

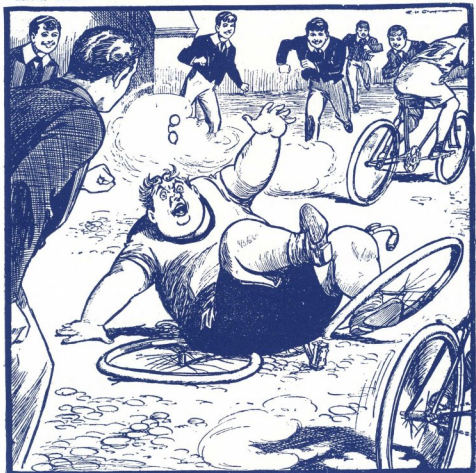
**THE BEST ALL-SCHOOL STORY PAPER
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS!**



No. 710. Vol. XX.

FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT INSIDE.

September 17th, 1921.



WHY BILLY BUNTER DID NOT WIN THE CYCLE RACE!

(A humorous incident in the grand story of school and sport in this issue.)

Published by Howard Baker Press Ltd, 27a Arterberry Road, Wimbledon, London, S. W. 20.



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 grand long complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, for our next issue is entitled

"BUNTER, THE BARD!"

By Frank Richards.

This is one of the funniest stories Mr. Richards has given us for many weeks. He tells us how William George Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, as he is generally called, takes it into his head to enter a competition. He tells the Removites that he is certain to win the prize of fifty pounds offered, and all he has to do is to write some verse. The matter gets on his mind, and Billy really does become poetic!

In the end, Billy actually gets the prize; but it is followed by a surprise not only for himself, but for others.

I must say I consider this story one of the best—and that is saying a lot, for the recent caravanning series proved immensely popular. Will all my chums place an order with their newsagent for next week's issue of the **MAGNET LIBRARY** to be saved for them? It is only by orders that I can judge how many to print. And if there are too few printed—well, somebody has to be disappointed. Don't let it be you!

THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."

I have pleasure in informing you that there will be yet another splendid supplement next week, for Harry Wharton and his chums are working at top speed—and very well, too.

Everybody agrees that the "Greyfriars Herald" supplement in the **MAGNET** is a very bright feature, and I receive many letters of congratulation from keen readers. The letters, I might mention, are passed on to Harry Wharton, and from them he has obtained useful hints.

A reader chum put him on to the idea of bringing out a Special Staff Number of the "Herald," and that proved popular. Have any more readers useful ideas to put to Harry?

You can send the letter addressed as intimated in the heading of the "Greyfriars Herald" in this week's issue.

THE WEEK-END PAPER.

It would not do for me to miss reminding you that "The Popular" is the paper for week-end reading. There is, as you may know, a splendid story of Harry Wharton & Co. in every issue, and there is also another complete school story which concerns the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood.

Then there is Billy Bunter's now famous "Weekly"—which Harry Wharton & Co. openly chip Billy about, but secretly find extremely amusing. Not all the contributions come from the pen of the fattest junior at Greyfriars, for some of the leading lights at St. Jim's, Greyfriars, and Rookwood send Billy articles and stories and jokes. Dick Fenfield, the Remove poet, is nearly always to the fore in "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

There are money prizes to be won in the "Popular" every week, so even if you do finish reading the paper by Sunday, you have something to do to fill your spare time. A few minutes—or hours—thought might bring you a money prize, and pocket money is always acceptable. I want you to watch the announcements in connection with this competition, for I am seriously thinking of making a special offer to my keen readers.

If you know the "Popular," you are probably a regular reader. If you don't know the "Popular," get the current issue, now on sale at all newsagents, and see if you don't think it the brightest paper for the week end!

Correspondence.

C. F. Reed, 68, Sprules Road, Brockley, S.E.4, wants contributions, preferably bearing on foreign languages, for his magazine. Also members wanted for the Linguistic Students' Society.

Miss Irma Waterhouse, 1, St. Mark's Road, Southampton, would like to hear from a girl reader, age 17-18, in America, who is interested in cinema stars.

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A Magnificent New Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., dealing with their Adventures at Greyfriars School. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER
The Eve of Battle!

CLANG, Clang!
It was not the rising-bell that clanged out on the morning air.

The Greyfriars fellows were already astir, and the majority of them were dressed when the summons rang out.

"Clang, clang, clang!"
Bob Cherry, of the Remove, was seated on his bed, tying his shoelaces. He looked up with an expression of alarm on his usually sunny countenance.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he exclaimed.
"That's the bell for an assembly in Big Hall!"

"Somebody's going to be sacked, I suppose," said Vernon-Smith, in his matter-of-fact way.

The face of Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, grew pale when he heard these words.

"Oh, crumbs! Hope they haven't found out about my raiding the kitchen!" he groaned.

"Set your mind at rest, porpoise," said Peter Todd. "That raid on the kitchen is past history. It was three nights ago that you went down and collared the grub. The raid wasn't discovered at the time, and it isn't likely that anybody would find out anything about it three days later."

Billy Bunter heaved a sigh of relief, and proceeded with his ablutions—his "cat-lick," as Bob Cherry called it.

But there were five juniors in the Remove dormitory who looked anything but relieved.

Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh—the Famous Five—exchanged startled glances.

"Looks like trouble, kids," said Bob Cherry.

Wharton nodded.
"This assembly's being called for our benefit," he said.

"Why, what have you fellows been up to?" asked Vernon-Smith, in surprise.

"We broke bounds last night and raided old Popper's orchard," said Nugent.

"Whew!"
"The chances are that somebody saw us—a gamekeeper, perhaps, or even Sir Hilton himself—and reported us to the Head," said Johnny Bull.

"In which case it'll be a licking for five!" said Skinner gleefully. "Excuse my rapture, but I love attending these public executions!"

"You'll attend your own funeral if you don't dry up!" growled Bob Cherry.

At that moment, Wingate of the Sixth looked into the dormitory.

"Get a move on, you kids!" he said tersely. "Don't you hear the bell?"

"What's all the trouble about, Wingate?" inquired Nugent.

The captain of Greyfriars looked sharply at the junior.

"I expect your own conscience will be able to answer that question," he said, as he turned away.

Nugent groaned.
"We're in for it," he said. "There's no question about that. I don't feel in the humour for a public swishing, either."

"Neither do I," said Johnny Bull. "It's not so bad in winter. It warms you up then. But in weather like this—"

Johnny broke off with a shudder.
"Well, we had plenty of fun and excitement last night, and now we must face the music," said Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five hurried downstairs and joined the stream of fellows proceeding towards Big Hall.

Their apprehension grew as they entered the hall, for Sir Hilton Popper, the peppery baronet, whose orchard they had raided, stood on the raised dais, in conversation with the Head.

"That's done it!" muttered Johnny Bull. "Popper's brought a complaint to the Head."

"The swiftness will be terrific!" said Hurree Singh dolefully.

"Never mind! We'll keep a stiff

upper lip," said Harry Wharton. "We won't squeal like Bunter does when he's being licked, anyway."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Silence!"
The Head's voice thundered through the packed hall.

By this time every fellow was in his place.

Nobody definitely knew why the assembly had been called; but the Famous Five could make a very shrewd guess.

Frank Nugent fidgeted impatiently.
"Wish they buck up and get it over!" he muttered.

The Head's face was inscrutable. It was impossible to tell if he was angry or otherwise.

"I am going to ask Sir Hilton Popper to address you, my boys," he said.

The Famous Five exchanged grim glances as the baronet hustled to the front of the platform. They imagined that his "address" would be something after this style:

"My orchard was raided last night by five young rascals from this school! I command the boys concerned to stand forward!"

But there was a joyful surprise in store for Harry Wharton & Co.

Sir Hilton Popper actually beamed at the assembly before he spoke.

This was truly amazing, for the crusty old baronet had rarely been known even to smile.

When he did speak he made no reference to his orchard. He did not call upon any of the juniors to come out and confess their transgressions.

"Boys!" he began, in his brisk manner. "I have a very pleasant announcement to make to you."

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry, in surprise.

"I have the honour to be a governor of this school, and at the moment I am acting as spokesman for the whole of the governing body. At our last meeting, my colleague, Sir Timothy Top-ham, made a suggestion that a silver

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"Sir Timothy Topham is giving a silver cup to the best athlete in every Form!" announced the Head. "Mr. Lascelles will have charge of the arrangements." Thunderous cheers broke out in Big Hall, and Sir Timothy and the Head retired to the back of the platform. (See Chapter 1.)

cup should be presented to the best athlete in each Form at Greyfriars."

"Hurrah!"

A spontaneous cheer rang through the hall. "Sir Timothy is a great sportsman himself, and he is always eager to encourage sport in all its branches," continued the speaker. "His proposal was carried unanimously, and accordingly a big sports tournament will be held. For one week from to-day there will be no lessons in the afternoons, to admit of the various contests taking place."

"Oh, good!"

"Ripping!"

It was seldom that Sir Hilton Popper was the bearer of good tidings. He usually came to the school to lodge complaints against trespassers on his property; but he was appearing in quite a new role now.

His announcement that a silver cup was to be presented to the best athlete in each Form made a profound sensation.

There had always been differences of opinion, in the past, as to whom the best athletes were, particularly in the Remove.

Some fellows declared that Harry Wharton was the champion athlete of his Form. Others maintained that Bob Cherry held that honour. Others, again, were loud in their praises of Vernon-Smith, Dick Rodney, and Mark Linley.

This sports tournament would provide a final answer to the vexed question.

Sir Hilton Popper went on speaking. "I might mention," he said, "that in addition to the silver cups which are being presented, the winners will have their names engraved upon a special Scroll of Honour, which will be exhibited in this hall. The tournament will be renewed every year, so that year by year new names will be added to the scroll. That is an honour for which every boy should fight tooth and nail. Just think of it, my boys! That Scroll

of Honour will remain here for generations, and the names engraved thereon will be regarded with admiration—I might almost say veneration—by the boys of the future. I shall expect the various contests to be keen and clean, and I know that every boy who participates in them will worthily uphold the high traditions of Greyfriars' sport."

Sir Hilton Popper retired to the back of the platform. He was rather proud of his little speech. There was a that's-the-stuff-to-give-'em expression on his face.

Thunderous cheers broke out in Big Hall.

The Head made no effort to check them. His face was no longer inscrutable. He was smiling.

When at last the cheers had died away, Dr. Locke spoke.

"All the arrangements for the sports are in the hands of Mr. Lascelles," he said. "His ruling on any doubtful points must be accepted as final. He will be assisted in his task by Mr. Prout and Mr. Quelch."

The school was then dismissed.

As the fellows streamed out into the Close, Bob Cherry threw his arms round Harry Wharton's neck and hugged him.

"Isn't it great!" he chortled joyfully. "Ow! Gerroff my neck!" gasped Wharton. "You're throttling me, you duffer!"

Bob Cherry detached himself, and proceeded to hug the remainder of his chums in turn.

"This is the grandest news we've had for ages!" he exclaimed. "We went into Big Hall thinking we were going to be called over the coals for raiding Popper's orchard. Instead of which, we're told that there will be no afternoon lessons for a whole giddy week, and that there's going to be one of the biggest sports tournaments of modern times!"

"Three cheers for the governors!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"And three special ones for Sir Timothy Topham!" added Nugent. "He

was the Johnny who came out with this brilliant wheeze!"

"Hurrah!"

The juniors cheered till they were husky.

Cheering was going on in other parts of the Close, too.

Even the high and mighty members of the Sixth, their dignity forgotten, joined in the cheering.

Greyfriars, always a school of sport, revelled in the prospect of a series of athletic contests.

Already there were plenty of prophets to predict the winners. Peter Todd of the Remove was one of them.

"It's easy to see how things will pan out," he said. "I can name the winners in advance."

"Go ahead, then," said Squiff.

"The Sixth Form Cup will be won by Wingate—"

"Hear, hear!"

"The Fifth Form Cup will go to Blundell—"

"My yes!"

"Hobson will carry off the honours in the Shell—"

"Most likely."

"Temple will prove himself the best athlete in the Upper Fourth—"

"Yes. And what about the Remove?"

Peter Todd chuckled.

"Modesty prevents my naming the winner," he said. "But I'll give you a clue. It will be the fellow who writes the Terrors Shocke stories for the 'Greyfriars Herald.'"

"Ass!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "You won't stand an earthly!"

"Won't I, by Jove? Just you wait and see!"

The excitement in the Remove was almost at fever pitch.

The sports were to commence that very day.

There would be no time for preliminary training, but that did not matter, as the majority of the fellows were in good trim. They had played plenty of cricket, and done a good deal of cross-country running in their spare time.

There were some, of course, who took no interest in the forthcoming sports.

Skinner of the Remove made it a boast that he didn't intend to take part in a single event. Bolvoer major declared that he would smash all opponents in the boxing contests, and not worry a scrap about anything else.

Fisher T. Fish "guessed" and "calculated" that he couldn't be bothered to compete in any of the events; and Stott and Trevor and Treluce elected to stand and look on, instead of exercising their flabby muscles.

But the other fellows were keeness itself.

During the interval between morning lessons and dinner the Famous Five wrote home to their people, telling them of the sports tournament.

"You can rely on me to bag that silver cup, or perish in the attempt," wrote Bob Cherry to his father.

Curiously enough, Harry Wharton wrote precisely the same to Colonel Wharton, Frank Nugent wrote ditto to his father, and Johnny Bull to his uncle.

Hurree Singh, when writing to his people in India, rendered the phrase thus:

"You can dependably rely on me to fully win the esteemed and ludicrous silver cup, or perisfully kick the worthy bucket in the attempt!"

The Famous Five were not the only confident ones.

Peter Todd declared that, barring acci-

desta, the silver cup would be his. Dick Russell and Tom Rodring and Vernon-Smith, to say nothing of Squiff and Tom Brown and Huldroste, all fancied their own individual chances, and their letters home were written in a cheery and confident strain.

Mark Linsley seemed a trifle less self-assured than his schoolfellows, yet he knew that his chances were good, and he could picture the joy in his humble Lancashire home if he landed the cup.

Perhaps the most amusing letter was that which Billy Bunter addressed to his father:

"My Dear Pater.—You will be pleased to hear that the governors of Greyfriars are going to present me with a magnificent silver cup for being the best athlete in the Remove Form.

"My name will also be engraved on a special scroll of honour, so that feather jenny-rations of Greyfriars fellows will gaze at it with admiration and awe.

"Before I can get this cup I've got to win a number of koutests; but, of course, that will be simple.

"Hoping you will send me a fat remittance, to show yore appreciation of my having won the cup,

"I remaine,

"Yore hoapful son,

"WILLIAM."

As Hurree Singh remarked, when Billy Bunter handed that letter round to his schoolfellows, the fat junior was countfully reckoning his chickens before the hatchfulneat!

"If Barty wins a single, solitary event," said Bob Cherry, "then the age of miracles will have come back!"

And Bob's chums heartily agreed with him.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Archie Howell's Promise!

HARRY WHARTON and Frank Nugent, attired in shorts and sweaters, proceeded arm-in-arm to Study No. 1.

Mr. Lascelles had told them that the Remove sports would not start for at least an hour, and they intended to take things easily in the meantime, for they had a very strenuous afternoon in front of them.

When they entered their study, they found somebody else engaged in taking things easy.

This was Archie Howell, their study-mate, and the brother of Phyllis Howell, the popular Cliff House pupil.

Archie was reclining at full length on the sofa. He was not a slacker, like Lord Maulveever, but he was looking extremely bored with life.

"Buck up, Archie!" said Harry Wharton. "You haven't changed yet!"

"An' I don't intend to, dear boy."

"Eh?"

"Gottin' deaf in your old age? I tell you I'm not goin' to change."

"But you're taking part in the sports, surely?" exclaimed Frank Nugent, in surprise.

Archie Howell shook his head.

"I'm not a pot-hunter," he said.

Harry Wharton flushed.

"It isn't a question of pot-hunting," he said, with a flash of anger. "It's a question of every fellow doing his level best to make the sports tournament a success!"

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent. "If every fellow took up your queer attitude,

Howell, the whole affair would be a hopeless wash-out."

Archie shrugged his shoulders, and said nothing.

"What's your real reason for not going in for the sports, Howell?" asked Wharton. "You seem to me to be sulking about something. You haven't been the same fellow since the summer term started."

Archie Howell sat up. He met Wharton's gaze steadily.

"If you want to know the real truth," he said, "it's this, I'm indifferent. I seem to have lost all interest in everything."

"Whose fault is that?"

"Yours!"

"My fault!" ejaculated the captain of the Remove, in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

Archie Howell smiled wearily.

"When I first came to Greyfriars," he said, "you fellows took me up, an' made a rare fuss of me. You allowed me to share this study with you. You were as pally as anythin'. An' then you dropped me. I don't mean suddenly, like you'd drop a red-hot brick, but gradually. You've given me what I believe our Yankee friends call the icy mit. You found you had no further use for me, an' I began to drift more an' more away from your society."

Harry Wharton opened his mouth to speak, but Archie Howell cut him short.

"Hear me out," he said. "Once upon a time, you were real good pals to me. In fact, it looked any odds on the Famous Five becomin' the Sportin' Six, with me as the additional member. You used to say that I was a good sportsman—one of the best in the Remove—an' yet you've not given me a place in the Form cricket team this season! Is it any wonder that I've become indifferent—that I've lost all interest in this place, an' in what goes on here?"

"It's unfair for you to talk like that, Howell," said Harry Wharton. "I'd have given you a place in the eleven if I could possibly have squeezed you in. But the fact is, there are so many good

players in the Remove, all entitled to places in the team, that somebody has got to be disappointed."

"That's so," said Nugent.

"Well, I wish you fellows hadn't been so clumsy with me in the first place," said Archie Howell. "Then I shouldn't have felt the draught so much afterwards. All this term life has been simply intolerable. I've had to take a back seat. I've not had a hand in any of your japes; I've been left out of the cricket team; I've been allowed to drift. An' now that this sports tournament has come along, it leaves me cold."

"Oh, rats!" said Wharton irritably. "Anybody would think that we were your enemies!"

"I wish you were," said Archie. "It would be easier to bear then. At present, you're neither one thing nor the other. I'm a mere cipher. You've lost all interest in me. Although I share this study with you, we hardly exchange half a dozen words a day, in the ordinary way. But I'm tired of talkin'. We could jaw on this subject for hours, but it wouldn't mend matters. I wish I'd never come to this place!"

Wharton and Nugent were silent.

This was not the Archie Howell they used to know. In the early days, he had been full of energy and enthusiasm. He had entered into everything with zest. In cheerfulness, he had been second only to Bob Cherry.

And now all was changed. Archie Howell was listless—indifferent. He seemed to have lost all ambition. His enthusiasm for games and japes had waned. Even the sports tournament made no appeal to him.

Whose fault was it?

Wharton and Nugent both felt twinges of conscience.

It was their fault.

What Archie Howell had just said was perfectly true. They had taken him up when he first came to Greyfriars, and made a rare fuss of him. Then, although there had been no open quarrel, they had gradually dropped him. Their time had been so much taken up with cricket, and



Scarcely were the offensive words out of Ponsobny's mouth, than Archie Howell hit out. Biff! The blow caught Pon full in the chest, knocking him backwards off the gate. (See Chapter 4.)

with running the "Greyfriars Herald," that they had allowed their interest in Archie Howell to lapse.

It was on the tip of Harry Wharton's tongue to apologise—to admit that he had been thoughtless—and to take Archie back on the old footing, and offer him a place in the Remove Eleven.

Archie himself prevented the apology by getting up and strolling out of the study.

Wharton looked as if he were about to call Archie back, but his pride got the better of him.

"We'll let the silly duffer go his own way," he said to Nugent. "If he wants to stay out of the sports, and sulk like a blessed kid, let him!"

Archie Howell, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, strolled out of gates.

As he went, the shouts from the playing-field showed him that the Sixth Form sports were in progress.

It would soon be the Remove's turn, but Archie would be absent.

It was with bitterness in his heart that the junior tramped along.

"Life has been absolutely stale this term!" he muttered. "There's been pothin' doin'—except when Phyllis was kidnapped a few weeks ago. We had a bit of adventure then. Hallo! Why, here's Phyl herself!"

Archie stopped short. A good-looking girl, attired in a neat white summer costume, was coming towards him along the road. It was his sister.

"Whither bound, Phyl?" inquired Archie.

"I'm going over to Greyfriars. Bob Cherry has just telephoned to Cliff House, and told me all about the sports tournament. I'm going over to see the start of it. But—but where are you going, Archie?"

"I've got no particular destination in view, dear gal."

Phyllis stared.

"But what about the sports?"

"I'm not competin'."

"Not competin'!" echoed Phyllis, her eyes opening wide with wonder. "You—you're not crooked yourself, have you, Archie?"

"No, dear gal."

"Then what is wrong?"

"I've just been explainin' the position to Wharton an' Nugent. I don't want to go over the same ground again, but in a nutshell it's this. I'm fed-up with Greyfriars, an' my interest in sport is dead."

Phyllis stepped quickly to her brother's side.

"Then the sooner you pull yourself together, the better!" she said. "Not taking part in the sports? Why, it's absurd! Just because you happen to be feeling a bit down, and the world seems out of tune, you're sulking like a child. Come on!"

So saying, Phyllis marched her brother along the road in the direction of Greyfriars.

"Here, what's the little game, Phyl?" protested Archie.

Phyllis tightened her grasp on Archie's arm.

"You're coming back to the school, and you're going to take part in the sports!" she said firmly. "There's to be no backing out. You are one of the best sportsmen in the Remove, when you care to exert yourself, and you're going to win that silver cup—or have a good shot at it, anyway. Who ever heard of a Howell sitting down and folding his arms when there were trophies waiting to be won? Do you think Dalton would behave like this?"

Dalton Howell was Archie's elder brother—an Old Boy of Greyfriars, who had given his life for his country.

The Great War was a thing of the past; but the heroism of Dalton, soldier and sportsman, was fresh and green in the memories of brother and sister. He had lived like a man and died like a hero, and at the mention of his name a lump rose to Archie Howell's throat. For a moment he was silent; then he drew himself erect.

"You are right, Phyl," he said quietly.

"Dalton would not have behaved like this. I'm a sulky cad, an' I'm sorry."

"You will enter for the sports!" said Phyllis eagerly.

"Yes."

And there was any amount of determination behind that one word. There was something in the way that Archie Howell said it which showed that he meant to put up the best fight he knew. His depression slipped away from him. He became his old self—eager, active, and alert. His eyes glowed with the joy of battle—the desire of conquest. He would win that silver cup, he told himself, if it cost him every ounce of energy.

"I promise you, Phyl," he said, "that I'll do my best. I can't say more than that!"

Phyllis gave her brother's hand a tight squeeze.

"That's the spirit, Archie!" she said.

And her approving smile put fresh heart into the fellow who, but a few moments before, had been tired of life.

Brother and sister walked briskly to Greyfriars, and on arriving at the school, Archie promptly changed into his running shorts. Then he hurried down to the playing-fields, where he found a crowd of Removeites ready for action.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Harry Wharton, in astonishment. "Thought you weren't taking part in the sports, Archie."

"I've exercised the privilege of changin' my mind, dear boy!"

"And I'm jolly glad to hear it!" said Wharton heartily. "Shake!"

They shook hands. And Wharton's grip was crushing in its friendliness.

That handshake seemed to mark a revival of the friendship between Archie Howell and the captain of the Remove. And Archie felt that in many respects this was the happiest day of the term.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

An Amazing Afternoon!

"TWENTY events!" gasped Bob Cherry. "My aged limbs will never survive them!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They're not all on one day, thank goodness!" said Vernon-Smith. "There are seven this afternoon—the hundred yards, the quarter-mile, the mile, the high jump and long jump, the obstacle race, and chucking the cricket-ball."

"If we get through that little lot, it'll be a topping afternoon's work!" said Peter Todd. "By the way, what system have they got of awarding points?"

"There will be three points for the winner of every contest, and one point for the runner-up," said Harry Wharton. "The fellow who has the most points by the end of the week will collar the silver cup."

"I've already cleared a space for that handsome trophy on my study mantelpiece," said Tom Brown.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows," chimed in Billy Bunter, "that cup's coming to me!"

"Not unless you lift it from the Head's study!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—I shall run you off your feet this afternoon, and you know jolly well that you're quaking at the prospect!"

"The only fellow who's quaking is Fishy, who's a descendant of the Quakers!" said the humorous Bob.

At that moment Mr. Lascelles bore down upon the juniors.



"Collar him!" Three or four fellows, wearing masks, sprang out on to the footpath, seized Archie Howell, and bore him to the ground. He hit out right and left and fought like a tiger—although he had no chance. They were too many for him. (See Chapter 5.)

"The Remove sports will now commence!" he announced. "The first race will be the hundred yards. I want you clearly to understand that three points will be awarded to the winner of each contest, and one point to the runner-up. The boy who gains the greatest number of points will have the honour of being the champion athlete of his Form. He will receive the silver cup; his name will be engraved on the scroll of honour; he will have gained one of the greatest distinctions it is possible to gain."

"Hurrah!"

"Entrants for the hundred yards, line up!" said Mr. Lascelles.

There was a great cheer from the crowd as the runners took their places.

"Bunter," said Mr. Lascelles, with a frown, "what are you doing here?"

"I'm just going to win the hundred yards, sir," said the fat junior.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is this a joke, Bunter?"

"Nunno, sir! Is there any reason why I shouldn't take part in the race, sir?"

"There is one reason which, like yourself, is very substantial!" said Mr. Lascelles. "You cannot run!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, sir— I don't mind giving these other fellows a start, anyway!" said Billy Bunter.

"Well, so long as you do not obstruct the course, I will allow you to compete," said Mr. Lascelles, after some hesitation.

"Too the line, everybody!"

There were nearly twenty juniors who obeyed the order.

Archie Howell was at the extreme end of the line of crouching figures. He was glad of this. Had he been in the middle, he might have been "sandwiched."

Out of the corner of his eye, Archie caught the flutter of a handkerchief. Phyllis was waving to him to go in and win.

Crack!

The pistol went off, and the runners shot forward like arrows released from a bow.

All except Billy Bunter.

The fat junior was floundering in the rear, panting for breath, and calling to the fellows in front of him to ease up, and give him a chance.

But nobody thought of Bunter at that moment.

There was a fierce rush on the part of the other competitors to reach the tape.

A quick patter of feet—a vision of flying figures—and Archie Howell hurled himself at the tape with such an impetus that he turned a complete somersault as he dragged it down.

Then he sat up, his eyes turned eagerly towards Mr. Lascelles.

Who had won?

It seemed as if three or four fellows had breached the tape together.

There was a moment of silence; then came the welcome announcement:

"Howell won by a foot. Time: ten and four-fifths seconds. Wharton was second."

"Hurrah!"

"Splendid, Archie!" came a girlish voice, "the winner recognised as his sister's."

"Also ran: W. G. Bunter!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Archie Howell had got off the mark in style, and he meant to carry on the good work.

The quarter-mile was the next item, and the course was once round the cricket-ground. The route was marked out by flags, and by a whitewashed line.



With half a dozen yards to go, Archie made a supreme effort. He hurled himself forward, carried the tape in front of him, and then collapsed in a huddled heap in the school gateway. It was a dramatic finish to a dramatic race! (See Chapter 6.)

Archie Howell took the lead at the start, but he met with stern opposition this time. Archie was an ideal sprinter over a short distance, but he was unable to maintain his fine burst of speed in the quarter-mile. As he neared the tape, a couple of fellows overhauled him. They were Mark Linsley and Dick Rodney.

The Lancashire lad finished first, with Rodney close on his heels.

Linsley's victory was very popular, and a storm of cheering rent the air.

Then, after a brief interval, came the mile.

Archie Howell stood down from this event. He knew that he would be merely wasting his energy by attempting to compete with the skilled long-distance runners of the Remove.

"If I give the mile a miss," he explained to Phyllis, "I shall be fresh for the remaining events."

Phyllis nodded.

"Who is going to win the mile?" she asked.

Archie surveyed the runners with a critical eye.

"It's a toss-up between Wharton and Smithy," he said.

The prophecy proved a very good one, for Harry Wharton got home first, beating Vernon-Smith by a yard.

Billy Bunter had lined up with the rest of the runners, but he had gone off in advance of the pistol, and Mr. Lascelles had promptly disqualified him.

"What is the next event, Archie?" inquired Phyllis Howell.

"The obstacle-race, dear girl! Can't you see 'em gettin' the course ready?"

"We've got to clear those hurdles, an' squeeze our way through the rings of those ladders. No fat fellow can possibly hope to win this event. The honours will go to one of the slim 'uns."

"Yourself, for instance?" said Phyllis, with a smile.

"Or Toddy. We're both on the slim side."

The obstacle-race proved very exciting from start to finish.

Most of the fellows managed to clear the hurdles all right, but they got stuck when they came to the ladders.

Archie Howell and Peter Todd, by reason of their slowness, were able to squeeze through quickly, and when they had surmounted all the obstacles, they had about twenty yards of straight-forward running in front of them.

"Now, Toddy!"

"Come on, Archie!"

Once again Archie's powers as a sprinter stood him in good stead. He put on a tremendous spurt, and won fairly easily.

This was Archie's second victory of the afternoon, and it was loudly applauded.

"The next item will be throwing the cricket-ball!" announced Mr. Lascelles.

"This is where I come in!" said Johnny Bull.

"I haven't won a single giddy event yet!"

"You're in good company," said Frank Nugent. "Neither Bob nor I have scored a win, so far."

The first fellow to throw the cricket-ball was Balstrode. He made a magnificent throw, and when the distance was measured out it was found to be eighty-five yards.

"That's goin' to take some heatin'!" said Archie Howell. "I don't fancy anybody will get near it!"

Archie himself got within three yards of Balstrode's distance, but the others failed hopelessly, until it came to the last man—Johnny Bull.

Johnny's expression was grim and set as one of his schoolfellows tossed the ball to him.

"He looks as if he means to hit the village pump in Friarsdale!" chuckled Tom Brown.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Whizz!

The ball flew from Johnny's hand, and went soaring away into the distance.

"Toppin' throw, by gad!" said Archie Howell approvingly. "Methinks that's bester your effort, Balstrode!"

It had. It had beaten Balstrode's throw by five yards.

"Bill wins. Balstrode is runner-up," said Mr. Lascelles. "There are only two more contests to be decided this afternoon—the high jump and the long jump."

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter. "Can any of you clear more than two feet?"

"I should say so!" chuckled Squiff. "Then it's no use my going in for it. My record for the high jump is one foot eleven and a half inches."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stand back, Bunter!" rapped out Mr. Lascelles. "You are making yourself a nuisance!"

Billy Bunter retired into oblivion, and then the jumping contests took place.

The long jump came first, and it was won in grand style by Bob Cherry, while Tom Brown came second.

This was Bob's first win in the sports tournament, and the spectators cheered it to the echo. There could be no mistaking Bob Cherry's popularity. It found expression in cheers and hand-clapping all over the ground.

The high jump afforded a fitting climax to a splendid afternoon's sport.

Everybody easily cleared the bar at the first attempt. But as it rose higher and higher, competitors speedily dropped out, until only two were left in—Archie Howell and Frank Nugent.

Both were magnificent jumpers. There was not a pin to choose between them.

Frank Nugent was the first to fail. He had a faulty "take-off," and was unable to clear the bar, which was now fixed at an almost insurmountable height.

"Now, Archie!" exclaimed Phyllis Howell, clenching and unclenching her hands in her excitement.

Archie took a short, swift run, and a glorious leap, which carried him clean over the bar.

"Well cleared, Howell!" said Mr. Lascelles warmly. "I think that jump will stand as a junior record!"

"Hurrah!"

Phyllis Howell ran towards her brother, and, heedless of his protestations and of the laughing onlookers, she kissed him soundly on the cheek. At which Bob Cherry observed, in an undertone, to Harry Wharton:

"Some fellows get all the luck!"

"Well played, Archie!" said Phyllis breathlessly. "You've done the trick! There are three wins to your credit, and nobody else has won more than once."

"It was sheer luck, Phyl!" said Archie modestly.

"It was nothing of the sort! You won on your merits, and I'm proud of you! It isn't often that you find a girl standing treat to a boy, but I'm going to treat you to a handsome treat!"

So saying, Phyllis linked her arm affectionately in one of her brother's, and led him away in triumph to the tuckshop.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Scene on the Highway!

ARCHIE HOWELL spent the evening on the sofa in Study No. 1, resting from his exertions.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were present. They were working on a special number of the "Greyfriars Herald," but they found time to chat to Archie, and to congratulate him on his performances.

"You've got nine points to your

credit, Archie," said Wharton, "and that gives you a jolly useful lead!"

"Yes, rather!" said Nugent. "I'm awfully glad you changed your mind, Archie, and went in for the sports! So long as the silver cup comes to this study, I don't mind who wins it!"

"It's very sportin' of you to say that," said Archie.

The close friendship which had once existed between the three occupants of Study No. 1 was now being revived.

Wharton and Nugent no longer addressed Archie by his surname. A small point, perhaps, but Archie noticed it, and was grateful.

He went to bed before the official bedtime that evening, in order to be in trim for the morrow.

The sports tournament was young yet. There were many more exciting tussles due to take place, and Archie Howell would have need of all his skill in order to retain his lead.

He felt in great form next day, and looked forward keenly to the five-mile cycle race, which was to take place in the afternoon.

Shortly after dinner the competitors lined up in the school gateway with their bicycles.

Billy Bunter was there, with a borrowed machine. Bunter was an amazing optimist. Up till now he had finished last in every event—that is to say, whenever he had managed to finish at all! Yet he actually regarded himself as "a good thing" for the cycling race.

"I shall win this race lying down!" he confided to Archie Howell.

"You'll do the lynx' down part of it, but you won't win the race!" was the reply.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The word of command was given the next moment, and there was a wild scramble on the part of the cyclists to get clear of the school gateway.

Billy Bunter came to grief at the outset.

The bicycle he had borrowed was a racer, and it ought to have borne an inscription: "Weight not to exceed one ton."

As soon as Billy Bunter planted his huge bulk on the saddle, there was an ominous crash, and the machine collapsed in the roadway.

"Yaroooooh!" roared Bunter.

He was extremely lucky to escape being run down by the other competitors.

"Call them back, sir!" he shouted to Mr. Lascelles. "That was a false start!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Lascelles stooped down, grasped the fat lunier by the collar, and heaved him to his feet.

"This nonsense has gone on long enough, Bunter!" he said sternly. "I shall forbid you from taking part in any further event!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Billy Bunter picked up the machine, and wheeled it away in the direction of the bicycle-shed.

"If I hadn't been obstructed at the start," he said to Skinner and Bolsover, as he passed them, "I should have won the race hands down!"

"You'd better lodge an objection against the winner for lumping and boring," chuckled Skinner, who was familiar with racing terms.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter rolled on, muttering savagely to himself.

Meanwhile, the Remove cyclists were out and away, and pedalling for all they were worth.

Archie Howell had a splendid machine which did everything required of it.

Archie's head went down over the handle-bars, and, like Jehu of old, he rode furiously.

He was flanked by Bob Cherry and Dick Rodney, who rode with tremendous vigour, determined not to let Archie take the lead.

Two miles were covered in this fashion. Then the cyclists swerved off on to a road which would take them back to Greyfriars. And still the three leaders—Archie Howell, Bob Cherry, and Dick Rodney—kept together.

The sun beat down mercilessly upon the bare heads of the cyclists. Occasionally a passing motor sent up a cloud of dust, half-hoking the juniors. But they kept on keeping on, never slackening for an instant. Highcliff School was passed in a flash.

"Another eight minutes," reflected Archie Howell, "and the race will be over!"

He put on a fierce spurt, only to find that his companions did likewise. They were sticking to Archie like grim death. They knew that, once he took the lead, there would be no overtaking him.

Two minutes' hard riding, and then disaster, swift and sudden, overtook Archie Howell.

Archie was going at such a pace that he failed to notice the presence of several pieces of glass in the roadway.

Some careless individual had shattered a ginger-beer bottle, and had left the fragments strewn about the road.

Bob Cherry and Dick Rodney managed to steer clear of them, but Archie Howell's front tyre was hopelessly punctured by a jagged piece of glass. It was flat on the instant, and Archie dismounted with an exclamation of dismay.

"Oh, crumbs!"

Archie's schoolfellows realised what had happened, but they did not stop. They couldn't afford to do so, for a large party of cyclists was coming along at a great pace in the rear.

To pause for only a few seconds would have been fatal to the chances of Bob Cherry and Dick Rodney. They were sorry for Archie Howell, but it would have been madness to stop. And in any event, they could do nothing to help him.

Archie whipped the pump off his machine and endeavoured to pump up his damaged tyre.

It was like trying to blow up a football bladder of which was full of holes.

The tyre refused to respond to Archie's exertions. It remained flat—as flat as a pancake.

"Confound it!" muttered Archie. "I'd like to get hold of the Vandal who smashed that ginger-beer bottle in the road! I'd pulverise him!"

Then, seeing the party of cyclists bearing down upon him, Archie shouted a warning.

"Look out, you fellows! There's glass here!"

As he spoke, Archie kicked most of the glass into the ditch, and the cyclists managed to steer clear of the remainder.

"Rough luck, Archie!" panted Harry Wharton as he passed.

Archie rested his machine against a gate, on which he perched himself and watched the remaining cyclists go by.

Gene were his chances of winning the cycling race. Either Bob Cherry or Dick Rodney would secure that honour.

When the last of the cyclists had passed

(Continued on page 13.)

The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 36.
Week Ending Sept. 17th, 1931.



THE SCHOOL - FRONT



Harry Wharton
Editor



THE MAGNET LIBRARY

Assisted by BOB CHERRY (Fighting Editor),
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Queer Queries!

By BOB CHERRY.

- Do you know Bolover?
Who?
Ball's over the fence!
- Do you know Field?
Who?
Feel dry this hot weather!
- Do you know Nugent?
Who?
New gentleman arrived at Friarisle!
- Do you know Skinner?
Who?
Skin a rabbit, then eat it!
- Do you know Hacker?
Who?
Hack another fellow's shins!
- Do you know Polter?
Who?
Pot o' raspberry jam!
- Do you know Loder?
Who?
Load o' rubbish!
- Do you know Fry—?
What?
Friday's my birthday!

NOTE.—Bob Cherry submitted this column in the usual way, and I do not think he intended it as an entry for the competition. All the same, if he had tried to win a prize with the above perpetration he would have got a prize—a prize thick ear! It seems to me that the queries are not so queer as the author. However, as Bob has shown a little ingenuity, I have encouraged him to better things by publishing them.—Ed.
Supplement 1.

EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

Last week, in our Special Competition Number, we organised a series of contests, with a view to discovering fresh journalistic talent at Greyfriars.

We were fairly flooded out with entries, and Wingate of the Sixth, who very kindly consented to act as judge, had a busy time. The task of adjudication, he informs us, proved very difficult; but he has named the winners without fear or favour, and I don't think anyone will quarrel with his decisions.

As was only to be expected, Dick Peafold collared the poetry prize, and Tom Brown, whose humorous contributions have long been a source of delight to thousands, is also among the prize-winners.

Peafold and Browney, however, are the only "old hands" to prove successful. The other winners are fellows who have hitherto been in the background, so our quest for new talent has not been in vain, and we congratulate our new contributors upon their successes.

Our Special Competition Number proved exceedingly popular. Of course, there are the usual wails and lamentations from fellows who failed to win prizes. Billy Bunter declares that personal favouritism entered into the judging. He had better not repeat this in Wingate's hearing!

All the winning contributions are published in this issue, and the prizes have already been presented by the editor.

Our prize list has been criticised in certain quarters as ungenerous. But if people imagined we were going to pay out large and hefty sums of money, they were mightily mistaken! Running a paper of this sort entails a good deal of expense; and we can't afford to scatter thousands of quids amongst the community.

Besides, it isn't the intrinsic value of the prize that counts. In the olden days the Greek athletes used to run twenty-six miles at top-speed, and their only reward was a wreath of laurel. And that laurel wreath, my friends, was valued far more than a bag of gold would have been.

But I will ring off now, in the hope that this Special Prize-Giving Number will find favour with all.

HARRY WHARTON.

A Winner!

The Special Prize, consisting of an unsold copy of the "Boys' Friend," for the best puzzle, riddle, or conundrum submitted, is awarded to

WILLIAM ERNEST WIBLEY,
Study No. 6.

Remove Passage,

for the following acrostic:

- My first is the natural state of stags.
- My second is seen in Bunter's "bags."
- My third is a name for Horace Coker.
- My fourth isn't found in his poems—the joker!
- My fifth is the name of a Grecian king.
- On the sixth—in the heat-wave—I take my fling.
- My last, a Removeite, is one of the best.
- Though on his arrival by snobs was oppressed.
- My whole is two fellows at Greyfriars School,
- Both well to the fore, and good chums as a rule.

CORRECT SOLUTION.

W I L D
H O L E
A S S
R h y t h m
T i n O
O c e a N
Newland

(Wharton and Desmond.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 710.



Goods to the value of Sixpence-halfpenny, from the School Tuckshop, have been awarded to
RICHARD RAKE (Study No. 6, Remove Passage),
 for the following description of a cricket match.

There was tremendous excitement on Little Side.

The Remove were playing the Fifth. What was more, they looked like beating them.

Batting first on a good wicket, the Remove had completed exactly a hundred.

The Fifth were now batting, and the score was 55 for nine wickets.

Forty-six runs required, and only one more wicket to fall!

It was a hopeless task, and Blundell and Hilton, the two batsmen, realised it.

Blundell had carried his bat right through the Fifth Form innings, and he had thirty runs to his credit. If only he could have found a partner as good as himself, he might possibly have pulled the game out of the fire.

But Hilton was unable to keep his end up against the deadly bowling of Hurree Singh.

Crash!
 Hilton's wicket was wrecked, and the match was over.

The Remove fellows nearly went off their heads with jubilation.

They had defeated the high-and-mighty, cocksure cricketers of the Fifth!

But stay!

Who was that advancing towards the wickets, with coat off, sleeves rolled up, and a bat under his arm?

It was old Prout, the master of the Fifth. The Remove batsmen, who had been about to leave the pitch, stared at the intruder in astonishment.

"Hilton," said Mr. Prout, "begone! Blundell! Kindly remain at the wicket with me while I knock off the forty-six runs required for victory."

"But the—the game's over, sir!" gasped Blundell.

"Nonsense! I cannot bear to stand by and see my Form drink the dregs of defeat. I have, therefore, decided to offer my services as a twelfth man."

"Excuse me, sir," said Harry Wharton, "but these things aren't done. With all respect to your position, sir, you can't barge in like this!"

"Be silent!" snapped Prout, taking his stand at the wicket. "I have made up my mind to pull the game out of the fire. Will you bow to me, Hurree Singh?"

"Certainly, honoured sahib," chuckled the Indian jucker.

Prout ran half-way down the pitch to meet the incoming ball. It was his intention to knock the cover off, and he uprooted a huge clump of turf, and the ball went merrily on its way. It sent the middle stump spinning.

"Ha, ha, ha!" gurgled Bob Cherry.

"Get out of the square, with a grin. If looks could have killed, Prout's glare ought to have made the umpire shrivel up."

"Out!" he echoed with a snort. "Why, what do you mean? That was merely a trial ball!"

"Oh!" gasped the umpire.

Hurree Singh sent down another ball, and this time Mr. Prout managed to hit it. It spun up into the air, and dropped into the waiting hands of Bulstrode, the wicket-keeper.

But the batsman showed no signs of retreating.

"That ball does not count," he said calmly. "The run was in my eyes!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Nugent. "Get on with the washing, Jeky!"

Hurree Singh sent down a third ball. After it had left his hand, nobody quite saw what happened to it.

"Run, Blundell—run!" panted Prout. And the batsmen started running, while the fieldsmen, with bewildered expressions on their faces, searched for the ball.

They scanned every square yard of the cricket-field. They hunted in the hedge. They looked underneath the lime-trees on the outskirts of the ground. And Wharton actually detached one of them to clamber on to the roof of the pavilion.

But there was no sign of the ball!

"Did anybody see where it went?" asked Wharton, in tones of exasperation.

There was a general shaking of heads. Meanwhile, the batsmen continued to run.

Ten—twenty—thirty times they crossed; and they did not stop until they had run forty-six times. Then Prout collapsed, in a state of utter exhaustion. And as he did so, something dislodged itself from the folds of his waistcoat, and fell with a "plop" on to the hard turf.



The first ball sent Mr. Prout's wicket to the ground. "Out!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "Nonsense!" snorted Mr. Prout. "That was a trial ball!"

It was the ball!

"Great jumping crackers!" gasped Bob Cherry. "It's been on Prout's person the whole time."

The master of the Fifth picked himself up. His chest was swelling with pride.

"We have won, my dear Blundell!" he said. "It is a victory that will live in the annals of Greyfriars cricket!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I fall to see any reason for ribaldry!" said Prout, in tones of surprise.

"He, ho, ho!"

The Remove fieldsmen staggered off the pitch, holding their sides with merriment.

Prout, with the air of a conqueror, and a man who had deserved well of his country, stalked away to his study. And on arriving there he wrote a glowing description of the match—and of the part he had played—and sent it to the "Courtside, Friarsdale, & Wapshot Gazette."

But the report was never published. In the "Answers to Correspondents" column of the paper appeared the following paragraph:

"Mr. Prout (Greyfriars)—We regret we cannot publish your work of fiction. This paper deals solely with facts."

When Prout saw that paragraph he tore his hair. Which was rather a pity, as he was partially bald already!

When the master of the Fifth next handles a cricket bat, and tries to demonstrate his prowess, may I be there to see!

WHY I DIDN'T WIN A PRIZE!

By BILLY BUNTER.

Personal favoritism, of course.

Their you have it in a nutshell.

If I had been a pal of George Wingate's—if I had wasted on him hand and foot—my name would have figured in the prize list.

Not being a pal of Wingate's, however—I always choose my pals carefully—I have been left out in the cold. I have been mad to take a hack seat.

I submitted the best short story, the best article, the best poem, and the best puzzle. And what have I gained for my labors? Nicks!

I can imagine Wingate give three thousand entries, and saying to himself:

"This fello Bunter's work reaches a high literary standard. His short story is superior to all the other short stories; his article is superior to all the other articles; his poem is worthy of a Kipperling; his konundrum is the smartest konundrum I have seen for years. But I can't award him a prize, because he's so pal of mine."

Their, as I say, you have it in a nutshell.

Now, you no what a fine cricketer I am. Well, if I had offered my services to the First Eleven, Wingate would have fussed on me, and gushed over me, and given me the first prize in every competition. But because I have never troubled to waist my wonderful talents with the First Eleven, Wingate gives me the cold shoulder. He ignores my assistance. He throws my literary efforts into his waist paper basket.

This is all rieg. It is a state of affairs which ought not to be permitted in our advanced state of civilisation.

I think I ought to have been selected to judge the various competitions, and then their word have been no favoritism. I would have given kredit weard kredit was dew; I would have awarded the first prize to W. G. Bunter every time! And then this issue of the "Greyfriars Herald" would have gone down to prosperity as one of the finest issues ever published.

But I have despaired of getting fare treatment. They have all got there nives into me. I am shunned and treated with despision on every sighted. I am by far the greatest jeralist at Greyfriars, yet I karn't get the rekognition I deserve.

But their's a good time coming, boys! This personal favoritism karn't go on for ever.

Merrit always tells in the long run; and the time will come when the "Greyfriars Herald" will be fool of my contributions. (Never! One column a week, Billy, is all you will get—and you won't get that if you aren't civil!—Ed.)

You will notice that nearly all the fellows who have won prizes are friends of the editor, or of the judge.

It is a peralishus sistem, and I feel that I ought to eggpose it.

You never had any personal favoritism in connection with "Billy Bunter's Weekly." Everything is skware and above-board. And when I run a spechul competition number, you will find me winning prizes all along the line. (I don't doubt it for a moment!—Ed.)

OUR PRIZE SHORT STORY.



The Courage of Sidney Snoop

By RICHARD HILLARY.

Who Wins the Prize of Half-a-Crown.



The science of chemistry—"Stinks," as it is popularly called at a public school—has an extraordinary fascination for some fellows. As if they don't get enough of it in school hours, you find them dabbling in it in their spare time.

One of the victims of the craze was Oliver Kipps, known to fame as a conjurer, and an expert at feats of hagerdamm (rather a neat word, that).

Kipps used to haunt the laboratory on every possible occasion. He took a frenzied delight in mixing patent medicines, and he mixed them jolly well, too. He did it strictly "sub rosa," of course. There would have been an awful row if the masters had known about it.

Such an expert did Kipps become in this direction that we began to address him as "Doctor Kipps."

If a fellow contracted a cold, he didn't go to the matron. He went to Kipps. And Kipps gave him something which cured him cold within twenty-four hours.

On one occasion Billy Hunter died not wisely but too well. He complained of "severe eternal pains." Kipps was called in, and Billy Hunter declared that the amateur physician saved his life. At any rate, Billy's "eternal" pains soon vanished.

On another occasion Bob Cherry became feverish. He said he thought it was owing to the heat. He had been fielding all the afternoon in the boiling sun. Kipps mixed him a cooling draught—he called it a febrifuge—and all symptoms of fever promptly departed.

Of course, Kipps was never allowed to get hold of any harmful stuff. He was content poisons were locked away in the cupboard. So that Kipps was unable to eliminate his enemies one by one by presenting them with sprits of ammonia, or anything of that sort.

At the same time, by mixing a dash of this with a dash of that, and a thimbleful of the other, Kipps was able to make up a really powerful tonic.

Exactly what effect the tonic would have he did not know, except that it could not possibly be injurious. He called it the "Kipps Reviver," and he decided to give a dose to several fellows, and see what happened.

He started off with Micky Desmond.

Micky is generally a bright son, full of health and spirits. Under the influence of the tonic, he grew somewhat depressed. He said he felt tired.

On Lord Maxweller the tonic had precisely the opposite effect. Mauls, as everybody knows, is the biggest slacker that ever stuck—I mean, slacked. But the "Kipps Reviver" transformed him into a bouncin' bundle of energy. He shook off his usual slump; he frisked around like a little lamb. Kipps was wondering whom he should experiment on next, when Snoop came into the laboratory. He looked like a person whose death-warrant had just been signed, sealed, and delivered.

"Hallo!" said Kipps. "What's the matter with you?" Cough—cold—loathsome—water on the brain!

"The fact is," said Snoop, quite frankly, "I'm suffering from a chronic attack of blue funk."

"My hat!" "I don't know if you can help me, Kipps. I shall be jolly grateful if you can."

"What are you in a blue funk about?"

"I'll tell you. This morning I saw Botswiner major bullying young Tabb of the Third. He was twisting his arm, and making the kid cry out. I don't usually interfere on those occasions—it doesn't pay to cross

swords with Bolsover—but Tabb gave such an awful yelp of pain that I simply couldn't help chipping in. I said to Bolsover, 'Drop it, you bullying cad!'

"And what happened?" asked Kipps.

"I thought Bolsover was going to flatter me out, but he didn't. All he said was: 'Bullying cad, am I? I'll trouble you to meet me in the gym, at five o'clock.' And it's tea to five now!" said Snoop, with a shudder.

"Then you'll have to be getting along." Snoop was all a tremble.

"I—I can't face him!" he stammered. "He's—he's bigger and stronger than me, and he'll simply make shavings of me! Wish I could pick up an atom of courage from somewhere! I wouldn't mind if it was Dutch courage. Something to put me in a devil-may-care mood. Have you got anything of that sort, Kipps?"

"There's my 'Reviver!'" said Kipps thoughtfully. "I could give you a stiff dose of that. But I can't guarantee what effect it'll have. It may put you in a bigger blue funk than ever!"

"I'll chance it!" said Snoop, after the manner of a drowning man clutching at a straw.

"Right you are!"



Snoop was lifted off his feet by a most terrific punch.

Kipps took down a bottle from one of the shelves, and poured a liberal quantity of brownish fluid into a glass.

"Gulp it down quickly," he said. "It's not pleasant stuff."

Snoop swallowed the draught, and made a wry face.

"Goo!" Are you sure this won't upset me?" he asked doubtfully.

"My dear fellow, it wouldn't upset the constitution of a goat! It's merely an experiment with several harmless and beneficial mistakes. Did you see what happened to Micky? Before he took a dose he could do nothing but sleep. Now he's dancing and prancing all over the shop. Nobody can hold him! If he doesn't calm down by this evening, they'll have to chain him up!"

Snoop nodded. With a word of thanks to Kipps, he strolled away in the direction of the gym. To keep his appointment with Bolsover major.

He felt perfectly normal for about ten minutes. He was still in a blue funk as Skinner assisted him to don his gloves. He badly wanted to back out of the fight, but he knew that Bolsover major would never allow him to do that.

As he stepped into the ring, however, a feeling of confidence came to him. And not merely confidence, but eagerness. He was actually keen on getting to business!

Gone was the funk—the semi-paralysis

which had held him back. He glanced at Bolsover's leering face, and he longed to thump it. It loomed before him as temptingly as a punching-bag.

"Time!" said Harry Whartone, who was controlling the contest.

Everybody expected to see Snoop retreat instead of advancing. But he did not retreat. He made a panther-like spring, and shot out his left with all his force.

Bolsover major, who had just been boasting that he could lick Snoop blindfolded, and with one hand tied behind his back, was taken completely by surprise. He staggered, and fell heavily against the ropes. Snoop's fist had smitten him on the nose, bringing a rush of water to his eyes.

"Ow!" gasped Bolsover.

Pulling himself together, he rushed at Snoop as if he would annihilate him.

Snoop refused to give ground before the onrush. He stood firm, and shot out his right and left in quick succession.

Again Bolsover reeled, and there were loud murmurs of amazement from the onlookers.

This was a new Snoop—a fellow who had shed all his funk, and was fighting with feintacy and bravery.

Snoop had all the better of the first round, and a good share of the fighting in the second. Gradually his hefty opponent went down, and he received heavy punishment. But instead of collapsing on the floor and crying "Fas!" he remained on his feet, battling like a Spartan!

"My only Aunt Sempronix!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Is it—can it really be Snoop?"

"He's standing up to Bolsover like a giddy hero!" said Frank Nugent, in astonishment. "Go it, Snoop!"

Snoop fought on gamely. It was inevitable that he would be beaten, for it was not in the nature of things that he could force a fellow of Bolsover's huge bulk.

Nevertheless, Snoop staved off the inevitable for five rounds. And when at last he went down—lifted off his feet by a most terrific punch—there were more cheers for the victor than for the victor.

"Hurrah!"

"Bravo, Snoop!"

"You've got some courage, after all!" Snoop smiled as he tottered to his feet, after Whartone had counted him out.

"They don't know that it's Dutch courage—do they, Kipps?" "Reviver," he reflected,

"Next time I have to meet Bolsover in the gym, I shall know how to prepare for it. That's the first time in my life that I've ever thoroughly enjoyed a scrap!"

Snoop was loudly cheered as he left the gym. Then he went along to the bathroom to bathe his battered face. After which, he proceeded to the laboratory in order to return thanks to the fellow who had infused him—for a brief spell, at any rate—with a supply of Dutch courage!

THE TITLE OF NEXT
WEEK'S COMPLETE SHORT
STORY IS
"BOB CHERRY'S
GOOD TURN"

By D. RUSSELL.

OUR LIMERICK COLUMN.

A Twopenny Jam Tart, fresh from the Tuckshop, has been awarded to the sender of each of the following Limericks.

A marvellous master named Hacker Stopped at Courtfield to buy some tobacco.

He also obtained (And his class was much pained) A cane that was fresh from Malacker! (Submitted by James Hobson, Shell Form.)

A teacher of German named Hans Once formed the most brilliant of plans. He schemed to get married, The scheme, though, miscarried— He failed to remember the banes! (Submitted by P. Delaney, Remove.)

There was a young fellow named Hillary, Who wanted to join the Artillery. His pater, however, Said, "Never, boy, never! You'll work in a Belfast distillery!" (Submitted by M. Desmond, Remove.)

There once was a youth named Delaney, Who whistled and sang "Tipperary" To such an extent That our patience was spent, So we turned the chap loose on a prairie! (Submitted by Sir Jimmy Vivian, Remove.)

A nervous Fourth-Former named Phipps Once went on some aeroplane trips. The pilot (a crack) Said, "The outlook is black, And the passenger's white to the lips!" (Submitted by Cecil Temple, Upper Fourth.)

A popular prefect named Gwynne Once sat on the point of a pynne. "Who put it there—quick!" He exclaimed. "It's too thick!" Murred Wingate, "That jape's rather thynne!" (Submitted by Coker minor, Sixth Form.)

A fop in the Shell, known as Chowne, In sooth is a bit of a clown. He saw Bunter pitch Off his hike in a ditch. And he left the poor porpoise to drown! (Submitted by P. Jackson, Shell Form.)

FROM ST. JIM'S.

In the Third there's a youngster named Frayne, Some say that he's almost insane; But he's one of the best, And when put to the test, He'll not be found wanting agayne! (Submitted by Monty Lowther, Shell Form, St. Jim's School.)

There's a sturdy Shell fellow named Gora, On whose napper we once used to pour A stream of abuse, For he wasn't much use, But now we're no longer at woe! (Submitted by Reginald Talbot, Shell Form, St. Jim's School.)

The head of the Sixth is Kildare, A fellow who always plays fare; He slogs in the gym, With vigour and vim, That his foes are reduced to despair! (Submitted by Jack Blake, Fourth Form, St. Jim's School.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 710.

What I Think of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

By TOM BROWN,
Who Wins Fourpennorth at the Tuckshop.

Goods to the value of fourpence, from the school tuckshop, have been awarded to:

TOM BROWN,
Study No. 2,
Remove Passage,

for the following essay.

WHAT I THINK OF "BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY."

"Billy Bunter's Weekly" always reminds me of one of those very crude newspapers that are published in the Wild West, where the editor has to work with a revolver on his desk and another in his hip-pocket, and where the headlines are after this style:

"SLICK SAM GETS AWAY WITH MILLION-DOLLAR HAT!"

"We Guess Sam is Some Low-Breed Blackguard."

But they can generally manage to spell in the Wild West, in spite of the fact that their journalism is the last word. Billy Bunter, however, "kare's" spel for toffy, to use his own phrase. His spelling, his grammar, his punctuation, his composition, are all faulty.

Of his four fat subs, one can spell and the other three can't. And what is the result? We are presented each week with four pages of appalling baldersdash, of outrageous piffle, of unadulterated tommy-rot!

If I were to say quite bluntly what I think of "Billy Bunter's Weekly," I should be called over the coals for expressing myself in too forcible language. The words "baldersdash" and "piffle" and "tommy-rot" are not strong enough. They only convey a feeble idea of what Bunter's journal really is.

But there is one thing that I am bound, in fairness, to admit. "Billy Bunter's Weekly" is certainly amusing; and those features which are intended to be serious are the most amusing of all!

We must not forget, either, that occasionally some very excellent scribes find their way into Billy Bunter's columns. Dick Penfold, for instance, and sometimes Jimmy Silver, of Rockwood, and Ralph Reckness Cardew, of St. Jim's.

But the really good features only serve to emphasize the really bad ones. You see an elegantly-written article by Cardew in one column; in the next you find the B-lapels habbings of Buggy Trimble. And adjoining Billy Bunter's utterly ridiculous editorial you find a perfectly priceless poem by Dick Penfold.

The fact of the matter is, "Billy Bunter's Weekly" would be a ripping paper if only Billy Bunter and his fat subs (with the exception of Fatty Wryn) were sacked from the staff!

As things stand, the paper is a perfect scream—at only for the parlous of Hansell and the confines of Colner Hatch.

I can picture Billy Bunter, in future years, editing the "Tame Lunatic," or the "Mad-man's Monthly." He has all the qualifications for so doing.

As for that potty perpetration of his which appears every week, it deserves to be fed to the fames.

For the editor of the rag I can only prescribe "something lingerin', with boiling oil in it."

I wonder if Billy Bunter will ever get his just deserts? If he does, they will prove jolly painful!

ODE TO CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE,

The "Nut" of the Upper Fourth!

A prize of One Shilling, made up as follows: Postal-order for sixpence, one twopenny stamp, two French pennies, one stale doughnut (valued at three-halfpence by Dame Mimble), two farthing packets of pins, has been awarded to:

DICK PENFOLD,
Study No. 9,
Remove Passage,

for the following poem.

Cecil Reginald Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown,
Although you may be smart and spruce
As any "nut" of London Town.
Your fancy waistcoats more me not,
Nor do your socks show pink and green;
And what I pass you in the street
I raise the cry, "Unclean! Unclean!"

Cecil Reginald Vere de Vere,
I raise that cry because you are
A member of the Upper Fourth—
A faction that we strictly bar!
I don't suggest your noble neck
Is never washed; it is, I hope,
I saw you once buy "umpteen" bars
Of special scented Sunlight soap!

Cecil Reginald Vere de Vere,
I do not love your lordly ways;
I scorn your swagger and your swank,
Your haughty, supercilious gaze.
That glistering topper on your head
I'd like to pelt with hefty bricks,
Then send it into yonder pond
By means of savage, 'spur-like' kicks!

Cecil Reginald Vere de Vere,
I bid thee to the sunny, gay,
And pour into the matron's ears
The unmentioned tale of woe:
"Dear matron, I am down and out;
I prithee, let me go to bed
Until I am completely cured
Of this complaint of mine—excellent head!"

AS I LAY A-SNORYNGE!

(A Revised Version of an Ancient Ballad.)

By BOB CHERRY

(Who Wins a Threepenny-bit).

As I lay a-snorynge, a snorynge,
a-snorynge,

Softly swore ye sleepless Skinner,
starting from his bed:

In ye stillness of ye night
He grasped his shoe, bedight
With rustie nails and bright (so 'tis
said),

As I lay a-snorynge, he hurled it at my
head!

As I lay a-snorynge, a snorynge, a snorynge,
a snorynge,

Merric sang ye shoe as through ye gloom
it tore.

But alas! for in ye dark
Poor Skinner missed his mark.
There was never such a lark known
before!

As I lay a-snorynge, it crashed on
Queelchy's jaw!

And now I lay a-wakyng, a-wakyng,
a-wakyng,

And methinks through ye gloom I hear
ye sounds of pain
That voice, it haunts me still,
"I did not aim to kill!"

Please, sir, I never will do it again!"
And I turned me back to snorynge, for I
knew his cries were vain!

[Supplement to

"Champion of the Remove!"

(Continued from page 8.)

by, Archie remained on the gate, absorbed in gloomy reflection.

Presently he heard his name called. Looking up, he beheld Cecil Ponsonby, the leader of the Highcliffe "nuts."

"Hallo, Archie, dear boy!" said Pon cheerfully.

Archie frowned.

"I'm Howell to you, please!"

"Oh, don't try to be funny—"

"I can assure you I'm not in a funny mood at the moment," growled Archie.

"You've come a cropper—what?"

"Any ass can see that!"

Ponsonby climbed leisurely on to the gate and seated himself beside Archie.

"I'm surprised to see you goin' in for these sports," he said. "Didn't know you went in for this sort of thing."

"Well, you know now."

"Are you after this silver cup that the governors of Greyfriars are presentin'?" inquired Ponsonby.

Archie nodded.

"Well, I s'pose you've ruined your chances by gettin' this puncture?"

"Not at all. It's unfortunate—dashed unfortunate—but I've still got a good lead of the other fellows."

Ponsonby stared.

"You've got more points than the others?"

"So far."

A dark scowl came over Ponsonby's features. He did not want to see Archie Howell successful in the sports tournament.

Ponsonby was a member of a lawless band known as the Society of Good Sports. And he was very keen on Archie Howell—who was well supplied with pocket-money—joining the precious society, just as Vernon-Smith had joined it some time since.

Vernon-Smith had now washed his hands of the whole thing. His resignation from the society had created a vacancy, and Ponsonby wanted that vacancy to be filled by Archie Howell.

But if Archie won the sports tournament, and renewed his friendship with Harry Wharton & Co., it was not likely that he would consent to throw in his lot with Ponsonby.

"I say, Archie," said Pon at length. "This is a mug's game, you know."

"What is it?"

"Goin' in for these silly stunts. I'm all in favour of sport, but not this sort of sport."

"No. Fleecin' people at cards is more in your line," said Archie Howell contemptuously.

"Look here, don't say beastly things like that, just because you've had the bad luck to pick up a puncture," said Ponsonby. "By the way, has Wharton given you a place in the footer team yet?"

"No."

"An' he never will. He always chooses his own personal pals. Do you call that fair?"

"I don't see that this is any business of yours," said Archie shortly.

But Ponsonby refused to be silenced.

"If I were in your place, Archie," he said, "I wouldn't stand it! If I was dropped from the footer team I'd clear off every half-holiday an' get my amusement in some other form. Matter of fact, that's what I do now. There happens to be a society of us in Court-field, the Society of Good Sports—"

"An' if ever there was a society that

deserved to be exterminated," said Archie with spirit, "it's that one!"

"Oh, rats! We behave ourselves—within reason, you know—an' we have quite a good time—"

"Such a good time that if your Head got to know about it you'd have a jolly bad time!" cut in Archie. "I don't know what you're tellin' me all this for. I'm not a bit interested."

Ponsonby came to the point at once.

"I want you to join us, begad," he said.

"What?"

"You'll have some glorious times if you do!"

For a moment Archie Howell was silent.

Ponsonby completely misunderstood his silence. He imagined that Archie was wavering.

"Can I nominate you at the next meetin', Archie?" he asked eagerly.

Archie spun round fiercely.

"No, you can't!" he said warmly.

"I'll tell you what you can do, though. You can buzz off before you get my fist in your face!"

Archie's vehemence gave Ponsonby such a shock that he nearly toppled off his perch.

Slowly it dawned upon him that he could not hope to convert Archie Howell from a sportsman to a "blade."

Pon's smooth words, his gentle persuasions, had been futile. And the thought goaded him to anger. He didn't stop to measure his words.

"I s'pose that goody goody sister of yours has been preachin' to you!" he sneered.

Now, if there was one thing that Archie Howell could never tolerate it was to hear his sister Phyllis spoken of in terms of ridicule. Bolsover major had once referred to her, in the Remove dormitory, as a saucy mixx, and Archie had promptly knocked him across his bed. Since then no one had dared to speak slightly of Phyllis Howell in Archie's presence until now.

Sarcasms were the offensive words out of Ponsonby's mouth than Archie bit out.

"Biff!"

The blow caught Pon full in the chest, knocking him backwards off the gate.

The Highcliffe "nut" went crashing into a bed of nettles, which reluctantly stung his hands and face. But he was so dazed by his fall that he was unable to detach himself from the nettle-bed for some moments.

When he did so he found himself looking into a pair of flashing eyes.

"Apologise, you cad!" muttered Archie Howell. "Apologise this instant, or—"

Ponsonby had no desire to renew his acquaintance with Archie's fist.

"I—I'm sorry!" he muttered. "I spoke in the heat of the moment."

"Cut off," said Archie curtly, "before I feel tempted to have another go at you!"

Ponsonby was only too glad to make himself scarce.

Caresing his smarting face where it had been stung by the nettles, he hurried away, muttering savagely to himself.

Archie Howell glared after Pon's retreating figure, then he set off in the direction of Greyfriars, pushing his machine.

On arriving at the school he found a crowd of cyclists congregated in the gateway.

"Who won?" he asked eagerly.

Dick Penfold supplied the information with a radiant smile.

"Dick Rodney!" he said. "He beat Bob Cherry by the width of a tyre. It was a great race!"

"Sorry about that puncture, Howell," said Rodney. "It was shocking bad luck."

"Never mind," said Archie. "It's all in the game."

"There's something else waiting to be punctured in Study No. 1," said Frank Nugent.

"Namely?"

"Half a dozen boiled eggs."

"Oh, good!" said Archie. "I'm as hungry as a hunter—or, rather, a Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Archie wheeled his machine into the bicycle-shed, and then joined Wharton and Nugent at tea.

It had been a disastrous afternoon for Archie Howell; but the excellence of the meal, and the friendliness of his study-mates, combined to cheer him up immensely. And he found himself looking forward to the remaining events of the great sports tournament.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**Deeds of Darkness I**

"SHALL we be wanted any more to-day, dear boys?" inquired Archie Howell, as he fished a large and succulent strawberry from the bottom of the jam-jar.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"There's a walking race this evening," he said. "A five-mile tramp. Nothing very serious about that."

"I'm not so sure," said Nugent.

"Five miles at top speed takes some doing. Who's got the longest legs in the Remove? Bunter's got the fastest, and Toddy the thinnest, and Wan Lam the shortest. But who has the longest?"

Archie Howell stretched out his legs under the table, and gave Nugent a gentle kick.

"Or!" gasped Frank. "What's the little game?"

Archie grinned.

"I think you'll agree that I've got the longest legs," he said.

"In that case, you'll win."

"Good! You might replenish my cup, Wharton. That bike race has given me a shocking thirst."

When they had finished tea, the three juniors strolled out to the playing-fields, to watch the Fifth Form sports.

They saw Blundell, the captain of the Fifth, win four events in succession; so there was not much doubt as to the destination of the silver cup. They also saw Horace Coker perform many clownish feats. He impeded all the other competitors in the obstacle race, and when it came to throwing the cricket ball, Coker threw it backwards!

Archie Howell was almost sobbing with merriment.

"That fellow Coker will be the death of me!" he gurgled. "I'm certain I shall burst a boiler in a minute!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Old Prout's clerk of the course," said Wharton. "That's to give Larry Lascalles a rest, I suppose."

Nugent nodded.

"Larry's worked awfully hard," he said, "and it's only right that he should take a few hours off."

It was late in the evening when Mr. Lascalles reappeared, in order to start the Remove walking race.

All the competitors were lined up in shorts and vests and walking shoes.

"You know the route to be taken, my boys," said Mr. Lascelles. "Follow the main road until you come to Friar-dale Woods, then strike off through the main footpath, returning to Greyfriars via Branley Hill."

"Some hill, too!" murmured Bob Cherry. "It'll be worse than Alpine climbing!"

"The contest will finish in darkness. I am afraid," said Mr. Lascelles; "but it cannot be helped. I shall be here in the gateway, with a lantern, to look in the winners. Now, are you ready?"

There was a general nodding of heads. Crack!

As the pistol was fired the walkers moved forward in a mass. Soon they were striding at a raze pace along the white stretch of road.

Archie Howell had his pines cut and dried at the outset. He intended to cover the first three miles at top speed; after which, having gained a substantial lead, he would be able to take things fairly comfortable.

But there were others who had formed similar plans to Archie.

Bob Cherry, Vernon-Smith, and Tom Redwing were swinging along as if they meant to take continents in their stride.

The pace was a cracker, and Archie Howell could only just manage to keep abreast of his three schoolfellows.

When the first hill was reached, however, Archie forged ahead. He was one of those fellows who always seem to take hills as if they were level ground. He strode along in an apparently effortless manner, and Bob Cherry and Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing dropped further and further behind.

"If I can only keep this up till the end of the third mile," reflected Archie, "I shall build up a jolly useful lead."

On reaching Friar-dale Wood he glanced back over his shoulder.

None of his rivals was in sight. The

road was clear, so far as he could tell in the gathering dusk.

With a chuckle of satisfaction, Archie turned into the wood, and struck out along the main footpath.

"Goo!" Jolly said in here!" he muttered. "I shall be glad when I get out on to the road again."

The overhanging branches on either side of the footpath certainly had a darkening effect. This, combined with the intense silence, began to affect Archie's nerves.

It would be all right for the other fellows, he reflected. They would pass through the wood in twos and threes. But alone—

Archie shuddered, and quickened his pace.

He was about half-way through the wood, when there was a rustling in the undergrowth.

The noise might easily have been caused by an animal or a bird. Nevertheless, it startled Archie.

He stopped short, and listened.

The rustling sound continued. Then Archie distinctly heard a voice say:

"Collar him!"

On the instant three or four fellows sprang out on to the footpath, seized Archie Howell, and bore him to the ground.

Archie had only a brief glimpse of his captors, and he saw that they were wearing masks.

Who they were, and what their object was in pouncing on him like this, he hadn't the remotest idea.

Archie didn't accept the situation tamely. Although on the ground, he fought like a tiger, and he had the satisfaction of feeling his fat crash into something soft—presumably a human nose.

A yell of anguish followed the blow, but Archie was unable to recognise the voice of the fellow he had struck.

He continued to fight grimly for his

freedom, but the odds were heavy against him, and he was gradually overpowered. "Bring him along!" commanded a voice.

The tone was disguised, and Archie was still in the dark as to the identity of his captors.

He was half dragged, half carried through the tangled undergrowth for a considerable distance.

At last his assailants halted. They placed him roughly against the trunk of a tree, and secured him to it by means of a length of rope.

"You cude! You beastly hoodlums!" shouted Archie, struggling vainly to free himself. "Let me go!"

The only response was a mocking laugh.

Then there were sounds of retreating footsteps, and Archie Howell was abandoned.

The junior struggled fiercely to break his bonds, but he had to desist at length from sheer exhaustion.

How long was he to be left thus, bound to the tree-trunk? Hours, perhaps, possibly all night.

The thought of being a prisoner in those lonely woods all through the long night was appalling.

He raised a shout, but there was little hope of it being heard. His captors had taken him far away from the beaten track.

"Help! Help!"

Archie strained his ears to catch the sound of a response through the deepening gloom. But none came.

Half an hour passed, and Archie realised that his chances of winning the walking match were irretrievably ruined.

"I seem fated not to bag that silver cup!" he muttered. "First there was the puncture, and now there's this kidnapping stunt. Jove! I'd give a good deal to know who is at the bottom of it!"

Just as he was beginning to despair of being released that night the welcome sound of footsteps came to Archie's ears.

But they were not the footsteps of friends.

The next moment the masked individuals who had been responsible for the kidnapping stepped into view.

One of them, without a word, whipped out a peckle and proceeded to sever Archie's bonds.

Then the masked figures took to their heels, and were instantly swallowed up in the darkness of the wood.

Archie knew that it would be futile to give chase. Even if he located his assailants he would be cramped limbs, and made his way back to Greyfriars.

When he arrived at the school gateway he found Mr. Lascelles and a crowd of juniors waiting for him.

"What does this mean, Howell?" said the young mathematics master. "I did not expect you to come in last. Have you met with an accident?"

In a few brief sentences Archie explained what had happened.

"This—is this amazing?" gasped Mr. Lascelles, when Archie had told his story. "And you have no idea whom your captors were?"

"Not the foggiest notion, sir," said Bob Cherry, in tones of indignation.

"I think the walking match ought to be held over again, sir."

"Hear, hear!" echoed a dozen voices. "No, no!" said Archie Howell. "It is quite all right."



Harry Wharton gingerly set foot on the pole. He managed to stagger forward a few paces, with arms akimbo, then— Splash! The captain of the Remove lost his balance and toppled into the river. (See Chapter 7.)

"But you would have won," protested Wharton.

"Perhaps—perhaps not. Anyway, it's not worth makin' a fuss about. Who did win, by the way?"

"Guess," said Bob Cherry.

"It was either you or Smithy.

"It was neither."

"Then it must have been Redwing."

Bob shook his head.

"An outsider won it," he said.

"If you call me an outsider—"

began Dick Penfold warmly.

"My hat!" ejaculated Archie Howell.

"Did you come in first, Pen?"

Penfold made a modest bow.

"Good man!" said Archie. "An' who was second?"

"Tell it, not in Gath," said Bob Cherry.

"Micky Desmond was second. Faith, an' we didn't expect Ould Oireland to get a look in at all, at all!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Would you like the contest to be held over again, Howell?" asked Mr. Lascelles.

"It is for you to say."

"No, sir. I'm perfectly willin' to let the present result stand," said Archie.

The walking match having been won by an outsider, Archie's chances of winning the cup were not seriously affected. Had Harry Wharton or Bob Cherry won it, it would have been a different matter.

Archie pondered a good deal that evening on the subject of that mysterious attack in the wood.

Not for the life of him could he discover the identity of his assailants.

Though had he remembered his little skirmish with Pensonby of Highcliffe he would have been able to make a very shrewd guess.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Laid by the Heels.

THE great sports tournament at Greyfriars was now nearly half-way through.

Of the nine events which had taken place in the Remove, Archie Howell enjoyed a comfortable lead. If only he performed as well in the second half of the tournament as he had done in the first, there would be no doubt as to the destination of the silver cup which the governors were awarding.

Phyllis Howell had followed her brother's progress with keen satisfaction. She came over to Greyfriars next day, when there were quite a lot of events down for decision.

"You're doing magnificently, Archie!" she said, greeting her brother on the cricket-ground. "I could hug you!"

"If you start kassin' me, an' gushin' over me, in front of all these fellows, Phyl, I'll never forgive you!" he said.

Phyllis laughed.

"It's all right, you old duffer! I'll save up the kisses till afterwards. What is the programme this afternoon?"

Mr. Lascelles came on the scene at that moment, and answered the question.

"Among the events," he announced, "there will be a contest to determine who is the best batsman in the Remove, and another to decide who is the best bowler. Each competitor for bowling honours will deliver six balls each, in rotation, until the contest is over. Is that clear?"

There was a murmur of assent.

"I am to be the sole judge," said Mr. Lascelles, "and I think you can rely upon me to give an impartial decision."

"Yes, rather, sir!"

"Get the pals on, Wharton," said Mr. Lascelles, signalling to the captain of the Remove.



It was in the sixth round that the end came. Bob Cherry's left took Archie Howell fairly between the eyes and he went to the floor. Bob Cherry had won the great boxing test! (See Chapter 8.)

Harry Wharton took off his coat, buckled on the pads, and selected a good bat. Then he took his stand inside the net in front of the wicket.

Even those who had criticized the selection of Wharton as captain of cricket led to admit that he looked every inch a cricketer as he took his guard.

Tom Brown sent down six balls. Harry Wharton cut the first, pulled the second round to leg, and got the full face of the bat to the remaining four, sending the ball to the farthest limits of the ground.

"Bravo!"

"Well played, Wharton!"

Tom Brown, looking very crestfallen, tossed the ball to Vernon Smith.

Wharton treated Smith's deliveries with a little more respect, but not much. There was not one ball that he failed to hit.

Rodney then bowled to him, with the same result. Then Archie Howell took his turn.

Archie sent down a leg-break, and off-break, a fast straight one, a slow straight one, a googly, and a full toss. In each case Wharton clumped the leather good and hard, as if he meant to knock the cover off the ball.

"It's like bowlin' to a Hobbs or a Bardsley!" was Archie Howell's rueful comment.

The only bowler whose deliveries Wharton found difficulty in playing was Hurree Singh.

There was something almost uncanny about the nabob's bowling, and Wharton had all his work out to preserve his wicket intact. He succeeded, and a storm of applause greeted him when his ten minutes were up.

Bob Cherry was the next batsman. Bob hit vigorously, after the manner of that dashing cricketer and brilliant sporting journalist, G. L. Jessop. But he made a bad mistake. He edged away from a leg ball, instead of smiting it,

with the result that he was bowled off his pads.

Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, Vernon-Smith, Peter Todd, Dick Rodney, and Archie Howell then went to the wicket in turn.

They all shaped well, and Archie Howell caused a sensation by hitting a ball clean out of the ground. But Harry Wharton's brilliant performance with the bat was not beaten. And when Mr. Lascelles announced Wharton as the winner of the batting contest, and Hurree Singh as the winner of the bowling, no one had any quarrel with his decision.

Wharton and Hurree Singh each secured three points.

The runners-up in batting and bowling were Archie Howell and Dick Rodney respectively, and they each took one point.

"Wharton's creeping up to you, Archie," said Phyllis Howell. "He's got seven points altogether, against your ten."

"There's a long way to go yet, Phyl," said Archie.

"What is the next event?"

"I believe we adjourn to the rifle-range."

"Have you done any rifle-shooting lately?"

"I've fired about two shots this term, an' missed the target on each occasion."

"Then you won't stand an earthly chance!"

"Afraid not, dear pal."

On reaching the range, the juniors had to fire ten shots each at a distance of twenty-five yards.

Archie Howell did his best, but there were better shots than he.

Vernon-Smith carried off the honours, with forty-eight points out of a possible fifty.

This was the Bounder's first win in the sports tournament. Hitherto, he had finished second to Wharton in the mile,

and that was all. His success was loudly cheered, and Bob Cherry, whom he had beaten by only one point, was the first to congratulate him.

Archie Howell looked thoughtful as he strolled away from the rifle-range, with his sister's arm linked in his.

"I seem to be droppin' behind, Phyl," he said. "This won't do. I must never let it be said that I started off in the sports tournament with a rare spurt, an' then went all to pieces."

"The wrestling contests come next, I believe," said Phyllis. "Can you wrestle?"

"Like a Cornishman!"

"Then you ought to be able to get three more points."

"I'll fight for 'em tooth an' nail, anyway!" said Archie.

But he was unfortunate. He found himself drawn against Peter Todd. Peter had made a special study of wrestling; and, good though Archie was, the leader of Study No. 7 went one better.

After a grim tussle on the mat, Archie was "thrown" twice in succession, and Peter Todd was acclaimed the winner.

In the second round, Peter was drawn against Johnny Bull. Johnny was burly, but he was no wrestler, and he was soon vanquished.

Peter Todd went undefeated to the end. In the final he had to meet Oliver Kippus, whom he conquered after a dour struggle.

"Three points for Toddy, and one for Kippa, and nothin' for this child!" said Archie Howell. "By my halidom, I shall have to pull up my socks!"

"Yen, verily, and in good sooth!" said Phyllis, laughing. "You simply must win the Marathon race, Archie!"

"Talk not to me of Marathons!" said Archie, aghast. "Do you really mean to say there's goin' to be a giddy Marathon this afternoon?"

"In an hour's time," said Bob Cherry, overhearing the conversation. "Don't go gettin' kidnapped this time, Archie!"

"No fear of that, dear boy. I'll be broad daylight this time. It was gettin' dusk before, if you remember."

"It wouldn't be a bad wheeze," said Bob, "to get Coker of the Fifth to come along on his motor-bike, with Potter in the sidecar and Greene riding pillion. Then, if there's an attack on you, they'll be able to chip in and deal with the attackers."

Archie Howell slipped Bob Cherry on the back.

"An excellent plan!" he said. "I'll go an' arrange it with Coker, an' then I'm goin' to have an hour's rest, so as to be fit for this strenuous affair. I must say, it's a bit thick to spring a Marathon on us like this, after we've been battin' an' howlin' an' shootin' an' wrestlin' an' goodness knows what!"

Archie nodded to his sister and to Bob Cherry, and went along to Coker's study.

He found the great Horace in a genial mood, despite the fact that he had fared badly in the Fifth Form sports.

It was Coker who had been instrumental in rescuing Phyllis Howell from the clutches of a gang of kidnappers not many weeks before. As a result, a strong friendship had been established between Coker and Phyllis—a friendship in which Archie shared.

"Pleased to see you, kid!" said Coker affably. "I see you're been distinguishin' yourself in the fags' sports."

"An' I see that you've been distinguishin' yourself, or tryin' to!" said Archie, with a grin.

"Look here—"

"All serene, brother Horace! Keep

your hair on! I want you to do me a favour."

Coker nodded graciously. "What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"You heard of that kidnappin' stunt—when I was pounced upon in Friardale Wood by a number of masked robbers?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Well, it's just possible that there may be a further attack on me this evenin', durin' the Remove Marathon."

"So I thought you might be willin' to come along on your motor-bike, an' bring Potter an' Greene with you, in case of emergency."

"Like a shot!" said Coker. "If any young'ers tries this kidnappin' bimzey again they'll get it in the neck! Leave it to me, kid. I'll see that nobody interferes with you."

"Thanks, dear boy!" said Archie. "Race starts in an hour."

And he went along to his study to rest.

Archie stretched out his limbs on the study sofa, and dropped into a doze.

He was awakened by a babel of voices from the Close.

"I feel like a giant refreshed!" he murmured, leaning to his feet. "If I don't win this Marathon, I shall give up runnin', an' start keepin' rabbits!"

Archie hurried down to the school gates, where his rivals were assembled.

Coker, of the Fifth, was in the Close, endeavouring to start his motor-bike.

Mr. Lascelles turned to the runners.

"The route will be precisely the same as that which was taken in the walking match, my boys," he said. "I trust that on this occasion, Howell, you will meet with no misadventures."

After a brief interval Mr. Lascelles fired the pistol, and the runners sped off, to the accompaniment of roosting cheers from the crowd which watched them go.

"Go it, ye cripples!"

"It's your race, Cherry!"

"Rats! Howell's the man!"

With a confused clamour of voices dinging in his ears, Archie streaked along the road.

He intended to follow out his previous programme—to cover the first three miles at record-breaking speed, and finish the course at his leisure.

Archie was the first to reach Friardale Wood, and he plunged into it without misgivings.

The sun was slowly sinking to his rest, but it was still daylight.

Archie glanced keenly from right to left as he sped along the footpath. He was prepared for an attack. But none came.

On emerging from the wood Archie slackened his speed somewhat. He could afford to do so now.

A comparatively short run would bring him to Greyfriars. Already Archie's face was flushed with the anticipation of victory.

Presently there was a patter of feet behind him.

Archie gave an involuntary start.

Surely the other runners had not made such good progress that they had almost caught up with him?

He was convinced that he had built up a lead of nearly a quarter of a mile.

What, then, was the meaning of this sudden patter of feet?

Archie stopped short in his stride and looked back over his shoulder. Then he uttered an exclamation of dismay.

Four masked figures—his captors of the previous evening—were rushing towards him.

"Stop!" commanded a voice.

Archie wheeled round and shot out his fist as the foremost of the masked figures rushed upon him.

Bliff!

The recipient of the blow fell like a log. He lay motionless in the roadway, with all the fight knocked out of him.

The other three, however, were upon Archie Howell in a twinkling.

The junior stood his ground, hitting out desperately. But he could not shake off his assailants.

Then came the welcome hoot of a horn, and a familiar green motor-cycle—the property of Coker of the Fifth—came snorting on the scene.

Archie's attackers promptly released him, and looked up in alarm.

When they caught sight of the sturdy Fifth-Former for Coker had brought Potter and Greene along—they promptly bolted through a gap in the hedge, and sped away across the fields.

The fellow whom Archie Howell had knocked down attempted to follow the others. But Coker & Co. were upon him before he could get away.

Coker waved his hand to Archie. "You run on, kid!" he said. "We'll deal with this precious rotter. Buck up! There's danger!"

As Coker jerked out the last four words Archie Howell saw three runners emerge from the wood into the roadway. They were Bob Cherry, Mark Lanley, and Vernon-Smith.

There was not a second to be lost. Much valuable time had been wasted already.

Archie, whose lead had now been reduced to barely a hundred yards, sped away like a hare.

But he was soon in difficulties.

The recent struggle had well-nigh exhausted him. He could get over the level ground fairly well, but when he came to Bramley Hill, up which all the runners had to toil before they came in sight of the school, he felt completely "whacked."

Running up a hill even when one is fresh is hard work. To Archie Howell, spent with his exertions, it was like a nightmare.

Half-way up he dropped into a walk. He simply couldn't help it. He felt as if he had a heavy dumb-bell tied to each of his ankles. His breath came and went in great gasps. His face was streaming with perspiration.

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He permitted himself another glance over his shoulder.

To his dismay, he saw that he was now leading by a matter of twenty yards only. And the second man—Bob Cherry—was coming up the hill with the agility of a panther.

Archie set his teeth.
"I must struggle along somehow!" he muttered.

His legs felt as if they didn't belong to him. For a moment they flatly refused to do his bidding.

Then, with a superhuman effort, Archie broke into a run.

Once he reached the top of the hill he reflected, all would be well. He could soon tackle the remaining stretch of level road, despite his exhaustion.

On and on, up and up, he toiled, putting every ounce of himself into the grim struggle.

Bob Cherry gained rapidly, and the two juniors reached the brow of the hill at the same time.

Mark Linsley and Vernon-Smith, running neck and neck, were only a few yards behind.

From the school wall a view could be obtained of the summit of Branley Hill. And when a couple of heads bobbed up over the top of the hill a great cheer went up.

That cheer put fresh heart into Archie Howell. It was just the sort of stimulus he wanted.

Bob Cherry ran hard, but Archie kept pace with him, stride by stride. He knew that if once he dropped behind—even though it were merely a yard—his chances of victory would be gone.

Neck and neck, shoulder to shoulder, the two juniors ran on.

The school gates were open, and the white tape stretched between them, fluttering in the evening breeze.

The onlookers were almost hoarse with excitement.

"Cherry!"
"Howell!"
"Come along, Bob!"
"Now, Archie!"

With half a dozen yards to go, Archie made a supreme effort. He hurled himself forward, carried the tape in front of him, and collapsed in a huddled heap in the school gateway.

It was a dramatic finish to a dramatic race. And if ever a fellow earned the thunderous applause of a multitude, Archie Howell did.

But Archie did not hear the applause. He had fainted. The dust, the heat, the exertion, had brought about his complete collapse.

He did not even know that he had won until, ten minutes later, he opened his eyes and found himself lying on the couch in No. 1 Study, and then Wharton and Nugent told him the news.

"Jolly well run, old fellow!" said Harry Wharton, grasping Archie's hand.
"Did—did I win?" muttered Archie.

"Of course you won! And you'd have won by a much bigger margin if it hadn't been for those Highcliffe cads!"

"Highcliffe cads!" echoed Archie dazedly.

"Yes. It was Ponsonby & Co. who tried to queer your race."

"And it was Ponsonby & Co. who strung you to a tree last night, in Friar-dale Wood," said Nugent.

"Great pep!"

Archie Howell struggled into a sitting posture. He could see it all now. He had offended Ponsonby by declining to have anything to do with the Society of Good Sports; and this was Pen's sweet form of revenge. He had set out to

prevent Archie from winning the Remove silver cup.

"The fellow you knocked down in the road was Pon himself," said Harry Wharton. "Coker & Co. laid hands on him, and they made him confess who the other cads were. They turned out to be Gadsby, Monson major, and Vavasour."

"A delightful trio!" said Archie.
"What's goin' to happen to them?"

Wharton looked grim.
"We're going to teach them that they can't play tricks of that sort with impunity," he said. "Four of us are going over to Highcliffe this evening, to give the cads the licking of their lives!"

"Good!" said Archie. "I'll come along."

"No, you won't. You're not fit. This Marathon has taken all the stuffing out of you. If you take my advice, Archie, you'll go and get a good night's rest, or you won't be fit for anything to-morrow."

At that moment, Phyllis Howell stepped into the study. Her gaze rested anxiously on her brother.

"Are you all right, Archie?"
"Right as rain, dear gal!"

"That was a glorious finish!" said Phyllis, her eyes sparkling. "When I tell the other girls all about it to-night, they'll wish they'd turned out to see it."

"Our poet laureate—Dick Penfold—is going to write an ode about it," said Nugent. "He's going to compare Archie with Dorando—to Dorando's disadvantage."

"Am!" said Archie, laughing.
"There's nothin' to make a song about, an' you know it."

Harry Wharton slipped on his jacket over his running attire.

"We'll see Miss Phyllis to Cliff House, and then proceed to Highcliffe on business," he said. "So-long, Archie!"

"So-long, dear boys! Good-night, Phyl!"

Before leaving the study, Phyllis crossed over to the couch, and whispered in her brother's ear.

"Aren't you glad you promised to go in for the sports, Archie?"

"Glad!" echoed Archie. "I should jolly well think I was! Why, I feel I'm just beginning to live!"

"You are well in the running for the cup, now."

"Yes. But lots of things may happen before the end of the sports tournament," was the reply. "I mustn't be too cocksure. Good-night, old Phyl!"

"Good-night, dear!"

Wharton and Nugent were waiting in the passage. They escorted their girl chum to Cliff House, and Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull joined the party. Then the four juniors went on to Highcliffe, in order to deal with Ponsonby & Co.

And they dealt with them so effectively—administering black eyes and thick ears and swollen noses in such a relentless style—that Cecil Ponsonby and his cronies were completely subdued. And they came to the conclusion that it would be decidedly unsafe to launch any further attacks against Archie Howell!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The End in Sight!

WITH thirteen points to his credit, it looked as if Archie Howell would romp home easily as the winner of the silver cup.

Archie had won four events outright, and he had been runner-up in one other contest.

Next to Archie came Harry Wharton, with seven points.

Bob Cherry and Dick Rodney had scored five points each, while Vernon-Smith and Peter Todd had obtained four.

It really seemed as if Archie Howell would have a "walk-over," unless one of his rivals managed to collect a big bag of points next day.

On the following afternoon, all roads led to the river.

The Famous Five of the Remove looked very happy as they joggled along side by side, carrying towels and bathing-costumes.

"If there's one sport I'm crazy on," said Bob Cherry, "it's swimming. In the ordinary way, I prefer boxing and cricket, but on a scorching day like this, swimming takes the palm."

"Hope you're feeling in form, Bob," said Harry Wharton. "We simply must stop our friend Howell from piling up the points."

"He's only got to win a couple of races this afternoon, and he's sure of the cup," said Nugent, who, being a bit of a mathematician, had worked it all out.

"We'll do our best to prevent him winning any," said Johnny Bull.

Archie Howell was coming along behind with his sister. He was looking pale and off-colour. The strenuous events of the past few days had taken toll of his energies; and his legs ached terribly as a result of his exertions in the Marathon.

Archie had enjoyed a long sleep, yet he had awakened feeling unrefreshed. He wished there could be an interval of a day or so before the swimming races took place.

Phyllis noted her brother's jaded look.
"You don't seem yourself to-day, Archie," she remarked.

"To be perfectly frank, dear gal, I'm not," said Archie. "I'm feelin' stale an' out of sorts."

"But you said only last night that you were as right as rain—"

"So I was—then. But a reaction seems to have set in. Somethin' tells me that I sha'n't add to my laurels this afternoon. Still, I mean to do my level best. Never let it be said that a Howell failed for want of tryin'!"

Phyllis squeezed her brother's arm, and wished him luck.

"You may feel better, as time goes on," she said.

As a matter of fact, Archie felt decidedly worse.

The first event was a straightforward swimming race of eighty yards.

On diving into the water at the word of command, Archie found himself "sandwiched" between Bolsover major and Tom Dutton, who were splashing about in the water like whales.

Archie struggled to get clear. When at last he succeeded in doing so, he found that the majority of the competitors were a long way ahead, and he went "all out" to overtake them.

As a rule, Archie was a speedy swimmer, but on this occasion his strokes seemed slow and laboured.

"Buck up, Howell!" came an encouraging shout from the bank.

Archie shut all he knew into the struggle. He passed six swimmers in succession; but there were two that he failed to pass. These were Wharton and Vernon-Smith.

But for being hampered at the start, Archie might have won. As it was, the first man home was Harry Wharton.

Vernon-Smith came in second, and

Archie was a good third. But there were no points for the third man.

Archie was exhausted at the finish. A couple of friendly hands seized him, and hauled him out of the water, and he sat down on the bank to recover his breath.

The next event was a swimming-in-clothes contest.

"If I were you, Archie," said Phyllis, "I should give it a miss. You'll need all your strength for the sculling race."

"That's true, Phyl. I hate to be merely a locker-on. Still, there's sound wisdom in what you say. I'll take things easy until the scullin' race comes along."

Those who were taking part in the swimming-in-clothes race proceeded to attire themselves in old and shabby suits, which had been specially procured for the purpose. Each competitor also had to encumber himself with a pair of heavy sea-boots.

As he watched these preparations, Archie Howell felt devoutly thankful that he was not taking part in the race.

It was an exciting struggle that followed.

Dick Rodney was in front for the head part of the distance. Then Bob Cherry came along with a mighty spurt, to snatch a narrow victory.

The sculling race came next. It was to be conducted on the "knock-out" system. The names of the competitors were placed in a hat, and they were drawn together in pairs.

Archie Howell found himself drawn against Bulstrode in the first heat.

Rowing strongly after his "breather," he managed to beat his opponent by half a length.

In the second heat he found himself up against Johnny Bull, one of the finest oarsmen in the Remore.

After a breathlessly-exciting contest, Archie won by a matter of inches.

By sheer pluck he managed to reach the semi-final, and then he was beaten by Sampson Quincey Ilfrey Field.

Archie had to be assisted out of his boat. He was in a state of utter collapse, and it was obvious that he would not be fit for anything else that day.

"I tried my hardest to beat Squiff!" he confided to Phyllis. "But the fellow seemed to row like a machine. He's got a cast-iron constitution! Bet he beats Bob Cherry in the final!"

But Archie would have lost his bet. Bob Cherry, whose fund of energy seemed inexhaustible, won the final in splendid style.

This was Bob's second win of the afternoon, and it brought his total of points up to eleven. He was now only two points behind Archie Howell.

There were two more events to take place. One was a diving contest, in which plates had to be picked up from the bed of the river. The other was a balancing test, in which the competitors had to walk—or try to walk—across a greasy pole. The one who walked farthest across it would be adjudged the winner.

"All I hope is," said Archie Howell, who was now fully dressed, and reclining on the bank with Phyllis, "that Bob Cherry doesn't score another win. If he does, it will put him in front of me. An' there's only one more event to complete the sports tournament."

"What is that?" asked Phyllis.

"The boxin' contests." Phyllis made a wry face. She knew that Bob Cherry was, without exception, the best boxer in the Remore. How, then, could Archie hope to defeat him!

"Thank goodness the boxin' isn't till to-morrow evenin'!" said Archie. "I ought to be sound in wind an' limb again by then. At present, I feel like a confirmed invalid. Would you mind passin' my crutches, Phyl?"

"Don't be absurd!" said Phyllis, smiling. "You'll be perfectly fit again by to-morrow."

"I shall need to be, if I'm goin' to lick Bob Cherry in the ring. Hallo! They've started to walk the greasy pole! Go it, Wharton!"

Harry Wharton gingerly set foot on the pole. He managed to stagger forward a few paces, with arms akimbo, and then—

Splash!

The captain of the Remore lost his balance, and toppled into the river, amid roars of laughter from the onlookers.

Peter Todd came next, and he shared a similar fate. So did Frank Nugent, and Mark Linley, and Vernon-Smith, and several others.

Bob Cherry caused a mild sensation by getting three-quarters of the way across before he lost his balance. And then Tom Brown came along, and astonished the natives by successfully walking right across the pole!

"Hurrah!"

"Well played, Browney!"

Tom Brown was duly declared the winner, and Bob Cherry the runner-up.

"Bob's only one point behind me now," said Archie Howell. "If he gets another point in the pickin'-up-plates contest, we shall be level."

After an interval, Mr. Lascelles threw a number of tin plates into the river, and Harry Wharton dived for them. He managed to bring six of the plates to the surface, and his effort was loudly applauded.

Bob Cherry, however, went one better. He fished up eight of the plates, and it looked as if he would be the winner.

Bob's total of eight was the highest until the last man dived in.

The last man was Dick Rodney. He had been practising feats of this sort all through the summer, and there was a confident smile on his face as he took the plunge.

He seemed to be under the water an age. Mr. Lascelles began to look alarmed.

"It's all right, sir!" said Dick Penfold, Drake's chum. "Dicky can stay under quite a long time. And when he comes up, I fancy he'll have plenty to show for it."

Even as Penfold spoke, Rodney's head bobbed to the surface. He swam with difficulty to the bank, and deposited thereon a heap of plates.

Mr. Lascelles counted them out.

"Two—four—six—eight—ten!" he announced. "Rodney is the winner!"

"But Bob Cherry's the runner-up!" murmured Archie Howell. "That brings him exactly level with me on points!"

"Everything hinges on the boxing!" said Phyllis.

Archie nodded.

"The excitement will be maintained up to the last," he said. "Anythin' may happen now. If Bob Cherry wins the boxin', he wins the cup. If I win the boxin', then I bag the cup. An' if neither of us wins the boxin', or gets second place, then the sports will end

in a dead-heat between Cherry an' this child."

The position was certainly very interesting. Everybody was talking about it on the way back to Greyfriars.

But there were very few fellows who fancied Archie Howell's chances.

Archie was a dashing and skilful boxer—a master of ringcraft. But, then, so was Bob Cherry. Archie knew all the finer points of the noble art. But so, also, did Bob Cherry. So it all boiled down to a question of weight and build; and it was here that Bob had a distinct advantage.

He was sturdy; Archie would be slim.

But it would be idle to speculate, for perhaps Bob Cherry and Archie Howell would not come together in the ring at all. One or both of them might be knocked out in one of the early heats. If both were defeated, the sports tournament would result in a dead-heat between them; and a deciding contest of some sort would have to be arranged before the silver cup could be awarded.

For the rest of that evening, and during the following day, the excitement was at fever heat.

It was the general opinion that Bob Cherry would prove to be champion of the Remore. But—There was always a "but," where Archie Howell was concerned.

Archie was a fellow who never knew when he was beaten. He had failed on the river, but that was due to unfitness. He now felt perfectly sound again, and ready to take his place in the ring with the best of the Remore boxers.

The gym was packed to overflowing when the supreme moment came.

Mr. Lascelles, who had got through mountains of work in connection with the tournament, and who was quite ready for more, raised his hand for silence.

"We have now come to the final event," he announced. "The names of all the entrants have been placed in a hat, and drawn in pairs. The result of the draw is as follows."

Everybody craned forward eagerly to hear the result of the draw, upon which so much depended.

"Brown versus Bulstrode," began Mr. Lascelles. "Wharton versus Rodney, Morgan versus Nerland, Field versus Bolsover, Nugent versus Howell—"

Archie could have jumped for joy.

He had no doubt whatever as to his ability to dispose of Frank Nugent. Frank was a clever boxer, but he lacked the "punch" of fellows like Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry. Nugent could have beaten most of the fellows in his Form; but he would have no chance against Archie Howell.

Often, in Study No. 1, the two had tried conclusions in a friendly way, and on those occasions Archie had always got the better of the argument.

Looking up, Nugent happened to meet Archie's eye. He saw that his study-mate was smiling.

"You can grin, old man!" he said. "But I mean to give you a good run for your money!"

Mr. Lascelles continued to read out the names.

Bob Cherry, in the first heat, was drawn against Ogilvy, so that he, too, had an easy passage. For Ogilvy was not nearly so renowned a fighting-man as Bob.

When the result of the draw had been made public, Mr. Lascelles signalled to the first pair—Brown and Bulstrode—to get ready.

(Continued on page 20.)

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U.J.G., 1921.

"Champion of the Remove!"

(Continued from page 18.)

And a few moments later the great boxing tournament—one of the greatest, perhaps, in the long and eventful history of the Greyfriars Remove—was in full swing!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Champion of His Form!

A RCHIE HOWELL came through his first heat successfully. So did Bob Cherry. Archie found Frank Nugent a tough nut to crack.

For five rounds Nugent had stubbornly refused to accept defeat. He fought heroically, but everybody could see what the end was going to be. At the end of the fifth round a smashing straight left from Archie Howell put Nugent out of the fight.

Bob Cherry had an easier task. He administered such heavy punishment to Ogilvy that the Scottish junior was compelled to retire at the end of the third round. Mr. Lascelles ordered his retirement, and, to tell the truth, Ogilvy was not sorry.

"Whoever has to meet Bob Cherry in the second heat," he said, "I pity from the bottom of my heart! He'll be smashed up completely—yes, even to a pulp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In the second heat, Archie Howell had to face Peter Todd; while Bob Cherry was drawn against his friend and study-mate, Mark Linley.

"Do you think you can beat Todd, Archie?" inquired Phyllis anxiously. "If I can't," said Archie, "I'll eat my Sunday topper! I'll despatch a fag for it an' digest it here in your presence!"

Phyllis smiled.

"You seem very confident," she said. "I am!"

Archie's confidence was well-founded. Peter Todd was no novice with the gloves. He was a better man than most. But Archie Howell had the measure of him before a couple of rounds were over, and in the third round Peter Todd went down for the count. Thus Archie passed into the third heat.

As for Bob Cherry's opponent, Mark Linley, he was not "smashed to a pulp," as Ogilvy had predicted.

Linley was from Lancashire, and Lancashire people are noted for their grit. This does not mean that they omit to wash themselves, but that they are as full of pluck as an egg is of meat.

Anyway, Mark Linley led Bob Cherry a rare dance. And it was not until the seventh round that Bob succeeded in wearing his man down, and administering a punch which knocked Mark Linley over the top rope. Thus Bob, too, passed into the third heat.

Archie Howell now found himself up

against Johnny Bull. And Bob Cherry had to meet Spuff.

Phyllis Howell was delighted to think that Archie had got through the first two heats successfully. But she had fears for her champion now.

"Bull is a much bigger boy than either Nugent or Todd," she observed. "An', incidentally, a better boxer," said Archie. "I sha n't offer to eat my Sunday topper if Johnny licks me, because he's a real good man!"

If only he could beat Johnny Bull—Johnny, for his part, was determined not to be beaten. He had no chance of winning the silver cup himself, but by beating Archie Howell he would be paving the way for Bob Cherry.

He was very fond of both juniors; but he liked Bob the better.

That third contest proved a severe ordeal for Archie Howell. For some time his blows seemed to make no impression on Johnny Bull. They merely seemed to rouse Johnny to a higher fighting pitch, and that was all.

The bout went the full twelve rounds without a knock-out being given or taken.

The verdict was to be awarded on points, and Archie Howell's heart was in his mouth as Mr. Lascelles prepared to make his decision.

"Howell wins on points."

"Hurrah!"

It had been a very close thing. Archie had just managed to scrape through, and he was now in the semi-final. He found himself paired with Dick Russell.

The other two semi-finalists were Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton.

There was a great deal of speculation as to which two would get into the final. Some said Russell and Cherry; others said Russell and Wharton.

Everybody seemed to take it for granted that Dick Russell would defeat Archie Howell. But, as it happened, Russell was not up to his usual form, and Archie got through. Bob Cherry then faced Harry Wharton, to gain a verdict on points.

Another interval followed, and then came the final.

That final will be spoken of so long as Greyfriars remains a public school.

It would need the pen of a master to describe it—to give a realistic account of what happened.

The first round was in Bob Cherry's favour. So was the second. The third was responsible for some tremendously hard hitting, of which Archie Howell had an equal share.

The next three rounds were clock full of incident.

On one occasion Bob Cherry was caught napping, and a straight-from-the-shoulder blow from Archie Howell lifted him clean off his feet.

"He's out!" cried a voice. "He's licked!"

But Bob Cherry was on his feet in a twinkling. He pressed his opponent hard, and Archie Howell took any amount of punishment. The Spartan manner in which he took it brought tears of pride to the eyes of Phyllis.

It was in the sixth round that the end came.

A terrible dizziness came over Archie Howell. He tried to shake it off, but in vain. His surroundings became misty and indistinct. He could but faintly discern his opponent. The sea of faces in the gym seemed far away; the murmur of voices seemed faint and distinct.

Crash!

Bob Cherry's left took Archie Howell fairly between the eyes.

It seemed to Archie that the end of the world had come.

Everything became dark; there was a roaring in his ears. He felt himself falling—falling through what seemed to be an infinity of space.

And when he opened his eyes, and saw the kindly face of Mr. Lascelles bending over him, a sob came into his throat. For he knew that he had lost.

"Cheer up, my boy!" said Mr. Lascelles, and the master's voice sounded strangely husky. "Cherry has won the honour—deservedly, as you will be the first to admit. But you, Howell, have given us this day an exhibition of pluck and endurance which will always stand out prominently in the annals of Greyfriars sport! You have failed, my boy, but only in a sense. Yours has been a splendid failure. You kept on fighting till the last!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Good old Howell!"

With great difficulty, Archie staggered to his feet. His eyes roved round the gym till they rested on Bob Cherry. Then he went over to Bob, and seized one of his hands in both his own.

"The best man wins!" he said. "Congratulations, dear boy!"

And everybody agreed afterwards that that was the action of a true sportsman.

Bob Cherry was duly presented with the silver cup which he had fought so hard to obtain. And the name "R. Cherry" was inscribed on the special Scroll of Honour, together with the names of all the other Form champions.

The other names on that envied scroll were as follows:

"George Wingate, George Blundell, James Hobson, Cecil Reginald Temple, George Tubb, Richard Nugent."

These had proved themselves to be the leading athletes in their respective Forms.

But the Remove sports stood out prominently from all the others. The interest in them had never flagged from first to last.

At the end of the week there was a bumper celebration in Bob Cherry's honour. But it was not the only function of its kind.

There was yet another glorious repast, to which every fellow in the Remove sat down, and paid homage to the guest of honour.

And his name?

Need you guess?

It was Archie Howell!

THE END.

(Full particulars of next week's story on page 2.)

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