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 XIV.

Memories came to Richard Wendover.

The time when he had met the man whom it was now his life's purpose to meet again; the man whom he would some day meet unless one of them died first, which heaven forbid.

What had made Bailitzin so vindictive? Surely not the little episode at the Russian Embassy in London? Was it just the nature of the brute, racial enitathy, or had the circumstances in which he had caught Wendover at Tashkent had something to do with it, given him a jolt, made him uncomfortable, and decided him to give Wendover a lesson?

Memories. .. .. ..

It must have been a nasty jar for the authorities to learn that one of the professors at the Russian Officers' School of Oriental Languages at Tashkent was a British officer, and obviously, therefore, a British secret agent.

Of course, it had been Wendover's good luck that there was a vacancy for a teacher of Hindustani and Pushtu to those Russian officers especially selected for intelligence work in India and on the Border. Had there been no such vacancy, and had it not happened that he and Shere Khan had made the acquaintance at the tea house at which they lodged of an old gentleman who taught Persian at the school, he would never have known of it.

* * *

The Adjutant, formerly a prominent Nihilist, who had been like Lenin an exile in London in Tsarist days, and whose language was far more colloquial and idiomatic and slangy than that used by Gul Mahommed, decided that the latter's slight accent and Victorian type of English did not debar him in the least from teaching the English language to the officer-students in his charge.

Interesting students, too. Wendover had discovered. Somewhat different from those to be found at Sandhurst and Woolwich, most of them being men of considerable service and experience. A motley collection of widely different social as well as geographical origins, varying from Lapland to Armenia, from the Ukraine to Mongolia, most of them Red regular officers, some of them secret service agents from different walks of civilian life.

Yes, it had been one of his least unhappy periods since the smash, that thrillingly interesting, dangerous time when he, a British officer and unaccredited but professional secret service agent, had worked in the very heart of the enemy's camp, cultivated the men who were the most dangerous foes of his country, listened to their conversation, examined with meticulous care the contents of waste-paper-baskets gathered by Shere Khan—who had obtained a job as night watchman, a stupid and ignorant fellow upon whom the students of Pushtu could, nevertheless, practice.

It had greatly interested Wendover to discover that more than one of the students of Pushtu, Hindustani and English were anxious to learn all they could about the Singing Hadji of Sufed Kot, and to note that whereas to the British he was a truculent firebrand whose chief interest in life was the breaking of the pax Britannia and the fomentation of trouble on the Border, it appeared that he was by these earnest inquirers regarded as a great patriot, one whose yearnings for self-determination ought to be gratified, whose struggles for the spread of his religious and political principles should be assisted by all true lovers of freedom.

Moving cautiously and with the skill of experience, the Professor of Pushtu, Hindustani and English had contrived to give the impression that he was not uninterested in politics; that he had ambitions; that greatly as he appreciated and enjoyed the honor of being Professor of Languages, he would even more greatly enjoy that of being an emissary and an agent who on the Indian Border could serve Holy Russia, or if they preferred it, Unholy Russia.

What his hearers wished to think, he had given them grounds for thinking, what they wanted to know and to believe, he had taught them; their wishes were father to his thoughts when preparing his impromptu outbursts.

* * *

And in a surprisingly short time he had found himself not only the leading authority on the politics of the Border and Northern India, but had somehow come to be accepted as a political refugee, a potential if not actual Red Shirt, a friend and follower of the powerful Singing Hadji of Sufed Kot and an enemy of the British, sufficiently active and powerful to have been in danger of the reach of their long arm until he had crossed the Border, reached Tashkent and entered the Haven—that haven of safety which is happy Russia.

Memories . . .

But for the coming of Comrade Bailitzin there was no telling to what heights he might not have attained, to what positions he might not have attained, to what positions he might not have aspired, what secrets might not have been given him—secrets he would have used to forestall and thwart the schemes of those who would have employed him to work against the British Government, to foment trouble on the Border and to induce the Amir of Afghanisan to sever diplomatic relations with Britain as a prelude to war.

Bailitzin had struck. And very cleverly.

For some time past the Adjutant of the school had been taking notice of the Professor of Pushtu, Hindustani and English, had made a point of accidentally encountering him, of sounding him as to his opinions, and had one day sent for him to his office and questioned him as to his personal history, compiling a dossier for the college records.

* * *

He had had to think quickly and answer each item of the questionnaire promptly, and finally the Adjutant had asked him when he intended to return to the Indian Northwest Frontier country and what he proposed to do when he got there.

And Munshi Gul Mahommed had replied that he was so happy were he was that he had formed no plans for the future, but how infinitely happy would he be if the Russian officers under whose kind control he now worked would send him to the Frontier, or to Afghanistan, or even to India.

Send him on what business, the Adjutant had inquired.

Oh, any business, Gul Mahommed had replied, fingering his beard with sly, deprecating smile. Any business whatsoever.

And thereafter on several subsequent occasions they had gradually got down to it and talked real secret service stuff.

And then had come the great day when the commandant of the school himself had sent for Munshi Gul Mahommed and given him a prolonged and thorough grueling.

The leaven was working, and working fast.

What a stroke it would be if the man who longed beyond anything to be the most invaluable agent of the Military Intelligence Service of the Indian Government, could get himself actually appointed to a post in which capacity he would work and rise to prominence in that branch of the Russian Secret Service that dealt with India, Afghanistan and the buffer States between them!

He had made a bold bid, an audacious throw, staking everything in obedience to his motto of l'audace, l'audace encore, et toujours l'audace; and, without expatiating to the Commandant as he had done to the Adjutant upon his most exceptional fitness for service in India, Afghanistan and on the Northwest Frontier, had gone one step farther than ever before.

(Continud Next Week)

ISSUE No. 30—43

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OVERSEAS

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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.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

WARTIME CANNING
(Continued)

Equipment—

Equipment should be—Sharp knives, colander, bowls, measuring cups, towels, enamel pie plates, wooden spoons, a wide mouthed funnel for filling sealers, and a lifter to save burned fingers.

The sterilizer may be the common wash boiler or preserving kettle, pressure cooker or the oven.

Containers—

Several makes of glass sealers are available, screw top, and vacuum type. All are equally satisfactory, if they can be made completely airtight.

To finish a perfect seal, a sealer for use in canning should have a smooth rim and tight fitting cover. Test each sealer before you use it. See that it is not cracked. See that there are no chips in the rim of sealer or cover. Fill the sealers with water, adjust the rubber, seal and invert a few minutes to test for leakage. Be sure the wire spring of a spring top sealer springs into position with a snap. New metal screw caps should replace those which have become cracked or corroded.

Rubber Rings—

Rubber rings are an important part of canning equipment. To be effective the rubber ring must be pliant. For a good seal it is necessary to have the proper sized ring for the sealer used. The boxes are plainly marked and the types of rings are not interchangeable. Wide rings fit spring top sealers. Narrow rings fit screw top sealers.

It is preferable that new rings should be used each year, however some retain their elasticity and are thus suitable for re-use. Rubber is valuable, therefore great care should be taken in storing usable rings. On removal from the sealer they should be washed and dried immediately, then laid flat so they will not lose their shape. Keep rubber rings in a dry place away from light.

Old type rings are tested by bending double. An unsatisfactory ring will crack. A second test is stretching. A good ring will stretch back. The war-grade rubber ring being manufactured is not as elastic as the old type but makes a satisfactory seal. These rings will not return to shape and may break if stretched and so should not be tested in this way. Some types of sealer have a sealing composition on the metal disk top. For these sealers use new caps each year.

Preparation—

This may be done while fruits and vegetables are being prepared. Wash sealers thoroughly.

For water sterilization half fill each jar with cold water, place glass tops in position and stand the sealers on the rack in the boiler. Surround with cold water, bring to boiling point and boil 15 minutes. Keep the sealers hot until ready to fill. For oven sterilization place empty sealers and glass tops on a tray in the oven. Sterilize 30 minutes at 275F. Remove fhom the oven one at a time for filling.

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.

Paraffin Your Lemons

To keep lemons for a considerable length of time coat them lightly with paraffin, using a small brush. When it is desired to remove the paraffin, heat them slightly and it will roll off.

Air Force Uses Glass Kite String

A kite string of glass yarn is used with the box kite that carries aloft the antenna of the radio transmitter developed by the Army Air Forcse to summon help for fliers forced to make crash landings at sea, says The New York Times.

The complete transmitter includes the sending set, an ordinary cloth-and-wood frame box kite, an antenna consisting of very fine copper wire wound around the glass kite string, two balloons and capsules of compressed hydrogen. The balloons, inflated with hydrogen, can be used to carry the antenna aloft in the event of a calm.

Glass is used for the string because of its strength in proportion to its weight, and because it will not rot or otherwise deteriorate from the effects of salt water, tropic sunlight, rain or dampness. With a hand crank to generate current the transmitter automatically grinds out the SOS signal on 500 kilocycles, the international distress frequency.

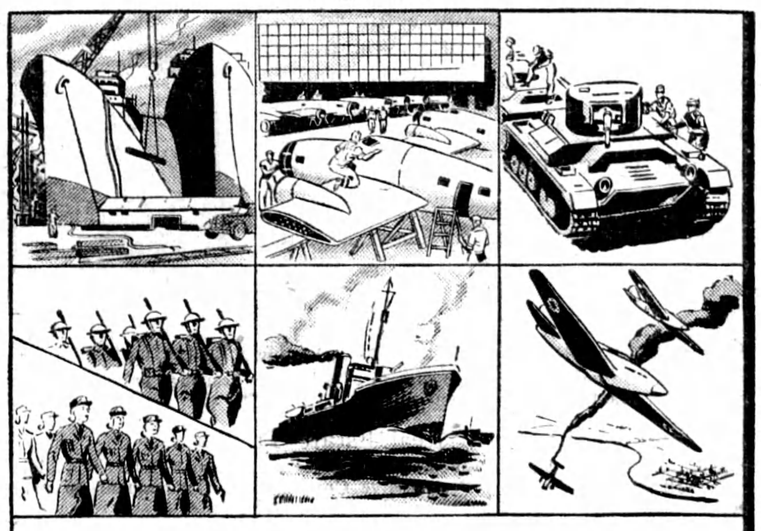
May Bomb Rome; Not Vatican City

We could, by one sharp raid, shatter the fantastic immunity which Rome has enjoyed in this war of cities, says an English paper. The emphasis must be Rome—not the Vatican City. Rome is one of the greatest military targets in the world war. It is the centre of the Italian war administration. It is an important railway centre. It has great barracks and a vast airfield. Our bombing technique is such that Rome can be bombed without hurting the Vatican City. That knowledge will console all those who would otherwise recoil from a military expedient which might bring distress to Catholics all over the world. At the forefront of our thoughts must be the conservation of the lives of our airmen, sailors, and soldiers. The warlike city of Rome still stands unchallenged. Its testing might shorten the war by an incalculable measure.

BUNNY HUG

JIMMY RAISES RABBITS for fun and pocket money. Works hard on his Dad's farm, walks a mile to school. Mile and a half to the store for Kellogg's Corn Flakes too, but Jimmie's glad to go. "They're everybody's favourite in our house," he says. "I have a dish anytime I'm hungry." Kellogg's Corn Flakes are ready to eat in 30 seconds, leave no pots and pans to wash up after. They're easy to digest and economical, too. Better get some tomorrow. Two convenient sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

SAVE TIME-SAVE FUEL-SAVE WORK!



Like our sister provinces, Québec has loyally geared all her energies and resources to furthering Canada's war effort. Québec is delivering the goods, in quality and quantity, promptly and efficiently. Her sons and daughters are distinguishing themselves by fighting, serving, working in all phases of the Allied battle of combat, convoy, and production.

Québec is a vital factor in the production of war material and weapons. She produces 40% of the United Nations volume of aluminum, 90% of the total supply of asbestos, 25% of the world's newsprint (70% of all newspapers in the Americas depend on her for paper). Lumbering and mining for war purposes have reached vast proportions in French Canada. This Province supplies enormous quantities of foodstuffs to the United Nations, especially to Britain.

Merchant ships and war vessels, tanks, artillery, shells, aircraft, parachutes, supplies for the forces, ammunition of all kinds, depth charges, innumerable wood and textile war products, chemicals, explosives, are major items of our output from a vast manufacturing complex powered by enormous hydro-electric resources.

War demands on our industries and agriculture, and our increasing participation in the Navy, Merchant Marine, Air Force, Army, and Women's Auxiliary Services, are absorbing all our man and woman power.

Québec supports to the limit every war and Victory Loan and every war campaign for funds, overtopping all objectives. Education is making great strides and is now focussed on war needs. Québec is keeping faith!

We warmly welcome all our fellow Canadians whose business brings them to Québec Province. Though our people toil night and day for our common Victory, our hospitality to visitors is as warm as of old while the quaint charm and scenic beauty of Québec remain unchanged. We cordially invite our friends in Ontario and elsewhere in Canada to visit us again when Victory has been won.

Enquiries promptly attended to at
THE PROVINCE OF QUÉBEC TOURIST AND PUBLICITY BUREAU,
200 Bay Street, Toronto, or Québec City.

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