

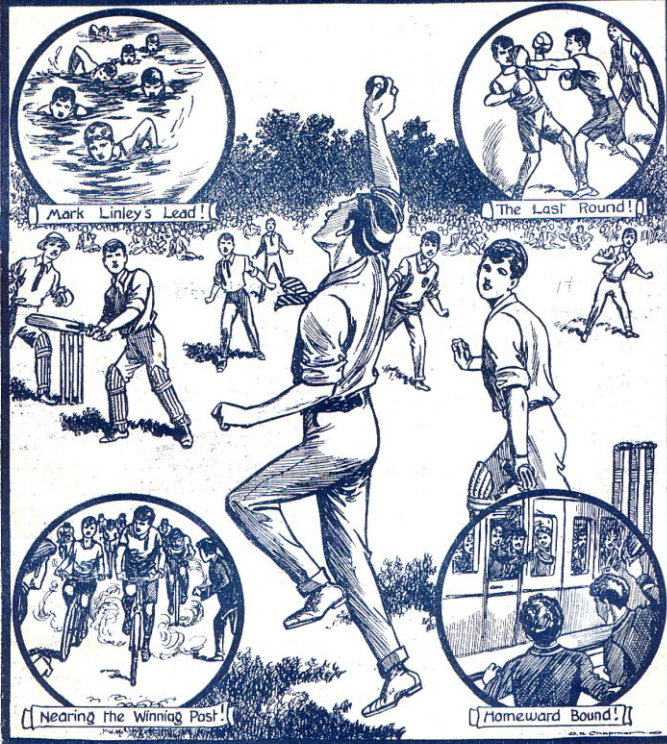
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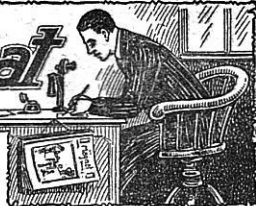
June 11th, 1921.



THE GREAT SPORTS TOURNAMENT AT GREYFRIARS!

(Exciting Episodes from the Solendid Long Complete Tale in this issue.)

The Editor's Chat



Address all your letters to:
The Editor, "The Magnet Library,"
The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.
I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

For our next issue we have another splendid, long, complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of Greyfriars, entitled.

"SLEEPERS OF THE REMOVE!"

By Frank Richards.

This is really an amazing story. Fisher T. Fish, the self-styled business man of the Remove, starts quite a new campaign, but it has results which astonish even the American junior himself. What staggers Greyfriars, and leads to a great deal of anxiety, is that half the Remove fall asleep—even Billy Bunter, the fat-test junior in the Remove, and with the biggest appetite in the school, falls asleep when there is food in front of him!

Readers who enjoy a school story with an element of the mysterious, should not miss our next issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY.

"THE GREYFRIARS HERALD."

The next issue of Harry Wharton's famous paper, published as a supplement in the MAGNET LIBRARY will be a special "Bob Cherry Number." Bob takes the responsibility of producing a number entirely on his own, and I must

leave you to see what sort of a job he makes of it.

However, I can honestly say that Bob Cherry's Number of the "Greyfriars Herald" is one well worth reading.

OUT TO-MORROW!

The grand serial of which I have written about the last two weeks has appeared in the "Boys' Herald," and by now is receiving a warm welcome from thousands of lovers of naval fiction. You are not too late to commence reading this grand serial, which bears the title of

"THE LAD FROM THE LOWER DECK!"

for to-morrow will see published the second instalment. The first instalment can be obtained if you ask to-day for the issue of the "Boys' Herald" now on sale.

Of course, there are many other interesting features of our famous companion paper.

NOTICES.

Cricket.

Robert Hall, 4, Padstow Street, Newton, Manchester, has just started a cricket team, and wants to hear of matches home and away; five miles.

Correspondence.

Arthur W. Durrans, Berrington, Dover Road, Birkdale, near Southport, wishes to correspond with readers overseas, ages 10-14.

R. J. Ford, Avenue House, High Street, Peckham, S.E. 15, wishes to hear from readers of the Companion Papers overseas, especially in America, and California, ages 10-22.

Miss Doris Ellingham, 8, Jubilee Street, Luton, Bedfordshire, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Miss Jennie H. Whyte, Chapel Street, Cloyne, Co. Cork, Ireland, would like to correspond with readers, ages 14-16, in England and Scotland.

Harry Hartley, 3, Carlton Avenue, Bailey, near Dewsbury, Yorks., wishes to correspond with readers interested in foreign stamps.

Miss L. Taylor, c/o McIntosh, Ardroy, Perth, Scotland, wishes to correspond with a reader who runs an amateur magazine.

Miss Edith Young, 45, Tennyson Street, Queen's Road, Battersea, S.W., wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 12-20.

Miss Crissie Wilmet, 11, Vittoria Place, Islington, N. 1, wishes for correspondents, ages 16-18, fond of reading.

C. Koyd, c/o. Dunell, Eldon & Co., Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

H. C. Fenerty, 214, Agricola Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, wishes to correspond with Scottish readers, ages 13-21, as he served in the Canadian Scottish, and spent some happy times in St. Andrew's Hospital, Edinburgh.

Miss Doron White, 45, Tennyson Street, Queen's Road, Battersea, S.W., wishes to correspond with readers, ages 17-19.

Signaller G. Rickett, Signal Office, Brigade Headquarters, Victoria Barracks, Athlone, Ireland, would like to hear from readers.

Anthony Willis, Locomotive Dept., South African Railways, Glencoe Junction, Natal, South Africa, wishes to hear from readers in Scotland and Ireland, view postcard exchange.

Frank C. Deer, 68, Sprules Road, Brockley, S.E. 4, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 16-17, in Belgium, France and Canada, view to exchanging postcards and stamps.

Hilary Williams, Chapel House, Kingsdown, Sevenoaks, Kent, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

J. Ridley, jun., Race Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, wants to hear from readers, ages 16 upwards, willing to help with his correspondence club. Assistant-editor for the club magazine also required.

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Your Editor.



A Magnificent Long Complete School Story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars. - By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bunter Talks Too Much!

"I SAY, you fellows—" Billy Bunter jerked out the words breathlessly, as he bore down upon the Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove, who were strolling in the Close.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Here comes the giddy Intelligence Department! What's the latest, Bunt?"

Billy Bunter rolled to a halt. He was bursting with news, and also with indignation.

"It's the absolute limit, you fellows!" he exclaimed. "The Head deserves to be kicked!"

"Shush!" muttered Frank Nugent. "You mustn't say things like that, porpoise, or you'll be had up for high treason!"

"I don't care! The Head ought to have more sense than to foist a set of low-down factory cads on us!"

"Eh?"

"There's a whole crowd of 'em coming from Lancashire," Bunter went on. "Greyfriars will be crowded out with the cads! It's a rotten shame, and I shall write and complain to my pater about it. Why should the sons of gentlemen—like myself—be contaminated by a low-bred gang of factory louts?"

The Famous Five stared. They were amazed at Bunter's vehemence.

"You—you mean to say that there's a crowd of new kids coming from Lancashire?" said Harry Wharton.

"No, not new kids. They're only coming for a week—but that's bad enough. Fancy having to rub shoulders with such low scum! My pater would shudder at the idea. He'd have me taken away from Greyfriars—"

"That would be a merciful release—for us!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I'm not a snob, but I consider there are too many outsiders at Greyfriars, as it is. There's Mark Linley, who used to work in a factory, or a cotton-mill, or something—"

"If you call Mark Linley an outsider," said Bob Cherry, with warmth, "I—I'll burst you!"

"Well, of course, Linley's improved a lot since he first came," said Bunter. "That's due to the influence of fellows like me—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter glowered at the Famous Five through his big spectacles.

"I don't see anything to cackle at!" he said peevishly. "It's enough to make any high-born fellow weep! There's Penfold, the son of a cobbler. Then there's Newland, a Wandering Jew—"

"You can thank your lucky stars that neither Pen nor Newland happens to be here at the moment!" growled Johnny Bull.

"If they were," added Hurree Singh, "the ludicrous Bunter would be dotfully biffo on the boko!"

"If it's a question of breeding," said Harry Wharton, "there's not a fellow in the Remove who isn't a perfect gentleman by comparison with you, porpoise!"

Wharton's contemptuous remark ought to have made Billy Bunter shrivel up. Contempt, according to the Eastern proverb, will pierce the shell of a tortoise. But it failed to pierce the hide of the porpoise.

"I've a jolly good mind to get up a petition, protesting against these factory cads coming here," said Bunter.

"But why are they coming?" asked Nugent.

"There's going to be a sports tournament between these factory louts and the Remove. And the Lancashire cads are going to be the guests of Greyfriars for a week. They're going to be pampered and petted as if they belonged to the giddy peerage!"

"A sports tournament?" said Wharton, ignoring the latter part of Bunter's remark. "How did you know this?"

"I think I can tell you," chuckled Bob Cherry. "His bootlace happened to come undone outside the door of the Head's study, and he happened to hear the Head say that the Lancashire fellows happened to be coming!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I hope you don't think I'm the sort of fellow who deliberately listens at study keyholes! I simply couldn't help hearing what the Head said to Prout and Quelch. He was bellowing at the top of his voice. In fact, you could have heard him in Friarale."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He said it would be a very fine thing if a number of working boys came to Greyfriars, and played the Remove at cricket, and so forth," Bunter went on. "It would establish a spirit of comradeship between public school boys and fellows who have to boil for their daily

bread—I mean, toil for their daily bread—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The Head said it would do away with class extinction—"

"You mean 'distinction'!" chuckled Nugent.

"Same thing! It would do away with class distinction, and it would knit together the whole eternity—"

"Sure you don't mean 'fraternity'?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"That's it! These Lancashire bounders are arriving to-morrow afternoon. They'll turn up in corduroys and clogs, I expect!"

"Dry up, you fat cad!" said Wharton sharply. "It doesn't matter what a fellow wears, so long as he's made of the right stuff!"

"The average Lancashire fellow," said Bob Cherry, "is worth six of you, my fat tulip!"

"Yes, rather!"

Billy Bunter's eyes glittered with wrath.

"I expected you fellows to take my point of view, and protest against these cads coming," he said. "It's up to us to knock the sports tournament on the head, and send Lancashire lads back to their factory, or cotton-mill, or wherever they hang out! I object to rubbing shoulders with them!"

"I expect they'll object to rubbing shoulders with you—and they'll be quite justified!" said Wharton contemptuously.

"Oh, really, you know! I can't think what the Head was about to allow such a thing. As I said before, the silly old buffer deserves to be kicked!"

A sudden hush followed Billy Bunter's statement.

Unseen by the fat junior, but observed by the Famous Five, the Head himself had come upon the scene.

Dr. Locke could not help overhearing Bunter's shrill comment, and he stood as if turned to stone. For the moment, he was incapable of speech or movement.

Billy Bunter was encouraged by his schoolfellow's silence. He told himself that his words had made an impression. And he prattled merrily on:

"The Head doesn't know his job! Only a born imbecile would flood the school with factory cads! I consider that a deputation of us ought to go to the Head, and tell him that he's an absolute ass!"

"Oh!" gasped Wharton.

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"It's time the silly old jester was pensioned off and shoved on the retired list," continued Billy Bunter. "Can you imagine him tottering down to the village with Gosling, the porter, to draw his old-age pension? He, he, he!"

The Famous Five did not contribute to Billy Bunter's cackle of merriment. They were appalled to think that the Head was standing just behind the fat junior, and could plainly hear every word that was said.

"Don't you fellows agree with me that it's time the Head chucked in his mit?" said Bunter. "I say, Wharton, why are you making those faces at me?"

"Oh!" gasped Wharton again. "If I was a governor of this school," said Bunter, warning to his subject, "the first thing I should do would be to send the Head packing! He'd go out on his—"

"Bunter!" The word rang out like a pistol-shot. It had an electrifying effect upon Billy Bunter, who jumped a couple of feet from the flagstones.

"Oh crumbs! Is—is it you, sir? I—I didn't know you were standing there!" "Apparently not," said the Head grimly, "or you would not have applied such impertinent epithets to your headmaster! How dare you speak of me in such a grossly disrespectful manner?"

"Ow! I—I didn't, sir! I never opened my mouth, sir!"

"Do not aggravate your conduct by telling falsehoods, boy! You referred to me as a 'silly old buffer'!" "No, sir, no, sir! I can assure you you're quite mistaken, sir! When I said that I was alluding to old Quelch—that is to say, Mr. Quelch, sir."

"You distinctly mentioned the Head!" "Yessir. I meant the head prefect, sir—Wingate, to be precise. As if I should ever dream of calling you a silly old buffer, sir! I always keep my opinion to myself."

There was a titter from the Famous Five.

"Do not snigger at this wretched boy!" thundered the Head. "His conduct is a matter for tears rather than merriment. You will follow me to my study, Bunter, and I will endeavour to chastise you into a more respectful frame of mind!"

"Oh crumbs! But—but what have I done, sir?" faltered Billy Bunter, whose knees were knocking together with apprehension. "I—I haven't breathed a word to your discredit, sir. In fact, I was just telling these fellows that a brick you were! I said I hoped it would be a long time before the Governors pensioned you off, sir—"

"Enough!" said the Head sternly. "Follow me!"

Five minutes later sounds of steady swishing proceeded from the Head's study.

Other sounds were heard, too—wails of wild anguish.

The Famous Five listened and chuckled. They had no sympathy to waste upon the Owl of the Remove, who was now being taught the wisdom of keeping his tongue in his cheek, and the folly of having too much "check" in his tongue.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Skinner's Little Scheme!

THE news that the factory lads were coming to Greyfriars met with a mixed reception in the Remove. Mark Linley, the Lancashire junior, was jubilant. So were the sportsmen of the Form—fellows like Jack Drake and Tom Redwing and Vernon. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 696.

Smith—who were keenly looking forward to the sports tournament.

There were others, however, who were far from pleased, and who made no attempt to conceal their displeasure.

Chief among these was Harold Skinner, the cad of the Remove.

Skinner was a snob of the worst type. He had been "up against" Mark Linley and Dick Penfold in turn, and he had done his best to make their lives miserable. Thanks to the staunch support which the scholarship boys had received from Harry Wharton & Co., the cad of the Remove had not succeeded.

There was an announcement on the notice-board in the hall, stating that the Remove would be free from lessons every afternoon for a week, owing to the visit of the Lancashire boys. The Head added, in a footnote, that he hoped the Greyfriars boys would show their guests every courtesy and consideration.

"Fancy showing courtesy to factory cads!" said Skinner. "Does the Head imagine we're going to lick their giddy boots?"

"I don't know about licking their boots," said Bolsover major, "but I'm quite ready to lick the wearers of them!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"No mill-hand or cotton operatives are wanted here," said Stott. "We've got Linley, and that's enough."

"Quite enough," interposed a quiet voice. "Another word from you, you cad, and you'll go down for the count!" It was Mark Linley who spoke. His hands were clenched, and there was a determined gleam in his eyes.

"Dash it all, Linley," said Skinner, "you must admit that it's a bit thick to make Greyfriars a dumping-ground for low-down blackguards from the North—"

Smack! Mark Linley unclenched his hand, and dealt Skinner a backhander that made his teeth rattle.

"Ow!" spluttered the cad of the Remove. "Go for him, Bolsy!"

Bolsover major's hands remained in his pockets.

"Fight your own battle!" he said. "I shall have enough scrapping to do to-morrow, when these mill-hands arrive."

Mark Linley glared at the speaker. "If you start any of your bullying stunts, Bolsover," he said, "you'll get it in the neck!"

Bolsover shrugged his shoulders, and strolled away. Skinner and Stott followed him. They had no desire to remain in Mark Linley's company just then.

"I say, you chaps," said Skinner, "I've got a wheeze! We'll meet those factory bounders to-morrow and have some rare fun!"

"But Wharton & Co. are going down to the station to meet them," said Bolsover.

"To Friarale Station—yes. But we'll intercept the train at Courtfield Junction."

"Oh, good!" "And what's going to happen then?" inquired Stott.

"Lend me your ears," said Skinner. And he proceeded to unfold his plans. Evidently Stott and Bolsover approved of those plans, for they seemed highly amused.

There was only one topic of conversation in the Remove that evening and the following morning—the coming of the Lancashire lads.

What sort of fellows would they prove to be? Would they be able to hold their own with the Remove on the playing-fields, or would they be put to rout?

After dinner next day quite a crowd of Removeites proceeded to Friarale Station, little dreaming that Skinner &

Co. were stealing a march on them by going to Courtfield and intercepting the train there.

There were five juniors waiting on Courtfield platform when the train steamed in. They were Skinner, Stott, Bolsover major, Snoop, and Trevor.

"Here she comes!" said Skinner, referring to the train. "Keep your eyes skinned, you fellows. We don't want to miss the bounders!"

The Lancashire lads could not easily be missed, for they were crowded into one compartment, singing a popular song, and evidently enjoying themselves. Two of them were leaning out of the carriage-window.

"Here they are!" said Bolsover major. "Coom, lads, an' let's drag 'em out on't!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Skinner & Co. approached the factory lads.

"Happen thou'rt for Greyfriars?" said Skinner, addressing a curly-headed youth.

"Yes, we're for Greyfriars," was the quiet reply. "But why do you talk like that?"

"I thought you'd understand me better if I spoke in your own lingo," said Skinner.

And there was a chuckle from the others.

"Happen they speak King's English, after all!" said Bolsover.

"Happen you're looking for a thick ear?" retorted the curly-headed youth.

Bolsover scowled.

"None of your cheek!" he said sharply. "Time you hopped out of the carriage. The train will be going on in a minute!"

Jimmy Gordon—the fellow who had acted as spokesman for the factory lads—looked surprised.

"We understood that Friarale was the station for Greyfriars," he said.

"Well, you understood wrongly," said Skinner. "Alight here for Greyfriars—eh, porter?" he added, winking at a railway-servant who was pushing a trolley.

"Yessir! Cert'nly, sir!" was the reply.

Jimmy Gordon & Co. lost no time in getting out of the carriage. They heaved their baggage on to the platform, and nimbly jumped out after it.

Skinner and his cronies were frankly disappointed at the appearance of the North-country boys.

They had expected the factory lads to be dressed in cheap and threadbare clothes, and to be wearing either clogs or heavy hobnailed boots.

On the contrary, Jimmy Gordon & Co. were very neatly attired in blue serge suits. And instead of the cheap cloth caps which Skinner & Co. had expected to see, they wore straw hats. Indeed, they looked more prepossessing than the cads of the Greyfriars Remove.

Physically, too, they were fine fellows, broad-shouldered and well-developed. Their speech, although not exactly polished, was not nearly so crude as Bolsover's imitation of it.

"First of all," said Skinner, "we'll introduce ourselves. As the five most prominent members of the Remove Form, we were specially selected to come and meet you."

Jimmy Gordon smiled. "Well, if you fellows represent the cream of the Remove," he said, "we look forward to a walk-over in the sports tournament. The rest of your fellows must be dwarfs and skeletons. Excuse my candour!"

Skinner scowled, and proceeded to introduce himself and his companions by name. He then learned the names of the Lancashire boys. Jimmy Gordon



"Turn them out, my boys!" exclaimed Mr. Mobbs. "How dare they set foot on these premises without permission?" Only a couple of the factory lads remained on their feet, and these two were seized and sent spinning through the gateway. Jimmy Gordon and Weston, with the odds so heavy against them, were whirled towards the gateway in turn. (See Chapter 3.)

appeared to be their leader, and his right-hand men were Welsh and Weston. "Now, the next thing you've got to do," said Skinner, when the introductions had been performed, "is to stand us a feed."

"Hear, hear!" said Stott. "We don't usually sit down to table with members of the working classes, but we'll make an exception this time."

"Very good of you, I'm sure!" said Jimmy Gordon. "But it so happens that we ourselves are very particular. We don't sit down to table with snobs!"

"You ought to feel flattered at being allowed to stand your betters a feed!" said Bolsover.

"Our betters!" said Jimmy Gordon, glancing up and down the platform. "Where are they?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover was on the point of losing his temper. He would have rushed at the leader of the Lancashire lads had not Skinner restrained him.

The cad of the Remove did not desire a scrap, partly because the Lancashire lads had the appearance of hard hitters, and partly because it would upset his little scheme.

"You won't stand us a feed, Gordon?" he said.

"No!"

"Not after we've condescended to come and meet you at the station?"

"You needn't have troubled," said Jimmy Gordon drily. "By the way, would you mind directing us to Greyfriars?"

Skinner gave instructions as to the road the Lancashire lads should take, and Jimmy Gordon thanked him tersely.

"Shall we come with you?" asked Skinner, knowing full well what the answer would be.

"No, thanks! We're quite capable of

looking after ourselves, and we sha'n't need an escort."

Skinner chuckled.

"So-long!" he said. "We shall meet again at Greyfriars!"

Jimmy Gordon & Co. gathered up their bags and passed out of the station.

They had been told to take the first turning to the left, and to keep straight on. And they did so without hesitation.

Little did they guess that the first turning to the left did not lead to Greyfriars, but to Highcliffe!

On arriving at the rival school the Lancashire lads would walk right into a hornet's-nest and whether they would be stung in the process remained to be seen.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Pitched Battle!

"SISTER ANNE! Sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?"

It was Cecil Ponsonby, the leader of the Highcliffe Nuts, who spoke.

Pon was standing in the school gateway, and he was accompanied by over a score of fellows of his own kidney.

Skinner, of Greyfriars, had put Ponsonby wise concerning the arrival of the Lancashire lads, and Pon had agreed to muster a large force, and make things warm for the members of Jimmy Gordon's party.

"Yas, here they come, begad!" said Vavasour, shading his eyes with his hand, and glancing down the road.

"There's a dozen of 'em, Pon."

"A dozen! Oh, it won't take long to polish off that little lot! We're nearly twice as strong!"

Little dreaming that they were walking into a trap, Jimmy Gordon & Co.

came striding gaily along the dusty road. Their eyes were upturned towards the big tower of Highcliffe, which they imagined was the tower of Greyfriars.

"Can't quite size the beggars up yet," said Gadsby. "What are they wearin'—the cut-down logs of their puters?"

"No, dear boy. They're quite well-dressed," said Monson in surprise. "In fact, they look almost respectable!"

"Skinner said they would be awful tramps," said Ponsonby. "These low-bred factory bounders generally are!"

"I expect they've been on strike about a dozen times for more pay," said Merton. "An' every time they've come out the Government, or the employers, have given 'em a liberal increase, with the result that they're brim' like fightin' cocks. I've heard that some of these cubs get as much as five quid a week. No wonder they're togged up!"

"Their togg won't be quite so presentable by the time we've dusted the quad with them!" said Ponsonby, with a chuckle.

As the Lancashire lads drew near to the school gates, Gadsby uttered an exclamation of disappointment.

"Oh, crumbs! Here comes Mobby, you fellows!"

Mr. Mobbs, the sour, ill-tempered master of the Highcliffe Fourth, made his appearance in the quadrangle just as Jimmy Gordon & Co. entered this school gateway.

It looked as if Ponsonby & Co. would be balked of their prey.

As it happened, however, Mr. Mobbs resented the intrusion of the factory lads. He scowled as they approached.

"Who are these young rascals?" he asked.

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snapped. "What do they mean by invading the school premises in this manner?"

"They seem to be a gang of village louts, up to some mischief or other, sir," said Ponsonby.

Mr. Mobbs compressed his lips. He waved a skinny hand towards the intruders.

"Pray eject them, my boys!" he said.

This was just what Ponsonby & Co. wanted. They nudged each other excitedly.

"Certainly, sir!" said Monson.

"Pleasure, begad!" drawled Vavasour. The next moment Jimmy Gordon & Co. had the surprise of their lives.

They had expected a cordial reception on reaching their destination—but the reception they now got was decidedly hostile.

"Out with the cads!" shouted Ponsonby.

There was a sudden rush of feet, and the Lancashire lads found themselves attacked by upwards of a score of fellows.

"Hallo! The natives seem to be cutting up rusty!" observed Jimmy Gordon. "Still, they're not going to have it all their own way. Shoulder to shoulder, kids!"

The Lancashire lads lined up to meet the unexpected onslaught. They hit out vigorously, and there was a howl from Ponsonby as Jimmy Gordon's fist found a billet on his somewhat prominent nose. "Yaroooooh!"

"Strike it!" panted Jimmy Gordon. Right and left, left and right the Lancashire lads hit out at the advancing enemy.

Ponsonby was down, and Gadsby and Merton rolled over on top of him.

But numbers soon began to tell.

The twelve factory lads, sturdy fighting-men though they were, were no match for a score of opponents.

Had the Highcliffe fellows fought fairly, Jimmy Gordon & Co. might have had a chance. But they were attacked from the rear as well as from the front—this was Ponsonby's idea of fair-play—and thus they were gradually overpowered.

Cecil Ponsonby scrambled to his feet. His eyes were gleaming.

"Give 'em socks!" he snarled. "Pulverise the cads!"

Biff!

Once again Ponsonby was laid low by a smashing straight left from Jimmy Gordon.

But almost as soon as the blow was delivered, Jimmy himself was down. He was tripped up from behind by Blades, who floored him and promptly sat on him.

The scrap had been in progress about ten minutes, and the quadrangle was strewn with recumbent forms.

Only a couple of the factory lads remained on their feet, and these two were seized and sent spinning through the gateway.

Mr. Mobbs, who ought to have been the last person to countenance such an affair, looked up with approval.

"Turn them out, my boys!" he exclaimed. "How dare they set foot on these premises without permission?"

Jimmy Gordon and Weston and Welsh and the others were whirled towards the gateway in turn.

Ponsonby & Co. were on top now, and they handled their victims none too gently.

"Rescue!" yelled Jimmy Gordon.

What made him utter the cry Jimmy didn't know. It seemed absurd to shout "Rescue!" when the whole school

seemed to be "up against" him and his chums.

Yet the cry, curiously enough, was answered.

There were sounds of running feet, and over a dozen juniors, led by the Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove, came dashing up.

"Greyfriars cads!" muttered Ponsonby. "Pitch 'em out!"

Pon's followers, however, looked uneasy. They knew that the tide of battle would turn now—that they stood little chance against fellows of the Bob Cherry calibre.

On seeing the reinforcements arrive, Jimmy Gordon & Co. struggled to their feet and raised a cheer. They knew nothing of the newcomers, except that they were friends and not foes.

A swift, sharp struggle ensued.

The Greyfriars fellows joined forces with the Lancashire lads, and charged down upon Ponsonby & Co., who were scattered like chaff before the reaper.

Mr. Mobbs was prancing to and fro like a cat on hot bricks. He was almost beside himself with rage.

"Young hooligans!" he shouted. "How dare you? How dare you, I say? Go away—go away at once!"

"Not this evening!" panted Bob Cherry. "Some other evening!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where's Pon?" inquired Johnny Bull, glancing round. "Oh, there you are! Here's a little present for you!"

The "little present" took the form of a terrific punch on the nose, and the leader of the Highcliffe Nuts went down for the third time. He seemed in no hurry to rise.

Mr. Mobbs stormed and fumed and threatened, but all to no purpose.

Harry Wharton & Co. had "seen red," so to speak, and they were out for scalps. Their fists did great execution, and half of Ponsonby's army was soon hors de combat. The other half, finding the battle not at all to their liking, turned and fled, like the cowards they were.

Harry Wharton, flushed and panting, dropped his hands to his sides.

"I fancy that concludes the entertainment!" he said. "There will be no second house! We'll be toddling now, I think!"

"Your headmaster shall hear of this!" snarled Mr. Mobbs.

Wharton ignored the furious Highcliffe master.

"I say," said Jimmy Gordon, stepping forward. "I don't know who you are, but it's jolly decent of you to chip in like this. Judging by the reception we got at Greyfriars, we're not going to have a very peaceful life here."

"This isn't Greyfriars," said Wharton. "Eh?"

"This is Highcliffe."

"Great Scott!"

"How on earth did you fellows manage to land in this hole?" asked Bob Cherry. "We went to Friarale Station to meet you, and you didn't turn up. And now we find you at Highcliffe, by all that's queer!"

Jimmy Gordon explained.

"We were met at Courtfield Junction by five fellows, who said they belonged to the Greyfriars Remove," he said. "They told us that Courtfield was the station for Greyfriars, and they directed us here."

Harry Wharton looked grim.

"I fancy I know who the practical jokers are," he said. "We'll make them sit up when we get back to the school."

"The sit-upfulness will be terrific," said Hurree Singh.

"In fact, we'll make 'em sit up so much, by lanning 'em with cricket-

stumps, that they won't be able to sit down," said Jack Drake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Have you fellows had tea?" asked Harry Wharton, turning to Jimmy Gordon & Co.

"No," said Jimmy. "The fellows who met us wanted us to stand them a feed, but we told them we were rather particular who we eat down to table with."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll go along to the bunshop in Friarale," said Nugent. "It's our treat."

The party set off, still ignoring the shrill threats of Mr. Mobbs.

During an enjoyable feed at the village bunshop, Harry Wharton & Co. got to know the names of their guests, and they were favourably impressed by the manly and frank ways of the Lancashire lads.

It happened that Mark Linley knew Jimmy Gordon slightly, and the pair were soon chatting away merrily.

After the meal, the factory lads were escorted to Greyfriars, where they were greeted very cordially by the Head, the masters, and the majority of the fellows.

There were a few murmurs of dissent, but the dissenters were soon silenced.

Skinner & Co. were run to earth in the junior (Common-room), and their school-fellows did not spare them.

One by one they were hoisted over a desk, and Johnny Bull was chief executioner.

Johnny wielded the cricket-stump in a manner worthy of the village blacksmith swinging his sledge, and the victims acknowledged the receipt of the strokes in various ways. Skinner squealed, Bolsover groaned, Stott squeaked, Snop sang, and Trevor howled.

"Reminds you of pig-killing, doesn't it?" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Johnny Bull's arm was aching by the time he had finished. And Skinner & Co. bitterly regretted having played that practical joke on the lads from Lancashire.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Shock for the Remove!

JIMMY GORDON & CO. slept in the school sanatorium that night.

Skinner suggested raiding the factory lads in their quarters, and drenching them with a fire-hose. This bright suggestion, however, did not find favour with Skinner's cronies, who were not exactly pining for another Form licking.

Consequently, the Lancashire lads, who were fagged out after an eventful day, were able to sleep soundly all night.

When they arose next morning they declared that they were as fit as fiddles, and that they would trounce the Remove at cricket in the afternoon. Whereat the Removites chuckled, and Hurree Singh remarked that it would be on the other foot bootfully.

The cricket-match was the first item on the sports programme, and tremendous interest was taken in the event.

Harry Wharton was fielding his strongest team; and, although the Lancashire lads were an unknown quantity, so far as cricket was concerned, it was generally believed that the Remove had a "soft thing" on.

In the morning, Jimmy Gordon & Co. made a tour of the school precincts, while the Removites were at lessons. And when the Lancashire boys came into the dining-hall for dinner they were in flannels—a fact which caused great dis-



Billy Bunter got to close quarters with his opponent and dealt Jimmy a heavy punch in the chest. "Yarrooh!" yelled the Lancashire lad, and collapsed on the floor of the gym like a limp sack. "Count him out, Wharton!" said Billy Bunter, loftily, as he folded his arms and assumed a Napoleonic attitude. (See Chapter 5.)

appointment to the snobs of the Remove, who had expected to see the North-country team play in their every-day attire.

It was to be a single-innings match, and a start was made shortly after dinner.

Harry Wharton won the toss, and decided to bat first.

"Awfully sorry, Gordon!"

"Eh? Why do you say that?"

"Because it will be our painful duty to keep you fellows in the field all the afternoon."

Jimmy Gordon smiled.

"Don't be too sure," he said. "We're not far novices at the game, you know. In Lancashire, we've been practising every evening after work."

Harry Wharton took Bob Cherry in with him to open the innings. A cheer followed the two popular Removites as they walked out to the wickets.

"Play up, you fellows!"

"Let's have a fifty from you, Wharton!"

"And from you, Bob!"

But the batsmen soon discovered that fifties would not be easy to get.

Welsh and Weston shared the bowling, and they were almost unplayable. Welsh's deliveries were of the express-train variety, and they came down at a most terrific pace. Weston, on the other hand, bowled very slow, silly-looking "googlies." Ridiculously easy balls they seemed; but, try as they would, the batsmen could not get them away.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry managed to keep their respective ends up, and that was all.

Runs were scored in singles, and they were like figs in the average fig-pudding—few and far between.

Half an hour had elapsed before the scoring-board registered ten. And

Wharton and Cherry came in for some "barracking" from the crowd.

"Be careful, Wharton," sang out Fry of the Fourth, "or you might hit it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Harry won't hit to-day!" said Johnny Bull, parodying the well-known cricketing phrase.

Wharton, who could usually be relied upon to keep perfectly cool, began to lose his patience. He was tired of scratching and scraping, and he was fired with the desire to lift one of Weston's simple-looking balls on to the roof of the pavilion. He ran out at the next ball he received, and struck out with all the strength of his wrists. But the ball somehow eluded the bat, and the next instant there was a sharp appeal from the wicket-keeper.

"How's that?"

Wharton was yards out of his crease, and his wicket was down. He saw the umpire's hand upraised, and he turned, and walked slowly back to the pavilion.

The entry in the score-book was not inspiring. It ran:

"H. Wharton, stumped Barnes, b. Weston, 4."

"Watch that fellow Weston!" said Wharton, as Frank Nugent passed him on his way to the wicket. "His bowling looks as easy as pie, but he gets no end of a twist on the ball."

Nugent nodded.

"What's the other fellow's bowling like?" he asked.

"Don't ask me," said Wharton. "They come down at such a pace that you can't see 'em!"

"That's cheering!"

Frank Nugent passed on to the wicket. He played himself in very carefully, and presently he succeeded in getting hold of

one of Weston's and despatching it to the ropes.

"Hurrah!"

"Well hit, sir!"

Nugent's triumph, however, was short-lived. When he had to face Welsh he was tied up in knots.

The fast bowler was dead on the mark every time, and his third ball uprooted Nugent's middle-stump and sent it whirling a dozen yards.

"Oh, crumbs!" groaned Jack Drake.

"Two good wickets down for only ten runs! Go in and stop the rot, Marky, for goodness' sake!"

Mark Linley proved a rod in pickle for the Remove. The howling, difficult though it was, seemed to have no terror for him. He snicked Welsh's hurricane deliveries through the slips, and gathered quite a lot of runs that way. As for Weston's googlies, Mark tackled them with confidence, and got the ball to the boundary three times in one over.

Bob Cherry was still batting, and he gave his chum splendid support.

The score was taken to 60 before the partnership was dissolved, and then Bob Cherry was cleverly taken at mid-on by Jimmy Gordon. It was a brilliant one-handed catch, and the crowd cheered heartily.

After Bob's departure two fresh bowlers were tried. They were not nearly so clever as Welsh and Weston, and the Remove batsmen made merry.

Vernon-Smith and Jack Drake both made good scores, and Mark Linley carried his bat right through for 77.

The Remove's total score was 169, which was very good indeed, considering the bad start.

"Well, you haven't kept us in the field all the afternoon," said Jimmy Gordon. "Still, you've set us a stiff task. What's

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that bel going for? Tea? Good! When I've polished off about half a dozen buttered scones I shall feel in trim for a century!"

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled quietly to themselves. With a deadly bowler like Hurree Singh at their command they considered themselves safe from defeat.

In the shade of the old elms which skirted the ground, the cricketers enjoyed a splendid tea. And Billy Bunter hovered around, catching the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table, so to speak.

Jimmy Gordon sent in a couple of stolid-looking fellows, named Barker and Barnard, to open the innings for Lancashire. These two put straight bats in front of everything, and nothing could shift them. They were as steady as rocks.

Hurree Singh tried every trick he knew in the bowling department, but all his wiles were wasted upon the Lancashire lads.

Fast balls, slow balls, leg-breaks, off-breaks, and "yorkers," all came alike to the batsmen.

Harry Wharton made a grimace.

"Looks as if these fellows have come to stay!" he remarked. "Wish they'd start taking a few risks."

But neither Barker nor Barnard showed the slightest inclination to do that. They kept the ball "on the carpet," and gave not the ghost of a chance.

Meanwhile, the score was steadily mounting. When it got to 50, the firm of Messrs. Barker & Barnard, dealers in cuts and drives, was still going strong.

Jack Drake, who had been sharing the bowling with Hurree Singh, gave a sigh of despair.

"It's like trying to knock down a brick wall, bowling at these beggars!" he said. "You'd better let somebody else have a shot, Wharton."

The captain of the Remove beckoned to Vernon-Smith, who took off his sweater and handed it to the umpire.

The Bounder was more than a useful change-bowler. He had been known to do great execution when other bowlers had failed. And he proved his worth on this occasion.

His first ball was slammed back to him by Barker. It was travelling at terrific speed, but Vernon-Smith shot out his hand and brought off a fine catch.

"Well held, sir!"

"Au revoir, Barker!" said Bob Cherry. "We've seen quite enough of you!"

Barker smiled and walked back to the pavilion.

His place at the wicket was taken by Jimmy Gordon. And then there was some excitement.

Jimmy Gordon was a batsman who adopted the style of cricket so popular in Lancashire—the hit-and-run style. He ran for anything and everything, and several times he came within an ace of being run out. He took risks galore, but fortune favoured him, and he stayed with Barnard until 100 was hoisted.

"A hundred, and only one wicket down!" groaned Peter Todd. "Ye gods and little fishes! We look like being licked to a frazzle!"

And then a dramatic change came over the game.

Jimmy Gordon sent the ball almost to the boundary-line, and it looked an easy three. The batsmen crossed three times, but before Jimmy Gordon could get "home" his wicket went down, thanks to an amazing throw-in by Tom Redwing.

"How's that?"

The umpire's hand went up, and Jimmy Gordon, who had hit up 30 runs, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 696.

in an incredibly short space of time, returned to the pavilion, where he was given a hearty ovation.

After their skipper's departure all the life seemed to go out of the Lancashire batting.

Perhaps Vernon-Smith's bowling was largely responsible. Anyway, wickets went down like ninepins, and when the last man came in the factory lads were still 20 runs behind.

"The game's ours!" said Jack Drake jubilantly. "Smithy will soon settle this fellow's hash."

But the last man in—a youth named Tommy Hindle—seemed to have no nerves. Most fellows would have suffered from stage-fright at such a crisis. Not so Hindle, however. He hit a four off the first ball he received. The second and third balls were too good to hit, and he stopped them dead with his bat. The fourth ball he lifted clean out of the ground!

"Help!" gasped Bob Cherry. "They only want 10 more to win!"

"Bow up, lads!"

Hurree Singh howled to Tommy Hindle's partner, who met each delivery with a straight bat, and refused to be tempted.

No runs were scored in that over. And now it was Hindle's turn again.

Vernon-Smith put plenty of "ginger" into his bowling, but the batsman was all there. He scored a couple off the first ball and a four off the second.

Another four, and the victory would go to the Lancashire lads.

The fieldsmen were on tiptoe with eagerness and excitement. They rubbed their hands, waiting for a catch to come their way.

The next ball which Vernon-Smith sent down was a real beauty. It missed the off-stump by a fraction of an inch.

"Hard cheese, Smithy!" said Harry Wharton. "Send down another of that sort and you'll do the trick!"

But Tommy Hindle was not to be caught napping again. He pulled the next ball round to leg, and it went soaring away to the boundary. Tom Redwing made a valiant leap at the ball, and he actually touched it with the tips of his fingers. But it eluded his clutch and sped on, alighting on the far side of the railings.

The game was over and won, and Harry Wharton & Co. were the first to admit that victory had gone to the better side.

Disappointed though they were at the downfall of their favourites, the spectators cheered heartily.

It was a proud moment for Jimmy Gordon and his fellows. They had won the first event in the sports programme, and they were very hopeful of adding to

"Bravo, Jimmy!" said Mark Linley, grasping Jimmy Gordon's hand. "You've got off the mark in great style!"

"But you'll find yourselves up against it to-morrow, my sons!" said Johnny Bull.

"What's on to-morrow?" asked Jimmy Gordon.

"The boxing contests. We've got some hot boxers in the Remove, you know."

"Well, our own boxers are not exactly lukewarm," answered Jimmy, with a smile. "In fact, you'll find that they're 'mustard'!"

"With pepper and ginger added!" chuckled Weston.

"Well, it's no use prophesying what's going to happen," said Harry Wharton. "We must wait and see."

And the rival cricketers trooped into the building, to rest after their strenuous exertions.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Lickings for Five!

I SAY, Wharton—
The captain of the Remove looked up as Billy Bunter's familiar voice hailed him from the doorway of Study No. 1.

There were eight fellows in the study—the Famous Five, Jimmy Gordon, Welsh, and Weston.

Hurree Singh and Jimmy Gordon were playing chess, and the others were looking on, and giving the doubtful benefit of their advice.

The rest of the Lancashire lads were in the junior Common-room, where an impromptu concert was in progress.

"I say, Wharton, we've come!"

"Eh? Who's 'we'?" asked Harry in surprise.

Billy Bunter turned, and beckoned to a number of fellows who were standing in the corridor.

"Come in, you fellows!" he said. "Let's show Wharton that we mean business!"

Four juniors wedged themselves in the doorway behind Billy Bunter. They could not get right inside the study, partly owing to the obstruction of Bunter's plump person, and partly because Study No. 1 was already uncomfortably crowded.

The four were Fisher T. Fish, Wun Lung, Stott, and Alonzo Todd.

"Hallo, hello, hello!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "There are thirteen present, so somebody's going to be unlucky! What do you merchants want?"

"Our business is with Wharton—not you!" said Billy Bunter disdainfully. "We've come to tell you, Wharton, that we're going to represent the Remove to-morrow in the ring."

"W-w-what!" gasped Wharton in amazement.

The fellows you've selected for the boxing contests are duds—absolute duds!" said Billy Bunter scathingly.

"My hat!"

"There's Bob Cherry, who's about the feeblest fighting-man I've ever struck in—"

"You've never struck me in your life, porpoise!" said Bob. "But I'll jolly well strike you if you call me feeble!"

"Well, you're an awful duffer, you know, with the gloves. You couldn't administer the knock-out to a—lame sparrow!"

"Look here, my fat tulip!"

"And then there's Wharton himself. His performances in the ring are enough to make an angel blub!"

"Why, you—you—" spluttered Wharton.

"As for Linley and Russell and Peter Todd—the other three who have been chosen—they can't box for monkey-nuts!"

"I guess Bunter's right," said Fisher T. Fish. "None of the galeots you have chosen, Wharton, can hold their own in a scrap. So I sorter calculate we're going to take their places. We shall be able to deliver the goods, in the form of smashing straight lefts."

Harry Wharton was more amused than angry.

The idea of such hopeless duffers as Fish and Bunter representing the Remove in the ring was decidedly comical.

(Continued on page 9.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 21.

Week Ending June 11th, 1921.



Assisted by BOB CHERRY (Fighting Editor),
WILSON-SMITH (Sports Editor), MARK
LINLEY, TOM BROWN, and FRANK NUGENT.

Address all letters to HARRY WHARTON,
c/o The Magnet Library, The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, E.C. 4.

EDITORIAL

By LORD MAULEVERER.



FOREWORD BY HARRY WHARTON.

I thought it would be a good wheeze to let that horrid slacker Mauly edit the "Greyfriars Herald"—not permanently, of course, but for one week only. Mauly has been spending his time in sloth and idleness ever since he came to Greyfriars, and it's high time he turned his hand to something.—H. W.

Alas, dear readers! Little did I dream that these slim, white hands of mine would ever be soiled by having to do the work of another.

The mere sight of the word "work" makes me shudder. It is an ugly word. It haunts me in my dreams and in my waking hours.

Some people, I am told, love work. Jolly queer tastes they've got, I must say. Personally, I always avoid work at all if it were a contagious disease.

On this occasion, however, it is impossible to avoid it. Here am I, in the editorial sanctum of the "Greyfriars Herald," with sleeves rolled up, and surrounded by a sea of manuscripts. I am flanked on either side by Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull. Cricket-stumps are grasped in their hands.

Thank goodness the contributions are pouring in, and the only thing I shall have to write will be this editorial! If I had to write other features as well I should expire on the study carpet.

Oh, dear! I'm sure I shall never survive this ordeal. (Would you mind getting me a slab of ice and some wet towels, Bull? What's that? You're going to watch over me like a guardian angel until this editorial's finished? Well, it's finished now.)

Farewell, dear readers! And if you've a spark of pity in your breasts, reserve it for Your permanent pal (and temporary editor), MAULY.

KEEPING GUARD OVER MAULY!

By BOB CHERRY.

Acting on the instructions of our wise chief, Harry Wharton, we dragged Mauly from his sumptuously-furnished study—where he was taking forty winks on the couch—and frog-marched him to the editorial sanctum.

"You! What's the little game, dear boy?" he gasped.

"For once in your life," said Johnny Bull, "you're going to become a useful member of society. In the ordinary way, you lead a thoroughly lazy life. You toil not, neither do you spin."

"Of course I don't spin! I gave up top-spinning when I was a fag in the Third, begad!"

"Yes! I mean, you don't work. You don't even know the meaning of the word. But you've got to make a start now, by editing this week's number of the 'Herald.'"

"Help!"

"No, you'll get no help at all. You've got to do it off your own bat," I chimed in. "Here we are! Squat down at that table, and I'll get you some foolscap, some ink, a penholder, and a nib. We're going to mount guard over you with cricket-stumps, and if you show the slightest suggestion of dozing off, we're going to prod you into action!"

"Hear, hear!" chuckled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, begad! What have I done to deserve all this?"

"You'd better make a start with the editorial," I said. "The editor of the Companion Papers will be ringing up soon, clamouring for it."

"Oh, dear! What's an editorial?"

"A few chatty and social remarks to your readers," said Johnny Bull. "Tell them you hope they are quite well as it leaves you at present."

"Pile in!" I said sternly. "There's been quite enough jaw."

Poor old Mauly!

Assisted from time to time by a judicious prod in the ribs with one of the cricket-stumps, he waded through his unwelcome task.

Even when his editorial was finished, however, there was no rest for him, for a constant stream of contributors poured into the study.

He was simply dog-tired when he came up to the dorm at last. And, needless to state, he overlapped next morning by a couple of hours!

THE SLACKER'S LULLABY!

By DICK PENFOLD.



Adsh-a-bye, Mauly, in your snug bed,
With soft, downy pillows supporting
your head.

Slumber and sleep while we chuckle with glee,
Snoring away like a siren at sea!

Sweet be your dreams at this midnight hour—

Your awaking, methinks, will be sudden and sour,

For Bob Cherry's sponge will be squeezed on your nose,

And Bolsover major will tickle your toes!

Your priceless pyjamas, of purple and pink,

Will soon be discoloured by splashes of ink.

For Squiff has his squitter all ready for action;

He's tried it on Todd, to his own satisfaction!

Sleep on, gentle slacker, till that duffer Morgan

Blares forth "Men of Hadlech" upon his mouth-organ.

And Desmond starts warbling, "When Irish Eyes,"

And then you will know that it's time to arise!

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THE RIGHT TO SLACK!



What Greyfriars Fellows Think About It!

(Arising out of the much-discussed topics, "The Right to Live" and "The Right to Strike," comes the query, "Is a fellow justified in slacking?" The views of my bustling and energetic schoolfellows are printed below.—**LORD MAULEVERER.**)

BOB CHERRY:

Justified in slacking? Certainly not! There's no room for the slacker in this go-ahead existence. It's a case of "get on, or get out."—As for the right to slack, I don't consider it right to slack at all, and if I catch anybody at the game I shan't hesitate to spur him into activity with a cricket-stump!

HAROLD SKINNER:

The right to slack, indeed! They will be talking about the right to breathe next! Of course a fellow has a perfect right to slack if he wants to. Let him seek out some shady arbour, and enjoy a mild cigar, and a doze, in peace and quietness. Them's my sentiments, gentlemen!

HURREE SINGH:

If, worthy chum, you seek success, Then get upon its trackfulness With speed and zest and eagerness, And shun the fatal slackfulness!

(This has not been quotefully extracted from the workfulness of William Shakespeare, but is my own humble composition—or should I say perpetration?)

S. Q. I. FIELD:

The slacker is a nuisance to his friends and an abomination to his foes. He wants weeding out—exterminating! He is a menace to Society and to progress—an individual whom the average industrious fellow has no earthly use for. And next time I meet that Prince of Slackers, Mauly, I'll jolly well— (Spare me!—**LORD MAULEVERER.**)

WILLIAM GOSLING:

Which nobody ain't got no right to slack barrin' me, wot has worked hard for nigh on seventy year, and deserves to spend the evening of his days in peace. Give me my pipe and carpet slippers, and a glass of Guv'ment ale, and I'm happy!

HARRY WHARTON:

The only person who has a right to slack is an editor. That's why I'm handing my job over to Mauly this week. I expect he'll make a fearful hash of it, but it can't be helped. I feel the need of a holiday, and I'm jolly well going to take one!

WUN LUNG:

Me think that every slacker deserves to have his pigtail chopped off. (But I don't possess a pigtail, dear boy!—**LORD MAULEVERER.**)

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By JACK DRAKE.

It was a half-holiday.

The sun blazed down from a sky of perfect blue.

Flannelled figures were dotted hither and thither on Little Side, for a practice-match was in progress—Wharton's eleven versus Smithy's.

Those of the Remove who were not playing were looking on—with four exceptions.

The exceptions were Lord Mauleverer, who was enjoying a siesta on the river bank; and Skinner, Snoop, and Stott, the rascals of the Remove.

Skinner & Co. had no love for cricket. They looked upon it as a beastly fag, and never went near the nets except under compulsion.

Their destination on this glorious May afternoon was the stuffy woodshed.

Skinner carried an innocent-looking attache-case in his hand. Had one of the masters or prefects insisted upon peering into that case he would have received a shock. For it contained a box of fifty Gai Spark cigarettes and a pack of well-thumbed playing-cards.

Skinner halted at the door of the woodshed. Like Moses of old, he looked this way and that way, and there was no man.

"The coast is clear," he said, with a chuckle. "We'll have the time of our lives this afternoon. Nobody will come near the woodshed."

The cad of the Remove opened the door, and the trio passed in.

When they were inside Skinner carefully bolted the door, as a precautionary measure. There were certain masters who delighted in doing a little "prowl" occasionally, and Skinner didn't mean to take any risks.

Having secured the door, he handed the box of cigarettes to his companions.

Stott took one of the cigarettes rather reluctantly. To tell the truth, he didn't like the look of them. They were bulging, gold-tipped cigarettes, and looked as if they might explode if a match were applied to them.

Snoop had no desire to smoke, but he was too weak-willed to say "No!" and stuck to it. He took one of the cigarettes; and Skinner, scornful of the superstition that it was unlucky to light three cigarettes with one match, struck a wax vesta and ignited all three.

The playing-cards were then produced, and a game of nap—for penny points—was soon in progress.

Stott began to make a noise like a guttering candle.

"Hallo! What's wrong?" asked Skinner.

"Grog! This beastly cigarette's making me ch-ch-choke!" spluttered Stott.

"Same here!" groaned Snoop, whose face, naturally pale, was now ghastly.

Skinner was the only one to smoke his cigarette with any pretence of enjoyment. And even Skinner, hardened "blade" as he was, began to look rather white about the gills, as the saying went. Suddenly there came a sharp rat-tat-tat on the door of the woodshed.

The rascals of the Remove started up from the bench on which they had been seated.

They exchanged glances of startled dismay.

"Who—who's that?" faltered Skinner.

"It is I, Skinner—Mr. Quelch!" was the stern reply. "Why have you fastened this door?"

"Oh crumbs! We wanted to do our swotting in peace, sir!" gasped Skinner.

"I have reason to believe that you are not 'swotting,' as you call it. You have been smoking cigarettes and playing cards. Both of these actions constitute a grave breach of the school regulations."

Skinner tried to stammer out an excuse or a denial, but no words would come.

"I am aware that Snoop and Stott are with you, Skinner!" came the voice from without. "The three of you will report to me in my study immediately!"

There was a sound of retreating footsteps, which gradually died away in the distance.

Skinner & Co. were paler than ever now.

"That's fairly done it!" groaned Snoop. "Fanny Quelch tumbling to what we were up to!"

"We shall get it in the neck for this!" muttered Stott. "It might mean the sack!"

"We—we'd better be going," said Skinner. "Quelch doesn't like to be kept waiting."

Five minutes later three sheepish-looking juniors presented themselves in Mr. Quelch's study.

The master of the Remove paused in the act of checking some examination-papers.

Mr. Quelch looked up sharply.

"Well?" he rapped out.

"P-p-please, sir, we've come!" stammered Skinner.

"So I observe!" said Mr. Quelch drily.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to explain the meaning of this intrusion?"

Skinner gave a gasp.

"You—you told us to come and report to you, sir," he said.

"When?"

"A minute ago, sir. You came to the door of the woodshed, and caught us sno— I mean, you ordered us to follow you to your study, sir."

"Indeed I did not!" said Mr. Quelch. "I did not even know that you were in the woodshed. Judging by the remark you made just now, however, and by your guilty expressions, I gather that you have been indulging in the pernicious habit of smoking. You do not deny it, Skinner? No, because you cannot!"

Mr. Quelch selected his most formidable-looking cane, and Skinner & Co. were ordered to hold out their hands in turn. They received three stinging cuts each, and it was a wailing and whimpering trio that emerged from the Form-master's study.

"He, he, he!"

A gloating cackle sounded along the passage. And then the truth dawned upon Skinner & Co. in a flash.

They had been japed by Billy Bunter!

The unhappy victims of the hoax darted along the passage. But Billy Bunter was too quick for them. He sought sanctuary behind the locked door of Study No. 7, and Skinner & Co. remained outside, beating their clenched fists furiously upon the panels.

A Modern Rip Van Winkle!

By GEORGE BULSTRODE.

"HERE'S a shady spot, begad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer, the dandy of the Remove, and one of the slackest slackers who ever slacked—I mean, slacked.

Mauly halted at a shady recess near the bank of the River Sark.

It was a scorching afternoon, and the sun beat down mercilessly upon the uncovered heads of the fellows who were playing cricket on Little Side. Mauly heaved a sigh of relief to think that he was not among them. Cricket, under such tropical conditions, would have killed him.

After dinner on this sultry Wednesday afternoon Mauly had sallied forth in search of some shady spot where he might recline at leisure. And now he had found an ideal place, sheltered from the sun. He stretched himself at full length in the cool grass, placing a handkerchief over his upturned face in order to ward off the various insects which always congregate near a river.

"This is toppin'!" he murmured drowsily. "Nothin' like a quiet life, by Jove! Hope no rowdy pluckers come this way an' disturb my slumbers."

His lordship closed his eyes. He felt deliciously drowsy. A cooling breeze fanned his face; the river gurgled joyously on its course.

Mauly's breathing grew deeper and deeper. He didn't need any rocking, as the saying goes. In a couple of minutes he was fast asleep.

A green caterpillar fell from one of the overhanging branches, and alighted on the sleeper's handkerchief. But it failed to disturb him.

A very corpulent bluebottle was the next visitor. It was a regular Billy Bunter of a bluebottle. It waddled across the handkerchief, and then buzzed around Mauly's left ear. After which it explored the other ear, making a noise like a humming-top. And still Mauly did not stir.

A large ant, more daring than its fellows, took the liberty of crawling up Mauly's silk sock, and from thence on to his bare leg. Then it tried to extricate itself, and got so fed-up at being unable to find the way out that it stung Mauly viciously.

And still his lordship's eyes remained closed, and his deep breathing had given place to a gentle snore.

When at last the sleeper awoke, he sat up with a start.

Dusk was beginning to fall over the peaceful countryside. Everything was strangely still and silent.

"Great Scott!" gasped Mauly. "I shall be late for college!"

He rose to his feet, and his joints cracked painfully as he did so. He seemed to have aged about twenty years. His Etons seemed absurdly small and tight-fitting. Horror of horrors! He had grown out of them!

How long had he lain there, on the river bank? Had he been afflicted with sleeping-sickness, and slept for weeks—for months?

Rip Van Winkle, when he awoke from his long sleep in the Catskill Mountains, could not have felt so startled as Mauly felt now.

He put his hand to his face, and was horrified to find that it was overgrown with fungus. He possessed straggling, unkempt side-whiskers, and a beard!

"M-m-my only aunt!" he gasped. "Is this a giddy nightmare, or a fact?"

It could be no nightmare. It was grim reality.

"I must be gettin' back to Greyfriars," muttered Mauly. "But I can't go back like this. I shall be the laughin'-stock of the school! I must go an' visit the barber, an' then get some fresh toes."

He glanced at the neat little wristlet-watch he wore. It had stopped. There was nothing to tell him how long he had slept.

Thankful that dusk had fallen, and that he would not be seen closer, Mauly started to walk along the towing-path in the direction

of Friardale. He reached the village without meeting a soul, and dropped in at Mr. Clipham's, the barber's.

"Great pip!" ejaculated that worthy. "Are you a blessed Bolshy, or what? You've brought about a century's growth of beard with you!"

"Hack it off, my dear fellow, for the love of Mike!" gasped Mauly, sinking into the barber's chair. "It's no right to be there at all, an' I can't explain how it got there!"

Mr. Clipham spent nearly an hour on his customer. He removed half the growth of beard and the flowing locks.

"I suppose you've been out at sea for some years, and there wasn't a barber on board!" suggested Mr. Clipham. "By the way, how long do you think this railway strike will last?"

"Railway strike!" gasped Mauly. "What railway strike?"

The barber looked astonished.

"You mean to say you haven't heard of the great strike that's been going on ever since 1921?" he exclaimed.

"No, begad!" said Mauly dazedly. "We what year are we in now?"

"Why, 1941, of course!"

Mauly's head seemed to go round and round. He nearly collapsed.

Twenty long years had elapsed since he had dozed off to sleep on the river bank on that sultry Wednesday afternoon in May!



A very ancient porter hobbled to the gates. "Which strangers ain't allowed 'ere," he growled.

It was amazing—it was utterly nerve-shattering!

Mauly paid the bill, and tottered blindly from the shop. He could not nerve himself to ask the barber any more questions.

He realised that it was perfectly incongruous for a man of thirty-five—for that must be his present age—to go about in a suit of Etons several sizes too small for him.

Mr. Styles, the tailor, was no less surprised at Mauly's appearance than Mr. Clipham had been. His eyes almost goggled from his head as he surveyed the newcomer.

"I—I want a new suit," faltered Mauly. "You've been waitin' one for the last twenty years, I should say!" remarked the tailor.

"What sort of suit is worn nowadays?" asked Mauly. "I—I'm rather out of touch with the prevailin' fashions, you know."

"Canary-coloured coats and purple trousers are 'de rigueur,' as the French say," said Mr. Styles. "But it will be a fortnight before I can make you up a suit."

Mauly growled.

"If you've a spark of pity in your breast, give me a ready-made one!" he urged. "I can't go back to Greyfriars like this!"

Mr. Styles produced a ready-made suit of brilliant lute, and, having donned it, Mauly made his way to Greyfriars.

His brain was in a whirl, and he could not think clearly. He felt that he was in danger of losing his reason.

Twenty years wasted! The thought was truly terrible.

At the school gates he halted. A very ancient man hobbled forth from the lodge on gouty feet, evidently to lock the gates. He paused on catching sight of Lord Mauleverer.

"Which strangers ain't admitted 'ere!" he growled.

"Gosling! Gosling! Don't you know me? I'm Mauleverer!"

"My heye!" gasped Gosling. "You—you don't mean to say that you're the cove wot vanished about twenty year ago?"

Mauly nodded.

"Let me be, for goodness' sake!" he panted.

The gates were swung open, and Mauly dashed through the Close and made his way towards the Remove passage.

Everything seemed the same as when he had seen it last, twenty years before. He rushed along to the study which he had formerly shared with Sir Jimmy Vivian, Piet Delarey, and Dennis Carr.

There were three youths in the study, doing their prep. But their faces were unfamiliar to Mauly.

"Carr!" he exclaimed.

One of the youths shook his head.

"Wrong shop," he said. "This isn't a motor-garage."

"Sir Jimmy?"

"Wrong shop still," said the youth. "We haven't any titled aristocrats here."

Mauly pressed his hand to his brow. The room seemed to be revolving round him. He was dazed.

"Who—who are you?" he gasped.

"I'm Stafford, the captain of the Remove," was the reply. "And these are my study-mates, Williams and Kennedy. And who, might I ask, are you?"

"My name's Mauleverer, begad!"

"Never heard of it," said Stafford.

"Is—is Mr. Quelch still here?"

"If you mean Dr. Quelch, he's our Head. When they pensioned off poor old Locke, about ten years ago, Quelch took over."

"But why are you bring these questions at me. Are you an Old Boy?"

"I-I don't quite know whether I can style myself an Old Boy or not," stammered Mauly. "I've never left Greyfriars in an official manner, so I suppose I'm still a pupil here!"

Stafford tapped his forehead significantly.

"Mad!" he muttered. "Mad as a batter, or a March hare!"

Mauly recoiled at the words. But he felt that they were true.

"Yes, I was mad! He oughtn't to be here. As he stood on the threshold, with wide, staring eyes, the faces of Stafford and Williams and Kennedy seemed to grow suddenly large and grotesque. They loomed at him as if in mockery.

Larger and more hideous grew the three faces, and Mauly wanted to scream.

Then he saw Stafford pick up a cricket-stump, and come towards him.

"Yaroooooh!"

Mauly's terror found expression at last in a piercing scream, as the pointed end of the cricket-stump punctured his ribs.

And then he awoke—really and truly this time—and found himself lying on the grassy bank of the River Sark. Bob Cherry stood over him, prodding him in the ribs with the business end of a boathook.

"Wake up, you lazy slacker!" roared Bob, in his dulcet tones. "This is a fine way of spending a half-holiday, and no mistake! Come along, my pippin! We're going to make a job out of cricket!"

The stalker of the Remove was escorted back to Greyfriars, and that evening, in the junior Common-room, he described to me his dreadful dream, which I have here recorded to the best of my memory.

THE END.

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TERRORS SHOCKE AT GREYRIARS. By PETER TODD.

An Entirely New Series of Stories, featuring Terrors Shocke, the Amazing Detective, and his assistant, Shaker.

THE CASE OF THE STOLEN STRAWBERRIES!

Wearily and heavy-eyed, I was breakfasting with Terrors Shocke in his rooms, when a telegraph-boy entered.

Shoke and I had returned late the previous night from Greyfriars, where my amazing friend had successfully solved the problem of the half-smoked kipper.

"It never rains but it pours, Shaker," said Shocke, glancing at the telegram which he had just arrived. "One case doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they follow, as the bard of Avon expresses it."

I looked up in surprise from my odiferous breakfast-egg.

"You surely have not received another summons from Greyfriars?" I ejaculated.

Shoke nodded. Hurting a handful of coppers at the waiting telegraph-boy, he rose to his feet.

"It seems that only last night, whilst I was engaged upon the affair of the half-smoked kipper, a fresh outrage occurred at Greyfriars. It must have happened under our very noses, Shaker, and yet we failed to suspect anything."

"I felt strangely uneasy."

"Is—is this latest outrage anything to do with strawberries, Shocke?" I faltered.

"Yes. At a late hour last night Dr. Locke's priceless strawberry-bed was trampled underfoot, and many large and luscious strawberries, which were being specially reserved for exhibition at the Friaride Fruit and Flower Show, were plucked and eaten."

"Bless my soul!"

"It is my business, as a private investigator, to discover the identity of the plucker and the eater," said Shocke.

"Bah! The case is too trivial for a man of your massive mentality," I said. "Leave it alone, Shocke. The fact that some misguided schoolboy has looted a handful of strawberries need not worry you."

"But the strawberries were unique specimens, Shaker. They were not common garden strawberries. Some of them could have fetched at least fourpence a pound at the exhibition. I must confess that this case appeals to me very strongly, and I shall take it up, and pursue it with my usual thoroughness. Why do you look so pale, Shaker?"

"Dud-dud-d! I!" I stammered. "Perhaps it is because I have not had my full quota of sleep."

"Sleep? Why, man, you sleep yourself stupid! Beatify yourself, for goodness' sake! We have to be at Charing Cross in twenty minutes."

"Ahem! I—I don't think I will accompany you on this occasion," I faltered.

"Nonsense!" said Shocke.

And he seized me by the ear in his playful way, and led me from the room.

I confess that my uneasiness grew as we travelled down to Greyfriars.

"What steps do you propose to take in order to discover the thief, Shocke?" I asked, trying hard to appear unconcerned and to keep my voice steady.

"I shall employ a bloodhound," was the reply—and it startled me so much that I nearly lost sight of my seat. "Sir Hilton Popper, who lives near the school, possesses a hound. I will conduct the beast to the strawberry-bed, and let him follow the trail. Why, Shaker, you are quivering like a table-jelly! Are you?"

"I strongly advise you not to bring a bloodhound into this business," I said. "One of our greatest detectives has told us that as agents for the detection of crime bloodhounds are useless. You cannot put a bloodhound in the witness-box. You can get no intelligible statement from it. In fact, the whole system of using bloodhounds for criminal detection is based on a fallacy."

"I do not agree, Shaker, either with you or with the so-called great detective whose statements you quote. I shall find the assistance of a bloodhound invaluable on this occasion."

On reaching Greyfriars Terrors Shocke had a brief conversation with the distracted Head. Then he made an examination of the strawberry-bed.

"These footprints, Shaker," he said, scanning the ground closely, "seem strangely familiar."

I shuddered.

"They are the footprints of a grown man," Shocke went on; "and, judging by their appearance, they were made late last night, before we left for London."

I mumbled a few incoherent words, and felt more uneasy than ever.

"Having established the fact that the thief was a man, we will now proceed to establish the identity of that man!" said Shocke grimly.

And he telephoned to Sir Hilton Popper, requesting that a manservant should be sent to Greyfriars immediately with the bloodhound.

Half an hour later the great beast arrived. For a moment it stood motionless, sniffing at the footprints on the strawberry-bed. Then it lifted its head, wheeled round sud-



Terrors Shocke bent down and closely examined the bed of strawberries. "These footprints seem strangely familiar," he exclaimed at last.

denly, and made a dramatic leap in my direction.

Had not the manservant held tightly to the leash, I should have been mangled.

Terrors Shocke caught me by the arm.

"So it was you, Shaker, who pilfered the strawberries?"

"Nunno!" I gasped. "Did I not tell you that these bloodhounds make ghastly blunders?"

"There is no blunder," said Shocke grimly. "The footprints on this strawberry-bed correspond exactly to your own. Moreover, there is strawberry-jelly on your necktie and on your waistcoat. Whilst I was engaged on the case of the half-smoked kipper, you came here and had a good tuck-in. Confess, Shaker!"

After that masterly summing-up on the part of my friend, what else could I do?

"You are quite right, Shocke," I said. "In a moment of weakness I sampled the strawberries."

Shoke glanced at his watch.

"There is a train to town in ten minutes," he observed. "You had better catch it, Shaker, or else you will 'catch it' in another sense."

Needless to state, I lost no time in quitting the school premises, leaving Terrors Shocke to explain to the Head that the thief was some person unknown!

THE TROUTH ABOUT SLACKERS!

By Our Very Veracious Contributor,
BILLY BUNTER.

It isn't fare that the slacker should be despised and rejecked of men. It isn't fare that people should throw stones at him, and suggest that he should be eggheterminated like a rabid dog.

The slacker, on the hole, is a really fine fello. The only crime that can be laid to his charge is that of idleness. And is idleness really a crime? I doubt it. If a fello loves piece and quietness, why shouldn't he be allowed to enjoy it to his hart's contentment?

In the course of my career at Greyfriars, I have naid a careful studdy of slackers. I have found that they are eggcellent fellows in every way, and the pick of the bunch is Lord Mauleverer.

Deer old Mauly! Such a charming chapp, you no, and a member of the British Harry's tockassy. How anybody can run him down, and say nasty things about him, passes my comprehension.

Trew, he duzzent play cricket. But is that a crime? He takes forty winks occasionally; but that's not so bad as, say, taking forty doe-nuts from the tuck-shop when Mrs. Mimbble's back's turned. He goes to sleep during lessons; but what's the odds? Is a fello to be shunned and despised because he has a nap during French or Latin?

The fact of the matter is, slackers aren't neerly so black as they are painted. Mauly is one of the best fellows breathing, and I woud cheerfully fello him to the end of the earth—especially if he had plenty of banknotes about him!

Why should slackers be spoken of as if they were little better than theives or berglars? To my mind, it's a crying shame.

I don't deny that the averidge slacker is a very lazy person. But he possesses many fine kwallities. He is jennerus and open-harted, and he is always willing to cash a fello's post-order in advance.

And that reminds me. I am egg-specting a remittance from my Aunt Judy. It ought to have come to hand about a week ago, but their's been a delay in the post. I have sent a long letter of complaint to the Postmaster-General about it. Meanwhile, I'm sure Mauly will have no objection to lending me five bobbs. As I say, he's so jennerus and open-harted that he'd lend anybody anything!

What time shall I call to collect the dibs, Mauly?

LORD MAULEVERER'S REPLY.

My Dear Porpoise, "I am publishing your article entitled, 'The Trooth about Slackers,' and enclose two penny stamps hereewith as payment."

With regard to your request for a loan, I would willingly advance you the sum in question, but when I was out in a sailing-boat yesterday, I accidentally dropped my wallet, containing a wad of banknotes, overboard. The result is, I'm stony. But I shall be perfectly willing to advance you a thick ear, if that will suit just as well!

You can call and collect the thick ear whenever you like.

Yours drowsily,

MAULEVERER.

Needless to state, Billy Bunter did NOT take advantage of this generous offer!

"Sportsmen from the North!"

(Continued from page 8.)

"Why, you champion chumps, not one of you would stand an earthly!" said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! I'll undertake to lick anything on two legs!" said Billy Bunter.

"And I guess I can keep my end up against any of these hyer factory galoots!" said Fish.

"Same here!" chimed in Stott.
 "Mo tinker me knoockee any opponeit into the middle of next week!" said Wun Lung.

"As for me, my dear fellows," murmured Alonzo Todd, "I have no pretensions at being a pugilistic phenomenon—"

"Great pip!"
 "At the same time, Bunter has convinced me that I have the makings of a very fine boxer. That being the case, I shall be pleased to try conclusions with any of these fellows from Lancashire."

"Good for you, Louzy!" said Billy Bunter. "I'm certain you could wipe up the floor with this fellow Gordon."

"On the contrary, I'm afraid the floor would be strewn with small portions of Todd!" chuckled the leader of the Lancashire lads.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Wharton," said Billy Bunter, "will you agree to our representing the Remove?"

"Certainly!" was the unexpected reply.

Wharton's chums stared at him in astonishment. They were about to protest, when the captain of the Remove gave them a knowing wink.

"You five fellows are quite at liberty to fight the Lancashire chaps," he said.

Billy Bunter and the members of his deputation looked rather uneasy. Their sole object in coming to Wharton's study had been to make trouble. Not for one moment had they imagined that their claims would be seriously considered.

Now that they had been given permission to represent the Remove, the five juniors began to shake in their shoes. The only one who was genuinely willing to fight was Alonzo Todd, who had been assured by Billy Bunter that he was a second edition of Joe Beckett. As for the other four, they were not at all anxious to come into close contact with the Lancashire lads' fists.

"I—I say," faltered Billy Bunter, "on second thoughts, Wharton, I've got no quarrel with your original selection. Bob Cherry's a far better boxer than me—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "And you and Russell and Toddy and Linley are all champions."

"That's so," agreed Fisher T. Fish. "I guess we'll stand down and allow the original five to carry on the good work."

"No jolly fear!" said Wharton. "You've undertaken to wipe up the floor with the Lancashire fellows, and we'll keep you to your word."

"Yes, rather!" said Nugent. "You've got to go through with it now!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"We'll make it our business to see that you don't back out," said Johnny Bull.

The complexions of Billy Bunter & Co. turned a sickly yellow. The prospect of meeting the factory lads in the ring grew more and more painful.

"Now we've settled that little matter," said Harry Wharton, "you fellows can buzz off!"

"I—I say, Wharton," quavered Billy Bunter, "I'm afraid I sha'n't be able to turn out, after all. You see, I—I've just sprained my wrist."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I've come over queer all of a sudden," said Stott. "I expect I shall be in the sanny to-morrow, with flu."

"I guess I'm a mass of aches and pains!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"You will be to-morrow," said Jimmy Gordon cheerfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Me tinker handsome Bob Chelly had better take my place," said Wun Lung.

Handsome Bob Cherry's dead in this act!" grinned Bob.

Billy Bunter and the others pleaded to be released from their undertaking. But Harry Wharton & Co. were adamant.

The members of the deputation withdrew, looking very sheepish. Their slumber that night was troubled, and some of them had ugly dreams, in which they beheld stars and comets.

Alonzo Todd was the only member of the five who turned up in the gym at the appointed time next day. The others had made themselves scarce.

Harry Wharton, however, formed a search-party, and the missing juniors were run to earth in the woodshed.

"Come along, my beauties!" said Bob Cherry. "Time for the giddy slaughter to commence!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"I guess we're not going to budge from this hyer shanty!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Your mistake!" said Nugent cheerfully. "You're coming along right now!"

There was no escape for Billy Bunter and his companions. They were seized by their schoolfellows, and marched away to the gym to meet their doom.

Quite a crowd of fellows had assembled in the gym, and they raised a shout of delight when the victims arrived on the scene.

"Here they are!"

"Good old Bunter!"

"Let's see you wipe up the floor with Jimmy Gordon!"

"I—I'm afraid I sha'n't be able to do myself justice!" stammered the Owl of the Remove. "You see, I—I've sprained my wrist and fractured my spinal column!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Does your neck happen to be broken as well?" asked Jack Drake.

"Nunno!"

"Well, it soon will be! On with these gloves!"

Billy Bunter had to obey. There was no help for it. The gloves were thrust on to his plump fists, and he found himself standing face to face with Jimmy Gordon.

Jimmy had not troubled to remove his coat; but, in spite of that, he looked very aggressive. Billy Bunter's knees were fairly knocking together with fright.

Meanwhile, Fisher T. Fish, Wun Lung, Stott, and Alonzo Todd were prepared for the fray.

The five contests were to take place at one and the same time.

In the case of Alonzo Todd, Harry Wharton had requested that he should be let down lightly. The others, how-

ever, deserved a licking for their "cheek" of the previous evening.

The five pairs of boxers squared up to each other, and the spectators chuckled in anticipation of some amusing scenes. They were not disappointed.

"Time!" rapped out Harry Wharton.

A perfect pandemonium followed.

There was a sharp scuffle, a series of thuds as gloved fists found their billets, and then a series of heavier thuds as three human bodies crashed to the floor.

The victims were Fisher T. Fish, Stott, and Wun Lung. In each case their opponents had dealt them one blow.

Needless to state, one was all-sufficient.

"Oh, Jerusalem crickets!" groaned Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I wasn't ready when Wharton called 'Time!'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow-ow-ow!" gasped Stott.

"Paxee!" panted Wun Lung. "Me no wantee any mole. Me not gleedy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Whilst these scenes were in progress, Alonzo Todd was put out of action with a gentle tap on the nose. It didn't hurt a great deal, but it convinced Alonzo that he was no match for his opponent. He sat down rather heavily on the floor, and seemed in no hurry to get up.

Only one fight was in progress now—that between Jimmy Gordon and Billy Bunter.

The Lancashire lad was causing roars of laughter by pretending to be at Bunter's mercy. He retreated before the fat junior's attack, and howled for "quarter."

"Lemme off, Bunter, there's a good chap! Don't hit me, whatever you do! Think of my frail and delicate constitution!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter had no idea that his leg was being pulled. He honestly believed that he was getting the better of Jimmy Gordon, and the belief gave him confidence. His arms were revolving like a windmill in a gale.

"Come on, you funk!" he panted. "I'm not going to let you off! You've got to take your gruel!"

"Oh, dear!" gasped Jimmy Gordon, dodging round and round the gym.

"Rescue, Remove! Save me from this blustering bully!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter's little round eyes were glistening in anticipation of victory. The spectacles which were usually perched on his snub nose had been handed to Peter Todd.

For some time the fat junior was unable to get to close quarters with his opponent. But at last he succeeded, and he dealt Jimmy Gordon a punch in the chest. The punch was originally intended for Jimmy's nose, but it was all the same to Bunter.

"Yaroooooh!" yelled the Lancashire lad.

And he collapsed on the floor of the gym like a wet sack.

Billy Bunter folded his arms and assumed a Napoleonic attitude.

"Count him out, Wharton!" he said loftily.

Trying hard to keep a straight face, the captain of the Remove obeyed.

"One—two—three—"

Jimmy Gordon lay motionless.

"Four—five—six—"

There was still no movement from the fellow whom Billy Bunter had flogged.

"Seven—eight—nine—"

And up jumped Jimmy Gordon like a

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jack-in-the-box. With dramatic suddenness he shot out his left, and with a howl of anguish Billy Bunter toppled over and crashed to the floor.

"Count him out, Wharton!" said Jimmy Gordon, mimicking Bunter's lordly tone.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton solemnly counted Billy Bunter out, amid the laughter of the spectators.

The Owl of the Remove made no effort to rise. He was completely staggered by the unexpectedness of that sudden revival on Jimmy Gordon's part.

"All over," chuckled Bob Cherry. "Send for the ambulance, somebody!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, dear! Oh, crumbs! Oh, help!" groaned Billy Bunter. "Gordon, you rotter, I shall claim compensation for this! My back's broken in several places!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"In fact, I—I'm dying by inches!" wailed Bunter.

Peter Todd produced a pin, and stuck it into the fleshy part of Bunter's leg.

"Yaroooooo!"

Billy Bunter bounded to his feet with remarkable agility for a person who was at death's door. He shook a fat fist at the grinning crowd, and limped dejectedly out of the gym. Fisher, T. Fish and the others cried out after him, looking more dead than alive. They had had enough fisticuffs to last them for the rest of the term!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Real Thing!

"NOW we'll get to business!" said Harry Wharton.

The five "mock" contests had not of course been taken into consideration; so far as the sports tournament was concerned.

Now came the five serious fights, and the gym was in a buzz.

Would the Remove succeed in turning the tables, after their unexpected defeat on the cricket-field?

That was the question which was on everybody's lips.

Wingate of the Sixth came into the gym to conduct the proceedings.

The names of the five Remove representatives, and those of the five Lancashire boxers, were placed in two separate hats, and then drawn in pairs.

The result of the pairings was as follows:

Bob Cherry versus Jimmy Gordon; Harry Wharton versus Weston; Mark Linley versus Tommy Hindle; Peter Todd versus Barnes; and Dick Russell versus Welsh.

The honours were to go to the side which won the greater number of contests.

"Stand clear, you kids!" said Wingate, pushing the crowd back. "Can't have you wandering about in the ring, or some of you will be getting black eyes by mistake! Now, Cherry and Gordon, are you ready?"

There was a burst of cheering as Bob Cherry and Jimmy Gordon stepped into the ring.

The pair appeared to be very evenly matched, and it was bound to prove an exciting tussle.

"Time!" rapped out Wingate.

"Come along, Greyfriars!"

"Lancashire for ever!"

The opening was sensational.

Jimmy Gordon hoped to force an early win by employing "shock" tactics. He

rushed at his opponent like a whirlwind, and his left and right shot out in swift succession.

But Bob Cherry was equal to the occasion. He parried both blows, and refused to get rattled. Had he lost his head, and fought wildly, it would have been all up with him.

Jimmy Gordon continued to let drive with great vigour. He threw defence to the winds, and concentrated solely on attack.

Bob Cherry's speedy footwork enabled him to dodge most of the blows. He only got in the way of a couple, and these were not powerful enough to put a sturdy fellow like Bob out of action.

When the end of the round came, there was a marked contrast between the two boxers. Jimmy Gordon was flushed and breathless; Bob Cherry was cool and smiling.

"Think you'll pull it off, Bob?" whispered Wharton anxiously.

"All depends," said Bob. "I shall if Jimmy Gordon continues his kick-and-rush tactics. The silly duffer will box himself to a standstill. But p'raps he'll ease up a bit in the next round, and in that case I shall have to mind my eye."

But there was no easing up on Jimmy Gordon's part when the boxers faced each other again.

The Lancashire guard—a dashing, go-ahead bundle of energy—fairly rained blows on his opponent. But Bob Cherry's guard was perfect.

So far, Bob himself had not struck a single blow. But he was merely biding his time. He knew that Jimmy Gordon must tire sooner or later.

The second round was a repetition of the first, and the third a repetition of both.

In the fourth round, however, Jimmy Gordon was obviously a spent force. His blows were feeble and badly timed. His breath came and went in great gasps.

"Now's your chance, Bob!" said Frank Nugent.

There was no need for Frank to have spoken. Bob Cherry knew that his opportunity had arrived, and he took it. It was now his turn to force the fighting, and there was nothing half-hearted about his attack. It was full of "pep" and vim.

Thud!

Jimmy Gordon recoiled from a smashing blow on the jaw. For a moment he swayed unsteadily, and Bob Cherry, following up quickly, landed another blow in the same spot.

Crash!

Jimmy Gordon was down. He staggered pluckily to his feet, whilst Wingate was counting, but it was only to sink back again to the floor, exhausted and beaten.

"Eight, nine, TEN! Cherry wins!"

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Bob!"

Shouts of applause echoed through the packed gymnasium.

Bob Cherry was one of the most popular fellows in the Remove, and his schoolfellows were elated at his triumph.

"Wharton and Weston next!" said Wingate.

And the two fellows whose names were called made ready for the fray.

Weston—the goolly bowler who had captured such a big bag of Remove wickets on the previous day—was a splendid boxer. He was not so impetuous as Jimmy Gordon, but he showed more science. For round after round he stood up against Harry Wharton in splendid style, and the captain of the Remove had to be at his very best to avoid being flogged.

When Wharton attacked, there was

plenty of punch and purpose in his blows. But Weston was able to take the heaviest punishment without wavering; and the fight lasted for twelve rounds without a knock-out being given or taken.

Wingate glanced round at the sea of excited faces.

"Wharton wins on points," he announced.

It was a perfectly fair decision. Weston had fought heroically, but Wharton had been slightly the better boxer of the two.

All the Greyfriars fellows were on their feet now, cheering and stamping enthusiastically.

The Remove had won the first two contests, and it now only remained for them to win one out of the remaining three.

At this stage, however, Lancashire made a great rally.

Mark Linley was matched with Tommy Hindle, and for once Mark had to admit that he had met his master.

Hindle gave a wonderful exhibition of hard hitting. He floored his opponent in the first round, and again in the third. Mark Linley recovered on both occasions; but in the fourth round he received such a smashing blow between the eyes that all the fight was knocked out of him. He lay helpless on the floor of the gym, whilst Wingate counted him out.

The fourth fight of the series was between Peter Todd and Barnes, who had kept wicket for the factory lads.

In the earlier rounds Peter Todd had matters all his own way. Then the tide turned, and Peter was the attacked instead of the attacker. He fought gamely to the end, but Barnes gained the verdict on points.

"Level!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "We've won two bouts each. Everything hinges on the last scrap."

Jimmy Gordon, who was standing near, smiled confidently.

"I'm afraid you're going to be unlucky," he said.

"Why?"

"Because Welsh is our best boxer. Matter of fact, he's one of the best junior boxers in Lancashire. He's won crowds of medals and things. He's a sort of second edition of Jimmy Wilde."

"Our own man—Dick Russell—isn't exactly a novice at the game," said Frank Nugent. "He won the lightweight championship in the Public Schools boxing tournament at Aldershot."

"Well, if he can lick Welsh, he's a giddy marvel, and I'll take off my hat to him," said Jimmy Gordon.

Dick Russell looked very fit and fresh as he stepped into the ring.

A good time had elapsed since Russell had made history by winning the lightweight championship, but he had not allowed himself to get stale. He had kept up his boxing practice, and he now looked to be in fine fettle.

But Welsh looked no less fit, and no less confident. He had what is known as a "fighting chin," and his dark eyes were aglow with the joy of battle. He was impatient for Wingate to call "Time!"

The command was rapped out at length, and the contest began.

Welsh attacked at once, only to be beaten back. Then Russell tried a swinging blow with his right, which was successfully parried.

Russell came again, and this time he broke clean through his opponent's guard, and jabbed him in the ribs.

Temporarily staggered, Welsh made a lightning recovery, and from then until the end of the round he led Russell a rare dance. The Greyfriars junior had

to call upon all his knowledge of ring-craft to save himself from an early defeat. "My hat!" gasped Russell, as he dropped on to Bob Cherry's knee at the conclusion of the round. "That fellow takes some holding, and no mistake! He's a blessed wizard!"

"Never mind. You're doing famously," said Bob. "You won't lose—unless you lose your head!"

ordeal for Dick Russell. He received a blow on the temple which made him reel.

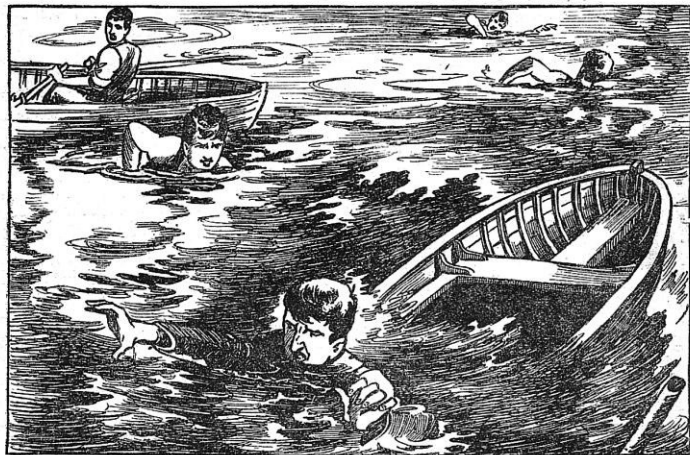
His head was in a whirl, and he blinked round dazedly at the sea of faces.

"Stick it out, old man!"

It was Bob Cherry's voice, and it heartened Dick Russell immensely. With a great effort he pulled himself together.

As in a dream, he heard Wingate counting him out. He also heard Jimmy Gordon entreating him to rise.

With a great effort, the fallen boxer managed to struggle into a sitting posture, and that was all. He was unable to regain his feet; and Dick Russell, who himself was on the verge of collapse, had won one of the greatest fights ever witnessed at Greysfriars.



Unfortunately, Skinner leaned a little too far over the side of the boat. Before he could right himself the boat capsized; and in a few seconds Skinner found himself struggling helplessly in the sea. "Help! Save me! I'm dud-dud-drowning!" With swift, strong strokes Jimmy Gordon made his way towards the struggling junior—the junior who had tried to foul his race. (See Chapter 9.)

"I'm not likely to do that," said Russell, with a grin. "I'm not Charles the First!"

The "breather" was all too short, and Dick Russell was soon back again, warding off the lightning blows of his opponent.

Welsh was certainly a very fine boxer—far superior to Jimmy Gordon and the rest.

There was a perpetual smile on his face as he fought—a pleasant smile, but Dick Russell didn't like it. He determined to knock it off.

After a brief spell of give-and-take, Russell succeeded in landing a blow on his opponent's mouth. But he failed to knock the smile off. The smile seemed to be as much a fixture as the mouth itself.

Honours were easy in this round. In the third, Welsh was on top. In the fourth and fifth he maintained his advantage.

Try as he would, however, the Lancashire fellow could not administer the knock-out. He did considerable damage to Dick Russell's face, and he "punctured" him severely in the ribs. But the Greysfriars junior stood his ground.

"I mustn't lose!" he reflected. "Whatever happens I mustn't chuck up the sponge!"

The sixth round proved a terrible

Welsh was still smiling, and the smile aggravated Dick Russell beyond measure. He seemed to forget that he was tired and leg-weary. His one desire was to knock some of the smiling self-assurance out of his opponent.

Biff! Thud! Biff! Thud!

The blows resounded through the gym. And they were dealt, not by Welsh, but by Dick Russell, who seemed to have sprung suddenly into new life.

Welsh retreated a couple of paces—still smiling, but obviously astonished. He had imagined that his opponent was "done"—that he had the fight well in hand.

Had Russell been fooling him? It certainly seemed like it.

Welsh tried manfully to pull himself together, but the unexpected onslaught seemed to take all the wind out of his sails. He swerved to one side in order to avoid Russell's right, and at the same instant Dick's left shot out, catching the Lancashire lad with telling force on the jaw.

"Oh, well hit, sir!"

"He's down!"

"Down and out, by Jove!"

And so it proved.

Welsh never recovered from that powerful blow. It lifted him clean off his feet, and he landed in a dazed condition on his back.

Russell was lionised by his jubilant schoolfellows. They swept him off his feet, and bore him in triumph from the gym. And the Lancashire lads, like the good sportsmen they were, joined in the cheering.

Thus Greysfriars drew level with their opponents.

The cricket honours had gone to Lancashire, the boxing honours to Greysfriars. And several more stirring contests remained to be decided ere the novel sports tournament came to a close.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Race is to the Swift!

JIMMY GORDON & CO. were in high spirits.

They were holding their own in the sports tournament, and they had become very popular with the majority of the Greysfriars fellows.

On the day of their arrival there had been at least a score of fellows who had either sneered scornfully at them, or cut them dead.

When they discovered, however, that the boys from Lancashire were good sportsmen and excellent fellows, most of the snobs ceased to "cut" Jimmy Gordon & Co. The only fellow who still

seemed to resent their presence at Greyfriars was Skinner of the Remove. Skinner felt exceedingly bitter towards the Greyfriars guests, and he had not abandoned the idea of making trouble. The knowledge that Skinner was "up against" them didn't worry Jimmy Gordon & Co. They continued to sleep soundly in their beds, indifferent to the hostile attitude of the cad of the Remove.

There was a day's respite after the boxing contests, and several of the fellows needed it—particularly Jimmy Gordon, who had been rather badly damaged as a result of his bout with Bob Cherry.

The sports tournament was resumed on the following day, and all Greyfriars assembled on Little Side to witness the running-races.

There were to be seven events—the honours to go to the side which won the greatest number.

"This is where we come into our own, you fellows!" said Bob Cherry. "We're going to shine, and sparkle, and scintillate!"

"Good word, that last one," said Johnny Bull. "I'll back it both ways!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And you can back me both ways for the hundred yards," said Jack Drake. "I've made up my mind to win it!"

Jack Drake's optimism, however, was misplaced.

There were a dozen runners in the hundred yards' race—six from each side. Mr. Lascelles, the mathematics master, fired the pistol, and the competitors were off like a streak of lightning.

Jack Drake certainly ran his hardest, and he looked a certain winner until Barnard, of Lancashire, put on a lightning spurt and overhauled Drake just as the latter was in the act of breasting the tape.

"First blood to Lancashire!" said Harry Wharton. "Hard lines, Drake!"

"I don't mind competing against flesh and blood," said Jack Drake ruefully. "But I'm no match for grooved lightning!"

"Barnard's our best man," explained Jimmy Gordon. "He's going to win the quarter-mile—aren't you, Barney?"

"Yes—or perish in the attempt!"

But there were others who had designs on winning the quarter-mile.

Harry Wharton and Mark Linley, two of the Remove's best runners, had not competed in the hundred yards. They had held themselves in reserve for the next event.

"Entrants for the quarter-mile, line up!" sang out Mr. Lascelles.

There were nearly a score of them this time—fit and fresh and eager.

Crack!

The lightly-clad figures dashed down the course, with Harry Wharton leading, and the others in full cry.

At the end of the first lap, Wharton still led, with Mark Linley and Barnard in close attendance.

The onlookers urged Wharton on with excited shouts. Not that he needed any urging. He was running finely—putting every ounce of himself into the race.

When it came to the last lap, however, Wharton was incapable of increasing his speed. He was already extending himself to the full; whereas Barnard, of Lancashire, had a spurt in him.

It was a magnificent spurt, and it robbed Wharton of victory just as he was about to hurl himself at the tape. Barnard got there first, and the captain of the Remove had to be content with second place, while Mark Linley was a good third.

"That's two events to Lancashire!"

said Nugent gloomily. "Looks as if we're done!"

"Never say die!" said Vernon-Smith. "It's the high jump next, and I feel like an indiarubber ball. I believe I could do what the cow did in the nursery-rhyme jump over the moon!"

"You needn't go quite so high as that, Smithy!" said Wharton, laughing. "We shall want you back on earth for the mile."

Vernon-Smith certainly showed splendid form in the high-jumping contest.

One by one, the competitors dropped out, until there were only two left—Vernon-Smith and Jimmy Gordon.

The Bounder failed at last, owing chiefly to a faulty take-off. But it was quite on the cards that Jimmy Gordon would fail as well, for the height was terrific.

The Lancashire leader, however, was in fine fettle. He leapt in the air as if propelled by some unseen force, and he cleared the jump with half an inch to spare.

Bob Cherry sank down on the grass, mopping his perspiring brow.

"This is where we chuck in our mit!" he gasped. "Those beggars have won three events right off the reel!"

"But there are still four left," said Tom Redwing, "and we might win the whole jolly lot!"

"Some hopes!" grunted Bob.

The fourth event was the long jump, in which Greyfriars scored their initial success.

Frank Nugent was the hero. He jumped splendidly, and repeatedly cleared a distance which looked almost impossible.

Then came the tug-of-war, and the superior weight of the Greyfriars team prevailed.

Jimmy Gordon & Co. heaved desperately, but they had to yield at length, and were dragged over the line by their opponents.

"That's three events to two in favour of Lancashire," said Harry Wharton. "Things are looking up!"

"Yes, rather!"

"What's the next item?" asked Squiff.

"Throwing the cricket-ball."

"Oh, good! If I can manage to chuck it as far as Friarland, I shall be a certain winner."

"There's rather a big 'if' about that, I'm thinking!" said Bob Cherry.

The throwing of the cricket-ball proved a very attractive feature.

Squiff was the last fellow to throw.

"Welsh's effort is the best, so far," said Harry Wharton. "He slung it eighty-two yards. You'll have all your work cut out to beat it, Squiff!"

The Lancashire junior smiled. It was a confident smile, and his confidence was justified for when he had thrown the ball, and Mr. Lascelles measured out the distance, it was found to be eighty-five yards!

"Bravo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry delightedly. "That brings us level with Lancashire. The mile will be the decider."

The excitement was now at fever-heat. The factory lads had won the first three events off the reel, and Greyfriars had won the following three, making a glorious recovery from a bad start.

Now came the mile race, which was to decide the issue.

"Is Barnard running?" inquired Wharton of Jimmy Gordon.

"Yes."

"Oh, help! I couldn't hold the beggar in the quarter-mile, and I doubt if I shall hold him now."

Nevertheless, Wharton determined to run his hardest from start to finish, not once slackening his efforts.

The "field" was not a big one. It consisted of Jimmy Gordon, Barnard, Weston, and Welsh, of Lancashire; and Harry Wharton, Mark Linley, Bob Cherry, and Vernon-Smith, of Greyfriars.

The runners were given a rousing send-off by the excited crowd.

Jimmy Gordon drew away at the outset, sprinting like a hare. But it was obvious that he was merely acting as a pacemaker to Barnard.

The course was four times round the cricket-ground. At the end of the first lap Jimmy Gordon was well to the fore, with Barnard at his heels. Wharton, Cherry, and Linley were running abreast, a dozen yards in the rear.

At the end of the second lap Jimmy Gordon dropped out of the running. He had been making a terrific pace, and had run himself to a standstill.

"Go ahead, Barney!" he panted, as he sank down exhausted on the track.

"It's your race!"

Barnard nodded as he flashed past his fallen chum. Having won the hundred yards and the quarter-mile, he was determined to achieve the "hat-trick" by pulling off the mile as well.

It seemed only too probable that he would succeed, for at the end of the third lap he was still running strongly, and his rivals were well in the rear.

Then came a joyful surprise for the Greyfriars crowd.

Harry Wharton had not made the fatal mistake, on this occasion, of running himself out. He had reserved his energies for the last lap, and his final burst was a spectacle which the crowd would not soon forget.

"Good old Wharton!"

"You're gaining—hand over fist!"

Barnard turned his head, and saw that he was being challenged. He set his teeth and raced on blindly. But the strain of the previous events had told upon him, and he was well-nigh exhausted. His legs felt like leaden weights, and he became conscious of a slackening of speed.

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton was crowding on all sail, so to speak. Yard by yard he gained on the Lancashire fellow. A dozen yards from home he had drawn level.

Barnard stumbled and nearly fell, but with an heroic effort he pulled himself together and struggled towards the tape.

It was a plucky attempt to avert defeat, but it failed for Harry Wharton, fleet as a deer, covered the remainder of the distance in record time, and sent the tape fluttering down.

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Then the crowd fairly let themselves go.

"Hurrah!"
"Well run, Wharton!"
"The Friars have won!"
Barnard was the first to grip Harry Wharton's hand.

"A great finish!" he panted. "I wasn't expecting that spurt of yours. I imagined I had the race well in hand!"

Wharton laughed breathlessly. "That was one of the stiffest jobs I've ever had to face!" he gasped. "The pace was a cracker, and no mistake!" Amid the prolonged cheers of the crowd, the youthful athletes donned their coats and blazers, and trooped into the building. A special tea had been prepared for them in the dining-hall, and they did full justice to it.

Harry Wharton & Co. were jubilant. They had fought an uphill fight, and had emerged victorious. They were now one point in front of the Lancashire lads, and they resolved to increase their lead next day, when a cycling race was down for decision.

Altogether the sports tournament was proving most exciting and enjoyable, and Jimmy Gordon & Co., whether they finished on the winning side or not, would take back with them to Lancashire nothing but pleasant memories of their visit to Greystones.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Nipped in the Bud!

"WHATEVER we are going to do about bikes!" asked Jimmy Gordon after dinner next day. "We haven't brought our ancient gridirons down from Lancashire!"

"Don't worry about that," said Harry Wharton. "All the bikes have been specially hired from London."

"Good! Are they racing bikes?" Wharton nodded.

"We should like to have a trial spin on them before the actual race," said Weston. "Is that allowed?"

"Of course! Come along to the bike-shed, and I'll show you your machines."

Harry Wharton escorted the Lancashire lads to the spacious bicycle-shed in the corner of the Close.

As Wharton opened the door he heard sounds of stealthy movements within.

"Hallo! Hope nobody's interfering with the jiggers!" he exclaimed.

The next moment his brow became dark with anger.

On throwing open the door of the shed he found himself face to face with Skinner, the cad of the Remove.

Skinner had no right in the place at all, since he didn't possess a bicycle. His motives in visiting the shed were only too obvious, for an open penknife was in his hand. He had been about to slash the tyres of the machines which Jimmy Gordon & Co. would use.

"You—you utter cad!" ejaculated the captain of the Remove.

Skinner blanched at the words. "W-w-what have I done?" he stammered.

"It isn't what you've done, it's what you were just going to do!" said Harry Wharton. "You were going to puncture all these tyres, you spiteful worm!"

"I—I wasn't!"

"Don't tell lies!" said Wharton curtly. "That penknife shows your intentions plainly enough!"

"What's all the trouble?" inquired Jimmy Gordon, peering into the shed.

"This cad was going to damage your bikes," explained Wharton. "Luckily I just came in the nick of time. In another five minutes or so none of your

bikes would have been in a rideable condition!"

"My hat!"
"You fellows had better have your trial spin," said Wharton, "and I'll deal with this beauty!"

"Well, I won't say he doesn't deserve a thumping good hiding," said Jimmy Gordon.

Skinner glared sullenly at the speaker. "All right, you low-down factory brat!" he said. "Your turn will come yet!"

Jimmy Gordon ignored the threat, and Harry Wharton gripped Skinner by the collar and marched him away to the junior Common-room, where a crowd of Removers were assembled.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "What are you dragging that rat about for, Harry?"

In a few words Wharton explained what had happened, and a loud murmur of anger arose.

"The cad!"
"The awful rotter!"

"He tried to ruin the race!"
"Make him run the gauntlet!"

roared Bolsover major, who, although fairly pally with Skinner as a rule, was one of the first to resent the cad of the Remove's latest plot.

Skinner was white to the lips. He was trembling as he faced the angry throng.

"This is a trumped-up charge," he said feebly.

"Rats! Wharton's not the sort of fellow to trump up charges," said Frank Nugent. "You're going to get it in the neck, you worm!"

Bolsover's suggestion that Skinner should be made to run the gauntlet was taken up on every side.

Criek-stumps, knotted dusters, and other weapons were obtained, and the fellows ranged themselves in two rows.

Skinner's nerve failed utterly at the sight. He dodged towards the door; but when he got to it he found that Johnny Bull stood with his back to it, barring the exit.

"There's no escape," said Johnny gruffly. "You've got to go through with it!"

Harry Wharton rapped out a sharp command, and Skinner started to run between the lines. And as he ran he staggered under a deluge of blows.

The juniors' blood was up, and they were not disposed to show the cad of the Remove any mercy.

Whack, whack, whack!

Skinner went at a jog-trot at first; but he soon quickened his pace, and by the time he reached the end of the lines he collapsed in a squirming heap.

"Make him run back again!" said Bulstrode.

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"I think we've taught him a pretty good lesson," he said. "I don't fancy he'll get up to any more shady tricks while the sports are on."

Skinner picked himself up and slunk away, fearful lest Wharton should change his mind and make him run through the lines again.

It was now nearly time for the cycling race to begin, and Harry Wharton & Co. hurried out into the Close.

The Lancashire lads were just returning from their trial spin.

"Are the bikes all right?" asked Wharton.

Jimmy Gordon nodded. "They're in tip-top condition," he said.

Mr. Lascelles blew his whistle for the competitors to line up.

There were over a dozen entrants, and the course consisted of a five-mile circuit, finishing up at the school gates.

"Now they're off!" exclaimed Vernon-

Smith, who was a non-starter. "My hat! Just look at that fellow Gordon!"

Jimmy Gordon was away like the wind.

At least four competitors came to grief at the start owing to the congested state of the roadway; but Jimmy Gordon had steered clear of disaster and his machine fairly flashed along the white stretch of road.

The fellows who had been upset speedily remounted, and the cyclists were soon out of sight. The crowd waited expectantly for their reappearance.

"The first man will be home in less than twenty minutes," said Dick Russell. "And may it be a Greystones fellow!"

"Hear, hear!"

Eager eyes were turned in the direction from which the leading cyclist would come.

When he did come he was not alone.

"Three of them, by Jove!" cried Vernon-Smith excitedly. "And they're racing neck-and-neck!"

"Who are they?" asked Ogilvy.

"One of ours, and two of theirs," said Dick Russell. "Jack Drake's our man; the other two are Gordon and Weston."

The cyclists came on in a cloud of dust.

Jack Drake was in the centre. His head was down over the handlebars, his legs were causing the pedals to revolve at an amazing rate.

A great roar went up from the watching crowd.

"Come along, Drake!"
"Spurt, man—spurt!"

Drake responded gamely to the call. His machine leapt forward a little; but Weston spurred at the same time, and drew level.

Drake tried hard to shake off the attentions of his rival; but Weston was out to win, and he urged his machine forward at breakneck speed.

A few seconds later and the race was over.

It had been a close thing—so close that the crowd did not know who had won until Mr. Lascelles announced the result through his megaphone.

"First, Weston; second, Drake; third, Gordon!"

The Greystones representative had been beaten by a matter of inches.

The result was disappointing to the crowd, but they cheered Weston heartily.

His success was all the more creditable because he had been one of those who had spills at the start.

Lancashire's victory in the cycling race brought them level once more with Greystones.

Only one more event remained to be decided—a swimming race in the sea.

That was to take place on the morrow, and then, after a day's rest, Jimmy Gordon & Co. would return to Lancashire.

"Everything hinges on the swimming," remarked Bob Cherry that evening. "Can your fellows swim as well as they can run and box and cycle, Gordon?"

"Better!" was the discouraging reply. "Oh crumbs!"

"Welsh and Barnes come from Blackpool, and they learnt their swimming there," said Jimmy Gordon. "They're a pair of water rats, and you'll have to produce some mighty fine swimmers if you hope to beat them."

"And what about yourself?" asked Wharton.

"Oh, I can swim a little!" was the modest reply. "I'd undertake to finish first in any race—provided there was only one competitor."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who is the Remove's best swimmer?" inquired Jimmy Gordon.

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"Mark Linley, in my opinion," said Bob Cherry. "And Billy Bunter, in his own."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, by this time to-morrow we shall know the winners of the sports tournament," said Johnny Bull. "And may they be ourselves!"

But Johnny had his doubts.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Final Struggle!

ALL roads led to the sea on the following afternoon.

Harry Wharton & Co., with their towels and bathing-costumes slung over their shoulders, looked as if they meant business. They knew that their chances of victory were slender, for the Lancashire lads were expert swimmers. At the same time, the Friars meant to put up the best fight they knew.

Several hundred yards out to sea a boat lay at anchor. The competitors had to swim out to this boat, go round it, and then return to the shore. Victory would go to the fellow who was first to scramble out of the water.

It was a long course, and would test the endurance of the swimmers to the utmost.

Seldom had the little beach at Pegg presented such an animated appearance.

There were upwards of two hundred fellows present, and this number was augmented by the masters and the local fishermen, who took a lively interest in the proceedings.

Some of the Greyfriars fellows had hired rowing-boats and put out to sea in order that they might get a better and closer view of the race.

Among these was Skinner of the Remove. Skinner's object, however, was not to get a good view of the race, but to upset the chances of the Lancashire lads if they looked like being successful.

The cad of the Remove had laid his plans very carefully, and he felt confident that he would be able to rob Jimmy Gordon & Co. of victory by obstructing the leading swimmer in a manner which would appear to the lookers-on to be accidental.

There was an interval of ten minutes or so, and then the rival competitors stepped out from their bathing-machines.

As they lined up at the water's edge awaiting the word of command the spectators cheered boisterously.

"Now then, Friars!"

"Let's hear from you!"

"You've simply got to win!"

Mr. Lascelles glanced along the row of competitors.

"Are you ready, my boys?" he asked. There was a general nodding of heads. The mathematics master raised his hand, uttering at the same time the sharp command:

"Go!"

There was a series of splashes, a number of choking gurgles, and then the big mass of swimmers sorted themselves out, striking out strongly towards the boat, which seemed a tremendous distance away.

Mark Linley took the lead, much to the delight of the crowd.

"Good old Marky!"

"Straight ahead, old man!"

Mark was employing a variation of the trudgeon-stroke, which took him through the water at a wonderful rate. He was setting a very hot pace, but it was doubtful if he would be able to keep it up.

Behind him came Barnes and Welsh,

the two Blackpool boys, whom Jimmy Gordon had praised overnight. And behind these two came Jimmy Gordon himself, swimming side by side with Bob Cherry.

It promised to be a thrilling and a desperate race, for the leading batch of swimmers were going all out.

Mark Linley was going well; but he failed to make allowance for the current, with the result that he diverged from his course.

This gave Welsh, of Lancashire, a chance to catch up. Swimming strongly on his side, he was the first to reach the boat; but, instead of swimming round it, he caught hold of the side and pulled himself up into the boat.

"What's the little game, Welsh?" shouted Jimmy Gordon from the rear.

Welsh made a wry face.

"Cramp!" he explained. "Lucky the boat was near. I—I'm afraid I'm done!"

"Rough luck!" said Jimmy. And he quickened his own pace and managed to reach the boat just before Mark Linley got to it.

Now came the sternest part of the struggle—the swim to the shore.

Jimmy Gordon flashed through the water as if propelled by some hidden mechanism. But for a long time he was unable to shake off the persistent attentions of Mark Linley. Mark stuck to him like a leech.

At last, however, Jimmy Gordon managed to forge ahead. Great was the excitement as he drew near to the shore.

And then a startling thing happened.

Skinner of the Remove rowed right across Jimmy Gordon's path, obstructing his course. At the same time he leaned over the side of the boat, pretending to cheer the Lancashire lad on.

"Out of the way, you duffer!" gurgled Jimmy Gordon.

"Come on! Come on! You're nearly home!" shouted Skinner.

He had shipped his oars, and was still leaning over the side of his boat, urging Jimmy Gordon on.

Unfortunately, Skinner leaned over a little too far. Before he could right himself the boat capized, and its occupant of a few seconds before was struggling in the water.

"Help!" shouted Skinner, as soon as his terrified face appeared above the surface.

The cad of the Remove had never troubled to make himself proficient in the art of swimming. He could manage a few strokes, certainly, but on this occasion he was handicapped by his clothes and boots. He felt himself being sucked

under, and again he raised a shout of wild alarm.

"Help! Save me! I'm dud-dud-drowning!"

With strong, swift strokes Jimmy Gordon made his way towards the struggling junior.

"I've got you!" he gasped, clutching the terrified Skinner. "Turn over on your back, and I'll tow you ashore. Here, steady on! Don't grab at me like that! You're perfectly safe, provided you don't lose your head."

In his terror, Skinner struggled wildly. But his struggles soon ceased, and he lay limply in Jimmy Gordon's arms. He had fainted from fright and exhaustion.

A boat, manned by Blundell of the Fifth, came speeding across the water. Jimmy Gordon waved it back.

"It's all serene," he said. "I can manage all right."

A few moments later Skinner was landed safe and sound on terra-firma.

"The foolish lad!" ejaculated Mr. Lascelles. "What ever possessed him to lean over the side of the boat in that manner?"

"Seems to me, sir," said Wingate of the Sixth, "that he deliberately tried to obstruct Gordon."

"He would probably have been drowned but for Gordon's promptness," said Mr. Lascelles.

After a brief interval Skinner opened his eyes. They rested upon Jimmy Gordon.

"You—you've saved my life!" he faltered.

"Rats!" was the reply. "Somebody else would have fished you out, if I hadn't."

"You've saved my life," repeated Skinner, "and I'm grateful. I—I tried to prevent you from winning the race. I've been up against you from the start. I've hated you! And yet you—you fished me out, at the risk of being dragged under yourself!"

"No need to make a song about it," said Jimmy Gordon. "You've acted like a cad, but I reckon this will be a lesson to you."

"It will!" said Skinner earnestly. "I—I suppose it's expecting too much to ask you to forgive me for what I did?"

"Not at all!" said Jimmy Gordon.

And he extended his hand frankly to the fellow who had wronged him.

Skinner fairly broke down. For once in a way, he was really remorseful.

"I'm sorry I ever called you a factory cad," he muttered. "I'm the cad—not you! I wasn't worth rescuing."

"We won't talk about that any more," was the quiet reply. "By the way, sir, who won the race?"

"Linley was first home," said Mr. Lascelles; "but, in the circumstances, the race is void. It will be held again."

"Good!"

After the swimmers had rested sufficiently, they lined up again for a renewal of the struggle.

It was a great race—even more thrilling than the first had been up to the time of the obstruction.

Jimmy Gordon took the lead, and maintained it till the end. He was challenged at the finish by Mark Linley and Bob Cherry, who moved heaven and earth to overhail him. But Jimmy's superior stamina and skill prevailed, and he won by a matter of seconds.

(Continued on page 15.)

Sexton Blake



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HOW NOT TO GET LOST!

IT'S easier to get lost (even in England) than you might think. If you're not used to trekking across country you can very soon lose your way, and waste a lot of time finding it again. The old hand knows several good dodges so that he can find his way over strange ground, and not get lost on the way.

The very first thing to know is how to find the north. You can find the north by map and compass, by the sun, by the stars, by the moon.

If you have a map and compass, it is next to impossible to lose your way. All you have to do it to "set" your map by the compass (that is, make the top of the map point north) and find where you are by looking out which way you've come, and where you've come from. You can generally make out which way you've come by looking on the map for any landmark (such as a tall factory chimney, a windmill, or a church spire) which you may have noticed on your way.

I say "may have noticed"—should have noticed would be better. The old camper always keeps his eye open for landmarks which may help him to find his way back.

Now and then as he tramps along you will see the old hand glance back over his shoulder along the road or trail. He does this so that on his return journey he will be able to recognise the way by the look of the road, the position of clumps of trees or rocks, a white gate, an ivy-grown cottage, a flagstaff, a water-tower—anything. It is all very well as you go along, but when you turn round to come back the road looks quite different, and when you come to cross-roads you may not be certain which way you came. So it is a good plan to give a look back over your shoulder as you go.

You can get your direction by the sun, because it rises in the east in the morning, swings overhead to the south at mid-day, and sets in the west in the evening. The moon does much the same course as the sun.

So if in the early morning you want to find the north, watch for the rising sun, which will be about east. Face the sunrise, and hold out your left arm. Your left arm will be pointing towards the north.

At mid-day, if you wish to find north, turn your back to the sun so that your shadow falls in front of you. You will now be facing north.

In the evening, if you face the sunset, and hold out your right hand, it will be pointing north.

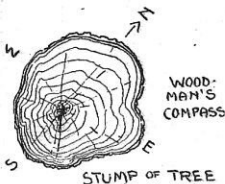
If you wish to find north at night, look for the group of stars known as the "Plough." They look like Fig. 2.

The two end stars (see dotted line) point to the North Star.

Trees generally have more moss growing on the north side of their trunks than any other. So if you are in a forest or wood this will help you.

Also, trees grow thicker on the north.

If you can find the stump of a tree which has been felled on level ground, find the centre, or heart, and then find which side



the growth-rings are thicker. The thick side is probably north if the tree was growing upright.

If it should ever happen that you find you are lost, let me tell you what not to do:

Don't run.

Don't shout.

Don't get excited.

This is what you should do:

Stop where you are.

Sit down and think.

Put your handkerchief, with a stone to keep it in place, on the spot you have reached.

Now go off and make a circle round this mark.

If the country is wooded, climb a tall tree and look out for any landmark, or roads, or telegraph-wires, or railway-lines.

If you can see nothing, listen. Your ears may catch the shrill of a train, the thrum of a motor, the sound of horses' hoofs, or the voices of people in the distance.

If this is no use, make a bonfire on a piece of high ground, and pile on damp grass, damp dead leaves, and anything which will make a thick column of smoke, which may attract attention. Or make two or three smoke-fires, and keep them going. If lost at night, light a bright flame-fire, which may attract attention.

In any case, sit tight and keep cheerful, and on no account begin to get "lost puny."

"Lost panic" begins by the sudden discovery that you are lost, followed by an overpowering desire to run, and run, and run, shouting and screaming as you go. This generally ends in getting still more lost, besides wasting energy and time.

It is a safe plan, if lost, to stop as soon as you find you are lost, sit down and rest, and think it out. If you thought you were lost, and could smell a post-fire burning, you would know that there was a cottage near by. If you could hear the distant hammering of iron, you would know that a village blacksmith's shop was in that direction. If you could see the footprints of a boot or the nails of a boot in the mud, notice the direction of the toe of the boot, and follow along that way, looking for further tracks. This man who made that track must have come from somewhere, and must go to some place, if you can follow it, as an old hand should.

People who are not used to finding their way across strange country often imagine they are lost, when a little common-sense and observation would show them the way. If you are in a wood and wish to find a way out, look for wagon-wheel ruts. A timber-wagon track is certain to lead out of the wood. If you enter a thick wood or forest where there is no trail of any kind, take out your clasp-knife or hatchet and "blaze" a small mark on the right-hand side of a tree every twenty paces. This is only necessary when you are in a forest of several miles square, and where there are no tracks. In England it is not necessary to "blaze" trees in order to find your way back again through a forest.

Another dodge to remember is this: When you set off on a tramp-camp, or for a hike, notice which way the wind is blowing. As you go along, notice any change of wind. You must take into account any turn you may take yourself to left or right, and not mix that up with a change of wind! If you know which way the wind was blowing when you started, and if you have noted its change, and your own turning, you will be able to keep to the direction you wish to follow.

Some people seem to be able to find their way by day or night by instinct. They appear to have "a good bump of locality," as they say. Others get lost, or can't find their way after going a few miles. The old hand keeps his eyes skinned, his ears on the alert, and always "on the look-out." He does not just stare at things. He looks, he sees, he understands what he has seen, and he remembers.

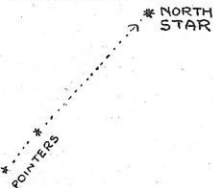


Figure 2.

"Sportsmen from the North!"

(Continued from page 14.)

Harry Wharton & Co. were honestly glad that the verdict had gone to their rivals, for Jimmy Gordon would undoubtedly have won in the first place, but for Skinner's conduct.

"Lancashire wins!" said Rob Cherry, shaking himself like a drenched terrier. "It's been a topping tournament, and they only got through by the skin of their teeth, but they've done it. Let's give 'em three cheers!"

"Three times three!" shouted Johnny Bull.

And the cheers were given with right good will by the defeated Friars, who

thus proved themselves to be true sportsmen in every sense of the term.

There were many heartburnings in the Remove, two days later, when the factory lads departed.

Jimmy Gordon & Co. had won the esteem and friendship of all the decent fellows in the Remove, and the Greyfriars fellows were sorry to see them go. But, as they explained, they had their way to make in the world, and holidays could not last for ever.

"There's just a chance that we may come to Greyfriars again next year," said Jimmy Gordon.

"Let's hope so," said Harry Wharton. "If you do come, we'll reverse this year's result. We'll put it across you at cricket, and boxing, and every other sort of sport!"

"Perhaps!" said Jimmy Gordon, with a smile. "But methinks it will be on the other foot bootfully, as your ducky friend expresses it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There were hearty handshakes all round, and then Jimmy Gordon & Co. took their departure.

And a long, long time was likely to elapse before they forgot their joyous holiday at Greyfriars, which had been rendered all the more enjoyable by their great victory in the sports tournament between school and factory!

THE END.

(Another magnificent complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled "Sleepers of the Remove," by Frank Richards. Don't forget there is a complete story of the Chums of Greyfriars in the "Popular" every Friday.)

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