing—I speak, of course, of the bigger man. The bananas were grown by small people only, and the small- owner was mainly a planters' labourer, a labourer, or a pen-knife with a rather unex- pected outburst or other sorts of prudence; therefore he had noth- ing to think of to plant the bananas for several years.

But the smaller man was glad to sell to the (w) and had the United Fruit Company to one of its chief shareholders in time. As it was, I took to literature instead of to bananas. Per- haps it is the same.

MR. ELISHA E. HOPKINS, FUNDAMENTALLY PURCHASES BANANAS AS A MEMBER OF THE OLD BOSTON FRUIT COMPANY

Baker and Hopkins became L. D. Baker and Com- pany; but these were buyers and shippers. The bananas taken to Boston were being sold by a Com- mission house which had a certain Andrew Preston. Andrew Preston believed in the bananas, and Captains Baker believed in his President. Preston was impressed by the busi- ness ability and energy of the businessman who sold bananas at first to bars and afterwards in big-
PLANTERS' PUNCH

1935-36

cieve that an entirely new factor in the island's econ-

omic has come into existence. The acre was

small, almost contemptible; the great oak it was to

become was unassayed at yet.

You can picture to yourself ten years as passing.

More and more fruit is being exported from

Jamaica; nevertheless its cultivation is confined

chiefly to Portland, with some development in St.

Mary and St. Thomas. It was "a minor industry,

but persons with land in those parishes were

beginning to take it seriously now. The truth is

that sugar is steadily failing. The three hundred

sugar estates of 1865 have decreased to two hundred

and sixteen in 1890. A further decrease is seen to

be inevitable by those with foresight. There are

plenty of cries and howls over this: the voices of

those crying for their sugar, and would not be con-

forted, because sugar was nearly not. Yet when a

hurricane struck Jamaica in 1889 there wasn't any

particular allusion to loss of fruit, or to the danger

which the banana ran from hurricanes. Even then

the banana did not matter much. But since the

first shipment of this fruit had been sent to the

ricanies of 1880 and 1886 there has been a marked

development of the industry, and those engaged in

it have recognized that even with a hurricane every

six years or so it is a paying proposition. A Dr.

Pringle is at work in St. Mary: he is to become the

greatest developer of St. Mary, the biggest private

banana grower in Jamaica, and, later on, Sir John

Pringle, B.C.M.G.

The banana is to advance to knighthood.

And steadily sugar goes further down.

In 1890 there are only one hundred and twenty-

two sugar estates in cultivation, and all these small.

Something less than fifteen thousand tons of sugar

are exported in that year, and the value is only, in

other trees as well. There is desolation abroad.

"The winds of God rose and scattered them."

But the Boston Fruit Company had now become

the United Fruit Company, the little fruit schooners

had long since been replaced by steamers, the Am-

ericans wanted bananas which Jamaica could sup-

ply, and Jamaica set about to reuppetite its de-

vastated farms.

The Fruit Company helped many of the bigger

farmers with money advances for immediate re-

placements. Jamaica was its chief source of supply

and it was not to be frightened by an occasional

cyclone, however ruinous and awe-inspiring.

ANDREW PRESTON has been head of the Bos-

ton Fruit Company for some time. By this
date too Costa Rica and other Central

American countries were growing bananas for the States.

Preston, as has been related on a previous page,
moved to incorporate the Central American

interests of Mr. Minor C. Keith with the Boston

Fruit Company's interests—chiefly Jamaican—and

the result was the formation of the Fruit

Railway Company, a railway man in South and Central

America who encouraged banana production so that his rail-

ways might have freight on their courses. It is

said, he had a friend of the name of Sam Zemurray

who obtained for him concessions in Honduras. You

notice how the name of this Sam Zemurray keeps

cropping up in the story of the banana industry.

do not you? But outside of Spanish Honduras hard-

ly anyone knew anything about this young man, and

THE LATE MR. ANDREW PRESTON, AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED FRUIT COMPANY, DISTRIBUTES WISDOM IN ABROAD FORM

States—a period of ten years—there had been no

hurricane; and that circumstance was hearninged to

those who were spending a little money on banana

cultivation. It looked as if it were all good news.

Great was the confidence that had been established.

In 1886 another cyclone struck the island.

As a consequence of that we read that "great damage

was done to property, especially to banana planta-

tions. You will see the difference now; the island

is at last taking notice of the banana, though

its cultivation is still mainly confined to Portland,

St. Mary and St. Thomas. No record is yet being

kept of the quantities exported; that is not to be

done for some time after. But between the two hur-

round figures, one hundred and sixty-six thousand

pounds. But the value of the bananas sold is near-

ty eight hundred thousand pounds, and next year

it will be a million. In five years the importance of

the banana industry, financially, has doubled; in

ten years it has become the chief industry and the

mainstay of the country. The crown of the sugar

king has grown tarnished; a new dynasty has arisen,

we hear talk now of banana kings. In 1903 the

volume and the value of our fruit exports have leaped

ahead, and all over the island, even in those parts

where no bananas are produced, there is a feeling

of prosperity. Everybody moves about with buy-

ning and pride. We spend money freely. . . . Then,

in August, 1903, a terrible hurricane sweeps over

Jamaica and the banana fields are levelled flat, as

though they had been an army decimated by ma-

china-gun fire. The coconuts go down also, and

for many years he was not to be taken into serious

account. He was buying bananas in Honduras, he

was planting bananas there, he was inducing the

Hondureans to plant bananas, he was growing

like the bananas. But he was not yet taken seri-

ously. He was like, in those days, what the Jama

banana industry had been in the days of its quiet

and unseemly expansion.

From 1890 onwards Jamaica became definite-

ly a banana country; for in that year the sugar

estates numbered but one hundred and nineteen,

and these were small and struggling remnants of

what had once been a maker of fortunes. There

had been a day when to what Minor Keith could

plant on very high lands, on mountain sides—the author-

ities who had never planted a banana root in their

trees were not satisfied that bananas never could. There

(Continued on Page 12)
A Story of Jamaica—being a lively and humorous portrait of its social ways

PLANTERS’ PUNCH

CHAPTER ONE

"I WANT you a nice sit," said Mr. Josephus Brown. "Something stylish." Effect, sir; we'll please you. The browers turned up.

"Yes; that's fashionable, ain't it?" said Mr. Brown, and told his assistant to make a note that the browers were to be in the latest fashion.

"You have got my measure all right!" asked the customer.

"Quite, sir; now if you could come in on Wednesday to try the suit on, that would do nicely!"

"Well, you see, sir, but we can't rush the work. We want to do it well, you see, isn't there anything else you'd like? Some fancy waistcoat, perhaps?"

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Brown confidently. "I've been by the store a few minutes before, and I can quite assure you, we can do better than that."

The gentleman addressed assumed a meditative air.

The cost of the suit was four pounds, and that was about the most of the amount he was prepared to make on his personal acquaintance just then. He knew it; but reflected that the show of a little confidence and a little correctness would improve this audience of two. They would think that, if he had come with a man with a business, and an audience, and he realised that some consideration was due to a man who had just come in.

Mr. Brown, however, had no confidence in the possibility of any part of that possessed by Brown, who was clean-shaven; but Brown carried himself with an air of confidence to which his shining hair and his speeches in tones of self-assurance which suggested that he was on excellent terms with himself, and happily with all the world. His nose, too, was well built, though suggesting more energy than strength of character. He looked more like a efficient man. In age he might be about thirty.

They were standing in a tiny compartment furnished with two chairs, each chair being frilled. Mr. Brown waited to hear what Mr. Brown might have to say, but Mr. Brown and Mr. Brown's bad suit were in some way, I did not care what, far more important than that.

"What do you hear from India, sir?" the tailor asked, hesitating a guess, based on the evidence of the customer's complexion.

"I have heard, sir, of the West Indies. Discovered by Christopher Columbus," the customer replied. "Same name as mine," he added.

"I see, sir. Have you got the gentleman's name right, Swifties?" asked the tailor of his assistant.

"Oh, I'm sure, sir, I mean Brown, no fool about saying it. His name's Brown, sir; or Christopher Columbus, as you may have noticed."

"Brown," replied Mr. Christopher Brown; "my Christian name is Brown, sir; Christopher Columbus is the other, but the family name is different."

He had heard of people from abroad. He had even been to Europe once upon a time, readily replied in the affirmative.

"I have heard, sir, of the West Indies," continued Mr. Brown. "Nice place. Where every prospect promised, and only man is vie. You have heard that, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; I know the hymns. Was that written about the West Indies, sir?"

"Of course it was," said Mr. Brown graciously; he was too partial to deny that the West Indies had formed the subject of sacred song, even though the allusion did not seem to be particularly complimentary.

Mr. Brown, though the business of measuring him was over, showed himself disposed to further conversation. The older he got, the more he was humoured; the whole face was good humored: it reflected a friendly soul.

The upper lip of Mr. Swifties was covered with black hair, which was combed, and a little curl, and a nose inclined to be stubby; the whole face was good humored; the whole face was good humored in Mr. Brown's case: it reflected a friendly soul.

The upper lip of Mr. Swifties was covered with a black growth, and a little curl, and a nose inclined to be stubby; the whole face was good humored; the whole face was good humored in Mr. Brown's case: it reflected a friendly soul.

When that was gone, and Swifties was left to entertain the customer.

There was not very much of Swifties to look at. He was short, stocky, and thick set, with black hair, pale blue eyes, and a nose inclined to be stubby; the whole face was good humored; it reflected a friendly soul.

Mr. Brown dismissed Paris and New York with a contemptuous shake of his head.

"Of course not," he replied, with the air of one who had examined the attractions of those cities; "I found nothing to compare with what I found in the British Empire; the metropolis of the world. You are proud of it, Mr. Brown?

"Mr. Swifties replied that he was, but with no great show of warmth.

"And of the French Empire, too, I hope?"

Swifties confined to pride the Empire, but even Mr. Brown could see that his pride was strangely muffled. He had not wanted to get away, and knew no more about the Bri-
in one particular. He did not like the idea of this situation, but he was tired, and but there seemed to be no way out of it. They went into a public house, and Swifties modestly said that a glass of beer would satisfy him, then they went into a cheap eat-
ing house and had something hot to eat. They be-
gan the long journey at one minute, and Brown took advantage of the occasion to relate his life's history to his new friend.

While talking Mr. Brown of absolute univer-
sity, it must be admitted that he left on Swifties' mind an entirely wrong impression of the position he occupied at Jamaica. Swifties gathered that Mr. Brown worked in a store and was very high up in the business and that exactly a partner, he was not far from it; if he was not precisely in the best social position, then he was not affected any way, that was probably to be expected in his re-
taining disposition. He had travelled thousands of miles before; a fact which attested to the excellence of his for-
cands circumstances. He lived in a country that was as nearly like para-
dise as any terrestrial habitation could be, for Swifties gathered that in Jamaica the sun and moon never ceased to shine, the rain fell only when it was desired, no sickness ever affected anyone, and money was to be had easily by men of exactly the stamp of Swifties. Something of this had been hinted in the first interview be-
tween the two young men, and Brown's words had been running in Swifties' mind. The country and climate de-
scribed by Brown seemed to him to be just the sort of thing that would suit his constitution; it was always summer there. So when Brown, warming to the work of enunciating everything connected with himself, a
ek Swifties point blank why he did not come to Jamaica, and assured the young tailor that in him, Brown, he would find a true friend and one that would show him the way to show him on his life, Swifties' mind was instantly fired with the desire to be England. The glass of beer may have had something to do with it. Even a single glass of beer may sometimes be conducive of enthusiasm and heroic resolves. "If I went to Jamaica, would I get a job at once?" he timidly suggested, for his mind was forced to dwell on practical and immediate affairs.

"Any number," Brown assured him; this paid the bill, and insisted on having expe-
sence on the table. Both, however, were numerous signs to the effect that fretting was forbidden.

"And now we'll take a bus to where you live," said Brown, "and you can have a wash and we'll go to a music hall." Swifties was weary of the crossing in the Bath-
enaal Green Road which was nearest to Mr. Swifties' house, so he declined from the bus and Swifties conducted Brown to a building, uniform with all the rest in that block, the ground floor being occu-
pied by a shop in which a number of miscellaneous articles were sold. They went up a flight of stairs so narrow that two persons could not walk abreast. The steps were very inclining; on a board attach-
ed to one of the walls hung a number of keys, one of which was never opened and with it opened a door leading into a tiny room furnished with a bed, a chest of drawers and two chairs. Swifties glanced round ap-

-Nice little room," commented Brown, who per-
ceived the glaze and knew its meaning. "Comfort-
able for a single man" (Swifties had told Brown that he was single). "Of room with some people here," explained the young man.

"Delighted to meet them," said Mr. Brown, and arranged his tie at the mirror with which the chest of drawers was provided.

He was taken into an opposite apartment, evi-
dently a sitting room. It was small, as all the rooms in this house appeared to be, and the large table in the centre for the tea, was set, and Mr. Brown assured them that he had never en-
j oyed himself so much since he had come to London, and this was true. They invited him to come and see the garden and before he was arranged to meet Swifties the next evening.

That evening Mr. Brown's lodgings, remembering the piano and the friend-
liness of the girls, Mr. Christopher Brown felt that if only he could be certain of obtaining a good situation in London he would make that city his home, and lay awake for over an hour con-
tralating. He had been having met Swifties. Swifties, on the other hand, fell asleep promptly on going to bed, for he had to wake early next day. But he dreamt of a country with a won-
derful climate, where good situations were to be had for the taking by men from England; and he saw himself in that country, in a wild jungle, making clothes by the thousand suits for men whose dress had hitherto been extremely exigent, if not positively
side. It was warm there, the air was overflowing with honey and milk.

It was chilly when he awoke in the morn-
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side. It was warm there, the air was overflowing with honey and milk.

On the following morning, too, Mr. Chris-
topher Brown, like Mr. Augustus Swifties, re-
vie w the situation. Seen in the light of a child's day, it had not seemed so alluring as it had in the first bath of enthusiasm. He asked himself the question with a sort of sur-
grave, but he was too wise to do so if he did so he began to reck-
on on his small savings. The meeting with Brown was already beginning to have some influence upon his life.

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and an adherent of the same synagoge, used to say with a fine show of judicial impartiality that all the present Solomon had in common with the wise man of that name was a disposition to indulge in a multiplicity of debts, while his relationship to the price of artificial silk stockings in Mr. Solomon's store, and then promptly reduced the price of his

"Where else?" asked Mrs. Joseph, speaking as one who had heard a revelation. "I don't think we are going to disturb the destinies of souls departed: 'where else? And all those who set themselves out to ruin you will have all told you. Once you are in their power there are bound for you, and you will live to see them, and they will make sure of your ruins in the court of justice, and dog will not pick up their bones."

Solomon contemplated this prediction in silence for some time, but his gloom came more and more to resemble a real disease, and there was no palliati

"There's many things I could do if I could get away," Solomon continued, dismissing the erring Isidore from his immediate grasp, and then he added: "But I can't, and I'm sure I don't want to. I only wish I had some one to talk to, and that the villain was always in the background of his mind, as well as in the act of the man in front of his business the livelong day. "Tailors are doing well in Kinaston now; and no wonder! They have all got to do a roaring trade. But you have to choose such a tailor yourself, and the price of tailoring should be frustrated by a stranger's kindness for the popular dignity of the tailor."

"Can't say," replied Solomon pensively, "I can't say."

"Does a drink much?" eagerly queried Mrs. Joseph, seeing in that possibility the ravish of her own stock of spirits.

Solomon shook his head sadly. "No," he said. "I wish I could drink fast enough if anybody else buy him the liquor, but he would never spend his own money on it. What I was going to say was this: Isidore got out a counter clerk from England last year, and in six months he had to send him home again. The way that young fellow lay up the rum was an admiration. If you met him in a bar he could swallow three times as much as anybody else in half the time and still look the same. But you should see him now, when all the pockets of everybody who treated him, he would want tofig. He wouldn't be the same after passing his fighting either. That young fellow could pack a wicked punch when he had in, water—of 3.000 pounds—had to go on to the stable. He had lost money by bringing him out all for nothing, and it showed me the time I had to suffer for it. But I can't go away this year: that's flat. So I must lose two good chances. It's just as bad as some of them robbed of their

Only because she had a financial interest in his store, but because she understood business and all ways made useful suggestions. She was a valuable sleeping partner.

"What I want to do," said Solomon—were they at breakfast, and it was early that morning—"what I want to do is to buy some cheap job lots of fancy goods, and the only way I can do that is personally. It's no use sending an order; there has got to be personal selection."

"You can't go away yourself just now," asked Mrs. Joseph. "You can manage it, me sein."

"How can I, mamma, with all these thires trying to ruin my business? Look at what Isidore did only yesterday! Sent in a woman to see what I was selling artificial silk stockings for, and then cut the price by a threepence! Is that an honest thing to do? Would any gentleman do it? Isn't it enough to make a man of fibre?"

"But what can you expect?" sharply demanded Mrs. Joseph, her stout frame shaking in wrath. "Don't you remember Isidore's father? Isn't this exactly the same way he used to go on? And where is he now?"

"In hell, I hope," answered her son plaintively.

One of these, the man trading opposite to him, teate all this to a natural desire to be good and true and holy, or whatever it is that we are hidden to be the same of our age. No; he was certain that fear of losing one's situation was the foundation of all; and he had caught now and then, when making a small purchase in a shop, a covert look darted at a customer by one of the shop-keepers, and the thought of a desire to indulge in horrible murder, or at least in violent ac-

No; in the whole, as he turned over his recent experiences in his mind this morning, he decided that living and working in London as the Londoners did not suit him. He wished he could stay there; the leisure life of the man of fashion seemed to him. And the girls with their stylish appearance, their manners of gold, floss, chastity or guns; no blue hair thrilled him as he had never been thrilled before. What wonderful creatures they were, even by their very habits! He gave a lonely young man a passing glance. What plain and what religious-looking, with as much of the respect as he could address to him—what self-possession, what independence of manner. To be able to try to know some of them, to take them out for a treat, to play the rich man in their presence that indeed would be the arm of Blas, a heaven on earth. But one could not do that as a shop assistant there, and he was not likely to be better paid than a native Londoner. In- deed, there was about as much chance of his obtaining a situation anywhere in Lon-
den as the proverbial snowball had of last-
ing in the twelfth degrees of Leith. What was just as well, he told himself, for the conditions would never suit him.

He complet ed the best of his remaining month, and then return to his native land. And he would not again harp so strongly, in the thought of the fortune which he might help that gentleman to make, only he would migrate to Kinaston. Swiffies might take him at his word; and while it was excellent to pore in London in the midst of shop-assistants, all of considerable means, it would be another matter altogether. He would try, at any rate, to ship him, by his agent, for Jamaica, and there cast himself upon the use of his name.

Then he wrote to Mr. Brown, who had promised him the job, offered it to Jamaica, and there cast himself upon the use of his name.

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about that young fellow who went to England the other day, you know, Mr. Brown?"
"Well, what about him?"
"He don’t look like a fool, Solomon," said Mr. Jackson. "He looks like he’s going to do something."
"Yes, he’s a hard worker," replied Mr. Solomon. "I don’t know what he’s going to do, but he’s the kind of man who will make it happen."
"Well, I hope he’s not going to be a troublemaker," said Mr. Jackson. "We don’t need any trouble here."
"I don’t think he will be," said Mr. Solomon. "He’s a good worker and a good family man."
"I hope so," said Mr. Jackson. "I want to keep this place running smoothly."
Lewis and the Little Ones

My friend, Lewis Ashenheim, came forward a 1 year ago in an entirely new capacity. He was persuaded by many persons to become a candidate for the washing and lathering Council, and because he had always entertained a desire to render some public service he yielded to the solicitations urged upon him by a number of lawyers and prominent citizens of Kingston in a motor truck and appearing upon other platforms as much as the best lawyer in this county, and perhaps, sometimes, more. But though Lewis strikes me as one who has always believed in himself, his profession, and the law, I doubt if his manner must have sprang from some other motive than the merely financial one, for law has been a lifelong passion with him from the beginning of his colostomy, and on the whole far more remunerative than medicine.

I saw no trace of any lack of confidence in law, and I very much feared that he could not afford the outlay. For him it had to be law, and he settled down to work with a characteristic determination. We all knew the success he has achieved in his profession.

He grew to love it. He would have loved medicine, he had been up to that, quite as devotedly. I think that with his character, with his whole-souled devotion to anything he undertakes, and with his marked industry, if he had come to be a doctor, he would have been a marked success in the medical profession; and with the eye of imagination you can see him clothed all in white, with a mask over his face and a stethoscope hanging at his neck, an instrument in his hand, performing some excellent feats of surgery. I can also see him holding the pulse of a little child, or examining his tongue, or peering into his eye, and doing it in a manner that would reassure the young doctor so that he would not be disposed to suggest that there should be any "away

av aaaa with the doctor." Yet it is difficult in these days for us to see Lewis, the lawyer and doctor and not as a lawyer, even though the quality of his brain would have been equal to the highest ranks of the one profession as to the other.

His sense of humour saved Ashenheim from taking his election defeat tragically or even gravely. His sense of proportion helped him to understand that for a new man, entirely fresh to the political field to obtain 7,000 votes was an achievement. There never had been so strong a contest in Kingston. There never had been so many votes polled. When the figures were counted he was not been defeat the counting at the Collegiate Hall, Kingston, he laughed and talked normally and unaffectedly; and several of his political opponents were so taken aback by the result that he agreed with the unsatisfied admirers. The truth is, he was not defeated, for he had been in the town on election day he knew that he was beaten, but he went on with the work he had to do as though success were still within his grasp. Such a man is not easily defeated; he is never really defeated in spirit, for always he can laugh at circumstances going against him.

He was luncheon with me about a week before the election. My wife "said to her husband, "You must take a long rest." "That is," he promptly replied, "if I am there to rest, because I think there will be anything of me left." He had up to then addressed some forty or fifty speeches and a number of them brilliantly successful. His physical strength held out, but he was feeling the strain though obtaining no rest. He was not at all. His humorous doubt about being "there to rest." But the election came as a great relief to him. Yet he took no rest. The very day after the counting of the votes, the day after that of which I have been speaking, he went out the morning and all through night until the dawn, he appeared at a business meeting over which he presided as chairman. His temper was uninjured, and he went about the matters before him exactly as usual. It is quite possible to keep this kind of man down; he rises by sheer force of spirit.
The story of Lucilla who, while making matches, met her match

When she was seventeen years of age Lucilla had seen the Beacon Match Factory rising out of the earth in Darling Street. A friend of hers lived in that vicinity, and that friend would now and then speculate on the possibility of obtaining a situation to make matches and if such matches should come to be made in Darling Street. The friend's calculations turned out to be correct. She happened to be one of the first few girls employed at the Match Factory after it had commenced preliminary operations; then one day, owing to the expansion of the Beacon Match Factory business, it occurred to her to suggest to Lucilla that she should apply for a post in that establishment. This Lucilla did, presenting herself one afternoon before a gate which was guarded by a guard who was to let in through which a man's face stared at half a dozen girls waiting to apply for situations.

The gate opened and the girls, all tidily attired, walked sedately into a yard, and then into an office opening upon the yard, within which office, at a table, sat a gentleman who at that moment was gazing severely at the roof above him as though it had done him something that could never be forgiven. Having apparently decided to abandon the vendetta with the roof for a moment or two, this gentleman brought down his eyes to the level. He surveyed the girls with quick appraising glances, put a few questions to them, informed them that it would be great delight, that they were engaged.

They were to turn in on Monday morning next at eight o'clock to learn their several occupations. As learners they would be paid so much per week; when they could make themselves useful they would be put on higher wages. Thus it was that Lucilla returned home in a highly jubilant frame of mind, impelled to indulge in a song in which the home fires burned as brightly as the sunlight to which she was so well accustomed.

On the Monday morning designated Lucilla found herself within the Beacon Match Factory, so interested but somewhat nervous neophyte. She looked about her. Over one hundred girls were in the main room of the building, each of them hastening to her appointed task with the sure aim of an expert. Lucilla was placed under the charge of one of these girls in one of the factory's departments: from her experienced companion she was to learn her duties in a period of tuition which, it was estimated, would occupy about two weeks. At the end of a fortight she would try her hand at her job under the same individual supervision, although a general supervision would also be exercised over her movements. In one month, she was told, she should be proficient. She would then become a full-fledged wage earner on the factory's staff, which meant that she would enjoy an increase of wages and could consider herself a permanent employee.

She glanced at the girls working nearest to her. She noticed that those showed no awe or embarrassment, and that, while there was no noise, they passed remarks to one another, sometimes smiled, sometimes laughed, and on the whole seemed a cheerful lot of human beings. The tension she felt relaxed somewhat. Match making, she concluded, could not be such a terrible affair if so many persons in her own walk of life toiled at it so cordially. She listened carefully to the instructions of her instructor, then she ventured on a tentative question:

"You've been here long?"

"About a month," said the girl, with fingers moving the while swiftly and dexterously among a mass of matches.

"That's pretty well," further questioned Lucilla.

"No," answered the other, "not when you get used to it. It is easy."

"You like the place?"

"Yes, why shouldn't I?"

"Is there any reason why your instructor should not like the place, she did not reply to this question but asked another: "How many hours a day you work?"

"Eight," said the other girl, while, fascinated, Lucilla stared at her hands marveling as she felt that hers would never be able to move.

LCUILLA MAKES A MATCH IN MORE RESPECTS THAN ONE: THE FIRE IS FROM HER EYES

Keep the Pot Fires Burning

Lucilla's grandmother was puzzled when, after the child's birth, she found that she had obtained a situation at a place situated in Darling Street. Lucilla went about singing "Keep the Home Fires Burning." The unit left her on the scene, to, according to the climate, conditions; hence she could not understand the necessity of home fires, being indeed inclined to look upon these genuine, homey domesticities usually of an insensate and anti-insurance company origin. Of course, she knew all about Darling Street, she had it firmly fixed in her mind that it was in that thoroughly far that most riots originated and most unruly crime. Lucilla could not quite clearly comprehend how fire from policemen's rifles could be considered as home fires, or why anybody should wish to keep them burning. She came to the conclusion that, as the world had changed so much since the days of her own youth, perhaps it regarded all forms of fiery violence as desirable; nevertheless she decided to ask her granddaughter for an explanation of her song; and on the Sunday afternoon preceding the morning on which Lucilla was to take up her situation, grandmother put her question.

It was then that she learnt that Lucilla used the phrase "Keep the Home Fires Burning" metaphorically. The girl's situation was in the Beacon Match Factory, and it seemed appropriate to her that the obtaining of a job which should prepare her with food and clothing in the future should be celebrated in song. As matches meant home fires, and home fires signified domestic comfort (in which clothing and food must of necessity figure prominently), Lucilla could think of no better and more natural than that the one she had been voicing and which had been made popular in the United States. But grandmamma, being more formal, pointed out that, as the words of the song should be, "Keep the Pot Fires Burning," in this context, to which Lucilla replied that any fire allowed would be devoted to cooking or to ironing; and as the stove or fireplace in the humble yard in which Lucilla, with her companions in life emerged was usually used for these two purposes, "Pot Fire" was surely the proper term to apply.

Lucilla did not argue. She was much too excited at the prospect before her. She was engineer too of the fire she had "worked out." Her mother was dead; her father was supposed to be in Cuba or in Calcutta, or, possibly, in Costa Rica or Nicaragua; or it might be, so far as any positive knowledge to the contrary went, that he was already in the grave. When the girl was nine or ten years of age he had emigrated from Jamaica with the locally expressed determination to make a fortune, and for the first three or four years after his departure he had sent home remittances for the support of his daughter and her mother. That gentleman had passed away; and though it may be supposed that Lucilla's father had grieved when the news was sent to him, nevertheless, as his name was understood man—for he had never at any time appeared to be otherwise—it was good for man to live alone—it is to be presumed that he was able to bear the loss with equanimity. After this death her letters arrived less frequently, perhaps because economic conditions had changed and the country in which he was then situated and he found it a matter of some difficulty to transmit such frequency to his daughter. In Jamaica as well as to provide for two families in foreign parts.

There came presently a date after which all correspondence ceased. Lucilla was now sixteen years of age, having arrived at the period of her life when she might be expected to earn money, not only for her own support but a home fires burning, as her grandmother had learned it. But jobs were scarce; and she was not exactly of the laboring class that make the ordinary domestic service, and by no means could have become in a better-class household, but in
“You never work late, then?”

“Sometimes. But if you do they pay you time and a half; so we don’t mind it. A little extra money makes you content.”

As all money had for a long time been extra to Lucilla, she certainly agreed that it was indeed most useful, and went on with the learning of her business.

This was a new world in which she found herself. A manufacturing world, something entirely distinct from anything of which she had ever dreamt. She had never been to Kingston, and therefore consciously felt herself superior to country girls. No country girl, she was satisfied, could possess a sufficiency of intelligence to become as prudent in her duties as the groups she saw around her. She felt to silence for nearly an hour and then she asked her instructress, who might have been about twenty: “What part of Kingston you come from?”

“I come from the country,” said the girl, and with that shattered one of the illusions of Lucilla. “I come from the country,” the young lady continued, “about two years ago, and was living with my aunt. She passed to do something to the objects that lay before her and presently, in a low voice, she resumed: “I am still with her.”

For a full year I couldn’t get nothing to do in Kingston. It is a nice town, but it is hard when you work in, and the first night I came I didn’t know where I was going. But the newspaper said, ‘If you want a job, come here.’ And I tried it, and they gave me a half-hour Grace, and I am here ever since. It is a good thing for me, too,” she added thoughtfully, “that they open the factory.” (Her attitude suggested that she thought the factory had opened for her special benefit.) “I’m a native,” she announced suddenly, and then a new friendship was formed by Lucilla.

After a week in the establishment, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, she found that the girls were classified as:

1. Unskilled workers.
2. Skilled workers, both of whom had matches, and

The two classes handled no machinery, and say to them to be from the first to the second class before she should be allowed to be considered an employee at the light automatic machines which from time to time she glanced at with interest and wonder. These seemed to her to be a sort of marvel, moving swiftly, smoothly and incessantly as they did, performing automatically, by which seemed to require a human intelligence and accomplishing them more swiftly and perfectly than human fingers could.

There was a white and hum of machinery in the comfort, and whilst but continuously perceptible, a businesslike atmosphere pervaded the huge room. Yet there was an atmosphere of human friendliness also, since no group of Janakus work- ing girls could ever be subdued to a machine-like immaturity; their emotions almost suspended from functioning as it were. In two weeks Lucilla had become quite familiar with the place and knew several of her co-workers by name. At the end of a month her wages were increased, as had been promised, and her grandmother could now envisage the future with a feeling of complacency.

The old woman’s fears of the young girl being slighted; for though she had not entirely discarded the Alms House, having a small place of her own, it seemed a great deal to her to know that when her own strength failed she would have a dutiful granddaughter earning a decent wage. That meant all the difference between penury and comparative comfort. And whilst Lucilla’s stall still sang “Keep the House Fires Burning,” which her grandmother still thought should be “Keep the Pot Fires Burning,” the old lady would hum “Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow,” her particular blessing taking the form of a match, or rather of a local match factory.

Lucilla had been for some six months engaged in manufacturing matches when one day, at lunch time, she observed a truck driven into the factory yard laden to capacity with logs of wood. This sort of thing she had of course seen again and again, and its repetition ceased to make any impression upon her. Today the occurrence did, however, for seated beside the truck driver, and evident, functioning as sort of boss of that worthy, was a young man of her own complexion (locally known as same), whose appearance pleased Lucilla’s eyes and took her fancy.

The unloading of the logs began, the young man looking on while the labourers worked at the job. And Lucilla looked at him.

She knew what the logs were for. They had come from some place out St. Thomas way, ready-cut in more or less similar lengths; and in the preliminary fashioning room of the factory they would be further divided into shorter lengths, than a man with a long, sharp, powerful two-handed instru- ment would hack off these logs, and the stripped lengths would be placed in a rotating machine and the bits of wood reduced to semi-cir- cular layers about an eighth of an inch thick, the thickness of an ordinary match-stick. These layers would next be taken to other machines work- out of his pocket, opened it thoughtfully, and drew forth a match.

“You know what I’m thinking?” she asked the girl.

“No; tell me,” she replied with a smile.

I am thinking of where I come from in St. Thomas. And of the trees that grow by the river—by the river, the tree, stand there as large as life, but it is no use to anybody. Nobody shows an interest in them at all; we have plenty of firewood as it is. The trees in that property didn’t bring in nothing to the man who owns the property till the sawmill comes. Then we begin to cut the wood. We chop down tree after tree, branch off all, and we line them up, and then we cut up the twists only the trunk and the very big limbs that you see here; the rest is no use for this place. And there is a lot of big trees here, and the next thing you know is that they come out as tiny matches. My labourers had to take an axe to chop down the big trees, and they make this little match stick out of that.”

“The place belong to you?” asked Lucilla, more interested in the personal than in the economic aspect of his remarks.

“No, me; I wish it did. But I work with the owner, I am one of his chief assistants. And if me no have no fruit matches, I have them matches; and me, the men under me. That’s why I said I would come today with the load to see this place for my- self.”

“But what you going to do when all the trees cut up, the doors open to the market?” asked Lucilla, feeling at the same time that she was too concerned in this question of raw material to say anything.

He laughed. “It would take a long time and plenty of matches, without the wood we have; and meantime there is plenty of young trees that we don’t touch. Every month you see new ones come growing, too, so the wood is always coming on. It is a steady business and it suit us.”

GREETING THE DAMSELS WHO ARE TO MULTIPLY AND GIVE LIGHT

A GENIE OF THE POT, NOT OF THE LAMB, SPREADS HAPPINESS

PLANTERS’ PUNCH

2005-36
"You mean the factory?" enquired Lucilla. "Yes, it is a steady business; I bin here six months now."

"I cut the wood and you make the match, eh?"

"Something of the sort?"

"So we market!"

She laughed: "You making fun!"

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"We could only be partner in one way, an' we don't even know one another. You going back to St. Thomas presently, and I will remain in Kingston, an' we may never see one another again."

"I didn't mean that we are exactly partners," he pointed out, "except that we have something to do with the same business. This business connect a lot of people, don't you see, from the gentlemen who own it—and I never meet one of them yet, though I am going to do so today—down to the men who sell the matches. And," he added, "it connect up the people who use the matches with us too—with me. For if they didn't use matches, this 'actory wouldn't take wood from my employer's property, and I might be out of a job."

"Not a smart young man like you!" protested Lucilla, ready to praise and even flatter.

"Well," said she, pleased and gratified, "may be you're right. But may be, again, you wrong. For good jobs are not too plentiful; and even though I would be in another job, it mightn't be as good as this one. But I am not going back to St. Thomas till tomorrow, so perhaps you wouldn't mind if I come and see you this evening?"

"I don't think my grandmother would mind," Lucilla thought aloud, while giving him an approving scrutiny from the grandmotherly point of view.

"What time you will come?"

"About seven o'clock."

"Right; and you will take me to the picture palace."

"Of course. I was going to suggest it myself."

It was now time for Lucilla to return to her work, so she urged the young man's hand and hurried inside. And all that afternoon she hummed as she made matches, and the air was that about keeping the home fires burning.

After the young man came frequently to Kingston, ostensibly on business or in charge of the wood from the property he looked after; though the wood previously had not needed any particular person to be in charge of it. And three months later Gertrude, the girl who had first taught Lucilla the rudiments of her business, was told that Lucilla was engaged to be married.

Lucilla said that she would love to leave her work when she was married, as she was going to live in the country. But she would often be in Kingston, unless she could seduce her grandmother to leave town and go with her. "If I was going to live in Kingston," she said, "I might try to keep me job for a few months after I married, but there is girls who would say I was keeping them out a job."

Which was true.

Not that there were not married women in the factory. There were young widows also. But the married women were those whose husbands were out of work and who were therefore compelled to keep the home fires or the pot fire burning. These bread-winners for the family were usually recommended for employment by some person who knew them, and care was taken to find something for them to do if that were at all possible. If there were no vacancies at the moment, they were sent for when any occurred: the policy of the employers being to keep on those persons whose need was greatest, though, of course, in view of the practice and skill required among the higher grades of the workers, as well as the vested right to employment of those who had for some time been in the factory's service, old hands who gave satisfaction were never discharged to make way for new ones. Lucilla had learnt something else. One or two young women of her acquaintance in the factory had left it for a few months, but had come back to seek again their situations there. These were taken on again. They had not gone away because of any defect in their work; they had simply returned to the parishes in which they had grown up—had gone to "spend time" with their own people. Therefore the chiefs of the factory regarded them as having a sort of lien upon a situation if one were at all available. So, when a girl was leaving, she might say with an air of certificate, "Later on I coming back for me job."

Lucilla had observed something further also. The population of the factory—it can speak of a factory's population—was a shifting one. It must be so wherever women are employed in considerable numbers. Girls do not as a rule go out to work for a lifetime; they expect to be at extra-domestic occupations for but a few, only, at the most a few years. So it is with the typist, the shop assistant, the secretary, and so it is also with the Jamaica factory girl. In the offshore, either immediately or presently, there will be some young man; but many of them pass upon the ground with business in view—for the partnership of a man and a woman is a matter of business at bottom as well as of sentiment—pending that the young woman of the factory worker class has to live, and between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four her struggle may be greatest if she has no parents able to aid her materially. Girls of this type are found in largest numbers in Kingston, though they are to be found in other towns of the island also. What is to become of them? Is a question asked again and again; but ways and means develop for taking care of at any rate a proportion of them: a Match Factory, a Cigar Factory, a Sweet Meat Factory and so on. Those who go about these places see these girls employed therein and learn their story from their lips. The largest single employer of young women of the class here written about is undoubtedly the Beacon Match Factory.

Lucilla left it now; she is somewhere in St. Thomas. She thinks of it now and then, very consoling hearse as she connected with it through her husband's position on one of the properties which supply the factory with the necessary matchwood. But other Lucillas are there; for our young friend, after all, was only one of a considerable type. There are all kinds of Lucillas: peaceful, modest Lucillas, fighting Lucillas, industrious Lucillas, clock-watching Lucillas; but they all have this in common—that they need work if they are to live in any fair degree of comfort. Someone has said "if they are to live respectably," and we all know what that means. But the qualification need not be added; for the truth is, especially in times of any depression whatever, even those who are not particular about the "respectability"—since hunger itself is not a very respectable thing—will still have a very hard time of it. Men are affected by bad economic conditions as well as women. And men out of work, or very poorly remunerated, cannot do anything for girls who require something more than a handful of food every day. Your Lucilla feels it is a necessity that she should live, honestly and uprightly if she can, but, at any rate, live. She must have something to do or someone to support her: that is quite plain. And while waiting for someone to come along with an offer of support it is work that she needs and demands. It is all very well for grandmothers to talk about the Lord providing, but though not irreligious, Lucilla is somewhat lacking in faith, and prefers to see the practical means by which she is to be provided for, rather than to try to understand anything other way than that she must earn her own living.

She knows too that there are more women that men in this country and especially in Kingston; that is perhaps the one aspect of what is called "vital statistics" that interests her. She knows what that means to a young woman who is looking for work.

There is one fire that she never likes to feel burning too fiercely: it is the fire of hunger. For no desperately hungry man has ever yet been known to make love, and the beauties of a home are not apparent to feminine eyes that stare longingly towards a cookshop, while realizing the bitter falsity of starting.

But if one has a job, a steady job, the situation is different: there is a fire burning down somewhere, which a pot filled with juicy or nutritious food bubbles: it is a fire over which coffee will boil in the morning, soup will simmer in the afternoon; of mullet and ackee make preparations for their eventual matrimony. They are also the home, the gene-

tronical wedlock. The home fire is a pot fire; the pot fire burning is a symbol of living, a differ-
ence between a decent existence and a de-

very and want. Lucilla's grandmother was right about the song, but so was Lucilla herself. Both were only thinking, or thinking, of the same thing from different points of view.

FRIDAY, A DAY OF LIGHT AND GLADNESS, WHEN THE PAY ENVELOPES ARE HANDED OUT TO THE LUCILLAS.
LONG ago psychologists recognized that within a single human being there are two or more personalities. Or perhaps it would be better to say there are two or more personae who combine, make up the individual as we know him. But sometimes one of them seems to have the upper hand under the aspect of one of these sub-personalities; thus may meet a diploma-
nic like Thompson who wrote the "Hounds of Heaven" and who talks like drinkers themselves and not readers of poetry may never know that we are also nothing but very fine poet who is also a deeply religi-
ous person!

So too, in later days, some of us may have met Mr. Lindsay Dower as an impresario, as one devoted to developing amateur dramatic talent; or again we may have met him as a host, who knows the secrets of proper courses at dinner, and with a genius for surround-
ing excellent food, which one who devours must have become, had he wish-
ed, a master-chef. Think-
ing of him now as a
correspondent in the business of bananas, or as an impresario, and one who never paid more than one hundred and ten pounds for the strongest application to business and banana affairs. Yet there was al-
ways this quite another Lindsay, a Lindsay with a more strenuous application to business and banana affairs. And there was always this other Lindsay, always this quite another, and who always thought of himself as a professor of yachts and not as an impresario. And it is possible that had he been a more acute observer, he might have noticed a lot of things for figures. But if you began to talk from Lindsay as a writer or as a man dropped round at his office and engaged in a banana conversation with him, you would probably forget alto-
together about the yachts and think of him solely as one of the finest, most interesting, loved ledger, and made a profound study of the banana as an exportable commodity.

WHICH means that Lindsay Dower is a man of many parts, a man of much acquire-
ment of which most forcibly shone in his acquaintance; the deeper and more important of which you see when you have to deal with him as a businessman. Three days ago, for instance, he went to his business, meeting, looking perhaps just a trifle tired but on the whole as cheerful as is his wont. By chance, in the course of a few remarks, I discovered that he hadn't been to sleep for one hour during the whole of the preceding night, had been working the whole of the preceding day, and was still engaged in transacting certain duties. He had been person-
ally supervising the loading of a banana ship; later on he would be at his office going over the re-
ports and accounts of agents or clerks connected with the Standard Fruit Company. But he was not talk-
ing much about all this. Come to think of it, he does not talk much about the serious vocation of his life. It is in his avocations that he will prin-
cipally touch in social conversation, and of course on Anglo-Catholicism, or whatever may be the par-
ticular form of Anglicanism which Lindsay pro-
fesses. But, upon this occasion, they seemed to be most eloquent with tongue or pen.

IN these days Mr. Lindsay Dower has no time to indulge in the most characteristic talent, as in the days of yore, and he is also strictly devoted to dieting. Yet I think that the buoyant spirit which always pervaded and every activity has been of great assistance to him in his peculiar, serious calling of banana buying and shipping.

As local manager of a banana exporting or-
ganization it is well that he should have some cheer-
fulness in his appearance, for that may enable him to regard the banana business as a sort of "Dance of the Fruit," and Lindsay will always in this dance endeavors to attract as many banana partners as possible, that being good business. As a boy I knew his father. The Archdeacon had a sonorous, far-
reaching voice and was fond of preaching. But if you had taken him to be merely a preacher you would have missed perceiving that part of his char-
acter which made him a very successful adminis-
istrator. He was, in fact, a man of business; his Church affairs were all conducted, and he was connected as a Director with the Jamaica Mutual

LINDSAY DANCES TO THE TUNE OF: WE HAVE SOME BANANAS TODAY

LINDSAY was trained in the banana business under a very hard-working and astute man, his father-in-law, the late D. B. Gildeon, C.M.G., P.C. Then he became one of the chief employees in Ja-
maica of the Atlantic Fruit Company; and when that Company disappeared he was made the Ja-
manica Manager of the Standard Fruit Company. He has one son, a very fine boy, and the career he decided upon for that boy is indicative of the best and nob-
est aspect of Lindsay's brain and character. He might have suggested to the youth that he should become a person or an actor, but he decided to select a chartered accountant. The preliminary training of a chartered accountant is a long one, and there is plenty of money to be made by a chartered accountant, and Lindsay himself is a brilliant ac-
countant. He is also an enthusiastic black crab. I have known him preside as Acting Chairman of the Jamaica and American Banana Society with perfect aplomb and effective direc-
tiveness, but no one knows better what the right flavour of a roasted onion should be than Lindsay. He had been up for boxing in his time, and was well known for his general versatility; but of course it would be in his laurels. Lindsay was not made to fight with his fists, and certainly he did not care to fight at all. He would prefer to dance. He prefers, in a word, the ways of persuasion, and he has got to his goal more quickly by those ways than any man ever could by solemnity or truculence.

He has embarks upon the most difficult task; they must have concluded that no man has a right to look pleasant, and actually be pleasant, and then be able to be unpleasing when he tries to be with.

I have also indicated that he would have been a good impresario, might have made him as a Wired to chaste business he is a practical and hard-
working businessman is clearly demonstrated by the position he occupies. What did this, that, this, that? This, that Lindsay al-
ways possessed an innate capacity for taking things and not one thing only; that the sub-personal-
ities of that, him who, which go to make up the total He, mind, brain, has be-
devolved to a very success-
ful level, is as follows: As it is, his banana busi-
ness faculties are those which he has worked on most, to the practical submission of his mind and faculties in these later days; it is as a banana man that he has entered upon his entire life now, whereas twen-
ty years ago we might have thought of him as other things as well. By the banana he lives, and therefore for the banana he lives; he has entered, at any rate, the shade of the banana tree; and it is significant that he should be a man who is stylishly or, as it were, a lighted manner, of our cartoonist displays him as clothed in banana leaves, eating a banana, and at the same time dancing to a tune which is probably "Yes, we have some bananas today."
Carmen Pringle, a Personality

MRS. KENNETH PRINGLE is far better known as Carmen. That is her Christian name; sooner or later even strangers come to speak of her, and often even to her, by that name: In her case it is a sort of titular designation, though of a distinctly friendly and affectionate character.

If there were more popular youthful women in Jamacia Society today, we know of none. And it would be hard to find half a dozen of our younger ladies equally popular, though prudence counsels us to say that there must be half a dozen. With Carmen one of them, and you, dear lady reader, another, any four other ladies can claim or compete for the other places in the very limited hierarchy mentioned; and since we are all agreed that there are some six most popular young society ladies here—though of course there are also scores of very popular younger ladies—the place assigned to Carmen will not create envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, since it is not sole or singular. We put her with five others, so that disarms catty criticism. If anyone were to contend that she did not deserve to come into such a category, everybody who knows Carmen rational explanation of why he is to love with a certain girl as to expect from anyone a detailed and accurate account as to why he or she likes another. Of course your lover would believe he could explain his preference quite readily and with amazing conviction. Indeed, he would feel that his reasons were obvious to all earthly eyes and needed no explicit statement! It is not quite that with liking, yet something of the same quality or element of pure feeling, of sentiment, does enter into liking, into friendship, and it has been well said that we like others as much for their faults as their virtues, which simply means that we like them for themselves, as they are, and without meticulous reference to their particular attributes.

YOU cannot sit in Carmen Pringle's company for five minutes without realizing that you are with a young woman of distinctively vivid and vibrant personality, one of marked, innate independence of character; a person, someone who stands out in any crowd. It is not her unconventionality alone, it is the way she carries that off. It is not her looks alone, though beauty she was born with: after all,
Food for Body, Food for Mind

The Inner Man, Physical and Mental, Has Always been the Care of Date Tree Hall

You will observe from the above that, considering the much greater value of the Outer Man than the Inner Man, the meals of the Institute were by no means cheap. Five shillings for a dinner was a high price in 1865. It was lower than the prices charged for meals at the University of the now payers for the privilege of eating in the University, and enjoying other privileges, though five shillings in 1864 had a general purchasing power which is remarkable. The double beds were cheap enough—four shillings for the whole—showing that we had no desire to say we suspect they were frequently inhabited by bugs. Mrs. Farbrother, like other lodging-house keepers, does not keep a bar, and the cigars of any quality worth speaking of had not yet come into existence.

POOR Mrs. Farbrother had her enemies of course. These were trade rivals, and also persons confiding as friends who were not desirous that she should lodge. One especially she found herself forced on April 25, 1864, to publish the following in the Kingston Gleaner, the same newspaper which flourishes today and whose "Whips" are authentically stated to work wonders, although the wants of other persons are usually regarded as pestiferous incidents in life.

Mrs. Farbrother announced in the Gleaner:

"Having been informed that certain persons immoral to me have for years been industriously circulating to my prejudice that, I have ceased to be an onlooker, and to lodge at Date Tree Hall. (The same having been sold to Miss Grant, of Blandford's Hall.) I beg to leave to notify all such parties that such is the case, that I am still there, and will continue to conduct my business, as I have hitherto been.

When I shall be necessitated to leave Date Tree Hall, a notice will be published in the Kingston Gleaner when it is to be done, and in the intervals, I shall still hope to obtain a fair share of patronage.

JANE OLIVER FARBrother."

It would seem from this that even then the body was contemplating being "necessitated to leave Date Tree Hall", though at this time it was still to be found in the direction. But still she struggled, as other lodging-house keepers were struggling, against the menaces of fate, and as the Gleaner of June 9th, 1866, announced:

Mr. A. Hunt, the celebrated Guitar Player associated with the players of the Californian Theatres, will give a grand Parlour Entertainment at the Date Tree Hall, this evening, consisting of Songs, Dances, Bur- enque, and Gymnastic Feats. The programme is very extensive, and many of the principal items are new. The price of admission is only two shillings each, with no doubt the performance will be well attended.

The building which now stands on the site of the old Date Tree Hall, and which is the successor of Date Tree Hall (since it is still used for the same purposes to which many years ago Date Tree Hall was eventually devoted), is also occasion- ally utilized for musical entertainments in these days, though never for dances, burlesques and gymnastic feats. Musical Societies give demonstrations in its Lecture Room, but tamahoes and others are not permitted to throw sowers in the build- ing. Tres, some persons, hastily stepping down from the platform which no longer exists in the Lecture House, have been known to drop and fall heavily to the floor. But we do not think that this could easily be regarded as a gymnastic feat. The language used on such occasions does not indicate the nature of the incident.

But alas and alas! On December 20th, 1871, there was the dire announcement in the Gleaner newspaper:

A PLAINT in ejectment against Mr. and Mrs. Farbrother to obtain possession of certain premises in St. George Street, Date Tree Hall came on for trial in the District Court yesterday. The date of the suit, it transpired, was in 1871, by the plaintiff, the owner of the property, absent in King- land—and the defendants allowed one month to give up possession. Since then, the premises have been purchased by the Government to be converted into a Military and Naval Barracks.

The end had come. The Farbrothers had vainly fought and had gone under. They were elected; and a year after the Government came into posses- sion of Date Tree Hall, when the people were told that the food instead of food for the body, was the food for the mind.
In Those Good Old Days

The Badness of Them When Seen Through Modern Eyes

In those days you did not hear of polo of tennis. But you heard much about shooting; and your planter gentleman did often go off and take a turn at the birds, and, to give him due, he would be willing to toll through cane piece and up hill and down dale. In the deep valleys, though he certainly would not carry his own gun. That would be done for him by one of his numerous attendants, for it was not befitting for a gentleman a century ago to be seen indulging in any form of manual labor any more than he that should traverse the roads of a country district except on horseback or in a vehicle.

In Jamaica, in the days when sugar was king, for a white man not to be able to afford a horse meant that he was very poor indeed; to see the legs given him by Providence to find himself from one place to the other on business was a derogation of the white man’s dignity, and the black man poured out appropriate scorn upon the “walk-foot backs.” So even in sport you never could have a negro sometimes sit at ease to do his shooting; and it is suggested that now and then he would even recline at ease to do so.

He and his friends went out with a retinue of servants. They provided themselves with lunch: a roast sucking pig, a well cured ham, fried mallet from the stream, a large cold pie, a basket of fruits, rum, sagoare, brandy: without all these you could not shoot a bird. Your sportsman sometimes sat under an umbrella and the birds were driven to him; at other times, all was ease, he took sangoare in the intervals, he bunched heartily, and if he died at a comparatively early age his widow was provided for; the estate was blamed for the effect of pork pie, the tropes were held responsible for the deleterious influence of brandy on the kidneys. But presumably it was a nice life while it lasted, and if in many instances it could not be termed healthy, there was no need to regard it as less regarded then as an indissoluble tie. That was perhaps why so many persons had a strong objection to having themselves tied.

There was an old gentleman in Jamaica who died a few years ago, who had lived to be nearly ninety. After he had passed eighty years of age he used to declaim upon the luxry of manners and morals in Jamaica. He was very emphatic on the necessity of a high standard of manners and morals, which was rather surprising to three or four contemporaries of his who had known him in his youth. He seemed to have changed so completely in his ideas that they wondered if he were the same man with whom they had been acquainted some fifty years before. One day a young man took him to lunch, which of course was expected to pay attention to virtue. And even these did not always think it necessary to do so. Nevertheless there were surprisingly few dittoros in status, had no need to be surfeiced or less regarded then as an indissoluble tie. That was perhaps why so many persons had a strong objection to having themselves tied.

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The old days of Jamaica may have seemed good enough for them, but up to us of this present day they would seem perfectly appalling. The people living in the good old times were dull, dull, dull; hence it is small wonder that there was so much heavy drinking and glutinous eating. Most of the higher order of persons here had but one object in view: to make as much money as they could, as quickly as they could, and get back to Great Britain, where they could live in the best society, be given the best chance and months away, to travel thither was an expedition, to return was a sort of descent into purgatory; hence there was not much going to and fro between the Old Country and Jamaica, for when one went out he stayed away. When we were in our rooms we were often down in our houses ice boxes, fridges, and our nostrils are not continually assailed by nostrils odors arising from open gutters like sewers. But the cutters in our streets of a hundred years ago, instead even of fifty years ago, stank and permsinated small, there were no picture houses, no good roads from which one might take swift, cool rides in a carriage; discomfort was the rule. But there may not have been conscious of it as discomfort, because we have not now perceived it. We have now changed all that to a considerable extent.

It may be that your sportsman, sitting under a shady tree, or the cover of a wide umbrella held over his head by a slave, with a ham and a roast pig within the radius of his vision, and supporting his spirits by copious drafts of brandy, sang and the like, felt happy enough at the moment. But it was an animal happiness and the reaction of dullness must have followed it. And if it has lasted with him, it was infinitely worse with the Europeans of a lower class who could not but regard the island as a sort of prison house, the shades of which closed down upon them as they landed, with rum and lower-class women, they only comforted small, their A rum life, you may say, making a pun upon the word. Quite true. And a rum end also.
UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from Page 12)

for I had carefully explained it beforehand. Yet one girl, who I used to think was intelligent, looked frightened as if she quaked that you aren’t any in her department! What can you make out of people like that?

Mrs. Joseph laughed. "She didn’t understand you, that is all. But that’s got nothing to do with Christopher. She just can’t use her eyes—she doesn’t use him—and he is on the spot now—you may not get a chance to speak to him, and Joseph already knew that only too well.

The agonising question was, should he or should he not? The thought of the possibility of getting the girl in the picture was so tempting. He was the most competent of the servants there. But when you turned him, he thought you were going to destroy a great affair, and you yourself as a sort of Napoleon of commerce, you may be forgiven, for your experience of the misfortunes and misadventures to someone not yet tested in that particular line. Mrs. Joseph, however, who knew her husband as well as any mother could, had already arrived at the decision he would make.

He rose from the table.

"I am going to send a letter to-day’s mail to Christopher," he said, and his mother smiled approval.

"Therefore, the day after he had met Mr. Swif,

Mr. Swif,

in any of the arts or been identified with social service. It is as Carmen Pringle simply that, up to the present time, a great number, and to which he had directed that his correspondence should be in care of the Letter Writer. The Bank was to be his business with the people with whom he would have to deal. The goods would be paid for, never mind the bank, as is well known that Mr. Solon Joseph: the Bank would guarantee all payments. His only charge was to work two weeks in Englishtown, which to execute the commission now entrusted to his discretion. For this extra time he would be paid his ordinary wages and all strictly necessary expenses.

Then the letter went on to deal with another

work with innate ability and inclination to bring one to the front in any calling.

YET there are any number of persons who have thought that, in other circumstances, Carmen Pringle would have won to high fame. Is there any truth in their belief?

The present writer shares that belief; and it is interesting to see how it expresses itself again and again in reports about her with which Carmen has had nothing to do but which spring spon-

taneously from imaginations which show a perspec-
tivity of atmosphere and character. For instance, Car-

CARMEN PRINGLE, A RAPPORTER

(Continued from Page 15)

"I am going to send a letter to the day’s mail to Christopher," he said, and his mother smiled approval.

Therefore, the day after he had met Mr. Swith, he was on his way down a branch of Barclays Bank in the street where he considered that his correspondence should be handled. The Bank was to be his reference in case of a letter from Mr. Solon Joseph: the Bank would guarantee all payments. The only charge was to work two weeks in Englishtown, which to execute the commission now entrusted to his discretion. For this extra time he would be paid his ordinary wages and all strictly necessary expenses.

Then the letter went on to deal with another

matter; and as he read the words Mr. Christopher Brown exclaimed in surprise and audibly cried out:

"It looks like he is going to learn his lesson and not try to get away from the house in the future which, functioning as dinner, Mr. Swif had suggested to, however, that the young ladies might pay for their share of the meal.

In other words, some contribution towards the cost of it. They had readily agreed to do, hav-

The party, therefore, numbered six. There were five of them assembled at half-past seven o’clock in the little room with the big table. They waited for the sixth, the lady friend on whose horse would not yet meet.

"Hany is always late," said the girl friend who

(Continued on Page 23)

The sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks of happy, healthy childhood are what every mother delights to see. And see can ensure this robust health for her children by making delicious ‘Ovaltine’ their regular daily beverage.

Scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and now-laid eggs, ‘Ovaltine’ contains all the nutrients required to build up body, brain and nerves, and to create abundant energy and vitality.

Because of its supreme merit, ‘Ovaltine’ is the food beverage most widely recommended by doctors. It is also the regular daily beverage in countless thousands of homes throughout the world.

But it must be ‘Ovaltine’ — there is nothing quite the same. 'Ovaltine'....

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Gives Robust Health and Energy.
A mother's thanks:—

"She was 5½ lbs. at birth but when 2 months old she went down to about 5 lbs. The doctor advised me to try Nestle's Milk and since then she has got on splendidly."

Mrs. W. C. K., Dunfermline, whose letter may be seen at Nestle's London Office.

"You'd never know there was a baby in the house"... Even when they see the actual letters that grateful mothers write to Nestle's, people still find them sometimes hard to believe. It does seem surprising that milk can succeed where milk itself has failed. Yet there's a simple reason. Nestle's Milk forms a lighter, flakier curd. There was never a stomach so tiny and weak but could digest it—completely.

**NESTLÉ'S MILK**
UNDER THE SUN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

had invited her. "I told her to-day to be punctual."

"It's swank and side," commented her sister.

"There's no reason why she shouldn't be 'ere on time."

In the matter of their aitches these girls were not alike. Flora had not been much hurt; but she had noticed that her little friend's throat was a little "coughy." It is a truth to say, they sometimes shuddered as they heard those words. A certain degree of confidence went with them peculiar, their cockney pronunciation, now that he was in very close contact with it, was not too startling to him; as they were never very friendly with becoming friends of his he wished that they would speak "proper English," that he himself could know better than even to look disapproving at their words. He guessed rightly that they would have the more leisure for the sort of sport by the exercise on his part of a gentle yet high-pressure sameness when others would have failed. And as he had been able to touch the pockets of other women—legitimately, of course—might he not touch the heart of this angel sufficiently to induce her to visit a Lyons' Corner House with him, there to partake of roast chicken with the customary accompaniments? Or, better still, some restaurant of a much higher grade than even one of the world-famed Corner Houses? He had no doubt that this suggestion was thought, but not so much as he would have done even twenty-four hours before. The truth is that a great change had been wrought in the soul of Mr. Christopher Brown since morning. The receipt of that letter from Mr. Solomon Joseph, commissioner of Public Works, was a thing not of importance and responsible character, had caused him to entertain a far higher opinion of himself than he had ever had before. To his spiritual stature had been added several cubits. He had awakened that morning, as it were, a star of very small magnitude, he had since acquired a much superior size and elegance.

His position was established; but, compared with Amy Hepburn, he felt very inferior indeed. The familiarity to her of the dashing side and radiant beauty, but nevertheless able to compensate himself for this feeling by patronising the humble Swifties, who suddenly reduced from his first implied claim to be the sole host of the evening, was now seeking to console himself for the loss of a temporary invalid, social status by eating as much of the roast beef as his stomach could contain. "Oh, by the way, Swifties," remarked Christopher, lightly, "you were saying something to me yesterday about wanting to go out to the West Indies—the land of Colombus," he added, deliberately turning to Miss Hepburn, so as to ensure her subsequent attention.

"Yes, I spoke to you about the West Indies," corrected that liberal, Mr. Swifties; and, "who is Columbus?" asked Miss Hepburn.

"Yes, I spoke to you about the West Indies first," admitted Christopher, and "Columbus was a Spaniard," he continued, not knowing that in this he was right only from the nationalistic and not racial point of view.

"Are you a Spaniard, Mr. Brown?" enquired Amy, with an expression of interest.

"No, I am a Jamaican and a Protestant," explained Christopher. "The Spaniards are Spaniards.

He added as a concession to whatever proprieties she might deem necessary? Mr. Brown knew the value and efficacy of persistent persuasion. Had he not again and again, in Kingston, Jamaican, brought an indifferent customer to purchase stockings, nooses, gloves or something of that sort by the exercise on his part of a gentle yet high-pressure sameness when others would have failed? And as he had been able to touch the pockets of other women—legitimately, of course—might he not touch the heart of this angel sufficiently to induce her to visit a Lyons' Corner House with him, there to partake of roast chicken with the customary accompaniments? Or, better still, some restaurant of a much higher grade than even one of the world-famed Corner Houses? He had no doubt that this suggestion was thought, but not so much as he would have done even twenty-four hours before. The truth is that a great change had been wrought in the soul of Mr. Christopher Brown since morning. The receipt of that letter from Mr. Solomon Joseph, commissioner of Public Works, was a thing not of importance and responsible character, had caused him to entertain a far higher opinion of himself than he had ever had before. To his spiritual stature had been added several cubits. He had awakened that morning, as it were, a star of very small magnitude, he had since acquired a much superior size and elegance.

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HE invisible Thing called Good Name, is made up of the Breath of Numbers that speak well of you.
Unquestionably the most beautiful Spot in St. Andrew.

Situated 5½ miles out of Kingston on the Hope Road and within walking distance of Hope Gardens.

Scenery and climate unsurpassed.

Most delightful walks in its own grounds.

The Cuisine and General Appointments are thoroughly first-class and will appeal to the most fastidious tastes.

### MONA GREAT HOUSE HOTEL

LIGUANE, ST. ANDREW, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Thoroughly renovated and Private Baths added to most of the rooms.

Situated around the Garden are several bungalows with spacious verandah and private bath.

Elevation 650 feet.

Ten degrees cooler than Kingston.

**ICE CREAM REFRIGERATING PLANT and ALL MODERN ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES INSTALLED.**

**Telephone 6003.**  
**M. B. Austin, Proprietor.**  
**Cable Address: Austin, Jamaica.**

The top of the ladder and be very important. If I were you I would write me a letter saying that if you take the job you must be called Director of Tailoring. I know Mr. Joseph will like that name, but it won’t do any harm for you to stipulate it. Otherwise, don’t bother to come to Jamaica. Unless you want to be nobody.”

Now who wants to be nobody anywhere? True it had never occurred to Swifden before that he might be among the great men of tomorrow, considered as a definite factor in the scheme of things (perpetual). New vistas seemed opening before him. Future beckoned to him. Mr. Brown was the god out of the machine who, with a word or two, could change the whole current of his life’s affairs. And only yesterday morning he had been but a tailor’s assistant with no prospects worth speaking of. It was difficult to believe he was not dreaming.

Congratulations began to pour upon him. From the tenor of the conversation everybody felt it was certain that in another couple of months Augustus would become a Director of Tailoring in a land where, apparently, everyone were clothes, though it had been generally imagined by most of the party that in countries like Jamaica the cloth and the string of beads round the waist were the principal clothing of practically all the "native" people.

Mr. Brown basked in this sunshine of his own creating. His spirits soared to the zenith. He was conscious that the eyes of Miss Amy Hopburn were fixed upon him with an admiring look; he did not perceive that it was also an enquiring, a speculative look. He himself had said nothing that had not been accompanied by a glance in her direction; he had talked at her, gestured to her, exhibited himself in all his glory in a covert (but really overt) bid for admiration. It was all plain as an open book to her; Amy had had much experience with men far more sophisticated than Christopher. And now she was studying him, appraising him, calculating about him. And she saw her bright eyes fixed upon him, and her heart sang for joy.

**CHAPTER FIVE**

"It’s a posh place," murmured Amy with pride to Christopher. Christopher was not certain of the meaning of the word "posh," but he gathered it was more or less synonymous with grand, or, as he would have put it, "errumpulous." He gazed about him. And she saw her bright eyes fixed upon him, and her heart sang for joy.

**MONGOOSE**

Three new verses of the popular and well known Mongoose Billy were composed by Mrs. Richard Cory (Polly) and illustrated by Mr. Cliff Farrow.

The chorus of the Mongoose song has been omitted, for it is already well known to everyone.

Mongoose hop ‘pon de Hope Car Line,
Dress in blue suit an’ shoes so fine,
Leave him cards wid de King’s House “Shine” –
Swank, Mongoose!

Mongoose call on de A. D. C.
Dey hol’ him down an’ search for ninja,
"Ole!” him bawl out, “should neber be” –
Scratch, Mongoose!

Mongoose member of de Fire Brigade
Draw, "For Corporaation me no afraid,
From time im'mortal me name was made" –
Laws, Mongoose!

Mongoose sit in de Legislative,
Draw him eyebrow in meditative,
Tell Sir Arthur him adjective –
Mind, Mongoose!

Would have you many places like this in Kingston?" asked Amy, after a waiter had taken their order.

He knew that there was none; indeed, again and again he had tried to explain to Amy that Kingston was not exactly like London and that the great buildings of a great metropolis could not be duplicated in a small West Indian city. But Amy knew no city except London, and again and again she would show that she imagined Kingston to be not unlike her own home town! And Christopher, though he tried to explain the difference...
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MONGOOSE

Three new verses of the popular and well known Mongoose Ditty were composed by Mrs. Richard Cory (Polly), and illustrated by Mr. Cliff Tyrrell.

The chorus of the Mongoose song has been omitted, for it is already well known to everyone.

Mongoose meet H. G. face to face,
Bowl for Cory to bring de mance—
Romp, Mongoose!

Mister Nichols have to pay de cash,
Mongoose get in a tramcar smash,
Can't eat yam now, but salt-fish hash—
Bowl, Mongoose!

Mongoose crawl in a Sutton Street,
Sat himself at the I. G.'s feet
Cry, 'de polismean feel de heat'—
Right, Mongoose!

CAPTAIN HARTLEY, A.D.C., courteously, but dubiously received Mongoose at King's House. Mongoose has never been there before.

He noticed too that the man had given him a swift, appraising glance.

Had he taken nothing to drink, he would have offered no observation; he would have felt that to do so would be an impertinence. But now he was equal to almost anything. He looked across at the young man, concluded at once that he was a gentleman and far, far removed from the station of the Christopher Bownes and persons of that ilk. He was handsome, well-groomed, bore himself with ease; he was somebody. The girl might or might not be of his own class; Christopher had the impression that she was not. He knew Amy: that was quite obvious from the fact that he had spoken to her. But his recognition had been quick, unswerving, furtive, as though it had been surprised out of him. His eyes were now steadfastly turned from her direction. And, quite evidently, she was angry and hurt.

"You know that fellow over there?" inquired Christopher.

"Yes."

"You don't look too pleased about it."

"No; he is a cad."

"I thought so. I didn't like the way he nodded to you. For two pints I would knock his head off."

"What for? You must have seen that I didn't even answer him. I really didn't notice him."

"He shouldn't have spoken to you like he did."

"There's no law against his nodding; and if you said a word about it to him, and he remembered it, we should be asked to leave the place. You can't interfere with other people, you know."

Christopher was for an instant abashed. But the influence of the wine was still upon him, or rather within him, and still he was able to play the.center of the hero.

"I am mad when anybody treats you like I think they shouldn't. I feel I couldn't do enough to them."

"What could you do?" snapped Amy.

It then occurred to Christopher that what he could do was exactly nothing. He took another look at the young man, whom he could see distinctly. In his well-fitting dinner jacket he seemed athletic, strong; his face, too, suggested something of the coward. Christopher, inflamed though he was, by ambition for an army and cocktail and wine, suddenly entertained a thought, which was that that particular young man, if offended, might hesitate to kick the present Christopher Brown in the sight of all the world. Chris glanced at the waiters. They too, for all their smiles and bowing, all their quick readiness to serve and their unfailing politeness, might display quite another aspect if called upon to do so. And Amy herself seemed to think that by taking notice of the young man's nod he was only making a fool of himself. He subsided.

The meal went on. The cloud continued to rest on Amy's face. Somehow the glamour had faded from the function; it was no longer enjoyable. With the vanishing of Amy's good spirits had gone the keen delight and fascination of the evening for Christopher. Who the devil was this young man's name, and what did he have to do with him? He winked.

"A girl in my position," broke out Amy suddenly, after some minutes of silence, "gets to know a lot of people who think they can claim acquaintance after business hours. They try to speak to you; and the only thing you can do is to ignore
them. That is the best way to put them in their proper place.

"But it's true," Christoper replied heartily, immensely relieved by Amy's unclouded explanation. "Just treat them with contempt.

"Surely she relaxed into blithness. "It is they who treat you with contempt," she said. "They think they can do what they like with you. They think that people like me, people out of their class, are made for their pleasure, and when they have done with us, they just put us away. I hate the whole of them. They look down on us; they think they are everything and we are nothing. I hate them all."

The words rushed forth as though they demanded, clamoured for, attendance and would not be denied. It was as though Amy felt compelled to unmask her heart or burst. She was raging inwardly, she must find some vent for the fires within her. But as suddenly as she had broken out she closed herself. And her eyes searched Christopher's face to find out how he had taken her unprepared speech; what impression it had made upon him.

"Pitiful!" he cried, "you are a regular Bohemian!"

"I feel like that sometimes. Look at all those people round us. What do they care for a girl like me?"

"But why do you worry about that?" was his very sensible question. After all, what do you care about them? And why should you give them a thought? You are as good as any of them. You are much better in fact; and as for looks, which one of these women can hold a candle to you?"

A smile of gratified vanity stole over the girl's countenance. Christopher had spoken with such warmth, such force, that there was no denying his sincerity. This was no mere compliment he was paying her. It came from his heart.

"You see the girl that man over there came in with?" she asked.

"Yes, I saw her plain enough."

"You think I am prettier than she?"

"There's no comparison. You can see a dozen like her in this very room now. There isn't one like you. Any fool with eyes in his head would know that."

"You say that now, but—"

"What?"

"You might change your mind to-morrow. All men are the same."

"No man can change his mind about you," he answered positively, "not if he is the right kind."

She accepted this with a bitter little smile. But he had poured balm into some wound that rankled in her heart. Here, at least, was one man who thought of her as a sort of goddess.

"Why," he asked abruptly, "did you say you hate that man? Hate is a strong word."

"I didn't mean him particularly," she hurriedly replied. "I meant people like him. There are a lot of them. Don't you dislike them yourself? But, of course, in your position you wouldn't have to meet insults. You are different."

"I ain't. I meet with a lot of forwardness sometimes. But I tell them a thing or two," he added, determined still to wear the giant's robe of great-nes he had illegitimately donned since coming to London.

"Why did you want to ressent his nodding to me the way he did," she asked softly.

"For a moment he did not reply. He felt that he dared not. It would be too unadvisable. It would also be too tremendous a step for him to take—to answer as he felt, to tell her the truth. He was sure it would mean nothing to her, that she would simply laugh and that the matter would end there in so far as she would be concerned; yet for him to say what was in his heart, and almost now upon his lips would mean . . . His mind grew more confused, his blood was pounding through his veins, the room became a huge blur . . . He was not quite conscious of his action; yet he knew that he had lowered his voice, and, as though he was listening to someone else, he heard himself whisper to her—

"Because I love you."

It was out at last. How would she take it, this superior creature; and from him, a poor clerk in a West Indian shop?

Her calmness alarmed him. In a low but matter-of-fact voice she said:

"You think so now; how do you know you mean it? Men say one thing to-day and another to-morrow. You are here today, a few weeks' time you will go away. And me, you will leave me behind . . ."

"No, Amy, no. I want you to come with me. You could marry me before we sailed. I couldn't leave you. I would lose you. If I did. You will be so happy in London."

"Ask me again to-morrow when we meet; I will tell you then."

Dazed with happiness, for she had not refused him, Christopher paid the bill, tipped the waiter handsomely, threw a haughty glance of disdain and defiance towards the young man who had so summarily nodded to Amy—the young man's eyes met his, but the defiant glance seemed wasted—and left the grill-room of the Toc Treading upon air. He was not the same man who had entered the building; he was a conquering hero taking principal part in a triumphant procession. "Shall we go somewhere?" he asked Amy. "A picture show; anything?"

"I would prefer to go home now," she said. "To-morrow night perhaps. Will you call for me?"

"I will take you home now, and call for you to-morrow night about eight."

"That's all right."

They boarded a bus; when they got to the corner near to which Amy lived Christopher got

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KINGSTON.
off with her and walked to her door. She did not ask him in. He took her hand; she lifted her face; he kissed her. He was like a man intoxicated all the way back to his lodging in Clapham.

The girl herself went quickly up to her room, avoiding her mother, and sat down to think. She had to make a momentous decision that would change the whole tenor of her life.

Her feelings were mixed, relief blended with bitterness. She did not love Christopher Brown. He was passable enough, generous, apparently in good circumstances. But he was ordinary; she was too experienced, too worldly wise not to have perceived that. She was beautiful; she knew it. But, as she put it to herself, she was not unattractive. Had life treated her rightly she would not have had to think of Christopher Brown as a solution of her problem.

And would he be a solution? Would he ever find out? One could never be certain.

She had almost betrayed herself that night. Her unrestrained outbreak when John Dalremple had so casually saluted her, taken aback as it were at seeing her in the restaurant, might have warned a man with a keener sense of observation than Christopher that there had been something between them, while a woman would at once have guessed the truth. It was all over now; she had known from the first that some day it would be over, though, being human, she had hoped against her own in- stincts and knowledge that it would last. Her home was an unhappy one. Her father, still alive, was domineering, quick-tempered, impossible. She stood up against him, her mother watching the continu- ous conflict terrors. But the perpetual disagree- ments distracted her, and she was glad to catch at any chance of pleasure and relief outside. Her father was very ungentle; he did not welcome men to the little flat in which they lived. So she had had to meet young men outside; and one day, two years before, she had met Dalremple in the place where she worked; he had handed him some change after he had made a few purchases. He was struck with her beauty; she saw that. He came there again and again. She liked things he did not want, and always managed while getting the change to say a few words to her. What happened next was the expected. He asked her to meet him one night for dinner. She agreed; they met often after that, became friendly, and then he began to make love to her. But even while making love he always insisted that he did not believe in marriage. He spoke of marriage as the death of love, as an old- fashioned institution which modern people dis- liked.

She ought to have been warned by that, but she did not wish to be warned. She was flattered by his attentions: he was "such a toff." She fierce- ly thralled for affection, but at the same time she discussed the man of her own class who would have been glad to marry her. She had had many pro- posals from the time she was seventeen years of age; but she had seen how quickly the wives of poor men faded with hard work and child-bearing and anxiety to make both ends meet. She detested such a life. She had sworn it would never be hers.

She had quickly grown to care for John Dalrem- ple; he was highly considerate; he treated her as an equal; he took her out to dine with him, he took her to shows. She liked the way he looked, the way he spoke, the way he dressed; if he did announce emphatically his objection to marriage, he also said that if he could ever come to acquiesce in that in- stitution she was the woman he would marry. In her heart of hearts she realized that this was but soothing and complimentary talk; he would never marry a woman of her class, she was convinced. Yet she continued to go about him, playing with fire. And it burnt her.

One night he suggested a little supper at his flat; his mother would be there, he said, was in- deed expecting her; everything would be right and proper. After some hesitation she accepted the in- vitation. Had she believed that his mother would meet her? She had pretended to, her self-respect demanded that. She had tried to deceive herself into believing that she believed him. Yet she was not much surprised, when they got to the flat, to find that Mrs. Dalremple was not there; and she listened to the explanation of John—a missed train or a sudden illness. He wanted to drive her home, but he gave it to her—excitement, pleasure, "life" such as the men friends in her own sphere could never provide. She hoped that night that she could keep John always; she counted upon the power of her beauty to do so. She had perfect self-confidence.

When he suggested that she should stay with him until late—she could tell her people that she had been to the theatre—she consented. They went into his room together: all pretence was now set aside. But discretion, if not virtue, cried a warn- ing.

"You know what may happen," she implored.

"I may be disgraced. Have you never thought of that?" He promised that there should be no conse- quences that would bring her to disgrace, and she believed him. And, during the eighteen months that they had been lovers he had kept his word.

She was grateful for that. Nobody knew what she had done; nobody in her own circle at any rate, and it was this circle that counted with her. A baby would have meant ruin. John had taken care that she would never be so.

But for six months the liaison was one prolonged honeymoon; then discussions appeared, differences began to yawn between them. She was quick-tem- pered, exasperating, jealous; he was careless and unfaith- ful. They quarrelled; she quarrelled intensified in strength and feeling. He said she was impossible; she called him worthless, deceitful, snob. The differ- ence between his class and hers, though it had been one of the things that had attracted him to her, new seemed to rankle perpetually. She made it a kind of reproach to him, incessantly.

He began to weary of her, met her less often; ceased at last to ask her to his place. She realized at length that the end had come between them.

For six months now she had not met him. He had been generous to her. But she would not ask for a penny when they ceased to be lovers. She had cut herself off from him with a curse. Vanity, which served her as well as self-respect would have served the most virtuous of women, caused her to fall back upon herself entirely. She took nothing from him. She was wholly finished with him.

To-night, at the Troc, she had seen him again for the first time in six months, and with another woman. The same thing would probably happen in that woman's case as in hers. She had seen him glance at Christopher Brown, with something of relief in his eyes, but also with a suspicion of amusement. He had sized up Brown, and his opin- ion was probably good-humouredly contemptuous. That thought had maddened her; a poor opinion of Christopher meant also a poor opinion of her, his companion. It was like a stab; had John Dalrem- ple fallen in a fit at that moment, Amy would have rejoiced.

The sequel had come swiftly and strangely. The stranger from Jamaica, after she had railed against the man who had quickly added to her—though she knew that the nod had been one of surprise and not insinuating intentionally—that stranger had asked her to marry him. He was not in the same class.

(Continued on Page 31)
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UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from Page 28)

with John Daliempe by a thousand miles; he boasted he was very talkative; he spoke with a kind of flat drawl. Yet he possessed Christopher; to give her a name, a home, a kind of position; and, after all, she was damaged goods. Would he ever find that out? Dare she accept his proposal?

She was afraid.

Discovery, she had heard, was in these matters certain. Discovery, she had also heard, was very problematical. She knew of girls who had proved this and she had a chance.

Could she bluff it out?

Other girls had done so. And she had a conviction that it would never be difficult for her to convince and to manage Christopher Brown. He would believe her, he stood even rather in awe of her. She saw that. So then . . .

Well, she would let him know her decision to-morrow.

CHAPTER SIX

The thing was done. Christopher found himself a married man.

It had all happened quickly. Amy had accepted him, then had presented him to her father and mother. The former, who had been a sergeant in the army, and now was a sort of night watchman for a building in London, had asked him up and down and disapproved of him entirely. Hopkins was in the habit of disapproving of most persons; but his disapproval went the entire limit after one visit from Christopher. He told Christopher: "You give your daughter in marriage to this man. Her whole life will be a failure."

The old lady examined them carefully, noted the prices paid for them, then nodded to her son with satisfaction.

"What did I tell you, Solomon?" she remarked. "That young fellow is no fool. You couldn't have done better yourself."

"Not much. Better, perhaps," qualified Mr. Joseph; "but he sure has made a good bargain."

"You must encourage him," said Mrs. Joseph; "when you have a good man it is wise to keep him."

"I will tell him I am pleased with him," said Mr. Joseph; "but it wouldn't be wise to do more. These people get swelled-headed if you give them any thing extra."

"You are right, my son," agreed Mrs. Joseph; "only, if Eileore hear about this—"

"Don't mention that thing!" cried Solomon; "he is capable of anything. But I will see that Christopher doesn't leave my employ. I am not going to train up a man for Eileore to take him away. He's robbed me enough already."

Mr. Joseph, having satisfied himself that he had trained Christopher as a buyer, had promptly established proprietary rights in him; but this made him feel more kindly than ever towards Christopher, for we like that which we think we have made and own.

Therefore when, a week or so later, Mr. Joseph received an airmail letter announcing Christopher's marriage, he decided not to be ill-nagging. What he could have to be ill-nagging at the impartial sanctity of a marriage. He was not, however, without some anxiety for the future happiness of his former employee. He was always anxious for the future happiness of his former employees, and always welcomed the opportunity of offering them some wise and sympathetic advice, and thus of feeling that he had contributed to their future welfare. But he had no desire to overtake the marriage; however, he would naturally disclaim all responsibility for the happiness of his former employee. Mr. Joseph took Christopher's letter home to his mother. She read it carefully, noted the young man's enthusiastic comments on the beauty and goodness of his wife, his wonder that he had been able to secure such a treasure, his declaration that the momentous step he had taken would assist him in his work, so that the great firm of Solomon

Joseph could not fail to be advanced thereby. The shrewd old woman read through the letter twice. "He seems to love her very much," she commented.

"What you think of it?" asked her son.

"Well, she is a stranger to Christopher, you know."

"That's so."

"And when she come out here she mayn't be contented; I have seen that sort of thing before."

"What'll she have to be discontented about?" demanded Solomon. "Don't he have a good position in my store? And, after all, she can't be so very much herself, or she wouldn't have married him. He says she used to work in a store in London; you know that that isn't anything great. So she ought to be contented."

"Hum. Well, we'll see. It will either make him better or worse."

"He'd better not become worse," answered Mr. Solomon Joseph positively, "or he won't long remain with me. But I don't fear that; he's never been bad. And when a man gets married he works harder; the truth is that he is afraid to lose his job, so he don't give any back-answers and all that sort of foolishness. Marriage is good for a young man."

"Then why don't you get married yourself, Solomon?" asked his mother wistfully. "I don't want to lose you, but I would like to have a little grandson or two before I die. And Esther is not likely to marry—" Father was Mrs. Solomon's daughter, aged forty, who had new been in New York for some months.

Mr. Solomon felt that the conversation was taking an inconvenient turn. Without being explicitly informed of it, Mrs. Solomon already possessed one or two little grandchildren, but these her son did not care; instruction at this stage of their career. She suspected it, however, though she took care never to appear as though she did. The truth is that she would gladly have welcomed them for Solomon's sake, and hoped that the day was not far distant when he would summon sufficient courage to announce their existence. Meanwhile she did wish to see him married, for the sake of the continuance of the legitimate branch of an utterly undisguised family.

"I would like to meet his wife," mused Mrs. Solomon.

"We will call upon her when she arrives," announced Solomon Joseph gravely, "I am not smug; I will not let the fact that there is a great difference between our social positions, and also the fact that he is my employee, stand in the way of a
little social attention on my part. So long, of course, as he does not take advantage of me kindly.

"You are right, me darling," said his mother; "but, you know, Solomon, if he had married a Jamaica girl, I would not be so worried about him; with you, I never would think of calling on him. You see the difference already? That is what I fear.

"What?" I do not know exactly; except this: people here will take more notice of him because his wife is English than they would have done otherwise. And it is all right, because a judge or a jury—no, they will make him feel quite important, and the Negro fellow may get down to dust and all sorts of trouble.

"You don't mean to say you think he will steal," said Solomon Joseph, startled. "I was wondering about that same thing myself.

"No, I was not," I replied. "But there's other things. Well, he's married already; so we must make the best of it."

Meanwhile, Christopher and his wife were even then on their way to Jamaica.

On embarking on the homeward journey, Christopher and his companions had high hopes of their voyage over to the Mother Country. He had then been treated like any other ordinary passenger, but to his particular notice having been taken of him. He had shared the pangs of sea sickness, had joined in the sports, had participated in the concerts, like everybody else; but in the groups which had inevitably been formed among the passengers after the ship had been two or three days out he had found himself relegated to one composed of persons of more or less his own station in life. Beyond an occasional bow from some of his fellow-passengers, there were no real social contacts between him and them. He had not complained; he had not been conscious of anything to complain about. They were strangers whom he could not possibly know as intimates in Jamaica. But now, at the beginning of the return journey, he was vaguely aghast at how Amy would take the situation, for he had already perceived that she was greatly ambitious and had let fall more than one hint as to the life she hoped to lead in Jamaica. This, he knew, was partly his own fault. He had boasted, much: the reality was now to be learnt. It would be difficult to make itself apparent on the ship. He counted, socially, for little, it followed that his wife also would, and while she could expect nothing different in a great city, it might be otherwise in the tiny world of a steamer. He was worried.

He need not have worried. Amy was undeniably beautiful, of definite, forceful character, of a petulant, pushy disposition; and the ship's officers were keenly appreciative of her looks and vivacity. And there were other men on board. She did not suffer from an hour's sea sickness. While Christopher thought it wise to remain within the seclusion of his cabin for a couple of days, Amy ranged the promenade deck, was conspicuously visible in the dining saloon, the lounge and the smoking room. The day after the vessel left Arumouth she had become established as a prime favourite, even with some of the women. Of course, a few of the men kept their admiration severely to themselves or expressed it to her only in fervent glances. These were not what Amy would have considered anything like friendship between her husbands and Mrs. Christopher Brown. These wiles were determined to be merely civil to this Mrs. Brown, whom they described among themselves as being "rather common"; but not for a moment to allow her to imagine that she was or could ever be of their circle. But Amy was one of those who never care very much about women unless they are definitely friendly. Women she generally classified as "hens" herself being a bird of paradise. She was well content if the men liked and admired her, and made a great deal of her. And on this ship they did. But she knew that women counted in society and was resolved not unnecessarily to make enemies of those. Besides, she appeared on the promenade deck before lunch on the third day out he found his wife enjoying herself immensely, and he himself tolerated because of his relationship to her. He was glad now that Swifflies would be following in another boat; the presence of Swifflies here would have been something of a social disaster. Because he knew that his wife was an unqualified success. He knew that; but he adored Amy and was quite satisfied to play third fiddle in the orchestra that enchanted her. He saw her on friendly terms with some girlish whom she had seen in Kingston but had not in his wife's presence, her heart swelled with pride. At one bound, as it were, he seemed to have acquired the social position which he had hitherto at least in his, but which had never dared hitherto to aspire even in thought.

He suspected that many of the folk on the ship were talking about him and his wife. Once or twice he noticed a significant pause in a conversation which he unexpectedly appeared from round a corner and came upon two or three persons engaged in a
tied to a woman like his wife to comprehend it. But even while thinking all this he managed to look as though he were in a noble, exalted, one of his spouse. Experience had taught him the wisdom of this. And many years of wedded misery—not openly complained of—had broken his spirit.

"I shouldn't doubt it," said Mrs. Toneycroft, answering the captain, and not caring if by this agreement she was contradicting herself. "There is a type of woman in England who should never be permitted to enter the tropics. There ought to be a law to prevent them from landing."

"Why, my dear?" timidly questioned her husband, but managing to voice his question in such a way as to suggest that he already agreed with her and would support blindly any law she might suggest.

"Why? Can you ask why, Nicholas? Is not the reason apparent?"

"Of course it is," murmured Mr. Toneycroft, and subsided. He would not ask any further question that day.

"Exactly," continued Mrs. Toneycroft. "Such women lower the prestige of the English in the colonies. They are not accustomed to dignity, they have no deportment, they frequent all sorts of places and mix with all kinds of people, and we suffer for it. It ought to be prevented."

Mrs. Toneycroft herself was not an Englishwoman, but a colonial of the third or fourth generation. But this long descent from an immigrant master carpenter—now evolved in legend into a master architect—gave her, she felt, aristocratic status. She was, therefore,巡察 of his privileges and duties it was to keep in the colonies the flag of England proudly flying, though it showed no sign of doing anything else without her assistance. She disapproved of Amy marrying Christopher Brown, but even more of Amy coming to Jamaken, with all her beauty, vivacity and radiance, to lower the prestige of a few devoted souls who were endeavoring to keep the King's laws from falling为准。The captain, a genial man of the world, who understood what was in her mind, but discreetly said nothing. Yet he, too, and others, were intrigued about this marriage, and though they might forget all about it three months hence, it gave them a sort of thrill just now. Every little thing counts on a ship. Gossip is quietly rife, jealousy flourishes, in the bower that affects one on a lengthy voyage (unless one can drink heavily, flirt continuously, or devote oneself shamelessly to bridge) It is a relief to be able to speculate upon the character of other people, their secret vices, and the future of their lives. And here, seen as it were in the full unveiled glare of comparison, it was obvious to all that Christopher Brown and his wife were totally opposite and contradictory persons. Dark and fair, passive and active, plain and beautiful, Colonial and English; strangers still to one another; the one attractive, the other negligible; the one well-grown—for Amy had taste and had bought some smart-looking clothes before leaving England—and the other looking cheap even in his dinner jacket; it seemed that there was nothing in common between them. The captain summed up the matter in a talk one night with his chief engineer. "He loves her," he said, "he adores the very ground she walks upon. She just doesn't care for him. Anybody can see that. A queer match." But Christopher had no complaints, was still proud of Amy's success. On her part she felt that she would not mind if this glorious voyage lasted a month instead of but a couple of weeks.

CHAPTER SEVEN

I was a new world and a new life for Amy. That was borne in upon her from the very moment the ship passed historic Port Royal and entered the harbour of Kingston. On three sides, north, east and west, towered mountains that shimmered green and blue in the morning light, a background for the city which, at a distance, looked white and flat behind a long irregular waterfront; white houses, it seemed, among a maze and multitude of trees.

The sea was a sparkling sweep of deep blue water and the sky was amure and gold. The heat of the day had not yet begun to manifest itself in all its vigour, yet even now there was a foretaste of it, and later it would smite all and sundry like a flaming sword. For it was summer, and for long hours the sun would remain overhead like a fiery monarch undisturbed in his supremacy. Every moment now it was rising higher, and the comparative cool of the dawn was rapidly wearing away.

But Amy had already experienced, for some days, the heat of the tropics, though tempered by the breezes of the sea. It was not the atmosphere that claimed her attention at this moment, but even the prospect of the town which momentarily grew more distinct as the vessel approached it, but the spirit of some of the passengers who had been so cordial on the voyage. These had grown a trite construed, and she was swift to notice that. They were mostly the married people of what she had estimated to be a good class of Jamaken society.

There was, of course, a still higher set, but with the members of this she had never been friendly. "I hope you will come to see us," she had said that morning to one couple, and the lady had answered:

"We'll try to; but, you see, we live rather far from where you say you are going to live, and we go seldom if anywhere.

This lady's residence was not a mile from the house to which Christopher was taking his wife; but she wished to convey, as politely as possible, that social intercourse between her family and the Christopher Brownes ceased sharply at the pier which they were now approaching. "I trust we shall see something of one another in Kingston, Mrs. Toneycroft," Amy had also dared to suggest; for she possessed great courage and was determined to scale her way, if possible, up the higher cliffs of the island's social life.

"We are not likely to, Mrs. Brown," Mrs. Toneycroft had coldly replied. "My husband and I are very busy people and we find all our time taken up by our various duties.

Afterwards Mrs. Toneycroft had expressed her horror and surprise that "the Brown woman should have ventured to hope for any further acquaintance-ship between them. Mrs. Toneycroft regarded this as a kind of sacrilege. Besides," she added to the lady to whom she mentioned the circumstance, "the young woman actually did not seem to know that she should not invite the gentlefolks of the island to go to see her, but she waited to see if these would call on her. as of course they wouldn't. But what could you expect? How could she possibly know anything?

There were a few persons whom Amy did not invite; these were so clearly not in any circle worth thinking of that to have included them in her could, she perceived, have done her no good whatever. Two or three unmarried men who knew every body on the ship did, however, accept her invitations with alacrity; they would call within that very week. And Amy was delighted. With her quick brain she understood very well how the situation was shaping itself. "They don't think enough of me for them to know," she thought, "and they refuse to know Christopher."

He, indeed, she had noticed, had apparently dwindled in spiritual and social stature within a few miles of Kingston. He had seemed so tall in his walk, and his voice had become deferential. A species of deflation was in process. As a matter of fact, she had observed that from the day when Christopher, comparing smugness, had come up on deck to mix with the other pas-
singers, his position among persons from the coun-
try of his birth was by no means so lofty as he had suggested in London that it was. It was she whom the people had bothered with. She knew quite well that they had only tolerated, not accepted, him. And now, alas! Their acceptance of her was ending. She was slipping into the position occupied by her husband.

So it was with no feeling of contentment that she gazed upon the deepening green of the water-front as they neared the low-lying city with its splendidly panoramic background of mountains; nor did the far-famed glamour of the tropics appeal to her as she looked down upon the long wooden pier thronged with a larger number of bare faces than her imagination had led her to believe could possibly be assembled in one spot.

The black porters were gathered below, and, as this ship was scheduled to leave within a few hours with a cargo of bananas, an army of Negro labour-
ners, men and women, were busy piling into boats (for subsequent transference to the ship's holds) thousands of bunched of fruit conveyed to the spot by long fruit trains from different parts of the country. There was a confused noise of shouting, ord-
ers, laughter, and flashes of laughter, shattered, quarrelling from this crowd; and as the banana carriers were clad in dirty ragged garments, because of the nature of their work, and spoke and shout-
ed in tongues which seemed to her to be those of a savage people, she heard and viewed them with something like dismay. Their black faces, gleam-
ing teeth and eyes, their numbers as they swarm-
ed at their work below, the grim silence of a few black uniformed men whom she saw standing on the pier, the savagery of white men, the long cutting knives or machetes in the hands of some of the workers: all this combined to give her the im-
pression that she had arrived at a place where most of the people were dangerous, unlighted, while a tiny minority, represented by some of those she had met upon the ship, lived in cold aloofness from the rest and established a social exclusiveness as chill-
ing as the faces and voices of the mob below were frightening.

One of the ship's officers joined her as she stood looking disconsolately on the scene set out beneath her eyes.

"Feeling strange?" he asked kindly.

"Feeling frightened. Those—oh, nothing to fear from the people here," she laughed. "They are thinking of their business, not of you."

"They are not dangerous!"

"You will laugh at anyone who asks you such a question a few months hence. Don't worry. You'll get used to everything, and probably like it."

They docked, and men from the pier swarmed up upon the dock and word was passed along that the passengers were disembarking. She went down the gangway, preceded by Christopher; she was confused by the noise, irritated by the heat, which was many times more oppressive in the wharf than it had been on the vessel, and conscious of a feeling of intense loneliness, as though she were utterly by herself in a country of wild people with wild manners and customs, a foreigner in the midst of potentially perilous surroundings. How at that mo-
moment she longed to be back in her familiar environ-
ment of London! How could she be happy among such folk with a man whom she had never pre-
tended to herself that she loved? She really knew no one here, not even her husband; then she re-
membered Swiften and thought with relief that in a fortnight's time he too would be in Jamaica and would form a link with her own home and her past. He at least would be a friend; she had known him long, and he was a good fellow. He would be dis-
appointed in Jamaica, too, no doubt, but that would only serve to bring the two of them more closely to-
gether. He wasn't much of a companion, it was true, but here at least he would be a sort of re-
fuge, a source of comfort to one who, like herself, was a stranger in a very strange land.

What was this wild-looking black man saying to her? His words, which she had not quite caught, sounded in her ears like a threat and his gestures were startling.

The man was a giant of his species, jockecked, sweating, and he was addressing her in a loud im-
erative tone. Christopher had gone elsewhere, to see after their luggage, he had said. The other pas-
sengers were too busy with their own affairs to take any notice of her.

She started her question in the face: if she was a little dismayed she did not show it. Amy, at heart, was a brave woman.

"What is it?" she demanded with a touch of imperiousness, and strained her ears for the re-
ply.

She caught it distinctly.

"Ain't asking de mistress what is her name so as I can collect her luggage for her. Ah'm one o' de porters employ de company. De mistresses can leave everything to me."

So that was what it was! Perhaps the fellow was a thief; he certainly did not look like a respon-
sible employee of any company. But he was being neither rude nor threatening; on the contrary, he was now smiling cheerfully, radiating a kind of re-
spectful friendliness. But she did not know exact-
ly what to tell him: collecting the luggage was her husband's job. Happily, at this moment, Christo-
pher appeared again upon the scene, and spying the giant, who was repeating his words, gave him the name and the number of pieces of luggage belong-
ning to them. "Now see that you make no mistake and be quick about it," he ordered peremptorily, and the man answered: "Leave it all to me, boss."

And then Amy saw Christopher in the capacity of one giving orders and evidently in no fear of being massaged or threatened. She felt relieved.

Another diversion took place.

"Welcome home, Christopher!" cried a voice with a noticeable blend of friendliness and con-
descension, and Mr. Christopher Brown turned to face the outstretched hand of Mr. Solomon Joseph. Yes; it was that great man himself who had come down to greet his chief assistant and his bride, and Mr. Joseph was fully conscious of the honour he was bestowing upon Christopher. Truth to tell, this had been suggested by old Mrs. Solomon Joseph, and that redoubtable lady was herself on the spot, puff-
ing indignantly at the heat, but beaming with gen-

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UNDER THE SUN

(Continued From Page 34)

... willow upon the couple who, by this act of grace on the part of herself and her son, were being formally taken under their wing and highly elevated.

"How kind of you to come and meet us, Mr. Joseph!" exclaimed Christopher, flushing with pleasure, "and you too, Mrs. Joseph. I never expected this."

Mr. Joseph's face registered his thought that of course Christopher could not possibly have expected such a signal act of condensation: that would have been unheard-of presumption. But as the performance of miracles is usually pleasing to the miracle-worker, Mr. Joseph was glad that he had no completely Rabbinerized Christopher by distorting the social order of the universe and unexpectedly appearing like a god to meet his employee.

"This is a wife," said Christopher, and both son and mother now looked Amy full in the face and saw—

A beautiful young woman, who, in spite of all the discomforts of an early landing and the bewildering of her immediate experience, still managed to look radiant, glorious, the admiration of men and the envy of many of her sex. Mr. Solomon Joseph gasped. He had not imagined anything like this.

Mrs. Joseph met the impact of Amy's appearance much more calmly; yet she too was astonished and surprised. What a beauty had platé, undistinguished Christopher married? Had it been done? Why, why, why... this would make him a man of mark among persons of his own social standing, and among those of elevated ambition, few knew her own son. He had come down to the pier ready to be hissed and condemned to Christopher's English wife. But now his manner swiftly changed to an attitude of admiration and respect. He had, perhaps unconsciously, already elevated Christopher into the position of a friend. And he would not be similar. For Christopher's wife looked not only beautiful but stylish.

The deflation from which Christopher had been suffering the last few days now definitely ceased. A counter-process of inflation began to supersede the idea of a man's hose represents to him a high, almost the highest, plateau of social importance and success; to be noticed by him means a great deal; especially as such notice is not lavishly accorded. Christopher really thought that Mr. Solomon Joseph would, by the law of wealth, and outstanding ability, though he was well aware that some of those with whom he had travelled with back to Jamaica, and who were even now busy looking after their things on the pier, would only know Mr. Joseph. In the way of business men they knew him at all. But they were of another world, and we are mainly interested in our own world; hence Chris, who had been feeling deserted and apprehensive ever since Kingston had come into view, now proclaimed his signed contract to be a háng-a-order to a porter in the vicinity. Loudly did he command the man to go and look for his luggage, but as the man well knew that such orders erryway had already been entrusted with that task, he merely gazed at Christopher with profound unconcern and re-marked to a brother employee, with no reference to anyone in particular, that some people really seemed to get drunk very early in the morning. Such an observation, being apparently general and not particular, could not be resented as personal and disparage, so Christopher made no notice of it.

And Amy, of course, understood nothing whatever of what had passed.

"Can I help you in any way, Mr. Brown?" solicitously enquired Mr. Solomon Joseph: "Chris, the bungalow being looked after..."

"Yes, Mr. Joseph; but these fellows are slow. Sorry to keep you in the wharf..."

"Don't mention it. I tell you what you do. Hire a taxi to bring up your things behind us, and I will drive you home."

"Were the stars still in their spheres? Was the earth solid beneath their feet? Was it, could it be possible that the great Solomon Joseph himself would take them to their residence, in the face of all the world, with the eyes of all the people looking on? Amy, Christopher saw, did not realize what a revolution was now taking place in nature, but he comprehended it perfectly. How pleased with his buying must Mr. Joseph be indeed... But Chris was not a fool. He knew that Mr. Joseph was also struck by the appearance of his wife, who now was comporting herself like a great lady. It was she who accepted the Solomon Joseph offer. And then Mr. Joseph left his mother with her and hurried off with Christopher to pass their belongings through the Customs.

This effected, they were free to leave the wharf. Mr. Joseph, ever hospitable and commodious could be placed the two ladies and Christopher on the back seat, hoisted himself beside his chauffeur, and gave the eye to the highland parades. They drove from the back and through the northern Indian forest and to the windows and lower part of their faces, in which a variety of goods were displayed. They drove through a sight of brilliant flowers and was shaded here and there by huge tropical trees; they saw large transcar moving up and down with harsh, grating noise, automobiles bearing men and women to their several offices; they drove by yards in which stood low wooden tenements surrounded by unpainted, broken-down fences of board; they passed post a great green open space, quite obviously a race-course; they turned west and then north again, and again west, and Amy and Christopher set down at bungalows, near all of them freshly painted, all standing in their own grounds, with ten-foot lawns in front of some, with flower gardens with a peaceful air of contentment brooding over them all. And everything was lit up by a golden light, captured by brilliant blue skyed by soft white clouds that drifted slowly and imperceptibly changed their shape.

Amy's spirits, which had been rising since Christopher's chief had met them, now underwent another change in altitude. Here indeed was a neighbourhood where one might live quite happily; better than she had ventured to expect; it was of her, city born and bred, to whom the ownership of the smallest country or suburban house had not appeared a possibility, had never been thought of, a couple of months ago, a bungalow like one of these seemed likely to be a most delightful place of abode.

And Christopher had told her, quite truthfully, that under his father's will he would own one of those places it had been left to his father shortly before that older man's death and had been left to the son. There was a sister; she was waiting to receive them now. But she, though she lived with Chris, had two houses of her own; the old man had invested all his savings in three houses, two of which had been willed to the girl. Chris's bungalow was the largest, and it was well maintained. Amy saw this as the ear turned into the gate, and a smile of satisfaction spread over her face.

Standing on the wide verandah was a girl who, beyond question, was Christopher's sister. There was a marked resemblance between the two, though the girl was much fairer than Chris, with finer features. Behind her Amy observed two servants, black, burly, weather cups, and though Christopher had told her that he kept two servants—he had said nothing about the caps, which was his sister's innovation—the actual sight of these domestics had a greater effect upon Amy than anything she had been told about them. What she had been told iseed was that she must be careful of the sugar, beef,

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vessels and such other articles liable to be taken and carried away; but she, who had never had a servant all her life, was too delighted with these visible signs of dignity and comparative affluence to care much at the moment whether they show any slight disregard of the sixth Commandment, or even be occasionally cheeky, as she had heard on the ship that Jamaica servants often were. (Check from a servant meant that you had a servant who could be cheeky, which was infinitely better than having no servant at all. Any had never heard of Emerson's doctrine of Compensation. But she would readily have agreed that there were many compensations for a man's po-tates.

The girls came out to help Mr. Joseph's chauffeur and the taximan with the luggage; Mr. Joseph, bent upon distinguishing himself before the bright eyes of this radiant lady from London, insisted upon paying the taximan. Then Amy was timidly but sincerely welcomed by Christopher's sister, known generally as Elsie, and was taken inside the house. Mrs. Joseph, being a woman of sense, would not leave the car even for "a cool drink of something." "Another time," she said materi-
ally in reply to Christopher's offer of hospitality; "you will want to be by yourselves this morning." Mr. Solomon Joseph might have stayed for some minutes, but could not do so with his mother dis-
seating. He bade the young couple goodbye, ex-
pressed the hope that Mrs. Brown would like Ja-
maica, promised to call and see them again, and left with the air and feeling of a man who had accom-
plished notable things during the last hour or so. As for Amy, she looked round diffidently at the people which she watched, and which had been tastefully arranged by Elsie. Amy, at the fawes sat out in

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UNDER THE SUN
(Continued from Page 38)

I can tell you. And give me results, Swifles, give me results.
I ask is results.

"I'll do me best, Mr. Joseph, sir."

"And a little better, me boy; I am sure of that. I can see by the cut of your jib that you are used to getting there and delivering the goods."

Secretly, Mr. Joseph saw nothing of the sort; but he hoped much, and he knew that a little flattery sometimes accomplished wonders. Swifles looked dejected; he prayed that the young fellow would not die on his hands before at least he had worked enough to justify the expenditure of passage money on him; after that, then the Lord's will be done. Christopher understood something of the thoughts that were passing through his employer's mind, and spoke a word of reassurance.

"Swifles will deliver the goods, Mr. Joseph, never fear. I can pledge my word to that."

"Capital," said Mr. Joseph, who had in the last few weeks come to believe far more in Christopher than he had ever done before. "And now I will just show this young man the other parts of the store, and leave him to go about and see things for himself."

Swifles had already met his old friend Amy. Christopher had taken him up to the house an hour after he had been installed in the lodgings that had been assigned for him. Swifles had hoped that he would be able, while still a stranger at least, to lodge with Amy and Christopher; such an arrangement, he had thought, might suit them well, since it would mean something in their way in the form of rent, and as they had, according to what Christopher had told him in London, plenty of room in the house. The truth is, Christopher had actually hinted to him of some such arrangement, and had spoken of it recently to Amy. But this was a week after Amy's installation as mistress of Tullip Lodge—where a tulp had never been seen—and even in that short space of time Amy's views as to the desirability of the close proximity of Swifles had undergone considerable modification. Gussie would not fit in, she had concluded.

Yet she greeted Gussie with much warmth of welcome and insisted that he should dine with them that night. Although he had left London only two weeks after her, she pried him with questions about that new faraway city, about the people there that both of them knew; about Helen and her sister; her own father and mother; but all that Swifles could tell her about her father was that that stern and uncomprising gentleman, so meeting Swifles in his little flat the afternoon he had gone to bid Mrs. Hepburn goodbye, had suggested that Swifles might get to hell out of there—though the one daughter who might have had to be protected from demonizing young men was already married and thousands of miles away.

"Just like papa," said Amy with a shrug. "Well, Gus, I'm glad you saw mum and that she was well, and I hope you will like this place."

"How do you like it, Amy?"

"Pretty well. But I don't know much about it yet. Chris is taking me about, and I am very comfortable."

It was at dinner that night that she noticed especially the growing awe and wonder in Gussie's eyes. She gave him a good meal, and one of her maids, attired in appropriate apron and cap, waited at table and addressed her perpetually as "missis." She sat at her place, not jumping up to help as she would have done at home, while her servant handed dishes to Gussie and respectfully spoke to him as "sir." Gus gazed at Christopher as one might at a man who had not told him the half of what might have been told. Gus said to himself that Amy had developed into a lady, and imperceptibly began to adopt towards her a deferential attitude.

That night, when he was leaving, Amy said to him: "We must see one another sometimes, Gus." Christopher repeated that vague invitation. But Augusta interpreted it as bidding him drop in whenever he liked; hence, the following Sunday, he called after dinner and discovered that there was some constraint in Amy's greeting.

He had not been five minutes in the house before one of the young men whom Amy had met on board ship came in. To this young man he was introduced, and the stranger, Henry Halliburton, name, smiled genially, but immediately thereafter took no further notice of Mr. Swifles. Even to Christopher Mr. Halliburton's attitude was frankly though not unpardonably sarcastic. And Christopher did not resent this, for he had never expected to have the honour of being host to a man in the social position of Henry Halliburton. The newcomer was quite obviously a gentleman and a man of means, with a cultivated accent and easy manner. He was a tall fellow, not particularly handsome, but healthy-looking and athletic. Amy finished with pleasure when she saw him. Then looked shame-faced as she introduced him to Swifles.

The conversation that ensued was chiefly between Amy and Mr. Halliburton; but half an hour afterwards a car drove into Tullip Lodge, and from it descended Mr. Solomon Joseph and his mother. These had been to see the Christopher Browns before; but to-night Mr. Joseph had mentioned to his mother that he was going to call round at the Browns, and Mrs. Joseph had insisted that she would like to accompany her son on that visit. Mrs. Joseph had noticed that her son was taking a great deal too much interest in the young Mrs. Christopher Brown, and she was by no means sure that that was the best thing for him and for the Browns. Therefore she felt that her presence might be helpful. A mother's eyes could see much where a local employee and his beautiful English wife were concerned. Mr. Solomon Joseph was delighted to meet a personage like Mr. Halliburton; usually he could meet such members of the higher classes only as patrons of his business. But he gazed with ill-concealed surprise at Mr. Swifles. It did not correspond with his dignity that he should greet Swifles on terms of social equality; that might do an infinitude of harm all round. His mother did not meddle; but, of course, she was on the retired list, so to speak. On the whole there was considerable embarrassment in Christopher's sitting-room. Only one man did not feel it. Henry Halliburton was accustomed to finding himself in all sorts of surroundings, and as he was there to see the lovely and dashing Mrs. Brown, the others simply did not count.

Unfortunately, Swifles experienced a desire to ingratiate himself with everyone. This was due to temporal inclination in the first place, but a slightly quaffed half an hour before must be regarded as responsible for the release of the inhibition which unaccustomed environment and an inferiority complex usually imposed upon him. It was during one of those unhappy pauses which occur in forced conversations that Swifles, anxious to do something to prove himself of value to the community, and to Mr. Joseph particularly, turned and remarked to Mr. Halliburton:

"Oh hope to see you at our establishment some time, sir. I am the new tally—"

"Did you play polo yesterday, Mr. Halliburton?"

interrupted Amy in a loud voice, springing to the rescue and thus preventing Augusta from surrend ering the dignity of social amenities by unblushing proclaiming himself a tailor.

"Yes," replied Halliburton, "and a jolly good game it was. Why don't you go to polo, sometime, Mr.

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Brown? I could come and fetch you. I think you'd like it.

"I was just about to invite Mrs. Brown my- self," said Mr. Solomon Joseph, who had never witnessed polo in his life. "If you have to play, she would be left alone in the car, and that might not be pleasant for her.

Christopher thought it a trite stance that neither gentleman had included him in this invitation; Mrs. Joseph noticed it also.

"I could go with Mrs. Brown," she said, thinking to save the situation.

Her offer did not seem to meet with approval. Mr. Hallibut said nothing. Mr. Joseph seemed as though about to make some remark, but refrained.

It was Swiffles who said:

"I have never seen polo; it is done on a horse isn't it? I'd like to see it.

"You won't have time, I am afraid," observed Mr. Joseph drily.

"That's so, sir," readily agreed Augustine. "Oh! have me work cut at the shop. You know, Mr. Hallibut, O've come out 'ere as the--"

"Polo in Jamaica must be very nice," cried Amy; "some day, when I am quite settled down, I must ask one of you gentlemen to take me. I enjoyed it when I was in London. Have you good ponies in Jamaica, Mr. Hallibut?"

Amy had been once and once only to see a polo match at home; but that experience had given her a foundation upon which she could build a conversation on the sport. Her main effort just now was to head off Swiffles from embarking upon a description of the duties that awaited him in his new country. He had been warned in London not to dwell upon tailoring during conversation in Jamaica, but some strange and secret impulse seemed to be urging him to do so. Evidently he was unable to keep away from the topic. This was awful. Even Mr. Joseph did not seem to like it. Amy thought.

She was right about Mr. Joseph's feeling. That gentleman objected strongly to be sitting then, on terms approaching equality, however temporary, with his tailor, who would insist upon mentioning his calling. Discipline might be endangered by this; and even if it not, it would never do for Christopher's wife to imagine that he usually met his employees on a footing of equality. He wanted her to understand that he was paying her a special compliment by visiting her house; and yet here was this Swiffles determined to break into the conversation, to push himself forward, and to talk about his wretched occupation when, according to all the canons and conventions of right conduct, "shop" should be studiously avoided. What would a society man like Hallibut think of it all? It was simply monstrous.

"Shall we say next Wednesday?" asked Hallibut, addressing himself to Amy. "I could take you there. That is if it suits Mr. Brown does not mind," he added, turning to Christopher.

"Well, I don't mind," stammered Christopher, "but if I could go too..."

"I should love to have you," exclaimed Hallibut, with apparent heartiness but with lack of conviction in his voice. "But I was thinking of asking another lady, a Miss of name, to accompany Mrs. Brown. I have promised my cousin to take her to polo, you see. Perhaps another time, Brown? What do you say to that?"

"That will be excellent," agreed Christopher, severely proud that his wife should be seen in the company of any female relative of a man like Henry Hallibut.

"Then my offer is not accepted?" said Mr. Joseph, who was scandalised that Christopher had forgotten what was due in the way of precedence to his chief. Oh, you can go to polo on Wednesday, Mr. Joseph, surely," said Hallibut with smooth politeness. "Mrs. Joseph would like to see the game, I believe. I am sure she would enjoy it.

"Some day when it is a holiday O'll go too," asserted Swiffles, whisky making him momentarily self-assertive.

"Diededly," said Hallibut. "I am sure you will appreciate it. You were saying, I think, that at present your occupation makes a great demand upon your time. You have only recently arrived, have you not?"

"Mr. Swiffles," interposed Christopher impressively, "dreading a possible reply from his friend, "is our Director of Tailorial Art?"

"Indeed! But what is that exactly, Brown?"

"He is the head of our department of English tailoring," cut in Mr. Joseph, who felt that, if the matter was to be discussed at all, it was just as well it should be remembered that he was the boss of both Brown and Swiffles and the originator of a new tailoring idea in Jamaica.

"He is a Director of Tailoring," added Christopher, "anxious anxiety; "a professor, don't you know? He will teach and guide and direct. It is a great position," he concluded.

"Oh, quite," said Hallibut, "quite."

"And if you should want a note suit, Mr. Hallibut--" Swiffles began, and Amy felt she could have screamed.

"I will certainly, in that case, give you a call," said Hallibut. "But at present I am fairly well supplied. Got all I required in London, as you will understand." He turned to Amy. "Shall I call for you at about four o'clock on Wednesday?" he asked.

"Very well," she answered; and he rose to leave.

He shook hands with them all. It was Swiffles who said: "Glad to see you any time at the shop, sir," and glanced at Mr. Joseph for approval. Surely, thought Swiffles, Mr. Joseph must notice that he, Swiffles, was very much on the job and intent upon giving reasons. But all the reward was a cold glance from Solomon, and a bitter look from Amy.

(Continued on Page 54)
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UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from Page 5)

He felt, uncomfortably, that somehow his effort to lend cheerfulness to the conversation and at the same time to do a stroke of business for his firm had not been the success he had hoped for. A queer feeling of apprehension stole over him.

The atmosphere did not lighten after Hallibut's departure. Amy was visibly annoyed; Christopher was apprehensive; he perceived and feared his wife's anxiety. Mr. Joseph was angry too; angry with the insinuations and presence of Swifties, angry with the cool insouciance with which, as it were, Mr. Hallibut had appropriated Amy. Did they not all understand that he was the boss and that there could be no question of his terms? He was just outraged; but he was clearly sighted enough to recognise that Christopher was as much put into a secondary position as he himself. That Chris should take second place to him in all matters social, even in Christopher's own house, was a sight and a proper, especially as he had (he told himself) merely intended to be kind and nice to the Browns. But that thisuptoas a society man should treat both Amy's husband and Amy's husband's boss as of little consideration, and that Amy herself should aid and abet him—this was intolerable. Yet it had to be tolerated. All that he could do was to rise with dignity and make his exit.

He therefore rose with what he believed to be an air of superlative dignity. But he only looked pompous and ridiculous, and so the intended impression was lost.

Mrs. Joseph departed, very thoughtful, with her son. Of the visitors, only Swifties remained behind. Christopher was very happy— snapped Amy, and Mr. Swifties at once recognised the Amy of the fiery temper he had known and dreaded at home.

But he was not conscious of having done anything wrong. Therefore he merrily replied: "Yes! I am very happy.

"You are having made a fool of yourself and a laughing-stock of me," cried Amy. "You are very proud of that, aren't you?"

"I know! Laugh at me, then, Amy."

"I would much prefer if you called me Mrs. Brown in the future, Mr. Swifties!" snapped Amy, her face reddening with passion. "You were warned by Christopher before you came out here not to be dangling your miserable trade into everything you said. Yet the first time you meet friends in my drawing room, you try to sell them clothes made by you. It's disgusting! What will a man like Mr. Hallibut think of us after this? I doubt now if he will bring his cousin to meet me next Wednesday."

"But if he doesn't, Amy, you can't go to the polo," Christopher pointed out.

"Oh, indeed? And why can't I? What is to prevent me?"

"You would be alone with a strange gentleman."

"I am in a family, remember."

"Mean to tell you that you don't know better in Jamaica?"

This was the first time Christopher had heard Amy swear with such a fierce intonation. The experience, however, was not one to Amy, who towered, and, metaphorically speaking, took cover. "I am not objecting," said Christopher solemnly. "It wouldn't matter if you did," she answered. "And now I'll say good-night; I have a headache. You can sit up as late as you like, so long as you don't disturb me!"

She swept out of the room, and Swifties rose quietly to go. Christopher followed and accompanied him to the gate. "Don't mind Amy, old fellow," he said kind-ly to Swifties: "I guess she is not feeling very well."

"I know, Harry," Swifties cautiously replied; "so it's all right.

"By which he meant that it was all wrong. He did not speak to Amy. He took her outburst, her demand that he should in the future address her as Mrs. Brown, as a kind of dismissal. He would not be welcomed by her in this house any more. He had blundered by his remarks. More—he saw it now quite well—he offended by being a tailor, and that was a mistake that could not be rectified. Amy had always been an aspiring girl; from a child she had been different from her companions. She had achieved a much better education than they; spoke with an infinitely better accent; cared only to mix, whenever possible, with people of a better social class than hers. And here, it seemed, she was likely to fulfill her ambitions. The effect of the whiskey had worn off. It had been frightened out of Swifties. He saw everything in a terribly clear light. Amy had done him. He must take care that Mr. Joseph should not be done with him also. He had burnt his heats: he could not go back to England to die. Even singing draggers would be better than that, and they at any rate could always be fought with a flirt and a spray.

He returned to his lodgings that night a saddened young man, and, as he had forgotten to provide himself with the necessary flint-spray, and had not asked for a mosquito net, the little dragoon, three in number, immediately pounced upon him and sang in his ears a gloating song of triumph, and stung his fingers and ankles, and prevented him from sleeping; and convinced him that a tailor's life is not always a very happy one.

Not that poor Swifties needed any such convincing. He had come to such a conclusion long before. Nor did he see now why the much difference whether one was called a tailor simply or, grandiloquently, a Director of Sartorial Art.

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We had some other visits to make," declared Mrs. Joseph methodically: "we have a very large circle of friends, you see, and these complain that we neglect them. But I do my best.

"Well, I hope you won't neglect us. It is very kind of you to pay us any attention at all.

"Don't mention it. I am very fond of Chris, and you are a most charming and attractive lady. I hope you will come to see us soon.

"Oh, thank you: of course we will. Yes; this ribbon will do nicely. I should like four yards of it.

"Four yards, Jones," commanded Mr. Joseph; "and of course Mrs. Brown gets it at cost. You are the wife of one of my chief men, you know, and are entitled to a lower price than an outsider. But we will make it cost for you. Not a word, Mrs. Brown, not a word, only too delighted.

Amy felt sorry that she had not ordered some other things at the same time, since this was evidently bargain day for her; but she paid for the four yards of ribbon, and then walked towards the door, accompanied by Mr. Joseph.

At the threshold they paused. Opposite, facing them impulsively, stood the rival establishment of Mr. Eugene Iisdore, and for the thousandth time in his life Mr. Joseph perceived that it was much larger than his own. That was a bitter pill to swallow, but Solomon was compelled to take the medicine daily. Amy, of course, knew all about the feud between the two establishments and their proprietors, and had heard Christopher more than once denounce Mr. Iisdore and all his works as the mistake of an otherwise perfect Providence; but hitherto she had taken no interest in the war between the firms. Now, however, casually glancing at the other place, she saw a tall, handsome young man conduct a lady out of the building and hand her into her car with a bow. He seemed no ordinary clerk. With a slightly awaked curiosity, she enquired of Mr. Solomon Joseph: "Who is that?

"Who is that?" echoed Mr. Joseph, "who is that? You might well ask, who is that? Mrs. Brown. That is the biggest thief and robber in this town."

"Oh," cried Amy interested, and greening at once that she had at last seen in the flesh the far-famed Iisdore, "and what has he robbed, Mr. Joseph?"

"What has he robbed? What has he robbed? Why, his whole life is one robbery; his existence is a dishonesty. That is Eugene Iisdore, Mrs. Brown, and your husband can tell you all about him."

From which Amy gathered that Mr. Joseph, though full of hatred for Iisdore, was not in a position to be specific as regards the latter's thefts: the man's existence seemed to Mr. Joseph a wrong, but deeds liable to police attention could not be definitely set forth. The distortion of Mr. Joseph's faith, however, indicated that he considered Mr. Iisdore as one who should be legally considered outside the law. If he were, of course, he could be killed out of hand, with impunity, by anyone, and Amy guessed that Solomon might not be slow to find some instrument—not himself—to undertake the task of ridding the earth of so highly undesirahle an incumbent as Eugene Iisdore.

She felt intrigued. The mere quarrel or feud did not interest her; but Iisdore, as she had seen at a glance, was a handsome man. And his store was ever so much bigger than Mr. Joseph's. Therefore she read jealousy in all that gentleman's dis- tinguish against his competitor, and felt a lurking desire to find out something about Iisdore's business—she did not admit to herself that she was at all interested in Iisdore himself. She rode Mr. Joseph a sweet good-bye, walked slowly down the street, crossed over to the other side, and walked slowly up again. She glanced sharply at Mr. Joseph's store: neither he nor anyone connected with it was standing at the door. She entered quickly, for the first time, the emporium of Mr. Eugene Iisdore.

Eugene saw her as she entered, and knew at once who she was. He was well acquainted with the saleswomen of Mr. Solomon Joseph, had learnt that that gentleman's chief clerk had brought out a wife with him from England lately, and had had the lady pointed out to him one day. On seeing Amy in his store to-day, therefore, it was not unnatural, and was she to whom he kept the side entrance that she had come to spy out the fitness or the thinness of the land. Iisdore remembered that Araban had sent spies into Jericho, and Moses had despatched a similar pair of scouts into Canaan. Moses had not found them. Iisdore had been in the past to follow the example of those two great strategists. But Iisdore had not troubled much about such manoeuvres; and now, when he saw Mrs. Brown herself approaching, he decided that he would take her in hand and show her what she wanted to learn—with- in limits. He made no pretence about not knowing who she was. He bowed and smiled pleasantly:

"Mrs. Christopher Brown, isn't it? What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Iisdore, isn't it?" answered Amy, equally direct. "I merely came in to see your store. I have heard a lot about it, but have never been in it before.

"Let me show you round. I shall be proud to do so."

Amy's beauty, seen now at very close quarters, had an effect upon Mr. Iisdore. She, on her part, thought him a very handsome man, and so he was. Tall, with an olive complexion, very slightly aquiline nose, thin lips and intelligent brow, Iisdore looked very unlike Mr. Solomon Joseph's description of him. He looked a gentleman, an appellation which no one would have applied to Solomon, whatever other qualities he might possess. Iisdore's accent was admirable; his manner easy; he had been educated at an English public school and mixed in the best local society. He was a quick judge of character, and at once came to the conclusion that curiosity, not spying, had brought Amy to his place that morning. Anyhow, she was beautiful and Iisdore had always a soft spot in his heart for beauty.

"Your husband works in a competitive establishment," he remarked, as he took her from department to department; "but competition should not extend beyond business, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Amy; "in any case, I have nothing to do with it."

"Of course you haven't. I believe you don't even think I am a thief?"

"Oh! But how could I think such a thing?" cried Amy.

"You may have heard it; it has been said, you know. These things come back to one. Let me show you our military department."

They crossed the floor—they were now upstairs—and entered a room in which sat some girls trimming hats.

Amy's interest was now fully aroused. The pretty girls, all about sixteen and eighteen, whom she had been put to learn millinery. She liked it, she understood it, but she had preferred a job where she should be able to see, if possible to meet, many people; she had hated to sit in a stuffy compartment, mere material, life! But she had never forgotten what she had learnt in those two years; so now, seeing one girl putting a spray of flowers on an un- trimmed hat, she almost unconsciously reached for the hat and the spray and adjusted the latter differently.

"Don't you think this looks well?" she asked the girl.

"It looks much better than it did," said Iisdore, and the worker admitted it readily.

When they were outside of the room, Iisdore asked Amy if she understood millinery.

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"I learnt it," Amy assured him.

"I thought that possible," he replied, then dropped the subject and conducted her downstairs.

"I am sorry I won't be able to call on you, Mrs. Brown," he said; "for I am afraid that your husband would not like it. That is, I mean, Mr. Joseph would not like it.

"I am afraid so," agreed Amy; "but you have been very kind." The kindness has been shown by you," he retorted gallantly. "And now I hope you won't mind my saying something to you. Before to-morrow night Mr. Joseph will know that you have been here and that I have taken you round. He is a suspicious man; he will want to know why you should have come, and why I should personally have shown you round. That is all.

"You know," said Amy, "that I should have a tale ready to explain the circumstances, if I think it worth while to do so. I understand. Thank you. But I don't see that my movements are any business of Mr. Joseph's."

"I don't see it either; but it was only fair to let you know what I am certain of, even though my doing so might seem an impertinence."

"On the contrary, you have been very kind indeed."

"Christopher is so kind," continued Eugenie, with a deft mixture of respect and friendliness. "He has as his wife a lady not only beautiful but highly intelligent; the two things don't often go together. You will remember, won't you," he hurried on, "that if I can ever be of service to you, I shall be very pleased."

"Thank you so much. Well, well by.

"Good-bye.

"He walked with her almost to the door, but stopped short by a couple of yards. He knew she would understand that he was doing so to avoid giving Mr. Joseph any extra ground for suspicion. But Amy had already decided to let Mr. Joseph know, through Christopher, that she had been over Isidore's store; and that afternoon she insti-
tuated comparisons between it and the establishment of Mr. Joseph which that gentleman heard the next morning from a highly gratified Christopher. "She don't think Isidore's place a patch on ours, Mr. Joseph," exultantly exclaimed Christopher, and Mr. Joseph endorsed the verdict. "He has a bigger store," said Solomon, "but people of brains know it is only full of junk.

"Solomon was sincerely gratified at the pronuncia-
tion of Mrs. Brown. He had of course heard of her visit to Isidore's before Christopher told him of it; but he had not received the news in a sus-
picious spirit. He had put the visit down to sim-
ple curiosity, but had secretly been anxious to know what Amy thought of his store. Now he was satisfied. He mentioned the matter to his mother that night.

"Christopher's wife went over to see Isidore's business yesterday," he observed to the old lady, and "she thinks nothing of it. She says it is full of junk—a remark which Amy had not made. Yes?" replied the old shrewd, fat old lady en-
quiringly.

"I knew she would think so.

"Did you send her? I mean, did you ask her to go?

"Why, no; I couldn't exactly ask her to do that."

"Did Christopher ask her?"

"No; he was surprised when she told him."

"In what year was her own accord?"

"Of course.

"Why?"

"How can I tell you that, mammy?" demanded Solomon impatiently. "Her reason must have been the same that every other woman have when they go into a place they never see before."

"But you say that Isidore show her over the place herself."

"Well, he might do that with any good-looking woman, you know.

"I suppose so; and you say she runs down his store."

"From top to bottom," said Solomon with gusto.

"She isn't speaking the truth," pronounced Mrs. Joseph emphatically. "I know that that man Isidore is a thief who is trying to rob you, me sooner: but you know as well as I do that he don't sell junk. Then why should she say so? Why should she go all over the shop with you? You yourself tell me that she was there over half an hour. Why?"

"She wanted to out now, I had my plan," pointed out Solomon, but not so confidently as he had spoken before.

"She wanted to meet Isidore," countered his mother, with absolute assurance.

"You don't mean to say, mammy, that you think she's going to give away any of my affairs she hear of from Christopher to Isidore?" cried Solomon, fur-
rised. "I wouldn't believe that of her!" You wouldn't believe it so long as she is pretty and is an Englishwoman," agreed Mrs. Joseph dryly.

"But it's not that I am thinking about. Didn't you tell me that she was at your store yesterday morning and that it was from your place that she first saw Isidore? Then straight away that she went over there— but you didn't see her go. Then she meet (Continued on Page 9)
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UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from Page 17)

him, and spend some time in his company, and then go home—and don't forget to tell your husband, for him to tell you what she said. Her pretty face don't fool me, me son. I am a woman, not a young man."

"She and Christopher going to betray me, then?" asked Mr. Joseph, indignant. "I can hardly believe such a thing!"

"Christopher has nothing to do with it," replied Mrs. Joseph, "and I don't suppose she can betray you. What can she tell Isidore about your business that he don't know already?"

"That's true," agreed Solomon thoughtfully; "he has a spy in my place, I am sure. But take good care to keep as much as I can under my own hat. But what sort of a man can he be, when he actually takes my manuscript to tell him my affairs? You ever hear of such a villain? I wish he was dead!"

"He is a villain," assented Mrs. Solomon, with considerable vigor; "and I'm afraid I can't get rid of it. If he has a woman who is giving your business away to you. You are looking out for him sharp, I hope, my darling?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you follow up what Isidore is doing every day?"

"Sure. I have a young man over there who tip me off all the time, a nice, bright fellow. A decent young man. I tell him that if Isidore ever sack him I will give him a situation, and I mean it. He is one of the most straightforward young chaps that I know."

"I am glad to hear it."

"But if Christopher isn't using his wife to betray me—and I really don't think it any more than you do, mamma—I don't see why she should fleece us. You are not her wrong."

"I don't suspect her of giving away anything about you now," said Mrs. Joseph; "only, she went over to Isidore's to make his acquaintance. And why should she want to do that? Her husband isn't working with Iisdore. She didn't want to buy anything from Iisdore. She saw Iisdore and wished to meet him. Don't tell you anything?"

"It wouldn't fool me to understand it. You mightn't have noticed on Sunday night, but I did, that the only person in her house she was nice to was that la-de-da young man, Hallibur. He was a big, handsome man and the rest of us was rubbish—"

"Rubbish! Me! I can sack her husband to-morrow, and then where would she be? You don't know what you are saying, mamma."

"You can sack her husband; but she would ask Iisdore to give her a job," calmly replied Mrs. Joseph. "Oh, that girl got her head screwed on in a businesslike way, don't she? She's after big fish, not people like you and me and her husband, and that little fellow you got out for your tailoring: what's his name—Squiffles?"

"Squiffles."

"Squiffles was ashamed of him, and she was ashamed of everybody else except Hallibur on Sunday night. She was all smiles to Hallibur, and she would go to talk with him—poo! What she knows about polo? I didn't think Christopher was doing a wise thing when he married a girl he didn't know, and now that I see her I am sure I was right. I don't like her—not a bone in her body. And she don't like me either. So it's a pair."

"You are not fair to her, mamma," protested Solomon. "Women don't like one another: I've noticed that. She is very pretty—"

"And that blinds you, men's eyes. Well, we'll see. But I can tell you this: I am sorry for Christopher."

"Mr. Joseph knew his mother. When that lady had taken a prejudice against anyone, it was useless to argue with her. As for himself, he was satis-

fied that Amy had had no mean ulterior motives in going into Iisdore's store; and he remembered how nice she had been to him yesterday morning. She was remarkably beautiful; hence the jealousy she would inspire even in women almost old enough to be her grandmother. He was sorry, though, that she had met Iisdore; sorry, he told himself, on purely impersonal grounds. It was not right; and per-

.so that that insidious a Scheidore should make the acquaintance of anyone worth knowing, although, unfortunately, an unfaithful Fate had apparently de-

creed that Iisdore should be friendly with people well worth knowing and yet displaying no disposition whatever to become acquainted with Mr. Solomon Joseph.

CHAPTER TEN

CHRISTOPHER had secured a room for Mr. Squiffles in a private house which took in a "paying guest" or two and which disclaimed the appellation of lodging house. At first Squiffles spoke of it as his lodgings or "digs," but he speedily learnt that by so doing he offended against all the canons of good taste and even lowered his own innate status. He was a "gues," he was treated as a friend of the family. Within two weeks he had grasped the situation, and had also by the simple use of a Ris-spray dealt effectively with the little dragons, alias mosquitoes, that had taken a mean advantage of him as a newcomer.

The lady of the house was Mrs. Seewell. Her daughter was that Grace Seewell between whom and Christopher an alliance had once been hoped for. They were two in a minority Government position, the other an accountant in a chartered ac-

countant's office. At this stage there were not at all cer-

tainly the right and proper to admit a tailoring gentleman to their friendship or to their resi-

dence as a paying guest; but Christopher had dwelt much upon the exalted position of Squiffles, had insisted that he was really not a tailor but an Eng-

glish great stars would peep forth. But now it was just five in the afternoon, an intermediate hour when the weary city man might rest or devote himself
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CALL and INSPECT the LATEST MODELS
"She was only a cabiner in a shop in Regent Street," said Swifles, "getting about thirty shillings a week. And she used to dress like she was getting five pounds. Of don't know how she did it: none of us knew. But because she went a good secret to her, every girl working garis to be ladies, and don't succeed, she always wanted to give herself hairdo. So now!"

"A pretty girl won't have much difficulty in getting money if she wants it," remarked Gracie earnestly.

"She's not prettier than you," asserted Ginny boasted, though he knew he was not speaking the truth. In her heart of hearts Gracie knew that also, but she wished to believe that Ginny was right. And, at any rate, she was deeply grateful for the remark. Christopher had thrown her over, and so any compliment extravagant, came just then as balm to her wounded feelings.

"Well, he thinks so," she answered, with a shrug of her shoulder indifference. "And she will get on and carry him with her. She has joined St. Mary's church, you know."

This piece of information left Swifles no wiser than before. It struck him as rather queer that a girl like Amy should care about churches at all. In his own opinion he was inclined to attribute to her an utter lack of religious feeling, and even the possession of a soul.

Gracie noticed his blank expression, and proceeded to explain.

"I go to St. Mary's church, and all I have ever been is a so-so Sunday School teacher. Mrs. Amy Christopher Brown comes into the church only the other day, and you should see the fumes the rector and the curate and everybody else is making over her. They ask her to join the choir. They ask her to help the rector's wife to visit the members. They say there is this Board of that Board, and now they are getting up an entertainment to get a new altar-piece and some other things for the church and Amy is taking the little washer in the whole affair. All in a couple of weeks!"

"Oo didn't think she was religious," commented Swifles wonderingly. "She must have become converted all of a sudden."

"All of a sudden is right," cried Gracie. "Verily sudden. Don't you see, Mr. Swifles, that when she gets into a big position in the church, and mix with the rector's wife, some other girls will think even bigger than the rector's wife may take notice of her? Don't you see that that is what she is after? She has a husband, and now she wants social position. So you and me aren't good enough for her, though you used to know her in English. You are only a tail— an English Director of Tailors, and I am nothing. That's how we apply!"

"She was glad enough to know me as a tailor in London, though," said Swifles, "and all we ever fine friends aren't a patch on you, Miss Beawell."

Then, because one or two other persons drifted into the room at that moment, the conversation had to cease. But it was of such intense interest to the two that it might well have continued for a few more hours, and was certain to be resumed.

Grace Beawell had gained the motives and the social position of Amy. A pretty, Amy, with great strategic ability, had recognised at a glance that the advancement of a girl like herself lay along the religious road, and she had not hesitated to take it. She was an Anglican by upbringing.

So was Christopher. Christopher indeed, in the past, had been in the habit of dropping in occasionally at St. Mary's, where, as a lad, he had attended Sunday School. At Sunday School he had learnt something about Elijah and the ravens; the wickedness of King Saul— who did not seem to have been so wicked after all; the goodness of King David— whose conduct left so much to be desired; and nothing whatever about the world, as the children were constitutionally taught in the entertainments organised under the auspices of the Sunday School, and had been fashioned into a stern and unflinching Protestant, firmly believing that the Pope was a very evil old gentleman and that the Archbishop of Canterbury ought to be Pence. Then he had gone his own independent way in regard to church attendance, though still maintaining an occasional and stilted connection with the establishment of his religious upbringing. That connection Amy had swiftly converted into a hard-earned habit of mind to do so even before she landed on the shores of Jamaica.

She had heard on the ship that Mrs. Tonycroft, that high and mighty lady, was a leading member and lofty dignitary of St. Mary's. Mrs. Tonycroft had ignored her as much as elementary politeness would allow, and had shown disapproval of her existence, and of what she meant to do. But, however, she meant to do something and she was to do it, and the result of the proceedings could only be that she had inspired Amy with a burning ambition to effect some sort of relationship with Mrs. Tonycroft, for it seemed to be a law of human nature that we wish to shine in the eye of those who despise us, and to win their approval in spite of their contempt. Hearing that St. Mary's was within easy distance of the home she was to be made a gift of, Amy had decided that St. Mary's should be her church. There, if it were humanly possible, she would show the Mrs. Tonycroft; licence her to remark on the ship to that lady, that she hoped to meet her soon, and to have a deeper meaning than Mrs. Tonycroft could possibly have divined.

The day after her arrival Amy had caused Christopher to renew their paying membership with the church. On her very first Sunday in Jamaica she had attended divine service both in the morning and the evening, and Christopher had worn the suit made for him by that Savourny Arti.

"Miss Ethel Hart, of Montego Bay, is one of the personalities of Jamaica. For years and years she has been identified with the local hotel business, and wherever she has been the preceding genius of a hotel she has made her mark immediately.

She is a born caterer for the wants and needs of people; she loves this work and devotes to it the considerable brains and energy with which she has been endowed.

It has never been the money only that has attracted Ethel Hart; like a sensible woman she has a high regard for the means whereby we live, she also recognises that it is an index of material su- periority. But not for a moment does she imagine that it is the only index, not for a second does she hold that to make money was at the expense of giving even a trifles less satisfaction should be her aim. She wants always to do the very best she can. Her pride is at stake; to know that those she serves are well satisfied with her is a reward in itself. That reward she has enjoyed all her life. So that, today, her name is a household word, not only in Jamaica, but in many a home in many another country.

The spirit of youth has always been in her. The passing of the years cannot dampen her enthusiasm or subdue her keen appreciation of life. Thousands of persons have come into contact with her; is there one of those who does not like and think most kindly of her? To some she is Miss Hart, to others she is simply Miss Ethel; to all she is a tried and appreciated friend, and all are glad to go back to her after they have left her. She has made of her business a passion: she has sought suc- cess in it as an artist seeks success in painting or in literature. A most human and likeable woman. A Jamaica personality whom one can never forget.

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Jamaica Cigars, Dunhill Pipes and Pouches.
UNDER THE SUN

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was delighted. She mentioned the new lady member from England to Mrs. Tonycroft sometime later, at a committee meeting that was arranged for a church entertainment.

“She was delighted. She mentioned the new lady member from England to Mrs. Tonycroft sometime later, at a committee meeting that was arranged for a church entertainment.

"So many of those who come out to Jamaica care only about cocktail parties and enjoying them- selves," said Mrs. Tonycroft, "and that redoubtable woman, compared with whom, at this moment, St. Thomas the Doubter, would have seemed the very incarnation of credulity.

"And don’t she like cocktail parties too?” enquired Mrs. Tonycroft.

"Perhaps—but there is no harm in that, in moderate mea- sure. People are entitled to church work, and we have so few helpers of her kind.”

"I wonder how long she has been invited," suggested Mrs. Tonycroft, remembering Amy’s hectic time on the ship and the talk of men that was always going on. But the arras was lost on dear Mrs. Thurlow.

"She wouldn’t have so much scope in London as out here,” Mrs. Thurlow said. "She’s so young and energetic and so good-looking, that she will be able to exercise a great deal of influence for good on our younger girls. These care more for moving-picture shows on Sunday nights than for coming to church. She will set them a good ex- ample.”

"I hope so,” retorted Mrs. Tonycroft grimly, and changed the subject.

And when it was suggested to her later that the stall over which she would preside at the coming entertainment Amy might make an efficient helper, she was not at all pleased. It boded ill to her to think that this suggestion had actually come from Amy herself, a fact which proved that Mrs. Tony- croft was not at all without her own perceptive powers. "I don’t know what she has said, and I don’t want to know," declared the rector’s wife and the committee ladies had not dared to in- terrogate her on the subject of so formidable a person. They resolved to ask young Mrs. Brown to offer her services to someone else and partake to the fullest of her stimulating discussions whether a guessing competition would be quite legal, or, more important still, if at all in keeping with the anti- sembling traditions of St. Mary’s. When convinced that the police would never notice so trifling an affair, it was decided that such a competition would not be gambling, but only a matter of risking a few pence for the sake of a noble purpose. The decision was quite clear in the minds of the per- sons concerned. And Mrs. Tonycroft, bearing down upon the rest of the audience like a battle- ship with docks cleared for action, decided that she would take charge of this guessing competition.

"And—" Mrs. Thurlow was about to announce, “I will appoint Mrs. Brown as chief Barker of it.”

"Barber?” repeated Mrs. Thurlow vaguely.

"But she doesn’t bark. She has quite a nice voice.”

"A Barker," explained Mrs. Tonycroft, from the heights of a superior knowledge. "In some parts the advertisement is a show or some sort of personally. The term is American. I have heard people there use it. It strikes me that Mrs. Brown would do that job pretty well, especially as we need to take in a lot of money.

"Oh, how good of you to make her your assist- ant," said Mrs. Thurlor, and at once Mrs. Tony- croft tried to look good and bad. The truth is, that with all her acidity and acute class conscious- ness, she is very sentimental-like minded, and it had flashed upon her that a dashing young woman like Amy (with a strong flavour of common- people) added to herself would attract the young men to this guessing competition in crowds. They would spend their money very freely on guesses, lured on by Amy’s smile and words. The competition, would be a little gold mine, and it would be one of the many activities of the evening dominated by Mrs. Tonycroft. Now, a good business woman—man chooses the ablest instruments available, irrespective of personal prejubices, and even in connection with church entertainments business must be business unless there is to be failure. So Mrs. Tony- croft had quickly changed her mind about Amy, and the innkeeper was informed that very day that he was to take charge of the guessing competition under the general direction of Mrs. Tonycroft. She coll- ected with pleasure. The Kingdom of Tonycroft, a manner of speaking, had been taken without vio- lence or storm.

She had only been six weeks now in the coun- try, and already she was established as a useful church worker in those spheres in which she was to be seen at her best. She had relegated the egre- ssive Swifties, with his impossible accent, to the back- ground and far beyond her life. She had found some of the knots which had bound Christopher to his friends who could not help him to advance his work. She was keeping on the right side of the Solomon Josephs, though she had no particular lik- ing for them. She had been twice to polo with Mr. Hallibut. She had been called upon by two or three families who, if not very high in the social scale, were always higher than those whom Christopher had formerly known. She had taken Chris in hand and he was being trained to meet the exigencies of a new life, though rendered exquisitely miserable in the process. On the whole, not a bad record of work in six weeks, especially as Mr. Eugene Edward was friendly disposed and might be advantageously utilized another day later on.

Circumstances may not make great men and women; but without how can they can great women since they don’t display their talents?

So it was with Amy. In London she would have remained entirely obscure. She had no ambitions, she might even have led her only to stark disaster. The heavy weight of class upon whom she had been born, though she had shown herself to give herself a passable accent and a decent education. She had no boho style, no opportunity, as a girl-cashier in a shop, or as the mistress of a fash- ionable young man who had soon tired of her. But now, in a new environment entirely, in a land where most of the faces were dark, where a beautiful white woman moved like a kind of goddess amongst platn- er looking people and against a romantic background—here indeed such a one, given strength of charac- ter, ambition, a good to pursue, might make some- thing of herself.

And Amy had made up her mind to make some- thing, to make much of her life.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE St. Mary’s Garden Party was held in the grounds of Mrs. Tonycroft’s residence, a spari- ness spread of land shaded with great evergreens, the lawns soft and smooth, and the house convenient for the use of the helpers. It was a brilliant afternoon, the sun lighting up the scene with a fairy splendour which might have been unbearable but that most, or indeed, all those who attended the function were accustomed to tropical conditions. Unobtrusive mango and guava trees shrivelled the chairs and benches set out for the comfort of the crowd; the hedges to south and north blazed pink and green and crimson, yellow and polychrome, rivalling each other in gorgeous colouring. Mrs. Tonycroft was proud of her flower beds, and these were in full bloom just now, white, pale, and red roses glowing in profusion

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under the sun

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among the delicate greenery of their leaves; and there were marble statues here and there, representing classical gods and goddesses, whose names Mr. and Mrs. Tomycroft could not have told you for the very life of them. A large stone fountain played continuously, sending up a straight arrow of water which broke into showers and rainbow hues as it fell back into the basin in which gold fish swam and depoisited themselves. And big, stride-long umbrellas were stationed here and there, and tables, booths and stands were arranged somewhat in the distance of another, these being in the care of the various ladies who had consented to assist at the function.

It was considered a privilege by hundreds of persons, particularly of the good, meek Christian variety, to enter these grounds. But for the garden party they could never have done so. Amy was not meek, though she regarded herself as quite good—she would have said as good as the others anyhow. But she too knew that for this function she might have remained forever outside of these almost celestial regions. She was determined, therefore, to make the most of her opportunity. If this was the first time she should enter Tomycroft Court, she did not see why it should necessarily be the last.

From the very first stall, or guessing table, rather, was thronged. Once it was settled that this gamble was not a gamble, the conscience of every body allowed them to make guesses at a threepence a guess, thus a dozen or more persons would strive to guess how many seeds a particular orange contained, and the prize would go to the one who came nearest, the price being worth about one third of the total sum hazarded on any one occasion.

This was the rule. But Amy had ideas of her own. One was to make more money than three penny pieces could bring in; the other was to ingratiate herself with Mrs. Tomycroft and win her approbation.

After she had done fairly well for an hour or so, and when she noticed that the somewhat bigger people, many men among them, were now coming into the garden party, she left her stand to the girl who was assisting her and hastened to where Mrs. Tomycroft presided over refreshments with an expression intended to be benign but still sufficiently severe to keep the lower orders in military check. (For while, Mrs. Tomycroft held, we might all be heaved up to heaven, there was not the slightest necessity to hasten such a socialist condition of affairs on earth.)

“Ah, Mrs. Tomycroft,” growled Amy, “do pardon me for troubling you: I know you are so busy. But I am wondering whether I should carry out now your plan of getting some of those people here to make guesses at a shilling instead of threepence. I am sure it would be the most successful.”

“My plan, Mrs. Brown? But I don’t remem ber.”

“Don’t you? But I feel sure it was you who suggested something of the sort when we were talking over this garden party. But, of course, I didn’t want to go ahead with it until you thought it was the proper time to do so. I think it is just a splendid idea. But if you don’t want to carry it on, please, say the word and I will run back to my stand. You will be glad to know that the guesses have done very well indeed, and I am enjoying myself. How good it was of you to ask me to help! I could never be sufficiently grateful.”

“Oh, don’t mention it,” cried Mrs. Tomycroft, and this time she was genuinely gracious. “Well, if you think you could get a shilling for a guess—”

“Oh, I do agree with you, Mrs. Tomycroft, that we can do it successfully now. You mean, don’t you, that we should ask those who can’t afford much to pay only threepence for a guess, while the others might pay a shilling?”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Tomycroft. In the tone of a captain of a great industry coming to an important decision. “But you mustn’t make it only threepence and a shilling, for, you see, there may be many who can afford argence but not a shilling. Diversify the amount. You have my permission, indeed, to ask more than a shilling in some cases.” (Which was exactly what Amy had long ago determined to do.) “In fact, I leave it to you to be guided by circumstances. I give you a free hand, Mrs. Tomycroft waved her arm at the speaker, to indicate, presum ably, the freedom of hand she was bestowing upon Amy.

“You are too good,” gushed Amy. “I hope I shall justify your confidence.”

As she hurriedly, she muttered under her breath, “the skinny old fool.” words which, though they gave a true outline of Mrs. Tomycroft’s personal appearance, and even of her mentality to a certain extent—though she was by no means altogether a fool—would not have helped Amy to rise in that lady’s estimation could they have been overheard.

Mrs. Tomycroft turned back to her engaging duty of funning, well pleased with Mrs. Brown. Amy had deferred to her judgment, had done nothing without consulting her, and had given her before many high and mighty ladies credit for a financial scheme which she could not remember having originated—though, of course, she thought, it was quite possible, and indeed probable, that she had done so and then had forgotten all about it. Amy had shown a proper respect due to social inferiority; it was clear that the girl was learning rapidly and would in course of time become a most exemplary social worker and member of the middle orders of society. Meanwhile Amy by dint of smiles, sally, kerry, bright glances, and other wiles known to pretty girls went on extracting money for a righteous cause, and with that easy, statuesque, enigmatic manner which distinguished her. She was intoxicated with success; she shone radiant in consequence. She knew that the men were talking about her; she saw passing women glance vacantly at her: she stood out as the prettiest girl and the most attractive on the grounds. And she worked—oh, how she worked! When the garden party was over and she could hand over twenty pounds to Mrs. Tomycroft, it was no wonder that that lady cried: “My dear, you have been simply wonderful!” Such praise from such lips! At that moment, in Amy’s eyes, Mrs. Tomycroft ceased to be a skinny old fool.

Meanwhile, where was Christopher? Very much in the background, at once proud of Amy but ill at ease about himself. The push and aggressiveness he had exhibited in London, all his boasting too, were not much in evidence now. He was in his natural environment, “settled down”; and he was feeling strangely unsettled. He was being pulled up by Amy; she seemed bent upon rising rapidly, but social buoyancy did not come naturally to Christopher; he preferred to rest, while in Ja melier, than to move higher and higher; he was not at ease among the men whom Amy so obviously attracted. So, after a while, he had left Amy to make money for St. Mary’s and had wandered off by himself, until at last he found a group consisting of Gracie Seawell, his sister, Augustss Swiffles and two or three other people, and here, he felt, he

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UNDER THE SUN

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should be at peace in congenial company. But there is no peace for a small man with a beautiful and aspiring spouse. The real or imagined delinquencies of the brilliant wife shall be visited on the head of the ordinary husband.

"Can I join you," he called out to his friends with an assumption of joviality. "Any room for a little one?"

"There's plenty of room," said a young man who was standing beside Estelle Brown, "but you are not a little one, see. Friend. You're sure you want to be seen in our company?"

"Ol' can go away if Ol' am too humble," said Swifties bitterly. "Ol' know me plance."

"You shouldn't put yourself out of the way to join us, Mr. Brown," interpolated Gracie, who all her life hitherto had called him Christopher, "it's very nice of you; but we don't expect it."

"O, leave poor Chris alone," protested Christopher's sister. "He hasn't done you anything."

"Oh, no, he hasn't," the fellow who was paying her attentions said, "it is we who don't want to do him anything. He is a big man, and we wouldn't stand in his way for the world. I have self-respect, he burst out warmly, as though he were tortured with a secret suspicion that he hadn't. "I know to no man, or to any woman—except one," and at this he glanced tenderly at Estelle Brown. He did not pursue his speech any further. Evidently he had forgotten why he did not know to man or woman, or had remembered that, in his particular job, most of his working hours were spent in kowtowing.

"This is a fine welcome from friends," commented Christopher angrily.

"Outside friends only, now," Gracie pointed out, a bit spitefully.

"Ol' am only a tailor," added Swifties, upon which every other member of the group winked, for they all felt that Mr. Swifties was not living up to his official designation of Director of Tailoring, and that for him to harp upon being a tailor, especially while in their company, was derogatory to their dignity. Really, something would have to be done to cure Swifties of this precious deprecatory habit. It made everybody feel cheap, on the principle that people are judged by the company they keep.

"How are you enjoying yourself, Chris?" asked his sister kindly, for she saw that the remarks had somewhat hurt him.

"Splendidly," he lied; "this entertainment is a great success."

"Hamy is a great success," observed Swifties; "I never see her so 'appy before. She's in with the big boys. How different from London!"

"Well, why shouldn't she be?"' enquired Estelle defensively. "She is a very pretty English girl an' she's me brother's wife. Don't forget that."

"We don't," said Grace Seawell quietly, "and I am sure Chris don't either. Do you, Chris?"

"Me? No. Why should I forget it? What is there to forget?"

"Well, you leave her all alone to bear the heat and burden of the guessing competition, and you wander about until you find us," Gracie pointed out. "You are not gallant, Mr. Brown! I am sure Mrs. Brown must be wondering where you are and wish- ing you by her side. Don't you think so?"

The revelation was obvious to everyone, and one or two of the group openly smiled. Their smile said to poor Christopher, as plainly as words could, that probably he was not wanted where his wife was, and as he himself felt this to be the truth he was acutely conscious of humiliation. But he put a bold face on the matter, and, remarking, "Well, you are right. Perhaps I'd better go back to Amy; she must be annoyed I have left her so long," he turned and strolled away. But he did not go back to Amy. He had a feeling that he would be completely out of the picture in her immediate vicinity.

He was not happy for the rest of the night. But Mrs. Toneycroft, unlike Christopher, was a very happy woman that night, for her share in the garden party had been an unbounded success, and she knew that the city press would have nice things to say on the morrow about her usual kindness, her interest in St. Mary's, and the great factor she was in adding to the spread and dissemination of Christian light by the furnishing of new altar pieces and the like. She owed something of that success to Amy; and though she would never have admitted that outside the walls of her own house, she recognised it and did not mind mentioning it, in a modified fashion, to her husband. Mrs. Toneycroft prided herself upon being remarkably fairminded, and Mr. Toneycroft always pretended to be lost in admiration of her sense of appreciation and justice. He firmly believed in "safety first."

"That young woman, Amy Brown, was worth any four of my other assistants," said Mrs. Toneycroft as they were preparing to go to bed. "She not only worked well, but she had the good sense to consult me before doing anything that I had not specifically commanded. The result is that she took in a lot of money. I am grateful to her."

"That's just like you, my dear," said Mr. Toneycroft. "You are so appreciative. Yet she couldn't have done so well without your instructions."

"Oh, she knows that. She said so again and again; and that is what I like about her. She is not pushy; she does not try to take credit that is not her due."

"Quite true," agreed Mr. Toneycroft.

"I admit that I did not judge her quite rightly on the ship;" his wife went on. "But then, you don't see people at their best on a ship; it is the sea air.

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UNDER THE SUN

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I suppose. She seemed to be rather slighty then, and she always had men following her about: but, of course, it isn’t always a woman’s fault if men follow her. I can remember how it was with myself when I was a girl.”

Mr. Tonycroft shuddered. Was he about to hear once more those purely apocryphal reminiscences to which he had listened for so many years? Could not his wife understand that she was a woman well advanced in years and that the romantic experiences of her youth could now entertain no one, especially the unfortunate person who had heard them so often and who had never believed in their authenticity? This kind of torture was almost intolerable; yet even to exhibit the slightest sign of boredom was more than his courage was equal to. He bowed himself for the ordeal.

But Mrs. Tonycroft was not in a reminiscent mood to-night. The present concerned her more intensely. “If a woman has her head screwed on properly,” she continued, “she will not let it be turned with admiration; and I believe now that Mrs. Brown is very serious underneath.”

“Ye; underneath,” agreed Mr. Tonycroft, breathing the happy sigh of a man who has by a miracle escaped a desperate danger.

“I must show her some attention; it will be of great help to her. We are not snobbish people, Theophilus.”

“No, indeed,” said Theophilus, wisely keeping his own opinion on snobbishness to himself. “I can’t, of course, have her to anything here with anybody else. That would never do. But I can ask her to come round and have tea with me one afternoon when we are certain that there will be no callers—everybody knows that we are never in on Sunday afternoon. She will have tea with me. I have decided on that.”

“Well, what about him?”

“Oh, nothing, nothing; but I was wondering what he might think if you asked his wife and didn’t ask him...”

“Theophilus,” said Mrs. Tonycroft in an awful tone, “do you think for a moment that I could have a man like that in my house!”

“Most certainly not, my dear.”

“No, if I cannot have him, do you suggest that I should neglect his wife because of that? Would be more those prejudices again! Besides, this man, Brown, will be overjoyed if I pay his wife some attention; it will help him. Poor creature!”

“You mean Brown?”

“No, I mean her. Her husband is a rather good sort; but how did she come to marry a man like that? He has no position and can never have any. Don’t you see that?”
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and see me some time. But, stop, you haven’t a car... But I could come for you.”

“I should love it!” exclaimed Amy, while Christopher beamed.

“Then why not today?”

“Today?” echoed Amy, “but...”

“But nothing. I can drive you over in an hour. I can bring you back to-night. We three can have dinner at the old homestead; no—before than that—

I’ll pick up a friend and then the four of us will spin over. What say? Can you? Going, going, gone! Good-b— but I really mustn’t swear so much, Mrs. Brown. I beg your pardon!”

“What do you say, Christopher?” asked Amy, secretly quite determined on the jaunt.

“Christopher says yes,“ cried Hathaway. “I’ll bring you back by midnight at the latest; trust your little Uncle Rupert for that.”

“I accept your invitation with pleasure, Mr. Hathaway,” said Christopher formally, blustering beyond description.

“Good boy! Hurry up, lady, and let’s go. We’ll pick up our fourth to keep Christopher’s company on the way.”

Rupert hasted them out and into the car, as was his way, and when they had got down a little lower he stepped at a mansion of a house and asked if Mr. Brody was in. Mr. Brody proved to be a man of about forty, prosperous and important looking, and of something like Christopher Brown’s complexion. Rupert insisted that he go with them to Cherlemon that evening. Brody consented, but when he saw Christopher, and took him in with one appraising glance, he did not appear so enthusiastic. Amy observed that Christopher was deferential to Mr. Brody, who was evidently a personage and who apparently was certain that Christopher was none. But Brody soon relaxed, and as they went along he began talking to Christopher like an old friend. It was Christopher who could not bring himself to be quite at ease. He felt strange in this company.

Rupert drove swiftly, almost recklessly, and his car was of the latest model. Soon they had swept out of Kingston, and in the thickening darkness Amy could see the mountains basking and towering on her right. They rolled rapidly over a bridge that spanned a river, they came to a dimly-lighted place, Spanish Town, which seemed in a condition of permanent decay; out they were presently upon the road once more, with mountains alternating the plains, and the starry sky of the tropica above them. Then they came to Hathaway’s property.

Bananas and coconuts were its chief products, and Amy drove through rich fields of these. The house stood upon an eminence, a fine large building, well furnished with mahogany and wicker furniture; and the dinner table, when they were shortly summoned to the evening meal, blazed with candles, though the residence itself had a drably place in operation. Rupert made an admirable host.

Mr. Brody was vivacious and companionable; Amy in a seventh heaven of delight. “You folks must come again in the daytime,” said Rupert, “when you can see the place. I’ll have some other people here to meet you. What about next week Thursday?”

“Saturday I have to work,” said Christopher, “Oh, of course; and I shall be in St. James on Sunday,” said Rupert.

“Should I come to see St. James,” said Amy, emboldened by the cocktail and the sherry she had drunk; “I hear the bathing is wonderful at Montego.”

“It is,” agreed Rupert; “what a pity you both can’t come with me. But wait: I don’t suppose you would have any objection to your wife going alone, would you, Brown? It would be quite in order, you know.”

“Not just herself and you!” protested Chris, “that would certainly not be proper.”

“Of course not,” laughed Rupert Hathaway; “of course not. What I was thinking is this. I could get up a party that would meet here for lunch on Saturday, and then go on to Montego Bay. We could spend Saturday and Sunday nights at one of the hotels there, then go back to Kingston on Monday. You could come, couldn’t you, Brody, you and your sister?”

“I am sure of it,” said Mr. William Brody, “and my sister would be Mrs. Brown’s chaperone; though she isn’t married. She’s a little older than you, Mrs. Brown.”

“When we could chaperone one another,” laughed Amy.

“You could share a double room together at the hotel,” said Brody. “You will both enjoy yourselves. I could bring you and Claire over here from Kingston in my car.”

“Oh, of course,” said Amy. “Then it would suit you?”

“When would you call for me?”

“I will do it to-morrow at ten a.m. You can have packed your things by then.”

“You have no objection, Brown, have you?” asked Rupert, but the question was perfunctory, it being generally recognised that Amy had already settled the matter.

“None in the world,” said Christopher, with assumed heartiness.

But in his heart he felt that Rupert Hathaway did not want him on this excursion, nor Mr. Brody either, and that Saturday had been named for a visit to Rupert’s place because it was understood that Christopher Brown would be busy that day. He was being politely shielded; and Amy must know it. Yet she fell in with the plan quite readily. She was as quick as the others to hold him as of little or no account. That hurt.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

On the Saturday named for the excursion to Rupert Hathaway’s, and thence to Montego Bay, Miss Brody called for Amy. Miss Brody proved to be a bright, dashing young woman, unquestionably pretty, and with that air of assurance which comes from being born in comfortable circumstances and from having always mixed with “the best people.” She was fairer in complexion than her brother, but Amy, colour-wise by this, knew that Miss Brody was “slightly coloured,” as Mrs. Tonycroft would have expressed it. Amy also knew that that did not inconvenience Miss Brody in the least, that she probably gave it no thought, that she went everywhere and was everything, that her calling for Amy Brown this morning was a distinct act of condescension on her part, done to oblige her friend Rupert Hathaway, and that in the Brodian scheme of things Mr. Christopher Brown would have no place whatever or at any other time.

“Won’t you come in?” cried Amy, when the commodious car of Miss Claire Brody stopped in front of her house; but Miss Brody, not wishing to meet Christopher—who, as a matter of fact, had already departed to his work—politely declined.

“Then I’ll be with you in a minute,” said Amy, and directed one of her maids to take her suitcase to the car.

“I’m awfully glad to know you,” said Miss Brody cordially when Amy got into the car. “My brother has been singing your praises ever since he met you. He made me expect to meet a wonderfully beautiful girl, and this time he was right. All the men will soon be raving over you.”

“You’ll turn my head if you talk like that,” laughed Amy. “And what’s the use of being con sd
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KINGSTON INDUSTRIAL GARAGE.
The vegetation was lush, a cloud-epitaped sky hung blue and luminous over it all, and save where high mountains cast a shadow the land was steeped in light. These mountains sometimes rose sheer on both sides of the road; sometimes they broke away and allowed glimpses of flatter, rugged land to be seen. To her, accustomed as she was to the controlled and ordered beauty of the English countryside, it was a kind of nature that seemed wild and untamed; it seemed the tropics in their triumphant defiance of the efforts of man. She saw small rivers flowing peacefully towards the sea, bordered by thick clumps of bending bamboo or hedged by heavy trees; on the surface of some of these grew hyacinthine flowers with thick, fleshy leaves that formed a foil or anchorage for them, and sometimes in these rivers a few children, black of hue and almost naked, bathed and shouted, turning their backs discreetly to the car if their kinsmen had slipped or were too exquisitely. Peasants trudged along the road, the women driving donkeys held by ropes before them. Carts drawn by mules went by, or speeding motor trucks hissed piercingly high with passengers as well as goods. Now and then a car would rush past them, or come swaying at full speed from the opposite direction: there would be a flash of white or brown faces, and then it would be gone. On these zigzagging roads, with automobiles of every description driven at high speed by native chauffeurs, Amy wondered that accidents did not hourly occur. But she noticed how dextrously these drivers handled their steering wheels; and if sometimes the cars seemed about to rush into each other, there was always that last little twist of the wheel that saved the day.

A sunny land, a land drenched in sunlight which, as she already knew from experience, could become oppressive as the sun mounted towards the zenith and remained a blazing ball of heat until it sank again behind the mountains. But driving rapidly over these white limestone or asphalted roads the breeze fanned one’s cheeks and the eye was ever attracted by something striking in the scenery ahead or on each side. The coconut palms sprang up to a great height, slender from base to top, the palm-like leaves themselves green or yellowing, waved in the wind or hung downwards, sheltering clusters of nuts whose size ranged from that of a baby’s fist to that of a man’s head, the younger nuts green, the elder, ripe ones yellow, dirt caked thereon, the peel of these, laden with scarlet fruit that were really a vegetable known as the ackee, and some of these fruit, ripening in their maturity, revealed thick yellowish fingers of vegetable matter, at the end of each of which clung another to another on a small branch. Other swayed leaves that were a burnished purple on one side, a metallic green upon the other, the harmonising contrast making a beautiful display as the multitude of leaves fluttered and sparkled at every puff of breeze. This tree here the maracape, a delicious pulpy fruit; and everywhere one saw the bread, handsome leaves of the breadfruit, and sometimes the fruit themselves, hanging hand in hand from the trees in clusters, a substitute for or complement to bread on many tables; ripe bananas were gathered by the peasant farmer as something to be depended upon in times of hardship.

How likely it all was, thought Amy, as the car climbed up and then descended a slope; and when she passed an old house standing unpainted in what looked like a neglected garden and wondered if anyone had lived there, and if the people were white or black or of some other race.

The whites were but a few thousand in this country; fifteen or twenty thousand she had heard; but that looked like a large number on a million and more; the difference in proportion gave the whites a social significance which was already established. She knew now why even a fellow like Swifles could afford to have a horse and carriage: after the teeming millions of London, though she had already realised that he would never count for anything as a Chinaman. He had struck her as the most extraordinary person of the kind. He had no personal that could assist him to achieve anything of a position. That would not matter much to Swifles, who was better off now than he would ever have been at home, especially in the matter of health; but she felt that she could not be happy were she destined to remain only in the sphere to which it had pleased Christopher to call her.

Christopher was rapidly becoming out of place in the scheme of things in which she was beginning to find herself. She could never take him again among company that would simply not tolerate him twice. She felt more than a stirring of resentment against him, and against her home; but she knew she could not bring him to a state quite so critical as that. She had always been one of the best and most resourceful persons of her kind and, without knowing it, she was to find herself to be the most resourceful that she could be. She had come to take the fact of having to be resourceful as one that was an increasing disturbing factor. How could such a factor be dealt with?

She implicitly believed Rupert Hathaway’s assertion that she was the most beautiful young woman in Jamaica. Even in London, among those with whom she had mixed, she had stood out for her looks and her brightness of spirit. In Jamaica she might become a kind of queen among people not so well endowed by nature as herself. There were heights to which she could never aspire; her position made that impossible. The men and women who had allowed her to be a kind of queen in her own land, and even in other places, had thought, even two weeks ago, that she would now be expected to try to make up for the absence of persons who indubitably did stand among the island’s aristocracy. It was almost a dream, a miracle; and they expected her to try, not only the company too. Rupert Hathaway principally, of course, but this girl beside her seemed also quite genuine, and Amy knew that the fact of a young woman of Claire’s class and position could signify more to her social success than the personal charm of this girl. No, she could not have been akin to her man, either. She must, indeed, eventually lead only to gossip and scandal.

"Do you know you have been silent for a lost half-four-hour?" suddenly asked Claire. "I didn’t want to interrupt what you were saying, but I saw the scenery had got you and that you preferred to enjoy it in silence. I am used to it."

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"And here," Claire continued, "we are at Rupt's place. You couldn't see much of it in the darkness the other night.

"Isn't it lovely?" cried Amy, as the car wound upwards to the house on the eminence through scenery that now could be seen.

"Yes, and well kept too, Rupert makes money out of this property. He is a good planter for all his apparent slap-dash.

The car drew up in front of the stone stairway leading up to the first floor of the house, and Rupert came out to meet them. Claire's brother would be coming on later to lunch; the other members of the party were already there. Three girls, two blonde, the other brunette, were in beach pyramids of a variegated pattern; three young men were evidently their attendant cavaliers. They were all young, Rupert being the oldest person present. Amy was introduced, and immediately induced to swallow a pony-white-and-soda; then she was whisked off by Claire to get rid of the dust she had accumulated on her journey. She was busy thinking of the people she had just been introduced to. They seemed a free and easy lot, naturally polite and agreeable and ready to regard her as one of themselves. She was thrilled with expectation.

After washing up she joined the rest of the party on the verandah of the house. They were lounging about in easy postures, some on swinging couches, others in long wicker chairs. The ground in front sloped gently towards a wood, and, in parts of the open space between, cattle grazed near a pond of dark still water. Bananas grew almost everywhere, in the distance the red or green roof of some planter's residence stood out, and, because of its elevation, the atmosphere of Rupert's house was cool. "We are going to have a very early lunch and then start off to Montego Bay," explained Rupert. "We have all been up early this morning, and so twelve o'clock will not be too soon for us to eat. Will that suit you, Amy?"

"Perfectly, I had a light breakfast.

"I suspected so. Meanwhile shall we have cocktails and a pony-white-and-soda?"

"But I have just had one, Mr. Hathaway!" protested Amy.

"Another cannot possibly harm you, especially as we are all on the spree. And it's Rupert, please."

"Very well, Rupert; but, remember, I don't want to get drunk."

"You shall not. And you girls had better get ready to start immediately after lunch. You must dress before lunch. Rupert will be here any minute now.

The time passed rapidly. Amy talking and getting to know her new acquaintance better in the course of conversation. Mr. Brody arrived, and then they went in to lunch. The long, polished mahogany table with its centre adorned with flowers, the excellent service of the better and the maid, the fine flavour of the fish cakes, the chicken, served with white wine or whisky according to preference, the native strawberries and whipped cream—all this seemed perfect to Amy. The other girls had changed into travelling dresses, and Amy thought them all pretty. She was especially charmed with the absence of anything like constraint.

"Don't you find it dammed dull out here after your life in London?" the brunette girl presently asked her. This one was of very striking personality, utterly careless about ordinary conventions and decidedly handsome.

"Well, London is always bright," admitted Amy; "but I was a working woman, you know, and that cramped my style."

"There are worse things than having to work," said her questioner, who was a Mrs. Marley whose husband was then on a wireless mission in New York. "You don't find time hang so heavy on your hands when you have a lot to do. We are sometimes, awfully bored out here. Aren't we, Jane? This to the elder of the two blondes.

"I'll say so," my God!" exclaimed that vivacious lady. "I am never bored in London."

"Your parents are alive, aren't they, Mrs. Brown?" asked Mrs. Marley.

"Both of them," answered Amy. "My father was a retired captain: the infantry, you know. I was hearing only the other day of a Colonel Hibberson who was attached to a regiment out here some years ago. I think I have heard father speak of him. He was a cousin of ours."

"I knew him," said Mr. Brody, somewhat to Amy's alarm. For Colonel Hibberson had been made a relation only within the last few seconds. "I can see a resemblance between you and him," Brody continued. "He was here about twelve years ago."

Amy breathed a silent sigh of relief. Then, boldly, she resumed. "Yes, that was about the time. I have always heard that we Hibbersons resemble one another."

"Scott, aren't they?" asked Muriel Marley.

"Brody here has Scotch blood in his veins; that's why he is so damned neat. Aren't you, Brody dear?"

"You are a liar as well as impolite, my dear," answered Mr. Brody calmly. As he was noted for hospitality and generally he did not turn a hair at Muriel Marley's remark. Besides, they were great friends, and he knew she was but kidding him.

"Scotch originally," laughed Amy; "but my father himself was born, as I was, in England; and my mother is English."

"And we are all very rude to be putting Amy through a sort of catechism," said Rupert with mock severity.

"Oh, but I don't mind it in the least," cried Amy, who was now so firmly fixed in the higher army ranks that she felt that not even an attack in mass formation could dislodge her. That Colonel Hibberson, who had been in Jamaica so many years before, had been a godson. She only hoped that he would never return. He might, too, be dead. After all, we must die at some time, and the best time is when we are likely to be a nuisance to others.

"And you are married to a Jamaican," said Jane Sorrel, the unmarried blonde sister of Muriel Marley, "That makes you a Jamaican in a way, doesn't it?"

"I suppose so," said Amy, but with no enthusiasm—what would there dangling girls think if and when they ever saw Christopher? she wondered in anguish.

"Don't let him keep you at home too much: that is just advise," continued Jane; then suddenly remembered that Rupert had hinted that Christopher was a man entirely out of their set, and that Amy had clearly made a great mistake in marrying him. She saw something of a warning in Rupert's eyes even now. Dazzled, she quickly thought Jane, in spite of her devil-may-care manner, was a good-natured girl. She changed the subject.

They rose from lunch, went off to make all their last preparations, and presently were thronging down the steps towards the waiting cars. These were three. Rupert would take four of his guests in his surrey; Mr. Hathaway would drive his friend Ralph Ishman, who wanted to make love to her, in the roomy hackney, while Amy should sit—
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of when we are young. When we are much older we won't mind them; unfortunately, no one will mind as they.

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(Continued on Page 66)

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UNDER THE SUN

(Continued From Page 67)

To the left of them rose mountains verdant to their very summits. Great cotton trees stood out at times singly on a height, their branches bent with parasitic plants; the land fell into flat spaces and then up again where weathered boulders half-buried Indian cattle or Herefords strolled slowly or stood immovable, too used to motor cars and vehicles of every shape and size to respond to their existence. Patches of mazes gleamed a metallic green under the sun, young banana trees showed delicately against the dark ploughed ground in which they grew; at times a little stream crossed the road to flow heavily into the sea. And, up above, the huge seagull birds, the John Crowes as they are locally called, sailed through the radiant air.

Tramps and carte jadis with bananas and other tropical produce thundered by, and when they passed away, Robert Rupert would wave up a greeting to them. Here and there, too, Amy would notice what looked like a town that had fallen to decay, a place with a few large ruined houses out of which prangs huge trees, and buildings that looked like a wharf and pier now in a state of utter dilapidation.

"This place," said Rupert of one of them, "was a flourishing town a hundred years ago. That was when a lot of sugar and rum was shipped here; the country around had sugar estates. It is dead now; merely a Negro village."

"It was young and beautiful once, then grew old and of no account," said Amy, surprised and rather elated at her way of putting the matter. "That is rather like human beings."

"Yes; and that is why human beings should make the most of youth. Amy, don't you think?"

"Meaning what, Rupert?"

"Oh, just getting what fun we can when we are young."

"You get all the fun you want."

"Maybe, maybe not. I feel bored to tears at times. If—well, as if I had really nothing worth-while to live for."

"Wait until you get married. It will be different."

"You are married. Do you find it perfect, then, or really satisfactory?"

"You know you have no right to ask me such a question."

"Of course I haven't—in a way. But we are talking philosophy aren't we? At least I believe it is what is called philosophy. I don't really know what philosophy is myself."

"I don't either; but it seems that we—or rather you—are talking about ourselves."

"And you haven't answered my last question."

"I don't intend to. It is a fancy question. You want me to forget that I am poor and married to a poor man who is only a clerk in one of your Kimberleyfirms. Our circumstances are so different that they admit of no comparison."

"Which means that you don't find life very satisfactory, even though you are married. Yet you bid me wait till I am married, and tell me I shall find then what I am looking for. I tell you that it all depends upon whom one gets, and not so much as upon one's circumstances?"

"It may depend upon both;"

"I agree; but suppose one in good circumstances meets too late the girl one looked for; what then?"

"This is what man is always saying to some woman; then presently they marry someone else, and live in the hotel, in which and in the vicinity of which, many other guests were to be found."

The sun was now rapidly westering, and from the open semi-patio facing the cocktail bar Amy could look at a sunset such as she had never seen before. A riot of blue and crimson, a mass of gold and pear and purple, fanned to the west; it seemed as though the skies were all on fire with every rainbow hue. The sea, crystal green near the shore, answered off, wine-colored where it stretched to the horizon; almost matched the sky in beauty. To the right gleamed golden woods, the famous bathing beach of Montego Bay. Far away to the left and north low green hills and flatter land glowed in the luminosity of the evening, and more to the left in a curve of the shore nestled low-lying buildings which she knew to be the business and residential section of Montego Bay.

"Come to cocktails, Amy," called out Muriel Marley. "The scenery can wait."

She turned and sat down at one of the tables—three had been drawn close together for her party. Rupert had already ordered cocktails. Amy looked more particularly at the people about her. In the closed terrace facing the bar, at little tables, sat a crowd of people she did not know; but there were three she saw with whom she was acquainted. One was Mr. Solomon Joseph.

Mr. Joseph was accompanied by a lady of some good looks but of rather nondescript appearance; otherwise, you would not have called her exactly a lady, and certainly not a member of the local "smart set." She was quite evidently Mr. Joseph's only friend in this place. Amy caught his eyes and bowed; he half rose out of his chair and bowed most profusely in turn, then looked as if he contemplated coming up to her to shake hands. Hastily, at this indication, she averted her eyes; he would be as out of tune in the company at her table as Christopher himself. But even as she did so she experienced a spasm of alarm. He was Christopher's boss. And the slightness of the wires are often visited upon the husbands, instinet signalled to her.

The other two men she had seen together were Mr. Eugene Isidore and Mr. Henry Hallibut, he who had taken her to polo on more than one occasion. Through the edge of her eye she saw that they had risen and were coming towards her party contentedly. They passed Solomon and gave him a nod, Mr. Isidore's being the more friendly of the two, and yet not intimate. In another moment the two men were shaking hands with her and with the rest of the party, who greeted them with enthusiastic cordiality.

"Join us at cocktails," cried Rupert. "What the deuce are you doing down here?"
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DOCTOR'S CAVE BATHING CLUB, MONTEGO BAY.
days of your life and not pay for it. He knows you are better than him, and that’s why he goes on like this. He is jealous of you, me son.”

Now even Solomon, in his conciliator, could not bring himself to believe that this handsome Isidore Iseidor, who mixed in such good society, was so well liked by persons who simply would not even know Mr. Joseph, who was a large planter as well as a merchant—was wealthy, indeed, apart from being a merchant and planter—could be jealous of him. So he fell back upon the conclusion that Eugene just hated him out of pure malignity, being a devil incarnate. It never occurred to him that he had been the feud between them by hating Eugene first, and that Eugene might be getting a lot of fun out of him. Or that Eugene might consider him generally objectionable. Or that he had had no right, the night before, to force himself upon Amy’s attention as he had done. He viewed his relations with Mr. Isidore strictly from his own point of view: he was right; the other man was a squanderer; and Amy was a detestable and impudent little slob who ought not to be so unpunished.

“It is Christopher I feel sorry for,” said Mrs. Joseph, expressing a feeling that had long been in her mind. On the whole, though not forgiving Eugene Iseidor, she was relieved to know that her son was completely out of the picture in so far as Amy was concerned. She had perceived Solomon’s inclination to be gallant to the fascinating Mrs. Brown: any possibility of developments in that direction now seemed ruled out. That was to the good. But Isidore was none the less a sown-rider.

“She is making an old shoe of him,” agreed Solomon; “and perhaps the fool don’t see it.”

“He sees it all right enough, or he will very soon,” replied the wise old lady. “He must know that she goes where he isn’t wanted; in fact where they wouldn’t have him. What that means? He may put up with it; but…”

“You think I should say anything to him?” asked Solomon eagerly. “You think I should tell him how I saw her and Hatthaway carrying on last night Isidore.

“You didn’t correct his mother firmly. ‘From what you just tell me, they were only dancing and dining and courting, and there was a lot of other people. What can you tell him that twenty other people didn’t see?’

“I know Hathaway is making love to her,” said Solomon bluntly.

“I know that myself, me darling, but it is a (Continued on Page 73)."
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time you were having in Montego Bay, Iseidore," he said; "though of course you are a society man and I am not. Did Mrs. Brown go down with you?"

"You heard me say on Saturday that I went down with Hallibur, Joseph; why should Mrs. Brown go down with me?"

"Why shouldn't she?" As a matter of fact, if I had known she was going I would have offered her a lift myself. For I don't suppose she can easily afford to pay for a motor car.

"I don't know anything about her financial affairs. She came down with her friends. She has very pleasant friends."

"Excellent. I am glad of it, for I don't like to see a stranger, especially a woman, having a dull time out here. She is getting on well out here. You see, I know a lot about her, for she and my tailor, Swifties, used to be in London."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Her father was a sergeant in the army, you know, and I think her mother must have been a washerwoman—a hard-working, industrious woman, my friend—and I always say that it is the man who disguises the work, not the work the man."

"An observation that just came into my own mind," said Iseidore.

"Yes?"

"I mean that men are sometimes a disgrace, but work of any honest sort is quite decent. I have met men who are a disgrace to any sort of work, and to life itself."

"So have I," replied Mr. Joseph s'abornyn, knowing that the remark was aimed at him. "But I am glad to say that though Mrs. Brown's father was only a serjeant, I've never heard he did anything disgraceful."

"Would it be any business of yours if he had, Joseph?"

"Yes, in a way. His daughter is married to a trustee clerk of mine, a young man in a good position in my store, and a very respectable fellow. It must therefore concern me what kind of a wife he has and what her relations are like, especially as I am very fond of him. In fact I might almost say he is a friend of mine: not an equal, you know, but a friend."

"The difference does not interest me," retorted Iseidore with some asperity. "I know the man and I too think well of him. As to Mrs. Brown's father, I know all about him also, and of her life in London. She told me, you see. She hasn't made a secret of it with anybody. All the people you saw her with on Saturday know it; but it makes no difference to them. They like her for her own sake. You can understand that, can't you?"

Mr. Iseidore told this deliberate lie with every appearance of veracity. He had seen through Solomon's motive precisely. Solomon wished to publish everything he could to the detriment (real or imagined) of Amy Brown so as to cause her present acquaintances to drop and shun her. He would have great difficulty in talking to the others about her; he hoped, however, that Iseidore would spread the glad tidings, since it is often pleasant to be able to prickle the bubble of pretentiousness in others and do what one can to bring a fellow creature trembling from uncustomed heights to earth. But Iseidore liked Amy. He had realised, with the intuitive insight into other persons which he possessed, that she was hardy, self-seeking; but he felt that she had made a mistaken marriage for a girl of her ambitions, and her brightness and beauty appealed to him. He liked her company; he had enjoyed it in Montego Bay. He would like to help her, if he could, within reason. Solomon Joseph was hoping he would talk to others about her former position in London, would run her down; well, he would lead Solomon to believe that there was really nothing to talk about, since Army had given all this information about herself already. He would keep his own mouth shut and try to stop Solomon's mouth also. So, though he would have liked to kick Solomon, he merely lied to him calmly and smiled as he spoke.

"Mr. Joseph was staggered. Yet he knew that Iseidore's story was not at all incredible. Amy Brown, knowing that Swifties was with her in Jamaica, may actually have been candid about her origin. And if she was accepted in spite of that candour, Mr. Joseph's efforts at gossip were wasted."

He felt crestfallen. He felt that his endeavours to add Christopher was apparently doomed to failure; he experienced the bitterness of a missionary whose holy mission is thwarted at every turn by unreceptive savages. He turned to stroll out of the store, and Iseidore accompanied him. "By the way," said Iseidore, as they reached the door, "Mrs. Brown's mother was never a washerwoman; she might have become one, of course, but it happened that she got married before she could go into any sort of service."

"And now her daughter is a great lady here," commented Solomon slyly.

"Not a great lady; but a pleasant young woman whom everybody likes. It is something to be liked for ourselves, isn't it? I am sure a lot of people like you for yourself."

Mr. Joseph did not reply to this. But he was very sure that he detected Mr. Iseidore for himself and for everything in the wide, wide world besides.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

SWIFFIES felt important. Mr. Joseph had taken him into his confidence in regard to a couple whom both of them knew, and in whom, Mr. Joseph had admittly suggested, both of them had an interest. It had been suggested that something should be done to prevent this couple from treating the primrose path into debt. Swifties had the feeling that some responsibility rested upon him in the matter. But he knew better than to approach Amy on the subject.

Could he dare do anything with Christopher? But, if so, what? The first thing to do, anyhow, was to discuss the matter with Christopher's former intimates. His sister was often at Grace Seawell's house; so was her husband. And Christopher himself dropped in now and then. Perhaps a word in season, a hint dropped upon fruitful soil . . . . But suppose the soil of Christopher should prove stony? Suppose it should reveal itself as a belligerent and even violently bellicose soil, with a disposition to resist to facts-literally and not metaphorically—at the mention of anything connected with the wife? Swifties knew that men ordinarily meet could become extremely disagreeable if their domestic situation were touched upon by outsiders; the very consciousness that these outsiders were right might lead an irate husband to indulge in mayhem and other dangerous practices if what was nearest to him were mentioned in terms of censure. This was a way of working off secret resentment against the true source of that resentment; and a petty blow on the nose of some well-intentioned if officious third party might afford solace to a husband, though it could not possibly be regarded as agreeable or helpful to the recipient of it.

Swifties was by no means a physical coward. He had plenty ofpluck. But Christopher, he recognised, was much stronger than he; he could no longer claim to be a close friend of Amy's, and everybody almost would say he was in the wrong if he spoke to Christopher about Amy and not broken up as a
result of his kindly action. He might himself reg-

dard this as a species of martyrdom; but then he

had no desire to figure as a martyr in a cause that

could not possibly be regarded as religious.

Yet when one has an impulse to action, one in-

stinctively seeks ways and means to realize it. The

impulse is almost overwhelming if it be an impulse

to put a finger into pies which are not ours but which

have a distinct colour of deliciousness.

Therefore Guniee went home that afternoon full

of news for the people with whom he lodged, and

it happened that Grace came in with Christopher's

sister shortly afterwards, and Elsie's dance dropped

in about half an hour after. The latter brought

with him a parcel which he carefully deposited on a

table in the room.

They greeted one another pleasantly and talked

about indifferent subjects. Then the telephone

bell rang: it was Christopher who wanted to know

if Swifties could give him a bit of dinner that even-

ing.

"That means Gracie," said Swifties perpendicularly.

"Chris knows Ol am only a boarder here."

"He knows you live here, Mr. Swifties," tartly

replied Grace Seawell, "and I will thank you not
to say that any married man makes an excuse of

you for coming to dine with me. I can tell you

now that I won't be at dinner."

"No offense, no offense," ejaculated Augustine.

"Ol mean no offence, Miss Gracie—only a little joke.

Ol don't see why that should deprive you of dinner.

You will get sick if you starve."

"I won't starve and I won't get sick; and any-

how, perhaps, Mr. Brown wants to see you on pri-

vate business. This is the first time since he came

back from England that he has ever wanted to
come and dine here. His wife won't like it."

"Perhaps," suggested Swifties, "his wife won't

be at home. Maybe she hasn't come back yet."

"From where?" asked both Gracie Seawell and

Elsie Brown together.

And now Swifties felt more important than ever.

He possessed information. A most delightful

titbit of gossip. He assumed an air of nonchalance.

"Oh," he said, "Hamy went to Montego Bay on Sat-

urday for an excursion, and it seems she won't be

coming back till late tonight. Otherwise Chris-

opher wouldn't want to arrange to dine out of his

'ome."

"Montego Bay?" asked Gracie.

"By herself?" quickly queried Elsie.

"Not by herself, with a party. Mr. Joseph told

tell me all about it: he and me have a lot of friendly

conversations together about different things."

"You don't tell me she went with Mr. Joseph?"

asked Elsie, scandalized.

"No, she had bigger fish to fry," said Swifties,

who had learnt from Mr. Joseph the names of those

with whom Amy had gone, and who had recognised

that they were, so to speak, the gods of the upper

world, while Mr. Joseph, in spite of his proud posi-
tion as an employer of directors of tailoring and

other things, might only be considered as a god of

the middle regions."

"Who?" asked Gracie in an intense voice.

Mr. Swifties repeated some of the names—those

he remembered, and he had the men correctly. Elsie

Brown stared gravely in front of her; Grace Seaw-

well smiled scornfully.

"So it's begun already," remarked Elsie's fiancee,

Morice Sterne, a short, stout, fair-haired young man.

"What's begun?" fiercely demanded Elsie, turn-
ing upon him like a whirlwind.

"What's begun? What you trying to say about me brother's wife?"

"Me?" cried Morice; "I never said a thing!

What I really meant was that . . . that . . ."

"Yes? That what? You might as well say it!"

"Well," said the young man defiantly, "you know

yourself that at the garden party the other day

Chris was wandering all over the place like a

lost soul, while his wife had all the aristocratic

men around her. And now she's gone to the coun-

cry with some of them, and Chris has to beg a

friend for a little dinner. What it means?"

"It's no business of any of us what it means,"

anxiously Christopher's sister; "for it means no-

thing. You needn't be envious of Chris". But

even as she spoke she realised that she was talking

nonsense.

"What is he to be envied of Chris about, Eli-

sie?" enquired Grace Seawell. "He has you."

"And Chris don't seem to have much of his

wife in these days," said Morice, embarrassed by

support. "But it's none of my business."

"I don't like it," confessed Elsie, suddenly

abandoning her role of defender of Amy's conduct

and yielding to the force impulse of her heart to con-

demn a young woman whom she could not like and

who had no earthly use for her. "Fancy Chris al-

lowing his wife to go out about with strange men!

What will people say?"

"But there were ladies too," pointed out Mr.

Swifties, and he again named two or three of them.

(Continued on Page 77)
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UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from Page 75)

These names figured in the island’s Society List. “It means, he said Elise slowly, ‘that she’s not in bed hand, who won’t talk with me brother, and no now life will be a hell. Serve him right!’”

“But egad, Elise, it will be a little hard for you to live here,” agreed Swiffes.

That being only too obvious, no comment was offered on the remark. But Swiffes had his own grievance against Amy and was usually glad of an opportunity of voicing it.

“Shes’s giving ‘erself hairs out here,” he said (not by any means for the first time); “but I do for- get that if she know all about her—which, to Amy’s great advantage, he certainly did not. ‘She’s no better than meself, yet when she comes into Mr. Joseph’s store and sees me she hardly wants to speak. Just a sharp nod. And now she’s friendly with Mrs. Marley and Mr. Hithaway and that lot, and she’ll soon be getting into debt and ‘ave a lot of trouble. That’s what Mr. Joseph is afraid of. It told me so.’”

“That means still more trouble for Christopher,” said Christopher’s sister, “and not a soul of us can interfere!”

“Somebody should,” said Morice Sternes positively. As he believed that in these circumstances he could not be called upon to be the person to approach Christopher on so delicate a subject, he was very emphatic in expressing his view. In a manner of speaking, he took moral charge of the situation. He was perfectly ready to send other persons into the very heart of a disagreeable aspect.

Every one present noticed that as he spoke he looked at Swiffes meanly. Swiffes squirmed under that compelling gaze. He felt as might some unhappy bystander who being keenly eyed by a brutal priest searching for an appropriate victim for sacrifice. He began to regret that he had taken any part in this conversation.

An inspiration came to him. “Mr. Joseph said the same,” he observed. “Mr. Joseph believed that one of his relatives should speak to Christopher—and he looked hopefully at Elise.

“A woman won’t do,” asserted Elise’s beau. “This sort of thing requires a man’s hand—it needs,” he continued, soaring into poetry, “the touch of a man’s hand and the sound of a voice that is still.”

“Your talking foolishness, Morice,” cried Elise petulantly: “how can a voice that is still talk to any- body?” Morice, who knew that he had been talking nonsense, did not venture to argue the point.

Christopher was not right about a man speaking to Christopher, a man he knows to be a true friend of his; and that is what Mr. Joseph must have meant. Can’t you do it, Elise?”

“Me?” cried Morice. “But I am hardly a friend of Christopher. I only know him through you. Up to a year ago I never spoke to him, and I haven’t been into his house once. As it were, I don’t know him at all; in fact we are almost strangers. It is Swiffes here who is his friend. Didn’t he write from London to say Mr. Swiffes is in every great part of his?”

And don’t Swiffes say the same? The indications are that Swiffes is indicated to speak to your broth- ers, and not an Englishman of the bulldog breed. I am sure he will not withdraw from the
and Morice, throwing all prompting of prudence and frugality to the winds, poured him out another, taking one himself. Swifles also took another. This thousand-year-old flag now seemed to Swifles to be braving everything in a somewhat upended fashion. The idea came to his mind that he was regarded as a bulldog and expected to bite. They looked to him to bite Christopher. Very well, he would do so at the first opportunity. It was clearly considered to be the duty of all true Englishmen in the tropics to hit their targets, to someone or something, at some time or other, though the reason for that action was not quite obvious.

Grace slipped out to give her mother a hint about the extra food required; a tin or two of preserved food could be requisitioned. She came back quickly; not for anything would she miss a word of what might be said. Dinner would be at seven, she told them; it would have to be half an hour late. Her mother was very pleased that Elea and Morice were staying to the meal.

It was Morice who broached the topic upremptly in their minds.

"Swifles tells us that Mr. Joseph met your wife, Chris, at Montego Bay. How is it you didn't go?" "Because I didn't want to," replied Christopher. "I could have asked for leave; but it wouldn't do for both Mr. Joseph and me to be away from the store at the same time!"

"Your wife back yet?" asked Grace in silken tones.

"No; she telegraphed me to-day to say she wasn't leaving till after lunch with her friends, and mightn't be here before nine or ten o'clock. They are dining at a Moonage Hotel." This he said with an effort at ease and nonchalance, as though it were an everyday matter for Amy (and incidentally for himself) to spend week-ends in the country and return late on Monday nights.

There was a pause. Mr. Sterne looked meaningly at Augusta. Elea fixed him with her eye. Augustus's head now felt twice its ordinary size and there was in him an impetuous bark like a bulldog. But how did a bulldog bark? He could not for the life of him remember. Dog and terrifying, of course, was such a bark, but he hadn't exactly that sort of tone; it didn't do so with his physique. Still, he was expected to do something. The will power of others was directed upon him. In a voice which echoed around in his ears as though it came from a distant quarter he remarked: "Mr. Joseph says you will be getting into bed—"

"You may be Christopher Josephus Brown," said Mr. Morice Sterne, with an air of doubt; "but you don't mean to tell us that it is you who pay your wife's expenses on these busts?"

There was a moment of deadly silence. The truth was that Morice, like Swifles and Christopher himself, had drunk far more at one time than he ordinarily did, and had allowed impudence to get the better of native discretion. The two young women were appalled. Even Swifles, who was more dazed by the drink than the other two men, was conscious that something of a hansom nature had been said.

"What do you mean?" asked Christopher at length, in an ominous tone. "I say what I mean and I mean what I say," replied Morice pugnaciously.

Here Swifles thought he saw an opportunity of pouring oil upon troubled waters; and so, in a manner of speaking, threw a cask of petrol upon a growing fire. "He means this," he laboriously explained, "that you are not running into debt—debt—loks Mr. Joseph thinks, but that Hatty's men friends pay the bill. An' thank is all right," he continued, addressing everybody with a benedict smile. "Hatty is a bright girl, an' a lot of young men liked to treat 'er at 'ome. Some out here. No 'arm whatever; a building wouldn't object. A building wouldn't say..." he would say..."

"He would say, as I am saying," berkled Chris-

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together, sprinking up, "that if you will come outside I will knock your bloody head off!"

"You'll have to knock me off first," cried Morice Storer, who knew there was safety in numbers and was persuaded that he and Swifflies would be more than a match for a single Christopher. He was indignant that Christopher was not grateful for this kindly interposition of friends in his domestic affairs.

"All right," retorted Chris bristly, "then I will begin with you.

Now this was not at all what Morice had contemplated, hence he gazed at Christopher with mingled anger and terror. "You are a savage, sir, a savage," he declared, and hoped devoutly that the ladies would permit no display of raffamani on their premises; at any rate, not so far as to allow him to be the object of it.

Nor would they. "Chris," cried his sister, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself, threatening other people because you are angry with your wife. Oh, you, don't contradict me! We know it in so far as to try to help you, and you curse and want to beat them. If you don't want to hear the truth, if you want to stop people from talking, stop your wife from going about with people who won't have you. That's my advice." "Tomatoes don't talk; it's mouthes," interposed Swifflies, who thought he should say something of a poetic nature.

"You are a fool," was all the reward he received from the now thoroughly irate Eble, who was resolved that her dance should not be marred by her brother on any account whatever. "It is you who come and tell us what Mr. Joseph says about Miss Brown, and now you get drunk and talk stupidness. Whether it is tongue or mouth that talk, we don't want to hear. You should have been married to a young woman; and now Morice and I are going straight home. Goodbye, Gracie; you'll see us again."

Plato floated out of Morice, for all the liquor in him, following her with marked malice out of the dinner-room. If any head were going to be knocked off that evening, it would be Swifflies', not his. Swifflies, pruned exceedingly by the turn affairs had taken, walked at length out of the house into the garden, to nurse his sense of grievance under the gathering stars; but he slipped on the protruding root of a big tree, tripped to the earth, and there promptly fell asleep. In less than a minute Grace and Christopher found themselves alone.

Christopher's face was a picture of shame and despondency. So this was what people were saying; that other men, his superiors, were paying for Amy's entertainment. What more might they not be thinking? In this country it was so easy for scandal to grow and spread with the slightest of reasons.

He felt ashamed, weak, miserable. Had no one been there he would have cried.

Grace divined his feelings. She went up to him softly and laid hand upon his shoulder. "Poor Chris," she whispered, "don't mind what those men say; it is all nonsense. They are drunk. Go home quietly and sleep, and don't do anything."

He nodded his head affirmatively, and left.

Grace Beauw sat down to cry.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

A NEW estimate of domestic and social values be- came the sudden, imperceptive operation of Amy's mind after her return from the pleasant trip to Montego Bay. Such an evaluation had of course been proceeding in her brain almost constantly after her arrival in Jamaica; but it had been gradual, unconscious, because submerged deep and shadowy. As though, instead of thinking vaguely in terms and figures, she had sat down to draw up a definite ac- count.

She had come back late on Monday night, hav- ing been brought home by Mr. Brody and his sister Claire. Although she arranged to see even the most exasperating could complain; and Christopher, who was comparatively sober as Christopher, recognized this immediately. It pleased him too; Miss Brody was a great lady in regard to whose character not one syllable could adversely be breathed; she was en- gaged to an Englishman of fine position who might be expected back in a few weeks. He could not say how any now—he had gone away on a short visit to his own people—and would probably be married during the next few months. Mr. Brody was a man of substance and influence, in speaking to whom Christopher had to struggle not to say "air" too often. When such a couple constituted themselves the friends and guardians of Amy on any tour or excursion whatever, it would be folly to utter any pro- test, except on grounds of pride. Yet this pat- ronage might be but a cloak for the convenience of Mr. Rupert Hathaway and Amy, thought Christopher, while recognising at the same time that it suited the convenience of his good name as a hus- band also.

Not that for a moment he imagined that any woman related to a person of Amy's husband and Rupert Hathaway. He saw no reason for any such sus- picion; he was indignant, wrathful, at the mere idea. Yet he saw that if they were hinting at some- thing not quite right and proper in present condi- tions which might develop swiftly into something still more wrong and improper, definitely scandal- ous. Persons of wealth and position were treating Amy to pleasure trips and parties while quietly ignoring him; and always to sequence in that situa- tion would be an abasement of manhood. It might lead to disgrace—that was the suggestion contained in what that drunken, miserable fat wretch of a Jervis Shove had said. The situation must there- fore be taken in hand; that was the idea uppermost in Christopher's mind when he got home on Mon- day night and went down to await Amy's arrival. He would have to show a firm hand—but presently he felt himself wishing he could get somebody else to show that hand for him: strenuous at second-hand presented advantages which he could keenly appreciate.

When the car with his wife and the Brodys drove up to his gate, he went to meet them with what he considered to be a stately and dignified de- monstrer. They did not appear to notice it. This hurt him: though just how he expected them to note, consciously or unconsciously, a studied greeting was not clear to his own mind and would hardly be clear to any other mind.

that they exclaimed, "what a daffid man!" or "how impressive a deportment!" they would have sounded like ridicule, and, from them, could have been nothing else. He felt this: yet the hurried casualness of their greeting gave him the impres- sion that they were thinking nothing of him; that he might have been merely a footman letting in the mistress in so far as they were concerned. Here he was wrong; the Brodys were not thinking of him as a footman, though it has to be admitted that they were hardly thinking of him at all. It was late; they were tired; so the farewells were said in a moment and Amy was left to the care of her husband. It was a convenience to erect; and he had been contemplating something quite different; far more dramatic, though he had not pictured to himself exactly what. He was aware of a sort of anti-climax of spirit. But he had keyed himself up to the ordeal of speaking a few firm words to Amy that night, and the whisky he had indulged some hours earlier had not yet entirely lost its strength.

They had got as far as the dining-room when he stopped and said:

"You know, Amy, I expected you back this after- noon; not so late at night."

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"I thought myself we'd be back in the afternoon," she replied; "but we didn't make it. You got dinner all right!"

"I have fasted," he solemnly announced, and expected this declaration to be followed by a vast atonement in the midst of which, up to speak, some traveller from New Zealand might easily have set himself to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's or any other ruins.

But:

"That was very foolish of you," said Amy at once; "the girl must have prepared dinner. You needn't have waited for me. I suppose you want some food now, and I'll get it for you, but I can't eat anything myself. Had dinner at Moneague.

"I have had no food and I want none," proclaimed Christopher, still speaking solemnly. "I want to have a little talk with you instead.

"About what? Business? Anything happened at the store?"

"Nothing at the store, Mr. Joseph returned from Montego Bay yesterday; he met you there.

"Yes; and wanted to push himself on me—distracting beast! Has he been trying to bully you because I wouldn't have anything to do with him?"

"Mr. Joseph is a friend of mine," retorted Christopher loftily; "he would stoop to nothing mean and dishonourable."

"Well, you are about the only person who seems to think so; Mr. Isidore doesn't, and he knows him well."

"Isidore?" cried Christopher, "Isidore?"—and his voice automatically took on the tone and inflection of Mr. Joseph's. "He is a man beneath the contempt of Mr. Joseph and I. But we are wandering away from the point; and I do not want to wander away from the point."

"You haven't come to it yet," Amy pointed out; and Christopher was acutely aware that he would have given much to be able to dodge it.

Still, the point had to be tackled, even if it was a sharp and possibly piercing one. He summoned his courage. "Amy," he said, "I don't think you should go on all these excursions without me."

"Oh, that! Is it?" she replied. "That's why you have kept me standing up in this dining room for the last few minutes talking nonsense about Solomon Joseph! Do you propose to ask people to invite you to their parties? There's Mrs. Townercot, for instance; she may again invite me to tea, though I hope not. Am I to tell her that you would like to have tea with her also?"

"You couldn't do such a thing!" cried Christo-
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UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from Page 69)

sion. He had lost in his first encounter with Amy — he knew it would be sometime before the question could be reopened by him; at present he did not feel equal to it. But it would have to be reopened. This state of affairs could not persist indefinitely. He must assert himself. Even talk without action — for he did not know what could possibly take, and was not disposed to take any — would be better than nothing.

That day after this altercation Amy set herself to think out the situation carefully. She would, as it were, count up all accounts, she would review her past.

The process was not a pleasant one. She was married, tied to a man with no social position to speak of. She was attractive, beautiful, she was in demand among the very set of persons whose society she resiled. They would mix with her. But they would not marry her. That was the implication, unexpressed, as was the unwritten: and she for one did not wish it otherwise. She would not deceive herself. She did not love Christopher, had never cared particularly for him; the most she could do now was to tolerate him. But he was her husband. She was dependent upon him. She had done nothing to give him reason to suspect unfaithfulness on her part, and she had no intention of being unfaithful. She could have all possible opportunities that way, if so inclined; she might be financially flourishing if she took a lover of a liberal turn of mind. But that sort of thing she was decided not to do. In spite of a certain episode in her past, she herself believed that the reason of her present feeling was pure virtue — in which belief she somewhat fooled herself. Later on she would realize that her motives were mixed; practical, sensible. But it was true that she was not really sensual, not disposed to looseness, but very determined upon advancing herself in this world.

What she had done in London she had been driven to by drollness, by the wish for a different life from that she was compelled to live; by a craving for romance, a desire for love. The experiment had proved a failure; it had also proved a lesson. She was now in another country where she counted for something with women of a class infinitely superior to what hers had been, superior to what it still was if she were merely considered as the wife of an English Doctor. She sensed that these women would not drop her merely because there might be a few hints against her: they were worldly wise, very tolerant, not puritanically straight-laced by any manner of means. They knew that gossip and scandal would always go farther than any facts adduced, and they would not too closely inquire into rumours. But if there were obvious facts to support scandal, if there came to be too cumulative to be ignored, then, surely, her new-found society friends would begin to give her the cold shoulder. They might not openly disapprove of her morally; but the breaking of the Eleventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not be too much found out," they would have to regard as an offence against discretion and the liberal but unlimited latitude of local society. They would shake her off, in a word, if she ever became notorious; and that kind of loss would be to her greater than anything she would otherwise gain.

But she was not going to be virtuous, a good and faithful wife, merely in order to be a part of Christopher's home, and his church, and his miserable social circle. That was certain.

She would not drop her new friends at any cost; and when these realized that there was nothing to be said against her character, as she would take care that they should, they would sympathize with her all the more and would agree that Christopher had nothing to complain of in being ignored. They liked her; perhaps it pleased them also to think they were helping her, patronizing her: this gave them a sense of power, a feeling of superiority that prohibited any promptings to jealousy they otherwise might have experienced. This was the best looking of them. Her radiant coloring, bright spirits, the skill of her chastened hair, her finely formed features, her upright, slim body, those were assets which the women as well as the men appreciated. They were her means of power and success. They were her key to the door of a brighter life.

But she was Christopher. There were those who would egg him on to nag her. About what factor?

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dealing with complex and difficult situations. He was conscious that his married life was not running smoothly; but he did not see what he could do about it. He had put his foot down, but Amy had ignored his main gesture. He was haunted by an unexplained suspicion that he was taking up that determined foot again.

But he must show proper resentment at her obvious rebellious attitude. If he would not prop up the subject of controversy between them immediately, at any rate he must demonstrate disapproval of the way she had taken his rejection in step when he returned home that afternoon he did not offer to kiss her, acting in this respect as he had done on leaving in the morning. He could not show that this was exactly what Amy had hoped for.

There was an atmosphere of domestic coldness in the house; he was strictly polite, she was polite also; but it was a cold politeness. There was no ordinary unrestrained conversation between them. Christmas meant to go to bed that night feeling himself a much ill-used man, and angry. Like a huge note of interrogation this thought was in his mind: had he been wise to get married? Would it not have been better to have remained a bachelor all his life? Or, perhaps, Grace... But he would not allow his thoughts to dwell upon Grace.

The second day was a repetition of the first. Amy knew that such a state of affairs could not continue indefinitely; either it must grow worse or the tension must relax. It would not grow worse, she concluded: Christopher could not maintain this sily demeasure of offended dignity for long. But though he would relax and strive to become sociable, she had no intention of encouraging a resumption of the former relations between them; he had begun this game, she told herself, and it was for her to continue to play it, though with modifications and variations. Hence, when, on the fourth evening after they had quarrelled over her going alone with her friends on excursions, he suggested in an off-hand manner and in his usual tone of voice that they might go together to the moving pictures, she declined the invitation, though in no unfriendly fashion, saying that she preferred to stay at home and read—which was not true. "But if you want to see a play, why not run along and do so?" she asked, pleasantly enough. "A man can't expect to be tied to a woman's apron strings all the time."

He went. He had been feeling bored. But as he sat by himself in the picture theatre he was ill at ease; he was a prevaricious soul and he wanted company. He wanted congenial company, people who understood him, whom he understood, and whom he could like. And then and there it came to him that he did not understand Amy very well, that they were scarcely friends in the old-fashioned, true and intimate sense of that word. He realised indeed that this had always been so; that Amy was his wife yet very much apart from him. What was more, she was becoming more apart every day; she had been drifting into another world, while he still remained in that to which it had pleased the Lord to call him. He secretly preferred his own world too; he was never comfortable when talking on terms of apparent social equality with persons like Hathaway and Haliburton and especially with a lady like Claire Brody—though he had never said much more than a few words to the last. It was a big thing to be able to talk to these as a sort of friend, something to be proud of. But it did not bring happiness. It only engendered a feeling of discomfort.

Three evenings later, a Sunday evening, he again invited Amy to go with him to the pictures. This time she consented. His usual lip salutation of her had been removed, but now it was somewhat perfunctory; she gave him her cheek and he touched that as a matter of marital routine, nothing more. Having someone to sit with in the theatre this night, he enjoyed himself better than he had done when he had gone alone; yet his enjoyment was dammed ed by his insistent feeling of loneliness. On the other hand, nothing more had been said about those fashionable friends of Amy's. Nothing more had been heard of them. Up to now the victory had been on his side. But he did not for a moment imagine that the subject was forever closed.

As a matter of fact, Amy had two days before refused an invitation to a cocktail party from Claire Brody. She had made some sort of excuse, but had added that she would love to go on some other occasion. She wished a few days to elapse before any renewal of an argument with Christopher. She hoped that in the interval he would have learnt to look at the situation in a practical and sensible manner. She had calculated that he would weaken as the days went by; she knew that mere lapse of time and intervening reflection had a powerful effect upon the decisions of weak natures, and she preferred to have her own way peacefully if that was possible, though she would have it anyhow.

Her first man had found her unreasonable, had told her more than once that she was impossible. She was older now. She told herself that she would play the game fairly, but the cards must be in her favour. That is how a business man thinks the game of business should be played. The cards must be in his favour.

The next night, after dinner, Christopher said to her:
"Amy, what about dropping round to see Swifties or my sister? They won't come here unless we

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show that we want them: they are a little, er, afraid of you—and naturally,” he hastily added. “You are like a queen among them!”

“Don’t flatter me, Chris!” cried Amy pleasantly.

“But you told me before, my dear, that I don’t care for them. Why should I worry myself about people I don’t take to, and who don’t take to me?”

“But Swifties is an old friend of yours,” argued Christopher, “and Elsie is my sister.”

“Elsie is all right,” agreed Amy quickly; “it wasn’t her I was thinking about when I spoke. It was that young man who is courting her: they are engaged aren’t they? I simply can’t stand him, and I don’t think you like him much yourself.”

“As a matter of fact I don’t,” asserted Christopher with emphasis. “I regard him as a fool—a fat fool.”

“And fat fools are always objectionable,” agreed Amy. “You know you didn’t care for him. But don’t you see that we’ll meet him if we go to see Elsie? And if he is her choice she won’t like us unless we accept him almost as gladly as she does. She will soon find out that you don’t like him very much, and that will create bad blood between you. I shouldn’t care for that.”

“I guess she knows how I feel towards that fellow,” said Christopher: “a more ignorant ass is not to be found in Kingston. Still, you know, she is my sister.”

“She will soon be Mrs. Morten’s wife,” Amy pointed out, “and you can’t do so much to her then. Better leave things as they are—or leave me out of it. What she will stand from you shall never take from me, and I don’t want any ill-feeling to arise between me and Elsie and her future husband.”

“All right. I am a bit of an outsider.”

“You are my wife,” asserted Christopher, “and that must be enough for them. I’d soon teach them something if they forgot themselves with you.”

“Let us avoid the salutary lesson,” smiled Amy, but her tones were definite.

“Well, what about dropping round to see Swifties? He’s an old friend.” Christopher spoke eagerly.

“In a way,” answered Amy dryly; “but he won’t help us to take any place in society.”

“I am contented enough with the place I have.”

“You are not very ambitious, my dear,” retorted Amy lightly. “But poor Gustav isn’t an alkoh to his talk, and your Jamaica friends smile when he talks.”

“He is as good as any of them, and better than some,” replied Christopher warmly. “I like him. It was through him that I met you in London. I think we should show him some attention.”

“But you meet him every day at the shop, so I don’t see why you should want to see him at night also. I should have thought myself that a very little of Gustav would go a long way.”

“We must go somewhere sometimes,” Christopher pointed out sharply.

“Well, if you would like to spend an evening with him, or anybody else, why don’t you?” Amy retorted. “It surely isn’t necessary that I should be along.”

“No, that is so,” acquiesced Christopher readily.

He rose out of his chair with an airliness which indicated an extraordinary longing for the society of Augustus Swifties, who, whatever his eminent qualities, had never yet been considered a social lion or a supremely engaging personality. Yet at that moment Christopher felt that there was no man in the world whose society was so delectable as that of Augustus Swifties. He longed to be with Swifties. To sit in the company of that sandy-haired, stub-nosed young man (as some persons would have described Augustus) seemed to Christopher to be one of the world’s delights just then. “Very good,” he said heartily. “I’ll take a stroll round.”

Amy saw him go off with great satisfaction. At last he was beginning to act reasonably, to realise that his friends need not be here, and so would come to see that hers need not be his either. Swifties would never come to the house without being specially invited: she knew that. For Swifties was very well acquainted with her indeed. And Elsie Brawn would remain away also, and the rest of them, as they had been doing. It was much better so. The problem was solving itself.

Meanwhile Christopher hurried in the direction of Mrs. Seawell’s house, where Augustus resided, to discuss with that conversationalist the affairs of the day. On his way he took a taxi. But when he arrived and found that, though Augustus was at home, Grace was out, he experienced an unmistakable pang of disappointment.

He had been cold to Swifties since that memorable afternoon when he had had to defend Amy against the veiled aspersions of Mr. Brawn. Augustus was therefore genuinely delighted to see him enter the house as an old friend, especially as he himself had been having a touch of the blues. “Nobody in but me,” he explained, “and Mrs. Seawell. Shall I tell Mrs. Seawell you are here?”

“Don’t bother,” Christopher insisted, not having the slightest wish to lay eyes on that rather saturnine lady. “Everybody else out, you say?”

“Tee. Grace went out with Tom Collins—you know him? Went to the pictures. Oh think. And the others have gone somewhere: Ol didn’t ‘ere where. But it’s fine for just you and me to ‘ave a talk together.”

Christopher could not for the life of him appreciate such an arrangement of circumstances. His ardent desire to see Swifties had suddenly evaporated with the actual sight of Swifties: he found his mind following Grue Seawell to the moving picture house, though he did not know which one of them Mr. Collins might be patronising tonight. He was slightly acquainted with Mr. Collins. His present view of

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that gentleman was positively staidious. How a girl like Grace, he thought, could be seen in public with a man like Collins—who, up to a minute before, he had held to be a decent, industrious and gentlemanly member of society—he could not understand. His former amiable opinion of Collins, he had been christened Thomas Greene Collins by a mother who had heard of Geneva in the days of long ago, and had liked the name, had suddenly undergone a radical change. Fancy a man with the middle name of Geneva! There was a suggestion of soundness about that.

However, he settled himself comfortably in a chair, and began to talk. He had come to visit Swifties, and visit Swifties he would. It was now half-past eight o’clock. He would remain until about ten. Indeed, he might remain till later; if he did not get home until eleven, that would disturb no one. Any might have gone to bed; but she had her own room. She certainly would not mind. She had re-ogazed that a man wished sometimes for the companionship of men friends with whom he felt a bent of sympathy. Such a one was Swifties. He would come to see Swifties often. Incidentally, it would be only fair to Grace if someone should suggest to her that a man like Collins—who clearly would have been a matchster in another country—was not a fit associate for her. But, of course, that true and candid friend could never be himself. Grace might regard his warning as an unforgivable im- pertinence.

At half-past nine Grace with Mr. Collins returned home in Mr. Collins’ secondhand car, and if she felt surprised at Christopher’s presence, having in mind what had happened when he was last in these premises, she did not show it. She became merely the welcoming hostess, and Mr. Collins, who was an ardent snob, beamed with pleasure at meeting on such cordial terms the husband of one of whom people like him were already speaking as “a society lady.”

"I had the pleasure of taking Miss Seawell to the pictures tonight," Mr. Collins informed Christopher. "That made the show doubly enjoyable. I hope to have the same pleasure often, if Miss Seawell will vouchsafe me the honor."

Collins was a white man, of definitely Jamaica middle class, an accountant in a small way by call- ing, but his own master and of pretentious appear- ance. He was very fond of talking and careful in the selection of terms not ordinarily introduced into colloquial conversation. He was quite evidently fond of Grace. In Christopher’s eyes he looked like a fool whose one design in this world was to be mischievous.

"I suppose Grace will voucheface you the bon- ener," said Chris, with just the suspicion of a sneer; but only Grace noticed that.

"The pictures," said Mr. Collins, settling him- self down for an intellectual conversation, "are sym- pathetic of our times. Don’t you think so, Mr. Brown?"

"Symptomatic of what?" asked Christopher, not unnaturally.

"Well, of the modern craving for spectacular re-creation."

"You mean that people like to go out now and then to see a show?"

"That’s one way of putting it, yes; but we can find something deeper in the phenomenon."

"You can, perhaps," answered Christopher, with acidity; "but I am content to pay my eighteen-pence and see a picture with the fun of it. It is a pheno- menon—that’s the word, isn’t it?"

"Oh, but Mr. Brown," protested Collins, "does not ‘Society’ endeavour to look beneath the surface? Does not it endeavour to find the hidden meaning of what appears on the superficial surface?"

"Frankly, Mr. Collins, I don’t understand a word that you are saying."

"Of don’t messer," interposed Swifties. "What do you mean, Mr. Collins?"

As Collins did not clearly know himself, he was stamped for the moment, and Christopher grinned sportively. He had taken down the pompous young man a peg or two.

Grace was a silent but observant witness of this little byplay between the two young men. She perceived that Collins wished to place and even to flatter Christopher, while the latter would have liked to be rude to Collins. and she knew the rea- son. Her woman’s instinct told her it was because Tom had taken her out to the pictures, and had openly expressed the hope to be permitted to do so again, that Christopher was resentful and almost important. Indignation surged up within her. Did Christopher forget that he was a married man? How dare he think that he had any sort of right to be vexed if any man took her out? What had he to do with her, or with him? He had been there a little over a week ago. He was here again tonight. But his wife was now in town: she had seen that lady downstairs that very day. And Mrs. Christopher Brown wasn’t visiting the house with him: he came alone, and he said he came to see Mr. Swifties. Very well; he had a right to do that; but he had no right to be rude to any of her friends because they were showing some atten- tion. Was it Swifties he was coming to see, or wasn’t it her? Did he think she would have any- thing to do with a married man, especially with one who had treated her so shamefully? He had not been exactly friendly to her; but everybody, herself included, expected he would be: it was one of those things that are taken for granted. But he had mar- ried a young Englishwoman, who was mixing with quite a different lot of people from his set, and now he was beginning to come round to her house again and even to show jealousy of other men. The cheek of it! Why didn’t she show jealousy of his wife: she was the only woman he could have any claim upon now. "He must be going mad," thought Grace; "for the first time in his life, somewhere, deep down in her heart, was a feeling of pride and gratification that she still meant much to Christopher. That, at least, was something of a triumph."

Mr. Collins felt depressed. His efforts at elevat- ing the tone of social conversation did not seem to be highly successful. He had sought to impress Mr. Brown, and the latter had vulgarly proclaimed that he was an intellectual barbarian. And so had Swifties.

Well, both of them were that; but it wasn’t anything to be proud of. He would ignore them. He turned to Grace.

"Would you give me the pleasure of taking you to the Palace Theatre on Wednesday night, Miss Seawell?" he asked. "There is a fine picture adver- tised to be shown there; it is called ‘The Vamp of the Famos’. I believe it is very thrilling."

"What is it symptomatic of?" asked Christopher abruptly. "And what is a ‘famos’?"

"I’ll go with pleasure, Mr. Collins," said Grace, before Collins could reply to Christopher. "I am sure it is a good picture if you say it is."

"Sounds like tribe to me," said Christopher. "If a picture is worthy, Mr. Brown," commented Grace scathingly: "but humble persons like me never use it. Besides, ‘tribe’, as you call it, may suit us but it mayn’t suit other people."

"Thank you very much," exclaimed Collins, using Grace’s Christian name for the first time since they had become acquainted; "I’ll call for you in my car at 7.20. Well, tempus fugit, and I must be toddling home. As the poet says: ‘The bird of time hath but a little foot to flutter—and the bird is on the wing’—a quotation which suggested that Mr. Collins associated with Mr. Sterne and had adopted some of the latter’s habits of speech.
“Are you the bird?” innocently enquired Swif- fe; but Mr. Collins would not notice the question. He shook hands with them all, and departed. When he was out of hearing, Christopher asked:

“Where did you pick up that fellow with the big talk, Grace?”

“I met Mr. Collins at a party,” coldly answered Grace; and “I haven’t particularly noticed his talk.”

“Oh, are,’ interpolated Swiffe.

“And have you any objection to it; and if so, why?” demanded Grace.

Swiffe could think of no immediate objection, or rather, of adequate words in which to express it; so he subsided; but not so Christopher. “Half of what he is saying he doesn’t understand himself,” he sneered, “I know the chap.

“But isn’t it better to talk like that than to act like a fool?” enquired Grace, as if putting a general proposition. “I don’t see that Mr. Collins by his talk is hurting anybody.”

“Isn’t it ‘urting me.” Swiffe gravely con- ceded.

“Nor himself,” added Grace. “Well, gentlemen, I must bid you goodnight.”

“I am trotting off myself,” said Christopher ris- ing. “Goodnight, Grace; goodnight, Swiffe. I’ll be round and speak to you. Goodnight with you. He made as good a departure as was possible; yet felt ignominious. Unfortunately he had been subdued by Grace. She was singularly unpredispos- itive of an old and faithful friend. But he would allow her little difficulty to prevent him from visiting a boon companion like Swiffes. Swiffes was a fair chop, and he must not be left lonely in a strange and distant hand.

“O glad Chris comes to see me sometime,” said Maggie, after Christopher had gone, “Is far is in the right place.”

“He doesn’t ask you to go and see him though, I notice,” said Grace with a mirthless smile, as she left the room.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

“I HAVE been hearing,” said Mr. Solomon Joseph to his mother, “that Christopher is a frequent visitor at the house of Grace Sewell.” He smiled as he enumerated this piece of information.

“Does his wife go with him?” asked Mrs. Solo- mon Joseph.

“Never. She has her own friends, as you know, the highwigs she likes to mix with. You never see Christopher with them.”

“How you know about his going to Grace Sew- ell?” asked the old lady.

“Swiffes. I talk to him sometimes, for I don’t think it is right that an employer should always keep his men at all. Joseph, most of times, but I won’t. I am a bit of a socialist,” added Mr. Joseph, whose socialism stopped short at anything like a fairer distribution of property or income, ex- cept in so far as that might promise further to enrich himself.

Mrs. Joseph knew quite well that her son had been pumping Swiffes; but that, she conceded, was not objectionable, but rather laudable, if useful and interesting information could thus be obtained. And it was useful to know what was happening to an employee who was a bit of a favourite.

“Swiffes live at the same place as Grace Sew- ell, don’t he?” asked Mrs. Joseph.

"Yes.”

“Then I’ll bet that Christopher says he is going to see Swiffes.”

“Thats just what he does,” replied Mr. Joseph; “and what is more, Swiffes seems to believe it. Some people are blind. I am sure that it is the girl that Christopher goes to see. He used to be keen on her.”

“Is he still sweet on her, or he wouldn’t go round there so often,” commented Mrs. Joseph with mature wisdom and conviction. “Don’t you see how it is? He has one set of friends—men friends as well as women, and I bet you it is the men she likes. Chris is out of it; it is not his set, poor fel- low, and he would never like them, even if they let him in; which is what they’re not doing to do- not by a long chalk. And he sees that his wife prefers them to him, and he is beginning to find out that he likes Grace Sewell better than his wife; that is the God’s truth.”

**PLANTERS PUNCH**

1935-36

“But, mamma,” Mr. Joseph pointed out, “how can you be sure that Chris likes any other woman better than his own wife? Remember, she is a wife and dashing young woman. She is A1 at Lloyds.”

“She’ll go so far that she will leave poor Chris miles behind. She’s looking after her own interests, though I can’t think that there is a man like Christopher and you. But she couldn’t fool an old woman like me. I wonder what she is going to do.”

“I am wondering what Grace Sewell is going to do.”

“I know that girl,” said Mrs. Joseph. “She has her head properly screwed on. She won’t make a fool of herself over Chris—what I mean is that she won’t do anything to disgrace herself.”

“Then Chris might as well stop going to see her,” remarked the practical Mr. Solomon Joseph. “Solomon: I am ashamed of you!” exclaimed his mother. “You know what reform means?”

“I don’t mean that, mamma,” interjected Scolo- mon hastily, having meant exactly what the old lady had understood him to mean. “Of course a girl like Grace Sewell is decent—at least, I hope so. I can’t say I know much about her, and I am not going to be certain about any woman—except people like you, of course. Besides, it is none of my business. I don’t want any scandal attached to anyone working with me, and I hope Christopher will keep out of that. But if the scandal comes from the other side—his wife I mean—well, nobody can say that he is to be blamed. That woman is a bumptious person, and if she has been treating me like a flapper these days: as if I was her inferior! Only this morning I saw her come out of Iddore’s store, with that mowing jockey haddling into his mouth not as if he was a gentleman and she a lady. They say me well enough, but she wouldn’t even look in my direction. At that moment I could have kicked Iddore!”

“Why you had better restrain your temper,” warned her mother anxiously, “or you will get into trouble.”

“But she has been under no apprehensions. Mr. Solomon Joseph would never kick anyone in this world, and especially not a man like Mr. Eugene Iddore. Solomon Joseph is strict in discretion so highly developed that a cynical critic would have suggested its identity with cowardice.”

“She is very friendly with Iddore?” asked Mrs. Joseph.

“They seem to be very close friends.”

“Hum.”

“But that don’t mean anything wrong,” observ- ed Mr. Joseph regrettfully, as though it were a pity that morality should prevail in such a relationship. “She has a lot of other tipsoff male friends.”

“Well, this sort of thing can’t go on forever,” Mrs. Joseph said. “Poor Christopher will keep on visiting Grace Sewell until she gets married; for she is young and good-looking, and some nice young man is sure to want her. Then Chris may take to drinking again.”

“If he does,” said Mr. Joseph positively, “he will have to lose his employment. I couldn’t keep a drunken clerk in the place. It would ruin the business.”

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Mrs. Joseph was obliged to agree with her darling; what he said was so obviously true. But she looked thoughtful. And so, to do him justice, did Solomon. The idea of any serious misfortune happening to Christopher started him, and not because of the young man’s usefulness alone. His apprehension at the moment was quite disinterested. He discovered that he liked Christopher much better than he had himself imagined.

“I will protect him,” he burst out resolutely. “I will not allow him to be dowed by anybody. It is a shocking shame the way he is being treated. Something must be done about it.”

“What, me, too?”

“I don’t know. But you could ask Mr. Grance, if you think he could be of help.”

“Yes, you can do that. And perhaps you may really be able to help that poor young fellow; you can never know.”

Mrs. Joseph recognised that her son was sincere in his wish to be of service, in the event of necessity, to Christopher Brown; but her long experience and native shrewdness caused her to realise that were Amy Brown to smile on Solomon, as she did on other men, his resolution would weaken greatly. Solomon was susceptible; as it was, Amy’s indifference, even rudeness, to him was good both for him and for Christopher. It prevented her son from making a fool of himself; it put Solomon wholeheartedly on Christopher’s side. And Chris might some day need a friend.

“I knew it was a mistake,” murmured Mrs. Joseph to herself after her son had left her: “from the beginning, from the moment I saw that girl. I knew that Chris and her wouldn’t get on well together. And this thing can’t last. Something is going to happen.”

This was some three months after the visit of Christopher to Swifflies on the night when, for the first time, Mr. Collins had taken Gracie to the moving pictures. Mr. Collins had continued paying attentions to Gracie, and his conversation had been as elevated as ever; Christopher had fallen into the habit of calling to see Swifflies twice a week, and more or less, on those evenings, Gracie remained at home. Obviously, Mr. Collins was making no progress. Gracie found no special pleasure in his company. Mrs. Seawell, who was hardly ever seen but who seemed to guess accurately everything that went on in her house and beyond its confines, perceived that so long as Christopher came to the house he would exercise a certain attraction for Grace, and began to think of how his visits might be prevented. Swifflies, of course, could be told that he was no longer wanted as a lodger; but then, until Chris was bluntly informed that he was no longer welcomed as a visitor, he might continue to visit, Swifflies or no Swifflies. Such drastic action, too, might-persuade Grace, who was high-spirited; it would certainly hurt Elsa; it might do more harm than good. Yet, argued the silent, saturnine, reserved and withdrawn Mrs. Seawell, it could do no good either, but a very definite amount of harm, if Grace’s name began to be linked with that of a married man.

She thought of her sons, who were so seldom at home. They both liked Christopher. They evidently saw nothing unusual, not to say wrong, in his coming round to the house almost as often as he used to do before he got married, especially as he came to see a man who had been kind to him in London. These young fellows could therefore be of help in the present situation. Mrs. Seawell realised that Mr. Collins must be encouraged, and she made up her mind unobtrusively to encourage him. So, to begin with, she invited him to dine at the house on Sundays. Such an invitation no one thought of extending to Christopher: he had his wife and his own home. Mrs. Seawell also thought that it might be as well if she uttered a word of warning in her daughter’s ear. She would take care not to go too far.

Consequently, one afternoon, she said to Grace, when no one else was present:

“Christopher has made it quite a habit to come round here.”

“I notice that,” said Grace.

“I think it is really you he’s coming to see, Grace.”

“I think so myself,” Grace calmly replied; “but that doesn’t make any difference to me. It couldn’t. He is a married man, and he wouldn’t forget himself so far as to say a word to me that he shouldn’t.”

“He’ll never do that,” affirmed Mrs. Seawell. “I doubt if he even knows what he is doing. But I am not thinking of him: I am thinking of what people might say.”

“I am tired of thinking about what people might say,” replied Grace; “and after all we have been friends all our life. What can people say?”

“They can talk about you,” her mother pointed out. “They can say you are encouraging him away from his wife.”

“That would be a lie; and, anyhow, everybody knows that Chris’ wife has her own friends who don’t bother much with him. Besides, other people come here. There’s Mr. Collins.”

“He seems to be in love with you, Grace.”

“Perhaps. But I am not in love with him, and never could be. He makes me tired with all his big words and pomposity. But so long as he

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UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from Page 89)

comes, nobody can say anything about Chris and me. And he is going to continue to come.

"For a time only," vaguely observed Mrs. Seawell. "Then he will get tired and go off to some other girl.

"And then some other young man will come along, ma'am, and I may like him. As a matter of fact, one is coming to see me shortly. So you needn't turn poor Chris out."

"Poor Chris!"

"Yes. Don't you see how it is? We are really his only friends now. He isn't happy, and that's why he turns to us. I am sorry for him."

"He wasn't sorry for you when he got married in England."

"No; and that is why I can be sorry for him now. I am free and I am liked and Mr. Right will come along in good time; I am in no hurry. But Chris is miserable, and he deserves it. Leave him alone. And you can depend on it that I am able to look after myself."

Mrs. Seawell was obliged to be satisfied with that; but she would still be vigilant. Other young men would be welcomed. She said nothing more. As for Grace, she went to her own room to think over her mother's words. Chris, she thought, was nothing to her: yet she knew she was glad to see him when he came to the house. She felt brighter, filled with a sense of expectation, when she knew he was coming, as she usually did now, for Seawell was almost invariably informed beforehand. She liked his company better than that of any other young man she knew; he was now the old Chris, but more devoted to her in some subtle fashion than he had been in the days when he was single, and braggad and boastful and fell himself a devil of a fellow. He never attempted to make love to her; she would not only have put a stop to that, she would have ordered him to return. Swifles or no Swifles, And Seawell would have raised no protest, for he too had begun to understand, and his sympathies were entirely with Grace.

Did she love him? Had she ever loved him? Grace asked herself these questions, but would not answer them fairly. She assured herself that she had liked him very much, had expected he would propose to her some day, and that she might have loved him: but all that was now of the past. As for the present, she was sorry for him, and of course she liked him much—he was an old friend, and she had a secret feeling that he loved her now. But this must mean that he did not love his wife. Had he ever loved Amy? Grace had a very high opinion of herself; she did not hesitate to compare herself with Amy, and the comparison was to her advantage. She estimated Amy with prejudiced, adverse mind and eyes: she was staringly unjust, though she did not realize that she was so. Her conclusion was that Amy had fascinated Christopher for her own purposes, that he had fallen a victim to her wiles, but that he had never loved her. He had made a fool of himself, and would pay for it all the days of his life, but all that was past in him had all along been true to her, Grace, and now he was realizing it. She saw it in his eyes; his one bit of happiness was to be close to her. Well, she would not deny him that happiness for a time, though, of course, the day must come when his visits would have to cease. That day might come quickly; she believed it would. Tom Collins would not be the cause of it; but some other man would be; it was inevitable. For one thing she was determined: she would not be an old maid because of any man. She could be kind, but she would not be a fool. She would take good care of herself.

Three nights later Christopher turned up at the house.

Christopher found there Mr. Collins and a strange young man; and—what Mr. Collins would have described as "an unprecedented phenomenon"—he found Mrs. Seawell, clothed certainly, and apparently in her right mind, in the Sebastian drawing room. He had never known such a thing to happen before. He could not understand this social irruption of the elderly lady who for years had kept away from guest whenever she could.

He soon understood. Mrs. Seawell devoted her attention to him by merely sitting on the chair next to his and expecting, apparently, to be entertained. Meanwhile Gracie had the two other young men all to herself, or, rather, they had her all to themselves. The newcomer, Mr. John Burton, was English, aged about twenty-six, tall, fresh-looking and newly arrived in the country. He worked in the office in which Grace was employed. He was a man of figure. Swifles, though both were Londoners, and Mr. Burton was a stranger who had not yet made hardly any friends, disliked Mr. Burton after just five minutes of acquaintance.

truth to tell, was not the fruit of the kindly Swiftes. He was ready to be cordial to almost any one. But his manner of speaking had betrayed him to Mr. Burton, who did not drop hisitches or pronounce his words as Swiftes did, and who, unconsciously, had at once adopted a very aloof and patronizing attitude towards him. This Swiftes had perceived and keenly resented. Therefore, when Christopher glared resentfully at Burton, and Collins endeavoured to talk him down, Swiftes entirely shared their feeling and, for the first time in his life, wished more power to Mr. Collins as a pavement speaker.

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But Burton was not overawed by Collins, and stood up to the latter when accountancy was brought forward as a light and amiable subject for post-prandial conversation. He did not dwell upon this topic long, however, but, as it were, brushed Mr. Collins aside and gave himself over to the pleasure of talking to the pretty girl who was now at her best. Gracie was proud of her new friend; he was of a somewhat superior order to the rest of the young men she knew; at least, he thought so, and she was inclined to endorse his opinion. She was gay and sprightly as she conversed with him, a fact which caused Mr. Collins to draw more strenuously than ever upon his impressive vocabulary. But he hardly seemed to be heard after a while. John Burton easily dominated the social scene.

It was gall and wormwood to Christopher. In- sistently he saw in Mr. Burton a potential suitor for Gracie's hand. Christopher believed that all young men were now falling head over ears in love with Gracie, though they had not been so precipitately enamoured a few months before; it was clear to his mind that in a little while she would become either Mrs. Burton or Mrs. Collins, and he inclined to the view that it would be Mrs. Burton. Meantime, as a visitor to the house in the future, it seemed that he would have as special companion the grim and taciturn Mrs. Sewall, towards whom bitter aversion and hate were now developing in his heart. Another swift change had taken place in the kaleidoscope of life, and suddenly he found himself at the extreme edge of the pattern it presented now, with Mrs. Sewall in disagreeable proximity to him. But Mrs. Sewall was quite content with her position. She seemed to say to Christopher, in attitude, "whither soever thou goest, I will go"—so long as he was within her precincts anywhere.

Gracie noticed the attitude of everyone, and en- joyed the situation. It was all a tribute to her im- portance. Swiftees, of course, did not count, but the three other men did. Each one of them wanted her company and would have liked the other two to be far, far away. But Chris was far away in reality; he had of his own action placed himself at that distance. So he should be satisfied if he could see her and address an occasional word to her. As for the other two, she would be gracious to them. But she definitely preferred Burton to Collins.

Shortly after nine o'clock Christopher took his departure. He had had about as much of Mrs. Sewall as he could stand. Without wishing any ill, he felt that news of her sudden death to- morrow would find him singularly un moved. Indeed, he hoped that he would not feel positively pleased. As for a similar demise on the part of Msears, Bur- ton and Collins, that he would regard as a proper interpolation of an all-wise Providence. What made him still more savage was the patronage in Burton's manner when Burton shook hands with him on leaving, for Msears had asked no leave to enter. The other two were always offering patronage all round—except to Gracie. Mr. Collins was already contemplating a violent quarrel with him for the future date. "After all," those at Mr. Collins, "this fellow must remember that I am a whole man!"

Chris walked home. He perceived that with two young men specially visiting at the Sewalls, with Gracie as the attraction, it would be folly for him to continue his frequent visits. And now he no long- er bothered to deceive himself; he admitted that it was Gracie, not Swiftees, that he had been going so often to see; and he recognized that his conduct was furtive. What could it possibly lead to? Gracie was too free, sanguine, pretty; she must marry some day. And that day might be near. Why too did Mrs. Edelmann appear so strangely out of her habitual re- tirement and plait herself upon him? Surely to keep him away from Gracie. Well, he supposed it had to come some time: he had been living in a sort of fool's paradise these last few months. He was a married man. He must make the best of his lot and his wife—provided that she would allow him to do so. Would she? They were now further apart than ever; there was now a wider gulf between them than ever before. She still went about with her friends, though they never came to her house. He would have to tolerate the situation. There was nothing else to do.

So thinking, he reached his home. His rubber- heeled shoes made hardly any sound on the par- ment of the empty street. He saw a motor car waiting outside the house. He looked over the low front fence towards the verandah, which was illum- inated by a single electric bulb. Then his heart leaped violently, but slowly and in another instant he had kicked open the gate and had bounded on to the verandah, where sat his wife and Henry Hal- lilton.

CHAPTER TWENTY

HENRY HALIBUT had dropped in to see Amy, to invite her to go to the races the following day. He was reading a horse book and trud- ed by himself, and was wildly enthusiastic about his chances of victory; he wanted all his friends to be present to witness the prospective glorious finish of his racer on the Knutsford Park course.

It was about eight o'clock when he was called. He had sent Amy a note during the day, asking her to expect him. He had said nothing about this to Christopher; she did not perceive any particular reason why she should. She certainly did not wish Chris to remain to welcome Henry.

Henry had greeted her laughingly. She had had two comfortable chairs placed for them both on the front verandah of the house, on the right side of the front door, directly over which a small electric lamp glowed. They were quite visible to anyone in the street who took special pains to peer into that premises, but not very distinct to a casual glance. Henry had gladly accepted a whisky and soda—not
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SALIM GHIBAS, born in Cartagena, Colombia, received his early education at the place of his birth, and in Bogota the capital of the Republic. He is of Syrian extraction, South American by birth, and British now by adoption and also through hav- ing married a Jamaican lady. He went to school at St. Joseph's College of Antoura, Bey- ronth, Syria, receiving his education in French, and learning Arabic, at the same time. In 1927 he left for France where he spent eight months on holiday, then returned to Cartagena where he joined his father, the late Mr. Lazarus Ghibas, in the dry goods business.

In May 1932 he married, in Cartagena, Miss Bertha Iona of Kingston, a daughter of R. A. Iona; and after a three months' honeymoon tour of Europe and America, came to reside in Jamaica where he is highly appreciated by all those who have met him. He has one son, who was one year old on the 17th of November.

From September 1933 to September 1934 Salim was assistant manager of Iona's Department Store and from then to the present time he has been manager of "The Enterprise," a branch of the firm of R. A. Iona & Bros. With activity, energy and courtesy, Mr. Ghibas has made "The Enterprise" one of the city's most important shopping centres.

Mr. Ghibas is also a sportsman being interested in all kinds of sports, especially baseball, bowling, swimming, football and tennis. In Colombia he was President of the "Kolis Walters" Baseball Team, Champions of Colombia for 1932 and 1933, and he is now Captain of the "Kingston Babes" in Jamaica. He is a very pleasant and genial young man with a friendly manner and he is forever in having the sort of wife that encourages and helps.

UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from Page 93)

accepted by both, he would not dare ask Claire Brody to have anything to do with the business. "Well, I refuse to go, and so does Amy," Chris- topher declared bluntly.

"You refuse, but I don't," put in Amy with a restraint that was threatening. "Why should I refuse to go to Knutsford Park with Claire Brody? I want to go."

"Claire Brody is only a blind," cried Chris- topher.

"Christopher, please don't insult me. I am your wife, but I am quite a free agent," Not to carry on with-...

"I say, Brown" protested Henry.

"Go on; not I," said Amy in a peculiar tone of voice. "What were you going to say about my carrying on? With whom and when and where? I can't see how an ambitious woman could carry on with any man on an open verandah, lighted and facing the street, though you might think it possi- ble. Perhaps it is one of the practices of Miss Grace Seawell, from whose house, I believe, you have just come. Evidently you have been annoyed by something that happened there; I notice that you are home earlier than usual. You go there very frequently; yet I don't remember having charged you with carrying on with that young woman. But please continue."

"I am not going there any more," Christopher asserted, taken completely by surprise and so inclined to utter a thought then uppermost in his mind. "So that's it," laughed Amy, and the laugh was not in the least one of amusement. "Something has happened. Did you think I didn't know where you went as often as you did the other girls here know it. Yet I didn't show any objection or imagine anything wrong—that is the word you would like to use, isn't it? But something has evidently happened; so you have hurried home to give me instructions as to how I should act with my friends. But as I don't interfere between you and your friends, I refuse to allow you to interfere between me and mine. That's flat."

"O, don't let us quarrel," implored Henry. "I am not aiming at creating any misunderstandings be- tween you and Amy. Brown. I wouldn't dare to do that. If you don't want me to be friendly—"

"I don't, and that's the long and the short of it, Mr. Hallibur. I don't want any talk about Amy, and the best thing to do is to stop the sort of foolishness that has been going on. I should like to go to the races with you people."

"Very well," said Henry; "but I am sorry."

"I may not be going to the races with Henry and his friends," said Amy, and her voice had sunk very low, but had increased in intensity, "yet I am going to the races to-morrow. I can go alone quite well. You will understand that at once."

"If you go I go," threatened Christopher. "That is what you will understand."

"I can't prevent you from going. But I go alone. We are not leaving this place together, and I tell you here and now that if we meet at Knutsford I will not join you or any of the common people you may be with. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"Common people?" questioned Christopher, his blood at the boil; "common people? And who made you any better than them?"

"Since you are forcing me to speak plainly," said Amy, still in a low and intense tone of voice, "Henry would not, wait near your car. He wanted to hurry away; the scene was too disturb- ing. Goodnight," he said loudly to them both, caught at his hat, which he had placed on an ad- jacent window-sill, and made for the gate. He could do no good by lingering, he told himself, and might do some harm.

Neither Amy nor Christopher answered his fare- well. He disappeared into his car, and then Amy rose to her feet.

"Are you going to have a clear understanding," she said.

"As my wife you promised to love, honour and obey me," said Christopher, "and it is my duty to save your name from being tarnished."

"My name can be tarnished only by its being the same as yours," replied Amy bitterly, "and no sort of church service could ever force a woman to love, honour and obey a fool. I mean to love for you and never had. To talk about hon- ouring you is laughable; do you think anybody is going to take me in? As for obeying, when you had married a girl of your type, like this Grace Seawell, she wouldn't have obeyed you. You see, I know all about you and her. I have friends that know."

"Idiote!" exclaimed Christopher.

"So you admit it? Well, it's none of my busi- ness. I am not accusing the young woman or you of anything, but I am not going to allow you to dictate all my movements because I am a stranger in this country. I am English, white, and well able to take care of myself. And I am going to the races to-morrow. If you want to make a scene there you can. But it is you who will be laughed at, not me."

"By God if you go—"

"By God I will go."

"Then you can go to hell after that."

"I won't go to hell, but I shall probably leave your house. You are not going to make me too far drawen by, you, my good man."

She bounced away to her own room; he heard her door slam and the key loudly turned in the lock; he was certain she meant to go to the races the next day.

He was equally certain that he would not be going. He dressed up a double scene; he did not want to be talked about or laughed at. "Why did I marry this woman?" he cried aloud, then became the red testy, and when the servants, who slept on the pre- miss, should hear him. But he consoled himself with the thought that there were probably exciting- ing male visitors in their rooms just then, though strictly forbidden to do so; and at the moment he apprehended domestic disturbance, and were reptilian male visitors where servants were con- cerned, even if this meant a transgression of the rules of conduct and morality.

Amy had talked about leaving her house; but of course she didn't mean that. She had said it in
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She's on her way to
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UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from Page 9)

a temper. She would remain under his roof. But her father, on the other hand, was a whole attitude towards life. He was not happy and could never be happy with her; he knew that. He did not like the things that pleased her. He should have married Grace Seawall. He loved Grace, was at home with her, even when she treated him sharply; there was sympathy and natural comprehension between them. If only Amy would go back to England

"It shouldn't," agreed Amy, "if the job is all right. You said you could make me out, that you have always known you could!"

"Yes. That day when you showed me in my millinery department how she should trim the hat she had in hand, I knew there was a place in that department waiting for me if you should ever want it: the first place. You could make money for me; in a few months you could train every girl there to do better than she is doing. You have a real talent for millinery; I saw that; and, after all, I am a business man. I'll give you four pounds a week until your department looks up, which shouldn't be long. By Jove, they are off!!"

"Thank you!" cried Amy, "you have come to my rescue. What a start! Under-The-Sun is almost dead last!"

A great shout had gone up from the thousands in the stands and on the course, a roaring medley of voices. Black faces on the ground fronting the grandstands were eager with hope, comforted with excitement; strained eyes followed the bunch of horses that, at the fall of the starting tape, had leaped into the race. In the stands there was a vast enthusiasm, with exclamations of joy, laughter, a flinging together and yon of surmises and speculations, a rustle, a movement, the vibration of a great crowd vividly alive.

There were eight horses in the race. The eyes of Amy were fixed upon one, a chestnut filly whose rider was clothed in yellow from waist to head—bright yellow body and sleeves, yellow cap — the colour of the sun. The horse was an unknown quantity and decidedly not a favourite; an outsider in which only the personal friends of Henry Hallbut took any interest whatever. "It is almost last," cried Amy, as the horses jumped off, and Eugene Iisdore answered:

"That means nothing at this stage. The first horse is not far in front and the length to go is a mile. They have just started."

Distant flashes of colour advertised the names of each racer to those who could distinguish each from each. Three of the horses were to the fore, a rider with a blue jacket leading. The other five were bunched up in the rear, and they held for half the length of the race.

As the eye swept from south to north it encountered the gorgeous greenery of high surrounding mountains. Overhead glittered a golden sky, the sun sending forth light and warmth—beau—over the vast green world and the clustered excited people below. An observation aeroplane soared above. Opposite to the stand the racing creatures seemed to realise that now was coming the great moment of endeavour, and in an instant the horse with

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the blue-clad rider was taken down by the one that hod pressed him closely, and another horse thun-dered forward also, and the bunch to the rear began to string out. A cry startled through the air—Per-siasm first, Jackdaw second, Under-The-Sun third! Persism was the favourite, a favourite too was Jackdaw. Under-The-Sun might win a place if she could keep up the stride and show endurance; but there was a horse that was challenging her now. Swiftly she drew away from her challengers. Then she challenged the leaders in her turn, with only a quarter of a mile left to go. Persism, Jackdaw, Under-The-Sun—look! Jackdaw has fallen behind and Under-The-Sun taken his place! A fulling more and the race is lost and won—but see, Under-The-Sun is pressing upon Persism and at last, with a desperate zesture, Persism's rider lifts his whip. Body to body, neck to neck, the gallant brute's dash down the short home-stretch and frantic cries denf the ears while they stir the blood and cause the pulse to leap. Then the racers flash past the winning-post and the ragged boys on the ground beyond are screaming with delight. Under-The-Sun has come first by half a length. The unknown outsider has beaten the field.

"Henry has won, Henry has won!" exclaimed Amy again and again, and Eugene Isidore smiled at her enthusiasm.

"And you have won too," he said, "and I. We had only a dollar each on the horse, but I guess it must have paid handsomely. Not many tickets can have been taken on it. Let us watch the board where the winnings are declared.

"Twenty-four pounds, seven shillings," he continued. "Not a bad percentage, Amy. Don't you wish now you had taken free tickets instead of one?"

"Don't you?"

"I am not much of a gambler. But I am glad when I win. I can throw a party at the Myrtle Bank with my winnings tonight. Will you come?"

"Of course. And when do I turn in to work?"

"Will next Monday do?"

"Excellent. And now we must meet Henry as he comes in from the paddock. This is one of the happiest days of his life."

"In mine too, for I have got a good job in Ja-maica—under the sun," continued Amy, and Eugene smiled.

"I suppose a split has come with her husband," he thought; "it was bound to happen."

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

"Did you ever hear the like?" shouted Mr. Solo-mon Joseph. "What is coming to this coun-try? I am ashamed to be a Jamaican."

His mother shook her head thoughtfully. "I knew something would happen," she said.

"Yes; but this, could you expect this, mamma? Fancy Isidore encouraging a young woman to leave her husband and take up with him, and that young woman the wife of one of my clerks! What will he not do next?"

"But you said not long ago, me darling, that you didn't think there was anything between Isi-dore and Christopher's wife."

"I didn't think so then, for I didn't really be-lieve that a girl like her would bother with a man like a broomstick, for all his money; but now it is different. Isidore is a villain, and if we had any proper religious feeling among us he would be de-nounced openly in the Synagogue."

And have a nice action against the wardens," commented Mrs. Joseph drily.

"Yes; I didn't think of that: it would be much
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better not to denounce him in public. But in private we can all say what we feel about him, so long as we have no hostile witnesses. And what I feel about him—we'd all like to tell even you. He has not only injured Christopher; he is trying to injure me. Because my tailoring department is getting on well, he puts up this girl to boost his military department: it is nothing but sheer malice on his part. He is worse than any murderer. It is a relief to know that when he dies he must go to hell."

"Meanwhile he is on earth," mused Mrs. Solomon Joseph, "and he has helped Christopher's wife to leave him. What poor Christopher say?"

He told me the whole thing today. This morning, his wife go quietly up to him and tell him that she is leaving him. She says that they can't get on together and so it is better that they should now separate. She packed her things and went off later on—to friend. The poor young fellow was in tears when he told me the story; and though he was three hours late I only hurried him up and sent him to once to attend to some customers that were in the store, for there is nothing like work to keep a man from worrying over his troubles. I told him to come up here tonight and have a bite with us, and then we can talk the matter over. I am fighting by his side."

"You are a good boy, Solomon," said his mother fondly; "not many men in your position would treat a clerk like you treat Christopher."

"Don't I know it!" exclaimed Solomon complacently.

"God will bless you for it."

"I am sure He will!" and at the moment, in order that God's blessing should assume a visible form, Solomon made up his mind to fight more strenuously than ever on Christopher's side, though how and when the battle should rage he had not the faintest conception.

Christopher dropped in at the Solomon Joseph's residence at seven that evening. Of course he had been there before, but always on business. Now he came as a guest, as a man stricken with sorrow and much acquainted with grief, but the thought that he would sit at dinner with the great Solomon Joseph himself, and his mother, stirred him to the soul. Really, it was almost worth while having your wife leave you if such compensations were to be yours, especially if of late you had begun to discover that you and your wife were poles apart and that you were actually happier in other people's company.

True, there was the scandal; your name would soon be in the mouth of everybody who knew you. But if you personally were free from blame, you could only win a dignified sympathy, while your own conscience acquitted you of any sort of shame. To be a Martyr to Society, persecuted, but bearing it all with high dignity—there were many worse things than that. And to be elevated at the same time to the platform of a personal friendship with Mr. Solomon Joseph—ah, kind heaven, surely that proved that there was still a lot of balm in Gilead.

"Come in, my son," said Mrs. Joseph to Christopher in motherly accents: "let me take your hat. You would like to wash your hands before dinner? You will wash them already? Well, come this way and have a little bite with us. You must keep up your strength."

At this Christopher assumed an appearance of great physical delight, though he had been fasting for weeks. He combined it with a look of mental dejection which he felt appropriate to the occasion. He wished that Isaac Benjamin, Monroe Stevens, Mr. Burton, Genova Collins and others of his acquaintance would see him, now seated, as it were, in the seat of a King Solomon.

"Welcome, Christopher, welcome!" cried Mr. Solomon Joseph warmly, extending a friendly hand to the sufferer from marital injustice. "Welcome, my boy. It is good to have a friend to turn to at a time of stricken tribulation. You must have a whisky and soda. It will do you good."

Christopher at that moment would have had an ascetic and soda had Mr. Joseph advised it; coming from such a source it would have tasted like nectar to him—what it might have done to him afterwards need hardly be speculated upon.

He took his drink, and felt the better for it; then they all sat down to dinner.

Hospitality was part of Mrs. Solomon Joseph's nature; and she firmly believed that a stomach refreshment with good food was one of the best-known antidotes for grief and sorrow obtainable. So she filled Christopher with excellent viands, and he ate and felt comforted; and he drank another whisky and soda, and after dinner the three of them repaired to the veranda facing the sea to talk over a question connected with the Great World War that now seemed an insignificant detail of history.

"So you are all alone now," said Mrs. Joseph, opening the parliament: "deserted."

"Like a rock in the wilderness," added Mr. Solomon Joseph.

The simile did not seem appropriate, since it was not at all apparent that rocks suffered desolation even in the wilderness; but Mr. Joseph liked the expression.

"I am thrown back upon myself," said Christopher, aware that the occasion called for something in the way of heroics. "I am a man, married, and yet without a wife. My name is mud. Everybody is laughing at me."

"There is nothing to laugh at about you," said Mrs. Joseph firmly. "You have not disgraced your
"But how, unless Chris divorces his wife, and he doesn’t seem inclined to?" asked Mr. Joseph. "If he could get evidence against Ildore—and I would help him to get it—and take out a divorce suit, or whatever it is they call it, against him, that would teach Mr. Ildore a good lesson. It would bring him down a peg or two. I really think Chris ought to do something to him.

"It wouldn’t hurt him one little bit in these days," asserted Mrs. Joseph. "Divorce means nothing to a man like when I was a girl. At any rate, it means nothing to a man, and Ildore wouldn’t turn a hair over the decree nisi you speak of; he is too high up. But he might fight the case, and there might be nothing against him! Then Chris would look like a fool.

"And I don’t think I could keep anyone in my store who has been divorced," said Solomon Joseph, "that might injure business."

"They wouldn’t," said Mrs. Joseph coldly; "and in these days you don’t need to do anything to get divorced. You simply arrange it. So if Mrs. Brown wanted to arrange a divorce, why not agree?"

"But that would kind of put Christopher in the wrong, and she and Ildore in the right; and it is just the contrary I want," protested Solomon. "I want to bring Mrs. Brown and Ildore down a peg."

"And you are not going to be able to do it, no darling, in this case," said his mother. "Remember, Ildore is a born secondcoud."

"You telling me?" asked Solomon.

"And it won’t be better if poor Christopher should get back his freedom. He may not think so now, but he will later on, I’m sure.

The two men fell to thinking on her words: her plan seemed to both a way out of the impasse. But Mr. Joseph did not like it. It would have Ildore and Amy in a triumphant position.

"But suppose Amy don’t want to divorce me?" asked Christopher at length.

The old lady gave him a pitying glance.

"She may not want to now, but later on she may. You must wait a little. Some means can be found to give her the hint: Solomon here can even drop the hint to Ildore. Don’t say nothing new, but leave everything in the hands of God. That is what I always tell my son."

"And I do leave everything to God," agreed Solomon; "that is, what I can’t do myself."

Thus it was tacitly arranged that, if Amy should wish to divorce Christopher, no obstacle would be placed in her way by either Chris or Mr. Solomon Joseph. The latter would bow to his mother’s superior will and still would fight on Christopher’s side.

That same evening the detection of Amy Brown, her departure from the presence of her husband, was being discussed wherever it was known. Swifties carried the tidings to the Seawell domicile, and Grace more than half expected that Christopher would appear himself to pour out his woes into ears indignant on his behalf. When nine o’clock struck and he did not come, she experienced a distinct feeling of disappointment and chagrin. Could it possibly be that he was grieving over the loss of Amy?

Swifties did not know what had become of him. For Mr. Joseph had made Christopher promise not to breathe to a soul word about his having been invited to dine with the Josephs that night, and Chris had kept his promise.

Ellie had hurried round to the Seawells to discuss the Christopher Crisis. She believed the word. Amy had gone off to have an affair with the wealthy Mr. Eugene Ildore; that was as plain as a pike-staff. She should be divorced. "And then, Grace, perhaps—" she began, but was stopped by the look on Gracie’s face. That young lady had no wish to be brought into this matter; her name must in no wise be mentioned in connection with it.

Henry Hallibut had heard of Amy’s detection also, and at once he had come to the conclusion that he was in a manner of speaking responsible for what had occurred. He was a generous-hearted fellow; he felt deeply grieved that such a thing should have happened on his account. He learnt from his friend Eugene where Amy had gone to live; it was quite a nice and respectable place, in a quiet neighbourhood, but he would not go there just then to see her; he feared that that might embarrass her and give colour to gossip. He wondered: could he do anything to help her? Then an idea flashed across his mind and made him start up in the dusk.

He went round to Claire Brody.

"Claire," said he, as soon as they had shaken hands, "Amy Brown has left her husband."
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"If you mean that I should not drop her, I can tell you at once, Henry, that I have no intention of doing so. But what more can I possibly do for her? What are you asking?"

"Well, Claire, you have a fine, large house here, and I was thinking that if, for the first couple of weeks or so, before this separation gets about much, you could invite her to stay with you, you would be doing a most kindly act. And you would be helping me, you see."

"Do you imagine for one moment, Henry, that I am going to make my brother's house a place of assignation for you and Amy Brown?"

"Of course not, Claire; how could you think anything of the sort? Why, I would not even come here while she was staying with you."

"Self-renunciation, eh? Tell me, Henry, are you in love with this girl?"

"Of course not!"

"I wonder. However, I think Rupert Hathaway is, but in his own fashion. Rupert is not exactly a marrying man, you know."

"Perhaps not; but Amy is still married, and I can't imagine that Rupert would dare—"

"He dares do all that may become a man," said Claire cryptically. "I can see the field being prepared for a first-class scandal if Amy is not very careful. But she seems the sort who can fend for herself pretty well. She is no meek-and-simple Miss."

"She is a very fine young woman," said Henry warmly.

"So Rupert thinks, and Eugene also, and doubtless other men. Women may not be quite so enthusiastic, even if they like her. And you want me to take into this house this very fine woman, do you?"

"Well, Claire, if you won't, and that's that. But it's damned hard on Amy."

"You speak with passion, Henry dear. Going?"

"Yes; good-bye, Claire."

"Tata."

And the next afternoon, Claire, having rung up Eugene's store for Amy's address, called on Amy at her new home.

"You have heard," asked Amy, when they were alone together, and Claire nodded.

"I am not going to discuss it, Amy," she said; "every woman must act for herself and as she feels she ought to act. But for sometime I have been wishing to invite you to spend a little time with me. I thought you might like it. Now I can without offending anyone. Why not leave this place and come to us for a while? I can assure you you will be very comfortable."

"Oh, Claire, you can't really mean this? Your brother—would he approve?" exclaimed Amy.

"I am my brother's keeper," laughed Claire. "Besides, think of the help you will be to me. You have taste; I am to be married; I have to get up a lot of things. I need someone like you with me just now; I am really acting selfishly in asking you to come to me. It's settled, isn't it?"

"You are an angel," cried Amy.

"Not an angel, but a young woman who sees..."
CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.

THE very next day Amy removed to the Brody residence. Thus, before many persons had had the opportunity of learning that she had left her husband, she was installed as the guest of one of the leading younger ladies of metropolitan society, and it was doubtful to many whether there had been really a separation between her and Christopher or whether she had simply gone to spend some time with a friend.

Those who knew the truth did not talk much about it outside of their own circle.

Christopher maintained a dogged silence; both for his man's sake and because he secretly felt that he had made a fool of himself that night. Sifted felt that, on the whole, buildings were a remarkably silent variety of the vantage creation. Sifted feared his lady's keeper to keep his mouth shut, and since Morton had discovered that Christopher was at times disposed to be sullen he decided that he would adopt the role of apologetic woman-in-mistress

and not allow the glare of scandal to beat upon a family with which he would soon be intimately connected.

Claire spoke to her brother about the situation, but said nothing about Henry's connection with it.

"If I don't see how you can have her here for long, Claire," Mr. Brody said; "she is working downtown and the truth about this separation is certain to be known shortly. You see, it will be noticed that her husband doesn't come here to see her, and that she never sees him."

"I know that," replied Claire thoughtfully; "but let's say nothing for the present. Perhaps things will work themselves out without harassing her. At the last it helps her to be here."

"Oh, that beyond a doubt," agreed Mr. Brody drily. "He did not much like the arrangement, but he always tried to do what he could to please his sister."

But Rupert Hathaway heard of what had happened, for Henry Hallibut told him before anyone could warn him to keep his own counsel. And, truth to tell, Rupert was pleased. It would be so much nicer being able to see Amy at Claire's, and asking her out, than having to go round to her house. He came over to Kingston as early as he could, and called at Claire's. She saw that he knew something about what had taken place. "But don't say anything about it, Rupert, to Muriel Marley and the others," she insisted, "though Muriel is certain to nose it out for herself before long."

"And will strongly approve," said Rupert.

" Loudly," admitted Claire. "Muriel thinks it is to be at the top of the fashion to have a little scandal attached to one. It is her pose. But maybe the news spread gradually, if spread it must. That will be better than sudden gossip."

"And look here, Rupert. You mustn't come here too often to see Amy. That will do her reputation lots of harm, and my brother won't like it. You have got to be discreet."

"I am discretion itself," he declared, and then went into the sitting room to see Amy.

"It had to happen, Amy," he said to her; "we all have been expecting something of the sort. Well, now you can have a good time and be as free as air. That's something anyhow. You know, of course, how much I love you?"

"You have told me that before, Rupert; but it means just nothing. I am still married, you see."

"What does that matter now?"

"Nothing to you, evidently; everything to me. I have my reputation to think of, and my family's name. What would my father say if he ever heard a thing against me? Remember, he is very proud of his family, even though, through no fault of his own, he had to retire from the army while he was only a captain."

"You people live on conventions," scoffed Rupert. "But we needn't flout them. I love you; if you loved me, who would know anything? We could be very discreet—"

"Precisely what do you mean, Rupert?"

He could not answer plainly. There are some pretensions which require that the other party whom they concern shall meet one half-way. Boldly stated, they sound crude and humiliating.

"Tell me, Rupert," continued Amy calmly. "If it should ever enter Christopher's mind to want to divorce me, and I were willing for him to go ahead, would you marry me when everything was settled?"

He did not dare say no; but she noticed his hesitation before he replied, and even his reply was qualified.

"I don't think much of marriage. It hasn't been fitted you for instance, and I know of so many other cases. Yet, if we were lovers, of course I would marry."

"If we were lovers in your sense of the word you might marry me some time hence; that's what you mean, Rupert. But you also just mightn't, especially when the ToynCourt influence was brought to bear upon you. Suppose we John Claire now?"

(Continued on Page 169.)

Ploughs And Ploughing

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PLANTERS are naturally interested in planting, which means that they are interested in ploughing. We wonder how many of our planters have seen a handsomey illustrated booklet issued by Ransomes, Sims and Jefferies, Limited, of Ipswich, England, the illustrations showing this firm's machines at work in different countries of the world? We ourselves have turned over its pages with real interest. They give one a vivid impression of the work which machinery now does to break up the soil and to prepare it for the production of important agricultural foods.

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In the booklet to which we have alluded we find pictures of Ransomes' ploughs at work in Porto Rico, in Jamaica, in Natal, in Kenya, in Brazil, in Demerara. And they are used elsewhere. There is an illustration of a "trow Ransomes All-Compound Drill Plough" at work in Kenya, where one native operates the light machine effectively. Another illustration shows two men working a Ransomes' "Victory" Plough. A third shows a "Caterpillar Plough" being driven by a Diesel Engine. And so forth. And not on flat lands only are these different ploughs employed; good results are obtained on hillsides in many countries. There are small ploughs and big ploughs, big machines, and in Jamaica many of them are to be seen to-day. In the future many more will be seen.

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UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from Page 104)

But Rupert made up his mind not to be so easily put off. He was very fond of this girl; he could think of no woman to whom he had ever been so attracted. And he would find means of showing her that, apart altogether from the material point of view, he could do a good deal for her. He thought of his aunt, Mrs. Tonycroft.

He was a little embarrassed by the way that lady shortly after his talk with Amy: that same evening in fact. In his own words, "he blew in upon her."

"Just from the broody, she explained. "That pretty friend of yours, Aunt Gertrude, is staying with them. You know her too, I think. Uncle George?"

"Pretty friend of mine?" queried Mrs. Tonycroft.

"Yes; Mrs. Brown."

"Oh. Well, she isn't a friend, Rupert."

"No? Somehow I thought she was. She's a guest of the Brodys for a few weeks; and I suppose that after that she'll be going to stay with Muriel Marley."

Mrs. Tonycroft was impressed. She knew that the Tonycrofts stood first in the social world, but the Brodys were extremely wealthy, and Muriel Marley occupied a very good position; indeed, in addition to not caring a curse about anyone, including—almost impossible to believe—the Tonycrofts themselves. This young woman, Amy Brown, she reflected, was certainly a bit of a marvel.

"And her husband, Rupert?" she asked.

"Surely—he?"

"Surely not! The truth is, Aunt Gertrude, I fancy that those two don't get on very well together. Nothing serious, you know, but just incompatibility of temperament. The fact is that Mrs. Brown has actually got a job. She told me she wished to be independent, and that to be independent, if one has no money, one ought to work. Plucky, I call it."

"Very proper indeed," agreed Mrs. Tonycroft, to the great delight of her husband. Mrs. Tonycroft was thinking that if the Brodys and the Marleys did not object to mixing on a footing of equality with Amy Brown, in spite of her husband and her job, even the Tonycrofts could find something excellent in Amy's course of action.

"She is a girl of spirit," continued Mrs. Tonycroft, "though she made a foolish marriage. She has the right stuff in her; that no doubt is due to her early upbringing. I always say that, given the background of a good family and proper training, any woman of character may be trusted to make something of her life. The Brodys hardly ever come here now; we are too old fashioned for them, I suppose; but I think we should have Mrs. Brown round now and then to dinner. After all, I was the first person to take her up when you remember you used to strive for her, Rupert? I don't suppose a single other soul of the Tonycrofts has dreamed of being nice to the unfortunate young woman, and all because of her marriage—for they couldn't say anything against herself. I saw she was being helped, and I resolved to do what I could for her. After that, of course, everybody was eager to be nice to her. We had been, you see, and that was enough for them. Well, I don't blame them. Someone must set a good example, and it must be one whose example will count."

Mrs. Tonycroft smiled complacently. "I shall ask her to dinner for to-morrow night," she said, "and you must stay over to make a fourth, Rupert. If she has sort of separated, though not quite, from her husband, not a whisper will be heard against her if it is known that she has dined with us. Indeed, I will also invite the Wilsons. Those people can't help talking. Everybody will hear from them that we have taken up poor Amy Brown in her time of trouble."

"Very well, nasty, I'll come to your dinner," said Rupert casually, "though that means I'll have to stay over longer than I intended. You can give me a bed?"

"My dear boy, you know—""You are a real dear, old lady," laughed Rupert. "I am dining with you to-night; but I promised Brody to join a party of his that's going on to Myrtle Bank later. If you like, I'll take your invitation to Amy Brown."

"I was thinking of telephoning her, but I will write instead," said Mrs. Tonycroft. "She will appreciate that better. It will be an additional act of kindness. I can fancy her old father, Captain Heyburn, feeling comforted to know that in a strange

land there are some people who are above money and all that sort of thing, and who can understand the feelings of gentlefolk, even if they are poor."

So Rupert took round his aunt's note to Amy that night, and told her who would be at dinner. This was wonderful, Amy thought. The gates of the Tonycroft Castle were opening wide to admit her. She knew who had caused them to swing to on their hinges. She felt grateful to Rupert. But she knew that he had had a selfish motive in working this miracle. He loved her of course—Amy was always prepared to believe that every man loved her. But if she were free . . . well, it was at least

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DOUBTFUL if he would want to marry her. And she wasn't sure; so that was that. She wasn't going to make a fool of herself now for the sake of any man.

She wasn't free. That fact rang like the persistent refrain of a hated song through her brain. Her dilemma was cruel. She wanted to be free; she realized that with it came intensity now. If she were rid of Christopher how easy would life be for her. All doors were opening, all sympathy was hers, but an iron chain bound her to a man with whom she would never live again. She was a slave unless she took a step that might close to her all the avenues to the sort of existence she loved. It was cruel.

Could she do anything about it?

Think as she might, she could see no way of escape. And inaction galloped her. She was not one of those who, when a crisis comes, can patiently wait upon the development of circumstances, hoping that difficulties will remove themselves. She was all for action. But here she could do nothing.

She didn't mind having to work for her living; she knew she would succeed. She guessed that Isadora, the moment he found that she was making money for him, would increase her salary. He had acted with real tactfulness in not offering at first more than he could know she would be worth. He was seeking to prevent her feeling that he was being charitable. But he would be fair to her; she would earn enough to live decently upon, and her friends would increase. Yet she would still be Mrs. Christopher Brown, unless Christopher did something that would justify him in suing him for a divorce. Would he do it? He didn't seem that sort of man. And how would she ever know, even if he did? Rupert had hinted at discretion. Christopher might also be discreet. But why should he want to stick to a woman who was now his wife in name only? Why should he not wish for the breaking of this miserable marriage? She was dancing with Rupert down at the Myrtle Bank Hotel as she thought this, and it came to her that one reason why she had so swiftly decided to leave Christopher was because she had hoped, subconsciously, that that would be the beginning of a more definite separation. But now it seemed possible that he might still desire to hold her: there were people like that . . . Well, if she could only be certain that Rupert would marry her . . . But something, some instinct, warned her that she could not depend upon him in that regard, though perhaps in almost every other. And then realization came unmistakably to her heart and mind. She liked but did not love Rupert Hathaway.

"You should come and see us," Henry read. "Never mind what I said when we last met: I was only teasing you. You know, of course, that Amy is staying with us, as you suggested. Drop in at any time."

This was a part of Claire's letter to Henry Haliburton. Henry blessed her for it. He had rightly thought he could depend upon her.

But he was not disposed to accept Claire's invitation too quickly. It was his name, no other's, that would be coupled with Amy's if people were talking of the reason why she had left her husband. That might not matter to him, but it must matter very much to her. It was only fair to her that he should keep away. It was only common decency that he should think of her now and not of himself. He did not imagine himself to be a strong man. But he wanted greatly to be considered by her as decent and honest and upright.

Yet not that he had to refrain from going to see her he very much wanted to do so.

He had never so much wanted to see her before; had never realized that he had particularly wished to be near her. She had been but one woman friend out of many until now. But now he was lonely. He never felt lonely with her.

So three weeks ran their course.

He heard about Amy. The fact that she had separated from her husband, presumably for good, was now pretty widely circulated; but happily the immediate reason of that separation had not got about. Muriel Marley wondered, though, and tried to pump both Amy and Claire.

"Looks to me as if there was a man behind all this," said Muriel to Claire. "Who is it, Claire darling?"

"I don't believe there is any man," Claire answered calmly; "and in any case I don't know if there is. And if I did, Muriel, I would never tell you."

"Of course you wouldn't, you nasty creature. You are a monopolist by nature and a secretive little cat. Do you imagine I would sound the glad tidings over all the earth?"

"I am sure you would; but there's nothing to sound."

"I don't believe you; I feel sure there is something, and I hope so. Rupert is always here, but that doesn't mean anything of course. When has Henry been here last?"

"Not for sometime now."

"Hum. Penny pinching for a man in love with Amy."

"Henry? Amy? What are you talking about, Muriel?"

"The truth, though neither of them may realise it. Of course they are in love with one another. But Henry is so damnably respectable! I wonder if Amy is? I have my doubts."

"Muriel!"

"Don't Muriel me! Sometimes I think Amy a
THE Y.W.C.A. IN JAMAICA

A Hostel for Young Women

"Why don't you go and look at it for yourself?"

"Well, I can't just walk in as if I belonged to the place."

"Come with me, I am going there tomorrow." So we went. It was a pleasant two-story house in North Street, cool, surrounded by its own grounds, a flower garden and Tennis Court. In front, two tennis courts and splendid playing-fields at the back. As we entered, laughter greeted us from the Tennis court where four girls in tennis uniforms were playing doubles. We crept into the airy lounge where at one table a group were keenly discussing plans for an open Sports Day to be held in a few weeks' time. Others were trying new records on a gramophone, while a small group stood round the Notice Board making plans for a week-end holiday up in the Blue Mountains, and arranging for a Moonlight Hike that month. We passed through to the grounds at the back where both tennis courts were busy, and in the distance a Netball House was being played on. In a Club House in the grounds one member was playing games and drilling with a number of small children from poorer houses in the neighborhood who come to join the Social Service Clubs run by members of the Y.W.C.A.

We walked round the back of the building and into a stone lounge where a class was intent on fashioning purses, blotters, bags and cigarette boxes out of leather and paper. The designs were attractive and it seemed astounding how quickly beginners were able to tackle the finished article.

"I was introduced to several members, and one showed me the house that is the nucleus of a stimulating variety of activities. My impression of the programme was that the member could come here and live to the full. The atmosphere of comradeship made me understand better how the individual members in a Discussion Group could seek together to find a deeper understanding of the problems that are so much a part of life. The Blue Triangle, representing the development of body, mind and spirit in Fellowship together, made for a new conception of unity in religion and life."

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"Money talks, but it usually says 'Good-bye'."

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UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from Page 165)

them together and they can't bring me into this affair. I am comfortable 'ere."

"Will you listen to me?" asked Christopher anxiously, his nerves overwrought. "And, remember, this is strictly private. Mr. Solomon Joseph says that his mother says that in these days it doesn't matter much if you get divorced."

"Oh, don't I?" asked Grace sarcastically. "Well, let me tell you that it matters to me, and I am ashamed that a young man of mine, just married, should have been carrying on clandestinely with some other woman. No wonder your wife felt mad."

"Good Lord, Chris, you don't mean to say that you're interpolating Swifties. "Why, I could never have thought of it. But silent waters run deep, and I see that you are now. I was right. Then Nancy felt mad."

"Of all the fools in the world, you two are the worst!" the tortured Chris broke out. "Don't you see—"

"Oh see that you are very insinuative," interrupted Christopher.

ed Swifties with dignity. "And let me tell you, Mr. Brown, that no Englishman allows himself to be called a fool to his face, even if he is one. What is worse, you have called a highly honoured lady a fool to 'er face, and all because your wife is going to divorce you. But at any rate our foolishness is not the reason of the divorce. The reason is adulter-

"Well, Mr. Swifties, you might be more refined," cried Grace. "But I don't think you seem to care what you say before a lady."

"But, if it isn't a joke, what is it?" enquired Swifties puzled. He began to think that these Jamaica folk were very thick-headed. Here was, standing up for Grace, and all that he had got was a rebuff.

"It is not adultery," affirmed Christopher positively.

"A rose by any other name will smell as—" Grace had begun her quotation sarcastically, but halted suddenly. It occurred to her that adultery could hardly be described as a sweet-smelling rose, no matter by what name it was called. I am not going to commit adultery!" almost screamed Christopher.

"You had better scream in the street and not in a respectable drawing room," asserted Grace with asperity. "We don't use that sort of language here, Chris, as you know very well. We are not high society people.

"No, we are not," Swifties hastened to put in by way of supporting her and thus winning back her favour. "You must understand, Chris, that we are not 'i' society people."

"I never thought you were," sneered Christopher.

"Why should I think so?"

"Oh. So now you mean to insult us?" inquired Grace.

"Good God, have you never heard of a man's being divorced for something he never did?" demanded Christopher. "Listen to me. Mr. Solomon Joseph said to me today that there is more ways of hanging a dog than by putting a rope round his neck."

"I don't agree with Mr. Joseph," interrupted Swifties judicially. "The only way to hang anyone is by putting a rope round his neck. Did you ever 'eear of anybody being 'anged without a rope? How could he be? Mr. Joseph is a clever man, but—"

"Give Chris a chance, Gusie," said Grace quietly, and Augustus Swifties, Kay, bulldog at rear inter-
ter, and Director of Fishing permanently, with a glow of pleasure that Miss Seawell had for the first time, and as naturally as anything in the world, addressed him as Gusie. He drew himself up proudly. "Too," he agreed, "let us give him a chance."

"It's like this," resumed Chris, "Amy doesn't want me anymore.

"She never did," interrupted Swifties, but was allayed by the murderous glance Christopher directed at him.

"But I can't divorce her for I have no evidence against her; besides," he added firmly, "I don't believe she has done anything. She's not that sort." (Grace sniffed contemptuously. At that moment she appeared the incarnation of incredulity.)

"How do you know she hasn't?" questioned Swifties, who evidently took it as a compliment that he had the makings of an able lawyer in him. "How do I know you are not a damned thief?"

"Volleyed back Chris."

"Well for the matter of that, do Oh know you aren't?" asked back Swifties. "You 'ouldn't money in the store, I don't.""

"What you suggesting?" demanded Christopher sharply. "And if it comes to that, you can always run a mancester with a customer; you can always charg him a penny, you can pay and secretly divide the spoil between you afterwards. Oh, yes, my friend, I know a thing or two, and don't you forget that."

"You mean," cried the horrified Swifties, "that you mean Oh is cheating Mr. Joseph? After you deceive my poor countrywoman, Hanny, you to my face I am a thief because I allowed myself to come out of some place on a Tuesday, mischance-

able place on the strength of your lies? I can bring you up for what you say and make you prove it. Though I don't suppose Oh will get justice from a jury of men like you."

"Lord, but men are like children!" exclaimed Grace. "Both of you are making fools of your- selves, and you call yourselves friends and intelligent men. Won't you please keep your mouth shut, Gusie."

"Oh will keep me mouth shut, for Oh don't want to handy words with a man who says I am a ma-
code—what's a mancester, Gusie."

"Some strange thing that Christopher knows about, if he does know it," said Grace; "anyhow it doesn't sound well, but Chris is getting very vul-
gar."

"He is," put in Swifties with conviction.

"But he's talking as though this divorce," pointed out Grace, "and you won't give him a chance to finish."

"I was saying," resumed Chris haughtily, "that you can be divorced for nothing. Suppose Amy wants to be free, and me too. She saves me for a divorce. I don't like the case, and then I get a de-
cree nisi and we are both free. Don't you see it?"

"What's a decree nisi?" asked Swifties.

"It is something to do with a divorce. You have to get it."

"Then go ahead and get it," advised Swifties.

"That's what I want to do, if Grace doesn't ob-
ject," said Christopher.

"Me? What have I do to with it?" questioned Grace quickly. "Why bring it into it?"

"But what could be the use of it? If I don't know whether you will marry me or not when I am free?" demanded Christopher. "Don't you see—"

"I see very well that you talk too much. And if the judge ever finds out what you are planning, you won't get any divorce. I have read that," interrupted Grace with withering scorn.

"Oh, it's all right," retorted Chris, bearing some-
thing in Grace's tones that pleased him immen-
ately. "Swifties here won't say a word. He is my friend."

"Of course not," Swifties assured him. "A Hinglishman's word is his bond."

"And Mr. Joseph and his mother won't say a

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word either; and all I have to do is to give them evidence against me.

"You mean—" begun Grace, but suddenly stopped.

It would be immediate in her to put in words what she had in mind.

"It will be quite all right," Christopher assured her, and now he was talking with all his old jaunty air.

"When I suggested this to Mr. Joseph, he didn't like it at first, but I argued the point. He didn't like one of his chief clerks—his chief clerk—to be mixed up in a divorce court case, and I can understand that. But he saw reason when I put the logical points before him, and he is going to pass a hint on so that it can reach Amy. Everything depends upon her now."

"Oh, for God's sake stop talking so much, Gussie," cried Grace, and Gussie subsided.

"I was saying that if Mrs. Brown chose to bring an action for divorce against my chief clerk, Christopher, I would not object.

"I don't see how you could. But I think I grasp your meaning. You suggest that there should be no special advantage to the woman, and that the man should forfeit, in order that their marriage might be dissolved. I don't know what would happen if the facts were discovered." Iddore went on with a sly of malice. "There are severe penalties for perjury, and the man who first suggested it is, I imagine, a party to the crime. However—"

"Good God, you don't mean to say that there would be no penalty at all if they chose to divorce?" demanded Solomon, thoroughly frightened. "You don't mean to tell me that Christopher Brown, and perhaps even myself, might go to prison? Well, call it off at once, Mr. Iddore; call it off at once. I am a kind-hearted man, but if kindness is going to lead me in good, I am done with it. Forget what I have said to you; what a disgrace it would be if a prominent member of the Synagogue like myself was to go to prison! You see that, don't you? The disgrace would touch you as well."

Iddore laughed; but in fact you are taking this matter far too seriously. I gather that you came to see me in order that I might pass my suggestion on to Mrs. Brown. It is not a bad one. In fact, in the circumstances, it is a very good one indeed."

"Yes; but I don't want to get into any trouble on account of it, so please forget it. Let us change the subject. I will advise Christopher to commit a real offence that his wife can divorce him for. After all, what is there in that?"

"I have no doubt he would commit such an offence in time," smiled Iddore; "but there is hardly the necessity to wait. You see, if I mention this matter, delicately, to Mrs. Brown, I am as much a party to it as you; yet I am not afraid."

"Of course not," said Solomon, light breaking in upon him. "You would be more in it than I.""

"Quite so. But you would be unable to hint that I had said a word to her, unless you confessed that you had suggested it to me in the first place. And then you too would be in the neck in the business. Do you see that, Joseph?"

"Hum. Yes; I suppose so."

"And I will be very discreet. I shall mention, of course, that your clerk would like to be divorced, and would not fight a case brought against him. He will give some occasion for sufficient evidence to be obtained. The case won't last half an hour. There may be some publicity, in view of the social standing of Mrs. Brown—"

"Lady," interrupted Iddore. "Suppose, after this divorce, Mrs. Brown should hear that you had been sandbagging her, and brought you up. Where would you be?"

"Swallows know the family," replied Solomon defiantly.

"Dreadful; but he is your man and so would be a prejudiced witness. I am afraid you would have to go to some expense to get the sort of evidence you would need. But, of course, if you want to spend money in order to humiliate a woman, that is your business. Every man to his own expensive form of entertainment."

"Who do you think I wanted to humiliate?" demanded Solomon angrily, annoyed that anyone should think him such a fool as to squander his precious cash stupidly. "I wish the lady well."

"I feel sure you do," answered Iddore soothingly, and I think the hint you have dropped is a very practical one indeed. Say no more about it.
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I have an idea that everything will work out well.
After all, you are only moved by a kind desire to help others, and I think that is most worthy of
you.

Solomon was elated. Isidore spoke with every appearance of sincerity. Isidore was at that mo-
tment more friendly than he had ever been. It was
all right. He could tell his mother so that every-
thing—and it didn’t mattered that the little in-
strument to put in motion the machinery that would
leave both Christopher and his wife as free as they
had been before their marriage. He went over to
his store a proud, self-confident man.

As for Eugene, he too was satisfied. Clearly
Christopher had consented to this arrangement.
That would make everything easy for Amy.
And though he knew quite well that ever after Mr. Sol-
non Joseph would speak of Amy’s people as no-
body, he was content.

A girl in the circle of Mrs. Tonycroy and Claire
Brody and Muriel Marley need not trouble about
what persons of a different social stratum might say
about her origin.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

THE case came on, it was heard in an exceed-
ingly short time, there being no defense. It was
reported in a few inches of space in the papers; the
public displayed simply a little interest in it—
there were no salacious details, therefore nothing to
interest the public. The decree nisi was pronounced.
The decree absolute would come at the expiration of
the statutory six months.

It was after the case that Henry spoke to Amy.

“I thought there was no way out of our situa-
tion,” he said to her, “now all is plain sailing.”

“I wouldn’t have troubled to get a divorce,” she
replied, “but for one thing.”

“And that was?”

“That when you came to see me, after staying
away so long, I knew you loved me, and I knew I
loved you too.”

“Hadn’t you guessed what I felt for you before
that, Amy?”

“How could I? I was certain that you liked me
very much; but how could I believe more? But you
told me that day that you would marry me when-
ever you could, and I knew that you meant it.”

“If I hadn’t said that you would have continued
being tied to Brown?”

“Yes,” replied Amy, with subtle untruthful-
ness, but her answer delighted Henry.

They would be married a week after the divorce
was made absolute. They would be married from
Claire Brody’s house. Only one thing at first wor-
ried Amy.

Suppose Henry should want to go to England
for their honeymoon; that would mean meeting her
father and mother, and she shuddered at the very
thought of that. She was soon reassured. He did
offer to take her over, but added, shamelessly,
that he was a wretched sailor, and explained
that was why he had been only once to the Old
Continent since he had come back from Jamaica from
school. Amy at once protested that she had no de-
sire whatever to go to England just then, and he
was frankly relieved. She thought she knew how
she would manage in the future.

Henry had promised, he would be extremely gen-
erous with her. She would send remittances to her
parents, they would go somewhere into the country
to live, and then, perhaps a couple of years after
her marriage, she would take a flying trip over to
see them. Henry could remain behind; he would
probably be glad to. He might go with her still
later on, but by that time she would probably have
induced her father to play up to his new rank of
captain; when men grow old they become more and
more amenable to the influence of their offspring.

Her mother was a simple, reticent woman; Henry
wouldn’t notice anything peculiar about her. For
they would only run down to see the old folk (if
they were still alive) for a day now and then; that
would entail no risk. Besides what would it matter
a few years hence if Henry found out that her peo-
ple were not quite of the class she had claimed for
them? He would be far more interested in his
children if he had any. And she hoped she would
have two; she had already fixed the number.

Thank God there had been no child by her first
marriage.

She would become a great lady in this land; she
would expand wonderfully under the sun—how
suggestive was the name of Henry’s horse which,
starting last at Knutsford, had nevertheless won
so splendid a race!

She was like that horse, she thought: she was
coming first and she knew she would be able to keep
that position. How grateful she felt to Providence.

She was again in spirit as a rule, but she had
been brought up in the religion of her country and
was quite ready to thank God when His acts seem-
ed specially to advantage her according to her own
desires. In this she was singularly like Mr. Solo-
non Joseph.

As to that gentleman, now that he was launch-
ed in his role of protector-in-chief of Christopher’s
matrimonial interests he found himself enjoying the
duty. One afternoon he had happened to see Amy
and Henry Hallibur driving together out of town;
a glimpse of their happy, animated faces revealed
a great deal to him: so it wasn’t going to be Eugene,
he thought.

He mentioned the matter confidentially to
Christopher. He discovered that Christopher was
in no way surprised.

“She always liked that man,” Christopher confid-
ed to him.

“I see. But what about you, Brown?” he asked.
Christopher laughed. “Grace won’t discuss the
matter with me yet. Mr. Joseph,” he confessed, “and
she won’t even go out in public with him. She says
she has her name to think of. But I am sure it’s all
right.”

“Splendid. Capital. And I’ll tell you what we’ll
do. My mother and I will call to see Miss Sewell.
No; don’t thank me, Brown”—this was
said after Christopher had already poured forth
opuscoli, breathless thanks—“I do those things with
out thinking of them. I am so much, will you
please tell Miss Sewell we will come and see her
tomorrow night? At eight?”

When this news of the impending advent of
the Solomon Josephs was passed on by a delighted
Christopher to the parties most concerned, it was
received with a mixture of awe and gladness. The
decision was that the distinguished guests should
be received in a manner compatible with their high
standing, and yet in too much of a formal and
public fashion. Elsie and her lover would of course
be invited to the reception, but Grace’s brothers
would be asked to absent themselves. They were
not old enough to be in the presence of royalty.
Mr. Josephs might not like to meet them on a foot-
ing of semi-equality.

What should be done with Swiftly?
He was a problem; poor Gueze was by way of
becoming a permanent problem now—everybody
found him a little difficult to arrange and solve. It
was eventually decided to say nothing to him. If
he were on the premises when the Josephs arrived,
that would have to be accepted. But it might be
that he would be out. He often went out now, re-

(Continued on Page 119)
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YEAR ROUND CRUISE TOURS TO THE CARIBBEAN, SAILING OUT OF NEW YORK EVERY SATURDAY, ON FAST, MODERN, OIL-BURNING
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Travel "Standard Fruit" for sea-going comfort
UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from Page 108)

sailing that Gracie and Christopher much preferred to be alone.

That too had been quickly realised by Mr. Burton and Mr. Geneve Collins. As Collins had expressed it, somewhat after the fashion of Morice Sterne, "their banners led the spears no more amidst the hills of Sparta."

But Swifties did not leave the house after dinner that night. So he was on the spot when Mr. Solomon Joseph and his mother made their appearance.

Mr. Josephs entered the house with becoming dignity: he represented, so to speak, the Appearance of the Presence. His mother came in simply, with a motherly smile. She noticed the dramatic department of her son, but was certain that it became him well, for she too had no doubt that a tremendous compliment was being paid to the Brown and Seawall families. And so thought they all.

The little sitting room, known as the drawing room, was bedecked with flowers, and two comfortable rocking-chairs stood waiting for the two unusual visitors. These were duly introduced, and conversation began. The weather was touched upon—a very safe and neutral topic. The health of Mrs. Joseph was anxiously enquired after, and much satisfaction was expressed when it was learnt that not even a headache troubled that lady. She was universally pronounced to be wonderful, the suggestion being that she, and alone, had discovered that very peculiar secret of being always in good health and of keeping even headaches at a respectful distance. Then Swiftie, feeling that something was required of him, asked Mr. Joseph if he ever suffered from headaches. On that gentleman answering no, the talk turned from physical ailments to a reverent offer of refreshment.

"Yes," Mr. Solomon Joseph would have a whisky and soda. His mother would take just a tiny glass of wine. Christopher decided on a small whisky and soda. This to keep Mr. Joseph company, but only half-way: no clerk must drink as much as his chief. Mr. Morice Sterne would take whisky and soda too; the ladies would indulge in a sip of wine, following Mr. Joseph's example. Swiftie, remembering one fatal night, declined upon lemonade. This pleased Mr. Joseph. Tailor, reflected that gentleman, would always be the better for a clear eye and steady hand. Lemonade was perhaps the best possible beverage for a narrated artist.

Mr. Joseph consumed a stiff drink and did not object when Gracie poured him out another. He looked with friendly interest at the girl. She was quiet, pretty, ladylike, and she showed him deference in her manner and her speech. He knew that he was on a pedestal before her, and how sweet that was to his feelings! How differently he felt now from that other occasion when he had visited the Christopher Browns. Then that upstart, Mrs. Brown, and Henry Hallibut, had contrived to indulge in him sensations of mental discomfort not to be endured; happily, he had been the main instrument—so he concluded—in bringing about the divorce between a quite impossible young woman and his chief assistant. He had used Isidore for that purpose, but the idea had not come from Isidore first. It was not Isidore who had shown the superior initiative. And, by adopting the suggestion made by following the hint, Isidore had actually dealt himself a blow.

That thought pleased Mr. Joseph.

"I understand," he said, addressing Christopher, "that Mrs. Brown as she still at present is, but will not long continue to be, will be leaving Isidore's place before her marriage. I hear she is going to marry Henry Hallibut."

He hadn't heard it, he had assumed it; but why stick at trifling details?

"Naturally she would have to, Mr. Joseph," observed Elsie Brown, coming to her brother's assistance.

"Therefore Isidore's millinery department will go down; I always expected something of the sort," Mr. Joseph continued complacently.

Joyous congratulatory laughter greeted these words; the chief actor of the evening felt that his audience was in sympathy with him. He didn't know yet that the miserable but yet solicitous Eugene had sent Amy to training one of her brighter sisters to succeed her; they might not be quite equal to her but they would do very well. Isidore thought of everything. When Mr. Joseph found out what he had done, he would hate Eugene still more—if that were possible.

"Isidore will be at Mr. Hallibut's wedding, no doubt," Mr. Joseph went on, whiskily, admirably and the knowledge that he was the big tow in the little puddle combing to make him more expansive than ever. "I'll take a bet that he'll be bestman."

No one would bet against such a remarkably foresighted person, and it was just as well. For Eugene was to be Henry's bestman.

"Who is going to be your bestman, Brown?" suddenly demanded Mr. Joseph.

There was an embarrassed silence. There had as yet been no definite decision about marriage between Gracie and Christopher: no public declaration at any rate. Yet here was Mr. Joseph taking that marriage for granted. It flashed through Gracie's mind that she had come there for that very purpose.

"I see you haven't made up your mind yet. Well, you tell him."

"Well, then," began Mr. Joseph, and suddenly stopped short.

He glanced at Mrs. Seawall, hesitated for a moment, made up his mind with a sort of Mussolini look, and then went on.

"Your daughter, Mrs. Seawall, has no father, no elder brother?"

"No," replied Mrs. Seawall.

"In that event," grandly continued Mr. Joseph, "I offer to give her away myself, on the occasion of her marriage."

General stupification. Stupefying amazement. What more would this remarkable man not do? Grace gasped for joy. Gone now, like lightning, was any holding back from any admission that she..."
was going to marry Christopher as soon as the law permitted. Mr. Joseph would give her away. Could there be a greater honour in store for her?"

"Oh, Mr. Joseph," she breathed, while Chris gazed upon his chef with eyes of worship. Swifties also was transported with amazement. What was any sort of buffalo compared with this, great, good man?

"It was not this that Mr. Joseph had come to the house that night to see, and his own mother was surprised. But not at all put out. It fitted in with her inclinations. More, it fitted in with the plan she had herself suggested to her darling.

"Tell them, mamma," again suggested Solomon; but she did not press it further, as she knew that all the announcements should be made by him, as he had, in the opinion of his wife, always the most decided and gruffest astonishment in her audience.

"The wedding reception will take place at our house, at our own house," proclaimed Mr. Joseph, "you do not object, Mrs. Seawell?"

"I can't thank you enough, Mr. Joseph," stammered Mr. Seawell, on whom her solitary glass of wine had had some effect. "You are kindness itself. I have never met another man like you."

"There ain't many like him," at once agreed Mr. Joseph, looking lovingly and proudly at her son.

"No, indeed," cried Grace. "How can we ever thank you, Mr. Joseph?"

"Don't thank me," insisted Solomon, feeling indeed that no thanks could be sufficiently adequate. He indicated his empty glass. Grace filled it. He drank, and felt more like a devil than ever.

"You will send to my mother a list of the guests you will invite, Mrs. Seawell," he resumed, being confident that Mrs. Seawell would only select the cream of her acquaintances; such persons as she thought mightnotbe unworthy to enter the domain of the Solomon Joseph for just once. "And we, we, we go on, "will also invite some of our friends. We'll show people like the Hallibus and the Brodys that isn't they alone who can have a wedding."

"And Mr. Isidore," suggested Swifties; "you will show him too, sir?"

"I will. What is more, I will invite him to the wedding. I don't care whether he comes or not; I will show myself independent of him. He will have to send a wedding present if he is at all a gentleman—which he is not.

"He will be glad to come to anything you insp"
SPORTING SNAPSHOTs

By SCOTTER

No more convincing example can be given of this than these two sets of brothers; both products of the Melbourne Club, though they have strayed somewhat since.

Each pair is outstanding, and each has a few “spare parts” in the family, each pair is almost as distinguished in other games as in the football field; records of which any family might be proud.

PASS BROS. & BASS BROS.

Speed and science, strength and stamina, all begin with an “s,” and all are qualities that you can’t do without in the ring.

A practically undefeated record against all comers, English, American, Cuban, Panamanian, native Jamaican, proves that this champion possesses these qualities in no uncertain measure. A genius of the ring, as George is a genius of the wicket.

KID SILVER.

1953 will be remembered in Jamaica as a Trinidad year. We have seen the greatest of all Trinidadian sporting products, the one and only “Connie,” Leary Constantine, whose knowledge of cricket is the most extensive in the West Indies, whose personality is only less amazing than his all-round ability; we have met in the field a man with whose written opinion on sport we have long been acquainted, Floyd Smith of the “Sports Chronicle”; we are having a visit from the Trinidad football team—the first time in history that the two Colonies, will face each other on the football field, and a heroic battle it is likely to be.

Sporting feeling between the two countries has never been at the same time, more keen and more friendly altogether.

TRINIDAD YEAR.

He has a dog—one of those you buy by the yard, and put together in sections after it arrives.

Not much use to him on the football field, this dog, though I believe it would save a goal, or two every now and then if the referee would allow it on the field—but invaluable on the golf course.

When he is on the tee this dog takes up a real golfer’s position in front, and well away from the ball, and sits as still as a statue. If the drive is a good one the dog gets up and waddles off down the fairway to find the ball; but if it’s a bad one, you should see the nasty, old fashioned look it gives the player.

THE A.D.C. AND HIS DOG.

Quite without emotion of any kind, unless it be a form of emotion invariably to rise to a big occasion.

A fine player in dry weather, but a terror in the rain. Coming from Scotland naturally an economist; uses as little effort as possible with that flat, beautifully timed swing; takes as few strokes as possible, and it’s astonishing how few they can be; uses as few “golf words” as possible, but they’re effective when she does! The lady golf champion.

MRS. DONALD PRINGLE.

Nobody ever heard of a thin fisherman, or if there are such they don’t catch much fish.

To be successful a fisherman must have poise, avoidpurple; especially when it comes to telling the tales that are so essential a part of the fisherman’s art.

This fisherman has the necessary poise but he doesn’t tell the tale quite as well as his vast experience should enable him to—in fact on more than one occasion he has actually been suspected of telling the truth, a very serious accusation!

But what he doesn’t know about fishing, the fish themselves don’t know.

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