Buy Victory Bonds
"SALADA" TEA

TO THE HILT

By Percival Christopher Wren

CHAPTER THREE

The village was a fort and the fort was a village, and in the curious and medieval way of life of its inhabitants John Vere-Vaughan would have been more interested had his own fate and future been more certain and settled.

Definitely he was not popular, for as the party approached the fortified gate, and certain ardent spirits running on ahead spread the glad news that one of the Europeans who had come down in the wounded flying bird had been captured alive, a mob of women and children, hobbledehoys and girls streamed out, shrieking insulting epithets and horrid threats.

Mingling with his captors, they endeavored to get sufficiently near to the helpless prisoner to strike him, spit upon him and to claw at his face.

One woman, knocking off his helmet and seizing his hair, dragged his head back and scratched him fiercely, causing him excruciating pain, and by the time that a laughing stalwart had pushed her away Vere-Vaughan's sentiments were not chivalrous.

"Come on," shouted the leader. "Get him to the council chamber."

And headed by the speaker, the men of his more immediate following hustled his prisoner along the street to the gate of a compound on the far side of which stood one of the biggest buildings of the village. This town hall, or municipal offices, was very stoutly constructed of sun-baked clay bricks and, like all the rest of the wall-enclosed village, looked fit to stand a siege. Evidently the news had reached the Mayor and Corporation — or the Malik and his gang — as rugs were being spread on the dusty earth before the door of this durbar house.

* * *

And as the scuffling crowd poured in at the compound gate, the Malik and his satellites emerged from the council chamber and took their places.

Here was evidently a free parliament whereof every male inhabitant of the village, young or old, was a self-elected member.

As the Malik seated himself upon a chair and the village elders and office holders sat down upon the rugs and sofas, the whole assembly squatted and, gratefully, Vere-Vaughan sank down upon the ground.

Dully he was aware that his leading captor was haranguing the Malik and the assembly, claiming that inasmuch as he himself had personally directed the capture and had with his own hand seized the captive, he had the right to make the following proposals and to expect that they would at least receive careful attention.

"Consider, oh Malik," cried the man whose name Vere-Vaughan now discovered to be Wali Dad, "that what we want and always shall want, is rifles. More rifles and then more rifles still. Never can we have enough. Nor enough of ammunition.

"Let us sell this man back to the Sirkar, bargaining fiercely and letting him not go until we have reached the utmost limit of the price that they will pay. And with that money let us buy rifles. Not the faulty short-lived weapons of the Kabul lohar, but rifles made in Russia if we cannot get those made in England. I captured this man, and I say let us sell him. Sell him to the Sirkar, I say, and buy rifles and ammunition." And as the man sat down there was a murmur of applause from the throng about him.

* * *

"What will the Sirkar pay for him?" inquired another man, rising to his feet as the last speaker sat down. "That's the question. Let it depend on that. If it is a matter of a few hundred rupees to be divided among the lot of us, I say let us serve him as they served my brother. They hanged him — hanged him in Peshawar jail."

"What? And give them excuse to bring their flying devil carriages over, and get the place blown to pieces, eh?" sneered Wali Dad. "Would it be better to have bombs on our houses than rupees in our pockets, you fool?"

"Anybody else got anything to say?" inquired the Malik, rising to his feet. "No. Well, listen to me. You heard Wali Dad. He talks sense. We will send messengers to Giltraza saying that we have one of the officers of high rank who fly in the air—and what are they prepared to pay for his life? For long we will dicker and argue and wrangle, holding out for our price until we settle upon a sum. And it will be a good one."

And at this point it was borne in upon Vere-Vaughan that an evil practice, known in America as highjacking, was understood by the simple villagers of this remote part of the world. For rising to his feet, one of Wali Dad's party, a man who had been active in support of the latter's defense of the prisoner from irreparable damage, observed:

"Yea, hear the words of the Malik and heed them, for he speaks wisely and for the benefit of all. But let us remember this. News of our wonderful capture of the flying devil carriage, our slaying of one of the men who fly and our capture of this one will swiftly travel abroad and be known far and wide throughout the land. Let us watch, therefore, that this prisoner be not snatched from us by evil disposed men who would then go swiftly by secret ways and themselves take him to Giltraza and keep him hidden in a cave nearby while they offer him for sale."

* * *

"Yes, verily! There you are," screamed a man whom Vere-Vaughan had previously noticed as being a prominent and violent leader of the Mullah party. "Exactly! Before we know it we shall be besieged here and the place perhaps taken by assault. What, my brothers? Are we to fight and lose our lives in defense of this man? Lunacy! He who proposes such a course is afflicted of Allah."

"Oh, he is, is he?" observed the Malik.

"He is! By Allah, he is!" boomed a great voice from behind; and as all heads turned in the direction of the gate Vere-Vaughan beheld a big and ugly man. Obviously the Mullah, Vere-Vaughan thought. And a damned unprepossessing brute he was, concluded Vere-Vaughan.

"Afflicted of Allah he is," boomed the Mullah again. "For if it were necessary, we would fight and some of us lose our lives in defense of our right to punish this servant of the Sirkar, that great enemy of God which tramples on the Faith, martyrs its ministers and invades the sacred soil of Islam with fire and sword, loot, rapine and slaughter.

"But that will not be necessary," continued the Mullah. "The man will be dead long before there is any question of defending him from capture by irreligious backsliders, who would take him from us that they might make profit of him. Moreover, he will be dead long before he could be recaptured by those who sent him hither to slaughter us, destroy our homes and lay waste our fields. Let him die. Let our women torture him through the night, and at dawn we will hang him from a high gallows with the entrails of a pig looped about his neck. I have spoken.'"

"You have," thought Vere-Vaughan. "You have surely been delivered of a mouthful. Now, Mr. Malik, it's up to you."

* * *

When the applause that had followed the Mullah's speech had died down, the Malik rose to his feet, smiled sarcastically and observed that possibly there was a little misunderstanding somewhere.

Was the Mullah under the impression that it was he who had destroyed the flying devil carriage, slaying one of its occupants and capturing the other? And if he were not under that impression, but quite realized that it was the Malik's excellent son-in-law Wali Dad who had done so, doubtless the Mullah was fully prepared to recompense that good man, his friends, relations, supporters and followers, and indeed all the fighting men of the village, by himself paying from his rich revenues a sum equivalent to the amount which the Sirkar would undoubtedly pay for the return, alive, hale and hearty, sound in wind and limb, of their invaluable flying sahib.

He had not gone into the matter thoroughly, or even been officially informed as to the exact sum which the Sirkar was prepared to pay in such a case, but speaking offhand, he would be inclined to put the amount at at least ten thousand rupees.

(Continued Next Week)

HEADACHES KILLED BY THE THOUSANDS IN BRITAIN

In a survey recently made among British women, these home-front workers revealed they consider Aspirin one of the three drug items most needed for health and morale.

With more thousands, each month, in war plants . . . making the planes and the guns for fighting men . . . there's no time for pain. So at the first sign of headache, neuritic or neuralgic pain...British women naturally turn to Aspirin.

They know Aspirin won't "let them down." It's proven itself for generations . . . eased literally billions of headaches . . . effectively, dependably, *fast*. Aspirin is rated as one of the safest analgesics known . . . and costs less than 1¢ a tablet in the economy bottle. Make sure *you* have Aspirin on hand, for relief of pain.

Aspirin is made in Canada . . . and "Aspirin" is the trademark of The Bayer Company, Limited. Look for the Bayer cross on each tablet. If you don't see the cross, you're not getting Aspirin.

ISSUE No. 19—43

C

HER FIRST

Russian fighter pilot Valerie Khomyakova happy after bringing down her first enemy plane, a Junkers 88. She was former Moscow engineer and aero instructor.

Use Lemon Juice To Remove Stains

Also Helps In Laundering Silks, Cottons and Woolens

Perhaps the most common household stains easily removed by lemon juice are those of iron rust, ink, scorch and lipstick. For the first three stains mentioned, on washable material, moisten the spot with lemon juice, sprinkle with salt, place in sunlight. Repeat until stains disappear. Many lipstick stains respond to lemon juice full strength on white wash fabrics or diluted on colored.

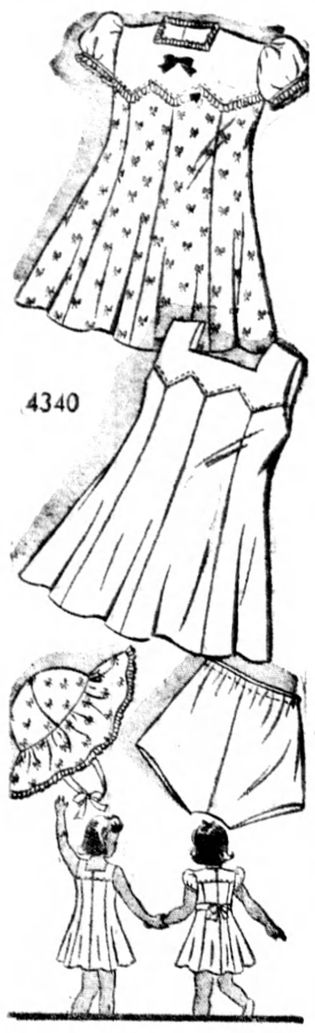
Proper laundering is just as much a part of conserving through housecleaning as any of the suggestions already made, and each kind of material deserves special care. Here are the ways in which lemon juice can help during laundering:

Silks: With every third washing rinse in water to which lemon juice is added (one tablespoon lemon juice to each gallon of water). This gives life and brilliancy to the silk.

Cotton, linen, rayon: If greyed or yellowed by improper washing, use the juice of one or two lemons to each three quarts of water for a rinse. To bleach linen or muslin, moisten with lemon juice and dry in the sun. To whiten cotton or linen, boil five to 10 minutes in hot, soapy water; adding strained juice of one or two lemons. Rinse and dry.

To rinse uncolored woolens: For each two pounds of blanket, use the juice of one lemon in the rinse water to maintain resiliency and to counteract shrinkage.

VARIETY FOR TOTS



By Anne Adams

Here's proof that "good things come in small packages"! A charming frock . . . a sundress . . . a beguiling bonnet . . . and panties are included in Pattern 4340 by Anne Adams. What a wonderful value! Each garment is easy to make, too.

Pattern 4340 is available only in children's sizes, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Size 6, frock and bonnet, takes 2⅜ yards 35-inch, ½ yard contrast; sundress and bonnet, 2⅝ yards 35-inch.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

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GARDEN NOTES

By Gordon L. Smith

Late Start

If for some reason one is only able to start a garden now, it is still not too late. In this case, however, one is advised to use already well started plants bought from the florist or market gardener.

The quickest way to start a garden, as anyone with experience knows, is to have a supply of well-started plants, both of flowers and vegetables. These may either have been grown indoors in shallow boxes or purchased from seedsmen or nurserymen about this time of year.

In flowers, these plants are just about ready to bloom when bought. Indeed some of them may have the odd bloom on them when still in the boxes. Experts, however, advise against leaving this bloom on at transplanting. It puts a strain on the plant and is apt to delay growth. Pinched off, the plant soon recovers from the shock of transplanting and will make stockier and larger growth.

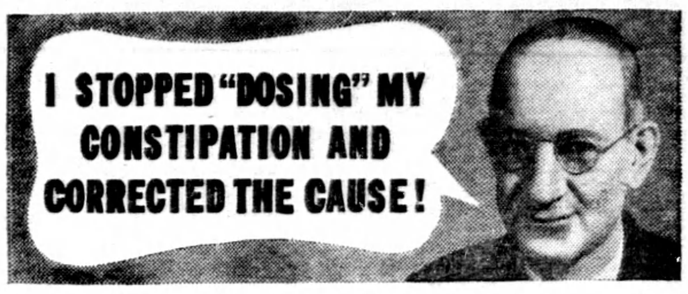
There is also a wide range of vegetables obtainable as started plants and in some cases, as with cabbage, cauliflower, celery, peppers, tomatoes, etc., this is about the only safe way for the amateur to handle. Planted from seed now these things would not have nearly enough time to reach maturity before fall. They should not be set out until all danger of frost is over.

Garden Enemies

Proper treatment, just as soon as the first pest damage shows, will win the battle. It is amazing the injury disease or insects can cause in a few days once they are well established.

Available almost everywhere in Canada are cheap and effective commercial sprays and powders which will handle such pests as fungus, aphids, rust, wilt, cut worms, potato bugs, etc. In some cases these dusts or sprays are made of a combination of materials to cope with a variety of enemies. The sprays, of course, should be applied when the plants are dry and the dusts stick better when the plants are slightly moist with rain or dew.

Generally speaking, all plant enemies are divided into three types — fungus, that mildew or wilt the foliage; sucking insects which produce the same results; and the eating kinds which literally devour the foliage. Burning or drying sprays and dusts will handle the first two, while the "eaters" should be destroyed with a poison.



● In these busy days of war you owe it to your country—as well as to yourself—to keep "in the pink". That's why it's so important to avoid the common type of constipation caused by lack of "bulk" in the diet. And do it by getting *right at the cause* instead of "dosing" with harsh purgatives that give only temporary relief. Just follow this simple plan. Eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN every day! It's delicious as a cereal or in hot, tasty muffins. Drink plenty of water. Then see if you don't agree ALL-BRAN is the "better way" to *natural regularity*. But remember, eat ALL-BRAN *every day!*

Grocers have ALL-BRAN in two convenient sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

She Whipped Up Butter With Fork

A Detroit woman saved up top cream to make butter, and when she thought she had enough she put it in a bowl and churned for a couple of hours with a salad fork, relates the Ottawa Citizen. (We don't vouch for all this; we saw it in the Free Press.) But, to get on with the story, enough butter eventually emerged to grease a pancake, lightly, at an estimated cost in time and materials of $30 per pound—exclusive of salt, which isn't mentioned and maybe she forgot that. Put the point is, ladies, if you still think it economical to make butter at this price, and if the kind of cream we're getting will make butter at any price, you have to turn in an equivalent number of coupons, same as if you bought the butter from the milkman in the first place, which is simpler but probably not as much fun, depending on how you look at it.

TABLE TALKS

Honey Cakes

Your family craves cake—but your sugar supply is low? All right! Here is a recipe for a chocolate cake, that may be prepared without a particle of sugar.

All Honey Chocolate Cake

2 cups sifted cake flour
1½ teaspoons soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1¼ cups honey
2 eggs, unbeaten
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
⅔ cup water
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter, add honey gradually, beating well after each addition. Add ¼ of flour and beat until smooth and well blended. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Add chocolate and blend. Add remaining flour in thirds, alternately with water in halves, beating very well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes, or until done. Spread your favorite frosting between layers and on top of cake.

For best results, beat very well at each stage of mixing.

And here is a recipe for an orange cake using equal quantities of honey and sugar:

Honey Orange Cake

½ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
½ cup honey
1 egg, well beaten
2 cups all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup finely shredded orange peel (3 or 4 oranges)
¼ cup orange juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel

Cream shortening. Add sugar gradually, add honey, creaming constantly. Beat in egg. Sift dry ingredients thoroughly (flour, soda, baking powder, salt), add orange peel and lemon peel. Combine dry ingredients and orange juice alternately to creamed mixture beginning and ending with flour mixture. Spread in well greased cake pan. (Mixture is quite thick). Bake at 350 degrees F. about 45 minutes. Serve plain, iced, or with hot fruit sauce.

STELCO workers have backed Canada's War and Victory Loans already to the tune of practically three million dollars. In addition, their purchases of War Savings Certificates exceeded three hundred thousand dollars. Now they are set to back the attack by supporting the 4th Victory Loan. Their dollars will follow their steel to Victory!

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by

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