

The Flying Courier

by Boyd Cable

SYNOPSIS.
At Croydon aerodrome, Glynn Elliman, pilot of the Indian Air Mail Liner, meets Norah Seaman. At the last moment, Glynn is ordered to stand by for a special job. Prince of Napatia is in haste to return to India, where his father has died. He must be present to claim the throne, which his half-brother, "The Vulture," plots to seize. Glynn gets instructions to fly a new machine to London from the factory for the Prince's use, but the doctors declare the Prince too ill to fly. As a last resort the Prince has a short air film made of himself reading the Proclamation of Inheritance. Travelling by the ordinary air route with the film carefully concealed, Glynn meets Norah Seaman, who is hurrying back to her sick father in India. They renew their acquaintance.

HOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

Glynn who knew all sections of the route, and had always been keen to learn about the interesting places along them, started by explaining to Norah, but was so showered with questions from others near that he found himself delivering a sort of spasmodic lecture on the sights.

"We're early," said Glynn, as the boat slid gently to a stop and the drone of the engines dropped to silence, "so we'll have plenty of time to have a look round and see the sights. They're well worth it, too."

When they got to the hotel where accommodation had been reserved in the usual way, Glynn, having planned with Norah (at her suggestion, as he remembered later) that they should make the most of their sight-seeing opportunities together, did not wait to have the dinner provided for passengers, but after seeing his room and his bag brought up to it, went down to the lounge to wait Norah there. He carried his despatch case, and in it the two copies of the film, and deposited this in the hotel safe; receiving in return a form of receipt which had to be presented when he reclaimed his property. This he carefully pocketed.

Then Norah came down, and the two went off to have dinner together in some special place Glynn wanted to show her and to do their sight-seeing.

They returned at rather a late hour, considering they were due for an early start by the flying liner in the morning, and departed to their several rooms.

Glynn, before turning into bed, locked the door, and shot a small but efficient brass bolt above it. He automatically "tried" the hold of the lock and bolt by turning the handle and giving a good heave or two on it—and after that might never failed to "try" a locked and bolted door without testing the hold of each separately.

He rolled into bed and was asleep within seconds of his head touching the pillow. He remembered, after that he had a disturbed dream of being buried alive, of knowing people were moving and whispering about him, and of his desperate but futile efforts to make a sound or a movement.

He woke with a slow heaviness unusual to him, dimly remembered he had dreamed (which was also unusual to him) and discovered that he had a splitting headache (which was most unusual of all), and a feeling that he was going to be sick (which was not only unusual, but entirely novel).

He sat up, with a pain like a bullet through his head but passing as quickly. He crawled out of bed thinking "Am I ill? Is it 'flu? What is it?" A wave of pains hit him. What time was it . . . he was due for dawn patrol . . . No, for the pilot's place in the Air Mail. That cleared his mind. He was bound out as passenger on the Air Mail for India. He looked at his watch. Six o'clock, and he was to have been called at six. He lifted the telephone by his bedside. No

answer. He joggled the switch arm, listened impatiently, but again heard nothing. He cursed heartily, turned to the electric bell and pressed it hard and long. In anticipation of the arrival of chambermaid or boots, he flung on the coat that served him as bathrobe or waterproof, went to the door to unlock it.

But in the act of turning the key, he stopped, staring hard at the brass bolt above the lock. The bolt was still shot, as he had left it—but shot into nothing. The metal socket plate into which it should have slid was gone, only the empty screw-holes remaining to show where it had been fastened. He glanced down and round the floor, and there lay the bolt-plate where it had fallen on being forced off.

The door was still locked, but he knew that it was a simple matter to twist the key from outside with a pair of strong long-nosed pliers. Suddenly he recalled his dream of lying helpless while people moved about him.

His first thought was of relief that he had put both films in the hotel safe, and that the attache case containing them would not be handed over until he presented the receipt he had given on depositing them. Then a horrible thought struck him like a blow. The receipt—his attache-case would be given to anyone presenting the receipt. He jumped for his jacket, snatched out his pocket book and opened it.

The receipt was gone. Next instant he was out into the corridor and running down to the lobby and the head porter's desk. A few of the early rising visitors stared at him as he dashed past, but he gave no thought to them, rushed to the little counter where the head porter, in gold-laced uniform, was busy sorting letters into their pigeon-holes.

"My name's Elliman," Glynn gasped. "Number ten room. I left a packet in the safe last night."

"Yes, sir," said the porter in slightly surprised tones. "I thought you were out sir, half-an-hour ago. Your friend said so when he brought the receipt for the packet and said he'd called to get it to take to you."

Glynn groaned. "What's the matter, sir," asked the porter, in some concern. "You don't look well, sir. Ah, here is the manager at last."

Glynn turned to the approaching manager. "I have been robbed," he said quickly. "My room door was forced last night and the receipt for my deposit stolen. The porter says a man got it half-an-hour ago, presenting the receipt and saying I'd sent in for the packet."

The manager looked astonished. "But how could the porter," he began. "Of course not sir," replied the manager guessing at the rest of the sentence. "Here is the receipt the gentleman gave me, but I said only you had the keys of the safe and he must wait until you came."

"What?" almost shouted Glynn. "You didn't give it? You have it still?"

The porter was looking about the almost empty lounge. "Your friend went and sat down over there near the door to wait for the manager," he explained. "But I don't see him now."

"No, and not likely to again," said Glynn grimly. "They were after my case, and very nearly got it," he explained to the manager. "Come to my room and I'll show you how they got in. And if you can find a doctor I wish you'd have him sent up. I must have been doped, and I feel like death still."

It did not take long to discover how the door was forced. Glynn picked up the socket plate for the bolt, and one after another of the

screws that should have held it. They only had their heads and a thread or so of screw to each.

"Somebody got into my room last night while I was out," said Glynn. "They didn't find what they were looking for, and perhaps thought I'd taken it out with me. They unscrewed the bolt socket, filed off all but a thread of each screw, and pressed them back into place. The slightest steady pressure would draw them out of their flimsy hold. They searched, found no bag because it was in your safe, fortunately, but the receipt for it would tell them where it was. They just missed getting it."

Here the doctor arrived and introduced himself. He stood for a moment sniffing the air. "Strange scent of—I'm not sure—some sort of smoke. You don't smoke opium or hashish or anything of the sort?" he asked.

"Not knowingly," said Glynn, with his mind back on that warning about the Indian expert in drugs. "But perhaps my visitors arranged that I inhaled something to keep me asleep."

He explained briefly what had happened, and after an examination, the doctor confirmed that he had been under some drug, and a heavy dose of it. "You were lucky to come out of it so soon," he commented. "From the state of your heart and pulse, I'd have expected you to sleep another hour at least. Strong constitution evidently."

"Another hour," repeated Glynn, "and by then my attache-case would have gone."

"I'll send something up to you," said the doctor briskly. "I'll pick you up a bit, but you'll probably feel a bit groggy for a few hours."

He was right. Glynn was very much better when it came to the time to leave the hotel and go aboard the flying boat liner, but he was still feeling heavy and heady. He had got his bag, and in his own room with the door locked and a porter waiting him outside it, he transferred the one film in its cigarette tin back into his binocular case, lung that over his shoulder so that the case hung under his right arm, and slipped the binoculars in his pocket. Then, carrying the attache-case with the one film, and with the porter on his heels, he went down to the lobby again.

Norah exclaimed aloud at sight of him, and he admitted that he was not feeling his best. "Had a bad night," he said, "and a worse jolt this morning. But I'll tell you all about it on the boat presently."

He and Norah walked down the hotel steps together, with others of the passengers making for the motors that were to take them to the embarkation place. But as the two were half-way across the pavement, Norah cried out sharply, and at the same time a man's shoulder charged with battering-ram force into Glynn's back, sending him stumbling and sprawling forward on his face. Involuntarily he released his hold on

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Wage War on Warble Fly During March, April and May

Oxford, Huron and Middlesex Counties Plan Wholesale Clean-Up On Costly Little Pest

On the Farm:—It does seem strange to be thinking of the heel fly that causes such panic among our herds in the summer months during these cold days and yet in many parts of rural Ontario farmers were discussing this very subject during the past month. The heel fly, and his cousin the warble fly, are costing Ontario farmers a huge sum of money. It is hard to even make a fair estimate of what they do cost us. We know that the fly has been particularly bad. We know that fattening stock does not gain so well when the fly chases them round the field every once in a while. We know there is a terrific loss in the punctured hides caused by these two pests in one stage of their life cycle.

What we do not know is the loss that one can well imagine must result from the suffering of animals whose backs are literally plastered with "grubs" in spring. There is a certain amount of pus in each grub hole. The system must absorb this poison and one can well imagine that there must be a considerable loss of gain or production from this cause alone.

The heel fly and the slightly different warble fly have a strange life history. They lay their eggs on the hair of the cattle in early summer, and the resultant tiny worms work his way into the hide, and upwards toward the gutlet. Later on it begins another pilgrimage, this time upward from the digestive tract to the animal's back, eating through the tissues. When it reaches the hide it punctures a hole, and then develops into a grub of considerable size. Lumps will be found on the cattle's back larger than thimbles. We have seen animals with upwards of a hundred grubs in their backs.

When these are "ripe" the grub can be squeezed out, and eventually they will come out anyway. They fall on the ground and develop into the heel or warble fly ready to mate and lay another lot of eggs.

The Warble Fly is not a new comer. He has been with us a long time, but the heel fly is a comparatively new settler. When the latter gets near a herd of grazing cattle there is a wild stampede round the field. Careful observers tell us that the heel fly does not bite or sting the cattle. Then why

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Orange Pekoe Blend

Fresh from the Gardens

the attache-case to throw his hands forward and break his fall, and as he did so, a man snatched the case from his hand, and without a pause, tossed it over the heads of several of the passengers between him and the curb just beyond the waiting motor.

Honey Banishing Family Sugar Bowl

Manitoba Housewives Experiment With Home Product as Sweetener

Honey is "in the news" this spring in much the same way that tomatoes were last fall. When the Beekeepers' convention was held in Winnipeg the importance of honey to Manitoba housewives was amply set forth.

Women in the country and in the city have proved that honey is a Manitoba product whose uses have only begun to be explored. Canning, preserving, pickling and baking are now being done with honey instead of sugar. Sugar, furthermore, has to be bought, but the honey may be home-produced.

Mrs. Victor Phillips of Dauphin, whose husband is a honey producer on a large scale, was one of the speakers. Mrs. Phillips has experimented with honey in her own home for making and preserving and for general use until she has practically banished the sugar bowl from her family's table. During this last year for a family of four, Mrs. Phillips has used 600 pounds of honey.

In the city there is another woman who has experimented with honey for the past two years, until a high degree of its usefulness in preserving has been developed. This is Mrs. R. F. McWilliams, Winnipeg's woman alderman, who has another side to her life than that apparent on the platform and the council chamber.

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Nicotine Releases Sugar In Blood, Doctors Find

Heavy Smoker Accumulates Less Carbon Monoxide Than Non-Smoker — Study Made at Yale

New Haven, Conn.—A discovery that people like to smoke mainly because nicotine releases sugar in their blood is published from the Yale Laboratory of Applied Physiology.

The nicotine gives a little kick to the adrenals, the glands which supply energy. They in turn open the body faucets which release a little stored-up sugar, the body's normal muscle fuel. The body proceeds forthwith to enjoy this sugar under various sensations.

The studies were made upon cigarette smoke by Howard W. Haggard and Leon A. Greenberg. The details are published in Science, the official journal for American scientific announcements.

"Smoking, we find, produces a definite, although temporary increase in the concentration of blood sugar, and a corresponding increase in the rate of sugar combustion in the body. These effects certainly are due to the nicotine of the tobacco and they arise from the action of this alkaloid on the adrenals.

"There can be little doubt that this is the source of at least a considerable part of the gratification from smoking."

The power that is supported by force alone will have cause often to tremble.—Kossuth.

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The Modern Cow

The development of the dairy cow to its present state of perfection is an accomplishment for many years of patient, intelligent endeavor. It has transformed the cow, which originally was required to produce only sufficient milk to support her young, to an animal yielding enough milk to supply a small community of people. The present day high-producing cow is an artificial animal producing milk beyond all natural bounds, and the care and feed which sufficed for the cow in the more natural state has been found quite inadequate. Experience has shown that, in order to maintain health, the materials derived from the tissues of the body to produce offspring, milk and butterfat, must be regularly replaced in the feed, as otherwise they are supplied at the expense of the animal body. The feed must consequently be selected and regulated with a view to preventing the general state of nutrition suffering from the continuous drain to which the body is subjected. Investigators have shown that substances of unknown composition, named vitamins, are essential to normal nutrition and growth, and that these vitamins have a definite relation to the assimilation of nutritious material. It has further been demonstrated that animals fed upon improperly balanced rations with insufficient vitamins content develop deficiency diseases.—Veterinary Director.

Chinamen in Canada Are Self-Respecting

The St. Thomas Times-Journal calls attention to the fact that no Chinaman has ever applied to the local relief officer in that city for financial aid even during the depression. Chinese cafes and laundries in that city today employ more hands than they reasonably need just in order to assist their fellow-countrymen. As our contemporary says, the Chinese are a very proud people. If one of them is out of a job his compatriots combine to maintain him, or to pass him on to some place where he may find work. Cases have occurred where a Chinaman has had his fare paid by his own people all the way from Vancouver to Halifax. All this is surely highly creditable to the Chinaman within Canada's borders. They are independent, well behaved, and animated by a marvelous race spirit. They seldom ever get into trouble, except when they congregate to play fan tan, or to engage in some other gambling game. And, after all, that is not a very serious crime on a continent which indulges in horse-racing and tremendous speculative stock market orgies.—Toronto Mail & Empire.

New Varieties Fruit and Flowers

The following applications for the recording of new varieties were ordered to be recorded at the recent meeting of the Plant Registration and Ornamental Horticultural Committee of the Canadian Horticultural Council: Rose, "Rosedale"; delphinium, "Prosperity"; cherry, "Carntal"; apple, "Negrich" and "Topper." The following were taken into consideration with a view to recording: Tulips, "Adams"; "Virginia," "Hazeldean," "Bulliondale," and "Mungall"; rose, "Rose Ediel"; apple, "Laking." The application for registration of the tulip "Dean Clement" was considered with a view to having it registered. Specimens of the roses "Frances Legat" and "Emily Bracy" were ordered to be sent to Macdonald College, Guelph and to Saskatoon before recording the names with the Council.

O'Henry's Home Is Moved to New Site

Austin, Texas.—The home to which O'Henry brought his bride and in which they spent their honeymoon is being moved to Brush Park at the city's expense. It is the property of the Rotary Club, which purchased it some time ago in order to save it from destruction.

Henceforth it will be a shrine to the short-story writer, who lived in Texas longer than anywhere else except his native city of Greensboro, N.C. Various patriotic organizations, including the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Daughters of 1812 and the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, have pledged themselves to gather O. Henry relics to be installed in this one of William Sidney Porter's many homes.

Shavian Gems

Balboa, C.Z.—George Bernard Shaw, on his way to New Zealand, favored the work with two more gems of Shavian thought.

Of President Roosevelt: "He is doing very well. The white United States is a racketeering association, but Roosevelt is trying to lift the country out of it. And the people will probably hang him for it."

Of General Augustino Sandino, murdered Nicaraguan rebel leader: "Well, it's all in the day's work, isn't it?—but I don't mean to slight him. It's the other generals who should be shot, not the rebels."

"There has been a grow up appreciation of the necessity of finding ground for a rational compromise between individual rights and public welfare."—Charles E. Hughes.

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