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"SALADA"

● SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

THE STORY: A note, written by a man on the eve of his execution for murder, has brought Clyde Dawson to Chicago. Dawson, Canadian Intelligence Department investigator, is on the trail of spies operating against the R.A.F. Bomber Ferry Command. En route from Canada he has captured a would-be assassin, Paul Dexel, member of the spy gang. In Chicago Dawson finds a photo of an American soldier murdered by Lemoy Statler, the hanged man, in a rooming house where lives Carole Fisk, the mysterious girl referred to in Statler's cryptic note.

* * *

ON THE SPOT

CHAPTER VI

Dawson walked slowly to the fireplace and picked the photograph off the ledge for closer examination. Yes, those features were unmistakable — the four-inch scar on the left cheek had been retouched, as he could see by bending the photograph to the light.

The presence of the photo here placed the dead soldier squarely into the mystery, adding a further complication. Just where did he fit in with the girl Carole Fiske? His name—Dawson had to think twice before recalling it—was Private Bernard Skrol . . .

"What do you want?"

Dawson whipped around — he hadn't heard anyone coming along the hall. Framed in the archway leading into the room was a tall, heavy man with bushy eyebrows and harsh features. His unfriendly housekepeer who had let him in was almost startling. His right hand was buried deep in a sport jacket pocket.

"I came to see Miss Fiske."

"What about?"

Dawson laughed easily. "Well now, you are inquisitive—it's a personal message for Miss Fiske . . ."

"I know—you said a message from Lemoy," rasped the other. "Spill it, smart guy!"

Dawson's smile faded.

"Go plumb to hell!" he said simply.

The man took a step toward the investigator, lifting his hand in his right coat pocket suggestively. But he halted as a girl entered the room.

* * *

One glance told Dawson she was Carole Fiske—the girl of the executed Lemoy's snapshot.

"What's going on here, John?" her voice cut in sharply.

"This guy says he has a message for you from Lemoy—I told him he better speak up or else . ."

"Shut up, John, you're acting like a fool," she said. Then turning to Dawson, "Who are you?"

"You wouldn't know me by name —I just happened to meet Lemoy a few days ago in Halifax. When I mentioned that I had to visit Chicago on business for my company he asked me to give you a buzz and . . . must I tell him, too?" he pointed to the glowering John.

"Don't mind him, go on with the message!"

"Well-l-l, it wasn't much but I thought it might be nicer to drop around and see you in person. He said to tell you the other half of the reunion date couldn't make it but he really missed her—and plenty. That was all except . . ." Dawson grinned, "that he warned me you are NOT Hedy Lamaar."

"Was there nothing else? Did he say where he was going?"

"No," shrugged Dawson. "He apparently wasn't sure where he would be going. He gave me the impression it would be a long trip. A swell fellow, Lemoy, I liked him very . . ."

"You're a liar!" snarled the man called John.

* * *

His role of good-natured salesman vanished in a surge of hatred. With one quick step he came within range and his right fist lashed out with sledge-hammer force. John crashed over backwards, one of the old-fashioned chairs breaking under his weight. As he hit the floor, Dawson dived—one hand clutching the downed man's throat while a knee pinned the pocketed hand on the floor.

"When I lift my knee," he growled into John's ear, "pull out that hand—empty—or I'll flatten that nose on your ugly face." His knee lifted a few inches and John's hand slid slowly out of the pocket.

With a quick flip, Dawson rolled the big fellow on his side, dipped into his jacket and came out with a black automatic. Straightening up, he gave his clothes a quick brushing and walked to the girl.

"When I go," he said, handing her the gun, "give this back to your boy friend—better advise him to stop playing with this thing." His tone lowered, "I'll be at the Eddington Hotel."

Back in his hotel room, Dawson let the cold water tap run on the bleeding knuckles of his hand.

The girl interested Dawson. Of course, he had had little time to study her and the conversation had been limited. But she was really a beautiful creature. And from what he had been able to judge she didn't seem the hard type. Yet she was sure of herself.

Of one thing, however, Dawson was certain—she would get in touch with him somehow, here at the hotel. He couldn't have said enough to do more than arouse her interest about Lemoy yet . . . what made John so positive that Dawson had been lying?

Could he have heard of Lemoy's death? That was hardly likely. Everything had been closely supervised in Newfoundland. Anyway, he had said he met Dawson in Halifax . . . ah, that was probably it—John knew Lemoy had not been in Halifax "a few days ago"!

Even so, the girl would ponder over the visit of the friendly salesman and wonder if, perhaps, he really had met Lemoy in Halifax . . . the telephone cut shrilly into the room's silence.

* * *

Dawson controlled the excitement in his voice as he picked up the receiver. It was the girl.

"I'm sorry about this evening," she said in a low tone. "I would . . ."

"Think nothing of it, Miss Fiske," laughed Dawson. "How's John feeling?"

"Please . . . I would rather not discuss it now. May I meet you and have a talk tonight?"

"Certainly . . . anywhere and anytime."

"Thank you," she paused for an instant. "Then let us make it 9.30 at Cottage Grove and 95th street —you see, I'm afraid the Eddington might be watched and I . . ."

"I understand, Miss Fiske," Dawson interrupted. "Nine-thirty it will be. I'll slip out the rear way just in case anybody follows me and spots you. Right?"

"Right," she replied and hung up.

It was 9.15 when Dawson put on his coat and hat. As an afterthought, he reached into his suitcase and took out a revolver which he examined swiftly before dropping it into an outside pocket.

Taking the stairs with the red fire lights, he found his way to the ground floor. Unobserved, he came to a double door with a bolt and spring lock on the inside. Sliding back the bolt, he turned the lock and one of the doors opened onto a paved lane.

* * *

Dawson stepped out, turning around to pull the door shut behind him. As he did so, he heard an automobile's gears grind and a motor spring to life. From the corner of one eye he saw a brown mass rushing along the lane and the flash of a gun . . . Dawson plunged headlong to the narrow sidewalk from the second step, bullets whistling into the heavy glass of the double door!

It all happened in a spit-second but Dawson was on one knee as the rear wheels passed . . . like a sprinter at a track meet he dashed after the car and leapt onto the rear bumper, grabbing madly at the trunk.

He just had time for one glance through the rear glass before the car lurched with tires screaming around a corner and Dawson tumbled hard to the street, rolling to a stop in the gutter.

Blood was streaming down his face and he knew his knee had been hurt but he didn't even hear the chatter of the curious crowd gathering around as he rose painfully to his feet. Burning into his mind was what he had seen in that one flashing glimpse through the auto window . . . two men in the front seat and between them —looking back directly into his eyes—the mysterious Carole Fiske. It had been a death trap and she had put him on the spot!

(Continued Next Week)

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WHITE 'GOLD'

Pickaninny in Raleigh, N. C., fondles fluffy white cotton bolls happily as price soars to 20 cents a pound, highest since '27.

Holds Permit To Fly Over Japan

Believed to be the only American holding a permit to fly over Tokio is Major Art Goebels, who has just received his diploma from the Bombardiers' School at Midlands, Texas, America's Alertsmen reports. He received the honorary permit from the govenment of Japan when he made a goodwill flight there more than two years ago.

He plans to use the permit in the very near future.

JUNIOR MISS STYLE

By Anne Adams

There's a military-trim air to this fitted junior miss style, Pattern 4221. Anne Adams has given it "front line" novelty in a smart side-front buttoning that squares-off into the skirt panel. The neckline may be round or V-shaped.

Pattern 4221 is available in junior miss sizes 11, 13, 15, 17. Size 13 takes 3⅜ yards 39-inch.

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 and style number.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Requests

Seafood Casserole

Sometime ago we wrote in this column about a dinner cooked all in one dish. This is a fish dinner and is suitable for Fridays and other fast days and presents a solution for economy and labor saving.

The answer is as easy as one, two, three — first quality canned fish, a medley of vegetables, and buoyant biscuits keeping every thing shipshape.

Pare and dice enough potatoes to measure 2½ cups. Plunge these into boiling salted water and add immediately 1 chopped onion and ½ cup chopped raw celery. Cook until tender and drain. Save the vegetable stock to use later in the recipe.

Next will be required 1½ cups flaked fish. When you have drained off the oil and flaked the fish mix it with ¾ cup canned peas, ½ pimento cut in strips, and one eighth teaspoon pepper. Stir in the cooked vegetables (potatoes, celery and onion).

Grease a 1½ quart heat resistant glass baking dish. Place in it the fish mixture and pour over it ½ cup cegetable stock and ½ cup milk perked up with a few drops of lemon juice. Use a fork to blend the liquid and solid into a smooth texture. Dot with bits of butter using in all two tablespoons.

That is almost a meal right there. But fluffy sea-going biscuits crowning such glory will turn any dinner into a gala event. Use your favorite biscuit recipe. Cut dough into small biscuits and arrange on top of the fish mixture. Place in hot oven for about 20 minutes. When the biscuits are brown rush this hot pungent dish to the table.

Just one thing more,—do not forget a glass of that tart currant jelly.

Peanut Loaf

1 cup freshly ground peanuts
1 cup mashed potatoes
1 cup bread crumbs
1 egg
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon butter

Combine the peanuts, potatoes or rice if desired, and bread crumbs. Beat the egg; add milk and the seasonings. Add to the first mixture. Add melted butter and place in a greased loaf tin. Set in a pan of water and bake in an oven of 350°F. for about 35 minutes. Serve at once with well-seasoned tomato sauce.

Delicate Orange Pudding

4 slices bread
2 tablespoons butter
Pulp from 2 navel oranges (1 cup)
3 eggs
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons grated orange peel
½ cup milk

Butter bread and cut in cubes. Place in buttered casserole or custard cups with orange pulp. Beat whites of eggs until stiff, add sugar and continue beating until well blended. Add egg yolks and then add milk; stir into beaten egg whites. Pour over bread and oranges and bake in moderate oven 350°F. about 40 minutes.

Fruit Scones

2 cups sifted cake flour
2¼ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoons butter
1½ teaspoons grated orange rind
½ cup finely chopped seedless raisins
2 eggs
⅓ cup light cream

Sift flour once and measure; add baking powder, salt and sugar, then sift again. Cut in shortening. Add raisins and orange. Reserve about one-third of the egg white for glaze. Beat the remaining eggs well and add the cream. Add all at once to the flour mixture and stir until flour is dampened. Then stir vigorously until mixture forms a soft dough and follows spoon around the bowl. Turn out at once on slightly floured board and knead for ½ minute. Roll ½ inch thick and cut in triangles. Place on ungreased baking sheet. Beat top lightly with reserved egg white slightly beaten. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Corn Syrup Cookies

1 cup corn syrup
½ cup brown sugar
1 cup butter
2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
3½ cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ cup top milk
1 cup chopped raisins

Cream sugar and butter and add corn syrup. Add eggs and beat well. Add vanilla and salt. Alternately with milk add the flour mixture into which has been sifted the soda, salt and baking powder. Lastly add the raisins and stir batter well. Drop by spoonfuls on greased cookie pan. Flatten out thin and sprinkle with nutmeats. Bake in moderate oven about 12 minutes.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is vm ready to listen to your tipet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

New Blouses Show Variety In Style

Blouses have truly come into their own this year. Their variety in style makes it possible to change the look of that basic suit to fit almost any occasion. An extra skirt or two takes away the almost.

The new fall blouses offer quite a departure from the classic shirt theme, although that is still the big volume seller.

Two practical considerations have been taken into account this season. One is the return of the over-blouse for the woman who desires the effect of a two-piece dress. The other is the use of warm fabrics in varied styles. Wartime jersey, 65 percent wool and 35 percent cotton, is one of the newly developed fabrics which is extensively used.

Looped wool fringe, lace, novel lingerie trimming and spangles add distinctive touches.

Wooden Ships

In these days of steel ships the extent to which the British forests of oak were reduced to provide ships to fight the wars of other days is not often appreciated. From keel to completion one "wooden wall" would require a forest to itself. Two thousand oak trees at least 100 years old had to be felled for a warship of Nelson's time.

HOUSOLDIERS— *Attention!*

Here's the Answer to Your Question

If you cannot get Crown Brand Syrup from your favourite grocer now and then, here is the reason. Because "Crown Brand" in addition to its other uses is being very generally used to help supplement the supply of sugar in Canadian Homes, the demand has increased tremendously.

Though there has been a much greater amount of Crown Brand syrup produced this year, even this increased supply cannot cope with the shortage of millions of pounds of sugar.

Don't hoard . . . buy normally . . . we are making every effort to supply the increased demand, and your grocer will do his best to fill your needs.

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ROLL OUT THE APPLE BARREL

Recipes-of-the-Month Call for the "King of Fruits" in Late Fall Desserts

By BARBARA B. BROOKS

Spring has its young lamb and tender greens, summer its berries, but autumn can call the Apple, king of fruits, its own. A year-round favourite, the apple is at its juiciest in the late fall when it reaches the market straight from the ripening orchards. Once in the kitchen, the apple starts on a brilliant career of tasty, pungent-smelling dishes.

Three new apple recipes that will win laurels at any table are Apple Flake Betty — a crispy combination of corn flakes and apples in a simple yet satisfying pudding; Apple Crunch, another apple-inspired dessert and the last word in pies — Apple Pie Moderne. Below are the recipes.

Apple Flake Betty

5 cups corn flakes
3 cups sliced apples
¾ cup sugar, granulated or brown
cinnamon
3 tablespoons butter

Put layer of corn flakes in buttered casserole. Cover with layer of apples. Add half the sugar; sprinkle with cinnamon and dot with a third of the butter. Add another layer of corn flakes, remaining apples and sugar. Sprinkle with cinnamon and dot with more butter. Put layer corn flakes on top; dot with remaining butter and sprinkle with a little sugar. Cover casserole and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 35 minutes or until apples are soft. Serve hot or cold with cream.

Yield: 6 servings.

Note: Add about 2 tablespoons water to strudel before baking if apples are not juicy. Sprinkle a few drops lemon juice over apples if they are not tart.

Apple Crunch

6 cups sliced tart apples
1¼ cups light brown sugar
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
4 cups corn flakes
½ cup melted butter

Arrange apples in baking dish. Cover with one cup of brown sugar, nutmeg and lemon rind. Roll corn flakes into fine crumbs and combine with remaining sugar and butter. Sprinkle on top of apples. Bake in moderate oven (350-375°F.) about forty-five minutes or until apples are done. Serve with cream.

Yield: 6 servings (9 x 9-inch dish).

Apple Pie Moderne

6 cups corn flakes (1½ cups fine crumbs)
1 quart pared, sliced apples
½ cup sugar
½ cup butter
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons butter

Roll corn flakes into fine crumbs. Melt butter, add sugar gradually and mix with crumbs. Reserve ⅓ this mixture; press the rest evenly over bottom and sides of pie pan.

Fill pie shell with apples; sprinkle with ½ cup sugar mixed with cinnamon. Dot with 2 tablespoons butter; sprinkle remaining crumbs over top and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) for ½ hour, reduce heat to 300°F. and bake 1 hour longer, until apples are tender.

Yield: One 9-inch pie.

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4 OZ. SIZE MAKES 50 CUPS
8 OZ. SIZE MAKES 100

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