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 XXVI

That night as Major Richard Wendover of Napier's Horse sat on the side of his bed in Mr. Dodd's spare bedroom, and yawning, wound up his watch, there came a light tapping at the open window.

The eyes of Major Richard Wendover raised towards the window became those of Gul Mahommed as, dropping to the floor, he inquired in Pushtu and a harsh whisper: "Who's there?"

"It is I, Dost Mahommed, brother of Shere Khan," was the reply.

"Salaam, Dost Mahommed," he said. "Wha's the matter?"

"Sahib, my brother Shere Khan—the police have got him."

"The police? What for?"

"A killing, Sahib. He has slain a man."

"Where is he?"

"At the police thana in the Sudder Bazaar. The police cannot get him to Peshawar jail because of the mob, but soldiers will soon come and take him. He'll be hanged for murder, Sahib."

"Whom did he kill?"

"A Powindah. He was bargaining with the man for a silk shawl, and they got angry. Suddenly the borah or bunnia, or whatever he was, snatched the shawl from Shere Khan's hands, called him an evil name, thrust him over the step of the shop and spat upon him. So Shere Khan killed him, of course."

"Of course," agreed Wendover, and climbed out of the window.

* * *

And by devious ways known only to the Border riever, the outlaw, the brigand and the raider, Wendover and Shere Khan, with a band of Khairastan men who were Shere Khan's retainers and bodyguard, came roundabout to Khairabad, eventually approaching the fort from the north.

"Huzoor! Gul Mahommed! Awake and arise", shouted Shere Khan's great voice a few days later at the door of the room that Wendover now occupied in the big Fort of Khairabad. "Great news. Listen. They've got him, and they are bringing him along. Seized him yesterday evening between Kurnai and our Border. Young Dost Mahommed rode swiftly ahead to tell the good news."

Wendover sprang out of bed.

"Bailitzin!" he whispered.

"Bailitzin," grinned Shere Khan. "What shall we do with him? Whip him to death with a nagaika, or feed him, feet first, slowly into the fire? Or what about a cauldron of boiling fat?"

"You leave him to me," growled Wendover.

"Beshak, Huzoor. He is your man, for you to kill as you please."

* * *

Removing bolts and bars from the outside of the room in which Bailitzin was imprisoned, Richard Wendover flung open the door and strode in, followed by Shere Khan, who bore in his right hand a heavy whip.

"Well, Bailitzin," said Wendover, "so we meet again."

"Yes. Your turn now, Mister Renegade. Your turn for the moment. What is it going to cost me to get away?"

"I don't know, Comrade Bailitzin. That remains to be seen, but I think it will cost you your life."

"Look here, my good ex-British officer, let's talk sense and talk business, shall we? Your treacherous blackguards turned on me last night, and here I am. Well, I made a mistake at Kurnai, and I'm ready to pay for it."

"You will, Bailitzin," replied Wendover, eyeing the Russian grimly.

Turning to Shore Khan, Wendover took the terrible whip from his hand.

"Not a nagaika, Bailitzin, but perhaps, in its different way, as good as a Russian knout. And now, strip to the waist," he added in a voice that cut like a whip.

"Wendover, I can make you a rich man. I can—"

"Shere Khan!" said Wendover over his shoulder.

And Bailitzin threw off his Pathan coat, gold embroidered velvet waistcoat, and drew off his shirt.

"Kneel down," growled Wendover, "before I knock you down and put my foot on your neck."

Bailitzin obeyed, and Shere Khan stepped forward with great clutching hands.

"A-h-h-h!" breathed Wendover. "That's better, Bailitzin. That's what I wanted. Wanted, night and day, since I crouched in the filth of your cell at Tashkent and was whipped like a dog. Now then. You're a Russian, aren't you?"

"You know I am."

"Yes, and I'm an Englishman. You know I am. And if you don't, you can know it by this," and he threw the whip away from him. "We don't flog captives. Get up. Put your clothes on."

"Murder without flogging, eh?" said Bailitzin as he faced Wendover.

"No, we don't murder prisoners either. We execute them after fair trial. If they are found guilty of murder—or are caught behind the lines in disguise spying in time of war."

"Bailitzin, you are going to fight."

The somewhat weary and apathetic look faded from Bailitzin's face and his eyes brightened as he looked up at Wendover.

"Fight? How? Whom?"

"Me. You and I are going to fight privately—intimately, if you know what I mean, Bailitzin. No seconds, no spectators, no 'gate', no ringside seats, no nothing—but just you and me. A pair of cavalry swords, Bailitzin. We are going to have two of the best stallions in Khairastan, and we are going to have two perfectly good regulation cavalry sabers. British Army swords, taken from their dead owners after some Border scrap."

"And what'll be wrong with the one that I am to use?"

"That I can't tell you—for you shall have the choice of the two sabers."

"Listen, Shere Khan," said Wendover, "for I am about to say words of great import. In a few minutes' time I ride out alone with the Russian. Follow me not, and see that no man follows me. If I return, Bailitzin will be dead and we will give him burial where he dies. If I return not within an hour, then I shall be dead or badly wounded. Should that be so, bring me back here and do what you can for me, at the same time sending mounted men in pursuit of Bailitzin. Let them catch him if that be possible.

"And this is the important part. If you take him alive do him no further harm, but deliver him safely at Giltraza Fort with the letter that I shall leave.

"Good! Are the horses ready? . . . Bring me the swords . . . Have you had them sharpened, edge and point?"

"There you are, Bailitzin. Choose one of those swords, resheathe it and don't touch it again until I say, 'Draw swords'," said Wendover. "Follow me."

Along the upward sloping track the cavalcade wound its way.

Arrived at the ziarat, Wendover reined in his horse, raised his hand and addressed the men of Khairabad.

"Hear, oh men of Khairastan," he said in Pushtu. "I have asked a favor of your Khan and he has granted it. No man is to follow me, for I would fight my enemy alone. If I see you not again, farewell. And may each one of you when his time comes have as happy a death as mine will be."

And turning to Shere Khan, he grasped his hand. "Farewell, Shere Khan, my friend and brother."

"Dismount that I may embrace the, Huzoor," replied Shere Khan.

The path began to descend towards the little valley with its central plain, not more than twice the size of a polo ground. Obviously this was the appointed spot, the place where the agony of his spirit would end in death or healing cure.

(Concluded Next Week)

ISSUE No. 42—43

C

The Early Buyers Catch The Shoes

On September 1, the third clothing coupon book to be issued in Great Britain came into use. Clothes rationing introduced in June, 1941, is now well in its stride, and though total war inevitably brings with it many shortages, the control of production and sale of clothes by the Board of Trade has meant that everyone in Great Britain has been able to buy essential minimum clothing at prices within reach. At present, the leather shortage makes it necessary for would-be shoe buyers to be at the shop at 9 a.m., as the day's quota of shoes is sold out by 10.30 each day.

Men usually begin to decrease in height after the age of thirty.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE!

4479
2-10

She, too, can be right in the swim with Anne Adams Pattern 4479. The bodice top makes it so comfortable to wear. And tiny darts in the briefly cut jacket make it very neat looking. In cotton edged with crisp ric-rac it's such a practical dress for school.

Pattern 4479 comes in children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 takes 2¼ yards 35-inch fabric; bodice top, ⅜ yard contrast.

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.

Big Ben's Chimes Reassured Brazil

A Gracious Tribute To Britain and The Empire

A leaderette in a recent issue of the Journal do Brasil—one of Brazil's most important national newspapers—speaks of the anxious fear felt there for our fate following the fall of France. It contrasts the war news of the present time of Allies victories everywhere, of Germany's difficulties inside Russia and of the strength of the Allied Air Force with the "dreadful days of the blitz" in 1940.

"During the Luftwaffe's fierce raids," it says, "one's fears increased nightly that one might not be able to get the BBC. But, without fail, there it was, as steadfast as England herself." The news, the writer recalls, was anything but cheering: "like Churchill, the BBC spoke only of blood, sweat and tears." But, he emphasizes, it wasn't only the news they waited to hear. It was also "those resounding, lingering strokes which chimed a message of hope and proved that something, at any rate, still stood firm, determined to fight the machiavellian German fury which was concentrated on the heroic rock that was Britain and the faithful Dominions."

The article concludes: "Little do you know, oh London chimes, how you encouraged us in those hours of almost total darkness. . Night after night, when our spirits were at their lowest, when all hope seemed senseless, from London came the assurance that a superhuman will stood firm, ready to bear any suffering or sacrifice except that of capitulation. And who gave us the assurance of that epic resistance? You, Big Ben, in the City of London, with your regular chimes echoing in homes throughout the world."

A Few Practical Facts Concerning Racial Problems

Those Who Raise Race Cry Are Branded as Traitors

A plea for a better understanding between the races in Canada was voiced by the Hon. Valmore Bienvenue, Quebec Minister of Game and Fisheries, in an address to the Toronto Rotary Club last week.

Mr. Bienvenue said: "Let us not hesitate to brand as traitors those who raise the race cry . . . . It is so much easier to sow prejudice than to uproot it. . . . If a dissenting voice be heard among our people, for example, as regards the war effort, at once certain ill-inspired English-Canadians jump to general conclusions and yell that we all possess a feudal and reactionary mentality that we are as a blind flock led by a fascist clergy. At that rate, why not judge all Americans after Al Capone?"

* * *

There is a measure of justice in Mr. Bienvenue's words. No doubt Ontario people, or many of them, do seize too willingly upon instances of isolationist sentiment in Quebec, says the Toronto Star. But we think that the Al Capone comparison is extreme. If isolationists were no more plentiful in our sister province than Al Capones are in the States, a rapprochement between Ontario and Quebec would be more easily accomplished. It may well be, however, that Ontario, as well as Quebec, is responsible for the semi-alienation of Quebec from the rest of Canada. The faults are not all on one side. And a recognition of that fact is the best basis for a better future understanding.

* * *

As Mr. Bienvenue pointed out, the French-Canadians "shouldered arms with the conquerors of yesterday to drive off the armies of the American revolution," and "have shed their blood courageously side by side with the British in several wars." He is justified in claiming for his people the virtues of politeness, generosity and hospitality. And he is correct in saying that there is no inferiority in speaking two languages when some others take pride in speaking only one. There are, of course, great masses of Quebe's own people who take that same pride. But it is to be said for the Godbout government to which Mr. Bienvenue belongs that it has fought isolationism and emphasized the importance of learning English as perhaps no other Quebec administration has done before it.

* * *

The Quebec minister said very wisely that the British and French in Canada cannot hope to become exactly the same. "I believe, on the contrary, that since God wished us different we should remain that way. 'It takes all kinds of people to make a world,' says the proverb, and I am sure that applies to the building of a vigorous country. We must therefore strive to become a whole, not homogeneous, but harmonious. And it is not by standardizing the races, nor by passing a steamroller over the country that we can secceed in creating harmony. . . . Let us remember that we can fraternize and esteem one another without being similiar, and that it is not necessary to be twins to be brothers"

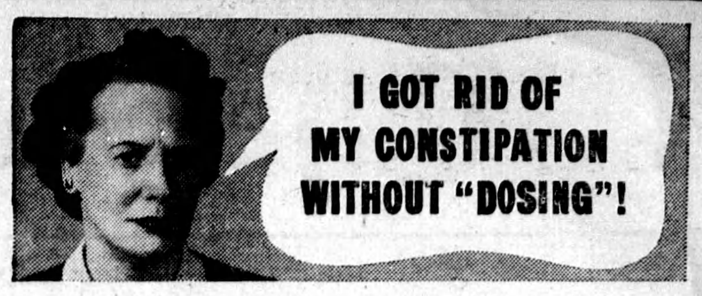
That is a great truth excellently put, and its general acceptance in Ontario would be a first step to national unity.

The Most Valuable Road In The World

One of the world's unusual roads connects Zanderry Field, Dutch Guiana, with the capital city of Paramaribo—a highway variously called The Million Dollar Highway and The Most Valuable Road in the World.

Built on a base of mahogany and surfaced with aluminum, the road was constructed in record time by United States Army engineers. There is no estimating the intrinsic value of the materials which went into its construction—but here, the materials are the cheapest and most readily available.

Mahogany is one of the most common and most durable woods, and can be had anywhere just for the cutting. And Dutch Guiana has the world's richest deposit of bauxite, the ore from which aluminum is obtained.



● When we're all doing our best to help win the war none of us can afford to be slowed up physically and mentally by common constipation . . . the kind caused by lack of "bulk" in the diet. If you're troubled that way, why not get right at the *cause* instead of "dosing" with purgatives that give, at best, only temporary relief.

Here's a simple, "better way" to prevent constipation caused by lack of "bulk"—eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN *every day* . . . grand-tasting as a cereal or in crispy muffins . . . drink plenty of water. Then see if you don't notice a big difference in the way you *feel and look!* Get started right away. Your grocer has ALL-BRAN in two convenient sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

NO OTHER NATURAL CEREAL GIVES YOU WHOLE-GRAIN OATS VITALITY ELEMENTS SO RICHLY!

More than any other natural cereal, whole-grain oatmeal helps make up shortage of meat's great vitality food element, Protein—without which children can't grow properly and adults cannot have real stamina! Also leads every natural cereal in vitamin B_1, essential to good nerves, digestion and energy! More and more mothers are serving big delicious bowls of hot Quaker Oats for breakfast every day—and insuring extra growth and stamina protection for their families. Serve your family the "one best cereal" now that so many other valuable foods are rationed!

QUAKER OATS

The Quaker Oats Company of Canada Limited

Fine Virginia Cigarettes

at less than ½ price

You can make 44 standard cigarettes for 19¢ (plus papers) . . . 'ready mades' would cost you twice as much. How? By rolling your own with MACDONALD'S FINE CUT TOBACCO, the mildest, smoothest "Virginia Bright" you can buy. Think of the extra smoking enjoyment—think of the money you save . . .

LARGE PACKAGE INCLUDING TAX 19¢

INVEST WHAT YOU SAVE IN WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

5M

– WANTED –

MEN AND WOMEN

to Train as

CHEESEMAKERS And BUTTERMAKERS

COURSES LASTING APPROXIMATELY 3 MONTHS TO COMMENCE

Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Nov. 1 and Feb. 1
Kempville Dairy School, Kempville, Jan 1

SUBSISTENCE RATES PAID WHILE IN TRAINING

1. Single People boarding at home . . . . . $7.00 per week
2. Single People boarding away from home . . . . . $9.00 per week
3. Heads of families living at home . . . . . $13.00 per week
4. Heads of families living away from home . . . . . $18.00 per week

TRANSPORTATION PROVIDED TO AND FROM SCHOOL

Applicants, who must be over 16 years of age, must agree to accept employment in a dairy plant or cheese factory at the end of the course.

Apply Immediately to

PROF. W. H. SPROULE, Dairy Department,
Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph

Dr. A. L. GIBSON, Dairy Department,
Kempville Agricultural School, Kempville

This Course is Under the Joint Auspices of the

ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

and the

Dominion-Provincial War Emergency Training Programme