TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Some Mushroom Suggestions

We feel that the fine quality of mushrooms on the market just now entitiles them to our respectful attention. Here are one or two recipes worthy of the best efforts of the best mushrooms and the best cooks.

Mushrooms Au Gratin

½ lb. mushrooms
1 sliced onion
2 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup mushroom stock made from stems
½ cup bread crumbs
dash of pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon butter
½ teaspoon salt
juice of one lemon

Peel mushrooms and sprinkle salt over them to extract the water. Fry onion in shortening; add flour and brown; add stock and then seasonings; cook until it is thickened. Drain mushrooms and add to the sauce. Place in baking dish, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and bake until crumbs are slightly browned.

Rice with Mushrooms

1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
2 tablespoons chopped carrot
2 tablespoons chopped celery
5 tablespoons butter or oil
½ cup hot water
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
10 small fresh mushrooms
¾ cup rice
3 cups hot water
¼ cup grated cheese

Mix together onion, parsley, celery and carrot. Put in saucepan with two tablespoons of oil, and cook about 7 minutes. Add hot water, salt and pepper. Cut mushrooms into small pieces and add to the sauce. Simmer 20 minutes. Place 3 tablespoons oil in pan; add rice and saute until rice is dry and brown. Add 3 cups of hot water gradually and simmer 12 minutes. Cook until rice is tender. Add grated cheese just before serving. Serves 4.

Mushroom and Egg Stuffing

2 cups bread crumbs
stock or water to moisten
2 inch cube of fat salt pork (finely chopped)
1 hard cooked egg
½ lb. mushrooms (sliced and sauted in butter)
Salt and pepper
¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning

The amount of mushroom may be varied. This recipe makes 3 cups. When making for turkey of ten to twelve lbs. use 10 cups of bread crumbs and add 1 beaten egg.

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.

ISSUE 14—1944

ARMY NURSING HEAD

Principal Matron (Major) Dorothy I. MacRae, R.R.C. of Gould, Que., whose appointment as Matron in Chief of the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps Nursing Service and promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel has been announced. She succeeds Colonel Elizabeth L. Smellie, C. B. E., R. R. C. whose retirement from the R.C.A.M.C. and return to the Victorian Order of Nurses for Canada took place on March 23.

Hydro May Build More Rural Lines

Three hundred miles of rural Hydro lines will be constructed in Ontario next summer if the problems of labor and materials do not interfere with the program, Hydro Chairman George Challies (P.C., Grenville-Dundas) informed the Legislature recently.

Mr. Challies said the commission has accepted 4,000 farm contracts and 2,000 urban contracts for electrical services, the largest volume in the history of the Province for a like period.

"Last year 44 miles of rural Hydro line were constructed," said Mr. Challies. "We are asking the Dominion authorities to let us construct 300 miles of rural line this summer. If we can get labor and materials we will carry out this program as fast as possible."

In reply to an Opposition question, Mr. Challies said the 300-mile program would be divided among all parts of the Province on the basis of need. Abolition of the rural service charge would result in a possible loss of revenue to the commission of $527,000, but increased use of power would offset that, it was explained.

Stubborn Dutch

When the captain of a Netherlands coastal vessel now operating in a British port received a remark about the extremely soiled flag he was flying, he replied: "With this flag I left the Netherlands during the invasion. I will not take it down till Holland is free again. Then my wife can launder it as she always did." — The Netherlands Government Information Bureau, Montreal.

BLACK DAWN

By VICTOR ROSSEAU

CHAPTER XXIII

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 expected 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 she shares 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 Lonergan reveals that Ferris had killed his partner, Blane Rowland, many years before. Thoroughly scared, Ferris takes Curran into his confidence. When Dave is away from the cave, Curran kidnaps Lois. Meanwhile Dave discovers a human skeleton with a bullet hole through the skull. When he later finds Lois gone, he heads straight for Hooker's ranch and there finds Sheriff Coggswell. He convinces Coggswell of his innocence and together they start for the cabin where they have learned Lois is being held prisoner and where unknown to them, Ferris and Curran are plannig to kill Judge Lonergan.

Lonergan sat down with a scowl. "I've got no time to waste, Ferris," he said in his most judicial manner.. "I consented to come here and talk with you, because Curran told me you had something here to show me. .Well, where is it, and what's the point of it all?"

Curran winked at Ferris as he stood behind Lonergan's back. Lonergan went on:

"I understand you're willing to accept my offer.. But what is it that you've got to show me here?"

"Here's what I got to show yuh, Lonergan!" shouted the ranchman, suddenly drawing a revolver from his armpit. "Desperate? Yeah, and you miscalculated, because you trusted the wrong party when you let Curran bring you here. You've hounded me too long, Lonergan. I warned you the other day in Mescal.. Now you're going to sign an agreement making over to me all yore claims on the Cross-Bar, or I'll kill you!"

* * *

Lonergan had sprung to his feet. But Curran was at his side, covering him too. The foreman stepped forward and drew a revolver from Longergan's pocket.

"That's right, Lonergan," grinned Curran. "You slipped up some when yuh come here. Now set down and sign the paper on this table. Yuh don't need to read it. All yuh got to do is to affix yore signature. Mr. Ferris and me will do the rest."

"And suppose I do sign," said Lonergan, apparently weakening, "how do I know you're not planning to kill me afterward?"

"Kil yuh, Mr. Lonergan?" jeered Curran. "Why, we ain't murderers, and you and Ferris has got too much on each other to make it seemly for to kill yuh. He's just aimin' to git back what yuh took from him by the processes of fraud. Nobody won't interfere with yuh arter we got yore name signed. Yuh can ride straight home."

With a shrug of his shoulders Lonergan gave in. "My pen's in my saddle-flap with some papers," he announced.

"That's all right, Mr. Lonergan," said Curran. "Mr. Ferris and me will just accompany yuh outside and help yuh find it. Keep him covered, Ferris. I guess he's full of tricks."

* * *

Lonergan moved slowly out of the cabin to where his horse was standing, a little beyond the others, the reins thrown over the stump of a tree. He lifted the flap of his saddle and affected to be looking for the pen. Curran, who was standing beside Ferris, interposed.

"You was speakin' of killin' judge," he said, "and that sure hurt my feelings and Mr. Ferris.. Besides which, there was a little misunderstandin'. We got the funeral staged all right, but we ain't got the right corpse."

Lonergan turned around. "Just what do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"You!" shouted Curran—not at Lonergan but at the ranchman.

With a bound he was upon Ferris, and had twisted the revolver out of his hand. At the same instant Lonergan's hand appeared from the flap of the saddle, holding another gun in it.

In the brief interval before the shots that followed, Ferris saw the trap, and understood that he had foreseen Curran's treachery quite well, in the depths of his subconsciousness. He screamed twice as the two heavy slugs from the guns of Lonergan and Curran ploughed their way through the upper part of his body, reeled, and dropped like a log down the slope into the ravine.

* * *

Curran fired a second shot as Ferris' body was in the act of falling and turned to his companion with a grin.

"Well, there's one hombre won't make no more trouble," he said. "I'll spade him under in the mornin'."

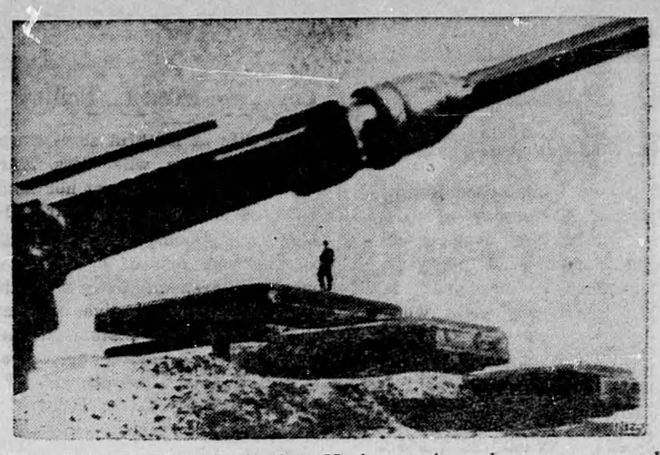
But Lonergan was shaking. "Get me that drink, Curran," he said. "Why did you make that play? There were moments when I wasn't sure you were not double-crossing me."

"Double-crossin' yuh, Mr. Lonergan? Why, I thought yuh had more confidence in me than that," replied the foreman. "I made that play so as that girl inside wouldn't know just what was happenin'. Ferris had to go. He was gittin' too wise. It sure was hard to keep from laughin', him thinkin' it was you who was goin' to be bumped off instead of himself. What's that?"

(Continued Next Week)

"Lois!" His voice went out in a cry of fury.

INVASION BLOCKADE?



Framed by the barrel of what Nazis say is a long-range coastal defense gun, are concrete fortifications built by Germans along English Channel "invasion coast." Photo from neutral sources.

Flak Suits Given Airmen In Pacific

The flak suit has arrived in the South Pacific airfields and while it is an uncomfortable item of haberdashery the boys are glad to have it.

It is a sleeveless shoulders-to-hips packet containing sheets of armor plate fabricated into soft, spongy material which itself has some shock-absorption qualities.

Bomber crews wear them only over a target where the ack-ack is heavy and as soon as they are out of range they remove them. The garments weigh around 40 pounds.

A navigator in a B-25, says he knows of only one instance in which a man was saved by a flak suit—"but one was enough to convince me they're worth wearing."

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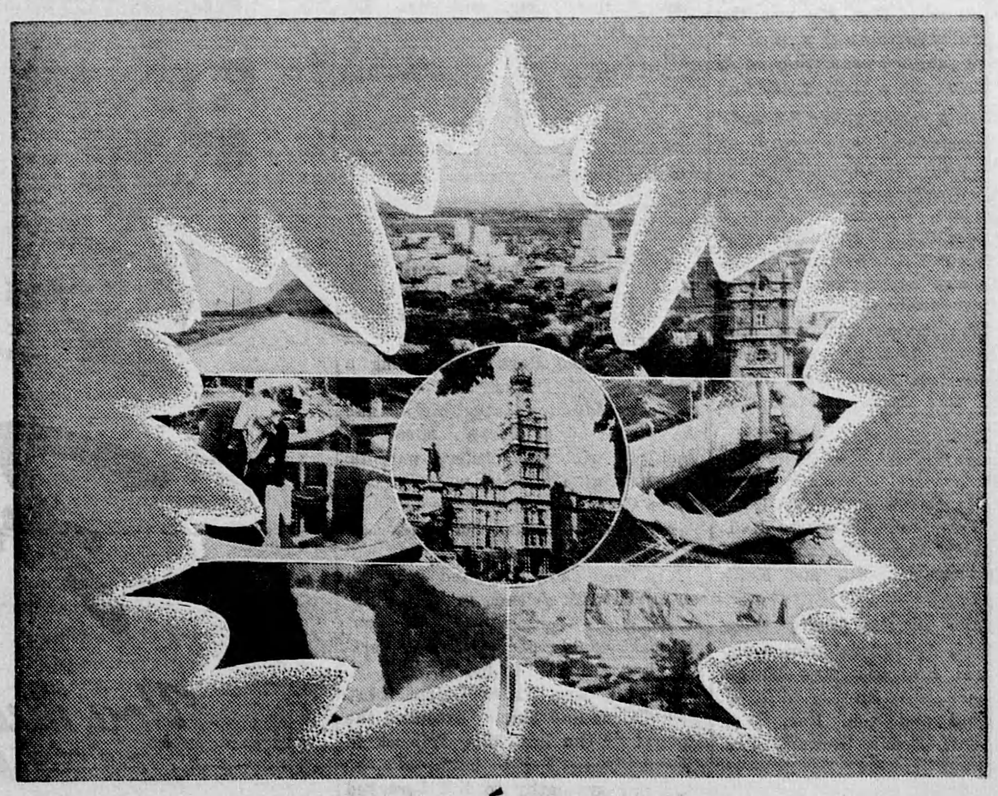

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