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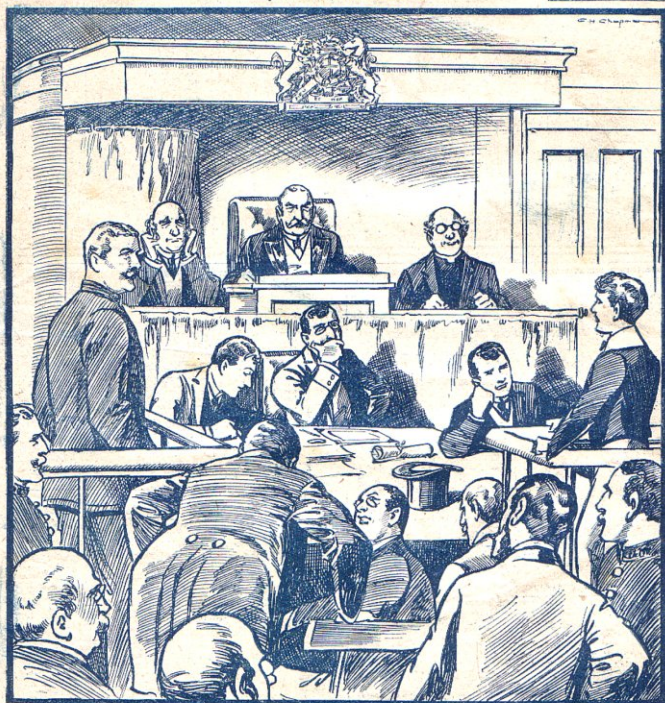
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"A SON'S DILEMMA!"

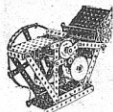
By FRANK RICHARDS.



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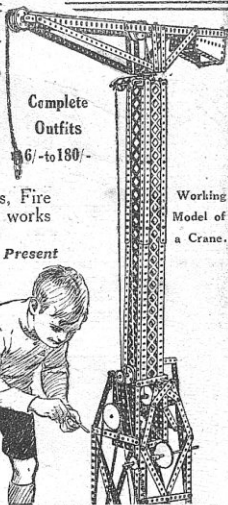
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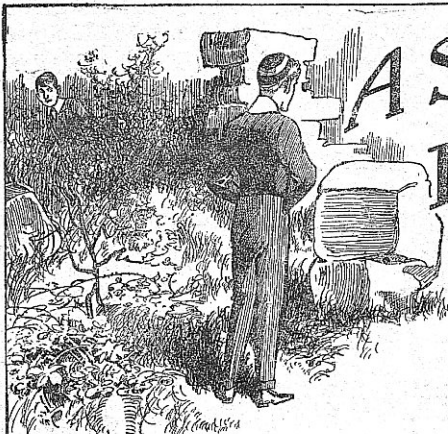
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A Son's Dilemma!

A Tale of Harry Wharton and Co., of Greyfriars, and Ferrers Locke, the Famous . . . Detective. . . .

—By—
FRANK RICHARDS.

"That looks safe enough!" said Nugent to himself. He did not know Skinner, the cad of the Remove, was watching him. (See Chapter 3.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Mysterious Package!

HALLO, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry of the Remove Form at Greyfriars uttered that ejaculation in his usual cheery tones. He was standing by the gates of the famous old school, and by his side were Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur, Johnny Bull, Mark Linsley, and Frank Nugent.

They were waiting for Harry Wharton, captain of the Form, to make his appearance. He came out of the stately portals of the school before Bob Cherry's stentorian cry had died away.

"Come on, you chump!" sang out Bob Cherry. "We'll be late!"

"Coming!" shouted Wharton.

"There was another junior coming, too. He was a fat junior, whom the other boys at the gates recognised at once.

"Bunter!" roared Johnny Bull. "Hop it!"

Harry Wharton glanced behind as he hurried towards his chums. The Owl of the Remove was running as fast as his fat little legs would allow him.

Harry Wharton stopped.

"What do you want, Buntly?" he asked.

Billy Bunter gasped for breath.

"You chaps might have waited for me," he said plaintively. "You know jolly well I—"

"We're not waiting for you!" interrupted Harry Wharton. "As a matter of fact, my fat pippin, they're waiting for me! Good-bye-ee!"

"Here, I say! Wharton, old chap—you beast—wait for me!"

Billy Bunter's voice rose to a shout as Harry Wharton turned and ran towards the gates, where the impatient

juniors were awaiting him. But Harry Wharton did not wait for Billy Bunter. "Sorry, I'm late! Wingate was asking me about the Remove footer team and—" began Wharton.

But Billy Bunter arrived on the scene at that moment. He was puffing and blowing with the exertion of running. Billy Bunter ate too much pastry to be fit for much running.

"I say, you fellows—" "Oh dear!" sighed Frank Nugent. "Why did you bring that fat chump with you, Harry?"

Harry Wharton snorted. "I didn't bring him, ass!" he growled. "The fat toad has come of his own accord."

"And now he can hop back of his own accord!" said Bob Cherry.

"The hopefulness of the esteemed and unwanted fat chump is terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh, in his quaint English.

"Oh, really, you fellows!" said Billy Bunter, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "You know jolly well you won't enjoy yourselves at the circus without me."

"We'll risk it, Billy!" chuckled Mark Linsley.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on, you chaps!" said Bob Cherry briskly.

And, with a wink at the juniors which the shortsighted Owl did not see, Bob Cherry set off towards Friarale at a fast walk, the other juniors following in his wake.

Billy Bunter followed them for a few hundred yards, but he was far too fat and out of training to keep up with the athletic juniors.

"I—I—I—I say, Wharton! You might wait for me!" he panted. "I can't keep

up at this rate. I've a delicate constitution—"

"Then go and get some nourishment for it," interposed Bob Cherry, with a chuckle.

"I've been disappointed—"

"You'll be disappointed again, then!" snapped Frank Nugent. "Hop it, Billy! We don't want you!"

"Oh, really—"

But Harry Wharton & Co. were almost out of hearing. The pace was far too hot for Billy Bunter. He stopped in the middle of the road and shook his fists.

"Beasts!" he shouted. "I hope the pies are mouldy! May the cream bunns all be sour! Yah! Beasts!"

Bob Cherry turned round and waved his hand towards the fat junior.

"Good-bye, Bluebell!" he cried.

"We'll let you know if the pies are sour and the cream-bunns mouldy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removees looked behind when they had gone another couple of hundred yards, and saw that the fat junior was slowly making his way back to Greyfriars, his hands thrust deep in his pockets.

"Bunter always thinks there's a feast on," said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "Poor old Billy! He's always in trouble!"

"He jolly well asks for it!" said Johnny Bull with a snort. "He's always sneaking about, poking his nose into other people's business."

"Well, he's not quite so bad as they make out," said Nugent generously.

"The badfulness is enormously terrific," said Hurree Singh. "If the fat chump did not pokefully put his nose where it was not poked required, he would be almost decent!"

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Yes, you're right, Inky," he observed. "Billy is not too bad at heart. He does things which other fellows would scorn to do, but he does them."

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without knowing how cashish it is to do them. My opinion of Bunter is that he's more a fat clump than a rogue!"

The other juniors nodded, and the subject of Billy Bunter's little ways was dropped.

The juniors went on their way to Friar-dale, where the last performance of Morton's Famous Circus was to be held that afternoon. It was their intention to repair to the village tuck-shop after the show, and return to Greyfriars in time for evening prep.

They found the circus full, and had more than a little difficulty in finding a place where they could all sit together. There were many Greyfriars fellows in the great marquee in which the circus was held, and it was not long before the juniors began to make their presence known.

"There's old Loder over there!" said Bob Cherry, pointing to a seat about three rows in front. "Anybody got a pea-shooter?"

"Sorry!" said Nugent, with a chuckle. "But I've left mine on the grand piano in the study!"

"An orange—a bad one for preference?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I looked lovingly at the back of Loder's head. Loder was a prefect at Greyfriars, and, owing to his bullying ways, was not at all popular amongst the juniors.

At that moment the band started, and the show began, and Bob Cherry's intended joke was nipped in the bud.

Harry Wharton & Co. enjoyed themselves—although Bunter was absent.

The show over, the Co. repaired to the village tuck-shop, where they had tea. Harree Singh had received a princely remittance that morning, and he footed the bill—which, incidentally, was a heavy item.

After tea, Harry Wharton & Co. lounged under one of the trees in the old-world garden behind the tuck-shop, and it was not until it was fast getting dark that they rose to return to Greyfriars.

They had scarcely started on their journey, however, before a man hurried to the little party of juniors as they came from the passage-way that led from the garden to the lane.

"Excuse me, young gentlemen!" he said politely. "But can you tell me where I can find Master Nugent—Frank Nugent?"

"I'm Frank Nugent," said that junior quickly. "Who do you want?"

The man hesitated and looked from Nugent to the other juniors. Nugent waved his hand impatiently.

"Go on!" he said quickly. "You can say what you've got to say before my friends."

Frank Nugent did not like the look of the man. His eyes were set closely together. His lips, too, were thin and cruel-looking.

Nugent took an instant dislike to him. "I think I'd better not, Master Nugent," said the man calmly. "It is a very personal matter."

"We'll walk on, Franky," said Harry Wharton. "You can catch us up."

The other juniors nodded and passed on, leaving Frank Nugent and the stranger alone in the lane.

"Well!" said Nugent shortly.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked the stranger brusquely. "A very important secret."

Nugent stared.

"What the dickens are you talking about?" he demanded.

"I have here a packet of papers, Master Nugent," explained the man, in the same brisk tones. "They refer to—"

to something you'll hear about to-morrow morning. What that something is, I won't say. But let me tell you this. If anybody gets to hear of this little package being in your possession, and obtains it, your father's liberty will be endangered. So take my advice and keep that little package safely hidden, and don't even tell your friends that you have it. Remember, it's for your father's sake!"

And, before Frank Nugent had properly grasped the full meaning of the man's peculiar warning, he found the package in his hand, and was looking at the back of the stranger as he hurried away.

For fully five minutes Frank Nugent stood still, looking at the package in his hand.

He felt it. It was soft to the touch, and he guessed that there were papers in it. He was to hear something more about them to-morrow! What was it?

Frank Nugent shrugged his shoulders, and ran after his chums, placing the package in his trousers pocket as he ran. But when he caught up with Harry Wharton and the other juniors, Nugent did not offer any explanation as to what had happened after they had left him with the stranger.

Harry Wharton looked sideways at his chum's face as they walked down the lane, half-expecting Nugent to say one word which would give him some inkling that matters were at least all right.

But Nugent finished the journey in silence. His brow wore a thoughtful frown, and there was a peculiar light in his eyes. For some reason that he could not explain Frank Nugent was dreading the coming of the morn.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Blow Falls!

"FRANK!"

Dieky Nugent, of the Second Form at Greyfriars, burst into his brother's study in the Remove Form passage.

Frank looked up quickly. He had only just come down from the dormitory, and was alone.

Dieky's face was white. The usual cheery grin was conspicuous by its absence. Frank felt his heart beating quickly.

"What's the matter, kid?" he asked gently. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

Dieky opened his mouth to speak, but something seemed to rise in his throat.

He held out a paper. Frank Nugent took it, an expression of amazement on his face, with the warning words of the stranger in the lane ringing in his ears.

"You'll know to-morrow!" the man had said.

"Look—look at the right-hand column, Frank!" stammered Dieky, finding his voice at last.

Frank Nugent glanced quickly at the column on the extreme right-hand side of the front page. The next moment his heart literally leapt to his mouth. His eyes opened wider and wider as he read the headlines in their glaring black type: "CITY STOCKBROKER ARRESTED! Mr. Nugent & Co., Bow Street Police Court!"

Feverishly Frank Nugent read the paragraph. Mr. Nugent—Frank and Dieky's father—had been arrested by the City Police in connection with a conspiracy to defraud clients by duplicating certificates of shares held in various companies.

The police had found one forged certificate only, but there was ample evi-

dence to prove that there were many other forged certificates in existence. The police had asked the magistrate for a remand, pending the finding of the other forged papers.

Frank Nugent knew, before he had finished reading the terrible news, that the mysterious package handed him by the stranger the previous afternoon contained the missing forged securities.

"Dieky!" he said huskily. "I—I—I've got the other papers!"

Dieky Nugent's eyes literally flamed with excitement.

"You have?" he exclaimed. "Then—then the pater's safe!"

Frank shook his head.

"No. The police have one of the forged papers, Dieky," he said, in a low voice. "M-m-my hat! F-fancy the poor old pater— But, hang it, Dieky, he couldn't have done it!"

"Of course he couldn't!" said Dieky Nugent stoutly. "The pater's all right! But—but where did you get the papers, Frank?"

Quickly Frank explained the meeting with the stranger the previous evening. "Then—then what are you going to do about it?" asked Dieky.

"Blessed if I know, kid!" muttered Frank, idly glancing at the paper again. "Oh, I say, there's more in the stop-press column. Listen!"

Frank Nugent read aloud:

"There is reason to believe that the certificate in the hands of the police is a genuine certificate. Later inquiries show that an attempt was made yesterday to sell ten certificates—a broker in Kent having volunteered the information that he was offered the certificates for sale, but could find no buyer. Further inquiries proved them to be duplicates of securities found at Nugent's office in the City. Police state they have been notified of several cases where investors have been swindled by the sale of duplicated certificates."

Frank Nugent looked at his brother when he had finished reading. There was considerable mystification depicted on his face.

"Then, if the package I've hidden contains securities, Dieky, they—they must be the forged certificates!" he said quickly.

"Which the police are looking for!" said Dieky significantly.

Frank whitened.

"Oh, my stars!" he gasped. "That—that means we've got to keep them, Dieky! If the police find them, the pater's as good as in prison! My hat!"

Dieky clutched his brother's arm nervously.

"Franky, you mustn't!" he said huskily. "The pater—think of her! If the police get that packet, goodness knows what will be the end of the business!"

"Don't! Dieky, shut up!" groaned Frank Nugent. "The police haven't got the package yet, and they jolly well won't!"

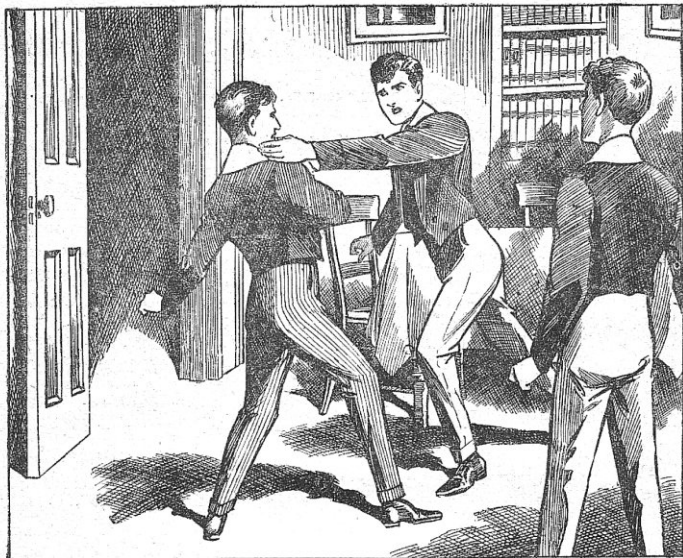
"Why not burn them?" suggested Dieky.

Frank hesitated.

"They—they might not be duplicates, Dieky," he said slowly. "They might be real certificates, which the police will find to be missing later on. I—I—I think we'd better hang on to them for the present. Even if I looked at them, I'm blessed if I should know if they were genuine or not!"

There came the sound of footsteps in the corridor, and Harry Wharton entered the study. He glanced quickly at the bag.

"Hallo, kid!" he said cheerfully. "You've been up all night, by the look of you!"



"Do you know, Wharton, that your pal Nugent is nothing more than a blessed thief!" said Skinner. Smack! Wharton's open hand caught the ead of the Remove on the cheek. "Take that, you cad!" he cried. (See Chapter 4.)

"Nunno—no!" stammered Dicky Nugent. "I—I—I just came to see Frank!"

And Dicky snatched up the paper, and ran out of the study. That paper should have been delivered to Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, half an hour before.

Harry Wharton looked questioningly at his chum when Dicky Nugent had gone.

"There's something wrong, Franky?" he said quietly. "Anything I can do?" Frank Nugent shook his head.

"No, thanks, old chap!" he replied. "It's just a family matter!"

Harry Wharton nodded.

"All right!" he said cheerfully. "Come on, let's get down to breakfast!"

Frank Nugent hesitated. He feared to go down to the dining-hall. At any moment he might hear the juniors—and seniors—discussing the report of his father's arrest. But, after a moment's thought, he realised that, certain as it was that the school would know, there could be no good done by going without his meals. He would have to face the fellows some time or other.

He left the study arm-in-arm with Harry Wharton, and proceeded to the dining-hall. They were the last two Removees to arrive for breakfast. And the moment Nugent entered the hall he knew that all Greyfriars was aware of his father's predicament.

The eyes of the juniors, especially, never seemed to leave his face from the

moment he entered the hall. Some displayed sympathy, but others displayed hostility.

Skinner, the sneak of the Remove, and his cronies, Snoop and Stott, were openly sneering. Nugent clenched his hand as he saw the smug grin of satisfaction on Skinner's lips. But he controlled his desire to punch the sneak's head, and sat down at his place at the table.

The meal was finished in silence, and one by one the juniors left the table, until only Harry Wharton, Nugent, and Billy Bunter remained. Bunter was nearly always the last to get up from the table.

Billy Bunter sidled along the form until he was opposite Nugent.

"I say, Franky," he said, in confidential tones. "Is it right?"

"Is what right?"

"Your father being arrested, of course," said Billy Bunter impatiently. Nugent hesitated. What was the use of denying it?

"Yes, Billy," he said slowly. "My father has been arrested, it is true. But it will all come right in the end. There's nothing really wrong."

Billy Bunter nodded, and to the amazement of the two juniors, the fat junior looked sympathetic. Billy Bunter had usually betrayed a certain amount of delight in other people's troubles, and had volunteered many suggestions as to the best way to get out of them.

"I'm sorry," said Bunter suddenly.

"If you want any advice, Nugent, I'm always willing to give you the benefit of my experience. I'm quite a useful chap in this kind of biz, you know. Now, even though your pater has swindled by—"

"Look here, you fat—" began Nugent warningly.

"Oh, you needn't get on the top note, Nugent!" interrupted Billy Bunter, with a lofty wave of his hand. "You can't deny it. Your pater has been swindling people—poor people, most likely. But still, I dare say I could find a way out of the trouble. However if you want my advice on the matter, I'm willing to meet you—"

"In the tuckshop!" suggested Nugent, with a sneer.

"Oh, really, Nugent!" said Billy indignantly. "The advice of a lawyer has to be paid for, doesn't it?"

"Clear off, you fat porpoise!" said Harry Wharton quietly. "If you are not gone in two seconds, I'll kick you all the way up to your study!"

"Oh, really—"

"Cut!"

And Billy Bunter, knowing that Harry Wharton would carry out his threat, cut.

When they were alone, Harry Wharton glanced quickly at his chum.

"Is that fat ass right, Franky?" he asked quietly.

"Yes; the pater's been arrested," answered Nugent, pushing his plate away.

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from him. "All Greyfriars will know it before dinner-time. Billy Bunter will see to that!"

Harry Wharton nodded. "I suppose so," he said slowly, and turning, gripped Nugent's arm. "Look here, Franky, can't you tell me all about it?"

Frank Nugent hesitated. He would have dearly liked to tell his chum about the package. He had never before kept a secret from Harry Wharton, his champion in many a bitter fight. But the man's warning of the previous afternoon had to be heeded. The secret must be kept!

"I—I can't, Harry!" he said, half apologetically. "I'm bound to secrecy!" Wharton, whatever he felt, did not reproach his chum. If Nugent wanted to be secretive—well, he could be. That was all, as far as Harry Wharton was concerned.

"We'd better get up to the study, Frank," said the Remove captain quietly. "Come on!"

They went up to their study without speaking, and found that Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh, Mark Linley, Johnny Bull, and Vernon-Smith were there. "Oh, here you are!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "Of course, this biz in the paper is all tosh, Franky!"

"It isn't—I wish it was!" said Nugent bitterly. "You chaps had better know as much as I do about it. My gov'nor has been arrested by the police on a charge of forging share certificates. A broker chap was offered ten certificates for sale by a man yesterday; they were duplicates of certificates held by my pater. That's all I know."

"Then how the hoo blazes are they making a charge against your pater?" asked Bob Cherry angrily. "The certificates at your pater's office are safe, ain't they?"

"Yes; but are they genuine?" asked Frank Nugent. "That's the whole point, Bob. If they're genuine, then my pater is in the blame for letting other people get at them."

"Why?"

"Because they couldn't have been copied otherwise."

"That doesn't convict your father," interposed Vernon-Smith coolly. "The police have got to prove that they are not the genuine certificates before any harm can come to your pater."

"Yes; but the police say that they have been notified of many such swindles lately," observed Frank Nugent, the bitterness returning. "And now they've got hold of the pater, they'll see that he doesn't escape."

"There's only one thing to be done, Franky," said Mark Linley. "The man who offered the broker the other certificates must be found, and then perhaps some other light may be shown on the business."

The bell rang for classes at that moment, and the discussion closed. But as he made his way to the classroom with Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent knew that the papers would never be found. They were in his possession, and there they would remain. After all, the police had a lot to prove—while the man who had offered the shares in Kent was at liberty, and while the ten certificates could not be found.

Of course, if Frank Nugent liked to show the package to the police, he might be instrumental in proving his father's innocence. But, on the other hand, he might be the means of sending his father to prison.

Had he not been given the papers on the strict understanding that he never parted with them? Why should the

stranger be so keen that the papers should not be found?

It was all very mysterious, and if Frank Nugent was a little bit dull in the classroom that morning, he could hardly be blamed.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. A Sneak Frustrated!

"DICKY!"

Frank Nugent poked his head into the fags' Common-room just after tea that evening. Dicky Nugent looked up as he heard his brother call.

"Hallo!" he said eagerly. He jumped up from the stool on which he was sitting, and ran over to the door. "You've news, Franky?" he asked quickly.

Frank shook his head. "No; I want to speak to you, Dicky," he said in a low voice. "We'd better get out of the school."

Dicky nodded, and tossed his book on to the table. The two juniors hurried from the school, and across the quadrangle to the old woodshed. Had they not been so preoccupied with their thoughts, they might have seen Skinner, the sneak of the Remove, watch them from the portals of the House, and run lightly across the quadrangle as soon as they disappeared behind the woodshed.

"Look here, Dicky," said Frank quickly, "we've got to find a safer hiding-place for that package than my box!"

"Why?" asked Dicky Nugent, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I'm blest if I don't think we ought to hand them over to the police. You see, they might be all right!"

"If they are, it proves the certificates the police found in the pater's office are forgeries!" said Frank. "That would put the lid on the business altogether! And if they are not the genuine certificates, then the police will say the pater tried to sell them in Kent."

"What about the man who gave the package to you?" asked Dicky.

"He's keeping out of the way. You can't blame him. If he comes to the front, he'll be arrested as an accomplice," explained Frank. "Don't you see? We've got to hang on to those papers, and see which way the case is going. If the papers report that the case is going against the pater, then we'll risk it. But if not—well, I for one don't see the sense in condemning the pater!"

Skinner smiled. Already he had learned something which the rest of Greyfriars did not know. The Nugents had a package of papers in their possession—and that package was the one the police were searching for!

"Can you hide the package where it is sure not to be found, then?" asked Dicky suddenly.

"I was thinking of the old Priory," said Frank slowly. "There are tons of places in the old ruins where one could hide such a small package with safety."

"Then hide them there," said Dicky quickly. "Look here; you go on right away."

And before Frank knew exactly what prevented Dicky from going with him to the Priory, he found himself alone. At least, he thought he was alone; but Harold Skinner, the sneak and end of the Remove, was not many yards behind him.

For a moment Frank hesitated. Even now he was uncertain of the best plan to follow. But that the papers must be hidden was obvious.

Without looking to right or left, Frank suddenly turned on his heel and

walked quickly towards the gates. A few moments later, and he was on the way to the Priory.

Never once did he look behind. Skinner had followed him, and was keeping well to the cover of the hedges. Frank Nugent at last turned into the field in which stood the ruins of the old Priory, and he stopped suddenly and gazed pensively down at a great boulder.

"I wonder if that will do?" he muttered to himself. "Looks safe enough."

Skinner watched intently. He chuckled as he saw Nugent testing the weight of the boulder. The Remove could not possibly lift it and place the package underneath. It was far too heavy for that.

But he could roll it on one side. And this Nugent did.

"No," he murmured suddenly. "I'll go further in!"

Skinner granted. He did not want to go any farther into the ruins. There would not be too much cover for his purpose, and he would have to be nearer Nugent than ever if he was to see where the package was hidden.

Nugent moved off, and Skinner made as if to follow.

But, with a suddenness that nearly took his breath away, he was gripped by the shoulder and whirled round.

"You cad!"

Skinner started as he recognised the voice of Dicky Nugent, and, despite his size, he felt more than a little uneasy as he saw the anger that burned in Dicky's eyes.

"You rotten spy!" hissed Dicky Nugent. "My hat! I'll—"

"Get out, you young toad!" growled Skinner.

With a wild leap, Dicky Nugent went for Skinner. Together they rolled to the ground, where Dicky fought with the ferocity of a tiger.

"Lemme get up!" panted Skinner.

"Ow!"

Skinner's head was bumped upon the hard ground mercilessly. Dicky knew that he would have little chance later on, for Skinner's extra weight was bound to tell against him.

Furiously, and with complete disregard as to his opponent's stature, Skinner lashed out. Dicky received a blow between the eyes which would have given him ample excuse to give up the unequal struggle.

But Nugent minor was fighting to keep Skinner from seeing where Frank Nugent hid the papers which might condemn or clear his father.

Dicky never flinched under the cruel blow. He slant his eyes for a moment, and bit his lips to keep back a cry of pain. Skinner hit out again, but Dicky dodged, and the blow flew harmlessly past his head.

"Very well, then," gasped Skinner, "you can take that!" And he lashed out with his foot, and caught the boy a cruel blow on the right knee.

"Oh!" groaned the fag. "Oh, you beastly cad! Oh!"

"Serves you jolly well right!" snarled Skinner, struggling to his feet as he felt the fag's grip relax. "Interfering young rotter!"

There was the sound of hurried footsteps behind him, and Skinner turned round on his heel. Frank Nugent, his face white and stern as he saw his younger brother groaning on the ground, stood in front of the great boulder which he had at first selected as the hiding-place of the package.

"Hallo!" said Frank sharply. "What's up?"



"The papers—they've gone!" gasped Frank Nugent. Ferrers Locke stepped quickly forward. "Where exactly did you put them?" he demanded sharply. (See Chapter 6.)

The remark was addressed to Skinner, but it was Dicky who answered.

"The boulder was spying, Frank!" he said, between his teeth. "And when I grabbed him he kicked!"

"You cad!"

Frank Nugent was generally considered one of the best-natured fellows at Greyfriars. It took more than a lot to disturb his equanimity. But Skinner had roused Nugent this time.

The Removee did not speak. He just rustled at Skinner, and for the second time Skinner found himself on the ground. And, knowing that he had a more redoubtable opponent to face, Skinner stopped where he was, cringing and groaning.

"Let me alone!"

Frank Nugent, his eyes flashing, helped his minor to his feet.

"All right, kid?" he asked.

"Yes! My knee—the cad—he kicked me!" replied Dicky.

Nugent led his minor to the boulder, and sat him down upon it. Skinner, taking his opportunity, crawled away.

"You wait! You'll hear more of this!" muttered Skinner, as he slunk away in the direction of Greyfriars.

"You've hidden them, Frank?" asked Dick, as soon as the cad was out of hearing.

Frank Nugent turned.

"Yes," he said. "And, thanks to you, kid, he didn't see where I put

them. But he knows we've papers, and he'll spin a yarn all over the school!"

"I don't think he will," said Dicky slowly. "The cad is far more likely to try and make money out of his knowledge. Anyhow, I'm jolly glad I came on the scene in time!"

Frank Nugent's eyes softened. The rage in his heart died away as if by magic.

"Yes, kid," he said softly. "If Skinner had seen me hide the package, he would have taken it out of its hiding-place and used it against us. You're a plucky kid, and no mistake!"

"Oh, raise!" said Dicky uncomfortably.

"Come on. Let's get back!"

Frank and his minor did not converse very much on the return to Greyfriars. Each had their own thoughts, and each had a peculiar feeling that they had not heard the last of the melee in the ruins of the old Priory.

They were both right. They had not heard the last of the matter. Skinner, sore in body and mind, had made up his mind to see to that!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Question of Duty!

"Hullo, Frank! Been out?" Harry Wharton addressed his chum as he came into

Study No. 1 in the Removee passage at Greyfriars. Frank Nugent nodded.

"Yes," he said.

Harry Wharton looked surprised. It was not like Frank Nugent to be secretive.

"Now then, old chap," he remonstrated, "it won't do any good if you go out and mope on your giddy lonesome, you know."

"Look here, Harry!" burst out Nugent. "Don't ask me to explain anything yet, there's a good fellow. I'll tell you everything later on."

Harry Wharton compressed his lips, and the subject would have been dropped there and then had not Harold Skinner opened the door very quietly and entered the study.

"What do you want?" asked Harry Wharton curtly.

"You," said Skinner. "Do you know, Wharton, that that boulder there is nothing more than a blessed thief!"

"What's that?"

"Nugent—your pal!" said Skinner, with a sneer. "He knows where the missing securities are—"

Smack!

"Tako that, you cad!" roared Wharton.

Skinner took it. He had no choice in the matter. Wharton's open hand caught the cad of the Removee a resounding smack on the cheek.

Skinner staggered back, his face white save where the mark of Harry Wharton's hand showed red and ugly.

"Ask him!" he said between his teeth. "He doesn't deny it—he daren't!"

Harry Wharton stepped forward suddenly, and gripped Skinner by the neck. "Look here, Skinner!" he said tersely. "And just let my words sink in that low, scheming mind of yours. If a word of anything concerning Nugent gets out, the Head will know of a few of your own escapades! You know what that means!"

Skinner glared at the captain of the Remove. "You—you—you mean you'd sneak!" he stammered.

Harry Wharton laughed bitterly. "Sneak!" he echoed. "You have the nerve to talk about sneaking? Just remember what I said, you worm—and get out!"

Skinner, with one look at Nugent, and a final glance at Harry Wharton's stern, tightly-drawn lips, went slowly out of the study.

His scheme had gone all wrong. He had felt quite sure that Harry Wharton would have called upon Nugent to deny his—Skinner's—story. But Wharton had done nothing of the kind.

That the captain of the Remove was quite capable of carrying out his threat Skinner knew only too well. Harry Wharton was a dangerous antagonist, and would not hesitate to use any means in his power to save the honour of his study-mate.

When the door had closed upon the exit of the Remove, Harry Wharton turned to Nugent.

"Of course, that's all rot!" he said. "But—but I thought I'd better warn the rad."

"Why, if you think it's all rot?" asked Frank Nugent, with a faint smile.

"Well, that bouncer isn't right, is he?" demanded Wharton warily.

"Yes," replied Nugent quietly.

"Wh-wh-what?"

"Skinner is quite right. I have hidden the securities the police are anxious to get hold of!"

"M-m-m-my hat!"

Wharton collapsed into the nearest chair. His chum's admission took his breath away.

"So you mean to tell me, Franky, that you know all about the business?" he gasped.

"No—not exactly. But I don't mind telling you, Harry, that those papers are not going to get into the hands of the police until I want them to!"

"But—but they might save your pater!"

"Yes—and they might convict him!" said Nugent bitterly. "Do you think I'm going to walk into a blessed police-station and say, 'Here you are, gentlemen, here are the papers you are looking for. Now send my father to prison!' Is it likely?"

"But—but you can't keep them, Frank!" replied Harry Wharton. "They belong to somebody else! My hat! You'll have to do it! You must hand them over to the police!"

Nugent laughed ironically, as he walked towards the door. "Put yourself in my place, Harry, old chap," he said briefly. "And then say what you would give up these papers! It's no good arguing about it. I'm going out!"

Frank Nugent opened the door of the study and walked quietly out, closing it behind him.

For a full five minutes Harry Wharton sat where Nugent had left him. The business was all too staggering to Harry Wharton.

"Franky a thief!" Harry Wharton asked himself the question, and answered

it in the same breath. "Oh, rats!" he said aloud. "That's rot, of course!"

At that moment the door opened, and Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh, Mark Linley, and Johnny walked in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Thought I heard somebody speaking!"

"Perhaps our esteemed chum has takenfully fallen into the way of speakfully talking to himself," said Hurree Singh softly.

Harry Wharton rose to his feet. "Hi! That's all right, you fellows!" he said confusedly. "As a matter of fact I—"

"Whoa!" laughed Bob Cherry. "Think before you leap—I mean, speak!" Harry Wharton laughed.

"I was thinking aloud about Nugent's affair," he said. "And—and, knowing you fellows can keep a secret, I should rather like to ask your advice."

The members of the Famous Five looked at their leader in surprise. "The keepfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh.

"Rather!"

"Get it off your chest, old man!" Harry Wharton lowered his voice. "Franky has the papers for which the police are looking," he began.

"Franky's got 'em!" gasped Bob Cherry. "My hat!"

"Then—then that puts Nugent in a jolly rotten position," said Mark Linley dubiously. "I'm as surprised as you chaps, but, looking at the matter fairly and squarely, it's Nugent's duty to hand them over!"

"That's just the point!" said Harry Wharton instantly. "Is a fellow compelled, because he's straight and as decent a chap as ever played football, to hand over evidence that might send his father to prison?"

The Co. hesitated. It was indeed a difficult question to answer. "The rottenfulness of the ludicrous position is terrific!" purred Hurree Singh.

"That just hits the nail on the head, Inky," said Bob Cherry slowly. "My hat! I'm jolly sorry for Franky!"

"Hear, hear!"

Harry Wharton cleared his throat. "The question we've got to decide is this," he said quietly. "Some private individual might be losing hundreds of pounds over Nugent keeping back the papers. Are we to protect Franky, or are we to give him away?"

"My hat!" sighed Bob Cherry. "I'm blessed if I know what to say!"

The Removites looked thoughtful. Nugent was their chum, but—

"I think he ought to hand over the papers!" said Mark Linley. "Then perhaps we might get up some kind of a fund to help Nugent's pater to defend his case!"

"That's a good idea," said Wharton. "But we don't know that Nugent's pater wants any help. What's the latest news in the paper?"

"I have watchfully taken an interest in the affair," said Hurree Singh, "and the esteemed and ludicrous police state that the prisoners has no idea who could be responsible for the forgetfulness of the rotten certificates!"

"That is going away from the point at issue," granted Johnny Bull. "The thing is, are we going to let Franky keep the papers, or are we going to make him hand them over?"

"Perhaps he wouldn't tell where he's hidden them?" suggested Mark Linley.

"He could be made to!" growled Bob Cherry. "Though I'm blest if I would help in the making!"

"Nor I!" said Harry Wharton instantly. "But probably he could be

forced to hand them over— There's somebody at the keyhole!"

Wharton lowered his voice to make that announcement, and Bob Cherry crept to the study door and flung it open.

Billy Bunter was almost precipitated into the study.

"I—I—I—I—I say, you fellows—" he began lamely. "You eavesdropping toad!" snorted Harry Wharton. "Listening at the blessed keyhole again! I suppose your bootlace happened to come undone?"

Billy Bunter nodded quickly. "That's just what did happen, Wharton," he said eagerly. "I had to lean against something to stop myself from falling—"

"You'll want something else to lean against when we've finished with you!" growled Bob Cherry, pushing back his cuffs in a business-like manner.

Billy Bunter eyed the chums in alarm. "I—I—I don't know anything about what you were talking about," he said hurriedly. "I'll—I'll go, if you don't mind!"

"We do mind!" said Bob Cherry grimly. "We're going to knock everything you have heard clean out of that fat noddle of yours, and then—"

"I don't know anything!" howled the fat Removite. "If Nugent's got the missing papers, it's no blessed business—I mean, how do I know where Nugent's hidden the papers—nunno—"

Billy Bunter stopped. He had given himself away. As far as Billy Bunter was concerned, the fat was right in the fire.

The Removites looked very grim. "So," said Harry Wharton, in a tone that gave the Owl of the Remove reason to be alarmed, "you admit you've been listening—spying?"

"Nunno; I wouldn't do such a thing," stammered Bunter, edging towards the door. "I'm surprised that you should think me capable of—"

"Shut up, Bunt!" said Harry Wharton curtly. "We're going to bump you and—"

But at that moment the door opened, and Frank Nugent walked in.

"Hallo!" he said. "A family gathering?"

"N-no-no," replied Bob Cherry confusedly. "You see— Stop where you are, Bunter!"

"I—I—I was!" murmured Billy Bunter, who had begun edging towards the door.

"Bump the roiter, and chuck him out!" said Johnny Bull briskly. "Then we can talk!"

"What's the matter with Bunter?" asked Nugent.

"He's been spying again!" snorted Bob Cherry.

Frank Nugent shrugged his shoulders. He seemed as if he did not care what Billy Bunter had done, or what anybody else was doing.

"Listening to you chaps—talking about Skinner, I suppose!" he said briefly, with a touch of bitterness. "Let him go! All Greyfriars will know before very long!"

"Th-thanks, Nugent!" said the Owl of the Remove.

And before the juniors had decided what to do, he was out of the study.

Bob Cherry shrugged his shoulders.

"Now the yarn certainly will be all over Greyfriars!" he growled. "We could have put enough fear into his fat carcass to make him hold his tongue if you hadn't come in, Franky!"

"I don't care!" said Nugent recklessly. "You fellows know the papers are hidden, but earthquakes won't make me tell where they are! You can search the giddy Priory from top to bottom, and you'll never find them!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Unexpected Happens!

WELLS!" Harry Wharton asked his study-mate that question as Frank Nugent came up to Study No. 1 for tea. "Nothing has been said yet," said Nugent. "Billy Bunter is holding his tongue for some reason or other." "Perhaps he'll try and blackmail you!" "Perhaps he'll succeed—and perhaps he won't!"

Harry Wharton relapsed into silence. It was extraordinary that Greyfriars was not talking of Nugent's part in the forged certificates affair, taking into consideration the fact that Billy Bunter knew all about it.

Billy Bunter was the most talkative junior at Greyfriars. A secret ceased to be a secret once Billy Bunter got to hear about it.

Neither Nugent or Wharton expected him to keep silent much longer. But the unexpected happened.

For some reason Billy Bunter was keeping the information to himself.

"Blessed if I can understand it!" said Harry Wharton suddenly. "What's Billy Bunter's little game, I wonder?"

And when Bob Cherry, Harroo Singh, and Johnny Bull came into the study after tea, they were as much astonished as Nugent and Wharton.

"I think we ought to send for the fat porpoise," said Bob Cherry. "He's up to some little game. Perhaps he's going to search the ruins to-morrow, in the hope of finding the papers."

Frank Nugent laughed ironically. "He's welcome to try!" he said curiously. "And, if you don't mind, you fellows, we'll drop the subject! I have heard of little else, since the poor old pater was arrested!"

And, in deference to Nugent's wishes, the subject was dropped.

The next day, being a Wednesday, was a half at Greyfriars. Most of the Removites trooped down to the footer fields. But there was at least one Removite who left Greyfriars immediately after dinner. That one was Billy Bunter, the fat junior of the Remove.

But Billy Bunter did not make for the priory to search for the hidden papers, as Wharton had suggested he would.

He walked straight into Friarale, and even passed the tuckshop without so much

as a glance. There was a train leaving Friarale for Courtfield in a few minutes, and into that train Billy Bunter climbed.

He peered out of the window once or twice, and blinked anxiously through his spectacles as the train rumbled on.

It slowed down at last, and came to a standstill beside Courtfield station. Billy Bunter, after one hasty glance at himself in the mirror, opened the door, and got out on to the platform.

Once outside the station, Billy Bunter hesitated. He appeared so evidently at a loss that an urchin asked him if he could show him the way.

"No, thanks!" said Billy Bunter. "In fact, I don't know where to start!"

"Start what?" asked the urchin impudently.

"The—business I've come here for!" muttered Billy Bunter.

And, to avoid further questioning, the fat Removite passed along the high-road, followed by the questioning eyes of the urchin.

Looking to right and left, in the most disinterested manner, Bunter suddenly noticed a brass plate that was fixed out side a small building.

"'Jacob Jacob & Co., Stock Brokers,'" he read softly. "That's where I jolly well start!"

A minute later, and the fat junior was knocking at the door of an office marked "Private."

"Come in!" Billy Bunter opened the door, and walked in.

A man sat at a desk, a pen behind his ear and a smile on his face. But the smile disappeared when Billy Bunter walked up to the desk.

"Anything I can do for you?" he asked shortly.

"I—I—I wanted to see Mr. Jacob," said Billy Bunter nervously.

"I am Jacob Jacob," said the man quietly.

"Then—then—ahem!—I suppose I can ask you a few questions in private—I mean, in confidence?" asked Billy Bunter.

Mr. Jacob sniffed, as much as to say that Billy Bunter's question was quite unnecessary.

"Pray proceed!" he said.

"I am a detective—"

"Eh? What?"

"A detective in disguise!" said Billy Bunter, growing more confident. "I have—or—been called in to investigate a certain business, and—"

"Look here, young man!" interrupted Mr. Jacob grimly. "If this is a joke I—"

"It isn't!" said Bunter warmly.

"Don't I tell you I'm on business?"

"Well, what is the business?"

"Ahem! You see, a chap named Nugent—"

"Nugent!"

"You've got it, sir. Well, a chap named Nugent did a bunk with somebody's share certificates—I mean, forged them. Now, can you tell me who it was?"

For a moment Mr. Jacob stared speechlessly at the fat junior. Then, laying back in his chair, he burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nothing to laugh at!" said Billy indignantly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the joke?" roared Billy Bunter excitedly.

"Oh, sit down until I can stop laughing!" roared Mr. Jacob.

Tears rolled down his face before he could speak again, and then he had to again break out into laughter without fully explaining the cause of his merriment to the excited Greyfriars junior.

"Now perhaps you'll be good enough to answer my question, sir!" said Bunter importantly. "This is—"

"My dear lad!" said Mr. Jacob. "You ask me such a difficult one! A man named Nugent forges somebody else's certificates, and you ask me who it was! Now, is there any answer necessary?"

Billy Bunter thought for a moment, and decided there was not.

"I meant to ask you if the chap—if you're the chap—I mean, the broker to whom the certificates were offered for sale?" said the fat junior confusedly. "You see, one of our chaps—I mean, my client, is rather anxious to get his giv'nt—nunno—father out of prison."

Mr. Jacob stared for a moment, then a slight smile stole across the corners of his lips.

"Now, look here!" he said calmly. "You come from Greyfriars School, don't you?"

Billy Bunter stared.

"Y—nunno! I'm a detective!"

"Yes, I know. But you're a Greyfriars chap, all the same. You should remove your cap—not only when you're acting the part of detective, but also when you enter a room!"

Billy Bunter snatched at his cap. He had forgotten to remove it when he entered the office.

"S—s—sorry, sir!" he muttered apologetically.

"Now, it's awfully decent of you to try and help your chum Nugent," went on Mr. Jacob. "But it is entirely unnecessary, my lad. Ferrers Locke is on the case—which side, I don't know, but he—"

"F—F—Ferrers Locke!" stammered Billy Bunter.

"You know him?"

"I should jolly well say I do!" replied Billy Bunter.

Most of the fellows at Greyfriars knew Ferrers Locke, the world-famous detective. He was a cousin of the headmaster, Dr. Locke, and had been to Greyfriars on business more than once.

"Then you'll be interested to hear that Mr. Locke is making investigations," resumed Mr. Jacob. "You will not, I suppose, pit yourself against him?"

Billy Bunter was too obtuse to heed the sarcasm in Mr. Jacob's final remark.

"Oh, no!" he said importantly. "Old Ferrers and myself will work together—as usual!"

Mr. Jacob covered his mouth with his hand to hide a smile, and escorted the fat junior to the door.

"Good-bye!" he said courteously. "I hope you'll get on all right with—old Ferrers!"

"Thanks!" said Billy Bunter innocently.

And Billy's first and last visit to the Courtfield stockbroker's office terminated.

Once outside in the street, Billy Bunter began to realise that he had made an ass of himself. He had walked into a business man's office, asked absurd questions, and gained information which really had nothing to do with his own investigations.

Mr. Ferrers Locke was working on the case, but Mr. Jacob had not been able to say on which side—that of the police, or for Nugent's father. Billy Bunter mentally decided that he must be working for the police.

Suddenly he felt a light tap on his shoulder, and turned round with surprising agility, considering his weight—which Bob Cherry humorously declared was one ton.

A tall, well-built man, with a thin face and dark, piercing eyes, stood looking down at him. It was Ferrers Locke!

"M-m-m-my hat! Mr.—Mr. Locke!"

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Billy Bunter quite forgot to say "Old Ferrers." Perhaps he was not quite sure how the famous detective would accept such familiarity.

"Hallo, Bunter!" said the detective calmly. "Had your tea?"

"N-n-no, sir!" stammered Billy Bunter.

Billy always felt uncomfortable in the presence of such a commanding personality as Ferrers Locke.

"Then come and have some with me?"

"My hat! Rather, sir!"

Billy ceased to stammer as they walked along the High Street, not to the tuck-shop usually visited by Greyfriars fellows, but to the hotel.

The Removites would be green with envy when they heard he had been out to tea with Ferrers Locke—the idol of the Remove, and the fast friend of the Famous Five.

It was not until Ferrers Locke and Bunter were seated at a table in a secluded corner of the hotel restaurant that the detective broached the subject of Billy Bunter's visit to Courtfield.

Their conversation hitherto was kept to everyday topics.

"How is it you're alone, Bunter?" asked Ferrers Locke suddenly.

Billy Bunter hesitated.

"I—I came to—visit the tuck-shop, sir," he stammered.

"Funny thing to do!" observed Ferrers Locke briskly. "Have they shut the tuckshop at Greyfriars?"

"Nunno—I mean, yes, sir!" stammered Billy Bunter.

He began to wish that Ferrers Locke had not seen him in the little town. Searching questioning was not to Billy's liking.

Ferrers Locke knew Bunter, and, what was more, knew his little ways. Billy Bunter had not gone to Courtfield alone for nothing. Ferrers Locke tried another way.

"Where have you been?" he demanded sternly.

"To—to Jacob's, sir!" stammered Billy Bunter. "Of course, I can't say anything about Nugent's business."

"Ah! So it was about Nugent's business you came here!" said Ferrers Locke quizzically. "And what has Nugent's business got to do with you?"

"I—I—you won't tell anybody, sir?"

"No."

"I came to see if I could find the rotter—them!—the man who forged the certificate!"

"The police have arrested Mr. Nugent for that, Bunter!"

"But—but I thought perhaps he was innocent, sir. So, as Nugent is a chum of mine—"

"How long has he been a chum of yours, Bunter?"

"Oh, really, sir! Nugent has always been chummy with me. He's a good-natured fellow, sir, and I—I felt I would try and do him a good turn."

Ferrers Locke looked curiously at the fat junior. He could not quite understand Billy Bunter. He had always thought that the fat junior was more or less put up with at Greyfriars by the Remove. But Bunter was now apparently chummy with Frank Nugent, the best-natured fellow at Greyfriars.

"Are you out to help the police, sir?" asked Bunter, as Ferrers Locke did not speak.

"Yes—and no. I'm trying to find the certificate myself, Bunter. I was at Mr. Jacob's office this morning, and he was the broker to whom the shares were offered for sale. But I really want to help Nugent."

"Oh, then there's no harm in telling THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 671.

you that Nugent's got the papers, then!" said Billy Bunter enthusiastically.

"What!"

"Oh, yes, sir! Nugent's got them all right—but he's hidden them!"

"Tell me the story—here's the grub, as you call it!"

The waiter arrived at that moment with the food, and between mouthfuls, Billy Bunter told Ferrers Locke what he knew of the hidden papers—which was precisely what he had heard when listening outside the door of Study No. 1.

Half an hour later, Ferrers Locke, completely informed of Nugent's part in the business, was on his way to Greyfriars, with a very full Removite by his side.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Gone!

"ANYBODY seen Billy Bunter?"

There was quite a party in Study No. 13 of the Removite Form at Greyfriars. Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh, Johnny Bull, Vernon-Smith, and Mark Linsley were sitting at the table, whilst Wun Lung, the Chinese junior, Mauleverer, Micky Desmond, and Morgan were seated on various pieces of furniture. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent stood up.

It was Bob Cherry who asked the question.

"Believe he went out, begad!" drawled Mauleverer.

"Out!" echoed Bob Cherry. "Where the dickens did he get my card? Surely the postal-order hasn't arrived, after all!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was at that moment that Billy Bunter walked into the study. And Billy Bunter was not alone.

"Ferrers Locke—ahem!—Mr. Locke?" exclaimed Harry Wharton excitedly.

"Jove! Just in time for some grub, sir!"

The detective smiled.

"Thank you—just a cup of tea, then!" he said, with a smile.

LIGHTING-UP TIME FOR THIS WEEK.



DECEMBER.

13th Monday	- - -	4.19 p.m.
14th Tuesday	- - -	4.19 "
15th Wednesday	- - -	4.19 "
16th Thursday	- - -	4.19 "
17th Friday	- - -	4.20 "
18th Saturday	- - -	4.20 "
19th Sunday	- - -	4.20 "

He shook hands warmly with the juniors, and in the exuberance of their spirits, the juniors paid no heed to Billy Bunter. And as Billy Bunter was paying more attention to the tea-table than to the excited juniors, he probably did not want them to take any notice of him.

"The welcomefulness of the excited gentleman is only exceeded by the pleasurefulness of my unworthy self!"

purred Hurree Singh.

"Thank you!" said Ferrers Locke again.

His keen eyes glanced quickly round the room, but Nugent, whom he sought, had quietly slipped out of the study.

Nugent could not have said why he did not join in the welcome of the detective. Perhaps detectives did not appeal to the troubled junior at that time.

Ferrers Locke glanced at Harry Wharton, and with a slight movement of his eyes, motioned him to leave the study. Harry Wharton did so.

The detective joined him a moment later.

"Where is Nugent, Wharton?" he asked quizzically.

Wharton stammered.

"Nu-Nu-Nugent, sir?" he stammered.

"You haven't—yet—re—not—"

"No—not at all," interrupted Ferrers Locke. "I just want to see him—that is all. And his young brother, if he is in."

Ferrers Locke thus demonstrated his extraordinary good memory. He had not seen Nugent minor—he had only heard Frank speak of his young brother.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"If you will go to my study, sir—No. 1—I will fetch Nugent minor," he said slowly.

And he dashed off to see if he could find Nugent minor, leaving Ferrers Locke to walk along the passage to Study No. 1.

The famous detective entered the study without knocking. Probably he realised that he might not have received an answer.

Nugent was there, and his face whitened as he saw Ferrers Locke.

"Go-good-afternoon, sir!" he stammered, holding out his shaking hand.

"I'm—I'm glad to see you!"

"Are you—really, Nugent—are you?" asked Ferrers Locke quizzically.

Nugent dragged his hand away from the detective's grasp, and a flush swept over his white face.

"No, sir!" he said hotly. "I'm not glad to see you now—although I think I can say you have been good friends! But, as you have seen Bunter—I suppose you know I have the papers, and have come for them?"

Ferrers Locke sat down in an easy-chair.

"I have!" he admitted.

"Then you shan't have them, sir!" said Nugent, his face again white and his eyes gleaming with suppressed anger.

"I'm not going to risk those papers getting into the hands of the police—"

"Who said they were going to the police, Nugent?" put in Ferrers Locke coolly.

"I suppose you're acting for them, sir?" he asked sharply.

"I did not say so!" said Ferrers Locke, in the same quiet tones. "You are supposing a little too much, Nugent, my friend!"

"Y-yo-your friend!" echoed Nugent.

"Do you mean to say—"

"That it is because you are my friend that I am here," interrupted Ferrers Locke. "Here, sit down, my boy, and don't get excited!"

Frank Nugent hardly knew if he was on his head or his heels. It seemed too good to be true. Ferrers Locke working on behalf of his father!

At that moment Harry Wharton entered the study with Nugent minor.



Inside the shelter, lying on his back, and fast asleep, was a man whom Wharton and Nugent recognised instantly. "Grab him!" said Nugent in a fierce whisper. (See Chapter 8.)

Dicky, this is Mr. Ferrers Locke, the detective," began Frank.

But Dicky cut him short.

"Don't give the papers up, Frank!" he shouted hotly. "Let him—"

"Quiet, you young ass!" interposed Frank Nugent, with a laugh. "Mr. Locke is going to get the pater off!"

"Oh gee!" said Dicky, and looked the picture of confusion. "I'm—I'm awfully, frightfully sorry, sir!"

"That's all right, my boy," said Ferrers Locke kindly. "Just you fellows sit down. I want to ask you a few questions."

Dicky and Harry Wharton sat down, and waited for Ferrers Locke to speak. The detective filled and lighted his pipe in silence.

"You have the papers, Nugent?" he asked, when he had his tobacco burning to his liking.

"I have hidden them, sir," said Nugent.

"Where?"

"In the old Priory."

"You mean the old ruins?"

"Yes, sir."

"You consider them quite safe there?"

"Absolutely, sir, unless someone saw me hide them. Dicky, as a matter of fact, stopped a sneaking worm from seeing where I hid them!"

"One of your own chaps?"

"Yes, Skinner, you know, the one you spanked when you were here last time!"

Ferrers Locke chuckled softly. He remembered the incident.

"He didn't see you?"

"No, sir. Dicky saw to that!"

"You are sure nobody else saw you?"

"Yes—that is, as far as one can be sure, of course."

Ferrers Locke was silent for a few moments.

"You have done very wrong in keeping those papers, Nugent," he said at last. "You might have handed them over to the police. They would then have had something to go upon. Besides, the recovery of the securities means a great deal to your father."

"How, sir?"

"Well, if the case should go against him, the police would have added weight to their arguments by stating that the securities were still in some unknown person's hands. Don't you see, it is going to be difficult to tell which are the real certificates—those in the hands of the police or those you hold. The latter, of course, were handed to you by the same man who tried to sell them."

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"Oh!"

"Then hand 'em over, Franky!" burst out Dicky.

Ferrers Locke smiled, and rose from his chair.

"That's the spirit!" he said. "I cannot do anything until I receive those certificates, and I would point out that I haven't said I was going to hand them over to the police."

"You mean—"

"I'll tell you later. In the meantime, if you fellows will come with me to the Priory, and give up the papers, I shall feel easier in my mind."

On the way to the Priory with the three juniors Ferrers Locke would speak of anything save the matter in hand. And it was not until they reached the ruins that he again broached the subject of the papers.

"You lead; we'll follow!" said the detective.

Nugent grinned, and led the way into the Priory, past the huge boulder where he had first intended to hide the papers, and into the darkened interior.

His hand grovelled in the darkness, but he stopped suddenly. Even in the dull light the juniors and the detective saw his face white.

"They've gone!" he gasped. "Gone!"

Ferrers Locke stepped quickly forward.

"Where did you put them?" he demanded sharply.

For answer Nugent pointed to a slight aperture in the wall. On the floor, immediately below the aperture, was a brick.

"I put them there. That brick was loose. I scraped away some of the dust and dirt, and put the papers in the hole. Then I put back the brick!" he said, almost beside himself with fear and rage.

Dicky and Harry Wharton rushed forward to peer into the aperture, but Ferrers Locke swept out his arm, and pushed them back.

"Wait!" he said. "I want to see first!"

He took a torch from his pocket, and switched on the light.

Holding it near the aperture, he gazed silently into its interior for fully a minute. Then, with an abruptness that almost startled the juniors, he turned to Nugent.

"Had the man who gave you the papers a deformed finger?" he asked quickly.

"I—I—I couldn't say, sir!" stammered Nugent.

"There is no good to be done by staying here, then," said Ferrers Locke gravely. "I will leave you fellows to make your way back to the school. See you again later, perhaps!"

And Ferrers Locke walked quickly out of the ruins and disappeared towards Friardale.

"Skinner!" said Nugent, between his teeth. "I'll wager he's got them!"

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"No!" he said firmly. "Mr. Locke as good as told us that the man who took the papers had a deformed finger. Skinner's fingers are all right."

With that Nugent was bound to agree; but it was with very uneasy minds that the Greyfriars fellows made their way back to the school.

Of course, the juniors who had formed the party in Study No. 13 wanted to know where Ferrers Locke had got to. But that was a question Nugent or Wharton could not answer.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Arrested!

"MASTER NUGENT!"

Trotter, the Greyfriars pageboy, poked his head into Study No. 1 late that evening, and called the name.

Nugent was there, with Harry Wharton, doing prep.

"Hallo, Trotty?"

"The 'Ead wants you, please!" said Trotter, and promptly disappeared.

Nugent looked alarmed.

"I—I—I say, Harry, he hasn't found out, has he?" he stammered.

Wharton smiled.

"The best way to find that out, Franky, is to go and see!" he said practically. "I expect he's found out something less serious than that, all the same!"

Nugent left the study, and, proceeding to the Head's room, knocked upon the door.

"Come in, please!"

Nugent turned the handle of the door, and walked into the study.

The Head was not alone. A man, a bowler hat in one hand, and a heavy stick in the other, stood by the side of Dr. Locke's desk.

"Ah, Nugent!" said Dr. Locke. "This gentleman is a police-officer—"

"One moment, sir!" interrupted the man. "I should like to question this young gentleman, please. Master Nugent, do you know anything about a package of papers, handed you by an unknown man, for instance?"

"I—I—I—"

"Where are they?"

The officer curtly interrupted the stammering junior.

"I—I—I don't know!" stammered Nugent. "They're—they've gone!"

"So you did have them," said the officer sternly.

"Yes; but—Mr. Locke—he came, and he's gone!" said Nugent confusedly.

"Do you mean to say my cousin has been here, Nugent?" said Dr. Locke, in surprise.

"Yes, sir. He came this afternoon. He wanted the package of papers that was given me by an unknown man. I hid them in the Priory, sir—"

"Why—?" began the officer.

"I hid them because I didn't want them to be found!" said Nugent quietly.

The Head coughed.

"I have no time to waste, sir!" said the police-officer, stiffly. "I shall have to take Master Nugent with me!"

"Wh-wh-what!" stammered Nugent.

"Dear me! Good gracious! On what charge, policeman?" exclaimed Dr. Locke, in confusion.

"Detective-Inspector Westcott, sir, not police-constable!" growled the officer. "I shall arrest Master Nugent on a charge of obstructing the police in the execution of their duty. That will suffice until I have finished with him."

"Dear me! Goodness gracious! Nugent, you silly boy—"

stammered the Head. "Oh, goodness gracious me!"

Nugent could not speak. He was almost stunned by the shock. Never before had a fellow at Greyfriars been arrested!

"Come on, Master Nugent!" said Westcott. "I must get away and report!"

Nugent turned round without a word, and walked quickly towards the door.

"Perhaps you'll come with me to get my cap," he said, turning again as he opened the door. "I might run away, you know."

Detective-Inspector Westcott flushed.

"Insolence won't do you any good, my lad!" he said. "I'll come with you!"

Nugent was not insolent. He was resentful.

He led the way down to Study No. 1, and opened the door. Harry Wharton looked up from his prep.

"Cheerio! I'm off to join my father!" said Nugent dispassionately.

"Wh-wh-what?" ejaculated Wharton.

Nugent did not reply, but snatched up his cap and walked out of the study.

Westcott was waiting for him in the passage, and two minutes later the two were out of the gates.

Wharton watched them from the study window, then almost staggered out of the study to take the startling news to the chums of Study No. 13.

They would not believe him at first, but the sincerity with which Harry Wharton spoke forced them to believe it at last.

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"The my halfpence is terrific!" ejaculated Hurree Singh.

"And Dicky?" asked Mark Linley.

"He's all right, so far," said Harry Wharton. "But I'd like to know how the detective Johnny got to know Nugent had hidden the papers!"

"Perhaps Skinner let it out!" suggested Linley.

"Perhaps he did; but the fellows at Greyfriars wouldn't say anything about the business outside the school," answered Wharton.

All the school knew that Nugent had been arrested before bed-time, and, there being no need for further secrecy, the matter was openly discussed in the Remove dormitory. Harry Wharton's tale of the visit to the Priory with Ferrers Locke was listened to with great interest.

The next morning it became known that Nugent was to be brought before the magistrate in Friardale on Saturday morning. The juniors, much as they longed to listen to the evidence against their Form-mate, could not go, for there were lessons to attend to in the morning.

But Harry Wharton obtained permission to absent himself from the classrooms on that morning. He was the only junior to whom the privilege was granted, but he was not the only junior who was absent when roll-call was taken in the Remove Form-room on Saturday morning.

There was one other junior of whom nobody present could give any information. That was Billy Bunter.

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Billy Bunter, as a matter of fact, was on his way to Friardale Police Court when the roll-call was taking place. Harry Wharton had preceded him by about ten minutes.

The court was more full than usual, for it was known that Nugent, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, was to be put before the magistrate that morning.

Such a happening was sensational enough to cause a large number of the villagers to go to the court. It was not every day—or every year—that a Greyfriars junior was to be seen in the prisoner's dock.

Harry Wharton was sitting in the front row of the public gallery when Billy Bunter entered. The fat junior found a seat at the back of the gallery.

There were several minor cases before Nugent was finally ushered into the court. There was a buzz of whispering immediately the Greyfriars junior appeared.

Frank Nugent, although white of face, was quite cool. His fingers, gripping the edge of the dock, slightly trembled, but there was no shake in his voice when he answered Detective-Inspector Westcott.

"You are Frank Nugent?"

"Yes."

"You are charged with obstructing the police in the execution of their duty in that you did hide papers in the old Priory ruins, knowing them to be required by the police in connection with the charge now preferred against your father. Have you anything to say in your defence?"

"No."

The detective turned to the magistrate.

"That is all I wish to say this morning, sir," he said. "I ask for a remand pending further inquiries."

"Excuse me, sir—"

A gasp of amazement burst from Harry Wharton. He stood up, and swung round to face the back of the court.

"Bunter!" he gasped.

Billy Bunter stood there, visibly shaking, with his hand held above his head as if he were desirous of speaking to a master in the Remove Form-room at Greyfriars.

The magistrate frowned, and looked up.

"Silence!" he snapped. "I will have you turned out of the court!"

"But, p-p-please, sir, I—I know something about this case, sir!" stammered the fat junior.

Again Wharton gasped. Billy Bunter was asking for trouble.

"Is he a witness, inspector?" asked the magistrate.

"Not for me, sir!"

"For—the prisoner, if you p-p-p-please, sir!" stammered Billy Bunter.

The fat junior looked very much as if he wished he had not spoken.

"I should like to hear what he has to say, sir," said the inspector. "This is a very difficult case—I mean, the main case, sir."

"Sleep down, then!" said the magistrate.

And Billy Bunter disappeared for a few moments, to reappear in the witness-box.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Witness for the Defence!

"NOW what have you to say?" The magistrate's tones were not likely to make Billy Bunter less nervous as he stood in the witness-box.

Harry Wharton, his eyes almost starting from his head, simply gaped at the fat junior.

But Billy Bunter, with an effort neither Harry Wharton or any other of the Removees would have thought him capable, pulled himself together. Why he was taking all this trouble of Frank Nugent, Harry Wharton could not think. It was so unlike Billy Bunter to take any notice of other juniors' troubles, that his present very evident desire to help Frank Nugent was all the more dumbfounding.

"I took an interest in the case from the beginning, sir," said Billy Bunter, in a shaky voice. "I rather pride myself upon being a detective—"

The magistrate frowned, and a titter ran through the court.

"I have nothing to do, nor do I want to hear, anything about your capabilities as a detective!" said the magistrate frigidly. "If you wish to say anything about the prisoner's part in this affair, say it quickly!"

Billy Bunter paled visibly, but he stuck to his guns in a fashion that called forth Harry Wharton's greatest admiration. Whatever Billy Bunter's motive, he was playing the game now.

"I met Mr. Ferrers Locke, the famous detective, sir, when I was—ah!—making investigations," said Bunter hastily. "He is interested in the case, and is making inquiries on his own account. He—I—that is to say, we decided it was best to persuade old Franky—nuno—the prisoner to hand over the giddy papers, sir. But—ah! when Ferrers Locke went with Nugent to get the papers, they were gone!"

"So Ferrers Locke went with Nugent—where?" asked Westcott.

"To—the Priory," promptly replied Bunter. "There Ferrers Locke discovered that the man who took the papers away from the hiding-place had a deformed finger! So Nugent couldn't have taken them away, sir!"

The magistrate glanced at the detective.

"Anything more to say?" asked Westcott.

"Y-y-yes. You see, as Nugent hid the papers, and somebody else stole them from Nugent, it—it proves that Nugent is not the only chap who is interested in them. Nugent's pater is in prison—"

"Custody!" corrected Westcott.

"Well, custody. So he couldn't have taken the papers. My idea is that the man who gave Nugent the papers wanted them back again; and, what's more, he's jolly well got them!"

Another titter ran through the court at the peculiar way in which Billy Bunter was giving his evidence. But the ushers sternly commanded silence.

"Any more—deductions?" asked Westcott sarcastically.

"No. But I think perhaps his judgement—"

"Worship, you silly ass!" said Harry Wharton, in a stage whisper.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The crowd chuckled, and even the magistrate smiled. But silence was again soon restored, and Billy Bunter went on:

"I ask for bail for the prisoner, sir. Dr. Locke, our Head, will see that he doesn't hop it, sir. Besides, I've several titled relations myself, and you may take my word for it that Nugent will be here when he's wanted, sir!"

The magistrate, a slight smile in the corners of his lips, turned to Nugent, who, throughout Billy Bunter's evidence, had stood upright and fascinated in the dock.

"Will you give me your word of honour not to run away from Greyfriars if I let you go now? Will you further give your word of honour that you are come here immediately you are required?"

"Honour bright, sir!" said Nugent quietly.

"You have no objection, inspector?"

"None at all, sir. I'm sorry for the lad; but he's hindered us in our investigations by not giving up the papers. Everything might turn out right for him—and his father, for that matter."

The magistrate then formally remanded Frank Nugent on bail, and a few minutes later he, with Harry Wharton and Billy Bunter, was on his way back to Greyfriars.

"Billy," said Nugent, stopping when they had proceeded through the village. "Give me your hand!"

Billy Bunter held out a fat hand, a beaming smile on his face.

"Certainly, old chap! Glad to give you the benefit of my persuasive powers and common-sense!" he said. "When you're in a hole, come to W. G. B.!"

Nugent did not laugh. He felt that he owed Billy Bunter more than a little. But a faint smile crossed Harry Wharton's lips.

When the trio reached Greyfriars, they made straight for the school tuckshop. Billy Bunter was there permitted to indulge in just as many cakes and as much gingerbeer as he could get into his fat person.

He was feeling distinctly tired when they left the shop and made for their studies. The juniors were at dinner, and it was some time before Bob Chery and his chums arrived, to learn how the case was going.

"The pityfulness of the esteemed case is terrific!" observed Hurree Singh. "If we could only lafully collar the rotter who took the papers from the Priory by the heelfulness, we should be—"

"Master Wharton—to the 'Bad's study at once, please!"

Trotter, the Greyfriars pageboy, poked his head into Harry Wharton's study to interrupt Hurree Singh. He did not wait for an answer, but closed the door with a bang as soon as he had delivered the message.

A slight frown gathered on Harry Wharton's brow. It was not often that the Head sent for a junior on a half.

"Better hurry, Harry," said Nugent.

"Perhaps he wants you to watch over me—see that I don't bunk!"

"Rot!" said Harry Wharton.

But he could not help thinking that that was probably the reason the Head had sent for him. He hurried along the passages to Dr. Locke's study, knocked, and was told to enter.

"Ah, Wharton!" said Dr. Locke quickly. "A telephone-message for you, from my cousin, Ferrers Locke!"

"For—for me, sir!" stammered Harry Wharton, in surprise.

"Yes. Mr. Locke wants to speak to you!"

Harry Wharton stepped quickly forward, and placed the receiver of the Head's telephone to his ear.

"Hallo, sir!"

"Wharton? Good! Look here, I'm at Courtfield, and I want you and two or three of your friends to come along to me. I think we might lay the thief by the heels to-day, sir!"

"Oh, rapping, sir!"

"Come on your bikes. I'll wait for you where the lane enters the town!"

There was a slight clicking sound, and then silence. Ferrers Locke had rung off. Harry Wharton, his eyes gleaming, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 671.

with excitement and pleasure, replaced the receiver on the Head's instrument.

"Mr. Locke wants me and a few chaps to go and collar the man who pinched—I mean, took—Nugent's papers, sir?" he explained hurriedly. "I suppose it's all right, sir?"

"Yes. But be careful, Wharton! The man might be dangerous!" said the Head quietly.

"Trust us, sir!"

And Harry Wharton left the study, and rushed towards the Remove passage. He found Hurree James, Ram Singh, Bob Cherry, and Mark Linley were still in Study No. 1, with Frank Nugent.

"Ferrers Locke—on the phone!" he said quickly. "Wants us to go out to Courtfield and help collar the thief!"

"Good!" said Nugent ecstatically.

"Just what I— Hallo, Dicky!"

Nugent minor of the Third entered the study. The usually cheery junior looked solemn and anxious.

"Any news?" he asked tonelessly.

"Yes. Mr. Ferrers Locke has just phoned to ask some of us to go out to Courtfield—"

"I'm going!" interrupted Dicky quickly.

And he turned towards the door. But Harry Wharton grasped him by the shoulder, and swung him round.

"Not so fast, kid!" he said severely. "You haven't asked me if you might join the party!"

"I'm not going to!" said Dicky stolidly. "If you don't want me, I can go by myself! Bikes, I suppose?"

"The cheekfulness of the esteemed fag is terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh.

"Hop off, kid!" laughed Harry Wharton. "You'll do!"

"Dicky Nugent left the study in a brighter mood.

Five minutes later, Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Mark Linley, Hurree Singh, Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent, and Dicky Nugent were pedalling quickly towards Courtfield.

Nobody spoke during the journey. They saved their breath and put all their energy into turning their pedals.

Ferrers Locke was waiting for them at the entrance to the little town. There was a smile on his face as they dismounted from their machines.

"Brought the Remove?" he asked quietly.

"Hope there's not too much of a crowd, sir?" said Harry Wharton apologetically.

"No. I'm going to search the woods at the back of the town this afternoon," said the detective. "So you chaps will come in useful. I warn you. Don't make too much noise, or you'll scare the bird away."

Harry Wharton stifled a desire to ask the detective how he had traced the man to the woods, and wisely forbore to ask any questions until the chase was ended.

"Leave your machines in the garage in the High Street," said Ferrers Locke briefly. "Then follow me!"

The juniors mounted their machines, and rode as far as the garage, where they left them. Then they went quickly back along the street to Ferrers Locke.

He signed to them to follow him, and the party made for the back of the little town. About a mile from the nearest house could be seen the black outline of the woods, where, according to Ferrers Locke, they would probably find the thief.

"Wharton and Nugent," said the detective, "I want you to go round, and enter the woods from the right. Go softly, and make for the centre. If you see a man who has a deformed finger, hold him tight, and keep quiet. Then, when I

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blow three times on this whistle, fetch him along. Off you go!"

Wharton and Nugent nodded, and hurried away.

"As Cherry is a great fighter," went on Ferrers Locke calmly, "I think we might pair him off with young Nugent. You enter the woods from the left, converging toward the centre. Examine huts—if there are any—or anything else that might hide a man. Off!"

Bob Cherry and Dicky Nugent, looking very grim, ran in the opposite direction to that which Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent had taken.

"Now, Hurree Singh and Mark Linley, you hurry right round to the back, and also make for the centre. Bull can come with me!"

The juniors went off, thinking more of Ferrers Locke's wonderful memory for names than of the business in hand. Johnny Bull stayed with the detective, a thrill of pleasure running through him at the honour.

"Now, Bull, I think we'll stroll quietly towards the woods," said the detective.

"We don't want to hurry."

And the two walked leisurely across the fields. Johnny Bull was inwardly bubbling with excitement, but the detective looked more as if he were out for an afternoon's stroll.

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent had entered the woods from the right. Their training as Scouts stood them in good stead, and they made very little noise as they followed a path that ran through the woods.

"Say, Harry," said Frank Nugent, in a low voice. "Do you remember that shelter we found out when out scouting one afternoon last year? I mean, the one that is composed of five solid lumps of concrete?"

"Yes?"

"Isn't that somewhere about here?"

Harry Wharton stopped. His brows puckered thoughtfully.

"Yes—off this path, to the left, then round the great oak to the right. Come on!"

He turned sharply, and entered the more thickly bushed part of the wood. Nugent followed warily, making scarcely a sound.

They almost fell upon the concrete shelter as they turned to the right past the great oak tree that stood majestically in what the juniors afterwards discovered was the dead centre spot of the Courtfield Woods.

But the two juniors did not rush towards the shelter as soon as they saw it. The entrance was on the opposite to that upon which they looked.

The shelter itself, as Nugent had said, was composed of five solid pieces of concrete. Nobody had ever found out why, how, or when the shelter had been erected. One piece was flat on the ground, and the other four pieces formed the two sides, the top, and the back.

That the shelter had been there for many years was obvious from the fact that the entrance to it was completely blocked by a bush, and because the sides and top were covered with clinging overgrowth.

"On your knees, and crawl round!" said Harry Wharton, in a whisper.

Nugent dropped to his knees, and crawled round the left side of the shelter. Harry Wharton crawled round the opposite side, and the two juniors reached the front at the same moment.

Cautiously pushing back some of the twigs of the bush, they peered into the interior of the shelter. The next moment their eyes met in a gleam of triumph.

Inside the shelter, lying on his back and fast asleep, was the man whom Nugent and Wharton recognised instantly

as the one who had stopped them in the lane after the circus.

A rank odour of spirits assailed their nostrils, and a feeling of disgust swept over them. The man was evidently sleeping off the effects of over-drinking.

"Grab him!" said Nugent, in a fierce whisper.

Throwing caution to the winds, the two juniors, bent double, rushed into the shelter. Nugent flung himself on the man's chest, and Wharton, snatching his handkerchief from his pocket, slipped it under the sleeper's legs.

But the man woke up suddenly.

"Got you, you rotter!" growled Nugent. "You villain! I've got you!"

He felt like punishing the man's head as he lay, but the sportsmanship that was honoured by the Remove forbade such an act.

The man struggled to get up, but Nugent held him down, whilst Harry Wharton completed the job of tying his legs.

"Wh-what do you want?" asked the man surlily. "Can't you let a feller sleep a bit?"

"You'll sleep—in prison—if they'll let you, you beast!" said Nugent hotly.

"You didn't expect this little lot, did you? Mr. Ferrers Locke will be glad to see you!"

A groan escaped the man's lips, and he made no effort to get away.

Wharton, convinced that they had captured the man whom Ferrers Locke wanted, went outside the shelter and gave a shout that echoed and re-echoed through the woods.

It was answered by a call on Ferrers Locke's whistle, and almost before Wharton had returned to the shelter, the juniors heard the sound of crushed twigs as the hunters came towards them.

"This way, sir!" shouted Harry Wharton, as Ferrers Locke appeared a few yards away.

Ferrers Locke hurried towards the shelter, a glint of triumph in his eyes. Once inside the shelter he grasped the man's right hand, and turned it towards the light.

The centre finger was deformed.

"That's the fellow!" said the detective quietly. "Get up, Benton!"

Benton could not get up, for the simple reason that his legs were tied. But they were soon released, and he crawled towards the entrance. Bob Cherry and his chums retreated a few paces to allow Benton to get outside, but gave him plenty of reason to understand that escape was hopeless.

Then the party set off towards Courtfield, where Benton was left in charge of the police.

"Benton gave himself away!" said Ferrers Locke, to the eager gathering of juniors in Study No. 1 in the Remove-Form passage at Greyfriars.

Ferrers Locke was their honoured guest, and even Billy Bunter was invited to the feed that celebrated the capture of the thief.

"He became intoxicated at the inn in Courtfield, and boasted that he didn't care a snap of the fingers for me," went on the detective. "The landlord mentioned the fact to me. I asked myself—why was Benton speaking of me when he was—to put it coarsely—drunk? Because he had reason to fear that I was on his track. A few questions here and there elicited the fact that a man, undoubtedly intoxicated, had been seen going towards the woods.

"It being obvious that he would sleep heavily, I phoned for a few of you chaps to come and help search the woods. The result you know."

(Continued on page 17.)

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MARCUS.

MARCUS THE BRAVE
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EUNICE.

THREADS OF THE STORY.

MARCUS, a gladiator of Ancient Rome, returns from a voyage, during which he captures Strongbow, a notorious pirate. As his reward from Nero, the emperor, Marcus claims the hand of Eunice, a Christian slave-girl. Nero, however, spurns him, the girl having been condemned to death. Marcus, in his rage, denounces the emperor, who has him thrown into prison. Leo, after having escaped from the clutches of Nero, falls in with a troupe of acrobats, whose valuable assistance leads to the rescue of Marcus and Eunice. Nero sets Strongbow and his crew to search the Sabarra for the missing gladiators, and the pirate comes across their hiding-place. Led by Strongbow, the pirates charge at the door of the house with a battering-ram.

(Now read on.)

The Revolt Spreads!

CRASH!
Yet again the battering-ram was thudded against the door, and Marcus and Leo started towards the passage.

Furnius and his five brothers followed the example the two young gladiators had set, and drew their swords.

It was not the creed of old Lucius, the Christian who owned the house, to fight. He sank upon his knees and prayed, and Eunice joined him.

"Hold the passage for as long as is possible, comrades!" Marcus said sharply.

Only two men could walk abreast in it, so that this was sound advice. They would be able to keep the room free of invaders for a very long time, if only they could hold any rushes that might be made.

They stood waiting, the dim light from the one lamp that illuminated the room glinting upon their blades.

Ah, the door was down!

A determined onslaught had sent it thudding flat in the passage.

There was a triumphant yell from the attackers, and the foremost of them rushed into the passage.

"Follow, comrades!" shouted a voice that seemed curiously familiar to Marcus. Then, as there was a rush of sandal feet over the stone flags of the passage and the first of their foes dashed into sight, the gladiator understood. He had good reason to know and remember the speaker.

He found himself face to face with Strongbow, his bearded face exultant and vengeful.

The pirate chief was armed, like Marcus, with a sword, and, instead of attempting to stop his advance, Marcus sprang back, and allowed his old enemy to enter the room.

"Keep back the others! This is my affair!" the young Roman cried, his eyes flashing and his handsome face set hard.

"Then look to yourself, gladiator!" Strongbow sneered. "I have longed for this moment, and my blade shall be buried in your heart!"

"If your puny swordsmanship can make that possible!" Marcus blazed contemptuously. "I have yet to settle with you for your ill-treatment of my father, you dog!"

Strongbow's reply was to aim a vicious blow with his sword at the young man's head.

Quick as a flash, Marcus' blade went

up and caught that of his foe. Then, whilst Leo and the acrobats beat back the attack of the pirate's rabble following in the doorway of the room, in the apartment itself a fierce duel was waged.

Across the floor retreated Marcus, content as yet to let Strongbow tire himself out and to ward off his attack.

The pirate seemed to take the gladiator's tactics as a sign of weakness. But he was soon to discover his error.

Suddenly Marcus flung himself upon the offensive, and, parrying a vicious thrust for his breast, he turned Strongbow's blade sharply on one side, and lunged for his shoulder.

Only just in time did the rover jump back out of reach. The skill with which the attack had been made had not escaped him, and it acted upon him as a stealer.

He became more wary, and, circling around Marcus, fenced for an opening.

Abruptly Strongbow lunged again for Marcus' heart, and Eunice, who had come to her feet, and was standing in a corner with her hands clasped and her eyes full of anxiety, drew a sobbing breath of dread.

Marcus, however, had not been trained as a gladiator to no purpose. He was as agile as a young man could hope to be, and, like lightning, he sidestepped, causing Strongbow's blade to miss him, and strike only the empty air.

It was the opportunity for which Marcus had been waiting, and, beating down the pirate's sword with a sharp and heavy blow, he countered swiftly, and drove the point of his own weapon at Strongbow's chest.

The pirate saw it coming, and fairly hurled himself back. But he was not quite quick enough to avoid it altogether.

The point got home, and, with a gasping cry, he fell back, lowering his sword.

"Mercy!" he pleaded huskily.

Marcus had known all through the fight that, given the chance, Strongbow would kill him; but, even so, the young gladiator was too noble-natured to attack and slay an apparently crippled man.

In his turn he lowered his weapon, and his clemency came near to costing him his life.

With a snarl of triumph, Strongbow, whose wound was really little more than skin-deep, swung up his weapon and hurled himself forward.

Marcus had no time again to throw himself upon guard. Eunice screamed in terror for her lover, and but for the prompt action of Furnius, who had retired for a moment from the fight in the doorway to wind a hurried bandage round a nasty wound in his left arm, the gladiator would have fallen mortally wounded.

Furnius had watched the whole episode as he attended to the bandaging of his injury, and, with a splendid presence of mind, he flung himself forward, and with his own sword knocked down the pirate's blade as it was darting true as a die for Marcus' heart.

Strongbow's action had been that of a treacherous scoundrel, and Furnius was rightfully filled with a burning rage and indignation.

The pirate's weapon was sent clattering to the floor, and, as he recovered his balance he recoiled before the anger that blazed in Furnius' eyes.

If Marcus had spared him, Furnius had no such intention. He had intended murder, and, as an assassin, he deserved to die.

"Hold! I—" the pirate began falteringly, his face grey with fear. But Furnius went straight at him, and his sword pierced the rover chieftain's heart.

Strongbow's life of crime was ended at last.

Marcus and Furnius both turned to help those who were defending the door, where a hard and terrible combat was still being waged.

The passage was choked with the bodies of dead and wounded pirates. Outnumbered though they were, the narrowness of the passage had placed Leo and the acrobats at a remarkable advantage, and they had so far been able to thrust down man after man as fast as the foe advanced.

For perhaps the dozenth time a determined rush was made, those behind thrusting others on to death at the ruthlessly striking swords of the defenders.

Leo and Marcus and the acrobats were obliged to give a little ground, for they came near to being swept off their feet. Just inside the room, however, they fought on doggedly, slashing, thrusting, and sending down man after man, until the threshold of the apartment and the passage beyond resembled a shambles.

Almost fainting, Eunice was again upon her knees beside old Lucius. He slipped his arm about her trembling shoulders.



Furnius flung himself forward, and with his own sword knocked down the pirate's blade. (See page 15.)

"Have courage, child," he whispered. "Have faith. Our brave friends will win against all comers. Such bravery cannot go unrewarded."

A little sob shook the girl, and she hid her face in her hands, shuddering.

The noise was deafening. The air was made hideous with groans and curses, and filled with the clashing of steel upon steel.

It was dreadful—worse! Yet Eunice knew that it had to be. The very fact of Strongbow being free, and leading this attack upon them, must mean that Nero had given the pirate his liberty on condition that he sought them and dragged them back to die in the arena.

Poor Chilo was dead, and Mark and Spartacus so badly wounded that they were forced to retire from the fight. The faces of Leo, Marcus, and the three acrobats remaining standing were very grim.

They knew that it was the last stand—the last desperate fight against hopeless odds, and that it must end, unless a miracle happened, in their going under or being taken prisoners.

But just as Furnius went down never to rise again, and with yet another defender gone, it seemed that the last moments of hope had come, something very like a miracle happened.

As the gladiators and the two acrobats still defending the doorway despatched the pirate rabble in the passage, they found that no others were taking their places, and outside the

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 67L

house they could hear sounds that sounded to them like a fierce fight being waged between two large bodies of men.

What had happened was this. The Gallic revolt, spreading like lightning, had fired the masses in the Suburra.

Tired of Nero's cruel and despotic rule, it had needed only a spark to set blazing revolution, and here, at least, it was in full swing.

Fully a thousand Gauls had banded themselves together, and armed themselves, and, urged on by their example, and longing to throw off the hateful yoke of the arch-tyrant who ruled Rome, hundreds, and then thousands, of people of all nationalities joined them.

"Down with Bronzebeard!"

"Slay the matricide and assassin!"

"Woe to the drunkard Emperor!"

These and other similar cries rang out from outside the house. When the Gauls and their mighty following had first come this way, and the leaders of the multitude had demanded to know why the pirates were attacking the house, the latter had not realised what the uproar meant, and replied that they acted by the command of Nero.

They had thought to find the armed men who faced them joining in their onslaught on the dwelling. Instead, they were treated to sneers and cries of derision and anger, and before they quite knew what was happening they were being beaten down and slain.

The rout of the pirates was complete. As fast as they despatched one enemy a

dozen more were ready to take the fallen man's place. It ended by the pirates being completely wiped out, the surprised Marcus and his friends watching the grim spectacle from the garden of Lucius' dwelling.

A Gaul in armour approached, and explained matters.

Leo quickly told the Gaul, and others who joined him and listened, that they had been ceaselessly persecuted by Nero, and had been on the point of escape, when Strongbow and his men unexpectedly appeared, and attempted to recapture them. He asked the Gaul that those of them remaining alive might take their horses and journey with Eunice to Antium, where Tacon waited with the vessel.

His listener readily agreed.

"A foe of Nero was a friend of his and his followers," he declared.

But it was then that Marcus voiced a protest.

"Nay," he said. "Methinks, Leo, we will delay our departure to the spot where Tacon awaits us."

He turned to the Gaul.

"You and your followers intend to march upon Rome, friend?" he asked quickly.

The Gaul smiled, and, turning to the mighty throng gathered in the roadway, he shouted in a ringing voice:

"Whither are we bound, my comrades?"

(This great adventure serial will be concluded in next week's issue of the MAGNET. Be sure of your copy.)

"A SON'S DILEMMA."

(Continued from page 14.)

"But how does that affect my father?" asked Frank and Dick Nugent together.

"Simply this. Benton was one in your father's employ," explained Ferrers Locke. "He was sacked for dishonesty, and left in a huff. I've no doubt that the papers will be found. I purposely left the police the pleasure of turning out his pockets, as that keeps me out of the court. When they come to examine the papers they'll find that they are the forged certificates. Moreover, they'll probably find at least a dozen other share certificates that have been forged!"

"My hat!"

"Great pip! What a rotter!"

"Benton's position in Nugent's father's office gave him plenty of scope. He is an expert draughtsman, and copied the certificates of dozens of firms. Hence the trouble that has been caused. The forgeries are now certain to be laid at his door, and as he will be in possession of certificates other than those directly affecting your father, Nugent's police will drop the case against Mr. Nugent and charge Benton!"

"Ripping!" said the Nugents.

"Come on—all together, you chaps! 'For he's a jolly good fellow!'" sang out Bob Cherry lustily.

The song was taken up, and the corridors rang with the cheers that followed. Ferrers Locke smiled acknowledgments when they had finished.

"There's one thing you've forgotten," he said. "Bunter put me on the right track—"

"Bunter!"

"Yes! He went to Courtfield to make investigations on his own account—all praise to him. Then he met me, and it simplified matters."

"Good old Billy!"

And for once, Billy Bunter had the grace to blush under the shower of congratulations and good-humoured chaff that was levelled at him.

"There's one thing, sir—why did the man, Benton, take the papers out of their hiding-place?" asked Nugent.

"Probably because he knew I was after him. Then again, it would be of greater use to him to make certain they wouldn't be found by the police. His object was as much to revenge himself upon your father as to enrich himself. The police would never think of coming to you for the papers—that's why you were given them. Benton changed his mind, with fatal results to himself."

"Why didn't he destroy them?"

"Doubtless he wanted to make use of them, perhaps later on. The mind of a criminal, my boys, will never be exactly fathomed. Now I must be off!"

Half the Remove saw the famous detective off at Friarale Station, and their cheers rang many minutes after he had left them on the station.

Nugent's father was released, as Ferrers Locke had prophesied. And glad were Frank and Dicky that their troubles had ended!

THE END.

(For full particulars of the grand long Christmas story of Harry Wharton & Co., see the Editor's chat on page 2.)

SPORT TOPICS.

A Splendid Series of Interesting and Chatty Articles, dealing with every kind of Sport. By SPECTATOR.

FOOTBALL.

I have been watching the rise of Burnley during the last few weeks, and have been struck upon the way in which they have so easily accounted for such splendid sides as Newcastle United and the 'Spurs. Of course, Burnley owe a great deal to old and tried players such as Boyle and Kelly, who always play up with masterly skill week after week.

Although the club do extremely well during every football season in League and Cup matches, they cannot boast of the honour of being champions of Division I. on even one occasion. It was in season 1897-8, when playing in Division II., that they finished top, and so earned promotion to the premier Division. Here they have stopped ever since, and generally finish in quite a good position. They can boast of the English Cup on one occasion, when they won through into the final tie, defeating Liverpool at the Crystal Palace by 1-0, in 1913-14.

Nevertheless, Burnley should be able to improve on this, and I shall expect to see them champions of the Division of which they are a member, or win that coveted trophy, the English Cup, ere long. Last season they were second in the table, as under:

P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals For.	Goals Agst.	Pts.
42	21	9	12	65	59	51

I witnessed the ding-dong struggle in which West Bromwich Albion defeated Aston Villa at home, on November 13th.

The Albion were the better-balanced side throughout this game, and deserved to win by a much bigger margin than they did by the odd goal in three. Their shooting was at fault on many an occasion, and they certainly owed much to the stubbornness of their defence, for the way in which they held the opposing forwards was simply delightful to watch. There was Pennington, as cute as a cat could be, keeping sentry, as it were, over the opposition. He is without a doubt a genius in his place. Smith was an able partner to this giant, and Pearson kept a fine goal. The halves were good all round. Probably Richardson was a trifle the better of the trio. Of the forwards, Morris, as usual, shone, and Jephcott also played up in magnificent style.

For the Villa, Clem Stephenson and Dorrell were quite the best in the forward line. Wallace seemed very much off colour, and Walker did not seem to me to be the dashing centre-forward he generally is. Andy Ducat played better than of late, and eclipsed his two partners in the half-line. On the whole, the Villa were very much below their usual brilliant form. They did not do themselves justice.

CRICKET.

The match at Melbourne between the M.C.C. and Victoria was full of thrills. Victoria, batting first, put up quite a respectable score, and A. W. Lampard secured a century against our attack. His

was a masterful innings, and it proved him to be a resourceful batsman. On going in the M.C.C. fought hard for runs, and when the stumps were drawn after play on Saturday, they had gained the lead with the loss of only two wickets. Jack Hobbs scored 131, in the masterly style for which he is so well renowned, eventually being dismissed in the slips.

This century was his first in this tour, and we expect him to get several more from his bat before the tour comes to a finish.

BOXING.

There is going to be plenty of sport in the boxing world during the next few weeks, and the matches arranged should prove to be very attractive to the sporting public.

On December 20th Tom Cowler and Jack Curphey, the Salford heavy-weight, meet at the National Sporting Club. I may mention that Cowler has not come to the fore to any extent, and so his true form is hardly known to many of us. Jack Curphey, it will be remembered, put up quite a good fight for it in his match with Billy Wells, although eventually beaten. However, I shall side with Cowler to pull this bout off, as I have heard from several well-known critics of many good points in his favour. Should he prove to be successful, I am of the opinion that Cowler should be matched against Billy Wells.

January 14th, 1921, will be a night of nights at the Albert Hall, and there is little doubt but that the place will be packed to its utmost capacity. Besides the fight for the bantam-weight championship between Jimmy Wilde and Pete Herman, ex-Bombardier Billy Wells will face "Battling" Levinsky in a heavy-weight contest. Carpenter, you will remember, defeated Levinsky when on his American tour.

In the former fight I shall expect to see the Welsh Wizard come through the victor, although Herman is a first-class boxer who has made a good name for himself in the past, and who is sure to give "our Jimmy" a good run for his money.

The latter fight should also fall to the Englishman, that is if Billy Wells' temperament does not "play games" with him, as it has done so many times in the past. Everyone is well aware of the fact that Wells is the best boxer of his time in the heavy-weights as regards skill and science, and if only he would go into his fights determined to punish his man—and quickly, too—all would be well. But he doesn't! He is capable of defeating Levinsky on the latter's showing against Georges Carpentier, but will he? Time alone will show, and, meanwhile, I shall give him to win.

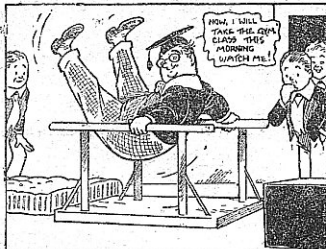
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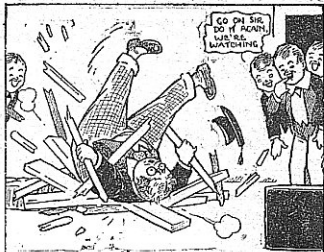
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BILLY BUNTER—FORM-MASTER!

A Screamingly Funny Set of Comic Pictures, drawn by J. MacWilson.



1. Form-master Bunter was in great form after breakfast the other morning. "Boys," he shouted, "I will take the gym class myself to-day. Gather round and watch carefully while I demonstrate to your base intellects how to do the 'sissors' on the parallel-bars."



2. But those parallel-bars were not built for purposes, hippopotanusses, or members of the great Bunter de Gruntor family, and they speedily went out of business. "Ooch! Yaroooh!" gulped that frajulous Form-master. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the jovial juniors.



3. Then Willie Wagg approached with a small pair of boxing-gloves. "Please, sir, we should be so obliged if you would give us some boxing hints," he said politely. "Certainly, my lad," murmured the great W. G. B. And he donned the padded mitts, and—



4. Biff! He promptly gave Willie Wagg a striking hint, as per above spirited photogravure. "Always get one in first like that," said Billy Bunter, "right to the point if possible. Now, I'm sure you see—or feel—the first point of my instruction."



5. And it was soon apparent that Willie Wagg was an apt pupil. "You mean like this, sir?" he wuffed us Bunter's handsome chivvy ran up against his padded mitt with a thud. "Go it, Willie!" tooted all the other fags. "You're making a great hit this week!"



6. Then, while Form-master Bunter lay gasping like a stranded porpoise on the gym floor, Willie Wagg revealed the secret of his boxing success. "I put this horse-shoe into the glove, sir," he murmured. "Nothing like a little mascot of this sort to bring you luck, sir!"

THE EDITOR'S CHAT.

A Little Space Wherein Much is Contained.

For Next Monday.

OUR GRAND CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

It is only right that my clumps should start a week of holiday fun and feasting well, and, with that end in view, I have prepared an extra special treat for them in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY. To begin with, I shall present a magnificent long complete story of the clumps of Greyfriars, entitled:

"HARRY WHARTON'S TRUST!"

By Frank Richards.

The story deals with an adventure which befalls Harry Wharton & Co. when on their way to Wharton Lodge for the Christmas holidays. As may have been expected, Billy Bunter forces his company upon the juniors, and, let it be said, is very sorry he did! For a most unlooked-for accident places Harry Wharton in a position of trust, and until that trust is fulfilled he is unable to continue his journey. Christmas looks as if it is going to be spoiled, for Harry has to go through

many dangers, many trying experiences, and a long journey before he can at last sit down to his Christmas dinner. Altogether, the story of

"HARRY WHARTON'S TRUST!"

can be written down as one of Mr. Richards' best, and is sure to appeal to every one of my readers.

This issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY will also contain the last instalment of

"MARCUS THE BRAVE!"

By Victor Nelson.

Quite a lot of readers will agree with me when I say that the end of the story is nearly always the best, and for me to spoil even one minute of your next week's enjoyment by telling you how the story of "Marcus the Brave" ends is unthinkable. Until next Monday, then, I will say nothing more about this story.

"BILLY'S LITTLE GAME."

Last week, clumps all, I gave you some idea of what was taking place in my office. Billy Bunter has been working there—yes, you're quite right; I said "working"!! I've kept my eye on Billy, and I can safely say that he has been scribbling away as if for his life—or for a plate of cakes, which might appeal to him more than his life!

So the time has come for me to let you into the secret. It is this:

In our issue dated January 1st, 1921, there will appear a really splendid four-page supplement to the MAGNET LIBRARY, and the front page will bear the title of

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!"

As the boy said when he dropped his father's best shaving-mug: "That's done it!" The secret is out. Billy Bunter has brought out a paper—a real paper in print! Naturally, he has called it after his own name; and as he has done it after his own style, without any help or advice from me, I can safely promise you something very, very funny. More news next week!

Your Editor



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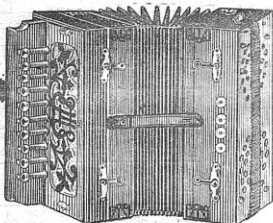
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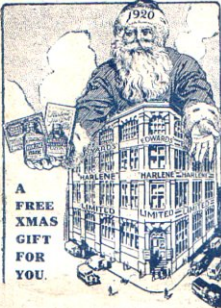
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Just practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" for a week. At the end of seven days the hair you possess will take on a lovely lustre which multiplies its Beauty by 200 per cent. At least. After a free trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 10d., 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle; 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle; and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct, on receipt of 6d. extra for postage, from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

CHRISTMAS GIFT COUPON

To Messrs. Edwards' Harlene Co., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Sir—I should be glad to receive 1,000,000 Christmas Gift Packages, containing instructions and materials for developing the growth and beauty of my hair. I enclose 4d. stamps for postage and packing to my address. MACKAY, 18/12/20.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Gift Dept.")

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If so, let the Girvan System help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Miss Davies 2 1/2 inches; Mr. Linton 3 inches; Mr. Kelley 4 inches; Miss Lendell 4 inches. This System requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the health, physique, and carriage. No appliances or dress. Send 3 penny stamps for particulars and £100 Guarantee to Enquiry Dept., A.M.F., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.4.



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From THE MODEL ENGINEERING CO., 38 (A.P. Dept.), Queen's Road, Aston, BIRMINGHAM.

MODEL STEAM LOCOMOTIVE and TENDER, run nearly 5,000 feet. "O" Gauge, 12/3. BRITISH MADE PILOT STEAM LOCOMOTIVE, solid brass throughout, 31/- MODEL OF CONTINENTAL EXPRESS PASSENGER STEAM LOCOMOTIVE, 27/6. BRITISH MADE MODEL FITTING, etc. RUBBER TIRE, 2/6. COMPLETE ELECTRIC LIGHTING OUTFIT, suitable bedroom, W.C., etc., 5/-. Frisky Self-Starting Motor, 5/6. Small Electric Shocking Tool, 7/6. Water Motor, 1/2. Electric Shocking Tools, 2/6. Twin Gears, 13/6. Two-Volt Accumulators, 3/10. Good Little Four-Volt Dynamo, 5/6. LARGE ELECTRIC RAILWAY complete with small battery, 40/- Handmade Electric Cycle Lamp, complete, 14/-. Electric Watch, 5/6. Electric Fire-Pipe, complete with battery, etc., 5/6. Electric Telegraph, etc., 3/6. Electric Shocking Tool, 7/6. "Water Motor" Parts, 3/-. Electric Motor Parts, 3/-. Net Model Boiler Fittings, 6/3. Double-acting Boat Engine, 5/6. Boiler to suit, with Piston and Link, 7/6. Double-acting Boat Engine, 5/6. VERTICAL AND HORIZONTAL STEAM ENGINES, 7/6, 10/6, 15/6, 27/6 to £10. ORDER EARLY! Postage 6d. to 2/- extra.

BOX FIRE TOYS 8/6. BOX JOKES 8/6.

CUT THIS OUT

"The Magnet," PEN COUPON. Value 2d.

Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 110, Fleet St., London, E.C.4. In return you will receive (post free) a 10/- British-made and made in England Fleet Pen, value 10/6. If you save 15 further coupons, each will count as 2d. of the price; so you may send 15 coupons and only 5/-. Say whether you want a fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer ends 31st. December. Famous pen made for THE MAGNET readers. (Foreign postage extra.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Self Filling, or Safety Models, 2/- extra.

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EVERYTHING ON EASY TERMS.

No. 1. Masters' Famous "Ajax" Service Capless Boot for Police, Post and Railwaymen, price 36/-; easy terms, 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly. Specially selected material, price 35/-; same terms.

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5/- MONTHLY

No. 4. Masters' "Empire" Boot, a reliable Boot for everyday wear, price 27/6; superior quality, 30/-; easy terms, 5/- deposit and 5/- monthly.

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Send 5/- deposit with size and say which pair we shall send you. Pay balance 5/- monthly after delivery.

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