

The Flying Courier

by Boyd Cable

PARSEBOIS SYNOPSIS

GLYNN ELLIMAN, a pilot of Imperial Airways, is travelling as a special "Flying Courier" to India, carrying two copies of a talking film of the PRINCE OF NAPOLATA, which it is most urgent shall reach there safely.

The Prince is in London, too ill to travel himself, and the talking film is sent as a last resort to tell the efforts of "THE VULTURE," his half-brother in India, to usurp his throne.

On the same Mail liner, travels NORRIS SEAMAN, a girl Glynn had met only a week before, STEFAN, MAX, and DASS, agents of THE VULTURE, determined to steal the film and prevent use being made of it in India.

At different points of the route they plan organized efforts to rob the Courier, and at Athens the attaché-case, which Glynn always carries with him, is snatched from him.

CHAPTER VII—Cont'd.

An open car was swinging in at walking pace to the curb, and as the case curved over the passengers' heads and dropped beyond them, another man was waiting for it, dashed forward, caught it on the run as it fell, and jumped for the moving car.

Glynn, realizing even as he felt what had happened, was on his feet again an instant after he was down, and his automatic was out from its arm-around holster. Put several of the passengers were between him and the man who was in the act of catching the bag, and as Glynn hesitated an instant, looking about him swiftly for the target he sought, he heard a yell, a heavy crash, and a yelping howl. Dashing forward, he saw one man sprawled on his face a yard short of the moving car and with both his legs clutched and held by both arms to the chest of another man also sprawling on the pavement. The attaché-case was rolling in the road just astern of the moving car.

Glynn's first thought was for the bag. He leapt for it, grabbed it, and thrust back to the pavement and jumped the muzzle of his automatic under the nose of the man still lying gripped by the legs. "Lie still and stop your kicking!" said Glynn savagely. "Or I'll stop it for good!"

But now the passengers, hotel porters and odd passers-by were crowding about the prostrate pair, eager hands were clutching the prisoner and hauling him to his feet. Not until half a dozen had their hands firmly on him did the man who had seized him release his locked arms from the prisoner's legs.

Glynn stooped and helped the man to his feet—a short, stocky and sturdily built youngster now grinning happily. "Did you get the bag?" he asked first.

"I did," said Glynn, "thanks to your smartness. You did it a better turn than I can tell you now, but I shan't forget it."

"Fasn't much," said the youngster. "It was only that fellow make his neat pass that roused the old Rugger action, and I just jumped for him and brought him down with a good old flying tackle."

"Let's get away," said Glynn hurriedly. "Here comes the police. They'll hang us up for hours if we let them."

The manager of the hotel came running to them, and Glynn grabbed him. "You speak to the police," he said hurriedly. "We must get away. Tell them about breaking in to my room. It was my bag again they were after. I must be off."

Chapter VIII THE THIEVES SCORE

It was not until they were on board the liner again and the was skimming racing over the water to lift and climb in a long slant, that Glynn felt safe and secure again. There was little probability, or even possibility of any attempt being made to steal the bag while they were in the air, because there was no way it could be got rid of, or without the thief being seized on the instant if he tried to grab the bag.

It was a pleasant sunny day again, and after Glynn had told something of the happenings of the night, making as light as possible of them, and after having a chat and repeated his thanks to the Rugger player, who gave him his name as Jimmy Doyle, Glynn went forward to the pilot's cockpit and got him to open the enclosing glass windows and "Blow the cobwebs out of his head."

At the end of an hour he felt much better, and by the time the liner slid down and splashed into the water off Castellarso, on the coast of Asia Minor, and they went ashore for lunch at the Airways rest-house there, he was feeling quite all right again. He carried his dispatch case with him, but felt fairly safe with it since the place was staffed only with the company's people.

Off again after lunch, the boat flew steadily on but now with a steady head wind slowing down their speed a little. In the late afternoon they passed over the coastline of Palestine, and just as the dusk was coming on with a drizzle of rain, they slanted down to the shores of the Sea of Galilee, dropped cleanly on to the waters near the shore, and taxied in to where a launch was putting out to meet them.

The passengers stepped from the door of the liner on to the launch and made their way to seats in it. Stefan, waiting until Glynn and North drew near, jumped off just in front of Glynn, halted and half-turned watching them. In his hand he carried a

small attaché-case almost concealed under the fold of the light macintosh he wore.

Glynn stepped on to the launch, and turning to steady North following him, put his bag down by his feet. As he did so, Stefan stooped, put his own bag beside Glynn's which he picked up instead, and moved quietly off with his prize. No more than a second or two later, Glynn picked up again the bag he thought was his, and found a seat for North and himself. In the dusk and rain nobody noticed Stefan, his movements covered by Max, cut a dash in the side of the case, thrust a hand in and finger the round film tin, push a weight in beside it and drop the case overboard.

Glynn, by the special arrangements made all through, went to have his attaché-case privately passed by Customs, but when he tried to open it found an unusual difficulty in fitting the key to the locks. After fumbling and trying it vain for some minutes, suspicion woke in him, and he hurriedly burst the locks by force and flung open the case.

The police officer who had been called in conferred with Glynn. "You say the contents of the case were valuable," said the officer. "What were they exactly?"

"A small tin of cinema film," said Glynn. "Not worth shillings at any other time and place, but invaluable to me in India."

"But can it be invaluable to any thief who has it?" asked the puzzled officer. Glynn told him briefly what the film was and why it was urgent it should reach India, but he said nothing of the duplicate copy in the cigarette tin. It was clear that somehow or another, the Prince's enemies had got hold of his attaché-case. There was the chance they might think it held the only copy of the film and make no further effort to molest him or to look for another.

Naturally the upkeep of the fabric alone of such enormous buildings demands constant expenditure; it is questionable if any of these great houses of the faith is ever completely free from scaffolding. According to the Bishop of D. by the smallest amount on which a dean and chapter can effectively maintain a cathedral is about \$45,000 a year.

Dogs and Child on Leads LONDON (C.P.)—Seen in Richmond Park leading her grandchild and three dogs, each including the child—with its own collar and chain, a woman told an inspector she saw no cruelty in the practice, but promised to discontinue it.

His Death Came Way He Wanted It DENVER, Colo.—Roman Engle, 64, a barber, was shaving Max Manlison. They were discussing illness. "When I die," said Engle, "I want to go just like that." He snapped his fingers.

He barely had uttered the words when he collapsed beside the barber chair. He died in a hospital a few minutes later.

The coroner said it was a heart attack.

In a Museum The grace of a Tanagra figurine; A golden goblet bearing still the print Of that perfection which has ever been dreamed of by those who labored without stint— Such treasures are not set apart to be hoarded by sage historians who sift Only the dustheaps of Antiquity. Losing a far more cherishable gift!

I need not ask that Rome be built anew, Or search the archives of an age gone by. To read what still is beautiful and true. Known to another sense, a keener eye That sees beyond the symbol and the name Something as changeless and as pure as flame!

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It's Sure Sign Spring at Hand Fort Erie, Ont.—With a nonchalant gesture, last week, A. L. Springland threw his line into a hole in the ice of Lake Erie and hauled out a lake trout weighing a little more than 25 pounds, the first caught at this point in a decade. To prove he was not fooling, Springland caught 30 more smaller fish.

A judge has ruled that a slap on the back is merely a "half-fellow-well met" act. Detectives, of course, have different ideas about this.

A study of "earthquake weather" has been made for the 107 days when earthquakes were felt in the Los Angeles area from 1877 to 1932, and it appears that in the great majority of cases there were no abnormal weather conditions.

Two sets of twins in 11 months is the remarkable record of Mrs. Brown wife of an agricultural labourer of Terrington, St. Clements, Norfolk.

London, Ont. Co-eds were complaining recently that undergraduates have been shooting darts at them from blow-guns, apparently having found a scientific application for the famous weapon of the African pygmies. The darts, they explained, are not poisonous, but they are explosive.

A short section of glass tubing from the laboratories serves as the blow-gun, and a common match constitutes the dart. The trick is to shoot it at a stone wall beside the unsuspecting co-ed. The dart lands with a neat explosion and bursts into flame.

His film was gone. Except for a packing of newspapers and a good sized stone, the case was empty. Hurriedly, Glynn examined it. In shape, size, colour and appearance it was exactly like his. No accident could have brought such a duplicate into his hands. It had been deliberately substituted for his—but when and where he did not know except that it was between Athens and there.

Hurriedly he explained the position to the manager there, and every possible step was taken at once to find any duplicate of the bag. It was explained to the passengers that a specially close examination of all luggage was to be made, and every bag and package opened. The list of passengers and weight of their luggage was checked and compared with the respective weights of all luggage there. But actually most of the bags (including Stefan's) weighed a trifle more than on leaving London, which was easily explained by the fact that most passengers had taken off some of their warmer clothing they had worn at the start and transferred it to their luggage.

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"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

Delicious Quality Also in Black and Mixed

Old Churches Are Tottering

Cathedrals Lack Money For Restoration, English Assembly Told

LONDON, Eng.—Seven historic English cathedrals are on the verge of bankruptcy. This disturbing statement was made by the Bishop of Derby before the Church Assembly, the cathedrals being those of Carlisle, Chester, Lichfield, Peterborough, Ripon, Salisbury and Wells.

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Now! Ease Sore Throat Instantly!

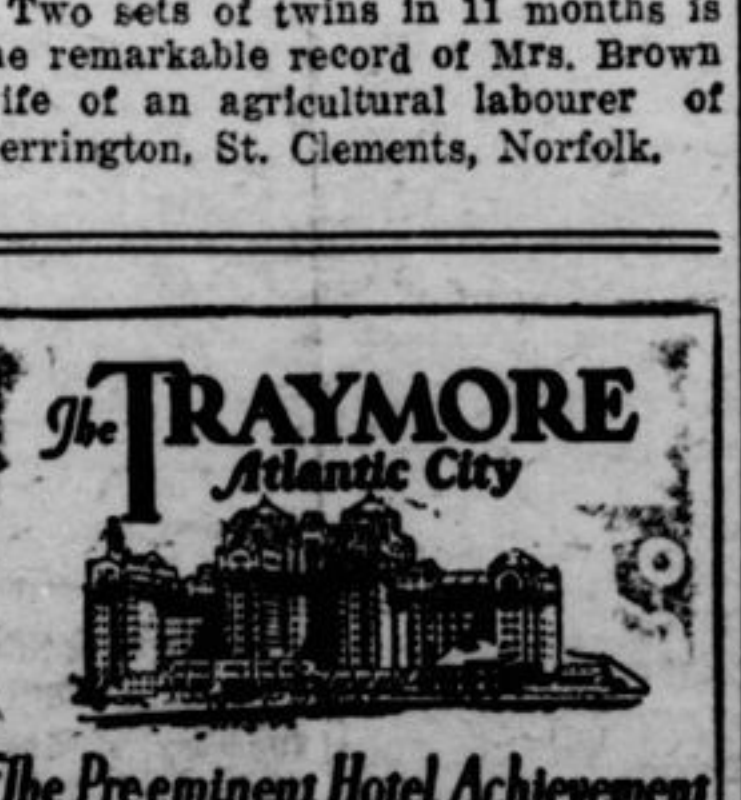
Remember: Only Medicine Helps Sore Throat

Modern medical science now throws an entirely new light on sore throat. A way that cures the pain, rawness and irritation in as little as two or three minutes!

It requires medicine—like ASPIRIN—to do these things! That is why throat specialists throughout the world are prescribing this ASPIRIN gargle in place of old-time ways.

Be careful, however, that you get Aspirin Tablets for this purpose.

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Bull Falls into Silo, Fights Off Rescuers

M'Kean, Pa.—Whether every man's house is his castle or not, Wesley Weaver, a farmer living at M'Kean, can certify that every bull's silo is his fortress.

A Holstein bull owned by Mr. Weaver got loose in the barn and fell from the barn floor into the silo through the opening used to get the silage out. Although the fall was some fifteen feet, the silage at the bottom broke the animal's fall and the bull was none the worse for his experience. All attempts to get the animal out of the silo pit failed, the bull charging furiously at every one who attempted to enter the silo to fasten a sling around his body so he could be hoisted back to the barn floor again.

It looked as if the bull had a permanent home which he was willing to defend against all comers. Not wishing to tear down the silo walls in order to extricate the animal, straw was thrown into the silo and gradually the silo was filled until the straw was level with the opening into the barn. After which the bull was driven back to his box stall and peace reigned in the barn.

Duchess d'Arcos Is Dead in Rome

Rome.—The millionaire Duchess Virginia D'Arcos, the former Virginia Whiteby Lowery, of Washington, D.C., died of pneumonia at the age of 80 in her magnificent Roman residence, the Bracciole Palace. She was the widow of Duke Brunetti D'Arcos, who once was the Spanish Ambassador to Washington and Rome.

The Duchess left a will 16 pages long in which she gave \$1,000,000 to United States institutions, including hospitals and libraries.

King's Pardon For Wrong Man

Fine is Returned—His Majesty Signs Free Pardon — Unusual Case

London.—John Salisbury Davies is a farmer of Brynegrwg, Denbighshire. Last July he fell foul of the law. He was fined by the Llangollen magistrates.

John Salisbury Davies, who had pleaded guilty, paid.

Then the law began to scratch its head. Something wrong about this case.

Investigation . . . the prosecution was due to a misapprehension. Sequel yesterday . . . British Justice

John Salisbury Davies appeared before the same Bench of magistrates. Alderman Dodd, the chairman, explained the mistake, and proudly presented John Salisbury Davies with a free pardon, signed by the King and the Home Secretary. The fine was returned.

You want to know what John Salisbury . . .

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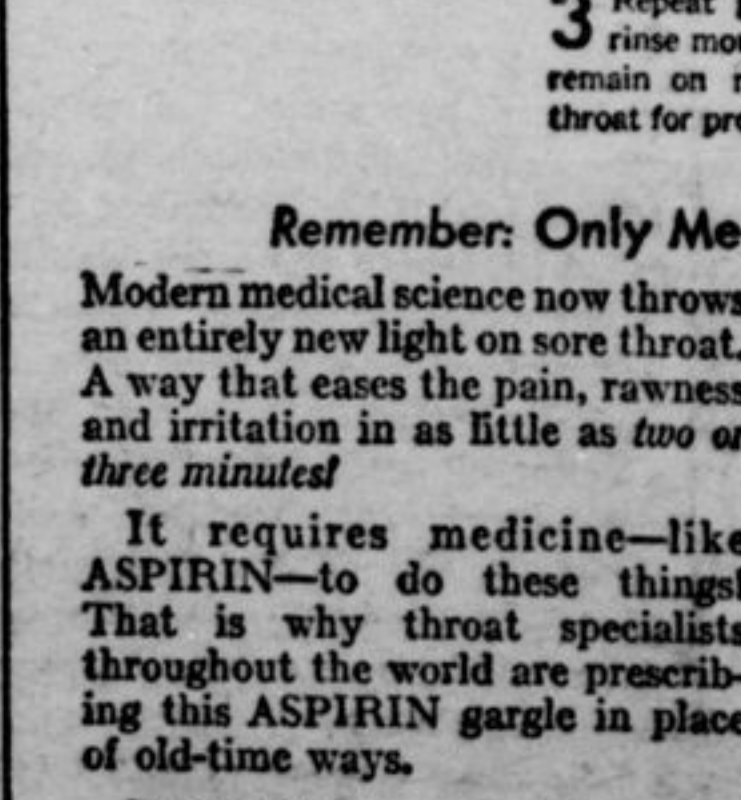
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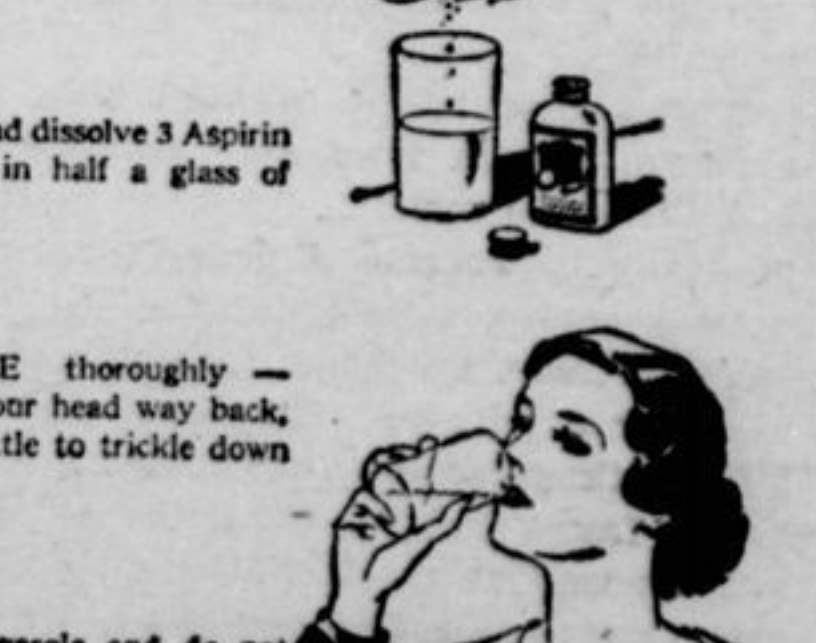
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Recent Events From Overseas

One More Respite

LONDON.—Covent Garden Opera House has secured another temporary respite from demolition, and Sir Thomas Beecham will again be artistic director and principal conductor for another season of grand opera. This will open April 30 and last for eight weeks. Two eminent Continental conductors, both new to London, will assist Sir Thomas — Clemens Krauss, of the Vienna State Opera, and Gino Marinuzzi, of the Teatro Reale, Rome.

The repertoire will consist of the following operas in German: "Fidelio," "Der Ring des Nibelungen," "Meistersinger," Richard Strauss' and Jeromir Weinberger's "Schwanda." The Italian and French operas will be: "Cenerentola," Bizet's "Carmen," Verdi's "Otello," and Puccini's "Bohème" and "Turandot."

Well-Known Actors. "Arabella," "Schwanda," and "Cenerentola" will be new to London opera-goers. "Cenerentola" dates from 1817, and "Schwanda" from 1927, while "Arabella" is Strauss' latest work, having been first produced seven months ago at Dresden.

Frida Leider, Lauritz Melchior and Rudolf Bockelmann will sing the principal part in "The Ring." Gertrude Runger's re-engagement will surprise no one after her success in "Parsifal" last year. Eide Nirena, the Norwegian soprano, who sings in Paris and who scored a success in a London recital recently, will return to Covent Garden after a long absence. Greta Stuckgold, whose Alda will be remembered, is also to re-appear.

Children at 37

LISBON.—A Portuguese woman, age 37, Arminda de Gouveia, has celebrated her wedding day by presenting her husband with their third pair of twins. This brings the total number of their children up to 23.

Several cathedral bodies, other than those cited above, have in recent years been obliged to make an appeal to the widest possible public for funds to preserve their buildings. Westminster Abbey was in process of complete decay when it was saved by an appeal to which the late Lord Northcliffe made a generous contribution. St. Paul's has also undergone complete restoration. Stately Lincoln Cathedral is now almost completely restored, thanks to the energetic appeals made by the late Dean Fry, who some years ago visited America, where he secured a considerable sum of money.

Through Magellan

—Amor Burg, of Portland, has sailed his 26-foot yacht through the Strait of Magellan. Men who knew the straits told him it was suicide to try. But he was lucky or skillful. The exploit recalls the lines of Robert W. Service:

"Do you recollect the wild Magellan Coast; The head winds and the icy roaring seas; The nights you thought that everything was lost, The days you toiled with water to your knees; The frozen rattles shrieking in the gale, The hissing steeps, the gulf of livid foam, When you cheered your messmates nine, With 'Ben Bolt' and 'Clementine,' And 'Dixie Land' and 'Seeing Nellie Home'?"

Toronto May Copy Kew Garden Idea

Toronto.—The establishment of a botanical garden here similar to the Kew Gardens in England was urged by Prof. R. B. Thomson, head of the department of botany at the University of Toronto, in addressing the newly organized Canadian Alpine Garden Society in the new botany building of the university.

Such a garden would prove a storehouse of information for educational institutions and organizations. All societies would be offered space to make their own gardens. Every plant, tree or shrub would bear its name-label, and a section would be formed into natural woodland where wild flowers could be preserved.

Hogs Scarce in Essex County

St. Joachim.—Although the price of pork has reached a point that is tempting to the producer, buyers have to cover much larger territory than formerly to purchase a car load of hogs.

All buyers repeat the same story, that fat hogs are getting scarce and a buyer said that many farmers would not have pork for their own needs next summer. If their forecast is correct, it will be an unprecedented happen for Essex county, once the champion corn and pork producing county of Ontario or of the whole Dominion.

Dead Workman Found

HULL, Eng.—The bodies of the six men who were buried when a Hull grain warehouse collapsed have now been recovered after a fortnight's search among the debris.



I LOATHED SCRUBBING TOILET BOWLS UNTIL I USED

GILLETT'S LYE

It flushes off stains without harming enamel or plumbing . . .

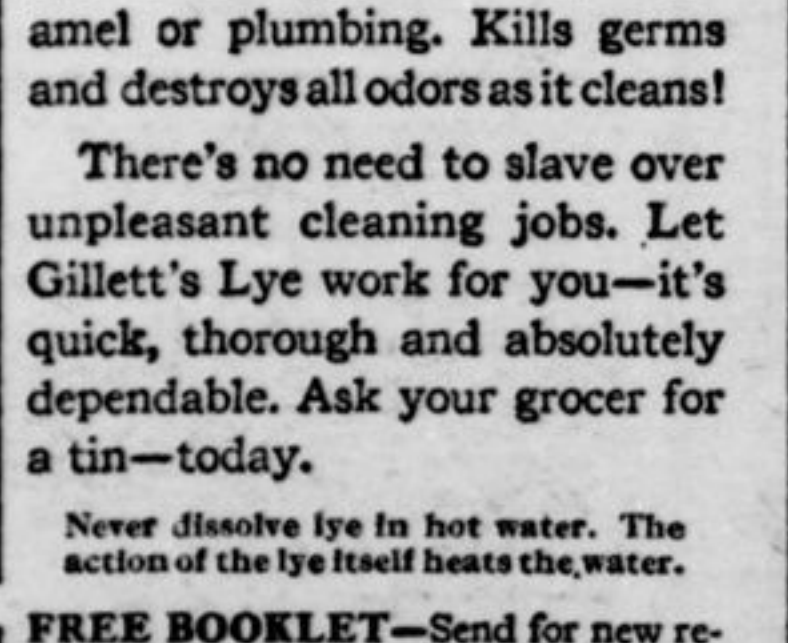
HOW to get rid of those ugly toilet-bowl stains! It's easy—with Gillett's Pure Flake Lye.

Once a week pour this powerful cleanser and disinfectant—full strength—down toilet bowls and drains. It flushes off stains without scrubbing. Cannot harm enamel or plumbing. Kills germs and destroys all odors as it cleans!

There's no need to slave over unpleasant cleaning jobs. Let Gillett's Lye work for you—it's quick, thorough and absolutely dependable. Ask your grocer for a tin—today.

FREE BOOKLET—Send for new revised edition of the Gillett's Lye Booklet. Gives full directions for cleansing sink drains and toilet bowls, tells how to shorten dozens of other cleaning tasks. Also contains full directions for soap making, thorough cleansing, and other uses on the farm. Write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Avenue and Liberty Street, Toronto, Ontario.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



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