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"SALADA" TEA

TO THE HILT

By
Percival Christopher Wren

CHAPTER IX

"My dear, you are alive now," said Mrs. Ffoulkes.

"Oh, Mother, how can you talk such rubbish? I'm completely dead, dear. Every time Dickie went away to school I felt perfectly dreadful. Sick. Couldn't eat. Each time he went back to Sandhurst it was the same. When he went to India I had insomnia and if I hadn't shaken myself severely, boxed my ears and taken a tight hold, I should have gone into a decline. But what I think I shall do is to go out to India."

"Sybil! D'you mean to tell me that you'd actually go out to India with the view to going and staying with somebody who's somewhere near where Dickie Wendover is stationed so that you can throw yourself in his way?"

"No, darling. But I know an organization to which I can propose myself for all the cold weathers that stretch between now and the time when Dickie is able to afford to marry me. That's his present defense."

"Organization? Defense?"

"Yes. Q.A.M.N.S. And whenever I ask Dickie to marry me, his defense is poverty, he says he can't afford to."

"Sybil! You'd join the Queen Alexandra Military Nursing Sisterhood? On the chance of being sent to India and stationed at a military hospital somewhere near where Dickie Wendover's regiment is?"

"That's the idea, Mrs. F. I shall qualify, get a nomination or whatever it is, join the Q.A.M.N.S., wangle it that I'm sent to India at the earliest possible moment and then wangle my way to the military hospital at Napierpur."

"But, Sybil, it's disgraceful, unthinkable. A girl simply pursuing a man like that. Think of the talk there'd be."

"And of the talks there'd be between me and Dickie," smiled Sybil Ffoulkes. 'Dickie', I'd say, 'I've come half across the world because I love you. Lay your head on my shoulder, Sonny, and turn your face to the east and the west and give up this idea of not marrying me for, believe me, your Sybil knows best'."

Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Ffoulkes, K.O.B., seated in his library smoking the best pipe of the day and reading the Times as was his wont for half an hour after breakfast, suddenly came upon an item which caused him to frown, to go back to the head of the column and begin again and finally to whisper in horrified dismay: "Good God!"

Again he read the appalling announcement and remained even then half incredulous. What a truly dreadful thing!

And for the first time since he lost his old friend, he could be thankful that he was dead. It would have broken his heart. General Sir Richard Wendover, K.C.M.G., C.C.B., D.S.O., was as fine a soldier as ever stepped, and had he lived another year would have been Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army. Yes, it was a mercy he was dead. And his wife too.

And by Jove, poor Sybil! The boy had been her greatest pal, her lifelong friend. People had thought at one time that it would come to something. Well, thank God again that it hadn't.

He had better tell her himself before somebody else did, or she heard people talking as they'd be bound to do. Everybody knew him. All the hunting people.

He rang the bell, and when the butler answered it bade him find Miss Sybil and ask her if she would come along to the library for a moment before she went out.

* * *

A few minutes later Sybil, in rat-catcher riding kit, bowler, gauntlets and spurred boots, strode into the library.

"What is it, Daddy?"

"Sit down, my dear. You don't read the Times, do you? Well, there's an item in it today. A bit of bad news. Very bad indeed. Young Wendover."

Sybil went white. "Not . . . not dead?" she asked breathlessly. "What is it? Tell me quickly."

"Court martialed for being drunk at his post at Ubele—besieged; practically under fire. Blind drunk. Dead drunk. Speechless. Utterly unable to speak to the officer commanding the relieving force."

"I don't believe a word of it," interrupted Sybil.

"No? Unfortunately the court martial did on the evidence. And sentenced him to be cashiered, dismissed from the army with ignominy."

The girl sat down on the nearest chair.

"As you know," continued the General, "he was seconded from his regiment on special duty to Madrutta and thence to the African show, on active service. He was in command of an important post and admittedly put up a very good fight. Then apparently the strain was too much for him and he turned to the bottle as other fools have done before him, drank to excess and, being the only surviving combatant officer, left everything to the doctor. Went from bad to worse until he drank himself absolutely insensible. And that is how the relieving force found him. Blind to the world on the camp bed in his hut with two empty whisky bottles."

"I don't believe it."

* * *

"Do you mean you don't believe the Times account of it?"

"I don't believe that Dickie ever got really drunk in his life. And I know as well as I know that I am standing here that he never got drunk on duty when he had responsibility with other men's lives and the safety of a fort depending on him. Where is he now?"

"How should I know, my dear? He can go where he likes and do what he likes, except ever again serve his country in any capacity whatsoever."

"Do you think he'll come home?"

"Last place in the world he'd come to, I should think."

"Yes, the last place in the world that he'd come to. Where would he go? What would he do?

If she knew anything of Dickie—and surely if anybody alive knew him, she did—he wouldn't blow up and go off the deep end, whether he felt the sentence of the court martial to be just or not. He wouldn't, for example, commit suicide. Of that she was quite certain.

Of course he would feel it a most appalling disgrace and it would be a shattering blow, but he'd stand up to it. He wasn't the sort of vessel that was easily sunk and he'd weather the storm somehow. His life was wrecked and smashed, but he'd pick up the pieces and rebuild it.

What would he do, and above all, where would he go?

Would he write to her? After all, she was his oldest friend. His best friend. His dearest friend?

* * *

Well, she could write to him care of the War Office without much hope, care of his club and his bank without much more, and care of his regiment.

And that reminded one of the horrible fact that he'd no longer have a club or a regiment. But still, they'd send on letters if they had any address to which to forward them—and that was just what they wouldn't have.

Meanwhile, what could she do? How could she get in touch with him, since she hadn't the slightest faith or hope that letters would reach him?

And then came the second blow—far worse—though that had not seemed possible.

General Ffoulkes had written a number of letters to various people who might be in a position to give him further information on the subject of the tragedy of Richard Wendover. From their replies he had learned little more than he had from the newspapers, save for one written by a Colonel Matheson who had been president of the court martial—to the effect that Wendover had completely vanished. He had not sailed from Kilindini by the ship in which he had taken passage, and had absolutely disappeared.

And now Colonel Matheson had written what was evidently the last chapter of the sad story of Richard Wendover.

He had gone big game shooting, or at any rate on safari through the lion country, apparently alone or almost alone, and had been killed by a lion. Proof of the identity of the remains of the partly eaten corpse, discovered by some natives, was provided by the tab sewn on the heavy khaki hunting shirt, upon which was woven the name R. Wendover.

And that was that.

(Continued Next Week)

East Coast Within Nazi Bomber Range

Goering knows how to get planes here, Henry J. Taylor writes in The American Mercury. When it is over, we are not likely to know exactly how it was done—any more than the Japs knew exactly how Doolittle and his boys managed the job.

A squadron can hop from Germany to the barren stretches of Labrador, let us say, with the greatest of ease. From such a hiding place it could come down along our seaboard, drop its load of explosives, and return. Such a trip is readily within Nazi bomber range.

Both the Graf Zeppelin and the Hindenburg in their day surveyed and charted the air currents around Labrador and the Germans had weather stations in the Far North continuously until expelled by American and Canadian forces.

Children In Quebec Must Go To School

Thousands of children of school age in Montreal and throughout the Province of Quebec will now come under the new law which makes education for children compulsory in Quebec Province.

The passage of this law, which goes into effect on July 1, now bridges the gap between all the provinces concerning the educational needs of juveniles. Free instruction throughout the provinces will be of equal standard.

The new law makes school attendance mandatory for all those under 14 years of age. It was given royal assent by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, Maj.-Gen. Sir Eugene Fiset, on May 26, after 50 years of agitation by advocates of education for the young.

Empire's Casualties Since War's Start

The British Empire has suffered 514,993 casualties in all ranks of Empire armed forces in the first three years of war, Deputy Prime Minister Clement Attlee told Commons recently.

Mr. Attlee said 92,082 had been killed; 226,719 are missing; 107,891 are prisoners of war and 88,294 were wounded.

The casualties as distributed among Empire forces, were listed thus: United Kingdom, 275,844; Canada, 10,422; Australia, 53,959; New Zealand, 19,345; South Africa, 2,615; India, 101,979; Colonies, 30,829.

He gave Canada's total as comprised of 3,142 killed, 2,058 missing, 1,357 wounded and 3,865 taken prisoners. The killed included those who died of wounds or injuries.

Rules For Saving And Brewing Tea

Instructions Issued To All British Service Canteens

For their guidance, a booklet, complete with diagrams and photographs, has been issued to the staffs of Army, Navy and Air Force Institutes instructing them how to brew tea to the best advantage.

It is pointed out that if one gallon of tea were wasted each day, through overmaking, in every NAAFI canteen, there would be a total wastage in a year, not counting fuel, over the whole organization of more than 50,000,000 cups of tea, and that this is equivalent to £250,000 in cash.

Emphasis is placed on the vital necessity of cleanliness and the proper handling of equipment for the production of the ideal cup of tea. The positive side of the question is urged in practical style.

"The tea leaf", it is stated, "only yields its best when it is subjected to water at boiling point—that is, bubbling fiercely. Boiling just means bubbling up—aeration—and freshly boiling water captures this aeration at its height and makes the best of tea.

"The length of time allowed for infusion is a very important factor in tea-making. Anything less than five minutes means that a large proportion of the goodness of the tea will be thrown away while the tea itself will be weak. Adding new tea to an old brew is just as bad as putting new wine into old bottles, particulary if the tea has already been milked."

Ottawa Publishes Farm Account Book

For several years modern farming has been too complicated a business to be carried out by simply making a few important notes and carrying the other details in the mind, so the Farm Account ook, which was designed by the Dominion Department of Agriculture to provide farmers with a simple set of forms for recording commercial transactions, has been found very useful. The book requires no special knowledge of accountancy. It is simple and efficient. The 1943 edition appears in revised form, and, while covering all farm operations as formerly, will be found helpful in preparing official statements which farmers have to make from time to time. The Farm Account Book may be obtained from the King's Printer, Ottawa, at the nominal price of 10 cents.

First of Malta's wartime babies to reach England is two-year-old Kathleen Everset who is now in Weymouth, Dorsetshire. For 22 months after birth little Kathleen lived in a rock air raid shelter on Malta.

"DOUBLE FEATURE"

By Anne Adams

Two captivating styles from one simple pattern is a value no smart mother can resist! First use Pattern 4373 by Anne Adams for a jumper and blouse outfit. Then make the saucy ruffled pinafore version. Both the styles button down the back!

Pattern 4373 is available only in children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6, jumper, requires 1⅝ yards 35-inch; blouse, ⅞ yard 35-inch; pinafore, 1¾ 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.

BOMBS TONIGHT?

TOY HOUSES, darts for bombs! A.R.P. workers study models like these, to be ready if real bombs come. They're out training all hours . . . come in hungry. "Man, that flavour of Kellogg's Corn Flakes hits the spot when I get home!" says Cecil Fiddy (*centre*). Hits the spot with 4 out of 5 housewives in Canada, too. And they're ready in 30 seconds, leave no pots and pans to wash. Get some tomorrow. Two convenient sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

SAVE TIME - SAVE FUEL - SAVE WORK!

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

MORE ABOUT RATIONING

Well, how about your meat rationing? I think you will agree that it is not so bad, except perhaps for those who are excessive meat eaters, and their health may be better with less meat. However, one of the problems confronting nearly everyone is that the meats not rationed are so hard to obtain. Therefore it is advisable to stretch these meats as much as possible. The following recipe for liver will do this for you and as well provide a little variety.

Liver Patties

1 lb. pork liver
¼ cup chopped onions
¼ cup chopped celery
1 egg
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup dry bread crumbs
3 tablespoons of fat or equivalent

Place liver in hot water for 10 minutes and grind coarsely. Mix with onion, egg, salt and breadcrumbs. Form into 8 small patties. Brown in fat and serve on platter with a center of rice and green peas.

Liver Pie

Combine a tin of vegetable soup with ¼ cup flour. Cover bottom of casserole with ¼ lb. sliced liver sausage. Add soup and additional ¼ lb. of sausage in alternate layers. Add ½ cup water. Cover with 3 cups well seasoned mashed potatoes and brown.

Canned Rhubarb

Did you ever try canning rhubarb without sugar? The first way rhubarb can be kept quite well is by covering with cold water. Be sure of two things: that the rhubarb is thoroughly washed and that your jars are sterile.

Cut the rhubarb up into uniform sized cubes, place in sterile jar filled with cold water and seal tightly. This will keep for months or until you have saved some more sugar from your regular supply.

The second way: remember about clean rhubarb and clean and sterile jars. Prepare the rhubarb in the same way, but this time cook rhubarb for ten minutes. Then place in jars and process for 15 minutes. Here, again, sugar can be added when your supply permits.

Baked Rhubarb

Rhubarb requires less sugar when baked. Prepare as for stewing, using one half the amount of sugar to that of rhubarb. Bake in a slow oven until it is reduced to a soft red pulp.

Rhubarb Meringue Pie

8 stalks rhubarb
Flour
1 cup sugar
¼ cup water
2 egg whites
1 tablespoon sugar for meringue

Line a pie pan with plain pastry. Cut the rhubarb into pieces. Mix flour and sugar and sprinkle the rhubarb. It is best to sprinkle the bottom of the pan with a little flour before adding rhubarb.

Place in oven and cook until rhubarb is broken up. Cover with meringue and brown.

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.

STOMACH MISERY

These suffering with this affliction can obtain valuable information which proved a blessing to others after years of misery. One of the greatest known discoveries, so effective and inexpensive. No medicine, just simple diet available to any home. Quick healing, strengthening action on weak Stomach almost unbelievable, restores lost weight and vitality. Address P.O. Box 203, Vancouver, B. C.

Sunflower Oil Seed

Oil obtained from sunflower seed is regarded as one of the finest edible oils. It is expected that about 17½ million pounds of oil will be produced from sunflowers grown in Western Canada in 1943.

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