Quality counts most—for that rich, satisfying flavour which only a fine quality tea yields, use..

"SALADA" TEA

TO THE HILT

By
Percival Christopher Wren

CHAPTER VIII

Years later . . .

There was a sound of revelry by night, and England's capital had gathered bright, her beauty and her chivalry, at the Russian Embassy where that very popular figure of London society, the Russian Ambassador, was giving a dance in honor of the birthday and promotion of his nephew and military attache, Prince Nikolas Bailitzin, brilliant young ornament of diplomatic society, owner of vast estates, and protege and favorite of the Tsar.

Scarcely a society matron blessed with a marriageable daughter viewed the handsome, gifted and accomplished Prince Nikolas Bailitzin with anything but marked approval. Those who had no daughters were likely to be less enthusiastic and were prone to observe that he appeared to be an extremely dissipated young man. And in many cases their sons and husbands agreed, for undeniably young Bailitzin went the pace, seemed to forget that London was not St. Petersburg, and appeared quite anxious to do his best to shock even the most tolerant circles of London society.

Time after time, the Ambassador admonished him, frequently warned him, and occasionally threatened. One more scandal and back to Russia he should go.

But Prince Nikolas Bailitzin had

* * *

not taken his uncle's threats too seriously, for he had not the slightest doubt that they were empty inasmuch as an appeal to the Tsar would result in a permanent and most satisfactory post about the Court of St. Petersburg, and no regimental duty, either. No, not while his father, General Prince Alexieff Bailitzin, late Colonel of the imperial bodyguard, was chief of the Emperor's military household.

Still, he didn't want to go back to Russia just yet because if he did he'd have to go alone, and that he had no intention of doing.

When he did go, Sybil Ffoulkes should go with him. It was not his habit to take no for an answer, nor his custom to accept defeat and humiliation. For what was refusal, repeated flat refusal of all that he, Prince Nikolas Bailitzin had to offer, but galling humiliation? He had done this girl the honor of asking her to marry him and marry him she should, little as she deserved such an honor if she were fool enough to prefer a wretched, undistinguished, unimportant subaltern. If only he could get her over to St. Petersburg and give her some idea of what she was missing by declining to become the Princess Bailitzin! And according to her own father whom he had approached, this fellow with whom she was infatuated didn't appear to care tuppence about her.

* * *

"Let's sit this one out, Sybil. I want to talk to you for your good," smiled Prince Nikolas Bailitzin as the music began again.

"My good — or yours?" inquired Sybil Ffoulkes, lazily fanning herself.

"Both. Oh, definitely both. I feel kindly disposed towards each other. No, each of us, isn't it? I want to make you a princess and a shining light of the Imperial Court, the most brilliant in Europe, and I want to make you the mistress of a huge old house, a chateau—a castle, yes—and of enormous estates."

"And you?" smiled Sybil Ffoulkes, with a faint edge of sarcasm to her deep voice.

"I? Oh, yes, I want to make myself the happiest man in the world."

"Nikolas, it dawns upon me that you are proposing once again."

"I have the honor to ask you to be my wife."

"And I have the deep regret to decline."

"But will you tell me why?"

"Lots of reasons. First of all, I don't love you."

"And you only marry where you love?"

"Every time. Always," replied Sybil Ffoulkes languidly as she rose to her feet.

"Good," laughed Bailitzin triumphantly as he sprang up. "I'll make you love me."

* * *

And with a swift and practiced grace he flung his right arm about her, seized her right wrist, crushed her left arm to him so that she was helpless, and with his left hand beneath her chin, raised her face and kissed her savagely upon the mouth. And again—and again—and again.

Sybil Ffoulkes kept perfectly still.

"Done?" she inquired as the Russian released her with a harsh laugh, and raising her right hand struck him with all her strength across the face. And the hands of Sybil Ffoulkes, golfer, hockey player, fisherwoman, swimmer and horsewoman, could be extremely hard and heavy as well as soft and light.

So unexpected and sudden was the blow that the man staggered back, stepped upon a small rug that slid on the highly polished floor and measured his length upon his back.

"Our dance, I think, Sybil," said a voice as the head of the unfortunate Russian smote the parquet with a resounding thump.

Richard Wendover held the curtain of the alcove on one side as the girl walked out into the corridor and, with a cool eyebrow raising glance at the Russian, he dropped the curtain.

"My God, I shouldn't care to be your husband, Sybil!" he said. "What has the wild Cossack been doing now? Proposing?"

"Just that."

"And do you knock him out every time he does it?"

"Practically."

"Looked a bit—er—practical. As I say, I shouldn't care to be your husband."

"You'll love it."

"I'm no hero, Sybil."

"You are mine, Dickie."

After the dance, as they sat behind a bank of flowers on the vast marble-paved landing: "About this Bailitzin feller?" said Richard Wendover. "Does he need—er—slapping or anything?"

"He did, Dickie, and he got it."

"Well, do I have to go and push his hat down over his ears and run away, or snatch his buttonhole or something?"

"No. Not even to flap your handkerchief at him. After all, he did ask me to marry him, Dickie."

"Mad. All those Russians are mad," yawned Richard Wendover.

* * *

Lady Ffoulkes studied her daughter's face. Had she got a little thinner since this wretched Dickie Wendover had gone back to India? It might be the shadow from the reading lamp that made her cheekbones seem a little higher, her prominent chin a little more bony.

What a strong face it was! Almost masculine in its cool firm purposefulness. Amazingly like her father's face at that age.

"Don't stare, Mother Ffoulkes. Very rude, dear," said Sybil, looking up suddenly.

"I was thinking about you, Sybil. Do you know, I'm afraid you are getting thin."

"Thin? No, not thin yet, if a little thinner. Strangely enough 'thin' is thinner than 'thinner,' if you know what I mean."

"Well, I don't dear. But anyway, you are thinner."

"You should feed me better. It's a shame."

"And another thing, Sybil, you—what shall I say? I don't know how to put it. May I say you brood too much?"

"Broody old hen."

"Well, my dear, I don't want you to be a broody old hen. I want you to be as cheerful and merry and bright and happy as you were when—"

"When Dickie was at home?"

"Yes."

"Counsels of perfection, darling. When Dickie was at home the sun shone all day. I was alive in those days. Life was utterly lovely," mused the girl. "Unbearably happy. I was alive."

(Continued Next Week)

ISSUE No. 24—43

C

Welcome Relief for SHARP, SEARING STOMACH PAINS

Do you suffer distress after meals—indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, excessive acid? Don't wait for pain to strike again. Take PAL-O-MINE immediately after eating to help prevent food fermentation, sweeten the stomach, neutralize the acid and aid natural digestive processes. Just send your name and address with 25 cents and a full size package will be mailed post-paid. Or take advantage of our special offer—for a limited time only—of five packages for $1.00.

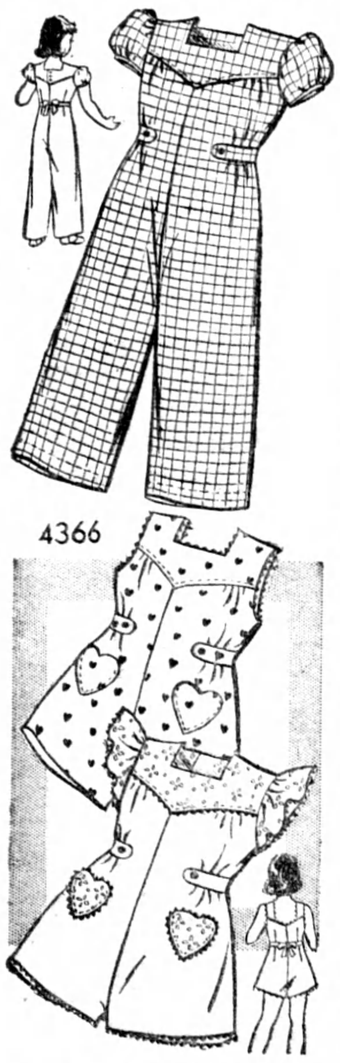
The PALOMINE COMPANY
Dept. TL, 101 Broadway St., Hamilton, Ont.

Farmers Realize Inflation Danger

Market gardeners in the Grimsby district show a sane appreciation of economic facts, claims The Windsor Star. A representative number of them, when interviewed, made it plain that they do not expect, or desire, extraordinarily high prices for their produce. They realize the dangers of inflation. They know what troubles follow the temporary advantages of fantastic values placed on food.

Probably a general survey of farmers throughout Canada would reveal substantially the same view. There are a few, of course, who are all for inflated prices, and these, unfortunately, are the most vocal. They can create the impression that all farmers are seeking the immediate benefits of inflation, and are unable to see the perils of such a development. But that is not a true picture. The average Canadian farmer is sound. He wants, of course, a fair price for his produce, but he does not seek to fatten on human suffering.

PLAYTIME WARDROBE



By ANNE ADAMS

Your small "play-girl" can romp in perfect comfort in this complete and varied wardrobe. Anne Adams has included rompers or overalls with flared or puffed sleeves, and a cool sunsuit—all in one simple-to-use pattern. Heart pockets are fun!

Pattern 4366 is available only in children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8. Size 6, rompers, takes 1⅜ yards 35-inch, ½ yard contrast; overalls, 2⅛ yards 35-inch; sunsuit, 1¼ 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, STYLE NUMBER.

Death Beetle Worst Enemy of 'Victory'

Wood-nibbling Insect Attacks Nelson's Flagship

The captain of Nelson's old flagship Victory gazed into a bomb hole clear through the bow of the famous frigate and commented:

"It's the deathwatch beetle which is the worst enemy, though."

This wood-nibbling insect has attacked parts of the lower decks of this ship on which Nelson died at the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805. Goering and his Luftwaffe come definitely second to the termites, although new Victory relics of this war, like the deep patterns made on the quarterdeck by Nazi incendiaries, are proudly shown by the ship's officers with the relics of Trafalgar.

Bomb damage is almost the only change to be found in the Victory since Nelson first sailed her. The Victory now houses 70 cadets, the overflow from the thousand or more enlisted men training to be officers in barracks in Portsmouth.

Old Guns Missing

The cadets sleep and eat on board where Nelson's sailors ate and slept before Trafalgar—only the old guns are missing. Yet the 70 cadets and 37 crewmen today seem crowded in quarters which in Nelson's time accommodated 800 in hammocks slung 17 inches apart, and in quarters shared by the live stock.

The men still stand their watches to the bell which rang the watches in Nelson's day. There is till the daily ration of grog—pure rum diluted with water—and the cook of the day still sticks his thumb inside the measure when he deals it out and shares liquor saved by this displacement.

Before the war many sailors preferred to take their rum-money instead of the ration, but since whisky is now over $6 a bottle, and hard to get, most everyone takes his half gill.

An Old Churchill Wish Comes True

Ten-Year-Old Dream of Premiership Is Realized

Only his close friends know it, but the four different trans-Atlantic conferences which Winston Churchill has held with Roosevelt are the fruition of a ten-year-old dream.

In 1933, Churchill, then not in the cabinet, in fact a frequent thorn in the side of the cabinet, was spending a week-end at his country home. Week-end visitors included Jimmy Roosevelt, son of the newly-elected President of the United States, and Kay Halle, Cleveland radio commentator.

After dinner the Churchill family and guests played the game of asking what each person would like most to do in the world if he could have his wish. Younger members of the family were being cross-examined by Churchill when suddenly Miss Holle turned the tables and asked him what he would most like to do.

Without a moment's hesitation, Churchill flashed back:

"I should like to be prime minister of England."

At that time he had held most of the important jobs in the cabinet. He had been minister of war, first lord of the admiralty, minister of colonies, chancellor of the exchequer, minister of munitions, home secretary and head of the Board of Trade. But he had never been prime minister.

"And if I were Prime Minister," Churchill continued, "and I had the right man in the White House to work with, one thing I should do would be to hold regular trans-Atlantic conversations with the President of the United States. I would forge between the United States and the British Empire a real alliance, an inseparable partnership."

The Sterling Dollar

Later Churchill sketched on a piece of paper pictures of the American dollar bill intertwined with the British pound sterling note.

"Give that to your father," he said to Jimmy Roosevelt. "And tell him that working together we can make the pound sterling and the dollar rule the world. We can establish a new currency."

"What would you call it?" asked Jimmy.

"I would call it," replied the man who ten years later was to see a great deal of Jimmy Roosevelt's father, "I would call it, the Sterling Dollar."

Battleship Cities

Each battleship is as complete as a modern city. It generates its own electricity, has a complete telephone and telegraphic exchange, radio and mechanical signaling devices. It has a print shop and prints a daily newpaper. There's a movie theatre, a library, recreation rooms, post office, jail, hospital and schools.

"My wife knows what's good for me and the children. I get two Nabisco Shredded Wheat biscuits with plenty of milk every morning—and it's a mighty tasty dish."

Whole grain cereals are one of the "protective" energy foods our Nutrition Authorities advise us to eat daily. Eat Nabisco Shredded Wheat and enjoy 100% whole wheat in a most delicious form.

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD.
3438 Niagara Falls, Canada

MADE IN CANADA OF CANADIAN WHEAT

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

RAMBLINGS ABOUT NEW RATIONS

No doubt most of you have been listening daily to the many helpful talks given by Canada's leading household economists.

One of the talks which impressed me with the most truths, reminded us that, though in the past we have had ample supplies of every kind of meat, we have not as a nation learned to make the very best of every cut of meat. This particular adviser went on to tell us, that as a nation we have not ranked very high, when it came to preparing meat dishes. She gave several examples of different meat dishes, which gave fame to different countries. All of these became popular, not because of great quantities of meat, but because they made the best of small amounts, using attractive seasoning, savoury flavorings and presented them in an unique form.

Now as Canadian women we must make amends for the past and show our homes and our country that we are second to none in case of emergency.

The scarcity of potatoes is causing a lot of "headaches" but it is surprising how satisfying the substitutes can be if we use care and judgment in their preparation. Rice, spaghetti and macaroni all help to solve the problem. Another very helpful and popular substitute is toast. Many meat dishes of the savoury nature are made more attractive and appetizing when served on toast.

To help stretch that pound of minced steak try this.—

1 lb. of ground round steak
¾ cup soft grated bread crumbs
½ cup uncooked rice
1 small onion
1 piece of bay leaf
Dash of celery salt
Salt and papper

Combine all ingredients. Form into rather small balls and arrange in a deep baking dish. Pour over enough sieved canned tomatoes to almost cover the meat balls. Bake in moderate over for 1½ hours covered; then uncovered for the last 20 minutes.

SPAGHETTI WITH HAMBURGER

1 cup of spaghetti
1 lb. hamburger steak
1 can tomato soup
1 cup boiling water
Salt and pepper

Cook the spaghetti until tender in boiling salted water, then drain and set where it will keep hot. Put a tablespoon of fat dripping or cooking oil in frying pan and stir in the steak. Sear and brown, stirring constantly. Add an onion or two, some parsley and green pepper, if you have it. Add the cupful of boiling water, cover and simmer for 15 minutes. Add the cooked spaghetti salt, pepper and tomato soup.

TOMATO JELLY WITH CABBAGE

1 pint tomato juice
1 package lemon jelly powder
1½ cups diced celery
1½ cups diced cooked carrots
1½ cups canned peas
¼ cupful chopped pimento or pepper
Shredded white cabbage
Salad dressing

Heat tomato juice to boiling point, and pour over jelly powder. Stir until thoroughly dissolved. Let cool and when beginning to thicken fold in vegetables. Pour into large flat pan and chill.

Arrange a flat heap of shredded white cabbage slightly moistened with French dressing, on a bed of cress. Sprinkle with paprika. Place a rounded serving of the jelly mixture on cress. Serve with crackers, not biscuits or cheese straws.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is always ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

Dugout canoes, lashed together and bearing a single platform, are used to ferry freight and supplies across West African rivers.

SUPPORT THE British Sailors Society
125th Anniversary
105 "Homes from Home" maintained in all parts of the world
Sustain this great work for our Merchant Marines
Send Gifts to
GEORGE M. SPEEDIE
Dominion Secretary
50 Alberta Avenue, Toronto
Information gladly supplied

A DELIGHTFUL DESSERT MAKES THE MENU PERFECT

Canada's Housoldiers know that custards and blancmanges, quickly and easily made with pure, high quality Canada Corn Starch, are a delight with any luncheon or dinner menu.

At this time when Canadians are urged to "Eat Right to Feel Right", these delicious desserts will prove a welcome addition to the nutrition foods featured by the National Food for Fitness Campaign. Follow Canada's Food Rules for Health and Fitness.

CANADA CORN STARCH
A product of the CANADA STARCH COMPANY, Limited

ROLL YOUR OWN BETTER CIGARETTES WITH

DAILY MAIL

TOMORROW'S MAIL TODAY WHEN SENT BY "T.C.A."

EXTRA MILD