The Flying Courier

by Boyd Cable

SYMOPSIS

Glynn Elliman, pilot of Imperial Airway, is travelling by Air Mail to India, carrying two copies of a talking film of the Prince of Napalta, who is too ill to travel himself. The talking films are sent as a last resort to foil his half-brother in India, to usurp this throne.

On the same Mail liner travels Norah Seaman, who becomes interested in Glynn.

Several attempts are made by the Vulture's envoys and one film is stolen. Glynn has the other film secured round his waist by a steel chain.

At Karachi, Glynn is met by a supposed envoy of the Prince, who requests him to accompany him to a theatre. Jimmy Doyle and Norah Seaman go with Glynn. They are followed. The Prince's envoys in the meantinme have become alarmed at the non-appearance of Glynn and institute a search. Glynn accepts a drink in the theatre restaurant, which has a strong sleeping draught.

"If the wreck catches fire, as I am reminded it did in the Rhisadar junction accident two years ago, not one can escape. Our two men will be watching from nearby, and if the fire does not quickly start itself, it might be helped a little"

The Vulture chuckled to himself, not noticing the dismay and the fear on the face of Abdul Ali.

"Then the Heaven born will wish me to send a message to Karachi," he whimpered. "There is little time, because the train will be leaving there soon."

"There is no need to send any word to Karachi" said the Vulture calmly. "No others are to know of this plan except the two who carry it out and yourself."

"But your men—your four who are to travel on the train?" stammered Abdul Ali. "They must also perish with the Courier"

"I had thought of that, O spawn of a brainless frog," sneered the Vulture. "But if they have secured or destroyed the package before the hour when the train reaches the chosen spot they will by then have left the train. If they have, they will be fitttingly rewarded when they make report. If they have not, they will remain on the train; and when it rolls down the khud and takes fire, they will be even more fittingly rewarded for their failure."

He stopped and stared hard at Abdul Ali's twitching eyes and quivering lips.

"I begin to think, said the Vulture slowly through bared lips and shut teeth, "that you grow weak and afraid in my service. Do not forget I know how to reward those who serve me well, and also those who fail me. Now begone."

Abdul Ali prostrated himself, and crept away.

CHAPTER XX

The Train Wreckers

Norah answered Glynn's question with a quivering lip and moist eyes raised to his.

"Thank you, Glynn dear. Yes, that answers my question, but I'll wait to answer yours until we are alone."

Glynn turned to the Chief and the Prince's officer. "I don't think there is anything more to be said. And as Miss Seaman and I have the train to Hydrapore to catch, and it is getting on towards time for it, we ought to be going."

"One moment," said the Chief. "I should very much like Miss Seaman to stay in Karachi over the night. She has given us her father's name and address, and I am having a telephone call put through to the hospital where she tells me he is ill. I'd like her to wait until I have my reply."

"I'm afraid Miss Seaman can't oblige you," said Glynn, "and I'm the less inclined to ask her to because you are merely telephoning to verify what she has told you. You'll get your verification in time, but that is the less reason for her to wait."

"I'm sorry," said the Chief rather brusquely. "I must insist.

"Does that mean Miss Seaman is to be detained against her will," asked Glynn with a note of anger in his tones, "that in fact she is under arrest?"

"I hope she and you will be sensible enough not to make any unpleasant steps necessary," replied the Chief.

"I see," said Glynn, and now there was no question of the anger in his voice. "Very well. Miss Seaman will stay, no doubt since you insist. But if she stays in Karachi to-night, so do I."

"But Captain," exclaimed the aghast officer of the Prince. "You must go tonight. It is the only train that will get you to Napalata in time to-morrow."

"Discuss that with the Chief," said Glynn curtly. "I go only on that train to-night if Miss Seaman goes with me, and as free as I am."

"But Captain," wailed the Indian, everything is arranged, and they wait you at Napalata."

The Indian turned to the Chief, pulled him aside and began a vehement pleading in low but urgent tones.

"Glynn, my dear," said Nora softly. "Never mind me I shall be all right, and I can wire father I am detained. You can't fail in your mission at the last stage after so hard a fight to complete it."

"I shan't have to, old dear," chuckled Glynn. "I've got a stranglehold on them, and they know it. They'll give in. You see."

He was quickly proved right. The Chief stepped abruptly to his table and pressed a bell, and when a constable answered, sent for the officer who had brought them there. To him he presently gave brief instructions that Captain Elliman and Miss Seaman were to be driven to their hotel and given any guard or escort he required until they were in the train, and that any other precautions the Prince's officer wished taken should be seen to.

Then to Glynn and Norah he merely bowed formally and said "Good evening."

"Good evening," said Glynn with a glint in his eye "And, by the way, you have Miss Seaman's father's address, so you know where to send her your apologies when you have proved your mistake." He turned and took Norah's arm—"Come along, Norah."

As they reached the police officer's car, they were overtaken by the hurrying officer of the Prince who told them he had his own car there, with an armed guard on the seat, and could drive them to their hotel.

"Many thanks," said Glynn with a smile. "But as this officer had orders to drive us there, he might be reprimanded for disobedience. Oh, you don't know, my lad—" he cut in on the officer's assurances it would be all right. "You're likely to find your Chief in a mighty reprimandish mood for an hour or two," and he turned to help Norah in.

"I'm getting nervous of these Protected of the Protector agents and representatives," he half laughed as they took their seats, "with their armed guards on the box seat. I suppose this joker is the genuine article?"

"I'll guarantee that," laughed the officer. "I know him personally, and he's quite a pot at the Prince's palace—First Secretary to the Private Secretary to the Premier or Vizier. He came here in the Prince's own private coach hitched to the train. You're going back in it, you know."

"The deuce I am," cried Glynn, in astonishment. "Private coaches are a new line for me."

"They're a much safer one in this case anyway," said the officer. "Old Secretary's Secretary has it all fixed up with a batch of guards on board and everything.

"Looks as if I'm going to be well watched over for the home stretch," grinned Glynn. "I've already got an all-over-bar-the shouting feeling about my job."

He repeated that remark with even greater emphasis at the station later when he saw the Prince's private coach attached to the train, the half-dozen men in the Prince's uniform waiting by the door. The police officer had tactfully hinted to "the Secretary's-Secretary Johnny" that he should invite Norah to travel in the coach, and when he caught sight of a Commissioner acquaintance with his wife making for the train, he also suggested they should be accommodated too. Both suggestions were accepted.

"I thought you'd be better with extra company," whispered the officer hastily to Glynn. "The old Sec-Sec would bore you stiff if he had you alone to jaw to all the way. You'll get along with old Rawly too. Good sort."

But when he brought along Commissioner and Mrs. Rawly to be introduced, Norah flew at them with a cry of delight and a rapid fire of inter-mixed questions, answers and explanations. Both were very old friends of her father's it appeared, and she had know them most of her life.

Glynn could not restrain his amusement. "I say," he dragged the police officer aside to tell "Do rub it in to your blessed chief that these people know Norah. Make him a bit more careful next time about arresting decent girls on suspicion."

Jimmy Doyle was at the station to see them off, looking rather rueful and woe-begone, and feeling, as he said "rather like an orphan left alone in the storm."

"Thank you Jimmy" said Norah with a mock curtsey. "I didn't know I was quite old enough to claim the honour—"

"Oh, I say, don't kid," cried the embarassed Jimmy. "You know I did not mean that."

"Don't forget Jimmy," said Glynn, "you've got yourself to blame for anything you get in the way of that suitable reward, because you wouldn't tell me anything you wanted as one. Norah assures me that when I refer it to them at Napalata, they'll send you nothing less than a couple of elephants; and after I report the extra bit of your help in whistling up the police in the theatre gardens, they'll maybe chuck in a tiger or two for extra measure."

"Well, I've thought of something," said Jimmy triumphantly. "A photograph of Norah and yourself—with a bit of the wedding cake."

And on that the train began to move out.

"Poor boy," said Norah softly as they returned his last hat waves. "I'm sorry for him in his fish-out-of-water business. You must tell the Prince all about him Glynn. His influence might help to get him promotion or something."

"By the look of this coach," said Glynn, looking about the luxurious compartment they were entering, "there's quite a lot the Prince could influence. And judging by the number of bodyguard with us, it's certain there's no other robber-dodging to do."

"And you've beaten The Vulture and all his ruffians," said Norah with a sigh of relief.

They could not guess that The Vulture was not yet beaten, nor that two more of his ruffians were even then speeding to set a last murderous trap for them.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Captured Escort.

The Vulture made careful arrangements for news of the expected disaster to the train from Karachi to reach him as quickly as possible. He had a man waiting at the Hydrapore station to be informed when the train passed a station on the Hydrapore side of the spot selected for the wreck, and the longer after its due time the train was in arriving there, the more certain it would be that the wreckers had succeeded. The man at Hydrapore station would also get early news of the smash when it was telegraphed down the line.

The train was due at the station after the wrecking place about ten o'clock, and when the scheduled time had passed by a good half hour with no news of arrival there, The Vulture was fairly satisfied that his plans had been carried out. The time passed on to 10.45 and then to 11 a.m., and at each time he had a telephoned message to say there was still no word of the train's arrival, although the station at Hydrapore, not understanding this, had telegraphed and been informed that the train had passed another station ten miles further back nearly an hour before. The Vulture rubbed his hands with satisfaction. He was certain now that the train had smashed, and probably there had been no survivors to carry word of the disaster to the nearest telegraph station.

It was in high good humour that he accepted the salutations of Abdul Ali, and this time listened to a report he brought of information gathered from The Vulture's spies in the Prince's palace.

"It is known that preparations have been made to bring the flying courier, by a palace car, from the station at Hydrapore as soon as he arrives," said Abdul Ali humbly.

The Vulture indulged in an evil grin, and nodded indifferently.

"The Premier's Secretary, Hasim, is to drive in by motor from the Palace with an armed trooper beside the driver, and two other troopers following in another car. In Hydrapore, a troop of horse will escort Hasim with the Courier through the city in case of any attempt against them.

(To be Continued)

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

713

Delicious Quality

Also in Black and Mixed

A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by **P.C.2**

"Say, pull over to the side!"

Was he mad when I stopped him? I'll tell the world he was! Started to bawl ME out.

"All right," I said to him, "all right, I know you weren't speeding — not more than forty, anyway. I'm not taking your number, so quieten down, will you? I just wanted to speak to you, that's all."

He was so surprised, he goggled at me. "Say," I said, "are you on your way home?"

"I certainly am," he replied, shortly, "and I'm in a hurry to get there." Significant-like.

"Married?" I asked, quietly.

'None of your business," he snapped, "but I happen to be."

"Children?" I enquired, smiling, friendly-like.

"Two," he said, and I noticed his eyes soften as he said it.

"And they'll be waiting for you?" I ventured again.

"You bet they will be." He was almost smiling himself, now.

"They might have had a long, long wait," I said, speaking kind of slow.

"What d'ye mean?" he demanded, quickly.

"Just this," I said. "I was behind you further down the road. And you didn't even slow up at yon railroad crossing. No, sir, you didn't even stop —you just went on over, and the eastbound missed you by feet. I guess it startled you, too, didn't it?"

He looked away for a minute. "I didn't notice it coming," he said at last. "It scared me, as I heard it roar past behind me."

"But there's a big sign 300 feet before the crossing," I argued, "didn't you see that?"

He nodded. "I did, officer, I did," he admitted, and then—"My kids—if I'd been hit." There was sudden terror in his eyes. He thrust out his hand at me. "Thanks, officer," he said, "I see what you mean. You've done me a better turn than you'll ever know."

I waved him on his way. I'll bet that man won't ever pass a crossing without at least slowing down. If only people would think of the kiddies at home before they try to beat the Limited.

Perhaps some day they'll know better.

Sex of Chicks To Be Known

JAPANESE METHOD OF DETERMINING WILL BE INTRODUCED.

Saint John, N.B.—Steps are being taken to introduce into New Brunswick the Japanese method of ascertaining the sex of the newly hatched chicks, according to A. R. Jones, manager of the Maritime Co-operative Egg and Poultry Exchange here. Terming this method of sex determination the greatest development in the poultry industry since the advent of the big incubators, Mr. Jones said it would be a major factor in reducing production costs in New Brunswick, as was the case in Japan and on the Pacific Coast of North America.

"At the present time it is from four to six weeks after hatching before the sex of a baby chick can be told, save by the Japanese method," said Mr. Jones.

"The saving which results from using this method is twofold. The majority of producers regard cockerels as a nuisance and an expense, taking up room they would prefer to have for pullets. In the second place, pullets, when separated from cocktrels from the start are easier to raise and thrive better. Cockerels are a little bit stronger and outrace the pullets to the feed troughs."

He instanced the case of a British Columbia poultry man who found that 250 pullets, sex-determined at hatching and separated from the cockerels, laid from 12 to 15 per cent. more eggs all winter than 250 pullets of the same hatch, but unseparated. Sexed Leghorn pullet chicks in British Columbia sell for about $18 per 100, while unsexed Leghorn chicks are worth $10 less.

Professor A. W. Maw, head of the poultry department of Macdonald College, Quebec, will attend the provincial poultry field-day at Fredericton on August 2 to demonstrate the Japanese method of ascertaining the sex of baby chicks, said Mr. Jones. Later a Japanese expert may be brought to New Brunswick to provide further instruction.

In British Columbia, Japanese experts have sexed 1,500,000 chicks. The Washington Co-operative Egg and Poultry Association, largest on the continent, is selling sexed chicks to two-thirds of its customers, although it has practiced the sexing for only a year.

Japanese who are introducing the method sometimes earn from $90 to $100 per day. The champion, named Yogo, can determine the sex of 1,400 chicks in an hour, and his charge is from a cent to a cent and a half per chick. The method attracted little attention when explained in a paper read by a Japanese professor at the World Poultry Congress in Ottawa six years ago.

"Eastern Canada has got to follow the Pacific Coast lead or be outstripped," said Mr. Jones. "We will have to adopt the Japanese method of sexing if we are not going to lose our place in the poultry industry, which is $2,500,000 in New Brunswick alone."

The Sugar Bush

This year, many farmers have seen fit to sell off their sugar bushes, thus helping to obtain money They forget that there will be no steady income from the making of maple syrup, even if the price per gallon has decreased from what it formerly was. Many a valuable woodlot has been sacrificed for what it would bring and the landscape ruined because of this need of money.

Over three-quarters of the land area of Canada is unsuitable for successful agricultural production, but much of it could be utilized for growing forests.

Unregulated cutting, frequent and extensive forest fires, insects and fungus diseases have eliminated many of the more desirable species of trees in some areas. Forests are necessary for the trade of a country and for the employment of men. They affect the climate and water upply, while the farmer obtains his fuel from the woodlot. Fish require clear, cold water such as is found in the shade of the forest; game attracts tourists but without forests where is the game to be found? Birds must have nesting places so as to enchant us with their beauty and song. They help men by planting trees and by keeping down insects.

In summer, in and above the forest, the air is cooler than over open ground. In winter, the snow is protected from both the sun and the wind and so melts more slowly. Hence there is less danger from erosion and floods than where the trees are cut off.

It behooves us as Institute members to urge our men to protect the forests and to plant new trees where the land is not suitable for agriculture.

This article was contributed by (Mrs. R. J.) Nellie Grimes Blair, Provincial Convener of Committee on Agriculture.

M. Elizabeth McCurdy, Provincial Convener, Publicity Committee, Quebec Women's Institutes.

VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY SIX MONTHS

Teeth really are more than miniature grinders with which to chew food. They are, speaking from a beauty standpoint, the background of a perfect smile. They should be smooth and white — never mind if they are a trifle crooked — so that you're proud to show them when you laugh. Constant care is the one thing that will keep them that way.

Remember that every person should visit the dentist every six months. Let him fill the cavities, extract old roots that he feels can be treated in no other way, and finally, have him clean and polish the teeth. The last step is all important. No matter how often nor how thoroughly you brush then yourself, you cannot prevent tartar from forming and no one but a dentist can successfully remove tartar and deeply imbedded stains.

Of course, there is a great deal that you can and must do yourself. Brush your teeth at least twice a day — after each meal is better—and use dental floss several times a week. Buy your dentifrice because of its efficacy, not merely because you like the taste of it. Baking soda is an excellent cleanser.

Remember that everyone needs a good mouthwash. And one with astringent properties is especially fine. Not only will it keep the teeth and mouth in a cleaner condition, but will also prevent the gums from shrinking away from the teeth. Your dentist will probably recommend a good one.

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Dr. Williams' BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Issue No. 30—'34

The Farmer

Who is the nation's corner-stone,
That has to do his work alone,
While others laugh and hear his groan?
The Farmer.

Who toils to grow what others eat,
The loaves of bread, the juicy meat,
And in return is termed a cheat?
The Farmer.

Who takes his produce from his door,
And drags it to the general store,
Gets what they'll give and nothing more
The Farmer.

At prices which he knows full well,
Who buys what others have to sell,
Should send the askers straight — oh well?
The Farmer.

Whose day's not bounded by the sun,
Nor statutes formed by men who "run,"
But by the work that's never done?
The Farmer.

But on the city's streets do roam,
Whose sons and daughters won't stay home,
For dad can't dress them off the loam?
The Farmer's.

When prices rose in time of war,
Whose were the last to skyward soar,
But first to fall when it was o'er?
The Farmer's.

Who has no share of millions spent,
To give the cities sweet content,
Except to help repay what's lent?
The Farmer.

Who never in the "bread line" stands
Nor seeks help from his neighbor's hands,
But wrests a living from his lands?
The Farmer.

Who finds but one bright glowing ray,
To cheer him on his weary way—
He has no income tax to pay.
The Farmer.

—Eva Ewart Jamieson.

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