

The Flying Courier

by Boyd Cable

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 Nepal, 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 Norah Swann, a girl Glynn had met only a week before. Stefan Max, and Dan, 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.

CHAPTER VII—(Cont'd)

Glynn asked it to be announced that a very valuable despatch case had been stolen and that a reward of £100 would be paid for information that would lead to the return of the bag or its contents. Glynn made a point of fussing about demanding that he be sent back with the police to the flying boat to make a strict search there, going out to assist the search and returning to have slips posted about the hotel and everywhere likely to be of use, increasing the reward to £500.

Mr. Max came to him and offered his sympathy, and suggested that if it were cash that had been lost and the loss temporarily embarrassed Glynn, perhaps a little loan would be acceptable. Glynn by now was most suspicious of the man. He recalled again the abrupt but evident order which Max had passed to the Indian he had been warned against. The newspapers in the bag were London ones and were of the day before the Air Mail had started, so that it was clear a duplicate bag had been used, and had been brought all the way from London.

But he hinted nothing of this to Max, was apparently most grateful of the offer, had a drink with him, cursing his bad luck, wondering what an earth to do now, admitting (with seeming caution that he had wired to London to ask what he was to do—wait there, go on to India, or return to London.

"But would it be any good—I don't want to pry into your business of course," said Max. "But would it help to wait or go back?"

"I doubt if it's any good my going on—fact, I'm pretty sure it isn't. You see, my only reason for going was to take out what was in that bag and to explain to the people it was for that it—er—it was the genuine article, as I could swear personally. Sorry I can't explain better, but I was sworn to secrecy about the bestly thing I was carrying."

Max sympathized again most heartily and called for another drink. Meanwhile Stefan, eager to get away, hurried to the pilot, loudly and angrily demanding why he was wasting time.

The pilot looked at him distastefully. "My people told me I was engaged to fly you to Rutbah Wells," he said calmly. "That's just on three hundred miles off, and my extreme range is very little over."

An Airway official came hurrying to them. "Report just come in," he said. "You'll have strong head winds against you from here to Rutbah. Do you think you can make it?"

The pilot turned to Stefan: "It's a toss-up whether I can get through or have to make a forced landing, and there's always some risk in that."

"What's the matter with you," stormed Stefan. "Why are we wasting all this time? Are you afraid and if so, what of?"

"Good enough," said the pilot quietly. "Get aboard. It's your lookout if we're forced-land in the desert."

"But what's the danger?" persisted Stefan. "The Mail liner is going through, isn't it. You don't risk any more than her pilot does."

Here the Airways man cut in. "None of my business, sir; but the liner carries petrol enough to take her almost as far again, and this machine can't. You wouldn't call it risky to set across the Atlantic in a Cunard liner,"

but it might be in an open boat."

"Nuff said," remarked the pilot laconically. "Do we go, or don't we?"

"Yes," said Stefan angrily. "I believe it is all nonsense, if you are a capable pilot."

The pilot turned from him and without a word began to climb into his cockpit.

"Better hop in if you mean to go," said the Airways man hurriedly. "He is as good a pilot as there is in Palestine, and if he doesn't get through, nobody else can."

Max had been standing by listening to this talk, and after a hasty word with him, Stefan climbed up into his place. A mechanic mounted and adjusted the safety belt about him and in answer to Stefan's demand "What's this for?" the pilot answered him, "It may save your breaking your neck, if we forced land. But use it or not just as you please. It's your neck anyway."

The mechanic jumped down, and Stefan shouted down to Max. "Send a cable at once to say I'm after them and hope to catch up and go on with the liner."

Max waved his understanding, and the engine, after a quick testing out, ran up slowly down as the pilot swung out on to the 'drome, roared up again into full song. A swift rush and the machine was up and away, heading at top speed for the liner's next halting place.

**CHAPTER IX
CLOSE PURSUIT**

Almost a hundred miles away the liner was steadily driving her way into the head wind. The fertile green hills of Palestine were changing below them to the bare and naked country of the desert, and Norah, looking down on it, remarked on its dreary desolation.

"Nasty place to have to come down," remarked Glynn cheerfully. "Used to be lots of risk of that in the old days, but just none at all now. And there's lots of interesting items down there, barren although it is."

He held an open map, to keep pointing out about where they were, and showed her how to pick out the ruins of Roman occupation—forts, walls and aqueducts, and at last their furthest out frontier fort. And beyond there again, there were plainly marked circles and squares linking remains of ditches and walls of a race of Stone Age people, dating far back into prehistoric times.

Glynn told it all with a zest and enjoyment that was infectious, and after a time Norah glanced at him curiously. "It almost seems as if you were glad that case of yours was stolen," she said. "You seem positively merry about it or something."

"I'll tell you why I'm feeling so good," he said, lowering his voice. "We've dropped a passenger I'm glad to be rid of."

"Why?" she asked curiously.

"I'll tell you some time," he laughed. "but not just yet. Anyhow, I've plenty to make me happy surely, since everyone knows I didn't get a cable as I thought I might, ordering me to let this old beauty go along without me."

"You think you'll still go right through to Karachi?" she asked.

"I'd think so," he said smilingly, "since I wasn't stopped back at Gallilee. But look down again. Take my glasses and have a look. See that thin straight scratch along the ground with a lot of car tracks like a main road running on one or other side of it. Get it? That is the line that was the line that was ploughed across the desert as the first guide to the pilots flying this route. We still find it useful at times, although nothing like as vital as it was in the first days. It was a great bit of work. Took the air force survey party seven months to score that scratch with two lots working in to meet in the middle of six hundred miles of gosh-awful desert."

"It's rather wonderful," she said, staring down at the thread like line.

"Seven months over that awful country. And we take how long?"

"Gallilee to Rutbah, just under three hundred miles, say three hours. Then

to Bagdad, about another three hours in this wind. We're nearing Rutbah now. We tank up petrol there—and sort of a second breakfast for them as wants it—as I much do. I think I'll go'n have a word with the pilot, and see how we're making it." He crushed the remains of his cigarette into the ashtray, rose and strolled forward from the smoking saloon through the cocktail bar and forward saloon, past the wireless cabin and into the second pilot's cockpit. As he got there, the wireless operator popped out of his cabin and handed in a slip. The second pilot glanced at it and passed it on to the first pilot at the controls. He read it and growled an oath.

"From Gallilee," he said. "Passenger Stefan we left there is following us in a hired two-seater. Hopes catch us in Rutbah. We're to delay starting from there long as we can to give him every chance to catch up."

Glynn scowled. "Who is this Stefan I wonder," he said. "Why did he stay behind and then make such a hustle to come after us. What sort of a two-seater would it be, and where would he get it? I've lost track of machines out here these days."

"Must have whistled one up from Haifa," said the pilot. "Don't think he would get anything to do more than a hundred m.p.h. in a calm, against our easy hundred and twenty. I'd doubt if he makes it against this wind with the petrol he'd carry."

"There's Rutbah," remarked the second pilot. —(To Be Continued.)

Art Wisdom Comes of Years Noted Portrait Painter Says Sense Grows With Experience

St. John. — Modern painting has never reached the high level of the old masters, in the opinion of Richard Jack, R.A., noted English portrait painter, who sailed recently to attend the annual Royal Academy exhibition in London. Mr. Jack has been a resident of Canada for a couple of years.

The old masters, said Mr. Jack, when interviewed here, devoted themselves entirely to art while present day painters were, perhaps, handicapped by the stress and diverse interests of modern life. The men whose work has survived the centuries were concerned chiefly in their own creations and were not led away by the influence of other schools. Some of the world's finest modern painters had turned against the old masters in their youth but with years came wisdom and then they had realized their mistake.

Time, said Mr. Jack, provided the real test of art. He recalled several painters of the last century who were regarded as geniuses in their day but whose work is now gradually losing position.

A definite art movement was apparent in Canada but better times were needed to bring it along because after all art could not flourish without financial support, he said. In these days people were confining their purchases to necessities mainly. He was doubtful that there would ever be developed a distinctive Canadian art. Artists were painting Canadian scenes but their work was influenced by the traditions of the old schools.

Ultra-modernistic painting does not impress Mr. Jack in the least. He considers that the radical artists sacrifice all that is accepted as beautiful to achieve their results. "Perhaps," said Mr. Jack, "these paintings are understandable to the person who creates them but I am inclined to believe that it is nothing more than sensationalism. I should hate to live in a world that resembles these pictures."

Mr. Jack said that although only a small percentage of the people appreciate art, the lovers of pictures came from all classes, rich and poor. In this respect art resembled good music, he declared, which since the perfection of radio broadcasting has won a multitude of unexpected admirers.

And He Is Still "Tired of It All"

Philadelphia—Announcing he was "tired of it all," Charles Hamilton, 34, drove his landlady, her two daughters and her son out of the house. Then he barricaded the doors and nailed fast the windows.

The landlady ran to a police station and patrolmen sprinted back to the house to foil the suicide. Breaking in, they found the prostrate Hamilton—sleeping.

So Hamilton repeated he was "tired of it all."

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What Does Your Handwriting Show

By GEOFFREY ST. CLAIR

(Grapho-Analyst.)
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(Editor's Note: These articles on Character from Handwriting have aroused enormous interest. Many readers are sending in specimens of their own handwriting for a personal analysis, and replies are being mailed as fast as possible. If you want your writing analyzed, see the announcement at the foot of this article.)

A Grapho-Analyst's mailbag is very interesting. It is a reflection of people's hopes and fears, worries and problems—it is a very mirror of life itself. And for each question, the Grapho-Analyst can supply an answer.

Handwriting shows so plainly the character of the writer. Grapho-Analysis is an X-Ray that cuts through the verbiage, and gets right down to the very nature of the writer.

A girl writes in tormented fashion, pleading for advice on how to deal with her brother and father. They are making life miserable for herself and her mother, and threaten to do bodily harm if the latter do not pass over some money that they have made themselves. The writing of the father and brother show greed and selfishness, with a brutal will that sometimes rushes over to violence.

Another girl is having trouble with her boy friend. Is he to be trusted. There are many letters of this kind. And very often we can give a reassuring answer. Sometimes, our advice will hurt—but the truth is what people are asking for.

A mother is very anxious to know the characteristics of her young daughters. And what talents they possess. In this way, she can encourage

them along the lines in which they can make most progress and in which they will be happy.

Another mother is perplexed about her boy. He is the only child she has, but she doesn't understand him. Grapho-Analysis reveals his hidden traits, and suggests a line for the mother to work along.

A young man from the West says his life has been miserable, and try as he will, he cannot do anything right. His writing reveals the tremendous colour in his nature, and the need for great control. He has a hard row to hoe before he can regain normalcy.

The letters show how many people are square pegs in round holes. Real talents wasted because the possessor is in a vocation totally unsuited to him.

Grapho-Analysis a very helpful. It reveals not only the major characteristics, but also those hidden tendencies that are gradually looming up, and will, ere long, affect one's mode of life. If they are strong points, they can be developed. Often, they are potential weaknesses, and need curbing. Grapho-Analysis shows the way.

What does your handwriting show? Let a skilled Grapho-Analyst tell you the secrets that your writing reveals. You will be surprised at the revelations. And the analysis may open the door of opportunity for you. Send a letter in your normal writing, with 10c coin and a stamped (3c) addressed envelope to: Geoffrey St. Clair, Room 471, 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto. If you send two specimens of writing, enclose coin for each.

Historic Motor Car

Unperturbed by past history, a resident of a village in Bosnia is driving the car said to have been used by Archduke Ferdinand of Austria in Sarajevo that day in 1914 when the Austrian heir stopped in an assassin's bullet and war toppled on Europe. The significance of the old-fashioned car completely escapes the present owner, who bought it from the Austrian authorities shortly before the end of the war and now, regardless of the paint-covered coat-of-arms uses it as the village taxi.

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Nova Scotian Wins Fancy Dress Prize

Miss Nancy Fairchild Wears
Persian Costume to Ball

Palm Beach, Fla. — Miss Nancy Fairchild, of Budeck, N. S., is a prize winner in the Everglades fancy dress ball, an out-standing event of the season here.

Several hundred guests donned carnival attire, with costumes of the orient predominating. Two prizes for the most beautiful costumes were presented, one of them going to Miss Fairchild. She was gowned as a Persian lady.

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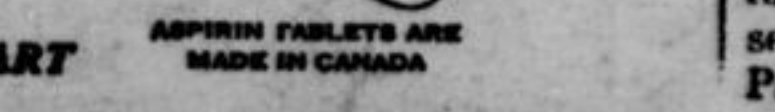
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Working of Hydro And What It Does

Five Items Listed Below Will
Give Voted a Clear
Outline

Hydro is publicly owned, and cooperative; the Commission acts as agent of the municipalities buying power from it, operating and administering the buyer's electrical plants. Hydro's generating plants and transmission lines are financed through the Commission by the Province of Ontario; the municipal plants by the issue of municipal bonds.

Hydro sells power to the purchasing municipalities at cost, this cost is made up as follows:

1. Interest on the Commission's capital investment.
 2. Sinking fund charges, on a 40-year basis.
 3. An annual charge for renewals, to maintain efficiency.
 4. Contingencies.
 5. Operation and administration.
- These charges total up to about 11 p.c. on the Commission's investment. Where power purchased (not generated) by the Commission is being sold, the cost to the Commission replaces part of the charge under each of the five headings listed above.

The rates charged in any municipality must cover these charges of the Commission plus similar charges on that municipality's plant.

The investment in the Hydro undertakings had reached on 31st October, 1933, a total of about \$400,000,000, of which three-fourths represents the Commission's generating plants and transmission lines, and one-fourth the municipal plants.

Intentional?

Extract from a country weekly: "A rummage sale will be held in the village hall on the second Saturday in the month. This is a chance for all the ladies of the congregation to get rid of anything that is not worth keeping, but is too good to be thrown away. Don't forget to bring your husbands."

Wasted Sympathy

It seems to be a sad and depressing fact that so much sympathy is wasted on the plausible rogues and on the notoriously evil characters that there is none of the heart interest remaining for those who are in trouble and distress through fault of their own and who lack the spectacular and romantic touch that so many unworthy fellows know so well how to assume.—Timmins Advance.

Sense of Sitter's Personality Keynote of Whole Picture

Marion Long Says Natural
Self Consciousness May
Be Overcome by Con-
-eration

Marion Long, who has been much feted since the news was announced of her election to the Royal Canadian Society of Artists, says: "A sense of the sitter's personality is the keynote of the whole picture, and even the color scheme of a portrait must symbolize the inner quality of the person. In painting a child, the color must express life and movement, but with an old person, quietness is found in the soft-grey used for the hair, or the ivory tint of the complexion."

The natural self-consciousness of any man or woman who posed for a picture might be overcome by conversation, she explained. While chatting with the artist, the sitter would assume a characteristic pose; his eyes would express interest, and also his mouth; but when painting the latter it was necessary for the artist to monopolize the conversation.

"Often I have talked fast for a whole morning," said Miss Long, "and I could not remember afterward one word I said." A new problem was found in each person painted, she concluded, but the great joy came when the self-imposed task was accomplished.

Brazil Buys Planes For Army Air Mail

RIO DE JANEIRO, Brazil—Brazil, which has used army aviators to fly air mail on interior lines since 1931, has purchased 25 new airplanes in the United States to expand the five army air-mail lines now in existence.

The lines serve regions which hitherto had relatively slow mail service; such remote states as Mato Grosso Brazil's wild west, and the interior of Piahy, another great cattle country, are getting mail from Rio in two days. Inasmuch as the coast cities are well served by American, French and German companies, the army has concentrated on the interior.

The first line, established in 1931, ran only between Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo, but shortly thereafter was extended to Goiaz, large hinterland plateau state which has only a short railway line. Other lines were established in quick succession, despite a setback occasioned by the 1932 Sao Paulo rebellion.

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