

BUY BONDS SPEED THE VICTORY

"SALUDA"

TO THE HILT

By
Fercival Christopher Wren

CHAPTER XXVII

There was a sudden rasp of steel and a whirl of dust as in one movement Basilian 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 scabbard point at Basilian's throat.

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

As with knee and rein Wendover again swung his horse, Basilian 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, Basilian 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 Basilian his point as he came up, and received that of Basilian through his left shoulder.

"Well, first blood to Basilian. 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 Basilian'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 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 break-neck 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 say those 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 footmen. . . . No. He is too big a man."

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

"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 Khairuzbad to the hills of Khairistan.

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 Hazeldigg with the intention of being best man, only to discover that Khan Shere Khan Khairuzbad had no intention whatsoever of yielding that office to any man on earth and that he was 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 seasonings 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 1/2 cup sugar, few grains of salt, 2 cups of cooked well-drained pumpkin, 1/2 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 welcome personal letters from interested readers, and always ready to return your "red" special means in order. Address: 23 West Avenue, St. Catharines, Ont. Enclosed, a self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

THE END

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 shot 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 there, 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 leaves and the newly gathered roots.

The very color of the pumpkin is as it should be, a deep orange, in our menu, for like all the other yellow good things to eat it contains many vitamins.

We like best the pumpkin we can ourselves—it seems to give man on earth 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.

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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 seen 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 a "delinquent," whereas in many cases the parents are more to blame than the child. There are, of course, children who are "bad" notwithstanding the best training at home, due perhaps to an atavistic inheritance. Parents may have poor social records themselves. But generally speaking the child who does not obey, or who runs wild sometimes, has simply lacked proper training. That respect the parents themselves have been "delinquent."

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

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 Sgt. 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."

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

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

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Picobac

It does taste good in a pipe!

GROWN IN SUNNY, SOUTHERN ONTARIO

Modern Etiquette

By: Roberta Lee

1. Who terminates the call in business telephoning, the person who calls or the person who is called?

2. Which is correct to use, "Mr. John Joseph Brown" or "Mr. J. J. Brown" for a visit or an invitation?

3. Is it improper at a large dinner to wait for the hostess to wait for everyone to be served before one begins to eat?

4. If it is necessary to remove a piece of bone from the mouth, while at the table, should one use a fork, spoon or napkin?

5. Is it proper for a man to leave an elevator first, if there are women in it?

6. What is the correct way to fold wedding invitations and announcements?

Answers

1. The person who puts in the call. However, if the call is of social matters, and the business of the person called is interfered with, that person may terminate the call. 2. The full name is the correct form. 3. No; you may begin eating as soon as you are served. 4. None of these things are correct. 5. Yes; if the elevator is crowded and he is at the door; otherwise he should step aside and allow the women to leave first. 6. Fold them so that the engraving is on the inside, and not on the outside.

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END OF THE LINE AT FOGGIA

Railroad traffic at the key junction of Foggia was somewhat disrupted by Allied raids that preceded the city's capture. This is how the Allied yards looked when the British Eighth Army moved in.

How Can I ? ?

By: Anne Ashley

Q—How can I take proper care of leather furniture?

A—To clean leather furniture add a little vinegar to warm water and then wipe dry. Restore the polish with two table-

spoonfuls of turpentine mixed with hies of two eggs, beaten slightly but not stiffly.

Q—How can I get rid of ants and roaches?

A—Wash the kitchen and pantry shelves and woodwork with a hot, strong solution of alum water, as a preventive against ants and roaches.