BUY BONDS SPEED THE VICTORY
"SALADA"

TO THE HILT

By
Percival Christopher Wren

CHAPTER XXVII

There was a sudden rasp of steel and a whirl of dust as in one movement Bailitzin swung his horse about upon its haunches, drew his sword and rode at Wendover, a Cossack cry upon his lips, the glare of his fierce eyes no less bright than the flashing sword above his head.

Wendover had but time to parry the sweeping downward cut with his sheathed sword, and with a turn of the wrist to deflect it and drive his own scabbarded point at Bailitzin's throat.

Swinging his own horse to the near side, Wendover whipped his sword from its scabbard, rode at Bailitzin, feinted at his head and as Bailitzin's sword came up in parry, dropped his point and thrust again, tearing as he did so the side of Bailitzin's coat.

As with knee and rein Wendover again swung his horse, Bailitzin with a back-handed stroke missed his neck by a hair's breadth, recovered, caught Wendover's answering slash upon the forte of his saber, lowered his point and in his turn thrust, the sword grazing Wendover's shoulder.

Dashing past him, Bailitzin galloped a short distance, pulled his horse up suddenly, swung it about and charged. As he did so, his saber across his left shoulder, he aimed a mighty horizontal blow.

Wendover was quick and cool. Swerving right without checking pace or attempting to go about, he turned in his saddle, tried to give Bailitzin his point as he came up, and received that of Bailitzin through his left shoulder.

* * *

Well, first blood to Bailitzin. And now anything he could do were best done quickly.

Wheeling his horse and drawing back his sword, he raised it above his head, stood up in his stirrups, struck back-handed and sideways at Bailitzin's neck with all his strength, even as the Russian's point again went home—too late.

With laboring lungs, breathless, and feeling as if his heart would burst, Wendover dropped his sword hand, leaned forward on his horse's neck and watched with staring eyes his enemy collapse, drop his sword, reel in the saddle and fall to the ground, there to lie motionless beside his horse as his life's blood gushed from his neck like water from a tap. Dead . . . he'd never move again after such a stroke as that, a stroke delivered with all a strong man's strength, almost a madman's might, with sharp-edged heavy sword in so vulnerable a spot.

A stroke that had cut him free; free from shame and horror.

Free—and dying . . . blind . . . falling. . . .

With a heavy thud Wendover fell from his horse and lay motionless in the blood of the man whom he had killed.

* * *

Shere Khan glanced at the sun and the shadow thrown by a rock.

"Mount and ride," he said. And leading the cavalcade of horsemen and the almost equally swift footmen, he dashed headlong down the tract by which his friend and his enemy had disappeared but a short hour before, an hour that had seemed a lifetime.

Rounding the hillside at breakneck pace and thundering down into the valley beyond, he saw what he had feared to see, a sight that by strange premonition he had expected; two horses standing still with hanging heads, two men lying yet more quiet.

"By Allah! Both are dead," cried his cousin Hussein Shah, riding beside him.

"Both? Liar and fool, I will slay thee if it be so," shouted Shere Khan, driving his horse ahead of the rest.

First to the fatal spot, Shere Khan knelt beside his friend, raised his head, placed his ear upon his heart and praised the One True God.

"He is alive," he said. "Make a litter, thrusting rifles through the sleeves of two of your posh-teens. . . . No. He is too big a man."

"Lift him on to his horse and two of us will support him," said Dost Mahommed.

"And start the bleeding again? Stand clear. I will carry him."

* * *

Slowly Richard Wendover returned from his long sojourn in the valley of the shadow of death. Slowly he regained strength until the day came when he was carried from the chamber in which he had lain for weeks, and taken out on to the battlements of the fort, whence he could see his beloved mountains and look down the great valley of the Khairabad to the far rugged ranges of the hills of Khairastan.

To him came there daily the Shere Khan, sitting in silence, a silence which occasionally he broke to praise Allah and to thank Him for His mercy and compassion in sparing the lives of his more-than-brother and himself.

* * *

"Well, I suppose it is time I thought about the best way of getting back," said Sybil one evening as she and the convalescent Wendover sat on the flat roof of his house in Khairabad Fort.

"Back? Back to what?"

"Peshawar."

"You are not going back to Peshawar."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm going to keep you here. You promised to marry me."

"You don't want to marry me, Dickie," she said quietly, carefully controlling her voice.

"I didn't say I did."

"Do you?"

"No. I don't know that I want to marry you. But you get this quite clear in your young mind—you are not going back to Peshawar."

"What am I going to do then?"

"You are going to stay here."

"Stay with you always?"

"Always."

"Dickie, Dr. Bennell performs marriages as a side line."

"This seems to be your chance then. While I'm weak and defenceless."

"Do you love me, Dickie?"

"I don't know anything about that, but I like you about the place. I'm not going to let you out of my sight again, young Sybil."

* * *

To the wedding came Ganesh Hazelrigg with the intention of being best man, only to discover that Khan Shere Khan Khudadad Khan Hassan Ali Khan of Khairastan had no intention whatsoever of yielding that office to any man on earth. As he saw it, Khan or no Khan, he was Richard Wendover's man, his best man, his only man, and by his side he would stand at his wedding as Wendover had stood at his.

"Why, of course," agreed Sybil. "Who's to give me away if you are Dickie's best man, Major Hazelrigg?"

And so, with a radiant happiness and an ineffable gratitude to God who had brought this marvel about, she was married to Richard Wendover, and she knew that in his way he loved her, loved her and wanted her.

His way might be different from the way of other men, but so was he different from other men—which was why she loved him so.

The honeymoon was spent in one of the loveliest spots in the whole world, a Paradise on earth, and to Sybil Ffoulkes was given the great reward of her great faithfulness.

THE END

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Two Cows Served In The Front Line

In the last war the Scots Guards had two Belgian cows, captured by their second battalion at Fleurbaix and called Bella and Bertha. They stayed with their captors right through the war and then went into Germany with the occupation forces. As they had to do a lot of marching they were shod like horses. They accompanied the battalion on its victory march through London in July, 1919, and retired to a tranquil old age of grazing (by special permission of King George) in the royal meadows at Windsor.

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TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

The Humble Pumpkin

What could be more fitting than a little chat about the humble pumpkin on this beautiful Autumn morning? Everything is dressed in the very best Autumnal colors. Indoors the air is "brim full" of aromatic flavors of the last fruits and pickles and outdoors the burning of leaves and the newly gathered roots.

The poor old pumpkin just lies in its chosen place throughout the summer while we all enthuse over more attractive things, and when everything else has been garnered in we find the humble pumpkin dressed in the most beautiful smooth and colorful coat and we wonder how we could be so neglectful.

The very color of the pumpkin tells us that it should not be neglected in our menu, for like all the other yellow good things to eat it contains many vitamins.

Home-Canned Pumpkin

We like best the pumpkin we can ourselves—it seems to have better color and flavor. It is very simply done. Wash, peel the pumpkin and cut up into three-inch squares. Boil until tender, about one hour. Drain and press through a sieve. Process about one half hour.

Pumpkin Soup

Did you ever try pumpkin soup? Take one cup of pumpkin, add a little chopped onion, half a cup of water and seasoning to taste. Cook 15 minutes. Then add one pint of rich milk and see if that does not satisfy the most finicky appetite on a cold night.

Pumpkin Custard

Beat yolks of 2 eggs until light, add ½ cup sugar, few grains of salt, 2 cups of cooked well-drained pumpkin, ½ teaspoon vanilla, a dash of cinnamon and nutmeg, 3 cups of milk. Fold in the beaten whites of the eggs and pour into greased custard cups or casserole, if custard cups, set in pan of water. Bake in moderate oven for about 25 minutes. Serve hot or cold with cream or jelly.

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.

Who Is To Blame If Children "Bad"?

In disposing of a case of child delinquency the other day a Cleveland magistrate said: "I have encountered very few delinquent children, but I have come in contact with a lot of delinquent parents."

Every magistrate's court has had this experience, says The St. Thomas Times-Journal. When a child is brought in as a "delinquent," he or she has to be "dealt with," whereas in many cases the parents are more to blame than the child. There are, of course, children who are "bad" notwithstanding good training at home, due perhaps to an atavistic inheritance. Parents may have poor social records themselves. But generally speaking the child that does not obey, or who runs wild sometimes, has simply lacked proper training. In that respect the parents themselves have been "delinquent."

Chinese parents have a sound idea about these things. If their child steals or commits some other wrong they blame themselves and suffer serious "loss of face" among their neighbors. When delinquent children are brought before the courts the magistrate deals with the parents instead of the children.

To Surrender, Japs Must Undress First

A Japanese soldier who wants to surrender to United States troops in the Pacific must first take off all his clothes and advance in the nude, says Pet. Albert S. Vedovelli, a veteran of Guadalcanal.

Vedovelli, under treatment for shrapnel wounds, explained why: "U. S. soldiers have been fooled by treacherous Japs who feign surrender and then blow themselves and their captors to bits with hidden hand grenades."

Germans Ordered To "Scorch" Italy

Among documents captured by the Allies in Italy was an order to the Hermann Goring Engineer Battalion to carry out "a full scorched-earth program" in its withdrawal, Allied Headquarters said.

The German engineers were told to destroy all bridges, railway stations, water installations, and any other buildings of value to the Allies.

HOW YOUNG CANADIANS CAN HELP TO WIN THE WAR
I WANT BOTH OF YOU TO EAT A GOOD NOURISHING LUNCH EVERY DAY
-SO I'M GIVING YOU EACH A BIG JAM SANDWICH AND SOME CHEESE AND CHRISTIE'S BISCUITS
PROTECT THEIR FUTURE TOO...
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I FOUND A "BETTER WAY" TO CORRECT MY CONSTIPATION!
● 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.
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Bombs Bounce Off A Thatched Roof

Instead of going through a thick straw thatched roof, the bombs simply slide off and burn out harmlessly on the ground. This rather surprising discovery was made by people in Scotland following a bombing raid.

After the raid their friends asked them if any of the incendiaries had hit their home. They said some had. When people began to sympathize with them because they believed an incendiary bomb would burn up a thatched roof house, the people smiled indulgently.

They explained that the incendiaries had hit the thatch and it had been so resilient, the bomb had simply bounced and then skidded off to the ground. Where homes with ordinary roofs had had the bombs go through to start a blaze in the house, the owners of the thatched roof homes escaped harm from the incendiaries.

Stories Of Origin Of Word 'Canada'

From Indian Name, Says Letter in Peterborough Examiner

Sir:—It is pretty well accepted now that Canada comes from the Indian word "Kannata", meaning a cluster of huts or an Indian village. When Cartier returned to France from his first voyage to Canada in 1534 he took with him two little Indian boys whom he had captured at Gaspe. Their home was at Stadacona (Quebec), and when he brought them back they told him that their Kannata was a great village a long way up the big river (St. Lawrence). They talked a great deal about their Kannata, and Cartier seems to have got the idea that it was the name of the whole country.

There is another story that the Indians called all of Eastern Canada "Akka Nada" but the one about "Kannata" seems to be the accepted one. The Fathers of Confederation wanted to call it "The Kingdom of Canada" but the British Government objected to the word Kingdom as it would offend the United States who were very sore on England over their help to the South in the Civil War which had just ended, and perhaps also felt that Canada as a kingdom would be aspiring to equality with England. . . .

A. E. NELSON,
Inspector of Public Schools.
Stratford, Ont.

Scientists believe a great variety of flying cockroaches existed thousands of years ago.

STEADY NERVES ARE A BIG HELP TO GOOD LOOKS!
How in the world can a woman have charm and poise if she feels "all wound up" with nervous tension? On the other hand . . . calm, strong nerves actually give a woman poise and quiet nerves take the hard, tense look from her facial muscles. If nerves bother, treat them with rest, wholesome food, fewer activities, plenty of sunshine and fresh air. In the meantime take a nerve sedative . . . Dr. Miles Nervine. Nervine has helped scores of women who suffered from overtaxed nerves. Take Nervine according to directions to help relieve general nervousness, sleeplessness, nervous fears and nervous headache. Effervescing Nervine Tablets are 35c and 75c. Nervine Liquid: 25c and $1.00.

"It looks as if we cut it very fine indeed...German hopes of driving us into the sea with a bloody mop-up on the beaches must at times have been high."
Winston Churchill before the British House of Commons.
LESSON from Salerno
It's this:
The war isn't won yet. Disaster may stare us in the face again, just as it did at Salerno.
Victory will be ours—but it won't be a walk-over. Let us all make this our motto: "No letting up until the last shot is fired." For if we do let up, others will pay for it . . . with their lives.
Speed the Victory!
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