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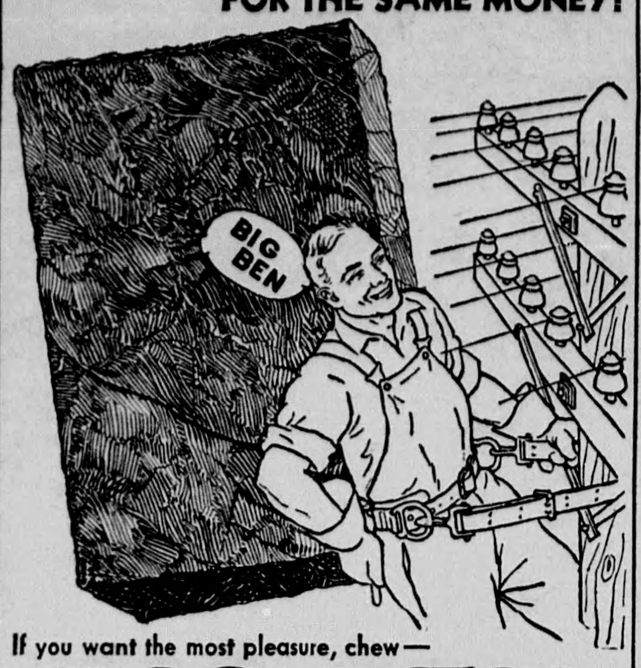

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THE PERFECT PLUG

Chewing Tobacco

The Flying Courier

by Boyd Cable

SYNOPSIS

Glynn Elliman, Airways Pilot, is employed by the Prince of Napalata to carry a talking film of the Prince to India in order to foil "The Vulture," relation of the Prince, who is trying to gain control of the Prince's subjects.

Two films are carled by Glynn. One is stolen. Several attempts are made to get control of the other.

Norah Seaman travelling on the plane to visit her father, is interested in Glynn and becomes alarmed at the series of attacks.

Glynn is met by a supposed envoy of the Princes, who declares he has been ordered not to leave Glynn during his stop-over in Karachi. A plot is laid to overcome Glynn who is carrying the film chained to his person.

Jimmy Doyle, Norah and Glynn, under the Indian's advice take a cab to a theatre, where Glynn is to meet a supposed envoy of the Prince.

CHAPTER XV (Continued)

"What next?" Glynn asked with mild amusement. But there was no amusement or mere sight seeing interest in the look Jimmy Doyle had set on something beyond their heads.

"I don't know what it means Glynn," he said slowly, "but we have been followed ever since we left the restaurant. A cab with two men in it has been on our heels all the way, turned when we did, and has stopped now a little way behind us."

"Is that it?" said Glynn softly. "It's certainly worth looking into. Let's walk back and interview these gents in the cab."

Glynn jumped out, followed by Jimmy, and an obviously surprised Subardar was quickly down beside them.

"Subardar," said Gllynn sharply. "We are being followed and I'm going to see who by. Better stick close."

"Followed," exclaimed the Subardar, and went on in evident alarm. "There is something here that is not good sahib. Better that you drive on quickly, and get away from any who follow. They must mean ill."

"I'm going to find out," said Glynn doggedly. "Jimmy, lead on to your cab. Get round beside the driver and be ready to lug him out neck and crop if he tries to drive off. Come on."

Jimmy led the way back, Glynn beside him and the Subardar, still protesting, close on their heels. The other cab waited, and a man peering out watching their approach turned and spoke a word to his companion with evident satisfaction. Both men were Indians and in police uniform. One was preparing to step out when Glynn arrived beside the cab, and Doyle quietly took post beside the driver.

"Get back and sit down," said Glynn with ominous quiet, and the pistol gleaming in his hand and pointing straight into the cab gave emphasis to his order. Both men pressed back in their seat and held rigidly still.

"Is it the sahib Elliman who speaks," answered one of the men, and before Glynn could answer, the Subardar hissed a warning in his ear. "They are in police uniform, sahib, but they are no police. It is a trick and I was warned to beware of such a trick."

"Never mind who I am," Glynn answered the man in the cab. "What do you want? Why do you follow me?"

"We are of the Police, sahib," said the other. "It is an order that we find you and bring you to the police office."

"A trick, sahib," breathed the Subardar warningly. "Get away quickly."

"Go back to our cab," said Glynn in a low voice over his shoulder. "Turn it across the street, drive back and halt opposite here. Have the driver ready to go on quickly when we turn across to you." He turned again to the cab as the Subardar, after an instant's hesitation, hurried off to the other cab. "There is nothing for which the Police have a right to command me," he said. "You may go back to the station and tell them I said so."

"But Elliman sahib," said the man eeagerly. "Will you not drive back with us that the matter may be explained to you."

"So that's the trick," thought Elliman. "I get in there with two of them—and I wonder where I'd get out." He saw his own cab coming down the other side of the street, and as it slowed and halted just opposite, he called to Doyle, "Be ready, Jimmy. After me, straight across the road."

He darted round the back of the cab and dashed across the street, Jimmy following and overtaking him before they reached their cab. It began to move as the two leaped in, and was racing away and out of sight before the other could negotiate the traffic and make the turn to follow.

CHAPTER XVI

ENTER THE POLICE

Glynn's failure to arrive at the hotel where he would have stayed if he had not been diverted from it by the instructions the Subardar had conveyed to him, had created more disturbance that he could have guessed.

There awaited him at the hotel, an Indian gentleman of the Prince's household at Napalata, who had given his name at the reception desk and asked that Glynn should be informed as soon as he arrived that one was waiting who desired a meeting, and also instructed that he should be told the moment lynn arrived. When it had passed the time when the cars should have brought the passengers from the liner on arrival at the drome', the Prince's official went to make further enquiries.

He was astonished to hear that the other passengers had arrived some time before, the liner having landed ahead of time, but that no Sahib Elliman had come to the hotel. The official waited impatiently a little longer, and then feeling vaguely disturbed, made further and urgent enquiry. He got in touch with Airways offices, and after a time was told the hotel at which three passengers had asked to get down. To this hotel he telephoned, only to be told no one of the name of Elliman was there, but if one arrived he would be given any message. Actually Glynn was in the other hotel at that moment, but the denial of his being there was in accordance with the supposed orders he had given through the Subardar.

Now thoroughly alarmed, the Prince's officer went straight to the Police, and put before their chief the main facts of the case and his own fears of some foul play being at the bottom of Glynn's failure to turn up.

The Chief knew all about the Napalata crisis, and it needed no more than a plain statement that if Glynn failed to reach Napalata by the next night, and that the whole question of the Prince's succession depended upon this, to set the wheels of the Police machine rapidly turning.

Under the personal enquiries of the police at the hotel where Glynn had gone, the reception clerk told the truth, and the additional fact that since he had been telephoned, the three passengers had gone out together to dine but had said nothing of where they were going. From Airways, the Chief learned the names of Norah Seaman and Jimmy Doyle but could tell nothing further than that they had come by the Air Mail from London.

"If the three are together," said the Chief to the agitated official, "they will be the easier to trace. I have set men to search the good hotels and restaurants, and to report here."

"It is this Indian known as the Subardar who is the most alarming to me," said the official. "It was he who told the hotel to say that Elliman Sahib was not there, who arrived with them and went out with them again. He is not known to me. I am afraid, greatly afraid."

The telephone rang, and the Chief answered it, listened and after a sharp question and answer or two, he gave his orders to intensify the search, and if Glynn were found, to bring him in, under arrest and by force if need be; and also most particularly to bring also any who were with him, including the Indian Sabardar. The last named was to be brought under arrest in any case, and under the closest guard.

(To Be Continued.)

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Sees Goitre As a Menace

Urges Prevention — Dr. Sinclair Describes Danger to O.M.A.

Toronto—Prevention of goitre means vastly more than eliminating deformities of the neck, and there is a vast army of people who, through no fault of there own, are a heavy burden to the tax-payer, while others are a menace to society and still more unfit to carry on their usual vocations. Dr. Alexander Sinclair, Sault Ste. Marie, told the Ontario Medical Association recently.

Reading a paper on goitre prevention Dr. Sinclair stressed the need of remedies for thyroid disease in order to prevent human suffering in the province. The thyroid gland produces thyroxin an active principle of which is a staple compound of iodine, essential for mental and phsical development. Iodine is especially necessary required for foetal life, during the age of adolescence and by the pregnant mother, he said. A diseased thyroid will interfere with the proper supply of iodine, and abnormal conditions will result.

Extreme varieties of goitre, and diseases like tuberculosis and syphilis are associated with or are the outcome of simple goitre, Dr. Sinclair continued Besides these conditions many physical and mental conditions result from simple goitre. These are evidenced in cretins, (dwarfs) deaf-mutes, mental and physical deficiencies and subnormal and backward children and the insane.

Simple goitre could be practically eliminated, however, Dr. Sinclair believed, by providing for its control during the vital periods of foetal life, pregnancy, and around the age of puberty. At these times prevention should be the task of the individual physician, he said, but added that prevention during childhood and adolescence should be a public health measure.

Pictures of the 1934 bathing suits indicate a big year for the cold cream business.

MAKES FALSE TEETH FEEL LIKE NATURAL

There must be a reason Dr. Wernet's Powder is the world's largest seller and prescribed by leading dentists: it holds teeth so firmly—they fit so comfortably—that all day long you forget you ever had false plates. Leaves no colored, gummy paste—keeps mouth sanitary, breath pleasant—the best powder you can buy yet cost is small—any druggist.

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The Laughing Man

(Manchester Guardian)

A German who has been visiting London has made the interesting discovery, which he discloses in an article in the "Berliner Tageblatt" that "the British laugh too much." As soon as they begin a serious conversation with a German they turn the talk into easier channels with a laugh." From that he deduces that "superficiality is the vice of the English" (he has evidently never heard of the French aphorist's contention that "gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body invented to conceal defects of the mind") and that "humor" is the cloak for that superficiality.

It might also be a form of politeness. There are some points about modern Germany on which a modern Englishman could hardly touch at all without his opinions becoming so serious as to be possibly unwelcome to a citizen of that country, and in casual intercourse it is just as well to avoid the awkward topic and the unwelcome treatment of it. So, if the Englishman talking to the German is accused of too much risibility, one excuse for him might be in the words of Figaro: "I make haste to laugh for fear of being obliged to weep."

In any event the general charge that we laugh too much is in curious contrast to the proposition (at least as old as Froissart) that the English take their pleasures sadly. And there was also a mediaeval Latin proverb which asserted that "the English race is the best at weeping and the worst at laughing. Evidently we have changed a good deal since the distant days of what must have been a rather doubtfully merry England.

Probably many of us do today adopt a deliberate lightness of approach which is not in the manner of our German neighbors; the English soldier in the trenches displayed it, sometimes to the real bewilderment of those neighbors at the time when they were also enemies. It is, if you like and in a catch-phrase of the moment, an aspect of "the escape from reality." But it does not necessarily mean that reality is not being seriously tackled under the surface. And gravity itself, as La Rochefoucauld observed, is sometimes a mere cloak for incompetence.

Fastest Best-Seller

Little, Brown and Company rises to dispute the claim of Hervey Allen's "Anthony Adverse" to the laurels of the "fastest-selling" book of all times. Their claimant is "If Winter Comes," by A. S. Hutchinson, which, without a book club adoption, piled up in ten and a half months a sale of 359,396 copies, its biggest month having been December, 1921, had the amazing sale of 109,092 copies. Anthony Adverse's sales for ten months, omitting the copies used by the Book-of-the-Month Club, totalled 333,359 copies, its biggest month being December 1933, when the sale was 53,073 copies.

However, considering the difference in business conditions between 1921 and 1933, the sale of "Anthony Adverse" is the more extraordinary of the two, especially as it was that rarity in publishing, a three-dollar novel.

Gems From Life's Scrap Book

ASCENSION AND ASPIRATION

"Too low they build who build beneath the stars."—Young.

"Aspiration after the holy—the only aspiration in which the human soul can be assured that it will never meet with disappointment."—Maria McIntosh.

"What we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that in some sense we are."—Mrs. Jameson.

"How true it is that one can rise no higher than his thoughts!"—Christian Science Sentinel.

"His (Jesus) Ascension marked a stage in His revelation.....As the Resurrection opened the grave, the Ascension opened Heaven."—Evangelist.

Galt to Dismiss Ten Teachers

GALT—With the closing of Victoria School at the end of this month as an economy measure and uncertainty as to attendance at the collegiate and technical school as a result of the possibility of Preston establishing a high school, the Board of Education has decided to terminate the contracts of 10 teachers, eight at the collegiate and two in the public schools.

"Burying Babies" Just Old Turkish Custom

A quaint old Turkish custom of "burying babies alive" is being fought by child welfare societies in Turkey.

From time immemorial Turkish mothers have economised in baby-linen by burying their offspring waist-deep in loose earth. Occasionally they changed the earth.

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THIRTY-NINE LEE AVE. TORONTO

A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by P.C.2

Will wonders never cease! Today I ran across a driver of a car who had forced another car into the ditch and didn't have an excuse to offer.!

"I admit it was my fault," he said. "I don't know how it happened. I must have been going too fast." This man's attitude was most refreshing; usually neither party to an accident will accept any part of the blame.

Of course, I knew what the trouble was. It happened to be Sunday and the man who caused the accident was driving at a rate of speed faster than he had been accustomed to during the week. He forgot that six days a week he drove at a twenty or twenty-five miles an hour around town and that all of his motions were keyed to that speed. Out on the highway, going about forty, he couldn't think fast enough. He intended to edge over and give the other chap room on the road to pass, but his city-trained sense of speed and distance deceived him.

That's the case with lots of drivers. The minute they go faster than their usual rate of speed, they're lost. Sooner or later in "highway" traffic they'll encounter a situation they've never faced before and they don't know what to do . . . in time to prevent an accident.

The moral is, of course, not to drive too fast. I have been on the job long enough to know that no speed over 35 is safe, and lots of drivers can't drive even that fast without danger of meeting up with a situation they can't handle.

Well, I'll be seeing you.