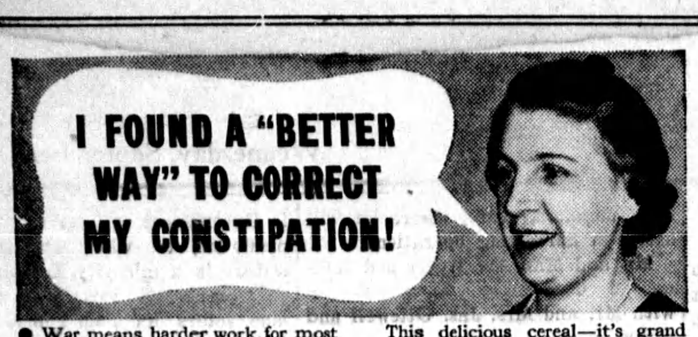

● War means harder work for most of us. It's certainly no time to be handicapped by that common type of constipation caused by lack of "bulk" in the diet. If you have that trouble, here's a simple, enjoyable method that so many people use to *correct the cause*—they eat ALL-BRAN *regularly* instead of resorting to harsh purgatives that give only temporary relief.

This delicious cereal—it's grand tasting in muffins, too—keeps thousands regular, *naturally* . . . stops their trouble "before it starts". Try this pleasant plan. Eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN *every day* . . . drink plenty of water . . . and see why it's called a "better way". Your favorite grocer has ALL-BRAN in two convenient sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

TO THE HILT

By
Percival Christopher Wren

CHAPTER XXII

It was Vere-Vaughan's turn to stare open-mouthed. "But . . . but . . . there must be some mistake, sir. Major Hazelrigg wouldn't write that. He helped me to escape."

"I'm sure he did. Succeeded, too. Got you into the best place for you, moreover. Very clever. Cleverest man in the Intelligence. Heard of some of his coups before. . . . Well, we've got you all right. . . . Now then, what became of the other men — those that Major Hazelrigg must have sent you off with—his own men, our agents?"

"Why, I . . . I . . . I brought them in here, sir. They are here in the fort."

"Oh, are they? Well, my information is that they are not. The information I have just received from Mr. MacIntyre is that you've brought into this fort ON YOUR OWN PERSONAL WORD AND ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE, a collection of the biggest scoundrels, outlaws, agitators, terrorists and most dangerous enemies we've got."

"You are looking after them, I suppose?" he interrupted himself, turning to MacIntyre.

"Yes, sir. I thought I had better speak to you before putting them under arrest, but I turned out the guard and told the sergeant to see they keep as they are, lying down where they are until I came back."

Colonel Garstan stared at the paper in front of him and then at Vere-Vaughan.

"Anything to say before I put you under arrest?" he asked.

"But I . . . I . . . I don't understand, sir. Major Hazelrigg, disguised as a aPthan, came into the cell where I was imprisoned and said that these people were all right nad that they'd get me to Giltraza Fort, and that he'd give me a note to you which he would write in Russian ir case it went astray."

"Quite so," smiled Colonel Garstan unpleasantly.

"He said he had got a most important message for you about the Hadji of Turangzai and the Singing Hadji of Sufed Kot, and that he'd let you know that my escort were good fellows who — though doubtless with some hope of reward—would see me safe here. I promised one of them a thousand rupees and—"

"And all the rest of it," interrupted Colonel Garstan. "And you actually mean to tell me that Major Hazelrigg, who has spent most of his service on the Border here disguised as a Pathan, didn't recognize the infamous Chimnai, the man he has been after for months?"

"Of course he knew them all," continued Garstan, "and I haven't the slightest doubt that he was in Sufed Kot simply because Chimnai and his gang had taken refuge there. Well, once again, have you anything to say bfeore I put you under arrest?"

"I can only say, sir, that I cannot understand what has happened. I can't tell—"

"I can, though. I can tell you exactly what happened. You got away from Sufed Kot with Major Hazelrigg's help AND with some of our people, his agents. You got away all right -- but you were followed and the whole of your lot were scuppered, all except you, by Chimnai and the rest. And they gave you the choice of having your throat cut or coming here with them. Isn't that it? Something of that sort?"

"No, sir. Absolutely nothing of the sort, I swear."

Colonel Garstan rose to his feet. "Well, you are under arrest. I'll see to you when I come back. I'm now going to handcuff your friends—whom you guaranteed and brought in here with their rifles loaded. Before I do so, are you disposed to—er—give me any help?"

"I'll give you every possible help I can ,sir. Why shouldn't I? I can't understand . . . I . . . what can I do?"

And the stout Garstan with his one-way mind, his forthright simple and honest stupidity, stood for a moment staring at Vere-Vaughan in deep thought, an unwonted exercise for the good fellow.

"What puzzles me," said he—and the whole thing puzzled him pretty nearly to death—"is why you didn't give the show away (their show, of course I mean) directly you were in this room, in safety."

Poor young Vere-Vaughan's face lit up.

"But of course, sir! If I had thought my only way of getting safe in here was to come in with these men, and I had done such a cowardly, foul, fool thing, shouldn't I round on them the moment I was safe?"

"Aye," murmured MacIntyre, nodding his wise head.

"Well, you didn't, anyway," snapped Garstan.

"Oh, God," protested Vere-Vaughan, "of course I didn't! Because I never was in any danger from them. I tell you, sir, they are my friends. They have helped me to escape. We have had a running fight more or less the whole way, three parts of them doing rear-guard action while I pushed on with the others."

"Look here, Vere-Vaughan," replied Garstan. "Here's the test. Do you give me your word of honor as an officer and a gentleman that you know each one of these men to be—an enemy of the Singing Hadji of Sufed Kot and a friend of the Sirkar? Do you guarantee that they are all escaping from Sufed Kot and genuinely taking refuge in this fort? And with no other object or hope but to get safe across the Border before the Singing Hadji catches them?"

"YES, SIR, I DO," replied Vere-Vaughan immediately. "I guarantee that Wali Dad, the leader, comes from Kurnai; that he was the leader of the men who caught me when the plane crashed, saved me then, as long ago as that, from being killed by the followers of the Mullah of Kurnai and took me to the Malik. In the end the Mullah of Kurnai would have got me and handed me over to the Singing Hadji, but Wali Dad was in charge of me and more or less prevented me from being put to death, protected me both on the way and at Kurnai.

"Then, while I was in Kurnai, expecting to be handed over for the Hadji to cut my throat at any moment, Wali Dad brought another man with him, Khoda Khan Abazai, when he brought my food one night. This man admitted that he was an unwilling deserter from the Indian army and wanted to go back and asked if I would do my best for him if he helped me to escape. Of course I said I would, and bargained with him. Then he and Wali Dad got to work and no doubt promised all sorts of things to friends of theirs whom they knew could be induced to come in with them. They all wanted me ot promise something, but I took the line that this man, Khoda Khan, was my agent, so to speak, in the matter, and they must deal with him. I've no doubt he bribed them with all sorts of promises and encouraged the belief that there would be a big ransom to divide."

"And you mean to tell me that you believed all this?" asked Colonel Garstan.

"I'm telling you everything exactly as it happened, sir," replied Vere-Vaughan. "I hadn't implicit faith in any of them—unless it were Khoda Khan, who had been a Sepoy and seemed a good chap, and ni Wali Dad—until I found that every one of them was willing to take the most solemn oath with the Koran in his hand, that they would get me safely here. I believed it was all right, sir, and just before I got away I was quite sure it was."

"Why?"

"Because Major Hazelrigg himself guaranteed the men and told me that with any luck I should reach Giltraza Fort safely, and that I was to tell you that he was in the Sufed Kot country, and give you a message. I can't understand it, sir."

And then Garstan, who is a mna of action, promptly got down to it with the outlaws. And one has to admit that Usman Shah was able to clear away any lingering doubt that might have remained in what we must call Garstan's mind.

From the door of a disused storeroom that happened to be empty and that had been allotted to Vere-Vaughan's friends, Usman Shah suddenly whispered "Chimnai!" And Chimnai, doubtless thinking it was one of the band, promptly answered, "What's up? Who is it?"

"It's I, Usman Shah. Don't you remember me, Chimnai? I recognized you at once. What do I get if I don't betray you, Chimnai? What do I get if I help you?"

"Come in here," whispered Chimnai.

"No fear," replied Usman Shah. "Not I. You come out here, Chimnai, if you want to talk business."

And out crept Chimnai, to find a powerful electric torch turned on him, and to see Colonel Garstan, revolver in hand and a business-like firing squad standing at the ready.

"Hands up, Chimnai! Quick!" ordered Garstan, raising his revolver. Chimnai, who had escaped out of that sort of fix before, put them up and was promptly seized by half a dozen hearties who had been waiting on either side of the doorway.

After waiting a few minutes, a score of rifles pointing at the doorway, Garstan told Chimnai to call to Mahazil and tell him to come out. And on Chimnai's taking no notice of the order, he promised him faithfully, on his word of honor as an officer and a gentleman, that he d hang him at dawn.

Chimnai, knowing his Garstan of old, called Mahazil, and answering to the name of Mahazil a man came out and was promptly seized.

Yes, Usman Shah had not been mistaken.

"Now tell Mirza Khan Iskander Khan Juma, son of the Singing Hadji of Sufed Kot, to come out," said Garstan, "and just mention that if there's a rush there will be a volley — from twenty rifles. And that the survviors, if any, will be hanged in about an hour's time. And you with 'em."

Chimnai, as would any Pathan have done in like circumstances, did his best to save his own hide. And in about five minutes from leaving his quarters Garstan had got the lot of them trussed up. Well, there it was, and Garstan being Garstan, what followed was inevitable.

(Continued Next Week)

ISSUE No. 38—43

C

Night Fliers

Some U. S. Army carrier pigeons become night fliers, after being reared in darkened mobile lofts and given their first flights in early dawn.

Get the BLACK LEAF 40!

For lice and feather mites, Black Leaf 40 is outstanding. Apply with the Black Leaf 40 applicator according to directions. The fumes pass under the feathers of the roosting fowls and kill the pests.

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LOOK FOR THE LEAF ON THE PACKAGE

Queen Elizabeth Defends Porridge

Her Majesty Also Has A Good Word For Potatoes

James Maxton, the outspoken radical in the British Parliament, started something when he said that oatmeal porridge was a swindle as far as nutritional value was concerned, declares the Winnipeg Free Press. The defence came appropriately from Tom Johnston, Secretary of State for Scotland, who asserted the high value of porridge because of its content of vitamins, carbohydrates and fats.

. Then Queen Elizbeth rallied to the cause and told a group of Scottish girls that Scots were coming again to the traditional nutritious foodstuffs—oatmeal porridge and potatoes.

All the old practices are not bad and some of the new-fangled food products leave much to be desired. Many witnesses would testify as to the energy producing quality of oatmeal, but there can be too much of any good thing, and the juniors are right in demanding a change.

The Queen had a good word for potatoes, also. The Irish always knew their value, and with the new attention now given to nutrition, that common article of diet has an assured position — with numerous options as to how it should be served.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

A CHAT ON PICKLES

The homemaker and the good provider of the family has always considered late August and September as the time when she makes a final inventory of the fruit storage and mentally or otherwise jots down her final list for her family's requirements.

We hear every day, "What about the sugar?" especially as the subject of pickles is mentioned. Do not be discouraged. Many pickle ventures are successful with little or no sugar and maybe you might make some of them your special favorites until our supply of sugar is once again back to normal.

This recipe has been tried and not found wanting, so I am passing it on to you,—

Mixed Pickle (Using Saccharine)

½ cup salt
1 teaspoon powdered saccharine
2 tablespoons white mustard seed
2 tablespoons dry tumeric
¼ teaspoon cayenne
1 teaspoon curry powder
1 cup corn syrup
3 cups cold vinegar (if strong, diluted)
8 good-sized cucumbers
10 small green tomatoes
6 small onions
1 cup chopped celery

Combine dry ingredients very thoroughly. Mix to a smooth paste with one cup of vinegar. Add the corn syrup and rest of the vinegar. Place this dressing in large crock.

Wash the cucumbers and tomatoes (not peeled) and peel the onions. Cut all into small cubes. If you have not the celery add a teaspoon of celery salt to seasonings. Add prepared vegetables to the dressing in the crock and combine well. Cover crock in a cool place and stir twice a day for two weeks.

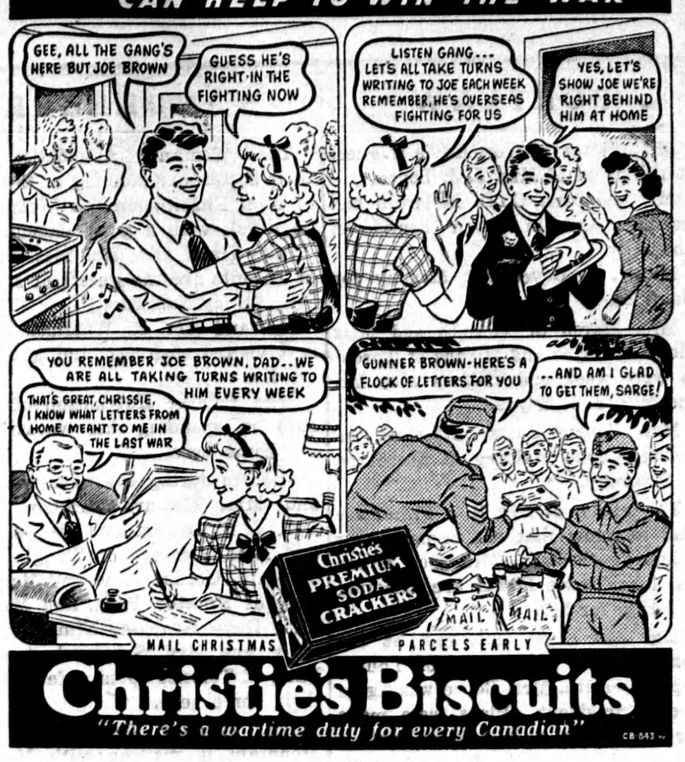
Fruit Relish

6 cups finely chopped celery
4 cups chopped apple
6 green peppers
6 sweet red peppers
1 tablespoon salt
½ lb. seedless raisins
2 cups corn syrup
2 cups cider vinegar (diluted)
½ cup water
2 sticks of cinnamon
6 cloves

Wash celery thoroughly, and chop fine. Combine with the apples which have been pared and cored, then put through the chopper, (medium knife). Combine celery, apples and peppers. Mix well and then mix in the salt. Place over the direct heat and simmer, covered until celery is tender.

Add the washed raisins, corn syrup, vinegar, and broken cinnamon sticks (in a cloth). Simmer uncovered for 15 minutes. Remove the cinnamon and simmer another 20 minutes. Pour into hot sterile jars and seal.

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.



Synthetic Tires For Sale In Canada

The Munitions Department announced last week that under tire-rationing regulations passenger car tires made of synthetic rubber imported from the United States will be released for sale immediately, and that manufacture of the synthetic tires has already begun in Canada.

The departmental announcement emphasized that existing tire regulations have not been relaxed, and that the synthetic tires will be available only to essential users eligible to buy new tires.

Rubber Controller Alan H. Williamson said tests so far have shown that synthetic rubber is not as tough as natural rubber for tire manufacture, and that the new synthetic tires therefore, must be driven "at low speed and with great care."

Cars equipped with the new tires should not be driven at more than 35 miles an hour, and overloading must be avoided, Mr. Williamson added. Inflation pressures should be checked at least once weekly.

The making of reclaim tires, the announcement said, now will be discontinued. Only limited quantities of synthetic tires will be manufactured, and they will be sold by tire ration permit.

By January, 1943, 1,491 Maltese had been killed and more than 1,500 seriously injured in air raids.

FOR YEAR'S FINAL PICNIC

Take to the backyard or the nearest picnic grounds for a final fling at open air sunshine, nature—and food that's fun! The old standbys are the best drawing cards, salads, pickles, hardboiled eggs, pie or layer cake.

But with your sandwiches why not include something new—delicious, freshly made, crunchy All-Bran Rolls? The rich, nut-like taste of bran enhances the flavor of any spread you choose; puts something new in hamburgers. So simple to make, too. Here's the recipe!

½ cup shortening
¼ cup sugar
2 cups All-Bran
2 teaspoons salt
1 cup boiling water
2 eggs
2 cakes compressed yeast
1 cup lukewarm water
6½ (or more) cups flour

Put shortening, sugar, All-Bran and salt in large mixing bowl; add boiling water and stir until shortening is melted. Let stand until mixture is lukewarm. Add well-beaten eggs and yeast softened in lukewarm water. Add half the flour and beat until smooth; add remaining flour, mix well. Let rise until double in bulk; punch down. Form balls of dough to fill greased muffin pans about half full. Let rise in a warm place about two hours or until double in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven (425° F.) about 15 minutes.

Yield: 4 dozen rolls (2½-inch diameter).

Note—After flour is added this dough may be stored in the refrigerator, and rolls formed, allowed to rise and baked as needed.