

THE FAVOURITE ALL-SCHOOL-STORY PAPER!

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The Magnet ^{1 1/2}

Library

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THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



"WELL PLAYED, BULSTRODE!"

(An exciting incident in the great football match between Storm Island and Greyfriars.)

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Address your letters to: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

"THE REMOVE EXAM. MYSTERY!"
By Frank Richards.

That is the title of our next grand, long, complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of the Remove Form at Greyfriars. And a fine story it is, too!

Mr. Richards tells us of the amazing mystery which centred round the examination papers written by the juniors of the Remove, Dr. Locko, Mr. Quetch, the prefects, and all the seniors wonder what has happened, and it becomes evident that either somebody is having a great jape, or that somebody is not anxious to suffer examination in any subject.

How the mystery is eventually solved, and the extraordinary solution made known, will be told in our next issue.

THE SUPPLEMENT.

Harry Wharton has called his next issue of the "Greyfriars Herald" a "Special New-Boy Number." That, in my opinion, is a brain-wave on Harry's part.

Every boy who goes to school was a new boy once. He knows what it feels like to go to a school for the first time; and he remembers his feelings on that first day for many a month afterwards.

But the way in which contributors to the "Greyfriars Herald" deal with this subject is something new in the way of schoolboy journalism.

You will be amused for hours if you ponder over the Removites' idea of what it feels like to be a new boy at a school!

GREAT POPELT OFFER!

Everybody knows "Poplets" is the simple competition which appears weekly in our famous week-end companion paper, the "Poplar." Money prizes are offered to readers in exchange for a postcard, upon which is written a simple sentence. In fact, I need hardly waste space in telling you that. You must already know it.

However, in case you were unfortunate enough to miss the last issue of the "Poplar," let me tell you that a great new offer is made to competitors in "Poplets." The first prize is now nothing less than one of Messrs. Spalding's famous "Mascoe Footballs."

Do you want a football? Then have a try this week! Search all round the district for a copy of the current issue of the "Poplar," and you'll be in time to enter the first competition for a football.

Your Editor.

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A Magnificent Long Complete School Story of Harry Wharton & Co.,
dealing with their Strange Adventures with a Gang of Sea Bandits
on Storm Island. :: :: :: :: By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Challenge for the Remove!

JUST our luck!" Harry Wharton strode into Study No. 1 with a frowning brow.

The captain of the Greyfriars Remove was looking, and feeling, very annoyed. He had just been summoned to answer the telephone in the prefects' room, and the call had evidently not been a welcome one.

"What's the trouble, mighty chief?" inquired Bob Cherry, who was seated on the table, swinging his long legs to and fro like pendulums.

"The Highcliffe match is off!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Frank Courtenay has just rung up to say that half his team is down with mumps. And rather than send a weak eleven over to Greyfriars, he prefers to scratch the fixture."

Expressions of dismay came over the face of Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh.

The footer match with Highcliffe was always a popular event. And the news that it was "off" came as quite a shock to the chums of the Remove.

"This means that we're without a match to-morrow!" growled Johnny Bull.

Wharton nodded gloomily.

"There isn't time to fix up a game with somebody else," he said. "We shall have Saturday afternoon on our hands. Goodness knows how we're going to kill time!"

"What do those Highcliffe beggars mean by getting mumps?" snorted Frank Nugent. "If they wanted to be ill, they might have had the decency to postpone it until after the match!"

"Hear, hear!"

"The hear heartfulness is terrific!"

The Famous Five exchanged dismal glances. They had been looking forward with great keenness to wiping up the ground with Highcliffe. But that pleasure was denied them.

The epidemic of mumps had saved Highcliffe from a smashing defeat. So the Removeites thought, anyway.

And now came the difficult problem of how to spend Saturday afternoon. The Famous Five felt that nothing short of a real good game of football would give them any pleasure. A cycle ride, a long tramp through the lanes of Kent—these would be enjoyable, in their way. But the juniors were in the grip of football fever, and all other pleasures seemed tame by comparison with the grand winter game.

"We might challenge the Fifth," suggested Nugent hopefully.

Wharton shook his head.

"The Fifth are playing the Sixth in a friendly, and the Shell are playing the Upper Fourth, so there's nothing doing," he said. "Come in!"

There was a sharp rat-tat-tat on the door of the study, and the next moment Trotter, the page, entered, bearing a letter.

"This was in the rack for you, Master Wharton," said the page, "an' seen' as 'ow it was marked 'Urgent,' I thought I'd better bring it along."

"Thanks, kid!" said the captain of the Remove. And as soon as Trotter withdrew, he ripped open the envelope. His face lighted up as he perused the contents.

"Good news!" asked Bob Cherry eagerly.

"Yes. We've got a match for to-morrow, after all."

"Hurrah!"

"Had a challenge from Aston Villa, Harry?" inquired Nugent.

"Hardly!"

"From the lads of the village?" queried Johnny Bull.

"No!"

"Then who—?"

Harry Wharton read the letter aloud. It ran as follows:

"Salthaven, Storm Island.

"Dear Wharton,—The Storm Island Football Club (average age 15) hereby challenges the Greyfriars Remove to a

match, to take place on this island to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock.

"The ferry boat service between Pegg and Storm Island has been suspended, owing to the rough weather, but, being fellows of initiative, I expect you will be able to get across somehow.

"Kindly wire stating whether this challenge is accepted or rejected.

"Yours sincerely,

"TED FISHER."

"Hon. Secretary."

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "First time I know that such an outlandish place as Storm Island boasted a footer eleven! I didn't think there were eleven inhabitants on the island!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Storm Island was a very quaint, isolated place, situated a couple of miles out to sea.

The Greyfriars juniors had occasionally rowed over to the island for a picnic.

There was only one place of any size or note on the island—a village called Salthaven. This was a desdly quiet spot, where retired admirals and veteran sea-dogs came to spend the evening of their days. The people of Salthaven were, on the whole, very old, very reserved, and very prosperous. There seemed to be no boys on Storm Island at all—at least, Harry Wharton & Co. had never encountered any in the course of their explorations. It therefore came as a great surprise to learn that the island possessed a junior football team.

"Of course, you'll accept the challenge, Harry!" said Nugent.

"Of course!"

"How are we going to get over to the island?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Rowing boats," said Wharton.

"Rather risky, in a rough sea."

"The greater the risk, the greater the fun."

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Billy Bunter did not intend to be left behind. He waded into the sea and clung tightly to the side of the boat. "Leggo, fathead!" yelled Vernon-Smith. "You'll capsize us in a jiffy!" "I don't care!" said Bunter. "I'm coming with you to Storm Island!" (See Chapter 2)

"That's so!" said Bob Cherry. "Three little rowing boats, gliding over the blue. One turned turtle, and then there were two!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I'll wade to this fellow Fisher, and tell him we'll arrive at his little fishing village at three o'clock to-morrow," said Wharton. "And if we don't put it across Storm Island at footer, I'll give up the game, and take up marbles!"

"This island eleven is a mystery team," said Nugent. "They may be the biggest duffers in creation. On the other hand, they may be hot stuff. So I should send over the strongest eleven, Harry, if I were you."

Wharton nodded.
"It's never wise to field a weak team against dark horses," he said. "I'll take over the strongest side possible. Bulstrode in goal; Johnny Bull and Tom Brown at back; Bob Cherry, Peter Todd, and Linley at half; and Smithy, Nugent, Inky, Archie Howell and your humble servant in the forward line."

"Talk of angels," said Bob Cherry, "and you're bound to hear the flapping of their giddy wings!"

The door opened, and Archie Howell stepped into the study. He nodded cheerfully to the Famous Five.

"Chosen the team for Highcliffe yet, Wharton?" he asked.

"The Highcliffe match is off. We're going across to Storm Island, to play the natives."

"Great pip!"

"Courtenay's got half his team down with mumps, and we were afraid to-morrow was going to be a wash-out," said the captain of the Remove. "But as luck would have it, we've just received a challenge from the Storm Island Football Club, and I'm going to accept."

"Good!" said Archie Howell. "Am I playin'?"

"Yes."
"Cheers! An' how are we goin' to get across to the merry island? The ferry boats aren't runnin' these days."

"We're going to hire rowing boats

from Pegg," explained Wharton. "Excuse me now, you fellows. I must buzz down to the post-office and send that wire."

Harry Wharton hurried from the study, leaving an animated buzz of conversation behind him.

News of the football challenge from Storm Island spread swiftly through the Remove, and there was great excitement, especially among the members of the team, who were looking forward eagerly to their excursion.

There was the usual amount of grumbling from the habitual grouseurs, who accused Harry Wharton of favouritism in his selection of the team.

But Wharton was satisfied that he had selected the best possible eleven, and he paid no heed to the malcontents.

The wire to Ted Fisher was accordingly despatched, and all arrangements were completed for the match between Storm Island and the Greyfriars Remove.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Sailors Don't Care!

"I SAY, you fellows—"
Billy Bunter slipped down from the stool in the tuckshop, and hurried out into the Close.

The fat junior had just caught sight of the Remove eleven, on their way to the gates.

"I say, you might wait for a chap, you know?"

Bob Cherry glanced back over his shoulder.
"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's our prize porker!" he exclaimed. "Like the poor, he's always with us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Snorting like a steam-engine, Billy Bunter at length caught up with the footballers. He nudged Wharton in the ribs with a plump elbow.

"Ow!" gasped the captain of the Remove.

"I say, Harry, old pal, you can squeeze me into the team, can't you?"

"No!" growled Wharton.

"Oh, really, you know! I'm sure there's a vacancy. You haven't an inside-left—"

"It's a wonder that Bunter has, considering the way he stuffs!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Look here, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton. "You can travel! When I want an eleven consisting of kite-balloons, I'll let you know!"

"Best! If you won't let me play, can I refer?"

"You? Why, you wouldn't be able to tell a foul from a goal-kick!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Can I keep the score, then?"
"It won't be necessary," said Peter Todd. "We're not likely to bag more than twenty goals!"

"I'm coming with the team, anyway," said Billy Bunter, with resolution. "You'll need some applause and encouragement. The Storm Island team will have thousands and thousands of people spurring them on!"

"The population must have multiplied since the census, then," said Nugent. "The census showed that there were only five hundred inhabitants, all told."

"Let's get a move on!" urged Archie Howell. "We don't want to hang about here all the afternoon, arguin' the toss with Bunter!"

The footballers strode on their way. Billy Bunter followed them.

Harry Wharton & Co. quickened their pace. Billy Bunter did likewise. He was determined not to let the footballers out of his sight.

Bunter had heard that there was a pastry-cook's at Salthaven which was famous for its doughnuts. The fat junior had long desired to sample those doughnuts, and here was his opportunity. He stuck to the footballers with the tenacity of a fat limpet.

"Pat the pace on, you fellows!" muttered Tom Brown. "We must shake off that fat bouncer somehow!"

But Billy Bunter refused to be shaken off. He broke into a jop-trot, and in this way he was able to keep the footballers in sight.

On reaching the shore at Pegg, Harry Wharton approached an aged and venerable boatman.

"We want to hire three large rowing-boats for the afternoon, to go over to Storm Island," he said.

The old boatman gazed dubiously out to sea.

The billows were rolling ominously, and huge breakers were dashing themselves upon the shore.

Rougher seas than this had been seen in the vicinity of Pegg. At the same time, it was decidedly hazardous for a rowing-boat to put forth into those boisterous waters.

"Which it ain't safe, Master Wharton," said the boatman, after a pause.

"Oh, rats! We've got to get across to Storm Island somehow. And as the ferry-boats aren't running, the only thing to do is to hire rowing-boats. Let's have three of your biggest and best."

Still the boatman hesitated, but Wharton slipped a half-crown into his horny palm, and this did the trick.

The old man knew that Harry Wharton & Co. were good sailors, and that they would handle their cars skilfully in the heavy sea.

The three boats were pushed down to the water's edge.

"Hop in, you fellows!" said Wharton tersely.

Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Johnny

TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

11

Bull, and Hurree Singh stepped into one of the boats, and were pushed off.

Harry Wharton watched their progress rather anxiously. The boat, stout and substantial though it was, seemed to be a mere plaything at the mercy of the waves. It was tossed to and fro like a corkie-shell.

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull, however, pulled vigorously on their oars, and steered their craft into calmer waters. Nugent and Hurree Singh sat in the stern, ready to bail out if necessary.

"They're well away," remarked Harry Wharton. "Next four!"

Peter Todd, Tom Brown, Bulstrode, and Mark Linley manned the second boat.

There was a strong dispute as to which two should row, but order was restored by Peter Todd threatening to brain with his oar any fellow who opposed his wishes.

"Marky and I are going to row," he said, "and that—like the editor's decision—is final!"

"When we get about a mile out to sea," granted Bulstrode, "you'll be only too glad for Brownie and me to relieve you!"

"If ever we do get a mile out!" chuckled Tom Brown. "Methinks we shall founder a few hundred yards from the shore!"

"Cheerful sort of cove, aren't you?" said Peter Todd. "Going to be an undertaker when you grow up?"

"Look!" exclaimed Mark Linley suddenly.

All eyes were turned towards the shore. Harry Wharton, Vernon-Smith, and Archie Howell had boarded the last of the three boats, and the old boatman was in the act of pushing them off when Billy Bunter came plunging on the scene.

"I say, you fellows, wait for me!" "Stand clear, you ass!" shouted Wharton.

Bunter did not stand clear. By hook or by crook, he reflected, he would board that boat. It was his only chance. He waded into the sea until the water was above his knees, and clung tightly to the side of the boat.

"Leggo, fathhead!" yelled Vernon-Smith. "You'll capsize us in a jiffy!"

"I don't care!" said Bunter defiantly. "I'm coming to Storm Island with you, if I have to cling to the boat all the way!"

Harry Wharton saw that Bunter was in danger of getting a complete drenching. Already the water was nearly up to his waist. The captain of the Remove took compassion on his fat school-fellow. After all, Billy Bunter deserved to accompany the party, if only for his tenacity.

"Give me a hand, Archie!" said Wharton. "We'll heave the porpoise on board somehow!"

Heaving Billy Bunter on board was a difficult and a dangerous operation. Bunter's weight was sufficient to sink the boat.

The task, however, was negotiated at length, and Bunter was deposited nose too gently in the stern.

"Have we got to pull this hulking great bladder of lard right across to Storm Island?" growled Vernon-Smith. "We shall perish of heart failure before we get half-way across!"

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Wouldn't be a bad wheeze to make Bunter row," said Archie Howell. "It would work off some of his superfluous fat."

Billy Bunter gave a snort. "I often thank my lucky stars,

Howell," he said, "that I'm not a scraggy skeleton like you!"

"Why, you—you—" roared Archie wrathfully. "If you insult me again, the cry will go up, 'Porpoise over-board!'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter made no more comments. The boat was heaving violently, and the fat junior began to feel uncomfortable, and to wish that he had not eaten so many jam-tarts before setting out on his adventure.

The boat rose and fell on the bosom of the sea, and Billy Bunter groaned in anguish. Not only was he feeling ill through overfeeding, but he was in mortal dread lest the boat should capsize.

Harry Wharton and Vernon-Smith were pulling hard on the oars, and their footer-togs were drenched. But they were quite cheerful; and so was Archie Howell, who leaned lazily back in the boat and watched them working.

"Can you see the island yet, Archie?" panted Wharton.

"Yes, dear boy."

"Think we shall make it?"

"If you keep pecking away."

"You lark stacker! It's about time you took a turn with the oars!"

"My dear fellow, if you sentence me to hard labour of that sort you can't expect me to kick goals when we get to Storm Island. After navigatin' a boat in a sea like this I shouldn't be fit for footer. My frail an' delicate constitution wouldn't stand it."

"Rats!"

"You an' Smithy are doin' quite well. You're gainin' on the other two boats. You're both jolly good sailors, but if you put a landlubber like me on to the job you'll never strike the island to-day. All the same, I've no objection to Bunter takin' the oars."

But Billy Bunter was not in a fit condition to take the oars. He was leaning over the side of the boat, moaning piteously. His sufferings had now reached such a stage that he wouldn't have cared if the boat capsized there and then. A few moments before, he had

been in a state of terror. Now he merely wanted to lay down and die.

The occupants of the other two boats were having a perilous but cheery time. They were all drenched by the briny deluge, but they didn't seem to mind. As Bob Cherry remarked, sailors didn't care!

The ferry-boat authorities would have fanked setting forth in such a sea. But the Greyfriars juniors—with the exception of Billy Bunter—did not know what fear was. Every moment they were in danger of capsizing; but the danger only added spice to the adventure.

Despite the handicap of having Billy Bunter on board, Harry Wharton's boat was the first to reach Storm Island.

On the deserted shore of Salthaven the boat was run aground, and Wharton and Vernon-Smith and Archie Howell stepped out. Billy Bunter remained where he was, uttering hollow lamentations. He was feeling a little better, but not much.

There was an exciting race between Bob Cherry's boat and Peter Todd's. The former won after a desperate fight against wind and wave.

All the boats having disgorged their occupants, the juniors stood together in a group debating their next move.

"It's only two o'clock," said Johnny Bull, glancing at his watch. "We've got a whole hour to spare before the match. What do you fellows say to exploring the old caves? There are crowds of them around here."

"Good wheeze!" said Harry Wharton. "We'd better take our boats into safety first. They'll be swept away by the tide if we leave 'em here."

"Out you get, Bunter!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ow! Lemme alone! I'm ill!"

"Well, that boat isn't a refuge for the lame, sick, and lazy! Hop out!"

Billy Bunter crawled out of the boat, feeling more dead than alive.

The fat junior's desire to sample the doughnuts for which Salthaven was famous had completely vanished. The



Each of the prisoners were given a dog-biscuit, but nobody attempted to eat it. Vernon-Smith, goaded to fury, buried his biscuit at Handley and scored a bulls-eye, hitting the man on the nose. "Good shot, Smithy!" said Bob Cherry approvingly. (See Chapter 4.)

mere sight of a doughnut at that moment would have nauseated Billy Bunter.

"Why did you bring this purpose along, Wharton?" growled Bulstrode.

"He insisted on coming, and I let him have his own way," said the captain of the Remove. "I'll wager he regrets it, and wishes he'd stayed at Greyfriars!"

"I do!" said Bunter fervently.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors removed their boots beyond reach of the encroaching tide, and then they started on their tour of exploration of the old caves, which in bygone days had been the resort of smugglers.

And little did they dream, as they started off, of the many and varied adventures which would befall them ere they returned to the familiar scenes of Greyfriars.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Prisoners on the Island!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. did not meet a soul on their way to the caves. Storm Island might have been uninhabited, for all that they could see to the contrary.

"This place has been nicknamed the 'Island of Desolation,'" said Bob Cherry, "and the name fits it to a T."

"Yes, rather!"

"I still find it hard to believe that an outlandish place like this has got a footer team," said Harry Wharton.

"After all, why shouldn't it have one?" said Archie Howell. "The natives must do something to make their miserable lives happy. Don't suppose their footer reaches a very high standard, though. We shall probably win by umpteen goals to nil."

"Don't be too cocksure," said Mark Linley. "There are more things on Storm Island, Archie, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"Salthaven's the rummyest place I've ever struck," said Vernon-Smith.

"There's only a handful of inhabitants, but they boast a bank and a post-office."

"And telephones," said Peter Todd.

"And a bobby—a real, live bobby," said Bob Cherry. "I've seen him with my own eyes. He's about ninety-four, and he ought to have been pensioned off at least thirty years ago. But he exists. He's one of the landmarks of Salthaven."

"Goodness knows what he finds to do," said Johnny Bull. "There hasn't been an arrest on Storm Island within the memory of the oldest inhabitant!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, you fellows!" wailed Billy Bunter. "I—I can't walk any farther! I'm afraid you'll have to carry me!"

"Not being weight-lifting champions, we can't possibly do that!" said Bob Cherry. "But we shall be pleased to give you what assistance we can, Bunty."

So saying, Bob winked at Frank Nugent, and the pair of them promptly up-ended Billy Bunter and proceeded to tow him along by his legs. They towed him so vigorously that it looked as if Bunter's legs and trunk would part company.

"Ow! Wow! Stoppit! Lemme gerrup!" panted Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Think you can walk now?" said Bob Cherry.

"Yow—yes!"

Billy Bunter was allowed to scramble to his feet, and he made no further request to be carried.

The juniors soon reached the caves at the base of the towering cliffs, and they explored them with interest, visiting one after the other, and trying to picture the scenes that had been enacted there a century ago—the quarrels, the duels, the raids by Customs officers, and the thousand and one exciting incidents in the lives of the smugglers.

"The country was full of lawbreakers in the olden days," said Peter Todd. "All that sort of thing's stamped out now. Such people as smugglers and highwaymen and looters don't exist."

"More's the pity," said Tom Brown. "It would break the monotony of life if smuggling and looting were revived."

"Brownie's getting quite blood-thirsty!" said Mark Linley, with a laugh. "Personally, I'd rather have civilisation than barbarism any day!"

"There's just one more cave to explore," said Harry Wharton, "and then we'll be getting along to the footer-ground."

The juniors proceeded in single file through a sandy tunnel. It was dark, but at the far end a light was visible.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "What's that light doing? I wonder."

Harry Wharton, who was leading, quickened his pace. He came at length to the cave entrance, where he halted—not from choice, but because he was compelled to.

The cave was occupied. Rugs and blankets covered its sandy floor. There was also a spirit-stove, and a big hamper which evidently contained provisions. A powerful lantern stood in the centre of the cave.

There were four men present. They were men of striking appearance—men whom anybody would have looked at twice. They were very tall, very finely proportioned, and very well dressed.

Three of the men were young. The fourth was a man of middle age—a man with a bronzed face and a pair of steely blue eyes. This man stood face to face with Harry Wharton at the cave entrance, and covered the Greyfriars junior with a revolver.

"Hands up!" he said.

The man's voice was cheerful rather than grim. Yet there was a ring in it which showed that he meant to be obeyed. Cheerful he might be, but he was not the sort of man to stand any nonsense.

Harry Wharton did the only thing possible in the circumstances. He raised his hands above his head.

For a moment the captain of the Remove was too dazed to speak. Then he managed to blurt out:

"Who—who are you?"

The man smiled, disclosing a perfect set of teeth.

"I'm not in the habit of revealin' my identity to strangers, whether they are schoolkids or adults," he said. "But as you won't be in a position to make use of any information, I don't mind tellin' you who I am. I'm Captain Donovan."

Wharton gave a start, and there was a murmur of amazement from the juniors who had halted behind him.

The name of Captain Donovan was familiar to the Greyfriars juniors. By what right he styled himself "captain" was not clear. He was the cultured leader of a gang of looters and plunderers—a gang which had so far evaded the talons of the law.

Harry Wharton & Co. occasionally saw a newspaper, and they had read of many daring "hold-ups" which had been carried out by the gang. There was the great bank robbery at Maidstone, and the post-office raid at Carterbury. In each case the members of the gang had got clear.

What were Captain Donovan and his confederates doing on Storm Island? Had they selected it as a suitable place to go into hiding?



In an unaccounted way Harry Wharton passed his hand across his forehead. Vernon-Smith did not hesitate a second. He shot out his foot and kicked the lantern over, and the cave was plunged into darkness. (See Chapter 6.)

The intentions of the gang were soon made clear.

"How many of you here?" rapped out Captain Donovan.

"Twelve," said Wharton.

"Very good. You will pass into the cave in single file, and you will regard yourselves as our prisoners."

"Here, what's the game?" demanded Bob Cherry angrily.

"Silence, my bantam-cock! I repeat, you are our prisoners. You will step into this cave one at a time, and if there is any nonsense I sha'n't hesitate to shoot!"

The juniors gasped, and passed into the cave one by one, with their hands raised above their heads.

Only a few moments before, Peter Todd had been saying that such people as smugglers, and highwaymen and looters didn't exist nowadays. And now, the Greyfriars footballers had walked right into the arms of a gang of law-breakers.

It did not seem real to Harry Wharton & Co. They expected to wake up at any moment and find they had been dreaming.

"Shall we truss 'em up, cap'n?" inquired one of the men.

"No, Fletcher. It won't be necessary. An armed guard is all that we shall require. If anybody tries to escape from the cave, he'll know what to expect."

Harry Wharton glared at the speaker. "This foolery has gone a fair enough," he said. "We're due to play a footer match at three o'clock."

Captain Donovan chuckled.

"Sorry to shatter your hopes, my young friend," he said, "but I'm afraid you'll have to cut footer out of your programme. You're goin' to spend the afternoon an' evenin', an' the best part of the night, in this cave."

"Without grub?" wailed Billy Bunter.

"I'll distribute some dog-biscuits later on, if I think of it."

"Groot!"

Billy Bunter wished more than ever that he had not ventured down Greyfriars.

The prospect of spending hours and hours in the smugglers' cave, with practically no food, was appalling.

"You'd better sit down an' make yourselves comfortable," said Captain Donovan. "You've got to resign yourselves to several hours of captivity. But it won't be unpleasant, so long as you behave yourselves."

The juniors lowered their hands, and seated themselves on the sandy floor of the cave.

On every face there was an expression of anger. But the footballers were helpless. They could make no resistance, for their four captors were all armed.

The football match with Storm Island was now "off."

Harry Wharton's brow was dark with rage.

He imagined, at first, that Captain Donovan was going to hold the juniors to ransom.

Several fellows in the cave were the sons of wealthy parents.

Vernon-Smith's father was a millionaire, and Archie Howell's father had made a pile on the Stock Exchange. Wharton's own uncle was well off, too, and Harry imagined that Captain Donovan would get into communication with these gentlemen, demanding large sums for the release of their sons.

But Wharton's theory was incorrect. He soon discovered why Captain Donovan had captured the Greyfriars juniors.

"My friends an' I," said the captain,



Ted Fisher led the way into the building. He flashed his electric torch. One glance at the interior of the bank showed that the looters had been there. The safe was empty. "They've made a clean sweep of this place, by Jove!" exclaimed Nugent. (See Chapter 7.)

with an engaging smile, "have got a job of work to do this evenin'. We've discovered that there are too many rich people livin' on this island, an' we're goin' to relieve them of some of their superfluous wealth."

There was a chuckle from the other members of the gang.

"We're goin' to sack the whole merry place," the captain went on. "The bank, the post-office, the private houses—those that are worth lootin', anyway. Then, aided by the friendly darkness, we shall make off in a motor-boat with the spoils. Now, you kids can understand why we're keepin' you here. If you were at large, you might interfere with our plans. When the raid is over we shall release you—not before."

Harry Wharton & Co. fairly gasped. The coolness of Captain Donovan almost took their breath away.

Here were four armed crooks who intended to make a clean sweep of the island—to help themselves to everything that was worth taking.

They had everything in their favour, too. Already they had cut the telephone wires, so that there was no communication between the island and the mainland. And they had made plans for overpowering the solitary policeman.

As for the natives, they were not likely to show much resistance to men who were armed with revolvers.

Everything would go without a hitch. The gang had all the necessary implements for forcing an entry into the bank, the post-office, and the houses they had decided to loot.

Just off the island a large motor-boat would be waiting, manned by two other members of the gang. The loot would be placed on board, and, together with the gang, conveyed to a suitable hiding-place.

Meanwhile, the Greyfriars juniors

would be compelled to remain in the cave, the exit of which would be guarded. It was not a cheerful prospect.

"Let us go, you rotters!"

It was Johnny Bull who spoke.

"I'd be prepared to release you on one condition only," said Captain Donovan.

"And that is?" said Wharton.

"That you help us to loot the place, and get clear with the swag."

"We shouldn't dream of it!" said Wharton promptly.

"No jolly fear!"

"Your help might not be necessary," said the captain. "But you could just stand by, in case of emergency. The natives might show fight, in which case a dozen schoolkids would come in useful."

Vernon-Smith, who sat next to Harry Wharton, gave the captain of the Remova a nudge.

"Promise to help him," he muttered.

"Then we shall be able to get away."

"Oh, no, you won't!" said Captain Donovan, who had overheard Vernon-Smith's remark.

"You'd never be able to leave this island to-night, my pippen!"

"And why not?" demanded Nugent.

"You came over in rowin'-boats, I presume! Durin' the last hour, the sea has got rougher an' rougher, an' no rowin'-boat would live in it! Listen!"

The speaker raised his hand.

From their place of captivity the juniors could hear the booming of the breakers.

Captain Donovan was not exaggerating. The sea was now so rough that a rowing-boat would have shared the same fate as an empty matchbox. And the rough weather was not likely to abate until the morning.

"You can come an' help us, or you can stay here—as you choose," said the captain. "The former course will be more profitable, because we'll make it worth your while."

"What do you take us for—a gang of thieves like yourselves?" said Archie Howell angrily. "We'd rather stay here an' starve than be a party to your shady game!"

"Speak for yourself, Howell," said Billy Bunter. "Personally, I'm quite willing to help Captain Donovan."

"Dry up, you fat toad!" growled Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton's eyes fearfully met those of the leader of the gang.

"You'll get no help from us!" he said. "All I hope is that this precious scheme of yours gets nipped in the bud."

Captain Donovan laughed lightly. "There's not much fear of that," he said. "On an island so poorly policed as this, we have nothing to fear. An' all communication with the mainland has been cut off. We're not fools at this game. We know our job. We've been at it ever since the war ended, an' we're still grin' strong."

"But you'll run a halter round your necks sooner or later," said Mark Linley. "You might make a success of this particular job, but you'll come a cropper in the long run."

The four men laughed.

"This will be our last haul," said Captain Donovan. "We're bankin' on gettin' sufficient to enable us to settle down an' live like honest citizens for the rest of our lives. There's money on Storm Island, my lad—piles of it—mountains of it!"

There was a glint of greed in the captain's eyes as he spoke. He seemed to take it for granted that the plundering of Storm Island would be a simple matter, and that he and the members of his gang would be able to get clear without mishap.

The Greyfriars juniors relapsed into silence for some time.

Even now they could hardly believe that their captivity was not part of some strange dream.

And while they sat huddled in the cave, with the watchful eyes of the gang upon them, Ted Fisher and the other members of his eleven were impatiently awaiting their arrival on the Salthaven football-ground.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

In Durance Vile!

FOR upwards of an hour silence reigned in the old smugglers' cave.

Captain Donovan, cracksman and adventurer, made himself comfortable on the blankets, drew a rug over him, and dozed off to sleep.

But the other three men—Fletcher, Handley, and Cunningham—were wakeful and alert.

If there was any movement on the part of the Greyfriars juniors the hands of the trio went instinctively to their hip-pockets.

Outside, the winter dusk was beginning to fall, and the roaring of the breakers as they dashed themselves upon the rocky shore grew louder than ever.

The only morsel of consolation that Harry Wharton & Co. had was in the thought that it might have been too rough to admit of the football match being played.

Inside the cave the lamplight flickered on the faces of the twelve juniors and their captors.

More than once the Removites darted longing glances towards the exit. But they knew that it would be worse than useless to attempt to escape.

Captain Donovan stirred restlessly and awoke. He yawned and stretched himself, and then nodded cheerfully to his prisoners, who returned his nod with savage glances.

"Time for tea, by Jove!" said the captain. "I'm feelin' awfully peckin'! Get the stove goin', Fletcher."

Fletcher lit the spirit-stove, and proceeded to prepare some hot tea and milk. Evidently Captain Donovan and his confederates were no disciples of Mr. Piss-foid.

Whilst the hot drink was being prepared the captain dived in the hamper, and brought to light four very tempting-looking venal-and-ham pies.

Billy Bunter's mouth watered as he surveyed these pies.

The fat junior had fully recovered his appetite, and he was ravenous.

"I say, captain, can I have one of those pies?" he pleaded.

"No, you can't! They are reserved for the nobility an' gentry," said Captain Donovan, with a grin.

"But I'm starvin'!" said Bunter pathetically.

"Can't help your troubles, my fat tulip. Give him a der biscuit, Handley. That ought to pacify him."

Handley fished in the hamper and produced some very hard, thick biscuits. He tossed one to Billy Bunter, who attempted to bite it, but in vain. That biscuit was as hard as a brick.

Each of the prisoners was given a dog-biscuit, but nobody attempted to tackle such unappetising fare.

Vernon-Smith, goaded to fury, hurled his biscuit at Handley, and scored a bulls-eye, hitting the man on the nose.

"Yarookoh!" roared Handley, staggering back.

"Good shot, Smithy!" said Bob Cherry approvingly.

Handley recovered himself, and strode towards the junior who had dared to pelt him. But Captain Donovan seized him, and jerked him back.

"No violence," he said quietly. "We don't want war with schoolkids."

Handley submitted to his chief's wishes. But if looks could have killed, his glare would have ended Vernon-Smith's existence on the spot.

The members of the gang were soon busily engaged in eating and drinking. The strong fumes of the rum sickened the Greyfriars juniors.

Harry Wharton hoped that the men would drink to excess. If they drank themselves into a stupor the way of escape would be easy.

But Captain Donovan and the others were evidently used to liberal potations. They became high-spirited, and their voices grew louder, but they were far from becoming intoxicated.

"Look here," said Harry Wharton, addressing Captain Donovan. "Are you keeping us here for a joke and pulling our legs, or do you seriously mean to loot this island?"

"We were never more serious in our lives," was the reply.

"I suppose you know that once we get out of here we shall give evidence against you?" said Peter Todd.

The captain nodded.

"I've taken that into my reckonin'," he said. "But by the time you get across to the mainland we shall be miles an' miles away with the loot."

"Do you imagine that three men—because you'll have to leave one here to keep guard—will be able to hold their own against several hundred people?" said Archie Howell.

"Certainly! I doubt if anybody on

this sleepy island possesses a firearm. Besides, we shan't disturb the natives if we can possibly avoid it. We're not lovers of violence. If we can get clear with the spoils without havin' a skirmish with the inhabitants so much the better."

"What time are you starting on this mad stunt?" asked Johnny Bull.

"As soon as everybody's turned in for the night, an' the village is quiet. They go to bed about eight o'clock in this place."

"There's just one thing you've overlooked," said Tom Brown.

"And that is?"

"You were sayin' that no rowing-boat would live in such a sea as this."

"But a motor-boat will," said Captain Donovan, with a grin. "Our motor-boat is somethin' more substantial than a cockle-shell. It will accommodate twenty people, in addition to the loot. An' it's weathered rougher seas than this. Depend upon it, my friends, there will be no hitch in our programme."

And the captain replenished his glass and drank to the success of the enterprise.

Harry Wharton & Co. writhed in their helplessness.

It was indeed a maddening situation.

They would be compelled to sit tight in the cave whilst the members of the gang went about their nefarious work. They had absolutely no means of warning the islanders of the approaching raid.

In some ways they could not help admiring Captain Donovan. He was a better-class criminal than most. He possessed plenty of nerve, and he was not prepared to employ violence except as a last resort.

But the fact remained that the man was a criminal—that his proper place was behind prison walls. Whilst he and his gang remained at large personal property and public safety would be in jeopardy.

Most of the Greyfriars juniors were gloomy and depressed. Billy Bunter was actually blubbing.

There was only one optimist in the party, and that was Bob Cherry.

Bob still nursed the hope that at the eleventh hour a rescue might be effected, though where the rescue-party was to come from he did not know.

There would be great anxiety at Greyfriars, and search-parties would be sent out. But it would be impossible for anybody to get across to the island in such a sea.

Having finished their meal, the members of the gang lighted cigars, and settled down to a game of cards. But a watchful eye was ever kept upon their captives. Had one of the juniors attempted to dart for the exit he would have been covered by a revolver before he could reach it.

The hours dragged slowly by.

It became very chilly in the cave, and the juniors were cramped and uncomfortable.

Billy Bunter declared that he was dying by inches. But the juniors had heard this declaration so often that they took no notice of it.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when a startling incident occurred to break the monotony.

Footsteps became audible in the tunnel leading to the cave.

Voices were heard also, and the rays of an electric torch flashed through the narrow aperture and were plainly visible to the occupants of the cave.

Instantly Captain Donovan and his companions sprang to their feet.

(Continued on page 12.)

The Greyfriars HERALD

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

Harry Wharton
Editor

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

EDITORIAL!

By HARRY WHARTON.

With the holiday season practically over, we can now settle down and give our undivided attention to the "Greyfriars Herald."

Some of you may have wondered how we managed to produce the paper week by week, in spite of holidays, cricket weeks, and other pleasant distractions. Well, it has been rather difficult at times, but with a loyal and hardworking staff who have always been willing to sacrifice their leisure for the good of the cause, we have been able to win through, and keep abreast of the times and the demands of the printers. Terrible fellows, those printers. Like time and tide, they wait for no man. If the "copy" shows signs of being late, they rag you on the telephone unmercifully.

In private life, however, these compositions and people are excellent fellows—quite human, in fact. One of these days we must get up a knockout match with them, and give them a licking, just to show there's no ill-feeling!

You will notice that our old friend Terror Shocke, the very defective detective, re-appears this week. I feel sure you will all agree that Toddy has given us a very funny story.

The irresistible Tom Brown also contributes an article on "How to Become a First-class Footballer," though, if you have any ambition in this direction, you are advised to take no notice of what Bronny says!

I find on my desk a whole crowd of letters from enthusiastic "Heraldites" all over the world. I have not space to reply to all these cherry communications in these columns, so I hope the writers of them will accept this general acknowledgment of their letters and loyalty.

One of my chums wants to know if we are finished with Special Numbers. Not a bit of it! There are some extra-special numbers of the "Herald" in preparation, and you may look forward to some glorious feasts of fun and fiction during the winter months.

For the present, an revoir! And don't forget that by recommending this Supplement to your non-reading chums you will be doing a personal favour to

HARRY WHARTON.

HOW TO BECOME A FIRST-CLASS FOOTBALLER.

By TOM BROWN.

(If any aspiring footballers are misguided enough to follow Bronny's advice, they will find themselves in Queer Street.—Ed.)

It is the ambition of every youth to play for Aston Villa or Tottenham Hotspur, and eventually for England.

Many writers try to tell you how to go about it. They say that you must practise football at every opportunity—from the rising up of the sun unto the going down thereof. You must keep on playing until, at the end of about forty years (if you haven't shuffled off this mortal coil in the mean-time!) you have reached perfection. Then some big club will come along and pay anything from £100,000 upwards for your services.

Now this is pure, unadulterated tommyrot. I didn't think so at first, but I do now.

I have been reading a number of football serials, and I have made a careful study of how the heroes of the stories get their jobs. Do they get up at five o'clock in the morning and punt a football about? Do they go on practising until the cows come home? Certainly not! They set about their business in quite a novel manner.

In the first place, it isn't necessary to know anything about football. You can be as brainless as Bunter and as clumsy as Coker. On the other hand, you can be as brilliant as Brown and as wonderful as Wharton. It makes no difference.

What you've got to do, in order to become a first-class footballer, is to save the life of a gentleman who happens to be a director of one of the big clubs.

You can save his life in whatever way you like. There are no restrictions. You can fish him out of a river, drag him forth from a burning building, stop his runaway horse, or haul him back just as he's about to tumble over the edge of a cliff. Or you can protect him from a savage attack by foot-jacks, when he is returning from the club with the week's takings. A better plan still is to chip in and save him just as his "better half" is about to brain him with a rolling-pin, in the kitchen of his sumptuous mansion!

Once you have performed the life-saving
(Continued on column 1.)

SONG—TO MRS. MIMBLE!

Written by DICK PENFOLD.
Warbled by BILLY BUNTER.

Wink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will wink with mine;
Bring forth your choicest rabbit-pie,
For they are just divine!
Gimme a score of currant buns;
Yes, that's enough for one day;
A bag of jam-tarts—two-penny ones—
I'll settle up on Sunday!

You made me once a stunning cake,
And now I want another;
Two strawberry-ices may I take
To feed to my young brother?
I say, I wish you would be quick,
You are as slow as Adam!
What's that? You won't allow me tick!
Good-afternoon, then, madam!

HOW TO BECOME A FIRST-CLASS FOOTBALLER.

(Continued from previous column.)

about, the rest is simple. He will turn to you, with tears in his throat and a lump in his eyes, and say: "My dear boy, you have saved my life! Ask me any favour you like, and it shall be granted."

"Please, sir," you will promptly reply, "I want to be centre-forward for Aston Villa," or whatever the old gent's club happens to be.

You will gain your heart's desire, and make your first appearance in League football on the following Saturday.

Perfectly simple, isn't it? Much better than wasting the best years of your life learning how to play football.

Save a club director's life. That's the shortest cut to becoming an International. That's how the heroes of football serials get their jobs. They don't spend long, weary years of striving, waiting for something to turn up. They wait until they see a director drowning, or burning, or undergoing some similar unpleasant experience. Then they chip in and save his life.

Go thou, and do likewise.



Impertinent Interviews

By our Special Representative.

P.-c. TOZER.

THE act person to be interviewed," said the editor, consulting his list, "is the portly and pouspous policeman, Tozer."

"Where shall I find him?"
"Either at the police-station, or in the saloon-bar at the Cross Keys."
"But I can't go straggling into village inns!" I protested. "Under Act of Parliament, children under sixteen aren't allowed on licensed premises. I shall have to wait till my sixteenth birthday before I can walk boldly in and call for a large lime juice and a splash."

"Ah! You can wait outside till Tozer comes out. But I expect you'll find him at the station. Whatever you do, don't approach him with a cigarette in your mouth, or anything like that. If you do, he'll arrest you."

"If I'm not back at a reasonable hour," I said, moving towards the door, "you'll know that, spending the night in the cells. Cheerio!"

Dusk had already fallen when I set out on my mission.
I had pulled footer all the afternoon, and then taken of the hot bath and the wig, and I had forgotten all about my duties. And now the editor had commissioned me to go and interview Tozer, and I didn't feel best pleased at the prospect. Interviewing policemen is a delicate and dangerous business.

"Now, the shortest cut to the village," I reflected, "is through Sir Hilton Popper's private grounds. Who betide me if one of his keepers catches me trespassing! Still, I must chance my arm, as the saying goes."

It was quite dark by the time I reached Sir Hilton Popper's estate.
I was picking my way cautiously through the shrubbery, fearful lest my movements should be heard, when suddenly I caught sight of a man ascending the front steps of the house. I stood still, and watched him from my place of ambush.

I saw the man halt in front of the door, give a hasty glance around, and then fumble in his pockets for a bunch of keys.

One thought leapt instinctively to my mind. A burglar!

The man tried one key after another, but he didn't seem to be able to get one to fit. I distinctly heard him give a murt of annoyance. Then faintly by my ears came the remark:

"I shall have to try one of the windows!" My first impressions were confirmed.

"This man was a burglar. He was breaking into Sir Hilton Popper's house by stealth."

Of course, if I had been the hero of an adventure story, I should have dashed forward, grappled with the burglar, and put the half-wit on his knees.

But I am not a hero. I am just an ordinary mortal.

"Burglars," I reflected, "should be left to the tender mercies of the police. I'll rush around in search of Tozer."

I cut through towards the road leading to Friarfield, and the moment I emerged on to the road a bulbous lantern flashed out.

"Young rip!" exclaimed a stern voice.

"Well are you a doin' of?"

"Yes," I gasped breathlessly. "This is a stroke of luck, and no mistake! I've got a job for you!"

"Eh?"

"I've just seen a zabby burglar trying to sneak Sir Hilton Popper's door. He hasn't got a key to fit, so he's going to shin through one of the windows. Come on! There's not a second to be lost!"

With a business-like gleam in his eye, Tozer proffered his truncheon.

Visions of promotion flashed before his mind.

If he succeeded in collarin' the burglar, and placing him under arrest, it would mean sergeant's stripes for him. And Sergeant Tozer's ambitions were much more impressive than plain "P.-c. Tozer."

Tozer hurried away towards the house, and I followed.

The burglar had raised the lower part of the drawing-room window, and was in the act of clambering through. He was a corpulent man, and he had got stuck half-way. He could move neither forward nor backward.

This was Tozer's opportunity. He dashed forward, and brought his truncheon down with sounding force upon that portion of the burglar's anatomy which was exposed to view.

"Yar-coosh!"
A frenzied yell rang out on the night air.

"Gosh yer, you scoundrel!" pants Tozer.

"Which wot I says is this hero—I harrest yer, in the name of the lor!"

"Foot! Dolt! Imbecille!" The victim succeeded in squeezing himself back on to the lawn. "I'll see that you are dismissed from the Force for this outrage, begad! I am Sir Hilton Popper!"

"Oh!" gasped Tozer and I, in unison.

"I have been out for the evening," said the fraile baronet. "On returning, I find that some blithering idiot of a servant has bolted the door! I tugged at the bell-rope until I broke it, but could get no answer. My only means of entry, therefore, was the window. And while I am in the act of clambering through, you come along and belabour me with your truncheon! You shall pay dearly for this, you scatter-brained pook! Are you aware that I am a Justice of the Peace?"

Sir Hilton's voice rose almost to a scream.



P.-c. Tozer came dashing up just as the burglar was clambering through the window.

"Get yer, you scoundrel!" he pants.

The expression of consternation and dismay on Tozer's face was worth a guinea a box.

"Sir!" he gasped. "I—I apologise, sir! I bacted on false information. This young rip informed me as how a burglar was in the haat of breakin' into your house, so naturally, sir, I did what I thort to be my dooty."

"Is it your duty, sir, to commit assault upon a baronet?" thundered Sir Hilton. "Go! Take yourself off immediately, before I do you an injury!"

Tozer tottered away, and I followed more hurriedly, fearful lest Sir Hilton Popper should detain me, for I had no right on his premises; moreover, he was in a towering rage.

As soon as we were back on to the road, Tozer turned upon me with a savage snarl.

"Young rip! This is all you doin'! I shall be sacked from the Force for this 'ere! Take that!"

I was utterly unprepared for the blow; in fact, I didn't know until then that Tozer was capable of delivering a four-pint-seven punch.

But!

I rolled over in the roadway, with a yell of anguish. Tozer's clenched fist had caught me in my middle, and fairly doubled me up.

"Get up an' ave some more!" booted the irate constable.

I declined the invitation.

Picking myself up with what little dignity I could muster, I promptly took to my heels, and never stopped running till I got back to Greyfriars.

THE GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT!

A vivid account of all the latest trials and convictions.

BY OUR SPECIAL COURT REPORTER.

—10—

STREET SINGER SENTENCED.

A youth with flowing locks, named Claude Hoskins, was the first prisoner to appear in the dock. He was charged with singing songs in the Shell passage, to the annoyance of the general public.

"Magistrate: 'I have heard of this warbler before. He will have to be suppressed. Where are the witnesses?'"

Detective-Inspector Penfold, giving evidence, said that he was doing his prep. on Friday evening, when he heard sounds of somebody being murdered.

"I rushed along to the Shell passage," explained the inspector, "and found the prisoner singing at the top of his voice."

"Magistrate: 'Was he singing for coppers?'"
Witness: "No, your worship! He didn't want a copper to come along just then." (Laughter.)

"Magistrate: 'Ass! You misanderated me, as usual! I mean, was he sollicitin' alms?'"

Witness: "No, your worship—at least, I didn't see any sign of the hat being passed round."

"Magistrate: 'What song was he rendering?'"

Witness: "It sounded like 'The Rosary,' but when I asked prisoner what he was singing he replied: 'Everyone calls me Tatzan.'"

"Magistrate: 'I should think they would, judging by his ape-like countenance.'"
(Laughter.)

Before any further evidence could be called, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty.

"Magistrate: 'These wandering warblers will have to be wormed off. I have been too lenient with them in the past. The last offender merely received one swipe with the court pook. On this occasion prisoner will receive half a dozen!'"

The Public Executioner Mr. Johnny Bull pointed out that the court pook could not be used, as it happened to be red-hot. His worship therefore amended the sentence to six strokes with a cricket-stump. Prisoner rendered a further song whilst the castigation was in progress:

REPORTS IN BRIEF.

George Alfred Gully was charged with taking pot-shots at his worship with a peashooter during the court proceedings.

His worship comminated the peashooter, and prisoner was sentenced to stand up and face a terrific bombardment until such time as his worship ran out of peas!

"And when that time comes, I suppose you will give prisoner beans?" suggested Mr. Cherry. (Laughter.)

Robert Donald Ogilvy was charged with hitting a bottle of Scotch whisky in his possession.

Prisoner explained that he had borrowed an empty whisky bottle from Gauding, the porter, and filled it with bicycle oil. "You can taste it if you like!" he said to his worship.

The magistrate hastily declined, and dismissed the case, remarking that it was rather Irish to charge Ogilvy with drinking Scotch!

Forty-eight prisoners were then marched into the court, charged with causing a riot in the Close. As they were all armed with cricket-stumps, and his worship had no means of protecting his sacred person, he gave all the prisoners his blessing, and told them to quit.

The court officials, after an unusually heavy morning, then adjourned to the back-shop for light refreshment.

[Supplement 4.]



Bunter's Bad Bargain!

By WILLIAM WIBLEY.

IT has always been Billy Bunter's ambition to possess a watch. A gold watch, a silver watch, a watch for the waistcoat pocket or for the wrist, would suit Bunter down to the ground. He would be able to swap and swagger, and when anybody asked him the time he could produce his "ticker" with an air of great ostentation.

Bunter has always been unlucky. Titled relations have refrained from showing gold watches upon him. Birthdays come and birthdays go, and Bunter is still watchless. Practically every fellow in the Remove has a timepiece, save Bunter.

One day last week, however, Billy saw a gift-edible opportunity of getting a watch—free, gratis, and for nothing. No, he wasn't going to steal it. He simply had to send a postcard to Messrs. Dishem & Diddlem, jewellers, of London, and a magnificent silver watch would be his.

There was just one other thing that he was required to do, and that was to solve a simple puzzle, and write his answers on the postcard accompanying the watch.

Messrs. Dishem & Diddlem issued the following tempting advertisement in the columns of the "Weekly Wobler":

"A SILVER WATCH FREE!"

"All you have to do is to solve the following jumbled letters, which represent the names of fruits. Write your solutions on a postcard, and address it to Messrs. Dishem & Diddlem, and this handsome gift will be yours!"

"Here are the jumbled words:

I F G
E E A P
A B C P
C H E A P

After a great deal of sweating, Billy Bunter managed to decipher the jumbled words as "Fig," "Pear," "Plum," and "Peach." He doubted, however, he had not sent these solutions, was unassured. He had done wonders, he told himself. Thousands of brains would be baffled by those puzzles, but the mighty brain of W. G. Bunter had risen superior to the occasion.

Checking to himself, Billy Bunter wrote the solutions on a postcard, which he despatched that evening.

We noticed in the storm that our fat school-fellow was greatly excited.

"Expecting a postal-order, Bunter?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"And there was a general laugh.

"No, not a postal order," said Bunter, "but—"

"A watch?"

"A magnificent, eighteen-carat gold watch," said Bunter, with dignity. "One of my titled relations is sending it, for a present. It ought to arrive the day after to-morrow."

"Rats!"

Bunter's telling whoopers, as usual, greeted Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bunter? Just you wait! My gold ticker will be the envy of the school—when it arrives!"

"When?" chuckled Bob Cherry. "That watch will be like the celebrated postal-order—it'll take such a long time to get here that it'll develop a beard and side-whiskers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Nevertheless, two mornings later, a parcel arrived addressed to W. G. Bunter.

The parcel looked almost big enough to contain a grandfather clock.

"Your titled relation must have wrapped the thing up well," said Nuzant. "Seems to me to be all wrapping and no watch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter untied the string with feverish fingers. Then he tore away the brown paper, and a stout cardboard box was revealed.

Bunter lifted the lid of the box, and uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"My only aunt! They've sent me thirteen watches!"

"Supplement 114."

"An unlucky number!" said Squiff. "What are you going to do with all that lot?"

"I suppose Bunter will have one on each wrist, and one in every pocket!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a letter sent with the watches. Billy Bunter unfolded and read it.

"Dear Sir,—We have much pleasure in informing you that you were successful in solving our word puzzle, and we beg to enclose herewith a magnificent silver watch, as advertised. This watch will become your property as soon as you have sold the other dozen, which we enclose, to your friends. You will sell them at fifteen shillings each, and send us your remittance for nine pounds in the course of the next four days. The extra watch will then become entirely your own property.—Yours faithfully,

"DISHEM & DIDDLEM."

Billy Bunter's face dropped. He looked almost haggard.

And so wonder! For he was confronted with the task—the almost impossible task—of selling a dozen watches at fifteen shillings each.

It was not as if the watches were attractive. They were of the cheap and nasty variety. They might have been popular about a hundred years ago, when people did not object to carrying timepieces which were as heavy as lumps of lead; but for present-day use they were impossible.



Bunter opened the lid of the box and uttered an exclamation of amazement. "My aunt! They've sent me thirteen watches!"

"I—I say!" faltered Billy Bunter, turning to the grinning crowd of juniors. "Anybody want to buy a watch?"

Bolover major glanced at the watches in the box, and gave a sniff.

"I'll give you fourpence for one!" he said. "Aw! They're fifteen bob apiece, sir. Cheap at the price! They'll last a lifetime, and go like—like anything! If I manage to sell the dozen, I get a watch for six!"

"You'll be lucky if you manage to sell a single one of these clumsy contraptions!" growled Johnny Bull. "By the way, I thought one of your titled relations was sending you a watch? Which titled relation is it—Lord Dishem or the Duke of Diddlem?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Bull! Be a sport, and buy one of these watches!"

"I'd so soon drop fifteen bob down the nearest drain!" said Johnny blunty.

Billy Bunter sighed. He was not making very good progress.

"Come along, you fellows!" he urged. "Really round! I can recommend these watches! They keep perfect time!"

"I should imagine they were like the Fifth Form footer team—always losing!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, the heady things were made in Germany!" exclaimed Squiff, examining one of the watches.

There was a chorus of wrath. No watch that was made in Germany could ever hope to find an owner at Greyfriars. True, German goods were being bought and sold up and down the country by people who had made it convenient to forget the Hun atrocities. But Greyfriars had not forgotten.

Billy Bunter appeared in vain to his school-fellows to fork out their fifteen bob.

Not many fellows were in a position to hand over such a sum, and those who could have done so would have wanted their money's worth.

Billy Bunter's attempts to do business in the Remove ended in dismal failure, and he was obliged to tuck his wares in the shell and the Upper Fourth and the Fifth. Here he met with no better luck. Lots of fellows wanted to buy watches—real watches; but nobody had any use for the articles which reposed in Billy Bunter's cardboard box.

In desperation, Bunter went as far abroad as the Sixth. He dangled one of the watches under the nose of George Wingate, captain of Greyfriars, and bade him buy.

Wingate's reply took the form of a lusty lick, and William George Bunter, vendor of watches, went sailing into the passage.

"This is awful!" growled Bunter, picking himself up—for he had landed on his back on the bookcase. "I've simply got to get rid of these watches somehow, or I sha'n't have one to call my own! Think I'll try the masters' street."

With this object in view, Billy Bunter rattled along to Mr. Quetch's study, and applied on the door for the respect of the master of the Remove had him enter.

"Well, Bunter?"

"Would you like to buy a watch, sir?"

"What!"

"I've got some topping watches for sale, sir—perfectly perfect bargains—and I thought they might tempt you. Here they are, sir. The market price is two guineas, but as you're my favourite master, you can have one for fifteen bob. That's as good as giving it away, sir. I should jump at the chance if I were you."

Mr. Quetch almost jumped at Bunter's offer.

"Boy," he thundered, "how did you come into possession of all these watches?"

"Ahem! My titled relations—"

"Tell me the truth, Bunter! I see the name 'Dishem & Diddlem' on the cardboard box! Have these people been in communication with you, Bunter?"

"Oh crumbs! Yes! sir!"

"Show me their letter!"

Billy Bunter had no alternative but to hand over the letter which had accompanied the watches.

Mr. Quetch perused the missive with a frown.

"You will leave these watches with me, Bunter!" he said.

"Oh, really, sir—"

"I will return them to the people who sent them, and tell them what I think of them."

"But I want one of these watches, sir! And if only I can sell the dozen—"

"You will not have an opportunity of selling them, Bunter!" said Mr. Quetch drily. "Go!"

Billy Bunter lingered, struck by a sudden inspiration.

"I'll take one of the watches, sir, and then you can write and say that they only sent twelve—not thirteen. That's a ripping scheme, sir! Can you make a mistake! Oh! Yarsooosh!"

Billy Bunter's voice trailed off in a yell of anguish as Mr. Quetch, case in hand, chased him from the study.

"Go!" repeated the Form-master, in tones of thunder.

And Bunter—to quote Shakespeare—stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once!

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"The Island Raiders!"

(Continued from page 8.)

The captain strode towards the exit, leveling his revolver.

"Hands up!" he exclaimed. The footsteps came to a halt, and a boy's voice remarked:

"By Jove! We've walked into a hornets' nest, you fellows!"

The voice was not familiar to the Greyfriars juniors.

"Come right in!" said Captain Donovan. "Let's see who you are. So there are three of you—what? Sorry, but we shall have to add you to our collection."

Into the cave stepped three sturdy, well-built fellows, of about the same age as the Greyfriars juniors. They were attired in football garb, over which they wore raincoats. The drenched state of their coats afforded a good clue to the condition of the weather.

The leader of the trio—the one who carried the electric torch—blinked around him in astonishment.

The sight of the twelve Greyfriars juniors, crouching against the wall of the cave, was certainly startling. Still more startling was the sight of Captain Donovan's gleaming revolver.

"What the merry dickens—" began the foremost member of the trio, in amazement.

"You have, as you say, walked into a hornets' nest," said the captain. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind enlightening me as to your identity?"

"I'm Ted Fisher, secretary and skipper of the Storm Island Football Club."

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"We've been hunting high and low for you fellows," said Fisher, addressing Harry Wharton & Co. "We knew you must have arrived on the island, because we saw the rowing-boats you came over in. We concluded that you must have lost yourselves among the caves, so we three—Barnard, Barton, and myself—formed a search-party. But we didn't think we should run up against you like this. Who are these men, and what sort of game do they think they're playing?"

"I must apologise for not introducing myself," chimed in the captain, who had not yet lowered his revolver. "I am Captain Donovan, and these gentlemen are Messrs. Fletcher, Handley, and Cunningham respectively. You will oblige us, my young friends, by seating yourselves against the wall. There's just room for three. If we have any more intruders, though, the question of accommodation will become acute."

The captain spoke in a pleasant, almost jocular manner. But there was still that ring in his voice which showed that he meant to be obeyed.

Ted Fisher and his two chums wedged themselves into the gap between Billy Bunter and Bulstrode, and Captain Donovan returned his revolver to his pocket.

The members of the gang then resumed their card-playing.

"How long have you fellows been here?" whispered Ted Fisher.

"All the blessed afternoon and evening!" grunted Bulstrode. "We were exploring the caves, and we wandered in here and were trapped."

"But who are these bounders—I mean, what's their little game?"

"They're a gang of looters. They're going to sack the island."

"Great Scott!" gasped Ted Fisher, in

alarm. "When is this stunt coming off?"

"To-night!"

The three Storm Island youths were almost stunned by this startling information. They stared at Bulstrode incredulously.

"It's a fact!" said the Greyfriars junior. "They've laid all their plans, and they reckon they'll get away with a good haul. All communication with the mainland has been cut off, and they've got a clear field."

"But—but how are they going to get away with the loot?" gasped Ted Fisher.

"They've got a motor-boat lying handy, with a couple of members of the gang on board."

"Well, this is the rummiest affair I've ever struck!" exclaimed Ted Fisher. "This will be the first time on record that the island has been molested. Isn't there any chance of escape?" he added, in a low tone.

Bulstrode shook his head.

"Not the remotest!" he replied.

A smile flickered on the face of Captain Donovan. He had overheard practically the whole of the conversation. But he continued to deal the cards without a word.

"Well, this is a pretty go!" said Ted Fisher. "There are fifteen of us here, but we can't do anything, because these merchants are armed. I feel like rushing them, and chancing it."

"We don't want any bullets flying about," he said. "And these bounders aren't likely to miss at short range."

Ted Fisher relapsed into silence. He realised, just as Harry Wharton & Co. realised, that escape was well-nigh impossible.

It maddened the island boys to think that they could do nothing to frustrate Captain Donovan's scheme.

Barnard, in particular, felt savage, for his father was the manager of the local bank, which was shortly to be raided.

The card-players rose to their feet at length.

"Time we got to business," said Captain Donovan briskly.

"Which of us is to stay behind and keep an eye on these kids?" asked Fletcher.

"You three had better lose for it."

The lot fell upon Cunningham. This did not exactly cheer the prisoners, for Cunningham was a powerfully-built man who was not likely to offer the captives any loophole of escape.

"I don't relish the idea of missing all the fun, captain," said Cunningham.

"Still, it's my luck, and I must put up with it. How shall I know when to quit?"

"You'll hear the signal," said the captain. "We'll fire a maroon."

"Good!"

Captain Donovan picked up a handbag containing the tools of his trade, and beckoned to his two assistants to follow.

At the exit of the cave he paused, and glanced over his shoulder at the prisoners.

"Your release will be only a matter of time now," he said cheerfully.

Harry Wharton clenched his hands with rage and impotence.

"You villain!"

The captain laughed gaily.

"Villainy's a paying game," he said. "Come along, you two!"

And, followed by Fletcher and Handley, the captain departed on his criminal enterprise.

The man Cunningham seated himself on a rug near the exit. His revolver rested on his knee. He had fifteen cap-

tives committed to his charge, and he knew that if he relaxed his vigil for one instant there would be trouble.

"This is a critical time," he said. "If any of you were to get away now, it would spoil everything. I don't want to use my revolver unless circumstances render it absolutely necessary. But I warn you that if there is any attempt at escape, I shall use it without the slightest hesitation!"

The man had none of Captain Donovan's cheerfulness. He spoke grimly and earnestly.

The Greyfriars juniors, and the three island boys, realised that Cunningham was not a person to be trifled with.

Harry Wharton and Ted Fisher exchanged glances.

"There's nothing for it but to submit," said the former.

"Afraid not!" agreed Fisher.

And the prisoners, ranged in a circle round the cave, became moodily silent.

The raid on Storm Island had commenced, and they were powerless to prevent it.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**A Hopeless Quest!**

SIX juniors stood in a group in the gateway of Greyfriars.

They were Newland and Penfold, Russell and Ogilvy, and Redwing and Desmond.

It was a wild night. The wind shrieked and moaned round the turrets and parapets of the old building. The branches of the elms swayed in the gale. The wind and rain beat into the faces of the six juniors.

The door of the gate-porter's lodge opened, and Gosling shuffled into view, swinging a lantern.

"Any news, Gossey?" inquired Dick Penfold.

"No, Master Penfold!"

The juniors looked grave.

It was now eight o'clock, and the Remove footballers, all being well, should have returned long since.

"I'm not a blessed alarmist," said Tom Redwing, "but I can't help thinking that something serious has happened. The team ought to have returned ages ago."

"Perhaps they stayed on the island as it was too rough for them to get back," suggested Dick Russell.

"It's far more likely that they attempted to get back, and got stranded on some rocks, or something."

"Wot I says is this 'ere," said Gosling.

"The young ripa orter know better than to venture out in such a sea. They'll all be drowned, as sure as hogs is hogs!"

"Oh, dry up!" said Monty Newland irritably. "They know how to look after themselves, and they'll be quite all right."

But Newland's tone lacked confidence. He was concerned for the safety of the footballers; and so were the rest of the juniors.

Suddenly a tall form loomed up through the rain and the darkness. Wingate of the Sixth peered at the group of juniors.

"Have they come in yet?" he inquired.

"No, bodad!" said Micky Desmond.

"I'm thinkin' that we ought to go an' look for them, Wingate."

"Well, there's no harm in your doing that, so long as you're back at a reasonable hour," said the captain of Greyfriars. "But I don't think you'll have any luck. You'd better wait here, while I get permission from Mr. Quelch for you to go."



Wharton assisted the exhausted and half-drowned captain into the boat and pulled away for the shore with all speed. A sudden torrent of water swept over the boat and its occupants. The boat shook and rolled with the shock of the fierce deluge. (See Chapter 8.)

Wingate strode away, and his tall form was swallowed up in the darkness. He returned after a brief interval.

"You kids can go out, and see if you can pick up any information," he said. "And there's another search-party being formed in the Sixth. Don't go running into danger, that's all. It's bad enough to have a dozen fellows missing. We don't want the number to swell to eighteen."

The six juniors hurried into the building, and donned their raincoats. Then they set out on their quest, which at the outset seemed a hopeless one.

They were scarcely able to keep their feet as they battled their way across the Close, so furiously raged the storm. But they knew that they would get no sleep, and no peace of mind, until they had discovered the whereabouts of Harry Wharton & Co.

"Jove, what a night!" panted Dick Penfold. "If those fellows have attempted to cross the water in such a storm—well, anything might have happened."

"They're good sailors," said Ogilvy. "The best sailors in the world couldn't navigate a boat in a sea like this."

As they set out along the road, in the teeth of the gale, sinister fears crept into the juniors' minds. It was quite possible that Harry Wharton & Co., with the spirit of adventure strong upon them, had endeavoured to row from Storm Island to the mainland. It would be a foolhardy thing—a mad thing—but it was more than likely.

The members of the search-party tramped on, turning off on the shore road which led to Pegg.

They found the little fishing village deserted.

There was no sign of life on the coast, save for a light which twinkled from one of the fisherman's cottages.

"Let's make inquiries here," shouted Dick Penfold. He had to shout, for the roaring of the breakers was deafening.

The juniors made their way to the cottage, and Tom Redwing rapped on the door.

It was the old boatman who answered the summons—the man from whom Harry Wharton & Co. had hired the rowing-boats.

"Seen anything of any of our fellows?" inquired Redwing.

"There was a dozen of 'em went over to Storm Island early this afternoon," said the boatman.

"Have they come back?"

"I ain't seen nothin' of 'em, young master."

The juniors exchanged gloomy glances.

"Either they've stayed on the island, or they've tried to get back, and failed," said Monty Newland. "What's to be done now?"

"Let's have a look at the sea," said Dick Penfold. "Perhaps we shall be able to get across to the island, somehow."

The old boatman gripped the speaker by the arm.

"Which it ain't possible!" he said.

"But you've got boats—"

"I've got boats right enough, but they wouldn't weather such a sea as this!"

"There's a lifeboat, surely?" said Ogilvy.

"But it's out of action."

"Let's have a look at the sea," repeated Penfold. "It may be calming down a bit."

So far from calming down, however, the sea was at its roughest.

The juniors paused on the shore, panting for breath. They peered out into the darkness and the storm—into the cauldron where wave rolled on wave in feverish, foaming haste.

The roaring of the breakers boomed in their ears; the wind buffeted their faces.

There was nothing to be seen out at sea save the giant waves, and the far-reaching beam of light from the lighthouse several miles along the coast.

As a rule, the lights of passing vessels could be seen, twinkling through the night; but there were none now.

"What about it, you fellows?" said Dick Penfold, peering at his companions.

The juniors shook their heads.

"We couldn't possibly set out in such

a sea," said Russell. "It would be sheer suicide."

"Yes, rather!"

"But those fellows—Wharton and the rest—"

"We can do nothing to help them. Let's hope they're safe and sound on the island. If they've attempted to get across—then Heaven help them!"

The juniors lingered on the shore for some time, in the hope that the storm would abate.

But the tempest increased in violence, and all thought of putting out to sea had to be abandoned.

"Faith, an' we'd better be gettin' back," said Micky Desmond, shaking himself like a drenched terrier. "We can do no good here."

Reluctantly, the members of the search-party started back to Greyfriars. There was nothing to be gained by remaining out in the storm—except, perhaps, an epidemic of influenza.

The juniors reached the school gateway at the same moment that the Sixth Form search-party returned.

"Any news, you kids?" asked Gwynne.

"No," said Dick Penfold. "We've made inquiries at Pegg, and it seems as if Wharton and the others are still on the island."

"If they've got any sense, they'll have put up somewhere for the night, instead of attempting to cross the water," said Faulkner. "We'd better go and report to the Head. He's worried out of his wits, and no wonder!"

Dr. Locke was certainly in a state of great agitation.

Twelve juniors were missing, and the Head, in a way, was their custodian, and responsible for their safety. The responsibility weighed heavily upon him. He was chatting with Mr. Quelch when Faulkner knocked at the door of his study and entered.

One glance at the prefect's face told the Head that there was no news of the missing juniors.

"You have discovered nothing, Faulkner?"

"Nothing, sir. Two search-parties have been out, and there's nothing to report."

"I feel convinced, sir," said Mr. Quelch, "that the boys have put up for the night at Salthaven. You can confirm that by telephoning to the hotel there. There is only one hotel in the place."

"How stupid of me not to have thought of that before!" exclaimed Dr. Locke.

He crossed over to the telephone and rang up the exchange. But the operator informed him that all communication with Storm Island had been cut off.

"Owing to the storm, I presume!" said the Head.

"No, sir; the telephone-wires have been cut."

"Bless my soul!"

"There is trouble of some sort on the island," said the operator, "but we are in the dark as to what is happening. Nobody can go over to find out what is wrong, owing to the rough sea."

The Head's uneasiness grew. He did not like the idea of Harry Wharton & Co. being mixed up in some island insurrection or revolution. The fact that the wires had been cut certainly suggested that there were revolutionaries on the island.

Dr. Locke hung up the receiver, and turned to Mr. Quelch.

"It is impossible to get into communication with Storm Island," he said. "In the circumstances we can only wait

and see what the morning brings forth. The situation looks very ominous; but let us hope and trust that all is well."

The hour was getting late now. It was the juniors' bed-time.

In the Remove dormitory there were twelve vacant beds. And there was no sleep for the occupants of the others.

Even Lord Maulverer, who usually fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, remained awake, hoping, with his schoolfellows, that Harry Wharton & Co. would return safely before many hours had passed.

But it was a foreboding hope.

A shadow of gloom hung over the Remove dormitory, and, indeed, over all Greyfriars.

It was a night of suspense—of vague dread.

Eleven footballers, and Billy Bunter, had embarked for Storm Island many hours since. Their return was long overdue. And the question which now tortured the minds of their anxious schoolfellows was this:

Would they ever return?

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Desperate Resource!

MEANWHILE, what of the prisoners?

Cramped, chilly, and unconformable, they remained crouched in the cave, under the ever-watchful eye of the man Cunningham.

An hour had passed since Captain Donovan, with Fletcher and Handley, had set out to sack the island.

One little hour—yet it had seemed like weary weeks to the captives.

Billy Bunter, in spite of the discomfort, had fallen asleep. The others envied him as he lay huddled against the wall of the cave, breathing deeply, and dead to his surroundings. None of the others could have slept if they had tried. They were thinking of the raid which was in progress—of the plundering which was being carried out on Storm Island.

How much longer were they to remain thus, like rats in a hole?

Cunningham was smoking a cigar with obvious enjoyment. A blue wreath of smoke curled upwards.

Not for one instant, however, did the man relax his vigilance. The revolver still rested on his knee. It was loaded, and ready for use at a second's notice.

"You kids won't have much longer to wait," he said reassuringly. "The good work is now in progress, and will soon be completed."

"Before many weeks are over," growled Johnny Bull, "you'll find yourself breaking stones at Dartmoor."

Cunningham laughed.

"We shall be clear of the country by to-morrow," was his comment.

"Why do you carry on these sort of games?" said Bob Cherry. "I must say you don't look like a giddy criminal."

"Necessity is the mother of crime," said Cunningham. "All the members of our little society—I don't like the word gang—are men who served their country faithfully during the war. On being demobilised, we found that there was no place for us in the scheme of things. There were precious few jobs going—remunerative jobs, I mean. We're not the type of men who would be content to be City clerks, at a pittance insufficient to keep body and soul together. We were out for big money, and as we couldn't assure it by honest means, well—"

Cunningham shrugged his shoulders.

"It was a choice between honest employment at a starvation wage, and a life of lawlessness which yielded a good return for our troubles," he said. "Only an arrant fool would have chosen the former!"

"Nothing can excuse a life of crime," said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, you're young—a mere school-kid! You don't understand. You spend your time writing out moth-eaten maxims like 'Honesty is the best policy.' Bah!"

And Cunningham gave a snort of disgust.

"I'd rather starve than go about robbing other people, anyway!" said Wharton warmly.

"Hear, hear!"

Cunningham did not pursue the topic. After all, he reflected, why should he attempt to justify himself in the eyes of a pack of schoolkids?

The prisoners noticed, however, that their warder was not altogether unfriendly.

Tom Brown asked if he might be allowed to read.

"Go ahead, then!" said Cunningham.

But he watched Tom Brown very closely as the junior produced a copy of the "Popular" from his pocket.

Harry Wharton went a step farther. An inspiration had suddenly occurred to the captain of the Remove. He asked if he might be permitted to write.

Cunningham eyed the junior narrowly. "What do you want to write?" he demanded.

"Oh, I just want to scribble, to pass the time away," said Wharton lightly.

Cunningham nodded his assent, and Harry Wharton drew out his notebook.

He then glanced meaningfully at Vernon Smith, and proceeded to write the following message, in shorthand:

"Your feet are within reach of the lantern. When I give the signal, by passing my hand across my forehead, kick the lantern over and extinguish it. Then we will rush Cunningham, and try and get the better of him in the darkness. Hand this message round for the other chaps to see. Most of them understand shorthand. This is a desperate wheeze, but it is our only chance of escape."

Having written the message, Harry Wharton handed it to Vernon Smith.

"Here, what's the little game?" rapped out Cunningham. "Let me see that notebook, at once!"

Wharton's heart was in his mouth as the book was passed along to Cunningham.

Did the man understand shorthand? If so, the ruse would fail completely.

But there was just the chance that Cunningham, although an educated man, had no knowledge of shorthand.

And so it proved.

Cunningham could not make head or tail of the written characters.

"What's all this?" he asked. "Looks to me like pothooks and hangers."

"Don't you know Greek?" asked Wharton exasperatedly. "I was going to wager Smithy that he wouldn't be able to decipher it."

"Well, let's see if he can translate it," said Cunningham, looking mildly interested.

And he handed the notebook to Vernon Smith.

The Bounder read the message, but he kept his emotions well under control. Had he given a violent start, Cunningham would have snared a rat.

"Of course I can translate it," he said, after a pause. "It's the first verse of that poem by Longfellow:

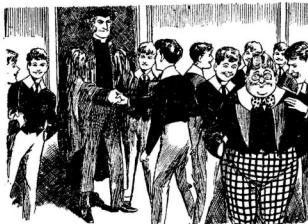
"The shades of night were falling fast, As through an Alpine village passed, A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice, A banner with the strange device:

"Excelsior!"

"Bravo!" said Harry Wharton. "If this was the Remove Form-room, I'd tell you to go up one, Smithy. Bet the other fellows wouldn't have deciphered it!"

"Let's have a look!" exclaimed half a dozen voices.

The notebook was passed round the cave.



On leaving the Head's study Harry Wharton & Co. were surrounded by a surging, inquiring crowd. "Where have you fellows been hiding yourselves?" "What's happened?" "Tell us all about it!" Harry Wharton laughed. "I think somebody else had better take a turn at describing our giddy adventures!"

(See Chapter 9.)

Everybody read the message, with the exception of Billy Bunter, who was still asleep. And everybody understood it, including Ted Fisher and his two island chums.

Cunningham watched his charges, little dreaming that a plan of escape had been formed. He imagined that Harry Wharton was providing his fellow prisoners with some harmless amusement.

The juniors guarded the secret well. They betrayed no sign of emotion—though their hearts were beating faster than usual, and their blood was a-tingle.

Harry Wharton's ruse was, indeed, a desperate one, for if Cunningham used his revolver, even in the darkness, somebody would probably get hit.

Tom Brown continued to read his "Popular," pretending to be deeply engrossed in the pages of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

The editor of that four-page scream was still slumbering, but in a few moments he would have a rude awakening.

Presently, in an unconcerned way, Harry Wharton passed his hand across his forehead.

Vernon-Smith did not hesitate a second. He shot out his foot, and kicked the lantern over, and the cave was plunged into darkness.

Instantly half a dozen juniors were upon Cunningham.

Taken completely by surprise, the man had no time to discharge his revolver. He snatched it up, certainly, but Bob Cherry wrested it from his grasp.

A scene of the wildest confusion prevailed in the cave.

Cunningham struggled desperately, with juniors clinging to him like leeches. The voice of Billy Bunter—now fully awake—was raised in wild alarm.

"I say, you fellows, what's happening?"

Then came a triumphant shout from Johnny Bull.

"Got him!"

Cunningham was overpowered. He was a strong man, and his struggles had been fierce in the extreme. But he was exhausted at last. His arms and legs were pinned to the sandy floor of the cave.

"There's a rope over in your corner of the cave, Fisher!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"I know. I dived for it directly the light went out," was the reply. "Here it is."

"Release me, you young cubs!"

snarled Cunningham.

"Not this evening," said Bob Cherry pleasantly. "Some other evening!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was the first time the juniors had laughed since their imprisonment. They could afford to laugh now. They were masters of the situation, and Cunningham was the under-dog.

Frank Nugent relit the lantern, and Cunningham was promptly bound hand and foot.

The rope was a stout one, and the man was trussed up like a fowl. There was no possible escape for him.

"Afraid you'll find it rather uncomfortable, having to stay here like this indefinitely," said Harry Wharton. "But we're simply giving you a dose of your own medicine. We've had a

dashed unpleasant time of it here, and now it's your turn."

"Hang you!" muttered Cunningham. "There's not enough rope left for that, I'm afraid. Besides, I don't want to shuffle off this mortal coil just yet."

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, whose slow-working mind had just begun to take in the situation, "how did you wangle this?"

"By a knowledge of shorthand, and a powerful kick," said Vernon-Smith.

"Are we free now?"

"Of course, fathead!"

"Oh, good! I was afraid we were going to be starved to death."

Harry Wharton moved towards the exit.

"Come along, everybody!" he exclaimed. "There's no time to be lost. We must go and see what's happening in Salthaven."

"I say, there's some grub in this hamper," said Bunter.

"Oh, it wait for that. Come on!"

With a final glance at Cunningham, to make sure that he was securely bound, Harry Wharton led the way from the cave.

In single file the juniors passed through the tunnel, until they emerged on to the shore. Ted Fisher and his two chums followed.

The storm was now raging with fearful intensity. Giant breakers were dashing and crashing upon the rocky shore. The wind howled and raged; the tempest was at its height. It was a perilous sight for those that went down to the sea in ships, and occupied their business in great waters.

Nevertheless there was a craft of some sort moored a short distance out to sea. It was flashing red and green signals alternately.

For a moment Harry Wharton & Co. imagined that it must be some ship in distress. And then they realized that it was the motor-boat belonging to the gang—the motor-boat which was to convey the loot to some unknown destination.

Ted Fisher advanced as near as he dared to the ridge of white foam, and peered out to sea.

"They'll be foiled!" he exclaimed. "That motor-boat will never be able to put out to sea while this storm's raging."

"It's all right where it is. This bay is fairly sheltered. But the open channel is a positive death-trap!"

"In that case," said Harry Wharton, "they'll have to stay on the island all night with the plunder. They won't be able to get away until the storm's over."

"In the meantime, we can give the alarm," said Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather!"

"I say! Here are the three boats we came over to the island in!" exclaimed Peter Todd suddenly.

"My hat!"

"Shall we row out to the motor-boat, and tackle the rotters on board?" suggested Vernon-Smith, ever ready for an adventure.

"My dear chap, it would be madness!" said Mark Linley.

"It's only a short distance—"

"But a rowing boat would never accomplish it."

"And even if it did, we should have a couple of armed men to deal with when we got to the motor boat," said Harry Wharton. "Our best plan is to go up into Salthaven right away, and see what's happening."

"Hear, hear!"

There was a steep and narrow road

leading from the shore up into the village.

The party of fifteen commenced the ascent, and as they toiled up the slope, the storm raged around them with unceasing fury. But they did not heed the roaring of the elements. Only one thing mattered at the moment. They were free!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.
A Night of Peril!

BOOM!
A loud report made itself heard above the raging of the storm. Instinctively Harry Wharton & Co. halted.

"What was that?" exclaimed Archie Howell.

"A distress signal from some vessel out at sea, I expect," said Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"It was the maroon," he said.

"Eh? What maroon?"

"You remember Captain Donovan saying that as soon as the raid was over he'd fire a maroon?"

"By Jove, yes!"

True to his promise, the captain had let off a maroon, in order to let Cunningham know that the gang's task had been completed.

But the knowledge would be of no use to Cunningham, who lay bound and helpless in the smugglers' cave.

"The rotters have got away with the loot, then?" said Ted Fisher.

"Looks like it," said Harry Wharton. "But we might be in time to save the situation yet. Come on!"

The members of the party quickened their pace. They went up the hill at a jog-trot.

This didn't suit Billy Bunter, who hated exertion of any sort.

"I—I say, you fellows, wait for me!" panted the fat junior.

"We're not going to suit our pace to yours," growled Johnny Bull. "You can keep up, or stay behind, whichever you like."

Billy Bunter didn't relish being left behind on that lonely island road. Accordingly, he broke into a run, and kept pace with the rest of the party.

Ted Fisher and his two chums led the way as they knew every inch of the locality.

Panting and breathless, and drenched by the rain, they surmounted the brow of the hill, and entered the solitary street of Salthaven.

There were several people astir. They stood in a group on the pavement, chattering excitedly.

Ted Fisher advanced towards the party.

"What's the rumour?" he inquired.

"Didn't you hear that maroon go off?" said one of the men. "We're wondering what it's all about."

"I'll tell you!" said Ted Fisher grimly. "This place has been plundered."

"What!"

"Haven't you noticed anything unusual?"

"No. We were in the Fisherman's Arms when the maroon went off."

"Well, what I say is a fact. This place has been looted—raided under your very noses!"

"What rot!" said another man. "It isn't rot!" said Ted Fisher impatiently. "Do you see mean to say you've seen nothing? Three armed men have been here—they may be here still, for all I know."

"The kid's mad!" said somebody.

TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

ANSWERS
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"Quite potty!"

"Wanderers" in his mind, as ever was!" said a fisherman.

"No time to argue with these yokels," interrupted Archie Howell. "Come along, Fisher! We'll do some investigating!"

The first place of any importance that the party came to was the bank. The front door of the premises, usually securely fastened, was ajar.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Something's happened here!"

He pushed open the door, and led the way into the building.

Ted Fisher flashed on his electric torch.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed.

One glance at the interior of the bank showed that the looters had been there. The door of the safe stood wide open. And the safe itself was empty, save for a few documents of no consequence.

"They've made a clean sweep of this place, by Jove!" said Nugent.

"And the same thing applies to the post-office, I'll wager," said Ted Fisher. He was right.

On investigation, the party discovered that the post-office had been broken into, and that the safe and tills had been tilted.

The raids had apparently been carried out silently and skilfully, for the natives were as yet unaware of what had happened. They had been startled by the sound of the maroon; but they knew nothing of the events which had preceded it.

"Goodness knows how many private houses have been socked!" said Harry Wharton. "It would be a sheer waste of time to try and find out. Let's go along to the police-station, and see if there's anybody about."

On reaching the little station, the party made a startling discovery.

The solitary policeman of Salthaven was within. He was sitting on the floor, with his back to the wall. His legs were bound, and his arms were secured behind his back with a length of stout rope.

The constable blinked in the rays of Ted Fisher's electric torch.

"Which I've bin hassaulted!" he exclaimed. "Pounced upon by a gang of armed willians, an' bound 'and an' foot!"

"How long ago did this happen?" asked Ted Fisher.

"A couple of hours, at least."

Bob Cherry advanced towards the policeman, and severed the bonds with his knife.

"While you've been trussed up here," said Bob, "the place has been looted. The bank, the post-office, and goodness knows how many private houses have been raided!"

"My heys!" gasped the constable.

"Are you the only policeman on the island?" asked Archie Howell.

"There's an inspector, but he's laid up crool bad with the roomatics."

"An' they haven't sent anybody over from the mainland to take his place?"

"No."

"Well, of all the shockin' bad management," said Archie. "This island deserved to be looted, that's all I can say."

Whilst the policeman stood scratching his head in bewilderment, Peter Todd advanced quietly towards the table, on which lay two pairs of handcuffs.

Peter slipped the handcuffs into his pocket. He reflected that they might come in useful.

"There's one thing, young gents,"

NEXT MONDAY:

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said the policeman, in tones of satisfaction. "They won't be able to leave the island with this storm ragin'. I shall catch 'em red-'anded'!"

This remark caused loud laughter. How the slow-witted constable was going to deal with three armed men was not quite clear. He was far more likely, if he saw them, to dodge round the nearest corner.

"What's our next move, you fellows?" asked Tom Brown.

"We'd better nip back to the shore, and see if there's any sign of the gang," said Harry Wharton.

"I—I say, they've all got revolvers!" faltered Billy Bunter.

"Well, there are fifteen of us, and we must take our chance. I fancy we shall be a match for them."

"But I—I might be shot, you know!" quavered Bunter.

THE MAN WHO KNEW THE SECRET



Look out for ANSWERS!
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"That would be no loss to humanity!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter glanced round the interior of the police-station.

"I think I'd rather stay here for the night," he said.

"Well, you can, if the constable doesn't object," said Archie Howell. "I don't suppose it'll be the first night you'll spend at a police-station."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The policeman raised no objections, and Billy Bunter therefore decided to remain where he was. The police-station afforded him a sense of safety and security.

The constable himself showed no frantic desire to go out in search of the gang of looters.

"They won't be able to leave the island," he repeated, "an' I shall nail 'em all right in the mornin'!"

"Got a truncheon to lend us?" inquired Bulstrode. "We might need one."

The constable shook his head.

"Which I've only got one, an' I ain't partin' with that," he said.

"That's quite right," said Billy Bunter. "You might be called upon to protect me, you know."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Bunter and the bobby make a jolly fine pair!" he said. "Let's leave them to look after each other, and go and see if there's anything doing down on the shore."

The party—now fourteen in number—trooped out of the little police-station. They found themselves once more exposed to the elements and the blinding storm.

As they descended the road to the shore, they could discern an occasional flash of light from the sea.

"Motor-boat's still there," observed Tom Brown.

"That means that Captain Donovan and the others are still on the island," said Vernon-Smith. "I expect we shall have a skirmish with them before the night's out."

"Only wish we could take them by surprise!" said Nugent.

"We shall do, if we have any luck."

The juniors pushed on through the tempest.

Ted Fisher, with Bernard and Barton, was ahead, and when the trio came to the end of the road, where it merged into the shore, they halted suddenly.

"What's up?" asked Wharton.

"There's a dark object ahead of us," said Ted Fisher. "Looks like a car without lights. Follow up, and don't make a row. I've an idea that we're at close quarters with the gang."

The party advanced with caution. Not that caution was really necessary, for the roar of the elements drowned the sound of footsteps.

Ted Fisher's surmise proved correct. The dark object in front was a stationary car, showing no lights.

Beside the car stood three men, with their backs to the advancing party. They were holding a debate.

Ted Fisher beckoned to Harry Wharton, Vernon-Smith, and Peter Todd. He motioned the others back out of range.

The four fellows in front promptly went down on to their hands and knees, and crawled closer and closer to the car, until they were within earshot of the three men. They were screened by the vehicle, so that even if the men glanced round the quartette would not be visible.

The voice of Captain Donovan became audible.

"It's a rougher sea than I imagined, Fletcher."

"It's the dooce of a sea, captain."

"I'm wonderin' whether Marchant, in the motor-boat yonder, will care to undertake the trip."

"He'll have to, captain, if you order him," said Handley.

"Yes, I know that. But the question is, is it wise? We don't want to founder and lose the loot and our lives into the bargain."

"If we stay on the island all night," said Fletcher, "we shall be running a big risk. We shan't find it easy to get away in the daylight. Now's our chance, and we ought to strike while the iron's hot."

Captain Donovan nodded.

"P'raps you're right, Fletcher," he said. "By gad, we've done well to-night, an' no error! There's enough loot in this car to keep us in comfort for the rest of our days. By the way,

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Cunningham's a long time getting here. It was over half an hour ago that we fired the maroon. Where's the fool got to?"

Harry Wharton and the others could have explained the reason for Cunningham's non-appearance. But they remained perfectly silent, drinking in every word of the conversation.

"I think I'll row out to the motor-boat, an' get Marchant's opinion as to whether it's advisable to leave the island to-night, or abandon it till the mornin'," said the captain.

"Is there a boat handy?" asked Fletcher.

"Yes, there are three, just over there."

"You'll never be able to get across to the motor-boat, with such a big sea running," said Handley.

"Nonsense! It's only a stone's-throw from here to the motor-boat. Stay here an' guard the loot, while I row out an' have a jaw with Marchant. He's an excellent pilot, an' he'll know which is the wisest course."

Captain Donovan strode away, and a moment later he was engaged in sunning one of the rowing-boats down to the water's edge.

Peter Todd crept close to Harry Wharton, and whispered in his ear.

"That leaves only a couple of 'em to deal with. We can pounce on them from behind, and I can handcuff the pair of them before they have time to draw their revolvers."

Wharton nodded.

"Wait till Donovan's out of the way!" he muttered.

The leader of the gang launched the rowing-boat with a great deal of difficulty.

As he had said, it was only a stone's-throw to the motor-boat. Nevertheless, his undertaking was fraught with grave peril.

Directly the boat was lost to sight on the dark waters, the fellows who had been ambushed behind the car sprang suddenly to their feet.

With one accord, they buried themselves upon Fletcher and Handley, who were taken completely by surprise.

A short, sharp struggle ensued.

It was only a matter of seconds before the two men were overpowered. They were borne to the ground and pinned there. And then there were two successive clicks.

Peter Todd had handcuffed the pair, while Vernon-Smith, groping in their pockets, relieved them of their revolvers.

"Help!"

The voices of the two captives blended in a shout of appeal. They hoped that Captain Donovan would hear it and hasten to the rescue.

But the captain was himself in need of help. The rowing-boat in which he had put out to sea had grated upon a rock, and was now beginning to fill with water.

"Help!"

The cry was borne faintly to the juniors on the wings of the storm.

It was not Fletcher and Handley who shouted this time. It was Captain Donovan, who had clambered out of his fast-sinking boat, and was clinging desperately to the rock.

Over that same rock the waves came surging and foaming.

The captain's position was one of dire peril. He was not a swimmer, and if he relinquished his hold he would be dashed into a cauldron of seething water and drowned.

"Help!"

Again the shout went up. It was heard by those on the shore, but not by

the two men who were on board the motor-boat. This was due to the direction of the wind.

"Donovan's in difficulties!" exclaimed Ted Fisher.

"Serve him right for putting out in such a sea," said Vernon-Smith harshly.

"The man must be mad!"

"But we must help him, if it's at all possible," said Harry Wharton. "I know he's a criminal and all the rest of it, but dash it all, it's a human life at stake! I'm going to row out to him."

Peter Todd caught the speaker by the arm.

"You can't!" he exclaimed. "You'd be dashed to pieces! I believe Donovan's struck a rock, and you'll do the same!"

"I must take my chance."

"Oh, you fool—you mad fool!" Peter Todd's voice was hoarse with excitement.

"It will mean two lives instead of one!"



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SCHOOL FRIEND

Out on Thursday, September 21st GREATLY ENLARGED.

Harry Wharton was not to be turned from his purpose.

Hopeless though the task of rescue appeared, he was determined to attempt it.

"Heave that precious pair into the car!" he said, indicating Fletcher and Handley. "And give an eye to them while I go and see what can be done."

Then, without hesitation, Harry Wharton commandeered one of the rowing-boats and pushed it down towards the edge of the swirling waters.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The End of the Adventure!

"HELP!" The cry was considerably fainter now. It suggested that Captain Donovan would be unable to hold out much longer.

Before launching the boat, Harry Wharton made a megaphone of his hands, and shouted, in response to the captain's appeal.

"Coming!"

Then he pushed the boat into the angry surf, clambered into it, and pulled vigorously on his oars.

Not till now did Wharton fully realise the magnitude of his task. It seemed that Peter Todd was quite right when he said it would mean two lives instead of one.

The boat was tossed to and fro like

an eggshell. First it would rise on the crest of a gigantic wave, only to be hurled, the next instant, into a seething pit.

But Wharton thought nothing of his own safety. His one hope was that he would be in time to save the captain.

"Help!"

The cry was close at hand now.

Gleaning over his shoulder, Harry Wharton discerned the dark outline of the rock. He also discerned the clinging figure.

"Hold on!" he shouted. "I'll be there in a jiffy!"

The boat drew almost level with the rock.

Bearing down towards him, Wharton could see what appeared to be a great wall of waves. But before they could reach the rock he had done what he set out to do. He assisted the captain, now practically exhausted—into the boat, and pulled away from the dangerous rock with all speed.

A sudden torrent of water swept over the boat and its occupants.

Wharton doubted whether they would survive that fierce deluge. But the boat righted itself, and the plucky junior pulled hard for the shore.

The danger was not yet over.

At any moment the boat might have turned turtle.

But fortune favours the brave, and Harry Wharton won through in that stern struggle against wind and wave. Willing hands steadied the boat as it was hurled on to the shore, and a roving cheer went up from fourteen throats.

Wharton's back was thumped, and his hands were seized and shaken like pump-handles, as he staggered on to terra-firma.

"Bravo, Harry!" said Bob Cherry.

"I doubt if that fellow's life was worth saving. But you've done it, and you're a giddy hero!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Oh, rats!" said Wharton breathlessly.

"I see you've collared two of the gang," said Tom Brown. "And the third doesn't seem to have a kick left in him."

Captain Donovan remained huddled in the boat, in a dazed state. He was not in a fit condition to offer any resistance. He could not even speak.

"Is there much loot in the car?" asked Wharton.

"Yes, rather!" said Ted Fisher.

"There are two sacks full of silver plate and stuff, and a couple of cash-boxes crammed with notes and silver. It looks as if every place of any importance on the island has been raided."

"My hat!"

At this juncture Captain Donovan struggled into a sitting posture. He held out his hand to Harry Wharton.

"Thank you, kid," he said simply.

"You've got crowds of pluck, and, as your friend remarked just now, 'I wasn't worth fishin' out of the water.'"

Harry Wharton took the captain's proffered hand, but said nothing.

"How did you manage to escape from the cave?" asked the captain.

"It was as simple as A B C," said Bob Cherry.

"An' Cunningham—?"

"We've taken him prisoner."

"Then you've got us all at your mercy, practically speakin'!"

"That's so," said Bob Cherry, taking the captain's revolver from his pocket.

"An' what do you propose to do now?"

"You're coming in the car, with the other two, to the police station," said Harry Wharton.

"I expect we shall find plenty of people willing to guard you during the night. We're too fagged to

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take on the job ourselves. Two of you fellows can go along to the cave and fetch Cunningham.

"Bob and I will do that," said Frank Nugent. "But what about the two men in the motor-boat?"

"We shall have to leave them till the morning."

Captain Donovan was ordered into the car, and he got in without making any resistance.

"I think you might be a sport, an' let us go," he said to Harry Wharton. "You've recovered the loot, an' that's all that matters. If we're taken into custody we shall get about five years for this."

"Serve you right!" said Wharton coldly.

"Oh, I say! That's rather unkind. You've dragged me out of the fryin'-pan only to plunge me into the fire. You've saved my life, but only to hand me over to justice."

"People of your stamp," said Wharton, "ought not to be at large. If we were to let you go it would be an offence against the law. Your game's up, and you must make up your mind to face the music. Is there anybody here who can drive a car?"

"I can!" said Ted Fisher promptly. "As soon as Cunningham arrives I'll drive the whole jolly lot to the police station."

Whilst Fisher was speaking, frantic signals were being flashed from the motor-boat.

The two men on board were wondering what was wrong. They knew that some hitch must have occurred in Captain Donovan's arrangements, but they little dreamed that the captain and his three associates had been captured.

Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent soon returned with Cunningham, whose hands were tied behind his back. He was ordered into the car with the others, and Ted Fisher clambered into the driver's seat. Beside him sat Vernon-Smith, fingering one of the captured revolvers in case of emergency.

There was no room for anyone else in the car, and the others decided to walk.

Harry Wharton & Co. were soaked to the skin, besides being cold and hungry. But they were not miserably. They had accomplished great things on that eventful evening. They had made good their escape from the smugglers' cave; they had captured all the members of the gang save two—the two who were on board the motor-boat; and they had recovered the plunder, which would be safely deposited in the police-station, and restored to the various owners in due course.

On arriving at the police-station they found an excited crowd of natives assembled without. Among them was Sir John Loring, a local magistrate.

"Which of you is Wharton?" inquired Sir John, as the party came up.

"Horo I am, sir," said Harry cheerfully.

"I should like to shake you by the hand, my boy. You have done great work—rendered yeoman service, begad! If those villains had been allowed to go away—"

"Are they inside, sir?" interrupted Wharton.

"Under lock and key," said Sir John.

"The station will be guarded all night by the constable and a dozen volunteers. In the morning the precious scoundrels will be taken across the water and given into custody at Courtfield. Fisher—whom I must compliment upon the skillful way he handled the car—tells me that there are two more men concerned in this

affair. They are on board a motor-boat, I understand."

"That's so, sir," said Wharton.

"Well, we shall apprehend them in the morning. Meanwhile, I want you all to come and spend the night at my house. You look utterly fagged out—and no wonder! You shall have hot baths, a substantial meal, and a sound sleep. Later on, when you are called upon to give evidence at the assizes, I have no doubt the judge will congratulate you upon your pluck and resource."

As soon as Sir John had finished speaking Ted Fisher and Vernon-Smith emerged from the police-station. Billy Bunter was with them.

"The prisoners and the loot are safe," said Vernon-Smith cheerfully. "They gave us no trouble at all. Came along in the car as meekly as lambs."

"Well, considering two of them were handcuffed, one bound, and the other too exhausted for words, it's not surprising that they made no resistance!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "I say. This gentleman has invited us to spend the night at his house. Isn't it ripping of him?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Has he got any grab to offer us?" asked Billy Bunter. "I'm wasting away through lack of nourishment!"

"Dry up, porpoise!"

"You shall have as much as you can eat, my boy," said Sir John Loring reassuringly.

Billy Bunter's face beamed like a full moon.

"You're what I call a real sportsman, sir," he said.

"By the way," said Archie Howell

"It was stolen from the local garage," said Sir Fisher. "I've arranged for it to be taken back."

"And now," said Sir John, "we will be getting indoors. There's nothing to be gained by staying out in this infernal storm. You must all dry your clothes by the fire, and I'll get the housekeeper to give you some blankets to wrap yourselves in."

The party began to move off. But Harry Wharton hesitated.

"Anything wrong, my boy?" inquired Sir John.

"You're sure the prisoners are all right, sir?"

"Eh? Positive—positive! There's a strong guard over them, and the door's bolted."

"They're as slippery as eels," said Peter Todd.

Sir John laughed.

"They'll need to be wizards or magicians to get away under these circumstances!" he said. "Come along, my boys!"

And the good-natured magistrate led the way to his house.

The Greyfriars juniors and the three local boys were soon made thoroughly comfortable. After a hot bath and a good, square meal each of them felt like a giant refreshed.

There were sufficient bed-rooms to accommodate all of them; and, as Bob Cherry remarked, they required no rocking. They were asleep as soon as their heads touched the pillow.

Away at Greyfriars the anxiety was terrible.

It was feared that the members of the Remove football team had been lost at sea.

Hour after hour passed, and still there was no news of the missing juniors.

But the Head, who remained in his

study, haggard, yet still hopeful, found solace in the words of the old adage:

"Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning!"

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Match with Storm Island!

THE morning brought startling developments.

The storm had passed, and the dawn revealed a calm and unruffled sea.

About an hour after daybreak a messenger arrived at Sir John Loring's house with the amazing information that Captain Donovan and the members of his gang had made good their escape.

Sir John, flushed and wrathful, paced up and down the hall in his dressing-gown.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Impossible! They had no opportunity whatever of getting away!"

But the news was speedily confirmed by a second messenger.

It was a fact that the gang had escaped.

There was no evidence that the members of the guard had dropped off to sleep, or in any way relaxed their vigil. Exactly how the escape had been "wangled" was a mystery. But the fact remained that the birds—the prospective gaol-birds—had flown, and had got clear of the island. For there was now no sign of the motor-boat which had been seen overnight.

But there was one last consolation.

Captain Donovan and his confederates had left the loot behind. It would doubtless have handicapped them in their flight, and thus they had been reluctantly compelled to leave it at the police-station.

Sir John lost no time in raising a hue-and-cry.

Now that the sea was calm, he despatched a couple of men to the mainland, with full descriptions of the members of the gang, also a covering letter, to be handed to the inspector of police at Courtfield.

The two men who undertook this mission were also instructed to call at Greyfriars, and explain that Harry Wharton & Co. were safe.

Needless to relate, there was great relief and rejoicing at the old school when it became known that all was well.

Harry Wharton & Co. were naturally disappointed when Sir John visited their respective bed-rooms and told them the news.

"But we shall get them again, never fear," said the magistrate. "A description of the gang will be circulated, and a sharp look-out will be kept for the motor-boat. I should not be surprised to hear of their arrest at any moment."

"They haven't taken the loot with them, I hope?" growled Johnny Bull.

"No; they were obliged to leave that behind. And consequently their raid on Storm Island has ended in complete failure, even though the raiders themselves have got clear."

"Well, we've had enough excitement during the last twenty-four hours to last us a month!" said Tod Fisher. "Thank goodness to-day's Sunday, and we shall be able to rest, and get over it!"

"What about your football challenge?" inquired Harry Wharton.

"It still holds good. We'll meet you as soon as you like."

"Make it Wednesday afternoon," said

the captain of the Remove. "We shall have got nicely into form by then."

"All serene," said Ted Fisher.

After partaking of a hearty breakfast at Sir John Loring's house, the Greyfriars fellows started back to the school.

They had a smooth passage on this occasion, and although Billy Bunter had breakfasted not wisely, but too well, he was not troubled with sea-sickness.

The party arrived at the school in time to take their places in chapel for morning service. Many were the glances directed at the pews in which they sat.

The Head was immensely gratified by the return of the wanderers, and immediately the service was over he summoned them to his study, where Harry Wharton gave a graphic account of their adventures on the island.

Harry omitted only one thing, and that was his gallant rescue of Captain Donovan.

When the captain of the Remove had finished his recital the Head shook hands all round with the juniors, and expressed his joy and relief at the fact that they had come through safely.

On leaving the Head's study Harry Wharton & Co. were surrounded by a surging, inquiring crowd.

"Where have you fellows been hiding yourselves?"

"What's happened?"

"Tell us all about it, Wharton!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I think somebody else had better take a turn at describing our giddy adventures," he said.

Archie Howell promptly obliged, and the crowd listened breathlessly to his narrative.

"My hat! You fellows have had some thrilling experiences, and no mistake!" said Dick Fenfold.

"Faith, an' their adventures would fill a whole issue of the 'Greyfriars Herald'!" exclaimed Micky Desmond.

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, "they've given you a wrong version of the affair altogether! It was me that captured the gang. I did it single-handed!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You don't seem to believe me!" said Bunter indignantly.

"Ha, ha! We don't!" chuckled Dick Russell.

"Bunter was the only funk in the party," said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"And if he tells any more whoppers, we shall bump him—hard!"

This warning had its effect. Billy Bunter decided that a still tongue made a wise head, and he made no further references to his "galantry."

Harry Wharton & Co. took things easy that day. Instead of going for their usual Sunday afternoon walk, they took forty winks in their respective studies. The strenuous time through which they had passed had left them a trifle the worse for wear.

Next day, however, they were their old selves again. And when Wednesday afternoon came, the Remove footballers were fighting fit.

The trip to Storm Island was accomplished without mishap, and on the Southaven ground Ted Fisher & Co. were awaiting their rivals.

The islanders looked in splendid trim. They meant to show the fellows from the mainland that, whatever the island lacked, it did not lack a capable football team.

"Welcome, little strangers!" said Ted Fisher. "I'm sorry, but we're going to wipe up the ground with you this day!"

"That's a matter of opinion," said

Harry Wharton smiling. "Personally, I think you're the merchants who are going through the hoop."

Wharton won the toss, but there was practically no wind, and therefore no advantage to be gained.

Play opened in a sensational fashion. Vernon-Smith broke away on the wing, and instead of passing the ball to one of the inside forwards, as everyone expected, he tried a shot himself from long range.

It was one of those surprise shots which frequently come off. And it came off now.

The island goalie made a frantic but futile endeavour to save, but the ball evaded his clutch and crashed into the net.

"Goal!"

"Well played, Smithy!"

But the high spirits of the Greyfriars juniors soon dropped to zero.

Within two minutes of Vernon-Smith's clever shot, Ted Fisher brought the scores level.

Johnny Bull, in attempting to clear, mistimed his kick, and Fisher simply walked the ball into the net.

This was bad for Greyfriars. But there was worse to follow.

The ball was kicked off again from the centre of the field, and the island forwards, displaying perfect combination, took the ball down the field, completely outwitting the Remove half-backs, who were usually equal to every emergency.

Bob Cherry, Peter Todd, and Mark Linley were left standing. They were made to look almost foolish by their opponents, who swung the ball across from man to man with perfect precision.

Then Barnard, playing at outside-right for the islanders, got in a beautiful cross shot, which had Bulstrode benten all the way.

"Three goals in five minutes, and we can only claim one of them!" said Harry Wharton. "Play up, you fellows!"

The Greyfriars' players pulled themselves together. An uphill fight always brought out their best football.

Johnny Bull and Tom Brown, at back, set up a sound defence. There were no more mis-kicks—no more mistakes. The defence was founded upon a rock.

The halves also played up finely, and gradually got the measure of their quick-footed opponents.

As for the Remove forwards, they attacked again and again. But they had wretched luck.

Archie Howell skimmed the crossbar with a shot which would have beaten any goalkeeper in the land. A scorching shot from Harry Wharton struck one of the uprights, and then Nugent headed the ball inches wide. The islanders' goal seemed to bear a charmed life.

There was no further scoring before the interval, which arrived with Storm Island leading by two to one.

"That's taken some of the confidence out of you. I'll be bound!" said Ted Fisher, smiling at Harry Wharton.

"Not at all! We're always at our best in the second half."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

"There was once an occasion when we were five goals behind at half-time, and then made a draw of it."

"Did you crib that from 'Grimm's Fairy Tales'?" inquired Fisher.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The second half produced a ding-dong struggle.

The ball travelled from end to end of the field with amazing rapidity, and both goalkeepers were constantly called into action.

Bulstrode fairly "brought down the

house" with one of his saves. The ball was travelling away from him towards the corner of the net, and he flung himself upon it like a panther, and diverted it round the post.

"Saved, sir—jolly well saved!" cried the sporting crowd.

Five minutes later, however, a calamity befell the Remove.

Tom Brown seemed to imagine he was back in New Zealand, playing Rugby. In a moment of forgetfulness he handled the ball—and the infringement occurred in the penalty area.

The referee had no hesitation in awarding a penalty kick. Ted Fisher took it, and he sent the ball crashing past Bulstrode.

"Three to one!" groaned Peter Todd.

"What ever possessed you to grab at the ball like that, Browney?"

"Sorry!" muttered Tom Brown penitently. "It shan't happen again!"

Now that they were two goals in arrears, there would have been some excuse for the Remove if they had become slack and despondent.

But that was not their way. They played up harder than ever, and their persistent attack was eventually rewarded.

Harry Wharton flashed in a ground shot, which the island goalie could not dive for in time.

"Goal!"

Greatly heartened by this success, the Remove came again. They forced a corner, which was beautifully taken by Vernon-Smith. He lobbed the ball on to the head of Archie Howell, and Archie, by a deft jerk of his cranium, deflected the ball into the net.

"Level!" cried Bob Cherry jubilantly.

"Archie, you priceless old thing, I'll remember you in my will!"

"Please, teacher, it wasn't me!" said Archie modestly. "Smithy took the corner kick, and the rest was easy!"

"We're level now, anyway," said Bob.

"And, what's more, we're going to get in front!"

The last ten minutes of the game proved desperately exciting.

Ted Fisher just missed scoring for the islanders, and Nugent went very close for Greyfriars.

With only five minutes to go, Bob Cherry found himself in possession of the ball.

As a half-back, it was not Bob's duty to score goals. But time was precious, and there was nobody in a convenient position to receive a pass. So Bob tried a shot on his own—and a magnificent shot it was!

The ball sped through the air, curled in under the crossbar, and landed in the net.

"GOAL!"

It was the last goal of the game. And when the final whistle went, Bob Cherry's delighted chums carried him off the field.

Harry Wharton & Co. had found the Storm Islanders a very tough proposition. But they had won through, and they went back to Greyfriars rejoicing.

The days passed by, and no news came to hand concerning Captain Donovan, and the members of his adocious gang. It was presumed that they had either gone abroad or given up the business of looting and plundering. For from that time the activities of the gang ceased, and nothing more was heard of the Island Raiders.

THE END.

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