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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, and destroys the film. Glynn is rescued.

* * *

CHAPTER XXVI

THE VERGE OF WAR

Before Dass had arrived at the Police headquarters with his information of where Glynn might be found, Norah and Commissioner Rawly were speeding as fast as motor could take them to the Prince's palace. The distraught Premier, having taken every step and given every order he could think might be useful, had begged the Police to ask Norah to come to see him, thinking that perhaps she might be able to give some hint that would help.

Norah, vaguely supposing that if by any chance Glynn could escape (as he had done so often) he would make straight for the palace and the Premier, was glad of the chance to go, to do anything that would escape the idle sitting and waiting for news.

When she got there, she and the Commissioner were brought straight to the Premier, and found with him Hasim the Secretary, and the commander of the Prince's bodyguard. They were all looking so glum and downcast that Norah's heart sank at the sight of them, and she could only stammer, in answer to the Premier's courteous welcome, "Any news—of Glynn — of Captain Elliman, the Courier?"

"Yes," said the Premier, shaking his head. "But the news is not good." Norah gasped and stared at him, biting at her lip to restrain a cry. Rawly slipped a hand under her elbow and said quickly "Steady, Norah," and to the Premier, "She is engaged to marry Captain Elliman. Is he . . hurt?"

Instantly the Premier, forgetting his own desperate situation, hastened to offer assurances that Glynn was hurt, but not seriously—a knock on the head that had stunned him and for which he would be none the worse in a day or two. "But" added the Premier, "the object of his journey is destroyed. The police broke in no more than seconds too late, and as a man was smashing it to fragments. The police tell me they fear it is past repair, but Captain Elliman has just left Hydrapore in a fast police car with the broken film. I have an expert operator here, and there is just a faint hope that some bit of it may be fit to show—if it were only enough to give a picture and a sentence or two of his voice."

"How did the police learn where to find the couries?" asked Rawly.

"A man came to them saying he knew where the Courier was to be carried, and offering to lead the police there."

"For the sake of a reward, I suppose?" asktd Rawly.

"He stipulated his reward in advance," said the Premier, "and the police, with my approval, promised it within fair limitations. He asked for the Prince's pardon, in advance, of any theft or attempted theft of any property of the Prince or his servants. The man's name is Dass, and he has just come from England."

Norah, who had been given a seat and was answering some questions of the Secretary's, cried out at the name —"Dass! But he is a servant of The Vulture, or so Glynn believed; and one of those on the Air Mail who conspired to rob him."

"This is news," said the Premier, "but it explains the man's request for pardon against such theft or attempted theft. And now he offers full evidence that will convict The Vulture of plotting the whole attempt at robbery and details of how it was arranged."

From somewhere outside there came the faint sound of shouting and the throb of drums. "Will you go, Hasim," said the Premier, "and see what is the humour of the people now." Hasim bowed and went, the officer of the guard accompanying him.

Refreshments had been brought at the Premier's order, but Norah was too anxious to want anything to eat or drink, although she listened with the keenest interest to what the Premier had to say of the state of affairs at Napalata.

"To-night is the last night on which the Prince can legally proclaim himself," he explained. "If this film had come, the people might have accepted it, and the priests would have done so if there were strong enough resemblance of the Prince's face and voice. But of the two copies of the film sent, one was stolen with the Courier's attache-case, and now the other appears to have been destroyed at the last minute."

"You cannot know how hard Captain Elliman strove to keep it safe," said Norah pleadingly.

"We know something of it," said the Premier, "and we are the more in his debt because he brought the film through so far against so many perils and attempts, and only failed because we failed to protect him when he might well think his task accomplished with the bodyguard of the Prince round him and men in the Prince's uniform driving the car he entered."

"I'm glad very glad you think he is not to blame," said Norah thankfully. "I know how heart-broken he will be himself that he did not succeed. I hope the Prince will be equally understanding."

"My dear lady," said the Premier warmly. "You do not know the Prince, his generosity, his sympathy. He will hardly reproach even those of us who merit blame, because we fell into the trap that allowed our motors and uniforms be taken to deceive Captain Elliman."

"Well, I hope he makes that Vulture half-brother of his pay for his sins," growled Rawly.

Hasim and the officer returned, looking grave and disturbed, and they could all hear the increased volume of the shouting and the frenzied booming of the drums.

"They wait only for the showing of the film that has been promised," said Hasim. "Already the rumours have been spread that there is no film, and that the people will be given instead a fantastic tale of its having been stolen or lot."

"That rumour has been circulating for days," said the Premier, and Hasim agreed but added that it had been heard less that day when it was reported from him officially that the film was even then on the train from Karachi. "Now it is being said freely and loudly by the Vulture's men that this also is a lie, that to-night it will have to be made known that there is no film to be shown."

"It means then," said the Premier, "that the Vulture must have heard that the film is destroyed. Oh, if only there is enough of it whole to refute him."

"If there is not," put in the officer. "You may be sure there will be much blood shed before morning. We have only two thousand troops, and there are scores of thousands on the two sides at each others throats, and on both sides at ours if we try to stop the killing and burning."

"Listen," cried Norah starting up. "A motor horn. Can it be Glynn's?"

It was the car that brought Glynn, and in a few minutes he was ushered to the Premier's room, leaning heavily on the arm of a police officer, a bandage about his head, his face haggard and drawn In a flash Norah was by his side, was guiding him to a chair and lowering him into it. He made a pitiable attempt to hold up his head and shoulders and assure her huskily that he was all right not hurt a bit, and there was nothing to worry about.

"Everything all right now," he said vaguely, looking about him. "I say, who's everybody. Oh, yes, and how is it they're here, wherever 'here' may be?"

"You're in the Prince's palace at Napalata, Glynn," she told him. "But don't bother now—lean back and rest."

The Premier pressed forward, welcomed him and thanked him in the name of the Prince for all he had done. "I have sent for the man who operates the film projector. We have a talking one in our private cinema here and it has been prepared to show the Princes film when it comes. But the operator will be able to tell us if any part is fit, or can be made fit, to show."

"What does he mean?" whispered Glynn to Norah. "Hasn't he got his film yet?"

"Don't worry," she said soothingly. "Look, here is something to drink. A whisky soda, eh?" He nodded, and the servant held a tray while Norah took the bottle and syphon and poured a good stiff drink for him.

(To Be Continued.)

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When you feel blue, depressed, sour on the world, that's your liver which isn't pouring its daily two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels.

Digestion and elimination are being slowed up, food is accumulating and decaying inside you and making you feel wretched.

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You need a liver stimulant. Carter's Little Liver Pills is the best one. Safe. Purely vegetable. Sure. Ask for them by name. Refuse substitutes. 25c at all druggists. 52

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Young at 100

(St. Thomas Times-Journal.)

That marvellous old man, Sir James Crichton-Browne, one of the foremost British physicians, and a world authority on mental and nervous diseases, claims that if a man does not live to be 100 he has been robbed of something that he should have knowledge of when he was a young man. Sir James is well on the way to being 100 himself. He is 94, and mentally and physically fitter than many men half his age. He was first married in 1865, and after his wife's death, married in 1912 when he was 72 years of age and rejoiced in paternity again.

The span of life is enlarging, and that includes the span of physically fit life. The forties are undoubtedly a time for beginning cautious living, but no man should be turned down for a job because he has turned the fourth decade.

Pity the Poor Male Waiting for His Lady

Chicago—Actresses are the worst, wealthy women pretty bad, but even the average woman spends one-eight of her time primping.

The Cosmeticians' Society estimated the time spent in beautification, ranking wealthy women as spending one-sixth of their time and actresses at least a fourth.

What they failed to estimate is the time the male spends waiting during the process.

"SALADA" TEA

707

Outstanding Quality — *Fresh from the Gardens*

Married 26 Years Film Actor Tells Us The Reason

Get the Right Girl — Then Have Faith as Cornerstone —Humor, Patience and Tolerance

When stage folk make such a success of marriage that they stay together for over a quarter of a century it is apparently "news" for here is a story written by a New York newspaper woman, complete with words and picture, telling us all about the home life of Thomas Meighen and Frances Ring—an actress who was popular a couple of decades ago.

Here are some of the things our American friend says about this evidently unique couple.

The actor, who was the hero of little boys, the idol of their older sisters, the embodiment of missed adventure to the little boys' fathers, in the days of silent pictures when romance swung westward, fell in love with a girl 26 years ago, married her and has lived with her ever since.

It is an unusual record for citizens of the make-believe community where marriage partners change with the frequency of a Virginia reel.

Yet it shouldn't be unusual.

"How to stay married?" Thomas Meighen queries when people remark on his matrimonial happiness. "It isn't hard. All a man has to do is to marry the right girl in the first place.

"Above everything else a man should be careful that he selects a woman who has a keen sense o humor. There will be plenty of occasions when it is needed. And a man is lucky —mighty lucky if he gets a wife with remarkable tolerance and patience.

Love Isn't All

But love—whatever it is—is only part of marriage, the years have taught the tall broad-shouldered actor, who has retained the rugged charm that caused maidens' prayers to request something in the way of a duplicate for an answer a few years ago. Just because two people's hearts click in the moonlight doesn't mean that romance is going to remain.

"Love is only a part of marriage," he observes. "Mental companionships which are found in marriage mean so much. If two people's minds do not work in the same channel they are bound to be lonely and unhappy."

Thomas Meighen was an actor on the legitimate stage when he met Frances Ring He was playing the leading part in George Ade's "The College Widow." Miss Ring was cast as the college widow. They liked playing opposite each other on the stage. And they liked each other even better off the stage. They were married. After a couple of seasons together they signed contracts with different companies and their work took them to separate towns.

Whether the other was near or far, the status of their affections did not vary, Meighen reminisces. Distance didn't matter. It should not, in real love, he asserts. There is still such a thing as constancy in the world it is as old as the Rock of Gibraltar and quite as well established.

Of course Mrs. Meighen didn't have time to get tired of me when we were apart," the actor explains with a twinkle in his blue eyes. "But she made a wise move when I went into the movies. She had offers to enter the cinema, too. But she didn't accept them. Instead she devoted her time and interests to working with me. That is something a wise wife should do. She gave up her career as I progressed.

"She thought I had a future. She wanted me to succeed. So she devoted herself to me. When both a man and a woman are trying for important careers, neither one has much time to be sympathetic about the other's career. In Hollywood to-day—where there are really many happy marriages—there are also many examples of broken marriages when both the husband and wife are striving for enviable careers. When both are on the stage, each comes home at night filled with the story which has been suggested for his or her next picture.

"Naturally a man wants to tell his wife all about it. But if she has a story of her own, that will distract her attention. She hasn't time to listen to him. If she does, her mind is on her own problems.

Short Engagements Best

A wise woman, whether she is a wife or not, will be a sympathetic listener. If she is a wife, she will have all of her eggs in her husband's basket so of course she is going to watch to see that he does not trip, and make an omelet of it. That, Thomas Meighen believes, is the best policy.

"I don't believe in long engagement he says. "Two people before marriage should know each other well enough to realize that God has not yet created a perfect human being. They shouldn't expect too much of each other. They should be so well acquainted that they won't be deceived by external personalities. Still, we all have them. How is anyone going to know? You can't put a dictagraph in a girl's house.

Let women talk if they want to. There is an impression that they talk too much but if they talk intelligently it interests men.

"If people in love would watch how the adored one treats others it would help. I never noticed how my wife treated me. I paid attention to how she treated others."

And it worked.

There is the question of separate vacations. They help. We take them. A husband and wife should have some time apart if only for a few weeks. Even the cook and the butler get away for a vacation.

Fifty-Fifty Proposition

"Two people who want to make their marriage last, must have faith and confidence in matrimony. If they haven't the union will go on the rocks. But above everything marriage is a 50-50 break. It isn't a 60-40 or an 80-20 per cent affair. It has to be equal. Faith is its cornerstone. If you haven't that, you haven't marriage."

"It makes me feel whiskered to say that I have been married twenty-six years," he remarks.

But a lot of other actors have been married just as long. Sometimes to the same woman. More often there have been a progression of wives or husbands, it is true, and Meighen was married young.

At that, this marriage veteran has some good ideas—"love is only a part of marriage—let women talk if they want to—faith is the cornerstone of marriage—a wise woman will be a sympathetic listener—pick a woman with a sense of humor—and with tolerance."

Whatever your calling may be, those are good lines to remember.

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Issue No. 36—'34

"He Wrote a Fine Hand"

(London Advertiser)

The death of William N. Yerex in this city, at the age of 97, recalls a past era the pre-typewriter age when penmanship was prized and practised. And old resident reminds us that in the last century there were three renowned exponents of the art in Western Ontario, J. W. Westervelt and W. N. Yerex, of London, and D. McLachlan, of Chatham. They wrote beautifully at all times, and ornately for special occasions.

Examples of their work were shown regularly at the Western Fair, and their pens were in demand for the illuminated addresses so popular in those days. Each founded a business college at which penmanship had a first place in the curriculum and was taught according to system. Hundreds today in business life owe their neat script to the instruction of these three chirographers.

Not so much attention is paid to handwriting in this age because for nearly all business purposes the pen has been superseded by the typewriter, just as in many spheres of art and industry the machine is increasingly doing the work of the human hand.

Handwriting is highly individual and it is true that each person tends to form a distinctive style, but this is not inconsistent with legibility, though many seem to think there is some virtue in obscurity, especially in a signature. Even captains of industry and bank presidents, signing important documents continually, write their own signatures so badly that they take the precaution of having their names typed as well.

There is still merit in neat penmanship, and clear legible writing is always a pleasure to the eye. It is also some recommendation for a young man or woman seeking a situation, though too many do not think so, and the schools are not nearly so exacting on this point as they used to be.

To Joy

The day we met it was as if
An oriole should dart
Along the dimmest wooded aisles
Within the forest's heart;
And penetrating solitudes
Where sunlight seldom came—
Should splash a gay abandonment,
And weave a trail of flame!

Muriel E. Woodruff.

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