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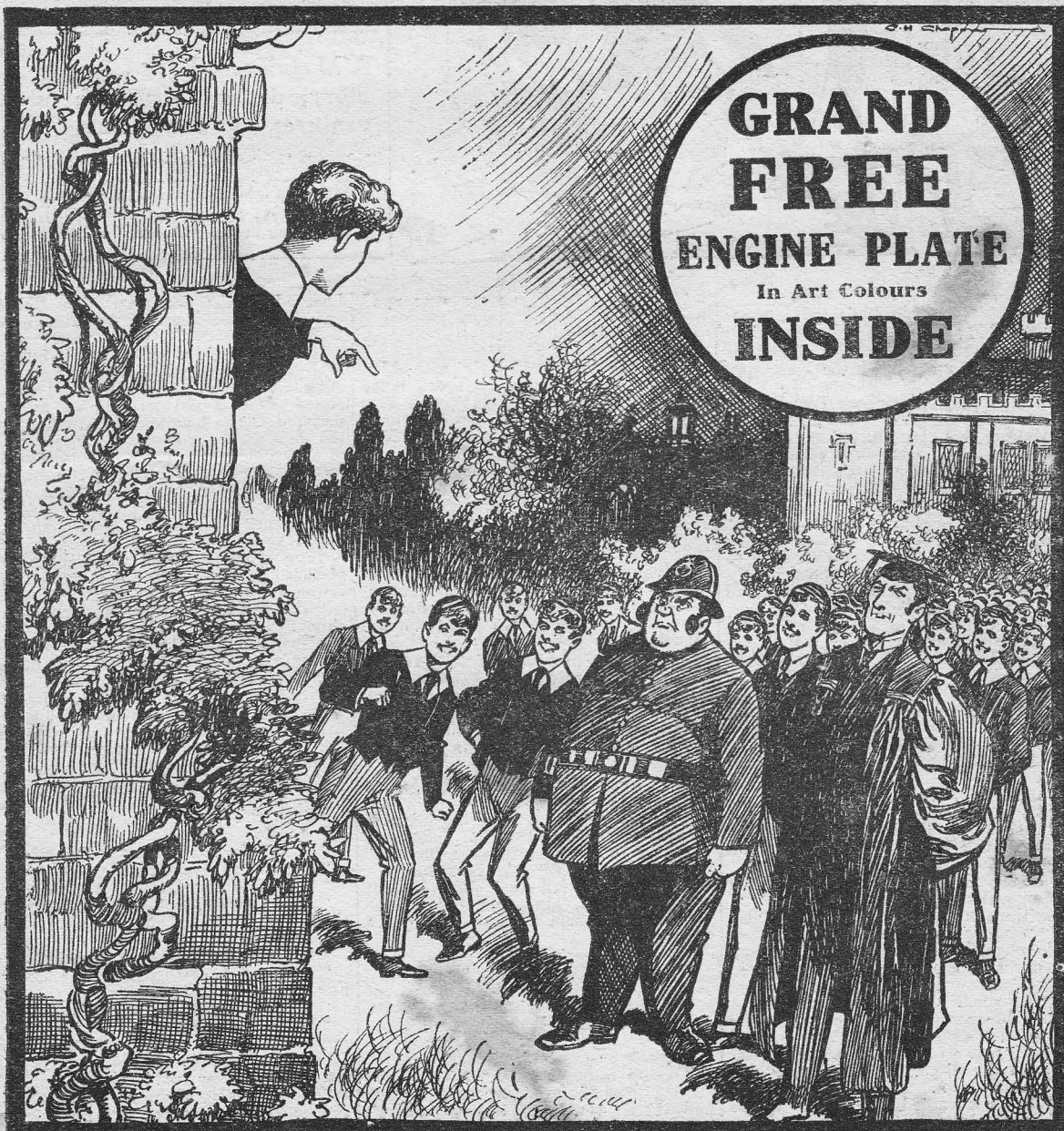
New
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The POPULAR 2d

GREATLY ENLARGED

SPECIAL
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INSIDE.



BOB CHERRY DEFIES THE SCHOOL—AND THE LAW!

(A Thrilling Episode from the Long Complete Tale of Greyfriars in this issue.)

A SENSATIONAL TALE, TELLING HOW BOB CHERRY AND INKY COMMENCE THEIR GREAT BARRING OUT AGAINST GREYFRIARS IN DEFENCE OF THEIR CHUMS!



A Magnificent Long Complete Story, dealing with the adventures of The Chums of
 :- :- Greyfriars :- :-
 By FRANK RICHARDS
 (Author of the Famous Tales of Greyfriars appearing in the "Magnet" Library.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Barred Out!

CLANG, clang, clang!
 The rising-bell at Greyfriars rang out through the keen April air.

In the Remove dormitory Tom Brown, of Taranaki, sat up and yawned.

"Both that rising-bell!" he said. "I believe Gosling gets up earlier and earlier every morning! It's cold!"

"Cold as New Zealand mutton!" mumbled Bulstrode.

"Some of the fellows are up already," said Hazeldene, with a glance towards the two empty beds. "My hat! They've taken their bedclothes with them, too!"

"Bob Cherry—and Inky!" exclaimed Tom Brown. "They're gone!"

"Gone!"

"Great Scott!"

"Bedclothes and all!" exclaimed Bolsover major, in amazement. "Where on earth—"

"Bob Cherry's bolted, to save being kicked out!" said Snoop.

"But what about Inky?"

"Gone with him, perhaps," said Newland.

"It's a lark," said Russell, shaking his head.

"I shouldn't think Bob Cherry felt much like larking this morning," said Vernon-Smith, with a sneering smile.

Nobody replied to that. Bob Cherry was one of the most popular fellows at Greyfriars, and now he had been expelled for thrashing Vernon-Smith with a dog-whip when the Bounder had taunted him about his chums, who had been driven from Greyfriars. Of the Famous Five only Inky and Cherry remained.

The juniors tumbled out of bed as the rising-bell ceased to clang. They dressed themselves in a state of amazement. Wingate, of the Sixth, met the Remove as they came down.

"Cherry is wanted," he said. "Where is he? He's to be ready to start immediately after brekker."

"He isn't here," said Tom Brown.

"Hasn't he come down yet?"

"He was gone before we were up!" said the New Zealand junior.

Wingate started.

"Gone! Where?"

"I don't know. Inky's with him, wherever he is. They've gone, and taken their bedclothes with them!" said Tom Brown.

Wingate stared blankly at the New Zealand junior.

"Gone, and taken their bedclothes with them!" he repeated. "Are you joking, Brown?"

"Honest Injun!"

Wingate ran up to the Remove dormitory. A glance into the room showed him that the New Zealand junior's statement was correct. Wingate came down, looking very grave, and looked for Mr. Quelch. Both of them went to the Head's house at once.

The Remove hurried out into the Close, to look for Bob Cherry. Bob's declaration that he did not intend to leave Greyfriars was fresh in their minds. That Bob was still about the school they felt certain; and Bolsover major suggested that he was in hiding.

The juniors searched in all likely and unlikely places for him.

Wingate came out into the Close a little later, and called to the juniors.

"Have you seen anything of Cherry?"

"Can't find him," said Tom Brown.

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter came puffing up. "I say, you fellows—"

"Have you seen Cherry?" demanded Wingate.

"No. But—"

"Well, look for him, all of you!" said Wingate, frowning.

"I know where he is!" yelled Bunter, as the captain of Greyfriars was turning away.

Wingate swung back.

"Where is he, Bunter?"

"The door of the old tower's fastened, and there's somebody talking inside!" said Billy Bunter excitedly. "They're there!"

"In the ruined tower?"

"Yes. I heard Cherry's voice. I

knocked at the door, and they didn't answer. But I know jolly well they're there!"

Wingate strode away to the old tower, with a crowd of excited juniors at his heels. He found the old oaken door closed, and it did not budge as he dragged at the handle. He knocked on the door with his knuckles. The sound of a chuckle was audible from within.

"Are you here, Bob Cherry?" shouted Wingate.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"You are here, then?"

Another chuckle.

"Am I here, Inky?" asked the voice of Bob Cherry, sounding a little muffled through the thick oaken door.

"The herefulness is terrific, my worthy chum!"

"Yes, Wingate, I'm here!" came Bob Cherry's voice. "Inky says I'm here, and I think I am myself; but, of course, I wouldn't make the statement without corroboration. You know you don't believe my statements."

Wingate knocked angrily on the door, while the juniors outside chuckled.

"Open this door at once, Cherry!"

"Eh!"

"Open this door!"

"What?"

"Open this door!" roared Wingate.

"Nice morning, isn't it?"

"Open this door!"

"Rather warm, but one must expect that at this time of the year. Don't you think so?"

"Bob Cherry?"

"You see, it's getting near the summer now," went on Bob Cherry.

"Will you open this door?"

"But a little exercise will keep you warm, even in this giddy weather," said Bob Cherry calmly.

"Will you obey me?"

"Either Indian clubs or dumb-bells," continued Bob Cherry. "I should recommend the dumb-bells myself, or a punching-ball. Have you tried a punching-ball, Wingate?"

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

It was a new experience to them to hear a Remove junior "checking" the captain of Greyfriars. Wingate could hardly believe his ears. He thumped on the door.

"Bob Cherry, are you going to open the door?"

"Oh, the door!" said Bob Cherry.

"Yes. Will you open it?"

"No thanks!"

"I order you to open it."

"No orders received in this establishment until open for business," said Bob Cherry. "Opening time will be duly announced."

"Do you mean to defy your head prefect, Cherry?"

"I haven't any prefects," said Bob, in surprise. "I'm sacked from the school. Chaps who are sacked aren't under the orders of the prefects."

"Will you open this door at once?"

"Is that a conundrum?"

"Open the door!" bellowed the captain of Greyfriars.

"Wingate, old man, you're like a giddy gramophone with only one record," said Bob Cherry. "Change the record, for goodness' sake, or else ring off."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate breathed hard. He realised that Bob Cherry would not open the door, and that he was beginning to look ridiculous. The Remove were enjoying the scene, and fellows of other Forms were crowding round to listen.

"Do you mean that you are going to shut yourself up in there, Cherry, and refuse to come out?" demanded Wingate, calming himself with an effort.

"You've hit it!"

"Your Form-master will be sent for—"

"I haven't any Form-master. I'm sacked!"

"I shall speak to the Head!"

"Speak to the Head, and welcome. I haven't any headmaster; I'm sacked. I'm like King Charles. My Head's been cut off."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You will get yourself into trouble with this foolery, Cherry."

"I'm in trouble already, neck deep," said Bob Cherry. "I don't see how I should improve matters by opening the door. Even the pleasure of your company in a walk to the station isn't a sufficient inducement, Wingate, old man."

"Though the pleasurefulness would be terrific," murmured Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

Wingate clenched his hands hard. He was baffled. The thick oaken door would have required a battering-ram to burst it in. And it was pretty clear by this time that Bob Cherry did not intend to open it.

"I shall have to inform the Head of this, Cherry!" said Wingate.

"Go ahead!"

"What do you mean to do?"

"I mean to stick here," said Bob Cherry grimly. "This is a giddy barring-off."

"What?"

"Getting deaf?" asked Bob Cherry pleasantly. "This is a barring-off. The Head has sacked me because I licked a rotten cad who was pretending to be ill. The Head has made a mistake; but the biggest mistake he made was in thinking that I should go quietly. I'm not going. I told the Head so!"

"You cheeky young rascal!" shouted Wingate.

"Go it!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

"You young sweep—"

"Pile it on!"

"For the last time, will you, or will you not, open this door, Bob Cherry?"

"Is that really for the last time?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yes!" shouted Wingate.

"Thank goodness. I was getting fed up with that one."

Wingate breathed hard through his nose, and strode away, with a very red face. There was a chuckle inside the tower. Outside, there was a roar of laughter from the juniors. Such a happening had certainly never occurred before in the history of Greyfriars, and it went right to the hearts of the Remove. That one fellow should have the unparalleled nerve to bar out the school, and defy all Greyfriars, seemed incredible; but it had happened. True, Bob Cherry had little to lose. He was expelled, anyway, and nothing worse than that could happen to him at Greyfriars. But the cool "cheek" of it was astounding, nevertheless, and from that moment Bob Cherry was a hero in the eyes of the Removites. Those who had condemned him, and those who had not, were of the same opinion upon the subject of Bob Cherry's barring-out. As Tom Brown remarked, Bob Cherry took the biscuit, and the whole Form agreed with him.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Rebels!

NOBODY at Greyfriars seemed to be thinking of breakfast that morning.

Almost the whole school gathered round the ruined tower where the two recalcitrant juniors had entrenched themselves, evidently for a siege.

The whole school buzzed with the news.

The crowd waited in great excitement for the Head to arrive. Wingate had reported the affair to Dr. Locke, and left him to deal with it. The Head was bound to come, and the Greyfriars fellows were intensely interested to know what would happen then. Snoop was of opinion that Bob Cherry would give in as soon as he was ordered by the Head; and, indeed, it was difficult to imagine any junior defying the authority of the reverend Head of Greyfriars. But the fellows who knew Bob Cherry better did not think that his enterprise would end like that of the famous duke who, with ten thousand men, marched up a hill, and then marched down again. Bob Cherry meant business, and the fellows were very keen to hear what would pass when the Head arrived.

"He can't have the cheek to stand out against the Head!" said Coker of the Fifth.

"He will!" said Tom Brown.

"But he can't, you know," said Coker.

"He will, whether he can or not," said the New Zealand junior, with a chuckle.

"Just you wait and see!"

"Yaas, begad," said Lord Mauleverer.

"He's got nerve enough for anything, you know. Jolly good luck to him, my dear fellows! He's in the right, you know. What!"

There was a sudden shout.

"The Head!"

The reverend form of the Head of Greyfriars was approaching with a stately pace. Dr. Locke's face was very serious and stern. He was utterly taken by surprise by Bob Cherry's resistance to his sentence of expulsion. But he had no doubt whatever that at a command from him, the door of the old tower would be opened, and the culprit would come forth.

The Head arrived before the oaken door, amid a dead silence. He knocked.

From within the tower came a sound of crackling wood, and a smell of cooking bacon. The garrison was evidently preparing their breakfast.

"Cherry!" said the deep voice of the Head.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Robert Cherry!"

"Yes, sir. Wait a moment till I've turned this rasher, and I'll attend to you."

The crowd heard every word, and they gasped. A shade of pink crept into the headmaster's face. He began to realise that his task was not easy.

The Head knocked again.

"Robert Cherry? Do you know who is here?"

"Yes, sir. My late headmaster, I think."

"I am your headmaster, Cherry!"

"Oh, no, sir! You've sacked me, you know. You can't be my headmaster after you've sacked me," said Bob Cherry. "That's not law."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Coker of the Fifth.

"Very well, Cherry," said the Head, after a pause. "As you no longer belong to Greyfriars, I am not your headmaster. But in that case you are trespassing in remaining here, and I order you to leave."

"Not at all, sir. My fees are paid up to the end of the term," said Bob Cherry.

"The fees will be refunded."

"It takes two to make a bargain, sir, and I don't agree to that."

"Cherry, enough of this impertinence."

"Oh, sir, I don't regard you as impertinent at all. I simply think that you are labouring under a misapprehension."

"Bless my soul!" murmured the Head blankly.

"Have you anything more to say to me, sir?" came Bob Cherry's voice, very respectfully. "If not, I will have my brekker. But I am quite at your service, sir, if you wish to continue this conversation?"

"Open this door at once!"

"Impossible, sir."

"Why is it impossible?"

"It's barred, sir."

"Then remove the bars!"

"That's barred, too, sir."

The Head gasped and the crowd giggled.

"Cherry, do you dare to bandy words with me?" cried Dr. Locke.

"Yes, sir."

"What!"

"Yes, sir."

"Bless my soul!" said the Head again. The scene was becoming intolerable, and the Head—the reverend Head—the awe-inspiring ruler of Greyfriars, felt that he was in danger of becoming absurd.

"Cherry, it would be a—a more dignified proceeding on your part to leave the school quietly, as you have been expelled," he said at last.

"I'm sorry I can't agree with you, sir."

"I order you to go!"

"Impossible, sir. When my father was besieged in Ladysmith, sir, the giddy Boers ordered the lot of them to chuck it; but they didn't, sir—not a bit of it. They stuck it out to the finish. I'm following in my father's footsteps, sir."

"This is insolence, Cherry! You have been guilty of wicked conduct—"

"Not at all, sir. That's a mistake of yours."

THE POPULAR.—No. 170.

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT TUESDAY! "EXPOSED BY HIS FATHER!"

"What!"
 "I shouldn't have touched the Bounder, I mean Smithy, if he'd been ill. He's a rotten cad, but I wouldn't have laid a finger on him if he hadn't been perfectly able to stand up for himself. He's shamming, and spoofing you, sir. Every fellow who knows me, knows that I wouldn't be a brute. The Bounder has taken you in. He lied about Wharton, and he's lied about me. He's not going to score over me as he did over Wharton. Wharton was drummed out of Greyfriars. I'm sticking here."

"You cannot stay here, Cherry."
 "I'm going to try, sir."
 "If you do not come out peaceably, I shall order the prefects to enter by force and remove you."
 "Let 'em all come, sir. Inky and I will try to keep them out."
 "Is Hurree Singh with you?"
 "Yes, sir; standing by me like a true pal."

"Hurree Singh!"
 "Yes, honoured sahib," came the soft voice of the nabob through the door.
 "You have no concern in this matter, Hurree Singh. I command you to leave the tower at once."
 "The impossibility of this is terrific, honoured and ludicrous sir. The stickfulness of my treasured self to my esteemed chum is terrific."
 "I shall punish you for this insubordination, Hurree Singh."
 "Thank you, honoured sir."
 "You will be expelled, as well as Cherry, if you throw in your lot with his, Hurree Singh!" exclaimed the Head angrily.

"The facefulness of the esteemed music will be terrific."
 "Dear me!" murmured the Head. "This is—extraordinary. I really hardly know what to do, under the circumstances."
 "Will you have a rasher, Inky?" It was Bob Cherry's voice within the tower.
 "Thank you, no, my worthy chum. I have an esteemed banana."
 "Rashers for me, old man."
 "Cherry!"
 "Yes, sir!" came Bob Cherry's voice, mumbling a little, probably on account of the rasher of bacon he was negotiating at the same time.

"Do you finally refuse to open this door?"
 "I am compelled to do so, sir."
 "Then you will be removed from Greyfriars by force, sir."
 "Thank you, sir."

The Head walked away. He walked with his usual stately step, but his ears were burning. He joined Mr. Quelch in the School House. The Remove master looked at him inquiringly.

"Surely that wretched boy has not presumed to disobey your orders, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, aghast.

Dr. Locke nodded.
 "That is exactly what he has done, Mr. Quelch."

"It is amazing."
 "It is amazing, and—and most disconcerting, Mr. Quelch." The Head paused. "Robert Cherry's conduct is outrageous, Mr. Quelch!"
 "Most outrageous, sir."

"But—" The Head paused again.
 "But—" repeated the Remove master.

"But it is not the conduct of a boy who is guilty of wrong-doing, Mr. Quelch," said the Head slowly. "Mr. Quelch! Is it possible—barely possible—that a terrible mistake has been made? Is it possible—barely possible—that we have been deceived by Vernon-Smith? Both of us remember the character of the Popular.—No. 170.

NEXT TUESDAY: "EXPOSED BY HIS FATHER!"

Smith had when he was first at Greyfriars. Certainly he has shown marked improvement since then. But—Mr. Quelch, please bring Vernon-Smith to my study. Before this matter goes any further, I wish to question him carefully."

"Very well, sir."
 And in a few minutes the Bounder, feeling far from comfortable at the turn events were taking, found himself in the presence of the Head of Greyfriars.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

THE Bounder is Questioned!
VERNON-SMITH was quite cool and composed outwardly, whatever his inward feelings might be like, as he faced the Head. Mr. Quelch stood by, his eyes upon the Bounder's face. Perhaps a doubt had crept into his mind also.

"You wished to speak to me, sir?" said Vernon-Smith respectfully. There was a feeble tone in his voice, as of a fellow not yet fully recovered from a trying illness.

"Yes, Vernon-Smith," said the Head, his eyes upon the Bounder's face. "I understand that you were attacked in your study yesterday by Robert Cherry, assaulted brutally when you were too ill to defend yourself."

"Yes, sir."
 "It is a fact that you were ill—you were not malingering?"

"Excuse me, sir. That question is an insult," said Vernon-Smith. "I am being regularly attended by a medical man. Surely his word should be sufficient."

"You are right, Smith. Quite right," said the Head. "Yet—another matter." He broke off. "Last week Harry Wharton was expelled from Greyfriars for a savage attack upon you. You were beaten into insensibility with a bludgeon."

"Yes, sir, I have been ill ever since." "Wharton's account was that he left you perfectly conscious after a severe fight, and that your more serious injuries must have been inflicted upon you by some other person."

"I know it, sir."
 "You stated that this was false."
 "Yes, sir."

"Now, Smith, I want you to be very careful. Since what happened last week, I have discovered that you have a personal enemy, who attacked you in a violent manner once in this school."

The Bounder paled a little.
 "Yes. I have learned that a man—a foreigner—"

"A South American," said Mr. Quelch.
 "Yes, a South American," resumed the Head. "This man visited you here at Greyfriars, and from what he said in public, it seems that he was indignant, and fancied himself injured, over some business transaction with your father. He saw you in your study, and attacked you, and the boys who came to your aid found you on the floor, with this man attacking you in the most savage manner."

"That is correct, sir."
 "Did this man leave the neighbourhood immediately?"

"I think so, sir."
 "You are not sure?"
 "I am not sure, sir, of course. But I should imagine he did, because I told him I would give him in charge of the police if he troubled me again. I told him that when he spoke to me the next day at the school gates, sir; Bolsover major was with me. I have not seen the man since."

"What I am trying to fathom is this, Smith. After Wharton left you, may not this man—this South American—have found you in the lane, and attacked you again? You may have fainted when Wharton left you, and not seen the man since."

"It is not likely, sir."
 "As he had attacked you in a savage manner once, is it not probable that he may have come upon you, and repeated his action?"

"I hardly think so, sir. Wharton left me senseless."

"Do you distinctly state that Wharton used a weapon—a bludgeon—in attacking you?"

The Bounder set his lips for a moment.

"Yes, sir," he said, very clearly and distinctly.

The Head sighed.
 "Very well, Smith. That is what I wished to know. You may go."

The Bounder quitted the study, leaving the Head just as worried.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

No Admittance!

WERE the giddy victors, so far!" said Bob Cherry, as he sat upon a box, and toasted his toes at the fire in the tin

pail. "Hurray for us!"

"The hurrafulness is terrific!" grinned the nabob.
 The besieged juniors had finished their dinner. Hurree Janset Ram Singh's dinner was a very frugal one; but Bob Cherry had done full justice to ham and bacon and eggs and sardines and rolls and butter. The old tower was very quiet now, save for the crackle of the fire in the tin pail. The old room looked quite cosy and comfortable, and the fire diffused a pleasant heat through it.

"I wonder what the Head will do!" Bob Cherry remarked.

"The honourable doctor sahib will keep out of it, I think," said the nabob wisely. "He will lose his esteemed dignity if he is defied by our worthy and ludicrous selves. He will leave the matter to the esteemed prefects, and perhaps send for the august Tozer from the police-station."

Bob Cherry chuckled.
 "I'd like to see the esteemed Tozer on the warpath!" he remarked. "It would take more than a village policeman to get us out of here, Inky."

"Yes, ratherfully."
 Knock!



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A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

Bob Cherry jumped up. "Here we are again," he said cheerfully.

"Robert Cherry!" It was Mr. Quelch's voice outside the oaken door.

"Yes, sir," said Bob cheerfully. "Are you still determined to defy authority, and to remain here, Robert Cherry?"

"Excuse me, sir. Unless I am reinstated in the Remove, there is no authority over me here. A chap expelled from school comes under the authority of his parents again, and my people are not here. Therefore, I am my own master."

"You are impertinent, Cherry." "I did not mean to be, sir. I was only explaining the law to you."

Mr. Quelch was heard to gasp. "I do not desire you to explain the law to me, Robert Cherry. I require you to open this door at once, and come out."

"Impossible, sir!" "You refuse?" "Yes, sir." "Then force will be used."

"Very well, sir." "For the last time, Robert Cherry, will you open this door, before I order the prefects to force an entrance?" demanded the Remove master sternly.

"Better let them sail in, sir." Mr. Quelch's voice was heard rapping out the next moment.

"Wingate, North, Loder! Please effect an entrance, and fetch those juniors out."

"Very well, sir," said the three prefects together.

"The cry is, still they come, as your respected and august poet, Shakespeare, remarkably observes," chuckled the nabob.

"All hands to repel boarders!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate's face appeared at the window on the left, North and Loder's on the right. There was no glass in the windows, but oaken shutters within. The shutters were open to admit light. The windows were large enough for a senior to enter, but not easily. Bob Cherry jammed a poker into the fire.

Wingate put his hands in at the window, which was on a level with his face, and began to draw himself in.

Bob Cherry closed the shutter, and rattled the bar into place.

"That puts the stopper on Wingate," he remarked.

"Yes, ratherfully." "Now for the other bounders!"

Loder was climbing in, with North pushing him from behind. The head and shoulders of the bully of the Sixth appeared in the opening, and Bob Cherry jammed the shutter shut so quickly that Loder popped back in a great hurry, and pushed North over. North stumbled and fell, and Loder fell on top of him. There was a terrific roar.

"Yaroo!" "Oh, you ass!" gasped North. "What did you fall on me for?"

"You silly ass! Why didn't you hold me?"

"You fathead!" "You chump!"

"Cheese it!" called out Wingate sharply. "This isn't a slanging match. Gosling, go and fetch me an axe."

"Yessir!" said the school porter, who had come to watch the proceedings, like nearly all Greyfriars; and Gosling hurried away.

"Now look out for the giddy fireworks," said Coker of the Fifth.

"Yaas, begad!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Gentlemen, the circus is just going to begin!" said Micky Desmond. "Chief performers, Wingate, North, and Loder. Don't shove for the front seats."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Keep back there, you juniors!" growled Wingate.

Gosling returned with the axe. Wingate took it in his hands, and there was a terrific crash as he brought it to bear upon the outside of the shutter.

The oak was old, and it cracked and broke under the mighty strokes of the Greyfriars captain.

Crash, crash, crash! Crack, crack!

"Hear, hear!" shouted Bob Cherry. "That's a boundary, Wingate, old man!"

"Then I shall have to hit hard." "You'd better not." Swipe!

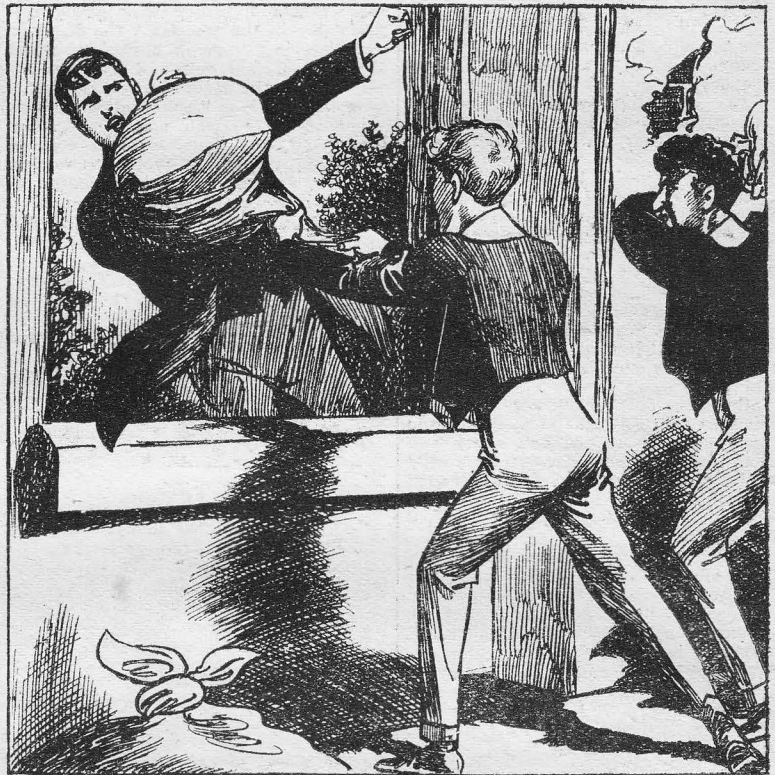
Bob Cherry hesitated no longer, or Wingate would have been in at the window. He brought the pillow round with a terrific swipe. It caught Wingate on the face and chest, and knocked him out of the window like a cork out of a bottle.

Bump! The captain of Greyfriars descended heavily upon the ground.

"Oh!" he gasped.

"Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" sighed Temple of the Fourth, who was a great light of the Fourth Form Dramatic Society.

"Ha, ha, ha!"



HOLDING THE FORT!—Bob Cherry brought his pillow round with a terrific swipe. It caught Wingate full in the face and chest, and knocked him out of the window like a cork out of a bottle. Bump! The captain of Greyfriars descended heavily upon the ground. "Oh!" he gasped. (See chapter 4.)

"Ha, ha, ha!" The shutter fell in fragments.

Wingate dropped the axe, and put a flushed and angry face into the opening.

"Now I'm coming in," he said. "I think not, Wingate."

"We'll see if you'll resist your captain," said the Greyfriars skipper, beginning to climb in at the shutterless window.

"You're not my captain," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "I've no captain, you know; I'm sacked from the school."

"The sackfulness is terrific!" Bob Cherry picked up his pillow and held it ready. Wingate climbed further in.

"Get back, Wingate!" said Bob persuasively. "Go and eat coke!"

"Will you get back?" "No, you young ass!"

"I've got a red-hot poker here," said Bob Cherry from the window. "I'm ready for any number. Let 'em all come!"

"The let-'em-all-comefulness is terrific!" ejaculated the nabob, brandishing a bolster. "I am quite ready for the esteemed and disgusting enemy!"

Loder came clambering in. The bully of the Sixth was eager to show that he could succeed where the captain of Greyfriars had failed. Bob Cherry grinned cheerfully at the sight of Gerald Loder. He had felt some compunction about swiping Wingate, who was a popular fellow with all Greyfriars. But it was a distinct pleasure to swipe Loder, the Sixth Form bully.

"Where will you have it, Loder?" asked Bob Cherry.

Loder snarled.

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NEXT TUESDAY! "EXPOSED BY HIS FATHER!"

"Don't you dare to touch me, you young scoundrel!"

"In the eye, or on the nose?" asked Bob Cherry politely. "I'm willing to oblige in any small details, so long as you get the swipe."

Loder did not reply, but made a great effort to pull himself in at the narrow window.

Swipa!

"Yaroo!"

It needed only one swipe. Loder rolled from the window, and bumped upon the ground and lay there, groaning. There was a roar from the crowd.

"Well hit!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My only aunt!" murmured Bob Cherry. "This is a kid's game for great fighting-men like us, my inky pal. Only I hope Quelch won't put his old napper in. It will be rather thick having to swipe a giddy Form-master; though, of course, he isn't my Form-master now, as I'm sacked!"

"The noble dignity of the esteemed teacher sahib is too great," said Hurree Jamsét Ram Singh, with a shake of the head.

"Yes, I think he'll keep clear."

Mr. Quelch was indeed far too dignified a personage to dream of clambering in at the narrow window to come to close quarters with the juniors. And it was really very fortunate for him, under the circumstances, that he was too dignified a personage for such proceedings. For if he had put his respected head in at the window, his respected head would certainly have received a terrific swipe from Bob Cherry's pillow.

Outside the old stone tower, the crowd of fellows grinned and chuckled, and the prefects looked flushed and dusty and furious. They looked very doubtfully at Mr. Quelch, and Mr. Quelch looked very doubtfully at them.

"Shall we try again, sir?" asked Wingate.

The Remove master shook his head. "It appears impossible, Wingate, if those young rascals are bent upon resistance. I think they had better be left alone for the present. I will speak to them."

Mr. Quelch advanced to the window.

"Cherry!"

"Adsum!" said Bob Cherry.

"If you are determined to prolong this intolerable scene—"

"Yes, sir."

"The police will be sent for!"

"Tozer, sir!"

"Yes, Cherry. Police-constable Tozer will be sent for from Friardale!" said the Remove master impressively.

"Very well, sir. Let him come—and Toze!"

"What!"

"I don't know if that's a regular verb, sir," said Bob Cherry—"I toze, thou tozest, he tozes. Let him toze!"

Mr. Quelch murmured something under his breath, and Bob retired.

Bob Cherry's barring-out was a success so far; the garrison of two remained victorious in their citadel. And through the afternoon Greyfriars hummed and buzzed over it.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Majesty of the Law!

BOB CHERRY looked from the shutterless window, from which he could obtain a view of part of the Close and the school buildings. In the Form-rooms over in the School House afternoon lessons were proceeding as usual—or, rather, they were proceeding not as usual, for the

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NEXT
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"EXPOSED BY HIS FATHER!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

excitement in the old school did not conduce to study.

The fellows were brimming over with excitement over Bob Cherry's barring-out, and there were few fellows in the junior Forms who did not wish him luck. Even the seniors, though they affected to look grave and solemn about it, laughed among themselves over the terrific "cheek" of the expelled junior. Bob Cherry had become the hero of Greyfriars at a bound, and quite unexpectedly.

Indeed, some of the more enthusiastic fags were inclined to offer their services to Bob Cherry as garrison, and take an active hand in the proceedings.

During afternoon lessons a good many fellows managed to obtain surreptitious peeps from the Form-room windows, to see whether anything was going on. And later in the afternoon the Remove were left in charge of a prefect, while Mr. Quelch went out, and then the excitement of the Remove rose to almost fever-heat. They knew that there was going to be a fresh attack upon the barriers-out, and they would have given whole terms of pocket-money to witness it. The unhappy prefect in charge of them did not find his task an easy one.

Mr. Quelch strode into the Close, and encountered P.-c. Tozer from Friardale. The village policeman had been sent for, and he had arrived. But Mr. Tozer was wearing a very doubtful look as he saluted Mr. Quelch.

"I 'ad your note, sir," he said, "and I come."

"Thank you, Mr. Tozer," said Mr. Quelch affably. "Two foolish boys have shut themselves up in the old tower, and refuse to come out. It is most awkward, but I feel sure you will be able to help us."

"H'm!" said Mr. Tozer.

"I will show you the way—"

"This 'ere ain't my dooty, sir," said Mr. Tozer. "I can't remove young gents by violence, especially if so be they've locked the door agin me."

"I am sure that the sight of an officer's uniform, Mr. Tozer, will terrify them into submission," said Mr. Quelch diplomatically.

Mr. Tozer swelled visibly.

"Which I 'ope so, sir," he said. "But, as I says—"

"Dr. Locke wishes to see you afterwards," added Mr. Quelch.

Mr. Tozer knew what that meant. And, having settled in his somewhat slow mind that it could not very well be less than half-a-sovereign, he nodded his head ponderously.

"Only too pleased to do anything I can, sir," he said. "The lor is the lor, but a officer can stretch a point to oblige a generous gentleman like Dr. Locke, sir."

"Exactly. Follow me."

"Lead on, sir!" said Mr. Tozer.

And Mr. Tozer followed with his ponderous footsteps in the wake of the Remove master, as Mr. Quelch led him to the scene of action. Bob Cherry, looking out of the unshuttered window, recognised Mr. Tozer, and nodded affably. A short time before Bob Cherry had had the pleasure of pinning upon Mr. Tozer's back a placard, borrowed from a shop-front, bearing the legend, "In this style, one guinea!" And the village policeman had paraded Friardale with that placard on his back. The Removeites had regarded it as a first-rate joke, but it had not struck Mr. Tozer in that light. Hence relations had been very strained since.

"Hallo, Tozer!" exclaimed Bob Cherry affably. "Have they sent for you?"

"They 'ave!" said Mr. Tozer impressively.

"Where did they find you?" asked Bob Cherry, with interest. "Did they drag you out of the Cross Keys by your ears, or did they dig you up at the Peal o' Bells?"

Mr. Tozer turned purple.

"I'm goin' to fetch you houter that!" he said.

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"You can't come in here, Tozey."

"Come hout!"

"Go and eat coke!" replied Bob Cherry.

And Hurree Jamsét Ram Singh chuckled softly.

"If you don't come hout I shall come hin!" said Mr. Tozer.

"But you can't get hin," said Bob innocently. "Even if the door were opened, it wouldn't be wide enough for you!"

Mr. Tozer nearly choked.

"I'm comin' hin at the winder," he said.

"You'll have to take in a few yards of your belt, then, Tozey."

"Will you hopen the door?"

"No fear!"

"Then look hout!"

Mr. Tozer advanced to the window, and his purple face appeared inside the "fort."

Bob Cherry, looking very grim and ferocious, snatched up the bolster, and smote the wall beside the window with all his strength.

"Yaroo!" roared P.-c. Tozer. "My 'at! The impudence of the young varmint! A-swipin' of the law!"

"I didn't," said Bob Cherry calmly. "I merely smote the giddy old wall. But, Tozey, be warned in time. The next time you put that purple dial within reach of this bolster there, goin' to be a damaged proboscis in the County police force!"

Tozer, who had hurriedly withdrawn from the window, looked helpless and fierce. But looking fierce was not likely to frighten Bob Cherry. So Tozer mustered all the dignity left in him, and turned to Mr. Quelch.

"Which as how this ain't no job of mine, sir," he said firmly. "If the young rapsallion ain't coming out when I tells him, I ain't going to lower the dignity of the lor by fetching him out!"

With that Tozer marched majestically from the scene, and Bob Cherry and Inky were left victorious once more. For a moment Mr. Quelch surveyed the window doubtfully, then he, too, turned and went to the School House.

"Victory!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Inky, old son, if we can stand out against the majesty of the law, we can stand out against anything or anybody!"

"The standfulness is terrific, my worthy Bob," said Hurree Singh. "The boundfulness to win is certain."

"We've got to win!" said Bob Cherry grimly. "If we don't, you'll get it in the neck!"

"Rats!" said Inky, with unusual abruptness.

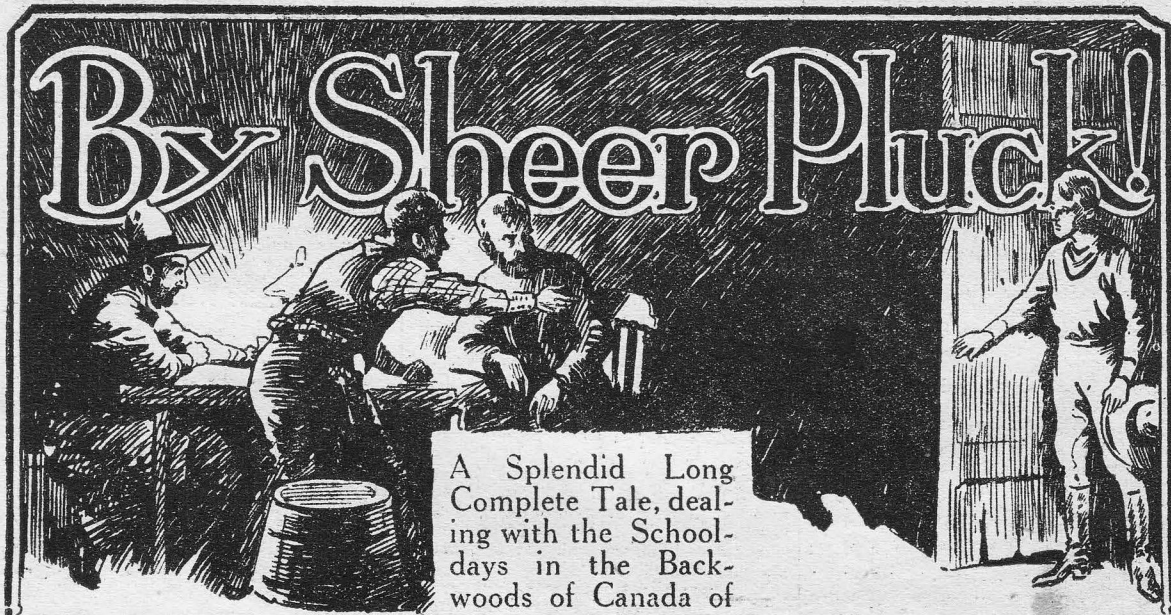
All the same, although Bob Cherry knew he could count upon Inky to fight to the bitter end, the fighting-man of the Remove was a little anxious as to the result.

As he said a little later, time only could show how the barring-out would progress, and how it would end.

THE END.

(Next Tuesday's grand long complete story of the chums of Greyfriars will be entitled, "Exposed By His Father!" by Frank Richards. Order your copy now!)

A DRAMATIC STORY, TELLING HOW VERE BEAULCERC FIGHTS A PLUCKY BATTLE FOR HIS FATHER'S SAKE.



A Splendid Long Complete Tale, dealing with the School-days in the Backwoods of Canada of

FRANK RICHARDS

(The Famous Author of the Tales of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Beaulcerc's Trouble.

"**B**EAULCERC!"

Miss Meadows' voice was quite severe.

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless glanced round rather anxiously at their chum.

Beaulcerc was sitting silent in his place in the class, with his book before him, his eyes fixed upon it in a steady stare.

He did not seem to hear the voice of Miss Meadows.

Beaulcerc's handsome face was deeply clouded, and there was a deep line in his brow. He had hardly spoken a word that morning to his chums, and Frank and Bob were well aware that something was the matter, though they did not know what it was.

"Beaulcerc!"

Still the remittance man's son did not look up. His thoughts were evidently far away from the school-room of Cedar Creek.

"Beaulcerc, I have spoken to you three times!" exclaimed Miss Meadows sharply. "What are you thinking of?"

Beaulcerc's face became crimson.

"I—I am sorry!" he stammered.

"You are not giving attention to the lesson, Beaulcerc!"

Beaulcerc did not deny it. It was pretty clear that his attention had been anywhere but upon the work in hand.

"This will not do, Beaulcerc!" said Miss Meadows. "You will be detained an hour after lessons to-day!"

"Very well, ma'am," said Beaulcerc quietly.

"And now kindly give me your attention!"

"Certainly, ma'am!"

Beaulcerc roused himself with an effort. Some of the Cedar Creek fellows chuckled, but the chuckle died away as Miss Meadows' severe glance swept over the class.

It was nearly the end of the afternoon lessons at Cedar Creek School.

Most of the fellows were glad enough when school was dismissed. A party of them were going down to Thompson Town, where there was a boxing entertainment at Gunter's store.

Frank Richards and his friends had been going with them, but Beaulcerc's detention stopped that.

When school was dismissed, Frank and Bob went out with the rest, and Vere Beaulcerc remained in the school-room alone.

The chums waited till the hour was up, and there Vere Beaulcerc came out and joined them.

"Sorry I kept you!" he said. "It's too bad! Too late for Thompson now, I suppose?"

"I guess so!"

"Never mind!" said Frank cheerfully. "We'll get along there to-morrow. Come on, Beau! We'll walk through the timber with you before we start for home."

The three schoolboys went along the creek, Frank and Bob leading their ponies. Vere Beaulcerc was silent and grim. Half-way to the "shack," where the boy lived with his father, the remittance man, he stopped.

"Don't come any farther," he said.

"May as well," said Bob. "It's not much longer to ride home from your place than from here."

The colour deepened in Beaulcerc's face.

"I—I'd rather you didn't come all the way!" he muttered. "You don't mind my saying so?"

"Oh, right-ho!" said Bob hastily.

"So-long, then, old chap!"

"Ta-ta, Beau!"

The cousins jumped on their ponies, and rode away, leaving Vere Beaulcerc to tramp along in the dusk by himself.

Frank and Bob were very silent as they rode towards the Lawless Ranch. It was Frank who broke the silence at last.

"It's rotten, Bob!"

"Beastly!" agreed Bob.

"I wish something could be done." "But it can't. And poor old Cherub's as proud as Lucifer, and he would fire up at the bare suggestion of anything being done for him," said Bob ruefully.

The cousins arrived at the ranch. Frank Richards was not feeling so cheerful as usual. As he sat down at the well-spread supper-table in the handsome dining-room of the ranch with Mr. and Mrs. Lawless and Bob, he could not help thinking of his chum in the lonely shack by the creek.

But poor Beaulcerc's troubles were beyond the help of his chums.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Shadow of Crime.

VERE BEAULCERC tramped on slowly in the dusk, after his comrades had left him.

While they were with him, he had striven to keep a cheerful face, though not with much success.

Now that he was alone, the gloom settled over his handsome face like a dark cloud.

Hard times Vere was used to. He did not complain.

But his father, whom he still loved and tried to respect, was an object of pity and contempt, even to the rough cattlemen of Cedar Camp.

When he was in funds, he was generally "painting the town red." When he was hard up, he would hang about the hotels in the camps, glad of a stray drink that came his way, and seeking to "raise the wind" by any means but hard work.

In the Canadian West, the remittance man is known—and condemned—far and wide. And Mr. Beaulcerc was a finished specimen of that peculiar race.

But these were old troubles; Vere was used to them. There was a new trouble in his thoughts now—a vague uneasiness and apprehension that he vainly strove to dismiss.

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A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF THE CHUMS OF THE BACKWOODS. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"STOLEN HONOURS!"

Darkness was thickening as he reached the lonely shack on the bank of the creek, on the edge of the timber.

Lights gleamed from the little living-room. There were but two rooms in all the building.

Mr. Beauclerc was at home, and he was not alone. The sound of deep and gruff voices could be heard outside.

Through the half-open door Vere could see the interior of the shack, and he saw his father and two companions.

He knew them by sight—Dave Dunn, a ruffianly character of Cedar Camp; and Poker Pete, of Thompson. Poker Pete was a professional "sportsman" from California, a gentleman who had left his country for his country's good.

What did it mean, Vere had wondered miserably. What had his father in common with these men—one a horse-thief, the other a gambler. There was an undefined fear in his breast of coming trouble.

It seemed to him that his father was growing more reckless and desperate as time passed—the natural result of drink and idle loafing.

"I guess it's a cinch!" Poker Pete was saying, as the schoolboy came up to the door, in the shadows, outside. "A real cinch!"

"Old Lawless is worth a good bit, I reckon," Dave Dunn remarked. "But the raffle will have to be worked careful—"

"Hist!" exclaimed Mr. Beauclerc hastily.

Vere stood in the doorway. Poker Pete muttered an oath.

"Hang the kid! What are you hanging about there for?" he exclaimed violently. "How long have you been there?"

"I have just returned from school," said Vere quietly. "I have not been hanging about."

The "sport" gave him a dark and suspicious look.

"If that's the truth—" he began.

"That's enough!" interrupted the remittance man sharply. "My son does not tell lies. That's enough!"

Poker Pete gave him a surly look.

"You know what it means if the kid starts chewing the rag about what we've been talking of!" he growled.

"Enough, I tell you!"

"I guess it's time we vamoosed," said Dave Dunn, getting up from the tub he was sitting on. "Coming down to the Continental to-night, Beauclerc?"

"Yes, later."

Poker Pete and Dunn left the shack, tramping away in the gloom towards the camp. Mr. Beauclerc looked rather uneasily at his son. He assumed a cheerfulness of manner that did not deceive the schoolboy.

"You're late, aren't you, Vere?" he said.

"Yes; I was detained."

"How are you getting on at the school?"

"Quite well."

"You like it there, my boy?"

"I did not like it at first, but I am glad now that I am going. But father—"

"Well?" snapped the remittance man, his manner changing.

The schoolboy came nearer to him.

"Father, I must speak! I—I can't stand it any longer! What are those two men doing here—those two scoundrels? Why have you made friends with them?"

"That's no business of yours, Vere!" said his father gruffly. "Ask me no questions, and you'll hear no lies!"

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NEXT
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"STOLEN HONOURS!"

"Father, won't you tell me? We can stand poverty—we've stood it long enough—but there's worse things than that. Those men, they're well known to be rascals—one a thief, the other a cheat. What are they trying to lead you into, father?"

"You—you don't understand, Vere," he muttered at last. "Something must be done. We can't starve. And I'm in debt—in debt, boy. I owe money at the Continental and at the store, and we can't starve."

"But the remittance can't be delayed much longer, father."

Mr. Beauclerc started as if the schoolboy had struck him.

"Vere, won't you understand? The remittance came—"

"Then if it came—"

"I—I've lost it, Vere!"

"Lost it!" said the boy blankly. The remittance man flushed again, working himself into anger, the natural resource of a weak character.

"Hang it all! I won't be questioned. I'm your father, I suppose? Don't worry me. I lost the whole amount the first day at poker, if you must know. There's nothing more for a month, and I'm piled up with debt. Unless I find money from somewhere, we shall starve—starve! Do you understand?"

Vere was silent.

"Now you know!" snapped the remittance man irritably. "I've got to have money. Never mind how. That's not your business. If you want me to show Poker Pete the door, bring me fifty dollars in a lump and I'll do it like a shot. Unless you can do that, hold your confounded tongue!"

The schoolboy did not speak again.

The reply had effectively silenced him. His face was white as he went mechanically about the work of getting supper for himself and his father.

He did not eat. The food would have choked him. And a little later his father left the shack, and disappeared in the direction of the camp. Vere Beauclerc went into the inner room to his rough bed.

It was long, long ere he slept.

His father had in effect confessed that the "plans" he had afoot with Poker Pete and Dave Dunn were dishonest. Vere had known it must be so. Honest work never came the way of those rascals.

He had feared that his father, from the stages of drunkenness and gambling, was sinking still deeper—into crime.

And he was helpless. Crime or famine—that was the choice according to the remittance man.

Vere Beauclerc turned his face to the wall. Brave as he was, brave and resolute, he felt that his burden was more than he could bear.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Beauclerc's Chance.

FRANK RICHARDS looked anxiously at his chum when they met at school on the following morning.

But he had no time to speak, for Beauclerc arrived only just in time to enter the log school-room as the bell ceased ringing.

Beauclerc was always quiet and reserved, and he never talked about himself. But he seemed now frozen into a deeper reserve than ever. Frank noticed that his face, unusually pale, had the signs of deep and painful thought upon it.

There was deep anger in Frank's breast towards the remittance man. It was easy enough to know that Vere's

trouble was on account of his father, though Frank did not guess in what way.

Miss Meadows gave Beauclerc two or three curious glances during the morning. He hid his best during the lessons, but his thoughts wandered sometimes, and Miss Meadows was very considerate towards him.

The schoolmistress noticed that all was not well with the Cherub.

After morning lessons Frank and Bob joined Beauclerc in the school ground. They did not pass any remark on his look, though they were both a little anxious.

Gunten and Hacke and Dawson and several other fellows were talking in a group of their visit to Thompson the previous day, and Frank Richards & Co. joined them.

Eben Hacke was full of admiration for the boxer, the Dakota Kid. According to Hacke, the boxing match had been "it."

It was a travelling boxing show that was visiting Thompson Town, and it was doing good business apparently.

"The store was fair crammed," said Hacke, as the chums came up. "Half Thompson was there, you fellows, and it was a stunning fight. Young Dawson stood up to the Kid, and was knocked out in four rounds."

"My brother," said Dick Dawson, with an air of pride; "he's a good man, too. The Kid was too much for him, though."

"The Kid's a cheeky chump!" said Chunky Todgers. "See him swagger when they ask if any gentleman present would care to stand up to him for a few rounds! Looks as if the place isn't big enough to hold him!"

"Praps he swells a little," admitted Hacke, "but he's a good man. There ain't a galoot north of the line that can touch him."

"Rats!" said several voices.

"Well, they ain't touched him yet," said Hacke, evidently very proud of the prowess of his countryman. "There's fifty dollars for the man who can knock the Kid out, and that fifty dollars has been hawked up and down the Thompson River, and it ain't been claimed yet."

"And he's only a kid, too," remarked Lawrence. "Not over eighteen at the most."

"But he's all there!" grinned Hacke.

"Well, we're going to see the wonderful man this evening," said Frank Richards. "I suppose he's boxing again to-day?"

"Yep. They're at Thompson till Saturday."

"What's that about fifty dollars?" broke in Vere Beauclerc. "How is there fifty dollars for beating the boxer?"

"I guess it's like this," said Hacke, eager to explain. "The Kid's boss, old Silas K. Spanner, puts up a purse of fifty dollars for any comer who can beat the Kid. Of course, it's an advertisement. The Kid boxes with a nigger in the show, but a real fight makes it more interesting. When a galoot takes on the Kid, every pilgrim in the place comes and pays his fifty cents to come in, you bet. Course, old Spanner ain't risking much. There ain't a galoot between the line and the Yukon to touch the Kid."

"Do they use gloves?" asked Frank Richards.

"Do they?" grinned Hacke. "No, they don't. It's a case of knuckles, and the hardest knuckles get there, I guess."

"Phew!"

"How big is this chap, the Kid?" asked Beauclerc.

"About my size, I guess," said Hacke. "He's heavier and a bit more solid, and he's got a fist like a Texas cow-puncher."

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"And the money would be paid if he were beaten, you think?"

"Sure! I guess the boys would lynch Silas K. Spanner if he didn't square up. But he'd square all right. He's a white man." Hacke burst into a laugh. "You thinking of tacklin' the Kid, Cherub?"

"I might," said Beauclerc coolly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Hacke.

Beauclerc walked away in a thoughtful mood. His chums hurried after him, and Bob caught him by the arm.

"Cherub, you ass, you didn't mean that?" he exclaimed.

"I'm thinking of it."

"My word! Why, that blessed prize-fighter would smash you up!" exclaimed Bob.

Beauclerc smiled faintly.

"I'm not afraid of getting hurt. It doesn't matter if my beauty's spoiled a little. After all, somebody ought to stand up to the Kid, as he seems to be challenging all Canada."

"But you!" exclaimed Frank Richards. "You, a schoolboy!"

"The Kid isn't much more than a schoolboy, from what Hacke says."

"Look here, Beau—"

"I can box," said Beauclerc quietly. "I'm as hard as nails; you know that. I'm thinking of taking it on. But we'll see when we get to Thompson this evening. There's the dinner-bell!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Schoolboy and Boxer.

GUNTEN'S store, at Thompson, was crowded.

Frank and Bob left their ponies outside, with a crowd of others that were hitched to a tree, and joined the crowd pouring into the building.

It was nearly time for the show.

The boxing-match took place in a large room behind the store, which Mr. Gunten let for shows, meetings, and dances.

The three schoolboys passed in with the rest.

Round the big room, wooden seats were crowded together, and many of the seats were already filled.

Space was left for the ring in the centre of the room.

Silas K. Spanner, a tall gentleman, with a good-tempered, ruddy face and a big cigar, was in the room, chatting with the gathering crowd.

Billy Cook, the foreman of the Lawless Ranch, was there, on a front bench, and he called to Bob and his chums, and made room for them.

The chums sat down along with the ranchman and waited. More and more of the citizens of Thompson were coming in.

There was a buzz in the crowded room when the Kid entered.

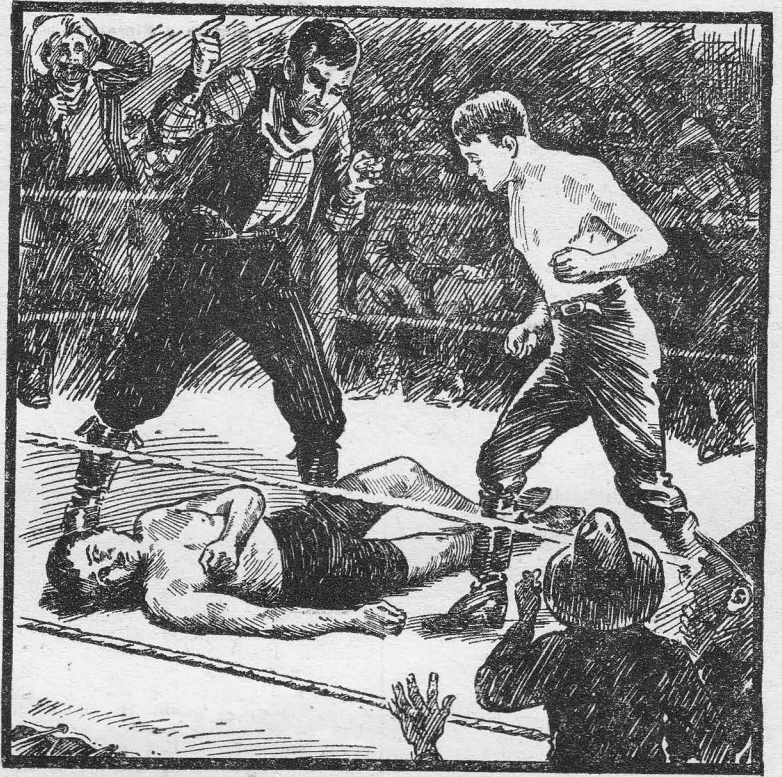
The schoolboys looked at him with great interest. He was a lithe, muscular fellow, not much taller than themselves, but much heavier, and evidently in good condition.

His manner was somewhat swanky, and it was not difficult to see that the Kid had a good opinion of himself.

A big negro followed him in, a head taller than himself. This was the black boxer whom the Kid was accustomed to knock out in ten rounds, when no amateur was forthcoming to face his knuckles.

Silas K. Spanner removed his cigar, and addressed the audience:

"Gentlemen and galoots, hyer stands the Dakota Kid, the best man with his fins between the Rio Grande and the Yukon River. The Kid's offer, gents, is still open, and fifty dollars is still wait-



DOWN FOR THE COUNT! There was a roar of surprise and delight from the ranchmen. For the Dakota Kid was on his back on the planks, stretched there by an upper-cut from Vere Beauclerc, and he sprawled dizzily, hardly knowing how he had got there. "Bravo, Cherub!" yelled Bob Lawless. (See Chapter 5.)

ing to be roped in by the lucky man. Any galoot who knocks the Dakota Kid out rakes in the jackpot, and there's the greenbacks. Money talks!" Silas K. Spanner held up a little bunch of ten-dollar notes.

There was a murmur in the crowd. Several fellows were being urged by their friends to make the attempt. But the defeat of the local champion the previous evening had discouraged the rest.

"Now, gents," said Mr. Spanner persuasively, "who's standing up for the Maple Leaf? Who's got somethin' to say for Canada?"

Vere Beauclerc stood up. He shook off Frank's detaining hand, and stepped into the open space before the crowded benches.

Mr. Spanner glanced at him, not understanding for a moment.

"Get back, kid!" he said. "You're in the way hyer!"

"I'm your man," said Beauclerc quietly.

"Wha-a-t?"

"I'm standing up for the Maple Leaf," said the schoolboy calmly. "And when the Kid's ready, I'm ready!"

"Jehoshaphat!" ejaculated Mr. Spanner, in astonishment.

The Dakota Kid grinned hugely.

There was a shout of encouragement from the audience. Nobody present believed that the handsome schoolboy had any chance against the Kid. But his pluck appealed to the crowd.

"Go it, young 'un! Bravo!"

"Give him his chance, old Stars and Stripes!"

"Gentlemen," said Silas K. Spanner,

"if the youngster wants to commit suicide, I ain't standing in his way. Kid, there's your man!"

The Dakota Kid chuckled.

Vere Beauclerc glanced back at his chums.

"You'll second me, Frank?"

"What-ho!"

Frank Richards stepped into the ring. He was apprehensive for his chum, but he was glad to back him up as well as he could. Bob Lawless sat in dismay.

Bob knew that Beauclerc, slim and handsome as he was, was hard as nails, and a first-class boxer. He had learned that in an encounter with him. But he had no hope of seeing him successful now.

"The young ass!" groaned Bob. "He'll get smashed up, Billy!"

Billy Cook, the ranch foreman, nodded.

"The lad's got lots of pluck," he remarked. "But, of course, he'll get smashed. Lucky I've got the buggy here; I'll take him home in it afterwards. He won't be able to walk home, I guess."

"Poor old Cherub!" muttered Bob. But the Cherub did not seem to share his chum's dismal anticipations as to his fate.

He stripped to his shirt, and tightened his belt a notch. He stripped well, too, and at sight of his arms and chest Mr. Spanner looked a little less amused.

There was strength and muscular power there, young as he was, and it was pretty plain that there was plenty of pluck.

Mr. Spanner called on a gentleman

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NEXT TUESDAY:

"STOLEN HONOURS!"

In the audience to keep time. Poker Pete came forward, watch in hand. The "sport" gave Beauclerc a very curious look.

The Kid lounged up to Beauclerc, and gave him his hand, with a good-humoured grin. The professional boxer evidently regarded the contest as a little comedy.

Beauclerc shook hands with him quietly.

He did not feel at all certain of victory over his redoubtable adversary, but he knew that he had a chance. And he knew that he meant to do his best, whatever it cost him.

No one there knew what was urging him on. None could guess that it was his father he was fighting for—that it was to save the remittance man from black ruin that he was facing the certainty of a terrific mauling, whether he was successful or not.

"Time!" said Poker Pete.

There was a breathless hush in the room as the fight commenced.

The Dakota Kid lounged through the first round with a grin on his face, making the mistake—for mistake it was—of underrating his schoolboy antagonist.

He was somewhat surprised to find that the schoolboy's guard was perfect, and that none of his careless lunges reached the mark.

The Kid began to put a little more beef into it, but still Beauclerc made a sound defence. He had not been touched when time was called.

"By Jehoshaphat!" murmured Mr. Spanner to the Kid. "There's something in that young guy! You'll have to go all out, Kid!"

"Leave that to me!" said the Kid.

"Time!"

Beauclerc, with a springy step, came up for the second round, and this time the Dakota Kid was going "all out." And there was deep silence in the crowded room as it was seen that the boxer was forced to exert himself to the full, and that still the Canadian schoolboy was standing his ground.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
A Fight to a Finish.**

"BRAVO!"
"Good man!"
It was a roar of surprise and delight in the crowded room behind Gunten's store. For the Dakota Kid was on his back on the planks, stretched there by an upper-cut from the schoolboy boxer, and he sprawled dizzily, hardly knowing how he had got there.

Beauclerc stood panting, a little flushed, but cool.

"Bravo!" yelled Bob Lawless in exuberant delight.

"Well done, youngster!" roared Billy Cook. "Well hit! That was a sockdologer, and no mistake! Bravo!"

"Oh, Jehoshaphat!" murmured Mr. Spanner.

Poker Pete was counting. The Kid lay sprawling, gasping for breath, but more astonished than hurt. But the call of "Time!" saved him, and Beauclerc retired to his corner.

Frank Richards squeezed his arm. "Good old Beau! Who'd have thought it!"

He sponged the Cherub's heated face. There were several marks on it now. Beauclerc had not come through unscathed. But he was as cool as ice.

"Time!"

The Kid was looking somewhat ugly as he stepped up again. He had learned that the schoolboy was not to be despised, and that he had to do his best. And in that round the Kid did his best, and it was a very good best.

The round finished with Beauclerc on his back, gasping. Frank Richards picked him up, and sponged his face. His nose was streaming crimson, and its handsome shape was altered, and his left eye was nearly closed.

But he stepped up undaunted for the fourth round.

Hammer-and-tongs the boxers were going it now.

As no gloves were used the damage done was considerable on both sides.

Vere Beauclerc's handsome face was hardly recognisable. One eye was

darkly circled, the other had a "mouse"; his nose was swollen and red, his lip cut, and bruises darkened his cheeks and forehead.

But the Dakota Kid was quite as severely handled.

And keen observers could see that the Kid was beginning to have bellows to mend.

As a matter of fact, the Kid was accustomed to easy victories, and he did not keep in training. Too many cigars and drinks at hospitable bars were telling on him, now that he needed every ounce of his strength and his wind.

Beauclerc was younger, and not so strong, but he was as sound as a whistle. And his skill in the boxer's art was a revelation to the Thompson crowd. They had never seen anything like it. Neither had the Dakota Kid, for that matter.

After six rounds it was strength against skill, and the Kid was sadly conscious of bellows under repair.

The seventh round ended with the man from Dakota on his back, and there was a roar of cheering from one end of Thompson to the other.

"Holy smoke!" said Bob Lawless, "The Cherub will pull it off, Billy!"

Billy Cook grinned and nodded. "Carry me home to die if he don't!" he replied.

"Time!"

Another round, and another! Both the boxers were looking very groggy, but it was quite clear that the Kid was the groggier of the two.

Crash!

The Dakota Kid went down on his back, stretched there by a terrific right-hander that caught him on the point of the jaw.

Poker Pete counted.

But the count was hardly wanted. The Dakota Kid lay gasping heavily, and he could not rise. Ninth round was the last.

Frank Richards caught Beauclerc by the arm. The Cherub was tottering. But he would have faced another round, if there had been another round left in the man from Dakota. But there was not.

"Good man!" whispered Frank. Beauclerc tried to smile. He blinked at Frank with half-closed eyes.

"I'm pretty well done!" he muttered.

"I—I couldn't have stood it out, Frank; only—only—" He did not finish.

Frank bathed his bruised face, and helped him on with his things. Vere was like a fellow in a dream. He had won the contest, but he had received a punishment more terrible than he had ever faced before—more terrible than a dozen schoolboy lickings.

Like one in a dream, he heard Silas K. Spanner's nasal tones. The showman was not pleased, but he was taking the result like a sportsman.

"Gentlemen and galoots, the young buck has knocked out the Dakota Kid—"

"Hurrah!"

"Gentlemen, the fifty dollars has been won," announced Mr. Spanner, "and hyer's the bills to prove it!"

He extended the bunch of notes to Beauclerc.

"Take them for me, Frank."

Frank Richards took the notes for his chum. Beauclerc was leaning heavily on his shoulder, hardly able to keep his feet. His hands were nerveless, his brain swimming. Frank stowed the notes safely into Beauclerc's inside pocket.

Loud cheers followed Vere as Frank led him from the ring.

Billy Cook came up, leading a horse and buggy.

(Continued on page 28.)



APPEARS IN THIS WEEK'S "CHUCKLES."

THE POPULAR.—No. 170.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"STOLEN HONOURS!"

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF THE GUMS OF THE BACKWOODS. :: By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

LESLIE OWEN IS CALLED BACK TO ST. JIM'S TO SAVE HIS CHUM'S LIFE, AND A GREAT WRONG IS RIGHTED!



THE FIRST CHAPTER.
A Change of Clothing!

WHEN a fellow is running away from school an Eton jacket is a distinct handicap.

Leslie Owen found out that within half a dozen hours of bolting from St. Jim's.

Whatever merits an Eton jacket possesses as an article of dress—and when one comes to think it over one inclines to the belief that they are not many—it certainly does not possess that of helping to hide the identity of its wearer.

No one but a schoolboy wears such a thing. And a schoolboy on tramp is very liable to become an object of suspicion to the police and others.

Owen had no doubt whatever that he had done right in leaving St. Jim's.

He was needed at home. The eldest of the family, he felt that it was up to him to stand by his mother in this terrible strait—when his father had been arrested for embezzlement, and was locked up for want of someone to go bail for him in a town where he had no real friends, having been there but a few months.

So Owen had bolted. And because, above all other things, his mother was anxious that no news of their disgrace should reach the great school where her eldest boy was making good after winning a scholarship, Owen had done a very foolish thing indeed.

He had so contrived it that in bolting he had blackened his own name, thus giving a pretext for his going, and, as he hoped, preventing the inquiries which would result in his father's downfall becoming known to those who had been his schoolfellows.

He had taken three pound Treasury-notes from the desk of Chowle, who was the kind of fellow certain to bleat about his loss.

Yet Owen was now moving homeward on foot, because he had not the money for his railway fare.

He had left Chowle's Treasury-notes behind, so hidden that he believed no one could find them without a tip from him. Later on circumstances might allow of his giving that tip to his chums, Redfern and Lawrence; and then, though he could never go back to St. Jim's, his

name would be clean there—it would be understood that, at least, he was not a thief.

In acting thus he had not considered Chowle. But it was not about Chowle he worried as he made his way northwards from St. Jim's on that sunny April morning.

What worried him was the dread that he might be stopped and taken back.

That catastrophe was hardly to be anticipated yet. He had cleared out in the dark hours, and, walking sharply, had got well away from the school and over the downs before it was fully morning.

No one would be likely to suspect that he had run away until breakfast, at the earliest. His absence from that meal would arouse suspicion, doubtless. Then Reddy and Lawrence would be questioned, or Chowle would report the loss of his money, and the hue-and-cry would be up.

But the hours were wearing on. Pearly mists had vanished, and broad sunlight overspread the land. With one of the few shillings he possessed Owen had bought breakfast at a cottage on the outskirts of a village—a couple of rashers of bacon, an egg, bread, and some tea—and, though the woman who had let him have the food had spoken kindly, he had felt that she was not quite easy in her mind about him. If a policeman should make inquiries she would let on, and would probably comfort herself with the notion that it was all for the best that she should tell.

He had not brought his overcoat, had not even thought of it. That had been silly. But, in any case, he could hardly have kept it buttoned up over his Eton jacket all the time.

The sun was quite hot. As he made his way up a hill he found himself unbuttoning his jacket.

A hundred yards down the hill he met a lad of about his own age and about his own build.

"Hallo!" said the other fellow.

"Hallo!" said Owen.

They stopped and looked one another over.

It was the other fellow who spoke first after that.

"I wouldn't mind bettin' ten to one—

if I'd anythink to bet with—that you're doin' a bunk from school!" he said.

"I'm not betting," answered Owen.

He did not know quite why he said that. It was rather like giving the game away. The other fellow had rather a crafty face, not too clean, and wore clothing that had seen its best days some time ago.

"Guessed it in once!" he said. "Well, I'm not splittin' on you, kid."

"Who're you calling 'kid'?" demanded Owen. "You're no older than I am."

"Fifteen an' a bit," said the stranger.

"Same here," replied Owen.

For all his craftiness of aspect, the other fellow had something about him not at all unlikable.

"Look here," said Owen, "how did you know I'd bolted from school?"

"Clobber," was the stranger's brief but comprehensive answer.

"I suppose it does give me away a bit," Owen said, looking down at his Eton jacket.

"Completely!" replied the other fellow. "No one could be off knowin' it. The first copper you see will stop you. Then you'll jest 'ave to promenade yourself back to where you come from—wherever that may be; I'm askin' no questions—in charge. See? Rough luck, but that's that!"

"I don't suppose you'd care to change with me?" returned Owen, hitting at once upon a scheme that gave promise of avoiding such a tragedy as that indicated.

For it would be positively awful to have to go back to St. Jim's in charge of a policeman. Even the matter of Chowle's money would be an embarrassing one in those circumstances. But still worse would be the inquiries as to why he had bolted. And to confess what he had done with the money would make those inquiries even more searching.

He must not be forced back if in any way it might be avoided.

"Don't you? Well, I dunno! Those bags of yours are worth more than my 'ole bloomin' outfit," said the stranger. "I dunno that I ever had any partikler fancy for wearin' of one of them coats, but I shouldn't so much mind. I reckon

THE POPULAR.—No. 170.

A MYSTERY CLEARED UP!

A New Long Complete Story
of Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's

By **MARTIN CLIFFORD**

(Author of the famous stories of St. Jim's
now appearing in the "Gem" Library.)

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"GUSSY RUNS WILD!"

A NEW LONG COMPLETE STORY OF ST. JIM'S.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"I could get rid of it for enough to buy me one more my style soon as I came to any sort of a town."

There was nothing at all special about Owen's trousers; but they were of good cloth, and all that the other fellow wore was shoddy—and second-hand shoddy at that. But in the other fellow's clothes Leslie Owen could make his way to Sarl-bridge without attracting the attention of the police, who would be on the watch for a boy in an Eton jacket and grey trousers, not for one who looked like a young tramp.

"I'm on!" said Owen.
 "Arf a mo'! It's got to be a change right to the skin. You got a decent shirt; mine don't amount to much. I dare say you've got somethink under your shirt; well, I ain't. But I shall have to take a bit of risk—an' fair's fair, anyways. Change all, or change nothink!"

Owen only took a matter of half a minute to think it over and decide.

It might have taken him longer—he might even have gone back on his suggestion—had the other fellow inspired him with any repugnance. But the lad's dirt seemed to be surface dirt, and his grin was cheery and comrade-like. Owen took to him.

"I'm on!" he said. "But we can't do it here."

"Bit of a spinney a hundred yards or so back, down the hill," said the other. "We could do the trick there. I ain't pressin' you, mind. It was your notion. But I reckon we can both see our market in it."

Within a quarter of an hour the change had been made. The stranger lad said that Owen's vest and pants tickled him,

but did not seem to find the tickling altogether disagreeable; as for the Eton jacket, a look at his reflection in a broken bit of mirror which he carried seemed to cause him to fancy himself in that.

"Wish I could 'ang on to it," he remarked. "But it wouldn't do for long, not nohow. How do you feel, matey?"

"A bit shivery, without the things I'm used to wearing," replied Owen. "But I sha'n't mind that; it will pass off when I get walking again. Do you think any bobby would take me for a runaway schoolboy now?"

"Gracious, no! You look as tough as ever I did. Rummy what a differ a bloomin' collar an' tie an' a jacket without tails will make, ain't it? Well, so long, cocky! 'Ere's wishin' you an' myself all the best!"

They shook hands, and the stranger lad set his face to the steep ascent again.

For a minute or two Leslie Owen stood watching him, wondering whether their paths would ever cross again.

He wondered, too, who and what the lad was. Not straight, perhaps, yet assuredly not wholly bad, and straight enough with Owen. Perhaps he also dreaded the police, and to him the Eton jacket and wide collar meant a disguise, just as his clothes meant a disguise for Owen.

The runaway from St. Jim's was never to know any more about the life of the fellow with whom he had changed clothes. They had been like "ships that pass in the night, and hail each other in passing." But to the end of his life Leslie Owen will remember and feel a twinge of regret for the comrade of half an hour, who had gone from him to die

in a manner which might be guessed, but was never certainly established.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.
 At the Graveside!**

"I CAN'T stand it, Dick!" said Edgar Lawrence passionately. "I keep feeling that we might have done something to help if only we had understood. And—and it's horrible to think that Les may have flung himself into the river in desperation, because he'd no one to stand by him."

"Buck up, old scout!" said Dick Redfern. "The coroner's jury made it out 'Death by misadventure.' They didn't believe, and I'm not going to believe, that Owen flung himself in. He must have stumbled in the dark. He came an awful whack on something—his smashed face showed that—and hadn't a chance to struggle out. As for standing by him, you and I would have done it through thick and thin, and so would Figgy, and Kerr, and Wynn—plenty of other fellows, too. It's only the cads who get at a chap for what his father has done."

Redfern and Lawrence were together in the study they had shared for several terms with Leslie Owen. Dick Redfern was bearing up pluckily, though he felt it all keenly; but Lawrence was near to complete breakdown.

In a few minutes there would be starting from St. Jim's a funeral procession such as the school had seldom, if ever, known before.

All the masters would follow the hearse bearing the coffin which contained the body taken from the river—the body which none doubted to be that of Leslie Owen. Behind them would come the Fourth, Owen's own Form, the Shell, in which he had had many friends, the Sixth, and the Fifth. The fags would bring up the rear.

It was Dr. Holmes' wish that the whole school should follow to the grave all that was mortal of Leslie Owen. St. Jim's knew now that the scholarship boy had been guilty merely of folly, not of theft, and the crime imputed to his father, though it might have shadowed Owen living, could not touch Owen dead. There were others besides Lawrence who were inclined to fancy that the boy had taken his own life, and to them the funeral was not only solemn and awe-inspiring, but absolutely tragic. But the vast majority of those who had known Owen well refused to lend ear to the theory that he had destroyed himself wittingly. He had always shown pluck. He had made up his mind to come back, they held, and had stumbled into the Ryll while travelling through the darkness.

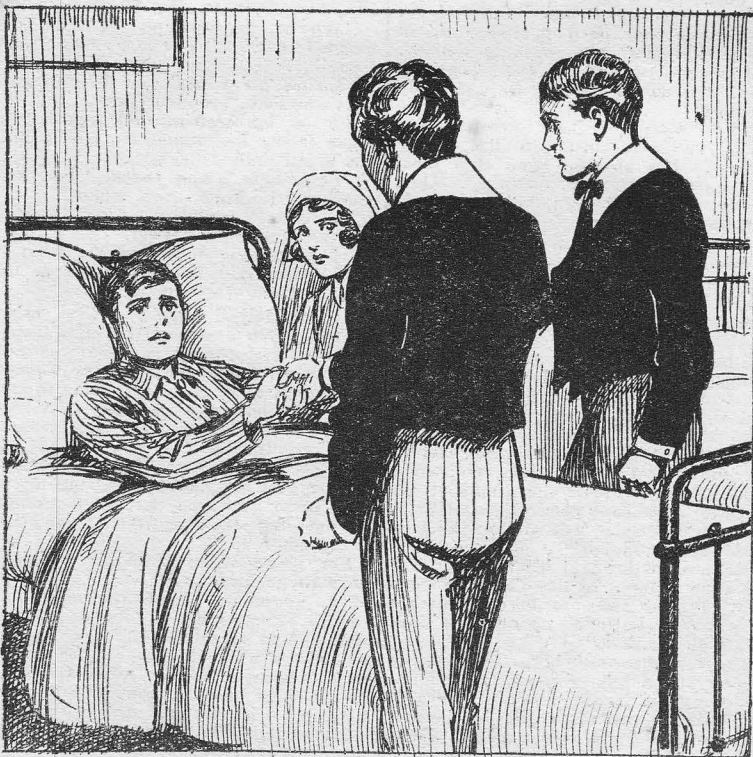
Kerr looked in. He did not say a word, but he took one of Lawrence's arms, and Redfern took the other. Between them the two got Lawrence out into the quad, though both were afraid that he would faint from the strain upon him.

The fresh air seemed to revive his courage, however. He pulled himself together, pressed the Scottish junior's arm, and said quietly:

"Thanks, Kerr. I'm all right now."
 No need to thank Redfern! Those three—Redfern, and Lawrence, and Owen—had been such chums that each had counted upon the other two with certitude in times of stress. And now Redfern had to choke down a lump in his throat as he thought of it—now they were two, not three any more, but two who would be bound even more closely by the memory of the third.

The funeral procession was lining up.

(Continued on page 17.)



AT HIS CHUM'S BEDSIDE! Lawrence looked up, to find his right hand in Redfern's and his left in Owen's. He lay there for a minute without speaking. "Alive—and well, Les?" he asked feebly at the end of the silence. "Alive and well, Edgar!" replied Owen, though he almost choked as he spoke the words. (See Chapter 4.)

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"CUSSY RUNS WILD!"

A NEW LONG COMPLETE STORY OF ST. JIM'S. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.



BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

St. Jim's

Greyfriars

Rookwood

Edited by W. G. BUNTER of Greyfriars, assisted by SAMMY BUNTER of Greyfriars, BAGGY TRIMBLE and FATTY WYNN of St. Jim's, and TUBBY MUFFIN of Rookwood.



: IN YOUR : EDITOR'S DEN!

By BILLY BUNTER.

My Dear Readers,—“Let us eat, drink, and be merry!”

In those words you have the keynote to enjoyment. Eating and drinking are delightful occupations, and being merry follows as a matter of course.

For many weeks a brilliant idea has been stored in the recesses of my mitey brain. The idea was to publish a Special Enjoyment Number of my popular WEEKLY—“POPULAR” in more senses than one!

For at least one week we will sing and shout and frolick. We will trip it on the light fantastick. We will be happy!

Me and my staff had a glorious time the other day. This explains why I am in such good spirits. It was decided by the powers that be that me and my subbs should have a day's outing to Folkestone. In the words of the scribe, we went, we saw, and we konkered!

You will all agree that we thoroughly deserved the outing. In the whole of Fleet Street you will not find such a hard-working set of jernalists as me and my staff. We have burned midnight oil in gallons for the bennyfit of our readers.

Owing to the fact that three prefects were placed in charge of us, our day out would not have been a success but for an ingenious roose on my part. What that roose was, and how it panned out, you will discover by reading the complete story in this issue.

I hope you will all like this Special Enjoyment Number. I feel sure it will add considerably to the gaiety of nations.

Then let us dance and sing, and make the welkin ring; and have a topping time, delightful and sublime! (There's poetry hear, if only you've got enuff perception to see it!)

Let us eat, drink, and be merry, and enjoy ourselves to the fool—before old age creeps on!

Your sinscer pal,

Your Editor.

OUR SPECIAL
ATHLETIC NUMBER
NEXT WEEK!

Supplement I.]

THE IDEAL FEED!

By FATTY WYNN
(Sub-Editor.)

Man wants but little here below;
A pleasant, sheltered spot, you know.
A tablecloth of velvet green,
Where all is shady and serene.

A spirit-stove, a kettle, too,
To make a most delightful brew.
A dozen buns, a bag of tarts,
To gobble up in fits and starts.

A choice and well-made rabbit-pie,
Which sorely tempts the passers-by.
A loaf or two of currant bread,
A two-pound pot of “Golden Shred.”

A chicken, cold, and nicely dressed,
Some cheese, that won't lay on one's chest.
A jar of ripping walnut pickles,
(Oh, how the glorious prospect tickles!)

Of course, there must be cakes galore,
And plums and apples by the score.
Don't ask too many to the spread,
Or there won't be enough per head!

Now is the time for picnics grand,
When spring is smiling o'er the land.
Now is the time to feed and stuff
Until you faintly groan: “Enough!”

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By George Kerr.



MY HUMBLE SELF.

WEEK-END ENJOYMENT!

By BOB CHERRY.
(Remove Form, Greyfriars.)

There will be a comic football match on Saturday afternoon between the stalwart giants of the Sixth Form and the infants of the First. The seniors will play blind-folded, with the exception of their goal-keeper. It should be great fun, but I fancy the handicap will prove too much for the Sixth-Formers, and that the fags will win. A charge of threepence will be levied for admission to the ground, the proceeds to be devoted to the local fund for the relief of unemployment.

On Saturday evening a boxing tournament will take place in the gym. There will be many fine events, including an exhibition bout by two of the masters—Mr. Wally Bunter and Mr. Larry Lascelles. A contest has also been arranged between Billy Bunter and Wun Lung. Our advice is—back the Chinaman! He's such a slippery young eel that the cumbersome W. G. B. won't be able to get anywhere near him! (Weight and sea!—Ed.)

A fierce, fast, and furious pillow-fight will take place Friday midnight between the Remove and the Upper Fourth—always provided the authorities don't step in and nip it in the bud. The Remove's reputation as pillow-fighters is an excellent one, and they may be safely trusted to administer the knock-out to Temple & Co.

After the boxing tournament on Saturday evening there will be a special variety concert in the Rag. Billy Bunter will give a ventriquoal turn—provided he has not been too badly battered by Wun Lung in the boxing bout. Hurree Singh has promised to recite “The Wreckfulness of the Esteemed and Ludicrous Hesperus.” Roll up in your thousands!

The Brighter Greyfriars Society propose to hold a torchlight procession in the Close on Friday evening. The services of musicians (any instruments) are urgently wanted. Trot out your flutes and mouth-organs, your harpsichords, and harmoniums, and come and join in the fun! You have been clamouring for a brighter Greyfriars. Now is your opportunity to make it bright—and noisy!

The confetti battle, which was to have taken place in the school gateway, has been cancelled by order of the Head.

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IF ONLY DREAMS CAME TRUE!

By **TUBBY MUFFIN**
(Subb-Editor and Rookwood
Representative)

"Reginald," said my pater, tapping me on the shoulder, "I am going to take you away from Rookwood."

"My hat!"

"I have just become a millionaire," my pater went on. "I have made a fortune in soap."

"Goo! I can never understand people wanting to buy stuff like that!"

"Anyway, I have amassed a million pounds out of that useful commodity known as soap," said my pater, "and I have bought a big manshun in Blankshire. I am going on the Continent for a few months, and I want somebody to run the manshun in my absence. That 'somebody' must be you."

I danced a hornpipe in sheer delight.

"Oh, how ripping!" I chortled. "No more lessons—no more swotting! Just the jolly, care-free life of a country gentleman! How soon can I leave Rookwood, pater?"

"By the very next train, my boy."

"Oh, good!"

I bade good-bye, without any tears or emotion, to Jimmy Silver & Co. And then, having packed my belongings, I shook the dust of Rookwood from my feet.

A few hours later I arrived at the ancestral manshun.

No words of mine can do justice to the grandeur of the place. It was one of those stately old manshuns built in the days of the Droids, when Henry the Eighth was on the throne. In fact, I believe it was built for King-Henry himself!

I found an enormous staff of footmen and butlers and people awaiting me. They bowed and scraped, and fanned on me, and gushed over me, until I began to think that I must be of Royal blood.

"This way, sir!"

"Allow me, sir!"

"Welcome to Muffin Towers, sir!"

I was ushered into the oak-panelled dining-room, and, oh! what a glorious spread was set before me! My eyes glistened with rapture as I gazed on the array of good things.

"How the Rookwood fellows would envy me, if they could only see me now!" I muttered.

And then I pitched into the feed with relish (best Yorkshire).

After dinner, I dismissed the serving-men with a flourish of my hand; and then, feeling too comfortably full to walk round and eggplore the grounds, I staggered towards an easy-chair, and lay back in it with a contented sigh.

And then, to my horror, the chair seemed suddenly to give way, and I felt myself falling—wizzing downwards through space.

With a wild scream of anguish I landed on terror firmer.

Gazing around me in a dazed sort of way, I found myself on the floor in the Fourth Form dormitory.

Those hateful beasts, Silver and Lovell, had just pitched me out of bed, and the rising-bell was clanging furiously.

Good-bye to my dreams of wealth and position! I am still the same old Tubby Muffin—still stranded at Rookwood, and broke to the wide!

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TUBBY'S JOY-RIDE!

By **KIT ERROLL**
(Fourth Form, Rookwood).



Tubby Muffin had been shopping in Latcham.

His purchases were not enormous. They consisted of a bag of bullseyes and a couple of very sour apples.

"And now I've got to tramp all the way back to school!" muttered Tubby.

But he was mistaken.

He considered it a pity that he would have to walk all the way back—and so did a number of village louts who chanced to espy him.

The villagers formed the novel plan of sending Tubby back to the school on a donkey. They procured the beast from a neighbouring meadow, and then bore down upon Tubby Muffin.

"We're going to send you back to the school in style!" explained their leader, with a grin. "Neddy will take you—if he can bear your weight, that is!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—" began Tubby, in alarm.

"Up you get!"

Tubby Muffin's protests were unavailing. He was seized by a couple of stalwart fellows, and hoisted on to the donkey's back. Then the villagers urged the reluctant beast forward with their sticks.

Tubby clung to the animal's neck in a state of wild alarm. He called upon the donkey to stop; but Neddy was too terrified of the villagers' sticks to do that. He went off at a canter; and Tubby Muffin could not possibly dismount, in the circumstances. He could only hang on like grim death, and pray that there would not be a catastrophe.

Neddy bore Tubby Muffin's weight bravely. Considering the fat junior turned the scale at fourteen stone, the donkey had no light task in conveying him to Rookwood. But he simply had to do it, for the villagers were following up behind with their sticks.

When the school gates came in sight Tubby Muffin emitted a hollow groan.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were standing in the gateway, and Tubby was painfully aware of the ridiculous figure he cut.

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver, in astonishment. "What's all this?"

"Beauty and the Beast!" chuckled Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The donkey, nearly exhausted by this time, bore its human burden towards the gateway.

"Help! Rescue!" yelled Tubby Muffin, still clinging wildly to Neddy's neck.

He had need of help the next moment, too. For an irate farmer arrived on horseback—the farmer to whom the donkey belonged. The infuriated man naturally jumped to the conclusion that Tubby Muffin had borrowed his donkey for a lark, and he proceeded to lay about him with his horsewhip.

Poor old Tubby got it in the neck—or, rather, in the back. He had a truly terrible time. But Jimmy Silver & Co. managed to rescue him at last from both donkey and farmer, and they led the fat junior away, in a state of collapse, towards the building.

Tubby Muffin's misadventures were over—but only for a time! He's bound to be having a fresh crop of them soon.

Heart-to-Heart Talks Concerning Enjoyment!

By **MONTY LOWTHER**
(Shell Form, St. Jim's).

"GLOOMY GUSSY."—What a dismal pen-name! I wonder you didn't style yourself "Moping Moses" or "Pessimistic Percy"! You say that on Saturday afternoon you toggled up in all your finery, and went for a stroll. Midway between St. Jim's and Wayland you got caught in a hailstorm, and your beautiful new suit was saturated and spoiled. Rather tragic, I admit, but you should always endeavour to keep "hail" and hearty! Cultivate the art of enjoying yourself, and looking on the bright side. You will now have the inestimable pleasure of purchasing a new suit. The hailstorm has made this possible. So you ought to bless the hailstorm, and put on your best smile, so that next time you write to me your non-de-plume will be "Grimming Gussy"!

"BAGGY."—I received your ill-spelt letter, and the long list of ailments from which you are supposed to be suffering. You are evidently one of those persons who "enjoy" bad health! By the way, "pneumonia" and "neuritis" are spelt as I have just written them. I notice you've got it the wrong way round—"neumonia" and "pneuritis." You say your temperature is 112. You wouldn't be here if it was, my porpoise! You go on to say that you are so ill and depressed that you don't know what to do. I watched your antics at the dinner-table, and saw that you ate sufficient for four ordinary persons, so there can't be much the matter with you!

"MERRY MERRY."—Glad to see you are living up to your name, Tommy! I agree with you that life holds plenty of enjoyment. The only capital you require, to squeeze lots of enjoyment out of existence, is a sense of humour. Long may Tom be Merry!

"FIGGY."—Pleased to hear you had an enjoyable concert over in the New House. But you oughtn't to have invited Gussy to go and sing for you, though! Gussy's tenor solos are the reverse of enjoyable. If he continues to inflict them on a long-suffering public, he'll finish up in Sing-Sing Prison!

"WALLY" (Third Form).—I agree that it isn't very enjoyable when an uncle sends you a spinning top that won't spin, and a humming top that won't hum! I had a similar unhappy experience a short time back. My Aunt Jane sent me a walking stick that wouldn't walk. Never mind. Better times in store. How ripping it would be if the Head happened to get hold of a birch-rod that wouldn't birch!

"ROLLICKING RALPH."—Shake hands! You're a fellow after my own heart. You say that you can squeeze humour out of everything—even the dentist's chair or the Latin lesson! Same here. Would that there were a few more "Rollicking Ralphs" dotted about the globe. Then, indeed, life would go along like a song!

"THE TOFF."—So you were an amused witness of the scrap between Baggy Trimble and Skimpole? I wager it was a delightful farce. Did they charge you Amusement Tax?



Specially contributed to "Billy Bunter's Weekly" by Herbert Vernon-Smith (Remove Form, Greyfriars.)

HOW Billy Bunter had wangled it nobody knew, and probably nobody will ever know. But wangle it he did. And the thing that he wangled was a day's outing for the staff of his "Weekly."

When the news got abroad it was surprising how many fellows suddenly claimed that they were on the staff of Billy Bunter's paper.

Skinner of the Remove, who had probably thrown more stones at the "Weekly" than any other fellow, was now heard to declare that it was a ripping paper. Also that it was ripping of the Head to grant a day's holiday to the industrious staff. Further, that it was a ripping stroke of luck that he—Harold Skinner—happened to be a member of that staff.

Billy Bunter waxed indignant.

It was the morning of the outing, and Tubby Muffin of Rookwood, and Fatty Wynn and Baggy Trimble of St. Jim's, had travelled to Greyfriars by early trains. Being members of the staff, they were, of course, entitled to take part in the outing.

"Look here, Skinner," said Billy Bunter, blinking at the ead of the Remove through his big spectacles, "you know jolly well you're not a member of my staff!"

"Oh, yes, I am!" said Skinner coolly. "For the next twelve hours, anyway!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I'm on the staff, too, Bunter!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"First I've heard of it!" growled Billy.

Snoop and Stott also declared themselves to be members of the editorial staff of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

It was really surprising how many new sub-editors suddenly came to light. They seemed to spring up all around Billy Bunter, like so many mushrooms.

Strictly speaking, the staff consisted of five fellows—the brothers Bunter and Wynn, Trimble, and Muffin. But the number that started off on the excursion was ten. And there was also an escort. The escort consisted of no less than three prefects.

Billy Bunter was furious with the Head for having placed three seniors in charge of the party.

"As if we couldn't be trusted to run down to Folkestone and back on our own!" he growled.

"Anybody would think we were convicts, and needed warders!" said Baggy Trimble.

Wingate of the Sixth, who, with Gwynne and Loder, formed the trinity of prefects, came striding towards the group of juniors.

"Ready, you kids?" he inquired.

There was a general nodding of heads.

Wingate took stock of the party.

"I can see that there are five fellows who have no right to be here," he said. "Strictly speaking, they ought not to be allowed to come. But as they have all contributed to Bunter's paper at some time or another I won't interfere."

At this Skinner & Co. grinned delightedly. Billy Bunter was not grinning. There was a thoughtful frown on his face as the party moved off.

Bunter knew that the outing could not be really enjoyable with three prefects present.

Billy's idea of a good time differed materially from the prefects' ideas.

The seniors would want to spend the time in exploring Folkestone and the surrounding district. They would tramp and tramp until the juniors were footsore and dog-tired. And there would be very few intervals for refreshment.

Bunter's idea, on the other hand, was to spend the best part of the day in a restaurant. And his sub-editors were heartily in favour.

There was a sum of ten pounds to be spent on enjoyment. The money had come from the funds of "Billy Bunter's Weekly," which funds were kept by Mr. Quelch in his safe, and distributed by him from time to time, at his discretion.

The railway fares would make rather a hole in the exchequer, but there would still be a goodly sum left—enough, at any rate, to pay for a really first-class feed for ten fellows. But the prefects would not allow the money to be expended solely on food, if they could help it.

As the party tramped to the railway-station Billy Bunter formed a desperate scheme. In a nutshell it was this. The three prefects must be got rid of.

Having given the matter careful thought, Billy Bunter explained to the rest of the juniors, in a series of whispers, what he proposed to do.

Wingate was the first victim of Bunter's strategy.

It was necessary to change at Courtfield Junction, and whilst the party waited to catch their connection a voice suddenly hailed Wingate from the opposite platform.

"Hallo, Wingate, old man!"

Wingate glanced across to the platform opposite, but there were so many people there that he could not be certain who had hailed him. Little did he dream that Billy Bunter was indulging in ventriloquism.

The voice again called.

"Dashed if I can make out who's calling me!" muttered the captain of Greyfriars. "I'd better cross over the footbridge and see."

He did so, and by the time he reached the opposite platform the Folkestone train came in.

Gwynne and Loder shouted to Wingate to hurry back, but the captain of Greyfriars had got hopelessly mixed up in the press of people, and he was unable to get back to his right platform in time. Result—the Folkestone train proceeded without him. And there was not another for over two hours.

Billy Bunter chuckled softly to himself.

"That's one of them out of the way!" he muttered. "I'll fix Gwynne next!"

As the train steamed into the next station there was a sudden commotion in the carriage in which the excursionists were seated.

Billy Bunter, who had been sitting with his elbows on his knees, suddenly pitched forward, and rolled on to the floor of the compartment. He moaned feebly, and then lay still.

"What the thump—!" began Gwynne, in astonishment.

"He's fainted," said Skinner. "It's the heat I expect."

The good-natured Gwynne was genuinely alarmed.

"I'll nip into the refreshment buffet and

get some water," he said. "That'll bring him round."

But the water was never brought, for the simple reason that before Gwynne could convey it to the train the latter had moved on. And Gwynne shared the fate of Wingate.

"The silly duffer!" growled Loder, referring to Gwynne. "He might have known there wouldn't be time to fetch water. And now he's left behind. Try and bring Bunter round, some of you! Don't sit there looking as scared as rabbits!"

The task of bringing Billy Bunter round occupied about ten minutes.

The fat junior revived very gradually, playing his part to perfection.

"I'm better now," he muttered, at length. "I've had a jolly queer turn, though!"

Loder was now the only prefect left in charge of the party. And he was soon disposed of.

At the next big station a ticket-inspector put in an appearance.

"Tickets, please!" he snapped.

Everybody in the carriage produced a return ticket to Folkestone, except Loder.

The Sixth-Former went through his pockets, but, to his dismay, he could not find his ticket. Had he but known it that ticket was reposing in the pocket of Harold Skinner, who sat next to him.

The ticket-inspector was an officious person. He would accept no excuse, no explanation. He suspected Loder of travelling with intent to defraud.

"Out you get!" he snapped, half-dragging the incensed prefect on to the platform. "I'll telephone to Friardale, and find out if you really did take a ticket there. If you did, all well and good. If not—"

"I did, hang you!" snarled Loder. "If you detain me I shan't get another train to Folkestone for a couple of hours!"

The inspector was adamant. And the train moved on—without Loder.

Having effectually disposed of the three prefects, Billy Bunter and his delighted followers gave themselves over to a day of complete enjoyment, after their own hearts.

"Wingate and the others may follow on by a later train," said Bunter, "but they'll never find us in Folkestone. It's not a village."

Bunter's surmise proved correct.

Wingate and Gwynne came on to Folkestone at the first opportunity. And Loder, having satisfied the ticket-inspector that he had taken out a ticket at Friardale, also took the next train to Folkestone.

But the prefects could not find the juniors, who were making merry at a quiet restaurant off the beaten track.

Even when walking on the sea-front, enjoying the sea breeze and sunshine, they did not meet with George Wingate & Co., and it was not until the evening that the searchers, and those for whom they searched, were united. They met on the railway-station, and proceeded on the homeward journey together.

It had been an irritating day for the prefects. But for Billy Bunter & Co. it had been truly a perfect day. And, fortunately for Billy Bunter, not one of the prefects suspected that he had been the victim of a trick.



MR. MANDERS suffers from indigestion. Manders is painfully thin, and nothing he eats seems to give him any nourishment. He lives chiefly on dry toast and water.

Now, if there is one thing that Manders can't stand at any price it is a boiled suet-pudding. To mention a boiled pudding to Manders is like flourishing a red rag in front of a bull.

Manders is a dog in the manger. Not liking boiled puddings himself, he doesn't like anyone else to like them. The other day, when Tubby Muffin consumed five portions of jam roly-poly, Manders said it was revolting.

"Your bestial exhibition, Muffin," he said, "fills me with horror and loathing! I cannot understand this craze for boiled puddings which seems to have spread through the school. Boiled puddings are indigestible, and have an injurious effect upon the health!"

"If boiled puddings were abolished, sir," said Tubby, "I should get awfully thin!"

Manders smiled a wintry smile.

"It would do you no harm to diminish your weight by a few stone, Muffin!" he said. "I intend to speak to the headmaster on this subject of boiled puddings."

Manders carried out his threat. He bearded Dr. Chisholm in his den, and started on a fierce tirade against boiled puddings.

"I suggest that suet-puddings should be excluded from the menu in future, sir," he said. "They are doing a lot of harm."

"In what way, Manders?"

"They make the boys heavy and listless. Whenever there has been boiled pudding for dinner, you will find a lot of small boys going to sleep during afternoon lessons. Boiled puddings cause lassitude and lethargy!"

"I have never heard that view advanced by the medical profession," said the Head.

"Nevertheless, it is the correct view. Abolish boiled puddings, and you will find that the boys will become better and brighter and happier."

"I will give your suggestion a week's trial, Manders," said the Head.

"Thank you, sir!"

Next day, when Rookwood assembled for dinner, there was much speculation as to what the pudding would be.

"Hope it's suet-pudding and syrup," said Tubby Muffin. "I like anything that's sticky."

"Boiled apple-pudding would be jolly nice!" said Jimmy Silver, smacking his lips.

"Or fig-pudding," said Lovell.

The first course happened to be an unpalatable one. It consisted of cold ham.

Nobody grumbled, however. Everybody confidently anticipated that there would be boiled pudding to follow.

Judge of the surprise and disgust amongst the juniors when the serving-maids came on the scene with stewed prunes.

The prunes were dry and shrivelled. They were not even relieved by a layer of custard.

"What's all this?" growled Teddy Grace. "The cook must be off her rocker to serve up this beastly stuff!"

"If there's anything I hate," said Mornington, "it's stewed prunes! We'll go an' interview cook after dinner, an' ask her what she means by it!"

The seniors didn't seem to mind the prunes. They ate them, anyway. But the

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majority of the juniors left them severely alone.

After dinner a deputation of fellows marched off to the school kitchen.

"Cook," said Jimmy Silver, "consider yourself in disgrace! Why didn't you make boiled puddings to-day?"

"Which I've 'ad orders from the 'Ead, Master Silver, that there are to be no more boiled puddings for a week!" was the reply.

"My hat!"

The faces of the juniors fell.

"No boiled puddings for a week!" groaned Tubby Muffin. "How are we going to live? Boiled puddings are the staff of life!"

"Orders is orders, Master Muffin," said the cook, "an' I've got to carry them out!"

"Can you make some boiled puddings on the Q.T., and let us 'smuggle 'em into our studies?" asked Tubby.

"Certainly not, Master Muffin! Which I shouldn't dream of such a thing!"

The deputation departed in great distress.

During the next few days there were loud lamentations among the junior section of Rookwood.

A variety of "sweets" were served in Hall, but never a boiled pudding.

Blanc-mange, jelly, peaches, and apricots were served on different days. All very well in their way, as Jimmy Silver remarked, but not a bit substantial. How could a fellow be expected to get through the afternoon on a preserved peach?

The seniors didn't seem to mind the change. It was fashionable for people in high places to sneer at boiled puddings. Prefects considered it infra dig. to sample the delights of a "spotted dog" or a jam roly-poly, but they had no objection to eating jelly with a fork in the absurd conventional manner.

For six days Rookwood was puddingless.

On the seventh day it would again have been puddingless, but for an ingenious ruse on the part of Tubby Muffin.

Tubby was strolling in the quad after breakfast when the Head bore down upon him.

"Muffin," he said, "pray be good enough to take this note to the cook!"

"With pleasure, sir!"

Tubby rolled away, and when he was out of sight of the Head he glanced at the slip of paper in his hand.

The message was as follows:

"Please continue to make no boiled puddings."

Tubby gave a soft chuckle.

"We'll soon alter the sense of this!" he chortled. "Where's my ink-eraser?"

He fumbled in his pocket, found the eraser, and, resting the sheet of paper against the wall, skilfully rubbed out the word "no."

The Head's words were very close together, and the erasure of such a small word did not leave much of a gap.

The message now read:

"Please continue to make boiled puddings."

As a result of Tubby Muffin's ruse, boiled apple-puddings appeared on the dinner-tables.

The seniors looked mildly astonished. The juniors almost crooned with delight.

Mr. Manders looked as if he were on the verge of an apoplectic fit. He promptly sent for the Head.

"Your orders have been set at defiance, sir!" he said, when Dr. Chisholm came in. "You expressly instructed the cook that no boiled puddings were to be made for a week. The week has not yet expired, yet, behold! apple-puddings—indigestible, heavy, unsavoury apple-puddings!"

The Head frowned.

"Only this morning I sent a note to the cook, requesting her to continue to make no boiled puddings," he said. "She has either disregarded my instructions or misread them. I will speak to her. I—"

The Head paused.

A loud murmur arose from the tables at which the juniors were seated—a murmur which swelled rapidly into a roar:

"We want boiled puddings!"

"We want them back for good!"

The Head did not become angry. The flicker of a smile hovered about his lips.

"There seems to be a persistent demand for boiled puddings," he said. "What are your wishes in regard to this matter, Bulkeley?"

The captain of Rookwood rose in his place.

"Speaking on behalf of the seniors, sir, I think we can dispense with boiled puddings," he said.

"We can't!" came in a roar from the back of the hall.

"Silence!" snapped Mr. Manders. "Silence, you young gluttons!"

"I think the fairest way to settle this matter," said the Head, "will be to put it to the vote."

Mr. Manders protested, but the Head insisted.

Ballot-papers were served out, and those in favour of a return to boiled puddings were asked to write the word "Yes" on their papers. The others were requested to write "No."

Tubby Muffin promptly printed "YES" in huge capital letters on his slip of paper, and crowds of juniors followed suit.

The juniors and fags voted solidly for boiled puddings, but there was a deal of opposition in the higher Forms.

"This is as exciting as a giddy election!" said Jimmy Silver. "I'm all of a flutter!"

The Head collected all the papers, and there was a hush in Hall as he reckoned up the votes.

The task occupied some moments. Then the Head announced the result.

"There are twenty-one neutral votes," he said. "Evidently these voters are indifferent as to whether boiled puddings come back or not. There are one hundred and forty-two votes against a return to boiled puddings, and there are one hundred and forty-four votes in favour."

"Hurrah!"

Tubby Muffin leapt to his feet and danced a sort of jig. His eyes were sparkling with delight.

"Loud cheers!" he exclaimed joyfully. "Boiled puddings are coming back!"

And they did!

THE END.

A MYSTERY CLEARED UP!

(Continued from page 12.)

Dr. Holmes walked alone next to the hearse. There followed him Mr. Raitton and Mr. Ratcliff side by side; and even the New House tyrant looked as though his spirits were weighed down. Two by two the rest of the masters lined up behind them.

Redfern and Lawrence had first place in the files of the school. Kerr and Figgins came next; behind them the rest of the Fourth. Then Tom Merry and Monty Lowther led the Shell. Kildare, captain of St. Jim's, and Monteith, head prefect of the New House, walked in the front of the Sixth. Farther back the fags, with downcast eyes, some of them not quite dry, for Owen had been popular among the small fry, followed. Taggles and a few more of the school's domestic staff brought up the rear.

No one was surprised that the boy's mother should not be there. But Dr. Holmes had wondered that no word had come from her. He feared that she must have broken down completely under the accumulated weight of her troubles.

Overhead white clouds moved fast across a blue sky before a wind from the west. Sunshine flooded the land. In the solemn hush the singing of birds close at hand, the cawing of the rooks from some field not far away, came to the ears of the mourners.

Slowly the procession moved down Rylcombe Lane. There were fellows in it who felt no grief, to whom this was only a nuisance; but they were few. None but a very hard heart could fail to be touched, and even the hearts of some of the black sheep were not so hard as all that came to.

Redfern's chin was up, but Lawrence's was down on his breast, and he could not see for tears.

The way seemed endless. But at last Rylcombe church was reached, and, to the strains of the "Dead March" in "Saul," the coffin was carried reverently in, and behind it the mourners filed to their places, and the first part of the service began.

Lawrence never could remember afterwards how he got to the graveside; but he will never forget standing there, looking down at the coffin with its brass plate and the wreaths upon it, and hearing the clergyman's voice in the solemn words of the service for the burial of the dead, though they came to him only in fragments.

"But a short time to live, and is full of misery." Owen's time had been short enough, but it had not been full of misery, anyway. He had been a happy fellow, on the whole, getting the best out of his life. "In the midst of life we are in death." No, not Owen, thought Lawrence; he had not got anywhere near the midst of life; it was cruel that he should have been taken so early! "Our dear brother here departed"—those were the words that brought the floods to Lawrence's eyes, for, indeed, Leslie Owen had been like a brother to him. To Redfern also; but Dick was dry-eyed, and held his head up still, though his face was drawn and older-looking.

Of all the crowd that hemmed the grave round, not one noticed that a telegraph-messenger had entered the churchyard. The boy waited, looking puzzled and worried. He must have learned at the post-office the news that he

carried. A few people from the village gathered round him, and there was a buzz of low-voiced talk. The news contained in that wire was so sensational that the postmaster, bound to secrecy though he was by the official regulations, had not been able to keep silent.

The mourners were leaving the grave now. P.-c. Crump had turned to the little group of talkers near the gate, a scandalised expression on his face. Then someone spoke to the constable, explaining.

"Dr. Holmes! Sir! If you please, sir!" called Crump.

The Head of St. Jim's halted, and those behind him halted, too.

"Excuse me, sir! Beggin' your pardon, sir! But there's news—wonderful news! Whoever it be you've buried there, 'tain't Master Owen! Here, you Baxter boy, where's that wire of yours?"

In complete amazement the Head took the wire. Behind him a thrill passed through the ranks of those who had just come from what they had believed the last resting-place of a schoolfellow.

Could it be true? Lawrence was trembling so that he could scarcely stand, and not Lawrence alone.

The Head read the wire.



Now the files broke up. The fellows could restrain themselves no longer. The clergyman pressed through them.

"Dr. Holmes! What can this mean?" he asked.

Still the Head found it difficult to speak. At last, mastering his emotion by a big effort, he said:

"Boys, whosoever it may be that lies in that grave, it is most certainly not your schoolfellow, Leslie Owen! For I have just received a telegram from him, and he says: 'Some mistake. Certainly not me. Think I can explain partly. Mother very ill.—Leslie Owen.'"

Something like a muffled cheer rose. Someone had been drowned. They had buried someone, with all St. Jim's following, that afternoon. But it was not Owen whom they had buried. It was someone whom they did not know. Small wonder that they should start to cheer! Even the clergyman did not frown upon them.

"Look out!" cried Kerr. Redfern caught at Lawrence. But Lawrence would have fallen to the ground in a faint but for Figgins' ready arms.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. All Cleared Up!

THEY say that joy does not kill, but that sudden joy came very near to killing Edgar Lawrence.

No one had suspected before that

Lawrence was so tensely strung, so desperately fond of those two chums of his. For it would have been the same had it been Redfern. If Lawrence cared more for one of them than for the other he did not know it.

They had to carry him back to St. Jim's, and, arrived there, it was the sanny for Lawrence at once.

That was a strange return for them all.

They had gone out to move slowly behind the hearse that they believed to carry the mortal remains of a schoolmate. They returned, knowing that their schoolfellow was not dead, that they had stood round the grave of a stranger. There was a sense of relief, but there was also a sense of mystery and gravity that brooded over them long after they had trooped into the quad and gone their ways.

And before most of them had properly recovered their balance came the news that Lawrence was very ill indeed, raving in fever.

Redfern was with him. Dick Redfern dared not leave him. Lawrence called for him continually. For many hours Dick sat with his comrade's hand grasping his in the grip of delirium, sat till every sinew in his body seemed cramped and every nerve on edge. Nurse Marie said afterwards that Redfern was wonderful.

Dick Redfern did not think himself wonderful. Here was a job to do that only he could do, and quite simply, and as if it were a matter of course, he did it. Not a wink of sleep did he get that night. He had suffered as much as Lawrence from the belief that Owen was drowned; the funeral could hardly have been a smaller strain to him than to Lawrence. But he was stronger, and because of his strength his chum had a chance.

Lawrence's father and mother were sent for. They came. He did not know them. But always he knew Redfern, and called for him if he were away for even a few minutes, and always he called for Owen, too.

He grew weaker as the delirium got a greater hold upon him. The doctor looked grave, and the Head did not know what to do for the best. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence were helpless. The mother was so badly upset by the fact that her boy did not recognise her that she herself needed to be ministered to, and the father was near to breakdown.

Then, when the older heads had failed, three young brains in conjunction solved a difficult problem.

Nurse Marie and Redfern always said afterwards that it was all Kerr. But Kerr was certain that they had their part in it.

One thing is sure. It was Kerr who said:

"Wire for Owen! It's up to him."

It was asking much. Owen had reached home. His father was in prison, his mother prostrate. To return to St. Jim's in the circumstances would be a terrible ordeal for him. He was aware now that everyone there knew of his father's disgrace, and he could not know how his schoolfellows would look upon the trick he had played upon Chowle to account for his bolting.

"I think that Owen's coming might save him," said Nurse Marie gently.

"And I'll guarantee that Owen will come, unless his mother is dying," said Redfern resolutely.

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A NEW LONG COMPLETE STORY OF ST. JIM'S. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"GUSSY RUNS WILD!"

A NEW

So perhaps it was all three of them, for Marie Rivers convinced Redfern, and it is not likely that the word of anyone but Redfern could have fetched Owen back to St. Jim's just then.

They did not say anything to the Head or to Lawrence's parents. It was after lock-up, but Redfern got an exeat from Kildare, and rode down to Rylcombe, and sent the wire himself.

It was forty-eight hours since Dick Redfern had been in bed, and as the cool night air bathed his heated face he had a queer feeling as though he had been living in a world that had little to do with the old familiar world of St. Jim's, but was just getting back to the point at which the two worlds joined up. Kildare himself would gladly have gone with that message, but something had seemed to tell him that it was best Redfern should go, and he had let the Fourth Former ride off, with only a kindly pressure upon his shoulder before he mounted at the gates.

And Dick Redfern rode back with nerves braced, himself again. When he showed up by Lawrence's bedside he looked worn and haggard, but quite confident.

"Les is coming, Edgar," he said to his chum.

Then he swayed, and Kerr and Talbot lifted him on to a bed close by that of Lawrence, and took off some of his clothes, and he was left to the sleep he needed so sorely.

When he woke, nearly fifteen hours later, Owen had just entered the room.

Redfern jumped up at once. Nurse Marie sat by Lawrence, who had had some natural sleep since he had been told that Owen was coming, though between his brief intervals of sleep there had been other intervals in which he had still cried out for his chum.

Owen and Redfern reached the bed from opposite sides, and to Nurse Marie it seemed that neither even looked at the other—that the whole attention of both was given to that one of the trio who was in danger. Yet somehow she had a sense of a bond between those two as strong as

that between either and the boy who in that moment seemed everything to both. And she was right in her intuition. In this comradeship of three, none knew which of the other two was dearest to him, but both Owen and Lawrence acknowledged, without thinking about it, Redfern as one of a stronger spirit than theirs, the leader by right of that.

Lawrence looked up, to find his right hand in Redfern's, his left in Owen's. He lay there for a minute or more without speaking, and the girl who was so close to Redfern that his knee touched hers knew that the delirium had left him.

"Alive, and all well, Les?" he asked feebly at the end of the silence.

"Alive, and all well, Edgar!" replied Owen, though he almost choked as he spoke the words.

"That's good!"

Lawrence closed his eyes, and dropped straight off into a healthy sleep. Redfern's glance met Nurse Marie's. Redfern's hand touched Nurse Marie's. In that touch there was a message of thanks for all she had done for his chum. He could not speak, he could not even find words when he and Owen were in the old familiar study together.

"I came because you said it was the only chance for Edgar, Dick," said Owen shakily. "I hated coming. I've done with St. Jim's, of course. This is no place for the son of an embezzler."

"Are you sure your father's guilty, Les?" asked Redfern.

"No! Mother says he swears he's not. I haven't seen him. But there doesn't seem any doubt that he'll be found guilty. Comes to pretty much the same thing, doesn't it?"

Redfern lifted his weary eyes, weary even after that long sleep, but brave still for all their weariness.

"No!" he said. "If it were my pater I'd bank on his word. Even if he were convicted I'd still believe in him. Don't weaken, Les!"

And from the indomitable spirit of Dick Redfern his chum drew strength and consolation.

He had meant to clear out without seeing the Head. But what Redfern had said sent him to Dr. Holmes to tell the whole story.

"I think there can be but small doubt that the boy with whom you changed clothes lies in the grave we thought yours, Owen," said the Head gravely. "We shall probably never know how he came to be in the Ryll. The identification is no mystery. His face was battered out of recognition, his hair was of the same colour as yours, he wore your clothes, and in one of his pockets was an envelope addressed to you. Poor lad! I am sorry for him. As for you, I shall say little of the gross folly which led you to leave St. Jim's with a self-imposed stigma on your name. I can understand your point of view, while still holding that you were utterly wrong. What of your mother? Has she anyone with her who can take proper care of her? You say that she has broken down completely. Are you needed at home?"

"No, sir. One of my aunts is with her. Mother agreed to my coming back when we got Redfern's wire," replied Owen hoarsely. "I'm no good there, really. She said she'd rather I should stay here, if you'd let me. She has seen now that it isn't much odds what people think—what matters is whether father did it. He says he didn't, and we believe him."

"Stay, Owen, if you feel that you can," said the Head kindly. "I leave it to you. If you feel you cannot stand it longer go back home, but see me first, my boy. I do not know your father, and I do not want to buoy you up with hopes that may prove false. But somehow I believe that he will be proved innocent, and then I am sure that he and your mother and you will be glad that you came back and that you stayed."

And Owen did not go back home, With something to live down, he stayed on. He had his reward. The sneers of Racke and Crooke, and the others of their kidney were suddenly silenced one morning, when the news was in all the papers that the managing director of the company for which Owen's father had worked had confessed that it was he, and not the cashier, who had embezzled the missing cash.

Thomas Owen was discharged at once, and at once reinstated in his post.

By that time Edgar Lawrence was up and about again, feeling more than a little ashamed of himself, after a boy's fashion. But no decent fellow at St. Jim's held that he had cause for shame, any more than Owen had—not much, maybe, for Owen's little game with Chowle's Treasury notes had not been quite the thing, though plenty of excuse was found for him.

The scholarship trio had come out of their ordeal with flags flying. That was the general opinion of St. Jim's. There were other comradeships in the old school whose capacity for sticking together through thick and thin had been proven—the Terrible Three, Figgins and Co., Blake, Herries, Digby, and D'Arcy, Levi-son, Clive, and Cardew, for instance. But these were just the fellows who realised best that the three scholarship boys of the New House had shown that theirs was the kind of palship that could not be broken.

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THE END.

JIMMY SILVER FINDS HIS HANDS FULL IN LOOKING AFTER ALGY WHEN DE VERE
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ALGY'S PRECIOUS PAL!

A Grand Long Complete Tale
of Jimmy Silver & Co., The
Chums of Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the Famous Rookwood Yarns appearing in The "Boys' Friend.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Jimmy Silver Takes a Hand.
ALGY!

"Can't stop!"
"I want to speak to you, Algy!"
"Oh, it will keep! Can't stop now!"
Algy Silver of the Third Form at Rookwood walked on towards the gates, leaving his cousin Jimmy staring after him wrathfully.

Apparently Algy was in a hurry. Jimmy Silver knitted his brows. Lovell and Raby and Newcome, who were looking on, grinned.

Jimmy Silver's efforts to keep his young cousin in hand and look after him always entertained Jimmy's chums.

The captain of the Fourth followed Algy to the gates, hurrying to overtake him.

Lovell bawled after him wrathfully:
"Look here, Jimmy, we're not going to hang about while you play the goat! Let that silly fag alone!"
Jimmy did not heed.

He overtook Algy Silver at the gateway and clapped him on the shoulder.

Algy turned his head irritably.
"Hallo, you again!" he exclaimed. "For goodness' sake, give a fellow a rest, Jimmy! Can't you keep your sermon till another time?"

"Where are you off to, Algy?"
"I'm goin' to the station."
"I'll walk with you," said Jimmy quietly.
Algy sniffed, and halted.

"I don't know that I want you," he said sulkily. "If you want to know, I'm goin' to meet De Vere, who's coming to Rookwood this afternoon. He's comin' alone, as it happens, so I specially want to meet him. I don't know how you'll get on with him."

"I thought so," said Jimmy. "Well, it's about this De Vere that I want to speak to you, Algy."

"Well, don't!"
"Are you coming on the river, Jimmy Silver?" bawled Lovell.

"No, I'm going along with Algy."
"Then you can go and eat coke!" grunted Lovell. "Come on, you chaps, and let Jimmy get on with his dry-nursin'. I'm fed up!"

Arthur Edward Lovell tramped away wrathfully.

Raby and Newcome hesitated a moment or two, looking at him and at Jimmy.

Then they followed him.
They were as "fed up" with Jimmy's cousin as Lovell himself was.

Algy grinned at his cousin.
"Well, why don't you go with your pals?" he asked.

"Never mind that. About this new kid, Algy—"

"I'm goin' to meet him now, and I've got to be in time for the train. Go on the river, old scout. Ta-ta!"

Algy started down the lane.
The fag was dressed with unusual care that afternoon.

He was in his best Etons, his collar was spotless, his tie neatly tied, and his boots shining.

Evidently Algy wanted to make a good impression upon De Vere, his old friend at his former school.

Jimmy Silver walked down the lane with him.

Algy's eagerness to greet his old pal, and his unconcealed delight that De Vere was coming to Rookwood, worried Jimmy.

He got no thanks—rather the reverse—for playing "Uncle James" to the wilful fag of the Third.

But, easy-going fellow as Jimmy was, he had a strong sense of duty.

Algy Silver had shown many signs lately of becoming a less reckless young rascal than he had once been.

And Jimmy was apprehensive of the effect his "old pal" would have upon him.

Jimmy was well aware that Algy had been taken away from High Coombe School, chiefly to get him out of the society of De Vere and his other friends there.

It was sheer bad luck, from Jimmy's point of view, that De Vere should be coming to Rookwood this term.

But Algy was delighted at the prospect.
Algy sniffed angrily as he found the Fourth-Former walking at his side.

He could not shake Jimmy off.

"Look here, Algy," said Jimmy, after a long silence. "I wish you wouldn't be thick with young De Vere while he's here."

"You can wish!" answered Algy.
"You know very well that your father wouldn't like you to know him."

"Rats!"

"Why is the fellow leaving his own school in the middle of the term?" demanded Jimmy.
"There's something fishy about it."

Algy laughed.

"I fancy he's made High Coombe too hot to hold him," he remarked, with some complacency. "Old De Vere is a goey chap. The Head had him up on the carpet last time—me, too. He jawed us both—but especially De Vere. Threatened not to let him come back at all, you know. All because of a few smokes and a pink paper!"

"Rats! I fancy De Vere has been kickin' over the traces again, and his people have been asked to take him away."

"And now he's coming to Rookwood!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Is our school a refuge for young blackguards kicked out of other schools?"

"He hasn't been kicked out, you ass! His people are tremendous great guns! The Head wouldn't have dared to expel him. But I think he's been pilin' it on too thick, and he's been taken away quietly."

Jimmy walked on in silence, his brows knitted.

They came in sight of the village, and then Algy paused.

"Look here, Jimmy," he said. "I don't want you scowlin' at my old pal on his first-day here. You cut!"

"I'll meet your friend with you," said Jimmy curtly.

"I don't want you!"

"Better make the best of it, then," said Jimmy. "I'm going to see this specimen, and see what he's like. If he's at all decent, you needn't be afraid of me."

Algy breathed hard through his nose.

"Look here, as a matter of fact, we're not goin' straight to Rookwood!" he said savagely. "De Vere's arranged specially to drop his escort at Latcham, an' come on here alone, an' we're goin' to make somethin' of the half-holiday. See? An old sober-sides like you will be in the way."

"I guessed as much," replied Jimmy grimly, "and I'm going to see that you go straight to Rookwood, both of you!"

"You sha'n't!" roared Algy furiously.

Jimmy did not answer that.

Algy's father, Commander Silver, was away at sea, and the gallant sailor was not going to receive bad news of his son at school if Jimmy could help it.

Algy stood for some minutes with a lowering brow, evidently at a loss.

Jimmy waited for him to move.

"Look here, will you get off?" demanded Algy at last.

"No."

The fag clenched his hands.

"By gad, if I were big enough I'd mop up the road with you, you snakin' meddler!" he shouted.

"You're not quite big enough, Algy. But you may as well bear in mind that I'm big enough to give you a good hiding if you don't use better language."

Algy snorted, and stamped into the station. Jimmy Silver followed him in.

THE POPULAR.—No. 170.

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.
By OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"HIS FALSE FRIEND!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Algy's Old Pal.

APASTY face looked out of a first-class carriage window as the local train from Latham stopped at Coombe.

Jimmy Silver and his cousin were standing on the platform.

At the sight of the pasty face Algy rushed across to the train and dragged the door open.

"Hallo, old scout!" he exclaimed.

The pasty face looked down at him.

"Oh gad, it's you, Algy!" drawled a voice that sounded as pasty as the face looked.

"You bet!"

Bertie de Vere stepped from the carriage.

He tossed his rug to Algy, who received it as if it were an honour to carry a rug for the noble Bertie.

De Vere was a smaller fellow than Algy, but he looked older.

His face was not healthy, and his eyes were dull, and there was a peculiar bored, tired expression about him that was amazing in a lad so exceedingly youthful.

"This Coombe?" he asked languidly.

"Yes, Bertie."

"Dreary hole!"

"Yes, isn't it?" said Algy, whose policy was evidently to agree with every sentiment uttered by this model youth.

"There's a trunk somewhere," said De Vere. "I suppose they'll have sense enough to pitch it out an' send it on. I'm not going to bother about it."

"I'll speak to the porter."

"Oh, do!"

The new fag stood looking about him, without betraying the slightest interest in his surroundings, however, while Algy was looking after his box.

Jimmy Silver came across the platform, and De Vere's glance turned lazily on him.

"My cousin Jimmy, De Vere," said Algy reluctantly.

De Vere nodded carelessly to Jimmy.

He did not offer to shake hands, for which Jimmy was glad.

He did not want to shake hands with the new fag.

"How d'ye do?", drawled the new fag, "Let's get out of this, Algy. You can leave that rug with the porter. You don't want to carry it round all the afternoon. We're goin' somewhere, I understand?"

"Ye-es," hesitated Algy, with a dubious look at his cousin.

"Oh, yes. You're going to Rookwood," remarked Jimmy.

De Vere stared at him.

The fags walked out of the station, Jimmy Silver keeping them company.

Jimmy was grimly determined that Algy, at least, should go straight back to Rookwood.

Algy was quite aware of his determination, and he was puzzled and dismayed.

They walked down the village street together, De Vere's pasty face growing more sullen in expression.

He saw no signs, so far, of the exhilarating time Algy had promised him on his arrival.

De Vere turned his back on Jimmy.

"Where's the place you mentioned in your letter, Algy—the Bird-in-Hand?" he asked.

Algy flushed a little.

"Just down the road," he muttered.

"Some of your friends are goin' to be there this afternoon, you said."

"Ye-es."

"Those fellows, Tracy and Gower, that you've told me about?"

"Ye-es," muttered Algy.

"What are you mutterin' about? Why can't you speak out?" exclaimed the other.

"The—the fact is—"

"Well?" snapped the fag from High Coombe.

"I—I— Jimmy, you cad," exclaimed Algy savagely, "clear off, and leave us alone!"

"To go to the Bird-in-Hand?" asked Jimmy contemptuously.

"What bizney is it of yours, confound you?"

"Lots."

"Will you clear off?"

"No."

De Vere looked from one to the other. He began to understand.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "That's how the merry wind blows, is it? You've brought your father-confessor along with you, my buck?"

"I didn't want to!" said Algy, almost crying with rage. "The cad's my cousin, but I don't want him! He's fastened on to me. I want to get rid of him!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 170.

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"HIS FALSE FRIEND!"

"Get rid of him, then!"

"How are you going to do that, my cheerful young friend?" asked Jimmy Silver.

De Vere looked at him.

"You won't interfere with me!" he said.

"Come on, Algy!"

They walked on till they came abreast of the Bird-in-Hand.

The inn, among its gardens, lay well back from the road.

"That's the place, Algy?"

"Yes."

"Well, come along!"

De Vere started for the building, and Algy, hesitating a moment or two, followed him.

Jimmy Silver's grasp closed on his collar, and he was swung back.

"Let go!" shrieked Algy.

"Come along!" answered Jimmy.

And, with a grip of iron on Algy's collar, the captain of the Fourth marched him, kicking and struggling, up the lane.

The time had come for drastic measures, and Jimmy Silver was not standing upon ceremony.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

On the Razzle.

HALLO! What's the game, Silver?"

Jimmy Silver started.

He was so occupied with Algy, who was strenuously resisting, that he had not observed anyone approaching.

Bulkeley and Neville of the Sixth Form at Rookwood were coming down the lane together, and the two seniors stopped at the sight of the fag struggling in Jimmy's grasp.

Jimmy released Algy at once, colouring crimson.

The fag jumped away from him, and stood panting.

Bulkeley looked at the two rather sternly. It looked, at first glance, like a case of bullying, and Jimmy's evident confusion added to that impression.

Jimmy stood dumb and confused.

"Well," said Bulkeley severely, "what are you up to, Silver? Do you usually drag your young cousin along by the neck?"

"Nunno!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

Algy, panting, his fists clenched, looked at Jimmy with gleaming eyes.

He was very well aware that Jimmy would not tell Bulkeley the cause of the dispute. "Sneaking" was not in Jimmy's line.

"I shouldn't have thought this of you, Silver!" said Neville. "I've never seen you bullying a fag before."

"I wasn't bullying him!" exclaimed Jimmy hotly.

"What do you call it, then?" demanded Bulkeley sharply.

Jimmy was silent.

"He won't let me alone!" piped Algy. "He wants to make me go back to Rookwood! Can't I stay out of gates on a half-holiday if I like, Bulkeley?"

"Certainly you can!" said the Rookwood captain. "I'm surprised at this, Silver! Let the kid alone! And you can get back to Rookwood yourself, Jimmy Silver, and I'll see you start! Cut!"

"I—I—"

"Cut!" said Bulkeley tersely.

Jimmy Silver, with a crimson face, moved off down the lane.

There was no help for it.

He could not explain to Bulkeley.

The consequences to Algy would have been too serious if Bulkeley had known that the young rascal was being prevented from entering one of the shadiest resorts in the vicinity.

The two big seniors walked on, leaving Algy grinning in the lane.

The fag followed them slowly, and by the time he got back to the Bird-in-Hand they had disappeared into the village.

Algy looked round for De Vere.

He emerged from behind a fence as Algy looked round for him.

"Hallo! You've got away from your precious cousin!" he exclaimed.

"Bulkeley made him let me go!" grinned Algy.

"Who's Bulkeley?"

"Our captain," answered Algy. "He must have passed you, with Neville—"

"Those two fellows?" yawned De Vere.

"Two spooney-looking merchants!"

"Old Bulkeley isn't a spooney!" exclaimed Algy rather warmly.

Even Algy was numbered among the admirers of the most popular senior at Rookwood.

De Vere shrugged his narrow shoulders.

"Let him drop, for goodness' sake! Are you goin' in here?"

"Yes."

Algy, like Moses of old, looked this way and that way before he ventured into the inn-garden.

The lane was deserted. Bulkeley and Neville had disappeared in one direction, Jimmy Silver in the other.

"Come on!" said Algy briskly.

He led the way into a path near the inn, from which they entered the garden at the back by a side gate.

There they were quite safe from observation.

At the back of the house an open French window looked on the garden, and from it came the sound of the clicking of billiard-balls.

Algy looked in rather cautiously, and then signed to his friend to follow him in.

"Only Tracy there, with old Hook," he whispered, "and Gower."

The fags entered.

Allen Tracy of the Classical Shell at Rookwood was playing billiards with Joey Hook, the sharper.

Gower was looking on, smoking a cigarette. Mr. Hook gave Algy a very affable grin.

Mr. Hook knew what had become of a good deal of the fag's too liberal allowance of pocket-money.

Tracy and Gower greeted Algy in a very friendly way.

The Shell fellow and the Fourth-Former, as a rule, looked down with a lofty eye on fags; but they made an exception in favour of the enterprising Algy.

Algy Silver presented his friend, with some pride.

Tracy and Gower had heard of De Vere, and they had heard that he was wealthy, so they were prepared to be civil.

The new fag, however, seemed perfectly unconscious of the honour he received in being taken notice of by the Fourth and the Shell.

Tracy very amicably started a game with him, with two sovereigns on fifty up.

And when the new fag ran out thirty ahead, and pocketed his two sovereigns with a careless hand, Tracy felt very much inclined to give him, in addition, a jolly good thrashing!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Backing-up Jimmy.

WHAT'S the merry trouble?"

"Anything wrong, Jimmy?"

Jimmy was tramping on to Rookwood, his hands driven deep into his pockets, and a wrinkle in his brow, when he met Mornington and Erroll of the Fourth.

He paused, colouring a little.

"All the troubles in the world suddenly dropped on your shoulders?" grinned Mornington.

"Not quite," said Jimmy Silver, smiling. "Have you seen my pals?"

"They're going down the river, Jimmy," said Erroll. "Cut across to the towing-path, and you'll see them."

"Right!"

Erroll and Mornington went on, and Jimmy Silver, leaving the lane, cut across the fields to the towing-path, without going on to the boathouse.

He ran out on the path, and sighted a boat on the river, with six fellows in it.

They were Lovell & Co. and the three Colonials, Conroy and Van Ryn and Pons.

The six seemed to be in great spirits.

"Hallo!" shouted Jimmy from the bank.

"Hallo, there's Jimmy!"

"Pull in," said Lovell.

The boat pulled to the bank, and bumped in the rushes.

"Changed your mind, Jimmy?" grinned Arthur Edward. "All serene! Jump in!"

"What on earth have you been doing to your nose?" demanded the captain of the Fourth.

Lovell rubbed his nose, while his companions chuckled.

"This is a Modern boat," explained Raby. "Tommy Dodd was just running it out. We mopped them up, and collared the boat."

"We left 'em yelling on the raft," grinned Newcome. "You should have heard 'em yell!"

Jimmy laughed.

"Jump in, Jimmy," said Lovell.

But Jimmy did not jump in.

"The fact is——" he said.

"Get in!"

"Look here, you fellows, I want you to back me up this afternoon," said Jimmy

Silver, with a worried look. "Do come along!"

"Oh, we'll come!" said Raby at once. "You chaps don't mind if we clear?" he added to Conroy & Co.

"Not at all," said the Australian junior politely; and Van Ryn and Pons nodded. "Any old thing!" grunted Newcome.

Lovell snorted. Arthur Edward Lovell had a most expressive snort, and now he snorted fortissimo, a great deal like an angry war-horse.

But he stepped out of the boat. He was not proof against the demands of friendship.

Conroy & Co., rather puzzled, pulled out into the river again, leaving the Fistical Four together on the bank.

"Well?" grunted Lovell, while Raby and Newcome eyed Jimmy inquiringly.

"I'm sorry to interrupt your row—"

"Oh, bother your sorrow!" said Lovell. "What the dickens does that matter? If you want us, here we are. What's the rumpus?"

"It's young Algy—"

"I thought so."

"If you don't want to help me, Lovell—"

"Don't be an ass!" was Lovell's gruff reply, apparently implying that he did want to help.

"You know Algy met that young cad, De Vere, at the station?"

"Well?"

"He was taking him to the Bird-in-Hand."

"Ye gods!"

"You ought to have stopped them!" growled Lovell.

Jimmy explained how old Bulkeley had unfortunately come upon the scene at the wrong moment.

"Just like you, Jimmy!" remarked Lovell. "Always putting your silly foot in it! You've made old Bulkeley think you a bully now. Pity you didn't tell him the facts."

"Well, I couldn't, could I?"

"No, I suppose you couldn't; but it's a pity, all the same. But what the thump do you want us to do? You can give Algy a hiding without our assistance."

"That young cad is leading Algy into a rotten game already."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "It looks to me as if dear Algy's doing the leading!"

"Well, I know it looks bad, but I'm convinced that De Vere is really the party to blame," said Jimmy. "But whether that's so or no, I can't leave Algy in a low pub with that young scoundrel. I promised his father to stand by him, and look after him all I could. I've got to interfere."

"But you can't," said Raby. "You're not proposing to raid the pub, and yank him away by the ears, I suppose?"

"Yes, I am."

"Oh crumbs!"

"You want us to go into the Bird-in-Hand, looking for him!" exclaimed Lovell incredulously. "Suppose we're caught there? It's a flogging."

"It might be worse than that for Algy."

"You want us to risk getting a bad name and a thumping licking for the sake of that little rotter?"

"He's not a rotter. He's under the influence—"

"Oh, rats!"

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Rats!" roared Lovell. "RATS!"

"Oh, all right!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver gruffly. "I'll go alone. You can go and eat coke, and be blown to you!"

Jimmy, with a very grim face, tramped away. But his affectionate chums tramped after him.

"Don't be an ass!" growled Lovell. "Or if you can't help being an ass, don't be a silly ass! You're not going into that den alone!"

"Well, come on, and don't jaw so much!" said Jimmy.

"Of all the silly chumps—"

"Br-r-r-r! We can get into the garden from the towing-path, and there's no need for us to be seen."

Lovell & Co. exchanged a series of hopeless glances, but they made no further demur.

Jimmy Silver generally had his own way in the long run, and his loyal chums were quite ready to back him up, though their opinion was that he was a howling ass for his trouble.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Going It!

"ROTTER little cad!"

"Regular billiard-sharper!"

Tracy of the Shell, and Gower of the Fourth, exchanged those complimentary opinions of Algy's pal, as they walked away from the Bird-in-Hand in far from amiable tempers.

Bertie de Vere had given both of them fifty up.

Naturally, they had expected to walk over the new fag at the game of billiards. They had had considerable practice.

To their surprise and mortification, the new fag had walked over them.

Master de Vere's skill in the game was a remarkable evidence of a misspent youth. Even Joey Hook had opened his eyes, and had declined to play Master de Vere himself with money on the game.

Tracy and Gower could hardly conceal their irritation as they left.

Tracy had left three, and Gower two, quids with the enterprising youth from High Coombe.

They could ill-afford to lose such sums, but they had noticed that De Vere had a wad of currency notes in his pocket-book.

They walked home to Rookwood in bad tempers, leaving Algy and his pal to their own devices.

De Vere threw down his cue, and yawned. Partly from affection, and partly because he sought pleasures only suitable for a much older fellow, the fag seemed in a perpetual state of boredom.

"Pretty slow, this!" he remarked to Algy.

Algy looked at him rather reproachfully. "You've done pretty well, Bertie," he remarked.

"Oh, those fellows can't play!" said De Vere contemptuously. "They handle a cue as if it was a rake!"

"Tracy rather prides himself on his game."

"Tracy's an ass!"

"H'm!"

Mr. Hook peered out of the door leading into the passage.

"There's some gents comin' in, I think," he remarked.

"Better clear, Bertie," said Algy. "We don't want to be seen here."

De Vere shrugged his shoulders. He looked curiously old when he did that, and Mr. Hook glanced at him very oddly.

Mr. Hook's opinion—which he kept to himself—was that he had never seen such a vicious young reprobate as Master Bertie de Vere.

"Pr'aps you gents will step into the next room," suggested Mr. Hook. "That's my sitting-room, and if you'd care for a game—"

"Just the thing!" said Algy at once.

"Oh, any old thing!" yawned De Vere.

Mr. Hook opened a door, and they passed through, the sharper following them.

A few minutes later loud voices and the clicking of balls sounded from the billiard-room.

Mr. Hook's sitting-room was a pleasant apartment enough, with French windows opening on the lawn behind the house, shaded by a big elm.

It was rather stuffy from the ancient fumes of drink and tobacco, but the windows stood wide open, letting in the sunlight and fresh air from the garden and the river.

Upon a card-table near the window stood a box of cigarettes, and De Vere helped himself to one, Algy following his example.

"Well, what's the game?" asked De Vere, seating himself at the card-table and carelessly shuffling the cards.

Nap was the game, and the three soon began to play.

Mr. Hook was congratulating himself. It was somewhat beneath his dignity to be playing cards with two fags like this. Even Mr. Hook had some dignity.

But he had caught a glimpse of the contents of Bertie's pocket-book, and he fully intended to annex a considerable share of the currency notes he had seen there.

That task, which he expected to be an easy one, was a little more difficult than he anticipated, however.

Bertie had not been an ornament to the Form he belonged to at his old school, but in other respects his education was very complete.

He quite held his own in the game for quite a long time.

In fact, his currency notes did not begin



LOOKING AFTER THE FAGS! Lovell whirled De Vere out of his chair, sending the latter spinning across the room. "Kim on!" said Lovell grimly, catching him by the collar and pushing him out of the open French windows. Algy Silver was already outside, still struggling breathlessly in his cousin's grasp. (See Chapter 6.)

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to pass over to Mr. Hook until that gentleman fell back upon certain devices to assist fortune, with which even the knowing fag from High Coombe was unacquainted.

Algy Silver was soon cleared out of money; he was not nearly so well provided as his friend.

"Not leavin' off?" said De Vere, as Algy signed to him not to deal him any cards in the next round.

"Stony!" said Algy tersely.
"Oh, rot! Have some of my tin."
"Good man!"

The wealthy youth carelessly shoved half a dozen currency notes over to Algy, who resumed play with renewed zest.

The luck was quite with Mr. Joey Hook. When the dealing fell to him he had remarkably good hands, and even at other times he occasionally improved his hand with a card from his sleeve.

Certainly the sharper would have reaped a rich harvest that afternoon had there been no interruption to the "little game."

But there was.
"Nap!"

De Vere was yawning when a shadow darkened the opened French window.

"Here they are!" said a quiet voice.
Jimmy Silver rushed into the room, with his chums at his heels.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. By the Strong Hand.

THE FISTICAL Four had not found much difficulty in running down their quarry.

Jimmy Silver had glanced into the billiard-room, and seen there the marker and a couple of sporting gentlemen of Coombe—not the fellows he sought.

But he heard the voices through the open French windows of Mr. Hook's sitting-room, a little farther along.

He moved along, followed by his chums, and his eyes fell on the three at the card-table.

Jimmy's brows darkened savagely as he took in the scene.

Lovell gave a snort of disgust.
"My hat!" murmured Raby.
Newcome shrugged his shoulders.
The three chums followed Jimmy Silver into the room.

Mr. Hook rose to his feet, considerably taken aback. His golden harvest had been interrupted.

Algy started up, his face crimson.
Bertie de Vere did not move. He lay back a little in his chair, staring at the Four-Formers of Rookwood with a cool and insolent smile.

"This 'ere is a private room, young gents," said Mr. Hook, hardly knowing whether to bluster or to try civility.
"Billiard-room's the next."

"We're not looking for the billiard-room!" growled Lovell.

"I've come here for you, Algy," said Jimmy Silver quietly, and without looking at the sharper. "Come with me!"
Algy set his teeth.

"I won't!"
"You'd better, Algy!"
"I won't, I tell you!"
Jimmy compressed his lips.

He was very angry and very determined. He did not want a scene there, but Algy had to go.

He crossed over to where the fag stood by his chair, and dropped a hand on his shoulder.

"Come!" he said quietly.
"I tell you I won't!" exclaimed Algy shrilly. "Let me alone! What business is it of yours, you meddlin' cad?"

"Your father—"
"Oh, don't jaw about my father, you rotter!"

"Your father asked me to look after you, Algy," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "He took you away from your old school, chiefly to keep you away from that young scoundrel sitting there. I'm going to keep my word to him, Algy. Come away without making a fuss."

He drew Algy towards the window, but the fag clung to the table. There was a bitter sneer on De Vere's sallow face, and it goaded Algy to fury.

"I won't go!" yelled Algy. "Lend me a hand, Mr. Hook!"

Mr. Hook stood irresolute.
"He'd better," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "You interfere, Mr. Hook, and you'll find THE POPULAR.—No. 170.

your head in the coal-scuttle before you know how it got there!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome lined up between the bookmaker and Jimmy.

The fat, sharper fell back a pace.
"Look 'ere, you ain't got no right 'ere," protested Mr. Hook feebly. "What call 'ave you to come interfering with a gentleman in his own rooms—hey?"

"You can call in the police, if you like," suggested Raby.

Mr. Hook did not think of acting on Raby's suggestion.

"Help me, hang you!" yelled Algy, as he was forced, struggling and kicking, towards the French windows.

De Vere looked at him, shrugged his shoulders, and sat down again.

"You should look after your merry relations a little better, old scout!" he drawled. "I didn't come here for any fightin' with your relations, dear boy. My deal, I think, Hook."

"Oh, my eye!" murmured Joey Hook.
"Lovell!" called out Jimmy Silver.

"Adsum!" grinned Lovell.
"Pitch that young cad out, too!"

"Right-ho, my lord!"

NEXT WEEK

there will be presented

FREE

A GRAND

COLOURED

ENGINE PLATE

Subject: The Latest
Type of the South
Eastern & Chatham
Rly. Express Engine.

DON'T MISS IT!

Lovell strode to De Vere, who glared at him with eyes that glittered like a reptile's.
"Don't you dare to touch me!" muttered the fag thickly. "Don't you dare, you low hound! You lay hands on me—"

He had no time for more, for Arthur Edward Lovell's hands were already upon him.

Lovell whirled him out of his chair, sending the latter spinning across the room.
"Kim on!" said Lovell grimly.

Algy was already outside, still struggling breathlessly in his cousin's grasp.

Lovell followed with De Vere, and Raby and Newcome brought up the rear, with an eye on Mr. Hook, in case that gentleman showed a disposition to chip in.

But Joey Hook didn't.

The High Coombe fag was kicking, struggling, and scratching like a cat.

Lovell yelled as the nails scored his face.
"Out you go!" he panted.

He pitched the fag bodily out, and De Vere sprawled dazedly on the lawn.

Raby picked up two hats, and threw them out.

"There you are!" he remarked.
De Vere staggered to his feet.
His face was white with rage.

Jimmy Silver was half-leading, half-dragging Algy down the garden path.

The fag was still resisting furiously, but he had no chance.

Jimmy did not stand on ceremony with him, and the fag had to go.

De Vere stood panting, his eyes glittering at Lovell & Co.

"There's your way!" said Arthur Edward, pointing down the path.

"Do you think I'm goin' at your orders?" hissed De Vere.

"I do, my infant."

"Let me pass, you cad!"

"There's your way, I tell you. Get a move on, or I'll start on you with my boot!" exclaimed Lovell impatiently.

"No, you hound!" yelled the fag.
"Then I'll jolly soon start you."

Lovell was more than fed up.
He grasped the fag by the collar, spun him round, and applied his boot.

De Vere dodged, but Lovell's boot followed, and he fairly ran down the path at last.

Lovell after him, dribbling him, as it were, down to the gate.

Raby ran on and opened the gate on the towing-path.

Jimmy strode through with Algy.

De Vere made an attempt to double back into the garden, and Lovell swung him off his feet and pitched him out on the towing-path.

Then he slammed the gate.

In his little sitting-room in the Bird-in-Hand, Joey Hook gasped, and stared out after the Rookwood juniors.

The wind had been fairly taken out of his sails.

"By gosh!" murmured Mr. Hook. "By gosh!"

And Mr. Hook poured himself out an extra stiff helping of whisky, to soothe his fluttered nerves.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Algy Loses His Pal.

JIMMY SILVER & CO. gathered round the two breathless and dishevelled fags on the towing-path.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were grinning. But Jimmy's face was sternly set.
"Now, you're going to Rookwood, both of you," he said sternly. "Get a move on!"

"I'll do nothin' at your orders, you outsider!" said De Vere savagely. "By gad, I'll make you suffer for this!"

"I'm stickin' here," said Algy sullenly.

"Mind, I'm going to take you both to Rookwood," said Jimmy. "You can walk, or you can be dragged. That's the choice for you."

"Hang you!"
"Hallo, here's the merry Colonials!" exclaimed Raby, pointing to the river. "They'll give us a passage back."

"Good egg!"

Jimmy Silver hailed the boat.

Conroy & Co. had seen the sudden exit from the inn garden from the river, and they were watching the juniors rather curiously.

They pulled in at Jimmy's call.

"Hallo! Trouble in the family?" asked Van Ryn, with a smile.

"Will you take us along to the school boathouse?" asked Jimmy.

"Certainly! Roll in!"

"Get in, Algy."

"I won't!"

Jimmy bundled him in without ceremony.

Conroy & Co. looked rather surprised, but as they had seen the two fags yanked out of the garden gate of the Bird-in-Hand, they guessed pretty accurately how matters stood.

De Vere, after a quite ferocious look at Lovell, who was advancing upon him, stepped into the boat of his own accord.

The Fistical Four followed.

The Colonials shoved off, and pulled up the river with their passengers.

Algy sat up, gasping.
He clenched his hands hard.

"I'll make you pay for this, Jimmy, you rotter!" he muttered.
Jimmy did not heed.

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The boat glided on, and stopped at the Rookwood landing-raft.

"Get out!" said Jimmy Silver briefly. The fags got out, followed by the Fistical Four.

"Much obliged, you fellows!" said Jimmy Silver, as the Colonial Co. were shoving off again.

"Oh, don't mench!" said Conroy, with a smile.

"Happy to oblige!" said Pons. Jimmy Silver & Co. marched up to the school with the two sullen fags in their midst.

They passed in at the gates of Rookwood.

"Now will you let us alone?" muttered Algy, his voice trembling with passion.

"You can cut now," said Jimmy. "I'm going to take De Vere in to report himself to his Form-master."

Algy changed colour. "You're not going to tell—" he stammered.

Jimmy cut him short contemptuously. "You know I'm not. Clear off!"

"I'll report myself when I choose!" said the new fag, between his teeth.

"You'll report yourself now?" answered Jimmy Silver. And he took De Vere by the collar, and led him on towards Mr. Bohun's study.

Algy gave his friend a last look, receiving a steely glare in response.

De Vere did not resist. Jimmy still had a hand on his shoulder when, with the other hand, he tapped at the Third Form master's door.

"Come in!"

Jimmy Silver opened the door, and Mr. Bohun looked up.

"De Vere, the new fellow, sir!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, come in, De Vere!"

The fag entered the study, and Jimmy Silver withdrew, closing the door after him.

He went slowly up the staircase and to the end study in the Fourth Form passage, where he found his chums.

Lovell & Co. were getting tea, and they turned grinning looks upon Jimmy's sombre face.

"Well?" said Jimmy Silver gruffly.

"Ready for tea?" smiled Lovell.

"Hang tea!"

Jimmy Silver threw himself into a chair, his usually sunny face still glum.

"You haven't thanked us yet for backin' you up and fetchin' Algy out of the lions' den, like a brand from the burning," smiled Lovell.

"Thank you!" said Jimmy.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" exclaimed Lovell. "Don't look like a sudden attack of thunder, Jimmy! Algy isn't the only pebble on the beach; and I fancy, too, that there will be a rift in his cheery friendship with the sporty De Vere after this. That goey young sportsman won't want to chum with a fellow who's got a cousin with such a terrific sense of duty, I opine."

"Not likely!" grinned Raby.

Jimmy nodded thoughtfully, and his expression brightened a little.

"Well, there's something in that," he assented. "They may break off for good over this. That's so much to the good!"

"Here's your Yarmouth warrior, old man! Tuck in!"

The Fistical Four sat down to tea. The meal was not finished when the door was flung violently open, and Algy of the Third glared into the study.

The Fourth-Formers looked round to see a shaking fist and a savage, sulky face behind it.

"You rotter!" howled Algy.

"Hallo, Jimmy Hopeful!" grinned Lovell.

"Jimmy, you rotter, you cad, you beast!"

Algy was almost crying with rage. Jimmy looked at him steadily. "You beast! You beast! De Vere won't speak to me now. He won't look at me! It's all your doing!"

"I'm glad of it!" said Jimmy quietly.

"You're glad, you rotter! You—you—"

Words failed Algy. He shook his fist in Jimmy's face, and stamped away, crimson with rage and chagrin.

"Tragic end to a valuable friendship!" yawned Lovell. "Might have lasted till Algy's pal was sent to a reformatory! Sad! But keep smiling, Jimmy!"

Jimmy Silver smiled.

THE END.

(There will be another magnificent story of the Rookwood chums next week.)

NEXT TUESDAY!

"HIS FALSE FRIEND!"

TALES TO TELL!

PASS THE SALT.

Mr. Green's radish-bed suffered from slugs. A friend told him to put salt between the rows. "Did you find the remedy efficacious?" asked the friend, a few days later. "I should say I did," said Green. "I put salt down one evening, and, bless me, when I got up next morning the slugs were pulling up the radishes, dipping them in the salt, and eating them quite contentedly!"

ASKING A FAVOUR.

Lady (handing cabman his exact legal fare): "Here's your fare, driver, and here's a bun to refresh yourself with." Cabman: "Thank'ee, mum! You don't happen to have a wisp of hay for the 'oss, I s'pose?"

A SAD CASE.

Perhaps the most curious instance of absence of mind is that recorded of a gentleman, who, after taking his bath in the morning, dried himself with his newspaper, and sat down to read his towel.

VERY STRANGE.

"It is a queer thing," said the professor, "but I was shaved this morning by a man who studied at Oxford, and spent several years in other educational centres. I know also that he has contributed scientific articles to our best magazines, and has numbered amongst his intimate friends men of the highest social and scientific standing in Europe. And yet," scolloquised the professor, "he can't shave a man decently." "The idea!" exclaimed his friend, in astonishment. "Oh, he isn't a barber!" said the professor, yawning. "You see, I shaved myself this morning."

MISSED THE TARGET.

"And how did you come to be in this condition?" asked the kind old lady visitor of a patient, who was suffering from a broken arm, a couple of fractured ribs, and several minor injuries. "Oh, I took a shot from a window, and missed the target!" replied the patient. "Indeed! But what has that to do with your present condition?" "Well, you see, I was the missile. My house was on fire, and I tried to jump into a sheet from the top window, but shot wide!"

SOME COLOUR.

A new cook had a lobster to cook for dinner, and she was told to be sure and keep it a good colour. When the lobster appeared on the table it was of a very deep shade indeed. "What have you done to it?" asked the mistress. "Well, mum," replied the cook, "it was turning red, so I blacked it!"

WHEN YOU THINK OF IT.

"No, sir," said the manager, "no house in the country. I am proud to say, has more people pushing its line of goods than ours." "What do you sell?" asked the customer. "Perambulators," was the reply.

THE BOOT HOSPITAL.

Snobs, the cobbler, opened a shop in the principal street of the town, and called his place the Boot Hospital.

A customer brought in a pair of boots so bad that no tramp would have looked at them. "I wouldn't have those mended, if I were you," said the cobbler severely. "I would make a present of them to the deserving poor." "But I want them put right," cried the client. "This is a hospital, isn't it?" "Oh, ay," retorted the cobbler, "but it isn't the mortuary!"

All about the Famous Engine which forms the subject of Our Free Plate.

POPPY-LAND and BLOATER-TOWN EXPRESSES.

By a RAILWAY EXPERT.

THE G.E.R., with its immense passenger traffic and gigantic Loudon terminus at Liverpool Street, will be well known to our readers. Serving as it does a vast suburban population and the whole of the Eastern Counties, it has need of a big stud of locomotives.

Liverpool Street terminus deals with over 1,000 trains every week-day at its 15 platforms, and two engines are required for each, one to bring the train into the station, the other to take it out. Unlike most other termini, in which there are no trains for about four hours out of every twenty-four, Liverpool Street is always open, as, although nearly all traffic ceases by 12.30 a.m., the G.E.R. runs an hourly service of trains to and from Liverpool Street and Wood Street, Walthamstow. The trains arrive at 1.27, 2.27, 3.27, and 4.27, and depart at 32 minutes past the same hours.

The main line expresses of the G.E.R. are now hauled by the fine blue-painted locomotives, with 6-coupled wheels, similar to the picture of No. 1561 given with this issue.

No very sensational speed is attained by the G.E.R. trains, but hard work is required of the engines. Most of the trains are heavy, at times extremely so, when Londoners in tens of thousands visit such popular resorts as Southend, Yarmouth, and Clacton. On these occasions the superheated 4-6-0 engines, with 6ft. 6in. coupled wheels and 20in. by 28in. cylinders, give a good account of themselves. Half a mile after starting from Liverpool Street, and therefore before they can get into their stride, they have to climb the Bethnal Green bank, with a gradient of 1 in 71 for nearly half a mile. This is the severest gradient on the system, but trains come 17 miles down the Colchester main line have the steep and long Brentwood bank to climb as well. Up both these banks all the heavy and long trains to Southend, Clacton, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, and Cromer have to be hauled. No. 1561 and her sisters are designed for this task. Their steam pressure is 180lb. per square inch, they have nearly 2,000 square feet of heating surface, and weigh—engine 64 tons, tender (with 4 tons of coal and 3,700 gallons of water) nearly 40 tons.

It should be mentioned that the G.E.R. has two main lines, the Colchester-already mentioned, and the Cambridge. These separate at Bethnal Green Junction, one mile from the terminus; the Cambridge line serves the Light Blue University town, Newmarket, Ely, King's Lynn, Hunstanton, etc., as well as Lincoln, Doncaster, and York.

The longest non-stop run to the credit of the G.E.R. is that of the Cromer express from Liverpool Street to North Walsham (131 miles), the pre-war time being 2 hours 38 minutes, practically 50 miles an hour. So far, the G.E.R. has not got back to this high speed, the present best for a long non-stop run being 44½ miles an hour for the 109 miles to Beccles. Another good non-stop run is to Yarmouth (121 miles).

During the war the G.E.R. as an economy painted its engines a dull grey, instead of the fine blue with red lines, as shown in our plate. As yet the blue livery has not been reintroduced, but there is little doubt that as better times return to the railways, we shall again see the G.E.R. engines painted the pleasing blue for which they were noted. To meet the congestion arising at Liverpool Street from the working into and out of that terminus of empty trains at busy times, the time-tables have recently been rearranged in an ingenious manner, so that a train arriving, say from Hunstanton is loaded up again at once, and departs for, say, Clacton. This plan saves the working of two empty trains—that from Hunstanton out of Liverpool Street, and that for Clacton into the station.

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A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL. By OWEN CONQUEST.

ANSWERS EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

A THRILLING FIGHT FOR AN ISLAND AMONGST THE ICE AND SNOW OF THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS!



A Magnificent New Serial of Adventure, introducing Ferrers Lord & Co., and Gan Waga, the Eskimo.

By SIDNEY DREW.
Author of "The Invisible Raider."

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

FERRERS LORD, having cleared up the mystery of the great Gorman treasure trove, decides to make tracks south for an island he has bought from the Portuguese Government. The island is named Desolatia, and the millionaire adventurer puts it up for sale between his friends, PRINCE CHING LUNG, RUPERT THURSTON, HAL HONOUR (his engineer), and GAN WAGA, a fat Eskimo attached to the crew of the Lord of the Deep.

The money from the four friends is given to Rupert Thurston's little hospital, and they agree to play "Put and Take" for the ownership of Desolatia. After once trying with Ching Lung, Gan Waga has the great luck to win the island.

On the way south the yacht is overtaken by a terrific storm. They are swept far out of their course, and the yacht runs foul of a gigantic iceberg in the intense darkness. The ship crashes through the side of the hollow berg, and the entrance freezes up, imprisoning them. They discover a small tunnel leading out of the iceberg, and they find themselves on the shore of Gan Waga's island. Ferrers Lord, Ching Lung, and Gan Waga are scouting on the island when they are held up by a Mexican millionaire, who tells them he has taken possession of the island, and orders them off. Ferrers Lord & Co. leave the island and return to the camp, which is being built on the ice-floe. Castora sends Dan Govan with a letter to Ferrers Lord, telling him to surrender while he has the chance, but the millionaire refuses the Mexican's offer and decides to fight for possession of the island.

Ferrers Lord sends scouts out to take photographs of the other side of the island. The party let small balloons up into the air, with cameras fixed to them, and the wind blows them over the island. One balloon lands over on the other side of the ice-floe.

(Now read on.)

Barry's Peril!

PROUT and Barry received their orders, and donned rubber knee-boots, for the snow had lost its crispness. The balloon had dropped out of view behind the mounds of weed.

The two mariners had not gone far before Prout gave a few sniffs, and complained about the peculiar smell.

"Pouf! There's something about that isn't all lavender, Barry!" he said. "Must be a dead walrus or a few decayed penguins, by honey!"

"I don't see anything, but, bedad, my nose does!" said O'Rooney. "The Chafe hasn't been dumping some of those ancient eggs of his, has he?"

Prout stopped, kicked at some of the weed, and bent down.

"Phew! It's this rotten stuff!" he said. "You don't notice the smell, except when you get to some of the bare patches. By honey, if the thaw don't stop, and freeze the scent in, we shall have to start wedging gas-masks! The filthy stuff! Don't go to leeward of this pile, or you'll choke!"

They began to climb one of the piles of squishy weed, and found it slippery work. In the hollow below water was lying, and the deflated balloon that had crossed Desolatia safely had fallen on the opposite side. The stretch of vividly-blue, still water was about sixty yards long and from ten to a dozen yards wide. At either end the mounds of weed were unusually high, and the trailing brown fronds hung down in ragged masses.

Prout did not like the look of it, in spite of its alluring colour—the pure, heavenly blue of a hedge-sparrow's egg.

"I'm not going to try wading that, my lad!" he said to Barry. "A one-eyed man could tell the hole isn't any ice-pocket filled with snow-water! There hasn't been enough thaw to fill that with melted snow, by honey! That's salt-water, every drop of it!"

"And, bedad, who's arguing that it isn't salt water?" said O'Rooney. "Oi heard the Chafe tell Mister Thurston that he thought that earthquake must have lifted the floe from the bottom of the say, where it had been

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for ages—part of the Antarctic Ocean bed. And Oi reckon, bboy, that the merry little waves that shoved all the weed atop of the floe were wet enough to lave that drop of water behind in the hole."

They walked round the lagoon. The camera appeared to be undamaged, and they could find no bullet-holes in the fabric of the little balloon.

"I wouldn't call them such rotten bad shots for blowing off those cartridges and missing, for a thing like this isn't easy to hit," said Prout. "Lend me your knife a minute, Barry, and I'll cut the camera away, and you can fold up the silk, and make it easy to carry. By honey, who did that—you or me?"

As O'Rooney handed Prout the knife, O'Rooney either let go too soon, or Prout did not get hold in time, for the open clasp-knife rolled down the bank. Luckily it was not lost for good, for it stopped, half-upwards, at the very edge of the water, the blade embedded in the soft weed.

"As you dropped out, butther-fingers, you can slide down and fetch it up!" said Barry O'Rooney. "That knife's an old pal, an Oi'm not losing it!"

"Sure thing! But I don't like that bank one little bit, by honey!" said Prout. "It's as wet as soapuds and as slippery as engine-grease! There may be fathoms of water to welcome me if I make a fool of it, and I'm not asking for a swim in that ice-cold stuff, thank you!"

He stamped his way down, making steps in the weed with the heel of his knee-boot. Suddenly, when half-way down, the bank collapsed, and Prout fell backwards, and began to slide. He clutched wildly to obtain a hold, but the weed came away in handfuls. O'Rooney made a gallant attempt to grasp his messmate's collar, but had to seat himself hastily on one of the improvised steps to keep himself from following the steersman. With a yell of rage and disgust, Prout struck the icy water feet foremost, and plunged from sight, sending blue ripples and snow-white bubbles dancing over the surface of the lagoon.

The Monster of the Lake.

O'ROONEY was wearing a thick, long woollen muffler. He wrenched it from his neck, and, making his way down, he began to dance till he had danced a little semi-circular platform in the weed, through which the water came oozing round his ankles.

Prout rose, gasping and blue in the face with the shock of the intense cold. He was not far away, however, and he managed to grasp the end of the muffler as O'Rooney threw it to him. With a struggle, he got one knee on the unsteady platform, and Barry O'Rooney hauled him to his feet.

"A very noice sensible thing for a grown-up man to do," said Barry. "You'll be a two-legged oicicle afore you get to camp, Tommy, as you don't fut ut loike a rabbit wad a mad dog after ut. Bedad, ut's too early in the sayson for bathing at all, at all! Run loike a lamp-lighter, bboy!"

Prout went squelching up the bank, and after rolling up his wet muffler, Barry stooped to recover his knife. His fingers closed round the haft, and for a second or two he remained bending and fascinated. His amazed eyes saw the curtain of weeds at the end of the lagoon sway and bulge outwards. The still-blue surface formed a ridge. Something below the surface was rushing forward, something monstrous and swift. He only saw it as a shadow, vast and shapeless, with the water boiling and churning in its wake. There was a snapping sound behind him that resembled the closing of the iron jaws of an enormous trap as he scrambled frantically up the slope, his hair bristling and trying to stand on end under his cap.

"By the ruins of Ballybunion Castle, phwat was that?" he panted. "Thunder and fireirons, phwat in the name of Moike was ut, at all, at all?"

The blue water was covered with waves and foam. Nothing was to be seen below, but the weed curtain seemed to blow inwards, though the air was almost still, and then fell back. Whatever the monster was, it had returned baffled to its icy lair. Barry O'Rooney gave his head a puzzled and

startled shake, and took to his heels in the track of Prout, who was wisely making for Saurian Camp at top speed to change his wet clothing.

"Bedad, Oi'm tickling all down the spine!" thought Barry O'Rooney. "An ouid sharrk; Oi suppose, and as big as a whale. Ut was loike banging a big iron drum when he shut his mouth at the back of me. Oi wonder av ut was the brute we hearrd growling and grunting, bad luck to the ugly monsther!"

Harold Honour was on the berg watching for the return of the launch. O'Rooney took the camera to the millionaire's hut, and reported.

"Then you did not see this mysterious creature, O'Rooney?" asked Ferrers Lord.

"Not that Oi could describe ut, sor! Ut looked as av a submarine was coming along. Bedad, Oi'm not ashamed to confess Oi got the wind up, and made for safety up that ouid bank. The brute must have lifthed himself out of the wather afther me, for Oi hearrd his jaws go click, and Oi'm wet wid the spray he splashed up whin he missed and droppod back. Oi hadn't a gun wid me, or Oi'd have waited for another glimpse."

Ferrers Lord knitted his brows and took a rifle out of the gun-rack. Shouldering the rifle, he made for the lagoon, following the tracks of Prout and O'Rooney. The contrast between the outward and homeward-bound tracks was very marked. The two mariners had gone out at a leisurely pace, and they had returned in a violent hurry.

Presently he was standing on the bank of the blue and placid pool, his finger on the trigger of his rifle. Nothing stirred there. The millionaire knew that although O'Rooney was a very good fellow and a very plucky one, he was apt to exaggerate, especially when anything happened to excite him. It was not impossible for a shark to become imprisoned in the ice-hollow, and if so, a shortage of food must have made the creature intensely daring and ravenous by this time. Ferrers Lord lifted his rifle and fired a bullet through the curtain of weeds.

Still nothing stirred, and after making a circuit of the lagoon, he returned to the camp. O'Rooney was waiting expectantly. "Tell the smith to forge a strong shark-hook," said Ferrers Lord. "Fix a good swivel and a strong wire to it. We'll see if your friend will take a bait."

The hook was forged, and baited with half a side of mutton that was almost unfit for culinary purposes. Barry and the smith drove an iron bar through the weeds and into the ice below. To the bar the end of the wire cable was lashed, and the two men heaved the baited hook into the lagoon.

"Throy and chew that dainty bit, you greedy ould rogue, and, bedad, Oi'll warrant you'll soon be hollering for a dentist!" said Barry. "Be a bit more greedy and swallow ut, and you'll get a pain in the little Mary bad enough to—"

"Put 'em up, boys—put 'em up!" said a voice. "Hold 'em high, and we'll have a little friendly chat together!"

A man with a red beard was standing within a dozen paces of Barry O'Rooney and the blacksmith, levelling a magazine-rifle in a persuasive way. The man was Nathan Spike, of Carcase City, the assayer.

Catching The Captor!

BARRY O'ROONEY and his companion were taken completely by surprise. With the shark-hook, side of mutton, coil of steel wire, crowbar, and hammer, they had carried a fairly heavy load, and had not thought of bringing firearms. Like the village blacksmith of Longfellow's poem, whose forge stood beneath the spreading chestnut-tree, Enoch Dalblair, the yacht's smith and armourer was a mighty man, and the muscles of his brawny arms were strong as iron bands. Even as Barry threw up his hands, he wondered how the red-bearded man had succeeded in leaving the island, unless he had been on the floe all night, without having attracted the attention of Harold Honour. The long coat of white rubber, and a white handkerchief tied over his cap and knotted under his pointed red beard seemed to explain the mystery. Camouflaged in that way against the ice and snow, even the keen-eyed and watchful engineer could easily have overlooked him.

For once in a way, Senor Esteban's metallurgist was perfectly sober. He

NEXT TUESDAY!

"STOLEN HONOURS!"

lowered the rifle into the hollow of his left arm.

"I came over, not taking gentle exercise for the good of my health, boys, but to pick up that balloon you floated across us," he said. "We marked the thing down somewhere around here." He glanced curiously at the sunken bar and the wire. "She ain't foundered in this puddle, has she?"

"Faith, av ut's the balloon you want, you'd better go up to the camp and ask for ut!" said O'Rooney. "We fetched her in long ago."

"Did you?" said Nathan Spike. "After coming so far that's a bit of a disappointment. Being a sensible man, I don't think I'll trek up to your camp, for they might refuse to hand it over, and a refusal would pain me. I'm shy by nature, and my feelings are delicate. And I like you, b'gosh—I like you both. It must be one of those love-at-first-sight stunts. This pal of yours is a real broth of a boy, Pat. Six-foot-two in his socks, I take it, and a chest on him that a ten-year-old elephant needn't be ashamed of! As fine a specimen of the human ape as I've seen for ages!"

Dalblair, the smith, gave a quick and longing glance at his hammer, but it was far out of his reach.

"I'd be a large-sized liar if I said anything like that about you, mate!" was his answer. "They starved you when you were a boy, didn't they?"

"It's a bit too far back to remember, but I've starved a time or two since I grew up," said Nathan Spike. "Brain will beat muscle any time, as you may have noticed, if you've ever seen a four-year-old kid riding a big earhorse, and a loaded gun will beat 'em both. War having been declared by your boss against my boss, the gentle art of man-shooting becomes no murder, not that it ever was murder so far south of the equator as Carcase Island."

"Being a person of sensitive feelings, as I think I pointed out to you, I dodge murder as much as I can. I don't like to see a dead cat, much less a dead man, for a dead man is a sight uglier. But, b'gosh, if it's forced on me, I can shoot to kill. It would be a

bit of a shame to knock off a couple of hefty chaps like you two and roll 'em into this blue ditch," he added, "so swing round, arms up and hands open, and trot. And don't try to put any japes across me, my lads, or, sure as I carry a gun, I'll empty it into you."

Barry O'Rooney and the smith knew that the man was in dead earnest. Unless there was something of great importance to be won, O'Rooney was of opinion that there were occasions when it was better to be a living coward than a defunct hero. To defy a person with a levelled rifle who has just stated that he is prepared to use the weapon would not be heroic, but insanity or suicide. Barry glanced at Enoch Dalblair. The smith's square-chinned, rugged face was grim and set. They walked on side by side, with Nathan Spike behind them. The assayer was chucking. He admired the brawny shoulders and huge limbs of Dalblair. This was a profitable capture. Two such men could do more and better work in a single day than a dozen greasers, who were born tired and had no stamina. And they would have to work for their keep alone, which was also a consideration.

"Kape aisy, bhoy, kape aisy," muttered Barry O'Rooney. "Ut's a long way to the oisland yet, and, bedad, we're two to wan aivn wid only our naked hands. We'll thrick the red-whiskered little baste yet. Ut's murder to have to give in loike a couple of tame rabbits. But kape aisy and wide-awake."

"I'll watch it!" grunted the smith.

Spike quickened his pace and came up with them, but he was careful not to come too close. They tramped over the soggy weed behind a dune that must have concealed them from the engineer even if he had been watching. O'Rooney almost hoped that he would not be looking that way through his field-glasses when they came into view. Marching meekly beside the man in the white rubber coat, with their hands raised in surrender, the picture brought up close to Harold Honour by the powerful lenses would not be a very flattering one to the prisoners.

But a haze was gathering. They met it as they came out of the hollow. It was creeping



BARRY TO THE RESCUE!—Prout rose gasping and blue in the face with the shock of the intense cold. He was not far away, however, and he managed to grasp the end of the muffer Barry O'Rooney threw out to him. (See page 24.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 170.

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF THE CHUMS OF THE BACKWOODS. :: By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

over the jagged ice-hills that ran across the floe between them and Gan Waga's island. Nathan Spike noticed it with some uneasiness. There were many side-tracks opening from the winding passage that led through to the neck of the floe, and the mist was a danger and a nuisance. He barked at them to go faster.

"Lift your feet quicker, b'gosh, and don't crawl like a couple of bluebottles stuck on a fly-paper. And be just as good as you know how, for I've got some pals waiting for me in those ice-hummocks, and they're not tender-hearted and sensitive like me, b'gosh, they aren't."

It struck O'Rooney and Dalblair that the red-bearded man was not speaking the truth. Both men were in excellent training, but their arms were beginning to feel heavy and uncomfortable. Spike watched them keenly, ready to fire at the first hint of trickery or treachery.

"I may as well tell you," he said, "that I'm as keen as a new razor on getting you both safe on Carcase Island, which is the sweet and poetic name my friend Dan Govan has conferred on that chunk of rock and misery over there. You look like the only two out of your crush who'll be lucky enough to reach it alive, so you ought to be thankful. Mexican Steve has fixed it that he's going to wipe up the rest of you, and Steve is a terror to tell the truth when he's taking on a job that amuses him. Over this stunt he's as amused as a pup with two tails. Hi! Hold up!"

The prisoners stopped. Spike smoothed his red beard with his hand as he looked ahead. There were two openings. The snow had thawed, leaving a wide strip of brown weed obliterating his tracks, but, fancying he could pick them up on the other side, he ordered them to go on again. Presently, in the thin snow, he picked up some half-blurred footprints leading towards one of the openings.

"Guess a few signposts would be useful round here," he said. "I never saw such a forsaken hole for fog and mist. B'gosh, if I'm going to miss my way and go exploring, it will be a fearful time for you, for I shall have to leave you behind, and I'll leave you so quiet you won't be annoying each other by snoring in your sleep. Shove through, my lads, and we'll do the best we can."

The next moment the air struck chill as they entered the defile, with walls of ice rising on either side. The thaw had not affected the snow here. There were two tracks merging into each other, the foot-

prints leading in opposite directions. They had been made by Gan Waga when searching for a way through. After a glance at Spike's boots, Barry O'Rooney cheered up inwardly, though his face revealed nothing but gloom. Whoever had left those footprints behind, it certainly was not their red-headed captor. He was taking, if not the wrong path, a path that had not brought him to the bank of the blue lagoon. Twenty yards farther, and Spike realised his mistake. They were in a cul-de-sac.

"Slew round," he said angrily. "We've struck the wrong hole, and we'll have the fog thick as mud on us before we're through. Beat it at a trot, and swing sharp to the right. Step out smartly. Run as fast as you like, for I'm no slouch at it, and if you try to overdo it, I've got a few slick little chaps in the magazine of my rifle that can outrun the fastest man."

Naturally, Barry O'Rooney and the smith did not set a very rapid pace, for they were not in any hurry to reach Carcase Island and captivity.

Spike shouted a curse and a warning as Enoch Dalblair slipped in the snow and went sprawling headlong with a crash that would have stunned a bullock. He struggled to rise, fell again, rolled over flat on his back, and lay still. Clutching his rifle, Nathan Spike approached.

"The lumbering, clumsy brute!" he said, with an angry snarl. "Get up, you dog!"

There was rage and murder in his whisky-redened eyes. He put one foot on Dalblair's chest and jerked up the muzzle of the rifle to menace O'Rooney.

Barry dropped like a log as he saw the smith's big hands dart upwards and grasp the barrel of the rifle. He heard it explode with a roar that was intensified by the narrowness of the place. Splinters of ice chipped away by the bullet pattered down. When he lifted his head, he saw that Dalblair had risen and had Nathan Spike by the throat and pinned against the side of the ravine. The smith had only shammed unconsciousness.

"Bedad, Enoch, bhoy," said O'Rooney, "you make me nervous. It was a foine thing to do. But you seemed to forget Oi was in a dead loine wid that gun when you grabbed at ut. Laddie, it was foine, ut was top-hole. But don't shake the loife out of him, for, b'gosh, you rimmer the gentleman tould us he was sensitive. Pass him along to your old friend Barry, and Oi'll see av he carries anything ilse in the foirework loine in his

pockets. Sthand still wan moment, Misther Crimson Whiskers, till Oi collect a few thriffles. Here's wan article you won't nade."

As the smith held his cursing prisoner in a grip of iron, Barry transferred an automatic pistol from one of Nathan Spike's pockets to one of his own. With the exception of a few oddments, Spike had nothing else but a charcoal leather bag that felt weighty for its size, and a pocket-book. Seeing that the rifle was undamaged, O'Rooney took possession of it. Then he shook hands with Enoch, and patted him on the back.

"You show promise, bhoy," he said, with a grin. "Take our sensitive chum kindly by the arm and lade him along. Phwat you nade, Enoch, is experience, and, bedad, you nade hopes and loads of ut. You must larn, bhoy, that ut's axing for ut—and Oi wasn't axing for ut—to tackle a man wid a loaded gun whin you've a chum smack in front of the muzzle of the thing. Oi dodged, but close shaves loike that are apt to aither the colour of a man's hair and turn his locks grey."

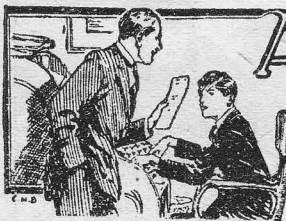
Having gone through his long vocabulary of swear words as well as his sore and bruised throat would let him, Nathan Spike trudged along beside the smith in sullen silence. They took a glance at the lagoon, over which the mist was beginning to drift.

"We've not had a boite yet from that bit tiddler, for ut's just as we lift ut," said Barry. "Perhaps, not caring for mutton, he's had a sniff at ut and retired to get an appetite. By the way he snapped his box of dominoes at me, he must be a man-at-eing shark. Phwat about baiting up the hook wid our friend, Enoch? That might tempt him. Av the culd shark refuses the mutton, we'll try the sensitive gentleman, lather on. A happy thought sthroikes me, Enoch. On this planet a man niver knows his luck till he gets ut. We twisted ut on him whin he thought he'd roped us, and he may twist ut on us and get away knowing too much. So, bedad, we'll blinker him."

Barry blindfolded the prisoner with the handkerchief Nathan Spike had tied over his cap, and as the cold, damp mist deepened over the floe they escorted him into Saurian Camp, where Tom Prout eyed him with dislike and with little interest.

"By honey, another mouth to feed, and something to watch," he growled. "Chain him up somewhere till the Chief can see him. The launch isn't back yet."

(There will be another long instalment of our grand serial in next week's issue of the POPULAR.)



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS PLEASED TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS. Address: EDITOR, THE "POPULAR," THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

GET YOUR ALBUMS OUT!

That is very sound advice, my chums, for you will learn with pleasure that I am about to extend my free gifts to readers of the Companion Papers.

For weeks past I have been presenting FREE RAILWAY ENGINE PLATES, printed in magnificent colours, and I am continuing to give away these plates. Some weeks ago, therefore, I advised my chums to keep their plates in an album, and now I am going to give you other wonderful pictures for your album.

Very shortly I shall be presenting, absolutely free, REAL PHOTOS of famous and world-favourite footballers with the "Magnet" Library, which, for many, many years, has been the most widely read of all school story papers. Full particulars of this really magnificent offer will be found in the "Magnet" Library, so get a copy to-day, and place an order for a copy to be saved, or delivered to you every Monday morning.

Of course, I have other schemes in preparation for readers of the "Boys' Friend" and the "Gem" Library. Splendid FREE REAL PHOTOS will be presented with those papers.

In the meantime, don't forget there will be another splendid engine plate given away with next Tuesday's issue of the POPULAR.

THE POPULAR.—No. 170.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"GUSSY RUNS WILD!"

FOR NEXT TUESDAY.

Included in the splendid programme of stories I have in preparation for next week there will be a long, complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled:

"EXPOSED BY HIS FATHER!"
By Frank Richards.

This story deals with the dramatic arrival of Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith at Greyfriars, and how he unintentionally shows up the whole of his son's scheming before the Head. This is a grand tale, and I advise you not to miss reading it.

There will be another story of the school-days in the Backwoods of Canada of FRANK RICHARDS & CO., which is entitled:

"STOLEN HONOURS!"
By Martin Clifford.

There is a great sensation at the Backwoods School when it is discovered that Frank Richards is a budding story writer, and that the schoolboy author intends to enter for a "writing" competition in one of the great American magazines. Gunten is particularly interested in this piece of news, and he plots to get even with Frank Richards. It is a very daring plot, and for a time it looks as if he has at last succeeded in getting his own back, but only for a time, as you will see when you read next week's splendid story.

To follow this there will be a New, Long, Complete Tale of Tom Merry & Co., the famous chums of St. Jim's, under the title of:

"GUSSY RUNS WILD!"
By Martin Clifford.

As the title suggests, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the Swell of St. Jim's, plays a very prominent part in the tale. In his most guileless way Gussy falls into the deep-laid plot of a stranger whom he thinks is an old friend of his brother's, but who is, in reality, a card-sharper hiding in the village from the police.

There will be a further long, complete story dealing with the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., the chums of Rookwood, entitled:

"HIS FALSE FRIENDS!"
By Owen Conquest.

in which the true character of De Vere, the new boy of the Third, is shown up, in a very dramatic manner, to Algy Silver. I will not spoil the story by telling you any more, but will leave it for you to find out what happens when you read "HIS FALSE FRIEND!" in next week's issue.

In addition to these four splendid school stories there will be a further instalment of our wonderful serial:

"GAN WAGA'S ISLAND!"
By Sidney Drew.

which deals with the thrilling battle for an island in the ice and snow of the Antarctic Regions between FERRERS LORD, the millionaire adventurer, and the unscrupulous Mexican, Esteban Castaro.

There will be another "Puzzle Letter," which will make the sixth in our splendid competition, and "Billy Bunter's Weekly," will be found in the centre four pages of our next issue.

Your Editor.

A NEW LONG COMPLETE STORY OF ST. JIM'S.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

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To win one of the above magnificent money prizes, all you have to do is to cut out the pieces of the letter printed below, put them together so as to form a letter, and write your solution on a sheet of notepaper. KEEP YOUR SOLUTION by you until you have instructions where and when to send it, for there will be another letter published next week. The Competition will consist of eight letters in all. The Coupon below must be affixed to every solution.

There is NO ENTRANCE FEE, but readers must agree to abide by the Editor's decision, which is final and legally binding. That is the express condition of entry.



Puzzle Letter No. 5 (Fill in this Form before sending in.)

Name.....

Address.....

BY SHEER PLUCK.

(Continued from page 10.)

"Hyer you are, sir!" said the ranchman. "I'm driving you home, I guess you can't walk—Hay?"

The ranch foreman lifted Beauclerc in his powerful arms and placed him in the buggy, and drew the buffalo-robe round him. Now that the exertion was over, the Cherub was weak and sick with the reaction. He had come through the fight triumphantly, but it had told upon him terribly.

Frank and Bob mounted their ponies, and rode with the trap to the fork in the trail. There they said good-night to their chum.

The cousins rode away for the ranch, while Billy Cook drove on the buggy down the trail.

Vere Beauclerc sat wrapped in the buffalo-robe, conscious only of a dull ache all over him. He had been more hurt than he had realised at the time

—indeed, it was a wonder to him now that he had come through the fight at all!

But he had nothing to regret. The buggy stopped at last, a short distance from the old shack by the creek. A light was burning there. Billy Cook lifted the schoolboy to the ground and Vere stood unsteadily upon his feet.

"Manage now?" asked the ranchman. "Yes, thanks! Thank you for driving me home!" said Beauclerc gratefully.

"Not a bit! So long, sonny!" And Billy Cook drove away in the buggy, and Vere Beauclerc limped to the shack.

His father was there alone. He was seated at the log-table at his evening meal, with a clouded brow. He looked up with a scowl as the boy came in, but his expression changed at the sight of Vere's face. He sprang to his feet in alarm and consternation.

"Vere! What has happened?" he exclaimed. "What is the matter? My boy?"

A flush came into the schoolboy's bruised face. There was affection in that anxious cry, affection that the selfish remittance man seldom showed. It was

enough to reward his son for what he had done.

"Only a fight, father," muttered Vere. "I—I took on the Dakota Kid at Thompson."

"Vere! You must have been mad! What induced you—?"

"This!" Beauclerc fumbled in his pocket. His father stared, incredulous, as the school-boy held out the bunch of notes.

He took the notes mechanically. "It's—its' what you wanted, father. And—and now—that will see you through, won't it? And—and you won't need—"

He did not finish, but the remittance man understood.

"My boy!" There were tears in the waster's eyes. "My dear boy! And you've done this for me! I—I don't deserve it! I sha'n't forget this, Vere! And—and I'm done from this night with Poker Pete and his rascally schemes! I swear it!"

And Vere Beauclerc, bruised and aching, was happy that night!

THE END.

(Another splendid story of the School in the Backwoods next Tuesday.)



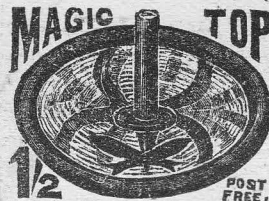
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