

WHAT IS THE STRANGE SLEEPING EPIDEMIC WHICH ATTACKS GREYFRIARS?
(SEE THE GRAND SCHOOL STORY IN THIS ISSUE.)



The Magnet Library

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No. 697. Vol. XVIII.

June 18th, 1921.



BILLY BUNTER FALLS ASLEEP AT AN UNUSUAL TIME!
(An Amazing Incident from the long complete tale inside.)

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.

"THE HOUSEBOAT MYSTERY!"

By Frank Richards.

That is the title of our next grand, long, complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, and Billy Hunter. The Owl of the Remove, in a manner not entirely strange to him, takes it into his head to "borrow" somebody else's picnic-basket. The result is that he stumbles across a deep mystery, and it requires the aid of the chums of the Remove to elucidate it.

When a story is centred round a mystery, it is never wise to tell readers too much beforehand. So I am leaving next week's splendid story for you to enjoy, as I am sure you will.

THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD" SUPPLEMENT.

Harry Wharton gives us a splendid supplement for next week's MAGNET LIBRARY, and he is calling it a SPECIAL DORMITORY NUMBER.

Readers can well imagine from that that there is going to be plenty of funny articles and stories to read in Harry Wharton's next number of the "Greyfriars Herald."

I wish to acknowledge here the many, many hundreds of letters I have received in connection with the MAGNET LIBRARY Supplement, for I really cannot answer them all by post. It would take me fully a week to do so, and I cannot spare all that time, much as I should like to express my thanks to every reader who has been good enough to write in such glowing terms of the "Greyfriars Herald."

Will readers who have written to me, and have not had an answer to their letters, please be good enough to accept my very best thanks now?

"WORDS" COMPETITION RESULT.

Some weeks ago I offered a prize of Ten Shillings to the reader who could make up the most words from the one word "Constantinople." This prize has been awarded to

J. B. CROWTHER,
16, Abyssinia Terrace,
Leeds,

who sent in no less than 1,842 words, all of which were different. I offer him my congratulations, for he has earned the prize!

Two other prizes of Five Shillings each were offered to the next best entries, and

these prizes are being sent to Charles Black, 34, Barclay Street, Cowdenbath, Fife, Scotland, and Vernon Glass, Webster House, 79, Greenway Road, Tanton, Somerset, who sent in 1,409 and 1,324 words respectively.

The prizes will be forwarded during the week.

NOTICES.

Amateur Magazine.

Ronald Gordon, 5, Lothian Street, Princes Park, Liverpool, wants readers and contributions for his amateur magazine; also agents abroad. All letters answered.

Football.

Alfred H. Morris, 8, Brand Street, Greenwich, S.E. 10, wishes to hear of players for next season for Oakdale F.C., av. age 16. Entrance fee, 1s.; subscription, 3d. per week.

Correspondence.

Miss Ammie Atkin, Bramley View, Lamb Roe, Whalley, Blackburn, Lancs., wishes to correspond with an English or American schoolgirl, age 13-15.

Demius Stiefels, Nuppenbechtstrasse, 50-11, Nuremberg, Bavaria, wishes to correspond with stamp-collectors. He has the newly-issued Central European stamps. This correspondent is president of the International Correspondence Circle, which was established for the benefit of Companion Paper readers on the Continent.

W. J. Hall, Meredith, Victoria, Australia, wishes to hear from readers in India, Canada, Wales, and the Argentine; ages 15-18.

Leigh Wallace, 488, Comard Avenue, East Toronto, Ontario, Canada, wishes to hear from a reader of the MAGNET in Bristol, or anywhere.

Miss Kathleen Bradley, 65, Clevedon Road, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, wishes to hear from readers interested professionally in the cinema world, or in music and stamps.

James Eletcher, 173, Avoniel Road, Belfast, Ireland, wishes correspondence with readers anywhere, interested in model engineering.

Miscellaneous.

H. Hammond, 3, Blantyre Street, Chelsea, London, S.W. 10, is president of the Boys' International Exchange, and will send particulars for stamp.

Grand Value for Money Story Books

BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY

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SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY

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Your Editor.



A Magnificent, Long, Complete
Story of the Chums of Greyfriars,
introducing Fisher T. Fish.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Fish's Latest Wheeze!

HARRY WHARTON and Frank Nugent had just finished tea in Study No. 1 of the Remove, and were clearing the table of the remaining sardines when a loud bang sounded at the door.

"Come in!" sang out Wharton cheerfully.

The door opened with such violence that one of the pictures fell from the study wall, narrowly missing Wharton's head.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" shouted Bob Cherry, following in.

"If you can't kick up less dust when you enter a chap's study—" began Wharton wrathfully.

"Oh, shut up!" cut in Nugent. "What's the news, Bob?" He noticed for the first time that his chum carried a copy of the "Daily Mail," part of which was well marked with a blue pencil.

"News!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Listen to this, you chaps! If this doesn't take the blessed bun of Barnstaple, I'll eat my only hat!"

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent gathered round their chum while he turned up the paper, and exhibited the following advertisement in bold type at the top of the page:

"DON'T ARGUE! IT'S A FACT!"

Greyfriars ointment is a cure for all ills. Prepared from a long-lost formula of the monks of Greyfriars, now in the possession of Fisher T. Fish, Greyfriars College, Kent, to whom all cheques should be made payable.

Write, and enclose 2s. 6d. for sample. Guaranteed the goods.

ROLL UP NOW!"

"Whew!"
"My giddy aunt!"
"My only hat!"
"Well!" burst out Wharton. "Of all the cheek, this beats the whole giddy orchestra!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Long-lost formula of the monks of Greyfriars!" gurgled Frank Nugent. "I can see our friend from the Yew-nited States getting it in the neck."

"The cheekfulness of the esteemed and cuteful Fish is terrific!" added Hurree

Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur, in his weird and wonderful English.

"It's a good job for Fishy that the majority of the chaps don't read the newspapers," said Bob Cherry. "But if any of the masters or prefects see this," he continued, sinking his big frame into an easy-chair, "Fish will get chucked out of the school."

"Let's go and find the burbling idiot, and ask him what the game is," suggested Wharton.

Fisher T. Fish, the business man of the Remove, spent a considerable amount of his time thinking out schemes by which he could transfer the wealth of his school-fellows from their pockets to his own.

But, as Wharton had remarked, this latest idea advertised in a London paper beat the band.

Wharton & Co., still discussing the matter, strolled down the Remove passage towards the Common-room to look for Fish.

They arrived there, and found the place in a state bordering on chaos.

The well-known drawl of Fisher T. Fish was vainly striving to make itself heard above the roar of a crowd of excited juniors.

"See here, you jays!" he was shouting.

"I guess this hyor ointment is just the slickest thing on this 'li' of earth—"

"Good old Fish!"
"Go it, Washington!"

"For burns, kicks, handers, benders, and all forms of physical violence—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Prepared by me from a long-lost formula of the old monks of Greyfriars, now in my possession."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where did you sneak it from, Fishy?" asked Skinner, the cad of the Remove.

"I guess this is the real goods," replied the son of Uncle Sam. "I guess—Ow! Yerooogh! Yow!"

But what the slick junior guessed was never known.

At a signal from Harold Skinner, Snoop had given the form on which Fisher T. Fish was standing a jerk which had caused the orator to come crashing to the ground, surrounded by boxes of his ointment.

"Come on, Bob!" said the captain of the Remove. "It's only another silly stunt of Fish's. He'll find himself in the ointment unless he's very careful."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Let's go for a stroll in the village."

And, so saying, the three chums pushed their way through the crowd of juniors, out into the open air.

"I say, you fellows," piped the voice of Billy Bunter, the fat junior of the Remove, advancing from the direction of the school gates, directly in the path of the three Removes.

"Scat!" chorused the chums of Study No. 1 in reply.

"Really, Wharton!" panted Bunter, running up. "I want to speak to you."

"Come on, Harry!" said Bob Cherry, taking his chum's arm. "The fat beast only wants to borrow some money to stuff himself with!"

"Really, Cherry, I hope I wouldn't spend money on food when it's so badly needed to help alleviate the sufferings of humanity!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Bunter!" said Nugent. "What's all this rot about suffering humanity? Where is the suffering humanity, anyhow?"

"Here!" said Bunter, puffing himself out.

"You!" shouted the chums in unison.

"Well, you chaps," said Bunter, blinking through his big spectacles, "it's like this. I'm not exactly suffering yet, but I expect to be some time during the morning. You see, old Quelch is going to lick me."

"Well, how can we help alleviate your suffering?" asked Wharton suspiciously.

Wharton & Co. had been victims of Bunter's schemes for obtaining free feeds too often to be easily caught by tales of loss for various imaginary ills.

As Bob Cherry so often remarked, they were getting wise in their old age.

"What's the bob wanted for this time, Buntzy?" asked Wharton.

"I haven't asked for a bob, Wharton, but since you offer—"

"I haven't offered," interrupted Harry.

"As I was saying," continued the Owl of the Remove, ignoring Wharton's remark. "I've been expecting a postal-order for some time—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Same old postal-order, Tubby?" inquired Bob Cherry, grinning.

"And I thought you might let me have a bob to go on with," finished the Falstaff of Greyfriars, frowning.

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The reason for Bunter's interest in alleviating the sufferings of humanity, and his desire to borrow a bob slowly dawning on the three chums, and sent them into roars of laughter.

"Well, I'm blowed!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That takes the cake!"

"Really, you chaps, I don't see anything to laugh about!" spluttered Billy Bunter warmly. "You're a hard-hearted lot of beasts! You don't care what agonies I suffer. I don't want your rotten bob!"

And the Owl of the Remove, realising that what hopes he may have had of borrowing a shilling had gone, made for the School House, just missing acceleration from the big boot of Bob Cherry.

"I think we're the only chaps who have seen that advertisement," said Bob, turning to Frank Nugent when Bunter had disappeared from view. "But if Fish doesn't get his little game stopped by the Head, we'll see lots of fun before he's through."

And, still laughing at Bunter's discomfort, Wharton, Nugent, and Bob Cherry passed out through the school gates on their way to Friariele.

As they neared the village printer's they observed the form of Fisher T. Fish, still showing signs of his recent mauling in the Common-room, bearing down on them, with a look of suppressed excitement on his lean face.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" shouted the stentorian voice of Bob Cherry. "How's the widdy ointment?"

"I guess—" began Fisher T. Fish. "Gee, it's great! Ha, ha, ha!" And the sentence trailed off into a roar of nasal laughter.

"What's the joke, Fishy?" demanded Frank Nugent. "Been selling some more of your punitive preventer?"

"None, I guess. Ha, ha, ha!"

Fish was speechless with merriment.

"Let's bump the silly ass until he explains," suggested Cherry hopefully.

Wharton, Nugent, and Cherry immediately closed round the bilious American, and three pairs of hands gripped him simultaneously, and proceeded to give him a vigorous shaking.

"Going to tell us the joke now?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"None. Yow! I mean, yep!"

"It's Bunter, is it, then?"

"He's Bunter," gasped Fish.

"We've just left Billy," said Wharton, looking surprised.

"What's he been up to now?"

"It's not Billy," explained Fish, "it's his minor, Sammy. I guess— Ha, ha, ha!"

And the business man of the Remove went off into another paroxysm of laughter.

"The little pig raided some of the ointment from a dish in my study, thinking it was margarine," he continued. "And— and— Ha, ha, ha! He's tried Dicky Nugent's sausages in it for a feed the pigs were having, and got walloped!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the chums. "Poor old Sammy!"

The feeds of Dicky Nugent, and his chums, Gatty and Myers, could sometimes be smelt in the Remove quarters, and were rarely known to have been more elaborate than bladders of doubtful age.

Sausages in the Second Form indicated that the fags were having a feed to celebrate something of unusual importance. Therefore if Bunter minor had ruined their feed by cooking their sausages in Fisher T. Fish's ointment in mistake for margarine, the fact that it was unintentional, and would deprive the fat fag of a feed as well as Dicky Nugent & Co., would not save him from the wrath of the disappointed Second-Formers.

"You'll land the whole blessed school in a jolly fine mess one of these days, with your money-grabbing schemes," remarked Wharton thoughtfully. But the captain of the Remove little guessed how true his words were eventually to prove.

Fish continued his journey back to the school, leaving the chums to finish their stroll with his entertaining company. Wharton & Co. had not left the village long before Nugent suggested turning up a footpath and resting by the side of the woods.

"I'll just take a glance round before we settle down, in case that ass Coker and his precious pals arther about," said Wharton, grinning. "I rather fancy that after the little lesson we taught him the last time we wrecked his study he may trail us out and spring a surprise attack."

"I don't think there's any fear of that," replied Nugent. But nevertheless he walked over to the hedge that bordered the wood, and peered through.

"My hat!"

"What is it, Franky?"

The Removites crowded to where Nugent was standing, and gazed over his shoulder. A truly remarkable sight met their astonished eyes.

P.-c. Tozer, the village policeman, was standing in a small clearing by himself. His tunic hung on the lower branch of a nearby tree, and his helmet, which had so often provided an excellent target for the boys of Greyfriars during the snowy weather, reposed on an ant-hill in solitary state.

"Hist!" whispered Wharton. "We'll see what Tozer's little stunt is."

P.-c. Tozer, under the impression that he was unobserved, rolled up one of his shirt-sleeves, and commenced to vigorously rub his head. Tozer's head was a thing once seen never forgotten. It resembled a bladder of lard, with a slice cut off at an angle where the forehead should have been.

"He's knocking the flies off the jolly old skating-rink," breathed Bob Cherry facetiously.

But Tozer was doing nothing of the sort. He was preparing the surface of his shiny pate for something far nobler than flies. The Removites, from their point of vantage, saw the arm of the law open a small wooden box as wide in circumference as a half-crown. The box contained a mass of yellow-looking paste, from which Tozer extracted a liberal portion on his fingers and brought down with a determined smack on his bald head. There followed a few grunts as Tozer, with a considerable amount of energy, rubbed the concoction into a thin, smooth varnish all over his scalp.

"My hat! What's the game?" asked Nugent of Wharton, in an undertone.

The answer to the question was supplied by the policeman himself, however.

"I'll give 'em bladder of lard!" he grunted to himself. "A 'andsome 'ead o' arly 'air. That's wot Master Fish said this 'ere stuff 'ud most likely do. All in twenty-four hours, too! Drat them flies!"

Tozer was rapidly becoming the centre of a crowd of flies and bluebottles, who, like himself, were anxious to try the effect of a little of the ointment; for, on the mention of their schoolfellow's name, that was what the juniors correctly guessed the paste to be.

The chums were about to make their presence known, when Wharton held up a warning hand.

"Steady, chaps!" he said. "There's somebody else watching Tozer across the other side."

The village policeman, apparently satisfied with his work, doubled himself with his head down, in order to allow the

superfluous ointment, which had now turned to oil, to drip off his head.

The bushes on the other side of the clearing suddenly parted, and a clod of damp earth came hurtling through the air, and landed with a plop on Tozer's head.

"Geroooh! 'Elp! 'Elp!" roared the unfortunate man as the black earth, mixing with the oil, ran down his face.

The policeman, wiping his eyes free of earth, felt for his whistle, and let off a series of blasts like a young tug.

"Come on!" shouted Harry. "Bunk! There's going to be a row!"

The Removites reached the road in time to see their old enemies, Coker, Potter, and Green, disappearing into the wood across the field. Fish's ointment was well launched on its career of trouble.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Strange Visitor!

"MY hat! Who's the post-office for?" asked Bob Cherry facetiously.

"Master Fish," grinned Trotter, the school page, as he staggered up the Remove passage in the direction of Study No. 14 with a heavy mail-bag.

"My instructions are that the next lot he can come and fetch himself."

"I guess this looks like business," said Fisher T. Fish, with great satisfaction, when Trotter deposited the bag on the floor of the study. When the page had left, Fisher T. Fish closed and locked the door, and prepared to examine his mail.

All the Lower School, and some of the seniors, had heard of the latest wheeze of the business man of the Remove, but that he had advertised it in one of the London papers, Fisher T. Fish had said nothing.

He was hoping that, with a fair amount of luck, it would not be noticed by the school authorities, and that he would be able to get something out of a gullible British public.

"I guess they're a suspicious lot of jays!" remarked Fish to himself, as he sorted the letters in the bag. "Not a cent among them so far!"

Most of the letters contained requests for information of the Greyfriars monks, and several were from business organisations in the City who desired to know whether Fish would be willing to let them handle his advertising at special reduced rates.

A few contained postal-orders for two shillings and sixpence, and a request to forward a sample of the ointment by the next post.

"This looks like the real thing!" muttered Fisher T. Fish, as he extracted the ninth postal-order from the batch.

Fisher T. Fish finished the contents of the mail-bag, and, unlocking the study door, made his way to the Form-room.

Several times during the morning Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form-master, caught the Yankee junior wandering, and came down sharply on him with impots.

Mr. Quelch was not an amiable gentleman at the best of times, and this morning Fish seemed to have tried his patience to the utmost.

"Fish!" he snapped, half-way through the morning.

"Yes, sir?"

"You were wandering again!"

"No, sir!"

"What were we talking about?"

"Postal-orders, sir," said Fish absently.

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

"Silence!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Take a hundred lines for laughing,

Skinner! Now, Fish, who were we talking about?"

"Lucullus, you ass!" whispered Bob Cherry.

"Answer me at once, Fish!" roared the Form-master angrily.

"Y-yes, sir—Lucullus, sir," stammered the American junior hopefully.

Mr. Quelch appeared mollified for a few moments.

"What was Lucullus noted for?" he asked, as a follow-up.

"Eating, sir."

"Eating what, Fish?"

"Food, sir."

"What kind of food, boy?" thundered the Form-master.

"Waal, I guess, j-just f-food, sir—that's to s-say, ointment," concluded the American vaguely.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat!"

The whole Form rocked with uncontrolled laughter.

"Come here at once, boy!" stormed Mr. Quelch. "As I thought, you have not been paying attention! Hold out your hand, Fish!"

Swish!

"Ow! Yaroooh!"

Swish!

The business man of the Remove received several stinging cuts on the palm of each hand.

"You have some reason now to think of ointment!" said Mr. Quelch grimly, as Fisher T. Fish returned to his place.

The morning passed very slowly for Fisher T. Fish; and Mr. Quelch, in no way appeased, vented his wrath on the whole Form until the time came for release.

"Let's go down to the nets and get in a little practice before dinner," suggested Harry Wharton to his chums, when lessons were over. "Luky's going to show us his new bowling stunt."

"The newness of the esteemed bowl is terrific," purred Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur. "If my esteemed chums will butfully play I will do my bestfulness with the esteemed bowl."

Wharton had just settled down before the sticks, when an unlooked for diversion arrived in the form of a stranger at the gates inquiring for Fisher T. Fish.

"My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Look what the wind's blown in!"

The chums stopped their play, and turned their gaze towards the gates. An old gentleman, surrounded by a crowd of juniors, was slowly making his way towards the School House.

He was attired in an old flannel suit, with a big black hat which suggested Chelsea rather than Greyfriars College. His hair was long, and hung in curls over his collar. To complete the picture he wore a big pair of steel-rimmed smoked spectacles.

"Let's investigate," suggested Wharton. "We don't want that cad Skinner interfering with the old buffer."

"My dear young gentlemen," the stranger was saying, when Wharton & Co. arrived. "I'm looking for Master Fisher T. Fish. Can any of you boys please tell me where I can find him?"

"This way, sir," said Skinner, nudging his two cronies—Stott and Snoop.

"No, you don't!" growled Wharton, from the rear.

He allowed his way through the crowd of fags and Removites, and took the old gentleman by the arm.

"This way for Fish, sir," said the captain of the Remove. And, with the remainder of the Famous Five acting as a rearguard, he led the way to the American junior's study.

"Funny old chap! Looks like a professor," remarked Johnny Bull, when



The strange figure, robed in the white sheet, fixed a mask to his face, then drew from his pocket a small phial and a metal burner. He poured the contents of the former into the burner, then applied a match. There was a spluttering, then a small blue flame burst forth. "Don't move, any of you chaps," whispered Wharton, crouching down by the half-open door. (See Chapter 7.)

they had safely conducted their charge to Fish.

"The funniness of the esteemed professor is terrific," murmured Hurree Singh, as the five made their way back to the nets.

Fisher T. Fish was fortunate in having the Greynians ointment.

The Removite guessed that his strange visitor had come about his advertisement of the Greynians ointment.

Not wishing the rest of the school to know what he had done, he took the precaution of locking the door while his visitor was seated, to guard against any chance interruption.

The American junior placed himself in front of the mantelpiece, and waited for the stranger to make an opening.

"Er—my name is Bootle—Professor Bootle, you know," said Fish's visitor nervously. "And—er—happened to see your notice in the paper, so I thought I would come along. I sincerely hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken?"

"I guess that's all O.K.," said Fish. "I reckon you wanna take away a few dozen boxes of this hyer ointment. Guaranteed to cure burns, bites, bruises, bunions, and—"

"Quite!" interrupted Professor Bootle. "But, as a matter of fact, I do not desire any ointment."

"Then what's the E'l' game?" demanded Fish suspiciously.

"Allow me to explain," said the professor, rubbing his skinny hands together. "As you are doubtless aware, I—if I may so—have a considerable reputation as a herbalist and botanist. I am not in the least interested in your discovery, but in what I have guessed to be the records of the old monks of Greyfriars, from which, I understand, you are supposed to have taken the formula."

Fisher T. Fish blinked.

"Between ourselves, my boy," continued Fisher's amazing visitor, "I would like to look at those records, for research purposes."

"Waal, of all the blessed cheek, you take the buckwheat!" ejaculated Fisher T. Fish. "If you can talk dollars, professor, I'm ready to listen."

"Quite right—quite right," murmured the professor mildly. "Business is business, of course. And suppose, young gentleman, I made it worth your while to show me?"

"Now you're talking," said the slick Remove business man, his eyes glistening. "As a matter of fact, Mr. Bootle, I got that little idea from the school library."

"Ahem!" muttered the professor. "And do you think it would be possible for me to read through the information there?"

"You could ask permission of the Head—Dr. Locke," said Fish, pausing.

The professor shook his head.

"I'm afraid that plan won't work in this case," he said slowly. "I will take you into my confidence, my boy. To tell you the truth, I have for some years been engaged in research work on herbs, and have had access to most of the records in the country. As a matter of fact, however, I have been severely handicapped through having to work in the dark."

The professor glanced nervously towards the door, and lowered his voice. "For some time past," he continued, "I have been watched by agents of a big firm of German chemists who are very anxious to know what records and works I refer to, in order that they may

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inquire for them and peruse them when I have gone away.

It dawned on Fisher T. Fish in the silence that followed, that if the professor went to the Head to seek permission to examine the books and works of the old Greyfriars monks the story of his advertisement in the London paper would be out, and there would be trouble.

"Waal, what do you suggest?" asked the junior slowly.

"What I am about to ask you is in the cause of science," said the professor. "And for that reason you may be willing to help me."

"What's the proposal, anyhow?" queried Fish, closely watching his visitor's eyes.

"Well," said the old man, "when I was a boy like you at school we used sometimes to leave windows open so that we could get in if we had been out of school at night. Perhaps if you could arrange for a window to be left open here several nights a week, I could do the rest."

"It's a big risk," said the Removite; "but I guess it might be managed. I guess you know what would happen to me if I were found out!"

"There would be no danger of that," laughed the professor.

"Waal, how many questionbacks do I get out of the deal?" questioned Fish.

The professor took a small leather case from his pocket, and extracted two five-pound notes, which he handed to the junior. Fish was several kinds of a fool, but he was not a rogue, and could see no harm in the proposal, although he knew it was dangerous. On the other hand, Mammon was the American junior's god.

The voice of the professor broke in on his meditations.

"Ten now, and forty more in a fortnight's time," he said.

Fifty pounds is a lot of money to most schoolboys, and to Fish it represented a small fortune.

"Done!" said Fisher T. Fish quietly.

"But remember, professor, no monkey-tricks, or I'll boost the whole show and chance it!"

Fisher T. Fish escorted his visitor to the school gates.

"Queer sort of jay!" he said to himself, as the bent figure of Professor Bootle disappeared in the direction of Friardale village.

"Who's your pal, Fishy?" asked Skinner, sidling up.

"Yah! You prying galoot!" retorted Fish politely; and he strolled back to his study, immersed in thought.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Mystery Malady!

A SUCCULENT odour of fried onions exuded from Study No. 1 in the Removite passage. Wharton & Co. were in funds, and were celebrating the occasion by a spread, to which Mark Linley and several others had been invited.

Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Removite, by means best known to himself, had discovered that arrangements were being made by the Famous Five for a first-class spread.

Bunter had never been known to remain ignorant of any intended feed, no matter how closely it had been guarded, and when his services as cook-general were volunteered they were usually accepted without awkward questions being asked.

"Gimme over some more sosses, Cherry!" said Bunter, who was perspiring over the study fire with a frying-pan in his hand. Bunter placed the fresh sausages

in the pan, and a fat smile spread over his ample features at the ensuing frizzle. "Another few minutes, chaps," he announced, "and they will be done to a turn!"

"All right, Tubby! Don't eat them now!" shouted Bob Cherry, across the study.

"Really, Cherry!" said the school porpoise. "I was only trying them to see if they were done yet!"

"Turn the jam out, Mark, old man!" said Bob Cherry, ignoring Bunter's answer, "and I'll cut some bread."

The study table was soon laid, and Wharton, with the teapot in one hand and a spoon in the other, held out the pot, while Cherry filled it from the kettle.

"Stop, you ass!" shouted Wharton, as Cherry, his eyes glued on Bunter at the fireplace, poured the boiling water over the study carpet. "Look what you're doing!"

"My hat!" gasped the junior, dropping the kettle with a clatter to the floor.

"What's up with Bunt?"

All eyes were turned on Bunter.

"My only aunt!"

"Great pip!"

"W-what the—"

The juniors stood stupefied, gazing at the fat form of Billy Bunter.

He was fast asleep!

"Grab the sossies, someone!" roared Bob Cherry, as a loud splutter sounded from the fireplace. "The fat beast's gone mad!"

Several hands were stretched out to take the frying-pan from the closed hand of Bunter, as a blue flame suddenly enveloped the burned sausages.

"Wake up, Bunt!"

"Snore!"

"Wake up, you ass! You'll fall in the fire!"

Johnny Bull pushed the snoring Bunter away from the fire, but he only rolled on the carpet, and continued to sleep.

"The lazy little rotter!" snorted Gerry.

"I've never known Bunter to go to sleep with food about before. Let's bump him!"

The chums laid vigorous hands on the sleeping Removite, and lifted him from the floor.

"Altogether!" said Nugent.

Bump!

"And again!"

Bump!

Bunter emitted a few grunts as his carcass struck the hard floor of the study, but still continued to snore.

"My hat!" said Wharton. "He's gone right off!"

"Pour some ink down his neck!" suggested Bull.

"Let the pourfulness of the esteemed ink be terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Fancy Bunter going to sleep over a feed!" laughed Frank Nugent.

"He, ha, ha!"

The study shook with merriment.

"Here's the ink!" said Bob Cherry, advancing towards the slumbering and unsuspecting Bunter. "This'll wake him!"

"Hold on a minute!" said Wharton, as Cherry tilted the ink-bottle. "I believe there's something wrong with Bunter. It's unusual for him to go to sleep within a hundred miles of food, anyway."

The chums gathered round Bunter, and tried to wake him. All their efforts proved futile, however. The fat Removite continued to snore as soundly as ever.

"My hat!" ejaculated Wharton. "This looks serious!"

The feed was forgotten as the juniors, with long faces, stood regarding the sleeping form of Billy Bunter, the best cook and biggest pig in all Greyfriars.

"We'd better yank him along to the dorm," said Mark Linley, "and report the matter as soon as possible."

When Bunter had been put to bed, and a full report made of the matter by the juniors, they all returned to the study.

"That's a queer business about Bunter," said Johnny Bull, after a pause. "The chap looked to me as though he had been doped!"

"I wonder whether he has been having a feed of Fish's ointment?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think Billy's got more sense than his minor," said Wharton thoughtfully;

"but it's certainly jolly queer!"

And the juniors fell to speculating what the complaint could be that had so suddenly interrupted their feed.

Tea in Study No. 1 had not been over half an hour before there was a second disturbance that evening.

Without any preliminary warning the door was flung violently open.

"Hold hard, you ass!" shouted Gatty and Myers of the Second Form, pausing on the threshold as Bob Cherry instinctively reached for a cricket-stump.

The two fags stood in the doorway, with seared looks on their grimy faces.

"What's the matter?" asked Wharton, observing their consternation, and noting, at the same time, that the two fags were without their boon companion and leader, Dicky Nugent.

"It's Dicky!" burst out Gatty, still with an eye on Bob Cherry.

A sudden look of alarm passed over the face of Frank Nugent.

"What's wrong with him?" he asked.

"That's the trouble," replied Gatty. "We were doing 'dags' in the Form-room, when he suddenly sat down and went to sleep. Myers thought he was shamming, so we bumped him like billy-ho, but he still kept on sleeping; so when I saw something was wrong, I got some chaps to give us a hand, and we yanked him along to the dorm. Poor old Dicky! I believe there's something wrong with him!"

"He looked as though he'd been doped," added Myers; "only, of course," he added quickly, "we know Dicky better than that. That's what makes it so strange."

The Famous Five stood gazing at each other in amazement.

"Whew!"

"My hat!"

"Two of them!" ejaculated Wharton. "I wonder what it can be!"

Gatty and Myers listened with blank faces, while the Removites related to them the strange behaviour of Billy Bunter earlier in the evening.

The party broke up, and Wharton & Co. left the study for a stroll in the quad.

"Let's see if any of the other chaps have been attacked," suggested Johnny Bull.

But all their inquiries failed to elicit information of any other sufferers of the strange malady that had attacked the school.

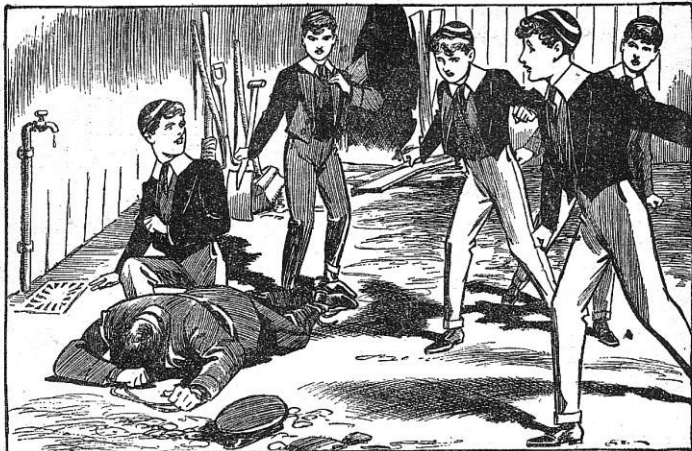
The following morning the invalids were reported to be still soundly sleeping.

During afternoon lessons another victim was added to the list of sleepers, when Lord Mauleverer, never famed for his energy, fell asleep in the Form-room, and defied all the combined efforts of Mr. Quelch and the juniors to wake him.

The Head was sent for, and ordered his immediate removal to the dorm.

"The Head looks awfully cut up about it," remarked Wharton to Nugent in an

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The juniors crowded through the broken door of the hut, and found Mark Linley kneeling by the side of a man, who was bound and gagged. "Quick! A knife, someone!" said Linley. (See Chapter 8.)

undertone, when the Removites had settled down in their places again.

When the hum of subdued conversation had died away, Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars, turned, with a troubled face, to address the juniors.

"Boys," he said, and his voice shook a trifle. "I—ahem!—have several things to say to you all."

He paused, and let his gaze travel round the room of expectant faces.

"As you know, several of your Form-fellows have been taken suddenly ill with a mysterious complaint, which I rather suspect is a form of sleeping sickness. You will learn with regret that an hour ago Coker of the Fifth Form, Temple and Dabney of the Upper Fourth, were all suddenly gripped with this same complaint that has just attacked poor Manleverer. I have wired to Sir Wilfred Tewson, the Harley Street specialist, who will shortly arrive at the school."

The Head paused again, and looked hard at Skinner & Co.

"There is one thing more," he continued, "before I go. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to ask, but, for the benefit of those among you who are inclined to indulge thoughtlessly in what I believe you term—er—japes—ahem!—prayer exercise some restraint, for the rough treatment of any boy in the very early stages of this mysterious complaint may lead to serious consequences."

"It is needless for me to explain further. I think you all know what I mean."

When the Head had gone, the Remove looked at each other with some like consternation on all their faces.

"My hat!" whispered Bob Cherry. "Old Coker, Temple, and Dabney all down with the giddy-by-byes!"

"I wonder who'll be the next?" queried Frank Nugent.

The remainder of the afternoon was

the quietest ever known in the Remove. Even Mr. Quelch did not seem as acid as usual, but passed several errors without comment.

After tea, several Second-Formers joined their leader, Dicky Nugent, and before Sir Wilfred Tewson arrived, Wingate was also down with sleeping-sickness.

Sir Wilfred's first patient was Billy Bunter. Wharton and Cherry were sent for, and related to him exactly what had happened in the study during the preparations for the feed.

He made an occasional note, and asked several questions; then, turning to the Head, with a grave face, he delivered his verdict.

"Very strange!" he muttered. "Your suspicion was well founded, Dr. Locke. The boy is suffering from a form of sleeping-sickness, but whether it is the same as that at present engaging our attention in London is difficult to say for certain at the moment."

"However, there is no need for alarm. The boys will sleep for about a week, and then wake feeling very tired. Needless to say," he continued, "they will require plenty of food and rest before they go about their lessons again. When it is all over, none of the boys will be any the worse for their experience."

"You may communicate to your school-fellows all that you have heard Sir Wilfred tell me," said the Head, turning to the captain of the Remove; "and, of course, make it clear that there is no danger attached in any way to the complaint."

"Yes, sir," said Wharton; and the two chums, with long faces, left Sir Wilfred Tewson and the Head of Greyfriars in the study together to further discuss the matter, and returned to the Lower School.

As soon as the two juniors entered the

Common-room they were surrounded by a crowd of excited Removites, hungry for information.

"What's the news?"

"How are the invalids?"

"Any more cases?" demanded several voices together.

Wharton pushed his way through the crowd and mounted a form.

"If you shut up the noise, you asses," he bawled, "I'll tell you all about it!"

And in a quiet voice the junior related all that had passed in the Head's study.

"Whew!"

"My hat!" ejaculated the juniors together.

"Poor old Wingate!"

A sudden hush fell on all those present, as soon as the exclamations of surprise were over.

With glum faces, the Removites trooped out of the Common-room, each wondering whether his turn would be the next.

Even Fisher T. Fish and his wonderful ointment were forgotten for the time being, and nobody felt sufficiently humorous to suggest that that omnipotent concoction should be used to help those who were sleeping in the dorms and sanatorium.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bolsover's Ghost!

BIFF!
"Ow!"
Biff!
"Yeroooh! Hold up, you blitherin' jay!"

"Lam him!" roared Bob Cherry, dealing a mighty swipe with a pillow at the shrinking form of Fisher T. Fish.

The American junior, for some reason unknown, had taken a sudden fancy to one of the sheets on Bob Cherry's bed.

and had been caught in the act of stealing it.

"I'll teach you to pinch my sheets, you thieving rotter!" roared Bob.

"You! Leggo, Chery! I guess you've hit the wrong galoot!" spluttered Fish, dodging round the beds in a vain endeavour to avoid Chery's hefty swipes with the pillow.

"Hold that, you pirate!"

"Shut up, Chery!" roared several voices. "We want to go to sleep!"

But Bob Chery, oblivious of the commotion he was causing, continued to chase Fish round the Remove dormitory until, with another mighty swipe, he missed his mark and caught the ironwork of the bed. The pillow burst, scattering a shower of feathers right and left.

"My hat!" gasped Bob Chery, surveying the mess. "It's all your fault, Fishy! One of the pretexts will be along soon! If I get lammed, I'll make it so hot for you, that your own mother won't know her little Fishy!"

Chery proceeded to stuff the feathers back into the pillow, and push the remainder of the mess under the bed.

"Cave!" whispered Mark Linley.

And Bob had just time to slip into bed, when Loder appeared in the doorway to see that everything was correct before the juniors settled down for the night.

Several of the juniors affected to be asleep, and, after a cursory glance round, the prefect grunted and went out.

"That was a near thing!" breathed Bob Chery, as the footsteps of the old enemy of the Famous Five died away down the passage. "I'll skin you in the morning, Fishy!"

"Yah!" retorted Fish; and he turned on his side and went to sleep.

He did not sleep for long, however. At about twelve o'clock he sat up in bed. The pale light of the moon, shining through the long dormitory windows, revealed to the watching junior that all his dormitory mates were sound asleep.

But Fisher T. Fish was not particularly valiant, and he intended to be quite sure that his movements would be unobserved.

"I say, Chery!"

No answer.

"You fellows awake?"

A deep silence, broken only by the steady breathing of the sleeping Removeites, reassured the American junior.

"I guess it's all O.K.," he muttered to himself.

Without the slightest noise, Fish got out of bed and slipped into his trousers. Donning a pair of felt slippers, he crept silently out of the dormitory into the passage.

He stopped to listen for a minute, but could hear only the beating of his own heart.

Feeling his way down the passage, he made his way to the window he had promised to leave open for the professor.

Fisher T. Fish had faithfully carried out his compact with the strange professor for a week, and in another week's time he would receive the remainder of the payment promised him for his services.

In his anxiety to get a sheet which the professor had asked for, Fish had forgotten to leave the window open, which explained his expedition from the dormitory.

"I guess it won't do to let the old boy down now!" said the Removeite to himself, as he silently slid the latch.

"Funny old guy. I wonder what he wants the sheet for!"

It had occurred to the American that a sheet was a strange article for a professor of herbs and botany to ask for in order to study the works, on those subjects, of the old Greyfriars' monks.

But to Fisher T. Fish it mattered little, so long as he received his payment, and was not found out!

Fish paused again, to make sure that he had made no sound, and, having assured himself that everything was all right, he made his way back to the dormitory.

The juniors still appeared to be fast asleep, and Fish got back into bed without any misadventure.

A nasal snore announced that the American junior was in the shadow-world of dreams.

When he had been sleeping for about half an hour, a figure sat up in bed and listened.

The moonlight revealed the face of Bob Chery, wide awake.

Chery got out of bed, and crept over to where Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, was slumbering.

"Harry!" he whispered, and shook his chum gently by the shoulder. "Wake up, Harry, and don't make a noise!"

"What the—?" began Wharton, sitting up in bed.

But Bob placed his hand over his chum's mouth, and whispered to him to be quiet.

Wharton, now wide awake, listened while Bob Chery told him of the movements of Fisher T. Fish.

"That's curious!" said Harry.

"That's been up to?"

"That's what we're going to find out!" replied Bob. "I'm suspected for some time past that Fish had some little game on, so to-night I watched him and saw him leave the dorm. Let's go out and see what we can discover!"

The two chums slipped on a few clothes, and together left the dormitory.

They searched several of the passages near the Remove quarters, but could find nothing wrong.

"Let's try the windows!" suggested Wharton. He led the way, and carefully examined the catches, but found they were all fastened. "Strange!" he remarked to Chery. "I wonder what Fish has on the board?"

Deciding that nothing could be discovered that night, the two chums crept back to the dorm.

The following morning they told Frank Nugent, Hurree Singh, and Johnny Bull of the previous night's happenings.

The Famous Five held a council of war in Study No. 1, at which it was decided to keep a sharp look-out on the movements of Fisher T. Fish the following night.

"We'll catch him red-handed!" said Frank Nugent to the meeting in general.

The catchfulness of the esteemed Fish will be terrifically red-hot!" purred the Nabob of Bhanipur, in his quaint English.

It was eventually decided that if Fish left the dorm that night, Wharton and Chery should follow him, while Johnny Bull, Hurree Singh, and Frank Nugent stayed in the dorm, prepared to come out and help if their assistance was needed.

The Famous Five were not perfect specimens of all that schoolboys should be, and were always getting in and out of scrapes. The school rules and regulations had been broken by them often, and would probably be broken many times again before they left Greyfriars.

They were, however, strictly honourable, and had the good name of the school at heart.

Consequently, they considered they were doing nothing but their duty in watching Fish, who, in common with several other Removeites, had not the same high moral standards as the chums of Study No. 1 themselves.

The five watchers remained awake long after their Form-fellows had gone to sleep, but nothing untoward happened.

Hurree Singh was just dozing off, when a slight movement on his rights caused him to start into wakefulness again.

The dusky junior, peering through the gloom of the dorm, made out a form slipping into a pair of trousers.

The figure made no sound, but silently left the dormitory.

The Nabob of Bhanipur waited a few minutes before telling his chums what had happened, then stealing over to Wharton's bed, he gently shook him, and told him that someone had left the dorm.

Wharton and Chery wasted no time getting on the track of the midnight wanderer.

"Seems too big to be Fish," whispered Bob Chery to Harry.

Without looking behind, the figure of the prowling Removeite suddenly disappeared round a corner in the passage, and was lost to sight.

"My hat!" snorted Bob Chery. "The blighter, whoever it is, has given us the slip!"

The two juniors stumbled around in the dark for a few minutes, but failed to locate their quarry.

They had just turned to go back to the dorm, when the silence of the passages was broken by a terrified scream.

"Great Scott!"

"My hat!"

"What was that, Bob?" asked Wharton, a trifle shaken by the suddenness of the cry.

"Blessed if I know! Why here—"

Chery stopped short as the figure they had been following suddenly sped towards them down the passage.

"Hold on, Bolsover! What on earth's the matter?"

Bolsover stopped short, and gazed with scared eyes at Chery and Wharton.

"M-m-my hat!" he stammered, as he stood shivering.

"What's the matter?" demanded Wharton, taking him by the shoulders and shaking him.

"Didn't you chaps see it?" asked Bolsover, his teeth still chattering.

"See what?"

"The ghost, of course," said Bolsover, regaining some of his courage in the presence of his two Form-fellows.

"Ghost?" asked Chery.

"Ghost!" echoed Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'd better get back to bed before someone comes along, Bolsover," suggested Wharton.

The few juniors who were awakened by the noise listened to Bolsover's tale and laughed.

As the clock in the school tower struck three, the last junior who had remained awake joined his fellows in a deep slumber until roused by the bell in the morning.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The School Gated!

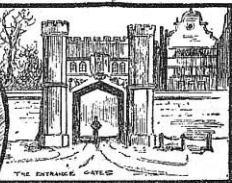
"YAH, Bolsover, how's the spook?" inquired Harold Skinner, the end of the Remove, at breakfast in the Hall.

The story of Bolsover's nocturnal ramblings, and his encounter with a supposed ghost, had found its way all round the Lower School.

(Continued on page 9.)

The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 23.
Week Ending June 19th, 1921.



Assisted by **BOB CHERRY** (Fighting Editor), **VERNON-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.

Coker's Challenge!

To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.
You Koosekedd Young Cuk! When you first lorchted yore paper, you promissid me that my koutributions should appear weak! by weak. (They certainly do appear weak!—Ed.)

I had a story in yore first issew, after which you gave me the cold sholder, and filled yore paper with all sorts of tounny-rot. You no jolly well that there is no jernalist at Greyfriars who can compare with me. My stilo is wonderful. (It is. I can't get over it!—Ed.) I can write skool stories, advencher stories, pirate stories, love stories, articles of jeneral interest, and so on and so fourth, and yet I am never represented in yore kollums.

I am also a grate poet—far sooperior to that duffer, Dick Penfold. Yet when I brought you an "Ode to a Bowling Kettle" the other day you farchy boyled over and had me ecketed neck and cropp from yore studdy! Is this the way to treat a talented jernalist? (No, it isn't the way to treat a talented jernalist, but it's the way to treat a fellow who imagines he is!—Ed.)

What could have been more tender and tuching than the opening lines of my poem:

"Kettle, kettle, on the hobb,
Kwickedly boyle, or I shall sobb!
Blundell, Pottor, Greene, and me
Is waiting for a cup of tea."

(Yes, it's certainly very fetebing; in fact, Bob Cherry had to fetch a cricket-stump!—Ed.)

As you seem determined to give me a wide birth, I hereby inform you that I have maid up my mind to sit a paper of my own in opposition to yore ridiculous jernal. Ah! That makes you sit up, duzzent it? (Well, I certainly don't mean to sit down under it!—Ed.)

I feel konviced that my new vencher will prove a terrific success, and that I shall sweep the "Greyfriars Herald" out of egzistence.

I'm sorry for you in a way, because you're not a bad fello at hart. But I harn't have you leaving me out in the cold like this, so I'm going to make things warm for you! Wait till the "Coker's Chronicle" comes out! Then you will wash yore teeth and tare yore hare!

I mean bizness, mind, so you will have to look to yore lorrels!

Yores in grim Earnest,
HORACE COKER.

EDITORIAL!

By Bob Cherry.



NOTE.—I am giving Bob Cherry an opportunity this week of displaying his journalistic talents—if any. Bob is our Fighting Editor, and he can scrap a jolly sight better than he can scribble.—(H.W.)

Hallo, hallo, hallo!
You little gressed that I should ever occupy the editorial chair, did you?

Last week I had the pleasure of standing over that lazy slacker Mauly with a cricket-stump while he wrote his editorial. Now it is Mauly's turn to stand over me—not with a cricket-stump, but with a broad grin on his noble features. Mauly doesn't like work himself—it is anathema to him (good word, that; I've just looked it up in the dictionary)—but he likes to see other fellows "up to their eyes."

I rather fancy myself in the role of editor; and of one thing I'm certain. I mean to see that all the stuff is sent in to time. Some of the contributors have got very slack of late. Dick Penfold is the worst offender. He always submits his poems just at the moment of going to press. Well, I've borrowed a nibblek from old Prout's golf-bag, and I shall stand over him with it—I mean Penfold, not Prout—and keep him up to the scratch.

There's a new feature starting in the jolly old "Herald" this week—"Impertinent Interviews," by Our Special Representative. I'm not going to tell you who the special representative is. I'll leave you to guess for yourselves. He is a member of the Remove Form, and some of his audacious interviews are likely to prove very painful to him!

Well, dear boys, and members of "the fare secks," as Billy Bunter calls them, I must conclude this brief chat, gather up my nibblek, and go in search of Penfold.

Cheerio, everybody!
Your cheery chum,
BOB CHERRY.

Ode to Bob Cherry.

By DICK PENFOLD.

When the enterprising Toddy isn't toddling;
When Skinner isn't occupied in crime;
When the lovesick Mauly isn't molly-codding;
When Penfold isn't bursting into rhyme,
You can bet that Robert Cherry isn't slacking in the sun,
He's a lively merchant, very, and his life's a crowded one.
Taking one consideration with another, with another,
A Cherry's life's a very juicy one!

When Billy, the champion stuffer, isn't stuffing,
Or cashing postal-orders in advance;
When the Yankee known as Fishy isn't fishing,
Or leading the galoots a merry dance,
You can bet that Robert Cherry's planning many lively japes,
For he resembles, save in looks—er—

Tarzan of the Apes!
Taking one consideration with another, with another,
Bob's the counterpart of Tarzan of the Apes!

When Sampson Quincey Ilfley isn't fielding;
When Hoskins isn't practising the scales;
When Hurreo Singh, the Nabob, isn't singing;
When Hunter isn't telling fairy-tales,
You can safely bet a tanner that Bob Cherry's wide awake,

For an energetic mortal, Master Robert takes the cake.
Taking one consideration with another, with another,
Robert Cherry fairly takes the Cherry cake!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 697.

Too Smart For Skinner!

By H. WERNON-SMITH.

SKINNER of the Remove came squirming into his study, with his hands tightly clenched, and an expression of acute anguish on his face from beautiful countenance.

"How many?" inquired Stott sympathetically.

"Six on each paw," was the doleful reply.

"Did Loder lay it on?" asked Snoop.

"Not a bit," rather! It was like carpet-beating!"

"Prefects oughtn't to be allowed to lam juniors like that," said Stott. "If I were you, Skinner, I should make a complaint to the Head!"

Skinner, however, had no intention of doing that, for he knew that he had been in the wrong. He had been given a hundred lines by Loder of the Sixth, and he had allowed the impost to slide. As a result, Loder had sent for him, and administered something far more painful than an Imposition.

Words were forming on Skinner's hands, and he looked the picture of dejection as he flung himself into the armchair.

For some moments he sat in silence. Then a determined gleam came into his eyes.

"I've got a good wheeze for getting even with Loder," he announced.

"Good!" said Stott. "Get it off your chest, old man!"

"You are aware that Loder breaks bounds at night, and goes down to the Greyfriars in the village?" said Skinner.

Snoop and Stott nodded.

"Well, I'm going to give him away to Quechy!"

"Impossible!" said Snoop.

"Why do you say that?" demanded Skinner briskly.

"If you told Quechy that Loder had been breaking bounds, Loder would simply deny it and Quechy would take his word. You'd probably be licked for making statements that you couldn't prove."

"That's so," said Stott.

Skinner gave a snort.

"I'm not such a clumsy fool as to try and get my revenge that way," he said. "I shall arrange for Quechy to catch Loder in the act of returning from one of his midnight prowls."

"My hat!" said Stott. "How will you wrangle it?"

"I shall wait up to-night until I see Loder coming in. Then I shall dash off to Quechy's study—he'll be sitting up late working—and tell him that there's a burglar approaching the school building. Quechy will set out on the warpath at once, and the burglar will turn out to be Loder!"

"Oh, ripping!" said Snoop. "The beast will be fairly trapped!"

"He'll be called upon to explain where he's been, and he'll find some difficulty in doing that, I'm thinking!" said Skinner, with a harsh chuckle.

Having formed his plans to bring about the downfall of Loder of the Sixth, Skinner accordingly put them into execution.

That night, when his schoolfellows were asleep, he rose and dressed, and went downstairs, taking up his stand near the box-room window, from which he would be able to see the midnight prowler returning.

Skinner noiselessly opened the window, and peered out into the darkened Close.

For some time he could see nothing save the dark outlines of the trees.

Presently, however, he caught sight of a figure scaling the school wall.

"He's coming!" he muttered. "I'll go and give the alarm!"

A moment later a breathless junior rushed into Mr. Quech's study.

The master of the Remove looked up in considerable astonishment. He was unused to receiving midnight visitors.

"Skinner," he ejaculated, starting to his feet, "what does this mean?"

"Burglars, sir!" was the excited reply.

"Hess my son!"

"I heard a noise, sir," explained Skinner, "and slipped on my things and came downstairs. I believe some of the burglars are already in the building. In any case, sir, one of them has just clambered over the school wall."

Mr. Quech was a man of action. He snatched up a heavy walking-stick and strode to the door.

"Follow me, Skinner!" he commanded.

The cad of the Remove obeyed without hesitation.

There was a malicious grin on Skinner's face. He calculated that Loder of the Sixth would be in the act of clambering through the box-room window when the Form-master arrived on the scene.

Awkward questions would follow, and Loder would certainly be bowled out. He would be taken completely by surprise, and he would be unable to frame a suitable excuse at a moment's notice.

Skinner almost chuckled aloud at the thought of getting even with the tyrant of the Sixth.

His satisfaction, however, was short-lived.

When master and junior arrived at the box-room window, there was no sign of the midnight marauder.

Skinner stopped short with a puzzled expression, and Quech peered out into the darkness of the Close.

After an impressive pause the Form-master spun round angrily upon Skinner, flashing his electric-torch full in the junior's face.

"How have you deceived me, Skinner?" he said sternly.

"Nunno, sir! Not at all, sir! I'd as soon deceive my own grandmother, sir!"

"There are no indications that burglars have entered, or are about to enter, the school building. Everything seems to be quiet and orderly. I can only conclude, Skinner, that you have brought me here on a fool's errand—that you have pulled my leg, to use a somewhat vulgar colloquialism!"

Skinner persisted in his story of the burglars.

"I feel certain that at least one of them is in the building, sir," he said. "He may have dodged past us in the dark."

Very well, Skinner. I will give you every opportunity of proving your assertion. We will make a thorough and exhaustive patrol of the building, and if we should happen upon a burglar, I shall know how to deal with him. If, on the other hand, there should be no sign of a marauder, then I shall feel convinced that you have wilfully deceived me, and I shall punish you as you deserve!"

All this did not sound very comforting to Skinner. He wondered where Loder had gone. He could have sworn he saw the Sixth-Former clambering over the school wall, and as Loder invariably entered the building by means of the box-room window, it seemed inevitable that he would be caught. By some unaccountable means he must have given Mr. Quech the slip.

And then a gleam of hope came to Skinner.

Mr. Quech intended to make a thorough tour of the building, and he would probably find Loder's sleeping quarters empty. In this event, he would wait up for the

missing prefect, and Loder would walk into a hornet's-nest on his return.

Skinner's good spirits revived. He was actually grinning as he followed Mr. Quech round the maze of corridors, up the flights of stairs, and in and out of the dormitories.

Silence reigned everywhere—an intense silence, as of some brooding fate.

"There is no trace of an intruder, so far," said Mr. Quech grimly, when the quest had been in progress nearly twenty minutes. "We have now explored every place save the prefects' quarters."

"Ah!" thought Skinner. "When you get to Loder's cubicle, I'm thinking you'll find it empty."

But Skinner's hopes were rudely shattered. For Loder of the Sixth, who was the last prefect to be visited, was discovered fast asleep. There was nothing to show that he had been out "on the razzle." His clothes were neatly folded up, and his boots bore no traces of mud.

Skinner's heart sank. And at that moment Loder stirred in his sleep and awoke. He blinked sleepily at Mr. Quech, and sat up in bed.

"Anything wrong, sir?" he asked, in drowsy tones.

"No, Loder. I am sorry to have disturbed you. This wretched boy persisted in declaring that there were burglars in the building, so I deemed it prudent to make a thorough investigation."

"And you've discovered nothing, sir?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Quech grimly.

"Then Skinner must have been having you on toast, sir, as the saying goes."

"Undoubtedly," was the reply. "You will report to me in my study after breakfast to-morrow morning, Skinner, and I will endeavour to convince you of the folly of playing practical jokes on your Form-master."

"I—I—I—" stuttered Skinner.

"Not another word!" snapped Mr. Quech. "You will return to your dormitory at once!"

As Skinner tottered away, Loder darted a glance of triumph in his direction.

"Good-night, Loder!" said Mr. Quech.

"Good-night, sir!"

When the Form-master's footsteps had died away, Loder chuckled aloud.

"It was jolly lucky that I overheard Skinner's conversation with Snoop and Stott, when he vowed to get even with me," he muttered. "I was able to form my plans accordingly. There are more ways than one of getting into the building, and I mean to give the school to Skinner that I should give the box-room window a miss for once, and come in through the fanlight over the kitchen. Within five minutes I was in bed safe and sound, while Quech was blundering about all over the building looking for imaginary burglars. I rather fancy I've scored over you this time, Master Meddling Maunding Skinner!"

Loder certainly had. For when Skinner presented himself in Mr. Quech's study in the morning, he was rewarded by three stinging cuts on each hand.

The cad of the Remove would have done well to remember those wise words of Shakespeare:

"Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot, that it do singe yourself."

Harold Skinner had sinned himself with a vengeance. He could not understand how Loder had managed to outwit him; but he made up his mind to give the black sheep of the Sixth a wide berth in future!

Harry Wharton Replies to his Readers.

(SPECIAL NOTE.—The task of keeping pace with my correspondence has proved a hopeless one. Week by week I have been inundated with letters, and whilst I have made every attempt to answer them all, there is a necessity for many readers to whom I have been unable to reply. I shall be glad if these good chums of mine will accept this brief acknowledgment of their kind letters and good wishes. Meanwhile, I am devoting a column of my paper to brief replies.—H. W.)

Winnie S. (Kilburn) wishes to know if I could lend her five shillings until her post-order arrives. Wrong shop, young lady. Your letter should have been addressed to "Billy Bunter's Weekly." Billy is a past-master in the art of borrowing money on the strength of imaginary post-orders, and he may be able to give you a few tips. I doubt if they will be cash "tips," though!

"Pat and Pip" (Finschley).—Afraid I've been very dilatory in not answering your exceedingly nice letter before this. The fact is, I've been up to my eyes, as the saying goes. It's not all honey being an editor and a Form-captain at the same time. Thanks awfully for the photograph, which is lopping. Sorry I cannot send one in return. Tell brother James that he manipulates a Kodak very well. Sorry you consider some of my replies are a trifle "cheeky." Still, a cheeky answer sometimes turns away wrath, while a soft answer turneth away wrath. All good wishes for the future. And don't forget to write me again.

H. Ferguson (Edinburgh).—No; the gentleman who signed the Parliamentary document to which you refer was not an ancestor of mine. At least, not to my knowledge.

Arthur S. (Grimsby).—Many thanks for your suggestion. I hope soon to produce a special number on the lines you propose.

Ted S. (Kilburn) declares that he can "lick" anyone in the Greyfriars Remove, from Bob Cherry downwards. "I am writing this challenge in blood!" he states dramatically. But we strongly suspect it is in red ink! You do not do that, you "F". Ted, you are probably leaving to Bob Cherry to dot your "eyes" for you!

Eleanor S.—The people who jeer at you for reading boys' stories are not worth worrying about. In reply to your queries: (1) Maudy is not excessively sentimental, though he has certainly been carried off his feet once or twice. (2) Greyfriars is in Kent. (3) Wharton Lodge is in Hampshire. Write me again, by all means. I never get "fed-up" with readers' letters.

"Redcar Chum".—You say that your tongue was a good deal in alass, and that you receive frequent lickings in consequence. Your friend advises you to "rub your palms every morning before going to school with rozzia." If you take my tip, you will disregard this advice, especially if, as you say in your letter, your Form-master has gimlet eyes of the Quechly variety. You say that Form-masters ought to be abolished. Rather a sweeping declaration, I think. Shall we say some Form-masters?

W. E. Smith (Upper Bangor).—Thank you very much for your glowing tribute to the "Herald." You say that the "Magnet" would not be nearly so interesting without it. Excuse me a moment while I put on my best crimson blush!

Howard N. Cole (Peckham).—Many thanks for letting me see your footer story. I'm glad to publish it as footer is taking its summer repose just now; but I was very interested to read it.



Impertinent Interviews

By our Special Representative.

No. 1.—MR. QUECHLY.

"I want you to take on the job of interviewing, week by week, various celebrities, nonentities, and others," said the editor. "I've been trying to engage the services of a special representative for weeks, but without success. Tom Brown would have taken on the job, but he's got the police-court cases to report. Squiff said he was willing to fill the bill, but he wanted a salary of a thousand a year and everything found."

"Great Scott!" I ejaculated. "You mean to say that Squiff demanded a thousand quid?"

"No; a thousand penny, fatted! That's over four quid—more than I pay the whole of my giddy staff in a year. Squiff evidently mistook me for a giddy philanthropist."

"How much are you prepared to pay me?" I asked. "I'm a talented journalist, having contributed to such high-class papers as 'Punch' and 'Billy Bunter's Weekly.'"

The editor frowned at the mention of the rival paper. Then he stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"How would a tanner a week suit you?" he asked.

"Down to the ground! But if I should have any out-of-pocket expenses, I shall expect you to foot the bill."

"That's understood," said the editor. "Now run along, and interview Mr. Horace Henry Samuel Quechly, Master of Arts."

Without more ado, I betook myself to Mr. Quechly's study.

An incessant clicking noise greeted my ears as I drew near the sacred apartment. Evidently Quechly was at his typewriter, and was making the sparks fly.

I hesitated a moment, then, after rapping on the door, I calmly strolled into the study, notebook in hand, pencil behind ear.

Mr. Quechly ceased beating a tattoo on his typewriter, and directed towards me a glare which ought to have shrivelled me up.

"But he thundered. "What is the meaning of this intrusion?"

"I dropped in to have a friendly chin-wag with you, sir," I said.

"What!"

"The editor of the 'Greyfriars Herald' has instructed me to blow in an interview."

So saying, I detached my pencil from my left ear, and held my notebook in readiness.

"Now, tell me all about yourself, sir," I said persuasively. "The readers of the 'Herald' would like to hear more about you. At present they merely know that you're a tyrant, and that you've got gimlet eyes, if you would be good enough to give me some details of your family history—"

"You—you—!" spluttered Mr. Quechly. "Who was your father? Who was your mother? Have you a sister? Have you a brother? Or is there a nearer one still, and a dearer one yet, than all other?" I asked, quoting from Tom Hood.

Mr. Quechly sat as if turned to stone. For the moment he was incapable of speech or action.

"You do not answer my questions, sir, so I must draw my own conclusions," I said. "I assume that you have both father and mother, and that there is no nearer and dearer one, or other words, you are going to remain crusty old bachelor!"

Still Mr. Quechly uttered no word.

"A fat lot of information I'm getting from this interview!" I growled. "You don't seem to be in a very communicative mood, sir. The editor said you could speak quite freely, and tell me all your private affairs. As this interview is taking place out of school hours, he said you would be quite unofficial in your manner—almost chummy, in fact."

Still no word from Mr. Quechly, who sat as immovable as a sphinx.

"Look here, sir," I said, at length. "Since you will give me no information about yourself, I will let down various facts, and you must contradict me if I am wrong. First of all, you were a bit of a bad lad when you were at college. You broke the Eighth Commandment."

Mr. Quechly sprang to his feet. His face was livid.

"Do you insinuate, boy, that I stole something?" he shouted.

"Yes, sir. You can't deny it. You took—"

"What did I take?"

"Your degree, sir!" I said, with a chuckle.

I hoped that Mr. Quechly would see the joke, and laugh heartily. Instead of which, his frown resembled that of Jove of old.

"Having taken your degree, sir," I said, "you came to Greyfriars as a junior master. That would have been about fifty years ago, judging by your present worn and ancient appearance."

"Boy!"

"You look about eighty, but in reality I suppose you're only fifty." I went on. "Father's time hasn't treated you kindly, sir. You are a mass of wrinkles and grey hairs."

I thought Mr. Quechly was going to choke. He seemed to be hovering on the verge of an apoplectic fit.

"You're not an athletic master, like Mr. Lancelotti," I went on. "Cricket and football leave you cold. You seem to devote all your leisure time to writing the 'History of Greyfriars.' That's what you were doing when I came in. What's the idea of writing such



Mr. Quechly rose to his feet, his face livid with rage.

a history? Nobody but a prisoner in a cell, who is anxious to kill time, would ever want to read it. I'm sure I shouldn't. Pardon my candour!"

There was a pause.

"You're not giving me much assistance, sir," I said peevishly. "So far, you have volunteered a scrap of information concerning yourself. I've had to guess mainly by guess-work. Won't you please tell me something about yourself, sir?" I pleaded.

"Yes," said Mr. Quechly, and his tone was decidedly grim, causing cold shivers to run down my spine. "I am a man who has been grossly insulted. Moreover, I am a man who will not brook insults of any kind. I am also a person who is addicted to the use of the cane, as you will discover in a moment!"

"Oh crumbs! You—you're not going to lam me, sir?"

"Your supposition is correct. You will hold out your hand!"

Very reluctantly I extended a grimy paw, and Mr. Quechly got busy with his cane.

A licking from Quechly is not a pleasant ordeal. After you've had it, you don't feel like calling for an encore. I didn't, anyway.

Whack, whack, whack!

The cane bit into the palms of my hands, and my yells of anguish awakened the echoes.

It was a very forlorn and dejected special representative who lumbered away from Quechly's study a few moments later.

If every interview is going to be as painful as this one, methinks I shall chuck in my mitt!

HOW TO SAVE MONEY!

By Tom Brown.

How many fellows are really thrifty? How many of them hoard up their shekels for a rainy day? Precious few, I warrant!

From the Government downwards, we are bawling a million of spendthrifts. We dip freely into our pockets, and treat ourselves to all sorts of luxuries. The business man goes to theatres and expensive clubs—the schoolboy blazes all his worldly wealth at the turn of a hand.

This is all very well. But there is a price to be paid for these indulgences.

People who carry on in this extravagant way will soon find themselves on the rocks. They will suffer the awful misery of being atonydrome, and they will exclaim remorsefully:

"Ah, if only I had acquired the priceless gift of saving money!"

Well, it isn't a priceless gift at all. It's perfectly easy to save money, and I'll tell you how to go about it.

We will suppose you are a schoolboy—most of the readers of this article will be schoolboys—and you are in receipt of five shillings a week pocket-money.

There is no real need for you to spend more than half of this amount. You will need a certain sum for cricket subscriptions, one visit per week to the cinema, and light refreshments at the tuckshop. When I say light refreshments, I mean a mere snack—not a Buterian repast!

You will thus have half-a-crown left, which you should hoard up as diligently as if you were a stiddy miser.

But why should I save money? you may ask. Because, my friend, you will need it later on. You will be wanting a new bike, a new cricket-bat, and a study feed to celebrate your unimpeachable birthday. You must also have a reserve fund, so that you have something to draw upon in case of emergency.

Now, hearken unto the words of Brown—alias Thomas the Wise—and provide yourself with a dozen money-boxes. These will cost about twopence each at a shop, but if you're not any savvy, you'll make them yourself.

Range your money-boxes in a row on your study mantelpiece, and affix a distinguishing label to each of them. For instance, one will be marked "Bike," another "Cricket-bat," another "Reserve Fund," and so on.

There will be a dozen different items, and each week you will solemnly place the sum of twopence-halfpenny in each box. By the end of the term, you will then be in a position to purchase the various things you have set your heart upon.

(Sorry to interrupt you, Browney, but you're talking out of the back of your neck! The average length of a term is twelve weeks. Therefore, if I save twopence-halfpenny a week for twelve weeks, the total will be two-and-sixpence. And where, in the name of all that's mystifying, can I buy a bike for half-a-crown?—Bob Cherry.)

If you are not tempted to buy things that don't come under the heading of necessities, fight the temptation for all you're worth. Make a resolve that you will put by half-a-crown a week, and stick to it.

Last term I followed out this money-box scheme (copyright in U.S.A. and throughout the civilized world), and as a result of my thrifty methods, I was able, when the vac. came, to purchase a new bike, a new bat, a gramophone, a mouth-organ, a pair of cricket shoes, a gold watch, a six-bladed penknife, a model aeroplane, a Brownie Kodak (named after me), a telescope, a tuck hamper, and a new Sunday topper.

(Draw it mild, Browney! I've heard some tall stories in my time, but this is the absolute limit!—Bob Cherry.)

The spendthrift—the fellow who leads you into the tuckshop by the ear—will say: "What are you going to have?"—is bankrupt by the end of the term. Consequently, he is compelled to do without the luxuries I have mentioned.

I've no sympathy with the spendthrift. He deserves all his gets. He spends money like

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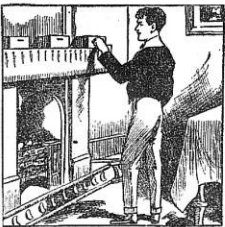
water, and when the end of the term comes, he bemoans the fact that he can't invest in a new bike, or even in a feed to celebrate breaking-up. As a rule, he tries to borrow money. But he seldom meets with success—and serve him jolly well right! He should practice the priceless gift of saving.

Some fellows save for about a fortnight, and then get fed-up, and you can see them trying to hook their coppers out of the money-box with a piece of wire.

This sort of thing is absurd. It's like a man opening a banking account, paying in hundred quid, and drawing it out the next day.

Any fool can make money, but it takes a wise man to save it.

Some fellows receive as much as a quid a week pocket-money, and they blow the whole jolly lot! That diff'er, Lord Manuever, has as many banknotes as I have hairs on my head, and he is criminally careless in regard to the custody of them. I once knew him to make paper boats out of fivers, and float



Range your money-boxes in a row on your study mantelpiece.

them on the River Sark; and on another occasion, when we were petting one another in the Form-room, Mauly's paper pellets consisted of crisp tenners! The silly as never looks after his money! He sheds banknotes wherever he goes, and it's jolly lucky for Mauly that the majority of the finders are honest.

One of these days, Mauly will pay a heavy penalty for this improvidence.

If you want to succeed in life—if you want to get to the top of the tree—if you want a receipt for unalloyed happiness—save, reader—save!

Don't forget the useful tips I have given you in this article. Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest! the method of procedure. Twelve money-boxes on your study mantelpiece, and twopence-halfpenny per week in each. And when the end of the term comes—(Some daring study-raider will probably loot the lot!—Bob Cherry.)

OUR WEEKLY LIMERICK.

There's a chap in the Fourth called
Paul Kenney,
Who's a native of Abergavenny.
Whatever's in store,
He will never be poor.
He religiously hoards every penny!

WANTED BY THE POLICE!

A List of Recent Criminal Offenders, compiled by the portly and pompous
P.-c. TOZER.

WANTED, a young rip what cycled through the village of Friarclade on Wednesday evening last, at 8 p.m., and bashed my helmet down over my head with his fist as he passed me. He was wearing a Greyfriars cap and a sarcastic grin. Any information as to the identity of this young varmint will be gladly received by P.-c. William Tozer, Police Station, Friarclade.

WANTED FOR PICKING AND STEALING!—Whereas some misguided young rascal belonging to Greyfriars School broke into the private orchard of Sir Hilton Popper, Bart., between the hours of 4 p.m. and midnight on the 22nd instant, the aforementioned Sir Hilton will pay a reward of 6d. (six and one half pence) for any information which may lead to the arrest of the offender. A large quantity of apples was stolen, and the thief left his finger-prints on the bark of the trees. Copies of these finger-prints have been taken and forwarded to Jotland Yard. The thief also left a pair of spectacles behind, so that his capture will be all the easier. These valuable clues, is only a matter of time.

(Better go along to the police-station and make a clean breast of it, Bumy!—Ed.)

NOTICE!—The young rip what took a number of photographs in Farmer Green's hayfield is requested to put them back again without delay, otherwise he will be persecuted.

WARNING!—A special warrant has been issued for the arrest of the four young scalliwags what got into the Courtfield cinema on Wednesday evening without tickets. (That's the ticket, Tozey!—Ed.)

TO HORACE JAMES COKER! Take notice that you are to report to me this instant for leaving your motor-cycle unattended in Courtfield High Street. If you like to slip half-a-crown into my palm, I'll say no more about it. But if you don't, the matter will go before the Director of Public Prosecutions.

ANSAULT AND BATTERY!—Whereas Master Cecil Ponsbury, of Highcliffe School, was attacked on the King's highway by a gang of young hoodlums called the Greyfriars, and ducked in a horsepond, he has offered me a handsome sum if I will bring the offenders to justice. The young rips in question will therefore report to me immediately at the police-station. (Some hopes, Tozey!—Ed.)

NOTICE!—Wan Lung, Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, Fisher Tarleton Fish, and Robert Donald Ogilvy, who are of Chinese, Indian, American, and Scottish extraction respectively, are ordered to register themselves as once as alien subjects. If they want to become naturalized, they can do so by handing me half-a-crown apiece!

WHEREAS ME, WILLIAM TOZER, was pelted with bad eggs in Friarclade on Saturday evening last, I hereby declares that I will have the law on the young rascal what pelted me, as sure as eggs is eggs!

THE FIVE young rips what met me in the lane last night, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, and 'ad the audacity to bump me on the 'ard, cruel ground, 'ad better come forward and register themselves as immediately. Otherwise it will be my painful duty to come to the school and see the 'cad-muster about it. (My dear old Tozer,—It certainly would be a painful duty to you afterwards, if you show the tip of your brilliantly-coloured nasal organ within the school gateway. Inasmuch as you will be fallen upon, bumped, torn to pieces, and your bones scattered to the hungry graveyard!—Ed.)

"Sleepers of the Remove!"

(Continued from page 8.)

"I expect he had some rotten stunt on," said Bob Cherry to Frank Nugent.

"What did he want to go rambling about the school at that time of night for?"

"There seems to be a great deal of rambling going on after midnight," interjected Wharton, with a thoughtful look on his face.

"Of course, I don't believe in ghosts," he continued, "so that yarn of Bolsover's only points to somebody else prowling about. Anyway, it wasn't Fish last night."

"We'll find out what the game is if we sit up all night," asserted Bob Cherry, squaring his broad shoulders.

Wharton & Co. filed out of the Hall, and made their way to the Remove quarters.

When they approached the notice-board they found it surrounded by juniors.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "What's the latest communique? Somebody found Bolsover's ghost, or ate some of Fish's ointment!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Fish!"

Cherry pushed his way to the front rank of the crowd round the board, and as he read the notice pinned there, the grin vanished from his face.

"Well, I'm blowed!"

"My hat!"

Wharton glanced at the cause of the exclamations and whistled.

The notice, written in the hand of the Head himself, read:

"NOTICE.

"Owing to a further outbreak of sleeping-sickness, it is found necessary, in the interests of the public health, to confine all members of Greyfriars College to the school grounds, pending the further report of Sir Wilfred Tewson, who has the matter in hand.

"It is with deep regret that it has been found necessary to take this step, and it is hoped that the school authorities will have the collaboration of all Forms in observing this order.

(Signed) DR. LOCKE."

"Whew!"

"The whole blessed school gated?"

"Who are the other victims?" asked Mark Linley.

"Blundell of the Upper Fifth went down this morning," announced Tom Brown, coming up. "And I've just heard from Trotter that North of the Sixth, Wun Lung, and Peter Todd, are still in bed waiting for the doctor to see them."

"Great Scott!"

"Half the blessed school!"

The juniors broke up and went to their studies. The confinement to the school grounds was causing them to realise just how serious the mysterious outbreak really was.

Wharton sat down and wrote a note to Tom Merry of St. Jim's, explaining what had happened, and postponing the cricket-match that had been arranged for the following week.

"That's caused it!" groaned Bob Cherry, as Wharton sealed the envelope.

"I'd been looking forward to seeing Inky wipe all those chaps off the blessed pitch with that new ball he's been practicing."

"The disappointment is terrific," murmured the dusky junior mournfully. And

the famous Five left the study for the Form-room.

Another surprise awaited them when they arrived there.

Mr. Quelch coughed several times, and looked at all the boys.

"Several of your Form-fellows are, for reasons you all know, confined to the sanatorium," he said. "I regret to have to tell you that three of the masters—one in the Lower School, and two in the Upper School—for the same reasons, are unable to take their Forms to-day. It is the Head's wish that you all go back to your studies for the day, in order that I may be left free to render what assistance I can.

"You are at liberty to go anywhere in the school grounds; but nobody may go beyond them, of course." Mr. Quelch paused for a few moments. "It is almost needless for me to ask you to remain as quiet as possible," he continued. "You will watch the notice-board for instructions to commence lessons again. You may go."

Mr. Quelch left the Form-room, and the juniors remained seated, hardly able to believe their ears.

"One on top of another!" ejaculated Johnny Ball. "My only sainted Aunt Maria!"

Never in all the history of the school had anything like the series of events that crowded on each other been known before.

A pall seemed to have fallen over the spirits of the whole school, and the juniors, with glum faces, left the classroom, to discuss the matter in hushed voices.

"There's something fishy about this!" said Bob Cherry, with conviction, when the chums of the Remove were back in Study No. 1 again.

"What's your theory, then?" asked Nugent, looking up.

"I don't know that I've got a theory yet," replied Bob. "But I'm jolly well going to get to the bottom of it all. In the first place, there's been no new chaps come to the school for some time, and for this sleeping business to have got here at all, it must have been brought by somebody outside the school."

"There's the tradesmen," suggested Harry Wharton.

"No," said Bob. "If they were the cause of it, it would have shown itself in the village by now. Besides, I don't remember reading in the papers that this blessed complaint is catching to the extent it has proved itself to be here."

"Well, what visitors have there been whom we don't know?" asked Johnny Ball.

"Dunno!" said Bob. "Wait a minute, though! Do you chaps remember that funny old fellow who came to see Fish a little over a week ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, what about him as the missing link?"

"Nothing doing," said Wharton. "You can't accuse every blessed person who has ever been inside the school gates of introducing sleeping-sickness to Greyfriars, anyhow. Besides, as you have already remarked, the complaint is not as catching as all that."

The juniors were unable to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the problem, so they left the study and went down to the nets for a little practice.

By general consent, the subject uppermost in the minds of all the school was tacitly avoided as much as possible.

Several of the Removes asked Fisher T. Fish how the ointment was selling, but the astute business-man of the Remove was strangely reticent on the subject.

"I guess it's a frost," he announced

to a crowd of juniors in the Commong-room one night. "Ask Bolsover how the ghost is getting on."

"We'll look into this ghost business," said Wharton to Nugent. "It will help to kill time, and may provide a bit of fun."

A postal-order from Wharton's uncle enabled the inmates of Study No. 1 to have an unexpected spread for tea that evening.

Inky, who had been dispatched to the school tuckshop, arrived laden with good things.

"That's the stuff!" remarked Wharton, as the goods were unpacked.

"A pound of jam, three pounds of sausage, one cake, one dozen buns—Did you get the tin of peaches, Inky?"

"My esteemed chum will find the peaches stowfully packed at the bottom," replied the Nabob of Bhanipur.

A fragrant odour of tea soon filled the study, and the sausages were done to a turn, when there was a loud banging on the door.

"If I didn't know that he were queer," said Wharton, "I'd swear that that was Bunter outside."

Nugent removed the chair that had been placed against the door to bar the way of any raiders who might have got wind of the feed, and the door flew open.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" shouted Bob Cherry. "What do you think I've got here?"

The occupants of the study all turned their gaze in the direction of Bob Cherry.

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"Bunter!"

"I say, you fellows—" commenced the Owl of the Remove, blinking into the study. But he was cut short by a chorus of yells.

"Hurrah!"

"See, the sleeping hero comes!"

"Really, you chaps—"

"Good old Bunter!"

"You might give a chap something to eat! I'm starving!"

The chums made a simultaneous dive in Bunter's direction and hauled him into the study.

"The same old Owl!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was in truth the same old Owl, but somewhat thinner than usual.

Bunter's face was lined with fatigue, and he looked much older.

"I know he'd smell the feed," said Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He smelt the sausages in his dream, and woke up," chipped in Nugent.

Bunter, under the warming welcome, condescended to melt, and realising that he was something of a hero, made the most of the unusual attentions he was receiving by wading into the sausages in a truly wonderful manner for a fellow who had just recovered from an attack of sleeping-sickness.

"I've been well the past two days," Bunter informed his hosts, between mouthfuls of sausage, "and the rotten beasts tried to kill me! I had to stay in bed and be fed on milk—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's nothing to laugh at, you chaps. It's severely undermined my constitution. You might pass those tarts, Thanks!"

Bunter proceeded to devour the tarts, while the chums looked on in amazed silence and waited for his story.

"Yes," he continued. "I woke up one morning and found some strange doctor there. The beast told the nurse to bring me a feeding-bottle of milk."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter finished the tarts, and, like

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Alexander of old, looked round for fresh worlds to conquer.

"Go on, Buntz!" said Johnny Bull encouragingly. "Finish the yarn."

"Really, Bull," replied Bunter, "in my present weak state I hardly call it fair to ask a chap to expend what little energy he has before he's had a decent feed. I'm starving!"

"If his eyes wandered to a cold pie in the open cupboard which the chums were reserving for supper.

"I say, Wharton, that's awfully decent of you!"

"What is?" asked the captain of the Remove, looking surprised.

"Why, you can't pull the wool over my eyes. That tale about there being no more grub won't wash. I knew you were keeping that pie for me as a surprise. He, he, he! Jolly decent of you, Wharton. I'll have it now, thanks!"

"No, you jolly well won't, you fat porpoise!" exclaimed Harry, when the point of Bunter's remark dawned on him.

"Here, Franky, cut along to the tuck-shop and get the fat beast a bob's-worth of tarts!" he added, extending a shilling.

"If it were not for the fact that you were a semi-invalid I'd jolly well bump you!"

"Hear, hear!" chimed in Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull with feeling.

"Make it two bob's-worth," said Bunter, his little piggy eyes glistening behind his spectacles.

Wharton reached for a cricket-stump, and the Owl of the Remove, deciding that half a loaf was better than a cricket-stump, subsided.

Bunter consumed Nugent's tarts, and, deciding that he had got all he was likely to from Study No. 1, took his departure.

The juniors, who were the first to be attracted by the complaint which was engaging the attention of Sir Wilfred Terence, began to recover, but for each boy who left his bed another one took his place.

"We'll look into this ghost business to-night," announced Bob Cherry, when the feed was over. "I feel somehow that it's connected with all this by-bye affair."

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Ghost Hunters!

BOOM! Boom! The big clock in the tower of Greyfriars School tolled out the hour of midnight.

"Listen!" chuckled Bob softly. "The mystic hour at which the giddy spooks leave their cold tombs and come forth to haunt naughty boys like Bolsover!"

There was a sound of muffled laughter from the Famous Five, who were all wide-awake and dressed ready for the ghost-haying expedition.

"Got your electric-torch, Harry?" asked Frank Nugent, as he proceeded to stuff a hard tennis-ball into the foot of an old football stocking.

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Johnny Bull each had a stout cricket-stump in their hands for use on any ghost they might encounter on their ramble round the school passages.

Inky, the dusky member of the party, preferred to rely on his long, sinuous fingers, with which he could do deadly work if it came to grips. None of the juniors believed in ghosts, but they were convinced that Bolsover had seen something unusual the night he had come running down the passage to the dormitory. That something the chums of the Remove believed very human—probably Coker—hence the cricket-stumps.

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At a signal from Wharton the five juniors silently left the dormitory and crept down the passage outside.

Keeping near the wall as much as possible, they walked in Indian file, so as to be less conspicuous if they passed any master or prefect who happened to be abroad late.

"Hiding, doing, so far," breathed Frank Nugent, when they had traversed several passages without any sight of anything spectral.

The quarters of the Upper Fourth were visited, and then the juniors made their way to the passages of the Fifth.

Here again they met with nothing exciting.

"It's jolly cold to-night!" stammered Harry Wharton, shivering slightly. "Perhaps the ghosts prefer to stay in a nice warm grave on a night like this. I propose that if nothing happens soon we go back again."

The chums wandered along the passages of the Sixth, and were making their way towards the school library, when Harry Wharton, who was leading, suddenly stopped short.

"What is it, Harry?"

"I thought I heard a shuffle somewhere!" whispered Wharton, peering through the gloom of the passage.

The Removites stood still, listening for several moments.

Hurree Singh, the dusky junior, suddenly left his chums and went on a few yards in advance. He stopped and stood rigid for a second, and then turned to the others behind him and beckoned.

Wharton could see the eyes of his chum glinting with an orange fire in the dark.

They closed up on the Nabob, and saw that he was trembling with suppressed excitement.

Inky seemed to the boys in the dark to have become suddenly transformed. He was no longer the quiet schoolboy they had always known, but something panther-like and sinister.

The fierce spirit of his forefathers, who for generations had ruled with a rod of iron thousands of savage men in the wilds of far-off India, had burst into flame through the veneer of civilisation.

There was a look of fierce cunning in his eyes, and as Wharton peered at him in the dark he knew that his chum was on the scent, and, shivering slightly, wondered what plans were forming in his complex Oriental mind.

"The esteemed ghost has been spotted!" whispered Hurree Singh after a pause. "If my worthy chums will quietly follow me, we will bagfully catch him together."

The five chums crept slowly up the passage a few more yards, and stopped short.

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

The subdued gasps of astonishment died away, and the juniors could hear the beating of their own hearts.

Slowly advancing in their direction was a figure robed in white, from which glimmered a faint greenish-blue glow.

"The blessed ghost!" muttered Cherry.

His words seemed to pull the other Removites together, for, with a gesture warning the others to be quiet, Wharton pressed himself against the wall and waited for the thing to advance.

The face of the figure resembled from a distance a horse, or donkey, and reminded the captain of the Remove in a dim way of pictures he had seen of soldiers in the trenches wearing gas-masks.

"Wait till it gets a few yards nearer," whispered Wharton, "then let's all spring out."

"If my esteemed chum will take my advice," whispered Inky, laying a restraining arm on the English boy's shoulder, "we will quietly wait for a bit and see what the worthy game is."

The juniors stood still and continued to watch. They saw the figure slowly turn, and gently advancing from side to side, glide up the passage towards the library in the direction from whence it had come.

"Buck up, chaps!" whispered Harry, moving forward. "Or the fellow, whoever it is, will give us the slip."

The five juniors noiselessly closed up to the figure in white, until they could hear the faint swishing of its robe.

The sighing of the wind through the branches of the old elms outside, made the scene more eerie than ever.

The figure was now only a short distance in front of the foremost junior, and had not the slightest idea that it was observed.

A cloud slowly rolling away outside let a shaft of pale moonlight through a window on a landing at the end of the passage, which showed the figure up more distinctly.

Wharton raised his hand.

"Now!" he shouted, and the five juniors rushed forward.

There followed a scream which seemed to chafe the blood of every boy present, and as the foremost junior closed with the thing in white, it collapsed.

The other Removites rushing up fell in a heap over the form of Frank Nugent, who was rolling on the floor with a piece of the robe in his hand.

There was a momentary scuffle, and the ghost sprang clear of the heap of struggling juniors on the floor, and dashed wildly to the window on the landing.

"After him, chaps!" roared the voice of Bob Cherry, as the juniors rose from the floor.

The window was pushed up with a crash, and the ghost, after standing poised on the sill for a moment, disappeared from view.

"My hat!" said the juniors together. "Dished!"

"Done brown!" added Bob Cherry grimly.

The Famous Five crowded round the window and looked out into the night, but could see nothing.

"The poor beggar, whoever it is, must be killed," said Wharton, looking down to the ground below.

"Cave! There's someone coming!"

A light appeared at the head of the passage, which, as it drew near, revealed the grim features of Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form-master.

"Bless my soul!" he said. "Wharton Cherry, Nugent, what are you doing out of the dormitory at this time in the morning?"

The juniors stood still and gazed at each other. The master looked at the open window and frowned.

"What is the window doing open, Wharton?" he asked.

"I—er—er— began the captain of the Remove, but he was cut short by Mr. Quelch.

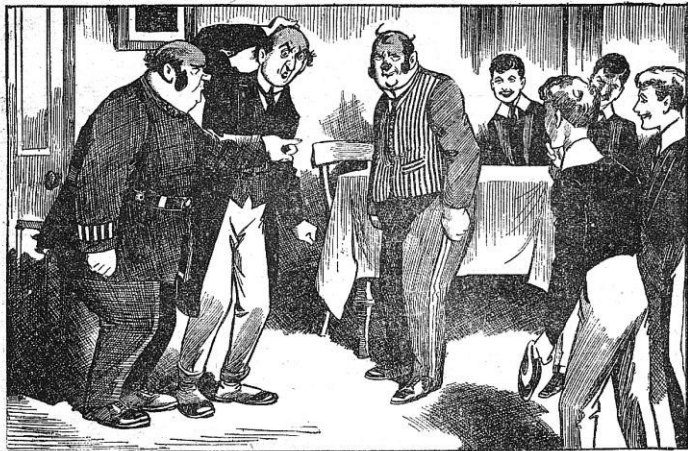
"Get back to the dormitory at once!" he snapped. "And come and report to me in the morning!"

The juniors knew better than to argue with their Form-master in his present humour, so they turned and went back down the passage to their quarters.

Mr. Quelch slammed the window down, and fastened the catch.

"Don't forget, first thing in the morning, all of you!" he said, and walked away.

"My only aunt!" gasped Bob Cherry, when they were beyond hearing.



Harry Wharton & Co. looked at the heads of the three men. They were covered with some rubber-like substance which clung in loving fashion round the back of their heads and necks. "My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "Is this some new game?" (See Chapter 9.)

"There's going to be some trouble now!"
The burly Remove proved a good prophet—there was!

Several juniors had been awakened by the scream when the Famous Five had made their concerted rush on the figure near the library.
As soon as Wharton & Co. appeared in the dormitory, they were assailed by a bombardment of questions.

"What's the game, Wharton?"
"Who have you been murdering?"
But Harry Wharton and his chums decided to keep the matter to themselves for the present.

The juniors eventually tired of asking questions to which they could get no reply, finally took the advice of their more sleepy bed-fellows, and shut up.
Wharton & Co., however, remained awake for some time discussing the matter in undertones.

"I managed to grab a bit of the johnny's robe, anyhow!" said Frank Nugent triumphantly.

The remainder of the chums gathered round Nugent, and together examined their trophy.

"We had better keep that for old Quelch in the morning," said Wharton.
"Let's turn the light out."

"My hat!" ejaculated Harry, as Cherry switched off the light. "The blessed thing is glowing!"

The five juniors examined the fragment of linen again.

"Pshaw!" gasped Johnny Bull.
"Doesn't it smell?"

He applied his fingers to his nose and quickly withdrew them again.

"It's phosphorus, chaps!" he announced.

"By Jove!"
"That accounts for the glow, then," said Wharton. "It's a wonder we didn't think of that before."

"We'll keep this," said Nugent. "It proves it's not a real ghost, if nothing else, and old Quelch is sure to believe us if we offer this as evidence."

The juniors, with their fresh knowledge, turned into bed, and slept like tops till the morning.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Escape!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry cheerfully, bursting into the Junior Common-room after breakfast. "Any more Rip Van Winkles this morning?"

Every morning that week had seen fresh victims added to the list of invalids, and one by one the school staff as well as the pupils, had been thinned down, despite all the efforts of Sir Wilfred Tewson to prevent it.

"There seems to be a bit of a slump this morning," replied George Bulstrode, "and a few of the chaps are better. I hear that old Wingate will be about again soon. By the way, Cherry, what were you chaps kicking up all the dust about last night?"

"Just having a little stroll to induce peaceful slumber," laughed Nugent, letting his eyes rest on Harold Skinner, the cad of the Remove, who was on his right.

"Come along, Harry, we had better see old Quelch and get it over."

The chums knocked lightly on the door of the Form-master's study. A deep voice bade them enter.

They found Mr. Quelch standing by the window, with a frown on his face. His temper had not been improved by his interrupted night's sleep.

"What have you to say, Wharton?" he asked, breaking the silence.

The captain of the Remove recounted the previous night's happenings, but omitted, however, to mention either Fisher T. Fish or Bolscever.

Fortunately, Mr. Quelch was too interested in their story to ask too many details of how they came in the first place to know of the existence of the supposed ghost.

Wharton was allowed to finish his story without interruption.

Frank Nugent produced the scrap of linen which he had torn from the object of their hunt, and handed it to the Form-master.

"Ahem! Very strange indeed!" muttered Mr. Quelch, after a cursory examination. "I think I will keep this for the present. You had better come with me and repeat your story to Dr. Locke."

"Yes, sir!" chorused the juniors, and followed him out to the Head's study.

The story was repeated again, and Dr. Locke asked several questions.

"Do you think it is any of the juniors indulging in what I believe you call japes?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied Harry Wharton. "The chap—or I mean the person, whoever it was, seemed too strong for a junior, sir."

"Well, we must get to the bottom of this," said the Head, with a worried look.

"I will get several of the seniors to keep watch to-night. What is it you want to say, Wharton?" asked the Head, noticing that Harry was about to speak.

"I—I was going to suggest, sir," began the captain of the Remove, growing red, "that perhaps you would give us permission to stay up and watch, sir."

The Head looked serious for a moment.

"I don't want you boys to run any risks," he said kindly. "Do you think that you could tackle the man without him getting away again?"

"Rather, sir!" replied the juniors in unison.

Dr. Locke looked them up and down, and, noting their sturdy build, nodded his head.

"Very well, then, Wharton," he said. "You have permission to stay up and keep watch for a few nights. I will tell Wingate. I think that is all, Wharton. Oh, I—er—must ask you to say nothing of what has happened to your schoolfellows. We do not need to alarm the more timid of them unnecessarily. You may go!"

The chums returned to their study to make preparations for the coming night. They found the time hang heavily on their hands with no lessons, and fell to discussing Fisher T. Fish and his Greyfriars cincture, of which little had been heard recently.

"I'll go and get a paper from somewhere," announced Bob Cherry, "and see if we can spot any more giddy advertisements. I've noticed that Fish seems to be pretty flush lately. He must be making money somehow."

So saying, he left the study, and returned ten minutes later with a copy of the daily paper. The chums searched all the advertisement pages, but could find nothing that suggested the activities of their schoolfellow.

"What's this?" exclaimed Frank Nugent, turning up a news page.

"My hat!"

"Looks exciting," remarked Wharton. The chums gathered round and read the paragraph. It announced the escape of a clever lunatic, who had been working under Government supervision in a laboratory.

"The man, who is known as the Doctor," ran the report, "is believed to be hiding in the vicinity of Eriandale, but all the efforts of the police and keepers to find him have so far proved futile."

"Great Scott! Madman at large!"

"Pity we can't get out of the school to join in the hunt," said Bob Cherry.

The juniors fell to lamenting their lot, but comforted themselves with the thought of the coming ghost hunt.

They spent several hours that night prowling round the school passages, but had to report failure in the morning.

"Not even a rat," groaned Bob Cherry disgustedly. "I don't know what the ghost trade's coming to when its members shirk their duty like this!"

The juniors returned to the dormitory and turned in.

Dr. Locke listened to their report the following morning, and nodded his head. "Perhaps we shall hear no more of it, Wharton," he said. "It is probably the prank of some foolish boy, after all. However, you are at liberty to remain up to lay the ghost, if you care to, to-night."

The juniors thanked the Head, and went away.

The following night was spent in precisely the same manner as the previous one. The absence of the Famous Five did not pass without considerable comment on the part of the other juniors of the Remove, however.

The chums had just reached the school library, and were about to give up their quest and return to the dormitory, when their attention was arrested by a faint and hardly perceptible movement.

"Hold on!" whispered Harry Wharton, his pulse quickening. "I believe we've got the rotter at last!"

The Removites crept to the door of the library, which was ajar, and peered in.

"My hat!" muttered Wharton, in surprise at the sight that met his astonished gaze. "Look here, chaps!"

The juniors crowded round the crevice. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 697.

between the door and the post, and held their breath.

A man with his back to them, stood near a table, on which was placed an electric torch switched fully on.

The watching juniors saw him wind a sheet around his body, from which a piece corresponding to that in the possession of Mr. Quelch, was torn.

The man's hair was long, and hung in curls over his collar.

He busied himself searching for something, which he eventually found in the side-pocket of his jacket.

From their point of vantage the juniors saw the old man, for such he appeared to be, open a small leather case, from which he removed a curious contrivance of rubber and metal.

"Don't move, any of you chaps!" cautioned Wharton, in the dark outside. "I rather fancy we are about to solve one or two puzzles here."

The chums needed no warning to be quiet, but continued to gaze in mute astonishment at the movements of the old man.

He loosened a buckle on one of the elastic bands, and fixed the apparatus to his nose and mouth.

"My hat!" gasped Frank Nugent, trembling with suppressed excitement. "A gas-mask!"

The man next drew from his pocket a small phial and a metal burner. Into the latter he poured the contents of the phial and then applied a lighted match.

The contents spluttered for a second on coming into contact with the match, and then burst into a tiny blue flame.

The juniors and weird-looking figure then peered round the library as though to assure himself that he was alone, and made a movement to take up his torch.

Wharton & Co. silently stepped away from the door, and placed themselves at each end of the passage.

The night was cloudy, and the moon, which had shown up more distinctly the movements of the man the previous night, was now totally obscured.

"Hist!" whispered Wharton. "He's coming out!"

Presently the door of the library opened, and the figure, its face covered with the gas-mask, emerged into the passage. He looked to right and left, and then walked slowly down the passage, holding the metal container, with the tiny blue flame, aloft.

The juniors waited for no more, but watched Wharton for the signal to spring out.

"On him!" shouted Harry, and the five Removites together made a determined rush at the figure in white.

Bump!

"Ow! Yaroooh!"

"Go it, Remove!"

The five juniors and their quarry came down with a crash to the floor.

The man put up a splendid fight, and seemed to possess the strength of several men, but he was no match for the five sturdy juniors.

Frank Nugent received a kick in the eye, and Wharton found himself being slowly strangled in a powerful grip. Inky, who so far had done little since the first rush, suddenly emitted a snarl, and, springing in like a tiger, caught the throat of the marauder with his hand, and commenced to slowly twine his long, powerful fingers round his adversary's neck. The man struggled for a few more moments, and slowly relaxed his hold of Wharton.

"Right-ho, Inky!" granted Nugent, pinning his legs to the ground. "You sit on his napper, Bob."

The juniors had just succeeded in securing their prisoner, when several seniors, accompanied by the Head, who had been disturbed by the noise of the

scuffle, appeared at the end of the passage.

"On the ball, Greyfriars!" shouted Wharton. "We've got the blessed ghost!"

The Head sized up the situation in a glance, and instructed the boys to let their prisoner get up.

Bob Cherry rose from his seat on the man's face, and the prisoner, looking half-dazed, stood and blinked at the Head.

"Bless my soul!" murmured Dr. Locke. "Pray remove that mask from your face, sir."

In spite of the recent tussle, the gas-mask, which had so puzzled Wharton the first time he had seen the supposed ghost, was still firmly fastened to the man's face, rendering his features totally unrecognisable.

Johnny Bull made a movement to snatch it off, but the prisoner, anticipating his intention, ducked down and endeavoured to break away. He was unsuccessful, however.

"Never mind about that now, my boy," said the Head hastily. "You have done very well," he continued, turning to Wharton. "I think you had better take your prisoner to the punishment-room now, and keep him there until we can investigate the matter in the morning."

The procession, with the captured man in the middle, marched away to the empty study used as a punishment-room, and when the boys had bundled their capture in, the Head locked the door.

"You had better stay on guard until the morning, in case there is another attempt to escape," said the Head of Greyfriars, addressing Walker, one of the prefects, who was with him.

Walker, none too pleased with his task, took up his position outside the door.

"Good-night, boys!" said Dr. Locke, turning to Wharton & Co.

"Good-night, sir!" replied the juniors. And, feeling that they had performed a good night's work, the Famous Five returned to their dormitory.

The following morning the Head sent for the Famous Five. The chums noticed on seeing his study that Dr. Locke was unusually worried look.

"Boys," he said, regarding them gravely, "I am sorry to say that the man you captured last night has escaped."

"Escaped!" echoed the juniors.

"My hat!"

"How did it happen, sir?" asked Harry Wharton.

"There is some mystery attached to the affair that is rather puzzling, Wharton," said Dr. Locke. "If you remember, I left Walker of the Sixth to keep guard outside the door of the punishment-room, because I thought there would be another attempt to escape, knowing that this mysterious person had already eluded your grasp once before. I went myself to tell Walker to bring the prisoner to my study early this morning, and you can imagine my surprise on finding the room empty and Walker lying on the floor outside, fast asleep. He had apparently been attacked by the mysterious sleeping sickness that is puzzling us, and is now under the care of Sir Wilfred Tawson."

The juniors gazed at each other, speechless with astonishment.

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"I think that is all now, Wharton. We will see what can be done later on. You may go."

The chums of the Remove left the Head's study, and returned to their own quarters in a very depressed state of mind. It was a bitter thought that after their capture of the night before the marauder should again escape.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

An Unexpected Discovery!

"HURRAH!" "That's the stuff to give 'em!"

"Who says a little Form feed this afternoon?"

The order forbidding the boys to leave the school grounds had been rescinded. The notice-board in the Remove passage was surrounded by a crowd of juniors dancing and gesticulating like a tribe of Red Indians. The whole of Greyfriars had been gated for over a week in consequence of the mysterious sleeping complaint, and now that the news was posted that the boys were free again, they were unable to restrain their exuberance.

"I propose we go over to Courtfield and bump Solly Lazarus & Co.," suggested George Bulstrode.

"Nix on that!" shouted Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'll organise a little jumble sale or sweepstake to keep you jays out of mischief."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Begorra, and it's a wako yo want intirely!" chimed in Micky Desmond, the lad from the sorrowful isle.

"Order!" shouted Bob Cherry. "List to your captain!"

Cherry, Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Tom Brown raised Harry Wharton on their shoulders.

"Chaps," shouted Wharton, when the din had subsided, "friends, Removites, and honoured countrymen, lend me thine ears."

"Go it, Wharton!"

"Shut up, yo asses!" roared the captain of the Remove.

"I've got an idea. I propose we have a whip round and have a feed in the woods."

"Hurrah! Good egg, Wharton!"

"We'll get up a jazz band to lead the giddy party, and start as soon as we collect the funds."

Several juniors went round with their caps.

Lord Herbert Mauleverer, now recovered, started out of a gentle slumber, and generously contributed a fiver which he had received only that afternoon. Vernon-Smith gave a pound-note, and even Skinner & Co., in the excitement of the moment, parted with all they had—exactly three and fourpence-halfpenny.

The whip-round realised a considerable amount, possibly because during the past week the juniors had had little chance of spending it.

A feed committee was appointed, and despatched to do the buying, under the direction of William George Bunter. The Removites were too wily to let the fat junior have the handling of the funds, however.

It was as odd a collection as had ever left the school that passed out of the gates, headed by an impromptu band. Biscuit tins, tin whistles, and bugles were the principal instruments. A number of Removites, led by Wibley, were attired in grotesque costumes raised from the quarters of the Fifth, and the Greyfriars Junior Dramatic Society.

"My hat!" said Wharton admiringly, surveying his Form-fellows. "They look like a lot of giddy Bolshheviks!"

"Bless my soul! What ever is this, Quelch?" asked Dr. Locke, who was on the other side of the Close.

He was walking up and down, discussing the events of the night before.

Mr. Quelch permitted himself a rare smile. He himself had found the restrictions which had been placed on the school by the specialist rather irksome.

"Perhaps it's the safest outlet for their feelings," he said.

The Head agreed, and the two gentle-

men discreetly turned their gaze in another direction.

The Remove picnic-party found a clearing in the woods, and set about building a fire.

The picnic was well under way, when the merry popping of corks was interrupted by a cry from Wharton.

The captain of the Remove stood up in the glade, and raised his hand for silence.

A faint moan came from a disused keeper's shed a few yards away.

"You chaps hear anything?"

"In the silence that followed, the juniors heard another faint moan!"

"I thought I heard something queer when we passed," said Wharton, addressing Frank Nugent. "I think a few of us ought to investigate."

The whole Remove volunteered their services, and moved off in a body in the direction of the shed.

Wharton banged at the door.

Moan!

"Anyone there?" he shouted.

Moan!

He tried the lock, but saw that the only way of getting the door open was to burst it in. The hut was made of corrugated iron, and the door was fastened with a stout iron bar and padlock, as well as the ordinary lock.

For some time the place had been used for storing wire and spades belonging to the Council.

"Come on, fellows!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "We'll have to smash the door down!"

Half a dozen Removites moved off towards a tree-trunk which had recently been felled by the woodmen, and charged the door of the hut, using it as a battering-ram.

Crash!

"And again!"

Crash!

The structure groaned under the terrific impact, and the door slowly yielded. Johnny Bull gripped the edge of the aperture thus made, and wrenched an opening large enough to admit any of the juniors.

Mark Linley squeezed himself through, and the waiting Removites listened for him to give instructions.

"Hand in a knife, somebody!" he called out.

Nugent passed through a pocket-knife.

"There's a chap here bound hand and foot," said Linley next. "I think I will

have to get a few of you to help me out with him."

The juniors made another determined attack on the hut, and finally succeeded in wrenching several sheets of the corrugated iron completely away.

As they crowded in, they could make out the figure of a man lying in the corner of the hut, gagged and bound.

They wasted no time in cutting his bonds and freeing him. The man rose to a sitting position, but appeared too weak to stand.

"Water!" he gasped.

One of the juniors handed him a cup of lemon-squash, which he drank almost at a gulp. When he had finished, several pairs of strong and willing hands grasped him, and carried him out into the open air. The man sat up, and blinked for a moment, and slowly smiled.

"Three days I've been there," he said, in reply to the juniors' questioning looks. "Not a mouthful—!" He sank back in Nugent's arms, exhausted.

"Stand back a little, yo fellows!" commanded Wharton. "Let some air in."

The Removites obeyed, and waited until the man had finished a cup of milk and broken sponge-cake, thoughtfully mixed by Mark Linley.

"That's better!" he said, after a pause. He scanned all the concerned faces that were peering curiously at him.

"Yo boys are from the school?" he said then.

The juniors noted that he wore some kind of uniform, and carried a bunch of keys. They waited for him to continue his story, after replying to his question.

"I am an asylum keeper," he volunteered. "I was locked in there three days ago by a madman whom I came out to find."

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

This was an unlooked-for termination to the day's celebrations.

"Jolly good job yo boys discovered me there," went on the keeper, "or I might have stayed there until I died."

"But what about the madman?" asked Wharton. "How did it happen?"

"His name's Bothwell," said the keeper, "and he escaped from the place where he was working. The trouble is that to the average person he appears quite sane. He's not to be trusted, all the same for that. You never rat, tell what his next move is going to be."

"How did you get in the shed?" asked Wharton next.

"I suspected that our friend Bothwell was hiding somewhere in this district," said the keeper, "so I came down here to watch. I thought possibly the wood would attract him, or the ruins of the abbey. One night I saw him coming down a path through this wood, and I gave chase, but he got away. I came the next night, and waited, hoping he would come again. He did."

The man laughed grimly at his recollections.

"He was waiting for me as well, and while I was hiding near the footpath behind some bushes, he jumped on me from the rear. Gee! But he did fight! He managed to bang me on the napper with a stick he carried, and that was the end of the scene until yo boys came along just now, and raised the curtain on the act."

"Hold hard!" shouted Bob Cherry suddenly. "Do you remember that notice we read in the paper some time ago, Harry?"

"About the escape of a madman, do yo mean? Supposed to be hiding near Friarshade."

"Yes; that's it!" said Bob excitedly.

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"I remember we thought it hard luck we couldn't get out and join the chase."
The chums looked at the keeper with renewed interest.

"I think we had better be getting back to the school," said Frank Nugent.

The juniors cleared away the remains of the picnic, and, with the keeper in their midst, started back to Greyfriars.

On their arrival at the school, the keeper asked for an interview with Dr. Lockett in order to ask for a few days' lodging.

Somewhat to the surprise of the Removites, this was promised, and the boys, having conducted the man to one of the prefects who was to take him to the Head, where his request was granted, crowded into the Common-room to discuss the extraordinary incidents of the afternoon.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Looking for Fish!

"O H, oer!"
A sound strongly resembling that of a member of the pig tribe in mortal agony, drifted on the gentle evening breeze from the lodge of William Gosling, the porter of Greyfriars, to the ears of the Famous Five.

"Oh, oer!"
"What's up with Gossey?"
"Dunno! Let's go and see!"

The chums of the Remove, led by Johnny Bull, strolled across to Gosling's lodge to discover the cause of the groans.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry affably. "Why this thumness, Gossey, old top?"

"'Wot I says is this 'ere—all boys should be drowned at birth—"

"'What's the matter, Gossey?" asked Wharton, noticing the pallor of the porter's face.

"Which it ain't no use asking me—oer!—wait till I get 'old of the young warmint— Grooch!"

Gosling indeed looked ill. Even the usual colouring of his proboscis, which Gosling attributed to the wind, was missing. He dropped heavily into a chair, and continued to groan.

"When I gets 'old of young Master Fish 'll wring 'is neck, the warmint!" gasped Gosling between his groans.

"'What's Fish been doing, then?"
"Wot I says is, it's a crying shame! Handcent formulery of the Greyfriars monks, 'e says it was—Oer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Some inkling of what was wrong with Gosling dawned on the juniors.

"Been eating some of the ointment, noble sir?" asked Bob, laughing.

"A 'ard-earned bob it cost!" groaned the porter. "A tanner for the hointment which 'e says would make grass grow h & hogshill, and a tanner for the cough mixture, which 'e says was prepared from the same formulery!"

Gosling removed his hat, and revealed what had formerly been a bald patch. His head was covered with a number of red and fiery marks.

"'What on earth—"
"Great Scott!"

Between the red marks of the soars, Gosling's head was a curious light brown colour.

What had once been a barren wilderness of shiny pate, was now covered with a thick mass of substance resembling rubber solution.

Gosling explained that he had bought some ointment of Fish, who assured him

that within twenty-four hours he would "have a hardy head of healthy hair."

The chums recognised the description as one they had heard in the woods at Friarvale not long ago.

They concluded that the alleged cough mixture was an invention of the acute junior's for the especial benefit of William Gosling. They were right.

"I'll report the young rip to the 'Ead, I will!" said the worthy porter.

Clang, clang, clang!
The lodge bell started to ring with unaccustomed violence.

Gosling growled beneath his breath, and reached for his keys, preparatory to answering the summons.

Wharton & Co. remained in the lodge. There was a sound of ruff voices at the gate, and presently Gosling returned, accompanied by P.-c. Tozer, the village policeman.

The policeman glared at the Removites as he entered.

"Wot I want is Master Fish!" he granted furiously. "I'll teach 'im! I'll see the 'Ead, that's wot I'll do!"

"I'll break 'is neck!" added Gosling, with feeling.

"Look at my 'ead!" roared the constable, snatching off his helmet.

The chums looked. Tozer, like Gosling, was not provided by Nature with a very plentiful protection of hair. But like Gosling again, his head was covered with a rubber-like substance, picked out with red marks. < If anything, Tozer's head was in a far worse state than the school porter's.

The friction he had applied to remove the wonderful ointment had caused the skin to peel in generous portions.

The thoughtful application of the clod of black earth from the wood by Horace Coker & Co. had not improved matters.

In each case the ointment had turned to a thin varnish on coming into contact with the warmth of the head, and had refused to be removed. Hence the anger of Gosling and Tozer, who were seeking the blood of the acute and slick business man of the Remove.

"We want Fish, too!" Wharton informed the two indignant fellow-sufferers.

Another vigorous ringing of the lodge bell caused Gosling to rush bellowing to open the gate.

A figure known to every boy in Greyfriars stepped into the room. It was Uncle Clegg, the keeper of the village tuckshop.

"Where's Master Fish?" bawled that worthy, who had never before been noted for a violent temper.

"Seems to be a lot of people looking for Fisher T. Fish to-night," remarked Bob Cherry thoughtfully. "He's probably been up to mischief, chaps!"

"'Ha, ha, ha!"

"'It's nothing to laugh at!" roared Uncle Clegg. "Look at my 'ead!"

The juniors looked. There was little to choose between the cranium of Uncle Clegg and those of Tozer and Gosling. Clegg's head also was covered with the same rubber-like substance, which clung in loving fashion round the back of the good man's ears and neck.

"'Ha, ha, ha!" The Famous Five seemed unable to control their laughter.

"My hat!" shrieked Johnny Bull.

"This beats the giddy band!"

"Is this a new game you three have started?" asked Bob Cherry innocently.

"I'll flog the young rip!"
"Wot I says is this 'ere—"
"A hisnult to the law, I calls it—"
There could be no doubting that the three men were annoyed. They were out

for the blood of the American junior with a vengeance, and they meant to get it.

"'Chucked a lump of earth at me, too—" bogan Tozer.

"A hancient formulery, 'e called it—"

"A bob's worth of tartis it cost me—"

"I think our presence is superfluous at the moment," said Nugent goutly.

"Come on, Harry! Let's get out of it!"

"The esteemed and worthy Fish has put his foot terrifically in the soupfulness," added Hurree Singh softly.

The chums left the porter's lodge, and continued their search for Fish. They had several pertinent questions to ask the slick junior about his wonderful ointment.

They entered the Rag, and were met by Percy Bolsover, George Bulstrode, and Robert Ogilvy.

"Seen Fish?"
"Where's that Yankee rotter?"

"The swinding beast—"

The three juniors all carried some implement of warfare.

Bolsover was armed with a stout walking-cane, Bulstrode with a cricket-stump, and Ogilvy with a dog-whip.

"My hat! Going to commit a murder, Bolsover?" asked Wharton, eyeing the walking-cane. "Or just going for a stroll?"

"Where's Fish? The skinny rotter sold me some of his ointment—reduced rate to clear the stock!" he bawled.

"I'll—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wharton & Co.

"Another giddy party seeking the gore of the noble Fish!"

"Poor old Fishy!"

Half Greyfriars appeared to be looking for Fish, and their motives seemed far from pally.

"We have not seen Fish since early this afternoon," explained Wharton.

"But if you go along to Gossey's lodge, it's quite likely he knows where he is."

And, leaving the trio vowing eternal torture against Fish when they found him, the chums of the Remove went elsewhere to seek their quarry.

They tried most of the Remove studies and the Common-room. Remembering that Fish had been in funds for some time, they tried the tuckshop. Fish was at none of these places, neither had anyone seen him since the picnic started early in the afternoon.

"The Mystery of the Missing Schoolboy," grinned Bob Cherry.

"'Ow! Yaroh! "

"'Hear that, Bob?"

"'Ow! Yaroh! "

The chums had reached the quarters of the lordly Sixth when the sounds of pain smote their ears.

"Loder's lamming somebody!" said Nugent.

Wharton & Co. stopped to listen.

"I guess—Ow! Leggo, you beast, Loder! 'Ow! Yaroh! 'Ow!"

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"'Wow! Stoppit, you jay! Yow!"

"Fish!"

"The giddy old mystery solved. Loder's whacking him for something!"

The sounds of blows and yells continued to come from the prefect's study.

"We'll go and investigate," said Harry. "It sounds as though he's killing Fish by the yells he's making."

The chums ran to Loder's study, and without waste of time, pushed open the door.

Whack, whack, whack!
"Ow! Yow! Yaroh!"

The prefect was laying into Fisher T. Fish with all the strength at his command.

"Sleepers of the Remove!"

(Continued from page 15.)

no be came here one day, and offered Fish a sum of money to admit him to the premises in secret. Ostensibly, he came to read up the works of the Greyfriars monks on botany and herbalism, and told some sort of yarn to your school-fellow about being watched by the agents of a foreign Power, in order to explain his secrecy. His real purpose in coming here, however, was to experiment in secret with the powders he had brought from the Orient."

"That explains the burner he carried, then," suggested Bob Cherry.

"Exactly!" agreed the major. "It also explains the sudden desire of Fish to acquire one of your sheets. The doctor, or professor, as you call him, wished to be at liberty to roam round the school at night, and that was his way of searing any boys who might chance to see him, and at the same time disguise himself."

Major Brownlow produced a small leather-covered diary, which he explained had been found on the doctor at the time of his capture.

"This," he said, "will tell us the remainder of the story."

The major opened the book, and read aloud, while the chums of the Remove listened, their eyes wide open with astonishment.

The diary gave the movements of the madman from the first night he entered the school:

"Tuesday night.—Decided to start experiments at once. Burned three grammes of extract of Mongolian Poppy in what I believe to be the Remove quarters. Fumes were light, and should affect a considerable area."

The major shut the book.

"There is a lot more in the same strain," he went on, "but briefly, he tells here where he went with his burner that particular night, and the effects the fumes, which are odourless, would have on those who inhaled them."

"My hat!"

"Gassing the whole blessed school!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Dr. Locke indicated that he had finished with the juniors, and they left

the study to return to their own quarters. On the way back they passed the door of the punishment-room, and were arrested by the nasal voice of Fisher-Fish from the other side of the door.

"I say you fellows!"

"Hallo!"

"I guess I'm going to be licked. I wonder whether you would mind cutting along to my study and yanking along a bit of that ointment?"

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

"Nothing doing!"

Greyfriars had had quite enough of Fish and his ointment, and so one laid an ounce of sympathy to yank on the American junior, who was left alone to contemplate the flogging in the morning without the soothing aid of his wonderful concoction; the loss of the promised forty pounds, and the wrath to come of the now awakened Sleepers of the Remove.

THE END.

(There will be another splendid long complete tale, dealing with Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars School. I advise my chums to be sure they do not miss this long yarn in the MAGNET next week.—Ed.)



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