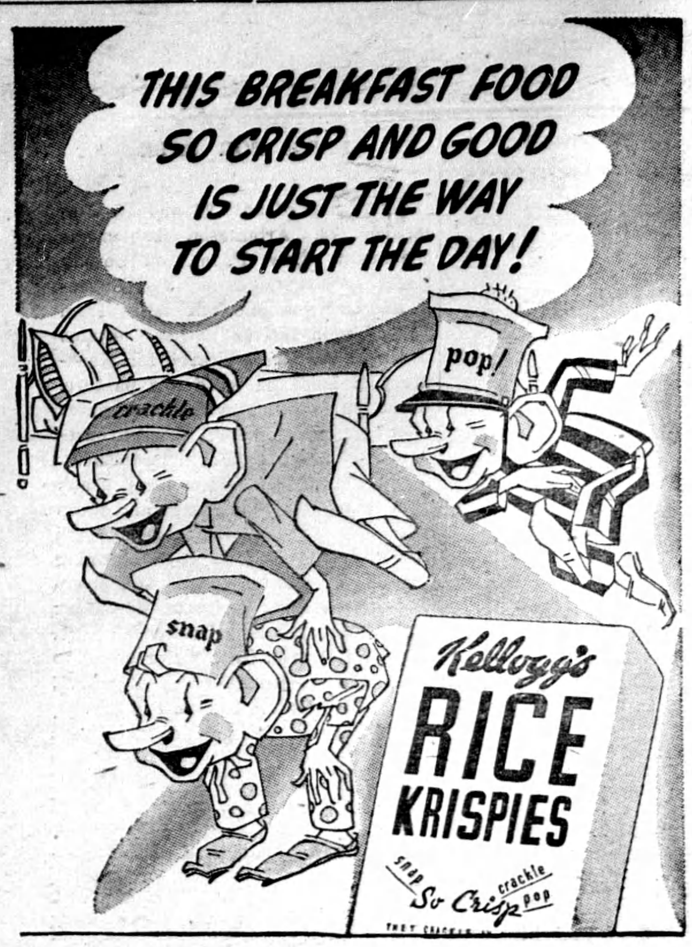

TO THE HILT

By
Percival Christopher Wren

CHAPTER XVI

"Are you a renegade so embittered against the government and army which have kicked you out with ignominy that you have renounced your country and gone native completely, once and for all?" asked Bailitzin.

"Yes," replied Wendover.

"And you are not prepared to assist the enemies of your country?"

"No."

"Ah!" And this time the hand that lay along the arm of of the chair was raised. There was a sudden swift movement and Wendover (who had once experienced that sensation) felt as if he had been shot. But the pain was worse, excruciating, unbearable. Almost he screamed, and only with the greatest effort half stifled the cry that was forced from him by the sudden agony.

He tried to spring to his feet, and in the act of rising received a stunning blow from the giant's huge fist, and a kick that for a minute prostrated him.

"Sit up," said Bailitzin.

Gasping for breath, Wendover had pulled himself together and with a great effort had continued to sit up.

"Now I am going to ask you those questions again . . . Are you a secret service agent employed and paid by the British Government to spy here?"

"I am not," replied Wendover through clenched teeth.

Again Bailitzin raised his hand, and again the gigantic soldier struck with all his strength.

* * *

This time Wendover managed to receive the blow without a cry, and wondered if the pain and shock were less by reason of the numbing effect of the first blow.

"Are you a renegade so embittered against the government and army who have kicked you out with ignominy that you have renounced your country and gone native completely, once and for all?"

". . . Yes," replied Wendover.

"Ah!" breathed Bailitzin, and the hand did not rise.

"Now then, Mr. Renegade, have you not only done that, but have you also become the enemy of your own country?"

"No," replied Wendover, and as the arm began its languid motion from the horizontal to the perpendicular, shouted:

"No! No! Don't . . . Don't"—vainly, as the third blow fell.

Wendover, dazed, giddy, what is known as "punch-drunk," as well as half insane with pain and wrath, stared like a trapped animal at his captor.

"Now I'll ask you that last question again . . . Are you prepared to assist an enemy of your country?"

Bailitzin's hand moved slightly.

"Yes!" cried Wendover quickly.

"I thought you would," smiled Bailitzin. "I thought I should be able to make you see wisdom—as well as feel it and taste it, eh, Wendover? You never thought you'd feel the knout on your back, did you, when you were the superior Captain Wendover of Napier's Horse?"

* * *

What was Bailitzin saying? ". . . and the man who will make money out of smuggling guns to be used against his own people, will make money out of supplying information about his own people. Now then, supposing I gave you your choice between being flogged to death with that whip—not half a dozen comfortable little cuts like this, but strung up and cut to ribbons by two experts until you die—or, on the other hand, an even more lucrative job than gun-running?"

Wendoever had stared stupidly at the face that he would have given his soul for the power to smash.

"Well, speak up. I'm offering you a chance to work under me as a secret service agent. Will you do it?"

"Yes."

"And first of all, will you go to the Singing Hadji of Sufed Kot and help him capture Giltraza Fort?"

"Yes."

"You will, eh? Ah! You've traveled a long way since you were Adjutant of Napier's Horse, haven't you? Traveled a long way since I last saw you. To be quite frank I shouldn't have remembered you, recognized you, but for your cleverness in dressing up as a British officer. Do you still pretend you don't remember me?"

"Yes. I mean no, I don't. I can't—"

"Cast your mind back to a reception at the Russian Embassy in London once when you were home on leave. Do you remember a do at the India Office when the Russian Ambassador and his staff were invited, and a levee at the French Embassy when the Russian military attache. . ."

Ah! That was it. Of course. Of course. What was it this fellow had called himself then? He had a title in those days. Prince or Count Somebody or other. He had forgotten his name. Why, and of course he had met him at Sybil's. But why did the man hate him so? Why had he treated him like this? Must be something personal. Sybil? Surely not.

* * *

"Remember? I doubt if you will ever forget me again by the time I've done with you. Great man in those days, weren't you? Didn't think you would ever kneel to me. To me, who knelt, yes, knelt, to Sybil Ffoulkes—and was refused. Refused for you. You! Look at you."

So that was it, was it? But what did he mean—refused for him? Sybil Ffoulkes had never really been in love with him, Richard Wendover, nor he with her. They had never been engaged. What did the fool mean—refused for him?

"Well, I'll look in and see you again tomorrow and bring Paulov in case you are still in any doubt as to what you had better do—and in case I am in any doubt as to whether I will have you really flogged or not."

And on the next day Bailitzin had again come to the cell and demanded an immediate answer as to whether he was prepared freely and frankly and whole heartedly to take service under the Russian Military Intelligence Department concerned with Central Asia, Afghanistan and India, or would prefer to be flogged to death.

"You are willing to become an absolutely honest and faithful spy in the Russian Intelligence Service, and willing to do all you can to help the Russians in every way against the British?"

Wendover moistened dry lips.

"Paulov!"

"Yes!" cried Wendover. "I am."

"Ah! And if I draw up a document in which you renounce your British nationality and allegiance and declare yourself to be a paid agent of Russia, a spy in the Russian Secret Service, you'll sign it, eh?"

'Yes, cried Wendover. "Yes, I'll sign it."

* * *

"Ah! I've no doubt you would. And what would your signature be worth? Do you think I'd trust you, you treacherous double traitor? False to your own country? Then you'd be false to us. Before you die you are going to do a little more teaching, give a little more information, but this cell will be your classroom and I will be the class. And you'll tell me absolutely everything you know about both the British and the Pathan sides of the Border.

"Oh, you are going to have a great time here, friend Wendover, and going to be very useful—while you last. In point of fact, you may last quite a long time if I feel you are really doing your utmost to give me every satisfaction. For a start I'm going to give you pencil and paper, and you are going to do the best you can—the best you can, mind, my dear Wendover—to sketch the interior of the forts at Landhi Kotal and Ali Masjid, just to show us what you can do in that line; and as you have been stationed in both of them, you ought to be quite useful. Anyway, you'll get a useful flogging if you are not."

* * *

One day—it being usual for Bailitzin to torment and torture his victim at two in the morning as often as at two in the afternoon—the door of the cell was thrust open and a Pathan was thrown into the room. He looked authentic.

After examining the cell as a rat might its trap, cursing under his breath and invoking Allah, he squatted on his heels and glowered in silence, hawked and spat, lighted a biddi, blew clouds of acrid stinking smoke and then addressed Wendover in a harsh and croaking voice, speaking guttural Pushtu.

Very clever indeed, admitted Wendover to himself. Most creditable and convincing.

But just the striking of the match had spoilt the show for this particular audience, inasmuch as it had shown on the man's right eyeball a tiny thickening of the cornea, a sort of colorless spot that was almost like a tiny bubble, and that Wendover knew only too well.

The man was Bailitzin and but for that almost unnoticeable eye blemish he would have deceived him completely.

(Continued Next Week)

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ISSUE No. 31—43

GAY AND PRACTICAL

This flattering basque frock is pretty in cotton with gay, contrasting banding. Anne Adams Pattern 4442 is adorable all in one color, too. Perfect for those informal afternoons, or shopping. Easy-to-make! Skirt and sleeve trim is optional.

Pattern 4442 is available only in misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch fabric, 3½ yards contrast banding, and 3½ yards ric-rac.

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.

Glaciers Provide Canadian Ports

The glaciers have come to Canada's aid in providing tidewater points behind the Alaskan Panhandle—the portion of Alaska which stretches south alongside British Columbia.

When the boundary line between the Panhandle and Canada was settled, the line went around each bay so that at no point did Canadian land touch the sea. However, since then some of the glaciers have moved back and changed the coastline.

At two points, bays now stretch across the International Line, according to information received.

Wash New Cover For Ironing Board

If you're using a piece of new material to make an ironing-board cover, before you put it on, wash it out thoroughly in rich suds that give the whitest wash." Otherwise the fabric will scorch readily with use. Incidentally, old sheets make extra good covers for ironing boards.

Sleeve-Board Can Be Made At Home

The cry has gone up for washable dresses. But the more washable dresses, the more ironing, and somehow the sleeves and shoulders of dresses never seem to look right unless a sleeve-board is ued. What do you do if you haven't a sleeve-board and you can't find one in the stores? The solution is easy. Lay a magazine on a turkish towel. Roll the two together so that the towel is on the outside. Insert the end of this roll into the sleeve and iron as if on sleeve-board. It works beautifully and is espe ially helpful for colored garments which should always be ironed single thickness to minimize streaking.

Bigger Bertha

A new German gun of exceptional range has shelled the English southeast coast three times recently from the French coast across the channel.

The gun is reported to have a greater range than any the Germans are known to have concentrated near Calais—the nearest point to England.

Rolled Oatmeal Cookies

Sift flour; measure. Sift together with corn starch, baking soda, baking powder and salt (sift 3 times). Cream shortening and gradually blend in brown sugar and corn syrup. Add sifted dry ingredients slowly and work into creamed mixture. Add rolled oats alternately with sour milk. Chill dough for several hours. Roll out and cut with cookie cutter into desired shapes. Place on a greased pan and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F) for 12 to 15 minutes. Serve plain or put together in pairs with favorite filling. YIELD: Approximately 3 dozen cookies about 2" in diameter.

VARIATON: Chill in oblong shape; slice with sharp knife.

1 cup sifted pastry flour
3 tablespoons BENSON'S OR CANADA CORN STARCH
¼ teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup shortening
¼ cup brown sugar (firmly packed)
⅓ cup CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP
1 cup rolled oats (uncooked)
2 tablespoons sour milk

(If corn syrup is temporarily unavailable, replace the quantity with ⅓ cup sugar.)

UNTIL TOMORROW

SOUNDS!

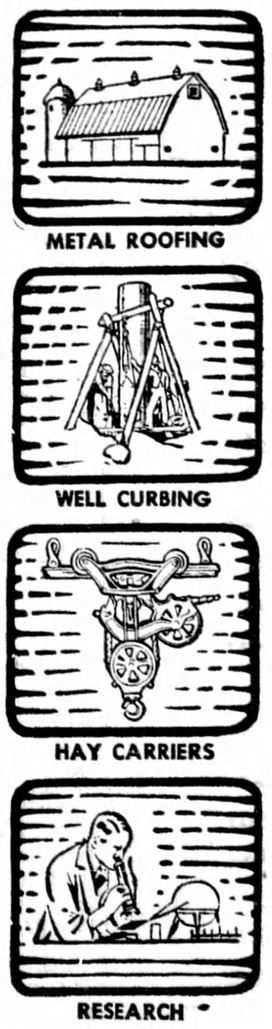

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TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

More About Wartime Canning

As there have been so many requests for the following timetable from the Department of Agriculture's pamphlet on "Wartime Canning," I am giving it for the column this week.

TIME TABLE FOR VEGETABLES

Pressure sterilization is recommended for non-acid vegetables. When vegetables are sterilized in the boiling water bath, it is preferable to use pint containers.

Vegetables	Preparation	Time of Sterilization Boiling Water Bath	Setam Pressure	
ASPARAGUS	Wash, tie in uniform bundles, stand upright in 2 inches of water. Boil 4 minutes. Pack hot, add ½ tsp. salt to each pint sealer, fill with boiling water	2	40	10
BEANS, string or wax	Wash, string, cut in desired lengths. Cover with water, bring to boiling point, boil 4 minutes. Pack hot, add ½ tsp. salt to each pint sealer. Fill with boiling water	3	40	15
BEETS	Wash and cut off tops 2 inches above beet. Boil 15 minutes. Cold dip, remove skins, pack, add ½ tsp. salt to a pint sealer. Fill with boiling water	1½	40	15
CARROTS	Use only very young carrots. Wash and boil 5 minutes. Cold dip—slip off skins, pack, add ½ tsp. salt to pint sealer. Fill with boiling water	2	40	15
CAULIFLOWER	Wash, break into florets. Drop into salty water. Let stand ½ hour, cover with water, bring to boiling, drain, pack sealers, add ½ tsp. salt to a pint sealer. Fill with boiling water	1	30	10
CORN, whole kernel	Cut corn from cobs. Cover with boiling water and bring to boiling point. fill sealers, covering corn with boiling liquid, add ½ tsp. salt to a pint sealer	3	60	15
CHARD, SPINACH or other greens	Wash carefully, steam 5 minutes, pack in sealers, add ½ tsp. salt to a pint sealer, fill with boiling water	3	60	15
MUSHROOMS	Wash and trim, large ones may be cut in pieces. Blanch 5 minutes. Cold dip very quickly. Pack, allow ½ tsp. salt to a pint sealer, fill with boiling water	3	60	15
PEAS	Use only young, tender peas. Shell and wash. Cover with water and bring to boil, pack, add ½ tsp. salt to a pint sealer, fill with boiling water. Intermittent sterilization may be used for peas, allowing 1 hour on each of 3 successvie days if water bath is used	3	60	15
SWEET GREEN or RED PEPPER (pimientos)	Wash, remove seeds, boil 3 minutes, cold dip. Remove skins, pack, allow 1 tsp. salt to a pint sealer, cover with boiling water	¾	30	15
PUMPKIN	Cut in pieces, remove seed and membrane, peel, steam until tender, mash, pack	3	60	15
TOMATOES	Scald and peel, pack in sealers, cover with tomato juice made from irregular very large or broken tomatoes cut in small pieces, cooked over slow fire for 5 minutes. Strain. Allow ½ tsp. salt to a pint sealer	½	15	05

Tomatoes may be processed in the oven (275° F.) Pints, 35 minutes — Quarts, 45 minutes.

Supplies for French civilians in North Africa and for re-arming the French army there have totalled 250,000 tons.