Fits the pocket neatly . . . and keeps the last paper just as fresh as the first.

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. Jimmy 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.

* * *

CHAPTER XXIV

A MURDER REPAID

When the train from Karachi had arrived, few of those waiting paid any attention to the ordinary coaches and the passengers getting down from them. But amongst the travellers were four men who had made the journey for the purpose of making what further attempt might be possible to rob Glynn—a possibility that was destroyed by Glynn being carried in the Prince's private coach and with a strong guard.

These men had seen all that Glynn had of the attempt to wreck the train, and although at first they had not connected this with the Courier's presence on the train, they quickly did when one of them recognised in the two train-wrecking prisoners a man in the service of The Vulture. But even then, of course, he might have been engaged on some other enterprise or by some other employer—for political or terrorism purposes perhaps.

But when they reached Hydrapore and left the station, one, at least, quickly learned the whole of the facts, and some others. A woman sidled up to him in the crowd, whispered a word and moved off with him sauntering along close behind. In a shady corner of a quiet street she halted and squatted down, and he did the same beside her. The man was the Indian, Dass, who had travelled with Glynn by the Air Mail.

"Speak, wife of my brother Abdul Ali," he began, but at that she broke in with a gesture of despair—"Not the wife, but the widow of your brother. He died, was killed to-day."

"Killed?" said the man slowly. "Was it an accident, or is there one to pay for the killing? And if there is, be sure, be very sure, O widow of my dearest brother, that the debt will be paid."

The woman nodded, and bowed her face in her hands. Dass leaned closer and whispered "You know how dear were we two brothers, each to each; I too, shall mourn him with you, but only after I have brought death to the death-bringer."

Then the woman told her tale, and the man sat like a stone, listening without interruption.

The Vulture had gone that day with his black slave, known to all men as The Killer, to the roof top of his house tower, and sent for Abdul Ali to come there to him. In a little time The Vulture came down alone to his rooms, and in yet a little time more Abdul Ali, as The Killer reported, "fell" from the roof to the ground below.

He lay there, all men fearing the wrath of The Vulture if even the dead body should be picked up, until at last his wife had crept out to him and managed to drag him a little way out of sight to where she could get help to bear him home. Only when he was there did she find he still lived, although all the bones of his body seemed to be broken. She and some others did what they could, but he was beyond help and soon died.

But before he died he told how and why he did, and that his brother Dass, who was even then on the train from Karachi, should be told quickly.

Abdul Ali knew that his brother Dass was one of those on the train, and when The Vulture made his plan to wreck it and would not be dissuaded although it meant death to his own men, Abdul Ali, as the only way to save his brother, telephoned secretly to the Police making report of the plan and where the train was to be destroyed. So the train was saved, and Dass with it.

But when The Vulture had news of this he suspected, remembering also that Abdul Ali had spoken of his own men and wishing to warn them to leave the train; and he questioned Abdul Ali, asking who were the four men. Then he, thinking that if it were known Dass, his brother, were of the four he might be suspect of treachery, lied and named four men without naming his brother as one.

Then The Vulture pretended to be satisfied, but questioned others and found that Dass was one of the four. He sent for Abdul Ali to come to the roof-top, and he went, thinking it was to get further orders about another plan that had been made to carry off the Courier by seizing the motors sent to bring him to the palace. So Abdul Ali went up to the roof top, and there was left with the Killer, who threw him down and killed him.

Dass sat silent and bowed for a time after the tale was ended, and then he asked, "This other plan to take the Courier—did my brother say what it was?"

"No, except that he was to be carried off from the station, and taken to the house in the city that used to be that of The Vulture's mother, but is now empty."

"Then if the plan succeeded, the Courier would be at that house even at this minute. And perhaps The Vulture would be there too, to see that which he carried?" asked Dass.

"It may be. I do not now," said the woman; and Dass rose quickly.

And because of that tale, Dass went straight to the Police; and when he said he had word of where the missing Courier might be, he was brought straight to the Head and made report of the house, adding that if the police moved quickly he could guide there men enough to surround the house and make sure that none escaped from it—no man of them from the highest born to the lowest.

The police moved quickly, very quickly indeed. In fact, they could hardly have made better speed if they had known that at the moment Glynn's life hung by a thread, and the packet that might win or lose a Prince's throne was on the edge of destruction.

CHAPTER XXV

THE FILM DESTROYED

Glynn had tried many times to move his limbs or stretch his bonds, but the men who had tied him knew their work too well and he could not move an inch. While one went to find the butcher's cleaver, Glynn tried to buy his release with his packet, and then, finding that useless, bargained for his life alone, offering to pay if no harm was done to him, even although they took his package. They heard him with complete indifference, not even listening to him but chatting amongst themselves.

It was not until the cleaver was there and the butcher was testing its edge on his thumb, that the thought came to Glynn of words he had heard pass between the robbers in the theatre gardens at Karachi, and that he had repeated later to the police as the reason for being alive.

"Have you thought," he said quietly, "what will happen if you kill me?"

"I shall have tried cutting up a new kind of animal," said the butcher with an evil grin. "And the river crocodiles will be well fed to-night," added another.

"If I am killed," said Glynn, "every man here may be dead when to-morrow's sun sets. Most certainly will before another moon comes and goes."

This checked them for a moment, and they looked at each other. "A robbery may be a small matter to the police," Glynn went on, "but a dead man will make much commotion—and a white man, an Englishman, will be no matter for being forgotten."

(To Be Continued.)

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A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by **P.C.2**

Highway No. 11—Sunday night—south of Newmarket. The line of cars coming down from Lake Simcoe and Muskoka was almost solid. Once in a while the procession would open out. Gaps of a few car lengths would appear. The up traffic was light, but you could never tell when a northbound car would be coming over the hill.

One driver got impatient. Five or six cars ahead of him the line opened up for a moment. He turned out and speeded up to make the gap. Just then an up-car mounted the hill a hundred yards ahead of him. He swerved sharply into the gap.

He was just in time. But even then here's what happened. He grazed the fender of the car he had cut in on, forcing it to check suddenly. The cars behind it put on their brakes, but not in time to prevent a crash between cars Nos. 1 and 2, which caused crushed mudguards and a broken headlight in car No. 2. The northbound car sideswiped the cutter-in, and was crowded into the ditch. Both cutter-in and it suffered crushed mudguards.

The whole line of traffic for half a mile back was forced to halt. At several points there were bumps where cars could not pull up quickly enough. Traffic was halted (both south and north bound) for fifteen minutes while I helped the northbound car out of the ditch and took its number. Fortunately I had been trailing the northbound car, watching for just such an accident.

Believe me, cutting in doesn't pay at any time. Much less on a crowded highway. Much better to keep in line and lose ten minutes. You may avoid a fatal accident. At least you'll save the fine the magistrate imposed on this particular cutter-in.

Anyhow — I'll be seeing you.

Man Pays With His Life to Save 5 Cents

New York.—It was only a nickel that Arthur Roxbury had in his pocket, but he had been unemployed for two years, and after 10 o'clock the other night it would have bought enough left-over vegetables for his wife to make soup for their six children.

So when a negro sprang from the shadows beneath the elevated railway and demanded his money, Roxbury fled. He ran into a vacant building. The man followed. He climbed to the second floor. The Negro came right after him.

Desperate to safeguard his precious nickel, Roxbury jumped through a window, and landed on his head. He died of a fractured skull. His pursuer got away.

"SALADA" TEA

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Delightful Quality

Fresh from the Gardens

Infra-Red Detective

Rays Reveal Censored Lines in Book 300 Years Old

In the Huntington Library in California is a copy of Theodore de Bry's "Voyages," a book which was published three centuries ago and which was so offensive to the censor of the Inquisition that he obliterated passage after passage with the blackest ink that he could find. Having read that the infrared rays can pierce such seemingly hopeless blemishes, the Huntington librarian decided to make use of them. The rays passed right through the obliterating ink as if it were transparent. There was no difficulty in reading on photographs what the censor thought he had expunged for good and all.

Even the effect of time may also be overcome by the telltale rays. In the British Museum is a piece of leather which dates from 1200 B.C. More than one hand had written upon it after the older script had been cleaned off. The infra-red rays were able to distinguish between two sets of inscriptions because of the differences between the reflecting and absorbing powers of the leather and the ink. Nothing of importance was discovered. The test was of value because it revealed the possibilities of the infra-red rays in the service of the archaeologist.

Olof Bloch, who is chief chemist for a British firm of film and dry-plate makers explains these mysteries very simply in Discovery. Ordinary ink does not absorb infra-red light readily. If, therefore, we write in India ink and blot out the writing with ordinary ink it is easy enough to photograph the first impression. Reverse the process, and the result is failure. If the censor of de Bry's "Voyages" had used ink which agreed in composition with that of the book he would have made it impossible to photograph the type.

Pied Pipers Busy in South

War on Rats With Poison Instead Of Pipes

Birmingham, Ala.—The legendary Pied Piper of Hamelin, who lured rats to a watery grave with subtle music, has more than 100 modern parallels in Birmingham.

The 20th Century pipers, armed with traps and poisons instead of pipes, are waging a campaign against rats of every description in a federal project to prevent spread of typhus fever. Aid of housewives and property owners is being enlisted.

In the past six years, the disease increased 800 per cent, throughout the United States. In the same period, Alabama reported a gain of 1,700 per cent. Last year, Alabama reported 823 cases of the fever, more than half the number of cases recorded in the entire nation.

Typhus ever is spread by a species of flea which lives upon rats. Alabama's rats, the fever carriers, were believed to have been brought from Asia during the Civil War.

During the tenure of the Civil Works Administration, it was estimated that 5,000,000 rats were killed in 21 Alambama counties which sponsored rat eradication drives.

The fever carriers breed in rubbish and filth, rarely entering homes when food is available elsewhere.

Lilac-Lined Roads Fostered by Women Of New Hampshire

Concord, N.H.—Hopes of lilac-bordered highways for New Hampshire may be fulfilled through recent action of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs. The seeds of interest in sowing the fringe of the State's highways with the official state flower appear to have taken firm root.

Roadside beautification was first considered at a meeting of the federation two years ago, through the suggestion of Mr. Frederick A. Gardner, state publicist for the New Hampshire Highway Department. The movement was given further impetus by Mr. Haven Doe, state senator from Rollinsford, who suggested to a local garden club that instead of spending the time and effort to stage an annual flower show, more good would result if every member would plant something from his or her garden alongside the roadway through the town—perennials preferably, but anything that would add a touch of beauty that passers-by might see.

The New Hampshire Development Commission will co-operate with the federation members and the State Highway Department in laying out such a program of beautfication, in addition to establishing garden plots at intervals along the highways.

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Anker-Holth SARNIA, ONT.

Testing Flysprays

Rapidity in Killing Insects Measured in Experiments

When A. L. Blount, research supervisor of a flyspray manufacturing plant in Los Angeles, Calif., ruminates on the fecundity of insects he is overwhelmed. Man has passed through 40,000 generations and the insect through 300,000,000, he says. It makes him shudder to think that a single female housefly that has managed to survive the Winter in some cranny would produce more than five trillion offspring if there were no struggle for existence. Whereupon he goes back to his laboratory to supervise the compounding and testing of flysprays with a new zest.

The poison selected is known as pyrethrum, because is comes from pyrethrum flowers, which are daisies. In fact, the dried, pulverized field daisy has been used as an insecticide for years. The deadliest of all daisies grows in Japan and is, botanically speaking, a small chrysanthemum. Curiosly enough, the flower is harmless to higher animals.

To a man who specializes in fly-killing it is not enough to make a powder out of poisonous daisies and then trust to luck. Blount makes tests. Two tests, to be exact. One is the Peet-Grady and the other is the Richardson.

STANDARDS FOR STRENGTH

The Peet-Grady is so simple that flies grasp its meaning at once. In ten minutes a spray, whatever its compostion, must knock down 95 per cent, of the flies that it strikes and at least 60 per cent. of these victims must be dead twenty-four hours later. Most members of the National Association of Insecticide and Disinfectant Manufacturers do better than that. To satisfy Blount a spray must knock down all the flies in its path in ten minutes, and 90 per cent. must be really dead after twenty-four hours.

The Richardson test measures paralysis. It is a worthy companion of the Peet-Grady because it enables a manufacturer to determine the amount of poison in his spray and hence the potency of the pyrethrum flowers offered to him. All that the laboratory worker does is to measure the time required to paralyze 50 per cent. of the flies. that have been sprayed.

As for the flies, they are not caught in stables, screenless kitchens and less polite places. They are delicately and luxuriously raised to be scientifically killed. In fact,, royal babies receive no better treatment They are hatched in surroundings that would do credit to a hospital. They have pedigrees in their way as good as any to be found in the Almanach de Gotha, if lineage and a family history extending over many generations mean anything.

THE DEATH CHAMBER

At least a hundred of these carefully reared aristocrats five days old are admitted into a lethal chamber faintly reminiscent of an electric refrigerator. There are windows through which the executioner can look. The temperature (85 degrees) and the humidity (60 to 70 per cent) are delightful from the standpoint of an insect.

A meausred amount of pyrehrum compound (twenty millimeters, to be exact) is sprayed through half-inch holes in the ceiling. After ten minutes he chamber is ventilated and the number of flies clinging to the walls and ceiling are counted. The flies on the floor are collected and tenderly placed in clean observation cages, with food and water. Twenty-four hours later the executioner comes around and counts the dead. if there are not enough there is an investigation.

BABY'S UPSET STOMACH Relieved!

Often in hot weather and occasionally at other times, little stomachs turn sour and acid. "When I notice any sign of sick stomach," says Mrs. J. Alphonous Brown, Bayside, P.E.I., "I always give a Baby's Own Tablet." They quickly set things right, are very easy to take and quite *safe*. All common ailments of childhood including teething are promptly relieved with Baby's Own Tablets. 25c a package at drug stores.

Dr. Williams' **BABY'S OWN TABLETS**

Issue No. 34—'34

Massage Your Scalp About Once a Week

The question of whether or not to massage the scalp invariably comes up whenever a group of beauty-minded people get together. Some say that you should not massage around the roots of the hair at all, others maintain that a weekly massage is beneficial, and still others insist that you should do it every night. Well, let's look at all sides of the controversy.

Vigorous beauty treatments, like most medicine, should be taken in moderate doses and the facetious slogan, "If a little's good, a lot's better," is highly impractical. The scalp is massaged for two reason, first, to bring up circulation and stimulate the growth of hair and, second, to loosen dry skin and flakes of dandruff. Now it stands to reason that daily stimulation isn't exactly necessary and that too much massage may make the oil glands overdo their normal work. Therefore, a weekly scalp massage (preferably the night before a shampoo) should be adequate.

Remember that incorrect manipulation of the scalp is worse than no massage at all. Place your elbows on a table and put your head in your hands. Then, with rotary motions, make the scalp move backward and forward for no more than ten minutes. The fingers shouldn't move at all until you're ready to set them down on a new spot.

MATURITY—MATERNITY MIDDLE AGE

At these three critical periods a woman needs a medicine she can depend on. That's why so many take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. 98 out of 100 say, "It helps me!" Let it help you, too.

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Take an effervescing glass of pleasant-tasting Andrews Liver Salt when you begin to feel the heat. At once you will feel cooler—and you'll stay cooler. Andrews not only quenches thirst, but cools your blood. Taken occasionally—say twice each week—Andrews will keep you fit by purifying your system and insuring regular and *complete* elimination. At all druggists. In tins, 35c and 60c. New, large bottle, 75c. Sole Agents: John A. Huston Co., Ltd., Toronto. 26

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