The Flying Courier

by Boyd Cable

SYNOPSIS.

At Croydon aerodrome, Glynn Elliman, pilot of the Indian Air Mail liner, meets Norah Seaman. At the last minute Glynn is ordered to stand by for a special job. The Prince of Napatala is ill in London and in haste to return to India, where his father has died. He must be present to claim the throne, which his half-brother, "The Vulture," plots to seize.

Glyn receives secret orders at the office of Airways, and at the Prince's house he gets instructions to fly a new machine to London from the factory for the Prince's use. Agents of the Vulture in London track Glynn to the factory. The doctors refuse to allow the Prince to fly to India. As a last resort, and in the hope it may tide over the situation until he can travel, the Prince decides to have a short talking film made of himself reading the Proclamation of Inheritance.

CHAPTER IV.

The manager of the News Reel Department of a leading firm of London film producers was chatting in his office, at the studios, with a press man from one of the dailies when the telephone rang.

"Yes?" he answered. "This is News Reel department. Who is speaking? . . . I beg pardon. I didn't catch. . . Prince of—of what? . . . Do you mind spelling it, please." He picked up pencil and pad and wrote the letters down as he got them and repeating each one back. "N—A—P—A—L—A—T—A. Oh, yes, I have it now—the Prince of Napalata."

He listened carefully to what followed, gave immediate assurances that he'd be delighted, that it could be arranged at once, and a mobile recording outfit would be on the way almost at once. The business finished, he turned to the press man.

"I don't know if you got the gist of what was said," he suggested. "But if you gathered that we've been asked to send a recording outfit to a certain gentleman, you must please treat is as confidential."

"Sounds as if there might be a story in it," said the press man. 'Can't you let me use it?"

But the manager was emphatic that he could not—at least, not without permission, although if that could be got, he had no objection so far as the firm was concerned.

"Then I'll let the editor know, and I daresay he'll get the permission all right. If not, you can count on it we're mum."

The editor did get it. He and other editors of the London press had been doing a good deal to oblige the Prince in the way of publishing such paragraphs and pictures as were offered, and having them cabled to Indian correspondents in the hope that the people of Napalata might be creditably informed their Prince as alive and certain to recover. A polite request that publication should be permitted of whatever news the Prince had about film matters, was conceded by the Prince after a few words with his equerry and secretary.

"I should suggest, your Highness," said the Secretary, "that you invite several of the press to be present and see the film being made. They will cable the news of it, and it should help to allay any doubt in Napalata of it being genuine when the film arrives."

"And as your Highness remarked," said the equerry, "the legality of such a method of making a proclamation will give them plenty to argue about out there in the meantime instead of fighting about rival claimants."

So the press was represented in force at the scene which was staged in the Prince's bedroom. He was propped up in bed with his secretary and equerry by the head of it, the portable lights full on them, and the microphone in the Prince's hand.

The cameras were first focussed on the Prince alone, giving a close view of him from the waist up, dressed in his full royal robes. He lifted the microphone and spoke slowly and clearly, reading from the paper his secretary handed him.

"I, the Prince and Rajah of Napalata, and eldest son of my father, speak this message to my priests and people that they may know me and my voice and give the lie to those who say I am dead or dying. Many of you will know me—others will know these who are with me. . ."

Here the cameras widened the scope of their view to take in the secretary and equerry, who, in turn, gave their names and swore it was the Prince who spoke on this, the tenth day before the Day of the Feast. Then the cameras returned to the close view of the Prince and he continued in the language of his people:—

"Look now ye priests and people. Look upon my face, hearken unto my voice that so ye may know me. Behold me and hear me making proclamation within the lawful seventy days, as reigning Prince and Rajah of Napalata, Head of my House . . . ."

He went on to take the oath of Proclamation in the prescribed form, and at the end of it the secretary and equerry held out to him the hilts of their swords which he touched in turn with the formal words of the "touch and remit" acceptance of fealty and service.

Next morning, the story was blazed over all the leading pictures with plenteous illustrations, and even before then it had flashed over the cables to India with the Prince's speech given verbatim, and an accompanying picturesque account of the scene in the bedroom.

In the office of Stefan and his accomplices that morning there was dire consternation at the news. At first they tried to concoct plans to cable messages that would discredit the film. report that it was a fake and the work of a clever actor. But it was too doubtful if this would work in view of the fact that many would recognize both the Prince and his voice as well as the two with him who were well known in Napalata.

"Wait, wait," said Stefan angrily, stilling the babel of talk. "First we have the clear meaning of this film being made."

"Yes, that the Prince is not yet allowed by the doctors to fly to India," said Michel, "so he will send this film instead, in the hope it may serve."

One of the Indians there broke in that it could not be held a legal proclamation, another questioned this, and Stefan again had to shout at them for silence.

"Because he has made the Proclamation," he ent on, "he intends it to be spoken by the Talk Film on or before the Day of the Feast—"

"And to do that it must be sent by air," cried Michel eagerly.

"And we know the man and machine waiting ready to take it," said the man Max calmly. "It is merely that we have to stop him instead of the Prince's arrival."

"Exactly," said Stefan, and there was an answering chorus of approval.

"And the cables can go as we proposed," said Michel thoughtfully. "We let our master know what has happened, and advise him to report that the film is a cheat, made by an actor as the priests will readily detect when they see and hear the imposture."

Stefan rubbed his hands joyfully. "Then when they have to say the film has not arrived, it will be thought true it was a cheat and dared not be shown."

"It will start the fire," said Michel complacently, "and our master will have the advantage of being ready for the blaze."

"But here is the vital point of the whole matter," said Stefan warningly. "There must be no possibility of the film arriving."

"This pilot will fly faster and in longer stages alone," said Michel thoughtfully. "Our master will have his agents watching at the different air ports, but they will not know the pilot as they would the Prince."

"We have described the machine," Stefan reminded him, "and the agents will know to watch for it."

"Let me cripple it here," suggested Max. "I have planned how I can get into the shed; or if it is out on the ground, I could empty a pistol into the engine, driving past in a fast car."

"Or better," amended Michel, "if you can get at it secretly in the shed for a few minutes, could you loosen or remove something that would make it wreck in starting or alighting?"

Max smiled derisively. "Easily," he boasted. "If you'd like the pilot wrecked with the machine, it is simple."

"It might be best," said Michel thoughtfully.

"Certainly the best," agreed Stefan. "It will cause more delay to find another machine and another pilot, and delay may make it too late for the Day of the Feast."

"Then I go to the aerodrome," said Max, rising. "I'll want the fast car and driver."

CHAPTER V.

Glynn Elliman was reading the morning paper's account of the Prince's filming, and wondering how or whether it was to affect the plan for him to fly the Prince to India, or merely postpone it. He had little idea how it had changed the plans of the plotters, especially with regard to himself and the Syntax waiting ready in the hangar.

The film producers worked with commendable speed, and by noon the equerry and secretary had seen and heard the film run through in the studio projection room, and had hurried to report its excellence to the Prince.

"Your Higness may be assured," said the secretary enthusiastically, "it could not be better. No man who knows you can fail to recognize your face and voice."

The equerry held out two small tins, each measuring only a few inches across. "We brought duplicate copies, and, as your Higness sees, they are small and conveniently portable. See it goes in a pocket easily," and he slipped one flat round tin into his jacket pocket.

"Get a small strong despatch case with a good lock," directed the Prince. "It will be more convenient for the messenger."

There was more hanging on that simple order than any of them could have suspected. In the first place it may have saved Glynn Elliman having a broken neck and a wrecked machine that day, and in the second it was to put his life in deadly peril over and over again within the next few days.

(To be continued.)

Civilization Follows the Cook

The Danes, who take their task of administering Greenland with proper gravity, have decided to brighten up the art of cooking among the Eskimos. To that end they have published a special cookery book for use in Greenland. Hitherto, according to the Boston Transcript, the Eskimo housewife has served simple menus restricting the cooking utensils in her in her igloo to three—a meat knife, a kettle and a walrus-oil lamp. Walrus blubber is said to be the main diet of Greenland.

We hasten to pay tribute to the noble literature of the cookery books. We agree, in the words of the old saw, that civilized men cannot live without cooks. What a debt we owe to Sister Mary Edith, to Fanny Farmer and her Boston Cook Book, and to the incomparable Mrs. Beeton. For how many of us has marriage been made more complete by timely reference to "French Household Cooking" and "Catering for Two"?

Naturally, we applaud the Danes for their introduction of cookery books to Greenland. At the same time we have one reservation in our mind. Forgetting the walrus bludder, this simplified cooking now in vogue in Greenland has its uses. Montreal bachelors and grass widowers whose wives go to the seaside in summer are looking for just such a diet as would reduce kitchen implements (later to be washed up) to three. We fear that the unblessed among us will be more interested in the native simplicity of Eskimo cooking than in the splendours of the new Greenland cook book.—Montreal Daily Star.

'33 AND '34

Forgotten is old '33 when '34 comes in,
For '34 is fresh and clean without a single sin
Without a blemish or a tear, without a single blot
Without an ugly word or deed without an ugly thought.

Remember when old '33 was young and gay and sweet,
And laughter echoed in her eyes and music charmed her feet,
Remember how her mass of hair flowed out in golden waves
And we were all quite willing then to be her humble slaves.

'Tis sad, that we should all forget when days melt into weeks
And weeks run into hurried months and every hour peeks
Around the corner just to see what's coming down the line
That '33 will sometimes, her honor post resign.
I wonder if we'd take the time to count our values up
If some of us would simply find an empty dark-rimmed cup
Yet '33 was fair with us, she gave us all our try
Now '34 begs everyone to make her smile not cry.

—Naida Boughner in the Simcoe Reformer.

Gems from Life's Scrap-Book

Truth

"Truth is mighty and it will prevail."—Esdras.

"Truth is the summit of being."—Emerson.

"The truth of truths is love."—Bailey.

"No situation is beyond the power of God. Truth is ever present, and there is always a way for Truth to dispel error of every kind."—Christian Science Sentinel.

"Truth is more than a dream and a song."—Schiller.

"To truth belongs freedom."—Richter.

"Truth illuminates and gives joy."—Mathew Arnold

"Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam."—Milton.

Profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debt; that is, fetters them with irons that enter into their souls.—Dr. Johnson.

"SALADA" TEA

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Unvarying Quality — *Fresh from the Gardens*

Dickens Manuscript Fetches Huge Sum

Publisher Pay $15 Per Word for Dickens' Story of Christ's Life Written for His Children

London. — Eighty-five years ago Charles Dickens, father of six small children, sat down to answer their eager questions on religion.

The man who made Oliver Twist and Micawber and Scrooge and all the others never to be forgotten, penned for his brood 14,000 words and called it "The Life of Our Lord."

Into it he wrote his own affirmation of the faith in the scriptures and the message which, as a father, he wished to impart to the six young Dickens. He wrote in simple words and phrasee, so that even Alfred, the youngest might understand.

The finished work was given to the children. Through the years it remained the one Dickens manuscript which the public never saw. It was neither exhibited nor published.

$15 Per Word

But a few weeks after the death of Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, last of Dickens' children, announcement was made that this work which the famous author wrote for six small children instead of his countless thousands of readers, had been sold for the staggering price of $15 per word.

The story of the manuscript, beginning with its inspiration in the children, gathered around their father years ago wanting to know "who is God," "where is heaven" and "who lives there" is as intensely human as many of the episodes of Dickens' published writings. It emphasizes Dickens' own faith. Once, when Dickens' youngest son, Alfred, was leaving for Australia, Dickens wrote to him.

"I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reason, and with the very same hope that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child—because it is the best book that ever was, or will be, known to the world."

Shielded From Public

On the death of Dickens the treasured account of Christ's life, passed to Georgina Hogarth, sister-in-law of the author. It continued to be shielded from the public and to be reserved only for the eyes of the children of the Dickens family and their children.

Upon her death the manuscript was bequeathed to Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, one of the six children for whom it was written, but with the condition that it never should be published as long as any of the Dickens children survived.

Sir Henry died as the result of a traffic accident, just before the Christmas holidays. The manuscript, a part of his estate and now yellow with age, but still laden with the same thoughtful, simple message, became subject to the discretion of his widow and his children. By a majority decision they decided that at last it should be given to the public.

Word that the manuscript would be published precipitated a wild scramble among editors and publishers who realized its tremendous value. Airplanes, the trans-Atlantic telephone and the cables were called upon as the means of carrying their offers and conducting the negotiations. The price was bid up and up.

The manuscript itself remains protected in a bank vault—a collector's item of tremendous worth beyound its value for publication.

Canada doubled its exports of bacon and ham this year as compared with 1932. The exports of live cattle were over twice as great. The exports of eggs in the shell increased seven fold. Cheese exports were down.

Are You WEARY?

Do you find it hard to do things some days? Days when body and brain feel oppressed? Incomplete elimination of body wastes is probably the reason. It is most likely the reason even though you are as regular as can be in your daily habits, because regularity is no guarantee of completeness. Follow these simple health rules: Eat moderately, sleep sufficiently, get lots of fresh air and exercise—and once or twice every week take a bracing, sparkling glass of Andrews Liver Salt. Andrews will purify and invigorate your whole system and help Nature end those tired, "headachey" days. Get Andrews Liver Salt from your druggist. 35c and 60c in tins. 75c for the new, large bottle. Sole Agents: John A. Huston Co., Ltd., Toronto. 2

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The Best Pleasures

The best pleasures are first, the simplest — pleasures which require least machinery, least effort on the part of others; second, the least expensive; third, the most accessible; fourth, those that can be most widely shared; fifth, those that can be most often repeated without doing harm to body, mind, or soul; sixth, those that call into action the highest qualities of life. The best pleasures are what we might call top-floor pleasures; that is, the pleasures of mind and spirit. If we test our pleasures by such laws as these, they will take us outdoors instead of indoors; to nature, and not to artificial things; to wholesome exercise; and not just to idle entertainment; to music, friendship, and books rather than to excitement and things that are artificial.

Teacher: Why are you late for school?
Pupil: Please, teacher, I must have overwashed myself.

Between The Ears

The average human body is made up approximately of the following:

Fat enough for seven bars of soap.
Iron enough for a ten penny nail.
Sugar enough to fill a small shaker.
Lime enough to whitewash a hen coop.
Phosphorus enough to make 2,200 matches.
Magnesium enough for a ten cent skyrocket.
Potassium enough to explode a toy cannon.
Sulphur enough to rid a small dog of his fleas.

Your value therefore does not depend on your weight, nor height, nor girth. Everything depends on what goes on between your ears.—The Ink Spot.

Boys and girls are equal in average height up to the age of eleven; then, between eleven and fourteen, girls are the taller; after that, boys are steadily the taller.

Example comes in by the eyes and ears, and slips insensibly into the heart, and so into the outward practice, by a kind of secret charm, transforming men's minds and manners into his own likeness.—Waterland.

Hotbeds

The hotbed should always face the south and be located on the south side of a building, board fence or protecting wall, where there is good drainage, and near the house where it can be given proper attention. The best material for making a hot bed is about half straw bedding and half horse stable manure. This manure should be hauled near the place where the hotbed is to be made and placed in a low flat pile, and turned over once or twice as it begins to heat, to ensure uniform heating. If very dry, small quantity of water should be sprinkled over to ensure good fermentation. When proper heating of the manure has been obtained the hotbed may be started. The manure is then spread in thin layers, shaking it loosely as it spreads, and each successive layer as it is put in should be well tramped. The manure should be spread 18 inches wider than the size of the frame and to a depth of about 18 inches. When it has been properly levelled, the frame, to support the sash, is placed in position and more manure spread inside the frame to a depth of about 5 to 6 inches. From 3 to 5 inches of good screened loam may then be spread evenly over the manure in the frame and the bed allowed to heat.

The standard hotbed frames now in use at the Kapuskasing Experimental Station give very good satisfaction. They measure 6 feet wide by 12 feet long, made up of 2 inch tamarack. The front is 15 inches deep while the back is 24 inches, so that the water will drain off and the greatest benefit from the sunlight may be obtained. The standard sashes measure 3 feet by 6 feet, containing 3 to 5 rows of glass and may be obtained from any sash factory.

British cars are winning trade within the Empire. Last year car imports to India were doubled; and in Australia imports have trebled in two years.

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How to Stop a Cold
Quick as You Caught It

Take 2 Aspirin Tablets.
Drink full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.
If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 3 Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water and gargle according to directions in box.

Almost Instant Relief in This Way

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

It is recognized as the QUICKEST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it will check an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get Aspirin Tablets. Aspirin is the trademark of The Bayer Company, Limited, and the name Bayer in the form of a cross is on each tablet. They dissolve almost instantly. And thus work almost instantly when you take them. And for a gargle, Aspirin Tablets dissolve so completely, they leave no irritating particles. Get a box of 12 tablets or bottle of 24 or 100 at any drugstore.

Does Not Harm the Heart

ASPIRIN TABLETS ARE MADE IN CANADA