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Although it is no longer necessary, thousands still suffer the misery, unpleasantness and illness of Catarrh. His face pasty and yellow—his breath sour, and his vitality destroyed by poisonous germs, the Catarrh sufferer is indeed a pitiable object. Catarrh begins in the nasal passages, often resulting from a neglected cold. It is caused by germs. Catarrh may cause serious chest complaints, deafness, head noises, constantly recurring colds, indigestion, constipation, skin troubles, etc. Catarrh gradually grows worse and does not get better without bacteriological treatment. Lantigen is such a treatment

and treats Catarrh successfully by attacking each germ separately. Catarrh germs are destroyed and removed, and immunity is built up so that the symptoms do not return.

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Lantigen "B"
ORAL VACCINE

"THE SAVAGE SOLOMONS"

An All-Black Who Became A Cannibal King
—And Other Wonders

THOUGH the Solomons have been much in the news and in our minds, the usual "background information" has been lacking as detailed accounts of the operations there. Our correspondent, C.R., went right through the archipelago some years ago, as "supercargo" (to use the old Pacific term) on one of the few vessels that make the trip.

THE Solomons, first of the South Sea Islands to be discovered by Europeans 500 years before Cook, were almost the last to be annexed, and quite the last to be civilised. Discover why, and you have their portrait.

I had experienced the first reason before ever I saw the jungle-clad peak of Guadalcanar as high, roughly, as Egmont, rise slowly out of a heaving greasy ocean. All the way up through the New Hebrides from New Caledonia, one forested peak rising ahead as the last shimmered into invisibility behind, the air had grown hotter, heavier, stickier. Such landfalls as we made by night were pleasant enough: Where we lounged along the rail listening to the distant swish of our wake along the coral coast like an echo, and watching the flicker of torches on flashing paddles and sweat-glistening black skins where the flying fish were being attracted moth-wise into the nets. But there are good reasons against approaching many Solomons "harbours" by night. And in the day a night - romantic shore would as often as not show itself as just a brilliant and dark jungle mass climbing steeply into a ceiling of everlasting rain (mountain figures run as high as 500 inches a year!) and overhanging a stinking "beach" of crocodile snouts and cottages-on-stilts among mud and mangroves.

Speaking of the Weather

But it might have been worse. In trading and mission houses ashore, small and low, with thick steel cables anchoring the roof down to hurricane anchors, they would astonish me, the newcomer, with tales of the November weather—whole islands blown bare as if by a forest fire, dwellings carried through the air and flying down smashing like eggshells, giant coconut palms snapped and strewn about like matches. And on ship I was told of the big four-hundred-ton Southern Cross IV, picking up after one bad year the crews of no fewer than 16 smaller schooners irreparably wrecked, having herself worn out the gale by heading into it for two whole days under full steam pressure. Two volcanoes smoked away. A year later one blew up. A tidal wave 20 feet high swept the low islands, dashing men to death among the coconut plantations. On the mountainous islands, boulders bounding down the slopes crushed workers in the gardens... In the north there are pleasant enough proprietary islands where life, smoothly organised to the smallest detail, moves every moment of the year to the nod of Lord Leverhulme. But by and large

it is easy to see the primary good reason why the Encyclopædia reads—"annexed 1893!"

Still Some Cannibals

When I tell you that three years before my visit the Solomons were under martial law, and that even to-day on Hebridean Melekula human flesh still figures in the ceremonial Nambu feasts (and probably does too in the fastnesses of Bougainville's 10,000ft. Mt. Balbi and other high inland areas), you will guess at the second good reason why our omnivorous Imperial leviathans left these islands like mustard on the plate side—until 1942 suddenly showed them to be bulwarks, daggers, spearheads, stepping-stones, wedges, and other metaphors of the game of power. With Central Borneo and New Guinea they remain the world's last patches of savagery—Old Style. Because the archipelago forms, within the New Hebrides, a wide-mouthed stocking of land into which the defeated of Indonesia have been successfully emptied, every island of size is divided among many diverse tribes, speaking different languages, practising different cultures, and almost always at enmity. Some villagers are naked. Some wear certain ornaments or a grass kilt. Some are tattooed. One Guadalcanar area has totem castes. Rennell Island is not even Melanesian.

Witch-Doctors, Too

But everywhere, except in the Christianised areas, the islanders live in dread of ancestral spirits and of the magic of the witch-doctors. Every village has its own wooden godlets, each performing some specialised job. Some bring success to the crops, some fish to the nets, some smoke into the eyes of attacking enemies. The witchmen, on the other hand, can—for a consideration—bless or curse with equal effect crops, nets, tools, canoes, weapons, and marriage unions. Drums are always booming in the jungles and conch-shells relaying news with almost radio efficiency. By day the darkened hut-holders sleep insecurely, twitching at the flies, except when the women are out hoeing queta or taro or yams, or when their work-exempted lords are pursuing some Government-forbidden high-mountain blood-feud with bone-tipped throwing spears and ludicrously inefficient bows. But as gigantic bats steal eerily abroad and mosquitoes begin their ceaseless whine for blood the people awake with the breeze and chatter and dance through the night hours in the safe circles of firelight.

Altogether, those who imagine the Pacific Islanders as having led an idyllic existence until corrupted by the mis-

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