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 moment, Glynn is ordered to stand by for a special job. Prince of Napatala is 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. Glynn gets instructions to fly a new machine to London from the factory for the Prince's use, but the doctors declare the Prince too ill to fly. As a last resort the Prince has a short talking film made of himself reading the Proclamation of Inheritance. Travelling by the ordinary air route with the films carefully concealed, Glynn meets Norah Seaman, who is hurrying back to her sick father in India. They renew their acquaintance.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

Glynn who knew all sections of the route, and had always been keen to learn about the interesting places along them, started by explaining to Norah, but was so showered with questions from others near that he found himself delivering a sort of spasmodic lecturette on the sights.

"We're early," said Glynn, as the boat slid gently to a stop and the drone of the engines dropped to silence, "so we'll have plenty of time to have a look round and see the sights. They're well worth it, too."

When they got to the hotel where accommodation had been reserved in the usual way, Glynn, having planned with Norah (at her suggestion, as he remembered later) that they should make the most of their sight-seeing opportunities together, did not wait to have the dinner provided for passengers, but after seeing his room and his bag brought up to it, went down to the lounge to wait Norah there. He carried his despatch case, and in it the two copies of the film, and deposited this in the hotel safe; receiving in return a form of receipt which had to be presented when he reclaimed his property. This he carefully pocketed.

Then Norah came down, and the two went off to have dinner together in some special place Glynn wanted to show her and to do their sight-seeing.

They returned at rather a late hour, considering they were due for an early start by the flying liner in the morning, and departed to their several rooms.

Glynn, before turning into bed, locked the door, and shot a small but efficient brass bolt above it. He automatically "tried" the hold of the lock and bolt by turning the handle and giving a good heave or two on it—and after that night never failed to "try" a locked and bolted door without testing the hold of each separately.

He rolled into bed and was asleep within seconds of his head touching the pillow. He remembered, after, that he had a disturbed dream of being buried alive, of knowing people were moving and whispering about him, and of his desperate but futile efforts to make a sound or a movement.

He woke with a slow heaviness unusual to him, dimly remembered he had dreamed (which was also unusual to him) and discovered that he had a splitting headache (which was most unusual of all), and a feeling that he was going to be sick (which was not only unusual, but entirely novel).

He sat up, with a pain like a bullet through his head but passing as quickly. He crawled out of bed thinking "Am I ill? Is it 'flu? What is it?" A wave of pains hit him. What time was it . . . he was due for dawn patrol . . . No, for the pilot's place in the Air Mail. That cleared his mind. He was bound out as passenger on the Air Mail for India. He looked at his watch. Six o'clock, and he was to have been called at six. He lifted the telephone by his bedside. No answer. He joggled the switch arm, listened impatiently, but again heard nothing. He cursed heartily, turned to the electric bell and pressed it hard and long. In anticipation of the arrival of chambermaid or boots, he flung on the coat that served him as bathrobe or waterproof, went to the door to unlock it.

But in the act of turning the key, he stopped, staring hard at the brass bolt above the lock. The bolt was still shot, as he had left it—but shot into nothing. The metal socket plate into which it should have slid was gone, only the empty screw-holes remaining to show where it had been fastened. He glanced down and round the floor, and there lay the bolt-plate where it had fallen on being forced off.

The door was still locked, but he knew that it was a simple matter to twist the key from outside with a pair of strong long-nosed pliers. Suddenly he recalled his dream of lying helpless while people moved about him.

His first thought was of relief that he had put both films in the hotel safe, and that the attache case containing them would not be handed over until he presented the receipt he had been given on depositing them. Then a horrible thought struck him like a blow. The receipt—his attache-case would be given to anyone presenting the receipt. He jumped for his jacket, snatched out his pocket book and opened it.

The receipt was gone.

Next instant he was out into the corridor and running down to the lobby and the head porter's desk. A few of the early rising visitors stared at him as he dashed past, but he gave no thought to them, rushed to the little counter where the head porter, in gold-laced uniform, was busy sorting letters into their pigeon-holes.

"My name's Elliman," Glynn gasped. "Number ten room. I left a packet in the safe last night."

"Yes, sir," said the porter in slightly surprised tones. "I thought you were out sir, half-an-hour ago. Your friend said so when he brought the receipt for the packet and said he'd called to get it to take to you."

Glynn groaned. "What's the matter, sir," asked the porter, in some concern. "You don't look well, sir. Ah, here is the manager at last."

Glynn turned to the approaching manager. "I have been robbed," he said quickly. "My room door was forced last night and the receipt for my deposit stolen. The porter says a man got it half-an-hour ago, presenting the receipt and saying I'd sent him for the packet."

The manager looked astonished. "But how could the porter," he began. "Of course not sir," replied the man guessing at the rest of the sentence. "Here is the receipt the gentleman gave me, but I said only you had the keys of the safe and he must wait until you came."

"What?" almost shouted Glynn. "You didn't give it? You have it still?"

The porter was looking about the almost empty lounge. "Your friend went and sat down over there near the door to wait for the manager," he explained. "But I don't see him now."

"No, and not likely to again," said Glynn grimly. "They were after my case, and very nearly got it," he explained to the manager. "Come to my room and I'll show you how they got in. And if you can find a doctor I wish you'd have him sent up. I must have been doped, and I feel like death still."

It did not take long to discover how the door had been forced. Glynn picked up the socket plate for the bolt, and one after another of the screws that should have held it. They only had their heads and a thread or so of screw to each.

"Somebody got into my room last night while I was out," said Glynn. "They didn't find what they were looking for, and perhaps thought I'd taken it out with me. They unscrewed the bolt socket, filed off all but a thread of each screw, and pressed them back into place. The slightest steady pressure would draw them out of their flimsy hold. They searched, found no bag because it was in your safe, fortunately, but the receipt for it would tell them where it was. They just missed getting it."

Here the doctor arrived and introduced himself. He stood for a moment sniffing the air. "Strange scent of—I'm not sure—some sort of smoke. You don't smoke opium or hashish or anything of the sort?" he asked.

"Not knowingly," said Glynn, with his mind back on that warning about the Indian expert in drugs. "But perhaps my visitors arranged that I inhaled something to keep me asleep."

He explained briefly what had happened, and after an examination, the doctor confirmed that he had been under some drug, and a heavy dose of it. "You were lucky to come out of it so soon," he commented. "From the state of your heart and pulse, I'd have expected you to sleep another hour at least. Strong constitution evidently."

"Another hour," repeated Glynn, "and by then my attache-case would have gone."

"I'll send something up to you," said the doctor briskly. "It'll pick you up a bit, but you'll probably feel a bit groggy for a few hours."

He was right. Glynn was very much better when it came to the time to leave the hotel and go aboard the flying boat liner, but he was still feeling heavy and heady. He had got his bag, and in his own room with the door locked and a porter waiting him outside it, he transferred the one film in its cigarette tin back into his binocular case, slung that over his shoulder so that the case hung under his right arm, and slipped the binoculars in his pocket. Then, carrying the attache-case with the one film, and with the porter on his heels, he went down to the lobby again.

Norah exclaimed aloud at sight of him, and he admitted that he was not feeling his best. "Had a bad night," he said, "and a worse jolt this morning. But I'll tell you all about it on the boat presently."

He and Norah walked down the hotel steps together, with others of the passengers making for the motors that were to take them to the embarkation place. But as the two were half-way across the pavement, Norah cried out sharply, and at the same time a man's shoulder charged with battering-ram force into Glynn's back, sending him stumbling and sprawling forward on his face. Involuntarily he released his hold on the attache-case to throw his hands forward and break his fall, and as he did so, a man snatched the case from his hand, and without a pause, tossed it over the heads of several of the passengers between him and the curb just beyond the waiting motor.

To Be Continued.

"SALADA" TEA

711

Orange Pekoe Blend

Fresh from the Gardens

Honey Banishing Family Sugar Bowl

Manitoba Housewives Experiment Wth Home Product as Sweetener

Honey is "in the news" this spring in much the same way that tomatoes were last fall. When the Beekeepers' convention was held in Winnipeg the importance of honey to Manitoba housewives was amply set forth.

Women in the country and in the city have proved that honey is a Manitoba product whose uses have only begun to be explored. Canning, preserving, pickling and baking are now being done with honey instead of sugar. Sugar, furthermore, has to be bought, but the honey may be home-produced.

Mrs. Victor Phillips of Dauphin, whose husband is a honey producer on a large scale, was one of the speakers. Mrs. Phillips has experimented with honey in her own home for making and preserving and for general use until she has practically banished the sugar bowl from her family's table. During this last year, for a family of four, Mrs. Phillips has used 600 pounds of honey.

In the city there is another woman who has experimented with honey for the past two years, until a high degree of its usefulness in preserving has been developed. This is Mrs. R. F. McWilliams, Winnipeg's woman alderman, who has another side to her life than that apparent on the platform and the council chamber.

Genius is the god in the mine, talent is the miner who works and brings it out.—Lady Blessington.

Nicotine Releases Sugar In Blood, Doctors Find

Heavy Smoker Accumulates Less Carbon Monoxide Than Non-Smoker — Study Made at Yale

New Haven, Conn.—A discovery that people like to smoke mainly because nicotine releases sugar in their blood is published from the Yale Laboratory of applied Physiology.

The nicotine gives a little kick to the adrenals, the glands which supply energy. They in turn open the body faucets which release a little stored-up sugar, the body's normal muscle fuel. The body proceeds forthwith to enjoy this sugar under various sensations.

The studies were made upon cigarette smoke by Howard W. Haggard and Leon A. Greenberg. The details are published in Science, the official journal for American scientific announcements.

"Smoking, we find, produces a definite, although temporary increase in the concentration of blood sugar, and a corresponding increase in the rate of sugar combustion in the body. These effects certainly are due to the nicotine of the tobacco and they arise from the action of this alkaloid on the adrenals.

"There can be little doubt that this is the source of at least a considerable part of the gratification from smoking."

The power that is supported by force alone will have cause often to tremble.—Kossuth.

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CORN SYRUP

The economical and delicious table syrup

A nourishing sweet for the whole family

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL

C8

Wage War on Warble Fly During March, April and May

Oxford, Huron and Middlesex Counties Plan Wholesale Clean-Up On Costly Little Pest

On the Farm:—It does seem strange to be thinking of the heel fly that causes such panic among our herds in the summer months during these cold days and yet in many parts of rural Ontario farmers were discussing this very subject during the past month. The heel fly, and his cousin the warble fly, are costing Ontario farmers a huge sum of money. It is hard to even make a fair estimate of what they do cost us. We know that the fly has been particularly bad. We know that fattening stock does not gain so well when the fly chases them round the field every once in a while. We know there is a terrific loss in the punctured hides caused by these two pests in one stage of their life cycle.

What we do not know is the loss that one can well imagine must result from the suffering of animals whose backs are literally plastered with "grubs" in spring. There is a certain amount of pus in each grub hole. The system must absorb this poison and one can well imagine that there must be a considerable loss of gain or production from this cause alone.

The heel fly and the slightly different warble fly have a strange life history. They lay their eggs on the hair of the cattle in early summer, and the resultant tiny worm works his way into the hide, and upwards toward the gullet. Later on it begins another pilgrimage, this time upward from the digestive tract to the animal's back, eating through the tissues. When it reaches the hide it punctures a hole, and then develops into a grub of considerable size. Lumps will be found on the cattle's back back larger than thimbles. We have seen animals with upwards of a hundred grubs in their backs.

When these are "ripe" the grub can be squeezed out, and eventually they will come out anyway. They fall on the ground and develop into the heel or warble fly ready to mate and lay another lot of eggs.

The Warble Fly is not a new comer. He has been with us a long time, but the heel fly is a comparatively new settler. When the latter gets near to a herd of grazing cattle there is a wild stampede round the field. Careful observers tell us that the heel fly does not bite or sting the cattle. Then why the fear? What peculiar instinct is it that prompts a herd of calves that have never pastured with older cattle to act in the very same way as the older ones? Cattle when driven fast by a dog for instance do not raise their tails; but when the heel fly comes the tails go straight up in the air.

There is only one reason why the heel fly continues to plague our cattle, and that is indifference on the part of the farmer. The Danish farmer has practically exterminated this pest. Coming closer home farmers on Manitoulin Island have greatly reduced its numbers. There is a solution on the market which if properly applied in March, April and May, will kill the grubs in the cattle's back, and there is no excuse for not using it. Five cents' worth will suffice for the three treatments per animal.

Unfortunately there is not much gained by the individual farmer treating his stock. A whole community must undertake the work if worth while results are to be obtained, and that it why farmers in many portions of Ontario have been discussing the heel fly on below zero February days.

Sixty thousand head are to be treated in Oxford County this spring. Eighty thousand head in Huron, and five townships in Middlesex plan a clean-up. It is also said that two townships in Perth will make a start. We cannot too highly recommend this effort.

The heel fly is a costly little pest. Much as we dislike government regulations which in the past few years have been increasing too fast, the time seems to have come when it should be made compulsory to treat all cattle in the province against the heel and warble fly.

This is one of the most useful campaigns the Department of Agriculture has ever undertaken. Dr. Stevenson has been at it for quite a few years now and it is gratifying to see that his efforts are beginning to have results. It is to be sincerely hoped that the campaign will not be dropped just when results will be beginning to show. That is what has happened to several good schemes sponsored by the Department of Agriculture.

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High School Boards and Boards of Education

Are authorized by law to establish

Industrial, Technical and Art Schools

With the approval of the Minister of Education

Day and Evening Classes

may be conducted in accordance with the regulations issued by the Department of Education.

Theoretical and Practical Instruction

is given in various trades. The schools and classes are under the direction of An Advisory Committee.

Application for attendance should be made to the Principal of the school.

Commercial Subjects, Manual Training, Household Science and Agriculture and Horticulture are provided for in the Courses of Study in Public, Separate, Continuation and High schools, Collegiate Institutes, Vocational Schools and Departments.

Copies of the Regulations issued by the Minister of Education may be obtained from the Deputy Minister, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

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