The Flying Courier

by Boyd Cable

PASSEBOIS . . . . . .

SYNOPSIS

GLYNN ELLIMAN, a pilot of Imperial Airways, is travelling as a special "Flying Courier" to India, carrying two copies of a talking film of the PRINCE OF NAPALATA, which it is most urgent shall reach there safely.

The Prince is in London, too ill to travel himself, and the talking film is sent as a last resort to foil the efforts of "THE VULTURE," his half-brother in India, to usurp his throne.

On the same Mail liner, travels NOROH SEAMAN, a girl Glynn had met only a week before, STEFAN, MAX, and DASS, agents of THE Vultude, determined to steal the film and prevent use being made of it in India.

At different points of the route they plan organized efforts to rob the Courier, and at Athens the attache-case, which Glynn always carries with him, is snatched from him.

CHAPTER VII—Cont'd.

An open car was swinging in at walking pace to the curb, and as the case curved over the passengers' heads and dropped beyond them, another man was waiting for it, dashed forward, caught it on the run as it fell, and jumped for the moving car.

Glynn, realizing even as he fell what had happened, was on his feet again an instant after he was down, and his automatic was out from its arm-under holster. But several of the passengers were between him and the man who was in the act of catching the bag, and as Glynn hesitated an instant, loking about him swiftly for the target he sough', he heard a yell, a heavy crash, and a yelping howl. Dashing forward, he saw one man sprawled on his face a yard short of the moving car and with both his legs clutched and held by both arms to the chest of another man also sprawling on the pavement. The attache-case was rolling in the road just astern of the moving car.

Glynn's first thought was for the bag. He leapt for it, grabbed it up, jumped back to the pavement and thrust the muzzle of his automatic under the nose of the man still lying gripped by the legs. "Lie still and stop your kicking" said Glynn savagely "Or I'll stop it for good."

But now the passengers, hotel porters and odd passers-by were crowding about the prostrate pair, eager hands were clutshing the prisoner and hauling him to his feet. Not until half a dozen had their hands firmly on him did the man who had seized him release his locked arms from the prisoner's legs.

Glynn stooped and helped the man to his feet—a short, stocky and sturdily built youngster now grinning happily. "Did you get the bag?" he asked first.

"I did," said Glynn. "thanks to your smartness. You did be a better turn than I can tell you now, but I shan't forget it."

"'Tfasn't much," said the youngster. "It was seing that fellow make his neat pass that roused the old Rugger ection, and I just jumped for him and brought him down with a good old flying tackle."

"Let's get away," said Glynn hurriedly. "Here comes the police. They'll hang us up for hours if we let them."

The manager of the hotel came running to them, and Glyn grabbed him. "You speak to the police," he said hurriedly. 'We must get away. Tell them about breaking in to my room. It was my bag again they were after. I must be off.

Chapter VIII

THE THIEVES SCORE

It was not until they were on board the liner again and the was skimming racing over the water to lift and climb in a long slant, that Glynn felt safe and secure again. There was little propability, or even possibility of any attempt being made to steal the bag while they were in the air, because there was no way it could be got rid of, or without the thief being seized on the instant if he tried to grab the bag.

It was a pleasant sunny day again, and after Glynn had told something of the happenings of the night, making as light as possible of them, and after having a chat and repeated his thanks to the Rugger player, who gave his name as Jimmy Doyle, Glynn went forward to the pilot's cockpit and fot him to open th enclosing glass windows and "Blow the cobwebs out of his head."

At the end of an hour he felt much better, and by the time the liner slid down and splashed into the water off Castelari'so, on the coast of Asia Minor, and they went ashore for lunch at the Airways rest-house there, he was feeling quite all right again. He carried his dispatch case with him, but felt fairly safe with it since the place was staffed only with the company's people.

Off again after lunch, the boat flew steadily on but now with a steady head wind slowing down their speed a little. In the late afternoon they passed over the coastline of Palestine, and just as the dusk was coming on with a the drizzle of rain, they slanted down to the shores of the Sea of Galilee, dropped cleanly on to the waters near the shore, and taxied in to where a launch was putting out to meet them.

The passengers stepped from the door of the liner on to the launch and made their way to seats in it. Stefan, waiting until Glynn and North drew near, jumped off just in front of Glynn, halted and half-turned watching them. In his hand he carried a small attache-case almost concealed under the fold of the light macintosh he wore.

Glynn stepped on to the launch, and turning to steady Norah following him, put his bag down by his feet. As he did so, Stefan stooped, put his own bag beside Glynn's which he picked up instead, and moved quietly off with his prize. No more than a second or two later, Glynn picked up again the bag he thought was his, and found a seat for Norah and himself. In the dusk and rain nobody noticed Stefan, his movments covered by Max, cut a gash in the side of the case, thrust a hand in and finger the round film tin, push a weight in beside it and drop the case overboard.

Glynn, by the special arrangements made all through, went to have his attache-case privately passed by Customs, but when he tried to open it found an unusual difficulty in fitting the key to the locks. After fumbling and trying in vain for some minutes, suspicion woke in him, and he hurriedly burst the locks by force and flung open the case.

His film was gone, Except for a packing of newspapers and a good sized stone, the case was empty.

Hurriedly, Glynn examined it. In shape, size, colour and appearance it was exactly like his. No accident could have brought such a duplicate into his hands. It had been deliberately substituted for his—but when and where he did not know except that it was between Athens and there.

Hurriedly he explained the position to the manager there, and every possible step was taken at once to find any duplicate of the bag. It was explained to the passengers that a specially close examination of all luggage was to be made, and every bag and package opened. The list of passengers and weight of their luggage was checked and compared with the respective weights of all luggage there. But actually most of the bags (including Stefan's) weighed a trifle more than on leaving London, which was easily explained by the fact that most passengers had taken off some of their warmer clothing they had worn at the start and tranferred it to their luggage.

The police officer who had been called in conferred with Glynn. "You say the contents of the case were valuable," said the officer. "What were they exactly?"

"A small tin of cinema film," said Glynn. "Not worth shillings at any other time and place, but invaluable to me in India."

"But can it be invaluable to any thief who has it?" asked the puzzled officer. Glynn told him briefly what the film was and why it was urgent it should reach India, but he said nothing of the duplicate copy in the cigarette tin. It was clear that somehow or another, the Prince's enemies had got hold of his attache-case. There was the chance they might think it held the only copy of the film and make no further effort to molest him or to look for another.

It flushes off stains without harming enamel or plumbing . . .

HOW to get rid of those ugly toilet-bowl stains! It's easy—with Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. Once a week pour this powerful cleanser and disinfectant—full strength—down toilet bowls and drains. It *flushes* off stains without scrubbing. Cannot harm enamel or plumbing. Kills germs and destroys all odors as it cleans!

There's no need to slave over unpleasant cleaning jobs. Let Gillett's Lye work for you—it's quick, thorough and absolutely dependable. Ask your grocer for a tin—today.

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GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT

How Place-Names Are Decided

Canada Week by Week.

—In a country so large as Canada, with many areas which have been rapidly opened up, particularly as the result of rich mineral discoveries, the selection and authorization of new place-names becomes a problem of some importance. Just how are these place-names finally decided upon?

All decisions in connection with geophy in the Dominion rest with the Geographic Board of Canada, which was established by the Dominion Government in 1897. The Board consists of 20 members, 12 of whom are members of the Departments of the Dominion Government; the remaining eight are the members representing as many provinces. Quebec has its own board to deal with names in that province. The viewpoints, comments, and suggestions of the provincial representatives are obtained before any decision is arrived at regarding names which are open to question. When the Board reaches a decision the name is adopted and becomes official.

With regard to names of geographical features along the International Boundary, or which cross the boundary line, the Geographic Board of Canada maintains a close co-operation with the United States Geographic Board, in the adoption of names which are acceptable to both countries.

The duties of the Board, during the 36 years of its existence, have become greater each year as the mapping activities of the various Government departments have increased. About 30 maps a year come before the Board. Each of these maps has an average of 200 names to be examined and passed, making a total of approximately 6,000 names. In addition a great number of inquiries from Government departments, libraries, societies, firms and private individuals, requesting information as to the authentic names of places and regarding the origin and meaning of place-names, are received.

A peep into thefuture. "Venetian gondolier fined for ignoring the traffic lights on the Grand Canal."

bury Davies was supposed to have done last July? There were two charges of keeping dogs without a licence.

Small beer for a King's pardon . . . but that's British justice.

* * * *

The dogs concerned in the case were sheep dogs, for which a farmer or shepherd is granted a free licence. Davies pleaded guilty to keeping the dogs without a licence, but subsequently found that he had applied for the licence before the proceedings were taken.

Flame Darts

London, Ont. Co-eds were complaining recently that undergraduates have been shooting darts at them from blow-guns, apparently having found a scientific application for the famous weapon of the African pygmies. The darts, they explained, are not poisonous but they are explosive.

A short section of glass tubing from the laboratories serves as the blow-gun, and a common match constitutes the dart. The trick is to shoot it at a stone wall beside the unsuspecting co-ed. The dart lands with a neat explosion and bursts into flame.

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

Delicious Quality

Also in Black and Mixed

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Old Churches Are Tottering

Cathedrals Lack Money For Restoration, English Assembly Told

LONDON, Eng. — Seven historic English cathedrals are on the verge of bankruptcy. This disturbing statement was made by the Bishop of Derby before the Church Assembly, the cathedrals being those of Carlisle, Chichester, Lichfield, Peterborough, Ripon, Salisbury and Wells.

Naturally the upkeep of the fabric alone of such enormous buildings demands constant expenditure; it is questionable if any of these great houses of the faith is ever completely free from scaffolding. According to the Bishop of Derby the smallest amount on which a dean and chapter can effectively maintain a cathedral is about $45,000 a year.

Dogs and Child on Leads

LONDON (C.P.)—Seen in Richmond Park leading her grandchild and three dogs, each — including the child — with its own collar and chain, a woman told an inspector she saw no cruelty in the practice, but promised to discontinue it.

His Death Came Way He Wanted It

Denver, Colo.—Roman Engle, 64, a barber, was shaving Max Mannison. They were discussing illness.

"When I die," said Engle, "I want to go just like that." He snapped his fingers.

He barely had uttered the words when he collapsed beside the barber chair. He died in a hospital a few minutes later.

The coroner said it was a heart attack.

In a Museum

The grace of a Tanagra figurine;
A golden goblet bearing still the print
Of that perfection which has ever been
Dreamed of by those who labored without stint —
Such treasures are not set apart to be
Hoarded by sage historians who sift
Only the dustheaps of Antiquity,
Losing a far more cherishable gift!

I need not ask that Rome be built anew,
Or search the archives of an age gone by,
To read what still is beautiful and true,
Known to another sense, a keener eye
That sees beyond the symbol and the name
Something as changeless and as pure as flame!

—Leslie Nelson Jennings.

It's Sure Sign Spring at Hand

Fort Erie, Ont.—With a nonchalant gesture, last week, A. L. Springland threw his line into a hole in the ice of Lake Erie and hauled out a lake trout weighing a little more than 25 pounds, the first caught at this point in a decade. To prove he was not fooling, Springland caught 30 more smaller fish

A judge has ruled that a slap on the back is erely a "hail-fellow-well met" actoin. Detectives, of course, have different ideas about this.

A study of "earthquake weather" has been made for the 107 days when earthquakes were felt in the Los Angeles area from 1877 to 1932, and it appears that in the great majority of cases there were no abnormal weather conditions.

Two sets of twins in 11 months is the remarkable record of Mrs. Brown wife of an agricultural labourer of Terrington, St. Clements, Norfolk.

The TRAYMORE Atlantic City

The Preeminent Hotel Achievement

Bull Falls into Silo, Fights Off Rescuers

M'Kean, Pa.—Whether every man's house is his castle or not, Wesley Weaver, a farmer living at McKean, can certify that every bull's silo is his fortress.

A Holstein bull owned by Mr. Weaver got loose in the barn and fell from the barn floor into the silo through the opening used to get the silage out. Although the fall was some fifteen feet, the silage at the bottom broke the animal's fall and the bull was none the worse for his experience save that his temper was aroused. All attempts to get the animal out of the silo pit failed, the bull charging furiously at every one who attempted to enter the silo to fasten a sling around his body so he could be hoisted back to the barn floor again.

It looked as if the bull had a permanent home which he was willing to defend against all comers. Not wishing to tear down the silo walls in order to extricate the animal, straw was thrown into the silo and gradually the silo was filled until the straw was level with the opening into the barn. After which the bull was driven back to his box stall and peace reigned in the barn.

Duchess d'Arcos Is Dead in Rome

Wealthy Widow of Duke Brunetti D'Arcos Leaves Lengthy Will

Rome.—The millionaire Duchess Virginia D'Aarcos, the former Virginia Whitebury Lowery, of Washington, D.C., died of pneumonia at the age of 80 in her magnificent Roman residence, the Brandaccio Palace. She was the widow of Duke Brunetti D'Arcos, who once was the Spanish Ambassador to Washington and Rome.

The Duchess left a will 16 pages long in which she gav $1,000,00 to United States institutions, including hospitals and libraries.

King's Pardon For Wrong Man

Fine is Returned—His Majesty Signs Free Pardon — Unusual Case

London.—John Salisbury Davies is a farmer of Bryneglwys, Denbigshire.

Last July he fell foul of the law. He was fined by the Llangollen magistrates.

John Salisbury Davies, who had pleaded guilty, paid.

Then the law began to scratch its head. Something wrong about this case.

Investigation.

Discovery . . . the prosecution was due to a misapprehension.

Sequel yesterday . . .

British Justice

John Salisbury Davies appeared before the same Bench of magistrates. Alderman Dodd, the chairman, explained the mistake, and proudly presented John Salisbury Davies with a free pardon, signed by the King and the Home Secretary.

The fine was returned.

* * * *

You want to know what John Salis-

ISSUE No. 12—'34

On Your OFF-DAYS You'll find renewed vigor in a sparkling glass of

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

Clears the system of impurities

In Tins - 35c and 60c. New, Large Bottle, 75c.

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CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

A pure, wholesome, and economical table Syrup. Children love its delicious flavor.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL

Now! Ease Sore Throat Instantly!

1 Crush and dissolve 3 Aspirin Tablets in half a glass of water.

2 GARGLE thoroughly — throw your head way back, allowing a little [illegible] to trickle down your throat.

3 Repeat gargle and do not rinse mouth, allow gargle to remain on membranes of the throat for prolonged effect.

Remember: Only Medicine Helps Sore Throat

Modern medical science now throws an entirely new light on sore throat. A way that eases the pain, rawness and irritation in as little as *two or three minutes!*

It requires medicine—like ASPIRIN—to do these things! That is why throat specialists throughout the world are prescribing this ASPIRIN gargle in place of old-time ways.

Be careful, however, that you get Aspirin Tablets for this purpose.

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 completely enough to gargle without leaving irritating particles.

ASPIRIN TABLETS ARE MADE IN CANADA