The Flying Courier

by Boyd Cable

Synopsis

Glynn Elliman, pilot of Imperial Airways 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 his 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. Jimmp Doyle and Norah Seaman go with Glynn. They are followed. The Prince's envoys in the meantime 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. The lights suddenly go out. Glynn is rescued by the police. The Vulture plans revenge, and captures Glynn when he arrives at Hydrapore.

* * *

When they reached the headquarters offices of the police, they found that news of the abduction had been given the Head and that already he had set in motion what wheels he could for the tracing of the car in which Glynn had been carried off. "But it is a bad business," he added gravely. "Both cars turned off the main streets and seem to have disappeared for the moment. The Courier, of course, would not suspect he was not with friends, and would know nothing of where he was being taken. If they get him to enter some house in a quiet side street they will be able to rob him at their ease."

"Glynn will fight," cried Norah. "When they attack him he will fight if he had a fraction of a chance. They will give him little chance." Terror stricken at the thought of his danger, she dropped limply to a chair.

What the Head of the Police feared was exactly what happened. Glynn, after a few minutes fast driving, waked to the fact that a mounted escort had set out with them must be left miles behind. He mentioned this to the supposed Hasim, who explained glibly. "The troops," he said, "were mainly intended to draw attention from you and from this car. We were a little afraid there might be some commotion made in the streets, and possibly an attack made on the car. Moving at the pace of the horses would, for example, make it more possible to throw a bomb, and it would be at a car surrounded by troops such a bomb would be flung. Any bomb thrower would now be waiting for the car and escort to pass him."

Glynn was satisfield with the explanation, which seemed a reasonable one and of a clever precaution. From the windows of the car he saw they were driving rapidly, and even rather recklessly, though a number of streets, some of them rather mean and narrow, but knowing nothing of the city was still entirely unsuspicious.

But when the car pulled up suddenly in a narrow street outside a large house with a somewhat shabby and neglected looking exterior, he was very much surprised.

"Aren't we going straight to the Palace of Napalata?" he asked, but again "Hasim" was glib with his answer.

"Such was the plan that was given out," he said, "but again it was for the misleading of any possible evildoers who might lie in wait on the road to the Palace. The Premier waits you here, to see what you bring to him."

Together they alighted and walked side by side to the house door. By comparison with the blaze of sunshine outside, it was dark and dim inside the door, but Glynn stepped inside, still without thought of anything wrong.

The door swung silently shut behind him, apair of muscular arms clamped round his waist over his arms, and in an instant a swarm of men had seized him, clinging tightly to his hands, arms, legs and every inch of him where they could get a grip. Glynn tried to fight back, not understanding the attack or the reason for it, but only that it was attack and he must fight. But against such odds he was powerless. For a few minutes he rolled on the floor with his assailants hanging to him, trying to pass thongs about him as he kicked butted with his head, struggled to wrench his arms free if only for an instant. It was no good. He was over-powered, bound hand and foot, dragged to a bench and lashed down on it.

His captors drew back and squatted panting, to recover their breath and to nurse the bruises Glynn had managed to inflict in the rough and tumble. Then one who seemed to be a leader, rose and producing a little key gave orders to the others. Once again Glynn's clothing was wrenched open, his shirt roughly torn away, and the chain round his waist exposed.

A light was brought and for a minute or two the leader fiddled with the key, trying to insert it in the lock, finding he could not do so. He left that for the moment and turned to an examination of the chain and the case through the hasps of which the chain was passed. When he had satisfied himself that the case could not be opened without the chain being unlocked or broken, he called another man forward to have a trial with the key.

This man quickly gave his opinion that something had been stuffed into the lock, and an effort was made with the wires and various implements to pick it clear. But the liquid glue foiled all these efforts and the leader began to grow impatient.

While this slow performance went on, Glynn tried to believe that delay might be helpful, that his capture would quickly be detected and a pursuit set on foot. But the very unhaste with which the men worked was clear indication that they felt themselves safe and in no need to hurry, and Glynn was forced to the unpleasant conclusion that, no matter how energetic a search might be set on foot, it must take time, perhaps hours, to track down where the car had set him down.

From the talk of the men about him, he understood that they meant to waste no time. An order was given to bring tools—hammers, cold chisels and files, to break the lock or cut through the chain. Glynn groaned at the thought that at last he was beaten that on the threshold of success he was to be robbed of the film he carried.

This was bad enough, but the next turn of the talk sent a cold chill donw his spine. A big burly man with a badly squinting eye and a repulsively ugly face, pushed forward to the leader and, with a gesture towards the helpless figure of Glynn now stripped naked from the waist up, he offered to make a quicker work of it than ever they could of cutting the chain.

"I have been a butcher, and I can be a butcher again," he said brutally in reply to the leader's question of how he would work quicker. "Cut the man in halves at the waist and the chain is free. Give me a butcher's cleaver and I'll put the whole thing in your hands in three minutes."

"There is something in that," said the leader thoughtfully, "and the Master said nothing of it mattering if the man were killed. Go then and find your cleaver."

The others were so casual and cold-blooded in their reception of this proposal that instinctively, Glynn knew it would be hopeless to make any appeal to them. He thought of Norah and again groaned to himself.

To follow what was to happen, it is necessary to go back a little in the tale and to bring in a another character new to us.

(To Be Continued.)

A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by **P.C.2**

Some men forget fast. I know when I learned to drive I was mighty glad that some other drivers practised the "courtesy of the road." I know I appreciated it then, and I have not forgotten it now. For the life of me I can't see why anybody should forget.

After all, the courtesy of the road doesn't cost you anything, other than a thought for somebody's welfare and safety. Little things like carefulness in signalling an intention to turn, or slow down a bit when one is passing children, or going through villages, or giving the other fellow his share of the road, mean quite a lot to others. And they don't lessen your own self-respect or safety in any degree.

I see a lot of drivers—it's part of my job to watch them as they go by—and believe me, in the main the drivers of this province are a pretty decent lot. That is what makes the exception stand out so badly.

When I do come across one of these road hogs, without consideration for anybody but themselves, I don't feel very friendly. You don't blame me? No, nor any other decent man.

I could give you quite a few instances of where inconsiderate drivers have been responsible for accidents, but they always get theirs in time.

The highway is for everybody, pedestrians as well as automobiles, and the man that co-operates in driving safely and who exercises the courtesy of the road when he is driving is the man who is liked by all.

I'm preaching no sermon—I'm just saying what I think.

Day Skirts Fifteen Inches from Floor

Monograms in Gold Hung From Bar Are Worn Like a Medal

Paris.—Paris style czars have gone back to the renaissance, to Louis XIII., and to the gay days of Vienna, the winter style shows revealed last week.

A sequinned bodice, like a bright coat of mail, beneath a little bolero top for afternoon wear harks back to the days of knighthood.

Skirts continue straight and narrow, with a vast economy of cloth much appreciated in these days of depression.

Winter will see many hand-knitted dresses, suits and hats.

Anny Blatt shows a gorgeous knitted evening dress, made from dull flatback yarns.

Designers seem agreed that it is not necessary to change daytime skirt lengths. Most hold to the level of 15 inches above the floor.

Aileen Rice, whose sports clothes are the sensation of the winter style season, features exotic color combinations such as emerald green and sapphire blue or pine needle green and plaid taffeta. Her hand-knitted ensembles, tightly woven, feel like woollen fabrics.

French women have no need to envy their be-medalled husbands. For women there are monograms in gold or crystal hung from a crystal bar and worn pinned on the jacket like a medal for bravery.

Women Want More Government Jobs

U.S. Fall Elections to See Campaign Launched

New York.—Women intend to follow the traditional method of organized labor and pit one political party against another in the United States fall election campaign for the furtherance of their interests, it was announced recently by Mrs. Geline Macdonald Bowman, president of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Club.

What the Federation wants, Mrs. Bowman asserted, is more Governmental positions for qualified women.

"We're going to make a survey of every State to find what recognition women have had in appointive or elective positions," she said. "We are going to pit the Republicans against the Democrats, and let each one know it.

"Both parties talk a lot about the political recognition of women, especially around election time when they want the women to get out and work. We want to find out whether this is just a pat on the back or whether they really mean it.

"The results of our survey ought to make pretty interesting reading around election time."

Definitions of Home

A London magazine asked the question, "What is home?" Seven of the answers which the editor called gems were selected and published and are as follows:

Home—A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

Home—The place where the small are great and the great are small.

Home—The father's kingdom, the mother's world and the child's paradise.

Home — The place where we grumble most and are treated the best.

Home—The centre of our affection, round which our heart's best wishes twine.

Many a time "May I have one minute, please," has ruined an entire day.

ATTENTION

If we gave you complete facts of a company that has exceptional profits in sight, you would welcome such an enterprise as an opportunity worthy of investigation.

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Nova Scotia Gets Survey

Royal Commission Will Study Its Relations to Dominion

Halifax.—The economic welfare of Nova Scotia, and its relations financially and otherwise to the Dominion of Canada are going to be checked up. A Royal Commission will be appointed, Premier Angus L. Macdonald has announced, which will investigate these matters. The former colleger professor and football coach named Pro. J. H. Jones, head of the department of commerce of Leeds University, England, as chairman.

HAS TWO ASSOCIATES

Associated with him will be Dr. Alexander Johnston, C.M.G., Ottawa, former deputy minister of marine, and Dr. H. A. Innis, F.R.S.C., associate professor of economic geography of the University of Toronto.

Hearings will open in Halifax shortly when a brief prepared on behalf of the provincial government by Professor Norman McLeod Rogers of Queen's University, retained some months ago, will be presented.

"The commission appointed for the purpose is an exceptionally strong one in every respect, and it should continue to command the respect and confidence of the people not only of Nova Scotia but also of the Dominion," said Premier Macdonald, in announcing the personnel. "Its scope of inquiry is the broadcast. It will be asked to investigate and consider not merely the effect of Canada's trade and fiscal policies upon Nova Scotia, not only the present financial arrangements between this province and the Dominion, but also any other matters that may affect the economic welfare of Nova Scotia."

DUNCAN COMMISSION

The report of the Duncan Commission of 1928 declared at its beginning that "the outstanding fact is that the Maritime Provinces have not prospered or developed either in population, in commercial, industrial and rural enterprises, as fully as other provinces of Canada."

Prof. Jones, who has headed the commerce department at Leeds since 1919, will arrive in Halifax next week. He served with the war trade department, the ministry of munitions and the ministry of labor during the World War, and was a member of the trade boards from 1919 to 1922. He has acted as member of the economic advisory council committee on live stock, on the board of education consultative committee on adult education, and as impartial member of west riding agricultural wage committee.

An honor graduate of the Universities of Cardiff, Leipzig, and Berlin, he has lectured since 1907 at the universities of Liverpool, Glasgow and Leeds, and has written extensively on practical and theoretical problems in his field.

NATIVE OF PROVINCE

Alex. Johnson is a distinguished native of Nova Scotia, who was deputy minister of marine for 20 years. He sat in the provincial Legislature and the House of Commons before his appointment to the federal marine post in 1910. The C.M.G. was bestowed upon him in the King's Birthday honors list last June. His Alma mater St. Francis Xavier University, conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon him at the last convocation.

The third member of the commission, Dr. H. A. Innis, M.A., Ph.D., F. R.S.C., is considered an authority on Canada's economic development His work at the University of Toronto as professor of economic geography brought him into direct study of maritime problems during the last few years. S. A. Saunders' prize-winning thesis on "The Economic Welfare of the Maritime Provinces," published in 1932 by Acadian University, was prepared under his supervision, as well as the recent book of Mrs. Ruth Fulton Grant, "The Canadian Atlantic Fishery," to which he contributed the foreward. He is the author and editor of several volumes of particular interest to Canada. Born at Otterville, Ont., he received his M.A. from McMaster University and his doctorate in economics from the University of Chicago.

Ask Mother—She Knows

Mother took this medicine before and after the babies came. It gave her more strength and energy when she was nervous and rundown . . . kept her on the job all through the Change. No wonder she recommends it.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Issue No. 33—'34

Study Effect Of Type Faces

Psychological Power Is Proved by College Tests

Bloomington, Ind.—Conclusive evidence that different sizes of advertising type faces have a definite psychological effect in denoting tones was gathered in a recent survey at Indiana University.

Professor R. C. Davis interviewed scores of students and others to learn just what effect, if any, type had on readers of advertising.

Concerned about frequent assertions that bold type expresses cheapness; italic, feminity, and so forth, Professor Smith put the theories to actual tests.

The subjects were given sheets of paper on which were printed various sizes of type, varied as to boldness, condensation, use of italics and size.

The subjects then described the psychological effect each type had on them, and they described which type they thought best fitted for 23 highly advertised products.

The tests also showed that type faces express feeling, the size of the type determining the tone.

It was found that bold and heavy type carried the idea of strength, confidence, snappy appeal, durability and masculinity. Thinner and less bolder type was described as carrying thoughts of courtesy, beauty, sex appeal, delicacy and femininity.

Crippled Indian Girl Now Walks

Missionary Found Her Suffering Three Years Ago

Winnipeg.—A little Indian girl celebrated July fourth by gaining her independence from pain and crippled limbs. She returned home to the Brandon Indian Residential School, following a successful operation at a local hospital.

Three years ago a young student missionary stationed at Nelson House, had made a journey into the Far North. In an Indian settlement, five days by dog team from his mission headquarters, the young man found Emily, a child badly crippled from congenital hip disease. The missionary made arrangements to bring the child to the Brandon Indian School where she could receive treatment.

In February, 1931, the memorable trip was made. The missionary set out with five dogs hitched to the carriole, faced the bleak north country and headed for the Indian settlement. It took him five days to reach the settlement and another ten on the trail before reaching Mile 137. From there Emily was brought to Brandon by rail.

Through the Indian department the best medical and surgical advice was obtained for the child. Now Emily can walk and take her normal place in life.

Slate is a metamorphosed shale or sometimes metamorphosed igneous rock which easily spits into sheets of considerable thickness.

Good Nature Won Him Love

Sense of Humor—Germans Were Devoted to Von Hindenburg

Berlin.—To Germans, Paul von Hindenburg was not only an unusual field marshall and president, but a lovable and loving character whose humor and good nature endeared him to the millions.

Death came to him 74 years after he wrote his last will and testament at the age of 12. That will, of course, is not taken seriously but it testifies to the good nature and sense of humor which were two of the many qualities which marked his character.

When young Paul joined the cadets of the Scholl Wahlstatt he wrote a will providing that his toys should be distributed between his brother and sister. To a needy schoolmate he bequeathed a sandwich for breakfast every morning.

The postcript on this document was characteristic. It read:

"Peace and quiet I ask forever."

Today on his writing desk in the dim study at Neudeck there still stands the inscription that was the guide to von Hindenburg's life and living. "Ora et labora," read the inscription: "Pray and work."

The superior human qualities of Germany's dead soldier-president were exemplified by the following words which he spoke after the battle of Masurian Lakes:

"I am rather ashamed that I did not feel cold back there in the safe headquarters. At that time, I could not be at the front as I was at the battle of Tannenburg.

"Almost every day, I ran for two hours against the bitterly cold wind to bring to my conscience what hardships our poor soldiers had to stand up against out in the trenches."

Short Precarious Hour

A bird of red consented to remain
A slim guest artist, in my maple tree
Where, glowing as a lantern in the rain,
It balanced on a gay twig perilously.
Over the piebald sod beneath the branch
The thick fog lifted from the thinning snow.
I marveled that a creature had so staunch
An optimism, facing such a foe
As life. This bird, alone, devoid of power,
Persisting through survival of the strong,
This wing riding the short precarious hour
That brings disaster or tomorrow's song,
Had kept its bright appointment with the tree,
Its gay itinerary etched in flame.
It was as though a spirit spoke to me,
It was as though the silence breathed a Name.

—Florence Dickinson Stearns in "Spirit."

The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are.—Dr. Johnson.

FALSE TEETH

DR. WERNET'S POWDER

Would you like false teeth to fit so firmly yet comfortably they feel natural—eat, shout, laugh—all day long you can forget about them. Simply sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder—prescribed by world's foremost dentists—the one powder that assures 100% secure comfort. SPECIAL FEATURE comfort-cushion protects sensitive gums—always keeps mouth clean and sanitary. Inexpensive—any druggist.

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