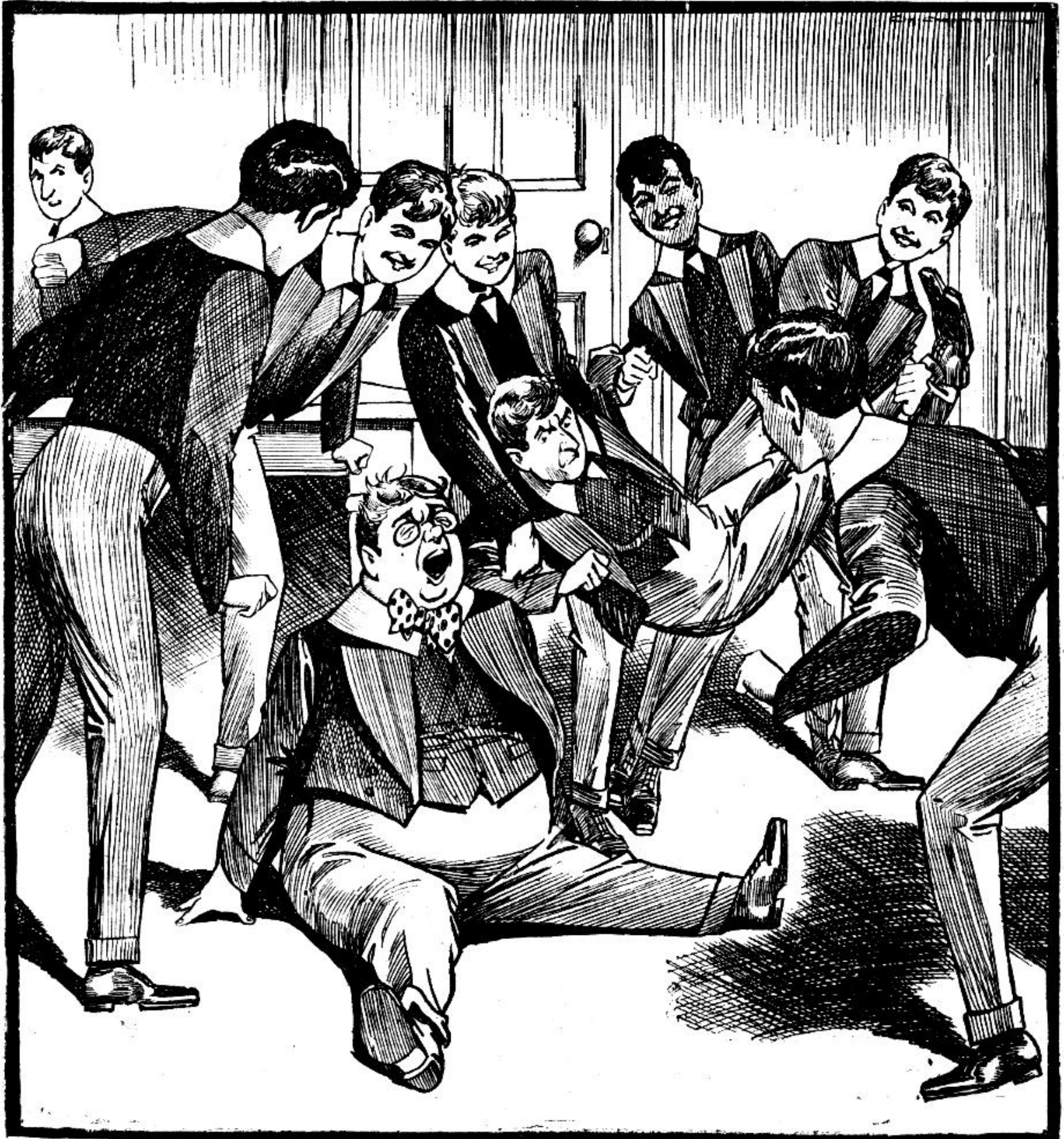


OUR EXPERIMENTS ON PAGE 17 WILL INTEREST AND AMUSE YOU!

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## A BUMPING FOR BUNTER AND FISHI

(An Exciting Scene in the Magnificent Lona Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.)





For Next Monday :

**"THE FEUD WITH FRIARDALE."**

By Frank Richards.

In next week's story of Greyfriars we have Harry Wharton & Co. and all the other leading lights of the school in opposition to a band of the roughest fellows of the village. The trouble begins through Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, bringing a charge of profiteering against the father of one of these fellows. There are some very exciting tussles between the opposing parties, and not until the end of the story do we see either side victorious.

You will find out which side came out on top if you read

**"THE FEUD WITH FRIARDALE,"**

and you will vote this yarn one of the best you have read for a long time. Order your copy of next week's MAGNET at once!

**A WONDERFUL LETTER.**

There is no need to make any apology for quoting what Ben Bolton thinks of the Companion Papers. Ben lives at a place called Nuthurst, and he seems to be a busy sort of fellow.

"You would be amused," he says, "could you see our place. We run a laundry, and I do the accounts. I am seventeen, and have read the Companion Papers for ten years. My young brother Bill is six, and he likes 'Chuckles' and the MAGNET. He gives 'Chuckles' best because Pongo tickles his fancy. When Bill was young I used to tell him such stories as I thought would please him. There was a time when Bill smiled at this:

"As I went up in my whirly wee,  
And as I looked out of my squirly  
squee,  
There I espied Sir Hacob Jacob  
Running away with Tom Pordle.  
Oh, if I'd had my diddlecum dordle,  
Wouldn't I have given it to Sir Hacob  
Jacob for running away with Tom  
Pordle!"

"And then, one time, Bill was amused with the story of Jack O'Manory, and the other of Jack and his brother, but such things Bill considers piffle these days. Give him 'Chuckles' or the MAGNET and he is happy; while, since the 'Greyfriars Herald' has been going, he likes a glimpse of it, though he is not over strong at reading yet. But there, what can you expect of six?"

"I am pretty busy, what with one thing and another, because mother de-

pend on me for a lot of the management of the washing business, and such a trade wants a deal of looking after these days, with all the extras going up, and starch rising like the rates.

"We have a nice patch—cabbages, clothes-lines, and potatoes. I am expected to see after the vegetables. We have a thick hawthorn-hedge, which is used for drying things, and the young shoots don't seem to mind. There is a blackbird's nest at this moment all snug beneath a big quilt, and the birds have no objection. You would rather like our hedge, I am sure, especially that bit where it runs thin. Old Snooks, the ancient chap of the village, always comes and peeps over here. You see his funny red face with the white whiskerage about it smiling at you amidst the green, and a nice colour scheme it makes.

"There are a lot of other things I could tell you, but this letter was supposed to be written about the Companion Papers, which we all of us like, including young Bill. But I have mentioned him. He comes with me on my rounds down to Little Puddletown and up past Sloss-ton. He can walk, but he prefers to sit on the barrow, and so I let him.

"My sister Bella is nineteen, and plays the piano at our concerts. She thinks a lot about the Companion Papers, and you should hear her talk about Cardew, Vernon-Smith, Harry Wharton, Tom Merry, Kildare, Wingate, Bulkeley, and the rest.

"She knows all about them, and she never gets them mixed. She says Bob Cherry is splendid, also D'Arcy; but, though she laughs at Bunter and Baggy, she says they ought not really to be allowed. I don't know what she would not say to the porpoise if she met him. She thinks he is the nastiest, greediest little pig that ever waddled—but she laughs, all the same.

"Our house is white and pink. I have just painted it up again for the spring. I should have gone out and earned my living somewhere else, but mother could not manage very well without me. You see, there are a lot of us. Bella does dressmaking, and looks after the hens we keep, likewise the rabbits; while Charlie, who is five years younger than I am, is still at school, but he makes himself useful whenever he is at home.

"Bella says there should be more stories about the older chaps. She likes all the yarns, but she simply dotes on some tale which makes her cry. You had one of these not long ago. Just like a girl! I would not have put this bit in, but Bella said I was to—not just about her being only a girl; she can't help that, poor thing!—and as she would be ram-pageous if I wrote to you without mentioning her I thought I had better do as she wanted."

**AS HAPPY AS KINGS.**

There is a lot more of this interesting letter. It is evident that my correspondent and his family are as happy as kings. They are busy all the time, for even young Bill assists the family exchequer by going round with the wash, and keeping the birds off the seedlings. I shall take the liberty of quoting a bit more.

"Bella grows mustard and cress in boxes outside the kitchen window. We get plenty of it. I have forgotten to tell you about Mary. She is another sister, and she isn't contrary, except when you tease the cat, Timothy. Mary does most of the gardening. The furniture I keep in order, for some of it is pretty old. This summer I am going to build a veranda at the back, with nasturtiums all over it.

"Mr. Collyer, the gentleman who lives at the Gables—we wash for him every week, you know—and makes nasty chemical messes, for he is always inventing things, employs me of evenings, and that brings us in a bit more. We have been putting by money of late in the fifteen-and-sixpenny certificates, and I suppose we shall be millionaires one day, not that I want to be wealthy.

"You see, I have read 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Monte Cristo,' and heaps of other books, including 'Chicot, the Jester,' and those others about France.

"I collect butterflies and moths, and I have sent in a photograph or two to the 'Greyfriars Herald,' and hope to see them in the paper. Mother likes to read the stories, but she has not much time, so I read the tit-bits to her as she sits and sews of an evening when Bill is in bed, and the others are out at the pictures. And you should hear how she laughs! Only she would give Bunter a bit of her mind. That's what she says. I reckon she means it. Mother is always giving things away. She gave a tramp a square meal and sixpence only yesterday, because he looked hungry, and then asked him to take a message for her to the end of the village—it was less than a quarter of a mile—but the tramp said he was afraid he could not do it, as working after meals made him turn faint!"

**A VERY JOLLY FAMILY.**

To my mind this communication is a magnificent tribute to the Companion Papers. I shall hope to say another word about Ben next week.

Your Editor





# The Blindness of Bunter!

A Magnificent Long Complete School  
Story of Harry Wharton & Co.  
at Greyfriars School.

□ □ □  
BY

**FRANK RICHARDS.**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Bunter is Warned!

**M**R. QUELCH'S eye glinted. The Remove Form were seated in the Form-room, hard at work, under Mr. Quelch's supervision.

Mr. Horace Quelch, the Remove Form master, was not exactly in an amiable mood that afternoon. The subject was history, and the Remove did not shine at history. Moreover, the Mid-Term examination was due to take place on the morrow, and Mr. Quelch was keeping his Form hard at it.

Harry Wharton & Co. noted the glint in Mr. Quelch's eye, and realised that a storm was brewing for somebody.

And they were not long in discovering who that "somebody" was.

"Bunter!"

The sharp, acid voice of the Form-master resounded through the Form-room, and all eyes were immediately turned in the direction of William George Bunter, the fat youth of the Remove.

Billy Bunter seemed to emerge from the depths of a brown study, and he blinked at Mr. Quelch.

"Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, and the angry glitter in his eye intensified. "You were not paying attention to me!"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"You were not paying attention, I say!" cried the Form-master. "What important matter occupied your thoughts, Bunter?"

"Er—er—nothing at all, sir!" exclaimed Billy Bunter hastily. "Nothing sir, I assure you!"

A soft chuckle arose from the Removites.

Mr. Quelch gulped.

"So nothing occupied your thoughts—eh, Bunter?" he rasped. "Well, you will kindly take a hundred lines for allowing your mind to become a blank, Bunter, when it should have been occupied by the

lesson that is in progress. A hundred lines, do you hear, Bunter?"

"Ye-es, sir!" growled Billy Bunter.

"And you will please pay attention to the lesson in future, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch tartly. "Remember, the Mid-Term examination takes place to-morrow morning, and you are the one boy in the Form to whom this lesson should be of the utmost importance. You are a lazy, slothful boy, Bunter!"

"Ahem! Ye-es, sir!" said Billy Bunter.

Mr. Quelch looked grimly at Bunter, and took up his book again.

The history lesson proceeded on the uneven tenor of its way.

Mr. Quelch was revising the work of the term, and for that purpose he asked questions round the Form.

The next boy to whom the master devoted his attention was Tom Dutton. Dutton was afflicted with deafness, and Mr. Quelch found him a difficult subject to question.

Billy Bunter, as soon as the master's attentions became transferred to Dutton, relapsed once more into pensiveness.

A thoughtful frown settled upon the brow of William George Bunter, and he was preoccupied.

Having finished with Tom Dutton, Mr. Quelch glanced again at Bunter.

Billy Bunter himself was there in his seat, but Billy Bunter's thoughts were far away.

The eye of Mr. Quelch glinted again, and the Remove waited with some apprehension for the storm to break.

"Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch, in a quiet, ominous voice.

"Ye-es, sir?" said Bunter distantly.

"Who won the Battle of Bannockburn, Bunter?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

Bunter appeared to ponder abstractedly.

"Tottenham Hotspur, sir!" he said, at length.

"Wha-at?"

Mr. Quelch jumped violently.

"Tottenham Hotspur, I think," said Bunter, still in a faraway, dreamy voice. "Unless it was Sheffield United!"

"Oh!"

An oppressive silence seemed to settle upon the Form.

The boys of the Remove gazed at Bunter wonderingly. Billy Bunter still had that thoughtful frown upon his brow, as if pondering a weighty subject within his brain.

Mr. Quelch's jaws came together with a snap, and then opened again to emit a gasp.

"B-Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Are you mad, boy?"

Billy Bunter made no reply.

"Are you dreaming, Bunter?" almost shouted Mr. Quelch.

At that Billy Bunter roused himself, and blinked perplexedly through his spectacles at the angry master.

"D-d-d-dreaming, sir?" he stammered.

"Nunno, sir!"

Mr. Quelch looked long and fixedly at the fat boy of the Remove.

"Bunter!" he rumbled, at length, and his voice was like unto that of approaching thunder. "Bunter, how dare you!"

"I—I—I—"

"Are you aware that you are in the Form-room, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Bunter, blinking apprehensively at the master. "Here I am, sir!"

Somebody chuckled, and storm-clouds settled on Mr. Quelch's brow.

"Did you hear my question, Bunter?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"Which question, sir?"

"I asked you who won the Battle of Bannockburn!" said Mr. Quelch. "And your reply was—er—er—"

"Tottenham Hotspur, sir!" chirruped Skinner obligingly.

"Take fifty lines, Skinner!" rapped Mr. Quelch, and Skinner sat back with a gasp.

The rest of the Remove were silent.

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As Bob Cherry surreptitiously remarked to Hurree Singh, Quelch's "rag" was out, and Hurree Singh whispered back, that the "outfulness was terrific."

Mr. Quelch, as he regarded Billy Bunter, seemed on the verge of exploding.

"Bunter—boy!" he cried, in a voice that was tense with emotion. "How dare you give me such an absurd answer to my question! How dare you, sir!"

"I—I was thinking, sir!" stammered Bunter.

"Thinking!" almost shrieked the irate Form-master. "Thinking of what, may I inquire?"

"Of—of the Battle of—of Bannockburn, sir!" gasped Bunter, eyeing the master nervously.

"Don't tell falsehoods, Bunter!" hooted Mr. Quelch. "You deliberately allowed your mind to wander, after I had expressly warned you not to do so! Step out here, Bunter!"

"Ow!" gasped Bunter, going pale. "Really, sir—"

"Come here, Bunter!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

Blinking dismally at Mr. Quelch, Billy Bunter struggled from his seat, and rolled ponderously towards the front.

"Poor old Bunt!" murmured Bob Cherry. "He's going to get the Hotspur now!"

Mr. Quelch grasped a cane, and held it grimly as Billy Bunter approached.

"Hold out your hand, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter's knees shook as he eyed the cane.

"Oh, really, sir, I—I didn't mean—"

"I care not what you meant, Bunter!" rasped Mr. Quelch. "I mean to punish you severely for your inattention and laziness this afternoon. Hold out your hand!"

Gingerly, Bunter extended a fat, grubby paw.

Swish! went the cane, and Bunter leapt back with a howl of anguish.

"The other hand, Bunter!"

Swish!

"Yarooogh!" wailed Bunter. "Oh crumbs!"

"Your right hand again, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch, between clenched teeth.

Bunter obeyed, and received another stinging cut, laid on with all the force that Mr. Quelch could muster—and Mr. Quelch, in his present mood, could muster quite a lot!

Once more did the relentless cane descend, and then Mr. Quelch desisted.

"Now go to your place, Bunter!"

"Yarooogh! Oo! Yow-ow!" moaned Bunter, limping painfully away.

Commiserating glances from the other boys followed him. Mr. Quelch regarded him with a look of grim, stern determination.

"Bunter!" hissed Mr. Quelch, as Billy Bunter sank once more into his seat and groaned hollowly. "Bunter, do not forget the Mid-Term examination to-morrow. If you receive less than fifty per cent. of the marks I shall chastise you most severely!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" moaned Bunter.

"Do you hear me, Bunter?" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Ow! Yessir!" gasped the suffering Owl of the Remove.

"Then bear my words in mind, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch grimly.

"Also, let me warn you not to allow your mind to wander again this afternoon. Do you understand, Bunter?"

"Grooogh! Yes, sir!" groaned Billy Bunter.

Mr. Quelch laid down the cane, and took up his book.

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"The lesson will now proceed," he said quietly.

And the history lesson proceeded, the Removites very, very attentive, and Billy Bunter attentive also.

By the manner of his groaning and grunting it was obvious that Billy Bunter had had enough!

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### A Mystery!

"I SAY, Cherry—" "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry breezily, looking round to see Billy Bunter trotting after him up the Remove passage. "Want me, porpoise?"

"Yes!" said Bunter breathlessly. "Do you think Liverpool will win the match with Blackburn to-morrow?"

Bob Cherry gasped. Lessons were over that day, and Bob, having taken his books into his own study, was proceeding on his way to Study No. 1, the headquarters of the Famous Five.

He looked at Billy Bunter in surprise. "You—you want to know whether Liverpool will lick Blackburn on Saturday?" exclaimed Bob. "What for, Bunter?"

"Oh—er—nothing!" said Bunter hastily. "Nothing at all, I assure you!"

Bob looked queerly at Bunter. Billy Bunter had a very earnest look upon his fat, podgy countenance, and he had a pencil and notebook in his hand.

"What's the merry game, Bunt?" demanded Bob Cherry. "You were jabbering about Tottenham Hotspur in the Form-room this afternoon, now I come to think of it! What's the wheeze?"

"Er—nothing," replied the Owl of the Remove. "I—I'm taking an interest in football, that's all. I suppose a fellow is entitled to take an interest in football if he likes, Bob Cherry?"

"Oh, of course!" grinned Bob. "But it's rather a new departure for you, isn't it, Bunter?"

Billy Bunter growled. "I'm interested in football," he said sullenly. "Now, be a sport, Cherry, and tell me whether you think Liverpool will win, or Blackburn!"

"Well," said Bob Cherry, greatly wondering. "I don't exactly know. Why not split the difference, Bunter, and call it a draw?"

"A draw!" said Bunter. "Oh, yes! Thanks, Cherry."

And, scribbling a few words in his notebook, Billy Bunter rolled away, leaving Bob Cherry blinking after him in great astonishment.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Bob. "Bunter takes the biscuit properly! What's his little game, I wonder?"

Still wondering at the behaviour of William George Bunter, Bob Cherry resumed his journey to Study No. 1, and entered that famous apartment.

Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh were at home.

"Hallo, Bob!" exclaimed Harry.

"Seen Bunter?"

"Bunter!" exclaimed Bob, staring.

"Why, yes! Have you?"

"Yes," replied Harry Wharton, laughing. "He came in here just now, and wanted to know whether Chelsea will lick Bolton—goodness knows what for."

"My giddy aunt!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"It's too thick—for Bunter!"

"The too-thickfulness is truly terrific!" murmured Inky. "The esteemed and ludicrous Bunter seems to have gone dottifully off his rocker!"

"He seems to be getting keen on professional football, by gum!" said Johnny Bull. "I wonder if the young toad is gambling on the League matches?"

"My hat!" said Harry Wharton. "That's quite likely. If he is—"

"We'll soon put the damper on!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "He—hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Fishy!"

A tawny head was insinuated into Study No. 1, and Fisher T. Fish, the Yankee Removite came in.

"Say, you chaps," said Fish briskly. "I guess you are wise to the latest football. I want you to give me a hunch!"

"A whatter?"

"A hunch, I guess," said Fish.

"A punch!" said Bob Cherry, rising. "Certainly, Fishy. Where will you have it—on your nose or in your eye?"

"Hi! Let up, you jay!" exclaimed Fish, backing away hurriedly as the humorous Bob advanced. "I guess you don't get me. I said a hunch—a tip!"

"A tip!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "You mean you want some advice, Fishy?"

"Kee-rect!" said Fisher T. Fish, producing a notebook. "I guess I want to know whether Aston Villa will put the kybosh on Everton to-morrow!"

The Famous Five gasped.

"Hi! Let up, you jay!" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "Here's another chap who's gone mad on footer. What's the wheeze, Fishy?"

Fish winked.

"I guess that's my business—some!" he said. "I calculate I've gone plumb crazy on your British footer, and I want a few hunches. Say, Wharton, who do you reckon will win out of Aston Villa and Everton, or do you think it will be a draw?"

"H'm," said Harry Wharton, with a chuckle. "I'm afraid I don't quite know, Fishy. Put it down a draw!"

"Waal," said Fish, sucking the point of his pencil. "I've got just a few draws down already, I guess. What about Everton?"

"Everton can't play for toffee!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"That so?" said Fish, unconscious of Bob Cherry's witticism. "Then I guess I'll back Aston Villa to win. Thanks, Cherry!"

Fish made an entry in his notebook, and with a nod walked briskly from the room.

The Famous Five exchanged grins.

"What does it mean, I wonder?" said Frank Nugent. "Fishy seems to have caught the craze from Bunter!"

Harry Wharton chuckled.

"Blessed if I know what they're up to," he said. "Hallo! Here's somebody else. Come in!"

In response to Harry's call, the door again opened, and Harold Skinner of the Remove came in.

Upon Skinner's thin features there was a propitiatory smile, and he had a sheet of impot paper and a fountain pen in his hand.

"Excuse me, Wharton," he said politely. "I've called to ask your advice on a little matter. You are rather hot-stuff on the football news, aren't you?"

"Not that I know of," replied Harry Wharton in surprise. "Why?"

"Well," said Skinner. "I am taking an interest in footer now, you know. What do you think of the Arsenal's form?"

"The Arsenal?" gasped Harry Wharton.

Skinner nodded.

"Oh, the Arsenal is going great guns!" said Bob Cherry.

Skinner looked quickly at Bob.





"Who won the Battle of Bannockburn, Bunter?" demanded Mr. Quelch. Bunter appeared to ponder abstractedly. "Tottenham Hotspur, sir!" he said, at length. "Wha-at!" Mr. Quelch jumped violently. (See Chapter 1.)

"Sure?" he asked. "They are playing Oldham to-morrow, you know."

"Yes," said Bob, with a wink at his chums. "Oldham will be simply blown off the field!"

"Well," said Skinner thoughtfully, "I shouldn't wonder. Thanks, awfully!"

And Skinner strolled out of the room.

"This is getting interesting," said Bob Cherry, with a grin. "Let's amble along to the Common-room, and see if any more of the fellows have got the craze!"

The Famous Five, greatly wondering at this sudden outbreak of football enthusiasm in the Remove, made their way to the junior Common-room.

As they approached the door sounds of loud wailing assailed their ears, as of some person suffering agonies of torture.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "This sounds like our old pal Bunter!"

"Yarooooogh!" came the voice of Billy Bunter, as the Famous Five strode into the Common-room. "Leggo, Toddy, you beast!"

Harry Wharton & Co. beheld the Owl of the Remove, his ear in the firm grip of Peter Todd, his study-mate and overseer.

Peter Todd was milling Bunter's ear, and Bunter howled as he wriggled.

"Go it, Toddy!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Don't wring his ear off, though. What's he done?"

"Well," replied Peter Todd, desisting from tweaking Bunter's ear in order to address the Famous Five. "Bunter seems to have got his fat noddle full of footer matches, and he appears jolly anxious over the result of to-morrow's League matches. I've a suspicion that he's got a few bets on somewhere!"

"I haven't!" yelled Bunter indignantly. "You know that such a thing is beneath me, Toddy!"

"Rats!" replied Peter Todd. "Look here, Bunt, if you're not betting on to-morrow's matches, what's the giddy game?"

"N-n-n-nothing!" said Bunter. "I can't tell you, Toddy. I'm taking a keen interest in footer, and—"

"And I'm taking a keen interest in you, my fat pippin," said Peter Todd grimly. "It grieves me to contemplate that you might be going on the downward path, Bunt, and I'm going to put the tin-hat on your sporty little ways before you decline to the giddy bow-wows. Now, then, out with the truth—who are you betting with on to-morrow's matches?"

"Nobody, I tell you!" shrieked Bunter. "Yow-ow! Leggo my ear, you rotter! I'm broke! I haven't any money to bet with!"

"H'm!" said Peter Todd. "I'm fully aware that you are on the rocks, Bunt.

You always are. But there's something fishy in all this. What is it?"

"I won't tell you!" howled Bunter. "It's a secret! I—I won't! Lemme go!"

At that moment a well-remembered tread sounded in the passage outside, and Mr. Quelch strode into the room.

Peter Todd hastily let Bunter go, and Bunter rubbed his ear.

"Ah, boys," said Mr. Quelch, his eyes roving round the room. "I have come to suggest to you that, instead of wasting time in the Common-room this evening, you repair to your studies and study for the examination to-morrow. I'm afraid none of you are as perfect in your lessons as you ought to be, and unless the result of the examination to-morrow is good, then the consequences for your inefficiency will be drastic. All Remove boys will return to their studies, and devote the evening to revision of their lessons."

The Removes looked at each other glumly.

They saw that to hear was to obey. One by one the boys left the Common-room, and made their way to the Remove passage.

"Come on, Bunt!" said Peter Todd, linking his arm in that of Bunter's when Mr. Quelch had gone. "You've got to work, too, this evening. Remember, Quelch will be down on you like a



hundred of bricks to-morrow if you come a mucker in the exam!"

"I don't want to work!" growled Bunter peevishly. "Why should the beast make us work out of hours? I'm not going to!"

"Your mistake—you are!" said Peter, and he dragged the unwilling Bunter along to Study No. 7.

Billy Bunter was not keen on work that evening, in spite of Mr. Quelch's dark hints of wrath to come on the morrow if the examination proved a failure.

Bunter struggled and made frantic endeavours to release himself from Peter's strong grip.

But Peter Todd had a grip of iron, and Bunter was like unto a babe in his brawny arms.

"Kim on, sonny!" grinned Peter, as the door of Study No. 7 was reached. "You're not going to slack when I'm here to keep a fatherly eye on you. No jibbing, don't forget!"

"I'm not going to grind lessons, I tell you!" hooted Bunter, struggling. "Quelchy's got no right to make us work. Blow Quelchy! He's an interfering rotter!"

"Bunter!"

A sharp, cutting voice came down the passage—the voice of Mr. Quelch himself.

Peter Todd started and released Bunter hurriedly.

"Oh crumbs!" he muttered. "You've done it now, Bunter, you ass!"

"Bunter," came the voice of Mr. Quelch, "how dare you be disrespectful to me! Follow me to my study at once!"

"Yes, sir!" piped Billy Bunter, and he walked off down the Remove passage, leaving Peter Todd at the door of Study No. 7 blinking after him.

"Well," gasped Peter Todd. "It's the silly chump's own fault! He'll get a licking now for a cert!"

As Peter entered the study, Billy Bunter gained the end of the Remove passage.

But Mr. Quelch was not there. Indeed, Bunter did not seem in the least alarmed, as he should have been, and neither did he look for the Remove-master.

Instead, the Owl of the Remove gave a fat chuckle and scuttled downstairs.

"My word!" he murmured mirthfully, as he gained the hall. "I did old

Toddy in the eye properly that time! I reckon my ventriloquism is a jolly good thing for me sometimes, although the chaps don't appreciate it!"

And Bunter, who had used his art of ventriloquism to such cunning advantage, sat down by the fire in the hall, and was soon absorbed in a little pink newspaper that he withdrew from his pocket.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### No Luck for Bunter!

"COME in!" called Bob Cherry.

Bob was seated at the table in Study No. 13, assiduously wrestling with the Theorem of Pythagoras, as set forth in the immortal Book of Euclid.

Half an hour had elapsed since Mr. Quelch ordered his Form to devote their evening to study in preparation for the examination on the morrow.

Bob Cherry had been hard at it for twenty minutes. He was alone, for Mark Linley, his study-mate, was up in the library, and Wun Lung, the little Celestial, who also shared Study No. 13, was out with his minor of the Second.

A tap had sounded at the door, and in response to Bob's call it opened and a fat form entered.

It was Billy Bunter.

"Hallo!" said Bob, looking up. "Clear off, Bunter; I'm busy!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Travel!" said Bob Cherry curtly. "Why aren't you at work, like the others?"

"Ahem!" coughed Bunter. "I—I don't feel like work to-night. Besides, what right has Quelchy to make us swot in the evening?"

"Well," said Bob, grinning, "it is a bit thick, but, you know, we've been slacking lately in the Form-room, and Quelchy's bent on making us pull up for the exam. to-morrow. Take my tip, Bunter, and do some swotting to-night. There'll be no end of a row to-morrow if you fail!"

"Oh rats!" growled Bunter. "I've got something more important to think about than work! Look here, Bob Cherry, I want to confide something to you!"

"Do you?" said Bob. "Well, confide away, old scout! What is your dread secret?"

"I want ten shillings very badly—"

"You want ten shillings very badly?" said Bob. "Oh, all right, Bunter! So that's the secret? You can rely on me to keep it."

"B-b-but—"

"Have no fear, Bunter!" said Bob Cherry earnestly, rising to his feet and thumping Bunter on the back with such force that the fat junior gasped. "I'll keep your secret. Not a word of it shall ever pass my lips! I'll be as mum as an oyster!"

"But, really, Cherry—"

"Don't worry, Bunter!" said Bob encouragingly, pushing Bunter towards the door. "Your secret is safe with me! There's nothing for you to worry about, really. Good-bye!"

"Yow! Stop it, you ass!" shrilled Bunter, as Bob Cherry hustled him to the door. "That's not my secret!"

"Isn't it?" gasped Bob Cherry, in evident surprise. "Why, you said just now—"

"I said I wanted to confide something to you!" hooted Bunter, edging his way into the room again. "I said—"

"You said you wanted ten bob very badly!" said Bob Cherry. "Isn't that your secret?"

"Nunno, you ass!" growled Bunter. "That's no secret!"

"Oh, of course not, now I come to think about it!" grinned Bob Cherry. "You've been wanting ten bob very badly ever since you came to Greyfriars, haven't you, Bunter?"

"Look here, Cherry!" said Billy Bunter, glowering in wrath. "I didn't come here to listen to your rotting—"

"Didn't you?" said Bob. "Well, you'd better fade away, Bunter!"

"Ahem!" coughed Bunter. "I've come to confide in you, Bob Cherry. I think you might listen to a chap!"

"Well, fire away!" said Bob good-humouredly. "I suppose it's something connected with your urgent need of ten bob?"

"That's it!" said Bunter eagerly. "You see, Cherry, that new sporting paper, called 'The Goalie,' holds a football competition every week. They give a list of teams that are playing matches, and all the readers have to do is to send in a forecast of how the matches will pan out. You have to make a list of the teams you think will win, or write down the names of the teams you think will draw. For the most correct forecast the first prize is £100, the second prize is a magnificent gold watch, and the third prize a bike. There are also fifty prizes of £5 each, and a hundred prizes of £1 each, besides thousands of consolation prizes."

"Oh!" said Bob Cherry, a light beginning to dawn on him. "So that's the why and the wherefore of your footer craze to-day, Bunter?"

"I'm going in for that competition!" said Bunter. "I'm going to win first prize, if I can. I've worked out a system of my own, and made up twenty lists, twenty entries, you know. One of them is bound to be correct!"

"Go hon!" grinned Bob. "What's your system, Bunter?"

"Well," said Bunter, with a look of great profundity, "it is a matter of chance, you know. I write down the names of each two teams on pieces of paper, and with each two teams I put a blank paper. Then I draw lots, you see, and the name of the team I pull first I make the winner, and if I draw blank, then I put down 'draw' for that match. I've done this for each game twenty times, so I've got twenty lists to send in. You see, it's a game of chance, and out

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Skinner, Stott, and Snoop watched Bunter covertly as the Owl of the Remove pulled open the lid of a little wooden box. Then he drew forth an article of a golden hue which glistened in the sunlight. "Hurrah!" cried Billy Bunter, joyously. "I've won the gold watch!" (See Chapter 7.)

of twenty goes I'm bound to win the first prize!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "I like your system, Bunt. It's a game of long-chances, I reckon. Why don't you toss up for it—heads one team the winner, tails the other team the winner, and if neither, a draw?"

"H'm!" said Bunter thoughtfully. "That might do, b-but you'd never get any draws, would you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Anyhow," said Bunter, "I reckon I ought to win at least the second prize; that's a magnificent gold watch, worth fifteen quid. I'm keeping this a secret, though, because if Quelch knew there'd be a row!"

"Perhaps so!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Well, Bunt, I wish you luck! Where does your need of ten bob come in, though?"

"Ahem!" said Bunter. "You see, Cherry, every entry in the competition costs you sixpence, so that if I send in twenty entries that will be ten bob."

Bob Cherry whistled.

"My hat!" he exclaimed. "You are a mug, Bunter! Why, it's a sheer waste of money!"

"It isn't!" said Bunter indignantly. "It's a sporting chance of winning a hundred quid or a gold watch. I discovered the competition myself!"

"Oh, did you!" grinned Bob Cherry, his thoughts wandering to Skinner and Fisher T. Fish. "Well, Bunt, you are a fat, silly ass to waste your money on competitions like that! You won't stand an earthly chance of winning anything!"

"Yes, I do!" replied Bunter. "Besides, I sha'n't be wasting my money—"

"Correct, my fat pippin!" chuckled Bob. "You will be wasting somebody else's money, if you can find somebody who is mug enough to lend it to you!"

"Oh, really, Cherry!" exclaimed Bunter peevishly. "I came to you, as an old pal, to ask you to lend me—"

"I'll lend you a thick ear, Bunter, for being such a burbling chump!" said Bob Cherry good-humouredly. "Take my tip, and chuck it! Go back to your den and swot up the Ablative Absolute, or the Battle of Bannockburn. You'll soon forget footer matches!"

"Rats!" growled Bunter. "I've got my footer forecasts all ready, and I'm going to risk ten bob!"

"Well, do as you please, old son!" said Bob Cherry. "I know I'm jolly well not going to risk ten bob by lending it to you! Good-bye, Bunt, and good luck!"

"Look here, old chap—"

"Your mistake, Bunter. I'm a young chap!" grinned Bob. "Shut the door behind you, please!"

"You—you selfish beast!" said Bunter, glowering at Bob Cherry. "Are you going to lend me that ten bob, or are you not?"

"Not!" said Bob Cherry emphatically.

"I'll give you fifty quid out of the hundred—"

"Or half the watch—eh?" chuckled Bob. "No, thanks, Bunt, old bean! Apply next door!"

"You—you—you—"

"Send in your forecasts, and tell 'em to deduct the entrance fees out of your winnings—if you get 'em!" grinned Bob.

"Beast!" snorted Billy Bunter, and, throwing wide the door, he rolled through, and slammed it with a great slam behind him.

Bob Cherry chuckled as Bunter withdrew.

"The fat-headed idiot!" murmured Bob, as once again he settled down to tackle the Theorem of Pythagoras. "Fancy old Bunt being mug enough to go in for footer forecast competitions at a tanner per forecast! Oh, my hat!"

But William George Bunter was taking the matter very seriously.

He was morally convinced, within his own mind, that out of his twenty sets of  
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footer forecasts at least one would fetch him a prize.

But the necessary cash for the little flutter was not yet forthcoming, and Bunter felt that it behoved him to either beg, borrow, or steal ten shillings.

From Study No. 13 he rolled along to Study No. 1, the headquarters of the Famous Five.

Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Singh were there, wrestling with French irregular verbs.

The chums of the Remove looked up with very unwelcome stares as Billy Bunter rolled into the room.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Seat!" jerked Frank Nugent abruptly.

"Oh, really——"

"Run away and eat coke, Bunter!" snapped Harry Wharton irritably.

"Look here, you rotters! I want you to lend me ten bob——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked through his spectacles at the hilarious Removites.

"What are you giggling at?" he demanded.

"Your nice, tactful, polite way of asking for a loan!" grinned Harry Wharton. "There's nothing doing, Bunter, so you can hop it!"

"Look here, you beasts——"

Whiz! Thud!

A French dictionary, propelled by Frank Nugent, smote Billy Bunter upon his snub nose, and Bunter staggered backwards with a howl.

"Yarooogh!"

And while Bunter was gasping Harry Wharton and Hurree Singh grasped him, whirled him through the door, so that he sat down upon the linoleum, and slammed the door behind him.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter, rising to his feet and glaring at the closed door.

"The beasts! Yow!"

He bestowed an angry kick upon the door of Study No. 1 and departed.

His next stopping-place was Bulstrode's study, also occupied by Tom Brown and Hazeldene.

Bunter opened the door and blinked in.

Three faces glared at him, and three voices cried simultaneously:

"Get out!"

And, as Bulstrode raised the inkpot menacingly, Billy Bunter jumped back and hastily got out.

At Study No. 11 Bunter next halted. He tapped at the door, and received no reply. So he opened the door and looked cautiously in.

Neither Skinner, Snoop, nor Stott were in. Presumably they had had enough of "swotting" for that evening.

Bunter entered the room, and blinked upon the table.

His eyes lighted upon a pink paper, the title of which was "The Goalie." And upon the table also was a sheet of paper containing a list of popular football teams.

"My word!" gasped Bunter, his eyes gleaming. "So Skinner is at the same game! The beast! I wonder what his list says?"

To satisfy his curiosity, Billy Bunter picked up the paper and blinked at it.

Even as he did so the door opened, and Harold Skinner entered.

His jaw dropped when he saw Bunter reading his list of footer forecasts, and a very grim expression came over the thin face of Skinner.

"You little sneak!" exclaimed the cad of the Remove. "You cheat! You're pinching my forecasts!"

"Oh, really Skinner——"

"My hat, I'll give you the licking of your life!" cried Skinner; and he hurled himself upon the Owl of the Remove.

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Billy Bunter made a wild break for the door, but Skinner grabbed him ere he reached it.

"Yarooogh!" wailed Bunter, wriggling in Skinner's grasp. "Leggo, you rotter! Help! Fire! Murder!"

Thump, thump, thump!

Skinner's fists landed upon the plump body of Bunter with a sequence of resounding thuds, and, as each blow fell, Bunter howled loudly.

The burden of his complaint caused many fellows to emerge from their studies and look into the study wherein Bunter was receiving punishment.

"Here, steady on, Skinner!" said Harry Wharton brusquely, laying a restraining hand on Skinner's belying arm. "Enough's as good as a feast, you know!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" moaned Bunter, mopping his nose, which was streaming red. "He's half killed me! My back is dislocated, my spine is broken, my nose is out of joint——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removites.

"Let him go, Skinner!" commanded the captain of the Remove.

And Skinner sullenly allowed Bunter to wriggle away from his grasp.

"Grooogh!" moaned Bunter. "I'll complain to Quelch. I——"

"Tell him you were spying in my study!" hissed Skinner. "It wouldn't pay you, Bunter!"

"Here, don't start ragging!" interrupted Harry Wharton curtly. "Hop off, Bunter, and bathe your sniffer! What was Bunter spying at, Skinner?"

"Nothing!" growled Skinner surlily. "Mind your own business, Wharton, and get out!"

With a shrug of his shoulders, Harry left the study, and the others followed him.

Meanwhile, Billy Bunter crawled up to the bath-room to bathe his injured nasal organ.

On his way down he ran full-tilt into Mr. Quelch on the stairs.

"Where have you been, Bunter?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"Up to the bath-room, sir!" replied Bunter. "My nose started bleeding, sir, and I bathed it!"

Mr. Quelch looked narrowly at Bunter.

"What work have you done this evening, Bunter?"

"Lots, sir!" replied the Owl of the Remove glibly. "In fact, sir, I believe that I was working so hard that my nose bled, sir!"

"Really, Bunter!" said the Remove master acidly. "What have you been studying?"

"Ahem!" coughed Bunter. "I—I—I——"

"Bunter, you are a base prevaricator!" rumbled Mr. Quelch angrily. "I have just been down to your study to inquire after you, and Todd informed me that he was under the impression you had been with me all the evening!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Billy Bunter, in dismay. "That—that was his mistake, sir! He interrupted me with my work so much, sir, that—that I went into the Form-room to work. I've been there all the evening, sir!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch. "How curious, Bunter, that I, who have been there all the evening, have not seen you!"

"Oh dear!" moaned Billy Bunter.

He realised now that he was floored, and his knees began to knock together in fright.

"Bunter, you depraved little wretch, follow me!"

"Ow! Yes, sir!" groaned Bunter.

Mr. Quelch led the way to his study, and the forlorn Bunter followed.

Arriving in that dread apartment, Mr. Quelch selected a cane, and commanded Bunter to hold out his hand.

The five minutes that followed were particularly painful ones to the Owl of the Remove.

Mr. Quelch gave him four stinging cuts with the cane, laid on with vim and vigour. Indeed, Billy Bunter did not credit the Remove-master with so much strength of arm.

"There!" said Mr. Quelch, as he laid the cane down. "Let that be a temporary lesson to you, Bunter. You are the most lazy, disobedient boy it has ever been my lot to encounter. Remember, however, that the Mid-Term examination takes place to-morrow, Bunter, and that unless you receive half marks or over you will receive a severe punishment."

"Yow-wow!" moaned Bunter, rubbing his aching palms.

"I shall pay particular attention to you to-morrow morning, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch ominously. "I have warned you!"

"Ow! Yes, sir!" gasped Bunter, trembling.

"You may go, Bunter!"

"Grooogh!"

And Bunter went.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### An Upsetting Business!

**C**LANG, clang, clang!  
It was the rising-bell ringing loud and clear upon the morning air, rousing Greyfriars School from its slumbers, and calling boys and masters to work.

Harry Wharton was the first up in the Remove dormitory.

Bob Cherry, Nugent, Squiff, and Johnny Bull were next.

"Tumble up, chaps!" cried Bob Cherry cheerfully. "We're all looking forward to the exam this morning, aren't we?"

"Grooogh!"

"Not much!"

"I—I say, you fellows!"

A thin, quavering voice came from the bed occupied by William George Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in surprise. "Here's Bunter awake! What's up, Bunter?"

"Shut the windows!" said Bunter plaintively.

"Shut the windows!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What for?"

"To let the mist out!" replied Billy Bunter, sitting up in bed and blinking round the dormitory. "Isn't it misty this morning?"

The Removites stared at Bunter in amazement.

"Misty!" ejaculated Johnny Bull. "What are you getting at, Bunter?"

Billy Bunter rubbed his eyes, and blinked round the dormitory.

"I—I can't see anything very distinctly," he said. "Can you chaps see me?"

"Of course we can see you, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton, surveying the Owl of the Remove in wonder. "Can't you see us?"

"No," said Bunter, in a queer voice. "Everything is foggy to me. I—I'm afraid my eyes have gone wrong!"

"Great pip!"

Bunter groped for his eyeglasses, polished them, and affixed them upon his nose. Then he blinked round the dormitory, and rubbed his eyes.

"Oh lor!" he ejaculated, in tones of evident terror. "I'm going blind! Help!"

"Bunter!"

"Help!" moaned Bunter, clasping a



fat hand to his forehead, and rocking to and fro. "Mum-my eyes! I can't see!"

The Removites, now thoroughly alarmed, looked at Bunter in consternation.

"Bunter," exclaimed Harry Wharton concernedly, "you say you can't see? You must be spoofing!"

"I'm not spoofing!" wailed Bunter. "Oh, let me bathe my eyes!"

He commenced to walk over in the direction of the washstands.

With both fat hands extended, Billy Bunter stumbled forward, and collided with Monty Newland's bed.

"Ow! Oh dear!" cried the hapless Bunter, staggering back. "I can't see! I'm going blind! Help!"

"Oh, poor old Bunter!"

The boys of the Remove looked at Bunter in alarm and dismay.

Upon Bunter's face was a blank, bewildered look, and in his eyes a vacant, far-away stare.

He commenced to walk forward again, and this time ran into Fisher T. Fish.

"Hyer!" cried Fish, who was incredulous. "Look where you're steering, Bunter, you jay!"

"I can't help it!" wailed Bunter plaintively. "I—I can't see where I'm going!"

Harry Wharton strode forward and took Bunter gently by the shoulder.

"Bunter," he exclaimed, peering closely at the afflicted Owl, "are you having a game with us? I—I'm half inclined to think you're spoofing!"

Bunter moaned dismally.

"I wish I was spoofing, Toddy!" he said, blinking vacantly at Wharton. "I—I say, Toddy, I forgive you everything!"

"Good heavens!" gasped Harry Wharton. "He thinks I'm Toddy!"

"Well, aren't you Toddy?" demanded Bunter, peering at Wharton. "Oh, no—it's you, Bob Cherry!"

"Oh, my aunt!" muttered Bob Cherry, who was sitting on his bed at the other side of the room. "Poor old Bunter!"

"Better call Quelch, Wharton!"

"Oh dear!" moaned Bunter. "What's the matter with my eyes? I—I'm afraid!"

"Yah!" hooted Skinner savagely.

"It's some more of Bunter's spoof! He's swanking eye trouble so as to get out of the exam this morning!"

"I'm not!" hooted Billy Bunter. "My eyesight is all misty, I tell you!"

Harry Wharton hesitated.

He knew Billy Bunter of old. Bunter was an adept at the art of "spoofing." More than once in the past had Bunter hoodwinked the Form, and Harry knew that lies fell glibly from his tongue.

The captain of the Remove reasoned that Bunter might be spoofing, even as once upon a time he had spoofed that he had lost his memory.

But then, Harry knew also that Bunter was afflicted with bad eyesight. True, it was only short-sightedness, but complications to such a delicate organ as the eye might happen to anybody with sudden swiftness.

If Bunter was hoaxing the Remove, then he was doing it in a very convincing manner.

Billy Bunter sank upon a bedstead and moaned hollowly.

"Oh dear!" he muttered. "I wish I could see!"

Peter Todd strode up to Bunter, and grasped him by the shoulder.

Peter was of the opinion that Bunter was a base deceiver.

"Look here, you fat fraud!" he said, shaking a brawny fist beneath Bunter's nose. "See that?"

"I—I see something!" said Bunter, blinking at the fist, but without backing

away as he generally did when Peter menaced him with his fist. "It's your hand, isn't it, Smithy?"

"I'm not Smithy—I'm Peter Todd!" snapped the worthy Peter. "Look here, Bunter! Let's have no bunkum! I believe you are humbugging, just to dodge the exam. Mind you, if I find out you are humbugging I'll mop the floor up with you!"

"Oh, really, Toddy!" said Bunter pathetically. "I'm not humbugging, really! Can't you see anything wrong with my eyes?"

"No, I can't!" growled Peter, undecided whether to believe Bunter or not. "It's my opinion you're swanking, Bunter!"

"I'm not!"

The Removites looked hard and searchingly at their fat Form-fellow. Billy Bunter groaned most dismally.

### No. 61.—VINCENT HAMMERSLEY.



A member of the Sixth Form and a prefect. Not a particularly prominent character, though a thoroughly good fellow in every way. One of the best chums of George Bernard Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, and an all-round sportsman.

"Anyway," said Harry Wharton, a frown of perplexity on his face, "let's get dressed and take Bunter downstairs. We'll soon find out whether he's spoofing or not!"

The Removites hastily dressed. Billy Bunter groped for his clothes, but avowed he could not see them. Bob Cherry kindly helped him to dress, and the Remove Form trooped out of the dormitory and downstairs.

"Lead me, Squiff!" said Bunter pathetically, grasping Frank Nugent by the arm. "Wh-where are the stairs?"

Frank took Bunter under his wing, and piloted him downstairs.

Curious and incredulous glances were cast at Bunter as he made his way, in a zigzagging manner, across the hall.

"What's up with Bunter?" demanded Horace Coker, glaring at the Owl of the Remove as he cannoned into a chair. "He looks squiffy!"

"He says his eyesight has failed!" replied Bolsover major. "I believe he's leading us up the garden!"

"The young swindler!" growled Coker. "I'll bet his eyesight won't fail him when he sees his breakfast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

At that moment the breakfast-bell rang, and the boys made their way into the breakfast-room.

Billy Bunter, after stumblingly hesitatingly along between Frank Nugent and Peter Todd, took his seat at the Remove table, and blinked vacantly around him.

He was the cynosure of all eyes.

"What d'you think of him, Harry?" inquired Johnny Bull. "Do you think he's spoofing?"

Harry Wharton shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "He's such a deep bounder!"

"Silence!" rapped Mr. Quelch, at the end of the Remove table. "Here, Bunter, pass the porridge down the table!"

The Remove-master handed the first basin of porridge to Billy Bunter. Bunter groped for it, and his fat hands reached the basin. Mr. Quelch thought Bunter had taken the basin, and let go.

Swoosh!

The basin fell downwards.

A deluge of clammy, hot porridge swept down upon Mr. Quelch's knees, and smothered them.

"Ow! Oh gracious!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch, leaping to his feet. "Bunter—boy—how dare you!"

A titter of laughter arose from the others as they saw the porridge distributed liberally all down Mr. Quelch's trouser-legs.

"I—I'm sorry, sir!" gasped Bunter, an inscrutable look on his fat visage. "I—I couldn't help it!"

"What!" shouted the angry master, daubing at his legs with a napkin. "What do you mean, Bunter? How dare you tell me that you couldn't help it!"

"I couldn't, sir—really!" cried Bunter plaintively. "Mum-my eyesight is failing me, sir!"

Mr. Quelch ceased to daub at the spilled porridge, and gazed at Bunter in amazement.

"Bunter!" he gasped.

"I'm going blind, I believe, sir!" cried Bunter, in a tone of lamentation. "I can't see!"

"Don't be ridiculous, Bunter!" rasped Mr. Quelch. "How dare you make such an absurd excuse!"

"I'm telling the truth, sir!" cried Bunter. "When I woke up this morning everything was misty, and—and it's getting worse, sir! My eyes have gone wrong! I've overstrained them, I believe!"

Mr. Quelch looked grimly at Bunter. He was not inclined to believe Bunter's statement.

"Do you mean to inform me, Bunter, that you are unable to see this morning?" demanded the Remove Form-master.

"Yes, sir," replied Bunter, with pathetic intonation. "I—I can't see to do a thing, sir!"

"Very well, Bunter, I will interview you afterwards," said Mr. Quelch. "The meal will proceed while I—I retire!"

And Mr. Quelch retired, daubing at the porridge still clinging lovingly to his knees and legs.

The breakfast-room was in a commotion.

Fellows questioned Bunter, but to all and sundry he vouchsafed the same reply. He could not see. He had lost the vision of his optics. William George Bunter was afflicted with premature blindness.

His Form-fellows obligingly passed him his viands, and, in spite of his optical affliction, the Owl of the Remove made a very good breakfast, the only mishap being when Snoop artfully substi-

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tuted the salt-cellar for the sugar. The fellows watched Bunter curiously, to see whether he would place salt in his tea instead of sugar.

And Bunter did. He spluttered wildly as he tasted his salt tea, and inquired plaintively who had played such a shabby trick on him.

At this the Removites seemed convinced. There must be something wrong with Billy Bunter's eyesight, unless he was a prince among spoofers, and he had deliberately salted his own tea, so as to give further credence to his imposture.

And when the Removites filed out for morning prayers Bunter went with them, stumbling like a bat in the daylight.

When prayers were over, and the bell rang for lessons, Billy Bunter was led up to the Form-room.

"He's a spoofer!" growled Skinner, eyeing the afflicted Bunter surlily. "He's funking the exam, and has hit on that dodge to get out of it!"

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### Beguiled by Bunter!

THE Removites took their places in the Form-room.

Bob Cherry showed Bunter to his seat.

Five minutes later there was a rustle of Mr. Quelch's gown, and the Remove-master strode into the Form-room.

He had a new pair of trousers on. There was a frown upon his brow, his eyes were glinting, and his nasal organ had a faint ruby tinge.

"Quelch's got the rats!" announced Bob Cherry in an undertone to Harry Wharton. "Look out for squalls!"

Mr. Quelch's eyes roved round the room, and sought out Billy Bunter.

"Bunter!" he rasped. "Come out here!"

Billy Bunter, blinking bewilderedly round him through his spectacles, scrambled from his seat and stumbled down the gangway.

First into one desk, then into another, did he stagger, until at last he reached the front.

Mr. Quelch looked hard at Bunter as that youth floundered uncertainly towards him.

"Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Look at me, boy! What is the matter with your eyes?"

"They're all dim and misty, sir!" piped Bunter. "I can only see you very indistinctly, sir!"

"Good gracious!" muttered Mr. Quelch, peering searchingly at his fat pupil. "Can it be possible that the boy's eyesight is failing him, or is it only an excuse in order to evade the examination this morning? Bunter!"

"Yes, sir?" said Bunter.

"Take this book and read what you can!"

Billy Bunter took the book, and blinked at it. There was a strained, puzzled look upon his visage, but no intelligence of what the book contained.

"I—I can't, sir!" said Bunter lamely.

Mr. Quelch took a pencil and paper, and handed them to Bunter.

"Write your name, Bunter!" he commanded.

Bunter groped for the pencil, placed the paper against the master's desk, and commenced to apply the pencil to the paper.

It seemed at first that he could not find where the paper was. Then, when he

did find it, his writing was straggly and uneven.

Mr. Quelch gazed at the paper, and then at Bunter.

"Bunter," he said, in measured accents, "I hesitate to accuse you of deception. In the past you have given proof of guile and unscrupulousness, and I know that any opportunity to avoid the examination this morning you would gladly seize. However, if you persist in your assertion that you are unable to read or write, I must excuse you the lesson. Wharton, will you kindly take Bunter to his study. He shall remain in there during lessons, and I will summon the school doctor to examine him afterwards."

Harry Wharton rose to his feet, and conducted Billy Bunter from the Form-room. He led him down to the Remove passage, opened the door of Study No. 7, and placed him in the armchair.

"There, Bunter!" said Harry, peering closely at Bunter. "I must say that if you are spoofing you are doing it jolly well. There'll be squalls afterwards, though, if you have been spoofing and are found out!"

"Oh, really, Wharton!" bleated Bunter, in pathetic remonstrance. "I'm sorry to see you doubt my word. I'm going to see the doctor to-day, aren't I?"

"Ye-es," said Harry, and giving Bunter a peculiar look, he left the study and proceeded upstairs again to the Form-room.

When the door had closed behind Harry Wharton, Billy Bunter sat up in the armchair and gave vent to a fat chuckle.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he gurgled, in an ecstasy of mirth. "I've thrown dust into their eyes properly. Spoofed old Quelch and the lot of 'em. My word! No exam for me this morning, and by to-morrow my eyesight will be improved. Oh, I'm deep, I am!"

Still chuckling, Billy Bunter arose and peered cautiously into the Remove passage.

"There's nobody about, and—and I'm hungry!" he murmured. "I didn't have much breakfast this morning, because I had to keep the game up. Now I'll make up for lost time. I wonder if Harry Wharton's got any tuck in his room!"

Bunter, walking with an easy, asserted manner which would have astonished his schoolfellows and Mr. Quelch had they been there to see him, made his way to Study No. 1.

He opened the door and rolled within, making his way without hesitation over to the study cupboard.

He flung the cupboard wide, and his little round eyes gleamed joyfully behind his spectacles as he beheld half a pork-pie, some jam-tarts, a cake, jam, sardines, and a tin of pineapple.

"My word!" he murmured with watering mouth. "Just the things I could do with. I'll have a tuck in now!"

And Bunter, removing the provisions from Study No. 1 cupboard, placed them upon the carpet, sat down there himself, and proceeded to enjoy himself.

Bunter's jaws worked steadily for half an hour, during which time the good things disappeared with startling rapidity.

When at last William George Bunter arose to his feet, there was a contented look upon his countenance.

There remained only the pie-dish, the jam-jar, and the two tins that had once contained sardines and pineapple.

"That was ripping!" murmured Bunter. "If those beasts want to know

who pinched their grub, I'll tell 'em I went upstairs to bathe my eyes, and mistook the room when I returned. They won't lick me when they think I'm half-blind! He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter, leaving the pie-dish, jam-jar, and tins upon Harry Wharton's study carpet, rolled from the room, heaving a sigh of fat content.

"This is the life!" murmured the Owl of the Remove. "Those other poor beggars are up in the Form-room sweating over Quelch's exam. He, he, he! It takes a brainy chap like me to think of these little dodges!"

Bunter halted before the door of Study No. 11—the one occupied by Skinner, Snoop, and Stott.

"Lemme see!" he murmured. "To-day's Saturday, the last day for sending in the footer forecasts. They must be at the office of 'The Goalie' by the three o'clock post, before the matches commence. Oh crumbs! I—I've got my lists to send in, but no money!"

Bunter opened the door of Study No. 11 and entered.

"I wonder if Skinner has sent in his forecasts yet," murmured Bunter. "I—I'd like to compare his with mine. He's a sporty bouncer, and knows a bit about the subject."

Bunter's eyes roved round the study and lighted upon an envelope standing upon the study mantelshelf.

Standing on tiptoe, the Owl of the Remove took down the envelope and blinked at the address.

"Oh, good!" he breathed. "It's addressed to the competition editor of 'The Goalie.' I'll have a look in here!"

Billy Bunter had no scruples. He pulled the envelope open and withdrew two lists, containing names of football teams that were playing that afternoon.

Bunter blinked at them, and his little eyes gleamed.

"My hat!" he gasped. "They look better than my lists—and Skinner's got a bob postal-order in the envelope, too. I—I'll make one or two alterations in the lists, put my name to 'em, and send 'em in. After all, Skinner can't say I have boned his forecasts if I alter them, and—and I'll pay him back the bob when I get the hundred quid!"

Thus convinced within his own mind that what he was doing was strictly within the bounds of honour, Billy Bunter sat down, took pen and ink, and copied out the lists compiled by Skinner, making one or two alterations to suit himself. That done, he placed his own name at the foot of each list, wrote out another envelope, enclosed the lists and the shilling postal-order inside, sealed it, and affixed a stamp.

"Good!" said Billy Bunter, with a chuckle. "I'll take this chance, anyway. I'll burn Skinner's envelope and lists, and if he wants to know where they are—well, I sha'n't know anything about it! He, he, he!"

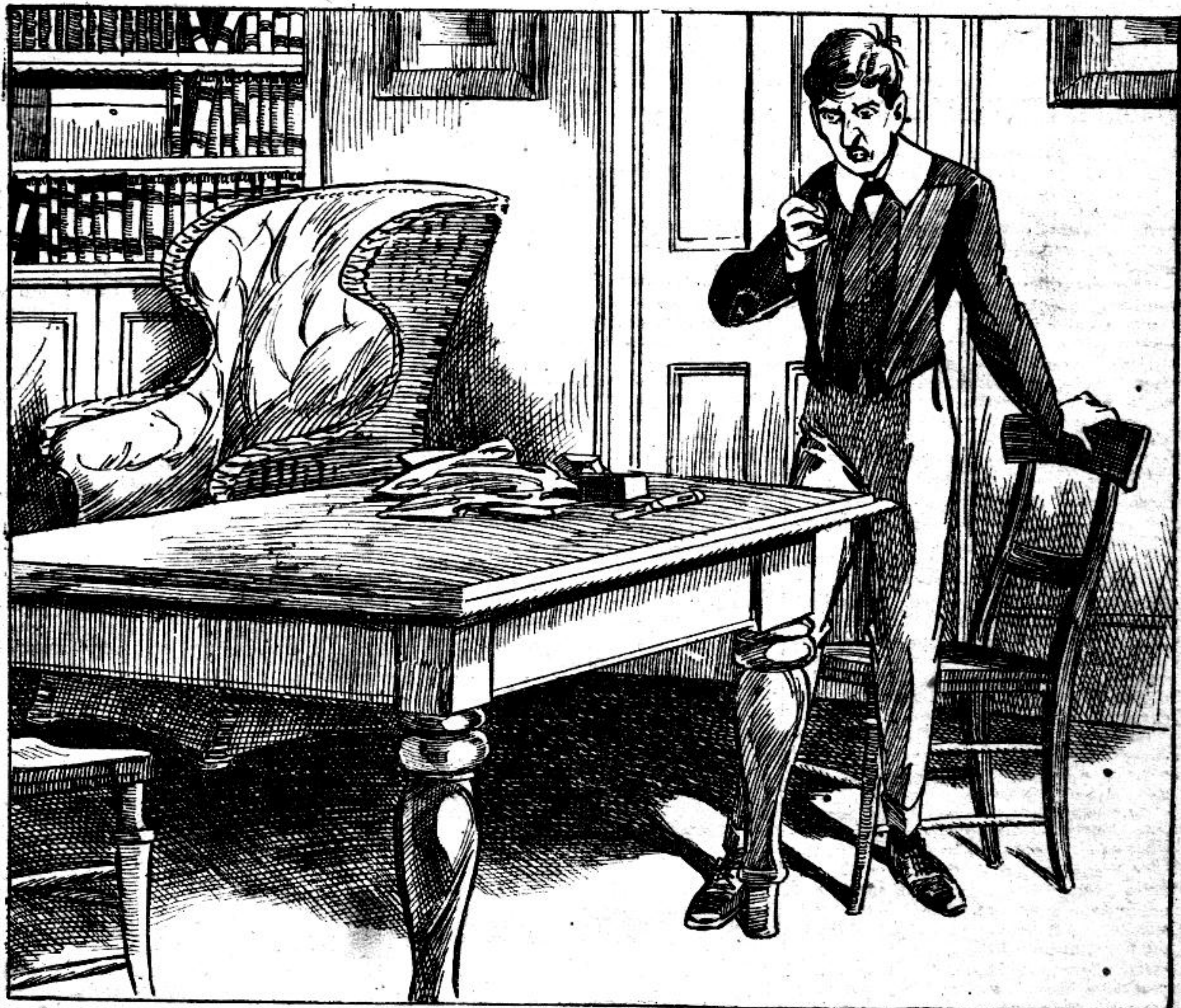
Thus chuckling, Bunter burned Skinner's original lists of football forecasts with the envelope that had enclosed them.

Then, clutching the other envelope in a fat hand, Bunter quitted the study and made his way downstairs.

"I'll post this at once!" he murmured. "If I win anything, I'll keep it dark, for Skinner would be sure to have suspicions then, the beast!"

And Billy Bunter rolled across the school-close to the pillar-box. Having posted the letter containing the football forecasts, he returned to his study in the Remove passage, and there awaited the return of his Form-fellows from the examination he had so artfully evaded.





Fish's eyes gleamed with triumph as he dragged off the tissue-paper from the prize he had so artfully obtained. His expression changed abruptly, however, when he saw the watch. "Jee-roo-salem crickets!" gurgled Fish, blinking at the watch like one in a dream. (See Chapter 8.)

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Bob Cherry Suspects!

"OH crumbs!"  
 "My giddy aunt! Who's been here?"  
 "Great Scott!"

These were the expressions uttered by Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Frank Nugent as they entered Study No. 1 after the morning examination was over.

Their startled eyes beheld an empty pie-dish, an empty jam-jar, and two empty tins upon the carpet, surrounded by a multitude of crumbs.

"Mum-my word!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Somebody's been in here and burgled the cupboard! Who on earth—"

"Bunter!" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "Bunter, the fat toad!"

"Why, of course!" cried Harry Wharton. "It must have been Bunter!"

The chums of the Remove looked at each other meaningly.

"The—the fraud!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "His yarn about defective eyesight must be a swindle, after all! He's been in here while we were up in the Form-room, and he's wolfed all the tuck!"

"Come on!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "We'll go along and see Bunter!"

Frank Nugent and Bob Cherry followed their leader up to Study No. 7.

They flung the door wide open, without the ceremony of knocking first, and saw Billy Bunter there, sitting morosely in the armchair.

Alonzo Todd, Peter Todd's cousin, was also there, reading his cherished "Story of a Potato!"

He looked up as the three other Removites entered.

"My dear Wharton—" he began in mild surprise. "What do you—"

"We want Bunter!" said Harry Wharton abruptly, turning towards the armchair. "Here, Bunter!"

"Yes, Toddy?" said Billy Bunter meekly.

Harry Wharton growled, and, grasping Bunter by the coat-collar, yanked him to his feet.

"I'm not Toddy—I'm Wharton!" growled the captain of the Remove.

"Have you been in my room this morning, you fat bounder?"

"Oh, really, Wharton—" expostulated Bunter, wriggling. "I haven't—I—"

"You have!" exclaimed Frank Nugent hotly. "You've boned all our tuck, you—you cormorant!"

"Oh dear!" gasped Billy Bunter,

blinking round him in dismay. "So it was your study, Wharton?"

"Yes, you thief! You knew it was!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"I didn't know!" wailed Bunter plaintively. "I—I went up to the bathroom to bathe my eyes, and when I came down again I couldn't find the study. I—I entered one room which I thought was this one, because I couldn't see."

"You—you—you—"

"Look here, Wharton, don't get excited!" pleaded Bunter. "I thought it was this room—really. I went to the cupboard to—to get a snack, for I was hungry, and—and—and—"

"And you wolfed our grub!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, his brows knitted with anger. "You knew jolly well it wasn't your study, Bunter!"

"I tell you I couldn't see!" yelled Bunter. "Yow! Lemme go, Wharton! I'll pay for it when my next postal-order arrives!"

"Rats!" growled Harry, looking at Bunter. "Look here, Bunter, I believe you've been spoofing. How did you get that tin of pineapple open?"

"With my pocket-scissors!" replied Bunter readily. "I—I relied more upon my sense of touch, you know!"

"I'll give you a sense of touch!"



growled Bob Cherry. "Bunter, you are a spoofer!"

"Oh, really—"

Bang!

The study door was again flung open, and a red, wrathful face looked in.

"Bunter here?" inquired Harold Skinner. "Oh, there you are, you cad! Where are my footer forecasts?"

Bunter blinked nervously at Skinner.

"Really, Hazeldene, I—"

"I'm Skinner!" hooted Skinner furiously. "What have you done with that envelope you took from my study mantelshelf?"

"Envelope?" said Bunter, in a tone of mystification. "What envelope?"

"You know jolly well what envelope it was!" howled Skinner, prancing up to Bunter and shaking a fist beneath that youth's nose. "You went into my room while we were in the Form-room and pinched my footer forecasts!"

"Oh crumbs!" exclaimed Bunter, a look of deep anxiety and distress crossing his countenance. "Then it was your study I went into, Skinner?"

"You—you—you—" fumed Skinner. "You know it was!"

"I didn't know!" said Bunter, shaking his head. "You see, after I had come down from bathing my eyes I couldn't find my study. At first I went into Wharton's study, and—and thinking it was my own, I looked into the cupboard and felt some tuck there, which I ate."

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent growled.

"Well," resumed Bunter, blinking vacantly at the juniors, "after I had finished the tuck, I remembered that I hadn't posted my footer forecasts, which I had left on the mantelshelf in my study. So I felt up on Wharton's mantelshelf and, of course, I knew I was in the wrong study when I didn't find the envelope there. So I left that room, and entered another one, which I was sure was my own, because I felt an envelope on the mantelshelf."

"Oh," said Skinner, "and what did you do with the envelope?"

"I—I dropped it!" said Bunter falteringly. "It fell into the fire, and—and as I couldn't see, I had to let it burn!" Skinner choked.

"Then how is it I saw you crossing the quadrangle, and post a letter in the box?" he demanded. "When I went to the front for a new pen-nib this morning in the Form-room, I looked out of the window and saw you walking across the quadrangle with a letter in your hand."

The others looked grimly at Bunter.

"Oh, really, Skinner!" he protested. "It was me, I know. You see, after the envelope was burned, I discovered that I wasn't in my own study, after all. So I got out, and at last I found my own room, and found my own envelope, too, on the mantelshelf. I wondered whose letter I had accidentally burned, of course, but I knew jolly well it wasn't my own. So I felt my way downstairs—I know the way, you know—and posted my own letter. So that was your letter I burned, Skinner!"

"Yes, it was!" hooted Skinner, his face red and wrathful. "I don't believe you, Bunter! You're no more blind than I am. You were after my footer forecasts yesterday, and meant to have 'em. You posted my letter, and I'll bet you altered my name first and put your own!"

"Really, Skinner, how do you think I could do such a thing?" said Bunter innocently. "Besides, I can't see to read or write."

"You're telling whoppers!" hissed

Skinner. "Don't you think so, Wharton?"

"Well," said Harry, "his yarn does sound a bit thick!"

"I tell you I'm telling the truth!" howled Bunter. "I couldn't help going into the wrong study, could I? And Skinner shouldn't have left his blessed envelope on the mantelshelf. It's like his cheek to enter that competition at all! I discovered the competition, and thought it was a secret."

"You rotter!" panted Skinner. "I don't believe a word you've said. You altered my name to yours, and posted my forecasts. Where did you get the money from to pay the entrance-fees?"

"I borrowed it," said Bunter sulkily. "A pal of mine who trusts me lent me five bob!"

"Who was it?" demanded Skinner.

"I refuse to tell you, Skinner!" said Bunter haughtily. "Go and eat coke!"

"What?"

"If you think I sent in your lists, why don't you write 'em out again and send 'em in?" said Bunter. "I—I'll give you the shilling for the postal-order I burned—"

"How do you know there was a shilling postal-order in that letter?" demanded Skinner quickly. "You said you didn't open it."

"Ahem!" coughed Bunter. "You only sent in two lists, didn't you?"

"How do you know?"

"Well, didn't I enter your study by—by mistake yesterday?" said Bunter.

"Look here, Skinner, you can't touch me, because you've got no proof. Besides, my eyesight is wrong, and I couldn't see to alter the name on your lists. Send 'em in again, if you remember what you sent in!"

"I—I can't!" groaned Skinner. "It's too late! I've just missed the midday post!"

"Oh, well, that's your fault!" said Billy Bunter. "Sorry, Skinner!"

"If I find out you've done me—" began Skinner ominously.

"Bunter!"

Mr. Quelch entered the room, and his eyes sought out Bunter.

"Bunter, I have summoned the doctor, and you will follow me!" said Mr. Quelch. "Come, Bunter!"

"Lead me, sir!" said Bunter plaintively. "I can't see, you know."

Mr. Quelch seemed to gulp, but he took Bunter by the arm and led him upstairs.

The others in Study No. 7 looked at each other as the master and Billy Bunter retired.

"Well!" said Bob Cherry at length. "I'm inclined to think that Bunter's been sprucing us all the time! Anyway, Skinner, it serves you right! There'd be a row if it became known that you entered for competitions of that sort!"

"Rats!" growled Skinner. "Mind your own business!"

And he stamped from the room.

"Let's clear off, too!" said Frank Nugent. "I hope the doctor will find Bunter out, that's all!"

"There'll be a shindy if Bunter has spruced us!" said Harry Wharton between his teeth, as they departed.

Bob Cherry followed, but he did not go to Study No. 1.

He entered Study No. 14, where Fisher T. Fish, the Yankee Removite, was busy reckoning over his notebook.

"Excuse me, Fishy," said Bob Cherry. "You were trying to sell a cheap brass watch last week for ten bob—"

"I guess that's a dandy watch—some!" said Fish briskly. "Lever action, jewelled in every movement, warranted

five years—ten bob! It's not a cheap brass watch, you galoot!"

"Let's have a look at it!" said Bob.

Fish extracted a watch from his pocket and handed it to Bob.

Fisher T. Fish was the business-man of Greyfriars, and always had something to sell. His goods were generally snares and delusions, and the fellows looked upon them always with suspicion.

They had often been "done" by the alert Fish; but Fish pointed out that it was business—straight from the word "go"—and not a swindle, as his Form-fellows indignantly asseverated.

The watch Bob Cherry held in his hand was a cheap brass affair, worth about five shillings.

"I'll give you five for it, Fishy!" said Bob Cherry.

"Nope!" said Fish resolutely. "Ten bob or nothing, Cherry!"

"Look here, Fishy, it's not worth more than five!" said Bob Cherry warmly. "Might as well get rid of it for five bob; for I can assure you nobody will be mug enough to give you ten for it!"

"Waal," said Fisher T. Fish, with a hopeless shrug of his lean shoulders, "I guess I shall be simply giving it away, but you can have it for five, Cherry. It's no use arguing with you played-out old Britishers!"

"Here's the five bob!" grinned Cherry, handing Fish two half-crowns and pocketing the watch. "Thanks awfully, Fishy!"

Bob Cherry chuckled softly to himself as he strode down the Remove passage, Fish's cheap brass watch in his pocket.

"I'll complicate the affair a little!" he murmured. "I'll send it to Bunt, as though he'd won the second prize in the footer competition. He's no more blind than I am; but he's jolly short-sighted, and won't tell the difference between this brass grid and a solid gold one. That will get Skinner's rag out, I reckon, for he'll think Bunter's won the watch with his forecasts. Ha, ha, ha! There's going to be some trouble for those two, unless I'm very much mistaken!"

And Bob ambled down to the cycle-shed, took out his jigger, and sped down to the post-office at Friardale.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter's Prize!

**B**ILLY BUNTER was jubilant. His game of "spoo" had been a complete success so far.

He had been examined by the school doctor; but the worthy doctor, though he could find nothing wrong with Bunter's eyes, except short-sightedness, was puzzled by his patient's asseveration that he could not see.

Billy Bunter either could not or would not see. So the doctor, in order to make a better examination on Monday, had placed drops in Bunter's eyes.

Bunter squirmed rather when the drops were put into his eyes. He found that with the drops in his eyes he really could not see.

But as the smarting disappeared Billy Bunter realised that he could bear the dimness of the eyes caused by the drops, for he was already supposed to be half-blind. Bunter intended that his optical affliction should get better within the space of a few days—when, in fact, the examination blew over.

And nobody—except, perhaps, Bob Cherry, who had very deep suspicions—realised that Billy Bunter was a cunning hoaxer.

Bunter was in high glee when Monday morning's lessons were excused him.

Harry Wharton & Co. passed the word



along the Remove passage, and fellows, before going upstairs to lessons, took the precaution of locking up their catables and valuables, lest Bunter, in his blindness, should chance to wander again, and purposely make a few more mistakes.

After lessons Harold Skinner went up to Knox's study to borrow the newspaper. Skinner was anxious to see the results of Saturday's football.

He hastily opened the newspaper and scanned the sports page.

As he read the list of football results the cad of the Remove gasped, and opened wide his eyes.

He dragged a paper from his pocket. Upon this paper were duplicate lists of the football forecasts which Bunter said he had accidentally burned on Saturday.

Skinner compared these lists with the published results, and what he saw amazed him.

"Mum-my goodness!" ejaculated Skinner, blinking first at his duplicate lists, and then at the paper. "Mum-my list was absolutely correct! If—if Bunter hadn't burned it, I—I should have won a hundred quid!"

Skinner compared the lists again, in order to make sure.

There was no doubt about it. If Billy Bunter had not tampered with that envelope he had found on Skinner's mantelshelf, and Skinner had sent in his original forecasts, then the first prize of a hundred pounds would have been his!

"Oh, my hat!" gurgled Skinner, like one in a dream. "Bunter's done me out of a hundred quid! My list was correct, and—and he either sent it in himself, under his own name, or burnt it for spite! Oh, I—I'll murder him!"

Thrusting the newspaper into his pocket, Harold Skinner strode down to his own study in the Remove passage.

Snoop and Stott, who were there waiting for him, looked up in surprise at Skinner's pale, furious face.

"What's happened?" demanded Stott.

"Look at my list!" hissed Skinner. "The list that I should have sent in, had not Bunter burnt it—and—and look at the result!"

Wonderingly, Snoop and Stott did so.

Stott gave vent to a whistle of surprise. "Whew!" he gasped. "The lists are identical! You would have won the first prize, Skinney!"

Skinner choked. Words failed him.

"And Bunter's done you out of it!" put in Snoop. "I wonder whether he did burn your envelope by accident, Skinner, or whether he used your lists?"

"He used your lists, most probably, Skinner!" said Stott. "He may have made an alteration or two, you know, but—Bunter's artful!"

"I—I'll murder him, the young villain!" hooted Skinner, beside himself with rage and disappointment. "Perhaps he sent in my list, and will get the first prize!"

"Oh crumbs!" exclaimed Snoop. "What would you do then, Skinner?"

"I—I—I—"

"Let's find Bunter!" urged Stott. "We'll wallop him till he tells the truth, Skinner!"

"Yes!" panted Skinner between his teeth. "Come on, let's find Bunter!"

Together the three black sheep of the Remove went up to Study No. 7.

They flung the door open, and were met by an inquiring look from Peter Todd, the only occupant of Study No. 7.

"Where's Bunter?" demanded Skinner thickly.

"Goodness knows!" replied Peter Todd. "He's hiding himself, I believe, for he thinks the doctor's coming again this morning. What's the rumpus?"

"Nothing!" snapped Skinner, and he

and his satellites strode away, followed by a peculiar look from Peter Todd.

High and low they searched for Billy Bunter; but not until they reached the vicinity of the school gates did they see any sign of Bunter.

Billy Bunter was there, waiting for the postman.

Even as Skinner, Snoop, and Stott approached, the village postman entered the school gates, and Billy Bunter went up to him eagerly.

"Wait a minute before we grab him!" muttered Skinner. "Let's see if he gets a letter from—from 'The Goalie' office. If he's won that prize I shall know—"

"My hat!" exclaimed Stott. "Look! Bunter's got a parcel!"

The postman had placed a small package into Billy Bunter's fat hand.

Skinner, Stott, and Snoop hid in the shelter of the old elms and watched Bun-

### No. 62.—AUBREY ANGEL.



A cad of the Upper Fourth Form. Not a very prominent character, which is just as well, perhaps, seeing that he is a rank outsider. A dandy and a fop. Associates with most of the rotters of the school, and has never shone in anything that could call forth admiration.

ter covertly as the Owl of the Remove eagerly dragged at the brown paper covering of the package.

It came off, and Billy Bunter pulled open the lid of a little wooden box. Then Bunter pulled forth an article of a golden hue, which glistened in the sunlight.

"Hurrah!" cried Billy Bunter joyously. "I've won second prize! I've won the gold watch!"

Skinner and his cronies looked grimly at each other, and at the watch which Bunter held.

"He—he's got the watch, then!" muttered Skinner thickly. "Oh, the little cad! That watch belongs to me by rights! I suppose he took my lists, made one alteration, and sent 'em in—with one mistake—and he's won the second prize—with my forecasts!"

"Go for him, Skinney!" murmured Stott. "He's supposed to be half-blind, and—"

"Come on!" muttered Skinner.

The trio made a sudden dash from their hiding-place behind the elms, and bore down upon Billy Bunter.

Bunter had been blinking gloatingly over the watch he held in his hand.

As the sound of feet assailed his ears, he turned, and a look of blank dismay overspread his fat features when he saw Skinner.

Bunter was not so blind as to be unable to recognise an enemy.

"Bunter!" screeched Skinner, pounding up. "You cad! You thief! Hand over that watch!"

Billy Bunter wasted no more time. He thrust the watch into his pocket, dropped the wrapping paper, and took to his heels and ran.

"Yah!" he hooted, scudding away across the quadrangle as fast as his little legs would take him. "Go and eat coke, Skinner! This is my watch! I've won it!"

"Liar!" hooted Skinner savagely. "You pinched my forecasts—"

"I didn't!" retorted Bunter. "They were mine, and I won this watch. Yah!"

Bunter's little fat legs went like clockwork as he sped across the quadrangle, with Skinner, Snoop, and Stott hot upon his track.

Billy Bunter seemed to have lost his blindness now, for he made a direct beeline for the steps of the School House.

Fellows stopped and viewed the chase in amazement.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry breezily, stopping, with Hurreo Singh, Johnny Bull, and Harry Wharton.

"What's happened to Bunter? He seems to have regained his eyesight!"

Harry Wharton frowned.

"Why are Skinner and his set after him, I wonder?" he murmured. "I suppose it's something to do with those confounded football forecasts!"

"I suppose so," chuckled Bob Cherry. "I wonder whether Bunty's won a prize, and Skinner is jealous?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry winked at the desert air. Although nobody knew it, he had been responsible for the scolding of that watch to William George Bunter.

The watch was the one that Bob had purchased from Fisher T. Fish last Saturday for five shillings.

Bob had deemed it a good investment, if some fun and excitement could be caused thereby.

And as Bob looked and saw Skinner & Co. in chase of Billy Bunter, he realised that his little jape was successful, and that probably he was "in" for his full five shillings' worth of fun.

Nobody stopped Billy Bunter.

The terrified Owl of the Remove scuttled up the School House steps and disappeared within.

Skinner, Snoop, and Stott came pounding along soon afterwards, and dashed up the steps like hounds on the scent.

"Go it, Skinney!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Wherefore all the hurry?"

"Bunter's a spoofer!" gasped Skinner, as he dashed past. "I'll show him up, and give him the licking of his life!"

But William George Bunter was wily.

The "drops" in his eyes still made his vision somewhat dim, but he knew where to go.

He scuttled upstairs, and made his way to Mr. Quelch's study.

In this manner did Billy Bunter hope to elude his pursuers, for they would not dare to beard him in the lion's den.

Tap!

"Come in!" called Mr. Quelch.

Quick as the word, Billy Bunter entered the Remove-master's study, and closed the door behind him.

"Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, staring in astonishment at the breathless

"TE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 634.



and excited Bunter. "What is the meaning of this intrusion?"

"Where's the doctor, sir?" gasped Bunter breathlessly. "I want to see the doctor, sir!"

"You—you want to see the doctor?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch in wonderment. "For what reason, Bunter?"

"Something wonderful has happened, sir!" piped Billy Bunter, panting for breath. "My eyesight is coming back!"

Mr. Quelch looked very hard at Bunter.

"Your eyesight is coming back?" he said cuttingly. "This is rather sudden, isn't it, Bunter?"

"Ye-es, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I was standing by the gates, and all of a sudden I found my eyesight gradually coming back again! I can almost see now, sir."

Mr. Quelch frowned and looked incredulously at Bunter.

"That is a strange and, indeed, a highly improbable story, Bunter," he exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me—"

"My eyesight came back so suddenly that I nearly went mad, sir!" cried Billy Bunter eagerly. "As soon as I found I could nearly see, I rushed straight in to tell you. I've run all the way from the gates, sir."

Mr. Quelch hesitated.

He could see that Billy Bunter was breathless and highly excited. There seemed no doubt whatever that Bunter was labouring under the stress of some great emotion.

Little did Mr. Quelch realise that Bunter's emotion was the belief that he had won a magnificent gold watch; neither was he aware that the cause of Bunter's hurry and breathless state was the fact that he had been chased from the gates by Harold Skinner & Co.

"Well," muttered the Remove-master, after pondering awhile and looking searchingly at Bunter, "I do not know quite what to make of this affair, Bunter. At first I had my doubts as to whether you had really lost complete use of your eyesight. Now, assuming that that was so, it seems almost incredible that your sight should be restored in such a sudden and unexpected manner."

"Stranger things than that have happened, sir," cried Bunter. "When I lost my memory, for instance—"

Mr. Quelch nodded.

"I remember that perfectly well, Bunter," he said quietly, "although that has no bearing upon this case in point. However, I have no proof that you have been deceiving me, Bunter. I know that you are an unscrupulous and deceitful lad, but—"

"Oh, really, sir!" protested Bunter, with a cherubic look of innocence. "I hope you don't believe me capable of deceiving you, sir—"

"I sincerely trust you have not dared, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch tartly. "If I discover that I have been the victim of a hoax, it will be the worse for you, Bunter!"

"Yes, sir," said Bunter innocently.

Mr. Quelch looked hard at him, but Billy Bunter did not flinch.

He was thinking about that magnificent gold watch he had in his pocket.

"Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, "if your eyesight is improving, I shall expect you to resume lessons in the Form-room to-morrow."

"Yes, sir," said Billy Bunter readily. "With pleasure, sir!"

"The pleasure, I think, will be entirely on my side, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch sourly. "You may go, Bunter!"

"Thank you, sir!"

And Billy Bunter went.

Mr. Quelch shook his head as the door closed behind his fat pupil.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 634.

The worthy Remove-master did not know how to judge Billy Bunter. But he consoled himself with the thought that once Bunter did resume lessons in the Form-room he should make up for lost time!

And Bunter, stealing stealthily down the passage, chuckled mightily and lovingly handled the watch in his pocket.

"I've done 'em all in the eye properly!" grinned Bunter. "Skinner will never get this watch. I'll put it in a little box, and won't open it for a few weeks. He'll never get it!"

So Billy Bunter, arriving back at Study No. 7, took a small carved wooden box from Alonzo Todd's desk, placed the watch inside it, and sealed it with sealing-wax.

He did not see Fisher T. Fish, the Yankee junior, watching him from the doorway.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Fishy is Done!

FISHER T. FISH quietly entered Study No. 7 and closed the door.

Billy Bunter wheeled round in alarm at the sound.

"I guess it's only me, Bunter," said Fisher T. Fish, with an artful look. "I've come to do some talking."

"Oh, really, Fishy—" began Bunter.

"Look hyer, Bunter!" said Fish. "Skinner's got his eye-teeth skinned looking for you. I guess he's going to make little bits of you when he lays his flippers on you!"

Billy Bunter looked nervously at Fish. "I—I say, Fishy," he quavered. "He—he's not outside, is he?"

Fisher T. Fish chuckled.

"Nope," he said. "I told Skinner I'd seen you hiding around the stables, and he's beat it down there."

Billy Bunter heaved a fat sigh of relief, and thrust the wooden box into his pocket.

But the keen eye of Fisher T. Fish saw the movement, and Fish laid a hand on Bunter's arm.

"What's in that hyer box, Bunter?" he demanded.

"Really, Fishy, I don't see why—"

"I guess I'm on to the contents of that box some," chuckled Fisher T. Fish, eyeing Bunter artfully. "Look hyer, Bunter, what would Skinner give to get hold of that box?"

Billy Bunter gave Fish a scared look.

"There's nothing in the box, really, Fishy," he said. "Only—only something I want to keep."

"I guess you've got a gold watch in there, Bunter," said Fish. "I kinder reckon, guess an' calculate that you're trying to hide it, you artful galoot!"

"Look here, Fishy—" began Billy Bunter, but the alert Yankee Remove-master cut him short.

"You can't pull the wool over my optics, Bunter!" he said. "Nope, sir, I guess nix! You got that watch from 'The Goalie' this afternoon. It's the second prize in the Football Forecast Competition. That so?"

"No, it isn't!" howled Bunter furiously. "I didn't get a watch. I haven't won any prize!"

"Cut that talk, you jay!" said Fish abruptly. "I reckon I've got you locoed, Bunter!"

"Got me wh-what?"

"I guess I've got you locoed, my pippin!" chuckled Fisher T. Fish. "You hiked those forecasts from Skinner's room, and sent 'em in under your own name. And I guess 'The Goalie' handed you out the second prize—the gold watch, by gum!"

Billy Bunter blinked at Fisher T. Fish and shuffled nervously.

"That's my watch," said the Owl of the Remove stubbornly. "They were my forecasts, I tell you, Fishy. I didn't touch Skinner's rotten lists, blow him!"

"Aw! Don't hand me that yarn, Bunter!" drawled Fish, looking covertly at the Owl of the Remove. "Whether you got that watch by your own forecasts or not, I guess it cuts no ice with Skinner. He's plumb crazy to get at you, and you won't be worth a chalk-mark by the time he's through with you! If you crave for peace and quietness, Bunter, you've got to get rid of that watch!"

"I—I won't!" growled Billy Bunter, holding the box very tightly. "It's my watch, and I won it. Let Skinner go and eat coke!"

Fisher T. Fish chuckled.

"I reckon that won't do for Skinner, my sunbeam!" he said. "He's ravin' over that watch, and he means to get it, I guess. And you can lay dollars to doughnuts, Bunter, that there's goin' to be a mighty furore unless you get rid of that watch instanter!"

"Oh dear!" gasped Billy Bunter, visions of battle, murder, and sudden death rising up before his inward eye. "Skinner wouldn't dare to touch me! I'd tell Quelchy—"

"I guess you won't!" grinned Fisher T. Fish. "Quelchy's a keen old bird, and he'd get on to your spoofer in no time, Bunter. You might as well pay a visit to the undertaker straight away as to go to Quelchy for protection!"

Billy Bunter shuddered.

He knew that Skinner was after his gore—and the watch! He also realised that there would be no peace for him at Greyfriars whilst he retained that watch in his possession. The knowledge that Bunter had received a watch, and the belief that the watch came from the "Goalie" competition, was like red rags to a bull with Harold Skinner.

"Wh-what had I better do then, Fishy?" faltered Bunter. "I'm jolly sure I'm not going to hand that watch over to Skinner. It's mine! I won it!"

"Sure you did!" grinned Fish. "But it won't do for you to keep it. I guess the next best thing you can do is to sell it!"

"Sell it!" echoed Billy Bunter, his face brightening. "Why, of course! I'd rather have the cash than the watch. I was disappointed over a postal-order from my titled relations this morning, and—"

"You're hard up—eh?" grinned Fish. "Waal, I guess I'm open to buy that watch, Bunter. I'm the galoot with the rhino!"

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed.

"Lemme see! The paper said it was worth at least fifteen quid!" said Bunter. "I'll sell it to you for—for twelve, Fishy!"

Fisher T. Fish chuckled.

"I guess you're too generous, Bunter!" he said. "I'll give you two quid for it!"

"Wha-a-at!" gasped Bunter. "Two quid for that watch! Why, it's solid gold, and—and worth fifteen!"

"Don't you believe all the papers say, Bunter!" chuckled Fish cunningly. "It may be worth about five quid—mind, I don't say that it's worth that—but I reckon I'll risk two quid on the purchase. Is it a deal, Bunter?"

"No!" said Billy Bunter indignantly. "Why, I could pawn it for ten quid, you old swindler! I—I won't let it go for less than ten!"

"Now, listen to reason, Bunter!" said Fisher T. Fish briskly. "If I call



Skinner up here right now, that watch won't be worth a dollar to you, for Skinner says that if he doesn't get the watch himself he'll smash it up for you!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"That's about the size of it, Bunter!" said the Yankee schoolboy. "Look hyer, Bunter! I've a business proposition to make to you. Hand me out that watch for two quid, and I'll stave Skinner off. If not, I guess it's not my business what Skinner does to you, and, maybe, I'd consider it my duty to tell him where you are, so that he'd get to the root of the matter. To stop all argument, Bunter, sell me that watch for two quid, and you can snap your fingers at Skinner then!"

"You—you old swindler!" gasped Bunter, looking furiously at Fish. "You Yankee cheat! You—you——"

"Aw! Cut out the fancy names, and get down to business, you galoot!" drawled Fish, without turning a hair. "Take two quid for that box you've just sealed up and shoved in your pocket, or I'll call Skinner up. What do you say?"

"I—I—I——" gurgled Bunter. "I don't want to sell the watch, Fishy! It's worth more than two quid!"

"Not if Skinner gets hands on it!" said Fish easily. "Better let me have it, Bunter, and get rid of it for good. Skinner will be back from the stables in a minute, and he'll be inquiren' for you in here!"

Billy Bunter's knees began to knock together with fear and apprehension. His fingers clutched the wooden box in his pocket. He was beginning to see that Fisher T. Fish had him in a cleft stick.

"Waal, what do you say, Bunter?" inquired Fish, drawing out a pocket-book, and laying two pound notes on the table. "Hyer's the cash, and I guess it will be more useful to you than that box. Hand me out that box and the money's yours!"

Billy Bunter groaned, and dragged the box from his pocket.

The sight of the two pound notes on the table seemed to reassure him. After all, he thought, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and he might as well have two real pound notes than a watch which at any moment might get broken up and rendered useless by the relentless Skinner.

Billy Bunter laid the box on the table.

"Here you are, Fishy!" he said. "You—you won't tell anybody I sold you the watch?"

"Nope, sir! I'll be as mum as a bottle!" chuckled Fish, his horny palm closing over the box. "I'm glad you see real sense, Bunter. Take the cash; it's yours. I won't say a word to Skinner, or any other galoot in this school. Rely on me, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter rammed the two notes into his trousers pocket.

After all, he thought, it was a great relief to be rid of the watch.

"You can have the watch, Fishy!" he said grudgingly. "You're a swindler and a cheat, and——"

"Same to you, you slab-sided jay!" chuckled Fish, and, thrusting the box into his pocket, he ambled from the room, a look of great satisfaction upon his hatchet features.

Fisher T. Fish guessed that he had done good business that afternoon.

And Billy Bunter, looking out of the study window to see Harold Skinner making his way across to the House steps, promptly left Study No. 7, too, and repaired into the box-room until the bell rang for dinner.

Meanwhile, in Study No. 14, Fisher T. Fish was engaged upon that little wooden box containing Bunter's watch, endeavouring to open it.

A jack-knife was brought to play upon the wood, and Fishy soon had the box open.

Wrapped in tissue-paper was a watch.

Fish's eyes gleamed with triumph as he dragged off the tissue-paper, and sought the prize he had so artfully obtained.

Fish's expression changed abruptly when he saw the watch.

"Jee-roo-salem crickets!" gurgled Fish, blinking at the watch like one in a dream. "What the thunder——"

It was the self-same, identical watch that he had sold Bob Cherry for five shillings on Saturday!

Fish could hardly realise the enormity of this discovery. It took quite three minutes for the horrible news to sink into his dazed brain.

Fisher T. Fish went limp. He staggered against the table, and gazed with glassy eyes at the brass timepiece he held in his hand.

"Oh, Jehoshaphat!" moaned Fish. "I've been done, bamboozled, sold! My stars! Great Abraham Lincoln! Done by Bunter!"

The Yankee schoolboy, who prided himself upon his cold, hard business propensities, gurgled incoherently. This was more than he had bargained for. Billy Bunter had sold him a pup!

"Waal, what a slab-sided, tarnation greenhorn I am!" gasped Fish, blinking almost tearfully at the brass watch he had sold for five shillings and re-purchased for two pounds. "I guess I've got left this journey, some! Great guns! If I find that galoot Bunter I—I'll wipe up the floor with him!"

Fisher T. Fish, fury and chagrin gnawing at his breast, sallied out in search of William George Bunter.

But Fish's search, like Skinner's, proved in vain.

Billy Bunter, like the Arabs in the poem, had silently faded away!

He reappeared at dinner-time, and disappeared directly afterwards, in order to interview the school doctor upon the score of his eyesight.

And both Harold Skinner and Fisher T. Fish, as they writhed in mental torture during the afternoon lessons, inwardly vowed all kinds of violence towards William George Bunter, and heaped all manner of dire threats upon that youth's devoted head.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Paying the Piper!

"HELP! Fire! Murder!"

It was the voice of Billy Bunter, raised in tones of wild terror and fear.

Harry Wharton & Co., in the Common-room that evening, looked up in amazement as a fat figure hurtled into the room, and two other figures pounded in after him.

The first intruder was Billy Bunter himself. His two pursuers were Harold Skinner and Fisher T. Fish.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as Billy Bunter dashed up to Harry Wharton, incidentally upsetting the chessboard and chessmen with which Harry was playing a game with Johnny Bull. "What's the rumpus, Bunter?"

"Help!" shrieked Bunter, clinging to Harry Wharton for protection. "They'll murder me! Keep 'em off! Yarooogh!"

"Hold him!" hooted Skinner, thrusting his way forward. "I'll murder him! I'll——"

"I'll mop up the floor with the jay!" hissed Fisher T. Fish, prancing up. "I guess I'll make little pieces of him!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" wailed Bunter. "Protect me, Wharton!"

Harry Wharton sprang angrily to his feet, and planted himself between Bunter and his foes.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded.

"He pinched my footer forecasts, and won a gold watch with 'em!" howled Skinner, glaring malevolently at Bunter. "That watch is mine, and I mean to have it!"

"I guess that watch is mine!" hooted Fisher T. Fish. "I gave the jay two quid for it, and—and he palmed me off with a brass one! I'll have the real watch, or you'd better send for Bunter's relations!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Both Skinner and Fish made a simultaneous dart for the quailing Bunter. Bunter shrieked with fear, and dived under the table.

The infuriated Skinner and Fish were grasped in the strong arms of Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent, and Squiff.



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For Boys and Girls**

Why don't YOU try for one of these topping tuck hampers? Several are offered EVERY WEEK in a simple competition with no entrance fee. Someone must win them—why not you? For full particulars see the

**GREYFRIARS  
HERALD** - 13

The Great Schoolboy Weekly.



"Steady, you mad idiots!" growled Harry Wharton. "We shouldn't mind losing Bunter, but we don't want murder committed at Greyfriars. Let's get to the bottom of this matter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Bob Cherry, a light suddenly dawning on him. "Did Bunter sell you that watch he received, Fishy?"

"I gave the jay two quid for it!" yelled Fish excitedly. "And when I opened the box he had hidden it in I found it was only a brass one—the watch I sold you, Cherry, last Saturday!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Bob Cherry, holding his sides and rocking with laughter. "Oh, it's too rich! Fishy, you chump! You—you gave Bunter two quid for that watch—oh, ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton and his other chums gazed at the hilarious Bob in astonishment.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Bob Cherry. "Here, steady on, Bob, you hyena!" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "What's the joke?"

"Oh, it's too rich!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha! Bunter didn't win a watch at all! I sent him that watch for a jape—ha, ha, ha!"

"Wha-a-a-at!" gasped Skinner, hardly able to believe his ears.

"I gave Fishy five bob for a cheap brass watch, and sent it to Bunter!" gasped Bob Cherry, wiping his eyes. "I thought I'd create a bit of excitement, and, my word, I've done it! Ha, ha, ha! Fancy old Fishy buying it back from Bunter for two quid. Great pip!"

Fisher T. Fish gasped like a fish out of water.

Harold Skinner looked at Bob Cherry as if he would like to eat him.

"So—so it was a jape!" gasped Skinner faintly. "Bunter did not win a prize!"

"No!" chortled Bob Cherry. "He was half-blind, so he didn't know the difference between a brass watch and a gold one!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

It was Bunter's voice, spoken in tones of remonstrance, as the owner of the voice scrambled up from beneath the table.

Fish and Skinner glared at Bunter with homicidal looks.

"Oh, really Cherry, I knew all along that it was a joke; that's why I tricked Fishy!" said Bunter. "He, he, he!"

The Removites gazed at Billy Bunter in astonishment.

"He, he, he!" cackled the Owl of the Remove. "I thought that Skinner would go for Fishy, because he had the watch, and they'd both got into trouble for fighting—he, he, he! Oh, I'm deep, I am!"

"Oh!" said Harry Wharton. "You're deep, are you, Bunter? That's why you spoofed us all up about your bad eyesight—eh?"

"Oh, nunno—not at all!" exclaimed Bunter hastily. "I was quite blind, you know. Of course, I thought at first, when that watch came, that I'd won a prize, and—and the shock restored my eyesight! Then I saw that the watch was only brass, and I palmed it off on Fishy, for being such a rotten black-mailer! He threatened to tell Skinner where I was unless I sold him the watch for two quid!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, looking at Fisher T. Fish. "You rotter, Fishy!"

"Lok hyer!" groaned Fish. "Bunter asked me to buy the watch for two quid!"

"I didn't!" hooted Billy Bunter, and he related his conversation with Fish in

his study after he had placed the watch in the wooden box.

Grim glances were cast at Fish as Bunter's tale was unfolded. They knew Fishy, and they knew that Skinner was at that time searching high and low for Bunter, and they believed Bunter that far, at any rate.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Bob Cherry, in an excess of merriment. "Fancy Fishy being greenhorn enough to buy a watch without looking at it! Why, he deserves to be done!"

"I guess I'll have my two quid back!" howled Fish desperately. "I've been swindled!"

"You swindled yourself!" put in Harry Wharton curtly. "You bought the box from Bunter on sight, and the deal was closed. You won't get your money back, you rotter!"

"No fear!" put in Billy Bunter triumphantly. "You've been done, Fishy—he, he, he!"

"So have you, my fat pippin!" said Bob Cherry, laying a heavy hand on Bunter's shoulder. "Hand over those two pound notes, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Hand 'em over!" thundered Bob, in a terrifying voice.

Billy Bunter, shivering with fear, produced the two pound notes, and handed them to Bob Cherry.

"These will do for the hospital-box—eh, Harry?" he grinned.

"Yes, rather!" laughed Harry Wharton. "We'll give Fish a bumping for being such a blackmailing cad. And as for Bunter, I believe he's been spoofing us all along!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I haven't!" yelled Bunter, in alarm. "On my honour!"

"Where do you keep your honour?" said Harry Wharton curtly. "No, Bunter, we believed at first that you weren't spoofing, but we know now that you were. We've made inquiries, and nobody in this school lent you five bob to enable you to send in your footer forecast. Besides, you accidentally let out on Saturday that you knew there was a shilling postal-order in Skinner's envelope, which you said you burned, and your excuse didn't quite wash. It was a neat wangle, Bunter, and you've taken Quelchy in nicely. But you've got to pay the piper now!"

"Wh-what d'you mean?" gasped Billy Bunter, in alarm.

"We're going to give you the bumping of your life!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "And Fishy's going to keep you company. Grab them, chaps!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Hyer, let up you jays!" roared Fish, as many heavy hands were laid on him. "Oh, Jerusalem! Yarooooogh!"

"Yah-yow-ow-ow-ow!" wailed Billy Bunter, as he was swept off his feet in the grasp of Harry Wharton & Co.

Bump, bump, bump, bump!

"Give them gip!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Look at the dust flying from Bunter's trucks! Ha, ha, ha!"

Bump, bump, bump!

In spite of their wild struggles and their heartrending howls, both Billy Bunter and Fisher T. Fish were bumped severely on the hard floor of the Common-room.

Harold Skinner stood sullenly aloof, brooding upon his list of footer forecasts which, had they been submitted, would have won him the first prize of one hundred pounds.

Not until they were tired and breathless did the Removites allow Bunter and Fish to crawl away.

They were hustled to the door of the Common-room and booted forth.

They limped down the passage, mingling their anthems of sorrow together.

Harry Wharton & Co. turned from the door laughing.

They had meted out to Bunter and Fisher T. Fish the punishment they deserved, and were satisfied.

But the heart of Harold Skinner was aching within him.

Even though the howls of Bunter caused him some degree of satisfaction, his thoughts were upon that which he had lost, and, like Rachel of old, he mourned, and would not be comforted.

THE END.

(Another grand long story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled "THE FEUD WITH FRIARDALE!" Order your copy EARLY!)

## READERS' NOTICES.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED, ETC.

W. S. R. Gedde, 12, Uppingham Street, Northampton, will exchange "School and Sport" for "Rivals and Chums."

Miss Edith Burton, 34, Durban Road, White Hart Lane, Tottenham, offers reasonable price for any "Gems" before 1916.

Miss M. Evans, 14, Martin Street, Elsternwick, Victoria, Australia, wants "Backing Up Manners" and "Levison's Sister." 3d. each offered.

Jack Cohen, Eversleigh, 6, Ronda Road, Cricklewood, N.W., wants "Penny Populars" (new series), 15 and 28. Also "Magnets," "The Taming of Harry Wharton," "The Making of Harry Wharton," "Bob Cherry's Barring Out," and "School and Sport." 2d. each offered.

I. Hill, 18, Thames Road, Darnall, Sheffield, wants "Racke's Revenge," "A Son's Sacrifice," "Levison Minor," and "The Sentence of the School." 6d. each offered.

James Russell, 174, Locke Road, Dundee, Scotland, wants "Bob Cherry's Barring Out." Write, stating price.

C. W. Yorke, 18, Balaclava Street, Blackburn, wants "Sexton Blake Lib." No. 1, "Bob Cherry's Barring Out," "School Under Canvas," and "Magnets" Double Numbers for 1910-11-12. 2s. 6d. offered.

J. Mitchell, 8, Bell Street, Newport, Middlesbro', Yorks, wants "School and Sport." 4d. offered. "Bob Cherry's Barring Out" and "Bob Cherry in Search of His Father." 3d. each offered.

E. Hamilton, 8, Ribble Street, Preston, wants "Greyfriars Heralds," Nos. 1 and 2.

T. O. Gibbins, 106, Sunderland Road, W. Croydon, Surrey, wants "Magnet," "Schoolboys Never Shall be Slaves!" 6d. offered.

J. Frack, 8, Commissioner Street, Burghershoop, Krugersdorp, Transvaal, South Africa, wants "After Lights Out." 1s. 6d. offered. "The Making of Harry Wharton," "Bob Cherry in Search of His Father," and "Bob Cherry's Barring Out." 6d. each offered.

Miss D. Bennett, Welford Dairies, Shirland Road, Paddington, W. 9, wants "Gem" entitled, "Loyal Miss Marie."

J. W. Davis, 20, Sykefield Avenue, Wescotes Drive, Leicester, wants "Magnets" and "Gems" before 200.

C. J. Brooke, 59, Warren Street, Savile Town, Dewsbury, Yorks, wants "School and Sport," "Rivals and Chums," and "Bob Cherry's Barring Out." Reasonable prices offered.





# INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.



## AMUSING TRICKS WITH SIMPLE APPARATUS.

### THE PYROMETER.

We all know that metals expand under heat. The amount of such expansion may be measured by a simple little apparatus called a pyrometer.

On a wooden base, B, C (Fig. 1), make two uprights, A and D, of which A must be half an inch higher than D. Bore a hole a quarter of an inch from the top of A, but not right through the wood.

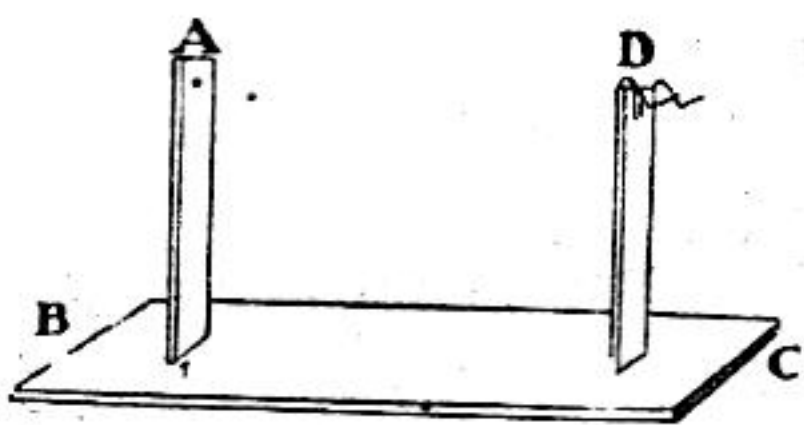


Fig. 1.—Showing how to make a pyrometer.

A couple of pins must be bent into the shape of a Y and driven into the top of D, as in Fig. 1. With a little sealing-wax fasten a paper-pointer to the eye end of a needle and lay the needle across the pins, P, P (Fig. 2). Next place an ordinary knitting-needle in the hole at A, and rest it over the small needle with the pointer. The pyrometer is now complete.

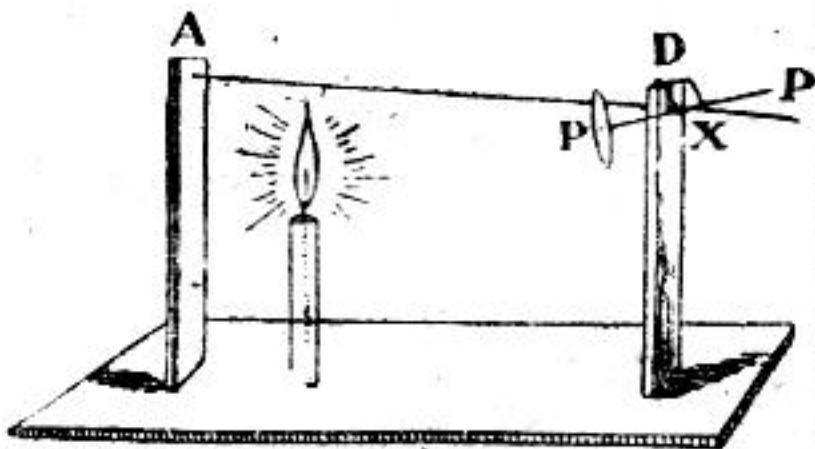


Fig. 2.—Showing needle laid in position across pins.

Put a lighted candle under the knitting-needle between D and A, as in the figure, taking care that the flame plays freely upon the needle. As the latter grows hot you will notice that the pointer moves slowly from left to right, being acted upon by the hot knitting-needle passing over the axle at X.

If a small paper dial be made against

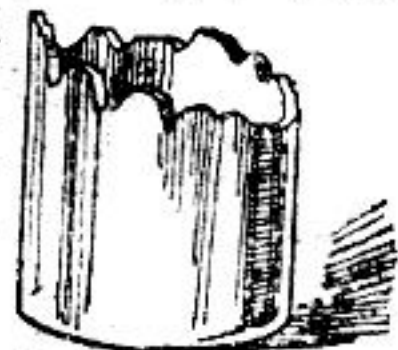


Fig. 3.—Portion of broken bottle for experiment.

the pointer the amount of the expansion can be even more clearly observed. Of course, two or even more candles may be used, the result



Fig. 4.—Showing smooth break after red-hot poker has been plunged into the oil.

being that the needle shows more and more expansion as it becomes hotter.

### THE BROKEN BOTTLE.

An interesting and useful experiment with a broken bottle is depicted in Fig. 3. Fill the broken piece with oil to whatever level you desire it to be cut, and stand it upon a perfectly level table. Now plunge a red-hot poker into the oil and hold it there for a few seconds, when there will be a loud crack, and the top of the broken part will come off, even and smooth, as in Fig. 4.

It may not be generally known that a sheet of glass may be cut regularly and evenly with a pair of strong scissors.

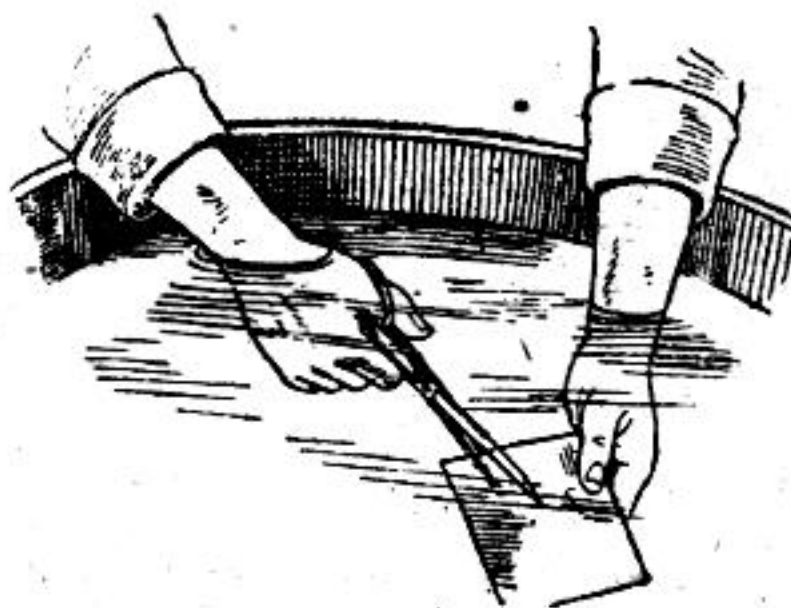


Fig. 5.—A glass-cutting experiment.

A glance at Fig. 5 will give an idea of how this is done. The apparatus required is a large pail of cold water and a pair of strong scissors.

Plunge the glass, the scissors, and the hands right into the water so that no part of either scissors or glass escapes immersion. You will now find that the scissors cut cleanly without the glass cracking or splintering.

The reason for this is that the water deadens the vibrations both of the scissors and the glass, thus ensuring a neat and clean fracture.

### COMPRESSED AIR.

An interesting and effective experiment may be performed with compressed air. The arrangements are very simple and the requirements few.



Fig. 6.—Walnut-shell, with necessary holes bored.

Divide a walnut shell into two, and bore a hole in the bottom of each half. In one of the cups thus obtained make another hole half-way up the side, as in Fig. 6. Now, with a little sealing-wax fasten three straws into these holes.

In the cork of a fair-sized jar, which should be of some opaque glass, bore two holes, through which the straws must be

placed at equal heights, as shown in Fig. 7. Having almost filled the jar with clear water, place the cork with the straws so tightly that no air can possibly enter either

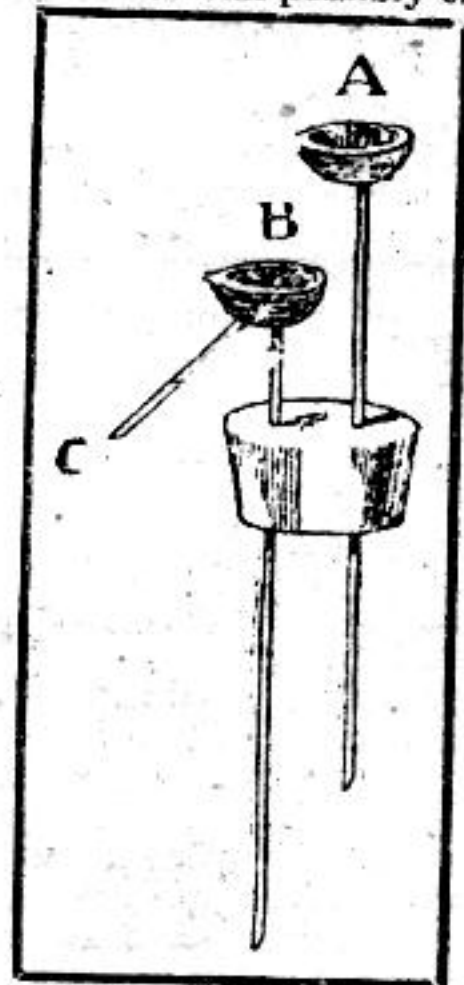


Fig. 7.—Showing positions of straws for experiment.

at the sides or by any other means than through the straws.

The following strange effect will now be obtained. Pouring some coloured liquid into the top shell A, plain clear water will come from the spout C of the lower shell B, and will continue as long as you pour from above (Fig. 8).

The reason of this is that the compressed air in the jar forces the clear water through the straw at B, which, being plunged deep into the clear liquid, carries off none of the coloured matter passed into the jar by means of A.

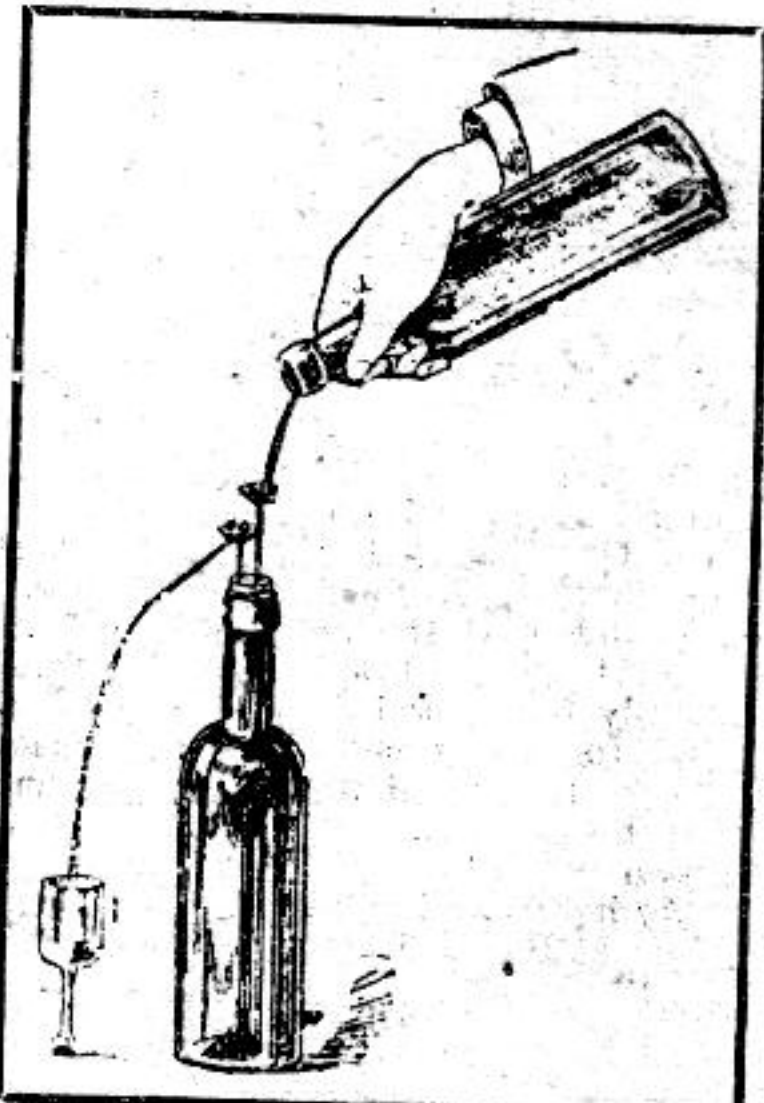


Fig. 8.—Pouring the coloured liquid into the top shell.



# The Secret of the Silent City



Our Grand New Adventure Serial. By DAGNEY HAYWARD.

## A RIVAL OPERATOR.

**F**OLLOWING the direction of the calls, the party raised a cheery shout as the answer unmistakably got clearer.

Suddenly a cry, apparently but a few yards ahead, made them start. They looked ahead, around, everywhere, but they could see no white man. They shouted again. Then came another cry, and suddenly Wonga bounded forward and disappeared into some bushes, which looked as if they had been torn up.

Then the party heard the ape chattering very excitedly, and presently he reappeared, carrying a big cigar-case.

"Great Scott!" cried Dick. "There's someone in those bushes!"

As he spoke he sprang forward, followed by Larry and Mike, Quambo remaining with Augustus.

"Hallo!" cried Dick, when he had torn the brambles and leaves apart, and was confronted by a man lying stretched out among the branches. "Who are you?"

"I guess I'm a man, same as you, sonny," came the answer. "I got separated from my exploring party in the tornado. It caught the whole lot of us like greased lightning. I was bringing up the rear, and it was every man for himself. The next thing I knew was that I was thrown violently to the ground by these trees and brambles, and I was pinned down so that I couldn't move. I guess I've sprained my ankle, and I never thought I'd see New York city again until I heard your shouts and your elephant trumpeting. That animal's a daisy. His noise 'ud wake the dead!"

It didn't take the three boys long to hack away the entwining branches and free the American's ankle, which they could see was causing him awful pain.

"Yes," said Larry, "it was our elephant you heard."

"Sure and bedad," cut in Mike, "if we hadn't been in time to save yer, we'd have been too late, so shake hands with Ould Oireland!"

And he put out his hand, which the American shook very cordially.

"Where's the chimpanzee who found me?" asked the stranger. "He's the daisiest monkey I've ever seen, and he

was the first to spy me. He ran off with my cigar-case."

"Nothing ever escapes him."

"No, not even my smokes," grinned the American. "There ain't no flies on Mr. Chim-Wonga. He's smart enough to be an American!"

"But he's English," put in Dick; "he was born in captivity in England. He's a great lad."

"Suppose you tell us your name," suggested Larry, when the three boys, with Quambo's help, had tenderly lifted the stranger free from the undergrowth.

"Why, my name's Gilead P. Smick, New York. And what are you boys doing here with an elephant and a negro big enough to make a great draw at some show?"

"We're here," answered Dick, whispering a word of warning to Larry and Mike to keep their mission a secret, "to search

for gold and gems." And then he introduced himself, Larry, and Mike, in turn.

The boys were all on their guard, and were quick to scent possible excitement by the discovery of an American.

"I'm glad to make your acquaintance," said Mr. Gilead P. Smick, with a queer, twisted smile, which the boys did not quite like. "And now, as I've told you who I am, and how I came to be here, p'raps you'll tell me why you three boys are out alone in the jungle with a chimpanzee, an elephant, and a negro."

"We got separated from our party owing to the tornado," replied Larry guardedly. "We were on our way to search for the rest when we heard your shouts."

"And if you don't mind," put in Dick, "we'll take you with us for an elephant ride, and see if we can't find our party."

"Before I get on the elephant I should like a cigar," said Mr. Smick, "so I'll just trouble Mr. Wonga—"

At that moment the ape sidled alongside the American, and Mr. Smick stretched out his hand for the cigar-case, which Wonga handed him in the most approved manner.

The American selected a weed, and put it between his teeth to bite the end off, when the ape suddenly seized the case again, extracted a cigar, put it in his mouth and also chewed the end off. But the next moment, spluttering and grimacing, he tore the cigar from his mouth and flung it far away.

Everyone burst out laughing.

"Say, I guess that man-monkey doesn't know these cigars cost fifty dollars a hundred in New York city!" cried Mr. Smick.

"Sure and bedad, if he did," cried Mike, "he wouldn't make himself sick by smoking one!"

Quambo, under Dick's instructions, then brought up Augustus to where the American lay. It was a long time before Mr. Smick could be induced to be hoisted on to the elephant's back by the front door—as he insisted on calling the trunk—but finally, with infinite gentleness and care, the American was hoisted aloft, and landed with extraordinary tenderness on the broad, firm head of Augustus. Then they set off again in search of their trail.

## READ THIS FIRST.

Mr. Sherwell, producer of the Southern Film Company, accompanied by his staff, set out in search of the Silent City, which is situated in the wilds of South America.

The staff includes Tom Rackett, the operator; Tubby Bouncer, a comedian; Dick Grainger, Mike Rafferty, and Larry, three boy chums; two servants, Tung Wu, a Chinaman, and Quambo, a nigger; also three animals, Augustus, an elephant, Wonga, a chimpanzee, and Boris, a boarhound.

Mr. Sherwell's chart is incomplete, and he has only a vague idea as to the position of the Silent City.

Tom Rackett obtains many wonderful and interesting films en route. Later it is discovered through Wonga, the chimpanzee, that a rival film company is making for the Silent City.

Later Dr. Harland, an Englishman, who has been masquerading among a savage tribe as a "magic-man," joins the party.

One night a tornado sweeps the country, and Augustus stampedes with the three boys, Quambo, and Wonga on his back. Whilst endeavouring to find their way back to the party, a cry for help is heard, and the boys immediately proceed in the direction from which the cry has come.

(Now read on.)



The American was a smart man. The boys soon learnt that he was no tender-foot as far as the wilds and jungle were concerned. It was, in a great measure, by his cuteness in tracking the trail that they succeeded in following the line of Augustus' stampede so well. He pointed out those trees and bushes that looked as if they had been torn down by the hurricane, and which bushes and undergrowth appeared to bear traces of Augustus. The boys learnt much about following real and false trails, and were immensely interested.

Every now and again, when they had traversed the same distance as on the previous night, they all shouted together.

For some time, continually repeating their cries, they met with no response. But at last there was an answering "Coo-ee."

"They've heard us!" yelled Larry in excitement. "Come on, let's all shout again!"

A long, loud "Coo-ee" resounded through the vast forest, and was quickly followed by a joyful shout.

Even Wonga showed his delight by clattering and grinning, and once again Quambo and Dick made Augustus trumpet for all he was worth, which, at that moment, was a good deal, for he carried, including Wonga, five precious lives.

Presently Augustus, with a word from Quambo, broke into a gentle trot, for the ground was becoming more open, and every now and again through the trees the boys caught sight of the river.

All of a sudden, as they were plunging through a somewhat thick grove of trees, with an open clearing at the far end, Dick sighted Mr. Sherwell.

"Hi!" yelled Dick. "All's well!"

"Cheerio!" echoed Larry.

"H-d-d-d, we're not dead!" shouted Mike.

A few moments later Mr. Sherwell, looking very anxious, was standing beneath the swaying trunk of Augustus, who had come to a dead halt.

"We'd almost given you up for lost!" cried their leader. "It's a relief indeed to hear all's well. I hardly know how many of us are split up into search-parties, boys. But—hallo," he broke off, "who's the stranger?"

"Gilead P. Smick, sir, of New York city," came the prompt reply. "Three real 'dough' boys, these, sir!"

The boys instantly saw a look of quick surprise and annoyance flash into their leader's eyes.

"Lost, I suppose?" queried Mr. Sherwell.

"Lost—and found by these three boys, Augustus, and Wonga," replied the American. "I've sprained my ankle, I think. It's giving me what you English call 'gip.'"

At a word from Mr. Sherwell, Augustus lowered his trunk, and quickly lifted him on to his head, where he sat near the American. But he talked more to the boys than to the stranger, just listening to the American's flow of words as he told him of his adventures.

In this way Augustus brought the party to the new camp which Mr. Sherwell had made his headquarters.

The first thing he did was to attend to Mr. Smick's ankle, and very soon the American was comfortably installed in the leader's tent, with his ankle perfectly bound up with medical bandages and plain cold water. It was not a bad sprain, but quite sufficient to incapacitate the American from anything like activity. Had the boys not discovered him he must assuredly have perished.

As soon as the opportunity came Mr. Sherwell had a word with the boys.

"You haven't mentioned anything about the Silent City, or our filming expedition, have you?" he asked anxiously.

"Not a word," replied Dick. "We told him we belonged to an exploring party in search of gold and gems."

"We twigged in a second he was an American, and thought of the rival party," put in Larry.

"Bejabers," cried Mike, "we've stuffed him up with enough tales to fatten him up for a month!"

"Good!" said Mr. Sherwell. "I'm very suspicious about him, boys. He'll get nothing out of us. Now, tell me all your adventures."

Whilst the boys and Quambo recounted their doings, they had a look round the new camp, and when they had finished their yarn Mr. Sherwell told them how the whole expedition had also been

cigars. The newcomers were introduced. Tom Rackett was none too genial. There was no doubt about it—the boys were up against one of the rival American film party.

"Well, Mr. Smick," said Rackett "you look comfortable enough in spite of your adventure."

"I'm so comfortable that I don't intend to move for some time," was the reply.

"Well," was the prompt answer "trains don't run here very frequently so you'd better make up your mind that you've got to catch a trail instead, Mr. Smick, for I gather that's your name."

"Gilead P. Smick, and don't forget the 'P'—Phineas!" returned the American.

Tom Rackett gave an almost imperceptible start.

"And what might your name be, again?" asked Mr. Smick, who apparently had not quite caught it on introduction.



Wonga, spluttering and grimacing, tore the cigar from his mouth, and flung it far away. (See page 18.)

caught in the tornado, but happily suffered very little damage.

"Where's Tung Wu, Tubby Bouncer, and Tom Rackett?" asked Larry, for the boys had noticed the absence of these three friends.

"They're organising search parties to look for you boys and Quambo, to say nothing of Wonga and Augustus," explained Mr. Sherwell. "I told them to return early this morning, and they should be here to report at any minute now. So should Dr. Harland."

Even as he spoke a cry of greeting broke the silence, and Mr. Sherwell, turning in the direction from which the sound came, saw Tom Rackett, Tung Wu, and Tubby Bouncer running towards them.

They were delighted at the boys' return. But when Rackett heard about the American he just gave a dry, twisted smile, and asked Mr. Sherwell to take him to the sick man immediately. Accordingly they all repaired to the leader's tent, where they found the American contentedly smoking one of his strong

"Well, it might be Smith, but it ain't. It happens to be plain Tom Rackett, of Wardour Street, London, at present domiciled in a South American jungle."

At that moment Wonga, who had stolen into the tent, burst out into a spluttering sneeze and cough.

"Bejabers," cried Mike, "it's your cigar, Mr. Smick! If we were to smoke weeds like that in the Silent City they'd simply hear it, and it 'ud spoil the whole bag o' thricks, bedad, it would!"

The American laughed, and blew out a great puff of smoke.

"Sure thing! You're too young to know a weed when you smell it. But say, bo', what might the Silent City be when she is at home? I've been to these parts before, and I've heard the niggers tell of some such place; but what do you reckon to know about it? Ain't you folk out on a gold-finding stunt?"

He looked quizzically from one to another, and smiled as the boys reddened. Evidently something was evolving in his brain, for after a moment he fell to smoking heavily.



"Mike, you ass," whispered Dick, "you've spoilt the whole blessed game!"  
The next moment Mr. Sherwell bundled them all out of the tent under the pretence of getting things a bit ship-shape after their absence. Tom Rackett stole out after them.

"I have heard of Gilead P. Smick," he whispered. "He is about as good a filcher across the pond as I am in England. There's not a dodge he is not up to. We must be mighty careful of him."

"Do you think he knows about the Silent City?" asked Larry.

"I should not be surprised. Anyhow, let's keep an eye on him."

Soon after this Dr. Harland came back, his face very anxious until he caught sight of Augustus. He knew the dangers of the forest, and had been more concerned than any of the others at the disappearance of the boys.

The whole party was now reunited, and as the evening was fast approaching preparations were made for camping for the night. As they sat over their evening meal Mr. Sherwell made it as clear as he could to the stranger that he would have to leave them as soon as possible.

"As you know, Mr. Smick, we are on a scientific trip," he said. "We were lucky enough to secure the services of

Mr. Tom Rackett and his experience to help us; but we are not on the same business as your own American party. If you can give me any idea of their location I will see that you are taken back to your friends."

Mr. Smick laughed. "It's a good yarn, skipper," he said. "But you won't catch Gilead P. Smick with that sort of mush. I ain't poking my nose into your secrets, so you can save your breath in telling me lies. As to getting back to my own folk, there I am with you all the time. If I knew where they were I'd clean out right there as quick as a message from Mars."

"Well, they're probably looking for you," struck in Dr. Harland. "Suppose we start out first thing to-morrow morning and get back to where you had your accident. They are sure to return there themselves."

"That's a good notion," said the American. "And I've another good notion, skipper, and that is that you let me turn in, as I am tired."

"By all means," said Mr. Sherwell. And as they were all rather fagged with the long day's searching they all followed Smick's example, and were soon asleep. Tung Wu was deputed to keep a sharp watch for the first half the night,

and he sat himself by the great fire outside the tent.

A couple of hours had gone by, and the camp was plunged in slumber—all save Tung Wu, who sat before the fire, wide awake, and thinking, no doubt, of his home on the Yangtse. It would soon be time for him to be relieved by Tubby Bouncer, and the Chinaman had already cast a glance or two in the direction of the fat man's tent. As he was looking around, his little slit eyes fell upon the tent in which Mr. Sherwell, Dr. Harland, and the American were sleeping.

Suddenly his little eyes opened a shade wider. The side of the tent was bulging out with someone moving inside—someone moving very stealthily and slowly. Without a sound Tung Wu rose and crept nearer. Stealing round the tent to the opposite side, he raised the canvas from the ground, knelt down, and peeped in.

It was very dark, but the glow of the fire threw the figure into silhouette, and Tung Wu recognised Gilead Smick. Very carefully and slowly, for his ankle was evidently giving him pain, the American dragged himself to where the sleeping men had piled their clothes.

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