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TABLE TALKS SADIE B. CHAMBERS



A Luncheon Dish

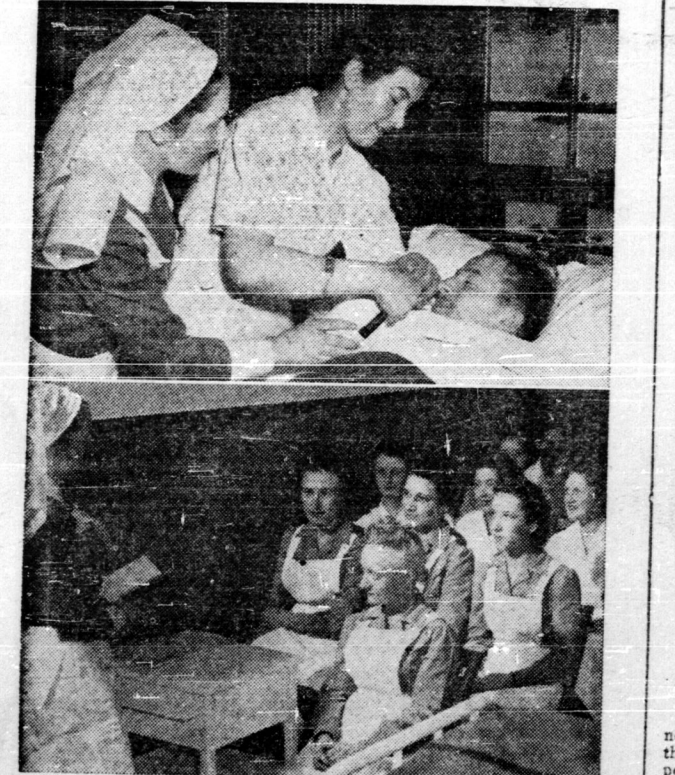
These Supper or Luncheon Dishes were sent to me by a friend, whose cookery ability ranks very high. I thought I would like to pass them on to you.

2 1/2-cz. pkg. spaghetti
3 quarts boiling water
3/4 cup butter (bacon fat, crisco, any kind)
1 green pepper
2 tsp. salt
1/2 cups mushrooms
1 tsp. sugar
1 lb. ground steak
3/4 cups tomatoes

Cover a 4-lb. piece of beef with 2 quarts cold water.
Dissolve:
1/2 cup salt
1 teaspoon salt
Few slices garlic if desired
2 teaspoons pickling spice
Pickle for 2 weeks. Keep well covered and in a cold place.
We had some of ours after being in brine only a week and it was grand. I used the thick end of brisket. It was quite fat, but the meat is tastier.
Cook the cabbage and vegetables in separate water.

London now has fewer than 5,000 taxis plying for hire; it is estimated that 4,000 have gone off the streets since 1929.

INSTITUTE NURSING COURSE FOR CWAC



The Canadian Women's Army Corps has expanded its activities again, this time in the field of nursing, with a course now being conducted at Chortley Park Military Hospital in Toronto. Twenty-five CWAC's from across the Dominion are taking the first course which will fit them to assume the duties of nursing orderlies on the same standard as male Army nursing orderlies. It is planned to ultimately train 150 CWAC's for this work.

Top-Cpl. M. Corbett, CWAC of Montreal, gives a drink of water to a bed-patient under the watchful eye of Lieut. Nursing Sister Elmer Pettit of Hamilton, Ont., instructor in charge of the course. Lower-Lieut. Pettit lectures to attentive CWAC's.

BLACK DAWN

CHAPTER XXV
SYNOPSIS

Dave Bruce, out of a job, arrives at Wilbur Ferris' Cross-Bar ranch. Curran, the foreman, promises him a job if he can break a horse called Black Dawn. When he succeeds, he discovers Curran expects the horse to kill him. A girl named Lois rides up, angry with Dave for breaking "her" horse. She refuses to speak to him even when he uses his savings to pay off the mortgage on the small ranch the share with her foster father, a man named Hooker. But when Hooker is shot and Dave is charged with murder, Lois saves him from being lynched. Wounded, she guides him to a mountain cave where she thinks they will be safe from Curran and the sheriff's posse. A quarrel between Ferris and Judge Longman reveals that Ferris had killed his partner, Blane Rowland, many years before. Thoroughly scared, Ferris takes Curran into his confidence. When Dave is

there was no moon Dave could see his way clearly in the light of the stars. He was descending from the last mesa to the range when suddenly he heard the sound of hooves. He drew rein and listened.

In another moment the riders came into sight, four men riding almost abreast. But these men wore riding breeches, or trousers tied at the knee, not chaps, and it was light enough to see that they were not hoodlums.

"Hold her there, feller!" shouted one of them, as he-spurred Dave rein in.

Dave sitting easily on the black, waited for the four to gallop up to him. There was no demand to dismount, but each of the four had his hand on his gun butt. It was the horse they recognized before the man.

"Black Dawn!" shouted the foreman.

"Yeah, Sims, and I'm Dave Bruce," answered Dave. "The sheriff told me this afternoon he'd got four deputies ridin' around the



away from the cave, Curran kidnapped Lois. Meanwhile Dave discovers a human skeleton with a bullet hole through the skull. When he later finds Lois gone he enlists the aid of Sheriff Coggswell, who is now convinced of his innocence. They go to the cabin where they have earned that Ferris and Curran have already brought Judge Longman there to kill him. Curran, however, double crosses Ferris and kills him instead, just as Dave and the sheriff arrive on the scene. In the fight that follows Curran escapes.

Dave dismounted again, ran to the body of Pedro, and bent down. A glance showed him that the man was dead. He ran back to Lois.

"I want yuh to try to make yore way along the trail back to the cave," he told her. "I'm gone after Curran, and there ain't no time for lose. If that snake gets away, there'll be no peace in the valley, no peace for you, darling. I got to go."

The night was clear, and though

meat. Well, I want yuh feller, and I want yuh pronto."

"Not so bad as I want yuh, Bruce," said Sims. "Yuh best put up yore hands. Yuh can't shoot it out with the four of us."

"Sims, yore head seemed kind of thick to me when I saw yuh in Mesqui," said Dave. "Sheriff Coggswell and me, we're here to arrest yuh. Yuh best put up yore hands."

Sims, who was swinging his gun in an arc about his head. Leaping forward, Dave sent one of his senseless to the ground. Sims swung his gun and knocked the other cold.

Two men flung themselves upon Dave. He was swinging his gun in an arc about his head. Leaping forward, Dave sent one of his senseless to the ground. Sims swung his gun and knocked the other cold.

"Thank, Bruce," he gasped.

Then Dave whistled as a man came breaking through toward him. It was Curran. The foreman had hung back, intending to let the Cross-Bar crowd do his fighting for him. But the sight of Dave had driven him mad with rage and transformed his face into the mask of a wild beast. He leaped, gun in hand, and snapped the trigger, the muzzle a foot from Dave's forehead.

"We got to git Curran, Sims," shouted one of the four. "That's what this hombre's jyn, but I'm for takin' a chance that chance Sims," said Dave grimly.

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The old route to North America and the Far East is a usual one. On it you fly from New York to Miami, then to South Atlantic to Acra, and thence across the Atlantic to Algiers, with the climatic eight-hour stop across the sea to Cairo.

But now an increasing number of Army Air Transport Command planes have been landing at American desert airfield after rest stop from New York to Acra, Casablanca, Algiers, and Cairo in little more than a half hour from take-off to landing.

The airport has been open five months. The command thinks nothing of putting on 400 or 500 transients overnight.

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His words were cut short as a gun cracked at a distance of fifty yards. The five had been sighted, but the Mexican who had fired prematurely had extinguished Curran's hopes of another ambush.

As they paused for an instant to jam in fresh cartridges, Curran's voice could be heard somewhere among the shadows, cursing his men. There came another volley.

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