

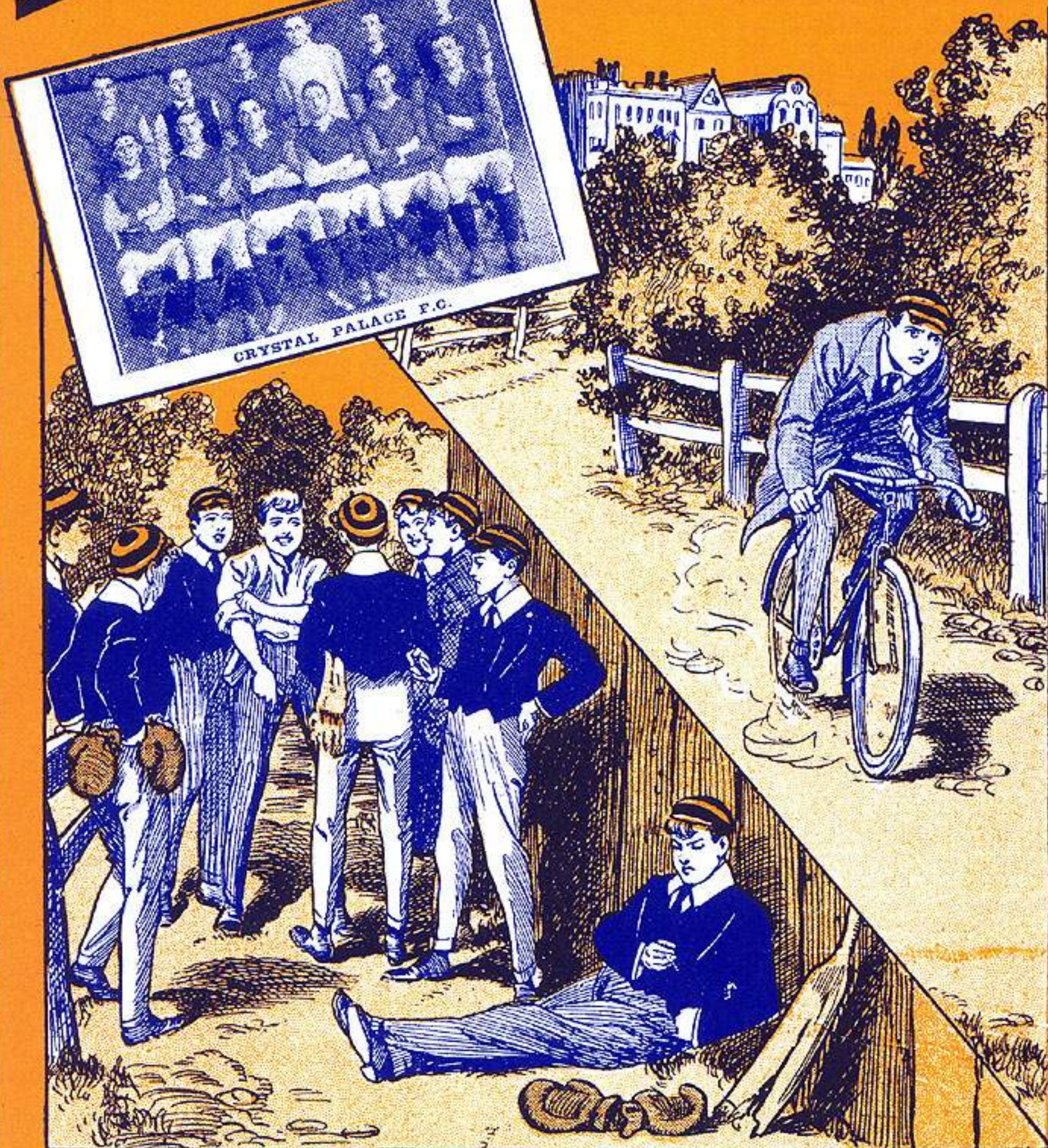
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No. 783. Vol. XXIII.

Week ending February 10th, 1923.

The Magnet 2^d

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WAITING FOR THE SCHOOLBOY WHO WOULDN'T FIGHT!

(A striking episode from our long complete yarn of Jim Lee at Gosfriers.)

Here I give you all the latest news—drop me a line and let me have your views!



"FRIENDS AT LAST!"

LOOK OUT in next week's "Magnet" for the grand wind-up of the enthralling series of yarns in which Jim Lee has been the central figure.

This character certainly succeeded in making a name for himself at Greyfriars. We have gone on from mystery to mystery concerning him, and behind it all loomed the shadow of Ulrick Driver, Jim's guardian, who is no better than he ought to be—in fact, considerably worse. The eventual destination of this person was never much in doubt.

I am not going to give away the secret of next Monday's gripping story. It is too good a surprise. It can suffice that the interest is maintained right away to the drop of the curtain, and the culmination comes with a bang, just in the best Frank Richards' style as we all know it.

Jim Lee wins through; I can say that much without detriment. And through all the crowd of exciting incidents of this series, we find the Famous Five acting up to their splendid reputations as good sports. Harry Wharton & Co. have in their time encountered some queer fish at Greyfriars. They have been faced with difficulties without number, but the tactful way in which the skipper of the Remove contrives to pull his team through, and render help to fellows who have been in the rank outsider class, is something to marvel at, and treasure up in the memory as an example.

If you notice how the world runs, it is an amazingly easy thing to run down the newcomer. It is like that in school. It is just precisely the same in real life. Some fresh arrival has big feet, a clumsy manner, and he speaks too often, or too little—either is as bad as the other—or else he shows himself a thought too clever. There is a rough house for this kind of person, no help for it.

Next week's tale is a record one, and—By the way, I have some topping treats in store, but more anon about them.

FACING DEATH.

Some people hardly ever mention a fire without calling it a devastating element. But Ferrers Locke is not one of these long-winded individuals. Locke is crisp and right to the point all the time. He goes straight there, which characteristic of the world-famous sleuth will easily account for his consummate success as a crime investigator.

There is wrongdoing of a particularly villainous kind to be found in next week's yarn in this series, which is entitled:

"THE SIGN OF THE FLAMING TORCH!"

It is marked by an intensity of feeling and a power of description which will hold the attention from beginning to end. The fire bands are fair terrors. They work in the dark; they are perfectly unscrupulous; they are out for the vilest form of gain. There is nothing to be said in mitigation of criminals who belong to the arson department.

For a multitude of reasons you will like the next yarn in the Ferrers Locke series. You get a glimpse—a bit more—of the stealth and craft of the machinators who work under the rose, and put the fiery element into leash for their own ends. The detective has seldom been confronted with a more baffling problem. These are no baby plotters, but scoundrels deeply versed in the horrible business, so that Ferrers Locke has his hands full, and his energies are taxed to the limit. And, then, of course, the arch-conspirators leave practically nothing for trackers to go

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upon. But traces there are, just something on which to act, and the magnificent yarn swings onward to a climax which really has something of the hot rush of a big holocaust in its dramatic strength.

A BULLYING NUMBER.

Unpromising, this, did you say? Nothing of the kind! Next week's Special Bullying Number of the "Greyfriars Herald" really calls for high praise. H. W. and his hard-working staff have not dipped their pens in vitriol. They have tackled the whole business of bullying in the same large-minded way as characterised a recent debate in the Greyfriars Parliament. This is the proper way. First catch your bully. Then, if he is proved to deserve it, lambast him. There are contributions of tremendous weight in next Monday's Supplement. Others can be correctly styled light as air. The subject is analysed; so is the bully. There are bullies who are all sound and fury, but they mean nothing. Occasionally a big bully simply lives on a reputation for fierceness, when he is an arrant coward at heart. A hefty youngster of the Third can crumple him up, and then swagger into tea without any damage to his facial outlines. The new number of the "Herald" will get marks, for the new issue is much alive.

A BEAUTIFUL PHOTO PLATE.

Next Monday you will find a splendid photograph of the Scottish International team. It is one of the best the "Magnet" has given. Make a note of what is coming, as the painter who had dropped his paint-pot remarked to the man passing in the street below.

THE GREYFRIARS PARLIAMENT.

The assembly is continuing its weekly meetings with great éclat. Speeches on hobbies are always welcome, and money prizes go to the senders of all contributions for which space can be found.

A BOOK FOR THE HANDYMAN.

The word "Encyclopedia" often suggests something dry and dull, but there is nothing like that about "Harmsworth's Household Encyclopedia," Part 1 of which is published this week. This is the most interesting, practical, and useful book for the handyman ever published. It tells you by means of thousands of pictures and simple diagrams how to mend, make, and do everything round and about the home, from building a brick wall or model aeroplane, making a boat or fitting up a telephone, to mending a tap or an electric bell.

It is the most up-to-date and fascinating book of home hobbies that one could possibly imagine. It will be issued in fortnightly parts at 1s. 3d. each. Part 1 is now on sale.

Correspondence.

James R. Low, 16, Bargates, Whitchurch, Salop, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere about picture postcards, and to exchange views.

G. Campbell, 9, Thorne Street, Pt. Pirie West, South Australia, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 15-18.

Your Editor.

CRYSTAL PALACE

F.C.

The Sensationalists
of the South,

who form the subject of this week's
Grand Free Photo!

THERE are football clubs with much more wonderful history behind them than the Crystal Palace, and yet in its comparatively short career the team, which is now in the Second Division, has been in the public eye quite a lot. In the first place, they have properly earned for themselves a reputation as sensationalists in the Cup competition.

Formed in 1906 to play on the slopes of Sydenham, where many a thrilling Cup Final has been staged, the Palace entered the Southern League for the 1906-7 season. In that campaign they did not tear up any trees, so far as the League programme was concerned, but they did begin to make a reputation as a Cup team which could provide sensations. In the First Round of the Cup that season the Palace had to travel all the way to Newcastle, and I may remind my readers who are not old enough to remember that the Novocastrians had at that time a side which was second to none in the length and breadth of the country.

The Newcastle team had been in two Cup Finals, and as the Palace were, as stated, only playing moderately well in the League, the first-round match at St. James' Park was considered a safe thing for Newcastle. But the Palace created a tremendous sensation by winning that Cup-tie by a goal to nothing. It was a result which will be talked about so long as those who remember the surprise it caused remain alive to tell the story.

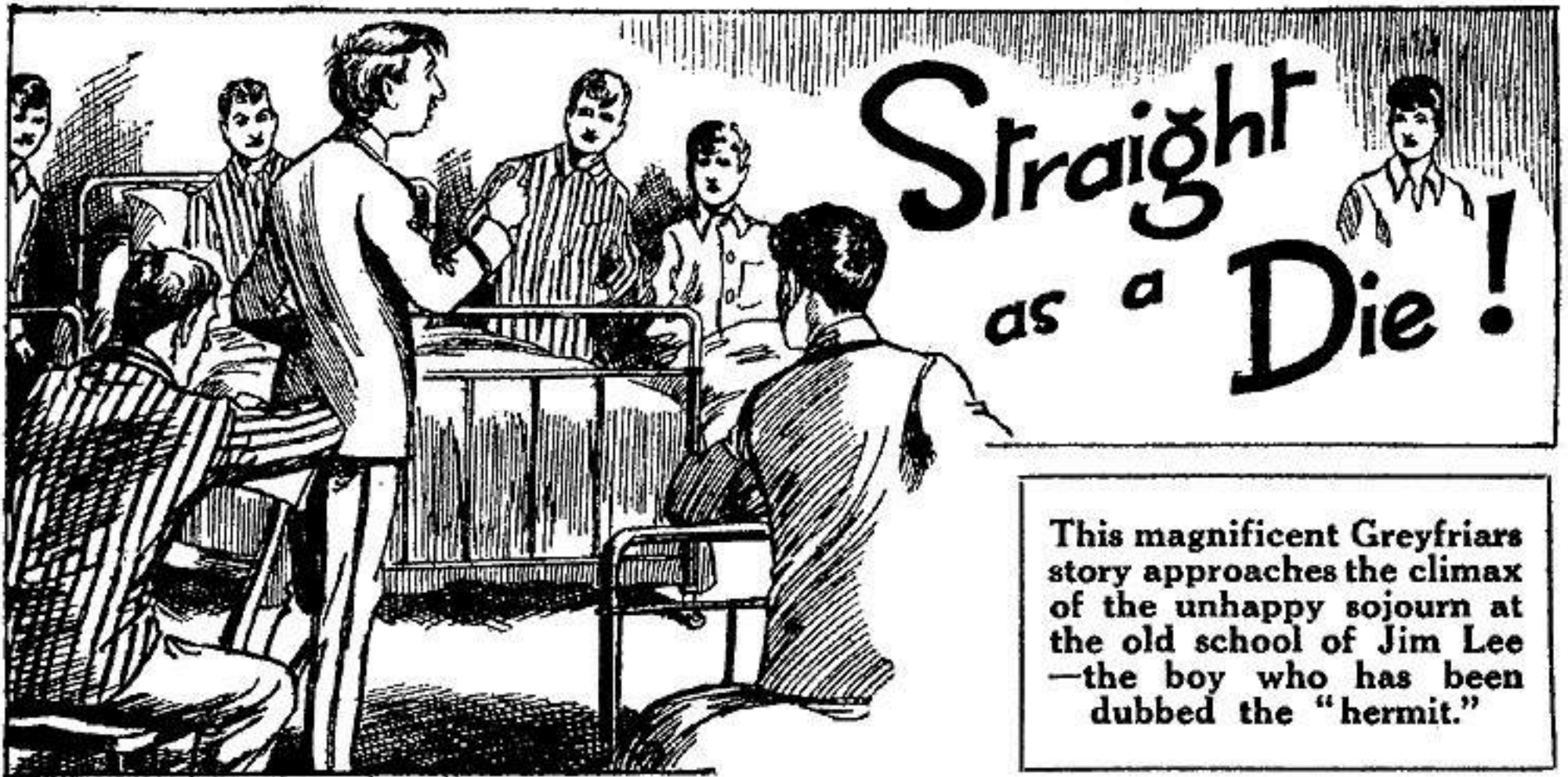
We have not the space here to go into details of all the sensations which the Palace have provided in the Cup competition, but we must tell the story of the shock which they had in store for the football enthusiasts last season—also in the First Round.

On this occasion the Palace had to go to Everton, which was nearly as much a forlorn hope, from the visitors' point of view, as the visit to Newcastle had been so many years before. The official programme of the Everton club, sold to their thousands of supporters before the match, suggested that the result was a mere question of how many goals Everton would win by. Yet the Palace actually romped home by six goals to nothing, the biggest away win which stood to the credit of any team in the whole of last season's Cup competition proper.

Turning to the doings of the Crystal Palace players in other directions, their best season up to now in the League was that of 1920-21, when they won the Championship of the Southern Section of the Third Division, and thus gained promotion to the Second Division.

As yet, it can scarcely be said that they have done anything wonderful since their rise, and, indeed, they have one unenviable record to their name this season—they remained without a win to their credit for a longer period than any other club in the big Leagues of England and Scotland. However, since they got off the mark, the Palace have done fairly well, and they have a fine band of enthusiastic players. Goalkeeper Alderson and the two full-backs, Little and Rhodes, not long ago set up a record, for all three of them played in over one hundred consecutive matches.

In Half-back McCracken they have a man who has played in many International matches for Ireland, but the great need of the moment is some goalscoring forwards. However, Secretary Goodman, who has held the reins ever since the club was formed, can be depended upon to produce the right material at the minimum cost. Of course, the Palace no longer play at the Palace; their home is at Selhurst, and though recently there was talk of the club moving yet again, it now seems improbable that they will do so.



This magnificent Greyfriars story approaches the climax of the unhappy sojourn at the old school of Jim Lee—the boy who has been dubbed the “hermit.”

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

“WHERE’S Lee?”

“Blessed if I know!”

“Sneaked off somewhere!” said Billy Bunter.

“Oh, dry up, Bunter!”

Harry Wharton & Co. came out of the School House on Saturday afternoon—a half-holiday at Greyfriars. Billy Bunter had attached himself to the Famous Five—as well as a dozen other fellows. It was easy to see, from the looks of the juniors, that something special was “on” that Saturday afternoon.

Hurree Janset Ram Singh carried a bag, in which were boxing-gloves, and a couple of sponges and towels. The contents of that bag, had they been visible, would have betrayed what was “on.”

“Perhaps Lee’s started already,” suggested Bob Cherry.

“Anybody seen Lee?” called out Harry Wharton.

“I think I saw him going to the Form-room after dinner,” said Frank Nugent. “But that’s an hour ago. I dare say he’s gone down to the boat-house already.”

“More likely sneaked off!” said Billy Bunter. “Lee isn’t keen on fighting. I can tell you fellows—”

“Do dry up, Bunter!” urged Johnny Bull.

“Oh, really, Bull—”

“You fellows get off, and I’ll look round for him,” said Harry. “Better go in twos or threes, or we shall have some of the prefects on the track. We don’t want Wingate or Gwynne butting in when it gets going.”

“No fear!”

Harry Wharton re-entered the School House to look for Jim Lee, the new fellow in the Remove. The rest of the crowd walked down to the gates—and other groups of fellows followed the same direction. Almost all the Remove intended to see the fight that afternoon between Bob Cherry and Jim Lee.

Wharton looked into the Remove Form-room.

That room was generally deserted on a half-holiday, unless some hapless

member of the Form was under detention.

Jim Lee was there.

The new junior was seated at his desk, with books before him, and a pen in his hand. He was not working, however. He was gnawing the handle of the pen, with a deep line of thought in his brow.

Wharton smiled slightly as he looked at him.

“Forgotten?” he asked.

“Forgotten what?” asked Lee, grim and unsmiling.

“Your little engagement with Bob Cherry!” said the captain of the Remove with a touch of sarcasm. “You’re meeting him behind the boat-house at two-fifteen, and it’s two o’clock now.”

“I hadn’t forgotten.”

“Well, we’re going down now,” said Wharton. “Isn’t it about time you got a move on, Lee?”

“There’s no hurry.”

“You haven’t arranged about a second?” asked Wharton.

“Is it likely?” said Lee, with a curl of the lip. “Is there a fellow in the Remove that I’m friendly with to the extent of asking him to act for me?”

“It’s your own fault, if there isn’t,” answered Wharton. “Anyhow, it doesn’t matter—one of us will act for you.”

“You needn’t trouble; I don’t want a second. And you needn’t wait for me.”

“Very well!”

Harry Wharton turned on his heel and walked out of the Form-room, Jim Lee’s glance following him grimly as he went.

Bob Cherry and the rest were already out of gates, and Wharton hurried after them.

He fell in with more than a dozen fellows on the path down to the boat-house on the Sark. The fight had excited unusual interest in the Remove. Bob Cherry was a terrific fighting-man; and there was a general expectation that he would knock the new fellow into a cocked hat. But Lee was expected to put up a good fight. He had scored once over Bolsover major; and he had stood up to Harry Wharton. So it was probable that he would give a

good account of himself, and make it worth the while of the Removites to witness the encounter.

There was a quiet spot near the boat-house, which had been selected as the scene of the combat.

Wharton found most of the Remove there when he arrived, as well as some of the Fourth and the Third. Temple of the Fourth had volunteered to keep time; and he had already taken out his handsome gold watch—perhaps to see that it was in good order, or perhaps to dazzle the other fellows with its magnificence.

“Where’s Lee?”

“Isn’t he coming?” demanded Peter Todd.

“I’ve told him,” answered Wharton. “Give him a chance—still five minutes.”

“Time he was on the ground, anyhow,” said Hazeldene.

“Yes, rather!”

“It’s cheek!” grunted Bolsover major.

“I say, you fellows, I don’t believe he’s coming!” said Billy Bunter. “I don’t believe he’s got any pluck, you know.”

“Rubbish!” said Wharton. “Do ring off, Bunter!”

“Utter rot!” said Bob Cherry. “He’ll come all right!”

The juniors waited impatiently.

“Two-fifteen!” said Cecil Reginald, glancing at his watch.

“He’s late.”

“What did I tell you?” chuckled Bunter.

Harry Wharton frowned. It began to look as if William George Bunter was right; though the captain of the Remove was loth to believe it. Jim Lee, in the few weeks he had been at Greyfriars, had succeeded in making himself thoroughly unpopular in the Remove; there was not a fellow that liked him, and plenty that disliked him keenly. But he had never shown a sign of the white feather, that was certain. He had fairly asked for his fight with Harry Wharton a few weeks before, and, though defeated, he had stood up gamely to the finish.

It certainly looked now as if Lee did not intend to keep the appointment behind the boat-house.

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"Two-twenty!" said Temple.

"He, he, he!" from Bunter.

"Dash it all, he can't have forgotten when I've just reminded him!" exclaimed Wharton.

"It's a case of cold feet!" said Hazeldene.

"Rot!" said Bob. "He's got lots of pluck. Somebody buzz off and fetch him."

Frank Nugent started for the school, and the juniors waited impatiently for his return. Nearly the whole Remove had gathered for the fray; and they did not like awaiting the convenience of an unpopular new fellow—a mere nobody.

It was five minutes before Nugent returned. He came back with a grin on his face—alone.

"Well, where is he?" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"Gone out."

"What?" roared the juniors in a chorus.

"Gone out on his bike," said Frank.

"On his bike?"

"Yes; I asked Gosling. Gone off on his bike!" grinned Nugent. "You won't get a scrap this afternoon, Bob—unless one of these chaps will oblige you. All the better, really, as we're going to Cliff House; you don't want to show Marjorie a black eye or a thick ear."

Bob Cherry looked astonished.

"Blest if I'd ever have thought it!" he said. "I'd never have supposed the chap was a funk, whatever else he may be!"

"Looks pretty plain now!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter. "What did I tell you fellows? Cold feet, you know!"

"Rotten funk!" growled Bolsover major. "We'll jolly well rag him for this!"

Hurree Janset Ram Singh replaced the boxing-gloves, the sponges, and the towels, in his bag. It was evident that they would not be wanted now.

With wrathful looks the crowd broke up.

The great fight, to which the juniors had been looking forward as a rare entertainment, was not coming off. Jim Lee had "funked" it. If anything was needed to add to the Remove outcast's unpopularity, that did it. In all the Remove there was no fellow that had a good word for him; but it would have amazed the Remove fellows to know that that was exactly what Jim Lee wanted.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Lee's Defiance I

JIM LEE drove moodily at his pedals as he rode down Friardale Lane. It was a bright, frosty afternoon, but Lee's handsome face was shadowed. A bitter smile curved his lips as he thought of the crowd waiting at the boathouse. He knew that he would be condemned as a funk, and he did not care. Deeper and blacker troubles than that weighed on the mind of the school-boy outcast.

He turned into Redclyffe Lane, and rode on for some distance. He dismounted from his bicycle at a rather solitary spot, where a wood bordered the lane.

He wheeled his machine into a narrow footpath, and stopped at a dozen yards from the road. A man was standing there under a tree, smoking a cigar—a man with a hard face and strongly-marked features. Many of the Remove

would have known the man by sight as Ulick Driver, Lee's cousin and guardian, and would have wondered why Mr. Driver chose to meet his ward in that surreptitious way at a distance from the school.

"So you've come!" said Driver harshly, as the junior stopped.

"I've come."

"You're late."

"Very likely."

Driver compressed his lips.

"What delayed you?" he asked. "I don't mind waiting, if there's a reason. If your friends at Greyfriars—"

Lee laughed—a laugh that was not good to hear.

"I've no friends at Greyfriars," he answered. "I'm late, I suppose. I don't care whether I'm late or not. I wasn't delayed. I've been thinking it over—deciding whether I'd come."

"Deciding whether you'd come, when I wrote to you to meet me here?" said Ulick Driver, his eyes glittering at the boy.

Lee nodded.

"Yes. But I've come. It doesn't

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matter much either way. What have you to say to me?"

The glitter in the man's eyes betrayed his suppressed rage. But he kept his feelings well in check.

"This is rather a new mood for you, Jim," he said quietly. "Is that quite the way to talk to me, my boy?"

"I don't want to talk to you at all. If you've nothing else to say, I may as well be going."

"What does this mean?" said Driver, gritting his teeth. "I warn you not to go too far with your insolence. You know why you were sent to Greyfriars. Do you think I am paying your fees there for nothing?"

"I never asked you to pay them. I'm ready to leave. In fact, I've turned it over in my mind whether I should leave, without waiting to tell you about it at all."

"Jim!"

"Yes, I know why I was sent there!" the schoolboy exclaimed in a low, passionate voice. "To make friends with wealthy fellows, and butter them up, and get asked to their homes, so that I could help you to rob them. To spy about the school, and make it easy for you and your gang to rob the place. To serve

your interests—you, a crook—you, an Old Boy of Greyfriars, who would be sent to prison now if the police knew your way of life. Yes, I know why you sent me there. And now, listen to me. I shall never be of use to you as you've arranged and schemed. I've set myself, ever since I've been at the school, to do the direct opposite."

Driver's eyes blazed, but he did not speak.

"I could have made friends easily enough, and with the very fellows you named to me—the fellows you marked down as your victims!" continued Lee with a bitter accent. "Harry Wharton, for one, and Lord Mauleverer, and others. They liked me at first, and Mauleverer even went out of his way to be friendly, a thing he never does. And I snubbed him; and I had a fight with Wharton. And this afternoon—"

He paused.

"Well," said Driver in a menacing tone, "what fresh trick have you played this afternoon, you young rascal?"

Lee laughed.

"I've made myself thoroughly unpopular. Some of the fellows call me the 'hermit,'" he said. "My study-mates have turned me out of my study. This afternoon I've put the lid on—failing to keep an appointment for a fight with Bob Cherry. They will set me down as a funk, and make a mock of me. And—if it interests you to know it—only the other day I did something that would have made me popular with the best set in the Remove, and I kept it a secret so that it couldn't have that result. Now you know what use I shall be to you in your schemes, Ulick. You may as well give up the idea."

Driver eyed him curiously.

"And what was it you did?" he asked.

"I saved Bob Cherry's life, on the cliffs, where he had a fall," answered Lee—"and it's resulted in a fight being arranged with him this afternoon."

"How? What do you mean?"

"You're interested?" said Leo with a bitter smile. "I'll tell you. He fell from a cliff, and dropped on a rocky ledge, and was stunned. I got him up. I hardly know how, but I did it. I left him before he came to his senses, and he doesn't know. He never will know."

"And why are you fighting him?"

"I left him with a fat rascal named Bunter, asking Bunter to keep it dark. He did—and more than that. As I was silent, he made Cherry believe that he had saved his life. He screwed money out of him on the strength of it; and I lost my temper with him, the rotter! Bob Cherry stood up for him, thinking the fat brute had saved his life." Lee laughed again. "It's odd, isn't it? Do you know why I decided, after all, to come here this afternoon? It was because you fixed the same time as my fight with Bob Cherry, and I knew that funking the meeting would make the fellows think worse of me. So far from making friends in the Remove, as you've ordered, I've made enemies right and left. I'm not on speaking terms even with a single chap. Do you understand that?"

"And you've done this deliberately?" said Driver in a low voice, his eyes glittering at the boy.

"Quite deliberately."

"Because—"

"Because I wanted to put it right out of my power to do as you asked," said Lee coolly. "Even if I gave in now, it's too late. I shall never have a friend at Greyfriars, even if I wanted one!"

What is the fate of Jim Lee, the new boy at Greyfriars?—

"You young scoundrel!" exclaimed Driver.

"I should have been a young scoundrel if I'd obeyed your orders, Ulick. Thank Heaven, I did not!"

"And now," said Driver, biting his lip, "what are you going to do?"

"I don't know—excepting that I am going to do nothing of what you sent me to Greyfriars for."

Driver clenched his hands.

"Do you think I shall keep you there, to lead the life of an ordinary schoolboy, and to throw me over?"

"I'm ready to leave."

"And what then—after that?"

"I don't know. I don't care much."

Driver threw away the stump of his cigar. It was easy to see by his look that he found it hard work to keep his hands off the boy who so coolly defied and taunted him. Lee knew it, but he did not shrink. He knew that he stood in the presence of one of the most dangerous crooks in the country; a man who hesitated at little or nothing, though to the world Ulick Driver kept up a good appearance. But there was nothing like fear in Jim's heart. He had suffered too much to care what happened.

There was a long silence.

Lee stood with his hand on his bicycle, watching the crook with a grim, mocking smile. Driver was obviously at a loss.

The crook broke the silence at last.

"You mean this, Jim?"

"Every word!"

"You know what the result will be?"

Lee shrugged his shoulders.

"You know that it is in my power to have you taken away from your school by the police and sent to a reformatory?"

"I know that I have done nothing, knowingly, to deserve it," said Lee steadily. "I know that you tricked me into passing counterfeit banknotes, before you told me what you were. I suppose I am in your power, if you are villain enough to punish me for doing what is right. But I'm prepared to face that."

"Disgrace, prison, lifelong ruin!" said Driver.

Lee's face paled, but he did not shrink.

"Even that!" he said.

"Then take your choice, and abide by it!" said Ulick Driver in a low, concentrated voice. "I will give you one week to—"

"You need not give me one minute!" said Lee. "My mind's made up."

"I will give you one week!" said Driver savagely. "Next Saturday I will meet you here in the same place—"

"I shall not come!"

"You will come, and you will ask my pardon, and promise me to carry out my orders to the last jot and tittle!" said Driver between his teeth. "If you do not, I will not spare you. That is my last word!"

"It will make no difference!"

Ulick Driver's suppressed rage blazed out at that. He made a spring at the boy and grasped him by the collar. The bicycle went to the ground with a clatter.

Lee struggled.

"Hands off," he panted, "or—"

He tore himself free, his eyes blazing. Driver, with a fierce oath, struck at him, and the schoolboy reeled and fell heavily to the ground.

Ulick Driver stood looking down on him, with grinding teeth.

"Take that as a warning!" he hissed. "And if by next Saturday you do not beg for mercy and promise obedience, prepare for prison!"

And with that the crook strode away, without a backward glance at the dazed schoolboy lying on the ground.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Unwanted Guest!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Good-bye, Bunter!"

"But I say—" persisted Bunter indignantly.

Harry Wharton & Co. stopped. They felt they couldn't do anything else.

The Famous Five of Greyfriars were about to start for Cliff House. They were going to meet Marjorie & Co. that afternoon for a ramble on the cliffs and tea in the school-room afterwards. And on such an occasion they did not yearn for the company of William George Bunter.

The fight with Lee not having come off, Bob Cherry was one of the party. Had the fight taken place, it was probable that Bob would not have been in a suitable state for ladies' company; discoloured eyes and thickened ears would have been out of place at Cliff House School. So Bob was feeling rather pleased than otherwise at Jim Lee's failure to keep the appointment behind the boathouse.

Bob had sorted out his best necktie, and tied it almost straight, and was looking very merry and bright. But the brightness of his sunny face was dimmed as Billy Bunter rolled up and joined the party.

Bob was trying hard to feel grateful and kind towards Bunter, in the fixed belief that the Owl had saved his life at great risk on the previous Wednesday. But it was hard.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob with forced cordiality. "Going out this afternoon, Bunter?"

"I'm coming with you fellows."

"Oh!"

"I haven't seen Marjorie for quite a long time," said Bunter. "She will be glad to see me."

"What rot!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Wouldn't you rather go for a spin, Bunter?" asked Bob. "I've mended your bike, you know." Bob had set himself that laborious task, feeling that it was up to him to do anything he could for Bunter.

And it was "some" task. Bunter's bike had been in a parlous condition, and Bob had put a very great deal of his leisure time into repairing it. He had had to buy several spare parts for the purpose, and he had tinkered and tinkered at the neglected bike till it was a going concern again.

Bunter sniffed.

"Mended it!" he repeated. "Call that mending it?"

"I've done my best with it, old chap," said Bob mildly.

"Bob's spent a good many hours on it, and a good many shillings!" growled Johnny Bull. "Blessed if I'd have done it."

"I haven't saved your life, Bull; I've saved Bob's!" said Bunter. "That makes some difference, I suppose?"

Grant from Johnny Bull. On the subject of Bunter's heroism Johnny was rather a sceptic. The thing seemed to be proved, but somehow Johnny Bull found that he could not swallow it. It was only for Bob's sake that he refrained from



Ulick Driver struck savagely at Jim Lee, and the schoolboy reeled and fell heavily to the ground. His enraged guardian stood looking down on him with grinding teeth. "Take that as a warning!" he hissed. (See Chapter 2.)

—Will he face the consequences of Driver's threat?

stating his belief far and wide. Bob believed that Bunter had saved his life, so Johnny let the matter go without argument, keeping his own opinion all the same.

"As for mending my bike," continued Bunter—"I've looked at it. The tyres are in a rotten state."

"I mended about six or seven punctures," said Bob.

"It really wanted now tyres," said Bunter.

"Ye-es, but—"

"You couldn't expect Bob to fit you out with new tyres, Bunter," said Harry Wharton. "Bob isn't rolling in money like old Mauly, you know."

"Some fellows wouldn't think it much to do, when their lives had been saved at terrible risk," said Bunter.

"I—I'll see what I can do about it, Bunter!" gasped Bob, while the other four members of the Co. looked at Bunter as if they could have eaten him. "But—but it's all right for riding, if you'd care—"

"I wouldn't!" said Bunter. "I want to go to tea at Cliff House this afternoon. Not that I care for the spread, you know. I never did think much of such considerations as that. But Marjorie and Clara will think I'm neglecting them." Bunter smirked his objectionable, fat smirk. "You see, when a fellow's a bit of a ladies' man he's bound to keep up his reputation."

Bob Cherry breathed hard.

Whenever Bunter spoke of girls Bob always wanted to kick him; and especially when he spoke of Marjorie Hazeldene. But he couldn't kick a fellow who had saved his life a few days before.

"That's for Hazel to settle," said Frank Nugent. "Hazel's taking us over to tea with his sister."

"That's all right, if Bob asks Hazel to take me, too!" said Bunter.

"Oh!" said Harry.

"You fellows ready?" called out Hazeldene of the Remove.

"Yes, here we are!"

"Come on, then!"

"Bunter says—" began Bob Cherry with an effort.

"Blow Bunter!" said Hazeldene.

"Roll away, Bunter!"

"I'm coming, Hazel."

"Rate!"

"If you don't mind very much, Hazel—" said Bob.

"But I do!" said Hazel coolly. "The girls can't stand Bunter, and you know it. Why should I inflict Bunter on them?"

"Well, he saved my life—"

"He didn't save mine," said Hazeldene. "Come on! If I catch you about, Bunter, look out for my boot!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

Hazel chuckled, and led the way to the gates. The Famous Five followed him, four of them looking very pleased. They wanted to be kind to Bunter after his service to Bob Cherry, but there was a limit. Bob looked rather worried. The fellow who had saved him from death on the Seagull Cliff had run a fearful risk, and Bob believed that Bunter was the fellow.

He had come to his senses with Bunter beside him on the cliff-path, and no one else in sight; and the thought never crossed his mind that his real rescuer had deliberately kept the facts secret. That Jim Lee had been anywhere near the spot at all was unknown to Bob. Certainly, Bob did not want Bunter to spread himself in his self-satisfied way in

the presence of the Cliff House girls, but, in the circumstances, he hated leaving him behind.

Bunter rolled after the party, and Bob tapped Hazel on the arm as the juniors went out at the gates. Hazel gave him a stare.

"If you'd let Bunter come—" murmured Bob.

"Oh, bother Bunter!"

"Yes, but—"

"Oh, anything for a quiet life," said Hazeldene. "Let the fat beast come if you want him."

"Thanks."

Bob turned to signal to Bunter, and found the Owl of the Remove at his heels. Bunter gave Hazel an indignant blink.

"Look here, Hazel, if you put it like that—" he began warmly.

"Well, I do," said Hazel.

"He, he, he! I can take a little joke," said Bunter. "All serene, old fellow."

"I wasn't joking," said Hazel.

Bunter decided to be deaf to that remark. The seven juniors walked down Friardale Lane, and out to the cliff-path. Marjorie & Co. were to meet them half-way on the cliffs, and walk on with them to Cliff House School. Marjorie, Clara, and Dolly Jobling were only a few minutes late at the appointed spot, where the cliff-path ascended from the road. They looked rather expressively at Bunter as that fat and fatuous youth raised his hat with a flourish and a killing look.

"Sorry," said Hazeldene. "Bob would bring the fat bounder."

"Oh, really, Hazel—" ejaculated Bunter.

Bob coloured.

"I didn't know you were so chummy with Bunter," remarked Miss Clara.

"He saved my life," said Bob.

"At frightful risk, too," said Bunter.

"How I escaped a terrible death I hardly know."

"Blessed is he that bloweth his own trumpet!" remarked Miss Clara.

"Oh, really, you know—"

"Hazel's told us all about it," said Marjorie. "We shall pass the place, going to Cliff House, and we want you to point it out to us, Bob."

"Right-ho!" said Bob.

And the juniors and the schoolgirls proceeded cheerily along the rocky path over the cliffs, Billy Bunter labouring and panting in the rear. On an ascending path, Bunter had no breath for conversation, and no leisure for killing looks and glad eyes. Which was a great relief for everybody concerned.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Surprising Find!

"HERE we are!" said Bob Cherry. The party stopped on the cliff-path. On their left, the sheer cliff fell away to the beach, two hundred feet below; on their right, the higher cliff rose in a rugged slope. Seagulls wheeled above their heads.

"You fell over the edge there?" exclaimed Marjorie with a shudder.

Bob Cherry nodded.

"I had a gammy knee," he explained. "Kick on the footer field, you know. My foot slipped, and my blessed leg caved in, and over I went. You can't see it from here, but there's a rocky ledge jutting out a few feet below the edge, and I fell on that."

"Jolly lucky for you!" said Clara. "Yes, and lucky that Bunter was on the spot," said Bob. "I was stunned, you know; and if I hadn't been pulled up, I should have rolled off the ledge as soon as I moved."

"You mean to say that Bunter went over that edge for you?" exclaimed Miss Clara in great astonishment.

"Yes, he did!"

"Well, my only summer hat!" said Clara.

"He must have been very brave to do so," said Marjorie, with a look of wonder at the fat junior. Certainly she had never suspected Bunter of such a quality as bravery before.

Bunter smirked.

"Nothing to me," he said. "I just ran to the edge, you know, as cool as a cucumber, and jumped down to the ledge."

"Climbed down, old fellow," hinted Wharton.

"Jumped!" said Bunter firmly.

"You told us you climbed down, you know."

"I suppose I ought to know how I did it, Wharton?" said Bunter loftily. "I jumped. I wasn't going to waste time climbing, as any ordinary fellow might have done. I jumped. All it needed was a nerve of iron."

"You've got a nerve!" said Miss Clara.

"Yes, rather!"

"I mean you've got a nerve to spin us a yarn like that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Miss Clara—"

"Tell us you climbed down to the ledge, and we'll try to believe it," said the candid young lady.

"I jumped!" roared Bunter.

"The jumpfulness was not terrific, my esteemed Bunter," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I tell you I jumped!"

"Let it go at that!" said Harry Wharton. "Anyhow, Bunter got down to the ledge, and got Bob up to safety."

"How?" asked Clara.

"Lifted him, somehow."

"Bosh!" said Miss Clara. "Bunter couldn't lift him."

"You see, I was tremendously excited," said Bunter. "I had the strength of a dozen chaps at that moment."

"It's really true, Clara," said Bob Cherry. "When I came to, here I was on the path again, and Bunter sitting beside me. There was nobody else in sight."

"I think that proves it!" said Bunter warmly. "I'm really surprised at you, Miss Clara. Just as if you couldn't take my word."

"Well, I'm sorry if it's true," said Miss Clara. "You're sure you didn't go to sleep and dream it, Bob?"

"Quite!" said Bob Cherry, laughing. "I've still got a hump on my head, where it got knocked."

"Well, it's jolly queer," said Miss Clara. "A fellow who could lift you, and push you up on the cliff, standing on that ledge, must have been very strong, and as brave as a lion."

"That's me all over!" said Bunter.

"Skittles!" said Miss Clara.

"Look here—"

"It wants some believing, you know," said Hazeldene, laughing. "But it's true, Clara. All the fellows believe it. Bunter did it, unless some other fellow came along and did it, and vanished the next minute."

"There wasn't any other fellow!" howled Bunter. "I tell you—"

Or will he do what many another has done—

"Of course not, old chap," said Bob Cherry soothingly. "It's all right, Bunter. We know you did it."

"All the fellows believe it," said Wharton, "excepting Lee, and Lee doesn't count."

"Who's Lee?" asked Miss Clara.

"A new kid in the Remove. He's only been at Greyfriars a few weeks."

"And he doesn't believe in Bunter's jolly heroism?" asked Clara.

"He's the only fellow who doesn't."

"The only fellow with eyes in his head, I should say!" murmured Miss Clara; but she kindly made that remark in too low a voice for William George Bunter to hear it.

"Who's for climbing up the cliff, and getting to the upper path?" asked Hazel-dene.

Some of the juniors grinned. From the cliff-path to the upper path on top of the high cliffs was a rough and hefty climb, and it was quite certain that Bunter would not join in it.

"Good!" said Clara.

"Topping!" said Johnny Bull, "if it's not too steep for the girls?"

"Too steep for your grandmother!" said Miss Clara. "Come on!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Let Bunter lead!" said Hazel-dene with a grin. "Bunter's the fellow for nerve, you know. Brave as a lion, and all that. Go ahead, Bunter!"

"Little enough for me, after what I've done," said Bunter. "But I'm rather tired. I prefer this path."

"Right-ho! Go ahead, and we'll meet you again at Cliff House," said Harry Wharton.

"Look here—"

But the juniors did not heed. Six juniors and three girls followed the rugged ascent on the cliff, leaving William George Bunter alone in his glory on the path. With an irritated snort, the Owl of the Remove rolled on his way.

It was only a hundred yards from the lower cliff-path to the upper, but the way was hard and steep. Here and there the climbers had to catch hold with their hands.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly.

In catching at the edge of a rocky crevice to help his ascent, his hand came in contact with a volume that was jammed in the crevice. It was quite hidden from sight there, and but for stooping over the crevice as he climbed, Bob would not have noticed it.

He picked it out of the crevice.

"What is it?" asked Harry Wharton, glancing back.

"Somebody's lost a book here," said Bob. "Somebody with lots of nerve, I should think, if he was sitting up here reading."

He opened the book and looked into it, with the idea of returning it to the owner if the name was written inside.

"It's a giddy Virgil!" he said.

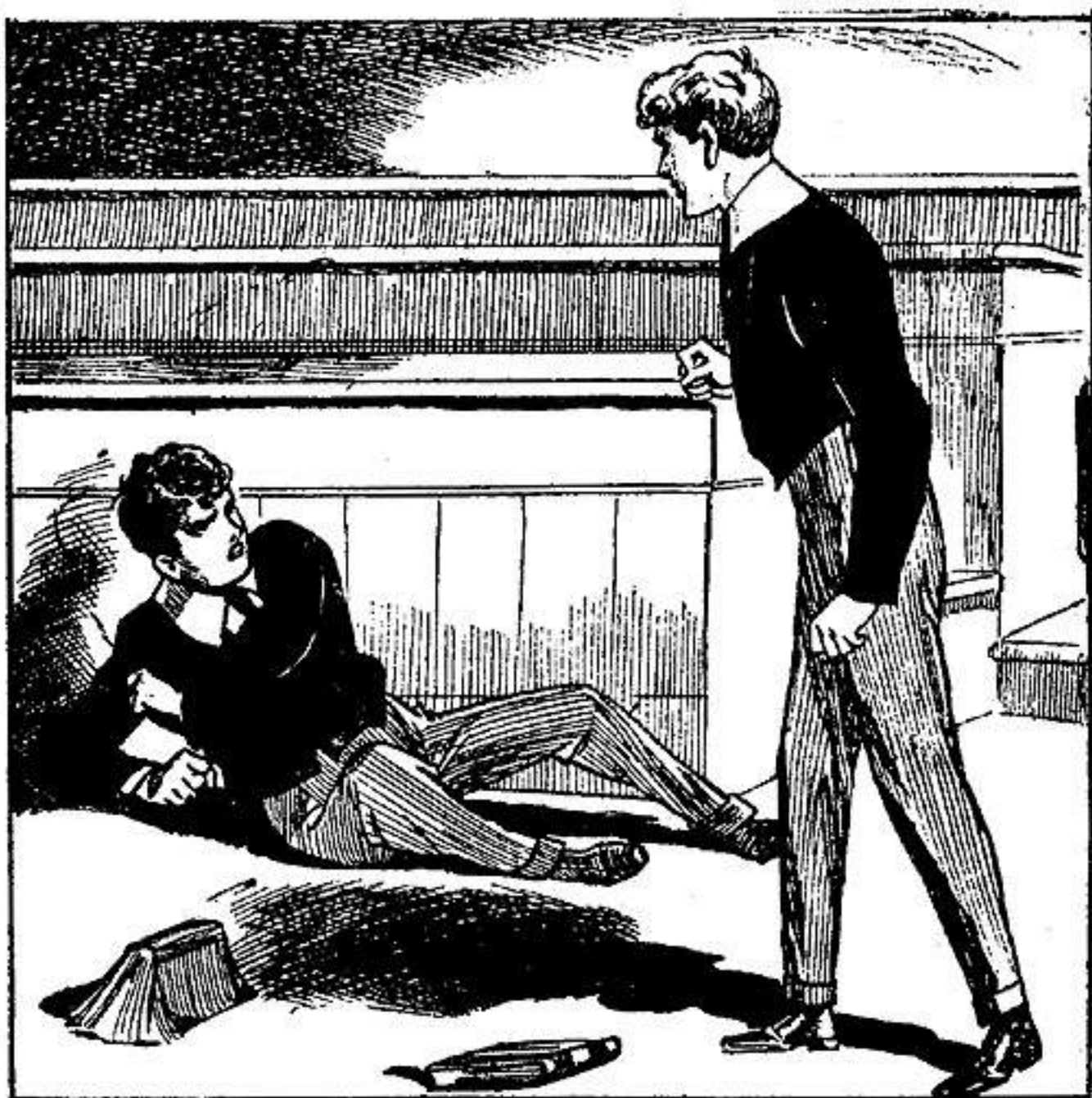
"Lee's perhaps," said Nugent. "Lee lost his Virgil, you know; he was late for dinner the other day looking for it, and Quelch jawed him."

"Lee's right enough," said Bob. "Here's his name written on the title-page—James Lee, Greyfriars School."

Bob stood with the book in his hand, staring at it, a strange expression on his face. The volume showed very plain signs of having been drenched with rain.

"I say, this is jolly odd, you chaps!" said Bob abruptly.

"Odd that a fellow who funks a scrap should stick up in a dangerous place like this to read," said Johnny Bull.



The next moment Bob had grasped Lee by the collar and swung him out in front of the desks by main force. "Now, you rotter—" Lee sprawled on the floor of the Form-room. Bob Cherry stood over him with clenched fists and blazing eyes. "Get up, you cad, and put up your hands!" he said. (See Chapter 6.)

"I don't mean that. You fellows know when Lee lost his Virgil."

"Last Wednesday," said Harry. "It was on Thursday he went to look for it, and came in late to dinner."

Bob Cherry nodded.

"That's so. And there was rain Wednesday night—and there's been none since—and this book has been out in the rain. Lee lost it here on Wednesday afternoon."

"What does that matter?" asked Miss Clara.

"Only it was Wednesday afternoon when I had my fall on the path down there," said Bob. "Lee must have been here about the time. I—I wonder if that's why he's so down on Bunter for claiming to have saved my life. Lee may have seen something—" Bob paused.

The juniors were all looking interested now.

It had been a surprise to all of them when the "schoolboy hermit," usually so icily reserved, had broken out in unexpected anger at Bunter's claim to having played the hero. Nobody could see how it concerned Jim Lee in the least.

Lee had denounced Bunter's tale as a falsehood, with unexpected heat. Was it possible that he knew it was a falsehood—that he had seen the occurrence, and knew that Bunter was not the rescuer?

"Looks as if Lee knows something!" grinned Johnny Bull. "If he was here about the same time—"

"He must have been," said Harry Wharton. "You fellows remember we

came on him, going in, as we came back from Redclyffe that afternoon."

"I remember," said Nugent.

"But if he knew Bunter was lying, he must have known what happened," said Wharton, knitting his brow. "If he knows the facts, he could tell us; and he hasn't."

Bob Cherry looked very uneasy. He hated to doubt Bunter's story—feeling that doubt was ungrateful, if the story was true. Yet it was barely possible that some unknown person had come and gone, while Bob was still unconscious; and that Lee, reading his book on the upper cliff, had seen it all. Certainly it would be just like Bunter to make a false claim to distinction, if he considered it safe to do so.

"If Lee was here, Bunter must have seen him," said Bob abruptly. "We'll jolly well ask Bunter about this. Anyhow, I'll take the book along and return it to Lee. Quelch's lent him a Virgil to use till this turns up."

The juniors and the schoolgirls went on their way, and reached the upper path. By the high path over the cliff-tops, in the strong breeze from the sea, they proceeded cheerily on their way—Bob Cherry with a cloud of thought on his brow. Bob was in a troubled frame of mind. Bunter's claim to endless gratitude for his supposed service was hard to endure, though Bob hitherto had endured it with manful fortitude. Bob did not exactly want to get rid of the obligation, as it were; but certainly it would have been a great relief to learn that Bunter was not his rescuer. The more he thought about the matter, the

fly from the vengeance of the law?

more he realised that Lee's angry denunciation of the fat junior was probably founded upon knowledge of what actually had occurred.

Bob felt irritated with the schoolboy outcast, too. If Lee knew the facts, why could he not state them openly? He had no right to leave the Remove fellows under a false belief.

From one or the other—Lee or Bunter—Bob Cherry was determined to get the truth, whatever it was. If some fisherman or longshoreman had saved his life, and left him still unconscious in Bunter's care, Bob wanted to know who the man was, so that he could at least give him his thanks.

The party arrived at Cliff House at last, and found Billy Bunter waiting for them at the gates of the girls' school. Bunter turned a discontented blink upon them.

"Slow-coaches!" he grunted. "I've been waiting ten minutes."

"Tea will be ready!" said Marjorie. "Let us go in."

And they went in.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Heroic Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER'S fat face recovered its smiles as he sat at the tea-table by the window in the school-room at Cliff House. It was quite a happy party. Barbara Redfern and Mabel Lynn joined them, and there was a merry buzz of talk along the crowded table; though for some time Bunter's jaws were too busy with more solid considerations for him to join in the talk. But having eaten enough for four or five, the Owl of the Remove slackened in his gastronomic feats, and bestowed the benefit of his charming conversation upon the rest of the company.

Bunter's topics were rather limited; his talk being chiefly about himself. But on that one topic he had endless subject matter, as it were, and was never at a loss. He never tired of the topic; in that respect differing very considerably from his hearers.

He treated Marjorie & Co. to a full and thrilling description of the rescue of Bob Cherry, Bob listening to it in uncomfortable silence.

The finding of Lee's book on the cliff had put new ideas into Bob's head on that subject; but he forbore from questioning Bunter now. If the egregious Owl had made a false claim, Bob Cherry did not want to "show him up" in the presence of the Cliff House girls. Later on would do for that.

Marjorie & Co. were interested, but perplexed. Bunter looked like anything but a hero; and surely a fellow who really was heroic would have had a little modesty as a set-off to his heroism?

They were perplexed; but as Bunter's companions did not "sit on" the fat junior, they supposed that the narrative was true, amazing as it was. Barbara rather mischievously led Bunter on—and he required little leading; so in the latest edition, so to speak, of the thrilling tale, it appeared that, leaping down on the rocky ledge like an antelope, Bunter had seized the unconscious Bob and hurled him bodily up on the path.

The idea of the fat junior "hurling" a hefty fellow like Bob Cherry anywhere was too much for the tea-party; and Bunter was interrupted by a chorus of chuckles.

"Have some more cake!" said

Marjorie hastily, as the Owl of the Remove blinked round in wrath.

"If you fellows don't believe me—" exclaimed Bunter.

"Believe you!" gasped Hazel. "Oh, my hat!"

"Look here—"

"This is a nice plum cake!" murmured Marjorie.

It was! And Bunter fortunately transferred his attention to the cake, which he demolished to the last crumb and the last plum.

When the Greyfriars party took their leave, Billy Bunter strutted rather than walked down to the gates. He felt that he was distinguished now in the eyes of the Cliff House young ladies—courage admired by beauty, as it were, and that was very agreeable to William George. He had almost forgotten by this time that he had, as an actual fact, had no hand whatever in the rescue of Bob Cherry.

Bob Cherry was silent for some time as the juniors walked home to Greyfriars in the gathering dusk.

But he addressed Bunter at last. He had Lee's volume of P. Vergilius Maro in his pocket, and he intended to seek out Lee as soon as he arrived at the school; but he wanted the truth from Bunter first—if, indeed, truth could be extracted from that lineal descendant of Ananias.

"Did you see Lee that afternoon, Bunter?" Bob asked abruptly.

"Eh! What?" The fat junior started. "Lee! Certainly not."

"Wasn't he on the cliff?"

"If Lee says—" began Bunter hotly.

"He hasn't said anything," said Bob pacifically. "Only what we've all heard before to-day. But I've found his book on the cliff—"

"Silly ass to drop it there, when he wanted—"

"Eh? He wanted what?" asked Bob, as Bunter broke off suddenly.

"Nothing."

"You didn't see him?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Well, I'm rather short-sighted, you know," said Bunter cautiously. "Besides, I was so busy saving Bob's life—at the risk of my own—"

"Yes, yes," said Bob. "But if he was there—"

"He wasn't there."

"You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure!" said Bunter. "You see, if he'd been there—say, sitting up on the cliff studying—I should have seen him."

"And you didn't see him?"

"I never looked—"

"Was he there?" exclaimed Bob impatiently.

"Certainly not. I think he went over to Redclyffe that afternoon, to see the football match."

"He didn't!" said Johnny Bull. "We met him as we came back, and he was coming from the direction of the cliff road."

"Perhaps you were mistaken," suggested Bunter. "You know what a silly ass you are, Bull. Don't you, old chap?"

"You fat idiot—"

"Now I come to think of it, I remember Lee went off by train that afternoon," said Bunter. "I distinctly remember seeing him take the train at Friardale. So he couldn't have been on the cliff, could he?"

"Not if he went away by train," said Wharton. "But—"

"So that settles it," said Bunter.

"Well, I'll ask him," said Bob.

"I shouldn't!" exclaimed Bunter in

alarm. "I say, you fellows, that chap Lee is barred, you know—I shouldn't speak to him at all. I'm afraid he wouldn't tell you the truth. I know he's not so particular about the truth as I am."

"Couldn't be much less particular, I think!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"He was there some time that afternoon," said Bob. "If he saw what happened, that would account—"

"He didn't!" exclaimed Bunter. "I assure you fellows that I looked very particularly and carefully to see whether he was there, and he wasn't."

"Oh, my hat!"

"You silly ass!" roared Johnny Bull. "If he wasn't there, why should you have looked particularly to see whether he was there?"

"Well, I—I'm always jolly careful, you know," said Bunter. "Thinking he might be there, I looked. And he wasn't."

"Oh crumbs!"

Bob Cherry gave it up, at that. Obviously it was of little use to expect the truth from Bunter.

"I hope you're satisfied now!" added Bunter with dignity. "I assure you that I looked all round very carefully, specially to see whether Lee was there, and he wasn't."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" grunted Bunter.

It was not of much use to question Bunter, in the hope of eliciting truth; but the Famous Five were fairly well satisfied—from Bunter's amazing system of denial—that Lee had been on the spot at the time of the rescue, and that Bunter had seen him on the cliff. Obviously, if Jim Lee had been seated on the upper cliff with his book, he must have seen what happened on the path below him, and must know whether Bunter's claim was true or false. And Lee had made it fairly clear that he regarded that claim as utterly unfounded.

But if he knew who the real rescuer was, why could he not say so? There was no sense, so far as the juniors could see, in making a mystification on the subject. And that mystification irritated them extremely.

Bob was in rather a grim mood, when he arrived at Greyfriars with his comrades. He could not help thinking it most probable that he had been deceived by Bunter; and that Lee could have enlightened him, had he chosen to do so. And Bob meant to have the truth out of Jim Lee, as to what actually had happened while he lay unconscious—even if he had to hammer it out of the obstinate outcast, with his knuckles.

In that mood, Bob arrived in the School House at Greyfriars, and immediately proceeded to inquire for Jim Lee.

He looked for him in his study first. He found Russell and Ogilvy in Study No. 3, sitting down to prep.

"Lee's not here?" asked Bob.

"No good looking for him here!" grinned Russell. "We bar him in this study. No sulky rotters wanted here."

"Know where he is?"

"No, and don't care!" said Ogilvy. "If you want to punch him, you'll find him in the dorm at bed-time. He can't dodge you there."

"It isn't that," said Bob. "I've found the Virgil he lost the other day, and I want to give it back to him."

"Oh! You will find him in the

Harry Wharton & Co. live up to their reputation as true Britishers—

Form-room most likely," said Ogilvy. "He does his prep there since we turned him out of the study."

"Right-ho!" said Bob.

And with Lee's book under his arm, Bob Cherry made his way to the Remove Form-room.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Bob Cherry Loses His Temper!

JIM LEE was in the Form-room. He sat at his desk there with a single burner to show him light, and a rug over his knees. It was very cold in the room; but the school-boy outcast had made no complaint about having been turned out of his study. Indeed, a civil word or two would have placated his study-mates, and Russell and Ogilvy would have let him back into Study No. 3; but Lee did not choose to utter the word. He hugged his unpopularity, as it were, as if it were a defence—as indeed it was—against the schemes of Ulick Driver.

He had his books before him, but he was not working. His face was clouded, and his heart was heavy.

A mark showed on his cheek where Ulick Driver's angry blow had fallen. Lee was not thinking of that.

He was thinking of the end, inevitable now—of the fate that was to be his. For he did not expect the crook to show him mercy.

The placing of Jim Lee at Greyfriars to serve his own wicked ends had been the master-scheme of the cunning crook. He had expected to derive profit from it—more profit than from any other scheme that ever had been hatched in his clever and unscrupulous brain. Lee's unexpected resistance brought his deep-laid plot tumbling down like a house of cards.

If the boy held to his resolve, Ulick Driver had wasted his time and his money—for nothing. His high hopes would be disappointed—the whole scheme would represent a loss, instead of an enormous profit. In such circumstances, the crook was not likely to show mercy.

Lee had chosen to follow the right-facing the consequences. But the consequences had to be faced—and he knew that the price would be a terrible one.

He was glad that he had made no friend at Greyfriars—that there was no one who would feel his shame, when it fell upon him; no heart that would ache for him when he left, like Eugene Aram, with gyves upon his wrist.

His utter loneliness was a solace to him. He would leave, and be forgotten; and to be utterly forgotten was the best that the unhappy boy could hope for.

He tried to turn his attention to the volume of Milton before him. Milton taking the place of ordinary prep on a Saturday evening! But in spite of his efforts, his thoughts wandered.

The Form-room door opened suddenly, and Bob Cherry strode in. Jim Lee looked at him with a bitter smile. He had no doubt that Bob had come to call him to account for the failure to keep his appointment of that afternoon.

Bob came up to his desk, and quietly laid the volume of Virgil upon it.

"That's yours!" he said.

Lee glanced at the book, and started.

"It's mine," he assented.

"I found it on the Seagull Cliff, above the path," said Bob.

"Did you?"

"I heard that you'd lost your Virgil," said Bob quietly. "You must have lost

it on the Seagull Cliff last Wednesday, Lee."

"Was it Wednesday I lost it?" said Lee carelessly.

"It was. It's been in the rain, and there's been no rain about here since Wednesday night."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Lee. "Thanks for bringing it in." And he turned to "Paradise Lost" with an air of having finished the conversation.

"Hold on, Lee!" said Bob. "I want to ask you something, if you don't mind."

"I'm rather busy."

"Sorry; but this won't keep."

"You want to know why I didn't turn up this afternoon?" asked Lee. "Well, I didn't choose. That's all."

"Never mind about this afternoon," said Bob. "We had a row because you slanged Bunter, and I thought he had saved my life. That was what the fight was about. And I don't care whether I fight you or not. I haven't come to speak to you about that."

"No need to speak to me at all, that I can see," said Jim Lee coolly. "I've said that I'm busy."

"You were on the Seagull Cliff on Wednesday afternoon," said Bob. "As far as I can make out, you must have been there about the time I had my tumble. Is that the case?"

Lee was silent. His heart was beating a little faster.

"You generally keep to yourself, and hardly ever put in a word on your own account in any matter," said Bob. "Everybody was surprised at your coming out as you did about Bunter. It looks to me as if you saw what really

happened, and knew that Bunter was lying."

"He was lying," said Lee.

"Then you saw what happened?"

No reply.

"You were there at the time," persisted Bob. "Bunter's as good as admitted it."

"Then you can ask Bunter."

"I'm asking you. Some fellow got me up over the cliff, and must have risked his life in doing it," said Bob. "I want to know who it was. It seemed pretty certain at the time that it was Bunter. But—" He paused. "If it was Bunter, all right. I don't want to get out of an obligation, even to a fellow I can't stand. But you can understand that I want to know the facts. I think now that very likely some fisherman of Pegg was going along the path at the time, and picked me up. He may have been in a hurry, and gone on, leaving me with Bunter. That looks likely—now."

Lee did not speak.

"The way you rounded on Bunter looked like sheer cheeky meddling in a matter you knew nothing about," went on Bob. "But now I know that you were an eye-witness, it looks different, of course."

"I haven't said I was an eye-witness."

"Do you deny it?"

No answer.

"I take it," said Bob, still quietly, "that you saw what happened, and know who saved me from breaking my neck that afternoon. I want you to tell me plainly, was it Bunter?"

"No."

"So far, so good. Then who was it?"

"I've nothing more to tell you."



"The witness has told whoppers in court," said Peter Todd, "and I sentenced him to be bumped three times!" "I—I say, leggo!" howled Bunter. "It was all Lee's fault! He asked me not to mention that he had done it! Yaroooh!" (See Chapter 9.)

—and Billy Bunter lives up to his in the matter of postal orders!

"Of course, as a new fellow here, you wouldn't know the local people by sight," said Bob. "But you can give some description of the chap, whoever he was. Was it a fisherman or a coast-guard?"

Silence.

"Won't you tell me?"

"I've nothing to tell you."

Bob breathed hard. His anger was rising fast, but he held it in check.

"I suppose you understand, that a fellow feels obliged to a chap who has risked his life for him?" he said.

"I suppose so."

"Naturally, I want to know who the chap was, so that I can speak to him," said Bob. "You understand that?"

"If the chap wants your thanks, he can call for them, I suppose," said Lee sarcastically. "If he was a local character he would know that you belonged to Greyfriars. If he doesn't want your thanks, I can't see any necessity for hunting him out and inflicting them on him."

Bob Cherry crimsoned.

"That's for me to decide!" he exclaimed. "What reason can you have for refusing to tell me what you saw, except just a piggish desire to make yourself unpleasant?"

Lee shrugged his shoulders.

"Let it go at that!" he answered.

"You won't tell me?"

Lee paused for a moment, and then answered deliberately:

"No, I won't! I don't choose."

Bob clenched his hands; but he still contrived to keep his temper.

"You see the position I'm in," he said as quietly as he could. "Bunter's claiming to have saved my life, and making no end of a song about it. I can't refuse to acknowledge the claim, so long as I can't point out who really did it. You say it wasn't Bunter. But I'm not justified in taking your word against his unless you tell me how I can get at the facts. What do you want to do me an injury for? What have I done to you?"

"Nothing!"

"I ask you as a favour," said Bob with an effort. "Be a good chap, and tell me what you saw that afternoon on the cliff."

"I won't!"

"Why not?" breathed Bob.

"Because I don't choose!"

"You cheeky rotter!" shouted Bob, his temper breaking out at last. "If you won't tell me of your own accord, I'll hammer you till you do! Put up your hands, you cad!"

Lee put his hands into his pockets.

The next moment Bob had grasped him by the collar and swung him out in front of the desks by main force.

"Now, you rotter—"

Lee went spinning as Bob let go of his collar. He sprawled on the floor of the Form-room. Bob Cherry stood over him, with clenched fists and blazing eyes.

"Get up, you cad! Get up, and put up your hands!"

Jim Lee sprang to his feet. The next moment the two juniors were fighting furiously.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Hand-to-Hand!

TRAMP, tramp, tramp!

To and fro the two juniors tramped, fighting fiercely. There was little of science in that encounter, but there was plenty of vigour on both sides.

Bob Cherry was in a towering rage, as

was not surprising in the circumstances. And Jim Lee was excited—indeed, he seemed to find a relief in the struggle for the long-pent-up bitterness and misery in his heart.

The fight did not go on long without observers. Billy Bunter's fat face and big spectacles glimmered in at the doorway. Half a minute later Bunter was spreading the news in the Remove passage.

"I say, you fellows, there's a fight in the Form-room!"

"Who are the duffers?" asked Peter Todd, looking out of Study No. 7.

"Bob Cherry and Lee."

"Cheeky chumps, to start without letting us know!" exclaimed Peter indignantly.

And Peter's long legs went at a great rate down the Remove staircase.

There was a rush of the Remove fellows after him. If the delayed scrap was coming off at last the Removites did not want to miss it.

In a very short time the Remove were crowding into their Form-room, with much more eagerness than they had ever shown in arriving there for lessons.

The fight was growing fast and furious by that time.

"Hold on, you chaps!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You ought to have the gloves on."

"Blow the gloves!" snapped Bob.

"You've got a prize nose already, old bean!" grinned Vernon-Smith.

"Look at Lee's nose, though!" chuckled Billy Bunter.

"Go it, yo cripples!" chortled Bolsover major. "I say, Lee's putting up a jolly good fight, for a funk!"

"The funkfulness does not seem to be terrific," remarked the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

Crash!

Jim Lee went heavily to the floor. Bob stood panting for breath. But Lee was up again in a twinkling.

"Come on!" he panted.

"I'm ready for you, you rotter!" growled Bob.

"Lick him, Bob, old chap!" howled Billy Bunter in great delight. "Give him a jolly good hiding! Bravo!"

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

"Cave!" called out Russell, who was near the door. "Prefects!"

"Here comes Wingate!"

"Look out!"

Wingate of the Sixth came tramping into the Remove Form-room with a frowning brow.

The din in that Form-room might have been described justly as terrific. It had been heard at a good distance, and the prefect had come along to inquire—thoughtfully bringing his ashplant with him.

"Chuck it, Bob!" exclaimed Wharton hastily.

"Chuck it, Lee!"

But the excited combatants went on, regardless. Wingate strode up to them as they struggled and gripped each of them by the collar. With a wrench he dragged the two juniors apart.

"Now, you young rascals!" exclaimed Wingate.

Bob Cherry and Lee stood glaring at one another. Wingate had dropped his cane in handling them. He pointed to it.

"Pick that up!"

Lee picked it up and handed it to the captain of Greyfriars.

"Now, what do you mean by scrapping in the Form-room and kicking up this

thumping hullabaloo?" demanded George Wingate.

No answer from the culprits.

"Hold out your hand, Lee!"

Swish!

"Now yours, Cherry!"

Swish!

Wingate tucked the cane under his arm.

"If there is any more of this to-night," he said, "I shall report you to the Head! You young sweeps, if you can't keep the peace, can't you have a decent round of two in the gym with the gloves on? I'm ashamed of you! Clear out of this at once!"

Bob Cherry, without a word, went to the door, followed by his friends. He was not done with Jim Lee yet—not by any means. But obviously the affair had to stop for the present.

The juniors crowded out of the Form-room, Wingate seeing them off. Only Jim Lee remained standing by his desk, breathing hard and dabbing his nose.

"Get a move on!" snapped Wingate.

Lee looked at him.

"I'm doing my prep here, Wingate," he answered quietly. "No harm in my staying for that, I suppose?"

"Why are you doing your prep here, instead of in your study?" demanded the prefect.

"I like it better."

"You want to catch a cold? Or are you sulking with your study-mates?" growled Wingate. "Go up to the Remove passage and stay there."

"But—"

"Do as I tell you!" snapped Wingate.

There was no help for it, and Jim Lee gathered up his Milton and departed. Wingate followed him out and closed the Form-room door.

Lee went up to the Remove passage, with his Milton under his arm. He was feeling tired and troubled after the interrupted fight, and he had been more than a little hurt. He was in no mood to study the beauties of the great epic poet; neither did he care to go to his study and face the hostile looks of Russell and Ogilvy.

He hesitated in the Remove passage for some time, some of the Removites glancing at him curiously.

"If you're looking for Bob Cherry, he's in the bath-room, bathing his nose!" called out Bolsover major.

Lee did not trouble to answer.

He went up the upper staircase to the Remove dormitory, where he turned on the light and settled down to read till bed-time. And he was not interrupted again till the Remove fellows came tramping up to bed at half-past nine.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Judicial Inquiry.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. looked at Lee rather expressively as they came into the Remove dormitory.

Indeed, every fellow in the Remove looked at him.

Outcast as he was, disregarded generally by all the Form, Jim Lee was for the nonce the cynosure of all eyes.

Much against his desire, he had come into prominence, and he was of more general interest just then than any other fellow in the Form.

All the Remove knew why the fight had started in the Form-room. They had learned with surprise that Jim Lee had been a witness of Bob Cherry's narrow escape on the Seagull Cliff a few

A thrilling climax to one of Frank Richards' best series!

days before—a fact proved by the finding of the lost volume of Virgil, and by Lee's own admission to Bob.

He knew, therefore, for a fact whether Bunter had or had not saved Bob's life; and he had declared plainly enough that Bunter had not done it.

Why he could not state all the facts was a mystery to the Remove—and a most exasperating mystery. Bunter's story had been believed, amazing as it was, for want of any better explanation. But it was generally doubted now—indeed, Johnny Bull and some other fellows had doubted it all along.

It dawned upon the juniors that it was because Lee knew the actual facts that he had denounced Bunter's yarn as false. But if he knew the facts, why could he not state them?

The juniors could only attribute his silence to an unreasonable perversity of temper—a desire to make himself unpleasant to the fellows with whom he was unpopular.

The looks of the Remove fellows showed Lee plainly enough that he had something to expect after lights were out and the prefect on duty gone.

He concluded that his fight with Bob Cherry was to be renewed in the dormitory, and he was indifferent on the subject.

But before Wingate of the Sixth turned out the light he addressed a few words to the late combatants.

"There's to be no more scrapping, Cherry and Lee!" he said. "I don't know what you're ragging about, but you've got to chuck it. I want your word to keep the peace, or I shall have to mention the matter to Mr. Quelch."

"I'm not going to scrap in the dormitory," said Bob.

"Good! And you, Lee?"

"I only want to be left alone," said Leo.

"That's all right," said Wingate.

And he turned out the light and went. Jim Lee lay and listened to the talk that ran from bed to bed after the prefect was gone.

His fight with Bob Cherry was off now, that was certain; but he knew that something was on the tapis.

He was soon enlightened.

Ten minutes after lights out Peter Todd rolled out of bed and lighted a candle produced from some hidden recess.

Two or three other fellows followed his example, and several candles shed a glimmer through the long dormitory.

"Turn out, slackers!" said Peter.

"I say, you fellows!" Bunter sat up.

"If there's going to be a fight I can watch it from here. It's cold!"

"Turn out, you fat bounder!"

"Oh, really, 'Toddy—"

"You're wanted as a witness, Bunter," said Wharton.

"Eh? I can witness a fight sitting up in bed, can't I?" demanded the Owl of the Remove.

"It isn't a fight, fathead!"

"Eh? What is it, then?" Bunter looked more interested. "If it's a dormitory spread, of course—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's not a spread, old oyster!" grinned Peter Todd. "It's a judicial inquiry."

"A—a—a what?" ejaculated Bunter.

"A judicial inquiry conducted by me," said Peter. "You're a witness. Lee's another witness. Turn out, Lee!"

Jim Lee sat up.

"I'd rather go to sleep," he said.

"Possibly!" assented Todd. "But it won't take long, and you can go to sleep afterwards. As you're a new fellow here, Lee, I'll explain. Possibly you



Harry Wharton, with a laugh, took Lee's other arm. Johnny Bull, Nugent, and Hurree Singh gathered round, smiling. The new boy looked appealingly from one to another. They were all friendly and smiling. "Let me go, will you?" he said in a low voice. "Rats! You're coming to tea in our study!" said Harry Wharton. (See Chapter 10.)

don't know that I am the Greyfriars lawyer—"

"Eh?"

"My father is a solicitor," Peter explained, "and I'm studying law. What are you grinning at? I've got lots of law books in my study, and I read them, mark them, and inwardly digest them. I know all about judicial proceedings; and for that reason the Remove have appointed me president of the board of inquiry."

"I don't quite follow," said Lee, staring at Peter. "What sort of a game is that?"

"It isn't a game!" said Peter warmly. "You'll find that it's jolly serious, I can tell you. The Remove are holding an inquiry into what occurred on the Seagull Cliff last Wednesday."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lee. He understood now.

"You can look on me as judge, jury, and prosecuting counsel all rolled into one," explained Peter. "Now, gentlemen of the Remove—"

"If Toddy's going to make a speech I'm going to sleep!" said Ogilvy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence in court!" snapped Peter Todd. The schoolboy lawyer took his judicial functions much more seriously than the rest of the Remove did. "Bunter! Lee! Get into the witness-box!"

"I say, Peter, there isn't any witness-box—"

"Your bed can be regarded as a witness-box for the purposes of this legal inquiry."

"Well, I'm in bed already—"

"Don't answer back to the judge, Bunter, or you will be committed for contempt of court!" said Peter warningly. "Gentlemen of the Remove—"

"Cut it short!" said Hazeldene.

"If that member of the public interrupts again he will be forcibly ejected from the court!" roared Peter Todd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cut the cackle, and come to the horses!" suggested Squiff.

"Silence! Gentlemen of the Remove, you all know what happened on Seagull Cliff last Wednesday. Our respected fellow-citizen, Robert Cherry—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Taking a walk on the cliffs, took a tumble, and went over the deep end. The fall knocked out what sense there was in his head—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And he lay unconscious," continued Peter. "Returning to his senses—if any—"

"Look here—" bawled Bob Cherry.

"Silence! Returning to what senses he had," resumed Peter Todd, "Robert Cherry found himself on the cliff-path, with the witness, William George Bunter, who claimed to have rescued him at the peril of his life."

"So I did!" howled Bunter.

"It transpires—" went on Peter.

"It whatters?" asked Bolsover major.

"Transpires—"

"You've got that word out of the dictionary."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It transpires," howled Peter, "that there was another witness on the scene—"

Don't miss this masterpiece of schoolboy fiction!

another Richmond in the field, as Shakespeare would say—"

"Oh, blow Shakespeare! Leave Shakespeare out!"

"In the person of James Lee, a new fellow in our esteemed and honourable Form. This person, as it transpires, was squatted on the cliff above the path, engaged in the extraordinary occupation of reading Virgil of his own accord."

"Rotten swot!" said Skinner.

"We are not in this court to judge of the personal tastes of members of the Remove," said the judge. "It transpires that—"

"Can't you give that word a rest?" asked Bolsover. "Why can't you say it turns out?"

"It transpires that Lee saw all that occurred. He knows for a fact whether Bunter rescued Bob Cherry, or whether some other individual came along and worked the oracle, and then meandered on his way without leaving his card. For some reason unknown to the Court the witness Lee has refused to make a statement. The witness Lee is now ordered to make a statement in open court!"

All eyes turned on Jim Lee.

"The court is waiting, Lee!" said Peter.

Lee did not speak.

"The witness is warned that contumacy will be regarded as contempt of court and punished accordingly," said the judge. "Lee, will you make your statement of what actually occurred on Wednesday afternoon?"

"No."

"And why not?"

"I'm going to sleep."

"I warn you—"

"Rats!"

Jim Lee laid his head upon the pillow. There was a deep murmur of wrath from the Removites. Bolsover major jumped out of bed.

"Have him out!" he roared.

"Yes, rather!"

And there was a rush towards Jim Lee's bed.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

An Amazing Discovery.

"ORDER!" shouted Peter Todd.

"Rats!"

"Order in court!"

"Chuck it, you fellows!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Toddy is running this show. Give Toddy his head."

"If my ruling in this court is not accepted, I shall throw up my brief!" said Peter Todd with dignity.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do judges hold briefs?" inquired Skinner.

"Shut up, Skinner!"

"Look here, are we going to let that cad Lee cheek the whole Form?" snorted Bolsover major.

"Order!"

Harry Wharton & Co. intervened to keep order. Bolsover major and his followers were headed off from Jim Lee's bed.

"The Court will now resume," said Peter Todd. "Any further demonstration on the part of the public will lead to the court being cleared!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Oh, get on with the washing!" growled Bolsover.

"Lee, you are once more requested to make your statement," said Peter Todd. "Get up on your hind legs and state."

Lee made no reply.

"You are aware that this conduct is contempt of court?" asked Peter.

Lee smiled.

"Very well," said the judge. "The witness refuses to make a statement. He will be dealt with in due course. The witness will stand aside, while the other witness is interrogated. Bunter!"

"I say, Toddy—"

"You will now inform the Court of what transpired on Wednesday afternoon. Keep to the truth, Bunter, or as near as possible."

"I've told you what happened," growled Bunter. "Bob Cherry fell over the cliff. I sprang after him—"

"I've warned you to keep to the truth."

"I sprang after him!" hooted Bunter. "Rushing to the terrible precipice, I sprang down to the ledge. Seizing Bob Cherry in my arms, I hurled him—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean I pushed him up on the cliff-path," said Bunter. "I saved his life at the risk of my own. All that Lee says about it is crammers!"

"What has Lee said about it?"

"Well, he says I didn't do it—you've heard him," said Bunter. "Just as if I was the kind of fellow to brag, you know."

"Oh, my hat! Now, it transpires," said Peter, "that Lee witnessed the whole occurrence. Did you see Lee on the spot?"

"Impossible! He wasn't there!"

"He was there, ass!"

RESULT OF BURNLEY PICTURE COMPETITION!

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution. The first prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to:

S. J. EVANS,
44, Regent Street,
Gloucester.

The second prize of £2 10s. has been divided among the following four competitors, whose solutions contained one error each:

Leonard Hayes, 4, Little Church Street, Coventry; James Cleaver, 29, Gun Lane, Stoke Heath, Coventry; Wilfred Alworth, 8, Crieff Road, Wandsworth, S.W. 6; W. Titlow, 28, Boston Road, Ipswich.

The ten prizes of 5s. each have been divided among the following fifteen competitors, whose solutions contained two errors each:

T. Foot, 77, Hills Road, Cambridge; W. E. Dalby, 7, Spring Road, Ipswich; A. Watson, 6, Withipoll Street, Ipswich; W. Foot, 25, Quilter Road, Felixstowe; W. de Gruchy, Market Street, Woodstock, Oxon; Leopold Hall, 11, Cranleigh Gardens, Bridgwater, Somerset; Rowland Hill, North Kyme, Lincoln; Thomas Williams, 43, Glamor Road, Llanelly, S. Wales; Miss E. Ekless, Queens Cafe, Chertsey, Surrey; John Gunn, 15, Waverley Park, Edinburgh; Mrs. A. Barrie, 19, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan; W. F. Pallett, 7, Sigismund Street, E. Greenwich, S.E. 10; G. E. Barnard, 9, High Street, Chesterton, Staffs; G. Stanley, 16, Madrid Place, London, S.W. 8; George Robertson, 40, Wardlaw Avenue, Rutherglen, Scotland.

SOLUTION:—

Burnley is one of the oldest clubs in the League. Like numerous other football teams in Lancashire, it was originally a Rugby organisation. Of all the great footballers they have had, James Crabtree was undoubtedly the most renowned. What a splendid full-back he was when a young man.

"That much is proved now, Bunter," said Bob Cherry mildly. "Do keep to the facts as much as you can, old fellow."

"Well, he may have been there," said Bunter cautiously. "He may or may not have been, you know."

"Was anyone else there, as well as Lee?"

"Certainly not!"

Peter Todd fixed a very peculiar look on the Owl of the Remove. There was a strange suspicion in Peter's keen mind which certainly had not yet occurred to any other fellow in the Remove.

"Only you and Lee were on the spot when Bob took his tumble over the cliffs?" asked Peter.

"Yes, Lee wasn't on the path, though," said Bunter. "I didn't see him till he came scoting down from the upper cliff."

"Oh! He came scoting down, did he?" said Peter. "I suppose that was how he dropped old Virgil?"

"I suppose so."

"And what happened next?"

"I sprang to the rescue—" began Bunter.

"Yes, yes; we've had that. What did Lee do?"

"Nothing!"

"He came scoting down from the upper cliff, and then did nothing at all?" asked Peter Todd.

"Exactly!"

"Only watched you rescuing Bob?"

"Ye-e-es!"

"Didn't he lend you a hand?"

"N-n-n-no!"

"Of course, we all know what a terrific athlete you are, Bunter," said Peter blandly, amid laughter in court. "But even you must have found it rather a hefty job to shift Bob Cherry from the ledge up to the cliff-path. Didn't you ask Lee to help you, as he was there?"

"Nunno!"

"Didn't he offer?"

"N-no!"

"And why," continued the judge—"why didn't you mention that Lee was there at all on that occasion when you spun the yarn?"

"I—I didn't know he was there!" gasped Bunter.

"You saw him come scoting down from the upper cliff, but you didn't know he was there?" asked Peter.

"Exactly!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"In telling the yarn you never mentioned Lee. What reason had you for being so careful not to mention that Lee was there?"

"I—I—I—" gasped Bunter.

"Answer, fathead!"

"He—he asked me—" gasped Bunter.

"Asked you what?"

"Not to mention that he was there."

"Why the dickens—" began Harry Wharton, in wonder.

Peter Todd held up a commanding hand.

"Leave the questioning of this witness to me, please. I think I can extract the truth from this witness. Lee asked you not to mention his presence on the cliff that afternoon, Bunter?"

"Yes. You can ask him if he didn't."

"I am questioning you at present. Why did Lee make that very singular request, Bunter?"

"Blessed if I know!"

"Why did Lee wish his presence on the spot to remain a secret?"

"He didn't want Bob Cherry to know—I—I mean—"

(Continued on page 17.)

The curtain drops, and the victim is— See next Monday's yarn!



BUNTER OF THE SIXTH!

An article eggsplaining why I should be promoted to the Sixth Form.

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

WHAT is a clever, brainy skoller like me doing in the Remove, that's what I want to know! Talk about a square hole in a round peg!

I am so far advanced in nollidge that it's a crying shame that I should have to rub shoulders with ignerent fellows like Wharton and Cherry and Linley.

You have only to glance at my massiff forehead to see how clever I am. I am as full of lerning as an egg is of meat. I ought to be among the eyebrows, not the dunces. (An eyebrow, by the way, is a person of sooperior intellect.)

When I came to Greyfriars, I was pitchforked into the Lower Fourth—the Remove—and I have been stuck there ever since.

I put the matter to Mr. Quelch the other day.

"Don't you think it a mistake, sir, that I should have been dumped into the Remove?" I said.

"Most certainly, Bunter!" said the sarkastic beast. "Your proper plaice is in the Second Form!"

In reality, dear readers, my proper plaice is in the Sixth. I ought to be promoted rightaway, I ought to be aloud to skip the Upper Fourth and the Shell and the Fifth, and jump straight into the Sixth.

I can't learn anything in the Remove—anything fresh, I mean. Lattin? I know it inside-out. Greek? I'm a genius at it. Joggraphy? I could tell you the name of every street in Friardale. (There's only one, and that's the High Street!—Ed.) Histry? Why, I've read Harmsworth's "Histry of the Nations" from beginning to end, and I know who's who and what's what. Spannish? I can speek Spannish like a Torryadore. French? I know the langwidge from A to Z. I know that "Wo" means "Yes," and that "Nong" means "No." I also know that "Icl en parle Francaise" refers to cream-ices.

Then take the ordinary subjects, such as spelling and arithmetick.

You won't find another fellow at Greyfriars who spells like me. (Quite right; we don't.—Ed.) I'm a master at the art. As to arithmetick, well, I know that twelve times twelve is twenty-four, and that a year's pocket-munny, at the rate of half-a-crown a week, comes to a thowsand pounds. What further proof do you want?

I refuse to waist my talents in the Remove much longer! I am going to apply to the Head for promotion.

It's high time I was a member of the Sixth Form and a prefect, with a studdy of my own, and "dressed in a little brief orthority," as Byron says—or was it Shake-speer?

The Head had better konsider my plee without delay, or there will be ructions!

Just think of it! A smart, brainy skoller like me sitting cheek by jowl with fellows who don't even know that c-a-t-t spells cat! It's high time sumthing was done. And sumthing's going to be done right speedily, or, as I say, there will be ructions!

EDITORIAL!



By **HARRY WHARTON.**

SEVERAL weeks ago we had a "Hints and Improvements" Number of the "Greyfriars Herald."

One of the suggestions it contained was for a Special Form-Room Number. Accordingly, I set my staff to work, and after the burning of much midnight oil, they have accomplished their task.

The Form-room is a grim sort of place, except for the fellows who are studious by nature, and simply love lessons. Mark Linley and Dick Penfold belong to this class. The average fellow, however, regards the Form-room as a sort of dungeon, to escape from which he would willingly give a term's pocket-money.

Some Forms at Greyfriars have a fairly easy time of it. The Fifth can squeeze any amount of fun out of Mr. Prout, and Dicky Nugent & Co. of the Second often presume to pull the leg of Mr. Twigg. The babes of the First have a glorious time under Mr. Wally Bunter. He makes them work hard, but he also has the knack of making the lessons cheery and interesting.

But the Remove Form has to writhe and groan under the Cromwellian rule of Mr. Horace Henry Samuel Quelch, Master of Arts. Mr. Quelch has many good points, and we all respect him; but he is strict and stern. Only one other Form master is more severe than Mr. Quelch, and that is Mr. Hacker, who rules the Shell with a rod of iron.

Mr. Quelch is a disciplinarian—right from the word go, as Fishy would say. But, in spite of this, there are times when we manage to make things go merrily in the Remove Form-room. Perhaps Billy Bunter enlivens the proceedings with some of his ventriloquism. Perhaps the noble army of neashooters gets busy. Or it may happen that Mr. Quelch is called away for half an hour, and we are left to our own devices. On such occasions, leap-frog is the order of the day.

Nobody can accuse this Special Form-Room Number of being dull. It is full of mirth and sparkle, from Wun Lung's weird poem to Billy Bunter's equally weird article.

Other Special Numbers are in course of preparation, and I can promise you some rare treats in the near future.

HARRY WHARTON.

EXTRACTS FROM REMOVE ESSAYS!

From an Essay on "HAPPINESS," by Billy Bunter:

"Happiness is a thing that everybody is serching for, even the grate detectives; but they can't find it. It is an elusive willow-the-wisp. Sumtimes it seems to arrive, but it's off again before you can realise you've had it. Trew happiness konsists of kindness to others. If you know of a skoolfellow who would jump for joy at the sight of a hamper of tuck, send him one! If you know a fellow who is being left out of the Remove footer eleven through personal jellussy, make an effort to get him his rights! If you've got a bicycle you don't want, or a grammar-phone, send it anonymously to 'B. B., Studdy No. 7.' By performing these acts of kindness, you will discover the secret of trew happiness."

From an Essay on "SLEEP," by Lord Mauleverer:

"Sleep is the biggest boon and blessing that humanity has. The trouble is that we don't get enough of it! It is no use taking sleep in small doses. You want lots and lots of it. Some people say that seven hours' sleep is sufficient for anybody, but this is all wrong. At least sixteen hours out of the twenty-four ought to be spent in bed. This is my candid opinion. We should retire to our dormitories at eight o'clock in the evening, and not budge from our beds till mid-day next day. But, alas! I can't get the powers that be to see eye to eye with me on this subject."

From an Essay on "FOOTBALL," by Hurree Singh:

"The esteemed and ludicrous game of football has been played in this worthy country for centuries. It is an institution, as the man said when he stepped into the work-house. The kickfulness, the shootfulness, the passfulness—all are truly delightful. But the trippfulness and the foulfulness and the sly ankle-tapfulness are a disgrace to the sport, and they should be put down with a firm hand. The popularity of football is widespread. I have played it in my own native country. It is even better than the big-game shootfulness which goes on in the esteemed jungle; and football will always have a warm place in my heartfulness."

From an Essay on "BIRDS," by Dick Penfold:

"There are birds that flutter, and birds that fly; there are birds that sing, and birds that try! There's the linnet, the thrush, and the nightingale, and the cuckoo chirruping in the dale. But the queerest one of which I've heard, is known to us as the 'Quelchy bird.' He rules our Form with an iron hand; and fellows who play the fool are tanned! And if he sees what I have written, these palms of mine will be sorely smitten! This essay is unofficial, you see; I've only written it for a spree!"

Another bumper supplement coming along!



A Class-Room Comedy!

by Tom Brown.

SCENE.—The Remove Form-room at Greyfriars. Time, 9 a.m. The pupils are in their places. There is a buzz of chatter. Enter MR. QUELCH.

MR. QUELCH: Good-morning, boys!

ALL: Good-morning, sir!

MR. QUELCH: This talk and noise
Must not occur.

(Suddenly the Remove master catches sight of the blackboard, on which appears a caricature of himself, in chalk, with the inscription, "Old Quelch.")

MR. QUELCH (angrily):
Who dared to draw this hideous sketch?
I will chastise the guilty wretch!
The culprit now will stand before me,
And he will find the prospect stormy!

(The class sits silent.)

MR. QUELCH: Stand forth, you unknown comic artist!
I'll give you six cuts of the smartest!
For sketching me upon the board
I'll see you reap a stern reward!

(Nobody comes forward.)

MR. QUELCH: No schoolboy outrage could be grosser!
Were you the artist, Wharton?

WHARTON: No, sir!

MR. QUELCH: Cherry! Were you the boy in question?

CHERRY: Sir, I'm surprised at that suggestion!

MR. QUELCH: Bull! Bulstrode! Newland! Linley! Rake!

ALL: Not us, sir—that's a great mistake!

MR. QUELCH: I mean to find the guilty one.
Bunter! Did you do this for fun?

BUNTER (rising in his place):
Excuse me, sir, I'm feeling ill!
This indigestion haunts me still.
I've shooting pains inside my chest,
Aches, dizziness, and all the rest.
Fresh air's the finest thing, they say.
I'll take a stroll, sir, if I may!

MR. QUELCH: You will do nothing of the sort!

BUNTER: Oh, really, sir, please be a sport!

MR. QUELCH: I fancy you can throw some light
Upon this matter. Am I right?

BUNTER: Nunno, sir! You are wrong again!
I'm not an artist, that is plain.
At least, sir, I can only draw
The weirdest things you ever saw.

MR. QUELCH: This sketch upon the board is weird,
And that is why I strongly feared
That you were guilty of it, boy,
And that you did it to annoy!

BUNTER: Oh dear! I'm feeling sick and seedy—

MR. QUELCH: The dire result of being greedy!

BUNTER: May I go out for half an hour?
Do let me, sir! It's in your power.

MR. QUELCH: I mean to get the matter settled.
This drawing makes me feel quite nettled!
A frank confession now is due,
So tell me, Bunter—was it you?

BUNTER: Ob, sir! Don't glare at me like that!
It wasn't me, I tell you flat!

MR. QUELCH: Stand out at once before the class!

SKINNER (in Bunter's ear):
Don't give the game away, you ass!

(BILLY BUNTER rolls to the fore. MR. QUELCH picks up a cane, and the fat junior's knees knock together with fright.)

MR. QUELCH: Bunter! Why do you tremble so?

BUNTER: Because I'm jolly ill, you know!

MR. QUELCH (dryly):
Indeed! You seem to get no thinner.

BUNTER: Please, sir, I want to speak to Skinner.

MR. QUELCH: What do you wish to say to him?

BUNTER: I'll make him meet me in the gym!
It isn't fair that he should make
Me keep my mouth shut for his sake.

MR. QUELCH: Did Skinner have a hand in this?

BUNTER: Yes, sir! Hark, how the fellows hiss!
They don't approve of sneaks, that's plain.
But, sir, I fear your dreaded cane,
And so I tell the truth, you see.
Skinner's the artist, sir, not me!

MR. QUELCH: Skinner, stand out—at once, I say!

SKINNER (advancing to the Form-master's desk):
The fat sneak's given me away!

MR. QUELCH (sternly):
You drew this sketch upon the board?

SKINNER: Yes, sir. You've got me fairly floored!

BUNTER: He pinched the chalk, sir, from your desk,
And made that drawing so grotesque.

SKINNER: You are a mean and spiteful worm,
And later on I'll make you squirm!

MR. QUELCH: Be silent! For this work of art
I'll make your palms, sir, sting and smart!
A cunning insult you have planned.
Now, Skinner, pray hold out your hand!

SKINNER: Which hand, sir, please—the left or right?

MR. QUELCH: You are a hardened rascal, quite!

BUNTER: I hope you'll make him holler, sir!
He is a cunning, crafty cur!

(SKINNER holds out each hand in turn, and MR. QUELCH gives him four stinging cuts on each. SKINNER'S yells ring through the Form-room.)

MR. QUELCH: Now, Bunter! Hold your hand out, too!

BUNTER: Oh, really, sir! What did I do?

MR. QUELCH: You made pretence of being ill.
You also tried to thwart my will.

CHERRY (in a whisper):
We're jolly sick of Bunter's shamming.
Let's hope he gets a fearful lamming!

(BILLY BUNTER is compelled to hold out his hand. The cane bites into his palm, and he dances to and fro, yelling with anguish.)

BUNTER: My indigestion's better now!
I've had enough, sir! Yow-ow-ow!
I'll never, never sham again,
So kindly lay aside your cane!

CURTAIN.

Four full supplement pages of fun and mirth next week!



Form-Room Football!

by H Vernon-Smith.

"I SAY, you fellows!" piped Billy Bunter. "Quelch's queer this morning!" "How do you know?" asked Peter Todd.

"I saw Trotter taking his brekker up to him in bed. And he wasn't in chapel, either."

Instantly there was a buzz of excitement. The bell had gone for morning lessons, and the Removites were in their places. But Mr. Quelch, "the gent with the gimlet eyes," was conspicuous by his absence.

Harry Wharton jumped to his feet. "I'm sorry Quelch's queer, in a way," he said. "But I'm jolly glad in another way. It means a morning of freedom. We're left to our own devices."

"Yes, rather?" "I expect a prefect will be sent in to take the class," said Nugent.

"Most likely," answered Wharton. "But there's no reason why we shouldn't amuse ourselves until he arrives. Those in favour of a game of Form-room footer, show hands!"

A forest of hands went up. "Good!" said Wharton. "Slip along to the study and get the ball, Franky. Meanwhile, we'll pile all the desks together at the back of the room, so as to have a clear field."

"Good wheeze!" Most of us were in a reckless mood that morning. Had we stopped to think, we should not have dreamed of playing footer in the Form-room. But fellows of fourteen can't be expected to stop and think. We leave that to older people.

We took off our jackets, rolled up our sleeves, and shifted the desks. Many hands made light work, and the job was soon done. Then Nugent came in with the football.

"Now, we'll play six-a-side," said Wharton. "My team against Smithy's. The rest of you, in order to give us elbow-room, will sit on the window-sills and watch the match. Choose your team, Smithy!"

I selected five good men and true. Tom Redwing, Peter Todd, Micky Desmond, Dick Russell and Bulstrode were on my side.

Wharton's team consisted of the Famous five and Mark Linley.

The two goals were the door and the fireplace.

"Let's toss for choice of ends," I said. A coin was spun, and Wharton called "Heads!" Heads it was.

"We'll kick towards the fireplace!" said Wharton with a grin.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Tom Brown appointed himself referee.

"Ten minutes each way will be sufficient, I think," he said. "You'll have done quite enough damage in that time!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Bulstrode looked a trifle anxious.

"Won't the din be heard in the other Form-rooms?" he asked.

"It will if the spectators cheer at the top of their lungs," said Wharton. "Otherwise, I think the other Form-rooms are too far away to matter."

The ball was placed in the centre of the room, and Tom Brown gave the signal to start.

"Go it, Wharton!" "On the ball, Smithy!"

Wharton and Cherry, passing cleverly to each other in the limited space at their disposal, made ground rapidly.

Bob Cherry was about to shoot, when Bulstrode ran out to clear.

The Greyfriars goalie seemed to forget that he was operating in a restricted area. He kicked the ball with full force, and it flew straight at Billy Bunter, who was perched on one of the window-sills.

Bunter, blissfully unconscious of danger, was engaged in polishing his spectacles with a handkerchief.

Plonk! The ball caught Bunter full in the chest, and knocked him backwards with such force that he smashed the window.

"Yaroooooooh!" Sounds of falling glass were mingled with Billy Bunter's howls of anguish.

Bulstrode stood rooted to the floor, appalled at what he had done. It was not of the discomfort to Bunter that he was thinking. It was of the broken window, which would call for an explanation.

"That's fairly done it!" gasped Bulstrode. "Never mind! I'll own up to breaking the window, without going into details as to how it happened."

"Ow-ow-ow!" moaned Bunter. "I—I've broken my back, I think. I shall want compensation for this, Bulstrode!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "On with the merry game!" said Bob Cherry.

Play was resumed at a fast and furious pace. In spite of ourselves, we couldn't help



I booted the ball, and it whizzed at lightning speed towards the door. Simultaneously, the door opened, and somebody came in, receiving the ball plump in the middle of his person. That "somebody" was the Head!

making a din. It is impossible to play football in a Form-room without kicking up a shindy.

After five minutes' play, I found myself with a gilt-edged chance of scoring. I had tricked two men in quick succession, and now there was only Inky to beat.

Zomp! I booted the ball, and it whizzed at lightning speed towards the door.

Simultaneously the door opened, and somebody came in, receiving the ball plump in the middle of his person.

The "somebody" proved to be the Head! Never shall I forget the scene which followed, not if I live to be a Methuselah.

The whole Form was caned, every man-jack of us. And I got an extra dose for kicking a football, unintentionally of course, at the Head.

In addition to this punishment, we were all detained on the next half-holiday, and Bulstrode had to foot the bill for a new window-pane.

FORM-ROOM FACTS!

By BOB CHERRY.

Why is there no difference between Mark Linley in the Form-room and Mark Linley on the football-field? Because in both places he is "at the top of his Form"!

Micky Desmond had the audacity to tell Mr. Quelch the other day that lessons were too tame. Needless to say, this made Quelch "wild"!

I have been asked to name the six best scholars in the Remove, in order of merit. Here we are: Mark Linley, Dick Penfold, Harry Wharton, Vernon-Smith, Peter Todd, and Frank Nugent. The worst six are probably Billy Bunter, Wun Lung, Fisher T. Fish, Bolsover major, Sidney Snoop, and William Stott.

The fellow who makes most noise when being caned is Bunter. The fellow who makes least is Vernon-Smith. It is interesting to note that not a single fellow in the Remove Form has escaped a caning. Even the guileless Alonzo Todd is numbered among Quelch's victims!

Napoleon Dupont is the only junior who thoroughly enjoys himself during the French lesson. And Donald Ogilvy, who hails from north of the Tweed, is the only fellow who can render correctly the line: "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace blod."

Wun Lung considers that Chinese ought to be taught in the Remove Form-room. All very well for Wun Lung, but we prefer to give the lingo of the "Chinks" a wide berth!

Speaking of Wun Lung, he is the lightest junior in the Form. Perhaps this explains why he is always being "picked up" by Quelch during lessons! The sleepest fellow in the Form is Lord Mauleverer, and this accounts for the fact that he is constantly "caught napping"!

Mauly is suggesting that the Form-room should be made more cosy and comfortable. He thinks that cups of tea ought to be served out to the class during afternoon lessons. I don't know about tea; but we get quite enough "tannin'" as it is!

Skinner, the bold, bad blade, goes so far as to suggest that smoking should be permitted in the Form-room. The only thing that smokes at present is the Form-room chimney!

The budding authors of Greyfriars at their best!

MY MERRY ADVENTURES!



By THE FORM-ROOM MOUSE.

I AM a member of the rodent tribe—quite a handsome-looking mouse, although my jealous admirers sometimes call me "Beaver!" because of my whiskers.

I live in the cupboard in the Remove Form-room. And I often take a peep at what is going on during lessons.

I have quite a nice time of it, because lots of fellows are in the habit of eating in class, and they drop lots of crumbs under the desk. When the Form has been dismissed I come out from my lair and have a jolly good tuck-in. I'm so plump that I'm a sort of Billy Bunter in the mouse kingdom.

Talking of Bunter, I played a joke on him the other day. Rather a mean joke, I admit, but the meanness of it didn't strike me at the time.

In the middle of first lesson, I started squeaking.

Mr. Quelch looked up sharply.

"There is a mouse in the Form-room!" he exclaimed.

Squeak! Squeak!

The class tittered, and Mr. Quelch frowned.

"That mouse must be found!" he said angrily. "I cannot have this incessant squeaking!"

"We'll find it, sir, and feed it to the kitchen cat!" said Bob Cherry.

And down he went on his hands and knees.

The other fellows followed suit, and through the chink in the cupboard door I beheld the absurd spectacle of forty fellows grovelling on their hands and knees on the floor. They welcomed this as a diversion from lessons.

"Squeak! Squeak!" I shrilled joyously.

"There it is again!" snapped Mr. Quelch, who was by this time purple with annoyance. "The noise seemed to come from the cupboard. I wonder—"

Mr. Quelch broke off suddenly. He happened to catch sight of Billy Bunter, and he noticed that Bunter was grinning. It occurred to him at once that Bunter's ventriloquism was responsible for the squeaking.

The Form master's brow grew black and thunderous.

"Resume your seats, my boys!" he exclaimed. "I have discovered the cause

of the disturbance. I had forgotten the fact that one of your number is a ventriloquist. Bunter! Stand out before the class!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped the fat junior, in dismay. "It wasn't me who did that squeaking, sir!"

But Mr. Quelch seemed to think otherwise.

"The squeaking has now stopped," he said, "so it must have been you, Bunter!"

The squeaking had certainly stopped. I saw to that!

"For this practical joke, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, "I shall cane you severely!"

And he kept his word. Poor old Bunter's yells floated through the Form-room. It was like the slaughter of the innocents.

I felt sorry, afterwards, that I had played that mean trick on Bunter. Even a mouse is capable of repentance and remorse. An uncle of mine once started tickling a cat while it was asleep. It was pussy's salvation, for she hadn't had a square meal for days. She turned her head with a jerk, and my uncle went the way of all flesh! His repentance came too late!

However, I did manage to do Bunter a good turn the next day. I went out in full view of the Form and squeaked. Then I bunked—hard! I got away and put my ear to a little hole to wait for what happened. Guess what did happen?

Mr. Quelch was so sorry he had punished Bunter he told him he could fetch a dozen tarts from the tuckshop!

ODE TO MR. QUELCH.

By WUN LUNG

(The Chinese Junior).

Me likee not this master grim,
His cane go swishee-swishee;
And when he say "Hold out your hand!"
It's much against my wishee.
The cane come down with fearful force
And make me squeakee-squeakee;
No likee Mr. Quelch at all,
His nose me love to tweeke!

His facee like a hatchet is,
And he is lean and lanky;
And underneath his eagle eye
Me daren't play prankee-prankee.
Me dare not be impertinent
And give him any lippee,
Or Quelchy make me touch my toes,
And then he whippee-whippee!

He never smile a sunny smile,
But always look most solemn;
If me described his faults in full
Me take up every column!
Some say he is a splendid man,
And there is not a finer;
But me would like to kidnap him
And pack him off to China!

When Quelchy reached my native land
They'd choppee offee headee;
To see the executioner
Would make him quake with dreadee!
Me like to send him off at once
To some big Chinese city;
But no kidnapping is allowed,
And more's the pity-pity!

SOME FORM-ROOM SUGGESTIONS!



By LORD MAULEVERER.

THE Remove Form-room is about the most dreary and dismal apartment at Greyfriars.

But why should it be? When you come to consider that we spend the best part of our time in the Form-room, you will agree that the conditions ought to be made cheery and comfortable.

With this end in view, I am making bold to put forward a few suggestions.

Suggestion number one. Make a clean sweep of all the hard, hideous desks, and chop them up for firewood.

There is nothing to be said in favour of desks. They must have been invented at the time of the Spanish Inquisition.

In place of desks, I suggest sofas and easy-chairs, with plenty of soft cushions.

The Form-master ought to have a specially cosy armchair, so that there would be quite a good chance of his dozing off to sleep.

Suggestion number two. Serve light refreshments in the Form-room at regular intervals.

This is the sort of suggestion that Billy Bunter might make, but I hope it will not be "turned down" because of that. I am not making it in a spirit of gluttony. You will observe I specify "light" refreshments. Bunter would probably insist upon heavy refreshments—the heavier the better.

A wise old uncle of mine, who is a doctor, and one of the pillars of Harley Street, lays it down that the human body requires light nourishment at frequent intervals. He declares that heavy meals are a mistake.

Very well, then. Would it not be a happy notion to serve hot coffee and omelettes at eleven o'clock in the morning? Also a nice soothing cup of tea at four in the afternoon? We should lay back in our easy-chairs and enjoy ourselves famously.

Billy Bunter is in favour of having pork chops and hefty joints of beef brought into the Form-room. But this is not necessary. We don't want to make an eating-house of it, or "a good pull-up for carmen."

Suggestion number three. If a fellow should happen to feel drowsy during lessons, he should be permitted to go to sleep without let or hindrance. Some of us were born with a "tired feeling," which is just as much a permanent part of us as our arms and legs. We can't help it, and we ought not to be punished for it. You wouldn't punish a fellow because he happened to have ginger hair, or a Roman nose, would you? Then why punish a fellow because he was born with that "tired feeling"? He is more to be pitied than punished.

I am not suggesting that the Form-room should be turned into a sort of doss-house for Weary Willies and Tired Tims. But I do think a fellow should be allowed to take forty winks when he feels like it.

I commend these suggestions to the school authorities, in the hope—the rather faint hope, I admit—that they will adopt them. It will be a happy day for a certain weary nobleman when they do!

A special "Bullying" supplement next on the list!

STRAIGHT AS A DIE!

(Continued from page 12.)

"He didn't want Bob Cherry to know what?"

"N-n-nothing!"

"Lee was gone when Bob came to his senses?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Did you mention to Bob that he had been there?"

"Nunno!"

"Why not?"

"Because—because I—I'd promised to keep it dark," stammered Bunter. "You—you see, Lee was very keen on keeping it a secret. I—I did it to oblige him, you know. He never had a hand in it."

"Now, witness, I am going to ask you a very important question," said the judge sternly. "Was it you or another person that went over the cliff to fetch up Bob Cherry?"

"Me!" roared Bunter.

"Was it Lee?"

"Nunno!" gasped Bunter.

There was a general gasp of astonishment from the Remove fellows as Peter asked his question. Jim Lee compressed his lips. Before this, Lee had discerned to what Peter's questioning was leading, and he had little expectation that the obtuse Owl of the Remove would be able to keep the secret, under the sharp examination of the schoolboy lawyer.

"Was it Lee?" said Bob Cherry dazedly. "What on earth do you mean, Toddy? You know it wasn't Lee."

Peter Todd smiled the smile of superior wisdom.

"So long as we supposed there was only one fellow on the spot we had to believe that Bunter did the trick," he said. "When it came out that there was another fellow on the spot, it made a difference. But let's get on with the inquiry."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Now, Bunter, I warn you to keep to the truth," said the judge. "Did Lee, for some silly reason known only to himself, clear off before Bob came to, and ask you not to mention that he had pulled him on the cliff?"

"Certainly not," stammered Bunter. "You—you see, he couldn't have, when I pulled old Bob on the cliff. Lee had nothing to do with it. He called me names."

"Why did he call you names?"

"Because I wouldn't go near the edge—"

"What?"

"I—I mean, I would!" gasped Bunter. "I wasn't afraid to go near the edge. You fellows know how plucky I am. Only—only, you see, I—I was eating my jam-tarts—"

"It was because you were eating your jam-tarts that you refused to go near the edge?"

"That's it!" gasped Bunter.

"And how did you get over the cliff and rescue Bob Cherry without going near the edge?" inquired Peter blandly.

"I—I—I—"

"Well?"

"I—I did, of course!" gasped Bunter. "What I mean to say is that I—I did go near the edge. I—I wasn't eating tarts at all!"

"Oh, my hat!" said the judge. "So it transpires that Lee wanted you to help him and you refused?"

"I didn't!" howled Bunter. "I—I—"

rushed at once to help him. Didn't I, Lee?"

"You rushed to help Lee!" said the judge grimly. "We're getting nearer the facts, I think, though we're not quite there yet. Lee was standing doing nothing but looking on?"

"Yes."

"And you rushed to help him?"

"Ye-e-es," gasped Bunter, whose obtuse brain was in such a state of confusion now that he hardly knew what he was saying.

"You rushed to help him look on and do nothing?"

"Yes—I—I mean, no! I—I say, you fellows—"

"I think we have got the matter pretty clear now," said Peter Todd, looking round. "As soon as I knew there was another fellow on the spot I knew that that fellow must have done the trick. For some silly, sulky reason or other Lee did not want the facts to be known, and he asked Bunter to keep them dark. So Bunter rushed in to bag the giddy glory—just like Bunter."

"The fat rascal!" exclaimed Harry Wharton indignantly.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"You may as well own up now, Bunter!" grinned Hazeldene.

"I—I say, Bob, you know I saved your life, don't you, old chap?"

"I know you didn't, you fat bounder!" said Bob Cherry, in utter disgust. "It wanted a lot of swallowing, anyhow. If you had told me that another fellow was there, and left before I came to—"

"There wasn't any other fellow there."

"What?" gasped Bob.

"I—I mean—"

"The witness has told whoppers in court," said Peter Todd. "That amounts to contempt of court, and I sentence the witness to be bumped three times."

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows—yaroooh!"

Bump!

"I—I say, leggo!" howled Billy Bunter. "It was all Lee's fault. He asked me not to mention that he had done it—yaroooh!"

Bump!

"Yow-ow-ow-ow! It's all Lee's fault!" howled Bunter. "He fairly begged me not to let Bob know he'd

done it. You can ask him. Besides, I did it."

Bump!

"Whoooooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter crawled back into bed, feeling that life was hardly worth living for an heroic youth like his noble self. Bunter's brief glory was over; it was gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream. The daw had been stripped of his borrowed plumes, and he felt a very dismal and moulting daw as he crawled into bed.

Bob Cherry crossed over to Lee's bed, a strange expression on his face. The discovery had come as a shock to Bob. He could hardly realise yet that it was Jim Lee, the outcast of the Remove, to whom he owed his life.

He looked down on Lee.

"So it was you?" he said slowly.

Lee smiled faintly, and that was all.

"Why didn't you let me know?"

Bob Cherry waited for an answer to that question; but he waited in vain. Lee did not speak.

Bob turned away and went to his own bed. The candles were blown out, and the Remove settled down for the night; but for a long time there was a buzz of talk, on the amazing discovery that had been made by the perspicacity of the schoolboy lawyer. Lee did not answer a single remark addressed to him—and silence and slumber descended at last on the Remove dormitory.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Taken to Tea!

THE next day was Sunday—a quiet day at Greyfriars School. Even the Remove were fairly subdued that day. After morning service the Famous Five were going out for a walk, when Bob Cherry spotted Lee in the quadrangle, and called to him.

Jim Lee did not seem to hear. He walked on, with his hands in his pockets, his eyes fixed moodily on the ground.

Bob coloured a little, and walked on with his chums, out into Friardale Lane.

Bob was thinking deeply. He had plenty of food for thought, since the discovery made by Peter Todd.

Lee had saved his life; and Bob, remembering that terrible adventure on the cliffs, knew the peril that Lee had gone through in saving him. He knew that it must have been touch and go—that Jim Lee had taken his life in his hands, and escaped death almost by a miracle. That was the fellow whom he had challenged to fight—because Lee had denounced Bunter's egregious claim. Bob did not blame himself for that—he was bound to stand by Bunter, believing Bunter to have been the rescuer. But why had Lee hidden the truth?

It was mysterious enough to Bob. Obviously, Lee had acted like a hero, and had desired to keep his heroism a deep secret—never to let Bob know the obligation he was under. Why?

There were many things that Bob could not understand about Lee, but this was the greatest puzzle of all.

But Bob felt that he could not let the matter rest where it was. He was under too deep an obligation for that.

During that Sunday Bob gave the matter a great deal of thought—as did his chums, for that matter. All the Co. were puzzled by the strange line Lee had taken. A fellow who deliberately set out to make himself unpopular—who

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sedulously hid a deed that would have set him right with his schoolfellows—was a problem to the Famous Five.

Bob Cherry had no chance of speaking to Lee that day; and he realised that the new junior was avoiding him.

When the Remove went to their dormitory that night Lee did not answer Bob's "good-night." His manner made it clear that he did not wish the discovery to make any difference in his relations with the Remove.

But it was not to rest there. Bob was quite determined to get to the bottom of the strange affair, and to learn, at least, whether Lee had any motive for his action, or whether he had acted out of sheer wrongheadedness.

On Monday, in class, Lee was careful not to meet the glances that Bob gave him, and immediately after morning lessons he disappeared. Bob Cherry did not see him again till dinner; and immediately after dinner Lee went out on his bicycle, and did not return until time for class.

But after class that afternoon Bob Cherry made a point of joining the outcast as he left the Form-room. Lee was hurrying away when Bob caught him by the arm.

"Hold on a minute!" said Bob cheerily.

Jim Lee held on; he had no choice about that. Bob's grip on his arm was that of a friendly vice.

"Well, what is it?" asked Lee impatiently. "If you want to finish the scrap I'll come to the gym."

Bob Cherry laughed. "Do you think I want to scrap with you?" he asked.

"I don't care either way."
"Well, I do," said Bob good-humouredly. "I want a little jaw with you, Lee."

"I don't!" said Lee.
"Will you come up to my study?"
"Thanks, no."

"You're not what would be called a sociable chap, are you?" said Bob, with a grin. "Have you always been like this?"

"Let go my arm, please."
"But I've got to have a little pow-wow with you," urged Bob. "Come up to the study, old scout."
"I won't!"

"Rot! Take his other arm, Harry."
Harry Wharton, with a laugh, took Lee's other arm. Johnny Bull and Nugent and Hurree Janset Ram Singh gathered round, smiling. Jim Lee looked from one to another of the Famous Five. They were all friendly and smiling; but it was evident that they meant to have a talk with Jim Lee, and there was no escape for him.

"Let me go, will you?" said Lee, in a low voice.

"You're coming to tea in our study," said Harry.

"I'd rather not."
"Rats!"
"Look here—"

"This way!" said Bob.

And the outcast of the Remove was marched up the staircase in the midst of the Famous Five. They marched him into Study No. 1; and Frank Nugent cut off with a bag to get the supplies for tea, while Johnny Bull started the fire and jammed on the kettle.

Leo was deposited in the armchair. He sat there, with a clouded brow, Harry Wharton & Co., still smiling, keeping an eye on him to see that he did not escape.

"You see, you're in for it!" grinned

Bob Cherry. "You asked for it, you know. It's your own fault."

"Eh! How?"
"You shouldn't have pulled me on the cliff the other day," explained Bob. "Now you've got to face the music."

Lee laughed involuntarily.
"That's better," said Bob. "Keep that up. Hallo, hallo, hallo! What is that fat frog doing here?"

Billy Bunter's spectacles gleamed in at the doorway. The fat junior had scented a feed.

"I say, you fellows, I've come—"
"And now you'd better go!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—after the way I saved Bob's life—"

"What?" roared Bob Cherry.
Bunter blinked at him.

"Saved your life!" he repeated firmly. "Sprang over the cliff with an iron nerve, and saved your life—after that—"

"You fat spoofer!" stuttered Bob. "Don't you understand that we know the facts now?"

"Oh, really, you know—"
"The esteemed Bunter does not understand," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "Let us make it painfully clear to him."

The dusky junior took Bunter by the collar and spun him round. Bob Cherry planted a heavy boot behind William George.

"Yooooooooop!"
Bunter went into the passage with a bump and a roar.

"Now come back and ask again!" said Bob Cherry. "There's a lot more where that came from."

"Yarooooooooogh!" Bunter sat up, roaring. "Is that what you call gratitude, Bob Cherry, to a fellow who rushed into fearful danger, and saved your life? Yow-ow-ow!"

"Doesn't he take the cake?" said Wharton. "Jump on him!"

"You bet!" said Bob. "Look out, fatty, I'm coming!"

Bob Cherry jumped into the passage. But William George Bunter jumped first, and he was in full flight for the stairs. He did not return. Even Bunter realised, at last, that his claim to heroism was a chicken that would no longer fight.

Frank Nugent came in with the supplies for tea; and the table in Study No. 1 was laid. Jim Lee looked on with a curious expression on his face. It seemed that he was to share the hospitality of Study No. 1 whether he liked it or not—a peculiar position for the outcast of the Remove.

In spite of himself, the outcast's clouded face relaxed. His grim determination to make no friends at Greyfriars—to make enemies rather than friends—was against every instinct in his nature. He had felt it his duty; and he had done it unflinchingly. But his heart went out to the cheery, friendly juniors, who were determined to make much of him whether he objected or not. How gladly the unhappy lad would have met their advances half-way the juniors did not guess.

They felt that there was something queer about Lee, something oddly obstinate and wrongheaded; but they recognised the fact that he must be a thoroughly decent fellow at heart. The affair on the Seagull Cliff proved that. And they had made up their minds to do their best with him, and bring him, if they could, to a better way of thinking—fairly dragging him out of his shell, as it were.

"Tea's ready, Lee!" said Wharton.

"I'd rather get out!" muttered Lee.

"There's your chair, old scout!" said the captain of the Remove unheeding.

"Shall I help you, Lee?" grinned Bob Cherry.

Lee took his chair at the table. There was no help for it—without a rough-and-tumble with the Famous Five. Nugent poured out his tea, Bob Cherry passed him ham sandwiches, Johnny Bull helped him to milk, and Hurree Singh to sugar.

The distinguished guest was in Study No. 1 by main force—nevertheless, he was a guest whom the study delighted to honour, and they made that clear.

The Famous Five were in high good humour. Taking Lee to tea in this forcible way appealed to them as rather a lark. And they waited for him to unbend, and join in the general good humour.

Tea in Study No. 1 was certainly more cosy and cheerful than tea in Hall, to which Jim Lee was accustomed. In spite of himself, his spirits rose, and he smiled cheerfully, and joined in the talk of the chums of the Remove.

Nobody, looking into Study No. 1 just then, would have imagined that Jim Lee was an outcast, a "schoolboy hermit," a fellow generally disliked, and who courted dislike, and hugged it to himself as a cloak.

For the moment, at least, he was a bright and cheery schoolboy, in merry spirits, and the change in him was surprising enough to the Famous Five.

But it was brief.

Tea over, Jim Lee seemed to recollect himself all of a sudden, and he rose to his feet, the cloud returning to his brow.

"Thanks, you fellows!" he said. "I'll go now."

"No, you won't!" grinned Bob Cherry. "We haven't had our little jaw yet. I want to know why you didn't tell me you pulled me up over the cliff last week."

"I can't tell you!"
"Rats!"

"Don't be an ass, old scout!" said Johnny Bull. "Now, we're all friends now, so get it off your chest. What's the giddy mystery about? Have you been seeing films, and getting them on your little brain?"

Lee flushed.

He looked at the smiling, cordial faces, and there was an ache in his heart. He longed for a friend—for at least one fellow in whom he could confide—whom he could ask for advice, for counsel in the terrible difficulty that confronted him.

These fellows were friendly enough now, but what would they say—how would they look—if they knew?

The thought came into his mind that he would tell them, that he would reveal the miserable secret they never dreamed of. They would let him go soon enough, when they knew that he was the relative, the ward, of a crook—a professional thief.

His lips opened, but he closed them again. The thought of such a confession dyed his cheeks with scarlet.

Yet the knowledge must come. It was only till the end of the present week that the period of grace lasted; then Ulick Driver would strike, and all Greyfriars would know the truth—and worse.

What would they think of him then?

What did it matter? he asked himself drearily. He was doomed, hopelessly, to shame and unending disgrace. What the Remove fellows thought about it was nothing to him. And yet—

The hapless boy's heart was overburdened. He longed to speak. If they

The good-natured Bob Cherry plays an important part next Monday!

repulsed him with scorn, what did it matter? It would be only one more drop in the ocean of what he had to bear.

Again his lips opened to speak, again he closed them. Harry Wharton & Co. were wondering; but only too obviously, they had not the faintest suspicion of the real state of the case. The thought of crime—of a secret of crime—had never crossed their minds. Lee's face grew pale and tense; he knew that he could not speak. He choked back the words that were already rising to his lips.

"Well?" said Harry Wharton, breaking the silence at last.

"Go ahead, Lee," said Bob Cherry. "I can't!" said Lee hoarsely. "You—you wouldn't understand! But you'll know soon enough. I sha'n't be at Greyfriars long. I wish I'd never come here; but I had no choice about that! You'll know all about me when I'm gone. That will be soon enough."

And with that, Jim Lee crossed hurriedly to the door, and vanished, leaving the Famous Five staring at one another blankly.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Jim Lee's Last Word!

THE remainder of that week was a nightmare to Jim Lee.

On Saturday, Ulick Driver was to be at the place of appointment again, in the wood by Redclyffe Lane. There he would wait—for the schoolboy to join him, and to submit to his demands. There he would wait in vain—Lee was determined upon that.

And then? Only too well the unhappy boy knew that he had no mercy to expect—that the vengeance of the crook would follow.

He was almost feverishly anxious for the week of grace to expire; but the hours seemed to drag. And yet, when Saturday came, it seemed as if the week had raced by.

During the week, Lee had spoken to hardly a soul—he seemed more and more impenetrably wrapped in his cloak of reserve.

Many of the fellows would have been friendly enough, after the discovery that had been made—more especially the Famous Five. But Lee grimly repulsed every advance, and he was soon left to himself again as of old.

He was in trouble in the Form-room, too. He had hitherto been one of Mr. Quelch's most painstaking pupils; but all that was changed now. With so terrible a weight on his mind, it was difficult for him to concentrate his thoughts upon Form work; and he made continual mistakes, which exhausted the patience of the Remove master.

Lines fell thick upon him, and the cane followed; but he hardly felt even Mr. Quelch's cane.

He did not grow sullen; but he grew more and more silent and reserved, his look blacker and blacker.

Bob Cherry often observed him, and wondered. In ordinary circumstances, Bob would have taken little note of him; but as the matter stood, Bob could not help being concerned for the fellow who had saved his life. It was clear to Bob, after long observation, that Jim Lee had some weight upon his mind—some heavy secret that accounted for his strange conduct, though what it was Bob's honest mind could not even remotely guess.

Several times Bob went out of his way to speak to the outcast, but Lee scarcely answered. Once, at that tea in Study



Jim Lee sat in the Form-room writing out his imposition, but his thoughts were not much on his task. He was thinking of Ulick Driver, who must have arrived at Lantham by this time—had changed trains for Redclyffe—was walking now to the wood by the lane—to wait for him. Lee glanced at the clock. Ulick was waiting now—waiting for the schoolboy who would never come!
(See Chapter 11.)

No. 1, the impulse had been strong upon him to speak; but it had passed, and it did not return. He could not tell his shame. Soon enough they would know, and all Greyfriars would know.

On Saturday morning Leo looked pale and clouded in class, and Mr. Quelch glanced at him expressively several times. More than once the Remove master snapped at him, as he answered at random to questions. Lee was finally given an imposition that would keep him occupied for a couple of hours in the afternoon—a half-holiday. He smiled grimly. He would be writing lines while Ulick Driver was waiting for him in Redclyffe Lane.

After dinner he went to the Form-room to write out Virgil. But his thoughts were not much on his task.

He was thinking of Ulick Driver, the pitiless rascal in whose hands his fate was. Ulick had arrived at Lantham by that time—had changed trains for Redclyffe—was walking now to the wood by the lane—to wait. Jim Lee glanced at the Form-room clock. Ulick Driver was waiting now—with gathering rage in his heart—waiting for the schoolboy who would never come.

The boy's heart beat almost to suffocation.

It was the end, then; the end of all things for him. His resolution was still firm.

But he was thinking, thinking. After all, was he called upon to make this terrible sacrifice? Innocently, he had fallen into the power of the crook. Innocent, he would be condemned, if he

stood to what was right. Should he, could he— The Form-room seemed to swim for a moment round Jim Lee. He was weakening—the trial was too terrible for his strength.

There was a footstep in the doorway. "Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

It was Bob Cherry's cheery voice. He strolled into the Form-room, and gave Lee a pleasant nod.

"Getting on with it?" he asked.

"Eh? What? Yes, no!" muttered Lee incoherently. His brain was dizzy; he stared almost stupidly at Bob.

"I say, old chap, you're looking pretty seedy," said Bob with concern. "You ought to come out in the open air."

Lee laughed almost wildly. Open air was Bob's cure for all troubles. It was not likely to cure Lee's.

"Chuck the lines for a bit," urged Bob. "You're not bound to hand them in till after tea."

Lee shook his head.

"What's the row, old chap?" asked Bob.

"You're in some trouble, a cat with glass eyes could see that. Can't you tell a chap?"

"In trouble?" repeated Lee. "Yes, no!"

He gave Bob a sudden, hard, earnest look. "You're a pretty straight fellow, Cherry. Suppose—suppose you were in an awful scrape—"

"Yes?" said Bob in wonder.

"Suppose you had to do something wrong, something rotten, something you'd loathe yourself for doing, or else—or else face a punishment you'd never deserved—a punishment you couldn't bear—"

On no account must you miss "Friends at Last!" It's a stunner!

"Good heavens!" muttered Bob. He wondered, for a moment, whether Jim Lee was wandering in his mind. But a look at the white, tense face told him something of the truth, that the unhappy boy before him was in the throes of a terrible struggle, the nature of which he could not guess.

"Well," said Lee with a ghastly look. "suppose it stood like that, what would you do? What would you advise a fellow to do?"

"A fellow ought to keep straight," said Bob sturdily. "He ought to keep straight, whatever the consequences might be. That's a cert."

"You're right!" said Lee. "I know that I—"

Trotter, the page, put his head into the Form-room.

"Master Lee here? You're wanted, Master Lee."

Lee almost staggered to his feet. Ulick Driver's threat was ringing in his ears. Was it the police—already?

"Wanted?" he repeated in a husky whisper.

Trotter stared at his ghastly face.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Quelch's study."

"Is—is anyone there?"

"No. Only Mr. Quelch," said Trotter.

He added by way of comfort: "It ain't a licking, sir. Only somebody wants to speak to you on the telephone."

"Oh!" gasped Lee.

He crossed quickly to the doorway of

the Form-room, and Bob watched him go, in great alarm and disquiet.

Lee was composed, however, by the time he presented himself in Mr. Quelch's study. The receiver was off the telephone there.

"Your guardian, Mr. Driver, has asked permission to speak to you on the telephone, Lee," said Mr. Quelch. "You may take the receiver."

"Yes, sir!" gasped Lee.

Mr. Quelch quitted the study. Lee dragged his footsteps towards the telephone, and picked up the receiver.

A voice came through, the voice of Ulick Driver.

"Is that you, Jim?"

"Yes."

"I've waited for you."

"I know."

"Are you coming to keep the appointment?" asked Ulick Driver in a low voice of concentrated fury.

"No!"

"You refuse to obey?"

"I refuse!"

"Is that your last word?"

"That is my last word!"

"If I ring off, Jim, I shall not communicate with you again. Take warning while there is yet time."

"That is enough. I will not come!"

"Then prepare for prison!" said Ulick Driver. "I will have no mercy on you! For the last time, Jim—"

Without waiting for the crook to finish

the sentence, Jim Lee replaced the receiver on the hook. He had said his last word.

With a firm step he quitted the Form master's study. Bob Cherry was waiting for him in the passage, his honest, rugged face full of concern.

"Lee—" he began.

Jim Lee brushed past him without speaking. He went out into the quadrangle, his face set, looking straight before him, without a glance to right or left. In a quiet corner behind the elms the doomed schoolboy paced to and fro, heedless of the passage of time, while the winter dusk closed in, and lights began to gleam in the windows of the School House.

The die was cast.

Bob Cherry's honest, sturdy advice had, perhaps, helped Lee at the finish. He was standing firm. He was keeping straight and defying the consequences.

Now to wait till the blow fell—hours or days. Till the blow fell that was to drive him from Greyfriars, clothed in shame as in a garment! That was the price of his defiance, and terrible as it was, Jim Lee did not regret it.

THE END.

(Next Monday's magnificent school story winds up the startling career of Jim Lee at Greyfriars. Whether the new boy suffers for the honourable stand he has taken, you will learn from "Friends at Last!" By Frank Richards.)

HERE'S AN OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU! WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO. A Simple One-Week Football Competition.

Solve the Simple Picture-puzzle, and send in your solution.

FIRST PRIZE £5. SECOND PRIZE £2 10s. 0d.

Ten Prizes of Five Shillings each.

Here is a splendid Footer competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a history of Sunderland Football Club in picture-puzzle form. What you are invited to do is to solve this picture, and when you have done so, write your solution on a sheet of paper. Then sign the coupon which appears below, pin it to your solution, and post it to "Sunderland" Competition, MAGNET Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15th, 1923.

The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who submits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the solution now in the possession of the Editor. In the event of ties the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide the value of all, or any, of the prizes, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

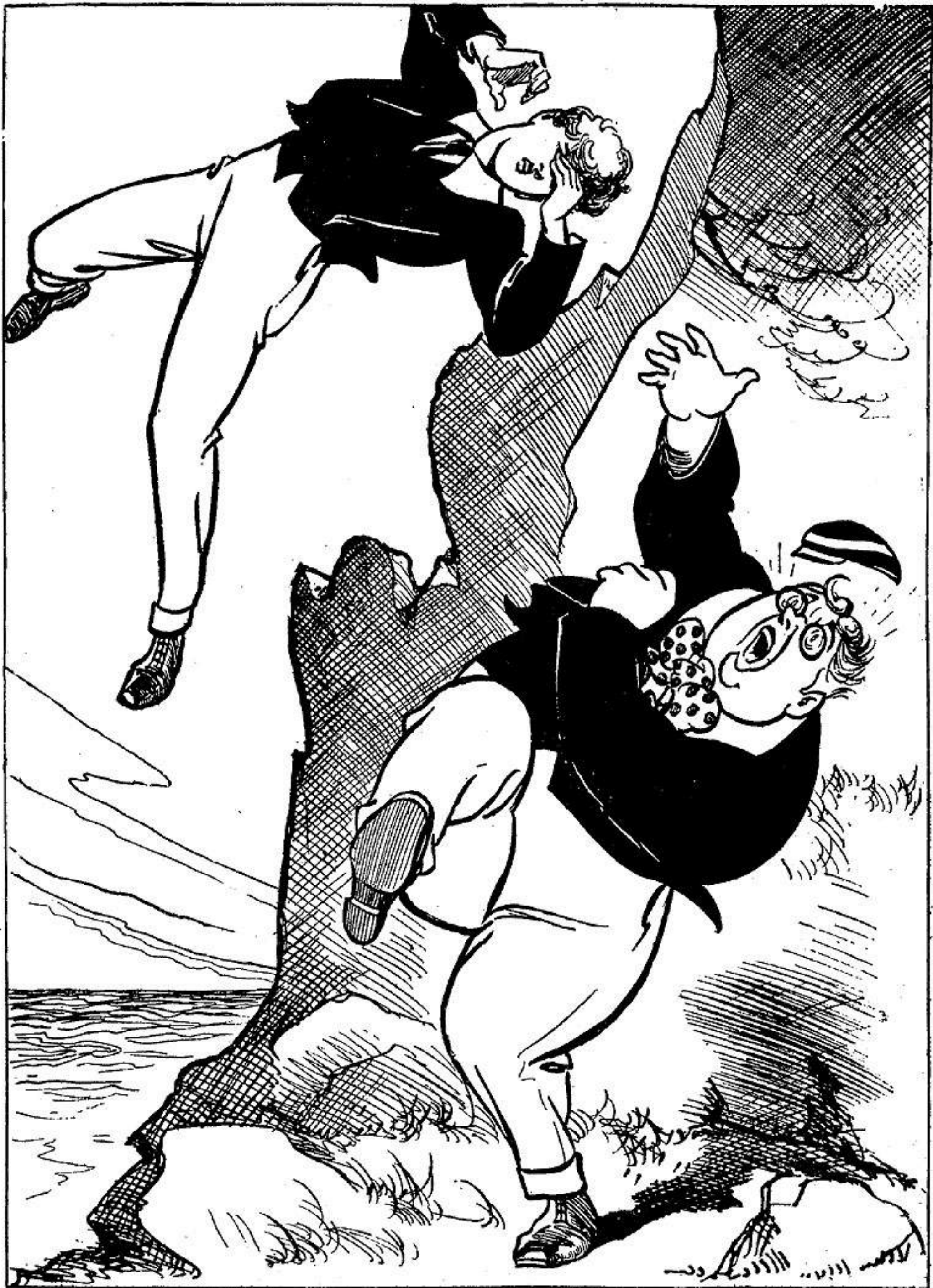
This competition is run in conjunction with the "Gem," "Popular," and "Boys' Friend," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

I enter "Sunderland" Competition, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

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"WITH NEVER A THOUGHT OF PERSONAL DANGER, I COURAGEOUSLY SPRANG OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF AND LANDED ON THE LEDGE. THEN, SEIZING THE UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE OF BOB CHERRY IN MY STRONG ARMS, I HURLED HIM BODILY UPWARDS INTO SAFETY!" (An extract from Bunter's modest account of how he rescued Bob Cherry from his perilous position on the ledge of the Seagull Cliff.)

DICK TURPIN—HIGHWAYMAN!

The most Breathlessly Thrilling, and Dramatic Tale of the famous highwayman ever written—a Story that will Thrill the World.

The Days of Cloak and Rapier.

THERE is so much to tell you all about the grand new serial in the "Popular," that I scarcely know where to begin. It is the finest, most dramatic, and the intensest yarn David Goodwin has ever written. The author has made the study of his life the history of the old days of cloak and rapier, the stirring "cut and parry" times, when the roads of England were not safe; everybody went armed; the Members of Parliament left Westminster under strong escort—that's the meaning of the old question heard nowadays of "Who goes home?" David Goodwin fairly jumps to the splendid spirit of the ancient times of dash and heroism. He styles his magnificent story as one describing a perilous friendship—and it was indeed a perilous friendship which gallant young Dick Neville had for the brave highwayman, Dick Turpin. We find in this tale the truth about the man who ranged the Old Country, whose word was at one time law; a fearless rider, a consummately skilful swordsman who could afford to laugh at the officers who pursued him, and were foiled again and again.

The King of the Highway.

Dick Turpin has become a hero of popular legend. I advise you to read about him and understand why this was so; why the owner of Black Bess figured as a noble fellow, on the lines of Robin Hood; for his sword flashed from its scabbard often enough in defence of the right, and to his friends he was true as steel.

Dick Neville of Neville Court.

I am proud to have the opportunity of giving such a yarn in the good old "Popular." It has a genuine ring all through—the gleam of high resolve, the old romance; while, as you read, you will feel a warm-hearted sympathy for Dick Neville, Turpin's friend. Neville, at one time in early youth, was a fol-

STAND



AND DELIVER!

BY
DAVID GOODWIN.

lower of the highwayman; then the young fellow, by a sudden whirl of fortune's wheel, came into his estates. He was a great man. The country was at his feet; in his old baronial hall he feasted the greatest people of the countryside. And then Dick Turpin comes back on the scene. The highwayman is tracked to the splendid castle of his young friend. Dick stands loyal to his old comrade, and the results are bad for Neville. He is thrown back into the exile of the road because he has shown contempt for those who are after Turpin. He foils the King's Riders and Turpin, who has found shelter under Neville's roof, shows the pursuers a clean pair of heels.

Back to the Road.

After this the action gets fast and furious. Neville is outlawed because of his complicity in the escape of Dick Turpin, but the young fellow had grown weary of a silk-cushion existence, and meets the disaster with the careless spirit of his race. Amidst these ups and downs of fate, the set-back which would have chilled the marrow of many a man, we see a tremendous lot of the thrilling pageantry of the far-off time. You will be captivated with every line, and the breathless adventure and reckless, dare-devil spirit of it all cannot fail to grip you right away from the start to the brilliant wind-up. I am not going into that part, it would not be fair; but pluck wins, and it always will.

Real Old England.

I tell you frankly, a perusal of this finely-told story is a revelation. It is just as if Mr. David Goodwin had drawn aside a curtain on a radiant picture of splendour and vivid colour. We see the brave-hearted king of that remote age, and get a glimpse of palace and hovel, as well as of the white, ribbon-like roads down which Dick Turpin and his comrades rode at breakneck pace. They were the real fighters, meeting with cool audacity the deadly perils of each day. We see the quaint old hostels where the famous highwayman found sanctuary time and again; the old centuried trees and beautiful parks, the penelld rooms, the wide hearths.

Moving Times.

You will be delighted with this record serial. Read it, and let me know your ideas. It pictures the grand old country in those moving times of wars and tumult, and history shows that some of the knights of the road were great gentlemen, ready to die for their king, prepared to serve their country through stress and storm.

Captain Sweeny—Footpad.

And you will be interested in the exploits of some of the characters who represent the lesser, shadier side of things. Just as your heart will be touched by the exhibition of affection of dear old Janet, the homely, good-hearted cook, who had served young Neville all her life, so will your contempt be excited by the low-down villainy of Captain Sweeny and his miserable gang of harpies. Just make a note of this rare treat that is coming. It will make you think more highly than ever of the "Popular," if that is possible.

The Date.

Now I can tell you that this greatest of all serials commences in the "Popular" **TO-MORROW!** Get your order placed now!



DICK TURPIN AT NEVILLE COURT!

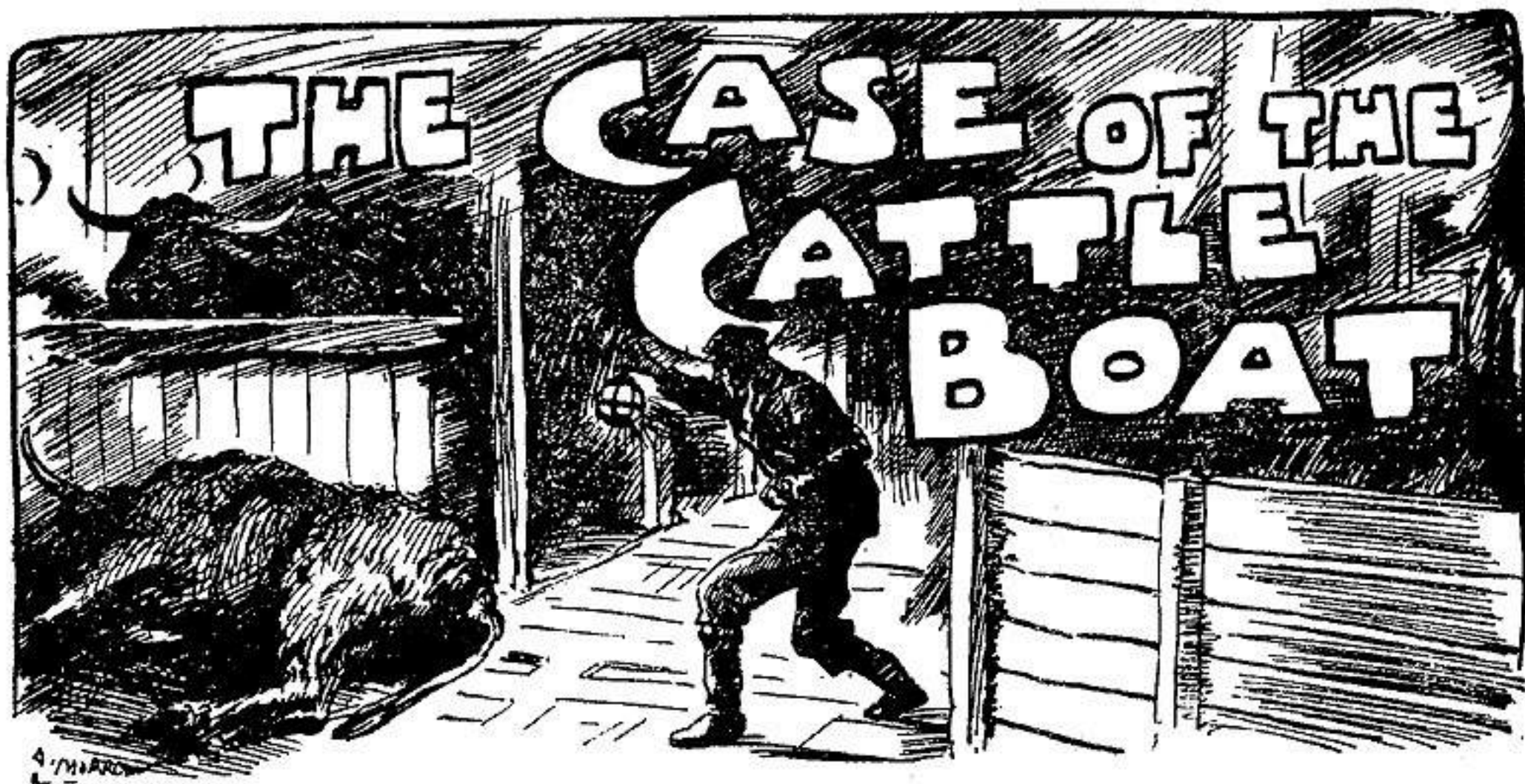
Dick Neville started forward as the masked figure leapt lightly into the room. Then he gave a shout of joy. "Dick Turpin! 'Tis you!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 783.



EXIT THE SNEAKTHIEF!

With a bound Dick Neville was beside Captain Sweeny—and the next moment had picked him up and thrown him clean through the window!



A thrilling mystery at sea, solved by the famous investigator, FERRERS LOCKE, and his young assistant, JACK DRAKE.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Meeting with Leopold Bundock!

GET your gear together, Drake, my boy; we're nearly there." With that remark Ferrers Locke rose from his seat in the first-class car of the New York-Montreal express, and began carefully folding his travelling-rug.

Jack Drake, the great detective's youthful assistant, who had been taking a nap, rubbed his eyes and glanced out of the window of the swiftly moving train. Through a swirling screen of snowflakes he saw the numerous lights of residences on the outskirts of Montreal, glistening like yellow sapphires in the darkness of the night.

"Thank goodness!" muttered the boy, with a mental vision of a good hotel, a bath, and a piping-hot meal. "Now we sha'n't be long!"

Jumping up, he set to with a will to help Locke to get their luggage ready, so that they might make an immediate departure when the train drew into Windsor Station, the terminus.

Following their successful rounding-up of a gang of train bandits in British Columbia, Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake had returned to New York. Their intention had been to return to England forthwith. But the bookings on the liners out of New York were extremely heavy. Rather than wait for a passage on one of the giant Cunard or White Star boats, they had booked through an agency to travel home via Montreal.

Directly the train drew to a standstill at the terminus, Locke and Drake got out, and, carrying their own luggage, hurried out in search of a taxicab to take them to the hotel at which they had booked rooms in advance.

As they emerged from the main exit a smart chauffeur stepped up to them and touched his peaked cap.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, addressing the detective, "are you Mr. Ferrers Locke?"

Locke looked at the fellow in astonishment. "That is my name," he said. "But you have the advantage of me, my man."

The chauffeur seemed highly pleased with himself.

"I thought I could recognise you, sir. I've seen your pictures in the newspapers so many times lately."

The detective smiled. "The pictures must have been better than I thought they were," he said. "But we are anxious to get a taxi and reach our hotel."

"I have a car here, sir."

Thinking the fellow was a particularly smart type of taximan, Ferrers Locke and Drake followed him a few yards to the roadway. To their amazement, they found themselves confronting a magnificent, covered-in motor-car of French make. It was the sort of super-vehicle which would have cost at least two thousand pounds to buy in England.

"My aunt!" gasped Drake in sheer admiration.

But Ferrers Locke frowned.

"Look here, my man," he said, regarding the chauffeur suspiciously, "what's the game?"

The driver, who bore the appearance of an Englishman who had lived for two or three years in Canada, drew himself up proudly.

"I can't tell you that, sir. I know nothing, except that I was told to meet you and Mr. Drake."

"You were told to meet us! By whom?"

"Mr. Leopold Bundock, sir."

"Leopold Bundock!" exclaimed Ferrers Locke. "The meat magnate?"

"The cattle magnate, sir," said the man, with a gentle air of correction. "I'm his chauffeur. He told me that you and Mr. Drake were arriving by the Toronto train, and asked me whether I thought I could recognise you. I received orders to drive you both to Mr. Bundock's residence, Highmount, on Mount Royal."

He opened the door of the beautiful motor-car for Locke and Drake to enter.

The eyes of the detective and his young assistant met. There was a trace of hesitancy and doubt in those of Locke. But Drake's sparkled with the prospect of adventure.

"Let's go, sir!" he whispered.

As Ferrers Locke stepped into the car the chauffeur's relief was apparent. Directly the travellers and their luggage were reposing among the luxurious upholstery inside the superb car, he took his seat at the wheel and drove rapidly from the station.

Neither the detective nor Drake felt any uneasiness as they glided swiftly and smoothly through the streets of Montreal. Shrewd judges of character, they believed that the man had spoken the truth. Nevertheless, they were not averse to an adventure had he led to them. Both carried a very useful automatic pistol in case of emergency.

But it quickly became apparent that the chauffeur, at least, was honest in fulfilling his errand. The car entered a long, sweeping drive, and drew to a halt opposite a wide

flight of steps leading to the porch of a huge mansion.

Two smartly uniformed English footmen came out and took charge of the luggage, and Locke and Drake were escorted into the house. Relieved of their hats and overcoats, a butler ushered them through a magnificent oaken hall into a spacious dining-room.

"Mr. Locke and Mr. Drake!"

Upon the announcement, a stout, clean-shaven man rose from a chair by a log-fire. His face was wreathed in a warm smile of welcome.

"N'y, this is real bully of you fellows to come!" he exclaimed in the breezy manner typical of the average American. "I guess you thought it was mighty cheeky of me to send my car down to meet you, without previous arrangement? But I was most powerful witer to see you."

"So I should judge, sir," said Ferrers Locke with a smile, as he took the magnate's proffered hand. "On business, I suppose?"

"Wal, I must allow it is," said Leopold Bundock. "But you will dine with me first? Good! Pleasure before business in this instance, you know. I have taken upon myself to have a couple of rooms ready for you, for I shall expect you to accept my hospitality for the night. You will require a wash and brush-up after your journey, so the footman will show you the rooms now."

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Mystery!

HALF an hour later Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake sat down with the cattle magnate to an excellent dinner. Only the three of them were present, for Bundock's wife and daughter—as he himself explained—were wintering in Florida.

During the meal only general topics were broached. It was after they had adjourned to the beautiful library, and Locke had lighted the excellent Havana supplied him by his host, that the detective came down to "brass tacks."

"Perhaps, Mr. Bundock," he said, "you will now explain the reason you were so anxious for the company of my able young assistant and myself to-night?"

The magnate carefully lighted his own cigar before replying.

"I have a case for you, Mr. Locke. I want—"

But the detective swiftly interrupted:

Another thrilling detective yarn next Monday!

"Let me say here and now, Mr. Bundock, that my assistant and I must leave for England to-morrow. Already we have refused dozens of cases in the States. It would be impossible for us to delay our departure for home any longer."

"Yes, I understand," said the magnate. "That is why I did not wire to you to come here, although my agent in New York kept me wise as to your movements. I was afraid you would turn down the proposition without going into it thoroughly. By sending a car to meet you, I judged you might come here out of curiosity. You have booked first-class passages on the Canadian Ocean Services liner which sails to-morrow?"

"That is so."
"Waal, my proposition is that you should cancel them, and travel on another vessel which leaves Montreal to-morrow afternoon. This ship will arrive at Liverpool only two days after the liner."

"To what vessel do you refer?"
"The *Elsfredda*, of the Elsdon-Gray Line." Ferrers Locke wrinkled his brow.

"The *Elsfredda*," he repeated—"the cattle-boat?"
"She's carrying a live cargo of Canadian steers back to Britain. Since the cattle embargo was lifted by Act of Parliament the Elsdon-Gray boats have reverted to their pre-war programme. They carry saloon and steerage passengers on their outward voyages from Britain. On the homeward journey they carry cattle, and also a limited number of saloon passengers only."

"And it is your firm—Messrs. Leopold Bundock & Co.—which undertakes the shipment of the cattle?"

"That is so, Mr. Locke. As you are probably aware, we are the biggest company of its kind in the world. Our method is to purchase the cattle on this side, and export them. The steamship company takes no responsibility; we supply our own men to tend the animals during the voyage. All went well with our shipments until about a couple of months ago. But during the last eight weeks a series of misfortunes came about. The trouble has always occurred on one boat only—the *Elsfredda*."

Leopold Bundock paused as he flicked the ash from his Havana. Then he resumed, a far-away look in his eyes.

"On a voyage made by the *Elsfredda* about two months back, fifteen head of cattle died apparently of some swift, mysterious disease. Not a great deal of importance was attached to the matter at the time. But on the next voyage no less than thirty-five cattle succumbed as swiftly and mysteriously. On the last voyage of the *Elsfredda* forty-three head of cattle were lost."

"Do those figures represent the total number of deaths among the cattle during the three voyages?" asked Locke.

"No. In addition there were the usual quota of deaths due to injuries sustained in violent weather and through other accountable causes. But such losses have never amounted to much. The figures I have given are the deaths among the cattle due, undoubtedly, to foul play."

"Foul play, sir?" said the detective.

"When did that idea first occur to you?"
"After the second voyage, when there were heavy casualties among the cattle. I then issued orders that a couple of the carcasses should be preserved until Liverpool was reached. And on the third voyage, when the deaths amounted to more than upon any previous voyage, an expert was engaged to board the ship at Liverpool. He made a post-mortem examination of the carcasses, with the result that I was informed by cable that the beasts had been poisoned. You bet I was mighty fed-up, and—"

"What poison was used?" put in Locke quietly.

Rising from his seat, Leopold Bundock opened the drawer of a writing bureau. From it he took a piece of paper, which he handed to the sleuth.

Ferrers Locke gazed at the formula written on the paper for some seconds in silence.

"H'm!" he murmured. "The principal ingredient of this curious mixture is cyanide of potassium."

"That is so," said the cattle magnate. "But who the blazes has administered poison to the cattle is an absolute mystery. For what possible motive anyone goes out of his way to poison the beasts is equally a mystery. And it is to clear the whole matter up that I want you and your assistant to travel on the *Elsfredda*. If you

will undertake to cross the Atlantic on that ship and investigate the affair, I will pay you one thousand dollars in advance. And this shall be your fee whether you solve the mystery or not."

Ferrers Locke looked towards Jack Drake, who smiled and nodded.

"We'll accept your offer, Mr. Bundock," said the sleuth. "This at first sight strikes me as being a case very different from any which I remember."

"Bully!" cried the cattle magnate. "It is not the intrinsic value of the losses we've suffered that worries my company, as you may suppose. But the mysterious affairs are beginning to have a sinister political influence on the other side. There are many people who would be only too pleased to see a complete embargo placed on Canadian cattle again."

"Yes, I follow your line of reasoning," said the detective. "But there are one or two questions I should like to put to you. You stated that forty-three head of cattle died mysteriously on the last homeward voyage of the *Elsfredda*. How did these deaths take place—a large number together, or singly?"

"Usually two or three at a time during the voyage."

"I presume, as you issued orders about the post-mortem, that you were notified of these occurrences by wireless?"

"Yes; I had given my chief permanent hand on the ship instructions in advance to wire me in the event of such troubles occurring as those on the previous voyages."

"Who is the permanent hand to whom you refer?"

"A Westerner known as Steve Pinchbeck. He's been in the employ of my company for fifteen years. He took charge of the shipments on the *Elsfredda* immediately the embargo was lifted and we started exporting to Britain."

"How many other men travel in charge of the cattle?"

"A round dozen. There is only one other permanent hand—Joseph Hooker, an Englishman. The rest of the men are engaged for the voyage only. Most of 'em are Brits who want to get back to their own country, and not having the price of the fare are willing to ship on the cattle-boat. We could get hundreds of such fellows if we wanted them. As we pay them practically no wages and do not have to maintain them on the return voyage to Montreal, it is a money-saving proposition from the point of view of my company."

"Only Pinchbeck and Hooker have been on all three voyages when these mysterious deaths have taken place among the cattle?"

"That's so. Hooker, as well as Pinchbeck, has been in the service of the company a long time. Both are highly trustworthy fellows."

"Neither Pinchbeck nor Hooker has a big grievance of any sort against the company, as far as you know?"

"No; though Hooker's whole attitude is one big grievance against life in general. He's an out-and-out professed Bolshevik."

"And perhaps none the worse for that," murmured Ferrers Locke with a smile. "Are you aware whether any members of the *Elsfredda*'s crew would have the opportunity of administering food or drink to the cattle?"

"I shouldn't think so."
Ferrers Locke smiled grimly.

"Now, Mr. Bundock," he went on, "I should like to know how you propose to arrange for Drake and me to travel on the *Elsfredda* among the cattle-men."

"That's easy," said the magnate. "The manager of my Montreal office will give you a note to Pinchbeck to-morrow morning. Pinchbeck himself will be pleased to get a couple more hands. Several times he's requested that two others should be employed when there was a capacity cargo of cattle, such as the *Elsfredda* is carrying on this voyage."

"Good! Then the matter is settled, Mr. Bundock."

"Except for the cheque," said the cattle magnate, smiling. "I'll hand that to you before you leave me to-morrow. I shall, of course, also make good the deposits on the passages you will cancel on the C.O.S. liner. And—By gosh, it's after ten o'clock! Just say when you want to turn in. You'll have some mighty hard graft during the next week, you fellows, unless I'm mistaken!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Tough Crew!

"SAY, bo, is Steve Pinchbeck aboard this 'ere packet?"
The quartermaster on duty at the after-gangway of the s.s. *Elsfredda*, berthed in 3A Dock at Montreal, turned and gazed at the speaker angrily.

"Yes, he is!" he snapped. "But this is the gangway for passengers—not down-and-out hoboes!"

The wiry, ill-dressed, and unshaven man who had come up the gangway while the quartermaster's back had been turned, raised an arm threateningly. But the smaller and younger "down-and-out" who accompanied him on board the ship restrained him.

"Chuck it, 'Erb!" he said. "We want to get back to the Old Country, don't we? Wait till we get out to sea afore you start any sloggin'."

The fellow addressed as 'Erb dropped his arm and drew a crumpled sheet of paper from his pocket.

"See 'ere, Lord Nelson," he said to the officious quartermaster, "me and my mate has been told to report aboard this 'ere packet by the manager o' Leopold Bundock & Co. We want to see Steve Pinchbeck."

The quartermaster looked at the disreputable couple with marked disfavour. He had no use for these down-and-out individuals who had to work their passages home to England after a series of failures in the Dominion. Little did he know, however, that the names of these two apparent hoboes had been sounding throughout the American continent for the last fortnight. For—need we say?—the couple were none other than Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake, whose exploits had filled columns in every newspaper, from New York to 'Frisco, and from Dawson to Mexico City.

But, not knowing these facts, the quartermaster of the *Elsfredda* gave a contemptuous jerk of his thumb towards the stern of the steamship.

"You'll find Pinchbeck on the after well-deck," he grunted. "Beat it there as quick as you like; we don't want none of your bread hanging around on the promenade-deck!"

"Thanks, matey!" said Ferrers Locke. "You're an officer and a gentleman—I don't think! Cheerio!"

Going aft, the detective and Drake found Steve Pinchbeck initiating some of the new hands into their duties.

The head-cattleman proved to be a surlier individual than the quartermaster. He glanced at the note written on the Leopold Bundock Company's paper, and thrust it into his pocket.

"Hyer, get a-hold of those two pails and mops, and swab down that their bit o' deck, you hoboes!" he ordered. "That'll give you somethin' to do till the ship sails!"

Soon it became apparent that Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake, in their respective roles of 'Erb Corby and Ned Jenkins, had struck the toughest job in their careers. The actual manual work they had to perform was had enough in port. But after the ship had sailed and completed her journey down the beautiful stretches of the St. Lawrence River, conditions became almost intolerable.

The chief danger in their tasks came from the cattle themselves. To move about among them on the heaving decks when feeding or watering the poor brutes was to court injuries from horns and hoofs. Both Locke and Drake narrowly escaped trouble, while one unfortunate cattle-hand received a kick from a steer which broke a small bone in his ankle. In consequence there was another man useless for the arduous jobs to be performed.

To do him justice, Pinchbeck himself worked like a slave. So did Hooker, though the latter growled and grumbled incessantly. The cattleman's chief grouse appeared to be due to the fact that he had to work at all for his living. But the Leopold Bundock Company and the *Elsfredda* and the cattle came in for their fair share of his verbal venom.

By revealing a certain amount of sympathy for Hooker's Bolshevik leanings, Locke managed quietly to pump the fellow. But he learned nothing that seemed to tend in

"The Sign of the Flaming Torch!" finds the "Tiger" at his best—

any way towards the solution of the mystery he had set out to solve.

"You know, sir," whispered Drake to Locke on the third day of the voyage, as they were crossing the after well-deck together, "I've noticed that Pinchbeck is jolly friendly with the ship's bos'un—the fellow they call Punch O'Rory. He was on the cattle-decks last night with Pinchbeck."

"Thanks, my boy. I've noticed the chap, a thorough-paced scoundrel by the look of him. But you can't always go by looks."

As the twain approached the crew's galley where they were to draw their midday rations, they relapsed into the coarse dialect befitting the characters they were aping.

Having drawn a plate of stew and a hunk of bread apiece from "Buck" Jackson, one of the two negro cooks who prepared meals for the crew of the ship, they started back across the well-deck again. It was their intention to get under the lee of one of the temporary cattle structures to have their meal. But Drake's luck was dead out.

The boy was about four yards in advance of Ferrers Locke on the most exposed portion of the deck. The ship gave a sudden lurch. Drake stopped, the better to maintain his balance. Then a sheet of spray whipped across the deck, drenching him to the skin and causing him completely to lose his footing. Down he went, while the plate of stew spread itself over the deck planks.

It was at that moment that the bulky form of the bos'un of the *Elsfredda* emerged from the alleyway leading under the poop of the vessel.

"Hi, you clumsy young cattle lubber!" he roared. "Look at the mess ye've made all over the deck, hang ye!"

And, just as Drake was rising to his feet, he sent the lad hurtling back into the scuppers with a vicious kick from his sea-boot.

"You cowardly ruffian!" With a fierce cry, Ferrers Locke hurled his plate of stew full at the bos'un. It struck the brute on the shoulder and the stew splattered over him from head to foot.

For a few moments the giant bos'un spluttered and gasped, hardly realising what had happened. Then, with a bellow like that of a maddened steer, he hurled his huge bulk at Locke, his fists, each the size of a ham, whirling like a windmill.

The detective, however, waited until the bos'un had almost reached him and then side-stepped briskly up the slope of the deck.

The bos'un made a vicious swing but missed the sleuth's head by inches. Almost simultaneously Locke's right fist shot out. The blow caught the giant seaman full on the right ear and sent the fellow reeling down the deck, to bring up against the vessel's unyielding side.

Clinging to the bulwark, the bos'un strove to regain the breath which had been knocked out of his body when he had struck the hard woodwork. Then as the roll of the steamship brought him higher on the deck than his wiry antagonist, he hurled himself forward again.

Locke saw the mountain of flesh and bones hurtling towards him and side-stepped once more. This time he unluckily slipped and the bos'un's fist caught him a glancing blow on the shoulder which spun him completely round. A medley of shouts rang in the detective's ears. For by this time Buck Jackson, the cook, and his assistant, Rastus, together with two or three of the cattlemen, had been attracted by the shindy and were interested spectators.

"Now's your chance, mate!" Drake's voice reached the detective above the other yells.

Instantly recovering himself, he found that Punch O'Rory, the bos'un, was again on a lower elevation than himself, having passed him on the sloping deck. It was an advantage Locke made the most of. Immediately he carried the fighting into the enemy's camp, so to speak. Dashing down the deck, he feinted with his right. O'Rory ducked. As he did so, Locke delivered a sizzling uppercut with his left to the fellow's chin, and the bos'un toppled over like a pole-axed bullock.

Buck Jackson, the negro cook, jazz-danced across the heaving deck, oblivious of the flying spray. He caught Ferrers Locke by the arm and dragged him away.

"Bully! Bully fo' you, boy!" he cried delightedly. "Ah'm suah right glad dat yo' give dat white trash a good thrashin'. Come

'long to de galley an' Ah'll give yo' another plate ob stew."

But first Ferrers Locke went to Drake's assistance. The boy had been so badly kicked on the leg that he could barely limp along. It was a relief to Locke, however, to find that no bones had been broken.

A shower of icy sea-spray speedily brought the bos'un back to his senses. But there was no fight left in him. He slunk forward breathing threatenings and slaughter, and did not even report a lying version of the affair to the chief officer, as Locke thought he might.

Ferrers Locke got Drake into the lee of one of the cattle structures and made the youngster as comfortable as he could. Then he retrieved the two enamel plates which were hurtling about the decks, and went with the grinning negro cook to the galley, where he obtained two fresh liberal portions of stew.

"Dere yo' are, bo," said Buck Jackson, as he handed over the brimming plates. "Yo' and yo' pard can get outside ob dat. It was suah dandy de way yo' slammed dat white trash O'Rory. But look out fo' squalls in

right aft of the vessel, cross the deck. But he himself had to turn out at half-past five while it was yet dark, so a continuous watch was impossible.

It was on the fourth morning after leaving Montreal that the first amazing episode occurred in the cattle poisoning mystery. Locke and Drake were on the well-deck at the time. Then, between six o'clock and a quarter past, no less than nine head of cattle sickened and died in swift succession!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Clue of the Charm!

THE next day dawned with black thunderous clouds racing across the sky. The great foam-flecked rollers of the Atlantic, now running on the starboard quarter, hurtled the vessel, tossing and groaning, on her way towards the distant British Isles.

A panic broke out among a portion of the cattle, herded in the temporary structures aft, and their bellowing was reminiscent of a round-up on a Western ranch. Work



Ferrers Locke, running from the direction of the poop, gave a cry of horror as the impact of the steer's horns sounded against the wooden handrail of the ship's side. And then a gasp of relief welled in his throat, for there was Jack Drake, alive and unharmed, pinned between the animal's shaggy forehead and the bulwark, with a long, deadly-looking horn on either side of his body. (See Chapter 4.)

de future. Punch O'Rory am suah a proper bad hat, yo' mark mah word!"

Thereafter, Locke bore the words of the darky well in mind. But somewhat to his surprise, Punch O'Rory, who was a Liverpool-Irishman, studiously avoided him.

That night Locke and Drake again kept watch and ward. Until eleven o'clock a number of people passed through that portion of the lower deck over which they were able to mount guard. This was owing to the fact that the accommodation for the ship's stewards and several other members of the crew was right aft on the *Elsfredda*.

Twice Punch O'Rory himself passed that way, once on his way to the small cabin occupied by his friend, Steve Pinchbeck, and once on his return. But neither O'Rory nor any of the others who passed between the rows of restless steers acted in a manner calculated to arouse the detective's suspicions.

Again in the morning Ferrers Locke saw several of the men whose quarters were

among them, as Locke and Drake found, was fraught with danger to life and limb.

Jack Drake, staggering across the well-deck with a bucket of fresh water, was sent flying into the scuppers by a splashing sheet of water which burst over the starboard bulwark. Luckily for him, however, the solid wooden back of one of the low temporary cattle structures took the brunt of the wave, otherwise he might have been swept clean overboard.

The cattle in the structure bellowed and tore at their tethering-ropes. Then, with startling suddenness, one of them burst free and came charging out on to the spray-swept well-deck.

Drake, rising from the scuppers, saw with horrified eyes the great shaggy brute charging towards him. He tried to dodge, but was too late. Helped by the acute angle of the slippery deck the steer, with lowered head, plunged headlong at the lad.

Ferrers Locke, running from the direction of the poop, gave a cry of horror as the impact of the steer's horns sounded against

—and a gang of arson fiends is brought to book!

the wooden handrail of the ship's side. And then a great gulp of relief welled in his throat. For there was Jack Drake, alive and unharmed, pinned between the steer's shaggy forehead and the bulwark, with a long, deadly-looking horn on either side of his body.

Quickly the lad wriggled his way downward and out of his dangerous predicament. And hardly had he done so than the plunging steer disengaged its horns from the woodwork and went hurtling drunkenly over the swiftly heaving deck.

"M-my aunt!" panted Drake, a trifle pale. "That was a narrow squeak!"

"It certainly was, my lad!" was the great detective's comment.

One of the temporary cattle-hands who had seen the affair had gone post-haste for Steve Pinchbeck. The Westerner came out on the well-deck wearing sea-boots, and armed with a rope.

It was quickly apparent that his old-time skill with the lariat had not been greatly dimmed through lack of practice. With a well-judged throw of the rope he lassoed the steer's forefeet. Then, with the help of Locke, Drake, and a number of others, he dragged the beast under the lee of one of the wooden structures and tethered it securely to a steel ring.

When all the excitement was over, Jack Drake became aware that Buck Jackson, the black cook, was beckoning him from the galley. Slipping away from the others, the lad went across to the negro.

Buck Jackson motioned him into the galley and told him to warm himself at the fire. This was a treat indeed to Drake, who had been half-frozen ever since the ship had left Canada.

"I saw dat brute animal charge yo' f'om de window heah, bo," said the cook. "It was such a narrow escape. Yo' done gone carry a mighty pow'ful charm, I guess?"

"Charm?"

Buck Jackson drew from his pocket a very grubby-looking rabbit's foot.

"Dis am mah ordinary ebbery-day charm," he said. "Dis all right fo' small spirit-debbils and such-like. But, ob course, I hab got other charms, too. What charm hab yo' got, heh?"

The puzzled look disappeared from Drake's face. He understood now, and it was with difficulty that he was able to restrain the inclination to laugh. He remembered that most negroes were highly superstitious. And, apparently, Buck Jackson thought that he carried some potent charm on his person to ward off dangers. Also the darky cook was anxious to discover what it was, and add it to his own assortment of evil-dispellers.

When Drake told him that he carried no particular charm to ward off evil, Buck Jackson was plainly very disappointed. But he quickly recovered his good humour and chatted genially to the boy until Drake deemed it policy to be getting back to his job.

Crossing the well-deck, Drake met his chief.

"Allo, where have you been, matey?" said Locke with a knowing smile.

"I'd an important engagement with the cook," grinned Drake. "Old Darky Jackson has taken a fancy to me, I think. He's a genial old blackbird, but as superstitious as they make 'em."

And he told Ferrers Locke of what had transpired in the galley.

The detective chuckled.

"Pity you hadn't a wishbone or something in your pocket to give him, my boy," he said. "It would have bucked him up no end."

Right throughout the day and until late in the evening the storm maintained its fury. Never had Locke and Drake performed such heart-breaking work as was entailed in tending the cattle in that heavily labouring vessel. The odour below decks was indescribable and enough to sicken the strongest man.

When the gale did abate a bit, those cattle-hands, who, like Locke and Drake, had borne the brunt of the day, were completely worn out. By half-past ten o'clock all were in their hammocks.

The detective, despite the fact that he could hardly keep his smarting eyes open, insisted on keeping the first watch, though Drake persisted that he himself was fit to undertake the task.

By ones or in pairs various members of the crew, who had their quarters in the after part of the vessel, passed beneath him along the alleyway formed between the stalls occupied by the dark forms of the cattle. Except where a small light glowed farther forward, it was too dark to distinguish anyone clearly. Yet the sleuth's keen eyes were able to gauge who passed that way.

A temporary cattle-hand, who had been told off as night watchman, had found a secluded corner on another deck, and was fast asleep. Locke guessed as much, though he did not see the fellow, for the man did not put in an appearance on the lower deck. Joe Hooker himself made a final survey of the beasts, with a lantern, examining a tethering-rope here and there. Locke's eyes followed him narrowly.

A pantryman and Rastus, the crew's assistant-cook, went by together. Buck Jackson made his way towards his cabin a few minutes later. Shortly afterwards a bulky form groped its way along from the other direction. Once it paused to deal a violent kick at some poor beast which was prone on the deck, and whose hind legs partially obstructed the alleyway. Locke rightly guessed that the human brute was Punch O'Rory, the bos'un, who had been on a visit to his pal, Steve Pinchbeck.

For a time things were comparatively still. Then a sudden commotion occurred. Joe Hooker made a hurried dash aft. He returned a few moments later with Pinchbeck, who was only half-dressed.

"The cattle!" Locke heard Hooker say. "I tell you there's about a dozen of 'em as dead as doornails."

Steve Pinchbeck exploded with a volley of harsh words. The noise he made roused Drake and one or two of the other sleepers. Ferrers Locke was hastily slipping on his clothes and boots.

As the sleuth clambered out of his hammock, Drake joined him.

"It's happened again, sir?" whispered Drake in a hoarse voice.

"Come!" said Locke.

Carefully avoiding Pinchbeck and Hooker, who had gone apparently to the main deck, they made their way among the stalls on the lower deck farther forward. Here among the other beasts, three steers lay in a row, all lifeless.

Locke took his electric-torch from his pocket and went to the heads of the animals. Flecks of white foam were upon their muzzles.

"These have clearly been poisoned," muttered the sleuth.

Very carefully he examined the straw which lay about the heads of the unfortunate beasts. But it was Drake who pounced upon a tiny object which had attracted his attention. It was a four-leaved piece of clover,

which felt sticky to the touch. Almost simultaneously, Ferrers Locke retrieved a short strip of blue bunting which was crinkled in the centre.

The detective scrutinised the objects keenly beneath the light of his torch.

"By Jove!" he muttered. "Here we have a couple of real clues! Come with me, my boy. I think we can lay our hands on the foul miscreant who has perpetrated these outrages at last."

Leaving the cattle-deck the detective made direct for one of the small, poky cabins which bordered the alleyway below the poop of the vessel. He turned the handle of the door and entered. With every nerve a-tingle, Drake followed him. Then Ferrers Locke found the electric switch and turned on the light.

Immediately a black head shot up in the upper bunk. It belonged to Rastus, the assistant cook.

"Hi, what yo' come a-buttin' in heah fo'?" demanded the darky angrily.

But Ferrers Locke took no notice of him. His gaze was fixed on a huddled form swathed in the blankets of the lower bunk.

"Buck Jackson!" said Locke in a stern voice. "I want a few words with you!"

Tremblingly the cook emerged from the blankets, and with a start of surprise, Drake saw that his crisp, black, curly hair was decorated with what looked like a number of blue curl-papers. But in a flood of understanding Drake realised that they were of blue bunting like the strip which Ferrers Locke held outstretched in his hand.

"The game's up, Buck!" said Ferrers Locke. "Those witch-rags of yours have proved your undoing this time. Being a superstitious coward, you wore 'em to ward off evil. One of them became dislodged from your woolly head, and it has proved your undoing. You see, I happen to know the custom of some of your people of wearing witch-rags when engaged upon adventures fraught with special danger."

Buck Jackson's thick lips parted in a vicious snarl. At that moment there was an almost maniacal expression on his ebony features. His hand reached slowly towards a heavy boot-jack beside his bunk.

But, quick as lightning, Ferrers Locke whipped out his revolver and covered the negro.

"Ooh!" howled Buck Jackson, trembling violently. "Don't shoot, sah—don't shoot! Ah'll confess!"

And in tremulous accents he admitted that he, and he alone, had been responsible for the cattle outrages. He had brought a certain amount of dried clover aboard the ship. This he had covered with a deadly poison which he had obtained from an unscrupulous negro druggist in Canada. Then, when opportunities had occurred, he had given to some of the cattle the poisoned clover leaves, which they had eaten readily.

Only when he described his motive for his mad actions did he show any signs of spirit.

"But fo' dat Leopold Bundock," he said, "I should now be at a 'Merican University. My real name am George Lincoln Olley, and mah father is George Washington Olley, who was old Bundock's butler. It was Bundock who had de old man put away in de cooler, and I swore to get even wid Bundock fo' it. Ah'm only sorry Ah ain't had de chance to feed dat hard-hearted old money-grabber wid poisoned clover, too!"

A few moments later Steve Pinchbeck and Joe Hooker appeared on the scene. Their amazement when Ferrers Locke revealed his identity, and the circumstances of his presence in Jackson's cabin, was almost ludicrous.

"You'll be troubled with no further mysterious deaths among your charges, Pinchbeck," said Locke. "If you will inform the captain, we will have this madman put in irons. No doubt he will join his erring father in the penitentiary, in due course. At Liverpool we'll send a cable to Mr. Bundock notifying him that the whole affair has been cleared up."

That night Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake had the first really satisfying sleep since they had left Montreal. As the detective jokingly remarked to his assistant, when they clambered into their hammocks:

"Our consciences will no longer trouble us now that we've really earned Bundock's thousand-dollar cheque!"

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY'S

: : RIPPING : :

PROGRAMME

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THE Speaker: "There are several interesting matters to be considered to-night. Reader L. EVANS, 78, Kenelm Road, Small Heath, Birmingham, suggests that there should be a coupon sent in with every speech. I can safely leave the consideration of that point to the Editor of the 'Magnet.' Reader Evans has something good to say about fretwork. He says: 'If the fretworker can get a complete outfit straight away so much to the good; if not, he can get his tools one or two at a time as funds permit. The necessary tools are a 12 or 14 fretsaw frame with a few fretsaws; a cutting-out table with clamp; two or three flat or half-round metal files. Good substitutes for the latter are made as follows: Cut a piece of wood into four-inch strips measuring at one end $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide by $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. When sand-papered one side quite smooth, a strip of fine sand-paper should be glued firmly to that side and left to dry. The fretworker will find these quite as useful as the more expensive metal files. A small bradawl can be used for boring holes. Then the fretworker is ready for a start. There are a thousand and one things he can make, from the homely photo frame, to an elaborate trinket box. Two ounces of shellac in one gill of methylated spirit make a splendid varnish. Fretwork designs are, of course, cut out much quicker with a machine than by hand. Indeed the owner of a fretwork machine can easily make a profit out of his hobby.'

Mr. Peter Todd: "I listened to Reader Evans' speech with great interest. If only Mr. Bunter would leave off prodding me I could say something about the matter, for I am a bit of a fretworker myself."

Mr. Bunter: "I only asked you to buy me a machine, laddy, old sport. With a machine we could make a profit, and there'd be free teas in our study. Without it I could not make one article, let alone a thousand."

The Speaker: "I have now to draw the attention of the House to what Reader EDWARD W. PIKE, Chine Studio, Esplanade, Shanklin, Isle of Wight, says about photography: 'Photography is one of the most interesting hobbies one can have. With a camera one can take anything and have a lasting memento of it. Developing the plates and films is most interesting. You wonder what your photos will be like. Your hopes rise as the plates develop up, and one gets over eager to see the result. If you take out your camera there are sure to be many pleasant things to snap. At a football match, for instance, a brilliant goal can be easily snapped.'

Lord Maulverer: "I like that speech, but I am not sure about the easy snapping of goals. Last time I only got a picture of a

fog and a couple of legs in the air. There was no sign of the leather at all."

The Speaker: "These things require no end of practice. I hope his lordship will be more fortunate next time. Now I will deal with a speech from Reader 'BOBBIE' ROWLAND, 97a, Sandgate Road, Folkestone, Kent, about amateur magazines. No subject appeals more than this. Reader Rowland deploras the fact that she is a girl, but surely she is taking a wrong line here? Anyhow, here is her speech: 'Editing an amateur magazine is a pleasing and profitable pastime. One can sell the magazine for three-halfpence or twopence, if it is both large and interesting. The stories should be typed on foolscap, and firmly bound with thin string. There could be a serial, a few short stories, an editor's corner, and poetry, if the editor wished. Of course one needs contributors; one's friends or relations can serve this purpose. Stiff, white paper is best for the cover, if possible have an illustration from one of the stories on it. A short catchy title will make your magazine sell all the better. Have your stories humorous, with well-thought-out plots, and your paper will soon be quite popular. If one of your chums can draw nicely it will be well to illustrate your stories.'

Mr. Percy Kipps: "Very good, but why not have a conjuring page?"

Mr. Alonzo Todd: "I think a few serious articles give tone to a magazine."

Mr. Bunter: "It strikes me Reader Rowland is understating the difficulties of the matter. Now, in the case of my 'Weekly'—"

Mr. Peter Todd: "We don't want to hear about that now."

Mr. Bunter (sulkily): "Oh, very well! I've done!"

Mr. Frank Nugent: "I suppose Reader Rowland contemplates hectographing her periodical. A very smart speech, she ought to be congratulated." (Hear, hear.)

The Speaker: "It is evident there is great interest in farming. Reader H. WAND, 12, Strathfield Gardens, Barking, Essex, says: 'I would be pleased if the members of the Greyfriars Parliament would express their opinion on farming. A few years back Mr. Frank Richards wrote the story of 'Bunter the Farmer'—really think that that story was the best Mr. Richards ever wrote. Does Mr. Bunter remember that occasion?'"

Mr. Bunter: "I should just say so. I am a perfect dab at the game. In my recent farming number of the 'Weekly' I went into the matter thoroughly. Farming will yet save this country."

Mr. Claude Hoskins: "The country is all right. I should like to say a word about

the effect of farming on the nerves. There is music in the business."

Mr. Mark Linley: "When the pigs squeal."

Mr. Hoskins: "The hon. member misunderstands. The farmer has the best of life; he is out with roseate dawn; he hears the lowing of the cattle; the concert of spring. I ought to know, for I spent last holidays on a farm and made hay."

Mr. Mark Linley: "You would!"

The Speaker: "Having heard Mr. Hoskins' view on agriculture, I will now proceed to read to the House what Reader H. MORGAN, 36, Longford Street, Regent's Park, N.W. 1, has to say on cinematography: 'Most fellows will agree with me that cinematography is a splendid hobby. What is finer on a winters night than to sit down with your friends in your home and show your favourite film stars. A small cinema is easily worked. You will say this costs money. True, it does, but the amount is easily accumulated if you save your money—picture money as well. A machine costs about four pounds ten shillings—a good one, of course. Acetylene light is the best for a small cinema; a complete outfit costs about five shillings and sixpence.'

Mr. Frank Nugent: "A jolly good notion! There's your chance, Bunter!"

Mr. Bunter: "I am feeling faint. Where does Reader Morgan think a chap is going to get four pounds ten shillings, plus five and sixpence? Often and often I have tried to save a pound, but it always comes to nothing. You have to spend money on keeping body and soul together."

The Speaker: "It struck me that the argument about saving money was good. Five bob saved is five bob gained. The words will appeal to all economists. Besides, it is worth while going without a few cheese-cakes so as to have a cinema with which to amuse your friends."

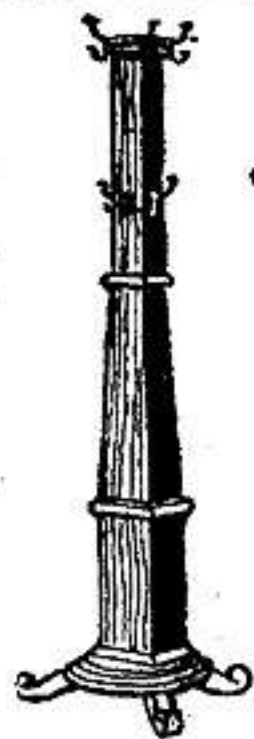
Mr. Bunter: "It's all very well." (Making a rapid calculation). "Four pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence for a blinking show, when, if you took the money down to Mrs. Mimble, she would put you on the free list for months."

Mr. Peter Todd: "Not likely! Bunter would manage that lot at one sitting."

The Speaker: "I am sorry to hear it. But that is beside the point. My idea is that a home cinema is a capital notion. It amuses everybody. A magic lantern is paltry compared to it, and so long as you know the working of the business your friends will be delighted."

"Hear, hear!"

Votes of thanks to readers were passed nem. con and the House adjourned.



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