

The Flying Courier

by Boyd Cable

SYNOPSIS

Glynn Ellman, pilot of Imperial Airways, is travelling by Air Mail to India, carrying two copies of a talking film of the Prince of Nepal. Who is too ill to travel himself. The talking film is sent as a last resort to foil his throne. On the same Mall liner Norah Glyn, seaman who becomes interested in Glynn. Several attempts are made by the Vulture's envoys and one film is stolen by Glynn. His car is surrounded by his wait 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 Sea. The Prince's envoys in the meantime have become alarmed at the non-appearance of Glynn and drink in the theatre. Glynn accepts a substitute as a theatre draught. The lights suddenly go out. Glynn is rescued by the police. The Vulture plans revenge.

"It is well," said the Vulture complacently. "Reward the man for the information he obtained and sent you. He has done well, and it is no matter of his arrangements here reporters will not now have any use for us."

Abdul Ali still waited as if he had not yet finished, and when the Vulture noticed this and demanded was there anything more, the man cringed and asked if any news had been heard yet of any sad accident to the train.

"No, not yet," said the Vulture, smiling complacently again. "And see you make no mention of such accident being possible until after the news of it. Have you more to report?"

"I have word of the hour this afternoon the Secretary is to leave the Palace," said Abdul Ali humbly. "It would be possible to make a plan to stop the cars coming from Hyderabad and seize the flying courier if it should happen the train does arrive."

The Vulture glared at him. "What do you mean—if the train should arrive?" he demanded savagely.

Abdul Ali covered abjectly and stammered. "It is only—it is because so many plans have failed that I thought it might be better to have another in hand."

The Vulture granted. "When we learn it has failed will be time enough to consider further," he said, and dismissed his man. But ten minutes later he had him back again, and Abdul shivered apprehensively as he entered and heard the bitter raving and reviling of his master.

"It has failed," he screamed. "The train is safe past the chosen spot. And report comes from Hyderabad that it was delayed because the line was found broken before the train reached the spot." He raved off into a fresh tirade against the fools who had not waited the right moment to do their work, but broke off suddenly.

"There is need of the other plan after all," he said. "At what hour was the car to leave the palace to bring the courier?"

But after a close and anxious discussion he altered the proposed plan to capture Glynn on the way out to the palace. It was possible extra cars might be sent with him carrying more troops; that an unknown device route might be taken; even possible that the picture might be shown in Hyderabad cinema before being brought to the palace. It would be more easy and as effective to waylay and capture the cars driving in to Hyderabad, since there would be less caution and watch for possible attack as there would be with the Courier and his package in the car. The details were arranged, and

Abdul Ali sent hurrying to put them into execution.

Early in the afternoon, Hasim, the Premier's secretary drove out from the palace with an armed trooper in uniform by the driver's seat and with another car following close, carrying another couple of troopers, all as the spies had reported arranged.

As his car swept round a bend of road, where it can through a thick patch of bush and bamboo, two bullet-proof lock wagons were seen to be almost blocking the road. Apparently they had collided or become locked in passing each other, because they were slowed across the road with a wheel off one and its load spilled out so as to block what little passage was left. Three or four almost-naked men stood wrangling and screaming and threatening to come to blows with the cudgeis they brandished at each other. To the angry hooting of the car's horn they paid no attention and when it drove to within a dozen yards and the trooper swung down the carters, still screaming at each other, hurried to the car and began to clamor to the Secretary for justice, for the punishment of the fool who had driven so badly, for the rogue who had used a cart and its load.

The following car with the two troopers in it had pulled up a dozen yards behind the Secretary's a moment before the vociferating carters reached the foremost car. Then in the twinkling of an eye, the stupid villagers' squabbling diverged to very different and sinister lines.

The trooper who had jumped down to kick and curse the men into moving their carts, dropped like a stone under a cudgel's blow on the back of his head. At the same instant, while the other men leaped from the ditch, the driver was seized and taken completely unawares, jerked out into the road, while the bewildered Secretary, before he could grasp what was happening, found the car doors flung open and two men hurling in on top of him, bundling him out with a cloth over his head and rope about his arms.

At the same instant as the first blow was struck on the foremost car's troopers, the two men in the car behind heard a harsh command from behind them, warning them not to move, and at the same time saw heavy hands reached in over the back of the open car to seize a coat collar and thrust a pistol under the nose of each man. Their driver, with a pistol staring at him from both sides, meekly obeyed orders and climbed down.

The whole thing was over in a minute; all those who had been in the cars lay like trussed chickens behind a dense clump of bamboo by the roadside with their captors busily engaged clearing the road, while a couple searched the Secretary. Then one by one, the troopers and others were stripped, and those who had captured them dressed carefully in their clothes.

The Secretary carried a letter and this was deftly opened with the greatest care and read. It was signed and sealed by the Vizier and addressed to the official who had gone to Karachi to meet Glynn, and had accompanied him in the train. It read—"Come with Captain Ellman and Hasim in the closed car sent for you. The escorting car and two troopers will follow you closely. The officer of the mounted escort will ride with you to the outskirts of the city where you will leave him and drive off as fast as you can. In case of any disturbance in the city, change the arranged route as Hasim directs."

"(To Be Continued.)"

ARE YOUR MIRROR REFLECTIONS AS GOOD AS THEY SHOULD BE?

You have probably stayed in a house where the mirror in your bedroom had that strange disease which only mirrors get, and found your dressing sadly hampered by having to dodge the brown patches whenever you wanted to see your reflection.

Worse still—one of your own mirrors may have contracted the complaint. There are two kinds of mirror disease. One is fatal and the other is not.

To determine which it is you have to look at the brown patch to see whether it is reflected. The reflection means you can remove it with methylated spirit because it is on the surface.

If there is no deflection then it is the fatal kind, which means that the silvering inside the mirror is affected. In that case the only thing you can do is to call in professional aid and have the mirror resilvered.

The chief cause of mirror disease is damp. The makers put an oxide backing on the mirror to keep out dampness and protect the silvering, but when this begins to wear damp finds its way in.

If you think your walls have the slightest suggestion of dampness you can preserve your mirror by gumming a piece of rough-surfaced paper on the back. Then take a candle and rub it thoroughly all over the paper.

This will save you the trouble and expense of having to have your mirror resilvered. As long as you can keep the damp out the brown patches will not come.

When mending the gaping holes in boys' stockings try tacking a piece of net of similar color over the hole. Darn in and out through the meshes, stitching firmly into the sides each time of crossing, and you will have a good, firm darn.

Telephone me from the station as soon as you arrive.

The letter was rather upsetting to the plotters' plans, since it mentioned Hasim as being with the car, but although it was at first proposed to suppress it and give a verbal message instead, the two leaders after anxious discussion decided this might be dangerous if it had been arranged Hasim should carry a letter, and they adopted another stratagem. Then leaving their prisoners securely tied up and a couple of men to guard them, the party drove on in the captured cars.

It was with renewed thankfulness that Norah and Glynn arrived at Hyderabad. They had been a good deal disturbed that morning when about nine o'clock the train was signalled to stop, and only moved on again after a number of police boarded it and a light pilot engine went on ahead. And an hour later it slowed down again and crept cautiously out on to a high embankment to come to a stop with a grinding of brakes and a squeal of locked wheels, when a little group waded signals from the side of the light engine halted a little further on.

The group moved along to the train, and Glynn, looking out and wondering what was wrong, saw that the men were police and that they had with them a couple of handcuffed lunatics-looking prisoners.

Glynn would have got off to make enquiries when he saw another light engine with a van attached creep along towards them from the other end of the embankment and halt to discharge a gang of workmen, who got busily to work about the line. But when he went to dismount, he found police stationed at the door and along all the train, and was told that no body was allowed to alight. But he soon learned why.

The police at Hyderabad had been telephoned the night before by an unknown informant who told them a rail was to be removed and the train derailed and wrecked at a spot exactly named and described. The informant gave an urgent warning that no report of this fact should be allowed to leak out because this might mean a renewed attempt at another spot of which no warning could be given. The police, acting in concert with the railway officials, telegraphed certain urgent orders to the station where the train had been flagged to a stop, and sent off a light engine and van with police, a working gang, lengths of rail and equipment. This little train ran to within a mile of the embankment, where the police there and waited while they skirmined along to either side of the line under cover. A few minutes before the Karachi train was due, they saw two men run scrambling down the steep embankment, closed in and seized them just as a dynamite or blasting powder charge exploded on the line above. They found that a section of rail had been broken and twisted into such a shape that the Karachi train travelling at any speed, must inevitably have been derailed and sent hurtling down to utter wreck.

When the line was repaired, the train went on, with the pilot engine racing quarters of a mile ahead, and the police with the prisoners on board.

"SALADA"

TEA

Unvarying Quality Fresh from the Gardens

Hospital Financing Scheme Succeeds

There are fewer British hospitals with deficits and more with surpluses than at any time since the war, according to a statement made by the President and General Council of King Edward's Hospital Fund of London.

"In the long fight with the results of the depression," His Royal Highness said, "voluntary hospital finance has once more achieved success. In some ways, indeed, the results for 1933 have been better than ever."

The income of the King's Fund available for distribution, after deducting expenses, came to \$1,540,000. Out of this \$1,500,000 was used for the ordinary distribution. The other \$40,000 went in pension scheme grants, together with \$60,000 from the special pensions reserve.

In a few years, the Prince stated, between \$10,000,000 and \$15,000,000 a year, in London alone, had come from voluntary gifts.

Athletics Versus A Child's Heart

Word of Advice to Over-Anxious Parents — Normal Heart Not Easily Strained

The young generation are keen on physical culture and games of every sort, which is all to the good, writes Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chesner. But parents are sometimes worried as to whether their child is fit for strenuous games. One hears a lot of talk about "strained heart," and I have known about a child being too delicate for violent games.

The Normal Heart.

If a child's heart is "normal"—that is, undamaged by rheumatism, which is a common cause of valvular disease of the heart, or weakened temporarily perhaps, by the toxins or poisons of diphtheria or influenza, for example—it is not very easy to "overstrain." The heart is hollow, a pump with living contracting muscular walls, a hard-working organ, capable indeed of work to the point of what we may call violent exertion. It works night and day, resting only for a fraction of time between its beats, which send the blood along the arteries to every organ and tissue of the body.

So that a child who possesses a normal healthy heart is quite fit for the ordinary school games and competitions in sport. But a parent is always well advised to have the heart examined by the family doctor. If passed as a "normal" he or she can then cease to worry about "strained heart." A child is happier and healthier if he does the same things in the same way as the rest of his world.

When Care Is Needed.

I should like to emphasize two points, however. The child with a rheumatic heart—that is, when the valves are damaged by inflammation due to the poison of rheumatism—should have his life unobtrusively supervised by the family physician. He should not, of course, be deprived of exercise, but exercise must be moderate and regulated, that is, suited to the child's condition.

Secondly, after any acute febrile disease, such as pneumonia, scarlet fever, influenza, measles, the heart like other tissues and organs, takes some time to recover tone. A child is not fit for strenuous mental and physical activity for at least a year after a serious febrile disease. Teachers and parents, here again, must work in co-operation with the physician. Diphtheria has a particularly evil influence on the heart muscle, so that during and after diphtheria, there must be special care to avoid injury to the heart by exercise or even rapid movements.

London's Big Ben Given New Gold Face

Almost any one would turn the other cheek to receive one of the slaps that are daily being smacked on the face of "Big Ben," London's famous time-teller.

Twenty brawny workmen, standing 300 feet above the street, are slapping the faces of the famous clock ensclosed in the tower of the Houses of Parliament—and they are slapping it with gold.

With every smack goes a three-inch square of gold leaf, guaranteed "double fine" 24 carat and without alloy, to brighten the dial of the parliamentary time-piece.

Every day \$250 worth of gold, which comes from South Africa, is applied to the clock, and the applications are expected to last for a month.

KEEP THE WINDOWS OPEN

Detroit News.

Feel dull while driving? Stop and get a breath of fresh air. Recent tests made prove that most automobiles after being driven for some distance accumulate a sufficient quantity of carbon monoxide to effect seriously the mental alertness and muscular correlation of the driver. Insurance companies and various authorities are calling attention to the fact that while it is commonly known that many motorists are suffocated by gas from motors running in closed garages, it is not generally suspected that gas accumulating in moving cars may be the cause of many hitherto unexplained traffic accidents.

MAKES FALSE TEETH FEEL LIKE NATURAL

There must be a reason Dr. Wernot's Powder is the world's largest seller and prescribed by leading dentists: it holds teeth so firmly—they fit so comfortably—that all day long you forget you ever had false plates. Leaves no colored, gummy paste—keeps mouth sanitary, breath pleasant—the best powder you can buy yet cost is small—any drugstore.

DISNEY TO MAKE FULL LENGTH FEATURE FILM

Hollywood, Calif.—Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse and film cartoonist of "The Three Little Pigs," soon will embark on his first feature length cartoon movie.

He will do "Snow White," one of the most popular of fairy tales, it was announced today. The film will be done in color and will bring to the screen an entirely new set of cartoon characters.

Disney is taking virtually the same step Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd did when they went from short reels to features.

Vanisher Cigar-Store Indian

Time was when the odd "cigar-store Indian" was to be seen in Toronto, too. The "tribe" was far from numerous; now he may be extinct. A variance from this, the come-to-be-accepted tobacco sign, was a huge wooden Highlander soldier.

What was the origin and significance of the redskin with outstretched arm that used to stand in front of so many cigar stores in Canada and the United States? So far as is known, tobacco was native to the new world, and its use was adopted from the India. It was natural, therefore, that the stereotypical American should be made the symbol or emblem of tobacco.

The cigar store symbol was popularized by Joseph Zimmerman, of Pittsburgh, more than 70 years ago. He graced the front of his little stall, where he founded what later became a great cigar business, with a second-hand wooden India. As he sold the cigars which he made to firms outside the city and the state, he sponsored the sign of the wooden Indian.—Toronto Telegram.

Business Opportunity

This Canadian Corporation operating legitimate coin vending machines throughout Canada, now having the most scientific device of the age. A limited number of these machines with concession rights offered on percentage basis. Extraordinary earnings. \$300 investment secures permanent income without work or worry. Strict investigation invited. Write for information.

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One Hot Course At Summer Meals

Recipes Given for Special Dishes in Menus Below

Summer menus always have plenty of cold foods in them, crisp cool salads, fresh fruits and refreshing beverages. But it's advisable to have one hot dish at each meal whether it be a soup, a main dish, a drink or a dessert. The menus are planned with this in mind and recipes are given for special dishes.

SUNDAY DINNER

Tomato Frappe
Boned Shoulder of Lamb Stuffed and Roasted
Potato Marbles
Creamed Carrots Julienne
Salad of Fresh Pears and Cream
Cheese in Mint Jelly
Charlotte Russe
Milk Coffee
There is one hot course in the dinner, the main course, and the coffee may be iced or hot as you prefer. Tomato frappe is not quite ordinary so here's the recipe for it.

TOMATO FRAPPE

One and one-half cups tomato puree, ½ cup celery stock, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, few drops onion juice, teaspoons sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon granulated gelatin, 2 tablespoons cold water, dash tabasco sauce.

Mash fresh tomatoes and cook without water until tender. Rub through a sieve to remove seeds and skins. Cook 1 cup celery leaves and stems in ½ cup water for ten minutes. Strain off liquid and add to tomato puree. Add sugar, salt and onion juice and bring just to the boiling point. Add gelatin which has been softened in cold water and stir until dissolved. When cold add lemon juice and tabasco sauce. Turn into tray of refrigerator and freeze to a mush. This can be frozen in a freezer without stirring if packed in 4 quart ice to 1 part ice cream salt.

MONDAY LUNCHEON

Hashed Lamb in Rice Border
Grilled Tomatoes
Jellied Apples with Whipped Cream
Milk Iced Tea
The lamb is left over from the Sunday roast. Use the bone to make a broth in which to cook the rice and reheat the meat in a well seasoned cream sauce.

JELLIED APPLES

Four tart apples, 1½ cups granulated sugar, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons tiny cinnamon candies, ½ lemon cut in slices, 1 tablespoon granulated gelatin, 4 tablespoons cold water.

Pare and core apples. Made a syrup of sugar and water in a shallow sauce pan with a close fitting cover. Add apples, lemon slices and sprinkle over cinnamon candies. Simmer closely covered, basting frequently with the syrup, until apples are tender. Soften gelatin in cold water for five minutes. Put apples into individual molds. Measure syrup and add enough boiling water to make two cups. Remove lemon slices and add softened gelatin. Stir until dissolved and pour over apples, completely covering the fruit. Let stand several hours to chill and become firm. Unmold and serve with a garnish of whipped cream.

WHAT HE WAS WORTH

This is a question frequently asked when a man has died. Sometimes it springs from a spirit of philanthropy, as when a widow and small children are left behind. Often it is merely a question of curiosity, and asked regarding those who counted their own wealth by dollars. It is remarkable that it is rarely asked how much he was worth when Dr. Crown died, or whether James Robertson had accumulated a fortune in the Canadian West. When Abraham Lincoln, and Gladstone, and Thomas Arnold, and Frances Willard, passed away, no one ever thought of enquiring how many dollars they had left behind.

A recent paragraph relates that two brothers were New York bankers. One promised God to retire when he had made \$100,000, and give his life to Sunday School work. He did so, and accomplished wonderful work for Christ. When the other brother died, all he left was seven million dollars.

"Worth his millions," cries the press when the very rich man dies; No one dares to write these words. On his tombstone where he lies.

Language the most forcible proceeds from the man who is most sincere. The way to speak with power, or to write words that pierce mankind to the quick, is to speak and write honestly.—E. L. Magoon.



A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by P.C.2

I had warned that man at least a couple of times before. He used to drive pretty regularly along No. 2 Highway. Sort of salesman, I should judge.

What about him? Well, I'm telling you.

He was a good driver all right, so far as driving goes, but he seemed to think the whole road belonged to him. You know what I mean—could not keep to his own side, and thought he had as much right to drive on the left-hand side of the road as on the right. I don't suppose he thought anything about the danger of it, and I'm doggone sure he never paid much attention to the rule of the road.

What happened? I'm telling you. You'll listen a moment. He's in hospital now—he's lucky if he gets out in a month. He'll be luckier still if he ever drives again.

You know the sharp bend in the road just east of Jonesville? That's where it happened. Our friend swings over to the left-hand side of the road—probably figured he could save a second in rounding the bend. Didn't figure there might be cars coming the other way. Well, there happened to be two of them. The first managed to pull over, but the second hadn't a chance in the world. Just sideswiped him like nobody's business. Tossed his car clean over into the ditch with him underneath it.

I came along just after it happened and helped to get him out. Sure he was unconscious—I wondered if he'd get into hospital alive.

See what I mean? A big hospital bill, and a big lawsuit for heavy damages to face when he gets out—just because he would not keep to his own side.

Say! people are funny; risk their lives, cars, and everything for the sake of a second of time.

Yes, you've said it. That's my opinion, too.