These days, when tea must yield the utmost in flavour, quality is of supreme importance. Ask for..

"SALADA" TEA

TO THE HILT

By
Percival Christopher Wren

CHAPTER XII

And then the Blaze of Glory. The news that thrilled the Empire. The wonderful defense of Giltraza Fort, its relief at the eleventh hour and the amazing story of which the papers had got hold, to the effect that the successful defense to the fort in the role of a Pathan British who had been admitted to the fort in a role of a Pathan emissary from the leader of the besieging force."

The two or three British officers of the besieged force had been killed or had died of wounds or disease, and the weary and disheartened garrison of sepoys, half-starved, short of ammunition and gradually reduced in numbers, were despairing of being able to continue the defense.

The apparent Pathan messenger, admitted to parley with the senior native officer, had declared himself a British officer sent by the Sirkar to their help, had announced the approach of a large relieving force, put on the uniform of one of the dead officers and galvanized the garrison into new life and activity.

And this officer was said to be a captain of Napier's Horse.

And after the relief and his recovery from a wound, he had disappeared as suddenly and silently as he had arrived.

The affair caused a tremendous stir and the story was a nine days' wonder.

It was recalled that an officer of that regiment had been cashiered for drunkenness when in a most responsible post on active duty, had vanished and had been killed, as was supposed, by a lion.

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And now someone credibly reported on excellent authority to be he, had turned up in the wild buffer state of Giltraza, had saved the British fort there, kept the flag flying until relief came and had then disappeared into the blue as he had come out of it.

And the name was Wendover.

And long after the matter had been generally forgotten, Sybil got a letter from Major Hazelrigg telling her all about it, and that Richard Wendover, flatly refusing to use the occasion as a basis of an appeal for pardon and reinstatement, had declined to return to India with the relief force and had actually disappeared again, presumably into the wilds of Khairastan.

And this, added Major Hazelrigg, in spite of the fact that he had been able to establish with complete certainty and irrefutable proof that Richard Wendover had been entirely innocent of the charge on which he had been condemned. He had not been drunk; he had been drugged, and Hazelrigg had obtained the confession of the actual criminal.

What could one do with a man like that?

"What could one do?" laughed Sybil.

Why, one could go and find him and talk to him for his good, of course.

The ancient city of Kharkand is a picturesque and interesting place, but rarely beheld by European eyes, or at least by those of Britons.

The old town is a dilapidated dust heap; the new, a medieval high-walled city, the two forming the largest town in the southern portion of the Province of Ching-Kiang.

The two Pathans, large and stolid men, who sat cross-legged on a bench in front of a tea house watched with apparently incurious eyes and expressionless faces the crowd that eddied about the stalls and shops of the covered bazaar.

Occasionally they exchanged remarks in murmured Pushtu as they speculated upon Turkis, Tungans, Kazaks, Bokharans, Afghans, Russians, Indians and assorted Asiatics.

A tall lean man with drooping mutaches nearly a foot in length clad in a long and filthy coat, plus fours of ragged cotton and a particularly bright and beautiful skull-cap of cherry-colored silk, stopped to beg, but in doing so halted too suddenly and too exactly in the way of a swaggering crop-headed Turcoman, half bandit, half soldier, in a bandolier-begirt khaki uniform and red slippers, who promptly knocked him down, kicked him in the stomach and went on his way rejoicing.

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As the beggar slunk away the Pathan rose to his feet, yawned and stretched himself.

"Don't lose sight of him in the crowd, Shere Khan," he said, and led the way in pursuit of the unprepossessing mendicant.

The two Pathans swaggered along, their eyes fixed upon a cherry-colored skull-cap that shone like an oriflamme through the dust haze and disappeared behind camel, stall, booth, or pile of merchandise, quickly to reappear.

Finally, seeing that the two Pathans were near and following, he darted through a narrow alley, waited at the further end of it until they appeared in sight, turned to the right and, after shuffling along with his eyes industriously searching the gutter for such treasure-trove as a Japanese cigarette end, finally came to anchor by the steps of a clean looking respectable house.

Ignoring the man, the Pathans entered the verandah, were accosted by a servant and after brief colloquy were conducted further into the building, which was the house and office of the functionary known as the British aksakal. (A sort of acting-sub-deputy-assistant-adjutant-vice-consul.) This individual proved to be a Powindah merchant who, having for forty years trodden the roads of Central Asia from Kabul to Nanking, from Irkutsk to Kashgar, from Srinagar to Calcutta, had at last unwillingly settled down in Kharkand, a Tungan robber's bullet having shattered his knee and crippled him severely.

• • •

Having introduced himself and given proofs of his good faith, the Pathan calling himself Gul Mahommed proceeded to question the Powindah aksakal on such subjects as the state of the road to Kashgar, the best form of transport — camel, horse, or donkey—the news as to changes in the political situation, the latest bazaar gossip and other matters of interest.

The aksakal clapped his hands, and as the servant entered bade him bring tea. The tea was brought already milked and sweetened in a kettle and poured into large cheap mugs of Japanese make.

Gul Mahommed raised the mug to his bearded lips and took a long drink.

"By Allah, that is good tea!" he said, and smacked his lips loudly. "Caravan brick tea, I should say."

"Yes," admitted the aksakal, "that is one thing good that one gets in this hole — overland tea."

"Yes?" murmured Gul Mahommed, and added, "and Russian cigarettes a few, Russian caviar a little. And Russian pamphlets a lot."

The Powindah shot a quick glance at the speaker.

"Where has he gone?" asked Gul Mahommed.

"Who knows the way of a bird through the air, a fish through the water, or of a Russian agent through Ching-Kiang?" shrugged the Powindah.

"Look," said Gul Mahommed suddenly. "The English are better friends than the Russians. Better paymasters."

"Yes?"

"I have the ear of a sahib who speaks with authority and whose words are heard when he makes recommendations. Would it not be a fitting and a pleasing thing for you if you were transferred to, say, Yarkand, Kashgar, or Srinagar yea, even to Kabul itself?"

"It would indeed. It would be a change from the desert to the oasis, from the barren to the sown. To Kabul? It would be a change from Ibis to Paradise."

(Continued Next Week)

ISSUE No. 28—43

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PARDON, BUD

High capers in steel helmets were cut by American soldiers somewhere in North Africa as Red Cross gave a block party for boys back from the front. Shortage of girls made cutting-in scenes like this numerous.

Netherlands Queen Now Shakes Hands

It isn't generally known but it wasn't until her first visit to Canada about a year ago that Queen Wilhlemina of the Netherlands began to shake hands.

Her Majesty now is back in Ottawa for another visit with her daughter, Princess Juliana—and shaking hands with people she meets comes quite naturally.

In her own country the Queen of the Netherlands maintains a more formal position. On her first arrival here by air from overseas she didn't quite know what was expected of her.

And so one of the official welcoming party from Government House told her shaking hands was the custom in Canada.

"That's fine," Her Majesty replied. "I want to do anything Canadians would like me to do." She's been shaking hands when the occasion calls for it, ever since.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Some Requests About Lamb

The leg of lamb for roasting and the chops for broiling are the generally well known cuts of lamb but, to be economical, concentrate on breast, shank and neck.

In cooking lamb the cardinal principle is the same as all meat cookery, that is, "cook at a moderate temperature, at least most of the time.' Any meat cooked at high temperature loses juice and flavour; it also shrinks and becomes dry.

For roasting tender cuts there are two important rules. The first,—use no lid on the pan; the second,—add no water. Covered roasters and added water go to make steam and when meat is cooked with steam the flavor is lost and also the meat juices.

The fat on lamb hardens at higher temperature than the fat on other meats, so be sure to serve lamb either piping hot or cold; not lukewarm.

Stuffed Breast of Lamb

3 lbs. breast of lamb
1 tablespoon minced onion
½ cup diced celery
½ cup butter
6 cups soft bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
⅛ teaspoon sage
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
¾ teaspoon thyme
1 egg slightly beaten
½ cup boiling water
½ cup mint jelly
¼ cup vinegar
3 tablespoons flour
2 cups water

Sprinkle the lamb with salt and pepper. Fry the onion and celery in the butter until delicately browned. Add the bread crumbs and cook about one minute, mixing gently. Remove from the heat and add the salt, pepper seasonings and egg, tossing with a fork until well mixed. Place stuffing on one side of each piece of lamb and fold the other side over the stuffing, making two or three rolls. Tie each roll separately and place in a baking pan. Bake in an uncovered dish in hot oven for 15 minutes. Add the boiling water, cover and bake in a moderate oven for 1¾ hours. Spread with mixture of jelly and vinegar. Bake uncovered for 15 minutes longer, basting frequently. Pour off the excess fat, leaving two tablespoons in the pan with the dripping. Add the flour, blend well and add two cups water. Stir constantly and cook until smooth and thickened. Season to taste and serve with the lamb. Yields 6 servings.

Lamb Fricasse

2 lbs. breast of lamb
6 cups boiling water
4 small onions
4 small carrots
1 turnip, quartered
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup flour
¼ cup cold water

Cut lamb in small pieces, place in kettle, add water and cook slowly until tender, about two hours. Prepare vegetables and put them in the kettle with the meat after it has cooked for one hour. Add salt and pepper and continue to cook until the meat and vegetables are tender. Lift meat and vegetables to service platter. Make a paste of flour and cold water, add to the stock and cook until thickened, stirring constantly, about five minutes. Pour over the meat and vegetables on the platter.

Lamb Culets With Celery Sauce

4 tablespoons butter
½ cup flour
1¾ cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
3 cups ground cooked lamb
1 egg
2 tablespoons milk
Dry bread crumbs
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¾ teaspoon celery seed
½ cup celery stock
½ cup finely chopped cooked celery

Melt the butter in a double boiler, add flour and mix well. Add 1½ cups of milk gradually and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add salt and pepper. Add 1 cup of this sauce to the lamb, mix well and chill. Shape the lamb mixture into chops or cutlets and insert two inch pieces of macaroni ends to resemble bone. Dip in slightly beaten egg, mixed with two tablespoons of milk. Roll in crumbs and fry in deep fat or saute until deep brown. Serve with celery sauce made by adding to the remainder of the white sauce, Worcestershire sauce, celery seed, celery stock and remaining milk. Mix well and reheat.

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.

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Bevin Solves Labor Problem

Obtained Help of Labor, Says New York Post

You don't get very many speeches from Ernest Bevin, British Minister of Labour and National Service, but he has done one of the biggest jobs of the war. It's an odd thing, but Mr. Bevin has been loping along, about a year ahead of us on almost every problem, solving them, and teaching us a lot, if we but cared to learn it. Bevin has drafted labour under the British National Service Act and Control of Employment Act.

Out of a population of 33,000,000 between the ages of 14 and 65, 22,000,000, or two out of three, are in the Armed Services or in factories or other war work. Bevin found out a few things while doing all this. He found that he couldn't even make a start until the cost of living had been pegged down tight. This was done, largely by the use of subsidies for food producers.

Amazing Discovery.

Bevin found that control of inflation, including prices, profits, wages, was one indivisible problem that could not be chipped at piecemeal. You can't make striking a crime, and also put up the price of food. You can't freeze wages and do nothing about profits and executive salaries. You can't build a total war system on ifs, ands, buts and exceptions. But Bevin's most amazing discovery was that this war is not a war against labour, but a war against Hitler. He needed the help of labour. He obtained it through the greatest program of Labour-Management Collaboration the world has ever seen. But, first, all the essential conditions were set up.

Cut Hay After The Sun Shines

To the old adage, "Make hay while the sun shines," modern science added today the indication farmers should do their haying in the afternoon.

Preliminary studies at the New York State Agriculture College, reported by Prof. Otis F. Curtis, show the food content of alfalfa and other hay and forage crops is influenced by the time of day at which they are cut.

Farmers who cut such crops in the late afternoon, instead of in the morning, may stow away in their barns and silos hundreds of pounds more of actual sugar and starch for their livestock, Curtis declared.

The reason, he explained, is that all carbohydrates are manufactured by plants from carbon-dioxide and water only in the presence of light, and "it stands to reason, as the tests have shown, that the plant tissues contain the most food after a full day of sunshine."

Happy "Adventure In Neighborliness"

An "Adventure in Neighborliness" was tried in Chesley last year, says The Wiarton Echo. By it 19 knitting groups were formed, usually of women living in the same neighborhood, who didn't play bridge but who were glad to meet regularly and sew or knit for the soldiers. The groups were the idea of Mrs. Stewart Malcolm and over 300 women joined. Ten cents a week per member was paid and the grand total of $532 was realized. It seemed a well worthwhile project and brought a lot of women into definite war work who would otherwise have been left out in the cold.

OVER YOU GO, POP!

FLAT ON HIS BACK! William Oliphant and William, Jr. show how it's done Jiu Jitsu style. Mighty handy thing to know. Handy to know a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes tastes wonderful anytime, too. "Gives me real zest for breakfast," says father. "We eat them at our house all hours," says son. By independent survey, Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the favourite in a majority of Canadian homes. Ready to eat in 30 seconds, they leave no pots and pans to wash. Economical, too. Get some tomorrow. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

SAVE TIME-SAVE FUEL-SAVE WORK!